THE HUMBLE HERB SOCIAL.

A delightful country social I have in mind is called the Humble Herb Social, and is to be carried out when a way to raise money is the country church's problem.

Decorate the church or hall to represent the attic of an old Colonial farm house. Hang the rafters with bags and bunches of every kind of herb procurable—catnip, lavender, dried clover blossoms, thyme, pennyroyal, sage, celery, peppermint, mullen, pine needles, cat tails, etc.

The ladies on the receiving and entertaining committee should be dressed in old-fashioned calico or "print" dresses with tight basques and beruffled skirts (with "hoops" if available), with old-fashioned breastpins, collars, "half-bands" and hair-dressing.

At the booths everything offered for sale should be made of or contain herbs—packets containing herbs for culinary use, for medicinal use, catnip for the family pets, little satchet bags filled with sweet scented herbs, such as rosemary, mint, balm, rosegeranium leaves, myrrh, rose petals, lavender. Prices range from five to twenty-five cents each (seldom over).

Muslin slips measuring 20x20 inches may be filled with soothing herbs and sold as invalids' pillows—they may be decorated or not, and will sell well and at a good price. Mint jelly, neat bath bags (with fragrant herbs to give perfume), herb relishes, recipes, etc., may be offered for sale and will be classed among the "best sellers." Serve tea, anis cookies and cakes, mint sandwiches (meat or chicken paste filling seasoned with herbs), homemade mint candies and various other dainties that will suggest the "herb" idea at the refreshment booth, charging at least thirty cents for the complete menu.

The committee in charge will arrange for a moderate amount of music, games and recitations. Afternoon will be the best time to hold this kind of social as, in winter, both men and women, old and young, will be able to attend and a fine sum netted for the church, aside from the refreshment of spirit to be gained by these simple little social gatherings that tend toward keeping alive not only the little country church, but neighborhood interests as well.—Mrs. G. S.

I MADE A RAG RUG.

We farm women rather pride ourselves upon having gotten away from the rag carpet which entirely covers the floor but since our city sisters have manifested such an interest in the various kinds of rag rugs, we too have renewed our appreciation of their homelike and dependable qualities as well as their artistic possibilities.

With this in mind, I got out my accumulation of "hit-and-miss" carpet rags. I had been saving them for several years for no special reason except that I could not entirely get away from my early training along this line. These had been cut from the scraps of each job of sewing and saved, a handful at a time. They were of wool and cotton, thin and heavy goods, all new and clean and strong.

One day when the mud was too deep to warrant housecleaning or much enthusiasm for anything else, I moved my sewing machine into the kitchen and went to work.

Much to my surprise I found myself on a real adventure for nearly every piece reminded me of some past interesting experience.

I had almost forgotten there was ever a time when I made nearly all the everyday clothing for my men folks. Here were pieces of forgotten suits and dresses made when the children were little and, as I saw these pieces, I could see in my mind's eye just how they had each looked in the completed garments.

There were pieces of clothing made for Mother and Grandmother who long since have ceased to need what earthly hands can provide. Bits from cushions and draperies with the memory of the joy and pride which went into their making—as well as reminiscences of various occasions inspired by scraps of my own clothing.

So the sewing of these rags seemed more like a visit with old friends than a bit of work and I found myself eager to get back to them when other duties claimed me.

When the rags were all in shape, I used them to crochet into an oval rug. I used a large wooden hook, starting with a chain about fourteen inches long and using a single crochet stitch around and around, increasing stiches as needed to keep edges from rolling in.

The finished article is not only good to look upon but has for me a value undreamed of when the work was started, for into it is woven so much of memories and hopes and plans connected with the years that have gone by. Some of them are sad, to be sure, but precious just the same and many are joyous and glad. We need all the memories and have to have them all if we are to have a well-rounded life and an understanding heart.—S. R.

DON'T WASTE GREEN TOMATOES.

Soon Jack Frost will place his caressing touch on our gardens and then the problem of green tomatoes or none at all will confront many farm wives.

If your family is fond of a "spread" or "sweets," here is a palate tickler. Wash and quarter large, green tomatoes and put them through the food chopper. Drain off as much juice as you can easily. Cook for thirty to forty minutes, then add as many cups of sugar as there are of tomatoes and boil slowly for two hours. One sliced lemon to each gallon gives a very satisfactory flavor also. Pour in jars and seal hot.

When picking green tomatoes for pickling, take the medium and smaller sized ones, leaving the small ones whole and cutting the others in halves. Cook in salt water until partly tender. Place in jars and cover with hot vinegar in which sugar and spices have been previously boiled.

For mince meat, prepare tomatoes as for preserves. To each gallon add two-thirds cup of vinegar, two teaspoons each of salt and cloves, three teaspoons cinnamon, one package of raisins and six to eight cups of brown sugar, according to taste. Boil slowly for two hours, one cup of suet chopped fine, or one cup nut meats to each gallon may also be used if desired.

CHOCOLATE FRUIT COOKIES.

One cup butter, 2 cups light brown sugar, 2 eggs, 1 cup sweet milk, 2 tsps. soda, (very scant), 3 cups flour, 1 cup raisins, 1 cup English walnut meats, ¼ cake melted unsweetened chocolate.

Cream together the butter and sugar, add the well-beaten eggs, and the milk with the soda dissolved in it. Dredge the chopped raisins and nuts with flour, mix all together. This may be baked in thin sheets and cut in squares, or dropped from a spoon on buttered tins.

MOTHER'S WRIST WATCH.

A friend of mine showed me a clever idea for making her wrist watch easy to slip off and on, or to slide it farther up on her arm—things which one must often do during the course of the day's work, to keep the watch out of harm.

She just sewed a narrow band of silk elastic to the watch where the ribbon is usually fastened. I tried this arrangement and it worked to perfection.—R. E. F.

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"When Hearts Command"

By ELIZABETH YORK MILLER

"When hearts command,
From minds the sagest counsellings depart."

CHAPTER XXXVI.—(Cont'd.)

"Suppose we talk about you?" Ardeyne suggested.

"Yes—I wanted to do that." Mrs. Egan started, and half rose as a sound of coughing came from the next room. He noticed the quick clenching of her hands and an expression of anguish which crossed her features.

"That's my boy—my son," she explained. "He's not very well. I want you to have a look at him presently and advise me what to do."

"Your son?" Ardeyne repeated. Then he remembered a curious reference Hugo Smarle had made to Mrs. Egan's son. As though there was something a little mysterious about her having a son at all.

"I want to tell you first," she lowered her eyelids. "He's been living in Jamaica with my parents, and that's why I went out there so suddenly. My father wrote that he was in poor health, and they thought the climate was bad for him. But I didn't realize how serious it was. And I'm terribly afraid——"

Ardeyne rose. "Let me see him, Carrie. That cough sounds rather bad—but one never knows. How old is he?"

"Sixteen." Then, a little defiantly she added: "He's Tony's child."

"Your husband's?"

"Tony's and mine. I meant that Tony was his father."

But beyond that, Ardeyne wondered what she was driving at.

"Philip, I want to tell you, first. Before you see him. There's some queer blood in my family. Tony never knew, and when poor little Max was born—well, I suffered a great deal. You see, my grandmother—on my mother's side—called herself a creole but she was really——"

Ardeyne took the hand with which she was gesticulating nervously, and held it in a firm clasp of sympathy.

"I understand, Carrie. Your little son was what we call a 'throw-back.'"

Mrs. Egan averted her face and her lips twitched.

"In plain language, Phil, he's a negro—at least a mulatto. Tony couldn't bear the sight of him, even when he was a baby." She burst out passionately: "Oh, I could never, never tell you what I've been through—what I've suffered!"

"Poor Carrie!"

"Never mind." She dried her eyes hastily. "Just let me tell him you're here. He's a good boy—very quiet and gentle. And he loves me dearly. I haven't neglected him as much as you might think. Only—for the sake of Tony's family I couldn't have him with me in England. But they're all dead now, and it doesn't matter. I shall never leave him again—only I think perhaps he's going to leave me. Just a moment."

She disappeared into the next room and then came back, beckoning to Ardeyne.

"This is Max, my boy," she said as the doctor followed her. "Max darling, my old friend Dr. Ardeyne has come to see you." Her voice lacked nothing of maternal solicitude and affection.

The boy lay on a couch half covered with a Persian silk shawl. He was startlingly handsome and extraordinarily like his dead father, in spite of the fact that the dark blood in his veins proclaimed itself much more than it did in his mother. With her it had raised no more than an occasional suspicion or question in Philip Ardeyne's mind. With him it was certainty.

His hair curled in soft ringlets all over a small, well-shaped head. His skin was coffee-colored—*café au lait*—and his eyes were big and brown and lustrous. He held out a skinny, dark hand to the doctor.

"How do you do?" he said courteously, his English marked with a faint trace of some foreign accent, possibly French. "It is very kind of you to come to see me, sir. Will you forgive my not getting up?"

"Certainly. Don't move," said Ardeyne.

He drew up a chair and sat down beside the couch. Mrs. Egan brought a hassock and crouched on the other side. Her eyes were tender and only left the boy's face to question the doctor.

From the first it was plain enough to Philip that poor little Max Egan was doomed. Tuberculosis had set its seal on him, although it had scarcely seemed to touch his physical beauty.

The doctor talked to the boy, and presently they were on very good terms.

"You must get your mother to take you to Switzerland," Ardeyne said. "What, you've never seen any snow? Well, you've got a treat in store for you. In no time you'll pick up and be another person."

"Shall I skate and ski?" the boy asked eagerly. "Do you really think——"

"Not just at first," Ardeyne interrupted. "Oh, at first you must take things very easily. I'll give your mother a letter to a famous doctor out there, and you'll live in his house——"

"You mean in a sanatorium," the boy said, making a wry face.

"Not the usual sort of sanatorium," Ardeyne assured him. "In fact, it's a most delightful little colony of chalets, and no doubt you and your mother will have one all to yourselves. And there will be the big mountains. You've no idea how big they are. I rather envy you going to Switzerland for the first time."

"I want to climb mountains," said the boy.

Ardeyne nodded. "Get well first. Then you shall." He snapped open his watch. "And now I'm afraid I must go. Indeed, I'll have to hurry if I'm to meet that train."

He tried to say good-bye then and there, but Mrs. Egan followed him out and detained him a moment longer.

"Phil, I want the truth. Please tell me."

"My dear child, I can't tell you. The lad's in a bad way, and his age is against him, but one never knows. You must get him away as soon as possible. Come and see me to-morrow—no, that won't do. I shall be out of town."

"I'll come down to Maidenhead, Phil. What's the name of your place? I don't feel I can wait even until Monday. Max has a nurse to look after him, and I could motor down and back in the morning."

"If you like. The house is called The Rushes. Anyone can direct you. Come for luncheon, Alice would be delighted."

"Thank you, Phil. Yes, I'll come. The Rushes—you say—I'll write it down at once. Good-bye—I don't know how to thank you, but——"

"I'm afraid there isn't very much to thank me for," Ardeyne said gravely. "Good-bye, then—until to-morrow."

He hurried away, consulting his watch again. In his interest in Carrie Egan's tragic son; he had almost forgotten Monsieur Carre.

And in the arrival of the French scientist and in motoring him down to The Rushes in the middle of the night, and in the excitement of their long-winded conversation together the next morning, Ardeyne almost forgot Carrie Egan.

Then he recalled her with an uncomfortable jolt of memory, together with the fact that he had not mentioned to Alice that he had met her and she was coming to luncheon. There was some excuse, for he had scarcely seen Alice that morning. She had breakfasted in her own room and afterwards gone out on the river with a Mr. and Mrs. Hemmersley, a young married couple who were staying with them, in order to leave Philip quite free to enjoy Monsieur Carre's society.

But they were all back now—Dick Hemmersley puffing a pipe in the garden, the two women indoors touching themselves up for luncheon. Alice and Lois Hemmersley had become great friends, much to Philip's delight. Lois was a distant cousin of his and an all-round good sort, as he would have described her.

When he remembered Carrie Egan he hurried upstairs at once to Alice's room, where the parlormaid said he would find her. The sound of a motor-horn quickened his footsteps.

Alice was standing before the mirror doing something to her hair.

"Oh, Philip—have you had a nice morning?" she asked, with her sweet, friendly smile.

"Perfect," he replied. "So altogether absorbing that I nearly forgot something rather important. I met Mrs. Egan at the Savoy last evening and asked her to luncheon to-day. She's motoring down and will be here any moment. I fancied I heard a car just now."

The smile faded from Alice's lips. That tugging sense of fear took possession of her again, as it had from the beginning whenever she saw or even thought of Carrie Egan.

"Yes, Philip," she said quietly.

"You don't mind dear? I ought to have told you before, but I clean forgot it."

"Of course I don't mind. What an odd question!"

In spite of all good intentions, Alice's voice sounded strange even to herself.

Ardeyne hesitated. Should he tell her why Carrie Egan was coming? He might mention poor little Max without going into details, but somehow he did not care to do so. The very idea of it seemed unprofessional. Alice would realize that he was keeping something back. Better say nothing at all, and let Mrs. Egan give what information she chose.

Alice noticed the hesitation.

"I'd better go down now," she said. "Perhaps she has come and I ought to be on hand to welcome her."

"You're a darling!"

Ardeyne tried to take her hand, but she slipped past him and was halfway down the stairs before he quite realized that she had purposely evaded a possible demonstration of affection. He wondered a little, then shrugging his shoulders followed more slowly.

During the honeymoon, Alice had confessed to jealousy and in that connection Carrie Egan's name had been mentioned, but lately she had shown no trace of such a thing, either by word or look. It was a little disappointing that she should do so now. Just a little tiresome, too.

It was not Mrs. Egan's car he had heard and she did not arrive until they had given her up and were sitting down to lunch, which had been kept waiting longer than was good for it. Monsieur Carre was cross, in consequence. He was not used to such a late mid-day meal. Alice was nervously distrait, and the Hemmersleys joking and curious.

(To be continued.)

Japanese Pin Money.

Once every year, seldom for longer than a month and a half, the women and children on the farms of Japan turn to silk culture for pin money. Silk is their "velvet" crop. Except the cost of fertilizer for the mulberry trees that the worms feed on, the industry requires little or no outlay. A year ago Yokohama, then the premier silk port of Japan, was almost obliterated by the earthquake. Now it has virtually recovered its chief business, which is exporting silk.

The Old, Old Way.

The good ship stems the steady swell,
The sea, it glistens bright,
The land is fading fast to port,
And all is calm and quiet,
All, save the song the blue lips sing—
That siren song of old,
Which lures the hearts of gallant men
Upon adventures bold.

The funnel fades, smoke disappears—
A ghostly mast I see,
And white sails fill upon the breeze
Above the ancient sea.
It matters not the ship or crew,
It matters not the day,
The sea-maid weaves her spell, and we
Would sail the old, old way.

—Lereine Ballantyne.

Sanctuary.

There's a tingly sort of feeling
In the atmosphere to-day;
And the wild goose is starting
For the southland away.

The night wind is crooning
Dirges o'er the lonely nest,
For the pilot-bird is trailing
The horizon in the west.

"Honk, honk!" it is the tocsin
Of the dusky cavalcade.
Flying swiftly and unerring
For the southern everglad.

The marshland is lonely,
And the lone and empty nest,
But the pilot-bird is veering
For the sanctuary blest.

—Horace Seymour Kelley.

Kindness—a language which the dumb can speak, and the deaf can understand.—Bovee.

Orchids were recommended at the scientific congress held recently at Liege as a new means of combating tuberculosis. Men of science have discovered that the heavily scented essential oils of orchids, injected into a patient, will give him a much better chance of success in his fight for recovery.