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AT THE SOUND OF THE GONG

(©, by D. J. Walsh.)

IT WAS the first day of school and the first-grade was unusually restless. Margaret Rogers, teacher, rapped her desk repeatedly for order. There was a rustle of bodies, scraping of feet, an undertone of whispers, and from one corner of the room came the sound of sobs. Some newly launched traveler on the long road to education was weeping unrestrainedly for home and mother.

"Now we must be quiet!" sternly remarked Miss Rogers, and for a second the noise subsided only to be broken by the shrill shriek of a small, pink-frocked girl in the second row who, half turned in her seat, was pointing a chubby finger at a red-headed boy behind her.

"He did it . . ." sobbed the victim, "he did it . . . he snapped my neck with a wubber band and it hurr-t."

Miss Rogers approached the tormentor.

"Stand up!" ordered the teacher sternly. "Stand—in the aisle."

The boy looked up at her and grinned, displaying a wide gap where three front teeth were missing.

"Do you mean me, Miss Rogerth?"

"I do!" and Miss Rogers' eyes came to rest on a narrow rubber band about his fist.

"No, ma'am, didn'th . . . thith elathith band did though. I'm thorry."

"What is your name?"

"My name is David Weatherby Junior."

"Wha-a-t?" demanded Margaret.

He nodded affably, his gray eyes frankly disconcerting.

David Weatherby Junior! The son of the man she had met and learned to love this summer, with a love that had made vacation a long period of golden happiness; the son of the man who had asked her to marry him and then—after she had promised had told her of this boy. The irony of having this boy in her room. The eyes smiling up at her with big Dave's eyes. She turned slowly and walked back to her desk and David Junior scraped his shoes noisily on the floor as he sat down.

"It hur-r-rt," wailed the small victim, disappointedly.

"Now, everyone will fold his hands and we will sing. What song do you choose?"

"'Thankth for the Buggy Ride," came promptly from David's desk and a snicker went over the room.

Margaret was glad when the day was over and the last small person had filed out. She sat at her desk a long time thinking . . . of those splendid horseback rides over mountain trails, Dave beside her. The white moonlight nights when they had sat with a large group around a blazing camp fire and lost themselves in the pine branches overhead. She smiled grimly when she recalled that Dave had been particularly fond of the song, "Thanks for the Buggy Ride." There had been breakfasts at sunrise and long days together, returning to the Wyoming ranch as the sun was losing itself in the golden glory behind the mountain peaks. How happy she had been when he had said he was leaving the city and was to live in the town she called home . . . where his sister lived; and then, he had told her of his love for her, and in a voice infinitely tender he had later spoken of his previous marriage and of his small son left motherless at birth.

Why had he not told her all this at the beginning? It was not fair! He had deceived her! And he had answered:

"It was because I loved you so much, Peggy . . . I wanted to be sure you loved me enough to . . . to . . . You would love Davie boy."

When she had left the ranch to come home, a day or so before Dave had planned to leave, he held her hand tightly in his and said he would wait.

David Junior proved to be a disrupting factor in the first-grade room. He continued to harass the small girls who sat near him; he dropped his books and whispered continuously, his whisper unusually penetrating because of his missing teeth. He continued to grin at her and request that the morning song be "Thanks for the Buggy Ride," although Margaret had never asked him for his choice. He was always eager to talk of his father, who, he told her, was away on a long trip, but would come back soon. She punished him on several occasions by making him stand in the corner, but he always smiled at her sweetly—with big Dave's eyes.

There had been a long letter from Dave. He was hoping to return soon, but business was good and his trip had been longer than he anticipated. His sister, who cared for David, wrote that the boy was getting along nicely in school and enjoyed it. Big Dave was anxious to get back to the little tike . . . Davie boy's welfare and happiness was about the biggest thing in the world to him. . . . Margaret tore up the letter and dropped it into the waste basket, only to rescue it after school hours and piece it back together again.

The next afternoon when David Junior deliberately coaxed an ugly soiled dog into the room she made him come up and sit beside her all the afternoon, and it annoyed he extremely because he grinned at her affably every time she looked in his direction.

It was on the day that the child had happily confided to her that daddy was coming home that morning that the fire bell rang out—sharp staccato peals! Silence, and then a second alarm, followed by the sound of confusion in the halls, the cries of frightened children. Sharp orders from teachers. Margaret Rogers assumed command of her room.

"Stand!" and they obeyed to a child. The line started toward the door, the children taking their places naturally and easily, but the confusion in the hall broke up the orderly arrangement and pandemonium reigned. The familiar little faces of the first-graders were soon lost in the mad swirl of moving bodies. A red head appeared in the midst of the crowd and was lost again. Davie boy! Dave's baby . . . the one whose welfare and happiness meant so much to Dave Weatherby. Margaret reached over the heads of the children.

"Davie boy! Davie boy! He turned toward her. She held out her arms and pulled him from the crowd. He wound his legs about her body, his arms tight about her shoulders.

"Gee, Mith Rogerth," he lisped, breathing rapidly, "when you said 'Davie boy,' you said it—just like—my daddy."

And so it was that Lis Dave Weatherby found them as he came up the steps, two at a time, white-faced, frightened. And as the word rang through the halls that the danger was over he buried his face in his son's red head while the child clung to him with one arm, the other close about Margaret's neck. Big Dave smiled at her—with little Dave's eyes.

"I know now, Peggy," he whispered. "I know you love me . . . you picked him—out of all those helpless babies . . . my boy . . ."

"I wanted to keep him safe to put him in your arms, Dave dear . . . but I hope there—there is room for me there, too."

Marvelous Arch

Architects have been known to make the journey to Colon in the Canal Zone for the sole purpose of examining the ancient flat arch which entered into the construction of St. Dominic's church, a Seventeenth century relic, now a ruin, except the marvelous arch. The latter is a single span of about 60 feet with only the terminal columns for support and in addition to this, the arch has so little curve to it that it seems to be almost flat. Tradition has it that it fell three times in the course of construction, but on the fourth occasion it is said that the monk who designed it stood under it in prayer as it was finished. Its fall at that time would have killed him. The surrounding structure is in ruins, but the arch remains. Its existence was threatened recently when a real estate operator secured possession of the property, but to save it the municipal council made an appropriation to purchase the land from him.

Odd Tropical Fishes

The most beautiful of tropical seafolk is the moonfish, often called the ghostfish because of its paper-thin form of a silvery color. The angelfish is as gaily colored as the rainbow and with long, trailing fins of contrasting tints. The squirrelfish flaunts a deep coral shade and great dark eyes. The parrotfish attracts attention as much by its gorgeous colorings of turquoise blue, plum purple, or bright green as by the peculiar bony beak.

Ants as Mushroom Growers

In Brazil scientists have observed multitudes of ants which climb trees, place themselves on the surface of a leaf, next cutting with their claws a nearly semicircular incision on the upper side, and later detaching the piece by taking the edge between the jaws and giving a sharp jerk. The leaves are taken into subterranean chambers, where they ferment and decay, forming a leaf-mold, in which the ants grow mushrooms.

German First in Field

Electricity was first used for lighting railway carriages by the London, Brighton and South Coast railway in 1881. A system employing a belt-driven dynamo on one of the carriages for supplying current to Geissler tubes throughout the train had, however, been patented in Germany in 1879.

Trip to Paris?

When a woman begins to lose interest in the fashions she needs some kind of a tonic.—Chicago News.

Big Fortunes Traced to Days of Privateering

The American millionaire is a thriving institution today, however you may take him.

Delving back beyond 1914 we find him in fewer and fewer numbers until we arrive—after tracking him back over a surprisingly brief span of years—at the lair of the first American millionaires. American millionaires, in fact, are of such comparatively recent origin that the present incumbents of even our oldest fortunes fall within the category of the nouveau riche.

Many of the wealthy families of today can trace the start of their fortunes to the daring and enterprise of privateers who operated during the War for Independence.

The Cabot, the Thorndike, the Tracy and Peabody fortunes were founded on the deadly guns and keen steel of the American privateers.

George Cabot and his brother went into the privateering business on a large scale. They equipped 20 ships, each carrying 16 to 20 guns, and harvested large returns from their conflicts with British ships.

Nathaniel Tracy, son of a wealthy merchant, took to the adventurous life of a privateer with zest. At twenty-five he commanded a great fleet of war vessels and for many years was possessed of enormous wealth. Then the British frigates began to gather in his ships one by one until Tracy lost practically all of his fortune.

Joseph Peabody, founder of the Peabody fortune, trod the deck of one of Cabot's privateers until he gained enough prize money to equip a ship of his own. More prize money poured in and he acquired and equipped other ships. By 1781 he was so wealthy that he gave up life at sea and established himself as a great merchant.

He continued, however, to add new ships to his fleet until at one time he had 83 vessels flying his flag. On his pay rolls were 7,000 sailors and his ships were bringing rich cargoes from Asia, Europe and the West Indies. His annual taxes amounted to $200,000.

Sandman Story for the [illegible]ildren

By MARY GRAHAM BONNER

Freddy Cole looked at his sailboat and then looked at the weather. The sailboat looked well, the weather did not.

Freddy's home was along the coast where sailboats were often hard to manage and where the weather did exactly as it chose—even more so than it did anywhere else—so it seemed to those nearby.

Freddy had been sailing all through the early spring and summer. He had learned to manage the boat well and he was well aware of this.

Not only had Freddy learned to sail the boat but he had learned to drive his father's automobile. He did this well, too, though with none too much regard for those along the highway.

To be sure, in the part of the world where Freddy lived the highway was never very crowded, but if a partridge did wander out upon the road it was all it could do to get back to the woods in time—or if a cow meandered along it was no easy matter to get out of Freddy's way.

Freddy rather prided himself on just being able to miss objects when he drove.

"I missed that chicken by a feather," he would say with pride.

"But that's not fair," his best friend Harold Grant would answer.

"You frighten those creatures almost out of their wits."

"Aw—what do they feel—just as long as they're not hit they are all right."

"But it's not fair," Harold would persist. "They're not used to automobiles and suddenly you scare them so they go back to the field or the woods panting with fear."

Learned to Manage the Boat.

"They'll all be killed sooner or later," Freddy would reply.

"Let them be happy, then, while they live," Harold would answer.

"Ah—don't be so soft," Freddy would answer.

There were many nice qualities about Freddy. He was generous, anything he had he shared with others. He was not afraid of hard work. He helped his father, nor was he above his mother do the homeliest [illegible]s. He was loyal to his friends [illegible]ver talked against others.

[illegible] there was a cruel streak running through him which worried Harold and bothered him.

At times Harold would argue with himself that Freddy was not really cruel—he was just thoughtless and so full of energy and strength and the joy of excitement that he didn't stop to think. And yet it was cruel to make any creatures suffer. Perhaps Harold, was, as Freddy said, soft, but he wished he could make Freddy softer, too.

Freddy could do things so supremely well. He caught on to things at once. He had learned the hang of the automobile at once, he had learned to sail the boat so quickly and with such skill. Harold envied him for his cleverness and quickness.

But later on Freddy learned, and admitted it, too, that courage was not trying to bully some one more helpless than himself.

Courage was something far more important than that. It was being brave when unexpected dangers came up. It was being willing to admit fear but not let it get the better of you.

Oh, Freddy learned what real courage was, and it was Harold who taught it to him—though Harold never said a word about it.

And the younger boys in that place learned, too, something of what courage really, really meant!

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CHOCOLATE CUSTARD DESSERT

Soft custard flavored with chocolate is a more delicious and richer dessert than the chocolate cornstarch pudding which is the only kind of chocolate pudding many people know. It is not necessary to serve cream of any sort with this custard, but a little whipped cream on top is undoubtedly good. The directions below are from the bureau of home economics.

1 quart milk	½ tsp. salt
¾ cup sugar	4 eggs
3 squares unsweetened chocolate.	1 tsp. vanilla

Heat the milk, sugar, chocolate and salt in a double boiler. Beat the eggs slightly and pour some of the hot mixture into the eggs. Mix well and add to the remaining milk. Cook, stirring constantly until thickened. When cool, stir in the vanilla and chill thoroughly. If left overnight the custard becomes thicker. Serve plain or with a little whipped cream over the top.

HINTS FOR HOUSEWIVES

Wear a pair of cheap cotton gloves when you dust and clean. They will help to keep your hands soft and white.

• • •

Regular daily cleaning prevents those dreadful upheavals of housecleaning at longer intervals and keeps the home looking immaculate all the time.

• • •

Useful storage containers for fruits and vegetables are racks of wire which help to ventilate the food and make it easy to note and remove any which may show signs of decay.

Convenience in the Kitchen

Convenient Kitchen and Pass Closet.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

An arrangement that is very frequently recommended for making the kitchen convenient is to have a pass closet in the connecting wall between the dining room and kitchen. This plan can be made particularly compact when the sink and drainboards are placed at right angles to the pass closet on an outside wall so that a window may be located above the sink for light and ventilation. In the house where the photograph was taken by the United States Department of Agriculture, the stove is placed on the connecting wall next to the pass closet. With a minimum of steps, food can be prepared at the sink and put on the stove or in the oven to be cooked. When done, the platters and vegetable dishes can be reached without extra walking about and the hot food dished on the counter and passed at once through the closet to be taken out on the dining room side. The sink is within reach for those foods which must be drained immediately after cooking.

A well-arranged kitchen has all the major equipment placed so that work is routed from one center to another in a logical way and with no unnecessary steps. By thinking carefully how each part of the work is done it is sometimes possible to rearrange one's kitchen equipment and make it more convenient without extensive structural alterations.

Food for the Family Table

By NELLIE MAXWELL

When one grows up with mountains rather than mole hills against which to measure one's self, one's importance becomes amusingly small.—Margaret Prescott Montague.

Salting, smoking and pickling are so well known that one only needs to be reminded that these methods will apply to fish as well as meat.

It is a very poor market that cannot furnish fish at least once a week. Fried, boiled and baked fish are too well known to discuss, yet these methods are the most often used, while other more agreeable ways of serving are slighted. Here are a few suggestions:

Scalloped Fish.—Take a well-cooked fish, preferably by boiling, remove the skin and bones and flake. Rub to a smooth paste two tablespoonfuls of butter, the same of flour; when well blended add one pint of milk and cook until the sauce is smooth, stirring until well cooked. Add the fish, season with salt, pepper, finely chopped parsley and onion, a little tabie sauce, and place in a baking dish; cover with buttered crumbs and brown in the oven. Or, this dish may be served on buttered toast.

Fish Mousse.—Steam fish until tender—about thirty minutes. Prepare a rich white sauce using a tablespoonful each of butter and flour and a cupful of rich milk or thin cream; cook until smooth and thickened. Take two cupfuls of flaked fish, add the sauce, the beaten whites of two eggs, a tablespoonful of melted butter, minced parsley and onion, salt and pepper to season. Mix all well and place in a mold. Chill, serve unmolded on a platter with any preferred sauce.

Creamed Smoked Fish.—Take two cupfuls of rich milk, mix with two tablespoonfuls of flour and cook until smooth and thick, then add butter, salt if needed, one cupful of smoked fish flaked. Serve hot on buttered toast.

Fish Portugaise.—Take five or six even slices of any firm fish, season well and place in a baking pan with three tablespoonfuls of butter, two tablespoonfuls of olive oil, two chopped onions or a clove of garlic fried lightly in the butter. Add five tomatoes or the equivalent in canned tomatoes, a tablespoonful of minced parsley, two tablespoonfuls of parboiled rice, one pint of water, with a cupful of any good fruit juice. Bring to a boil and simmer on the back of the stove twenty minutes, adding more fruit juice and water if needed.

Smoked Fish Patties.—Take two cupfuls of smoked fish put through the food chopper, two cupfuls of cracker crumbs, one egg and one half cupful of cream or milk. Make into patties and fry in equal parts of butter and lard until well browned. Serve on a hot platter garnished with parsley.

Chicken is always the favorite meat to serve when one desires a delicate meat; it is so adaptable to any luncheon or dinner menu.

Chicken a la Italy.—Simmer slowly one minced green pepper, half a cupful of mushrooms in three tablespoonfuls of butter, well covered for five minutes. Add one and one-fourth cupfuls of minced chicken, three-fourths cupful of minced ham, one-half teaspoonful of paprika; cook together three minutes. Add three-fourths cupful of spaghetti, one-half a pimento, two cupfuls of cream, and a teaspoonful of salt. Cook four minutes. Mix the yolks of three eggs with two tablespoonfuls of cream and stir into the mixture. Take off the fire and serve at once.

Sea Food Salad.—Take one package of lemon flavored gelatin, add one cupful of boiling water to one-half cupful of chili sauce, one tablespoonful of vinegar, two drops of tabasco sauce, one teaspoonful of worcestershire sauce, two teaspoonfuls of grated horseradish, add enough cold water to make a cupful; add to the gelatin, chill, and when slightly thickened fold in two cupfuls of lobster meat, shrimp or shredded crab. Unmold if in individual molds, or cut into squares or oblongs. Garnish with sprigs of water cress. Serve with a spoonful of mayonnaise on lettuce or cress.

Tripe a la Creole.—Those who like tripe are usually very fond of it. Here is a good recipe which you will enjoy:

Cut three cupfuls of tripe into pieces two inches long and one inch wide. Put into a pan and place in the oven to draw out the water. Cook finely chopped onion in two tablespoonfuls of butter, one chopped mushroom, one-eighth of a green pepper also chopped, one tablespoonful of flour, one-half cupful of stock and one-fourth cupful of drained tomato. Cook until boiling, then add the tripe and cook five minutes.

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A Palatable Entree

Rice mixed with a cupful of cold tomato or even left-over tomato soup, well seasoned, sprinkled with cheese and buttered bread crumbs and baked till brown, appears as a palatable entree. It can be utilized for croquettes, drop cakes, for a thickening to soup and stews; it may be curried, worked into left-over meat dishes, and even added to ice cream.

HOW TO LIVE LONGER

By JOHN CLARENCE FUNK
A. M., Sc. D.

Director of Public Health Education, State of Pennsylvania.

Unwise Wisdom

SOME years ago in a small prairie town, miles from nowhere, the radio was used to give medical advice in the absence of a physician. Thus, a life was saved.

Indeed, one has to go extremely far away to find complete isolation nowadays. Nevertheless, there are many foolish people who literally isolate themselves with their personal conceit. For instance, a few weeks ago a successful business man self-diagnosed and then self-treated a physical condition. His funeral took place the other day. For all practical purposes this unwise "wise" gentleman was even more isolated than was the patient on the western plains. And this, even though his town possessed forty physicians and two hospitals!

It really is amazing how many self opinionated individuals will, with utter complacency, essay to determine what is ailing them and then repair to the drug store for a well-known remedy which they imagine fits their case. In this way they often treat symptoms and turn causes over to a doctor after the trouble has become chronic and beyond repair.

It is difficult to understand why people, otherwise intelligent, will conclude that they are capable of doctoring themselves when they know that it is only after long years of training and study that persons are licensed by the state to do work of this kind for them.

Of course, it is excellent psychology to have a good opinion of one's ability at all times. But general ability, or any specific ability, scarcely justifies any person to conclude that without particular education he is capable of treating disease.

Don't display unwise wisdom when you are ill by treating yourself. That's the physician's business.

Let Well Enough Alone

IT IS not a predominating trait in human nature to be entirely satisfied with one's looks. Even the handsome people are sometimes likely to imagine secretly that they would be far happier if they could look like some one else.

Consequently numerous foolish people, particularly aging women, are drawn to the so-called "plastic surgery."

This type of work, so wonderfully developed in the base hospitals during the World war, has its proper place in medical practice. There can be no question about that. Today, one finds many brilliant examples of built-up faces which had been ruined by disease or accident. Indeed, near miracles have thus been performed. However, that is one thing. While face lifting and fat removing, for beauty's sake, is quite another matter.

Just a few weeks ago a young woman decided that she would like to buy a different shaped nose. A plastic "doctor," who was not a physician at all, much less a surgeon, promised for a tidy sum, to make her very pretty. She is now hopelessly disfigured. In her sorrow she is suing the "architect of faces" for big damages. Available records indicate that literally thousands of disfigurements have resulted by resorting to such practices.

After all, real beauty finds its foundation in glowing health. One can therefore be his own beauty specialist by developing vim, vigor and vitality. Moreover, proper living habits begun in youth and persisted throughout life can defer the onslaughts of old age.

In any event, as a beauty agent, the knife of the self-styled plastic surgeon is usually ineffective and sometimes dangerous. Stay away from it. Let well enough alone.

P. S.—Men who are foolish enough to resort to this kind of renovating, also take notice.

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Ochers of Importance as Coloring Material

Nature now and then has a way of producing something in the natural state which is highly useful in a work never contemplated in the normal activities of nature.

Take the case of paints—the various ochers, which are used so widely in producing colors varying from yellow to reddish brown. These natural mineral pigments are mined in several states, notably Georgia, Iowa and Vermont. They are composed of clays which have been colored by the presence of iron, in the form of hydrated ferric oxide.

Not only are the others used in paints, but also in linoleums and oilcloths, as well as a coloring for cement, stucco and mortar.

The preparation of ochers is simple, involving purely mechanical processes of washing, drying, pulverizing and packing. The washing is intended primarily to rid the ocher of sand, small stones and other impurities. It also serves, as well, better to mix the ocher.

Grand and Glorious

Next to findin' a wadded paper dollar in the fob pocket of an ole pair o' trousers, I doubt if there's a grander feelin' in the world than havin' a fine, well-established son.—Abe Martin in Farm and Fireside.

Urban Age

It is nearly 2,000 years since an urban settlement was founded on the territory which today is covered by Vienna. The small Roman military camp Vindobona developed into the modern metropolis with her enormous municipal area of 275.88 square kilometers, second only to London.

Sure Sign

When she begins having kinds of food she knows he does not like it is a fair sign the honeymoon is waning.—Lorain Journal.

Black and White in the Mode

By JULIA BOTTOMLEY

Anything is apt to happen in the name of fashion this season—even that, for instance of a handsome black velvet coat, like the one in the picture which flaunts a black fur cuff on one sleeve, a white fur cuff on the other, and a collar that goes fifty-fifty on the black-and-white question. The whole trend of fashion is just like that—simply thrilling through and through with its chic, charm and striking originality.

As is the case with so many of the new fashions, the coat illustrated highlights the black-and-white theme. And though the idea in itself is age-worn, the interpretations as given this season are utterly and refreshingly different from those which have gone before.

All through the scheme of things fashionable one sees the somberness of black happily relieved by white. Especially is a play being made on combining black furs and white furs. For instance, a seal or black velvet coat is enlivened with perky bows of white ermine or lapin, and usually the black hat boasts a single or a series of corresponding white fur bows.

With a black velvet jacket suit milady wears a white crepe satin blouse, or one of glistening white transparent velvet if her pocketbook so allows. This effective black-and-white costume she tops with a snowy angora or white chenille-crocheted toque. Her boutonniere is, of course, white, the newest thing being to substitute a cluster of little black-and-white ermine tails for flowers, with a corresponding ermine motif on her hat.

The latest message from Paris which has to do with black-and-white, is that of flat white fur embroidered with black chenille. Wonderfully effective are the ensembles which line the upstanding collar of a black velvet coat with snowy ermine or lapin, the same showing in bold relief a flower-patterning handworked with black chenille. To this the designer adds white fur streamers, their scarf ends also elaborated with black hand-stitchery.

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Planning the Christmas Fund

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Every fall about the time school reopens the newspapers begin to herald, especially in their advertising columns, the approach of the Christmas season. "Only so-and-so many weeks before Christmas"; "Do your Christmas shopping now"; "Mail early for Christmas," and so on. But none of these captions are of the slightest use in helping us to get the one means of carrying them out—enough money to spend for gifts. The assumption is that one has it.

Of course there are a good many thrifty thousands who have been educated by "Christmas Savings Clubs" and similar movements to tuck away a small sum regularly for fifty weeks of the year. They begin early in December to save for the next year and about Thanksgiving time are rewarded for their regularity by a substantial bank check. There are countless others, however, who spend as they go, and who find themselves unlikely to do much about Christmas unless a financial miracle happens. How are they to find the wherewithal to celebrate the holidays and give remembrance even to their nearest and dearest with Christmas but a few months distant?

In most families the need can be met best in the way other large needs are met, suggests the bureau of home economics. Assuming that one is interested in that type of Christmas giving which is dictated by affection and that therefore the kindliness and thoughtfulness of the remembrance is more important than its intrinsic value, it is possible to fix on a minimum sum which will be necessary. How many weeks are there between now and the last available shopping date? Then figure out: How much regular saving each week will be obligatory to have your minimum sum in hand by that time? Three dollars? Five? Where can you get it?

You have only so much money. If you have this you cannot have that. Your Christmas saving must be the result of doing without something else, of many small economies, sacrifices, and, here and there, better management. Get into the habit of scrutinizing all the activities and purchases of the household. Have the other members of the family do so also. How about the ones who leave lights burning unnecessarily? Or the gas heater running too long? Which ones are careless about their clothes, requiring much pressing and cleaning? What about the cost of foods charged and delivered compared with those on the cash-and-carry plan? Even two cents saved on each article bought from the grocer will mount into dollars in a month. What services have been hired that you could perform yourself? Could you save by doing more sewing? What clothing could be made to serve a little longer by repair or remodeling? How often do you, or others in the family, indulge in unneeded sodas and sundaes or in recreations of temporary satisfaction that could be omitted?

USING YEAST IN MAKING MUFFINS

Haven't you often wished y[illegible] how to make the delicious [illegible] muffins served by tearooms a[illegible]rants? The secret of th[illegible] they are raised with yea[illegible] are accustomed to mak[illegible] and rolls you will have no [illegible] in making English muffins. They [illegible] baked on a griddle instead of [illegible] ordinary pan. They can be eaten [illegible] when freshly baked or split and to[illegible] are cold. Use plenty [illegible] yeast liquid, butter and 1½ cupfuls of the flour. Mix well. Cover, and put in a warm place to rise. When this sponge is very light, add the remaining flour which has been sifted with the salt. Beat this soft dough to develop the gluten in the flour. Again cover, put in a warm place to rise. When double in bulk toss the dough out into a sheet about one inch thick, cut in large rounds, and let them rise for about one hour. Bake slowly on both sides on a lightly greased griddle. After they are cold, split, toast, and butter the muffins and serve hot; or if preferred split and butter them when freshly baked and serve at once.

Gift of Gab

Americans are probably the poorest listeners in the world, as any man who has traveled much in other countries will testify.—American Magazine.

An old bed-spring is useful for airing and sunning mattresses provided it is not rusty.

To Make Cereal Sponge

Stir into two cupfuls cooked wheat cereal, the beaten white of one egg and one teaspoonful vanilla. The cereal should be thin. If it is thick, add warm milk or water to it before folding in the egg white. Chill in molds. Serve for dessert with a soft custard.

Independence comes with income.