—and the Worst is Yet to Come.

Little Willie States the Fact For What It Is Worth.

SIDE TALKS

BY RUTH CAMERON.

HOW SHE MADE HER WORK EASIER.

A very intelligent and alert middle aged woman who is among my circle of friends has recently dispensed with a servant and taken charge of her own kitchen for the first time in fifteen years, in the cause of patriotism and conservation.

She had not been in that kitchen a week before she began to reorganize, and it seemed to me that what she told me about that reorganization was worth passing on.

Four Rules For Kitchen Arrangment.

"In the first place," she said, "I reorganized all my shelves. In doing this, I tried to follow four rules. Nothing behind anything. Nothing underneath anything. Everything as close as possible to the place where it is to be used. As few things as possible in places where they would require either stooping or reaching to get at them.

"Then I bought myself some gummed labels and labeled the places where each article was to be kept, because I knew that if I don't, they would probably get mixed up again.

"Then Nora had a great many tins and bottles that had to be opened before one was sure what was in them.

She Labeled The Hooks.

"When I went into the kitchen I found all sorts of cloths hanging around. I threw them away and started fresh, but I found that they were apt to get mixed up and I began to understand why Nora used up cloths so fast.

"She probably got them mixed up, burned them, and took fresh ones. So I put up a set of hooks, one for the dish cloth, one for sink cloth, one for pots and pans, one to wash windows with, etc., and pasted labels over each hook.

To Save Two Handlings.

"Last week I had some shelves put in over the sink so that I could put away the commonest cooking dishes, etc., as I wiped them. Then there wasn't room enough on the left hand side of the sink to stack all the dishes from a meal, and they had to be put on the other side of the kitchen and brought over, so I had that left hand shelf extended to save that bother.

"That's all I've done so far, but I've got some other plans seething round in my head. Perhaps you'd like to hear about them when they're carried out, you seem so interested in these."

Of course I said I emphatically would.

I also made a mental note to this effect. I suppose there are hundreds of my letter friends who, because of the scarcity of help are going out into their kitchens. What are they doing, when they get there, to make the work easier? I am sure they are doing something, and I wish they would tell me about it and, through me, share any ideas with the rest.

Won't you?

FASHIONS FOR CANADIANS

The sketch illustrates two conceptions of the poke hat which is such a favorite this season. As every woman who has ever worn a poke shaped hat knows, they are uniformly becoming and very comfortable. These hats flare over the face, giving the eyes protection, softening harsh lines and wrinkles, and they reef in at the back, giving a pretty glimpse of the hair. Hats of the poke type that are narrow at the back are especially comfortable for general wear or travelling.

Fabrics enter largely into the construction of the two hats here shown, either of which might with little difficulty be fashioned by the home milliner. The upper hat has a soft crown of satin stitched all around in heavy silk floss in a contrasting color. The brim may be either of satin or of a soft milan braid. A narrow band of ribbon circles the hat and is tied at the back in a simple bow. A cluster of cherries or small flowers should be used at the front of the chapeau.

The lower one of the two hats sketched is made entirely of taffeta re-enforced by tiny tucks. This hat should be made over a wire frame. A simple band of ribbon circles the crown and a martial suggestion is given the hat by the feather fancy set on at one side.

The poke shaped hat is an admirable utility hat, inasmuch as it is neither ultra-severe nor ultra-dressy, and some very charming models have been brought out this season in Georgette. Frequently the entire hat is of Georgette; again a facing of fine straw braid is used for the brim. One lovely poke hat recently seen, and in shape practically identical with the upper one of the two here shown, was fashioned of black chiffon printed in rose and pale green. The brim was piped with turquoise blue, a band of ribbon in the same shade circled the crown, and one large pink rose was caught directly at the front of the hat, where crown and brim joined. These sheer fabric hats are very easily made.

Two Modish Poke Hats.

Mrs. De Nagg—I had a dozen proposals before yours, and all from smarter men than you.

Mr. De Nagg—I'm sure they were, for they all managed to get out of it.

Pointed Paragraphs.

Injustice often pats a man on the back while justice kicks him.

Some would be more likely to take hints if they could pawn them.

A woman often says: "It's no use talking—but she never means it.

Some music has charms that would drive a savage to drink.

Hypocrites confess the sins of others and overlook their own.

Any chronic borrower soon begins to wonder why every one he knows is broke.

There is surely something wrong with the man if religion makes a pessimist of him.

Our schoolma-am says that the art of love making is usually taught at night school.

When the right young man calls with an engagement ring the girl in the case extends to him the glad hand.

Love is a sweet dream, but the first time a young man sees his best girl with her front hair done up in curl papers he is apt to wake up.

The woman who spend three or four hours a day doing her hair is sure to kick if her husband comes home with his mustache curled.

YOUR WAR GARDEN.

Cucumbers cannot be counted as a war garden crop. Yet many people feel that they are suffering a real loss if they give up cucumbers. As for going without pickles—perish the thought! Here is a compromise plan. Buy Japanese climbing cucumber seed and grow the vines on the fence or on wires attached to the side of the house. These Japanese cucumbers are almost as good as any other kind, although they do not grow very large. They develop very rapidly, make good pickles, and are not so likely to be attacked by blight as the ordinary varieties. Even with a little garden you needn't go without cucumbers.

THE EVENING STORY

GIRL HE LEFT BEHIND HIM.

Uncle Dan Ross is my old soldier uncle. He enlisted during the last days of the civil war, a boy of eighteen, and went down the long flowery lane into Dixie Land to fight for Old Abe. He never saw active service. Instead he was taken with a fever and came home, a burnedout shadow, a year after he had left.

"Don't you know," he said to me one evening, staring up at the stars while he spoke, "that I believe a boy kinda always dreams of being a soldier some time? Like a little girl who plays with dolls dreams of being a mother. Pain and death are something for the world—maybe bringing a different kind of glory," he hazarded.

"Why, uncle," I chided, "you are getting to be a regular old philosopher."

Uncle Ross took his old pipe from his mouth and lapsed into silence. "I used to think," he said, finally, "that I'd be happy if I could get where I'd never hear a bugle again. But boy"—he laid a hand on my shoulder—"you will soon be a soldier and there's a few things I'd like to tell you. I'd give a hundred million dollars to be with the boys again and hear the old bugle and go through one battle with them, like I always dreamed of doing." The old man puffed hard on his brier pipe. He evidently wanted to tell me something, but couldn't get started. "I hope you never fall in love, lad," he said in a harsh voice. He removed his hand from my shoulder, and then, in a voice that sounded weak and lifeless, he added, 'I was a fool once."

"What Difference Does it Make, Dan?" She Whispered.

"What kind of a girl was she?" I asked, trying to laugh, and making a failure of it.

He didn't answer my question at once. The evening breeze whipped his white hair about on his face and head. The crickets chirped around us and the night wind whispered in the ivy crawling up on the platform of our open porch.

"What kind of a girl?" he said, repeating my question. "Well, boy, she was the kind of a girl that makes men or breaks them for good. And the girl I left behind me—she—" his voice quavered—"she broke me.

"It was in the spring of 1864. Abe had called for a right smart bunch of volunteers. I know it wouldn't be long before I was drafted, and as things were looking pretty dark I decided to volunteer. I was a big, stout boy of eighteen, who had been brought up with a mother's care. Your grandmother had been dead for five years, I lived with an old aunt who kept a ball and chain tied on my spirits so to speak.

"I had always lived in the old rocky Pennsylvania hills and mountains, and, of course, I loved them. But that spirit in me which had been caged was about to be free at last, and I was happy.

"The folks around the neighborhood who knew I was going to volunteer came in the day before I left to shake hands with me. I remember yet how warm and friendly their handclasps felt and the glistening in their eyes when they told me to be a good Yankee. I felt like a hero on the morning I kissed my aunt good by and started to walk to Melbourne. No one had ever paid much attention to me before. I remember how I looked back once at the little white house and the purple shadow of old Baldy Mountain just beyond. A tear or two rolled down my cheeks, but I didn't feel sorry. Something was calling me.

"I was headed for Melbourne, but I was going past the place where she lived. She was only sixteen, a brown eyed girl with hair, black and heavy, that hung in one braid to her waist. We had gone to school together and many the fight I'd had with the other boys over her. Her father was the nearest thing to a millionaire that we had in those days. I was a poor boy, depending on my aunt's charity. So her ma and pa didn't have any use for me. But she had asked me to go past their place. She said she had left something for me by a tree that stood near the road. I knew she would be watching to wave at me when I went past.

"It's different nowadays when young men go to war. They have a special train and a big supper, with flowers and a band and girls a-plenty to kiss. In my day, son, people were patriotic, but they had a different way of showing it.

"Mary Dean—I might as well tell you her name—lived just on the other side of Big Fisher creek. You've heard your father tell about it. A big barn stood on one side of the road and a big house on the other. My heart was pounding against my ribs when I crossed Big Fisher creek bridge that day, I looked across toward the house and saw old Squire Dean standing out in the road between the house and the barn.

"The old man is going to bid me good-by," was my first thought. Old Dean was a large man; I can see him yet—the big green high hat he always wore, the cape around his shoulders, the steely look in his eyes and the way he tamped his heavy hickory cane up and down.

"The bible says, 'Love your enemies.' But there is one man I hate today. His bones were dust long before you were born, lad. He put a price on my patriotism and my manhood. What would you think of a man who tried to buy your sister's self-respect?

"Old Dean did not look up until I was a few steps from him, then he brought up his head with a jerk 'Good morning, Ross,' he said, in a quick, crisp voice. Something in his face halted me. 'I heard that you were going to Melbourne today to volunteer.'

"Be a Good Sammy and Don't Sell Your Patriotism."

"A hint of excitement in his voice put me on my guard. 'I am going to Melbourne to volunteer,' I answered, raising my voice.

"His eyes bored holes in me. Then, from somewhere on his person, he drew the biggest roll of money I had ever seen in my life. 'Here's $1,200,' he said in a shaky voice. 'It's yours if you will go in my son's place. He's been drafted.' He held out the roll of bills and that money looked like all the wealth in the world to me.

"I saw Mary's brother, a miserly, selfish fellow, who had no pity for man or beast. I thought of the times he had insulted me. His father was trying to buy his life with mine. I think, lad, that I became a man in that one dramatic moment of my life. 'Your boy is not a d—— bit better than I am!' I shouted, with all the passion of youth. 'I wouldn't go in his place for all the money you've got!'

"The old man's face grew red, but he threw the money down in the dust at my feet. 'The gal——' he never called her his daughter——'you can marry her when you come back.'

"I think if he had spoken Mary's name I would have knocked him down. Just then Mary came out of the house. The sun glistened on her black hair, tears were running down her cheeks. She ran out to where Dean and I stood in the road. She caught hold of my arm. 'What difference does it make, Dan?' she whispered, laying her head against my shoulder.'

Uncle Dan ceased speaking for a moment, then, "I don't think she understood," he said. "You could hardly expect a girl like her to know how a man would feel.

"She put her arms around my neck and of course I kissed her. Then I pushed her away from me and went on, leaving Dean's roll of money lying in the dust. I didn't dare look back at the girl I left behind me."

Uncle Ross again stopped speaking. His eyes were seeing things that night never before mine to see.

"Uncle," I said, trying to speak naturally, "you are a hero after all. It was just splendid of you to give up—to refuse to go in a slacker's place."

"Her brother had to go," Uncle Ross said in a low tone. "He was a great soldier and was killed in action. I—I never had a chance to show what I could do."

"And what of Mary Dean?" I whispered.

"She had married some one else before I came back home. I never saw her again. They tell me she named one of her boys after me."

Uncle Dan got up from his chair and knocked the ashes from his pipe. "Be a good Sammy and don't sell your patriotism," he said. "Good night, lad. God bless you. It's taps for me."

I could not answer him, but staring hard at the shadows I saw a brown-eyed innocent girl, frightened and alone—a girl of '64—the one he had left behind him.

YOUR HEALTH

By ANDREW F. CURRIER, M. D.

APOPLEXY NO. 1.

Apoplexy, or cerebral hemorrhage, is commonly known as paralysis, or stroke, and is one of the most serious of the acute diseases.

It may come to the new-born baby in his efforts to get into the world, it may come occasionally to children, but rather more frequently to those in middle life and very often to the aged.

Babies often recover, if the hemorrhage has not been extensive, but they may carry a palsied arm or leg through life; children also seldom recover completely from it.

Those who are attacked in middle life are most likely to get entirely over it, while the aged almost never recover and death very frequently results quickly.

The hemorrhage is upon, or into, some portion of that most complex organ, the brain, which is made up of nerve fibers and cells, is very soft and yielding and is abundantly supplied with blood-vessels.

The quantity of blood lost in an apoplexy, depends upon the size of the vessel which breaks, and the amount of resistance it meets.

If the hemorrhage is upon the surface of the brain, it will usually be copious and cause death in a few hours by its pressure upon, and destruction of, vital parts.

If the vessel is within the brain, the blood escapes more slowly, compresses and destroys the tissues which gets in its way, and may continue to flow for days, until death results, or until it is stopped from some other cause.

The loss of blood may be so slight that it causes no troublesome symptoms; the patient may not even know that anything serious ails him.

A loss of four or five tablespoonfuls may be serious, and the greater the outflow, the more serious the condition and the more quickly fatal.

There may be nothing to indicate the approach of such an accident, or it may be preceded by high blood pressure, headache, nose-bleed, dizziness, flushing or pallor of the face, or a feeling of fulness in the head.

In some instances, there are floating bodies before the eyes, ringing in the ears, restless sleep, thickness of speech, dulness of the intellect, slow or intermittent pulse, and constipation.

As the hemorrhage continues, headache becomes more severe, there is yawning and sighing, and when certain nerve centers have been compressed by the escaping blood, there will be profuse vomiting, profuse perspiration and then unconsciousness accompanied with loud snoring.

This unconsciousness may last a few hours, or several days, may gradually disappear, or end in death.

There may be twitching in one or more of the limbs and there may be more or less extensive convulsions.

Questions and Answers.

M. D.—Will you please direct, for me, a diet and exercise that will remove some of my superfluous fat?

Answer.—I am sorry I cannot do as you request; that is not a portion of the work of this department and, furthermore, I do not know what the requirements are in your case. I might say, however, that hard work and avoidance, largely, of sugar and fat in your food will probably accomplish what you desire.

A PLEA.

It matters not how rough the way,
I must not wince nor whine, today
The roads of pleasure lie behind;
With troubles now my path is lined.
But selfish thoughts and selfish goals
Are only fit for craven souls.
All that is best is now at stake,
I must not let my courage break.

I must be faithful to the last—
Undaunted till the storm is passed.
For God and country, I must live;
Gladly and freely I must give
All that they ask of me today
That truth shall not be swept away,
Who lingers now to count the cost,
May find his country's honor lost

Lord change the man I was, and make
Me worthy of the cause at stake,
Teach me of self to think no more
Until these bitter days are o'er,
Let me not whimper nor complain
At petty losses. From that stain
I would be free, until the hour
Truth vanquishes the tyrant's power.

Discomforts let me bravely bear
That Freedom's flag shall triumph there!
All that I am and have I'd give
That freedom on the earth shall live.
Let me forsake my selfish needs
And give myself to bigger deeds.
Lord, make a new man out of me,
Whose only goal is victory.

KEEPING UP WITH THE JONESES—A Rising Town.

—By POP.