

THE WORTH OF A WOMAN.

Whatever the wage of the world may be At the close of the tolling day. For a task too slight for the world to see. As it measures men—'work for pay. He is rich in the tribute of rarer lands That reckon world's wage above— In the thought of a woman's love. By Charlotte Louise Rudyard.

ONE TOUCH OF NATURE.

Wandeford threw away the end of his cigar with a sigh, stretched himself and got up. Conscience was reminding him that it was not seemly, on this night of all nights, to leave his bride too long alone, but it must be owned that he felt no warm impulse toward her at the moment. She had come down to dinner in a black dress, to the evident amazement of the unsophisticated country maid who waited on them. Miss Daisy Evans had not been noted for her observance of the conventions, but her husband felt that Lady Sydney Wandeford should have had better taste; he hated to be made conspicuous. Qualms came over him, for the first time that day, as he stood on the hearth rug screwing up prayer feelings, but he suppressed them with a firm hand. He was thirty-eight years old. He had recently been elected member for Darenth, and his illustrious chief had advised him, with a significance that Wandeford perfectly understood, to marry and settle down in his constituency.

"Confound it all, if I've got to be respectable I will be respectable!" he said to himself with a shrug and a grimace. "Daisy's correct enough for anything, and so is her woman. I can't stand the cow-like type of woman, so I must put up with a few originalities. After all, she does look shamelessly pretty in black." The bride was sitting by the fire, supporting her cheek on her hand. She did not look around when her husband opened the door. He had a glimpse of sparkling gold, of brilliant rose and ivory—her hair, the curve of her cheek and her slim, bare arm. She was a little thing, but she looked all strength and fire and coolness; one could not be in her presence for five minutes without feeling her imperious charm. Wandeford halted on the threshold. He had felt a trifle ashamed of his cigars, but as soon as he met the air of the drawing-room he discovered that no apologies were necessary.

"Didn't know you smoked, Daisy," he said, coming forward. "Didn't you?" Wandeford perceived at once that she knew he did not like it. "It's plain you meant to keep it dark before," he said, infusing a gentle banter into his tone to soften the air.

"Oh, dear, no. I only smoke when I'm worried or—ill at ease," she responded. Her voice was very clear, staccato, apt for expressing irony. Wandeford had always admired the perfect intonation. And how amazingly pretty she was, in her Dresden china colors of rose and gold and ivory! Yet her beauty was a little hard, like her voice.

"You've been quite a long time downstairs," she said. "How many cigars did you smoke?" "Two. Did you miss me?" "Oh, no. I smoked two cigarettes, myself." "A pity we didn't smoke together." "Do you really think so?"

Wandeford bent over her with obvious intentions. She presented her lips. Her hand went up a moment later, but not in time to hide her laughter. Wandeford was not a sweet-tempered man, but controlled himself and asked pleasantly: "What are you laughing at?" "Oh, nothing in you, my dear boy! You do it beautifully. No doubt you have had plenty of practice."

Wandeford leaned against the mantelpiece, very big and powerful, with his black brows slightly drawn together. Meeting her provoking eyes, he unbent a little. "Come, Daisy," he said, "don't talk rot of that sort. It isn't your style. What are you so thorny for? Why can't you be reasonable?"

"Reasonable! I am being reasonable, for the first time in three months." "Since you became engaged to me, in fact." "Yes. You were downstairs such a long time that I've had a chance of thinking things over. I haven't thought much lately, except about my trousseau, mixed with speculations, mostly on mother's part. I will admit, as to how long your brother Darenth will live to keep you out of the title."

"Yes? And what was the sum of your reflections, may I ask?" She lay back with hands lightly folded in her lap; her blue-green eyes were composedly fixed upon his face. "I have been wondering," she said, "why in the name of all that's marvelous, I allowed mother to bully me into marrying you."

Wandeford opened his lips and shut them again. He was always deliberate, and his delay added weight to the words when they came. "Well, I've been reflecting, too," he said. "And, since truth seems to be going just now, I may tell you that I've been wondering why on earth I allowed your mother to hook me for a son-in-law." Daisy had not expected this. Accustomed to take her own way always, she had not expected to find the sword turned against herself. She sat up, her color burning geranium red. What a hard brute he looked, leaning so quietly there! Ruthless, unscrupulous, unscrupulously strong. He was a great motorist, and had the hard, keen face of the typical driver. Daisy was not afraid; in truth, she had never been afraid of anything in the course of her twenty-four years, but he took her breath away. It was his deliberation which she could not pardon.

"Well, we don't seem to be suited to one another, do we?" she said. "Perhaps not exactly." "We can discuss our future arrangements tomorrow, I think." She rose and held out her hand. It was a clear dismissal. Wandeford retained her fingers for a moment. "I've been too outspoken, I suppose," he said. "But you would have it, you know." "Oh, by all means! You said no more than I did myself," retorted Daisy. "No doubt, for once in our lives, we both spoke the truth."

the fire. What the future was to bring she had not the least idea, but she saw that her affairs were in a pretty tangle.

It was a bitter cold night, full moon, bare heavens and a northeast gale. The house which they had chosen stood on the south slope of the Downs, overlooking the wide blue vale of Kent. Fashion just then decreed that honeymoons should be romantically lonely, and certainly Darenth Place was isolated enough for a Carthusian monastery. The wind rumbled in the chimney, beating back flames and smoke into the room. The heavy carpet heaved and swelled like waves. Daisy, with her bare arms and throat walked across to the tall windows and threw them wide, her splendid young health defying the chill of the storm. A terrace outside formed a ledge on the precipitous slope of the hill. Daisy crossed the pavement and leaned over the balustrade, looking across miles of lavender-tinted, moonlight-blanching meadows and fields and trees. Far, far away she heard a train whistle, and gave a few preliminary puffs before starting; then came its low continuous murmur, and after a while she could see the tiny glare of smoke drifting back from the crawling engine. The sky was hard as bronze. The narrow jetty shade of an oak tree wavered on the pale stones at her feet. Her hair blew loose, and her comb dropped, tinkling. Daisy picked it up and went slowly back, though the icy glare of lights were still intolerable. She had been absent for perhaps ten minutes, and the windows had been open all the time.

As she stepped across the sill she heard a stir. Something was moving on a sofa, Daisy snatched the shade off the lamp and in the sudden glare she saw a woman. She was dressed in black, but in rags. Even to Daisy's inexperienced eyes she looked shockingly ill, and even more striking was her abject terror as she started up. "I didn't know there was anybody here—I didn't indeed!" she cried breathlessly. "Where's Sydney? Isn't he here? I thought he would be here—"

"Lord Sydney Wandeford," said Daisy, "is in the smoking room, I believe." Her voice was as cold as the wind. "Who are you?" "I am Lady Sydney Wandeford." "His wife? I didn't know he was married. I am very sorry. I wouldn't have come—only I thought he was here alone, as he used to be. I'll go at once."

The wretched creature gathered up her ragged cloak and made a step toward the window, cringing away from Daisy, who was a silent figure of scorn. But she had reached the end of her strength. She clutched at the little table and went down with a crash, in company with Daisy's cigarettes and a vase of arum lilies; their purity looked incongruous enough, lying on her dingy skirt. Daisy, in a sudden warmth of pity, ran to help her. But the outcast could not rise; she was fighting for breath, gasping and choking. She had broken a blood vessel.

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Their hands met, but not their eyes. Wandeford put aside his wife gently but decidedly, and carried the woman to the sofa. He laid her flat on her back, taking away the cushions. Looking round, he found Daisy at his elbow. "You'd better clear out," he said kindly. "This isn't in your line, my dear. I'll get in one of the maids to help me. Someone must go for the doctor."

"One of the maids! Why not you would she be? She'll faint at the sight of blood. Tell me what to do and I'll do it—that is, if you know yourself; I don't." "Oh, I know all right! I've seen my mother like this time and again. But you can't stay here, Daisy. One of the maids will do perfectly well; it's not worth your while." "What work there is may as well be done properly."

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"All right. Good for you! I'll be as quick as I can, but I must go myself, and bring him back in the car. She needs ice." "Give me my directions," said Daisy. The pity which had moved her before kept her fast by the sofa; she could not give up her place to another. After making notes to the maids Wandeford came back to say good-bye.

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The clock struck loudly in the hall. Julia's eyes questioned her appealingly, trustfully. "He'll soon be back," said Daisy, soothing her. They were still hand in hand, but now, with the same dim natural instinct working in her, Daisy slipped her arm under Julia's neck, and drew her head against her breast. The sick woman nestled down with a murmur of satisfied longing, and settled into rest. She seemed to draw life from Daisy's young strength. The wrinkles in her face smoothed out. In a little while she was asleep in Daisy's arms. And, after a long time of waiting, Daisy slept, too.

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FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

DAILY THOUGHT.

Somebody did a golden deed; Somebody proved a friend in need; Somebody sang a beautiful song; Somebody smiled the whole day long; Somebody thought, "Tis sweet to live;" Somebody said, "I'm glad to give;" Somebody fought a valiant fight; Somebody lived to shield the right; Was that "Somebody" you?

The first thing that should be considered in selecting children's clothes is whether they are comfortable or not. A child's clothes should be comfortable above all things are not fussy. The shoes should never be tight and they should be broad soled and with low heels. Growing girls should never be permitted to wear high heels, for such shoes frequently injure the spine. And the clothes should fit well, being snug but not at all tight, nor should they confine any part of the body.

A serviceable gift for the new baby is a pair of knitted bands. For these the threefold Saxony worsted is best. They are of course, knitted to avoid a seam.

Much of the effect of a baby blanket depends upon its being of the proper dimensions. When too long for its width it looks and gets stringy; if too large it is awkward and hard to tuck in, and when a perfect square it is not graceful. One woman who has knitted and crocheted blankets by the hundreds for her married friends says that after much experimenting she has found the best proportions are one yard long by three quarters of a yard wide.

No matter what the stitch or design she rarely varies from this dimension by more than an inch or two each way to allow for the difference in stitches, and never alters the relative proportion.

A simple device for keeping baby amused and happy is to fasten at intervals upon a broad bright ribbon the little toys of which he is most fond, suspending the ribbon above the bed upon which he lies, within reach of his little hands, by securing one end to the head of the bed and the other to the foot. He will then entertain himself by the hour pushing the toys back and forth and watching them swing above him.

The small wooden fences used by many mothers to keep the kiddies in bounds are well known. Not so familiar is a miniature playroom invented by one young mother, who objected to having her child's toys scattered all over the room. She bought a large box. Had the sides cut down to allow it to go under the bed. The box was put on rollers so it could be easily moved.

The inside was lined with chintz that could be readily taken out when soiled. On the upright sides of the box was white muslin, to which was pasted all sorts of gay pictures and animals that children love. When finished this miniature picture gallery was given a thin coat of varnish so it could be wiped off when soiled. The baby's toys were inside.

When babe was deposited in his playhouse he was out of harm's way, and could amuse himself for hours. When he was through playing all that was necessary was to push the box under the bed, where it was hidden by the valance.

Children may eat too much sugar and they may also stay too long in their bathtub, or in the creek when they go swimming, or get tanned or a headache from playing too long in the sun, or chilled by staying too long in the open air; but that any sound reason why they should be deprived of sweets, sunlight, baths and fresh air, or discouraged from indulging in them? All that is needed, says Dr. Woods Hutchinson in Success Magazine, is a little common sense regulation and judicious supervision, not prohibition or denunciation. Most of the extraordinary craving for pure sugar and candy, which is supposed to lead the average child to inevitably "founder himself" if left to his own sweet will and a box of candy, is due to a state of artificial and abnormal sugar starvation, produced by an insufficient amount of this invaluable food in its regular diet. Children who are given plenty of sugar on their mush, bread and butter and puddings, a regular allowance of cake and plenty of sweet fruits, are almost free from this craving for candy, this tendency to gorge themselves with surfeit, and can usually be trusted with both the candy box and sugar bowl.

It is a great mistake to allow a child to give a large party, as the result often is a nervous breakdown, caused by the attendant fatigue. Rich food should not be served indiscriminately at children's parties, as the result often is a dangerous attack of indigestion for one or more of the children. Another reason why the large party is undesirable is that the dust the children raise in their romping gets into their throats, and has often a very injurious effect.

For a child under the age of ten the party should never be made up of more than from four to six children. The mother of the child giving the party may watch this number and send them home confident that their little stomachs and nerves have not suffered.

Oatmeal Cookies.—One cup sugar, one-half cup lard, one-half cup butter, two eggs, one cupful stewed raisins, and one-half teaspoonful soda dissolved in five tablespoonfuls of raisin juice or sour milk; two cupful of oatmeal, and two cupful of flour. Drop one tablespoonful at a time on buttered pans and bake.

Polka dots provide ornamentation for a plain lawn shirtwaist and enrich the front of a recent bride. The colored dots form a line down the front box pleat and the pleats on each side. They also run down the top of the sleeve and cover the entire four-inch cuff and the attached high collar. A pleating of the plain white material extends down one side of the front pleat, and this is edged with a narrow line of plain color.

We are approaching a season of prints, and while it is needless to include the much-in-evidence foulard, we see it in the keynote. Its figures have been copied on dimity, organdie, barred muslin, crepe, net and on cotton foulard. Every variation of the floral pattern is shown on these washable stuffs, and many of them have the added richness of the satin or mercerized stripe.

Pinched Plums.

The mistress of the mathematical class was mathematizing for her mathematical pupils, while her mathematical pupils were inwardly mathematizing mathematics. "Now, suppose," said the mistress. "I had a pound of plums"—

At which point it occurred to her how much better she could illustrate her example to her youthful charges if she really had a pound of plums. So—

"Mary," she said to a girl of eight, "here's sixpence. Go out and get me a pound of plums. And as I'm going to give them in the end to the girl who gets the sum right first be sure before you buy them you pinch one or two just to see that they are whole some."

A few minutes and Mary had returned. With flushed face and triumphant eyes she approached the teacher's desk as one worthy of commendation and plumped down a bag of plums and the sixpence.

"There, mum?" she said. "I pinched one or two, as you told me, and when the man wasn't looking I pinched the blessed lot!"—London Answers.

Music Writing Made Easy. Mlle. Salle was in the eighteenth century the most accomplished and fascinating balletuse at the famous French Opera. In addition to her other qualifications, she played and sang with extraordinary artistic skill and depth of expression. She once confided to Rameau, the noted musician, that her ardent wish was to be able to compose and asked him to give her a few lessons in the art. "Nothing easier in the world," Rameau gallantly replied. He handed her a sheet of paper ruled for music and asked her to take her valuable breastpin and pencil in the lines wherever she thought proper. After the lady had completed her task Rameau took the sheet of paper, turned each puncture into a note, determined its length, selected a suitable key, and the thing was done. This remarkable composition turned out a lively piece of dance music, which was afterward entitled "Les Sauvages Dans les Indes Galantes" and was popular in France for a great number of years.</