

DAILY MAGAZINE PAGE FOR EVERYBODY

Revelations of a Wife

BY ADELE GARRISON
Madge's Adventure in the Library

It was fully half an hour after Lillian Underwood had risen from the fireseat from whose depths I had listened to her sound, wholesome advice concerning my life with Dicky.

"I thought it all over again, winnowing her words carefully. I felt every word she said was true, but back in my brain a little voice said, 'Why did she tell you this now? Is it because she knows of some woman who is already trying to interest Dicky?'"

"I feared to admit the answer even when it flashed across my brain. The beautiful face of Grace Draper, the student who was noising about the house when he was helping with instructions, came before me as clearly as if she were in the room with me.

Lillian Underwood studied was on the same floor with that occupied by my husband. I felt that nothing would escape her eyes. Had she observed anything in Dicky's treatment of me, or in the model's demeanor toward her employer that impelled her to talk to me as she had done?

"I felt a sudden chill at my heart, a sensation that always came to me with thoughts of Grace Draper. Ever since the day of our outing at Marvin when Dicky had discovered the girl and engaged her, I had felt a curious premonition that some day she would bring me sorrow.

"But the memory of Lillian's brusque, kindly words braced me. 'You hold all the cards in your hands.' I resolved to waste no time on foolish imaginings, but to hurry through my work so that I might return to Dicky and— I flushed to myself as I thought of it—put into practice some of Mrs. Underwood's precepts.

"Dicky needs loving and petting and you must give them to him," she had said. "If only he were in a good humor when I reached home! I feared, however, that he would resent the fact that Lillian had told me of the happenings in their long buried past.

Hard at Work.

Before she left she said she would telephone Dicky that I was going to spend the afternoon studying in her library, so that if his mother needed me I could be called at once. I had no time, however, to get ready to send her my best to ensure me a long, uninterrupted day.

So, putting my wandering imagination to rest with a firm hand, I turned my attention to my task of the afternoon, putting into shape my ideas for the history class I was to conduct at the Lotus Study Club.

Mrs. Helen Brainerd Smith, the secretary of the club, had told me that the matter was being written up, and I wished to study something of the history of the countries involved in the great war so that they might be able to understand the struggle better. I checked the countries off on my fingers—Germany, France, Russia, England, Italy, Austria, Belgium, Serbia, Bulgaria, Turkey, Japan—and an awful array! I shivered as I thought of what it all meant.

The first lesson had there would be a lecture by Mrs. Underwood on the first lesson a sort of introduction

HATS, HATS AND HATS



to the whole, outlining the work I wished done. Then I meant to devote one session to each of the eleven countries involved, two sessions to the former wars which had ravaged the European battlefield and the last two sessions to the present struggle and its causes.

Fortunately I had not been long enough from my teaching days to become rusty on the subject which I had taught for years. I outlined the lessons for the later days, and with each jotted down the names of the books of reference which Mrs. Smith had asked me to suggest to the class. Then I turned my attention to my opening lecture, the one which I felt would determine the attitude of the class toward me. The last daylight of my notes which I had brought with me were filled with just what I wanted. With a little modification and amplification to the needs of club women I could use material which was ready to my hand.

Harry Underwood Appears.

I worked hard all the afternoon, making several trips to the shelves, both in Lillian's library and in Mr. Underwood's den across the hall. I was so absorbed that I did not realize how late it was growing until as I finished the last page of my notes, I found that the fire was out, and the last daylight disappearing from the windows.

Hurriedly gathering up my things, I took up a book which I had crossed from Mr. Underwood's shelves and crossed the hall to return the volume to its place.

"Well, well! I wondered when you were going to come to the surface of the earth, so long in that area of literature you were in that I was just about to die after you."

Hurry Underwood arose from the depths of a easy chair as I entered the room.

"My first impulse was to turn and run. Ever since I met Lillian Underwood's husband I have feared and avoided him. Upon the two or three occasions I have met him he has annoyed me terribly. The incident of the Aquarium meeting was still fresh in my mind. Partly intoxicated, he had actually frightened me and completely disgusted my mother-in-law.

"He saw the involuntary movement I made toward the door, and grinned. 'Don't worry, my dear. You are as safe as if you were in a church. Remember, will you I molest a helpless female who has claimed sanctuary within its walls.'

"His mixed figures, his mimicry made me smile in spite of myself. Besides there was something in his manner which put me at my ease. Whether or not he really did have his own peculiar ideas of honor that made me safe in his own hands, I did not know. He looked like a man who had been a lover-making with which he had terrified me elsewhere, I did not know. But at all events he had elected to play the role of a gentleman, for which I was truly thankful. I made up my mind to ignore any previous unpleasantness.

"Mrs. Underwood was kind enough to give me the freedom of your library on condition that I did not break the backs of the books," I said nonchalantly, holding out the volume I had brought back. "Please witness my discretion."

A Farewell Salute.

He took the book from me and examined it with burlesqued anxiety. "Go to the head of the class, and sail finally." "You may read my books at any time."

"Thank you," I returned. "You have a wonderful collection here, your wife says."

"I don't you examine it more closely? I should enjoy showing it to you."

"Not today," I tried to make my voice careless, but in reality I was uneasy. I had just heard a malicious chuckle from the top of the steps, and realized that Harry Underwood was still to be reckoned with as an unpleasant factor in my life.

"Betty Nansen has returned to Faderland Norway."

"William Garwood must buy his postcards by the thousands. He is a very fond of sending witty little messages to his western friends. He never states what he is doing, just sends a cheery message, but his small contributions are always welcomed and never fail to command a smile.

"I have been away all day. They will be uneasy about me. I will bid you goodby here. My wraps are in Mrs. Underwood's room down stairs. 'Couldn't think of letting you go unescorted,' he returned, accompanying me down the stairs and into the living room. 'Shall I call a taxi, or would you rather walk with me? I am going to take you home anyway.'

"I went into the bedroom, put on my wraps and came out again into the living room.

"Mr. Underwood," I said resolutely, "I cannot allow you to see me home. Please do not make it necessary for me to be rude."

"His face darkened. 'As you please,' he said stiffly.

He walked by my side to the hall door. In the hall Betty stood like a sentinel with arms akimbo. I did not like the look on her face. She looked suspicious, watchful.

"When Harry Underwood saw her face lost its displeased look and lighted with the impish expression I had come to dread.

"As I crossed the threshold he held out his hand to me, and I could not avoid taking it.

"I winched my hand away and hurried down the steps. I heard a malicious chuckle from the top of the steps, and realized that Harry Underwood was still to be reckoned with as an unpleasant factor in my life.

the visit of the fly and he is already an unwelcome guest, in large numbers. There are several ways of extermination, but not all of them are entirely safe.

The rolls of sticky fly paper are very effective, also unobjectionable, but they have the superior merit of being perfectly safe. They cannot be said of some of the "poison papers" which are used. They are effective, but they should not be used in a home where there are small children, and where baby, in some of his independent wanderings, is sure to find the one particular thing which you want to keep him away from.

A safer method is to use a weak solution of formaldehyde in water—about two teaspoonfuls of formaldehyde to one pint of water. Keep some of this liquid in small shallow saucers at various places in the house where the flies seem to foregather. This solution is non-poisonous except to insects, but it is effective in ending the career of the fly.

One mother of three husky youngsters organized a Little Fly Campaign in her own home when pleadings about "shut the screen door, dear," had proved unavailing. She said her own hopefuls a few cents for every dozen flies captured, and in a few days the entire fly population had been wiped out of that home!

HOW TO GET RID OF MR. FLY

Household Helps By Isabel Brands

LITTLE LOUISE has a very tender-hearted, pacifist maiden aunt, who taught her to love all living things, and that to pull pussy's tail, or to kill any living creature is a dreadful sin. Little Louise took the lesson to heart very literally, and she's the kindest little body alive. But one day her mamma entered the room to find the little lady had opened wide the screen doors, instantly inviting a few flies on the porch to come in and partake of the contents of the sugar bowl. "Poor little fly!" she cried, "they haven't a thing to eat, and they must be so hungry!"

If you mean to get rid of the fly nuisance this summer you must enlist the co-operation of the children at the start. They must be made to understand that flies are unclean and disease-breeding. They must be made to understand that the screen door open for flies to enter is as it is to trail muddy little boots over the parlor floor. There is little use in fitting every door and window with screens and screens are not kept clean always. Careless running out and leaving the door ajar for 15 minutes makes a bad thing worse.

The first step in the campaign against the fly nuisance is to equip the house with screen doors, and to enforce the rule that they must not be left open even for a few seconds.

The second step is to leave no food exposed anywhere. Little forgotten crumbs left in places, food accidentally left uncovered, and the like, are the best of all things for flies to feed on.

Mr. Fly miraculously appears on the scene. "No food, no flies—no dirt, no flies," is the housewife's prescription. If you have been unable to anticipate

Let's Ask Mother

By FLORENCE HOWARD

I WONDER why it is that Mother's chicken dressing always seems so light and nice. I was just thinking of that when I saw a note pinned to the door. "Let's ask Mother about it," said the note. I think the reason is that I always use cold water when I make my dressings," said Mother. The cold water makes a light dressing, while the hot water is likely to make it soggy.

Some evergreens display a tendency to make a high top growth, losing their lower branches. The tree are given to this habit, which can be controlled by cutting back the leading shoots.

Norway spruce can be kept in compact form by cutting away half of the young growth in early summer. This will start many side buds, developing a compact tree.

The greatest advantage of the tractor is its ability to do heavy work quickly, thus completing it within the proper season, as it places at the farmer's command a large amount of power when needed. The use of tractors on farms has not displaced horses to any great extent, as there is much work on most farms for which it is neither profitable nor profitable to use the tractor.

MOVIES PROGRAMS FOR TODAY—SCREEN GOSSIP

CHARLIE CHAPLIN'S STORY

By ROSE WILDER LANE. (Copyright, 1916)

(Continued From Yesterday.)

CHAPTER XXVI.

In which he sees a near-tragedy which is a comedy on the film; meets his friend, the actor, and blue rates, and prepares to fall thru a trapdoor with a pie.

The little self-confidence I had been told to muster failed me entirely when the director missed my cue. I was in a place so strange to my experience, and I was so nervous, that I could not see as I should have done. I saw the director's eyes fixed on me as I passed, and I saw the director's eyes fixed on me as I passed, and I saw the director's eyes fixed on me as I passed.

"What's all the row?" I asked a girl in the costume of a nurse, who was eating a sandwich, the only job person I saw.

"Scene in a new comedy," she answered, pleasantly but indifferently. "Ah, yes? That's in my own line, I tell you. I'm Charlie Chaplin."

"You're a comedian?" she inquired. "Yes," I answered, sharply. "Er—do you go on in the theatre?"

"Oh, no. I'm not an actress," she said, surprised. "I'm here professionally. In case of accidents," she explained, "I play the part of a nurse. Sometimes nothing happens, but you never can tell. Eight men were pretty badly hurt in the explosion in the comedy they put on last week," she finished.

"I felt a cold sensation creep up my spine."

"In the 'set' before us there was a great bustle of preparation. A long light beam was raised up, and the camera man fastened the bottom, but the light was unprepared, quivering in the air.

"Men were running about, shouting directions and questions. Suddenly, balancing precariously on the narrow platform behind the camera operator, the director appeared and clapped his

Alice Brady's Career in Pictures and on the Stage

Producer's Daughter Went on the Stage Despite Paternal Objections—Her Success Proves Her to Be a Born Actress.

When she was a wee little tot, Alice Brady wanted to go on the stage. Her father, a very diplomatic man, told her that she was a very good girl, but that she was not to be a society belle. That stood her off until she got a little older, and when Alice got old enough to wade thru the dictionary and see just what was in the word "society," she just framed up a reply and waited for her father to spring it on her once more.

Seated at the dinner table one fine evening, Alice suggested going on the stage. When Mr. Brady repeated his chosen vocation for her, she just replied in her usual cute and cunning manner:

"Yes, Pa, I may have been designed to become a society lady, but something tells me I'm destined to become a stage star, and somehow or other, I can't get that something out of my head."

But just why parents who have made a success in the theatrical profession should be opposed to their children following their footsteps remains an unsolved problem. The question has often been asked, but seldom answered. And the most interesting part of it is that in nearly every instance where a child has inclined to disobey his or her parent in this respect, has generally turned out to be a star.

Announced Stage Debut.

When Alice was preparing to leave the College of St. Elizabeth, in Madison, N.J., after graduation, she announced her intention of adopting the stage as her life vocation. Mr. Brady had roughed it in the profession. He knew the hardships she would have to undergo. He had himself scaled the heights of opposition and succeeded in becoming the leading producer in the theatrical world. His enterprises were numerous, and as he maintained his general offices in New York City, he had often dreamed of home as he wanted it, with his little

LEAVE ON LUNARMOON TO LAND OF MOVIES

Geraldine Farrar and Husband Depart for California.

With the long winter season of grand opera and concert at an end, Geraldine Farrar, looking very happy, started last Monday with her husband, Lou Tellegen, on the long-deferred honeymoon trip to the land of motion pictures at Hollywood, California.

Mr. and Mrs. Lou Tellegen were passengers on board the 20th Century Limited, attached to which was a private car for the star and her suite. Miss Farrar's drawing-room was uncluttered with roses.

A summer devoted to the motion picture camera is no novelty for the prima donna, as she had the unusual experience a year ago of making three big productions at the studios of the Lasky Company at Hollywood, including the famed version of the opera "Carmen," all within a period of nine weeks.

RECIPES FOR THE CARD INDEX COOK BOOK

Butter Swiss Roll

INGREDIENTS

2 eggs
1/2 lb. butter.
1/2 lb. powdered sugar.
1/2 lb. flour.
1/2 teaspoonful baking powder.

METHOD

Beat the butter and sugar to a soft cream, then whip in the eggs, having first beaten them to a froth. Add the flour by degrees and lastly stir in the baking powder. Bake in a quick oven for 20 minutes, spread with jelly or mashed fruit and sugar and roll up.