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Woman's Sphere

MOTHER AND THE STREET.

"I can never, never ask anyone to come and see me here!" Evelyn declared chokingly.

Donald looked queerly at his sister; then he glanced down the street and whistled under his breath. It was not a pleasant outlook. The houses looked as if they never had been cared for. Nearly all had cheap lace curtains that varied in shade from what Donald called "pale dirt" to iron gray. Each house had a yard, but most of the yards were bare, and the chief use of the fences seemed to be to hold all the torn papers that blew down the street.

"So far as I can judge," Donald declared, "this neighborhood needs mother's garden about as much as any place very well could."

"Mother's garden!" Evelyn echoed. "You don't mean mothers going to have a garden in this place!"

"She certainly is!" replied Donald. "What's more, the game of mother and mother's garden will be worth watching. Better fall into line, Evelyn; you'll miss heaps of fun if you don't."

"Fun!" Evelyn retorted scornfully.

It didn't seem that anyone could go in and out of a yard several times a day and not see what was happening in it; yet Evelyn went in and out and saw nothing new. Once or twice, to be sure, she noticed Donald digging up a border or seeding bare spots, but she went by quickly without specially remarking what he was doing. Once or twice too she caught her mother talking over the fence to one of the neighbors, but each time Evelyn went straight into the house.

One Saturday when she was downtown shopping she returned earlier than she had expected. At the corner of the street she stopped; something seemed to catch at her heart. Had there been an accident? The yard in front of her house was full of people. When she became calmer she saw that they were nearly all children, and that each was holding a purple or yellow pansy.

"Chestnut Street Dooryard Association! Notice any difference, sis?" She turned at the sound of her brother's voice. Donald put his hand under her elbow. "It's time this blind streak passed, young woman. Now walk up Sunday." Then she smiled.

NEW USES FOR DOOR BUMPERS.

Those wooden door bumpers that screw into the wall back of the door extending out three or four inches with a hard rubber tip at the end are useful for other than their original purpose.

Screwed into the bottom of the legs of an ordinary dining chair transforms it into a very acceptable high chair for the child not yet large enough to use a chair of usual height. Some housewives prefer such an arrangement to the usual high stool for working at a table or sink since the back of the chair offers extra support to the worker.

In the same way a low work table and down the block and tell me what you see."

At heart Evelyn was a good sport. She admitted what she might have admitted days before: almost all of the yards had been raked up; some had the beginnings of gardens, and here and there clean white curtains were hanging behind freshly washed windows.

"That's after three months of living near mother!" said Donald.

"I think," Evelyn said slowly, "I'll have Lina Craig come and see me can be successfully raised so as to prevent unnecessary stooping. If the bumpers are stained or painted to correspond with the article with which they are used their appearance is good, for at a casual glance a visitor might likely suppose that they had been put in place when the chair or table was made.

If the sink is so low as to be inconvenient for dishwashing fasten four of the bumpers to a square frame or platform as a stand upon which to place the dishpan. This makes a strong, steady foundation and, a fact that will appeal strongly to the careful housekeeper, the rubber tips will not mar the enamel sink.

Yet another use for them was found when the kindergarten set became too low for the children to work at in comfort while the adult-size table and chairs were still uncomfortably high. Bumpers proved to raise the low tables and chairs to just a suitable height for the youngsters.

"HERE'S THE PIN."

"Mother," said little Herbert, "will you please pin my collar tight? Here's the pin." Sure enough, in his small hand he grasped a large safety pin with which to more closely confine the collar of his play coat.

"Why, what a dear, thoughtful child," exclaimed an acquaintance. "I think you have the most helpful children I ever saw. Almost any boy twice Herbert's age would expect mother to get the pin, herself."

"Well," admitted Mrs. Briggs, "it was seeing just how helpless many children—and adults as well—are that made me determined to try and teach my children to be self-reliant.

"I began with Linda as soon as she could toddle. 'Bring mother your mittens and we will go for a walk.' 'Bring your warm coat and we will take a ride.'

"One day Linda came to me with her buttonless little play jacket. 'B'oke,' she announced. 'Where is the button?' I inquired. 'Go get mother the button and we will sew it on again.' In a moment she was back with the button.

"I placed a workbasket where the children could reach it and they began bringing me necessary repairs—thread, blunt scissors, needlecase, and the like. They quickly learned where to get wrapping paper, twine and paper bags.

"I believe this training is teaching the children to be more patient and thoughtful. Many times I have watched them when a toy broke or some article of clothing gave out. Instead of casting it impatiently aside or running to me for help, they almost invariably look it over thoughtfully. 'We'll have to have hammer and nails, Linda,' Herbert will announce. 'I'll get them.' Or, 'Mother can sew that shoestring together if she had linen thread. I'll get it, Herbert.'

"Just now this is a great help to me. But I believe that in the future it will be the children who will reap the reward."

A SIMPLE, PRACTICAL HOUSE FROCK.

4454. This model has convenient pockets, inserted at the joining of waist and skirt. The lines are simple and the style is easy to develop. Cretonne and unbleached muslin are here combined. Crepe in two colors would also be attractive.

The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: Small, 34-36; Medium, 38-40; Large, 32-44; Extra Large, 46-48 inches bust measure. A Medium size requires 5 yards of one material 32 inches wide or, 1¾ yards of plain material for the waist portions and belt, and 3¼ of figured material. The width at the foot is 2½ yards.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps, by the Wilson Publishing Co., 73 West Adelaide Street. Allow two weeks for receipt of pattern.

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GREENMANTLE

BY JOHN BUCHAN.

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CHAPTER XVI.—(Cont'd.)

Blenkiron played Patience, and Peter and I took a hand at picquet, but mostly we smoked and yarned. Getting away from that infernal city had cheered us up wonderfully. Now we were out on the open road, moving to the sound of the guns. At the worst we should not perish like rats in a sewer. We would be all together, too, and that was a comfort. I think we felt the relief which a man who has been on a lonely outpost feels when he is brought back to his battalion. Besides, the thing had gone clean beyond our power to direct. It was no good planning and scheming, for none of us had a notion what the next step might be. We were fatalists now, believing in Kismet, and that is a comfortable faith.

All but Blenkiron. The coming of Hilda von Einem in to the business had put a very ugly complexion on it for him. It was curious to see how she affected the different members of our gang. Peter did not care a rush; man, woman, and hippogriff were the same to him; he met it all as calmly as if he were making plans to round up an old lion in a patch of bush, taking the facts as they came and working at them as if they were a sum in arithmetic. Sandy and I were impressed—it's no good denying it: horribly impressed—but we were too interested to be scared, and we weren't a bit fascinated. We hated her too much for that. But she fairly struck Blenkiron dumb. He said himself it was just like a rattlesnake and a bird.

I made him talk about her, for if he sat and brooded he would get worse. It was a strange thing that this man, the most imperturbable and I think about the most courageous I have ever met, should be paralyzed by a slim woman. There was no doubt about it. The thought of her made the future to him as black as a thunder cloud. It took the power out of his joints, and if she was going to be much around, it looked as if Blenkiron might be counted out.

I suggested that he was in love with her, but this he vehemently denied.

"No, sir; I haven't got no sort of affection for the lady. My trouble is that she puts me out of countenance, and I can't fit in as an antagonist. I guess we Americans haven't got the right poise for dealing with that kind of female. We've exalted our womenfolk into little tin gods, and at the same time left them out of the real business of life. Consequently, when we strike one playing the biggest kind of man's game we can't place her. We aren't used to regarding them as anything except angels and children. I wish I had had you boys' upbringing."

Angora was like my notion of some place such as Amiens in the retreat from Mons. It was one mass of troops and transport—the neck of the bottle, for more arrived every hour, and the only outlet was the single eastern road. The town was pandemonium into which distracted German officers were trying to introduce some order. They didn't worry much about us, for the heart of Anatolia wasn't a likely hunting-ground for suspicious characters. We took our passports to the commandant, who vised them readily, and told us he'd do his best to get us transport. We spent the night in a sort of hotel, where all four crowded into one little bedroom, and next morning I had my work cut out getting a motor car. It took four hours, and the use of every great name in the Turkish Empire, to raise a dingy sort of Studebaker, and another two to get the petrol and spare tires. As for a chauffeur, love or money couldn't find him, and I was compelled to drive the thing myself.

We left just after mid-day and swung out into bare bleak downs patched with scrubby woodlands. There was no snow here, but a wind was blowing from the east which searched the marrow. Presently we climbed up into the hills, and the road, though not badly engineered to begin with, grew as rough as the channel of a stream. No wonder, for the traffic was like what one saw on that awful stretch between Cassel and Ypres, and there were no gangs of Belgian roadmakers to mend it up. We found troops by the thousands striding along with their impassive Turkish faces, ox convoys, mule convoys, wagons drawn by sturdy little Anatolian horses, and, coming in the contrary direction, many shabby Red Crescent cars and wagons of the wounded. We had to crawl for hours on end, till we got past a block. Just before the darkening we seemed to outstrip the first press, and had a clear run for about ten miles over a low pass in the hills. I began to get anxious about the car, for it was a poor one at the best, and the road was guaranteed sooner or later to knock even a Rolls-Royce into scrap iron.

All the same it was glorious to be out in the open again. Peter's face wore a new look, and he sniffed the bitter air like a stag. There floated up from little wayside camps the odor of wood-smoke and dung-fires. That, and the curious acrid winter smell of great wind-blown spaces, will always come to my memory as I think of that day. Every hour brought me peace of mind and resolution. I felt as I had felt when the battalion first marched from Aire towards the firing-line, a kind of keying-up and wild expectation. I'm not used to cities, and lounging about Constantinople had slackened my fibre. Now, as the sharp wind buffeted us, I felt braced to any kind of risk. We were on the great road to the east and the border hills, and soon we should stand upon the farthest battle-front of the war. This was no commonplace intelligence job. That was all over, and we were going into the firing-line, going to take part in what might be the downfall of our enemies. I didn't reflect that we were among those enemies, and would probably share their downfall if we were not shot earlier. The truth is, I had got out of the way of regarding the thing as a struggle between armies and nations. I hardly bothered to think where my sympathies lay. First and foremost it was a contest between the four of us and a crazy woman, and this personal antagonism made the strife of armies only a dimly felt background.

We slept that night like logs on the floor of a dirty khan, and started next morning in a powder of snow. We were getting very high up now, and it was perishing cold. The Companion—his name sounded like Hussin—had traveled the road before and told me what the places were, but they conveyed nothing to me. All morning we wriggled through a big lot of troops, a brigade at least, who swung along at a great pace with a fine free stride that I don't think I have ever seen bettered. I must say I took a fancy to the Turkish fighting man: I remembered the testimonial our fellows gave him as a clean fighter, and I felt very bitter that Germany should have lugged him into this dirty business. They halted for a meal, and we stopped too and lunched off some brown bread and dried figs and a flask of very sour wine. I had a few words with one of the officers who spoke a little German. He told me they were marching straight for Russia, since there had been a great Turkish victory in the Caucasus. "We have beaten the French and the British, and now it is Russia's turn," he said stolidly, as if repeating a lesson. But he added that he was mortally sick of war.

In the afternoon we cleared the column and had an open road for some hours. The land now had a tilt eastward, as if we were moving towards the valley of a great river. Soon we began to meet little parties of men coming from the east with a new look in their faces. The first lots of wounded had been the ordinary thing you see on every front, and there had been some pretence at organization. But these new lots were very weary and broken; they were often barefoot, and they seemed to have lost their transport and to be starving. You would find a group stretched by the roadside in the last stages of exhaustion. Then would come a party limping along, so tired that they never turned their heads to look at us. Almost all were wounded, some badly, and most were horrobly thin. I wondered how my Turkish friend behind would explain the sight to his men, if he believed in a great victory. They had not the air of the backwash of a conquering army.

Even Blenkiron, who was no soldier, noticed it.

"These boys look mighty bad," he observed. "We've got to hustle, Major, if we're going to get seats for the last act."

That was my own feeling. The sight made me mad to get on faster, for I saw that big things were happening in the East. I had reckoned that four days would take us from Angora to Erzerum, but here was the second nearly over and we were not yet a third of the way. I pressed on recklessly, and that hurry was our undoing.

I have said that the Studebaker was a rotten old car. Its steering-gear was pretty dicky, and the bad surface and continual hairpin bends of the road didn't improve it. Soon we came into snow lying fairly deep, frozen hard and rutted by the big transport wagons. We bumped and bounced horribly, and were shaken about like peas in a bladder. I began to be acutely anxious about the old bone-shaker, the more as we seemed a long way short of the village I had proposed to spend the night in. Twilight was falling and we were still in an unfeatured waste, crossing the shallow glen of a stream. There was a bridge at the bottom of a slope—a bridge of logs and earth which had apparently been freshly strengthened for heavy traffic. As we aproached it at a good pace the car ceased to answer to the wheel.

I struggled desperately to keep it straight, but it swerved to the left and we plunged over a bank into a marshy hollow. There was a sickening bump as we struck the lower ground, and the whole party were shot out into the frozen slush. I don't yet know how I escaped, for the car turned over and by rights I should have had my back broken. But no one was hurt. Peter was laughing, and Blenkiron, after shaking the snow out of his hair, joined him. For myself I was feverishly examining the machine. It was about as ugly as it could be, for the front axle was broken.

(To be continued.)

A STITCH IN TIME.

When you want an extra snap to repair a garment, do you have trouble in finding tops and bottoms that fit? A friend of mine has an idea that saves much trouble. When she has a stray snap she does not throw it into a drawer loose. She has a small card about the size of a post card through which she punches a hole with a card punch, stiletto, or anything handy. Then she puts the bottom of the snap on one side of the card and the top on the other and snaps them together. Whenever she needs a snap of any size she does not need to spend precious minute searching around in a drawer trying to match up parts.

After being used for years as a children's playground, a large white stone on Ham Common, Surrey, is now stated to be a Roman altar about 2,000 years old.

Minard's Liniment for Dandruff.

To-morrow.

He was going to be all that a mortal should be
To-morrow.
No one should be kinder or braver than he
To-morrow.
A friend who was troubled and weary he knew,
Who'd be glad of a lift and who needed it, too;
On him he would call and see what he could do
To-morrow.

Each morning he stacked up the letters he'd write
To-morrow.
And thought of the folks he would fill with delight
To-morrow.
It was too bad, indeed, he was busy to-day,
And hadn't a minute to stop on his way;
More time he would have to give others, he'd say,
To-morrow.
The greatest of workers this man would have been
To-morrow.

The world would have known him had he ever seen
To-morrow.
But the fact is he died and he faded from view.
And all that he left here when living was through
Was a mountain of things he intended to do
To-morrow.

—From "A Heap o' Living," by Edgar A. Guest.

Blood Tells in the Race.

Dr. Christian P. Neser, of Onderstepoort, South Africa, declares he has found a way to determine the endurance of a racehorse more scientifically than has hitherto been possible.

He finds that the red blood corpuscles in the animal increase as its ability to stand hard strain increases, so that, other things being equal, the horse with the highest blood count has the best chance of winning.

Horses used in ordinary work, states Dr. Neser, have only 23 per cent. of red corpuscles in their blood, while horses trained for the course often have as much as 52 per cent.

Red corpuscles are oxygen carriers, and when a horse has many of them he can run longer and faster, because his muscles can draw on a large reserve of oxygen, and he therefore does not tire so quickly.

Woman's Tool.

Engine-Driver—"The reason we are kept waiting here, ma'am, is because the engine has broken down. I have examined it, and if I only had the proper tools I could fix it in half an hour."

Helpful Old Lady—"Here's a hairpin."

Weighing 36 stone, and 5½ feet in width, the world's fattest man comes from Zaitchar, in Czecho-Slovakia. To make him a suit calls for 16 feet of cloth.

Lumps of coal, with holes bored to take flowers and varnished to protect the cloth, were used as table decorations at a South African banquet recently.

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It's a good safe rule to sojourn in every place as if you meant to spend your life there, never omitting an opportunity of doing a kindness, speaking a true word or making a friend. —Ruskin.

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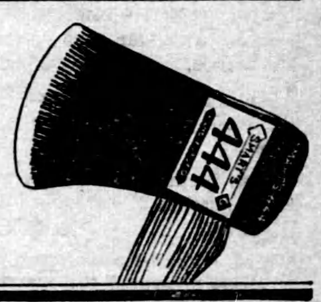

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