

Everything, From Soup to Nuts

By JANE OSBORN

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When it was agreed that Ballister, father and mother, should go to California the first of December, the rest of the Ballisters rather took it for granted that the usual Christmas reunion at the Elms should be dispensed with. That is, all but twenty-year-old Janet, who was remaining at home that winter with old Uncle Ned, her brother, Tom, still at high school, and faithful Maggie, in the kitchen.

Of course, we're going to have Christmas here same as usual," Janet told her brother, Malcolm, as he was starting off for college, "and you can bring home a couple of boys with you if you want, and we'll have Uncle Ned and old Mrs. Titus and everybody, the same as usual. I guess I can cook a Christmas dinner all right."

"Good for you, Janet," was the brother's answer. "I'd hate not to come home for the holiday. If your household allowance runs out count on me to make up the difference. Have everything, from soup to nuts."

It was agreed, The Thursday before Christmas, Janet began making lists of what she would need in order to make her Christmas bill of fare complete, and she began reading cookery books and compare a dozen different recipes for turkey stuffing, trying to find the one that contained the largest collection of ingredients. She had been practicing for a month in making pie crust, and was quite an expert. She reigned supreme in the kitchen, Maggie being allowed to intrude only when time came to wash up the dishes, for Maggie was a notoriously poor cook.

Saturday night at eight her brother arrived with two classmates. They had had dinner on the way, knowing that "company" dinner the day before Christmas would not be a welcome proposition to any housewife. A flushed but happy Janet met them in the family living room, after Maggie had let them in.

"Well, sister," beamed Malcolm, "how goes it? We've brought husky appetites and we had a slim dinner tonight, so as to have room for a big feast tomorrow. Have you ordered everything—from soup to nuts? Cranberry sauce, stuffing, nuts, raisins?" Janet nodded in proud affirmative.

"How much does the turkey weigh?" said one of the companions, feeling that he ought to add his comment. He saw, but did not know the reason for a quick intake of breath on the part of Janet. She bit her lip. "Thirty-five and a half pounds," she hazarded. "But I—don't expect it till tomorrow. You know the butcher is so busy; sometimes he puts off delivery until the day."

Malcolm was going to suggest an evening spent together in the big living room. But Janet excused herself. She said she had to see about the pies in the kitchen.

She fled to the kitchen and then up the back stairs to her room, donned her coat and hat, fled down the back stairs and then through the lonely driveway of the Elms down the suburban street to the shopping section of town. Some of the stores were still open. Her own butcher had closed, but a rival showed a light still burning.

The man looked at her in astonishment. "Turkey" have been sold out since five o'clock afternoon," he answered. "Folks don't put off getting turkeys till this time."

Then Janet went to the nearest drug store, looked up the house telephone of her own butcher, and sent a frantic call to him.

"I don't know how I forgot it," she said. "I was so busy thinking about the stuffing I forgot the turkey."

But the butcher assured Janet that no more turkeys were to be had. He had even had to sell the one he had secured for his own family use. Janet went home, and rousing Maggie from a catnap in the kitchen told her of her plight. "They are giving turkeys away to poor folk, down at the Second church," said Maggie. "Maybe you could get one there."

Janet took this inspiration as the drowsing man's straw. She hurriedly donned the raggedest clothes she could find, threw on an old shawl of Maggie's about her head, and started out again.

"If Malcolm asks for me," she told Maggie, "tell him I've gone to bed." They were still giving out dinners at the Second church and Janet entered the dimly lighted parish house, with shawl drawn closely around her face.

"Could I have—a turkey?" she asked the women at the desk. "I am very poor."

Janet's idea was to get the turkey by hook or crook, then the next day

to return to the church and explain and apologize and pay them two or three times as much as the turkey had been worth. The good woman looked surprised. "We don't give out turkeys," she explained. "They are so expensive. We've had chickens and roasting pork in the dinners—but every dinner has been assigned. You know you have to have your application in ahead of time—I'm sorry."

Janet sighed and withdrew. At the door she sighed again, and thinking of the fiasco of her Christmas dinner without a turkey clenched her hands convulsively. The good woman at the desk did not see her, but a young man who had just come into the room did.

Janet looked, recognized, and they rushed out the door. But he followed. It was Roderick Black—Roderick Black, with whom Janet had quarreled two months before over a trifle. Janet hadn't ever intended to speak to him again—so she assured herself.

"Something's wrong," Roderick said as Janet tried to turn her head from him. "You wouldn't be here at this time of night if you weren't in some kind of trouble. I've promised to deliver some dinners in my car." Roderick was leading Janet to the car that stood at the curb. "Hop in," he ordered, "and in a minute I'll be back with the baskets."

When Roderick returned, he found Janet weeping quietly, for she was more exhausted than she knew from the long work of the day. She was bitterly disappointed about the lack of a turkey. Added to that, the sight of Roderick was too much.

Roderick took Janet beside him in front, and as they went slowly toward her home she explained.

"I wasn't ever going to speak to you again," she said with a sob in her voice, "but I had to tell some one. I think I must be half-witted or something. No one with a brain would forget the turkey for Christmas—"

Roderick soothed with one hand and drove with the other, but he did not drive to the Elms. Instead, he drove a mile beyond to a rather famous country tavern. There he came to a stop.

"I know the manager in here. He's a client of mine. He's no doubt got plenty of turkeys for the crowd on Christmas. Wait a bit and see what I can do."

Janet waited. Inside Roderick was told that turkeys were scarce, that it would be ruinous to business to give up one. Roderick offered to pay \$20 for a 20-pound bird. He doubled the amount, paid cash, and came out with the turkey under his arm.

He drove Janet home before he went about delivering the church dinners. "I don't know whether to have dinner at the Salvation Army or at the inn tomorrow," Roderick said.

"If you would you—do you think you would like to come and have it with us?" Janet asked.

That gave Roderick courage. Before he would let Janet and her turkey out of the car at the back door of the Elms he asked her, as he had asked her on several other occasions, to marry him, and Janet said yes. Then she fled into the kitchen, threw off her ragged shawl, put on an enormous apron to hide her old dress, and walked slowly into the living room.

"Whose car just drove up at the back door?" asked Malcolm.

"I guess that was the turkey," said Janet with an air of unconcern. "By the way, I expect Roderick Black for dinner tomorrow. You don't object?"

"Why, I thought you and Rod weren't speaking."

Janet laughed merrily. "That's ancient history," said Janet, and as she bade her brother good night a few minutes later she said: "We may have something interesting to tell you tomorrow."

Town Names Derived From States.

The names of towns on the borders of states are sometimes made up of syllables from the names of the states. Sylmar, for instance, in Maryland, borrows syllables from Pennsylvania and Maryland, and Pen Mar, in Pennsylvania, does the same thing in a slightly different way. Calexico, in California, indicates its proximity to Mexico in its name.

Mexicali, just on the other side of the border, in Lower California, has become celebrated as the possessor of "the longest bar in the world," to which Californians can cross over from Calexico and slake their thirst without fear of prohibitory laws. Texarkana derives its name from the fact that it is on the boundary line between Texas and Arkansas.

Taking No Chances.

A bright little boy, who had been engaged in combat with another boy, was reproved by his aunt, who told him he ought always to wait until the other boy "pitched into him."

"But," protested the little hero, "if I wait for the other boy to begin I'm afraid there won't be any fight!"

Citizens Worth While.

The world is blessed most by men who do things, and not by those who merely talk about them.

Lucille Rickson



"The youngest leading lady on the screen," is the title that has been given to the charming "movie" star, Lucille Rickson. When she was four years old she was acting in pictures; she is only twelve now, thus she has been on the screen the past eight years. Lucille has a wealth of blonde hair and big brown eyes. She possesses a good singing voice and frequently makes personal appearances in Los Angeles. She lives with her mother and brother in Culver City, Calif.

THE RIGHT THING at the RIGHT TIME

By MARY MARSHALL DUFFEE

A sweet attractive kind of grace, A full assurance given by looks.

—Mathew Rogden.

FACIAL EXPRESSION

QUITE as much as his courteous words is the way he looks when he says them that makes a man's politeness truly effective. The only time when your "please" doesn't have to be backed up by a kindly look in your face is when you are talking over the telephone, but then it is essential that your tone of voice should carry assurance of kindness. And it is almost impossible to speak in a pleasant tone without looking pleasant. Try sometime for your own amusement to assume a "grumpy" expression and at the same time repeat some such courteous expression as: "Thank you very much," or "You are very kind, I'm sure," or even "Please," in a thoroughly amiable tone of voice. Perhaps you can do it but most persons can't and it is just as hard to speak in a harsh or haughty or cantankerous manner when your facial expression is entirely pleasant.

But in your desire to wear a well-disposed expression don't go to the extreme of having a smile that won't come off. There are some people who go about with this sort of chronic smile, who look as if the only way they could endure the discomfort they were enduring was by a heroic effort to smile, and of course that sort of expression makes other people uncomfortable. Then there is the smile that makes us feel that the one who wears it is always amused in an aloof sort of way at whatever we said or did. The woman who bears that sort of smile should be called—when she calls on us looks as if she were immensely amused at the furniture, at the pictures on the wall, and at the way we were dressed.

No, we don't want to have any of these annoying stereotype smiles but the smile that is just an expression of kindness of heart which is the basis of all good breeding.

"I am annoyed by being very self-conscious whenever I mingle with people whom I do not know very well," writes a young reader. "And when I feel this way I know I look very self-conscious. How can I get rid of this self-conscious expression that seems to repel people from me?"

We all have seen this self-conscious expression, I am sure, and though perhaps it does not repel it certainly does not attract us. Well, the only way to get rid of it is to get rid of the self-consciousness. Usually young people outgrow it. It is seldom that any one continues to feel self-conscious when he or she becomes accustomed to mingling with other persons. The only thing to do is to try to become absorbed in some other subject of thought than yourself. Listen intently to what other people are saying, study your surroundings and perhaps you will feel yourself graduating from your self-consciousness.

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A LINE O' CHEER

By John Kendrick Bangs.

TRUST

I'D RATHER trust a man than not, Each dark suspicion all forgot, And if it be that all my trust Hath gone into unworthy dust, I'll still be glad I trusted him, Though my reward be harvest grim, Since I'll have done my best to win him, And prove what good he holds within him.

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THE STAR

By DOUGLAS MALLOCH

THERE is a star that hangs upon the east That shines a little clearer than the rest, Each night diminished not, nor yet increased— A changeless jewel on the azure breast

Of eventide. Each twilight it returns And with celestial tenderness it burns.

The struggle had been hard the whole day through; All day the sky had glittered with the sun; And then came night, and then came deeper blue, The winds were still, songs hushed, the day was done— And then the star, my perfect star, came out And ended disappointment, ended doubt.

The struggle had been hard the whole day long, The rivalry of competition, all The ceaseless battle of the right and wrong; I saw bad men arise and good men fall And marvelled much that things are as they are— And then came night, and then again the star.

I do not know her name, that lovely light, Astronomers may call her what they will, To me the world's a sky, and life is night; But there's a star, one star unchanging still That shines for all, for age, for eager youth, One star undimmed—and I have named her Truth.

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Uncommon Sense

By JOHN BLAKE

RESULTS COUNT

AN ATHLETE desiring to prove to Epictetus that he was growing strong showed him his dumb-bells.

"I don't want to see the dumb-bells," said the philosopher. "I want to see your muscles."

It is results, not methods, that count with a man.

Many wealthy men have libraries stocked with the world's best literature, yet remain illiterate.

Abraham Lincoln had a Bible and a copy of Shakespeare, and was an educated man.

The world wants to know what you are, not how you became what you are.

Scores of young engineers proudly exhibit degrees from technical schools without being able to secure responsible positions.

But any young engineer who can show a capitalist a cheaper and better way to accomplish something important, can get a paying job.

Your training is your own affair. The affair of your prospective employer is the equipment for the job that your training has given you.

The "talent" before a prize fight do not care what sort of apparatus a contender is using. They place their bets on opinions formed from the way he is hitting in practice.

You must decide for yourself what profession you will follow, and take the advice of others as to the best way to train for it.

But do that training in private, and don't brag about it afterward.

The man you will have to work for will not ask you how many hours you spent on Latin and Greek, mathematics or psychology. He will ask you what you can do.

Show him what you can do, and if you can't do it well, you have a chance. If you can't do it well, all your training, all your diplomas, all your letters of recommendation, will be worth absolutely nothing to you.

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Birds of a Feather.

A young man managed to get into conversation with a pretty girl during a railway journey.

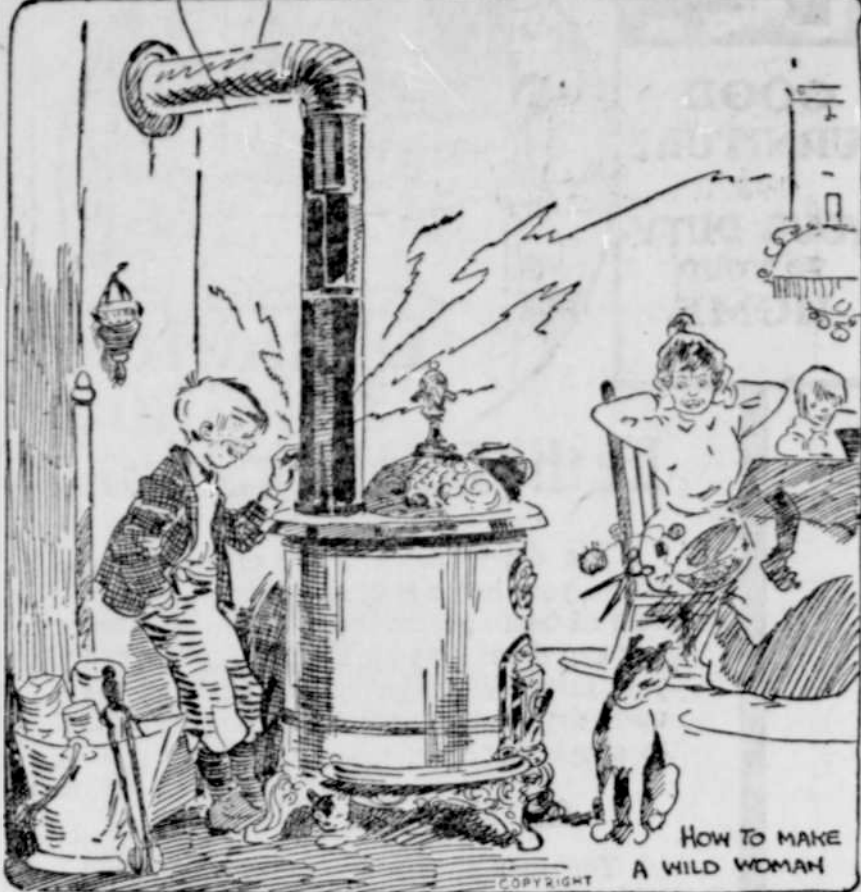
He was very pleased with himself, and when the train arrived at his destination he said to the girl:

"I am afraid you wouldn't perhaps have been so nice to me if you'd known I was a married man."

"Oh, as to that," answered the girl, "you might be a little surprised to know that I have just come out of prison after serving a sentence for bigamy."—Exchange.



SCHOOL DAYS



Something to Think About

By F. A. WALKER

WORDS OF CHEER

IF YOU cannot give frequent, encouraging words of cheer to your home-mates and to those with whom you come in contact during your working hours, it would be better to bridle your tongue and seal your lips.

A rough word roughly spoken, produces nothing but evil and drives many a sensitive soul to despair. It arouses animosity and hate, quite the opposite of a kindly word which awakens slumbering emotions and kindles a beneficent flame of love.

It may at times, especially when you are not in a pleasant humor, cost a great effort to launch the cheerful word, but if you will brush aside your own turbulent feelings, and send forth the cheer and sunshine of which you are capable of doing, you, too, to your amazement, will participate in their delicious sweets and enjoy the thrill of an unanticipated pleasure.

From the first moment when you begin to practice the scattering of cheering words, the whole atmosphere around you changes.

The world somehow seems drawn closer to heaven, and everything and everybody about you appears brighter and happier.

In reality, there is no change except in yourself. You have found happiness and are reaping happiness.

You have flung broadcast the sanctified blessings and they are returning to you from every point of the compass, filling your soul with a joy unspeakable.

It is you who are nearer heaven, participating in its delights without knowing it, growing more lovable as the years speed by, dim your eye and whiten your hair.

Old friends turn to you in their sorrow for comfort.

The boys and girls go out of their way to meet and greet you.

Even the derelicts have in some manner heard your praises sung and respect you.

Their bleary eyes brighten and their tough old hearts soften when your name is spoken, in spite of their general belief that they are invulnerable to the gentle touches of kindness.

The greatest workers for the uplifting of humanity are the little words of cheer, which, when fitly spoken, often change beasts to men, spur them to loftier endeavor and turn their terrible night into a glorious day.

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Has Anyone Laughed At You Because —

By ETHEL R. PEYSER

You like good music? You have a reputation for liking good music; you don't like substitutes. You get more enjoyment and fodder out of an evening at a symphony concert than out of "jazz." You know that a dance tune out of Beethoven, Mozart or Brahms not only makes you over if you are tired but gives you your money's worth for a month. Why should you care if they laugh? You have liked good "jazz," maybe, that is written with artistry and melody yet on the whole you like what is called "good music." Rejoice over it. You taste of the stuff that gods are made of and you are the luckiest of mortals, for god food is rare today.

SO

Your get-away is here: Ask your friends, "What music lives longer and why, 'Dardanella' or 'Aida'?" and "Why do the most lionly popular tunes die in a few minutes?" "Nuf said."

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Mother's Cook Book

Let us be better men! Whether with pick or pen, The labor we do is a work worth while If our hearts are clean and our spirits smile, And out of the ruck and rust and stain We make some growth and we mark some gain.

—Author Unknown.

FEEDING THE FAMILY

THIS is the daily task of twenty million housewives in America—to provide a good meal for the family. As 90 per cent of our housewives must use economy, it is vital that they know how to spend the money provided them, for the best food. Our grocers tell us it is not the wealthy housewives, as a rule, who buy food, fruit, vegetables and luxuries out of season, but those who can least afford it. It is often a lack of knowledge of food values, and carelessness and indifference in regard to expenditures.

It should be the aim, and is, with a large majority of housekeepers, rich or poor, to feed the family well, with as little waste as possible and with as small a money outlay. Food is the big item in the weekly budget of the growing family and there is no one who can do more than suggest as to the wise spending of the income, for each family has its own problems which must be worked out in the same manner that a mother manages her children—no two need the same training or discipline.

Growing boys and men at active labor need substantial, filling meals. The boys need as much as grown men, for they are building their bodies as well as burning up food in their activities.

Men who are in offices, or occupied in positions where the brain is active and the body has little exercise, need much less of the energy-producing food. Their food should be of such combinations as are easily digested, though of course it should be nourishing as well. Pork and beans, ham and fried eggs, corn beef and cabbage are foods which the laborer or outdoor worker may eat freely, as such food is necessary.

Put as much interest into the planning of meals and the serving of them as is put into a game of bridge or a "movie" picture and we will have made a start toward the millennium.

Nellie Maxwell
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THE ROMANCE OF WORDS

"CRYSTAL"

THE strange and erroneous notion current among the natural philosophers of antiquity—and of modern times down to a comparatively recent date—concerning the origin of crystal, was plainly traceable to the confusion occasioned by the object itself.

According to these teachers of a former day, crystal was ice which had undergone a peculiar process of induration so as to totally lose its power of being melted. In fact, Pliny, supporting one error with another, states that crystal is found only in countries which are extremely cold. Up to some two hundred years ago this idea about the formation of the substance still persisted, for Sir Thomas Browne considers it worth while to place it first and foremost among the "Vulgar Errors" which he sought to dissipate.

Though the mistake is more amusing than dangerous, it is easy to see how it arose, for the Greek word *krystallos*, or ice, was early transferred to that quartz which closely resembles ice. In a little time it was tacitly assumed that the two substances were the same—a belief which persisted for many years.

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THE COURTS ARE LOSING BUSINESS

Marked Decline in Number of Legal Actions at London—Settle Out of Court.

London.—Lawyers in London recently have come to the conclusion that nowadays people are showing a tendency to arrange their differences out of court rather than invoke the costly help of the legal fraternity.

The Hilary sessions of the law

courts, which opened recently, show a total of 2,201 cases, or 861 fewer than last year. King's bench shows the biggest decline, from 1,370 cases to 765. There are no defamations of character cases to be held this year, only four libel suits, and no breach of promise actions. There is a decline of 220 in divorce courts. Two years ago the divorce cases totaled 2,500; today there are only 857.