

THE REAL TEST OF LOVE

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be very sure that you are hard hit for keeps; but if you like him when he is taking you to the theatre, or out to supper, or doing something else for your amusement, you are not genuinely in love. You care more for the good times he gives you than you do the man.

A Strong Test of Love

Finally, little sister, remember that the supreme test of love is sacrifice. Consider well how you paint the future to yourself. If, when you think of marrying a man your mind dwells only on what he can do for you and what he can give you, and how happy and comfortable he can make you, you do not love him. But, on the other hand, if you think of what you can do for him, or what you can save him, or how you can help him, then that is love.

The real test of love is not whether you would like to wear a man's tiara and ride in his automobile, but whether a gas range and a two-by-four flat looks good to you, if only some particular He is sitting across a little table spread for two.

If you love a man better than you do ease and luxury and pretty clothes and gay times, then you have got the kind of love that is a chronic complaint that lasts from the altar to the grave. Otherwise you have only a slight attack of chills and fever that will soon pass and leave you none the worse.

When the bristles of your hairbrush become soft, try the following plan: Wash the brush well in hot water, to which a dessertspoonful of ammonia has been added, then dissolve a large lump of salt in cold water, dip the brush in several times, then leave it to dry in the open air. After this process you will find the bristles hardened.

When putting blouses away in the drawers specially reserved for them, place a sheet of tissue paper between each. This means very little extra trouble, and the blouses keep fresh and uncrumpled much longer than if they are tossed in anyhow.

If mason's dust is used instead of hearthstone for cleaning steps and hearths, it will be found to save much time and labor. This dries a good color, and is also cheap. A quart bought at an oilshop lasts quite a long time, as it is only necessary to sprinkle a little on each step.

Persons recovering from influenza and like prostrating ailments will find an egg, well beaten, and carefully mixed with a small quantity of beef-tea, a pick-me-up of value. To prevent curdling, the egg should be mixed with a little cold fluid before adding it to the hot tea, and it must be mixed by slow degrees.

The man who never kissed a woman doesn't deserve to.

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A BRIGAND IN LOVE

(Continued from page 46)

affairs were settled, she could join him at Manila, and they could the ceremony performed over again publicly. It could only them closer to each other, and in the meantime they would have memory of their first wonderful days together. He brushed aside es's claim. It wasn't a real love, and she would get over it. Percy by this time she was wondering how she had drifted into an engagement and was regretting her mistake. He argued well, for he pleading for the happiness of his whole life, and distance lessened charm of his betrothed. He told Loring he had planned to k it off as soon as he learned of Percy Bryce's death, for it was fair to marry one woman when body and soul belonged to another. nes deserved something better than he could give her, and though had intended doing the thing gradually, so as to spare her feelings, he would do it quickly, and in the end Agnes would thank him being honest with her.

Loring listened, and half despising herself for her ready acquiescence, admitted that their love had the prior claim.

"But you must write to her today, telling her that you want your freedom," she said.

And he promised. He did write, a manly, straightforward letter, telling as much of the truth as he could. He spoke of his love for Loring, which he had come to believe hopeless, but now that she was free to be won, he asked Agnes to forgive him, and set him at liberty. But he did not speak of the wedding to be celebrated on the morrow, and the letter, strangely enough, miscarried. He saw the necessity for secrecy which Loring insisted upon.

"For what would the world think of me, scarcely two weeks a

Schumacher



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