

Woman's World

Mrs. John Astor becomes a War Nurse



Mrs. John Astor recently went to the French coast to join the staff of the Duchess of Westminster's hospital as a nurse.

At the Charing Cross Hospital Mrs. Astor began work every morning at 6 o'clock and was often there until late at night.

THE SALAD BOWL.

Interesting Discussion About This Health Giving Entree.

Salads are capable of infinite variety, so when fish and cheese fall vegetables which approach animal foods in nutrition may be served and either the oil in the dressing or the fat in the cream or melted butter of a boiled dressing may be depended upon to supply the necessary oil.

A fruit salad has the advantage of being very healthful, for nearly all fruits hold acids and salts in solution which are cooling to the blood, and there are so many fruits available that none needs to become tiresome.

Prepare beforehand.

One little woman whose delightful cottage is filled every Sunday with a jolly party seems to entertain without the least effort.

But the clockwork has been very carefully wound up and oiled beforehand. This same hostess spends hours preparing for her guests.

Children's Place In The Home

It is a vexed question in many families as to whether the children should help in the home. Should they be called upon to contribute to all to the general comfort? Should they, in short, take all and give nothing in the way of service?

The boys, on the other hand, were concerned with outside things. They did contribute to the comfort of the home. They provided the larger with the necessary food, they protected the home and indeed did all that they were to do outside the home.

But we have changed all that. In our time, the boys have never been called upon to do a share of the work that has to be done by some one. The expectation that they are of about ten years of age is to do all the work that is done by the boys of the same age.

There are many excuses, but in fact, it is not a question of poverty or wealth, it is a question of help in the home. The essential fact that we have to remember is that children, both boys and girls, are the better for sharing in the work which makes for the common good.

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CHRISTMAS HINTS.

Two Simple Precussions That Children Can Make.

A tiny ivory basket filled with a pale blue silk brocade as cushion makes a useful gift. On the top of the basket, a small piece of red velvet is sewed on.

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Attractive cushions. A pale pink satin a tiny doll has been pasted. Novelty ribbon makes her body, and a silk thread is used to bind the base.

A MODISH "FLAPPER."

Extremely Good Lines For Fifteen-year-old Girl.



Broadcloth and beaver. Afternoon dress, set off with beaver bands, belt buttons and a corded belt.

DEMURER UNDERWEAR.

The Average Woman Wants Dainty and Durable Lingerie.

Underwear has been more interesting than discreet in recent seasons. There are always the practical and demure garments for those of practical and demure taste.

Most mothers and that it pays to wash the baby's expensive little woolen clothes instead of buying them.

Baked Apple Pudding. Peel, core and cut eight apples the same as for apple sauce, put them into a steamer with one cup of water to keep them from burning and stew up.

How to Fringe. When fringing a table cover or any thing with deep fringe first tear it up as deep as you want the fringe at in the middle of a piece or so in the way across the end, then fringe out these pieces.

A Romeo and Juliet Affair

By DONALD CHAMBERLIN

I lived in a block of houses the rear of which formed a junction with the rear of another similar block at a right angle. My room was on the third floor, back.

In a window in rear of the other block a pretty girl was used to sit, sometimes sewing, sometimes reading, sometimes watching what was going on in the limited yard spaces below.

It began by my looking admiringly at the pretty girl and, being a bold young man, following up my glances by throwing a kiss. Of course the young lady disappeared from the window.

To make a long story short, in the course of a couple of weeks I and the pretty girl were heading up messages written in large letters for each other to read. This was followed by my taking advantage of darkness one evening when I would not likely be observed by others to swing myself from one fire escape to another to a platform directly beneath the pretty girl's abode.

Self preservation is the first law of nature, and the girl to prevent any one seeing what was going on, turned off the light. Then she came to the window, put the sash up a few inches and her mouth to the aperture, saying "exactly."

For heaven's sake! go away from here!

"Burglars!" came a cry.

"Oh, heavens!" cried the pretty girl. "I hear some one coming up like fleas."

"For reply I threw up the sash as far as it would go and climbed through the window. The pretty girl, hearing some one hurrying upstairs, locked the door."

"Well, there we were!" "This is dreadful!" cried the girl, wringing her hands.

"I crawled under a lounge and told her to unlock the door. She did so just in time to prevent discovery of its having been locked. A woman came into the room exclaiming:

"There's a burglar trying to get in somewhere."

"Good gracious!" exclaimed the pretty girl, going to the window, pulling down the sash and locking it.

"There was a confusion of sounds. Some one knocked at the window and called out: 'All right here!'"

"Sure a man didn't go through this room?" called the voice.

"Certainly not," said the pretty girl. "Then it was the next window!"

"I heard the voice say 'I saw him.'" "For some time I heard evidences that a burglar was being hunted, then gradually the commotion quieted down.

"You can't stay here and you can't get out without almost surely being discovered."

"If worse comes to worst, say I am your husband!"

"Although this dialogue was spoken in a low tone, it was overheard. A woman in the same who had come in before entered."

"To whom were you speaking?" she asked.

"The pretty girl stammered a denial that she had spoken to any one. It did not satisfy the other. She began to leave. Rather than be dragged out I came from my hiding place voluntarily."

A REAL LUXURY.

With Fritted Effect This Coat Speaks the Last Word.



A MELON MUFF

Hudson schistkin, cuffed, choked and almost ruffled with muskrat, gives this rich effect. The skirt ripples gracefully, and the deep collar forms tabs in front.

AFTER THEATER SUPPER.

Is there anything more welcome to the average person with good digestion than an invitation to supper after the theater, and is there any place more delightful to give a little affair of this kind than at your own home?

Where all can laugh and talk as much as they please without disturbing anyone? The following menu is one easily prepared, therefore welcome to the maddest housekeeper.

Newburg on toast, cheese and crackers, nuts and olives, coffee or wine.

Robster a la Newburg is also delicious. Use the daintiest cloth or lunch set on the table. When serving the lobster a la Newburg remove the meat carefully from the shell, wash the shell, put little paper doilies in it, then serve the olives, radishes and green onions from this. It may be filled instead with flowers.

Recipe for shrimp and lobster a la Newburg—One large lobster or one one of shrimps (meat cut into half inch squares), one-half cupful cream, three eggs, one tablespoonful butter, red pepper, salt and nutmeg; melt butter, add fish, allow it to simmer five minutes, mix eggs, cream, pepper, salt and nutmeg together stir into fish, then stir mixture until it thickens, add last one-half cupful of sherry if desired.

Cultivate Neatness.

Tidiness is one of the most attractive of feminine qualities. It is also one of the rarest. Early and persistent must be the training which carries the girl into womanhood with her "ump of neatness" well developed.

Unless inherently fastidious during school days she is liable to drift into careless habits which she never outgrows.

One girl may have a trick of leaving shoes about her room. As a child she was permitted to do this, and as she grew older the habit just as was never abandoned for the simple reason that she herself did not notice anything unusual about it and probably nobody else took the trouble to correct her.

Another slovenly habit is leaving a touch of combines in the comb of one of the dressing table. Constant vigilance on a woman's part is necessary in these small matters if she would be thought really tidy.

CREAM WALNUT CAKE.

Sift together three times a cupful of sugar, one and a half cupfuls of flour, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Break up egg into measuring cup, fill cup with milk, beat well into dry ingredients and add three tablespoonfuls of melted butter. Beat all well and bake in layer cake pans.

Walnut Cream For Filling—One and a half cupfuls of milk, scalded; an egg well beaten, a scant half cupful of sugar, a dessertspoonful each of flour and cornstarch, a quarter teaspoonful of salt. Mix all with egg, add to milk and cook in double boiler until quite thick. When cool flavor with vanilla and add a pinch of nutmeg.

Spread on cake. If you prefer a white frosting on top and decorate with whole nut meats.

THE WIDOW'S BEAR STORY

By M. QUAD

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James Hoke, farmer, was an impatient man, and there were a hundred people who knew it.

The time came when James Hoke saw, admired and loved little Jessie Gould. She knew of his impatience and had several samples of it before he had asked her to be his wife.

When she asked her mother's advice the reply was: "Bless you, child, a little impatience in a husband only keeps the wife smart."

Miss Jessie said "Yes," and the marriage took place accordingly. For about a month the young husband maintained a check on his impatience, and then he began to break out again.

Mrs. Hoke was a patient little wife. When he was overheard raising the old Harry and she was spoken to about it she always had the same reply: "Yes, James is rather impatient and is easily put out, but he is quickly over it, and on the whole he is the best husband in the state."

During his childhood the measles had passed young Hoke by, as is the case with about one child out of ten. He had been married about two years and was as strong as an ox, when the ailment suddenly grabbed him. He laughed at it, fought it, savored it, but the doctors sent him to bed, and there he lay for a week.

At the end of that time the patient announced that he wasn't going to put up with such a fuss any longer. It should be killed or cured. Egotistic protests of his wife, he clothed himself and took a little walk. As if nature had been waiting for him, a sudden shower of rain was let loose to wet him to the skin. Three days later Mr. Hoke was a dead man.

After two years of widowhood people began to wonder if Mrs. Hoke would marry again.

One day old Mrs. Barnes came a visiting, and as they had long been acquainted she felt privileged to remark: "You must know that it is common talk that you will marry again."

"Well, I think I could marry if I wanted to."

"If you should marry again I hope it will be to a man who hasn't the falling of impatience."

"But how is one to know? When a man is courting he conceals as many of his faults as possible, doesn't he?"

Thereupon, in a laughing way, the question was answered, as will be seen later on.

Among those who came to buy cows of the widow was Hiram Johnson, an old back and a farmer who lived about three miles away. One evening, as he came early, she thought to put old Mrs. Barnes' experiment to the test. So, after they were seated, with a pan of apples between them, she began:

"Mr. Johnson, I want to tell you a story. It is about a bear and a girl. Would you care to hear it?"

"I have always been mighty fond of bear stories," he replied as he threw his apple core away and prepared to listen.

"Well, when I was a girl ten years old I went to the woods one day to gather chestnuts, and all at once a big black bear stood within two rods of me."

"Gosh!" exclaimed Mr. Johnson, as he brought his fist down on his leg.

"What was I to do?" asked the widow. "I was but a small girl. It was the first bear I ever saw. I knew from the looks of this one that he was both hungry and savage."

"By thunder!" exclaimed Mr. Johnson, as he pounded his leg again.

"Just as I was about to faint away from fright twelve large woodchucks dashed out of the bushes with horrible growls and snarls and attacked brain with the utmost ferocity, and a battle was on. Here was my opportunity to escape, and I took advantage of it."

"I got home all safe, but I could never make father nor any other man believe about the twelve woodchucks."

The story was ended, but that wasn't the last of it. The next evening that Mr. Johnson called the widow didn't wait five minutes before she began: "I want to tell you a story about a bear and a girl."

It was so on the third night, the fourth, fifth and sixth. The widow had set out to test his patience. When she had retold that story thirty times and had seen no signs of impatience in her caller she met old Mrs. Barnes again and told her of it.

Mrs. Barnes and the widow decided that he was a patient man, and one evening, when he jumped in with a proposal of marriage before the story could be begun, the widow received it favorably. Mrs. Barnes came to congratulate her and advised: "Don't drop it too sudden. Keep on telling it for at least six months after marriage."

But there is a limit to everything. One day when the wife had been visiting a neighbor for the afternoon she returned home to find a note on the table which read: "For the last fifty times you have told that bear story I haven't heard a word of it. I am stone deaf and am going to Chicago to see if anything can be done for me."

The wife got his Chicago address and sent him a letter, reading: "The last fifty times I told the story I simply moved my lips and rumbled my chin. I had lost my voice completely. Come back and we will be very happy. Hiram returned with his hearing improved. The bear story has never been told since."