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Woman's Sphere

LET'S TRY OUR GUEST ROOM.

A friend of mine once told me that her mother advised her, at an early period in her housekeeping career, to sleep in her guest room once in a while. She had found it an excellent suggestion and had followed it with—she was more than sure—distinct advantage to her guests.

I slept in mine soon after, and was horrified to find that the feather pillows, comparatively new, had an oily and very disagreeable smell, necessitating their being sent to the cleaner's at once.

I should never have known it had I not slept upon them; for what guest could make up her mind to tell me? Neither would any one, I suppose, ever speak of the sagging or obstreperous spring, the lumpy mattress or the squeak in the bed, any one of which would effectually put sleep to rout for the sensitive or poor sleeper.

My first suggestion is, therefore, a repetition of my friend's advice—sleep in your own guest room occasionally.

The guest room is not so inevitable an inference in these days of small and expensive apartments as in old times. I am surprised to see how many apartment dwellers dispense with it as a matter of course.

Those of us who live in the country, however, and delight in welcoming our family or city friends to week-ends or real visits, still feel that the guest room is a very necessary feature of our homes.

In fitting up a guest room there is, necessarily, much latitude. In the average home its furnishings must needs be simple. In these days, however, simple furnishings may also be beautiful.

As a primary necessity, be sure that your bed is comfortable. If size of room allows, twin beds are desirable. The old-fashioned double bed is, nowadays, hardly considered. The mattress should be covered, and the cover frequently laundered. In winter a soft, thick bed pad or a warm blanket should be laid between mattress and sheet; this for real warmth, as the hair mattress, although comfortable and sanitary, is not warm. Be sure to provide plenty of bed clothes— a down puff as an extra if possible.

If one cannot spare a down puff an excellent homemade substitute may be manufactured from a pair of worn but woolly blankets tacked and tied in a pretty cover of silkaline or cheesecloth, the edge finished with ribbon binding or buttonholed with worsted.

Many people depend upon a few minutes "read" before going to sleep—I confess to this indulgence myself. Arrange a simple reading lamp on a stand by the bed, or, if more convenient, a hanging burner over its top.

The stand, with an attractive cover, should contain a cracker jar, well stocked, to afford first aid to the poor sleeper, a tumbler-covered carafe of fresh water and an interesting book or two.

A writing desk is a boon to the guest making a real visit; provide one if possible. A prettily enameled—by home talent—pine table of convenient height is a satisfactory substitute. Stock it with good pens, inkstand well filled and a pad or portfolio containing some of the house paper and a blotter. A box of stamps is appreciated as aid in an emergency.

Perhaps a combination of bookrack and writing materials can be made.

A small work basket, well stocked, should stand in some convenient place.

A really comfortable chair, besides the ordinary ones, is a necessity; a couch—sometimes possible—is a luxury. A rack on which a suitcase may be placed is a very great convenience. The bureau or toilet table may be as conveniently and ornamentally stocked with toilet articles as circumstances will allow; but see, I pray you, that you provide a pincushion well stocked with a variety of pins.

Don't forget a scrap basket.

See that your guest room supplies a stand or container for towels, face cloths, soap, tooth paste, powder and so forth.

It is often a very great convenience to an overnight or week-end guest with a small quantity of luggage, to find a bath robe hanging in the guest room closet. I think this might be considered a necessity.

Be sure, also, that this closet contains plenty of hangers.

Lastly, give your guest a chance to enjoy her room—that is, don't try to entertain her all the time, or try to give her your society every single minute of the day. Often a chance to take a nap, write a letter or two, read a new book or simply spend a half hour in quiet, undisturbed by the necessity of talking, is appreciated by your guest.

A DAINTY SUMMER FROCK.

4748. This is nice for crepe de chine or batiste, with trimming of lace or embroidery. The new printed voiles, organdy and linen may also be used for this pretty frock.

The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: 14, 16, 18 and 20 years. A 16-year size requires 4⅛ yards of 32-inch material. The width at the foot is about 1¾ yards.

Pattern 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.

Send 15c in silver for our up-to-date Spring and Summer 1924 Book of Fashions.

TO MAKE A FIRELESS COOKER.

First get a large wooden tub or box. Put six inches of sawdust in the bottom and place in a tin bucket—wrapped in asbestos—in the centre of this and pack the space between bucket and box with sawdust. The bucket requires a cover.

Pour plaster of Paris on the top of the sawdust to hide it and hold it in place. Paint the box white and fasten a top on it with hinges.

The top, shaped like a shallow box, should be filled with wool felt, corrugated board or, if perfectly tight, with sawdust.

The vessel containing the food is put on a heated soapstone—in the bottom of the tin bucket. Both tops should be fastened securely and it needs no more attention until the time comes to remove the food.

A new glass has been invented which will not break if a steel ball is dropped on it from a height of eight feet.

Minard's Liniment for Headache.

PENNY PLAIN

BY O. DOUGLAS

Shopman—"You may have your choice—penny plain or two-pence colored."

Solemn Small Boy—"Penny plain, please. It's better value for the money."

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CHAPTER IV.—(Cont'd.)

"In this room a girl sat, darning stockings and crying quietly to herself—crying because her brother David had gone to Oxford the day before, and she was afraid he would find it hard work to live on his scholarship with the small help she could give him, afraid that he might find himself shabby and feel it bitter, afraid that he might not come back to her the kind, clear-eyed boy he had gone away.

"She told me all about it as simply as a child. Didn't seem to find it in the least odd to confide in a stranger, didn't seem at all impressed by the sudden appearance of my fashionably dressed self!

"People, I am often told, find themselves rather in awe of me. I know that they would rather have me for a friend than an enemy. You see, I can think of such extraordinarily nasty things to say about people I don't like. But this little girl treated me as if I had been an older sister or a kind big brother, and—well, I found it rather touching.

"Jean Jardine is her funny little name. She looks a mere child, but she tells me she is twenty-three and she has been head of the house since she was nineteen.

"It is really the strangest story. The father, one Francis Jardine, was in the Indian Civil Service—pretty good at his job, I gather—and these three children, Jean and her two brothers, David and Jock, were brought up in this cottage—The Rigs it is called—by an old aunt of the father's, Great-aunt Alison. The mother died when Jock was a baby, and after some years the father married again, suddenly and unpremeditatedly, a beautiful and almost friendless girl whom he met in London when home on leave. Jean offered no comment on the wisdom or the unwisdom of the match, but she told me the young Mrs. Jardine had sent for her (Jean was then a schoolgirl of fourteen) and had given her a good time in London before she sailed with her husband for India. Rather unusual when you come to think of it! It isn't every young wife who has thought on the honeymoon for schoolgirl stepdaughters, and Jean had seen that it was kind and unselfish, and was grateful. The Jardines sailed for India, and were hardly landed when Mr. Jardine died of cholera. The young widow stayed on—I suppose she liked the life and had little to bring her back to England—and when the first year of her widowhood was over she married a young soldier, Gervase Taunton. I'm almost sure I remember meeting him about—good-looking, perfect dancer, crack polo player. They seem, in spite of lack of money, to have been supremely happy for about three years, when young Taunton was killed playing polo. The poor girl broke her heart and slipped out of life, leaving behind one little boy. She had no relations, and Captain Taunton had no one very near, and when she was dying she had left instructions, 'Send my boy to Scotland. Ask Jean to bring him up. She will understand.' I suppose she had detected even in the schoolgirl of fourteen Jean's most outstanding quality, steadfastness, and entrusted the child to her without a qualm.

"So the baby of two was sent to the child of eighteen, and Jean glows with gratitude and tells you how good it was of her at-one-time stepmother to think of her! That is how she seems to take life: no suspecting of motives: looking for, therefore perhaps finding, kindness on every side. It is rather absurd in this wicked world, but I shouldn't wonder if it made for happiness.

"The Taunton child has, of course, no shadow of claim on the Jardines, but he is to them a most treasured little brother. 'The Mhor,' as they call him, is their great amusement and delight. He is quite absurdly good-looking, with great grave green eyes and a head most wonderfully set on his shoulders. He has a small income of his own, which Jean keeps religiously apart so that he may be able to go to a good school when he is old enough.

"The great-aunt who brought up the Jardines must have been an uncommon old woman. She died (perhaps luckily) just as the young Gervase Taunton come on the scene.

"It seems she always dressed in rustling black silk, sat bolt upright on the edge of chairs for her figure, took the greatest care of her hands and complexion, and was a great age. She had, Jean said, 'come out at the Disruption.' Jean was so impressive over it that I didn't like to ask what it meant. Do you suppose she made her debut then?

"Perhaps 'the Disruption' is a sort of religious *tamasha*. Anyway, she was frightfully religious—a strict Calvinist—and taught Jean to regard everything from the point of view of her own death-bed. I mean to say, the child had to ask herself, 'How will this action look when I am on my deathbed?' Every cross word, every small disobdience, she was told, would be a 'thorn in her dying pillow.' I said, perhaps rudely, that Great-aunt Alison must have been a horrible old ghoul, but Jean defended her hotly. She seems to have had a great admiration for her aged relative, though she owned that her death was something of a relief. Unfortunately, most of her income died with her.

"I think perhaps it was largely this training that has given Jean her particular flavor. She is the most happy change from the ordinary modern girl. Her manners are delightful—not noisy, but frank and gay like a nice boy's. She neither falls into the Scylla of affection nor the Charybdis of off-handedness. She has been nowhere and seen very little; books are her world, and she talks of book-people as if they were everyday acquaintances. She adores Dr. Johnson and quotes him continually.

"She has no silghtest trace of accent, but she has that lilt in her voice—I have noticed it once or twice before in Scots people—that makes one think of winds over heathery moorlands and running water. In appearance she is like a wood elf, rather small and brown, very light and graceful. She is so beautifully made that there is great satisfaction in looking at her. (If she had all the virtues in the world I could never take any interest in a girl who had a large head, or short legs, or thick ankles!) She knows how to dress, too. The littl brown frock was just right, and the ribbon that was tied round her hair. I'll tell you what she reminded me of a good deal—Romney's 'Parson's Daughter.'

"What a find for my first day at Priorsford!

"I went to tea with the Jardines and I never was at a nicer tea-party. We said poems to each other most of the time. Mhor's rendering of Chesterton's 'The Pleasant Town of Roundabout' was very fine, but Jock loves best 'Don John of Austria.' You would like Jock. He has a very gruff voice and such surprised blue eyes, and is fond of weird interjections like 'Gosh, Maggie!' and 'Earls in the streets of Cork!' He is a determined foe to sentiment. He won't read a book that contains love-making or death-beds. 'Does anybody marry?' 'Does anybody die?' are his first questions about a book, so naturally his reading is much restricted.

"The Jardines have the lovable habit of becoming suddenly overpowered with laughter, crumpled up, and helpless. You have it, too; I have it; all nice people have it. I have been refreshing myself with *Irish Memories since dinner*.. Do you remember what it said about Martin Ross? 'The large conventional jest had but small power over her; it was the trivial absurdity, the inversion of the expected, the sublimity getting a little above itself and failing to realize that it had taken that fatal step over the border—those were the things that felled her, and laid her, wherever she might be, in ruins. . . .'

"Bella Bathgate, I must tell you, remains unthawed. She hinted to me to-night that she thought the Hydropathic was the place for me—surely the unkindest cut of all. People dress for dinner every night there, she tells me, and most of them are English, and a band plays. Evidently she thinks I would be at home in such company.

"Some day I think you must visit Priorsford and get to know Miss Bathgate.—Yours, "Pam.

"I forgot to tell you that for some dark reason the Jardines call their cat Sir J. M. Barrie.

"I asked why but got no satisfaction.

"'Well, you see, there's Peter,'

"Jock looked at the cat and observed obscurely, 'It's not a sentimental beast either'—while Jean asked if I would have preferred it called Sir Rabindranath Tagore!"

CHAPTER V.

When Peter Reid arrived at Priorsford Station from London he stood for a few minutes looking about him in a lost way, almost as if after thirty years he expected to see a "kent face" coming to meet him. He had no notion where to go; he had not written for rooms; he had simply obeyed the impulse that sent him—the impulse that sends a hurt child to its mother. It is said that an old horse near to death turns towards the pastures where he was foaled. It is true of human beings. "Man wanders back to the fields which bred him."

After a talk with a helpful porter he found rooms in a temperance hotel in the Lighgate—a comfortable, quiet place.

The next day he was too tired to rise, and spent rather a dreamy day in his rooms with *The Scotsman* for sole companion.

The landlord, a cheery little man, found time once or twice to talk for a few minutes, but he had only been ten years in Priorsford and could tell his guest nothing of the people he had once known.

"D'you know a house called The Rigs?" he asked him.

The landlord knew it well—a quaint cottage with a pretty garden. Old Miss Alison Jardine was living in it when he came first to Priorsford; dead now, but the young folk were still in it.

"Young folk?" said Peter Reid.

"Yes," said the landlord, "Miss Jean Jardine and her brothers. Orphans, I'm told. Father an Anglo-Indian. Nice people Oh, very. Quiet and inoffensive. They don't own the house though. I hear the landlord is a very wealthy man in London. By the way, same name as yourself, sir."

(To be continued.)

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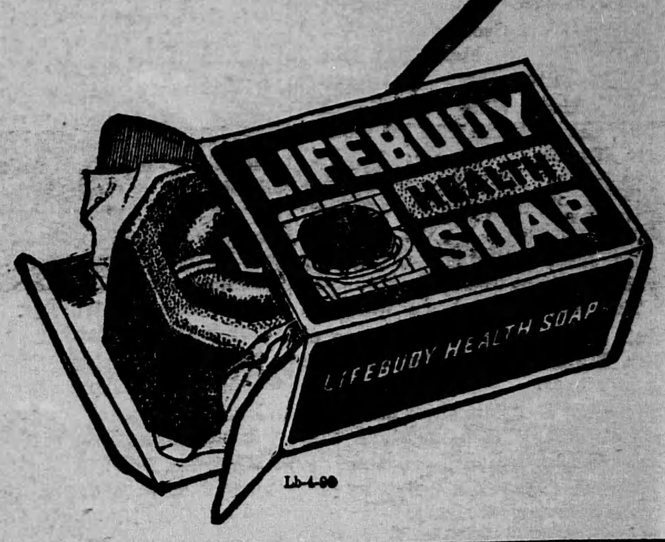

Lb-1-90

More Effective.

"Why don't you hold the busy bee up to your hired man as an example?" suggested Parson Hadeshammer.

"I'd rather hold one up to him as a stinging rebuke!" retorted Silas Grassrow.

Minard's Liniment for Aches and Pains

New Railway in Sudan.

Running through a potential cotton-growing area of 500,000 acres, a new railway 216 miles long was formally opened in the Sudan recently, connecting Kassala with the line to Port Sudan.

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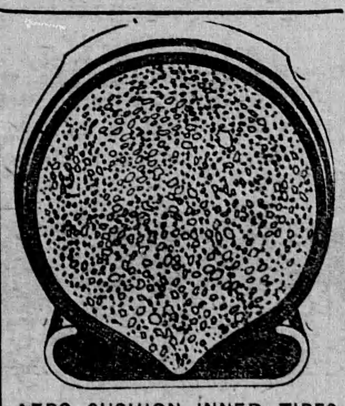

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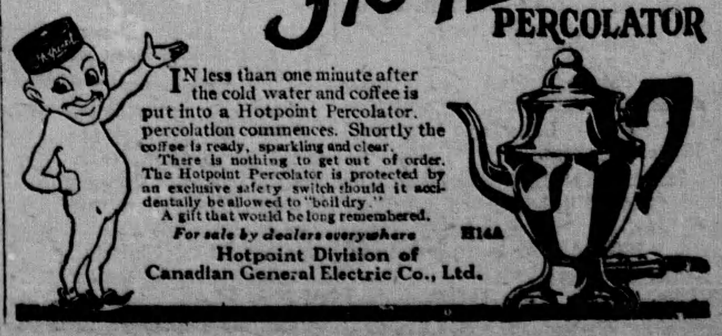

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