

SCHOOL for HOUSEWIVES



The Summer Girl as Sweet and Winsome as is the Winter Girl

EAR MARION HARLAND: I know that you are fond of young people, so I write to ask you what you think of the young girl of today as she appears at summer resorts. I am a ron, but I was once young Yet it fairly makes my hair rise to note our American girl and her behavior at the various places where I meet her. I am, just now, at the seashore, and I have many unpleasant opportunities to study the subject of which I write.

A pretty girl, belonging to a good family, and-if one may judge from her clothes-with plenty of money, is here in the same hotel at which I am stopping. One could not be oblivious to the fact that she is here, no matter how much one wanted to ignore it. She talks at the top of her lungs, halls her friends with a shrill whistle or with a whoop that would do credit to a red Indian, and stamps and tramps about the place, through halls and along verandas in a manner that irritates even steady nerves. And yet she is a college girl who took honors in her class. They tell me that she is a very nice and refined girl, but this can hardly be. Or, perhaps, she does not behave at home as she does here. Have you ever met this class of girl? And do you find her attractive? A DISGUSTED MATRON (Camden,

N. J.). To your last question, emphatically NO! To the query preceding it, I am forced to answer, regretfully, in the af-

Do I know her? You may as well ask me if I ever take my walks abroad in the "heated term" at fashionable resorts or in country places. The summer girl is ubiquitous and I often find myself blushing for her. When she is at home, in town, she is attractive to most of us, especially when she is fond of us. To those she does not like, Our Girl of Today is inclined to be supercilious and loftily superior. Even when she loves us, she has always the prevailing American independence, and knows a little bit more than other people. That is because she is young and American, and-forgive me if I say it-a college girl. But she is well bred and observes conventionalities. She keeps the respect of the men who know her, dances decorously at balls, talks like an educated person at teas and receptions, and walks the street of her city with perfect propriety and dignity-even if she does swing her arms a little more than is

But in the summer! That is another

Our Girl seems to think that, in laying aside her furs and heavyweight clothing and donning the gauzy and filmy fabrics of the warm season, she can lay aside all restraint and adopt manners that are as flimsy as her dresses and as scanty as the fashionable bathing suit she affects. Were one who knew her at home to see her in this lastnamed garment, one would gasp with astonishment. She walks or struts the length of the beach in long stockings, short trousers, an abbreviated skirt and a jaunty cap, the cynosure of admiring and critical eyes. All the other girls and many other women do the same thing, and why should not she? Do not, however, fancy that Our Girl has donned this suit for bathing purposes only. On the contrary, the surf bath is merely an excuse for the costume. Watch her as she patrols the beach with one or more young men, and with other girls clad in like fashion. One and all find a sunny spot in the sand and here they lie and read, sing, laugh and talk for several hours at a time. After this sun bath they take a swim or romp in the surf;

in Town

Emerges from Her Hotel

then, again, they seek the sand, where they disport themselves until thoroughly coated with the gritty particles, when another dip is necessary. In this way the greater part of the morning is spent.

In the afternoon our Girl emerges from her hotel in a stunning toilet and walks or drives or rides or golfs, as the spirit prompts, but always aggressively. In the evening we blush for her more than we did in the morning. Unchaperoned, she roams the verandas, and is frequently seen in shaded or secluded corners absorbed in a mad flirtation with some man she has not known for more than two or three days, or, perhaps, hours. She even allows this comparative stranger to hold her hand and to lean affectionately over her chair, as a true lover might do.

I know I am considered old-fashioned, but to my way of thinking it is indecent for a girl to allow any young man to hold her hand unless she is engaged to be married to him. I can see the look of contemptuous amusement with which this statement is greeted by some young readers. But, dear girls, wait until you, too, are matrons, and see if you are willing for your daughters to receive caresses from the men they do not

mean to marry. "If youth only knew!" sigh the French. We are glad it does not, but we do wish it would profit by the wis-

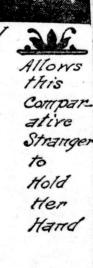
dom of age! Two young men were talking last summer of a pretty young girl who was, I knew, sweet and good, and whose manner in her own home was irreproachable. One of them asked smil-

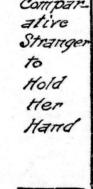
George, are you going to take Miss Molly boating this afternoon? You know I had my turn this morning, when we drove together.' The other fellow shrugged his shoul-

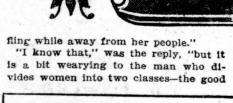
"O, I don't know," he said, languidly. "I would just as lief try something a little less sophisticated. I get tired of the much-kissed girl." The first speaker laughed at the coarse

Yes; but she is a good little thing, after all, and in spite of her foolishness. She is only having her fun and









and the bad. This girl is not a bit bad, and yet-I am glad my sisters are not chummy with her." A cad? Of course he was. But, from

the girl's standpoint, were the "fun" and the "fling" worth such a criticism? We mothers do not want to draw the lines too taut, and we do want our dear girls to have all the happiness that goes with youth. And just for that reason we cannot bear to have them spoil the lasting happiness by seeming to be a thing they would rather die than be-

De nonest, dear girls, and frank and straightforward and friendly with your men friends. But reserve the personal touch and the caresses for the one man in all the world who will have a right

And-please be a little more gentle, a little more quiet! People may not look at you quite so much as you come and go but there will be a different expression in the eyes that do look, and that counts for a great deal. For the sake of the women you are to become, try to let the summer girl be as sweet and winsome and lovable as is the winter girl!

Marin Howard

THE HOUSEMOTHERS' EXCHANGE

could find directions for preparing the same? The second flowering of roses will be here by the time you get this. Our perpetuals and choice monthiles often make as brave a show in September

Mrs. C. S. (Pleasantville, N. J.). A Rose Jar (Pot Pourri).

Gather the petals in the morning, as soon as the dew has dried off. Pack in a jar in layers two inches deep, sprinkling about two tablespoonfuls of fine, dry table salt over each layer. Gather a fresh supply daily, adding to those already in the jar. In this way you get the flowers in their fragrant prime. As soon as the rose is fully blown, and the petals drop when the stem is rudely jarred, they should be gathered. Halfblown buds are not suitable for pot pourri, being too succulent and in scent too crude.

When the far is full or all the roses are plucked and packed in the order indicated, with salt between the layers (the jar being kept in a cool, dry place), cover, and leave untouched for a week. Then upset the jar upon a broad platter and mix and toss with cool hands and gingerly, to loosen the matted petals and diffuse the salt impartially. Have ready the following ingredients: Orris root powder, one ounce; violet powder, half an ounce; rose powder, half an ounce; heliotrope powder, half an ounce; one half teaspoonful each of mace and cloves: one quarter of a teaspoonful of cinnamon; four drops of oil of roses, ten of oil of chiris, twenty of oil of melissne, and the same of oil of eucalyptus: ten drops of bergamot and,

lastly, two drams of alcohol. Mix the spices into the salted petals first; then the oils, incorporating all thoroughly. Much depends upon the thoroughness at this stage of the work. Turn the mixture into a clean jar; tie oiled paper over the mouth and fit on a tight top.

The pot pourri will be ready for use in a month. It will keep twenty years. I have some in my storeroom that was compounded according to the above formula eighteen years ago. It is as sweet as within a month after the roses were picked.

If the recipe seem long and intricate it is in seeming alone. The real labor is light. Go, as I do, to a druggist and give him the list of oils and spices as give him the list of oils and spices as you have them listed here, and let him

is plain and pleasant sailing

I write down all this in detail because I have, year after year, requests for minute instructions for the preparation of a rose jar. Will readers clip these out now and leave the space for something newer

when "roses come again" in 1909?

A Rose Pillow In close connection with the rose jar

Will you tell me how to put up roses for a pillow? Must they be dried, and, if so, how? I want them for a spare bedom-to shed a sort of delicate fragrance through the chamber. JESSIE T. (Nashville, Tenn.).

Gather the petals as for a rose jar on a sunny day, but dry in the shade. The hot sun will curl and twist the petals, and draw out the odor. They must be well dried before you stuff the pillow.

Spread upon a broad tray and strew a tablespoonful of powdered orris root among them. If you can afford to buy the true attar of rose, you will secure the "delicate fragrance" you desire by sprinkling ten drops over the petals just before putting them into the case. Make the inner cover of glazed cambric, the outer of silk or satin, embroidered with roses and buds.

Four consecutive mails bring requests for directions for filling pillows with as many different materials. At first glance this looks like an odd coincidence. Second thought shows it to be natural and seasonable, and compliance

A Life-Everlasting Pillow

with the petitions of our members at our early convenience eminently expedi-

Gather ye rosebuds while you may. For time is still a-flying!

sings the old poet. And the winter cometh in which no flowers and herbs may grow in the allout-of-doors in which we now live and revel. It is a pretty fashion, this of treasuring summer memories by means of what a German writer calls "the memory of the imagination"-to wit, the sense of smell. The associativeness of certain odors is a curious and subtle study. Putting aside the temptation to dwell upon it, come we down to a letter

from a Pennsylvania member: Is there real virtue in the life-everlasting pillows my mother used to send to yous invalids in the days that antedated the trained nurse? I can smell them now, as I carried them again and again "over the hills and far away" to this and that neighbor who could not sleep, or who was "run down" and needed to be "chirked ' Were they curative? And do you know how they were made? I forget whether my mother put in the dried leaves or only the blossoms of the life-everlasting. And whence the name? I used to think it was so called

because it made sick people well. Was tea ever made of it? ELEANOR D. (Wilkes-Barre, Pa.).

In earlier days than your mother's, this species of the herb "gnaphalium" was known as "cudweed," from a belief that cows who chewed it increased the flow of cud. We name it "everlasting" because, when dried, it suffers little change in color, form or taste. Tea made from it is, or was once, used as a sudorific. The dried flowers were stuffed into pillows and gave forth a goodly smell, besides possessing sedative properties. Sometimes the flowers were mixed with one-fourth the quantity of hops. Then they were unquestionably soporific in tendency.

Pine Pillows

compound them for you. After that all sold in stores as "balsam pillows" are And if I can get the balsam pine white we are up here in the woods, how must I propare it for pillows? Do we put the needles in just as they come off the tree!

FLORA E. (Saranac Lake, N. Y.). The needles of the common pine of the low countries are not fit for stuffing pillows. They do not retain the odor, and they become brittle, breaking into splinters. The balsam pine has curative qualities, and the peculiar and delicious aromatic fragrance clings to it for years. As I write, the air of my study is lightly perfumed by a cushion that has hung on the back of my reading chair since 1887. It is as sweet now as when it was sent to me from the Maine woods.

To prepare the needles, clip them with sharp scissors from the stems and tay out upon a floor in the shade, where the air will pass freely over them for

two days. Then, fill the pillows. Our Pillow Talk has swallowed up all the space allotted to the Exchange for this week's issue. I do not apologize. The subject is full of interest to housemothers and housedaughters. If we may not bottle sunshine against the dark and cloudy day, we may imprison the 'spicy breezes' that make breathing a joy in wood and in field all summer

The decoration of the covers of the pillows opens endless possibilities to needlewomen and artists. One of the prettiest pine cushions I have ever seen has a study of cones in various stages of growth painted in oils upon a background of green velvet. My shabby little scent-dispenser has a similar device in one corner, and, running diagonally across the center, is worked in silks-

"A CHARM THAT LULLS TO SLEEP." It is "unco sune" to be thinking of Christmas gifts. But the holidays will come before we are ready for them. Be provident and reflect that a pine or life-everlasting pillow is ever welcome

About Bread Dust

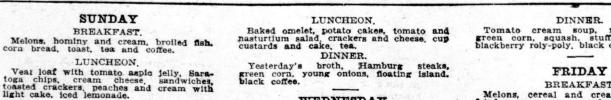
WO or three times a week spread the accumulated scraps upon a tin plate or in a baking pan, and set in a moderate oven until perfectly dry. Soft or "soggy" bits are good for nothing and interfere with the work. If, by chance or intention, the bread is slightly browned, keep, it apart from that which remains white. A glass jar for each kind is a good

While the dried bits are still warm. lay upon a kneading board and crush to powder with the rolling pin. Do this thoroughly for the "dust" leaving no gritty particles. Keep in a closed jar in a dry place. It is invaluable for breading croquettes. fried fish, chops, etc. Roll the article to be breaded, first in beaten egg, then in the bread dust, to which have been added a little salt and pepper.

What Kerosene Will Do

OR ants, saturate rags with kerosene, and hang or lay these near their runs, and they will quickly disappear.

Kerosene is a household necessity at cleaning time. For cleaning painted and varnished woodwork, painted wails, varnished floors, bathtubs and marbld washstands it is unsurpassed. For tube and marble, apply with a woolen cloth, then wash with soar and water. For woodwork and walls, usc clean cloths, changing at soon as soiled. A few drong in the water when washing windows and mirrors will give them a beautiful pol-



FAMILY MEALS FOR A WEEK

WEDNESDAY DINNER. BREAKFAST. Cream of carrot soup, roast chickens, green corn, vegetable marrow, watermelon, black coffee. Melons, cereal and cream, bacon, boiled eggs, quick biscults, toast, tea and coffee. LUNCHEON. MONDAY

BREAKFAST. Fruit, cereal and cream, bacon and fried hominy (a left-over), French rolls (warm-ed over), toast, tea and coffee, DINNER. LUNCHEON. Baked Welsh rabbit, green corn pudding (a left-over), lettuce and cucumber salad, crackers and cheese, junket and cake, tea. THURSDAY DINNER.

TUESDAY BREAKFAST. Grapes, cereal and croam, posched eggs on fried bread, rolls, teast, tea and coffee.

DINNER.

Minco of beef (a left-over), garnished with broiled tomatoes, green corn salad on lettuce (a left-over), brown bread and butter (thin), crackers and cheese, fruit, tea a la Russe,

BREAKFAST. Melons, cracked wheat and cream, iver and bacon, rice muffins, toast, tea nd coffee. LUNCHEON.

Tomato cream soup, mock pigeons, green corn, squash, stuffed cucumbers, blackberry roly-poly, black coffee.

BREAKFAST. Melons, cereal and cream, bacon and fried green peppers, graham gems, toast, tea and coffee. LUNCHEON.

Fricasseed eggs, stewed green corn (a. ft-over), baked toast, peaches and eream, cocoa. DINNER. Codfish chowder, baked bluefish, mashed potatoes, green peas, ice cream and cake, black coffee. SATURDAY BREAKFAST.

Grapes, cereal and cream, broiled ba-con, muffins, toast, tea and coffee. LUNCHEON. Fish salad (a left-over), with mayon-naise; graham bread and butter (thin), anchovy toast, crackers and cheese, checolate blane mange and macaroons, DINNER.

Yesterday's chowder, lamb chops about nounded green peas, Swiss chard, mint jelly (with the chops), watermelons and pears, black coffee.