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THE WINNING WIDOW

(©, by T. J. Walsh.)

IT WAS a most unpleasant day without and within. Without rain was falling heavily. The roof leaked like a sieve; Fanny had had to go twice into the attic with a basin to catch the drip. A noisy wind fretted the ancient elms and cast down dead twigs with uncanny thumps. The two Graham girls were not on good terms. Julia had burned her right hand and so had been obliged to stay home from her work. That had made her employer cross. Fanny had a cold. With a handkerchief held to her nose she was checking up the monthly expenses of the house. As bookkeeper for Johnson & Co. she was quick at figures. To her disgust she found that they had exceeded their budget.

The telephone bell brought them both to their feet: "I think it's for me," Fanny said. She sometimes received telephone calls from Joe Carson, who also worked for Johnson & Co. But now as she heard the first words a look of dismay crossed her face. With a faintly uttered "Thank you" she hung up the receiver and collapsed into a chair. "It's a telegram from Cousin Cora Piper," she said. "She's coming here today. That means on the 5:20 express."

There was a silence while Julia digested this disagreeable bit of information. "What's she coming for?" she asked.

Fanny made a despairing gesture with the damp handkerchief. "Don't ask me."

"This house is a sight," said Julia. "And only enough cake for our supper. Do you remember that other time she visited us, Fanny? She wore widow's weeds. There was something wrong with her hands and she wore wool mittens all the time except when she was at the table. Think what she must be like now!"

"Oh, have a heart!" wailed Fanny in anguish.

For the rest of the day the two sisters were busy, despite Julia's bandaged hand and Fanny's unhappy nose.

"We'll have to stuff the pinochle pack and this stock of naughty magazines out of sight," said Fanny. "I suppose she'll hate our dear little radio. And we won't be able to have coffee a single morning while she's here. She loathes coffee."

"Wonder how long she'll stay?" asked Julia, hustling one-handedly as for dear life. "But we can judge from the amount of luggage she brings."

"Last time she brought three bags and a trunk," returned Fanny unfeelingly.

By five o'clock everything was in readiness for the guest. Even though they dreaded Cousin Cora like the plague, they were both determined to behave hospitably and kindly. After all, she was poor, dear father's cousin and he had always been fond of her as long as he lived. After having sent Mr. Pierson, a neighboring cabman, to the train to meet Cousin Cora, Julia [illegible] telephoned that he "didn't see anything of the old lady." She had evidently missed the train. There was not another until near midnight.

The sisters were just sitting down to a comforting cup of tea when a blue coupe whirled into their drive under the rocking elms. Out leaped a figure in a scarlet slicker. The door opened. "Here I am!" cried a gay voice.

It was Cousin Cora. For an instant the two girls were too stunned to do more than stare at her.

Cousin Cora was a different being from the one they reluctantly recalled. Her silvery hair was bobbed and waved, her smart frock was high above her graceful silk-clad ankles. She used powder, a touch of rouge and eyebrow pencil. She was lively and lovely. And as she sipped her second cup of coffee—she had asked for coffee—she told the girls how she had come near being overhauled by a traffic cop in her haste to reach her destination.

"I got a week's leave of absence," she said. "I'm assistant to Mme. Luise. Her name is really Mary Stebbins, but she runs a beauty shop and has to have everything in keeping." She opened a dainty overnight bag, rummaged amid the bits of silken wearing apparel it contained, found two boxes and gave one to each girl. The boxes contained a deliciously perfumed and exquisite set of toiletries, such as the girls had never used in their lives.

Next day Cousin Cora insisted that as her hostesses were able to go to work they should do so. Never mind about lunch, she'd see to that.

"Don't you girls know any young folks?" she asked at noon. "Aren't there any nice chaps hanging round you?"

Fanny flushed. "There's Joe Carson—" she faltered.

"And Judson Hart," murmured Julia.

"All righties. Invite them to dinner tonight. I'll have everything ready when you get home. You know, girls, I can't sit down here and vegetate. I'm used to a lot going on. I've got to have something to amuse me. As I remember it this burg is dead as a door-nail at this particular season. Run to the phone, Fanny, and tell your Joe Carson that he'll miss the best chicken dinner he ever sat down to if he is not here promptly at 6:30."

The girls were astonished at the readiness with which both young men accepted their timid invitations. When they got home at six they found Cousin Cora flying about in a blue-beaded crepe which had come out of the overnight bag miraculously. The kitchen was full of delightful smells. The table glowed with roses.

Fanny changed her dress hastily. Temptation seized her and she dipped into Mme. Luise's box. She noticed that Julia had done the same. The party was a great success, although while playing pinochle afterward Cousin Cora flirted with Joe Carson in a way that turned Fanny hot and cold.

During the rest of the week there was excitement in the old gray house under the elms. Joe Carson suddenly became devoted to the whole family. He sent flowers, candy. He took the three women to dinner and the "movies." Then Julia dropped out. She had to have more time for Judson Hart. "Mark my word, Joe's lost his head over Cora," Julia said. "I think it's awful the way she carries on with him." Fanny, too, thought it was awful. She was jealous. And jealousy aided by Mme. Luise's magic box was becoming to her.

Sunday afternoon she declined to go driving in Cora's blue coupe. So Cora and Joe went off alone. Julia had gone driving with Judson and another couple. Left alone, Fanny's rage got the better of her. When Cora returned breezily she pitched into her.

"You're a meddling, underhanded old thing!" she sobbed. "You've spoiled my life."

"Oh, shucks!" said Cora. "Here I've been doing my best to make a match for you. And I've got it in the neck. That's always the way."

Fanny gasped. "Do you vow upon your word and honor—" she began.

"You make me tired," sneered Cora. "Don't you know that you'd never have aroused the least interest in him if I hadn't played you up for all you're worth? That's what I've been doing. Let me tell you, Fanny, I am the widow of a real man; I shall never be anything else. I could have married your father, but I loved his cousin William. We had eleven wonderful years. We had a son like William. He died. I thought my heart was broken. But I didn't know what grief was till I lost my husband. He went out to his work whistling one morning just like this morning was. They brought him back"—Cora pushed her silvery hair back from her face. "I existed a year afterward. Then I saw I wasn't going to die in a hurry. I didn't have anything to live on. I was forced to, that's that. You did the best thing for yourself you could when you got mad at me and stayed home this afternoon. Joe's coming to see you tonight. He's ready to fall down on his knees to you. He's a nice boy and he'll make a good provider. Now I'm going up to sleep till supper-time."

When at eight that evening Joe Carson rang the door bell he was met because Sue was happy and radiant he was wearing every aid to beauty that Mme. Luise's magic box contained.

Not Electricity Conductors

The bureau of standards says under ordinary conditions neither gases nor vapors conduct electricity to any appreciable extent. However, all, or most all, gases and vapors conduct electricity fairly well when highly ionized, and ionization may be brought about by heating to a high temperature, exposure to X-rays or the emanations from radium and by other means.

Prayer and Praise

Let praise—I say not merely thanksgiving, but praise—always form an ingredient in our prayers. . . . Be lavish in praise the thought of self vanishes from and is extinguished in the mind, and therefore to be large and fergive in praise counteracts the natural tendency to selfishness which is [illegible] in men's prayers.—Edward Maitland.

Proves Skim-Milk Value

Tests made by the board of health of Scotland among school children proved, it declares, that machine skimmed milk rations to pupils promote growth.

Expert Set to Decipher Writing of Bonaparte

Just how good—or how bad—the story (a love story called "Clisson and Eugenie," written by Napoleon Bonaparte when he was 16) may be will never be known, for Napoleon's writing, always difficult to read, is here at its worst.

As a novelist he is at a disadvantage resembling that of the learned Doctor Parr, of whom it was said that "none would ever know the extent of his erudition, as no one could read his writing, and when he talked no one could understand him because of his burlesque."

Napoleon is supposed to have been a man of extraordinary coldness—with an occasional outbreak of temper—probably histrionic. I have a letter written by Moret, the emperor's minister of foreign affairs, in which he says: "The only calm person in this crisis is the great man."

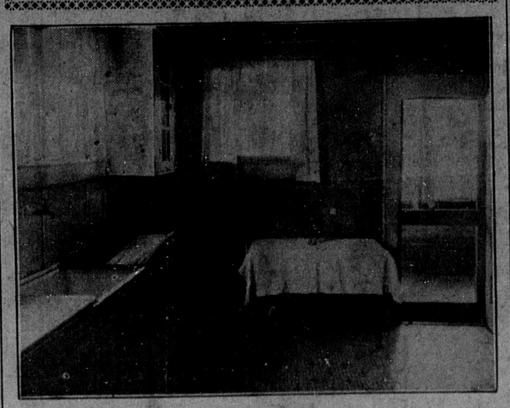
Conceding the calmness, the handwriting of Napoleon is an argument against the revelation of character by autography. He wrote an exceptionally bold hand, generally indicating frantic haste and feverish excitement.

A page of his manuscript makes the famous scrawl of Horace Greeley look like copperplate by comparison. It is told of Greeley that an irreverent compositor once set a fly half-drowned in ink crawl over a paper and then went to the great editor to protest that he could not "make out this word." Mr. Greeley glanced at the fly-tracks and promptly said the word was "unconstitutional."

Napoleon's writing is like that. Fortunately there lives in Paris a gifted creature employed as an expert by Charavay, the leading authority on French autographs. This seller of cryptograms has deciphered most of the manuscript of Napoleon's love story, though some paragraphs baffled him.

Nevertheless, he is entitled to rank with Oedipus and Champollion, and should have a statue in the Invalides [illegible]

Handy Kitchen Arrangement



Drain Boards on Each Side of the Sink and Good Light Make This a Satisfactory Dishwashing Center.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Drainboards on each side of the sink and good light above it make dishwashing easy and convenient. This is especially true if the dish closet is so placed that the china may be put away without extra steps after it has been washed and wiped. In this corner of a Louisiana farm home, photographed by the United States Department of Agriculture, all these points are exemplified. The sink arrangement is so neat and compact, with its tidy cupboards below the drainboards, and the extra end window makes it so light and pleasant, that the housewife evidently enjoys her individual lunch here, for she has put a cloth over the table and a vase of flowers on it. The little table might be set for two or four persons for any light meal which did not seem formal enough to make it worth while to carry food and dishes all the way to the larger dining room. The kitchen opens onto a screened entrance porch, which is pleasant enough to use for preparing vegetables, ironing, or other work in warm weather. Linoleum on the floor is easy to keep clean and comfortable under foot.

In planning any kitchen, if the various activities that are to be carried on in it are kept constantly in mind, it is possible to arrange definite work centers which save steps and contribute to efficiency. The preparation of foods, cooking, serving, and clearing away and dishwashing, are fous activities [illegible] every day and several times a day in most kitchens. Compact centers for these jobs are therefore desirable. While the sink may be part of the new food a work table, it is principally [illegible] with illustration, the place where soiled dishes are stacked and washed. While not seen in the picture, the garbage can should be close at hand, and on shelves or hooks—in this case in the lower cupboards—can be kept the articles needed for dishwashing, such as the dishpan, mop, sink brush, soap shaker, washing powder, or other cleaning agents, and dish drainer. Cloths and towels that have been used are generally hung in the air, and kept in a drawer when clean. Double boilers, the coffee pot, pitchers and other utensils that must be filled with water before being used are kept near the sink, also strainers and colanders which will be used there.

USE OF PRESSURE COOKERS

Research and practical experience [illegible] United States Department of Agriculture, that nonacid food products, like asparagus, beans, corn, peas, beets, spinach, meats and fish, cannot be canned safely by processing in boiling water, but must be sterilized under pressure with approved time and temperature.

Pressure cookers are now standard equipment and are readily available at small cost. The department does not recommend any particular make. [illegible] the keen edge of having a pressure pressure gauge with thermometer and [illegible]

"There is [illegible] for process [illegible] Woods, "[illegible] involved [illegible] without [illegible] recommendations will [illegible] Department of Agriculture [illegible] this clear [illegible]

Pickl[illegible]es Are Easily Made

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

[illegible] prefer a crisp, sweet cucumber [illegible] a dill pickle you can con[illegible] [illegible]ter into the former very [illegible] [illegible]er homemade or commercial [illegible] pickles may be used. The advantage of beginning with the dill [illegible] is that very little time is necessary for completing the sweet pickles if the right size is used.

These sweet cucumber pickles are made in rings, and come out clear, crisp and transparent. They are very attractive to serve with salad or cold meat or as an appetizer. The following recipe is furnished by the bureau of home economics of the United States Department of Agriculture.

Sweet Cucumber Pickles.

40 firm dill pickles	½ cup whole black pepper or 4 hot red peppers
15 peeled garlic buttons	10 lbs. granulated sugar
6 pints cider vinegar	1 lb. brown sugar
1 pint tarragon vinegar	1 cup olive oil
½ cup whole allspice	

The dill pickles may be made previously [illegible] to the directions in Farmers' Bulletin 1438-F. Cut them in [illegible] slices one-half inch thick, and drain in a colander overnight. In a 3-gallon stone crock with a lid, pack the pickles in layers, using two garlic buttons to each layer. Boil together the vinegar, sugar, and spices for 15 minutes, watching carefully that this does not boil over. Pour at once over the pickles. Next morning stir thoroughly and add the oil. Cover the jar. Stir the pickles [illegible] day for ten days. It is [illegible] to serve. If the pickle is [illegible] for any length of time it should be sealed in jars made sterile by boiling. Use pint jars so that when once opened the contents may be quickly used up.

Materials Ready for Making Pickles

Less Milk Consumed by Larger Families

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

A survey of milk consumption by 7,500 Washington families having children of junior high school age shows that the larger families in this group drink less milk per person than is drunk in the smaller families, announces the bureau of agricultural economics, United States Department of Agriculture.

The bureau's survey covered twelve junior high schools and two upper grades in four elementary schools in the District of Columbia. The average per capita consumption for 7,500 families having children in these grades was found to be 1.35 pints of milk and milk equivalent of cream per day, [illegible] as 1.43 white and colored groups [illegible] per capita consumption by white families is 1.15 pints per day, and by colored families .84 pints per day.

The figures show that of the total group 105 families composed of only two persons drink an average of 1.68 pints per person daily; 933 families of three persons drink 1.38 pints per person daily; 1,507 families of four persons drink on the average 1.24 pints per person; 1,119 families of five persons, 1.1 pints per person; 1,197 families of six persons, .98 pints per person, and so on in lesser amounts as the size of family increases.

This decrease in consumption in proportion to the size of the family is more pronounced in families which have a relatively large number of children than in families which have a relatively large number of adults, and the conclusion is drawn that financial conditions of the family are largely responsible for this situation. In many cases, however, it is believed that the smaller consumption in the larger families is due to a lack of appreciation of milk in the diet.

Big Indigo Plant for Tokyo

What is believed will be one of the largest artificial indigo plants in the world is to be erected near Tokyo, Japan. It will cost more than $3,000,000 and will take three years to build. It will produce 1,000 tons of the product a year.

Spain and Italy produce about 90 per cent of the world's mercury supply.

Evening Story for the Children

By MARY GRAHAM BONNER

"I am going to give a dinner," shouted Peter Gnome, "in honor of the club, the Every-Day-Is-Nice Club.

"All our members have lived up to the rules so beautifully in acting and behaving and feeling that every day, no matter what the weather, was fun and that something could be done every single day.

"So I am going to give a dinner. Pray all come and hear the news."

The brownies, elves, gnomes, members of the Bogey family, old Mr. Giant and Witty Witch and the goblins all came hurrying to the spot where Peter Gnome stood.

When he saw them all he waved his high hat in the air and shouted.

"There is a little cave near here. It would not be large enough for old Mr. Giant, but it is going to be my new home.

"There is moss inside, and there are little ferns growing about.

"There are tiny cracks in the rocks and sometimes I will be able to talk to the insects and hear why they do this and why they do that.

"So I am going to give a cave warming."

"What?" they all asked in surprise.

"When people give a party in a new house they call it a house warming—or when they have moved to a new home.

"Well, as my house is to be a cave, and as I am going to give a party in it, I think I should call it a cave warming."

"Perfectly sensible," said Witty Witch.

"A very sensible young fellow is Peter Gnome."

"Still," said old Mr. Giant, and stopped for a moment, then commenced to speak again, and then to wipe a tear away.

"Why old Mr. Giant, what is the matter?" asked Peter Gnome, as he hopped on Mr. Giant's right shoulder, pulled his right ear and kissed the tip of his ear gaily.

"I was being a little selfish," said Mr. Giant.

"You—selfish!" shouted Peter Gnome. "What in the world do you mean?"

"I will tell you," said Mr. Giant.

"Do," said Peter Gnome.

"Do," said Witty Witch. "I always approve of creatures telling what they have heard that makes them feel hurt.

Was a Huge Success.

"I don't believe in their keeping it to themselves as it may all be a misunderstanding that can be cleared up with a little talk."

"Peter Gnome is going to give a cave warming," said Mr. Giant, "and he said his cave was too small for me.

"It hurts my feelings for I thought my dear friend Peter Gnome loved me."

"Oh, Mr. Giant," said Peter Gnome, "how glad [illegible] told me what was the matter [illegible]

"Yes, Witty Witch, you are quite right in saying things should [illegible] out.

"My cave where I'll sleep is small—too small for you but [illegible] for a bedroom for me, but [illegible] place where I'll give the cave [illegible] is the outside part which is [illegible] open cave, and there are [illegible] tables of rocks where I shall [illegible] ner parties and where we're [illegible] our party now.

"Oh, Mr. Giant, I would't [illegible] where where you couldn't come [illegible] visit me.

"There will be lots of room for you in the big cave. You can even take a nap on one of my tables any time you wish."

Old Mr. Giant was happy once more and they all went off to the party which was a huge success.

(©, 1929, Western Newspaper [illegible])

About Cakes and Candy

By NELLIE MAXWELL

A few good cakes not too expensive or too complicated to prepare are well to keep in mind. Here is one that is always good and one that is quite inexpensive:

Snow Cake.—Sift two cupfuls of flour, [illegible] or baking powder, using pastry or cake flour. Cream one-half cupful of butter or other sweet fat with one cupful of sugar, sift the sugar if at all coarse and sift four and baking powder three times. Add flour to the creamed sugar and butter and teaspoonful at a time with two-thirds of a cupful of milk, a small amount at a time. Beat well, add one-half teaspoonful of vanilla. Pour into a greased pan and bake in a moderate oven one-half hour.

[illegible] the popular belief, because men buy such quantities of candy, that it is purchased for the women of the world. Right of the Confectioners' National Confectioners' association. Fine sweet "the more readily grown [illegible] sweeter. If we could [illegible] of this moment, we would find most of it not in the bouquet and the shopping bag, but in the pockets of overalls and golf coats, in the working man's dinner pail, and on the desk of the busy executive. Candy has become a food of he-men the he'er they are the more they [illegible]

Candy leaves no seal brown [illegible] in the mouth the morning after [illegible] is taking the place of the [illegible] the traveler prefers a supply of good candy to "pep" him on [illegible] He begrudges the time spent [illegible] meal and stays his appetite [illegible] journey's end with marshmallows [illegible] may be consumed conveniently [illegible] drives along.

Our aviators, as [illegible] are included in the supplies for expeditions. Sugar is coming to be appreciated more and more and each year its consumption shows its popularity.

Marshmallow [illegible] a popular [illegible] ceremony in children's camps and a picnic without a marshmallow roast is as incomplete as a rabbit's tail. On rainy nights in camp when the indoor fire is enjoyed, the fireplace offers a good substitute for the campfire.

(©, 1929, Western Newspaper Union.)

Collared Neckline Is in Fashion

By JULIA BOTTOMLEY

And now it is the collared neckline which presents to the stylist a new [illegible] problem. Ever so many of the new daytime frocks are made with a collar of flattering lines. It may be of self or contrasting fabric, or else the dress or blouse may acquire a lace or lingerie accessory type, but always, mind you, to be smart, originality must be the outstanding theme.

Evidently fashionists are determined that no two collars shall look alike, whether accessory or a fery part of the garment. Which accounts for the whimsical styling of the white georgette collar which distinguishes the frock in the picture. The dress itself is of dark printed crepe de chine, a very likable material for practical daytime wear.

One cannot say enough in regard to the collars, and collars which contribute to style interest present and future. One outstanding feature is the favor shown lingerie types, among which fine white organdie or georgette plaitings abound. A flair for traversing surplice openings with sheer white frillings is an outcome of the vogue for lingerie touches on the autumn frock. Also a style message of importance is to the effect that starched linen, pique, organdie and batiste neckwear is coming into vogue.

If you would like to give a this-season look to the navy, black or print frock you have been wearing, freshen it up with one of the new youthfully shaped collars of Puritan styling and made of sheerest of white organdie, the same self-lined. The chic thing about these new collars is that they fasten with a conspicuous flat butterfly bow, which also is made of self-lined organdie. Deep flaring cuffs complete the picture. These organdie collar-with-a-bow and cuff sets are a very smart and new note.

Another noticeable feature about the new collars is that many of them are developed along labor lines. Still others acquire a profusion of tabs and [illegible] in echo fashion. This is especially true of the handsome lace collars which abound in rich profusion this season.

(©, 1929, Western Newspaper Union.)

By LESTER B. COLBY

When Napoleon Slipped in His Bath

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE [illegible] splashing [illegible]

HINTS FOR HOUS[illegible]

For best flavor and [illegible] preserves rapidly.

A small electric fan [illegible] the kitchen cool in [illegible] drive out cooking [illegible]

Lettuce or [illegible] be crisped in [illegible] ing a little [illegible]

Protect ir[illegible] are stored [illegible] the surfac[illegible] containing [illegible] with news[illegible] irons and [illegible] kit[illegible]

[illegible] keep your [illegible] Prepare a pa[illegible] up the brook[illegible] so as not to [illegible] off as [illegible] can, then hang it [illegible] it is dry.

Be Prepared

Do not forget that you [illegible] for every conflict depends on [illegible] ing [illegible] for each as it comes, never being careless or weary.—E. B. Hall.

[illegible] Louisiana [illegible] By Nap[illegible] profited [illegible]

[illegible] Mrs. Murphy, [illegible] was soldiering in [illegible] ceived a cableg[illegible] he would be co[illegible]

Greatly [illegible] door [illegible] Casey pic[illegible] her neigh[illegible] floor.

"Wonderful [illegible] ain't they?" shouted [illegible] cited mother. "Quick as [illegible] the word for it. Why, to [illegible] gun ain't dry yet what's on [illegible] velope."—Weekly Scotsman.

Public Suggestion

Things continually come to remind us of how much lovelier and more satisfactory the world would be if each person kept his hands and tongue busy with his own work.—Hopkins (Mo.) Journal.

The Cause of It All

The women are crazy after the men. The men are crazy after the women. And that condition has caused 90 per cent of the tragedies of all history.—Atchison Globe.

[illegible] Nations which it has completed it upon [illegible] ness and [illegible] as [illegible] 1920 a [illegible]