

A SKY OPEN BEDROOM.

The Roof a Novel and Clever Feature.

The illustration shows an open air bedroom described by David Fairchild in Good Housekeeping.

It is built under some big red oaks about ten feet back of a one story cottage near Washington, and it is reached by a little covered passageway from the dressing room. There is literally nothing to it but a floor and a roof, and the roof is made of glass.

so that lying comfortably in bed one can look straight up into the trees and through them to the stars.

In constructing our little house we built first four corners of brick-cement could be used and laid floor joists across to form what carpenters call the plate. It is not necessary to make the corners more than two feet high above the ground, for if the land is well drained there is no danger of the bedrooms being damp.

On the joists is a floor ten feet square, and upon this is built the rough pine frame. The uprights are 4 inch corner posts and 2 by 4 inch studs are braced at the bottom by putting in short 2 by 4s crosswise to form a wainscoting three feet high.

The most novel feature of this sky open bedroom is, of course, the roof. There is a little cap of wood extending down about eighteen inches on either side of the ridge, and the roof itself, which is made of ordinary cheap greenhouse sash, starts underneath this and slides up and down on the



INTERIOR OF THE APARTMENT.

rollers. In fair weather the roof can be opened, and when it rains one can lie and look up at the raindrops as they slide upon the glass panes, and anything more magnificent than a thunderstorm at night I cannot imagine, with the great oak branches bending and tossing above one's head. Sash cords and simple, inexpensive pulleys are all that are necessary to raise and lower these greenhouse sash, provided the rollers on which they run are well oiled and plenty of play is left between the sash frames and the strips of board which hold them in place.

The wainscoting is covered with unbleached cotton sheeting tacked on inside to a height of three feet from the floor, and this allows free circulation of air, but affords the semi-privacy required and will last for three or four years. The height of this wainscoting is a matter of choice, and if more privacy is desired it could be made higher.

The Making of Bead Chains.

All the designs for bead chains seen in the cut are easily made if the following directions are carried out. The first design is a simple chain, and this should be practiced before attempting floral devices. First string four blue beads; tie the end of the silk through the first bead to prevent them slipping off. Hold the work between the finger and thumb on the left hand, then string a blue bead and pass the needle through the third bead from right to left. Take up another bead and pass the needle through the first bead through which the silk is tied. It will be noticed that the beads do not follow in straight lines across, but one up and one down, so that each bead fits into a little gap in the previous row.

SIMPLE AND EFFECTIVE DESIGN.

The work should now be turned over. String one white bead and pass the needle through the second bead from the edge. String a blue bead and pass the needle through the last bead at the left edge. The work must be turned at the end of each row so that the needle always passes from right to left. Now, for the fourth row string a blue bead and pass the needle through the second bead of the row, which is a blue, then string a white one and pass through the white in the previous row. For the fifth row string a white and pass needle through the white in the fourth row, then a blue and pass through the blue bead on the left edge, when it will be seen that four rows of blue beads are worked and the pattern begun again on the opposite side. Having mastered this design, the other patterns will be quite easy.

To Renovate Old Curtains.

If in getting your window draperies ready for fall you find them in a very worn condition they can be made to look like new in the following way: Cut the lower and side borders from a full length curtain, following the designs instead of a straight line, and lift up on the net a half yard or until they measure a window sill length. Rip or baste to position and sew around on the machine, afterward cutting away the torn net beneath. Lifting in the usual way and you will be pleased with the result, no seams to be seen.

A Curious Courtship

By SARA TREAT BINGHAM

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I was recently entertained by a gentleman and his wife living in the handsome country place on one of the most beautiful of American lakes whose courtship was certainly the most strange I ever heard of. They were both Russians by birth and both of the higher class. The husband told me the story one evening when we were smoking on his porch overlooking the water. It was this:

I am now a man of seventy and during my long life there has been a great change in the political condition of my native country. Were it not for this change instead of being so well experienced I would be deathly afraid of your knowing it. Indeed, I should be living as it were in oblivion. I was one of the original nihilists. The word is no longer used in speaking of Russians who oppose the government for there is nothing in it now. For it is the Latin word nihil, which means nothing, the nihilists believing that nothing governmental or social that exists should exist and should be destroyed. Today there is a process of building up Russia and even the term revolutionist there is at present confined to a few.

The belief of the circle that I belonged to was, among other things, that all property should be held in common. I was then but twenty years of age and was caught by this idea. Indeed, young as I was, I became a leader among the nihilists. But my principles underwent a sudden change. A brother of my father had emigrated to America and had made a fortune. He died a bachelor when I was twenty five years old and left me his property amounting to more than half a million dollars.

This acquisition of wealth will turn the head of any communist from his principle. I no sooner learned that I was heir to a fortune than I saw all the social problems I had studied in a different light. But one object took possession of me—to conceal the news of my fortune from my associates. I hid myself from them that I might enjoy it. One night I left one of their meetings to disappear from their forever. Disguised I left at midnight for America and in a few months my property was turned over to me.

In time the cause of my absence would be known. I should be tried and condemned to death. I turned over my property and the collection of my income to an agent with instructions to send the latter to an other name than my own, which I assumed and attempted to lose my identity in traveling from place to place. I never dared stop anywhere more than a month at a time and before long I began to experience that first feeling which induces criminals who know the police are hunting them to give themselves up and suffer the penalty of their crimes.

Especially did I suffer from being cut off from my own countrymen. I dared not associate with a Russian lest through him my identity and whereabouts should be communicated to those who were looking for me. For ten years I lived a life in death. I have often since wondered how the czar, knowing all the while that there are many persons seeking to kill him, can live without breaking down with nervous prostration.

As time passed and I still lived if I did not feel easier. I at least took fewer precautions against being found by one sent to kill me. In fact, I felt that I would rather die than suffer myself to constantly fear death.

One day I was introduced to a lady from Russia, who on learning from something I inadvertently dropped revealed the land of my nativity that I was a Russian took an interest in me. Hounded as I felt sure I had been for many years, I gave myself up to the companionship of this woman, who seemed to have been sent to me in my banishment to comfort me. Indeed, I was falling into that condition we call love when one moonlight evening at a house where we were entertained she suggested that we walk in the garden. When out of sight of the house she suddenly faced me, drew a dagger and, with the words "Forgive me," attempted to plunge it into my heart. I was too quick for her, springing backward. Then I said to her:

"Try again. Another time I will not oppose you. I have lived so long in this dread that I welcome death."

I threw open my coat and presented my breast to her.

Cookery

Points

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After using a gas stove for baking leave the oven open for a little while to allow the gas to escape. This will prevent sweating and rusting.

Chops and small steaks are placed in tin plates and set on top of the broiling grate they can be well cooked, and the tin plates will be much easier cleaned than the broiler grate would be.

Keep the range black by wringing out a sponge kept for the purpose in warm water and rubbing well with soap. Wash the stove while it is not warm. It can thus be kept black and free from grease spots.

Use the oven lighter for articles needing long slow cooking—as for example, lapocca and Indian puddings, bread, pies, etc. It will give a slow, even heat when used alone and burn much less gas.

Gas may be saved by remembering that matches are cheap and turning off the gas the moment you no longer need it—by turning off the gas a little before the cooking is done and finishing by the heat already generated.

When anything you have been cooking has been heated to the boiling point turn the blaze low enough to keep the heat just at that point.

Cream Dainty.

One cupful of milk, two heaping tablespoonfuls of sugar, a heaping tablespoonful of powered gelatin, a quarter pint of water, a teaspoonful, lemon juice, a cupful whipping cream, three yolks of egg, three ounces of preserved ginger, two tablespoonfuls of ginger syrup. Put the gelatin into a saucepan with the water. Beat up the yolks, add to them the sugar and milk, boiling, pour this back into the pitcher, stand the pitcher in boiling water and stir the custard until it coats the spoon, add to it the gelatin, lemon juice and ginger syrup. Whip up the cream until stiff, then add to it the custard. Allow this to stand until it is almost set. Then stir in the ginger cut in small pieces. Pour into a wet mold and put in a cool place until firm. Turn out and decorate with cut pieces of ginger.

Marshmallow Cream.

One fourth cup plain one half cup cold water one half cup boiling water, whites of four eggs, one cup granulated sugar, one teaspoonful vanilla, one teaspoonful lemon extract. Beat gelatin in the cold water five minutes add the boiling water and place over a teakettle until thoroughly dissolved. Cool, but do not chill. Stir the sugar in the dissolved gelatin, beat the whites of the egg very light and to the eggs add the gelatin and sugar, a few spoonfuls at a time, beating constantly. Divide in two parts and to one part add pink coloring and flavor with vanilla. To the white part add the lemon extract. Mold in layers adding pecan nuts to the pink part and maraschino cherries to the white part. May be served with or without whipped cream.

Coffee Blancmange.

One cupful of milk, one cupful of strong, clear coffee, two ounces of cornstarch, two heaping tablespoonfuls of sugar, one teaspoonful of vanilla extract, one heaping tablespoonful of butter. Put the coffee and half of the milk in a saucepan to heat. Mix the cornstarch smoothly with the remainder of the milk and add to it the hot liquid in the saucepan. Stir over the fire till boiling and boil slowly for eight minutes, stirring all the time. Add the sugar, butter, vanilla and mix well. Pour into a wet mold and turn out when cold.

Particularly Good French Dressing.

Mix a half teaspoonful salt and the same amount of sugar in a bowl, add gradually, stirring all the time, one cupful olive oil. When salt and sugar are dissolved beat in half a gill of vinegar. Add four red chillies, eight green chillies and half an onion, all chopped very fine. Beat all together and add a tablespoonful minced parsley. Beat again and pour into a can. Let stand an hour before serving. When ready to serve shake in the jar, or whip with an egg beater.

When Frying Bacon.

In so many households bacon and eggs is the most popular breakfast dish that more than one housewife may be glad of a tip concerning the bacon's preparation.

If the bacon is too salt (and it is, indeed, sometimes) place a little water in the pan in which you intend frying it. Let the water come to a boil, then pour the water off and cook the bacon in the usual manner.

Deodorized Cabbage.

A piece of stale bread, a small lump of soda or a piece of charcoal placed in the pot will lessen the disagreeable odor that arises when cooking cauliflower or cabbage.

An appetizing lettuce salad is made by arranging the leaves in a salad bowl, sprinkling with stuffed olives cut in slices and just before serving adding a mayonnaise dressing.

Her Pirate Lover

By ARTHUR L. SANDS

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Molly Van Dusen and I plighted our troth one evening under the parapet of the battery in the town of New Amsterdam. We were looking down the bay and a ship, the first that had arrived in several weeks, was coming up under full sail. It was summer. All these things I remember well, for it was the happiest moment of my life and whatever was visible to my dear love and me was deeply impressed upon my mind.

That was a very hot season, and Molly was drooping from the heat. The very next day after she had promised to be my wife her father determined to send her to the eastern coast in a steamer to spend some time with her mother's brother, Pardon Mathews, hoping that the sea air would strengthen her. I was loath to let her go at such a time and especially since the captain of the ship that came in at the time of our betrothal reported having been chased by a pirate, and it was well known that the buccanniers were at any time liable to make a descent on the coast.

But Molly's father packed her off in the coach leaving for Boston, directing that she be put off at a bit of headland jutting out into Long Island sound not far from the settlement at New Haven.

It was a sad day for both of us when she got into the coach and I watched it pass out of sight among the boweries lying to the eastward of the town. And even after the coach had grown so dim with distance as scarcely to be discovered I could see Molly's white handkerchief streaming a signal of her love for me.

I found the town unbearable without her. I played at bowls in the green near the battery and sailed in my boat on Hudson's river, but I could not get on without my Molly, so I determined to go to her. I mounted my sorrel one August morning with my saddlebags well filled with rations, and on the third day reached the New Haven settlement. After partaking of a dinner and giving my horse a good feed I remounted and in three hours time came in sight of that headland where dwelt Pardon Mathews. There are rocks and short beaches on this shore and an occasional small covered with long grass.

An Indian showed me Mr. Mathews' house set on one of these knolls. I trotted on where the road ran near the water and presently looking ahead saw the person standing on a rock that protruded out a few feet above the surface of the sound.

As I drew nearer I could see that one of these persons was a man and the other a woman. The man was in an unclean dress. What was my surprise when I came near enough to distinguish his apparel to see that he wore a hat with a large brim, a short coat and trousers to his knees, darning at the bottom of the legs while a broad belt filled with knives was buckled about his waist.

At once I was filled with alarm, feeling sure that there had been a descent of pirates on the settlers and this fellow had carried off one of the women. Having a pistol in my holster I drew it forth and to the printing and made ready for an attempt to rescue this poor woman. Dismounting, I left my horse in a thicket and, stealing up on the couple, hid behind a rock and, taking sure aim at the pirate pulled the trigger.

The flint refused to light the priming and the knife for at the moment the pirate put his arm around the woman's waist, and the two stood looking at the incoming tide. Were she a willing captive it would only distress her if I killed her lover. But what was my horror when she turned her face my way to see my Molly!

At first I was minded to kill them both, but shrinking from having Molly's blood on my hands, I desisted and advanced with my pistol in hand.

"Have you gone mad, Mistress Van Dusen?" I exclaimed, "that you will accept the caresses of a pirate, or has he murdered all your folk and you are making a pretense in order to watch your opportunity to get away from him?"

"As I spoke I held the pirate under cover of my weapon, and he, turning, ran like a deer toward Mr. Mathew's house.

"See the coward run!" I cried, half minded to shoot him in his tracks. And then what did Molly do but burst into loud laughter, and, sitting down on the rock, she kept it up till I grew hot with cholera and said:

"For shame, Molly, to turn from me to a pirate, and a coward at that! Speak before I kill him."

"This brought her to her senses. 'Forbear,' she said, 'do not kill a girl.'"

"A girl! And have the women turned buccanniers?"

With that she fell to laughing again, and I could get nothing from her for a long while, when she controlled her mirth and said:

"Tonight uncle gives a dance to the settlers roundabout, and all are to come dressed in some strange costume. This pirate who has just closed the door of the house is my cousin, Pardon Mathews. She is dressed in her costume for the dance. We two came out to watch for the boat bearing guests from New Haven."

For the Children

King George's Only Daughter.

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Princess Victoria Alexandra Alice Mary is the full name of the little lady whose picture is shown above. She is the only daughter of King George V. of England and has just passed her thirteenth birthday. Princess Mary, as she is commonly called, is just a little girl, despite her high sounding title, and is being educated according to the simple rules that prevail in the English royal household. Her great-grandmother, Queen Victoria, believed that her children should be reared in strict simplicity and this system has been followed in succeeding generations.

Princess Mary has been taught, among other things, the value of thrift and is sometimes seen at the postoffice near the palace depositing savings on her own account.

Little Things.

In a small building which was once Peter the Great's workshop in Holland is the inscription "Nothing is Too Little For the Attention of a Great Man."

It is curious to note that many things which have turned out most useful for man owe their beginnings to some slight accident. For instance, the telescope was one to some children of a spectacle maker placing two or more pairs of spectacles before each other and looking through them at the distant sky. Their idea was followed up by older heads. Pendulum clocks were invented after Galileo stood observing the lamp in a church swinging from the falling of a spark on some materials mixed in a mortar.

The art of printing took its origin from some rude impressions taken for the amusement of children from letters carved on the bark of a beech tree.

The laws of gravitation were discovered by the falling of an apple to the ground.

A Harmless Ghost.

A stonecutter in the days when men wore knee breeches and wig one evening wished to add a few letters to an epitaph on a gravestone recently set up. He obtained permission and went with his tools and lantern to complete his task. The churchyard was cold and gloomy, and very soon he lighted an extra candle to give more light.

Suddenly, as he stooped over his work, he heard a curious rustling hiss—"Hush!" He lifted his head and looked around, but saw nothing. He fell to his work again, but no sooner was his head bowed over the stone than the same faint, mysterious, "Hush!" was heard again. He could stand it no more, but got up and fled for his life and was not consoled till he was in bed and fast asleep.

The next morning he was sitting with his wife at breakfast when his wife said suddenly: "Peter, what is the matter with your wig? It is all burnt on one side."

He gave a cry of joy, to his wife's surprise. The mystery was explained. The strange "Hush!" was nothing more than the sound of his hair falling as he bent over the candle!—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Twisted Animals.

When your friends assemble on the porch or on your front doorstep you can play games and so while away the hours. Provide them with pencils and then give each one a neatly written list of these words numbered. The game is to arrange the letters in each word so as to spell an animal. It is a "twisty" game and lots of fun:

- 1. Dugong
- 2. Roastbeef
- 3. Leapfrog
- 4. Fir-tree
- 5. Tortoise
- 6. Rugsack
- 7. Almond
- 8. Grabbed
- 9. Retire
- 10. Parli
- 11. Kacoopec
- 12. Broom
- 13. Unhappy

Untwisted the animals are sheep, poodle, albatross, elephant, giraffe, otter, jaguar, chamois, badger, tarrier, spair, peacock, opossum, porcupine.

IT WAS LOVELY, BUT NOT SAFE

By ELIZABETH GAINES

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"I have but one objection to you, Bert," said Celia, "you're altogether too serious. When your face is at rest you have a very harsh look. Your smile is delightful. Unfortunately you never smile."

"Have you any more compliments like that?" asked Bert. "For if you have you'd better dismiss me altogether."

Bert Cummings left his fiancée very much disgruntled. He unboomed himself to his friend Arnold Priestley, who sat thinking while Bert talked. Finally Priestley said:

"I would advise you to try hypnotism. I know a man who can make people laugh or weep or anything else he likes. He doesn't put them to sleep, either. I shouldn't be surprised if he could make you smile. I'll take you to see him."

Cummings assented, and they went to see the hypnotist, Smithers. Smithers said he could make the young man smile, but as soon as the hypnotic effect was removed he would become serious again.

Bert said he believed he'd try it. He was to go to see Celia Edingham that evening and he would like to give her for once all the smiles she required.

At half past 8 that evening Miss Edingham heard the doorbell ring and Bert with a beautiful smile on his face. Celia was right about Bert's smile. It was entrancing. There was a delightful curl to his lips, a dimple in each cheek, and his regular white teeth showed beneath his dark mustache.

"Oh, Bert," said Celia, clasping his hands, "how handsome you are when you smile! Keep it up!"

"I'll try, ha, ha," Bert responded. "Because Helen and Molly and Lou are all coming to tonight to meet you. If you will keep up that smile all the evening they'll be delighted with you. You know how anxious I am that these my dearest friends should be pleased with you."

"I'll be cordial, ha, ha, ha!" There was another ring at the bell, and the girls were admitted.

"This," said Celia, "is Mr. Albert Cummings, Miss Helen Ward."

"A low and a ha ha!"

"And Miss Molly Maloy."

"A low and a ha ha ha!"

"And Miss Louise Truesdale!"

"A low and a ha ha ha ha!"

Albert's smile was contagious. His fiancée caught it, and it extended to the three other girls.

Helen said to Celia, "You are my old friend. I propose that Bert shall sit by you first while we three have a bit of gossip by ourselves. Then I'll turn him over to Molly and then to Lou."

So down at Mr. Cummings and Miss Ward to get acquainted.

"I'm very glad to meet you," says the lady. "Celia and I are such very old friends that one who is to be so much to her must be much to me."

Bert smiled that heavenly smile of his and Miss Ward was beside herself. Never before had a man smiled at her like that. Every time she made a remark Bert smiled, or rather, his lips were a perpetual smile which was intensified at every remark. He made no other reply. Whether his hypnotic condition admitted of his receiving what was said to him and making a reply is a question. Probably his keeping his mouth shut was an advantage to him.

It was not very long before Celia concluded to change the girl with whom her lover was getting acquainted. Celia had observed Helen's gaze fixed on Bert's beautiful smile and thought it time to break the spell. So Molly was substituted.

"I'm so glad for dear Celia," said Molly.

"Ha, ha!"

"I consider her happiness the same as my own."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

In the beginning of a conversation Bert's smile was more of a laugh. After that it simmered down into a mere curvature of the lips. But the dimples were there and the pearls teeth under the mustache. The effect on Molly was the same as on Helen, only more so. Celia, seeing that Molly couldn't very long keep her hands off Bert, made the third change, putting Lou in Molly's place.

"I don't blame you for not being able to conceal your happiness," said Lou.

"Ha, ha!"

"It's delightful to be engaged, isn't it?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"One feels like smiling all the while."

"Ha, ha, ha, ha!"

"Let's have the conversation general," said Celia, moving her chair toward Bert and Lou. "Draw up, girls."

Celia tried to talk to one or two of the girls, while the other conversed with Bert. But it was no use. Every girl's attention was fixed on that beautiful smile. Celia rose, with great hauteur, and walked into the hall, mentioning Bert to follow her.

"Go home," she said, "and get that idiotic grin off your face!"

Bert went to Smithers, who dehypnotized him. When Bert saw his fiancée again he had his hard look on his face. "I don't like it so well," said Celia, "but it's safer—much safer."