

It Isn't the Thing You Do.

It isn't the thing you do, dear. It's the thing you leave undone. That gives you a bit of a heartache...

PEGGY'S SUMMER.

"This letter, Peggy," said the Mater, looking somewhat doubtfully over her glasses, "is from your Aunt Margaret..."

"And I'll come for a week, dear, along about the middle, when you feel the worst, and play with you— I suppose the old lady'll let me; I can sleep in the attic—and we'll tramp about and take our lunch, and maybe there'll be fishing..."

"Before we go in," she said, shyly, "I ought to tell my name, oughtn't I? I am Adelaide Thornton..."

with me—She can do anything. But she seems younger than Janet. "You see, it will be a real house-party, when they all come. Win Richardson was dying to go to one. It will be such fun to ask her! Did the Pater know how grand it was here? I think he did—Aunt Margaret only laughs when I ask her..."

FROM THE WOMAN'S CLUB. Guaranteed receipts contributed by the Publicity Committee. BEEFSTEAK PIE. Take a round steak not too thick, cut in narrow strips and then in 2 inch lengths...

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN. DAILY THOUGHT. Get into the habit of looking for the silver lining of the cloud, and when you have found it continue to look for it, rather than at the leaden gray in the middle. It will help you over many hard places.—A. A. Willis.