# Woman's Sphere

### White Coverlet From Scraps.

I needed a new bed-spread, so I collected all the white material on hand, left-overs from underwear, etc. Those that had become yellow with age I washed and ironed; in fact, it is best to wash and iron all the pieces, as that will prevent shrinking when the coverlet is washed.

I cut squares eight by ten inches from wornout white cotton underwear, and sewed the pieces on crazy quilt fashion and made a white crazy quilt. I outlined the blocks after setting them together in strips, with blue san silk, and sewed the strips together.

Then I pinned the spread right side down into quilt frames, fastened a new sheet on top and tied with blue san silk according to the blocks. After finishing the edges with the blue thread in herringbone stitch, I had a very durable spread, and all it cost me was my labor and the new sheet, and I made use of scraps that would otherwise have been thrown away.

### Child's Account Book.

In this era of Canadian extravagance, why not teach our children the value of money? Try giving them a certain amount each week for duties well performed, increasing it to cover certain extra tasks, not enough to give them the impression that you are paying them wages, but a stipulated sum. Impose a small fine out of the allowance for duties neglected or forgotten.

Have them keep an account book, and credit themselves with all they receive, and charge themselves with all they spend, and balance the book once a month. Encourage them to save the nickels and dimes until they amount to dollars, with which they can start a bank account or buy something wished for, instead of spending every nickel for foolish toys or too much candy to impair their digestion. This first business training will be of benefit in later years.

### Two Labor-Saving Devices.

One of the handiest tools that I have on cleaning days is a wire mop-stick, which, by the way, was purchased for a small sum. The wire on the stick was covered with heavy felt material, being very careful that all sharp edges were thoroughly covered. Over this put a piece of a wornout blanket, sewing it securely to the felt. When ordinary dusting is to be done, I put a dustless duster over the padding, fasten it to the mopstick and proceed to dust in the usual way. The long wooden handle of the mopstick enables me to dust the out-of-the-way corners, and surfaces almost out of reach; I am able with this device to dust picture moldings, ceilings, corners, tops of windows and doors and other high places. It saves time and labor, and I never have to use a chair or ladder as was necessary formerly.

The other handy device is a piece of ordinary rubber hose which has been a great help on wash day. By the use of this hose which is six feet in length, I have saved myself many steps and a tired back as well. I can fill my wash tubs with cold water, which saves carrying and lifting it, and also gives me time for many other necessary duties that invariably occur on wash-day.

### With Basin and Towel.

The vase that the class gave Miss Rachel was beautiful; but Hetty had stayed away when they gave it to her. She felt she could not be present, since she had contributed nothing toward the gift. With no money how could she contribute? Nevertheless, no girl in the class loved her teacher as Hetty loved her.

And now Miss Rachel, with her lovely smile and her sweet voice, was going far away.

Slow tears welled up in Hetty's eyes as she washed the supper dishes and set them in orderly rows upon the pantry shelves. She was a thin little girl with soft brown eyes and thick braids of hair that fell below her waist. Old Mrs. Barton had urged her mother to cut them off; so much hair took her strength, the old lady said; but Hetty's mother had shaken her head; Hetty was strong enough, and her hair was her one beauty.

As Hetty carried the last cup into the pantry she stood there a moment reflecting. Miss Rachel was going away. Was there not something she could do for her? And then, as she stood in the dusk of the little pantry and pressed her tear-filled eyes with her hands, the answer came.

Miss Rachel heard a timid knock at her door and lifted her head from her packing.

"Come in;" she said in her sweet clear voice, and Hetty entered. Miss Rachel smiled at her.

"Good evening, Hetty," she said.

Hetty smiled faintly. "Good evening, Miss Rachel." Then for a moment she paused. "I felt so sorry," she began tremulously, "because I couldn't give anything toward buying the beautiful vase that the rest of the girls gave you. But I didn't have any money."

Again she paused a moment, then continued: "But, Miss Rachel, none of the girls love you more than I do. I love your hands, your eyes, your smile, and the way you fix your hair, and your clothes, and everything about you. So I've come to-night to ask whether you'll let me do something for you, something I can do and something I want to do very much. I've come to ask you, Miss Rachel, if you'll let me wash all your clothes before you go away. Mother says I wash beautifully."

Miss Rachel looked at Hetty—at the thin little face, lighted by its wistful eyes, and at the small rough hands fingering so nervously a fold of her dress.

"But, dear," she said in a trembling voice, "I don't want you to wash my clothes."

Hetty threw both arms round her. "Dear Miss Rachel, I've cried every night for a week because I couldn't give anything toward the vase. You won't go away and make me feel I've done nothing! Don't you see that I want to have a part in you; and if you won't let me do this, I can't. Please, Miss Rachel."

Seeing that Hetty's heart was set upon it, Miss Rachel let her have her way, and a few minutes later she crept down the stairs with a big bundle in her arms.

Two days afterwards Hetty brought back the clothes, snowy white and beautifully ironed. Miss Rachel was to go away the next morning. Hetty removed the cloth, and Miss Rachel saw them in all their sweet, clean freshness.

"Dear," she cried, gathering the little figure into her arms, "what lovely clothes! How can I thank you? It is not everyone that is willing to gird himself with basin and towel as the Master did."

Hetty looked into the dear face.

"And have I," she asked, "really given you something, even though I didn't have any money? O Miss Rachel, I wanted you to know!"

Miss Rachel nodded.

"'Silver and gold have I none; but such as I have give I thee,'" she quoted softly. Then she paused and added, "Child, child, you have given me more than anyone."

A half hour later when Hetty took the empty clothes basket down the stairs her thin little face was softly smiling.

"Basin and towel," she whispered. "Oh, I'm so glad Miss Rachel said that!"

### Spring Cookery.

**Horseradish leaves**, if young and tender, may be boiled with about three times as many dandelion leaves to make a wholesome and appetizing spring dish. Season with salt, pepper and butter, and garnish with slices of broiled bacon.

**Apple and raisin marmalade** helps to eke out a scant supply of jam. To one cupful of ground and seeded raisins, add one cupful of chopped apples and one cupful of water. Cook the mixture until it thickens. A little orange or lemon rind, grated, may be added for flavoring.

**Maple walnut tapioca:** Heat one pint of milk in a double boiler, stir in two tablespoonfuls of tapioca and cook for fifteen minutes. Add the well-beaten yolks of two eggs and a pinch of salt. Stir the mixture for three minutes and let cool. Beat two-thirds of a cupful of thick maple syrup and add to the tapioca; then add one cupful of walnut meats, broken into small pieces. Serve in glasses with whipped cream and whole nut meats on top.

**Rhubarb and pineapple marmalade** requires three pounds of red rhubarb, two pounds of sugar, juice and grated rind of two lemons, and one cupful of pineapple cut into pieces. Boil the mixture very slowly until it is thick and clear. Turn it into glasses, and when it is set seal with paraffin.

**Rhubarb and prune conserve:** Use one quart of rhubarb cut into small pieces, one cupful of prune pulp, three cupfuls of sugar, juice and grated rind of one lemon, one-half cupful of chopped nuts. Cook the rhubarb, the prune pulp, and the sugar until the mixture is thick. Add the lemon juice and rind and the nuts. Turn the marmalade into glasses, and when it is set seal with paraffin.

**To can rhubarb without cooking:** Fill the jar with rhubarb and place it under the water faucet or pump, where the cold water is allowed to run over the rhubarb until every crevice in the jar is filled and every bubble has disappeared. When the jar is filled to overflowing, it is ready to be sealed and stored in a cool, dark place. After that it must not be moved or disturbed in any way until it is opened. The rhubarb is sweetened when used. Although this uncooked rhubarb may keep satisfactorily, the flavor is generally not so good as that of rhubarb canned by one of the methods described below.

**Canned rhubarb.** Method No. 1: Pack the rhubarb as tightly as possible into jars. Fill the jars to overflowing with a hot, heavy syrup made of twice as much sugar as water and cooked until the syrup forms a thread when dropped from a spoon. Adjust the rubbers and the lids, but do not seal the jars. Sterilize the jars for fifteen minutes on a rack in a covered pan of boiling water. The water around the jars should cover the tops of the jars. Seal the jars, remove from the water, invert them on a cloth, and allow them to cool. Store in a cool, dark place. Rhubarb canned in this way makes good sauce or filling for pies.

**Canned rhubarb.** Method No. 2: In a pint jar place a layer of sugar one-half inch deep, then a layer of rhubarb of equal depth; and alternate in this way until the jar is filled, having a layer of sugar on top. Adjust the rubber and the lid, and sterilize the jar in boiling water, as previously directed, for twenty-five minutes. Seal the jar, remove it from the water, invert it, and allow it to cool. Store it in a cool, dark place. This makes a richer sauce than does the method previously described.

### Laugh It Off.

Are you worsted in a fight?
Are you cheated of your right?
Laugh it off.
Don't make tragedy of trifles,
Don't shoot butterflies with rifles—
Laugh it off.

Does your work get into kinks?
Are you near all sorts of brinks?
Laugh it off.
If it's sanity you are after
There's no receipt like laughter.
Laugh it off.

### Peddle Sunlight if You Can.

Though you deal in liquid blacking,
Dismal bluing and such things,
When you have a sale to manage,
Do it as the robin sings.
Put some cheer-up in your business,—
Be a chipper sort of man,
And, with other lines of notions,
Peddle sunshine if you can.

There's an awful deal of meanness
In this busy world of ours;
But, mixed in with weeds the rankest,
Ofttimes grow the finest flowers.
Wear a posy on your lapel,—
It won't hurt the trade you plan,
And along with other samples,
Peddle sunshine if you can.

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# Grandmother Mullen and the Airship

By MARY BARRETT HOWARD.

PART II.

At that time—some years before the Great War—the greatest marvel of the age, a heavier-than-air machine, was not familiar to Painted Post. As the news that a citizen of the village had actually made a flight in one became noised abroad, young and old hastened to the Mullen homestead like pilgrims to a shrine. The famous post card was passed from hand to hand until it was almost in tatters, and Grandfather Mullen's daring act was lauded until in spite of her fear Grandmother Mullen felt that the sweet in her cup preponderated over the bitter.

But since she was a woman the greeting that she gave a day or so later to a meek old man with a saving gleam of humor in his mild blue eyes was saturated with reproach.

"Well, Pa Mullen, I call these pretty doings!" she cried. "Didn't I tell you last thing not to go up in one of those airships?"

"Why, ma, you don't suppose I really did go up?" Grandfather Mullen returned in astonishment.

"I guess you'll have hard work explaining," Grandmother Mullen said bitterly. "There's that postal, a living witness that you aren't fit to be trusted out of my sight—risking your life after all I said to you."

Grandfather Mullen paused in his efforts to remove the high, stiff collar that was rasping his neck, and a slow flush crept into his face.

"I never hankered to risk my life just for the fun of it, ma," he said gently. "And I can explain that postal card without trouble."

"I wish people had kept to oxcarts and stagecoaches," Grandmother Mullen pursued mournfully. "The very idea of a man eighty years old flying in the air like a buzzard or a—a cherub—makes the goose flesh stand out all over me."

"But I tell you, ma, I didn't fly—I never left the ground!" Grandfather Mullen shouted in mild exasperation. "You see, it was this way. Second day I got to Chicago I was walking along, and I saw a model of an airship in a store window and a sign on it that said: 'Step in and have your picture taken flying.'

"I recollected what you said to me last thing, and I thought it would be kind of a joke to have my picture taken that way," he continued humbly. "So I went in, and, sure enough, they had an airship, large as life, and I and another fellow who was pretending to run it got in, and they fixed us up with caps and goggles, all complete. My likeness came out real good; and somehow they got in the buildings and the lake, so that it looked as if we were sailing right up and over the city. They made it into one of those picture postals, but I never expected it was going to fool you."

"Why, Pa Mullen!" Grandmother Mullen wailed unexpectedly. "I won't ever be able to hold my head up again as long as I live and breathe! The folks are going to give you a reception in the town hall to-night, all on account of that postal card, and Capt. Bean is coming with a brass band to escort you there—him that was always throwing out hints that—"

"But, ma, you act as if you'd wanted me to go up," interrupted the bewildered old man.

"Of course I didn't want you to, but I—I kind of wish you had!" Grandmother Mullen sobbed.

Grandfather Mullen eyed her for a moment with a blank look. Then he took a deep breath and straightened his bowed shoulders as one who adjusts himself to a heavy burden.

"All is, I'll have to go right over to Capt. Bean and tell him just how it came about," he said with a sigh. "There, there, ma, don't cry so; it's nothing you're to blame for."

Capt. Bean grinned at the returning traveler with a jovial freemasonry such as he had never before displayed toward his fellow townsman and nearest neighbor.

"Hello, old sport! Got back all right?" he exclaimed. "You surely have turned this burg upside down! Your wife tell you what folks are planning?"

"I'm awfully sorry, cap'n. But I never went up in an airship; it was just a kind of joke," Grandfather Mullen said sadly. "It was a real childish performance, but I never expected to fool anybody."

Capt. Bean listened with ominous composure to the old man's hurried explanation.

"I know what you and others think of me, cap'n," Grandfather Mullen said meekly. "I don't know that I blame you any," he admitted with a flash of his whimsical humor, "I kind of look down myself on any man between seventy and eighty-five who can't show papers to prove he's worn the blue. I did what seemed right at the time, for with all her spirit ma never was overstrong, and I couldn't bring myself to take a chance of leaving her to raise three children on nothing but a private's pension, unless she was ready and willing to let me go. I know there were plenty who put the country before everything, and that's the way I ought to be, I guess; but I don't know that it's fair to think all those who stayed at home were cowards. I'm sorry about that reception. I'd never have dreamed of cutting up any such foolish caper as that, even if ma wasn't so scary."

"I guess you wouldn't!" Capt. Bean snorted. "Well, I'd better go down and tell the folks that the reception in honor of our intrepid townsman, Jairus Mullen, to celebrate his daring flight in an airship, is off."

Grandfather Mullen's white head drooped dejectedly as he retraced his steps up the garden walk between the rows of spicy clove pinks, and he had little appetite for the excellent dinner that Grandmother Mullen had prepared in honor of his home-coming. But as he pushed away an almost untasted piece of his favorite "two-inch" custard pie, the familiar sound of a peg leg was heard thumping up the porch steps, and the next instant Capt. Bean, waving a newspaper, burst unceremoniously into the room.

"Why in tunket didn't you tell me, Mullen?" he demanded excitedly. "This beats going up in an airship all hollow."

"W—what's pa been doing?" Grandmother Mullen gasped.

"Ain't he told you either? Well, I swan!" Capt. Bean ejaculated. "Well, you listen here, Mis' Mullen." The veteran adjusted his steel-bowed glasses and read:

"'At the corner of State and Washington streets about ten o'clock this morning a little girl in attempting to dodge one motor car stepped directly in front of another. She would have been run down if an old man who stood on the curbstone had not plunged across from the sidewalk and dragged her to safety. The child was uninjured, but her rescuer received a glancing blow from the machine and was picked up unconscious. He quickly revived, however, and the owner of the car insisted on taking him to the hotel where he was staying. He modestly refused to give his name and address, but it was found by inquiry at the hotel that Mr. Jairus Mullen of Painted Post was the hero of the gallant deed. All the bystanders agreed that had he not acted with such courage and promptitude the little girl would have been crushed under the wheels of the automobile.'

"I take off my hat to you, Mullen," Capt. Bean said. "A man that could do a thing like that ain't and never was a coward. You and Mis' Mullen be ready to-night at seven sharp, that reception is coming off as per schedule."

Grandfather Mullen, who had followed him to the door vainly protesting, turned to find Grandmother Mullen with a radiant face.

"O pa, it makes me creep all over to think how near you came to getting killed!" she cried. "But why didn't you tell me when you saw how mortified I was at the idea of the reception for you when you hadn't anything to be proud of?"

"Why, ma, I thought you'd be real put out," Grandfather Mullen said deprecatingly. "You see, I did ride in an automobile, and I did cross the street without a policeman's saying I could."

(The End.)

### The Stranger.

A stranger knocked at a man's door and told him of a fortune to be made.

"U'm," said the man. "It appears that considerable effort will be involved."

"Oh, yes," said the stranger, "you will pass many sleepless nights and toilsome days."

"Uh," said the man; "and who are you?"

"I am called Opportunity."

"Uh," said the man, "you call yourself Opportunity, but you look like Hard Work to me."

And he slammed the door.

### The Fighting Irish.

An Irishman, hotly chased by another, ran across a field where several persons were at work digging a drain. They took no notice.

As the hunted man shot out of the field, the man in pursuit cried out to the others: "Why didn't you stop him? He has been after my chickens, the thief."

"Thieving, is it, he was after, then, the blackguard?" said one of the drain diggers. "Sure, we would have stopped him if we had known. We thought he was only after having a shot at somebody."

The Jewish population of the world has been estimated at 15,430,000, of whom 300,000 are in the British Isles.

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### Still Made a Noise.

An Italian fruit dealer was caught in the railroad yards in his Ford truck. Becoming excited, he killed his engine, stopping the truck on the track, from which it was knocked by a switch engine. Next day a friend asked him if the car was badly damaged. "Yes," replied the Italian, "he pretty bad smasha up." "Did it damage the engine very much?" "No, I tinka not. De horn he stilla blow."


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