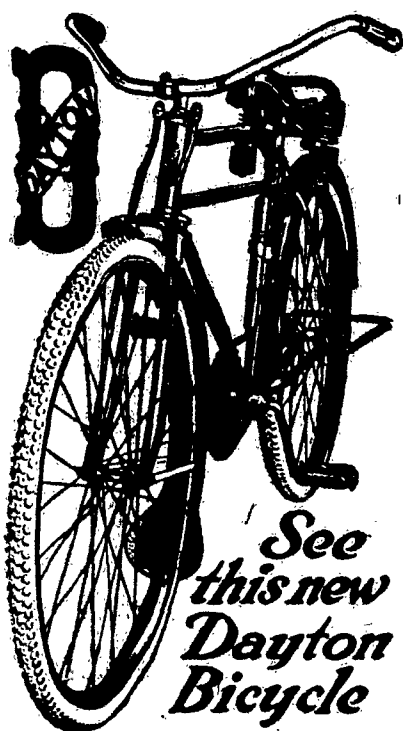


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## Mother's Cook Book

All silent she steals in among us—quiet, dreamy August, following close on the footsteps of daisy-crowned July. The poppy blazes in the sunshine, the grain-fields are ripening into golden splendor, and the butterflies and hummingbirds seem to have gathered the gorgeously of Nature's loveliest hues and imprisoned them within their folded wings.

**Food for the Family.**  
For those who cannot eat the fresh crisp cucumber they will enjoy them when cooked.

**Cucumber Piquant.**  
Pare large but not over-ripe cucumbers and slice in half-inch slices. Salt and pepper them and dip in beaten egg which has been diluted with two tablespoonfuls of water, then roll in fine crumbs and fry in deep hot fat until tender and brown. Lay on a serving dish and pour over the following sauce at the last moment: To one cupful thick seasoned tomato sauce add a teaspoonful of prepared mustard, a tablespoonful of lemon juice and a tablespoonful of grated onion.

**Summer Squash Soup.**  
Cut three or four squash into small pieces, mince two onions, add to the squash with two tablespoonfuls of fat, cook until the fat is absorbed. Add a tablespoonful of flour, two stalks of minced celery, two sprigs of parsley, two cloves, two strips of green pepper and enough water to cover. Simmer until all are tender, adding a teaspoonful of salt during the last cooking. Rub all through a sieve, add milk, depending upon the size of the squashes, thicken with two tablespoonfuls each of butter and flour. Cook ten minutes, season highly, adding cayenne, a little ginger and sugar. Just before serving beat well with an egg beater. Serve with a spoonful of whipped cream on each serving.

**Buttered Beets.**  
Cook beets until tender, remove the skins and chop. Reheat, adding a little butter, a teaspoonful of sugar and a dash of vinegar. Serve hot. Olive oil may be used in place of butter.

**Savory Potatoes.**  
Cook potatoes with a beef stew, enough to have some left over for frying or for potato salad. The seasoned potatoes make a much nicer salad and if fried with a little butter are a most savory dish.

*Nellie Maxwell*  
(© 1920, Western Newspaper Union.)

## Just Folks

By EDGAR A. GUEST

**THE OLD DAYS.**  
Time was that life was partly play and man could rest a little while. Could find the time along the way to visit with his friends and smile. And he could go on fishing trips and never miss the coin he'd lose. But that was in the days before his wife wore fifteen-dollar shoes.

Time was the evening brought repose unto the weary soul of man. He dropped his work at close of day, untroubled till the next began. And he could play an hour or two; the books he loved he could peruse; But that was in the days before his wife wore fifteen-dollar shoes.

Great riches were not needed then, in those glad days of long ago; A man could find contentment then with what was given him to know. And there were joys on every hand from which his soul could pick and choose; But that was in the days before his wife wore fifteen-dollar shoes.

There is no rest for man today, he's forced to serve the gods of gold; He dare not linger by the way, as once he did in times of old. He must forego his fishing trip and shun all things that may amuse. Because the women folks today are wearing fifteen-dollar shoes. (Copyright by Edgar A. Guest.)

**Lifting Oneself Aloft.**  
An interesting scientific problem is involved in building a steel mast 300 feet in height. The erection of high powered, long-distance wireless telegraph stations has led to many interesting experiments in such construction. To build such a mast on the ground and then raise it to a perpendicular position would involve an immense amount of work. A common plan is to construct the mast of a series of hollow cylinders about twenty feet in length. A steel rod is fastened inside a cylinder from which is suspended a platform on which the workmen stand to fasten the cylinders together. When a joint is completed the rod is raised about twenty feet and the platform pulled upward to the desired height. A single mast may consist of as many as fifty such cylinders. When the last one is put in position the workmen find themselves swinging some 300 feet in air—*Boys' Life.*

**Jap English.**  
Japanese laundry circular: "Contrary to the opposite company, we must clean and carefully wash our customers with possible cheap prices, as follows: Ladies 2 dols per hundred; gentlemen 1 1/2 dols per hundred."—*Boston Transcript.*



**ASA week** was cat come leeva weath me when my dog ees gonna way. Other night I play weeth heem for longa time and I feegure ees pretty soft for da cat. Hees name ees Thomas when he was born and one my frien say he gotta nine lives. But for way he no come home some night I tink he gotta nine wives, too.  
But dat cats ees getta bullsheevk idee someplace, I dunno. Other day frien make me presont of golda feesh for decorash en da house. But dat feesh ees lonesome too much. Seema like he no gotta more frien as da kaiser. Just swim like devil all day and no gotta some place.  
Dat golda feesh and da cat no make friens ver good, I dunno for sure, but mebbe da feesh ees fraid leava da water and da cat ees fraid for da feesh. Seema like da cat ees jealous for da feesh. He jusa watcha da son-of-a-gun swim round all day. Mebbe he tink da feesh go out for walk when da cat no look, I dunno.  
Mosta night da cat keepa one eye open and da feesh no go to bed too. Mebbe ees nica feesh and no lika for go to bed when da cat ees look. So I skeedo da cat but da cat no make deefence weeth da feesh.  
I tink ees pretty tough eef dat feesh ever have da family. He leeva en da glass house and eef leetle feesh throw rocks lika leetle boys plenta queek da whole place go on da bum.  
My frien make me present two days ago and today I—no gotta feesh. I dunno, but mebbe dat cat tink lasa night was Friday and eata my gold feesh. But I no care ver inooh. I no lika to be a feesh, too—no more private as leeva weeth your wife's family. Wot you tink?

**CROSBY'S KIDS**  
HEY, WILLIE! COME ON UP! I WANTA WHISPER SOMETHING TO YOU



## Just Folks

By EDGAR A. GUEST

**THE MOTHER ON THE SIDEWALK.**  
The mother on the sidewalk as the troops are marching by is the mother of Old Glory that is waving in the sky. Men have fought to keep it splendid, men have died to keep it bright. But that flag was born of woman and her sufferings day and night; 'Tis her sacrifice has made it, and once more we ought to pray For the brave and loyal mother of the boy that goes away.

There are days of grief before her, there are hours that she will weep. There are nights of anxious waiting when her fear will banish sleep; She has heard her country calling and has risen to the test. And has placed upon the altar of the turmoil of the fray The anguish of the mother of the boy who goes away.

You may boast men's deeds of glory, you may tell their courage great. But to die is easier service than alone to sit and wait. And I hail the little mother, with the tear-stained face and grave—she's the bravest of the brave. And that banner we are proud of, with its red and blue and white Is a lasting tribute holy to all mothers' love of right. (Copyright by Edgar A. Guest.)

It takes a woman to smile when her rival is praised.  
A politician should watch that others do not prey.  
Advice to pugilists—when in doubt put on the gloves.

## DECLARE FOR HIPS

Midsummer Fashion Makers Cite Styles Now in Favor.

Toweling, Crash, Awning, Hammock Material and Denims Are Now Fashioned into Dresses.

Gotham midsummer fashion makers declare for hips, says a New York fashion writer. Manufacturers and retailers both say that the hips are now in popular favor all because Parée got angry about that paradise fanned hat that was thrown into the boudoir of France's lady of the land and just as promptly bounced out again, while the Parisian milliners handed over the fourteen points that made it a hat thrown into the big ring of international fashion squabbling. They say that Rue was angry once too often and that American women will not buy the toothpick or chemise dresses that Paris launched for the new season.

Whatever the cause may be, hips is hips, as Fifth avenue windows all too well display. 'Tis the fashion season of the bouffant, the billowy, the exaggerated, the puffed and pouched. Naturally, this craze for a distended skirt has launched curloids of coarse stiff fabrics upon the cloth market. Bath-room toweling, crash, awning, hammock material and denims are in full bloom as fashioned into dresses of every type.

Although many of the midsummer gowns use natural colored toweling, there is a tendency to dye these sturdy fabrics into dyes of every hue and emblazon them with weird, conventional, intricate patterns. Regular upholstery's cretonne in color combinations that fight or purr are frequent, and even old paisley shawls are found made up into new bustled dresses.

A leading house shows a street dress fashioned of heavy dull blue and rose cretonne. Although an occasional rose can be defined in the maze of intricate patterning, the general effect is like a dark-colored cotton foulard. The material is inset with a panel of sheer white organdie upon which are scattered girly-girly bows of French blue metallic ribbon and pale pink rosebuds. A bustle distends the skirt through the hips, while the bodice is snugly Alsatian-laced.

Of pouch pockets there is no end on the summer's skirts. Most of them so distend that they add several feet to the hip circumference. Over panniers or hips drapes are wired so that there is no danger they will fall into soft lines. Tier skirts of as many as eight rows of ruffles are running amuck upon the avenue, and the top three tiers are wired into lamp shade and chandelier effects. Flaring bottoms of skirts have completely supplanted the old three-inch-around model, and a hoydenish, masculine stride is rapidly killing off mincing footsteps.

Lowly ironing board covering is being made into dresses that carry a price tag in three figures. This heaviest, cheapest kind of crash is embellished with scallops and embroidery in Chinese red or Algerian blue, and flannels wired pouch pockets or side skirt drapes. Occasionally heavy strips of white kid or ordinary harness leather are stitched into main moth side pockets for the hip width effect.

Midsummer evening gowns are most elaborate and are as heavy with velvet, plush and fur as at Christmas time. Many of these heavy satin or velvet skirts are bustled and hand-painted in gorgeous eccentric patterns, such as with a red pitcher plant, a screaming parrot, or a clump of ferns. But "the hips—the hips the thing."

## PARIS HAIR DRESSING STYLE



This is one of the latest in Parisian coiffures; it is enhanced through the use of a wreath of silk roses.

**Lace Stockings.**  
For evening wear Paris is taking to lace stockings, not only because these are new and effective, but because silk stockings are extremely high priced, and very difficult to procure in colors as wanted.

**Long Waist Line.**  
Early autumn dress models put out by Jenny give preference to long waist lines and long fitted sleeves.

## ONE SANDMAN

FOX'S HOUSEWARMING

Mr. FOX had been so much disturbed by Mr. Dog and his master that he decided to try living somewhere besides on the ground floor of the woods.  
One night he took a look around in the moonlight and to his delight he discovered the very place for him to live.

It was a house built in the branches of a big tree that some boys very likely had made the year before. "Now, with a very little repairing this will be the finest house in the woods," said Mr. Fox.

So over the hill he ran to Mr. Man's and brought away all that was needed to make his house comfortable. He even found an old piece of stove-



pipe to make his stove draw well, and in a few days Mr. Fox told all his friends of his new home and invited them to a housewarming.

Mr. Coon and Mr. Possum and Mr. Squirrel were not at all upset by finding out that Mr. Fox's new home was in the big tree, but Mr. Rabbit and Mr. Badger looked very sad and said it was out of the question for them to accept Mr. Fox's kind invitation.

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## SCHOOL DAYS



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Very warm weather is to accomplish something when he wakes up.

If you would be light hearted gull looking on the dark side of everything.

A girl likes a promising young man, but others prefer one who pays cash.

If a woman has no other reason for loving a man she does it just because.

Some men would rather be than right—if there's more money in it.

It wasn't for the poor man rich would have to make his shoes.

With the exception of money more the average man has no wants.

If free verse has anything in it also will be read even in poetry.

A woman has no time until after she has been least once.

Did you ever see a man willing to make a mistake for his poetry?

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