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Woman's Sphere

PIPING HOT ON SHIVERY DAYS.

White sauce is the base of many quickly prepared, delicious dishes. It can be made, according to need: (1) thick, (2) medium, (3) thin.

Thick White Sauce—1 cup milk, 3 to 4 tablespoons flour, same amount fat.

Medium W. S.—1 cup milk, 2 tablespoons flour, same amount fat.

Thin W. S.—1 cup milk, 1 tablespoon flour, same amount fat.

Melt the fat, add flour and stir till perfectly smooth. Add milk slowly, stirring constantly, heat to boiling point and cook two or three minutes or until it thickens properly. Salt and pepper to taste.

This sauce can be used as a base for cream-of-pea soup, cream-of-tomato or asparagus or bean (string) or any cream vegetable soup—a good way to use left-over vegetables.

For each person allow: ½ cup white sauce, ½ cup vegetable stock, salt and pepper to taste.

To make vegetable stock—Cook vegetables in small amount of water until tender or use canned vegetables. Mash the vegetables through a strainer with the water in which they were cooked. Use with an equal amount of thin white sauce for cream soups.

Potato Chowder (8 servings)—2 c. potatoes (¼-inch cubes), ½ c. salt pork (small pieces), 3 c. milk, 8 crackers. Brown the salt pork. Add the potatoes and cook in the pork fat until done. Add the milk and let come to the boiling point. Season to taste. Just before taking from the stove add the crackers crushed moderately fine.

Creamed Salmon (6 servings)—1½ c. canned salmon, 2 c. medium white sauce. Separate the salmon into pieces, removing the skin and bones. Add to the white sauce, heat, season to taste, pour over crackers, serve.

Escalloped Onions (6 servings)—6 medium size onions, 2 c. milk, 4 tbsp. butter, ½ c. cracker or bread crumbs. Slice the onions thin. Heat the milk to the boiling point. Add the butter and salt and pepper to season rather highly. Butter and crumb a baking dish and put into it the onions and crumbs in alternate layers. Pour over them the hot milk and bake until onions are done. (The onions may be par-boiled a few minutes first if it is desired to modify the flavor.)

Creamed Carrots (6 servings)—3 c. carrots (cubes or thin slices), 3 c. medium white sauce. Cook the carrots in boiling water. When the carrots are done there should be no water to throw away. Pour over them the white sauce, heat and serve.

Cereal with Raisins or Dates (6 servings)—¾ c. cereal, 4 c. boiling salted water, 1 c. dates or raisins. Pour the cereal into the boiling water in the upper part of the double boiler and cook directly over the fire, stirring constantly, until it ceases to settle to the bottom. Put over the hot water in the lower part of the double boiler and cook 2 or 3 hours. Wash the fruit and if the dates are used cut into small pieces. Add to the cereal about three-fourths hour before serving. Serve with cream.

"YOU'VE GOT TO SHOW 'EM."

Aunt Laura grew enthusiastic as she described the meeting that she had just attended. "It was fine! That woman has some wonderful ideas about training children. I should have liked to hear her speak longer."

"Humph!" observed lanky, fourteen-year-old Fred unexpectedly. "I'd like to tell that parents' meeting a few things. I'd like to tell 'em it's no use spieling to kids. They don't listen. You've got to show 'em."

"Why, Fred, wha do you mean?"

"Why, I mean," explained Fred painstakingly, "that just telling a kid a thing is so doesn't mean much. I suppose I've had a bushel of humane gush preached at me and I don't remember any of it. But I'll tell you what I do remember: Miss Bates, the dressmaker, works awful hard, but she never lets Tige sit on the doorstep begging to come in; she goes right away and opens the door 'You do a lot of waiting on that cat, don't you?' I said one day. 'Oh, I don't know,' she answered. 'You see, I've led Tige to believe this is where he belongs. And he can't open the door for himself.'

"And lots of times I've noticed old Uncle John Tyler walking up the big hill. 'What'd you do that for?' I asked him one day when I caught up with him. 'Doesn't it make you tired and lame?' 'Well, Fred,' said he, 'I've got a pretty heavy load to-day, and old Dan's legs are getting old as well as mine. When we get to the top of the hill I can get on and rest, but he has to keep going clear to the Corners.'

"See what I mean? They showed me what being good to animals is like, and I can't seem to forget it.

"Mother, now, has never scolded me much about not telling the truth and such things. She's just gone on telling the truth—if she tells anything—and using a fellow square, and not tattling everything she knows. And so when she talks to me once in a while about such things I know she means it.

Then father expects me to pass my exams and to attend to my business, whatever it is. He never says much about it. But ever since I can remember he has gone down to the office just about as regular as the sun rises. And when he gets back he works in the garden or does whatever else there is to be done. He asked me to help him hoe, and we figured out just what the garden is worth to us and how much time we can afford to spend in it and how the exercise helps.

"I've thought about that a lot. And when I start to do anything, before I know it I'm thinking: 'Father will be disappointed if I don't do this right.'

"That's what I mean. Just a lot of talk doesn't amount to a thing. Kids don't even listen; you've got to show 'em!"

A POPULAR SUIT STYLE FOR GROWING BOYS.

4600. Tweed, cheviot, serge, khaki and linen are good materials for this model. The ample pockets will please the boy who has such good use for them.

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Minard's Liniment for Dandruff.

"HIGH ART."

Before the guests arrive prepare pieces of paper by drawing exactly the same wavy line upon each. The line should be about four inches long and should be made with ink so that it cannot be erased or changed in any way. It need not suggest, or resemble, any object. Number the papers and pass one of them, with a pencil, to each player. The game is so to draw some object that you can use the wavy line as a part of the drawing. The papers may be turned into any position.

Allow about five minutes to the amateur artists; at the end of the time collect the papers. The person who has drawn the cleverest picture is the winner and secures some appropriate prize. The drawings should be placed on view so that everyone can enjoy them.

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GREENMANTLE

BY JOHN BUCHAN.

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CHAPTER XXII.—(Cont'd.)

I fancy it isn't the men who get most out of the world and are always buoyant and cheerful that most fear to die. Rather it is the weak-engined souls, who go about with dull eyes, that cling most fiercely to life. They have not the joy of being alive which is a kind of earnest of immortality. . . I know that my thoughts were chiefly about the jolly things that I had seen and done: not regret, but gratitude. The panorama of blue moons on the veld unrolled itself before me, and hunter's nights in the bush, the taste of food and sleep, the bitter stimulus of dawn, the joy of wild adventure, the voices of old staunch friends. Hitherto the war had seemed to make a break with all that had gone before, but now the war was only part of the picture. I thought of my battalion, and the good fellows there, many of whom had fallen on the Loos parapets. I had never looked to come out of that myself. But I had been spared, and given the chance of a greater business, and I had succeeded. That was the tremendous fact, and my mood was humble gratitude to God, and exultant pride. Death was a small price to pay for it. As Blenkiron would have said, I had got good value in the deal. . . .

The night was getting bitter cold, as happens before dawn. It was frost again, and the sharpness of it woke our hunger. I got out the remnants of the food and wine and we had a last meal. I remember we pledged each other as we drank.

"We have eaten our Passover Feast," said Sandy. "When do you look for the end?"

"After dawn," I said. "Stumm wants daylight to get the full savor of his revenge."

Slowly the sky passed from ebony to grey, and black shapes of hill outlined themselves against it. A wind blew down the valley, bringing the acrid smell of burning, but something too of the freshness of morn. It stirred strange thoughts in men and woke the old morning vigor of the blood which was never to be mine again. For the first time in that long vigil I was torn with a sudden regret.

"We must get into the cave before it is full light," I said. "We had better draw lots for the two to go."

The choice fell to one of the Companions and Blenkiron.

"You can count me out," said the latter. "If it's your wish to find a man to be alive when your friends come up to count their spoil, I guess I'm the worst of the lot. I'd prefer, if you don't mind, to stay here. I've made my peace with my Maker, and I'd like to wait quietly on His call. I'll play a game of Patience to pass the time."

He would take no denial, so we drew again, and the lot fell to Sandy.

"If I'm the last to go," he said, "I promise I don't miss. Stumm won't be long in following me."

He shook hands with his cheery smile, and he and the Companion slipped over the parapet in the final shadows before dawn.

Blenkiron spread his Patience cards on a flat rock, and dealt out for the Double Napoleon. He was perfectly calm, and hummed to himself his only tune. For myself I was drinking in my last draught of the hill air. My contentment was going. I suddenly felt bitterly loth to die.

Something of the same kind must have passed through Blenkiron's head. He suddenly looked up and asked, "Sister Anne, Sister Anne, do you see anybody coming?"

I stood close to the parapet, watching every detail of the landscape as shown by the revealing daybreak. Up on the shoulders of the Palantuken, snowdrifts lipped over the edges of the cliffs. I wondered when they would come down as avalanches. There was a kind of croft on one hillside, and from a hut the smoke of breakfast was beginning to curl. Stumm's gunners were awake and apparently holding council. Far down on the main road a convoy was moving—I heard the creak of the wheels two miles away, for the air was deathly still.

Then, as if a spring had been loosed, the world suddenly leaped to a hideous life. With a growl the guns opened round all the horizon. They were especially fierce to the south, where a *rafale* beat as I had never heard it before. The one glance I cast behind me showed the gap in the hills choked with fumes and dust.

But my eyes were on the north. From Erzerum city tall tongues of flames leaped from a dozen quarters. Beyond, toward the opening of the Euphrates glen, there was the sharp crack of field guns. I strained my eyes and ears, mad with impatience, and I read the riddle.

"Sandy," I yelled, "Peter has got through. The Russians are round the flank. The town is burning. Glory to God, we've won, we've won!"

And as I spoke the earth seemed to split beside me, and I was flung forward on the gravel which covered Hilda von Einem's grave.

As I picked myself up, and to my amazement found myself uninjured, I saw Blenkiron rubbing the dust out of his eyes and arranging a disordered card. He had stopped humming, and was singing aloud:

"He captured Harper's Ferry, with his nineteen men so true,
And he frightened old Virginny . . ."

"Say, Major," he cried, "I believe this game of mine is coming out."

I was now pretty well mad. The thought that old Peter had won, that *we* had won beyond our wildest dreams, that if we died there were those coming who would exact the uttermost vengeance, rode my brain like a fever. I sprang on the parapet and waved my hand to Stumm, shouting defiance. Rifle shots cracked out from behind, and I leaped back just in time for the next shell.

The charge must have been short, for it was a bad miss, landing somewhere on the glacis. The next was better and crashed on the near parapet, carving a great hole in the rocky *kranz*. This time my arm hung limp, broken by a fragment of stone, but I felt no pain. Blenkiron seemed to bear a charmed life, for he was smothered in dust, but unhurt. He blew the dust away from his cards very gingerly and went on playing.

"Sister Anne," he said, "do you see anybody coming?"

Then came a dud which dropped neatly inside on the soft ground. I was determined to break for the open and chance the rifle fire, for if Stumm went on shooting the *castrol* was certain death. I caught Blenkiron round the middle, scattering his cards to the winds, and jumped over the parapet.

"Don't apologize, Sister Anne," said he. "The game was as good as won. But for God's sake drop me, for if you wave me like a banner of freedom I'll get plugged sure and good."

My one thought was to get cover for the next minutes, for I had an instinct that our vigil was near its end. The defences of Erzerum were crumbling like sand-castles, and it was a proof of the tenseness of my nerves that I seemed deaf to the sound. Stumm had seen us cross the parapet, and he started to sprinkle all the surroundings of the *castrol*. Blenkiron and I lay like a working-party between the lines caught by machine-guns, taking a pull on ourselves as best we could. Sandy had some kind of cover, but we were on the bare farther slope, and the riflemen on that side might have had us at their mercy.

But no shots came from them. As I looked east, the hillside, which a little before had been held by our enemies, was as empty as the desert. And then I saw on the main road a sight which for a second time made me yell like a maniac. Down that glen came a throng of men and galloping limbers—a crazy, jostling crowd, spreading away beyond the road to the steep slopes, and leaving behind it many black dots to darken the snows. The gates of the South had yielded and our friends were through them.

At that sight I forgot all about our danger. I didn't give a cent for Stumm's shells. I didn't believe he could hit me. The fate which had mercifully preserved us for the first taste of victory would see us through to the end.

I remember bundling Blenkiron along the hill to find Sandy. But our news was anticipated. For down our own side-glen came the same broken tumult of men. More; for at their backs, far up at the throat of the pass, I saw horsemen—the horsemen of the pursuit. Old Nicholas had flung his cavalry in.

Sandy was on his feet, with lips set and his eye abstracted. If his face hadn't been burned black by weather it would have been pale as a dish-clout. A man like him doesn't make up his mind for death and then be given his life again without being wrenched out of his bearings. I thought he didn't understand what had happened, so I beat him on the shoulders.

"Man, d'you see?" I cried. "The Cossacks! The Cossacks! God! how they're taking that slope! They're into them now. By Heaven, we'll ride with them! We'll get the gun horses!"

A little knoll prevented Stumm and his men from seeing what was happening farther up the glen, till the first wave of the rout was on them. He had gone on bombarding the *castrol* and its environs while the world was cracking over his head. The gun team was in the hollow below the road, and down the hill among the boulders we crawled, Blenkiron as lame as a duck, and me with a limp left arm.

The poor beasts were straining at their pickets and sniffing the morning wind, which brought down the thick fumes of the great bombardment and the indescribable babbling cries of a beaten army. Before we reached them that maddened horde had swept down on them, men panting and gasping in their flight, many of them bloody from wounds, many tottering in the first stages of collapse and death. I saw the horses seized by a dozen hands, and a desperate fight for their possession. But as we halted there our eyes were fixed on the battery on the road above us, for round it was now sweeping the van of the retreat.

(To be continued.)

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LIGHT ON LAMPS.

Lamp chimneys will not crack nearly so soon when exposed to sudden changes of temperature if they have been toughened by the following process: Put a handful of salt into a kettle of cold water and immerse the new lamp globe—or any other glassware—in it. Bring to a boil slowly and then boil rapidly for a quarter of an hour. Remove the kettle from the fire and let the lamp globe remain in the water till cold.

If the new wick is given a bath in vinegar and allowed to dry thoroughly before its long bath in oil it will repay the favor by burning more brightly and refusing to smoke.

A hot vinegar bath is also highly beneficial to old wicks and lamp burners. Keep an old pan for the purpose and boil both wicks and burners at least once a month.

Lamp wicks do not submit kindly to any cutting operation. In most cases they will retaliate by giving an uneven flame. Turn the wick just a bit above the tube and remove the charred portion by pinching between the thumb and first finger or shave it off with a match stick.

To avoid greasy lamps always be sure that the wick is turned below the edge of the tube so that oil is not drawn up to make the outside of the lamp greasy. Lamps will be disagreeable to handle if they are filled too full, since the oil expands in a warm room and is liable to ooze out at the top.

When lamp tops get loose melt a small piece of alum and pour it into the top, holding it firmly in place for a few minutes.

Medal for Pigeon.

The conferring of a war medal by the British government upon a homing pigeon not only is a pleasant bit of sentiment but calls new attention to the services that homing pigeons have rendered to mankind, in peace as well as in war. The incident recalls the interesting fact that homing pigeons were the foundation of two great fortunes. Before the days of the telegraph Baron Rothchild used great numbers of pigeons to bring the earliest information of the stock market and exchange in London to his Paris banking house; and Paul de Reuter, the founder of the great European news agency that corresponds to the Associated Press in America, used carrier pigeons as his first messengers.

Minard's Liniment Heals Cuts.

In education the whole being must be taken into consideration. It is not enough to train the hand, the eye, to quicken the perception of the senses, develop the quickness of intellect, and leave out of consideration the building up of character, the aspirations of the soul.

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