

# DAILY MAGAZINE PAGE FOR EVERYBODY

## THE MATTER OF AN INTRODUCTION

By Will Nies

### Revelations of a Wife

By ADELE GARRISON

#### A Willing Girl Makes a Good Servant.

THE chiming of the clock an hour after I opened the door. To my invitation to come in each responded, "Thank you," and the entrance of both was quiet. When they sat down in the chairs I drew forward for them I mentally appraised them for a moment.

One was a middle-aged woman of the strongly marked German type. Clean, trim, she spelled efficiency in every line of her body. The other, a tall, thin girl, of perhaps a year or so, was extremely neat, but her pretty brown hair was blown around her face, and her blue eyes were fairly dancing with eagerness in contrast to the stolid expression of the other woman. As I faced them, the older woman compressed her lips to a thin line, while the girl smiled at me in friendly fashion.

"You came in answer to the advertisements?" I queried.

The older woman silently held forth my letter and two or three other papers planned together. I saw that they were references written in varying feminine orthography. Her silence was most uneasy.

"Oh yes, Missis," the Polish girl exclaimed, "I put my what you call it?"

"Advertisement," I suggested, smiling. Her good-nature was infectious.

"Oh yes, ad-vert-ise-ment, in the paper, Sunday. Today came your letter, the first letter. I guess you mean now. Nobody want maids. I come quick. I can do good work, very good. I have good references. You got maid yet?"

"Not yet," I answered, and turned to the other woman.

"What wages do you ask?" "Thirty-five dollars a month, every other Sunday and every other Thursday out, no washing, no bed-making, no children. If there are only two in the family I will do all the cleaning." Her voice was metallic, but monotony was as if she were reciting a lesson.

"You must do first-class work to demand so much money," she looked coldly at me. "I am a first-class cook and housekeeper. You tell me how much you wish to spend each week. I will manage your house on that if it is not too small. I can cook and serve a dinner for guests without any help. I do not like any one in my kitchen to help, even the other woman. You read my references. They will tell you what I can do."

The younger girl.

I turned to the other. "How much do you want, and what can you do?"

The Polish girl shook her head smilingly. "If you take her, you no want me. I tell nothing while she is here. If you not take her, then she go, then I tell you everything."

According to all my theories and my training I should have chosen the older woman. Efficiency always has been an ideal of mine. I do not think I would like you for a madam, either," she said quietly as she went out.

"She no good to talk to you like that," she exclaimed. "She old crank, any way. You not like her. See me—I young, strong, I cook, wash, iron, clean, I make beds. I do everything. You not like her, I cook good, too, not so much fancy, but awful good. My last madam, I with her one year. She sick, go South yesterday. She cry, say I so sorry. Katie, you been so good to me. I cry, too. Read what she say about me."

The woman took the card with the same stolidity she had shown through the whole interview. "I do not think I would like you for a madam, either," she said quietly as she went out.

"She no good to talk to you like that," she exclaimed. "She old crank, any way. You not like her. See me—I young, strong, I cook, wash, iron, clean, I make beds. I do everything. You not like her, I cook good, too, not so much fancy, but awful good. My last madam, I with her one year. She sick, go South yesterday. She cry, say I so sorry. Katie, you been so good to me. I cry, too. Read what she say about me."

The woman took the card with the same stolidity she had shown through the whole interview. "I do not think I would like you for a madam, either," she said quietly as she went out.

"She no good to talk to you like that," she exclaimed. "She old crank, any way. You not like her. See me—I young, strong, I cook, wash, iron, clean, I make beds. I do everything. You not like her, I cook good, too, not so much fancy, but awful good. My last madam, I with her one year. She sick, go South yesterday. She cry, say I so sorry. Katie, you been so good to me. I cry, too. Read what she say about me."

The woman took the card with the same stolidity she had shown through the whole interview. "I do not think I would like you for a madam, either," she said quietly as she went out.

"She no good to talk to you like that," she exclaimed. "She old crank, any way. You not like her. See me—I young, strong, I cook, wash, iron, clean, I make beds. I do everything. You not like her, I cook good, too, not so much fancy, but awful good. My last madam, I with her one year. She sick, go South yesterday. She cry, say I so sorry. Katie, you been so good to me. I cry, too. Read what she say about me."

The woman took the card with the same stolidity she had shown through the whole interview. "I do not think I would like you for a madam, either," she said quietly as she went out.

"She no good to talk to you like that," she exclaimed. "She old crank, any way. You not like her. See me—I young, strong, I cook, wash, iron, clean, I make beds. I do everything. You not like her, I cook good, too, not so much fancy, but awful good. My last madam, I with her one year. She sick, go South yesterday. She cry, say I so sorry. Katie, you been so good to me. I cry, too. Read what she say about me."

The woman took the card with the same stolidity she had shown through the whole interview. "I do not think I would like you for a madam, either," she said quietly as she went out.

"She no good to talk to you like that," she exclaimed. "She old crank, any way. You not like her. See me—I young, strong, I cook, wash, iron, clean, I make beds. I do everything. You not like her, I cook good, too, not so much fancy, but awful good. My last madam, I with her one year. She sick, go South yesterday. She cry, say I so sorry. Katie, you been so good to me. I cry, too. Read what she say about me."

The woman took the card with the same stolidity she had shown through the whole interview. "I do not think I would like you for a madam, either," she said quietly as she went out.

"She no good to talk to you like that," she exclaimed. "She old crank, any way. You not like her. See me—I young, strong, I cook, wash, iron, clean, I make beds. I do everything. You not like her, I cook good, too, not so much fancy, but awful good. My last madam, I with her one year. She sick, go South yesterday. She cry, say I so sorry. Katie, you been so good to me. I cry, too. Read what she say about me."

The woman took the card with the same stolidity she had shown through the whole interview. "I do not think I would like you for a madam, either," she said quietly as she went out.

"She no good to talk to you like that," she exclaimed. "She old crank, any way. You not like her. See me—I young, strong, I cook, wash, iron, clean, I make beds. I do everything. You not like her, I cook good, too, not so much fancy, but awful good. My last madam, I with her one year. She sick, go South yesterday. She cry, say I so sorry. Katie, you been so good to me. I cry, too. Read what she say about me."

The woman took the card with the same stolidity she had shown through the whole interview. "I do not think I would like you for a madam, either," she said quietly as she went out.

"She no good to talk to you like that," she exclaimed. "She old crank, any way. You not like her. See me—I young, strong, I cook, wash, iron, clean, I make beds. I do everything. You not like her, I cook good, too, not so much fancy, but awful good. My last madam, I with her one year. She sick, go South yesterday. She cry, say I so sorry. Katie, you been so good to me. I cry, too. Read what she say about me."

The woman took the card with the same stolidity she had shown through the whole interview. "I do not think I would like you for a madam, either," she said quietly as she went out.

"She no good to talk to you like that," she exclaimed. "She old crank, any way. You not like her. See me—I young, strong, I cook, wash, iron, clean, I make beds. I do everything. You not like her, I cook good, too, not so much fancy, but awful good. My last madam, I with her one year. She sick, go South yesterday. She cry, say I so sorry. Katie, you been so good to me. I cry, too. Read what she say about me."

The woman took the card with the same stolidity she had shown through the whole interview. "I do not think I would like you for a madam, either," she said quietly as she went out.

"She no good to talk to you like that," she exclaimed. "She old crank, any way. You not like her. See me—I young, strong, I cook, wash, iron, clean, I make beds. I do everything. You not like her, I cook good, too, not so much fancy, but awful good. My last madam, I with her one year. She sick, go South yesterday. She cry, say I so sorry. Katie, you been so good to me. I cry, too. Read what she say about me."

The woman took the card with the same stolidity she had shown through the whole interview. "I do not think I would like you for a madam, either," she said quietly as she went out.

"She no good to talk to you like that," she exclaimed. "She old crank, any way. You not like her. See me—I young, strong, I cook, wash, iron, clean, I make beds. I do everything. You not like her, I cook good, too, not so much fancy, but awful good. My last madam, I with her one year. She sick, go South yesterday. She cry, say I so sorry. Katie, you been so good to me. I cry, too. Read what she say about me."

The woman took the card with the same stolidity she had shown through the whole interview. "I do not think I would like you for a madam, either," she said quietly as she went out.

"She no good to talk to you like that," she exclaimed. "She old crank, any way. You not like her. See me—I young, strong, I cook, wash, iron, clean, I make beds. I do everything. You not like her, I cook good, too, not so much fancy, but awful good. My last madam, I with her one year. She sick, go South yesterday. She cry, say I so sorry. Katie, you been so good to me. I cry, too. Read what she say about me."

The woman took the card with the same stolidity she had shown through the whole interview. "I do not think I would like you for a madam, either," she said quietly as she went out.

"She no good to talk to you like that," she exclaimed. "She old crank, any way. You not like her. See me—I young, strong, I cook, wash, iron, clean, I make beds. I do everything. You not like her, I cook good, too, not so much fancy, but awful good. My last madam, I with her one year. She sick, go South yesterday. She cry, say I so sorry. Katie, you been so good to me. I cry, too. Read what she say about me."

The woman took the card with the same stolidity she had shown through the whole interview. "I do not think I would like you for a madam, either," she said quietly as she went out.

"She no good to talk to you like that," she exclaimed. "She old crank, any way. You not like her. See me—I young, strong, I cook, wash, iron, clean, I make beds. I do everything. You not like her, I cook good, too, not so much fancy, but awful good. My last madam, I with her one year. She sick, go South yesterday. She cry, say I so sorry. Katie, you been so good to me. I cry, too. Read what she say about me."

The woman took the card with the same stolidity she had shown through the whole interview. "I do not think I would like you for a madam, either," she said quietly as she went out.

"She no good to talk to you like that," she exclaimed. "She old crank, any way. You not like her. See me—I young, strong, I cook, wash, iron, clean, I make beds. I do everything. You not like her, I cook good, too, not so much fancy, but awful good. My last madam, I with her one year. She sick, go South yesterday. She cry, say I so sorry. Katie, you been so good to me. I cry, too. Read what she say about me."

The woman took the card with the same stolidity she had shown through the whole interview. "I do not think I would like you for a madam, either," she said quietly as she went out.

"She no good to talk to you like that," she exclaimed. "She old crank, any way. You not like her. See me—I young, strong, I cook, wash, iron, clean, I make beds. I do everything. You not like her, I cook good, too, not so much fancy, but awful good. My last madam, I with her one year. She sick, go South yesterday. She cry, say I so sorry. Katie, you been so good to me. I cry, too. Read what she say about me."

The woman took the card with the same stolidity she had shown through the whole interview. "I do not think I would like you for a madam, either," she said quietly as she went out.

"She no good to talk to you like that," she exclaimed. "She old crank, any way. You not like her. See me—I young, strong, I cook, wash, iron, clean, I make beds. I do everything. You not like her, I cook good, too, not so much fancy, but awful good. My last madam, I with her one year. She sick, go South yesterday. She cry, say I so sorry. Katie, you been so good to me. I cry, too. Read what she say about me."



NOW, here is a perfectly good young man, and an entirely charming girl. But they don't know each other. No one has happened to introduce them. The difficulty COULD be bridged over. And Cupid is in charge of the bridge. Of course, our little, shrewd, enterprising, serviceable friend has a grave responsibility. He has to think the thing out. Unconventional adventures are all right in books. But one doesn't sanction these things in real life unless—well, unless they really OUGHT to happen. Probably Cupid is only teasing them both. HE KNOWS he is going to do something.

His game is usually to make them WANT him to do it VERY much before he moves in the matter. Yes, you guessed rightly. He will.

### What's the Full Meaning of This Story?

By WINIFRED BLACK

Copyright, 1915, by Newspaper Feature Service, Inc.

A CHICAGO woman sued two saloon keepers, a short time ago, and recovered \$750 damages from them—because her husband spent his money in the saloons of these two particular men and let her and her children starve.

It is an interesting little story. The husband was a prosperous contractor, with a pretty little home, a sweet wife and two healthy, good-humored and attractive children. That was before he started to drink.

After he began to drink, he lost his home—he lost his business—he lost his money—and his wife and children had neither food nor fuel in the house.

The wife, at her wits' end, went to the two saloons where her husband spent most of his money and told the keepers her story. They paid no attention to her—and very soon afterward the husband disappeared.

The wife took her two children to one of the saloons, opened the door and put the children inside.

"There," she said, "here are our children, it's up to you to take care of them—you took their father away."

The saloon keeper tried to expostulate—but the woman was gone. And then the Citizens' League took the case, and four years after the man had become a steady customer at "Matt's Place" the case was brought into court and tried, and the saloon keeper was compelled to pay damages to the woman for helping to take her husband away from her and her children.

I wonder if the fact that women vote, in Chicago has anything to do with the way this story turned out? And yet—where does it all lead?

Were those two particular saloon keepers to blame, entirely, because this particular man didn't care enough for his family or for his wife or for himself to keep sober?

Fools Find Ways.

If they hadn't sold him the liquor, wouldn't some one else have done it? If all the saloons in Chicago had refused him drink and he had not been able to leave town, don't you suppose he would have found some way to get the poison that he wanted—anyhow?

If there was no whiskey—wouldn't he have had morphine, and if he couldn't get morphine, wouldn't he have taken cocaine—and if he didn't want drugs—how about lottery tickets—and what about poolrooms and bucket shops and horse racing?

A fool who wants to spend his money will spend it, if he has to buy chances on an embroidered pin cushion at a church fair.

I know a man who fell heir unexpectedly to \$5000. He was a very poor man and he lived in a little country town, and everybody wondered what idiotic things he would do with his money. They didn't have to wonder long.

The man went to St. Louis for a tally-ho coach and span of prancing black horses. He had hand bills printed and distributed through the country for miles around, and he gave a barbecue and invited the whole county.

The whole county went, ate, drank, listened to the band which the man had hired to come down from the city, laughed at him, told him what a good fellow he was.

He was a very poor man and he lived in a little country town, and everybody wondered what idiotic things he would do with his money. They didn't have to wonder long.

The man went to St. Louis for a tally-ho coach and span of prancing black horses. He had hand bills printed and distributed through the country for miles around, and he gave a barbecue and invited the whole county.

The whole county went, ate, drank, listened to the band which the man had hired to come down from the city, laughed at him, told him what a good fellow he was.

follow he was, called him a prince to his face—and a fool to his back—and went home. The man woke up two or three days afterward, \$2.50 in debt to the local livery stable for an extra fee.

He told me all about it afterward.

He didn't seem to be sorry—and neither did I.

It might as well have gone that way as any other.

It wasn't the \$5000 that was to blame, or the man's fault who sold the tally-ho—and nobody could think of holding the cooks who served the barbecue responsible. The man wanted to spend his money that way—and he spent it—and that's all there was to it.

Only Character Counts.

A man whose nerves crave the stimulus of alcohol or of excitement will get either that alcohol or that excitement just as surely as there's any way to get it—and not all the virtuous saloon keepers in the world can keep him from it.

Character—that's the only thing that ever counts anywhere on earth—either passing a saloon or going into it.

If I had a boy who couldn't eat one piece of candy without gobbling down the whole box, I'm afraid I should never think of blaming the candy maker.

Who would I blame? Nobody at all—not even the boy.

I would know that there was something wrong first with the boy's stomach or his nerves, which craved the extra stimulation of large quantities of sugar, or his character which made him unable to control himself or his character which made me unable to control him.

And I would try to find which one, or which combination of all three, was to blame—and then, perhaps, I could do something about it.

Burning down the candy factory wouldn't do it—somebody else would start a candy factory somewhere else and call it by a different name—whipping the boy wouldn't do it—he'd just sneak out somewhere and get candy anyhow and try to fool me about it.

Sitting down and crying over my own lack of control over my own children wouldn't do it. It'd just pity myself and not reform them.

Life would be so much simpler if there weren't so many sides to all the questions—wouldn't it?

It's a very interesting little story—that one from Chicago—I wonder what the full meaning of it really is?

### Exercises for the Smaller Waist

By LUCREZIA BORI

Prima Donna of the Metropolitan Opera Company, New York.

If you have made a recent visit to the corsetiere you were no doubt surprised to see the radical change in the lines of the new stays. The waist line is decidedly smaller and the skirt is inches shorter, while above the waist has been added the extra length taken from below.

This is all due to the fact that Fashion has decreed that the figure of straight, boyish lines shall be no more. So, if you have a small waist and hips, and in order to wear the fall frocks successfully you must develop the curving figure of the nineties.

To Remedy Round Shoulders. "There" will not be tolerated, and we must acquire an erect, dignified carriage with shoulders thrown back and head held high. If you will allow your mirror to tell the truth you will find that many of you are afflicted with rounded shoulders and hollow chests. Fortunately, there are few cases of "stooped shoulders" that cannot be corrected, with patience and perseverance, even among older people. To draw the protruding shoulder blades back into their normal position you must exercise, and I am giving you an easy exercise, which will work wonders in a short time, providing you are

faithful in practicing it once or twice each day. Place the arms outstretched on a level with the shoulders, palms upward. Throw the shoulders as far back as possible, then bend the forearms so that they are at right angles to the elbow. When this position is obtained bend the hands over until they touch the shoulders. Repeat this six times, and then resume the first position.

To Make Waist Smaller. The second movement consists of bending the forearms forward until the hands are on a level with the elbow, keeping the shoulders well back. Repeat this movement six times, and then complete the series by stretching the arms full length in front, and then bring the hands downward as if you were paddling water. Keep the muscles taut so that there will be the same amount of resistance as the water would give.

No woman should be flat-chested, and to remedy this deficiency I know of nothing better than deep breathing. There is no better exercise for this than to stand in the open air or before an open window, each morning, and clapping the hands at the waist, at the back, stretch them as far from the waist line, downward, as possible. Repeat this exercise 20 times, breathing deeply the while.

To decrease the size of the waist by exercising with a chair back, sit astride a chair with the hands firmly grasping the back. Then, without moving from this position, twist the body above the waist line as far around to one side as possible. Repeat the movement toward the other side. The object is to pull the muscles and cords about the waist and the abdomen, and to wear away the superfluous flesh which is apt to collect

there. The twist must be made far enough to feel a muscular pull. Vary this exercise by standing erect and raising one foot by bending the knee, try to bring that knee up to the chest, clapping it with both hands. You may not be able to do this exercise the first time, but "practice makes perfect" and the reward will be a symmetrical, graceful, shapely figure.

It is impossible for any woman to have a good figure without exercising, so make up your mind to acquire an erect carriage, a high chest and a not too small waist, so that you can wear with distinction the close-fitting bodices and coats which Fashion will usher in with the autumn.

Face Value Fine.

BRIGGS—Then you can recommend Rogers as a man of good character? BRIGGS—No; merely as a man of good reputation.

### Secrets of Health

#### A Shapely Nose May Mean Success and Good Fortune

By DR. L. K. HIRSHBERG

A. B. M. A., M. D. (Johns Hopkins University).

WHETHER you have the face of a Greek god or a gargoyle it is the nose on your face which counts, after all.

The nose, when in its proper position, smooth, symmetrical, graceful, neither turned up nor down, adds to beauty without obtruding itself upon the admiring eye.

Dr. Joseph, a student of rhinology, has pointed to the fact that unhappiness, melancholia, inefficiency, self-consciousness, and even suicide has been the price of odd or badly shaped noses.

Dr. Lee Cohen of Baltimore has just summed up his remarkable series of operations upon ugly noses made beautiful, and his perfective technique would seem to bring hope to all with nasal deformities, big and little.

Over and above the destructive influence of an ugly nose upon efficiency, industrial success and any social program, it keeps you unfavorably conspicuous in public.

One patient with a nose of undue prominence was correctly convinced that any advancement in the wholesale houses in which he worked was hindered by his nose. Sure enough, within a few months after the operation he was materially advanced.

Another victim of a deformed nose, a violinist in a large orchestra, realized that solo work was impossible with a nose like his. He was engaged immediately for solo work after his operation.

It is a fallacy to hold to the notion that vanity alone prompts the call for a well-formed nose. Whether or not there are obstructions inside the nose, faulty breathing, stuffiness or other troubles called wrongly "catarrh," a cosmetic improvement on the outside also aids the inside.

Not only the Baltimore surgeon, but Dr. Hartweg, Dr. Joseph, Bergson, and several others throughout the country are successfully performing this operation. None of these claimants is doing without pain, soreness, scars or complications. Either a local anesthetic or ether is used, the skin is undermined by means of a little slit made inside the nostril, and the outside shows no effects of the operation.

Humps, hooks, bends, turns, saddles, concavities, convexities, sinuous turns, and all the other positions of the nose, nasal ugliness may thus be corrected and made perfect. Thus the nose of every man may be carved into beautiful moulds of a sculptor's creation, and even the proboscis of Cleo, Cyrano de Bergerac and Shylcock can be given nasal perfection superior to Leonardo da Vinci.

Answers to Health Questions

I. B. B.—Please tell me what to do for pimples on my face?

A.—Avoid all greasy, oily and hot foods, sweets, pastries, candies, starches and sour things. Do not use soap or hot water on the face, but cleanse the skin with ice cold water and a good peroxide cream. Apply each night to the blackheads the following:

Sulphur..... 1/2 ounce  
Spirits of camphor..... 1/2 ounce  
Castor oil..... 1/2 ounce  
Acacia..... 1/2 ounce  
Lime water..... 1/2 ounce  
Rosewater..... 1/2 ounce

Take three drops of Fowler's arsenic solution three times a day.

Dr. Hirschberg will answer questions for readers of this paper on medical, hygienic and sanitation subjects that are of general interest. He cannot always undertake to prescribe or offer advice for individual cases. Where the subject is not of general interest letters will be answered personally, if a stamped and addressed envelope is enclosed. Address all inquiries to Dr. L. K. Hirschberg, care of this office.

### ADVICE TO GIRLS

By ANNIE LAURIE

DEAR ANNIE LAURIE: I am a young girl, 18 years of age, and would like to ask you advice. I am not very tall for my age, and seem to keep my age so well people do not think I am as old as

enjoying their these Tumblers Artesies received in the coupon. Delivery is guar-

without initials, and has been which initial is

but by a syndi-

introduce the when the news- through the usual pay for one world's popular

Office, 40 West et, Hamilton, N. Y. Aug. 21.

Attractive Negligee of Figured Chiffon with Pleated Frills.

THIS charming negligee is of pink silk with pleated frills. The short kimono sleeves are trimmed with frills of plain white chiffon, and the Schu collar is white, edged with a pleated frill.

The skirt is shirred about the hips and opens down the front to show the lace-finished petticoat worn beneath. A narrow frill of white chiffon borders the hem, and the small white chiffon, edged with pleatings, starts from beneath pleats on each side of the front where the ends are crossed over each other and tied at the back.

But although I use paper dishes a great deal, one doesn't want to use them all the time, and so some days have their quota of china cleaning just as I have at home. And try as I will I have no use trying to scrape my pots and pans brigade. I find it hard to get on with them at dishwashing times, but it's impossible to get on without them. So I've tried out various ways of making their cleaning easy.

In the first place I make use of the casserole, and so cook and serve the individual portions in the same dish. That at least saves double washing of cooking and serving utensils.

Then, camp dishwashing has shown me that there is an art even about the humble preparation of dishwasher. I had the idea that the more washing soda one used the better and quicker were the dishes cleaned. But in using more enamelled ware than I have at home I discovered that the washing soda simply eats off the enamel. Moreover, the day the dish soap disappeared temporarily, and I had to dip my hands in the soda water, I saw that the washing soda made them turn lobster-red. That settled it. For if there is one thing I dread and fight against, it's having evidences of "housekeeping drudgery" on my person. I won't have red hands or "housemaid's knees" or distended veins on my hands if care or cosmetics will prevent.

So I experimented a bit. Now instead of dropping washing soda into the dishwasher I keep a solution of washing soda bottled away. When I need it I simply

pour a tablespoonful or so of the soda solution into the dishwasher. This is just as effective in aiding the dishwashing process, but it doesn't by any chance get the actual soda chemical in direct contact with enamel ware, and I needn't be quite so hesitant about putting my own hands in the water.

Another help in easy pot cleaning is not to try to clean it altogether by the use of a cloth and "elbow grease." A fine powder sprinkled on a stiff brush makes it possible quickly and easily to scrub the most obstinate pot into immaculateness. If the pot is very soiled or greasy I fill it with water and some of the washing soda solution and let it boil, and it is then very easy to finish cleaning. This treatment is also effective for burnt saucepans of any kind.

The saucepan is filled with the water and washing soda solution and allowed to boil until the water is just boiled away. Then the saucepan is refilled again in the same way until the second performance is finished. After that it is a simple matter to clean the saucepan perfectly with the brush and powder.

(Copyright, 1915, by Newspaper Feature Service, Inc.)

### A BRIDE'S OWN STORY of Her Household Adventures

By ISOBEL BRANDS

How She Learned the Easy Way to Clean Pots and Pans.

MY camp dishwashing is being brought down to its simplest elements, and I have partly solved the problem by trying to have no dishes to wash. Fish cooking, which I know inspires dread in the heart of the bravest soldier of the dishpan, isn't formidable at all. Indeed, from the dishwashing standpoint fish is nowadays a favorite. For I cook it in a paper bag and serve it on paper dishes. Consequently, there are only a few pieces of cutlery that bear