

The Autobiography of Mrs. Hen Peck

By Dorothy Dix

CHAPTER V.

How I Became the Family Oracle.

HERE is one thing about being the family oracle that a great many people don't know. You elect yourself to the office. This is especially true in the case of women. No man ever thrust that honor on his wife. When she gets it she simply nominates herself for the job, and grabs it while he isn't looking.

Thank heaven I had enough sense to do this, and it didn't take me long to let John know that he thought I was going to be the head of our household. He had another guess coming. In fact, several of them. I also impressed it, gently but firmly, upon his consciousness that in the home no man has any right that his wife is bound to respect.

One of the first things I did, after we were married, was to begin to cut John over by my paper pattern, so to speak, and remodel him according to my taste. This has a most salutary effect upon a man, because it humbles him to find what a poor, imperfect creature he is in his wife's sight.

Some Women Agree
But Not Yours Truly.

Now, most men think pretty well of themselves. As he sees himself, the average man thinks that he is quite a remarkably good looking, intelligent fellow, with certain style about his clothes that other men don't possess; and he is quite chummy about being a bit of a gourmet, and knowing what's what about cooking. He is also of the impression that his wife coincides in this opinion of himself, and that she is ready to sit at his feet and burn incense.

Of course, a great many women do agree with the men in their admiration of themselves, and these women will take a back seat and pull the punk that waits hot air to their lords and masters as long as they live. But not for yours truly. We hadn't been married three days before I gave John a jolt by making him shave off his mustache, which he thought resembled Emperor William's, and of which he was inordinately proud. But I told him that I never could abide a man with a hairscape countenance, and I made so much fun of it that in the end he sacrificed. Then I said that, of course, I didn't

want to criticize his taste in any way, but didn't he think that he wore his collar too high, so that they made his neck look sort of like it was run through a section of white terra cotta piping? And didn't he think that he would look better in a red necktie than in the blues and browns and other dark colors that he always wore?

Wears the Kind of Clothes His Wife Prescribes.

Of course, he said at first that he'd always worn that brand of collar, and his necktie came from the best haberdasher in town, and so on; but I never let the matter rest until I made him wear the kind of collar and the kind of necktie that I preferred.

It's been many years now since he dared to buy himself a necktie or pick out a shirt or a suit of clothes for himself. I select all of his clothes, and it is a great economy, because I always buy so much cheaper things than he would. I select all of his clothes, and it is a great economy, because I always buy so much cheaper things than he would. I select all of his clothes, and it is a great economy, because I always buy so much cheaper things than he would.

was for the digestion, and warned him how it would make him sick, and reminded him of the occasion when he had a headache two days after drinking a glass of champagne, or an indigestion after he had put more butter in his sauce, or an attack of rheumatic gout after he had partaken of some lobster à la Newburg at a restaurant.

In this I was always backed up by dear mamma, who mostly lived with us. That is, I have gotten John so broken that he eats oatmeal and fruit for breakfast, with cereal coffee, instead of the hot bread and beef steak and black coffee that he used to pine for. And he never utters a complaint. He also drops his fork at once without saying another word, when I just look at him and say, "Now, John."

Another thing I never hesitate to do is to correct my husband before people. If he says a thing happened at 4 o'clock, and I know that it happened at 4:15, I say kindly and sweetly, "Pardon me, but you are mistaken. It was at 4:15 that the Joneses telephoned us that they were coming over to play bridge," or whatever it was. I also correct his grammar and his historical allusions, or quotations, when occasion requires. This shows how much cleverer and better informed and more cultivated I am than he is.

I Always Say "My House" To Impress John.

I also make it a habit to say "my house," and "my children," as if they were exclusively mine, and remark that I am determined that "my son" shall have a college education, and that I am going to send "my daughter" to Europe for her finishing; and I make it a rule always to walk a little in advance of John when we go to the theater or to the church, and say to him, "Sit there, in a street car, as if I had my place or him."

By consistently following these tactics I have come to be looked upon by everybody as the head of our family; even by John himself. Why, he would no more think of daring to invite anybody but me to his house, and would be the greatest stranger, and as for interfering in my management with the servants, or the children, or saying what the children should go to school, or whom they should visit, he would just as soon think of butting into a Cabinet meeting and telling Mr. Taft he should do thus and so.

He just follows meekly along where I lead, and I haven't done it but when he thinks about his trousers, in his mind, he calls them "our breeches." (To Be Continued.)

DAILY FASHION TALK

By Frances Carroll



THE girl who has a trunk full of old laces and embroideries may well let her heart pat juba for with but a slight skill in the manipulation of fabrics she may evolve for herself at slight expense robes which the swaragster girl in town might envy.

In Paris and in London lace tunics are appearing. These come separately from the frocks they are expected to adorn, and as they are exceedingly simple in the old time needlework and the old time laces offer effective means for the decoration, in tunic form, of the nets which may be had at any shop. If the chantly shawl of your grandmother is too "tender" for service transfer the larger designs to Brussels tambour and break the surface here and there with insets of the old lace medallions. Retain the old lace medallions. Retain the old lace medallions. Retain the old lace medallions.

The lace tunic pictured affords a suggestion as to pattern. Particular attention is called to the peasant blouse effect accomplished by the draping, and to the girde which is shaped and set on.

Historic Recipe Contest

By Frances Carroll

WITH all wits at work and inquiries coming in thick and fast I have a notion that the historic recipe contest is going to be the means of bringing to light some valuable formulas which have been hidden away for years in all manners of out of the way corners.

Yesterday one of my readers called me up by telephone to tell me of a wonderful collection of recipes she possessed. The assortment varied in contents representing the work of twenty-five years.

Some of the treasures in this collection are over 20 years old and are yet available for the purposes of modern cuisine. With such a treasure house to draw from I imagine it would be an easy matter to forward a contribution well worth considering.

Aunt Winnie's Famous Dixie Pudding.

N. A. FitzGerald, of 309 Twelfth street northwest, sends me the following recipe and story:

1 quart milk scalded.
1 cup grated bread crumbs.
8 eggs (yolks).
1 cup sugar.
1 large tablespoon of butter.
1 teaspoon of salt.
Flavor with nutmeg or almond.

Bake to the consistency of custard, and when nearly cooked spread the beaten whites of eggs over the top and leave in oven until golden brown.

The above recipe has been tried and not found wanting. I have no doubt that it was partaken with much relish by some noted Southern statesmen in the days of long ago, for "Aunt Winnie," the negro cook who is responsible for this delicious pudding, having called it her own "spehulity," was for many years the culinary "treasure" in some of the first families of the South.

Aunt Dinah Uses Right Smart Quantity.

Somewhat along the same line, but none the less interesting is the story and recipe which follows:

In the gloomy days of 1861-65, the housekeepers of the South had been forced to resort to many frugal expedients to supply the table with palatable food, and placed much reliance in the tact and experience of the "colored cook" to give us something nice, though the "larder" was meagerly filled.

On one occasion, when there was "company to dine," "Aunt Dinah" surprised us with a nice toothsome "dessert" which she styled "se-cash puddin'." One of the ladies present showed her great appreciation by asking for the recipe. The hostess not knowing the "formula," rang for the cook.

"Aunt Dinah" came, all smiles and "cutty-eyes" (with her head covered with white kerchief, and neat gingham apron) feeling honored to be called before such worthy assemblage.

Asked if she could give the recipe, she said, "Yes'm-um, yes'm-um, I will 'sars' 'sars' 'sars' in my best whar da is allers ready for use."

"In de fust place, I sifts my flour in de tras, and blow it, and puts it in de pan, and bakes it till it is good brown, and when I takes it up, and pours de brandy sauce ober 't, it is fit for de King."

"Thank you, 'Aunt Dinah,'" said all the ladies, refraining laughter till the old cook had bowed her out.

"Aunt Dinah" evidently knew the quantities she recognized as "right smart" for she rarely made a failure in the culinary art.

The following is the recipe as I learned it from watching her make it:

One cup of sugar.
One cup of molasses (New Orleans).
One-half cup of sweet milk.
One-half cup of butter.
One-half cup of currants, or chopped fruit.
Two eggs, well beaten.
One teaspoonful ground ginger.
One teaspoonful baking powder.
Sufficient flour to make stiff batter.
Add the fruit last, dredged in sugar, and bake slowly.
Serve hot, with wine or brandy sauce.
We call it "Se-cash, or Economy Pudding."

Yours in best wishes,
ELLA W. MARTIN.
318 Indiana avenue northwest.

Everyone Invited To Enter Contest.

The fine showing made by the contributors and prize winners in last week's contest should serve as an inspiration for every reader of the Woman's Page to whom, as I've said before, the lists are open.

In other words, everybody who has a recipe and who has the time to consider too good to keep is asked to send it along, together with a story, incident, or anecdote, which will give the recipe and the worth of the story as a readable piece of literary workmanship constitute the basis upon which the prize will be made.

FRANCES CARROLL.

USING OPPORTUNITIES

By Ella Wheeler Wilcox

HOWEVER limited may be a girl's opportunities in her worldly possessions, yet there are some things she can do to better herself from day to day and from year to year.

She can, first of all, do what she did the moment she began to live; she can breathe properly.

Deep, full breathing every day will be the means of increasing her supply of good, pure, red blood, and this blood will promote health, and produce color in the cheek and light in the eye. Five minutes given to deep breathing morning and night means five times an increase of health and beauty.

Higher mental and spiritual state and her own ability to do more things.

We may have more money and finer apparel and at the same time be retrograde in the things which are very little to do with our gird forward or backward in life, when we come to analyze things.

Improve Your Mind Daily By Reading.

Any girl with an ordinary public school education can do something to improve her mind a little every day. She can read a page of some good book—a book of travel, or a book of history, or a book of poems, or a book of essays—and she can think of what she has read, and by copying in a blank book a few sentences or lines which impress her, she can improve her knowledge of spelling and phrasing, so that she will acquire, after a year of such practice, a better education than many high school graduates possess.

Daily Horoscope

The stars incline, but do not compel.

Wednesday, June 22, 1910.

The planets move to mark strange things to come and dark.

ON THIS 17th day the sun enters Cancer and summer commences to last 33 days and 14 hours. Its entry is simultaneous with full moon.

There is an augury of great disturbances during this summer quarter in air and earth, unusual natural phenomena, rebellious forces and strange happenings.

Political and socialistic disorders are onended for many nations, especially England, Germany, France, and the United States. A great riot is likely to pass, possibly by violence.

British astrologers forecast an insect plague in Europe, and a strange and vaguely indicated occurrence that will destroy houses in the British Isles.

Mars is in progress during this time over Germany that gives the planet the war-like aspect always feared by the ancient astrologers.

In India there is an augury of great religious troubles, complicated with political excitement. Egypt is threatened also.

Superiors and persons in authority will need to use extraordinary patience and justice today, and must oppose any inclination to be tyrannical or overbearing.

Travel is under excellent auspices, but travelers must be careful lest they forget something needful.

The day is likely to be excellent for engaging men and women.

In the household the signs are bright. Persons with this birthdate are under planets that often sway their subjects helplessly between pleasure and duty; do the twelve months they will profit by strict self-control.

Children are born today under stars that suggest that the young ones should be directed toward modesty and perseverance. They will benefit from open-air exercise.

PUZZLE FOLK SPEND SUNDAY IN WOODS

PRIZES OFFERED PUZZLE SOLVERS

Weekly prizes of five, three, and two dollars, respectively, are given to the contestants for the puzzle printed on the Woman's Page of the Sunday evening edition of The Times each week for the three solutions adjudged worthy.

The contest, which closes at 3 p. m. on Friday of each week, is open to every one who care to solve the puzzles.

The awards are based, primarily, on correctness, timeliness, and neatness. Originality in presentation also receives consideration in awarding the prizes.

Evidently a good many of The Times readers spent a busy Sunday in the woods since half a score or more of the solutions submitted in the wild flower contest have Sunday evening dates affixed.

"This one is easy," declares one contributor. "Usually I do not get on well with mystics, but this one is so clearly and concisely stated that I have had no trouble at all in getting flowers that suit my ideas of a real bouquet."

"At the same time I've an idea that your No. 18 is susceptible to more than the question, but at least, I fancy I have heard of more than one plant of 'hot quality,' so I am putting down my collection just for fun. I do not realize that only the first flower on the list will be considered in awarding the prizes."

"Seems to me a good many of the flowers in this week's puzzle are very familiar—have we not had them in recent contests?" is a query attached to another solution.

Trying to remember the special flowers in each contest is rather a difficult process, but a glance over the answers to this week's problem and a good hard think has brought me to the conclusion that some of our old friends have reappeared. However, since Miss Mattingly has dressed them up a bit differently I do not see why they may not reappear in another guise since the trick is to work out the puzzle rather than exhaust the flora of the community.

Since the question has been asked I may say that so far as my memory serves me there is at least one reappearer to my knowledge—how many more I do not know.

FRANCES CARROLL.

QUERIES ANSWERED TIMES' READERS

The National Flowers.

Emma—The national flower of England is the rose; of France, the fleur de lis; of Ireland, the shamrock; of Germany, the cornflower; of Egypt, the lotus; of Canada, the sugar maple; of Italy, the lily; of Prussia, the linden; of Saxony, the mignonette; of Scotland, the thistle; of Spain, the pomegranate; of Wales, the leek.

A Harmless Rouge.

Inquirer—The formula for a harmless rouge follows:

Take a small double boiler, such as is used for making custards, and put in the lower vessel sufficient water to boil for an hour. Place a quart of dry, carefully cleaned strawberries in the upper vessel and let them simmer gently until all of the juice is extracted from the fruit, freed from the pulp, together with one-half pound of pure oil of almonds, one ounce shredded spermaceti. Stir until entirely melted in the boiler, and after it is all very hot and well melted together, stir it for about five minutes.

Remove from the fire, stirring con-

COMFORT FOR THE FEET.

Consult An Oculist.

Comfort for the Feet.

Mrs. E. T.—For feet that are tired from too much walking or standing, nothing is so restful as a tepid bath. After the bath rub with alcohol and finally with talcum powder. A small piece of alum dropped into tepid water gives great relief to tender feet and swabbing with witchhazel also makes for comfort.

Consult An Oculist.

Oculist—Do not tamper with your eyes. Go to a reputable oculist and thus avoid trouble. Never, under any circumstances, use "eye drops" or proprietary preparations intended for the eyes unless these have been prescribed by an eye specialist.

The eye is one of the most delicate and most easily injured organs in the body, and when once injured is most difficult to restore. It is often the case, too, that trouble with one's eyes is merely an indication of more deep-seated constitutional disturbance.

But in any case the only thing to do is to consult a physician.

The Ticklemouse

—and his Sleepyland Adventures

By Roy Rutherford Bailey with Davy and Dorcy

The Bell Boys of the Black Cat

"HOLD on Uncle Tick," exclaimed the Ticklemouse, stopping short as the four were returning from the Tooth-and-Nail wedding. "What's the use of taking them home yet awhile? I've got a scheme!"

"Spring it," replied the Ticklemouse, as if a scheme were a new kind of mousetrap.

"Well, said Willie, 'it's this: While I was waiting for the wedding march tonight a messenger mouse came for the bridegroom's luggage, and I saw where it was addressed."

"Ah, what station?"

"No station at all, uncle. They're going to stay over night at the Brown Mouse and take the North Pole Limited in the morning. Now, wouldn't it be fun to cut 'cross lots and get there first, and shower them with rice or something as a surprise?"

"Good idea! Have to hurry, though."

And off scurried the four to Mieland's finest hotel. The Ticklemouse tore his wedding invitation into tiny bits as they ran. "To use a confetti," he explained. "No time to hunt up any rice." He gave a pawful to each of the twins, and while Willie did the same with his invitation they slipped into the shadowy doorway of the Brown Mouse Hotel, laughing under their breath as the bridal coach drew up at the curb a moment later.

"Let's wait till they register," whispered Willie, "and then dash into the lobby and shower them with confetti!"



whole be chful of dozing bellboys to their feet at once. For the clerk was a big black cat, and the bellboys were all kittens—the hotel had changed hands!

Instantly the room was in an uproar. Like a black streak the clerk flung himself over the desk at the bridegroom, his long teeth flashing hungrily. Hiram threw himself between the great cat and his trembling bride, striking out bravely at the enemy, while the bellboys, one and all, pounced on poor little Sally, and all pounced on poor little Sally, tearing her cheesecloth veil as they struggled to sink their young teeth into her tender flesh. The room seemed suddenly filled with yowling cats and squealing tickle-mice.

The battle commenced so quickly that at first the Ticklemouse was dazed then they jumped singly-pawed into the clawing, sputtering, biting throng.

The Davymouse and the Dorfmouse watched, trembling. They saw Willy's paw go into his pocket and out again with something that looked as though he coughed and sneezed, rubbing their streaming eyes, and Willy hustled his friends out of the hotel while the enemy was still half-blinded.

Cayenne pepper? Where did you get it? asked his uncle with a sneeze, when the Black Cat Hotel—newly christened the day before—was a block or two behind them.

"Slipped it into my pocket to play a trick at the Ticklewedding," grinned Willy, "and they forgot to use it."

You remembered it just in the nick of time. And the Ticklemouse rubbed his shoulder where the night clerk had patted him, and the Ticklemouse would have been turned into a Tickle-mouse, but for you and your handy little box of red pepper!"

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