MRS. WILSON'S DICTIONARY HAS FACTS ABOUT FOODS

Which Will Be New to the Average Person—Chow-Chow Once a Chinese Dish—Important Difference Between Chocolate and Cocoa

By MRS. M. A. WILSON

(Copyright, 1921, by Mrs. M. A. Wilson. All rights reserved.)

CHITTERLINGS—made from intestines. Famous dish of the pioneers of the early sixties.

Chives or cives—A plant belonging to the onion family, growing in clumps; minute species of onion family used for garnishing salads, in soups, stews, goulashes, etc. Has a distinctive and delicate onion flavoring all its own.

Chop Suey—A thick stew made from chicken, pork and other meat with bamboo shoots, mushrooms, rice, etc. This dish is typical of the Chinese restaurants of the country.

Chow-chow—A condiment of mixed pickles, onion, cauliflower, etc., in a mustard dressing. This originally signified a Chinese delicacy in a heavy, rich sirup with spices containing ginger, orange, lemon, citron and other fruits.

Chowder—A seacoast stew made of sea foods, onion, pork and hard-water biscuits, now popular in every zone. The New England communities are proud of their chowders and chowder parties. The word chowder is an adaptation from chaudiere—a large family stew pot or kettle, used by the seacoast folk of France, who make a similar concoction under the name of bouille basse.

Chutney—An Indian and Oriental condiment, sweet spiced pickle. Many old formulas for this delicacy call for mangoes, raisins, ginger, lemons, tamarinds, garlic and other spices.

Cider—The expressed juice of apples, usually bottled and sterilized to prevent fermentation.

Cinnamon—The bark of the young branches of the cinnamon tree. This bark is cut and during the process of curing curls into quills. This fragrant aromatic spice plays a very important part in our culinary operations. Very little stick cinnamon is used today unless in the pickling and spicing. The manufacturer packs high-grade ground or pulverized variety that holds its fragrance in the container.

Citric acid is obtained from lemon and fruits of the citrus family.

Citron—A member of the melon family, with a thick, pulpy rind; this fruit is familiar to the housewife in the form of preserved and candied citron, used in pastry, cake and confectionery work, also in fancy preserves.

Citrus—Under this title a number of varieties are classed—bitter orange, orange, lemon, grapefruit, kumaquat, lime and citron.

Clam—This species of shellfish is very well known. The quohang or hard-shell clam has three varieties—the large, Cherrystone and Little Neck.

Soft-shell clams, so-called, have a thinner and less round and flatter shell. Clams are served in stews, soups, chowders, fried, broiled, fresh and steamed.

Clam bouillon or clam broth is made by cleansing the clams well and then placing them in a kettle with cold water and steaming until the clams open; this broth is stimulating and sedative.

Cloves—Spice from tropical countries used in cooking and medicine.

Cocoa—This word is a corruption of a Spanish word—cacao—meaning the food of the gods. The cocoa bean or seeds are found in pods of varying size, from six to thirteen inches long and from two to three and one-half inches in diameter. This tree has many curious characteristics—one is that the cocoa pods grow abundantly upon the older branches and trunk of the tree and usually the part where the pods grow is bare of foliage. The fully ripe pods are gathered and then spread for two days upon the ground to dry. The shells are then opened and the seed or beans removed. The seeds are permitted to ferment and then dried and are the commercial cocoa bean.

From these beans the chocolate and cocoa used for culinary purposes is made. Chocolate contains the fat of the bean; cocoa has this fat removed.

Cocoa nibs—The cracked shell of the cocoa beans—a drink is made by steeping these nibs in water and then boiling it; it is served similar to coffee.

Cocoa shells are shells separated from the bean and used for cheap beverages.

Cocoa butter—A by-product; the fat or oil expressed from the cocoa beans, used by the medical profession and in confectionery.

Coconut—The fruit of the coconut palm; this tree grows wild without cultivation; the fruit is well known and needs no explanation. The dried and shredded product is to be found in every community.

Coconut oil is a clear white fat made by pressing the meat of the coconut. Copra, the dried meat of the coconut, is a commercial vehicle in South Sea Isles, Ceylon and East Indian trade. This oil is used extensively in cosmetics, soaps and the making of butter substitutes, namely nut butters.

Cod—A fish abundant in the northern Atlantic waters; salt cod is the cured fish, packed under the following classifications: Boneless cod, flaked, shredded or picked cod.

Rock cod—Fish dried on rocks; it is also called klipp fish.

Cod Sound tongue and roe—These are delicacies of the New England fisherman.

Cod liver oil is the clarified and expressed fat of cod livers, used medicinally.

Coffee—The entire world is today familiar with this beverage; it needs no introduction. Coffee was brought to Holland and thence to Europe about the sixteenth century. The coffee houses of old "merrie England" are a standing tribute to the popularity of this beverage. Until the end of the seventeenth century the world's entire supply of coffee came from Africa. Louis XIV of France was the first to push and promote its culture in the French West Indian colonies at Martinique. It was from this beginning that it was quickly introduced to other semitropical countries, including the West Indies, Central and South America. The varieties are Mocha, Java, Santo, Bogota, Maracaibo, Rio, Mexican, Bourbon, Santos, Marsagogipi, Central American Liberian and Peaberry.

Two Minutes of Optimism

By HERMAN J. STICH

Alonzo Herndon

HIS father and mother were both slaves in a backwoods county in Georgia, and he himself was too young to comprehend when Lincoln's famous edict removed the shackles from their shoulders and proclaimed him a "free" child.

At twelve he had "hired out" and was working fourteen hours a day for a crust and a mattress.

The only money he saved was by surreptitiously selling burnt pine tar for grease, making baskets for cotton pickers, gathering black walnuts, which he held over until winter and sold at ten cents a hundred; burning charcoal at night and carrying it five miles to sell at five cents a bushel, cultivating and marketing the tiny crop of his Lilliputian cotton patch.

By dint of stint and scrape he managed to hoard up enough pennies to buy a regular suit of clothes, and make his way to the metropolis of his state, Atlanta, where, with capital consisting solely of health, ambition, ordinary intelligence and a horror of being a "no-account" boy, he determined he would some day enjoy the comforts and some of the luxuries he felt every man was entitled to who wanted them badly enough to be willing to pay their full price.

His first job was the last chair in a barber shop, where his smiling willingness, courtesy, industry and general bearing soon won him a foremanship. Later he was made manager. And still later he had laid by enough to buy a barber shop of his own.

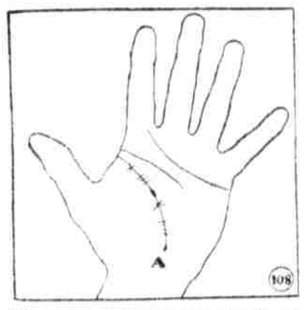
Today Alonzo Herndon owns and operates chain tonsorial shops on many of Atlanta's most fashionable streets. His biggest establishment is worth $20,000. Some of his others are worth $15,000 each. He himself is rated at $500,000; and he is one of the richest members of his race in the South.

Herndon's career was brought to light by his recent purchase and equipment of a magnificent house to be used as a day nursery and kindergarten for Negro children. Some years ago he founded the Herndon Community Center, a group of orphanages and hospitals. He has given large sums to the Y. M. C. A. and to Atlanta University. His endowments, benefactions and charities are statewide, and the character of many of them is such that they do not get into print—paying the rent for old, poor people; sending sick children to the country and seashore; supplying medical aid and food to those who are in need.

This human document is worth recording for two of many reasons—first, because it warms the human heart, which is drawing inspiration from, or extending appreciation and congratulations for a victory over poverty, ignorance, prejudice and other handicaps, draws no color line—and, second, because in its larger and more general aspects, it gives a true picture of America, furnishes a refutation of the fallacious plaint that the day of opportunity in America is passed.

Your Soul's in Your Hand

By IRVING R. BACON



Crosses, Crossbars and Dots on Life Line

[illegible] of a serious attack of illness. Usually a corresponding disposition of [illegible] found on head or heart line to indicate the nature of the life line's trouble.

CVIII

The defects of the life line heretofore spoken of related to defects inherent in the line itself. Crosses, cross-bars and dots are adventitious defects. The difference may be illustrated by comparison with the heart, in which the organic and functional troubles are regarded in the same way as the troubles indicated by thin, chained, shallow, etc., lines; whereas a blow, a wound, etc., corresponds to the crosses, cross-bars, dots, etc., on the line.

And in both instances the results also correspond. For a powerful blow in the region of the heart causes the same kind of functional derangement as is caused by internal impairment of the mechanism itself; and, so, likewise do a cross and a cross-bar indicate just as mischievous a result upon one's health from causes not related directly to health itself, as if they came from causes shown by a shallow, chained, broken, etc., condition of the line.

When you see a cross or cross-bars on the life line, seek for their causes as shown by defects on other lines or the mounts. Does need to further confirmation, although, at times, a chance line points them to a defect elsewhere. Cardinal is known as a dot on the life line tells its own story, if small it indicates an ailment in which fever plays a part. If very large and deep-red it prognosticates apoplexy or some other virulent fever.

(To be Continued)

The Question Corner

Today's Inquiries

1. In what unusual way are some of the newest bird cages made?
2. What is the best way to keep lettuce fresh and crisp after washing without wetting it?
3. When the edges of a velvet flower or leaf, used to trim a winter hat, get rubbed and begin to show, how can it be refreshed?
4. Describe a different shrub for a polychrome candlestick.
5. In what novel way can an inexpensive gift be wrapped?
6. What color is aventurine?

Yesterday's Answers

1. A new kind of wool which makes different and pretty scarfs or hats, is made in soft loops, as if the strands had been cut short.
2. Two kinds of needlework are combined in a decorative polychrome candlestick, with a small clock set in the base.
3. When the hinged lid of a cracker jar has broken off the adjusting of a wooden knob to the top will make it easier to raise and lower.
4. White kitchen curtains can be prevented from soiling quickly across the bottom if an attractive edge of brown is painted on them.
5. Harding blue is a medium shade of bright blue, a little deeper than Alice blue.
6. A dark blue surplice dress of crepe de chine has a collar, lapel and sash ends of deep crimson crepe de chine.

IT'S ALMOST EASTERTIME

This springlike weather makes everybody think of straw hats, and here are two suggestions for those everyday ones that you will find so useful to begin the season with. Both have silk crowns, one without trimming, allowing the turned-up brim to speak for itself, the other with a striking ornament of silk on its straight-back brim of straw

Photo by Old Masters, Central News

"FIFTY-FIFTY"

By HAZEL DEVO BATCHELOR

Copyright, 1921, by Public Ledger Co.

The marriage of Jerry Page and Frances Carter began on a fifty-fifty basis, Frances paying half the bills. However, when the Harlowes moved into the same apartment house, Frances could not help seeing that men were still old-fashioned enough to prefer the women they could protect and take care of, and Jerry's attitude toward little Clarissa Harlowe was very disturbing. Frances decided to try a different kind of an appeal with Jerry, but it did not work. She had established herself as an independent wife, and Jerry thought of her only in that way. In the meantime Frances found that the joy had gone out of her work and in despair she decided to study other married people in order to discover how they found happiness. She found Elsie Marriott completely overshadowed by her husband, which was certainly not what Frances wanted.

CHAPTER XXX

Mildred Sings

"YOU'RE not cross about Fred?" murmured Elsie as the girls pushed their way into the crowded theatre.

She had put a slim supplicating hand into Frances' arm. "You see," she went on as they were shown to their seats, "Fred hates me to be out alone at night."

"But you went out alone before you knew Fred," Frances observed. "I can't see that you're any different now that you're married to him."

"Oh, but Frances, he thinks so."

Frances turned in her seat and looked at Elsie squarely. "Now see here, Elsie Marriott, can you look at me and tell me truly that you like this kind of a thing? Does it really flatter you to feel that Fred regards you as a wife and not a woman, or is it a pose?"

"Why, Frances, of course it's not a pose."

"You like it, then, this not being an individual, this consulting Fred on any pretext. Why, you actually don't think for yourself any longer. I think it's disgusting."

For the moment she did not care how much she hurt Elsie, she wanted to hurt her, she wanted to put some life into her, some ambition to be something more than an echo of her husband. But Elsie was used to Frances, she had known her in the old days, and she only said:

"Every one can't be like you, and Jerry, Frances and Fred and I are different, that's all."

Before Frances could retort, the lights dimmed, and both girls settled back in their seats to wait for the number that would bring Mildred on.

And then Mildred came on the stage in a gown of some silvery gray stuff. Her concert manner was perfect, a soft ripple of expectation went through the audience, and Frances clenched her hands. This was living, this ability to sway people. And she had it too, only it seemed to be slipping from her, while Mildred had her power more completely than ever before. Marriage had not spoiled Mildred.

She sang a charming French thing, in her very light lyric soprano. Mildred did not have a big voice but it was well trained and she sang beautifully. Furthermore she had all the little airs and graces that in a heavier woman would have been out of place. She wound her audience and they responded. A patter of applause that must have been heavy at first greeted the end of the song, and then she came out to sing a little Irish song with all her coquettishness rippled her voice, was so smoothly tender that Frances caught her breath.

"Wasn't she wonderful?" Frances whispered to Elsie. She was excited, thrilled. Mildred spurred her on, made her want to work harder. It was in her to work. She was hungry for praise, she too had an audience, a great body of people who read the things she contributed to her own health. And yet Mildred had her work and her husband's love, too. Frances had never forgotten the way George had looked at Mildred the night she had sung at the dinner. If George would look a bit like that when she had achieved something, if only things could come right, how happy she would be.

Then she was conscious that Elsie was leaning toward her. Elsie's eyes were soft with dreams, not excited like those of Frances.

"That cradle song," she whispered, "wasn't it sweet?" Elsie was thinking of the song not the singer, and Frances, looking at her, suddenly knew the truth.

Impulsively her fingers slipped into Elsie's. "I'm so glad, dear," she whispered.

Elsie's fingers tightened around Frances' hand, and the two women sat together in the dim theatre each busy with her own thoughts, which in themselves were miles apart.

(To be Continued)

Adventures With a Purse

A BARGAIN is a bargain—and a good thing of which to take advantage. This one that I want to tell you about now, for instance, should unquestionably be taken advantage of. I am speaking of the Turkish towel. There is a shop in virtually the center of town that is having a most amazing sale of heavy, luxurious bath towels, plain white, and measuring twenty-three and one-half inches wide by forty-nine inches long. That's almost a yard and a half in length. Their price is $7 a dozen. And a dozen towels such as these would keep you supplied for ages and ages.

I do not know what the theory is back of it, but it seems as if every man should have at least one pair of those nice honey Turkish-towel-looking bath slippers, with no backs or heels. There's something so comfortable and—and sort of domestic about the flap-flap of these slippers as they trot from bedroom to bath. Well, anyhow, I know a shop that is selling them now for sixty-five cents a pair—a very low price. So, if the man of your house needs a nice new pair of bath slippers here is his opportunity to get them.

For names of shops address Woman's Page Editor or phone Walnut or Main 3000.

WHAT'S WHAT

By HELEN DECIE

Some women have no scruples whatever about "washing family linen in public." Every detail of domestic life is confided to any one who will listen; every fault of a relative with whom the irate talker happens to be "out" is described from A to Z; thus are scandals generated and families disorganized, for the woman so disloyal to her own is not to be trusted to confine herself to the truth, and the listener who repeats the tale is more than likely to exaggerate it.

This malignant type of bore should be silenced, if possible, with the intimation that her public confidences are neither interesting nor wholesome. Those of us who have no taste for the rattling of bones, living or dead, need not hesitate to request this ghoul to keep her family skeletons and their linen cerements locked up decently instead of dangling them before the eyes of strangers.

"At Cupid's Call"

Mary Drew overcame her distrust of the man she thought had deceived her by making love to her when he was already engaged to some one else, and found that love was stronger than suspicion, fear or treachery. Her heart remained true to Dick Calardin after that, in spite of every attempt of her rival and Dick's enemies to separate and rob them.

The First Installment of

May Christie's Thrilling New Story

of the adventures of this charming young stenographer and her handsome lover from the backwoods will appear

On Monday Evening on the Woman's Page

of the **Evening Public Ledger**

Please Tell Me What to Do

By CYNTHIA

To "G. S."

Cynthia does not bring about introductions between writers to the column.

To "Je Suis Perdu"

Try writing a third letter if you can find no opportunity of meeting and ask if you may call. She can introduce you to her parents.

A Walk Better Than Dancing

Dear Cynthia—I read your column every night and I have a good laugh at some little lovers and dancers.

Will you please let "Wondering" know that I don't dance and do not like dancing? A good walk in the country alone is better than a dance any time.

LA MORT.

"Danny" Finds Real Love

Dear Cynthia—Here I am again. "Dan B." wants to know what became of me and how I made out. Well, "Dan B." and all those who are interested, listen! I once wanted to know what love is and how you know you are in love.

I was engaged to a young man on New Year's eve and I didn't love him. I hated him because he wasn't like the one I thought I did love. The one I thought I loved had big blue eyes and light hair, was a wonderful dresser and had lots of money. The one I am engaged to is fairlooking, a neat dresser and has enough to make me comfortable.

I now realize what love is and that there is a thing like love, but the girls of today don't know what love is and never will know.

When a fellow is handsome, a nifty dresser and has lots of money they love him and that is why we have divorce cases. Now I heard a saying once "that a jar of peaches can't always be full." That's the way with the fellows with money. Listen, "Worried," take a fool's advice and make up your mind that you love your friend and you shall be happy. I did and I am. DANNY.

How to Entertain Caller

Dear Cynthia—I have read your "Please Tell Me What to Do" column and have now decided to ask you a question. I had a friend write me an apology for his absence at my party and he asked me in that letter if he might call. Now, mother is perfectly willing for him to come to the house, so will you please tell me what to arrange for our entertainment as this boy and myself do not dance or go to the movies?

BROWN EYES.

A young man who asks if he may call on a girl does not expect to spend the evening dancing or going to movies. Do you mean to say that you cannot entertain a young man conversationally for an hour or two at your home? If you cannot, dear, you had better give a little time to reading and studying that you may have something to talk about. Books are always interesting subjects of conversation and there are lots of things that the boys themselves like to talk about. With a little clever drawing out and asking of questions, you can get him to do most of the talking. The art of conversing is one of the things we are losing these days, just because our boys and girls are all after new excitements, something to do all the time, not something to say or think about. How can they get to know each other and form the right kind of friendships if they do not talk together sometimes?

Has Fine Ideals

Dear Cynthia—As one of your constant readers I am taking the liberty to write to your most valuable column.

Why is it that so many people condemn all the young folk going to these dance halls? I have read the girl's letter in your paper who is looking for a youth not inclined to dance, as in her opinion all the dancers are so-called "good-for-nothings." Please don't get the impression that when a girl or fellow goes to a dance they have no goal for which to strive in their lives.

I myself go to a dance once or twice a week, but after the dance is over my thoughts are back to the work I have chosen, as I hold a very responsible position.

Of course when they begin to do those "movie stunts" like a good many do, it is time to think about brain specialists, for in their ignorance they do not know the dividing line between decency and making a fool out of themselves.

The way some of these "Nuts and Jazz Babies" dance and wobble on the floor is disgusting, and some day they may come to their right senses, if they have any left at all.

For do you ever find thistles among tulips? But to condemn all would be like knocking the navy on account of a sailor enjoying himself over a bottle of "110 proof." IDEALIST.

The Woman's Exchange

The Right Kind to Use

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—A few nights ago you advised a correspondent to make a chin strap of rubber to correct a small double chin. Will you please tell me what kind of rubber you mean? Is it covered rubber or elastic or rubber tissue, such as dentists use? My mother is thinking of making one. C. P.

In making the chin strap I would advise your mother to use the rubber tissue which dentists employ. This is light and elastic, but is capable of being held quite firmly in place, and so it is fine for the purpose.

What Really Counts

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—I am a frequent reader of your helpful column. I am a girl of fifteen and have a fair complexion, but what spoils me is my eyes. They have a grayish color, but aren't large. What will make them look larger without using cosmetics?

DOUBTFUL BOBBIE.

The fact that your eyes are not large surely cannot "spoil" you. I am afraid I can't find a way for you to make them look larger, but truly the expression of the eyes has a great deal to do with their beauty. If people see in them a pleasant, interested regard, they will, more times than not, be warmed and cheered by this and somehow find themselves liking these small, twinkly eyes just as much as larger ones.

Cocoa Butter

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—Could you give me some information about cocoa butter? Can I make it or do you recommend any place to buy it? MRS. M. T.

It would really be as cheap to purchase cocoa butter as to make it yourself, for you can get some at any drug store for a small sum. And when you add up the cost of the ingredients you would have to get to prepare it at home it would more than likely amount to the same thing.

When Baby Is Christened

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—Being a stranger in the country, I am taking the liberty of writing to you for your advice.

Will you please tell me how I should arrange a christening party? I have never attended one over here and am at loss as to what I should do.

I have a friend who will act as godmother. I also have my mother. Will these two be enough to attend the church (Episcopal) for baby? Her father is in the navy and is serving in foreign waters at present. How should I invite the guests? MRS. E. D. M.

The guests at a christening are always invited by the mother of the baby in an informal manner. It is not necessary to ask them to your home after the ceremony is over; but if you must do this I am sure they would be delighted to come and have a cup of tea with you.

It is usually the custom for the little girl to have two godmothers and a godfather. So your mother and your friend can each be a godmother, while perhaps you have some relative or an old friend who can act as godfather. The prayer book will make you familiar with the christening ceremony, so that you may know when to make the responses, and the rector of your church will be glad to advise you should you be uncertain about anything.

TODAY'S DRESS COPIES MAKE OF OLDEN DAYS

By CORINNE LOWE

For these charming dance frocks taffeta, organdy and net are the favored materials. And again we have that delightful combination of the taffeta bodice with skirt of organdy or net.

Here we are illustrating one of the new dance frocks, which departs only in the manipulation of its decolletage from the 1850 period. The material is white taffeta bound with yellow taffeta, set off with a yellow rose and trimmed with narrow yellow lace and bright sapphire buttons.

THE DAILY NOVELETTE

Patty's Talent

By IRENE CHRISTIE

A very, tired, hot and dusty-looking traveler toiled up the seemingly never-ending hill, across a little flower-bordered lawn and knocked timidly at the open door of a small white cottage. The knock was answered by a click of heels, a swish of skirts and a delighted incredulous exclamation.

"Why, Patricia Moore!"

"Hello, Agnes, dear. I've come at last, but you do find the most out-of-the-way places. Coming up that hill takes away all the pleasure of going down, doesn't it?"

"We like it. But never mind the hill; come and have a cup of tea and tell me where you have been and what you are doing."

Patty followed her friend into the sunny little living room and sank gratefully into a deep armchair. "Please take my hat and hang it where I can't find it, otherwise I shall probably not be here in the morning. Dad says he never saw such a moving van as I am. I've left school, Agnes." She watched for the effect of her announcement, but Agnes only smiled and nodded.

"So Jack told me," she said.

"Oh, Jack's been talking. H-m-m! I guess he's been looking to dad for sympathy and dad told him what I've done."

"Well, never mind; Wallace will be so pleased to see you."

"I don't particularly care whether he is pleased or not, but I would like a cup of tea. Frankly, though, Agnes, your husband is the only real human man I ever met. That's why I've come."

"Why, Patty—!"

"Yes, I think you and he might make good characters for another story."

"Another one!" Mrs. Miller laughed. "I might have known. So you are still at it?"

"Perseverance is my motto."

"But it doesn't get you anywhere. You have no talent for writing, Patty. You never had. There are so many other things you might be able to do if you would only try."

"Marry Jack, I suppose?" suggested Patty, dryly.

"That might be one of the things. You haven't had one story accepted yet."

"Yes, I have—one," said Patty, meekly, and then laughed quite suddenly. "It was about Jack, that is, I made him the hero, and he didn't appreciate it. That's what we quarreled about. It's a wonder he didn't tell you that, too." There was malice in her voice and she was still smiling, but there was something in her eyes which made Mrs. Miller look at her twice.

"He did tell me," she said, "but he didn't say why you left school."

"Well, you see, I wrote that story during study periods and when exams came I flunked. Father said he wouldn't allow me to disgrace a family, which for generations had graduated from college with honors, so I left. Isn't your tea getting cold, Agnes?"

So Mrs. Miller, with a swift glance at Patty's averted face, subdued her curiosity, but long after Patty had gone to change her dress and rest a little, she sat with hands folded above a cup of tea, thinking hard, and some time later a telephone conversation buzzed over the wires.

"Jack there?"

"Jack's speaking."

"This is Agnes, and Patty has just come."

"Patty—No!"

"Couldn't you come down, Jack?"

"Has she sent for me?"

"Mercy, no!"

"Then I don't see how I can."

"Don't be foolish, Jack. You know Patty will never make the first move, and really she is dreadfully cut up about something. Anyway, it is up to you now, Jack. Good-by."

And when Patty came back, Agnes was still endeavoring to drink cold tea that was too sweet. That night, having gathered what she was pleased to call rich material for a story, Patty sat at her desk far into the night, writing page after page of her new ideas, and not long before dawn she placed the much pencil-marked pages together, secured them with a paper weight, and turned out the light. Without any particular interest in the landscape she stood at the window gazing at the white ribbon of road which wound down the other side of the hill, when suddenly through the trees came the faintest glimmer of light.

"Why, that's about where Jack's camp would be," she thought. "I wonder who can be there. Oh, well, I only hope they don't burn it down, because I intend to write there hereafter."

Bright and early next morning, Patty with all her traps, as Agnes' husband called them, set out down the road to the camp. She found the half hidden among tall trees, the door open, the room much disarranged, and a suspicious-looking pile of ashes on the hearth.

"Some one certainly has been here," she thought as she spread her writing material on the rickety table and began to write.

Perhaps it was the singing of a bird outside or the fragrance of the flo stealing in the door, which chased a all those brilliant thoughts with wh she had meant to take the literary w by storm, but whatever it was, she gave up in despair, and folding hands upon the half-finished manus she gazed with unseeing eyes thro the tiny window at the waving bran of a tall pine tree.

"After all, I guess Agnes is rig she thought sadly. "I simply can't m head nor tail to this plot. In fact t doesn't seem to be any plot. It easy enough to make a hero of Ja but he's not here any more, so Slowly she tore the closely wri pages into tiny shreds, watching t slip through her fingers with a smile on her lips. And suddenly shadow darkened the doorway. She not move; only her eyes betrayed whirl of emotion which set her h pounding.

"Patty!"

From a great distance Patty ca back her voice and managed to sp "I'm sorry if I am intruding. I di know you were here," she said very beginning to gather up the pencils bits of paper.

"I came last night, just for old ti sake. Do you remember a year ago day?"

"Oh, yes."

"I have been."

"Patty, have you nothing else say?"

"Yes, I have so much to say there can't possibly be words enough express what I mean. Ten minutes Jack, I was writing. Now I think I am going out of business." She l out her two hands, filled with the paper, and her eyes smiled bravely his.

"Don't you mean that you are g into partnership with me?" asked J

"Well, perhaps," said Patty.

Next Complete Novelette—Three B bands

Things You'll Love to Make

One would hardly think it possible to make such charming cushions from old blankets! It can be done in this way, if they are of a light color. For the round cushion cut from the blanket one circle eighteen inches and one eight inches in diameter. Dye the outer circle any pretty dark color and the inner one a somewhat lighter shade. Embroider the design in brightly colored worsteds. Applique the smaller circle to the larger, and finish the cushion. For the square one, cut a square eighteen inches on each side. Dye it your favorite color. Cut the baskets from the blanket and dye them a different color. Stitch the lines in silk or worsted. Make the fruit of pieces of gaily-colored silks. Applique them to the square and you have two CHARMING CUSHIONS from OLD BLANKETS. FLORA.

MOTHER CAN'T REMEMBER THAT HER SON HAS GROWN U

And She Frequently Embarrasses Him by Treating Him L a Little Boy Before People Who Think He Is a Responsible Person

SHE got up to leave the train and laid an affectionate hand on the arm of the man who was with her.

"Good-by, dear," she said. "I hope you have a good time. Remember me to Mrs. Jones."

He nodded in the absent way in which sons have nodded at such a message from the beginning of the world.

His mother recognized the look.

"Now, don't forget it!" she exclaimed sharply, as she hurried out of the car.

He recovered himself with a sickly smile.

It's rather embarrassing to be talked to like a little boy when you're a grown man, easily forty, known to the other commuters as one of the Greenvale crowd on the 8:15 and generally considered a responsible person.

But mothers sometimes forget that their little boys are not little boys in the eyes of the world.

And they remember that, no matter what those little boys become in the eyes of the world, they never grow up in this matter of remembering to remember their mothers to their friends.

THE dignified vestryman of the church came out of the parish house one Sunday to escort his mother through the improvements that were being built.

He had been attending a meeting and his suggestions had been received with due respect and consideration.

But it was a damp, cold day, and he came out of the warm room without overcoat or hat.

"Mercy, child!" exclaimed the mother of the vestryman, as she looked him over. "Don't come out here like that, go get some rubbers on, and put something around your shoulders. It's dreadfully cold and damp, and you've been in that warm room——"

It doesn't make any difference to h that he is a grown man, looked up in the community in which he lives a old enough to take care of himself.

She knows perfectly well that, matter how old he gets or how dign fied, he'll never have sense enough know how to take care of himself the matter of wearing enough rubb and wraps and things in cold, dar weather.

HE DOESN'T mind it so much wh he is a grown man, because merely smiles, then in a lofty or shee ish way, according to his dispositi and goes right on doing what he doing before.

But when he's a man of the world man of affairs, when his knowledge everything surpasses that of anyb you want to mention—when he reached seventeen and is anywhere tween there and twenty-five, oh, how hates it!

Is there anything more humiliati he'll ask you, than to have your mot call out to you when you're going with a lot of fellows, and tell you to sure to keep your scarf folded o your chest, just as if you were a kid

That is one time when mother re ought to realize that her little boy grown up; he knows much more t she does, and one of the things knows is that there's no use alw worrying about catching cold, becaus you're going to catch it, you'll c it, and if you're not, you won't.

"Why worry?" is his motto, a how, and he's going to live up to i

And he does.

That is probably the reason mother never gets used to the fact he is no longer a little boy who ha sense enough to remember things take care of himself.

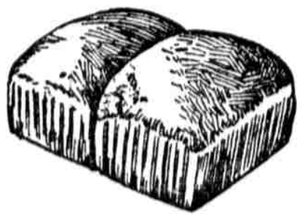
"Louella" REGISTERED
Butter
55c lb
At all Stores of the
AMERICAN STORES CO.

ASCO ASCO ASCO AMERICAN STORES CO. ASCO ASCO ASCO

Why Mother Stopped

Many mothers who had been doing their own baking for years stopped at once when the Victor Loaf was first introduced, because it proved to be the equal of the best homemade, and just as economical. Why spend long, arduous hours in baking when the Victor Loaf fills every requirement of good bread?

Mothers who are using it recognize in Victor Bread the homemade quality that they —wise, far-seeing guardians that they are— know is necessary for the proper development of growing children.



Victor Bread Big Loaf 8c

—children thrive on it

Buy Victor Bread Today for over Sunday. It stays fresh!

"Asco" Stores all over Phila. and throughout Penna., New Jersey, Delaware and Maryland

ASCO ASCO ASCO ASCO ASCO ASCO ASCO ASCO ASCO