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# Woman's Sphere

THE FAMILY POCKET-BOOK.

"With all my goods I thee endow,"
The marriage service ran,
That William blithely chanted;
And was made a happy man.

And he really thinks he meant it,
Long with "better and for worse."
But it's down in William's pocket
That you'll find the family purse.

He'd be very much insulted,
And he'd rant and rave and tear,
If you hinted that his helpmate
Really ought to have a share.

"Pay her wages like a servant
Hired to do her little task!
Everything I have is hers, sir!
All she has to do is- ask."

"And she has the butter money,
Buys what groceries she thinks best.
And I never think of asking
What she does with all the rest."

"All things else we have in common,
All is hers as well as mine."
But it's down in William's pocket
That those family dollars shine.

FOR LATE SEASON CANNING.

The following recipes are all a bit dfferent, and will fill your shelves with delicious additions for winter menus. The recipes given all use the "garden's last offerings," and may be made after the weather begins to get cooler.

Quince-Apple Preserves—Put six seeded raisins. Add one quart of vinegar, two cups of brown sugar, one teaspoon celery seed, and one tablespoon of salt. Cook for one hour, stirring occasionally to prevent sticking and burning. Pour into jars and seal.

Horseradish and Beet Relish—One pint of beets, cooked and chopped, one-half pint of grated horseradish root, one teaspoon of salt, one tablespoon of sugar, and two-thirds cup of vinegar. Pack in small jars.

Sweet Apple Pickles—For these, use small apples. Cut them in half and remove the core, but do not peel. Pack closely in a sterilized jar and fill with the following: To one quart of water add one and a half cups of dark brown syrup, a scant cup of vinegar, two or three sticks of cinnamon, broken up, and a tablespoon of whole cloves. Adjust rubbers and screw the tops on as far as you can with the thumb and quinces and three sweet apples through the food chopper. Boil the quince parings in enough water to make one quart after the parings have become tender. Drain off the juice and add two quarts of sugar. Boil until it is syrupy, then add the quince and apple pulp and cook slowly until it is as thick as jelly. Pour into jelly glasses, and when cool seal with melted paraffin.

Tomato and Apple Relish—Grind together twelve apples, six mangoes, six green tomatoes, and one pound of first finger. Sterilize in hot water bath for three-fourths of an hour.

A NEW GAME.

A new game, which always causes much amusement, is Funny Faces. All the outfit required to play it is a table, a lamp, a pencil, a sheet of paper ruled in two-inch squares, an old newspaper and two or more fun-loving persons. An umpire may be useful but is not strictly necessary, for the winner can be determined by written voting slips. If an umpire is to decide who is the winner, he should not know the numbers that belong to the players.

Numbers corresponding to the number of persons playing are written on slips of paper and passed in a hat. The umpire sits apart from the players, who do not call out their numbers.

Lay the sheet of paper on the table by the side of the lamp, crumple a piece of newspaper into a ball the size of a large marble, lay it at the side of a square near the lamp, so that the ball will cast a shadow in the centre of the square. Keep turning the ball, until it casts a shadow somewhat resembling a face. Outline the face with a pencil, add an eye, an ear, hair, a neck line, collar, or anything the player's fancy may suggest.

Anyone who has the faculty of putting in extra touches, so as to accentuate the outline of the face, can get some exceedingly laughable results. Each player signs his number under his drawing, together with a title.

The player who draws the most amusing or striking portrait and names it most aptly wins the first prize.

TEN COMMANDMENTS TO PARENTS.

Another school year is now in full swing. With all the enthusiasm and eagerness of a child, several thousand youngsters have begun their first or a new year of their school life. It often develops that this enthusiasm and interest in their school work becomes a strain that may tend to cause the child to be nervous and irritable, and eventually rob him of health and the enjoyment of his youth.

Dr. Park J. White, child specialist, says that the best cure for this nervousness is prevention, and gives these ten commandments to parents to help their children.

1. Be sure that the child is in good physical condition. Nervousness should be the last diagnosis made.

2. Never let the child hear you or anyone else talk about him.

3. Make few requests and have them obeyed, instead of many requests that are not followed up.

4. Remember that a child always knows more than the proudest parent thinks he does. Keep him occupied.

5. If you must worry about your child, don't let him see it. He looks to you for strength, not weakness.

6. Never say, "Boys will be boys." It covers too many sins.

7. Never hire anyone to do the actual bringing up of your child. Try to fit yourself for the task.

8. Enter into your child's fun just as much as into his discipline. Otherwise, you will scarcely know each other.

9. Know all about your child's teachers and his friends without seeming to interfere.

10. At the proper time, talk to your children—father to son, mother to daughter—of sex, as naturally as you would of digestion.

"Once a child has developed one or more of the great catalog of nervous symptoms," says this specialist, "the greatest hope of cure lies in correcting the physical trouble that may be responsible. Failing this, the child's environment much be changed, either by purging the house of nervous adults, by sending the child away for a visit, by providing new companions, by putting him in a new school if the old one has really been at fault, or by putting him in bed for a rest cure.

A GARDEN IN A MUFFIN PAN.

Has your faithful muffin pan sprung a leak and ceased to be oven-worthy? Those very holes are useful! And for a muffin tin garden there should be two or three small ones in each cup. Pound them in with a nail. Next paint the whole pan a dull green enamel. Place good soil suitable for nasturtiums in each cup. Plant several seeds to each cup and then watch them grow into a very decorative and new kind of "dish garden" for the living room.

For Sore Feet—Minard's Liniment.

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Everywhere, every day, the hands are touching things covered with dust.

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# 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 XIV.—(Cont'd.)

Jean looked up from her stocking. "As Boswell said to Dr. Johnson, 'What of death, Sir?' and the great man was so angry that the little twittering genius should ask lightly of such a terrifying thing that he barked at him and frightened him out of the room! I suppose the ordinary thing is never to think about death at all, to keep the thought pushed away. But what makes people so afraid of it. It's such a bogey to them. The Puritans went to the other extreme and dressed themselves in their grave-clothes every day. Wasn't it Samuel Rutherford who advised people to 'forefancy their latter end'? I think that's where Great-aunt Alison got the idea; she certainly made us 'forefancy' ours! But apart from what death may mean to each of us—life itself gets all its meaning from death. If we didn't know that we had all to die we could hardly go on living, could we?"

"Well," said Pamela, "it would certainly be difficult to bear with people if their presence and our own were not utterly uncertain. And if we knew with surety when we rose in the morning that for another forty years we would go on getting up, and having a bath and dressing, we would be apt to expire with ennui. We rise with alacrity because we don't know if we shall ever put our clothes on again."

Jean gave a little jump of expectation. "It's frightfully interesting. You never do know when you get up in the morning what will happen before night."

"Most people find that a little wearing. It isn't always nice things that happen, Jean."

"Not always, of course, but far more nice things than nasty ones."

Jean, I'm afraid you're a chirping optimist. You'll reduce me to the depths of depression if you insist on being so bright. Rather help me to rail against fate, and so cheer me."

"Do you realize that Davie will be home next week?" said Jean, as if that were reason enough for any amount of optimism. "I think, on the whole, he has enjoyed his first term, but he was pretty homesick at first. He never actually said so, but he told us in one letter that he smelt the tea when he made it, for it was the one thing that reminded him of home. And another time he spoke with passionate dislike of the pollarded trees, because such things are unknown on Tweedside. I'm so glad he has made quite a lot of friends. I was afraid he might be so shy and unforthcoming that he would put people off, but he writes enthusiastically about the men he is with. It is good for him to be made to leave his work, and play games; he is keen about his footer and they think he will row well! The man who has rooms on the same staircase seems a very good sort. I forget who he is—it's quite a well-known family—but he has been uncommonly kind to Davie. He wants him to go home with him next week, but of course Davie is keen to get back to Priorsford. Besides, you can't visit the stately homes of England on thirty shillings, and that's about Davie's limit, dear lamb! Jock and Mhor are looking forward with joy to hear him speak. They expect his accent to have suffered an Oxford change, and Jock doesn't think he will be able to remain in the room with him and not laugh."

"I expect Jock will be 'affronted,'" said Pamela. "But you aren't the only one who is expecting a brother, Jean girl. Any moment I may hear that Biddy is in London. He wired from Port Said that he would come straight to Priorsford. I wonder whether I should take rooms for him in the Hydro, or in one of these nice old hotels in the Nethergate? I wish I could crush him into Hillview, but there isn't any room, alas!"

"I wish," said Jean, and stopped. She had wanted in her hospitable way to say that Pamela's brother must come to The Rigs, but she checked the impulse with a fear that it was an absurd proposal. She was immensely interested in this brother of Pamela's. All she had heard of him appealed to her imagination, for Jean, cumbered as she was with domestic cares, had an adventurous spirit, and thrilled to hear of the perils of the mountains, the treks behind the ranges for something hidden, all the daring escapades of an adventure-loving young man with time and money at his disposal. She had made a hero of Pamela's "Biddy," but now that she was to see him she shrank from the meeting. Suppose he were a supercilious sort of person who would be bored with the little town and the people in it. And the fact that he had a title complicated matters, Jean thought. She could not imagine herself talking naturally to Lord Bidborough. Besides, she thought, she didn't know in the least how to talk to men; she so seldom met any.

"I expect," she broke out after a silence, "your brother will take you away?"

"For Christmas, I think," said Pamela, "but I shall come back again. Do you realize that I've been here two months, Jean?"

"Does it seem so short to you?"

"In a way it does; the days have passed so pleasantly. And yet I seem to have been here all my life; I feel so much a part of Priorsford, so akin to the people in it. It must be the Border blood in my veins. My mother loved her own country dearly. I have heard my aunt say that she never felt at home at Bidborough or Mintern Abbas. I am sure she would have wanted us to know her Scots home, so Biddy and I are going to Champertoun for Christmas. My mother had no brothers, and everything went to a distant cousin. He and his wife seem friendly people and they urge us to visit them."

"That will mean a lovely Christmas for you," Jean said.

Here Mhor stopped being an Athenian reveller to ask that the sofa might be pushed back. The scene was now the palace of Theseus, and Mhor, as the Prologue, was addressing an imaginary audience with—"Gentles, perchance you wonder at this show."

Pamela and Jean removed themselves to the window-seat and listened while Jock, covered with an old skin rug, gave a realistic presentment of the Lion, that very gentle beast, and of a good conscience.

The tedious brief" scene was drawing to an end, when the door opened and Mrs. M'Cosh, with a scared look in her eyes and an excited squeak in her voice, announced, "Lord Bidborough."

A slim, dark young man stood in the doorway, regarding the dishevelled room. Jock and Mhor were still writhing on the floor, the chairs were pushed away, Pamela's embroidery frame had alighted on the bureau, the rugs were pulled here and there.

Pamela gave a cry and rushed at her brother, forgetting everything in the joy of seeing him. Then, remembering her hostess, she turned to Jean, who still sat on the window-seat, her face flushed and her eyes dark with excitement, the blood-red mandarin's coat with its embroidery of blue and mauve and gold vivid against the dark curtains, and said, "Jean this is Biddy!"

Jean stood up and held out a shy hand.

"And this is Jock—and Mhor!"

"Having a great game, aren't you?" said the newcomer.

"Not a game," Mhor corrected him, "a play. Midsummer Night's Dream."

"No, are you? I once played in it at the O.U.D.S. I wanted to be Bully Bottom, but I wasn't much good, so they made me Snug the Joiner. I remember the man who played Puck was a wonder, about as light on his feet and as swift as the real Puck. A jolly play."

"Biddy," said his sister, "why didn't you wire to me? I have taken no rooms."

"Oh, that's all right—a porter at the station, a most awfully nice chap, put me into a sort of fly and sent me to one of the hotels—a jolly good little inn it is—and they can put me up. Then I asked for Hillview, mentioning the witching name of Miss Bella Bathgate, and they sent a boy with me to find the place. Miss Bathgate sent me on here. Beautifully managed, you see."

He smiled lazily at his sister, who cried:

"The same casual old Biddy! What about dinner?"

"Mayn't I feed with you? I think Miss Bathgate would like me to. And I'm devoted to stewed beef and carrots. After cold storage food it will be a most welcome change. But," turning to Jean, "please forgive me for arriving on you like this, and discussing board and lodgings. It's the most frightful cheek on my part, but, you see, Pam's letters have made me so well acquainted with The Rigs and everyone in it that I'm afraid I don't feel the need of ceremony."

"We wouldn't know what to do with ceremony here," said Jean. "But I do wish the room had been tidier. You will get a bad impression of our habits—and we are really quite neat as a rule. Jock, take that rug back to Mrs. M'Cosh and put the sofa right. And, Mhor, do wash your face; you've got it all smeared with black."

As Jean spoke she moved about, putting things to rights, lifting cushions, brightening the fire, brushing away fallen cinders.

"That's better. Now don't stand about so uncomfortably. Pamela, sit in your corner; and this is a really comfortable chair, Lord Bidborough."

"I want to look at the books, if I may," said Lord Bidborough. "It's always the first thing I do in a room. You have a fine collection here."

"They are nearly all my father's books," Jean explained. "We don't add to them, except, of course, on birthdays and at Christmas, and never valuable books."

"You have some very rare books—this, for instance."

"Yes. Father treasured that—and have you seen this?"

They browsed among the books for a little, and Jean, turning to Pamela, said, "I remember the first time you came to see us you did this, too, walked about and looked at the books."

"I remember," said Pamela; "history repeats itself."

(To be continued.)

A Scotch Gift.

"Here, Annie, here's something for your birthday," announced an old Scotchman, handing his servant a cheque for five dollars, but with the signature line blank. "Keep it, an' on your next birthday I'll sign it."

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## THE CENTRE OF INTEREST

A Little Lesson in Living

I enjoyed a great privilege this Summer. I was allowed to sojourn for a part of my vacation with the artists' colony which every summer gathers on the Ox Bow of the Kalamazoo river, ner Saugatuck, Michigan.

I want to pass on to you a little lesson in living which I learned while idling among the busily happy worshippers of beauty who spend their holiday working with brush and palette, amid the endlessly varying charms of light and shadow on the oak clad sand dunes and mirroring river surface.

One of my first friends was practising his magic upon an easeled canvas on the river bank. His subject was a little group of frame buildings—the Ox Bow studio—against a background of trees. The sun and shadow on the sloping roofs of red and on the green walls constituted the lure for his brush—or rather for his palette knife. He explained to me that he preferred the latter to any brush, and I marveled as he spread his oily pigment, buttering his canvas as I might butter toast, and evolving from this seemingly primitive process a wonder of harmony in line and color such as no mere toast butterer ever dreamed of achieving.

Between him and his subject stood another artist at another easel, and my friend had put him in his picture, at the edge of his canvas, looking out toward the edge and away from the group of studio buildings.

Presently came by a third member of the colony—one whose ability and attainment had given him the right to comment upon the work of others, and whose criticism was valued as that of the seeing eye and the understanding heart.

He stood for a moment watching the palette knife as it spread the color, strengthening a high light, deepening or subduing a shadow; and then he spoke:

"So you are trying to do what can't be done!" he said. It was said half-humorously, but with a kindly positiveness.

"But I think it can!" answered my friend.

"Yes," continued the critic. "We had a student at the Art Institute last year who thought it could. He took three months to learn he was mistaken."

My uninitiated mind became curious to know what was the impossible which my friend had undertaken to prove possible. I waited eagerly for the argument to disclose the cause of the controversy, unnamed as yet, but evidently understood by both.

"You cannot put a figure in your picture, on the edge of your canvas and looking out of it, and preserve its centre of interest. You are dissipating interest," said the critic.

"But this and this and this," replied my friend, indicating with his thumb the sweep of line, the massing of light and shadow in the composition of the picture, "all contribute to the interest centre, and I will tone down the figure a bit."

His defense was in reality an admission, and being a very wise man the critic knew it, so he spent no words in further argument.

"Very well," he concluded, "go on with your experiment; but it can't be done," and wandered off to speak words of wisdom to some other adventurer in the enchanted realm of Art.

Now being no artist myself, all of this might have meant little or nothing to me were it not for my habit of looking for the life lesson in such things.

But the making of a life is in many ways like the making of a picture; and in this way as much as in any other—if life is to be effective it must have a centre of interest, and everything must contribute to it. No life can be really beautiful without such a centre, and its beauty can never appeal and satisfy as it should if there be in it rivalling elements which divert and distract—figures looking out of the canvas as if there lay elsewhere an equally or more important interest.

Many lives are marred in both beauty and usefulness by failure to observe this fundamental principle. It is not that there may be only one beautiful thing, one worth while thing in life, but that there must be one thing which predominates, and to which all else that is lovely and worth while contributes interest and value; from which, in truth, all else in the picture derives its measure of charm and significance.

So as the artist must choose what he will have in his picture and what he will leave out, you, who would make a life, must choose. First, what is your centre of interest; then, what will contribute to it—so the picture, and so the life, is made.

And as I watched these artists, I noticed this—None of them was taking himself for the centre of interest, but everyonewho showed any sign at all of painting good pictures was putting himself into his painting; expressing and interpreting himself in terms of the world of beauty about him, in terms of the interest to be found in other forms and other faces.

And that is also a little lesson in living which I learned this Summer—a little lesson in beautiful living. For I found that as these artists had been making their pictures of beauty they had also been making personalities of wonderful charm.—S. J. Duncan-Clark in "Success."

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Two.

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