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Women's Sphere

Filling the Hope Chest.

First let us consider just what is expected of the bride in the way of house furnishings. Circumstances will always alter cases and the mode of life to be followed by and the probable income of the newly formed household should guide the bride-elect in her selection of materials, styles and amounts.

The following list is suggestive of the supplies usually provided by the bride and furnishes an adequate quantity of the essentials for the new home though more may be desirable in many instances.

6 sheets if only one bed. This allows for a makeshift bed in cases of emergency.

4 sheets for each bed if more than one bed but all of the same size.

2 pillows for each bed.

3 pillow cases for each pillow.

1 mattress pad for each bed.

1 pair of blankets for each bed. If only one bed, an extra pair should be provided for emergencies.

1 spread for each bed.

1 comforter for each bed.

6 face towels per person.

6 bath towels per person.

2 washable bathroom rugs.

3 washcloths per person.

2 scarfs for each dresser or chiffonier.

Curtains and rugs for bedrooms.

3 changes for the dining-room table.

3 changes of napkins per week per person.

2 runners for buffet.

6 glass and silver towels, linen crash preferred.

6 tea towels. Hemmed flour sacks are excellent.

6 kitchen lavatory hand towels.

6 dish cloths and mop rags.

3 kettle holders, large and soft.

1 laundry bag.

1 ironing-board pad and two cover sheets.

Additional items which are not absolutely essential but are very nice to have and make nice gifts for the chest, are:

Hot dish pads, tray cloths, luncheon cloths, luncheon sets, tea napkins, centrepieces, guest towels, silverware cases, toast, muffin and hot roll covers, dust protection cases for napkins, doilies, centrepieces and tablecloths, dust protectors for suits and dresses, cushions of various shapes and sizes and table runners for living room or library.

The bride should be provided with a good street costume and outfit suitable for travel, church, shopping and calling; one outfit appropriate for informal home entertaining; three house dresses; plenty of aprons; such amount of lingerie and hosiery as she is accustomed to use during a season.

The oblong plate doilies with square centrepieces or central runners have superseded the round doily sets in popularity for the time being. These, made in natural colored linen with buffet scarf to match, are very effective and can be developed in either the Italian drawnwork, cross-stitch design and rolled hems or in the appliqued motifs. Unbleached muslin is often used for these but for table purposes it is an unwise selection of material, for its close weave makes it extremely difficult to remove the stains so apt to appear at meals. A more loosely woven cotton material such as shrunk cotton or Indianhead should be used if linen is impossible.

Linen is also best for towels, if one can afford it, as it is soft and very absorbent in the looser weaves. A cheaper linen is preferable to a finer cotton for towels, if one is looking for service rather than appearance.

The marking of the household linens is usually done by the bride before marriage and with her own initials. If she should desire to have the initials of her future husband used the linen is left unmarked until after the wedding ceremony has been performed.

If the new home has already been selected, so that the size of the rooms and the number of windows and their sizes can be determined, it is usually considered customary for the bride to furnish the curtains for the bedrooms, bathroom and kitchen. These usually follow out the color scheme of the bedding and towels if one has put a note of color in them. The unbleached muslin with applique motifs in sateen work up nicely here and are more practical than in the dining-room as the laundering is less frequent. The tiny figured percales that have just come into the market are a little newer and are very pretty for valances, side drapes and spreads. Touches of black help wonderfully to set them off. Dotted Swiss with pique borders is extremely dainty if one wishes to emphasize daintiness. Basket cloth combines very well with the colored ginghams and percales for a spread, having a nice weight and attractive weave.

Do not slight the house dresses and work aprons for the trousseau. These are indeed the most important feature of the chest, for it is in these that probably two-thirds of your future time will be spent.

A Home-Made Shower Bath.

A shower bath that costs us less than a dollar is a luxury that everyone on this farm, from the hired man up, enjoyed last summer. We had been farming a year and doing without modern comforts, missing them sorely. Our problem, how to get them, is the same as that of many a tenant. The "handy man" attacked it, with the result that showers were on tap whenever needed. He bought a large wooden lard pail and bored a hole in the bottom, through which he could slip a quarter-inch pipe. This pipe he fitted with a pair of lock-nuts, and a short pipe with a cut-off to control the flow of water. A short piece of rubber hose connected this pipe with the shower-head. The shower-head we had on hand.

Accordingly, the total cash outlay for our shower bath was:

Lard Bucket	$0.40
Lock-nuts for ¼-inch pipe	.02
2 ¼-inch long nipples	.04
¼-inch cut-off	.50
Total	$0.96

A shower-head can be purchased for about seventy-five cents, or a tinsmith can make one for less than that. A smaller bucket can be used, as two gallons is plenty of water for one shower. Ours contains eight gallons, which is unnecessarily large. Still, on a hot day, after field work—!

Our shower bath is located in the washhouse, which has a good cement floor with a drain. The bucket was set on a couple of crosspieces directly over the drain; or it could be hung from a hook in the ceiling.

The drawback to our bath is that we have to lift the water up to the bucket and pour it in, cold or warm, as desired. The "handy man" intends to rig it up this summer with a pulley arrangement whereby it can be lowered for filling and easily pulled back into place. But crude as it is, it made possible refreshing baths for the whole family.

Farm people need not go without all conveniences!—D. S.

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Minard's Liniment for Dandruff.

The Gates of Hope

BY ANTHONY CARLYLE

The Beginning of the Story.

Marcia Halstead, secretary to Mrs. Alden, is entrusted with some jewels while her employer goes out to luncheon with Kempton Rosslaer, his stepmother Lady Rosslaer and her son Gordon Ruthven. Marcia puts the jewels in the safe but fails to find the duplicate key. She consults a noted physician who tells her she cannot live longer than six months; then answers the call of a solicitor to find that she is heir to a large fortune on condition that she marries before she is twenty-one. Returning to Mrs. Alden's she finds Kempton Rosslaer (who is secretly married to Araby Trask) replacing the gems which his step-brother had stolen. Believing him to be the thief, Marcia promises silence if he will marry her within two days. To shield his father's name Kempton consents. At a restaurant Marcia faints and is assisted by three strangers, Araby Trask, her father, and a young man, Jasper Waldron. A week after the marriage ceremony Rosslaer visits Araby and, to his consternation, learns that Marcia has decided to remain in London and is improving in health. Marcia and Waldron encounter Rosslaer; the two men are old friends.

CHAPTER XXI.—(Cont'd.)

Kemp's face was set as stone. He called his waiter and ordered another cocktail. Lady Rosslaer watched him as he drank it a little uneasily. She did not in the least understand Kempton Rosslaer, and in her heart she was the least bit afraid of him. He had never succumbed to her fascinations; they had never made any pretense at being friends. And already she had proved that his careless boyishness was of the surface only; that there was sterner stuff beneath. His attitude now angered her.

"Everything has been intolerable!" she went on resentfully. "My nerves are in tatters! Gordon is frightfully in debt, and your father won't do anything—says he can't!"

Beneath the scornful unbelief of her tone Kempton stirred sharply.

"I can well believe it!" he retorted. "His resources have been pretty well drained!"

Lady Rosslaer's little movement of fury overset her cup. Her eyes blazed at him suddenly.

"You can't talk!" she flung at him. "You've helped to drain them as much as anyone else!"

She stopped short. There was a sudden haggard weariness in Kempton's eyes that silenced her. He got without haste to his feet.

"I know! But reproaches aren't going to do any good!"

"But"—she caught at his arm—"I tell you something must be done. Things are serious—really serious. If they had not been Gordon would never—would never—Kemp, for heaven's sake try and make your father see that things are really desperate! That he must do something. He'll listen to you——"

Kemp laughed rather harshly.

"You overrate my influence!" he said dryly. "And you appear to forget that I'm in the same boat! But as far as the pater is concerned I rather fancy he's completely at the end of his tether. Anyhow, I know I can't persuade him to alter his mind."

His stepmother bit her lip. She still held his arm. She tightened her grip as he was about to move away.

"Something's got to be done!" she persisted stubbornly. Then, as Gordon appeared in the doorway and a hovering waiter came to the table, she sat back. But as Kempton bowed and was about to move away she stayed him hurriedly.

"But," she said, in a lowered voice, "you haven't told me anything! I mean—are you sure that—that it is all right? That there is nothing to keep worrying about as regards the jewels?"

Kemp's movement was almost violent; his face quite white.

"I told you at the time. They were put back safely—before they were missed."

She drew a long breath. Kemp turned as Gordon reached his side. He nodded a curt greeting, and the boy slumped into his chair. He avoided his half-brother's eyes carefully.

"Just saw Jasper Waldron going out with that girl who used to be with Audrey Alden—she's no end a peach! Must be something in the story of her comin' into a fortune after all!"

Lady Rosslaer looked up quickly at Kempton.

"Do you know if there is?" she asked. He answered stiffly.

"It is quite true, I believe."

"Lord! Some folks have all the luck!" Young Ruthven's voice was querulously discontented. He added, idly:

"Rummy, having the same name as you, mater. Don't you wish she was a relation!"

Kempton glanced at him quickly. For the moment he had utterly forgotten the circumstances under which Marcia had mentioned her relationship to Lady Rosslaer. He remembered hearing of it; was under the impression it was public knowledge.

"A cousin's a relation, surely!" he said. Then, as he met Lady Rosslaer's blank stare: "And Miss Halstead's your cousin—or, rather, her mother is——"

He broke off. The utter bewilderment on both faces startled him into realization of the fact that once more he had blundered.

"Cousin! Impossible!" Lady Rosslaer's voice was shrill. Then it dropped. Her eyes grew suddenly far away, thoughful, and there was a sudden gleam in them. Her fingers tapped the table nervously. Gordon looked across the table and grinned. He knew that expression of old.

"Just as well to make sure, wouldn't it?" he queried. "She might be worth cultivating if it is so, what? Pity"—with a chuckle—"I'm not a bit older. You might try your hand at matchmaking!" He chuckled again, glanced at Kempton a shade maliciously, and added, after a moment's hesitation, "Anyway, can't see any reason you shouldn't. Kemp's always in the running!"

CHAPTER XXII.

That night, for the first time, Marcia met Michael Trask. Audrey Alden, from their box, caught sight of him in the circle, and beckoned him when the curtain went down on the second act. He put in an appearance a few minutes later, hovering tentatively on the threshold until Audrey turned to greet him and Waldron got up to pull a chair forward for him.

Marcia had seen him that first night in the restaurant, with Araby, but she had not noticed him. Now, as Mrs. Alden introduced them, she looked at him with interest.

He gave the impression of being a little man. In reality he was of average height, but his shoulders stooped, chiefly from habit. He was an absent-minded person, with the soul of a poet that found expression in his wielding of crayons and paint brushes. If the results were not always marketable it was not his fault. As Araby once said, she did not know if his pictures were too good or too bad for the public taste.

Trask himself had decided that they were not commonplace enough. He assured her—and anyone who would listen to him—that only commonplace things were paying. For himself, he avoided ordinary things like the plague, and aspired only to that which was beautiful.

It was a pity—from a pecuniary point of view. He made just sufficient money to live barely upon—and dreamed dreams quite happily of a future when he should be great.

In the quite early days of his youth he had married a girl and loved her with a passionate violence which had perhaps helped to hasten her untimely death. Since when he had lavished his affection, in a modified but none the less genuine form, upon his daughter.

Araby from babyhood had taken his wife's place. She sewed on his buttons, when she thought of it; darned his socks, when she had to, and chose his meals when they either of them remembered that meals were necessary.

She also gave advice and criticism concerning his pictures, entertained his friends and dreamed dreams with him—sometimes. The two of them were like children; Araby sweet and inconsequent, and far too blithely happy-go-lucky to fill her role in any way adequately; Michael Trask, overgrown, indulgent and beatifically content to leave to-morrow to itself and enjoy such good things as might fall to his lot to-day.

Michael Trask's hair had grayed early. But Marcia, looking at him as she gave him her hand, was surprised to notice that his eyes were singularly youthful, his cheeks wholesomely colored and unlined.

His glance, dwelling upon her idly, remained fixed. She colored faintly as she saw in it a dawning warmth of admiration. He pulled his chair closer to hers and leaned forward. The artist in him appraised the whiteness of her neck and the lines of her black-clad figure against the rose brocade of her cloak. Then he looked more intently at her face again.

"Araby has spoken of you to me," he told her. "She said I would want to paint you as soon as I saw you. I did not believe her. She is very young, and she exaggerates sometimes. Besides, as a rule, I do not care to paint women. When they have depth—personality—soul, they lack beauty. You have all these things, Miss Halstead. It would give me immense pleasure if you would sit for me."

He spoke with the simplicity of a boy, that sat oddly upon him. Marcia was momentarily taken aback and Audrey leaned forward.

"You mustn't be surprised at anything Michael Trask says or does," she said lightly. "He's not quite like other people. I don't mean that he is mad—only very near it!"

She laughed aloud as the girl gasped, and Trask made a quick gesture of half amused deprecation.

"I am in earnest!" he declared. Mrs. Alden shrugged. Marcia was looking at her at the moment and was vaguely surprised at the look in her pretty, dimpled face. It was smiling, but there was an odd little tenderness beneath her amusement; beneath their mockery her merry eyes were unwontedly soft.

"You always are—when you find a new subject. Only it wears off so quickly. If it were not for that you'd be a great man to-day, Michael, in spite of your youth!"

"I'm forty!" Trask retorted, and Marcia gasped audibly. Audrey caught the astonishment in her eyes and laughed again.

"You will find Michael a creature of surprises,' she declared, quite as if he had not been present. "His faults and failings will not be the least of these. He wastes his ability. He does all his real work at night—when he is asleep. He can express an exquisite subject on canvas with remarkable vividness—if he can do it in a day. Otherwise he fails to dreaming of another 'vision'—and his colors are apt to get mixed. There are occasions when it is almost disastrous! But portraits——"

She spread out her hands. Marcia, amused, interested, glanced sideways at Waldron. He was lounging in the background, watching her. Audrey went on:

"Don't succumb to his pleading, Marcia! You'll be sorry if you do. He'll pose you for the Madonna one day, and at the next sitting decide that he prefers you as Aphrodite. I've seen some of his Madonnas with the eyes of a Paris midinette! Poor Michael! He doesn't mean to do it at all, you know—it's just what he's thinking of at the moment—only it rather takes one's breath away."

"You are unkind!"

Trask spoke with the utmost amiability. He looked at Marcia with a smile—and the smile lighted up his whole face, so that she smiled, too, gaily, merrily, like a girl smiling back at a wholly inconsequent boy. She forgot the incongruity of his gray hair—saw only his eyes, with their irrepressible youth!

Truly, these folks among whom she had come were wonderful; wholly fascinating, utterly unexpected. And all of them seemed to have the joy of life in their hearts. Her own heart stirred, a quick warmth ran through her veins. It was infectious, this gaiety. It swept her back to that girlhood which had never really been hers.

She leaned forward. "I am perfectly willing to sit for you," she laughed, "if you really want me to. Only, I warn you, I am not very patient!"

Trask spread out his hands.

"It does not matter," he said. "I seldom am. Thank you very much. I wonder, could you come to-morrow—rather early?"

(To be continued.)

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