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Woman's Sphere

THE BETTER WAY.

Adella rose every morning at seven. She ate a hurried breakfast, made her bed hastily, flung on her coat and planted a kiss on her mother's face that slid along the cheek and landed just in front of the ear. Adella was off to school!

The session closed at three o'clock, but Adella was not at home until four. She liked to loiter, for she had "best friends" to see and many of them. She used the next hour for tennis or skating, according to the season. Then came a few moments at the piano. Dinner was followed by a study period that lasted until bedtime. Obviously there was only one day in the week in which Adella could tidy up her room, and the "rush and bang" habit marked the flash of broom and duster in her room every Saturday.

First she swept. Then she dusted the class mottoes, the school and college pennants, the racket, the fish net, the trophies of vacations and college sports tacked to the wall.

On a shelf over the door she had eleven fancy boxes. Once upon a time every box had held candy. It was the thing for girls of Adella's age to save such boxes as an Indian saves the scalps of his victims. The eleven boxes represented eleven different boys who had sent her candy last St. Valentine's Day. No other girl had more. But the boxes had to be dusted.

There were silk and ribbon powder boxes, glove boxes and handkerchief boxes on the dresser. "Too pretty to be put away," said Adella, "I want them in sight." And they too had to be dusted.

On the writing desk were photographs with frames and photographs without frames, two pink candles in brass holders, a fancy calendar, a doll in pink silk that Adella had won at a fair and a miniature Goddess of Liberty in silver to be used as a paper weight when there were any papers to be weighted. All had to be lifted off while the surface of the desk was wiped; all had to be carefully dusted and put back again.

In the open writing desk were boxes of fancy writing paper, a pencil holder, an ink stand with a little vase holding a pen with a pink quill holder; a china box for stamps and another for pens, each of which had a fancy shepherdess on top of it. All had to be dusted, and the little shepherdess had occasionally to have a soap-and-water bath. Adella looked at the pigeonholes and sighed. She knew that the dust was accumulating there, but, "Oh, well, let it wait another week!"

It was eleven o'clock one Saturday morning when she sank exhausted in her chair. Glancing through the open window, she saw a group of her friends going by to play tennis. She was hot and tired, and somehow all those little cluttering adornments of her room did not appear so attractive.

"The Chinese," said a voice from the doorway, "have a better way."

"Well," answered Adella in tired tones, "I wish I lived in China. Come in, Aunt Addie, and tell me about it. I want to hear something to take my mind off that group that just went by to play tennis."

Aunt Addie entered with a smile, but before she could be seated in the rocker it had to be cleared of one silk workbox that Adella kept on the window sill, one silk bag that after it had been shaken was to be hung over a door-knob, one box of chocolates, a silk kimona that Adella always hung over the foot of her bed because of the "touch of color" it gave to the room and three books.

"When I first entered a Chinese house," said Aunt Addie, "I thought it dreadfully plain. The walls were bare, there were no silk drapes such as we have over here, everything was exquisitively clean, but bare. Then I caught sight of something on a small table two rooms beyond so beautiful that I fairly held my breath. It was a vase of wonderful color and workmanship, and almost the only bit of adornment in the house. I learned then a custom of the Chinese. They have many treasures like the vase, but they usually put them out only one at a time. When they tire of one they put it away and set another in its place. The simplicity of it enchanted me. It seemed much more beautiful than our over-adorned homes. I grew to love it.

"Now, if a girl from China had this room she would put those candy boxes away; she would take down those dust-catching college and vacation trophies, for, really, my dear, they are not artistic. She would sweep those lace and ribbon, glove and handkerchief boxes into the dresser drawer; she would—

"What exquisite workmanship in that silver frame that holds your mother's picture! Do you know, I didn't notice it when I stood in the doorway. There!" She swept everything else off the dresser and put the picture there alone. "How beautiful it looks now.

"Well, dear, I must be going. Your mother and I are motoring over to Ivy Hill. Sorry you can't go with us, but by the time you have bathed and changed your clothes it will be too late. But of course you have to miss all those things when you have so much dusting to do."

"There," declared Adella to herself a half hour later, "I like my room much better now!" She threw her dust rag into the air. "Next Saturday I will have time to enjoy the day. The idea," she went on in tones of disgust, "of dusting off atrocious decorations that immediately begin to gather more dust to cheat me out of more joys on other Saturdays!"

DISPOSING OF TRASH.

A handy way to dispose of trash is to hang a stout paper bag, such as a flour or meal sack, or an old gunny sack which is too ragged for further usefulness, in a convenient place. Drop into it waste papers and burnable odds and ends until it is full, when it may be tossed upon the bonfire and burned, sack and all. It is always a wise precaution, however, to keep all cloths and papers which have been used in connection with oil out of such refuse sacks and baskets; burn them at once.

OLD TURKISH TOWELS.

Worn Turkish towels seem to many housekeepers a hopeless proposition. Yet the less worn parts may be made to serve several excellent uses. Some of mine I make into wash cloths. I cut away the ragged parts, and from the rest shape square or oblong cloths. I fold them once, usually; but if the pieces are worn thin, they are folded twice, making four thicknesses.

The raw edges are turned in and a few basting stitches hold them in place for the machine. With a long stitch and rather loose tension I run around the edges and also stitch diagonally from corner to corner. The stitching crosses in the middle and keeps the cloth firm for the hand when in use. These cloths are convenient and last a long time. Several can be made in a few minutes.

If old towels are saved until a large number have accumulated, excellent rugs may be made from them. Most of the worn towels are still good along the edges and ends. I cut from these strips about an inch and a half wide and sew them together, lapping end over end as for ordinary carpet rags. They are then wound into balls of about one pound each and carried to the carpet weaver who converts them into bathroom rugs of any desired size. They are fine for this use because they are thick and soft and easily laundered. If a few colored strips are sewed and sent with the white, for striping the ends, the rugs are prettier, and can be made to harmonize with the color scheme of the room.

BORDEAUX SAUCE.

My winter larder would not be complete unless I had several jars of this sauce, which is excellent to serve with meats.

Bordeaux Sauce—1 gal. green tomatoes, 1 head cabbage, 5 green peppers, 6 onions, 1 bunch celery, 3 qts. vinegar, 4 cups sugar.

Chop green tomatoes and cabbage fine and let stand one hour in salt water. Drain and add the remaining vegetables, chopped fine, along with the vinegar and sugar. Boil this mixture for two hours and pack in sterilized jars.—Mrs. A. D. M.

GIVE CHILDREN "BOTTLED" SUNSHINE.

Children make their greatest growth when they can get the benefit of direct sunshine. Secondary, or "bottled" sunshine, in the form of carrot, comes next.

The sun, though it does not shine upon your child, has, nevertheless, made provision for his well-being. It has stored its vital energy in the products of the vegetable kingdom, and has placed the vitamines, more precious than gold, within the reach of the human family. It only remains for you to select wisely the diet of your child, and he cannot develop rickets.

Fruit and vegetables stand first as vitamine bearers. Among the vegetables, the once lowly carrot stands in the front rank. It is sunshine itself brought to your table. There is no kind of vitamine, so far discovered, that the carrot does not possess.

Minard's Liniment Heals Cuts.

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 XIII.—(Cont'd.)

"She makes a good mistress, anyway," said loyal Mawson.

"Oh, she's no bad," Bella admitted. "An' I must say she disna gie much trouble—but it's an idle life for ony wumman. I canna see why Miss Reston, wi' a' her faculties aboot her, needs you hinin' round her. Mercy me, what's to hinder her pu'in ribbons through her ain underclothes, if ribbons are necessary, which they're not. There's Mrs. Muir next door, wi' six bairns, an' a' the wark oo' the hoose to dae an' washin's forbye, an' here's Miss Reston never liftin' a finger except to pu' silk threads through a bit stuff. That's what makes folk Socialists."

Mawson, who belonged to that fast-disappearing body, the real servant class, and who, without a thought of envy, delighted in the possession of her mistress, looked sadly puzzled.

"But, Beller, don't you think things work out more h'even than they seem? Mrs. Muir next door works very 'ard. I've seen her put out a washin' by seven o'clock in the morning, but then she 'as a good 'usband and an 'ealthy family and much pleasure in 'er work. Miss Reston lies soft and drinks her mornin' tea in comfort, but she never knows the satisfied feelin' that Mrs. Muir 'as when she takes in 'er clean clothes."

"Weel, mebbe you're right. I'm nae Socialist masel'. There maun aye be rich and poor, Dives in the big hoose and Lazarus at the gate. But so long as we're sure that Dives'll catch it in the end, and Lazarus lie soft in Abraham's bosom, we can pit up wi' the unfairness here. An' speakin' aboot Miss Reston, I dinna mind her no' working. Ye can see by the look of her that she never was meant to work, but just to get everything done for her. Can ye picture her peelin' tatties? The verra thocht's rideeclus. She's juist for lokin' at, like the floors and a' the bonnie things. . . . But it's thae new folk that pit up ma birse. That Mrs. Duff-Whalley, crouse cat! Rollin' aboot wrap up in furs in a great caur, patronisin' everybody that's daft enough to let theirselves be patronized by her. Onybody could see she's no used to it. She's so ta'en up wi' hersel'. It's kinda play-actin' for her. An' there's naebody gives less to charitable objects. I suppose when we've paid and fed sae mony servants, and dressed yersel' in silks and satins, and bocht every denty ye can think of, and kept up a great big hoose an' a great muckle caur, there's no that much left for the kirk-plate, or the heathen, or the hospitals. . . . Oh, it's peetifu'!"

Mawson nodded wisely. "There's plenty Mrs. Duff-Whalleys about; you be thankful you've only one in the place. Priorsford is a very charitable place, I think. The poor people here don't know they're born after London, and the clergy seem very active too."

"Oh, they are that. I daur say they're as guid as is gaun. Mr. Morrison is a fine man if marriage disna ruin him."

"Oh, surely not!"

"There's no sayin'," said Bella gloomily. "She's young and flighty, but there's wan thing she has no money. I kent a minister—he was a kinda cousin o' ma father's—an' he mairret a heiress and they had late denner. I tell ye that late denner was the ruin o' that man. It fair got between him an' his jidgment. He couldna veesit his folk at a wise-like hour in the evening because he was gaun to hev his denner, and he couldna get oot late because his leddy-wife wanted him to be at hame efter denner. There's mony a thing to cause a minister to stumble, for they're juist human beings after a', but his rich mairrage was John Allison's undoing."

"Marriage," sighed Mawson, "is a great risk. It's often as well to be single, but I sometimes think Providence must ha' meant me to 'ave an 'usband—I'm such a clingin' creature."

Such sentiments were most distasteful to Miss Bathgate, that self-reliant spinster, and she said bitterly:

"Ma wumman, ye're ill off for semething to cling to! I never saw the man yet that I wud be pitten up wi'."

"Ho! I shouldn't say that, but I must say I couldn't fancy a h'undertaker. Just imagine 'im 'andlin' the dead and then 'andlin' me!"

"Eh, ye nesty cratur," said Bella, much disgusted. "But I suppose ye're meaning English undertakers—men that does naething but work wi' funerals—a fearsome ill job. Here it's the jiner that does a' thing, so it's faur mair homely."

"Speakin' about marriages," said Mawson, who preferred cheerful subjects, "I do enjoy a nice weddin'. The motors and the bridesmaids and the flowers. Is there no chance of a weddin' 'ere?"

Miss Bathgate shook her head.

"Why not Miss Jean?" Mawson suggested.

Again Miss Bathgate shook her head.

"Nae siller," she said briefly.

"What! No money, you mean? But h'every gentleman ain't after money." Mawson's expression grew softly sentimental as she added, "Many a one marries for love, like the King and the beggar-maid."

"Mebbe," said Bella, "but the auld rhyme's oftener true:

" 'Be a lassie ne'er sae black
Gie her but the name o' siller,
Set her up on Tintock tap
An' the wind'll blaw a man till her.

Be a lassie ne'er sae fair,
Gin she hinna penny-siller,
A flea may fell her in the air
Ere a man be evened till her.'

"I would like fine to see Miss Jean get a guid man, for she's no' a bad lassie, but I doot she'll never manage't."

"Oh, Beller, you do take an 'opeless view of things. I think it's because you wear black so much. Now I must say I like a bit o' bright color. I think it gives one bright thoughts."

"I aye wear black," said Bella firmly, as she carried the supper dishes to the scullery, "and then, as the auld wifie said, 'Come daith, come sacrament, I'm ready!' "

CHAPTER XIV.

The living-room at The Rigs was the stage of many plays. Its uses ranged from the tent of a menagerie or the wigwam of an Indian brave to the Forest of Arden.

This December night it was a "wood near Athens," and to Mhor, if to no one else, it faithfully represented the original. That true Elizabethan needed no aids to his imagination. "This is a wood," said Mhor, and a wood it was. "Is all our company here?" and to him the wood was peopled by Quince and Smug, by Bottom the weaver, by Puck and Oberon. Titania and her court he reluctantly admitted were necessary to the play, but he did not try to visualize them, regarding them privately as blots. The love-scenes between Hermia and Lysander, Helena and Demetrius, were omitted, because Jock said they were "awful silly."

It was Friday evening, so Jock had put off learning his lessons till the next day, and, as Bully Bottom, was calling over the names of his caste.

"Are we all met?"

"Pat, pat," said Mhor, who combined in his person all the other parts, "and here's a marvellous convenient place for our rehearsal; this green plot shall be our stage, this hawthorn brake our tiring-house; and we will do it in action as we will do it before the duke."

Pamela Reston, in her usual place, the corner of the sofa beside the fire, threaded her needle with a bright silk thread and watched the players amusedly.

"Did you ever think," she asked Jean, who sat on a footstool beside her—a glowing figure in a Chinese coat given her by Pamela, engaged rather incongruously in darning one of Jock's stockings—"did you ever think what it must have been like to see a Shakespeare play for the first time? Was the Globe filled, I wonder, with a quite unexpectant first night audience? And did they realize that the words they heard were deathless words? Imagine hearing for the first time:

" 'When daisies pied and violets blue
And lady-smocks all silver white. . .'

and then—'The words of Mercury are harsh after the songs of Appollo.' Did you ever try to write, Jean?"

"Pamela," said Jean, "if you drop from Shakespeare to me in that sudden way you'll be dizzy. I have thought of writing and trying to give a truthful picture of Scottish life—a cross between *Drumtochty* and *The House with the Green Shutters*—but I'm sure I shall never do it. And if by any chance I did accomplish it, it would probably be reviewed as a 'feebly written story of life in a Scots provincial town,' and then I would beat my pen into a hatpin and retire from the literary arena. I wonder how critics can bear to do it. I couldn't sleep at nights for thinking of my victims——"

"You sentimental little absurdity! It wouldn't be honest to praise poor work."

Jean shook her head. "They could always be a little kind. . . Pamela, I love myself in this coat. You can't think what a delight colors are to me." She stopped, and then said shyly, "You have brought color into all our lives. I can see now how drab they were before you came."

"Oh, dear, no, Jean, your life was never drab. It could never be drab whatever your circumstances, you have so much happiness within yourself. I don't think anything in life could ever quite down you, and even death—what of death, Jean?"

(To be continued.)

Precaution.

John wrote the following letter to his sweetheart: Dearest, darling, girl of my heart; I would swim the deepest rivers for you! I would brave the worst dangers for your sake; I would face death in any storm just for you. Your only true lover, John.

P.S.—I'll be over to-night if it doesn't rain.

For Sore Feet—Minard's Liniment.

Mackintosh for His Daughter.

Some few years ago an English family rented a place in the Highlands for a few months. It was near a loch, and one morning the party engaged a boat to take them across. The weather had become unsettled, and the father said to the boatman, "By the way, can you tell me where I could get a mackintosh for my daughter" The boatman rested on his oars for a moment or two, and then said, "There's not ferry many Mackintoshes heerabouts, but there's a fine young Macdonald, a bachelor, who lives at the loch, and he might be suiting the young lady."

Ignition.

The force was out to lunch—leaving the bookkeeper alone in the store. A handsome young chap strode in. "Do they keep automobile accessories here?" he asked.

The little bookkeeper smiled her sweetest. "Only me," she replied.

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