

SARAH'S POT-CHEESE VENTURE

(© by D. J. Walsh.)

SARAH DAVISON stood with clenched hands staring at the door which Doctor Forrest had just closed behind him. It was a dingy door, with one cracked panel, and she was at that moment acutely conscious of the dirtiness and the crack. Her whole being, hitherto comfortably sluggish, seemed to have been aroused by what she had just heard.

From an inner room the sick man, her husband, called to her. "Sate! Sate!"

She unclenched her hands and went to him. Standing at the foot of the bed, she looked down at him as he lay there, a great helpless bulk with pathetic anxiety in his haggard eyes.

"What'd Doc say about me, Sate?" Ira Davison demanded.

"Why, he seemed to think you were getting along all right," Sarah answered.

"But when'd he say I'd be up?" Sarah thought of the doctor's terse last words, spoken low so that her husband could not hear.

"He'll be all summer getting well, and even then he's got to be careful for a good while." But she could not tell Ira that.

"He didn't say," she replied. "If I have to lay here a month, having a doctor every day, I'll take every dollar I've saved up," fretted the man.

Sarah smiled. "Oh, pshaw," she said. "You're seeing a lot of trouble over nothing. Now you go to sleep and when you wake up we'll talk it over."

Outside the door she stood until she heard him breathing long and softly in slumber, then she tiptoed to the kitchen. She wanted to think, to think hard. If Ira was all summer recovering from the sickness that had attacked him so suddenly and so violently it would take every penny they had, even perhaps necessitate putting a mortgage on the house. They were poor, yet they had always been frugal, Ira had worked hard but he had earned only enough for their needs and the tiny rainy-day fund, which would now be soon be dissipated. She had kept the house. For fifteen years the gentle monotony of their lives had been broken by one event—the death of their child. That event, however, had merely proved a great sorrow. This event of Ira's sickness involved a problem.

"It looks as if I'd have to do something," Sarah said to herself. "But what can I do that won't interfere with my taking care of my man?"

She looked around the neat, plain room helplessly. Her eyes fell upon a bowl standing upon the table. She had been on the point of taking that bowl to Mrs. Swan when the doctor came. Mrs. Swan had been so kind to Ira, bringing him broth and fruit, that Sarah had wanted to make some slight return.

"I'll have to take it right over if she's going to have it for supper," she thought, and, snatching up the bowl, she darted out of the house.

Her next-door neighbor was in her kitchen and she opened the door smiling.

"Here's a bowl of pot-cheese for you, Mrs. Swan," Sarah said. "I made some this morning, more than I need, Ira won't touch it, you know." This was her excuse for her offering.

Mrs. Swan looked at the contents of the bowl.

"I love pot-cheese," she said. "This looks very nice. How is Ira?"

"Doctor thinks he'll be a long time getting well," Sarah turned away. She was proud and did not want to say more than that.

When she returned home she boiled the teakettle and made a pot of tea. She could not eat any supper. Her mind was too full of anxiety.

"Two or three times she went softly to look at Ira. He was sleeping, and as sleep was what he needed, she moved away without waking him.

In order to keep the house quiet, she flung a shawl about her and sat down upon the back steps. The sky was warmed by the spring afterglow. It was a time for great peace and contentment for all save such troubled ones as Sarah.

There Mrs. Swan found her when she came to return the empty bowl. She sat down beside Sarah so close that their shoulders touched.

"The pot-cheese was delicious," she said. "I never ate such pot-cheese. Mrs. Corbin had supper with me and she raved about it. She wanted me to ask you if you would sell her some every day. She takes it with cream and sugar."

"Of course I'll make it for her," Sarah replied. "or any one else who wants it. It doesn't cost anything but time. Mr. Armstrong gives me the milk."

"One has to have a knack for making pot-cheese," Mrs. Swan said. "I never had any luck with it. And you can't buy it at the grocery. I've often thought that a good trade might be worked up on it. It's one of these simple things that take."

Was she trying to help Sarah, knowing how great a need there was of such help? Sarah did not know. But the idea had caught in Sarah's harassed brain. Pot-cheese! It seemed ridiculous, but still, if Mrs. Corbin wanted it, other's might. She would see what she could do.

"That's a lovely sunset," remarked the little neighbor after an instant.

"Yes, lovely," responded Sarah.

Next morning Sarah rose not with out hope. She gave Ira his breakfast ate some herself, put her house in or

der and made ready for the street. She told Ira as she kissed him good, by that she had an errand to do, and he never questioned further.

Sarah stepped fast. There was a glow on her plain, sweet face under the shabby hat-brim. She went first to the grocery, where she paid her bills promptly, even in this time of stress, then to the other groceries.

"Pot-cheese?" said genial Mr. Crum. "Sure! Bring it right along. I often have customers ask for it, specially those city people over on Oak street."

Sarah went home elated. It did not seem possible! She had orders for six dozen balls of pot-cheese. Six dozen was seventy-two, and five times seventy-two—

She laughed as she took off the shabby hat. Ira heard her.

"What's up, Sate?" he asked in his weak voice. "Something's tickled you."

"Of course. You're getting well," returned Sarah with almost sprightly wit.

That was a busy day, bargaining with Mr. Armstrong for cans of the skim milk which he found such a nuisance to dispose of, boiling the snowy curd, working in butter, pepper, salt. Sarah sang like the wren in the apple tree outside the open window where she worked.

That night Ira had a bit of broiled steak for his supper. That night Sarah looked half a dozen times in her purse to see if what was so fortunate, so unbelievable, were really true.

Sarah's pot-cheese sold almost faster than she could make it. She grew a little reckless, putting in cream, streaking the snowy mass with pimento. Mr. Crum said it was amazing what a taste folks had for pot-cheese.

"If you keep on like this," he said, "you'll have to have an assistant."

Sarah laughed. She could laugh at anything now. Ira was much better. Any day now he might be up and around the house. Then she would have to tell him what she was up to, divulge the secret which was keeping her so happy.

"Now, Sate, you've got to tell me what you're up to. You're up to something," Ira demanded a day or two later.

Sarah brought a bank-book and showed him an entry. She brought her grocery bills, each one marked paid; brought her purse, which was comforting, if not plethoric.

"Everything's paid, Ira—doctor and all. I've never touched a penny of our savings," she said.

"You wonderful girl!" Ira's eyes filled. "And to think you did it all with pot-cheese!"

Laborador Fir Forests of Enormous Value

Labrador, since the definition of its boundary with Canada, is being discussed as a possible summer haven for yachtsmen and a source of wood pulp. Though the southern end of Labrador is in the latitude of London and the northern tip opposite Petrograd, no warm ocean current washes its shores to produce the temperate climate of northern Europe. Cold winter winds sweep down from the Arctic across a rocky and sparsely inhabited coast, though explorers say the short summers are delightful.

The entire region at present has only about 3,000 population, about 500 less than forty years ago. North of the settlement of Hopedale, half way up the coast from Newfoundland, the country is peopled mainly by Eskimos, who have been largely Christianized and live in neat wooden houses, supporting themselves by seal and cod fisheries. In the interior scattered Indians and half-breeds hunt the fox, marten, bear, wolverine and other furbearing animals which haunt ever-green woods stretching as far north as the Arctic boundary of forestation.

This fir belt covers large areas of the interior of Labrador in all but the extreme northern part, but only touches the rocky coast at the heads of long narrow bays and the mouths of rivers. As a future source of paper pulp this hitherto little regarded region is of immense value, and already a few mills have been established and concessions granted. Pulp forests are one of the potential sources of wealth. Another asset is unlimited water power of the numerous coastal rivers.

White settlements are mainly on the southeastern coast of Labrador. There a sparse but sturdy population of Scotch and Scandinavian extraction, together with a few French Canadians, carry on cod and whale fisheries. The number of white inhabitants is quadrupled in the summer months by Newfoundlanders who go north for cod fishing, the principal industry. Of late years the whale, seal and cod have all decreased in numbers in Labrador waters. This is thought to be one reason for the steadily diminishing population of the coast. Another factor is that contact with diseases of civilization has proved fatal to whole communities of Eskimos and Indians. Missionaries are making heroic efforts to save the remainder of the native races from extinction by teaching them to adapt their mode of living to changed conditions, and these good offices have met with considerable success.

"Traveling" Libraries

The first traveling library in America was established in 1902 at Hagerstown, Md. It is called the Washington County Free Library. There is a central library in Hagerstown and stations in the small towns in the county. These latter are supplied with books from the central library, and a book wagon especially planned to carry nearly a thousand volumes makes trips throughout the county with house-to-house delivery of books.

Dame Fashion Smiles

By Grace Jewett Austin



"It won't be long now," remarked the president of a woman's club, "before all the women in the United States are coaxed into wearing red dresses." She had just come into a small auditorium where an illustrated garden talk was to be given. One of the leading garden lovers of the place entered the door, wearing an exquisite red velvet gown, and there were a number of other red gowns in the room, worn by these women who had come to pay tribute to the beauty of nature's colors. Not even Mrs. King Solomon in all her glory, nor even 700 Mrs. Solomons could ever attain gowns with such perfect color effects as were shown by this flower specialist.

Nevertheless, to come back to the text about red, Dame Fashion was greatly pleased the other day to read that an important fashion editor of Paris said, "Mademoiselle, to be well dressed, must have a red dress, a black dress and a beige dress; all other colors are optional—but these three are absolutely necessary." And what "mademoiselle" wears, it is quite likely that her mother or her married sister will wear, in America.

On that same chilly evening, when ragged clouds were scurrying around the sky, and if you tried to walk a block, you were blown along for two, some one remarked, "It will be cold enough for mufflers in the morning." That word "mufflers" seemed to linger in Dame Fashion's mind, and she gave the matter a little special attention.

Now that object, the muff, has had a queer history in recent years. About as regularly as the winter sun shines there have been fashion tidings to the effect that muffers were to have a revival—and still they have not revived, to any decided extent. Perhaps women are doing too many things, from driving cars down to transporting the family delicacies of food, to want weekly to fold the hands together inside a warm refuge, as their grandmothers did in times long ago.

There is a hint that a small one-hand muff may gain popularity. This is so planned that the modern active girl may slide it right up on her wrist when she wants it out of the way. That has a sort of a practical sound. Even in that coldest sport of skating, there should be a way for every pretty girl to have one hand kept warm, and the one-hand muff should surely be able to take care of the other.

Speaking of sports reminds Dame Fashion that if some one had wakened her suddenly out of sleep and demanded, "What is the essential for a plaited skirt?" she would probably have answered with eyes still shut, "Good pressing." This supposed essential has been grained into her since early childhood. And now here comes Paris declaring that "many successful frocks with plaits gain a soft feminine air by leaving the plaits unpressed." This is said to be adaptable to sports and afternoon gowns, but Dame Fashion would think an unpressed plait would need a label, "I am not a ruffle."

Talking of the popular ensembles, now considered and planned on every hand, there is still a new one to be reported. "Dame Fashion, you should see my new coat. It just matches my dog!"

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Black Wolf Trimming at Collar and Cuffs



Here is a charming tweed coat, part of an ensemble of three pieces. It is trimmed with black wolf at the collar and cuffs. Black stripes, the same as decorate the waist of the white-knit jersey underskirt, also outline the patch pockets of the coat. A white felt beret completes the outfit.

Printed Velvet Used for Charming Negligee



The negligee illustrated may be developed as simply or as elegantly as you please. Negligees run pretty much to the same form year after year, but always they must defer to certain qualifications. They must be easy and comfortable, but they should also be a little exotic, a little more luxurious and feminine than anything else. Transparent printed velvet in soft color combinations bordered with finely plaited chiffon is effective in the negligee sketched.—Woman's Home Companion.

French Designers Busy Making Resort Outfits

Fashionable women making ready to spend the winter in Nice, Northern Africa and Palm Beach have swarmed the couturiers to order the wardrobes they will wear in those far climes, notes a Paris fashion correspondent in the Louisville Courier-Journal. The two-piece jumper suit is still being worn popularly for actual sports purposes, while the trig, tailored frock of tweed, jersey or kasha has taken the place quite definitely for ordinary morning or country wear. These one-piece frocks are usually without trimming or ornamentation save in intricately gathered bands of the same material or rows of stitching tufts. Sports coats of the same color, with loose backs and ample sleeves and patch pockets and, usually, a fur collar, are worn with these simple frocks, as well as with the sweater and tweed skirt of the real sports costume. A short jacket on the order of the old-fashioned cardigan is shown with the two-piece sports costume designed for southern wear, which is often of the same material as the sweater.

Premet and Jenny have received many orders for afternoon frocks of printed velvet, while Martial et Armand, Lelong and Agnes are making numerous ones in georgette and the silk crepes, including crepe satin and the heavier crepe marocain, and there is very little change in the modes from those seen in the earlier collections. The slim silhouette is still retained in spite of the ruffles and frills and loose panels with which the skirts are adorned, all these furbelows being placed well below the hips, which are swathed in a deep, tight girdle or outlined by a tightly fitted yoke. The coats ordered for the South are elaborately trimmed with fur in many instances, and there is a marked tendency toward the redingote form, a revival of which was a distinct note in the midseason collections.

Coats of this type of Rodier tweed in tan, taupe or gray, with slightly flaring skirts and slightly pinched-in waists and with collars in astrakhan in the same color have proved to be one of the season's outstanding successes, and the same mode is being shown in lighter weight materials, though still with the collar of fur, for southern wear.

Slenderizing Prints by Combining Two Fabrics

Dresses combining two fabrics in the same print have a tendency to lessen the effect of too ample lines in the figure. Two differing patterns incline to accept any discrepancies in the gently curving lines of the desired, and not altogether unobtainable, reedy silhouette.

The vogue for matching prints, originated in Paris last spring, gives promise of importance as a future style factor. Vying with companion prints is the print over print where one design is superimposed over another.

Vegetable Colors Are Fashionable This Year

Tobacco brown, tomato red, artichoke green and eggplant purple are some of the shades of vegetable inspiration which are being worn. Tomato red is in Jersey, kasha and wool mixtures. The browns are sport and street shades, and artichoke green is also a daytime color. But eggplant purple appears only in evening styles usually in chiffon or transparent velvet.

NERVOUS HEADACHE

Next time you have a nervous headache try this— Two teaspoonfuls of Dr. Miles' Nervine. If you can get a few minutes sleep, the headache is pretty sure to be gone when you wake up.



DR. MILES' NERVINE

If you are subject to nervous headaches, take Dr. Miles' Nervine as directed. Dr. Miles' Nervine is recommended for Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Neuralgia, Nervous Dyspepsia, Nervous Headache, Neurasthenia. We'll send a generous sample for 5c in stamps. Dr. Miles Medical Company, Elkhart, Ind.

Conservation of Country's Natural Resources Wise Move in Legislation

By GURNEY E. NEWLIN, President American Bar Association.

The nation's rapidly expanding industry 37 years ago brought danger from industrial greed, and to guard against this the Sherman anti-trust act was passed. Our idea then was to protect the individual by providing for unrestrained production, irrespective of our actual needs. Keen competition, which meant the production of enormous surplus stocks, was believed necessary for the well-being of our citizens. But now, when we realize our supplies of natural resources are not inexhaustible, we have swung around to limited but strictly supervised production. For the first time the question is being asked: "What of the morrow?"

One result of this new philosophy is the creation of the federal oil conservation board to restrain overproduction and the consequent waste.

By REV. H. G. EDGAR (Presbyterian), Portland, Ore.

LIFE has plentiful satisfaction in the midst of its chronic discontent. Every effort in the struggle for advancement has been stimulated by discontent with lot, condition or attainment. Possibly there are those who "take things as they come," not caring nor conceiving that anything different should "turn up." To aspiring souls discontent is a divinely implanted urge that aggravates to action.

But, if the soul is continually driven to build more "stately mansions" wherein are the satisfactions of life? Must they await that distant future of which one may sing with the Psalmist "I shall be satisfied when I awake with thy likeness?" In spite of all heroic effort and sacrifice to better one's own condition and that of his neighbor, is it the lot of this life that the energetic soul must ever sigh: "Why, my soul, cast down and grieving: Why within me such distress?"

Our very well-being demands a confident affirmation that there are satisfactions in the midst of the struggles. First, there is the satisfaction which comes from a legitimate self-respect. To develop one's talents, to overcome one's baser passions, to cultivate one's aspirations, these are stepping stones toward self-respect and satisfaction.

Second, there is the satisfaction in trusting others. He who loves his friend, trusts his neighbor and respects the stranger, counting them worthy fellow laborers, will find in the trend of events a prospect for better things.

The true philosophy of life is full of paradoxes. There are hope and fear, self respect and humility, caution and confidence, dissatisfaction and contentment; but the life of faith in a never-failing Father finds satisfaction and harmony in the midst of them all.

World War Showed the Enduring Qualities of American National Strength

By MAJ. GEN. CHARLES P. SUMMERALL, Chief of Staff.

As we look back to 1918 we find that time has dulled the memory of many details. Our concern for ammunition, for rations, for relief, or for support, is less vivid. We recall less clearly the hardships, the discomforts and the restrictions. What do stand out, however, are the patriotism, the valor, the fortitude, and the spirit of self-sacrifice which characterized our citizens and our soldiers.

When we entered the war science and human ingenuity were engaged in the age-old race of producing new weapons of offense and effective measures to neutralize them. Our countrymen, despite shortages in new weapons and lack of experience in new methods, rose to the emergency through a fervor which counterbalanced handicaps. The characteristic of individual initiative again proved the measure of the strength of our nation.

Today as we review our experiences we see that, though weapons and methods have changed, the one thing which remained as it was in Joshua's day and in Hannibal's day was the human element—the element which in the final test of physical encounter spelled victory or defeat. So in our celebration of victory, let us pay respect to those all-important attributes which are the enduring qualities of our national strength—loyalty, patriotism, courage and unselfishness—the indispensable characteristics in our citizens which brought victory to our cause ten years ago.

All Economic Problems Ultimately Found to Be Problems in Personnel

By HARRY C. SPILLMAN, Sales Expert, Buffalo.

Christ had only one objective and that was personality. He discovered that "nothing mattered but people." He was the greatest salesman in the world. It is to be wondered at that for 2,000 years we regarded His discovery only in a spiritual way and overlooked its economic relation.

All problems ultimately become problems in personnel. The bed-rock of economics is man power, and costs always decrease inversely as personnel efficiency increases. Merchandise has no power to project itself out of the factories and into the markets; it cannot convert itself into the coin of the realm; it has no power to think or to organize. These are human attributes, and human attributes are supreme.

Mr. Mencken, the bad boy from Baltimore, recently honored me by quoting in his magazine my statement that Christ was the world's greatest salesman. I am not speaking of Christ in his divinity, but in his humanity. He said to His disciples, as Judge Gary said to the directors of the United States Steel corporation, "nothing matters but people."