

The Disillusionment of the Honeymoon

No. 7—The Nineteenth Day.

By Mabel Herbert Urner

AUTHOR OF "A JOURNAL OF A NEGLECTED WIFE."

"THESE chops are not fit to eat! They're cooked to death and cold." He pushed back his plate angrily. "If there's anything decent about this hotel—I've yet to find it. The food, the service, the appointments—rotten! All of it."

"Well, you know, dear, resort hotels are never—"

"Oh, for goodness sake, Helen, spare us that excuse—you've made it a hundred times. I've probably been to as many resort hotels as you have. And some of them were pretty bad. But they couldn't touch this! Now if you'll just stop trying to excuse it—"

"Why, I'm not trying to excuse it—I don't know why I should. I'm no more responsible for us being here than you are."

"You're not? Well, it seems to me you were pretty keen about coming."

"Why, yes, I wanted to come—we both did. But never heard of this place until you brought me the booklet."

"But you kept at me to get circulars of hotels along the Maine coast—something out of the 'beaten path.'"

"Why, Warren, that was what we both wanted—surely you haven't forgotten?"

He gave her All the Blame.

"No, and I haven't forgotten how you enthused over the prospectus of this particular place."

"And didn't you?"

"I wanted to please you, of course, and when you set your heart on this, naturally."

The waitress, who for several moments had been hovering uncertainly about them, came up now.

"Are you through, sir?"

"Yes, we're through. You don't suppose any one could eat that food, do you? How do you expect to keep your guests when you serve such stuff as that?"

The waitress made some murmured apology.

"It isn't her fault, Warren. She has to serve whatever is given her in the kitchen. What's the use of speaking to her?"

"Oh, there's no use speaking to any

one here. I've complained to every one from the manager down and nobody seems responsible." He was sipping his black coffee distastefully. "What do you say to cutting it short and going back?"

An Admission Of Failure.

Her heart sank. She had known it all along, but she had tried to ward it off as long as possible. To go back before they had planned would be an admission of failure—an admission that their honeymoon had not been a success and that they wanted to have it over.

"Couldn't we go somewhere else first?"

"Haven't you had about enough of this? I think I have."

She winced and her lips trembled. So it was not only the hotel, but he was tired of being alone with her. He had had enough; he wanted to go back. She remembered once he had said, "If we could go off to some far-away island, just you and I, and live our lives there alone—oh, sweet, I would ask for nothing else."

And now—now that they were married—two weeks had been enough!

"When do you want to go?" She asked it with an effort.

"The sooner the better. Tomorrow."

"As soon as you can pack, Walt, I'll get a time table from the office."

He came back with the time table. "Here's a train in the morning at 11:45. Do you think we can make that?"

"I'll try."

"You might do some of the packing tonight," he suggested.

Not to be so rushed. And he might even make an earlier train, there's one at 10:25."

They rose from the table now and he went with her to the foot of the stairs.

"I'll not come up just now. I think I'd better settle the bill and see about getting the train ticket."

She started to go up alone, and then turned suddenly.

Makes Last Attempt At Sentiment.

"Warren!" there was a pleading note in her voice. She went back to him and laid her hand on his arm. "Warren,

don't ask me to pack tonight—this is our last night here. I want you to take me for a little walk. It's such a beautiful moonlight—let's go down by the beach."

He hesitated, and then said reluctantly: "Well, I suppose we can get up earlier in the morning."

It was a beautiful night—the moonlight, the long stretch of beach, and the soft rush of the waves. She slipped her arm through his and was leaning slightly against him.

If he would only respond to her! If they could make of this last night something beautiful; if he would help her bring into it some of the love and romance she so longed for it would do much toward redeeming the past two weeks.

It would give to their honeymoon a beautiful ending, and she would always hold that in her memory and try to forget the rest.

The Futility Of Her Efforts.

"Oh, dear, it is a wonderful night. Isn't it?" she murmured softly, swaying closer against him.

"Yes, it's a good, clear night; but I hope that east breeze doesn't mean rain tomorrow."

She swallowed the lump in her throat and walked on in silence for a little while. Then she tried again.

"Just think, dear, that just you and I out of all the world should be here alone! Just the sea and sky and moonlight—and you and I here together! Oh, I love to think of it like that!"

He made no answer.

She let her hand rest against his arm. "Oh, I do care so much, dear," it was almost a whisper. "Don't you?"

"Why, yes, of course; what a foolish question. I think you're tired, that's what's the matter. And you won't feel like packing tomorrow. Come, we'd better go back."

He saw the futility of her efforts. There was no use trying again. She waited a moment until she was quite sure there would be no answer in her voice, and then answered quietly.

"Yes, we had better go back."

For women stands a sign Of influence benign.

THE moon, farthest north on this 15th day, is new, and enters conjunction with Neptune in a sign of the zodiac that is held significant by astrologers.

Neptune's influence is read to be toward epidemics and strange disorders.

The ruling sign, according to old astrological rules, makes for troubles of mind and races, anger between peoples and many unexpected complications.

British astrologers hold that Leo in the seventh house over London at this time of new moon is evil for England, and they predict many murders, riots, and disorders of public, and a stirring of the angry populace.

Over France the sign appears to be equally menacing, even to the extent of indicating that there may be mutinies of war.

Over America, for this day specifically, the best aspects are produced by an unusual interposition of Venus and Jupiter, promising splendidly both for business and for family affairs.

The one necessity is to eliminate, as much as possible, everything that is sordid, selfish, or intolerant in intercourse with others.

Women's affairs should prosper extraordinarily well today.

Matters of the heart are under auspices of rich promise.

Persons with this birth-date are under influences that often tend to make their subjects jump at conclusions rather than to take the time to study them. During this twelvemonth they will find unexpected success from foresight and analytical consideration of problems.

Children are born today with tendencies toward doing only those things that interest them.

When you get in all you can, wet a lot of old newspapers and pack them in on top of the hay all around the buckets. Tickle be surprised at the amount of paper you will be able to force in.

Take a short block of wood with a square end and a hammer and keep on hammering the paper in around the bucket, it serves to keep the hay in

DAILY FASHION TALK

By Frances Carroll



THE rage for diaphanous materials has invaded the realm of the summer wrap, which nowadays seems built to add rather to the airiness of one's costumes than its warmth. Notwithstanding the seeming inconsistency of "wrapping up in chiffons," however, there is more than a bit of logic in the process since despite their appearance there is more than a modicum of warmth in these gauzy materials.

Leaving the matter of utility out of the question, the fact remains that chiffon wraps of all descriptions are particularly fascinating and effective when donned with a frock of silk or a lingerie garment, and the woman who would make an attractive addition to her summer wardrobe could do no better than study the two models I am showing today.

Both the models, which are worked out entirely in pitch black, are of French creation.

Figure No. 1 is a shoulder wrap of nylon de sole, trimmed with fringe headed with a bit of hand work in rat tail braid effect.

Figure No. 2 is more properly a coat with sleeves and yoke richly embroidered in silk braid. A narrow band of satin finishes the "drum" sleeves and traverses the entire length of the front opening, and encircles the neck. A fairly feature is the striped-in effect accomplished by a deep headed fringe.

Incidentally the hats are worth more than a moment's attention, since they show the return of the big bow from the back where it has been disappearing itself for a few months past, to the front and left front side.

THE TIMES INQUIRY COLUMN

Answers to Questions Asked by Its Readers

Making a Fireless Cooker.

Mrs. M. S. H.—I am sure I cannot do better than reprint the story of the making of a fireless cooker, contributed several months ago by one of the readers of The Times' Woman's Page. I think comment is superfluous, as the fireless cooker herein described is a practical contrivance which has been in use for at least eight months.

To make the fireless cooker—Get a candy bucket, the kind you may buy at any retail candy store. Nail or screw across the top, a piece of board to brace the thin wood, and also to give you a place to put the hinge and handle. Before you screw the hinge to the bucket, fill it about half full of fine hay, and place your cooking bucket inside and force down as tight as you can, so as to bring it about two inches from the bottom of the candy bucket, and leaving about two inches all around the sides between the inside and outside buckets. Now take another short piece of plank and nail to the edge of the bucket on one side and force it down across the inside bucket until you can nail on the opposite side. This holds it in place while you get the hay around between the two. Put in just as much as you can force in with a broom handle for a tamper.

When you get in all you can, wet a lot of old newspapers and pack them in on top of the hay all around the buckets. Tickle be surprised at the amount of paper you will be able to force in.

Take a short block of wood with a square end and a hammer and keep on hammering the paper in around the bucket, it serves to keep the hay in

tight and also is itself an excellent non-conductor of heat.

After you have it packed tight let it stand open for a few days so the paper can dry out.

Place the top on, screw up the hinge and place a nap and staple on the front pad the inside of the top as heavily as you have room with raw cotton, place your cooking bucket inside and the cooker is ready for work.

Raspberry Vinegar.

A. D. R.—For raspberry vinegar take four parts of ripe raspberries, pick them well, and put them by in a tight-lidded vessel, after pouring over them one quart of white wine vinegar.

Let stand for a week, in the sun if possible, having the fruit preferably in glass jars; then strain through a flannel cloth, measuring, and for one pint of juice allow a pound of sugar.

Place the sugar in a preserving kettle, together with one half cupful of water for each pound of sugar, and boil to a crack. Then add the fruit juice, after which boil slowly for ten minutes. Bottle and put by.

Huckleberry Wine.

If any of my readers have a good recipe for huckleberry wine, they will greatly oblige the editor by forwarding the formula.

Motherless Children's School.

Father—I have been making inquiries in regard to your request for a boarding school for motherless children, but so far have not been able to obtain information of any value to you. I will be glad to file your request and forward addresses as soon as possible.

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Friend's Pity Misplaced

By Ella Wheeler Wilcox

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LOOKING the world over, even the limited world of her personal acquaintances, you will find much to make you sad, and arouse your pity.

Pity springs from sympathy, and is therefore of good lineage; it belongs to the family of worthy qualities in the kingdom of mind.

But, while sympathy is helpful and encouraging to its object, pity oftentimes weakens and discourages the one who inspires the sentiment.

However, sorry you feel for any of your acquaintances, be careful how you express your pity.

Once during an absence from my native land a letter came from a friend, filled with pity for two mutual acquaintances. The troubles, misfortunes, and sorrows of these two friends, filled pages of note paper, and so dark was the picture painted in words, brimming with pity, that after reading the letter the day seemed suddenly to change from bright sunlight to shadowy night, and pleasures which I had been planning presented themselves to my mind as cruelly selfish pursuits since these two friends were in such sorrow.

Depression of a Letter Filled With Pity.

The next post brought me a letter from each one of these two friends; and both letters were filled with brightness, hope and courage. Both minimized their present troubles, and magnified their prospects of better times coming. Had these troubled, yet brave, souls known of the despairing picture which had been drawn of their situation by the mistaken pity of a friend, they would have been cast down and depressed.

There is an old story of a woman who had been very cheerful and philanthropic during a trial at court, until her attorney rose to plead her case. So graphic was his tale of her troubles and wrongs that the witness was led from the room in hysterics, saying afterward that she had never

known how terribly she had been treated until her lawyer spoke. Many well meaning friends play the part of the attorney in the troubles of their acquaintances; and hundreds of men and women would go through great trials bravely, with hope and courage and faith to guide them, were they not weighted by the pity of their associates.

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EMBROIDERY OF SOLID DOTS

New Mode Meeting With Much Favor

EMBROIDERY of solid dots is in favor this season, the effect lending charm to peasant models.

Whole yokes are made of dots scattered over the entire surface.

Coat sets in linen and pongee have a straight buttonhole edge and the surface covered thickly with coin dots.

Collars and tabs are stylish with similar embroidery.

Have you a pair of silk stockings to embellish? Embroider the front in scattered coin dots in self-tones; or, if you like startling contrast, choose a contrasting color, as black on white and the reverse.

For greater elaboration arrange five dots to form forget-me-not and scatter them an inch apart each way over the front of stockings from instep to calf to leg.

Would you make banding for trimming or embroider yourself belts on linen or moire ribbon? Make a series of connected ovals of nine dots to the side and fill in the intersections with four oval dots, two perpendicular, the other two horizontal. This design can be varied by making the ovals in open dots or eyelets and the figures in satin stitch.

Another good design for belting or band trimming is dots arranged to three parallel lines an inch apart. Cross this by three large coin dots forming a pyramid to extend beyond the lines. On each side, an inch or an inch and a half away, put a figure of smaller dots, one on each line with one to each side of the middle dot. This forms a solid diamond.

At equal spaces put a large solid dot covering the three lines, then another diamond figure, the pyramid of coin dots and repeat. Give your morning gown of striped linen or gingham a hand-made air by

embroidering belt collars and cuffs in white, worked in the same color as the frock. Scallop the cuffs and collar and both edges of belt, and put a dot in the curve of each scallop on the former and down center of belt.

A simple design to edge a square Dutch neck, straight cuffs and belt consists of detached figures formed from one large dot surrounded by a circle of eight small ones. The latter may also be eyelets with the central dot in satin stitch.

Do not attempt to dot embroidery until you have learned how to make a dot well. It is not easy, indeed, is difficult to get perfectly round and of one size. Much depends upon the padding, which should be firm, and the same number of stitches to every dot.

When dotting heavy materials use darning needle for padding, otherwise the working thread is heavy enough. Fill in with a chain stitch if the dot is sufficiently heavy.

Many workers get a rounder, more even dot by working the padding the opposite direction from the covering. The latter is usually worked horizontally. Start at middle of design and work to outer edge of each figure, turn and work from middle the same number of stitches to other side. Occasionally dots are worked flat, but they do not wash well. They are sometimes effective if outlined in color.

The secret of a good-looking dot is to put the stitches very close together, never overlapping, and drawing each thread to the same tension.

WORSE AND WORSE.

"I saw you kiss sister last night."

"Did you, Bobby? Here's a quarter for you."

"Thanks. And then I saw you kiss the maid in the hall."

"Great Scott! Here's five dollars!"—Life.

The Ticklemouse —and his Sleepyland Adventures

By Roy Rutherford Bailey with Davy and Dorfy

(Copyright, 1910, by Roy Rutherford Bailey.)

Their Sane Fourth

If their father hadn't been suddenly called out of town the night before, the twins would probably have celebrated the glorious Fourth just like all the rest of Doverville.

Even then, if their mother hadn't awakened with a bad headache that morning, she would have taken them to the quiet village celebration and they would have told the merry mice a different story that night.

"But it's been such a queer, stupid Fourth," Davy told the Ticklemouse. "Not a firecracker or toy pistol or even a torpedo. They had a 'noiseless picnic,' as they called it, on the Square, but we couldn't go. Seemed more like Sunday."

Perhaps the Ticklemouse knew more about how it feels to be disappointed than Davy knew. Anyhow, he scratched his head as if thinking hard. "I have it," he said at last to Willy. "Let's take them to Grant Park!" And he sent Willy posthaste for his aeroplane.

It was a long flight to the encampment on Lake Michigan, most of the way against a heavy head wind. The lights in some of the skyscrapers were still twinkling, but the rest of Chicago was asleep.

"Over there," said Willy, "is the grandstand. Whole regiments drill and light sham battles before it."

"What for?" asked Dorfy.

"So folks won't miss the firecrackers and torpedoes, of course!" said Davy.

"Please don't interrupt him, Dorfy. I want to hear about the picnic."

"Seeing is better than hearing, my dears. Would you like to have them

go a special drill, just for us?" The Ticklemouse smiled to see how Willy stared at the idea. "Just match my smoke," he went on. "I'll weave a charm that beats six of the Catnip Spell, see if I don't."

For a few moments he waved his hands in silence. Then he muttered some magic words and a thin, fog-like haze spread out over the city of tents. Suddenly, from under the tent the Ticklemouse drew a flashing sword with a sharp word of command.

From every tent in the whole camp ground came a low, sleepy sigh. Soon

the camp was astir, but not a word was spoken. Out of their tents poured the soldiers' staring straight before them as they fell into line. The artillery joined forces with the infantry, and even the horses stepped softly as ghosts.

"Why, can't the soldiers talk?" asked the puzzled twins.

The Mouse chuckled. "Not while I cast my magic spell," he said. "They're all sound asleep!"

Sure enough! Under the power of his magic, the stern soldiers had risen to go through as ghostly a sham battle as ever soldiers fought. For though everything was perfect to the eye, not a sound came from the battlefield. Guns tried to rattle, cannons tried to roar, officers waved their swords and tried to shout their orders. But all came from the weapons was a cloud of smoke, it was as if a mighty wind were bearing the noise of battle away from the four while the whole struggle was in plain sight. The twins gazed spellbound: the Ticklemouse's eyes twinkled, and the Wishinmouse's eyes twinkled, and the Wishinmouse got so excited he snatched off his cap and waved it with a loud "Hurrah!"

Bang! Bang! BANG! roared the guns of the startled sentries, who had seen nothing of the shadowy battle. They fired in the direction of Willy's voice, and the bullets came fearfully close. With a blow of his knife the Ticklemouse set the aeroplane free and the motor screamed like an eagle as he headed homeward.</