

# ONLY LITTLE PATIENCE NEEDED FOR MILADY TO SHAMPOO OWN HAIR

Women Skilled in Art Safe at Remote Summering Place—Suitable Soap, Hot and Cold Water a-Plenty and a Lint-free Towel Are Main Requirements—Pat, Don't Rub, Is Advice.

At some Summer resorts the care of the hair is as easily attended to as it is at home. There are skillful hair dressers and shampooers on hand who know more about taking care of your hair than you know yourself. But at other places, the care of the hair takes on a most serious aspect, for there are no available shampooers hiding in the woods that surround the wild mountain camp, and none inhabit the haystacks of the remote country farm.

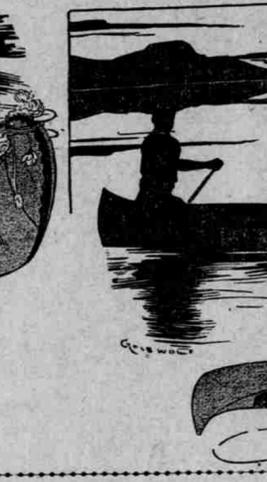
So it behooves the woman who is spending her Summer vacation in a remote place to master the art of shampooing her own hair. And an art it is.

Start by washing your brushes and comb. Soft, soapy water, not hot, just tepid, with perhaps a dash of ammonia or borax will be needed for this. Do not allow the brushes to soak long. Rub them together briskly in about two or three waters containing soap. Rinse in clear water of the same temperature until it runs off clear; turn brushes down, to dry where the air will pass through them in the strong sunlight. The backs will warp.

Now, if your hair is dry, use only the egg shampoo mixture, at below: Mix egg shampoo with a pint of lukewarm rain water and one ounce of rosemary spirits. When thoroughly beaten and mixed, rub this into the scalp, a good

can use a little alkali, such as borax. Make a strong suds or pure olive oil soap or standard white soap which does not "bite" the tongue when you taste it. To a basin of water add a pinch of borax and finely shaved soap until you have a thick lather. Never rub the soap directly on the scalp. Apply this shampoo mixture either with a sponge or by having it poured over the head while you rub it in with your finger tips. Rinse and dry as described above, but do not finish off with the brilliantine application. Simply brush it until it shines.

Only hair sometimes amounts to an affliction, the hair turning heavy and dark at the roots within 24 hours after shampooing. In this case try the following:



although it can be mastered easily with a little patience. In the first place you must have all the required ingredients for a good shampoo at hand. These include a suitable soap or shampoo mixture, plenty of hot and cold water, a spray for rinsing and plenty of suitable towels for drying.

The towel used should be as free from lint as possible and a bath towel ought never to be used. If there is no shower bath or spray where you are staying, buy a little spray that can be attached to any faucet. Some of these sprays are made with a brush attachment at the spray end and this sort of spray can be used for a good friction bath as well as for the shampoo. If there is no available supply of hot water have a spirit lamp and kettle in your room and with this supply hot water for the shampoo.

Put the shampoo mixture to the needs of your own hair, not your neighbor's hair, and never shampoo at all unless you have time to do it properly.

**Dry Hair Needs Exercise.** With the woman of dry, brittle hair, shampooing is indeed a delicate process. She must exercise the most exquisite care or pay a heavy price for her indiscretion. Ammonia, washing soda, borax or patented shampoos of whose ingredients she is ignorant, may crack her hair and destroy what little life exists in the roots.

Again, the woman with dry hair often thinks she is safer if she does not shampoo at all, because the process of washing, rinsing and drying is trying on the hair. In this she is wrong. Her scalp needs the cleansing which only soap and water will supply, and it must be given at least once a month.

To begin with, do not shampoo the hair until you have time to perform the rite properly. Shampooing is not only untidy, but it is dangerous. Select a clear, sunny day. Have at hand plenty of oil, soft towels, and if

possible the means of warming them, say, belong to have someone pour it slowly from a small-lipped pitcher while you rub it thoroughly into the scalp, as if you wanted to reach the very roots. Rinse the hair in many clear waters, all lukewarm.

**Rubbing Is Condemned.** Pat, but do not rub, the hair with warmed towels. Do not rub the scalp with a rough bath-towel. When working on the scalp itself use the softest toweling at your command and rub it very lightly. As soon as the bulk of the moisture has been absorbed by the towels, seat yourself in the sun and gently shaking the hair loose from the scalp for the air to pass through, dry it by ventilation and the sun's warmth.

Just before it is perfectly dry begin to brush and comb it, working from the ends of the hair up to the top, disentangling it. Never comb from the scalp outward and jerk the comb through intervening snarls.

When entirely dry, and not until then, give it a final brushing with brilliantine. Drop the brilliantine, a few drops at a time into the palm of your hand and ring at the clean brush in this. Then apply brush to hair. This prevents the rough look which dry hair always has after shampooing. A good grade of brilliantine can be purchased for five cents at any drugstore or toilet wares counter, but you can also make it yourself if you have a taste for mixing toilet lotions. The following formula is suitable:

Castor oil, four fluid drams; sweet almond oil, three and a half fluid ounces; glycerine, three and a half fluid drams; Jockey Club extract, three fluid drams; alcohol enough to make eight ounces.

At night shake the hair loosely and massage the scalp, using your fingers into the least bit of pure olive oil. Very dry hair indicates lack of fatty deposits in the hair cells. An opposite treatment is needed when shampooing oily hair. Here you

## Cooking Precautions Explained to Novices.

Cleanly Utensils, Sterilized Fruit Jars and Porcelain Kettles Used in Canning Any Sort of Product, Says Expert.

Whether you are putting up preserves, jellies, jams, marmalades or simply canned fruit, there are certain rules that must be obeyed. Always use porcelain-lined cooking utensils that are safest, as the acid of the fruits has a harmful effect on some other metals, especially on tin. Have everything spotlessly clean.

Clean all bottles and fruit jars by sterilizing them. To do this put them in a big kettle or dishpan or boiler in the bottom of which there is a folded cloth or a layer of straw. Separate them with a little straw if you are afraid of breaking them. Cover them with cold water and put them over the fire. Gradually bring them to the boiling point and let them boil gently a few minutes.

Always take precautions against burning yourself. If you are working over a gas stove the easiest precaution is to turn off the heat whenever you must lift anything from the fire. Then there will be no flame to burn you after it is left unprotected by the saucepan or kettle.

Always have ready a sheet of asbestos on a table near the stove on which hot kettles can be put. Have at hand a pair of cloths and a hot water bottle. Often in the excitement and hurry that attend certain stages of canning and preserving it is inconvenient to have a hot water bottle, but you can use a hot water bottle for this purpose.

Remove every bit of scum as it rises to the top of the liquid. Do not let the scum until the scum ceases to rise is the fruit done. If you are canning for a small family, put the fruit in pint jars and seal in small glasses. Often fruit is allowed to spoil because a too large jar is opened and the monotony of the same sort of canned fruit is unpleasant four times from one jar is unpleasant.

## Recipe for Walnut Pudding Example of Thriftiness.

Tree on Ranch Made to Supply Table Delicacy, Despite Pests of Beet and Pork.

BY GOLDIE ROBERTSON PUNK. Ever since I can remember we have had on our ranch a great old English walnut tree. In my youth, although we killed our own beef and pork, my mother knew the table value of the nuts that loaded this tree every year.

I find in her time-worn cookbook the following "rule": "Walnut Pudding—Chop and mash fine in a grinder, no doubt, one bowl of walnuts. Pour boiling water over enough loaf ends, crusts and crumbs saved for the purpose to make two good-sized bowls full of soft crumbs. Add one cup more of water. If butter is low in the market, use one-half butter to the same amount. Bind all with one egg. Add nuts and season finely with salt, pepper (black) and ground ginger."

This was a favorite dish of my childhood. Mother always baked it in a stone coker, slowly, to a golden brown, and served it piping hot, especially in winter to serve. Note the thriftiness of a cook who had no lack of food-stuffs to use—loaf ends, crusts and crumbs saved for the purpose. The housekeeper who painstakingly wrote a reminder to herself to use less butter when her butter brought her a high price in the market.

## Menus of the Week

- Tuesday: Fruit Soup, Vegetable soup with hard eggs, Peach pop-over.
- Wednesday: German pot roasts with plinking sauce, Potatoes, Fruit salad in lettuce hearts, Ice cream.
- Thursday: Vegetable broth, Minced spiced beef, Spaghetti, Creamed cucumbers, Lettuce salad, Blackberry pie, Coffee.
- Friday: Spinach soup, Baked steaks of fish, Tomato sauce, Potatoes, String bean, Chilled rice with apricot sauce.
- Saturday: Fish chowder, Jellied meat with vegetable salad, Peach portcake with cream, Coffee.
- Sunday: Fruit Soup, Baked ham, Southern style, Potatoes, Parsley sauce, Vegetable salad, Jellied fruits with cream, Coffee.

## Life Not Peaceful.

My life at San Domenico was for a time uneventful, but naturally my enemies did not for long allow me to sleep in peace. Their object was to find out whether I had a love-affair, and they employed spies to attain their ignoble ends. When Monica was born I liked and trusted, but this did not suit the court, who insisted that I should have a Catholic nurse of their selection. I desired for several reasons, to avoid friction over the child, I agreed to accede to their wish, and accordingly Fraulein Alms arrived from Dresden to take charge of Monica.

One day I was told over the telephone that I had a spy in my household and that this person was my child's nurse. As the information seemed genuine, I made secret inquiries on my own account, and discovered that Alma Muth corresponded to the medium of the German Consulate at Florence. She had asked me to allow her to take a daily walk in the grounds of the villa, and I found for the first time that she had long, unobserved conversations with an employe of the Consulate, who came there for the purpose of being told what she should do.

When I taxied her with her treacherous behavior she flatly denied everything. Her selection as a nurse was a conversation with Muth I received a telephonic message from a hotel in Florence, informing me that the King of Saxony's lawyer, Dr. Korner, had arrived and wished to see me. I replied that I was quite ready to receive him, and in about an hour's time he drove up in a landau.

The lawyer had to discuss with me about Monica's future, but nothing was settled, and I felt that his visit was only a ruse. I was afterwards informed that he had no one to receive me. At last, however, after a long wait, Dr. Korner came on the scene. In a very quiet manner he told me that he would order him to act exactly as he thought fit.

## Demand for Children Made.

I found the paper in his face, but all he said was: "Countess, be ready to 2 o'clock tomorrow to give up your child." I felt like a creature of clay, and with bleeding eyes confronted him, saying: "You will tell me why, before I shall allow you to take Monica; try and get her by force if you wish, but I will defend her and defy you." He spat on the floor.

"What can you do?" he answered, jeeringly. "I waited no time, but motored back to the villa. I sent for my butler and my cook and told them that the house was to be well guarded, and that if they were caught by the police, I would have the traitor instantly punished. I also gave orders that the telephone should be disconnected, and all the burglar's wires cut. I had the villa surrounded by soldiers, and I instructed them not to lose sight of Alma Muth for a single instant."

At 2 o'clock Muth came to me and asked whether I desired to meet the King's lawyer. She was perfectly furious at my contemptuous attitude. At last I heard the noise of carriage wheels, and seeing through the blinds a landau coming up the drive. When it drew up I saw that it contained Korner and the villainous Taschenberg servant who had, as I afterwards heard, begged to be allowed to come in order to gloat over my misfortunes.

Both men alighted, but, after waiting three-quarters of an hour in trying to effect an entrance, they were obliged to return to Florence. The telephone was then restored to me, but it was useless, for the lawyer, the lawyer again came up to the villa. A regular "siege" then commenced. Muth went to the mails and demanded to be let out. She had up till then relied on these women, whom she had bribed, but she did not reckon on the temperament of Italian servants. Directly they saw my attitude of inflexible determination, they refused to help her in any way, and she was beside herself with rage and mortification.

It was not unamusing inside the villa, for the chef had armed himself with a revolver, which he repeatedly pointed at the King's lawyer, and he was not by any means having things all her own way. The King's Lawyer Threatens. The next day I went into Florence to interview the King's lawyer, and remained in his office from 9 A. M. to 5 P. M. He read a long statement in German which Muth had sent him, and he argued and reasoned until my patience was quite exhausted. I was faint from want of food, for no refreshment was offered me, although Fraulein Muth was given chocolate and biscuits.

At 5 o'clock I was taken to the villa, where another statement by Muth was produced. She nearly went mad with rage when it was read, and declared that she would swear nothing. The villa servants were next interrogated, but they blabbed nothing that they could neither read nor write, and that any statements said to be theirs must be inventions.

The lawyer was quite mortified, and he said, bitterly: "He laughs best who laughs last." I agreed with him that this was often the case, and he continued: "I shall to say a word about my departure from

# AL SAXONY IN FLUORE OF EXCITEMENT OVER CLEVER COUNTESS' ETAT BY PRINCESS

Mention of Name Forbidden and if Any Officials Were Known to Favor Royal Mistress "It Was All Up With Their Prospects of Promotion"—Clash Comes Over Catholic Nurse for Child Monica—Story of Life Ends.

BY PRINCESS LUISA.

My coup de tete caused tremendous excitement all over Saxony. The accounts of my arrival at Dresden and reception at Leipzig were ordered to be suppressed in all the newspapers, and it was forbidden to mention my name. If I had remained another 24 hours there would have been a revolution, and the authorities were fully aware of the gravity of the situation. The King's lawyer, Dr. Korner, myself and my wrongs were the only topic of conversation, and afterward most extraordinary scenes took place. In tiny cottages all over the country my photograph was encircled with chaplets of flowers, candles were burned before it, women wore brooches containing my likeness, and although the police afterward prohibited the sale of my picture-postcards, hundreds of thousands were sold in one day alone.

When I returned to Dresden in February after I left Dresden the demand for them was enormous. If any officials were known to favor me it was all up with their prospects. The first left Dresden there was a refreshment buffet at the Opera where excellent chocolate was served, and the proprietor sold me a box of the bonbon "Luisea Chocolate." It sold remarkably well, but one day the man was sent for by the manager of the Opera and told he must give up the buffet within 24 hours on account of his selling the "treasonable" chocolate. The unlucky proprietor, who was a Jew, of their selection, and told me what had occurred, adding that whatever happened to his fortunes, his devotion would never waver.

These sentiments of loyalty still prevail, and are the greatest source of consolation to me. I thank all my unknown friends who send me so kindly and value every letter I receive. On my last birthday I acknowledged 4000 cards of greeting, a physically exhausting task, but one which was only a labor of love.

My life at San Domenico was for a time uneventful, but naturally my enemies did not for long allow me to sleep in peace. Their object was to find out whether I had a love-affair, and they employed spies to attain their ignoble ends. When Monica was born I liked and trusted, but this did not suit the court, who insisted that I should have a Catholic nurse of their selection. I desired for several reasons, to avoid friction over the child, I agreed to accede to their wish, and accordingly Fraulein Alms arrived from Dresden to take charge of Monica.

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bring some luggage the next time I come for the Princess, and when I take her to Saxony she shall not wear a single thing you have touched." When he returned later, he failed as before to gain admittance to the villa. He advanced the room, seemed swimmingly round me; I was overcome by a thousand emotions, and I could hardly believe that my darling love—I clasped my children in my arms and they clung to me as though we had never parted. We lapsed together, and the boys told me that "papa" always made them pray for mamma, who was so far away. This remembrance of me was their sweetest thought with a pang that if only Frederick-August had brought the children to me how different things might have been. Time passed very quickly, and then came the moment of parting—and I cannot find words to describe it. The children went to Cannes, and I returned to Florence with Monica.

Every year the King asked me to give up Monica, and each time he did so I begged to be allowed to keep her. I was eventually allowed to bear upon me. It was pointed out that my love was selfish, and I was urged not to deprive my child of the advantages of her birthright by insisting that she should share my fallen fortunes. I have always endeavored to preserve my child's inheritance, and considered the question of Monica's future from all points of view. I decided to give up my child to the King for the time being, and came to the conclusion that if she was to go to Saxony it would be far better for her to do so, when she was a tiny girl, as no one would then be able to say I had kept her until she was old enough for me to prejudice her against her relations. I did not wish the child ever to reproach me with not giving her what the world would consider her due; and although she would probably have been a princess, I felt that it was my duty to restore her to her father, and I can only pray that my little Monica will have a happier life as a princess than that which fell to my lot.

It was a great struggle to sever this last link with my life as it has been, but my husband would love Monica, and that she would not, at least, suffer from any lack of affection. This thought, however, did not comfort me, but a merciful Providence hid what the future held in store for me. I never realized that I should not be able to see my dear children again, and that their affection for me would be left to the tenacity of their early memories.

I tried to pick up the threads of my life, but my enemies actively continued their persecution. I desired to be protected as a wife, as my affection waned, but it is a cruel thing to prevent a mother from seeing her own children.

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Saxony and my present mode of life. When we arrived at Munich we drove to the Embassy, and the Saxon Ambassador, instead of waiting for me upstairs, as had been arranged, came down in my carriage, and, kissing my hand, said with tears in his eyes: "Come quickly, Princess, for the little one anxiously await their mother."

Children Seen, Then Left. We hurried upstairs and he threw open the door of the salon. It was a dark day, and the first thing I saw were the silhouettes of Lury and Thilo who were sitting by the window. I advanced the room, seemed swimmingly round me; I was overcome by a thousand emotions, and I could hardly believe that my darling love—I clasped my children in my arms and they clung to me as though we had never parted. We lapsed together, and the boys told me that "papa" always made them pray for mamma, who was so far away. This remembrance of me was their sweetest thought with a pang that if only Frederick-August had brought the children to me how different things might have been. Time passed very quickly, and then came the moment of parting—and I cannot find words to describe it. The children went to Cannes, and I returned to Florence with Monica.

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**PROTECT YOUR COMPLEXION**

Every woman who spends the Summer at the seashore, in the mountains, at some fashionable watering place should take with her a few bottles of

**GOURAUD'S CREAM**

to improve and beautify her complexion and protect her skin from the burning sun, cooling winds, and damp night air.

The surest guarantee of its perfection is the fact of its having been used by the most famous beauticians of the world for nearly three-quarters of a century.

It cannot be surpassed for the relief it affords from pimples, freckles, and other blemishes of the complexion.

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