Woman's Sphere

How I Lightened My Housework.

I was raised on a farm, and lived with my parents until I was twenty-one years of age, always doing my part of farm work in the house and out of doors. But after I was married, and in a home of my own, the tasks seemed to be greater, for every job was to be done by me. And, as young people starting out, we tried to make and save all we could, and I would get my housework all done up in order and help outside as much as I could.

In a few years I had two children, and children surely do add to a mother's work. I have always done all my own washing, ironing, and cooking, fixing the big dinners for eighteen or twenty men when our wheat was threshed. Then as the winter months came on, and our school would start, I always boarded the teacher. Of course, this made extra work in cooking and washing and ironing, as I always did their work right in with mine.

I have often seen my housework all to be put in shape, about 150 little chicks to be turned out in their places and fed, and a good-sized garden to be hoed out in the early morning, and thought that farm women were just worked to death.

I kept this up for about eight years, and was thinking and planning and saving all this time to fix a way where I could do all my work and not have to work so hard, and accomplish more in the long run.

We had a house with only four rooms, so decided to build. I selected a plan where I had eight rooms, with bath and closets. These rooms were arranged so as to eliminate a lot of extra steps. We put a basement under this whole building. Now I have my canned fruit in there instead of in a dirt house in the back part of the yard.

In this basement we put a hot-air furnace, and every room is heated by the furnace. This saves me the work of putting up and taking down stoves and the job of polishing stoves three or four times a season. And the furnace being in the basement, when my husband builds the fires all the litter is in one place and I thus have much less sweeping to do.

My living-room in the old house had to be swept every time there was wood brought in and a fire built, and now my living-room stays cleaner swept three times a week than it did when swept three times a day. This was several steps saved.

In this new house my beds are upstairs, and if I am crowded with extra work on some mornings I can leave my bed-making till in the afternoon. So with the new house and more room my work seemed to lighten considerably.

Then, in a few more years, my husband bought an electric-light plant, and installed it himself. This was a great saving, as labor along that line is very high. Now I have all the trouble of cleaning and filling six or eight lamps every day done away with, and all I have to do when I am ready for a light at night is to step to the wall, press the button, and have my nice, bright electric light just like my neighbor in the city.

Cultivating Musical Taste.

The saying, "there is no accounting for tastes," contains rather more falsehood than truth. Taste is very largely accounted for by habit. The child whose musical experience is limited to trashy songs, accompanied by an ill-tuned instrument, cannot be expected to appreciate the fine music artistically rendered. Children, even more than adults, love the familiar. Let us see to it that they are familiar with the best.

This does not mean that children should be bored by listening to music which they are too undeveloped to enjoy. Let the younger ones sing the beautiful songs that have stood the test of years. In selecting music, remember that just as the child's body and mind develop through the various stages through which the human race has passed, so his music taste will also tread in the footsteps of the race. Children are especially fond of the tones of the xylophone, flute, harp and violin, these instruments being direct descendants of the first musical instruments invented by our remote ancestors. Excellent phonograph records of these instruments can be obtained. Young children like simple melodies, strong rhythm, plenty of dramatic color and action. They enjoy the old dances, minuets, gavottes, the lullabies and the spirited marches of various nations.

As children develop they will understand and enjoy the more complex and subtle music of a more advanced age. Let them hear really fine music, let them listen to some great orchestra, but do not fail to give them in their own homes the works of the masters, that these may have in later years the dear familiarity of long-loved friends. No parent, if it is at all possible, can afford to miss the joy of playing to his children, but the player-piano and phonograph, while they will not replace hand playing, are most powerful aids in cultivating musical taste in children.

Proper Food.

An engine depends upon steam for its driving power. We use food instead of coal to obtain our energy. Working, breathing, thinking, keeping our bodies at the right temperature, eating, digesting our food—all require some of the energy we create each day. The maintenance of bodily warmth—the kind of work we do—the growth of the body and the repair of the worn tissue require foods of various kinds and of varying quantities. Perfect nutrition depends upon an adequate supply of energy to the body in every kind of circumstance. A variety of foods is desirable. Well cooked foods served in clean, wholesome surroundings aid proper digestion.

The foods which should always be included in the meals of the day are:

Butter, milk (properly pasteurized), yolk of eggs, or the essential contained in them in a different form.

Bread, spinach, or other leafy vegetables.

Uncooked fresh fruit; some uncooked vegetables, tomatoes, etc.

Meats may be added, but are not as essential as it was at one time thought. Beans, peas, corn and other grains are more efficient power providers than beets, carrots, parsnips, and other tubers or roots. Grains, roots and meats will not by themselves provide a sufficient diet. Certain essentials contained in milk and its products, eggs and leafy vegetables are indispensable and even sufficient if combined with fresh fruits and bread.

Our Clothing.

The temperature of our bodies is regulated to some extent by the clothes we wear. Certain kinds of clothes prevent loss of heat more than others. Soft, clean woollen garments have the property of containing large amounts of still air enmeshed in their fibres. This practically non-moving air forms a good non-conductor of heat. The amount of the body covered, the number of layers of wool or similar woven cloth used, and the cleanliness of the clothing, influence the heat loss. Soiled clothing retains less still air, wet clothing retains almost none. Heat loss in the last case is very great. Wet feet particularly should not be neglected, as they sometimes are. Cold, wet feet have a direct predisposing influence upon the development of inflammation of the air passages ("catching cold").

When it is warm we desire to increase the heat loss. This is favored by wearing loose garments, made of tightly woven non-air containing cotton material. They should be clean and worn open around the neck and upper chest. Moving air striking the upper chest causes a feeling of well being and aids in the body regulation of heat production and heat loss.

The Old Oaken Bucket.

"Standing with reluctant feet
Where the brook and river meet,"
Weary farmwives stoop and dip,
Rise, and make another trip.

Sink a well and put in plumbing;
Speed the day that's coming
When the bucket to the shore
"Shall be lifted—nevermore."

The Ship O'Bed.

When I was young, I had a bed
That was no bed at all,
But a good great ship with seven masts
And seamen brown and tall.

Each seaman had a lantern white
To light us past the bars,
And all of them knew old sea-songs,
And their eyes were like the stars.

Four Captains had my starry bed,
I named them in my prayer,
Matthew, Mark, Luke and John,
With golden beards and hair.

But the Pilot, whom I loved the best
Because he called me Sir
And played the games I liked to play
Was good Saint Christopher.

Out we broke our sails which seemed
Like patches that the moon
Makes upon a quiet floor
When crickets sing their tune.

Who would be kind to me,
And turn each sailor's heart to gold,
And we were off to seek a Dame
The Lady of the Sea!

I think she lived beyond the place
Where fish grow crowns of gold,
And where there are so many tales
That all are never told.

* * * * *

The fish took wing and played about
Each opal sail and sang
Of goose-girls and the currant-fruits
That on the bun-trees hang.

When flowers came above the waves
We knew the port was nigh;
We could see a silver town
Rising up hard by.

Down came our sails, each sailor bowed
And plucked his cap to me. . . .
'Twas day, and there my Mother stood,
The Lady of the Sea!

—Robert P. Thistram Coffin.

Moorish Marriages.

In Morocco, as in most Mohammedan countries, the native girls are married at an extremely early age, often before they are fifteen, and it is not uncommon for them to have been divorced at twenty.

Divorce proceedings in Morocco are not nearly so complicated as in this country, and merely consist of a friendly talk between the woman's husband and her father.

An arrangement is made by which she returns to her parents, the husband often paying compensation to the father. The same woman will probably soon be married again to another Moor, and will take it all as a matter of course.

Moorish weddings are very interesting affairs for the European to witness. The actual ceremony takes place at midnight, but the celebrations last for some days, particularly in the case of the better class Moors. The festivities take the form of much feasting, dancing, music, and the firing of salutes from the long native rifles. Friends come from all the surrounding districts, rigged out in their brightest and best attire.

The Moorish woman's life is never very exciting or varied, and her many domestic duties tie her to the house. It is only on very special or urgent occasions that she is permitted to go out; many of them never go out at all. The lower class women are sometimes forced to attend the markets, and are not so particular about covering their faces as the rules of their religion ordain.

No strictly religious woman, however, will allow any man but her husband to see her face. They usually wear long blanket-like robes and loose slippers, in which they shuffle about at a surprising speed.

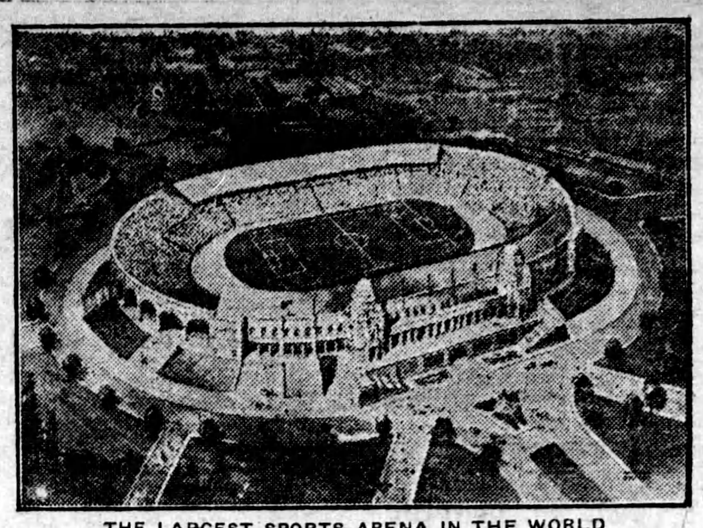
Some of the women are accomplished musicians and dancers, and sing to the accompaniment of their weird native instruments. This is in most cases their only form of amusement, yet them seem quite contented and appear resigned to their monotonous life. Some of them are also experts at weaving and making tapestry.

Moorish women are seen at their best in the country districts, where one sees them going to the well for water with their earthenware pitchers gracefully poised on their heads or shoulders. They then seem to add the finishing touch to the fascinating picture of brown countryside, stately palms, and perfect blue sky.

Cucumber seeds germinate best when they are three years old. It is one crop that a seedsman can hold over with safety and fairness to his customers. Cucumber seeds nineteen years old have been found still to retain some power of germination.

The Arab horse is said to be the oldest of existing domestic breeds. Its records can be traced back for 1,800 years.

Minard's Liniment for Colds, etc.



THE LARGEST SPORTS ARENA IN THE WORLD

The Imperial Stadium at Wembley, England, which is to be completed by spring, and which will accommodate 126,000 spectators. It will also be used in connection with the Empire Exhibiton in 1924.

THE PRINCE'S KISS

BY BERTHA RUCK.

PART II.

It was only too clear that Cousin Elizabeth meant to find out, by the simple process of letting all these people know the whole story!

The Homeleigh-Brownes were a cheery family who'd known Mary from her earliest childhood, who'd been nice to her from a sense of duty, but who'd always considered her the dullest of the dull.

When, two years ago, they'd heard she was engaged to a staid young schoolmaster, they'd all exclaimed, "She would. How suitable!" They'd all written prim notes to congratulate. They'd never dreamed of her as a girl to whom one could show a glimpse of real fun, of chumminess, even though the eldest Homeleigh-Browne girl was engaged herself.

But now a change came o'er the spirit of their dream. Cousin Elizabeth (that deadly nuisance who had invited herself for the week-end when they were giving a dance and all!) had a tale to tell to Mrs. Homeleigh-Browne about Mary Smith.

"Mary? My dear, there must be some extraordinary mistake."

"I wish I could think so," gloomily from Cousin Elizabeth. "I was myself shocked beyond words. I can only repeat to you what I saw with my own eyes (she repeated it with zest) and tell you that the girl had no explanations to offer, except such as no reasonable being could possibly accept."

The story, and Mary's unreasonable explanation, permeated to the rest of the family. Were they shocked beyond words?

Sad to say, they reveled in it.

Mary, the meek and mouselike? Mary, the nice, quiet, sensible girl who had always been held up to them as a model? Mary, a dark horse? Mary, with the pearl ring of the blameless Ferguson gleaming on her engagement finger? Ha, ha!

Curiosity seethed in the household. Who was the other young man? What was at the bottom of it all?

Nobody actually said a word on the subject to their younger guest. Only—oh, the difference in their behavior toward Mary Smith! Rightly, perhaps, they should have treated her more standoffishly than usual. But not they.

The reprehensible, the cheery family suddenly took Mary to their hearts! After all these years of family friendship (which means nothing) they found they could make a friend of the girl. She was human. They treated her as such. The girls confided in her various lave affairs, and near love affairs of which she had never on previous visits, heard a whisper. They ran in and out of her bedroom and "talked trousseau" without restraint. She confided to them the sad news that her dance frock of pale blue georgette might not be finished in time for their dance, in which case she'd have to wear her ordinary dark dinner dress, and the eldest Homeleigh-Browne girl vowed that she'd lend Mary an absolutely stunning trousseau frock of her own that she'd got to go out to Egypt!

"It's a gorgeous color, Mary, and I'm sure you could wear a rich vivid color, now," said the other engaged girl, with emphasis on the "now."

As for the boys of the family, they also looked at Mary Smith with new eyes. They spoke to her with a new tone in their voices.

She knew that Cousin Elizabeth would have written to her mother. Now her mother was up in Scotland on a visit; with Sunday post in between, this would mean delay. Mary's own letter would get to her mother first. What about a letter to her fiance? Surely Cousin Elizabeth would not write direct to Henry? She would count upon the awful warning flittering through Mary's own family? Mary would be able to give her lover the truthful account of everything that had happened at the railway station before any scandal-mongers interposed.

She began a letter:

"My dearest Henry: Thank you so much for sending 'Trends of Mind' for me to read on the journey down. It was thoughtful of you. We will discuss it when I see you in the Christmas holidays; so much more satisfactory to talk things over than to write them, don't you think? By the way, the most absurd little incident happened just as I was starting off—"

Here she put down her pen and laughed, light-heartedly.

She was writing in the drawing room and had not noticed that the elder Homeleigh-Browne girl was sitting writing out ball programs on the window seat. This other engaged girl now looked up and smiled at her. "What are you laughing at, Mary?"

"Oh, my dear, how you made me jump! I was laughing at something I've got to tell my young man," explained Mary, bushing in that new and becoming way. "I—er—I expect you've hear what it is from Cousin Elizabeth."

"You mean the awful scandal about the affectionate stranger who saw you off? I should think we had all heard nof it. Priceless? Do tel me what you're going to tell your schoolmaster young man."

"Why the truth," said Mary, "as I told Cousin Elizabeth, only she doesn't believe it."

"Do you mean to say that you think that your fiance will believe it?"

Mary looked up, wide eyed. "But—do you mean to say that you don't?"

Slight pause; then, "I do believe it now. I can see by your face. But, you know, Mary, men don't see things as we do; that's why they don't always believe the same things."

"But, my dear," faltered Mary, with a sinking heart, "if I write everything in full detail to Henry——"

"Don't write. Always a mistake. If you have got to confess anything, it is much easier by word of mouth."

"But that means letting him hear through other people, perhaps. Oh, why was Cousin Elizabeth ever born? That means waiting until——"

"It doesn't. I'll let you into a secret a week old," said the other engaged girl. "We've asked your Henry to this dance to-night. He's got leave for the week-end. He's coming by the 4.45."

"Henry?" exclaimed Henry's fiance, in delight. "He's coming?"

She was overjoyed. She was eager for Henry to see her in such good looks (she knew she was in good looks as never before). It seemed ages since she had seen her own lover. It would be wonderful to dance with him. And—this was a new thought to Mary, who had always been rather too sensitive and quiet for such ideas—it would be still more woderful to be kissed by him again. She, who had never been one of these girls who are positively fond of kissing, actually wished for that!

The other engaged girl went on talking about the party there would be: "The boys, my young man, yours, the boys' Air Force friend. Oh, look out of the window, Mary! One of them is turning in at the lodge gates now."

Mary thought, "Here's Henry."

But the maid announced, "Captain Prince."

Enter—the young man who had kissed Mary in the train.

Followed a bad quarter of an hour; hectic prattle about Captain Prince's motor run down to this place over swirling undercurrents of embarrassment. Instantly he had recognized Mary; she him. Girl-like, Miss Homeleigh-Browne had leaped to the right conclusion, guided thereto by the look upon their faces.

Nothing was said. The others came in to tea, the Homeleigh-Browne boys escorting Mary's fiance from the train.

What Mary went through in ten minutes of that tea time aged her, she felt, by at least ten years. It also beautified her, adding the sparkle of tension of her eyes and keeping that lovely, fluctuating color blazing up and down in her cheeks.

"You are looking extraordinarily well for your change into the country," said her fiance's voice, sedately approving.

Mary felt, rather than saw, that his approval was echoed by the eyes of all the other men there. Especially by the handsome eyes of that young man who had come on the motorcycle. Was it possible? Yes, he did; yes, he thought her lovely. As for young Homeleigh-Browne, he made no secret of what he thought of Mary now she'd "come to life!"

But what is the use of coming to life when there is some one staying in the house who makes it clear that what you deserve is to be put to death?

Cousin Elizabeth entered, in fact, at that moment. Desperately Mary had hoped that when the young airman was introduced to her, Cousin Elizabeth would think that this Captain Prince was some one she had not met before.

Vain hope. By the icy bow and the polar atmosphere that spread around the room Mary realized that the scandalous one had been recognized.

(To be concluded.)

Twenty thousand words in the English language are of French origin.

Minard's Liniment for Warts.

NURSES

The Toronto Hospital for Incurables, in affiliation with Bellevue and Allied Hospitals, New York City, offers a three years' Course of Training to young women, having the required education, and desirous of becoming nurses. This Hospital has adopted the eight-hour system. The pupils receive uniforms of the School, a monthly allowance and travelling expenses to and from New York. For further information apply to the Superintendent.

Are You Self-Satisfied?

The majority of us would say that self-satisfaction, if not exactly a vice, was certainly no virtue. Our condemnation, in all probability, would base itself on the fact that self-satisfaction is often allied with some amount of smugness and a self-conceit which repels.

But there is a self-satisfaction which is entirely good and of real value. A sculptor, when he has put the finishing touches to his work, may stand back and be honestly satisfied with what he has done. That sort of self-satisfaction is excellent. It holds inspiration and encouragement. Something has been attempted; something has been done—and done to one's satisfaction.

And if there are any who would still question the contention that self-satisfaction of the proper sort is not to be condemned, then they must be told that the Creator of the world has set His imprimatur on self-satisfaction. In the account of the world's making it is set down again and again, that He "saw that it was good."

It would be of immense value to ourselves if we would live so that, looking back on how we had lived and viewing what we had done, we could feel that warm glow of self-satisfaction. Of ten men in a railway-carriage, who is the happiest and most contented? He who can say, "I have done a good day's work." Satisfaction!

Yes, but we must not be too easily satisfied! Therein lies the snare. In one sense, it is right to be satisfied when we have done our absolute best; in another, it is wrong. Our best may not be the best that could be done! Thus to-night's self-satisfaction should be the spur to to-morrow's self-improvement. We have done well. We will now advance, with confidence in ourselves, to do more and better.

The value of a conscience-approved self-satisfaction, too, extends beyond the sphere of work; it embraces conduct. The blotted page holds no inspiration; but to be able, at the day's close, to look back on a clean record—that it is which brings the self-satisfaction which inspires us to do the same on the morrow, and every day after that.

Strive then for self-satisfaction. Be your own most stern critic. Do your work and live your life so that the Divine type of self-satisfaction—" it was very good"—may be yours also.

Famous Authors' Schooldays.

Mr. Rudyard Kipling was in the habit of selling his old school books to a dame who kept a curiosity shop at Bideford. In recent years many people have visited the shop, hoping to pick up a volume with an early composition of the great man scrawled in the margin. They have been disgusted to hear that the old dame rubbed out everything of the kind.

"No," she said, on one occasion, "Master Kipling was always fair to me, and he may have written things not so good as those he has sold since. I wasn't going to have them poking fun at him." Which shows the popularity Mr. Kipling enjoyed in his schooldays.

Another great writer, Sir James Barrie, has a good story to tell of his young days. It was at the time of his first success, and an old townswoman of Kirriemuir, Barrie's native place, was asked what she thought of it.

"Well, she replied, cautiously, "It's a gude thing the laddie can mek something at his writin'; he could never have made a leevin' at th' mills!"

"Time Is Money"—and Much More.

Few of us realize the connection between the day, the hour, in which we are living, and our success, our happiness, our destiny.

When I see a young man who seizes every odd moment for self-improvement, who has an ambition to make each day count, then I know that there is something, a very big something coming to him in the future.

Our to-days are the blocks with which we build our future. If these are defective, the whole structure of our life will correspond. Your future will be exactly what you put into your to-days.—Success.

On an average a man requires 1,600 lbs. of food per annum, a woman 1,200 lbs., and a child 900 lbs.

"We cannot all live in palaces, but we can all live in the Kingdom of God.

THE TEST OF TIME FOR RHEUMATIC SUFFERERS HAS PROVEN

Dobson's New Life Remedy

Is a positive Remedy for Acute, Chronic and Muscular Rheumatism in all its various forms.

COUNTLESS GRATEFUL TESTIMONIALS and Repeat Orders received during past 25 years.

DOBSON'S NEW LIFE REMEDY is not an experiment but the product of a quarter century of study and research. Pleasant to take. Does not upset the stomach. No harmful drugs.

DO NOT BE PREJUDICED. Dobson's New Life Remedy will give you a new lease on life by freeing you of pain. Thousands of enthusiastic customers have written us stating that after years of failure with other medicines, electric belts, etc., they were cured by Dobson's New Life Remedy.

One bottle for One Dollar. Six bottles for Five Dollars.

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78 West Adelaide St., Toronto Canada

Campana's ITALIAN BALM

Prevents chapped hands, cracked lips, chilblains. Makes your skin soft, white, clear and smooth.

All druggists sell it