

ole boiler and to it lks of two eggs and il thick. Bake the neringue with the he top and place in

ts for pies, as those es are still on their

they give a pleasmade with fruit-

of chocolate in a

N

olks light, add to a starch and a fourth om heat. Add one nd half a pound of s. Make the white re serving. uble boiler, as any r it may be baked

ture made with the aspoon of flavoring ling point has been

pie, but made after n persons, too. One sugar, juice of two bur, two tablespoons and nutmeg. Mix ir stiff whites, mix es. In making this er, smoother flavor. ling have a light white will rise to the e baking, and will

n the same way pineapple, banana ble pastry is called four tablespoonfuls nuts very fine; mix butter, half a teawater and orange en, cool and decors over top.

was unable to give his books were stor-in Helena, Montana.

-Aigonquin Park. a received that the of Cache Lake, Al-fishing is now the Write early to the

1 1989 1988 1988 1984

Keep so busy that there is no time for mischief.

fuss about. I marvel at some suburban conceptions of what is literary and what is not. Imagine a pretty, anemic dis-

ens of

v clean and ry and glass-ick and span. and sweet.

vder that has

on't scratch hands. Buy l you did.

At all Grocers

w Required





EE cial price of vefer. Both

lain Street

Volume

old, artistic Id's most terms.

Volume the portrait

Follows: niles of Tor-e Province of rovinces, the

ges. Chosen by gem of melody.

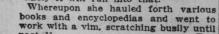
Be willing to see the "other fellow" get ahead.

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"A critical analysis of his work, I Suppose?" I ventured. "Oh," said Mary with vague airiness, "likely it will run into that." Whereupon she hauled forth various



past 11. Mary read her article, was featured in headlines in the daily paper, and ad-vised to take up literature immediately as a profession. This, I understand, is as a profession. This, I understand, is the invariable procedure in a literary club. A great deal of incurable fiction fever springs up out of an encyclopedic essay read before, a literary club. Mary was so delighted at the way she had improved her mind that she talked of it for days. A month later I asked her in a spirit of good-humored malice just how much of her article she re-membered.

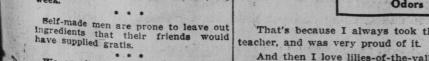
membered. "Well, Peter," she confessed, "I-I don't remember much, and that's a fact. To tell you the/truth, I've forgotten most of it. You see. I just copied great chunks out of the encylclopedia, and really it was most convenient, for 1 don't have to remember it. It's there any time I want to read it." The ways of a woman's literary club

Wingel The ways of a woman's literary club are many and devious.

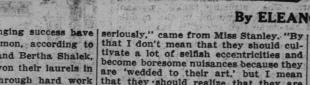
With the Bark on

The real millionaire can afford to wear artificial sems. But he doesn't want to. those particular articles before, just so ion peculiar perfume you most elect to fancy. those particular articles before, just so long as they know you and the and all I heard was the weird, monotonous chant the blood makes surging It is a wise chauffeur who knows his own automobile.

First of all, lilacs, the old-fashioned kind, thick and purple and dewy and will begin to work before you can speak. and fragrant. I never smell a bunch of lilacs without feeling as if I were 10 ... years old in a gingham frock with my hair braided down my back, There is nothing new under the sun, and yet some joke writers make \$16 a



We are living too fast. Young men a nowadays suffer with gout before they have passed the age when cholera ina surprise-the perfume of the delicate little things, antum is dangerous. and, lo, it's spiced and piquant.



fire and telling what smells we like

smell. I wonder if it's because the nerves of smell are the closest of all

The more highly cultivated we are.

dogs. I've seen an Indian trace a man through the thicket by the smell he with a separate and distinct smell of its own.

smells make us think of.

to the brain.

smells.

Black

What do I like best in the way of smells?

Real Stories in Everyday Smells

By Winifred Black

Copyright, 1914, by Newspaper Feature Service, Inc.

sticks so close to the memory as a asphalt-and of moth balls.

left behind him, and negroes can almost always tell which is your hat or . I sat next to some one from a hospital at a concert the other day your own particular pair of gloves, even if they have never seen either of and all of the singing of the sweet violins was of a sudden hushed to me,

Do the best you can all the time

<text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text>

In a Great City.

New York? Oh, New York smells-of money. All sorts of money, paper

ND now they're all talking And then how about the smell of wood, just kindling into fiame; and

smells of roses and violets-and of petroleum.

There's nothing in the world that Pittsburgh smells of coal; Washington smells of lilles and of melting

the less we seem to know about and silver and gold, but always money, always money. Sh-I can fairiy hear

Primitive people are very much like And then there are the ferryboats, and police courts and hospitals. Each

live in it, we're all sitting around the The cities have their smells, each one a different odor.

complicated life in it.

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about smells. Rudyard Kipling don't you love the perfume from burning leaves, early in the spring or late

started the talk, when he be- in the fall, out in the garden when the sun's going down and all the world

Chicago smells of smoke; New Orleans smells of molasses; San Francisco and what smells we hate and what smells of flowers and fruit and of tall eucalyptus and its oil. Los Angeles

The wishes to stop off at my home town and meet me there.
 How should I entertain him? COUNTRY GIRL.
 WELL, little Country Girl, what in the world am I going to tell you?
 How did you become acquainted with your "unknown correspondent"?
 What do you know about him? Are you sure he is a single man?
 There are a good many men in the world who amuse themselves by writing letters to girls they do not know.
 Some of these men are fools-some are lonely fellows who are trying honestly-and some are scoundrels who have gone half-crazy on the girl question and who can't keep up flirtations enough with girls they do
 Which one of these is your "unknown correspondent".

started the talk, when he besond the talk, when he besond the talk, out in the garace along the sandy shore. which one of these is your unknown the set is the talk, out in the garace along the sandy shore.
Which one of these is your unknown the set is the talk, when he stops off at your the set is the set is the talk, when he stops off at your talk the set is the set is

know. Which one of these is your "unknown Miss Laurie will welcome letters of

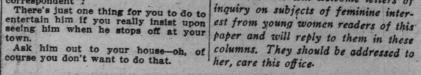
Useful Hints for the Housewife By Ann Marie Lloyd

How full it is of sensation, this world of ours and the strange, subtle, cuit crust makes the genuine short-I knew a burglar once who was going to kill a woman that screamed and delusions. cake, and that all substitutes are shams

STRAWBERRY WHIP

Odors of Nature.when she looked up and saw him in the room.
"But she had a bottle of camphor in her hand when she saw me," said
the burglar, "and the scent of that camphor kind of came over me, and I
the burglar, "and the scent of that camphor kind of came over me, and I
surprise—the perfume of the delicate little things.Into two cups of flour sift three tea-
spoonfuls of baking powder of augar, tablespoonful lemon
surprise—the perfume of the delicate little things.Into two cups of flour sift three tea-
spoonfuls of baking powder of augar, tablespoonful lemon
surprise—the perfume of the delicate little things.You think it is going to be faint and delicate like the perfume of a lilly,
and, lo, it's spiced and plquant.When she looked up and saw him in the room.
"But she had a bottle of camphor in her hand when I climbed into her
I couldn't strike, that's all."Into two cups of flour sift three tea-
spoonfuls of baking powder do the sugar, tablespoonful lemon
teach of butter and
lard and chop it with a silver knife till
the set tablespoonful seach of butter and
lard and chop it with a silver knife till
the set tablespoonful seach of butter and
lard and chop it with a silver knife till
the set tablespoonful seach of butter and
lard and chop it with a silver whife set tablespoonful seach of butter and
is throughly blended to the set till the eggs are
a foured hand. Bake 12 minutes in a
a foured hand. Bake 12 minutes in a
hot over. Separate the upper and lower

and silver and gold, but always money, always money. Sh-1 can fairly hear it-smelling-can't you? And then there are the ferryboats, and police courts and hospitals. Each with a separate and distinct smell of its own. I sat next to some one from a hospital at a concert the other day and all of the singing of the sweet violins was of a sudden hushed to me, and all I heard was the weird, monotonous chant the blood makes surging in the ears-when the surgeon nods to the assistant and says, "She's going under," and you're afraid they'll think you're farther "under", than you are and all before you can speak.



with nutritious, fatty, meaty pabulum, fresh air and proper exercise. Work as much and walk as much out-of-doors as

fart of the eye socket. Thence' filter into the flabby, lower eyelid.

