

# LITTLE PRINCESS WILLFUL

By DAVID CORY

It was a lovely summer morning as the little willful princess and her pet monkey stood at the window in the high eastern turret and looked across the land. The rising sun threw far and away over the greensward long broad shadows of the big, silent forest that bordered the winding road leading over the hills and through the valleys. Yonder lay the sea, purple and amber in the floods of morning splendor. The house of Michael the gardener stood darkly out against the sky. The blue smoke from the rude stone chimney went spirally up until it was lost in the clear expanse above. The castle frowned from the rocks and scattered here and there, the little cottages of the peasants nestled in the wooded nooks.

The meadows below the royal gardens were starred with golden flowers, while from every hedge and thicket came the carols of the joyous birds. The swallows gleamed like mailed warriors as they chased the burnished insects through the air. Low music was heard in the grass, too, as the grasshopper beat his drum and the cricket tuned his pipe.

"It seems just like a holiday with all this music," said the princess. "It is, indeed," replied the monkey; "see the flags and banners flying in the town below."

Surely it must have been a gala day there, for at that moment along the highway hurried a throng of people, various in dress and manner, many of them laden with merchandise for the fair.

"There goes old Lord Crusty!" laughed the little princess as a chariot and four amid a great cloud of dust passed by. "Why does such a disagreeable thing as he want to go to a fair this jolly morning?"

"Perhaps he thinks he may find a cure at one of the booths," suggested the monkey; "who knows?"

"Let us go, you and I," of a sudden cried the princess, and suiting her actions to her words, she ran off to give orders for her pony to be saddled and one for her pet monkey, also.

The village square was thronged with people when the little princess and her pet monkey arrived, so thronged that they had some difficulty in making their way, although the people pressed back to let them pass as soon as they recognized her small highness and her devoted escort, whose fame had reached the poor peasants for many miles around.

"Why so much excitement?" asked the princess, looking curiously about to find the cause.

"Yonder gallant knight," answered the monkey, pointing to a stalwart horseman, armed cap-a-pie, who at that moment rode through the crowd. As he passed her by the princess heard him say to his squire: "Wind a blast upon your bugle horn, and proclaim to the assembled people that here in the market place I hang my shield in order that all who are so disposed may come and see themselves reflected in it."

Sweet and mellow the bugle notes rang out in the clear air, and when a space had been cleared in the center of the throng, the shield of the gallant knight was placed there, a burnished disc of silvery radiance, in which were reflected the passing events as in a mirror. But even more was shown from the magic reflector.

For every one who looked at his image in the shield saw something he had never seen before. Curious it was to watch those who looked and passed on. There came a pretty slip of a girl, who posed in a vain attitude before it. But in a moment, with a blush, she turned quickly away. Quite soberly she walked back to her place in the crowd and awaited with interest the next who should venture before the telltale mirror.

Presently the crusty old lord, whose chariot wheels had raised such a dust upon the road to the discomfiture of the squire, upon his image in the shield grinned and frowned at it, wondering at first what it was, but when it grinned and frowned back at him, he felt that it knew him, and he turned away, sorely troubled at the truth.

There seemed to be a wonderful attraction, too, about this radiant shield, for one and all felt impelled to gaze into its depths. The rays from it were like warm hands drawing to it the curious and timid alike. Some went up boldly and with much bravado stood gazing at their reflections, while others turned sadly away.

The little princess had been a silent observer of all this. A hush fell upon the people as the gallant knight rode over to where she stood. Making a low bow, he said: "Will your little highness not gaze upon the shield?"

"Shall I, dear monkey?" asked the little princess, somewhat abashed at the presence of the stranger in armor. "Surely," he answered, "for is not the owner a worthy knight, and one who would allow no harm to befall you?"

etaoin shrdlu cmfwyp vbgkqj xzdfif "Thou speakest the truth," said the knight, looking keenly at the monkey, "the shield harmeth none."

So saying, he led the princess before the burnished mirror and withdrew to one side, while her little highness looked intently into it. At first the reflection of herself was the same as that which had always met her when she had gazed into the own mirror of the castle, but when she turned to one side and

but gradually the face changed, slowly but surely much of the beauty disappeared. The light in the eyes grew hard, and the lines that came about the mouth changed it so that she came to the eyes of the little princess.

"Oh, how willful!" she thought, as she took out her small handkerchief and wiped her eyes. Forgetting where she was for the moment, she drew closer. "Can it be possible," she whispered, "that this is really my face?" and again she wiped away the tears.

When she turned to the monkey, she saw that he was looking at her with a strange expression. "What is it, dear monkey?" she asked. "Oh, look, dear monkey," cried the little princess, speaking for the first time, "I am almost persuaded that the shield of the knight has been transported by some miracle and hung upon our castle."

"No, little princess," he replied. "Your own little mirror will answer in 'the future.' But the princess did not reply, for she was wondering greatly at the wisdom of her pet monkey.

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## The Home Table

### French Fried Potatoes

To cook French fried potatoes, boil the potatoes in their jackets and then peel and cut and fry. If using raw potatoes, pare and cut and wash, then dry and let lie in a warm room to dry off, then fry. You will have better success using a vegetable oil in place of the lard. Lard can not be heated to a high temperature without burning. French fried potatoes require a temperature of 360 degrees Fahrenheit, which temperature is much too hot for lard.

### Sour Rabbit

Cut the rabbits and then place in a china bowl and add  
One cupful of chopped onions.  
One bunch of pot herbs.  
One teaspoonful of sweet marjoram.  
Six cloves.  
Five allspice.  
Two bay leaves.  
Now cover, using a mixture of two parts vinegar and one part water. Set in a cool place for three days, turning the rabbit over every day, then put in a casserole dish or stewing pan and cook until tender. Thicken the gravy. Serve potato dumplings with this dish, or it may be eaten cold.

### Chicken a la King

Cut the breast of a cooked chicken into one-inch pieces and then place one and a half cupfuls of thick cream sauce in a saucepan and add one cupful of mushrooms that have been peeled and cut in pieces and then par-boiled for six minutes in boiling water, and also

### Fricassee Chicken

Draw and singe and cut the chicken. Wash and place in a deep saucepan and cover with boiling water. Bring to a boil and add  
One onion.  
One small carrot.  
Two branches of celery.  
Cook slowly until tender and then thicken the gravy. Dumplings may be added if desired.

### Boston Cream Pie

One cupful of sugar.  
Six tablespoonfuls of shortening.  
Place in a bowl and then cream well.  
Now add:  
Two eggs.  
One-half cupful of milk or water.  
Two cupfuls of flour.  
Three teaspoonfuls of baking powder.

### Filling

One cupful of milk.  
Six level tablespoonfuls of cornstarch.  
Dissolve the starch in the milk and bring to a boil and cook for five minutes. Now add:  
One-half cupful of sugar.  
One well-beaten egg.  
One teaspoonful of vanilla.

### Cheese Capane

Mince one onion fine and cook until soft in one tablespoonful of butter. Now add three ounce soft cream cheese broken in bits and season. Spread

on eight finger-widths of toast and garnish with paprika.

### Tartar Sauce

Yolk of egg.  
One teaspoonful of mustard.  
One teaspoonful of sugar.  
One-half teaspoonful of paprika.  
One teaspoonful of lemon juice.  
Mix well and then add slowly one-half cup of salad oil. Add one teaspoonful of small sour pickles chopped fine.

### Tomato Salad

One-half cupful of salad oil.  
Four tablespoonfuls of vinegar.  
One teaspoonful of salt.  
One teaspoonful of paprika.  
One-half teaspoonful of mustard.  
Blend until creamy and then prepare the lettuce. Lay on platters one-half of a tomato on lettuce and cover with dressing. Four medium-sized tomatoes weigh about one pound.

### Biscuit

Two pounds of flour.  
One and one-half ounces of salt.  
Two ounces of baking powder.  
Place in a bowl and sift twice. Rub in:  
One-half cupful of shortening.  
Mix to a dough with  
One and one-half cupfuls of milk.  
One and one-half of water.  
Knead in the bowl to blend well and then roll out one inch thick on well-floured board. Cut and brush the tops with milk and bake in a hot oven for eighteen minutes. This makes about fifty biscuits.

### LET THE CHILD HELP

Every normal child, even one as young as eight or less, can be interested in something which will be to her benefit if the mother will cast about a little and find her natural inclination. It is really only an application of the kindergarten theory. The idea is not to deprive the child of one hour of play; it is merely to guide part of its recreation into useful channels.

Through accomplishment a child will have a higher opinion of her ability, gain confidence and be spurred on to further effort. Does a child who is anxious to sew get more pleasure from running stitches in a bit of muslin which she knows will be cast into the scrap basket or from sewing up two sides of muslin into a bag in which her mother promises to put the washed lettuce on the ice? Her labor, trivial as it might have been, has resulted in an object of some consequence, and she is accordingly gratified and encouraged.

### WHEN MILADY BUYS A HAT

Milady was very trying. She had had 35 hats on her head and had not been satisfied with one; so the milliner had said to herself that when Milady had reached the even three dozen she would dismiss her.

"I must say that there is something about this one that strikes me as being exceptionally good looking, but—"

"Oh, you needn't begin all your talk over again, I know you're tired. No amount of argument would cause me to buy it. Why? Well, I'll tell you. Because I know it can't be stylish. It's too pretty, and nothing that is the least bit pretty is ever fashionable. What else— Nothing?"

"What's that? You say you should not have shown that last hat? Why not, pray? It's sold. Then what is it doing out here? Some of the girls failed to send it out? What are you doing with it now? Sending it to the purchaser? Oh, don't send it yet. Let me look at it again. After all—"

"Who bought, may I ask? You'd rather not mention her name? Oh, come, that's foolish. You know I'll never tell her how careless you've been and besides, I may not even know her. Do tell me who bought it, that's a dear. You can't afford not to tell me for I'm such a good customer you know. Of course I get some hats elsewhere because my husband is in business and I have to buy of everybody, but think of the women I send here! Whether they come or not is a different thing. At any rate I send them."

"Now let's have her name. Yes, that's right. Go on. Who is she? Mrs. de Peyster? Not Mrs. Reginald de Peyster? Why, she's the smartest looking woman in town!"

"How much did she pay for it? Twenty-five dollars is the price and she hasn't paid for it as yet! Charged? Ever have any trouble getting your money? I don't see how you can afford to take chances with her, for they say she's shockingly bad pay, although she seems to be able to get enough to dress stunningly."

"Really I can't let her get ahead of me. I'll order another one just like it. If she is going in for turquoise blue velvet toques at her time of life, I am too, and I am—as any one of my real friends can tell you—only 24. So I have a reasonable right to a hat of that kind, while she— You can't duplicate it? She would never hear of it? Well, then, you will simply have to let me have the original. I'm not going to let Antoinette de Peyster beat me to anything in the way of clothes so long as I have access to my husband's bank account. I'll write a check for it right now and save you the trouble and humiliation of running after her for your money for a year or longer, with a probability of never getting it at all."

Gossip is the mother-in-law of slander.

It makes a man cross when his wife asks him to explain something to her that he does not know anything about.

It isn't being kissed that a girl objects to so much as the thought of his thinking she wouldn't resent it.

## PHONOGRAPH EDUCATIONAL FACTOR OF GREAT VALUE

The phonograph as an educational factor has tremendous value. Through this means the children can become familiar with all that is best in music, either vocal or instrumental; they can learn not only the music, but about the composers, and the men and women who sing and play various instruments.

### A Dear Memory

A memory of my childhood is a visit to a dear auntie who, on a day afternoons, took her little nieces to the west pasture, and amid the splendor of the sinking sun sang sacred songs and read from a volume of sacred poems. The cadence of her sweet low voice will always echo through my memory.

### The Musical Voice

It is truly a part of music's ministry to speak through the charm of a well-modulated, pleasant-toned voice, lending itself freely to the various moods of the fine nature it serves. It is truly one of the duties of the mother and the kindergarten to be a model for her children in this respect as in many others, for children are very sensitive.

### Music for Moods

If mothers could realize how many times a bit of music would be of greater service than even the kindest remonstrance they would have crashing chords ready for the angry boy, nonsense song to drive scowls from the face of little daughter and jolly jig to set lagging feet and drooping spirits dancing while a gay lute tune improvised or adapted for the occasion would often bring careful obedience in response to the request to pick up playthings or perform some other unwelcome task where a stern command would start an unhappy time for all concerned.

## CALENDARS

The printing of calendars would be much simplified if the ideas of the American Equal Month Calendar Association were adopted. It plans to have only four weeks (or 28 days) in every month, each commencing with Monday.

The plan necessitates thirteen months instead of twelve, and the new month is named "Liberty" and is placed after February.

In the readjustment a day is lost but it is made an independent, legal holiday and called "New Year's Day." The extra day that comes every four years is named "Correction Day."

A bill putting the new Liberty calendar into effect has been introduced in Congress.

It all seems so easy to the average person that one wonders it hasn't been done before, until the subject is looked up. We consulted the encyclopedia and found that emperors, popes, scientists and others have tried their hands at fixing up a calendar. After each "fix" the calendar would go along until some one discovered that the thing was out a day or a week, or a month, and then some one else would try it.

It will be recalled that our own B. Franklin was born January 6, but during his lifetime the calendar was shifted and he had to get used to celebrating his birthday anniversary on January 17 instead.

And there's the rub—this new 28 day month will never go into effect now that women have the vote. Do you suppose that a woman whose own or whose husband's birthday came on the 29th or 30th, will submit to having these anniversaries eliminated?

## SNAPS AS TIME-SAVERS

The use of snap fasteners on baby's clothes is a great time-saver for the busy mother.

Snaps should be of 00 size, which are the smallest, and are practically invisible when sewn securely to the garments.

Take for example, the little day slips which are laundered so frequently. Leave the garments open to lower edge and attach little snaps with both parts on upper side of hems, at a point where the placket begins; when snapped together the dress falls in natural folds and the opening is not noticeable.

## Origin of Famous Songs

The author of "Kathleen Mavourneen," had at first little notion of the worth of the song, and, indeed, would have disclaimed all responsibility for it.

### Use a small paint brush, one costing five cents, for blacking the stove. Mix with stove black a little warm grease and paint stove, gas or coal, or open fireplace.

### An essay on man—a woman's attempt to marry him.

composition to a Mrs. Rowe, who greatly admired it and requested that Crouch sing it at a concert she was soon to give in Plymouth. Crouch declined the invitation, and thought no more of "Kathleen" until one morning, glancing through the window of his room at a Plymouth inn, he was amazed to observe a big poster on the bill board opposite announcing Mrs. Rowe's concert whereat he was listed to give "Kathleen Mavourneen."

But for a lovers' quarrel, overheard by the composer, another famous song—"Darby and Joan"—would never have been given in the world.

"The Star Spangled Banner," as everyone knows, was actually composed during the heat of battle, the author, Francis Key, having jotted it down as he watched the bombardment by the British forces at Fort M'Henry, near Baltimore.

The grumbling of a negro groom led to the composition of the immortal "Old Folks At Home." While waiting for a change of horses at a Kentucky hostelry, the composer, Stephen Foster, author of so many beloved darkey melodies, heard a melancholy negro murmur, as he threw a set of harness to the ground, "Ise sick an' tired o' dis life. I wish I was back wif de ole folks at home."

"Where may that be, Sam?" asked Foster.

"Oh," answered the darkey, "way down on de Suwannee River."

The result was the song we have today.

A British army bandmaster was the inspiration for "The Girl I Let Behind Me." It appears that this gentleman was a bit of a male coquette, and that, as a result of his flirtations, he was ever bidding good-bye at the station, on occasions when his regiment was being transferred, to some young woman who had fallen a victim to his charms. Finally, the tradition runs, a member of the band, in a spirit of sarcasm, wrote that famous song, which would be played by the band whenever the bandmaster rejoined the regiment. So, in time, it got to be the "marching-out" tune of the whole British army.

## BREADMAKING HINT

If you haven't a bread mixer, try using a paring knife instead. After kneading about a dozen strokes, cut across the dough as many times with the paring knife, alternating the kneading and cutting until well kneaded and smooth.

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