

EVENTS OF INTEREST IN SOCIAL CIRCLES

Let the Woman's Page bespeak the woman—let it be a help to those who desire help; a comforter to those who need comforting, and above all, let it be a friend to every woman.

DOMESTIC HELPS AND AIDS TO HOUSEWIVES

WOMAN AND THE HOME

TO-DAY'S POEM

CLYDE FOLKS.

O I'm sick for home, heart sick for the things I know; The straggling towns that sit on the river-side, Blowsy, unkempt, dumped anyhow down in a row, Dabbling their feet in Clyde; And the black lums vomiting smoky, and the clatter of things, The shipyard notes that usher in dusk and dawn, And the siren hooting that tells where the big ship swings Out on the fall of tide, with the green high way, Dimming her yellow lights, and her bows just showing Out of the river mist, and the cries of her men, Beris over the tide, and the sound of rowing From unseen oars, the creak of the straining oar, And then the lift, and the drip from the blade again, The great, gaunt warehouses, huddled on either shore, With bales and casks, and bundles of iron rails Scattered among their feet; and the homeless gulls Asleep on the lofty spars of the ships with sails, And under and through it all the voice of the River, (O mother of mine, will the voice of you never give over!) Sweeping onward and crowding among the hills, Rocking her babes, Clyde ships, to sleep on her breast, Setting the reeds in the Dead Slow mazes a-sway, Scoring with sudden ripples the feeding plover, Out of the high tide oars back to his nest, And singing, singing, over the salt-sand sea, Of home and love, and ever of home again, Till I, and such as I, poor wandering men, Hear her voice in the noise of the city's throng, In some far land, and say, with our hearts a-quiver— 'I will arise and back to my Mother go, For oh! I'm sick for home and the things I know.' —C. J. K., in Glasgow Herald.

A CORNER FOR COOKS

Cream of Barley Soup.

Fry two sliced onions and one sliced carrot and two turnips and a piece of celery in butter, then add one quart milk, six peppercorns, and cook quite gently for three and a half to four hours in a double milk saucepan. Add two ounces of pearl barley, salt, pepper and sugar to taste, and simmer until the barley is soft. Just before serving add one gill of cream. If the soup is too thick dilute with milk.

Veal Birds.

Take veal cutlets and cut into thin slices about four inches long and two and one-half inches wide. Save all the springs of meat and put through a chopping machine with half their weight of bread. Season chopped meat with sweet herbs, grated lemon peel, cayenne, salt and a little finely chopped onion. Mix with an egg and spread each piece of veal with the mixture. Roll up tightly and tie with thread, using small wooden skewers if necessary. Fry in butter until brown on both sides. Then half cover with gravy or cream and let simmer gently twenty minutes. Take off the strings, remove the skewers and place each roll on a plate. Strain the gravy and pour over. Garnish with browned bread crumbs and parsley and serve hot.

Rice and Cabbage.

Roll two ounces of rice, and when cooked drain and leave at the side of the fire till some of the moisture is absorbed. Have ready a small cooked cabbage, drain this, chop it up finely and put it back in the pan with the drained rice, one ounce of butter and salt and pepper to taste. Stir this over the fire till quite hot, adding at the last a spoonful of grated cheese and a spoonful of so, if liked, of white sauce, and serve on a hot dish.

Crisp Waffles.

A crisp waffle recipe which one housekeeper has used for over twenty years is made of one pint of sweet milk, a scant half cupful of melted butter, one-half teaspoonful of salt and sifted flour to make a soft batter. Beat in the well beaten yolks of three eggs and when ready to make turn in the stiffly beaten whites of the eggs and two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, sifted in with a little flour that has been reserved. Beat up fast a few minutes and bake at once. The success of waffles is as much in baking as making. For a gas flame use a straight sheet iron or tin collar three and a half inches high, to fit the iron, so it will turn easily. Have the iron well heated and greased and do not fill too full. Do not cook too fast, but brown on both sides. Must be eaten at once. If piled up they soften.

Why deny that the present generation are interested in the fine arts when they are willing to attend dancing class once a week and stay up as late as the teacher desires?

CATHARTIC OF THE BLADDER. SANTAL M. D. CAPSULES. RELIEVED IN 24 HOURS.

Laura Jean Libby's Daily Talks on Heart Topics

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MISS LIBBEY'S REPLIES TO YOUR LETTERS

(Correct name and address must be given to insure attention, but not to print.) (Address letters to Laura Jean Libby, 516 President Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.)

Let By-gones Be By-gones

Dear Miss Libby: I am a girl twenty years old and went with a young man of about twenty-four a year ago and became engaged to him about five months after we had started going together. He seemed to love me dearly and treated me very nice. One evening a girl friend asked me to go to a dance with her, so I went and as I started home it was raining and I had no umbrella. My friend asked to assist me home and I accepted his company. This my sweetheart heard and when we met again he asked me about it. So I explained just how it occurred, but he would not hear to it and thought it was not right for me to do what I did, so we quit. I started going with another fellow. It seems to make him mad. He has never gone with any one since we quit. I love him and no one else. Was it right for me to have gone to the dance without him? I have a chance to go with him again. Shall I accept it or turn him down after being engaged to him? Awaiting your best advice.

You had better patch up your difficulty with each other. Love is still in your hearts. The foolish past you must forget and make up. Resolve that neither of you will bring up the past, but will let by-gones be by-gones for love's sake.

Their Only Amusement Card Playing

Dear Miss Libby: We are two young girls, each seventeen. Have been chums for nearly eleven years. One of our boy friends dislikes card playing. This is our usual evening diversion. Ought we to argue him?

PEG AND PAT. I do not think you should urge the boy to play cards when he evinces a decided dislike for such amusement. Get some one else for the card game. When this boy calls entertain him with music, speeches, etc. Cards should not be your only diversion, girls.

A Timid Widow

Dear Miss Libby: I am a middle-aged widow, have a child. There is a widower that I would like to meet. I know him to speak to, but would like to get better acquainted. Please advise me in what way to approach him. C. H.

A widow who is supposedly timid may find it proper to bow respectfully when she meets the gentleman referred to. She should not pass him by without a short, pleasant chat to awaken interest. Cupid only

YOUR BOYS AND GIRLS

Headache is a common complaint among children. Sometimes it arises from eye strain, and may be the first reminder that the child's vision is defective. Very young children should never be given small type print to read, needles to thread or fine sewing to do. Of course when the headache is persistent a doctor should be called to examine the child's eyes. Headache in school children may be due to overwork, and especially when this is combined with defective vision. Sometimes it arises from overfeeding or the use of unsuitable food, and occasionally it may result from rapid growth of the child. In each case it is necessary to ascertain the cause before anything effective can be done to cure the complaint.

THE LOT OF THE STORE CLERK

At the holiday season, when the salespeople in any large stores are driven to nerve strain by the rush of gift buying, much attention is concentrated on the lot of the salespeople. In big metropolitan stores, conditions of living do not seem favorable. Wages run pretty low. Employers seemed disposed to make conditions as good as possible. But they must certainly be satisfied. Becoming a store clerk seems to many young people the easiest way to get a living. They can get a job without extended education. They gladly swap future advance for the immediate dollar. Without preparation or aptitude, they give poor service, both to employer and public. The conscientious merchant finds many of his competitors, in near-by towns or perhaps in his own, employing a force of such people at low rates. They keep wages down for the whole trade. Better rates of wages would have to be charged up to the public, which might not stand it. If young people fit themselves for higher efficiency in retail trade, they could make themselves worth a better wage to the merchant. One bright, active, alert clerk, thoroughly informed about her goods, courteous, attentive, and tactful, ought to be able to sell twice as much as the ordinary run of ill-trained and careless salespeople whom one often sees. There is little room in the hustle of retail trade to-day, for young people who will not study earnestly to perfect themselves in these qualities. In so far as stores have to rely on ill-trained help, their presence in the trade reduces wages for all concerned, makes stores keeping more costly to the merchant, and finally to the public. BEST FOR KIDNEYS—SAYS DOCTOR. Dr. J. T. R. Neal, Greenville, S. C., says that in his 30 years of experience he has found no preparation for the kidneys equal to Foley Kidney Pills. In 50c and \$1.00 sizes. Best you can buy for backache, rheumatism, kidney and bladder ailments. Hindle's Drug Stores.—Adv.

IF THEY COULD BE INTRODUCED

"We twain have met like the ships upon the sea, Who hold their converse so short, so sweet; One little hour, and then away they speed On lonely paths—to meet no more."

The world is full of nice, pretty young girls who might be happy wives and mothers if in time to come they could be introduced to honorable marrying men. These girls scorn meeting men through a pick-up acquaintance in the possible hope of getting a husband. Nor would they jump at the chance of marrying the first man that came along to escape being an old maid.

Such girls would not marry a profligate or a man they would have to support just for the privilege of tackling "Mrs." to their names. The world is equally full of nice young men who are sometimes out of luck in that they could be brought in contact with worthy young women. They respect the girls who will not flirt. If they could meet them through an introduction, nice times out of tea it would end in their buying the marriage ring. Lack of introductions is the barrier which keeps hearts apart. Why are there not good Samaritans who will take an interest in lives groping in the dark trying to find each other in the right way?

A woman of wealth takes delight in introducing the daughter of her bosom friend to the equally prosperous son of some other woman acquaintance in the fond desire of making a match. But does she think of introducing the poor little seamstress who trudges to her home through summer's heat and winter's storms to do her best to the energetic young salesman in her husband's employ who is sent to her house frequently on business? It never occurs to her to introduce the governess or her young children to the ambitious society reporter who has a good future before him and who has secretly admired the pretty-faced young woman.

And so all along the line. There's many a deserving one whom she could have benefited but wouldn't. These matrons will exclaim indignantly that they are not conducting matrimonial bureaus and it is not for them to introduce people who might turn out to be anything but congenial after wedlock and the blame would be put upon their shoulders for bringing them together. The introducing of a few young people during the course of a lifetime would hardly be considered as a business affair. These things come about naturally, and should be graciously accorded, with the gratifying knowledge that a good work is being kept up. As long as her confidence and to be honorable she should concern herself with the manner of rectifying it, even although the opportunity presents itself. Young girls must wait for their Prince Charming to come to them. They cannot go forth and find one suitable. Lack of introduction is the crying pity of our times.

Laura Jean Libby's

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NOVEMBER JOE The Detective of the Woods by Hesketh Prichard.

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His Face Was Like That of Some Medieval Prisoner.

"I suppose Puttick had a look round for the tracks of the fellows who gunned you?" asked November. "He did, but he didn't find out nothing. There was a light shower between dark and dawn, and the ground on the hill above there is mostly rock. Such, then, was the story of our coming to Kalmacks, and for the next two or three days we spent our time fishing in the streams, the only move in the direction of the main object of our visit being that Joe, whom Linda insisted upon accompanying, walked over to Senlis lake and had a look at the scene of Worke's accident. The old tracks, of course, were long since washed away, and I thought, with the others, that Joe's visit had been fruitless until he showed me the shell of an exploded cartridge. "The bullet which went through Bill Worke's leg came out of that. I found it on the hill above. It's a 45.75 central fire rifle, an old '76 model." "That is a great discovery, you and Miss Petersham have made." Joe smiled. "There's nothing much to it, anyway. She lost her brooch somewhere by the lake and was looking for it when I found this." Joe indicated the exploded shell. "The mountains is full of 45.75 guns, 1876 pattern. Some years back a big iron-mongery store down here went bust and threw a fine stock of them caliber rifles on the market. A few dollars would buy one, so there's one in pretty nigh every house and two and three in some. However, it may be useful to know that kind of a rifle. Still, we'd best keep it to ourselves, Mr. Quaritch." "All right," said I. "By the way Joe, there's a side to the situation I don't understand. We've been here four days, and nothing has happened. I mean Mr. Petersham has had a word of where to put the \$5,000 blackmail these criminals are demanding of him." "Maybe there's a reason for that." "I can't think of any." "What about the sand?" "The sand?" I repeated. "Yes, haven't you noticed? I got Mr. Petersham to have two loads of sand brought up from the lake and laid all round the house. It takes a track wonderful. I guess it's pretty near impossible to come nigh the house without leaving a clear trail. But the first rainy night, I mean when there's rain enough to wash out tracks." "They'll come?" "Yes, they'll likely come." "But as it happened Joe was wrong. I believe that his reasoning was correct enough, and that it was the fear of leaving such marks as would enable us to gather something of their identity that kept the enemy from plucking upon our door the letter which finally arrived prospectively enough in a cheap store envelope that bore the Primville postmark. The contents of this letter were as follows: Petersham, you go alone to Butler's extra 11 o'clock Friday night. Take the dollars along; you'll be met there and hand it over." Below was a rude drawing of a cat-fish. Petersham read the note out to Joe and myself. "Where's Butler's cat?" he asked. "I know it," said November. "Butler's cat is on a hill about two miles west of here." "I suppose you won't go?" said I. "With the money? Certainly not!" "You can hardly go without it." "Why not?" "You would be shot down." "I'd talk to the ruffians first and then if there was any shooting, I guess I'd be as much in it as they would." "I suggest that we all three go," I said. But Joe would have none of this plan. "There's nothing to be gained by that, Mr. Quaritch. You bet these fellows'll keep a pretty bright lookout. If they say a word of us coming they'd shoot as like as not." "I was thinking I might slip right along to Butler's cairn and maybe get a look at the fellows." "No!" said Petersham decidedly. "I won't allow it. You say yourself you would be shot!" "I said we would get shot, not me alone. Three men can't go quiet where one can't." And so finally it was arranged, though not without a good deal of argument with Petersham. "That's a fine fellow," remarked Petersham. I nodded. "The kind of fellow who fought with and bettered the irregulars at their own game. I wonder what he will see at Butler's cairn?" It was past midnight when Joe appeared again. Petersham and I both asked for his news. "November shook his head. 'I've nothing to tell; nothing at all. I didn't see no one.'" "Where were you?" "Lying down on top of the catfish itself. There's good corners to it." "You could see well round, then, and if any one had come you would not have failed to observe them." "Couldn't be too sure. There was some dark times when the moon was shut in by clouds. They might've come then times, though I don't think they did. But I'll know for certain soon unless it comes on heavy rain. There's a fine little lake they call Butler's pond up there. You saw your Baboils, Mr. Quaritch, and you'll go over at sunrise and you try for some of them trout, while I take a scout round for tracks." "This we did, but search as Joe would he failed to discover any sign at all. He told me this when he joined me at breakfast time." "After I had caught a nice string of trout, we walked back to Kalmacks, circling round the house before we entered it. The sand lay undisturbed by any strange footstep, but when we got in we found Mr. Petersham in a state of the greatest excitement. "One of the blackmailers has had a long talk with Puttick," he told us. "What?" "Incredible as it sounds, it is so." "But what was this?" "Early this morning, some time after you and Joe started. This is how it happened. Puttick had just got up and gone down with a tin of rosin and some spare canvas and tin to mend that canoe we ripped on the rock yesterday. In fact, he had only just begun working when he was started by a voice ordering him to hold up his hands." "By Jove, what next?" "Why, he held them up. He had no choice. And then a man stepped out from behind the big rock that's just above where the canoe lies." "I hope Puttick recognized him." "No. The fellow had a red handkerchief tied over his nose and mouth. Only his eyes showed under the brim of a felt hat that was pulled low down over them. He carried a rifle, that he kept full on Puttick's chest while they talked. But I'll call Puttick. He can finish the account of the affair himself. That's best." Puttick answered to the call, and after running over the story, which was exactly similar to that we had just heard from Petersham, he continued: "The tough had a red hanker tied over his ugly face, nothing but his eyes showing. He had me covered with his gun to rights all the time." "What kind of a gun was it?" (To Be Continued.)



The young lady across the way says she supposes if worst comes to worst the Belgians will just let the water out of the dykes and make things pretty uncomfortable for the enemy.

HOUSEHOLD NOTES

If your soup is too salty, try adding a few slices of raw potatoes and cook a little longer. The potatoes will absorb the surplus salt. Before stuffing a chicken, rub it inside and out with bacon drippings. Sausage, instead of stuffing in a chicken is an agreeable change. A generous piece of newspaper crumpled into ridges acts as an efficient drain to all croquettes, fritters, doughnuts and bacon. Rubber bands are inexpensive and are of great use in preparing lunches to fasten the waxed paper around sandwiches, cakes, fruits, etc. When running dates or figs through the meat chopper add a few drops of lemon juice to prevent the fruit from clogging the chopper. A safe laxative for children is two soaked figs that have remained in a little water overnight. These are eaten in the morning before breakfast. If table silver is placed in hot soapsuds immediately after being used and dried with a soft cloth, much of the work of polishing will be saved. Butter, with finely-chopped candied peel and raisins, makes a much-liked sweet sandwich, and honey with chopped nuts is another sweet filling. Copper can easily be cleaned by rubbing with a cut lemon dipped in table salt, then rinsing with clear water and polishing with a soft dry cloth. Nothing will clean and sweeten a sink better than a strong solution of washing soda, and the refrigerator likewise should frequently be washed with this. In the dining-room good, strong furniture is cheapest in the end, since the chairs and the table must always expect to put up with a certain amount of wear and tear. When baking, the scissors are useful; a snip and the biscuit dough is quickly apportioned; it quick cut and the drop-cookies falls into place on the baking tin. Sliced oranges and shredded coconut put into a dish in alternate layers is a delicious dessert.

Wreaths and Laurel Roping JOHN RECK & SON

Easy & Practical Home Dress Making Lessons. Prepared Especially For This Newspaper by Pictorial Review FOR SEMI-FORMAL WEAR.

so it is especially necessary in cutting that the pattern be laid on a thread of the vest and cuff. Back and collar, however, are arranged on a lengthwise fold of the goods. To make the sleeve, first pleat as creased on slot perforations, bringing fold to small "o" perforations, stitch, leaving edges free below double "oo" perforation. Close seam as notched. Join lower cuff as notched, sew upper cuff to short sleeve, single small "o" perforations even, double "oo" perforations at sleeve seam and lap. Sew in armholes, seam as notch in front, easing any fullness. Arrange tucks in outer front near armhole and stitch. Bring folded edge as notch at shoulder to small "o" perforation and tuck. Form tuck crossing on remaining line of slot perforations; stitch 1/2 inch from fold. Underface front from front edge to tuck, roll on small "o" perforations to form revers. Pleat vest, bringing slot to small "o" perforations and tuck. Center-front indicated by double "oo" perforations. Lap front edge of front to line of small "o" perforations in vest, corresponding single large "O" perforations and lower edges even, and bring single and double "oo" perforations in front and in vest together and stitch. Close under-arm seam as notched, close shoulder seam. Gather lower edge of waist between double "T" perforations. Sew Directorate collar to neck edge, notched and center-back even. Arrange on lining, centers, under-arm seams and armhole edges even, stitch lower edges together. Crochet, velvet covered or glass buttons may be used for the front and sleeves.

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