

Matters of Interest for Our Women Readers

REVELATIONS OF A WIFE

By Adele Garrison

"Then You Must Be His Margaret"

At her age!" said Miss Sonnet. Tucked away between two pages of her cherished scrapbook was a small envelope. Opening it, she drew out a number of clipped newspaper paragraphs, selected one and passed it to me.

"What do you think of it?" she asked. I took it mechanically. My mind was far away from the impromptu midnight chafing dish supper we had planned when, unable to sleep, we had met each other in the dining room.

For as Miss Sonnet turned the pages of the scrapbook containing her most prized mementoes and clippings I had caught a glimpse of a photograph which I knew was Jack Bickett's. What it was doing there I could not imagine. I was sure I knew the name of every woman Jack had ever met, for I had always been in his confidence.

The little incident jarred me more than I was willing to admit. I felt that I must satisfy myself that the photograph was really Jack's, and if so, how it came in her possession. But I had a strange reluctance to ask her. In the mean time, I must give a verdict on the recipe she had handed me. I had not seen a word of it, although I had been looking straight at it. I read it rapidly to myself.

"This sounds very appetizing," I commented, raising my eyes to find the little nurse looking at me with a curious, questioning gaze. As her eyes met mine, the expression on her face changed instantly. But I knew that her alertness had seen my momentary confusion.

Some Interesting Little Souvenirs.

"Do you think we can manage it without raising the house?" she asked dubiously. "When I spoke of it, I did not realize it was quite so complicated. Frying onions is no joke at midnight."

"We'll do all that in the kitchen, with the outside door open to take away the odor," I decided quickly. "And we won't attach the chafing dish at all. I'll put the blazer over a pair of hot water on the gas stove, and when our concoction is done we'll eat it immediately. I am really hungry, aren't you?"

"Ravens!" returned the little nurse, smiling, and we went into the kitchen. "Suppose there should be no onions," she said with burlesque tragedy.

"But there is!" I announced triumphantly. We both gazed at each other as if we had said something wonderfully original and humorous. We were like two youngsters let out of school, we women, both used to self-repression, both schooled in life's hardships. I had conceived a genuine liking for the little nurse. I was sure she returned my feeling. My enjoyment of our little lark would have been perfect, save for my wonderment over the presence of Jack Bickett's picture in her scrapbook.

Our omelet was a success. Miss Sonnet attended to its final heading in the chafing dish while I saw to it that the coffee was just right, opened a bottle of stuffed olives I had found and provided generous portions of bread and butter for each of us.

"This is the psychological moment," she said gravely as she bore the chafing dish in from the kitchen and I followed her to the dining room.

Three Minute Journeys

WHERE A CONE-SHAPED HEAD IS CONSIDERED MOST BEAUTIFUL.

If there is one misfortune that a girl of the New Hebrides wishes to escape, it is to marry to a man of no particular account. Of course, with the girls of all the rest of the world, sympathy for woman the world over wishes to marry—as we say—well. But, while the problem of "making a good match" is complex in some other lands, in the New Hebrides it is comparatively simple. The chief requirement in this wild country is for a girl to have a head.

When a New Hebrides baby is born its mother begins the process of making its head cone-shaped. First she secures a finely platted mat of vegetable fibre, which she fits snugly to the baby's head. Over this she winds a cord of loosely wound, but every morning it is bound more tightly. The purpose of the net mat under the cord is to give the cord a good purchase, so it cannot possibly slip.

If the mat and the cord were wound about the entire head, the growth of the head would be retarded in every direction. But as this is not the New Hebrides ideal the crown of the head is left exposed. Neither the net nor the cord is wound about the crown, for it is desired that the top should receive all the growth, and so gradually push upward into a cone shape.

Of course, the method is not particularly pleasant for baby. Some of the children I saw were fretful and crying as if in pain, nearly all the time, but the mother did not seem to mind. She would smile at the baby, and she would smile at the mother of a successful marriage. Indeed, the mother of the picture, as you see, does not possess a cone-shaped head. It was her mother's fault that she did not marry well, while her mother, married a chief, should have the little that followed her. Let us hope that the pain of the early days will be fully made up to baby, when she is reigning beauty and makes her successful marriage.

A New Hebrides Baby.

shaped like a cone. The nearer cone-like her head, the more beautiful she is considered.

To be beautiful in this conical way,

with a hot platter in my hand. "I do hope it's right," I murmured admiringly as she carefully turned the daintily browned concoction out on the platter. "Let's not waste a minute."

We are both healthy young women, with good appetites, and we thoroughly enjoyed our impromptu little meal. We ate the last crumb of the omelet, drank two cups of coffee and, and then looked at each other sheepishly.

"I feel like a coked anemone," said Miss Sonnet. "I hope no one needs a nurse before morning. I should hate to exert myself in any way."

"But these you sleep?" I asked, hoping she would reply in the negative. I felt that I did not wish to go back to bed until I learned the reason Jack's picture was among her effects.

"Not a bit," she answered promptly. "I am usually. 'Would you like to look at my scrapbook?' It has some interesting little souvenirs in it of experiences I have had."

"Do You Know Him?"

Would I? My heart beat more quickly at the question, but I made my voice nonchalant.

"Indeed, I should enjoy it very much. Come down to the end of the table away from the debris of the feast. We can clear up afterward."

"With our heads close together we bent over the book, lingering over many interesting little scraps and pictures she had picked up. As she turned the page to look at the pictures, and confirmed the impression I had received when I first saw the page.

"It was Jack Bickett's photograph. I schooled my voice to a sort of careless surprise."

"Why isn't this Jack Bickett?"

"She started perceptibly. 'Yes, do you know him?'"

"He is the nearest relative I have," I returned quietly. "A distant cousin, but brought up as my brother."

Her face flushed. Her eyes shone with interest.

"Oh! then you must be his Margaret!" she cried.

How to Attain a Graceful Carriage by Proper Exercise

By LUCREZIA BORI

Prima Donna of the Metropolitan Opera Company, New York.

HAVE you ever stationed yourself upon one of the crowded thoroughfares of a city where woman-kind loves to walk to see and be seen? Have you not marvelled at the ungainly way most of the passers-by walk and carry themselves? Few women have a perfect carriage and for this reason only about 30 per cent, it is said, walk gracefully.

You have noticed the corpulent lady who "waddles" from side to side as if under the influence of a powerful wind machine. In turn, was just a trifle too short to walk without dipping. You know that there is no shortness of any kind just as there is no inclination to favor this rocking gate.

Then there is the woman who swishes her arms like the pendulum of a grandfather's clock with every stride and holds her head forward.

"Then you will see the girl who thinks it is 'cute' to walk in a round-shouldered fashion, or the one who in trying to affect a 'different' walk and swing her whole body from side to side, when the 'old fever' was at its height.

The bar-room of the Polka is the rendezvous of the miners. Rance, the sheriff, is among them, and the miner who bobs up and down like a cork upon the water as she takes her short, quick steps.

Proper Preparatory Methods.

If you should find that you have acquired any of these gawking ways, that will brand you as being "stupid," begin today a course of exercises that will teach you to poise your body correctly. Simple calisthenics, deep breathing, delicate exercises and fancy dancing, will aid you to obtain quick results.

If you cannot or do not care to form a class or to join a gymnasium, then "read up" on the subject of physical culture and systematically follow a course of exercises being your own physical director. Be determined to become a "Gibson Girl," with square shoulders and well-poised head. We seldom see her counterpart nowadays. Correct carriage belongs to her, and she was a movement which combined grace and strength.

You should constantly bear in mind those postures of the body, that makes proper breathing difficult makes the body more susceptible to disease, and just as much interferes with the process of digestion and our complexions and general health pay the toll.

Worth-While Results.

If you belong to that great army of "workers," pay particular attention to the carriage of your body. It is natural to allow the body to droop when you are tired. Fatigue robs you of strength so that you will have neither the energy nor the ambition to hold yourself erect. The next time you begin to feel tired, throw back your head and shoulders, hold your body erect and fill the lungs with pure air. You will be surprised to see how much less tired you are.

A perfect carriage is not to be acquired in a day, it's a week nor even a month. It cannot even be acquired in a longer time if you release into old habits as soon as the minutes set aside for exercising are over. In this, like in every other worth-while thing, you must be persistent! At all times you must stand correctly, walk correctly and sit correctly. At first it will be hard for you to do all of these things, but before long they will have become second nature.

Emerson says, "In all human action those facilities will be strong which are used." So it is reasonable to suppose that in carrying out the whole body, which is certainly done in obtaining a correct carriage, you will build up the strength of the whole body. This will bring the pink to your cheeks, the brilliancy to your eyes and beauty of expression to your face.

FEMININE FOIBLES

By Annette Bradshaw



ASKING THE IMPOSSIBLE
"Please Make My Hair Look Just Like Hers."

Annette Bradshaw

THE Girl of the Golden West," an Italian grand opera, is a story of California in the days of 1850, when the "gold fever" was at its height.

The bar-room of the Polka is the rendezvous of the miners. Rance, the sheriff, is among them, and the miner who bobs up and down like a cork upon the water as she takes her short, quick steps.

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Not Loved, But Respected

(Continued from page one.)

With the capture of Khartoum, capital of the Sudan, which marked the re-establishment of British possession of the upper reaches of the Nile, Kitchener became the object of hero-worship in England.

Shortly afterwards he was promoted lieutenant-general, and then chief of staff to Lord Roberts in the South African war, and on Lord Roberts' return to England in November 1900, in that field. By constructing a 3,500 mile chain of block houses, he stopped the Boer raids and virtually ended the war in South Africa. This added to his popularity and prestige at home, and he was rewarded by the title of Viscount, promotion to the rank of general for distinguished services, the thanks of the parliament and a grant of \$250,000.

IN INDIA.

Immediately after the peace General Kitchener went to India as commander-in-chief of the British forces there, and in this position which he held for seven years he carried out not only many far-reaching administrative reforms, but a complete re-organization and strategical redistribution of the British and native forces. In leaving India in 1909, he was promoted field marshal and appointed commander-in-chief and high commissioner in the Mediterranean and later on took a tour of inspection of the forces of the empire, drawing up a scheme of defense of the overseas dominions.

BACK TO EGYPT.

He then returned to Egypt, the scene of his first triumph, in the capacity of British agent and consul-general in Cairo—virtually a governor-generalship of Egypt—and led in the economical development of the country, building new roads and irrigation projects on a large scale.

During all the years the British people had looked on Kitchener's silent, but effective work, they had never been able to fathom his personality. A Cockney non-commissioned officer, who had seen much service under him, summed up the general opinion, when he said of Kitchener:

NO TALKER.

"E's no talker. Not 'im. 'E's all steel and 'fice."

His face was that of a man who neither asked for sympathy nor wanted it.

He had steady, blue gray, passionless eyes, and a heavy mustache covered a mouth that shut close and firm like a wolf trap. He believed with all his might in the gospel of work. He had illimitable self-confidence. For bungling and faint-heartedness he was incapable of feeling sympathy or showing mercy; an officer who failed him once got no second chance. He had a grim laconic humor. "What is your taste in hairpins?" for instance, is said to have been the query with which he annihilated a dandified officer. He was indifferent to popularity, particularly among women, and though fettered as the world in social circles, he never married.

Earl Kitchener was appointed secretary of State for War on August 8, 1914, a few days after Great Britain's declaration of war on Germany. He was regarded as England's greatest soldier, and the decision of the government to entrust him with supreme direction of the war was received with unanimous approval.

AS WAS CRITICIZED.

As the war progressed and Great Britain's deficiencies in certain directions particularly in regard to shortage of artillery ammunition, and the fact that the British army was subject to severe criticism led by Lord Northcliffe. The secretary was charged with responsibility for failure to foresee the extraordinary demand for heavy shells, and as a result the ministry of munitions was formed with David Lloyd-George at its head.

ROBERTSON'S APPOINTMENT.

Earl Kitchener's responsibilities were further lessened by the appointment of General Sir William Robertson as chief of the imperial staff in December of last year. It was reported at this time that friction had arisen between Earl Kitchener and Field Marshal French, then in command of the British forces in France.

Shortly after the appointment of General Robertson, Field Marshal French relinquished his command. Notwithstanding the criticism directed against Kitchener, his great accomplishments during the war are recognized universally. Foremost of his achievements is the creation from England's untrained manhood of a huge army. At the beginning of the war Great Britain had only a few hundred thousand trained men. Today more than 5,000,000 men are enrolled for the various branches of the service.

MOVEMENTS SECRET.

There have been no recent reports of Earl Kitchener's movements. He was last mentioned in the cable despatches of Friday, when he went to Westminster Palace to be questioned by members of the House of Commons who were not satisfied with the conduct of the war. No intimation was given that he intended to leave England.

HIGHLY THOUGHT OF.

Premier Asquith paid high tribute to Earl Kitchener's work in his speech at the recent adjournment of parliament, saying no other man could have raised the great armies which Kitchener assembled.

It has been recognized that there was placed on the war secretary's shoulders a load it was impossible for one man to bear. In the early part of the war he was responsible not only for the organization of armies, but for

the enormous work of equipping them with munitions. Since David Lloyd George took charge of the munitions department, Earl Kitchener has been able to devote himself more largely to the work of military organization.

Great Britain's Allies had great confidence in Earl Kitchener's judgment. His visits to France and Italy were supposed to have had important results in co-ordinating the work of the Allies. The fact that he had left London for Russia is regarded as an indication that he was on a similar mission to that country. The first intimation came in the bulletin announcing that he had been lost.

Sir Frederick Donaldson

(Continued from Page 1)

to other posts he held during a long career in the diplomatic service, was second secretary to the British embassy in Washington from 1895 to 1898. He was a native of Ireland, born in County Leitrim in 1866.

Brigadier-General Arthur Ellershaw, who was born in 1869, and entered the army in 1888, won honors in fighting on the Indian frontier in 1897-98. He was severely wounded in the Boer war. In the present war he had gained the Distinguished Service Order.

Lieut.-Col. Oswald Arthur Fitzgerald, who had been personal military secretary to Lord Kitchener since August, 1914, had been closely associated with the late Field Marshal in army service for many years.

PROBABLY STRUCK A MINE.

Naval officers express the opinion that the cruiser Hampshire, which struck a mine as it would have been an exceedingly lucky shot for a torpedo to get a ship with her speed and under the conditions of the sea which was very rough.

The Hampshire was an old boat and not fit for fleet action; was fast enough for patrol and blockade work. She carried a crew of between 400 and 500 men.

WAS IN CANADA.

Ottawa, Ont., June 6.—Sir Frederick Donaldson, one of Earl Kitchener's party, was munitions adviser to Lloyd-George. He visited Canada last fall on the invitations of D. A. Thomas (Baron Rhonda) to study the possibility of manufacturing heavy ordnance in this country. He was formerly chief superintendent of ordnance at Woolwich arsenal.

AT "THE VALLEY OF 1,000 DEAD."

The following are a few extracts from a letter which has just been received from a young Canadian officer at the front.

Notwithstanding the criticism directed against Kitchener, his great accomplishments during the war are recognized universally. Foremost of his achievements is the creation from England's untrained manhood of a huge army. At the beginning of the war Great Britain had only a few hundred thousand trained men. Today more than 5,000,000 men are enrolled for the various branches of the service.

Five months in the trenches, and still going strong; scenes of horror and hardships, and still can smile; eating bread and cheese and meat which always has mud and sandbag threads in it; drinking tea which looks like tea, but tastes only of chlorine, which is used to purify the water, and still I cannot get indigestion, and with all the wet feet I cannot take a cold; so it is any wonder that with all the long hours of lonely guard and the heavy work of fatigue parties I smile and laugh and grow fat? There is nothing to worry about!

Every once in a while we go back for rest, and then we get into some town and—bang—No! I'm not hit!—then we get a bottle of wine, a can of tomatoes, and eggs, and oh! what a feed! After this I get your lovely cake without letter—only the postmark to indicate where it comes from and I can only say, "What a peach," and I sure enjoy every crumb of it."

The funeral of F. de Sales Muller, former State immigration superintendent, was held at Brantwood, Md.

A well that has moved down hill from the top of Atchison, Kan., owing to landslide, is in good condition and still used.

Digestive Troubles

cause headache, biliousness, constipation, impure blood and other unpleasant symptoms. If these troubles are neglected they weaken the body and open the way for serious illness. Many chronic diseases may be traced back to indigestion that could have been immediately

relieved by

Beecham's Pills. This well-known home remedy has proven itself dependable, safe and speedy during sixty years' use. The fame of having a larger sale than any other medicine in the world proves the dependable, remedial value of

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GREAT PACE.

Says the Hamilton "The 21st Brantford leading No. 2 military drill. The battalion by Lieut.-Col. Harry C. setting a great pace in rec Thursday the unit secured one more man than all T yesterday the 21st secured a evening a big recruiting held in the Brant theatre Mayor Spence presided which, from all hands, a chief speaker. Lieut.-Col. also addressed the gather

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NEW YORK

reported fate of hour before the boys were shout the financial dist Stock Exchange topic of discussi cause of the Alli fected at the ou was more than specialties. The urgent liquidati news of the nava

WAR C

The newspaper at the time had Kitchener, anno "Neither E was present."