

EVENTS OF INTEREST IN SOCIAL CIRCLES

WOMAN AND THE HOME

Let the Woman's Page Bespeak the Woman... Let It Be a Help to Those Who Desire Help; a Comforter to Those Who Need Comforting, and Above all Let It Be a Friend to Every Woman

DOMESTIC HELPS AND AIDS TO HOUSEWIVES



On the other hand while we were dining with the young lady across the way the other evening she asked us what we thought of her scalloped poplin and we said it was every bit as good as oysters.

PRACTICAL PREACHING.

The religious press of the country, and the secular newspapers, too, are full of discussion for and against the methods of Rev. Billy Sunday. Ministers are flocking to Philadelphia by the hundreds to study his methods. Not many of them will care to adopt the more eccentric features of the Sunday ministry. But there are phases of the Sunday methods that every clergyman will find worthy of study.

full of specific cases of people who have found rest and peace and help through various experiences. They try to communicate this help to the members of their congregation. Their sermons may not be very scholarly. But they inspire their hearers to renewed courage and strength to fight life's battle.

Probably right here is one of several reasons for Billy Sunday's marvelous success. He deals with practical life, with problems that meet the average man and woman. The average preacher without imitating Billy Sunday's slang, can give his sermons the quality of human interest that the Sunday sermons always have.

February output of the Rand gold mines totaled 576,900 fine ounces.

Advertisement for DUCHESS coffee, featuring a picture of a woman and the text 'A cup of rich coffee DUCHESS The coffee that will suit you Van Dyck 1135 MAIN ST. COR. ELM ST. PHONE 1367-6'

Easy & Practical Home Dress Making Lessons

Prepared Especially For This Newspaper by Pictorial Review

Advertisement for 'TAILORED SUIT OF YOUTHFUL DESIGN' with a picture of a woman in a suit and detailed instructions for making the garment.

TODAY'S POEM

THE DARDANELLES. (To Messrs. Kipling, Noyes and Others.)

Come forth, ye lusty sinkers, And sing to beat the band! Here by the gods, to stir the clouds Is matter to your hand! Sink of the great armada, And Moslem otchakle That sank, shell-beat, when Carden's fleet Broke thru the Dardanelles!

The spacious Queen Elizabeth, With all her puissant train, Vengeance and Agamemnon, Triumph and Charlemagne— High heaven wrote a singer Who sang in epic style With this 'inspire I'd hit the lyre And spill a song worth while.

Where will ye find a battle Like this in ancient lore? On such a fight the morning light Has never streamed before. Step forth, ye swaggering poets Who do the big bow-wow; Cut loose and sing the biggest thing In the brave days of Now!

—Chicago Tribune.

CORNER FOR COOKS

MINTED JELLY. Turn glass of current jelly out on to dish in which it is to be served. Sprinkle over the jelly small bits of mint and the finest possible shavings of orange peel. Looks pretty and gives a delicious flavor.

OYSTER SALAD. A novel salad is made as follows: One quart of very small oysters, one pint of celery, two tablespoons of French salad dressing, one cup of mayonnaise.

CRISP CRACKERS. Crackers or products which have been most carefully wrapped in paraffin paper, solely to preserve their crispness until they reach the consumer, are often left open.

CRULLERS. One pound white sugar, 1 pint sweet milk, 3 eggs, 4 teaspoons baking powder, large size of an egg, flour with nutmeg, flour enough to roll. Use cutter about three inches in diameter.

TO FROST A CAKE. To frost a cake evenly to the very edge and prevent the icing from running down the sides, take a piece of oiled paper and pin it closely around the cake, letting it come up half an inch above the cake.

HOME HEALTH CLUB

Mental Treatment.—In a lecture recently delivered by an earnest and successful Christian Scientist, the mind is able to learn to live with the mind was put to sleep by anaesthetics, the body could be cut, burned, pinched, frozen and no pain was felt.

The lecturer referred to had been a chronic invalid and was cured by right thinking and to which I am a hearty man. He said that when he realized that his body was 80 per cent water, which cannot feel pain and that the rest of it was made up of various minerals, fibers, ash, etc., he realized that unless his spiritual mind gave him a belief of pain and sickness there was no such thing and he was well, hence some of the followers argue that there is no need of exercising care in the diet or of the body in any manner, simply think right, deny pain and sickness, affirm health and so will be.

Now let us use a simple illustration. Mix a little pure apple juice or grape juice with a little sugar and a bit of yeast and put the combination into a bottle and seal it up. Not one of these things can feel pain and there is no mind to be let into a false belief in pain, but I will guarantee there will be something going on all the same and there won't be much left to tell the tale. So also certain food combinations are persistently indulged in, the physical body which maintains its animated existence through food will suffer. Two ounces of castor oil will have the same effect upon a Christian Scientist that it will upon a Methodist or a Catholic and while I wish to encourage any sort of teaching that enables its followers to live the peaceful, contented and prosperous lives that seem to follow in the wake of Christian Science, I want to caution you against the ideas that it or any other condition of the mind can make you proof

Laura Jean Libby's Daily Talks on Heart Topics

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ARE DAUGHTERS WISER IN LOVE MATTERS THAN THEIR MOTHERS?

"In men whom men denounce as ill I live so much of as I can. In men whom men pronounce divine I see so much of sin and blot; I hesitate to draw the line Between the two—where God has not."

The class of girls who are willing to abide by their mother's choice of a lover for them is equally divided. There are energetic mothers of beautiful, bashful daughters, who take their love affairs in hand from start to finish. They decide what young men shall be introduced to them, and draw a sharp line as to those whom they consider undesirable. Such a mother coaches her daughter as to how she shall entertain the young man when he calls. If after repeated visits, he should take it upon himself to come when he bids her farewell at the door.

The timidity of such a girl increases under such tutelage. She is always in terror lest she will not say or do the right thing, she has not the ability to decide in a critical moment upon the right course to pursue. She has not had an opportunity to talk it over with her mother.

There is another class of girls who take quite a different viewpoint as to their heart affairs and what is best for them. They argue that they can discriminate as to what young men should be introduced to them, and as to those whom they should turn down the delicacy of the courtship preceding the marriage proposal; how to act properly, not too cold, nor yet too bold; when to speak when to remain coyly silent; just how to touch the silver cord that will win for herself a husband.

Who shall say which is best for any one mother to do—coach her daughter or depend upon her to rely upon her own judgment? To be sure the mother has experience to guide her. She knows how she won a heart mate. She has heard her husband discourse on the subject from a man's point of view, while he laughed and told of the stories he had swapped with other men. This gives a woman insight into a man's character which she could not otherwise possess.

The experienced mother unerringly divines a man's intentions as to whether he is on marriage intent, or only fooling time away. The inexperienced daughter can simply guess. She learns too late. If she has been entertaining a fickle lover, when he gives her up without ado and ties to a new sweetheart, she is in a bad situation, it would seem that a girl is old enough and sensible enough to have a beau, the reins should be put into her hands for guiding him. It is she who will have to live with him if they are wed. A word of motherly counsel now and then if she is doubtful should be sought, appreciated and accepted. Lovemaking is not always the same, it is a law unto itself. Much depends upon the lover. Most men are honest and true in love making. They uphold innocence and purity in women the rosebloom which Jewels existence. Bachelor in winning hearts are few and far between, mothers find.

against the ill effects of persistent errors of diet and so far as I have been able to learn the leading advocates do not so teach. The mind is the ruler of the body and by its proper exercise in the severe, the violent exercise the avoidance of the violent exercise the maintenance of the body can be kept in a normal healthy condition for the normal length of its life.

Club Notes. I will gladly answer all inquiries for information of health subjects from readers of this publication if same are addressed to Home Health Club, 5039 Cottage Grove Avenue, Chicago, Ill. Send full name and address with 4 cent postage.

Dear Doctor:—I thought I would write you and ask if you could tell me of a remedy for nervous trouble. I have been nervous for years and have not been able to find a cure. If you can advise something that will do me good, I will be thankful for it. W. F. C.

Cases of nervousness are a vast field and without knowing particulars it is impossible for me to give you any intelligent advice. Write me fully regarding yourself and the history of your case. Tell me about your occupation, about your diet and your personal habits, age, height, weight, etc. All of this is absolutely necessary for me to know in order to give you suggestions as to proper treatment. In ordinary cases of nervousness due to overwork, mentally or physically, you would find physical culture of great value, and I would suggest the simple lessons, which are fully described in my book Vol. 1, also my lessons on Dynamic Magnetism to be found in the Vol. 2 of the club books.

Dear Doctor:—I have the Home Health Club book, Vol 2 where you tell how to treat pneumonia. You state that the feet should be kept warm in ordinary cases of pneumonia. I have a small cold compress placed over the heart. A relative of mine took very sick with this disease and I told them about your treatment. However, they consulted a doctor and were advised to dip cotton in hot water and apply to the chest. I felt rather

MISS LIBBEY'S REPLIES TO YOUR LETTERS

Correct name and address must be given to insure attention, not to print. Use ink. Write short letters, on one side of paper only. Address Miss Libbey, 916 President Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

NOT TO OFFEND NOR BE JEALOUS

Dear Miss Libbey: In summer met a young man through a friend. He called me on the phone; made engagement to call. Visited us often three months—every evening. Except Sunday. This seemed funny. I heard he had a regular girl, told him he should not see me any more. I felt that I was taking seconds. He said that he did not go with her regularly; had been brought up to, together, like brother and sister, told him he should not see me any more. I felt that I was taking seconds. He said that he did not go with her regularly; had been brought up to, together, like brother and sister, told him he should not see me any more. I felt that I was taking seconds.

Almost all sweethearts have little tilts which are mended soon. Happy are the true ones when they make up. Try not to offend or be jealous if you wish to go to the altar.

GIRL CHUMS FALL OUT

Dear Miss Libbey: I am your reader, a girl of seventeen, ask your advice. Of three of us girl chums, one was a stenographer as first coming to this town. I made a remark to my chum, another girl repeated it to her. She was very angry. I did not like to have her say I else mad at me. Please advise me what I ought to do.

DON'T HOLD HIS HAT.

Your advice would be appreciated. I am a young girl of eighteen and would like to know if it is proper of improper to hold a gentleman's hat in time of church service, especially if you are sitting in the seat with him.

It is unnecessary to hold his hat, if you look about you, you would see that other young ladies are not doing so. While not necessarily impolite, it is against usual custom, therefore odd and might be commented upon unfavorably if the hat holding was observed.

doubtful when I found that his treatment was just contrary to yours, but decided to keep still for if the man should have died by following my suggestions then both Dr. Reeder and myself would have got the blame; still I was far from satisfied when I saw the hot compresses applied to his chest. Inside of twenty-four hours he was dead. He had been sick for five days only.

Will you please tell me if at any time in a case of pneumonia heat should be applied to the chest, or do you know of a reliable remedy for this malady? It seems as if we were going to have quite a number of cases around here.

Undoubtedly your relative would today be living if he had followed the home method of treatment for pneumonia described in the Club books. You can rest assured that I would neither dare nor want to tell anything in these books that would prove injurious. I have taken special pains in describing the treatments so that there could be no misunderstanding. Pneumonia cannot be overcome by the use of medicine, and to apply warm applications on the chest only made matters worse. Instead of relieving the strong fire or inflammation in the lungs they added to the fire and at last it got so strong that death could not be avoided. All of this is so plainly described in the club books and I have so often mentioned it both in public and private letters that I do not consider it necessary to further discuss the matter. No pneumonia man, true pneumonia as already stated, and there are only a few doctors of today who even try to such means. They may recommend something to keep the heart action normal but that is all. Personally I object to such remedies and besides they are not necessary if the Home Health Club treatment is employed from the beginning. Pneumonia is contagious.

The French government prepared a decree extending from April 1 to June 30 the moratorium in France.

POTS OF TULIPS, HYACINTHS AND DAFFODILS. JOHN RECK & SON



PEG O' MY HEART

By J. Hartley Manners

A Comedy of Youth Founded by Mr. Manners on His Great Play of the Same Title—Illustrations From Photographs of the Play

Copyright, 1915, by Dodd, Mead & Company

(Continued.) "Now, listen," interrupted Mr. Hawkes. "Mebbe it'll only be a few dollars a week, but father always pays his debts—in time. That's all he ever needs—time."

"What's all this nonsense about going away?" "It isn't nonsense. I'm goin' to me father," answered Peg resolutely. Hawkes hunted through his mind for the cause of this upheaval in the Chichester home. He remembered Mrs. Chichester's statement about Alaric's affection for his young cousin. Could the trouble have arisen from that? It gave him a clew to work on. He grasped it.

"Answer me one question truthfully, Miss O'Connell. Is there an affair of the heart?" Peg looked down on the ground mournfully and replied: "Me heart is in New York—with me father."

"Has any one made love to you since you have been here?" Peg looked up at him sadly and shook her head. A moment later a mischievous look came into her eyes, and she said, with a rueful laugh: "Sure one man wanted to kiss me, an' I boxed his ears, an' another—al-most man—asked me to marry him."

"Oh!" ejaculated the lawyer. "Me Cousin Alaric?" "And what did you say?" questioned Hawkes. "I told him I'd rather have Michael."

He looked at her in open bewilderment and repeated: "Michael?" "Me dog," explained Peg, and her eyes danced with merriment. Hawkes laughed heartily and relapsed.

As Hawkes looked at her, radiant in her springlike beauty, her clear, healthy complexion, her dazzling teeth, her red-gold hair, he felt a sudden thrill go through him. His life had been so full, so concentrated on the development of his career, that he had never permitted the feminine note to intrude itself on his life. His effort had been rewarded by an unusually large circle of influential clients who

CHAPTER XXVII. New Revelations. "WHY, how do you do, Sir Gerald?" Alaric and Hawkes went across quickly with outstretched hands.

"Hello, Hawkes," replied Jerry, too preoccupied to return the act of salutation. Instead he nodded in the direction Peg had gone and questioned: "What does she mean—going in in a few minutes?"

"She is returning to America. Our term of guardianship is over. She absolutely refuses to stay here any longer. My duties in regard to her, outside of the annual payment provided by her late uncle, end today," replied the lawyer.

"I think not, Hawkes." "I beg your pardon?" "As the chief executor of the late Mr. Kingsnorth's will I must be satisfied that its conditions are complied with in the spirit as well as to the letter," said Jerry authoritatively.

"Mr. Kingsnorth expressly stipulated that a year was to elapse before any definite conclusion was arrived at. So far only a month has passed."

"But she insists on returning to her father," protested Mr. Hawkes. "Have you told her the conditions of the will?"

"Certainly not. Mr. Kingsnorth distinctly stated she was not to know them."

"Except under exceptional circumstances. I consider the circumstances most exceptional."

"I am afraid I cannot agree with you, Sir Gerald." "That's a pity. But it doesn't alter my intention."

"And may I ask what that intention is?" "To carry out the spirit of Mr. Kingsnorth's bequest."

"And what do you consider the spirit of the will?" "I think we will best carry out Mr. Kingsnorth's last wishes by making known the conditions of his bequest to Miss O'Connell and then let her decide whether she wishes to abide by them or not."

Mrs. Chichester came into the room and went straight to Jerry. At the same time Alaric burst in through the garden and greeted Jerry and Hawkes. "I heard you were here"—began Mrs. Chichester.

Jerry interrupted her anxiously. "Mrs. Chichester, I was entirely to blame for last night's unfortunate business. Don't visit your displeasure on the poor little child. Please don't!"

Jarvis came down the stairs with a pained, not to say mortified, expression on his face. Underneath his left arm he held tightly a shabby little bag and a freshly wrapped parcel. In his right hand, held far away from his body, was the melancholy and picturesque terrier, Michael.

Mrs. Chichester looked at him in horror.

(To Be Continued.)

POTS OF TULIPS, HYACINTHS AND DAFFODILS. JOHN RECK & SON