

What Women Like to Know

Sport Togs

Skirt of white washable plume cord fastened in front with pearl buttons large patch pockets, gathered back, detachable belt. Waist of striped voile, rose, green or orchid, and with wide



TUN SKIRT.

stripes of white corded voile, roll collar of white plume forming revers, one pearl button in slanting bodice button hole to fasten, also white. Designed by Franklin Simon & Co., New York city

To Mend a Tablecloth.

To repair a tablecloth lay it quite flat and cover the hole with a piece of plain muslin, not, tack it on and darn with fine flax. When ironed it will scarcely be noticeable. If the tablecloth is beyond repair cut squares from the best part of it and hem around. These will answer as serviettes for everyday use.

The Useful Forceps.

A pair of good steel forceps, perhaps like on the medicine shelf, come in very handy while sewing. They are the best device yet for getting the cloth into the "hemmer" just right, for turning under a last little stubborn edge while stitching or for picking out odds and ends of basting thread.

Lettuce Needs a Shady Corner of the Garden

A partially shady part of your garden can be used for growing head lettuce or romaine lettuce in the warm months, says a bulletin from the National Emergency Food Garden commission.

The quality of lettuce is apt to be injured in hot, dry weather. For that reason some sort of partial shading is desirable when the plants will not mature before hot weather sets in. Hot weather coming early in the life of the lettuce plant is apt to prevent it from forming any head.

When the garden is not shaded the lettuce may be artificially shaded in hot weather by a movable screen made by stretching cheesecloth over a V shaped frame made of light strips of wood. The sides of this frame should be two or three feet wide, and the frame ought to be ten or twelve feet long. The cloth will partially shade the plant, retard evaporation of the soil's moisture and enable the grower to produce crisp, good flavored lettuce in summer.

Head lettuce seed should be planted early in the season, a half ounce being enough to plant 100 feet of row. The plants when quite small should be thinned to stand six to eight inches apart, while the rows ought to be one foot apart at least. The plant needs much moisture; hence thorough-cultivation should be given, while artificial watering helps the crop in dry weather. The entire head should be cut for use.

Romaine leaves grow erect and form a loose head. The crop is grown the same way as head lettuce, except that when the plants are grown the outer leaves should be tied together at the top to bleach the inner leaves.

WOMANKIND.

As for the women, though we scorn and flout 'em, We may live with but cannot live without 'em. —John Dryden.

Home Cookery

Whole Wheat Bread. One and one-half pints whole wheat flour, one teaspoonful of soda, two tea spoonfuls cream of tartar, one tea spoonful of salt, three-fourths pint of cold water. Sift the dry ingredients together, the teaspoonful of soda rounding, the salt and cream of tartar level; then add the water and stir thoroughly. Put in a well greased brown bread tin, cover and steam for one hour over constantly boiling water; then remove from steamer and bake three quarters of an hour in a moderate oven. This bread makes very nice zwieback if sliced when cool and then browned in the oven.

Rice and Pea Soup. One cupful rice, one pint peas, one pint hot water, one egg yolk one pint cream salt and pepper, pinch of sugar brown bread. Wash the rice, put into a granite kettle and allow to boil gently until tender, adding sufficient water to prevent scorching. Put the peas in another saucepan and heat. If green peas are used, stew until tender. When both are done combine them and add a pint of hot water. Let boil, remove pan to the side of the stove and stir in quickly the egg yolk, beaten with the cream. Season to taste with salt and pepper and a pinch of sugar. Pour over toasted brown bread cut in squares.

Rhubarb With Raisins. Peel the rhubarb and cut in half inch slices. For a pound of rhubarb take half a cupful of raisins and a cupful of sugar. Use seedless raisins. Cover the raisins with boiling water and let cook until the pulp is tender and the water is evaporated to two or three spoonfuls. Sprinkle the rhubarb, raisins and sugar in a baking dish in layers and let cook in the oven or on top of the range until the rhubarb is tender, but not broken.

French Rabbit. Fill a baking dish with alternate layers of bread (which has been sliced spread with butter and cut into small squares) and cheese, either grated or ground. Moisten this thoroughly with a mixture made in the following proportions: A cupful of milk, an egg, salt, cayenne pepper and mustard. Bake until thoroughly heated through and browned on top.

Rice With Eggs. A cupful rice, four cupfuls skim milk (sweet), a tablespoonful butter, six eggs, salt. Wash rice, add milk and salt. Cook in oven until milk is absorbed. Press hollow in top of rice deep enough to hold an egg. Break the egg in each hollow. Dot the whole with butter; salt the eggs. Bake until eggs are cooked.

Common Sense Hints

About Garden Work

Here are a few garden "don'ts" clipped from a University of Wisconsin circular:

- Don't sprinkle your garden. Water it once a week if necessary. Don't let the weeds get a start. Don't permit the surface soil to become compact or lumpy. Don't cultivate a heavy soil when it is too moist. Don't let the bugs get your plants. This means you must watch plants closely. Don't try to cultivate too much land, especially if it is sod. Intensive work on a small area usually gives better returns than the same amount put on a large area. Don't plant seeds too deep. They should be only deep enough to get sufficient moisture for germination. Peas and corn are exceptions to this rule.

How to Grow Onions

1st - YOU MAKE SURE THAT THE DIRT YOU INTEND TO PLANT THEM IN IS CLEAN. DON'T USE DIRTY DIRT. PUT THE SEEDS WHERE NO SUN CAN GET AT THEM AS ONIONS LIKE ONLY DULL WEATHER. ALTHOUGH SOME ONIONS ARE RED AND OTHERS YELLOW, THEY ALL WAYS FEEL BLUE.

2nd - WHEN THE ONIONS HAVE GROWN ABOUT SIX INCHES TALL YOU TRANS-PLANT THEM, TAKING EACH ONE AND WRAPPING IT UP IN A LINGER HANDKERCHIEF WHICH WILL HELP TO DRY ITS TEARS.

3rd - WHEN AN ONION GROWS QUITE LARGE, YOU TIE IT TO A STAKE. OTHERS ARE USED FOR WRAPPING AROUND STEAKS.

4th - WHEN YOU PICK UP AN ONION AS LARGE AS THE ABOVE, IT MAKES YOU HAPPY AND YOU LAUGH TO THINK AN ONION COULD GROW SO BIG - BUT - THIS ONION IS A POOR SPECIMEN AND HASN'T THE FLAVOR OF A REAL GOOD ONION - AND

5th - WHEN YOU HOLD UP THIS SMALL, LITTLE, TINY ONION, IT MAKES YOU WEAR, TO THINK HOW AN ONION COULD GROW SO SMALL - YET AN ONION THAT WILL MAKE YOU CRY IS THE REAL ONE AND THE ODOR WILL KEEP YOU COMPANY FOR A FEW DAYS - SEE FOR YOURSELF!

Inspiration Miscellany

A Neat Appearance

Personally I am a well defined slob. Frequently I neglect to shave. Almost never is my hair correctly brushed. Nearly always I have the appearance of a man who has pulled himself in an upper berth of a Pullman car. I patronize a rather expensive Fifth avenue tailor who has long since despaired of making me look presentable. He attempts, I believe, to extract some sort of comfort from the haberdasher's advice that gentlemen never look so neat as barbers and barmen, no matter how skillful their tailors may be.

Unfortunately, however, it is not gentility that makes me a slob. I should say rather that it is a lack of mental discipline. I loathe the idea of having to rub and shave on schedule, thus spending so many minutes on my hair, so many more on trying my cravat, and so on, until I have turned myself out perfectly groomed, as the novelists say. Perhaps that sounds like the riddle of the so-called "neat dresser," but it is not. If I were twenty one again I should pay more attention to my personal appearance. I should not search for the latest novelties of male attire, but invariably I should be scrupulously barbered and laundered and boot-brushed. I really believe that such things count. It is not alone what other people think of you, it is partly what you think of yourself. However, the other man's viewpoint is always important, as the best sort of self esteem results from your consciousness that you are deporting your self as decent people expect you to act. Any other sort of self esteem is either bluff or self delusion. William Maxwell in Collier's Weekly.

Advice to Young Men. Never desire to appear clever and make a show of your talents before men. Be honest, loving, kindly and sympathetic. In all you say and do, cheerfulness will flow from your natural lips. If you have it and applause will come to you unsought from those who know what to applaud, but the applause of fools is to be shunned. —Professor Blackie

Courtesy In Speech

It is true that the one time honored "ma'am" has gone the voyage. Yet wait what takes its place? Sometimes nothing. Poor modern child! "Little Willie, you see, is taught that "ma'am" is decidedly had form, don't you know, a mode of address only to be used by servants. Indeed, and so his youthfulness comes out with an abrupt "No" or a brief "Yes," to old ladies and playmates alike. The really correct thing for Willie to be taught is that the name or relationship of the person addressed must be given in place of that especially ostracized "ma'am." He must say, "Yes, mother," or "No, father" (if he has been taught not to use "sir"), or "No, Mr. Smith or Miss Jones," as the case may be. The mentioning of a person's name when speaking to him or her is always a pleasant little mark of courtesy, even from one older person to another, and is charming to hear from a child's lips.

Be Merciful.

Never hurt any one's self respect. Never trample on any soul, though it may be lying in the veriest mire, for that last spark of self respect is its only hope, its only chance, the last seed of a new and better life, the voice of God which still whispers to it. "You are not what you ought to be, and you are not what you can be, and you are still God's child, still an immortal soul. You may rise and conquer it and be a man yet after the likeness of God, who made you." Oh, why crush that voice in any heart? If you do the poor creature is lost and lies where he or she falls, never to rise again. —Charles Kingsley

True Heroism.

The hero fears not that if he withhold the avowal of a just and brave act it will go unwhitened and unlored. One knows it himself and is pledged by it to sweetness of peace and to nobleness of aim, which will prove in the end a better proclamation of it than the relating of the incident. —Emerson.

"I'M SORRY; I WAS WRONG." There may be virtue in the man who's always sure he's right. Who'll never hear another's plan And seeks no further light. But I like more the chap who sings "A somewhat different song, Who says when he has mused up things, "I'm sorry, I was wrong." It's hard for any one to say "That failure's due to him; That he has lost the fight or way Because his lights burned dim. It takes a man aside to throw The taint that's strong, "Confessing, "Twas my fault, I know. "I'm sorry, I was wrong." And so, I figure, those who use This honest, manly phrase Hate it too much their way to lose "On many future days. They'll keep the path and make the things Because they do not long To have to say, when they're not right, "I'm sorry, I was wrong." —Des Moines Capital.

Submarine Specialist Naval Consulting Board

Following a series of conferences of naval officers and members of the submarine group of the naval consulting board, of which W. L. Saunders is the head, it is asserted that the American navy is in possession of a plan, or



WILLIAM LAWRENCE SAUNDERS.

invention, which it was said would successfully cope with the U boat menace. W. L. Saunders, who became a member of the consulting board two years ago, was president of the American Institute of Mining Engineers at the time. He is a native of Georgia and was educated at the University of Pennsylvania. Mr. Saunders is the inventor of many mining machines and belongs to many technical societies. He is also the author of a number of books on engineering subjects. Mr. Saunders was twice mayor of North Plainfield, N. J. He is sixty-one years old.

DAY BY DAY.

Finish every day and be done with it. You have done what you could. Some blunders and absurdities creep in. Forget them as soon as you can. Tomorrow is a new day. You shall begin it well and serenely and with too high a spirit to be encumbered with your old nonsense. —Emerson

Cleansing Fluid.

Shave four ounces of hard white soap and dissolve in two quarts of boiling water. Remove from fire and when cool add one-half ounce of saltpeter, stirring until dissolved. Strain through a cloth and use as desired. Take off scum with skimmer. Now add one-half pint of ammonia, then bottle and cork tightly. This will remove grease and oil from all kinds of fabrics and is useful for various purposes, such as scouring floors, cleaning windows, metals, etc.

Mother's Doll Story The Wild Indian

Once upon a time there was a little boy who owned an Indian doll. This doll was a chief, Chief Eagle Face.

Chief Eagle Face wore a khaki girdle about his waist, but his brown legs were bare, like his chest. Across his broad shoulders he wore a strip of red flannel, stuck full of turkey feathers; also his hair was coarse and long. In fact, it looked just like horsehair. Maybe it was horsehair.

Anyway, Chief Eagle Face had his coarse hair stuck so full of feathers that they trailed way down his back so far that they touched his heels. And this is the friend doll that a little boy liked best to take out in the yard to play with every day.

One beautiful day the neighbor's dog sneaked through the back fence. Chief Eagle Face was taking a quiet nap while the little boy was eating his luncheon.

"Bow-wow!" warned the neighbor's dog. "Bow-wow!"

And then he struck his sharp teeth right into the feathers down the back of Chief Eagle Face and shook and shook till every feather but one lay there in the grass. But he would never have dared do it if Chief Eagle Face had not been napping.

Game of Circus.

To play "circus" the players stand round in a circle while one, the ring-master, flourishes a real whip, if possible, and, turning in a circle, snaps his fingers at the players. They must imitate various animals by cries and motions. The donkey kicks and brays, the hen scratches and cackles, the cow moos, the frog croaks and hops. When the ringmaster says, "We will all join the circus parade," the animals gallop round in a circle, each acting his part. The one who fails to act the part given him must drop out of the game or pay a forfeit.

Questions. Does the little birdie sleep? Does he shut his eyes? Does his mamma rock him Every time he cries?

Returning the Battleflags

On a number of occasions the newspapers have announced the return to the survivors of the Confederacy of flags which were captured during the war between the states. The passing of more than fifty years since the close of that tremendous struggle has quenched the animosity which it had engendered, and the people of the north have many times stretched forth a fraternal hand to the people of the south. The hand has been grasped in the same spirit in which it was extended, but there have been rather few instances where captured northern flags have been returned to the survivors of the Union cause.

Now comes an inspiring illustration of the growth of this spirit of fraternity on the part of the boys who wore the gray. Recent dispatches announce the return of the battle torn flag of the Seventy-sixth Ohio Volunteer Infantry, which was captured in a sanguinary engagement at Hingopie Gap, Ga. The Ohio regiment held its annual reunion at Newark, and one of the pleasing features of the occasion was the presentation to the regiment of the captured flag.

There is not an American worthy of the name who will not feel a warm thrill of Americanism as he hears of such instances as this, which set a new seal upon the reunion of the once divided sections. The bitterness which was aroused by the action of President Cleveland when his first official act was an attempt to return to the Confederates some captured battle flags has long since died away. There was thirty two years ago a generation of human life, and opinions have undergone a most gratifying change during those years. There is no dishonor in these exchanges of fraternal amenities, which should go on until the last vestige of sectional feeling has been wiped out. The time must come when there will be no more "trophies" of the victory of one section of Americans over another.

A Truly American Day

An English officer viewing the ceremonies of Memorial Day, summed up Chicago mayor and thus remarked: "Not in all Europe is there a ceremony so impressive. Here it is not only a beautiful tribute to brave men but commemorative of the fact that the country passed through a great crisis and was saved, dispersing the world's assertion that a republic could not live. The healing of that breach made America immortal, eternal. And the sign of this immortality is a robe laid, tenderly dropped upon a grave."

How We Honor the Dead.

We honor our heroic and patriotic dead by being true men, as true men by faithfully fighting the battles of our day as they fought the battles of their day. —Rev. Dr. David Gregg.

Memorial Song

Whiter the snow on the brow of the brave, Brighter the freedom of him who was slain, Deeper the rust on the sword in its sheath, Sweeter the pathway, more faded the wreath, Dearer the names on the annals of fame, Truer the friendship of those who remain; Fainter the colors of blue and of gray, Fainter the drumbeats as years roll away.

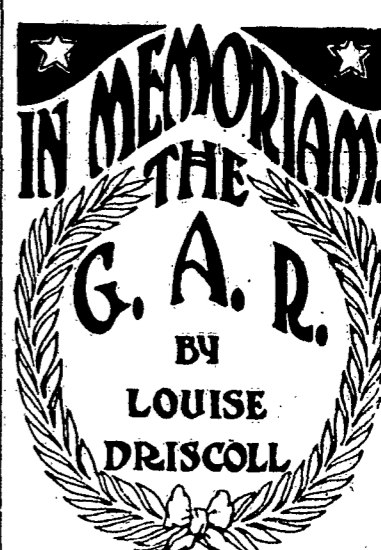
But the star spangled banner in triumph shall wave O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave."

Over the battlefields of north-land and south, Song birds are nesting in dumb cannon's mouth; Corn grows and wheat waves where vast armies trod, Flowers have beautified battle tramped sod, Silent the bugle and silent the drum, Where bullets whistled the honeybees hum; Let loose the white dove, war's thunders cease, Unshotted cannon proclaim a side peace.

"And the star spangled banner in triumph shall wave O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave."

Pluck from the royal blue heavens each star, Set them in crowns for the brave G. A. R. Cheers for the living and tears for the dead, Cover with flowers each hero's deep bed, Lincoln and Grant, Sherman, Sheridan and all, Warriors and loved ones who've passed the dark pall, In grand review, north and south both so dear, Prompt in the roll call of heaven with "Herec."

"And the star spangled banner in triumph shall wave O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave." —Professor W. N. Hull.



To them who came a year ago And do not come today— Hear the bells toll, Hear the drums roll, Hear the fifes play!

To them who came a year ago, With halting step and slow, Now we bring an offering And lay it low— Low upon the kind grass

That covers all the dead; Flowers at the feet And flowers at the head. They will never come again Through all the blossoming Mays;

They have found their comrades, They march on other ways; Bent backs straight again, They go like young men.

Oh, the ways of death are strange, still ways!

Year by year the ranks grow thin, Year by year they go, Slower and more slow;

Death's the last commander— The one that all men know!

Hear the bells toll, Hear the drums roll, Hear the bugles blow! —New York Times.

True Observance.

Memorial day in the town, with its marching veterans, playing bands and flying colors, new and old, is not so much of a tribute to the soldier dead as perhaps the processions of two and three in the country that go solemnly under the hills to where the grave is under the butternut or oak. Those of the country move without music or the cheers of watching thousands. It may be that in many ways they must understand better than those of the town why the flowers are now laid upon the graves of the gray and the blue; why a flag of one set of stripes and one group of stars is placed at the head of each. The town forgets; slurs over the true significance of memorial days—the country never.

Let Us Forget.

Let no vandalism of avarice or neglect, no ravages of time, testify to the present or to the coming generations that we have forgotten, as a people, the cost of a free and undivided republic. —General John A. Logan.

On Line Memorial Day

