

In the Realm Where Woman Rules

Child's Lingerie Hat



A charming shady hat for a little girl is illustrated here. It is of white embroidery, the crown being encircled by a wreath of flowers fashioned of satin ribbon. A large bow of satin ribbon adorns the back of the hat.

FOR THE RECIPE BOOK.

Summer Squash. Pare remove seeds and cut into small pieces, cook by steam in a small amount of boiling water. When tender drain and dry over the heat, then mash and season with salt, butter and cream.

Baked Eggs. Make a rich cream sauce as for creamed chicken and turn into a buttered baking dish, stir eggs on top of this and cover all with buttered crumbs. Bake in a moderate oven until eggs are set and crumbs brown.

Milk Sherbet. Dissolve two cupsful of sugar in half cupful lemon juice add one quart of rich milk and freeze. The mixture usually curdles on account of the acid juice, but in the heating and freezing it becomes perfectly smooth.

Vegetable Roast. One-half cupful boiled corn either canned or cut from the cob, one-half cupful baked beans, washed to a pulp, one-half cupful boiled rice, one-half cupful strained stewed tomatoes, half a teaspoonful of minced onions, two tablespoonfuls melted butter, one-quarter cupful sweet milk and salt and pepper to taste. Mix together and add enough stale bread crumbs to make a stiff dough, roll and bake in a greased pan. Serve with tomato sauce.

Chocolate Filling for cake pie. Melt two and one-half squares of sweetened chocolate in a small sauce pan placed in a larger saucepan containing boiling water and add one-half cupful of powdered sugar and three tablespoonfuls of milk. When well blended add the yolk of one egg slightly beaten and one-half cupful of powdered sugar. Cook in a double boiler until mixture thickens. Cool, flavor with one-half teaspoonful of vanilla and spread.

WHEN BABY IS PERFECT.

If Snookums Meets These Requirements He Is a Prize Winner.

Standard by which to judge a baby

- 100 pound score
- 100 Score of eyes
- 100 Score of mouth
- 100 Score of feet
- 100 Score of skin
- 100 Score of hair
- 100 Score of teeth
- 100 Score of intelligence
- 100 Score of character
- 100 Score of health
- 100 Score of physique
- 100 Score of culture

A perfect baby must have good looks, good disposition, ready intelligence, good teeth, fairly curly and well nourished. Health is the governing factor. The tests are designed to indicate its condition rather than make any difference in the degree of perfection. Many colored babies are perfect. If your baby answers to the qualifications of looks, health, physique, etc., it is right and as perfect a baby as can be. Health culture.

To Polish Linen. Various soft soaps are used to give linen a polish. A bit of white wax or gum arabic, added to the starch when boiling makes a reliable foundation for a good polish. A handry polish can safely be obtained without the use of a polishing iron. The articles to be polished are ironed, dampened by laying on them a wet cloth, then placed on a board and rubbed quickly with the polishing iron until they shine.

Your Trunk. If you cannot afford a wardrobe trunk, which is the best of course, be sure and select a trunk of skirt length. Mark your trunk with initials so that it may be easily found when road transit is necessary at a railroad station. Always have two keys and a good lock.

The Sleeping Sickness



CARE OF THE FEET.

Many women who spend hours caring for their hands pay little attention to their feet.

Feet are best kept in condition by shoes that fit.

Frequent bathing keeps the feet from being tired and swollen and prevents roughness of the skin.

Water in which a bit of washing soda has been dissolved is restful. Hot salt water is also refreshing. A vigorous rubbing with alcohol will relieve a burning sensation.

Pumice stone, used frequently, keeps the skin smooth.

Never cut the nails too short, as they are more likely to become ingrown.

Cut the toe nails after the hot bath.

Toe nails should be cut straight across.

Cutting down the corners may mean ingrowing nails.

The nails should be filed off, though most people use scissors.

Economical people often make the mistake of cutting them too short because of the saving in stocking mendings.

Some, too, make the mistake of leaving them long and then making a "big job" of it. Keeping them the right length always is the best course.

To Keep Your Veils in Shape.

Many a woman is annoyed by having her veil get out of shape. This difficulty may be obviated by stitching each edge of the veil on the sewing machine, using sewing silk, the same color as the veil. The stitching will not show, but it will keep the veil from stretching and getting out of shape. Do not fold a veil, instead roll it neatly keeping the edges even as you go along or better still have a prepared roll, either a silk roll about two inches in diameter stuffed with cotton batting or a pasteboard roll, such as is used for sending photographs. This may be slightly padded, scented and covered with silk, and the veil or veils rolled on it pinned securely at the ends.

To Remodel a Parasol.

If your silk parasol looks shabby or stained you can freshen it by covering with chiffon. Choose flowered or figured chiffon for a plain colored silk and plain colored chiffon for a flowered or striped silk. Open the parasol and work from the top shirring the chiffon very tightly around it. Finish the edge with a strip of chiffon slipped on two or three thick cords.

Romping With the Young Folks

THE WISE KING.

His Answer When Asked Why We Have Only One Mouth.

Once upon a time there lived a king who was said to be so wise that he could answer every question that was put to him, so people came from far and near to ask his advice when they were in perplexity, trouble or difficulty.

One day there came an old woman tired and travel stained and bowing low before his majesty she said:

"May it please your majesty to answer me a question?"

"Speak on," said the king.

"Can you tell me why," said the old woman, "having two eyes and two ears, I have only one mouth?"

"Yes," said the king, "you have two eyes that you may see everything well, you have two ears that you may hear everything well. But you have only one mouth so that you may not talk too much."

LITTLE IMAGES FROM NUTS.

Queer Dolls Can Be Made In This Way.

Queer little dolls may be made from various nuts. To make a "lady doll" take a piece of white cloth and draw tightly over one end of a pecan nut, sewing the cloth tightly on the under side to prevent the nut from slipping out. Wrap the part of the cloth extending under the nut in a little roll. Sew this together, and for the arms make smaller rolls of cloth in the same way. Then sew the arms to the body. Gather the body a little above the middle. Sew on a white petticoat and make a simple dress. Fold a white neckerchief over the shoulders and paint a face on the nut. A bonnet may be added if desired. Using a similar body, other figures may be made with many different styles of dress.—Youth's Companion.

Picture Card Game.

Wherever you go you see picture postcards in abundance. Some very interesting games can be played with these cards. When you have company pass pencil and paper and a picture postal to each one and ask her or him to write a verse about the place the picture represents. If these cards show buildings or famous sights the game will be more interesting and instructive.

Talks With Boys.

It was once found that out of 150 boys in a public school in New Orleans not one single one of them could play on a pocket billiard. A boy who can't play on a pocket billiard, how can he be a champion? A boy who can't play on a pocket billiard, how can he be a champion? A boy who can't play on a pocket billiard, how can he be a champion?

TRIALS OF TWINS.

Teachers Also Have Trouble With Six Pairs in Single School.

The Woodend Infants' school in London has no fewer than six sets of tiny twins attending the school at the same time.

"It is often impossible to tell who is who," the head mistress said, "and the incidents, while often amusing, sometimes lead to little tragedies."

"One pair of twins—Elizabeth and Sarah Mounsey—were among the performers for a school concert held recently, and each was to sing a little song. But somehow their places were mixed up, and when we pointed to Elizabeth to stand and sing her sister rose and said she was the real Elizabeth, while the wrong Elizabeth burst into tears because she could not sing Elizabeth's song."

"One of our means of identifying the twins is to allot each a seat to be occupied regularly. Quite frequently, however, the children are not in their right places, and then there is trouble."

"The poor mites themselves become confused. Sometimes our cross examinations as to who is who are so futile that we have to summon their mothers to identify them."

As the London Mirror man was talking to one of the assistant teachers in the playground a blue-eyed girl shyly snatched up:

"It will soon be time to go into school again, Doris," remarked the teacher to the girl, adding as she turned to her visitor, "This is one of the twins who are so much alike."

"Doris is a nice girl, aren't you, dear?" she went on.

But at this moment another Doris was timidly peeping around a corner. It was the twin sister and the real Doris.

"There," commented the teacher, "I was certain I was speaking to Doris, and now it turns out to be Annie."

Annie and Doris are so like each other that even Mrs. Denby, their mother, finds it difficult to distinguish between them.

The twins all seem to have a curious, instinctive feeling for each other. They are devoted to each other, and when one of the twins, Albert Firth, happened to be crying his twin brother Edward also immediately burst into tears. It was the sympathy of twinship.

Revenge.

"I understand her husband is a base ball umpire. Yes, and it's great for her people." "I suppose they get passes to all the games?" "No, it isn't that. But every time they haven't any thing else to do one of her relatives says, 'Let's go out to the ball park this afternoon and meet Kitty's husband.'" Detroit Free Press.

The Week's Illustrated Story

-- Cousin Grace -- And Her Prince

By MARGARET ADAMS

"UNCLE JOHN?"

No answer.

"Uncle John?"

"You, huh." He did not put down his paper, but you knew he was listening.

"Do you s'pose any 'spring beauties' have blossomed yet Uncle John?"

Slowly he lifted his eyes and turned his head to the window. You waited expectantly, your hand on Guy's great black head.

"Too early," and Uncle John disappeared again behind the folds of his paper. At no time was Uncle John's conversation likely to be adorned with any unnecessary words.

You sighed and stood looking out of the window, a wistful, disappointed little girl, looking while the huge Newfoundland dog beside you pushed his cold nose against your hand.

You could stand it no longer. With a happy little cry you ran out of doors. On you went, the spring echoes in your ears, the spring sunshine in your eyes, to find your way suddenly blocked by a figure in front. Wonderingly you took your eyes from the glory of a newly leaved maple to see why the figure was so obstinately stood in one place. A familiar face laughed down at you.

"Oh, Cousin Grace?" you cried.

Cousin Grace did not stay with Uncle John and Aunt Martha as you did. She lived with her father and mother in a house quite at the other end of the town. Not was she a little girl like you, but a beautiful young lady, with bright sunshiny hair and wonderful blue eyes, and when she smiled the sleeping beauty, you thought, and Cinderella and the beautiful princess in the tower must all have looked like Cousin Grace.

"Where are you going?" she asked, and you joyfully explained. If she would come with you she too might pick spring beauties, you suggested, and she laughingly shook her head over the flowers.

"This is fine," you cried, racing Guy to an older bush, then scampering back again. A memory of past frolics enveloped you. If only Mr. Ned were here, you missed regretfully.

Cousin Grace said nothing, but her pretty smile faded suddenly from her lips. You regarded her in astonishment. Could it be possible that she did not want him too? Why she and you and Mr. Ned had always had the greatest fun. Silently reproachful, you raised your eyes to her face, and two

tears rolled slowly down your cheeks.

"I wish you wouldn't look at me like that," she said almost sharply.

"But it is your fault, Aunt Martha said so. She said she guessed you were sorry enough, now Mr. Ned had gone to New York; that you firted so—so so (you drew a long breath)—so outrageously," you finished, with conscious pride.

"Nonsense!" said Cousin Grace, and you saw that her eyes were very bright



"Hello, little dame! How do, Guy, old boy!" he called gayly.

and her cheeks seemed uncommonly pink. "Nonsense! Aunt Martha!"—She never finished, for with a short bark Guy made for the little stream, his tail waving frantically as he disappeared behind the rows of alders skirting the bank. One look, and with a glad cry you followed him.

On a rock in the middle of the stream, tall, broad shouldered, his clothing wet, his heavy boots streaked with mud, stood Mr. Ned, his pipe in his mouth, peacefully fishing.

"Hello, little dame! How do, Guy, old boy!" he called gayly, and then he dropped his line and hauling net abruptly and, cup in hand, leaped quickly across the stepping stones and held out his hand to Cousin Grace. He had run up from New York for a couple of days' trout fishing, he said.

Suddenly Cousin Grace looked straight up into Mr. Ned's eyes.

"I hear you are very happy in New York."

"Yes," said Mr. Ned. "Cherchez la femme!" she questioned.

"I see you have found me out," said Mr. Ned.

"Then there is somebody?"

"Yes."

"And you really are to be married?"

"In the fall," replied Mr. Ned.

"Ned," Cousin Grace put out her hand wistfully, her lips trembling—"I hope you will be happy."

"Thank you, I expect to," said Mr. Ned. "We shall have a cottage in a pretty suburban town, nothing very elaborate, just a comfortable, homey little place with porches and a little ground. And we shall not be extravagant in the furnishing, just our books and pictures, a couple of good rugs and a few pieces of old mahogany."

"It is late," Cousin Grace spoke coldly, "and if we are to find 'spring beauties' we must go on." She rose as she spoke and gave him her hand.

So you went on, although the brightness of the spring day had departed—went on and left Mr. Ned throwing out his line and whistling cheerfully.

And then you came to the little path that had unfolded itself before your mind's eye, a path that pushed through the alders and willows and stretched over tiny threads of water that wandered away from the little stream.

It was there that you found them, clusters of "spring beauties," raising their delicate flower faces from the muddy ground. You dropped on your knees beside them. You hid your face softly against them, going from cluster to cluster in an ecstasy of delight. Not until you had plucked a handful of the frail stalks did you remember Cousin Grace.

"I've found them! I've found them!" you shouted. Still kneeling, you turned and looked back along the path, then you rose slowly to your feet.

In the middle of the path stood Cousin Grace and Mr. Ned. She had been crying, for her eyes were still wet, but she looked beautiful now and was smiling as Mr. Ned held her hands and looked down at her.

"You would not listen to me. I had to resort to desperate measures," he said, "and anyhow I wasn't so far out of the way, for I am going to be married in the fall, am I not, sweetheart. You know there has never been—can never be—any one but you," he added as his arms closed about her.

Your eyes grew big with wonder and delight. You did not understand how it had happened. You did not care. It was like a lovely fairy tale. Cousin Grace was the beautiful princess, and the prince had but claimed his own. Wide-eyed and happy, you confronted them, while the late—spring—beauties

German Boys In Uniform



Photo by American Press Association.

When the German emperor and the king of England were reviewing the troops after the marriage of Princess Louise, the kaiser's only daughter, patriotic German youngsters appeared on the streets in fancy uniforms. The two chaps in the picture are wearing "correct dress" for the occasion.

ABBREVIATIONS OF STATES.

- What state is a furber? Pa.
- What state is a young girl? Miss.
- What state was used in the Hood? Ark.
- What state is the most egotistical? Me.
- What state does a tramp shout? Wyo.
- What state is useful in laying lines? Mo.
- What state is most Asiatic? Ark.
- What state is best? Ill.
- What state is the most useful in laying lines? Mo.
- What state is a church service? Mass.
- What state is a number? Tenn.
- What state is a doctor of medicine? Md.
- What state is best for students? Conn.

A Boy's Essay on the Horse. The horse does not belong to the cat world because its paws are hoofs. It belongs with its gifts when it is young and when the end just like other young animals it is a horse.