DAILY MAGAZINE PAGE FOR EVERYBODY

WINIFRED BLACK Writes About The Modern Girl

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MRS. SWEET-AND-WHOLESOME came and sat on the porch the other day and talked to me about what on earth to do with her daughter.

It was a comfortable porch, wide and roomy and airy, with striped awnings over it and great, big, deep wicker chairs, a regular winter resort affair. The sun shone as if there was no such thing as cold anywhere on earth, and the scarlet poinsettias flamed against the white pillars of the porch and the blue sea flung out lace flounces upon the yellow sand, and all the world was summer, in California.

But Mrs. Sweet-and-Wholesome wasn't happy—she was worried and puzzled and baffled. "What do you think of them?" she said, "the new generation? I'm really at my wits' end.

"Last night at dinner we had such a queer time. I had a little party for my daughter and her cousin, who's visiting her. My daughter is just out of college and her cousin graduated from a smart finishing school last June—they're both pretty things, not beauties, you know, but nice, sweet, pretty girls—as good as gold and as full of fun and play as a couple of kittens. I thought I was going to have such a good time with them down here. We've all been so busy at home I really haven't had much of a chance to get acquainted with daughter since she graduated, and this little dinner was going to be the beginning of our good times. I planned it with a good deal of care, the decorations were those new pink roses and lilies of the valley, and the girls wore rose pink, but, goodness, my niece's frock!

"Is Nothing Secret?"

"If a daring young widow had worn a frock like that in my time she'd have shocked the company and here was my dear little niece cut down to the waist in the back and bare armed, and the skirt up to the middle between her ankles and her knees; of course they danced afterwards. My girl's dress was all right, I saw to that. But the talk! Is my face red this minute? I blush every time I think of it. There were four men and a young married woman, the two girls and I, and what do you think they did?

"Flirt, say sweet things, joke each other a bit, the way we used to?

"Not in the least—they talked psychology, and the sex war and sex qualities and sex differentiations till I know the waiter was shocked to his very heart. I was, anyhow. Why, I never heard anything like it! If there was a word left on earth ever written in a physician's text book that those sweet young things didn't know and speak, I'd like to hear it.

"They discussed every subject that I've always thought should never even be hinted at, any they didn't even lower their voices.

"I heard all about 'first love' and what it really meant, both psychologically and physically. 'Last love' was analyzed, too, so searchingly that I saw that elderly waiter fairly tremble. I know he woke his wife up to tell her about it when he went home. Sing they discussed, too—oh, no, not under any such harmless generic name as that—they went into it from start to finish and didn't leave a thing to the imagination.

"They were so eagerly interested that it wasn't the slightest use to try to stop them. After dinner they danced and I sat and chaperoned them. Chaperoned? Dear me, if I could only have been chaperoned at that dinner myself. I'm sure I needed it!

"What are they coming to, what shall we do about it—isn't anything to be left sacred? Are there no more evils on earth? Must we shout the very secrets of our hearts across a ballroom for all the world to hear, or isn't it 'done,' having secrets, any longer?

"I cried all night after I'd gone to bed. I don't know whether to telegraph my husband to come and take us home or what, I never missed him so much in my life. I do wonder what he would have done if he'd been there; why, I feel as if I'd been in one of those horrid dreams, where you come to in a crowded ballroom or on a public street, and find yourself, in your nighty, barefooted and with your hair in curl papers! I can't get over it, I never shall be able to stand the new point of view, I know I shan't."

And I sympathize with Mrs. Sweet-and-Wholesome, I've felt a good deal like her myself for the last year or so.

And then it came time for the bathing hour, and we went to the beach, and there was Sweet-and-Twenty and her cousin, Sweet-and-Eighteen, in tights and low-cut bodices, no stockings, no skirts, as slim and beautiful as Nereids, and there were the two college men as nearly without clothes as they could manage it, and into the surf they plunged all together as unconsciously as so many children.

"Perhaps, After All—"

Mrs. Sweet-and-Wholesome shivered and turned ghastly pale. I'm afraid I turned something like scarlet. And just as I tried to say something comforting a nice, proper, elderly man of our acquaintance joined us and we had to pull ourselves together.

We talked about the weather and the sea, and the sunshine and the poinsettias, and the rain in New York and the cold in New England, and then the elderly man said with a strange look, a look that made a little cold shiver creep into my heart:

"How do you like the new bathing costumes?"

Before I could answer, the elderly man went on to say that he thought the modern girl distinctly lacking in—er ah, charm, and elusiveness.

"You see, it is their ball dresses," he said, "and on the piazzas in their sport frocks, not only here in the surf.

"The modern girl doesn't leave a thing to the imagination, and that's such a pity, there's nothing really thrilling about a knee, when it's a knee and no bones made about it. But when it's a mystery, under a long skirt—" the elderly man was positively hideous when he said this!

"It's the same way with the mental attitude, there's no fun any more talking to a young girl, she's so plain spoken, so hopelessly out and out. Now, in my time—"

Mrs. Sweet-and-Wholesome rose.

"Let's go down on the rocks," she said to me without looking at the elderly man at all.

"Let's," said I, and I never looked at him either. And when we were well down on the rocks Mrs. Sweet-and-Wholesome looked me quite searchingly full in the eyes:

"Perhaps, after all," she said, "the modern girl—"

"And the modern man—" said I.

And we understood each other perfectly and I think we understood the modern girl, too—at last.

For olive oil bottles the new funnel-cork will be found valuable. It has a little chain and cap to cover it when not in use. It prevents having to remove the greasy cork every time the oil is used and so is much cleaner.

DIVIDED ATTENTION ✻ *By Will Nies*

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THERE seems to be a most malicious little imp who hovers around anything that's called "Duty." No matter how pleasant, how fine, how much to be desired the thing may be, just tag it with THAT name and up he bobs. And if, perchance, there's anything near we love, he'll put his weight on the strings of imagination and pull and pull away from Duty. He's the "'twixt Love and Duty" Imp.

So it isn't odd, but merely HUMAN that she who sits with Duty in her hands and Love about her should have her attention divided between the two. But there's a way for her to CONQUER. All she—all that any one else—need do is to realize that Duty is only the RIGHT thing at the RIGHT time—even the things we love best are Duty in THEIR time. It's RECOGNIZING the RIGHTNESS that conquers Mr. Imp.

HAVE THEIR DRAWBACKS.

First Thinker—There's one way I have it over Washington.

Second Thinker—I'm your friend, so I'll listen to it.

First Thinker—He couldn't tell a lie. I can.

Rice, if washed in hot water instead of cold, is much more quickly cleansed and freed from all starch and dirt.

GOOD GUESS.

Grave Sixteen—I believe that I can guess your thoughts.

Sweet Sixteen—Can you? Well, then, you mustn't kiss me more than once, dear, because there is somebody coming.

To remove mildew from linen, wet the spot with water, rub with laundry soap, sprinkle with salt and place in the sun; repeat several times until spots have been completely removed.

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Cooling Eggs While Hatching

A very common mistake in artificial incubation is made with regard to the daily cooling of the eggs. It is seldom that operators allow sufficient time for this, which can only be accounted for by the fact that it is usually believed to be harmful. It must be remembered that an egg takes a long time to lose its heat, and therefore if only allowed to cool for a few minutes it has very little effect. Again, the length of time given must depend on the temperature of the room, for the eggs lose their heat more rapidly in a cold room than in a warm one. Taking the average temperature of sixty degrees, the eggs should be cooled for twenty minutes in the morning and fifteen in the evening. The difference in length is suggested, for usually a longer time elapses between the night and morning cooling than between the morning and evening. If the temperature in the room is only fifty degrees, then fifteen minutes in the morning and twelve minutes in the evening is sufficient; if the room is only forty degrees, then twelve minutes and ten minutes is ample. If on the contrary, the room is seventy degrees, twenty-five minutes should be allowed in the morning and twenty minutes at night, while if it be eighty degrees, then thirty-five minutes and thirty minutes respectively should be allowed.—Expert.

My Cooler and Mop Pail

When you live where ice is an impossibility it sometimes becomes a problem to keep milk and food sweet and fresh. This is the solution that I found:

My husband took a good-sized dry-goods box and removed both back and front. For the back he substituted common wire screen such as screen doors are made of, and made a door of the same material for the front, put in a convenient number of shelves and nailed the cupboard to the beams of the ceiling in the coolest part of the cellar. Since then I have had no difficulty in keeping my food fresh.

Another convenience I appreciate is a mop pail on casters. It is of galvanized iron about twice as long as it is wide and is divided into two parts by a galvanized partition. I use one section filled with water for mopping the floor, the other for rinsing and drying. The pail can be pushed about with the foot and saves a great deal of heavy lifting. A detachable mop wringer completes my outfit.

P.W.F. in The Country Gentleman.

GARDEN NOTES

Asparagus is chief among the perennial vegetables. The largest investment necessary to its production is that of patience, for it is practically three years before one is at liberty to cut the stalks freely. But if there is anything in the garden that is worth waiting for it is the asparagus crop; hence the sooner this watchful waiting begins the better, and an asparagus bed started as soon as the ground is fit for it is about the most important garden step you can take this season.

Where horse cultivation is not possible the wheel hoe is the best implement for keeping down the weeds between the asparagus rows while the stalks are growing. Once the cutting season is over and the foliage develops do not let the seeds ripen and drop to the ground, as they cause a growth of spindling seedlings that are a nuisance.

Begonia and other fine seeds do not require covering with earth, says The Minneapolis Journal. Simply sow them on top of the soil and place a pane of glass over the top of the box or pot.

BUT KICKED OUT.

Father (caressing his right shoe)—You will get over it! It was only puppy love!

She (sobbing)—B-b-but he was such a nice puppy!

A package of medium-grained sandpaper will be found very useful in the kitchen. A small piece, soaped with kitchen soap, will quickly clean spots and burns from pots, pans and dishes.

If the breakfast egg cups are put into cold water and allowed to soak until the regular dish washing is done, they will rinse out quite easily; and, if the egg spoons are rubbed with a little salt, after being rinsed in warm water, all discoloration will be removed without the use of silver polish.

TWO VARIETIES OF SPANGLED HAMBURGS

Golden Breed is Most Useful to Owner of a Small Flock.

ORIGINATED IN HOLLAND

English Fanciers Crossed It With Dutch Every Day Layer.

THE Hamburg is one of our oldest standard breeds of poultry. It originated in Holland but takes its name from the City of Hamburg. The pencilled varieties were the first of these, and the Spangled, Blacks and Whites were originated in Great Britain, where they are extensively bred.

The breed was known as the Dutch every day layer because of its heavy laying propensities, and was greatly popular among fanciers and small breeders. Their laying qualities appear to have made them popular for two centuries and they were used in the making of several of our popular varieties.

The Speckled Hamburgs were the product of the British fanciers who crossed the original Dutch every day layer, which was of the pencilled variety, with some of the British fowl. Harrison Weir states that this was the old Spotted Breasted Game. At any rate, they produced a fowl which was essentially beautiful, slightly larger than the Pencilled Hamburgs, yet an equally good layer.

These Spangled Hamburgs are of two varieties, Golden and Silver. Both have been produced in the same manner and have been developed to a distinctive type and beauty that is solely their own. Their plumage rivals the pheasant in color.

The Golden Spangled Hamburg would appear to be one of the most useful breeds. It has been bred for a long time, and its prolific laying is unquestioned. But the eggs of the fowl itself are small, so that for large utility flocks the Hamburg will not answer. To the small breeder, however, or for a beautiful and useful home flock, the Golden Spangled Hamburg has many attractions.

ELABORATE PETTICOATS

Nothing is too extravagant in the way of dressy petticoats. This model had its outer flounce of narrow lace insertions joined together with silk ribbon and French pink, blue and lavender roses and finished at the hem with a series of lovely lace medallion sewen on chiffon! Anothe extension reed was run in just four inches above the hem. The camisole worn with it, was a fragile affair of silver cloth, lace insertions and chiffon, held on the shoulders with double cross straps of silver ribbons. Right on the top of the left shoulder was sewn a tiny flower—in reality a sachet, perfumed with faintest lavender.

Many petticoats are, of course, much less elaborate and more practical for the everyday person, but there is a certain fairy-like air about all the lingerie models shewn this season, that compels the admiring gaze—and sometimes—the covetous one!

DISENCHANTMENT.

Captain—In the life of a soldier the first lesson must be that of prompt and unquestioning obedience to your superior officer.

Recruit—An' I was a-goin' to war to get away from my wife!

THRIFT.

Mrs. McTaggart—Hoots! Dinna fash yerse', McTaggart! 'Twas a bad shillin' I gave him!

The McTaggart—A bad shillin'! Ma conscience—sic—extravagance! Wuman, hay ye no bad saxpence?

ALWAYS THE WAY.

Dentist—Open wider, please—wider.

Patient—A—a—a—ah!

Dentist (inserting rubber gag, towel and sponge)—How's your family?

The Amateur Gardener

WILL BE DELIGHTED WITH THE FRONTISPIECE OF THIS WEEK'S

Sunday World Art Section

Overseas troops portrayed in this week's issue: The 48th Battery, C.F.A., on the sky-line, and in various manoeuvres in High Park. A group view of "B" Company of the American Legion. Bugle Band of the Second Canadian Pioneers, who were mentioned in despatches for good work at St. Eloi. A series of views of the Fourth Divisional Cyclists in a variety of manoeuvres. Pictures of the Signal Corps and Machine Gun Section of the 116th Batt. now in training at Uxbridge.

An Indian Platoon from the 114th Brock Rangers, Cayuga, Redmen from the Caughnawaga Reserve.

Hamilton, which is giving Toronto a run for it, in a military sense, is represented in a page of pictures, including the Bugle Band of the 173rd. First aid and stretcher bearers of the 86th. The nog-coms. of the Hamilton Highlanders and pipers of the same battalion. The Bugle Band of the 120th and the ambulance corps of the 173rd.

Units from the Second Military District shown are the 43rd Canadian Field Artillery from Guelph, but now in England, on their way to the front. More unknown pictures from prison camps in Germany.

"C" Company of the 176th, stationed at Thorold. "A" Company of the 83rd Battalion, who spent the winter at Riverdale Barracks, now overseas. Many groups and portraits of Canada's fighting men. West-End Y.M.C.A. Honor Roll.

The Sunday World is the biggest and brightest week-end paper in Canada. It has the funniest funny section in four colors. It has a review in pictures and prose of the week's events. It has something of interest for every member of the family. You should see it every week. Order it from your newsdealer or newsboy. 5c per copy everywhere.

Today's Fashion

Smart Riding-Habit of Tan Linen.

THE riding-habit of tan linen with a full-skirted coat is the favorite of the hour. This stunning model is semi-fitted above the waist-line, while the lower half flares wide below the hips. Slot pockets add a dash to the coat, which is single breasted.

The "knickers" are fitted snugly over the knees and fasten with brown bone buttons. Boots of black patent leather, a pique stock and a Panama hat complete this smart riding outfit.

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The Amateur Gardener

TIME was, and that not so very long ago, when the dahlia was considered so difficult a plant to grow that it wasn't worth while to experiment with it. It came into bloom so late in the season that few flowers were developed before frosty weather came, and after a little the average gardener gave up trying to grow it.

The treatment that was given it consisted in starting the roots into growth in pots or boxes in the house early in the season under the impression that because it came from a locality where summer is long our northern summers were too short for it, therefore we must give it several weeks to grow in.

The ordinary result of such treatment was that the plants, started into growth in the house under conditions unfavorable to healthy development, became so weak before the weather would warrant one in putting them into the ground out of doors that when they were put out they were so checked by the change from in to outdoor conditions that it took them a long time to get a second start, and by the time they had fairly got under headway cold weather put an end to them.

Nowadays we do things differently. We do not attempt to lengthen the season by starting them in the house. We wait until the ground has become warm and the weather settled, and then we set the tubers out in the garden in a rich soil that has been made mellow to the depth of a foot or a foot and a half.

Here they get a strong start at once, because conditions are favorable to satisfactory growth, and by the middle of August they begin to bloom, and from that time to the coming of frost we have a continuous supply of flowers from them. Under this method of culture the dahlia is speedily coming into general cultivation, and those who grow it successfully one season will not willingly be without it thereafter.

The secret of success is—rich soil, plenty of water at the root if the season happens to be a dry one, and warm weather from start to finish.

RECIPES FOR THE CARD INDEX COOK BOOK

Toad In the Hole

INGREDIENTS

¼ pound flour.
Salt and pepper.
½ pint milk.
1 egg.
½ pound sausages.

METHOD

Put the flour into a bowl and add the pepper and salt. Beat the egg and pour into the centre of the flour; stir with a wooden spoon, adding gradually half the milk; then beat the batter well. When quite smooth add the rest of the milk. Skin the sausages and cut the min halves. Place the meat in a well-greased dish, pour the batter over and bake ¾ hour. Cold meat can be used instead of sausages, and in this case cut into inch squares.