In the Realm of Woman --- Some Interesting Features

Cocoanut Oil Makes A Splendid Shampoo

If you want to keep your hair in good condition, be careful what you wash it with.

Don't use prepared shampoos or anything else, that contains too much alkali. This dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and is very harmful. Just plain mulsified cocoanut oil (which is pure and entirely greaseless), is much better than anything else you can use for shampooing, as this can't possibly injure the hair.

Simply moisten your hair with water and rub it in. One or two teaspoonfuls will make an abundance of rich, creamy lather, and cleanses the hair and scalp thoroughly. The lather rinses out easily and removes every particle of dust, dirt, dandruff and excessive oil. The hair dries quickly and evenly, and it leaves it fine and silky, bright, fluffy and easy to manage.

You can get mulsified coacoanut oil at most any drug store. It is very cheap, and a few ounces is enough to last everyone in the family for months.

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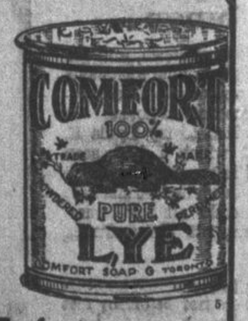

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"The Wife" By Jane Phelps

BRIAN TELLS RUTH WHAT HE EARNS. PLAN TO USE IT BEST.

CHAPTER XI.

When Ruth asked Brian for the dollar for Mrs. Murphy, she added: "You better give me a little more; she is coming up to do the dishes."

"How much?"

"Oh, I guess twenty-five cents will be enough for her. There aren't many.

Brian counted out twenty-five cents and added it to the dollar, then handed it to Ruth. Had she thought he would give her more, so preventing her being placed where she would have to borrow from Mrs. Murphy again, she was disappointed.

"Brian," she said, after a pause, "don't you think we'd better sit down together and plan to use your salary to the best advantage, like the young couple in the story?"

"Very well, perhaps it will be the best way."

It was late when they finished. Ruth was too amazed to speak when Brian told her what he earned. Why, she often had paid more for a grown than his entire monthly salary. But she hid her surprise from him. She had married him knowing he was a poor man—how poor, she never had dreamed—and she would do the best she could. So they apportioned their income. So much for rent; so much for food, ice, lights; so much for rough help. The rest they divided in half. Ruth to do as she pleased with her half, Brian to have the same privilege.

"But, dear, we haven't counted a penny for outing or theatres," she said when, finally, they got up to retire.

"No, I guess we'll have to do without many theatres for a while. We'll go to the movies occasionally, and if we do go to the theatre we will easily pay for our own ticket."

"Oh, how funny!" and Ruth laughed hysterically. Not that she really thought it funny, but that it seemed so utterly incongruous. The idea that she should buy her own ticket, and he his, out of their part of the meagre amount left for clothes, etc., made her hysterical.

"How long do you think it will be Brian, before you can earn more?" she asked soberly, the next morning at breakfast. She had eaten nothing, neither had she slept. She was beginning to realize that, even though she loved him and was willing to economize, that unless he quickly brought in more money they would scarcely afford to live even in the, to her, mean little place they now occupied. "Oh, very soon. I shall get some paying cases before long. There's a man down on Long Island owes me a little money. I'll try to collect that. Is there anything particular you want right away?"

"No, dear, but I've been thinking. You see, our clothes will soon be out of style and shabby. We will have to have new ones. We can't possibly buy clothes on what you earn now."

"Don't cross bridges until you come to them. I don't see but we are pretty well fixed. By the time we need clothes, we'll be able to have them."

Ruth bit her lip and said no more. And not even Brian's compliment because of her improved breakfast, could bring a smile to her face.

Brian really meant what he said. He didn't see but that they were pretty well fixed. He never had been accustomed to luxury, and the neat, simply furnished rooms, with the dainty muslin curtains at the windows and soft-toned rag rugs on the floor, the comfortable chairs, big table—which, after dinner was cleared away, they used as a reading table—seemed to him all that was necessary for comfort. Brian thought a great deal of that; his comfort. Had he not, perhaps he might have been more successful in a business way. But "mannana" was always on his lips. Never was he in a hurry to accomplish anything; another day was coming, he would do it then.

He had a very optimistic nature, and a way of impressing people who did not know him, fostering in them the belief that he would accomplish great things. But Mrs. Clayborne had seen the weakness in his character, and had feared for Ruth's happiness because of it.

Had Brian been, or had Mrs. Clayborne thought him, more stable, she would not have minded his poverty, and she would have assisted him and Ruth until such a time as they could get along alone. But she sensed his weakness, and felt sure that sooner or later Ruth would wake up to the sort of man she had married and come back home. Not that Mrs. Clayborne thought Brian a bad man. She didn't. And he wasn't! but she did sense his limitations. He was, he always would be, a financial failure—so she thought. And so, after a month or two of life in New York, had Ruth begun to think.

It was so belittling, Ruth thought, to count every penny. Yet, never did she voice a complaint. She went to market in all the bravery of her expensive gowns, carried a basket, and bought a little of this, and a little of that, and, as Mrs. Murphy said, "lugged it home."

To say Ruth was happy, would not be true. It would be equaly untrue to say she was unhappy at this time. She was still very much in love with Brian; yet she often spent nearly her entire day weeping. Her surroundings, in spite of all she could do, depressed her. She longed for the dainty, beautiful things to which she all her life, had been accustomed.

To-morrow—Mrs. Clayborne Sends for Ruth. She has decided to redecorate her living room.

TALKING IT OVER
With Lorna Moon

A New Love For the Pretty Young Thing.

The Pretty Young Thing has bought a car of her very own, a snappy little roadster with a maroon body. When she isn't out in it, which isn't very often to be sure, she spends her time round the garage walking round the car; thumping its chest, telling it to say "ninety-nine" or to put out its tongue, or whatever it is that one says to a car when one loves it very much and it is new and one's very own!

The Pretty Young Thing used to be in love with a man—quite the wrong kind of a man. That was long ago — oh, quite a long time ago—almost four weeks ago, that was before she bought the car! She was getting to be quite a Hoover Baby with her thin white cheeks. We were all a little bit worried about her. You see we are all very fond of the Pretty Young Thing and we couldn't for the life of us see anything in the man to love. We hoped that when he shirked his duty to his country the Young Thing would be disillusioned; but that only made her stop speaking about him, it didn't make her stop loving him.

Then when she found he lost money playing cards that only seemed to stir her maternal instinct and she wanted to reform him. Oh I'll tel you we worried a good deal about the Pretty Young Thing. We didn't know what to do. A trip had done no good, a course of Red Cross training hadn't helped a bit. She had no desire to go the the front as a nurse and she didn't yearn to be a soldierette. In fact, every normal instinct of nineteen years seemed to be dormant.

Then one day she came home with color in her cheeks and a reckless glint in her eye and informed the family that she had spent all her money on a roadster which was the "sweetest, dearest most perfectly ridiculously cute"—and all the other things that nineteen can think of in five minutes.

The family was staggered for a moment, but it is recovering rapidly; for the Pretty Young Thing has solved her own problem. She isn't in love with any man now, she is simply head over heels in love with that saucy little roadster, and as her Dad fervently said "Thank Heaven she can't marry that. She can only be arrested for speeding and I guess I can foot that bill."

INDIANS NO LONGER OUTCASTS

Red Man Has Taken His Place With Other Respected Members of American Social Life.

In the annual report of Cato Sells, commissioner of Indian affairs, this is said:

"Evidences of material and humanitarian advancement are everywhere apparent. Industrially and socially, the Indians are making unparalleled strides toward self-support and civilization. I have discovered that with sympathetic cooperation and intelligent encouragement their response is almost universal."

Within the last few years 42,110 Indian families have forsaken the tepee to live in houses. The tribal Indian rapidly is becoming "individualized." His red past is only a few years behind him, but it is in the past. The government no longer believes that wars with the Indians are possible. The question of peace with them is an answered one, and all that remains is to make of the Indian a self-supporting, self-respecting member of American society.

It has been said that the red past of the Indian is only a few years behind him. How strikingly this is shown by the fact that today many officers of the United States army below the rank of brigadier general wear the ribbon which shows that they have seen active service in warfare against the Apache, the Sioux, the Cheyenne, or other tribes of mountain and plain. It probably will be hard today to find any irreconcilables among the Indians of the West, unless the search be extended into the tepees of the ancients who grow to old age in a condition of roamers and warriors, and in whom nature forbids a change to take place.

A Family Reunion.

Wellington, Aug. 19.—A most enjoyable family reunion was held at the lovely old home of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Garratt, when their family, including Frank Garratt and wife, North Bay; Dr. and Mrs. William Garratt, Yonkers, N.Y., and their daughter, Mrs. S. Esdall, Bowmanville, also Mrs. Garratt's sister, Mrs. Whittier, Trenton, and other relatives were present on the happy occasion. A delightful time was spent together, which passed all too quickly. Mr. and Mrs. Garratt's home and picturesque grounds are one of Wellington's beauty spots. That they have many more such reunions is the wish of their many friends.

Feed Your Nerves

What tired nerves need is nourishment. Your blood has failed to supply this.

To get the system right again you must supply nutrition in condensed and easily assimilated form as it is found in Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

The blood is quickly enriched, the vigor of the nerves is restored, digestion is improved, and soon you feel through the whole body the energy and vigor of health.

PASSING OF MELODIOUS MULE.

By operating on a mule scientists have succeeded in making him voiceless.—News Item.

A few can touch the magic string,
And noisy Fame is proud to win them.
Alas for those who never sing,
But die with all the music in them!
—Oliver Wendell Holmes.

How often, as the dusk drew near
And vagrant breezes stirred the pool,
We've paused beside the path to hear
The evening carol of the mule.
A simple and unstudied strain,
As from a heart that overflowed,
It rose and fell and rose again,
And died in echoes down the road.

But science, with its ruthless knife,
These vibrant cords has learned to sever;
That song that spoke the joy of life
In zigzag bars is stilled forever.
A kindly and impulsive brute
In silence must pursue his ways,
The song upon his lips is mute,
And all his days are brayless days.

Now, science may be right, of course,
Perhaps the mule is no musician,
And merely brayed till he was hoarse
To gratify a false ambition.
Perhaps the Muses passed him by,
Caruso's genius may have missed him;
And yet it's sad that he must die
With all that music in his system!
—James J. Montague, New York American.

Appropriation For Roads.

Cornwall, Aug. 22.—At a special meeting of the Counties Council of the united counties of Stormont, Dundas and Glengarry, to consider the advisability of authorizing expenditure for roads, a by-law was passed authorizing the sub-roads committee to borrow $45,000 to be spent on the roads this year and to be paid out of the Government subsidy. It was also decided to join the Eastern Ontario Good Roads Association, recently formed at Ottawa.

Her Misfortune.

Mr. Caboodle was always exceedingly courteous to the fair sex. One day when he was airing his views on politeness he remarked that he had never seen an ugly woman.

A woman standing near, who happened to have a flat nose, overheard him and, confronting him said:

"Sir, look at me and confess that I am ugly!"

"Madame," replied Caboodle, "like the rest of your sex, you are an angel fallen from the skies, but it was not your fault that you happened to alight on your nose."

Worse Than Warfare.

Black—I see in addition to a black eye that Tinker has two front teeth broken.

White—Yes, someone made him eat his words!

AN AIR OF THE AIR

"Ralph has written a new song which he calls The Aeroplane Rag!"

"How does it go?"

"Oh, up and down, of course."

DUTY OF GERMANY'S DEAD.

To Be Burned Naked, Leaving Clothes to Others.

The cold-blooded, matter-of-fact way in which it is proposed to strip the German dead of their grave clothes is astoundingly illustrated by an article in the Elberfeld Freie Presse of Thursday, April 18:

Not only have the living a duty to the Fatherland, but also the dead. The duty of the dead is to be buried without clothes. It has often been noticed that the dead are being buried not only with clothes, but with underclothes, and even shoes and stockings.

This is a beautiful custom, no doubt, but it is impossible in wartime. The paramount necessity today to stretch our stocks of woollen goods makes its imperative that we should abandon this custom.

Everything depends to-day on our utilization of every possible piece of clothing, and only the softheartedness of our authorities and tenderness and consideration towards the feelings and susceptibilities of the people have so far prevented the compulsory stripping of the dead before interment.

A hint, however, has now been given to all the authorities connected with burials to put a stop to this practice and to confiscate all unnecessary clothing.

If the dead cannot be buried naked, why not give them paper clothes? Our paper industry is far enough advanced to-day to enable us to give the dead worthy and even beautiful clothing.

It is now the duty of the Government to promulgate the decision that only those who succumb to contagious diseases shall be buried in their linen. Otherwise this linen and all other clothing and underclothing must belong to the community.

Victory depends on such little things as these.

Neighborly Amenities.

Joe Uihleih, hunter of polar bears, polar stars, aurora borealises and other wild carnivorous harmless mammals, including ducks, swans and welsh rabbits, may be found at sunup and sundown with his trusty pruning knife and safety shears pruning and shearing all his plants and flowers, and Henry Thompson, his neighbor, says: "If Joe would only let nature take its course, the things that intended to come up this spring wouldn't wait until next fall." But Joe says: "I guess I know more about dandelions and pedigrees than Henry does. Why, just look at that statue of the replica of a polar bear I shot on the side of the house; he couldn't shoot a thing that looks like that even if he had a gun," and Henry in one of his dulcet neighborly tones replied: "I wouldn't need a gun to shoot at a thing like that," and disappeared through a slim crack in the fence with his unlighted cigar.—Milwaukee Journal.

Mule Is Doing His Bit.

The Missouri mule is doing his bit, and doing it well, in the present world conflict, just as he did it in the Civil war. In many sections at the front and along the lines of communication are places where mules are almost indispensable and where horses and motorcars are virtually useless.

Pershing's engineers have testified to the worth of the mules in the requisitions they have made to Washington for the animals.

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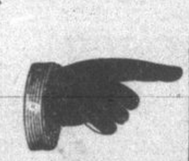
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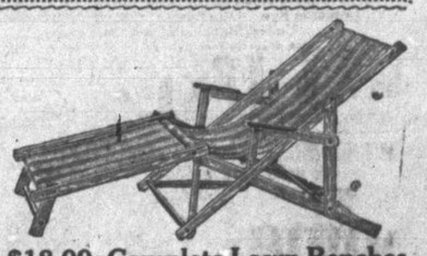

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