

SCHOOL DAYS



Mother's Cook Book

Not by the size of their houses or lands, Or their golden coins in the bank; The number of servants that come at their call, And not by their titles or rank;

Not by their acres of waving grain, Or their animals prized in the pen; Not by the riches of forest or mine Do I reckon the wealth of men.

PUDDINGS AND SAUCES

COTTAGE pudding is one of the easiest desserts to prepare and one that is usually well liked. The advantage of a pudding in this form is that what is left over may be served for tea cake.

Cottage Pudding. Cream two tablespoonfuls of butter, add one cupful of sugar and when well mixed the yolks of two beaten eggs. Mix one and one-half cupfuls of flour with two teaspoonfuls of baking powder and one-half teaspoonful of salt. Add the dry ingredients with one cupful of milk alternately to the egg and sugar mixture, beat well and pour into a shallow pan. Bake 15 minutes; serve with any desired sauce.

Lemon Sauce. Take one tablespoonful of corn starch or two of flour, one-half cupful of sugar, the grated rind of a lemon, a pinch of salt and one cupful of boiling water; after the dry ingredients have been well mixed, add the juice of a lemon and cook, adding two tablespoonfuls of butter and a dash of nutmeg just before serving.

Golden Cream Sauce. Beat one egg until light, then add three-fourths of a cupful of sugar. Add one cupful of stiffly whipped cream, and lastly two tablespoonfuls of orange juice and one of lemon. Served on brown Betty, this sauce is especially delicious as well as on tapioca.

Hard Sauce. Cream one-fourth of a cupful of butter, add one and one-half cupfuls of powdered sugar, the grated rind of half a lemon and two tablespoonfuls of lemon juice. An egg may be added, using more sugar, making a richer sauce. This hard sauce will keep in a cold place for a long time.

Nellie Maxwell (© 1926, Western Newspaper Union.)

THE YOUNG LADY ACROSS THE WAY



The young lady across the way says the ban' ought to be more careful and its monthly statements hardly ever agree with the stubs iz her check book.

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THE GRAND HOTEL

By DOUGLAS MALLOCH

I WISH I were a boy again. (How many men have wished the same!)

I would not be as poor as then; I have no fine contempt for fame. Men do not learn to hate their gold. However much we have been told, And yet I'd like again to stand And have the Grand Hotel seem grand.

I wish I felt the boyhood awe With which I used to look within, I wish I saw the things I saw That made bright silver out of tin. Gold out of brass, that made the stair A most magnificent affair—I wish the clerk looked handsome and I wish the Grand Hotel seemed grand.

We lose illusions as we pass Along through life, we learn the truth. We find the gold is only brass; Perhaps we dream too much in youth.

But when some old illusion dies I sometimes think we grow too wise, And this would be a happier land If still the Grand Hotel seemed grand.

With envy how I used to run To see the city drummers then, And dream of days I might be one Myself, a prince of traveling men. Well, here I am; it all came true; And here I'm stuck a day or two— The reason now you'll understand I wish the Grand Hotel seemed grand.

WHAT THE GRACIOUS HOSTESS SAYS:

By DELLA THOMPSON LUDES

SAYING "NOT AT HOME"

THE phrase, "not at home" is merely a social one, meaning, perhaps, that the mistress of the house is busily engaged, indisposed, or otherwise unable to see callers. The phrase, however, should be used with discretion. In the city where women's lives are full of varied activities and where the formal caller expects to find one at home, the expression is understood and accepted without feeling. In smaller places the phrase "not at home," when one is at home, has been criticized and condemned. If, as in many small-town homes is the case, a child may answer the door, he should not be asked to say that his mother "is not at home," when she is, unless he may say, "Mother is not at home to callers today." The mind of a child is literal, and he is not always able to distinguish between what words say and what they mean. If a hostess is indisposed or engaged, it is better to say so, politely adding that she will be very sorry, and will the caller come again soon.

There is just as much need for observance of social customs in the small town as in the big city, and, indeed, people living in smaller places are often more truly polite, more gracious and considerate than those who live in the cities. The same rules and principles apply to both, and it is quite essential that the mistress of the town or country home acquaint herself and her family with correct usage.

By persons always accustomed to social phrases and social ways, this will doubtless seem like being over-scrupulous, but mothers with small children have to be over-scrupulous in teaching the principles of truth-telling. It would seem that whoever answers the door, if the mistress does not wish to see callers, might give some other politely expressed phrase which would answer quite as well as the "not at home," and at the same time not be open to criticism.

At any rate, and whatever method is used, the caller at the door should never be allowed to feel rebuffed. This is rude and discourteous, an evidence of bad manners.

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THE AMATEUR DON JUAN

By B. M. CULLERTON

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CYRILLA was the dearest girl in the world, but a little cold-hearted. Freddy Broughton could not disguise that fact from his knowledge. But he had weighed it against her virtues when he asked her to be his wife, and it did not weigh a great deal.

Cyrilla Burns and Freddy had known each other since they were tots. Their families lived in one of those old-fashioned city squares that are rapidly disappearing before the march of progress. Only a few of the old families remained in the vicinity, and they formed a sort of aristocracy of birth, though few of them had any money.

Freddy's father was a lawyer, and sat all day in an old-fashioned office and met old-fashioned clients there. Cyrilla's father was a rector, who wore a very stiff cravat, and preached in a stately church so empty that he might have begun his service "dearly beloved sister Jones" instead of "dearly beloved brethren."

It had always been understood that Freddy and Cyrilla were to marry. When Freddy came home from college he looked at Cyrilla and wondered. Here he had been out in the world, as it seemed to him, tasting the joys of emancipation, and Cyrilla was going the same old round of missionary meetings, library committees and visits among a select and exclusive old-fashioned set.

Yet Freddy was shrewd enough to see that a wife must be chosen for her wearing qualities. And Cyrilla undoubtedly did wear well. She was just the same as ever, just as interested in him, just as willing to talk about her interests, even a little fonder, Freddy thought.

So it came about at the annual dinner party that, finding himself alone with Cyrilla, Freddy took her hand in his.

"Will you marry me soon, Cyrilla, dear?" he asked.

"Yes," answered Cyrilla. "If you are sure you love me."

"I know I love you," answered Freddy. "I love you well enough to lead forward to taking you into the world, where we shall live our own life—a different life."

He stopped abruptly. It would never do to let Cyrilla realize that he had other views of their future than living on in the square. And if a little gleam came into Cyrilla's eyes Freddy did not notice it.

They were to be married in early autumn. That summer Cyrilla behaved in an unprecedented manner; she accepted an invitation from a friend to spend a week up-country. It was so abnormal that there was much shaking of heads and consultation among the family. However, in the end it was decided that as an almost married woman Cyrilla might be permitted to go. Cyrilla, who had meant to go anyway, went.

Left to himself, Freddy plied in his father's law office. When his vacation arrived he decided not to take one. He was moping. Somehow Cyrilla's letters seemed awfully cold. Did Cyrilla love him well enough to become his wife? That was the question he put to himself.

"No!" was the answer that his inner consciousness thundered out one afternoon. "No! And I am going to offer her her freedom. And I am going to break away!"

And in that moment he saw himself a martyr and pictured the joys of life under new skies, and totally different auspices.

He told his father that he would take his vacation after all. He went to the Catskills and selected a little hotel there filled with shopgirls and young men from the stores at fifteen dollars a week. And there he plunged, with a sense of awful wickedness, into a new life.

The region was simply dotted with hotels. In every forest glade one came upon swooning couples. On every lake rang out the voices of hilarious young people. Freddy flung himself into it all with zest. He made desperate love to a little girl who sold perfumery at Stacey's, and had apparently abstracted a good deal of the stock to pour over herself. He spent the mornings with her, the afternoons with a ladies' shoe department girl from Isaac & Copplins, and the evenings he strolled up and down with a waitress from Mild's, and discussed the relative advantages of the breakfast cereals.

And he liked it. He was growing more and more entranced with the vulgarity of it. He felt a regular Don Juan, and when the hotel gave the annual masked ball and the carousel was set up, Freddy was the gayest of the gay.

He swung round giddily upon his horse, side by side with a shrieking young thing in black, whom he kept on her unsteady seat at intervals by the pressure of his hand against the back of her waist. Then masks were donned, and a perfect whirl of pleasures followed.

Introductions are not considered essential at that sort of Catskill hotel. Freddy spun in the giddy mazes of dance after dance. The struggling, shrieking throng was having a high and glorious time when some wag cut the electric light wire.

Instantly terrific confusion followed.

Girls shouted that they were going to faint, and fainted in the arms of the men nearest them. Freddy, embracing an unknown creature, who lay like a dead weight upon his shoulder, felt a regular devil. He thought of the square with a profound sense of the irony of life.

"Help! Make way for a lady what's fainted!" shouted the landlord's stenographic voice through the darkness.

And somebody appeared, a dimly described shadow, supporting the figure of a girl, petite and slim, with a black mask covering what might have been an uncommonly pretty face.

"I'm the boy," shouted Freddy—he had learned that phrase the day before—and snatched the lady from her escort. The escort, not owning her, turned his attentions to the nearest girl. And the struggling mass gradually made move toward the doors.

The girl had really fainted. Freddy carried her, but when he reached the entrance he felt a sudden disgust for the crowd. He picked her up bodily in his arms and made toward the lake, some fifty paces distant. The moon had not risen, it was almost pitch dark and he could see nothing but the shadowy trees and in the distance the level top of what must be the water. The shouts behind him had died away and Freddy for the first time began to be frightened.

He tried to arouse the girl, but her unconsciousness was profound, and only the least catch of the breath reassured him that she was alive. He decided that the proper thing to do would be to dash water into her face. He set her down at the margin of the lake and plunged forward to scoop up some water in one of the tin cans that lay in numbers among the bushes.

He got his can and, as he stooped to fill it, the soft, marshy ground gave under him and he stumbled forward into the water, falling flat on his face.

A minute later a gurgling, puffing figure, composed, according to appearances, principally of slime and mud, arose from the bosom of the lake, still clutching the can of water, and struggling back up the ascent. For several moments Freddy hunted disgustedly for the girl, cursing himself for a fool. Why hadn't he been content to stay quietly in his room?

He loathed himself just then, and, in the reaction, thought of Cyrilla for the first time in a week almost.

Then he came upon the girl, and, forgetting his condition, he knelt down beside her and raised her head on his arm, and dashed the tepid water into her face.

"Where am I?" she whispered in terror.

"It's all right, Miss," said Freddy—he had learned that mode of address too. "Somebody cut the wire and you fainted. We'll have you back to your place in half a jiff."

The girl was quite silent. Suddenly the Don Juan mood came over Freddy again. Deliberately he bent forward and planted a kiss upon the girl's unresisting lips.

They were as cold as ice. Suddenly, with a dreadful sense of horror, Freddy leaned forward. In the light of the lanterns which had been swung from the hotel porch, Freddy could see that it was Cyrilla!

And she knew him! She got up and surveyed him. Her face was inscrutable.

"You're rather muddy, Freddy," she said quietly.

"Yes, dear. Fancy meeting you here. I knew it was you, as soon as—"

"Don't be untruthful, Freddy. You kissed a girl whom you didn't know from Adam."

"From Eve, you mean," said Freddy. "Well, and will you tell me what brought you here, Cyrilla? How do I know what you've been doing?"

"I wanted some fun," Cyrilla said defiantly.

"Well, so did I," said Freddy. "She took a step forward. 'You wanted fun, Freddy? Why, you're the last person in the world who ever looked like fun to me. If you knew how I wanted to break out—'"

"My Lord!" cried Freddy. "Cyrilla, you mean—? I never thought. But who's kissed you, anyway?"

"Nobody but you," she answered. "They've all tried to, all of them, but I wouldn't let them. O, Freddy, you are human, after all, then?"

He clasped her fiercely in his arms. "You bet I am!" he shouted. "Why, Cyrilla, this is the happiest day of my life, to find you out. And we'll make our marriage a dream of happiness."

"And you—you won't kiss any other strange girls, then?" asked Cyrilla. "How many, Freddy?"

Freddy held up one finger. "Only you, dear," he answered. "My, what a peach you looked, too! Say, what do you think of getting married here tomorrow?"

"And—and starting now?"

"Right away. But not at this hotel. A little place I know where there won't be anybody around but you and me."

"All right," said Cyrilla. "Good luck to the square when it discovers that it has stood for an elopement."

"I guess we'll turn it into a parallel-gram with mortification," answered Freddy, embracing her again.

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GIRLIGAGS



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How It Started

By JEAN NEWTON

"RUNNING THE GAMUT"

"SHE ran the gamut of every impertinence and every offense," was said not long ago of a girl who was expelled from school for insubordination. She had broken all the rules, going right down the line, or "running the gamut."

The expression has a musical origin, the "gamut" being the name given to a system of musical notation invented by Guido Arezzo, a Benedictine monk of the Tenth century. He called the lowest tone "gamma" (the Greek letter g), and then, taking the syllables from an old Latin hymn, called the notes of his scale ut, re, mi, fa, sol, la, si, with which we are all familiar.

The scale came to be called the "gamut" from gamma-ut, the first two notes. Hence "running the gamut" means figuratively running the full length of the scale.

(Copyright)

"The influence of heredity is strong," says Retrospective Betta. "The woman who used to jerk her skirts to her knees at sight of a mouse now has a daughter with a permanent jerk."