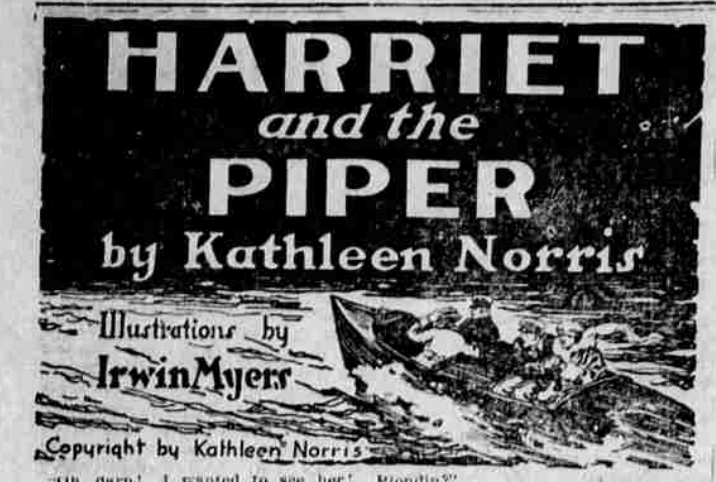
HARRIET and the PIPER

by Kathleen Norris

Illustrations by Irwin Myers



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"Oh, darn! I wanted to see her! She wrote me, and told me she loved me, and that she didn't think she had been a very good mother to me!" He laughed, youthfully, with a bewildered widening of his eyes. "I thought she was sick. Well, maybe we can stop there going back."

"Where did you leave Mr. Blondin?"

"He beat it down to the tennis court. Say, listen, is there a chance that he's stuck on Nina? It looks to me like what the watch comes in!"

Harriet glanced at her wrist before she answered him. Her heart was sick within her. Close upon her radiant dream had come this shadow, far more a shadow now, when her responsibility had infinitely increased, and when she had had proof of the love and respect in which they held her here.

"I don't think so!" she said, briefly. "I'll find Bottomley, and have lunch put ahead."

"You don't like him!" Ward said, watching her closely.

"I don't like him for Nina!" she amended.

The boy followed her while she gave her orders. Then they went out into the blazing day together.

"Nina isn't going to have more than a scalp a day," said her brother, fraternally.

"Nina has a fortune!" the girl remarked, dryly, opening her wide white parasol.

"Lord, he could marry a girl with ten times that! Look here, you don't think a man like Blondin would consider that!" he protested.

"I would rather see Nina dead and buried!" The words burst from Harriet against her will, against her promise to Royal. There was no help for it, her essential honesty would have its way.

"Talk to him!" Ward, fortunately, was not inclined to take her too seriously. "You'll like him! Gosh, he certainly has a good effect on me," added the youth, modestly. "He doesn't drink, and he talks to me—you ought to hear him!—about character being fate, and all that! Say, listen, before we get out of the woods—?"

His sudden sense of her nearness and beauty belied the careless words. Harriet found his arms tight about her, her face tipped up to the young, handsome face that was stirred now with trembling excitement. The quick movement of his breast she could feel against her own, and the passion of his kisses almost frightened her; she was held, bound, half-lifted off her feet.

"Ward!" she gasped, freed at last, and with one hand to her disordered hair, while the other held him at arm's-length. "Dear! Please!"

It was no use. Soul and senses were enveloped again, and close to her ear she heard him whisper: "I'm mad about you! Do you know that? I'm mad about you!"

"I think you are!" she stammered, breathless and laughing. "You mustn't do that! You mustn't do that! Why, we might be seen!"

Breathless, too, he flung back his hair, and stooped to pick up her parasol.

"Do you think I care!" he pasted, indifferently. "I wouldn't care if the whole world saw!"

"Sh—sh!" By the magic only known to youth and womanhood Harriet had gathered herself into trimness and calm again. She took her parasol composedly. Her eyes told him the whole story. Nina and Royal Blondin were two hundred feet away, coming up from the tennis court.

"You fool—fool—fool!" she said to herself. What had they seen? What new twist to the situation would Nina's suspicions afford? Richard Carter trusted her; this was no time to tell him that she loved his son. Did she love Ward?—or with his keen and kindly eyes would Ward's father see exactly what she saw in the marriage? Caught kissing in the woods—like Rosa or Germaine; it was unthinkable! How she had weakened her position here! How she had risked—her heart contracted with pain—severing of her association with Crownlands.

Luncheon, under its veneer of gaiety and foolishness, offered fresh terrors. For old Madame Carter had come down, and it occurred to Harriet that if Nina had seen anything in the wood, she might naturally interest her grandmother with an account of it. The old lady would go instantly to her son. And Richard—Harriet could imagine him, tired, harassed, heartsick over the recent inexplicable weakness of his wife, having to face another woman's treachery, having to listen to the demure announcement of the little secretary's engagement to his son.

He was experiencing the most overwhelming shock of all his life now; he must shortly be exposed to all the whirl of scandal; the silenced gossip, the averted eyes of his world, the weeklies with their muddy insinuations, the staring fact headlined above his breakfast bacon. This was her time to efface herself and the household, to help him to lift the load.

"I'm afraid I wasn't listening, Mr. Blondin?"

"Miss Nina and I want to know what day we may have our party?" Royal repeated.

"The studio party?"

"The roof-garden party. We're going to have it from half-past six to half-past seven only, because then it won't be too hot."

"Why not have it at night, with lanterns?" Harriet said, quite involuntarily. And again a pang of self-contempt swept over her. It was hateful. It was incredible, but she was playing his game as calmly as if doubts and reluctance had never entered her heart.

At four o'clock Richard came home, and the instant Harriet saw his face she realized, with a shock even sharper than the original moment of incredulity, that he had had no success in his search. He was alone. His face was drawn and gray, he looked hot and rumpled and utterly weary; more, he who had always been the pink of well-groomed perfection looked old. He asked Bottomley briefly if Madame Carter was in her room, and, being informed that she was, went hastily upstairs.

It was to the old lady's beautiful sitting room that Harriet was summoned a few minutes later. She knew at once that he had told his mother all he knew and feared.

Madame Carter was shockingly agitated. She had a deep sense of the dramatic, but she was not entirely acting now. Her face was pale under its rouge, and the painful tears of age stood in her eyes.

"Miss Field!" said Madame Carter, "we have just had a most terrible—a most unexpected—blow!"

Harriet simulated expectancy.

"There is every reason to believe," pursued Madame Carter, majestically, "that my unfortunate daughter-in-law, Mr. Carter's wife, Isabelle, has yielded to the passion of her lover! No, let me talk, Richard," she interrupted herself, as the man raised haggard eyes to watch her impersonally, "far better to face the facts, my dear! My son tells me, Miss Field the—the well-nigh incredible statement that—forgetting the honor of womanhood, and the tender claims of maternity—"

"Miss Field," Richard did not have the manner of interruption, but his quiet voice dominated the other voice none the less. Madame Carter fell silent, and watched him with mournful pride. "Miss Field," he said, "we want your help. The facts are these: Williams had all the roads watched; they did not go by motor. Mrs. Carter reached New London at five o'clock yesterday; Pope's boat, the Geisha, pulled out at half-past six. From what Williams' men picked up, at the dock, Pope did not expect her, was to have sailed this morning. She arrived, and evidently he thought it wise to hurry their start. The pier had a dozen boxes for the Geisha on it, groceries and what not, that they left behind! They will probably skirt the coast for a few days, and put in somewhere for supplies. But that"—he passed his hand wearily across his forehead—"that doesn't concern us now. We got there at ten last night—hours too late, of course." His voice fell, he mused, with a knitted brow. "Well!" he said, suddenly recalling himself. "Now, Miss Field, I want you to get hold of Ward. I want the boy home at once! He must know. But there is of course a chance that Mrs. Carter is—is planning to return. There may be a woman friend with her—it's not probable, but it's possible. I don't want any one in the house, or out of it, to suspect, and if you think it is possible, I should like Nina protected."

"I understand," Harriet said, quietly. She crossed the hall, and for the first time in four years entered Isabelle's suite unannounced. It was in exquisite order; streams of late afternoon light were falling on the gay walls and the bright chintzes. The novels Isabelle had been skimming, the gold service of her dressing table, the great four-poster with its deeps of transparent white embroideries over white, all spoke of the beautiful woman who had spent so many hours here. On the dressing table, with its splendid length doubled in the mirror, was the great fan that her hand had idly wielded, only a few days ago, in an hour of domestic felicity and happiness.

What to tell Nina?—she wondered, going downstairs. But Nina proved pleasantly indifferent to the maternal absence when she and Amy came up from the tennis court for tea. To the guest or two who came calling Harriet, installed quite naturally now behind the cups and saucers, explained that Mrs. Carter was visiting with friends—having a beautiful time, too, apparently.

Perhaps Nina suspected that something was unusual. She looked from her father to Harriet, and after a moment's silence asked abruptly:

"When is Mother coming back?"

"I don't know!" her father answered, quickly.

"Say, listen; are we going to dress?" asked Amy. Nina, instantly diverted, suggested that they go in. Nina's awkward bigness and Amy's mousy neutral tones were as well displayed in one garment as another, but both girls debated over pinks and blues, crepes and muils, every evening, as if the world was watching them alone. Harriet lingered for only a word.

"Mr. Carter, it occurred to me that old Mrs. Singleton is going to California, in her own car, tomorrow. I was wondering if we might confide in Mrs. Singleton—she was always very fond of Mrs. Carter—and give out the impression that Mrs. Carter had suddenly decided to make the trip with her."

"That's an idea," Richard said, thoughtfully. "I could see Mrs. Singleton tonight—and—and talk it over."

"It might serve for only a few days," Harriet submitted.

"Yes, I see," he agreed, slowly.

"Well, I can give Nina a hint now!" Harriet said, going.

But it was too late for any soothing deception of Nina. A scene was in full progress in Nina's bedroom, and Harriet's eye had only to go from the prone form on the bed to the crushed newspaper that had drifted to the floor, to know that the secret was out. Isabelle's face, radiant and happy, looked out from the page. It was flanked by two smaller pictures, Richard's and Anthony Pope's. Harriet could see the big letters: "Young Millionaire—Wife of Richard Carter." The deluge was upon them.

"Oh—it's a lie—it's a lie! My beautiful little mother!" Nina was sobbing. "Oh, no, it's not true! It's a lie! Oh, how shall I ever hold up my head again—to be disgraced—now just when I'm so young—and ha-happy!"

"Nina, my child, control yourself!" Harriet, ignoring the staring and pale-faced Amy, sat down on the edge of the bed, and shook the girl slightly. "You mustn't give way! Come now, my dear, you must face this like a woman. Think how your father and Ward will look to you—"

Acting, all of it, said Harriet in her soul. But despite the youthful appetite for heroics, there were real tears in Nina's eyes, as there had been in her grandmother's a few hours ago.

"Yes, that's true!" she said, wiping a swollen face on the handkerchief Harriet supplied. "But oh! I don't believe it, and my father will sue them for libel, you see if he doesn't! My mother's the purest and sweetest and best woman alive—and I'll kill any one who says any different!"

"Oo-oo, to see it in the paper there, right on the bed," said Amy, in her reedy, colorless little voice, as Nina stopped suddenly. "Oo-oo, I thought Nina would die!" Nina began to cry again, but more quietly. "I guess I had better go—" Amy finished, plaintively.

"Oh, no!" said Nina, in a choked voice, as she clung to her friend. "No, darling! you stay with me. Oh, I must go see my father, and my poor grandmother! Oh, Amy, perhaps you had better go, for my family will need me tonight. My mother—" said Nina, crying again.

She and Amy parted solemnly, with many kisses.

"It's a thing that might happen to me, or to any girl," said Amy gravely. Harriet had an upsetting vision of stout, high-busted Mrs. Hawkes, panting as she discussed the details of the Red Cross drive, but she was very sympathetic with the young girls, and

"Oh—It's a Lie— It's a Lie! My Beautiful Little Mother!" Nina Was Sobbing.

even agreed with Nina, when Amy was gone, that it would be much more sensible to take her bath, and put on her white organdie, and then go find her father.

They dined almost silently, and were about to disperse quietly for the night, after an hour of half-hearted conversation in the drawing room, obviously endured by Richard simply for his mother's sake, when Ward burst in. He had traveled almost four hundred miles by motor that day, his face was streaked with dirt and oil, and ghastly with fatigue. He went straight to his father.

"Say, what's all this?" he said, in a voice hardly recognizable. Harriet saw that he had been drinking. "I got your wire, and we started. I thought the Maier was sick, perhaps. My God—that worried me!" he broke off bitterly. "Blondin came with me; we stopped on the road for dinner, and the man had a paper there. Is that what you wanted me for—I don't believe it! It's a dirty lie, and the bounder that put that in the paper—"

"I'm glad you came home, my boy," Richard said. "I've been waiting for you—"

Harriet heard no more; she slipped from the room. There were genuine tears in her own eyes now; for the boy had flung himself face downward against a great chair, and was crying. All the household knew it; Harriet could read it in Bottomley's carefully usual manner and quiet speech. In the little music room across the hall Royal Blondin was waiting.

"This is a terrible thing!" he said, seriously.

"Oh, frightful!" Harriet agreed. A rather flat silence ensued. She seemed to have nothing to say to Royal now.

But she was not surprised when, a moment later, Nina came softly in, the picture of girlish distress, with her wet eyes and fresh white gown.

"I thought it best to leave Ward with Granny and Father," Nina said, in vague explanation, going straight to Blondin, who rose, dusty and weary, but with a solicitous manner that was infinitely soothing.

His manner, Harriet had grudgingly to admit, was perfection. When Richard and Ward joined them a few moments later, he expressed himself with manly brevity to the older man. He realized, said Blondin, simply, that he was absolutely de trop; he had merely imagined, as "the lad" had imagined, that the sudden summons from camp meant illness or ordinary emergency, or he would not have intruded at this time. He would not express a sympathy that must sound extremely airy to the stricken family. And now, if they would lend him Hansen, he would go over to the club—

"Nonsense!" Ward said. "You're all dirty and tired and hungry, and so am I. We'll clean up, and then we'll have something to eat first!" Miss Harriet will look out for us."

"And I'd like to see you for a moment in the library, Miss Field," Richard said, rather wearily. "I want something sent to the papers," he explained in an undertone.

Ah—they all wanted her, and needed her! How quick, and how efficient, and how self-effacing Harriet was as she went about the business of making them all comfortable!

They talked deep into the night, Harriet knew, for she herself was sleepless, and she could see from the upper balcony that a stream of golden light was pouring across the brilliant flowers beneath the library windows.

She reviewed the incredible events of the past few days, and the actors drifted before her vision fitfully: Isabelle, white-bosomed and beautiful, in her prime; Tony Pope, passionate and wretched; Royal, low-voiced, dreamy, poetic, with his eloquent black eyes; Nina, newly awakened; Ward, weak, boyish, ardent; Madame Carter, full of theatrical dignity and well-rounded phrases, and lastly—simple, strong, anxious to protect them all, even from their own follies—Richard.

"Not one word of blame, not one ugly insinuation," she mused, "yet she has shamed him, and he is so honorable; and she has made him conspicuous, when he is so modest!"

She thought of Isabelle, fresh from Germaine's careful hands, lying in her exquisite white against the cushions of a deck chair, smiling, in the rosy flattering light under the green awning, at the infatuated man beside her.

"Ugh!" said Harriet, with a healthy uprush of utter disgust. These few months would not be cloudless for Isabelle, by any means. And after them, what? Was it conceivable that those fatal sixteen years would fail to identify Tony and Isabelle wherever they went, even though the press was not eagerly assisting them? Supposing that Isabelle never thought of Crownlands, of her handsome son and her young daughter, of the man whose patience and cleverness had lifted her to all this luxury from an apartment in a small town, would no memory of the place she had held, and the friendships she had commanded, haunt her? Truly there was always society for the Isabelles, but to Harriet's clean sense it seemed but the society of a jail.

"I wouldn't change places with her!" Harriet decided, in the soft silence and darkness of the summer night.

From Isabelle's problem her thoughts went to her own, to Royal Blondin. She was wakeful and restless tonight simply because she could not decide just how much she need fear him. Firstly, was there any reason for antagonizing him, and secondly, would he hurt her if she did? For Royal could not punish her without punishing himself, and could not banish her from Crownlands if he ever hoped to show his own face there again. But Nina!

Was Blondin so bad? She tried to ask herself the question honestly, and an honest shudder answered it before it was fairly framed. She tried to picture Nina's marriage, their early days together, the breakfast table, where the crude little girl blundered and floundered in conversation, her helpless devotion, that would annoy and exasperate him. She saw Nina's near-sighted eyes welling with hurt tears; Nina's check book eagerly surrendered to win from her lord a few delicious hours of the old flattery, the old attention.

"It would take a clever woman to hold him," Harriet thought, "and it wouldn't be worth a clever woman's while."

Nina—Ward—Royal—Richard. The wearying procession began again. Royal might treat her with honesty and honor. He was not small in everything, and she had never done him harm. But—there might come the terrible moment when she had to face Richard with the confession. Yes, she had known him before. Yes, they had entered into a tacit compact. Yes, she had kept from Nina's father a secret that, while it might be unimportant, certainly should have been told him.

Impossible to think the thing to any conclusion! Too many possibilities might alter the entire situation. If she were married safely to Ward, for example—? But then she dared not marry Ward until Royal's attitude was finally defined. For if her position were dangerous now, what would it be if she had committed herself irrevocably to deception by marriage? Ward's young, crude intolerance sitting in judgment upon his wife!—Harriet shivered.

Suddenly she fell upon her knees, and dropped her bright head against the wide balustrade. For a long time Harriet had not prayed. But now, in a few words, and quite without premeditation, there burst from her the most sincere prayer of her life. She looked up at the stars.

"God!" she said, softly, aloud, "help me! Make me do what is right, however hard it is. Father, don't let me make another mistake!"

(Continued Next Saturday.)

NEWS ABOUT AGRICULTURE AND LIVESTOCK

Up to Date Information to Help Develop Progressive Farming.

FEDERAL COW TEST

The grange is promoting a movement for the federal tubercular test for all cows of the Cottage Grove section, having the cooperation of County Agent Whitney and Professor E. J. Edwards, of the agricultural department of the Cottage Grove schools. Mr. Whitney addressed the high school assembly and agriculture class yesterday upon the subject and members of the latter class took petitions to be circulated among cattle owners. Other petitions have been placed with Sterling's feed store, Economy feed store, Jones & Eaton, Smith-Short and the creamery, in the city, with J. H. Kirk at Dorena, at Heck's store, London, with Bartlett Johnston, at Saginaw, and at Lowrey's store, Walker. It is necessary that 150 to 200 cows be signed on each route to be visited.

Cows which react to the test will be ordered killed. They will be appraised at not to exceed $75 for grades and $150 for thoroughbreds and owners will be paid two thirds of the appraised value. Animals ordered killed are shipped to government-inspected slaughter houses and the state and federal government make up any difference between what the carcass brings and the amount the owner is to receive.

The grange committee in charge is composed of S. S. Veatch, G. W. McFarland, A. J. Stevens, M. M. Wheeler, J. R. Cooley and E. J. Edwards.—Cottage Grove Sentinel.

FARMERS WHO MAKE MONEY

Here is the sane, ripened, valuable judgment of a man whose word we are willing to take about farming. The man is I. J. Mathews, the county agent of Pulaski county, Indiana. He is one of our most treasured contributing editors. The word he passes along is as follows:

"A few years ago, both agricultural journals and institute lecturers advised a man to specialize. "Be an expert in some one thing," was the gist of the remarks. That was poor advice. Be an expert in many things, would have been better.

We have yet to see any large number of instances where specialty farmers have made any great success. When they do hit the ball about right, they make a killing, but they don't get a whack at it often enough to make it a practice to be recommended.

Examples of what straight wheat, cotton, tobacco, corn and oats farming have done, include too many failures to make it a practice to be recommended. Farmers who have many interests—a good flock of hens, a few good cows, a few apple trees well cared for, a field of alfalfa, a reasonable patch of potatoes—are the farmers that make money, at least a little each year. Men farming on this scale are those who use their money to make home improvements, put in labor-saving devices for the mother, school the youngsters, landscape the home grounds.

Discussing a certain man, a Michigan county agent said: "He never did make any money until we prevailed upon him to cut out the specialty stuff and diversify."—Farm Life.

RAISES HULLESS OATS

C. D. Narin, proprietor of Shadeland farms, Amity, Or., writes to Oregon Country Life to say that they have been raising hulless oats for some time at Shadeland farms. Following is his letter, dated January 10: "In yesterday's Journal, a dispatch from Santa Rosa, Cal., stated that Luther Burbank had succeeded in producing a hulless oat that threshes clean of the hull like wheat and weighs 60 pounds per bushel.

"Shadeless farms have been growing hulless oats for more than 12 years. The seed stock was brought from China by a man named Kirby, who claimed that it was obtained at the risk of his life for the oat is a secret and is highly prized in China. There is, however, in this county more than one variety, possibly obtained from hybridising, as I had a request from a college in the east for a sample of my variety, which I sent. I received a reply stating that my variety was superior to what the college had, mine being perfectly smooth, whereas the college variety was hairy.

"I know of no better way of reducing the cost of living than by producing hulless oats. They can be grown as cheaply as a hulled oat and from 50 pounds of seed to an acre will produce 2000 pounds an acre. We put them through our farm rollers and have the finest rolled oats for mush. We prefer them to the rolled oats made from hulled oats. For small pigs, baby chicks and such stock they can be fed whole or rolled. They are relished by all farm stock. The straw is extremely soft as the chaff adheres to the straw and is relished by horses. It should be good for packing purposes, if bailed."

SOME FARM NOTES

George A. Mansfield, president of the State Farm Bureau Federation, and Colonel William A. Aird will conduct a membership drive for Farm Bureau members in Marion county from January 16 to January 21. A meeting will be held at Woodburn January 16. On January 19 a meeting will be held at Stayton. Farmers in the vicinity of St. Paul will hold a meeting January 20. On January 21 Mansfield will go to Gresham, where he will speak at the banquet to be given in connection with Multnomah county farmers' week.

Following is a schedule of the dates outlined for conducting membership drives for the Farm Bureau in the various counties of the state: Clackamas county, January 30 to February 4; Columbia, February 13 to 18; Clatsop, February 20 to 25; Washington, February 27 to March 4; Tillamook, March 6 to 11; Polk, March 13 to 18; Benton, March 20 to 25; Lincoln, March 27 to April 1; Linn, April 3 to 8; Lane, April 10 to 15; Douglas, April 17 to 22; Coos, April 24 to 29; Curry, May 1 to 6; Josephine, May 8 to 13; Jackson, May 15 to 20; and Klamath, May 27 to 28.

Dr. J. K. Shaw, expert pomologist of Massachusetts, through a systematic study of the leaf characteristics of the young apple tree, has devised a system of identifying nursery stock that promises to remove one of the most serious risks of fruit growing. His method teaches how to know apple trees by their leaves and not alone by their fruit. The plan, all with the support of the Massachusetts Fruit Growers' association, Dr. Shaw applied his identification method to 3000 apple trees in nurseries in Massachusetts. To the amazement of the nurserymen he threw out nearly 10 per cent of the young trees for misnumbering under false names. Dr. Shaw's investigation involved study of 200 varieties of apple trees collected from orchards in distant states.

DAIRYMEN POOL STOCK

Tillamook, Ore., Jan. 21.—On account of the demand for calves from high producing dams, the Tillamook Cow Testing association has decided to pool interests and fix a price on young stock. Inquiries have been received by W. L. Pine, county agricultural agent, who will act in behalf of the association. The average of the association cows is 400 pounds of butter fat, and the calves are from purebred sires. Accompanying each calf sold will be a guarantee of the production of the dam and the name and registry number of the purebred sire. Four thousand young calves are shipped out of the county every year, a large number going to Montana, Washington and Idaho.

HOLSTEIN GROWERS ACTIVE

Holstein breeders of Oregon are rapidly developing a wide awake state organization. They are now conducting a campaign for more members and are starting a movement to secure a full secretary for the state. The officers and directors of the state association are F. W. Connell, Hillsboro, president; Max Arp, Eugene, vice-president; [illegible] L. Dunlap, Junction City, Secretary-treasurer; F. R. Beals, Tillamook; P. [illegible] Frakes, Scappoose; Henry Metzner, Prineville, and J. Latcher, Fairview, members of the board of directors.

The Holstein breed has never been developed in the state as it might have been. With the breeders thoroughly organized into a harmonious body, the officers and directors of the association see no reason why it can not be made one of the leading dairy breeds here.

There is plenty of room for the development of the dairy industry all over the Northwest and dairymen in general will be glad to see Holstein breeders develop the breed here.

All who are members of the national association are perhaps aware of the change in the method of representation at the annual meeting, that is the present system giving away to the delegate plan. Oregon must be represented at the next annual meeting and the delegates must be elected by the membership at large. Plans should soon be made of delegates, as the final date for nomination is March 7.

TIMELY RECIPES FOR HOUSEWIFE

CHICKEN CROQUETTES

One pint sweet cream.
Two even tablespoonfuls butter.
Four large tablespoonfuls flour.
One-half teaspoonful salt.
A pinch of cayenne pepper.
A little lemon juice.

Melt the butter, stir the flour in it; cook thoroughly without browning; scald the cream and when hot pour slowly into the cooked butter and flour, stirring briskly until smooth. Cook slowly until quite thick. Add seasoning and stir into the sauce one cupful of minced chicken. When cold shape with the hand. Roll in beaten egg, then in cracker dust and cook a nice brown. The fat must be very hot.

CREAMED SLAW

One-half gallon of cabbage cut very fine or shredded.
One-half pint of sour cream.
One-third pint of sugar.
Teaspoonful of flour.
Two eggs.
Piece of butter size of an egg.

Put vinegar, sugar and butter in a sauce pan, and let boil, stir in the eggs, cream and flour, which should be well beaten. Let boil thoroughly until creamy and pour over the cabbage. Season with salt and pepper.

ORANGE CAKE

One and one-half cups of sugar.
One-half cup of butter.
One cup of milk.
Two and one-quarter cups of flour.
Two eggs, save out one white for icing.

Beat yolks and white separately; 2 teaspoonfuls baking powder; flavor with teaspoonful orange juice and one-half teaspoonful of grated rind.

ORANGE ICING

Melt five tablespoonfuls of butter and stir into it four cups of powdered sugar, thinning it with juice of one orange and one teaspoonful of grated rind. It should be the consistency of cream candy. If it is too thin to spread beat in more sugar.

GRAHAM MUFFINS

1 scant cup graham flour.
1½ scant cup white flour.
1 egg beaten lightly.
½ teaspoonful salt.
1 teaspoonful sugar.
1 teaspoonful baking powder.

Sweet milk enough to make thin batter. Bake in buttered tins fifteen or twenty minutes.

BAKED APPLE DUMPLING

Ten nice cooking apples peeled, cored and halved. Cut medium short crust, in squares; put two half apples in crust, pinching four corners together over finger. Put in butter size of a walnut. Over all sprinkle one pint of sugar and pour over all one pint of boiling water. Bake to a nice brown.

PUREES OR SOUPS WITH SOLID BODY

Purees are usually made of vegetables such as dried beans, dried peas or potatoes. The dried vegetables are first soaked over night, then simmered in water until tender. Drain, reserving the liquid, rub pulp through a sieve and then slightly thicken with butter or butter substitute, creamed with an equal quantity of flour.

A puree should be about as thick as a cream soup, therefore but little thickening is needed, but it will separate if no thickening is used. Bisques are made of fish, usually shell fish. They have as a base a thin white sauce. Clams, oysters or diced lobster or crab are added to the sauce and the whole well seasoned.

Chowders are very substantial and are almost a meal in themselves when served with bread and butter. Chowders make a very satisfactory luncheon or supper dish.

Foundation Recipes for Cream Soups

Two cups milk, two tablespoons butter or butter substitute, two tablespoons flour, one cup vegetable pulp, two cups liquid in which vegetable was cooked, salt and pepper. Melt butter, add flour and blend well; cook until frothy, then add cold milk. Stir constantly until somewhat thickened and creamy. Add seasonings. A pinch of mace adds a very pleasing flavor. Heat the vegetable pulp and liquid, then combine mixtures. They may be made entirely of milk.

Cream of Tomato Soup

Two cups milk, two tablespoons flour, two tablespoons butter or substitute, two cups strained tomato, salt and pepper. Prepare the white sauce as given in the foundation recipe. Heat tomatoes and combine mixtures. Do not cook but serve at once.

Corn Chowder

One cup canned corn, 2 cups potatoes cut in cubes, one-quarter cup salt pork cut in small pieces, one onion sliced, two cups milk, one tablespoon butter or butter substitute, salt and pepper.

Put salt pork in a saucepan and cook to extract the fat; add onion and cook until golden brown, about five minutes; parboil potatoes in boiling water to cover five minutes; add to salt pork and onion. Cook until potatoes are tender, then add corn, milk and seasoning.

Fish Chowder

Two cups clams or fish, two cups raw potatoes cut in dice, one-quarter cup salt pork cut in small pieces, one onion sliced, two cups milk, four crackers, one tablespoon butter or substitute, one tablespoon flour. Put salt pork in a pan and heat slowly to extract the fat; add sliced onion and cook until a golden brown. Add two cups of boiling water to the potatoes and cook five minutes, add the salt pork and onions to the potatoes and simmer until the potatoes are tender but not broken. Make a white sauce of the milk, flour and butter. Combine mixtures, season and add clam or fish. Cook five minutes. Add crackers, split and cut in quarters. Strained tomatoes may replace the milk if desired.

HAR DSAUCE

One-half cup of unsalted butte.
One cup powdered sugar.
One teaspoon vanilla flavoring.

Heat butter until soft and waxy. Add sugar and add gradually, creaming well. Flavor with vanilla and sprinkle with nutmeg.

TEA BUISCUITS

Four cups sifted flour.
One-third cup butter.
One and one-third cups milk.
Four teaspoons baking powder (level).
One tablespoon sugar.
One-half teaspoon salt.

Sift all dry ingredients, rub in the butter then add the milk. Turn on a slightly floured board, roll about one-half inch thick. Cut in rounds about the size of a dollar. Brush over the top with milk and bake in a hot oven 15 minutes.

BUNS

One cup flour, one-half cup sugar, one yeast cake, two tablespoons lard, two well-beaten eggs, two cups boiling water. Over the flour, sugar, salt and lard pour the boiling water. When cool add the well-beaten eggs and soaked yeast cake. Mix stiff with flour, using a spoon; do not mix with the hands. Set away to rise. When wanted make into little balls and put in gem tins or close together like buiscuits in a dripping pan. Let rise a couple of hours before meal time; when light, bake in a quick oven. Put the remaining batter in a cool place, pushing it down every day. The batter is good until the very last and will keep some time.

EGGLESS PLUM PUDDING

Stir thoroughly together one-half cupful finely chopped suet, one cupful fine bread crumbs, one-half cupful of molasses, one-half cupful of chopped raisins, one-half cupful well washed currants, one-half teaspoonful salt, one-half teaspoonful each of cloves, cinnamon, allspice and soda, one-half cupful milk and flour enough to make a stiff batter. Turn into a well-buttered mold three-quarters full and boil for three and one-half hours. This will serve eight persons.

SQUASH PIE

Split a squash, remove the seeds and lay in a dripping pan rind side down with about an inch of water in the bottom of the pan. Bake till tender. Scoop out and add to the hot squash a tablespoonful of butter, one teaspoonful salt, one teaspoonful each of ginger, cinnamon and mace, and a small cupful of molasses. In another bowl beat up the yolks of three eggs and one whole egg with one cup of sugar; add one-half pint of cream and one-half pint of milk. Add to the other ingredients, strain and fill two pie plates with a rich crust and bake in a moderate oven until done.

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