THE WAY TO A MAN'S HEART

John Bolles was what is known as a confirmed old bachelor, but, after becoming a regular visitor at the delightful suburban home of the lovely Gridley girls, presided over by their widowed mother, it gradually grew plain to Bolles that the life offered by the hotels and clubs did not satisfy the homing instincts of the human heart.

The girls were beauties, and a love of beauty was one of Bolles' weak points.

He was fortunate enough to bask in the good graces of Mrs. Gridley, a splendid woman from whom the daughters inherited their good looks.

A rich bachelor of good family, good habits and good breeding, who tells a sufficiently pitifull story of the monotony of hotel cooking and the loneliness of taking one's meals with only a newspaper for a companion, is sure to appeal to the sympathies of some home maker, and Bolles became a privileged family friend, at liberty to drop in at meals and join the home circle informally. Mrs. Gridley was an ideal hostess, and withal she knew how to cook and personally superintended the culinary details of her household. Bolles was something of an epicure, and the viands which appeared on Mrs. Gridley's table excelled anything his favorite club had to offer.

In consideration of these hospitalities Bolles feted the girls at exclusive clubs and indulged them in motor rides and operas. The younger men couldn't keep up with him in these pastimes, and, in spite of inevitable rivalry, he felt that he had a reasonable chance with the Gridley girls. His sense of honor restrained him from paying marked attention to any one of these young maidens without first obtaining their mother's sanction, and intended, as soon as his wavering policy could fix itself, to ask the maternal permission to press his suit for the hand of his choice. But, owing to the capricious distribution among the sisters of the especial points of beauty considered as appealing most strongly to susceptibilities, he found it extremely difficult to locate his heart. One's eyes played havoc with his pulse, and he framed a little speech to be delivered to Mrs. Gridley at an opportune moment. It began in this way:

"Mrs. Gridley, I have a most important question to ask. Do you think I could learn to care for me?"

He went so far as to deliver the first part of this address, with some nervousness. The mother dropped her white lids, and, as he was gathering courage to put the question, his artistic eye was beguiled by the sweetness of her mouth and the clear line of her chin, and his shallow heart straightway turned to Jane, who had that same mouth and chin in its perfection. In his sudden indecision, and being obliged to conclude his remark, he asked, "May I have your recipe for mincemeat for my sister in Buffalo?"

On still another occasion, when, with a dry tongue he had tried to confess to her his love for Ruth, the lady turned the clear, green-gray eyes of Sally full upon him, and he was lost again and ridiculously begged to be allowed to partake of baked beans with the family on the coming Saturday evening. He knew she must have thought him a fearful gourmand to be so affected by the prospects of a plate of beans, but that was the only substitute his panic-stricken intellect could make.

In desperation he resolved to begin all over again, with Sally as his heart's desire.

One evening at the Gridley's, after a dinner which lingered in his memory, Mrs. Gridley and Bolles were sitting alone by the cheerfull library fire. The girls had gone skating with a rollicking crowd. Their mother was engaged with a bit of needlework beneath the softly shaded lamp, and her guest was absently regarding her. He was wondering if she could make a chicken pie like that which even now tantalized his memory. He was sure she could not. Suddenly he became aware that he was earnestly studying the face of his hostess as she bent over her sewing. For the first time he seemed to see her with an identity of her own, instead of a beautiful composite of her daughters. The sudden revelation that came to him caused the blood to leave his head with a queer cooling off process, and he felt a strange calmness and clearness of vision. Then the blood came leaping back and his heart began to pound.

"Mrs. Gridley," he began in agitation. "Dear Mrs. Gridley, at last I know what I want."

"I think I can guess," she laughed, and Bolles noted a tinge of bitterness in the laugh. "You want to help us with the fish cakes Sunday morning."

The shaft went home and Bolles knew it was merited.

"Dearest Margaret," he said humbly, "I deserve that. But even your discernment has not fathomed the extent of my desire. I want to help with the fish cakes every morning!" And the sewing work was cast ruthlessly aside.

When the girls came home, breezy and giggling, they seemed very young indeed and positively tiresome. They were not in the least surprised to hear that Mr. Bolles was going to marry their mother. It was evident they had considered him all along as her admirer. And so he had been, but it had taken him some time to wake up to it. How the lady herself had regarded him may be left to the astuteness of the reader.—ANNIE REYNOLDS.

The Feminine Nature.

Woman's cares are her greatest joys, and unless she is worried she's miserable.

The Braggart Sized Up.

The man who says he can do anything can usually do nothing.

Have Fellow-Feeling.

Never find your delight in another's misfortune.—Publius Syrus.

Of Interest to Women

City Life Harder—Farmer's Wife Need Not Envy Her Urban Sister—Prevalent Belief That the Former is a Household Drudge Disproved by Facts—Comparison of Conditions.

Does the farmer's wife work too hard? Is she a greater drudge than the city housewife? Is her health broken by toil more quickly than that of the woman of the city?

It is a prevalent belief that as compared with a city housewife the farmer's wife has a harder lot in life. We do not believe it. It is true that a farmer's wife, particularly in her early days of married life, works hard, but so must the wife of a city mechanic. The farmer's wife works to secure a home and a competence for herself and her family and in order that she may spend her declining years in comfort and peace, while the life of a mechanic's wife from her wedding day to her death is, as a rule, a never-ending bitter struggle to make the inadequate income of her husband meet the demands of the family.

Very few mechanics working for day wages ever secure a competency to care for them in their old age. It is hard work down to the bitter end, and the city housewife is confined to the narrowest social limitations and comforts of every day life.

The farmer's wife must rise early and cook three meals a day for her hungry husband and boys, but she has in abundance for her table growing at her kitchen door and is rarely obliged to economize in food. The mechanic's wife must rise even earlier in order to prepare her husband's breakfast in time for him to make a journey of four or five miles or even greater distances in time to be at his place when work begins, and often she is obliged to practice the most rigid economy in order to provide food for her table.

The farmer's wife lives in a clean atmosphere, in a riot of sunshine and sweet air, while the mechanic's wife often during her whole life is confined to three or four small rooms to which she must climb up long flights of stairs, and is only able to snatch an occasional breath of air or feel the sun's warmth for an hour in a crowded city park.

Modern conveniences can now be found in thousands of farmhouses all over the land. Equipped with bathtubs, hot and cold water, acetylene gas, telephones and every modern aid to good living, the farmer's home is far more comfortable, on the average, than the home of the city mechanic.

Life in a city flat is depressing and has a narrowing influence upon the lives of women. The telephone and the trolley have banished the isolation under which formerly farmers' wives suffered and have brought them into as close relation with their relatives, friends and neighbors as that enjoyed by the wife of the city worker.

City life has many attractions for women and possesses many advantages to people who have the money to pay for them. But, taking the life of the wife of the average farmer and the wife of the average city mechanic there is a breadth and hopefulness and sweetness and comfort for the farm woman which can never be attained by the dweller in a city flat.

England for English Girls.

The Countess of Egerton, widow of Earl Egerton of Tatton, whose first husband was the Duke of Buckingham, according to report, has planned a movement among titled Englishwomen to resist the "Yankee invasion," by which the most eligible of England's unmarried nobles are being captured by the daughters of aspiring American millionaires.

Countess of Egerton.

The plans of the countess contemplate nothing less than a campaign of education among women members of the English aristocracy, particularly the mothers, with a view to securing united and intelligent action to influence their sons and brothers against marrying American girls.

Under the countess' plan, it is said, the mothers will begin to inculcate in their sons at an early age scorn for American girls and women who come to England and sell themselves for titles and contempt for Englishmen who sell their titles.

Girls in Gautemala.

None of the maidens in Guatemala are allowed to go abroad from their homes without the company of a chaperon, and a lover is only allowed to come and court his sweetheart through the heavily barred windows of her father's home. After they are married they pass along the streets in Indian file, the woman marching ahead, so that the husband can be in a position to prevent any flirtations.

The Farmer's Son.

Johnny, a farmer lad, whose duty it was to milk and take care of the cows, always had a strong barnyard odor about him. As this was offensive to the teacher and pupils of the district school he attended, the teacher decided to write to Johnny's mother and see if she could not send Johnny to school in better condition. She wrote, and this was what the boy's mother answered: "Johnny ain't no rose. Don't smell him, teach him."

Damaris

The gathering night was filled with the prophecies of the breaking storm. The first drops of sleet were already knocking sharply on the window panes; all about the solitary house the wind joined its moaning with the lamentation of the vast gray waters, and regularly over the eolian accompaniment of wind and wave came the long wails of the whistling buoy far down the bay.

Damaris French set a brightly burning lamp on one of the kitchen window sills; it was a custom honored by the generations of Frenches who had dwelt on that island in the bay, that on stormy nights a light should be kept burning to guide any man to haven who might be on the seething waves.

The girl stood looking down the avenue of light into the vast grayness beyond, and her strong young face trembled with emotion, for in the quiet places of her heart there was a great sorrow that rang with the meaning of the waves.

"I set my signal and he failed to come."

Through the long watches of the night before Damaris had fought with the grim thing that lay in her brother's lungs and protested at each breath that came in or went out, and when the morning had dawned it had seemed as if her strength were gone.

Then Damaris had stood in the doorway and watched the rising sun tinge every wave with brightness, and looked over to the little village on the mainland where the roofs shone white.

Over in that village on the mainland dwelt young Dr. Stickney. With the earnestness born of his love for Damaris he had come to the island day by day and wooed its fair young mistress with a quiet persistency that was full of latent strength. And when Damaris had gently tried to make him understand that his presence was superfluous to her happiness he would come back the next day and talk lobster catching with Lon.

To satisfy his persistency she had made the concession of a promise that if ever she wanted him she would hoist a square white flag on her pole and he would come—whatever might be in the way he would come to her.

And as she had watched the morning light dancing on the crests of the waves she had stretched out her hands as if something of the man's strength came to her across the waters.

"For Lon's sake I will call you, Marc Stickney," she cried, and 10 minutes later a square of white sailcloth floated broad in the morning sunlight.

As she looked into the vast grayness of the coming night the sorrow of it filled her young heart; it was for Lon's sake she had waved that message to the strong man across the waters and he had not heeded her necessity. Now that the darkness and storm had come it was too late.

The girl was very weary, and now that Lon was better and sleeping quietly their was time for thought. It was a bitter thing that her call had been disregarded and she spoke quickly to herself:

"I'll haul down the flag!"

Out in the night all was blackness save for the shaft of light from the window and the twinkling of the Twin lights on a reef far out to sea. The sleet cut sharply against Damaris' face as she ran along the cliff, and the wind tore wildly at her hair. The flag cracked smartly above her head and Damaris pulled frantically at the halyards to haul it down.

"I could pull like this at a man's heart!" she cried, and her laugh echoed into the moaning of the waves.

With a long, ripping tear the flag came down. A great sob burst from Damaris. She had felt so certain of Marc Stickney in her hour of need!

The buoy whistled shrilier now, and the roar of the storm was echoing from the waves. As Damaris sheltered back through the wildness of the night she fell strangely alone amidst the vastness of the storm.

She pushed open the kitchen door and stood amazed on the threshold, her fair hair blown loose about her head and the flush of the wind on her face. A tall man by the stove turned and put out both hands.

"Damaris!" he said.

The girl threw back her head.

"Lon's better," she said, briefly.

Marc Stickney did not move, but the cords rose on his strong, young face.

"I sent for you this morning for Lon," explained Damaris.

The man raised one hand slightly.

"My mother saw your signal set for me. I have come from far to do your bidding, Damaris!"

"Lon needed you," said the girl. She still held fast to the dripping piece of sail cloth that she had torn from the night.

All at once Damaris remembered that this man had done for her; how he must have come over the dangerously seething bay at the peril of his own life; how he had not failed of the promise, even though it must cost an ending in the angry waters.

"Damaris! Is it that my coming is nothing to you?" he asked, and all the strength of love was in his face.

The girl leaned slightly forward. The sail cloth lay in a heap on the floor. All that mattered now was this man and the joy that seemed bursting her heart. She put out her hands to him, and her voice faltered a little.

"I guess it was I who wanted you!" she said.—MISS RUBY H. MARTYN.

Got Away in a Hurry.

"My wife didn't believe I was helping decorate for the celebration, and she met me at the door last night with frost in both eyes." "Did you run?" "Run! I aviated!"

The Philosopher of Folly.

"Our family is getting up in the world," says the Philosopher of Folly. "We used to have a hired girl, but now we have a maid."

Notes and Comment

Of Interest to Women Readers

FOR BAKING POTATOES.

Tubers Stuck on Spikes and Cook Evenly All Around.

Hereafter the burned potato will be a thing forgotten in well-appointed households. The epicure need no longer fear the sight of a tuber with one side the color of the earth and the other side the color of Pittsburg. A Massachusetts man has invented a potato-baking utensil which insures an even cooking all around and through to the very heart of the vegetable. This utensil consists of a long metal plate with opposite rows of V-

shaped incisions, the metal there within having been turned up to form rows of spikes, on which potatoes are impaled. Stuck upon these prongs, the potatoes become thoroughly and uniformly roasted and there is no necessity of turning them from side to side to keep them from becoming scorched in one part. At one end of the bottom plate is a handle piece by which the device may be pushed in or pulled out of the oven without burning the fingers on the hot metal.

For Invalids.

Beef Juice.—Take lean round steak, heat it slightly in a pan over the fire, then squeeze in a warm lemon squeezer. Season with a little salt. Serve in a colored claret glass, as invalids often object to beef juice on account of the color.

Baked Milk.—Put the milk in a jar, covering the opening with white paper, and bake in a moderate oven until thick as cream. May be taken by the most delicate stomach.

Glycerine and Lemon Juice.—Half fill half on a piece of absorbent cotton is the best thing to moisten the lips and tongue of a fever parched patient.

Onion Gruel.—Boil a few sliced onions in a pint of fresh milk, stirring in a little oatmeal and a pinch of salt; salt until the onions become tender and take at once.

COUNTESS SENT TO PRISON.

Lady Constance Lytton Placed in Jail for Taking Part in Suffragette Demonstration.

Lady Constance Lytton and Mrs. H. Brailsford, arrested following a suffragette demonstration against

Courtesy of Bryan

David Lloyd-George, chancellor of the exchequer, were sentenced to a month's imprisonment which term she served.

Silk Stockings Indispensable.

Susan B. Anthony was a woman of simple taste in dress, but her close friends knew of one pretty feminine vanity she always held to. She had a weakness for silk stockings. Being pressed on one occasion for an explanation of what most women at one time regarded as an unnecessary extravagance, she laughingly exclaimed: "Oh, I just love 'em. They are an inspiration. If I have my silk stockings on when I rise to make an address, I feel just like I am walking among the clouds. They help me to soar away on flights of eloquence. I wouldn't be without them."

Household Sachet.

A coarse powder to place in sachets among one's clothing is made of these ingredients: Coriander, orris root rose leaves, aromatic calamus, each one ounce. One or two ounces lavender leaves and one-fourth dram rhodium wood, musk, five grains. A preparation made of this bulk of materials is highly scented, so that it should be sparingly used.

No Excuse.

An evangelist was exhorting his hearers to flee from the wrath to come. "I warn you," he thundered, "that there will be weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth."

At this moment an old woman in the gallery stood up. "Sir," she shouted, "I have no teeth."

"Madam," returned the evangelist, "teeth will be provided."—Success.

The Way of a Woman

"What beastly hot weather," exclaimed Tom Coleman, sitting down on the grass beside his sister Lillian. "Phew! Just catch me playing tennis again to-day," he continued, mopping his face.

"I wish you hadn't played," retorted Daisy Wilson; "it would have spared me the humiliation of being beaten." "Too bad," teasingly said Tom; "but if you come to me on some cool day I'll give you lessons cheap." "A fig for your kindness," flashed back Daisy, "I could beat you if I really cared to. I dare you to play another set." She jumped to her feet and grasped her racket with a determined look on her pretty face. She made a very pretty picture. A slender, graceful girl of 22. Her soft, fluffy hair was piled high on her shapely head. Her beautiful dark eyes flashed and her lips looked like a crimson streak. Her face was flushed from the hot sun.

"Will you play?" demanded Daisy, "or perhaps you are afraid."

"You can't catch me that way," said Tom, shaking his head. "I'd rather be called a coward than melt into oblivion. I must refuse, Daisy," he continued mournfully.

"You are afraid," said Daisy, curling her pretty lip. "Perhaps," said Tom, "but I'll talk to you instead."

"That would be ten times worse," disdainfully replied Daisy. "Very well, have it your own way," said Tom, letting a grieved look appear on his handsome face.

"Do stop, both of you," said gentle Lillian, tearfully. "I wish you would not torment each other so. Now listen to me," she continued. "I received a letter from Victor Moore. He is coming to-morrow." A pretty blush stole over her face.

"I know it," said Tom. "I also received a letter. He is going to bring a friend along."

"Who is Victor Moore?" asked Daisy with interest. "A friend of mine," said Tom, "but don't hold that against him."

"Why, I shall be most pleased to see him; in fact, charmed," replied Daisy. Tom eyed her suspiciously, but said nothing. "I wish he would hurry and come. I am longing for someone to talk to," said Daisy.

"Well, I can hurry him up by telegraph if you want me to," replied Tom lazily.

"Oh, there is no need for that," airily responded Daisy.

. . . . . .

Victor Moore had come with his friend, Edgar Winters. Daisy eyed up both young men and decided that Victor was the best looking, but as he had eyes only for Lillian she gave him up and turned all her batteries upon the hapless Edgar Winters. He danced attendance upon her from morning to night and soon discovered that his heart was gone for good this time.

Both young men had been urged to spend a few weeks and both eagerly accepted the invitation.

All this while Tom looked on both Winters and Daisy in an amused fashion.

One morning on coming down stairs he met Daisy dressed in a riding habit.

"Good morning, Daisy," he said cheerfully, "going for a ride with Winters?" "Yes," shortly replied Daisy, "no one else cares to go with me."

"Why, Daisy, I should be pleased to go," said Tom, "but I am afraid to approach you nowadays for fear of being challenged to a mortal combat."

"I wish you would stop teasing me," tearfully said Daisy. "That's all you do."

"Daisy," said Tom in a low tone, "dear Daisy, let me take you riding this morning. Please do," this last humbly.

Daisy looked up suspiciously. "Making fun of me again. Tom Coleman you are horrid," and with a stamp of her foot she walked off quickly. Tom looked after her with a tender look in his eyes and smiled to himself as if he had just discovered something.

. . . . . .

"Daisy," Edgar Winters was saying, "I love you, dear." They were seated on a mossy bank where Daisy had wanted to get off her horse to pick flowers.

"Are you sure there is no hope for me," he continued sadly. Daisy mournfully nodded her head.

"It's Tom, isn't it?" he asked. Again she nodded her head. He helped her on her horse and silently they rode home. Daisy had an uneasy feeling that she had not acted fairly, but she stilled it with the thought that he would easily forget her after he got back to town. That night Winters went home. When he shook hands with Tom he said, "She loves you, old man; I wish you both all the happiness in the world." They shook hands warmly.

That night on going into the library Tom stumbled and almost fell over a small heap. On turning on the lights he saw Daisy sitting on the floor with her head buried in the large arm chair. Going over he lifted her gently and laughing softly he drew her in his arms tenderly.

"So it is me you love after all," he said happily. Getting no answer he tried to look into her face, but she buried it deeper and deeper.

"Oh, I say, Daisy, I love you." His arms tightened around her. "You may as well make up your mind to have me," he continued, "for I have made up my mind to marry you. You need someone to take care of you." Still getting no answer he dropped his light, airy tones and said quietly, "Do you love me, Daisy?" A muffled "yes" was his answer.—B. MILDRED WINBURGH.

Criminal a Cool Hand.

For cool impudence, the conduct of a Frenchman at an underground station in Paris is difficult to equal. It was stated to the magistrate before whom he was charged recently, that he cut a plait of hair from the head of a little girl on the platform. When arrested, 15 other plaits were found on him, and it was proved that he had already been sentenced for the same offense.

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The Real Reason.

She—"Only think. Frau Huhmeir threw a flatiron at her husband's head because he accidentally sat down on her new hat! I couldn't do a thing like that!" He—"No, you love me too much, don't you?" She—"Yes; and, besides, I haven't any new hat."—Meggendorfer Blaetter.

Lack of Judgment.

"So Cayuse Charley met his fate at the hands of a posse?" "Yep," answered Three-finger Sam. "What was the trouble?" "His immejit difficulty was a lack of judgment as to speed. He helped himself to a horse, but didn't pick one that was fast enough to keep ahead of the party as went after him."

Her 'Phone Number.

A young lady who was very fond of cucumbers went to the garden and got three and ate them. One of them was very green—the young lady was taken sick, and died in twenty-four hours afterwards. What was her 'phone number?

8 1-2 Green.

The New Writing.

Advice to an ambitious writer from a literary bureau: "Let your story always have contained in it the element of love, but always treat it in a strikingly original way. The old forms have gone out."