

THE KITCHEN CABINET

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The buoyancy of health is real enjoyment. Strength, mental vigor, vivacity and good nature, spring from a good digestion; good digestion is assured only from eating and drinking proper quantities of food and liquid. It is possible to enjoy buoyancy of spirit and good appetite every day.

SAVORY GOOD THINGS

Try pork sausages in place of pork when baking beans. It is a change and will be well liked.



Haricot of Mutton.—Fry two tablespoonfuls of onions in two tablespoonfuls of sweet dripping, add one and one-half pounds of lean mutton, cut into two-inch pieces, salt and pepper well and cover with boiling water. Cook slowly until the meat is tender. Serve with buttered lima beans.

Spanish Toast.—Cut up two green peppers, a slice of onion, two sprigs of parsley and add a cupful of thick tomato sauce. Simmer until smooth. Toast rounds of bread, butter and put a spoonful of the tomato mixture on top of each with a poached egg on top. **Chicken a la King.**—Take two cupfuls of cooked chicken, four fresh mushrooms, one tablespoonful of butter, one-fourth of a green pepper, one cupful of thin cream, one cupful of chicken broth, three tablespoonfuls of flour, one-half teaspoonful of salt, one-fourth teaspoonful of paprika, one teaspoonful of lemon juice. Cut the chicken into cubes, break the mushrooms and cut the stems, chop the green pepper, add the cream, chicken stock and egg yolks. Cook the mushrooms and green pepper in the butter, and the flour and combine with the other ingredients.

Windsor Sandwiches.—Cream one-third of a cupful of butter, add one-half cupful each of chopped chicken and ham (the ham boiled and the chicken left from roast). Season with paprika and salt and spread the mixture on slices of buttered bread, cut into fancy shapes. Serve either open or double sandwiches. If open decorate with a border of mayonnaise. **Pepper Lilies.**—Take small bell-shaped green peppers, cut into points nearly down to the stem. Remove the seeds and white fiber and fill with a ball of seasoned cream cheese. Decorate the top of the ball with sliced hard-cooked egg yolk and arrange on lettuce to serve. Pass a bowl of mayonnaise.

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His Letter of Recommendation

By GORTON CARRUTH

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TO THE young man on the curb gazing across the street at the imposing pile of the Davenport Publishing company's building, that structure of steel and stone looked like a mountain. But perhaps Waldron's impression was colored a little by the fact that he was about to cross the street, ascend to the glacial top of the mountain and strike old Archibald P. Davenport.

When finally, in a burst of resolution, Waldron struck across the street, braved an impudent office boy and was presently admitted to the sanctum of the great Archibald P. Davenport himself, he found that crusty old potentate in an unusually bilious humor. "Well, young man," he said, "what do you want?"

"Why—ah—you see, Mr. Davenport," stammered Waldron, "I have come to you as an old friend of my father's, Horace Waldron."

"I know Horace Waldron—slightly—thirty years ago," interrupted Davenport, "but I don't know you."

"I have a job open to me," answered the young man, "if I can offer a satisfactory reference. So I have come to you, thinking that is my father's old friend you might be kind enough to give me a recommendation."

"So you want a letter of recommendation, do you?" he inquired, after a moment in a voice almost too smooth. "Well—all right." He pressed a button and a stenographer came in. "You sit down outside for a minute, young man, and I'll send it out to you. Good day."

It was with a feeling of considerable confidence that, half an hour later, Waldron presented himself and his letter of recommendation to Ambrose Hare, head of the Hare Button Manufacturing company.

"Ah," he said, "from Archibald P. Davenport. He adjusted his glasses. He read. His lips pursed, his brow wrinkled, his head began to shake. "Ah—have you read this letter, young man?"

"Why, no." It was given me in a sealed envelope."

"Ah, yes, yes. Of course. Well, you see, it's hardly just the thing. No, not quite the thing. Ah—really, you know, I'm afraid that it doesn't recommend you highly for the position here."

Astonished and chagrined, Waldron stood up. "May I see the letter?" he asked quietly.

"Ah—no objection to that, I'm sure. Here it is."

Waldron turned and walked out, and as he went he read the letter of recommendation that was to have obtained him the job.

"To whom it may concern," it began. "The bearer of this letter, a Mr. Waldron, though a total stranger to me, has presumed upon a slight acquaintance that I had with his father thirty years ago to ask me for a letter of recommendation. I have never seen him before today, but I can conscientiously say that he ought to make good in any position requiring a self-confidence that I am tempted to call gall. Sincerely, Archibald P. Davenport."

Stunned and crushed, the young man wandered blindly through the streets until he came to a little park. He found a vacant place on a bench and sat down feeling tired and weak. Then, a moment later, he laughed.

"Well, old boy," he muttered to himself, "that was a good joke, wasn't it? Yes, great."

Amid the shifting crowd of people that passed before his eyes appeared a jaunty schoolgirl with a bundle of books under her arm. The young man's eyes fell upon her mechanically. At the same time his fingers thrust into his coat pocket, touched the written specimen of Archibald P. Davenport's humor.

Passers-by were startled to see the sober-looking youth on the bench suddenly burst into laughter, leap up and start briskly away at almost a run. He headed directly for the Davenport Publishing company's building and when he reached that forbidding looking structure he passed inside as though he owned it. He inquired his way with easy confidence, and he soon stood before the railing that shut visitors away from a bustling floorful of busy laborers in the vineyard of literature.

"Mr. Wilson, please," he said decisively to the girl who advanced to meet him.

"Ah, Mr. Wilson," he greeted that individual a moment later. "I understand that you are head of the sales department?"

"I am."

"I am looking for a job as a salesman," said Waldron, "a book salesman. Or should I say book agent? Anyhow, I feel that I am well qualified for the job by education and by nature. As to the latter, I have the best of recommendations. Just read this letter, please."

Numbly Wilson took the proffered letter and read it. As he finished he grinned broadly. He swung open the gate in the railing.

"Come in, Mr. Waldron," he said. "We do need a new man or two. I should judge that you have the fundamental qualities necessary in this branch of the book publishing business. I should not question Mr. Davenport's judgment on that point. Come in!"

Gray Satin Dress for Late Spring or Summer



Showing a lovely new frock for semi-formal daytime wear. It is of pearl-gray satin, trimmed with real lace. It is suitable for late spring or early summer wear.

Things to Know About Proper Care of Gloves

How long can you wear a pair of gloves?

If you frequently find that your gloves "just split in no time," and that you must, therefore, replenish your supply more often than you feel you should, perhaps your answer is dependent on another question: "What kind of care do you give them?"

This is likely to be the case, particularly when your gloves are of leather, for leather gloves depend both for their attractive appearance and their durability on the care that they get. Care in putting them on and taking them off—by drawing them backward by the wrist—is the first requirement for long-lived gloves. Pull them gently into shape after you take them off, and lay them, right side out and carefully folded, in a box or drawer. If they are light-colored it is well to protect them from dust by wrapping them in tissue paper; and you will find that blue paper helps to keep white gloves from becoming yellow. If your gloves are at all moist from perspiration let them dry before you wear them.

Many women make the mistake of putting their "best" gloves away and bringing them out only on state occasions. While, of course, it is not desirable to wear your fine, delicate gloves for rough "every-day" wear, on the other hand, you will find that gloves left too long unworn will become dried out and will have a tendency to crack as you put them on. This is because leather needs oil, and the natural oil of the hand helps to keep them in condition.

In the same way, it is well to rub a bit of some pure oil on heavy leather gloves when you are not using them. Clean your non-washable leather gloves in gasoline, or remove small spots with art gum or ether. Use lukewarm water, preferably soft, and a mild soap, for your washable leather gloves. Chrome-tanned leather gloves may be washed in hot water, but they should be dried slowly in a natural current of air.

Wash your silk gloves in lukewarm water, using a mild soap, and pressing them in a towel and pull them into shape when they are partly dry.

Be sure you use tepid water on your chamollette gloves; and never iron them. You can wash your cotton gloves just as you would any other cotton material. Wash your woolen gloves carefully in tepid water, using a little soap in the rinse water, and pressing the water out of them, rather than wringing or twisting them.

New Tub Silks Are of Particular Interest

Materials which a decade ago came under the classification of "silk" are now divided into groups distinct and different. There are certain silks that are primarily intended for the smart little informal costumes worn at resorts. Others are definitely meant to be used for suits and tailored ensembles. A third class takes in the silken fabrics for formal afternoon frocks and for evening gowns. According to fashion's ruling, one may wear silk for practically every occasion and always be costumed in perfect taste.

The new tub silks are of particular interest both because of their practical qualities and their beauty. In the plain fabrics the range of colors is wide and takes in every shade from the most delicate pastel tints to more vivid shades of blue and yellow. Those which feature designs show extraordinary versatility. Narrow candy stripes, wide Roman effects, bold plaids and occasional two-toned checks are to be found in these materials, which may be laundered most successfully. Their colors are strikingly effective and reveal progress that has been made in design and in the knowledge and use of color within the past decade.

A Measure of Grief

By MARY BLAKE WOODSON

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JASON turned in at the shabby little place he had inherited a bit testily. He was palpably trying to be conventionally regretful. He was a busy man, said Jason's manner, and he really oughtn't to be bothered with seeing up many estates and rummaging in a lot of musty things belonging to other people!

His property! Jason laughed scornfully as he let himself in. Of all the weird things—to be going into this home of a cousin he had never seen to go through his effects. A cousin to whom he was the only heir.

"So this is where Paul Gentry lived—and died," spoke Jason grimacing with a slight shudder. That must be the very chair, there by the fire, that Gentry died in—the very one where they found him dead.

Curiously Jason fingered the books on Paul Gentry's plain little table. He shook the books hard, flapping the leaves. They yielded nothing.

The old-fashioned desk in the corner was stuffed with papers mostly dusty and yellow with age. Jason made a wry face. Paul Gentry and his beloved treasures that were nothing to Jason—nothing of value, that is, a lot of letters addressed in a feminine hand. Yes, Jason supposed as much.

"Dearest Paul," "My darling one," "Paul! Paul Gentry's old, worn-out love affair. Or was she his wife? Anyway, she was nothing to Jason. Laboriously he opened all the letters looking for the material wealth that he could not find. Then he burned them in Paul Gentry's little, old grate, where the big chain seemed waiting.

"Nothing there," observed Jason humorously, just as his hand fell on the quarter. It was old, and wrapped in an old piece of paper. Paul Gentry had written on it evidently years ago: "The first money young Paul ever earned."

"Well, well," said Jason, a bit taken aback, but slipping the quarter into his pocket. "Rather pathetic, but the quarter is still good."

There was an amazing pile of them after he got them all out—Paul Gentry's little records of life—letters and letters and letters, worth nothing. But no sign of money or papers of value. Of course not. Once more Jason laughed ironically. Paul Gentry with practically nothing to leave, begging him to go through his old letters.

In the bottom drawer, Jason found a shabby old black purse. It held a dollar bill. And Paul Gentry had written on a yellowed slip of paper around it: "In Anna's hand when she died." Jason put the dollar in his pocket.

"Too bad Anna had to pass on," he observed a bit less jocularly, "but an estate is an estate. What a lot of rubbish!"

Time wore on. The day grayed. More and more rubbish was laid to the sorry little flame in Paul Gentry's cold fireplace. More and more little worthless things he had loved rested on his shabby chair waiting their turn.

In Paul Gentry's bedroom it was worse than ever. Shabbiness, discouragement, drab, worldly shabbiness. Evidently Paul Gentry had gone to bed that night before he got up to die. The bed was tossed up. His clothes were still on a chair. Gingly, Jason turned the pockets inside out. Nothing but trash—wadded handkerchiefs, clippings, bits of paper, a corn plaster, a stamp—nothing else.

In the closet was a sparse and heterogeneous collection of old coats, trousers, old hats, old shoes. Determinedly he hunted them out. They yielded nothing, save one. It had a two-dollar bill in the lining where it had slipped through a hole.

In an old dispatch box in the closet corner, Jason found the will. Strange, with just the few dollars of discovered wealth in his pocket, Jason should have immediately felt that twinges of stubbornness—that determination to yield nothing to anybody else. But he needed a few more. The will of Paul Gentry bequeathed whatever he possessed when he died to his beloved wife, Anna. But Anna was dead, too. And if she was dead it was all to go to Paul Junior. But he was dead, too. Anyway it wasn't a legal will. So Jason was safe. The box contained nothing more.

Slowly Jason took out his recovered treasure. He grinned over the first quarter as he had grinned at first. And as he added each and to the pile, his face grew a bit longer, decorously, as if his grief grew with each bit of money added. But Jason's grief didn't become real until he picked up the pathetic, twisted, worn-out shoe. Somehow the sight of that quite overwhelmed him. Poor old Paul Gentry, his own, beloved cousin! To think of his living in abject poverty like this, friendless, alone, with nobody to care—all that was precious to him dead first. Poor, poor old Paul Gentry! Too bad, too bad, too bad. Paul Gentry must have a gravestone, at least. He must have—well, least, a grave. How frightfully sad it all was. How lonely even he, Jason, felt in the mean, bleak little house where poor Paul died. Poor, poor, Paul Gentry. Suddenly holding the pathetic, twisted old shoe Jason gasped. Suddenly he gulped and burst into tears. Indeed he was quite overcome with the flood of his grief.

For the twisted old shoe, that he had picked up at last, held much to cause Paul's grief. It held hidden a \$75,000 life insurance policy—said Paul

Daddy's Evening Fairy Tale

By Mary Graham

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SOME DAY

John had been promised that some day he would be taken to Cow Bay.

Cow Bay was a most wonderful stretch of beach overlooking the bay or arm of the sea.

No one quite knew why it had been called Cow Bay. There were no cows there. True, you could see in pasture as you walked down or walked down to the bay. It was just a funny old name that stuck. But some people didn't think it was a pretty enough name for so lovely a spot and they called it Silver Sands.

None of the people who had lived in the place for years called it anything else but Cow Bay. Maybe the name was foolish and maybe it wasn't a very beautiful name.

But if you've always had a name for a place you become attached to it and even if it isn't just the right name, you don't want to change it.

Cow Bay was really a wonderful spot. It had a great view, white sand, and it was very, very nice. From the end of the beach to the other the sun rose and fell, tumbled in flowers, white tumbles and fumes dancing up on the sand.

The water was always so blue and gorgeous blue. The boys, John and Harry and so on, came to the beach on top of the waves, the sea was so blue and the water was so blue.

Behind the beach was a row of low fir trees. It was quite the best from any place except when the people did not know that it was a beach.

So, when you had a beach, you felt as though you were in the sky and the sea and the forest—three things in one.

"Some day you'll be a beach," that's a promise. John was told.

"Some day you'll be a beach," John was told.

Cow Bay and John and Harry and so on, what they said to him.

Then the days began to pass and they planned to go to Cow Bay. They planned the place they would have. John's family was poor.

Some friends of the family, and other little boy was going to be with whom to play.

They would have lunch there and afternoon tea. There would be milk for John and his friend Harry in the afternoon, so they could have afternoon milk. There would be cookies at this meal, too.

It was splendid to see the beach, the water being packed with all the delicious sandwiches which John's family made.

It was fun to start off in the morning. First they went through the gate where John lived.

Then they took a ferry and if the great fun to ride upon the ferry, the car and the boat and the boat carried them to the other side of the bay.

At the other side they got out of the car again and went through the gate, then through some woods, beyond some farms to Cow Bay.

There it all was—the blue, blue sea stretching way, way out as far as the eye could see.

John knew it had all the room in the world, the banks at each end and the great wide beach, the pure, clear, clean salt air mingled with the fragrance of the fir trees—oh, what a heavenly place it was.

They ran race. They went in wading, they went swimming, they ate, they rested, they had their pictures taken, they went in wading again and swimming again and ate again, and they came home after a wonderful day the same way they had come.

But when they got home there was just one thing John couldn't understand.

They had said they were going to Cow Bay "some day" and now they had gone on Tuesday.

Why hadn't they come "some day" as they had said instead of Tuesday?

And then they explained to him that "some day" meant any day which people did the thing that they planned to do "some day."

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