Forbes and the Rich Man

A Thanksgiving Story

By HENRY HOWLAND.



It was the day before Thanksgiving, but there was no feeling of thankfulness within Henry Forbes. His look was hopeless, his clothes were seedy, and it was long since he had been able to satisfy his hunger.

Forbes was beginning to long for vengeance. He was beginning to feel that the blade and the torch were justifiable. He had gone from place to place all day and he had always heard the same reply. But it was not only the experience of a day that rankled in his breast. It was the experience of that day repeated over and over. The fever from which he had but lately recovered had been responsible for the loss of his position. He had worked up to that place through years of steady, patient efforts. Now wherever he applied they gave him to understand that he would have to go back to the bottom and begin all over again.

Bitterly he thought of the old adage: There's always room at the top.

He was standing beside a big iron gatepost at the end of a driveway which wound among elms and maples up to a mansion that could be partly seen through the trees. It was too cold to snow. Only an occasional tattered flake was whirled along by the wind.

Occasionally a carriage passed up the drive toward the big house in which the first lights were beginning to flicker. In one of these carriages Forbes caught a glimpse of a man with an armful of flowers. Other carriages passed out. Presently a wagon loaded with folding chairs was driven through the gate and up toward the huge pile that loomed among the leafless trees.

Forbes drew a heavy high and shivered in the cold. He started on, fearing that he might be suspected of vagrancy or something worse if he were found loitering at the gate, but after he had gone half a square he turned and went back and stood beside the tall iron post again.

"I have toiled and been honest," he thought, "and what's my reward? After twenty years they tell me to go back and start all over again. Pretty soon they won't even give me a chance to do that. Then they'll tell me I'm too old, and what'll follow? Oh God—if there is a God—what are we coming to? Here I stand out in the cold, miserable, alone, with the world against me. Up there some one has enough to make a hundred—perhaps a thousand—such men as I am happy. People drive past me with no thought of what I am, with no sympathy to offer, and hurry to where he is, surrounded by splendor, where they may flatter him



Beginning to Long for Vengeance.

and add to his joys because—because he has the money that a hundred—perhaps a thousand—others should share.

"And which of us has been the better man? Which of us has honestly earned the most? Which has kept nearest to God's commandments? Perhaps he has his money because he has cheated others, or because luck favored him in some speculation, or some one may have left it to him. Surely, he cannot honestly have earned so much more than I have. Yet the preachers talk about God's justice. If God is just why is he there and why am I compelled to stand out here in the dark and shiver, with no hope for tomorrow?"

Another carriage passed up the drive and Forbes bitterly said to himself:

"Bah! I suppose society is gathering here this evening for one of its 'functions.' Tomorrow the papers will have lists of the names of the people who were present. The money they will spend for flowers this evening would be enough to keep many a poor family comfortable that will have to suffer through the winter."

He clinched his hands and swore that he didn't believe a just God could reign while such conditions existed. He worked himself into such a passion that he forgot the cold, forgot the danger of being arrested for vagrancy, forgot that he was talking aloud.

Then he saw a woman coming down the walk from the palace among the trees. He started away, but impulsively turned again and met her as she was passing through the gate. He could see in the dim light which remained that she was probably a servant, and he asked:

"Who lives up there?"

"Mr. Talburn—I mean the Talburns."

"Oh. And they're having a ball or a reception or something of that kind tonight, are they?"

"No. Mr. Talburn's dead. They're getting ready for the funeral."

Forbes pushed his hands down into his pockets and stood for a moment, looking at the splendid house in which the rich man lay dead. Then, turning toward the woman, he asked:

"When is the funeral to be?"

"Tomorrow," she answered.

"Thanksgiving is a poor day for a funeral, isn't it?"

"Any day is a poor day for a funeral," she said, and went on her way.

Forbes pulled himself together, a moment later, and, starting onward, said:

"So it is. Any day is a poor day for a funeral, and any day is a poor day for giving up hope and losing faith in God."

At the street corner he halted, uncertain which way to go. While he hesitated a man approached him.

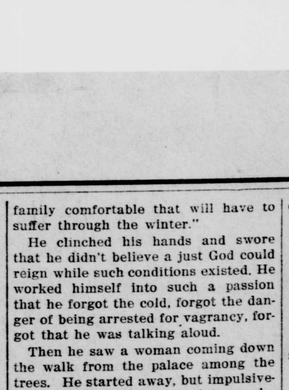
"What's the trouble, my friend?" the stranger asked.

"I'm hungry and I'm out of a job," Forbes replied.

"Can you drive a team of horses?"

"Of course I can."

"I need an extra driver. I'm to furnish carriages for Mr. Talburn's fu-



"Can You Drive a Team of Horses?"

neral tomorrow. Come along. You're just the man I'm looking for. I can put you to work now and give you a steady job if you want it."

"I'm alive and I've got a job," thought Forbes as he walked along with his employer, "and tomorrow's Thanksgiving."

Gladness.

I'm glad that it is not my fate to solder cans at Kankakee;
I'm glad I do not have to knock around at Knoxville, Tennessee;
It gives me joy to know that I am not at Rutland in a rut
Or earning what I eat and wear by cutting in Connecticut.

Few pleasant moments would be mine if I at Warsaw had to saw
Or were by circumstance compelled to sleep in straw at Haverstraw;
I might with little effort name a hundred blessings that I lack,
But I am glad I do not need to run a hack in Hackensack.

—S. E. KISER.

"My Prayer."

Heavenly Father, instead of bringing to thee merely empty words of thanks for the many blessings that have come to me throughout the year, help me to show my heart's deep gratitude by doing all the useful things I can in thy name today.

Let me try to find every lonely heart within my reach, and freely share my portion of cheer with all.

Let me remember to speak the tardy words of honest praise and appreciation my selfish lips have unwittingly withheld, and prayerfully leave unsaid the little things that hurt and sting.

Let me fully test the tender magic that lies in smiles, kind words and little acts of thoughtfulness, and see how many sad, discouraged souls I can make glad.

And grant, O Father, that the eventide may find nothing in my humble power left undone or unsaid that would help some one in need, or make the world better and brighter. Amen.

In Court He's at a Disadvantage.

Sam Spencer was telling a large tale to a group of friends at the courthouse in Emporia the other day, and his narration was sprinkled with peppery and picturesque terms. When he had concluded, one fellow in the circle said: "Sam, why is it that you can't talk that forcibly before a jury? You are as plausible as a gold mine stock salesman here in this circle, but when you get before a jury you can't make them believe your side of the case to save your hide. What's the reason?" Sam said: "Well, I don't think you are right, but I will admit that I am under a terrible handicap in a court room, for about half of my vocabulary is cut out there."—Kansas City Star.

One Way of Looking at It.

Alethea (blushingly)—Now, don't, Mr. Dusnap! I know little Ferdinand is watching at the keyhole.

Dusnap—Well, let's gratify his curiosity and then he may go away.—Puck.

Not Worth While.

He—No, I never read books that are being much talked about.

She—Why not?

He—It takes so much effort to explain when I don't like them.—Puck.

And Now See.

Mrs. Scrappington—"Oh, let the young people flirt if they want to. I don't believe flirting ever brought harm to anybody."

Scrappington—You forget. That's how you and I began, by flirting.

Art Inclinations.

"And you don't care for the romantic drama?" asked Gladys.

"No," replied Gwendolyn. "I give my change to the moving pictures. I am strong for realism."

Retaliation.

Father—You have no sense. I'm going to cut you off with a million!

Son—If you do, I'll disgrace the family by riding around in a second-hand auto.

Coming Along.

"I promised you some early vegetables in May, did I not?"

"You did."

"Well, be patient. My tomatoes will soon be ripe."

THANKSGIVING DAY

By Francis Bird Pugh.

1630

Stern woods and frowning sky and farther on
A wide, wild waste of water walling in
The hearts that yearned for touch of loved one's hand,
For parents' blessing and for children's kiss.

The silken tassels of the maize had waved
Above the leveled graves of many a one
Unequal to the contest with fierce men
And fiercer nature; but that Pilgrim band
Kneeling, praised God, and thanked him that the earth
And water gave them food, and most of all
That they were free to worship him for whom
They had given up all man holds dear on earth.

Theirs was the sowing, our the reaping time.
God made of them a nation, and it stands
With one hand plunged in rough Atlantic's foam
And one laved in the gentler waters of
The blue Pacific. Through its iron veins—
A network wraps the land from east to west—
The life blood of the nation ebbs and flows.

From the abundance of its fruitful breast
It feeds the children of its older kin
And grants to all within its sheltering arms
Freedom of worship which our fathers craved.

O, men, who builded better than you knew,
We, thine unworthy children, give God thanks
For this, our country, which we owe to thee.

1913

Here's a world that is white, and a road smooth as glass,
And a spanking good team that your neighbor can't pass,
And a sleighful of family—young folks and old—
Well tucked in with laprobes to keep out the cold;
And atune with the laughter that lightens the way
Is the dear, delicious tangle,
And the jingle, jingle, jangle
Of the sleighbells in New England
On Thanksgiving day.

Now the house is in sight with the door opened wide
While the darling old mother stands waiting inside.
Why the love in her face shines like sun on the snow!
You're the child that you used to be long, long ago.
Now the hard crust of worldliness passes away
With her arms around your neck on this Thanksgiving day.

Then home with the moon keeping pace, cold and bright,
Just tingeing with silver earth's vesture of white.
The voices are hushed, for the spell of an hour
Is folding all close in its magical power.

Measured hoofs beats keep time to the thoughts on the way,
And mark the rhythmic tangle,
And the jingle, jingle, jangle
Of the sleighbells in New England on Thanksgiving day.

THANKSGIVING THOUGHTS

Probably there are some people who wish turkeys were as cheap as Thanksgiving proclamations.—Toledo Blade.

Nearly a hundred marriage licenses to add joy to the Thanksgiving!—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

The drumstick eaters about the board may at least be thankful that turkeys are not quadrupeds.—Boston Herald.

Hash, brothers, hash with care; hash for a week most everywhere.—Baltimore Sun.

Well, just be thankful that you are not a Turk—American, European or Asiatic.—Newark Star.

"Heads you win," said the waggish turkey as he stretched his neck on the chopping block.—Chicago Record-Herald.

No Connoisseur.

Praising the wines of California, Olive Percival, the author, said at a tea in Garvanza:

"The people who sneer at California wines are the type who judge a bottle's contents by its label. They have no taste, such people. They are like the coiffeur in the beauty parlor.

"As this coiffeur bent over a lady's auburn head at the lunch hour, an associate coiffeur entered the room and roared:

"'Say, you you're tinting that lady's hair with my beer!'

"'Goodness,' said the other coiffeur, 'I must have drunk the dye, then!'"

SPRAYING PRACTICE IN PLUM ORCHARD



While Running Slightly Behind the Normal in Yield on Account of Continuous Rain at Pollenization Season and a Long Spell of Daylight Dry Weather, This Picture Shows a Bounteous Yield of Plums on a Long Island Farm.

(By S. A. BEACH, Iowa Experiment Station.)

Plum Curculio.—This insect makes a puncture in the tender young fruit in which it lays its egg. It then cuts a crescent flap around the puncture, making a characteristic wound. The egg soon hatches into a larva, commonly called "a worm," which feeds upon the fruit and often causes it to drop prematurely. Often the wormy fruit starts to rot before it drops and thus helps to spread the rot fungus to other fruits. Spray with arsenate of lead, using from 3 pounds to 4 pounds to 50 gallons just before the blossoms open and again as soon as they fall. Two weeks later spray with 2 pounds arsenate of lead to 50 gallons. Paris green might hurt the leaves if used.

When the insect is very abundant jarring may also be practiced. A convenient "catcher" is made of cotton sheeting stretched over a frame mounted on low wheels. One side is slit to allow the cart to be pushed directly under the tree. The tree is then jarred and the curculio which are caught upon the sheet are swept into a box hung under the center of the sheet from whence thye are later taken and destroyed. Jarring should begin as soon as the blossoms fall and continue from two to three weeks. Early morning is the best time to do this work.

Clean cultivation continued into September helps to keep the curculio under control.

Plant Lice.—Several kinds of plant lice, or aphides, attack the plum. They work on the under side of the leaf so that it curls and often drops. They multiply very rapidly. On nursery stock they may often be fought quite successfully by cutting off the infested tips promptly and destroying them or dipping in nicotine sulfate, 94, but in the orchard this is hardly practicable and probably the best that can be done is to spray with nicotine sulfate or with whale oil soap, one pound to about seven gallons of water, as soon as the lice appear and before the leaves curl.

Fruit Rot. Sclerotinia Fructigina.—This disease causes much loss to plum growers by rotting the fruit and sometimes also by destroying the blossoms and the tender shoots in spring. It is particularly destructive in Iowa to plums of the domestica or European class, such as Lombard, or Spanish King, German Prune, and Blue Damson, and also to the Japanese plums. It finds easy entrance to the fruit through punctures made by curculio or other insects. It may be partly controlled by fighting the curculio thoroughly and by spraying with lime sulphur.

Leaf Spot. Cylindrosporium Padi. K.—This is often quite injurious to the plum. The same disease attacks the cherry.

FERTILITY VERSUS SINGLE CROPPING

Potato Growers May Well Benefit by Experience of Wheat Raisers of Wisconsin.

(By C. L. FITCH, Colorado Agricultural College.)

When Illinois and Wisconsin, Minnesota and Dakota and other western states were put under the plow, the chief crop was wheat. After fifteen or twenty years of wheat growing in southern Wisconsin the crops diminished seriously, and about war time the yields ran so low because of disease that wheat growing was abandoned as a failure.

After almost a generation of dairying and the exclusive reliance upon corn, oats, barley and clover, wheat was tried again, and the yields are now larger than in the pioneer days. This offers a parallel to the growing of potatoes in southern Maine in the earlier days, their virtually going out and now their larger production again.

After the experience of 1911 and 1912 the potato growers of many regions in the Rocky mountain states will do well to consider if they have not already reached for the time being at least the passing of their crop. Persistence is a good thing, but not always better than wisdom.

PRACTICAL NOTES OF POULTRY YARD

Sunflowers Can Be Started Almost Anywhere and Transplanted—Add Variety.

A badly used hen is an eggless hen.

Stop fooling with poultry. Do business.

Water the hens two or three times a day with as good water as you would like to drink yourself.

How would you like to eat the feed you give your hens? If you beg to be excused, then we tell you that you are not doing the right thing by your birds. They never ought to have feed that is not good enough to set on our own tables.

Rubbing vaseline on the legs of chicks or older chickens, will prevent them having scaley leg and keep the skin smooth and well colored. This is a good treatment for the legs of show birds.

Summer is the time to plan for a variety of food for the hens next winter. A variety of food you know causes the hens to fill the egg case when eggs are high. Grow all the different kinds of food for them that you can.

It is a good plan to raise sunflowers in the poultry yards. They can be started elsewhere and then transplanted into the yard or can be planted in the yards if the hens can be kept out until they get started. Sunflowers make a fine shade for the hens and little chicks during the hot weather; they help to keep the ground dry and pure and then in the fall there is a good supply of sunflower seeds to help add variety to the ration of the laying hens.

Poultry manure is so strong that it will injure tender plants if allowed to lie against them. Remember this when putting the poultry droppings in the garden. Put them close around the plants but not against them and mix with the earth.

Do not think that your flock of hens is too small to bother with saving the droppings. The product from 25 hens for six months is about 375 pounds, from the roosts alone. This is well worth saving to enrich the garden.

BIRD IS FRIEND OF ORCHARDISTS

If All Members of Feathered Tribe Were Killed Land Would Be Overrun With Bugs.

In spite of the annoyance that birds cause by eating fruit, orchardists who have made a close study of the matter say that the birds are the best friends they have. If the birds were to be killed the land would soon be overrun with bugs and worms, and fruit raising would be destroyed. Not all orchardists, however, agree with this statement. An Illinois fruit grower stated at a horticultural society meeting that birds should not be protected any more than snakes. He kills hundreds of orioles, robins and thrushes every year because they destroy some of the fruit. It is stated on reliable authority that if mulberries are put out near cherry trees the birds will eat the berries and not molest the cherries to any considerable extent.

Pumpkins for Hogs and Cows.

It is surprising that more pumpkins are not fed to pigs and cows which have access to the alfalfa pasture in the fall. For a brood sow and shoats, and even for fattening hogs, a ration of pumpkins will give as good results as though they were cooked.

If cooked and some grain sprinkled over them, the hogs will eat more of them, which is the only advantage. In feeding cows the seeds should be removed if fed in considerable quantity, as they will interfere with the digestion and cause a decrease in the milk flow.

Raising Guinea Pigs.

Guinea pigs are easy to raise and taken all in all, are the most desirable pets that there are. Even a baby can play with them without fear of being scratched. The guinea pigs should be kept away from cats who will hunt them as they do rats. Some say, however, that when a kitten is brought up from the very first with guinea pigs she will live peacefully with them.

TO ACCOMPANY MEAT

PREPARATIONS OF VEGETABLES THAT ARE FAVORITES.

Scalloped Tomatoes Will Always Be Enjoyed—Spaghetti in Real Italian Style—Red Pepper Salad Is Excellent.

Scalloped Tomatoes—In the bottom of a buttered baking dish put a layer of tomatoes (peeled and cut in small slices); a sprinkling of sugar, salt and pepper; then a layer of chopped onion and green pepper. Add a few bits of butter, cover with bread crumbs, then another layer of tomatoes, etc., until the dish is filled, the top layer of fine bread crumbs covering the dish, and bake in a moderate oven about 45 minutes to brown the top. Remove the cover ten minutes before the tomatoes are done.

Spaghetti—Spaghetti, Italian style, can be prepared with very little trouble in the following manner:

Put the spaghetti (without breaking) into boiling salted water, boil rapidly uncovered from 30 to 40 minutes. While it is cooking open a can of tomato soup, heat the contents in a saucepan, add a lump of butter, a good sprinkling of onion salt (or a spoonful of onion juice), a little celery salt and a dash of pepper. When the spaghetti is done, drain and cover with this sauce. Serve at the table with grated Parmesan cheese.

Lentils—Wash the lentils and soak them over night. Next morning drain, cover with boiling water and cook slowly one hour. Drain and press through a colander. Return to the saucepan, season with salt and pepper and add a good-sized lump of butter. Beat thoroughly over the fire until hot. The lentils should be of the consistency of mashed potatoes. Pour over each serving a tablespoonful of tomato sauce or chili sauce.

Red Pepper Salad—Wash, and cut the peppers in halves (lengthwise), removing the seeds. Cover with cold water and cook until tender, but not too soft. Cool and cut into strips. Serve on lettuce with French or Italian dressing.

Aunt Selina Braddock's Cherry Pie.

Line your pie tin with rich crust. Mix four tablespoonfuls of sugar with two of flour, and sprinkle a little more than half of it over the bottom of the crust. Have ready a pint of seeded cherries; put in half of them and sprinkle over them the remainder of the sugar and flour. Then put in rest of the cherries and juice and sprinkle with heaping tablespoonful of sugar. Wet the edges of the under crust, put on a thin top crust, cutting slits in the middle for escape of steam. Press the edges of paste together and bake in a moderate oven for 20 minutes to half an hour.

Roxbury Cake.

One-half a cup of butter, one cup of sugar, one cup of molasses, one cup of sour milk, four yolks of eggs, three cups of sifted flour, two teaspoonfuls of cinnamon, one teaspoonful of cloves, grating of nutmeg, two teaspoonfuls of soda, whites of four eggs, one cup of currants or nut meats.

Prepare in the usual manner, sifting the soda and spices into the flour and then sifting the whole together. The recipe makes three dozen small cakes.

Scotch Muffins.

One and one-half pints flour, one cupful honey, one-half teaspoonful salt, two teaspoonfuls baking powder, two tablespoonfuls butter, three eggs and a little over one-half pint milk or thin cream. Sift together flour, salt and powder; rub in butter, cold; add beaten eggs, milk or thin cream and honey. Mix smoothly into batter as for pound cake; about one-half fill sponge cake tins, cold and fully greased, and bake in good steady oven seven or eight minutes.

Potted Corned Beef.

Simmer corned beef four hours or more until tender, then leave in liquor until almost cold; then turn into a colander and place a saucer or plate over it; on that put a heavy weight. I use a large sun glass that fits into saucer, and on the flat side of that one eight-pound iron wrapped in paper. My meat cuts in thin, smooth slices. Some let the meat soak in liquor over night, then heat to just warm and press.

Good Substitute for Butter.

An economical substitute for butter, especially for use in seasoning vegetables, etc., is made by frying out ham, bacon or poultry fat, either raw or cooked, also the droppings from sausages, or the fat skimmed from soup or gravy, allowing to each half pint a small onion, a little thyme, a teaspoonful of salt and a little pepper. Try out at a low temperature, strain through cheesecloth and keep in a cold place.

Crust Wheat Meat.

Put one pound of flour, a pinch of salt and a half teaspoon of baking powder into a basin. Mix them well, then rub into them six ounces of fresh butter. Work the mixture with a knife or fork into a paste by the addition of half a pint of water. Roll it out once or twice and it will be ready for use. Sufficient one pound for a pudding large enough for three or four persons.

Lemons for Pie.

I find it a great help when grated lemons are needed for pie, instead of grating to cut in pieces and remove the seeds, then put through a food chopper, using the fine knife blade, writes a contributor to the Modern Priscilla. It is a saving of time. This can be applied to citron, figs and nuts for fruit cake.

Apple John.

One generous pint of flour, two teaspoons of baking powder, two tablespoons butter, one cup milk. Make it to fit a dish in which are sliced about a quart of apples. Put it on top of apples and bake. When done, reverse it and cover with a cup of sugar, a little spice and butter. Serve hot, with milk or cream.

BEST FOR THE BATHROOM

Nothing Will Take the Place of the Inexpensive and Easily Made Rag Rug.

Somehow a bathroom rug is a more or less unsatisfactory proposition. It is very likely because water will splash upon it and damp towels and unslippered feet insist upon seeking its soft surface. And so, from sheer sanitary necessity, the bathroom rug must be washable; and from sheer contrariness a washable rug will slip and wriggle—at least nine out of ten do.

But there is one kind that is more quietly inclined than most because it is heavier—the old rag rug of our grandmother's days. Cut an oval from some heavy washable material the size you desire the rug when finished. Denim would answer the purpose. Then from the strips of some heavy, soft, washable goods make an even braid, being careful to fold in the rough edges neatly while plaiting the strips.

The braid may be as wide or as narrow as you wish, and the strips cut accordingly. If the rug is to be blue and white, have one strip of white and two of blue, so that the rug will not show the soil too easily. Do not have the strips too long.

HOUSEHOLD QUESTIONS

To drive a nail through a plaster wall without injury to the wall, dip it in hot water first. This will prevent it from breaking away the wall.

To give a soft tread to oilcloth, and also to increase its length of serviceableness, put a layer of sawdust on the floor before laying it.

To keep bread boards a beautiful color, rub them well with half a lemon; then wash them in cold water, and stand them in the wind or in the sun to dry.

To prevent the corners from wearing on table oilcloth, paste at each corner, on the wrong side, a square of cotton before putting the oilcloth on the table.

To remove the greasy-looking marks on the arms and head rests of leather chairs, use linseed oil as follows: Boil half a pint of oil and let stand until nearly cold; then pour in half a pint of vinegar. Stir until it is well mixed, then bottle, and it is ready for use. Put a few drops on a flannel and polish with soft dusters. This will thoroughly renovate all leather.

Baked Fish.

After fish is washed and dried, place dressing in it, sew sides of fish with needle and thread or place toothpicks and lace with twine from one end to the other. Have two strips of cotton cloth about two or three inches wide and long enough to cross the pan widthwise and leave ends to hold in taking fish out. This helps you to take the fish from the pan and place on plate without breaking it. Put strips of salt pork in the cloth and on the fish. It can be garnished with slices of lemon and parsley. It requires a hot oven or it will be mushy. Allow about half an hour for a pound.

Pickled Apples, Peaches and Pears.

A good mixed pickle is made by combining the three different kinds of fruit. Rub the down off the peaches with a coarse cloth, peel the pears if the skin be tough, otherwise simply remove the blossom end and peel the apples, leaving the stems on. Stick a couple of cloves in each piece of fruit. For six pounds of fruit allow three of sugar, a pint of strong vinegar, four dozen cloves and two dozen cassia buds. Cook the syrup 15 minutes, skim well and put in the fruit. Cook until tender, then pack in glass or stone jars and seal.

Fruit Pinwheels.

Two cups flour, four teaspoons of baking powder, not very full, one teaspoon salt, two tablespoons sugar, two tablespoons butter, two-thirds cup milk, one egg, one cup raisins, one cup currants and a little citron. Roll one-half inch thick, brush with melted butter, then add the fruit. Roll like jelly roll, cut one-half inch thick, then bake. The icing is made of powdered sugar with a little cream and vanilla. Spread with a knife.

Potato Pepper Salad.

Cut three cold potatoes into half inch dice. Remove the seeds from a green pepper and chop it fine. Mix four teaspoons of vinegar with two tablespons of ice water, a little powdered sugar, a dash of pepper and a half teaspoon of salt. Place a layer of potatoes in the sand bowl, then a layer of chopped pepper, and sprinkle with a tablespoon of oil. Continue in this manner till dish is filled. Then pour over the dressing and set in a refrigerator to become very cold.

Penuchle Foam.

Two and one-half cups light brown sugar, one-half cup water. Boil together, without stirring, until it forms a soft ball in cold water. Have ready the white of an egg stiffly beaten; add speck of salt. Pour candy into the beaten egg, beating it all constantly. As it begins to harden, add one cup of nut meats. Pour into pan or drop from spoon to form tiny cakes.

Steamed Chocolate Pudding.

Butter size of walnut, one-half cup sugar, creamed, together; one egg well beaten and added to butter and sugar, one-half cup milk, one cup flour sifted with one and one-half teaspoons baking powder. Add last two squares melted chocolate, one-half teaspoon vanilla. Steam one and one-half hours. Serve with whipped cream.

Fruit Pudding.

Put one pint of apples or peaches sliced (or any kind of fruit) into a buttered baking dish. Mix one heaping cup flour, two level teaspoons baking powder, two-thirds cup sugar, one egg, one cup milk and three tablespoons melted butter. Beat hard, pour over the fruit and bake. Serve with sauce. It is delicious.

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