

TOO MUCH BRIDGE SPILLS GAME FOR SEEKERS AFTER REAL PLEASURE—ADVICE FOR HOW

WHEN BRIDGE BECOMES A VICE INSTEAD OF A MERE PASTIME

The Woman Who Plays the Game Madly Secures Little Real Enjoyment—Lack of Curiosity a Sign of Oncoming Age

WHAT a queer conception some of us have of enjoyment! The so-called hours of ease cannot be given over to really sane thoughts and pleasures, but must be filled with the unending mad rush after the elusive bird of happiness.



Vyvettes

This maiden has stuck a feather in her cap, right through the top, to be sure that every one should note the rakish angle of the crown.

A good time may have been had by all except myself. Although feeling myself a nonentity, I knew I was responsible for a certain number of points, and so played to the best of my meager ability.

achieve this stage very early in their careers, while others keep their minds fresh and open to new impressions far on toward the threescore years and ten.

It is so thoroughly American, this constant feverish scuffle.

THE WOMAN'S EXCHANGE

Letters and questions submitted to this department must be written on one side of the paper and signed with the name of the writer. Special queries like those given below are invited. It is understood that the editor does not necessarily endorse the sentiments expressed.

- TODAY'S INQUIRIES
1. How can baby blankets be kept soft?
2. Can curtains be cleaned at home except by washing?
3. When any food has been too freely salted what should be done to neutralize the effect?

- ANSWERS TO YESTERDAY'S INQUIRIES
1. The colors green, blue, lavender, red, purple and pink should be soaked in alum water to set them, while black, gray and dark blue should be soaked in salt water.
2. Cut glass will glitter if washed in warm water to which a little bicarbonate and a few drops of ammonia have been added. Dry with a piece of soft cheesecloth and polish with soft tissue paper.
3. Mint sauce or mint jelly is the proper accompaniment of roast lamb.

Stewing Fish
Dear Madam—Being an interested reader of your columns I noticed that Mrs. D. asked for a recipe for stewing fish, so I am sending one. One may have used for any fish, but I have used cod because it is so common.

Inexpensive Layer Cake
Dear Madam—Here is an inexpensive recipe for layer cake. Ingredients one cupful sugar, one and one-half cupfuls flour, one and one-half teaspoonfuls baking powder, one-quarter tea-

Cough Mixture
Dear Madam—In answer to an inquiry "Persistent Cough" where a mother asked a cough remedy for her daughter, I would like to suggest the following remedy which has helped a number of persons to whom I gave it.

Old-Fashioned Corn Bread
Dear Madam—Here is a recipe for corn bread: One cup cornmeal, one-half cup flour, two teaspoons baking powder, one-half teaspoon salt, one teaspoon melted butter, one cup milk, one egg one and one-quarter cups milk, mix and sift dry ingredients into shallow pan, add wet ingredients, add melted butter, beat well. Bake in a shallow pan thirty to thirty-five minutes.

Griddled Oysters
Dear Madam—I am sending directions for making griddled oysters, as follows: Have large, well-fatigued oysters. Lay them on a cloth that covers with another; press gently until they are very dry. Then lay them on a cloth that covers with another; press gently until they are very dry.

Would Have a Monopoly
Dear Madam—I am a young man of nineteen years, and for the last two years have been working in a store. I am very regular, taking her out often. In fact, I have never had a girl who has been better than her. Do you think it is right? What should I do to say to her? I love this young lady dearly.

Engagement Ring
Dear Madam—I am engaged to a young man who is still in college. He has not given me a ring yet. We are not going to announce our engagement until he graduates. When should he give me an engagement ring?

Stewed Beef Kidney
Dear Madam—Please publish a recipe for stewed beef kidney.

MY MARRIED LIFE

By ADELE GARRISON

How Madge "Bribed" Katie

I HEARD a vehement clattering of pots and pans as I entered the kitchen to give Katie directions for the day before starting on my eight-daying trip with my mother-in-law.

Katie was standing by the sink, slamming things around as if she was venting her feelings upon the kitchen utensils. Her eyes were bright with unshed tears, her face was unnaturally flushed, she was evidently in a towering temper.

Of course, I knew that she must have overheard part of our conversation, but I hoped if I pretended not to notice her anger she might recover herself.

"Mrs. Graham and I are going out, Katie," I said pleasantly. "Her trunks will be here some time this morning. I think, perhaps not until this afternoon. There is a large trunk and a steamer trunk. I am sure the charges are all paid, but if the expressman should claim they are not, pay him what he asks out of this, and make him give you a receipt for the money."

I held out a two-dollar bill to Katie, but she shook her head mutiniously. "I'm not here. I go home right away. Dot old woman, she call me sneak thief. I never touch her things. I not stay here. I called dot."

I did some rapid thinking in the next minute. I felt that I simply must keep Katie for while. She knew my ways, she was a fairly efficient housekeeper, and above all she was capable of preparing nutritious, appetizing meals. The history class of the Lotus Study Club, which I had promised to conduct, would begin in another week. If I tried to do that work either without a maid or while I was trying to break in a new one I knew that the work of my home must suffer.

"I thought the surest way to retain Katie's services, and I resolved to take it, although not without misgivings. "Katie, I am ashamed of you," I said coldly and firmly, in much the tone that I would have used to a sulky child—and indeed, she was no more. "Mrs. Graham did not call you a sneak thief at all. You heard her say sneak thief, and the only way you could have heard the word was by listening at the keyhole. Were you doing that?"

"Purposely I made my voice as contemptuous as possible. Katie dropped her eyes and her lips quivered. "I want to hear what she say about me," she said sullenly.

"That wasn't the only reason, Katie," I said, "and you know it." Then, peremptorily, Katie, look at me! I do not think you mean any harm by it, but it leads you into all kinds of trouble and mistakes. I have known that you have listened to conversations before."

"Oh, no, no! I never!" began Katie protestingly, but I put up my hand authoritatively. "You know, Katie," I said, "and it was curiosity that led you to go into my trunk that time." I paused, I hoped impressively, and said slowly: I suppose I had told my mother-in-law about this, too. What do you think she would have said?"

"You tell her," she quivered. "I thought you tell her and dot reason she call me thief." "You see, Katie," I said slowly, "that is the punishment of people who listen to conversations not intended for them. They get things all mixed up. Now I am going to tell you just what was said, and then you'll see how foolish you were."

"I could not tell from Katie's manner whether she was in a receptive mood or not. Her eyes were steadfastly fixed on the floor and her face was still flushed.

"Mrs. Graham, of course, does not know you, Katie," I began, "and naturally she is nervous about leaving her things in the care of a stranger. She asked me if you were honest, and I told her that I was sure you were. Then she asked me how long I had known you, and I told her only two weeks, but that you had come well recommended, and that Mr. Graham had known you before."

"Then she said: 'There is nothing to be done but to trust her. She can't get into the trunks without keys unless she is a sneak thief, and I do not think she is that.' So you see, Katie," I went on smoothly, "there is nothing for you to get angry over. Instead, you ought to be very grateful to me." I paused significantly. "Suppose I had told her of the time you opened my trunk?"

Katie looked up at me, her eyes swimming in tears. "Oh, I know, Mrs. Graham, I such a bad girl. I sorry I so mean to you." "Very well, Katie," I said, and then paused for a moment, wondering how best to say to Katie what I wanted to tell her. "I finally asked, 'Sure,' Katie answered. She was fast recovering her cheerfulness.

"There will, of course, be more work in the apartment now, Katie," I went on, "and sometimes you may find the elder Mrs. Graham a little—"

"I thought," I supplemented Katie with a cheerful grin. "Difficult," I substituted, frowning slightly, "and so I have decided to give you \$28 a month at present, and \$30 when I would like a larger apartment, which we expect to do in a few months."

"But," I lifted my finger at her admonishingly. "I shall expect you to control yourself, Katie. If you get that money you must keep your temper and not talk back, no matter what Mrs. Graham may say to you."

Katie snatched up my hand and kissed it reverently. "There will, of course, be more work in the apartment now, Katie," I went on, "and sometimes you may find the elder Mrs. Graham a little—"

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TODAY'S FASHION



The very newest tricorne.

THE newest hats have large crowns and are tilted well over the face. This stunning model is a modern interpretation of the ever-popular tricorne. It is of tobacco-crown straw, trimmed in the center front with a bow formed of pleated folds of narrow brown grosgrain ribbon. Fancies of burnt goose quills extend far out at the sides. A hat of this type is smart with the tailored suit.

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Haut Nouveaute
Dainty, original and unusual trinkets and accessories of Bonwit Teller & Co. design for the dressing table, the boudoir and for personal adornment.

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We who have loved, alas! may not be friends. Too faint, or yet too fierce the stifled fire— A random spark—and lo! our dead de- leaps into flame, as though to make amends For chill, blank days, and with strange furies rends The dying embers of Love's funeral pyre.

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This Week Dalsimer Is Featuring Authentic Models of the New Spring Fashions in Fine Footwear
IN THIS interpretation of styles for a season which promises many innovations, this display adds to the recognition of this store as a style authority of the first importance. A model exclusive with Dalsimer is the boot illustrated. Fashioned in White Glace Kid with light-weight welt sole and full French heel with aluminum plate.

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