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Women's Page



I was cut at the cemetery this week, "the city of the Sleepers;" a veritable city it has grown to be, far exceeding its former bounds; now stretching from the hillside to the large lot beyond. Many, many names I saw there that I remembered so well in life; friends of my childhood and youth, Effie Pearson Hopper; Polly Wickes Westcott, Mrs. Micou and a number of others that I knew and loved.

The pines were soughing among the branches singing a requiem for the dead. The town clock struck as I was standing there, and the memory came to me of him, who, by his enterprise and work, had erected the Hall and made the town clock possible. I thought of the motto engraved on the bell. "To warn us by its solemn strokes of the flight of time, and our approaching end," and then the poets lines came to me; "There is no death, What seems so is transition."

In walking home I stopped to look at the flowers in the yard of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Dodd's present home, the old colonial Bowers house. Sitting as it does, well away from the street there is plenty of room for the red Japonica the hyacinths and the violets to grow where they can be seen by the passer by. I am sure that there were plenty of beautiful gardens belonging to the long row of houses but they were hidden from view.

* * * *

Back of where I stood was the old Anderson house, a solid brick building which I knew so well, as the home of Mrs. Sarah Usilton, an old friend of mine. She was an ardent temperance woman, and I felt that it is well that she is not here to know that beer is again allowed to the public.

The Old Anderson garden was full of flowers embracing at one time nearly the whole square. Miss Margaret Anderson married Mr. John R. Gray and they lived for a long time out at Mr. Grays farm, now owned by the Wilbur Eliason's. We would often see their pretty daughters Miss Rebecca and Miss Fanny riding into town on horse back, sitting on a side saddle while their riding skirts nearly reached the ground. But it was when they lived on Queen St., that we knew them best. Then Miss Rebecca had married Mr. Ben Wilkins and was living in the Col. Wilkins house in Quaker Neck, while Miss Fanny had married his brother, Frank. Miss Helen Gray was a most interesting person, some one has said, 'the most entertaining women in town." They lived then at the present home of Dr. Simpers. Mr. Grey was a very cultured man, one who knew almost every planet in the heavens, a talent inherited by his grand-daughter, Mrs. Jesse Medders. Judge Gray, the learned jurist of Delaware was his nephew, but, I am sure he was never more learned than was his uncle. Never shall I forget my horror when he told us that the earth was created in six periods of time instead of six days, for our childish minds had taken the words literally.

Mrs. Gray's death was a very beautiful one. She was sitting at the window watching the sunset. When they went to call her they found that she had passed away with the sun, a fitting end to a sweet unselfish life.

TURKISH WOMAN

There is no place where the new freedom for women is more appreciated than among the Turkish Women. Gone are the harems where women were shut up, never daring to appear anywhre except when closely veiled.

Thus a Turkish street scene lacked all its feminine charm. Even a pleasent women would snatch a piece of cloth to cover the lower part of her face at the approach of strangers. Now the unveiled faces are seen everywhre the black-eye brows the large eyes and the sensitive features of a generation whose ancestors would have been exiled or veen put to death at the hint of such a thing. Now they mingle freely with men in their homes and offices in restaurants and at plays. This is, of course in the towns. In the country one still sees the man riding the donkey while his wife follows meekly afoot, but even there the women are becoming restive under such treatment.

RESPECT FOR OTHERS

One of the best ways to teach a child to respect the property of other people is to give him property of his own and to treat everything that belongs to him, his clothes, his toys, his books, his tools, with the greatest resect.

They should be borrowed or thrown away only with his permission. Whenever he shows a disposition to treat grown-up possessions roughly give his something equivalent for his own and he will see immediately why it is that his parents are so particular about their belongings.

A mother whose child was ever meddling with her work box hit upon the idea of fitting up a sewing box and giving it to the child for her very own. The youngster was delighted.

"I have my sewing box and you have yours," she said proudly.

Thereafter mother's box was unmolested while the child played contentedly with the things in her own box, which, interestingly enough, she was careful not to lose and which she kept in good order just as her mother kept hers. It was a simple lesson and one easy to learn.

TRY THIS RECIPE

Fairy Pie

1-2 cup butter.
1-2 cup sugar.
3 eggs yolks.
3-4 cup flour.
1-4 cup milk.
Cream butter and sugar.
Add beaten yolks then milk and flour and 1 teaspoon of yeast powder.
This will make two layers.
Bake as usual.
Spread with the following merange between layer and on top.
1-2 pint of double cream whipped, the whites of 3 eggs, 1 cup of nuts ground in meat chopper, 1 cup of sugar.



SEEING AHEAD

Farmer Hardpate's place lay right in the line of the approaching railway survey, and the company was anxious to conciliate the old man. The diplomatic agent went out to see him, and finally thought to cinch the matter, saying: "Our company offers you $500 in cash and $1,000 worth of stock for the right of way through your farm."

"No, sir-ree!" retorted old Hardpate. "I don't want no railroad running around here. Fust thing ye know ye'll be killing some of my live stock an' I'd have to help pay fur it as a stockholder."

Shod at Sunrise

"Private Rooney," said the cavalry officer at the training camp, "take my horse down and have him shod."

For three hours the lieutenant waited for his horse. Then impatiently he sent for Rooney.

"Private Rooney," he said, "where is that horse I told you to have shod?"

"Omigosh!" gasped the private, growing pale, "Omigosh! Did you say shod?"

Oh, That Head!

Mistress (explaining routine to new cook)—Now, my husband always goes to his club on Wednesday evenings.

Cook—I understand, ma'am. So he won't want no breakfast on Thursdays.—Humorist.

Making a Complete Job

She—You never hear of women cashiers running off with their employer's money.

He—Not often, but when it does happen they take the employer, too.—Stray Stories.

STARTING HIM UP



Mr. Citiman—What are you twisting that mule's tail for?

Mr. Talltimber—He ain't got no self-starter so I gotta crank him up.

Stampede Incomplete

"Yes, it was a sad case about Hayes. Since he lost all his money half his friends don't know him any more."

"What about the other half?"

"They don't know yet that he has lost it."—Moncton Transcript.

Hard Lines

"What brought you to prison, man?"

"Competition, mum," was the reply.

"Competition? I don't understand."

"Yes, mum, competition. I made the same sort of half crowns as the government."—Tatler Magazine.

Try a Nice Balloon

Maiden Aunt (in department store)—Now I—er—want a nice toy, please, suitable for a small boy whose father is very corpulent and unable to do any kneeling.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Secret

He—Of course, you understand, dear, that for business reasons our engagement must be kept a secret.

She—Oh, yes, I tell everybody that.—Vancouver Province.

Too Noisy

Mrs. Oldacre—Have you a pergola in your garden.

Mrs. Newrich—Not now. We found it barked at the tradespeople, so we had to get rid of it.—Stray Stories.

WHY THEY STAYED HOME



Mrs. Jones—Why do you all stay in the house so much, Mrs. Brown?

Mrs. Brown—I'll tell you, Mrs. Jones: We pay an enormously high rent for this house and want to stay in it enough to get our money's worth, you see.

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