

**ONLY
A STRIP OF
CARDBOARD**

By RUSSELL P. ASKUE

(© by Short Story Pub. Co.)

BEAUTY is not always a quality inherent. The barren hill is ugly till glorified by the resplendent rays of the setting sun. The crude decoration on a meal ticket, viewed through the eyes of hunger, becomes artistic, beautiful (one might even say tasteful, and be guiltless of anticlimax). Dost thou worship the god of chance, then to thee the spots on a poker chip as fair as the freckles on the cheek of thy beloved. Dost thou enjoy church socials—then art thou unlike Jack Smith.

Mr. Smith was in the bathtub, splashing vigorously and whistling. The night before he had sat up until one with Professor Gucker's "Hypothetical Nebular Analysis" and a pony; tonight he was planning to enjoy Harvey J. O'Higgins and a pipe. Wherefore he whistled while he splashed. And pink teas and ladies' sewing circles and church socials were far from his thoughts.

There came a rap at the door and a voice called his name. It was the voice of Mrs. Thompson, mother of his roommate, and it bade him be quiet a minute. "We want you to come to the church tonight," it said; "we're giving a little entertainment, and—"

"O shucks!" he muttered, and began to splash more loudly than ever. But the voice, undaunted, waited patiently for comparative silence, and continued:

"I have tickets for you and George; here's yours, I'm going to put it under the door."

"But, Mrs. Thompson, I really—O, all right, I'll go, of course. I suppose you'd keep me in here all night if I didn't promise."

"That's a nice boy; I knew you'd want to come; of course I would if you didn't promise; now remember, dear." And the voice of Mrs. Thompson hurried away, while Jack, too dejected to splash, too angry to whistle, sat in the tub and glared at the floor.

He spied the ticket, and picking it up with a wet hand studied it with disfavor. He also made some very unkind remarks concerning it, finally throwing it into a corner.

Yet it was only a little strip of cardboard with nine very proper words neatly printed thereon:

MONTHLY SOCIAL
OF
THE LADIES' AID SOCIETY.
Admit One

To an ear accustomed to the English which thrives in Ohio the variety cultivated in New England is amusing, and that imported from the British Isles is funny. But the luxuriant native growth of the sunny Southland is charming.

Miss Dorothy Tyler was from the South, and the words of her mouth were quaint and delightful. She stood in the lecture room of a church in Cleveland, the vivacious center of an admiring circle of men. During a lull in the conversation she found herself looking up into the steady blue eyes of an athletic young man and heard someone mumble an introduction. But during the process the gentleman's name became hopelessly lost. So she asked him for it.

He bent toward her and informed her very solemnly—"Jack Smith."

The girl threw back her head and laughed, a wonderful laugh of irrepressible merriment; a laugh that rose exultantly from a sweet murmur to an ecstatic crescendo—the very spirit of animated music.

"Really, Mr. Smith, you must forgive me," she said, touching her handkerchief to her mirth-dimmed eyes; "but it was so funny, the way you said your name. You were so serious about it."

"I'm usually considered funny when I try to be serious. And of course I'm serious upon the question of names. But I'm glad you were laughing at me instead of at 'Smith.'"

"But perhaps I wasn't," she answered. "Anyway, 'what's in a name?'"

"That all depends. In mine there seems to be rich material for the wagging of tongues of a thousand jesters. And the thousandth man expects me to laugh at his aged joke—old as the honest name itself."

Again she laughed, deliciously, mischievously; which was exactly what young Mr. Smith desired. By several strategic maneuvers he had led her to a seat, so that he might enjoy that laugh all by himself. And the admiring circle, not being able to exist without a center, had broken up in confusion. Other groups were also dispersing, and the people were seating themselves about the room, in preparation for the formal entertainment of the evening.

A stately blonde standing beside the piano demonstrated her skill in the manipulation of a high-power soprano soprano, whose movements, however, were somewhat hampered by the lowness of the ceiling. And then Mrs. Thompson announced that the company would be further entertained with some readings given by Miss Dorothy Tyler of Louisville, Ky., who had kindly consented, etc.

Miss Dorothy Tyler, with an amused twinkle in her eye, observed the surprise on the face of Mr. Jack Smith; then arose in answer to the welcome that greeted her.

And he—he forgot to be bored, for—

got that there was anyone but himself listening to this bewitching, black-haired beauty. Breathless, all ears and eyes, he hung upon every word, delighted in every gesture.

Again and again the girl responded to enthusiastic encores, until finally she begged for rest. "It's just dear of you people to be so kind and appreciative, but I'm most awfully tired now. Please let this be the last one; it's about Molly and Jimmy Baker, and mamma has tucked them into their two little beds and kissed them good night. So you mustn't make any noise when I get through, 'cause you might disturb them."

And then she took the part of little Molly, listening, in the dark bedroom; also of bold little Jimmy, frightening Molly with a story of a big, fierce lion.

During the reading she cried out, in the terror-stricken lisp of little Molly, "Jimmy, Jimmy, what's that over in the corner?" Pausing an instant for Jimmy's answer, her eyes fell upon Mr. Smith. And so absorbed was he that he hunched up his shoulders and roared. His vocal effort was a good imitation of the terrifying challenge of the king of beasts. On a lonely desert, or in a dark bedroom, it would have inspired unspeakable dread; but there, in the brightly lighted church, the effect was otherwise.

Everybody heard the noise, and everybody roared—with laughter. Even the girl's quick answer for Jimmy could not save the situation. Poor Jack! A burning crimson mounted swiftly to his cheeks and enveloped his ears. And ere the first poignant pain of embarrassment had passed the reading was ended. People on all sides were rising to their feet, expressing their pleasure in a storm of applause.

Jack stood in misery by his chair, his legs begging him to run, his judgment commanding him to remain. And George Thompson, a grin with glee, patted him on the back. "Oh, I say, old man," he laughed, "don't look so sheepish; you're a lion, you know."

Then the girl, hurrying from the platform through the congratulating crowd, stood before him. "Oh, it was perfectly splendid of you to come to my rescue when I was so sorely in need of something scary," she said. "It made everything so much more realistic."

Mr. Smith was greatly relieved. "It's mighty good of you to put it that way," he answered, "after I made such a—beast of myself. Let's go out on the steps; somehow I feel that all these people are wondering if I'll do it again."

And so, during the interval before the ice-cream-and-cake part of the program, they stood together under the stars.

"Tonight," said he, "has been the happiest of my life. I wonder," he added, thoughtfully, "if it is the custom in Louisville, Ky., for a girl to accept a fellow's company home from a church social?"

Beauty is not an inherent quality. But let the incandescent glow of sentiment shine upon a shoestring or a chromo, and then say, if thou dares, that it is not beautiful.

George Thompson had never thought upon these things, and George was puzzled. Why had Jack sat quietly in his chair for a full half hour, gazing contentedly at something he held in his hand? And what was the something? He had fondled it; had held it close to his eyes, had contemplated it dreamily at arm's length. And now, before the wondering gaze of George, he pressed it tenderly to his lips.

George was in bed, supposedly asleep; but cautiously, silently, he pushed back the covers, and leaning carefully forward, looked over his roommate's shoulder. In Jack's hand was something white. But George was more puzzled than ever.

For it was only a little strip of cardboard, with nine words printed neatly thereon.

Scoter's Ideal Digestion

The digestive processes of the scoters are thorough and courageous. Since the powerful mandibles are incapable of crushing the mollusks on which the scoter feeds, it follows that every shellfish goes down not only on the halfshell but the whole. Think for a moment, says Nature Magazine, of being restricted to a diet of oysters or of butter clams, swallowed in their stony jackets—and then reflect upon the dreary interval that must ensue before one's astounded stomach has solved the problem. The scoter has no reluctance and not a single regret. The powerful gizzard, furnished with teeth of gravel, which attacks this hard fare, is so violently potent that holes are speedily eaten through the shell, until the hapless mollusk is riddled and its flesh attacked and absorbed.

Neither Beginning Nor End

Voting in person for Oxford university election has sometimes had its amusing side. In the famous election in which Gathorne Hardy ousted Gladstone from the university membership there was a high debate over one vote given by a graduate that was weak in aspirates. He voted in this form: "Glad—I mean 'Ardy.' Gladstone's supporters claimed the vote. "Oh, no," said the others, "he never finished Gladstone!" "That may be," was the retort, "but he never began Hardy."

Woman Does Man's Work

Mrs. Florence Merriman of Portland, Maine, is probably the only woman stevedore in the country. She says she can handle as much freight as any man. She is also mate and cook on a vessel, and in addition helps at any other task while at sea.

THE KITCHEN CABINET

(©, 1925, Western Newspaper Union.)

The garden still is green
And the green trees around,
But the winds are roaring overhead
And branches strew the ground.
And today on the garden pool
Floated an autumn leaf;
How rush the seasons, rush the years,
And oh, how life is brief.
—Richard Watson Gilder.

WHOLESOME FOODS

Sour cream is not enough prized. By keeping a little on hand from day to day one may have delicious cakes without butter, salad dressings, cookies, doughnuts and various other dishes which will appeal to all appetites.

One will have to use judgement in regard to the amount of cream used as it will vary with its richness. The following is a doughnut recipe which has been worked out and tested and found to be the "best ever." If the directions are carefully followed the cakes will be rich without soaking, tender and very moist. This kind will keep without drying out.

Best-Ever Doughnuts.—Beat two eggs in an aluminum bowl, add one and two-thirds cupsful of sugar and beat until the sugar is well dissolved, then add a half teaspoonful of salt and one and one-fourth cupsful of thick sour milk with a teaspoonful of soda well dissolved in it; then one-fourth cupful of rich thick sour cream, so thick that a spoon when dipped into it will stay well heaped with the cream.

Powdered mace or grated nutmeg makes the best flavor. Vanilla never seems to be an appropriate flavor for doughnuts, and never, if you must use vanilla, use the substitute commonly called vanillin; it spoils the flavor of any food. Now the aluminum dish is set directly on the ice after just enough flour has been added to make a thick mixture that will still stir with the spoon. The secret of moist, tender and altogether delicious doughnuts is to cut them as moist as possible. The chilling process makes them easy to handle with no more flour. Work quickly, have the fat just right and carry the cakes to the fat on a broad knife, so they will not lose their shape; being soft they are hard to handle. This makes three dozen doughnuts cut in the usual size.

Sour Cream Dressing for Salads.—Add a tablespoonful of any good salad dressing to a cupful of thick sour cream, mix until well blended, add such seasonings as onion juice, red pepper or any chopped green pepper and onion with a bit of fresh red pepper. With this as a foundation one may vary it to suit any salad. For cucumbers add a bit of vinegar; also for chopped or shredded cabbage.

Sour Cream Cake Filling.—Cook together one cupful each of sour cream and brown sugar; when thick, add one cupful of hickory nut meats and beat until stiff enough to spread on the cake. Add any flavoring desired; maple is especially good with this filling.

Seasonable Foods

Oysters are now coming into the market and should be served occasionally by those who enjoy them. An oyster stew is a simple dish to prepare, but it is too frequently poorly made and served. Oysters should be carefully looked over to remove any bits of shell, then put under the tap and rinsed in a sieve. The liquor should always be reserved and used, but carefully strained. The amount of oysters to serve depends upon the number to serve and their fondness for the shell fish. Enough should be used to give the broth a flavor; many like the broth who care little for the oyster.

Drop the oysters into the strained oyster liquor, adding enough cold water to cook the oysters until their edges curl. Remove them to the soup tureen, adding plenty of butter and salt and pepper to taste. To the hot liquor add fresh scalded milk, pour over the oysters and serve at once. Too long cooking of the oysters will make them tough and too little will make them most unpalatable. Serve at once with crisp oyster crackers.

Grilled Oysters.—Put a large piece of butter into a hot pan; when smoking hot drop in the oysters, a few at a time. When the oysters are browned remove to a hot dish and pour over them a sauce made by using the liquor from the oysters, thickened with flour and butter well blended. Season with Worcestershire sauce, salt and cayenne and serve on buttered toast.

Fried Oysters.—Drain and wipe the oysters dry, roll in cracker crumbs seasoned with salt and pepper, dip into egg which has been beaten with a tablespoonful of milk, then dip again into cracker crumbs. Fry quickly in deep fat; drain on paper as fast as taken up. Serve very hot with parsley and lemon.

Colonial Cabbage.—Shred a hard head of cabbage which has been allowed to crisp in cold water. Drain well and add sweet cream, using enough to moisten the cabbage, a few tablespoonfuls of sugar, a little salt, and just enough vinegar to give zest to the dressing.

Grated carrot, chopped celery with a few minced nuts, mixed with a good salad dressing makes a good salad or sandwich filling.

Nellie Maxwell

**Simple Trimmings
for Fall Chapeau**

Rounded Crown and Simple Brim Add Chic to Milady's Hat.

Give your eyes a chance to show if you want to achieve the new chic that is Paris. Remember that the correct pose of a hat these days is not over the right or left eye, however rakishly attractive that may be. Nor is it correct to wear the chapeau too far back on the head as if perched upon a peg. Not even a Rebourg can appear smart in such a position. Hats are made, says the Parisian modiste, to wear in a logical position upon the head.

Fit and line are the two qualities that distinguish the hat of the Parisienne. She never buys it in 15 minutes and then walks out wearing it. Getting a hat is a serious matter, and means at least two fittings of the form before the little band of ribbon, or whatever trifle of trimming it is to have, is carefully placed. That's part of the secret. The great Rebourg takes all this so seriously that you could not buy a hat in her celebrated shop on the Rue de la Paix without being fitted at least twice. A large, broad brimmed hat is placed upon your head, and before your eyes—you always face a mirror—it is cut and seemed to fit exactly. After that the



A Dainty Model in velvet and American Beauty Velvet.

brim is cut and adjusted to your face, and finally the trimming is placed. Nor is this practice peculiar to Rebourg, most of the leading modistes following that example.

A very smart advance autumn hat that is attaining a vogue in Paris is

Chiffon Coat Motif Is Elaborated in Beige

For early autumn the chiffon coat motif is being elaborated in beige, gold brown and the new ashes of roses shade almost exclusively. Trimmed elaborately, especially on the wide sleeves, with lace or insertions of puffing, these coats are worn with severely plain dresses to match, designed for the most part only to display the wraps to the best advantage. The style is chiefly intended for the "femme de monde" and "chaperon" type, in two of the three that the Paris dressmaker recognizes. The "jeune fille," on the other hand, is being kept principally, for her coat, to black chiffon, tucked, the sleeves heavy with cording. Very effective over brilliantly colored dresses.

Milady's New Belts Are Narrow and Decorative

The new belts are narrow, confining themselves to the widths between one and two inches. However, the fact that there is little of them in no way interferes with the trend toward ornamentation, and these narrow strips are replete with trimming. They may have a bead or clip edge, or if the center is to be trimmed they sometimes have pinked edges with a bit of cut work.

Hand painting is noted on many of the fall belts. Some of these have matching pocket ornaments, and collars and cuffs. These, as a rule, are suede, each object bearing a cluster of brilliant flowers.

Pencil blue is one of the favored belt colors. Others are green, brown and purple, with black patent forming many of the children's belts.

A belt of two colors has edges and tabs of tan leather, while the body of the belt is red kid. The tan tabs end in arrow points, which slip through

Straws in Fashion's Wind

What could be more appropriate for wear with one of the new knitted outer coats than the latest novelty in headgear, knitted straw. The finely plaited strands of which these Parisian hats are composed, are knitted into shape and offer the same contrast in effect that the knitted fabrics do to woven cloth. Whether the vogue for these hats will last or not is a question, but for the moment they are the rage because of their originality.

White Relieves Frock Made of Somber Black



The all-black frock for daytime wear seems to be fading from the picture. Above is shown a charming model in black, with fine French white flannel introduced in the wide sleeves, collar and pockets.

the hat of velveteen or velvet. Marthe Regnier shows many of these hats in the loveliest of pastel tones—pale green, bois du rose and mauve, for example. They have supple rounded crowns and two or three-inch brims that are without stiffening after one and one-half inches from the brim. They form a delightful frame for the face and are very smart with crepe frocks of the same tone. These hats are trimmed with nothing more than a band of narrow ribbon.

Everyone is watching with interest the attempt of some of the Paris modistes to revive the high-crowned directoire which certain fashionable women are now wearing. Arnes and Rebourg are the leaders in this movement. The square-crowned toque is included in the category.

Suzanne Talbot has made a number of very unusual Egyptian toques for fashionable women. These toques resemble the ancient Egyptian headdress in form and are made of tulle or delicate crepe. They are trimmed with gold floral motifs and one in particular is covered with circles of coiled gold braid.

Frocks Disappointing, Paris Writer Asserts

So far evening frocks on display or even in prospect at most of the salons are disappointing, says a Paris fashion correspondent in the New York Times. Some are frankly ugly. There is a striving for the bizarre. Most people will be sorry to hear that we are threatened with a return to the excessively low U-shaped back, which displays all the ugliest features of that part of the anatomy. A mode that even few beautiful women can wear with the best effect.

High in front, the new evening dresses show a tendency to narrowness across the chest, and are still sleeveless. They are mostly severely plain at the top, all the trimming being on the bottom of the skirt, where at dinners, at the theater, and even at table in a dancing club, it cannot be seen at all. Many of them are a frank return to the shaded-rainbow idea, and these are all pale at the top and darker at the bottom. Even their creators admit that they will have to offer some alternative to them later.

Small Women's Dresses Are Given Attention

Of late one has heard a great deal about the little woman and her dresses. The little woman is a type by herself just as the large stout woman is, and when she has not been able to find suitable size and style in the women's department, which has been frequently, she has had to have recourse to the misses' department, where, with some alterations, she got a certain amount of satisfaction. Now, however, both buyers and manufacturers are waking up to the fact that there are a great many such women and that they need to be taken care of; that if they are going to cater to every section of the ready-to-wear trade, they must make garments specially suited to this figure. Several manufacturers are specializing in them, according to a trade publication.

These models are thicker through the shoulders than misses' sizes; the sleeve is shorter and larger in the upper part; they are thicker through the hip, and shorter in the skirt. The trimmings will be adapted to the figure just as they are in stout models.

"People ought to get ready for old age," he said. "I can see now how I wasted a good deal of time, how I spent money thoughtlessly, how I was sure that old age would never catch me unprepared; and here I am, homeless, without resources, and too old to work."

No matter how beautiful spring and summer are, winter is sure to come. We should prepare for it.

ALONG LIFE'S TRAIL

By THOMAS ARKLE CLARK

Dean of Men, University of Illinois.

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MONEY AND SUCCESS

I HAD a letter from Brown not long ago which interested me not a little. Brown and I were boys together, and for twenty-five years or so he has been living in southern India at the head of a school for boys. It is not a sinecure which he has, for the work is strenuous and the pay proportionally small. It is only through rigid economy that Brown is able to keep his domestic ship afloat.

The work that he does is missionary work in the truest sense of the word, for all sorts of human driftwood come to his shores—the poor and the forlorn, those whose parents have deserted them, and those who through bad habits have fallen into the clutches of the law; and out of these he is trying to make men. He has had many discouragements, often he has failed, but frequently, also, the bread which he has cast upon the waters, after so long a time, comes back to him in the form of strengthened characters and honest dependable citizens, and Brown is happy in his work.

Far into the interior of Asia another friend of my boyhood is working for the Chinese government, furthering transportation projects, helping to build railroads, and giving that country the benefit of thirty years or more of experience as a railroad engineer. He is getting not less than \$50,000 a year for the work he is doing, and it is a very valuable work.

Out in Colorado a third friend of mine is running a farm. He has had excellent training and he is putting this training into practice. He is teaching those about him a great deal concerning conservation of the fertility of the soil and rotation of crops. He is building up a model farm; he is setting an example of good agricultural methods and good citizenship, which is having its effects upon the community. He isn't making a lot of money, but he is prospering.

Which one of the three has succeeded the most, or has any one had real success?

I put the case before a group of young fellows to whom I was talking not long ago, and asked the question.

"You not to get the kale, or you haven't succeeded much," one of them asserted. "It's money that talks. The guy with the fifty thousand could do more good than either of the other two. This missionary stuff doesn't look good to me."

"But the missionary is making men," one of the fellows argued, "and men are better than railroads, good as they are. Even the farmer was teaching people how best to live."

"Which was the greatest success?" one of them asked me.

"I can't tell," I answered, "but I know that money alone does not spell success. One must realize a worthy ideal to have succeeded; he not only must have done something for himself, but for the world as well. Each one of these three men is doing that."

WINTER

A CHILL was in the air when I awoke this morning. A sharp wind was blowing in at my window, and outside I could see the bare branches of the elm tree outlined against the sky. I drew the blankets over my shoulders and snuggled down into the warm bed. Winter was coming on.

As I went to my office after breakfast the air was full of blackbirds flying hither and thither, chattering and excited as a group of women gossiping about their neighbors. They were organizing their forces for flight, apparently; they were going South, for they, too, realized that winter was coming on.

My neighbor across the street was getting in a belated supply of fuel and I could hear the coal rattling down the chute into his cellar. Up in the walnut tree the squirrels were busy. They had gnawed a hole through one of the columns in my pergola, and they were using the hollow space as a storehouse for their winter supplies. I know very well that was where my crocus bulbs would find lodging if I did not give them protection. The squirrels, too, were getting ready for winter.

It is strange how few of us make preparation for the winter of old age. We play a good deal through the springtime of youth; we take it lightly during the summer, and even when autumn comes with its quiet lazy days, we deceive ourselves with the illusion that winter is still far away. We make little preparation for the migration.

I had a letter from John Ward a few days ago—a pitiful letter in a way telling of old age and poverty, and these two coming together are at best sad.

"People ought to get ready for old age," he said. "I can see now how I wasted a good deal of time, how I spent money thoughtlessly, how I was sure that old age would never catch me unprepared; and here I am, homeless, without resources, and too old to work."

No matter how beautiful spring and summer are, winter is sure to come. We should prepare for it.