

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

Swat the Fly and Save the Child

By WOODS HUTCHINSON, M. D.

At this time of year, to paraphrase Scripture, "A man's flies are they of his own household," but they soon wander forth in search of a breeding place to deposit their eggs and even though your own premises may be spotlessly clean and free from dirt heaps, dust heaps, garbage dumps, or manure piles, they will keep on flying until they find a place which is filthy enough to make them feel at home, and settle down, from which their children will return to make life a burden for you. So a little neighborhood scouting and co-operation becomes necessary.

Fortunately, the classic question, "Who is my neighbor?" can be easily and promptly answered from a fly-fighting point of view, viz: Anyone who lives or "barns" within 250 or 300 yards of your house, for this is about the foraging range and flight limit of flies, unless carried by winds or upon vehicles or domestic animals. If you can induce all within that limit by peaceable persuasion to play up and clean up like good citizens and neighbors, well and good. If not, an appeal to the Board of Health or to the police will be in order. This is not a personal matter, but a public duty, according to the new health commandments: "Thou shalt bear witness against thy neighbor's garbage heap and against his manure pile."

In the meantime, while waiting for the offending and fly-breeding dirt heap to be hauled away, it is a comparatively simple matter to make it temporarily harmless, without making yourself liable to spite suits for damages on the ground of spoiling the manure for fertilizer purposes.

As tested out and recommended by the United States Department of Agriculture, sprinkling and soaking such a pest heap with a solution of one-half pound of powdered hellebore in ten gallons of water (stirring well and allowing it to stand for twenty-four hours), will destroy all the maggots, eggs and larvae which are then present. Almost equally good results, although not quite so certain, can be secured by sprinkling freely with powdered borax and then pouring water over, so as to carry it down all through the mass. The amount of a gallon to the bushel of manure.



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How the World Looks to Him

The Foam on the Surf

By Nell Brinkley

Keeping Accounts with Yourself

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.



DRIPPING, the Lover drops on the sand, that like a duly-burnished shield, mirrors the cliffs and toppling surf. The blood sings under his skin. Rain-brown drops, like jewels, leave his hair and roll down his brown skin. The far send of the crackling surf ruffles around his feet. He breathes deeply, newly out of the

sea. Perhaps it is the sun in his eyes, but the reaching foam that jets up at the crash of the green waves flings up in a white shape tipped with the faint gold of sunshine. Wave after wave rides in and turns and falls, and the white suds leap. A wavering shape comes in each time to melt before he can fix the mocking glimmer of a creature there. But one wave mounts and rolls, and

snaps over with a soft thunder and a turmoil of snowy foam, and he finds her there, the woman he loves; the glow of the sunshine on the highest mist is her faint-gold hair; white arms, white hands, gems on her breast, white feet that advance down the green slope; she dances a white dance in the blown spume of the sea. And the Lover watches with reverent eyes.—NELL BRINKLEY.

An old Arabic saying reads: "Four things come not back: The spoken word; the sped arrow; time passes; the neglected opportunity." The wisdom of the ages lies in this old proverb.

How many of us put its lesson into practice on our way through life?

How many of us keep books with life and carry on accounts with and for ourselves which make for our own growth and progress and which saves us from too great and cruel indebtedness marked down against us? For all we get in life we pay. And the price is too often extortionate. We don't take the finality of things seriously enough. And there is a grim reality in many things.

We speak idly and without thought. We forget what we have said because we gave it so little consideration before expressing it and meant so little by it when we spoke. But the fact that we have spoken has its weight. Someone listened. Someone will remember.

Nothing we can say or do afterward can quite make up for the careless word we spoke. Perhaps it hurt someone we loved. Perhaps it harmed the reputation of someone to whom we wished no evil. Perhaps it put us on record as taking an attitude in some matter which is not basically our opinion at all. But we have spoken and the word will not return.

The sped arrow reaches some mark—perhaps not the one at which we aimed, but a mark, nevertheless. Shoot into the air and you may cleave the bark of a tree, destroy a twig or even end the life of a human being.

The arrow that snaps off from a bow or that comes from an action has gone. Whether it goes wide of its mark or straight to it, that it has been sped is a fact—and a fact which we cannot undo.

And time! Most of us treat time as if eternity itself were ours. We waste days and even weeks with a prodigal carelessness we would fear to show in our disposal of money. But time once spent never returns.

Think of the day when you arose, looked out of the window at a lowering sky and wondered how you were going to get through "another rainy day." How did you get rid of that day? "Get rid of it," mind you, dispose of wonderful minutes and hours that might have meant growth and progress; lavishly expend time that should have been used to definite purpose.

Did you mope around the house complaining, or did you rush out in search of diversion, or even fritter away the time in telephone conversations and nibbling at candy?

Every time I hear anyone talking in blase accents of "killing an hour," I wonder if they have any idea of the opportunities for study and useful service to the world and self-cultivation they are wasting!

Recently I overheard one society girl say to another in a lazy drawl: "How do you find time to read?" She meant it, too. Her days are spent in rushing about from one festivity to another and beautifying herself for long hours of the day in preparation for each new excursion after pleasure and admiration.

The idle kill time—they assassinate most of the peace and happiness in their neighborhoods and get exactly nowhere as the result of their tragic waste of life itself.

And if ever they awake to a realization of their own folly and long to make up for it, life is inexorable. Nothing can make up for wasted time. The hour that is gone never will return.

That we cannot recall time which is passed ought to make us value time seriously and refrain from wasting it.

And however much of new chance life offers us, it will never again give us back the same opportunity we once neglected and wasted. What that opportunity might have meant we can never know. What we might have accomplished by seizing a moment which came and was gone again lies hidden from our knowledge.

But there are things in life which offer themselves to us and go, never to return; and there are deeds which we do which are sadly irrevocable. It is well for us to stop and question before acting or failing to act: Is this final? Is it for all time? Is it one of the things which will never return—a moment which is here now and which I shall always regret if I lose?

Household Suggestions

After cleaning pictures, test all the cords before putting them up again, and if they are at all weakened put on new ones.

When washing silver, used a wooden tub or bowl if possible. There will then be less danger of the silver getting scratched.

If new tinware is rubbed over with fresh lard and thoroughly heated in the oven before it is used, it will never rust afterwards, no matter how much it is put in water.

Dampen knives slightly before rubbing. You will find it cleans the knives quickly and much easier for yourself and gives a very bright polish.

To restore a navy blue skirt to its former good condition, take equal

parts of vinegar and linseed oil. Shake well and apply with a soft rag; after well rubbing polish with another soft dry cloth.

To clean brass bedsteads, rub them with a cloth dipped in salad oil, then rub with a soft cloth and with a chamois leather.

Take great care of the milk; unless you have a very cool place to keep it, boil it as soon as it arrives. Keep it covered with a clean muslin cloth.

To clean a black straw hat roll a piece of black velvet around your finger and rub the straw with this, following the curve of the hat. The velvet will thoroughly clean the hat and remove the dust.

This surely shows that sugar is not suitable for that person at that time, but used moderately and at the right season sugar has the highest kind of endorsement.

Girl Workers Who Win

By JANE M'LEAN.

There was once a girl who ushered in one of the biggest theaters in the city. She should have been very happy, for her work was pleasant, the hours were not hard and all the ushers were attired alike in pretty soft blue dresses with demure white collars of sheerest organdie and wide soft cuffs of the same material.

The girls were all chosen for their pleasing appearance, and Enid had an unusually pretty face, although it was not pleasant. She had soft blond hair and a delicately tinted skin, and was slim and straight, but she was not pleasing to people, because she eternally sulked.

The day she had been engaged something had been said that lightened her whole face for a minute, and she had been actually lovely.

"That new girl is a pipkin for looks," the house manager had remarked, and had then promptly forgotten all about her and had not seen her face day after day when she ushered people to their seats. It wasn't that she happened to be put out about things continually; the look that her face wore was not so much a cross look as it was a look that plainly indicated:

"Of course, I am paid to show you people to your seat, but it bores me to death to have to do it, and if I

had what I really deserved I should be enjoying the show myself rather than running here and there at your beck and call."

Now people will notice a girl's face, and if it is willing and sweet and pleasant to look upon they will remember it. People often looked at Enid's supercilious little face and smiled at its loftiness and its sulky little mouth. The other girls fought shy of her and gathered in little knots by themselves and wondered why Enid worked at all if she felt so much above them.

One day, and there always come those days in a girl's career when the tiniest happening will change her entire destiny, Marie Rooney, the plainest girl that the establishment boasted, found Enid weeping bitterly in the dressing room where the girls left their outdoor things. Marie was a little chary of speaking to Enid, but she finally went over and touched the girl timidly on the shoulder.

"What's the matter, has anything happened to you?" Enid looked up to see who was speaking to her, and the other girl's obvious sympathy loosened her tongue and she sobbed out:

"Mr. Brandt doesn't want me any longer; he said that people have complained about me, and I have to go."

"But what's the matter?" Marie asked wonderingly, "what have you done?"

"He said I looked too good for work," Enid replied, "and he laughed and I don't know what to do because I need the money."

And then it was that Marie Rooney, who looked not at all stylish in her plain street clothes, but who smiled at every one and everything, decided to tell Enid, the fastidious, what the matter was. She did not spare her. She told her what the other users thought about her looks,

and she even imitated the manner in which Enid ushered the theatergoers to their seats.

"People aren't going to stand for that, you know; they come to the theater to be amused."

"I know what you mean," Enid sobbed, miserably; "I feel that way because I have never had to work before, and I couldn't help being bitter. But I'd be so different if I could have another chance, only it's too late."

"Come on with me, and I'll see Mr. Brandt," Marie said, soothingly. "You're a peach of a looker, and I'll tell him what you told me. We'll fix it."

Mr. Brandt was in his office when the two girls entered and he heard Marie's story with some twitching at the corners of his mouth. Marie was nothing if not voluble.

"All right," he said, finally; "we'll try you again. Get into your dress and let me see if you can give us a few smiles."

Enid squeezed Marie's hand as they went back to the dressing room. "You're a real friend," she whispered, "and I feel different now. I'm going to try so hard to make a success of this thing, and if I do I'll have you to thank." And she smiled eagerly.

"That's all you have to do, look like that," Marie whispered back. "You'll get there, you can't help it."

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TODAY'S DAINTIEST DISH



Strawberry Tart

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(Tomorrow—Ox Tongue).

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