

MY STAR.

I have a star All of my own, Hung in the night So all alone. God put it there. He gave it Light Ever to shine From Heaven's height. One little star— I tell it all. It understands. It will not fall! When I am tired Of Falsity, There is My Star Winking at me.

Mary Phillips.

YIMMY YOHNSON

Mrs. Mansfield paused at the foot of the steps to look back through the open front door. Strong mid-summer moonlight turned the beach to gold and the cedars to ebony, and laid a dancing track of diamonds across the ocean, but that was nothing to what it did to Lottie Mansfield, who was sitting on the top step with her fair head tipped back against a pillar and a mist of white chiffon overlaying her young limbs.

James Norman Johns sat on the bottom step, his back to all the other loveliness, his face a dark disk lifted wholly to Lottie.

How right Lottie had been! Mrs. Mansfield, closing her door, felt an ache of apology for how she had opposed taking the cottage, talking about what they could afford and trying to buy Lottie off with a trip.

Lottie had got her own way by the simple process of making herself impossible to live with on any terms. And now—Her heart sang deep hymns of thanksgiving.

Norman was of a different breed from the young men who were always taking impudent stock of Lottie's beauty. He was a person, a power. He took his wealth seriously, making a career of it; he was decent; he was sweet with children and dogs; he read books; he had a fine body and a lean, New England sort of face that inspired trust. He had usually taken his holidays exploring wild corners of the earth, and he had never seen very much of girls—perhaps intentionally. He must early have found them more than ready to marry him.

Neither Mrs. Mansfield nor Lottie had dreamed who he was when he rescued a runaway parrot on the beach, and so fell into talk with them. They had understood his name was Johnson. He had come home with them and tinkered with the family car, getting himself very hot and dirty, while Lottie sat by and cheered him on. He was rewarded with a casual lunch, and Mrs. Mansfield worried because he had got a smear of black on his white-flannel trousers. She insisted that he take cleaning fluid to it while it was fresh, so he did, looking amused, and contributing a pungent odor to the dining room for some time afterward. And Lottie had not been so nice with him, so human somehow. Mrs. Mansfield had not once wished that she wouldn't.

The next morning he was there again, and Mrs. Mansfield had seen with relief that he owned a second pair of white-flannel trousers. Binks, the Scottie, had cut his paw, and Johnson bathed and bound it, showing Lottie how. Lottie really wanted to know. In moments of bitterness Mrs. Mansfield had told herself that Binks was the only living creature for whom Lottie felt a spark of affection. Johnson had brought his bathing suit, and he actually got Lottie into the water. Lottie's bathing suit always made Mrs. Mansfield frown. She had heard a young fellow urge Lottie to go in. "I want to see what will be left if it shrinks," he had said. But young Johnson had simply looked at her as though this were the loveliest picture he had seen yet, and made her swim boldly out to sea.

"I will see that you get back," he promised.

She swam in with a hand on his shoulder. "I like you, Mr. Johnson," she observed as they dripped into the house. "And it's funny, for you are not at all my kind."

"Tell me what your kind is and I'll try to be it," he proposed.

"But perhaps I shall like your kind best," she said, going off to her bathroom. "If I knew what your first name was, I would consider using it."

"Jim," he called after her. And so she had called him Yimmy Yohnson at lunch, and sent him off because she was going to have her wave set.

By that afternoon everyone knew that the Johns yacht was in the harbor, but many lesser craft were there, and even when Yimmy Yohnson invited them to lunch on his boat, Mrs. Mansfield did not suspect. She thought that he meant sandwiches and ginger ale on some little catboat, and was surprised to see that Lottie had put on her freshest, most distinguished sport clothes.

"Wouldn't some old skirt be safer?" Mrs. Mansfield ventured, braced for having her head taken off. Lottie only smiled that there was a new color in her face that had nothing to do with rouge. The smartly manned boat that came for them took them past all the smaller craft, out to the stately Kasidah before Mrs. Mansfield had fully caught her breath. The owner-on board flag was flying, and Norman Johns stood waiting to receive them in still another pair of white trousers.

"Well, Yimmy, nice little boat you have," Lottie said casually. "My mother wanted me to wear an old skirt, but I don't believe I shall damage this."

And that was the way she had continued to treat him, even the in-

evitable set-to began and other girls were demonstrating charm in every possible key for his benefit. Mrs. Mansfield faced every day with a sick dread that Lottie would spoil it, and went to bed every night with a swelling relief that Lottie hadn't. Was she at last really in love and had it made a woman of her? Or was she only supremely clever?

Her mother did not press the question. As much as she could, she avoided it.

But Lottie was no different when they were alone. She never talked with her mother, and Mrs. Mansfield's attempts at conversation were yawned at or snubbed. Lottie considered her "small town," and perhaps she was, for her civic interests—creches and hospital and community chest—made the world at large seem very dull beside home.

"But I am a real person," she argued, alone in the dark. "My husband found me worth talking with, Lottie. How have I so failed with you?" That was the question that she could never get answered. Lottie, a nice-enough young girl, rather lumpy and clumsy and silent, had been sent away to boarding school to save her from the sad years of her father's slow dying; she had come back suddenly and overwhelmingly a beauty, with a scornful refusal of all the home had to offer.

"I can't be bored with that," was her answer to every human obligation. Her Aunt Martha, who lived with them, put it with a terrible bluntness: "Lou, I can't see a redeeming trait in that girl."

Mrs. Mansfield had resented it hotly, but in silence. An obscure sense of being to blame had taken all the fight out of her.

Binks scratched at her door and whimpered. He wanted her to go down and tell Lottie that it was time she came up to bed. His paw was well again, but he had squirrel invalidish habits. She escorted him to his bed in Lottie's room, tucked him in and made his restlessness an excuse for staying there until Lottie finally came up. She was so happy she had to talk a little.

"Binks has been weeping for you," she explained her presence. Lottie looked at her unseeingly from a long way off. "He'll be all right now," she said.

It was dismissal, but because she had felt so warm and open, Mrs. Mansfield tried not to see that. "Have you had a nice time?" she asked.

"Very." Lottie disappeared into the dress she was pulling off. When she emerged she seemed surprised at finding her mother still there. "It's late," she said. "I am dead myself." She looked very far from dead. Life shone out of her, her body moved with a suppressed exultation.

"I have been alone all day," Mrs. Mansfield said impulsively. She never said things like that, and she tried to sound humorous about it. "The only human speech I have had was with Mrs. Macalarnay, when she came for the laundry. Couldn't you sit down and visit with me for a few minutes?"

"If you would go to the beach and the casino, you would have plenty of conversation," Lottie said impatiently. "You have met loads of nice people. Sticking here in the cottage, of course you are going to be bored." She went into her bathroom, turning on a flood of water that drowned out speech.

Mrs. Mansfield was shocked at her own anger. She did not feel patient, or to blame, or any of her usual excusing moods; she was so sharply angry that if it had not been for the rushing water she would have quarreled loudly with her daughter, called her names. Something was breaking in her long restraint. She shut her door with emphasis, and for several days made not one of her usual friendly overtures. Lottie was too absorbed to notice.

It was Lottie who started things. She came into her mother's room one morning, early for her, quite unconscious of the fact that she was not greeted. Mrs. Mansfield had barely glanced up from the letter she was writing.

"Yimmy's mother is coming here," Lottie announced, and stood frowning out of the window. Not even orchid pajamas and hairy rows of little combs across her hair could mar the grace of Lottie's body or the beauty of her face.

"She is!" Mrs. Mansfield felt a clutch of fright.

"I suppose that Yimmy has mentioned me alarmingly often in his letters, and she wants to look me over," Lottie went on. "Anyway, he has asked us both to dine with her tonight on the boat. Would you mind being taken ill at the last moment and staying home?"

Mrs. Mansfield carefully wiped her pen and laid it down. She needed a moment to get her shock mastered. "Why, Lottie?"

"I think I can pull off a better impression alone."

Mrs. Mansfield managed a faint smile. "Don't I do you credit?"

"You're all right," was the short answer. "I shall feel freer by myself, that's all."

Something broke. Mrs. Mansfield was suddenly speaking as she felt: "Then you will have to feel a little less free. I shall certainly go. The impression you are going to make depends on what you are, not on whether I stay home. The worst of you isn't your mother."

Lottie stared at her. "Oh, if you are going to talk like Aunt Martha—" she said, and stalked out of the room.

Mrs. Macalarnay was just coming in with the clean clothes. She looked after Lottie, a shrewd smile on her battered face, then set down the basket and began lifting out layers of silk and linen.

"I can tell when they got beaus; they have so much wash," she observed.

Mrs. Mansfield was used to ignoring her own hurts, putting them by to be dealt with later.

"Yes, they want to be very fine," she said. "And the poor fellows fall for it." Mrs. Macalarnay went on. "Say

what you will, you can't save them. Now, is that little pink doodad yours?"

"My daughter's." Mrs. Mansfield was thinking over what she had said. "How do you mean—save them?"

Mrs. Macalarnay straightened a tired back. "Well, my Mary got herself engaged to as nice a young fellow as ever stepped; hard-working and earning good money and kind to his folks and liking a joke—my, he was a lovely feller. And he come to ask if he could have her. And I told him the truth."

Mrs. Mansfield was listening with troubled eyes. "The truth?"

"I says to him, 'Bob, she's got a handsome face, and that's all she's got. She's not been any comfort in her home. She's never done a day's honest work or lifted her hand to help. She's vain and wasteful, and that lazy she'd fall apart if it wasn't for me. She's got an elegant silk crepe dress rolled up under the bed this minute for want of a bit of mending. Now, you're a fine boy and I'd like nothing better than to have you for my son-in-law. Take her if you must, but don't you never say I deceived you.'"

Mrs. Mansfield's hand was shielding her face. "What happened?" she murmured.

Mrs. Macalarnay stooped for the sheets. "Just what you'd expect. He says I'm hard on her and he marries her. 'I couldn't save him.'"

"But girls often improve," Mrs. Mansfield urged. "They grow up. Love and children can work wonders. Didn't you have to give her her chance?"

"Well, her three kids didn't work no wonders. Bob and his mother are bringing them up, and Mary's home with me—There's a tear in that pillowcase, ma'am; it ought to be attended to."

Long after the laundress had gone Mrs. Mansfield sat pondering behind her hand. The story had moved her unbearably. Something small town and conscientious in her and Brutus justice. To be bigger than the family circle! What Norman would do for Lottie had so filled her sight that she had not even considered what Lottie might do to Norman. A lovely fellow—kind to his folks and liking a joke—that was Norman too. And Lottie? "Lou, I can't see a redeeming trait in that girl."

What would Lottie make of big power, when she had been so spoiled by the little power of her beauty? Norman was simply good and generous and solid—in way, he was small town too. Wouldn't Lottie despise and snub him for it when the glamour was off?

"Don't you never say I deceived you." Oh, the robust honesty that so simply ignored gain or loss. One could not do it oneself, but one could reverence it.

And day Mrs. Mansfield carried an anguish in her breast for that clear sight of what Lottie might do to Norman's life. As they went silently to dinner, Lottie had not spoken to her since morning, she found herself hoping that Mrs. Johns might be a very discerning woman, so that Norman would not go into it wholly unwarned. She would have found the meeting formidable but for this intense preoccupation.

The open happiness in his face made her smile at Lottie, a beseeching smile that said, "Oh, my dear, be good—be good, and save us all dear pain!" Lottie saw only the other mother, waiting by the lounging chairs and deck tables to receive them.

Mrs. Mansfield had vaguely expected a big, powerful woman to accord with so big a fortune, but Mrs. Johns was small and frail, with smoky dark eyes and a sensitive mouth, and she walked with a cane. Lottie at the introduction, was suddenly shy, helpless; it was her mother who gave the moment ease. Two older women talked together while Lottie bit her lips and stared at the sky, and Norman looked on in happy contentment.

Lottie recovered somewhat during dinner, but she was not quite herself—not the nice, human self that she had been showing Norman. Her own lack of ease infuriated her and she tried to defy it, but Mrs. Johns, sweet, smiling, listening, that gave her every chance, made that a failure too. A look at her mother said secretly, bitterly, "If you hadn't insisted on coming—" but Mrs. Mansfield's heart was too heavy with bigger trouble to mind reproaches. She found it fortunate that she was there to carry the talk. Mrs. Johns might have been small town, too; she was so informed about creches and small hospitals and all Mrs. Mansfield's home interests. She really cared about each other under happier circumstances.

After coffee, Lottie saw to it that Norman took her out on deck. Two mothers stayed in the salon and a silence fell like an entr'acte. Then Mrs. Johns talked of Norman—of his devotion and sweetness with her invalidism, of his manfulness under the heavy load of his father's fortune, his humorous avoidance of its pitfalls.

"Mothers always talk like this," she interrupted herself. "Only with Norman it is true."

"Yes, I have felt it," Mrs. Mansfield said, and heard again "a lovely feller" echoing in her heavy heart. "Yes, he is lovely."

Through the open door they heard Norman's laugh. Evidently Lottie was in form again.

"Now tell me about your girl," Mrs. Johns said. "All I know yet is that she is a beauty."

Mrs. Mansfield's pulses were beating so thickly that words would not come.

"Has it spoiled her a little?" Mrs. Johns asked, tempering the question with her deep smile.

Some outside power took over Mrs. Mansfield's speech. "Yes, it has spoiled her badly," she heard it saying.

Mrs. Johns kindled, warmed to her. "Do you want to tell me how?"

The voice went on: "She is impatient and selfish and unkind at

home. She can't be bored; she cares nothing for human obligations. She never helps. The failure must be mine, yet I have tried, tried. She has brains and force, but she is not good enough for your son." Then the voice faltered, the outside power was gone. She was only an agonized mother who had betrayed her child. "Oh, how could I?" she breathed.

She felt her hand taken in a delicate clasp. "You had to," Mrs. Johns told her. "Oh, I like you—you can meet a big thing in a big way." She talked on with a gentle intimacy, drawing away from their two children, but Mrs. Mansfield could not listen, could not see anything but what she had done and the battle ahead. Presently Lottie was told that her mother had a headache and they went home.

Once in their house Lottie's angry silence broke. "I hope you are satisfied," she said, stalking ahead up the stairs. "I couldn't do a thing. Mrs. Johns must think me an idiot. If I had been alone I could have worked out of it, but you would go—"

The attack was just what Mrs. Mansfield needed. It gave her back the courage of what she had done.

"Yes, I would," she said strongly. Lottie stopped in the upper hall, looked an amazed question. This was something new.

"What's the idea?" she demanded. "You will have plenty of chance later." Mrs. Mansfield passed on into her room. "I am not so sure," she said, sinking into a chair. Only her knees were weak; her spirit was mighty.

Lottie followed her. "What do you mean? What did she say about me?"

"She said that you had beauty and asked me if it had spoiled you."

"What did you say?"

"That it had, badly."

Lottie stared, too astonished yet for anger. "What possessed you?"

"The truth possessed me." That was the very word for it; she had been possessed. "Lottie, Norman is too good to have his life marred by your selfishness and scorn and boredom."

Now there was a flash of anger: "But Norman doesn't bore me!"

"Naturally, now!" Mrs. Mansfield could raise her voice too. "But he is a faithful man rather than a clever one; he has all the small-town virtues that you so scorn. He can be proud—I have seen it. When the glamour is off, if you snub and yawn at him, you will break his heart."

Lottie leaned against the wall, her chest rising and falling stormily. "And you told his mother all this?"

"All this and more. I told her all there is to tell; and you are no fool, Lottie; you know what there is to tell about you at home."

Lottie dropped to the floor beside her, arms on the window sill. They could see the light of the yacht's boat slipping between the other boats.

"Well, Yimmy Yohnson had a bad time too," she said, her voice held down to bald narrative. "Very bad. Then he told his mother he had to come back, and she said all right, I was your daughter, and that gave her faith. And so he came. And I told him that everything you had said was true, and then some, but that if ever I began acting like that with him, he had only to give me a swift clout on the side of the head, for that was evidently the way to treat me. And he promised he would."

The boat had reached the yacht; her eyes followed a moving shadow up its white side. Then her voice broke loose: "Mother, I loved him from the first minute. You remember the second day, when I went to get my hair done? I had to go. I loved him so that I couldn't hide it. And then I heard who he was—But he didn't have to have a bean. He was my Yimmy. Oh, don't you think, loving him like this, that I'll turn out a decent sort?"

Kissing her wet cheek, her mother silently answered Mrs. Macalarnay: "Talk does change a girl; love can work wonders."—By Juliet Wilbur Tompkins in the Saturday Evening Post.

home, but the old hostility was gone. Her mother even felt that she gave comfort just by being there and understanding and saying nothing. That Lottie was not angry at her, now that she had every reason to be, was perhaps one of those wonders that love works. She grew almost as thin as Lottie did, brooding over what she had said to Norman's mother.

She tried to ease her pain by talking with Mrs. Macalarnay. She needed to hear the tale again, to stiffen her own crumbling sense of having done right. Mrs. Macalarnay was rather dry about it.

"Oh, yes, I give Bob fair warning," she admitted, her fist in the hinge of her back as she straightened up from the basket. "And when he brought Mary back to me, Bob says, 'Mother Macalarnay, you said it.' And now here last Sunday didn't he turn up, sick with worry and all, and Mary, she's gone back with him."

Mrs. Mansfield was all at sea. "Perhaps she has learned," she ventured.

"They ain't neither of them learned one thing," was the emphatic answer. "Talk won't save a man and talk don't change a girl. We're as God made us. Me too. For all she was no help to me, I kind of miss her." And she went heavily away.

There was a shred of comfort: "Talk won't save a man." Looking at the deepening hollows in Lottie's face, the droop of pain about her mouth, Mrs. Mansfield sent up a wild prayer that talk should not save Norman Johns. What she had done was right, but she was dying of it.

The week's end did not bring Norman, and hope grew very faint as the second week began its laborious course. By the tenth day she had almost ceased to watch the sea from her east windows. She stood there for the full moon, looking sadly at the ebullient cedars and the gilded beach, when a call and a flying step set her heart to drumbeating.

"Mother! The Kasidah!" There she was, the proud beauty, towering over the lesser craft, gliding to her place. They heard the anchor chains, they saw a boat slip over her white side and take to the water.

"Hard to believe, isn't it?" Lottie said in a choked voice.

"My darling!" Her mother had not used that tone for years, but it seemed right and natural now. They stood pressed together, watching, waiting. At last there was a figure on the beach, and Lottie ran down.

Half the night passed before she came back. Mrs. Mansfield still sat by the window, dark against the moonlight. The very hands on her knee expressed peace and thankfulness.

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OLD HOTEL SITE MAY BE CAMP SITE

What was at one time the site of the Old Foust hotel on the top of the Seven Mountains, the midway stopping point for stage coaches between Lewistown and Bellefonte, will in all probability become the site of a religious summer training camp for the young people of the Pennsylvania Conference of the Congregational Church.

Leo F. Treaster, of Milroy, presented 316 acres of the land surrounding the site of the Foust hotel to the conference. Officials of the Congregational Young People's Federation of Pennsylvania together with other church leaders recently visited this site and were enthusiastic about its possibilities and immediate development.

Among the prominent laymen and youth leaders in the State giving the project their whole-hearted support and who attended the conference were: Mrs. A. D. Upton, Scranton; Mrs. James R. Clinton, Philadelphia; William Pierce, Plains, president of the Wyoming Valley Young People's Federation; Joseph H. Davies, Mahanoy City, president of the Central Pennsylvania Federation; Mrs. H. L. Deiss, of Milroy, and the officers of many individual church societies.

The officers of the Pennsylvania Congregational Church Young People's Federation, which is prominently taking a part in the inter-church movement to establish the religious center for young people's work, are as follows:

President, Joseph H. Davies; recording secretary, Miss Mary Edwards; vice president, Harold O'Donnell; treasurer, Miss Ruth Eagan.

Watchman advertisers always get good results.

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

DAILY THOUGHT

Have you noticed the old, gnarled tree that lost half of its limbs in a storm? It is trying to live on the rest.

—Atlantic City: Along the veranda's edge and beside the garden wall, everywhere at this season of the year hydrangeas are blooming in brilliant luxuriance. Thriving on the damp salt air and sandy soil these hardy flowers are well adapted to the climate of Atlantic City. Until a few years ago they were not used extensively in resort gardens, but after it was found that they grew so well here resident hastened to cultivate them.

Visitors from inland cities marvel at the size and colors of the hydrangeas for in other places they do not grow so large and their colors are not always so lovely. In some gardens the plants are from six to eight feet high and are covered with blossoms. New color have been discovered in recent years and there are delicate pinks, lavenders and blues ranging from a pal shade to an unusual deep color. Gardeners produce these blues by using alum in the soil at the root of the plants. The pinks are produced by the use of oyster shells or steel shavings.

—Barbers and beauty specialist are largely responsible for the improved health of American women according to Frederick L. Collins in Harper's Bazar.

The barber lifted a wad of 350 tons of hair from 14,000 women heads. That made them feel a much younger they wanted to look the part in other respects and proceeded to patronize about 30,000 beauty shops. As a result of the bobbed hair and bottled complexion women began to look so healthy and youthful from the neck up the rest of their anatomy. Says Collins:

"Grand dames who had never listened to the family doctor were willing to listen to the beauty doctor. They realized that there was no sticking young heads on old bodies and that is where the health movement began."

That American women have marked gains in health during the past ten years is not a matter of argument. The proof is to be found in the cold figures of insurance companies.

—Too late to buy a sports jacket. Don't you believe it! You can now on jackets being worn right through fall—and not only for sports, either but for regular, everyday wear.

A flannel or lightweight crepe wool jacket would be the best choice if you want to wear it in the autumn. You can even get a ne flannel or crepe wool skirt to match it when cooler weather comes, you like. Through these smart separate jackets can be worn with dresses or with skirts that do not match.

In fact, one of the smartest ways to wear them this summer is with skirts or dresses that don't match. A blue or brown jacket with a white skirt or dress. A white one with dark costume, as well as with white ones.

And in the fall this same blue jacket could be combined with blue tweed or flannel skirt and a brown, or a beige or brown flannel, or a lovely soft brown tweed mixture to make a smart suit.

Flannel and light wools are just as good for now, too. Unless they're not too warm. But cooler, silk or cotton would be even cooler and just as fashionable if strictly summer use.

That double-breasted, slightly tapered kind of jacket is one that's fashionable this summer. And so will be in the fall.

With brass buttons it has a nautical look—something like a boat officer's jacket—and looks special well at the seashore or on trips.

With ordinary buttons it's suitable to wear anywhere. And it's one of the most generally becoming of the smart sports jackets. I done in flannel, angora or silk crepe.

Another jacket—equally fashionable and equally sporting looking is the one that fastens straight at the front with buttons or the metal clips that Schiaparelli introduced.

It has a loose, careless, comfortable look—makes a fine golfing hiking jacket—and goes particularly well with tweedy things or the smart knitted dresses you're seeing.

This jacket is sometimes made of washable chambray or sude. Sometimes of suede cloth or flannel.

If you want a dressier look jacket, one good one is the type with wide, loose, three-quarter length raglan or kimono sleeves. It fastens either diagonally at the left or do the center and is belted. But sometimes it fastens just at the neckline, hanging open below the neckline.

These jackets you'll find in lin flannel, silk crepe, pique. They quite youthful and jaunty look and are particularly smart in dark or bright colors worn with white dresses.

—Uncooked Sour Cream Dressing Press 2 hard cooked eggs. Beat fruit press or potato ricer. Beat cup sour cream until stiff. To eggs add 1 teaspoon salt, 2 tablespoons lemon juice, ¼ teaspoon basco sauce, 1 teaspoon sugar, tablespoons chili sauce and 1 tablespoon finely chopped green pepper. Combine with beaten cream. Set with chilled green salads.

—Bakeries now make color bread for fancy canapes or sandwiches. Thin slices of yellow, green and white make attractive and colorful looking ribbon sandwiches.

—Creamed dishes in summer should use vegetables instead of toast as a base. Try par-boiled spinach and using it under cream fish.