

CALLY'S VALUABLE ADVICE

(By D. J. Walsh.)

IT WAS seldom that Cally Herrick received a letter from her rich relatives, the Earls, but tonight there was such a letter waiting for her when she came in from the mill. It lay on the hall table among all the other mail. If it had not turned face upward and so caught her eye as she was going through the hall, she might not have noticed it at all. She took it with her upstairs and read it as she sat on the bed. It may be said in passing that she usually sat on the bed because it was much more comfortable than the one chair which Mrs. Pulver provided for her cheaper rooms.

"Why, Winnifred's written quite a long letter this time!" Cally thought as she glanced over the thick creamy sheet. Winnifred, Earl always used beautiful paper. "And she wants me to make them a visit—over the weekend! Oh, joy!"

It was the first time she had ever been invited to visit at her cousin's, and the prospect of doing so now flooded her pretty face with the color of happiness.

"Indeed, I will go, I'll write and tell her, and thank her," she said to herself.

The dinner bell was ringing, clang upon clang, through the house. Cally arose and went downstairs to the dining room. There she found soup, roast beef, spring vegetables and a delicious pudding. Mrs. Pulver was a good cook. Mr. Nichols came and sat down beside Cally. Mr. Nichols was the new boarder; he worked for the electric light company and earned big pay. Already Cally liked him, he was so boyish, so clean spirited, so friendly.

"I'm going away for the week-end," she said, "to visit my cousin at Summerville."

"Summerville! I've been there," said Mr. Nichols. "Who is your cousin?"

"Winnifred Earl."

"You mean Ebner Earl's daughter Winnifred?"

"Yes. Do you know them?"

"I've seen them. Why, they're rich people, big bugs!"

"Why of course," Cally giggled with amusement. "You didn't think I'd be related to just common folks, did you?"

Mr. Nichols gave her a long look out of his thoughtful eyes.

"N-no. But I don't happen to have any rich relatives," he said, with a sigh.

The fact that Cally was going to visit her wealthy cousin at Summerville made quite a stir among Mrs. Pulver's boarders.

"I should think you'd feel too stuck up for anything," little Mrs. Beebe said.

Cally laughed. She had never dreamed that merely being related to the Summerville Earls could make her so important.

"Maybe you'll never come back once you get out there," said old Miss Fletcher. "I shouldn't think they'd let a little nice girl like you work in a mill."

"I don't exactly work in the mill," Cally corrected. "I work in the mill office. But I suppose it all amounts to the same thing."

Mr. Nichols parted with her regretfully. He gave her a bunch of daffodils to remember him by. Considering the fact that daffodils were a dollar and a half a dozen and there were at least two dozen of them the gift was sufficiently valuable. Cally loved daffodils, and when she held the bunch against her little brown suit she looked, with her glowing youth beauty, like spring itself.

"Good-by," said Mr. Nichols. He had gone to the station with her, to help her with her baggage. As the train moved away Cally looked back and saw him gazing after it with his hat in his hand.

She enjoyed her journey very much. Journeys were rare with her. When she reached the Summerville station Winnifred was waiting for her in a smart roadster. Winnifred was not as pretty as Cally, and she was ten years older, but she was infinitely more sophisticated in appearance. They drove away through the balmy twilight to the big gray house set back among delightful trees.

Uncle Ebner was casual but kind. "Glad you've come, he said. "I guess Winnifred felt she needed a bit of company."

"I must try to be good company then," rejoined Cally.

"I guess you will be, all right," said Uncle Ebner, giving her an appraising look with his kind old eyes.

Cally slept that night in a room decorated in faded blue and pinks, and dreamed of Mr. Nichols. But next day she scarcely thought of him at all. There was so much going on, even if it was Sunday. A perfectly splendid young man, a Mr. Culver, came to lunch. Afterward he took Winnifred and her guest for a long ride in his beautiful French car, but the occasion was spoiled because he and Winnifred quarreled all the way over things Cally could not understand.

In the evening half a dozen people came to dinner. Cally did not like any of them except Mr. Sandford, a middle aged man, who wore spectacles. She seemed to find something in common with him, but the women stared her out of countenance when they were

not snubbing her, and the other men talked to her only in terms of compliments.

By the time the day was ended Cally was tired enough to go to bed. She had to leave early next morning to get back into the mill that afternoon. She had not asked for more than a half day's leave. She thought that the clatter of the looms was not much worse than the clatter of so many tongues.

She was ready for bed when Winnifred entered. Winnifred had been crying. "Oh, what is it dear?" Cally asked, all sympathy.

"I'm so miserable," Winnifred sobbed. "I've got to tell some one."

"Is it Mr. Culver?" asked Cally.

"How did you guess?"

"Well, I could see you liked him."

"Anyone can see that, I guess," said Winnifred bitterly.

"That's the trouble. You must keep it to yourself more. I wouldn't let anyone see I cared for him for anything till—till the proper time." Cally blushed. "Isn't there some one you can flirt with a little? Let's see. What about Mr. Sandford? I'd flirt with a broomstick rather than give myself away like you're doing."

"Would you?" said Winnifred seriously. "Yes, I believe you would. Maybe it would be a good plan. Carl is too sure of me. That must be it. Thank you for your advice, Cally. I will flirt with Mr. Sandford. 'Suddenly she put her arms about Cally and kissed her. 'You dear little thing! I felt somehow that you would be a comfort. Stay with me always, Cally. I need you. I'm sure I could make you happy until some nice man happens along who could make you happier.'"

"I guess he's happened already," said Cally. She clapped her hands over her mouth as her precious secret flew away.

"What's his name?" asked Winnifred.

"Billy Nichols."

"Oh, Cally! You're too precious for any man named Billy Nichols."

But Cally was obstinate.

As she stepped off the train next day Mr. Nichols was waiting. At the sight of him her joy broke bonds.

"Oh, Billy, I just knew you'd be here!" she cried. And then she could have bitten her tongue.

But the look that came to Mr. Nichols' face consoled her.

"I've thought of your coming every minute since you went away," he whispered.

Cally had been engaged two weeks before she heard from Winnifred.

"I did flirt outrageously," wrote Winnifred. "and I made Carl jealous and he proposed. Oh, Cally, I'm so happy! You shall have a chest of real silver for your wedding present if you ever marry—"

Cally giggled.

"I suppose I may as well prepare her for the worst," she said to herself.

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THE KITCHEN CABINET

(52, 1229, Western Newspaper Union.)

In all places, then and in all seasons, Flowers expand their light and soul-like wings Teaching us by more persuasive reasons, How akin they are to human things. —Longfellow.

SEASONABLE DISHES

Cold weather lends itself to the enjoyment of heartier foods, such as boiled dinners. While many enjoy the ham bone cooked with vegetables, others who are fond of ham and bacon do not wish its flavors mixed with those of vegetables. The following is one of the old-fashioned dishes:



New England Boiled Dinners.—Prepare plenty of small hard cabbage heads—two or three will not be too many, for a boiled dinner should always be shared—a rutabaga or two if small, cut into eighths; one-half dozen even-sized onions, the same of potatoes and carrots. Getting the vegetables ready for a boiled dinner is not an easy task.

In a large preserving kettle place a three or four-pound piece of tender, quite fat corned beef, add two pig's hocks well scraped and cleaned, cover with cold water and bring to the simmering point. Cook for an hour or two before adding the vegetables. Parboil some cranberry beans after soaking them over night, put into a small salt sack and drop into the kettle with the vegetables, cook all together slowly until the vegetables are tender and the meat well done. Serve on a turkey platter with the meat in the center and the vegetables arranged around it. Cut the salt sack after draining well and empty the beans into two heaps at the ends of the platter. "Much tasting means no wasting"; this is true of any dish and especially of a dinner of this kind; add salt—usually the meat is not salt enough to season all the vegetables—pepper may be added while cooking, a small chill, if desired.

Suet Pudding.—Here is another old-fashioned and always well liked dish: Take three-fourths of a cupful of corn meal, add a little cold milk and when well mixed add to a quart of hot milk, stirring until well mixed and smooth; cook for a few minutes, then add another quart of cold milk; put into a deep crockery dish suitable for baking, add one cupful of finely chopped suet, one cupful of sugar, two beaten eggs, one cupful of raisins. Stir over the top on the floating suet two tablespoonfuls of flour; this will form the delicious brown crust after the pudding is baked. Put into a moderate oven and bake three to four hours, stirring the first hour or two, often, to keep the mixture well blended. Then finish baking. Serve hot. This pudding may be reheated until the last morsel is gone, and will still be good.

The pudding needs no sauce, but if liked richer serve with a spoonful of hard sauce.

Diet Hints.

Most of the people who do even a little study of food principles know that fried foods are hard of digestion. The laborer who works hard daily, often in the open air, may be able to digest foods that for the ordinary worker are out of the question.

In some homes fried potatoes are as common and daily a food as bread and butter; the family seem to thrive and grow on them, but a day of reckoning will come for those who abuse the stomach with greasy foods, the fat covering the starch so that the stomach cannot act upon it. As fat is not digested in the stomach and starch is only partly digested in the intestines, the result is disastrous. Of course, with perfect mastication there is some of the starch mixed with the saliva and stomach juices, but a large part of fat-covered food passes into the intestines imperfectly digested.

A very soft-cooked egg, a codded, a medium, or a hard egg, is perfectly easy to serve, with proper care. The eggs should be at the room temperature for these results. To every egg use a pint of boiling water, drop in the eggs, cover closely and set on the back of the stove where they will keep hot but not cook with the heat. If one wishes a soft egg remove it at three to four minutes; if codded, six to eight minutes; if medium, leave twelve to fifteen minutes; a hard egg will need one-half hour's cooking. A hard egg cooked in this way will be tender and digestible, the yolk dry and mealy, as easy to digest as a soft egg and, in many, cases, easier.

Every child should be taught the proper making of toast. The bread should be rather dry, then further dried by heating in the oven, then toasted until brown and dry to the center. Toast that is served well browned on the outside, with all the moisture driven to the center, is not properly made, nor hygienic toast; when eaten a soggy indigestible mass is given the stomach to break up and soften.

Neenie Maxwell

QUAINT FLOUNCED TAFFETA; LACE-TOUCHED NAVY FROCKS

IS THERE romance in clothes? Suppose we let this picture of a bewitching gown for "sweet sixteen" answer the question. The eyes carry it unanimously.

Those "first parties" so exciting to the sub-deb—what perplexities they impose upon dotting mothers in the way of choosing just the prettiest and the loveliest the world affords for daughter to wear.

The naive sunny-yellow rayon taffeta to wear with the colorful taffeta party frock must be dyed a perfect match if one would dress in perfect fashion.

The outlook for sheer navy daytime frocks with a touch of lace either worked into the making of the dress or as an accessory item is most promising.

This season the word sheer applies to woollens as well as cottons and silks. Nowadays one may be as comfortably and charmingly attired in a woollen

frock illustrated is everything that it should be for youth. Perhaps one of the happiest things about it is that it can easily be made at home. There's nothing intricate about it—a good pattern, a few yards of taffeta, deft fingers, a willing mind and the deed is done!

The bowknot of self-fabric formed of milliner's folds is a master stroke when it comes to trimming a whole frock with "the touch that tells."

And aren't those quaint ruffles, one topping another, adorable? The hemline tips up in front just enough to satisfy fashion's demands. The bodice is slightly form fitting, which is the latest style dictum for evening frocks.

Of course the color sympathy for this frock could be carried out in any one of a dozen other "delicious" colorings, but it's just this way: All the yellows from daffodil to deep orange have captured Dame Fashion's fancy

georgette as in a diaphanous chiffon—all because fabric specialists have accomplished truly wonderful feats recently in the way of producing woollen weaves of amazing lightness.

These dainty woollen frocks in solid dark tones look their handsomest when feminized with a touch of lace. Collar and cuff sets are especially youthful and they will be very much in vogue on the new navy frocks.

The most recent lace collars stress soft Jabot effects. In the picture two screenland favorites, Mary Philbin (to the left) and Kathryn Crawford are choosing to take a spring stroll clad in denature navy frocks enlivened with a bit of lace at throat and at wrist lines. The soft Jabot effect, just referred to, gives an exceedingly smart lace touch to the two-piece frock to the right.

The fact that the navy wool frock to the left is inclined to be form fitting

and she is making a big play on these shades for spring and summer.

Pale green is another favorite with the mode for party wear. As to white, be it taffeta, satin or chiffon, the outlook is that it will lend by a big majority what summer comes. There is supposed to be a note of color somewhere about the white costume in the way of a flower, a fan or a pair of gay slippers. Or perhaps the wrap, probably of transparent velvet, will supply the color needed to glorify the picture.

Speaking of the coat of transparent velvet, its vogue for spring is already told. Designers are creating lovely ensembles of sheer materials topped with transparent velvet wraps.

We forgot to say that satin slippers

are out of the question.

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