

New Things Every Woman Ought to Know

Your Lesson in EMBROIDERY

By Mrs. Minnie Berry

ONE of the oldest and most important stitches in embroidery and one that is most often used for table linen embroidery is the "tipping" or "long and short" stitch.

For a first lesson it is well to select a flower with large, regular petals. Place the linen over the frame or hoop and adjust it "tight as a drum."

Start the outer edge of the flower by taking a long stitch on the upper side of the linen, slanted from the tip toward the center of the petal, bring needle up again on the outline, close to the first stitch, and make a second stitch shorter than the first and also slanted toward the center. The equal slant brings the inner edge of the stitches nearer than the outer edge, but without any apparent space between them at the outer edge.



Useful Methods of Embroidering Flowers and Leaves.

other side likewise. With the work in a frame you can use both hands, putting the needle through with the right and taking it out with the left.

The solid Kensington stitch is used where flowers, leaves and other forms are worked solid. Its first step is the same as the long and short stitch, and the filling in is done by repeating the stitch. The work is begun as already described, but it is not necessary to carry the stitches down the sides as far as when the form is "tipped" only.

Bring the needle through from underneath, in a line with tip or center of the petal and at a point about one-third the length of the outer stitch from the edge. Now work a long stitch toward the center, bring the needle up close to this stitch, but a little further from the edge, and take it down the same distance below the first one. Continue this way to the edge of the petal, and then work the other half the same way. Both edges will be uneven, but the shades will be beautifully blended.

those in the row preceding, so as to gain the rich, heavy effect, which is the feature of "solid" embroidery. If a third or fourth shade of silk is required to fill the petals, these stitches are put in same as those of the second row, but the lower edge of the last row should follow the outline of the petal, same as the outer edge. When a petal appears folded, the darker shades follow the line of the folds.

When part of a form appears in shadow, work that part in darker shades than the parts in higher lights. By carrying some stitches of the darker shades farther toward the edge, they will shade with the higher lights. If an entire petal is in shadow, begin the outer edge with a second or third shade used in other petals.

For a very heavy effect raise the outer edge by working across the edge of the petal with a long stitch on top and a short one underneath. These stitches should be at right angles to the stitches which will cover them. The amount of stitches for this underlay will depend upon the height desired.

For table linen this method is not often employed; it is more general for rich materials where a heavy appearance cannot be obtained in any other way.

My Advice to Blonde Beauties

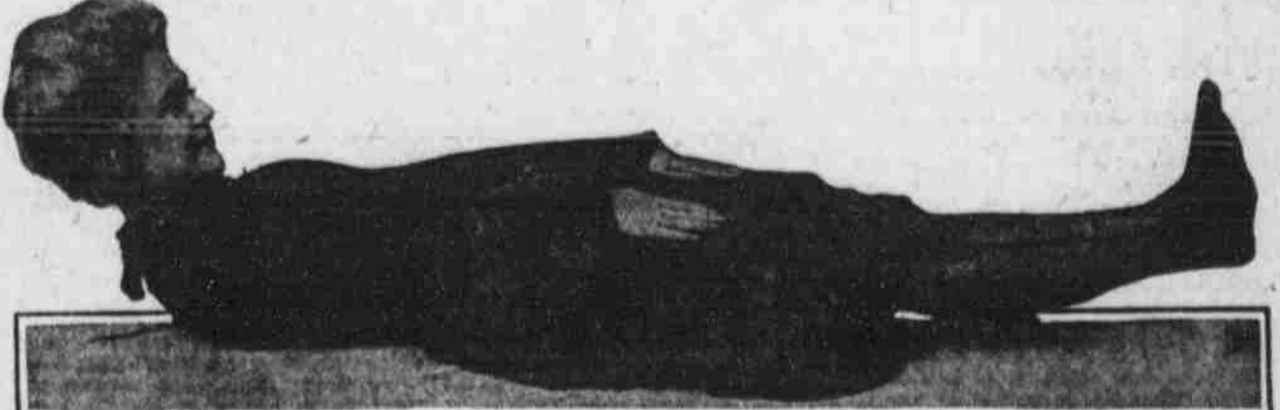
By Mme. Lina Cavalieri

SIX subjects are of special consideration to the blonde. She must remember that her type has the most delicate of complexions. To accentuate her blondeness she should keep her hair as light as possible. She should eat such food as will enrich her golden coloring. She should avoid whatever tends to the accumulation of fat. She should guard against the faded appearance that comes early to most blondes. She should dress to emphasize her golden coloring.

Two shampoos a week in water in which ammonia has been sprinkled soon brings about a lightening of the hair. One gallon of water and half a wineglass of ammonia is a good proportion. Two shampoos a week in a gallon of warm water with a teaspoonful of washing soda in it is the speediest agent I know for lightening the hair, excepting peroxide, which some blondes who do not wish to actually bleach their hair use in small proportions in the shampoo. One tablespoonful of peroxide of hydrogen in a gallon of

First melt the white wax over a slow fire, pour in the other ingredients, and stir briskly until they cool and reach a cream-like consistency. For a skin that is chronically dry, I recommend the use of almond oil instead of soap. It not only cleanses, but injects into the pores the needed oil. I also advise frequent use of this: Almond oil, 2 oz. Extract of Italian pink, 12 drops Many blondes when they are young are afflicted with unbecoming flushing of the skin. Sunburn

time the change in her coloring was marvellously for the better. Her hair, which had been a shade too pale, took on the rich yellow of cornilk. The blonde, as a rule, must fight the tendency to accumulate flesh. The man who first wrote "fair, fat and forty" was observant. He had registered the conclusion that the woman who is fair is at forty more than likely to be fat. And so she is. She can prevent her waist and hips growing larger by deep mas-



Mme. Cavalieri Prescribes This Exercise for the Blonde Who Must Avoid Growing Stoutness.

water is the usual proportion. The blonde knows that fair hair is expected to be fluffy. If it isn't she can make it so by drawing it into a loose mass after a shampoo and tying it with a ribbon, letting it dry thus. If the hair is long it can be tied again by another ribbon close to the ends, making it curve or wave. The blonde should remember that the dry skin is the forerunner of wrinkles, and literally keep her skin well oiled. Occasionally a blonde, if stout, is troubled by a greasy skin. This old cosmetic has corrected that fault: Sulphate of zinc, 2 grains Compound tincture of lavender, 8 minims Distilled water, 1 oz. This cream is of the soft sort that is especially adapted to a blonde's delicate complexion: Oil of sweet almonds, 1/2 oz. Olive oil, 1/2 oz. Oil of poppies, 1/2 oz. White wax, 1/2 oz. Spermaceti, 1/2 oz.

and wind roughening are an affliction to the owners of such complexions. For these the compounds containing a generous amount of honey are healing and soothing. The following I have always heard recommended as efficacious by many blonde friends. Honey, 1 oz. Almond oil, 1 oz. White wax, 1 oz. Spermaceti, 1 oz. As her skin is more delicate, so the facial massage should be lighter than that given the brunette. It should indeed be the new massage, the patting, the raindrop sort of treatment, instead of the severe treatment of the old regime. The orange is the best friend of the complexion among the fruits. It clears the complexion marvellously, but it has besides the property of holding much of the golden shade in solution. A blonde whom I know tried the experiment of eating a half dozen oranges a day and increasing the number to a dozen daily for three months. In that

page. The Japanese women never grow fat. Ask them why and they show you how they pinch their hips to crush the tissues and keep the hips flat. To reduce the hips, with hands on hips bend forward, swaying the upper body in a half-circle in a horizontal plane. Stand erect and try to make the elbows meet in the back. This is an excellent exercise to remove the superfluous fat or to prevent superfluous fat forming upon the back. To make the waist small and plant stretch the arms high above the head and bend them forward, describing a quarter circle. To reduce the abdomen, bend forward until palms touch the floor. To avoid growing stoutness lie upon the back and raise the body slowly to a sitting posture without bending the knees. These exercises alone, begun early and persisted in, will keep back the tide of fat that comes with the years in most blondes.

YOU MIGHT TRY...

**To Remove Ink Stains.** AS soon as possible after the article becomes stained, put it to soak in sour milk. This removes the stain without injuring the cloth. After the ink is all soaked out, wash with warm water and soap.

**To Keep Butter Firm.** BUTTER will remain firm, even in a hot kitchen, if a cloth wrung out in cold water be placed over the top and around the sides of the butter dish and the dish be placed where there is a draft.

**For Chocolate Stains.** BORAX, slightly moistened and left on the fabric for several hours, will remove chocolate stains from white dresses and table linen.

**To Keep Moths Away.** BLOTTING paper saturated with turpentine and placed in drawers when clothing is stored is of great service in keeping moths away.

**Lemon in Your Coffee.** A SLICE of lemon in cold coffee adds as much to its tastiness as it does to that of iced tea, where it is more commonly used.

**To Clean Enamelled Ware.** A LITTLE powdered pumice stone will clean enamelled ware better than anything else.

THE HOUSE HE BUILT

"I don't like to have seen you papering that house," laughed the girl. The man, his mouth full of the restaurant product, smiled in admirable silence as he mopped his plate with a piece of bread.

"I'll bet you wouldn't talk the way you did if woman were around," she said merrily. The other strained to swallow, then spoke: "Oh, I don't know. After a fellow's been baking for half a dozen years he gets pretty handy. Now, this bread—surveying dubiously the piece in his great, hard hand—'if I couldn't beat that I'd hire a cook. An' I ain't got nothing against the party in the kitchen of this establishment neither.'"

The girl laughed again. "I don't blame you for complaining," she confided. "It's awful, an' I know it. I get tired of serving it out to customers, to say nothing of eating it myself!"

The man scanned her at length, she leaned her shining elbows on the table. She never could face that sort of a look from him, and dropped her eyes in embarrassment. The occasion demanded words. He was incapable, being occupied. So, going back to the subject that always held a world of interest for her, she asked: "Like it better now that you have four rooms, don't you?"

"Uh-huh!" "I'll bet it seems nice, after living those first two years in one room!" "My, don't see how you stood it!" "Course I live in one room, but, of course, it's different. That's your home, and a girl never thinks of a boardin'-house room as a home."

He nodded grave assent as he plied his knife. "When you told me that time you were going back to build on another room I thought about it a lot—wondering how it would seem to live in a one-room house. Then you got three, and now it's four! It must be a big place!" He pushed back the chair. "You bet it's a house," he replied proudly. "It's the best house on the Scotch creek. None of them are as warm or as handy. Now I've got it all papered you bet it's snug!" "Kitchen, dining-room, sitting-room, an' bedroom, I s'pose."

I have my room and two beds in another for visitors. Use one for grub. Some day, maybe, I'll use it for somethin' else."

"It must be great," she breathed, rising and reaching for the soiled dishes. He watched her as she walked from him bearing the tin tray; saw her kick the battered swing-door open and disappear into the mysterious precincts of the little restaurant.

The man shifted his position and looked about. It was mid-afternoon. He was alone in the place. The cashier and other waitresses had gone. It had taken him long to eat because Annie, across the table, busily plied him with questions; besides, he had spent nothing since the night before, and had ordered recklessly, the roll of notes and crisp draft in his vest pocket arousing fine and varied fancies to go with his lusty appetite.

For beef was high; his oxen had been smooth and fat and attractive to the buyers. He felt lucky. It was the one relaxation of his life, these three or four days in the city each Autumn, after he had "gone out" with his beer and before he returned to plod through the winter, waiting for Spring and his high activity. Five times he had spent money extravagantly on theatres and suppers with Annie. Their meeting had not been exactly accidental.

That first day he had taken monsignor for his own beef Hudson set out to have a time. He stumbled into this restaurant because, taking the wrong car to the city, he lost his way, and hunger urged him to take what was at hand. Annie presided over his table. He talked to her with a purpose and looked on the slim girl with covetous eyes. Her replies were the inane banter of such places, and she stood in awe of his roll of notes.

He was not the sort of thing on which the man had planned. Instead of a noisy debauch, he found himself in a theatre where decorum characterized both actors and audience. Afterward he and Annie sat at a little table in a big cafe. He was busy talking, uttering words that were muffled by mouthfuls of fancy food, telling the girl about his outfit, about the time he had built the one-room house, about the calf crop, land conditions, the prospects for an open winter, and another year of property. When he left Annie that time she knew all about the mortgage, all about his bachelorhood, all about him. It interested the girl; not the business, but his way of living.

On his way back to the farm he sent her a highly decorated post card spelling laboriously a brief, meaningless message. It was an event.

The next Autumn he came again. They repeated their excursions into those parts of the city which she so seldom saw. And so the next year and the next. She nodded gravely and vaguely when he talked of the cattle, her eyes shone and she became animatedly inquisitive when he told of the growing house.

The exchange of post cards became frequent, as many as four or five a year. She had from the first been Annie, and he had been Tom. Their intimacy ripened. "Get your hat," he said. They were married at dusk. At seven they settled in a first-class railway carriage and began the long ride home. They talked far into the night.

The talk was of the house and the oxen; how some day if they needed to build another room; the room of the two women that were their neighbors; of a hundred things. Yet, and it was not strange—not for them—no word that came close to the personal was then spoken. The nights were long, and you cannot sleep well even in the best of carriages. They were fastidiously clean, and a woman's hair, when the train came to a stop at Felltown and the men stepped out, struck a warm response in the girl's heart.

"Who can sleep you all right?" he said, "but we'll have to switch around to do it. Sorry, but it's the best we can do." Annie said as they drove away in the morning. "I'd hate to live in a place like that! Old wooden house an' worse'n a floor!" "Well, 'tain't no mansion, you're right," her husband said, and drove in silence for a long time.

They kept on until mid-afternoon up the road. Now and then Annie clung to the seat desperately as they labored up some narrow path or plunged with brakes set down into the stream itself. Tom laughed at her with indulgent delight. She seemed to possess an arched interest. "Those barns is that?" "Yes, that's the barn. I thought you'd be surprised that it startled Hudson. Her finger was leveled at a building of wood squatting beside an immense haystack. He laughed. "That ain't a barn. That's a house! My house! That's a good one, thought it was the best."

perenced her first real happiness as she stood there, breathing quickly, cheeks scorching. She wanted to tell him about it. She ached to say the words that would change the stuffy, colorless existence she had led so long; but, somehow, she could not speak. A dozen times she tried to open her throat, but she could only hang her head and stay silent.

"Well, won't you even say no?" he asked, hitching forward in his chair. She shook her head and smiled. "Your words came."

"Hudson rose to his big, shaggy head, a smile wrinkling the bronzed cheeks. "Get your hat," he said. They were married at dusk. At seven they settled in a first-class railway carriage and began the long ride home. They talked far into the night.

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rain, an' it makes a flower garden." She was unresponsive to his attempt at jest. They drove through the gate and he pulled to a stop. "Here we are!" he cried, and turned to her.

Annie did not return his look. She busily inventoried the cluttered corral and stared at the house with its children-in-legs and bits of windows. An uneasy something stole over the man as he witnessed his wife, hapless, the emotion which replaced it, but he hid his wife to the house with a feeling closely akin to dread.

Hudson showed the kitchen door open and entered. "Fire all laid," he said. The match flared, the pitch wood caught the flame, and he watched until it commenced to crackle. "Better, ain't it?" he asked, and although the girl did not answer, he felt a warming relief.

They had left the door open, and the chill November afternoon light struggled with the shadows of the little room—and the rusty stove, dingy muslin ceiling, out-of-date calendars, rough chairs and table. Tom bustled himself with the homely duties of housekeeper, going about impelled by the force of habit.

While he worked he talked continually: of the milk cow running loose with her calf, of the horses in the upper pasture, of wood and water, of the dear he would kill it. He was hypocritical, his own talk about them. The uneasiness slipped away. He talked on.

Still Annie said no word. She stood in the middle of the room, she looking slowly about her, taking in every detail. "When you said paper," she murmured, as though to herself rather than to the man, "I thought you meant wall paper; not old newspapers!" Tom glanced at the stained sheets which covered the logs and put down the bucket. The uneasiness came back; he drank with it; something more acute, too, which weighed about his heart. "Ain't it good enough?" he asked, pushing his hat back. "No resentment in his voice that time. The girl's tone had been bitter. Five minutes before it would have struck a quick spark in him."

But now his question was a plea, nothing more. "Maybe—for some folks," his wife said after a long wait.

She walked to the door and gazed out across the flat to where huge heaps of welded rock reared themselves toward the chilling sky. The breeze that blew up the river was raw, forbidding. The hills she saw away over there were miles off—like her neighbors.

Her question broke a long silence; a silence in which Tom Hudson had suffered, stoic-like and helpless. He walked slowly toward her, his face very grave and eyes troubled. He flected unthinkingly at a greasy spot on his hat. "The other rooms, you mean?" "The other rooms."

"No," he said after a moment, as though confessing a shameful thing. "No, this is the best; we use it most. We can fix the others up though—when we sell the oxen." The girl moved back into the room and walked an unsteady step or two. She sat down abruptly on a stiff-backed chair. "When you told me about your house," she said in a choking voice. "I thought it was a real house, not just a wooden hut. It ain't what?"

She commenced to cry openly, hiding her face in her hands. "The man dropped his hat to the floor and looked at her, utter helplessness screaming from every angle and curve of his big frame. The fire was roaring, the stove-pipe red-hot to a dangerous height. He gave no heed. "Why, Annie," he said, stepping close to her, his voice trembling. "I've gone and done something to you—something I wouldn't 'a' done for the world! I can't—I don't!"

Her sobbing became louder. "Every one of these logs I got out was for you. I thought about it ever since I begun building on to this here room, which was the first. I took a long chance. I didn't like to have you back there, waiting on table. "I thought you'd like a house—a good, snug house. I planted the spiny so's it would look a little more like a place for a woman an' you wouldn't get lonesome. It's the best I could do for you. I— I'm sorry." She burst into violent outcry, wordless but eloquent. Springing up, she started for the door. He stepped close and grasped her arm. "What's the matter, Annie?" he asked, and his voice cracked with fright. She stopped, with a hand against the papered logs and the other wrist pressed against her lips. "What's the matter, Annie?" he cried again, stepping toward her. "I—I don't know—I don't—"

Being a Touching Romance of a Country Man's Devotion

He took her fiercely by both arms and made her face him. "What is it, Annie?" he demanded, growing rougher with the ring of concern for her. "Ain't it what you thought it was? Ain't it as fine as I'd made you think?"

"Maybe it ain't much of a house, but I built it for you, Annie—for you. Mostly with my own hands. And I'd never want to do nothing again for nobody if you wasn't happy in this house."

He did not realize that she had ceased her wild staring and was gazing at him in wonder, for his great body was grief-racked. "It's all I thought about," he went on, his face very grave and eyes troubled. "Just to get a place for you—so you wouldn't have to stay back there waiting at table and living God knows how! Just to have a house for you—your house. That was all I thought of."

"And she asked, quaveringly: 'mine?' " "Yes, yours," he answered. "And I wanted to call it mine, too—at the same time, because—'cause I—I love you—"

"You've got to be happy here and let me love you—and love me!" he ended, voice mounding to a shout. "You were sorry for me, because you wanted somebody to cook for you? You love me—my—own—self—that way?" "The tears came, but words struggled through the swelling of her throat. "Why, when I saw it, I thought I had just come out here to get away from the restaurant—and to live in—your house!" He swallowed hard as her face fell against his chest. He did not know, could not know, the emotions that surged through her. He felt her breathing swiftly against him; he could know that much and no more. He never could understand what it meant to her, life, and a place for life—and love. When she had feared mere escape! And just as the tea-kettle gave the first gurgle she shook off his grasp, raised her arms, and clasped her hands about the back of his thick neck. "I tried to tell you," he said weakly. "That first time we were together, but I couldn't make it. I tried every time I saw you, but it wasn't no use. I loved you, Annie, but I guess the words had to be scared out of me! I loved you—I loved you!" She lifted her head then and looked at him soberly with wet eyes. "That makes up for—wood and no wallpaper and neighbors and things," she said. "I-I don't know—I don't—"