

IN GIVING MEDICINE

TRY DISGUISES WHICH MAKE TAKING LESS DISAGREEABLE.

Whenever possible give medicine in Hot Water—Fills May be Given in Jelly—Be Careful When Dealing With Sick Children.

In your medicine chest have camphor, turpentine (refined), arnica, witch hazel, aromatic spirits of ammonia, essence of peppermint, ipecac, paregoric, lime water, glycerine, magnesia and any other remedy that the mother may favor or the doctor advise.

If taken in sarsaparilla the flavor of castor oil is overcome and if this is not at hand a little cherry rum may be used. Another excellent way to administer the oil is in hot beef broth. Take four or five hot beef spoonfuls of the broth to one of oil. Mix and give as a simple drink. If the oil is not mentioned even an adult patient will often fail to detect the dose. For castor oil and for rhubarb or bitter medicines a slight touch of oil of cloves on the tip of the tongue will prove helpful.

In giving medicine to a baby always place the tip of the spoon against the roof of the mouth and it will be impossible for baby to splutter and eject the contents of the spoon. Moreover, in this way he cannot choke from having the liquid poured down too quickly. A spoonful of peppermint tea given after the dose will relieve the taste in the mouth and not be harmful. When it is necessary to open the mouth of an infant or small child to give medicine, do not dig the spoon into the lips as many do, but place the forefinger on the chin just above the cleft beneath the lower lip or just above where the dimple is apt to be. The mouth will open of itself and the spoon may be readily inserted. Generally the tongue will come out and the spoon can be placed directly upon it, the tip resting against the roof of the mouth.

A pill or pellet may be taken in a spoonful of jelly or apple sauce almost without knowledge and after a dose of liquid medicine a piece of lemon dipped in sugar will remove the unpleasant taste on the roof of the mouth—one of the disagreeable after effects of castor oil or cod liver oil.

Whenever possible give medicine in hot water for the hot drink relaxes the muscles of the throat and makes swallowing involuntary.

If an invalid's cup is not at hand try giving a patient too weak to sit up all liquid medicine through a piece of macaroni that is slightly curved. There are many of these curved pieces in a package. The curved pipe permits the patient to swallow food or medicine lying down and without danger of spilling either pillow or bedclothing.—New York Post.

His Mother's Applause.

John Philip Sousa's mother was his greatest encourager and adviser; what she said about his work was, to him, final.—Now, strangely enough, after he had been hailed as the "march king," two or three years ago slipped away before she saw her boy conduct his own band. One night, during an engagement in Washington, Mrs. Sousa was taken, in the state befitting the mother of a march king, to hear his band. From this point Mr. Sousa tells the story:

"Of course, I saw mother up there in one of the boxes, and to tell the truth, I was more nervous than I had ever been when playing before the sternest critics. The family did not wait for me, but went straight home, and when I arrived, had all retired,—that is, all but mother. She was waiting for me in the dining-room. I went in to her.

"Well, mother?" I said.

"The same across the room to me, and put her arms round my neck.

"Philip, dear," she said, "you deserve it all." That memory, let me tell you, is more to me than any other applause ever given me."—Success.

Dog Fashion.

Doggie has his leather collars and silk ties, that is, in America, where he always represents the dominant note of his mistress's gown; the wide leather collars are grown-in vogue in dark brown or slate color, studded with gold balls, and some have the monograms in these ball heads, and in the winter they are edged with fur; some are of champagne-colored leather, and black suede has been made to contribute to doggie's toilet.

Some of the white leather collars are set with turquoise and some of the canine pets are known to possess bathrobes of Turkish toweling, and others have linen coats for hot weather, and warm clothes for winter. To say we are frivolous in the matter of dogs would be to hardly exaggerate, when the American dog fancier of the feminine gender really means:—The Queen.

Fricassee Rabbit.

Cut them up or disjoint them. Put them in a steppan, season with cayenne pepper, salt and some chopped parsley. Pour in a pint of warm water. But you'll do much better, if you have it, and stew it over a slow fire until the rabbits are quite tender. Then drain the water off some of the butter rolled in flour.—Just before you take it from the fire, pour the gravy with a bit of more of the cream with some nutmeg grated into it. Stir the gravy well, but do not be so sure and not allow it to become too thick. If you have the pieces of rabbit in a steppan, you can pour the gravy

MAN'S MANNERS IN THE HOME.

Are Business Worries Accountable for His Lack of Courtesy.

How much nagging may a woman give her husband in order to keep up his manners? The old saying that a man is the pink of courtesy while he is courting, and stops it all when he marries, is constantly illustrated. Just whose is the fault and where does it begin? The lover springs to his feet when his beloved enters the room, remains standing until she is seated, opens the door for her, and stands aside when she passes in. That is, he does all these things if he is a well brought up young man. By the time he has been married a year he does not, unless he is a rare exception, think of offering his wife any of these trifling courtesies. She may draw back her own chair at the table, pick up her own kerchief if she drops it, and wait on herself generally—and on him, too.

If the man is of the right sort he is usually open to conviction, and when his wife reasons with him—which is by no means the same thing as nagging him, he will probably see the error of his ways. But if he doesn't, shall she persevere in the drilling process?

Well, this a matter the individual case must decide. If the husband is gentle and kindly, though neglectful, it may be well for the wife to recollect that the husband has more cares and expenses than weighed upon the lover, and that he is probably very tired when he gets home. Is his home to be a real refuge and rest to him, or is he to be harassed there, too, he is to be feared? Some sensible women determine that the comfort of the man of the house is worth more than his outward manners, and waive their own preferences in favor of his peace. It is the wife and womanly thing for them to do, in many cases,—but that does not alter the fact that the man should look at it from a different point of view. If he has been trained in these small courtesies, they will be no burden to him, and he will be thankful to have them recalled to him if work and worry has made him careless.

But for the boys the mother need show no such consideration. In their case she has a responsibility, and she should not be slow to discharge it. It is very easy for both her and them to become careless. I thought of that not long ago, when I saw a young man who had always before impressed me as point device in his manners, stand in the hall of his home with his hat on, kiss his mother and sister good-by without uncovering his head, and walk off to business without showing to his family the courtesy he would have displayed to the merest stranger, of lifting his hat at saying good-by. I blamed the boy,—but I blamed the mother more. That boy will be one of the careless husbands, and his mother is responsible for it.—Success.

HOUSEHOLD SUGGESTIONS.

If dried or candied fruit has become too hard to be used to advantage in a cake, steam it for a few moments.

The boiling of corks for a few minutes will cause them to slip easily into the neck of the bottle for which they are intended.

If sherbet is used instead of baking powder when making maddira, seed or other plain cakes, they will be much lighter and of a delicious flavor.

A brilliant polish may be given to brass door fixtures, ornaments, etc., by washing them in alum and lye. Make a solution by boiling an ounce of alum in a pint of lye and wash the article in it.

Serge or cloth may be thoroughly cleaned by rubbing with water in which about twenty young laurel leaves have been steeped for three hours. Boiling water should be poured over the leaves.

Good meat should be firm and not too dark nor too pale in color. There should be no burst veins nor blood marks. If so, these places will decay early in kept meat and will spread an area of infection around them.

Our Closets.

Closets, aside from the fact that they are wooden sticks, are true, typical Americans. Wherever they may be, under whatever flag and in whatever company, they are never at any pains to conceal their pride in themselves and in the land of their birth. Note how saucily they toss their heads in every little breeze, like so many fishing-bobs on the surface of a ripply stream! They were born in America, and they don't care who knows it. On the other hand, what if they do appear a bit arrogant? The Old World, like the New, knows it couldn't get along without them. In the rigorous weather of winter they can be relied upon to perform the work assigned to them. They are as tough and rugged as they are self-important, and, everything considered, the whole world rather likes them.

Glass Umbrellas.

The latest adjunct to glass novelties is the glass umbrella, which is covered with "silk" spun from glass. These umbrellas, of course, will afford no protection from the rays of the sun, but they possess one obvious advantage—namely, that they can be held in front of the face when meeting the wind and rain, and at the same time, the user will be able to see that he does not run into unobscured individuals or lamp-posts.

FROM JEST TO EARNEST.

"I don't understand you at all," said Pierce Trevor to his friend, Ralph Dewey. "Reveal yourself to me."

"You talk as if I were a conundrum." "So you are. Now look here, Dewey; let's have a clear comprehension of the matter. Do you love Alice White?"

"Well—yes—I rather think, on the whole, that I am a little taken with the sparkling brunette."

"A little taken! How very enthusiastic you are. And she, poor child, is more than a little taken with you."

"I flatter myself that you are right." "Well, then, why don't you ask her to marry you?"

Dewey groaned. "There it is," he exclaimed; "you are all in such a hurry. Can't a man admire a girl without being brought to book for it the very next day? I won't be hurried. When I get ready I'll ask Alice to marry me. Are you satisfied, dear boy?"

He threw himself lazily on the grass, flinging his cigar into the very heart of a clump of wild flowers and making an impromptu pillow of his arms, crossed under his head.

"Sleep, then," said Trevor, contemptuously. "I can't afford to lose the brightest hours of a golden day like this."

Our hero had not lain there many minutes before the soft chime of girlish voices sounded through the tiny boughs of summer insects and the monotonous murmur of green boughs overhead.

"Girls!" muttered Dewey, "can't a fellow be clear of 'em anywhere? But they are on the other side of the copse, that's one blessing, and if I keep quiet they'll never beat up my ambush."

There were on the other side of the copse—three bright-faced, merry girls in fluttering raiment.

"It's so delightfully cool here," said Hildegard Aymer, a fair young blond, as Saxon as her name.

"And one can talk here, too," said Mary Bell. "At the hotel one is never certain of not being overheard."

Ralph Dewey gave a silent chuckle at this announcement.

Alice White, leaning against the twisted stem of the veteran wild grapevine, devoted her attention to her parasol handle. She was the prettiest of the three, with deep, liquid brown eyes and hair black as the blackest jet, while her skin, just touched with the creamy tint that characterizes the creole, glowed carmine on her cheek.

"Alice, do let me try!" said Hildegard. "It will be such a splendid joke, and your complaisant adorer is so long in making up his mind."

"But—oh, dear me!—what will Captain Aymer think?"

"He'll be delighted, men always glory in a bit of mischief, and Kent is such a splendid actor."

"Do, Alice!" urged Mary Bell. "It will be just like the theater. Hildegard's brother is to pretend to be desperately in love with you and you are to encourage his attentions until that slow-moving Dewey is brought to the point. I expect to enjoy the progress of the situation intensely."

"But your brother must fully understand the scheme," said Alice, hesitatingly.

"Of course—shan't I explain it to him myself? There's not a bit of harm in it, and Mr. Dewey certainly needs some stimulus. Now, do consent? Kate will be here this evening, remember."

"She doesn't forbid it, Hildegard," eagerly cried Miss Bell, "and all the world knows that silence gives consent. Come, see how long the shadows are getting!"

And soon the three graces flattered down the hillside.

Dewey rose to his feet and walked away also.

"My dear little girls," said he, by way of soliloquy, "it's a very cleverly concocted plan, but it won't work, and I've no doubt I shall enjoy it as much as Miss Bell proposes to do." And he began to chuckle again, to think how completely he should out-general his feminine adversaries. "I'll keep Alice in suspense for another month, just to pay her for that!" he added within himself. "I like the girl well enough, but for all that I won't be hurried into matrimony."

Knowing what he knew, therefore, Ralph was not at all surprised that evening when he walked into the hotel drawing room to see a stylish young man sitting on the sofa devoting himself to his own Alice White.

"Let 'em work," said Mr. Dewey, with a covert smile.

Then he sat down to play backgammon with a pretty widow.

From beneath her long lashes Alice watched her lover.

"It doesn't produce any effect at all upon him—the brute," said Hildegard, who had expected to see the delinquent brought to terms tonight.

"That is because we do not put it on strong enough," said the captain. "Alice—I may call you Alice?"

"Oh, certainly—it is all in the play," replied Miss White.

"Well, then, Alice, I think we ought to promenade through the halls arm in arm a while, and if we were to whisper instead of speaking aloud, I think—"

Alice laughed and consented, and the whole long evening she and the captain exchanged very commonplace remarks in very confidential whispers, while Mr. Dewey and the widow played backgammon serenely.

"I like this," said Captain Kent to his sister, when Miss White had gone to her room. "She is the prettiest girl I ever saw."

"Oh, but Kent, you mustn't fall in love with her."

"I shall not fall in love with her—there's no danger," said Aymer, "but she's such fun! I'm so much obliged to

you for suggesting it."

Alice cried herself to sleep that night. Dewey didn't seem to care a pin whether she flirted or not.

The next day she went out horse-back riding with the captain. Kent sat his horse like a centaur and Alice came back rosy as a whole bed of carnations.

"Are you going with us to the Cedar Falls tomorrow, Alice?" asked Mr. Dewey that evening. "We said something about going together a week or so ago, didn't we?"

Alice was ready with her lesson.

"Did we? I had forgotten; besides, I promised to go with Captain Aymer."

"With Aymer?"

"Yes."

"Oh, well, all right. I can take Julia Symington."

Alice's lips quivered, but Hildegard shook her head at her, and she did not call back her lover, as had been her impulse. Captain Aymer proved a most devoted cavalier, and Alice half reproached herself that she had enjoyed the day so much.

So the glowing midsummer awed by, and Mr. Dewey held aloof, hugging himself to think how he was outwitting the conspirators, though an occasional twinge of jealousy now and then upset



Entertaining a young man.

him. Presently there was a sort outcry among the allied forces. An order had come from the inexorable war department and the captain must go at once.

"The matter was getting serious," thought Ralph. "But just as soon as that confounded puppy gets away I'll make Alice a happy woman. Maybe, though, it would be well to punish her a bit longer."

"Oh, Alice, aren't you sorry?" sobbed Hildegard, clinging to her tall brother, whose face was unwontedly grave.

"Yes, Hildegard," said Alice, "I am very sorry."

Captain Aymer looked penetratingly into her face. There were real tears sparkling and quivering on her lashes, and the roses paled from her cheeks.

"Alice!" he said, impetuously, "is it from the heart?"

Alice, silly little creature that she was, began to cry, and Hildegard rushed forward, exclaiming:

"Oh, Kent! You promised that—"

"A man isn't responsible for his fate, and I've fallen in love with her," declared the young officer. "Alice, em I to love you in vain? Tell me, my sweetheart!"

The girl tried to smile.

"Of—of course, this is part of the program," she faltered.

"By Jove! but it is not!" cried Aymer. "What was jest has become earnest. I love you, Alice. I cannot leave you here to become the bride of that self-conceited puppy. Tell me that I may hope!"

Hildegard seized both her friend's hands in a firm grip.

"She loves you, Kent—she loves you, I see it in her eyes!" she cried joyously.

"Stand aside, sister mine," said Aymer. "I have the first right here. She is mine now."

Yes, it was true that the little morsel of acting had become strong, life-long reality. Kent and Alice had played at lovers until love, the sly rogue, crept into both their hearts with almost unperceived footsteps.

"Are you happy, Alice?" cried the young soldier, when all was settled and his sister had run off to tell Mr. Bell, as a great secret, how the stratagem had ended.

"Oh, Kent," she whispered, "I never before knew what true happiness was."

Captain Aymer must have been unreasonable indeed not to be satisfied with the answer. He departed, carrying with him the loving heart of Alice White.

Ralph Dewey contemplated the departure of Hildegard's brother with no small degree of satisfaction.

"How's my chance," he thought. "I guess, on the whole, I'll not keep her in suspense any longer, poor child. I only wanted to let 'em see that I wasn't to be coerced."

Mr. Dewey proposed accordingly in due form that very day.

"I'm very sorry, Mr. Dewey," said Alice, looking provokingly lovely, "but—I'm already engaged."

"Engaged?"

"Yes, to Captain Aymer."

"Now, Alice," said Ralph, argumentatively, "what's the use of keeping up this farce any longer? Of course, I know it is all a stratagem."

"It is not," said Alice, indignantly. "I love him and he loves me—and there's my ring."

She held up her finger as she spoke, where on a solitary diamond glittered, so Mr. Dewey turned away, with his self-love greatly wounded, while Hildegard, Miss Bell and all the rest returned a unanimous verdict of "Just what he deserved, exactly!"

THE DREAM

AND

THE WAKING.

And there, in the midst of a chattering, gesticulating, fashionably clad throng stood Mary, pink-cheeked, smiling and talking animatedly about art, Mary, in strange, esthetic array, with the train of her clinging gown curled serpentwise about her feet, her pretty hair dragged forward in a pale brown stuff that threatened to drop over her eyes at any moment, and a rose tucked behind her dainty ear.

Could she but demure, shrinking country girl whom Robert had escorted to rural dances four short years ago?

Evidently the painting under consideration was the work of Mary's hands. It was a portrait of an amazingly tall, reed-like woman whose scanty draperies seemed in eminent danger of slipping off altogether. Robert looked from Mary to the picture and back several times before his bewildered consciousness grasped the significant fact of her artistic achievement. Then, quite suddenly, Mary turned and saw him.

"Why, Robert Nearing!" she cried with unfeigned delight, going forward with outstretched hands. "Robert, indeed, I'm very glad to see you, really!"

It was not at all what he had hoped she would say, or, rather, not the way he had hoped to be greeted. The old exquisite reserve of manner was gone; her ready smile transferred itself from the company to him with unprejudiced sincerity that made it dreadfully irrefragable.

"Of course, you'll stay for a little chat about home folks," she insisted. "I live here with Miss Gilbert, my rival in art, and being good Bohemians, we get on swimmingly together."

Robert stayed after the silken throng had flattered off. Mary lit the pink-draped lamp on the little stand with its half-emptied wineglasses, drew up an easy chair, and seated herself where the light fell rosy on her pretty, smiling face. She asked all manner of questions about the old friends and her brother, who had fostered her orphaned childhood with paternal tenderness.

"Dick hasn't been in to see me often—only twice, in fact," she told Robert. "But I really don't miss him half as much as I feared I might, because so many other interests have come into my life."

"This is one of the 'interests,' I suppose," said Robert, nodding toward a picture on her desk, the photograph of a man with a handsome, boyish face and eyes of singular, womanish beauty.

Mary's face took a delicate reflection of the roses on her bosom and a sudden radiance flashed across her fine eyes, like a gleam of sunlight on still waters.

"He is the dearest fellow in the world," she answered, blithely. "A Jolly good fellow straight through."

Robert did not trust himself to answer. He picked up the picture and looked closely, but unseeing, at the handsome, debonaire face of his rival, while he fought down the pain of defeat, for the look in her eyes when they strayed toward the picture of "the dearest fellow in the world" destroyed the last vestige of his hopes.

He was a man of fine character, sternly upright and sweet-natured, but slow of speech and singularly reserved. He had loved Mary in patient silence for six years, during which his secret hopes had helped him through much toil and disappointment. Now that the realization of his ambition had given him the right to speak there was another man in his light—a man against whom he had not the shadow of a chance.

"Are you engaged to marry him?" he asked presently, in a hard, constrained voice that quite startled Mary.

"Oh! dear, no," she laughed. "We're chums—good fellows. He is a writer, and, like most of the tribe, poor and charming. He writes stories about me and poses for my sketches. Neither of us think of marriage. We talked that question all over and came to a sensible understanding."

"And you've given up the idea of marrying?" Robert asked.

Mary nodded and bit off the tip of the bud she toyed with.

"Will a career satisfy you?"

"Perfectly," Mary answered, glibly. "We live as you see, in a happy-go-lucky, unconventional way. We sell our work when we can, when we can't—why, then, we don't," she laughed with an irresponsible shrug.

"Strikes me you've changed a good deal," said Robert, soberly, after a thoughtful pause.

"I don't like the idea of you living this way, Mary," said the young fellow, involuntarily glancing at the wine glasses.

"This is because of your absurdly one-sided view of things," she laughed, good-naturedly. "It is great fun, really. It spoils one for the humdrum life of the old-fashioned woman."

"That is just why I object to it. I'd rather see you happily married and settled down in what you call 'humdrum life' than living as you do here. Couldn't you paint as well even if you were married?"

"Dear, no!" said Mary, very positively, with a laugh at the absurdity of such a thought. "Marriage spoils art. But what of yourself, Robert? Why don't you take your own advice and settle down?"

"Because," said Robert, gravely, "there is only one girl in the world to me, and she doesn't want me."

The smile died out of Mary's eyes momentarily.

"I'm so sorry, Robert," she said simply. Her eyes strayed inadvertently to the picture in his hand, and she wondered vaguely if she was "the only woman in the world" to Ted Hartley.

That night Hartley called with the proofs of a story which he wanted Mary

to read. It was a brilliantly written sketch of a decadent type, in which a man of the world had wooed and won a less worldly woman.

"I don't like it," Mary told him frankly; "it leaves a bitter taste in the mouth."

"Pays well," said Ted, complacently. "And, by the way, the story is a true one."

"Are you the hero, Ted?"

"I am," he admitted, unblushingly. "And the girl—surely she is a myth?"

"Your quondam model, Elenor Frost."

"Elenor! And she loves you?"

"Does that surprise you?" Ted asked, lighting a cigarette and leaning back among the cushions of the divan. "Yes, she does."

"You deliberately made her believe that you cared?"

"I succeeded perfectly, as you will see by the story."

Mary's eyes hardened, and a curious pallor sharpened the rose of her cheek.

"Are you telling me the truth?" she asked, in a low voice.

"This time—yes."

"Now I begin to understand the change in Elenor. I used to love to have her here, her happy presence was so infectious, so delightfully genuine. Then suddenly she grew moody. Grace tells me she has lost favor with artists because she no longer takes any interest in her work. So that is your doing, Ted Hartley? To be able to write well—to analyze life's master emotion—you blighted an innocent life. Are you not proud of your achievement?"

"Oh! come now, Meg, you're not growing squeamish at this late day," Ted exclaimed, uneasily.

"Squeamish?" she repeated, with measureless scorn. "No, I am not squeamish; I am ashamed to have touched hands with a man capable of such despicable treachery, much more bitterly ashamed to have loved him. Once I thought I cared for you, now I thank God for having spared the greatest misfortune that can befall a woman."

Ted threw down his story and rose, but she waved him back authoritative-



ly. She clasped her hands behind her, and clasped her hands behind her. She had grown very white, and her eyes had a look that he had never seen there before.

"Don't try to explain your conduct. Nothing that you can say will lessen your guilt. Will you please go, now, before I despise you too much?"

When the door closed after him Mary sank into his vacated place on the divan and abandoned herself to the luxury of tears, whether of grief or shame or sorrow it would be hard to tell, for she was too bitterly hurt to be able to think clearly; what she had always feared in secret had at last come true—that she would walk to his workhouse.

She felt suddenly very weary of the glitter and hollowness of Bohemia which had worn away her youth and freshness and given nothing in return but a few turbulent pleasures that "left a bad taste in the mouth."

She had accomplished next to nothing outside of a living—and now she knew instinctively that she never would realize the old ambitious dream. Well, she was young enough and strong enough to outlive her mistake and forget.

It was close upon dusk when the train arrived at Mapleton. She gave her orders to the rustic driver and climbed wearily into the shambling hack which set off at once toward her brother's place on the outskirts of the village.

Suddenly she called to the driver, who slowed up lambsurly. She alighted and made her way over the long damp grass of the lawn to the great front door, turned the yielding knob and entered the hall. A rift of light from the partly open door of the living room guided her unerringly.

Robert sat before the glowing hearth, his dark head resting on the chair back, his hands clasped in an attitude of deep reflection. Suddenly he looked up and saw her. A red wave surged across his face, and he drew a sharp breath of startled amazement, but he said never a word.

"Robert," said Mary, in a clear, unshaken voice, "I have come back in my right mind—flushed with Bohemia for ever. Do you still want me?"

He rose and held out his arms, but she hesitated, her face flushing and paling by turns in wavelike succession.

"Mary, I never wanted anything or anyone so much in my life!" he cried. Mary smiled radiantly.

"I'm so glad, Robert," she whispered. —Illustrated Bits.

The Kansas penitentiary is greatly overcrowded. Pity the heavy rush of summer boarders can be utilized in the wheat fields.