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Woman's Sphere

Money and Minute Savers.

One of the most liked devices is a small electric light for the children's bedroom.

This is very easily installed and very convenient, especially where there are very small children, for just a touch of the switch makes enough light to see if every youngster is covered and all right, or to light the way to get water for them.

Ours is a six-volt lamp with receptacle, about 8 or 10 feet of insulated lamp cord, three dry batteries and switch. The cost of same was $2.10, which we do not consider much in accordance with the convenience: Lamp and receptacle, 25c; cord, 25c; switch, 10c; batteries, $1.50. Total, $2.10.

We have a box just big enough for the batteries to set in. This is fastened to the under part of the bed, or may be placed on the floor. From here the cord is run to the switch, which is fastened to the head board at a convenient place, and from here on to the lamp. The lamp may hang where it is most handy. This enables one to move the bed wherever wanted, and does not disturb the light.

One may put the batteries in the cellar and run the cord through the floor if desired, but we did not find this quite so handy, as the cord was in the way of moving the bed and for sweeping.

* * * *

When cream is too thin to whip it may be made sufficiently thick by adding unbeaten white of an egg and beating in the usual manner.

* * * *

Very often in cooking a cereal for breakfast, such as rolled oats or cream of wheat, there will be some left over. Many a housewife throws this away, as it hardens with standing and a crust forms on it by the next morning. Thus it is wasted. Now, an excellent way to keep a cereal like this over is to cover it an inch or so deep with water. The next morning no crust will be formed, and it will not be a whit inferior by standing. One can cook enough cereal for two mornings in this way, and the extra cooking the second morning will only improve its flavor.

* * * *

Often we want to make wide tucks on thin dresses—tucks too wide for the machine tucker. I have had great success with the following method: I cut a piece of fairly stiff paper the width desired for the tuck, and twelve or more inches in length. After folding the goods I pin the paper tuck marker with the lower edge on the fold of the goods, and stitch along the top of the marker, moving it along the fold of the goods each time I run the length of it. This method saves much time and a perfect tuck can be run easily.

* * * *

Cracks in floors may be neatly and permanently filled by thoroughly soaking newspapers in paste made of a half pound of flour, three quarts of water, half pound of alum, mixed and boiled. The mixture should be about as thick as putty, and may be forced into the crevice with a knife. It will harden like papier-mache.

* * * *

I sometimes have to hang a gate or a door, and a carpenter's wife happened in one day as I was having a tussle with an unruly screw. She informed me that carpenters drive the screw as they do a nail, almost to the head, then clinch it with the screwdriver. This little wrinkle has saved me quite a lot of time and patience.

* * * *

If soot falls upon a rug or carpet, I never attempt to sweep until I have covered it thickly with dry salt. It can then be swept up properly, and not a stain or smear will be left.

* * * *

If the tips are off shoestrings you can make them as good as new, and so they will lace easily, by dampening the ends with glue and twisting them into points.

* * * *

A returned soldier, finding that it takes as much ingenuity to combat the high cost of living as it did to fight the Germans, has made a very practical and economical bassinet for his first little son. Taking the idea from a two-wheeled tea table, he built a frame having two wheels in front and two table legs in back. Upon this frame, having been very careful to make it just high enough to suit his wife, he securely fastened a rectangular clothes basket. Painted white, and draped with white ruffles, it is as pretty and convenient as could be desired.

A Left-Handed Party.

A party at which guests and hosts may use only their left hands does not sound exciting, but try it and see if following that apparently simple rule will not assure a whole evening of fun, interest and unique entertainment.

When all the guests have arrived announce that as soon as the games are over anyone who has used his right hand during the evening will have to do whatever stunt the others may propose.

Then play games that call for quick and accurate handwork. All-up relay, played left-handed, is not so easy as it looks, nor are potato racing and spinning the platter. If you have an old ping-pong set in the house, you can arrange a left-handed ping-pong tournament. Divide the company into couples and let them play doubles.

There is almost no end to the fun that bean-bag games, played left-handed, will afford. Bean-bag box, pass-and-toss relay and teacher and class are excellent. So are all run, ball tag, centre catch ball and line zigzag—all soft-ball or bean-bag games.

Here are some suggestions for forfeits: Blindfold two players, lead them to opposite sides of the room, and then tell them to go toward each other and shake hands; ask some one to laugh in one corner of the room, to sing in the second, to cry in the third and to dance in the fourth; tell a guest to leave the room with two legs and to come back with six. It may be some time before she thinks of a four-legged chair as the solution.

For refreshments serve a simple salad, ice cream or anything else that will give everyone a chance to display left-handed table manners.

Why Not the Co-Operative Laundry?

In these modern days when co-operative effort on the part of farmers is proving so helpful and so popular, it is strange that there are not a large number of co-operative laundries throughout the country. For some reason the co-operative laundry idea has been very slow in obtaining a footing in our rural districts, yet there are few community co-operative experiments that are so attractive.

The central laundry is one of the great necessities in city life to-day, taking over a tremendous burden in congested living centres. There is no reason why the same burden should not be turned over by the busy farm woman to a central plant. It has been suggested that the farm woman is embarrassed in sending out the family washing. The city woman has completely overcome any such embarrassment. It has also been suggested that the farmer is not willing to spend the extra money for outside laundry. Whatever the reason may be, we believe that if our readers should observe the success of the rural co-operative laundry, as we have seen it in operation, there would soon be such a laundry in nearly every country community. One thing is certain: If the farm woman does not enjoy the benefits of a central laundry, she is entitled to a modern laundry on the farm, properly equipped with a power washing machine, mangle and the other machinery that takes the drudgery out of one of the most irksome tasks on the farm. Relief from unnecessary drudgery lifts the standard of farm life to the levels of success.

Minard's Liniment Relieves Colds, etc.

How Jean Makes Hash.

Jean, the negro chef at a certain country club, makes hash that has no equal. The fame of the dish is great, but the secret of its excellence eluded everyone until one day a member of the club complimented Jean on his skill.

"How do you do it?" he asked. "I never get hash like yours anywhere else."

"Jean's black face glowed with pleasure at the compliment. "Beef is nothin,," he replied, "potatoes is nothin," onions is nothin'; but when I frowes myself into de hash—dat's what makes it what it is!"

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Grandmother Mullen and the Airship

By MARY BARRETT HOWARD.

PART I.

"Now, pa, remember! Don't set foot in an automobile; and don't cross the street unless a policeman says you may!"

The old man, who was clambering into a democrat, nodded a trifle impatiently. Those were only two of numberless admonitions showered upon him since it had been definitely decided that for the first time in more than half a century he should absent himself for a whole week from Grandmother Mullen's care. Three turbulent grandchildren made her own presence at home imperative, and she had hesitated long before consenting to let him go alone. However, as the owners of certain shares of railway stock, she and Grandfather Mullen were entitled to free transportation to a stockholders' meeting in Chicago, and it seemed to her unthrifty that one of them at least should not make use of the opportunity. That consideration finally prevailed with her. She saw him depart with keen misgivings, though the neighbors privately thought that Jairus Mullen was more likely to err on the side of excessive caution than on that of reckless daring. That opinion his eldest grandson, Jack, a sturdy lad of eleven years, appeared to share. Just before the wagon took Mr. Mullen out of sight round the corner, he remarked irreverently:

"Say, granny, you forgot to tell grandpop not to go up in an airship."

"My land—you don't suppose he would do it!" Grandmother Mullen exclaimed, panic-stricken.

The next instant she was hurrying down the garden walk. Her white curls were bobbing, and she was shrieking frantically, "Pa! Pa Mullen! Pa-a Mul—len!"

Her tone was imperative. Although the neighbor who was driving Grandfather Mullen to the station muttered that there was not any too much time to catch the rain, he nevertheless jerked the horse to a standstill.

"And don't you go up in one of those airships, pa!" Grandmother Mullen cried. Mr. Mullen waved his hand in sign of assent, and the wagon resumed its journey.

"I guess you needn't have wasted breath tellin' Jairus he wasn't to go up in an airship, Mis' Mullen!" some one close at her elbow chuckled derisively. "Jairus took mighty good care of his skin back in the sixties, and he's kept right on taking care of it ever since."

Grandmother Mullen's face reddened.

"That's all you know about it, Capt. Bean," she replied. "There's not a more venturesome man in Painted Post than Jairus Mullen is by nature. He'd ha' been in his grave long ago if it hadn't ha' been for me."

Capt. Bean gave another short, derisive laugh and stumped along down the street on his peg leg. Grandmother Mullen went up the garden walk, between the rows of spicy clove pinks, with her head haughtily erect.

She had never faltered in her belief that she had been right in contending when the Civil War broke out that the place for a poor man with a wife and three young children to support was at home rather than in the rank's of his country's defenders. Even in the dark days of 1863, when Jairus had been so restless, she had steadily declared that, unless the time came when his services were absolutely necessary to save the Union, she would never consent to his enlisting. But in spite of her convictions she had learned to dread Memorial Day, for year by year "pa's" face had grown more wistful as he watched the fast-thinning ranks of veterans march proudly through the street to the cemetery. Once she had tried to console him by speaking of the thousands who had marched off, never to return, and of the possibility that he might have been among them. But he had only answered solemnly, "Well, ma, I guess those that died as well as those that lived found it worth while."

But that had been the only time that he had questioned the wisdom of her decrees, and from the first the brisk, efficient little woman had taken command of the slow, easy-going man, who seemed quite content to plod along the safe ways appointed for him. However, a gleam of humor lurked in his mild blue eyes.

Grandmother Mullen's incredulous amazement may be readily imagined when, a few days after pa's departure, she received a post card that showed him seated in an airship soaring above the "skyscrapers" of Chicago.

"Oh, my soul!" she gasped feebly. The three children crowded round her, wild with excitement.

"It's some kind of fake," said Jack. "Grandpop never'd have dared."

"There's no call for you to say that, Jack," Grandmother Mullen said sharply. "I've always had to curb your grandfather in."

Infected by the absolute conviction in his grandmother's tones, Jack eyed the post card admiringly.

"Grandpop's going some if he went up in an airship," he admitted.

"O me! O my!" Grandmother Mullen wailed. "You can't pick up a newspaper nowadays without seeing an account of one of those things falling!"

But there was a new and becoming flush on her cheeks and a proud light in her eyes when she slipped the post card into her pocket, remarking casually, "I guess I'll just step over and get Mis' Bean's recipe for jam cake."

She found the captain on the side porch, sitting with his chair tilted at a perilous angle. Forgetting her ostensible errand, Grandmother Mullen handed him the post card in meaning silence. For a full moment Capt. Bean surveyed the astounding likeness of his derided neighbor in a silence as deep as Mrs. Mullen's. Then three wooden legs, two belonging to the rush-bottomed chair and one to the battle-scarred veteran, struck the porch floor with a resounding crash.

"Why, the old sport!" he ejaculated. "By jinks, I'd rather fight the Battle of Gettysburg again than go up in one of those airships!"

Within the next forty-eight hours Grandmother Mullen, for the first time in half a century of married life, tasted the cup of mingled bitter and sweet that is quaffed by the wife of the man who dares. She was torn by conflicting emotions, for, although Mr. Mullen's sending the post card proved that pa had returned unscathed from that first mad venture, who could tell that he might not even then be embarking on that dread ship for a second and less lucky flight. Moreover, she feared that her husband, having defied her authority once in risking life and limb, would henceforth regard trusting himself to that lesser engine of destruction, a motor car, as a mere trifle and would scorn to seek the help of a policeman in crossing even the busiest city streets. On the other hand, no wife of warrior or hero since time began ever felt more pride in her lord's exploits than Grandmother Mullen felt in that madcap feat of her hitherto staid and tractable husband.

(To be continued.)

Are Sunday Schools Dying?

Sunday schools are the patent of the English-speaking peoples of the world. They are found wherever British and American people live, or where their missionaries have taught, but nowhere else.

It is an amusing thing that the Sunday-school Union only dates back to 1803, and that the very first Sunday-school in the world was opened at Bristol less than 150 years ago. When there were no people's schools in England many an ambitious lad learned to read and write at the Sunday-school, but with the coming of the Board-schools, religious instruction became their sole purpose.

About the end of last century Sunday-schools reached their high-water mark as far as attendance is concerned. The average attendance at the world's Sunday-schools every Sunday afternoon ran into tens of millions. Of late years there has been a steady decline in the popularity of the Sunday-school.

It would be a world catastrophe if this peculiarly English institution should lose the immense power it has wielded in the making of the nation.

Minard's Liniment for Burns, etc.

Mule Drill.

An Irish drill-sergeant was instructing some recruits in the mysteries of marching movements, and found great difficulty in getting a countryman of his to halt when the command was given. After explaining and illustrating several times, he approached the recruit, sized him up silently for a couple of minutes, and then demanded his name.

"Casey, sir," was the reply.

"Well, Casey, did ye iver drive a mule?"

"Yis, sor."

"What did ye say when you wanted him to stop?"

"Whoa."

The sergeant turned away and immediately put his squad in motion. After they had advanced a dozen yards or so he bawled out at the top of his lungs: "Squad, halt! Whoa, Casey!"

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The Clown of the Woods.

Early one morning, says a contributor to Outing, I saw a black bear cub playing with the barbed wire of a railway fence. He jumped through the strands of wire, apparently well pleased when the barbs scratched his thick woolly pelt. Then he twanged the taut wire as a violinist twangs the strings of his instrument and cocked his roguish head on one side, all the time swaying back and forth in a rocking, dancing movement.

After perhaps five minutes of the performance a grunt of warning came from a near-by swamp. At the sound the cub froze in alert attention for a moment; then he jumped between the wires and back again, gave one more twitch to the new-found musical instrument and rushed off to his mother, exactly like a mischievous boy.

Bears were common when I was a boy, the writer coninues, and one day tracks in the soil told me that a bear was responsible for the loss of our garden truck. So I lay in wait for him and saw him one evening. He was as playful as a kitten; he must have been about two years old. As soon as he got into the garden he began rushing at a cabbage head. Round the head he leaped, and boxed like a pugilist. Then when he had demolished it he went to another head and another. Sometimes he stopped and rolled. He kept up the game for some time before I ended it. I ran toward him yelling, and the black rascal changed time into distance at an astonishing rate.

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