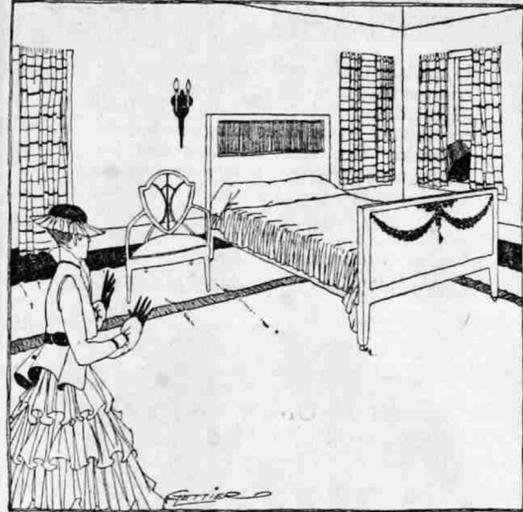


THE SPARE BEDROOM: HOW IT SOMETIMES LACKS COMFORT

At a time when hospitality is the order of the day; when every bunkroom in the Adirondacks, every shack in Maine, every cottage in Newport, harbors beneath its roof some stranger or near-stranger, it behooves the housekeeper



The bedroom was fitted up in perfect taste.

to consider her spare bedrooms, how they are furnished. It is not sufficient that a bedroom for guests be pretty, it must be something much more than that. As an illustration of this fact take the case of a young woman who went recently to visit a rich relative. The bedroom into which she was shown on her arrival was fitted up in perfect taste. Chintz curtains hung at the windows over dainty ones of net, roses sprawled over the trellises in the paper on the wall; the bed was covered with a spread of perfect design and coloring, and the tout ensemble was so charming that the young woman gave a little cry of delight as she looked around her. But—she found upon investigation that the expensive soap-dish in the little bathroom attached to the bedroom was bare of soap; that the towels while be-laced and monogrammed

were intended more for ornament than for use; that there was no wash-cloth at all. The desk, an old-fashioned one of mahogany, was doubtless a priceless heirloom, but—there was no ink in the ink-stand; no stationery in the drawers intended for it; no

and one rainy morning at ten, to the great scandal of her hostess. She gave a maid a generous tip to awaken her each morning at 7.30, but that damsel having pocketed the gratuity promptly forgot all about her part of the bargain and left the visitor to her fate. This story is told here merely as an illustration of what a guest-room should not be like. A guest-room as has been said before, must be something more than pretty. It must be convenient. The hostess who furnishes one must put herself in the place of her visitors; she must try to imagine and anticipate their wants. She should assume that a guest will bring with her nothing but her clothes. She should therefore prepare for her comfort with the greatest care. Almost all persons who go a-visiting take their own letter-paper with them, but the hostess should not take it for granted that this will be the case. She should have a desk fitted up with all the articles necessary for correspondence where it is convenient for visitors.

The guest chamber should contain a book-shelf holding a dozen or more volumes selected with regard to varying tastes. There should always be plenty of fresh towels in the bathroom, and there should be above all

a bedside table holding either an electric light or a wax candle in a candlestick, a box of matches, a covered pitcher and a drinking glass.

Spaces should be prepared in closets and bureau drawers in which the guests may put away their clothes, and there should be plenty of hangers for fine gowns and for coats. The best way to arrange for the latter as every housekeeper probably now knows, is to have a bar placed horizontally across the closet at a proper height and on this place a dozen hangers.

One thing above all to be remembered about the guest chamber is that the visitor should be given a chance to enjoy it. No longer is it considered necessary to entertain strangers every minute of the time they are with you. Nowadays a hostess for at least two or three hours a day goes her way and allows her grateful visitor to read, rest, sleep, as she prefers. She leaves her alone.

POINT D'ESPRIIT A SMART MATERIAL

ONE of the prettiest of the fabrics for summer frocks is point d'esprit which is once more enjoying a great vogue. Gowns of this material are usually made over tall foundations and with many frills. Numbers of graduating dresses were made, this season, of this dainty material as it is particularly appropriate for young girls.

THE YOUNG HOUSEKEEPER SAYS



WHAT if you must have soup in summer let it be beef. Make a good rich stock using lean beef and marrow bones, flavoured rather heavily with red and black pepper and salt, add a dash of sherry, and when it has boiled several hours set it aside to cool. Skim off the grease the next morning and it will be found that underneath is a quivering jelly. Put this on ice until dinner-time and serve in bouillon cups orna-

mented with parsley. It makes a very delicious first course. That you can use the sauciful of peas or spinach left from dinner to make a cream soup for next day's luncheon. Simmer these vegetables in sufficient water to cook. When quite soft rub through a sieve. Make a cream sauce, using one tablespoonful of butter to two tablespoonfuls of flour, and a pint of milk. When this has been cooked until no taste of flour remains, add the prepared spinach or peas, thin with hot milk, season to taste and serve very hot. A tablespoonful of whipped cream on the top of each cup adds to the deliciousness of this. That though there are many ways of making a cream sauce the best way is to melt the butter in a saucepan on

THE STORY OF A WOMAN: -- ECONOMY

THE bed rooms of the house stood badly in need of repainting. Their once white surfaces were disfigured with many a grimy mark which greatly distressed the soul of the mistress of the mansion and so she summoned a painter-man. "How much to paint them all?" she asked him. "Forty dollars," answered the painter-man after a few minutes of calculation. "How many coats for that?" she inquired cannily. "Two of paint and one of enamel," replied the authority on such matters. "I will communicate with you if I decide to have it done," the woman told him and bade him good-bye. "I will do the work myself," she informed her husband, "we must economize."

And at this that creature laughed derisively. "The idea," she said, and "what nonsense. Don't waste time and paint experimenting." Whereupon the woman gave him a look of scorn and went to a paintshop where she asked for white paint proper for inside work and for the enamel to go with it. She paid \$5 a gallon for the paint and \$1.50 a quart for the enamel. Then she bought a broad brush for sixty-five cents and ordered a quart of turpentine to be sent home with these things. In pre-

paration for her labors she had had her maid wash all the paints in the bed rooms and this done she was ready to begin. Painting she found an exhilarating sport. It was great fun to dip the brush in the nice white paint and watch a discolored surface become of virgin freshness under its movement. She had to overcome a tendency to use too much paint on her brush but when she had learned to drain it properly so that there would be no drip the rest was easy. She did one room at a time, putting on two coats of the paint and one of the enamel.

When the first bed room was finished she led her husband to it triumphantly. "How," said he, "there are cracks in the door jambs. A real painter would have filled those with

until it was soft, and then with some difficulty filled the cracks in the door frames and painted over them, and made a good job of it too. In eight working days she had completed the painting of three bed rooms and a bath room, and the entire cost for materials was about eight dollars.

She found the enamel a little difficult to put on but by dint of keeping it thin with turpentine and after a few minutes of practice she got the knack and it was soon flowing from her brush evenly and easily.

When the work was quite finished she spoke to her husband. "Now," said she, "I have saved at least thirty-two dollars—which is great economy, and so I am going to have the fan-shaped trellis for my roses that I've



She Found Painting An Exhilarating Sport.

been painted over them." "What a mere house-painter can do so can I," said the woman, and forthwith ordered ten cents worth of putty and a putty knife. Shockingly she worked up the putty with turpentine

and answered so long. "And how much will that cost?" Inquired her husband, with what Togo would call agitated eyebrows. "Oh, not more than fifty dollars," answered his wife carelessly.

The Townbreds and their Country Place

By EDWARD RIDDLE PADGETT.

Mr. Townbred Takes a Hand  
 WHEN Mr. Townbred returned from the city one evening a while ago and straightway began to talk, Mrs. Townbred should have known, then and there, that "something was up." "Frieda," he remarked as he selected a comfortable rocker on the front porch, "I've been thinking that we are overlooking many opportunities here."

RADIUM - THE MODERN CURE ALL  
 THE woman boarded a street car carrying in her hands a small package which looked as if it might be two strawberry baskets piled one upon the other and wrapped in paper. She handled it with tender care, however, and as she sat down beside a friend she heaved a sigh of relief. The friend looked at the parcel curiously. "Something precious?" she inquired mockingly. "Only radium," answered the woman. "Radium," shrieked the friend in a



"Something Precious?" she inquired mockingly.

with stumps and a thick underbrush. But all of it affords really good pasture for our cow and our horse. So it isn't wasted, you see." Mr. Townbred coughed discreetly. "Yes, I see," he replied, "but it surely doesn't take six acres to pasture two animals. I'm not a farmer, yet I know that's absurd." "Of course, Ruthvin. But do you realize that it would cost about forty dollars to have all those stumps blown up and the land grubbed. Why? What are you driving at?" "Oh, nothing much," answered Mr. Townbred, somewhat peeved, "but the very moment I begin to manifest any interest in the place you meet me with objection after objection. I'm not merely talking to hear myself talk. I have a plan to—"

Mrs. Townbred just did manage to conceal her smile with the evening paper. "Tell me, what have you in mind, Ruthvin, and I'll do my best to help." "Well," continued Mr. Townbred, "there's a long strip of land down at the end of our big field, you know, that runs from the front road clear to the back of the place."

How does that strike you, Frieda? "Fine, Ruthvin, fine!" exclaimed Mrs. Townbred with an enthusiasm that quite met her husband's expectations. "I am so glad you are interested, and I just know you'll have the finest crop of corn anywhere's around here!" Mr. Townbred grinned. "I've already bought the seed corn, my dear," he went on. "A friend of mine got it from a Government experiment station—and it's tested, too! I paid only \$1.65 a bushel for it. Now if that isn't better than paying \$4.00 a barrel, then I don't know!" "Y-e-s," agreed Mrs. Townbred dubiously, "but, Ruthvin, you of course realize that the cost of the seed is only a small part of the expense, and—"

"Huh?" questioned Mr. Townbred, forcefully, though indignantly. "The land must be plowed," she explained, "and we'll have to hire a man with a two-horse plow to do it, for the land is new and old Bob could

never turn it with our single plow. But that won't cost over, say, three dollars. By the way, how much corn did you buy?" "One bushel—and I've arranged to get more," said Mr. Townbred. "A whole bushel!" Mrs. Townbred simply couldn't help it. "Mercy sakes, Ruthvin, a bushel will plant four acres easily—and there's not a foot over one acre in that strip, I'm sure!" "Oh, well," Mr. Townbred remarked loftily, "we'll give the rest to Bob as a treat, or you can feed it to your chickens."



Watching John as he performed his slow and arduous task.

"but—but—" "The next day the land was plowed in the morning, and John spent the afternoon harrowing it with Bob. As he was 'laying it off in rows' Mr. and Mrs. Townbred came down to look over the land. They stood for a while watching John as he performed his slow and arduous task, and as he came abreast of them Mrs. Townbred asked: "Has the fertilizer come, John?" "Fertilizer! Fertilizer!" exclaimed Mr. Townbred, in surprise. "Do we—or—have to have it to raise corn?" "Well, it isn't absolutely necessary for new land, but it's much wiser to put it on, the crop is sure to be larger." "How much does it cost?" asked Mr. Townbred, coldly. "About—let's see—well, roughly, about six dollars for this land."

three dollars to plow and now six dollars for fertilizer! Well I just guess not! I guess you'll be telling me next that I must buy a garden-hose that'll reach from the pump down to this field! Nothing doing on the fertilizer, my dear! You say it isn't absolutely necessary? Then why get it? That's the trouble with most farmers—they don't apply business principles to their farming. The ideal! Imagine a city man deliberately adding an unnecessary expense to a proposition he's promoting!" "But, Ruthvin," insisted Mrs. Townbred gently, "it costs so little and it'll make such a big difference in the

yield. Really it—ask John, he can tell you we should have it, can't you John?" "Yassum," answered John slowly and wearily, "I done usually raise co'hn wif fertilizer, en den agin!"—looking at Mr. Townbred—"I done raised it wifout."

"I wash my hands of the whole matter!" declared Mr. Townbred, tragically. "Here you persuaded me to go into this thing and then when I consent to give my attention to planting this little patch in corn you straightway interfere and wish me to incorporate some of your theories—instead of handling it on sound business principles! I'm through! Hereafter I'll stick to my business in the city and let you run the whole shebang out here!" But, he it noted, the very next afternoon Mr. Townbred was down in the field again, inquiring about the planting which had been done that

reached that important stage in the transition of cityman to countryman where any expense is legitimate just so it helps to improve the soil and crops! (Copyright, 1915, by Edward Riddle Padgett.)

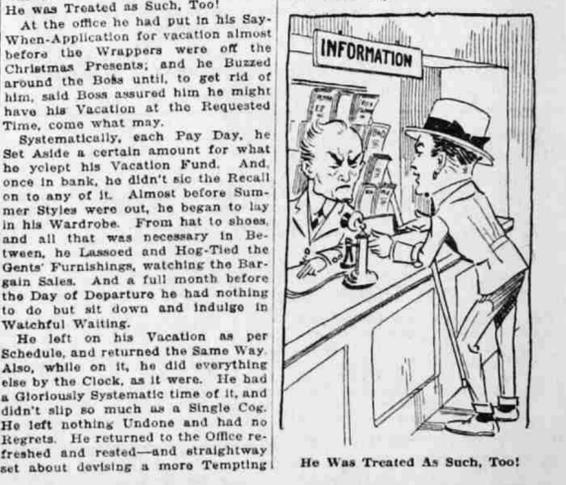
LITTLE FABLES OF THE BUSINESS WORLD

VACATIONS!  
 THERE was once a Young Man who went away on a Vacation, and Another Young Man who did the Same Thing. But they didn't Do It the Same Way. And thereby hangs a Tale with an Inspiration—which may Wake Up a few of us who haven't as yet taken our Annual Leave. The first Young Man began to prepare for his Outing when the Snow was Flying last December. And he Doped the whole thing out from A to Z. Then, to make certain, he went over it again from Z to A. Long before the Summer Resort Plutocrats were ready to mail out their Spring Literature he wrote for it—which was Some Start. He rested his Elbow a while on the ledge at the "Bureau of Information" window asking Riddles of the Man-Behind-the-Bars and he received Prompt Replies cheerfully given. A few days later he Reached.

On his third Visit the poor Knowledge-All on duty looked at him Suspiciously. And on his Fourth Visit he thought about Calling a Cop. Twice more and the Systematic Young Man was known to the Bureau As A Nut. He was Treated as Such, Too! At the office he had put in his Say-When-Application for vacation almost before the Wrappers were off the Christmas Presents; and he Buzzed around the Boss until, to get rid of him, said Boss assured him he might have his Vacation at the Requested Time, come what may. Systematically, each Pay Day, he Set Aside a certain amount for what he yelet his Vacation Fund. And once in bank, he didn't sic the Recall on to any of it. Almost before Summer Styles were out, he began to lay in his Wardrobe. From hat to shoes, and all that was necessary in Between, he Lassoed and Hog-Tied the Gents' Furnishings, watching the Bargain Sales. And a full month before the Day of Departure he had nothing to do but sit down and indulge in Watchful Waiting. He left on his Vacation as per Schedule, and returned the Same Way. Also, while on it, he did everything else by the Clock, as it were. He had a Gloriously Systematic time of it, and didn't slip so much as a Single Cog. He left nothing Undone and had no Regrets. He returned to the Office refreshed and rested—and straightway set about devising a more Tempting

LITTLE FABLES OF THE BUSINESS WORLD

System for next year. But the Other Young Man—also, what a Vacation he did have! He cheerfully Relied on the Salary he would Draw in Advance to pay for his Outing; and two hours before he left he didn't know Which One of six places he was Going to. He landed at the "Bureau of Information" window four and one-half minutes before his Train Puffed Out, and he caught it On the Run. He hadn't an Idea what he had stuffed into his Suitcase at the Last Moment. When he landed at his Destination he was informed that the hotel was Full—but they found a Room for him, just the same. For seven days he Lived like a Lord and spent his money like Sailors used to do before Grape Juice days. On the eighth, clean as a whistle, he landed back in his Home Town with street car fare and the price of an Egg Sandwich in his Jeans. But he had had a Good Time and he knew lots of Good Scouts who wouldn't let him Starve. By the time the end of his Vacation arrived he was glad to get Back to Work—just to have Something to Do. Inspiration:—There is nothing like Thoroughness and Efficiency—if you're Built that Way.



He Was Treated As Such, Too!