

fully. She purchased a dozen fruit jars and the simplest outfit she could get; jotted down some of the little "tricks" her old cook had taught her and went to work during vacation.

Then she offered to can fruit and vegetables for folks on shares. The work was done out of doors, and the children of the family and neighborhood were easily persuaded to help carry fruit, get water, peel tomatoes, etc.

Half the output belonged to Miss Hilton and was sold to hotels and families in nearby towns. The venture was a success, and the girl whose Fate forsook her in the midst of her college career decided to shape her last year of study to cover a special course in canning and kindred subjects.

Now Miss Hilton is the proprietor of ten canning outfits. She owns a storehouse and employs a stenographer!

Alice Rollins Little owes her fortune to the tea drinking habit. In other words she has had the brains and foresight to commercialize a growing fad. She hired a charming room in her home town, Kennebunport, into which she put bright furniture, pretty tea tables and a big fireplace. Then she named it the "Periwinkle" and opened her doors to the public.

Soon it was doing a big enough business to prove that Miss Little's reasoning about cosy tea rooms had been correct. The next year this college girl with a business head decided it would be

feasible and remunerative to start a chain of tea rooms. And now you may drink tea in an Alice Rollins tea room all the way from Bermuda to Maine.

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### A WIFE'S MOOD.

By Idah McGlone Gibson.

Oh, to be alone!  
To escape from the work and play,  
The talking every day—  
To escape from all that I have done  
And all that remains to do  
To escape—yes, even from you,  
My only love, and be  
Alone and free.

For the soft firelight  
And the home of your heart, my dear,  
They hurt, being always here.  
I want to stand upright  
And cool my eyes in the air  
And see how my back can bear  
Burdens—to try, to know,  
To learn, to grow.

I am only you,  
A part of you, your wife,  
And I have no other life.  
I cannot think, cannot do.  
I cannot breathe, cannot see.  
There is "us" but there is not  
"me."  
And worse, at your kiss I grow  
Contented so.

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To prevent juicy pies from having a softened undercrust, line the plate with crust and brush with the white of an unbeaten egg. Bake in the oven a few minutes, then fill and proceed as usual