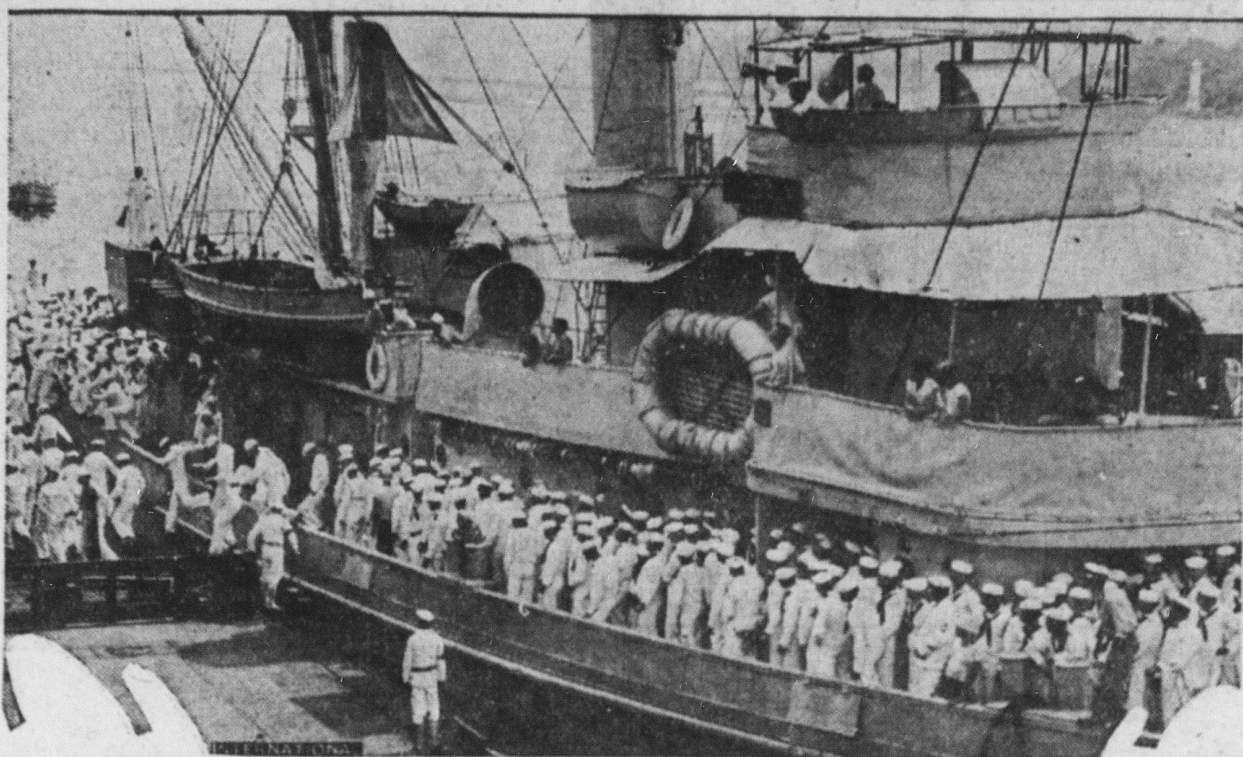


AMERICAN WARSHIP CREW ASHORE AT BALBOA



Crew of an American warship going ashore at Balboa, Canal Zone, for some recreation during a lull in the naval war game.

Nellie Maxwell Tells About Dainty Desserts

For it is the fate of a woman Long to be patient and silent, to wait Like a ghost that is speechless, Till some questioning voice dissolves The spell of its silence.

A DESSERT which is good, dainty and not too much work to prepare, is always an addition to one's collection of recipes. The following will be nice to serve for an afternoon, when entertaining one's friends:

Ethereal Food.

Cut two dozen fresh marshmallows into small pieces. To do this dip the shears used in cutting into water occasionally and the process will be easier. Whip two cupfuls of thick cream until stiff, fold in the prepared marshmallows and one-half cupful each of finely cut maraschino cherries drained from their juice, and the same amount of well-drained and minced pineapple. Chill several hours, serve in stemmed glasses with chopped pistachio nuts sprinkled over the top. Serve with lady finger sandwiches and hot chocolate.

Canned Apricot Shortcake.

Prepare the shortcake, bake in two

layers, spreading butter on the top of one and placing the other layer on that. Remove when well baked, spread with butter and arrange canned apricots over the layer, cover with the other layer, spread with butter and top with apricots. The juice may be boiled down and served as a sauce if desired.

Apple and Marshmallow Dessert.

Peel, slice and quarter five or six good flavored apples. Arrange with one-third of a cupful of sultana raisins in layers with one cupful of sugar. Add one-fourth of a cupful of water and bake until the apples are soft, well covered. Remove cover and cover with marshmallows one inch apart. Return to the oven and brown the marshmallows. Serve hot with sweetened cream.

Serve plenty of lettuce daily, as it is one of the most needed of greens, especially when green things are scarce, as they are in the winter time. If one has a garden spot all these good things may be canned for use in winter—peas, beans, spinach as well as corn and carrots. (© 1923 Western Newspaper Union.)

To Put On



needed flesh—to make the blood redder—take Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. By restoring the normal action of the stomach and other deranged organs and functions, it builds the flesh up to a safe and healthy standard—promptly, pleasantly and naturally. The weak, emaciated, thin, pale and puny, are made strong, plump, round, rosy and robust, also pimples and blotches are driven away.

All druggists, liquid and tablets. Read this comment: "I wish everybody who needs a tonic or has stomach trouble would try Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, for it certainly is a good medicine. Everything I ate would hurt me, but after I took two bottles of the 'Discovery' I felt greatly relieved. I can eat anything I want now and not feel distressed."—Dewey Plaster, Bassett, Va. Send 10c for trial pkg. to Dr. Pierce's Invalids Hotel, Buffalo, N. Y.

Phonograph Too Popular

The phonograph is rapidly becoming more popular in Stockholm and the popularity is seriously affecting the sale of musical instruments. Out of every 100 instruments purchased in one of the largest music stores, 90 are talking machines. The violin, the piano, the flute, and the clarinet are suffering badly from this competition. The sale of classical sheet music has also dropped off to a great extent.

Mrs. John Durrum Says Could Write All Day and Not Say Enough Good About Milks Emulsion

"Have been thinking for some time of writing you in regard to Milks Emulsion.

"When I wrote you last fall I was very much discouraged. Doctors had told me for five years that I had T. B. Five doctors told me last fall that I was in advanced stages of T. B. I have taken your wonderful medicine all winter. Sometimes I would neglect taking it every hour, but would take several doses a day, and this is the first winter for seven years that I haven't spent most of the winter in bed. I haven't been in bed sick this winter, and for two years I had been so sore across my abdomen I couldn't bear to press on it. That is all gone. I do all of my housework now except washing; weight 117 pounds, and feel fine.

"I can't praise your Emulsion enough. I tell every one I talk to what it has done for me and feel ashamed if I neglect it sometimes when I know what it has done for me and what it means for me.

"I could write all day and could never write enough good words about Milks Emulsion." Yours truly, Mrs. John Durrum, 451 W. Green St., Frankfort, Ind.

Sold by all druggists under a guarantee to give satisfaction or money refunded. The Milks Emulsion Co., Terre Haute, Ind.—Adv.

Ideal Candidate

"What we want is a candidate who isn't too radical nor yet too conservative, in short, a middle-of-the-road man."

"Then Jinkins is the man to nominate. He's been a bus driver for years."

The stamp of a gentleman isn't on sale at the post office.

Loosen Up That Cold With Musterole

Have Musterole handy when a cold starts. It has all the advantages of grandmother's mustard plaster without the burn. You feel a warm tingle as the healing ointment penetrates the pores, then a soothing, cooling sensation and quick relief.

Made of pure oil of mustard and other simple ingredients, Musterole is recommended by many nurses and doctors. Try Musterole for bronchitis, sore throat, stiff neck, pleurisy, rheumatism, lumbago, croup, asthma, neuralgia, congestion, pains and aches of the back or joints, sore muscles, sprains, bruises, chilblains, frost-bitten feet, colds of the chest. It may prevent pneumonia and "flu."

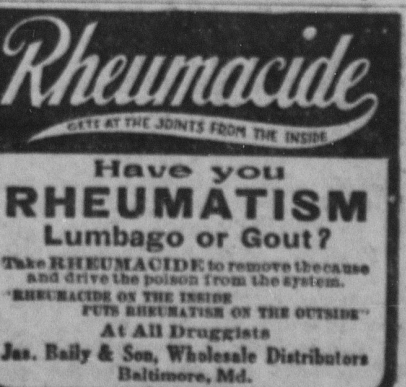


WORMS SAP A CHILD'S VERY LIFE

Does your child grit his teeth? Pick his nostrils? Have a disordered stomach? These are symptoms of worms—those deadly parasites which will so quickly ruin a child's health.

At the first sign of worms, give your child Frey's Vermifuge. For 75 years Frey's Vermifuge has been America's safe, vegetable worm medicine. Buy it today at your druggist's.

Frey's Vermifuge Expels Worms



SANDMAN STORY ABOUT THE PARTY TABLE

"WERE going to be for a party," said the flowers as they nudged each other and smiled in their pretty flower fashion.

"To be sure, we are," they added. And sure enough! They were all most beautifully arranged and put on the center of a dining room table. Oh, the flowers were arranged in so lovely a fashion, and some of the green ferns were put around the outside of the vase, and a flower was at each place on the table, too.

"I'm the best tablecloth," said the tablecloth to the flowers.

"I hope you notice me!" "Of course I haven't real flowers but don't you think the linen flowers I have are quite lovely? If you look carefully you will be able to tell that I have a lily of the valley pattern.

"It's a handsome pattern, too." "Very handsome," said the flowers. "And how beautifully you are done up. You have been used before, haven't you?"

"Oh, yes," said the tablecloth. "But great care is taken about ironing the best tablecloth. A new tablecloth is too stiff—it is not cordial and it doesn't show an ease of manner which a best tablecloth does—one which has been used but which is unmistakably a best one.

"Yes, a best tablecloth has ease of manner and it is cordial. It shows it is at a party. It hopes everyone else will show that, too, and that no one will spill upon it, though, of course, a best tablecloth must once in awhile be ready to expect accidents.

"But a best tablecloth doesn't accept spots in the same way as an old one does. An old one doesn't seem to care. A spot on a best tablecloth looks as though it shouldn't be there at all.

"Oh, yes, it is ashamed of itself in the presence of the best tablecloth!" "But you must see the other members of the family. A pride to the tablecloth are these relatives."

"Yes, we match the tablecloth," the napkins said. "We, too, have a handsome lily of the valley pattern worked out upon us. We are big and magnificent—really party napkins."

"Did you notice that we'd been polished and that we shine and look our best?" inquired the silver candlesticks. "We're going to be lighted—that is, the candles within us are go-

ing to be lighted for the occasion." "And we're going to be used, of course, but we're all shined up in our best," said the silver pepper shakers and the silver salt cellars.

"Some creatures have different clothes for best and for every day,"



"Very Handsome," Said the Flowers.

the silver pepper shakers went on, "but we don't bother with all that fussing.

"It would cause too much trouble. We'd have to have boxes for our

clothes and trunks if we went away, and we'd have to have wardrobes and clothes' hangers.

"Besides, what would a silver pepper dish do dressed up in a dress?" "We can't possibly imagine," grinned the flowers.

"It would never do," said the silver pepper shakers.

"No, we're good managers in that way—we don't have to fuss about clothes. We're just polished for best and we get a little tarnished looking when we're not dressed up."

"We're all dressed up in the same way," said the forks, and the spoons said:

"So are we!" "And so are we," said the knives.

"We're out for the party," said the handsome china dinner set, and the coffee cups with the butterfly handles and the tall glasses all said: "So are we! So are we! We all belong to the party table. We do, indeed."

For there was going to be a party and the dining room table was all ready with its best things upon it, waiting for the guests to arrive—and it hoped that the guests would admire it, too!

And surely the table thought they would for certainly it was handsomely dressed for the party!

(Copyright.)

Wednesday Weddings

By H. IRVING KING

WHAT are the lucky and unlucky days to be married on is fairly well agreed upon, but that the luckiest day is Wednesday appears to be agreed upon absolutely. Wednesday is of course Woden day, and Woden is the Anglo-Saxon form of the name of the great Norse god Odin, the supreme "All-Father," the patron of culture and heroes and the source of wisdom. The Greeks and Romans made Juno, the wife of Jupiter, the chief god of their pantheon, the patroness of marriage, but the Norsemen appear to have made the patron the chief god himself; although one of his wives, Frigga, was the goddess of love in its most constant and elevated form

as Freya, another wife, was the goddess of love in its fleshly form. Perhaps it was conducive of peace in Valhalla that these two ladies were left out of the reckoning. Odin, or Woden, however, was admirably suited to be a patron of marriage for he was a much-married person himself and had a very numerous offspring.

(© by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

NEW BRUSSELS UNIVERSITY IS OPEN

Here is an exterior view of the beautiful new University of Brussels, Belgium, which is now completed and has opened its doors to students.



Whom Heaven Hath Blessed

By DOUGLAS MALLOCH

"WHOM heaven hath so greatly blessed"— I thought the preacher meant the rich.

I never thought about the west, That men who dig and women who stitch.

Who had so little, much possessed, And then one day the captain came, The man who owns these metes and bounds—

Why, half this town is in his name. I'm just the man who tends his grounds,

But he has millions, so they claim. We talked (we both are getting old, And when you're getting old, you do).

Rags then don't mean as much to gold, And gold don't mean as much to gold.

And so we sat and tales we told.

We talked of what? About his son, The catcher of his college nine, About his girl, the youngest one, And then he asked me after mine, I told him well they both had done.

His health was fine, he still could hike

Ten miles a day, as well as me. Whatever subject we might strike I soon could very plainly see

The Lord had blessed-us much alike.

I found the riches he possessed

Were very much the same as mine, And so I wondered why the rest

Should ever sit around and whine, Who heaven hath so greatly blessed.

(© 1923 Douglas Malloch.)

PORTRAIT PAINTERS AND THEIR CONSCIENCE

By F. A. WALKER

IT WAS said of William Strang, the famous portrait painter who died some time ago, that he never could escape from his conscience.

This was not a handicap when he had for a sitter some American or English beauty, who could stand the realistic treatment that marks his red-chalk drawings.

It was a different matter when he was busy with some one, male or female, who hoped that the artist would not be too truthful.

For there are many who do not think as Oliver Cromwell did on the subject.

When the great lord protector was sitting for his portrait, he said: "Paint me as I am. If you leave out a single wart I won't pay you a penny!"

All notable painters have not been bothered by Strang's love of truth, a fact which might be proved by a portrait familiar to Americans and indeed to people all over the world.

It is only necessary to compare the statue of the Father of his Country by Houdon, which stands in the statehouse in Richmond, Va.—a replica of which was unveiled in Trafalgar square, London, a few years

ago—with Gilbert Stuart's painting, or paintings of Washington, to see that his head of the first President is a glorified one.

Indeed, the portraits of the great man by other artists have not the regularity of feature that we have come to associate with him.

Nobody imagines for a moment that Washington, the most modest of men as far as he was concerned wished to be shown to remote ages other than he was. There can be no doubt, however, that Stuart wanted to give an idea of his true dignity and character, even if he had to sacrifice strict fidelity to veracity in doing so.

In this he succeeded. Since then everybody has been satisfied that Stuart's canvases represented the real man, even if they varied from the physical in certain details. That is why Stuart's portrait was selected for our bills and postage stamps.

So it might be said that Gilbert Stuart was not false to his conscience in any real sense of the word. For he produced the spirit of his immortal sitter for future ages.

His case was very different from

that of many other painters who set a fashion from time to time.

Thus all the ladies painted by the Scottish Raeburn—whose work is in many American collections—tend to look alike. They have the same figures, the same features, the same expression.

Perhaps the psychologists might suggest that after the first picture by Raeburn had proved a success, the women of fashion of the time tended to look like it.

Was it not said in the nineties that Charles Dana Gibson, the popular black and white artist, had created a new type of American girl, the girls themselves began to repeat that model in their appearance.

Some will laugh at this as an absurdity, like James McNeill Whistler's remark, that the fogs of London did not exist until he began to paint them.

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Time's Changes

Before long the familiar names for the parts of a horse's harness will be as little understood as the greaves, hawkerks and kneecaps of medieval armor.—Boston Herald.