MRS. WILSON GIVES DISHES MADE BY SWEDISH COOKS

Delicious Platter Meal Which Includes Many Health-Giving Vegetables and Cuts Down Amount of Meat

By MRS. M. A. WILSON

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Left over pieces of bread quickly spoil if they are allowed to accumulate in the bread box. The humidity which accompanies the heat causes the bread, which is usually shut in a close and almost unventilated box, to mold in just a few hours.

To prevent this, scald and rinse the breadbox thoroughly once a week. Sun and air it for one hour every day and do not return broken and cut bread to the box. If these bits of bread do accumulate, then place them in a pan in the oven, where they will, as the oven is in use from time to time, become dry and thus may be made into crumbs. Whole wheat, rye and brown breads may be used in this way.

To Prepare the Crumbs

Have the bread thoroughly dry; this means that it must be hard and crisp, for if it is soft it will clog the machine. Put the medium fine knife on the food chopper and put the stale bread through. Now sift through a colander and then you will have two size crumbs. Return the fine crumbs to the oven for three minutes. Let cool, then pack in fruit jars. These crumbs are now ready for crumbing all foods which are intended for deep fat frying. The coarse crumbs can be used for puddings, cakes and au gratin dishes.

Spiced Bread Crumb Pudding

Place in a mixing bowl:

Two cups of thin apple sauce, made from summer apples,
One cup of syrup,
One-half cup of sugar,
Two teaspoons of cinnamon,
One teaspoon of nutmeg,
One-half teaspoon of salt,
One-half teaspoon of allspice,
One-half teaspoon of ginger,
Two cups of coarse bread crumbs,
Five tablespoons of melted shortening,
One egg,
One cup of flour,
One level tablespoon of baking powder,
One cup of seeded raisins.

Beat to mix and then turn into well-greased baking dish and bake for thirty minutes in a moderate oven.

Swensk Stoppad Oxkott Gronsaker
(Swedish stuffed beef with vegetables)

Have the butcher make a pocket in a pound of skirt or flank steak. Now place in a frying pan:

One-half cup of shortening,
One cup of thinly sliced onions,
Two cups of coarse bread crumbs,
One-half cup of water.

Cook slowly until onions are tender. Now add:

One and one-half teaspoons of salt,
One-half teaspoon of pepper,
One-quarter teaspoon of thyme,
One-quarter teaspoon of sage,
One-quarter teaspoon of caraway seeds.

Mix and then place in the meat; sew the opening with stout string. Now rub the meat with a shortening and pat into it one-half cup of flour. Brown quickly in hot fat and then lift to a deep saucepan and add one cup of boiling water. Cover closely and steam, using the simmering burner, until the meat is tender; this usually takes about one and three-quarter hours. Add sufficient water to make the desired amount of gravy. Season.

Now lift the meat to a hot meat platter and cut with a sharp knife into six portions. Garnish with:

Six whole-boiled onions,
Six whole-boiled beets,
Six whole-boiled carrots,
One quart of small whole-boiled potatoes.

While the meat and vegetables are cooking, shred sufficient cabbage to measure three and one-half cups. Cook until tender in boiling water and season well; spread over the meat and vegetables. Sprinkle the cabbage with fried bread crumbs and one-quarter teaspoon of caraway seeds. Pour over the gravy and then serve.

This delicious one-platter meal may be provided for the family of four or six at a cost of:

Meat	.40
One cup of shortening	.10
Two cups of bread crumbs	.04
Seasoning	.02
One bunch of beets	.05
One quart of onions	.10
One quart of small potatoes	.15
One head of cabbage	.07
Total	$ .91

and if the menu be planned as follows:

Scallions Pickled Cucumbers
Swedish Stuffed Beef with Vegetables
Sliced Tomatoes French Dressing
Deepdish Applepie Coffee

The winners of the

PRIZE MENU CONTEST

will be announced on Monday. Three prizes are offered for the best menu for a dollar and a half dinner for four people.

The prizes are as follows:

First, $2.50
Second, $1.00
Third, $1.00

Rules: The foods used must be staples and in season. Each menu must be accompanied by a sales slip showing the cost of all the materials. The name and address of the sender and the date must be distinctly written.

Address all menus to

**Mrs. WILSON'S MENU CONTEST
EVENING PUBLIC LEDGER
INDEPENDENCE SQUARE**

The entire cost of the meal would be approximately:

Scallions, one bunch	.03
Cucumber, small	.03
Swedish Stuffed Beef with vegetables	.99
Two tomatoes	.05
Seasoning	.03
Eight summer apples Greenings	.03
Sugar	.10
One-half cup of flour for crust and two tablespoons of shortening	.04
Loaf home-made bread	.07
Butter, in six small balls	.05
Coffee	.05
Total	$1.50

and this would provide a satisfying and nourishing meal. Many people will feel that this amount of meat is a small allowance, but it is used in this dish for flavoring and when cooked will provide six fairly good sized portions. If we are really to combat the ever soaring cost of food, we will need to start in by reducing the amount of meat.

European nations as a rule have meat but twice a week in well-to-do families and not more than three times monthly among the working people, yet they are wonderfully healthy; intestinal and other disturbances that are due to an overabundant diet of meat are practically unknown over there. Usually no butter is placed on table with this meal.

Swensk Kalfkolt Korf
(Swidish Veal Sausages)

Wash one pound of stewing veal and place in a saucepan and add two cups of boiling water. Then add:

Two onions,
One clove,
Pinch of caraway seed,
One carrot, minced fine.

Cook slowly over the simmering burner until tender, and then let cool, put the meat through the food chopper, using the fine knife. Turn into a mixing bowl and add:

Two cups of fine bread crumbs,
Three onions, grated,
One-half cup of finely minced parsley,
One teaspoon of salt,
One-half teaspoon of pepper,
One-quarter teaspoon of thyme,
One-eighth teaspoon of sage,
Pinch of caraway seeds.

And a few tablespoons of the stock in which the meat was cooked. Mix thoroughly and then form into sausages and shape. Roll in flour, then dip in egg wash, roll in fine crumbs and fry until golden brown in hot fat. Make a gravy, using stock in which the meat was cooked. Plan to serve this dish in the following menu:

Tomato Canape
Swedish Veal Sausages
Boiled Potatoes Corn on the Cob
Coleslaw
Peach Shortcake Coffee

To prepare the Swedish veal sausages:

One pound of stewing veal, breast	.30
Onions and seasoning	.05
Bread crumbs	.04
Fat for cooking	.05
Egg	.05
One quart of small potatoes	.15
One-half dozen ears of corn	.30
Cabbage and dressing	.10
One quart of peaches	.15
MATERIALS FOR CAKES	
One cup of flour	.02
Four tablespoons of sugar	.04
Two tablespoons of shortening	.02
Baking powder	.01
Egg	.05
Loaf of home-made bread	.07
Butter	.05
Coffee	.05
Grand total	$1.50

or an approximate cost of $.25 per person per meal.

Menu Contest Honor List

Mrs. J. Currigan,
1221 North Alden street.

Menu
Veal Potpie
Potatoes String Beans
Sliced Tomatoes and Lettuce
Bread Butter Coffee
Sliced Peaches

SALES SLIP

One and one-half pounds of stewing veal	$ .50
One-quarter peck of string beans	.18
One quart of potatoes	.12
Tomatoes and lettuce	.15
Onion	.02
Bread and butter	.12
Flour, salt and shortening	.08
Coffee, cream and sugar	.10
Small carrier of peaches	.23
Total	$1.50

Mrs. C. Sanford,
Frankford, Pa.

Menu
Tomato Soup
Roast Beef Mashed Potatoes
Tomato Salad
Fresh String Beans Cucumbers
Bread and Butter
Orange Gelatin Iced Coffee

SALES SLIP

One can of tomato soup	$ .12
Two pounds beef to potroast	.35
One-quarter peck of potatoes	.25
Three tomatoes	.08
One head of salad	.05
One-quarter peck of string beans	.07
One cucumber	.03
Two small onions	.02
Salt and apper	.03
Bread	.08
Butter	.10
Sugar	.07
Coffee and ice	.12
One package of gelatin	.12
Total	$1.49

Mrs. Alex J. MacLean,
4028 Spruce street.

MENU
Corned Beef
Boiled Potatoes Boiled Cabbage
Lettuce and Tomatoes With
French Dressing
Bread and Butter Iced Tea
Baked Apples

SALES SLIP

Corned beef (three pounds)	$ .75
Potatoes	.12
Cabbage	.05
Lettuce and tomatoes	.15
French dressing	.05
Bread	.05
Butter	.15
Iced tea	.06
Baked apples	.06
Sugar	.06
Total	$1.50

Mrs. W. Brooks,
Darby, Pa.

Menu
Stuffed Breast of Lamb (Roasted)
Mint Sauce Browned Potatoes Gravy
String Beans
Boiled Suet Pudding (Raspberry and Apple)
White Sauce
Lettuce Sliced Tomatoes
White or Rye Bread Butter
Hot or Iced Tea

SALES SLIP

One and one-half pounds breast of lamb	$ .30
One-quarter peck of fresh string beans	.08
One-half of one-quarter peck of potatoes	.12
Box of raspberries	.18
Two apples	.05
One pound of flour	.09
Suet	.05
One-half loaf of rye or white bread	.08
One-quarter pound of best butter	.17
Six ounces of sugar	.10
Tea and ice	.03
Stale bread, vinegar, baking powder and seasoning	.04
Egg	.05
Milk	.04
Salad and tomatoes	.08
Total	$1.46

Unbelted Coats

Judging by the latest word from Paris, the autumn silhouette in suits is marked by the short, unbelted coat. This coat falls over a straight skirt, the plainness of which is often relieved by panels. A new note is the high military collar turned back in front. Large cape collars are also often used, as seen on the cloak above.

Smart is a new tailored frock for early autumn—a short, black, rough, serge jacket fastened with black and white buttons over a two-flounced skirt of black and white plaid wool. This jacket, which extends only to the top of the hips, is very slightly curved into the figure—the curve being hardly perceptible—and is edged all about with a very narrow plaited frill of serge. The collar, which mounts to the ears and turns over, is also edged with this extremely narrow plaiting.

YOU CAN MAKE THEM

There are some very artistic hand-painted beads and pendants displayed in the stores these days, and they are easily made at home if you have a little spare time, and ever so little artistic ability.

The round pendant illustrated was made from a wooden-button mould. A large button-mould about an inch and a half in diameter should be chosen, and it should have a hole pierced in the center. Paint the entire mould on both sides with oil paint to which has been added a small quantity of white enamel of the kind which comes for painting furniture. When the paint is dry trace the design on both sides of the mould with carbon paper, and fill it with the oil paints in some contrasting colors. The pendant is suspended from a silk cord of a harmonizing color, and eight glass beads are secured on the cord with knots as shown in the illustration. The design ready for tracing is given to the right of the necklace.

The long bead and triangular pendant are both made of clay. A special kind of clay which comes for this purpose may be had at any art supply store. This clay dries hard without cracking. Moisten the clay, model the pendant and bears directly on to a silk cord, and allow them to dry. They should be the actual size here illustrated, and the designs may be traced on the clay when dry with carbon paper. The beads may be either flat or round with the design worked out on two sides. Paint them in two colors as described for the button mould.

The Woman's Exchange

A Complexion Brush

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—Please describe a face brush. Are they of hair or rubber?

MRS. F. S.

A face brush is a little round affair of flat rubber with soft, blunt "bristles," also of rubber. It is used to stimulate the circulation in the face and produce good color and a smooth complexion. It is a very good thing to use.

The Stamp Language

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—Will you kindly publish in your column the stamp language?

R. C.

Upside down left—I love you.
Crosswise—My heart is another's.
Straight up and down—Good-by, sweetheart.
Upside down right—Write no more.
In middle at top—Yes.
In middle at bottom—No.
Right angles at right—Do you love me?
Right angles at left—I hate you.
Top corner at right—I wish your friendship.
On line with surname—Accept my love.
Same upside down—I am engaged.

Proper Garb for Bicycling

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—I am just seventeen. Will you tell me the proper way to dress when riding a bicycle? I have been wearing white bloomers, middie and skirt, but I have found that on a windy evening the skirt forever blows up. Now I have gymnasium bloomers, but they are too hot and clumsy for this weather. Some girl asked me this question and I wish you would answer it.

What is the quickest way to get thinner? I read that by massaging the lower lip it would make it thinner. Will you tell me how to do it?

Won't bobbed hair have to stay in style since so many girls had it cut, and now it won't grow in to suit the style?

M. M.

Why don't you get a regular divided skirt, the kind that is worn for horseback riding? Or you might wear the regulation riding habit of short breeches, leggings or boots, and a long-skirted coat that comes almost to the knees when you are sitting down. It seems to me that if you wore a rather scant skirt over your bloomers, it would not blow up and would still give you plenty of freedom.

The quickest way to get thin is to go on a diet, but it would not be safe to plan this for yourself without the advice and approval of a physician. Sometimes, if you exercise hard and regularly every day, you can reduce your flesh and make it hard and healthy at the same time, but be sure before you start anything of the kind that you are in condition to stand it. You might injure your health if you go at it too hard, you know.

You would have to consult a beauty specialist to find the proper way to massage the lip in order to make it thinner. Bobbed hair will undoubtedly stay in style until it grows long again, but fewer girls are having it done now than formerly.

Making More Money

"The Goldfish Queen"

BEFORE she located her "big idea," Miss Katherine Cooper was secretary to the mayor of Omaha, Neb., but her salary was not sufficient to meet her needs. What was more, the outlook for the future was distinctly limited. She knew that she would have to step outside her office routine to earn more money, but she felt that her business experience would enable her to do this—once she found something on which she could specialize.

One day the goldfish in a department store fountain attracted her attention and she formed the habit of spending most of her lunch-hour watching the fish and asking questions about them.

"It suddenly flashed upon me," she afterward explained, "that most of the profit was in the globes and food. If I could only sell the supplies I could afford to give the fish away."

Thereupon she had some cards printed, announcing that every child who called at a certain drug store would be given a goldfish, provided they brought something to put it in. She distributed these cards at the schoolhouse, and before 6 o'clock the same day every one of the goldfish had been carried away—in jars, pans, cans, glasses and even coffee pots.

"Until 8 o'clock that night I thought my plan had failed," says Miss Cooper. "Then they began to troop in. Parental love and the fact that obviously goldfish cannot be kept in coffee pots came to my rescue. By 11 o'clock I had sold all my stock of globes and food and had wired for more."

On the proceeds of several similar ventures Miss Cooper opened a small establishment in Chicago, gradually expanding through the South and Southwest until, at the present time, she has built up a business which pays her just about five times her former salary as secretary. And it is all based on that idea of giving goldfish away!

Monday—Squeezing Dollars from Lemons

DIANA and Julian Long didn't quarrel; their life might have been more interesting if they had. They simply lived along in a dull way until they decided to separate on account of their

"Careless Hearts"

This is the new serial by

HAZEL DEYO BATCHELOR

And it starts after the separation. The story of what happened afterward begins on

Monday, August 9

Be Sure to Read It

Adventures With a Purse

ONE can never have too many towel racks, seems as if every member of the family needed a whole rack to himself, to say nothing of the rack for guest towels. I love to see a shiny white bathroom, luxuriously fitted with quantities of soft, snowy towels, don't you? Well, to continue with the racks, I know where you can get glass towel racks for ten cents each. Now isn't that a real bargain?

Aren't desk accessories fascinating? I am sure that I could spend all my spare change on glue pots with cunning tops, fancy blotters, and the like. And certainly, I could never resist the set I saw today for moistening envelope flaps and stamps. It consists of two squatty, well-shaped bottles, equipped with sponges and daubers for moistening the envelope or postage stamp. The tops are decorated, and remind one of these lovely perfume bottles. And they come attractively boxed in one of those pretty gift boxes with a poem on the top. The price of the pair is eighty-five cents. You'd better look sharp if you are interested, for I saw only one set.

One of the better shoe shops is having a sale of $14 and $17 shoes reduced to $11.90. The ones I particularly want to tell you about are satin pumps in black or a dull tan resembling bronze. They come in two styles, the regular Colonial pump, and the pump with the new ankle strap and bow.

In the making of cakes and the like that requires accurate measuring, it is no end of a trial to use first one spoon of one size, and then to stop and find a larger or smaller one for the next measurement. Which is why the spoon I have in mind is so uncommonly convenient. It is a metal spoon marked with lines showing teaspoon size, tablespoon, etc. The price is ten cents.

Your Soul's in Your Hand

By IRVING R. BACON

OPTIMISTIC MARTIAN

A, Upper Mount of Mars, is indicated within the dotted line.

VIII

The greatest optimists are recruited from the ranks of Martians of a different class from those of whom the immediately preceding article treated. Draw imaginary parallel lines across the palm, from the top and bottom of the Lower Mount of Mars, and the bulge at the percussion (outer edge of the hand), opposite the Lower Mount of Mars, is the Upper Mount of Mars, the index of perseverance, hopefulness, optimism and true courage.

Although not an aggressive mount, it possesses all the traits that make for happiness or, at least, contentment. For the Martian of this sort never allows himself to be utterly discouraged. Never, perhaps, has any one with this marking committed suicide on account of discouragement. Of this optimistic sort of Martians are those who always see the "silver lining" of the cloud; those who can never be kept down by the blows of adversity; those who, though overwhelmed by misfortunes and bowed down to the ground with sorrows, always manage, in the end, to "bob up serenely" to tackle life's problems anew, "with a heart for any fate."

When the Lower Mount is highly developed but the Upper Mount lacking, the Martian is likely to be a blustering braggadocio rather than a real hero.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Please Tell Me What to Do

By CYNTHIA

Mother Won't Let Him

Dear Cynthia—I have also come to you for your good advice. I have been going with a young lady almost a year and loved her dearly. She said she loved me until a few weeks ago she told me not to come to see her any more. The reason was that I wasn't drawing enough salary. That is true, as I am leaning a trade and it will take two years before I complete it. Now this is what I wanted to know. I love this girl and know I can win her back, but my mother positively forbids me to go back to her. I tried to speak to her about same but in vain. HEARTBROKEN.

As you are young enough to have to obey in these matters you had better let well enough alone. You are not able to marry the girl and she evidently does not want to wait for you till you are older and make money.

Defends Dancing in Public Halls

Dear Cynthia—This letter is in answer to girls going to dance halls.

First of all I have met very nice girls who go there and they are just as much respected by their friends as the ones who do not go. They are not the doll kind of girls. They don't put powder on their faces an inch thick or any other thing to give them the appearance of the freaks that are seen on Chestnut street. They don't think every fellow who speaks to them is going to marry them, but talk to them and dance with them and they come home at a decent time and not 1 or 2 in the morning. And any way, I don't think any girl should be looked down on because she dances in public dance halls just to pass an enjoyable evening. And I think dancing at home is very nice, but one does not always have a big enough house to bring his or her friends around to dance.

HAPPY-GO-LUCKY.

There is certainly no objection to dancing in a properly conducted place, and it is always easy to find the proper place to go.

Join the Boy Scouts

Dear Cynthia—I am a young boy of fifteen. I would like very much to know how to make friends. I have just moved to the "City of Brotherly Love" from a distant city and I can't make friends. I do not seem to understand the people here in the East, or they don't understand me. I have gone to church and I thought maybe I could make friends there, but the people don't even seem to notice me. I do not go to school here because my father has been very sick and I had to help with the family expenses. He is so very cross, which seems to take all the pleasure out of my young life, and makes me feel so blue that I can't seem to gather courage enough to go out and make friends.

I live in a new section of the city and there are no boys my age that live near me.

Will you please publish this letter in your columns and give me a satisfactory answer, so I may go out and make friends?

LONESOME.

Go to Boy Scout headquarters and join a troop. You will make many friends in this way and be in the way of making others.

Ask Him to Go With You

Dear Cynthia—I am a constant reader of your column and I have written to you once before. The advice that you gave me was simply wonderful, and I want to take this means of thanking you. Now another problem has come up, which I want you to solve. I went with a young fellow, two years my senior, for some time. I met his sister a short time after, and she asked me to come up to her house. Well, I did not like the idea, but she persuaded me so long that I finally gave in and went up there one Saturday afternoon. Well, I met her brother, and although he is not much older than me, he carries himself that way. Well, I suppose I appealed to him, and he asked to take me out several times, and I always went. He was up to see me one night, and there was no one at home. He told me that not care, but just wants me to marry him, but he was too much a man to kiss me, which is very unusual, as I know the boys of today. They will kiss you and all the girls they take out, but he is different.

I had a quarrel with him, and now I would not care to break friendship, as I am getting to love him. Now I would appreciate, dear Cynthia, if you would tell me through your column how to regain his friendship. A friend of mine is going to give a party in a few weeks, and do you think it would be all right for me to ask him to escort me there?

BROKENHEARTED.

Is She In Love?

Dear Cynthia—I am a young girl, seventeen years of age, and have kept house for my father until recently, mother having died when I was ten years of age.

In the office where I work there is a young man of twenty-three years who seems to pay quite a bit of attention to me, and until lately I have always thought of him as nothing but a friend, but now I think I am really beginning to care for this young man, and though I know I am too young to be in love, I fear that that is what has happened to me.

It seems no matter where I am I always seem to be thinking of him.

This young man is very quiet and isn't "beautiful" by any means, but he is a refined young man and never talks to the girls in the office unless they speak first.

Dear Cynthia, please help me in this if you can; that is, tell me if you think I am really in love or is this just a foolish idea. Probably some of your readers have had an experience similar to mine, and if there is any one who has I would be grateful to hear from them through your columns. FROU FROU.

Of course it is possible that you are beginning to care for this young man, but you are very young. Let time and the young man himself tell you, when the time comes. In the meantime be your natural self and above all keep bright and happy.

The Question Corner

Today's Inquiries

1. What interesting fact is known about Mrs. W. O. Wood, of Columbus, O.?
2. In planning summer dresses, what should be avoided by the girl who expects to do much visiting at various places?
3. Describe a new electric plug convenient for the dining-room chandelier.
4. What test will prove whether cotton crepe is good, or only crepy on the surface?
5. How can the water mark on a glass flower vase be prevented from reappearing after it is washed off?
6. What material is practical and pretty for bedspreads?

Yesterday's Answers

1. Her Royal Highness, Princess Anastasia, of Greece, is the former Mrs. William B. Leeds, who grew up in Ohio.
2. Straps for a ribbon belt on a young girl's party dress are made of wreaths of varicolored roses.
3. When hot weather makes sleeping difficult, fill a small hot-water bag with ice cold water, and place it under the head, to induce sleep.
4. If the blade of an electric fan is hard to move, drop a few drops of kerosene on the bearings, through the holes provided for lubricating.
5. A cute way to trim a little girl's nightgown is to make two squirrels of contrasting material, and applique them, like patchwork, on the front.
6. A novel raincoat is made of black rubberized satin, embroidered in a coarse white thread.

WHAT'S WHAT

By HELEN DECIE

Any public demonstration of the emotions is regarded as an impropriety. Jealousy especially should be suppressed since it makes its victim miserable and renders every one in the vicinity uncomfortable.

"Jealousy is a secret avowal of inferiority," says Massillon. Self-respect should prevent a woman from displaying this ignoble emotion. Even policy ought to dictate concealment of the effect wrought by a possible rival.

The green-eyed monster feeds almost wholly on imagination. A husband or a fiance can be pleasant to another woman without falling in love with her. The jealous woman, lacking the self-control inculcated by good breeding, is an affliction to herself and to all associated with her.

THE DAILY NOVELETTE

Wanted: An Ice Cream

By MYRTLE E. WHITTEMORE

MISS CHARLOTTE dropped her work in her lap and ceased to rock. Dressed in lavender negligee she sat in the little sewing room on the north side of the house crocheting. It was the 31st of July, with the thermometer registering 94 degrees in the shade. No wonder Miss Charlotte was finding difficulty in concentrating her mind on her pattern.

"Oh, how I wish I had an ice cream," she sighed. "But it's Sadie's afternoon off, and surely nobody else wants to go out in this terrible heat." Mechanically she resumed her work.

A moment later, hearing the click-clack of French heels on the stone pavement, she stepped to the front window.

"Oh, Elizabeth," she called. Are you going down town?"

Abruptly the trim young lady halted and with a twirl of her yellow parasol smiled engagingly.

"Yes, Miss Charlotte. Is there something I can do for you?"

The elderly lady beamed with pleasure as she wiped her brow with a dainty lace-edged handkerchief.

"Would you be willing to bring me some ice cream?" she asked. "A small box, you know, of the dry packed harlequin."

Elizabeth smiled her sweetest. "I'll be glad to," she said. "If you are not in any hurry. I'm going over to Grace's to tea and can't promise when I'll be coming home."

Miss Charlotte's face fell, but she bravely smiled. "Well, never mind, dear, if you're not coming right back. But I do hate to telephone for them to send a boy up with such a small order."

Elizabeth repeated her offer, but it was declined. So in all the vivacity and gayety of her youth she skipped down the street, while Miss Charlotte lazily picked up her crocheting.

"Three open, two closed and three open," she murmured to herself, but her hook failed to keep pace with her counting. Suddenly an idea came to her. Laying her work in the basket, "I'll ask Mildred to bring it," she exclaimed as she reached for the phone.

"Give me 43," she called. "Hello—Miss Corey? This is Miss Charlotte. Would you do a little errand for me on your way home from the bank? I'm simply roasted up here on the hill and am dying for an ice cream. Would you bring it up when you come. * * * The last day of the month? Why so it is, Mildred. I didn't think about your working late tonight. That's too bad * * * Thank you just the same. I'll get along somehow."

A resignedly she leaned back in her rocking chair.

"Four open, one closed and five chain three times," she counted. Thus the afternoon dragged wearily on. The heat seemed to become more oppressive as the sun traveled farther west and shot wavering beams into the room from between the motionless leaves on the trees. Nobody was astir. Not a bluebird sang nor a sparrow chirped. Even the dogs seemed to prefer the shade of their kennels. Gradually Miss Charlotte's fingers began to lag and her head to nod.

Suddenly she was roused from her rapping by a knock at the back door. On the piazza stood a little boy about nine years old, barefooted, his faded blue blouse turned back at the neck and his sleeves rolled up to the elbow. Perspiration had washed little roads down his cheeks and several smudges could be plainly seen in his neck where soiled hands had left their mark. But through the dirt he smiled.

"Want to buy some blueberries?" he asked. "They're high bush and just picked."

Miss Charlotte was not especially fond of blueberries, but that hot afternoon she was very lonesome and her heart went out to the little chap who had worked so hard trying to earn a few pennies.

"Won't you come in?" she asked kindly. "I can use a quart, I guess. How much are they?"

"Twenty-five."

"You look dreadfully hot," she continued, as she brought a small dish. "Did you have to go far for the berries?"

"Ey'm, way down to Beaver Pond's where the best berries grow. 'Twas some hot walking up to town, believe me."

Miss Charlotte went to the pantry again and returned with a larger dish. "Do you want to let me buy what berries you have," she asked, "and I'll have Sadie put them up tomorrow."

"Would you like to do an errand for me down town?" she asked.

"Sure, what is it?"

Miss Charlotte counted out the change while she explained. "I want some ice cream. Go to Lane's and ask for a pint box of dry-packed harlequin. Can you remember all that?"

"Sure," again came the prompt reply as he repeated the errand before starting out the door.

Not five minutes later the doorbell rang and to her amazement Miss Charlotte saw Elizabeth.

"I've brought you the ice cream" said the girl. "I came home early as I hated to think of you sitting here all alone."

"You dear child," said Miss Charlotte. "You'll stay, of course, and help me eat it, won't you," and she hastened to set the table with her pretty glass dishes.

Just as they had begun to eat, the doorbell rang again. Greatly amused by this time, Miss Charlotte ushered in Gertrude Corey carrying a small box in her hand.

"Mildred told me you wanted some ice cream," she explained.

"You darling!" exclaimed Miss Charlotte. "Elizabeth has brought me some too. Won't you come in and join us? We've got lots more than we can eat." So Gertrude sat down to the table, delighted to eat with her elders.

It seemed only a moment later when they were interrupted by a knock at the back door.

"That's my little blueberry boy," Miss Charlotte excused herself. "He's brought me some cream, too."

She laughed as she confronted the boy with the package. "Well, my little man, it looks as though you would have to eat all that cream yourself, for I have had two boxes brought me already."

The child's eyes grew as big as saucers. "Honest?" he asked doubtfully.

"Of course. Come in and see," and she opened the screen door. The boy peeped into the dining room and was satisfied.

"Can I take it home to ma?" was his immediate question. "She likes ice cream, too."

"You may do anything you like with it," Miss Charlotte smiled. "I have all I want here."

"I'll bring you some more berries tomorrow," he said.

"Goodness me, not before Saturday," she called as she laughingly went back to her guests.

Monday's complete novelette, "For Her Birthday"

VACATION IS OVER NOW; IT'S BACK TO THE GRIND

Thoughts Are Not Very Clear on the Way Home on the Train. They Take in Everything From Sunburn to Home-Made Biscuits for Dinner!

SATURDAY, the seventh, vacation over. Back to the drive on Monday! The gay bathing suit is almost, but not quite, on account of that last swim this morning, dry and disconsolately ready to be packed away until "another day." The gingham frock that started out so bravely is all faded across the back now from that sail in the broiling sun. The starch and pep were all taken out of the organdie frock that made such a hit at the first dance by the rain that fell suddenly and without warning the night of the beach party.

But what difference does it make? Two whole weeks of bliss! That blue and white check faded in a good cause—did anybody ever have such a glorious sail as that? Who wants an organdie dress now, with nothing to do but movies until September? That trunk which may or may not be on its way home contains plenty of scars and scratches, but they're worth while. They bring back memories of wonderful days.

Work! Oh, what an awful thought! Back to the alarm clock, the hurried breakfast, the office—oh, think of having to smile when the office "gang" says "Good morning"! A groan would be more suitable. Why do vacations have to end, anyhow?

Of course, it will be nice to see everybody again. And no doubt there will be a "favorite" dinner tonight of the home-cooked things that are different from anything anywhere, no matter what anybody says. And that little old, soft bed—the most comfortable bed in the most comfortable hotel in the world doesn't compare with it.

Everybody looks pale at the stations now. What's the matter? Oh, yes, they aren't sunburned. It will be rather nice to exhibit this good-looking tan around home. That yellow dress is very becoming to it, too. Oh, that's in the trunk. Well, maybe the trunk will get there by tonight. It couldn't, though; it only started this afternoon. Well, a white waist and skirt are still clean, and they're in the bag.

IT'S so hot. Oh, for a sea breeze! By this time, the crowd is just strolling up the boardwalk, singing probably, if they're far enough from the hotels. And there's a youngster, playing down on the beach, running after the waves when they fall back, and then turning with a half-frightened, half-playful scream as they race back at him again. It's almost time for him to go in to his supper. A solitary life guard, picturesque in red jersey and white hat, is resting on his oars as a wave lifts his boat and lets it gently down again.

Undoubtedly Helene has discovered that her hair "isn't quite dry even yet," and has let it down to catch the last rays of the drooping sun. Helene always looks well at sunset when the sunshine catches the gold on her auburn hair. Bread! Somebody's baking bread. Oh, yes, it's that bakery just outside of town. It must be time to straighten up a bit. Where's that powder puff gone to? Heavens, what lanky-looking hair! Get it washed tomorrow to take the salt water out. Sleepy! Hungry—home-made biscuits for dinner! Comfortable bed! Wonder how everybody is?

It's pretty mixed up thinking on the way home from vacation!

Things You'll Love to Make

I know you are always looking for the odd in handkerchiefs. Crochet, in pink and blue cotton, a tiny rosebud; sew it in the corner of any sheer linen handkerchief. You'll look long to find anything as odd, yet dainty. FLORA.

The Marriage Trifler

By HAZEL DEYO BATCHELOR

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Another Surrender

This is a story of a girl who took marriage too lightly. Barbara Knight wanted society and love afterward, when she married Keith Grant, although she really loved her husband. It wasn't until she discovered several things about the life she was leading that she actually began to think about it at all. She saw her younger sister, Eleanor, about to make a loveless marriage for money, she saw the shallowness of the friendship she had made and she saw her husband become interested in another woman, an innocent friendship enough, but it was galling to see that some one else could give Keith what she had never taken the trouble to give him.

KEITH analyzed his feelings on the way home that evening. He was going to miss Katherine's friendship more than he realized just at present. He wondered what marriage would do for her. Would it spoil her attitude toward life? Surely not that, for she was marrying a man who liked to do the same things she did. Bob Craig was a splendid man and between them there should be a complete understanding from the beginning.

He reached home and found Barbara in his den. She wore a simple little summer dress and the windows were open to the breeze that was blowing cool and direct into the cosy little room.

Keith stooped to kiss her, and said lightly, "I didn't know you ever came here. You know you hate the furnishings they're not a bit fashionable." The words were light, but the meaning behind them stung. For a moment Barbara's pride rose in arms and she was about to retort hotly, and then remembering, she said softly:

"You're quite right Keith, but I came here today because there is so much of you in this room."

Keith sat down and looked at her searchingly.

"Why Barbara, sentiment from you?"

"I'm afraid so."

"Keith, I want to talk to you," she said, burying still more of her pride. "About life," she went on tremblingly. "I've made such a mess of things, and I've been a failure as a wife."

That brought Keith to her in an instant, and he knelt at her side, his arms about her. "That's not true."

"Yes it is," and Barbara's voice trembled. "I can remember when you asked me to marry you, from the very first I thought only of myself, never of you, and it's been that way ever since. I never troubled to see if you liked the same things I did; I just expected you to live anyway; you know it's true, Keith."

"It's true that I've never had enough of you," he said passionately. "That's true. It's true that we've never had a real friendship since our marriage, and even our love has been sandwiched in between social events."

"And so you made a friend of Katherine Newbery," Barbara said quickly.

"Barbara!"

"Dear, I don't blame you. I think she is splendid. At first when I heard of it I hated her, and then I went down to your office and met her and liked her. It was then that I began to realize how things were going. I knew that she saw you all day, and that you liked her enough to go to her home, to be friends with her. I saw that I had no one to blame but myself, and when I looked about me and saw Leslie's marriage, and Eleanor's outlook toward life, I felt sick."

Keith's arms drew her closer.

"I thought perhaps you didn't care at all any more, but I was determined to turn over a new leaf, so I refused to take the Challoner house."

"The Challoner house!" Keith drew away to stare at her.

"Yes, I knew that if we went up there things would go on just as they always have, but we would be drawn into the whirl without being able to help ourselves."

"Barbara, sweetheart, listen to me a minute, and believe me. I like Katherine Newbery, she is a splendid girl, but I love you! This afternoon Katherine told me of her engagement to a newspaperman and I shall miss her friendship, that's all."

"But you needn't miss her friendship," Barbara interrupted quickly. She was silent a moment and then she said shyly, "Why can't I be invited to the Thursday nights?"

"Barbara Grant, what do you know about the Thursday nights?"

"I know all about them, and I was hoping that perhaps in the fall when we come back, Katherine Newbery might like another member."

And she buried her head on Keith's shoulder.

Monday—Aftermath

DREAMLAND ADVENTURES

"CHUMS IN THE WOODS"

By DADDY

CHAPTER VI

The Wild Candy Factory

HUM-M-M-M! Buz-z-z-z! Hum-m-m! Buz-z-z!

Peggy, Billy and Toddie Pupkins listened wonderingly to the murmur from the tree that Lonesome Bear said was a wild candy factory. The hum and the buzz sounded familiar to Peggy and Billy even though they never before had heard of a wild candy factory in the woods.

While they were listening, Toddie Pupkins suddenly gave a sharp yelp, and leaped backwards, tumbling head over heels. And no wonder he had yelped and jumped, for a bee had lighted on his nose, and if he hadn't moved as fast as he did, he would have been stung. As it was he shook the bee off just in time.

Toddie's jump was so funny that Peggy and Billy started to laugh. But, right in the midst of their laughter Billy gave a yell, and he, too, went tumbling backward. A bee had lighted on his hand and had stung him before he could brush it off. Billy was still rolling on the round, when Peggy gave a shriek and dashed away with a big bee buzzing around her head.

Lonesome Bear sat down and laughed. "Waw, waw, waw! Now you know who