

HOW MARJORY TRAINED MOTHER

By D. J. Walsh

MARJORY VANE lagged home reluctantly from the dentist's. She had gone there much too early for her appointment because there was a certain quiet corner and a pile of magazines available. Even when the drill was busy with her tooth she continued to recall a story she had just read. It was about a girl who had a wonderful mother.

Mrs. Vane glanced up as her daughter entered. She sat curled upon the davenport embroidering a motif on white linen. Mrs. Vane was always embroidering, for her eyesight was perfect. Besides, she had beautiful hands.

"See what a lot I've done to Genevieve's dress!" she began. "I can just fancy how sweet she will look in it." Genevieve was the daughter of Marjory's older sister, the married Lucia. Lucia was a replica of Mrs. Vane and Genevieve was a replica of Lucia. In her daughter and grand-daughter Mrs. Vane saw herself repeated with flattering effect. It may be noted that she never bestowed any of her handwork upon Marjory.

"I suppose," Marjory said, "I may as well prepare lunch. Have you any plans for it, mother?"

Mrs. Vane thoughtfully rubbed her nose with her gold tumbler.

"There's a can of salmon," she said. "I don't know what else. Get whatever you find. I'm not hungry. Besides, I want to finish this leaf white I'm at it."

For the next fifteen minutes Marjory worked rather desperately to evolve a tasty meal out of the materials at hand. As usual her mother had forgotten to hang out the tea card and the refrigerator was empty. A few flies were rampant in the dining room and must be subdued. The tablecloth was soiled. Marjory longed to change it, but the laundry bill was big enough as it was. There were crumbs under the table and some flowers had dropped their petals on the buffet.

At Marjory's invitation Mrs. Vane strolled out casually. She was a plump, smooth, blond woman in blue. Marjory was a thin, quiet dark young girl in tan.

"Did Miss Baker call up while I was gone?" Marjory asked, passing the salad to her mother.

"No," Mrs. Vane helped herself bountifully. "You've made it look quite tempting, dear. Can't be she means to ask you?"

"No," Marjory looked into the distance. "I was pretty sure she wouldn't. But I hoped—"

"It doesn't matter, of course," Mrs. Vane said comfortably.

Marjory crumbled her bread absently. It did matter, periously to her, that Miss Barker had not asked her along with the other girls, Julia and Frances and Elizabeth. Why—why had she not? What had she done that nice girls like Julia and Frances abhorred her, that lovely women like Miss Barker did not ask her to their homes? Suddenly she remembered the story she had read. The heroine's mother, like Frances, like Elizabeth and the homes of these girls. She compared Julia's dining room with this, Elizabeth's living room with the room beyond the Japanese portieres. Yet what had these things to do with herself? If only she knew!

"You're not crying over it, I hope! A little thing like that," Mrs. Vane said. "Your face will look pretty for the club meeting this afternoon."

"I'm not going to the club. It's only a makeshift. I'm going to stay home and think things out, was what she could have added.

Mrs. Vane shrugged her plump shoulders. "Suit yourself," she remarked dryly.

After her mother had dressed and gone to play bridge for the whole afternoon Marjory washed the dishes and put the small apartment in order. Then she sat down on the davenport, set her square chin in her palms and proceeded to think things out.

They had money enough, she and her mother—father had seen to that by leaving them a large life insurance. She herself was not silly or selfish or boystruck. Yet at the school she attended she was not popular. A few times she had felt that a marvelous friendship was dawning in her life, but the girl would come once to the apartment—and that would end it. Elizabeth Craven's mother had called and nothing had come of it. Once Marjory had asked a girl to

lunch; her mother had ordered the lunch. Afterward Marjory learned that the girl abhorred potato salad.

It was true they did not live in a nice way. Mrs. Vane embroidered and played bridge. Once a week a woman came in and cleaned up. They culled their food as they could. Mother was not interested in books or magazines. Marjory wanted a radio but her mother disliked noise. Lucia lived just as mother did and Horace did not stay at home much.

"If ever I marry I shall do very different with my husband," Marjory thought.

The back door opened and she went to see who was there. It was Mrs. Lillie ready for an afternoon's work. "Your ma said I could come this afternoon instead of tomorrow," Mrs. Lillie said. She was a tiny, old woman made of steel and whalebone, durable, efficient, tireless. At least Marjory had thought her so until this instant. Now she realized that in Mrs. Lillie's calm face was perhaps what she was seeking.

"Have you got daughters, Mrs. Lillie?" she asked.

"Two. Both married," Mrs. Lillie was in the closet after the mop.

"They married well, I suppose?"

"Well enough to suit me. Poor men—but my girls can make a penny go a long way. I live with Maggie. She don't want me to work but I like to work. Work never hurt nobody. Now take your ma, my dear. As I've told her many a time she wouldn't be near so fat and soggy if she stirred round a little more."

"Mrs. Lillie," Marjory clasped her hands, "our system of living is awful, isn't it?"

"System!" Mrs. Lillie looked at the girl. "Why, you haven't got any system," she said. "You live from hand to mouth. And that isn't living."

"No, I know it isn't. Could it be, Mrs. Lillie, that I am not liked by other girls because my home isn't like theirs?"

"Well, I always tried to make home pleasant for my girls when they were young and wanted young company. Mrs. Lillie said, "I guess it's pretty generally done by mothers everywhere. I know Mrs. Craven—I work for her—"

"Elizabeth's mother?"

"Yes, her," Mrs. Lillie nodded. "She's the nicest housekeeper and the finest woman on my list. And Miss Barker—she's giving a party this evening. I'm going to help her. She's an other splendid home-maker. It's too bad, Miss Marjory, that your ma don't take more interest in her profession—housekeeping, I mean. But what's the matter with you taking a hand yourself?"

"I will," Marjory cried earnestly. "Oh, Mrs. Lillie! Will you teach me how to make a plain cake and biscuit and cook a roast?"

Dinner that night was a success. The apartment was spotless, Marjory was tired but beaming.

"You like this better than what we've been doing, don't you, mother?" she said.

Of course Mrs. Vane did. From that moment Marjory began a serious task—that of training her mother. For mother must be trained if they were to have any life at all. "I suppose," Mrs. Vane sighed, "I'll get no peace until I've tidied up my room. Marjory, you're a perfect slave-driver!" But the room was put to rights.

One evening Marjory, at last sure of herself, gave a little party. She asked all the girls and their mothers and they all came. The apartment was pretty. Mother wore simple black. Marjory white. Mrs. Lillie was in the kitchen. There was a delicious white cake and fruit ice.

"You see," Marjory explained, "I've changed tactics in school. I am going to take a course in domestic science. And mother"—she looked around with triumph in her eyes and a quiver on her lips—"mother is going to take it with me." She laid her hand on Mrs. Vane's.

"Why, that is splendid!" cried Mrs. Craven.

"Yes," Mrs. Vane nodded complacently. "I am becoming so stout that I find I must take more exercise and watch my diet. Besides," she added earnestly, "I think it is a fine thing for mother and daughter to be interested in the same thing. And so I tell Marjory."

Atmospheres of Planets

Observations of Venus have led to the conclusion that its atmosphere is more dense than ours. A thin atmosphere envelops Mars, but it is neither so extensive nor so dense as our own. There are unmistakable indications of a dense and very extended atmosphere encircling Jupiter. That of Saturn resembles the atmosphere of Jupiter. The atmosphere of Mercury is inappreciable.

Was New to Columbus

Columbus records of his visit to Haiti include mention of a "nightingale" which sang by day and by night and which was probably a mocking bird.

The Kitchen Cabinet

(Ed. 1930, Western Newspaper Union.)

There is music for lonely hearts nearly always; If the music dies down there is silence. Almost the same as the movement of music. To know silence perfectly is to know music.

—Carl Sandburg.

A FEW SANDWICHES

Any kind of leftover meat; hamburger, tongue, liver or beefsteak, all make fine filling for a hearty sandwich.



Hamburg Sandwich.—Broil the hamburger until fairly well done, sprinkle lightly with salt and pepper, add one tablespoonful of grated horseradish to each cup and one-half of steak, one tablespoonful of chutney and one-half cupful of minced celery tops. Spread generously between buttered slices of whole wheat bread.

Beefsteak Sandwich.—Fry one-half pound of steak to a good brown. Grind in a food chopper with one chopped, hard-cooked egg and two medium sized pickles. Moisten with mayonnaise. This makes one dozen sandwiches.

Sweetbread Sandwiches.—Take one pound of sweetbreads, cook and chop them, mix with two hard cooked eggs chopped, one tablespoonful of lemon juice, four tablespoonfuls of mayonnaise, salt to season and a teaspoonful of finely minced celery leaves. Spread the bread with creamed butter, then the sweetbread mixture.

Summer Sandwich.—Slice finger-long rolls and spread with a dressing of chopped mustard pickle, broil bacon and slip right from the pan into the opening, add a bit of crisp lettuce and serve at once.

Bacon Sandwich.—Dice and fry brown one-half pound of bacon which has been thinly sliced. Add seven green peppers which have been seeded and chopped. Drain from the fat and mix with mayonnaise and three small chopped pickles. Butter slices of whole wheat bread and fill with the bacon and green pepper. Serve hot.

Sandwich de Luxe.—Mince fine six thin slices of bacon after it has been browned to a crisp. Add one-half cupful of walnut meats and one dill pickle cut fine. Mix well, toast thin slices of bread on one side; on the untoasted side place a lettuce leaf and spread thickly with the above filling.

APPETIZING DISHES

The French masters of the culinary art have applied their art to all the simple foods with results that delight the epicure. These may help the housewife to introduce variety into her menu, using just the everyday things.

Scrambled Eggs Taruffe.—Simmer two cupfuls of canned tomatoes to which two teaspoonfuls of sugar has been added. Fry a slice of onion in four tablespoonfuls of butter. Remove the onion, season the tomatoes with salt and pepper, and add six eggs lightly beaten. Cook until the eggs are creamy.

Roquefort Dressing.—This is a delightful departure from the ordinary and is delicious on firm head lettuce, quartered or cut into eighths. Mix six tablespoonfuls of olive oil, two tablespoonfuls of vinegar, one teaspoonful of salt, one-fourth teaspoonful of pepper, a dash of cayenne and sugar and one-fourth cupful of crumbled Roquefort cheese. Beat until smooth. Chill and serve.

Spicy Salad Dressing.—Mix together one-half cupful of vinegar (get the grapefruit vinegar if possible), add two tablespoonfuls of olive oil, one-half cupful of sugar, one teaspoonful of salt, a dash of paprika, one teaspoonful of minced onion, two tablespoonfuls of minced celery and two tablespoonfuls of minced sweet pepper. Chill for several hours, then beat thoroughly and serve with lettuce in a bowl that has been rubbed with a clove of garlic.

Chape Souffle.—Take three tablespoonfuls each of butter and flour, mix well and add one-half cupful of scalded milk, one-half teaspoonful of salt, a few grains of cayenne, one-fourth cupful of grated cheese, three eggs beaten separately. Add the yolks to the hot mixture after removing from the heat then fold in the stiffly beaten whites. Pour into a buttered baking dish and bake twenty minutes in a slow oven. Serve at once.

Nellie Maxwell

Old Crops Often Found Disguised

New and Fancy Names Give Impression of Discovery of Value.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Every now and then some old but little-known name gets considerable notice in stories and advertisements in the press. Many people get the impression that by some magic power a new crop has been discovered which has all the good qualities and none of the short comings of the crops commonly grown.

To some extent this is the situation which now exists regarding proso or "hershey," says Dr. John H. Martin, cereal crop specialist of the United States Department of Agriculture. Proso is not a new crop. It was introduced into the United States during the early colonial period, and has been listed in the catalogues of leading seed dealers for many years. Neither is it a "magic" crop, but it has both good points and bad points.

Called "Hershey."

Hog millet, broomcorn millet, Early Fortune millet, and Manitoba millet are the names by which the crop is best known, says Doctor Martin, but it usually is called "hershey" in north eastern Colorado and the adjacent sections of Kansas and Nebraska.

Proso is grown mostly in the Dakotas and in northeastern Colorado, but is found occasionally on farms in many other states. It is best adapted for growing as a late-sown catch crop in the northern great plain states. Even there it usually does not yield as well as other grains sown at the proper time, but can be sown later than other spring grains. Proso usually is sown on land which was not prepared in time for other crops or on which some other crop has been destroyed. It matures within 60 to 85 days from seeding.

Not Satisfactory.

Proso is not as satisfactory a hay crop for late seeding as Sudan grass and the foxtail millets, adds Doctor Martin. In the southern plains where grain sorghums yield well or in the northeast where buckwheat is adapted, these crops produce more grain from late seeding than will proso.

Seed of this crop is an ingredient of most mixed bird feeds, many chick feeds, and some scratch feeds. It is a satisfactory feed for poultry, hogs, and sheep, and can be fed also to horses and cattle. Proso has been found to be practically equal in feeding value to corn and barley when fed to pigs or lambs.

Vitamin E Is Essential for Breeding Animals

For many years chemists have known that some substance in the germ of corn and wheat vitally affected the growth and development of animals. Just recently the discoveries of Herbert W. Evans and George O. Burr, published in the proceedings of the National Academy of Science, gave official recognition of this substance as a vitamin.

It is called vitamin E. It is found abundantly in nature; its chief source being in the seeds and green leaves of certain plants as well as in some of the glands of animals, as for instance the liver.

This vitamin has a great deal to do with the reproductive ability of animals. Some authorities claim that it is solely responsible for the very existence of living organisms. Researches indicate that animals, either male or female, that are deprived entirely of foods containing vitamin E appear to be absolutely incapable of reproduction.

Spraying Potatoes Is Profitable Practice

Surveys by the Pennsylvania Potato Grower's association show that a man cannot afford to raise spuds unless he sprays often and carefully.

A number of growers of long experience averaged 389 bushels for spraying an average of 12.6 times, while plots treated otherwise the same, except that they were unsprayed, yielded only 241 bushels. Careful spraying gave an increase of 61.4 per cent, a difference which will always boost the net income.

Water Is Essential for Good Health of Trees

Trees need enormous quantities of water to keep them in a healthy condition, says the United States Department of Agriculture. An apple tree thirty years old gives off approximately a barrel of water a day in summer, and a good-sized birch tree gives off nearly two barrels of water on a hot day. A single oak tree is known to have given off into the air in the form of vapor more than 100 tons of water in a single growing season.



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Japan's Floating Prison

By converting an old warship into a prison ship, Japan has taken a modern step toward an ancient custom. This prison ship, however, is different. Only youthful delinquents are accommodated, and they are taught navigation, fishing and other occupations of the sea so that at the end of their prison terms they will be more useful to society and will increase the maritime power of Japan. —Pathfinder Magazine.

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