

VALUABLE NEIGHBORLY WISDOM

(By D. J. Walsh.)

MARION PALMER lifted the cover from the kettle which was steaming on the range and peeped in. It was just as she expected. The water had almost entirely boiled away, and if she had waited three minutes longer the roast would have burned.

"Oh, dear!" she thought. "I wonder if there is another woman in the whole world who is as discouraged and blue as I. One thing I know certain, no woman who ever loved her husband as well as I do, and tried to be a faithful helpmate, ever was confronted with such a problem as is mine. I don't say Carter has ceased to love me. But he is indifferent and there's no use in my ignoring the fact any longer. Our neighbors must have seen it this long while. The question is, what am I going to do about it?"

And sinking into a chair by the kitchen table Marion gave up to a good long cry. She cried until her handkerchief was sopping wet, then in a perfect abandon of grief and self-pity she lifted her apron and substituted that for a handkerchief. She had just reached the smothering-eyed, sniffling state in her cry when the door opened and Mrs. Walker, her next-door neighbor, entered. Mrs. Walker was a calm, middle-aged woman of ample proportions and abundant good sense.

"Why, Mrs. Palmer!" she cried, at the sight of Marion's swollen eyes and flushed face. "Are you sick?"

"Not sick, Mrs. Walker," Marion answered with a catch in her voice. "Just sick of living."

"Now that's too bad," Mrs. Walker sank into a chair and pretended not to see Marion's frantic attempts to make her face presentable by rubbing it with the aforementioned apron. "But it's a common complaint, after all. H-hum," Mrs. Walker said, "You've been married about two years, haven't you?" Marion nodded assent. "Well, in that case you've just about arrived at the point where you doubt your husband's love."

"It isn't doubt with me, Mrs. Walker," Marion was emphatic. "It's a fact. The whole world couldn't make me believe that Carter Palmer loves me the way he used to. If he does love me, why doesn't he treat me differently? I tell here in this house from morning till night, I almost never leave the house and he knows it. But do you suppose he cares? No! When he comes home at night, instead of inviting me to go to the 'movies' or insisting upon my going with him to some good restaurant for dinner he simply gobbles down what is set before him. He's not even appreciative of the food I've worked all day to prepare. As soon as he has finished eating he saunters into the living room, slinks into the easiest chair and retires behind the evening paper. What I hate worst of all is that old black pipe he smokes, and, honestly, Mrs. Walker, if you could see the cloud of smoke that rises over his head you'd think that pipe was filled with soft coal. I've asked him repeatedly not to smoke in the living room. I have literally begged him not to drag the big chair across the room the way he does. I even went so far as to buy a floor lamp and set it close to that chair in the corner, but it doesn't seem to make the least bit of difference. Every night it's the same thing over again. That chair is dragged right up to theavenport table."

"But you sit near that table, don't you?" Mrs. Walker asked.

"Yes, I do. I have to sit somewhere," Marion's eyes snapped. "I either read or sew. I've got to pass the time some way, you know."

"Did it ever strike you that Carter likes to sit near you?" Mrs. Walker's tone was gently questioning.

"Oh, you innocent old dear," Marion sniffed. "If Carter Palmer liked me well enough to want to sit by me he takes a mighty poor way of showing it the way he tries to smoke me out. Why, if he loved me he would want to talk to me, confide in me, listen to me. He never is interested in anything I have to tell him about my work. Only yesterday when the washing came back from the laundry with a sheet torn and two handkerchiefs missing and I tried to tell him about it he simply grinned and said: 'Sick 'em, Marion. Make 'em pony up,' and that was every last word I could get him to say on the subject. And I might have told him that there were three buttons torn off his underclothes, but I didn't. I wouldn't give him the satisfaction of knowing about it. Oh, I tell you, Mrs. Walker, my patience has been tried. I think there is nothing for me but just to pack up my things and leave—"

And Marion began to weep again.

"Well, my dear," Mrs. Walker's voice was soothing. "I think very likely it might be a fine thing for you to go away for a few days' visit before you decide to leave for good."

"A few days' visit?" Marion glared at her through tear-filled eyes. "If I go I'll never come back, never."

"I wouldn't say that," Mrs. Walker said. "I'd try an experiment. Suppose you pack up a few of your prettiest things and go up to Delhi for a few days with that cousin Margaret you are always talking about. She's been married quite some time and maybe she can help you. It

won't do any harm and it may do a lot of good. If I were in your place I wouldn't say much to Carter about how you're feeling. Just go away pleasantly. Couldn't you take the bus this afternoon? I don't know how long it would take, but Mrs. Walker slipped away, leaving her advice to sink in.

Marion sat lost in thought for a few minutes and then going to the telephone she called the office. Carter was not in, but she told the girl in charge of the office to tell Mr. Palmer that she had gone to Delhi for a few days. She would let him know later when she would return. Hastily packing a suitcase, she was ready to take the bus when it started at two o'clock.

When Marion arrived at her cousin's house it was some time before her knock was answered, and then when Margaret answered the summons Marion saw she had been weeping. Marion wondered, for of all people in the world, surely Margaret West was the last person to have reason to cry about anything. Marion pretended not to notice and she and Margaret had a fine time talking over old times until six o'clock, when Margaret's husband came home.

George West was a big blond man with a winning manner. He was a typical business man. All during dinner he kept up a perfect flow of witty conversation, and he seemed to have an inexhaustible fund of news and stories. His way of addressing Margaret was lovable, to say the least, and Marion's heart sank when she thought of Carter's brusque and silent ways. After dinner, George West, with a murmured apology, took his hat from the hall rack and went away. Marion thought she heard Margaret pleading with him to stay in for the evening, but, of course, she must be mistaken. After George went, Margaret grew silent even though Marion could see she was making a brave effort to be cheerful, and it was with almost a sense of relief that Marion saw bedtime come.

Next morning at breakfast George West was quite as entertaining as he had been the night before. But to Margaret's request that he plan to stay in that evening because she had invited a small party of their friends to play bridge, he made some excuse and murmured of a business engagement, but when he came home to lunch, however, he brought the girls tickets for a concert. This went on for four days and then Margaret broke her reserve and told Marion that she believed George made her the most unhappy woman in the world; that it had been more than a year since he had taken her out, and that it had been all of two years since he had spent an evening at home unless he were too ill to leave the house.

"I'll tell you, Marion," Margaret said, "when I think of your lovely little home with a husband who is so devoted to you and his home that he can't be coaxed away from it, why, I just envy you. You see the worst of it, I don't know where George goes, or who his associates are."

But just here Margaret was interrupted by the peal of the door bell. She went to answer it and a moment later when she returned she was accompanied by no other person than Carter Palmer.

"Here is some one to see you, Marion," Margaret said.

"Carter! You old dear!" Marion fairly flew to him.

"Maybe you won't be glad to see me, Marion," Carter said in his slow drawl. "But the new car came this morning and I couldn't help coming up after you. I'm not a very good driver yet, but I guess I can manage to get back somehow, that is, if you'll go with me."

"We will both go with you," Marion said with sudden decision. "Margaret is going home with me for a day or two. Now don't say no, Marg. You must." She had put aside her own longing to be alone with Carter during this time of blissful readjustment in order to give Margaret the same chance she had taken herself.

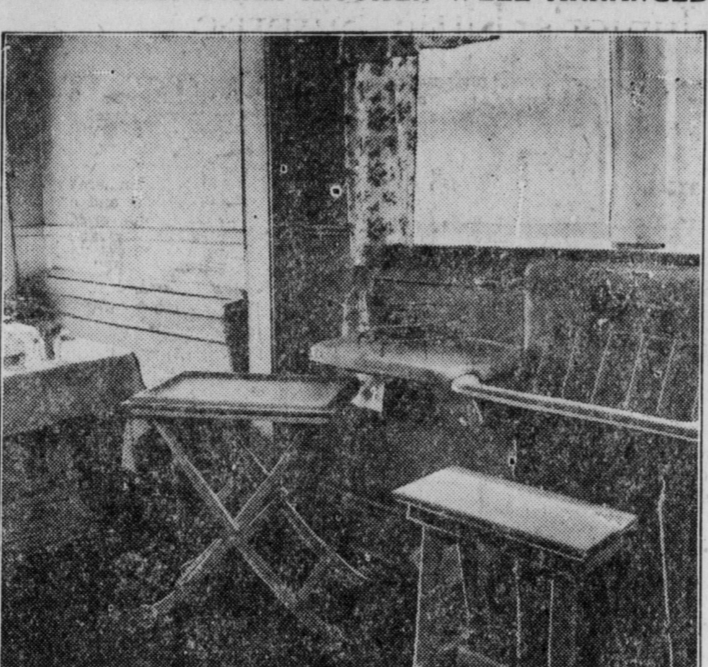
An hour later the new car bore two happy persons and one thoughtful one toward Marion's waiting bungalow.

It was three whole days before the young Palmers returned Margaret to her home.

Next morning came a joyful message to Marion over the telephone. "You don't know how George missed me! I guess he had a really dreadful time alone. You know I've never left him alone before," Margaret related. "You see, he caught a bad cold and couldn't leave the house evenings. My dear, he is going to take me to a play this evening. It is just as if we were honeymooning—"

Marion smiled wisely. Her dear old neighbor's advice had been well worth taking.

NEW JERSEY FARM KITCHEN WELL ARRANGED



Tea Wagon Made by New Jersey Housewife From the Backs of Two Folding Chairs That Were No Longer Fit for Service.

(Prepared by the Bureau of Home Economics, United States Department of Agriculture.) Unusually well arranged is this farm kitchen in Essex county, New Jersey. The modern sink with its double drain boards is placed sufficiently high for a medium tall woman. It has splendid light from the double window above and also from the window in the dining alcove, which is near enough to make meal getting a very simple problem, yet just enough removed from the activities of the kitchen to be pleasant. The useful tea wagon was made by the homemaker and her husband out of the backs of two folding chairs that were no longer fit for service. The stool on which one can sit while washing dishes is also homemade. The wooden rack saves the bottom of the sink from marks made by the dishes. Other features that make this kitchen attractive to work in are the crotonne curtains over the sink, and the appliqued drapes in the alcove. The improvements in this kitchen were the result of advice given by the county home demonstration agent. The photograph was taken by the United States Department of Agriculture.

WHAT CHILDREN NEED FOR HEALTH

Many Essentials for Good Nutrition Must Be Present.

(Prepared by the Bureau of Home Economics, United States Department of Agriculture.) Some of the nutritional and environmental needs of children were discussed in a talk recently given by Miriam Birds-eye, extension specialist in nutrition, before the West Virginia State Nurses' association. Miss Birds-eye said, in effect:

"Adequate food must be provided for children. This means that essential foods must be raised on the farm or available at all seasons of the year in nearby markets. Chief of these are milk and other good-quality proteins, butterfat, whole-grain products, vegetables and fruits, and pure water. Foods must be selected to meet the needs of the body at different ages and to come within the reach of the family purse. They must be prepared and seasoned to meet the needs of different age groups, combined into appealing meals and served at regular hours. Food habits must be wisely trained."

"Other essentials for good nutrition must be present. These are sunshine, sleep, rest, fresh air, happy work and play, freedom from overwork, normal emotional life, wise parental guidance, protection from illness. A glance at this list shows that agriculture, medicine, sanitation, nutrition, home economics, and psychology all have their contributions to make. Specialized service is needed from a number of agencies, and on certain points several organizations can unite their efforts."

Use Meat Thermometer for Rib Roasts of Beef

If the homemaker would use a meat thermometer when roasting beef she would get the same results each time she cooks, according to the bureau of home economics, United States Department of Agriculture. The thermometer is placed in the center of the thickest part of the roast, and when it records certain temperatures, the meat has cooked to the stage of rare, medium, or well done. When the family preference is for rare roast beef, the meat should be taken out of the oven when the thermometer reads between 130 and 150 degrees Fahrenheit. A medium roast is cooked to between 150 and 170 degrees Fahrenheit, and the meat is well done at about 180 degrees Fahrenheit. The element of guesswork is thus removed when a thermometer is used. Meat thermometers are made by several different manufacturers. They are not expensive. Specialists in meat cookery in the bureau of home economics have found that by their use in the laboratory they can cook hundreds of roasts and always have the results comparable. They recommend, therefore, that homemakers who wish to cook by exact methods should use the meat thermometer.

Care of Paint Brushes

Paint should never be allowed to dry on a brush, says the United States Department of Agriculture in Farmers' Bulletin 1432 on "Painting on the Farm." Nor is it advisable to keep paint brushes in water. When painting stops for more than an hour, the brushes should be kept in raw linseed oil. When painting is again resumed, as much oil as possible should be scraped or wiped from the brushes, after which the remainder should be thoroughly mixed with the paint by repeatedly filling the brush and scraping it against the inner edge of the paint pot.

Chicken Stuffed With Potatoes and Raisins

A large fowl of too uncertain an age to be safely baked may be appetizingly prepared in the following way. Says the bureau of home economics:

- Plump fowl, weighing 4 to 6 pounds 2 tablespoons potatoes
- 4 or 5 medium-sized potatoes 2 tablespoons parsley
- 1 cup raisins, without seeds Flour
- 2 cups canned tomatoes Butter
- Salt and pepper

Simmer a plump fowl weighing four to six pounds in a small quantity of salted water until tender. Remove it from the broth and set the fowl aside for stuffing. To the chicken broth add three cupfuls of canned tomato and two tablespoonfuls of finely chopped mild onion and let this sauce cook down. In the meantime prepare a stuffing for the chicken by cooking and mashing the potatoes and adding to them the raisins and enough milk to make the mixture like ordinary mashed potatoes. Stuff this while still hot into the body cavity and neck of the fowl. Crowd in all the stuffing possible and do not mind if it protrudes somewhat. Pour a little melted butter over the chicken and put it in the oven to brown. Thicken the tomato sauce to the consistency of a gravy and add two or three tablespoonfuls of finely chopped parsley and green pepper if desired. When the chicken and the surface of the potato stuffing have become delicately brown put the chicken on a large hot platter. Pour part of the sauce around it and serve at once.

Cherry Pie Can be Made During Winter Season

Cherry pie can be made in winter time if canned cherries are used. The bureau of home economics gives the following suggestions for making it:

Bake an undercrust until it is delicately browned. Be careful not to let this crust become too brown, however, or it will be overcooked when the pie is baked. Strain the juice off of the canned cherries. If they are unswetened mix the needed quantity of sugar with about one-half tablespoonful of cornstarch for each pie, and cook this with the cherry juice until it is thickened. Add one tablespoonful of butter and a few grains of salt, stir in the fruit, and put this filling into the prebaked pie crust. Moisten the rim, lay the top crust in place, and press the edges carefully together so that the juice will not leak out. Prick the top crust to allow the steam to escape. Bake the pie for about 20 minutes in a hot oven (450 degrees Fahrenheit), or until the upper crust is brown.

For cherry tarts bake pastry shells on the outside of muffin pans, and fill with the fruit mixture. Serve at once, or to give an extra touch add a spoonful of whipped cream or cover with meringue made of a stiffly beaten white of egg, one tablespoonful of sugar, a few grains of salt, and a drop or two of vanilla. To brown the meringue, return the tart to a very slow oven for 15 to 20 minutes.

Cooking Artichokes

Jerusalem artichokes may be boiled in their skins and peeled afterward or peeled beforehand. Only a small quantity of water should be used. Small tubers will cook in 15 to 20 minutes. They may then be served with melted butter with a few drops of onion juice, in cream, in white sauce, or in a savory tomato sauce; or they may be scalloped in a white sauce with grated cheese and crumbs on top. Pared and sliced Jerusalem artichokes may also be cooked in milk in a casserole or a double boiler, or they may be simmered in meat broth.

Mrs. R. Was Practicing

Art of Guest Dodging

One Saturday Mrs. R. was leaving her home to go downtown shopping. Two ladies with suitcases were going up the walk toward the house of her next-door neighbor. Mrs. R. happened to see her neighbor walking quickly toward the street corner, where she intended to board a street car. Thinking that she would be disappointed if she missed the guests who at that moment were on her porch, Mrs. R. called to her neighbor several times without making her hear.

Finally, by hurrying, she caught up with her and somewhat breathlessly delivered the news.

"Shut up, you fool! Shut up!" said her neighbor in an angry tone. "I saw them coming, and I was trying to get away before they saw me. I had planned to visit some friends in the country tomorrow, so I would not have to get Sunday dinner myself. You don't think that I intend to stay home and cook for them, do you?" Fortunately, the street car arrived in time.

Sardonic French Humor

French humorists are beginning to insist that the safest way to commit murder is with a pistol. Most of those who have employed other means in recent years have gone to the guillotine, but a number who used pistols are still enjoying life and freedom. Commenting upon this, Maurice Prax of the Petit Parisien, says it has become an established custom that the revolver, in crimes of passion, is strictly "de rigueur," like evening clothes after dinner at the Deauville casino. "It is strictly forbidden to strangle one's wife," Prax says, "It is equally forbidden to chop a wife or a rival into bits, or to give them poison with their meals. But the revolver remains authorized—and recommended."

True American Spirit

With a \$5 loan from her family, Lita Halladay of Estancia, N. M., has acquired four years of education at the Illinois Women's college. She has been washerwoman, waitress, maid, itinerant and cook at summer resorts to earn her way. When she ends her course she will owe only the \$5 which enabled her to reach college.

Dad Knew

Young Son—"What is an air pocket, dad?" Father—"Mine, after your mother has gone through them."

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His Consideration "While I always feel eminently able to tell everybody else how to do everything—including bossing women, running wars," said Cyrus K. Savage, "executing miracles, making condensed milk, choosing cantaloupes and vocations, and adventuring into other lines of endeavor not necessary to enumerate at this time—I understand that the average citizen does not care to listen to my superior wisdom, and so I usually refrain from offering it."—Kansas City Star.

A Girl Story Charlie Chaplin told a New York reporter the other day a girl story. "Girls are more beautiful and more—or—practical than ever," he began. "A girl named Montmorency sat in a moonlit California rose garden with a young man named Fetherstonhaugh. Fetherstonhaugh bent over her and said in a passionate voice: "Miss Montmorency—Augusta, if I may call you so—I am not rich in this world's goods, but I—" "With a slight wave of her cigarette she silenced him. "That will do, Mr. Fetherstonhaugh," she said. "No!" "Most of the theories quite disregard human nature. A loan widow is one who has money out at interest."

VALUED NEIGHBORLY WISDOM

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one Condon, Omaha's best fair swimmers for the games. She's just seventeen several seasons in National A. A. U. meet ings holding four national young lady also holds ern records.

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children, has made boy and girl." The ry, are, the painter on are shown above, nd Mrs. Watson of and Mrs. William

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