

New Things Every Woman Ought to Know

What You Owe Your Servant When She "Quits"

When your servant leaves you "high and dry" in the middle of a month, do you have to pay her half a month's wages?

This depends entirely upon what was said at the time you hired her. If you employed the girl for a definite period, then the law is on your side.



Three Cases Which Justify a Servant in Summarily "Quitting"

Generally speaking, any conduct upon the part of the servant which makes her unfit to perform properly the work for which she was engaged justifies the employer in discharging her.

Some of the causes which justify a servant in leaving summarily are failure to pay wages when due; arbitrary reduction of wages during the time of employment; failure to supply suitable and reasonable lodgings and food; infliction of physical violence or assault on the servant; the continued use by the employer of violent language without cause; the employment by the employer of other servants whose habits are vicious or dangerous to the health or morals of the servant.

YOU MIGHT TRY---

For Warts and Corns. Many physicians recommend a remedy containing the following: 1/4 dram each of chloral hydrate, glacial acetic acid and ether; 1 dram of salicylic acid; 1/2 ounce of colloidion. Apply with a glass rod or camel's hair brush.

To Make Your Nails Shine. An excellent liquid polish for the nails is made of 2 drams of diluted sulphuric acid, 1 dram of tincture of myrrh, and rose water enough to make four ounces. Dip the nails in this solution, wipe and polish with a chamotte skin.

A Sympathetic Ink. Take some pure lime or lemon juice and write with it on paper. Then heat the paper over an alcohol lamp and the writing will come out brown.

A Refreshing Drink. Add a pinch of salt to a half glass of sour cream and add a little cold milk, and beat with an egg-beater until light and smooth. Pour into a tall glass, and over the top put a thin coating of pulverized nut meats and a scant grating of nutmeg. Serve cold with crackers.

Flavoring with Corn Cobs. In making succotash, scrape the corn from the cobs and add a little cold water to it, making it as creamy as possible. Then place the cobs in the kettle with the beans and boil until time to put in the corn. The result will be a sweetness and creaminess not usually found in succotash.

How the Dinner Table Often Leads to Divorce

A CAREFUL study of divorce statistics gives good ground for the belief that three-fourths of the disillusionment that precedes most marital tangles and separations originates at the dinner table.

nervous system. It has been proven that the exercise of our sense of taste is as important to our well being as the exercise of other senses and that taste must be satisfied for the sake of its soothing effect upon the nerves.

craving many highly nervous women have for candy. Many of the great women of history who have held places of great power in courts and diplomatic circles, and in the world of literature and art, realized the importance of the dining table as a means of first attracting the attention of men whose help they needed in the realization of their ambitions.

Land of Diamonds.

Luedert Bay, in German Southwest Africa, over which the Union Jack now flies, is a German possession that was well worth securing. It is situated some 200 miles north of the Orange River, and is one of the principal ports of the German territory.

Expressing His Feelings.

Like a windmill in a fit of the poor gaffer waved his arms. Like a Channel steamer full of bad sailors he roiled his eyes. Like a maddened donkey beset by flies on a sweltering day he kicked his legs. Three caddies looked on with interest ill-concealed.

Very Fishy.

I once knew an angler who was always bragging about his catches. In fact, it was his "nose" pleasure. He was a little "chump" of a man, with not much "muscle" to speak of. He considered himself a "dab" at fishing. I knew his yarns were all "cod," and when he began to "founder" I pulled him off his perch, put him in his "place," and told him not to "carry" at my remarks; but he swallowed the "bait," took his "hook," and I have not seen him nor had as much as a "line" from him since.

The Crowning Triumph.

Little Norman and his two play-fellows were boasting about their parents and their belongings. "My father," said Norman, "is going to build a fine house with a steeple on it." "That's nothing," exclaimed Willie scornfully. "My father has just built a house with a steeple on it." Conrad, who had been listening intently, was silent for a moment, then burst out triumphantly. "Oh, that's nothing! My father is going to build a house with a mortgage on it!"

A Great Grief.

There was to be a tea party, and the guests were already arriving. Mother was in despair. Little Willie was howling wildly in the nursery, crying as if his heart was broken. Running into the room, she snatched the wailing boy to her and asked what was the matter. Before the nurse could reply Willie burst out: "Oh, mummy, she's dead, and a-gone and curled my hair, and—boo-boo! I wanted a c-c-crack down the middle like t-t-f-father!"

ALL THE COLORS OF THE ORIENT

An Amazing Tale of a Dressing Gown That Simply Wouldn't Stay Hid

His friends said that Halliday had a dressing-gown. Halliday knew that the dressing-gown had him. It was a panoramic dressing-gown, and Halliday bought it in a tide of prosperity which flowed in on a Monday, and ebbed disastrously ere Wednesday morning arrived.

But later he dreamed that the dressing-gown danced outside his door, stretching out empty arms and commanding him to return to his room. When his aunt arrived, Halliday noticed that the usual present was not forthcoming. She was a dear old lady, however, and she played the dutiful nephew with great success, insisting on a cab and a highly respectable theatre. When he finally left the hotel, Halliday had exactly \$1 on which to live till Saturday. Pondering over this wicked circumstance, he trumped home.

slouched off after him down to the river. Arrived on the bank, Halliday laid the parcel down. The brown paper fell in a little, and the thing distinctly moved, giving Halliday a pang of pity. It was hard lines, after all, even for the colored horse, to leave a warm brown paper bed for the cold tomb of the sullen river.

"You're talking double Dutch!" said Halliday gently. "What in the world have I done now?" "But doesn't go down," he returned the editor. "Alderton saw you the other night on the East Side, doing the cheap-jack business, selling stuff from a barrow. You were disguised a bit, of course, but he knew it was you, because you were wearing some ghastly Red Indian robe he once saw in your room. He told me himself. Once seen, never forgotten, he said the thing was there. There you were, outrageously clothed, marching upon a barrow, hawking at the top of your voice, and generally making a fool of yourself. Just stop it!"

hup with inanity and death! He wise in time! My pills from the Far East cure them all. And the price is 25 cents per box." Twenty hands stretched out to the magic man from the Far East as he finished his speech. Bill was a little "chump" very well, and once more Halliday knew that he was bound-alive to the dressing-gown. Wherever this man went he would be identified with it. Remembering his editor, he knew that sorrowful fate had ordained he must bear its burden alone. For now he wanted it back. He waited for a word with Bill, who, by the frequent interviews with a bottle on the barrow, was rapidly getting a "good load" on him.

At the station he saw the dressing-gown again. Its power for evil was weakening; it looked huddled and tired after the adventures of the night. From the cells below came a muffled roar, proclaiming that somebody was a rajah, a Sultan, a king of the world, and could fight all the world with one hand tied behind his back. "Been raising the roof like that ever since he came in," said the officer. "Tough nut to be, and no mistake! Thinks he's a blooming emperor!"