

FROM THE HOUSEKEEPER'S NOTEBOOK

Why Not Have a Company Closet?

(Copyright, by Joseph B. Bowles.)

"Yes, I would like to bring a friend home to lunch, but my wife is never ready, says she does not have things in the house for unexpected company and it is so much bother," remarked the business man.

"You ought to have a company closet like my wife has," answered B. M. number two. "I don't know how it is, but Mame always manages to get something up if I bring people home without warning. I asked how it was one day, and she said she had emergency closets."

So I asked Mame what a company closet was. "A company closet?" Oh, it's two or three shelves in my pantry that I devote to keeping goods that I can use in an emergency. You know I started in by doing light housekeeping and living with a chafing dish. This taught me how to use prepared food. Then I kept house and had canned tomatoes to make soup if any one came unexpectedly, but now I keep quite an assortment of goods ready for instant use.

"What are they?" Well, to begin with, there are lots of things out of which I can make sandwiches when Bob turns up with an old friend from the place he used to live in, and my refrigerator is empty. There are all sorts of canned patés, among them chicken, wild duck, grouse, partridge and quail. Then I keep canned lobster, sardines in oil, shrimps, little neck clams and such things that vary in price from 15 to 35 cents, and are always ready to put in between thin slices of bread and butter to make delicious sandwiches. Out of the shrimps and lobster I can make salad with my little of salad dressing that is on the same shelf.

"On another shelf I keep all sorts of canned and bottled soups and it is astonishing how many varieties there are. All that is needed is to heat them up, put in some celery salt if desired, and thicken them with a little macaroni, or one can use them without any thickening at all. Among my canned soups I have mock turtle, tomato, ox tail, consommé, julienne, chicken, celery, vegetable, tomato and okra, and beef. I buy these cans by the dozen and get them in this way at a reduction. They average ten cents a can. When I am very particular I open a can of green turtle soup or clam chowder, but these cost more. So you see I am all right as regards soup in an emergency.

"When I do not want to follow my soup course with sandwiches I can open some of my potted meats. I am quite proud of the variety I have of these for nearly every kind of meat comes prepared in this way. For instance, corn beef comes for 15 cents a can, good roast beef is 22 cents a can, veal loaf, is a trifle cheaper. Besides these, I have ham loaf, hamburger steak, chicken loaf, cooked turkey, Vienna sausage, potted turkey and petite frankfurters. I didn't know there were so many kinds until I began to stock up my closet. But these average 15 to 20 cents a can, the most expensive is 50 cents and they are good cold or can be heated quickly.

"Of course I have shelves with jellies and preserved fruits and when I want more than I put up myself I find I can get at least a dozen varieties of jelly that are always in the market, orange marmalade, bar-le-duc jelly, guava jelly and canned pineapple, cherries, plums and peaches. So I am never at a loss in the matter of sauces. To supplement these I keep on hand different varieties of wafers such as vanilla, fruit, coconut, etc., for often I have no cake in the house. Thus you see I am provided with a soup course, a meat or sandwich course, and a dessert. At times I want side dishes and for these I keep peanut butter which I often make in sandwiches, jars of cheese, pots of made mustard, olives, cheese sandwiches, and lots of other fancy goods that are on the market. When it comes to the matter of something to drink, of course I always have coffee and tea in the house, but I also keep on my emergency shelf a can of cocoa which can be prepared easily and rapidly and various fruit juices like grape and raspberry. These last are delicious in summer, served with ice. If I happen to have a lemon in the house I put in the juice also. I always keep in my company closet a box of nice layer raisins and two or three kinds of nuts. These I use for dessert when I do not have fruit and wafers. Sometimes I vary these with a jar of honey, figs and dates.

"Don't think we live on such canned goods all the time, but like all families we often have enough for two and not for three, and are without cake and delicacies one wishes to set before a guest. My company closet solves the problem at once. Bob thinks it is a miracle, but I know it is simply that I look ahead for an emergency. Then too, with these varieties of goods I am always ready to serve a cup of chocolate with waters to the afternoon guest who calls in winter, or if in summer, I have my fruit juices to serve with a thin, sweet wafer. It is really as simple as can be. The wonder is more women do not do the same and everybody does not have

a company closet. The English call these 'pantry groceries,' and have stores that carry nothing else. Lots of times I am complimented on my soups and sandwiches by the men that Bob brings home to lunch, and I smile and say I am glad they like them. They little realize that I have prepared the whole meal out of my emergency closet, and as to telling them—not I. What's the good of telling all of one's domestic secrets? I tell you that you may be prepared the next time that husband of yours comes home suddenly with 'My old friend Dick, who is spending the day in the city, and you have nothing in the house to eat.'

TALKS TO SALESPEOPLE

By Miss Diana Hirschler, L.L. B. (Expert Trainer in Salesmanship.)

BOLSTERING UP A WOBBLING WILL.

Mrs. Fly-Away was certainly a trying customer. She had no sooner said she liked a certain style when another caught her eye and she always insisted upon seeing it. In this way, she saw-sawed from one to another and, indeed, frequently left without buying at all. True, yet I dare say when she got home she felt quite annoyed at not having anything to show for shopping. She no doubt wished then that she had bought the plaid she had admired so much.

Now, it may be well to lament that there are so many customers of this type, but the duty of the salesperson is to accept this fact and see how to meet it, not simply to call it "bad luck."

When you engage yourself to this kind of service you really engage to deal with human nature ready-made. Human nature unmakes itself only if you meet it with a right understanding of its style.

Take the case of Mrs. Fly-Away. Her need is the need of many people—to have some one bolster up a wobbling will—to catch her up quickly when she has actually reached the point of decision.

You must take some distinct action to accomplish this. You must say in a decided tone, as if you were speaking for her, "I think you have picked out just what you want," or something similar. This will prop up her decision. But you must remember this is merely a prop—else you will be disappointed—for she will allow it to sustain her only for the moment.

Recognizing the short-livedness of your prop, pulling out your salesbook with decision, you follow it up briskly with a closing remark: "The name, please?" Before she has time again to be distracted the matter is clinched. After it is over she approves of you. But if your method is to let her wander at her own sweet will she continues to be discontented with what she has done and you are made part of her discontent.

A will that rests when it actually has arrived at the stepping-off place is very common. There is only one thing for the seller to do with the buyer in this case, that is for himself to supply as far as possible the ingredient of decisiveness in manner, tone, statement, eliminating further every circumstance that might disturb or turn the trend of thought.

A lady asks to see dollar shirts for an 11-year-old boy. The salesperson throws out on the counter one shirt after another until there are eight or ten different ones lying there. The customer looks confused. She fingers them all and gets further and further from a decision. It is a question of "were't' other dear charmer away?"

The inspection of the pile by a cool looker-on displayed the fact that there were in reality only two types of designs, the shirts themselves being the same.

Therefore the salesperson need only have thrown out a shirt with a dark ground in blue—for blue is the most commonly desired. The customer then would have said: "I wished a lighter colored shirt," or "Have you no other color in that same design?" He has had so much blue.

In this way the salesperson very quickly might have found what would satisfy best without confusing the customer, and making her forget what she had in mind when she approached the counter.

The desirable thing is to sense what the customer thinks she wants. If you have something that you believe will satisfy her better in the long run show it intelligently and with effect. If you have not, keep her to what she had in mind by cautious and careful display of the goods and finally help to a decision with your own decisiveness.

When the customer asks for something and you hesitate and finger your own goods, looking about as if you did not even know its alphabet, she begins to catch the trouble and gets into a hesitating frame of mind.

But on the other hand, if you go at once to your stuffs, as if you already knew exactly and precisely what was good for her, her mind begins to settle down. Then, if your tones themselves are confident in sound, she is still further reassured. You watch now her facial expression, and catch by its more alert, waked-up look that she is beginning to find the thing she wants. A little further piloting on your part brings her to where she expresses herself favorably; then it is time for you to make your decisive move, you fold up the article and accept her attitude as final. It will be final, if you do not distract her again.

Anyone who tends to become confused in making a choice of one among many courses of action—and who among us does not?—likes this treatment. There is always this proviso, however, that you are square in your dealings and sell your customer what you believe is the right thing for him to buy. This is a story by itself.

(Copyright, 1928, by Joseph B. Bowles.)

Garniture of Brass Buttons, Large and Small, Much in Favor.

It was natural that with the return of the consulate and directorate styles in dress the brass button would play an important part.

It is already here. It is not only worn on coats and skirts, but it even fastens up the simple blouses for wear under coats.

Large ones are used on rough cloths and small ones on gowns of messaline, also on blouses of tricoté, messaline, chiffon cloth and silk flannel.

The American brass button, with its symbols of army and navy, is not used. The fashionable one is round and smooth. It looks like a bullet, and is highly polished.

Tiny ones are also used on elaborate indoor gowns, with quantities of gold and silver lace, old gold embroidery, and metal soutache. It is a warlike time in dress.

Not only are brass buttons revived, but all manner of other wonderful ones. These are the ornaments that played such an important part in the empire period.

Some of the new ones are of tortoise shell, the real shell, inlaid with small rhinestones at the edge. These are put on splendid gowns for theater and restaurant wear.

Other buttons suggest Damascus. They are oxidized silver and beaten brass. There are others of jade set in rims of platinum and large turquoise matrices bedded in brilliants.

The latter buttons of semi-precious stones are more commonplace and obvious than those of tortoise shell and Damascus brass.

Even the large satin buttons used to fasten every manner of fabric are heavily embroidered in plain floss and with gold and silver. Designs for these are sold in the shops, and there is a great deal of this kind of work being done at home.

These buttons are by no means inexpensive. They make the price of the gown amount up to a good figure, although it must be said that the ultimate cost of clothes has lessened in the last two weeks.

Whether the shopkeepers and dress-makers found out that women would not pay exorbitant prices or whether the sensible scale than last year it is hard to tell. But this is true—that the best gowns have undergone a transformation in price during the last few weeks.

Dainty Veil Gases That Are Both Practical and Ornamental.

Women who do only a little fancy needlework are making exquisite veil gases which are both practical and ornamental. Many of the deft fingered workers are planning several cases of different colors and patterns for gifts, knowing that the woman does not exist who could fail to appreciate a trifle so dainty and useful.

The cases are twenty or twenty-four inches in length and about ten in width. Two straight pieces of silk by the yard or of very wide ribbon form the bottom of the case, the two sections being cut exactly alike, one to go on the top and one on the bottom, with a little cotton wadding and some sachet powder between. The case will lie flatter and keep its shape better if the silk is sewed over a foundation of blotting paper. This will retain the perfume much longer than any other kind of filling.

The upper part of the case has two sections which open from the center-like covers. These are made over blotting paper with cotton wadding and sachet powder. The edges are sewed neatly over and over, then finished with a gilt or fancy cord or with a French rose ribbon binding. Between the bottom and the top are sides made of wide satin ribbon shirred all around the under section and fastened to the upper covers. The two covers should meet in the center, and if they are supplied with silk cord loops and gilt or jeweled buttons the case can be closed and the veils kept quite neat.

The original idea has been enlarged upon by one woman, who made a set of satin-covered partitions a little smaller than the dimensions of the case to be slipped in between the different colors of veils and thus keep them separate. Instead of having to go through all the veils to find the one she wants, all she needs to do is to look for the black, white, gray or blue sections, and there are all her veils of this particular color.

Dainty gold flowered brocades, exquisite pompadour silks and figured satins are the favorite materials for these cases. They are kept on top of the long dressing table within easy reach. If one is greatly devoted to veils two cases will be found convenient, one for automobile veils and the other for dress veils.

Table Decoration



ONE is always glad of suggestions for pretty table decorations; and there are many who have only simple things available, who will be glad of this suggestion, as a most effective decoration can be made with a few flowers, one glass vase, a glass or china plate, and four little jugs in which cream is sold. Jugs with handles should be chosen. They are arranged at equal distances round the base of the large vase, from the neck of which to the handles of the jugs hang festoons of ribbons. A piece of elastic will hold the upper ends of the ribbon round the neck of the vase, and a very pretty decoration can be made by twisting the leaves of a creeper round and round the ribbons, and when the base of the center ornament and all the little jugs are filled with flowers, it makes a wonderfully pretty decoration for the center of a dinner-table. Little ribbon ferns may be planted in the jugs, as they thrive well and last a long time when planted in an undrained pot.

Sagging Skirts.

A skirt, even when properly made, will sag in the wearing. This is caused by the many bias lines. To avoid this choose, if possible, a skirt pattern with many gores, especially if the skirt is to be worn continually for office or street wear.

The many seams give added strength to the skirt and the bias edge on the bottom is not wide enough to cause any serious damage from sagging, and as a rule will not fall in ugly lines.

In cutting out a skirt pattern there is always one gore which follows the line of the selvage, and the opposite side of the gore is bias. In joining the gores together one bias edge must always be sewed against one straight edge to prevent the skirt from sagging.

Caterpillar Lace.

It is said that a man in Munich has devised an ingenious plan by which caterpillars are made to spin lace veils from the leaves of plants. He makes a paste of the plant that is the usual food of the caterpillar, and spreads it thinly over a stone, or other flat surface. Then with a camel's hair pencil dipped in olive oil, he draws on the coating of paste the pattern that he wishes the caterpillar to leave open. The stone being placed in an inclined position, the caterpillars are put at the bottom, and they eat and spin their way to the top, carefully avoiding every part touched by the oil, but devouring the rest of the plant. The result is a lace pattern of rare beauty.

The Waistcoat Warm.

The pretty little plaided silk waistcoats intended for wear beneath the jacket are destined to help through the cold weather any number of women who purchased winter suits early in the season simply because they looked smart, forgetting that the natty coats, slashed away in front and with only a strap to hold them together over the chest, are scarcely suited to a northern winter. The little waistcoats are interlined with chambray and have satin backs that exactly match the coat linings. Some of them are made with high, snug collars which fasten in incroyable fashion about the throat.

LONDON'S TREE WONDER

OCCUPIES LAND WORTH \$1,500,000 AN ACRE



There is a tree in Cheapside, London, that may be described as the most expensive of its kind on earth. It five-dollar gold pieces filled the entire trunk and five-dollar bills fluttered in the place of every one of its leaves, it would not buy the land it occupies. For the land on which it stands, the northwest corner of Wood street and Cheapside, is worth \$1,500,000 an acre. The tree has stood on this spot for more than 200 years; meanwhile its site has augmented in value to almost fabulous proportions.

There have been several hard-fought lawsuits over this plot of ground, the fight having been carried even to the house of lords; but, so far, the lawyers have never been able to break through the phalanx of enactments which preserve the tree. In the first place, there is a law in England which prohibits builders from putting up a structure which shall keep out the light from windows which bear the mysterious words, "Ancient Lights."

This tree in Cheapside is literally surrounded by a number of ancient lights proprietors, whose consent has never been obtained when it came to cutting down the tree and putting a modern structure on its site. For the same reason, the storekeeper who rents the tiny two-story structure on the corner just in front of the tree has never been able to put his building up beyond its present height. Some years ago, one builder, who thought himself more cute than the others, started to take the law into his own hands and put up a building, thinking to arrange with the owners of the ancient lights afterward. But he was met with a perfect shower of injunctions, proceedings, writs and indictments, more than would have covered the tree in its full spring bloom.

A few years ago, some gardeners were ordered to lop off certain limbs of the tree which hung over Cheapside. It was done, and really to save the life of the tree, and had the consent of the parish clerk and churchwardens of Saint Peter's, Cheapside, the ancient little Norman church in Foster Lane, near by, who guard this tree from the vandals' clutches. When the men began to work on the tree, however, it created a sensation in Cheapside. "They are chopping down our tree," went up from a thousand angry throats in the district. Police-men were called and there would have been another shower of writs, injunctions and proceedings had not the minister of the parish explained the real reason for the lopping operations.

Another almost impassable barrier which protects the tree in its position is the fact that it grows in sacred ground. There is a law in London that no building can be erected on sacred ground without special act of parliament, and were beside the unhappy man who dares to put up even a shaft within the sacred precincts of a graveyard in England.

This particular corner of Cheapside has been immortalized by Wordsworth:

At the corner of Wood street, when daylight appears,
There's a thrush that sings loud; it has sung for three years.

This bird was wont to perch in the now famous tree and it attracted the attention of Wordsworth, who used to breakfast in a little shop near by. As far back as the year 1322—just 100 years before Columbus discovered America—another tree stood in this graveyard and is spoken of by Chaucer:

That whosoever playmes it away,
He shall have Christys curse for aye.

This tree is, therefore, a direct descendant of, perhaps, the oldest tree on record in England, and it may also be described as an English institution.

This particular corner of Cheapside is back of the general post office and one of the finest pieces of real estate in the world. With the tremendous difficulties that stand in the way of its being built over—the sanctity of the land itself and the power of the Ancient Lights statute—it is probable that this piece of ground will remain unimproved for another century or two. In a recent interview the manager of the real-estate agents, who control nearly all the land in the district, declared that "the old tree in Cheapside occupies a position which is likely never to be built upon. There would be a perfect howl of execration from all sides if anyone were to attempt to put up a modern building there; for Wood street itself is so narrow that the people on both sides of the street have a right to claim ancient lights, and the builder who went in for improving this property would have to square so many people that he would never be able to get any profit out of his building."

THE ENGAGEMENT OFF.



Wiggles—Arabella, darling, may I kiss you? Arabella—Yes, sweetest, but kiss me on the left cheek, please. Wiggles (doing so)—And may I ask, dearest, why the left cheek? Little Brother (poking his head through the door)—Because Jack Wiggles has been kissing the right cheek all the afternoon, and it's tired.



SAMMY'S FEELINGS.

"Sammy," said his mean uncle, "how would you feel if I were to give you a penny?"

"I think," replied Sammy, "that I should feel a little faint at first, but I'd try and get over it."

Personal Observation.

"Boys," said the sweet young teacher, as she smiled graciously upon her Sunday school class, "it seems to me that this lesson teaches that what one begins another continues or completes. All work does not devolve upon any one person. Can you illustrate with an incident from your own observation?"

"I've know father to be on a tear all night," timidly informed little Bobby, "and then mother would continue to rip him up the back all next morning."

STATE OF OHIO CITY OF TOLEDO, Lucas County, ss. I, FRANK J. CHENEY, make oath that I am a resident of the City of Toledo, Ohio, and do hereby certify that the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every year of CANTON that cannot be saved by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

FRANK J. CHENEY,
Notary Public.

Signed to be true and published in my presence this 5th day of December, A. D. 1928.

An Encouraging Average.

"I have been looking over my financial operations," said Mr. Easton. "I must say they are more successful than usual."

"Have you been making large profits?"

"No. I don't expect anything like that."

"But you say you were successful?"

"Comparatively successful. During the month I have loaned money to five friends, and only three of them have quit speaking to me."

Important to Mothers.

Examine carefully every bottle of **CASTORIA**, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Williams*.

In Use For Over 30 Years.

The Kind You Have Always Bought.

An Exceptional Case.

"The newspapers tell of a Connecticut woman who gave her husband \$25,000 to let her alone."

"This is a funny old world. It is the husband who usually gives his wife every cent he gets to let him alone."

Waiting for a Rise.

"Have you sold your airship yet?"

"No. I'm holding it for a rise."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Smokers appreciate the quality value of Lewis' Single Binder cigar. Your dealer or Lewis' Factory, Toledo, O.

Each hour has its lesson and its life; and if we miss this we shall not find its lesson in another.—King.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, always gives relief. See advertisement.



This woman says Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound saved her life. Read her letter.

Mrs. T. C. Williams, of Manning, Iowa, writes to Mrs. Pinkham:

"I can truly say that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound saved my life, and I cannot express my gratitude to you in words. For years I suffered with the worst forms of female complaints, continually doctoring and spending lots of money for medicine without help. I wrote you for advice, followed it as directed, and took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and it has restored me to perfect health. Had it not been for you I should have been in my grave to-day. I wish every suffering woman would try it."

FACTS FOR SICK WOMEN.

For thirty years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs, has been the standard remedy for female ills, and has positively cured thousands of women who have been troubled with displacements, inflammation, ulceration, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, that bearing-down feeling, flatulency, indigestion, dizziness, or nervous prostration. Why don't you try it?

Mrs. Pinkham invites all sick women to write her for advice. She has guided thousands to health. Address, Lynn, Mass.

Look to Royalty for Example.

A letter from Berlin, speaking of the birthday of the empress, says: "The empress gave her hand to Prince Wilhelm February 27, 1881, and the report which spoke of it as a love match was true in its broadest sense. The Germans, on occasions like this, like to remember the words with which Wilhelm introduced his consort: 'Our house of Hohenzollern must furnish the German people an example of all virtues, and especially must it furnish

a pattern for the sacredness of family life.' In anticipation of the birthday the empress has been often quoted and the qualities of the Kaiserin as an ideal hausfrau are always enlarged upon. Her home, her husband, her six boys and her daughter have her interest beyond all else, and the people of Germany love her on that account."

Put Truth to Use.

The greatest homage we can pay to truth is to use it.—Emerson.