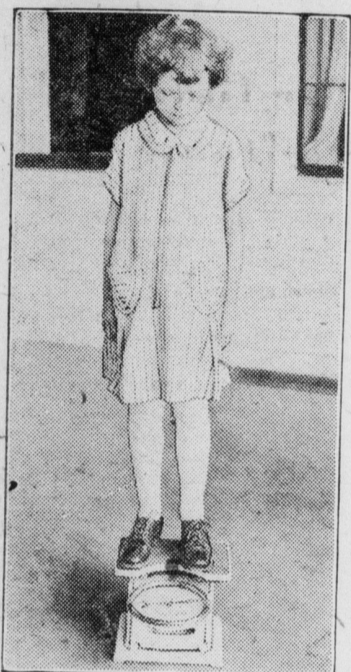


CHILD KEEPS TRACK OF HER OWN WEIGHT

Health Work Is Stressed in Home Demonstration Plan.

(Prepared by the Bureau of Home Economics, United States Department of Agriculture.)
Health has always been closely related to and considered a definite part of almost every activity included in the home demonstration program. Much helpful and valuable health instruction is given in connection with incidental work in a more or less systematic way. The work, particularly with nutrition in its various aspects, such as food selection, food preparation, and meal planning. Many details of home improvement also have a direct effect on health, as when by more convenient arrangement of equipment, or better equipment, fatigue is avoided and more leisure is obtained.

Everything to do with child care and child feeding has a health angle which is stressed by extension workers. The aim in arousing community enthusiasm for more healthful school



Keeping Track of Weight Is Part of Health Program.

Lunches has been to promote in mothers a greater interest in correct child feeding and to help educate children in food and health in such a way that hygienic habits would be formed early in life. The health score card has been widely used to call attention to such health factors as sufficient sleep, fresh air in the sleeping rooms, frequent bathing, care of the teeth, correct food selection, and weight as an indication of physical condition. Many of the farm children thus encouraged both at school and by their mothers to form good health habits, later become 4-H club members in which health is strongly emphasized. In addition to the skills they develop in demonstrating club activities, they must be free of physical defects in order to qualify as representatives of their clubs in many county and state contests. The total effect of this requirement is continual improvement in girls' physical condition and increased recognition of the importance of health.

The illustration, taken by the United States Department of Agriculture, shows a child keeping track of her own weight in connection with her health score card.

SPLIT PEA SOUP IS STANDBY ON OCEAN

Nothing More Welcome on Shipboard When Hungry.

(Prepared by the Bureau of Home Economics, United States Department of Agriculture.)
Ocean travelers are familiar with the filling, sustaining qualities of well-made pea soup. For it is a standby on every liner that plies between Europe and the United States. There is nothing more welcome than a savory, hot pea soup that appeases the ravenous appetites induced by the cold salty air. Similarly, on winter days, when the various members of the family come in out of the cold from work or school, a first course consisting of pea soup will go a long way toward filling them up agreeably—and at the same time, inexpensively. Dried split peas can be kept on hand for use at any time, but they must be soaked overnight before they are cooked, so this soup cannot be produced without notice. The recipe is from the bureau of home economics.

1 cup dried split peas	1 pint milk
1 1/2 quarts water	1/2 lbs. flour
1 cup diced salt pork	1/2 tsp. salt
1 small onion, sliced	4 or 5 drops tabasco

Wash the peas thoroughly and soak them overnight in two cupsful of the water. In the morning add two quarts of water and simmer until the peas are soft. Press the peas through a fine sieve, mix with the liquid from the peas, and place in a double boiler. Dice the pork into very small pieces, cook it until crisp, and remove it from the fat. Cook the onions in the fat until yellow. Mix the flour with the fat and onions and when blended add to the pea mixture with the milk and stir until thickened. Just before serving add the cubes of crisp pork. Serve with a slice of lemon in each soup plate.

Liver and Rice Source of Iron and Vitamins

Since nutrition specialists have pointed out the value of liver as a source of iron and vitamins in the diet, many new ways of serving it are being suggested. The recipe below is from the bureau of home economics.

1 cup rice	4 slices bacon
3/4 lb. liver, sliced	1 1/2 tsp. salt
1 onion, sliced	2 lbs. bacon fat
1/2 cup rice water	Few drops tabasco

Wash the rice free of all surface starch and cook it in 2 quarts of boiling water until it is soft. Drain the rice in a colander, cover it with a clean towel, and place it over hot water to steam and become flaky. Save some of the rice water. In the meantime, fry the bacon until crisp, remove it, and brown the onion in the fat. Salt and lightly flour the liver and fry it slowly in the bacon fat, after the onions are done. Cook the liver over low heat until the red color disappears, turning it frequently. Cut up the liver and bacon, mix with the onion, and add more salt to taste and a few drops of tabasco. Mix the bacon fat with the rice and make a layer of the rice in a greased baking dish. Add the liver mixture and continue until all the ingredients are used. Pour the rice water around the sides of the dish, cover and place the dish in the oven until thoroughly heated. Serve at once.

AROUND THE DARK CORNER

(By D. J. Walsh.)

"WHO next?" said Al Frazer as he tilted back his chair and put up his feet on the porch railing of the Palace hotel at Carter Center.

"The Judge is the last one I ever thought would be a quitter!" commented Ed Strong, with an uncovered yawn. "Why, he and this here town grew up together from the time they both wore rompers."

"He ain't to blame," drawled Fatty Knight, the third member of the group on the hotel veranda. "It's his wife's doing. Caroline Simpson has the old man trained to eat out of her hand and she declares that all the folks up and leaving has got on her nerves."

"Funny how a black little hole in the ground keeps things going," ruminated Strong. "Before the Jumping Frog shut down—and the drought set in—Carter Center was as prosperous a burg as they make 'em. Three movie theaters, seven resorts on Main street alone and clerks at the Golden Rule Bazaar fallin' over each other to wait on the throngin' customers. It was a live town, all right."

"Well, it's a dead town, all right now," grunted Al Frazer, "and as cheerful for the survivors as sitting up with any corpse. 'Hello, doc; frunk packed?' he called in greeting to a tall, broad-shouldered but weather-beaten looking man with grizzled hair and close-clipped beard getting out of a car that had drawn up at the curb.

"How could I leave town with Knight in his present precarious condition?" answered Doc Sanderson, as with a sly wink at Fatty's direction he mounted the veranda steps.

There were a group of laughter, with Fatty's own slumpy chuckle on the outer edges; then, with the eagerness of the old-maid male gossip, Ed Strong importantly announced:

"Well, the Simpsons are leavin' the first of the month, anyhow."

"You're not serious?" incredulously exclaimed the doctor.

"Sure, it's straight goods that I'm givin' you, and no sand in the sugar! Their Charlie told our Opal."

"Who next?" repeated Al Frazer. This time Doc Sanderson made noacular reply. Instead, he stood a moment lost in thought, then, slowly entered the hotel lobby and began to climb the stairs to his patient on the third floor, for the elevator was out of order, and as there were only seven guests, all told, in the house, the expense of having it repaired did not seem to be justified.

This visit at the Palace and two other calls made, Doc Sanderson's town cases for the day were disposed of, and in the chugging little flyover he started off to see a sick woman at Pine Ridge, some fifteen miles beyond the shutdown mine.

It was a day of late autumn when the earlier glorified gold and crimson foliage had passed and the trees by the roadside rose dark and forbidding—with sear, burnt-out leaves falling to the ground like a man's dead hopes.

Isabel had been right, thought the doctor, broodingly, as he drove under the lowering sky of dull gun-metal, a cutting wind lashing in his face. He ought to have left Carter Center nine years ago when the opening at Glenbrook presented itself. Now it was too late. In his profession, a man over sixty could not begin to build up a new practice in a new place.

A sudden dynamic change shot through the sagging figure at the wheel. The drooping shoulders straightened. Head went up. In the dull eyes glowed kindled fires. Doc Sanderson was fighting mad.

Years ago when he had first come to Carter Center with his young wife and baby girl he was a comparative greenhorn in his profession. But since then he had been both general practitioner and surgeon, with all sorts of cases and emergencies to test his ability. Yet, as keen of mind as ever, as skilled of hand—with all that the years had brought him of invaluable experience—now by an irony of fate he was about to be laid on the shelf.

The road grew rougher; the wind whipped colder. Yes, he had made the mistake of his life by not heeding Isabel's advice. As the car laboriously climbed the rough, mounting road he went over again that hour of decision nine years before.

The offer from the Glenbrook doctor about to retire had come a few weeks after a terrible disaster at the mine. A time when, modest-minded as was his habit of thought, Sanderson knew that his skill and devoted care alone had saved the lives of two of the badly hurt men, and prevented three others from being crippled for life. Came in the midst of a small-pox epidemic when Harrington, the yellow-streaked doctor at Pine Ridge, had run away to save his precious skin. No doubt he had been a sentimental fool, but it had seemed to Sanderson then that whatever advantage a change might bring no other place needed him as much as Carter Center.

The kindled fires in Doc Sanderson's eyes smoldered low and a defeated look crept out upon his face. Well, there was nothing to do but take his medicine, and keep a stiff upper lip. Thank heavens, he would be the only one to suffer from his mistaken judgment! Isabel's practice might not be very lucrative, for after having taken her postgraduate training as an interne at the Middletown

City and County hospital from choice, his daughter had opened an office in the city's poorer district, but it gave a living, and all the work her eager, energetic nature craved.

And suddenly at the thought of Isabel's bright, vital personality, there came over Doc Sanderson so homesick a longing for his daughter's presence, for the cheer of her smile, the comfort of her loving arms about his neck, that the ache in his heart was a physical pain. For since his wife's death, when Isabel was only fourteen, his love for the girl had been little short of worship, and it seemed as though he would never get used to living without her.

From out the gun-metal sky pelted stinging needles of cold rain, and at the same instant came a sound like the sharp report of a pistol.

In the midst of the driving rain, on a stretch of road where the mud was ankle deep, Doc Sanderson got out and put on a new tire.

The early soaked darkness was settling down over Carter Center when, on his return late that afternoon, Doc Sanderson drew up before the one-story little house where he had bached ever since Isabel had gone away.

A forlorn, lonesome-looking house it was for a forlorn, lonesome man to come home to on such a night.

"And I bet a dollar," the doctor muttered to himself as he opened the creaky front gate, "that the kitchen fire's out."

But half way up the walk he gave a start—a stare in at the front window.

To his utter astonishment the living room floor was pooled with light, its walls bright and jumpy with reflected flames from blazing logs in the big open fireplace.

What happened next was like going around a dark corner and suddenly finding himself in heaven.

A heaven of brightness and warmth and Isabel's dear loving arms.

"But, child, how did you get off at this season of the year?" questioned Doc Sanderson in a voice still dazed.

"Clubby Alvord is taking care of my patients," with an amused smile at Chubby's expense. "There's really no one seriously ill, and I had to come and talk things over with you. I wasn't going to risk having you turn my letter down the way you did the Glenbrook doctor's that time. Oh, dad," she beamed up at him, "the most wonderful thing has happened! They've offered me the appointment of bacteriologist in the City and County hospital's new laboratory. Just the kind of work that I've been pining for! But I won't, I can't accept, unless you'll agree to come to the city and take over my practice."

Accidental Pose Gave Inspiration to Artist

When John Singer Sargent was commissioned to paint the portrait of President Roosevelt, then in the White House, he and "Teddy" spent two afternoons trying to find an appropriate place to serve as background, relates Henry L. Stoddard, in "As I Knew them," meaning all the Presidents from Grant to Coolidge.

Pose after pose was tried without satisfying either man. Roosevelt tired of the search, but Sargent was eager to continue. Finally, as they descended the staircase shown in the famous painting, Roosevelt stopped at the bottom, rested his elbow on the newel and turning to his companion said hopefully:

"Well, Sargent, we had better give it up. We're after the impossible."

"Don't move, Mr. President!" exclaimed Sargent quickly. "Don't move. We've got it!"

And they had.

Rip's Awakening

It is 108 years since Washington Irving's creation, Rip Van Winkle, stepped out of a 25-year slumber to become a citizen of the world. Rip was included in an unassuming volume called "The Sketch Book," modestly published under the pseudonym, "Geoffrey Crayon." The first printer of "The Sketch Book" in America was C. S. Van Winkle of New York city, but, says James O'Donnell Bennett, in "Much Loved Books: Best Sellers of the Ages," that is an odd, though meaningless coincidence.

Eleven years after "The Sketch Book" was published in England, Irving went to Oxford to receive the degree of doctor of laws given him by the university. One of the cries that greeted him from the students who were present at the installation, was: "Has Rip Van Winkle waked up yet?"

American Arches

What the arch was to Rome the filling station is to America. When the Via Appia was still a highway to be bragged about and the young Roman gentlemen sped from Venusia to Tarentum at 15 milla an hour, arches stood along the road to mark the advancing frontiers of the Roman state. History was written there. For each arch marked a new outpost and a new foothold for Roman culture. We are not Romans, but we have marked our own highways with appropriate symbols.—From "The Great American Band Wagon," by Charles Merz.

Dual Language Journal

Though many newspapers are published with a part of their contents in two languages, perhaps Les Dernieres Nouvelles of Strasbourg is the only paper in the world printing a whole daily in two languages, French and German. The editions are identical down to the last word. Everything about the plant is in duplicate—pressroom, composing room, editorial staff.

"Business First" in Mind of Bridegroom

Senator Smoot talked to a group of reporters about business. Among other things, he said:

"Sentiment should be kept out of business. That is an excellent precept. But even excellent precepts can be carried too far."

"At a fashionable wedding not long ago the bridegroom failed to turn up. Noon sounded, then one o'clock, then two. Everybody was in despair."

"But a little before three the young man arrived, smiling and breathless. He explained that he had been trotting about from bank to bank cashing the numerous checks that had figured among the wedding presents."

"You can't stop a cashed check," he murmured tenderly to his bride as they took their places at the altar.—Detroit Free Press.

New Idea in Football

The fame of the Shoeless Wonder football team of the Presbyterian orphanage at Lynchburg, Va., is spreading fast. The orphanage team possesses only one football shoe, discarded by the Lynchburg high school.

This shoe is used by the player who does the kicking and as soon as the pigskin starts flying through the air, the shoe is discarded. "You couldn't put shoes on those kids if you wanted to," says Dr. William Meginson, superintendent of the orphanage. "I believe that the reason they win so many games is that their opponents make fun of their bare feet and try to step on them. This makes them mad; they dig their toes in and piov through."

Names of the Months

January derives its name from Janus, Latin god of the year; February, from Febru, Roman festival of purification; March, from Mgrs, god of war; April, from Aperio, meaning to open; May, from Maior (greater), month of growth; June, derived from Junius, the name of a Roman family; July, named for Julius Caesar; August, named for Augustus Caesar; September, October, November and December were the seventh, eighth, ninth and tenth months of the Roman calendar, from the Roman words for the numerals.

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Something in That

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Student—Getting up at 5 a. m.

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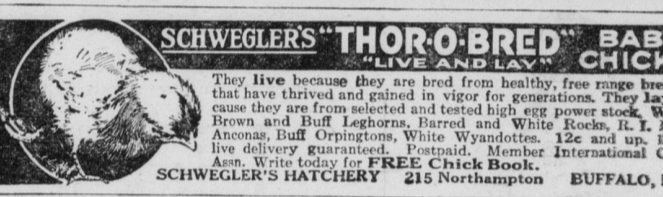
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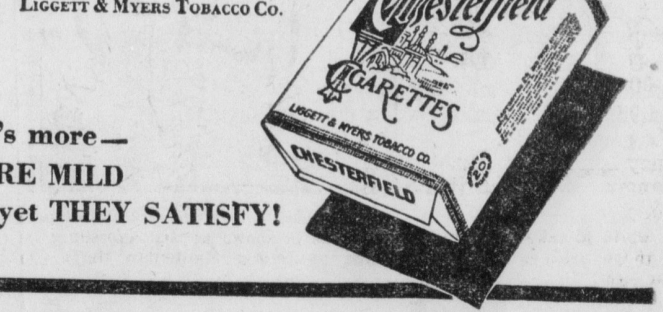
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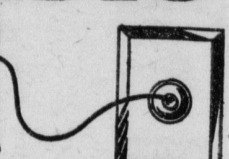
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