

The Horn of Plenty

By CLARISSA MACKIE

"Horn O' Plenty Farm" repeated the postmaster, leaning over the counter and staring at the shabbily dressed young man with a worn suit-case. "Well—I ain't heard it called that in 30 years."

"What is it called now?" asked the stranger stiffly.

"Nothing much," laughed the postmaster. "Might be called 'Rib Rock'—ain't much else but rocks and sand left since old man Thatcher died."

"Twelve years ago—he was my grandfather, Robert Thatcher. He left the farm to me."

"Want' know! Been a long time coming after it," grinned the native. "You must have known the place was leased for ten years."

"Yes—and if you ever collected any rent from Seedy Jones, you did well."

"I haven't collected it yet," said young Thatcher quietly.

"Hum—going to live there?"

"Yes, if I ever find the way."

The postmaster smiled foolishly and called a lounge for the listening group on the porch. "You going just Seedy Jones' old place, Lennie, you



"Nothing Much," Laughed the Postmaster.

might take this gentleman along—there's a good hotel there if you don't find accommodations at the Horn o' Plenty!"

John Thatcher drove away in an ancient automobile that roved distractingly about the road and finally came to a scrambling halt in front of a large house set in the midst of overgrown trees and thick shrubbery.

"Cheerful outlook, ain't it?" laughed the youth called "Lennie," as he turned his rattling machine about, "right before Thanksgiving and a deserted house!"

John Thatcher was silent as he surveyed his inheritance. Dreary, indeed, and so different from the picture of it, carried in his heart since he was a young lad. His grandfather's farm had been the pride of the countryside then, and now when fortune had ceased to smile upon young John, he had turned to the farm.

He would go back to that, alone, perhaps, but it would only be for a while—Helen Main had promised to marry him when he could support her, and he had proudly told her that he would claim her on St. Valentine's day. "Horn of Plenty" farm had been his dream of fortune and he found this.

By eight o'clock he had learned the worst—bare rooms, ill-used and unclean; decaying porches; and a peep in the locked furniture-stored away, where they had been placed when his grandfather died and the place was rented.

"I wonder what Helen would say—he thought miserably as he went back to the hotel. In the morning he had a short note from Helen's father. "We will motor out to your farm this morning. Give us Thanksgiving dinner."

John Thatcher's lips snapped shut as he crammed the letter into his fire. So Helen's father really knew the condition of the farm and was putting him on his mettle. They would arrive at noon. He had five hours to work, and so little money. Well, it would be a home-made Thanksgiving—the best he could do, and give thanks for that! It was a slender chance, for James Main was rich and prosperous.

Lennie Brown and his car took John Thatcher out to the old place with a load of purchases. "I guess there's plenty of wood outside there, and my folks have some barrels of big red apples—I'll bring some over," said Lennie when he heard of the expected guests.

The old Thatcher place echoed to the flying footsteps of the two young men. From garret to cellar they went; the old pump squeaked as water was need-

ed to mop up the floors of the big dining room and the kitchen after vigorous sweeping. Then breaths of rag carpets from the store in the attic were laid down, and furniture carried down—a round walnut dining table and chairs, baskets of lavender sprigged china and kitchenware, and a cedar chest gave up tablecloths and napkins, yellowed with age, and some of the old Thatcher silver.

"Who says women's work is never done?" groaned Lennie as he rubbed the silver knives and forks.

"I hope they will like this fried chicken," muttered John as he bent over the great fire in the kitchen fireplace, where they were cooking over some iron trivets they had discovered in the attic.

"Guess these sweet potatoes are about done," said Lennie as he drew them out of the ashes. "I'm going out to get some of those yellow and brown chrysanthemums to put on the table, and some more wood. Ma sent over some jelly and cider and cream and—" the door closed on the list of Mrs. Brown's generosity.

At 12 o'clock John Thatcher looked around at the comfortable dining room which began to seem like home, with its blazing fires on the wide hearth. "This is a good beginning," thought John Thatcher. "If they will come now they can see that I'm starting as a good provider, anyway."

Then he heard the horn of the expensive car that brought the Mains, and suddenly overcame by the wealth and position of the girl he loved, the place seemed poor and shabby and his efforts fruitless. But it was his home, and he squared his shoulders, looked at the lovely table with its flowers, its crimson and purple fruit, and the bright hearth fire.

"It is perfectly wonderful," Helen said over and over again, while her parents nodded approval. They smilingly watched the two young people as they hurried to and fro putting the meal on the table—they investigated the house and asked the source of each article they ate.

When they had finished and were gathered about the fire, Mrs. Main touched her husband's arm. "Tell him, father, tell John about it."

"We all came out here yesterday morning—got here before you did, and think you've got a discouraging job, but it will do you good, and your neighbors good, to have you bring back the name of the Horn of Plenty farm. You've shown what you can do with a very little, and you've made the most of what you've got. What you need now is a good wife—well, come into my office until—March—and save your money. Then you can marry Helen, and we will come and dine with you next Thanksgiving day if you will promise to provide the entire dinner from the products of your farm."

"My grandfather did it, and so can I," declared John Thatcher, and he did.

Nowadays if you should ask for Horn of Plenty farm every one will eagerly point the way: "The biggest white house on the street, the place with the flower gardens, the big farm yard," and they might add: "The happiest home in the village—that's Horn of Plenty farm!"

HAD BEAUTY WITHOUT SENSE

Englishwoman's Prodigious Vanity Made Her the Laughing Stock of the City of London.

Marie Gunning (Lady Coventry), was so beautiful that she complained to George II that so many people stared at her whenever she went out that she thought she should be provided with a guard.

On the following Sunday London witnessed a curious spectacle. Two sturdy sergeants in uniform came marching down the Mall. Behind them walked the lovely Marie and behind her strode 12 guardsmen provided by the king. The populace roared and howled, jeered and joked, lung about the rear of the procession and doubled up with glee as they watched Marie's stately progress. A woman of more sense would never have provoked such an outbreak, or, if embarked on it, thoughtlessly would have retreated when she saw what a spectacle she was making of herself. But Marie was oblivious to insult and coarse jests. For two hours she paraded up and down the Mall, and the excitement mounted so high that several members of the mob were arrested.

Her loveliness waned and she veiled for hours on a couch, gazing into a mirror to try to reassure herself that she was as charming as ever. She could not doubt finally that her radiance was departing. It was then she left her couch and lived thereafter in a great bed hung about with dark curtains. A small lamp gave but a glimmer of light, and neither friends nor servants were allowed to gaze upon the face of the lovely Marie. Even the food that she ate was passed through the curtains. She died in the year 1760, only 27 years old.

A Strain. Not being a press agent, we'll just call a certain popular actor, who is a famous "good fellow," Smith. A couple of friends were talking about him the other day, when one asked:

"Has Smith a good role in the new play?"

"Most emotional he ever had in all his career," was the impressive reply. "Why, I didn't understand that the play was so much that way."

"It isn't—only Smith's part. You see it's one of those 'wet' plays, and poor Smith is being constantly offered drinks which the actor compels him to refuse. Why, he'll be a total wreck by the end of the week."

FOR THE NEGLIGEE

Washing Satin, Flannel de Soie or Velours Are Good.

Garment Offers Greater Possibilities to Women for the Expression of Individual Ideas.

The province of the negligee, nowadays, observes a fashion writer in the Christian Science Monitor, may be anything from a dressing gown worn in the bedroom, or a breakfast gown slipped into until we are able to gain some idea as to what the weather is going to be for the day, and so clothe ourselves accordingly, to an informal dinner gown worn for the cozy dinner at home. In all its differing functions it offers great possibilities to the woman of taste for it gives greater opportunities perhaps than do other garments for the expression of individual ideas.

For the morning wrapper washing satin or flannel de soie is a good material, and some interesting color schemes might be worked out by a lining of the same material in another color with a long turned over rolled collar fastening to one side below the waistline, and also turned-back cuffs.

Some very attractive negligees are made of velours cloth in magar fashion, with just a hole at the neck to get into, and draped at the sides; velours cloth, with its peachlike bloom, is an excellent material for all draped effects, and it may be had in very delightful colors; it is also very warm for chilly evenings. A very dainty tea gown seen recently was fashioned of a cream velours cloth edged with brown fur at the neck and sleeves, heavily embroidered with pale rose silk, and a pale pink moire ribbon run through two slots at the waist.

Another gown of an entirely different type, and which is more in the nature of a dinner gown than a negligee proper, is the lace underdress which is worn with a silk or velvet coat. These dresses are very dainty and attractive and can be carried out in many different ways. The underdress which is in itself a complete dress and can of course be worn without the coat if desired, may be made entirely of lace, or it may be made of lace lounces or of spotted or plain net with bands of lace inserted in different patterns.

CHIC SOFT ANGORA COSTUME



A charming costume for winter in this combination of soft angora—sweater, scarf and jaunt hat, all matching—worn with short plaited skirt. Fine for skating or sports.

PARIS WEARS SHORT SLEEVES

Arm Covering So Abbreviated That Bracelet is Worn Above the Elbow by Young Girls.

Over in Paris they are still wearing short-sleeved dresses and so short that the above-the-elbow bracelet is used with such dresses, especially by the very young girls whose arms are as slender above the elbow as below. The French study the psychology to a much greater extent than we when considering a style. For instance, one authority says that no woman should wear long sleeves whose head is not perfectly well dressed. With her hair properly Marcelled and with perfect boots a woman may wear long sleeves with great advantage. And come to think of it, can you not picture the woman with beautifully dressed hair as a very dainty lady indeed in a gown with long plain sleeves? If she has a good complexion, says the French critic, let the gown be black, but with a bad complexion avoid black. In these days of made-up complexions, however, almost anyone may have a good one. A bracelet made of a band of pearls is worn outside the long sleeve, just above the wrist, or the watch on a black band of ribbon is used instead, outside and not inside the sleeve.

BLACK IS STILL IN VOGUE

Frocks of Velvet, Velours de Laine, Duvetyn and Cloth Among Winter Favorites.

Black is still very smart. With the winter season at hand, women are wearing frocks of black velvet, black velours de laine, black duvetyn and black cloth. Some of these black frocks are trimmed with black monkey, gray baby lamb, gray or—more rarely—silver fox. Others with no trimming other than stitching or a picot edge are worn with superb scarves of sable. It is remarkable that, with the price of fur at its zenith, many women this season are wearing the best of furs.

Black felt hats are smart just now, worn with the dead-black frocks so affected at the moment. A tailored frock of black velours de laine with a closely grided short jacket embroidered with an angular design in black thread and trimmed with black caracul, above a narrow plain black skirt, was worn with a small black felt beret on the left side, the bow-ends falling to the shoulder. Harper's Bazaar.

Satin Hats. Velvet hats have already had their day with the ultra-egregious and now we witness the appearance of lovely conceits in satin, while for evening and restaurant wear the all-over lace hat seems almost de rigueur.

Green and Red. Green and red seem to be the dominant colors for evening wear, particularly when velvet is the material chosen.

IN THE SMART KNITTED SUIT



One of the season's smartest fashions is a knitted suit of claret-colored wool; just the most appropriate costume for a young girl.

FEATHER TRIMMING FOR HATS

Heron Aigrette, Heron Breast Feathers and Paradise Favorites for Millinery Decoration.

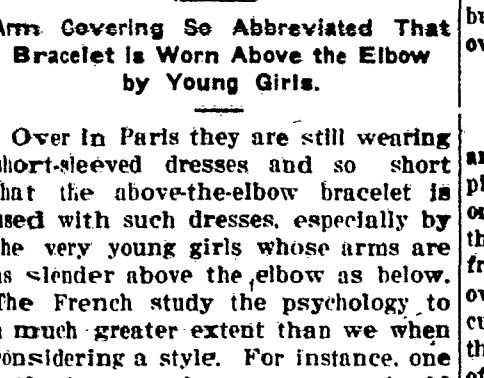
Feather trimmings for midwinter hats are markedly in favor. Heron aigrette and heron breast feathers take the lead among feathers de luxe. Paradise, too, is used. Glycerinated ostrich and natural ostrich are having a big vogue. Coque feathers are also much in evidence, and hackle and other brilliant neck and breast feathers are frequently seen as borders on turbans.

Paris milliners generally are showing very eccentric feather effects on both turbans and large shapes. Some of the new feather covered turbans look almost like wigs of bobbed hair, irregular and unkempt. Especially is this true when the hat is in dark brown. These feathers in no small degree resemble the monkey fur so popular last season.

Among the new ostrich trimmings are slender, drooping, quill-like ornaments of glycerinated ostrich which are used in a disordered brushlike arrangement, giving the hats an appearance of the head-dresses of savage tribes. These wild looking feathers have appeared on both velvet and panne hats. Another ostrich trimming still used is the flat glycerinated plumes as a covering for small and medium hats, with the long dragging ends falling off over the brim. These, too, have a very savage and unkempt look, but are considered very smart. Ostrich pompons again are popular.

MILITANT-MARY

I'd like to hug each soldier and each sailor that I MEET But I fear it might upset them IF I DID IT ON THE STREET!



The Jersey Returns. Wool Jersey overblouses for women are among the new novelties. Several recently seen were cut to fit the figure very snugly about the shoulders and bust, so snugly, in fact, that the old-fashioned jersey jacket or basque was brought to mind. Collar, cuffs and hanging of angora in contrasting color and heavy wool embroidery constitute a popular trimming for these overblouses, which are designed for sports wear, and worn with plaid wool skirts or plain color skirts matching either the blouse or its trimming in color.

Fashionable Shades. Important in the millinery world are a new ruby shade and a startling turquoise.

SCHOOL DAYS



Mother's Cook Book

And this for comfort thou must know, Firms that are ill won't still be so; Clouds will not ever pour down rain; A sudden day will clear again.—Herrick.

SALADS AND SALAD DRESSINGS.

ALSAZ which may be made in almost any season and one of which the ingredients may be found in any home supply is the following:

Raisin Salad. Cut one-half cupful of raisins with the shears into fine pieces, cut up one cupful of celery and one cupful of apples in small bits, combine with one-fourth cupful of mayonnaise dressing one-half hour before serving; add one-half cupful of broken walnut meats and serve on lettuce leaves.

Almond Salad. Take one-half cupful of mild vinegar, if strong, dilute it with water, using the half cupful of diluted vinegar, add three-fourths of a cup of sugar and cook until it spins a thread. Soak two tablespoonfuls of gelatin in one cupful of pineapple juice and dissolve in the hot sirup, grind one-half cupful of sweet cucumber pickles through a meat grinder, add with two-thirds of a cup of diced pineapple and one-half cupful of blanched, shredded almonds. Mix well and mold. Serve cold with mayonnaise dressing.

A most economical dressing may be made using corn oil in place of the olive oil; the dressing is fully as good to look at and better to the taste for those who do not enjoy the delicious flavor of olive oil.

Sour Cream Drop Cookies. Take one cupful of sugar, one-half cupful of shortening, one-half cupful of sour milk, one beaten egg, two and one-half cupfuls of flour, one-half teaspoonful of soda. Mix in the order given, first beating the shortening to a cream. Drop from a spoon upon a buttered sheet. Bake in a moderate oven.

Fruit Salad. Combine the pulp of two oranges and one grape fruit, three slices of pineapple, all finely divided. Dilute one-third of a cupful of honey with the juices from the orange and grape fruit and serve two tablespoonfuls over each portion. Wash, stone and cut into strips six dates. Arrange them in the form of a daisy on the top of each. For the centers, soak coconut in pineapple juice and color with yellow fruit coloring. Serve cold.

Ever-Ready Salad Dressing. Beat three eggs until light and take an equal measure of mild vinegar. Usually common vinegar can be diluted about half. Cook over hot water, beating with a Dover egg beater all the while it is cooking. When smooth and thick remove and pour into a glass jar. When wanted for use add such seasonings as are appropriate for the salad to be served with whipped cream to enrich the dressing. This will keep indefinitely in a cool place.

Neenie Maxwell
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THE ROMANCE OF WORDS

"MASCOT."

ONE of the most general of superstitions the world over is that a child born with a "caul" or membrane over the head is not only a soothsayer but an extremely fortunate person. In Scotland, as well as in France, the caul itself is regarded as bringing good fortune to anyone who possesses it, and high prices have been paid for these unusual appendages.

The French word for a child born in this manner is "masque," meaning "masked," a word which is analogous to the Latin "masca," for sorcerer—which possibly explains the connection between the caul and power attributed to those born with it. It was from the French masque, with a slight change of final syllable, that the English "mascot"—meaning a lucky-piece—was derived. After being used for years by gamblers and others of a superstitious nature, the word was finally introduced into literature by Audran, in his opera "La Mascotte," in which the term designates the messengers of the power of God, sent to counteract the influence of the power of evil.

THE GIRL ON THE JOB

How to Succeed—How to Get Ahead—How to Make Good

By JESSIE ROBERTS

WELFARE WORK

IT IS certain that welfare work in the big industrial and commercial enterprises is going to see a great expansion. It has been proved that it pays. And once that proof is recognized, no plant that has a forward looking policy is going to be without its welfare department, and its trained welfare expert. This work is especially suited to women, and it is up to a woman who wishes to enter the field to get her necessary training and then go out after the job. She will land it, for the supply of good welfare workers is far below the growing demand.

It is becoming generally known to even the most reactionary of employers that a contented body of workers is their safest and soundest asset. The woman who is able to reconcile differences between the employees and the employer, who can explain the one to the other, is often able to avoid a disastrous strike.

Of course, such a woman must understand the proper installation of rest-rooms, the managing of luncheons at cost, the proper airing and warming of the workrooms. But even more necessary is it that she should have the power to win the confidence and respect of those for whom she works. She must be known to be fair and just, and she must join sympathy and humor in her makeup if she is to succeed in making both sides believe in her.

"You've got to be human clear to the marrow of your bones," one woman who has the welfare of a thousand employees in her charge said to me. "There isn't a job in the world I would change for this one, but make no mistake, it's full of pitfalls and it's hard work! The girls here come to me when they won't go to their own mothers with their troubles, because they know there isn't a thing I wouldn't do for them if it's right to do it. And I feel every day that I'm doing something worth while."

Any woman would feel the same. And women who have the type of personality that will tell in welfare work should train for it—it is really a great opportunity.

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