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Woman's Sphere

SCRAP-BAG GIFTS.

Christmas is coming, so let's see what dainty gift possibilities the scrap bag holds, though, indeed, it is equally useful when birthday anniversary and hope-chest remembrances are in order.

Every bit of silk, lace, ribbon, left-over yarn and half yards of material should be used up, and there are ways for the ingenious woman to make them into unusual gifts.

There is nothing which so pleases the little girl as doll clothes. Make her a little bathing suit for her rubber or celluloid baby, using an old woolen stocking, binding it with gay red ribbon, and a little cap made from a torn rubber glove or the pieces of a discarded bathing hat.

A velvet or silk evening cape; a little feather or ribbon hat; underwear that will come off; a knitted blanket, a foot square made from a small ball of rose wool; a little white bedspread—these will bring their reward in a child's gratitude.

If the men are handy with tools make a doll house for the child. Partition it into four rooms with tiny doors and proceed to furnish it from the scrap bag. The pleasure one gets in making tiny draperies for the windows, choosing small pieces of silk and velvet for door hangings and cushions, dressing the pasteboard furniture in muslin sheets or gold-thread tapestry as required, is such as is never found shopping in town for the expensive doll or mechanical plaything you want to give a little girl on Christmas.

Flowers are used on so many things now that they are a most acceptable gift. Make them of organdie, velvet, taffeta or satin and trim with lace or embroidery. It is easy to pick up effective ideas for such work, and both maker and receiver will be pleased with the gift.

Beautiful pillow covers for the bed or couch can be made from half-yard pieces of silks or linen. Even net combines beautifully with linen—a deep rose cushion, veiled with cream net, making an ideal gift for a friend's hope chest.

The porch can always find use for any number of square, round or oblong cushions covered with cretonne, percale, gingham or rep. Plain backs of a contrasting color, using the same in applique on the front, permit using small scraps.

Don't forget aprons! One cannot make the large kitchen aprons from small pieces, but the refreshment or hostess aprons offer no end of opportunity to the scrap-bag possessor. A very quaint black satin one was made from a long narrow piece of material, wide as the width and only half a yard long. Turned about, the top slightly tucked at the waistline and ribbons attached, it became a great favorite with its gay orange velvet applique.

Bits of left-over crochet cotton may be used up advantageously in making three-inch filet initials for towels or making lace out of short lengths of rickrack or braid. One girl was pleased as could be with a half dozen initials and trimming for the end of as many towels for her hope chest.

A yard and a half of material can be cut beautifully into one of the popular bed or breakfast jackets. A combing jacket made of voile is always useful and can often be made with a yard, if the piece is used over the head diagonally, and short under the arms.

Don't overlook the gingham luncheon sets. Perhaps by combining two kinds of material the little doilies and napkins can be made, trimmed with cross-stitch or applique. Just the lunch cloth alone, made of gingham with a plain border or unbleached muslin with a deep checked border, makes a nice gift for the busy woman.

Remember the old crewelwork in yarn and give everything a touch of it. Think over the possibilities and copy the clever work you have seen. Make a doll light, a candle lamp shade, a telephone mask, underwear, silver or typewriter covers of flannel, bookmarks of ribbon with flower end weights—anything.

Get out the scrap bag to-day!

THE AFTERNOON CUP OF TEA.

If I wish to serve an especially tasty cup of afternoon tea I use orange flavoring, many people preferring this to lemon. To give the tea a delicate flavor put dried orange peel in a closed jar with cube sugar. In a few hours the sugar will absorb the orange flavor just enough to make a cupful of sweetened tea delicious. Sliced lemon served with the orange-flavored sugar adds to the tea for some people.

A POPULAR STYLE FOR A MASQUERADE SUIT.

4900. This model may be developed in flannel, cambric or jersey cloth. The coat is separate, and is joined to the hood at the neck. This is a very popular costume for children's theatricals, fancy dress parties and masquerades.

The Pattern is cut in 5 Sizes: 4, 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. A 10-year size requires 5 yards of 27-inch material.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 20c in silver, by the Wilson Publishing Co., 73 West Adelaide St., Toronto.

Send 15c in silver for our up-to-date Fall and Winter 1924-1925 Book of Fashions.

TO MEND CHINA.

A thin layer of white lead should be smeared on each piece of the broken crockery. The parts must then be pressed together and held in place with string. Plenty of time should be allowed for the white lead to set hard before the article is used. When once the hardening has taken place the joint will stand any amount of heat, and as time goes by the join becomes so complete that it will never break away. White lead can be pressed into a crack in a lavatory basin to prevent leakage.

WATCH THE ASH PAN.

Ashes allowed to accumulate in the fire box of a stove will cause the lining to burn out. Ashes will also interfere with the heating of the rest of the stove. To lengthen the life of the stove, keep the ash pan empty. When a full pan of ashes becomes hot, it will keep the grate of the stove so hot that it will warp and burn out, and sometimes cause the oven to warp. When a housewife tries to build a fresh fire in a stove with a full ash pan, she will have to take twice as long before she gets her stove heated satisfactorily. It is also a waste of good fuel.

Violet perfume is the result of a mixture of three or four essences of different flowers before the violet odor is obtained.

For Sore Feet—Minard's Liniment.

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After Every Meal
It's the longest-lasting confection you can buy—and it's a help to digestion and a cleanser for the mouth and teeth.
Wrigley's means benefit as well as pleasure.

ISSUE No. 46—'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 XVI.

The day before Pamela and her brother left Priorsford for their visit to Champertoun was a typical December day, short and dark and dirty.

There was a party at Hopetoun in honor of David's homecoming, and Pamela and her brother were invited, along with the entire family from The Rigs.

They all set off together in the early darkening, and presently Pamela and the three boys got ahead, and Jean found herself alone with Lord Birborough.

Weather had little or no effect on Jean's spirits, and to-day, happy in having David at home, she cared nothing for the depressing mist that shrouded the hills, or the dank drip from the trees on the carpet of sodden leaves, or the sullen swirl of Tweed coming down big with spate, foaming against the supports of the bridge.

"As dull as a great thaw," she quoted to her companion cheerfully. It does seem a pity the snow should have gone away before Christmas. Do you know, all the years of my life I've never seen snow on Christmas. I do wish Mhor wouldn't go on praying for it. It's so stumbling for him when Christmas comes mild and muggy. If we could only have it once as you see it in pictures and read about it in books——"

She broke off to bow to Miss Watson and her sister, Miss Teenie, who passed Jean and her companion with skirts held well out of the mud and eyes, after the briefest glance, demurely cast down.

"They are going out to tea," Jean explained to Lord Bidborough. "Don't they look nice and tea-partyish? Fur capes over their best dresses and snow boots over their slippers. Those little black satin bags hold their work, and I expect they have each a handkerchief edged with Honiton lace and scented with White Rose. Probably they are going to Mrs. Henderson's. She gives wonderful teas, and they will be taken to a bedroom to take off their outer coverings, and they'll stay till about eight o'clock and then go home to supper."

Lord Bidborough laughed. "I begin to see what Pam means when she talks of the lovableness of a little town. It is cosy, as she says, to see people go out to tea and know exactly where they are going, and what they'll do when they get there."

"I should think," said Jean, "that it would rather appeal to you. Your doings have always been on such a big scale—climbing the highest mountains in the world, going to the very farthest places—that the tiny and the trivial ought to be rather fascinating by contrast."

Lord Bidborough admitted that it was so, and silence fell between them.

"I wonder," said Jean politely, having cast round in her mind for a topic that might interest—"I wonder what you will attempt next? Jock says you want to climb Everest. He is frightfully excited about it, and wishes you would wait a few years till he is grown up and ready."

"Jock is a jewel, and he will certainly go with me when I attempt Everest, if that time ever comes."

They had reached the entrance to Hopetoun: the avenue to the house was short. "Would you mind," said Lord Bidborough, "walking on with me for a little bit? . . . ."

"But why?" asked Jean, looking along the dark, uninviting road. "They'll wonder what's become of us, and tea will be ready, and Mrs. Hope doesn't like to be kept waiting."

"Never mind," said Lord Bidborough, his tone somewhat desperate. "I've got something I want to say to you, and this may be my only chance. Jean, could you ever—I mean, d'you think it possible—Oh, Jean, will you marry me?"

Jean backed away from him, her mouth open, her eyes round with astonishment. She was too much surprised to be anything but utterly natural.

"Are you asking me to marry you? But how ludicrous!"

The answer restored them both to their senses.

Lord Bidborough laughed ruefully and said, "Well, that's not a pretty way to take a proposal," while Jean, flushed with shame at her own rudeness, and finding herself suddenly rather breathless, gasped out, "But you shouldn't give people such frights. How could I know you were going to say anything so silly? And it's my first proposal, and I've got on goloshes!"

"Oh, Jean! What a blundering idiot I am! I might have known it was a wrong moment, but I'm hopelessly inexperienced, and, besides, I couldn't risk waiting; I so seldom see you alone. Didn't you see, little blind Jean, that I was head over ears in love with you? The first night I came to The Rigs you spoke to me in your singing voice I knew you were the one woman in the world for me."

"No," said Jean. "No."

"Ah, don't say that. You're not going to send me away, Penny-plain?"

"Don't you see," said Jean, "I musn't let myself care for you, for it's quite impossible that I could ever marry you. It's no good even speaking about such a thing. We belong to different worlds."

"If you mean my stupid title, don't let that worry you. A second and the Socialists alter that! A title means nothing in these days."

"It isn't only your title: it's everything—oh, can't you see?"

"Jean, dear, let's talk it over quietly. I confess I can't see any difficulty at all—if you care for me a little. That's the one thing that matters."

"My feelings," said Jean, "don't matter at all. Even if there was nothing else in the way, what about Davie and Jock and the dear Mhor? I must always stick to them—at least until they don't need me any longer."

"But, Jean, beloved, you don't suppose I want to take you away from them? There's room for them all. . . I can see you at Mintern Abbas, Jean, and there's a river there, and the hills aren't far distant—you won't find it unhomelike—the only thing that is lacking is a railway for the Mhor."

"Please don't," said Jean. "You hurt me when you speak like that. Do you think I would let you burden yourself with all my family? I would never be anything but a drag on you. You must go away, Richard Plantagenet, and take your proper place in the world, and forget all about Priorsford and Penny-plain, and marry someone who will help you with your career and be a fit mistress for your great houses, and I'll just stay here. The Rigs is my proper setting."

"Jean," said Lord Bidborough, "will you tell me—is there any other man?"

"No. How could there be? There aren't any men in Priorsford to speak of."

"There's Lewis Elliot."

Jean stared. "You don't suppose Lewis wants to marry me, do you? Men are the stupidest things! Don't you know that Lewis. . . ."

"What?"

"Nothing. Only you needn't think he ever looks the road I'm on. What a horrid conversation this is! It's a great mistake ever to mention love and marriage. It makes the nicest people silly. I simply daren't think what Jock would say if he heard us. He would be what Bella Bathgate calls 'black affrontit.'"

"Jean, will it always matter to you more than anything in the world what David and Jock and Mhor think? Will you never care for anyone as you care for them?"

"But they are my charge," Jean explained. "They were left to me. Mother said, before she went away that last time, 'I trust you, Jean, to look after the boys,' and when father didn't come back, and Great-aunt Alison died, they had only me."

"Can't you adopt me as well? Do you know, Penny-plain, I believe it is all the fault of your Great-aunt Alison. You are thinking that on your death-bed you will like to feel that you sacrificed yourself for others——"

"Oh," cried Jean, "did Pamela actually tell you about Great-aunt Alison? That wasn't quite fair."

"She wasn't laughing. She only told me because she knew I was interested in every detail of your life, and Great-aunt Alison explains a lot of things about her grand-niece."

Jean pondered on this for a little and then said:

"Pam once said I was on the verge of being a prig, and I'm not sure that she wasn't right, and it's a hateful thing to be. D'you think I'm priggish, Richard Plantagenet? Oh no, don't kiss me. I hate it. . . . Why do you want to behave like that? It isn't nice."

"I'm sorry, Jean."

"And now your voice sounds as if you did think me a prig. . . . Here we are at last, and I simply don't know what to say kept us."

"Don't say anything: leave it to me. I'll be sure to think of some lie. Do you realize that we are only ten minutes behind the others?"

"Is that all?" cried Jean, amazed. "It seems like hours."

Lord Bidborough began to laugh helplessly.

"I wonder if any man ever had such a difficult lady," he said, "or one so uncompromisingly truthful?"

He rang the bell, and as they stood on the doorstep waiting, the light from the hall-door fell on his face, and Jean, looking at him, suddenly felt very low. He was going away, and she might never see him again. The fortnight he had been in Priorsford had given her an entirely new idea of what life might mean. She had not been happy all the time; she had been afflicted with vague discontents and jealousies such as she had not known before, but at the back of them all she was conscious of a shining happiness, something that illuminated and gave a new value to all the commonplace daily doings. Now, as in a flash, while they waited for the door to open, Jean knew what had caused the happiness and realized that with her own hand she was shutting the door on the light, shutting herself out to a perpetual twilight.

"If only you hadn't been a man," she said miserably, "we might have been such friends."

A servant opened the door and they went in together.

(To be continued.)

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A Little Bird Writes Copy.

There are many stories about Horace Greeley's handwriting, which is said to have been the worst ever seen even in a newspaper office. Perhaps the best of the yarns is the following:

There was only one compositor in the Tribune office who could read Greeley's copy. One day while the compositor was out a bird had flown into the office, walked into some printing ink and then on a number of loose sheets lying on the floor.

"Why," said one of the printers, picking up a sheet, "this looks like the old man's writing." So saying, he fastened the sheets together and put them on the absent compositor's case.

Presently the compositor came back and with all eyes turned on him picked up the sheets and to the amazement of the room started setting up the supposed "copy."

Presently, however, he hesitated at a word and asked the man nearest him what it was.

"How should I know?" was the reply. You know that you alone can read the old man's writing. Better ask him."

Reluctantly the baffled compositor took the sheet to Greeley's sanctum.

"Well," said the great man, "what is it?"

"It's this word, Mr. Greeley."

Greeley snatched the sheet from the man's hand, looked at the alleged word and threw himself back with a snort of disgust. "Why," he shouted, "any fool could see what it is! It's 'unconstitutional.'"

Minard's Liniment Heals Cuts.

Not His Fault.

"Why, Charles, how much you look like your father," remarked a visitor to the little 4-year-old.

"Yes'm," answered Charles, with an air of resignation, "that's what everybody says, but I can't help it."

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