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# Woman's Sphere

THE JENKINS BABY.

"I have only a minute to spare," said Janice, running lightly up the steps of her Cousin Rachel's piazza, "but I just had to have a glimpse of you and your enchanted garden. It's the only place in the world I know where things seem really to rest. I shouldn't believe it existed, I should be sure I were dreaming, except for the Jenkins baby across the way. I see the grandfather is on duty this afternoon. Don't they ever stop jouncing that baby day or night?"

Cousin Rachel did not glance toward the Jenkins baby; she knew too well without looking. "I'm not in a position to speak concerning the nights," she responded, "but I am sure about the days. That baby carriage is jounced or rocked or jiggled or swung every moment from the time it is put out after breakfast till it is taken in after dark—with brief intervals of course when the little midget is carried into the house."

"I don't know anything about babies," Janice remarked meditatively, "except what I've seen of Helen's, but little Helen is left so still, and when she's awake she does her own jouncing and makes a great game of it. It is so much better than being jounced!"

"Exactly," Cousin Rachel agreed.

Janice flashed about. "Nobody," she declared, "may say 'exactly' in that tone without explaining. Why 'exactly'?"

"I was merely agreeing with you." Cousin Rachel asserted innocently.

"That is precisely what you were not doing," Janice declared. "Not underneath, I mean. Now precisely what are you insinuating?"

"I was only wondering whether the Jenkins baby will still want to be jiggled when she grows up,—have something done to her every minute,—or whether she'll learn that much of the best of life can come only in quiet times, and that the gift of creating your own adventures makes living a hundredfold more wonderful than going round and round in a perpetual whirl of doing and doing, and getting nowhere in the end?"

"Is that all?" Janice asked politely. "I'm afraid my time is up, dear. Wasn't it sweet of me to open the door for you so nicely?" And with a flirt of white she was gone like a butterfly.

Cousin Rachel smiled and sighed. Over at the Jenkinses' the youngest aunt had come out to relieve the grandfather. She opened a magazine and propped it against her knee with one hand; with the other she began jouncing the carriage.

A CHARMING AFTERNOON DRESS.

4342-4379. White and black foulard is here combined with black georgette. This model shows the new hip band blouse, and fan plait godets. It supplies a style that is very becoming to stout figures, and one that may be developed in silk, cloth or wash materials. In plaid and plain ratine combined, it will be very smart.

The Blouse Pattern 4342, is cut in 7 Sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. The Skirt in 7 Sizes: 25, 27, 29, 31, 33, 35, and 37 inches waist measure. The width at the foot with plaits extended is 2⅝ yards. To make the dress as illustrated will require 3⅝ yards of figured material, and 1½ yard of plain material 40 inches wide. To make of one material will require 5⅛ yards of 40-inch material.

TWO separate patterns mailed to any address on receipt of 15c FOR EACH pattern in silver or stamps, by the Wilson Publishing Co., 73 West Adelaide St., Toronto.

OUR KITCHEN CLOCK.

The old mission clock was at last relegated to the kitchen, but even here it made an incongruous note with its dark wood and out-of-date lines against the light painted walls and trim. It was too good a timekeeper to discard entirely, so the man of the family decided to try his hand at a bit of decorating.

He first sawed off all the extra wood, leaving only the square clock with the round pendulum hanging below. This was a great improvement in its appearance and did not interfere with the working qualities of the clock in the least. Next he removed the figures which tell the hour, and the hand; then the clock itself and the pendulum were painted white and enameled and given a smooth glossy surface. The figures and hands were enameled dark blue—our kitchen is in blue and white—and when all were dry, fastened into place again. A tiny stencil of the mouse who ran up the clock was used to decorate the pendulum. This was put on in a dark blue also. So now our kitchen boasts a stunning timepiece, quite like the expensive ones shown in illustrations of correctly done interiors. If we had wished to use the clock in the hall or living room the same idea could have been carried out in different colors and with more elaborate stencil designs.
—Mary Grace Ramey.

Lb64

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# GREENMANTLE

BY JOHN BUCHAN.

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CHAPTER X.—(Cont'd.)

The harassed commandant grinned. "You've offended his lordship, and he is a bad enemy. All those damned Comitadjis are. You would be well advised not to go to Constantinople."

"And have that blighter in the red hat loot the trucks on the road. No, thank you. I am going to see them safe at Chataldja, or whatever they call the artillery depot."

I said a good deal more, but that is an abbreviated translation of my remarks. My word for "blighter" was *trottel*, but I used some other expressions which would have ravished my Young Turk friend to hear. Looking back, it seems pretty ridiculous to have made all this fuss about guns which were going to be used against my own people. But I didn't see that at the time. My professional pride was up in arms, and I couldn't bear to have a hand in a crooked deal.

"Well, I advise you to go armed," said the commandant. "You will have a guard for the trucks, of course, and I will pick you good men. They may hold you up all the same. I can't hold you once you are past the frontier, but I'll send a wire to Oesterzee and he'll make trouble if anything goes wrong. I still think you would have been wiser to humor Rasta Bey."

As I was leaving he gave me a telegram. "Here's a wire for your Captain Schenk." I slipped the envelope in my pocket and went out.

Schenk was pretty sick, so I left a note for him. At one o'clock I got the train started, with a couple of German landwehr in each truck and Peter and I in a horse-box. Presently I remembered Schenk's telegram, which still reposed in my pocket. I took it out and opened it, meaning to wire it from the first station we stopped at. But I changed my mind when I read it. It was from some official at Regensburg, asking him to put under arrest and send back by the first boat a man called Brandt, who was believed to have come aboard at Absthafen on the 30th of December.

I whistled and showed it to Peter. The sooner we were at Constantinople the better, and I prayed we would get there before the fellow who sent this wire repeated it and got the commandant to send on the message and have us held up at Chataldja. For my back had got fairly stiffened about these munitions, and I was going to take any risk to see them safely delivered to their proper owner. Peter couldn't understand be at all. He still hankered after a grand destruction of the lot somewhere down the railway. But then, this wasn't the line of Peter's profession, and his pride was not at stake.

We had a mortally slow journey. It was bad enough in Bulgaria, but when we crossed the frontier at a place called Mustafa Pasha we struck the real supineness of the East. Happily I found a German officer there who had some notion of hustling, and, after all, it was his interest to get the stuff moved. It was the morning of the 16th, after Peter and I had been living like pigs on black bread and condemned tin stuff, that we came in sight of a blue sea on our right hand and knew we couldn't be very far from the end.

It was jolly near the end in another sense. We stopped at a station and were stretching our legs on the platform when I saw a familiar figure approaching. It was Rasta, with half a dozen Turkish gendarmes.

I called to Peter, and we clambered into the truck next our horse-box. I had been half expecting some move like this and had made a plan.

The Turk swaggered up and addressed us. "You can get back to Rustchuk," he said. "I take over from you here. Hand me the papers."

"Is this Chataldja?" I asked innocently.

"It is the end of your affair," he said haughtily. "Quick, or it will be the worse for you."

"Now, look here, my son," I said; "you're a kid and know nothing. I hand over to General von Oesterzee and to no one else."

"You are in Turkey," he cried, "and will obey the Turkish Government."

"I'll obey the Government right enough," I said; "but if you're the Government I could make a better one with a bib and a rattle."

He said something to his men, who unslung their rifles.

"Please don't begin shooting," I said. "There are twelve armed guards on this train who will take their orders from me. Besides, I and my friend can shoot a bit."

"Fool!" he cried, getting very angry. "I can order up a regiment in five minutes."

"Maybe you can," I said; "but observe the situation. I am sitting on enough toluol to blow up this countryside. If you dare to come aboard I will shoot you. If you call in your regiment I will tell you what I'll do. I'll fire this stuff, and I reckon they'll be picking up bits of you and your regiment off the Gallipoli Peninsula."

He had put up a bluff—a poor one—and I had called it. He saw I meant what I said, and became silken.

"Good-bye, sir," he said. "You have had a fair chance and rejected it. We shall meet again soon, and you will be sorry for your insolence."

He strutted away, and it was all I could do to keep from running after him. I wanted to lay him over my knee and spank him.

We got safely to Chataldja, and were received by von Oesterzee like long-lost brothers. He was the regular gunner-officer, not thinking about anything except his guns and shells. I had to wait about three hours while he was checking the stuff with the invoices, and then he gave me a receipt which I still possess. I told him about Rasta, and he agreed that I had done right. It didn't make him as mad as I expected, because, you see, he got his stuff safe in any case. It was only that the wretched Turks had to pay twice for a lot of it.

He gave Peter and me luncheon, and was altogether very civil and inclined to talk about the war. I would have liked to hear what he had to say, for it would have been something to get the inside view of Germany's Eastern campaign, but I did not dare to wait. Any moment there might arrive an incriminating wire from Rustchuk. Finally he lent us a car to take us a few miles to the city.

So it came about that at five minutes past three on the 16th day of January, with only the clothes we stood up in, Peter and I entered Constantinople.

I was in considerable spirits, for I had got the final lap successfully over, and I was looking forward madly to meeting my friends; but, all the same, the first sight was a mighty disappointment. I don't quite know what I had expected—a sort of fairyland Eastern city, all white marble and blue water, and stately Turks in surplices, and veiled houris, and roses and nightingales, and some sort of string band discoursing sweet music. I had forgotten that winter is pretty much the same everywhere. It was a drizzling day, with a south-east wind blowing, and the streets were long troughs of mud. The first part I struck looked like a dingy colonial suburb—wooden houses and corrugated iron roofs, and endless dirty, sallow children. There was a cemetery, I remember, with Turks' caps stuck at the head of each grave. Then we got into narrow steep streets which descended to a kind of big canal. I saw what I took to be mosques and minarets, and they were about as impressive as factory chimneys. By and by we crossed a bridge, and paid a penny for the privilege. If I had known it was the famous Golden Horn I would have locked at it with more interest, but I saw nothing save a lot of moth-eaten barges and some queer little boats like gondolas. Then we came into busier streets, where ramshackle cabs drawn by lean horses spluttered through the mud. I saw one old fellow who looked like my notion of a Turk, but most of the population had the appearance of London old-clothes men. All but the soldiers, Turk and German, who seemed well-set-up fellows.

Peter had paddled along at my side like a faithful dog, not saying a word, but clearly not approving of this wet and dirty metropolis.

"Do you know that we are being followed, Cornelis?" he said suddenly, "ever since we came into this evil-smelling dorp."

Peter was infallible in a thing like that. The news scared me badly, for I feared that the telegram had come to Chataldja. Then I thought it couldn't be that, for if von Oesterzee had wanted me he wouldn't have taken the trouble to stalk me. It was more likely my friend Rasta.

I found the ferry of Ratchik by asking a soldier, and a German sailor there told me where the Kurdish Bazaar was. He pointed up a steep street which ran past a high block of warehouses with every window broken. Sandy had said the left-hand side coming down, so it must be the right-hand side going up. We plunged into it, and it was the filthiest place of all. The wind whistled up it and stirred the garbage. It seemed densely inhabited, for at all the doors there were groups of people squatting, with their heads covered, though scarcely a window showed in the blank walls.

The street corkscrewed endlessly. Sometimes it seemed to stop; then it found a hole in the opposing masonry and edged its way in. Often it was almost pitch dark; then would come a greyish twilight where it opened out to the width of a decent lane. To find a house in that murk was no easy job, and by the time we had gone a quarter of a mile I began to fear we had missed it. It was no good asking any of the crowd we met. They didn't look as if they understood any civilized tongue.

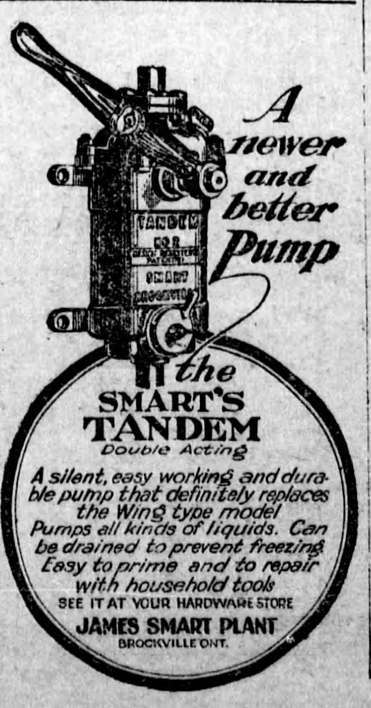
At last we stumbled on it—a tumble-down coffee house, with A. Kuprasso above the door in queer amateur lettering. There was a lamp burning inside, and two or three men smoking at small wooden tables.

We ordered coffee, thick black stuff like treacle, which Peter anathematized. A negro brought it, and I told him in German I wanted to speak to Mr. Kuprasso. He paid no attention, so I shouted louder at him, and the noise brought a man out of the back parts.

He was a fat, oldish fellow with a long nose, very like the Greek traders you see on the Zanzibar coast. I beckoned to him and he waddled forward, smiling oilily. Then I asked him what he would take, and he replied, in very halting German, that he would have a sirop.

(To be continued.)

Minard's Liniment for Corns and Warts




The Obedient Boy.

A lady in a trolley car displayed the wrong spirit recently. She stared at a ragged urchin across the aisle with unspeakable disgust. Then she said:

"Have you a pocket handkerchief, boy?"

The ragged urchin snuffed. Then he answered with a grin:

"Yes'm, but I ain't allowed to lend it."

"The most importan thing in life is for a man to unite with man; and the worst thing in life is to go apart from one another."—Leo Tolstoi.

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