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Woman's Sphere

MEMORIES.

In the morning there shall be not a doubt,
But a song and glad laughter all about.
Let us think it; let us dream it, if you please;
Let us live it so 'twill be memories.

Memories! We make them now going on
Through the rich and radiant moments of the dawn.
Let's determine, then, to know every day
Happy moments that shall glow by our way.

Then, when gray and full of years, we can smile,
Living over happy days, afterwhile.
And at evening there shall be not a doubt,
But eternal promises all about.

—Jay B. Iden.

AN APRON SHOWER.

When casting about for material for a shower to bless the engaged girl with, decide upon aprons and see what a prolific shower they will make. If the girl is likely to do a lot of her own work—and that's what most of our friends are happily planning for—we may as well begin at the bottom and tell about the aprons of our acquaintance, from the humblest to the highest.

First there are the lowly but necessary ginghams. After making sure of her favorite color, buy the half-inch plaids instead of the old fine plaids; then embellish the border above the hem with cross-stitching on the white squares in the color of the dark squares. Repeat the design on the pockets and on the centre of the belt. Make the ties three inches wide and long enough to tie in a square bow in the back. Say three ginghams will be enough.

Then buy enough organdie of her most becoming color to make, after a good pattern, two long-sleeved and high-necked aprons that button down the back, with white organdie collars, cuffs and pocket trimming. These are Sunday-supper aprons to slip right on over a pretty dress.

Next buy enough sheer India linen, or lawn, to make two long, straight aprons with a four-inch hem at the bottom and wide long ties. These aprons are to slip on at serving time or when getting a light supper, and are very useful and not quite as business like looking as the friendly gingham. Crease the gathers in the old way and gather twice to make them lie well in at the belt. The aprons must be sheer but have no trimming.

SOMETHING FOR EVERY OCCASION.

The fancy-work apron is made of unbleached canvas, having three deep pockets at the bottom instead of a hem, made by turning the material up and putting a narrow hem at the top so that it is right side out and stitching down between the pockets with featherstitching. The apron may be embroidered with flower motifs in the centre of each pocket. Through a casing at the top a ribbon three inches wide may be run for ties in the color matching the embroidery.

An apron made of asbestos cloth to use when working around the stove is cut after the fashion of the butcher's apron and is bound with tape. It has a neck loop of tape and ties of the same. Rubber-lined material may be purchased by the yard, and an apron made on the same lines as an asbestos apron will keep the wearer dry when doing her laundry work. It is also good to wear when washing the dishes. The little ticking apron with pockets for clothespins is another handy possession.

Every girl who is to have a home in the country will need a garden apron made of pretty cretonne after the pattern of the Sunday organdie apron. There must be a sunbonnet and a kneeling pad to match to make the set complete.

For silver-cleaning days there is a newcomer that is convenient and a silent helper. Make a gingham apron long and wide, and cover it with a thin flannel apron the same size. Then lay in the centre, after the two former materials are gathered, a large-sized chamois. The latter is fastened to a tape belt of its own, then tacked to the apron belt, from which it is easily detached when it must be washed and dried. In holding the silver pieces on the lap the flannel is soft and does not scratch, and any moisture is not likely to go through, and the chamois polisher is right at hand. A small white woolen glove is excellent to use for applying the paste.

Fudge and tea aprons are made of linen embroidered in any way liked, but if giving a tea the hostess will wear little silk or crepe de chine aprons or little butterfly things of lace and cambric.

A COMFORTABLE SUIT FOR THE SMALL BOY.

Pattern 3711 is shown in this illustration. It is cut in 4 Sizes: 3, 4, 5 and 6 years. A 6-year size requires 3⅜ yards of 27-inch material. If made as illustrated trousers and collar will require 1⅞ yards of material and blouse 1½ yards.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver, by the Wilson Publishing Co., 73 West Adelaide St., Toronto. Allow two weeks for receipt of pattern.

A MOVABLE DRAINBOARD.

In kitchens without running water it is sometimes a problem to dispose of dishwater after every meal, without having to carry several heavy dishpanfuls out to some outdoor drain. A woman who was anxious to make her kitchen more convenient, solved the question by getting her husband to make her a movable drainboard with a hinged support at the lower end. This drainboard had a band about two inches high running around three sides to prevent water from being spilled about the kitchen. It hung by a large hook on the kitchen wall when not in use. When it was time to do the dishes this housekeeper set up the drainboard with one end on the table, the other end resting on the hinged leg, the whole sloping toward a tall tin coffee drum which received the water. When the dishwashing was over, the water was removed in one trip out of the kitchen, instead of the numerous journeys formerly required, and the drainboard was hung on the wall again.

SPOTLESS MAHOGANY.

A neighbor of mine, noted for her spotless and shining mahogany, once told me her secret. In a bowl on her desk she keeps half a cream nut—Brazil nut—and when even a slight scratch or mark appears on the wood she rubs it away entirely with the cut end of the nut, polishing later with a soft cloth. The oil in the nut completely restores the finish.

OLD VELVET MADE NEW.

For those who still use wood or coal ranges or the hot plate over gas stoves, we can recommend an ideal way of renovating velvet. After brushing off the top of the stove, lay a large cloth wrung out of water on it and over this the velvet, right side up. As the steam rises brush the goods with a soft brush until all creases disappear. If necessary dampen the cloth more than once.

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ISSUE No. 8—'24.

YOUR HOME

By DOROTHY ETHEL WALSH.

Tall Furniture for Low Rooms.

Lines and their correct use in decoration have been discussed in these columns. We have advocated perpendicular wall paper for the low ceilinged room. We have admonished our readers to so design the window draperies that they will emphasize those dimensions lacking in quantity. The general public is cognizant of the fact that lines can remedy the shortcomings of many room's lack of height would have rooms, but after the wall paper is chosen with an eye to such service, after the draperies are hung in just the correct folds necessary to the emergency the furniture is allowed to undo the good work so carefully planned.

The same rules which govern the foundation decorations should govern the selection of furniture. Where it is planned to purchase new articles study the room for which they are destined. To-day's sketch shows a high secretary which was placed in a low ceilinged room. Had the home maker used instead a low table of horizontal lines the room's lack of height would have been emphasized, but with the high perpendicular lines of the article shown emphasis is given to height and the defect in the room which promised to be noticeable is thus made negative.

The Luck of Stoney Valley

Seth Forrester threw down his shovel and debated with himself as to whether he should go home again.

If he was found dead there were many in the camp who would subscribe enough to send Phyllis and the two youngsters back to England. Without him, her parents would welcome her to their home.

They had always been against her marrying him, and yet he had done his best. But bad luck had seemed his portion in life—nothing that he had set his hand to had prospered, and things had gone from bad to worse until now, if it had not been for the kindness of others, Phyllis and the little ones would have starved.

He tightened his belt. He had eaten nothing but a small crust of bread that day, feeling that what he took was robbing those he loved. Now it was late afternoon, and he was weary—oh, so weary.

He had been trying for gold in the bed of a small stream. The "cradle" with its burden of washed earth stood beside him; his shovel was at his feet. He had reckoned that little streams carried gold down from the big hills. Others had found it, some in fair quantities, and yet he had not washed out enough to buy bread, let alone other necessaries. It was just rotten luck, he reflected.

He looked up at the blue sky. Around were the hills, barren enough, and yet with a beauty of their own which he would have appreciated had not hunger gnawed unceasingly. The stream, in which he stood knee-deep, came sparkling down from the rocks like a silver ribbon, but it had only fooled him. He could not admire it now.

He was working in a little pool into which the stream dropped, falling away again twenty yards farther on. It was the very place where gold should lie, a perfect basin—everyone agreed to that, and yet his luck was down and out.

These last nine days he had not seen even a grain of the precious metal. Phyllis, poor girl, was almost in rags, and she and the children did not have enough to eat. It was sufficient to break the heart of any man, he told himself.

If it had only been himself, he argued, he would have gone on until he dropped; but the thoughts of Phyllis' sufferings—for patient and non-complaining as she was, he knew she suffered—were maddening.

If he had only just enough to keep them, how happy he would have been. Little Doris looked so thin, and poor little Dick weighed next to nothing. They were clean and neat, for Phyllis was so clever with her needle, but that did not give them food. It was his business to find that, and he had proved an out-and-out failure.

One shot and all would be over. Phyllis and the youngsters would be at the end of their terrible privations. Was it not his duty to put an end to his useless life?

He had hung on to hope day after day, believing that his luck must turn at last. How could he go home with the same dreadful tale: "No luck yet, old girl!"

It was a wonder, he thought, that Phyllis' love for him had not turned to hate, for it was he who had persuaded her to leave a comfortable home; it was he who had brought her to these straits.

Yet her eyes were always soft with love when they looked at him. She would sit beside him and stroke his hands and murmur, "Poor boy—poor dear boy," just as if he had not proved a curse to her.

And the youngsters would come and sit on his knees as if he had been the best of fathers, and chatter away as though he made them happy. He told them fairy tales, while he felt bitterly that all the tales he had told them of future pleasure and happy times were fairy tales, too.

He had always kept a revolver, and he took it out of his pocket and sat on the bank. His feet were cold and wet; some water had got over the tops of his waders. That would not trouble him for long, he thought, and sighed.

And yet if he put himself out of the way, the next man who took up the claim would probably find gold there. He was sure it was there, only it had evaded him so far. It was just a matter of sheer bad luck for him.

Some people would say it was cowardly of him to take the quickest way out of all his difficulties; but they would not know how he had suffered. It was dreadful to leave Phyllis and the children, harder than anyone could realize. His eyes were full of tears as he thought of them. Oh, no one knew how it would hurt him to tear himself away.

But it was the only thing he could do to help those he loved. He held the revolver to his forehead, wondering whether he had placed it where death would be instantaneous.

Phyllis would grieve, but it would only be for a time; the children would cheer her up. He recalled their faces, their ways, how they always greeted him. He seemed to hear their voices.

Oh, it was so hard to leave them. Supposing he waited just one more day!

An excuse for the delay came easily. He would sell his waders, saying that they weren't high enough. The shovel, the cradle, and his other tools he dare not sell lest he might arouse suspicions as to what he meant to do.

He sprang up, as happy for a moment as a criminal reprieved on the scaffold. Yes; he would go to the camp and sell the waders, and with the money buy food.

How pleased the children would be. Phyllis would not approve of the sale of the gum boots; she would realize how bad it would be for him standing all day in cold water, but he would laugh at her fears.

They would be quite happy on his last night on earth. He was glad he had thought of this. He wanted to leave them happy.

The camp was in the valley below; he could see it plainly. When he got a little farther along he could see his own shanty, built of stones and clay mostly, but so precious because it held Phyllis and the little ones.

Most of the men had waders, and few had any cash to spare. But at last he got five dollars for them, and spent two of these in bread and cheese, tea, sugar, and condensed milk.

"Seth, dear!" Phyllis cried when he arrived with his load. "Oh, my dear, has your luck turned?"

"I think so," he said, glad that she did not notice he had not his waders with him.

The children came running up, Dick leading the way. He kissed them, hungry for their love, and they gave it bountifully. He was their big playmate, and they were never so happy as when with him. No one could tell them such wonderful stories, no one could invent new games as he did. They believed that he was the very best and cleverest man in the world—he, the failure!

Phyllis had tea ready in quick time, and although Seth assured her that he had had all he wanted at the stores, she would not commence until he sat down too.

Then it was hard work not to devour all that she placed before him. He was ravenous, yet when she cut him three thick slices of bread he put back two and said he couldn't possibly eat more than one. That one he ate as slowly as he could, and it was nicer than any food he had ever tasted.

He clenched his hands. It was so hard that he could not even have bread for his wife and children when there was so much food in the world.

He noticed how carefully Phyllis ate. She had cut two thin slices for herself, and he knew that she was thinking of the morrow, and denying herself, as usual.

Well, on the morrow there would come an end to her troubles, save for one pang, which she would get over in time—the sorrow at losing him.

After tea the children played outside, and she came and sat beside him on the box that did duty for a chair.

"How much did you pan out?" she asked. "The children would like porridge, and it is so good for them."

He gave her the three dollars he had left.

"Get it by all means, dear," he said. "You're the best of mothers!"

She looked fondly at the children, who were laughing and shouting.

"They've got such loving little ways, haven't they, dear?" she said.

He gulped. That was why it was so hard to leave them. They were like their mother—too good for him. He turned and kissed her.

"I'd give my life to make you all three happy," he said brokenly.

"I know that, dear," she said softly. "But your life is our most precious asset. Dear old Seth!" And she stroked his hair with caressing fingers.

What she said unsettled him for a moment. Then he reasoned that his death must buy her happiness. She would grieve for him, certainly, but grief passes. The dead are only remembered with regret that never lasts for long.

"The children went up to your claim to-day," she said, "but they found a pretty little cave, and stayed playing there, because I told them not to worry you while you were working."

"I wish I'd seen them," he said. His work had all been wasted. He would have been better off playing with the little ones—for almost the last time, he told himself.

A prowling, half-starved dog came sniffing up to Dick, and then made a grab at a crust in the boy's hand, which he had been keeping to play at "cooking a dinner" with.

The dog got it and went off, but Dick quickly dived his hand in his pocket, pulled out a stone, and threw it after the thief.

"Bad dog! You should have asked properly!" he said.

"They're lovely heavy stones," he remarked, and brought out another to show his father.

"Let's see it," Seth said, and, taking it in his hand, asked hurriedly, "Where did you get this?"

"From the cave," Doris answered, for Dick was rather frightened by the abruptness of his father's manner.

"We made a sand-castle, and these were under the sand," the child added.

"Give me the lot—quick!" Seth cried, and with trembling hands emptied the boy's pockets.

"What is it, dear?" Phyllis asked anxiously. "Not—not gold?"

He nodded. His heart was too full for speech.

A few minutes after he was at the assay office, his handful of stones on the table.

"Luck at last, Seth boy!" the assayer said, examining the stones. Like most others in the camp, he knew what a rough time Seth had gone through.

"What's your opinion?" Seth asked huskily.

"Over forty per cent. gold." The assayer took a file and used it. "Over fifty per cent., I should say. At fifty they're worth"—he put them in his scales—"over two thousand dollars. Found a pocket, I suppose?"

"Yes," Seth said. "Put these in your safe for me. I'll came again." And he hurried back to his hut.

"Come on, all of you! Bring a lantern!" he said on his return. "Thank Heaven! Thank Heaven! You won't go hungry any more!"

They ran almost all the way to the cave. Seth was urged on by an awful fear that someone might be there before him, but it was as the children had left it—their sand-castle still stood strong and bold.

He took his shovel and threw the sand on one side, and under it, among worthless stones, were a fair proportion of small nuggets, carried down by the stream centuries before, when it had made the cave.

They persuaded the weary but excited children to lie down on the soft sand, and Seth went on working, adding now and again to the pile in the corner over which Phyllis was watching.

Now and again Seth would stop and kiss his wife and glance down at the sleeping children, his heart overflowing with love and gratitude.

The pocket yielded gold worth over $6,000, and with it Seth bought a farm; but he never told Phyllis how nearly he had lost the chance that fortune had kept for him.

He tried to forget it and to make amends by helping those who needed help.

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Nor ties of blood. A smile ofttimes endears; a pressure of the hand—and we are friends.—J. T. W.

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Advice.

If you stop to find out what your wages will be
And how they will clothe and feed you,
Willie, my son, don't you go to the Sea,
For the Sea will never need you.

If you ask for the reason of every command,
And argue with people about you,
Willie, my son, don't you go on the Land,
For the Land will do better without you.

If you stop to consider the work you have done,
And to boast what your labor is worth, dear,
Angels may come for you, Willie, my son,
But you'll never be wanted on earth, dear!

—Rudyard Kipling.

Minard's Liniment for Dandruff.

Bootlegger, of Course.

Visitor—"Did you say that stylishly dressed woman was your most prominent bootmaker's wife?"

Native—"Of course not! Our most prominent bootlegger's wife."

WHEN BAKING FISH.

Place a sheet of waxed paper on the bottom of your pan before baking fish. This keeps the fish from the pan, and the paper can be removed after baking without trouble. The idea is to make the washing of the pan easy, and thus remove the objectionable part of baking fish.

After Dishwashing!

CAMPANA'S ITALIAN BALM

is simply wonderful for keeping the hands beautifully white and soft and smooth. Positively prevents redness and chapping. Use it at once after washing dishes, and note the improvement of your hands.

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