

Household Hints

MENU HINT
 Chicken en Casserole
 Corn Fritters Mashed Potatoes
 Pineapple and Cheese Salad
 Lemon Meringue Pie
 Coffee

This menu might be used for a Thanksgiving dinner if you are, for various reasons, dispensing with the time honored turkey. Chicken en casserole is well cooked and tender and is a most appetizing dish. Chicken a la King may be prepared and served from the casserole.

Today's Recipes
Lemon Meringue Pie—Measure five tablespoons cornstarch into a saucepan and blend with one-fourth cup cold water. Pour in one and one-half cups boiling water, stirring constantly until the mixture thickens. Add the yolks of three eggs, beaten light with one and one-fourth cups sugar, half teaspoon salt, one tablespoon melted butter, juice of two and one-half lemons and the rind of one. Boil a minute or two and pour into the pie crust shell. Heap with a meringue made by heating the three egg whites stiff with a few drops of lemon juice and three tablespoons powdered sugar. Brown in the oven.

Suggestions
Firm and Steady
 A small piece of sandpaper kept with the food chopper comes in handy when we want to scrub it tightly to a slippery table. Slide the sandpaper under the chopper and screw down on it. It will prevent its skidding while in use.

Old Furniture Beautified
 In this day of lovely paints, old furniture is an asset because you can do such interesting things with it. A housewife had an odd assortment of cheap pieces of furniture, which she made for her guest room. She used a gloss paint in a soft lavender. She painted the bed, an old dresser and an arm chair the same soft lavender. The color was delicate, but this paint is washable. She upholstered the chair in a black and lavender cretonne and put hangings at the window to match. The accessories in the room carried out the same color scheme.

Let's Live

BY MILDRED LAMB
 1923, Central Press Ass'n Inc.

READ THIS FIRST:
 A tender and thrilling romance was woven into the marriage of Lord Hamilton and Larry Browning. They spent the night at the Buckstone, in Cincinnati, where Larry's friends were giving a party in their honor. Larry's friends, who had seemed so distant a few hours before, had lost some of their glamour. Byrd felt a deep sympathy for Margy Duncan, who had struggled along in poverty, raising her three little children, without her husband's love or co-operation. Chet Brownson, a friendly sort of person, tried to help Larry understand how the speed-loving Larry happened to marry this little puritan.

CHAPTER V
 THE racket was increasing. A plane was playing somewhere, and a victrola and a radio had combined to drown it out. The result was a cacophony of discord that rent the air like music suddenly gone mad. A musician's nightmare! And everywhere people were moving back and forth, intent only on



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setting more drinks. Suddenly Byrd found herself alone. She realized there certainly was a deficiency, a certain lack, in her behavior, for every man drifted away from her in search of more exciting fields of entertainment.

It was all perfectly horrible, and she decided to look up Larry and tell him that she wouldn't stand it another moment.

A half dozen people whom she hadn't met at all were tearing through the length of the apartments, playing some sort of game. As far as she could understand the meaning of it, they were trying to catch a little brunette with the idea of removing part of her clothing.

"You said you couldn't dance in skirts, so you'll have to take 'em off!" shouted a young, silly-looking man, racing pell-mell into one room and out of another. He motioned Byrd to join the chase.

In another group, a girl had reached the stage of the "crying jag" and was weeping on every and all shoulders that would stop long enough to sustain her woe. In one hand she was carrying one shoe, hobbling along on the stocking foot.

"I can't find it anywhere," she blubbered. "Someone's thrown it into the rubbish."

"What have you lost?" asked Byrd, kindly, thinking that it would help her.

"Why—I've los' m' shoe an' no one'll hel' m' fin' it," she wailed.

Just then Chet came up, and Byrd and he joined in the general laughter.

"She's lost her mind, too, I'm thinking," he said to Byrd. "And perhaps her happy home. Her husband's furious with her. Told her if she didn't sober up immediately he'd divorce her. Isn't that just like a man drunk to the gills himself?"

"What did she say to that?" asked Byrd.

"She said she'd never forgive him as long as he lived, unless he was apologetic to her. He said 'I'm sorry,' but she couldn't help joining Chet in laughter.

"Aren't they a scream when they're like that?" he asked, wiping his eyes.

"Not at all!" said Byrd, with a hard little edge to her voice. "They're terrible! And they start quarrels which I suppose takes weeks to make up—and all about nothing."

"Yes, sometimes. That's my experience, too. But most of the time they're just funny, and trying to hard to have the time of their lives," he said, charitably.

"You'd have a little more fun, too, if you drank along with us. Just a little to help take off the blue glasses and substitute the rose-colored ones."

"I don't think I ever can," said Byrd.

Byrd decided to change the subject. Here was the first man she had been able to talk to sensibly.

Are you in Larry's office too?" she asked.

"I'm working in a bank. First National. Five years and I'm not president yet!" He grinned at Byrd amiably.

"I just love banking myself. You see, I worked two summers in my father's bank in Jacksonville so father thinks I'm a born accountant."

Suddenly she heard low laughter and Larry's voice, pleading, tense, magnetic, at her elbow.

The window had been opened wide to relieve the feld, tired air, streaked with cigarette smoke, and the mixed aroma of human beings and heavy perfumes which twined like ribbons of gauze through the atmosphere. From behind the heavy, brocade hangings at the window came the low hum of voices, now cajoling, now teasing, now debating, now teasing. India and Larry were perched knees to chins on the window sill, which was wide enough to make quite comfortable but very dangerous seats.

Somehow the idea of Larry sitting there, where one little, unconscious movement might send



Kathleen Deman, left, captain of an All-English team now touring the United States, shakes hands with Annie Townsend, right, captain of an All-American team, just before a game of field hockey at the Merion, Pa., Cricket club in which the fair invaders trounced the home girls, 9 to 1.

him headlong, paralyzed Byrd. She must warn him.

On some pretext, she must get him out of there.

"I'm going to take your advice," Chet said, bringing out his name hesitatingly. "Is it terrible for a married woman to call a young man whom she has just met by his first name?"

"Sounds wonderful to me," Byrd laughed.

"Well, I've changed my mind, and I'll take a highball. Will you get it for me?" Byrd smiled at him, archly, but all the time her thoughts were behind those curtains.

Yes, indeed, she'd be a good sport, even at the risk of bringing Larry's anger down her head, but not to please Larry, was she being one.

"A good sport—" she mused to herself.

The voices behind the hangings had suddenly stopped. Then India's nervous words jangled against her ears.

"That little wife of yours, oil-can, may not smoke or vamp or even chew tobacco but you're wrong about her not drinking. I just heard her ask for a highball."

Suddenly, without warning, Byrd slipped inside the curtains. India looked up at her blankly, then her face assumed a slightly mocking expression. She continued that low, rather remarkable laughter that had the laughter broke shockingly over

their heads. People turned to look. People came to see what was the matter with the Count Monte Cristo!

"Why, she's afraid I might push her husband out of the window!"

India laughed again, unstrainedly, helplessly, cruelly.

"Larry," said Byrd, desperately. "You know that isn't true! You know that I was only thinking that an accident might happen to both of you. I wasn't eavesdropping—" Byrd was almost in tears.

Larry looked at her coolly. Why in thunder did she have to make such a damnable fool of herself in front of India? In front of everybody? Byrd tried to clutch Larry's arm, but he shook her off.

She felt completely alone. A blinding flash struck across the sky, from one end of the horizon to the other. Like a flashlight from an enormous camera, the world seemed to have gone up in smoke. It had been wiped out in a single blaze.

Then, after a century had passed, she seemed to float up to the light from the darkness below. She saw the room again, and Chet coming toward her with a highball.

Dazed, she walked toward him. He saw her groping toward him.

"Now, child," Chet admonished her, suspecting by her pallor and the dead look in her eyes that something had happened—"don't let anything that happens tonight worry you. Particularly Larry. Remember, this is his wedding day, and India's taking it rather hard."

Byrd smiled weakly.

"Not any harder than Larry," she said.

"Brace up, old sport," said Larry, tucking her hand under his arm. "You've just got to be a good sport."

Byrd wanted to shriek.

"I'll murder, in cold blood, anybody who uses that expression in my presence again," said Byrd, almost savagely. As Chet appeared about to speak, she put her fingers to her ears.

"Tell me what you're going to say before I'll listen to you," she said.

"Tomorrow, I'm going to give that young man a good old talking to," said Chet, in his most paternal manner.

"If Larry hadn't been in that condition, he wouldn't have talked to me like that," said Byrd, already defending him. "Won't you help me get him down to our rooms?"

"You bet I will. I'm going to get you another highball to steady your nerves," and was back immediately. "Look at the mob around that bar. It's like a water-hole where all the animals come to drink."

"Come on, Byrd, drink this down like a good—well, it'll make you sleep like a log." Their eyes wavered in the direction of the window. "I'll send him down as soon as I can, and in

the meantime, I'll keep a protecting eye on him. Count on Count Monte Cristo!"

Byrd flashed Chet a grateful smile.

She stood sipping the glass he had brought her until it was almost empty. The room became a little indistinct, and she was feeling drowsy.

The cool air of the corridor felt good on her hot temples.

Chet unlocked her door and turned on the lights for her. She waved unsteadily toward one of the beds.

"Sure you're all right?" he asked, kindly, and slightly worried.

"Shall I call a maid to help you undress?"

"Gosh I undressed myself before. Gosh I can do it now," Byrd said, somewhat thickly. Chet said good night, and closed the door, advising her to lock it. As Byrd crawled uncertainly into bed, laying her golden head upon the white pillow, she slipped almost at once into oblivion, and her last conscious thought was that somewhere a crowd was celebrating something, an important occasion.

But to her it had no meaning.

(To Be Continued)



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