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THE HOUSEKEEPER

JULY 1904

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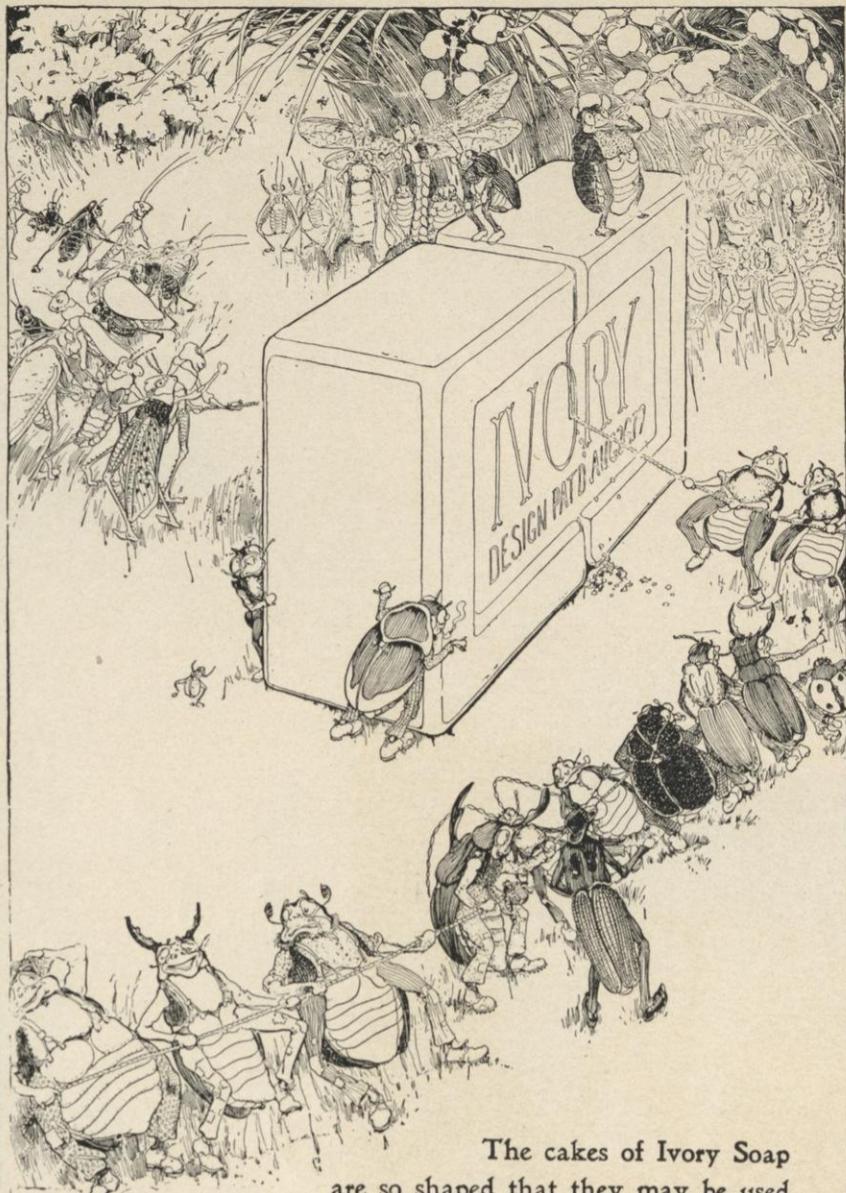
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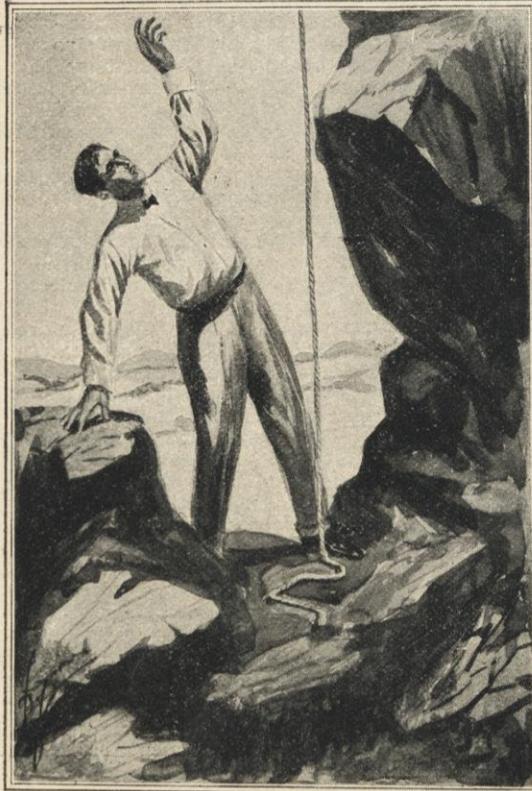
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THE HOUSEKEEPER CORPORATION.

The Cinerary Urn of Sergius Claudius.

A Romance of Modern Palestine.

PART I.

By Clinton Scollard.



"DON'T WAIT, MAN, THEY MAY SEIZE AND DETAIN YOU."

THE countenance of Emerson Brewster was generally radiant with a genial light which shone from within, yet a stranger, looking on it for the first time on a certain April afternoon, would have declared it that of a confirmed misanthropist. With a scowl upon his usually placid brow, the young man sat in the smoking-room of the Cosmopolitan Club at Constantinople, gazing disconsolately out upon the Grand Rue de Pera swimming in a drench of rain. A street dog, crouching in the doorway of the bake-shop opposite, was not more doleful than he. Presently he straightened himself a little, picked up from the ash-tray upon the table beside him the cigarette which he had allowed to go out, relighted it, and blew a white nimbus for his head. Through a gray slit between two buildings he could see the mournful cypresses on Seraglio Point. Their motionless melancholy suited his lugubrious mood, and upon them he continued to fix his attention. Finally he muttered something that had a suspiciously emphatic sound, rose, cast down the cigarette in disgust, and consulted his watch. It lacked fifteen minutes of the hour of four.

"It's too late," he soliloquized. "I could never catch her. The agent said she'd sail at four. What shall I do?"

He glanced about as though he expected the furniture of the room to answer his query, but it showed no disposition to become articulate in his behalf, so he sank into the chair he had just quitted, and resumed his study of the Seraglio cypresses. By and by he fell into a doze. When he awoke he was not alone in the apartment. Two men were talking in the corner just behind him, and he did not need to examine them to make up his mind in regard to their nationality.

"Awful rummy place, this, don't you think?" one was saying. "Isn't at all what it's cracked up to be. I was out beyond the walls this morning, before the rain came on, to visit one of their cemeteries. You know I rather go in for that sort of thing, burial customs, and all that. I've written a book on the subject, you'll remember. Well, the tombstones no two of them lean in the same direction or at the same angle, and they all lean somehow. It's so, 'pon my word!"

The other laughed.

"You'd have been interested in something I happened upon while I was in the 'Holy Land,'" he said. "It was at a place they call Bet-Jebrin; what used to be Cath, I believe they claim. It had some other long-winded name when the Romans held it.—Eleutheropolis,—regular strain on the jaw, you know. Near by, in the hillside, there are a number of curious caverns where they used to place the ashes of their dead in those little urns which, no doubt, you're very wise about. Would you believe it, a most perfect specimen of these urns is still to be viewed in one of the columbaria—that's the Latin for the excavations, I think!"

"Dear me!" cried the first speaker, "why didn't

you procure it? It would be a most valuable addition to our museum."

"It was decidedly out of reach," answered the other. "It was in one of the lower tiers of niches at the bottom of a forty-foot pit. I only chanced to see it because I was using my field glass."

"Couldn't you climb down?"

"No, the sides were absolutely perpendicular. The only way to get to it would be by means of a long rope which, of course, we didn't have with us."

"What a pity!"

"Yes, rather! Are you intending to view the Sultan go to his devotions to-morrow? I understand that's the thing to do."

The two men had risen, and were passing out of the room. Brewster peered over his shoulder, and had the doubtful satisfaction of looking upon a pair of broad and comfortable British backs. The young American, for such he was, wheeled about with a changed expression upon his face. His countenance had of a sudden, regained its normal sunniness. He remained a moment in thought, then brought down his hand with a resounding whack upon his knee.

"I'll do it!" he cried. "There's no ghost of a reason why I shouldn't, and maybe while I'm there I'll run across Bahar, poor chap."

An hour later, when Brewster entered the Hotel d'Angleterre, he had taken passage to Jaffa upon the Italian steamer Livorno, which sailed the following morning for Alexandria. He had, moreover, purchased a copy of Baedeker's "Palestine," and the first place that he sought on turning to the index was Bet-Jebrin, where the Englishman had seen the cinerary urn.

Emerson Brewster had two passions. One was Evelyn Anthony, at whose shrine he had burned incense in vain for the greater part of the winter, while viewing incidentally the life and antiquities of Florence, Rome and Athens; the other was mortuary relics. He had cartouches from Yucatan collected by his own hand; a Pasht in miniature which he had



"GAD!" HE CRIED, "I'LL DO IT!"

found in a Dashur pyramid; a tear-bottle which he had unearthed at Corinth, and a sarcophagus lid which he had filched from Castellaccio. It was a strange passion, doubtless, this latter one, but Brewster might not have so persistently indulged in it, had the former, which was of more than one season's duration, been reciprocated.

The reason for his presence in Constantinople, and for his melancholy abstraction in the smoking-room of the Cosmopolitan Club, can be readily explained. Tired of singeing his wings at Miss Anthony's cruel flame, he had bethought him of a promise once made by a young Turkish officer with whom he had formerly been quite intimate in Paris when the two were attached to the legations of their respective countries. (This was before Brewster had come into his fortune.) The promise was that if the American ever visited Constantinople, Bahar, his Turkish friend, would accompany him upon an excursion into the Troad, where he had always been anxious to prosecute his peculiar researches. A letter was accordingly dispatched from the Ionian Islands, where Brewster



"I BEG PARDON!" THEY CRIED SIMULTANEOUSLY.

was at the time staying, and, a favorable answer being shortly received, the young man speedily set out for the Golden Horn to discover, on arriving, that his friend, who belonged to the progressive party of "young Turks," had been suddenly banished to garrison duty at Gaza, in Palestine, for too openly promulgating his advanced views.

Having wrenched himself free, Brewster was exceedingly loath to return to dancing attendance upon his obdurate lady-love, although after the first shock of his disappointment in Constantinople was over, he had consulted the shipping agent in regard to the sailing hour of the Athens steamer. He had nothing to call him to America, his father being dead, and his mother a second time married, so it was in a providential light that he regarded the conversation that he had overheard between the two globe-trotting Englishmen. He was not in the habit of brooding over his unsuccessful love affair, however much he considered that fortune was his enemy, and never carried about him the air of one out of sorts with the world. His brief lapse into the slough of dolefulness at the Cosmopolitan Club was something little likely to recur.

The cypresses on Seraglio Point were bathed in a golden light the morning the Livorno sailed; indeed every minaret and dome of the crumbling city caught and reduplicated the glowing splendor. Past the Seven Towers they glided, while gradually the roofs and trees and shimmering pinnacles merged into one iridescent mass that finally faded and sank into the horizon. There was considerable delay at the various ports where the Livorno touched, and it was high noon, ten days later, before Brewster descried the white and gray walls of Jaffa and the green of its orange groves. One of the Messagerie Maritime steamers was just leaving as they cast anchor off the breakwater, and the little fleet of skiffs filled with chattering Arabs that surrounded her was immediately transferred to the vicinity of the Italian boat. After much haggling, Brewster struck a bargain with one of the Arab boatmen to take him and his belongings ashore, and presently found himself following an emissary from Floyd's Hotel up from the execrable quay through the narrow and dirty streets of the town. He had been in Jaffa before, and the shrieking mule-boys, the gesticulating camel-drivers and the whining beggars were neither novel nor disturbing.

Having dined to his satisfaction,—he had learned by experience that it was best not to expect too much in Syria,—he at once began to make inquiries in regard to a dragoman.

"There's not one to be had in the place," the hotel proprietor declared. "An American party arrived this morning by the French boat and engaged the last man without a job, a Maronite named Azarian whom I wouldn't trust around the corner. The dragoman they expected to find awaiting them here for some reason didn't turn up. They wouldn't have got Azarian had he not chanced to come down the

coast yesterday from Tyre with some people who left by the same steamer that brought the Americans. You'll have to go to Jerusalem. Perhaps you can hit upon a man there."

Brewster accordingly "booked" a place in the conveyance that was to leave for the "Holy City" on the following day (it was before the invasion of the "iron-horse" into Palestine), smoked a leisurely cigar, and then sauntered out for a stroll through the streets of the town. He lingered a few moments in the bazar, and was wandering aimlessly on in the direction of the sea, when, at the corner of a thoroughfare into which he was about to turn, he collided with a young lady who was walking with much haste from the direction he had intended taking.

"I beg pardon!" they cried simultaneously, he lifting his hat, she giving a little deprecatory bow. What he seemed to see first was a winsome mouth about the corners of which lurked the suspicion of a smile; what first held her attention was a pair of frank and dancing dark eyes.

"I—" she began.

"Yes," said he.

"I'm so glad I met you," she declared, gaining confidence (this was delightful news to Brewster), "though it was a little abrupt," she added naively. "I'm lost, and perhaps you can tell me where to find our camp. It's not very far from Mr. Filloyd's Hotel."

"The hotel's the very place I've just come from," said Brewster. "It will give me great pleasure to be of assistance to you," and he began walking along by her side.

"I suppose it's crazy," she confided to him, "to be running about here alone, but I thought I knew the way perfectly, and no one wanted to come with me. You see, there was only the dragoman with the party. They're at the house of Tabitha, and I'm going for my camera to get a photograph of it. There'll be someone at the camp to show me the way back."

She seemed more at ease now that the situation was explained.

"Hang the someone at camp!" was Brewster's mental observation, as he glanced furtively at his fair companion. "I should like to offer my services. I wonder if it would do?"

It will be seen from the action of his mind that Brewster, although he considered his heart irreversibly lost to the unappreciative Miss Anthony, was not wholly blind to other feminine attractions.

"It's not much like getting about New York or London, where there's a 'blue-coat' on almost every corner to set you right, if you chance to miss your way," he remarked.

"I can't imagine a Jaffa policeman," said the young lady. "What would he resemble, do you think?"

"Oh, that, as much as anything, I fancy!" returned Brewster pointing to a recumbent bundle of rags by the side of an entrance to a dim and dirty alley.

"I see where we are now!" cried the young lady, suddenly.

"Yes," said Brewster, "that's the street that leads to the hotel."

They halted where the thoroughfare forked.

"This is my way," announced the young lady with a little motion of the hand. "Thank you so much. Really, I don't know what I should have done if we hadn't—" She stopped, why, she could not say, perhaps because the word that was upon the tip of her tongue was not the one she wished to use. She became conscious that she was blushing. "If we hadn't met!" she exclaimed, completing her sentence.

Then they both laughed, and instantly were upon a more intimate footing.

"I realize that it's very unconventional," began Brewster, plucking up courage, "but now that I've been your guide thus far, it would be very good of you if you would let me finish what I've begun, and see you safely back to your friends. I've been about Jaffa before, so I can take you just where you want to go, and I've nothing on earth to do."

She hesitated an instant.

"Well," she said, a trifle archly, "if I find you here on my return, possibly I may accept your services."

Brewster watched her hasten gracefully away, and it must be confessed that he compared her figure and movements with those of Miss Anthony, and the result was not altogether flattering to the latter. When the absent one reappeared she found her guide had hardly stirred from the identical spot where she had left him.

It would be of small interest to record their conversation which Brewster managed to shift to a personal basis by giving his fair companion his name, and that of the city he still called home. In turn he discovered that she was a Miss Hilda Minturn of Minneapolis, and that she was traveling with her mother, her aunt, and a retired clergyman and his wife and daughter. To this company Brewster was presently introduced, and to them all made himself so agreeable that, at Mrs. Minturn's invitation, he returned with them to their encampment from their round of sight-seeing, and partook of a cup of tea served in their dining tent. He learned that they were starting on a tour into Philistia upon the morrow, and groaned inwardly to think that he had been so unfortunate in the matter of a dragoman, since the route they were to pursue was the one he naturally would have chosen, and an opportunity to ride by the side of Miss Minturn over the plains of Philistia would, he admitted to himself, have been much to his liking.

"I'm not going to say good-bye," he declared to the young lady as he parted from her. "Palestine isn't as large as America, and Jerusalem isn't New York."

If you'll only appear as opportunely as you did to-day," she returned, "I shall come to look upon you in the light of a benefactor."

"I shall bear that in mind," said he.

Brewster felt more and more April-hearted as he walked briskly back to the hotel, and the first thing he did when he reached his room was to get out his guide-book and fall to calculating.

"By Jove!" he exclaimed presently, "if I succeed in finding Demetrius, or some other available chap, in Jerusalem to-morrow night, and we get off the next morning, we'll strike Bet-Jebrin about the same time the Minturns do!"

This conclusion appeared to be very satisfactory, judging from the expression upon the young man's face, an expression that was not infrequently present upon his countenance during the tiresome journey to Jerusalem.

After Brewster had dined at Hotel Feil, on arriving in the "Holy City," there was still enough daylight left for him to set out in search of Demetrius Domian, the dragoman with whom he had made, a few years previous, a trip north of Damascus. He was favored of fortune, and changed upon this Syrian Greek at a little cafe just within the Jaffa Gate.

"Why, it is Mr. Brewster!" cried the dragoman, springing up as the American greeted him, his handsome olive face lighting with a smile of pleasure, for the two had been very good friends. "It is a delight to see you again," he said, in his precise English. "It is truly a delight! And whither are you bound? Is it Petra, or Sinai, or Palmyra, this time?"

"That all depends," Brewster responded. "We'll talk about that later. Are you disengaged? I want first to make a little trip of about a week."

"After to-morrow I will go with you as far as Bagdad, if it would please you to journey thither."

"You can't start till tomorrow, then?"

"No, I have to show some people about the city. But I can upon the next day at whatever hour you like, if you will tell me your wishes, so I may provide the horses and provisions."

Brewster ordered a cup of Turkish coffee, sat down by the side of Demetrius, and unfolded his plan.

"A cinerary urn still there!" exclaimed the dragoman, on hearing upon what errand Brewster was bent. "I would not have believed it. I have many times shown travelers the columbaria, but never have I noticed anything in the niches."

"There can be no mistake," said the American. "The Englishman declared he saw it through his glass. It was at the very bottom of the place, and it's possible that it may be partially obscured by moss or a growth of some sort."

"There are a number of excavations, and perhaps it is in one that is quite out of the way. We shall see. Some curious caverns are there also, which you will enjoy looking at," the dragoman added. "I shall not forget the rope and candles."

A servant with a pack-mule carrying tent, luggage and such provisions as could not be purchased by the way, had been dispatched at an early hour, and at seven o'clock Brewster and Demetrius rode southward past the Jaffa Gate.

They camped that night at Hebron, and saw, as they sat and smoked, over against them in the moonlight the two minarets of the great mosque—the mosque beneath whose walls are said to lie the dust of so many of the early scripture worthies. Jackals barked among the hills, and in the heart of the night Brewster was aroused by the shouts of the servant pouring out his choicest Arab curses upon a miscreant who had crept up and attempted to make off with the pack-mule.

"We should be in Bet-Jebrin shortly before noon," said Demetrius, as they mounted in the cool, clear dawn of Friday. Over the saddle pommel he had looped a coil of rope, and in his saddle-bags he had stored a dozen candles, while both he and Brewster were supplied with a hearty luncheon, for the servant with their camp equipment would be obliged to travel slowly, and would not be likely to arrive until late in the afternoon.

Toward mid-morning, as they were riding at a considerable elevation along the rocky mountain bridle-path, Brewster began to be watchful and eager. At every turn he scanned the scene before him expectantly. Finally he questioned Demetrius.

"Where ought we to meet travelers coming to Hebron from Bet-Jebrin?" he asked. "I became acquainted with some people in Jaffa on Monday who were making a trip through Philistia, and were intending to swing around to Jerusalem this way."

"We should pass them anywhere here," replied the dragoman, "though if there is much of a party they would perhaps move a little more slowly than we have done."

Half an hour elapsed, and there was no sign of the Minturns.

"Your friends are very leisurely riders," remarked Demetrius, "or they have been delayed by some accident. Who is their dragoman?"

"I think he is called Azarian, or something like that."

The Greek gave a start and a contemptuous grunt.

"Son of a pig!" he muttered, in Arabic, an expression which Brewster had more than once heard flung by one oriental at another in the heat of quarrel, and which, he was aware, carried with it the bark of supreme scorn.

"You don't appear to admire this Azarian," he hazarded. "Is there something wrong about him?"

"Possibly I should not say," the Greek answered. "The tourist agencies—they trust him, but one day they will find him out. There are those in Jerusalem who know him for what he is."

"And what is that?"

Demetrius, looking intently into the distance, did not answer for what seemed to Brewster the space of several minutes; then this reply came between set teeth,—

"The son of a thief!"

"And does the son take after the father, my friend?"

"I have heard of a saying, Howadji, that you have in America about the chip and the block. Azarian furnishes you with a most excellent illustration of it."

"Then you think—"

"Him capable of almost anything, if he believed there was little chance of being caught."

They had seen no trace of the Minturn party when the hovels of Bet-Jebrin and the ruined church of the crusaders came into view. Brewster said nothing further, but he made up his mind that after he had accomplished his mission he would ride on to Gaza and make inquiries from his Turkish friend in regard to those whom he had expected to meet. The travelers procured water for their horses at a well near the edge of the town, and then began to ascend the slope beyond toward the spot where Demetrius stated the columbaria were situated.

"Meat before work!" exclaimed the dragoman, as they pulled up in the shade of a small carob tree.

"Now we shall see what we can do!" cried Demetrius, when luncheon was over, their horses having been left to graze in the meanwhile.

Flinging their bridles over their arms, the two men began to pick their way higher up the rocky slope. The blooming time of the red anemone had passed, but there were still flowers in clefts and crannies and fresh and graceful little sprays of fern. Brewster cast a backward look, and was surprised at the undulating sweep of hill and plain rolling away to the north and west, with here and there a dark spot where some Bedouin was moving across the landscape like an exaggerated ant.

They had mounted half way to the crest before they came to the first excavation in the hillside. Brewster had his field glass ready, but was able to detect no trace of an urn in any of the niches that lined the wall of the rock-well, nor was he more successful in finding that for which he was searching in the second excavation. In the third, however, wider and considerably deeper than the other two, the bottom being choked with rock and rank undergrowth, his eye fell upon what was unmistakably a detached object of some sort reposing in one of the lower niches. Without the aid of his glass it would have been impossible for him to mark its presence, so he leaped to the conclusion that the prize for which he was striving awaited him below.

"That must be the urn," he said, handing the glass to Demetrius, and pointing out the niche at which he had been gazing.

"I believe the Howadji is right," said the dragoman, after he had looked several minutes attentively.

They picketed their horses, and uncoiled the rope which Demetrius proceeded to fasten securely about a larger boulder close at hand. The Greek was preparing to descend when Brewster intervened.

"Do you suppose I've come all this distance after that urn, and now I'm here that I'm going to let you get it for me?" he demanded. "I want the pleasure of putting hands on it first myself."

"But there is the risk," expostulated the dragoman. "It would be most unfortunate should anything happen to you. We are here quite alone, and the natives are not over-friendly. What if you should fall?"

"Pshaw!" cried Brewster, "going down there's a mere bagatelle! Those niches give one a foothold nearly every yard for the whole distance. Just have an eye on the rope and see that it doesn't slip from that boulder," and he grasped the hemp, and swung himself over the edge.

Down he swarmed, hand over hand, with all the confidence of a practiced athlete, occasionally aiding himself in his descent by slipping a foot into one of the empty niches. He was quickly at the bottom, and springing over the debris snatched up triumphantly a perfect cinerary urn, yellow and gray with ages of exposure, but without a flaw in any part from the delicate pedestal to the graceful curve of the top. Upon it he read, clearly graven in Roman letters,—SERGIUS CLAUDIUS.

"See!" he shouted exultantly, holding aloft his treasure for Demetrius to behold.

"I do congratulate you most heartily!" exclaimed the dragoman. "Truly it is wonderful. I will let down my saddle-bags, you can place your treasure in them, attach the rope, and I will pull them up. There will then be no danger of breaking your precious possession."

"Yes," responded Brewster, "that's an excellent idea."

While Demetrius was preparing to put this plan into execution the American began to examine his surroundings. The columbarium was square, perhaps thirty feet by thirty. In one corner there was a marked depression in which, hard by the wall, tall weeds were growing. Brewster parted these, thinking possibly they might hide another niche and a second urn. Instead, however, he beheld a half-choked opening in the rock from which he saw, on closer examination, that a flight of steps descended into the earth. Amazed at this discovery, he shouted to Demetrius, told him what he had found, and bade him drop a candle.

"Do not go far," cautioned the dragoman, as he complied with this request. "It is easy to get lost. You have doubtless hit upon one of the caverns I mentioned. Most of them are entered from the opposite side of the hill."

"I'll go only to the bottom of the steps," said Brewster, beginning to move some of the rubbish from the entrance to the cave.

Having accomplished this, he lighted one of the two candles that Demetrius had tossed him, and started cautiously to make his way downward. The chamber which he had entered was bell-form, and

(Continued on page 8.)



A Romance of the Far South.

BY G. M. L. BROWN.



WHEN Carlos Miras left Montevideo, after a brief sojourn in that delightful city, his mind was so taken up with an incident of his visit that he barely managed to catch the steamer. Then, in his haste to clamber aboard, he forgot to pay the brawny Biscayan who rowed him from the pier, which drew such a violent protest from the indignant boatman that all his fellow-passengers were informed of his delinquency. With a curt apology he tossed the fellow a silver dollar, twice the usual fare—and hurried to the deck.

"Hello Miras! Been entertaining the natives again?"

"I'm afraid I have, Dick. When did you get here?"

"About ten minutes ago—just in time to see the performance. Why don't you live up to your name and act the leisurely don?"

Miras flushed at the thoughtless gibe, but did not reply. Dick Rutherford had been his one friend in South America; a friend so staunch and true that he could forgive much more in him than an occasional bluntness of speech.

"Dick," he began, as the 'Olympo' churned her way towards the outer harbor, "I must confess to you again; I have done something quite unpardonable—that is, for me."

"Really, my boy?"

"I am in love."

"Best thing that could happen to an exile."

"But it has gone further than that, I have—"

"Proposed?"

"No," responded the other, gravely, "but I have won her love—at least, I'm afraid I have."

"Congratulations, my dear boy. Frankly, I should be surprised if you hadn't. Who may the lady be?"

"Don't joke, please; it pains me. Think of my position: I am a forger, a ticket-of-leave man, an—" the chin trembled for a moment, then the jaws set firmly, and the word came through closely set teeth, "an escaped criminal."

"But, my dear fellow, you dwell too much on all that."

"And she's an angel—she's—Dick, I'm going to show you her picture."

"Why, Miras," gazing intently at the portrait, "this is Miss Frederick, the young lady in charge of the American Mission School. I met her last summer in Rosario. Really, old fellow, you do deserve congratulations; I say this in all sincerity. She comes from Philadelphia, does she not?"

"Yes."

"One of the sweetest American girls that ever crossed the line; she is indeed!"

For a time nothing further was said. Rutherford lit a cigar, and opened his evening paper; Miras gazed abstractedly upon the now distant city, whose bright tiled roofs and picturesque towers glowed in the waning sunlight.

"Montevideo seems quite oriental to me. It is like a glimpse of paradise after Buenos Aires—isn't it?"

"That's because she lives there. Tell me how you met her, Miras."

The latter began with evident embarrassment:

"It was just a week ago—the day you left for Minas."

"I gave you a parting warning to behave yourself," laughed Rutherford. "Don't you remember?"

Miras ignored the interruption.

"I was sitting in the plaza Independencia when she passed with one of her pupils. I didn't see her face at first, but I heard her voice, and, just as I turned, one of those dandy young officers happened along, and had the impudence to pass a remark. You have heard the insolent puppies do it, haven't you?"

"I have," growled Rutherford, clenching his fist.

"It got you into a fight, I suppose?"

"Well, not a real fight. He drew his little toy sword, so I had to handle him rather roughly, and in the mix-up the thing got broken."

Rutherford's ejaculation was emphasized by a puff of smoke. "That means a duel down here," he observed, quietly.

"Yes, but—" his companion hesitated and flushed—"they haven't discovered my change of address."

"Why, Carlos! You don't mean to tell me—"

Miras drew himself up—a straight, broad-shouldered figure, his features from brow to chin indicative of courage and energy.

"Dick, this is an exceptional case. I gave the fellow my card, but Miss Frederick saw me, and—well, perhaps you understand. Of course, I think she is right, dear little woman."

"I understand perfectly," said Rutherford, grasping his friend's hand. "Anyway, the coward attacked you unarmed; he isn't worth considering. But you haven't told me how you made her acquaintance."

"That followed as a matter of course. The girl disappeared during our tussle, and, as quite a crowd had gathered, I offered to escort Miss Frederick

"SUCH AN IDEAL SPOT," MURMURED MIRAS.

home. She thanked me in beautiful Spanish, and consented. She seemed terribly unnerved; yet she was collected enough to guess my nationality."

Rutherford smiled. "If you talked Spanish, I don't think she found it a difficult guess. Have you seen her often since?"

"Almost daily."

"Miras," said Rutherford presently, in a burst of enthusiasm, "I want you to look on the bright side of this. I know how you feel; it seems unmanly at first to ask such a lovely woman to take your name—by the way, I've never even asked you what it is, and I don't care—"



MARION.

"Underwood—Charles T. Underwood. You are the first person on this continent I have told. I belong to Boston."

"Well, old fellow, I shall respect the confidence. As I was saying, I think I can understand how repugnant it would seem to a chap with your high standards, and yet the best of your life is ahead of you, and you have it in you to make your mark down here. I am prepared to tell Miss Frederick, if the chance should come, that you're the best fellow I have ever met, and I've globe-trotted a good deal!"

"Dick, I'm obliged to you for your good opinion, talking as if there were some chance—some faint hope yet it can't possibly influence me in this matter. I'm

in my heart that it may be—but there isn't. With all the manhood I have in me I'll fight the very thought of it; I'll—Dick, I would die by my own hand rather than drag that woman down."

Rutherford puffed away in silence. "Don't be rash," he remarked presently; "wait a few months. You may have an opportunity when you see her again to tell her the whole story."

"Tell her!" exclaimed Miras, springing angrily to his feet. "Tell her! Do you think—do you really suppose that I have been in her sweet presence without telling her everything? Dick, you know I'm not that sort of a man."

"Pardon me," replied Rutherford, humbly, "I should have known better, certainly." Then, feeling that his companionship was no longer needed, he tossed away his cigar and abruptly left the deck.

But the great, bowed figure stayed where he left it—stayed till the lights came out on the low, Uruguayan shore—stayed till the Southern Cross stood overhead, and the crescent moon had risen and set. At last came the dawn, and with it the Argentine coast.

His vigil ended, Miras gazed across the waters, then rose to his full height. He had battled with temptation, and had conquered; and now they were nearing the vast, dreary city where his work awaited him.

"My city of exile in a new sense," he sighed.

II.

Senor Don Carlos Miras,
Calle Tempino 834,
Buenos Aires,
R. A.

Montevideo, August 31, 1900.

Dear Friend:

What a sweet, sad month this has been to me—to us both, shall I say? Only four weeks ago I first met you, and yet it seems as if I had known you always. I have thought the matter over a great deal since your last letter, and I can now see more clearly with you that it must not be. Possibly I can never appreciate fully your position, but I believe I have felt the struggle you have been going through, and I have asked God to give you the strength to take the right course. So I now write to tell you that I accept your decision as final—not because I do not want you, dear, not because I would shrink to proclaim you to the world as my husband, but because to you it would be wrong. Yet remember that I shall never cease to love you. Remember, wherever you may be, that you have a friend, a sweetheart if you will, who trusts in you.

Still, we are not going to be forever separated from each other, are we? Indeed I would have you near me whenever you feel that you can spare the time, and I shall give you all the sympathy my heart is capable of giving, and shall gain, I know, yet a deeper inspiration from my noble, noble hero. Come to me often, dear, but let our meetings strengthen the resolve we both have made. Come and read to me from your favorite poet, as you did that afternoon at the seashore, and let me read to you from my Testament. Let us sometimes pray together, too—you in silence, and I according to the custom of my Church. Come, dear Carlos, if you can; but if you cannot, if you feel that it is better for us not to meet, please ignore these pleadings of a lonely maid. Lonely—yes—but not unhappy. Indeed, God grant that we may ever be happy as I am now, thinking of a friendship that I know will be lifelong.

With love, dear heart, all I am capable of,
Marion Frederick.

III.

When Miss Frederick received a telegram, one warm December day, from Richard Rutherford, saying that he and Miras would sail that evening, per "Olympo," for Montevideo, she hurried to her room to hide her emotion. For her loved one had been ill, and she had not been able to go to him. But now he was recovering, and the doctor had given his friend permission to remove him to the real city of "buenos aires," (good air) across the La Plata.

What a busy afternoon it was. The school was closed for the midsummer vacations, so that Miss Frederick had only the housekeeper and one servant to assist her; but the sweeping and cooking and gardening accomplished might easily have represented the labor of a dozen less willing hands. At last all was in readiness, and the little household retired for the night.

Early the next morning, even before the birds, Miss Frederick was awake, and at the first glimmering of dawn, she arose and hastily dressed; hastily, but not carelessly, for the gown she selected was the one he had admired, and so was the Spanish lace collar, and even the simple brooch that held it in place. With glad steps she ran to the garden and plucked a spray of blossoms, which she fixed in her

(Continued on page 8.)



The Whims of Percele

By I. McRoss.

PERCELE wouldn't be so full of whims if she had ever been taught to mind! I hope when she marries she will have to obey her husband whether she loves him or not! But of all her many and varied whims this is the worst! She must spend a month in the woods, and of all the woods in the world must choose these in northern Maine!" Mrs. John Dunton looked at her husband for sympathy, but he shrugged his shoulders and murmured vaguely:

"It might be worse, Helen."

"How? Here we are in a little tavern, not a guide to be found, yet she insists upon going thirty or forty miles farther into the forest; how could it be worse?"

"We might find a worse hotel than this. If I remember rightly we found dozens of worse ones while we were jaunting through Europe. Here comes Percele now."

The brisk northern breeze had disheveled Percele Dunton's brown hair, brought a sparkle to her eyes and flushed her cheeks. She glanced mischievously at Mrs. Dunton's scowling face, and seated herself upon the arm of her brother's chair as she asked:

"Isn't this the most delightful country you ever visited, John? Such enchanting people, these quaint French folks are! Don't you want to sketch every one you see? Let's stay two months instead of one."

"Indeed we will not!" Helen cried. "We will go to Lenox next month. You cannot find a guide, anyway."

"Yes we can, Helen. Felix, the landlord, says his wife's brother knows these woods as well as you know Philadelphia, and he—"

There were footsteps at the door of the little parlor. Percele jumped from her undignified position and seated herself at a window, as Felix entered with Triflis.

"This is Triflis LeVasseur, my wife's brother," Felix explained. "He is acquainted with the woods about here and will guide you wherever you wish to go."

The Duntons looked critically at the young man. He was fully two inches taller than Felix—who boasted an altitude of six feet—but so well-proportioned, and carried himself so gracefully, that his height was apparent only upon comparison with other men. His fine head was closely cropped, except for a few blonde locks curling about his broad, white forehead; his nose was straight, with wide, sensitive nostrils; the contour of cheek and chin were firm; his mouth determined, though expressive. He turned a pair of searching, blue-gray eyes upon Percele; she became conscious that she had been staring at him, and her cheeks flushed a deeper scarlet as she quickly looked out of the window.

"We want to go into the woods to some little lake where we can camp out, fish and sketch," Mr. Dunton explained.

"And be lazy, and enjoy the sky and woods; the further from civilization the better," Percele added, while Mrs. Dunton sniffed scornfully.

"I know the place for you; about thirty miles from here there is a little lake, about two miles long and half a mile wide, tributary to the St. Francis; it is cuddled down at the foot of high hills and the forests shut it in on every side. An old logging road leads to it."

"Good!" Percele laughed her delight in his description. "When can we start?"

"To-morrow morning, if you like. We can get the camp outfit ready to-day."

Before sunrise the next morning Triflis got Pete Thibbedeau started with the load containing the camp outfit. A few hours later the Duntons went, with Triflis driving a pair of high-spirited black horses harnessed to an old-fashioned carryall.

They soon left the little village, passed outlying farms and plunged into a forest, cool, shadowy, quiet and redolent with odors of spruce, fir and sweet, wild fern. Mrs. Dunton's grumblings ceased, except now and then when the wheel upon her side dipped into a puddle and splashed a few drops over her, or an overhanging bough brushed her face.

Percele, in her seat behind Triflis, was so absorbed in watching and studying him that at first she did not notice how skillfully he avoided the branches and muddy places upon her side. But as she watched him, now guiding, now restraining, now urging the horses, a sense of security came over her and a feeling that he was taking especial care of her.

When they reached the shore of the little lake, the

red-gold beams of the setting sun shone warmly through the spruce and firs cresting the western hills, bathed the distant shore an instant, then disappeared, leaving sun-tinted clouds against the blue sky, the reflection of sun-tinted clouds upon the blue water of the placid lake.

Percele furtively watched Triflis while he got the camp in order, with his help tents were pitched, the camp-fire started, boughs cut for beds and boats launched.

From the first moment Percele had seen Triflis she had wondered from whence he got his ease of manner, grace, and evident good-breeding; and as the beautiful, idle days slipped away, she began comparing him with other men she knew, and always the comparison was in Triflis' favor. Who else was so strong and handsome, so reliable and courteous, so capable, yet so gentle and winning? She pulled herself up with a blush at her folly, and for a day ignored Triflis—who did not seem to notice it.

Then she discovered how indispensable he was to her enjoyment of this outing, and meekly asked him to take her out upon the lake and teach her to fish.

"There is a little eddy over on the north shore that

I have kept undisturbed for you," said Triflis, smiling down upon her. "Peter wanted to get some trout

there for breakfast this morning, but I would not let him."

"Don't you remember I told you all I wanted was to be lazy? How did you know that I should want to fish?"

"You could not help it; no one can live long within sound of the ripples of a lake and resist their call."

He helped her into the boat, pushed off, and took up the oars. Percele watched him row with long, steady strokes, and the old perplexity overcame her—what made him so unlike other Madawaska people?

"Have you always lived in Madawaska?" she asked.

"No, I have never lived here." A few more strokes, then in answer to the appeal in her face:

"My home has been in Canada; I come to Madawaska once a year to see my sister Julie, Felix's wife."

"O,—but—you are French?"

"My father was a Frenchman; my mother was born in England."

They had reached the little eddy. Triflis pulled the boat up under the shadow of the wooded hillside, took out a fly-book, fastened a "coachman" to the leader, and showed Percele how to skim it over the surface of the eddy.

But she was more interested in Triflis than in trout.

"Tell me more about your home and family," she pleaded.

"There are six of us children—four brothers and one sister; my father died when I was twelve," he said briefly. Then, after a long pause:

"Would you like to see my mother's picture?"

He opened the case of his watch and handed it to her. She took it eagerly and looked at the picture within—a strong, handsome face, yet very sweet and winning.

"Ah!" Percele breathed in admiration. "Is she fair or dark?"

"Fair and tall; I used to think her like some beautiful queen, but now she seems nobler and fairer than any queen or princess."

"Do you live on a farm?"

"We did until a few years ago. Mother and I did all the work to support the family." He did not appear to notice Percele's expression of wonder, but continued, in a matter-of-fact way:

"We raised nearly everything we ate and wore."

"I do not understand how you raised clothing."

"Wool from the sheep, and flax from the field. Mother carded, spun and wove both flax and wool, and made all our clothing."

Percele was more mystified than before. She looked Triflis over, critically; his mother surely never made those clothes—rough tweeds, but bearing the unmistakable stamp of the city tailor.

"O! I did not know that there are people in America who live that way now," she faltered.

"About four miles beyond those western hills there is a family who visit town not more than three or four times a year, and they could live comfortably without going once."

Percele jumped to her feet so suddenly that the boat dipped water. "Only four miles? We could walk there! Let us go!"

"Will your brother and his wife?"

"Yes," she interrupted, "John will go wherever he can carry a sketch-pad, and Helen, well—" she laughed.

The next morning, before the air had lost the delicious freshness of early day, they rowed across the lakes, and Triflis led the way up the steep, western hills, following a trail so faint that only an experienced eye could have read it. Now and then he turned to watch Percele, though he did not offer any help until he came to a nearly precipitous ledgy wall. Then he swung himself half way up and reached back a helping hand. It was the first time their hands had met, and Percele's heart bounded at the touch.

"Stand here, with your feet in that loop of fir-root and wait until I climb to the top," Triflis directed. When he reached the summit he threw himself upon the ground and stretched both hands toward her.

A strong pull by the stalwart arms, and Percele was beside him.

A few moments later, Mr. and Mrs. Dunton climbed up, Helen perspiring, panting, grumbling:

"If this isn't just like Percele! She must climb perpendicular walls, scramble through brush, and poke into all manner of out-of-the-way places!"

"Look about you, Mrs. Dunton," Triflis suggested. "The view from this point is worth all the exertion you have made. Do you see that little patch

(Continued on page 8.)



THE FLAT BELOW OURS. ...

BY N. E. C. SCOTT.

FLO clutched me by the arm as soon as we had got inside the vestibule. "That was she at the window. Did you ever in all your days see such a woe-begone face?" she demanded in a piercing whisper. "Don't tell me there's nothing wrong in that family! And they were so perfectly exuberant when they moved in a week ago. I just knew it couldn't last!"

I put my hand over her mouth until we were safe within our own door.

"Another romance?" I then began, hunting a pencil in great excitement. "My dear, you're worth your weight in gold as a newspaper man's wife! Ever since the Ives affair—"

"We'll let the Ives affair pass, if you please," she returned with dignity, a guilty blush and a reluctant but bewitching little smile. "But those people downstairs must have quarreled dreadfully, Tom. All last night and to-day she's walked the floor, crying and talking softly to herself in the most piteous way. Then this morning, after you had gone, I heard her, as if she were pleading with him, in a way that would have touched a stone.

"Of course I could not distinguish the words, but I happened to be in the corridor when he was leaving, and I heard him say to her:

"I tell you I shall not consider! He's brought it upon himself, and let him take the consequences! And the look upon his face, Tom, was that of a desperate man.

"Just hear that poor thing walking up and down and moaning. I only hope there isn't worse before her. Did I tell you he hadn't been home to luncheon? She's been worse since. Do you suppose he's got away? If he's been arrested for murder surely common humanity would prompt them to let her know."

"Flo, for pity's sake! My hair is on end, and I'm all of a tremble! I shall have to insist, in self defense, that your further romances be cheerful ones," I remonstrated.

"I was still squirming under her withering glance, when somebody knocked at the door. I opened it, when a small boy thrust a small package into my hand. It was unmistakably a bottle, and was tied with lavender twine.

"For Mrs. Mayhew," said the boy.

Before I could tell him that Mrs. Mayhew's was the flat below, my wife pressed forward and asked:

"From the druggist? What is it—what have you brought?"

"I—I dunno; guess it's carbolic acid. Heard the clerk say somethin' about carbolic acid." The boy was eager to get away.

"Mrs. Mayhew's is the flat below," I told him, as I handed back the package and shut the door. Flo, with a little cry, had thrust forth her hand to seize the bottle, but the boy was too quick for her. Whereupon she dropped, a collapsed little heap, into a rocking chair.

"Oh, why did you give it to him?" she sobbed.

"Give it to him! What in the world could I do?"

"Oh, oh, oh! This will be the end of it! Why didn't you drop it and break it? Why didn't you do something?"

"Don't be a simpleton, Flo! The boy said he didn't know what was in it. The woman looks like

a lady. She wouldn't use anything so low as carbolic acid."

"A desperate woman doesn't stop to think of such little niceties when she wants to kill herself," was Flo's opinion, in which I was constrained secretly to concur.

When my wife had become calmer, we listened intently for sounds from below. Flo crept up to me and twined my arm about her, and the ticking of the clock sounded like a tom-tom in our waiting ears.

Suddenly it came—a muffled cry of "Help! Oh, somebody come!" Then a crashing fall, and all was still.

Flo, like the little trump she is, rose to the occasion, now that the occasion presented itself. We rushed down stairs. I flung myself at the door, which, not being locked, flew open.

Flo was a close second in the headlong flight which landed me in the bosom of the davenport, but, practically unhurt, we turned to Mrs. Mayhew, lying white and still upon the floor.

A little stand, half full of medicine bottles, stood in a corner, and a broken tumbler lay upon the floor. I hastily looked for acid burns upon the woman's lips, but there were none. She moaned a little as I lifted her, then, opening her eyes, said faintly:

"Never mind me, but see to Laddie."

"Laddie," repeated Flo looking at me with lifted eye-brows.

For answer Mrs. Mayhew gave a shivering sob, and buried her face in her hands.

"I remember now," she said presently. "It is too late to do anything for him—my darling is dead."

Flo shook her head at me. "Raving!" she formed the word with her lips.

"Tell me just what has happened, Mrs. Mayhew," she said gently, "then we shall better know what to do."

Mrs. Mayhew nestled against her.

"You look kind. I will tell you," said she. "My little Laddie was so ill—I've walked the floor with him all night and all day. And my husband acted so heartlessly—when I begged him this morning to bring Dr. Landis, the specialist, from Long Island, he said he couldn't afford the fifty dollars it would cost. Said that Laddie had brought the illness upon himself by his greediness—that he would have to take the consequences—(Flo's eyes as they sought mine at this point were two big, black interrogative points.) "He never liked Laddie in the world."

"My poor Laddie! I was just trying to give him some medicine, when he stiffened out in my arms, and I knew that he was dead. Everything grew black then, and I felt myself going, but I managed to lay him down and call for help before I fell."

"How calm I am—and not a tear! I wonder—"

"Where did you lay him, Mrs. Mayhew?" Flo tremulously questioned. She was beginning to believe.

"If you'll turn on the light—"

"Dark as a pocket in here!" exclaimed a masculine voice, as the door swung open. The click of a button; a flood of light, an instant later, revealed a fine, resolute-looking fellow, who, with a "This way, doctor," led another man straight across the room to where a beautiful Navajo blanket lay piled in an arm chair.

Mrs. Mayhew got to her feet with a little cry and made her way to the chair.

"Hello, Janet-girl," said her husband, slipping an arm around her. "I've brought Landis, you see—how's his nibs? By George! he's gone, I guess!" he exclaimed, turning back a corner of the blanket, whereat Mrs. Mayhew burst forth in lamentations, and Flo hid her head on my shoulder.

"Gone? Not a bit of it!" exclaimed the doctor, as he lifted on one hand a tiny French poodle, and with the other thumb and forefinger separated its closed eyelids. "Get me a hot water bag and some dry mustard, quick!"

Flo lifted her head from my shoulder, and took one long look.

"Come!" said she; and we went upstairs together.



WHEREUPON SHE DROPPED, A COLLAPSED LITTLE HEAP, INTO A ROCKING CHAIR.

A Little Touch of Daintiness

BY HARRIET CARYL COX.

THERE is a dainty way and a careless way of doing everything, and most of us are apt to fall into the careless way because we think it takes time which we cannot spare, or that it is a little more expensive to be dainty. Well, how is that? Can the busy woman stop for some of the bits of daintiness in which the women of leisure indulge?

Take the simple instance of tying up of a bundle. Most women do it abominably, some few fairly well, and yet it requires but a moment's care to do it well; a careful pressing down of the ends to go under, and with appropriate paper and string, surely it is an easy thing to accomplish.

Have the material ready. Don't trust to luck that there is paper the right kind and size crushed in among the paper bags and strings that come about bundles from the store. Have a roll of white paper ready where you can get it easily. It is not expensive. Or, go to a printer, and you can get a quire of large sheets at a very moderate price, and the sheets are so large many small packages may be wrapped, using only one of the sheets. Then have a ball of twine ready—not a loose bundle of knotted strings of all lengths, but go to the extravagance of buying a ball of string, or twine.

Thus equipped, you are ready to make a neat bundle that will look more like a Christmas package than anything else, and you will feel so respectable in carrying it you wouldn't go back to the old, careless way of doing up a bundle for anything.

Some women always use the same colored string. It is an excellent idea. A pale green to be used with the white paper is a pretty combination. Indeed, so characteristic is this of one woman I know, she has left packages at friends' houses with no name to indicate who left them, because, her friends claim, "We all know who uses green string."

Does the country housewife, whose yard is full of green shrubbery ever think of picking a few sprays to lay here and there on the table at meal time? The effect, especially if one can obtain ferns, is very lovely and especially grateful on a hot day. Striped grass, which grows in nearly every old garden, is really a very pretty decoration.

One day, and oh! it was so hot, I was persuaded to stop to a noon-day meal. There was no bustle in getting ready, no odor of steaming dishes, but when I entered the dining room, which was shaded by partially closing the outside blinds, the table looked so pretty and refreshing.

There was a large glass dish of blue berries, a plate heaped with muffins which had been baked while the day was yet cool, a large pitcher of ice-cold milk and some sponge cake, while in and out among the dishes lay delicate green ferns. It was an unexpected touch and gave an air of daintiness to the whole thing that I shall never forget.



THE WHIMS OF PERCELE.

Continued from page 6.

of blue in the north? That is Lake Pelliquaggamus, and still farther north, Lake Pettiquaggamac."

As far as the eye could reach were forest-covered hills, undulating in every direction, uncleared, except at the foot of the long, gently-sloping hill upon which they stood, where there was one small clearing bordering a silver thread of river gliding among the hills.

Triflis pointed out some log buildings:

"That is Xavier Nadeau's, where we are going."

The descent was a long, easy slope with many level stretches, and Percele abandoned herself to the enjoyment of the hour and her increasing delight in Triflis' presence.

When they reached Nadeau's, the whole family rushed to the door. Xavier, his wife, two large boys, and three or four half-grown children crowded about Triflis, grasping his hands, touching his sleeves, all jabbering together in the soft, Madawaska patois. The last to greet him was Elize Nadeau, a slender, graceful young girl, blushing and smiling with tremulous lips, her downcast eyes veiled by long, black lashes, the wind blowing waving tendrils of fine, black hair about her face. She looked like some delicate wind-tossed wild flower, and Percele was sure that her small, brown hand lay in Triflis' much longer than necessary.

He went into the house with Elize while the Nadeaus were chattering their voluble welcome to the strangers.

"That is why he was so ready to come here, and this is the way he is accustomed to live!" Percele thought, looking about her.

Reluctantly, Percele followed the others into the house. There was one large living-room; the kitchen stove stood in one corner, a loom filled another corner, and a spinning wheel with flax upon the distaff stood near it.

When dinner was ready Triflis told Percele:

"Now you can eat a meal that grew upon the fields within view of the windows."

There were potatoes, white and mealy; green peas, fresh from the garden; bread from home-grown wheat—dark in color but sweet to the taste; glasses of cold, rich milk; and for dessert, wild raspberries, with thick cream and thinly-shaved maple sugar.

But Percele could not have told what she was eating; she was furtively watching Elize and Triflis, angry with herself that she should feel neglected, hurt and jealous.

"What is he to me?" she kept asking herself. "Just a French-Canadian farmer. I shall never think of him after I leave the woods."

A little before sunset, just as they were ready to start back to camp, Percele saw Triflis talking in low tones to Elize, whose face, lifted to his, was radiant with smiles and blushes. Percele turned, and with head proudly uplifted, led the way to camp.

She did not see Triflis until she had gained the summit of the ridge. Then he stood beside her and looked into her averted face.

"Why did you hurry so?"

"I wanted to see the sunset from this point; and I am just in time. See! the very last rim of the sun has vanished, and I am going, too. You can wait for the others if you like. I know the way to camp."

"Even though you know the way, you cannot climb down that steep place without help."

When they reached the precipitous point, Percele was glad to let Triflis swing himself down ahead of her. At the foot, he stretched his arms upward. "Jump!" he commanded.

She hesitated, looked into his eyes a moment, and obeyed.

For a moment he held her close; a little sob sprang from her heart to her throat—she hoped he had not heard—a smile flashed across Triflis' face; then he stepped ahead, and she followed him.

Neither of them spoke again until they reached camp; then Triflis asked:

"Will you get up at daybreak, to-morrow morning, and come out to see some moose take their morning drink?"

"O, yes." Percele looked into his face, for the first time since she had sprung into his arms. "I have always wanted to see moose—"

"You need not count upon me," Mrs. Dunton broke in, coming up tired and out of temper. "You will not drag me out at daybreak to chaperon another of your whims." And she dived into her tent.

"You will come?" Triflis came so close to Percele that she thought he could count her heartbeats.

"Yes, I will come," she murmured.

She went into the tent and tried to tranquillize her feelings.

The morning was gray, though lighting rapidly, when Percele and Triflis started out, the deep stillness of the forest unbroken save by an occasional chirp or twitter of a waking bird.

They followed a narrow path to the lake and stole softly along the shore to a clump of alders.

"We will wait here and watch for them," Triflis whispered. "Just opposite, by those three silver birches, there is a run-way where the moose come to drink."

They had not long to wait. Triflis' eyes caught a slight rustle in the bushes, and a huge bull moose came solemnly to the lake's edge; the cow and calf followed close behind and began to drink, but the head of the family lifted his antlers and looked across the lake as if scenting danger.

"Isn't he awkward and homely, with his big, Roman nose?" laughed Percele.

A whisk, a flash, the moose were gone!

"There! I've spoiled it all!" exclaimed Percele. She turned and looked into Triflis' eyes. Her own fell.

He held out his hands.

"Percele." It was the first time her name had fallen from his lips, though it had lain in his heart since he had first seen her.

"Percele," again, and her hands were in his.

"But—Elize—" she choked.

"Elize and a young brother of mine think they are in love with each other. You did not think that I loved her?" He laughed, happily, and drew her closer.

"My brother—Helen—what will they say?"

"What do you say, Percele?"

"I can never, never learn to spin and weave," she whispered, tragically.

"Is that all? Do you trust me, Percele?"

She remembered how he had smoothed the way, how pleasant he had made everything for her, and felt that she could trust him always. And that was her answer.

The sun rose clear and red. Every fleecy cloud turned to rose. Bushes, twigs and trees glistened with jewels of dew. A thousand birds burst into rapturous song. The new day had begun.

Mrs. Dunton saw them when they returned to camp, looked into their faces and flew to her husband.

"John Dunton, we must leave this place to-day! See what has come from giving Percele rein to indulge her whims! She has fallen in love with that Triflis, our guide! That French-Canadian!"

"Nonsense, Helen," her husband retorted; but when he looked into his sister's face he resolved to leave. He intended to tell Triflis so, but the young man forestalled him:

"Mr. Dunton, we must leave soon. I return to England in September and have promised to make my mother a visit before I leave this country."

"To England!" Mr. Dunton repeated, in amazement.

"Yes; my uncle, my mother's brother, made me his heir."

"Oh! you are the young Canadian who had a fortune left him!" Mrs. Dunton interjected, beaming graciously upon him. "I read about it in the papers, but I had forgotten that his name—"

"Is Triflis LeVasseur," bowing low, "and Percele has consented to share my name. I shall claim her before I go, and take her with me to England." He turned confidently toward her.

"September!" she gasped. "I cannot—get ready—so soon."

"O, yes you can," reassuringly, "it is more than a month before then. I am sure that is long enough."

Mrs. Dunton chuckled with satisfaction and whispered to her husband:

"Ah! Percele will have to obey!"

The Cinerary Urn of Sergius Claudius.

Continued from page 4.

the steps descended in a semi-spiral. The walls were a chalky white, and high upon the eastern surface was cut a large cross. Brewster's curiosity was soon satisfied, and he was about to return to the columbarium; when, as he stood at the mouth of the passage leading further into the heart of the earth, he fancied he heard a cry. He took a few steps forward, and listened with startling intentness. Yes, there was no mistaking the sound. It was a human voice—a woman's, and the cry was one of distress. His first impulse was to rush in the direction from which the sound came, but he recalled the warning of Demetrius, and decided that the wisest proceeding would be to inform the dragoman what he had heard and take counsel with him. As he bounded toward the mouth of the cave he imagined a summons from the Greek who had borne to him, nor was he mistaken, for when he emerged into the columbarium there was Demetrius leaning over the edge.

"Quick!" cried the dragoman, "catch hold, and let me pull you up! Something is not right. There are half a dozen Arabs stealing down from the hill-top, and I believe I saw Azarian with them. Leave the urn until later."

"But there is a woman in this cave crying for help. We can't desert her. Very likely she's one of the people I spoke to you about."

"We can certainly do her no good if we stay here and are caught by these rascals."

"I have it!" exclaimed Brewster, with sudden decision. "Toss me the rope and your saddle-bags with the candles. Then mount and ride for Gaza. There's a friend of mine in the garrison there, Captain Bahar. Tell him I sent you. He'll come over with a troop. I'm not going to leave these people. They're in trouble of some kind, you can depend upon it."

Demetrius hesitated, glanced around, and was about to speak when Brewster cried to him.

"Don't wait, man! They may seize and detain you!"

In another instant the rope was cast into the excavation, and then Demetrius appeared at the verge of the columbarium with the saddle-bags which he hurriedly dropped, Brewster managing to break their fall.

"Get out of sight!" called down the dragoman. "You may look for me by morning," and he was gone.

An instant later there was a clatter of hoofs, then shouts, and several gun-shots in sharp succession. Brewster had no fear for the safety of Demetrius, knowing that the Arabs were notoriously bad marksmen with their antiquated firearms. He caught up the rope and cast it into the cavern, and then, thrusting the cinerary urn into the saddle-bags and drawing them after him, he arranged the weeds so that they should not seem to have been disturbed, and secreted himself at the mouth of the rock-chamber.

(TO BE CONCLUDED IN AUGUST.)

A ROMANCE OF THE FAR SOUTH.

Continued from page 5.

chestnut hair—a flower he had admired, the Paraguayan jasmine. Deftly she added a few needful touches, then taking a last glimpse of the fair vision in the mirror, she thanked God, for her lover's sake, that face and form were so beautiful.

A little later the dear one was with her, reclining upon the rattan couch, his hand on hers, his eyes resting tenderly upon her. She had arranged for him a corner of the patio where an orange tree shielded them from the sun, and some potted palms and cedars served as a screen. A basket of fruit—figs, peaches, and grapes, all from the Mission garden, she proudly informed him—stood within easy reach.

"Such an ideal spot," murmured Miras, with a grateful smile.

"It is, now," assented Miss Frederick. "Yesterday, before your message came, it seemed quite dreary."

"Marion," he began, after a pause, "I had an illness something like this two years ago; just before—no—just after my terrible experience. That all seems so unreal now that I could almost believe I had dreamt it. Do you think a sick man could have such a vivid hallucination?" He fastened his eyes upon her so imploringly that for a moment she was quite startled.

"Let us not think of it now," she answered soothingly.

"Dick has been dropping the strangest remarks the last few days," he continued.

"Your friend is pure gold," she interrupted, hoping to change the subject.

"He certainly is. And he would be the last fellow to trifl with one—that is what makes it so strange."

"What did he say, dear?"

"It isn't so much what he said as what he hinted. He may begin it with you. Marion, dear, the fight has been almost too much for me, but I'll be stronger now. I fear, darling, that you may break down next. What a lot of trouble I have brought you."

"What happiness, you mean, Carlos,"—stroking his brow.

"But we must part again in a few days," he replied, plaintively.

"The very idea! You're my patient, sir, for weeks to come."

"And then?"

"I'm not afraid of the future, dear," she whispered, kissing the wan cheek. "Something tells me that all will be well. Now rest a while. Oh, here is Mr. Rutherford."

"Miss Frederick," said the latter, taking the proffered chair, "I can think of only one flower that would become you as well as that jasmine. Let me pull a spray for you!" And his hand reached into the bough above him.

"Dick! how dare you!" stammered the invalid, half rising toward his friend.

"Lie still, my boy; I have the best of reasons for daring—I want to see you married—married to the truest woman I have ever met."

"Stop, Dick, please."

"I shan't! I believe I have already passed an opinion on you. In brief, I think you are a rare couple."

"Mr. Rutherford—" began Miss Frederick, blushing a rosy red.

"Pardon me, Miss Frederick, I have come all the way from Buenos Aires to introduce to you Mr. Charles T. Underwood of Boston, whose record I have just investigated, and find to be above suspicion. He is a man, Miss Frederick, who bore the highest character with his employers—and does yet. He never stole a penny, so far as I can learn, nor betrayed a trust. What he did do, was foolishly to overwork and neglect his health till his sanity was threatened temporarily, and his peace of mind for all time. That was just two years ago. He went to bed, suffering from a severe attack of brain fever, and all the forgery I can trace was done at that time—in his burning head. Don't interrupt me, Dick, I've brought a valise full of documentary proofs. When he was partially recovered, he decided to leave for parts unknown, to work to pay an imaginary shortage, and feeling in his conscientious fashion for the family, he left his name behind him, and equipped himself in Spanish before he could even say 'Manana.' Miss Frederick read this message; I will give further particulars when your patient can stand it better."

BOSTON, Dec. 4, 1900.
Underwood's record irreproachable. We have important position for him whenever he returns.

FERGUSON,
President Port Bank.

"Now I suppose it's against the rules to smoke in the Institution," remarked Rutherford, without waiting to see the effect of his startling news, "so I'll just stroll over to the Plaza."

"I believe," stammered the exile, "dear, I believe it's all true. Oh, Marion, now I can claim you!"

But the brave little missionary, too overcome to speak, had staggered to her feet, and grasped the orange tree for support. And there her lover, his strength restored as by a miracle, joined her.

Half an hour later a messenger was dispatched to the Plaza to inform Mr. Rutherford that Miss Frederick wished him to return, and smoke as much as he wanted to in any or every room in the Mission.

IN THE REALM OF GIRLDOM.

BY MERLEE.

TO MISS ETHEL WINSLOW of Minneapolis belongs the honor of being the first of the Girldom Girls to respond to the suggestion made in the May number of THE HOUSEKEEPER relative to forming a girls' club in mutual helpfulness. She is likewise the first one of my girls to have asked for "Violet's" address. In regard to the club, she says: "I have often wished that you would some day decide to form a club, and when I read THE HOUSEKEEPER last evening you cannot imagine how glad I was to find that you wanted to start one. I think it a splendid plan and am sure that we can help our girls, who are less fortunate than we are. * * * May I ask for 'Violet's' address? I should like to write to her and see if there is anything I can do for her." Just as sweet as the perfume of dew-wet flowers is the spirit back of this request. I don't know the faces of my girls, but I do know that the world is a better, brighter place for the being of most of them—they are "sweethearts" and loving souls, God bless them.

The Prize Letter.

In regard to the merits of the letters of the prize competitors that are pouring in from my girls, and coming from all parts of the Union, and also from our Canadian cousins, I am inclined to exclaim with a Roman lady who, when asked which had been the better, her first or second husband, invariably replied: "Oh, one was better than the other;" and upon being pressed as to which "one," always answered "Both." All, each and every letter that has come to me has been so brimming full of vigor of helpful, practical suggestions, I wish I could offer a prize to each of the writers. I earnestly trust that those who fail to win this time will gain no small amount of satisfaction in the thought that they have furthered a worthy cause; and from time to time will receive full credit in the department for such suggestions as may be available for its use and helpful to its readers. I am glad to recognize the names of so many who worked for the Christmas prize, and also to welcome a host of new ones—we hope they intend to be "one of us" and that this is not a purely business call they make us.

Answers to My Girls.

Ambitious Country Girl.—We feel it a pleasure to extend to you a very cordial welcome. I suggest that you form a class or club of the women in your immediate neighborhood and take up a thorough, practical course in domestic science. This may be done through correspondence, and if you wish I will furnish you with further particulars. One of the greatest institutions of learning in the country is now formulating, in response to many urgent requests, just such a course. The benefit country women could derive from such a course would certainly be inestimable. Women in our cities and larger towns are everywhere profiting by such teaching.

Critic.—Yes, in this instance I think you have a certain right to your self-chosen pseudonym. I think you have criticized the young girl without due reflection as to the logic of your own reasons for doing so. If the institution of the chaperon is to result in calling down odium upon the well conducted young people who can not afford such luxury, then she is altogether a mistake. The chaperon in this country, save in special instances, is a comparatively new institution. Our American girls are the best girls in the world without exception, and the world has long since learned to doff bonnet and hat to her. She has spanned the globe and where she has gone she has commanded respect, honor and admiration. She has been taught to think for herself, to do right for right's sake, not because she knew herself to be "watched" and "guarded." The American girl is the companion and chum of her wholesome-minded mother, she has been brought up as the associate of her father and brothers, and as such is respected by other people's fathers and brothers.

In the ordinary walks of life few young men would fail to feel the added expense of a chaperon. This is a point worth consideration. It is presumed that the young man who asks a young lady to attend a concert, theater or lecture has been known by the girl's family, has called upon and been entertained by them, and that they would not receive him if he were undesirable as an acquaintance. The plain, simple way, for plain, simple American people has done us in the past, and ought to do us now. It was self-respecting, unassuming, and commendable—the young woman's escort called for her, and with the knowledge and consent of her mother, took her to the place of amusement and returned her to her home and mother at a proper hour. Until the chaperon became a fad with fashion setters, no American mind ever conceived impropriety in such a course. So, Miss Critic, I am forced to say to you that you would place yourself in a very silly attitude before all wholesome, sweet-minded people were you, for no other cause than this, to cut the acquaintance of the girl you saw at the theater with a young man—the chaperon conspicuous by her absence.

Annet.—In the February HOUSEKEEPER there appeared in the department of His Royal Highness a paragraph on newspaper work and reporting. I shall have to refer you to this. In reply to your question, send in a batch of news items to your home paper

and see if the editor and you agree as to what is "news." If you are in earnest, go and see him, tell him what you want to do and he may let you have a trial. Never put the prefix "Miss" in signing your name, unless you enclose it in brackets to indicate that you are to be addressed as Miss, not Mrs.

Agnes W.—My dear, yours is truly a perplexing question; how to save money under the circumstances you describe would puzzle almost anyone. However, if you do not see your way to save money at present, you can learn the next best thing—and I am not so sure but the best—how to spend it. Suppose you try this, and then give us the benefit of your efforts. By and by we are going to have a talk on how much money it takes to "keep" a girl. We expect it will be a lively one.

Marcia.—You are not unreasonable in supposing that at least a certain regard for your happiness should enter into the plans of your betrothed. A man who continually seeks amusements for himself and never concerns himself in providing them for his sweetheart may be thoughtless—he certainly is selfish. Love consists of something more than an ability to "make love." It is a delicate matter, of course, but for the sake of your future welfare and happiness you should have a calm, plain, clear understanding. The sooner he comprehends that you, his promised wife, "are not like a mouse, needing nothing but cheese and the walls of a house," the better it will be for all concerned. He will love you none the less for having to respect and consider your pleasure as well as his own.

Sweet Lavender.—Thank you very much for the description of your old-fashioned garden; and, indeed, I'd love full well to walk with you there in the dusk of the sweet-scented twilight. Yes, there is a market for sweet lavender, and a very good one. Spanish laundresses use it for scenting linen. Bags and sprays of lavender are, and have been used from time immemorial by housekeepers in linen presses. Lavender signifies affection. The phrase to be "in lavender" means in France to be in hiding. A small quantity of the following mixture is most pleasantly refreshing when used in one's bath: One ounce of ammonia, five ounces of spirits of wine and one ounce of oil of sweet lavender.

May.—Yes, my dear, it is far easier to preach than to practice, and I do aver that doctors make the wryest of faces when it comes to taking their own medicines. Now, having agreed with you, I will try to advise you as you request, honestly. Honestly, then, I do not think that a girl who confesses herself as happy in the company of other men as she is in the society of her promised husband, loves him very well. True love is all trusting. It should not be jealous. That, however, does not mean that it should be indifferent. Indifference is the grave of love, the one grave out of which the dead rise never. Do not think of marrying a man unless you give him your best, your whole heart.

Marguerite.—Thank you very much for the "love" and the other pleasant things. Regarding the engagement ring, there is no iron-clad rule. Individual taste and sentiment govern the matter, the purse permitting, of course. There is no rule, either, regarding the wearing of the ring as you speak of doing—not removing it until the wedding day; but the sentiment that dictates the doing so is worthy and high and sweet. Every sentiment that helps to keep alive within us our loyalty and truth is worth cultivating, and I hope no one of my girls will ever permit herself to be laughed out of a single one. Sentiment is not sentimentality.

A Christian.—Regarding the missionary work you contemplate, I would suggest your consulting your clergyman. In searching for an opportunity to "benefit the human race," it is a common error to overlook the duty that lies nearest. You quote St. Paul. I trust you have taken to heart and remember he has told us that charity begins at home. It needn't stop there, of course. If you are truly "full of love for the human race," and not a seeker after self-glory, you will, upon investigation, find missionary work, and plenty of it, always at hand.

THE QUIET WAY.

What's the use of worrying,
Of hurrying
And scurrying,
Everybody flurrying
And breaking up their rest,
When everything is teaching us,
Preaching and beseeching us
To settle down and end the fuss,
For quiet ways are best?
The rain that trickles down in showers,
A blessing brings to thirsty flowers,
And gentle zephyrs gather up
Sweet fragrance from each brimming cup.
There's ruin in the tempest's path,
There's ruin in a voice of wrath,
And they alone are blest
Who early learn to dominate
Themselves, their violence abate,
And prove by their serene estate
That quiet ways are best.

—Josephine Pollard.



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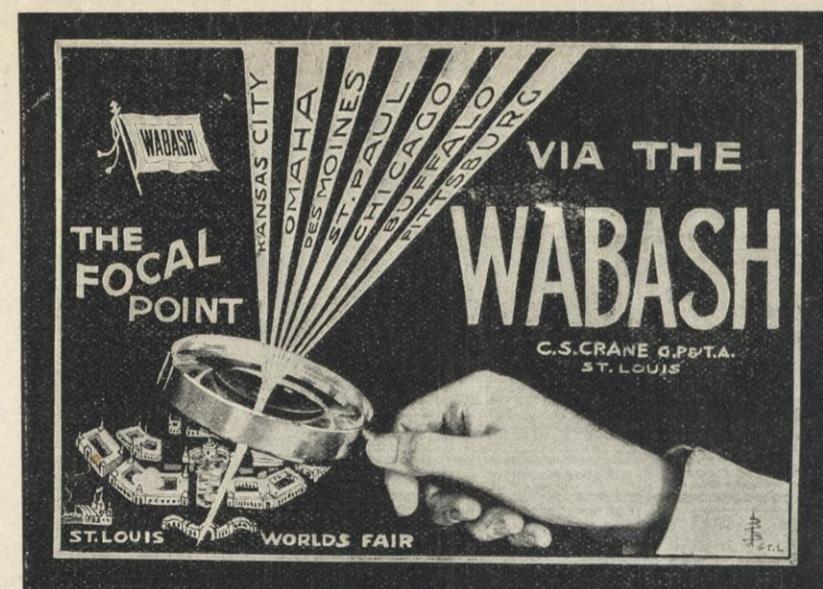
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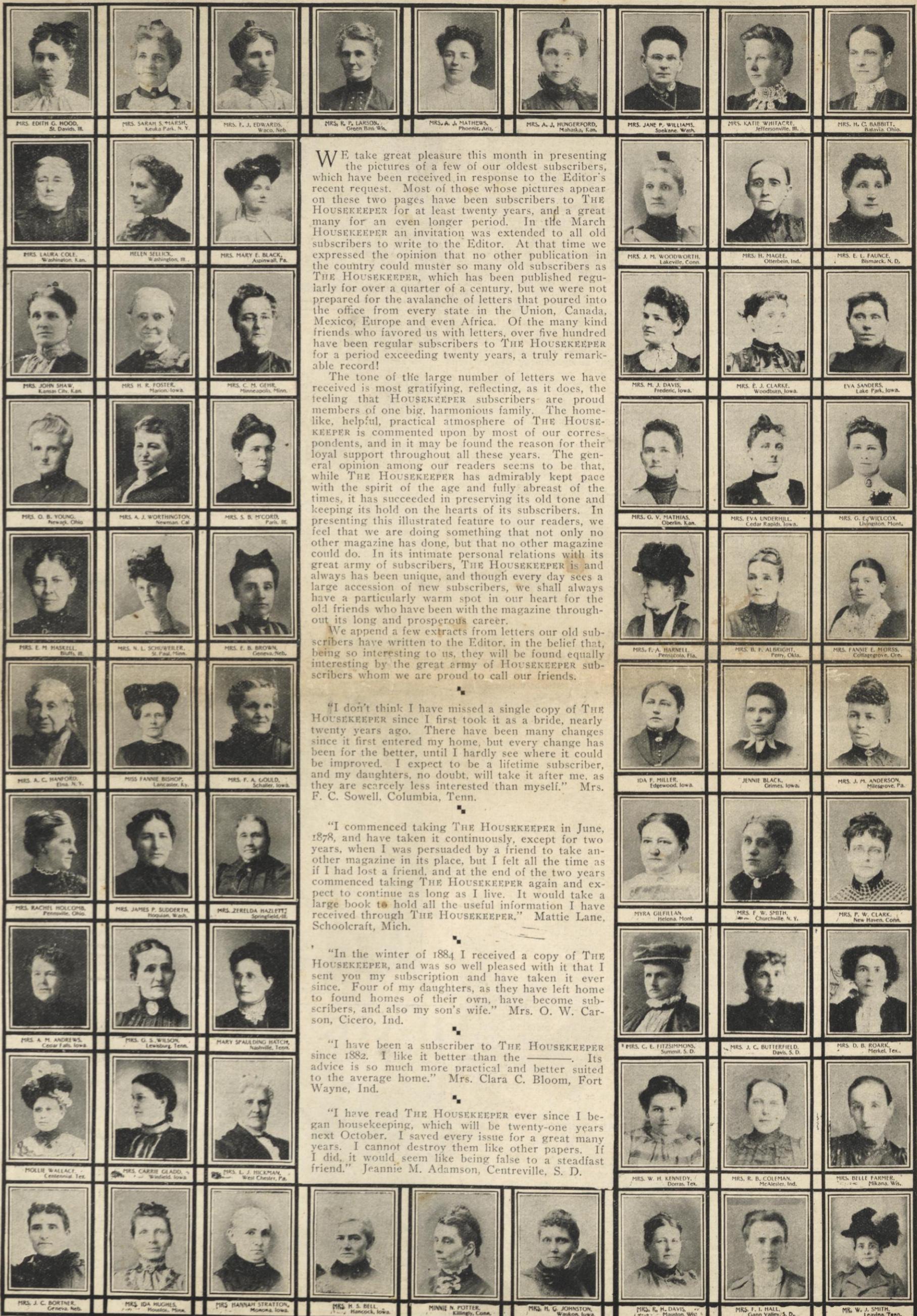
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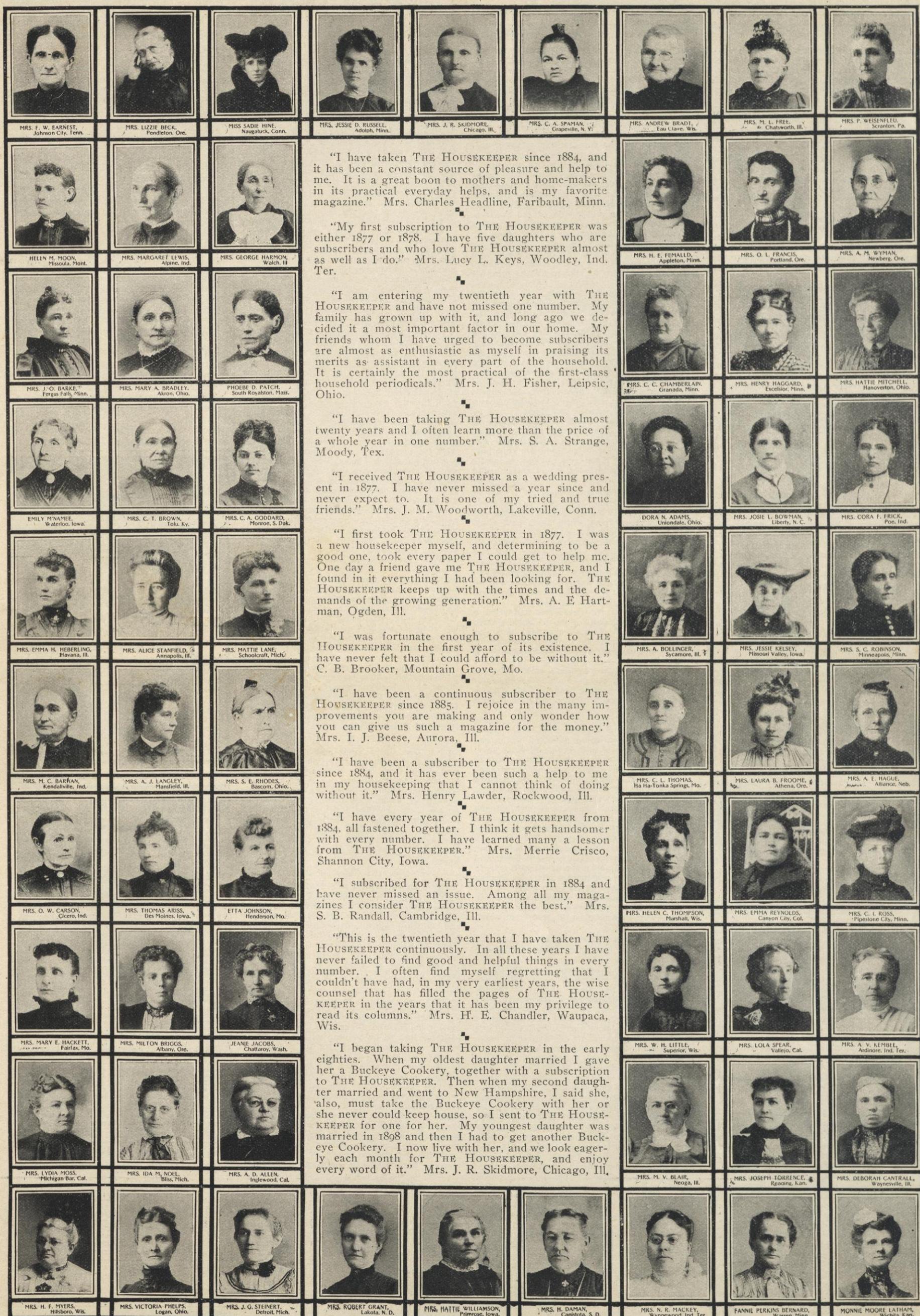
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FACES OF A FEW LIFE-LONG



FRIENDS OF THE HOUSEKEEPER.



THE CARE OF THE SICK.

Simple Points in Scientific Cookery and Nursing That We Often Overlook.

BY MARY B. JAMES.

THE feeding of persons in health is of great importance, but when one succumbs to disease, proper feeding becomes a question of supreme importance. Careful nursing and diet-regulation are the life-saving agents in many forms of illness.

Physicians are generally agreed that the proper preparation and serving of food are of as much value in the restoration to health of the invalid as is the administration of medicine. Yet this important work must often be put into the hands of persons wholly ignorant of the laws that govern the selection and preparation of food as well as ignorant of the laws that govern that most intricate piece of mechanism, the human body.

Dr. Albert H. Hoy, of Chicago, has recently said: "It ought to be possible to formulate a dietary as accurate as to its substances and combinations as a medical formula, and there is no good reason why accuracy in the one should be required and not in the other."

No one disputes the fact that sickness invades every home at some time or other and therefore it is important that one should seek the requisite knowledge to meet the emergency when it comes.

The purpose then of this course of lessons shall be to assist the average person in the home to care for the sick intelligently and in this way save the tremendous wear and tear of the nervous system incident to the worry and anxiety that come when one is not sure what to do nor how to do it.

Cooking an Exact Science.

Cooking is an exact science and cannot be done by guesswork for the sick, nor should it be so done for the well, for food is the blood-maker and the blood is the life.

In the preparation of food for the sick it must be constantly borne in mind that an invalid is one whose every organ is weakened by disease; that the various cells break down constantly in health but much more rapidly in disease; that in health the human machine is able to grind up food and combine with it the proper digestive fluids, which the healthy body is able to manufacture within itself in proper amounts. In sickness all this is changed; the digestive organs are weakened and the digestion of food must be largely performed outside the body by the nurse-cook, who must know how to prepare it as perfectly as possible for absorption and assimilation, not taxing the organs, that they may have a period of complete rest and recuperation. Florence Nightingale has said: "A good nurse-cook will save the digestive organs half their work."

This predigestion of food as far as possible, together with the proper selection as to quantity and quality, constitutes perfect feeding for the sick.

The conditions necessary for the rapid recovery of the invalid must be considered in order of importance as follows: pure air and sunlight in quantities to secure perfect ventilation; rest; sleep; exercise; bathing and if last, not least, a proper food supply.

The Invalid's Room.

The room selected for the use of the sick must be considered first. The largest, lightest room possible, with sunny exposure, on second floor and, other things being equal, the one nearest the bath room, to save steps, should be selected. In many cases of sickness less heat is produced in the body than in health, and on this account a fireplace or grate where there can be an open fire is desirable to take off the chill of the room. Besides, an empty grate makes the best ventilator possible for a sick room, for there is a constant ingress of pure air. Windows must next claim our attention, as they are the only means of ventilation in many rooms. The window farthest from the bed may be kept constantly open at the top by tacking a piece of flannel, not too thick, over the opening. This will admit the pure air without draft. Another practical method is the raising of the lower sash and placing under it a board six or more inches wide and as long as the width of window. By this method the fresh air finds its way in between the sashes by an upward current. Screens placed before the windows or around the bed prevent drafts from open windows reaching the invalid. Green linen blinds or some good substitute should be provided for darkening the room when necessary. If a small room must be used, the extra pure air needed must be admitted from the hall or adjoining room.

Lamps are Objectionable.

Under no circumstances burn a kerosene lamp, with the wick turned down below the point of perfect combustion. Lamps burn up the oxygen of the room at best and the odor is irritating and poisonous to the linings of the throat and stomach. If a dim light is desired, place the lamp outside the room or shade it with a screen. Gas also burns up the oxygen rapidly. Electric lights are best.

Remove from the room all superfluous draperies or ornaments, furniture, carpets and anything that will hold or catch the dust and poisonous matter breathed out by the sick person. A hard-wood or painted floor is the ideal one for the sick-room, for it can be wiped up each morning with a mop wrung from hot water, into which has been put some formalin or carbolic acid. This method will keep the floor sweet and clean without raising dust incident to sweeping and also prevents the noise which often disturbs the patient. Dusting should be done

by using a cloth wrung dry from water into which some antiseptic has been put.

If there should be a set wash-bowl in the room selected, the stopper should be put in and sealed tightly with a cement of plaster of paris. The overflow holes should also be sealed to prevent any risk from sewer gas.

The Bed and Bedding.

The bed should be a single one, high enough to prevent unnecessary stooping over by the nurse. High rubber rollers can now be obtained for this purpose. A number of soft pads should be provided to place under the sheet and over the mattress. These pads can be easily removed and washed. The under sheet should be pinned tightly and smoothly to the under side of the mattress with safety pins to prevent wrinkles. Light blankets should be used for covers. Comforters or quilts that are impervious to air should never be used. Small pillows should generally be used, that the lungs may have free play in order to take in all the pure air possible.

To remove the sheets, pads, etc., move the patient close to one side of the bed and roll one side of the under-sheet up toward the invalid. Then roll one-half of the clean sheet into a round roll, lay this next to the patient and spread the other half smoothly over the bed and fasten, as above, to the mattress. Aid the patient over to the clean side of the bed, remove the soiled sheet, etc., and spread the rolled part over that part of the bed. Lay the upper sheet and covers lightly over the sick one. Bathing usually precedes this change of bed linen.

In the commencement of many forms of illness the diet should merely satisfy hunger, quench thirst and soothe inflammation, but not stimulate. Foods suitable for this purpose are acid, mucilaginous and aromatic gruels, fruits, gelatinous soups and starchy gruels.

Acid Fruit Drinks.

Acid fruit drinks are often agreeable to the sick when no food is desired and are valuable for their pure fruit acids and phosphates.

APPLE WATER No. 1.—Mash a baked apple in an earthen bowl with a silver fork and pour over it a cup of freshly boiled water. Cover closely; when cold, strain, sweeten and serve very cold. A few drops of lemon juice may be added to develop the flavor. Serve in a pretty glass.

APPLE WATER No. 2.—Wash and slice a large juicy apple into a bowl. Add a strip of lemon peel or a bit of cinnamon-bark and pour over one cup of freshly boiled water. Cover and set in ice-box, and when cold, strain, sweeten with loaf sugar (because it is the purest form of sugar) and serve very cold in a glass. Apples are "the queen of all fruits" and contain iron and phosphates in abundance, together with a large amount of pure water.

TAMARIND WATER.—Stew or cook slowly two ounces of tamarinds with four ounces stoned raisins in three pints of water one hour. Strain, cool and serve. If more nourishment is needed than these drinks contain, the white of an egg may be added to each glass. Put the drink and white into clean glass jar, screw on top and shake from five to eight minutes until perfectly absorbed.

Egg LEMONADE.—Separate the white from the yolk of egg. Put the white on plate and the yolk in small bowl; add a few grains of salt to both white and yolk. Beat the yolk with an egg-beater until lemon color and stiff; add the juice of one lemon; beat; add two teaspoonfuls or more of sugar; fold in the white beaten stiff with a silver fork; then add one-half glass of ice-cold water or the egg may be poured over shaved ice, if ice is allowed. Place in ice-box five minutes and serve. The yolk may be omitted if it is too rich.

Preparing Fruit Juices.

As it is the season in which to prepare fruit juices, so valuable in sickness, I will give the method. Stem one quart of strawberries, wash in a colander. Do not crush the fruit, but put them in top of double boiler, granite or enameled, with half their bulk in sugar; heat for thirty minutes, turn into a jelly bag, a pointed bag of flannel (with a tape to draw up in top), tie up the bag and hang it up to drain over a bowl. Do not press the bag; use only the juice that drips out; heat the juice to just short of boiling point; when the surface of the juice just moves but does not bubble. Keep it at this temperature for an hour. While the juice is cooking prepare sterile bottles by placing bottles of the desired size in a kettle of cold water, with a rack of some kind, which may be made of small pieces of wood; rest the bottles on the rack in order that they may not touch the bottom of the kettle and break; place the kettle and bottles over the fire and let the water come to a boil; remove the bottles one at a time and place on wet towel, and they are ready to fill. Pour the cooked syrup into the bottles and cork and seal tightly. Stand for a few hours on corks to prove that they are sealed tightly. Put away in a dark, cool place. To serve, mix equal quantities of juice and cold water.

Oranges and pineapples, either singly or combined, make delicious juices prepared in the same way, but the small fruits make even more delicious juices. Currants, alone or mixed with one-third raspberries, huckleberries and elderberries, are not to be despised; blackberry juice has much medicinal value in bowel troubles and the poorest cherries become nectar when made into juices.

With the New Books

"LITTLE MITCHELL," by Margaret W.

Morley, is the story of a mountain squirrel, cleverly told for the younger readers, with pleasing illustrations by Bruce Horsfall. The story is the kind that not only gives the children a love for nature study, but inspires them with a sympathy for all God's creatures. The death of Little Mitchell is pathetic and, as the author says: "It is true he was nothing but a squirrel, but living as he did with human beings, developing his intelligence, suffering, and learning love and patience, he seemed very near the human life with which his own life was spent." Published by A. C. Clurg & Co., Chicago.

"HUMAN WORK," by Charlotte Perkins Gilman, is a study of the economic processes of society. The writer deals with man as a worker and holds "that it is his social instinct that urges him to labor and not his selfish desire for individual profit at the expense of others, as most modern sociologists believe." Published by McClure, Phillips & Co., at \$1.50 net.

"LLEN GLASGOW has written another novel, "The Deliverance," and it is one which should not be carelessly skimmed through for the slow—perhaps too slow—unraveling of the story is yet necessary to the proper delineation of so serious a theme. Christopher Blake hates, with a hard, brutal, studied hatred his father's former overseer, who, through cunning machinations, and under cover of the multitude of opportunities offered by the circumstances of war and the immediately following reconstructive period, gains possession of the Blake plantation, with the exception of a few acres, and forces a shuffling which places him in Blake Hall and Christopher and his mother and two sisters in the overseer's home. The sole object of Christopher's life consists in planning an appropriate revenge. This he finally accomplishes, through the grandson of the overseer, who is his one great pride and the one person that he loves. Calmly, deliberately, cunningly, and wantonly Christopher leads the boy into disobedience and deception toward his grandfather makes a drunkard of him, and finally brings the boy to hate him as much as he himself does. It is not easy to find excuse for a man who thus deliberately commits such a crime against his own manhood, to say nothing of the wrong done the boy—nor considering the provocation—but there is retribution visited upon him in his tardy awakening. As fate will have it, the boy has a sister and Christopher falls in love with her, and it is this love which finally brings him to a realization of how low he has fallen, and what a mean and heinous thing he has given his life to accomplish. He can't undo the wrong but he can suffer for it and he does, and through this suffering comes The Deliverance. Published by Doubleday, Page & Company.

"N 'The Child Housekeeper," Elizabeth Colson and Anna G. Chittenden have put into book form nine lessons for teaching housekeeping to children. The object "is to teach young girls to work neatly and intelligently at home with the utensils and materials there provided and not to train them to become servants." There are verses and songs and suggestions which mothers will find helpful in making home tasks interesting and pleasurable to young people. Published by A. S. Barnes & Co., New York.

"WOMEN'S WAYS OF EARNING MONEY" is a volume by Cynthia Westover Alden, whose title explains itself. Mrs. Alden has had a large practical experience and unusual opportunities for observation and the book should prove of real help to many to whom the question of how to earn money is a vital one. It is comprehensive in the variety of subjects it treats. Published by A. S. Barnes & Company, New York.

"HOW A LITTLE GIRL WENT TO AFRICA," told by herself, is a story by Leona Mildred Bicknell. Children have hitherto had to be content with such books as grown-up people wrote for them, but now a bright little girl of unusual opportunities in the way of travel has, at the age of ten, written a book to tell other children of a journey of remarkable interest. She accompanied her father and mother, who went to do missionary work among the Zulus in South Africa, and the breaking out of the Boer War added not only excitement, but danger to her interesting experiences. In simple style the little author tells with remarkable descriptive power of the Atlantic voyage, the sights in London, the longer voyage to Cape Town, the residence and travels among strange and singular peoples, and the return. So well is the little author's work done that Eliza H. Morton, the well-known author of "Morton's Geographies," who contributes the introduction, recommends the work for all school libraries. The illustrations deserve special mention. There are no less than twenty-four full-page pictures, nearly all reproduced from photographs of very interesting scenes in South Africa, and of special interest in connection with the story. The book is handsomely bound, with portrait insert of the young author upon the cover, and in every way calculated to appeal to a very wide circle of readers. (\$1.00.) Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston.

COFFEE CATARRH.

An Unsuspected Cause.

It is curious how many diseases come from a disordered nervous system which locates disease in some part of the body and the primary cause can often be traced to coffee which first breaks down the nervous system. A Georgian says:

"There is no doubt coffee gave me nasal catarrh. The ceptim in my nose was all gone and the catarrh was eating its way, getting hold of the main bone of the nose. It also affected my sight very much."

"My nose was constantly dripping bloody water but in two weeks time after I quit coffee and used Postum Food Coffee in its place, I could see my way very well, the dripping from my nose stopped and my nose finally got perfectly well and healthy as far as is possible for the ceptim to grow back."

"There is no doubt it was a case of coffee catarrh and the cure was made entirely by changing from coffee to Postum. The rest of my family took up the new drink and Postum relieved my wife and little boy of frequent headaches and what is called 'coffee headache' is not known in our family any more. Our sleep is so much more refreshing."

"We have influenced many people to try Postum and all of them like it better the longer they use it and most of them say it is better than coffee." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

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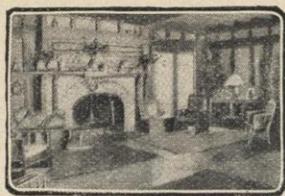
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The Summer Laundry.

BY MARY TAYLOR-ROSS.



THE long summer days are here once more, and, in order to be comfortable, there must be no end to the dainty garments which combine prettiness with coolness, and when there are several girls in a family, this means a weekly or bi-weekly wash of alarming proportions. These pretty and elaborate tub dresses may not be turned over to the ordinary washerwoman.

In buying and making up summer clothes, the woman who decides that she cannot give their laundering her personal attention, should, for the most part, stick to white, for this is the only color that will permit careless laundering and come out fit to wear. There is a practical reason for the popularity of white, aside from its becomingness to most people. Shirtwaists and all wash garments, made up of white goods, may be put into the washboiler and boiled with the commoner clothes, hung out of doors in the hottest of direct sun rays, and be all the better for the treatment, but as soon as tints of any sort are selected, one should at once discover just how they can be laundered and retain their pretty freshness. A garment faded is a garment ruined, unless it is so very delicate a tint that it can be put into the washboiler and what remains of the color removed by a long boiling. Pale blue is one of the most fascinating colors for summer wear, and there is scarcely a wardrobe that does not include one or more garments in some shade of blue. Yet it is, of all colors, the easiest to fade, not even excepting pink or lavender, which are popularly supposed to fade more readily than other shades.

To Prevent Fading.

A tablespoonful of sal soda should be added to a gallon of cold water, and used for rinsing blue garments. Whenever a light colored summer frock of any shade is soiled, before it is washed at all it should be put to soak for fifteen or twenty minutes in a pan of cold water to which has been added a generous handful of salt. After soaking, carry the basin out of doors to a shady spot and lift the garment without wringing it, or attempting to rub out the dirt, and hang it on the line, in the shade, while it is dripping wet. After it has dried, the garment can be washed without fading the color, provided it is handled with any care at all, the writer having seen shirtwaists of palest green and pink and blue worn for two seasons without fading, after this preliminary caution had been observed.

Washing Darker Goods.

A teacup of vinegar, added to a gallon of cold water, should be used for rinsing green, lavender and pink cotton garments, for vinegar will set these colors, but in every case the preliminary soaking in salt water described above should take place. Not only will the vinegar prevent fading, but in many cases these shades, already faded, have been restored to their original brightness by its use. Black and dark navy blue lawns should be washed in warm (not hot) suds of soft water and pure white soap, to which has been added a cupful of salt, for these colors are often as troublesome as the lighter shades when it comes to laundering and must be kept out of the sun as much as the palest of blues or the most delicate pink. They should be rinsed in water that is made very blue, and if these dark garments are to be stiffened, it is never wise to use starch for the purpose. For a black shirtwaist, dissolve one ounce of gum arabic in cold water, and pour over it a quart of boiling water, stirring constantly, as in making ordinary starch. Turn the garment wrong side out and immerse it in the gum arabic solution, then hang it out of doors in a shady place to dry; sprinkle slightly and iron it on the wrong side with a flatiron just warm enough to smooth out the wrinkles. Too hot a flatiron will fade a garment as surely as will the direct rays of the sun. About two ounces of gum arabic will stiffen an entire gown, and if there is any left, it can be put away in a wide-mouthed jar and used next time. If the gown is to be stiffened only slightly, one ounce of the gum arabic and two quarts of hot water may be used, but the solution should always be very hot. With the gum arabic there is no chance of the unsightly streaks that ordinary starch is apt to leave on black or dark blue cotton, and it also gives any fabric more of the appearance of new cloth than starch can be made to do, however carefully it may be handled. Before ironing dark colored goods of any sort always cover the board with a strip of black goods; well washed black skirt lining answers for this. Not only would the black goods soil the white ironing sheet but the garments would be covered with white lint from the sheet. No cotton garments should be soaked over night, for this loosens the color and is not at all necessary. Every piece should be turned wrong side out and hung in the shade, leaving no portion of the right side where a chance sunray can fall upon it to fade the color.

Avoid Too Much Stiffness.

Very thin hot starch should be used for all tub dresses, for the idea is not so much to have them stiff and rattling with starch, which is most undesirable, but to give them the slightly firm feeling the new cloth possessed when it first came from the shop. Always iron cotton goods on the wrong side and, whatever may be the shade, do not use a flatiron that is over warm.

Gingham and percale should be washed

and rinsed in warm water—neither hot nor cold water should touch the goods at any time, and a handful of salt should be added to each water. This applies as well to all prints and cottons having a white ground with a colored figure. The pretty white linen tub dresses that are worn so much just now should be soaked in cold water for half an hour, then soaped with pure white soap and dropped into hot water. After they have been washed in this, they should be thoroughly soaked again and dropped into boiling water. Let them stand in this for some five minutes, and then cool it sufficiently to permit a thorough washing with the hands. Then rinse in several cold waters, making sure that every particle of soap has been removed, for soap turns linen a dingy, yellowish shade and gives it a streaked appearance. Wring out of the last rinsing water, which should be blue, and then starch and dry in the sunshine. About an hour before a linen suit is to be ironed, it should be immersed in boiling water, passed through a wringer, and then wrapped tightly in a heavy linen towel; iron linen on the right side, keeping the flatiron on each part until it is perfectly dry. When the suit is finished, turn it wrong side out and, after slightly damping the embroidery, press with a warm flatiron till thoroughly dry. This method gives a pretty gloss to the right side of the linen and yet brings the embroidery into relief, but the turning of the suit must be done very carefully so as not to wrinkle the freshly ironed surface. This is less likely to happen if the linen has been dried thoroughly as the work progressed.

Linens that is "self-colored" or in the so-called "natural shade," should be washed as carefully as the most delicate color, or it will fade or become discolored. It is said that a linen garment which has become discolored or faded can be restored by dipping it in a solution of acetic acid, using one part acetic acid to twelve parts water.

Removing Stains.

White linen or lawn that has been stained with coffee can be freshened by rubbing the spots with the yolk of an egg, to which has been added twenty drops of glycerine, stirred together; rinse off with warm water. Scorch stains on white goods may be removed by squeezing a lemon over the spot, sprinkling it with salt, and placing it where the direct rays of the sun will fall upon it. When on delicately tinted cotton goods, sprinkle the spot thickly with cornstarch and place in the sun, covering every part of the goods with newspaper, except the spot covered by the cornstarch. There really should be no chance of scorch stains on tinted goods, as there is no excuse for using a hot iron on it, a flatiron that is merely warm being advised for ironing all colored garments.

Sateens, whether French or domestic, may be cleaned by washing them in soapsuds made of lukewarm water, white soap and a cupful of salt. Rinse in lukewarm water and salt, stiffen with gum arabic solution and wrap in a large sheet. In two or three hours iron on the wrong side. These garments should not be hung out of doors at all.

Many authorities hold that sateens and all dark colored lawns and cotton goods should never be washed with soap, advising the use of starch or rice water in place of soap. Any sort of starch may be used, but cornstarch is considered best. Or, six quarts of water are put over the fire with a pint of rice and boiled; this water is strained away and used for washing instead of soapsuds. The starch is boiled, made very thin and strained, and the starch or rice water are both used tepid, but not hot. The garment should be washed in two starch or rice waters, then rinsed and blued, and in this case the gum arabic solution may be dispensed with, since enough starch remains in the goods to stiffen them sufficiently, and when used in this way there is no chance of the garment becoming starch-streaked. If they are to be made very stiff, however, the gum arabic should be used. The starch water removes the dirt as well as soap, and there is no danger of starting the colors or turning the goods "rusty," as is apt to occur when soap is used. Silk garments of all sorts are a real luxury, for it is easy to ruin them in laundering. Waists of white Pongee, discolored from improper washing, are a common sight, and yet there is nothing so dainty and comfortable for hot days as a waist of Pongee, China or India silk if it has retained its pure white shade.

No other work should be attempted while washing silk, the whole time and attention being necessary for turning out good work. Everything should be in readiness before commencing, and the work finished as quickly as possible.

Washing Light Silks.

One authority gives as the correct way of washing white silk: "One ounce of white soap, shaved very fine, and put into a bowl with half a pint of alcohol and a gill of white honey: stir over hot water till the soap is melted, then spread the garment on a table, rub the soiled parts with the preparation, using a soft brush or sponge, and rinse in several cold waters."

Light and colored summer silks should be washed in a strong suds of hot water and pure white soap. This is put into two basins and made tepid. Then the silk is put in and washed by rubbing it between the palms; it is rinsed from this water, put into the second and washed in the same way; rinsed

in clear water (cold) rolled in a sheet, and ironed as soon after as the flats can be heated. No silk should be rubbed on a board or between the hands, a slight pressing between the palms being sufficient if a strong suds of white soap is used, and enough waters to remove the dirt.

Every particle of soap must be removed by repeated rinsings, for soap discolors silk very quickly. Silk should not be wrung out by hand nor with the wringer, the water being pressed out by clapping the garment between the palms of the hands. Much of the water may be shaken out of silk, but it should not be wrung. Neither should silk be hung out of doors or sprinkled. When all the soap is removed by repeated rinsings (no blueing should be used), the garment should be shaken out, spread smoothly on a clean sheet and rolled tightly, putting it away for an hour, when it should be ironed at once. A little borax in the first water used in washing silk will work wonders in taking out the dirt without requiring any rubbing of the fabric. If silk becomes dry before ironing, dip it again into water, roll away and iron before it dries; when it dries too quickly on the ironing board, dampen with a wet sponge, but do not at any time sprinkle silk, for this spoils its appearance. Too hot a flatiron will discolor silk, and it is always wise to use a strip of cheesecloth between the silk and the flatiron. When the children stain and discolor their pretty white dresses, one is almost too discouraged to take the necessary steps to remove the stains. Almost any ordinary stain will yield to hot water if taken in time, this applying especially to fruit stains. After a time, however, hot or cold water will merely set the stain, and in any case, they must be removed before soap is used on the garment or they are hopeless. A bottle of weak Javelle water should be kept on hand all summer long. Soak the stain in this, rinse thoroughly, and wash as usual. Alcohol will remove grass stains, lard will take out many fruit stains if used at once, and tomato (the juice of a ripe one) will take out ink stains in small school dresses.

Cleaning Long Sashes.

The long sashes of white and colored ribbons worn so much with the light tub dresses, are best cleaned in naptha or gasoline for the first season; although it is possible to wash the "satin taffeta" ribbon sashes so that they appear like new with careful handling. Do not put them into the water, nor rub nor wring. Lay them out on a strip of white enamel cloth and scrub with a nail brush, and the solution of soap and honey given above. When the ribbons are clean, rinse with many soft waters, and then place on a piece of clean white enamel oilcloth. Sponge once more with clear water, pressing the ribbon down on the cloth. Let it dry here, and it will appear, when taken up, like new ribbon, on which it is unnecessary to use a flatiron. When pressing the wrinkles from sashes, always put a strip of paraffin paper between the ribbon and the flatiron, for the actual touch of a flatiron ruins ribbons.

It is wise when contemplating the purchase of any expensive wash material to "try" a sample, to see if it will wash without fading before purchasing, for the charm of the summer wardrobe lies in its freshness, anything approaching a soiled look giving a woman a frowsy appearance. Summer dresses of wash materials are not expensive, and this is all the more reason why they must be immaculate. For this reason one should select such colors and materials as will permit of frequent washing and then proceed to launder one's wardrobe in the most approved, up-to-date manner, and a fresh and attractive appearance is assured.

HER HOUSEHOLD STAFF.

BY CAROLINE M. ROBERTS.

When I go out, whate'er the hour
Or what the work to do,
My household staff with one accord
All straightway go out too.

My housemaid and my laundress,
My waitress and my cook
All leave the house when'er I do,
With ne'er a backward look.

They never stay at home and work
Unless I, too, stay in;
It sounds like wretched management
And lack of discipline.

And yet my house is not ill-kept,
The work each day is done—
You see, it's thus: I am, myself,
Mistress and maids in one.

FOOD FACTS.

What an M. D. Learned.

A prominent physician of Rome, Georgia, went through a food experience which he makes public:

"It was my own experience that led me to advocate Grape-Nuts food and I also know from having prescribed it to convalescents and other weak patients that the food is a wonderful rebuilding and restorer of nerve and brain tissue, as well as muscle. It improves the digestion and sick patients always gain just as I did in strength and weight very rapidly.

"I was in such a low state that I had to give up my work entirely and go to the mountains of this state, but two months there did not improve me; in fact I was not quite as well as when I left home. My food absolutely refused to sustain me and it became plain that I must change, then I began to use Grape-Nuts food and in two weeks I could walk a mile without the least fatigue and in five weeks returned to my home and practice, taking up hard work again. Since that time I have felt as well and strong as I ever did in my life.

"As a physician who seeks to help all sufferers I consider it a duty to make these facts public." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

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"There's a reason."

Look in each pkg. for the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville."

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Smooth and delightful. Removes tartar, prevents decay, makes the teeth white.

30 Ounce Metal Bottle 25c 8 Ounce Metal Bottle 50c



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Dr. Graves Tooth Powder Co., Chicago, Ill.

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FACE POWDER

Great care should be taken of the complexion, if its freshness and beauty are to be preserved. Exposed to the harmful effects of sun, wind and dust it becomes rough and coarse.

Lablache Face Powder
Prevents these evils. By clearing the pores of the skin it makes it fresh, smooth and lovely, preserving its delicate texture and color. The genuine has the signature of Ben Levy in red across label of box. Accept no other. Flesh, white, pink, cream. 50 cents per box, at druggists or by mail.

BEN LEVY & CO., Dept. W., 125 Kingston St., BOSTON.

Banish Prickly Heat

and sunburn by the use of nature's own healers, Spim Ointment and

SPIM SOAP

These are decidedly out of the ordinary. The soap is 25 cents a cake, but is worth every cent it costs. Ointment, 50 cents. Both sent postpaid. Send for album of "400 Babies" free, and details of \$500 cash prizes. Spim Co., C. B. Knox, Pres., 11 Knox Av., Johnstown, N.Y.

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by return mail. Do it now. Address:

PROF. LONG, 26 Ash Street, PEKIN, ILL.

SNOOK The new Domino Card Game—All the rage for social parties. Great fun for two or two hundred; can be played progressively. Price, postpaid 25c. Five or more sets, 20c each. Have a "Snook" party at your house. If not for sale at your dealers, order direct.

You may not see this ad. again.

LEONARD MFG. CO., 27 Ferry-St., Grand Rapids, Mich.

Peter Push-Plane's New Things for Boys.

BY WILLIAM B. STOUT.

ONE afternoon in the late spring a number of boys were gathered in Peter's shop discussing what they should do to make things livelier. "I'll tell you a good scheme," said Peter. "Why don't you organize a yacht club? Of course I don't mean to have big boats, but little models; and have races for prizes; and prizes for the most complete models, or the prettiest or the straightest sailers. In the East and over the water in England and Ireland there are a great many clubs, not only of boys but of grown men, who spend an afternoon or so every week in the boat season sailing model boats. In Belfast there is a large club and every Saturday you may see the 'reservoir' dotted with boats of every kind and shape, from sailing sloops and full rigged ships to complete transatlantic liners under a full head of steam, all on a small scale, of course; though some are five or six feet long. The mill-pond just above town here would be a fine place to sail your boats, and if you want to start the club I'll show you some new ways to make model boats."

The result of this talk was that a few days later a yacht club was organized, the dues of the club being five cents a week per member, which went toward prizes for the racers making the best showing.

Peter was besieged with questions from morning to night. "I'm going to wait 'till after the first race," said Peter, "before I tell too much, for I'm going to sail a boat myself."

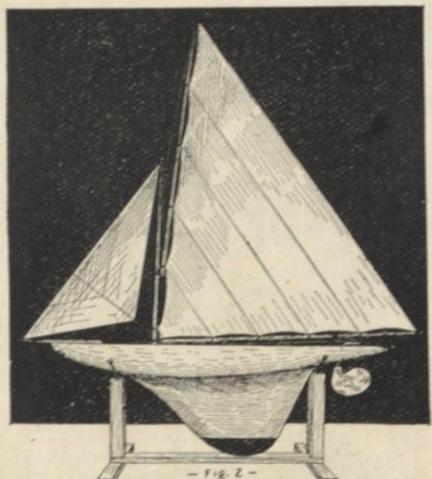


THE MINIATURE YACHT IN FULL SAIL.

At last the time arrived, and on a Saturday afternoon a good sized crowd gathered on the banks of the old mill-pond. The news of the race had spread, and not only boys but many parents interested in the boys had gathered there to see if their boy would win.

And such a mixture of boats! There had been no reference to size so that all sizes were seen: from George Pierce's four-footer, made from a two-inch plank with a deep wooden keel, to a ten-inch cat-boat of Fred Harris'. "Bug" Stevens had somewhere gotten hold of an old oval chopping bowl, and decking it over had attached a great square sail to it till it looked like a pirate craft.

"Snoopy" Roberts, whose uncle had been a sailor, was surrounded by an admiring crowd, for his boat, about eighteen inches long, was a complete model of a cup racer; the hull all hollowed out and with a little hatchway and a flight of steps leading down; while up "for'ard" was a tiny little capstan and "aft" a wheel which steered the ship. "All ready boys!" said Peter, who had been appointed master of ceremonies. "Line up on the shore here and we'll start."



"But where's your boat?" said "Bug."

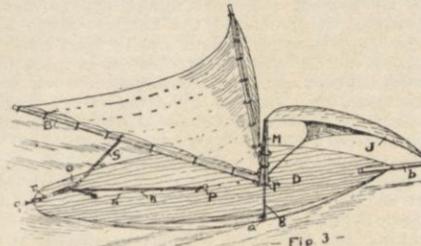
"Oh," answered Peter, "I want to see you boys race first and then I'll race the winners."

They accordingly lined up on the shore and awaited the signal from the other side, where Peter had stationed himself. "Go!" he shouted, and all pushed off.

The start was rather mixed up. Some of the boats, caught by the wind, turned around and came back. Others veered widely off the course and only three or four went straight for the other side. Among these were "Bug" Stevens' "chopping bowl," and "Snoopy" Roberts' racer. While Snoopy's boat looked much better and veered over to the wind in true ship-shape, Bug's boat kept pushing right along, on account of its great sail and a wind directly from the rear.

There was much cheering and yelling when Snoopy's boat came in first, Bug's being second and Will Cory's boat, fashioned out of a shingle, third.

"Now, boys, I'll race you," said Peter, "and we'll race the length of the pond instead of across," and from a large package he unwrapped his boat and soon had the



sails in place. "Ain't she a daisy?" said Bug.

"Yes," said Snoopy, "but what's all that monkey business at the back?"

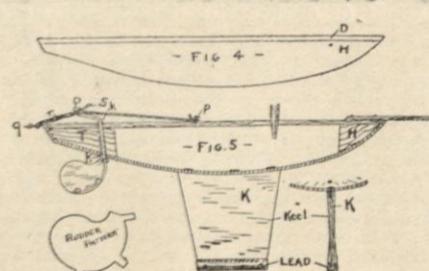
"Dunno," said Bug. "We'll see," and they watched Peter as he held the boat up in his hand and let the wind catch the sails. "Why, the sail turns the rudder to steer it," said Snoopy, and so it was.

And so the second race was sailed and Peter's boat, sailing in a straight line instead of a crooked one, easily beat all the others. The boys all declared it the best yet and wanted to know how to make it. "Come on," said Peter, "and I'll show you."

Arrived at the shop, he took up a piece of soft pine and quickly cut it out into the shape of a boat hull. "Here," said he, "is what I start with. Now when I have the shape I want, I nail a thin piece on the top for a deck (see D, Fig. 4) and I'm ready to make the hull." "The hull!" said the boys in chorus. "Isn't that the hull?" "Oh, no." "The hull of my boat is made of paper. You see, I turn this wooden model upside down on the bench, and then I paste it all over with little pieces of paper, using water for paste. When that's done I paste five or six thicknesses of paper on top of that, using paste or glue, and by that time the water, which I used to paste on the first layer of paper, is dried. Then I lift the wood right out and there, in paper, is a thin hull just the shape of my wooden model."

"Don't you use the wood at all any more?" inquired one of the boys.

"Yes," Peter answered, "but only part of

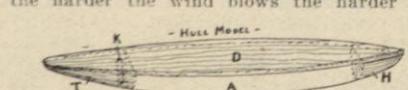


it. You see, now I cut off two inches of the wooden hull at the front and a little more at the back, cutting it out clear down to the thin deck I nailed on top. Now I fasten these ends (T and H) securely to the deck and remove the middle piece (A). I then put this part back into the paper hull and there you have a hollow decked hull, the front and back being solid for strength.

"Before fastening this deck in place, however, with a few tacks through the bottom, I fasten on a thin wooden keel (as in Fig. 5K) and put a little sand inside for ballast. Then I put on the deck again and glue the paper hull to the edge of the deck all the way round and paint it to make it perfectly water tight. If you can't get paint rub lard or butter over the outside. The sail you can make to suit yourself (though best as shown), but the rudder arrangement is different from most boys' boats. You see through the rear block (T) I drilled a small hole (K) through which the wire tiller shaft runs down to the rudder to which it is fastened, the rudder being of tin and fastened on as shown. (See Fig. 5.)

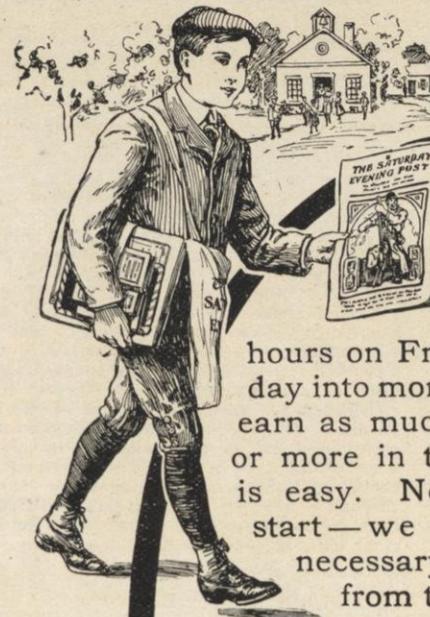
"The tiller at the top runs back instead of forward and terminates in a curl or ring (O, Figs. 3 and 5) to which a rubber band (r) is fastened, running back to pin (q) at the rear. The 'sheet' or string (S) from the sail runs from the boom (B) through the ring (O) and forward where it is fastened to a tack (P) stuck into the deck. By changing the position of this tack the sail is let out or in."

"Now you see with a fixed rudder, like yours, when the wind pulls sideways it makes the boat turn around and point toward the wind and it won't steer, but by this way the harder the wind blows the harder the



sail pulls, and in pulling steers the rudder over. By tightening the rubber band (r) just enough, this pull of the sail can be made to pull the rudder over just enough to keep the boat from turning up into the wind and steer it always perfectly straight."

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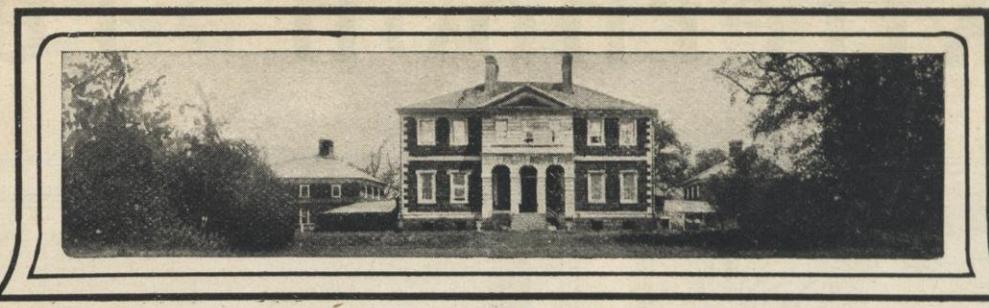
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Afternoon Tea at the Chinese Legation.

(See article on page 18.)



Mrs. Yung Kwei, American hostess of Chinese Legation.



One of the Chinese Hostesses of the Chinese Legation.



Oriental Tea Drinkers, Secretaries of Chinese Legation in court dress



A typical servant at Chinese Legation.



Yung Kwei, Secretary-Interpreter.



Children of Chinese Minister and (on left) little son of Yung Kwei.



Mr. Liang, brother of Chinese Minister.



New Chinese Legation, Washington, D. C.



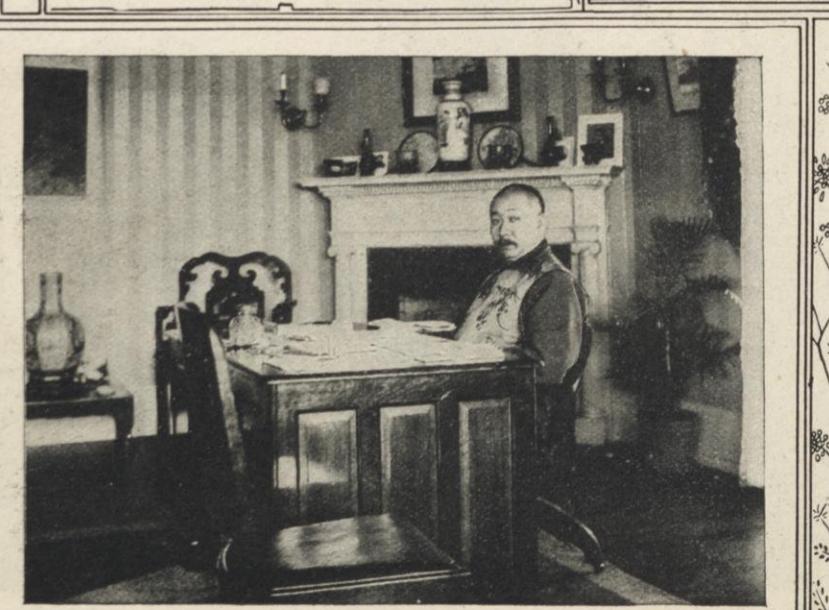
Daughter of Chinese Minister.



Reception Room, New Chinese Legation.



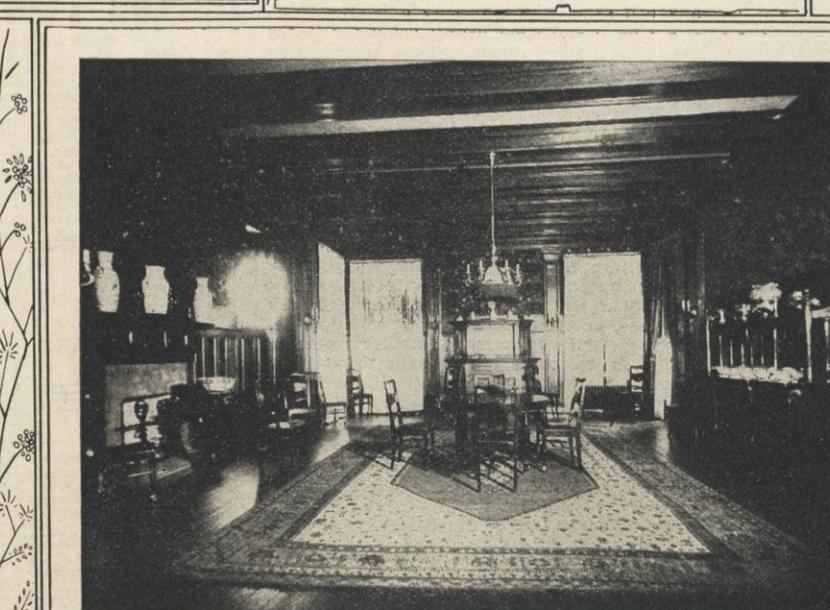
The Tea Table at the Chinese Legation.



Chenlung Liang Cheng, Chinese Minister in his Study



Secretaries of Chinese Legation



Dining Room at Chinese Legation



Girls of the Chinese Legation, daughters of Yung Kwei and daughter of Minister.



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Afternoon Tea at the Chinese Legation.

BY WALDON FAWCETT

(See Pages 16 and 17.)

HERE is one series of social functions to which, above all other entertainments at the national capital, invitations are eagerly sought by women residing temporarily or permanently at Uncle Sam's seat of government. The events which so universally pique feminine curiosity are the afternoon teas at the Chinese Legation.

The presence of aristocratic Chinese ladies in the roles of hostesses to their Yankee cousins has not yet wholly lost the charm of novelty. It was not until the time of President Johnson's administration that a Chinese envoy was accompanied to this country by his wife, and when at that time the Minister, Cheng Tsao, a man of sixty, did break through the traditions of his race and bring to Washington his pretty little bride of twenty, he kept her so secluded and allowed her so few privileges during her five years' residence here, that she might almost as well have been in her native land, so far as gratifying feminine curiosity was concerned.

The present regime is probably the most interesting in the history of the Chinese Legation from a social standpoint. The wife of Sir Chentung Liang-Cheng, the new Minister, died a year or two ago. The theoretical mistress of the Legation is the Minister's sixteen-year-old daughter. The real mistress, however, is Mrs. Yung Kwal, an American woman and the wife of the Chinese Secretary-Interpreter of the Legation. Mr. Yung Kwal has been connected with the Chinese diplomatic establishment at Washington for many years. Some years ago he married a well-known New England girl, and upon this Yankee sponsor has devolved the pleasant duty of introducing the Chinese women at the Legation to American society.

Afternoon tea at the Chinese Ministerial residence is a most cosmopolitan function, not only in so far as the guests are concerned but with reference to the receiving party as well, for Mrs. Yung Kwal is usually assisted by a bevy of bright American girls, while the Minister's daughter and the other Chinese ladies in the household invariably appear in the costume of their country. All their dresses, it may be mentioned, are fashioned from the same model, with scant skirt over tunic and jacket, in conformity to a fashion set by royal decree. The costumes worn by the Chinese women at these afternoon teas are of magnificent silk, richly embroidered, and all are made by a Chinese tailor who is connected with the Legation.

These unique social functions now have a particularly attractive setting, for the Chinese government has but recently taken possession of a superb new \$100,000 residence.

Guests are first ushered into an immense hall, strikingly effective in white woodwork and red draperies, over which a handsome dome extends for three stories to the roof, giving the effect of the full height of the building in the most impressive manner.

Opening from the hall on the left is the drawing room, in the Louis XIV style. The yellow decorations harmonize perfectly with the gold furniture, white woodwork and rich green hangings. Adjoining this room in the rear is the spacious ball room, and opening from it a most attractive little conservatory. The ball room, like the drawing room, has yellow and white as the predominating colors of the decorative scheme, but the hangings are of a deep red hue. Both rooms are filled with Chinese art objects such as rare porcelains, ivory carvings and teakwood furniture, while the walls are covered with the most exquisite examples of embroidery upon silk.

Tea is served in the dining room, which seats forty persons. The room is wainscoted and has a beamed ceiling and is finished in dull oak and tapestry, with window hangings of purple plush. The round tea table occupies the center of the room, directly under the large chandelier. Interspersed with the cakes and other dainties are the fantastically ornamented little boxes containing the choicest of all teas, imported from the orient, and the tea table is decorated with small silk Chinese flags which were brought from the other side of the world especially for the purpose.

Most of the members of the Legation household,—and it numbers upward of thirty persons,—appear at the tea in the most elaborate Oriental costumes. Almost the only exceptions are Mrs. Yung Kwal, her husband and son, and the two sons of the Minister. The two little daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Yung Kwal, although they usually dress like American children, are attired for this festive occasion in full Chinese costume, of many hued silks and including the loose drawers, hanging loosely to the ankle, such as are worn by the Minister's daughter. The latter young lady, by the way, in her costume of unrelieved black, contributes the one sombre note to the kaleidoscopic assemblage, but all notice of her dull garments is speedily swallowed up in feminine admiration for the magnificent diamonds which glitter upon her hands and the huge pearls which gleam in her head dress. The secretaries present are resplendent in court costumes of stiff satin, so heavily encrusted with embroidery that they can with difficulty seat themselves, and even the servants have silken robes of a texture to arouse the envy of many a woman.

The Sensible Way to Beauty.

BY
E. A. RANDALL.

WHEN Henry Ward Beecher was asked if life was worth living he replied with characteristic humor, "It all depends on the liver." The double meaning conveyed in this reply aptly illustrates the interdependency of the human body and happiness. In the majority of cases, good looks and happiness depend on good health. Every woman knows that her attitude toward the world in general is largely dependent on how her digestive apparatus is working, and the relation between indigestion and crime is no laughing matter. "The New England pie belt," as Kipling has aptly described that part of the East where pie is served three times a day, may be accountable for many irregularities in our social and economic systems.

At no period of the world has so much money been spent in perfecting personal appearance. In the cities large incomes are made by those who have studied the art of beautifying. Most of these people are trying to repair defects. How much better to go to the root of the matter and suggest personal health! Powder and skin foods will help efface wrinkles, but do not reach the cause. Health is ease, and any other condition is disease. If the stomach is overloaded, if the liver and excretory organs will not work, how can one expect to be beautiful, even though outside applications do their best? To be well, and hence good looking, should be the aim of every one. This is an age of usefulness, and it is nonsense for the woman of forty to feel she is entering the retired list. The woman of forty is strikingly beautiful if she knows how to make the most of herself, for she adds to good looks the grace of self-possession and awakens an interest in conversation the younger woman does not create.

Prepare for the Day's Work.

Much of the success of life depends on proper preparation for the day's work. Most people work, either in the home or office, and they desire to get the most out of themselves. To rise late, rush through the toilet and gulp down a hasty breakfast is no preparation for a good day's work, yet it is safe to say that the majority of women begin the day in this way. It is just as easy to rise in plenty of time, if one will only do it. The tendency on waking is to stretch and yawn. A few minutes spent in this deep breathing is always restful. This should be followed by a few deep breaths of fresh air, drinking a couple of glasses of water, exercises that suit the case, the bath and toilet. This forms a mental attitude consistent with a good day's work. A simple breakfast—some take none—should follow before an un-hurried journey either to office or the routine of housework. Stand erect, breathe erect, think erect, and half the battle of life is won.

The Health Builders.

These are things that count in preparing for the day's work. To find the greatest benefit, one must so adjust her thoughts

that she finds in her particular work the satisfaction that goes to make cheerfulness, which is love of life and hence health. Sadness, worry, haste are old age-makers. Pure air, content, sunshine, wholesome food, the determination not to let our nerves get the best of us, are health builders. Americanitis is the new name for worry, and the fact that a name had to be coined to fit a certain condition speaks ill for us Americans.

Authorities agree that a light breakfast is desirable, and some physicians advocate no breakfast at all for brain workers. Whether dinner should be eaten at noon or at six o'clock depends on the kind of work performed, generally speaking, it has been found best to take a noon dinner when the labor is physical and an evening repast when the brain has been exercised. The new theory is that we eat too much, and many people are trying two meals a day instead of three.

Try Fasting.

Fasting for a short time, drinking plenty of water, using exercises that stir up the liver, will usually cure any case of indigestion and its attendant ills. It is one of the surest methods of curing a cold in the head. This fad is carried to such an extent that nowadays sanitariums exist where patients are denied food for twenty-one days, but are given plenty of drinking water and certain physical exercises. The treatment is so heroic that it is always done under the eye of a physician, who watches the patient for any bad symptoms that may appear.

A simple and good health beautifier is the use of uncooked foods. This is becoming more and more popular with some people who eat too heartily and are troubled with indigestion, acne and nervous disorders. Fruits and salads made of fresh green leaves, lettuce, celery, chicory, etc., are freely eaten, as well as raw eggs and milk. All the common fruits, except occasionally bananas, combine with these, and the whole makes a diversified and nutritious diet. Different persons need different treatment, but the chances are that if the woman with greasy skin, pimples, blackheads, wrinkles, sallow complexion and frequent headaches will try moderate, or even no eating for a day or so, drinking plenty of water, and after resuming food will be careful not to overload her stomach, marked improvement will be found.

The Gospel of Repose.

Simple diet, plain living, active outdoor work or walking and absence of worry give conditions that will develop the best physical and moral possibilities within one. We are all prone to exhaust nerve force over petty cares. We get excited if the rooms are not properly dusted; we put too much of ourselves into our household work; we do not learn to simplify; we do not always take the "forty winks" early in the afternoon. These are some of the causes of age, and we can avoid them just as we can learn to sometimes be idle and at all times be reposeful.

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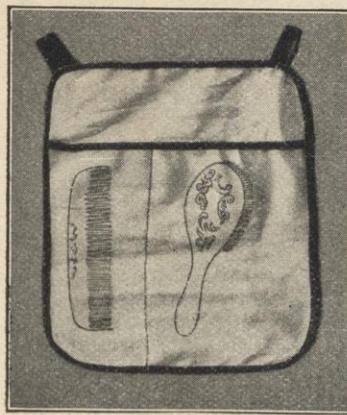
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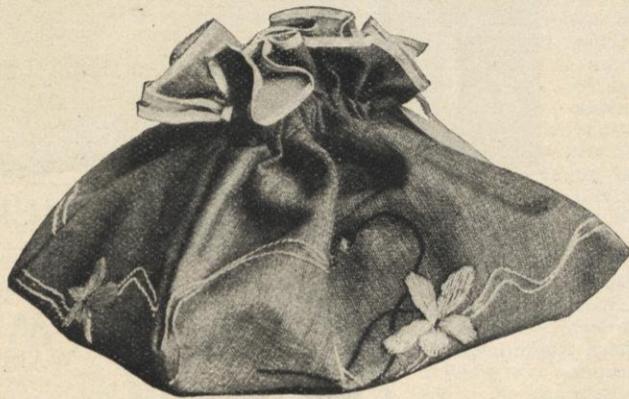
TOILET POCKET.

Size 8x9½ inches. Finished complete, ready to embroider. Contains one comb pocket and one brush pocket. Requires about 4 skeins of Grand Prize Grecian Floss.

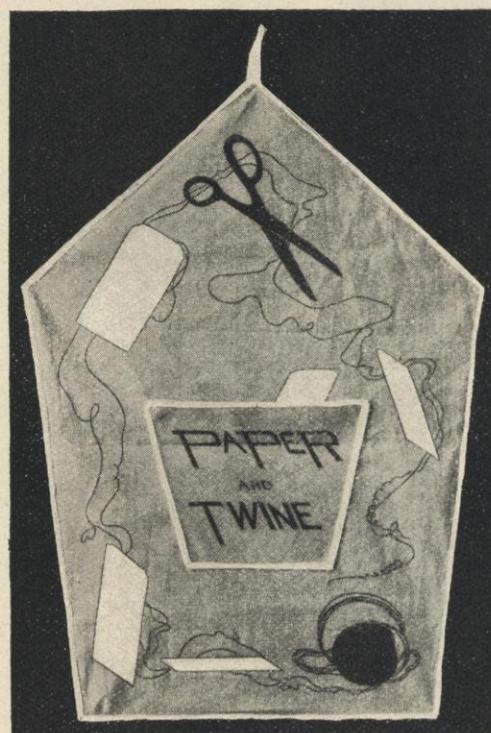


NEEDLE BOOK.

Size 5x6½ inches. This Needle Case folds and ties like a Portfolio. It contains pockets for needles, bodkins and scissors. Tinted in colors and left open so it can be easily embroidered. Requires five skeins of Grand Prize Grecian Floss.



WORK BAG.

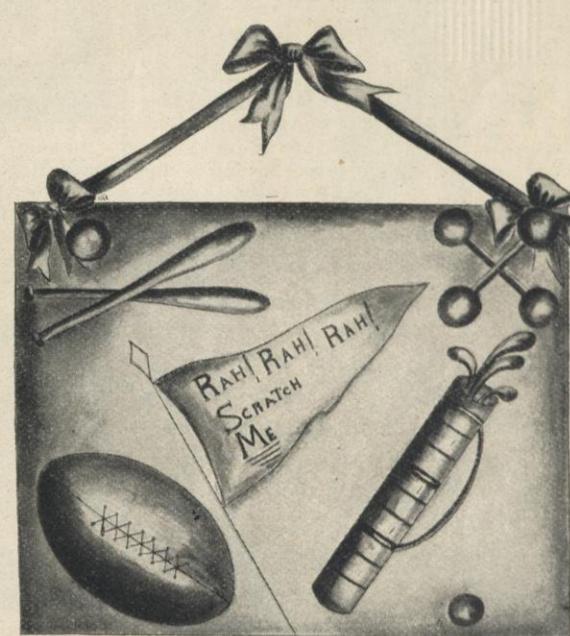


WALL POCKET.

Size 16x23 inches. Made with two pockets, the large one for paper and the small one for twine. Tinted in colors, simple to embroider. Requires about 10 skeins of Grand Prize Grecian Floss.

WORK BAG, VIOLETS.

Size 15 in. wide by 6 in. deep. Finished complete with draw-string, and contains five pockets in the bottom. Stamped so that it can be embroidered without difficulty. Requires about 10 skeins of Grand Prize Grecian Floss.



ATHLETIC MATCH SCRATCHER.

Tinted on cream or drab Ardita. 9x12 made up. The design is an arrangement of dumb bells, foot ball, golf bag, base ball and bats and the pennant, which latter is made of sand paper and is intended to serve as the match scratcher. The motto, "Rah, Rah, Rah, Scratch Me," is tinted black on the sandpaper. To work: The figures forming the design may be treated in outline or they can be worked solid. In the latter case filo silk should be used, and the color should match the tinting on the figures. About 12 skeins of silk will work this little novelty very elaborately.

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(Readers should carefully preserve this list, as it will prove valuable for future reference.)

APPLE BLOSSOMS—941, 1120, 1121, 1122, 1123, 1124, 1125. Centers. 1004, 1006, 1063. Stems. 1113, 1114, 1115. Foliage. 1173, 1174, 1175, 1176, 1177.

AZALEAS—Pink and White—941, 1160, 1161, 1162, 1163, 1164. Centers. 1015, 1016. Stems. 918, 919. Foliage. 915, 916, 917, 918, 919.

AUTUMN LEAVES—915, 916, 917, 918, 919, 1066, 1067, 1183, 1184, 1003, 1004, 993, 994, 995, 996, 997.

ARBUTUS—928, 929, 930, 931, 932, 933. Centers. 916, 1004. Foliage. 1173, 1174, 1175, 1176.

ASTERS—Yellow—1001, 1002, 1003, 1004, 1005, 1006, 1007. Centers. 1001, 1002, 1003, 1004, 1005, 1006, 1007. Foliage. 1015, 1016, 1017, 1018, 1019, 1019½.

BACHELOR BUTTONS—Blue—969, 970, 971, 972, 973; or 955, 956, 957, 958, 959. Yellow—1001, 1002, 1003, 1004. Pink—1160, 1161, 1162, 1163, 1164, 1165. Foliage. 1016, 1017, 1018, 1019, 1019½.

BUTTER CUPS—1002, 1003, 1004, 1005, 1006, 1007. Centers. 1065, 916. Foliage. 1016, 1017, 1018, 1019, 1019½.

BEGONIA—1179, 1181, 1183, 1185, 1186. Foliage. 1221, 1222, 1223, 1224, 1225, 1226.

BLEEDING HEART—928, 929, 930, 931, 914, 915, 1003. Foliage. 1172, 1173, 1174, 1175, 1176.

BITTER SWEET BERRIES—1092, 1694, 1096. Foliage. 916, 917, 918, 919, 919½.

BABY BLUE EYES—1071, 1072, 1073, 1074. Centers. 1004. Foliage. 1015, 1016, 1017, 1018, 1019.

CHERRIES—1181, 1182, 1183, 1184, 1185, 1186, 1187. Stems. 1113, 1114, 1115. Foliage. 1172, 1173, 1174, 1175, 1176, 1177.

CORN FLOWERS—955, 956, 957, 958; or 1141, 1142, 1143, 1144, 1145. These are also Bachelor Buttons, Ragged Robins and Mountain Pinks. Foliage. 1017, 1018, 1019, 1019½.

CHRYSANTHEMUMS—White—941, 943, 944, 945. Lilac—1032, 1033, 1034, 1035, 1036. Pink—1161, 1162, 1163, 1164, 1165. Red—1147, 1148, 1149, 1150; or 1196, 1197, 1198, 1199, 1200. White—941, 943, 914, 1121. Yellow—1000, 1001, 1002, 1003, 1004, 1017, 1618, 1019, 1019½. Centers. 1006, 1007. Foliage. 1015, 1016, 1017, 1018, 1019, 1019½.

CALIFORNIA PEPPER—1184, 1185, 1186, 1187, 1117. Foliage. 1175, 1176, 1177.

CARNATION—Red—1180, 1181, 1182, 1183, 1184, 1185, 1186. Pink—1121, 1122, 1123, 1124, 1125, 1126; or 1161, 1162, 1163, 1164, 1165. Yellow—1001, 1002, 1003, 1004, 1017, 1618, 1019, 1019½. Foliage. 1016, 1017, 1018, 1019, 1019½.

CLOVER—Pink—1162, 1163, 1164, 1165. Red—1147, 1148, 1149, 1150; or 1196, 1197, 1198, 1199, 1200. White—941, 943, 914, 1121. Yellow—1000, 1001, 1002, 1003, 1004, 1017, 1618, 1019, 1019½. Foliage. 1015, 1016, 1017, 1018, 1019, 1019½.

GERANIUMS—1991, 1692, 1093, 1094, 1217, 1219; or 928, 929, 930, 931, 932. Pink—1121, 1123, 1124, 1125, 1126. Centers. 1174, 1175, 1176, 1177. Foliage. 1172, 1173, 1174, 1175, 1176, 1177.

HELiotrope—908, 909, 910, 911, 912, 913. Centers. 1003. Foliage. 1172, 1173, 1174, 1175.

HONEYSUCKLE—Pink—1088, 1089, 1090, 1091. Yellow—941, 1000, 1001, 1002, 1003, 1004. Centers. 1060, 1061. Foliage. 1221, 1222, 1223, 1224, 1225, 1226.

HOPS—914, 915, 916. shaded with 1021, 1022. Foliage. 1221, 1222, 1223, 1224.

HYACINTH—White—941, 943, 914. Cen-

ters. 1173. Pink—1160, 1161, 1162, 1163, 1164. Centers. 1180, 1173. Purple—910, 911, 912, 913. Centers. 1173, 909. Foliage. 1221, 1222, 1223, 1224.

HOLLYHOCK—Pink—1196, 1197, 1198, 1199, 1200; or 1161, 1162, 1163, 1164, 1165. Red—930, 931, 932, 933. Yellow—1000, 1001, 1002, 1003, 1004. Purple—1207, 1208, 1209, 1210. Foliage. 914, 915, 916, 917, 918.

HIBISCUS—1088, 1090, 1092, 1094, 1096, 1098. Foliage. 1015, 1016, 1017, 1018, 1019, 1019½.

IRIS—See Fleur-de-Lis.

IVY—English—1221, 1222, 1223, 1224, 1225, 1226.

IVY—German—1172, 1173, 1174, 1175, 1176, 1177.

JONQUIL—1002, 1003, 1004, 1005, 1006, 1007, 1008. Foliage. 1017, 1018, 1019, 1019½.

JASMINE—Cape—941, 1000, 1001, 1002, 1003, 1004. Star—940, 943, 914, 915, 916. Foliage. 1172, 1173, 1174, 1175, 1176, 1177.

LILAC—White—940, 642, 1016, 1017. Purple—908, 909, 910, 911, 912, 913. Foliage. 1172, 1173, 1174, 1175, 1176, 1177. Centers. 1202, 1203.

LILY—Japanese—941, 1160, 1161, 1162, 1163, 1164. Spots. 1165. Centers. 999. Foliage. 1221, 1222, 1223, 1224, 1225, 1226.

LILY—Easter—941, 943, 1000, 1001, 1002, 1003. Centers. 1005. Calla or Water—940, 943, 1015, 1016, 1017, 1160, 1161, 1162. Centers. 1003, 1006.

LOVE IN A MIST, OR RAGGED LADY—970, 971, 972, 973. Foliage. 1015, 1016, 1017, 1018.

MORNING-GLORY—Blue—954, 955, 956, 957, 958, 959. Purple—910, 911, 912, 913. Pink—960, 961, 962, 963, 964, 965. Red—929, 930, 931, 932. Centers. 1004, 1006. Foliage. 1172, 1173, 1174, 1175, 1176, 1177.

MAGNOLIA—White—940 shaded into 1033, 1034, 1035. Under side of petal shaded into 1015, 1016. Centers. 1002. Foliage. 1172, 1173, 1174, 1175, 1176, 1177.

NASTURTIUMS—Yellow—1003, 1005, 1007, 1009, 1011, 1013, 1014. Red—1215, 1216, 1219. Brown—920, 922, 924, 926, 927. Foliage. 1015, 1016, 1017, 1018, 1019, 1019½.

ORCHIDS—Purple—1007, 908, 909, 910, 911, 912, 913. Pink—1007, 1196, 1197, 1198, 1199, 1200, 1201, 01201, a1201. Yellow—1000, 1001, 1002, 1003, 1004, 1005, 1006. Foliage. 1172, 1173, 1174, 1175, 1176, 1177.

STRAWBERRIES—1089, 1091, 1093, 1095, 1097, 1099. Seeds. 1006, 1114. Foliage. 1173, 1174, 1175, 1176, 1177.

SWEET PEAS—Pink—1196, 1197, 1198, 1199, 1200, 1201. Purple—908, 909, 910, 911, 912, 913. Foliage. 1015, 1016, 1017, 1018, 1019, 1019½.

THISTLE—908, 909, 910, 911, 912; or 1033, 1034, 1035, 1036, 1037. Brown—1116. Foliage. 1173, 1174, 1175, 1176, 1177.

TULIP—Red—1181, 1182, 1183, 1184, 1185, 1186. Yellow—1003, 1005, 1006, 1007, 1008. Foliage. 1015, 1016, 1017, 1018, 1019, 1019½.

TRUMPET—1006, 1008, 1011, 1013, 1014, Foliage. 1015, 1016, 1017, 1018, 1019, 1019½.

TIGER LILY—1160, 1161, 1162, 1163, 1164, 1165. Center. 1173. Foliage. 1221, 1222, 1223, 1224, 1225, 1226.

VIOLET—Purple—909, 910, 911, 912, 913, 914. Foliage. 1173, 1174, 1175, 1176, 1177.

VERBENAS—Pink—1120, 1121, 1122, 1123, 1124. Purple—908, 909, 910, 911, 912, 913. Foliage. 1221, 1222, 1223, 1224, 1225, 1226.

WHEAT—1020, 1021, 1022, 1023; or 1060, 1061, 1062.

WISTERIA—954, 955, 956, 957, 958, 959; or 098, 099, 910, 911, 912, 913, 0913, 0914, 0915, 0916, 0917, 0918, 0919. Foliage. 1221, 1222, 1223, 1224, 1225, 1226.

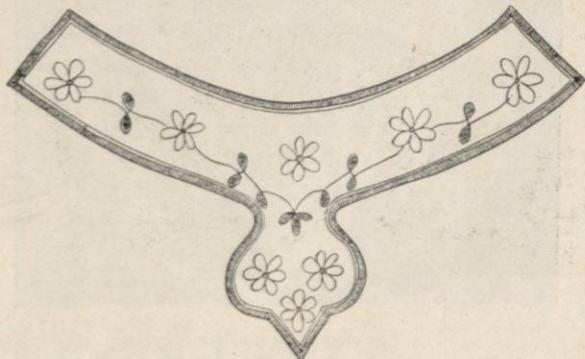
WISTERIA—Japanese—1033, 1034, 1035, 1036, 1037, 1038.

HOME HANDIWORK.

CONDUCTED BY
ELENORA E. REBER.

STILETTO WORK.

THIS embroidery, new to the present generation, was a favorite pastime with the needleworkers of fifty years ago. It is known by various names, such as English cut work, eyelet embroidery, Mederia embroidery, etc. The old time stiletto work was usually carried out along more simple lines than some of the elaborate designs seen to-day, but we have the simple effects now, also, and they are readily copied by the least experienced workers.



STOCK WITH STILETTO WORK.

For edgings, bands of insertion, medallions; in fact, anywhere and everywhere that embroidery can be used we find this stiletto work a prime favorite. Entire costumes of wash goods, shirtwaists and underwear are decorated with it, to say nothing of the collar and cuff sets, stocks, shoulder collars, etc. Centerpieces and doilies are also made in this style of embroidery.

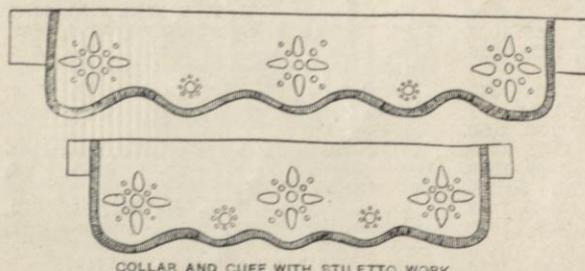
The work is carried out in all white or colors. Sometimes a self color is used on the ecru or blue linen. It wears well, and is therefore suitable for any wash material.

For simple patterns almost any one can arrange a design. Insertion or embroidery already at hand often have very desirable designs which can be copied. The patterns consist largely of eyelets and ovals. Sometimes these are connected by outlining, as in the stock collar design shown. Then, too, satin stitch or the old laid work of our grandmothers enters into many designs. This also occurs in the stock mentioned, and is merely straight stitches directly across the form in either direction.

Edgings, centerpieces and collars must be buttonholed about the edge. The turnover collars and cuffs have the upper edge set into bands of linen to hold them in place inside the collar. For summer shirtwaists it will be quite the thing to make the collar bands of sufficient depth to wear without any stock, just as we wear the turn-down linen collars. A small tie finishes the front. These are cooler than the stiff linen collars, easier laundered and equally dainty. They must be made long enough to almost meet at the front, and an inch and a half or two inches wide.

Embroidery cotton of a degree of fineness to correspond with the background is used for the embroidery. The work should be held in hoops to keep it straight as it is very important that the ovals should not be drawn out of shape. A stiletto is used for punching the eyelet holes and sharp pointed scissors for cutting the ovals. Only make the incisions as the work progresses so that it will keep its shape.

The ovals are clipped lengthwise, the edges rolled back and the over and over stitches taken around, similar to whipping very closely. The eyelets are punched and worked in like manner.



COLLAR AND CUFF WITH STILETTO WORK.

In the stock illustrated all white is used. The daisy-like forms consist of cut ovals and a solid center of satin stitch. The vine is of outlining and satin stitched leaves. The edge is formed by a narrow buttonholing, and just inside of this is a row of outlining.

The collar and cuff set shown is of ecru linen worked in browns and blues.

The edges are buttonholed in brown. The eyelets in the large figures are in blue and the ovals brown; while in the smaller forms the large eyelets are brown and the small ones blue. The design may be carried out in any color or white, as desired.

In some of the more elaborate designs quite large forms are cut out and after being worked around the space is filled in with fancy stitches, such as are used by lace workers. The spider web, buttonhole and twisted bars, honey-combed stitches, etc., answer nicely for this purpose.

This work is also seen on cloth and silk backgrounds, a silk floss being used for the embroidery. Rich and beautiful effects are obtained in this way.

MAY Y. MAHARRY.

NETTED AND DARNED DOILY.

USE No. 60 spool thread. Set forty stitches on a cord over a bone mesh one-quarter inch wide. Tie together and net around.

Net eight rows plain over a coarse knitting needle.

Net a row over mesh, putting two stitches into every second loop and one stitch into the alternate loop.

Net three rows plain over needle.

Net a row over mesh, putting two stitches into each of two loops, then one stitch into third loop.

Net seven rows over needle.

Net over mesh, putting two stitches into a loop, then one stitch into each of two loops.

Net seven rows over needle.

Net over mesh, putting two stitches into a loop, then one stitch into each of two loops.

Net eight rows over needle.

Net over mesh, putting five stitches into every other loop.

Net two rows over needle.

Net nine rows of loop stitch.

Net two rows plain over needle.

The doily is then darned with linen floss on the circles of plain needle netting, as shown in the illustration. This makes a doily about twelve inches in diameter and one that is very attractive.

LUCY MONTGOMERY.

Blue Prints for Fancy Work.

ALTHOUGH ferroprussiate linen has come to be quite extensively used for sofa pillows, in all other branches of fancy work it seems to have been passed by, and this fact is the more surprising when you think that the camera has come to be considered an almost necessary element of the traveling outfit. The number of pretty souvenirs that any girl can make from photographs taken during her summer outing, after these same have been printed on linen, is almost endless. Doilies, photograph frames, pin trays, embroidery silk cases and a thousand and one pretty articles will readily suggest themselves to any mind, to say nothing of the fancy, cut-out designs, such as initials, ferns, etc.

The process of preparing the linen too is so simple that any one by following the annexed directions carefully can obtain the most satisfactory results.

The quality of linen best suited for most kinds of fancy work is that known as satin damask; but where a finer linen is desirable, equally good results can be obtained.

Having secured the linen, pin it by the four corners to a board, being careful to have several thicknesses of newspaper between the cloth and board. Next mix one and seven-eighths ounces of citrate of iron and ammonium with eight ounces of water and label A. Then mix one and one-quarter ounces of ferrocyanide of potassium with eight

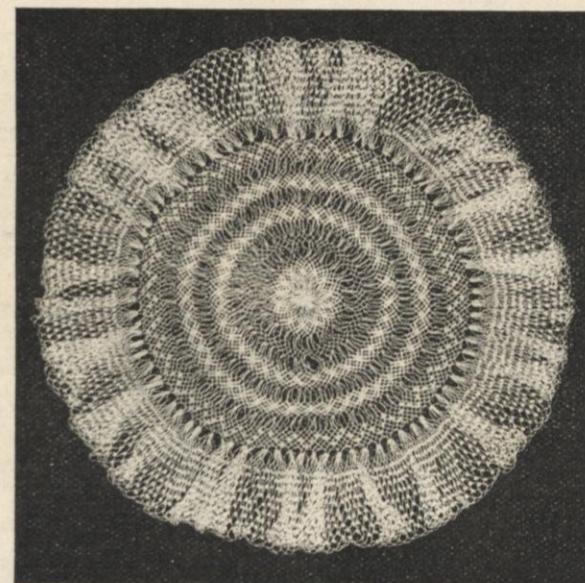
ounces of water and label B. These chemicals can be obtained at almost any drug store for about twenty-five cents. They should always be kept in the dark when not being used.

When ready to sensitize the linen, mix in a small dish equal parts of the two solutions A and B, using only as much as is needed for the linen on hand to be sensitized; for the solutions do not keep well after being mixed.

After the chemicals are well mixed, apply to the surface of the linen with a broad camel's-hair brush, one about an inch in width being the best size. This must be done in a room illuminated only by artificial light, daylight being too strong for the purpose.

When thoroughly coated, the cloth should be taken from the board and dried spontaneously or by a gentle heat. When perfectly dry it is ready for printing. For this a negative full of detail and not too dense is best; but any one from which a satisfactory silver print can be made will do. Place the cloth in the printing frame over the negative, put two thicknesses of paper over it and take great care to fasten the back securely; for should the linen slip the image would be blurred. Next place the frame in the bright sunlight and leave it until the shadows are well bronzed. It is well, however, to coat some unruled writing paper when preparing the linen, as you can then experiment and so find the correct time to expose the linen. For the prepared designs, though, this is not necessary, as five minutes' printing in bright sunlight will give good results.

In regard to these designs: They are made from heavy paper, wrapping paper will answer the purpose very well. Draw on this your design and cut it out



NETTED AND DARNED DOILY.

with sharp scissors. Then paste the same on the glass of your printing frame and expose as directed. The design may be blue on a white ground or vice versa: For the part that is to be white on the finished linen the glass must be covered with paper, while where the blue of the design is to be the clear glass must show. In other words, the design must be solid for white and open for blue. Pressed ferns and leaves make very pretty designs.

To return to the printing: When this is completed the linen must be washed in four or five changes of hot water. Leave it in the first water for two minutes, the second five, and in the last two waters for at least ten minutes each. Then hang it up to dry, and when nearly dry iron with a fairly hot iron. The linen is then ready to be made into fancy articles.

When the cloth is too large for the ordinary printing frame, any old picture frame large enough for the purpose may be used. This is seldom necessary, though, as the cloth can generally be folded so as to fit any fair sized frame.

In laundering these articles, when soiled only clear water may be used, as soap or any alkali will destroy the picture.

M. LEILA DAWSON.

HOP PILLOW.

MAKE a square of brown denim or soft tan canvas and sketch a graceful spray of hops thereon and outline in gold wash silk. Line it with denim and finish with brown and gold, then fill the cushion with dried hops.

BESSIE JOHNSON.

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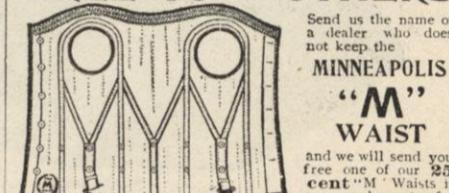
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A SHOWER FOR THE WEE ONE.

BY JANE E. CLEMMENS.

ONE of the happiest social functions I ever attended was the package shower given in honor of one of our club members. Our club, "The Wise Virgins," was organized several years ago and since then all of us have married—showing our wisdom you see. But we have not given up our club meetings, and when we learned that Ruth, our youngest member, was expecting a wee guest, we decided to give a package shower for her.



CARRIAGE ROBE.

We had a called meeting, "without Ruth," at which it was suggested that as blue was her favorite color, the affair would be a blue and white one. In order not to have duplicate presents the secretary took down the list and gave to each one a sample of blue so that all the trimmings would be the same shade. Every package was daintily wrapped in white tissue paper and tied with blue ribbon. With the exception of the toilet basket, as it is called, all of the gifts were hand-made,—as all things for baby should be,—and I am sure a description of some of the articles will be of interest.

If one cannot purchase a decorated basket, that can also be manufactured by deft fingers, take a plain wicker basket, say six inches deep, twelve inches wide and eighteen inches long. Pad it with a couple of thicknesses of wadding, then cover first with pale blue silk or sateen, allowing a ruffle about five inches wide to hang over the top edge of the basket. Cover the silk-

couple of small pockets on the side for powder puff, etc. A powder puff may be made of split zephyr, and trimmed with baby ribbon, as shown in the illustration. A baby-pin book should also be provided. This may be made of linen, hem-stitched and daintily embroidered. The little rubber wristlets, ribbon trimmed, are very cute and useful for holding up the baby's sleeves, which so persistently fall over the hands. Of course there were crocheted bootees with cord and balls attached. Small sheets for the crib or cot were made of India linen, and the pillow cases of cambric, all nicely hem-stitched. An eiderdown duvet was also among the packages.

A beautiful carriage robe was made by taking eiderdown twenty-two by twenty-seven inches and cutting china silk the same size. Lay the silk over two thicknesses of sheet wadding and knot it with baby ribbon. Around this baste Angora fur, then sew the eiderdown around on three sides, leaving one end so that the robe can be turned. After turning, blind-stitch this end. Three yards of Angora fur will be required.

A long kimona was made of fine cashmere, cat-stitched around the collar and sleeves and down the front edges, and a dainty edge crocheted down the front also.

There were a number of bibs. Some were of fine cambric, with hemstitching and lace around the edge, and an anchor embroidered on the front, others were of silk, quilted and lace-trimmed and a dainty spray embroidered over the front. Other articles "showered" upon this fortunate "wee one" were a flannelette sacque, some little lace yokes, and a pretty veil of fine net, edged with real point lace. A cambric baby pillow, embroidered and stuffed with hair, was very much

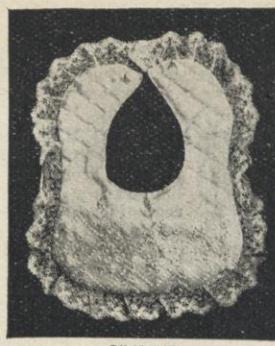
admired, and the baby will appreciate it more than anyone else for hair is much cooler and more healthful than down.

Crepe Paper Sachets.

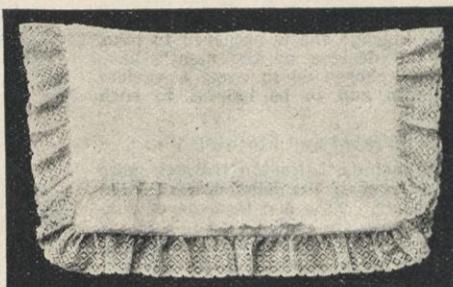
Dainty womankind is demanding all sorts of boxes in which to keep her belongings—the many, many things that go to make up the wardrobe of the up-to-date woman. These boxes and the sachets used to scent them, are necessarily delicate in color, and soil very quickly. This makes them an expense, so the maid who recognizes the necessary part they play in preserving her things, yet who

cannot afford to spend an appreciable sum upon them, goes by those made of silk and other dainty fabrics, and lines and covers all sorts of boxes with crepe tissue paper; a decorated paper is used for the outside, matching the color scheme of her room, and a plain delicate paper which blends with the outside, is used for the lining, over a sheet of scented cotton-wadding. All kinds of pretty candy boxes are saved and pressed into service, a layer of the wadding, beneath one of silk, finishing the inside of the box and making a sachet lining, with little work. Orris (powdered) is very inexpensive and gives one's belongings the faint, delicate odor of dead violets. The country girl gathers a bushel of rose leaves during the month of roses, and carefully dries them, knowing that they make the quaintest and most delicate of perfumes, such as were used by the dainty belles of long ago. Lavender flowers is another old time perfume which has lately found favor in the world of fashion. One ought always to select some favorite perfume, and use only that. It is a pretty conceit to select the perfume that seems to "match" the color one uses in one's lingerie; with pink, one could use rose

perfume; with blue lavender, violet, and with pink lavender, the lavender flowers; with pale blue, the perfume called blue-lilies, or iris can be used, and with white one can select white rose or white heliotrope. The great advantage of using paper-covered boxes is that they can be frequently thrown away when they



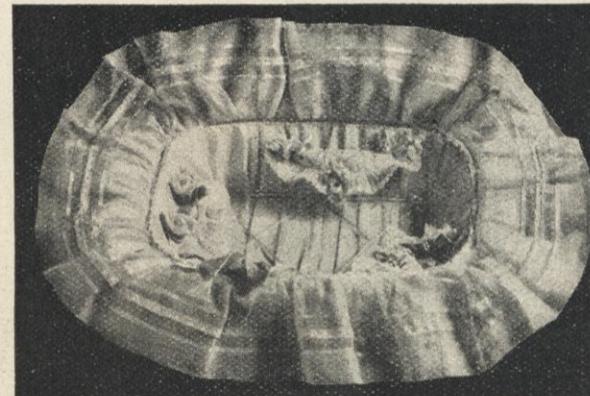
SILK BIB.



EIDERDOWN DUVET.

become soiled and replaced at little expense. The crepe paper makes pretty bows and ruffles, too, and the boxes can be thrown away if one is obliged to move. Instead of trimming the boxes, they may be made perfectly plain, and tied into place with ribbons to match.

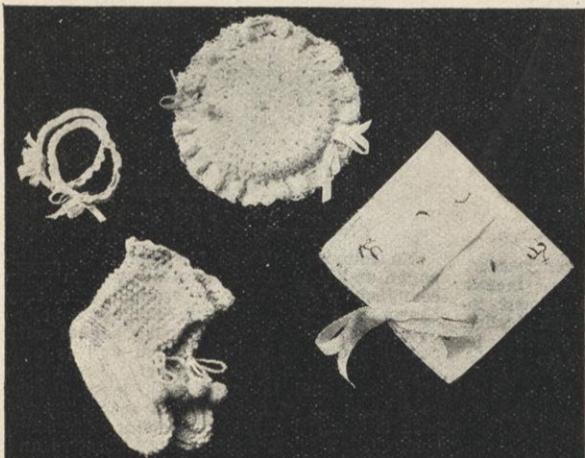
MARY TAYLOR ROSS.



TOILET BASKET.

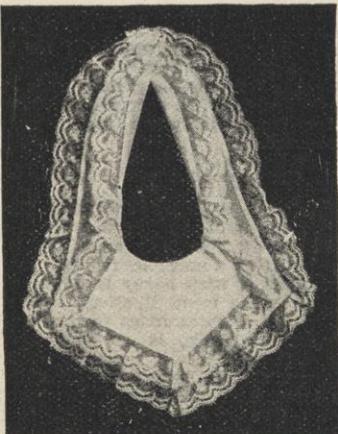
Tissue Paper Lamp Shade.

TAKE four sheets of paper, fourteen and one-half inches wide; divide each piece lengthwise into twenty divisions or plait one inch wide, allowing slight margins for the gumming of the four parts together. Scallop top and lower edges; turn back these two portions which are separated on the diagrams from the center by dotted horizontal lines, describing Vandykes, while the straight rows of dashes indicate the outside ridge of each crease. Fold like a fan each section with doubled edges, to make the creases run in different directions. Press well, unfold gently, first turn up the top. Insert carefully a paper-knife into the projecting Vandykes to give them the proper inflation. When finished, put the shade over the wire frame, and add round the top silk cord, knotted in the center. This can be further decorated with a handsome bunch of flowers.



WRISTLETS, POWDER PUFF, PIN BOOK AND BOOTEES.

line with net or fine dotted swiss, sew a narrow beading around the top edge of the basket where the covering is tacked and run baby ribbon through this. Also apply two or three rows of beading and baby ribbon around the overhanging ruffle, and tie bows here and there. Fasten a small pincushion on the inside of the basket and make a



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WIDSUMMER is not apt to bring anything really new in the world of fashion but rather the need for replenished wardrobes and for additions thereto. This year the World's Fair is taking thousands of people away from home and has created an unusual demand for gowns of many sorts. The tourist, who goes for a hurried trip, requires those suited to her special needs, the leisurely traveler finds herself wanting a far greater variety and the woman who will be a guest in the home of a friend stands in need of the greatest number of all, inasmuch as she must do honor to her hostess at all hours of the day and upon all occasions. Just what each shall select can only be determined by herself, so much depends upon special conditions and upon how much luggage she is prepared to take, but the designs of the month have been so chosen as to cover a variety of needs and to be helpful to each and all.

For Travel and Morning Wear.

No costume suits the traveler more perfectly than the Eton suit of linen or mohair. This one is made of fancy mohair in nut brown and is trimmed with mohair braid and combined with a vest of Bulgarian embroidery, but it suits linen equally well and can also be utilized for the fashionable suits of taffeta, which serve so many uses, and for all homespuns, veillings and light weight wools when suits for general service are desired. The jacket is a simple one but is made with comfortable loose sleeves and a yoke that gives the broad shoulder line and is extended to form trimming bands that outline

Modish Midsummer

White Net Over Flowered Organdy.

White cotton net makes one of the loveliest as well as smartest materials for handsome summer gowns and is peculiarly effective made over flowered organdy. The very striking model shown is so treated and combines an 1830 skirt and a full blouse made with a shirred bertha that gives the shoulder line of that period and harmonizes to a nicety with the skirt. The yoke is transparent, being lined with mousseline only, and is made of folds of the net over which lace motifs are applied. The sleeves are full, forming full puffs over which the double frills are arranged, and both frills and bertha, as well as the flounces on the skirt, are edged with lace applique. The skirt is five gored but sufficiently full at the belt to allow of gathers and the two flounces are straight and shirred to form double headings. At the waist is worn a soft belt of radium ribbon, and ribbon also makes the choux and ends that finish the waist. The net is filmy and always charming yet is durable as few thin fabrics are and over the organdy gives a shadowy flower effect that is most fascinating. The quantity of material required for the medium size is, for waist six yards twenty-four or four and one-fourth yards forty-four inches wide for yoke and seven and one-half yards of applique; for skirt twelve yards twenty-seven or seven and one-half yards forty-four inches wide with twelve yards of applique. The waist pattern, 4740, is cut in sizes for from thirty-two to forty inches bust measure. The skirt pattern, 4741, is cut in sizes for from twenty-two to thirty inches waist measure.



FANCY WAIST 4740. 1830 SKIRT 4741.

inverted plaits that meet at the centre and conceal the seam. The quantity of material required for the medium size is, for waist, four yards twenty-seven or two and one-fourth yards forty-four inches wide for yoke and seven and one-half yards of applique; for skirt twelve yards twenty-seven or seven and one-half yards forty-four inches wide with twelve yards of applique. The waist pattern, 4740, is cut in sizes for from thirty-two to forty inches bust measure. The skirt pattern, 4741, is cut in sizes for from twenty-two to thirty inches waist measure.



SHIRT WAIST 4715.

the narrow vest. The fronts are fitted by means of single darts that are concealed by the trimming, but the back is seamless. The skirt is cut in nine gores with extensions at all edges which form inverted plaits below the stitching. At the back are inverted plaits of full length that can be stitched or pressed flat as preferred. The quantity of material required for the medium size is, for jacket four yards twenty-seven or two and one-eighth yards forty-four inches wide with one and one-half yards of embroidery for vest; for skirt eleven and one-fourth yards twenty-seven or six and one-fourth yards forty-four inches wide when material has figure or nap, eight and one-fourth yards twenty-seven and five and one-fourth yards forty-four inches wide when material has neither figure nor nap. The Eton pattern, 4728, is cut in sizes for a thirty-two to forty-two inches bust measure. The skirt pattern, 4709, is cut in sizes for a twenty-two to thirty inches waist measure.

Of Linen, Braid Trimmed.

No single costume gives greater satisfaction than the shirt waist suit of linen, and none serves a greater number of uses. The very stylish one shown is in the natural color with embroidery rings of brown and is trimmed with brown linen braid, but there are many colors and designs from which to choose, and the same model can be utilized for cotton fabrics, and for the many shirt waist silks in vogue. The plain tailored waist is essentially smart and, this season, is made with sleeves that are wide below the elbows. With it can be worn a variety of stocks and collars with either four-in-hand or string ties. The fronts are laid in narrow plaits at the neck edges and can be plaited or gathered at the waist line, but the plain back is drawn down in gathers. In addition there are under-arm gores which render the fit more smooth and which make the waist specially well suited to stout figures. The skirt is cut in nine gores, which are narrow and give a slender effect, those at the sides and back being made with plaited portions that provide flare and are joined to the plain ones beneath the trimming. The fulness at the back is laid in



SHIRT WAIST 4730. WALKING SKIRT 4729.

skirt, eight and one-half yards twenty-seven or four and one-half yards forty-four inches wide. The waist pattern, 4730, is cut in sizes for from thirty-six to forty-six inches bust measure. The skirt pattern, 4739, is cut in sizes for from twenty-two to thirty inches waist measure.



ETON JACKET 4728. SKIRT 4709.



TUCKED BLOUSE 4626.

Champagne Color and White.

No color is quite so fashionable as champagne and it is never more lovely than when combined with white or cream. The very charming waist illustrated combines a bolero of silk of the color in varying shades with a full bodice of cream chiffon and is eminently smart as well as novel. The bolero is slashed and is made with loose sleeves so that much of the waist is seen. At the neck is a small square and collar of repose lace, chiffon lined, that is most effective and the sleeve frills are finished with lace applique. At the waist is a crushed belt of plain messaline satin, which is laid in flat plaits. The bodice is full, gathered at shoulder and lower edges, and can be used either with or without the bolero as it is quite complete in itself. The closing is made quite invisibly but at the left side of the front, a fact which in itself commends the waist to the many women who are a bit tired of gowns which are difficult to adjust without aid. The quantity of material required for the medium size is, for waist three and five-eighths yards twenty-seven or two and one-fourth yards forty-four inches wide with one-half yard of all-over lace and four yards of applique; for bolero one and three-fourths yards twenty-one or twenty-seven or seven-eighths yards forty-four inches wide. The pattern 4726 is cut in sizes for from thirty-two to forty inches bust measure.

Crepe de Chine and Lace.

No material is more charming for the handsome gowns of summer wear than white crepe de chine attractively made. This very stylish waist is admirable for the material and combines it with heavy lace and a yoke of fagoted bands most effectively. The deep bertha makes a noteworthy feature and the shallow, unlined yoke is eminently fashionable as well as generally becoming while the full sleeves, shirred to form frills, make one of the latest and best liked features of the summer. The model, being silk, is made over the fitted lining, but the design also is admirable for muslin, net and the like.

Waists and Toilettes.

which give a better effect unlined. The yoke is plain and smooth and when the lining is omitted, the full front and backs are joined to its lower edge. The bertha is circular and can properly be made of a variety of materials, all-over lace, net with lace motifs or the material of the gown. At the waist is a crushed belt that gives a girdle effect. The quantity of material required for the medium size is six and three-fourths yards twenty-one, or three yards forty-four inches wide with one-half yard of silk for belt and banding as required or one-half yard of all-over material for yoke. The pattern, 4731, is cut in sizes for from thirty-two to forty inches bust measure.

A Dainty Summer Waist.

White net with big dots is a favorite material of the season and makes most effective gowns and odd waists. This waist is combined with repoussé lace in cream color and is dainty in the extreme. Being transparent it is made unlined and worn over a full under slip of lawn or China silk, made exactly after the model of a plain shirt waist, but the design also suits silks and wools and the pattern includes a fitted foundation that always can be used when desired. The waist portion is full, gathered at both upper and lower edges, and is joined to the yoke or arranged over the lining as the latter is used or omitted. The sleeves are full with tucks above the wrists whose fullness forms generous puffs. At the waist is worn a full soft girdle of messaline satin. The quantity of material required for the medium size is four yards twenty-one, three yards twenty-seven or one and seven-eighths yards forty-four inches wide with five-eighths yards of all-over lace, two and one-half yards of applique, five and one-half yards of lace for frills, and one-half yard of satin for belt. The pattern, 4736, is cut in sizes for from thirty-two to forty inches bust measure.

Dotted Muslin With Lace.

Deep, pointed yokes or yoke-collars are exceedingly smart for summer gowns and are



FANCY WAIST 4726.

for from thirty-six to forty-six inches bust measure.

Of Mercerized Madras.

White mercerized madras, simply stitched, makes exceedingly smart waists, and this is



WAIST WITH POINTED YOKE COLLAR 4738.

charmingly becoming to the greater number of figures. This one is combined with a full blouse of dotted mull and is made of heavy lace while the frills are of the finer net top sort so illustrating the fashionable combination of laces as well as a most desirable design. The shoulder collar gives the broad and drooping shoulder line and can be utilized for the useful separate collar as well as for this special waist. The blouse portion is full and soft and the sleeves are made with the deep cuffs and full puffs. The belt is full and draped and is of soft silk. The quantity of material required for the medium size is three yards twenty-seven or one and seven-eighths yards forty-four inches wide with one and one-quarter yards of all-over lace and five and one-quarter yards of lace. The pattern, 4738, is cut in sizes for from thirty-two to forty inches bust measure.

A Stylish Shirt Waist.

Shirt waists and shirt-waist gowns are among the necessities of life whether one travels or remains at home, and this one, which is made of blue dotted mercerized chambray is pretty and attractive as may be, but it can be reproduced in any one of the season's waistings with equal success. The wide tucks at the front, that are stitched for a portion of their length only, provide becoming fullness below and the plain back always is becoming while the full sleeves are the favorite ones of the season. The waist can be lined or unlined, as preferred, and suits stout figures admirably well. At the neck is a pretty stock that can be made of any contrasting material preferred. The quantity of material required for the medium size is four yards twenty-seven or two yards forty-four inches wide, with one-quarter yard for stock. The pattern, 4715, is cut in sizes



CREPE DE CHINE WAIST 4731.

one which suits both the odd waist and the gown and is tucked on most becoming lines, the groups in the back giving a tapering effect while those at the front are two stitched for their full length and two for a portion only. At the front is a regulation box plait and the sleeves are tucked to be snug above the elbows, but are full below. All waisting materials, as well as the madras, are appropriate. To make the waist for a



YOKE WAIST 4736.

blouse, the blouse portion is full and soft and the sleeves are made with the deep cuffs and full puffs. The belt is full and draped and is of soft silk. The quantity of material required for the medium size is three yards twenty-seven or one and seven-eighths yards forty-four inches wide with one and one-quarter yards of all-over lace and five and one-quarter yards of lace. The pattern, 4738, is cut in sizes for from thirty-two to forty inches bust measure.

Boilers have been with us a long time, and they are likely to remain popular for some days to come. They are modified in various ways but the kimono boiler is the latest comer, and if not the smartest, has a cachet of its own that is fascinating. Made of soft warp-print taffeta glace or white Oriental silk with printed rose design and bordered with taffeta brillante in the tone of the flower, it is a sweet little adjunct to a summer toilette, and though an innovation, its shoulder-and-sleeve-in-one idea tallies with the latest modish effects.

BY ALICIA ADAMS.
Patterns 10 Cents Each.
Address Housekeeper, Minneapolis.

woman of medium size will be required three and three-quarters yards of material twenty-seven or two and one-quarter yards forty-four inches wide. The pattern, 4626, is cut in sizes for from thirty-two to forty inches bust measure.

A Charming Negligee.

While the greater part of a woman's attention is given to planning dress-up costumes, yet it cannot be denied that, for the summer season, with its hot weather, no garment is more necessary than a negligee. This one is graceful and becoming as well as satisfactory to the wearer and is eminently simple as well. As illustrated it is made of a very pretty figured cotton crepe with bands of plain colored ribbon, in which is found a shadowy design, but almost numberless materials and combinations might be suggested. For travel both by car or boat, light-weight French flannel is admirable, while for home or visiting use all the dainty lawns and dimities are charming as well as the slightly heavier crepe and madras and simple China and India silks. The robe is made with tucked fronts and a back that is laid in inverted plaits which are stitched flat for a few inches below the neck. The tucks are stitched for a portion of their length only and, with the plaits, provide fullness at the lower portion. The sleeves are in one piece each and are lapped at their edges in place of being seamed. The quantity of material required for the medium size is nine and three-quarters yards twenty-seven, nine yards thirty-two or six and one-half yards forty-four inches wide, with seven and one-half yards of banding to trim as illustrated. The pattern, 4663, is cut in sizes for thirty-two, thirty-four, thirty-six, thirty-eight and forty inches bust measure.

Notes.

The old-fashioned openwork silk gloves and mitts, such as our grandmothers wore, are much seen this summer. Kid mitts are also very smart and may be had in soft tints and white.



YOKE WAIST 4736.

The care of the teeth

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Rubifoam

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Hints for Home Dressmakers

BY ALICIA ADAMS.

Patterns for any of the garments shown on this page may be secured of The Housekeeper Corporation. Price, 10c each. Order by mail.

MRS. GEDDINGS, FLORIDA: A tennis suit of cream white serge or flannel would be just the thing for your daughter. Serge, flannel and brilliantine are all satisfactory materials for bathing suits. Some people at fashionable seaside resorts take number of bathing suits with them. One devotee was

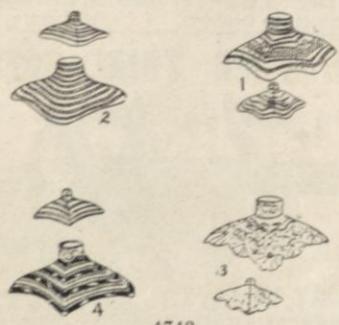
accused of having a half dozen, but for the ordinary individual one is sufficient, especially when one's vacation is of short duration. A pretty waist for a girl of fifteen is the one shown in the illustration 4735.

It has a deep yoke, cut well over the shoulders, and is trimmed with bands on the shoulder seams and down the front. The sleeves are tucked to the elbow and the waist from the yoke. A linen turndown collar may be worn or a fancy stock made. The pattern is numbered 4735 and is cut in sizes for girls of from twelve to sixteen years of age.

M ADELINA WELLMAN: Dainty corset covers are very essential in these days of popularity of the thin and filmy lingerie waist, even if it were not true that the natural woman loves to possess and takes a pardonable pride in exquisite underwear, to the making of which she devotes much time and personal care. One should have at least a half dozen corset covers in a summer's outfit, and while those intended for every-day wear with shirtwaists may be not quite so elaborate, those made of simply a straight piece of wide embroidery, sold for that purpose, wear well. The plain edge of the embroidery is gathered at the waist into a narrow band through which run a string. The upper part, which is beaded, requires to be run with the beading ribbon, in white, pale blue or pink, and shoulder straps are made of a piece of narrow embroidery, and the beading ribbon tied in little bows at the top. A fitted corset cover of fine batiste like the one shown in the illustration numbered 4719 is what I would recommend for wear with the waist which has the tenerife wheels inset, with the material cut away beneath them. This one is cut with fronts and backs, which are laid in narrow tucks to the waist line. It is closed in the center with

a box plait in shirt-waist style between the groups of tucks are applied bands of insertion and around the top and arms is narrow lace. Over the upper edge and at the waist line are bands of beading that are threaded with ribbon by means of which the size is regulated. Of material thirty-six inches wide a yard and one-half will be required, with one and one-half yards of insertion, three yards of edging and one and one-half yards of beading to trim as illustrated. The pattern, number 4719, is cut in sizes for from thirty-two to forty inches waist measure.

A COUNTRY GIRL: A waist may be completely transformed by the addition of a fancy yoke collar of lace, or other effective material, and this season they are more than



4742

usually worn, both as a part of a waist and as a separate garniture which may be used or not as occasion makes desirable. The four illustrated here offer a generous range of choice and are adapted to all yoking materials, the various all-overs and banding held by fancy stitches. They also can be used in conjunction with a low bodice, so making it high and available for a greater number of occasions. As illustrated, number one is made of white silk banding embroidered with French knots and lace insertion held together by fagoting; number two is shown in fine renaissance lace braid combined with open-work braid; number three is of all-over lace with medallions finishing the edge; and number four is shown in black and white, or two-toned, bias silk bands held by fagoting and lined with chiffon, the collar including a turnover of the darker silk edged with the lighter. Each yoke is fitted by means of shoulder

darts and is finished to close invisibly at the back. The quantity of material required for the medium size is, for No. 1, four yards of dark banding, three and three-quarter yards of light; for No. 2, nine yards of lace braid; for No. 3, three and three-quarters yards of all-over lace and for No. 4, four yards of dark banding, three and one-half yards of light and one-eighth yard of silk for turn-over; or, three-quarters yards eighteen inches wide for any one when a single material is used. The pattern, 4742, is cut in three sizes, small, corresponding to thirty-two, medium, corresponding to thirty-six, and large corresponding to forty inches bust measure.

N ORTH DAKOTA SUBSCRIBER: The morning jacket illustrated herewith is especially designed for young girls, and with its broad collar drooping well over the shoulders and the fitted back gives a trimness and neatness to the figure. As shown, the material is sprigged muslin trimmed with frills of embroidery, but there are countless others which are equally appropriate. The jacket is made with fronts and back, the back being laid in tucks to the waist line and the fronts being gathered at the upper edge and stayed by means of an underfacing. The cape collar is arranged over the whole and the neck is finished

with a little frill. The sleeves can be in either flowing style and finished with frills or in bishop style with cuffs as may be preferred. The quantity of material required for the medium size is three and seven-eighths yards twenty-seven inches wide, two and one-half yards thirty-six inches wide or two and one-eighth yards forty-four inches wide, with seven and one-half yards of embroidery to trim as illustrated. The pattern, 4721, is cut in sizes for girls of twelve, fourteen and sixteen years of age.

M RS. JAMES MANNERING: Your boy's desire for a "soldier's suit" is natural and because there are so many other boys with the same desire, the suit which I am illustrating was designed especially for them. Dark blue serge or mohair are good materials to use in making the suit, which consists of knickerbockers and blouse. The blouse is made with back, fronts and a centre front that is applied over them and held by brass buttons. At the shoulders are true military straps and the neck is finished with the characteristic collar while the sleeves are plain and trimmed to harmonize therewith.

The knickerbockers fit smoothly over the hips but the leg portions are drawn up by means of elastics inserted in the hems and bag becomingly over the knees. At their upper edges are waistbands by means of which they can be attached to any underwaist and pockets are inserted at the sides where the closing is made. The blouse is closed at the front, the center portion being buttoned over onto the right side. The quantity of material required for the medium size (six years) is three and seven-eighths yards twenty-seven inches wide, two and one-quarter yards forty-four inches wide or two yards fifty-two inches wide. The pattern, 4727, is cut in sizes for boys of four, six and eight years of age.

M RS. J. H. W., ARKANSAS: In the illustration numbered 4733 is shown a golf vest which is comfortable and convenient. It is made of fancy vesting with back and sleeves of silk. Pockets are inserted in front, and the closing is in double-breasted style. Red or green colors are favorites with most golf players. The vest is made with fronts and backs, the fitting being accomplished by means of shoulder, under-arm and back seams. The sleeves are regulation coat style, two pieces each, and may be bound or simply stitched at the edge. For a medium size one and three-eighths yards of twenty-seven-inch material will be required, and two yards of silk for back and sleeves. The pattern is numbered 4733 and is cut in sizes for from thirty-four to forty-six inches bust measure.



4733

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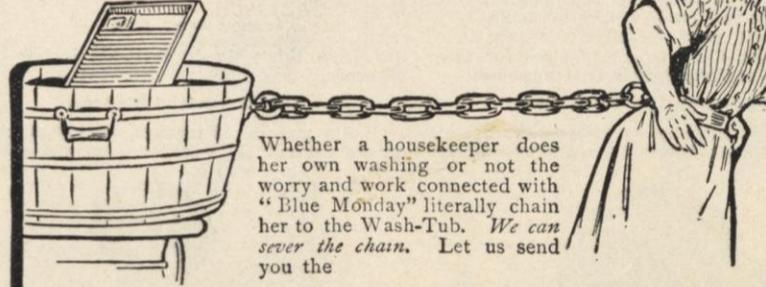
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Old Housekeeper Recipes.

These recipes, culled from back files of the magazine, are published in answer to specific requests from our readers.

TO CAN CORN AND STRING BEANS.—This may be done successfully if Mason's glass cans are used. The best plan is to can several quarts at once. Wash cans and covers in hot, strong soda water, before beginning work. Use new rubbers every year. The corn should be freshly picked, and young enough so that the milk will flow if pricked, or the skin is broken. Remove husks and silk carefully. With a sharp knife shave off the tops of the kernels, and press the milk out of the part that lies close to the cob with the dull back of the knife. Pack and crowd and jam the corn into the jars, using a wooden masher for that purpose. A two-quart can holds about sixteen good-sized ears. Screw on the covers and place the jars on a rack, or a quantity of hay in the wash boiler, to hold them up from the bottom of the boiler; over the first layer of cans, put a second rack on which to place another layer; all cans should lie on the side, with top and bottom next the sides of the boiler. Fill the boiler with cold water to cover jars well, and start a fire to heat gradually. The water should boil steadily for two hours. Remove the jars, tighten the covers, if possible; replace in boiler and boil for another two hours. When cool, wipe dry, and put in the cellar, making sure that the covers are screwed perfectly tight. All vegetables, as well as fruit, keep better if covered with brown paper, and placed in a closed box or cupboard in a cool, dark cellar. String beans canned this way are as fresh and nice as when picked, though canned for a year.—MILDRED THORNE.

TO CAN VEGETABLES.—Use the same method for canning beans, peas and corn, except the latter must be cut from the cob. Cook the vegetables as for immediate use, and, when nearly done, add three-quarters of a pint of salt to eight pints of the vegetable. Put into glass cans, taking care that the vegetables are well covered with the brine, and seal hot as any fruit. Wrap each jar in brown paper, and set in a dark, dry place of cool, even temperature. To use afterwards, drain off the brine, pour into a kettle, cover with water and let boil for five minutes; pour off this water, add milk, season, let boil up once and serve.—A. C. MACPHERSON.

TO MAKE CHEESE.—Put five quarts of fresh stripings into a pan with two tablespoonfuls of rennet. When the curd is set, stir it gently two or three times, just to break it, and let it stand two hours. Spread a clean cheesecloth on a sieve or colander, put in the curd and let it drip dry, breaking it a little with the hand. Salt to taste. If one has no cheese hoop, a pan with perfectly perpendicular sides, and with holes in the bottom for drainage, will answer. Put a damp cheesecloth in it and pack the curd, covering with a plate and a heavy weight on top. After twelve hours take from the pan, put a round piece of cheesecloth on the top and bottom, and bind another around the sides. Rub the outside of cloth with fresh lard and sprinkle with salt. Turn the cheese every day, and if the weather is warm it will be fit to use in three weeks.—MAY LONARD.

CHERRY SOUP.—Stem and wash one quart of sound, ripe cherries, put them in a saucepan with one quart of cold water, let them come slowly to the boiling point, rub through a sieve and return to the fire. Add one-half cupful of white sugar, and, when boiling hot, one tablespoonful of cornstarch rubbed smooth in a little cold water; let boil a few minutes, stirring constantly. Remove from the fire, add the juice of a small lemon and set in a cool place. Serve with cracked ice in cups, with strips of buttered bread or wafers.—MARY FOSTER SNIDER.

BAKED CHICKEN.—Southern Recipe. Parboil a young hen for half an hour; make a dressing of corn bread and light bread mixed, with one beaten egg, pepper and salt and the heart, gizzard and liver minced fine with an onion. Stuff the chicken after parboiling, place in an iron skillet with the water in which it was boiled; dredge the body well with flour, and set into a hot oven. Baste frequently. When the chicken is cooked, the gravy will be rich and thick. Serve with rice.—AIDA.

STUFFED TOMATOES.—Cut a slice from the stem end of ripe tomatoes, remove the seeds, sprinkle each with a little sugar, and let them stand half an hour. Fill them with a mixture of fine, stale bread crumbs, minced onion, butter, salt and pepper, moisten slightly with hot water. Place in a baking dish, add a little boiling water, cover and cook thirty minutes. Remove cover, and brown before serving.—CLARA S. EVERETT.

ECONOMICAL ICE CREAM.—Three quarts of milk, three pints of cream, two eggs, two cupfuls of sugar, two tablespoonfuls of flour, not cornstarch. Beat whites and yolks of eggs together, add one quart of the milk and cook in the double-boiler. When hot, add the sugar with which the flour has been well mixed. Let cook twenty minutes, stirring steadily, so that it will be quite smooth. Cool, add the remainder of the milk, the cream, flavor and freeze. This is more work than if made from clear cream, but it is as good, costs less, keeps better, and makes six quarts.—MRS. E. L. WRIGHT.

FRENCH TOILET SOAP.—Shave a three-pound bar of best Castile soap into a porcelain kettle, add enough water to dissolve, let it stand over night, and melt it in the morning over a slow fire. Stir in one tablespoonful of soda and let it boil. Remove from the fire, and beat in one tablespoonful each of cocoanut, olive and almond oils, finest quality. Then add one teaspoonful each of spirits of nitre, camphor and ammonia. Beat well with egg-beater, and pour into molds. When firm and cold cut into cakes, but do not use till hard. The soap grows better with age, and is excellent for the face.—M. L.

Questions and Answers.

While questions from our readers are cheerfully answered, it is requested that only those of general interest be asked.

HOW can I clean light blue China silk without its fading?—W. H., Michigan. **TO CLEAN BLUE CHINA SILK.**—Wash according to directions given for cleaning Bedford cord cloak. Use an abundance of gasoline. After gasoline has evaporated, if the silk is hung in a strong draft of hot air, as over a register, any remaining odor will quickly be dissipated.

PLEASE send addresses of factories where I can get "Mill Remnants" of all varieties of cotton goods. What will restore the color to creamy silk gingham which has been lost through perspiration, and stained pink from the lining?—Mrs. D. C. H., Iowa.

MILL REMNANTS.—Since not near enough to carry away a small purchase yourself, and these mills do not ship except in large quantities, watch newspapers for notice of "mill remnant sales" that are advertised several times a year by prominent dry-goods firms in large places. * * * Nothing will restore color and take out stain caused by perspiration.

WHAT will remove dirt stains from white leather slippers? What polish should be used in coloring them?—F. A. C., Nebraska.

SLIPPERS.—Clean with gasoline, or a fluid made of one part ether and four parts turpentine. Apply with soft flannel, rubbing gently. Any polish, bronze or black, advertised in a reliable paper, will color them perfectly.

CAN you tell me how to make woolen goods waterproof?—B. A., Minnesota.

WATERPROOF CLOTH.—Manufacturers are not united as to a perfect formula, and cloth could not be treated on a small scale. The following recipe is said to render cloth less absorbent of water and dampness. Proportions: Two quarts of soft water. Dissolve one ounce of isinglass in one pint; one-quarter ounce of good soap in one pint; one ounce of alum in one quart. Strain, mix, and simmer for ten minutes. Brush over the cloth while hot. Give a second coat when dry, all on the reverse side. Ready for use in three days. If fabric is very thin, add a little glue and gum-arabic to the solution, and dip the cloth, not brush it.

WILL ordinary potash for sale at drug stores answer in making white laundry soap?—A Reader, North Dakota.

POTASH.—Any good potash, not crude, will do. Tell the druggist for what it is wanted.

WHAT is the correct attire for a bride-groom? Can a bride wear a veil at a high noon wedding? What are the duties of the best man? What are those of a maid of honor? Can all the attendants except the best man be girls?—M. P., Virginia.

CORRECT WEDDING DRESS.—Before six o'clock at night, the groom wears light trousers, a white or pearl-colored vest, and Prince Albert coat. After six, a dress suit is good form. A veil at a noon wedding is not customary.

The duties of the best man are attending to all matters of business connected with the wedding that fall to the lot of the groom, as arranging for the wedding, engaging carriages, attending to the musical features, procuring the license, settling all bills, the groom supplying him with the necessary funds.

The maid of honor attends the bride in the closest capacity, precedes her into church, draws off her glove, if gloves are worn; and lifts the veil from off her face before the bride turns to leave the church.

It is the privilege of the bride to decide upon the distinctive features of her own wedding, and all the attendants—bridesmaids and ushers may be young girls. One or more little girls scattering roses or other flowers before the bride increases the charm of the occasion.

BY what names are wedding anniversaries designated?—V. E. F., Minnesota.

WEDDING ANNIVERSARIES.—First, cotton; second, paper; third, leather; fifth, wooden; seventh, woolen; tenth, tin; twelfth, silk and fine linen; fifteenth, crystal; twentieth, china; twenty-fifth, silver; thirtieth, pearls; fortieth, rubies; fiftieth, gold; seventy-fifth, diamond.

I WOULD like a recipe for an "Allegretti" chocolate dressing for cakes.—Mrs. E. W., Minnesota.

BOIL a cupful of sugar and water until it threads. Beat and pour over the stiffly whipped whites of two eggs until the mixture is cold. Use flavor preferred. The mixture will be soft, firm, and keep well. Melt one-quarter of a pound of Baker's chocolate over hot—not boiling—water or in some place where it will not cook. It must be smooth. Stir in one-half of a teaspoonful of powdered gum arabic. Spread the white mixture thickly over the cake, then lay on a heavy cover of chocolate.

HOW can I start "mother" for vinegar?—Mrs. J. M. L., Montana.

Mother is a vinegar plant which forms through acetous fermentation. Set an open-mouthed jug, or a cask, of sweet cider in the sun, stretching gauze over the opening to keep out the dust. The temperature should not fall below 75 degrees Fahrenheit. The cider may be kept in a cellar at the temperature of 80 degrees. As a substitute for cider, take one and one-half pounds of moist brown sugar, a cupful of yeast, a gallon of water, a few crushed apples and raisins. Let them ferment, and pour off from the settings. "Mother" will form in each of these.

The Housekeeper's Tools.

By Mina Lawrence.

SINCE the introduction of asbestos into general use, it has been adapted to many household purposes. Asbestos mats, bound with tin and finished with a ring for hanging, are sold for ten cents. These are especially useful with gas or gasoline stoves, as they distribute the heat evenly over the bottom of a pan or kettle and prevent burning the food where the blaze comes into direct contact with the pan. They are also excellent to use with a coal or wood stove in cooking custards or anything containing a quantity of milk, as they effectually prevent scorching. Asbestos iron stands lie flat on the ironing table and do away with the constant lifting of the iron off and on the raised iron stands in general use. Holders are also made with asbestos lining which keeps the heat from the hand without the thickness required where cloth holders are used. A sheet of asbestos costs but little, and many useful articles may be made from it at home, such as the iron holders described, and also mats to slip under the table cloth to protect the dining table from hot dishes.

Among the new sad irons are those made in two parts—the iron proper which is placed on the stove to heat, and the detachable handle to which is fastened a cover or sheath is lined with asbestos, and this together with the air chamber formed, holds the heat of the iron so that it may be used much longer than usual without re-heating. Each set of these asbestos-covered irons has a small iron of the same style which is especially adapted to ironing shirt waists, and is a real treasure. These small irons may also be purchased separately, and every woman who has many shirt waists to iron should possess one.

Another new iron which is of especial convenience when one is sewing and needs a fire only in order to keep an iron hot for pressing is made in such a manner that it can be heated by connecting it with a gas jet, or, lacking the gas, by means of a small alcohol lamp which comes as a part of the iron. To heat, the iron is inverted, the iron stand being made in such a manner that it will hold the handle and keep the iron upright. The small lamp is swung to one side, a spoonful of alcohol or wood alcohol is poured upon a finely perforated screen and lighted. The lamp is then swung back into place in the iron and in a few minutes the alcohol has burned out and the iron is heated and ready for use.

The housekeeper whose kitchen is large and who often needs extra table space, will find it a good plan to buy a piece of white table oil cloth large enough to cover the ironing table, and throw it over it when through ironing. The oil cloth makes a good, clean place on which to set dishes, or for mixing and rolling biscuit or cookies, yet at a moment's notice it may be removed and the table is ready for ironing while the usual cover has been kept perfectly clean.

If you are troubled with flies, especially in a sick-room, try one of the wire fly killers. These are made from fine wires, in whisk-broom shape, but much smaller, and fastened to a light handle. They are used for striking the flies which settle upon the walls, and they seldom miss. They are light to handle, do not crush the fly against the wall, and are practically noiseless. It is this latter feature which commends them especially for use in a sick-room.

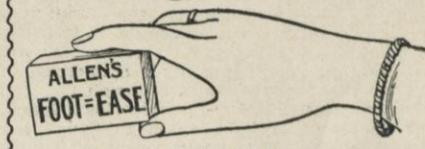
The nicest brush for walls is made from lamb's wool and mounted upon a long handle. This takes up all dust without letting it fly about the room, and it is light to handle. The brush can be washed with soap and warm water and comes out as fresh and clean as when new. The wool is in soft, long fibers, and the brush may also be used for taking up the dust from hardwood floors.

Every woman knows how hard it is to wipe window glass dry and to polish it so that there shall be no marks left from the cloth. One of the simplest contrivances for doing away with this work is the rubber window cleaner, or, more accurately, window drier. This consists of a strip of rubber set in a wooden band. After the window has been washed, this rubber edge is held close against the glass and drawn from the top to the bottom of the pane of glass. The water is wiped from the rubber with a cloth each time, until the entire pane has been gone over. The glass will be dry and bright, and the work is done in a fraction of the time required by the old method. The cleaners cost from twenty to twenty-five cents each, according to width, and one should last a long time if properly cared for.

It is a wonder that someone did not find a means of improving the ordinary dustpan long ago, but it has at length been done. The new dustpan has a long wire handle which can be taken hold of when the pan is on the floor, without stooping, and moved about at will. The handle stands upright and keeps the pan at the proper angle for receiving the dust. It can be pushed about with the foot or moved with the hand, and the user can sweep the dust into it while standing upright instead of making her head a receptacle for part of the dust. When the pan is not in use, the handle can be adjusted so that it will all hang close to the wall.

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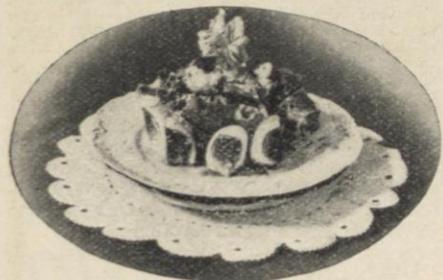
Some Delicious Summer Salads.

By Elizabeth W. Morrison.

WHO food is more appetizing or wholesome than a well-made salad, and during hot weather nothing is more welcome to the family or guest. For this season it is better to eliminate the heavy mixtures, which are reserved, on account of their abundance of fat, for the cooler seasons, although fish and fowls can be utilized for an occasional lunch. For successful salads, three dressings are necessary to be understood—the simple French, boiled cream and mayonnaise. The latter, being not so easily digested, is better for occasional use, for supper or luncheon



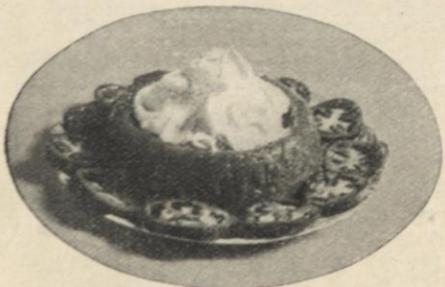
CREAM CHEESE AND CurrANT SALAD.



SHRIMP IN EGG CROWN SALAD.

when the other dishes are less likely to be heating. For everyday use the French dressing is to be preferred.

MAYONNAISE DRESSING.—Allow one large egg yolk to half a pint good olive oil, one-half teaspoonful salt, tiny speck of cayenne pepper and lemon juice as required. Have oil and egg thoroughly chilled; when ready to mix, stand a bowl with egg in chopped ice; drip oil onto yolk, whipping with an egg beater until smooth paste is formed; then add a few more drops of lemon juice; alternate the oil and juice, constantly whipping until the oil is used and a smooth paste, about the consistency of thick cream, is formed. Should it show a tendency to curdle in the process of making or become too thick, add a little of the egg-white beaten stiff. Should it still continue to show these tendencies, take another yolk and drop the curdled mayonnaise slowly onto it, while

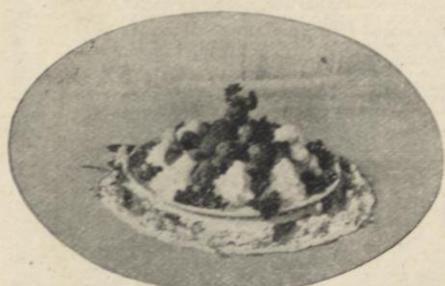


FRENCH VEGETABLE SALAD.

stirring constantly and rapidly. If the oil is stirred into the yolk thoroughly before more of the lemon juice is added, the curdling is not apt to occur.

FRENCH DRESSING.—The best grade of olive oil must be used, also, in this. The quantity given is sufficient for three people and can be repeated as many times as necessary for serving. For green salads mix this dressing at the table as, if allowed to stand any length of time, it is liable to separate. Rub a salad dish with a clove of garlic or slice of onion; put in one-quarter teaspoonful white pepper; scant half teaspoonful salt, three tablespoonsfuls olive oil, stir with a wooden spoon or spatula until salt is dissolved; then add one tablespoonful vinegar.

BOILED CREAM DRESSING.—Put into a granite basin two teaspoonfuls dry mustard, four teaspoonfuls salt, one-half teaspoon-



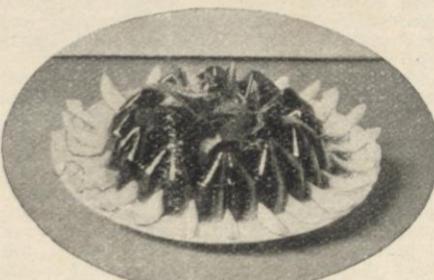
SALMON SALAD.

ful paprika, two tablespoonfuls sugar, four tablespoonfuls butter, three eggs, two cups milk or cream; the latter can be either sweet or sour; beat all together, then cook until quite thick; then add one cupful hot vinegar. It should be of the consistency of custard; if too thin, add one level tablespoonful cornstarch, wet with a little cold water; then re-cook. This amount makes about three pints; if it curdles during making, remove from fire and put dish into pan of ice, stirring the mixture vigorously until cool.

SHRIMP IN EGG CROWN.—Shell four hard boiled, cold eggs; cut a slice from large

end to allow the egg to stand upright, then cut into lengthwise halves, then quarters; dip large end into gelatin liquor and stand in circle on a flat dish. A bowl can be placed in center and removed when gelatin, which holds the eggs upright, has become firm. When ready to serve, place tender leaves of lettuce around inside and then shrimps and celery, mixed with boiled cream dressing, are heaped inside; some large shrimps and celery foliage garnish the top. Serve two quarters of eggs with each helping.

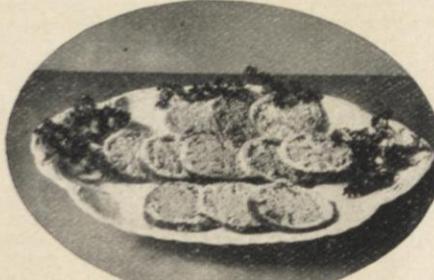
STUFFED TOMATOES.—Select smooth, firm well-shaped fruit; cut a slice from stem end and with pointed spoon remove the pulp, leaving wall unbroken. Grate two



MINT JELLY SALAD.

pared cucumbers, add to the tomato pulp with one teaspoonful celery salt, one-half teaspoonful white pepper, one tablespoonful chopped shallot (young onion); a teaspoonful mixed lobster for each tomato and fill tomatoes; set in ice. When ready to serve, place each in a little cup made of three lettuce leaves and place a spoonful of mayonnaise on top.

MINT JELLY SALAD.—Soak three-quarters box gelatin in one cupful cold water until soft; then pour over one pint lamb broth highly seasoned with salt, pepper and mint; stir until gelatin is dissolved; then pour into a border mold if one is possessed; set on ice to chill; when serving with cold lamb, dip the mold an instant in hot water; invert and the jelly will slip out unbroken; place a green bunch of mint in center and

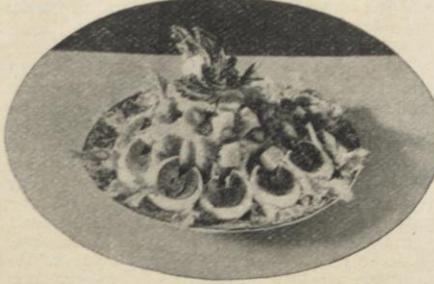


TOMATO AND VERMICELLI EGG SALAD.

sections of hard boiled egg whites on outer edge.

SLIced TOMATO, WITH VERMICELLI EGG SALAD.—Pour scalding hot water over ripe fruit, then plunge them into cold water. In this way the skins can be rubbed off, leaving the tomato smooth; cut into slices and arrange onto a chilled plate; sprinkle with French dressing and cover with hard-boiled yolks pressed through a sieve; garnish with green parsley or lettuce.

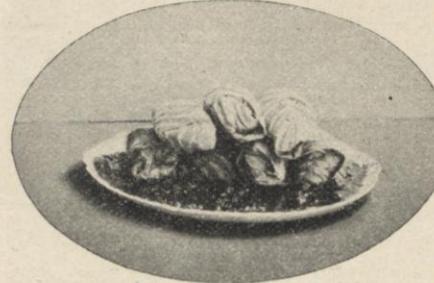
SIMPLE ASPARAGUS SALAD.—An excellent way to use left-over vegetables is to place the broken stalks underneath and cover with



POTATO SALAD.

perfect ones; pour over the French dressing and garnish with hard-boiled eggs.

POTATO SALAD.—Familiar as this dish is, it seldom appears at its best. To get the most satisfactory results, allow to each large potato one dessertspoonful of dressing and to each three potatoes allow one good-sized onion and three or four sprigs of parsley. Pare and boil the potatoes, when cooked and while warm cut into small cubes; mix with the onion and minced parsley. Heap onto a cold dish and stand for twelve hours in a cold place. When serving, arrange at base a circle of sliced eggs, from which clip a small wedge, which makes them more attractive. Garnish with celery foliage. The



HOLLAND SALAD.

pieces taken from the slices of egg can be mixed with the salad.

CREAM CHEESE SALAD.—For a dinner course this is delicious. Cut an inch-thick slice from cream cheese and place in a lettuce cup. At the base put a teaspoonful of the following dressing, then on top of cheese a dessertspoonful of Bar-le-Duc currants. Put one cupful of olive oil, juice of half a lemon, one-quarter teaspoonful salt, dash of paprika in a bowl set in pan of chopped ice; whip until stiff; set on ice until wanted to serve. Do not add egg to this salad dressing.

HOLLAND SALAD.—Mince cold veal to measure one pint; season with celery, parsley and enough mayonnaise to moisten; make one tablespoonful of this mixture into rolls; wrap each into a boiled cabbage leaf, secure

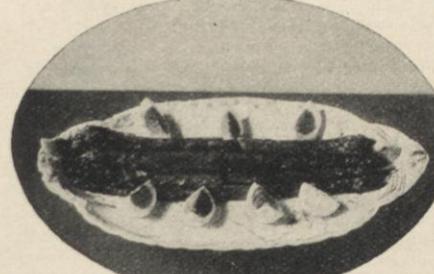


STUFFED TOMATOES.

with tiny skewers, arrange on plate and dress with preserved gooseberries.

FRENCH VEGETABLE SALAD.—Boil two-pound can tomatoes, six sprigs of parsley, one slice of onion, six peppercorns, eight cloves, blade of mace, for twenty minutes; strain and add while hot, one tablespoonful of vinegar, one teaspoonful of celery salt, one tablespoonful of gelatin softened in cold water; stir until gelatin is dissolved; set in pan of ice water and stir slowly until it begins to thicken, then add one grated cucumber, three large boiled artichokes cut into small cubes; turn into a border mold, set on ice to chill and become firm. When serving, unmold; arrange sliced tomatoes on outside and four tablespoonsfuls mayonnaise mixed with six tablespoonsfuls of whipped cream in center.

SALMON SALAD.—Flake one can of salmon and mix with minced parsley, celery and



SIMPLE ASPARAGUS SALAD.

grated cucumber; form dessertspoonfuls into balls; arrange onto a dish and place cream dressing about. For this salad take one-half cupful of boiled dressing and add one dessertspoonful of dissolved gelatin; stir this into the dressing and set on ice until firm; then whip with a fork until light.

ENDEIVE SALAD.—If the endive be wilted revive by setting the stalk in water (avoid wetting the leaves). Use the well-blanchend leaves only. Wipe these with a damp cloth. Just before serving dress with French dressing made with tarragon vinegar. Garnish with slices of radish and a whole radish cut to resemble a flower, or sprinkle with finely chopped tarragon leaves.



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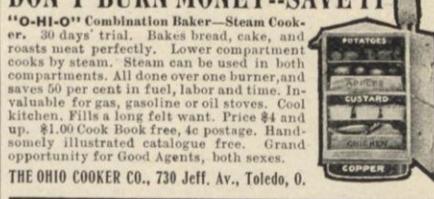
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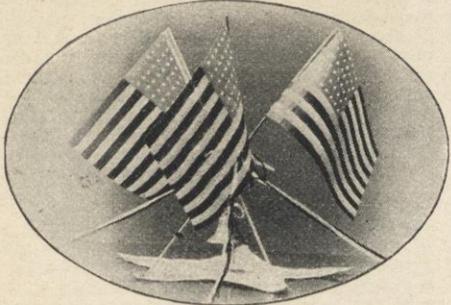
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A FOURTH OF JULY BREAKFAST PARTY.

By
Katherine E. Megee.

UNFORTUNATELY the anniversary of our country's birth comes at the season of the year when extra exertion, especially on the part of the already overburdened housewife, is shirked when possible. Yet there are many ways, simple in character and abounding in pleasant features, of marking the day in a distinctive manner, that do not unduly tax the strength of the entertainer. One of the most agreeable of these is the out-of-door breakfast party. At such a func-



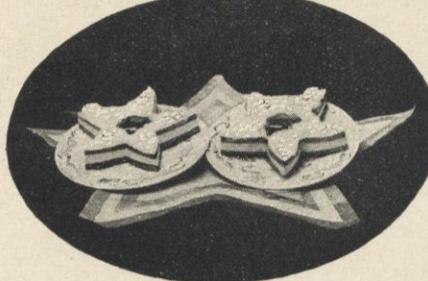
CENTERPIECE FOR FOURTH OF JULY BREAKFAST PARTY

tion last summer, the hostess received her guests on the porch, which by means of rugs, chairs, ferns, palms, and an artistic arrangement of flags and red, white, and blue bunting had been converted into a charming reception room.

The hour appointed for serving breakfast was eight-thirty, while the air was still fresh and invigorating. (A formal breakfast may be deferred as late as twelve-thirty.) The table was spread on the lawn in the shade of some wide spreading maples.

The Table Decoration.

At this breakfast the table was laid without a cloth. In the center was a large red, white, and blue star-shaped doily of lace paper. One of the same pattern and color, though smaller, marked the individual places. On the center doily were three silk flags arranged tripod fashion and tied together with red, white, and blue ribbons that radiated from it to the individual doilies and terminated in a boutonniere of blue cornflowers, red and white rosebuds. A small Liberty Bell was suspended from the tri-



SHIRRED EGGS IN STAR CASES.

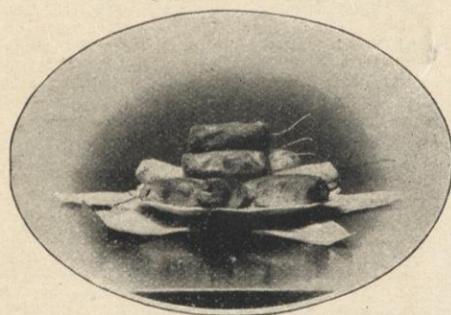
stuffing, the peppers were stood up in a baking pan, basted well with melted butter, lightly dredged with flour and placed in the oven. As the baking proceeded they were frequently basted with hot water and butter.

The frills for the chops were of red, white, and blue paper and imparted quite a festive air to an otherwise plain dish.

The sherbet was served in punch glasses, and in the top of each helping was a flag of spun sugar. The cakes were of the small variety cut out with a star cutter and appropriately iced.

FISH CROQUETTES.—Season four cupfuls of boiled or baked fish with two teaspoonsful of Worcestershire sauce, a dash of cayenne and a sprinkling of grated nutmeg; then bind together with a cream sauce made of one cupful milk, two tablespoonfuls each of flour and butter with salt and white pepper to season to taste. When the mixture is cold, mold into fire-cracker shapes, dip in beaten egg and fry in deep boiling fat. Stick a bit of wire in one end of each croquette to simulate a fuse.

HAM CANAPES.—Spread rounds of bread with grated ham, dress with mayonnaise and garnish the top of each round with a star cut from aspic jelly, or from blood-red beets.

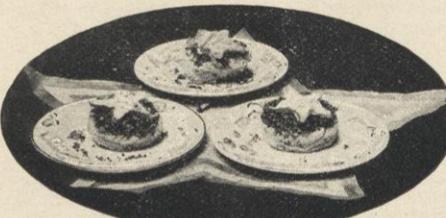


FIRE CRACKER CROQUETTES.

pod of flags. Around the edge of the table was a ruffle of red, white, and blue crepe paper with rosettes and streamers at the corners. The effect of this appropriate yet exceedingly simple decoration was very charming and elicited many compliments from the guests. Anything more elaborate would have been out of keeping with the hour and meal.

A Sample Menu.

As to the dishes suitable for such an occasion and the order in which they should be served, the following menu will admit of variations to suit individual preferences and is given merely as a suggestion:



HAM CANAPES.

SHIRRED EGGS.—Butter a baking dish and break into it a sufficient number of eggs; pour over each a tablespoonful of rich milk or cream. Stand the dish in the oven until the whites are set, then sprinkle lightly with salt and white pepper, and serve in paper cases.

Some Pleasant Summer Drinks.

By Mary Foster Snider.

Fruit acids form the pleasantest and safest of all summer drinks, and may be prepared in various delightful ways with comparatively little trouble. Some of the most pleasing are the following:

Lemon Syrup.

Squeeze the juice from twelve lemons, add to it the grated yellow rind of six, and allow to stand over night. In the morning take six pounds of loaf sugar and add to it just enough water to make it into a thick syrup, let it boil until rich and thick, then set aside until cool. Strain in the lemon juice, pressing the oil from the grated rind. Bottle and cork tightly. Add one or two tablespoonfuls to each glass of iced water.

Queen's Nectar.

Pare the thin yellow rind from three lemons, and add to it two quarts of boiling water and two pints of granulated sugar. Stir until the sugar is dissolved, then cool; add the juice of the lemons, one pound of seeded and chopped raisins, a few chopped figs and six quarts of water. Allow to stand for five days, stirring twice each day; then strain into bottles and cork tightly.

Raspberry Syrup.

To each pint of strained raspberry juice add one pound of granulated sugar. Let it stand over night. In the morning boil it ten minutes, and bottle. Two or three spoonfuls in a glass of cold water will make a delicious drink.

Raspberry Vinegar.

Select fine, ripe, red raspberries; place them in a bowl, and pour over an equal measure of vinegar. Let stand twenty-four hours, then strain this quantity over another quart of the raspberries, and let stand another day. Repeat this for four days, then strain. Make very sweet, bottle, and seal.

Creole Syllabub.

Into two quarts of rich, sweet milk pour one-half pint of strawberry juice, sugar to make quite sweet, and a little lemon juice or rosewater for flavoring. Beat to a froth with an egg beater and set on ice until time to serve. Just before serving, stir in one pint of bleached and pounded almonds that have been soaking in orange juice. Serve in small glasses.

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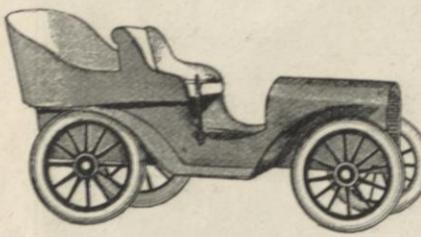
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HELPFUL HINTS FOR THE BUSY HOUSEWIFE.

Contributed by Readers of The Housekeeper.

WHITE SOAP.—Five pounds of clarified fat; one pound of potash; one tablespoonful of powdered borax, one quart of cold, soft water. Put the potash in an earthen jar, pour the water over it, and add the borax. Let stand until perfectly cold, which will require two hours, as it heats. Melt the fat, cool in a granite vessel until it will not run, pour over it the potash in a thin stream, stirring constantly, and for ten minutes after it has mixed. It should look thick andropy. Empty into a box three or four inches deep, and after it has stood a few hours, cut into bars of convenient size. As the soap is soft, it should not be handled for two days. It will be white then and ready for use. It is excellent soap for all laundry and cleaning purposes, and it will not shrink in drying, as soap will where larger quantities of fat and water are used.—MARY MORTAXAN, OHIO.

STOVE POLISH.—Mix the polish with turpentine instead of water or gasoline, to keep the range or stove looking as bright as new. Turpentine will prevent the polish from crumbling also. Apply only twice a year, if good care is taken of the stove, but every morning after the sweeping is over and the dust settled, dust well and rub hard with dry cloths kept for that purpose. My fifteen-year-old range looks as fresh as when first bought.—MRS. J. E., KANSAS.

DAIRY HELPS.—Use two brushes, one with round the other with square corners, instead of cloths, for cleaning dairy utensils. It takes less time and strength and does the work better. With practice, one can put a many-pieced separator through three waters and wipe, in twenty minutes. Have the chill taken from the first water and rinse off the milk from the articles. Then use a good hot suds, with sal-soda in the water, and here the brushes come into use. Scald and wipe dry. Good soap is as important for washing dairy utensils as good salt is necessary for salting the butter. * * * Salt the butter in the churn (a barrel churn where butter is made in granules is best), as the salt is more easily distributed and there are no streaks or mottled butter, while less working is required, and the grain of butter is not injured. * * * Ripening of cream is a necessary lesson to learn, for if not done right the butter tells the story. In cool weather this is difficult, unless one has conveniences for doing it. Make a starter by taking sweet milk, bringing it up to a temperature of 85 or 90 degrees, keeping it warm until soured. Then mix into the cream, stirring often, and when well ripened the cream will look like satin or velvet. * * * Thermometer: This is a necessity in the dairy, as the cream from different breeds of cows requires different temperatures. Cream from Jersey cows can be churned at much lower temperature than that from any other breed I know of. The usual degree is 62, but I have often churned at 56 degrees, and even lower with Jersey cream, 58 degrees being the temperature where best results are obtained, with less butter-fat left in the buttermilk. * * * When rolling butter in parchment paper, if the paper is wet first in cold water it will not stick to the butter.—MRS. EDITH F. C. JOHNSON, KANSAS.

SUBSTITUTE FOR LINOLEUM.—The foundation is a clean old rag carpet, no matter how old or pieced, provided it covers the floor. Lay down, stretch and tack as if it were simply to be a carpet. Or, sew burlap together, and treat as a rag carpet. Then make a bucket of flour paste and, with a brush or old broom, saturate the carpet, so that it is evenly filled. Let it dry, which will require twenty-four hours or more. Buy a bucket of floor paint—brownish yellow will not show dust easily—and paint the carpet once. Let it dry, then give it a second coat, and no one would suspect that it was not plain linoleum. It will wear for years, can be scrubbed or washed when necessary, and another coat of paint will make it as good as new when it begins to show signs of wear. It is a big improvement over rag carpet, since it will not hold dust, and can be scrubbed.—ALTA A. HICKS, IOWA.

TO REMEDY A BURNT OR SCORCHED TASTE IN FOOD.—Remove the cover from the utensil in which the food is cooking, being careful not to disturb the food, and set the dish immediately into plenty of cold water, leaving it there until the food is almost cold. Then remove the upper part of the food with great care, to avoid disturbing the burnt under portion, to a fresh vessel, and continue cooking. Unless very badly burned, no unpleasant taste can be detected.—O. M. L., CALIFORNIA.

USE OF "TURO."—Better than an egg-beater even for preventing the formation of lumps in mush is the turo of the Scandinavians. A four-pronged one, such as mine, is easily made by any one with the least bit of knowledge of carpentry. Get two strips of wood, four inches long, one and one-half wide, and not quite one-half inch thick. (These two last dimensions pertain to the middle or widest part.) Plane and sandpaper until smooth, and taper off until each end becomes quite a sharp point. Form a cross of the pieces, and bore a hole in the center for a wooden handle to be inserted. The best turos have the points turned up or curved, resembling the ends of a canoe, but a straight cross is useful. In using the turo, sift the flour or meal into the boiling water or milk with one hand, while stirring with the other. After all the flour is in, take both hands, roll the handle between the palms, and stir well. No paste is necessary, and all danger of lumps is avoided.—J. O. H., MINNESOTA.

PACKING EGGS FOR SALE.—It must be done on a large scale for profit. Begin in August or September to save for February market. There must be a storehouse for the eggs. Build a room about 16 x 20 feet, and 10 feet high. The size depends upon the number of dozen eggs you expect to put down. Place a large stone or cement block under each corner to allow for 18 inches space between the floor and the ground, which must be graded sufficiently to leave no opportunity for water or impurities to gather underneath the building. Lay a double matched floor, and make the walls inside and out of matched siding. Do not put in any windows, for the room must be perfectly dark, but allow a four-inch square ventilating hole at the top

cook peel until it can be pierced with a straw. Make a syrup, allowing one pound of sugar to one pound of peel, and cook the peel in it fifteen minutes. Put in jars. In the fall, take out the peel, dry on plates, and use the syrup in mince-meat.—MRS. J. L. T., VIRGINIA.

SUBSTITUTE FOR CITRON.—When watermelons are eaten, cut the green rind from the white portion, and put the white rind into brine—it will keep for months in brine. To prepare, soak out the salt, green with a little alum, soak out the alum, and cook in strong ginger-tea for fifteen minutes. Take out, add a pound of sugar to every pound of rind, return rind to syrup, boil until clear. Keep in large open-mouthed jars, so as to prevent the pieces breaking when wanted to take out and dry in the fall. After drying, keep in closed jars. If liked, a little stick cinnamon, a few cloves or allspice, may be added to the melon while it is cooking.—MRS. J. L. T., VIRGINIA.

HOME-MADE CLOTHES RACK.—Take two pieces of smooth board forty-eight inches long and six inches wide. Saw one corner from both ends, but both from the same side, and have both pieces the same size. Shape the sawed ends like wooden brackets, so they can be nailed to the wall. Nail four narrow slats, thirty-six inches long, to the shorter sides, very much like a sled. Fasten to the wall close to the ceiling, unless it is very high. This gives a chance to hang a double blanket by folding once lengthwise, and it is out of the way. Small hooks may be screwed to the sides for airing wrappers or shirt waists. By nailing an extra slat on top and bottom, the rack can be hung on two stout hooks. A small rack, made from broomsticks or curtain rollers, is useful in the pantry for kitchen towels. Two pieces can be made from a broomstick. Bore holes in the side pieces and slip rods into them, instead of nailing on. * * * An extra shelf can be added to an old-fashioned light-stand, by procuring a piece of canvas the color of the wood, cutting it a few inches larger than the stand top. Ravel the edge until the middle is the size of the space inclosed by the legs. Nearly half way to the floor, tie the canvas securely to the legs by ribbons fastened to the corners of the canvas, and drive in a tack to prevent them from slipping. This canvas is better than a wooden shelf, as it sags enough to hold spoons or balls of yarn or cotton safely.—SISTER BEE, MAINE.

AN IMPROVISED CISTERNS.—If you have a large cellar under the kitchen without a cistern, secure several gasoline barrels with the heads in. Make a hole through the head of one to put the pump pipe through, and place it in the cellar directly under the kitchen sink. Drill a hole near the bottoms of the barrels and connect them with a small galvanized pipe. Have the eaves trough brought through the cellar wall, and put into one barrel, and the cistern is finished. A water-tight tank could be made, and would be better than the barrels and easier to clean. It would have to have a tight-fitting cover, to prevent dampness from escaping into the cellar.—MRS. D., IOWA.

TO REMEDY A BURNT OR SCORCHED TASTE IN FOOD.—Remove the cover from the utensil in which the food is cooking, being careful not to disturb the food, and set the dish immediately into plenty of cold water, leaving it there until the food is almost cold. Then remove the upper part of the food with great care, to avoid disturbing the burnt under portion, to a fresh vessel, and continue cooking. Unless very badly burned, no unpleasant taste can be detected.—O. M. L., CALIFORNIA.

USE OF "TURO."—Better than an egg-beater even for preventing the formation of lumps in mush is the turo of the Scandinavians. A four-pronged one, such as mine, is easily made by any one with the least bit of knowledge of carpentry. Get two strips of wood, four inches long, one and one-half wide, and not quite one-half inch thick. (These two last dimensions pertain to the middle or widest part.) Plane and sandpaper until smooth, and taper off until each end becomes quite a sharp point. Form a cross of the pieces, and bore a hole in the center for a wooden handle to be inserted. The best turos have the points turned up or curved, resembling the ends of a canoe, but a straight cross is useful. In using the turo, sift the flour or meal into the boiling water or milk with one hand, while stirring with the other. After all the flour is in, take both hands, roll the handle between the palms, and stir well. No paste is necessary, and all danger of lumps is avoided.—J. O. H., MINNESOTA.

PACKING EGGS FOR SALE.—It must be done on a large scale for profit. Begin in August or September to save for February market. There must be a storehouse for the eggs. Build a room about 16 x 20 feet, and 10 feet high. The size depends upon the number of dozen eggs you expect to put down. Place a large stone or cement block under each corner to allow for 18 inches space between the floor and the ground, which must be graded sufficiently to leave no opportunity for water or impurities to gather underneath the building. Lay a double matched floor, and make the walls inside and out of matched siding. Do not put in any windows, for the room must be perfectly dark, but allow a four-inch square ventilating hole at the top

of the room. Make the door in the south side of the building, and put a small heating stove in the center of the room, for use in severe winter weather. Pack the eggs in barrels holding 32 gallons, and leave space between each, and between them and the walls, to allow for circulation of air and heat, as well as for convenience in moving about the room. To prepare the eggs for packing, melt a large kettle of lard, place about four dozen of eggs at a time in a thin cloth sack, and dip them into the grease. It must not be so hot that they cannot remain in it long enough for the lard to soak in. Take from the sack, pack in the barrel, and as soon as it is filled to within two inches of the top, cover with cold brine, allowing four pounds of salt to five gallons of water, in making the brine. Cover first with a linen cloth, and then a tight cover. In winter the temperature should be kept at "Temperate." You will find eggs in fine condition to repack for market. This method is used by a successful dealer.—MR. C. M., MICHIGAN.

TO CAN CHERRIES.—This method prevents the "strong" taste, so disliked by many. After pitting the cherries, put in a porcelain- or granite-lined kettle, and let come to a boil. In another kettle, make a clear syrup of a little less than the usual amount of sugar and water. When the cherries come to a boil skim them out into the syrup. When again boiling, can and seal in the usual manner. They will be a clear, luscious red, and pleasant to taste. Strain the syrup as for jelly, boil down one-half, add sugar, boil, bottle, and use for a summer drink, sauces, mince-meat or ice cream.—MRS. J. L. E., WISCONSIN.

A REFRESHING BEVERAGE.—Buttermilk is said by food scientists to contain all the elements needed to nourish the body, excepting that of fat. By adding one-third of a cupful of sugar to a quart of buttermilk, an ideal liquid food is produced, and most refreshing drink for outdoor laborers. * * * Apples are less likely to burn, if sugar and spices are added when nearly done. * * * If lemon extract is used in the frosting and the flavoring of cocoanut cake, the oily taste of the cocoanut is covered, and the two flavors blend well. * * * To relieve the rush of blood to the head after use of bath cabinet, plunge the feet into very cold water for an instant. This cools them for a moment, but the reaction sets in at once which relieves the head.—MRS. E. H., ILLINOIS.

CURE FOR FELON.—Spread pine tar on a strip of cotton cloth and apply to the affected part. Keep the felon well plastered with the pine tar till cured. Drug stores keep this remedy. * * * To destroy unpleasant odors, boil spiced vinegar in the room for twenty or thirty minutes. All disagreeable odors will disappear, and a delightful and invigorating fragrance fill the place. M. O. M., ARKANSAS.

SOME TRIED RECIPES.**Marigold Cakes.**

Cream one-quarter cup butter, add gradually one-half cup sugar and beat the yolks of five eggs until thick and lemon-colored; add one teaspoonful of orange extract; sift seven-eighths cup flour with one and one-half teaspoons baking powder, add alternately to first mixture with one-quarter cup water or milk; add one-half cup hickory nut meats finely chopped and bake in the smallest individual fluted tins. Decorate with orange frosting and strips of crystallized orange peel.

Rice Croquettes with Raspberries.

Cook a cupful of blanched rice with salt, in three cupfuls of milk until tender and dry; add three egg yolks, a quarter of a cupful each of butter, sugar, whipped cream, and candied orange peel shredded fine. When cool, form into peach shape, egg-and-bread-crumb, and fry in deep fat. Serve with raspberries dressed with sugar or cold syrup.

Watermelon Pickles.

For eight pounds of rind, take four pounds of light brown sugar, three pints of pure cider vinegar, one cupful following mixed whole spices: Cinnamon, broken into pieces; cassia buds, mustard seed, allspice and cloves, using less of the last two spices than the former. Tie spices in piece of cheese cloth, and simmer in vinegar and sugar twenty minutes. Skim syrup, if necessary, and pour over rind. Cook slowly fifteen minutes, or until rind is tender when pierced with a straw.

Corn Bread.

Two cupfuls of sour milk, two tablespoonsfuls each of sugar and flour, one teaspoonful of soda, one egg, a little salt, and corn meal enough to make a thin batter. Bake in a quick oven.

Loaf, Layer or Gem Cake.

Two cupfuls of flour, one cupful of sugar, two teaspoonsfuls of baking powder. Stir together dry, add salt, nutmeg, or lemon extract, and enough sweet cream to make a medium batter. For filling stir a little cornstarch and sugar (mixed dry) into boiling water, cook till clear and add flavor.

Boston Cream Taffy.

Two teacupfuls of granulated sugar, one tablespoonful of vinegar, one cupful of cold water and two tablespoonfuls of cream of tartar. Boil till it snaps when tested in cold water, then add one teaspoonful of extract, pour out on a buttered dish, and when cool enough to work pull till white. Don't disturb it while cooling.

HOME TALKS AND COUNCIL FOR MOTHERS

BY ELIZABETH
LORD CONDIT.

A SHORT-ORDER MENU.

LAST summer I was compelled to leave home suddenly for an indefinite absence, and my two young daughters had to assume the housework for a family of five, with "company" likely to drop in at any time. The girls were sure that they could manage the regular work, but questioned what they should do when company came at meal-time.

I took a note-book and made out a list of the various articles of diet which are always kept on hand on a large farm; of the different canned fruits, pickles and preserves in the cellar, and vegetables in the garden. I added a list of groceries to be kept in stock; also of puddings and fancy dishes easily and quickly made, with different kinds of biscuits, muffins, gems, etc., in case the bread supply was low. The list read somewhat after this fashion:

Potatoes—In jackets, fried, mashed, creamed. Tomatoes—Soup, creamed, cooked with bread, sliced raw. Apples—Stewed, fried, baked, canned or preserved. Each article was enumerated in this way, but in tabulated form, so that when there was demand for an extra meal, the girls would know what reserves were at hand, and what dish could be most easily and speedily prepared. As there was to be a picnic during my absence, a complete menu was made out for that. The girls read the list, then breathed a great sigh of relief. "Now, unexpected company will not worry us," they said.

During the two months I was gone, they entertained two college presidents, one college professor, several ministers, four girl friends from town who stayed ten days, beside local visitors; and their list helped them to serve tasty and creditable meals on short notice, and also to have a good variety at their regular meals. It has occurred to me that such a plan as this would be of great value to young and inexperienced housekeepers, so I pass it on for their benefit.

MARY MCRAE COLTER.

Colorado.

CLASS IN PLAIN SEWING.

MANY a woman unable to leave home may earn a considerable sum by teaching plain sewing, as mothers, nowadays, frequently find little time to instruct their daughters in this very essential accomplishment. The first thing necessary is to make an outline of the work to be taught, then arrange for pupils of equal ability to begin a course of twelve lessons.

Commence with teaching the use of scissors, thimble, and properly knotting the thread. On strips of muslin about twelve inches long, mark dots with red ink where stitches are to be made. Begin with five stitches an inch, and increase the number till twenty or more can be run in that space. Then, with overhanding, hemming, and filling, make short marks instead of the dots, to give the proper slant.

Continue with binding, facing, ruffling, darning, buttonhole-making, hemstitching, cat-stitching, and graduate, if possible, in teaching how to run the sewing machine. Keep specimens of each lesson's work in a sewing book made of leaves of any strong paper. Review each lesson, and give only one subject at a lesson. Give practice work to be done at home. Enliven the lesson hour by a five-minute recitation, and with some good physical culture exercise to rest the muscles.

A class of ten is a good size. Each one must receive individual attention. One lesson a week is often enough for girls under ten; older ones may take two. The course should bring five dollars (\$5.00) a pupil. A good teacher of plain sewing may feel that while she is doing something to help herself she is conferring a blessing upon the rising generation, in that they are learning usefulness in a form that has become rare in these strenuous times.

L. G. S.

AUNT HELEN'S BIRTHDAY.

DEAR AUNT HELEN had been an invalid since she lost the use of her limbs in a dreadful runaway, but she was such a sweet, happy Christian that her room was a haven of rest and blessing to others. When her fiftieth birthday came, we decided to celebrate it by a surprise, inviting in our pastor, his wife, and two dear friends to take luncheon with her. Tom, a big school boy, and Ruth, two years older, decorated the rooms with roses and violets from the garden; and ferns, vines and moss from the woods. Mother and Ruth prepared a luncheon of broiled chicken, mashed potatoes, French beans, salad (celery, nuts and apples, with a French dressing), strawberries, ice-cream, cake and coffee. Crimson and white roses were the table decorations, and fifty little candles surrounded the cake.

Early in the afternoon the guests arrived, and then we all went to Aunt Helen's room carrying our gifts. They were a writing desk that could be used on the lap or screwed to the chair, a soft gray wrapper with lavender trimmings, a gray silk kimona with pink lining and white bands, a book, a box of "Comfort Powders," a box of note paper, a fern, an exquisite woodland picture, and a box of candy. Then Father wheeled Aunt Helen into the dining-room, and she asked the blessing herself. An hour was spent after

luncheon in visiting and listening to music and then Aunt Helen's surprise, which had been a complete and a happy one, came to an end.

BESSIE JOHNSON.

IN THE COZY CORNER.

I WANT to tell overworked mothers or tired out housekeepers that, if they have a washing on hand, using a double quantity of soap will make the work of washing much easier. Some may call that extravagant; but I believe that if five cents' worth of soap will save hours of work it is good economy. I have taken THE HOUSEKEEPER seven years, and have always found much in it helpful for the home. There have been good things in "Mothers' Council," and other departments, but I have missed the Social Chit-Chat. (Perhaps the "Cozy Corner" will prove as good for confidences.—Ed.)—Mrs. E. J. Barye, Iowa.

I DON'T believe in showing off children to visitors. It is apt to make the children vain; and, as it is possible that our estimate of their brilliancy is not shared by our friends, the process becomes tedious to outsiders. Neither do I believe in permitting strangers, under any circumstances, at home or abroad, to tease a child "just for fun," or for any reason. The angry answers may be amusing to the tormentor, but the practice often works irreparable injury to the child. When this tendency is discovered in a visitor, send the child quietly but firmly from the room, and say afterward that children are apt to be annoying when they talk too much, if you do not want to speak frankly to the troublesome party. Unless it is absolutely unavoidable, and that is rarely the case, never reprove a child in the presence of others. It injures his feeling of self-respect (which is a serious matter) and it is also a trial to those who are present. The mother may find it necessary to give a timely admonition, but she should do it pleasantly and with as little appearance of so doing as possible; while reproof and correction belong to a private interview with the child.—Helen Grey, Kansas.

I AM glad to say that it will be fifteen years this summer since I began taking THE HOUSEKEEPER, and the few numbers that I have missed in that time have been the result of change of location. Somehow, I never think of not taking it. It does not seem as if I ever could keep house without THE HOUSEKEEPER. It has helped me in so many ways that I want to make some return, and tell those whose pocketbooks are never over full a few of the things I have learned. It may be that I found out how to clean window shades in THE HOUSEKEEPER years ago. When the shades are worn, soiled or faded, remove from the rollers by taking out the tacks with a machine screw-driver. Trim the bright, clean end, make a long stitch on the machine, and hem. Tack the lower end on the roller, wipe off the shade thoroughly, and, as the soiled part is always rolled up in the day, and is not noticeable at night, the effect is of new shades. An Iowa friend takes out her dining-room windows every summer, thus saving work as well as ensuring plenty of fresh air for the family. The full length screens keep out all flies and insects. When the knees in my boy's stocking are badly worn, I cut off the foot, draw the hole nicely and smoothly together, and sew the leg back to the foot with the worn place under the knee. He has a good pair of stockings for many days. My boy's help in the housework, and I make them aprons of brown denim exactly like a butcher's, and they don't think it half so girlish as wearing one made like their sister's. An excellent way to break up the boastful spirit which occasionally prevails among children—or, as our children express it, "crowing"—is to make the one who does the crowing over another do that other's work.—Lina M. Low, Illinois.

I WANT to say I am so glad that we are going to have our corner again. You may be sure we will all come flocking back, and there will be such a chatter as will upset the dignity of the fine new house. But something like this is to be expected in a family re-union, especially where there is such a large family, with not a small sprinkling of grandchildren. Nineteen years ago the first number of THE HOUSEKEEPER entered my home. It has been a regular visitor since, excepting when in changing about I have missed numbers. My boy, then only seven, is a tall, handsome man. My baby Grace, dead many years, would be a woman now. Is it any wonder that THE HOUSEKEEPER comes into our homes like a member of the family, to soothe, to cheer, to help, and to receive our confidences, as sisters, one to the other? Oh, the old harness is settling on my shoulders, but with my eyes fixed on the space allotted to us, I will just shake hands. Well, I have not even time to do that there are so many of us—but you all know my heart is in the right place—so I am yours sincerely, as of old (I sign my whole name now).—Monnie Moore Latham, Wichita, Kan.

INSURANCE FOR WOMEN

BY KATHERINE LOUISE SMITH.

PROMINENT judge stated recently that half of the women who held money either through gift or by saving lost the bulk of it in a few years through ill-advised investments. This is a sad state of affairs that nothing but knowledge of business methods can obviate. Woman is not necessarily to blame. Until of late she has depended on others. All the avenues of trade have not been open to her and custom has withheld from her knowledge that men far below her in intellect possess. Fortunately this era is passing. She now shares the world equally with men. She is engaged in many occupations. She not only often supports herself, but frequently has others dependent on her. In fact she is an important factor in the financial world, either as a bread-winner or as a holder of property which ought to be properly invested. No one will dispute this. On the other hand, will any one deny that to-day, with her new-found freedom, woman has much to learn concerning business methods if she is to retain her hold in the world that she has entered?

As a matter of fact, the ignorance of the average woman is alarming. Many a woman, the owner of bank stock, mortgages or perhaps small savings, will sign her name to a paper without looking at it, and sweep away with a few strokes of the pen what represents years of toil. To face want, endure hardship, lose the property of those depending on them, is a tragedy many women have experienced. For long and weary years woman has struggled for her "rights." Now that she has them, she must learn what to do with them and to take advantage of the laws in personal estate which have been so greatly modified in her favor. The field has widened, but with it have come new responsibilities. Two of these are saving and proper investment of money.

Woman's Best Friend.

For the woman who has these to consider, there is nothing better than good life insurance. Some one has said that "insurance is assurance," and this is undoubtedly the fact if a responsible company is selected. Woman has no better friend. She is rarely situated so that she can obtain safe and interest-producing securities. Loans upon real estate sometimes turn into unproductive property, for she may be obliged to take the property to secure herself, but a policy not only returns the face of the policy, but better interest and at the same time affords protection.

One of the marked advantages of a life insurance policy is the enforced saving it demands. With some policies a woman may, by a small saving each year, for a period of ten years or so, place herself beyond the accident of dependence. For this reason it is invaluable to the self-supporting woman, the woman with moderate means and the rich woman. Formerly women could not be insured upon the same terms as men, but to-day in most companies they have equal privileges, no extra rate being charged to cover the supposed extra physical hazard.

Good life insurance is not a risk. The mortality tables on which the business is based are the result of hundreds of years of experience. Another guarantee is the fact that the laws of the different states require companies to file annually statements of their financial condition.

Plan of Procedure.

When a woman desires insurance she makes application upon a printed form furnished by the company. It is intended that this form when properly filled out and accompanied by the report of the medical advisor shall enable the company to decide whether or not the applicant is a desirable "risk," for the family history, residence and occupation are taken into account as well as physical condition. Every woman ought to be concerned about her future—about that time when, if unmarried, she may be unable to work, through advanced age or illness, and if married she may need savings that will give her more comforts. There is a form of insurance that fits this case. It is called the endowment policy, and not only provides for dependent ones in case of death, but guarantees the payment of the policy at the end of ten, fifteen or twenty years, if the insured lives. More than this, at the time of maturity there will be paid to the policy holder, if living, the surplus or dividends, as well as the full face, and for this she has paid out but a small sum each year. To the woman de-

pendent upon her own exertion for a livelihood this form of policy is excellent, for the setting aside of a small amount of money each year will not burden her and she will feel the comfort of a thousand or more dollars when she is fifty.

The Endowment Policy.

This endowment policy comes in different forms, so that it can be suited to requirements. When it matures the whole or part of the amount can, if desired, be used in purchasing an annuity, and there are other valuable privileges accorded by some companies. An illustration of the endowment policy has recently come to the writer's notice. A number of years ago, a teacher invested in such a policy and real estate at the same time. Within the past year her policy has matured, giving her the amount she invested and several hundred dollars over. Her real estate was disposed of at a loss. It is true she might have made instead of lost in the last transaction, but women with small means cannot take risks. Thousands of women are availing themselves of this form of policy, which is popular among teachers, stenographers, dressmakers, married women and especially among the young who are anxious to gain a sum for themselves if they live or provide for some loved one at death. The rich woman also likes this form of policy, for wealth cannot be guaranteed. Dependency in old age is something we all shrink from, yet not a woman but can point out among her friends, dozens who in the vicissitudes of life have dropped from luxury to moderate or straightened circumstances.

The Gold Bond Policy.

Another attractive policy is called the gold bond policy. This differs from other insurance contracts in that when it becomes a claim the beneficiary receives bonds in payment instead of cash. Each bond is made out for a thousand dollars, and attached to it are coupons payable at a certain time. When these coupons are paid up, the beneficiary obtains the principal in addition. For instance, a daughter insures in favor of her mother. She takes out a five per cent gold bond for one thousand dollars. When she dies her mother receives twenty-five dollars every January and July for twenty years and at the end of that time she gets one thousand dollars. The same plan can be obtained in the endowment policy, and the bonds save the necessity for reinvestment.

Of course it is only by keeping the premiums or dues paid that the largest returns will accrue to the holder, but there are now provisions made where the person who discontinues payment after a certain number of years may have in some form the equity value of the premiums already paid. This has arisen from necessity, but the woman who starts in to pay premiums is very unwise to let them lapse. Other favorable features to insurance policies are that in most states they are non-taxable and cannot be collected to pay debts. Again, they can be used as collateral if one wishes to borrow money either from the company in which the insurance is taken or from other sources. Everything in life insurance is the result of evolution. Great changes have taken place in the forms of policies though all are based on the same tables. To none do these changes appeal more forcibly than to women. They open the way to save, accumulate and to reap independence for self and others.

In these enlightened days there is scarcely need to say anything regarding how men are benefited by insurance. Everybody is aware that no safer repository for savings exists than insurance in reliable companies. But there is another side to insurance rather than the investment feature. It is that of protection. For the father of a growing family to neglect insuring his life in favor of those dependent upon him, is little short of criminal. A small sum each year will guarantee to his family, in the event of his taking-off, if not an independence, at least an amount sufficient to ward off immediate want and to enable the children to secure the education to earn their own livelihood. An endowment policy in some good company is an excellent thing for the head of a family, since it is probable that he will live to reap the benefit of his savings thus invested; and if not, his family will be well provided for. From every standpoint insurance is highly desirable, and any person, man or woman, who invests in it according to present means, will never have occasion to regret the action.

THE TWILIGHT VISITOR.

BY ALOYSIUS COLL.

Now come the twilight fancies, half afraid,
Like dancing images of crystal snow
That soar and dip, and rise and venture low
From cloudy heights to hill and every glade,
Yet never fall, as some congettish maid
That lures, but all denies a stranger beau—
I cannot snare, nor even learn to know
These birds of fancy, out of twilight strayed!

A softer shadow nears me, fair of form—
I hang a light upon my portal post
To guide it from the darkness and the storm;
It knocks!—at last my yearning heart is host!
My gleaming guest is twilight's homing dove;
The message borne upon its breast is Love!



The River and the Sea.

By Emma C. Dowd.

Dolly and Polly and David and Dan
Ran the way that the river ran;
"We're going to find the sea!" they cried,—
"The beautiful sea, so blue and wide!"

They followed the river, by bush and brier,
The rippling river, through mead and mire;
They ran and ran until the day grew dim,
And a little bird sang his vesper hymn;

Till the twilight deepened and stars came
out,
And the gay little fireflies danced about;
Then hushed was all their laughter and
glee,—
They sighed: "We never can find the sea!"

Dolly and Polly and David and Dan
Turned them about, and they homeward
ran;
They ran and ran, till in Mother's arms
They were folded safe from the night's
alarms.

To-day they play by the river side,
Filled with content and an honest pride;
"Our river is lovely!" the four agree;
"It is just as beautiful as the sea!"

FOURTH OF JULY STORIES

Patriotism Without Powder.

I THINK a nice way to celebrate the Fourth of July would be in the following way:

It would be nice to make a tent out in the yard of red, white and blue bunting or large flags. Bunting is nice also hung from tree to tree. If there is a pump or swing or any other article that is painted red, white or blue hang the bunting of the other two national colors on it.

As a substitute for fire works the children should be furnished with things that are used in the United States army, such as drums, flags and trumpets. It would be a very good plan to furnish each child with red, white and blue caps and flags. If their fathers and mothers should know stories of the Revolutionary War, they might tell them to the children.

It would be nice to have a picnic dinner served in tents or in the yard or porch. After the picnic dinner the children could play games or have a battle. They should divide into two parts and have flags to fight for or to protect.

The way I have proposed seems a great deal of work, but if children were burned with a fire-cracker or shot with a toy pistol this plan would not be half as much work as taking care of the hurt child.

Age 10. IRENE PETERSON.

A History Match.

A very nice way to celebrate the Fourth of July would be to have a history match. All the children invited should find out as much about the Revolutionary War

CHILDREN'S HOUR
CONDUCTED BY JULIA DARROW COWLES

as they could. The match should be held on the lawn, and the lawn decorated with flags and red, white and blue bunting. After all the children had had a chance to tell all they knew about the war, judges should decide who was the winner. The one who told the most should be presented with a picture or a biography of Washington. Before the guests departed ice cream and cake should be served. This would be a safe way to celebrate the Fourth as well as a profitable way.

Age 11.

FRANCES BROOKMAN.

A Good Old Fashioned Picnic.

B EING a girl, I don't care as much for fireworks as boys do, although I enjoy seeing Roman candles and skyrockets; still I think there are many ways in which to spend "the glorious Fourth," besides shooting off fireworks all day. I will tell you how it was the custom to spend the Fourth in the little town of Princeton, Ky., which was my former home, and, in my opinion, the day could not be more pleasantly spent. About 9 or 10 o'clock in the morning, the children would all gather at the appointed meeting place, where were waiting large hay wagons, on which the children piled with much fun and laughter, as, of course, everybody was in the best of spirits. The mamas and papas came along in carriages and vehicles of every kind; and, bringing

ly for all, until the dinner hour arrived, and oh! that dinner! It makes my mouth water to think of it now! Fried chicken by the bushel, good old country ham, salads, sandwiches, pickles, olives, cakes and pies of every kind; in fact, everything to tempt the appetites of already hungry children and grown folks. After dinner some of the men and larger boys would go off and go swimming in deep parts of the creek; also some of the big girls who had brought bathing suits along, would have a fine time going in bathing. All too soon the wagons drove up, and announced that it was time to go home, and, although pretty well tired out, both children and grown folks voted that they would be glad when the Fourth came again. Now I must say that I think that any boy or girl who would not say that a day spent like this, would be a good substitute for fireworks is certainly hard to please.

Age 12.

VIRGINIA MAYES.

A Fourth of July "Spread."

A NICE way to celebrate the Fourth is for a group of girls to rent a large hall and appoint committees to get a dinner together. Another set of girls could write invitations and tie a bow of red, white and blue ribbons on the notes. They should have music, hire a band if possible, and invite every person in town of their age, say under eighteen. None should be slighted.

for other lost features. The children could take a large part in the program. Of course, the Declaration of Independence is always read. What would a Fourth of July celebration be without it? And above all, the dear old "Stars and Stripes" should be displayed everywhere. The sight of it is enough to arouse the spirit of patriotism in one's soul.

Age 15.

CECIL STULTS.

My Way of Spending the Fourth of July.

A BOUT three miles from my home there is a beautiful lake, with a sandy beach and some good boats. I never see it without thinking of the Fourth of July, for it is so closely connected with the many good times we have had there. I have spent every Fourth there since I can remember, with my friends. We have a program consisting of patriotic songs and recitations. We have plenty of flags, and a good dinner. We are all very patriotic, and we feel that we can be without many fire-crackers and torpedoes. Two years ago my cousin got his hand hurt very badly by a giant cracker, and since then we have tried to rule them off our picnic ground.

Age 12.

MAE MORGAN.

A Fourth of July Barbecue.

T HIS year, on the Fourth, we are going to celebrate by having a barbecue. There is a grove near town where we are going to have our barbecue. The people of the town think this plan better than shooting fire-crackers and Roman candles.

There is going to be an old fiddlers' contest. And the boy or girl who recites the best will be rewarded with a prize.

The boys and girls of the cities can go to the parks and take their dinners with them. They could have music, games, and historical recitations about the Fourth of July, which would be very interesting.

I am sure everybody would have a good time, and no one would get hurt by fire-crackers and Roman candles. I think this plan better than celebrating in the old way.

Age 12.

ANNAH ROBEY.

Celebrate Our Independence.

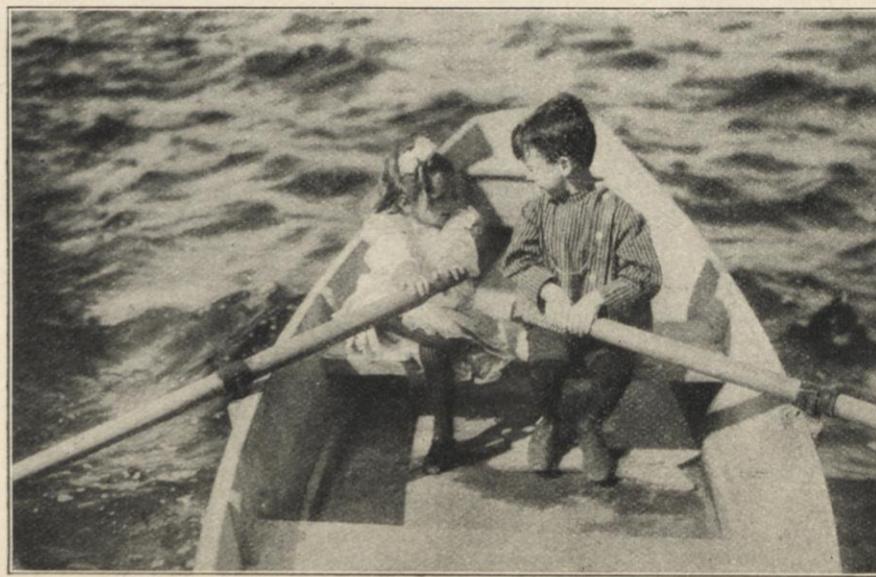
T HERE are many different ways of celebrating the Fourth of July besides having fireworks and little toy pistols.

My idea of celebrating the Fourth is to have a picnic in a grove and spread the table cloths on the grass and everybody eat together. In the grove have some swings, and play games. In the morning have some patriotic songs and recitations. It would be nice to have some races, such as an egg race, a sack race, a fat-man's race, a flag drill and a bicycle drill. This will teach the children not to celebrate fireworks, but our independence.

Another way to celebrate the Fourth is to have a picnic near a lake or river; then you could catch fish and take a boat ride. The older people could pass their time in social conversation while the young folks played games.

Age 10.

RUTH BATIE.



HOW'S THIS FOR THE FOURTH OF JULY?

up the rear, was the most important wagon of all, the one which carried the baskets full of good things to eat. The long procession drove through town amid the waving of flags and the shouts of the children, and, after driving into the country for about three miles, at last stopped in a shady grove on the banks of a beautiful creek. The children were all glad to get there, after their long drive, and in a few minutes many of them had taken off their shoes and stockings, and were cooling their feet in the clear water of the creek. Some of the wee tots who were afraid to go in wading, amused themselves by swinging in the large swings which had been put up, picking wild flowers, or gathering shells along the bank. The older people amused themselves playing games of some kind, while some of the men occupied their time in making big barrels of lemonade which didn't last very long when the children got at it. Thus the time passed most pleasant-

ly for older persons there to keep order. Some of the girls could bring games such as "Authors," "Flinch" and "Pit." At noon the girls should set the table and every three or four girls should have a table to wait on. They should have on white aprons and every person should take some little gift home, such as a bunch of violets, a rose, a bow of ribbon, or a small flag.

Age 13.

RUBY HOOD.

Music and the Declaration of Independence.

I THINK we could celebrate the Fourth of July with the good old picnics we love so well, without the usual noise and accidents.

We could do away with the toy pistols, the fire-crackers and the fireworks, I think that the program and music are always the best part of a celebration. They could be made more elaborate to make up

TO BRIGHTEN QUICK WITS.

My Dear Boys and Girls:

I think after reading our stories regarding Fourth of July celebrations, we will all conclude that there are a good many ways of having a glorious Fourth without much gunpowder and noise. I hope there will be a good many experiments with the new kinds of Fourth that have been suggested, and I hope every one of you may have a genuinely good time in whatever way you celebrate,—and that there may be no accidents to any of my circle of boys and girls.

We have given more than three prizes, as you see, for our letters on Fourth of July Plans. This is partly because the letters received were so good, and partly because the announcement of prizes for the Design contest had to be put off till next month. The time was too short for any of the designs to be reproduced in this number of the magazine, but next month you shall know all about them.

With love and best wishes,
EDITOR THE CHILDREN'S HOUR.

Prizes for Silhouettes.

I SUPPOSE all you children know what a silhouette is; if not, ask father or mother, or better still, go to the dictionary and read carefully what it says. When you have done that you will know that in order to make a silhouette, you will need only a pair of scissors and a piece of black paper,—or if you have no black paper, any colored paper will do, though black is best. Now the silhouette may be of any member of your family, any friend, or if you prefer, of the dog

or the cat or the horse. Indeed, I do not care who or what the subject of the picture is, but it must be made from life, that is, you must cut it out by looking at some living object, not at any other picture. I am sure you will have a great deal of fun in trying for this contest. You may experiment as much as you like, then send me the one picture you think is best, pasting it neatly upon a piece of white cardboard or paper. Write your name, address and age on the back of the paper, not on a separate sheet, and mail it so that it will reach the office not later than the twentieth of July. Three prizes will be awarded for the best silhouettes. Address Editor Children's Hour, THE HOUSEKEEPER, Minneapolis, Minn., and in the lower left-hand corner write Silhouette Contest.

Prize Story Contest.

Who can tell me the most about a grain of wheat, in fifty words? Try it and see. Crowd all the information you can into a connected story of exactly fifty words. Write your name, address and age on the same sheet of paper, and mail so that it will reach the office not later than the twentieth of July. The best two stories will be awarded prizes. Address Editor Children's Hour, THE HOUSEKEEPER, Minneapolis, Minn., and in the lower left-hand corner write Story Contest.

The Prize Winners in the Fourth of July Story Contest were:

Virginia Mayes, Evansville, Ind.
Frances Brookman, Vermillion, S. D.

Irene Peterson, Michigan City, Ind.

Cecil Stults, Mt. Pulaski, Ill.

Ruby Hood, Vienna, Ill.

Those deserving Honorable Mention: Mae Morgan, Elk River, Minn.; Annah Robey, Coleman, Texas; Ruth Batie, Overton, Neb.; Dora Duggins, Dunlap, Ill.; Ruth Leonard, Lake City, Iowa; Vera E. McFarland, Olney, Ore.; Elsie E. Pisel, New Rockford, N. D.; Maybe Tracey, Argonia, Kan.; Jessie Burgess, Lincoln, Neb.

5. A cheering drink, and the whole.
6. A place where fruits are preserved for market.
7. To pilfer, and a tavern.
8. A girl's name, and a dessert.
9. To shrink from danger.
10. To render in twain, and a steep elevation.
11. To chastise, poverty stricken, and a boy's name.

3.

Headings.

Behead to gain knowledge, and leave to acquire; a form of oxygen, and leave a belt; custom, and leave a plant; imaginary, and leave to trade; frolic, and leave a wine; the sum, and leave to rise; to exiate, and leave a modified sound; to hire, and leave naturalness; a wild revel, and leave to awaken; a fruit, and leave to place in order; a story, and leave a liquor; bitter censure, and leave a relative.

The dropped letters will spell the name of a noted American writer of girls' stories.

4.

Prefixes.

By using the same prefix in each instance, change quick to idle; to enliven, to void of life; shape, to to tell; real estate, to interior; custom, to to occupy; a movable lodge, to purpose; noted, to wicked; a blaze, to to provoke; part of a church, to to animate; walk, to part of the foot; rigid, to extreme.

2.

Hidden Birds.

1. A place to market grain, and a tavern.
2. A household pet, and to arouse from slumber.
3. A season of rest, a hotel and a high wind.
4. A domestic animal, and a boy's name.

Once-a-Month Chats Between Friends.

Now is the Time of Six Months for 25 Cents.

This month we want to have a quiet chat with all our friends about our Summer Offer of Trial Subscriptions Six Months for 25 Cents. These subscriptions are coming in by the hundred and we want to see them come in by the thousand. June has been a splendid month, but we want July to be a better one. There is a great opportunity for our friends in this offer, for it gives them an easy way to introduce **THE HOUSEKEEPER** to people who have never taken it. If these subscriptions begin now they will be ready for renewal next November or December, and will be available for use in clubs for Premiums. Thus the person who sends us a Trial Subscription now and goes after a renewal of the same subscription next winter will receive two Premiums on the same name within six months. In addition she may also earn one of our Prizes for the largest clubs sent in during the summer months. At this writing we are unable to say who won the prizes for June, but the names of the entire twenty will be announced in the August number. One thing is certain—twenty of our club raisers are going to get some very handsome presents for work done in July.

These prizes go to the persons sending in the largest clubs. The contest is open to all, and we are willing to help all alike. One of the most effective ways we can help is to send out sample copies to people whom our agents propose to solicit for subscriptions. Send us the names and addresses and we will do the rest. You can depend upon the samples going out by the next mail after we receive the names.

There isn't space here to tell all about the splendid Premiums we are giving for Trial Subscriptions, so we

would suggest that if you have not already received a Summer Premium List you send for one at once. Just a postal card request will bring it. The Premium List tells about the Special Prize Contest also. These prizes are awarded at the close of each of the following months: July, August and September. Sixty valuable prizes to go to the best club raisers who make an effort for **HOUSEKEEPER** subscriptions during the next three months! Here is a list of them for July:

First Prize—Magnificent Cut Glass Bowl, or Four-Piece Silver Tea Set.

Second Prize—Cut Glass Vinegar Cruet, or Set of Silver Knives and Forks.

Third Prize—Five-inch Cut Glass Nappy, or a Silver Bread Tray.

Fourth Prize—Imported Lace Collar, or Half Dozen Silver Plated Tea Spoons.

Fifth Prize—Bulgarian Collar and Cuff Set or a Sterling Silver Pocket Knife.

Sixth to Tenth Prizes—Half a Dozen Embroidered Japanese Silk Handkerchiefs.

Eleventh to Twentieth Prizes—"The Abbe Constantine," bound in cloth.

Remember these prizes are in addition to the regular Premiums or Commissions allowed every club raiser. Similar prizes will be awarded for the largest clubs in August and September. Each Six Month's Subscription counts as one point toward a prize. Each new yearly subscription counts as two points. Renewals do not count toward Special Prizes.

We hope the boys and girls will make special efforts to win some of these prizes. They will find that they can make good wages out of the regular commissions, and in addition will find the extra prizes very desirable.

LET EVERYBODY KEEP IN MIND THE GREAT TRIAL OFFER

Six Housekeepers for Twenty-five Cents.

THE HOUSEKEEPER'S HAMMOCK NUMBER.

The striking cover for the August **HOUSEKEEPER**, portraying a dainty maiden in a hammock, will afford an index, in some degree, to the character of the contents. If there is one month in the year when we want to be amused and have our attention diverted from the temperature of the atmosphere, it is August, the "lazy month," as it has been called. The August **HOUSEKEEPER** will meet this want with a specially prepared supply of "warm weather reading." It will be filled with stories, verses and pictures that please and entertain.

Foremost among the fiction will be the conclusion of Clinton Scollard's fascinating story of modern Palestine. The July installment leaves the hero in what promises to become an exciting and dangerous situation. The August installment will develop a pleasing little romance which is founded on fact. The short stories in the August **HOUSEKEEPER** will all be of an amusing nature—regular "hammock stories," in fact.

A Hole in the Roof, by Edwin L. Sabin. The ludicrous predicament of a "bossy" husband.

When Figures Talked, by A. L. Verma. How a young man who thought he couldn't afford to marry was convinced of his error by a young woman of a mathematical turn of mind.

Leonard and Dorothy Second, by Harriet Caryl Cox. The tale of a funny lover's quarrel.

A Mistake in the Plot, by Max Martin. The odd romance of a youthful author.

OUR NEW FANCYWORK DEPARTMENT.

The Housekeeper Corporation has just purchased the Ladies' Fancywork Magazine of Chicago, taking over the services not only of its editor, Mrs. A. E. Arnstrutter, but her entire staff of contributors. The many features that made the Ladies' Fancywork Magazine famous will hereafter be found only in **THE HOUSEKEEPER**, and each month we shall devote several pages to fancywork in all its branches. It is needless to say that under the editorship of Mrs. Arnstrutter **THE HOUSEKEEPER**'s fancywork department will be the most complete, up-to-date and authoritative of any magazine in the country. One of its many features in August will consist of fourteen designs of new crochet work. Our readers are invited to send in questions regarding all kinds of fancywork and to indicate what designs they would like to have illustrated. All problems that arise in this fascinating and practical pastime will be straightened out by Mrs. Arnstrutter and her able staff of assistants. This signal piece of enterprise on the part of **THE HOUSEKEEPER** is solely for the benefit of our readers, and there will be no increase in the subscription price of **THE HOUSEKEEPER**. Watch for the great Fancywork Department in the August **HOUSEKEEPER**.

Elizabeth W. Morrison has prepared a page of most interesting illustrations from photographs, showing how to set dining tables attractively and correctly. These pictures and accompanying descriptions will appeal especially to the woman with one maid or the woman who does her own work.

Paintings that Made the World Better. A double page of beautiful illustrations.

Cold Dishes for Warm Weather will be contributed by several well known writers on cookery, and there will be many delicious new recipes.

The August **Housekeeper** will be a model home magazine of entertainment and instruction. No progressive housewife can afford to miss this great issue of the

MAGAZINE OF HELPFULNESS.



Libby's (Natural Flavor) Food Products

are constantly used and appreciated in every part of the world. Libby's Ox Tongue, Melrose Pate, Chipped Dried Beef, Potted Ham, Vienna Sausage, Veal Loaf, Concentrated Soups, have a quality that is all their own, made so by the scientific, up-to-date process of manufacture which obtains in the Libby Plant. All grocers sell them—they are the best.

Our booklet "Good Things to Eat" sent free on request.
Send five 2c stamps for Libby's Big Atlas of the World.

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