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...led a highly connected...
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"Care Casts Anchor in the Harbor of a Dream" By NELL BRINKLEY



Nell Brinkley Says
Where is the bachelor—so easy-going, "hard-game," arrow-proof—who does not sit back and, shifting a certain loneliness which he dubs "care" from his busy brain, dream such a dream as this in his cigaret smoke—a bit of a bungalow in the winding shades of a canon, with a fireplace in it and roses over the door, the fine wine of twilight over it all, a little woman shading her eyes, her skirts blowing in the coming night wind, holding tight the hand of a stubby, tanned-kneed baby, waiting for him at the end of the path? There'll be a dog, too—maybe not a thoroughbred—(tho the first two are all right)—and maybe a little tame deer in a wire enclosure under the trees—and—Where is the bachelor who does not plan his little institution—whose care never casts anchor in the harbor of a dream?

THE VERY DAY OF HOBBIES BY MARGARET BELL

AN ENTHUSIASTIC "JOBBER"

Wood carving as a systematic destroyer of time is natural enough, and very pleasant. It is much the same as bits of crochet work or the culture of pet canaries. The same in principle, that is.
But the carving of huge pieces of lumber into chairs and sofas and beds—that is another thing, quite. Quite an undertaking for a woman, is it not?
Yes, and more particularly for a woman whose fingers have been accustomed only to such delicacies of handling as the strings of a violin, or the keys of a piano.
I happened to call on Lina Adamson, the other day. And after being greeted by three or four dogs of different sizes and pedigrees, also by the same number of cats, whose pedigrees were much more important than the dogs, I was informed that she whom I sought was in. She was in, but very busy. Would I kindly come upstairs?
Something or someone kept calling from the top of the stairs, "Jocko," "Jocko," "Jocko," very hungry.
And then a weird conglomeration of some language decidedly other than English.
But the vocabulary of the pet parrot is a different story altogether. It was his mistress whom I sought.
I found her. Up in a small room, the walls of which sloped down from the centre of the ceiling. Or rather, I should say, that the ceiling itself was almost tent-shaped. A fascinating workshop to be sure.
But it was not the usual workshop one associates with a professional violinist. Far from it. For what might have been the bow was a heavy plane, which had just paused in the operation of smoothing a board.
And there stood the carpenter, a charming figure in upturned sleeves and great apron, which almost enveloped her from tip to toe. Could I possibly believe my eyes? Whoever would have associated Lina Adamson and her fragile fingers with anything

for fitting in the piece of raw material which was required to be hammered, sawed or planed, as the case might be.
And all the articles for performing the hammering, sawing or planing were there too, lined up in a neat row. The floor was covered with a very comfortable padding of shavings, the result of a recent manoeuvre on the part of the last-named article. For Miss Adamson was in the act of fitting the end rungs into their frames.
All of which may sound ambiguous. But you see, it was like this: What is commonly called the foot of the bed was made of a series of small rungs fastened vertically into two frames, just like you have seen the end of a white enamel bed, or the end of a mission sofa.
Miss Adamson's bed was white, but not enamel. At least, not yet. And I learned that such a state of chastity coloring was not to be for it.
For, since it was fashioned on the mission plan, the stain must needs be in keeping.
I noticed several long bottles standing on a table at the other end of the room. These explained the color scheme of the new bed-to-be.
"It is a kind of greenish-brown stain," I originated myself by the careful blending of two or three other stains. I have not used any of it here, but it

makes a very pleasing effect," it was explained to me.
The new stain had been tried out, however, on some articles of furniture in Miss Adamson's summer home up on Georgian Bay.
The mention of which place brings to mind another achievement. At the same home on the same bay the waters plash up against the bank in careless little plashes, and small boats scrape ominously against the gravel and sand.
There was great need of a pier for the launches and dinghies which cruised up and down the bay. Miss Adamson never neglects to take her implements of board-struction with her to this summer home. They stood her in good stead last summer when it was borne home to her that a pier was needed, and that badly.
The territory around Georgian Bay abounds in lumber and bits of log and all that.
The problem was solved. She would build a pier.
And so she did. She donned a very appropriate costume for the occasion and with the assistance of a willing helper, dragged and sawed and hammered and all the rest of it until there was a substantial tieing place for the boats, jutting out from the stretch of land in front of her house.
Naturally, the job took some time to finish, and required infinite patience. And it was necessary to wade out in the cool waves to place the first posts of the pier. But one is unaccustomed up in that district, and such obstacles seemed nothing to this ambitious jobber and joiner. Some day the snapshot of the pier will be a thing of construction with be unearched. When the mere mention of newspaper publicity was hinted at it took a hasty retreat into a hidden cavity somewhere.
When one goes into a certain room of Miss Adamson's home one sees a very comfortable looking couch which stretches out inviting arms and bids the guest drape all laws of convention and sinks into its downy depths. It is piled with cushions and affords a luxurious haven for any who may have dropped in for a cup of tea. There is almost always sure to be a big, fluffy angora cat huddled up in it. But he is a good-tempered beast, and does not resent being chased away, providing the chasing is done with extreme tact.
You would never dream that this comfy couch had its being in the little room with the sloping walls. The ends are made the same as the foot of the bed, which was in construction, the day I was allowed into the sacred sanctum of jobbing and joining. Probably you would notice this similarity. Otherwise, you could not have the most meagre idea as to the nativity of the comfortable couch. And that is not all. A large chair, equally as inviting as the couch was formed by the plane and saw, and hammer of this attic workshop. Not to forget the brain which ordered the manipulation of the same three implements of manufacture.
And several smaller things, large enough too, but not so portentous as a bed and couch alike were originated in the same room. Small benches and footstools and shelves of all sorts and sizes. All the little dainties which act as the finishing touches of rest and coziness. And make one say, after one has been inside this home, "Oh, I adore the absolute rest and comfort of this house."

Court of Roumania Dullest in Europe

Queen Elizabeth (Carmen Sylvia) Is Surrounded by Old Needlewomen.



BUCHAREST, Roumania, June 7.—Court life in Roumania is perhaps the dullest in Europe, and the Roumanians are shunning it more and more. This is hard to believe of a court over which "Carmen Sylvia," the brilliant novelist and woman of letters, presides.
That the old friends of Queen Elizabeth seldom ask for an audience now is said to be due to the fact that the queen is surrounded by three old women who prefer to sit and knit and cannot understand why one should want to talk about books or art. But when the court is at Sinaia and the old ladies have gone to Wiesbaden for their annual cure, the old friends of the queen come back. But in Bucharest the queen sees none of them. Even when they ask for an audience she does not know of it, because her maids of honor refuse on the ground that her majesty is very tired.
The queen is a splendid needlewoman herself and makes many beautiful things for her invalid niece, Princess Elizabeth of Wied, who is so delicate that she lies literally wrapped up in cotton wool. The queen's eyes are better now and she has fully recovered from her attack of influenza, which was so severe that her friends were greatly alarmed.
Simplicity of the Schemes. When I think of the simplicity of

"Cheap" Matches are an Extravagance

They are made of poor materials. In getting a light, the waste is invariably excessive. As a result, they cost you more—ultimately—than if you used the best.

Eddy's Matches

35 Brands For all Demands

Hints to Prospective Bridegrooms

LONDON, June 7.—A hint to prospective bridegrooms was given by the vicar of Brixton in a recent address here.
"Whatever you do," said the vicar, "don't spoil everything on the wedding day by telling your wife what ripping tart your mother makes. Swallow the bride's pie; tell her it's a dream of delight, and then take a pill on the sly."
"When you marry a woman don't imagine that you know her. You'd be a fool if you did. She knows you right enough or she wouldn't marry you. Judge a person by intellect rather than by bulk. I'd back Disraeli any day against Jacobson. Because a woman is well dressed it doesn't follow that she is clever; some stylishly dressed women are fools. Don't judge her by her lips or nose, or the quality of her dimples, but by intelligence and goodness."
The vicar told a story of a Salvation Army lass who was asked by a "chap" sitting next to her in a railway carriage whether she believed every word in the Bible.
She said she did.
"Surely," the man exclaimed, "you don't believe that Jonah was swallowed by a whale?"
"I do," she answered. "When I get to Heaven I'll ask him all about it."
"But suppose he's not in Heaven?"
"Then you ask him," was the Salvation Army girl's reply.

A Parliament of Woman—How To Win Back Lost Ground

By H. Hamilton Fyfe

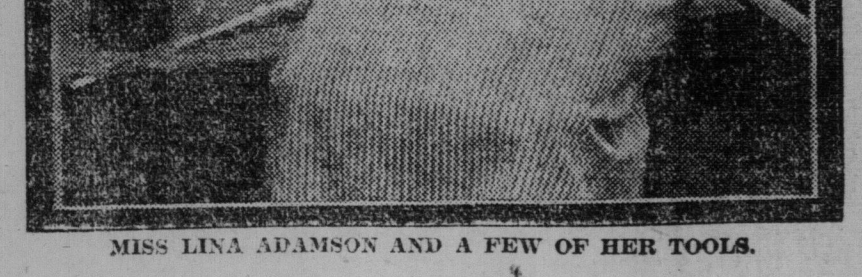
LONDON, June 7.—Certainly the women must do something.
By the women I mean all those who claim their share in the conduct of public affairs.
A year or two ago that claim was making steady advance towards being generally considered reasonable. Of those who guide the nation's mental processes almost all were agreed that the claim of the women could not be withheld. Women who were taxed could not be denied representation. The conversion of the country to that view was just a matter of time.
Today all the ground which was gained by years and years of patient effort has been lost—lost when the reward of that effort was in sight. The mass of the nation into which the reasonableness of the claim was quietly permeating, has become violently hostile. At this moment it would be impossible for either party to alter the constitution in the sense the women desire. The country would not have it.
Win Lost Ground.
That is why I say that certainly the women must do something. They have to win back the ground they won before and have so utterly lost. They have to change the temper of the country. Some striking manoeuvre is necessary.
If they have any wisdom, any imagination, any sense, they will take up the idea of a woman's parliament that has been offered them at the very moment of their most urgent need.
The objection has been raised that to set about calling such an assembly would be to "alter the basis" upon which all law-making and all administration have taken their stand. Why? There is no suggestion that the demand for the vote should be given up. The women's parliament would not be a substitute for the suffrage, but a step toward it. It would be not an end in itself but a means towards the attainment of that ideal for which all the societies are striving.
I cannot conceive anything which would have a more powerful effect upon the public mind at this moment than the ordinary summoning of a representative assembly of women. Here would be the life given in the most emphatic terms to those who say that women's only idea of political action is to break windows and to play with ineffectual bombs. These silly outrages are so pitifully lacking in imagination. They are so futile.
Suppose the "young hot bloods" were to blow up St. Paul's (which they probably had no intention of doing the other day), what would happen? Would the vote be brought any nearer? Not by a day, not by an hour. The sole result would be, I imagine, the rapid passing of a law to enforce the electrocution of everyone concerned in such crimes. Also a few of the criminals might be torn to pieces by angry mobs. But as for "terrorizing" the nation, that is a childish thought. The nation would only be made more furiously hostile to the idea of giving any women votes.
Woman's Organizing Power.
Contrast against this the meeting of a conference at which all the suffrage societies should be represented. To begin with, those who say that "Women can never sink small differences for the sake of a great end" would have to eat their words. Next, those who deny to women the possession of organizing ability on any scale larger than that of a household would be confounded by the drawing up of a scheme for the election of a national assembly of women. Such a scheme would need money. The societies have no money. In no way could they spend it more effectively than this.
Then would come the meeting of the assembly, the choice of a president, the enactment of rules (in which the women would surely be able to improve on those of men), the business-like submission of women's grievances, the appeal for redress to the sovereign and the nation. The effect would be instant and astonishing.
Simplicity of the Schemes. When I think of the simplicity of

Equal Work, Equal Pay Still Holds in Norway

It seems predestined that eternal vigilance shall be the price paid by women for equal pay for equal work the world over. For fifty years Norwegian women in the postal service have been paid the same salaries as men for the same work. Five years ago a conservative administration proposed lower wages for the women postal employees as a good way to reduce government expenses. The measure was lost, and the question was allowed to rest in peace until last year, when another conservative administration again proposed to discriminate against women by making their rates in salary, after certain periods of service, lower than those of the men holding the same positions and with the same claim to advancement. The majority report of the committee that had the bill under consideration was in favor of its acceptance. But the elections of 1912 resulted in the return of a majority of Liberals to the Storting, and the formation of a Liberal cabinet. The new postmaster-general added with the minority report on the proposition, and a great many of the Storting members also espoused the women's cause. The final vote stood 89 against the bill to 80 for, and the women employees will continue to receive equal pay for equal work as heretofore.

BETTER THAN SPANKING.

Spanking does not cure children of bed-wetting. There is a constitutional cause for this trouble. Mrs. M. Sumner, Box W. 865, Windsor, Ont., will send free to any mother her successful home treatment, with full instructions. Send no money but write her to-day if your children trouble you in this way. Don't blame the child, the chances are it can't help it. This treatment also cures adults and aged people troubled with urine difficulties by day or night.



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