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Woman's Sphere

COOL DESSERTS FOR HOT DAYS.

There are no simpler and yet entirely satisfactory desserts for summer than those made with milk and rennet tablets. Most cooks think of junkets only in relation to sick people and they fail to appreciate the possibilities in using them in place of the puddings which take so much longer to prepare.

To make a good junket, the milk should never be heated above low blood warmth—simply take off the chill, but never heat to a steam.

It is well to pour the desired quantity of milk into the pan and let it set a little while with the sugar to dissolve it. Also have the rennet tablet dissolving in a little cold water; crush it well and have the molds ready, set in the place where they are to chill. Moving them about is apt to break the junket and spoil its appearance.

With this foundation, there is no end of flavors one can use to make the dessert really interesting. When cherries are stewed, chill and drain them of their juice, place a large tablespoonful in the bottom of each dish, and pour the junket into it. When ready to serve, add another tablespoonful of cherries on top, or, if possible, whipped cream. Cantaloupe scooped out and chilled, set firmly on plates and filled with junket which has been simply flavored with vanilla, is excellent.

A few pieces of chopped canned pineapple with a tablespoonful of shredded cocoanut also combines well with vanilla.

Flavored with lemon extract, a dessert is quickly made with chopped peanuts spread over the top after it has set.

A very good chocolate junket is made by adding two tablespoonfuls of cocoa, softened in a little milk, to the vanilla pudding and adding a few chopped nuts as it sets.

If the whites of two eggs are beaten very stiff and two tablespoonfuls of melted currant juice folded in with a little sugar, plain almond, vanilla or lemon junket can be made very attractive by serving with tinted mounds of meringue. Instead of dusting the top with nutmeg, try a little ground cinnamon. Or serve the junkets with fresh sliced peaches or blackberry preserve

The secret of making this simple dessert seem extraordinary is to leave it undisturbed while chilling, adding the final touches only just before serving.

SUMMER CARE OF THE BABY.

Summer time is danger time for young babies. Everyone knows that babies feel the cold, but it is not so generally realized how very sensitive they are to heat.

Food—Unsuitable food and unsuitable care of good food help to cause the digestive troubles that kill so many babies every summer. The only safe food for a young baby is mother's milk. Most of the babies who die in the summer are bottle-fed. It is very important that the mother should not wean her baby during the summer except on the doctor's advice. If the baby is bottle fed, be sure to keep the feedings covered and on ice. A homemade ice box is easily made as follows:—

Get from your grocer a deep box about 18 inches square and put 3 inches of sawdust in the bottom. Place two pails in this box, one a smaller pail, inside the other, and fill the space between the outer pail and the box with sawdust. The nursing bottles filled with milk are placed in the inner pail. This pail is then filled with cracked ice, which surrounds the bottles. The inner pail should have a tin cover. Nail several thicknesses of newspaper on the under surface of the cover of the box. This ice box should be kept covered and in a cool place. The water from melted ice should be poured off and the ice renewed at least once each day.

In hot weather less food is required than in cold and the mother should not expect a rapid gain in the weight of the baby. In fact she should be content if the baby does not lose weight. Though the appetite for food is less, an abundance of cool, boiled water should be given between meals.

At the first sign of diarrhoea stop all feeding, giving as much cool, boiled water as the baby will take and consult the doctor at once. The sooner the doctor sees the baby, the sooner will the baby be cured.

The Bath—In addition to the baby's daily bath, it is well to give a cool sponge bath two or three times a day in hot weather. If the baby has prickly heat, sponge several times a day with a solution of baking soda made by dissolving a teaspoonful of baking soda in one pint of water.

Clothing—The clothing should be light enough to avoid perspiration. In hot weather, a diaper, thin shirt and muslin slip are enough. In very hot weather take off all but the diaper.

Flies are Enemies—Flies are babies' enemies. They carry disease germs and must never be allowed near the baby nor upon anything that touches him. Use screens to keep flies out of the house, kill those that do get in and cover the carriage or crib with white mosquito netting.

CLEANING SUGGESTIONS.

Coat collars.—To one tablespoonful of ammonia add salt to make a paste. Spread on soiled streak of collar, let dry, then brush off. If the collar is not thoroughly cleaned, put on a second application.

Gilt frames.—Brush gilt picture frames with water in which onions have been boiled—three or four to a pint Apply liquid with soft flannel cloth and touch lightly

Straw matting.—Wash the matting with clear warm water and dry at once with a soft cloth which will absorb the moisture and prevent colors from running.—I. M. K.

SALAD HINTS.

Cubes of lemon gelatine are both appetizing and economical in either a fruit or vegetable salad.

Fruit juices are nice additions to salad dressing, used on fruit or gelatine salads.

Lettuce that is intended to be eaten in a salad should be cut in ribbons with a pair of scissors. The quickest way to dry lettuce for a salad is after washing to toss it lightly in a colander and then wipe with tissue paper or paper towelling.

Sour cream makes a nice, rich and economical dressing for cabbage salad. It should be flavored with cinnamon or nutmeg.

All salads are nicest served ice cold.

Parsley flecked with a sharp knife is the daintiest garnish for potato salad.

Grated hard boiled egg is pretty on tomato salad.

Shredded cocoanut adds sweetness and richness to a fruit salad.

Creamed cheese makes a good stuffing for peppers, tomatoes, cherries, dates and prunes used in salad.

Celery salt will take the place of fresh celery to give a salad a pleasing flavor.

The liquid from mustard pickles is good in the dressing of meat or fish salad.

To make a salmon salad from one can of fish serve more than the usual number of people, cold cooked green peas and cucumbers may be mixed with the fish and, also, a little of the heart of the lettuce.

Cold slaw makes an appetizing stuffing for ice cold tomatoes.

Pears, canned or fresh, with nuts and cheese, are an especially nice luncheon salad.

The place with the shortest name in the British Isles is Oa, in Scotland.

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Sealed in its Purity Package.

ISSUE No. 31—'24.

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 VIII.

Mrs. Duff-Whalley was giving a dinner-party This was no uncommon occurrence, for she loved to entertain. It gave her real pleasure to provide a good meal and to see her guests enjoy it. "Besides," as she often said, "what's the use of having everything solid for the table, and a fine house and a cook at sixty pounds a year, if nobody's any the wiser?"

It will be seen from this remark that Mrs. Duff-Whalley had not always been in a position to give dinner-parties; indeed, Mrs. Hope, that terror to the newly risen, who traced everyone back to their first rude beginnings (generally "a wee shop"), had it that the late Mr. Duff-Whalley had begun life as a "Johnnie-a'-things" in Leith, and that his wife had been his landlady's daughter.

But the "wee shop" was in the dim past, if, indeed, it had ever existed except in Mrs. Hope's wicked, wise old head, and for many years Mrs. Duff-Whalley had ruffled it in a world that asked no questions about the origin of money so obviously there.

Most people are weak when they come in contact with a really strong-willed woman. No one liked Mrs. Duff-Whalley, but few, if any, withstood her advances. It was easier to give in and be on calling and dining terms than to repulse a woman who never noticed a snub, and who would never admit the possibility that she might not be wanted. So Mrs. Duff-Whalley could boast with some degree of truth that she knew "everybody," and entertained at The Towers "very nearly the highest in the land."

The dinner-party I write of was not one of her more ambitious efforts. It was a small and (with the exception of one guest) what she called "a purely local affair." That is to say, the people who were to grace the feast were culled from the big villas on the Hill ,and were not "county."

Mrs. Duff-Whalley was an excellent manager, and left nothing to chance. She saw to all the details herself. Dressed and ready quite half an hour before the time fixed for dinner, she had cast her eagle glance over the dinner-table, and now sailed into the drawing-room to see that the fire was at its best, the chairs comfortably disposed, and everything as it should be. Certainly no one could have found fault with the comfort of the room this evening. A huge fire blazed in the most approved style of grate, the electric light (in the latest fittings) also blazed, lighting up the handsome oil-paintings that adorned the walls, the many photographs, the china in the cabinets, the tables with their silver treasures. Everywhere stood vases of heavy-scented hothouse flowers. Mrs. Duff-Whalley approved of hothouse flowers; she said they gave a tone to a room.

The whole room glittered, and its mistress glittered with it as she moved about in a dress largely composed of sequins, a diamond necklace, and a startling ornament in her hair.

She turned as the door opened and her daughter came into the room, and looked her carefully up and down. She was a pretty girl dressed in the extreme of fashion, and under each arm she carried a tiny barking dog.

Muriel was a good daughter to her mother, and an exemplary character in every way, but the odd thing was that few people liked her. This was the more tragic as it was the desire of her heart to be popular. Her appearance was attractive, and strangers usually began acquaintance with enthusiasm, but the attraction rarely survived the first hour's talk. She was like a very well-colored and delightful-looking apple that is without flavor. She was never natural—always aping someone. Her enthusiasms did not ring true, her interest was obviously feigned, and she had the most destroying of social faults, she could not listen with patience, but let her attention wander to the conversation of her neighbors. It seemed as if she could never talk at peace with anyone for fear of missing something more interesting in another quarter.

"You look very nice, Muriel! I'm glad I told you to put on that dress, and that new way of doing your hair is very becoming." One lovable thing about Mrs. Duff-Whalley was the way she sincerely and openly admired everything that was hers. "Now, see and do your best to make the evening go. Mr. Elliot takes a lot of amusing, and the Jowetts aren't very lively either."

"Is that all that's coming?" Muriel asked.

"I asked the new Episcopalian parson—what's his name?—yes—Jackson—to fill up."

"You don't often descend to the clergy, mother."

"No, but Episcopalians are slightly better fitted for society than Presbyterians, and this young man seems quite a gentleman—such a blessing, too, when they haven't got wives. Dear, dear, I told Dickie not to send in any more of that plant—what d'you call it?" (It was a peculiarity of Mrs. Duff-Whalley that she never could remember the names of any but the simplest flowers.) "I don't like its perfume. What was I saying? Of course, I only got up this dinner on the spur of the moment, so to speak, when I met Mr. Elliot in the Highgate. He comes and goes so much you never know when he's at Laverlaw; if you write or telephone he's always got another engagement. But when I met him face to face I just said, 'Now, when will you dine with us, Mr. Elliot?' and he hummed and hawed a bit and then fixed to-night."

"Perhaps he didn't want to come," Muriel suggested, as she snuggled one of the small dogs against her face. "And did it love its own mummy, then, darling snub-nose pet?"

Her mother scouted the idea.

"Why should he not want to come? Do put down those dogs, Muriel. I never get used to see you kissing them. A good dinner and everything comfortable, and you to play the piano to him taught by the best masters—he's ill to please. And he's not very well off, though he does own Laverlaw. It's the time the family has been there that gives him the standing. I must say, he isn't in the least genial, but he gets that from his mother. A starchier old woman I never met. I remember your father and I were staying at the Hydro when old Elliot died, and his son was killed before that, shooting lions or something in Africa, so this Lewis Elliot, who was a nephew, inherited. We thought we would go and ask if by any chance they wanted to sell the place, so we called in a friendly way, though we didn't know them, of course. It was old Mrs. Elliot we saw, and my word, she was cold. As polite as you like, but as icy as the North Pole. Your father had some vulgar sayings I couldn't break him off, and he said as we drove out of the lodge gates, 'Well, that old wife gave us our heads in our laps and our lugs to play wi'."

"Why, mother!" Muriel cried, astonished. Her mother was never heard to use a Scots expression and thought even a Scots song slightly vulgar.

"I know—I know," said Mrs. Duff-Whalley hastily. "It just came over me for a minute how your father said it. He was a very amusing man, your father, very bright to live with, though he was too fond of low Scots expressions for my taste; and he *would* eat cheese to his tea. It kept us down, you know. I've risen a lot in the world since your father left us, though I miss him, of course. He used to laugh at Minnie's ideas. It was Minnie got us to send Gordon to an English school and then to Cambridge, and take the hyphen. Your father had many a laugh at the hyphen, and before the servants too! You see, Minnie went to a high-class school and made friends with the right people and learned how things should be done. She had always assurance, had Minnie. The way she could order the waiters about in those grand London hotels! And then she married Egerton-Thomson. But you're better-looking, Muriel."

Muriel brushed aside the subject of her locks.

"What made you settle in Priorsford?" she asked.

"Well, we came out first to stay at the Hydro—you were away at school then—and your father took a great fancy to the place. He was making money fast, and we always had a thought of buying a place. But there was nothing that just suited us. We thought it would be too dull to be right out in the country at the end of a long drive—exclusive, you know, but terrible dreary, and then your father said, 'Build a house to suit ourselves in Priorsford ,and we'll have shops and a station and everything quite near.' His idea was to have a house as like a hydropathic as possible, and call it The Towers. 'A fine big red house, Aggie,' he often said to me, 'with plenty of bow-windows and turrets and a hothouse off the drawing-room and a sweep of gravel in front and a lot of geraniums and those yellow flowers—what d'you call 'em?—and good lawns, and a flower garden and a kitchen garden and a garage, and what more d'you want?' Well, well, he got them all, but he didn't live long to enjoy them. I think myself that having nothing to do but take his meals killed him. I hear wheels! That'll be the Jowetts. They're always so punctual. Am I all right?"

Muriel assured her that nothing was wrong or lacking, and they waited for the guests.

The door opened and a servant announced, "Mr. and Mrs. Jowett."

Mrs. Jowett walked very slowly and delicately, and her husband pranced behind her. It might have been expected that in their long walk together through life Mr. Jowett would have got accustomed to his wife's deliberate entrances, but no—it always seemed as if he were just on the point of giving her an impatient push from behind.

(To be continued.)

Voices of the Air.

But then there comes that moment rare
When for no cause that I can find,
The little voices of the air
Sound above all the sea and wind.
The sea and wind do then obey,
The singing, singing double notes
Of double basses, content to play
A droning chord for the little throats—
The little throats that sing and rise
Up into the light with lovely ease,
And a kind of magical, sweet surprise
To hear and know themselves for these—
For these little voices; the bee, the fly,
The leaf that taps, the pod that breaks,
The breeze on the grass tops bending by,
The shrill quick sound that the insect makes.

—Katherine Mansfield.

What Wheat "Eats."

A ton of wheat takes away from the soil forty-seven pounds of nitrogen, eighteen pounds of phosphoric acid, and twelve pounds of potash.

Soaking takes the place of rubbing—

JUST by soaking the clothes in the suds of this new soap, dirt is gently loosened and dissolved.

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A Poem You Ought to Know.

In the following poem there is no high literary merit, but it remains possibly the most complete list of observations of the signs of coming rain in the language. It was written by Dr. Edward Jenner, the discoverer of vaccination.

The hollow winds begin to blow,
The clouds look black, the grass is low,
The soot falls down, the spaniels sleep,
The spiders from their cobwebs peep:
Last night the sun went pale to bed,
The moon in haloes hides her head;
The boding shepherd heaves a sigh,
For see, a rainbow spans the sky.
The walls are damp, the ditches smell,
Closed is the pink-eyed pimpernel.
Hark how the chairs and tables crack!
Old Betty's joints are on the rack;
Loud quack the ducks, the peacocks cry,
The distant hills are seeming nigh.
How restless are the snorting swine,
The busy flies disturb the kine;
Low o'er the grass the swallow wings,
The cricket, too, how sharp he sings;
Puss on the hearth, with velvet paws,
Sits wiping o'er her whisker'd jaws.
Through the clear stream the fishes rise,
And nimbly catch the incautious flies.
The glow-worms, numerous and bright,
Illumed the dewy dell last night.
At dusk the squalid toad was seen
Hopping and crawling o'er the green;
The whirling wind the dust obeys,
And in the rapid eddy plays;
The frog has changed his yellow vest,
And in a russet coat is dressed.
Though June, the air is cold and still,
The mellow blackbird's voice is shrill.
My dog, so altered in his taste,
Quits mutton-bones on grass to feast;
And see yon rooks how odd their flight,
They imitate the gliding kite,
And seem precipitate to fall
As if they felt the piercing ball.
'Twill surely rain; I see with sorrow
Our jaunt must be put off to-morrow.

Nurse Plays Big Part in Developing Character.

Quite an interesting book could be written upon the indebtedness of famous men in their childhood to the influence of some old nurse. Lord Shaftsbury, for instancce, to whose influence and perseverance so many of the social reformers of the last century were due, owed almost everything to the religious influence of his nurse, writes F. C. H. in "The Homiletic Review."

His mother was just a fine society lady who apparently cared more about being a beautiful hostess than a faithful mother. He traced the beginning of his Christian life to the influence of that simple Christian woman. She it was who taught him to love his Bible. She was indeed his only guide. Throughout his life he prayed the prayer that she had taught his youthful lips to speak.

Shaftesbury shared this indebtedness to some simple serving women with some of the foremost men of the nineteenth century. Archbishop Tait's mother died whilst he was quite a child. He owed some of life's most wholesome and abiding influences to the nurse who presided over his youthful destinies.

Dean Stanley was similarly indebted and in the mid-course of his career refused a royal command to dine with Queen Victoria that he might attend the funeral of his oldnurse. Men are not supposed to refuse such royal commands—once received that becomes the day's supreme engagement; but after all there are other engagements of loyalty and of gratitude. Robert Louis Stevenson affectionately sent a copy of every new volume he published to an old servant.

For Sore Feet—Minard's Liniment.

Had Been Convicted, Too.

"Do you think that fellow has ever been open to conviction?"

"Yes—and been convicted, too."

To Be Helped By Us—No Doubt.

The child of active mind begins early to inquire into the riddle of the universe. Prof. George H. Palmer of Harvard University likes to tell a story that illustrates that truth.

A little boy and girl of my acquaintance, he says, were tucked up snug in bed when their mother heard them talking.

"I wonder what we're here for?" asked the little boy.

The little girl remembered the lessons that had been taught her and replied sweetly, "We are here to help others."

The little boy sniffed. "Then what are the others here for?"

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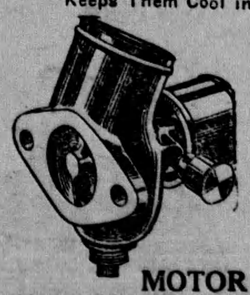

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