Woman's Sphere

Fence In the Toddler.

Perhaps the greatest privilege is the wonderful resource of having all outdoors, but this is a privilege which the mother of young children is apt to neglect. She herself must be in the kitchen or near it during much of the day, and she must have her babies where they are within sight. It often follows that country little folks spend most of the time hanging drearily around the kitchen where they are in the way and where the air is not always good.

But what else can the busy mother do? She can apply to her children the lore she has learned about little chicks. Fencing will keep little children safe from automobile haunted roads, from wandering cows, from running out of sight of their mother's eyes. And there is no farm in the country where there is not enough discarded material of one kind or another lying about to inclose a spot, say twenty feet square, though it might be larger to advantage. It is better if there is a tree to furnish some shade for hot days, but if there is none near enough to the house, a piece of old paper roofing or a section of old corrugated metal roofing, or some old boards with odds and ends of shingles put over them, will furnish shade for hot days.

Little children wish and need to be doing something with their bodies and hands every minute they are awake. The problem is to provide them with something to do which cannot hurt them, which will help them to grow, and which will not be too upsetting to the regularity of the family life. To begin with, if a load of sand is dumped in one corner of the baby yard, and some old spoons and wornout utensils contributed from the kitchen, there will be many hours of every day during which the fortune of a millionaire could give the little folks no more happiness.

A piece of planed board can be nailed upon four stout sticks driven into the ground and another on higher sticks put before it, and the little folks will have a bench and table which cost but a few cents, and are as serviceable as the pretty painted ones which cost ten times as much. Potters' clay can be bought for a few cents a pound and for a variation from the sand pile plays, young children will gladly turn to clay modeling. If the clay is kept where it can be obtained easily, it is possible that one or more of the children may show some stirrings of native ability and begin to try to reproduce the animal life of the country. If the mother has time and ability to supervise the play, so much the better, but if she is so busy that she can only call out from the kitchen a suggestion to make some little cups and saucers, or a bird's nest and eggs, this will serve very well for a beginning.

If four strips of wood are nailed in the form of a square at one end of the little table and a pan half full of water is set securely down into the square so that it will not tip over, another great resource is added to the play yard. With an apron of oilcloth, a spoon and an old tin cup, it is an abnormal child who is not happy and harmlessly busy for a long time each day. Any ordinary child a few years of age loves to play with water in this way and learns steadiness of hand and sureness of eye which go a long way toward insuring agreeable table manners at an early age. As he grows older a fleet of boats made of bits of wood or walnut shells vary the fun. An apron can be made in a few minutes out of a few cents' worth of table oilcloth. If the mother is very busy she can simply fasten it together at the shoulder and back with safety pins.

Children under four delight in climbing, and if possible provision should be made for that. A wooden box can be set a little down in the ground, so that it will not tip over, and the edges padded with a bit of an old comforter, so that the inevitable bumps are not too severe. The smallest children, even the baby who cannot walk, will rejoice endlessly in pulling himself up over the edge and clambering down into the box, thereby exercising every muscle of his body.

Little children cannot co-ordinate their muscles quickly enough to play ball with much pleasure, but if a large soft ball is suspended by a long cord, they can swing it back and forth to each other with ever-increasing skill, and they should have a rubber ball to roll to and fro on the ground. If a two-by-four board is laid on the ground the little folks will find much fun in trying to walk along it, and thus acquire a considerable addition to their capacity for walking straight and managing their bodies. A pile of hay or straw to jump into will save the little gymnasts from bumps and bruises.

Nothing in this baby yard need cost a farmer's family more than a few cents, nor take but little time and almost no carpentering skill. And yet, the suggestions made cover a very complete outfit for the outdoor exercises of children under five or six. Any mother who makes this provision for play may be sure not only that her own little children will pass numberless happy hours, but that they will never lack for playmates, because their play yard will be sought out by all the little folks in the neighborhood.

Beets Served In New Ways.

Beets in Jelly—Boil, peel and chop several medium sized new beets. Let cool and mix with them one cup of cold chicken, pork or mutton, chopped fine. Pour over the mixture one pint of lemon jelly made from jelly powder that has been dissolved and is beginning to set. Mix well, pour in a mold and let it get firm. Slice and serve on a platter or on individual plates garnished with crisp lettuce. Place a spoonful of salad dressing on each portion.

Beet Green Salad—Cook in salted water until tender, one-half peck of tender beet leaves with the tiny beets attached. Drain and cool. Peel the beets and chop the leaves. Mix the leaves with three chopped, hard-boiled eggs and enough mayonnaise dressing to moisten nicely. Pile in the centre of a shallow salad bowl. Garnish with the tiny beets, small balls of cottage cheese and shredded lettuce leaves.

Beet Greens Served Hot—Cook as many beet tops as desired in salted water until tender. Drain and pile on a platter in a mound. Dress with melted butter, white pepper and juice of one lemon and serve hot.

Beet and Vegetable Salad—Cut two cold boiled beets in small cubes. Slice four small, cold-boiled carrots and one dozen small white onions. Mix and add one cup of cold boiled peas. Dress with mayonnaise and serve in a bed of shredded lettuce leaves.

Baked Beets—Clean the required number of beets, place them in a pan containing one-half inch of boiling water, and bake until tender. Just before removing from the oven lay a slice of broiled bacon and a spoonful of shredded green pepper over the top of each beet. Salt and pepper to taste, dress with a little butter and serve hot.

Beet Cups—Peel six boiled beets and scoop out the centre to form cups. Chop the part removed with one cup of white fish—cold boiled or baked—and six or eight stuffed olives. Add two tablespoonfuls of thick cream, one tablespoonful of prepared French mustard, salt and pepper to taste and juice of one lemon. Mix and fill cups. Grate the yolks of two hard-boiled eggs over the top and lay rings of the white of eggs and a sprig of parsley on the plate with each salad cup.

Beet Jelly—Pour one pint of boiling beet juice over the contents of one package of lemon flavored jelly powder; add two tablespoonfuls of sugar. Pour into mold and let harden. Serve in squares as garnish for meats, fish, salads, etc.

How We Do It.

A teaspoon of vinegar added to each gallon of water in the boiler in which white clothes are scalded will whiten them.—Mrs. L. M. T.

If tablecloths, napkins and handkerchiefs are folded a little beyond the middle when ironing, they will last much longer, as it is on the edges of folds where they first wear, and by folding not on the middle line, with each ironing they get a new crease. —Mrs. R. G.

To bleach your handkerchiefs a pure white, after washing, let them soak over night in water in which a bit of cream of tartar has been dissolved.—M. A. P.

For ginghams and other colored cottons dissolve and add to every pint of starch, a piece of alum the size of a hickory nut to keep the colors bright.—Mrs. J. K.

I have discovered that when flannels have become hard and shrunken, they may be restored to their former softness by soaking them a short time in gasoline.—M. A. P.

Cedar oil rubbed on the side walls and under side of shelves in closets is good for prevention of moths. Turpentine rubbed on carpets under heavy furniture and in corners will keep the moths away.—Mrs. J. J. O'C.

Save old kid gloves for ironing day. Sew a piece from the left glove on to the palm of the right one, and you will find your hand is saved from becoming blistered, while the fingers and back of the hand will be protected from the scorching heat which is so damaging to the skin.—Mrs. J. J. O'C.

A Simple Cure.

The little country inn was picturesque, but leaky. Late one night a guest rang his bell urgently, and the landlord answered.

"I say, look here!" snorted the indignant traveler, who was still in bed. "That roof's letting in the rain, and I'm drenched."

"Very good, sir!" remarked the landlord amiably, as he retired. A few minutes later he came with a large washtub.

"This will make things right, sir," he said, still amiably. "I'll just put this on your chest; then, when its full, ring the bell, or shout out, and I'll have another empty one ready!"

Minard's Liniment Cures Dandruff.

A FRENCH PATRIOT.

The following poem, "Vive la France," is one of the tenderest pictures of patriotism that has come out of the Great War:

Vive la France;

Franceline rose in the dawning grey,
And her heart would dance though she knelt to pray,
For her man Michel had holiday,
Fighting for France.

She offered her prayer by the cradle side,
And with baby palms folded in hers she cried:
"If I have but one prayer, dear crucified Christ—save France!"

"But if I have two, then, by Mary's grace,
Carry me safe to the meeting place.
Let me look once again on my dear love's face.
Save him for France!"

She crooned to her boy, "Oh, how glad he'll be,
Little three-month-old, to set eyes on thee!
For, 'Rather than gold would I give,' wrote he,
'A son to France.' "

"Come, now, be good, little stray sauterelle,
For we're going by-by to thy papa Michel,
But I'll not say where, for fear thou wilt tell,
Little pigeon of France!

"Six days' leave and a year between!
But what would you have? In six days clean,
Heaven was made," said Franceline,
"Heaven and France."

She came to the town of the nameless name,
To the marching troops in the street she came,
And she held high her boy like a taper flame
Burning for France.

Fresh from the trenches and grey with grime,
Silent they march like a pantomime;
'But what need of music? My heart beats time—
Vive la France!"

His regiment comes. Oh, then where is he?
"There is dust in my eyes, for I cannot see—
Is that my Michel to the right of thee,
Soldier of France?"

Then out of the ranks a soldier fell—
"Yesterday—'twas a splinter of shell—
And he whispered thy name, did thy poor Michel,
Dying for France."

The tread of the troops on the pavement throbbed
Like a woman's heart of its last joy robbed,
As she lifted her boy to the flag, and sobbed:
"Vive la France!"

IF ANIMALS COULD TALK.

What Stories They Could Tell of Century-Old Events.

If animals could talk, says Le Pele-Mele, Paris, they would be able to tell us first-hand of events that happened a hundred years or more ago.

The Russian eagle, for instance, that hovered over the freezing, famishing soldiers of Napoleon while they were retreating from Moscow in 1812, still may be living, for eagles frequently pass the century mark.

Crocodiles which were in the swamps of the West Indies when the first explorer set foot on the islands, are basking there yet, and in the ocean still are whales that frequented the coast of France when Joan of Arc was a child, and when, in 1415, Henry V. of England, landed in Normandy with a great army and seized Honfleur. These whales, if they could talk and cared to, could tell us that in those days there were large whale fisheries along the Basque coast, in fact pretty generally in the Gulf of Gascony. For whales live several centuries, while elephants rarely pass one hundred years; but carp and crows sometimes live two centuries.

Speaking of birds we may recall that parrots and swans often become centenarians, and it is not unusual for a long-beaked heron to reach 60. Geese and pelicans live half a century; the humble sparrow frequently sees 40, while pigeons, canaries, storks and peacocks often reach 30. Partridge, pheasants, nightingales and larks live nominally from 15 to 18 years.

WORLD'S SMALLEST RAILWAY.

Miniature Line in North-Western Canada is Profitable Enterprise.

The Grand Island Railway, which stretches from end to end of an island in the Athabasca river, is probably the smallest in the world. The entire length of the track is a quarter of a mile, and the rolling stock comprises two well-worn lorries.

Merchandise is taken to the island in boats or scows, transferred to the railroad and shipped again by water at the other end. Customers load the cars themselves and propel them by hand power across the island. The owner says his enterprise returns thousands of dollars a year, and he claims that his is not only the smallest, but the most profitable railroad in the world.

A wooden spoon is best for cake because the round handle does not tire the hands.

Alfalfa is the cheapest home grown feed to produce milk. There are 212 pounds of digestible protein in one ton and the average yield per season is three tons per acre. Alfalfa, by adding nitrogen to the soil, gives as much as it takes.

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505 ELECTRIC RAILWAY CHAMBERS.

Winnipeg, October 20-21-22

Her Housebreaker

By Florence Morse Kingsley.

CHAPTER III.—(Cont'd.)

She arose from her chair and laid her hand on his shoulder.

"I'm going to give you a name," she said impulsively. "Will you accept it—from me?"

He gazed at her wonderingly.

"Come!" she urged. "I want to show you——"

He followed her to the dining room. She paused before the portrait of a man with the stern countenance. Her eyes were shining as from some strange inward light which seemed to illuminate her whole face and figure.

"That is a picture of my father," she said. "He was the best man I ever knew. His name was Daniel Maitland. I am going to name you for him."

She quickly dipped her fingers in the glass bowl which held the asters and held them over his head.

"Daniel Maitland," she said slowly, "I christen you, in the name of your Father, which is in Heaven. May he bless, guide and keep you, from this day forward even forever more!"

She certainly had not planned the little ceremony. It was a beautiful impulse.

He stood before her, silent, his head bowed. Then, as she stirred a little, as if about to move away from him, he caught her fingers in his own.

"Daniel Maitland," he repeated huskily.

And by the dawning light in his eyes she perceived something of the value of the gift she had, in her great pity, bestowed upon him.

"To have a name—of my own," he went on brokenly, "a name, like other people. You can't think what it is like to be always called 'Workhouse.' "

"Don't say it any more," she begged. "You have a name now—a good, an honorable name. You must grow to fit it. Do you understand what I mean? You must promise me."

He was gazing at her hungrily.

"I promise," he murmured. "I will try. I shall succeed if you——"

"I will help you," she promised. "But your first step in the new life will not be easy."

They had returned to the fireside and she had taken up her knitting, a warm gray weave through which the needles flew in and out.

He glanced at her inquiringly. He seemed still shaken by some inward storm of emotion.

"What do you want me to do?"

"You must go back."

"To Van Auken? Never!"

"You stole his money."

"No!" he denied, hotly. "I had earned it ten times over. I had a right——"

"Not to take it without his knowledge."

Her tone was unwavering and he perceived that her eyes could be stern, like those of the pictured Daniel Maitland.

She bent toward him suddenly, holding out her work for his inspection.

"Daniel," she said, "I want you to look at this. It is one of those sleeveless jackets women all over the country are knitting for our boys in the Army and Navy. This is meant for a sailor. It will help keep him warm and comfy at sea. You don't know anything about knitting, of course; but do you see that hole? It is a dropped stitch. I was working on it the night before my son went away. I—I couldn't see what I was doing very well, and so I must have slipped a stitch from my needle, without noticing."

He was looking and listening with frowning intentness.

"If I don't go back and pick up that stitch and make it right, my work will be ruined. That one small dropstitch will spoil everything. Do you understand?"

"And you think I've dropped a stitch," said the boy. "Well——"

Mary Brett flashed him a quick look of wonder. She had not expected him so clearly to follow her homely little simile. He was not dull, it seemed.

"Sometimes, one has to ravel—like this!"

And she swiftly pulled her work from the needles and drew out the long strands of wool.

"I'm going back, you see, to the place where I made the mistake. After that I shall be careful not to drop another stitch."

"How can I go back?" he inquired gloomily. "You don't know Van Auken. He would put me in jail."

"Not if you returned the money."

He was silent, while she carefully took up her stitches again and watched her slip them one by one on the needle.

"There!" she said. "Now I'm all straight. I shall soon make up what I've lost."

"But while you're making it up you might have knit a lot more," he burst out. "I guess that's like me. I began all wrong—though it wasn't my fault. And perhaps there isn't any use in trying to make up."

She perceived that his thoughts were traveling a worn groove of despondency.

"Do you know," she said, almost sharply, "that what you have just said is both false and cowardly? There is always a use in trying—always! As for what happened at your birth—your poor young mother went home to God, carrying her story with her. Do you think He doesn't understand? And she has only one anxiety now; can you guess what that is?"

"Do you think—do you mean—? Sometimes I've fancied—I've wondered if she could—a fellow can't help thinking queer thoughts, you know."

"Your mother," said Mary Brett steadily, "wants you to be a good man. How do I know? Because I am a mother; and more than anything in heaven or earth, I want my boy to be a man—courageous, honest, loving. I shall always want it, wherever I am. I am sure of it!"

He got slowly to his feet, fumbling in his pocket for his wrecked hat.

"What are you going to do?" she asked, perceiving grim purpose in his eyes.

"Going back to Van Auken," he told her. "I'll make a clean breast of it. And maybe if I agree to work for him without wages for an extra month or so, he'll let me off. If not—I can take my medicine."

"Don't go yet," she begged, "there are other things I must say to you. This afternoon perhaps we can plan together."

Friends of the Bretts, mother and son, were accustomed to speak of them as "delightfully unworldly." Mary Brett in particular, was known to have done the oddest things. Only the winter before she had actually stopped on the street to give her cloak to a shivering woman carrying a baby. Other follies of philanthropy were commonly reported of her. "She seemed," said certain prudent neighbors, "to have no sense, when it came to doing for 'lame ducks.' "

Mary Brett was aware of the covert disapproval her conduct awakened in the breasts of persons more "sensible"—or less perceptible to the sorrows of others than herself. She had therefore fallen into the habit of concealing her impulsive acts. It was her own business, not theirs.

(To be continued.)

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