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Woman's Sphere

DIANA BUYS A HAT.

"You haven't said anything about my new hat," Eve declared. "I was a goose to wear it!"

"You were not a goose!" Diana retorted. "I'd have seen it sooner or later. But you know that I think that your eyebrows are too lovely to hide."

Eve glanced in the glass; there was a shadow of discontent on her pretty face. "You look like such a freak if you don't wear things the way everybody else does. And besides, you can't get anything else!"

"It isn't the hat I object to," said Diana; "it's the angle. As for getting anything else, I had just decided before you came in that I would go on a real adventure to-morrow. It will be a search for an honest woman. You see I know that it is horribly unbecoming to wear my hats on the bridge of my nose. I'm going to see if I can find one woman who will have the courage to tell me so. Do come along!"

At ten o'clock the next day Eve, with the look of one fascinated against her will, stepped into Diana's coupe.

Diana shot a teasing glance at her as she pressed the starter. "Sure you don't want to back out?"

"Certainly not!" Eve replied.

They went to Camille's first. A wonderful young woman swept forward to meet them. Certainly she had the exact thing for mademoiselle—so simple yet so chic! She pressed the marvel slowly down over Diana's lovely hair, forehead, one eye—

"Help!" Diana gasped. "I have to leave my nose out—to breathe with, you know."

The young woman was shocked. "But, mademoiselle, the style—"

"Why should I suffer because other people are willing to?" inquired Diana. "Haven't you anything that stops a trifle above the eyebrows?"

The young woman stiffened. "But certainly not," she replied.

Diana rose cheerfully. "Sorry," she said. "I'll come back when the fashion changes."

Eve was triumphant. "What did I tell you!" she cried.

But Diana only laughed.

Two hours later in Morrow's she glanced round and chose her saleswoman, a girl with steady pleasant eyes. At first the procedure was the same, but at the third trial Diana looked up.

"I want to ask you to do something. Will you please show me where, with due consideration for my eyes and nose and mouth, I ought to wear my hat? Do you dare?"

The girl's eyes brightened. She placed a hat quickly above Diana's clear straight brows. "For you—there," she replied firmly. "But you are the first customer who ever asked me."

Diana turned to Eve. "There's your honest woman," she said.

A POPULAR STYLE FOR SLENDER FIGURES.

4934. The Tunic is this season's most attractive feature. In this style it is shown in blouse effect, with yoke and vest portions. Black satin and embroidery are here combined. Crepe would also be pleasing with the satin. Or the blouse could be of figured or striped silk, with vest and skirt of satin.

The Pattern is cut in 3 Sizes: 16, 18 and 20 years. An 18 year size requires 5 yards of 40-inch plain material and ⅝ yard of contrasting material if made as illustrated. If the concealed part of the skirt is made of lining, 3⅝ yards of 40-inch material will be required, with 1⅜ yards of 36-inch lining, and ⅝ yard of contrasting material. The width of the skirt at the foot is 1½ yards.

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

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DOORS.

Recently I visited in a home where the pantry door lacked a knob and, fitting in closely as it did, much time was required to get it open. Yet during my stay the housewife opened that stubborn door several times, requiring at least two minutes each time in tedious pushing and moving about either way in order to persuade it to open.

I gave the lady my recipe for such cases—just a small leather loop, cut from the top of an old shoe and held firmly in place with tacks. Less than five minutes would be required for cutting and nailing in place. Or a spool sawed in half and one part of it fastened on with a screw of proper length would make a handy knob.

Another door in the same house had shrunk away from the frame until it failed to latch; this door, too, was closed a number of times, and each time a bit of cloth was folded, held in place with one hand and the door closed with the other.

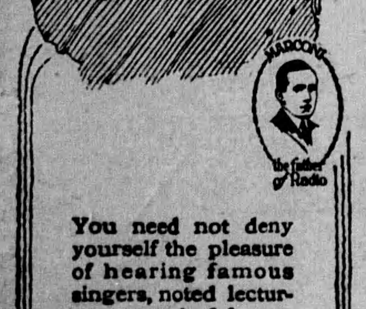
I also gave my own remedy, one which I have used many times, for just the same trouble. Cut one, two or three pieces of leather one inch wide, and about three inches long; tack these firmly, one to the door frame and one on the edge of the door at a corresponding height. This gives a noiseless closing and the leather holds the door in place. If shrinkage has been too great, two or more thicknesses of leather must be used.—L. Y.

An Army Baptized.

Fay Ru Haianz, Chinese general, had his army of several thousand soldiers baptised in a group.

Minard's Liniment Heals Cuts.

Far off places



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CHAPTER XVII.—(Cont'd.)

The actors departed to prepare for the next performance, Jock coming back to put his head in at the door to ask if they had guessed the first part of the word.

Jean said she thought it must be incendiarism.

"Funeral," said Miss Watson brightly.

"Huch," said Jock; "it's a word of one syllable."

"I think," Jean said as the door shut on Jock—"I think I know what the word is—pyre."

"Oh, really," said Miss Watson, "I'm all shaking yet with the fright I got. He's an awful bad wee boy that—sort of regardless. He needs a man to look after him."

"I'll never forget," said Miss Teenie, "once I was staying with a friend of ours, a doctor; his mother and our mother were cousins, you know, and when I looked—I was doing my hair at the time—I found that the curtain had blown across the gas and was blazing. If I had been in our own house I would just have rushed out screaming, but when you're away from home you've more feeling of responsibility, and I just stood on a chair and pulled at the curtain till I brought it down and stamped on it. My hands were all scorched, and of course the curtain was beyond hope, but when the doctor saw it, he said 'Teenie,' he said—his mother and ours were cousins, you know—'you're just a wee marvel.' That was what he said—'a wee marvel.' "

Jean said, "You were brave," and one of the guests said that presence of mind was a wonderful thing, and then the next act was ready.

The word had evidently something to do with eating, for the three actors sat at a Barmecide feast and quaffed wine from empty goblets, and carved imaginary haunches of venison. So far as could be judged from the conversation, which was much obscured by the smothered laughter of the actors, they seemed to belong to Robin Hood's merry men.

The third act took place on board ship—a ship flying the Jolly Roger—and it was obvious to the meanest intelligence that the word was pirate.

"Very good," said Miss Teenie, clapping her hands, "but," addressing the Mhor, "don't you go lighting any more funeral pyres. Boys who do that have to go to jail."

Mhor looked coldly at her, but made no remark, while Jean said hastily.

"You must show everyone your wonderful present, Mhor. I think the hall would be the best place to put it up in."

The second part of the program was of a varied character. Jean led off with the old carol:

"There cames a ship far sailing then,
St. Michael was the steersman."

and Mhor followed with a poem, "In Time of Pestilence," which had captivated his strange small boy's soul, and which he had learned for the occasion. Everyone felt it to be singularly inappropriate, and Miss Watson said it gave her quite a turn to hear the relish with which he knolled out:

"Wit with his wantonness
Tasteth death's bitterness:
Hell's executioner
Hath no ears for to hear
What vain art can reply!
I am sick, I must die—
God have mercy on us."

She regarded him with disapproving eyes as a thoroughly uncomfortable character.

One of the guests sang a drawing-room ballad in which the words "dear heart" seemed to occur with astonishing frequency.

David and Jock sang a song composed by themselves and set to a hymn tune, a somewhat ribald production. Mhor then volunteered the information that Mrs. M'Cosh could sing a song. Mrs. M'Cosh said, "Awa wi' ye, laddie," and, "Sic havers," but after much urging owned that she knew a song which had been a favorite with her Andra. It was sung to the tune of "When the kye come hame," and was obviously a parody on that lyric, beginning:

"Come a' ye Hieland pollismen
That whustle through the street,
An' A'll tell ye a' aboot a man
That's got triple expansion feet
He's got braw, braw tartan whuskers
That defy the shears and kaim:
There's an awfu' row in Brigton
When M'Kay comes hame."

It went on to tell how:

"John M'Kay works down in Singer's,
He's a ceevil engineer,
But his wife's no verra ceevil
When she's had some ginger-beer.
When he missed the last Kilbowie train
And had to walk hame lame
There wis Home Rule wi' the poker
When M'Kay came hame."

Mrs. M'Cosh sang four verses and stopped, in spite of the rapturous applause of a section of the audience.

"There's aboot nineteen mair verses," she explained, "an' they get kinna worse as they gang on, so I'd better stop," which she did, to Jean's relief, for she saw that her guests were feeling that this was not an entertainment such as the Best People indulged in.

"And now Miss Bathgate will sing," said Mhor.

"I will not sing," said Miss Bathgate. "I've mair pride than make a fool o' mysel' to please folk."

"Oh, come on," Jock begged. "Look at Mrs. M'Cosh!"

Miss Bathgate snorted.

"Ay," said Mrs. M'Cosh, with imperturbable good humor, "she seen me, and she thinks yin auld fool is enough at a time. Never heed, Bella, juist gie us a verse."

Miss Bathgate protested that she knew no songs, and had no voice, but under persuasion she broke into a ditty, a sort of recitative:

"Gang further up the toon, Geordie Broon, Geordie Broon,
Gang further up the toon, Geordie Broon:
Gang further up the toon
Till ye's spent yer hale half-croon,
And then come singin' doon,
Geordie Broon, Geordie Broon."

"I remember that when I was a child," Jean said. "We used to be put to sleep with it; it is very soothing. Thank you so much, Miss Bathgate. . . . Now I think we should have a game."

"Forfeits," Miss Teenie suggested.

"That's a silly game," said Mhor; "there's kissing in it."

"Perhaps we might have a quiet game," Jean said. "What was that one we played with Pamela, you remember, Jock? We took a subject, and tried who could say the most obvious thing about it."

"Oh, nothing clever, for goodness' sake," pleaded Miss Watson. "I've no head for anything but fancy-work."

"'Up Jenkins' would be best," Jock decreed; so a table was got in and "up Jenkins was played with much laughter until the clock struck ten, and the guests all rose in a body to go.

"Well," said Miss Watson, "it's been a very pleasant evening, though I wouldn't wonder of I had a nightmare about that funeral pyre. . . . I always think, don't you, that there's something awful pathetic about Christmas? You never know where you may be before another."

One of the guests, a little music-teacher, said:

"The worst of Christmas is that it brings back to one's mind all the other Christmasses and the people who were with us then. . . . . ."

Bella Bathgate's voice was heard talking to Mrs. M'Cosh at the door. "I dinna believe in keeping Christmas; it's a popish festival. New Year's the time. Ye can eat yer currant-bun wi' a relish then. Guid-nicht, then, and see ye lick that ill laddie for near settin' the hoose on fire. It's no' safe, I tell ye, to live onywhere near him noo that he's begun thae tricks. Baith Peter an' him are fair Bolsheviks. . . Did I tell ye that Miss Reston sent me a grand feather-boa—grey, in a present? I've aye had a notion o' a feather-boa, but I dinna ken how she kent that. And this is no yin o' the skimpy kind; it's fine and fussy and soft. . . . Here, did the Lord send Miss Jean a present? . . . I doot he's aff for guid. Weel, weel, guid-nicht."

With a heightened color Jean said good-night to her guests, separated Mhor from his train, and sent him with Jock to bed.

As she went upstairs, Bella Bathgate's words rang in her ears dismally: "I doot he's aff for guid." It was what she wanted, of course; she had told him so. But she half hoped that he might send her a letter or a little remembrance on Christmas Day.

Better not, perhaps, but it would have been something to keep. She sometimes wondered if she had not dreamt the scene in the Hopetoun Woods, and only imagined the words that were constantly in her ears. It was such a very improbable thing to happen to such a commonplace person.

Her room was very restful looking that night to Jean, tired after a long day's junketing. It was a plain little upper chamber, with white walls and Indian rugs on the floor. A high south wind was blowing (it had been another of poor Mhor's snowless Christmasses!), making the curtains billow out into the room, and she could hear through the open window the sound of Tweed rushing between its banks. On the dressing-table lay a new novel with a vivid paper cover. Jean gave it a little disgusted push. Someone had lent it to her, and she had been reading it between Christmas preparations, reading it with deep distaste. It was about a duel for a man between a woman of forty-five and a girl of eighteen. The girl was called Noel, and was "pale, languid, passionate." The older woman gave up before the end, and said Time had "done her in." There were pages describing how she looked in the mirror "studying with a fearful interest the little hard lines and markings there beneath their light coating of powder, fingered and smoothed the slight looseness and fulness of the skin below her chin," and how she saw herself going down the years, "powdering a little more, touching up her hair till it was all artifice, holding on by every little device. . . ."

(To be continued.)

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