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With the Wind in Her Face

By ANNIE HAMILTON DONNELL.

PART I.

Philippa's long shining needles clicked steadily. Luther read steadily. It was delightful, this Philippa-Luther room.

"Forty-one!" said Philippa suddenly. Luther's eyes appeared above his newspaper's edge with mild surprise in their mild depths. He was used to sudden utterances but there was something arresting about "forty-one." Nobody was forty-one years of age. This could not be the forty-oneth army sweater that she was knitting——

"Oh, well," sighed Philippa, "I've got forty-one left before I decline." This was even more arresting! The paper slid from Luther's knees.

"Yes?" he asked, waiting with patience for enlightenment.

"Oh, Luther—oh, Luther! I've just thought! When I do, you'll have to, too; so there!"

"Ladies first," he fumbled politely and Philippa shrieked with delight.

"So you decline to decline before I do! Boy, you are four years older than I. I'll only be sixty-six when your time comes to begin."

"Oh, come on, Phil, say it right out and get the worst over. What are you talking about?"

"About grandmums, of course. That is, her poor declining year reminded me that I'd come to mine some day."

" 'Declining year'—'Grandmums' " —Luther was in a fog.

"She's seventy on the tenth. You know we 'keep' Grandmumsie's birthday and this poor dear one especially. Luke, think of walking right into seventy with both eyes open. Having to be seventy, knowing you would decline from that time forth and hating to decline. Maybe Grandmums won't realize what it means; that would be merciful. Luther, you'll have to go down and carry our gifts. There's no other way this time. She'll expect us, of course, now we've moved to her part of the world—expressing the gifts won't do at all. I'm going to express you."

"The D-ickens you are! But I never saw your 'Grandmums' in my life and she never saw me."

"One presupposes the other, don't you think?" from Philippa sweetly. "It's time you did see each other. Perhaps it's not all unfortunate that Nellie Stoddard elected to get married on the tenth. You and Grandmums will have a lovely chance to get acquainted, all by yourselves. Only, Luke——"

"Well?" Had he ever resisted Philippa?

"You must remember that she is old now and—and feeble. You must wait on her, hand and foot, Luke; read to her, keep her wrapped up—you know. She'll want to go to bed early probably; old ladies do. And you mustn's smoke in the house, and oh, Luke, if you went and rooted in the pantry after cold bites! Well, I'll be there myself the eleventh—do your best till then. I've always wanted Grandmums to fall in love with my man; then she'd see why I did. Think of it, Luke, I haven't seen her for five years."

Their had been five years of their "wanderlusting,' as Luke called it. Europe, Asia, Africa, and the islands of the sea—where hadn't they been on their glorious jaunts? Then, at last, back here to prosaic existence in a Montreal flat. As yet there had been no chance to visit Grandmums, Philippa's only parent. On the tenth, chance or no chance, she must be visited. Luther must go on ahead and Philippa follow as soon as she had properly seen to the marriage of her friend.

"You could go down in the car only old ladies don't like 'em. Grandmums would be afraid. No, the train will be better. I'll have the Invalid Table shipped on the same train, then you can see that it's surely sent up from the sta——"

"The—what did you say, dear?"

"Table—Invalid Table. It is my gift to Grandmums. It is a table that extends over the bed and makes a lovely place for all sorts of things."

"I didn't know she was bedridden."

"Of course she isn't but she might be any time. It will be nice for her breakfasts in bed and to go out over her lap when she's knitting or playing solitaire. Old ladies always play solitaire. To one who can't get round very much, an Invalid Table will be invaluable. I'm so glad I thought of it! And I've got an electric footwarmer for you to give her. She's sure to have poor cold feet, the dear. I knew you'd never be able to choose a present for an old lady so I saved you the trouble. What do folks say to folks that save them trouble? Polite folks, of course——"

"Thank you," murmured Luther. "Only see here, Phil, invalid things like that—are you sure the old lady is 'declining,' as you call it?"

"I said," explained Philippa patiently, though the click of her needles expressed gentle impatience, "that Grandmums would be seventy on the tenth and well started, poor dear, down the long incline—decline. It is very sad, almost pitiful!"

"But if she puts on the brakes, you know or goes into second and lets the—er—machine brake itself—might be able to slow up—needn't 'decline' at full speed——"

Philippa mused and knitted on, oblivious to his foolishness.

"Seventy is terrible—the Great Divide! Youth on one side, hopeless old age on the other. My heart bleeds for Grandmums. We must be tender to her from now on. You must be, too, in memory of all those lovely, tender years she devoted to my childhood." A sad sweetness crept into Philippa's eyes.

" 'In memoriam'," responded Luther with suitable gravity but because he was Luther he could not resist spoiling it the next instant by a naughty reminder. "I've always understood that those lovely, tender years were a little strenuous for you, dear, in the matter of—well, let us cal spades spades and spankings spanks——"

"Luther, it's ten o'clock. Will you see that all the doors are locked?" Which effectually put an end to the memorial exercises which had unexpectedly taken an embarrassing turn.

Curiously enough it had not occurred to Philippa and did not occur to Luther till later that another birthday was almost as near as Grandmums'. Forgotten—never! It would come to him in plenty of time; it was this grandmother business that had put it out of his mind.

"Goodness!" exclaimed to himself this awakened husband, "I'll be down there on the twelfth—so will Philippa! We'll have to celebrate there. No theatre and little supper afterward—well, there shall be something else!" Luther dropped office cares and went promptly away to get it. A nifty little dashboard clock for Philippa's runabout—good! That would do for one thing. And why not a couple of mats for the running-boards? Great! And a rear mirror to save looking behind—yes, sir, this should be a regular sporty auto birthday!

"I'll take 'em all down to the country with me," Luther thought to himself, "and we'll have some twelfth after all! This isn't Philippa's declining year! Grandmums will have to sit on the back seat for that day!"

On the afternoon of the ninth, obediently departed Luther, laden with many earnest entreaties and directions and certain private parcels of his own. The gifts for poor old grandmother were stowed in the express car; Philippa herself saw to it that they were there.

"Now remember—oh, Luke, remember to remember. All the things I've asked you to do, dear, and not to do—if I could only be there, too, tomorrow! I want it to be a red-letter birthday this year—aren't you going to kiss me again? You've only kissed me three times—Stingy."

(To be continued.)

An Invocation.

Breathe on me, Spirit of the Spring,
And let me live again
In brooklets, lilting, rippling laughter,
In roaring rivers turgid after
Showers of April rain;
In wild hepaticas a-blowing,
In trees and shrubs and grass a-growing
In flower be-sprinkled lanes!
Oh, Spirit of the Verdant Spring,
Breathe life in me again.

In bustling of the birds returning,
Their mating, nesting and their yearning
Antiphonal refrain;
In bleating lambs and cattle lowing,
In the Creator's wise bestowing
Of life with joy and pain.
Oh, Spirit of the Vital Spring,
Let me live again.

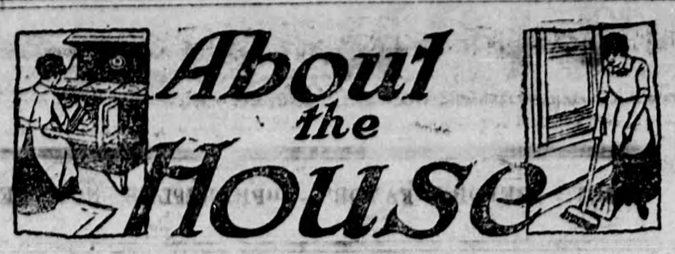
In play of children in the wood,
In their unselfish brotherhood,
And lives without a stain;
In faith which cultivates the soil,
In hopes for harvest after toil,
Through summer's heat and rain.
Oh, Spirit! Spirit of the Spring,
Let me live again.

Worst to Come.

Mr. Rooney (to daughter): "Shtop playing that pianny until ye learn how to play it!"

Mrs. Rooney: "Lave her be, me man! Whin she gits classical at it 'twill sound a soight worse!"

"Do you break these sets?" asked the shopper in the chinaware department. "No; I'm sorry to say we don't, madam," replied the polite salesman. "But if you keep a servant-girl she will probably do it for you."



The Comfortable Bed.

Since the night's rest or unrest has everything in the world to do with the quality of the day's work, comfortable beds for all the family should be the care of every good housewife. Sagged springs and lumpy mattresses are the worst foes to bed comfort; it doesn't pay to tolerate them. A claw hammer or a wrench may be all that is necessary to tighten up that slacked wire which plays havoc with the comfort qualities of your bedsprings.

The best thing for a lumpy mattress is to send it directly to the renovator or the junk man. If, however, it be but slightly uneven, a folded blanket placed upon the springs under the depression will correct the unevenness. Good, well-made mattresses are cheapest in the long run. The comfort features of the shoddy article are short-lived. Having invested in the good article, the next thing is to use it well. Turn it frequently, end for end, and if wool padded on both sides, turn over as well. Don't shake it. Shaking tears the ticking and disarranges the padding. Puff up the mattress by gentle blows or bringing the ends together.

It is a good plan to cover the springs with an old quilt or blanket, that in damp weather they may not rust the matress. Always use a substantial protector on top of the mattress, something that can be tubbed without too much trouble yet thick enough to afford satisfactory protection. The quilted ones are highly serviceable in that respect.

Remembering that your motto is "bed comfort," do not have your pillows extremely large, nor stuffed too full. Even goosedown pillows can be made uncomfortably hard by crowding too many feathers into the ticks. The immense pillow may give the bed a luxurious appearance, but the small pillow which does not unnaturally bolster the neck and shoulders is more comfortable. It is well to enclose the pillow tick proper in a second tick made easily removable for laundering—this in addition to the outside muslin slip—because of the difficulty of washing feathers. The muslin slip does not afford sufficient protection to the tick, which will in time become soiled.

It is possible to wash feathers in the tick, but it is a tedious task to dry them thus. When so washed, they should be hung on a line outdoors where the air will circulate freely through them, and allowed to remain for several weeks, care being taken to bring them indoors in rainy weather. Feathers will dry more quickly if washed in a large bag, though this means the added labor of emptying and refilling the tick. In such case the best way to transfer the feathers is to rip carefully one end of the tick and sew the open end of the bag closely to that of the tick. No feathers will escape in the transfer. Next rip tick and bag apart and sew or tie up the bag securely. When feathers are washed and thoroughly dried, replace by the same method and, with care, you will not have lost a feather.

The old-fashioned tacked comfort is not a sanitary affair. It does not admit of easy tubbing. Even though it be ripped up and the outside covering washed, the batting cannot be cleaned, and there is all the labor of retacking. If the tacked comfort be used, care should be taken to keep the top end—which is soonest soiled, coming in contact with hands and face—covered with a strip of white cheesecloth extending about eight or ten inches on either side of the comfort. The cheesecloth can be removed when soiled, washed and replaced. The old quilted coverlet was an advantage as a washable affair; but quilting is laborious and even at best the quilt is a thin cover.

Blankets, wool or cotton, and as many as the season requires, are good substitutes for the comfort. They can be washed as often as occasion requires. Wool blankets should be washed in plenty of clean lukewarm suds—never in hot water, which brings out the oil in the wool and gives the blanket a greasy feeling when dry—well rinsed in slightly soapy warm soft water and dried on a windy day. This treatment leaves them soft and fluffy.

The cotton blanket is very satisfactory in all ways. It is well suited to the beds of people with sensitive skins who cannot sleep in wool blankets and who, yet, occupying unheated rooms, find sheets uninvitingly cool in winter time. It is just right in weight and warmth for an outside covering in summer time. It is not hard to wash and is inexpensive.

In making a bed the under sheet should be tucked well down under the head of the mattress, as all the strain on this sheet is from the top. Tuck the upper sheet well under the foot of the mattress, the strain on this sheet being from the foot. Always lay the sheets with the wide hems at the top, the smooth sides of hems coming together. The practice of some housekeepers of making sheets with hems of equal width top and bottom is not a good one; it admits of turning the sheets end for end in making the bed. It is not desirable that the same end of the sheet should be used alternately next feet and face.

As with the upper sheet, the strain on quilts and blankets is from the foot, consequently in making the bed they should be tucked well under the foot of the mattress.

Elaborately embroidered pillow slips are not the most comfortable to sleep on. It is best to make such creations in the envelope style, into which the pillow, in a plain slip, can be tucked during the day, the pillow being divested of its mantle for night service.

The thoroughly comfortable bed is the well-aired bed. However carefully ventilated the sleeping room at night, beds should not be made up in the morning without first being conscientiously aired, frequently sunned. Open wide all the windows; spread the bedclothes on chairs in such manner that each piece will be exposed to the fresh air; turn back the protector from the mattress. The sleeping-porch and the sun-parlor are ideal for such purposes. Where they are lacking, frequently hang the bedclothes on a line out of doors where they will get the bright sunlight. Sunshine is a wonderful germicide and deodizer. Mattresses especially need to be often sunned. This practice will be more easily carried out if the two-piece kind is used. The mattress in one piece is awkward to lift and for that very reason generally does not receive the airing it should have. Always select a dry day for putting the mattress out, and never make up the bed with a damp mattress or coverings. Not only does careful attention to this detail make for bed comfort, but neglect of it invites various physical ills.

Cleanliness throughout is one of the first necessities to the comfortable bed. Soiled pillow slips, dirty bedclothes, dingy spreads, spoil the attractiveness of any bed, and consequently detract from comfort. The dainty bed invites to a night's repose.

The single bed is preferable to the double bed. Even where there are two occupants of the same room, it is better to have two cots than one large bed. Rarely will a person be found who can rest just as well with a bedfellow as he can alone; and if he can, it is not likely that his bedfellow can. Seldom will two people be equally comfortable under the same amount of bed covering and with the same method of ventilation; and unless committed to the same hours of rising and retiring, one must disturb the other.

The doctors tell us that, if we are to have healthy bodies, we must sleep eight hours out of the twenty-four. Some few favored individuals may be able to spend more time than that in bed, but most of us find it difficult enough to allow ourselves the stipulated eight hours. Therefore, we cannot afford to waste any part of the precious moments in sleepless unrest because of uncomfortable beds.

Let the assertion be repeated: It is the duty of every good housewife to see that all the beds in the house be made just as comfortable and as sanitary as circumstances will permit.

Ten Uses for Salt.

1. Salt dissolved in a little ammonia will remove grease spots.
2. A smoky or dull fire can be made clear by throwing a handful of salt over it.
3. Lemon juice and salt will clean copper and brass.
4. To brighten carpets, wring a cloth out of salt water and rub the carpets well.
5. Ink stains that are freshly made can be removed from carpets by successive applications of dry salt.
6. Handfuls of salt will clean saucepans and take away the unpleasant smell of onions if they have been cooked in them.
7. Nearly every kind of basket work, matting or china can be cleaned by washing with salt and water.
8. Salt in water will take insects from vegetables.
9. Before adding vinegar to mint for sauce always add a pinch of salt. This prevents the mint from going brown and greatly improves the flavor.
10. Tiles will look bright and clean if scrubbed with salt.

An Economical Apron.

Every woman knows that when a man's shirt has wornout cuffs and holes below the collar band, making the shirt unwearable, there is still a quantity of good material left.

An apron can be made of the material, and in these days of high-priced cotton goods it will pay well to use the goods in this way. Cut off the neck band and yoke, cut out sleeves, lay body of shirt out flat and cut out apron, making it as large as the goods will permit. The openings on the side are sewed up.

A facing for the top of the apron is cut from what is left of one of the fronts. One sleeve will make the strings, and the other sleeve will make a bib, if one is wanted. And with a little piecing a bib can be made with straps sewed into strings at the back.

This makes an apron that can be put on with one motion. No pins and no buttons and bib always in place.

Does Kitchener Know?

Along the far flung battle line
Ten thousand silent guns recline,—
The heroic guns that fought for France
And bloody Bertha's ordnance;
The smoke has vanished overhead;
The rivers are no longer red;
Hush reigns supreme where legions met;
The Paris bells are ringing yet;
The London lights are all aglow:
Does Kitchener know?

The arrogant, blood-thirsty beast
From menacing the world has ceased,
A word of scorn, his country's name,
His flag, the emblem of shame,
His scattered ranks for pity whine
In hovels far behind the Rhine!
"The Day" has come, "The Day" has gone,
The mighty Armageddon's won;
Freedom has vanquished Freedom's foe,
Does Kitchener know?

In triumph's hour, shall we forget,
Or underestimate our debt
To him, beneath the briny wave
Aslee in his uncharted grave?
The man who knew just what to do
When first the Hunnish horde burst through;
The iron man who used his head,
And understood, and planned, and did;
We're harvesting what he did sow,
Does Kitchener know?

USE CANADIAN SARDINES.

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About 2,000 bread-winners in the sardine fishery industry on our Atlantic Coast are faced with unemployment. The fishing season normally opens on May 1st, but owing to the fact that the factories have a large surplus from last year it is not the intention of the management to open until that is disposed of.

In view of the fact that last year there were imported into Canada $286,000 worth of foreign fish of the sardine type from France, Spain, Portugal, Norway and California—none of which are of better nutritive quality than the Canadian sardine—the Canadian Trade Commission requests a voluntary campaign on the part of Canadian grocers, restaurants and housewives to give preference for the next few weeks to Canadian-packed sardines.

The enormous stocks of similarly canned fish in Europe and the United States quite prevent even the hope of export of the Canadian Maritime produce, but the Trade Commission is confident that when the facts are brought before the public they will exercise that collective patriotic influence which solved similar temporary difficulties in the vegetable and fruit seasons last summer and fall.

The number of fishermen engaged in catching Canadian sardines is about 1,200, and there are in addition 600 cannery employees, largely women and girls.

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