

# HEALTHY FANCIES THINGS OF INTEREST TO WOMEN IN

## Planning for the Vacation

ALREADY the average housekeeper is looking forward to her summer vacation. And, if she be a wise woman, she is planning for it. The taking of a vacation by the average family is an event of no small importance and of assuredly large expense.

New clothes have to be purchased—clothes of all sorts from hats to shoes. Traveling bags or a new trunk, perhaps, and a thousand and one other little unexpected expenses have to be reckoned with. Unless there is an abundance of money with which to meet all these demands the family purse is apt to be surprisingly depleted before such necessary items as railroad fare, table board, etc., have been reckoned with. There is but one way to avoid this unpleasant situation, and that is to fill the family purse beforehand to the best of one's ability.

Now is the time to begin to save up for a vacation. There are comparatively few families who do not have to worry about the wherewithal for their summer vacation. The average woman does, however, and her only resource is to begin to save a penny here and a penny there for several months before she takes her summer trip.

It seems rather a discouraging proposition to attempt to cut even one dollar a week of the household expenses and lay it aside for the vacation. But it can be done, and even a total of only ten dollars is often a perfect good mine to fall back upon at the last minute when one discovers that one simply has to have another summer dress and another pair of shoes.

There is no better way of saving than to purchase one of the many little coin banks—that cannot be unlocked until they are full or opened without breaking—and conscientiously depositing therein all coins under a ten-cent piece from one's pocket-book each day. This means privation and self-sacrifice that become absolutely annoying and sometimes embarrassing after the enthusiasm of the first week has worn off. But it pays in the end.

"I tried the scheme of depositing all my spare change in a little 'penny bank' last year," said a woman who has to count every one of her pennies every single day to make both ends meet. "My husband and I had made up our minds we would have a vacation that was a real vacation, but we doubted our ability to save the necessary cost. I finally hit upon the bank scheme, and I had my little bank on one end of the bureau and he kept his on the other.

"Both of us agreed to deposit something each day. I was to place all the coins under and including a ten-cent piece from my purse in my bank. My husband agreed to do the same, but added the proviso that he should deposit each day at least 25 cents. The first week both of us were very enthusiastic concerning our bank scheme, and we dropped numerous coins into the banks. But as time wore on and ice-cream soda and other hot-weather at-

## HEALTH for the WOMAN in the HOME GARDEN

WHATEVER the economic value of the home vegetable garden may be for the woman, one return is sure—that there is health in it. Pure air, exercise and a general building up of one's health can be found, unfortunately, under every trowelful of earth turned. Armed with a sun-bonnet to protect the face from the searing rays of a summer sun and a pair of stout leather gloves for the hands, the woman who will go out in the back yard and dig and plant and weed each day will enjoy a return in health that will amply pay for all trouble. She brings the Simple Life to her own kitchen doorstep—in tabloid form, of course.

There is no reason why all the home gardening should be done by the men folk, though they, of course, must do all the heavy work, such as the first spading of the earth, the pulverizing of the soil, the laying out of the beds and all the preparatory work. Woman can do the rest—if she has the mind to. The further she goes into the work, if she be a normal woman who loves green things and the cool, moist smell of earth

fresh turned, the more charmed she will become with the fascinating mystery of planting things all by one's self and watching them grow day by day. Her half hour in the garden each morning will become a recreation that she looks forward to with pleasure. And, if she be the mother of children, she will find infinite joy in sharing with them her work, in watching with them the growth, as an old hymn has it, of "first the blade, then the ear, then the full corn in the ear." It means health for her and health for her children—healthful out-of-doors exercise in the most delightful of all studies—Nature.

A few suggestions as to the practical method of beginning this labor of health may be serviceable. In the first place, do not attempt to grow any but the most commonplace vegetables. Lettuce, radishes, beets, parsley and spring onions are vegetables that the average woman should be able to grow in her kitchen garden with almost positive assurance of reaping a harvest from her labors. And later in the season peas, beans and sweet corn may be attempted.



Her half hour in the garden each morning will become a recreation.

A single bed, with the earth prepared beforehand, of course, should serve the lettuce, onions and radishes. Lettuce seed should be sown broadcast and raked into the soil, covering the seed not more than a quarter of an inch. As the green shoots appear, thin out, and in time all will have been weeded out or used for the table except the plants left as head-lettuce, which should be allowed to come to full maturity. Onions may be grown direct from the seed. The soil must be sown pulverized. Sow the onion seed in drills from a foot to 18 inches apart; sow thickly and cover with about a half-inch of earth. When the onions appear above the earth thin out and transplant, or throw away the less hardy plants. Not a single weed must be left in the bed. Work the top soil each day with a trowel and keep in a loose condition. Radishes may either be planted in drills or sown broadcast, as with lettuce. They, too, must be thinned out. Beets, peas, beans, etc., may be planted and directions for so doing are always obtainable with packages of seed.

The ambitious woman may even attempt the growing of tomatoes. They may be grown from the seed, or the young plants may be purchased from dealers and transplanted in the kitchen garden. The latter is by far the simpler plan for the beginner. When the plants have been set out in rows in the garden, and now is just the proper time for this work, water them daily and keep the ground around them well-worked. Watch for the bugs and take care that the vines are not broken.

Just a few brief hints like the above and the woman gardener will soon find that she is eagerly looking for further information as to the running of her garden. There is always work to do, and the results obtained are straightway visible, so that it does not seem a love's labor lost. Indeed, the further one goes into it the more fascinating it becomes, and a woman who has once had a garden and delved and dugged and worked it, cannot let the spring and the early summer pass without donning her sun-bonnet and her gloves and taking her morning exercise in this most delightful of pastimes.

## The Season's New Parasols

HERE are a few pointers on the season's parasols that may help you in making your selection:

They come in all sizes and are both gorgeous and novel. The handles are surprisingly unique. They are made of very costly woods, combined with colored pieces of quartz, and many are set with precious stones. Some of the newest handles are easily a yard and a half long from top to ferrule and extremely slender. Most of them can be disjoined about half-way down, so that they may be packed with convenience.

They come in many different styles. One handle seen recently was made of pale yellow quartz and the top of it was decorated with two doves' heads in black quartz; each end had a small collar of rubies, and they were tied together with a thin gold chain. In the same material can be seen casts with sparkling eyes of yellow diamonds or with small emeralds. Another popular handle is that of a monogram enameled in three colors. Flowers also appear as the design for this style. Many of these enameled-top handles contain little boxes in which they powder puffs, mirrors, etc., may be carried.

In the less expensive styles may be seen the long wood handles, stained either a green or a brown, with a large flower at the top or carvings of birds, dogs or grotesque figures.

Velvet will be much used as the covering for parasols this year. A pink mauve velvet parasol is lined with pale pink chiffon embroidered in silk dots, and the same general scheme is carried out in regard to other colors desired. Many of the newest designs are of velvet and silk with floral designs and tapestry colorings.

The popularity of the lace parasol is by no means waning, and this fashion will show more extravagant and priceless designs than before. Generally, several kinds of lace are used, and are lined with soft and harmonizing colors.

## For the Baby

WHEN the baby has to take a dose of castor or cod liver oil, a method far better than holding his nose is to place a few drops of lemon vinegar on the spoon before pouring in the oil. The objectionable flavor of the oil is destroyed in this way and its sticking to the spoon prevented. Another good suggestion is to place a small piece of ice on the baby's tongue before giving him the oil, as the cold blunts his sense of taste for the moment.

To remove a splinter from a child's hand fill a large mouthed bottle full of hot water and hold the injured finger in the steam arising from the water. The steam draws the flesh, and, aided by gentle pressure, the splinter will come out in a short while.

To break the baby of the habit of putting buttons and other miscellaneous articles in its mouth, coat several of the articles he seems to be the most fond of with quinine. He will soon learn to avoid them because of their nasty taste.

## Mr. Justwed Goes to the Ball Game

MR. JUSTWED walked to the window and looked out. She raised the window to see further up the street. But Mr. Justwed was not in sight.

Then she turned and looked at the clock—for the sixteenth time in the last ten minutes. Even a careless observer would have concluded, from the nervous tapping, tapping of her dainty little feet, up and down, up and down, upon the floor, that the lady was agitated.

Ten more restless minutes went by. And for each minute of the ten Mrs. Justwed became ten times more nervous, ten times more agitated, ten times more irritable. A steely glitter came into her eyes, and over her face spread that melancholy, pathetically humorous expression of martyrlike resignation that no woman on earth falls to assume when the head of the house is late for dinner.

She looked at the clock again. Twenty minutes past six!

Oh! Perhaps something had happened to Homer-dear! Some horrible accident! Perhaps, even now, he was lying in the emergency ward of — But no! Such thoughts were absurd! She would be sensible!

The door from the kitchen opened and the diminutive maid of all work entered.

"Dem 'ere esparagus is 't'imals' up in the pan, Mr. Jus'wed," she complained, solemnly, "caint I put on dinner?"

Mrs. J. paused to reflect.

To be sure! Why should she wait dinner and spoil it just because Homer-dear was inconsiderate enough to be late!

"You may serve dinner, Saphira," she replied, with dignity.

Mrs. Justwed had just seated herself and begun on a lamb chop when the front door of the apartment was flung open and Mr. J. entered.

He was excited and all out of breath. His collar was wilted and his hair awry. "We won!" he cried, gasping for breath. "What!" exclaimed Mrs. J., "we—we—won what?"

"The game! The game!" Mr. Justwed exclaimed. "Beat 'em 8-1 in the tenth inning! Good old Jim Henrybatter lived out a beaut avay over the left-field fence. They're looking for the ball yet!"

Mrs. Justwed rose from her chair, anxiously. Could the heat have affected Homer?

"Why, Homer," she faltered, "what—what is the matter? What are you talking about? I don't—"

Mr. Justwed stopped, amazed. He regarded Mrs. J. a moment or two as one who can scarcely believe his ears. There was horror, absolute horror, depicted on his face. He struggled to gain his self-possession and finally blurted out: "You—you don't—don't understand! Do you mean to tell me that—that you don't know what a baseball game is! I can scarcely believe such a thing is possible!"

Mrs. Justwed paused a moment, motionlessly.

"Ah-ha!" she cried, "so that is it! You've been to the baseball game, have you? You've kept dinner waiting and me waiting for you for a whole half-hour just to watch a few lunatics knock a baseball around like a crowd of school-boys! And you a married man with a wife waiting for you at home!"

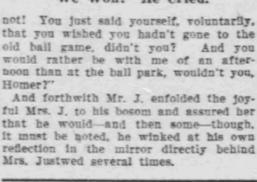
"Why—why, Blossom," gasped the astonished Mr. J., "I can't imagine what's come over you!"

"I don't suppose you can," Mrs. Justwed snapped back. "I couldn't expect you to! The idea of your wasting an entire afternoon at a baseball game! You, a man with a responsible position in a bank and enjoying the trust and confidence of your employers, you, I say, so far forgetting your dignity as to attend a low, professional game of baseball! I am surprised, Homer! I am heart-broken!"

Mrs. Justwed was simply and utterly fabergasted!

For once in his life he was unable to collect even a single thought—much less reply to his betterhalf's tirade. Speechless, astounded, panic-stricken, he stood, helpless, and gasped for breath.

"Aside from that," Mrs. J. continued, following up her advantage, "I should think you would consider how I feel waiting dinner for you! For the last hour I've been sitting here at the table waiting for you. The chops are cold and the coffee's boiled away. And I worked



"We Won!" He Cried.

"That's just it, Homer," sobbed Mr. J., "that's—just—just it! You d-d-don't care one bit!"

"Oh, hang it all!" exclaimed Mr. J., "I wish I'd never gone to the old ball game!"

Mrs. Justwed sat up as one electrified. She smiled suddenly through her tears, and the smile thereof was beatific. She was radiant.

"Oh, Homer," she cried, in tones of unmistakable joy, "Homer, dear! Then you are sorry you went to the ball game! You don't like to keep me waiting!"

Homer-dear was about to answer, but Mrs. J. went right on, ecstatically, without giving him time to formulate a reply: "I am so glad, oh, so glad, Homer! What do I care about dinner being late, or your coming home late! Nothing at

## All Around the House

Wash your hands, add a little sugar to the soap and the full lather resulting will obliterate dirt in a jiffy.

Turpentine applied to ivory handles that have turned yellow will restore their color.

Small pieces of felt, the exact size of the tips of the legs of the chairs, fastened on with strong glue, will prevent scratching of hardwood floors.

Wooden pails, when not in use, will not shrink if they are painted with glycerine. If your husband comes home late for dinner and you wish to keep his meat hot for him, place the pail, on which is the meat, over a pan of boiling water at the back of the range; cover the whole with a cloth. The meat will not dry, and will retain its heat.

Cold water and soap will make your kitchen floor white; hot water will turn the boards a yellow color.

In the general spring cleaning the mattress should not be overlooked. To clean it, take a paint brush and paint the soiled parts of the mattress with a thin mixture of starch prepared as for cold starching; after it is thoroughly dry brush it off, and repeat the operation if necessary.

## To Wash Fine Handkerchiefs

HANDKERCHIEFS of very fine lace or linen should not be entrusted to your laundress unless you are confident she knows her business thoroughly. In washing them great pains should be taken. In the first place, do not use your handkerchiefs so long that they become unduly soiled. When a half-dozen or so are in need of washing, put them to soak in an earthen bowl of cool water and suds from a fine quality washing soap. After a half-hour rinse them in more cold water several times, then in hot water into which a spoonful of borax has been dropped.

Care must be used in rubbing them,

## A Penny at a Time

We opened our banks and were surprised to find that we had a combined total of \$34.83. That was sufficient to pay our rent for an entire week, and the money we had intended using for that purpose was just so much ahead for extra luxuries and little excursions.

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# A CORNER FOR MEN

## If Wishes Were Horses

WISH I had a thousand dollars," and the bantering answer from a fellow-employee, "Why don't you wish for a million while you are about it?" is a conversation, in tabloid form, that has occurred between thousands of employees in thousands of business houses all over the country many times a year. But it rarely gets beyond this wishing stage. It is easy to wish. It is pleasant. Then it is unpleasant—because the wishes are so impossible. Almost as much so as the old adage, "If wishes were horses beggars would ride."

There are a few interesting thoughts in that old adage that are perhaps impressively applicable to the average employee, who is able to just about make both ends meet on his salary. "If wishes were horses—" That part of it is all very easy. The average employee finds no difficulty in wishing for the things he hasn't.

It may not be horses he wants—it is most likely nothing more than an increase of ten dollars a month in his salary. But he wishes for it as earnestly as the figurative beggar in the adage, wishes for his horseback ride. In most cases that is all that it amounts to—simply a wish to make the effort to obtain even a saddle and bridle to put on his wish-horse!

For the man content with wishing only, wishes are but wasteful expenditure of brain power. For the man who wishes, and wishes hard, and then does his level best to materialize his wishes—they are incentives to a tedious, but in the end, successful search for the saddle and bridle for that wish-horse.

If they work hard and obtain the bridle, they argue, what good would it be to them without the saddle! And if, by some chance, they also obtain the

saddle, what could they do with them without a horse? A beggar walking along the road with a saddle and bridle, and no horse, would be a sorry sight, indeed. And so they make no effort to materialize even a portion of their wish. If they can't have it all, they don't want any of it.

To put it in more practical language, the young man who wishes he had a thousand dollars can't see much use in working hard to save fifty dollars of that amount, since it is only one-twentieth of what he wants.

The man who has a position paying him but a living wage wishes and sighs for a better position with an increased salary. But he isn't content, in most cases, to go after the bridle first.

A fellow who works all day to come home and spend the evening in more work—especially if it be study—without any definite assurance of a material return for his labor in the near future. It is quite evident he is providing at least the bridle for that wish-horse of his—but he can't see how in the world he is ever going to get the saddle and the horse for it.

Somewhere he feels that when the day's work is over he is entitled to rest and leisure—and he is, too, for a portion of the week. But during those hours of leisure, it should be noted, he isn't resting from wishing for the things he hasn't. There is but one way to obtain anything you want in this world and that is to go after it step by step.

Take the young law student, for example. Many a young man is working hard during the day and studying law still harder at night. He has a long course

practice before he has the saddle. And another five years before he has his wish-horse ready to mount and ride away on. But he persevered. And in the end he gains his wish.

If you have a wish-horse, young man, go after it, but be content to obtain the bridle first and do not let discouragement or procrastination prevent you from seeing the bridle and the horse materialized in the future—even though that future be far distant.

Whenever I want to get rid of a friend," remarked Mr. A. Good Fellow as an acquaintance stopped and greeted him profusely, "I lead him money. Whenever it wants to make an enemy I make a good-sized touch off of one of my friends. It works every time. Ho, as you may have found out from your own experience. We've seen jokes about the gentle touch and the man who returns a borrowed five-spot one day and then borrows a tenner the next in the comic pages since Adam was knee-high to a grasshopper. Come to think about it I'll bet you the drinks that Adam managed to borrow something or other from Eve or the serpent.

"Every man has more or less of the touch germ in his system. If the inoculation isn't a bad one, it is apt to affect only his mind, and he is content with imagining large and juicy touches from his friends; in case of absolute necessity, such a chap can manage to summon up enough nerve to touch you for a small amount. If the germ is a vigorous, active one, as restless as a gold fish in a milk bottle, it generally concentrates its attack on the end of a man's fingers and makes him an adept at the art of the gentle touch.

"There's a certain philosophy about this touch habit that is as unchangeable as the laws of the Medes and the Persians—whatever they were. You want money. You're up against it. You need the money. All right. You pick out one of your friends whom you know to be subject to periods of financial depression—and you greet him in a hale fellow-well-met fashion. He comes across with the same line of hot air.

"Then you warm up and describe vividly the pain and despair it caused you last evening to demonstrate that three queens are not as good as three kings. You tell how you bet your very shirt on the pastebored and rub it in that you were 'dead game' through it all. You make him admire your gameness and when he finally passes over the five and you make him feel that he really ought to be proud to lend money to a chap who'll bet his shirt on three queens. Ah! it is so, ho! You suggest paying him back

## Mr. A. Good Fellow on the Gentle Touch

next Monday, but he waves your offer aside and suggests loftily that any old time will do.

"And you? Why, you take him at his word and pay him back—any old time! Unless, of course, you contemplate a larger touch a day or so later, after repaying the first one. And then—"

"How's that? You're in a hurry—got to beat it? Well, well, old man, I'm sorry. But I won't detain you. So long! I guess I didn't pass out the double-cross and the kibosh and the crated lemon to his little touch, all right, all right! Knew he had planned to brame me for a five by the glad hand he put forth when he ran into me. Fine and dandy. Good, you old scout, go in and treat yourself!"

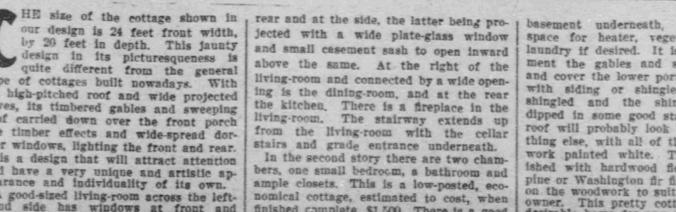
A Peculiar Flower

ONE of the most peculiar flowers known to the world grows on the edges of a volcano in Central America. The Indians, believing that the crater of the volcano is the entrance to hell, have called the flower "the rose of hell." It is a large blossom of solid wood and resembles a garled knot of a tree. It has, however, petals of bark and of wood, and its outline, in the rough, resembles those of a flower.

The petals are not only concrete in form, like the petals of a half-blown rose, but they also have delicate lines traced on the inside like the veins in a leaf. This strange wooden flower has a light, strong stem about a foot long. The flower is dark-brown in color; the blossom is about 12 inches in diameter and the whole grows on a tree of very large size. These trees are found in the crevices of the volcano.

## A Pretty Swiss Cottage, Costing \$1,500

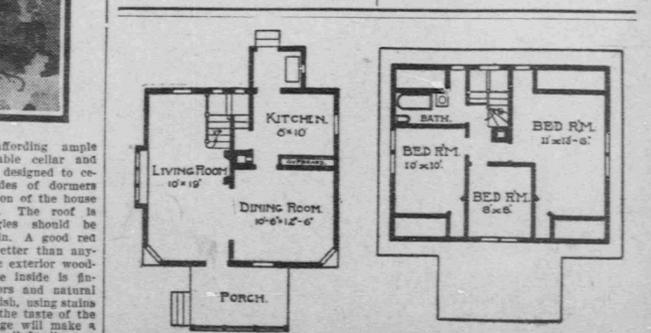
DESIGNED BY CHAS. S. SEDGWICK, ARCHITECT.



THE size of the cottage shown in our design is 24 feet front width, by 20 feet in depth. This jaunty design in its picturesque quality is quite different from the general type of cottages built nowadays. With its high-pitched roof and wide projected eaves, its timbered gables and sweeping roof carried down over the front porch the timber effects and wide-spread dormer windows, lighting the front and rear. It is a design that will attract attention and have very unique and artistic appearance and individuality of its own.

A good-sized living-room across the left-hand side has windows at front and rear and at the side, the latter being projected with a wide plate-glass window and small casement sash to open inward above the same. At the right of the living-room and connected by a wide opening is the dining-room, and at the rear the kitchen. There is a fireplace in the living-room. The stairway extends up from the living-room with the cellar stairs and grade entrance underneath.

In the second story there are two chambers, one small bedroom, a bathroom and ample closets. This is a low-posted, economical cottage, estimated to cost, when finished complete, \$1,500. There is a good



## Jewelry for Men

THOUGH the impression that the average man does not care much about wearing jewelry seems to be a prevalent one, the display of jewelry for men in the shops seems to discount this opinion. Many hundreds of articles can be seen designed for men. Of all sorts and kinds, they are intended for the toilet, for the smoker, the golfer, the horseman, the sportsman and the stay-at-home.

The assortment of scarf pins for this season is varied indeed. The beautiful and expensive pearl pin is still in favor, and even more expensive than those shown in past seasons. The pear-shaped ones, of a soft creamy color, with just a tinge of pink, are decidedly in vogue. For the horseman, pins of diamond horses, with the design most strikingly made, are shown, as are also whips and spurs. Golf clubs, miniature yachts, cars and boats, and any number of articles which man

uses in his every-day life have been patterned in the season's scarf pin.

Most of the new cuff links are set with jewels of some sort, the opal and the diamond being most popular. Fancy buttons for the waistcoat seem to be the fad. They are fashioned of enamel, of precious stones unpolished, of various designs in gold and are gorgeous in color. Of course, novelties for the smoker in the shape of white jewels can be found outlining the initial on the most expensive ones.

Leather goods may be seen in profusion. Cigarette, cigar and card cases are of dark leather with initial letters or designs in gold. The men who wear rings this season will find them unusually heavy, with their stones so deeply set that their color and quality are almost hidden by the mass of gold around them.