

**CELIA
HAD THE
KNACK**

(© by D. J. Walsh.)

CELIA had reached the point in her morning's work where she had to curl up on theavenport for forty winks. With a sigh of weariness she yielded to the soft comfort, tucked a pillow under her head and shut her eyes. In thirty minutes the chime clock would awaken her.

The Worthing's plain little living room looked almost as if its contents had been stirred up by a whirlwind. When Celia cleaned she cleaned. Presently when she had put the chairs and tables back in their places, turned down the corners of the rugs and straightened the curtains everything would look as neat as a pin. The dining room was in the same state as the living room. The kitchen was a mess.

Celia expected to be still busier tomorrow, for then she had marketing and baking to do, the table to set, the guest room to prepare—a hundred and one little last details necessary for the entertaining of an exacting visitor to be seen to. There was no doubt that Don's great aunt Mahala was exacting—the said so herself. "The kind that prides in fly-specks off the wallpaper with a pin and dresses an oyster as if it were a fowl. There's a story," and Don had laughed, "that Aunt Mahala's mother had the boards of her kitchen floor laid down loose so she could turn them over and scrub both sides." Don had not added that of all the Forsythe clan Aunt Mahala had made the biggest blunder about his marrying a young typist with no training for homemaking or wifehood. The first notice she had ever taken of the young couple was when she sent them a huge roasting pan, price-marked \$22, a huge coffee pot, price-marked \$11, a huge saucepan, price-marked \$7, all superbly burnished, heavy to lift, and warranted to outlast three generations. Celia had tried to make coffee in that giant pot, but it took nine minutes to heat the thing and their three scant breakfast cups were lost in its gleaming depths. Neither did they expect ever to be able to buy a turkey big enough to fill the vast roasting pan. So she had wrapped them carefully in paper and tucked them away in the only available spot—under the guest room bed.

Celia dreaded meeting Aunt Mahala, who cuffed her dignified son's ears when he disagreed with her and who held Don on her lap as she had done when he was seven years old. Yet, somehow, Don loved Aunt Mahala, and when she wrote that she was going to be in town on the following Thursday and was coming to spend the night with them he had telegraphed her to come without fail. Hence, all this flurry of preparation on Celia's part. Celia was determined that Aunt Mahala should be able to pick no flaw in the way she kept her house or fed her husband.

Ting-a-ling! Celia started up, rubbing her eyes. Was it that chime clock? She glanced at its innocent white face and saw that she had slept barely eight minutes. It must be the doorbell then. She peeked out and saw a dark figure under an umbrella standing upon the steps. The figure carried a bag.

As she opened the front door Celia looked straight into a pair of shell-rimmed glasses, behind which was a pair of cool, measuring, old black eyes.

"How do you do?" said Aunt Mahala, letting down the umbrella and setting it to drip. "Nasty day."

Celia, stunned, managed to falter: "Oh, I think it's a nice day because it brings you."

Aunt Mahala looked at the russet-haired girl in the smudgy blue pinafore.

"Why don't you get cured of stammering?" she inquired. "My brother Elkanah was just so. He cured himself by saying 11,000 times, 'Polly Piper's papa paints pretty purple palaces.' It's easy." But the black eyes twinkled.

Celia grinned. Her heart was running away in her bosom. She felt suffocated. Aunt Mahala had come a day and a half ahead of time.

"Come right in," she said hospitably. "Take off your things." She wheeled up a chair, emptied it of a dirty duster and a whiskbroom. "Sit down here."

"Looks like you're cleaning house," Aunt Mahala, having removed her hat and coat, let herself down into the crenny depths of Don's favorite chair. It smelled of his evening pipe and there was a tiny hole burned in the tapestry covering where he had once dropped a spark. "How's Donny?"

"Fine. At work as usual. He doesn't come at noon, gets a bite downtown—"

Celia stopped, remembering the contents of the icebox. Then she went on glibly: "Do you drink coffee for lunch, Aunt Mahala?"

"I don't know anything about lunch. I always have my hearty meal at noon. And I never drink anything but tea. But don't put yourself out for me. I can manage with anything."

"I like tea, too," Celia laughed, grateful that she did not and that there was a fresh tin of the best tea at that moment on her handy shelf. Then she fled kitchenward. There she clasped a hand despairingly against her hot forehead. Next instant she had flung open the icebox door. It held three pink tomatoes, half a head

of cabbage and a sizable pork roast yet to be cooked. There were, of course, bread, milk, butter and a few eggs.

Once in a killing crisis Celia's nimble wit had saved her employer a couple of thousand dollars and a good deal of discomfort. That, however, is another story, but it goes to show what she could do in a pinch. Twenty minutes later she smilingly beckoned Aunt Mahala into the dining room. The table was dainty. There was a blue platter of thin, crisp brown slices of fried pork, encircled with slices of rosy tomato. There was a boat of cream gravy. There was cole slaw. And there was Celia's precious little electric waffle iron smoking hot, ready for her to pour into them golden batter from a blue bowl.

Aunt Mahala had never eaten waffles made that way and she was delighted. She watched the fascinating operation and the deft operator.

"I never ate a better meal," she declared. "You better let me pitch in and help you ready-up before Donny comes."

They worked together all afternoon, they talked together, they got along better than Celia had ever dreamed they could. Aunt Mahala undertook the cooking of the remnant of the pork roast herself.

"Where's that roaster I gave you?" she demanded. Celia meekly produced it. She stood grave as a judge while Aunt Mahala measured roaster and roaster with her experienced old eyes. Again came that illuminating twinkle. "Take it away and get me some dish I can use."

When Don came home he found dinner ready, Celia looked tired but calm. Aunt Mahala made him sit on her lap and ruffled his curly dark hair. Meanwhile Don's eyes telegraphed mischievous messages to his wife.

But when they were alone in their room Celia cried on his big shoulder. He petted her, understanding a lot. "Cheer up," he whispered. "It's a brand-new experience for her. And it will do you good. Nothing will ever upset you after this."

Next morning Aunt Mahala, appeared looking extremely worn. She had slept but poorly, although her bed had been comfortable.

After Don had gone and she was helping Celia with the breakfast dishes she suddenly burst forth: "I'm an old fool!" Celia was so startled that she dropped the blue mixing bowl. As she stooped to pick up the pieces Aunt Mahala whipped a card from her pocket. "Read that!" she commanded. Celia read aloud. It was from Doctor Tinker, the eye specialist, making an appointment for Thursday. "That's day after tomorrow," said Celia. "What's the matter, Aunt Mahala?"

"I thought it read Thursday when I wrote you I was coming. But Lizzie Peters declared it was Tuesday. She stuck and hung that she could read Tinker's writing on account of having made so many appointments with him. Lizzie's eyes are in awful bad shape. So I gave in and came. You mind I telephoned to somebody last night? It was to him. His wife said he was out of town till Thursday. That's while I piled in on you before you were ready for me. What an old fool I am!"

"Don't you dare say that again!" cried Celia, patting Aunt Mahala's cheek with a soapy hand.

Aunt Mahala took off her glasses and wiped her eyes.

"I never thought I'd see the day I was glad Donny married you instead of Jennie Peters, Lizzie's girl," she said. "But I am. You've got the knack of making the best of things no matter how bad they are."

Just About Describes Average Picnic Party

Not all city dwellers turn vandals when they get into the country for a day, but enough of them do their bit in disregarding the farmer's rights and disfiguring the countryside to make this exaggerated, but fundamentally real, sketch from the Farm Journal worth reprinting. Willie with his pa and ma have been picnicking, uninvited, on a roadside farm. Ma is speaking:

"Willie, what are you doing? Setting fire to that grass! Well, be careful, dear, and don't get burned . . . now, you have the man's fence all afire! Papa, look at Willie! I declare I never saw so active a child—so energetic. He'll be a real power in the land, some day . . ."

"John, all that smoke and heat is blowing right over the car. We must load the things in and go on, I guess. Throw all the boxes and empty cans out on the grass, dear, we need the room in the ca. . . ."

"I don't see why farmers will have wood fences that get on fire; it just spoiled our picnic . . . Don't stop to shut the gate, John, there's a car coming! It may be the man who lives here, and he might get nasty when he sees the fire burning toward the haystacks . . . Step on it, John! He might lay the blame on us, too! Some people are so unreasonable! And everything would have been so lovely, today, except for that old board fence! . . ."

"Stop on the hill, John, so we can enjoy the view . . . Looks like that haystack is burning! . . . So careless of them! They should have buried more. They probably let it burn to get the insurance . . ."

"Oh, John! What do you suppose Willie has in that box? Four little ducklings! Ain't they cute? If we only had some woven wire off the farmer's fence to build a little park to keep them in!"

NEARBY AND YONDER

By T. T. MAXEY

"Dog Days"

DOG days is a name which has been handed down to us by the ancients as designating that season which has the reputation of being the hottest and most unwholesome period of the year. This condition was supposed to be influenced by one or the other of both of the dog stars—Sirius, the greater, and Procyon, the lesser—it being the popular belief that during this time dogs are apt to run mad, hence the term "dog" naturally fastened itself to these days.

History tells us that in early times dog days were estimated as forty in number—twenty before and twenty after the rising of the dog star. As a matter of fact, the duration of this period appears to have varied from as little as thirty to as much as fifty-four days, beginning anywhere from July 3 to August 15. The coincidental appearance of the dog star and these so-called dog days appears to have been accidental, as the time of the rising of this star varies with the altitude. In some climates there are no dog days, for the reason that in certain altitudes the dog star is not visible, hence there can be no dog days.

In ancient times it seems apparent that the dog star rose just before the sun. Its time of rising appears to gradually grow later as the years pass by, owing, no doubt, to the gradual recession of the equinoctial period, consequently, in future centuries, it may come to pass that the dog star will rise during the winter time.

No. 1, Atlantic Ocean

THE address of Mr. Owen D. Young, that address is just as fitting as it is unique. He loves fish and is a great fisherman. He loves the ocean and lives over it. He built a pier which juts out into the salty blue-green waters at Atlantic City. On this pier he constructed a lovely mansion and surrounded it with gardens and other appointments after the fashion of such places built on land. It had to have, in fact, deserved a number. Mr. Young wanted it to have one. It was on the ocean, there was no other house on that pier or street, hence and obviously, No. 1, Atlantic ocean.

But, now to go a-nishing with Mr. Young. Great nets are lowered from the pier into the sea, hauled in at an agreed time and dumped. There you have the gifts of a benevolent nature, through the medium of the sea, for the health and satisfaction of sea-food lovers. A score—probably more, of varieties are included in the catch—some delightfully dainty and deliciously tasty—others of undesirable variety that are not favorites with palates.

This king of fishermen probably plunders the old ocean of an average of a ton of fish every fishing day. All of it that is worth while is eaten, because nearby is located one of the most noted of all the "shore dinner" parlors along the Atlantic, favorably known and frequented by the fish-eating fans of the nation.

The Shrine of St. Roch

PICTURE a tiny shrine, laboriously built, stone by stone, by the hands of a priest, in fulfillment of a vow, now lighted by stained-glass windows and overhung with ivy, within, seats for but two dozen worshippers at a time, its walls cluttered with testimonial offerings—crutches, braces, casts and what not, left by faithful visitors who have been relieved of their sufferings, high above all else a statue of the good St. Roch, his dog by his side, located in one of the older sections of that historic and romantic southern city of New Orleans—and you have a vision of the Shrine to St. Roch, the Guardian Saint of Health, to which, in perpetuation of the custom in creole days, pilgrimage after pilgrimage is made by persons from many climes.

The good father, it seems, made a vow that if his parishioners were fortunate and spared from attack by the fearful epidemic of yellow fever which raged there in 1856, he would build a chapel and dedicate it to a saint. His prayers were answered and he made good his vow, dedicating his shrine to St. Roch, who, it is said, was at one time stricken with the plague and left to succumb in a lonely woodland, but his dog obtained and carried food to him, saved his life and thereafter they became inseparable companions.

There is another cherished and deeply-rooted tradition that is interwoven with this shrine. It is the belief that if a girl will go to nine churches, say a prayer and make an offering in each and then go to St. Roch and make the stations of the cross, she will have a husband before the year is out. Needless to say, many maidens make their way to the shrine of St. Roch.

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Rat Population

Of course there is no way to take a census of the rats in the United States, but the public health service estimates that there are probably 120,000,000 of these animals in this country.

**Waistline to Be
Higher This Fall**

Older Generation Favored
by New Mode—Worth
Predicts Changes.

The most important of the changes slated for fall is the introduction of the high waistline for all hours of the day and night, declares a fashion writer in the New York World. Although there have been rumblings of this innovation for some seasons, this will be the first time when the majority of daytime dresses reveal the natural waistline, and many are the dodges by which the designers are planning to carry their reluctant clients through the period of transition.

For instance, there will be many boleros, which serve to conceal the tightness of the dress at that point above the hips where women first begin to widen out into a thirty-eight. There will be a number of double belts, with the old familiar low waistline still suggested, although the silhouette of the gown follows the figure.

As a result of this tendency, hips will be of even greater importance than ever and will be molded in a number of new ways.

Although this silhouette is not kind to the woman whose hips are a cause for concern, she may alleviate the difficulty by several elementary devices. Since some skirts will be longer and will flare pleasantly beneath the knee, the hips will seem smaller by contrast. The smartest of the new skirts will use a combined cut, such as circular and straight or plaits and plain surface combined according to geometrical patterns.

Scarfs, Berthas Reduce Contours.

The woman who is judicious in her choice of skirt surfaces can do a great deal to give the impression that she has never worried about fats and starches. Another good way to reduce the contours at the waist is to use scarfs, large fur collars, berthas and cape sleeves which widen the shoulders and reduce the lower silhouette to more comely proportions.

There will be a greater formality and richness of fabric apparent to even the unobservant male. This fact deserves a fire-cracker celebration on the part of any woman who has celebrated her tin wedding. Greater elegance is always a signal for the older women to receive more attention than the debutante, to say nothing of the fact that her income is probably more compatible with lamb and chinchilla than that of the young thing. There will be very few prints, a fact which eliminates one whole category of inexpensive little dresses, and the smartest ensembles will show a color contrast in which colors will be brighter, lighter and will require more trips to the cleaner.

There will be a greater femininity, as shown in the dressmaker touches, lingerie bows, stitching, tucks, etc., and although this suggests a season of fluttering details, it presents a serious menace to the woman of uncertain chic. The temptation to fussiness and overloading with details will be a real one, and you are hereby reminded that the jewelry you have become accustomed to wearing with a costume of stark simplicity might do irreparable damage to one of the more feminine creations of the fall.

The evening gowns will show such diversity in line that any woman of reasonably good contours should be

cloche hats than in the past few years, but this news should not greatly affect the woman with a short neck, who must realize that wire-brimmed hats are denied her. The same restriction applies to the large fur collars which will be shown on many of the daytime coats. The woman who falls outside the swan division, however, can comfort herself with a coat trimmed with one of the flat, curly furs, which will be, if anything, smarter than the perennial fox.

Worth Discusses Waistline.

In contrast to the usual secrecy on the part of the great Paris designers as to showings for autumn and winter, Jean Charles Worth willingly gave his opinion on autumn and winter fashions.

"The waistline will still wander," said Mr. Worth, "but definitely upward only in front. The back waistline will not go along with the front line; on the contrary, the black silhouette, probably continued with loose bolero effect, will be distinctly lower. As the higher waistline, as described, will be shown in day frocks, in order to give proper symmetry, day

The Kitchen Cabinet

(© 1923, Western Newspaper Union.)

There is a temple in my heart
Where moth or rust can never come,
A temple swept and set apart,
To make my soul a home.

And round about the doors of it
Hang garlands that forever last,
That gathered once are always sweet.

The roses of the past!
—Songs From an Italian Garden,
by A. Mary F. Robinson.

SOMETHING TO EAT

When serving children try placing a chocolate cream on a graham wafer and place in a warm oven. When partly melted place another wafer over, forming a sandwich. Creams go farther this way, are eaten as part of a meal and will be chewed well before swallowing.

Light Cake.—Sift one cupful of granulated sugar, add two beaten egg yolks and one whole egg; beat five minutes. Sift two cupfuls of pastry flour with two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, add to the first mixture. Add one cupful of cream, a pinch of salt and one teaspoonful of vanilla. Beat well and bake in layers.

Frosting.—Boil one cupful of brown sugar with five tablespoonfuls of water for four minutes. Pour over two egg whites beaten stiff. Add one teaspoonful of vanilla and beat until the frosting will stand alone.

Delicious Macaroni.—Cut four slices of macaroni into small slices; mince one onion and fry together until the onion is cooked. Add one can of tomato soup and three cupfuls of cooked macaroni. Mix well, place in a baking dish, cover with breadcrumbs and bake in a hot oven until brown. Use seasoning of salt and pepper to taste.

Another Chop Suey.—Cut two and one-half pounds of the loin of lamb into small pieces and fry until brown and tender. Add two medium-sized onions and a bunch of celery cut into pieces, cook until tender, add salt and pepper to taste. Now add one can of string beans or bean sprouts and two cans of tomatoes (strained). Take one cupful of rice, add four cupfuls of boiling water after the rice has been well washed, add two tablespoonfuls of salt and let stand two hours. Cook with one pound of butter until the rice is tender, add to the meat and simmer one-half hour.

Asparagus Sandwiches.—Slice stale bread very thin and dip it into french salad dressing; at the same time marinate stalks of cooked asparagus between a slice of buttered bread cut slightly thicker. Serve well chilled.

More Sweetness.

The French sports writers are still trying to account for the sensational play of Horton Smith, the twenty-one-year-old American golf professional, who won the French national championship this year. One of them attributes his victory over competitors of far greater age and experience to his fondness for milk and chocolate. He asked a traveler friend, "How's the milk supply in Paris?" He was told that there were cows in France. "And chocolate?" He was assured that Switzerland regards the chocolate industry as one of its most important. "Well, then, I'm all right, for milk is the only thing I drink, and chocolate is a great help to me over a long stretch of play."

Dr. Daniel Carson in speaking of the dieting by American women, which has been so prevalent in recent years, says it has done more than merely make them slender—it has caused dissatisfaction, nagging, irascible wives. Physical thinness to a very great extent has been accompanied by "nerves"—nerves starved for sweets, which they need to supply energy and keep up the body processes.

He claims that it is his deliberate judgment that at least 50 per cent of the divorcees in America today are the result of dieting whims. The way to tame the modern, sweet-starved, scolding woman is to "say it with candy." Husbands, the chief sufferers from the slenderizing fad, can restore the domestic harmony with a tempting box of chocolates presented with the proper flourish and remarks at the propitious moment.

It will take time to convince the woman on a diet that she may eat sugar and candy in reasonable amount without adding to her weight, in fact, just cutting down on the amount of food eaten, taking exercise consistently, walking in the open air, and eating anything which you enjoy, but not too much, will bring about the happiest of results. Buy more candy, make more in the home, eat some every day, and keep sweet.

Inner Secrets.—Put dates and stuff with pineapple. Prepare and roll out flaky pastry one-eighth of an inch in thickness, cut into strips slightly wider than the date, wrap the date, pinching the edges together. Brush with egg yolk which has been diluted with milk. Bake in a hot oven until brown. This is a nice way to use leftover pastry.

Nellie Maxwell



Tan Kasha Ensemble for Fall, Favoring the Higher Waistline.



Tan Jersey Street Dress, With Higher Waistline Indicated.

able to make herself look like a graduate of Mr. Ziegfeld's glorifying establishment. The bouffant robe de style, which has always been dangerous for the girl not in the lightweight division, will be seen less than the clinging, long-limbed gown with a hemline which will know no law.

If a woman's legs are not pretty enough to show up well against a contrasting ground, she should avoid the dress that is longer in the back than in the front. But with the new gowns showing length in any one of a hundred ways this will not limit her field of choice.

There will be fewer close-fitting