

# Woman And The Home



Walking is the commonest and most healthful of exercises, and few people realize that upon its proper execution depend not only the development and grace of the individual, but also the comfort and health of the feet, says Billie Burke.

Walking is the barometer which records one's physical and mental condition. The next time you indulge in a long stroll take particular notice of this fact. Today, in this glorious spring weather, when you, with Nature, are just bubbling over with the joy of living, you just cannot go aimlessly along; you must have a definite purpose in view, you must be sure of yourself and your steps must be fearless, alert and possess the spring which betokens accord with yourself and the world at large.

No longer the black butterflies hover about; instead, you glory in the glad warm sunshine and you can't drink in the fragrance of the myriad-colored flowers wafted by the gentle embracing winds. Look up at the clear blue sky, instead of keeping your gaze upon the ground. Of course, the grass and the flowers hold a great attraction for you, but today is springtime and your spirit soars to the heights and you feel just like "hitching up your wagon to the stars" and riding

speedily to the fairyland of your dreams. After an hour's tramp in this mood there will be roses in your cheeks and the tired lines will have disappeared—and as for the little troubles which had vexed you before you had started out, they will seem to have slunk away stealthily, like cowards, as if ashamed again to show their faces in the glad sunlight.

We are prone to borrow trouble. There is a little verse which I have given conspicuous place on my desk which tells the story in a nutshell:

"The burdens that make us groan and sweat,  
The troubles which make us fume and fret,  
Are the things that haven't happened yet."

We can walk away from many of these imaginary tribulations and lighten somewhat the real trials of life if we but forget them and consider long enough to bring ourselves to an appreciation of the blessings which have been bestowed so bounteously.

We can also walk away from all such vexations which would not tend to elevate the soul nor expand the mind, for if our souls nor our minds are not growing our friends soon see the lack of it in our faces.

It is said that men grow old from the inside out, and women from the outside in—or, in other words, that men feel older than they look and women look older than they feel. Hence the first by-law of our being should be, "Keep young."

You ask, "How?" Keep your mind occupied and your heart young. Let me remind you again of the little woman in grey who literally lifted herself from invalidism by her bootstraps to a varied and useful life—a sharp contrast to a teacher friend who, at forty gave up her work as well as every thing over which she had mental effort.

A mutual friend said that she looked seventy-five in six months. Love of the beautiful should be encouraged and cultivated, for whatever leads to health and strength and beauty and whatever retains it leads also to high morals as well as happiness and success. "Reverence for the work of God as illustrated in our bodies makes us less ready to defile and abuse it."

Walk out in the glorious springtime and remember that when this spring is gone there will be other springs just as glorious as this and prepare yourself to enjoy them—every one.

tried their best to smile. The kind-hearted Ticklehouse came back and pulled his arms around them. "Tomorrow—this morning, I mean—is April first. I did start out with the idea of taking out polar trip, but my motor wasn't working right, and I thought it safer just to have a frolic with you here at home, for once. But I brought you something to celebrate with."

He handed each twin a box of candy. "Promise not to open them till after breakfast."

Davy and Dorcy promised, and went to sleep with the candy under their pillows. Next morning after breakfast, when they crept up to the nursery and opened the boxes, they found a cunning little chocolate Ticklehouse on top of the chocolates in each one.

And the candy underneath the chocolate mice was NOT "April Fool candy!"

### SMALL SHAPES IN SPRING HATS

A notable tendency toward all manner of small shapes is shown in hats for the spring season. The shop windows are as fascinating to gaze into as a beautiful floral display. Bunches of small roses are nestled comfortably against a background of tulle, fashioned with such skill that one cannot fail to appreciate the charm of the smart hats.

It is acknowledged by even the women who follow the fashion that the season of straw hats begins at an absurdly early date. We no longer look in open-eyed astonishment at a concoction of straw and filthy materials worn with winter suit and the comfortable protection of furs. It is correct, however, to begin the early spring—or, possibly more truthfully, end the winter months—with a hat that does not outrage all the laws of season, and black satin and soft taffeta moire are a perfect compromise. The hats made of these silks are flat and low, with a shallow round crown and a brim about three to four inches in width.

The prevalent shape is turned down somewhat at the left side, and slightly lower over the forehead, and tilted conspicuously up in the back. A fancy feather is placed at the back of the crown to give an exaggerated effect of height.

The next step is to the fine straw chips, and every imaginable shade is in evidence. With a dark blue or black suit, the dullness of the costume will be charmingly brought into sharp contrast by a ceiling hat with uncurled ostrich feathers lying low on the brim. These feathers are considered smart, because of their straggly appearance.

Another good shade this season, which will be worn quite as much as the popular color, is a dull greenish gray, and this color serves as an excellent background for a combination of other dull colors which will be used for trimming.

One can scarcely formulate a standard rule for trimming hats this season. Ribbon (velvet, moire, or satin), flowers, and feather fancies are laid upon these varying shapes with no determined plan or premeditated or regulated order. In fact, the evident rule seems to be to follow impulse rather than rule or law. Small bunches of buds or a single flower will be placed on the brim side of the crown, with a flat ribbon-band drawn at a curious angle—and the hat is considered finished.

### BOUQUETS A LA ROBESPIERRE

Robespierre bouquets are one charming phase of the dainty nosegays worn on the lapel of a street coat, pinned to the neckpiece or stuck at one corner of the big square muff. They consist of four small roses in "old tones" a spray or two of tiny white blossoms on moss-colored stems and a single green thistle. The white blooms and the thistle must be purchased of an artificial flower-dealer, but the roses may be home-made.

Take a half-finger's length of incline-panne velvet, in pale pink, double it, shir the two edges tightly, produce a calyx with a few threads of yellow floss and that makes one rose. A deep purple rose should be centered with bright green floss, a brown-taupe rose with emerald and a Parma violet rose with orange. When all these velvet exotics have been clustered with the thistle and the fine white flowers; their common stem should be wound with tinsel, as that makes the illusion the more complete.

### FURNISHING A COUNTRY HOUSE

Furnishing a country house is pure joy if one's bank account has even a moderate degree of elasticity. One can do pleasing things, for instance, with the wicker novelties now being shown. These range from candlesticks to beds, and are so alluring that one wants to buy the whole lot. Tall lamps have open pedestals of wickerwork, are enclosed in wicker and have wicker shades. The electric cord in these cases is of tan silk instead of green. There are wicker shades, too, for the hanging incandescent light. Willow beds, both single and double, are provided for outdoor sleeping. There

We are pleased to announce that our high-class Dress and Suit Making Dept. has re-opened for the Spring Season with Mrs. F. K. Hart of Grand Rapids, Mich., in charge.

## The Merchants Limited

FORMERLY A. D. RANKIN & CO.

## Brandon Auction Rooms

BEAVERMAN AND ROSEMAN

SALES every Wednesday at 1:30; Saturday on the Market Square at 1:15; and at the rooms at 2:30 and 7:30.

We buy and sell everything in new and second hand household furnishings.

House Sales Conducted.

Phone 531 - - - - - 33 Tenth Street.

S. ROSENMAN, Auctioneer.

### WORTH KNOWING

Keep a box of wooden tooth picks handy to test cakes when baking. It will save running for a broom straw, to say nothing of being far more sanitary and appetizing.

To clean photographs and nice book-binding, place common brown meat paper on articles to be cleaned, and press with medium hot iron. This will draw greasy marks into the paper.

Drop a few extra potatoes and a couple of eggs, washed clean, into the dinner pot. Then a little minced onion, salt and vinegar complete a salad for supper with very little trouble.

In making oyster soup, we always add a small piece of chest—about the size of a hickory nut—to each quart of soup, a few minutes before soup is served. This will have a rich, creamy taste, as though a cup of cream had been added.

### LACE BLOUSES

Lace will be a feature of the coming spring and the heavy lace blouse will be once more indispensable. For some time Chury, Irish point and Bruges have been neglected and now they are to be revived, not in pure white, but in a deep ochre tint. One blouse was a combination of Irish and Chury made in known fashion with the sleeves half way down the arm in black satin. These sleeves do not reach much beyond the elbow and the introduction of the black satin near the skin gives a new touch to the lace blouse.

Lovely embroideries will be used carried out in nylon applique on net, or in chiffon with chenille insertions and edgings worked in bright colors. White cotton crepe embroideries, either all white, or white with yellow, or blue, or pink, or with a delightful blending of various soft colors, will be used on the smartest gowns.

### SHOPPING NOTES

The fine tarlatan, such as is used to make coverings for bric-a-brac, marble busts and similar things, may be bought by the yard. The coverings, which virtually are bags provided with a draw string, are quite impervious to dust.

A comb made of cotton fiber is the latest rival to those of celluloid, rubber or tortoise shell.

The narrow edging in black and white or colored embroidery on a white background, which is to be had by the piece of six yards for a very small sum, is attractive for trimming wash dresses or as a finish to the small colored apron.

### FOR SHINY SKIRT

When a skirt of black or other dark material looks shiny from much wear it can be rubbed with a solution of borax and water. This solution removes the glaze completely and can be applied whenever the shine returns. Borax, of course, might like ammonia, have a disastrous effect on some colors, so it should be tried first on the wrong side of the skirt.

### RECIPES

#### CODFISH BALLS.

Ingredients: One half pound codfish brick, two cups potatoes mashed one egg, paprika to taste. Cook and mash potatoes very fine and keep hot. Add cold water to codfish and let simmer till tender; drain in cold water, pick and flake; add the flaked codfish to hot mashed potatoes, season to taste with paprika and beat well with a fork. If too dry, add milk or white of egg and beat well with fork. Shape into round balls, dip in egg and then bread crumbs and deep fry. Are good warmed over. Enough for family of four.

#### APPLE AND FIG DISH.

Ingredients: Six large apples, one cup chopped figs, one half cup sugar, one half teaspoon cinnamon. Pare and core apples, fill cavities with figs, sprinkle with cinnamon and place in a baking dish with one half cup of water poured over them. Cook patings and cores in water to cover; strain, add sugar and boil until it begins to "jelly" when it should be poured over the apples and baked occasionally until they are baked. They may be served with whipped cream, if liked. This amount will serve six.

### NEW HOOK AND EYE.

There are innumerable devices on the market in the shape of improved hooks and eyes and other dress fasteners designed to secure an appearance of neatness and to make garments fit better. These come on cards and in packages, and can also be bought by the yard, sewed on tape ready to use. Among the newest of these fasteners is the flat hook and eye. This improved hook and eye costs no more than other kinds, is rust proof and strong and has the advantage of lying flat and so preventing bulged or lumpy closings. It is particularly good on wash clothes, and can be passed through the winger or ironed over without injury to hook or fabric. It is never necessary to pry it open after laundering.

### LAUNDRY LIST

A good laundry list for the household and one that will last a long time, may be made as follows. Write on a narrow slip of paper in a good plain hand, or better still, by using a typewriter, an alphabetical list of the articles sent out in a family wash. Paste this slip of paper on a fairly heavy piece of cardboard. Take 52 strips of paper not more than an inch wide, make them into a pad, sew across the top on a machine—to perforate them so that they may be torn off easily—and fasten the pad to the cardboard opposite the list of articles. Attach a pen-

### A "PERFECT RIGHT"

By Ruth Cameron.

As a semi-invalid who lived in a large apartment house, had his sleep broken almost every night by loud noises in the apartment overhead. Again and again he would be awakened at one or two o'clock by someone "tamping heavily about in the room over him, and would not be able to get to sleep again that night. His wife, fearing serious injury to his health, wrote a courteous note to their overhead neighbors, explaining the state of affairs, and asking them if they would mind being a bit quieter at that time of night in the room directly over his.

Whereupon they promptly sent back word that they paid a high rent for their apartment, and felt that they had a perfect right to make all the noise they chose.

Of course that incident gave your teeth an edge just as it did mine, and yet, isn't the spirit involved in that declaration of right a rather common one?

Don't we all do things that we have a perfect right to do in one way, and no right in another?

For instance, a young girl who lived in a boarding house and had running water in her room, used to do some of her washing in the bowl. "It's quite easy," she said, "because before I wash I turn on the water and let it run through the things for half an hour or so." "Doesn't that use up a lot of water?" she was asked. "Oh, I suppose so," she answered, "but you know I don't have to pay for it, and it's nothing in the terms to prevent my using all the water I want." Now, I know this girl would have been shocked at the rude answer of the noisy tenant, and yet wasn't she showing the same spirit?

Of course one has a "perfect right" to go into a shop or restaurant just about five minutes before closing time, when the tired shop girls are longing for an opportunity to pull down their stocks, and the waitresses are hoping that trade will slacken up. But isn't it a pretty mean thing to make a habit of doing? That is, unless some necessity compels one to shop or eat at that particular hour.

Of course a lady of leisure who has been shopping or amusing herself in town dur-

ing the afternoon, and could have gone home at any time she pleased, has a "perfect-right" to go home during the rush hour and keep a seat from some poor girl who has stood behind the counter all day long. But the really kind and thoughtful woman do not use that right.

There are many other things to which one has a "perfect right," without having a moral right. I leave each reader to find out those that concern her, for herself.

### THE TICKLEMOUSE and his Sleepyland Adventures with Davy and Dorcy.

By Roy Rutherford Bailey.

### In Honor of April First.

Yesterday the twins watched the sky all day long, wondering if March would really go out like a lion. When midnight came and the Mouse tickled them awake, they saw he wore his one-piece bearskin polar suit, and they were very happy, for ever since their adventure on the gumdrop mountain they had wanted to visit the north pole again.

Yes, there were the other two suits on the rug before the dying grate fire. "Hurrah!" cried Davy and Dorcy, and began to climb into the fur clothes. The Ticklehouse watched them with mischief in his eyes, but he just poked up the fire and said nothing.

The twins peeped through the window for the airship that had carried them to the pole before, but it was nowhere to be seen. They tried to be patient till the Mouse was ready, but he gave no sign of starting. He stood looking up at a picture of a German castle, singing to himself: "Till I think of the bishop of Bingen— In his Mouse-Tower on the Rhine— He drew back his fag hood. "Did I ever tell you, chilluns, about my great-grandfather, who lived across the ocean in Hamelin Town?"

"Oh, no, sir." The twins sighed and threw back their fur hoods, too.

The Mouse gazed into the fire. "He was too fond of music, my great-grandfather was—and it cost him his liberty. He was laying in his full supply of cheese one day when he heard the sound of music

a weird, rippling, catchy little tune he had never heard before. The sound came nearer and he saw his neighbors, rats and mice both, run out of their doorways into the street; and, in spite of himself, he ran along, too.

"He saw—what do you think, my dears?—a wandering minstrel prancing along, playing as he went, and behind him all the tickle-mice and tickle-rats in old Hamelin town. Merrily they trooped through the town, over the hills and far away. And my dear great-grandfather was never seen again."

"Did all his family go with him?" asked Dorcy, sadly.

"They would 'have," answered the Ticklehouse, "for there was something about the paper's tune no mouse could resist; but my great-grandmother had her fog caught in the party door just then, and her babies were too little to walk yet, so they escaped. They were the only tickle-mice left in Hamelin Town—all the rest are wanderin' over the wide world, limping after the Pied Piper."

He sighed again, and slipped out of his hot fur suit. Davy and Dorcy were glad to do likewise, for the sweat was standing out on their little foreheads. "Do you mean to say," asked Davy in a low voice, "that they're wandering yet?"

"Why, they must be," said the Ticklehouse with a return of his old twinkle, "for every now and then I can hear faint strains of the Pied Piper's music; all our folks can."

He seemed to have forgotten all about the polar trip; he talked on and on, telling them one interesting story after another, till the dawn began to paint the east with pink. Then, all of a sudden, he jumped up. "Well, chillun, I must be off! See you again tomorrow night, shall I?"

"Tomorrow night?" gasped Dorcy. "Why—aren't we going then?"

"Going, my dears? Going where?"

"To—to—why to the north pole," said the little girl. "Else what are the polar suits for?"

The Mouse pretended to be puzzled, but his eyes twinkled. "Polar suits! What polar suits?" The twins pointed to the fur clothes on the rug. The Ticklehouse laughed softly.

"Those? Why, those aren't polar suits! Those are just—April Fool Suits!" He snatched them up and started for the window.

Davy and Dorcy winked hard, but

