Of Interest To Women

DON'T YOU OWE HIM SOMETHING

An Editorial for Women by Cynthia Grey.

What does your husband owe you?

Ah—that's a question to which every wife has a long and detailed answer always ready.

But—what do you owe your husband?

That's quite another notion, isn't it?

And yet it is just as important, and altogether too much ignored by a certain class of wives—the young and vain and pretty ones, who in their shallow little brains imagine they can afford to ignore it.

Of course, there are many thousands of wives who always give more than they owe. But they are door mats, not helpmates. Of course, there are other thousands who enter intelligently into the new partnership and do their part of the work with cheerfulnesss and skill. And they are the happy ones.

But don't you know many others who seem to say with every flirt of their too expensive gowns, "Well he's got me—he's lucky he did. Now he can just firm in and get me everything I want, and be glad of the chance." And they are the failures.

Women like that seem to think that the gift of their own selfish persons is so great a boon that any man ought to thankfully go into perpetual slavery after receiving it.

Of course, she has given him a great gift—if she lives up to her promise.

But aren't women like that forever playing "Injun giver" and taking the gift away?

True, most men do enjoy the pleasure of the chase.

But they also like to be sure of the game sometimes. They like to get it, and they like to have it to show what they can do.

Where is the hunter who wants his antlers, his wolf heads, his fox pelts, off somewhere at winter resorts in winter—at summer resorts in summer, at sanatoriums any old time of the year?

He wants them where they belong—where he is.

And there in his home he wants too that other and that much more precious ornament—his wife.

"Oh, I've trained my husband so he can get along without me." Don't you hear it pretty often? And is there any sentence more pitiful for the thoughtful person to hear?

For it is the first symptom of that time that is surely coming when each not only can, but will, get along without the other one forever.

A little vacation is always good. A selfishly long, expensive stay often repeated, is the death blow at the happiness of the home.

How would you like it if your husband didn't stick to his job? Just think about that awhile and then do a little bit of sticking tight to yours!

THE CABLEMAN

BY WEATHERBY CHESNEY.

"I am not a fanciful man, Elsa, but I have written those four words, 'I do not return,' deliberately. Of late I have had a feeling—a fanciful man would say a presentiment—that my end is not far off. I have lived a life of varied activities, some useful, and some perhaps not so useful, and the strain of old efforts is beginning to tell upon me. In the early years of my manhood I suffered great physical hardships, and they left a weak place; before I left London my doctor warned me that the weak place was becoming weaker. The effort which I must make today—an effort, which for your sake as well as mine, is inevitable—is of the sort which I have been warned to avoid, but I have no choice. I tell you this unwillingly, and for the first time, but it is necessary that you should be ready, if I fail, to take up the work where I leave it.

"Now, you will ask—what is the work? My daughter, it is the rehabilitation of my name. I have thought lately that you were beginning to doubt whether my anxiety on this point was not becoming weaker. Elsa, I say to you solemnly, that it is as strong now as ever it was. But having said that, I am now going to add something which you will, perhaps, not understand. It is this: I hand over the work to you, but I lay no charge upon you to complete it. Nay, more, under certain circumstances I forbid you to complete it. I do not even make you the judge of those circumstances. That is an office which I leave, not to you, but to your mother.

"Your mother is on her way to join us. She will arrive on the Funchal from Lisbon on the tenth of the month. If on that date I am unable to meet her, if my presentiment—after all, I think it is a presentiment, Elsa—has by that time come true, I wish you to recover this package from the safe place in which you have bestowed it, and to give it into her hands. When you do so, tell her also that my last message to her, spoken by the lips of you, her daughter, is that she is to respect the wish I have expressed in a letter to her which the packet contains. She will understand; you will not. For the rest, be guided by her.

"Good-bye, little girl. I think this is the longest letter I have ever written to you. I have one thing more to add to it. If you have begun to doubt me in some things, at any rate you have never doubted that I love you. In days to come your estimate of your father may change; you will hear things that will try your faith. But never believe that he did not love you. It is for your sake that I am daring danger today; it is for your sake that I hope for success, that I may return to you to be happy for a little while longer in your love.

"It is time now that I was starting. I cannot write more. But again, darling, good-bye."

Elsa read this letter with tears streaming down her face. Whatever the man may have been in life, only a churl would deny that this message from him in death was pathetic. If he was a scoundrel, he had never been so to his daughter; and in his skillful discounting of the revelations that must come after his death, there was a melancholy cleverness. He fought for the continuance of her love, and it was plain that while he pleaded he feared. At present Elsa saw only the pleading; it was not until later days that she recognized with a sorrowing pity, that the fear was there too.

There was much in the letter that she did not understand. Her father plainly looked for death as the issue of his efforts; but what sort of death? At the hands of the enemy whom he was going to meet—murder? Then why that reference to the hardships of his youth, and the weak place they had left? For the first time she allowed herself to hope that her father's end had not been violent, after all. Sudden it must have been, but perhaps——

Her love carried her at once to the other extreme of speculation. Was her father not a victim, but a hero? He had made a great effort, and he said that he made it for her sake; she did not understand that, but he had written the words. Did he know that the effort would cost him his life.

She canvassed this thought, and it seemed to her that it was the truth. She found a certain comfort in it, and she took a dreary pleasure in carrying out the task which he had laid upon her. The safest place she knew. That was surely the Ring Rock, round whose flanks she could now, through the fog, hear the water swirling.

She had the packet with her, sealed in a great stone jar. It was thin and flat, and had rolled easily into a shape that would pass through the jar's neck.

She took the boat in through the opening, and made for a spot on the east of the circle. There was a funnel-shaped fissure in the rock wall here, which even at low water contained a fathom of black water. She had sounded it on the last occasion on which she had visited the Ring Rock and it was this funnel-shaped fissure that she meant to use for her hiding-place. She had painted the jar black, so that it should not be visible against the basalt, and she had tied many loops of strong picture wire about its neck so that she could recover it by grappling when her mother came.

She brought her boat close to the rock wall, and was feeling with a boathook for the mouth of the fissure, when a sound from the outside struck her ears.

She was not alone. Voices of men close at hand came to her through the fog.

CHAPTER XI.

The Piling-Up of the Sea Horse.

Elsa drew back her boathook from the fissure, and stood up in the boat listening with a strained intensity of concentration. She was quite sure that they were men's voices that she had heard; but were the men a long way off or close to her? She knew how deceptive is the nature of sound in a fog on the water. Probably some boat was passing in the distance.

She heard the voices again, and this time they seemed quite close. She could almost distinguish the actual words, and she could hear plainly that the language was English. The fog swept down upon her again in a thick blanket. She could not see three yards ahead. The thickening of the gloom was sudden, and probably only local. But while it lasted she was safe feom observation.

She must finish her work before it lifted to betray her.

She lowered her stone jar into the fissure, and pushed her boat quickly away from the side. Hardly had she done so, when by some caprice of the air currents the fog cleared away so completely that from the middle of her little harbor she could see the whole circle of the basalt walls. It was only a local clearness; in the gathering dusk of the evening she could see through the narrow entrance that the heavy billowing masses of whiteness were still twisting and heaving on the sea outside.

She put an oar in the stern-notch, and began sculling towards the entrance. A voice from close at hand rang sharply on her ears:

"Rocks dead ahead! Starboard!"

She heard the rumble of a wheel, and the sharp rattle of the rudder chains. A shadowy form loomed out of the vapors, and came slowly on towards the entrance. The next moment the bowsprit of a large vessel passed between the rock walls of the narrow opening; there was a grating noise, and a sharp jerk; the vessel heeled till her bulwark touched the basalt, shivered a moment, and swung back again the other way; the bell on her forecastle tolled with the violence of the oscillation, and then, balanced on the fulcrum of the grounded forefoot, she settled down with long slow swings, like some giant metronome, or like the dead rolling of a derelict in the trough.

There was a confusion and shouting on her deck, and Elsa thought that she saw a woman's form. The fog crept round again and blotted out the view of the stranded vessel.

She sculled nearer, as quietly as she could. It did not seem that there was any immediate danger, the vessel apparently was not sinking, and as the sea outside was calm, the people would easily make the shore in their boats. She did not wish to be seen, so she waited until they were gone. But meanwhile she must know whether it was possible for her to get out at all.

It was not possible. Under the light air the ship had taken ground slowly, but her weight had carried her well into the opening. There was not room on either side of her for a boat to pass out. Elsa was a prisoner.

She looked up at the name painted on the bows. It was almost dark now, but she could just make out the white letters. She nearly betrayed herself by a cry of dismay. The vessel was the Sea Horse, the circus people's schooner.

She pushed back quickly, but a head appeared over the forward bulwarks, and a woman's voice hailing her told her that she had been seen.

Boat ahoy! We want help. Bring your boat alongside."

It was Mona de la Mar.

Elsa drew back further into the fog. Her first impulse was to refuse help. Mona shouted again, and Elsa brought her boat alongside.

"Do you need help?" she asked.

"Yes."

"Are you filling?"

"No, I don't think so. But we're hard aground. If it comes on to blow we shall break up."

"You had better take to your boats."

"We haven't any boats, that's why we need yours. Can you come aboard if we let down a ladder?"

"Yes."

To Be Continued.

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Large Can 10c At Grocer's

Valuable Premiums Free for Comfort Lye Labels 36

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FOR INFANTS

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Mothers will find it a boon in hot weather.

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This is a dashing new spring and summer tie for the yachting girl, the summer resort girl, the out-door girl, or any other girl who likes to get away from the prim and conventional in dress. It's made of red silk, with embroidered tips.

DAILY MENU

DINNER.

Sorrel Soup with Croutons.
Radishes Young Onions
Roast Shoulder of Veal with Forcemeat
Mashed Potatoes
Black Currant Jelly Fried Parsnips
Dandelion Salad.
Rhubarb Shortcake. Demi Tasse

SUPPER.

English Monkey in Chafing Dish
Creamed Potatoes with Parsley. Rolls
Strawberries and Cream
Sponge Cake Tea.

All Around the Home

CYNTHIA GREY.

Now it is that those who are so fortunate as to live in the country may gather all sorts of delectable spring greens, for their physical well being. The tender leaves of the dandelion, the homely mustard greens, the wood and field sorrel, tender docks and cowslips, horse radish leaves and rhubarb leaves, are all specially wholesome, as well as chicory, corn salad, purslane; milkweed, marshmallow and chickweed. Each and all of these may be cooked and served as boiled greens or in a salad. In looking over all greens and salads thoroughness is essential. Every leaf should be closely scanned for slugs, bugs and other undesirable tenants, and at least three waters be used in their washing.

Olive Oil For Thy Stomach's Sake.

If persons who are inclined to be anaemic or are possessed of delicate digestive powers would learn the hygienic value of simple greens, dressed with salt, olive oil and lemon juice or a little pure vinegar, there would be fewer dyspeptics, to say nothing of bad complexions. Olive oil is much more easily assimilated than animal fat, and is, besides, rich in nutriment and healing power.

Dandelion Wine.

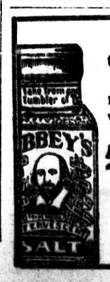
The cheerful-faced dandelion is still offering great medicinal advantages to whomsoever cares to avail himself of nature's free dispensary. For the wine, pick the blossoms and stems, and over three quarts of them pour four quarts of boiling water and let stand over night. Strain in the morning. Take three lemons sliced fine, three and one-half pounds of granulated sugar and cup of raisins cut open, and add to the liquid. Better add a little water to dissolve the sugar and let it come to a boil before adding to the rest. Pour into a covered jar, allowing it to stand twelve days, and stirring every day. Strain again, let the liquid stand for a month, then bottle.

To Serve as a Vegetable.

Cut off the coarse outer leaves, wash well, then leave in cold water for an hour to crisp. Drain, throw in a saucepan of boiling water that has been salted and simmer for twenty minutes or half an hour, if full grown. Turn into a colander, press so as to extract all the liquor, then chop. Place a tablespoonful of butter in a stew pan, and when melted add a tablespoonful of flour. Add the greens, toss lightly with a wooden spoon, and when the butter is absorbed season with salt, pepper and nutmeg and moisten suitably with broth or gravy. Toss ten minutes longer, add if you like a tablespoonful of cream, sweet or sour, and serve hot with a garnish of toast points or croutons.

Dandelion Sandwiches.

Have ready a number of tender dandelion leaves, washed, dried and chilled. Pound in a mortar or chop fine cold cooked meat, poultry or fish preferred, mixing with a little butter, salt and pepper to season. Spread this mixture on thin slices of bread and butter, put a few dandelion leaves on top and cover with more buttered slices. Cut into squares, triangles or fingers and serve. These are delightful for picnics, as the leaves keep the sandwiches moist and fresh.



Tired? So very tired this Spring? Then quiet and refresh your nerves with Abbey's Effer-vescent Salt

25c and 60c bottle. Sold everywhere. 84

Correspondence

Edited by Cynthia Grey.

Soft Shell Eggs.

Dear Miss Grey.—I have a hen that lays a soft shell egg every second or third day, and has since the early part of March. Can you or some of the readers of your columns tell me the cause? I am told she is too fat. I have reduced the feed for some weeks, but she is no better. If you can tell me I shall be very grateful. Thanking you for your trouble. MARY D.

A.—Lighten up on the grain feed; give green stuff, and keep lime, grit and crushed oyster shell before your hens all the time.

To Clean Blinds.

Dear Miss Grey.—Can light-colored window blinds that have become soiled be painted, and is there any special kind of paint to use? INQUIRER.

A.—I don't know that painting would be very satisfactory. Rubbing with stale bread crumbs is a good way of cleaning.

To Remove Stain.

Dear Miss Grey.—Some oil of smoke from a stovepipe got on a navy and white silk skirt. I washed it off, but the stain remains. Can you tell me of anything that will remove it? PERPLEXED.

A.—Apply first a very little olive oil or lard; then sponge with benzine or turpentine.

Dear Miss Grey.—Just recently, in answer to a correspondent, you stated that blushing was something a girl had no reason to be ashamed of. Do you think the same would apply to a boy? STUDENT.

A.—I do.

Tennis Clubs.

Dear Miss Grey.—Kindly let me know through the paper the names of some tennis clubs in the city. Could one become a member. READER.

A.—There are several clubs connected with various churches in the city, but they are usually composed of the young people of the congregation. An inquiry among your acquaintances would, no doubt, put you in touch with the officers of some of these clubs.

More Stains.

Dear Miss Grey.—As I am a constant reader of The Advertiser, would you please answer a few questions for me. 1. What would take a spot out of light blue and tan shot silk? 2. Are velvet shopping bags the most fashionable at present? Thanking you in advance. ANXIOUS.

A.—1. You do not state what kind of spot it is; if a grease spot, try a paste made with ammonia and magnesia; when dry, brush off with a fine brush. 2. Velvet handbags are very popular; many of them are ornamented with bead work in gold or jet.

Wedding Etiquette.

On the day following the marriage of the daughter, I was sent by the father and mother an announcement of the wedding. 1. What reply would I be expected to give? 2. Would I be expected to send a present? There being only a few relatives present at the wedding ceremony, I being only a friend of the groom. ANXIOUS.

A.—It is not necessary to send a present unless you wish to do so, but you should call on the young couple after they are settled in their home

KITCHEN HINTS

Always spread cornmeal out on paper to dry thoroughly before putting it away.

Burn all scrap papers, coffee grounds, egg shells and sweepings.

Never wrap steel or silver in a woolen cloth. Use softest tissue paper.

Never use carving knife in cutting bread. It will ruin it.

To save fingers, always use a small clean cloth wrapped on a stick to grease hot pans and bake-tins.

Try putting pancake batter in a pitcher and pouring it out to bake.

Have a paper flour sack handy for sewing clippings, threads and waste paper and dispose of it to the ragman for articles needed.

Ticking makes substantial kitchen aprons. Large, plain white ones may always be handy to use for emergencies.

Never set coal oil near butter, lard or milk.

Bread crusts and odd pieces may be dried in the oven and put away in paper bags until wanted for use.

Always wash cut glass in hot water and polish with newspaper.

Skillets, griddles, iron gem-pans and waffle irons should be well greased and burned off once or twice before using.

In lime water localities keep an oyster or mussel shell in the tea kettle to prevent lime from forming in the kettle.

The best soup is made by cooking the stock the day before and cooking the vegetables in it the second day.

To fringe celery cut it in pieces two inches long and cut down into several parts with water to curl.

Lobster salad should be eaten as soon as possible after dressing is added, else it is unwholesome.

Always sift all flours before using. Sift a small quantity to keep on hand in case of emergency.

To freshen a salt fish lay it skin side up in an earthen vessel—never in tin

In stewing an old chicken a little soda or vinegar added to the water will make it quite tender.

Lay a garment which has been scorched in ironing where the sun's rays will fall directly on it.

Advertiser Patterns

Beauty Pattern Company.

No. 8941—A Garment of Simple Construction—Kimono Dress with Long or Cap Sleeve for Little Girl.

A practical and popular frock is here shown. With the cap sleeve it may be worn over a guimpe. The dress has the side closing in front and the empire body, which is cut without fullness, and in peasant style, is joined to a plain skirt, having plaited fullness at the back and under-arm seam. Gingham, percale, poplin, pique, linen or galatea are suitable materials for this model, which will prove an ideal frock for the season. The pattern is cut in four sizes—2, 4, 6 and 8 years. It requires 3½ yards of 24-inch material for the 6-year size.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

PATTERN DEPARTMENT OF THE ADVERISER.

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Measurement—Bust..... Waist.....

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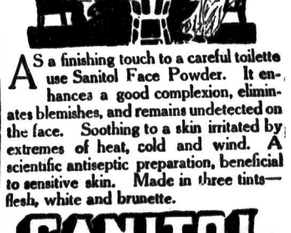
CAUTION.—Be careful to inclose above illustration and send size of pattern wanted. When the pattern is bust measure, you need only mark 32, 34, or whatever it may be. When in waist measure, 22, 24, 26, or whatever it may be. If a skirt, give waist and length measure. When misses' or child's pattern, write only the figure representing the age. It is not necessary to write "inches" or "years." Patterns cannot reach you in less than one week from the date of order. The price of each pattern is 10 cents in cash or in postage stamps.



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