SARAH D. LOWRIE'S SATURDAY EVENING TALK

How Children Entered Into the Earthly Life of One Who Was a Divine Child

SOME ONE who reads these columns of mine with a critical yet not uninterested eye met me not long ago and asked me if I realized in my frequent allusion to children and to Christ as being the first and the greatest "discoverer" of children, that in the annals of His life there are not a dozen contacts recorded with little children, and in tradition there are perhaps a few fairly authentic stories concerning episodes in His own childhood in which children have a part.

So, tonight I have set myself to thinking. And I have asked myself:

"What was the imagination of Christ for children? What were His contacts with them? What were his revelations concerning them that have so altered their fate?"

Perhaps it will surprise some of the readers of this column, as it did me when I came to study those contacts of His with children, that only seven are recorded in the authentic histories of His life, and perhaps three more in the traditional stories concerning His own childhood.

ONLY three of his recorded miracles were upon children, and these are included in the seven records. In one of these miracles, the curing of the demented little child of the Greek woman, He never saw the child. In the miracle of the healing of the epileptic boy on the Day of the Transfiguration, He spoke only to the evil spirit possessing the child, not apparently to the child. And on the occasion of the other miracle, the raising of the little daughter of the ruler Jairus from her death-like sleep, He is not recorded to have said anything to her after He took her little hand in His and lifted her up with the words:

"Little girl" (a better translation perhaps than damsel or damosel), "I say unto thee arise!"

As He watched her walk across the room, He noted what had evidently escaped her distraught attendants and her parents, viz., that she was weak for nourishment. And He told them to give her bread at once.

There remain, then, besides these three miracles just four episodes of Christ with children and His own childhood to account for the great part He has played in the lives of children from the day He was born in Bethlehem to today in Russia, when millions of children are being fed in His name.

WHAT was the childhood of our Lord?

Tradition makes Him a lonely, set-apart child, and as such, subject to the neglect and even cruelty of other children; subject, too, at times to their passing wonder and passing emulation as a set-apart child. Tradition has its value, not a verbatim, circumstantial value, rather a spiritual value. It conveys an impression of the way the onlookers received a truth rather than the truth itself. And, indeed, history so far bears out tradition as regards the childhood of Christ that if is plain He must have been a lonely, as He undoubtedly was a set-apart, child.

The fate of all children of royal birth whose lives are hunted ones by reason of the overthrow of the Government or the usurpation of the throne or the invasion of a foreign foe, is a pitiful fate. The murdered Dauphin of France, the murdered Czarevitch of Russia, are tragic little figures whose ghosts, with those of the Princes of the Tower and young Arthur Plantagenet, wander through history with a poignant appeal that is all out of proportion to the actual effect their young lives could have had had they been spared. But suppose any one of these children had been rescued in time, his only safety would be as complete a loss of identity as possible, the secret of his birth and the preparation for his possible—but most improbable future—controlled by as few persons as possible, and he himself fated to play apart, study apart, and as he grew to youth, cherish his hopes apart from the boys and girls of the town or the village where he lived.

AND that this was the fate of Christ we know.

After the flight to Egypt, oblivion closed over the family of the Child. The secret of the return, of the settlement far away from Bethlehem—where the tragedy of the slaughtered babies would make that one Baby forever unwelcome—of Joseph's and of Mary's antecedents of the Child's pretensions to the throne to which He was the earthly heir, the secret of His preparation for a public life, were all well kept, but at what cost to the Child, as well as to Joseph and Mary, one can imagine. One can imagine, too, what lay back of their anxiety—the grown-ups' anxiety—when, after losing Him, they found Him in the Temple, the center of an interested group of men learned in prophetic writings, versed in genealogies and observant of racial characteristics.

A LONELY childhood can either stimulate the imagination or obscure it, make the heart sensitive for others, or thoughtless of others. Christ's childhood opened His heart and made His imagination a white flame of perception. There came a time at last when "He knew what was in the hearts of men and needed not that any man should tell Him."

He knew what was in the heart of children. He was not therefore any more sentimental about children than about their elders. In fact, the first time He is recorded as having spoken about children he characterized—indeed, he mimicked—an absurdity of children that any of us who listen to them playing must immediately recognize. I mean He "took off" two obstinate groups of children playing in the sun-lit market-place, who could not agree upon what they wanted to play, or who should play the various parts of the "let's pretend." He must have flashed out His swift smile with some quick gesture of interpretation that it should have been remembered and put down as so apt. He said:

"John the Baptist came fasting, a dweller in the deserts, and ye said: 'He hath a devil.' The Son of man came eating and drinking and ye said: 'Lo, a friend of publicans and sinners.'

"Ye are like the children quarreling over their play in the market-place. Those who want to play wedding say: 'We piped to you, but you would not dance.' So then we played funeral. We wailed to you, but you would not beat the breast, you would not mourn.'"

THERE was certainly nothing sentimental about this mimicry, or His use of a childish trait that wou'd be better outgrown in adult years, to point a rather keen rebuke to His generation of critics. But His mimicry hit a phase of child life to the very center, just as later He used another trait of children—their wholeheartedness—to illustrate a great truth.

It might well be that the welcome of some child, who had run into the open garden courtyard on sight of Christ and flung himself into His arms, had turned our Lord's thoughts from their sad and somber channels to a happy contemplation of wholehearted devotion.

For what He saw in the child was the completeness of his simple logical acceptance of Him as his friend, what He felt was a confiding little body, a mind open for impression, and affections given without calculation for any end beyond the hour and the occasion.

IT WAS surely this, or something like it that drew from Him that great "saying" about children and about those who wou'd follow Him:

"Verily I say unto you, except ye turn and become as little children, ye shall in no wise enter into the Kingdom of Heaven."

SARAH D. LOWRIE.

WHAT'S WHAT

By HELEN DECIE

Coming year after year at the time when Nature's first green leaves are eagerly welcomed by winter-wearied spirits, the traditional feast of the Wearing of the Green achieved general popularity, even among people wholly unrelated to Ireland. And now that, at last, the little Green Isle is coming into her own, no doubt St. Patrick's Day, 1922, will be more joyously observed than ever.

Invitations to a "Patrician" luncheon, dinner, dance or card party should be sent out this week. If it is not easy to obtain the cards with beautiful old Gaelic scroll devices, which may be purchased in the largest cities, a plain card, or one with a green ink design of harp and shamrocks will answer the purpose. Harp seals are new and attractive decorations for seventeenth of March invitation cards.

Please Tell Me What to Do

By CYNTHIA

To "Sweet 16 and Never, Never"

Of course, the valentine was a joke. Do not think of making something out of it. Have some fun over it by not letting the boy know you got it.

"Waiting Patiently"

Mention the fact that you have met this soldier and that you have received very interesting letters from him. Treat the matter casually. You have a perfect right to have any number of friends.

Expresses Her Views

Dear Cynthia—I am writing to express my views of your column. On the whole it is very good and your answers are wisely chosen, but I think the letters you receive are all written on a formula, such as—"I am a young girl, considered good-looking by both sexes," and so on. I met a young man and I want to know how I can gain his friendship. They are all written like that. What do you care about her looks or age and why ask if she can dance and all such things as that? You just want to help her or him. Another thing is, when you have debate, they all debate on the one subject and very seldom on any other. Where is Dopey these days? He sure was game in writing to you on those topics. I guess he got insulted by the remarks the people said and stayed away from the column. I do not want to start a debate on what I said above, but I just thought I would offer a suggestion. Please help me now. I would like to know if it is proper for me to go to a student's rooms at the University of Pennsylvania if I have known him for several months. Of course, I am a girl.

A SHIFTER.

Thank you for your views, my friend, but if the writers want Cynthia to know what they look like they have a right to tell her.

Respectable girls never go to see young men unchaperoned.

Says He Hasn't Been to Girardville

Dear Cynthia—I have been an ardent reader of your column every evening, and wish to say that I enjoy it very much.

Just a few lines to "Young Man No. 2":

First. Are you really an American? I hardly think so by the tone of your letter. You traveled 400,000 miles, did you? In all your travels you never saw an American girl who could outdo a foreign girl. Say, what part of a freight train did you bunk in?

If in all your travels you've never seen an American girl whose beauty is natural, I hope to tell you you've never been in Girardville.

Seldom been in the same place twice. I suppose there are reasons.

Show me an American girl who cannot stand up to any foreign girl or woman in looks, dress, home-making and intelligence or anything.

Don't get the idea that I'm jealous of the foreign girls or afraid they will outstand me. I'll compete with any of them. I can also say the same for my friends.

I'd like to know how you do it (this fifty-fifty business). Do you suggest it to them or are they so crazy about you and you such a wonder that they offer to pay themselves just for the honor of going out with you?

You call a good sport a big fish. Well, you must be a sardine.

Peggums M., if it's fish you are looking for, as "Young Man No. 2" says, get the big ones. Leave the sardines alone.

SELMA R.

Answers "Patsy"

Dear Cynthia—Answering "Patsy," will say that the very first thing I would do in the matter would be to hunt a quiet corner and think it over. If in the wrong, I would write a letter of apology, and if not replied to in a week's time I'd see the other party in person. Haven't letters been known to go astray? Can't they easily be destroyed by an enemy? You say these people love each other. Are they going to throw it lightly aside? If so, how can they ever claim to have loved? Isn't it a sham and make-believe? Why value pig-headedness so highly? You say she cares "in secret." How is he going to become aware of "hidden things"? Is he a fortune-teller?

Then take the other side. Suppose you dearly loved some one and they did you a mean trick; made you feel bitter and so, dark things, you know. Then—then suppose in a few days you received a penitent letter. And further on you received a chill, because the wound was too deep to answer at once. Wouldn't your heart beat high? Wouldn't you gladly brighten the troubled eyes and lighten the heavy step? Isn't it foolish to be angry without cause? No. Don't do it next week, next month or next year, but now. Delay is dangerous. Doesn't every twenty-four hours bring up new suspicions, new fears? Last but not the least, never think it glorious to ape the ways of a pig or a mule. But act like a human with the normal amount of pulsating gray matter. In short, always be brave enough to admit your mistakes. After all, why bluff? Doesn't every one know that we're human?

B. FRANK.

Can You Tell?

By R. J. and A. W. BODMER

Why We Slip When Walking on Ice

We are very apt to slip on the ice, and even the smooth floors of our homes, while there is no thought of this when the walks are free from ice or the floors covered with carpets. And yet, if each step we took, whether on a smooth sheet of ice or on a highly polished floor, were made with the body evenly balanced and with the weight of the body distributed equally over the entire foot, we would not slip. The reason we slip at all is in cases where we do not place our steps on these surfaces with the body perfectly balanced. We can do so without slipping when we proceed very slowly and carefully and watch each step.

Why do we not slip on dry walks? We take as many not perfectly balanced steps when walking on the ordinary sidewalk as we do when walking on ice or on polished floors. We do not slip when thus walking on dry sidewalks, even though we pay but little attention to our steps, because of what is called friction. Without friction we could not walk at all. When we walk on ice the amount of friction between the sole of the shoe and the ice is less than on a dry walk. Our ability, therefore, to walk on any kind of surface is due entirely to the amount of friction that occurs between the bottom of the shoe and the surface which is being walked upon. If we create sufficient friction at these points we can walk on any kind of surface, whether our steps are balanced or not.

Monday—What Is the Most Restful Color?

Adventures With a Purse

OF COURSE in these days when incense is being burned in so many homes, there is an increasing number of incense holders in surprisingly novel designs. But one that will always claim a soft spot in my heart is the Chinese Buddha. I saw one of these today, in plaster, colored in green and bronze, together with a package of Chinese water lily incense, which is supposed to be delightfully fragrant, for twenty cents. If you would like to buy the set, I will tell you where I saw it.

Here is something that just might appeal to you, either for keeping your own best deck of cards in, or to use as a prize the next time the card club meets at your house. I speak of a leather finish case the size of a pack of cards, and closely resembling a pocketbook. On the front, in I suppose celluloid, are small tiny playing cards, one of each suit. The price of this novelty is fifty cents.

For names of shops address Woman's Page Editor, or shops' Walnut Book, or Main 2000, Library of 9 and 8.

SPRING FROCKS ARE DRAPED

Photos by Central News

Sometimes they even go so far as to allow their draping to be their only adornment, especially when they are made of dandelion yellow satin with set-in sleeves of violet satin, but more often they add something like a plaited fan of white silk on a black or dark blue satin background. Nearly always they have longer, scantier skirts than the dresses which are allowed to fall straight

Through a Woman's Eyes

By JEAN NEWTON

The Girl of Today Can Take Care of Herself

They are not leaving a good hair on the head of the "girl of today," the so-called "modern type"—the pert miss who rouges and doesn't care who knows it, who wears short skirts and gives never a thought to it, who thinks it a matter of course that her camisole is more prominent than her blouse, who smokes and relishes the "verboten" cocktail and does not blush at "sex" suggestion.

They say her clothes are a disgrace to womanhood, her dancing an invitation to the worst and her callousness to the most intimate topics a denial of all the qualities that have heretofore entitled us to the respect and the reverence of men.

Some of this is true.

No fad in the world, for instance, can make any girl of high ideals and real womanly dignity and self-respect willing to display her calves and knees nor hug a strange man on a dance floor.

And not all the "Bohemian" propaganda in the world can leave an innately fine girl comfortable and amused beside her male escort at a salacious bedroom farce.

Of course, the "girl of today" is far from being in the majority, but it must be admitted that there are enough of these free and easy daughters of 1922 to constitute an important type and cause concern over the tendencies of the time.

However, even with this type in mind, there is this to be thankful for: The "girl of today" can take care of herself.

We have only to look back to the fears and uncertainties of former generations, to the constant worry that hedged about every daughter and sister until she was "safely married" to realize how tremendously this counts as compensation for what some of us feel has been lost in freshness and modesty.

It is the very openness of things today that arms the modern girl and makes her so much more capable of taking care of herself than was her grandmother, whose pedestal was supposed to keep her out of harm's reach, but more often made her easy prey.

Not blinded by a smoke screen of mystery, the modern girl knows how to steer clear of the shoals.

Not under the disadvantage of ignorance or delusion—she is "from Missouri."

And though we would like to see her a little more reticent about it, I believe we cannot overestimate it as a very great gain over the ways of a generation ago for her ultimate benefit—the "girl of today" can take care of herself.

A Busy Family

Mrs. Attie G. Cullop, of Vincennes, the first Indiana woman to seek a seat in Congress, is the wife of William A. Cullop, who served five terms as the representative in Congress of the Second Indiana district.

Carrying Bubbles

You didn't know it could be done, did you? Well, some of the guests won't be able to get through with it successfully, but others will, so that's where the game part comes in. If you want to know how to make the attempt, as well as how the rest of the enchanting bubble party is planned, send in a stamped, addressed envelope to the Editor of the Woman's Page, and send it in soon, for the party is meant for St. Patrick's Day, which isn't very far away!

Things You'll Love to Make

A most ATTRACTIVE QUILT can be made from an old blanket. When a blanket becomes worn or shabby, place it between two covers of pretty silkoline or sateen. Tuft it with ribbon or worsted to keep the blanket in place. The tufting can be made to form a pleasing design. Choose a covering that will harmonize with your boudoir, and you will be delighted with the effect of this ATTRACTIVE QUILT. FLORA.

Deluded Wives

By HAZEL DEYO BATCHELOR

Judith Carlyle is the typical small-town wife, and when Rand, her husband, suddenly sells his business and goes to New York to be an artist, Judy refuses to adapt herself in the least to his new life, and the people they meet.

When Rand Returned

AFTER Rand had left her, Judy was suddenly afraid of what she had done. She had gone too far, and Rand for the first time in his life was furiously angry with her.

His eyes had fairly blazed into hers, and the expression in them had been terrifying.

Too frightened to cry, Judy began to walk up and down the studio. Where had he gone, and suppose he had left her for good? If he did that, what would become of her?

She wrung her hands impotently and wished vaguely that she had thought twice begore going upstairs, but at the thought of Laura King anger overcame Judy's fear.

How she hated Laura King! And what did Rand mean by going up there constantly? Judy never took into account the fact that Rand went up to see Dick as well as Laura. It was against Laura that all her wrath was directed and it was largely because she did not understand Laura's type, and therefore feared it. No doubt if Laura had been plain and self-effacing and without charm Judy might have found a friend in her, but as it was, she hated her with all her small-town narrowness and venom.

The morning fairly dragged away, and still Rand did not return. At 11:30 Judy put on her hat and coat and went out to do her marketing, hoping in that way to pass the time. But when she returned an hour later Rand was not there, and Judy's frantic terror returned.

It was nearly 5 o'clock when he walked in, and Judy, busy in the kitchen, hurried out to meet him.

"Rand," she said timidly. She was eager now to make amends, to say that she was sorry, to regain her power over him, but his eyes, when they looked at her, although they were no longer angry, were quite cold.

"I've been out searching apartments," he said briefly. "We're going to get out of here tomorrow."

Judy stepped back in amazement. "We're going to move, but—why, Rand, I don't understand."

"Do you think I'd stay here after what happened this morning? Do you think I want to take the chance of running into the Kings?" He stopped abruptly, fearful of what he might say. Rand knew how useless it would be to quarrel with Judy, how impossible it would be to make her understand how he felt.

But Judy, after the first shock, was suddenly fiercely glad that they were going. She had no desire to meet Laura King after what had happened. She could afford now to be generous.

She went up to Rand quickly and put her arms around his neck. "Oh, Rand, you don't know what I've gone through today. I'm sorry for what I did, dear, bitterly sorry. Do you think you can ever forgive me?"

She was sobbing now, and, as usual before her tears, Rand relented. His arms went around her, and although there was little of love or tenderness in his heart, he held her as if she had been a child.

Was she really sorry, he was thinking? And if so, did that mean that she would be different in the future?

"You never look at things from my side," Judy was sobbing. "You never stop to realize that I get lonely, and that you have taken me away from all my friends."

The truth of that struck home, and Rand forbore to ask her why she had not tried to make a friend of Laura King. After all, perhaps, she was sorry; perhaps she would try to be different in the future, and he himself would try to make her life less lonely, so that she would not miss so keenly her old friends in Lynbrook Junction.

(To be continued)

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The Woman's Exchange

Nothing but Water

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—Will you please tell me what will take stains made by a toilet preparation out of a pink silk and cotton dress?

A. S.

If water will not take this stain out there is nothing that will remove it, as there are properties in this liquid which change the color of the material which it touches.

For a Birthday Party

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—Kindly tell me through your column how I can get a full face. I am thin in the cheek bones and would like to have healthy, red blood glowing in them.

I am giving a birthday party this month. How should I invite my friends and what shall I serve? Also, what kind of games should we play? If I bring girls in, how shall I introduce them to my mother and friends? What time shall it start and what time shall it end?

GEORGE L.

Eat more. That's always the best way to build up. And eat special things, like butter and milk and eggs, that are fattening. Take some regular exercise every day that will make you take long, deep breaths; or, if you can't get the exercise, take the long breaths without it. This will bring the healthy blood to your cheeks. If you will send me a self-addressed, stamped envelope I will send you a St. Patrick's Day party which you might like to use for your birthday. This tells what to serve for refreshments and what games to play. When you introduce your friends to your mother just say, "Mother, this is Mary Jones," or "I want you to meet my friend, Mary Jones." In introducing the boys to the girls, call the girls "Miss" and the boys "Mr.," and use the same form of introduction. If they are under sixteen you may just use the full name without the Miss and Mr. If the party is in the evening it should start at 8 o'clock and end at 11 or half past. In the afternoon it should be from 2 or 3 until 6.

Read Your Character

By Digby Phillips

Persuading the Thinker

The "thinker," as has been explained in a previous article, can be recognized by the head and face, which are wider at the top than across the cheeks or jaws. Nine times out of ten they are the sort of people you would never call "robust." They are oftener small than large. Their bones are small. They may be stout, but oftener they are thin. If an education has not been given to them they make it a point to get one anyhow, in one way or another.

In these people the mental predominates over the physical.

When you want to persuade a man or woman of this type your quickest road to success lies in starting him or her to thinking. Demonstration may aid, but it isn't the predominant factor as it is in the case of the "square" people.

If your subject has a convex profile you know that his attitude is practical and scientific, and quite naturally you should give him facts and very definite statements upon which to think.

If he (or she) is concave, you know your subject is more inclined to be theoretical or philosophical, and you wouldn't emphasize statistics, for instance, in the same way that you would with the convex thinker. You would keep more to generalities and theories.

But in either case you have to remember that you are dealing with a keen mentality. You must try to start them thinking and to steer their thoughts (by suggestion) in the desired line; but do not make the mistake of trying to do their thinking for them.

Monday—Leading Suggestions

Page Six

The Crepe Frock Calls for Bugles

By CORINNE LOWE

Flow, bugles, flow—this is the modern designer's adaptation of Tennyson. Along with beads and paillettes, these ornaments are now used extensively on the new frocks, particularly the crepe models. And nearly always they are arranged so as to heighten the effect of long, graceful lines.

They border or form panels; they merge into the soft folds of trains, and they often carry out the thought of the sleeve. In other words, they flow. This gives the bugle trimming a different appearance from the one which prejudiced us in those hoary days when there was a massed formation of bugles on the corsage or when they jelled stiffly into a yoke.

The above model of black crepe trimmed with black bugles gives an illustration of the modern application of trimming. For at the side a long panel of the ornaments is joined to the edge of the train in the back. Another band in the back ministers to the flowing line of the dress, and furthermore, provides variety by being placed under the girdle of black satin.

EVER GO SUCKER FISHIN'?

Whether the streams are ice-clogged or easily spring freshets overflow the banks the eager angler will not be denied his favorite sport. Read "Wal, It's About Time to Go Fishin' Again" in the Magazine Section of tomorrow's Public Ledger.—Adv.

Is Your Mind So Easily Fooled That You Believe What Seems to Be?

If It Is, You Can Enjoy a Play Much More for Being Able to Visualize Things That You Know Are Not There

IT IS a great thing to have a mind that is sensitive to illusion.

To have, that is, the ability to believe a thing is what it seems instead of just knowing that "it looks like what it ain't."

You can enjoy your theatre so much more.

No matter how many times you have rambled behind the scenes at the benefit that was given for the church, you can still forget what it is like back there when you are on the other side of the footlights.

You may be able to sit in the orchestra and arrange in your mind the appearance of the back of the scenes you are gazing at.

There, where there is supposed to be a garden, is just a curtain, and behind that a fire-escape door where you sit on the cold steps and wait for your cue.

On this side, where the actors stand at the window and talk about the wonderful view of the river you know the side walls are so close to the wings that there is barely room for three persons to stand abreast.

While upon the other side, where the sound of music is heard, apparently from the drawing-room, you remember a winding staircase that leads into the mysteries of lights and drop curtains and wings and "effects."

Yet, if you have one of these easily fooled minds, that recollection won't spoil your fun at all.

WHEN the heroine strolls out into the garden to gaze at the moon, your mind merely registers that she throws a cape about her shoulders as she goes out.

And you can understand why she does that, because it must be rather cool out there in the garden.

When the boat upsets down the river and all the characters gather at the window to watch the rescue, they are not just gazing at a blank wall.

Why, no; they are looking far down the river, just as they say they are.

And when the young daughter goes dancing off with her lover through the door into the drawing-room, you can imagine them really entering a large room and dancing there with other couples.

Even though you know that they have had to step carefully in order to avoid bumping into the wall of the room and making it shake or hang in a loose, wobbly way which no wall should affect.

AND so you enjoy the play much better. If the program says that the scene is the attic, the stage becomes the attic, although you know perfectly well that it is exactly the same as the living-room of the preceding scene, with different walls and furnishings.

This is really a great gift.

It enables you to go into a dark theatre with a blue feeling of despair and discouragement, and come out feeling refreshed and quite happy again.

For in the interval between your entrance and your exit, your foolish mind has allowed you to forget that you are just seeing a movie, and remember only that the girl with the curly hair is going to fall in love with the nice young man.

And that you won't blame her if she does, but that you won't like her if she doesn't.

A RECIPROCITY motion picture would be amusing; a capture of the expressions of all the people in the movies who have these impressionable minds as they watch the play.

Have you ever caught yourself half leaning forward in your interest, with your mouth open in a polite smile as "she" thanks "him" for bringing her home in his car in the rain?

That's your silly mind, thinking that it is up there on the screen doing all the acting itself.

It's very foolish, no doubt.

But it does enable you to enjoy things immensely.

Soon Will Come the Garden Season, So Prepare for It, Says Mrs. Wilson

You Will Have Returns for Your Efforts in Delicious Things for Your Kitchen and an Improvement in Health

By MRS. M. A. WILSON

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USUALLY about the middle of March the home gardener begins to think of the kitchen garden, and to plant or map out his ideas for the growing season. Now is a good time to have the entire plot spread with good, well-rotted stable manure. Then the first dry and warm spell have it spaded under, so as to be ready for the early planting.

Let me intervene here and say that if the man who must work indoors will plan and work out a kitchen garden, it will pay him big dividends in physical fitness and good health. It's a cheap way of taking much-needed exercise and getting very close to mother nature at one and the same time. A short study of the character of the soil in your garden will help to prevent a failure, for you should know that to work a heavy loam or clay soil after a rain or while wet will produce poor results, the soil drying in hard lumps. It is almost impossible to break up these lumps of dirt. Now, no matter how tiny your garden is to be, plan to work it in two plots. This will give you a rotation of crops.

Light, sandy soil is ready to work long before the heavy loam, but this soil will need lots of irrigation, because it dries out very quickly. So, for this reason, when planning your garden arrange early in the season for hose or piping to supply plenty of water.

If you will remember that green and succulent vegetables average from 80 to 95 per cent of their total weight in water, you can understand the great need of plenty of water.

The small garden can raise radishes, garden onions, beets, carrots, parsley, garden herbs, tomatoes, corn, cucumbers, string beans, lima or pole beans. In the small garden it will hardly pay you to raise from seed the tomato, egg and similar plants. You can buy more cheaply. Radishes and lettuce may be sown in shallow boxes and placed in sunny windows, and just as soon as the radishes are as big as the top of your thimble pull them and use on the table. Lettuce may be used when the fourth leaf appears.

The first nice day in April get ready to sow peas, plan to plant but one row at a time, so as to have a continual crop. Dig ground deeply and then work until the soil is fine with a garden rake, removing all stones and bits of other rubbish. When the soil is well pulverized then form in rows, making a shallow trench or gutter between the rows. Soak the peas for twenty-four hours in warm water, then plant, having the seed fully two and one-half inches deep. Pat the soil firmly, but not too hard.

Plant the young garden onion and also some radishes. If your family is small, three feet planted every third week will give you an abundant crop. If you will plant your peas about the first week in April you will begin to harvest the crop about the second week in June, and a planting every week until the third week in May will give the family a mess of peas four or five times each week from the middle of June until late July, providing the little garden is well watered during the months of June and July. This is the best time of the whole year to plan and arrange the herb garden; the folks of yesteryear knew the wonderful value of the herb garden, from both a health and medicinal standpoint.

The varieties of herbs in an old kitchen in a home in a small mid-West city are: Angelica balm, sweet basil, borage, chervil, chives, coriander dill, fennel, horehound, lavender, sweet marjoram, mint, parsley, rosemary, sage, summer and winter savory, sorrel-common and lemon thyme and tarragon. All the herbs are grown in borders along the edge of both the grass and flower plants and really do not require any additional space, and will make a splendid and attractive showing. Some of the plants are secured from the seed man, while others are started from the seeds.

The seed man, or a good catalogue, will give you full information about securing the plants.

No particular soil or special preparation is needed as many will grow almost any place they are planted.

The green herbs are used for salads, and are dried for winter use. The herb garden can be made a profitable venture, as well as one for pleasure. The herbs find ready sale among your neighbors, and if you live on a main street just place some tied in little bundles and wrapped in wax paper where the passing public will see them, and you will be surprised to see how quickly they will go. This is particularly true with lemon verbena, lemon, thyme, lavender and the other spicy herbs.

Be sure to plant plenty of parsley, using both the plain and curly leaf variety.

The garden greens are next in order, and when the home gardener realizes the splendid variety that can be secured I feel sure she will always find a small corner of the garden to devote to the succulent pot greens.

Salad plants are in order in the play garden, corn salad, dandelion, chicory, using both the common and witloof varieties; endive mustard, cress, lettuce and Swiss chard are easy to grow, and do not require a great deal of attention, and the pleasure you will obtain when you can go into your garden and harvest a mess of salad greens for the table will amply repay you for the time and trouble you have given them.

I want to tell you about a man who was told by his physician that he must get away from the city, and that he would pay a penalty if he did not. After explaining to his doctor that for financial reasons this could not be he decided he would do the next best thing. He would spend as many hours outdoors as he possibly could, and he turned to his back yard and planned and actually turned it into a kitchen garden.

This garden has not only given him big dividends in health but it is also paying for itself, and he is quoted as an authority among his neighbors, upon what a man can really do with a small piece of ground. The garden is suburban and is 14 by 40 feet.

This garden brought in actual cash returns to its owner $45.50, but just suppose he had not gained a single penny, the wonderful return to health was worth thousands of dollars to him. He is an earnest home kitchen garden advocate, and Ernest Wright's message to his friends is go in the garden like the small boy and dig for worms, dig until you are so tired that you can hardly stand up straight. Then take a warm bath and retire, to get up one hour earlier in the morning and dig, dig, again. For nervousness, insomnia, indigestion and a lazy liver, he says, it's the best tonic made. Try it, it does not cost much beyond the physical effort and a mussed-up plot. If you secure the health that you are looking for it will truly prove a blessing.

I will have for this corner many times during the growing season some of the actual working plans of Mr. Wright, and how he turned the back yard into a most attractive kitchen garden, how he arranged his plot, the width between the rows and how he trained many of his plants according to European gardening methods.

Mr. Wright has an indoor garden which he made for himself late last fall, and it has succeeded wonderfully well, so that he is now in fine shape for the open season in kitchen gardens.

Getting back to mother nature is very necessary for the middle-aged individual if he is to keep physically fit. All indoor work, with just a few minutes devoted to racing for the car or to the station does not help to keep down the blood pressure, or act as exercise for a lazy liver.

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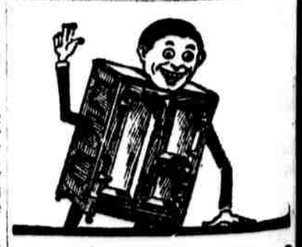

Suggestion No. 3 from the Ice Box

"I'm the man who put ICE in service. Little brother got sick with a bad headache and high fever last night and his mother came right down and got a piece of ICE and put some on his head and a little piece in his mouth. Oh boy, Johnny was grateful!"

Yours for health,
R. E. Frigerator

Paul and Virginia

By HELENA HOYT GRANT

Into Vagabondia

PAUL was day-dreaming; Virginia knew all the signs.

"Now what is it, dear: a—"

"It must be wonderful, this sort of thing," he said.

By "this sort of thing," Paul indicated the book "Vagabonding Around the World," with which fat volume he had been concerned for four evenings running.

"Of course, vagabonding has its drawbacks, but I think that one might visit all these strange and curious foreign lands and enjoy a wonderful time without spending a fortune, such as travelers usually feel called upon to spend."

"But, Paul, travel costs so much—especially abroad."

Paul frowned.

"Oh, that's what everybody thinks. For instance"—and he tapped the cover of the thick volume—for instance, do you know that a full meal of mutton and vegetables and paddycakes, that is a kind of bread, costs only two cents—in Syria?"

Virginia made a face of distaste.

"I don't like mutton," she murmured. "And I know I'd just hate paddycakes."

"And have you any idea of how cheap those native hotels or inns are in Egypt and in the big cities of Italy and in the charming country towns of Spain, and——"

"No, dear, I haven't the remotest idea."

"That's it, you see. Nobody realizes how cheaply these wonderful foreign tours may be managed, spending less than half what it costs a man to live on right here at home."

Virginia was impressed.

"Why, this man, the chap who wrote this book, landed in Port Said without more than half a dollar, and he lived on that for almost a week." He consulted the printed page again. "And he not only had plenty to eat and a place to sleep, but had wine with every meal. Think of that!"

"Paul, you don't like wine."

"What's that got to do with it? And then he visited the Holy Land and saw everything there was worth seeing. And later on, he visited Rome; and he saw the art galleries of all the wonderful cities of old Europe, and he spent a month just rusticating in Holland, and——"

"It must be wonderful," murmured Virginia, now dreaming, too.

"Wonderful! I should say so. And just think, honey, he started with only a hundred dollars, and most of that he spent on films for the little kodak he carried along with him. Wonderful! I'll say so."

"And I suppose he finally found the spot of his dreams, what?"

"Well, he went all around the world and visited almost every country. The book tells all about it."

Virginia sighed absently.

"How wonderful! Just to think that a person with only a hundred dollars could journey like that, never having to worry, riding from one strange country to another——"

"Riding?" repeated Paul, with some show of indignation. "Who said anything about riding? He walked the way, most of it, I gather from the book. Then he worked his way over the oceans he crossed; polishing brasses, and as a coal-passer, and other adventurous ways! By Jove, it must have been wonderful!"

"And I suppose that he eventually found his garden spot, his paradise? Did he settle in one of those islands in the South Seas or did he choose the south of France, or——"

"What do you mean, choose a paradise? What should a chap want to stick in one of those outlandish places for?"

"You mean to say——"

"Of course, he came home when he'd seen it all. Heavens, but woman does think up the funniest things——"

Somehow she'd taken all the tang out of the book!

Monday—The Sacred Seal