

The Denison Review

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THE OLD BOOKS.

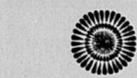
Out yonder, prim upon the shelves,
The ones in better bindings stand
Contented with their lordly selves
And barring the familiar hand;
Slim volumes that are fain to hide
From common touch, behind the glass;
And fat ones, too, whose heavy pride
Bids all the curious to pass.

But here the old bookcase we find,
Where dog-eared volumes, sadly worn,
In coverings of every kind,
Some ragged, broken backed and torn,
Are ranged in thoughtless disarray
With no regard for worth or size—
The grave hobnobbing with the gay,
The foolish brothing the wise.

No great conceit of dress is theirs;
No pride of outer excellence;
But each its common binding wears
And holds its worth in evidence,
For when we take it in our hands,
With that precision born of age
The old time volume understands
And opens to the oft-read page.

The old books are the best of all;
The old books we have read so long—
Their pages lips whence softly fall
The treasured story or the song.
Here, in the old bookcase, they wait,
Not as the ones that ne'er unbend—
But, comfortable and sedate,
Each lounges as a favored friend.
—W. D. N., in Chicago Daily Tribune.

In Confidence.



BY HERBERT A. MORRAE.

WHEN Margaret Ridley and Eustace Conroy were first married, I thought them both the most fortunate beings in the world. He was the young hero of the story books to look at, and she was fairer than a flower. It was a union of mature minds, and there was money on both sides; prospect, therefore, of more bliss and success in life than follows the popping of average champagne corks. Friend Eustace was ambitious. This promised to keep him up to his work at the bar. He had a future before him—uncles in high places, and so forth; in fact, the sun shone upon their joint path, and yet the clouds came.

As a friend of both families I received the confidences of both from time to time.

"You are an old fogey, Cousin Arthur," Margaret would say. "I can tell you anything. In confidence, of course." Strictly between you and me. Qualified or not for the diploma of old fogysm, what man ever seriously objected to receive the confidences of a pretty woman?

As a matter of fact, I rather liked the idea. Whenever she wove the fabric of a hint, I always asked to see the embroidery.

Eustace, on the other hand, was a hundred degrees more nervous. It was seldom, "I want to know this or that," or "I want to tell you such-and-such a matter." He talked of himself in the third person and in the conditional mood.

"If a man were willfully to rake up something in the past, when he could easily let it slip and live as though it had never happened, what would you call him?"

"A fool," said I.
Somehow this failed to give pleasure. "Of course, old man, I was putting a purely hypothetical case. This time your judgment strikes me as a trifle crude. No offence! You know I rate your opinions tremendously high, as a rule."

"Well," I vouched, looking straight at him, "they're honest, at any rate. Face to face with the fool himself, I should give the same answer."

Next day came Margaret. She looked tired, I thought.

"Oh, the slightest bit!" she admitted. "You know what a rush London is. I never did pretend to be robust. One would need to be of strong metal to stand it."

"No doubt, the ladies of the iron age had the best of it."

"Why, you exalt the dead above the living!"

"But I don't like to see you jaded," I remonstrated. "That air doesn't suit you. When I look back at your wedding day—let me see, how long ago was that? Three years this week."

"Fancy your remembering!"

"One always notes the critical times in the lives of one's friends."

"Critical?"

"The end of the third year is a very dangerous stage," Margaret sighed.

"How about those confidences?" I inquired.

"Oh, Cousin Arthur, if I only had some one to lean on!"

"Cousin Arthur, were you never in love?"

"That," said I, gravely, "is quite another story. Perhaps you shall hear it some day. In confidence, you know. Strictly between you and me."

"Oh," she said, flushing, "I was—I am—in love with Eustace! This trouble is not ten days old, but it seems a lifetime."

"The signs?" I inquired.

"I should never dream of prying, Cousin Arthur, but there are—letters."

"Yes?"

"Which he destroys unread."

"Hopeful!"

"Some day I feel sure he will open them."

"Your pessimism shocks me."

"He is different toward me when he has received one."

"Do you tax him with it?"

"It would be degrading."

"Be careful," I said. "There are breakers ahead."

"And it's so easy to break a woman!"

"You shan't be broken," I promised gallantly. "We'll see this through together."

Eustace was my next visitor. He dumped himself down in one of my armchairs. Soon he grew restless and began to pace the room.

"I've seen her again," he said.

"The devil you have!"

"I can't get her out of my head. It amounts to what those literary chaps call an obsession."

He was toying with a delicate piece of my cherished satsuma.

"Put that down," I said, "and settle yourself to a talk. Have a weed and look forward 20 years."

That sobered him.

"I suppose one must admit," he remarked, "that there is a good deal of the beast left in most of us."

"Yet you've a rare wife in Margaret."

"I'm not brute enough to deny it. But that's just the point. She's a thousand times too good for me. I see the fact quite clearly."

"Speak on."

"A turn of the head did it."

"Your head must be easily turned."

"Don't I admit that? Hang it all, weakness is human!"

"So I learned from Dr. Kennedy's 'Principia.'"

"You don't help me out a bit."

"I was thinking of Margaret."

"Look after your bags and things," I murmured, seizing the lady's dressing case. My porter was at hand. I handed it to him while her attention was distracted. "Put that in the cloak room and bring me the ticket," I instructed him. He vanished.

Then I took them both in hand. There was the usual flurry of departure all around us. I invented several new varieties of officiousness which delayed them considerably. I insisted on registering the luggage for them. I got them to study the book-stall while I mismanaged that bit of business, after which, having secured the ticket for the dressing bag from my porter, I felt equal to any emergency. I took Margaret's valise in my hand and faced them.

"There!" I said triumphantly. "I think I have saved you some trouble!"

"Where's my dressing bag?" she asked.

"Isn't this it?" I demanded blankly. She almost shrieked with dismay.

But Eustace was looking at the initials; Margaret's initials.

I took advantage of this bewilderment.

"The contents of my case are priceless," said my lady, her eyes glittering.

"That ass of a porter!" I cried.

"What's to be done?" she asked, looking at the clock.

"Hang on to this bag, Eustace, old chap," I said. "You've just time. A mistake—an exchange—these things often happen. Some one's got it among their baggage in the train, depend on it. Take this along and see if any one claims it. I'll stay here."

I could see by the look in his eyes that his thoughts were straying to Margaret.

He took the bag and went off in the direction of the barrier.

I turned to her.

"It can never be replaced!" she cried, wringing her hands.

"What if I undertake to replace it?"

"Oh, she cried, 'impossible! What shall I do?'"

"The lost property office?" I suggested.

"This place swarms with thieves."

"Shall we wire to Scotland Yard?"

We ran from bureau to bureau. Time was slipping away. I felt happier. She gained the ear of the station master at last and began to harangue him. I said I would go and look for Eustace and return.

I found him.

He had reached the reserved carriage in due course. He had clamored for it to be opened.

It now wanted a minute to the hour. Margaret clung to him and would not let him go.

"Eustace, come with me! Come with me! You cannot have the heart—"

I peeped in, hearing her pleading voice. How could he resist her? I resolved to strengthen her appeal, though it choked me to hear her. As the guard passed I signalled to him to turn the key once more.

In another minute the train steamed out of the station, and I breathed freely. They were ill-equipped for their journey, but luckily, as I reflected, the eloping angel has set up a big establishment in Paris.

I discovered the flaming lady without difficulty.

"Your bag is found!" I told her joyfully. "There has been a little mistake. I have thwarted a deliberate theft."

I handed her a little green case which contained three items.

It is no business of mine, of course, but I have reason to believe that a few days later she used those two tickets to Paris, in spite of the amazement with which she turned them over as I bowed and left her.

Since their return from that second and sweeter honeymoon, how often have Eustace and Margaret thanked me! Especially Margaret.

"It was a narrow shave," I am wont to reply. "The things that might have happened!"

"I must not hear about them, Cousin Arthur. No, not even in confidence." —London Sketch.

One Way to Foretell Weather.

FOR THE TOILET TABLE.

Articles of Utility and Ornament Now Found in My Lady's Collection.

Powder puffs for the bath have leaped from an ordinary-sized puff that a child could manipulate to a puff the size of a man's head. With one dab of this puff one can powder half the body and another dab will complete the task of powdering the whole, says the Washington Star.

These puffs are of soft, white elder-down, like their little predecessors, and are finished at the bottom with shirred silk or satin and ivory handles. As time-savers they are worth their price.

Another fad for the bather is a small tub of clay, decorated on the outer side and looking like a homely cousin to the Mexican earthen bowls used as decorations. In this tub is a big flat cake of soap that fits in the bottom of the tub, is pink or grayish white in color and apparently a sort of scented castile.

With the tub comes a sort of broom, like a small scrubbing broom. It is made of long fiber from East India, and the fiber is doubled so that the ends meet and are trimmed smoothly off. The place where they double is wrapped with more fiber and forms a handle. In completed form this stiff, but not harsh, brush is 12 or more inches long, and its appearance is sufficient guarantee of its ability to cleanse.

This tub and brush arrangement is English, but a sort of general bath article is the big square sponge of a dark brown color in its holder of barrel metal—silver preferred—which hangs on the edge of the bathtub.

For the bath come bran bags of cheesecloth filled with bran scented with orris and some other perfume that the bather fancies. Bags made of cheesecloth and filled with oatmeal are perfumed in the same manner, and are particularly fine for the skin and complexion. Corn meal, too, is highly recommended by physicians for whitening and softening the skin, so many women have little bags of perfumed corn meal made for face, neck and hands.

Paris sends over all manner of bath bags guaranteed to do all manner of wonderful things to the complexion and skin. These all have their devotees, but to the average woman unable to pay big prices for these dainty, imported bath bags, bottles of wafers come with all the leading perfumes, and a wafer or two is dissolved in the tub while the water runs.

This is the day of fads for the bath, and the woman who cannot buy the latest fads has the satisfaction of making them cheaply from a few cents' worth of oatmeal and her favorite perfume, with a little orris powder mixed in the whole.

YELLOWNESS OF VISION.

A Condition of Mind That May Be Fittingly Termed Mental Jaundice.

There are some people who have mental jaundice. That is to say, they see everything yellow. Physical jaundice produces yellowness of the eyes. A great many cases of jaundice actually color the aqueous humor of the eye. This produces a condition of the eye which makes the patient see everything yellow. In fact the patient is looking out on the world through yellow fluid, and, of course, everything looks yellow, says Medical Talk for the Home.

Now there is a condition of mind which might be likened to yellow jaundice. A person gets yellow in his mind, he is yellow clear through to his soul, and his soul is yellow also. Then he looks out upon the world and discovers that everything is yellow. Every publication is yellow, every enterprise, everything is yellow but himself, whom he fondly imagines is not yellow, simply because he cannot see himself.

Mental jaundice is still worse than physical jaundice. No drug can cure mental jaundice, and there is no rational treatment for it. The patient never knows that there is anything the matter with him. His friends and neighbors know that there is something wrong, but they can never make the patient believe it. A person might a great deal better have something the matter with his liver than something the matter with his mind by which a concentrated bile of distrust and hatred is imparted to the soul. Mental jaundice is a great deal worse than physical jaundice, as the bile that covers the eye in mental jaundice is wholly imaginary bile, which also clouds the judgment and impairs the feelings.

Chocolate Bread Pudding.

Put into a bowl two cupfuls of stale bread crumbs and pour over them one quart of scalded milk. While it is cooling put two squares of chocolate in a saucepan and melt it over hot water. When the bread and milk are cool mix with them two-thirds of a cupful of sugar, two eggs slightly beaten, the chocolate, one saltspoonful of salt and one teaspoonful of vanilla. Bake in a buttered tin an hour in a moderately hot oven. It is to be eaten cold with cream.—Boston Budget.

Canned-Corn Patties.

Take one can of best sweet corn and chop fine in a chopping tray. Add two beaten eggs, to which has been added two tablespoonfuls of milk, a tablespoonful of salt, a half tablespoonful of pepper and two even tablespoonfuls of flour. Beat well and fry on a griddle in a tablespoonful of mixed lard and butter, dropping one spoonful for each patty. Fry brown on both sides and serve hot.—Boston Budget.



THE HAIR AND THE SCALP.

To Take Good Care of Them Should Be the Aim of Every Woman, Old and Young.

Too much cannot be said against the practice of dyeing one's hair. It is never satisfactory, and, once begun, it must be kept up, as the hair lengthens from the roots, and the natural color will inevitably show itself there. Then, too, the dye will fade more or less, and generally the hair will be rendered stiff and harsh-feeling from its use, to say nothing of the disagreeable odor which many dyes carry with them.

It is much better to give the hair good care in the matter of dressing, brushing and massaging the scalp, and let it color to suit itself. No one in bad health can have as nice hair as the one who has no ailment. Some diseases affect the hair more disastrously than others, and when trying to improve the hair one must also try to improve the general health.

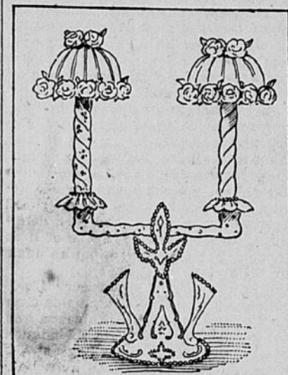
The use of hard water is also to be avoided, and care must be taken in the use of the various drugs recommended for shampooing. It is not necessary to wash the hair every day, or ordinarily oftener than once a week, while in some cases once a month is too often. When washing is done, the hair should be thoroughly dried before being "done up," and in many cases the scalp alone should be shampooed, wetting the hair itself as little as possible. There are dry shampoos, as well as wet ones, and their tonic effect is quite as valuable. One of the best is to rub fine table salt into the hair close to the scalp, and then brush it out.

A simple tonic which has been used with good effect to retard the coming of gray hair, arrest the falling and stimulate the new growth, is made of green tea and fresh dried sage, two ounces of each, put into an iron pot and three quarts of boiling water is to be poured onto it; cover closely and let simmer until reduced one-third; take off the fire and let stand in the iron pot for 24 hours; strain and bottle for use. Wet the scalp thoroughly with this lotion every night, applying early enough so as to allow of drying before going to bed, as the liquid will stain the pillow-slip. Thoroughly brushing with a good brush will benefit.—The Commoner.

DINING TABLE DECORATION.

Combined Candelabrum and Vase Produces an Effect That Is Extremely Pleasing.

Flowers and softly shaded candles are so essential an accompaniment of the modern dinner or luncheon table, particularly on formal occasions, that any new idea or suggestion for candle or flower holder is sure of attention and recognition. The two branch candelabrum is an old favorite, but it is capable of assuming a new form and also of serving as flower vase as well as candlestick. As here pictured, the combined holder is of silver in the fashionable French gray finish and richly engraved. From either side of the silver standard branches out



TWO BRANCH CANDELABRUM.

a silver vase graceful in outline and large enough to hold a cluster of roses or other blossoms with stems of moderate length. The candles in the illustration are of a delicate shade of pink, with shade to match, while La France roses in the vases carry out the color scheme, the soft tone of the gleaming silver blending admirably with the hue of blossoms, candle and shades.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Betrothed in Their Infancy.

In some parts of West Africa the girls have long engagements. On the day of their birth they are betrothed to a baby boy a trifle older than themselves, and at the age of 20 they are married. The girls know of no other way of getting a husband, and so they are quite happy and satisfied. As wives they are patterns of obedience, and the marriages usually turn out a success.

How to Wash Thin Curtains.

Very thin curtains, or those whose day of service is very nearly over, will stand the ordeal of washing much better if care be taken to baste them upon sheets of cheesecloth first. This relieves them of much of the strain of wringing and prevents them from being whipped to pieces by the wind in drying.

An Ounce of Prevention.

It is a good plan to partially fill valuable china vases with sand or to place shot in them, for thus they are rendered too heavy to be easily upset.

HOW TO WASH FLANNELS.

Few Housewives Know How to Do It, Although It Is a Task That Is Easily Mastered.

Flannel underwear is warm and comfortable, but if we do not wish to find the suit that was purchased for the father shrunken to the proper size for the son after a few washings, we must see that the work is done properly.

When the soiled garments are gathered together, look them over, darning the tiny breaks and replacing missing buttons. Shave a bar of white soap thin, put in a pan with water enough to cover, and set it on the fire to melt. Yellow soap should not be used, as it contains resin, which hardens the wool. Have an abundance of salt, hot water in which powdered borax has been dissolved, using a quarter of a pound to a boilerful, and have everything in readiness before you begin. Fill a small tub half full of water and pour enough of the melted soap in to make a strong, foamy suds. Stir it well, and after shaking the clothes to remove the dust put them in. Rub and press them lightly between the hands, then fold each piece and press it through the wringer into a suds prepared like the first. After washing through this, rinse well and hang up to dry. Never rub soap directly upon flannel. Keep the water the same temperature throughout the process, and do the work quickly. White flannels do not turn yellow if borax is put in the water in which they are washed, and it cleanses them quickly. Take them from the line and press before they are quite dry.—Milwaukee Sentinel.

A NOVELTY FOR SUMMER.

Shirtwaist Embroidered with Stiletto Work to Be in Evidence Everywhere.

The fashionable stiletto work, or English eyelet embroidery, forms the design upon the shirt waist here illustrated. Firm texture linens for this purpose come stamped in a variety of

patterns, the one shown being very simple and easy to embroider. The marked rings indicating where the stiletto is to be used are first run with a thread of mercerized cotton, after which the hole is punched and the ring is overcast—not buttonholed. The stitches are taken very close together and yet must not overlap. The floral design is padded lengthwise and worked across—in the mercerized cotton, either white or colors. The edges of the turnover collar and cuffs are scalloped and buttonholed, and a stiletto pattern is set in above.

CARE FOR ORIENTAL RUGS.

They Require Treatment That Would Not Do for Wilton or Brussels Floor Coverings.

The oriental rug is improved by frequent sunning and also by an annual or semi-annual bath. The colors made of vegetable dyes cannot fade, and the process of washing only improves the texture of the wool. Even a new rug is washed by the Turkish woman to better bring out the luster of the material.

In the orient these rugs are cleaned entirely by shaking and washing, but are never beaten. When beating is necessary it should be done on the face side, as there is danger when beating on the wrong side of breaking the threads. The best plan is to lay right side up on the grass and to beat thoroughly with light rattan beaters.

After the dust is taken or beaten out small rugs can be put in tubs of plain cold water. Then the surface may be gone over with a brush and sandsoap, always being sure to rub with the warp. Large rugs can have the garden hose turned on them with wonderful cleansing effect, after which they should be dried in the sun.

In winter an excellent plan is to sweep them on the snow, scattering it over them and sweeping it off again several times, always working with the threads. The sweeper should always be used in the same direction, never turning it backward.

This process of cleaning is much safer for these rugs than sending them to the steam cleaners, where the threads are in danger of being snapped by the rapidly turning machinery.

Vinegar Cure for Headache.

Vinegar is fairly good for some forms of headache, and as a stimulant in fainting; in each case it is to be employed outwardly. In headache it may be applied to the forehead; but in fainting it should be held against or brushed over the nostrils. If your child is suffering from excessive perspiration during the night you may apply vinegar to the skin. Should the skin be too sensitive, dilute the vinegar with an equal quantity of water. Let the skin remain wet for two or three minutes, and then gently wipe it dry. Be careful to avoid much friction. A similar lotion will lessen the very distressing moisture of feet from which so many adults suffer.

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