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THE AWKWARD POSE, FOOT TROUBLE.

Nothing detracts so much from one's personal appearance as an awkward or ungainly pose. It is curious, too, that so many girls affect such attitudes deliberately, under the general idea that they are stylish.

Sagging isn't pretty. There's a vast difference in looks between ease and sloppiness, relaxation and slouchiness. To be sure, the woman who sits bolt upright and along toward the edge of her chair, is an uneasy sort of person to be with; she rests neither herself nor you. But there is a happy medium between these two poses—sufficiently relaxed to be graceful, to look comfortable. (The one who sits on her backbone doesn't look comfortable either, so perhaps comfort is the key to the whole situation.)

To those who wish to know how to obtain graceful lines and pretty poses, I would not give the threadbare advice, "Forget yourself; be natural," because naturalness, in too many cases, is only awkwardness. They have grown away from natural grace, though they had it when they were children. Clumsiness became second nature as they grew up—do you know why? Because they lost the perfect control of their muscles, the thing physiologists call "perfect co-ordination." They have to acquire it all over again and of course it must be artificial for a time. Then gradually gracefulness will become second nature—and that's all there is to it.

But of course, it's not so simple as it sounds. The first thing to do is to watch yourself for awkward positions—ways of sitting humped up, or of standing hunched in bending over your work, or "sagging," to use a more descriptive word. Then you can correct yourself gradually, straightening into a prettiest position as you remember about it, even learning to pose while standing or sitting before a mirror.

To keep the body muscles in good condition, stand at the foot of a bed, place the hands lightly on the footboard or rail and bend until sitting on the heels. Rise and repeat. At first the help of the rail will be necessary, but as the muscles grow more elastic it can be dispensed with and the exercise practiced in the middle of the room. Begin by rising and bending for five minutes, and gradually increase the time to ten or fifteen minutes daily.

A woman is as old (in appearance) as her muscles allow her to be. Exercise alone will succeed in keeping the muscles in perfect condition, and it in invariably the woman who is inclined to take things too easily who allows herself to grow old in this way.

A foot specialist recently remarked that "No woman is beautiful who has uncomfortable feet." I would say that "No woman or girl can be either graceful or beautiful if her feet are uncomfortable."

If your shoes trouble you, consider the style of shoes you are wearing, for shoes are usually responsible for corns, bunions, and such disfigurements. You may not like the round toe, low-heel shoes, but you must wear them, for a time at least. After awhile, they'll come in style again and then you'll wonder how you ever thought the pointed toes good looking. Select shoes that allow the large toe to lie straight—as it lies when a child is barefoot. When the feet are crowded into shoes having excessively high heels, short vamps and the blunt, French, round toes, they look shorter, but they also look broader, deformed, in fact. Such shoes are responsible for a teetering sort of gait resembling that of the unfortunate foot-bound women of China, to say nothing of more serious complications.

HIDDEN POCKETS.

Good-sized patch pockets on the front of the child's gingham knickers are good carrying places for the "hanky"—not to mention wee land turtles, snail shells, pollywogs, and other treasures. And, best of all, when the dress gets torn, one of these pockets can be ripped off in a jiffy and form a patch properly faded to match the dress material.

STRAWBERRY DAINTIES.

Individual Strawberry Shortcake. The old-fashioned warm shortcake maintains its place as favorite despite the strawberry frivolities modern cookery has given us. The only concession the shortcake has made to present day customs is in size.

To-day the individual shortcake is preferred. To make this standby, use any good biscuit formula, adding slightly more shortening. Cut the dough into generous sized biscuits and bake. When done, quickly split each biscuit and spread with soft butter. Pile the lower layer with strawberries crushed in sugar; place the other biscuit half—split side up—over this, cover with berries and top with plain or whipped cream.

Many cooks send to the table with hot shortcake a pitcher of thick sauce made from berries sweetened, crushed and strained to which a little melted butter has been added.

English Strawberry Tart. Line a deep pie dish with short pastry crust and fill to within half an inch of its brim with well sweetened fruit. Place latticed strips across the top, taking care to moisten each strip so that it will adhere to the paste rim. Sprinkle granulated sugar over the top and bake in a moderate oven. When cool send to the table in the dish in which it was baked. Serve with plain or whipped cream.

Strawberry Dumplings. Roll out rich pastry crust and cut in pieces about five inches square. Put well-sugared strawberries in the centre of each square, moisten the edges with a little water and press together. With a knife make two incisions in the top of each dumpling and bake in a moderate oven for half an hour.

Serve with the sauce used for shortcake.

Strawberry Puffs. Cream half a cupful of butter with a quarter cupful of sugar. Gradually add two well-beaten eggs and whisk to a fluff. Put two cupfuls of flour, three teaspoonfuls of baking powder and one-eighth teaspoonful of salt through a sieve several times, and add, alternately, with one cupful of milk to the creamed mixture.

Stir in lightly one cupful of very ripe strawberries, turn into buttered molds and steam half an hour. Serve with foamy sauce made from half a cupful of butter creamed with one cupful of powdered sugar. Flavor with one teaspoonful of vanilla and a quarter teaspoonful of lemon. Just before serving, slowly stir into this mixture a quarter cupful of boiling water, then add the stiffly beaten white of one egg. Whisk to a foam.

A PRETTY PLAY APRON FOR A TINY TOT.

4735. Blue linen was selected for this design, with flower motifs and stitchery or in red floss for decoration. This style is also good for pongee, crepe, sateen or chambrey. It protects the back and front of the frock, and has a roomy pocket.

The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: 2, 3, 4 and 5 years. A 3-year size requires 1 yard of 36-inch material.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver, by the Wilson Publishing Co., 73 West Adelaide St., Toronto. Allow two weeks for receipt of pattern.

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Minard's Liniment for Aches and Pains

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by his writing—pin a dollar to a natural, off-hand sample of writing, mail it, with your name and address, for description of character, vocational aptitudes, appearance, and marriage and partnership adaptations. The Dollar Character Service, Arthur Black Farmer, 150 Bathurst Street, Toronto, Can.

ISSUE No. 26—'24.

"When Hearts Command"

By ELIZABETH YORK MILLER

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

CHAPTER XXII—(Cont'd.)

"Because—" Alice went on, fingering one of the exquisitely embroidered shawls, her dreamy gaze wandering out across the palm trees to the sea—"she's bound to be lonely when I'm married."

"There's me," snapped Hugo, his voice shrilly defensive.

"Yes, of course. But after all, you're only her brother and you mightn't care to stay with her for ever."

"Humph!" he exclaimed. "I know what you're thinking. You're thinking that that old windbag, Gaunt, has his eye on her."

Alice laughed merrily.

"But I thought you were a great admirer of Mr. Gaunt's. Don't pretend you're not, Uncle John. You know you simply worship him."

"Do you?" Hugo asked jealously.

"I think he's awfully nice. There's something about him—I can't describe it—he makes me feel a little wistful. Mumsey and he are such lonely people and once I'm sure they were tremendously fond of each other. Mr. Gaunt is in love with her now. I'm sure of it."

"And your mother?"

"She likes him, doesn't she?"

Hugo looked pained. "So do I. Nothing the matter with Gaunt. Nothing really the matter with him at all. But your mother won't marry him—not she!"

At this point Jean, who was never easy a moment when Hugo and Alice were alone together, intruded upon the speculations as to her future. Had she, herself, been so nearly caught by someone under such intimate discussion, her face would have betrayed her, but Hugo and Alice turned to her the bland smiles of perfect innocence.

"We're just dividing all the pretty things," Alice said.

"And you're to have a frock made of the two ivory colored shawls," supplemented Hugo, adding coyly: "Little crosspatch!"

"I'm sorry I was cross. Yes, it'll be lovely. I wonder if the dressmaker can run it up in time for your wedding, Alice? I think tea will be ready soon. Shouldn't you lie down and rest for a moment, John?"

She took him by the hand and led him away. There were tears in her eyes and her lips twitched nervously. Oh, why did she need always to be so worried!

"You are kind, Hugo dear," she whispered when they were out of earshot. "But suppose something happens and you don't get that money?"

Now she was beginning all over again, and Hugo refused to speak to her.

All through tea he sat and watched her with moody eyes. Several times she stopped herself on the point of asking him what he was thinking about. He might have told her, and it might so easily be something that she did not want him to say before Alice. For over two weeks she had been spared the particular worry of what he might say before Alice.

But Alice was now living in a dream world, and not nearly so attentive to little things as she had been. Alice's world was made of pearls and lace and yards of soft white satin, of love-letters, of the ring on her finger, and that other ring soon to be added to it, of wedding bells and all things bright and beautiful. And in that world she moved and had her being.

"Let me see, we leave for Genoa on Wednesday," mused Hugo, forgetting that Jean in one way and another was causing him quite a lot of annoyance. "This is Saturday. I suppose I'll hear from Mercer's Bank long before Wednesday. Probably on Tuesday."

So it was worrying him too. Jean was convinced that she herself would not be able to get a wink of sleep until they heard.

CHAPTER XXIII.

The wedding preparations rolled on, gathering impetus as the day drew near.

Alice lived in her dream, and Jean in a whirlwind. A talent for needlework was discovered in Hugo, who made some very clever little rosettes of ribbon for Alice's frocks and helped to drape the embroidered shawls for Jean's dress. He also made a big black lace hat for Jean which was wonderfully becoming.

On the surface they were a happy, if somewhat overworked family. Gaunt helped with the rather haphazard housekeeping which went on during this period. That is, he saw that they had enough to eat and he was always bobbing in and out. The farmer of Monte Nero could no longer be called a recluse. His interest in the Villa Charmil did not pass unremarked in the English colony, which would have been glad to see a little more of him had he chosen to be sociable. Consequently Jean was more bothered with callers than she liked. For Louisa always to say that she was "not at home" had its difficulties. So generally Jean would show herself and give the visitor a cup of tea and half an hour of her society, but was fretted all the while for the things she ought to be doing or had been interrupted in.

People she had met at the hotel came to see her, too, notably Colonel Derwent and Count Praga. They were both immensely curious about Hugo and the conversation concerning money between him and Mrs. Egan, which had been overheard by the knitting brigands. They wanted to know so many things, but there was no one kind enough to relieve their curiosity.

Hugo allowed himself to be kept in the background, which was as worrying as it was gratifying. There was something on his mind, and as the days passed he drooped more and more, finally taking to an isolated corner of the terrace with the yards of dish-towelling he had offered to hem.

Jean thought she knew what he was worrying about, and it would have been impossible for him to worry any more than she herself was doing. More and more she was convinced that he had run them into a financial noose from which there would be no possible means of escape.

She blamed herself more than she did Hugo. Now that it was over and he had committed himself to all that outrageous expenditure, she thought that in some way she ought to have been able to prevent him. A word in private to one of the bank officials would have been sufficient. Of course the jewellery could be returned. But the ten thousand lire was melting fast, and by the time they had journeyed to Genoa and settled all the expenses incident to the trip there would be little of it left.

This dreadful fear had to be kept from Alice and also from Hector Gaunt. But Alice presented no great difficulty. The girl was too wonderfully happy to feel the uneasiness with which she was surrounded. Every day it seemed to her that Philip's letters grew more and more beautiful. After they were married, she told herself whimsically, she would miss those letters. Of course she kept every one and they were put away in a little carved box with sprigs of dried lavender. "When I am an old woman I will take them out and read them again and again," she promised herself.

Every day at vespers she slipped away from the villa—"Going for a little walk, mumsey, if you don't mind"—and climbed up to the church in the Old Town. It was like being alone with God, for the scattered worshippers took no notice of her. Like herself, all were intent upon their own devotions. The nasal singing of the children, the chants, the busy priests coming and going, the perfume of the incense, the dim altar sprinkled with points of yellow candlelight, the soft shuffle of footsteps on the stone floor, all gave her that feeling of exhilaration commingled with deep humility without which her life just now would have been incomplete.

She was approaching marriage, and her Creator had drawn her close to Him in preparation for that great act of consecration.

Finally Tuesday arrived, the day when Hugo had said he hoped to hear from the bank that the money had come through to him. But as usual, the post-girl left nothing but Alice's letter. Gaunt came down in the afternoon to confirm the arrangements.

He had brought a present for Alice. It lay in an old, old velvet case, a great, ugly diamond tiara which had belonged to his mother. He had just been to the bank to fetch it.

Alice held it in fear and trembling. She was terribly awe-stricken.

"But, Mr. Gaunt—surely you shouldn't give me this. It's—it's too valuable. And your mother's! I don't feel I ought to take it."

Hugo quivered jealously. Was the tiara more desirable than his necklace?

"I always meant Jean's daughter to have it," Gaunt said gravely.

Then Alice understood. Mr. Gaunt, poor dear man, was in love with her mother. She wiped her eyes and thanked him. Then, impulsively, she raised her arms and Gaunt bent down and kissed her first on one cheek and then on the other.

Hugo looked like a dog just about to howl. Jean remained stolid. To keep this scene from breaking her up she fixed her mind determinedly on Hugo's mad monetary escapade.

Presently they all simmered down to the commonplace of tea in the arbor, Alice wearing the tiara for fun, and also Uncle John's necklace, because it seemed necessary to make a bit of a fuss over him as well.

Jean tried to be very gay.

And then her bright voice broke. Alice would not be coming back to the Villa Charmil. It seemed only this minute to have dawned upon her.

There was, quite suddenly, a dreadful scene. Jean's strained nerves snapped and her head went down on the stone table in a fit of sobbing.

(To be continued.)

THE HANDY TIN DIPPER.

One morning I came downstairs a bit late and hurriedly began to assemble my implements to prepare breakfast. On my way to the closet for the usual earthenware bowl in which to mix my pancakes, I espied a short-handled, heavy tin three-pint dipper which had been bought the day before for use in the barn. I had never used one in my kitchen, but now I lifted this shining new dipper, and its handiness and lightness appealed to me at once. I washed and scalded it, and in it my pancakes are mixed for breakfast. Since then that handy dipper has been in constant use in my kitchen as a mixing utensil.

In an old cookbook of my grandmother's I had often read, "Never mix cake in a tin basin. Butter and sugar will be much darkened by the tin."

I mix my lightest cakes in my handy tin dipper and can see no difference whatever in the color; but the texture of my cakes is much finer than when mixed in my earthenware bowl, for with a firm grasp on the sturdy handle of the dipper I can beat the batter without fatigue and the results are indeed satisfactory. I mix brown bread, johnnycakes, cookies, doughnuts, pie crust—in fact, anything and everything in my dipper. The perfectly round smooth bowl would sometimes get away from my rigid hold, and also bring cramps to my hand. I'll admit that we busy housewives can hardly keep house without our earthen bowls, but for mixing—just try the short-handled, handy tin dipper!

Minard's Liniment for Headache.

Dandelions

What unseen power hath wrought this wondrous change?
It was but yestermorn the dull brown mold
Grew by some sudden magic, new and strange,
Bright with these starry flakes of living gold.
Ah, can it be that olden tale is true?
Hath Phrygian Midas journeyed through the land,
And while men slumbered and the south-wind blew,
Let fall these golden discs from out his hand?

—James B. Kenyon.

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Wrigley's means benefit as well as pleasure.

Waste-Land.

Here the lichens cling
To the gray rocks,
Like the faltering
Ragged locks
Of an old she-fox.

Here a narrow band
Of water flows
No broader than a hand;
A black crow's
Quill sailing goes.

Here's a wrinkled grape,
Like a blue knot
On a thread—the shape
Of life caught
In the death-rot.

Here—listen long—
By windy word
Of reed, nor lacy song
Of wild bird
Is the dumb air stirred.

Here a man may own
His bare soul instead
Of a beauty blown
Rose, 'tis said.
But his soul is dead.

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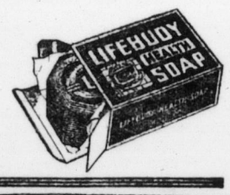

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HISTORY IN NURSERY TALES

Walter De La Mare's recent statement to the Royal Society of Literature that the famous nursery rhyme "Little Jack Horner" was originally a satire has surprised many people who think that children's nursery rhymes are merely nonsense rhymes which please because of a delightful jingle in the words.

The original Jack Horner appears to have been a steward to the Abbot of Glastonbury. When Henry XIII. filled his purse by dissolving the monasteries Horner was the bearer of the deeds of the Abbey.

For safty, the parchments were concealed in a pasty, and on the way to the King "Little Jack Horner" put in his thumb and "pulled out a plum" in the form of the deeds of a wealthy abbey!

"Old King Cole."

This is one of the best-proved examples of history preserved as a nursery rhyme. Two other lesser-known ones are "Old King Cole," which perpetuates the memory of a very early British ruler who had a liking for music and a jolly life; and "Hark, hark, the dogs do bark, the beggars are coming to town," which is supposed to be a Jacobite satire on the accession to the throne of England of a member of the House of Hanover, George I.

There are a few rhymes which are suspected to contain survivals of heathen religions and of magic incantations, but nothing definite has yet been proved.

Many are very old. "Three Blind Mice," for instance, was set to music as early as 1609; a reference to "Sing a Song of Sixpence" can be found in "Bonduca," a play written in 1647; while the rhyme about the "Three Wise Men of Gotham who went to sea in a bowl" has been traced back even earlier.

The Pied Piper.

The Wise Men of Gotham, who, it will be remembered, were the people who enclosed a captive bird inside a high hedge, so that it could not escape, have always been famous for foolishness, but research has proved that they were not such fools as they looked. The method in their madness was adopted to keep away undesirable visitors.

"Tom, Tom, the Piper's Son," is supposed to be a remnant of a long ballad akin to the story of the Pied Piper of Hamelin. The famous poem as Browning wrote it is founded on a legend to which Howell refers in a letter written in 1643.

The foundation of the story of the Pied Piper is very phoblematic. A plague of rats, scarcity of children, a pillar of rock at the foot of a mountain, and vague superstitions of fairy music heard at night, have all contributed to the plot, and there is little doubt that in the days of belief in witches and fairies a minstrel with an imagination could easily connect up all the incidents and make from them a ballad.

During the eighteenth century riddles and rhymes were very popular. An example is:—

Opens like a barndoor, shuts like a trap,
You may think of many things, you'll never think of that.

The answer is a lady's corsets.

Another example, dating from Cromwell's times, the answer to which is a rainbow, runs:—

Purple, yellow, red, and green,
The king cannot reach it nor the queen.
Nor can old Noll whose power's so great
Tell me this riddle while I count eight.

Humpty Dumpty."

The only riddle which seems to have survived as a popular favorite is "Humpty Dumpty," which refers, of course, to an egg. The earliest version of the rhyme is very expressive, especially in its scond line:—

Humpty Dumpty sat in a beck
With all his sinews round his neck,
Forty doctors and forty wrights
Couldn't put Humpty Dumpty to right.

Some favorite nursery rhymes are of quite modern origin. "A frog who would a-wooing go" was composed by the actor Liston, and "Wee Willie Winkie" was written by a Scottish poet, William Miller, who died only thirty years ago.

Red, White and Blue Mourning.

Black always spells mourning to us, but in other lands every conceivable color is utilized. Black signifies loss of light and joy, and resultant grief, but white, suggesting hope, is favored in China.

The South Sea Islanders combine the two and mourn in black and white stripes. Sky-blue holds its own in Bokhara, and pale brown, to represent withered leaves, is worn by the Persian.

In Ethiopia and Abyssinia relatives think of the earth to which their dead friends return, and accordingly adopt grey-brown for their mourning. Purple and violet are the colors used to mourn cardinals in France. French kings, however, have been known to wear scarlet.

Yellow should stand for unfaithfulness and jealousy, yet the country classes in Brittany always use it for mourning. Traitors' cells were once painted yellow in France, and the Spanish executioner's robes used to be yellow and red.