

SIGNS OF SPRING

When the first line of the year comes, the people are in a hurry. Everything is topsy-turvy. Nothing is in place, and quiet is a thing only to be thought of. The moving is at hand, and where moving is not a necessity there is the spring housecleaning. It is a period when the husband considers himself homeless, although he has a home, and the good housekeeper regrets supreme in her field. Morning vans lack up at the front door, mattresses are turned, and the trunkman juggles a heavy piece of furniture down three flights, and in it all comes the spring cleaning of the first room.

Many housewives enjoy the period of spring housecleaning, while others dread the taking up of the work. The woman who has systems about her housework is the one who likes the cleaning. She finds it easy, compared to the other way, and there is, indeed, something enjoyable in the thought of a thorough cleaning. The husband finds himself compelled to stay at the office until late in the evenings on account of important business; but after it is all over there is a feeling of satisfaction and comfort. Everything is once more arranged in place.

In moving from one home to another system can also be employed. It is best to have the heavier articles, such as the ironing board, the wash tub, and the trunk, taken care of first. This leaves the housewife to take more pains with her smaller and more valuable articles, seeing that they receive the best of care in the hands of the trunkman and with her own hands. Care of the articles in the wrapping and packing saves considerable breakage, especially in moving from one flat to another.

In the spring housecleaning there is often much brass ware to be cleaned. There is hardly a house but what has little pieces of brassware varying from a paper knife to a heavy jardiniere. The decorative nature of this metal lends to much of the furnishings of a home that few can resist. The odd candlesticks, plates and kettles. Brass must be kept clean and the spring housecleaning is a good time to do the work. Stains and dirt must not be allowed to mar the beauty of the ware.

Candlesticks that have been on the mantle often become discolored from the gases that are sent out by the wood, coal and gas. They can be brightened by rubbing with a piece of soft leather. Use an old suede bag, a cast-off old glove or a worn-out pillow for this purpose. When unpolished brass or any kind of ware which has rubbed, is in need of a cleaning, it can be done by applying soap suds to which a little ammonia has been added. This is put on with a brush, which cleans the depressed surfaces. Then rinse with warm water.

Whitening and lemon juice will clean a tarnished brass teakettle. A soft flannel should be used in applying, and the usual water bath must be given after the cleanser. Soft and vinegar will clean a brass tray. Dip the seat upon the tray, add a little vinegar and scrub with the paste thus formed. There is a great deal of importance attached to brasses, and they should not be neglected in the spring housecleaning.

Accidents sometimes occur with bottles containing poisons during the spring housecleaning and moving. To prevent this, they should be corked tight, and every bottle of poison is brought into the house to be a bell to the neck. This serves as a good warning in the dark, and when the bottles are arranged in

Care of Jewels

That diamonds are frequently kept in jeweler's sawdust, and that they are dried these after being brushed with soap suds, is not new to the wearer of these perfect jewels. But that they may be rinsed with cologne water and are frequently shaken in a small bag of bran may be news to many. The dry bran bath is a polisher, and it is the method of those very careful women who first resort to clean, white blotting paper as drier and to the bit of pointed blotting paper, too, as a mop for the crevices.

Precious stones are never wiped dry, but the sawdust absorbs the moisture. Many persons leave their diamonds in it, keeping a box of sawdust for the purpose. Up-to-date jewelers polish pearls with chamolis and avoid water. Pearls must be worn whenever it is possible. Contact with warm flesh is their best preservative as to texture and color. Pearls are said to be "died" by Maty. Old ladies who value their family pearls lock them up with a piece of ashwood, notwithstanding the protests of the younger generation.

Filigree silver and chased gold ornaments can be cleaned with hot water and a little ammonia. A fairly soft brush will do the work, and paper or cotton should be the constant wrapper for these easily discolored metals, after the jeweler's sawdust has absorbed the moisture and chamolis or soft kid has been used for polishing. Oxidized silver should be dipped in a solution of one part sulphuric acid and 40 parts water. The mixture is poisonous and requires very careful handling.

Ivory ornaments require a peroxide treatment which whitens. The solution is rubbed on the backs of brushes, etc., with a cloth, and as a cleanser ordinary bicarbonate of soda with hot water is essential. Amber is rubbed with putty-vozed chalk slightly moistened with water. The beads, if such they be, are then laid upon a flannel cloth, rubbed with olive oil, and, lastly, a dry woolen cloth until the polish returns. The opal is rubbed with mastic, which is putty, spread on a chamolis and slightly moistened. Polish is restored to this gem with powdered chalk, followed by a washing in warm water and rubbed dry. All jewels need cleaning, no matter what their intrinsic value.

THE CARE OF BOOKS

Most instances libraries are not made; they grow. The book collector must have years in which to make the library, and special care must be taken of the volumes in order that the ones obtained first will be in good condition when the library is completed. If treatment will ruin books the same as it will ruin anything else and they sometimes show signs before they really ought to. Lending books is a pleasure, yet this often causes their partial destruction. It is best to keep all precious bindings behind glass doors. This will keep them free from dust and moisture and they will not be open to the book destroyers. The handling of volumes, when it is done a great deal, will ruin the best of bindings. A soft cloth is the best treatment for books that are dusty. The cloth should be used carefully. Books should never be thrown or clapped together, as this will loosen the bindings and cause the pages to fall out. A very delicate book, such as the ones used on hats, can be used to dust out the top edges of the pages, where the rough paper occurs. This brush will get at getting all the dust from the paper flaps.

Moths and mold constitute the main enemies of books that are kept away from the hand. A cedar oil is the best remedy. This oil is put on the shelves with a broad new varnish brush, and is soaked into every crevice and crack. It is then mopped and rubbed dry before the books are replaced on the shelves. This moth and mold cure need not be applied more than once each year. A good collector never pulls the books from the shelves by their bindings, as this often ruins the covers and pulls the pages loose. When taking books from the shelves, place the finger on the top and not on the binding. With the first finger on the top of the volume, tilt it outward, without pulling. The middle and index finger can grasp the whole of the back binding, by which it will be drawn from the shelf. It is very easy to see why this method should be used, and it is much easier than the old way of grabbing the back of the binding and pulling the volume outward. The bookplate is no longer a difficult thing to obtain, and all volumes deserve bookplates. Young artists sometimes make a specialty of designing bookplates for a small price, and the printer charges only a nominal sum for a metal cut and the first several hundred of subsequent orders for them will cost very little. It is a great necessity when it comes to preserving the volumes.

The most successful glue is the library glue. This is a great deal more sacred than the glue used in bookbinding. It is also more likely to be returned—and returned in good condition, too. In most cases the man or woman who does not take care of a borrowed book hardly ever has any of his own. The book is a permanent article and if one does not care for it, he should try it with some glue else than a valuable volume.

how do you do? Yes—we just got back. What? The Browns and the Turners won't go out again this summer? They've given up their rooms? Oh, yes, you indeed for telling us—but we've already been. Yes—it might have saved the trip. What's that?—the new family in the room next to ours has—what?—three little babies? Yes, I guess we'd better try and get one of the other rooms—babies do cry a lot at night, don't they? Yes, Homer here—want to speak to him? Alright—just a minute—hold that wire.

But Homer-dear was past answering a telephone call!

CARVEL CALVERT HALL.

OLD FASHION REVIVED.

An outgrowth of the tendency toward the lines of Marie Antoinette and her times, the duch is here in combination with the voluminous folds of the skirt. Voile, mousseline de soie and chiffon are used over with foundations which are made of that material. Samples of the draper period are easily attain. A single row of satin or silk, or the artificial flower, is used to hold the ends of the duch to the girdle.

SILK HAT BAG.

PULLMAN porters are able to supply paper bags for women for the protection of hats, but the best article for this purpose is the new silk hat bag, especially for women who are going to travel. The paper bags are stiff and unwieldy and one of soft China silk provided with a ribbon run through the casing at the top, will be much more convenient. On the outside of the bag, near the lower edge, may be placed pockets, closed by snap buttons, for the accommodation of gloves and veil.

The Justweds wander out in search of COUNTRY BOARD

PROMPTLY at 3:30, Blossom, to the minute"—and Mr. Justwed had hung up the receiver.

"Now isn't that just like a man!" exclaimed Mrs. J., as she followed suit at her end of the line. "Phones me at 3 o'clock and expects me to get dressed and meet him downtown, all in 30 minutes! And a day like this, of all days, to look for country board. Well—With which expressive exclamation, Mrs. J. gave a sigh of hopeless despair and bowed to the inevitable. She flew into her room and struggled hurriedly into a street dress. Grabbing up an umbrella on her way out, she closed the door of the Justwed apartment and hastened to the car. The fine April drizzle by no means improved her temper, and when she stepped off the car at the appointed place she was in no pleasant frame of mind.

"Well, Homer, I hope you're satisfied now!" was her greeting. "Here I am! Do you really mean to go out in the country on a day like this?"

"Why, Blossom, it's a case of necessity. Besides, this rain doesn't amount to anything. It's nothing but an April shower, and it'll be over in less than an hour. Here, here's our car—hurry—we've no time to lose."

"Whew!" exclaimed Mrs. J., as she was bounced down into a seat on the suburban-bound car. "I feel like a sack of potatoes—the way you've dragged and pitched me around. Might I be allowed to inquire now, Homer, the cause of all this haste?"

"Certainly, my dear," answered Mr. J., quite amiably. "You see, I met Smith-Jones at lunch today and he told me that he understood Mrs. Suburbanite had only one room unengaged for this summer. Everybody who was out there with us last summer—and you remember how many there were—had been to see Mrs. Suburbanite and engaged his room again for this summer. Besides, three new families have taken rooms, so Smith-Jones says. And he also tells me that a chap in his bank intends to go out after the one remaining room tomorrow morning. You see, we'll engage it this afternoon and beat him to it!"

Perhaps Mrs. Justwed should have en-

thused, but she didn't. Whereupon, Mr. J. glanced moodily out the window for a second or two and then retorted:

"Don't you want to go out there this summer, Blossom?"

"Of course I do, Homer—what makes you think I don't?"

"Why, you seem so enthusiastic about getting the room as a church mouse at 3—"

Mrs. J. paused a moment before replying, half ashamed of her temper.

"Forgive me, Homer," she said gently. "I was so flustered over having to get ready in such a hurry and meet you—oh, see, it's stopped raining! It won't be such a awful trip, after all. Really, I'm sorry I was so unkind."

And Mrs. J. continued to chat optimistically on about the place, its proximity to the city, the people, the bridge parties, etc. A half hour's ride brought them to their destination and they clambered off the car with a feeling akin to

that of revisiting the scenes of one's youth. At least, Mr. J. essayed to feel that way.

The boarding-house run by Mrs. Suburbanite was a good 400 yards back from the station, and a long, rambling board walk ran back to it. In summer it was flanked by bushes and flower-beds and verdant trees, arched in most picturesque. But now it stretched out a narrow, uninviting length of pine board after pine board. Moreover, many of the boards had fallen victims to the winter's cold and storm and were conspicuous by their absence.

Mr. J. glanced around for a second, seeking familiar landmarks, and stepped off the station platform.

He sank into mud nearly up to his shoe tops!

"Confound it!" he exclaimed, struggling back upon the platform.

"Sort of different from in the summer, isn't it?" Homer commented Mrs. J. quite cheerily.

"Well I should say so—doggone it, look at that mud on my trousers up to my knees!" exclaimed Mr. J. "You wait here, Blossom, until I get that board over there and put down for you to walk on over this muddy place."

Carefully Mr. J. prepared to jump to a loose board lying in the mud a trifle far out to step upon.

He jumped!

And as he landed on one end of it, the other naturally flew up and met him on the forehead.

"Ow!" gasped Mrs. J.

"?!" wailed Mr. J. in words more emphatic than elegant.

His hat was reposing peacefully in a puddle a yard away and one of Mr. J.'s shoes seemed wedged tight in the mud.

But he got the plank and finally succeeded in placing it so Mrs. J. could step safely across to the boardwalk.

"Let me tell you," exclaimed Mr. J.

"I wouldn't live in the country the year round for money! Look at me! Ain't I an awful mess?"

"Oh, just a little mud, Homer," consoled Mrs. J. "That won't hurt you. It'll brush right off as soon as it's dry!"

Mr. J. stood still in amazement.

"What?" he exclaimed, "what—what are you trying to do—kid me? You may think it funny, but I don't! Let me tell you, madam, if it wasn't that I am so anxious to get you out of the hot city this summer and make you comfortable, you can just bet I wouldn't tramp way out here on a day like this—room or no room!"

Just then Mrs. J. slipped on a wet board and one dainty foot was covered with mud.

Yes, she had in fact slipped on the board, but as she was looking at it, she would have to charge \$20 a month for it. She disliked raising her price, but the increased cost of living, etc.—and there was war!

Homer-dear objected, but Mrs. S. was obdurate. Naturally, Mr. J. had to finally capitulate.

Two hours later a man and a woman stomped before the door of the Justwed apartment, and the man inserted a key and opened the door.

"If you ever so much as mention country board to me again, Mrs. Justwed," the man exclaimed, "I'll—I'll sell 'll buy a farm and make you live on it the year round! The idea of tramping out there on a day like this! Look at me—mud from head to foot! There we sat like bumps on a log waiting one solid hour for that bloody old car! I don't see why they can't run 'em as regularly in the winter and spring as they do in summer!" Confound the old room anyway!

Just then the phone rang and the woman—Mrs. J.—answered it.

"Hello—yes—Mr. Smith-Jones? Oh,

thused, but she didn't. Whereupon, Mr. J. glanced moodily out the window for a second or two and then retorted:

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A CORNER FOR MEN

Little Fables of the Rising Young Man.

Two Chaps Who Took a Chance.

HERE were once two rising young men who roomed together, although not especially good friends, and employed by different Besses. It just happened that they both applied at the same Boarding House and discovered that it would be cheaper to Double UP—two in a room, about the only thing in common between them was a Belief in the Goddess of Fortune. Both had a Firm Conviction that the man who ever expected to get Anywhere must be willing to Take a Chance at any time. But their conceptions of just how this Chance should be taken were as Different as they themselves.

Chap No. 1 believed in the Long Shot method—not only at the Race Track but everywhere. A Long Shot looked Good to Him just because it was a long shot. When you came Across, he argued, you Got Something for your money! Suppose you did Miss the Bull's-Eye every tenth time—wasn't it all made up And Then Some when you hit it, the Eleventh Time? And suppose you didn't. Cash in the eleventh time you might the Twelfth, or the Thirteenth! Anyway, you Couldn't Lose all the time. Your Luck had to change Sometime!

Thus he governed his efforts. Every evening, after he had gotten through the Daily Grind down at the Office, he sallied forth for a Quiet Evening with the Boys at Poker. Sometimes he Won and sometimes he Lost. But his Rising Fortune in his Luck never wavered. "Nothing venture, nothing gain," he argued, consolingly. When he Won it was just So Much to the Good added to his Weekly Drug-Store. And when he Lost, well, he had just Leaned the money to the Others for a time. "Poker Chips have no home," so it would be his turn to Win the Next Night!

Chap No. 2, however, went on a Slightly Different principle. He devoted Every Night to it, too, and played for Big Stakes. Sometimes he Lost and sometimes he Won. One night it might be They Sallied for him, and the next he just couldn't make anything Come His Way. He, too, consoled himself with "Nothing venture, nothing gain." But he wasn't figuring in "Chips and he wasn't drawing Cards to fill Little Straight! He spent his money in Books, and his Evenings in developing Himself along the lines of the business in which he was engaged.

He took his Day's Work home with him Each Night and went over it Step by Step, in an endeavor to find a New Method that would increase his Value to the

Flute Playing Healthful.

ANY members of the medical profession have recommended the playing of wind instruments as an aid to health, and of all of them the flute stands supreme in this regard. Flute playing necessitates perfect breathing. It is an established fact that very few persons breathe correctly, and many ailments could be avoided if correct breathing were properly adhered to. Correct breathing is one of the fundamental rules of physical training, and the play of the flute not only compels the very strictest observance of this rule, but it requires that the breathing shall be done in as pure air as possible. Regular playing of the flute also develops the chest and shoulders to a great extent.

The Well-Dressed Man.

MAN who wishes to be well dressed should never make himself conspicuous. Good taste is the requisite for good dressing, and exaggeration of a style is the first and most common fault. The well dressed man never goes to extremes one way or another. London is another city, and this may be in either color or pattern. College boys are notably offenders against this rule in the eyes of the fashion makers, and their burlesques are not looked upon seriously by the well-dressed man.

One must be well dressed he must study himself. He must study his age, stature, coloring, cast of features and physical peculiarities. If he is 40 and wears clothes that would look well on a lad of 20 he is not well dressed. The short man should wear stripes, as they seem to give him added height. Plaid suits only accentuate his lack of it. The tall man should avoid stripes, as they make him resemble an unimproved lumber pole. A shade known among the tailors as "weather" is quite popular this spring. So, too, are the many shades of gray and blue. A feature of the correct new spring suit is its broad collar, shorter lapels and coat sleeves curving to more tightness at the bottom—an English idea. There are usually three buttons on the coat, the back of which drapes instead of fitting, but there is no pronounced buttoned flare. Here are a few fashion hints for men:

A novel patent leather boot has cloth instead of leather uppers, and a narrow strip of leather extends up through the center of the cloth, lending an effect that is at least different.

Canary colored Ascots to match the modish chamolis glove are an innovation of note for the young man. So, too, are the white knickerbockers for afternoon wear. Brown morning coats are one of the daring ideas, but they are undeniably becoming to the youngster who is well-knit of figure and carries himself with a bit of a swagger.

Monochrome effects in colors have been superseded by agreeable contrasts, as contrast after all, is the life and spice of the well-dressed man.

Dressing up for the afternoon in a frock coat and the boardlike stiff shirt is a thing of the past. All this has been changed, and comfort has become the supreme consideration in dress for every occasion, whether morning, afternoon or evening.

Quality counts for as much in clothes as it does in anything else. The cheaper article may look well for a short length of time, but in the long run the more expensive garment will be the cheaper.

Watering 600,000 Acres.

ENGINEERS are now engaged in the Sacramento Valley on the largest of all the schemes ever planned by the United States government. Its ultimate object is to control the flow from a watershed of over 4,000 square miles and to improve the two great rivers of California.

When the task is completed over 600,000 acres of rich land, at present dry and unbanked during eight months of the year, will have been brought under irrigation, and large areas of bottom land, at present subject to annual overflow and great destruction by the floods, will have been reclaimed. The work will involve the control of sufficient waterpower to provide electric light and power over the greater part of Sacramento Valley, which extends from Mount Shasta to San Francisco Bay, and at its widest part reaches about 100 miles from mountain range to mountain range.

A Modest Cottage Home for \$3,000.

DESIGNED BY CHAS. S. SEDGWICK, ARCHITECT.



THE features or characteristics of the "Modern Cottage Home" building at present are quite marked in contrast with those built five years ago. This design is a modern, up-to-date cottage, having all conveniences and comforts of a more expensive house. It is built with a wide, screened piazza in the front and rear and a second-floor balcony over the front porch, screened in and made with special reference to outdoor sleeping. Over the rear porch is a nice chamber, the main roof being carried forward and backward over these porches, so that they constitute a part of the main house. These porches are 46 feet in width and 16 feet in length. The size of the house, exclusive of the porches, is 35 feet in width by 26 feet in depth, and the estimated cost is \$3,000.

There is a very striking feature in connection with this house that will appeal to many people who are in moderate means—i. e., that the cottage is so arranged that both floors may be used for separate flats for small families, or, if desired, the house is convenient for one family. The first floor, or flat, has a central vestibule entrance, with a large living-room on the right, with fireplace. Back of the living-room is a bedroom, with toilet-room and closet. At the left of the entrance is a pretty dining-room and a small den opening into the rear of the same, and a recessed sideboard. The kitchen connects with the dining-room and opens out on the rear porch. The rear stairway is at the side entrance, making convenient access for parties desiring to occupy the upper floor as a flat.

There is a good basement under the entire house, and the finish throughout is in Washington fir, stained, with oak floors. The exterior is cemented from the grade line to the top of the first story; above this the house is sided with "drop siding," stained brown. The trimmings, cornices, etc., are painted white, and the shingles of the roof a rich brown color.

