

Wednesday—Two small brown bread sandwiches spread with creamed cheese and chopped nuts, two small white bread sandwiches filled with lettuce dipped in French dressing, three thin slices of beef salted, a cup custard, an apple.

Thursday—Two small white bread sandwiches spread with sardine paste, two small whole wheat bread sandwiches with chopped celery with French dressing, three tiny sweet pickles, two ginger snaps, three figs.

Friday—Three small white bread sandwiches filled with cooked oysters, chopped and seasoned, one whole wheat bread sandwich spread with orange marmalade, a piece of celery salted, a small piece of spice cake, a bunch of grapes (grapes may be removed from the stems and placed in a jar and a cover placed on the jar).—Lotta I. Crawford.

FROCKS FOR THE LITTLE FOLKS

The busy farmer's wife will be glad that simplicity prevails in the fashioning of little girls' dresses, and one may make them plain or ornate and still not be out of fashion. By studying the fashion sheets carefully many of the designs may be reproduced without buying a pattern. If one is needed, aim to select one which with a few changes will serve for two or more variations. This is one of the easy and satisfactory ways of saving pennies.

Gingham, chambray, linen, pongee, cotton voile, dimity and lawn are favorite materials. A pretty fancy is to use pale pink or blue lawn of gingham as bands on sheer white fabric, with a bit of lace for edging the collar and sleeves. Yet this has disadvantages when it comes to washing. Many of the colored goods will leave a tinge of color in the adjoining white, even with the most careful washing, while the boiling and bleaching, which are almost a necessity at times, are not to be thought of in the combination. Blue is the most satisfactory of colors to use, as the tinge, if present, may serve in lieu of bluing. Colored ginghams are serviceable and neat for common wear, and dimity, which launders nicely, now comes in colors with white dots, and is pleasing as well as cheap.

A convenient way to make dresses for service is so that they can be worn with or without a guimpe. The sleeves get soiled first, and with a pair of guimpes the dress may serve some little time without washing.

Trimings are largely given to handwork with needle or crochet hook, and for the best dress there is ample opportunity to display the skill and utilize the spare moments. For the school dresses, mercerized cottons will serve nicely in place of embroidery silk, ornamenting with feather stitching and other quickly made stitches. Then there is no end to the embroidery designs for the very best dresses. Insets of tatting or crochet are among the newer decorations which form a pleasing change from the insertion of lace. Almost any of the fancy work of two generations ago may be used, and some of this old-fashioned work is highly prized.

A cheap and pretty trimming of the same is made by taking a strip of the material. Tear or cut it across the cloth, making it an inch wide. Fold over a seam on both edges. Fold again along the middle of the strip. With a double thread gather the strip thus folded zig-zagging back and forth from one edge to the other instead of straight through the middle. After a few angles have been made, draw the gathers up and you have a wavy effect quite ornamental for finishing the neck or sleeves of the jumper or overblouse. This is quickly made and durable.—Bessie L. Putnam.

She No. 1—"I wonder why they say a woman bestows her hand when she marries." She No. 2—"Well, she isn't supposed to realize until afterwards that she has put her foot into it."

THE SPHERE OF SEX

Man is a creature of cast-iron habits; woman adapts herself to circumstances. This is the foundation of the moral difference between them.

A man does not attempt to drive a nail unless he has a hammer; a woman does not hesitate to utilize anything, from the heels of a boot to the back of a brush.

A man considers a corkscrew absolutely necessary to open a bottle; a woman attempts to extract the cork with the scissors. If she does not succeed readily, she pushes the cork in the bottle, since the essential thing is to get at the fluid.

Shaving is the only use to which a man puts a razor; a woman employs it for cutting corns.

When a man writes, everything must be in apple-pie order—pen, paper, and ink must be just so; a profound silence must reign while he accomplishes this important function. A woman gets only sheet of paper, sharpens a pencil with the scissors, puts the paper on an old atlas, crosses her feet, balances herself on her chair, and confides her thoughts to paper, changing from pencil to pen, and vice versa from time to time, nor does she care if the children romp or the cook comes to speak to her.

A man storms if the blotting-paper is not conveniently near; a woman dries the ink by blowing it, waving the paper in the air, or holding it near a lamp or fire.

A man drops a letter unhesitatingly in the box; a woman rereads the address, assures herself that the envelope is sealed, the stamp secure, and then throws it violently into the box.

A man can cut a book only with a paper-cutter; a woman deftly inserts a hairpin, and the book is cut.

For a man "good-by" signified the end of a conversation and the moment of his departure; for a woman it is the beginning of a new chapter, for it is just when they are taking leave of each other that women think of the most important topics of conversation.

A woman ransacks her brain trying to mend a broken object; a man puts it aside and forgets that for which there is no remedy. Which is the superior?

COMFORT

By ROBERT W. SERVICE

Say! You've struck a heap of trouble—
Bust in business, lost your wife;
No one cares a cent about you,
You don't care a cent for life;
Hard luck has of hope bereft you,
Health is failing, wish you'd die—
Why, you've still the sunshine left you,
And the big blue sky.

Sky so blue it makes you wonder
If it's heaven shining through;
Earth so smiling 'way out yonder,
Sun so bright it dazzles you;
Birds a-singing, flowers a-flinging,
All their fragrance on the breeze.
Dancing shadows, green, still meadows—
Don't you mope, you've still got these.

These, and none can take them from you;
These, and none can weight their worth,
What! you're tired and broke and beafen?—
Why you're rich—you've got the earth!
Yes, if you're a tramp in tatters,
While the blue sky bends above,
You've got nearly all that matters,
You've got God, and God is love.

"Here's to the ould 59th," said one Irish soldier to another with whom he was hobnobbing. "Here's to the ould 59th, the last in the field and the first to leave it." "Ye muddler," retorted the other, "It's here's to the ould 59th, equal to none."