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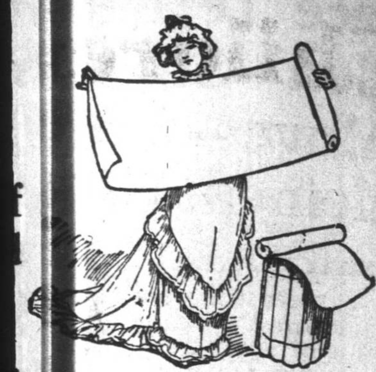

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Milady's Boudoir.

THE HAIR IN SUMMER.

One should remember in going away for the summer outing that there are no available shampooers hiding in the woods that surround the wild mountain camp, and none inhabit the haystacks of the remote country farm.

So, it behooves the woman who is spending her summer vacation in a remote place to master the art of shampooing her own hair. And an art it is although it can be mastered easily with a little patience. In the first place, you must have all the required ingredients for a good shampoo at hand. These include a suitable soap or shampoo mixture, plenty of hot and cold water, a spray for rinsing and plenty of suitable towels for drying.

To begin with, if you have dry hair, do not shampoo the hair until you have time to perform the rite properly. A hasty shampoo is not only untidy, but it is dangerous. Select a clear, sunshiny day. Have at hand plenty of old, soft towels, and if possible the means of warming them.

Start by washing your brushes and combs. Soft, soapy water, not hot but tepid, with perhaps a dash of ammonia or brax will be needed for this. Do not allow the brushes to soak long. Rub them together briskly in about two to three waters containing soap.

Now, if your hair is dry, use only shampoo mixture, as follows: Mix one raw egg with a pint of lukewarm water and one ounce of rosemary spirits. When thoroughly beaten and mixed, rub this into the scalp, a good way being to have some one pour it slowly from a small-lipped pitcher while you rub it thoroughly into the scalp, as if you wanted to reach the very roots. Then rinse the hair in many clear waters, all lukewarm. Pat, but do not rub the hair with towels. As soon as the bulk of the moisture has been absorbed by the towels, sit yourself in the sun, gently shaking the hair, thus drying by ventilation and the sun's rays.

RUSSIA.

WALT MASON

I had hoped the Russian masses would get down to tacks in time; season after season passes, and the country's still a crime; day by day the same old story, till the narrative's grown hoary—how butchers crazed and gory wade knee deep in blood and slime. Doves of peace, we say, have risen, now that we have squelched the Hun; since old Kaiser Bill got his, we believe the trouble's done; but in Russia blood is flowing, there the scythe of death is mowing; never was so grim a showing underneath a winter sun. We can only hope that later Russia may be safe and sane, when the demagogue and traitor have been rounded up and slain; when the people get the notion that there's nothing in commotion and prescribe a deadly potion for old Trotsky and his train. Blood is dripping in a drizzle about that land of woe; and our snow white dove's a fizzle while this sorry thing is so; steps of some kind shouldshould be taken to relieve the land forsaken; how to save the Russian bacon? I'll be jiggered if I know.

If intelligently used, the fireless cooker is a great labor saver; otherwise it is only a trouble.

When frying oysters, try putting a little baking powder in the crumbs which they are rolled.

Bubbles!!

An "Ad." for

Children.

Kiddies! Here's the cutest, oddest new kind of Toy Books for you, they're called "Bubble Books." There are four of them, and they've each got a ducky story, jolly pictures, and oh! wait— There's all the Nursery Rhymes you know sung on dear little Grafonola Records, which fit in between the pages. Imagine it!!

Wouldn't you like to hear about the wonderful Bubbles the magic pipe blew? Wouldn't you just love to hear "The Farmer in the Dell," "Tom, Tom the Piper's Son," "Little Bo-Peep," "Old King Cole" and lots more of the Rhymes you know sung on a Grafonola? Well! Tell mother about these books. They're called "The Books that Sing." They cost $1.25 each, or $5.00 the set of four, and you can get them at the

U.S. Picture & Portrait Co.,
Saint John's.

ocks as Seen Through German Spectles.

The following article has been forwarded for publication by a British officer with the troops in Rhineland. It is the translation of a descriptive account written by one of the cor respondents of the "Pflazischer Post," of Baden, relative to the British advance, and the officer who sends it suggests that "its unconscious humor will render it more interesting to the Scottish reader than to theGermans.

All day long I have been standing amidst the hard-bitten citizens of Malmedy watching the pasage of English troops on their way to Rhineland. With stern sorrow in their hearts, with head erect and eyes flashing with determination to endure all for the sake of their beloved Fatherland, the burghers of Malmedy have stood, hat in hand, saluting the colours of the alien foe!

What is more natural than that we Germans, who are the most patient scientific investigators, should, despite the hard and bitter accasion, make a spectacle even as humiliating as the occupation of our beloved land a matter for detached interest? And, perhaps, some few facts concerning the Scottish regiments of English infantry may be of interest to our sore-tried but undaunted people.

Scotland has always been a wild mystery-land to the people of our country, and there are many curious misapprehensions concerning the "Scotch Highlanders" which I may perhaps dissipate. I have made many visits to Scotland, so perhaps I was not so much startled when the 'skirl' of the bagpipes echoed through the streets, and these fierce, kilted soldiers came marching proudly past. I have seen these men in kilts before, and was not, like many of our good ladies of Malmedy, shocked by the bareness of legs, which is so surprising a spectacle.

German "Facts" About the Scots.

By now a very large number of our good German people know that the English battalions are not all Scotch, but there are a great many facts which they do not know about Scotland. Perhaps the first to put on record: The Highland people are a Celtic race distinct from the English. Their language is different, their manners and customs are altogether at variance with those of the languid southerners. In physiognomy they differ materially from their southern neighbour. The Scotch have red hair and their features are harder. They are a simple, frugal people, the majority of whom are engaged in hunting the deer which abounds in many parts of Scotland and in fishing the rivers for salmon, trout, and on some parts of the coast, herring.

They are intensely religious, their form of worship being Lutheran, and the holiness of a Scottish Sunday is proverbial. On that day no trams run, all the work ceases, and the sound of the "kirk" bells (it will be observed that the Scottish language is akin to German, and that what is "kirk" in Scottish is "kirche" in German) rings throughout the land, and everywhere may be seen the pious people wending toward their meeting houses.

The "Red Hot" Sword Dance.

The Scotchman is trained from his youth in warlike exercises. Every year there are what is known as "Highland Gatherings." These are barbaric festivals, attended by the most astoundingly primitive exercises. For example, one of the favourite competitions is to dance on red-hot swords, and he who dances longest receives a prize, varying in value according to the wealth of the district. Though the young men are stoical in their endurance of suffering, it sometimes happens that in spite of their efforts wild cries escapes them as this exercise is carried out, and in order to drown the cries it is the custom to play the bag-pipe vigorously, the player walking up and down to hide from the spectators his own agitation.

Another test which shows beyond doubt that the Scottish were preparing for this war for many years is known as "putting the shot." In other words, bomb-trowing, the shot being almost as heavy as a shell from a minnewerfer. During this war the practice enabled the Scottish regiments to dispense with trench mortars. Another exercise is "tossing the caber." A large log of wood is placed in the man's hand, and it is his object to throw it as far as possible. By this system of training the Scottish regiments were able to bridge the St. Quentin canal from a distance. Other methods of preparation which could be seen at all these Highland Gatherings need not be enumerated. They all go to prove that Scotland, by its provocative militarism, played no small part in bringing about the conflict which is now so happily ended.

What a Bagpipe Is.

Much has been written and spoken about the so-called bagpipes of Scotland, and it will be difficult to describe to a music-loving nation exactly what a bagpipe is. It consists of several pipes attached to a bladder, which is filled with wind by the player, and the so-called music emerges from a number of small, periscopical tubes which hang down the player's back.

The sound thus emitted is even more difficult to describe. If my good German reader can imagine a subdued shriek super-imposed upon a sustained moan, accompanying a bad tenor who is singing through his nose, he will get some idea of the terrible sound. Bagpipe bands have usually a large number of drummers to regulate the noise, but, even with these, the bagpipers, owing to their lusty lunge, are able to make themselves heard.

Another instrument which the truly Scottish admire, but which I have not yet seen, is the pibroch, which in many respects resembles the bagpipes notably in the volume of sound produced and in the wild emotions it arouses.

The pibroch may be described as a super-bagpipe. It is decorated with tartanic ribbons, and is played by the head pipemaster. I have often been asked, after my sojourns in Edinburgh, Glasgow, and other Scottish places, why the Scotch wear petticoats instead of trousers, and indeed so many questions have been put to me regarding the national dress of Scotsmen, that I feel it will not be amiss to initiate our inquiring people into certain Scottish mysteries.

Even as I stood in the streets at Malmedy I heard many questions asked by the populace, such as—"What do they wear underneath?" and "What is that curious thing that hangs before their petticoats?" and "Why do they not wear knee-pads?"

But, ah, my good German friends, what would you say if you saw a Highlander in his gala dress as I have seen him, with a wild black feather bag on his head, which is called a bonnet, with his scarlet coat, with white-edged salients flapping over his hips, with his spats and his ribbons hanging out of his stockings, and his green shawl suspended from his shoulder blades? Then, indeed, would you be overawed and mystified! Then, indeed, you would run to your houses and shut yourselves up before these fierce and barbaric warriors, who carry their shaving brushes in their hats and basket-hilted swords.

The "Pporran" Puzzle Elucidated.

The origin of the kilt is obscure, but it probably owes its origin to the hatred of England and English customs. It may also be due to the fact that Scotland was so constantly at war, and battles were so frequent in the olden days, that Scotsmen had no chance of taking their clothes off, and so a compromise was effected, whereby they were always half-dressed and half-undressed. The kilt is made in various patterns, in order to distinguish one regiment from another.

The curious thing which hangs in front of the petticoat is called a "sporran." It is in reality a little skin bag, in which the Scotchman keeps his money. The Scottish are a very thrifty and careful people, and like to have their money where they can see it. Moreover, it is difficult to pick a "sporran" as thieves pick pockets without attracting the attention and exciting the annoyance of the warrior.

Scottish soldiers are recruited at Hightland gatherings, such as I have already described, and are then sent to Edinburgh Castle, where the oath is administered under the Scottish flag, and a national dish, called "haggis," is eaten to the solemn piping of the bags.

The Origin of "Hogmanay."

I will not attempt in the space of this article to do more than touch upon Scottish customs, many of which bear a curious resemblance to those which are celebrated in German folk songs. Many sore hearts in Germany will be the sorer to know that the Scottish are not a truly Christian nation like ourselves. They do not celebrate Christmas as do other Christians, but reserve their festivities for a feast called "Hogmanay," which usually falls on New Year's Day. "Hogmanay" is one of the heathen deities whom the Scotchlanders still worship, and resembles Thor and Woden in his convivial character.

On the whole the Scotch are an admirable people, although steeped in foolish superstitions, and still awaiting that uplift which only the German spirit could have given to the dark and benighted people of the world. That, alas, is now denied them, and I can only hope that our friends on the Rhine who will be brought into contact with them for the next few years, will, by example and precept, contribute to the education of this picturesque race.

From where I write I can see through my window another Scottish regiment approaching. They are marching in regular step, and are singing that famous Scottish air, "Keep the hame fires burning" ("hame" is Scottish for "home.")

It is thy day, oh Scotchman! Germania lies prostrate at the kilted foot of her enemy! Looking up she sees nothing but hate and envy in the hard features of these dour northern men! Can she see anything else, any promise of happy days to come? Who knows? Perhaps this Highland-Scotchman will some day be worthy of the fortune which brought him to our cultural land, and when our streets no longer echo to his "hosen" and "brogues," and the "squirl" of his bagpipe no longer startles the little children in their beds, we shall think of him more kindly than we do today.—The Post.

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An Unsuccesful Battle.

He had besought the pharmaceutical chemist to give him something with which he might kill moths, and the pharmaceutical chemist had supplied him with camphor-balls; but the next day he was back again, holding some of the fragments of the balls within his hand.

"Are ye the same man phwat sold them things to me yisterday?" he roared.

"I am," replied the chemist, composedly. "What's wrong with them?"

"Phwat's wrong with thim?" repeated the irate purchaser. "The idea av sellin' thim things to kill moths, or anything else! See here! If ye can show me the man that can hit a moth wid a single one av thim, I'll say nuthin' about the orniments an' lukin'-glass me an' the missis broke!"

Upper-Cuts.

The first recognized rules for prize-fighting were compiled by the first English Champion, about 1740.

Old rules allowed one minute between each round. Afterwards this was altered to half a minute.

A "round" in the old days of pugilism lasted till one or both of the competitors were down.

Corners were selected by tossing a coin, the winner choosing the one with the sun at his back.

Previous to 1838, powder was used to enable the hands to be clenched when the competitor was tired.

After the introduction of the Queensberry rules in 1880, no fights were allowed with bare knuckles.

Gloves used nowadays for boxing matches are between four and six ounces in weight.

Jem Mace, although, he earned some £40,000 boxing with his bare knuckles, died in poverty a few years ago.

Carpentier uses twelve ounce gloves for practising.

As a young boy Carpentier laboured in a coal mine for a shilling or two a week.

A first class boxer's expenses during training amount to about sixty pounds a week.

Eureka!

The class was very bored. It was a reading lesson, and the book was full of big words.

"Archimedes," read Jimmy James, "leapt from his bath shouting Eureka! Eureka!"

The teacher stopped him.

"What does 'Eureka' mean?" she asked.

No one knew.

"It means," she said, "I have found it!" Now what had Archimedes found?"

After a long moment Jimmy ventured hopefully:

"Please, miss, the soap."

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