

How to Be Comfortable

By VIRGINIA T. VAN DE WATER.

Lovers of Dickens remember with amusement, mixed with sympathy, Mrs. Hoffman's heartfelt exclamation: "Lor! Let's be comfortable!"

Now that the heated term is to be with us for some months to come, it would be well for the wife and mother to choose as her motto one containing some such sentiment as that expressed in Mrs. Hoffman's ejaculation. This motto should embrace in its application not only herself—perhaps herself least of all—but those with whom she has to live this summer, especially the male members of the family, her husband and sons. It is not always easy to keep one's temper in hot weather, not to endure patiently the countless little disturbances that fret and annoy, such as flies, mosquitoes, and heat, but not least, the messy state of affairs incidental to the presence of men and boys during vacation, leaving their books, magazines and newspapers tossed about in the living room or on the veranda, and plentifully sprinkled floors with tobacco, ashes and burnt matches.

I deprecate carelessness in housekeeping and in the management of the home, but I do not insist that there are things that are more important than absolute order in every part of the house—and one of these is the comfort of the inmates. Women are prone—forgive me, sisters!—to nag and to suggest to men that certain things should be attended to at once. If the weather is hot, let the little task go undone rather than ask a man to disturb himself to perform it when he is tired and warm—always supposing, of course, that the omission does not mean discomfort or injury to some person or thing.

I was impressed with the advisability of this course the other day as I sat on the veranda of a country cottage. At one end of the porch was a large tulip tree from which some of the blossoms and small leaves had fallen. These were strewn on the veranda floor. The day was perfect, and we lay back luxuriously in lounging chairs and hammocks. Near us sat the man of the house, and at the other end of the veranda was the son of the family—a lad 14 years old, oblivious to his surroundings and absorbed in reading "Cardigan."

"Alfred," his mother called, "run into the house, dear, and ask Nora to give you a broom, and come sweep off these fallen leaves; they look so untidy!"

With a sigh the lad obeyed, and the mother took the broom from him, while we one and all moved our chairs as she did the sweeping she decided not to trust to her offspring. Then she sent the broom back into the house by the boy. (I may add that at the end of an hour, more leaves were on the veranda, and that they might all have been left there until the following morning with no harm to any one.) The minutes later the housekeeper turned to her husband, who was placidly watching rings of smoke from his cigar float toward the roof of the veranda.

"Ned, dear," she said, "there is a large clump of plantain on the lawn right here in front. There are many others in the grass, but this is especially big and ugly. Won't you go and dig it up, or call John to come down from the stable and do it? If I do not speak of it now I am afraid it will be forgotten."

I found it in my heart to forgive her husband when he muttered: "No danger of it being forgotten; you'll see that it isn't!"

But he laid down his cigar, took up a spade from the corner of the house, sallied forth and made the suggested raid upon the plantain. Then he returned to his group, hotter and less comfortable than before.

Was it worth it? What harm were the leaves, the tulip buds and the plantain doing? They may have been "matter out of place," but surely when a boy and a man were happy and lazy they may have considered themselves as "matter out of place" when they were compelled to sweep and dig at that particular time. Had the woman had the patience and consideration to wait, the veranda would have been swept the next day by the maid whose business it was to do this, and the man-of-all-work could have been told, the next time he came for orders, to root up that offending plantain.

"What perfect condition your sister's house is always in," remarked a visitor as she viewed a neighbor's veranda and living room.

"Yes, at the expense of the comfort of all the rest of us," exclaimed the orderly housewife's brother. "It is nag, suggest and direct from morning to night. I wonder how her husband and boys stand it. A dozen times a day I hear her at it. It is: 'John, lower that blind!' or 'Shut that door!' or 'Put that book away!' or 'Wipe your feet before you come into the house.' In fact, there are so many orders given that the weary males in this household feel as if they would camp out in the woods for the sake of a little peace."

It was an unkind and, perhaps, unfair criticism. The sister, wife and mother was keeping house for her family and, in fussing about things, felt she was doing them service. But, again—was it worth it? Would it not have been better to set the house in order each morning, and then, if keeping it immaculate meant the sacrifice of the comfort of others, let it be untidy? The woman who breaks into an interesting conversation to seize a cloth and wipe from a chair-rung dust seen by hobby but herself, is selfish in her zeal for cleanliness. Other people are comfortable—then let them alone!

Today's Beauty Recipes

By MME. D'AMIE.

"Dry or powder shampoo may be all right at long intervals, but needless to say they do not remove the dandruff scale which which causes itching, itching on the scalp, cause faded, brittle and falling hair. If you want beautiful, luxuriant and glossy hair, use a shampoo that directly attacks the dandruff parasites. Mother's Shampoo does this. It leaves the hair soft, fluffy and lustrous."

An actress friend of mine, whose beautiful complexion is envied by all who see her, never uses face cream or powder when off the stage. A simple face lotion, made by mixing an original package of mayonaise with a half-pint of which hazel, applied daily with the palm of the hand to face, neck and forehead, keeps her skin smooth, white, soft and lovely. Mayonaise protects against freckles, sunburn, and it prevents the growth of hair.

"Cutting wild hairs merely encourages their growth. To remove superfluous hair, make a paste with a little water and powdered delonise, cover the hairs for two minutes, then remove and wash the skin."—Advertisement.

The Magnet

Irresistible Alike to the "Fresh"—the Vagrant—the Blase Fancy!

By Nell Brinkley

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Nell Brinkley Says—

Just a bit of a falling fit is—our most beloved weakness—to stop and smile at a baby's face. Crabbled, life-worn old man—his shuffling feet waver and halt and a smile crinkles his winter-face. Heavy, shiny old lady, her mind lost these many years in dulled things of memory and the aches of present "rheumatics"—she glows down upon the bit of pink life with a ghost of her old girlish beauty on her broad face.

The handsome, wretch of a young chap with nothing on his mind but

a smart, soft hat and the fact that it is good to live in the spring time—he slows his lively feet long enough to flash down an admiring grin, mutter "Keep little beggar," and go off with an odd stirring in his mind of a latent dream.

The chic little peach of a girl with a dream of a chapeau atop her curls, a hint of rouge on her cheek bones, taking her abbreviated little steps in tight swathed silk, stops dead, digs her smooth white flits in her hips and stays a very long time—her mouth curved in sudden sweetness—a brooding understanding in her eyes, lost in what is probably her first unconscious pose that day.

A slim aristocrat, airing her toy-dog, lingers with pretty dragging feet, her face a mixture of half-delight, half-envy—and all sadness. I imagined I caught the glimmer of tears in her fine eyes—but then I have a lively imagination—maybe it was the sun—or I wanted to see them there. And up at the top of the curving park walk—the big blue "cop" beams down at the little mother and the slow-moving white baby carriage.

He cannot see that far what's in it, but he knows it's the keenest thing ever and his heart pulls that way all by itself! Just a beloved weakness of ours—to show our naked souls in our eyes—to slow our busy feet—to smile—when we see a baby's face.

Wives and Fibs

By WINIFRED BLACK.

He's told you a fib, all about where he had been to dine, and you found it out, and never can you believe him again, never, never, never! And, oh, what shall you do with all the faith and love and trust gone out of your little dark, lonesome world, and where shall you turn for comfort, a. n. d. oh, "Ain't it awf'nt!" perfectly awful!

Why, yes, of course, it is awful for you both—just now. Get out of the "now" into the "pretty soon" as quickly as you can and you'll find that it isn't half so awful as you think after all.

Of course he was a dunce to fib to you about the dinner; he might have known a fibber is a bit of a coward. But then, what's the use of making a fuss about it, now that it is done? You can't unfib the fib, can you?

Once I saw two little boys tied together with a strong bit of linen twine and, when one moved, the wrist of the other stung and burned and neither of the two had any peace till some one came and cut the twine and set them both free.

I never see a woman tearing her husband out with suspicions of the two little boys and the strong twine that bound them so closely together and made them both suffer. Cut the strings, dear little woman, cut the strings now, today, before it cuts so deep that you can never be happy again.

Either your husband is a man to be trusted, or he is not; either make up your mind to trust him utterly, or make up your mind that you do not care what he does, and show him quite plainly that he can never deceive you again, because you are not-in-the-least

interested in what he cares to tell you. Don't watch him! Don't "keep tab" on him! What's the use?

Be happy. Let him go his ways, and you go yours, both in peace and friendly trust. If he is the kind of man who does things he is ashamed of, how can you be enough interested in him to worry over him and his doings for one fleeting moment?

If he is a good man, a man of a world of quiet and peace you are giving up, just because you will not cut the string of watchful suspicion that is making both so miserable, and let him go—free—a man about his man's business. Snap, snap. There, that's better. Why, what a deep ragged hurt the hateful string was making. I'm glad it is cut—are't you?

Poor Little Blind Bat

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

A young girl writes me: "There is a young man in love with me, but he is rather homely, and I do not care for him very much, as I have lots of handsome admirers. He thinks the world of me and has promised me a swell and happy home if I will marry him. But I don't like to marry a homely man."

Poor little blind bat of a girl! She wants to marry a pretty man, one of those pink and white affairs that affect a purple tinge and purple cheeks. She wants a husband who will spend all his spare time in front of the mirror, and all his spare cash in a photograph gallery. Well, I hope she will get him!

The wife of a pretty man must make many sacrifices if she desires to keep intact the qualities that attracted her. Even masculine beauty is enhanced by a fine raiment, and the pretty man must have socks that match his ties, new hats in and out of season, and clothes that set off his many form though his wife wear garments that wouldn't be considered good enough to pack in a missionary barrel.

There is just so much wear and tear on the couple trotting in matrimonial harness, and by rights it is equally divided, the wife and the husband growing stiff and old and lame and halt together, but when the husband is a pretty man, this division knows no justice. The pretty man selects the best travelled side of the road; he shirks the worry of avoiding pitfalls and mishaps, and falls behind in the pulling of the burden. He

Little Bobbie's Pa

By WILLIAM F. KIRK.

There was a yung man calm to our house the other nite wich has just graduated from West Point. He was a nice yung man. He was as strate as a arrow & his clothes fit him fine. He is a friend of Ma's unkel, wich also went to West Point & was shot in the back years ago in an Injun campain. Ma never likes to talk much about her unkel, bekas Pa is all the time wanting to know how it was that he got shot in the back.

The naim of the yung man was Galbraith Denton. His naim was like the naim of the army officers in plays & stories & he was very handsum. The only thing I didnt like about him was

that he was all the time bragging. He is the only West Point man I ever saw that bragged. Most of them knows better wen they sit thru school.

I havent the faintest idee wats they will send me, he toald Pa & Ma. My only wish is to be sent to some post wats there is plenty of action & danger. Danger is my middel naim, he sed. The drest peril in the world is like that much custard pie to me. I think I grow taller & broader on a diet of danger, he sed. Doant you fest, that way? he asked Pa.

I think Pa was going to say Yes, but he saw Ma grinning at him & he sed Well, to tell you the truth, I am not so full of fire & recklessness as I was wen I was a yung man. In those days, Pa sed, I cud put my hand in a mad dogs mouth with a smile, or face the charge of a en-raged mull without batting a eye, but my advanced years have sored me down a bit & made me think of other & greater things than fighting.

Well, sed the yung man, Mister Denton, is the way with me, he sed to Pa. I do not imagine that I shal grow less fearless with the added years. In fact, I believe that when I am a old man I will be seven moor dauntless than I am now, & wen the grim reaper cumms he will find me in the hour of Deth as I ever was in life, unafraid.

This is a fine way to be, sed Pa. You will find, sed Pa, wen you go to the front, many things in actual warfare to tell you're courage surely. In the dark days of the Rebelyun, Pa sed, the days that I drest to recall to any grate extent seven now, I went thru hardships & faced dangers that wud have kelled any ordinary man or made him crazy. I wonder now & then, sed Pa, that that terrrib war didnt maul me reely insane. Doant you, wife?

Oh, I suppose so, sed Ma. Sometims I think you are a little dippy at that. Pa got kind of red in the face, but he kept on talking. My boy, he sed to Mister Denton, wen you have gone thru a baptism of fire such as me & my brayv comrades went thru at Manasshur Ridge or in the battel of the Wilderness, or at Shiloh or Chancellorsville, Pa sed, you will show then how reely brayv you are. One night I was surrounded by a whole company of rebel cavairy. Pa sed, I never lost my superb nerve. Talking advantage of a gray mist that hung over a gray landscape, I mingled freely with the gray-clad troops & thus made my escape.

I suppose yure face was gray with fear, sed Ma. Mister Denton beelieved Pa until Ma sed: Lissen, Galbraith; this drest husband of mine was never in a war excep with me.

Egmont and Horn

By REV. THOMAS B. GREGORY.

The execution in the great square at Brussels, of Egmont and Horn, 86 years ago—June 5, 1568—was one of the minor tragedies of history out of which, sometimes, there come tremendous consequences.

Aspart from the fact that he had very "blue" blood and a whole lot of "frank" and money, amounted to little as a world force; while Horn was at best but a mediocrity, yet on account of the flagrant injustice of the charges that were trumped up against them by old Alva and the cold-blooded fashion in which they were executed, there resulted a state of mind in the Netherlands that was to work mightily for the good of humanity in all lands and ages.

The story of Egmont and Horn is too long to tell here, but those who do not already know it may find it told to perfection in Motley's "Rise of the Dutch Republic." It is enough here to note the fact that in consequence of the judicial murder of Egmont and Horn there came about the political union of the Netherlands which enabled William the Silent to lay the foundations for the little republic.

Advice to Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am 17 and care very much for a young man of 20 with whom I work. When he sees me talking to other boys he gets very jealous, but still when he meets me he never says more than "Hello." He jokes with the other girls, but he never gets jealous of them. Now, do you think he cares for me and is too bashful to say so, or that he doesn't care for me, and therefore thinks the others should not. ROBE.

But you are too young, my dear, to bother your little head about love. Try to be happy and heart-free a few years longer! I am sure you will never regret it.

Certainly Not. Dear Miss Fairfax: Please tell me if you think it proper for a widow of two months to go for an auto ride with a man who has not yet secured a divorce? X. Y. Z.

She shows no respect for the memory of the dead, and, what is more fatal, she shows no respect for herself.

public, which has written its name so large and enduring in the annals of the race.

"Like things of another world," wrote a distinguished contemporary, "seem the cries, lamentations and just compassion which all the people of Brussels, noble or ignoble, feel for the barbarous tyranny of this Nero of an Alva," and out of that feeling was born the opposition to Philip and his henchmen which made possible the Dutch republic.

In his iniquitous attempt to throttle the liberty of the Hollanders, Philip overreached himself, permitted his favorite, the Duke of Alva, to gratify his personal spite by the murder of Egmont and Horn, and in so doing played into the hand of the very cause he hated and was trying to overthrow. Thus may we see how true it is that oftentimes in this world good comes out of evil, and out of the ashes of ignorance and history the flower of freedom and progress.

Superfluous Hair Truths

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