

FOR WOMEN

As a Widow Says--

By HELEN ROWLAND

One Good, Honest Love Is More Satisfying Than a Thousand Little Imitations. Just as One Good Electric Lamp Is Brighter Than a Thousand Little Rushlights.

"THERE!" exclaimed the Widow, stopping in front of a book-shop and gazing with tragic eyes at its attractive window display. "Isn't that just like life!"

"Which?" inquired the Bachelor innocently. "The pink and yellow copy of Mother Goose, or the frosted glass with the gilt wings?"

"Neither," sighed the Widow, turning away. "But I've tried every other shop in town, Mr. Cutting, and bought everything I don't want, and exchanged everything two or three times, and spent all my Christmas allowance! And here, at the last moment, I see exactly the one thing I want, in this little shop, right around the corner! Isn't it just like life?" To worry and work, and hunt—and never to find the thing you're seeking until you've lost your last dollar, your last hope, or your last illusion.

"Or your last tooth, or your last top hat!" appended the Bachelor.

"But, let's go in and get it, say now, if you're sure it's what you want."

The Widow shook her head.

"I can't let YOU pay for it!" she said decidedly. "But what makes you think I'm not SURE it's what I want?"

"Oh, all that's been discussed and written down in a book somewhere," returned the Bachelor. "An old novel called 'Life's Shop Window'."

"Don't you remember?" The heroine kept exchanging one love for another, and one existence for another and one husband for another.

"Everybody does," said the Widow. "I mean everybody goes through life looking for the one thing that will bring him happiness; money or ambition, or marriage or love—usually love. But it's not until you've tried fifty-seven varieties of imitations and broken your heart in fifty-seven different places, and given up all hope that there IS such a thing as real love, that Fate plays fairly and smother."

"And you discover that love was right around the corner waiting for you to come and find it, all the time!" rejoined the Bachelor.

"And that you either hadn't the sense to recognize it, or hadn't the courage to take it!" added the Widow.

"Yes," agreed the Bachelor. "The trouble is not in finding what you want in this life, but in KNOWING what you want. Most of us paint an airy, impossible picture of a faithful ideal, and go around looking for its exact duplicate."

"Instead of keeping our hearts and minds open, so that love can walk right in and start housekeeping," asked the Widow. "How many times have YOU imagined that you had found real love, Mr. Cutting?"

"Every time!" confessed the Bachelor shamelessly. "How is a fellow going to tell real love from the imitation, when they all start with the same glittering hopes and promises?"

"Like Christmas!" declared the Widow. "We go into it each time with brand new hopes and illusions—and come out of it each time with the same old regrets and the same old 'Never again' feeling."

"Oh, well, that's what keeps us young!" laughed the Bachelor. "It takes a new heart-interest, now and then, to keep up the glow of life!"

"Nonsense!" protested the Widow. "One good, honest love that lasts for years and years is much more satisfying than a thousand little sensations, just as one good electric lamp is more brilliant than a thousand little rushlights and candles."

"Still, there is something fascinating about the rushlights and the candles," persisted the Bachelor. "But tell me, what was there so satisfying and all that in that book-shop window?"

"Oh!" said the Widow. "It was the ideal, the perfect, the perfect Christmas present for the hardest person on earth to please!"

"I see!" cried the Bachelor. "The frosted angel for your Aunt Prue!"

The Widow shook her head.

"Maiden aunts aren't hard to find Christmas presents for," she said. "THEY don't have all the luxuries and comforts on earth. THEY aren't satisfied and spoiled and pampered and showered with burnt offerings and—"

"Ah!" interrupted the Bachelor hastily, "then it was the pink and yellow Mother Goose for your pampered young nephew?"

"No," corrected the Widow, "and it wasn't the gull pen with the pink feather in the end, nor the baby-blue diary, nor the Bride's Cook Book. It was something for a man! For a Bachelor, to be exact, Mr. Cutting. It was 'The Outline of History,' now!"

The Bachelor turned and gazed at the Widow.

"Can this be true?" he exclaimed. "Can this be true—that, after I've received and thrown away tons of feminine Christmas presents, and lost my last illusion, and given up my last hope of ever meeting a woman that will spare me from junk, I find a woman who knows how to buy something for a man that he actually WANTS?"

"I knew it!" exclaimed the Widow ecstatically. "Uncle George would have LOVED it! But, it's too late! I've bought him a percolator!"

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MORE SOCIAL MARTYRS.

"Nearly every walk of life provides spectacles of men who through necessity have to work at unsuitable jobs," says "Wochenzeitung" (Zeitung).

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Fletcher's Castoria is strictly a remedy for Infants and Children. Foods are especially prepared for babies. A baby's medicine is even more essential for Baby. Remedies primarily prepared for grown-ups are not interchangeable. It was the need of a remedy for the common ailments of Infants and Children that brought Castoria before the public after years of research, and no claim has been made for it that its use for over 30 years has not proven.

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Daily Fashion Hint



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AN AFTERNOON FROCK

To add originality to this dress of Sorrento duvety, panne velvet is used in applique effect for the trimming. Applied to the skirt and the blouse are fruit motifs in turquoise, coral and dark green velvet, the skirt being done with black rope silk. The flowing sleeves are in one piece, and may be shortened if desired. Medium size requires 3 1/2 yards 34-inch material.

Household Hints

Housekeeper, do you realize what a big help and economy it is to plan to use dried beans in your weekly menu? If you will buy two pounds of beans a week—make it one of your staples—same as flour and sugar. No you will not tire of them if you will take a little extra time to prepare them in different ways.

There are three or four kinds of bean soup; then we have the ever-tasty baked beans, good for morning, noon and night; and, where the family is small and does not like home-baked beans, what is it for much trouble, one can buy the canned baked beans by the dozen and have them on hand all the time.

They are always ready; all one needs to do is put the can into boiling water 15 to 20 minutes and you have a good, substantial hot dish. Or, made into salad, beans furnish another quick and substantial dish.

The dried beans can be made into all kinds of delectable dishes, plain boiled as a vegetable salad, croquette, or even flavored with meat served with tomato sauce, is one of the best winter dishes one can wish.

There is no waste and every bit of left-over can be used to make a mighty good cup of soup. It is economy during the cold weather to cook a quantity of beans at one time and make into different dishes as needed. The stock water in which beans are cooked is used for the bean soup. All recipes are for a family of four, two adults and two children.

All spoon measurements rounding unless otherwise stated.

Boiled Beans With Smoke-Sausage.

- 1 pound white beans.
- 1 1/2 pound half-smoked sausage.
- 1 teaspoon salt.
- 1-8 teaspoon pepper.
- 1 tablespoon molasses.
- Soak the beans 24 hours; boil slowly 1 to 4 hours. Some beans will cook tender in less than 1 hour. It is always best to be on the safe side, therefore, put them on early. If tender in 1 hour, put on back of stove until ready to serve; then drain and serve with half-smoked sausage, which is boiled and cut into half-inch pieces and stirred through the beans. Season to taste.

Purée of Bean.

- 1 pound beans.
- 2 tablespoons finely cut onion.
- 2 tablespoons dry paprika.
- 2 teaspoons salt, dash white pepper.
- 3 tablespoons chopped parsley.
- 1 teaspoon thyme.
- Soak the beans in cold water overnight, drain. Put into saucepan with boiling water to cover and boil slowly 3 hours or until tender; mash thru coarse strainer and return to stock; add the onion, which has been fried in the drippings until a light brown; boil 15 minutes; add the salt, pepper, parsley and boil 5 minutes. A little creaming can be added to make it more creamy.

Bean Soup From Left-Over Beans.

Mash the left-over beans through colander, add 4 cups of the water in which they were cooked, 1 tablespoon grated onion, salt and pepper to taste, chopped parsley and a little dried thyme. If thin, add 1 tablespoon cornstarch mixed with cold water. Boil 15 minutes.

Baked Bean Loaf.

- 1 pound dried or soup beans.
- 1 cup breadcrumbs.
- 1 tablespoon grated onion.
- 1 level tablespoon dried celery leaves or poultry flavoring.
- 2 level teaspoons salt.
- 1-8 teaspoon pepper.
- 1 teaspoon bacon drippings.
- 1-3 cup white sauce.
- Wash and soak the beans overnight, put on in saucepan, cover with boiling water, boil until tender, about 45 minutes. The time depends on the age and kind of bean. Drain, when cool put through coarse strainer, add breadcrumbs, which have been covered with sauce, onion, celery, salt and pepper; mix all well together. Form into oblong shape and put into small brick pan, which has been brushed with drippings; bake in moderate oven 30 minutes. Serve with tomato sauce.

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A FRIEND'S CHRISTMAS CARD

The thought that Christmas season is around would come.

First strikes our friend some autumn day.

When verses bright and pictures give Before him lie, and point a way

To cheer both friend and chum, A travelling salesman has called in

With cards, a sample line Containing words appropriate

For all one's friends. Likewise he'll state And fluently elaborate

Their use for Christmas-time.

Our friend perchance has genius; And scribbles a verse with care.

Inditing which he may profess That thought most fond he doth possess

For us; and wishes happiness May be our lot for e'er.

Or else some phrase that's hacked and hewed Beyond the author's ken

Is chosen as the wish to send Upon the day which all intend

To greet their fellowmen.

Then when that day at last is here, He, with the postman's aid,

Sends out to each his missive small. It reaches those whose names recall

Some kindly thoughts. Thus goes to all More than the printing said.

For 'tis, while going o'er his list, Waits well those names, and thinks

Does kindred bond or friendship claim For each an space within the chain

That tell him, what was there so satisfying and all that in that book-shop window?

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The Proper Way To Light Your Home

The living-room in an average 6-room house or flat should have an average total of 275 watts for center portable and bracket outlets.

The dining-room—an average total of 160 watts for center light and bracket outlets.

Bedrooms require an average total of 160 watts for center light, bracket and bedside lamps.

The kitchen should have an average total of 125 watts for center light and the lamp over the sink.

Halls, stairways, porches and attics need 50 watts each.

The laundry requires 200 watts divided among center light and lights over the tub and the workbench.

The bathroom—50 watts.

The sewing room—125 watts for center light and sewing table lamp.

The garage needs 225 watts for a main light and a drop light over the workbench.

All lamps should be shaded. In the home frosted or diffusing lamps are desirable. Frosted lamps are adding the beauty of color in homes but in order to modify all the light it is necessary to surround the lamps or light sources with colored silk or screens. Silk shades are not hard to make and with their aid delightful tints are obtainable. However, the use of opaque shades requires 25 to 30 per cent greater wattage to give the same effective illumination.

Unthinking of Father.

Edith—"Why is Alice always so short of money—didn't her father leave her a lot?"

Madge—"Yes, but you see she's not to get it till she's 30, and she'll never own up to that."

A GOOD PROVIDER.

Dinah, the faithful colored servant of an American family, had at last attained her ambition. She was the proud possessor of a husband.

"Well, Dinah," said her late mistress, meeting her some time after the ceremony, "I hope you are finding your new life all you expected."

"Yes, mum," replied Dinah, gleefully. "Marriage sure am the proper state of life for folks, ain't it?"

"And your husband?" went on the lady. "Is he a good provider?"

"Yes, mum, he sure am." Then she went on sadly, "He's a mighty good provider right enough, but I'm p awful scared that he's gwine to get knocked at it."

Skin Tortured Babies Sleep Mothers Rest After Cuticura

SHOULD SOCIAL MARTYRDOM BE PREVENTED?

"We are told that life is sacred," continues the writer, "yet in fairness to such unfortunate beings, doomed to pass their lives in mental torture, wouldn't it seem true humanity to put them out of misery before the breath is properly in their bodies. In any legislator bold enough to suggest it?"

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Smart Catchers Are Scarce In Major Ball

Pitching Trouble of Giants and Yankees Is Due to Poor Catching.

New York, Dec. 13.—Smart baseball managers have always maintained that pitching was 80 per cent of the mental strength of a baseball club. This season's pitching fight in the major leagues tends to substantiate such an estimate as fairly true.

Brooklyn was a potent last year with little but astringent pitching. Out of the box this season the Dodgers were not even as strong as a year ago. And though the staff is not so formidable as in 1920 because of the transfer of Pfister and Marquardt, Brooklyn is still rapping at the first division door.

It will be noted, too, that the champions have steadily beaten the good clubs of the league—in particular the Giants and Pirates—perhaps because Uncle Robbie mapped his campaign to throw the very best he had in the pitching art against the clubs whose defeat would add most to falling.

Where would the shattered White Sox be in the American league standings but for the wonderful "Red Faber"? To what heights might the slugger, "Flem" or Cardinal, climb if they had such pitching as is wanted on Brooklyn's otherwise mediocre club? Given a staff of the excellence of Brooklyn's, both the Giants and Yankees would now be so far in front that the big league races would be ruined.

Why is it, it may be asked, that certain clubs are so strong in pitching while others are so weak? The element of luck enters in no small degree. The Mathewsons, Johnsons and Alexanders are individual products of a decade. Yet there does not seem to be the development of good pitching that obtained a few years back. On paper, the Yankees staff is a corker, and McDermott's corps is strong. In the box, both departments are inefficient almost to the difference.

The search for a dearth of real catchers of the prowess of the school. Neither McGraw nor Huggins has anyone about him capable of instructing pitchers. Wilbert Robinson built up his wonderful staff from a bunch of cast-offs that had fallen under rival managers. In the halcyon days of the Cubs, John Kling directed the staff.

"Hook" Chance, Fred Mitchell with Stalling when Tyler, Rudolph and James accomplished the great "miracle" of a corker, and McDermott's corps is strong. In the box, both departments are inefficient almost to the difference.

The study is an interesting one and a question owners and managers well may ponder deeply.

Trade With Sox Unlikely

New York, Dec. 13.—A very light breeze suffices to start the wings of the baseball runner mill to grind in these days in the interim between the close of the diamond season and the advent of the legislative councils of the leagues. A minute's conversation between two notables, a glint of a smile on the face of one manager and the air of great deals and changes are in the lot.

A short chat in which Messrs. Huston and Gleason were the only participants the other day flooded the intangible air with reports just as intangible as to Mr. Huggins. Harp Hopper was to join the Yankees. Eddie Collins was to come to New York in exchange for a fortune. The gloves and cash and would manage the local American league club next season. Ray Schalk was to doff the white home of Chicago, wearing which came home to him, and don a Western uniform. Kid Gleason would well was to drop the wheel of the White Sox craft and pilot the Yankees in place of Miller for the well-known.

Having thus switched from the Lake Shore to the Harlem River anything of value possessed by the Chicago American leaguers, save a couple of pitchers and a catcher, the complete of modern fables passed for breath. If Colonel Huston and the Chicago Kid had realized what they were starting by merely grasping hands and exchanging greetings, they would have stood on opposite sides of forty-second street and shouted "ho!" at each other above the din of the intervening traffic.

NOTED BULLDOG COMES TO MONTREAL

One of the most interesting bulldog importations of the season arrived in Montreal this week, consigned to Alman, well-known local breeder and fancier. The dog is the English English heavyweight, McKibbin, bred by McKibbin, a litter brother of Ch. Tam Hin, which recently completed his championship. This note is also consigned to Mr. Alman, McKibbin is a heavyweight of nearly 30 pounds, but exceedingly close to type. He has a tremendous skull and fore legs, grand bone, and a short, shaggy body. He will be a decidedly interesting addition to the local bulldog crop for breeding and show purposes, giving the Drummond kennel a very strong hand in heavyweights yet coupled with Ch. Tam Hin.