

I've Been Thinking

By Charles Battell Loomis

HE editor was "getting up" his Christmas issue, or, to be more exact, he was thinking of getting it up, and as he lolled lazily in his hammock and watched the shadows of the July clouds chasing each other over the distant hills he wondered whether he could not strike a new note in Christmas issues—something that would appeal to every man, woman, and child in the land and cause them to tumble over each other in their eagerness to buy his magazine.

The shadows lengthened in the grass, the hum of the insects lost the help of the bees, who had ceased their work and gone to rest, and from the house within came the tinkle of a silver bell that told him supper was served.

But he did not move, and at last his wife came to the door and, fanning her face with her apron, said: "John, everything is getting hot from standing. Do come in."

He bounded from his hammock. "I have it, Mary, dear! I have it! I will have a Christmas issue that will leave all others in the rear. It will be the first of its kind, and I fully expect our sales to be increased a hundred-fold."

And then he told her of his scheme. "We will bring out the magazine on Christmas Eve, and from beginning to end there will not be a single mention of Christmas except on the cover."

"Well, but people will be expecting Christmas stuff."

"What! Expecting? Yes; they will be expecting it. You're right; and that's where we'll win. They won't get it. They will have had Christmas issues from early in November, and when they realize that they can spend the 25th of December reading a magazine that has absolutely no hint of an overworked holiday in it, they will buy it and send it to their friends all over the world. Fold me to your bosom, little wife, for I have at last hit on a money-maker!"

His little wife folded him to her

bosom, but it was such warm weather that he asked her to unfold him, and she unfolded him right away, because the way they preserved harmony in the family was by minding each other at once, always.

Next day he went to the hot city and told his associates of his plan and they were aghast.

"What!" said they. "Nothing about little tots and their stockings? Not a word as to the origin of the Christmas legend? Nothing about the genial, jovial old saint? No Dickens story rehashed? No peace and goodwill by the yard? Not a yule log nor a reference to mistletoe and the old maid aunt? Why, Puffer, you're daffy!"

But if Puffer was daffy he was also editor, and what he said went.

Oh, how happy the typesetters were when they learned that they would have to spell Christmas but once!

And if they were happy, think how more than happy the poets were who were told that no stuff would be accepted that hinted at the glad season, and that stockings were barred, whatever their pattern.

And the sketch and story writers. They came to Mr. Puffer with tears in their eyes and said to him: "You have saved our lives. Now we can write with enthusiasm. We had begun to hate Santa Claus and we hated to hate him, for he is such a nice old fellow; but we have had to ring so many changes on him that the sight of a snowy beard and ruddy cheeks makes us pessimistic."

And the artists. Really it was hard to stop the artists from drawing chimneys and reindeers. The announcement that a Christmas number was on the stocks had always meant so many branching deer and so many baroque, nightgowned tots, and more than one artist turned in pictures of midsummer sheep warming their fleeces at yule logs instead of gambling on sunny hillsides.

And the public. Well, it was even as Mr. Puffer had prophesied. At first they would not believe that there was such a magazine, and so they bought it to make sure. And it was full of stories about every day in the year but Christmas, and the cover had clover and daisies on it, and little naked boys in swimming under a summer sky. Oh, it was a great success, and for seven days the printing of it went on, and when New Year's day came Mr. Puffer got a six

months' leave of absence and went with his wife to travel in foreign lands, and when they returned they found out that every editor in America had taken a leaf out of Mr. Puffer's book and was going to bring out a Christmas-less Christmas number.

So Mr. Puffer laid low and said nothing to his brother editors, but being now a very rich man, he invited a large number of writers and artists up to his summer place, and told them to write when they pleased and draw when they pleased, but to try to bend their energies to the making up of the only Christmas magazine in America.

And taking it that way in the middle of summer in a delightful place, they found they could think of Christmas without distaste, and they set out to plan the very best Christmas number that had ever been thought of.

And now the public prints contained no mention of Christmas, and people began to sort of yearn for the pretty stories and the wintry yule-loggy pictures, and by the time Christmas day came they were positively hungry for them.

And that is why Mr. Puffer's Christmas issue, full of Christmas stories and pictures, beat all records. Its circulation was only five or six short of sixteen millions.

And Mr. Puffer made so much money that he and his wife have been traveling ever since, and they always spend Christmas in the city where St. Nicholas was born, and they hang up their stockings and go through the motions and emotions, because there's a good deal in that Christmas spirit if you don't get top much of it.

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Slaughter of Wild Swans.

Guns on the lower Niagara river almost annihilated a flock of wild swans that visited that section late Sunday afternoon.

Most of the swans were brought down with fowling pieces, as they hovered over the lower river, but a few of them were taken alive. The birds that settled into the water seemed to get caught in the ice and eddies and could not rise and the hunters went after them in boats.

The capture of swans at that point is not an unusual occurrence, though such a big catch as that of Sunday has never before been recorded here.

—Niagara Falls Correspondence Buffalo News.

TABLE APPOINTMENTS

Damask table cloths and napkins which have become too worn for their legitimate uses could be cut into different sized pieces for doilies, tray cloths, and to use around corn and other things served in a napkin.

As no housekeeper can have too many or varied sizes of these table accessories, even the worst worn cloths can be made to yield a little longer service.

Cut some of the pieces oval, others round, some square and still others oblong. The finer and better pieces may be worked with a scallop in white mercerized cotton. This adds much to their appearance, and is pleasant pick-up work for odd minutes.

The scallops can be drawn on with the edge of a spool, the size varied by the size of spool selected. For the finer scallops, however, use the finger bowl or on biscuit plates, the scallop should be drawn with the edge of a hundred spool of cotton and the inner line should be kept rather shallow. Tray cloths may have a longer scallop or they can be worked with a grouped scallop composed of three small ones.

This is such quick work that it well repays the trouble. The ever-diminishing supply of such things, which every housekeeper must contend with, can be overcome by small expense and little work.

The more worn pieces should be hemmed either by hand or machine. While they should not be used on the table, even for ordinary occasions, they will be found most convenient for the fruit shades from palest lemon to deep orange. The centerpiece, or dainty crystal vase encircled by grape fruits and mandarins, wreathes in leaves, among which are seen a bewildering mass of brilliant nasturtiums. The china with a design of nasturtiums is also charmingly in keeping with the rest.—Vogue.

top, and the back of a moderately hot iron in lieu of the point employed.

Pongee silk in the natural shade makes beautiful centerpieces, cushions, piano scarfs, mats for library table. These embroidered with flowers or conventional designs in dull pink, blue, green, or violet are far handsomer than linen and can be washed without injury.

When there is a small family, and consequently a dining table of modest dimensions, it is a mistake to have cloths that are more than two yards square. For ordinary use these should be hemstitched by hand—machine work is an abomination upon napery, of any quality—and be decorated in one corner with the embroidered initial of the hostess. The large napkins should be of a matching quality and pattern and similarly finished, and for the buffet, serving table and the larger of the waitress trays there should be corresponding oblongs.

Mexican and Japanese drawwork are much in demand as a finishing for napery, and, done by specialists on the finest of Irish linen, is at its best in floral effects, in fans and in Maltese crosses. These same patterns are used to decorate buffet scarfs, centerpieces and doilies, and may quite properly be used in connection with simpler sets of table linen.

For an informal luncheon a damask cloth has a wide band of conventionalized pomegranates with green leaves—the fruit shading from palest lemon to deep orange. The centerpiece, or dainty crystal vase encircled by grape fruits and mandarins, wreathes in leaves, among which are seen a bewildering mass of brilliant nasturtiums. The china with a design of nasturtiums is also charmingly in keeping with the rest.—Vogue.

Every housekeeper of every class and color takes wondrous pride in her assortment of napery and loses no opportunity to add to that store. Although we hear much of the vast quantities of linen possessed by the women of an older day, popularly supposed to be more industrious as well as more home-staying than those of the present period of feminine clubs and suffrage-seeking, still the average housekeeper of to-day devotes considerable labor to her table linen.

Most women realize that napery is costly and none more so than that which is sold "at a bargain." Therefore, it is far wiser for any young housekeeper to purchase a half dozen really good cloths of pure linen and of modest pattern rather than twice that number that are of fashionable design and partially cotton. Any showy, imitation damask is a mistake, for it will reveal its quality after a first washing.

Tea-table cloths are nowadays by no means the squares of damask or linen of almost conventional plainness which they were a few years ago. So much drawn-thread work or embroidery is introduced that they have come to be regarded as one of the most costly items of the linen chest, and are far too precious to be included in the weekly washing list, and handed over to the ministrations of the ordinary laundress. Washing of this description is always best undertaken by some one who can give the matter individual attention, in default of which fine drawn threads are apt to part company with the linen foundation, and the design ironed so carelessly as to flatten the pattern and ruin the appearance of the raised embroidery.

Before attempting to wash the tea-cloth it should be looked over carefully to see if it is stained in any way. Tea stains—if recent—can usually be eliminated by holding the cloth over a basin and pouring boiling water on the stain from arm's length. If obstinate, fast, it is a good plan to spread a little butter over the spot before trying the effect of the boiling water, while lemon juice or sour milk and salt have each a satisfactory result in the case of ink spots.

If a piece of fine lawn or muslin is laid over motifs or bands of greenery, the point of the iron will be prevented from catching in the delicate network of threads, while the treble thickness of flannel raises the pattern in the case of Irish hand embroidery. Lace edgings should never be pressed without interposing a folded cloth between them and the iron, or they are apt to gain a glazed appearance, and in lieu of this, each scallop should be stretched out gently with the fingers, and the loops pulled out with a hairpin or a flat bodkin. To flatten the edging, the tenfold should be reversed, a damp flannel laid over the

SENATOR BURROWS SELECTED.

Michigan Man to Be Temporary Chairman of Republican Convention.

Chicago.—Julius Caesar Burrows, who is to be temporary chairman of the Republican national convention, has represented the state of Michigan



Senator J. C. Burrows.

In the United States senate since 1895, when he was elected to succeed Francis B. Stockbridge, who died three years before his term expired. Mr. Burrows' home is at Kalamazoo. He was an officer in the union army and was appointed supervisor of internal revenue for Michigan and Wisconsin in 1867. He was elected a representative to the Forty-third, Forty-sixth and Forty-seventh congresses and appointed solicitor of the government treasury department by President Arthur in 1884, but declined the office. He was in the Forty-ninth, Fiftieth, Fifty-first, Fifty-second, Fifty-third and Fifty-fourth congresses and was twice elected speaker pro tem. of the house of representatives during the Fifty-first congress. His present term of service in the senate will expire March 3, 1911.

TO HUNT FOR THE POLE AGAIN.

Commander Peary Seeking Money for Another Trip.

Washington.—Commander Robert E. Peary, who has gone to New York



Commander R. E. Peary.

after a conference with President Roosevelt, to get, if possible, the \$50,000 necessary to take him on his ninth expedition in search of the north pole, has been in the service of the United States navy since 1881. In his last trip, 1898 to 1902, he attained 84 degrees 17 minutes north and named the most northerly land in the world, Cape Morris K. Jesup. Commander Peary was born at Creston, Pa., in 1856 and was graduated from Bowdoin college. He entered the United States navy as a civil engineer and has been employed in the engineer corps when not on his arctic expeditions. His discoveries have gained for him a number of medals from scientific societies.

Could Not Pass the Examination.

A dilapidated specimen of a man stopped a Kansas City merchant on the street one morning and asked for a cash donation. "Mister," he said in a plaintive voice, "I ain't had any work to do for more'n a month, an' I'm powerful hard up."

"Been out of work for a month?" said the merchant. "What is your occupation?"

"I work in the packing-house when I can get anything to do."

"In the killing department?"

"No, sir; in the cutting department."

"Then you can tell me, perhaps, how many teeth a cow has on her upper jaw?"

"Why—er—no, sir. I never noticed."

"That's too bad," said the merchant, putting his hand in his pocket. "The dime I am going to give you would have been a dollar if you hadn't failed in your examination."—Youth's Companion.

Bakery Talk.

"Here," said the grocer's boy, "is the cake of soap you ordered."

"All right."

"Here's the loaf sugar."

"Yes."

"Here's the roll of butter."

"Put it down."

"Well, hustle up and take them out of the basket. Do you think I'm going to layer round here all the time?"—Detroit Free Press.

Not in Favor of College.

Mrs. William H. Taft is not in favor of the college education for her daughter, but will not oppose, her if she wishes to take it. Mrs. Taft says that she thinks for the work that a woman will do in the world in her own home an academic education is sufficient. Her daughter will graduate this year at a preparatory school at Bryn Mawr and will be fitted to enter the college if she cares to.

First Essential.

Nan—What is the first thing you have to learn in playing golf?

Fan—The account.—Chicago Tribune.

FIVE MONTHS IN HOSPITAL.

Discharged Because Doctors Could Not Cure.

Levi P. Brockway, 8 Second Ave., Anoka, Minn., says: "After lying for five months in a hospital I was discharged as incurable, and given only six months to live. My heart was affected, I had smothering spells and sometimes fell unconsciously. I got so I couldn't use my arms, my eyesight was impaired and the kidney secretions were badly disordered. I was completely worn out and discouraged when I began using Doan's Kidney Pills, but they went right to the cause of the trouble and did their work well. I have been feeling well ever since."

Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

UNUSUALLY BRILLIANT.

Lady—Your little brother seems to be bright for his age, doesn't he?

Little Maggie—Well, I should say so. Why, he knows the name of almost every player in the big league.

TORTURED SIX MONTHS.

By Terrible Itching Eczema—Baby's Suffering Was Terrible—Soon Entirely Cured by Cuticura.

"Eczema appeared on my son's face. We went to a doctor who treated him for three months. Then he was so bad that his face and head were nothing but one sore and his ears looked as if they were going to fall off, so we tried another doctor for four months, the baby never getting any better. His hands and legs had big sores on them and the poor little fellow suffered so terribly that he could not sleep. After he had suffered six months we tried a set of the Cuticura Remedies and the first treatment let him sleep and rest well; in one week the sores were gone and in two months he had a clear face. Now he is two years and has never had eczema again. Mrs. Louis Leck, R. F. D. 3, San Antonio, Tex., Apr. 15, 1907."

Curious Indian Custom.

The following curious custom is recorded by J. Owen Dorsey in his monograph on the sociology of the Omaha Indians:

"In the spring when the grass comes up there is a council or tribal assembly held to which a feast is given by the head of the Hanga gens. After they decide that planting time has come and at command of the Hanga man a-crier is sent through the villages. He wears a robe with hair outside and cries as he goes. 'They do, indeed, say that you will dig the ground! Hallo! He carries sacred corn, which has been shelled and to each household he gives two or three grains, which are mixed with the seed corn of the household.'

After this it is lawful for the people to dig up the soil and plant their crops.

Little Lesson for Rufus.

Uncle Erasmus had been polishing his musket for half an hour; at last he gave it a final lube-up, and turned to his grandson. "Chile," he said, "does you see dat bottle about 20 yards over dere?"

"Shore I does," Rufus agreed.

The old man threw up the musket and balanced it rather shakily. "Whang!" it bellowed. "Now does you see dat bottle?" the old man demanded.

"Yes, I does, granddaddy."

"It's powerful glad to hear dat, Rufe," the old man said, calmly. "It's been afeard from de way you sorted taters lately dat your eyesight was failing—but hit ain't. Your good fo' several yeas over dere?"

Useless Society.

Mrs. Jones often declared that she enjoyed a little chat with their fish-dealer because he was a man of such original ideas, but one day, says London Opinion, she returned from market somewhat puzzled by his remarks.

"I said to him, just in the way of conversation," declared Mrs. Jones, "that I had heard that a man becomes like that with which he most associates."

"That's ridiculous, Mrs. Jones!" he answered. "I've been a fishmonger all my life and can't swim a yard."

BUILT UP

Right Food Gives Strength and Brain Power.

The natural elements of wheat and barley, including the phosphate of potash, are found in Grape-Nuts, and that is why persons who are run down from improper food pick up rapidly on Grape-Nuts.

"My system was run down by excessive night work," writes a N. Y. man, "in spite of a liberal supply of ordinary food."

"After using Grape-Nuts I noticed improvement at once, in strength, and nerve and brain power."

"This food seemed to lift me up and stay with me for better exertion, with less fatigue. My weight increased 20 lbs. with vigor and comfort in proportion."

"When traveling I always carry the food with me to insure having it."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," in *Picks*.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

Lim Jucklin on Country Doctors

By Opie Read

A neighbor had been lingering between life and death, and the attending physician had just given his vague and guarded opinion, when old Lim Jucklin looked up from the box where he was sitting in front of the grocery store and remarked: "Every man that gets money without stealin' it earns it, I reckon; but I don't know of anybody that comes nearer earnin' it twice over than the country doctor. He has to put forth all the skill he has and then must lie to keep hope alive. And hope is the best medicine ever discovered, for it not only aids the sick, but helps the well to bear their burdens."

"I recollect once when old Doc Haines practiced in this neighborhood, long before the most of you were born. Satchel Smith was taken down with some sort of new-fangled fever that was prowlin' around the neighborhood, and kept on a gettin' worse. Finally, one day, his neighbors came in to be present at his death, and they were a-settin' about a-waitin' for the dread ed when Doc he came in—spoke cheerfully to everybody and joked with a gal about her beau and jollied a widow about an old fellow that was seen hangin' around on the outskirts of her good graces. Well, the wife of the sick man she comes in, just able to walk, she was so grief-stricken, and puts her arms about one of the women and begins to cry; and well she might, for Smith he was a good husband and never found fault with a thing that was or was not on the table at meal time. All of the women folks thought it was about time to cry, and they cried and the men hemmed and hawed and Smith he lay there a fetchin' of his breath, the best he could under the circumstances. Parson Biglow went up to the bed and asked Smith how he felt, and Smith said he wasn't feelin' at his best, and no one in the room disputed the assertion. But Doc he demurred to the proceedin'; he 'lowed that it wasn't meet and it wasn't fittin' to cross-question the patient in such a manner. Biglow turned about and says: 'I am a preacher, sir, and I have a right to talk to him about his soul.'

"'Yes, says Doc, 'but not till after I get through with his body.'

"Biglow he was up in matters of rector, and he says: 'And when you do get through with his body his soul will be gone,' and Smith he lay there actin' like he couldn't find another breath. Then Doc he straightened up, and we all knowed that something extraordinary was about to happen. 'If anybody believes strong enough that Smith here is goin' to die he's got a chance to win some easy money,' said he. 'Twenty dollars ain't piked up every minute and I'll bet \$20 in gold and put up the money

right now that Smith ain't goin' to die this season. Any takers?'

"The preacher says: 'Yes, undertakers,' which showed to us that along with his knowledge of divine things he was sorter sarcastic. A discussion might have followed, but up spoke Slip Buckner. He was the bettin' man probably that ever lived, and if a chance to bet ever got by him it was in the night, when he was in bed and asleep. Well, he spoke up and says that he will take the bet and we all looked at him, but not with any particular admiration, for he was bettin' on a sure thing. He fished up his money out of the seams of his clothes and his wife she scolded him under her breath, but he shook his head at her and proceeded with his business in hand. 'Here's my money,' says he, 'and I just need twenty more to complete the purchase of a yoke of steers that I've had my eye on for some time.' He looked at Doc and so did we all, for we couldn't see why he would throw away his \$20. But he didn't wince. He took out his gold piece and Squire Patterson held the stakes, and after the excitement of puttin' up the money and things returned to their cryin' and things were putty much as they were before—that is, except with Smith himself.

"Now, Smith, he had traveled up and down the Mississippi river in his younger days, a bettin' of everything he had, and it had always held a sort of charm for him. He had sorter sided off with the church, but he couldn't forget the excitement of a bet, and, while he didn't indulge durin' his later life, he felt the thrill of it and would hang 'round' for hours a beginnin' the boys not to bet on horses, but stayin' till the last race was won. And now he was interested. It was the first thing that had claimed his entire mind since the fever came along and spread its heat over him. 'He'll be a walkin' about in less than two weeks,' says Doc, and Slip Buckner begins to search himself. 'Somewhere about me—I've got twenty more that says—he won't,' he declared, and Doc he sorter wince at this, but he was game, and without sayin' a word he Smith was goin' into eternity and Buckner he covered it with silver and paper, and the women folks 'lowed that the world was gettin' closer and closer akin to old Satan every day.

"For a long time Doc he set there swearin' that he was sure to win, and finally he says to Smith that he will give him half the money. And Smith laughed—yes, sir, laughed, not a loud haw-haw, but a chuckle, and the women cried afresh, for they thought that Smith was goin' into eternity with a laughin', which to them was a mighty bad promise for the future. Well, we set about till evenin', and

when the candles were lighted the fire on the hearth began to sing a low, sweet song, imitated the sound of somebody walkin' through snow, and we heard Smith breathin' in a natural sort of way and we looked at him and he was asleep. Well, to make a long story short, he was better the next mornin', and within the time set he was walkin' about, and Doc not only gave him half the money, but all he had won. And Buckner—well, some time afterwards, when Smith was a candidate for justice of the peace, Buck he 'lows, 'I ain't goin' to vote for him. He done me a bad turn once—beat me out of a lot of money.' Doc told me that he expected to lose the money, but it was one chance in a thousand that he might save Smith by excitin' his mind.

"'Yes, sir,' the old man added after a few moments of meditation, 'a doctor must know human nature as well as medicine, and this knowledge mixed with medicine is what makes one doctor better than another. I've known 'em to get out of their beds the coldest nights that ever blowed and ride ten miles to doctor a man they knew wasn't a goin' to pay a cent. It takes great strength always to handle weakness; it takes a god-like patience to deal with the fretful and not be warped over to the side of continual peevishness, and whenever I hear a doctor a-laughin' I always rejoice with him. Science in medicine travels slow, it is true, for each human body is an individual machine, and every mornin' has a new way to go wrong. And I have known men to be such liars that they wouldn't tell a doctor the truth as to how they felt, fearin' that they were givin' him some little advantage. The average doctor has a good sense of humor and has stored up some of the oldest jokes I ever heard, and this is in the direct line of his usefulness, for a sick man can't understand a new joke as well as an old one.

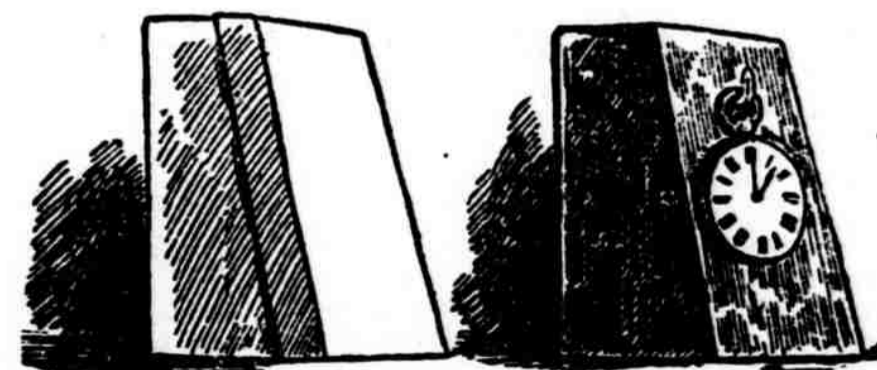
"The saddest time for the sick man is not when the doctor is comin' to see him, but the time when the doctor's bill begins to pay his visits. It ought not to be, but a doctor's bill is a mighty hard thing to pay. It is like payin' for a January overcoat in July. When old Alf Bug was gettin' well—just about the time the doctor pronounced him out of danger—he said to him: 'Doctor, you have been mighty faithful, and I thank you, but I'm sorry that I can't pay you nothin'. If I had died you would have got your money, for my life is insured, but as it is I can't give you a cent.'

"The doctor looked at him a minute and says: 'Bug, I think you need just one more dose of medicine.'

"'Much obliged to you,' rep'd Bug, 'but I've got a plenty.'

(Copyright by Opie Read)

WATCH STAND



The little watch stand, of which we give a sketch, can be made from one of those little wedge-shaped cardboard boxes that are generally used for packing wedding-cake. Should, however, one of these boxes not be handy, then any small box of a suitable size can be cut down on one side until it is the required shape. The box should be filled with sand or anything of weight, so that it will stand firmly in position, and it may then be entirely covered with velvet. On the upper part, a large dress-hook is sewn, on which the watch can be hung as shown.

White Castile or Tar Soap the Best for the Shampoo.

For oily hair white castile soap and tar soap are good shampoos, but the green surgeon's soap, which is so much sold and used nowadays, is rather too strong for ordinary hair, and should be diluted before using. If you wish to make a shampoo which you can keep on hand you can boil some castile soap by shaving it down and boiling it to a jelly, which you can keep and use as you need it. For a heavy head of hair about an ounce of this jelly is enough for a shampoo, and for less heavy hair a half ounce is sufficient.

A Stiff Lingerie Collar.

When wearing one of those soft collars, sold as a turn-over collar, which is too fine to stand any starch, it is a very good idea to cut the band from a man's collar and fasten it about the neck, tying over it a ribbon to which is attached the soft collar. In this way a trim effect will be maintained, and the heavy linen is so stiff that no amount of feminine wear and tear will break it down.

keep it in good condition is to have it singed and clipped at the ends.

Waistcoat Decorations.

Since all the spring coats are being made with waistcoats, it is necessary to embroider them in a great many novel and attractive ways. A favorite material for the waistcoat is a sort of fine canvas, which may be easily embroidered in solid flowers. It is not necessary to work a very large design or to shape it in any way; merely an embroidered band down the front of the vest is sufficient, and it makes these little affairs very attractive.

Application of Tonic to the Hair.

The application of tonic to the hair is always a good thing if some reliable authority is consulted as to the best one to use, but too much tonic is bad for the hair, and as a result it should be applied not oftener than once a week unless the hair is falling out. The present fashion of roughing up and puffing the hair is very apt to split it, and the only way to prevent this and