Health Hints -:- Fashions -:- Woman's Work -:- Household Topics

Perfect Assurance is Bound to Win

By FORTUNE FREE.

"I trust."

"It's a queer motto for a man to take who is successful in life. I reckon him as a success, but a good many people might certainly sneer at the idea. He lives in a poor little house. His wife has a hard time of it to make ends meet. With the help of the eldest daughter she fights hard with cooking, patching and mending. There are boys in the family, and it is wonderful how healthy boys work their toes through socks, gather mysterious holes at their knees—not through saying their prayers—tear their jackets, and grow out of things.

"You won't mind my going on with my work will you?" the wife asked me the other day when I looked in. She was engaged on a pair of boy's cloth knickerbockers. "John is a most remarkable boy! He has grown two inches since he had these. What I am to do with them I don't know."

I didn't. The only way of making John fit those knickerbockers that occurred to me was to saw a couple of inches off his legs. That was impossible, of course.

My friend John, the father of the other John whose legs will grow at such a rate, is a mission worker. He is always swiling. She, his wife, is always radiant. I don't know a happier home. I remarked to him one evening as we sat together that he must have a hard life with lots of trouble.

"Heaps," he said. "But what a lot of goodness there is in the world. Things go dishearteningly at times, I admit. But how many things go well! Trust. That's my motto. Do your best and stick to Providence."

By "sticking to Providence" he meant, Never lose your faith that there is an ordering of affairs in this world which is bound to make them turn out well, providing one only does one's best.

There is a vast amount of distrust in the world. It is often considered quite the smart thing to trust nobody. "I trust nobody" is the motto of many who imagine they are remarkably shrewd folk. They are mistaken in their estimate of themselves. Distrust often robs the suspicious one of a large amount of useful assistance.

A one-time celebrated detective told me that one day he was keeping an eye upon a man whom he recognized as one of the cleverest pickpockets in London, hovering in the neighborhood of one of the great railway stations. He might be going by train, of course, but it was decidedly doubtful.

As he was apparently absorbed in examining a timetable pasted on one of the walls, his other eye seembed to be hovering around in intense interest in the people standing about. If there was one person more than another that he might mark as a victim, the detective told himself, it was a portly gentleman with a wide expanse of gold watchchain across his chest. Approaching the bedecked one, the detective informed him that he might do well to look after that watch and chain carefully. The portly gentleman flushed red with insulted importance.

"Look here, my man!" he exclaimed, "you may be a detective or you may not be, but I'd like you to know what I am — a man who can look after himself. I don't require anybody to look ater me."

"He didn't trust me," said the detective to me, "so I left him to his fate. You should have seen him five minutes later. Oh, yes! His watch had gone, and he had collared a perfectly innocent person standing next to him when he discovered his loss. If one wants to be safe in this world one must learn to distrust the wrong people and trust the right."

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Substitutes Cost YOU Same Price

Why Single Girls Fail Where the Widows Win

By MADGE ARTHUR.

It was Tony Weller who on one occasion gave the solemn advice to his son, the irrepressible Sam of "Pickwick" fame, "Samivel, my boy, bevar of vidders." But it is evident, judging from the number of widows who get married every year, that the average man is inclined to pay little heed to old Tony's warning. This is, perhaps, because widows have improved in character and disposition somewhat since the Pickwickian days, or maybe their wiles and fascinations have become stronger and more irresistible.

Whatever the reason, the fact remains that widows frequently win husbands where spinsters fail, and, according to official returns, there is a growing disposition on the part of the sterner sex to share their homes and fortunes with ladies who have already had some experience of married life. Probably the fact that a widow's previous knowledge of men and matrimony secures for her an advantage over her single sisters has a great deal to do with this rather surprising state of affairs. Much married happiness is often frittered away before the average husband and wife get to understand the vagaries of opposite sexes. "And this," as the celebrated Mark Twain has observed, "is just where the widow comes in. She has served her apprenticeship and has parted with her illusions, so that the man she condescends to marry has a fair start."

Undoubtedly men are attracted toward women who understand them, and no one knows this better than the widow herself. What widow, for instance, ever objects to smoking? She knows a man loves his cigar or a pipe of tobacco. Therefore she makes a study of a man in order to gain a knowledge of his likes and dislikes and never neglects an opportunity of catering to his whims. A widow has the happy knack of being more anxious to please than to be pleased, and as every man has a weakness for a little adulation she invariably succeeds in her object.

She is wise enough, too, not to argue with the man whom she would like to be something more than a friend, or, if she does, she contrives to convey in a fascinating manner the impression that she is convinced he is right. She is aware that arguments are the crypt of friendship and the everlasting doom of love. She knows that when a man leaves his office or workshop he is desirous of leaving there all worries and perplexities, with the result that she does not try to force her opinions on him.

It is often said that widows angle, or run after men; but in five cases out of six the accusation is an unjust one, the real truth being that their popularity causes men to really run after them instead of vice versa. As a rule a widow is so sympathetic and gracious to all her male friends, seeming to so thoroughly understand their fancies that they instinctively seek her society.

She may, or may not, care to enter the bonds of wedlock once more, but, having grown accustomed to a husband's comradeship, she enjoys the society of other men. She enters into their pleasures as far as she possibly can and endeavors at all times to make them feel as comfortable and "at home" in her presence as they would in that of men companions. What is more, a widow invariably shows herself to be of an economical turn of mind, the result of her former marriage experience. She knows the value of money; that the most elastic dollar only contains 100 cents, and no one can make it go further than she.

Consequently, if anything were needed to convince a man of a widow's fitness to be his wife it would be her practical and sensible views on economy.

It is, however, as a practical woman that a widow appeals most forcibly to a man. He feels convinced that by marrying her he will be sure to have obtained a wife who can manage a home. Of course, to some men the thought that another man had once held first place in the wife's affections would be a great objection to marriage with a widow. But men hold the reputation of being proverbially selfish, and when it comes to choosing between a woman who has only love and good looks to recommend her and one possessed of practical, common sense, together with a sound knowledge of how to look after a home and their creature comforts, they incline towards the latter.

We Were Not Too Proud to Fight When We Thought We Were Right

Drawn for The Bee by Hal Coffman

Cutting the Lemon

Do not let part of a cut lemon go to waste; with salt sprinkled on the surface, it will be found excellent for cleaning brass and other metal. Rub the metal well with it.

Sparkling glassware and immaculate porcelain are obtained by washing in cold water with lemon juice added. Bisque figurettes and ornaments are also easily cleaned this way.

Silverware first rubbed with lemon and then with alcohol and common whiting, mixed, will have a high lustre.

The method is both time and labor-saving, as well as satisfactory.

White clothes are washed with less difficulty if lemon juice is used to soften the water in which the clothes are allowed to stand overnight. It also helps to remove the grease and dirt, but should not be used on colored clothes.

Five Great Worries of Women

Not half the horrors that women suppose are going to happen to them ever do happen. Yet it is in the nature of the gentle sex to expect and look out for them; to anticipate what fate may never send. In the form that women nurture it, too, it is so nebulous, so vague, so terrifying because so scantily defined, as to be absolutely possessive. It takes a horrible hold of the imagination and works upon the mind like subtle poison.

The chief fears to which women are prone have been numbered as five and the two greatest are said, on good authority, to be, first, "the fear of being an old maid," and secondly, "that of growing old."

As to the correctness of this statement any reader my decide for himself, but there is probably a great deal of truth in the former, for girls, in spite of what is said about the emancipaton of the sex, do still regard matrimony as the best and most desirable career, if—and this is a big "if"—they find the right man. And with regard to growing old, there is no doubt that to many women verging on the thirties this fear becomes a veritable torment, which in the late thirties becomes a tragedy.

The third fear is a very potent one. It is the fear of losing a husband's love. Tradition teaches women that men soon tire of their wives and that when the bloom of woman's youth has worn away, the love of man goes with it.

It is nonsense. But it serves the self-torturing woman's purpose and she frets and pines and looks out for "slights" and translates this into a sign of lessening ardor, and that into an indication of departing affection, to her great and endless torment.

Wise people have a theory that misfortune comes when beckoned and the woman who is everlastingly craving from her husband the assurance that he loves her a thousand times more today than he did yesterday is doing her best to bore him.

The thrill of alarm is to some curiously constituted natures a pleasant one; upon no other hypothesis can one account for the states of wild anguish into which so many women work themselves when, delayed by some quite trivial occurrence, the husband or son does not come home at the usual hour. As the little wife sits and waits at home for her better half she sees him in her mind's eye in street accidents of various awful kinds, herself in widow's weeds, the funeral, the breaking up of the little home; her own avalanche of grief sweeping her into an early tomb.

Or if it is not her husband who is the hero of her morbid visions, it is her baby or her brood of children who may be killed before her eyes, or when they are old enough to marry may choose someone she does not like. The last situation is the most absurd of the whole five, but it is, nevertheless, a tear that haunts hundreds of good mothers.

Another woman will fear the loss of friends and picture herself in the midst of strangers without the support and delight of those now dear to her.

This is the fifth fear—a dread of the future and what it may bring. It is a most distressing form of self-torture. The five fears that have been described may seem to many people foolish, but only in isolated instances do all of them dominate one woman. When they do they are called hysteria or nervous breakdown and are a disease most difficult to deal with.

TODAY'S DAINTIEST DISH

"COOKERY IS BECOME A NOBLE SCIENCE"

A Dainty Confection—Pastry Potatoes

By CONSTANCE CLARKE.

Put into a stewpan three ounces of sugar, one ounce of finely powdered chocolate, rubbed through a wire sieve; four eggs, and whip these together over boiling water till the mixture is warm. Then remove the pan and whip the contents off the water till the contents are like a thick batter and cold. Add to it three ounces of fine flour that has been passed through a sieve and warmed and an eighth of an ounce of baking powder. Have a baking tin brushed over with warm butter and then lined with paper. Brush the paper also over with butter and dust it over with fine flour and sugar mixed in equal quantities. Pour the mixture into this pan about a quarter of an inch thick and bake in a moderate oven for about a half an hour, then turn out, and when cold rub it all into crumbs and mix raspberry jam, which should be first rubbed through a sieve. Add a half teaspoonful of vanilla essence and mix it into a paste in a basin. Then take portions of the mixture, about two teaspoonfuls, flatten it out with the hand, using a little icing sugar for the purpose, and inside the paste two candied cherries; then roll up into the form of a potato. Have some almond icing and with it completely cover the first preparation, making the covering perfectly smooth and working it with icing sugar. Then roll the potato in chocolate that has been grated and rubbed through a sieve. Dish up the potatoes in little paper cases and use for a sweet for dessert.

(Tomorrow—Queen Cocoanut Cake.)

When Danger Points Are Shown

By ADA PATTERSON.

Your hair is showing a gray streak here and there. To be quite frank, those hairs are coming faster than you can pull them out in your few leisure moments on Sunday. The muscles of your face are growing flaccid. They have a tendency to slip down your cheeks and settle lazily about your jaws. You grow tired sooner than you used to and you suspect sometimes that you cannot do the same work in the same time as you used to do. And so you mope and lengthen your face still more and talk in a flat, spiritless voice about growing old.

Fie upon you. Fie and again fie. You are not old. For the forties in this age of illumination are late midsummer, the fifties merely early autumn of life. The medical men are discovering that the average age is lengthening out to sixty years. It used to be forty-five. Remember that that average is secured by lumping off human life with the still huge rate of infant mortality due to crowded and unsanitary living in the large cities. The poor, doomed infants cut greatly into the average length of life. That is his only might, poor short-lived little one, so we may consider that if the average life is lengthened fifteen years, we may all of us benefit by that extension.

And if we believe we have fifteen more years of life, we have an equal reason for believing that we have fifteen more of life's prime, that season of full enjoyment, enriched and mellowed by understanding, that should be the most glorious part of life.

Stop worrying about those gray hairs and making them grayer and of greater number, I beg of you. If it be your portion to have a silver crown before you think it due, remember that a frame of soft gray hair about the face is guaranteed to give distinction to your appearance. I well remember a relative of mine who was a plain, rather forbidding man, of the general coloring of a thunder cloud, until time turned his black hair and beard to silver. Then his dark eyes softened with nature's toning down of his color scheme. His features that had been hawk-like in his hard youth seemed to round. And those who had disputed as to whether he had been forbidding or only plain, agreed that he was handsome. Invigorate your scalp by massaging it, by eating nourishing food, by exercise in the open air and, most of all, by not worrying about gray hairs.

The flaccid facial muscles? I know a business woman who is determined not to allow what she terms an avalanche of her features to happen. She showed me the simple apparatus—a quadruple fold of soft old muslin two inches wide and which she fastens about her face at night as we used to do by day when we had the toothache.

"It stands to reason that if you tie up the facial muscles for eight hours a day it will help to counteract the slipping of the other sixteen," she says. And before I go to bed I encourage the muscles to stay in place by running a piece of ice gently over them as long as I can stand it. But I hadn't intended to usurp the pulpit of the beautious Lina Cavalieri and preach pulchritude. I am coming to what lies upon my heart to tell you.

Don't think because of the symptoms I have described that you are growing old, that the best part of life is gone, that soon you will be of no more use to anyone. This is the danger point of your life, but only if you yourself make it so. There are ten years, twenty years, perhaps more, of work and enjoyment of the zest of life in you, if you yourself determine that it will be so.

The physical signs of decay that you notice may not persist, not if you change your regimen of living. But what matters most is the spirit within yourself. It is greatly true that we live by the spirit. If you lament the passing of youth and usefulness you will yourself aid their passing.

Be stronger than the trend of things, mightier than commonplace influences in your life.

This is a danger point in your life only as the guide post that marks a corner in the road and that warns "slow down" is a danger point. It is not dangerous if you are guided by the lamp of reason. Drive more slowly, but drive ahead. Do the work you have been doing, but do a little less of it or do it not as though you were being whipped to it.

Eat a little less and eat with less haste. It will require an hour longer for you to digest certain heavy foods than it once did. That isn't serious. Give it the time.

Most of the troubles of life come from over-emphasis. Don't emphasize either to your family or your business associates, those gray hairs or falling muscles. Don't put into their minds that youth and usefulness are passing. Be wise and cheerful and they never may pass.

There is no giving up time until death commands. There is only a gradual and slight loosening upon the reins.

Advice to Lovelorn

By Beatrice Fairfax.

Enjoy Your Friendship.

Dear Miss Fairfax: Has a man a right to enjoy the friendship of a girl and participate her time without ever thinking of marrying her?

I am 22 and have parents dependent on me. I have two girl friends, whom I have known for years and we have the highest regard for each other. Now, I want your advice whether it is right for me to continue my friendship for them? H. T.

It would be very unfortunate if a man so sensible and high principled as you seem to be could not have girl friends. If ever the future come into the lives of these girls it will be time enough for a boy as sensible as you is supposed to be to allow himself to be so at least to make his position quite clear. Since there are two girls and you are interested in both, I do not believe anyone can censure your name with either. So long as you are not enough of a scoundrel to make love to either girl and so keep your relationship entirely on a basis of friendship. If you do this and remember that someone may come along and want to marry them at any time, and do not permit yourself to be around when it happens there is no reason why you should not go on with your friendship and get much from it besides bringing a great deal to it.

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