

## SETTLED FOR LIFE AT LAST

(By D. J. Walsh.)

MARtha PELL swept the walk with firm, swift strokes of her new broom. When she came to the big maple that shaded the house she paused and laid her hand upon its rough trunk, looking up at it with tender pride. It had not a leaf, but some day it would be green with whispering leaves. Blessed tree! Her own tree—or rather Dick's. Whatever was Dick's was hers, just as whatever she had was his. There were no reservations of a selfish sort between her and her son.

Dick had bought this little house with the guardian tree, the bit of lawn, the tiny garden spot at the back. For about a month now she had been at home. It was a goodly feeling to be at home, to know that you could meet the storms of life sheltered. And there had been so many storms since her husband died. A good man, Charlie, but he had left her and her two small children unprotected. She had worked and prayed until somehow she had got them to the point where they could care for themselves. Then as she was so very tired Dick had bought this home for them all. Nina was helping with the living expenses. All mother had to do was to keep house. After years of outside work cooking was a joy. She loved to keep and wash dishes and dust furniture. To be free to move as she wished, to sit at her window, to work at her own fire! The wonder and peace of it.

"That's a nice tree!" Martha turned and saw a neighbor, Mrs. Simmons, with her market basket. Her face brightened.

"Yes, it is a nice tree. I was just thinking that myself. Lovely morning, Mrs. Simmons."

"Dreadful cold. Got settled yet?"

"All settled," Martha laughed, pushing back her gray hair with her slender hand. "Settled for life, I may say."

"Settled for life, eh?" Mrs. Simmons mouth twitched. "Well, I'm sure I hope so, for your sake. But you never can tell. Of course you may get along with your new daughter-in-law better'n most women do with theirs."

"What do you mean?" Martha dropped the broom, clutching her gray sweater near the throat.

"Why, everybody's saying that Dick's going to marry Elsie Barth. I thought you knew it."

Martha stooped to pick up the broom. Then she laughed again.

"What everybody says must be true. Of course my son has reached the age when a young man usually begins to think of getting married. One can't blame him, you know. Besides Elsie Barth is a nice girl."

"Do you know her?" inquired the relentless old woman. Martha was silent. "She's a nice girl and the like of that but she's a great hand to have her own way. Her folks brought her up to be babied. Yet, as I say, maybe you'll get along all right with her. You've got an easy disposition." The old woman jogged away toward her own portal and Martha went into the house.

The dear little house, with its breath tinged with the cake she had just baked, the meat that was roasting for dinner, the geraniums on the windowsill and the smell of fresh-wind clothes on the rack! She hung up the broom and sank into a chair by the kitchen table, leaning her head on her hand.

So Dick was going to marry Elsie Barth! Everybody knew it but her. Nina must know it. Nina had been keeping it away from her.

Nina came in presently. She was slender, vivid, young looking, in her brown coat and hat like an autumn leaf.

"How long since Dick decided to marry Elsie Barth?" Martha asked.

"I don't know, mother. I've been hearing it quite a while. Dick's a clam for confidences, you know."

"Then he may be married any time. He bought this house with that intention."

"Well—" Nina looked troubled. "Now don't worry, mother. Of course Elsie will feel she's the boss here. If we can get along together we ought to, but— Why, you and I can go into one of those little new apartments on Loder street. As far as that goes you and I can be happy anywhere."

"Yes, dear." So it was all true. She was not settled for life after all. She had just made another stop—how brief she could not tell.

When Dick arrived his mother was calm.

"When ever you are ready for your home, dear," she said quite steadily. "Let me know. It shall be ready for you."

Dick's face reddened.

"Oh, now, mother! When Elsie comes here she'll just be one of us. What's the matter? Do you think we can't all live together?"

"That's for Elsie to say," replied Martha gently.

There was an embarrassed interval. "Oh, say, Will Boyd came into our office and bought a lot today. He's going to build a house in the spring."

Martha's glance went to her daughter's face. Nina was looking down at the roll she was buttering. Her face revealed nothing. How brave she was to take it like that! Nina had always cared for Will Boyd, although outwardly they had been casual friends. This meant that Will was going to be

married—and Nina was out of it. Poor, poor child!

Next day Martha went to see one of the little apartments on Loder street. It had three rooms and a bath—a new, clean, bare little place, no garden or maple, no place for even a flower. And she had made such plans for planting vegetables and flowers. She choked down a sob. Oh, well! She had lived in worse places.

She went back home and prepared a delicious little meal, economical but tasty. At the last moment Dick telephoned to see if he might bring Elsie home to dinner. Of course he might. And he did.

It was a difficult affair—for Dick, who was the awkward young householder, for Elsie, who blushed and displayed a glittering new ring, for Martha trying to be hospitable and unobtrusive at the same time, Nina was quite herself. She kept things going with her laughter. Afterwards when Dick had walked home with Elsie she helped Martha with the dishes.

"Well, Elsie will be here in a month more," Nina said. "Don't you worry, mother. You don't have to stay here a minute longer than you want to. We'll be happy anywhere so long as we're together."

"That's true, dear," Martha kissed her child's cheek. "I suppose really it would be nicer to just go and let the young folks have things to themselves. You see they're not going to have a long honeymoon, just a few days. Dick can't leave work—"

"Just as you say, mother, darling."

So it was settled. Nina was to rent the apartment on Loder street. They would move right in, the sooner the better.

The following noon Martha looked up from the hash she was turning to see Nina.

"You rented the apartment?" she asked.

"No!" Nina leaned against the cupboard. "I didn't have to. We've got a better place offered." Her eyes were stars, her cheeks burning. "Mother! Will Boyd came home with me. He— he asked me to marry him. And I am going to."

"Why, how did it happen?" Martha asked bewilderedly, after a moment. She and Nina were both crying for joy.

"I don't know," Nina's voice was so low. "I only know it's true. He wants to be married right away. And he's going to buy the Foster house, that lovely old place; fourteen big trees, a garden, nine rooms. You know all about that house, mother. You thought to have the south chamber—I you're of that first thing."

"But what about the lot and the new house he's going to build in the spring?"

"Oh, that was for speculation—nothing to do with a real home. Oh, mother! Aren't you glad? We're both going to be settled for life—at last!"

### Just Why George Felt

#### Need of Recuperation

Harried fathers about town are being initiated into a discovery of one of their members. A modernistic young attorney in the Scarritt building is blazing the path. Admiring friends have been wondering for years how George — could retain his careful disposition while accumulating an old-fashioned growing family (five to date) and a steadily increasing, vexatious law practice. Last week a friend phoned his office for an appointment. The office girl announced George had gone to Hot Springs, Ark. She suggested the inquirer could telephone the residence for details as to his return.

Mrs. — answered the telephone. "No, it's not business; it's a trip for his health."

"Hadden't heard George was sick," the inquirer remarked.

"Oh, you are right about that," said the wife. "George never gets sick. But you see I was, all last month; and you know Mary had the measles. Susanne the whooping cough and two of the boys got down with colds. But we're all beginning to get well now. So, you see, George just had to go away for a while and recuperate."—Kansas City Star.

#### Big, Bigger, Biggest

George D., who lives in the eastern part of the city, is noted for his droll humor and ready wit. A while back, he dropped into a coal office to chat a while with several neighbors who chanced to be present. He proceeded to relate an incident that had come under his observation, somewhere, and which seemed to some of his listeners as "having some elements of improbability." This reminded one of the crowd of an incident that he had witnessed. Then up spoke a third man with a "whale" of an episode that he had encountered. When he had ended George D. arose and yawning wearily, said: "Aw, fellows, the man who tells the first lie, in a crowd like this, never has any show."—Indianapolis News.

#### Educational Theories

"Humanism" was the name given to that phase of the Renaissance in Italy which consisted in a renewed study of the so-called "humanities"—the Latin and Greek classics. The word is often used for a theory of education which claims that a study of the classics is the best means for a well-rounded and broad culture. It often takes the form of a protest against the scrappiness of a training based upon a too exclusive devotion to natural science. The term "humanism" was applied more recently to the Oxford movement, which is based on the theory that man is the measure of all things.

## HOW TO LIVE LONGER

By JOHN CLARENCE FUNK  
PUT ON YOUR ARMOR

THE romance of scientific achievement has been written in the past fifty years. More advancement in pure and applied science has been made in that period than in all the past centuries combined.

And what is true concerning science generally is equally applicable to the healing art. There can be no doubt about the matter; the saving of life through modern preventive methods is one of the outstanding achievements of the age.

Smallpox, which formerly possessed devastating power in this day a now-and-then proposition only. Typhoid fever, which slayed its many thousands annually at the present time at bay. Diphtheria, which as late as a decade ago was a terrible and terrifying enemy to child life, is now in many jurisdictions practically extinct. Scarlet fever, the power of which has remained unchallenged until the past few years, is losing its fearful hold. And so the fascinating story goes.

However, the point to this historical recitation is not to prate about the past or to even boast about the present, but to place everyone on guard concerning the future.

It is not enough for the individual to brag about public sanitation, pure water supplies, control in the communicable diseases and modern supervision over foods. Nevertheless that is what many people do, and that is practically all they do.

Of course too much credit cannot be given to officials and scientists who are responsible for the present satisfactory state of public health affairs but it must be understood that there are still a few things left that are individual to do if the personal safety factor is to be developed to its highest expression.

Life is a battle, a daily struggle with enemy germs, enemy living conditions and enemy habits. If this fact would be more generally recognized there would be a phenomenal decline in the sick and death lists.

Toxin-antitoxin for your children is their scientific protection against death or serious illness in that form. And scarlet fever immunization for the susceptible, young and old, is considered to be equally efficient.

Typhoid vaccine is effective for at least seven years. A journey for a far country, or even to summer resorts where the purity of the water supply may be questionable, demands this prevention. And the efficiency story of vaccination for smallpox is an old and conclusive one.

These are all simple, harmless and powerful weapons. If life is worth anything it is worth living. So put on your armor, and live!

### SMART ALECKS

THE percentage of "smart alecks" is a fixed ratio in the general population. This large group has ignorance for its basis of intelligence! It is positively painful to see the number of people who in their own conceit insist upon overriding the judgment of learned and scientific men.

The pathetic feature is the hopelessness of logic in persuading them that they are wrong. Sound argument, common sense — with these things they will have nothing whatsoever to do. They know it all. Why should they bother?

Well, if a semiliterate person blinded by his own magnificent brain desires to indulge in fanciful relative to his health, there is not much that can be done to stop him. And it is this particular breed of person who fills the pockets of the charlatans, reactionists, faddists and other peculiar creatures whose wares are feeble rumors, half-truths, bluff and sometimes downright lies.

But children should have a better chance. Death is a pretty big price for youngsters and babies to pay, simply because they have parents who are ignorantly stubborn and blissfully headstrong.

A little while ago a woman refused to have her boy immunized against diphtheria. She even would not permit the simple test to be made that would prove or disprove susceptibility. None of this modern foolishness for her! "Lots of my friends' children never had toxin-antitoxin and they didn't get diphtheria either," she argued. Well, she took the chance. But her boy got diphtheria and diphtheria got the boy.

It would be cruel to tell this misguided parent that in a left-handed way she killed her child. But that is exactly what happened. Her painful ignorance and sense of superiority blinded her to the plain facts about modern preventives.

The toxin-antitoxin procedure is simple, harmless and efficient. If your child is over six months old and has not been immunized, you too are in the "smart aleck" class. Get out of it at once.

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#### Not Lazy

If you think you are too tired to walk to work, just put it down to the fact you are getting hopelessly soft. Think of the Chinese coolie. He pushes a wheelbarrow loaded with eight persons. Try that on your way downtown.

## Community Building

### Industrial Plants in Rural Areas Increase

Industry has penetrated new rural areas in the West. Iowa, for example, no longer ships practically all its hogs to Chicago. Numerous packing plants within that state take an increasing number.

Moderate sized manufacturing industries have sprung up in out of the way places throughout the United States. Plants handling cotton and corn by-products are numerous. Concerns producing washing machines, fountain pens, buttons, metal products of many kinds, steel and machinery goods, and many other articles not directly dependent on agriculture for raw materials, have chosen rural districts for their bases of operations, apparently to their substantial profit.

Naturally, however, a large proportion of the industries located in rural districts are supported by the products of the farm.

Rural industry, besides giving the farmer a better local market, helps him to get improved roads and schools, and to bring electric power to his farm. The electrification of our farms drives, it seldom pays to build high tension lines for only a few farms, but the problem is solved when the rural district contains power-using industries.

In addition, industrial development in agricultural districts boosts farm land values, distributes tax burdens more equitably, and improves agricultural credit facilities. Also it favorably influences farming methods.—W. M. Jardine, in the Saturday Evening Post.

### Small Home Requires

#### Trees and Shrubbery

The small home actually needs planting more than a large house set in broad acres, because a house looms large on a small piece of ground. It needs trees, and foundation shrubbery to link it naturally to the ground. Planting will reduce the apparent size of the house and make it seem in better proportion to the size of the lot.

Any real estate man will agree that planting around a small home pays in cold cash. Trees and shrubbery may add several hundred dollars to your home if you should ever want to sell it. They pay good dividends.

Select the shrubs, plants and trees that are native to your state. Nature has spent thousands of years adapting them to your soil and climate, so why select a foreign plant which has a constitution as delicate as an incubator baby. It has to be carefully nursed to pull it through, while native shrubs will thrive without much effort on your part.

### Small-Town Planning

Larger cities of Missouri may need zoning laws and authority for city planning and some of them have found ways to acquire the rights, but the smaller cities are in the best position to make intelligent and effective use of them. So the smaller communities should be vitally interested in and welcome the bill passed by the Missouri house, permitting all cities of the state to adopt ordinances creating city planning and zoning commissions, with authority to lay out permanent physical lines. Under the proposed law, commissions would have their work of laying out and planning placed before city councils for approval.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

### Highway Width

Width of the highway for safe and expeditious movement of traffic is more and more concerning the road builder. Engineers of the United States bureau of public roads are of the opinion that a minimum of 20 feet should be maintained for a two-lane highway. It is held further that in built-up sections the roadway should be 36 feet wide at least, to permit parallel parking and 50 feet where diagonal and right angle parking is allowed.

### Ground for Fruit Growing

The extent of ground required is about ten or twelve square rods for the different summer fruits, and an acre and a half or two acres for all the others except the winter apples. The early or summer apples might be placed in between the winter apples as fillers, as these are less permanent trees.

### Discouraging

Did you ever drop your work to do something for community benefit and have the first bird you tackle tell you to come again, that he would like to take a little time to think it over?—Waldport (Ore.) Tribune.

### Spend Money in Home Town

Communities are not built on the money that is earned within the borders and then spent with peddlers or sent to the mail-order house in some distant city.—The Dalles (Ore.) Optimist.

### Wide Beautification Plan

Sullivan county (Ind.) clubwomen began a campaign of beautification in the planting of trees, evergreens and vines along the highways. As the season progresses flowers will be planted in places selected by them.

## THE KITCHEN CABINET

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As unto the bow the cord is,  
So unto the wife the woman;  
Though she bends him she obeys  
him,  
Though she draws him, she's the  
follows;  
Useless each without the other!  
—Hilawatha's Wooing.

### FOOD FOR OUTINGS

As this is the time when picnic baskets are packed we need to brush up on a few things to put into them.

Cut ginger bread into squares and the squares into halves to make a sandwich and spread with cottage cheese well seasoned and enriched with cream to make it of the consistency to spread. Put the squares together and serve. Sponge cake may be used in the same way with this filling; Take grated cheese, cream and butter with sugar, mix well and spread on sponge cake cut in half, making two layers. Ice the cake and serve as a layer cake.

Campfire Apples.—Core apples and fill with raisins, wrap them in mint or sassafras leaves, cover with clay and bake in the ashes of the campfire. When the covering is removed the flavored apple will repay you for your trouble.

A good sandwich which is filling and tasty is prepared using baked beans covered with chopped stuffed olives.

Candied Orange Peel.—Put the peel from eight oranges in cold water; heat to the boiling point and cook gently until very tender. Drain; put into cold water and when cold remove the white membrane. Boil one cupful of sugar and one-half cupful of water together until the sirup spins a thread. Add the peel and cook until it looks clear. Drain on a wire cooler and dry in the air until well dried. Roll in sugar and pack in air tight container.

Chocolate Popcorn.—Cut one-half pound of ordinary bitter chocolate in pieces, place in a double boiler over very hot water, stir until dissolved. Add two tablespoonfuls of confectioner's sugar and one-half ounce of cocoa butter. Beat well and while the chocolate is still warm (not hot) dip the popcorn with sugar tongs. Spread on waxed paper to cool. This recipe may be divided for a smaller amount, as this will make a large quantity.

Good Things to Eat.  
Do you remember grandmother's sour cream biscuit? Well, try these and see if they taste as good:

Sour Cream Biscuit.—Sift two cupfuls of flour, one teaspoonful of salt and one-half teaspoonful of soda all together twice.

Add one tablespoonful of butter, two rich, and when well blended add one cupful of thick sour cream. Handle quickly, pat out to one-half inch thickness on a floured board and cut into biscuits and bake in a hot oven twelve minutes.

Grapejuice Sponge.—Cover one and one-half tablespoonfuls of gelatin with two tablespoonfuls of cold water, let stand ten minutes. Scald one-half cupful of grape juice and add the gelatin, one-third of a cupful of sugar, stir until well dissolved, then add one more cupful of grape juice and cool until the mixture begins to thicken; add the stiffly beaten whites of two eggs and beat until stiff. Pile in sherbet glasses and serve decorated with whipped cream sweetened.

Spanish Cabbage Salad.—Take one and one-half cupfuls of finely shredded cabbage, one cupful of diced cucumbers, both chilled in cold water separately. Toss and drain, add french dressing and mix with one-half of an onion finely minced.

On a salad plate arrange a mound of cabbage and onion, surround with a ring of ripe tomato, then one of cucumber. Sprinkle with hard-cooked egg finely chopped and serve with mayonnaise which has been seasoned with chili sauce.

Vanilla Custard Fluff.—Crush one junket tablet and dissolve in a tablespoonful of cold water. Add to one pint of lukewarm milk one and one-half tablespoonfuls of sugar, one-half teaspoonful of vanilla and the dissolved tablet. Stir until well blended, then pour into individual glasses, after folding in the well beaten whites of two eggs.

Noodle Ring.—Melt two tablespoonfuls of butter, add two tablespoonfuls of flour, and when smooth add one cupful of milk and stir until the sauce boils. Add one cupful of cheese put through the meat chopper, one-fourth teaspoonful of paprika, one-half teaspoonful of Worcestershire sauce, one-half teaspoonful of salt and one-eighth teaspoonful of pepper. Add two-thirds cupful of noodles, cooked and cut into squares, two egg yolks beaten light, then fold in the stiffly beaten whites of the eggs. Pour into a ring mold which has been well greased and bake in a pan of hot water. Turn out on a chop plate, fill the center with creamed ham, surround with asparagus tips and hot green peas. Garnish with dashes of paprika on the noodle ring and a sprig of parsley in the center of the ham.

Costume of Printed Crepe.

son advances one realizes how cleverly designers are offsetting the unsleeved trends by incorporating all sorts of over-the-shoulder drapes, wherein novelty and grace work hand in-hand to achieve winsome feminine lines.

If you are not quite determined on the sleeveless question an argument in its favor is the presence of the

## SCARFS AND PANELS FLUTTER; PRINTED CREPE IDEAL FABRIC

COSTUME designers have discovered that nothing so sets forth the chic and charm of sheer materials as to give them carte blanche to float and flutter at sweet will in guises of scarfs, panels and various capelets as novel and unique as genius can devise them. Wherefore the newest chiffon frocks are indulging in an orgy of shimmering airy-fairy drapes and contrivances which bespeak grace and beauty.

Tokes are especially tricky this season.

many lovely cape and deep collar or wide scarf suggestions which so artfully serve to veil the arms in the absence of sleeves.

In the devising of these novelty soft necklines and shoulder drapes which are now so in fashion, fabric manipulation becomes a theme of supreme importance for most of them are made of self-material.

Patternings may come and patternings may go, but when it comes to polka dots they go on forever in the



Showing Capriciousness of Yokes.

son. One never can tell whether the modern yoke will remain true to its kind, or whether it will suddenly develop a "complex." Most of the most intricately designed yokes do just that.

The yoke in the picture is a fair example of the capriciousness of yokes. It started just like any sedate frock being stitched flat across the front of the frock. However, when it arrives at the shoulders it assumes a dual role in that it glides into a graceful, floating scarf.

The majority of last minute styles elaborate the yoke idea in that they endow it with fantastic interpretations, such as, for instance, the tie yoke which enhances so many necklines. In looking up patterns for summer frocks it behooves the woman who does her own sewing to select those which exploit fanciful yokes.

Another outcome of the vogue for a soft "dressmaker" styling is the presence of cunning capes and bertha collars. Under the magic touch of dainty, airy, floating draperies such as are now exploited, the crudities of sleevelessness vanishes. As the sea

pathway of the mode. Just now the summer dress pictured below a turn-down collar and ends in a long Paris has gone polka-dot mad.

Even to the accessories of the Parisienne exploit the polka-dot motif. A polka-dotted parasol, a handbag to match—yes, indeed, polka dots are given a prominent place in the French mode.

In choosing silk prints for the smart daytime frock, again do women in the French capital express their preference for polka-dot themes. The striking summer-day dress pictured below is made of navy blue crepe de chine with large white polka dots. Those who know fabrics declare that printed crepe is a material ideal for the dress one wants to wear and wear.

Also, please notice that this particular crepe used for the gown shown here adopts blue and white for its color scheme, for, blue and white, be it known, are playing a leading part on fashion's fabric program, appearing together in plaids, checks, stripes as well as in floral and modernistic patternings.

The dress in the picture also belies



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Nellie Maxwell