THE WINTER COMES

The Greatest Novel of the Present Decade

BY A. S. M. HUTCHINSON

(Copyright, 1922, Little, Brown & Co.)

But Sabre's thought was—and it remained with him throughout the meal, acutely illustrated by the impressive monologues which Mr. Boom Bagshaw addressed to Mabel, and by her radiant responses — his thought was, "I simply can't get on with this chap—or with any of Mabel's crowd. They all make me feel like a kid. I can't answer them when they talk. They say things I've got ideas about but I never can explain my ideas to them. I never can argue my ideas with them. They've all got convictions and I believe I haven't any convictions. I've only got instincts and these convictions come down on instincts like a hammer on an egg."

Mr. Boom Bagshaw was saying, "And we shall have no poor in the Garden Home. No ugly streets. No mean surroundings. Uplift. Everywhere uplift."

There slipped out of Sabre aloud, "There you are. That's the kind of thing."

Mr. Boom Bagshaw, as if to disclose without fear precisely where he was, dismantled from between them the hedge of flowers which he had replaced and looked sulkily across. "What kind of thing?"

Sabre had a vision of himself advancing an egg for Mr. Bagshaw's hammer. "About having no poor in the Garden Home. Isn't there something about the poor being always with us?"

"Certainly there is."

"In the Bible."

"In the Bible. Do you know to whom it was addressed?"

Sabre admitted that he didn't.

"To Judas Iscariot." (Smash went the egg!)

Sabre said feebly—he could not handle his arguments—"Well, anyway, 'always with us'—there you are. If you're going to create a place where life is going to be lived as it should be lived, I don't see how you're going to shut the poor out of it. Aren't they a part of life?. They've got as much right to get away from mean streets and ugly surroundings as we have—and a jolly sight more need. Always with us. It doesn't matter tuppence whom it was said to."

"It happens," pronounced Mr. Boom Bagshaw, "to matter a great deal more than tuppence. It happens to knock the bottom clean out of your argument. It was addressed to the Iscariot because the Iscariot was trying to do just what you are trying to do. He was trying to make duty to the poor an excuse for grudging service to Christ. Now, listen, Sabre. If people thought a little less about their duty towards themselves, they would be in a great deal fitter state to help their fellow creatures, poor or rich. That is what the Garden Home is to do for those who live in it, and that is what the Garden Home is going to do."

He stabbed sharply with the butt of a dessert knife on the dessert plate which had just been placed before him. The plate split neatly in two exact halves. He gazed at them sulkily, put them aside, drew another plate before him, and remarked to Mabel:

"You know we are moving into the vicarage tomorrow? We are giving an 'At Home' tomorrow week. You will come."

The plural pronoun included his mother. He was intensely celibate.

VIII.

The day ended in a blazing row.

In the afternoon Mr. Boom Bagshaw carried off Mabel to view the progress of the Garden Home. While they dallied over coffee at the luncheon table, Sabre was fidgeting for Bagshaw to be gone. Mabel, operating dexterously behind the blue flame of a spirit lamp, Low Jinks hovering around in well-trained acolyte performances, said, "Now I rather pride myself on my Turkish coffee, Mr. Boom Bagshaw."

Mr. Bagshaw, who appeared to pride himself at least as much on his characteristics, replied by sulkily looking at his watch; and a moment later by sulkily taking a cup, rather as if he were a schoolboy bidden to take lemonade when mannishly desirous of shandygaff, and sulkily remarking, "I must go."

Sabre fidgeted to see the words put into action. He wanted Bagshaw to be off. He wanted to resume his sudden intention of remedying his normal relations with Mabel and the afternoon promised better than the intention had thus far seen. That niggling over the unexpectedness of his return,—well, of course it was unexpected and upsetting of her household routine; but the unexpectedness was over and the letter incident over, and Mabel, thanks to her guest, delightfully mooded. Good, therefore, for the afternoon. When the dickens was this chap going?

Then Bagshaw, rising sulkily, "Well, you'd better come up and have a look around."

And Mabel, animatedly, "I'd like to"; and to Sabre, "You won't care to come, Mark."

Sabre said, "No, I won't."

IX.

Throughout dinner — Mabel returned only just in time to get ready for dinner—Sabre examined with dispassionate interest the exercise of trying to say certain words and being unable to say them. They conversed desultorily; in their usual habit. He told himself that he was speaking several hundred "other" words; but the intractable words that he desired to utter would not be framed. He counted them on his fingers under the table. Only seven: "Well, how was the Garden Home looking?" Only seven. He could not say them. The incident they brought up rankled. He had come home to take a day off with her. She knew he was there at the luncheon table to take a day off with her. It had interested her so little, she had been so entirely indifferent to it, that she had not even expressed a wish he should so much as attend her on the inspection with Bagshaw. The more he thought of it the worse it rankled. She knew he was at home to be with her and she had deliberately walked off and left him. . . . 'Well, how was the Garden Home looking?" No. Not much. He couldn't. He visualized the impossible seven written on the tablecloth. He saw them in script; he saw them in print; he imagined them written by a finger on the wall. Say them —no.

Mabel left him sitting at the table with a cigarette. There came suddenly to his assistance in the fight with the stubborn seven, abreast of the thoughts in the office that had brought him home, a realization of her situation such as he had had that first night together in the house, eight years before; there she was in the morning room, alone. She had given up her father's home for his home—and there she was: a happy afternoon behind her and no one to discuss it with. Just because he could not say, "Well, how was the Garden Home looking?"

He thought, "I'm hateful." He got up vigorously and strode into the morning room: "Well, how was the Garden Home looking?" His voice was bright and interested.

She was reading a magazine. She did not raise her eyes from the page. "Eh? Oh, very nice. Delightful."

"Tell us about it."

"What? Oh . . . yes." Her mind was in the magazine. She read on a moment. Then she laid the magazine on her lap and looked up. "The Garden Home? Yes—oh, yes. It was charming. It's simply springing up. You ought to have come."

He stretched himself in a big chair opposite her. He laughed. "Well, dash it, I like that. You didn't exactly implore me to."

She yawned. "Oh, well. I knew you wouldn't care about it." She yawned again, "Oh, dear. I'm tired. We must have walked miles, to and fro." She put down her hands to take up her magazine again. She clearly was not interested by his interest. But he thought, "Well, of course, she's not. For her it's like eating something after it's got cold. Dinner was the time."

He said, "I expect you did—walk miles. Bagshaw all over it, I bet."

She did what he called "tighten herself." "Well, naturally, he's pleased—enthusiastic. He's done more than any one else to keep the idea going."

Sabre laughed. "I should say so! Marvellous person! What's he going to do about not wearing clerical dress when he has to wear gaiters?"

"What do you mean—gaiters?"

Signs of flying up. What on earth for? "Why, when he's a bishop. Don't you—"

She flew up. "I suppose that's some sneer!"

"Sneer! Rot. I mean it. A chap like Bagshaw's not going to be a parish priest all his life. He's out to be a bishop and he'll be a bishop. If he changed his mind and wanted to be a Judge or a Cabinet Minister, he'd be a Judge or a Cabinet Minister. He's that sort."

"I knew you were sneering."

"Mabel, don't be silly. I'm not sneering. Bagshaw's a clever—"

"You say he's 'that sort.' That's a sneer." She put her hands on the arms of her chair and raised herself to sit upright. She spoke with extraordinary intensity. "Nearly everything you say to me or to my friends is a sneer. There's always something behind what you say. Other people notice it—"

"Other people."

"Yes. Other people. They say you're sarcastic. That's just a polite way—"

He said, "Oh, come now, Mabel. Not sarcastic. I swear no one thinks I'm sarcastic. I promise you Bagshaw doesn't. Bagshaw thinks I'm a fool. A complete fool. Look at lunch!"

She caught him up. She was really angry. "Yes. Look at lunch. That's just what I mean. Any one that comes to the house, any of my friends, anything they say you must always take differently, always argue about. That's what I call sneering—"

He, flatly, "Well, that isn't sneering. Let's drop it."

She had no intention of dropping it. "It is sneering. They don't know it is. But I know it is."

X.

He had the feeling that his anger would arise responsive to hers, as one beast calling defiance to another, if this continued. And he did not want it to arise. He had sometimes thought of anger as a savage beast chained within a man. It had helped him to control rising ill-temper. He thought of it now: of her anger. He had a vision of it prowling, as a dark beast among caves, challenging into the night. He wished to retain the vision. His own anger, prowling also, would not respond while he retained the picture. It was prowling. It was suspicious. It would be mute while he watched it. While he watched it. . . .

He pulled himself sharply to his feet.

"Well, well," he said. "It's not meant to be sneering. Let's call it my unfortunate manner."

He stood before her, half-smiling, his hands in his pockets, looking down at her.

She said, "Perhaps you're different with your friends. I hope you are. With your friends."

He caught a glint in her eye as she repeated the words. Its meaning did not occur to him.

He bantered, "Oh, I'm not as bad as all that. And anyway, the friends are all the same friends. This place isn't so big."

Then that quick glint of her eye was explained—the flash before the discharge.

"Perhaps your friends are just coming back," she said. "Lady Tybar."

The vision of his dark anger broke away. Mute while he watched it, immediately it lifted its head and answered her own. "Look here—" he began; and stopped. "Look here," he said more quietly, "don't begin that absurd business again."

"I don't think it is absurd."

"No, you called it 'funny.'"

She drew in her feet as if to rise. "Yes, and I think it's funny. All of it. I think you've been funny all day today. Coming back like that!"

"I told you why I came back. To have a day off with you. Funny day offit's been! You're right there!"

"Yes, it has been a funny day off."

He thought, "My God, this bickering! Why don't I get out of the room?"

"Come back for a day off with me! It's a funny thing you came back just in time to get that letter! Before it was delivered! There! Now you know!"

He was purely amazed. He thought, and his amazement was such that, characteristically, his anger left him; he thought, "Well of all the—!"

But she otherwise interpreted his astonishment. She thought she had made an advantage and she pressed it. "Perhaps you knew it was coming?"

"How on earth could I have known it was coming?"

She seemed to pause, to be considering. "She might have told you. You might have seen her."

He said, "As it happens, I did see her. Not three hours before I came back."

She seemed disappointed. She said, "I know you did. We met Lord Tybar."

And he thought, "Good lord! She was trying to catch me."

She went on, "You never told me you'd met them. Wasn't that funny?"

"If you'd just think a little you'd see there was nothing funny about it. You found the letter so amazingly funny that, to tell you the truth, I'd had about enough of the Tybars. And I've had about enough of them."

"I daresay you have—with me. Perhaps you'll tell me this—would you have told me about the letter if I hadn't seen you get it?"

He thought before he answered, and he answered out of his thoughts. He said slowly, "I—don't—believe—I —would. I wouldn't. I wouldn't because I'd have known perfectly well that you'd have thought it—funny."

She could not express her feelings in words. She expressed them in action. She arose violently and left the room. The whole of her emotions she put into the slam of the door behind her. The ornaments shivered. A cup sprang off a bracket and dashed itself to pieces on the floor.

Sabre regarded the broken cup much as Sir Isaac Newton presumably regarded the fallen apple. He "worked back" from the cup through the events of the day, and through the events of the day returned to the cup. It interested him to find that the fragments on the floor were as logical a result of the movements of the day as they would have been of getting the small hand axe out of the woodshed, aiming a blow at the cup, and hitting the cup.

He thought, "I started to break that cup when I rustled the newspaper at breakfast. I went on when I suddenly came back and got into that niggling business over why I had come back. Went on when I walked off to my room after that letter business. Practically took up the axe when I couldn't say, 'Well, how's the Garden Home going on?' at dinner. And smashed it when I chaffed about Bagshaw an hour ago. Rum business! Rotten business."

That was the day's epitaph. But for the murder of the cup he found —gone to bed and lying awake—a culprit other than himself. He thought, "It was meeting Nona made me come home like that. But if that had been the first time I'd ever met Nona I shouldn't have returned. So it goes back further than that. Nine —ten years. The day she married Tybar. If she hadn't married Tybar she'd have married me. The cup wouldn't have been broken. Nona broke that cup."

(To be continued tomorrow)

Ends Stubborn Coughs in a Hurry

For real effectiveness, this old home-made remedy has no equal. Easily and cheaply prepared.

You'll never know how quickly a bad cough can be conquered, until you try this famous old home-made remedy. Anyone who has coughed all day and all night, will say that the immediate relief given is almost like magic. It takes but a moment to prepare and really there is nothing better for coughs.

Into a 16-oz. bottle, put 2½ ounces of Pinex; then add plain granulated sugar syrup to make 16 ounces. Or you can use clarified molasses, honey, or corn syrup, instead of sugar syrup. Either way, this mixture saves about two-thirds of the money usually spent for cough preparations, and gives you a more positive, effective remedy. It keeps perfectly, and tastes pleasant —children like it.

You can feel this take hold instantly, soothing and healing the membranes in all the air passages. It promptly loosens a dry, tight cough, and soon you will notice the phlegm thin out, and then disappear altogether. A day's use will usually break up an ordinary throat or chest cold, and it is also splendid for bronchitis, croup, hoarseness, and bronchial asthma.

Pinex is a most valuable concentrated compound of genuine Norway pine extract, the most reliable remedy for throat and chest ailments.

To avoid disappointment ask your druggist for "2½ ounces of Pinex" with directions and don't accept anything else. Guaranteed to give absolute satisfaction or money refunded. The Pinex Co., Toronto, Ont.

COCOANUT OIL FINE FOR WASHING HAIR

If you want to keep your hair in good condition, be careful what you wash it with.

Don't use prepared shampoos or anything else that contains too much alkali. This dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle, and is very harmful. Just plain Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo (which is pure and entirely greaseless), is much better than anything else you can use for shampooing, as this can't possibly injure the hair.

Simply put two or three teaspoonfuls of Mulsified in a cup or glass with a little warm water, then moisten your hair with water and rub it in. It will make an abundance of rich, creamy lather, and cleanse the hair and scalp thoroughly. The lather rinses out easily, and removes every particle of dust, dirt, dandruff and excess oil. The hair dries quickly and evenly, and it leaves it fine and silky, bright, fluffy, and easy to manage.

You can get Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo at all drug stores. It is very cheap, and a few ounces is enough to last everyone in the family for months. Be sure you get Mulsified. Beware of imitations. Look for the name Watkins on the package.—Advt.

Backaches and other "external" pains quickly soothed

THAT dragging, wearing backache, that so many women suffer from, is quickly eased by an application of Sloan's Liniment. *No rubbing*, mussiness, or stains. It's good for all the family for all kinds of "external" aches and pains. At all druggists—35c, 70c, $1.40. Made in Canada.

Sloan's Liniment Pain's enemy

Get Your Free

$1.00 PACKAGE OF GENUINE YEAST VITAMINE TABLETS from your druggist today.

If you are thin and emaciated and wish something to help you put on flesh and increase your weight, Yeast Vitamine Tablets should be used in connection with organic Nuxated Iron. Without organic iron, both food and Vitamines are absolutely useless, as your body cannot change inert, lifeless food into living cells and tissue unless you have plenty of organic iron in our blood. Organic iron takes up oxygen from your lungs. This oxygenated organic iron unites with your digested food as it is absorbed into your blood just as fire unites with coal or wood, and by so doing it creates tremendous power and energy. Without organic iron in your blood your food merely passes through your body without doing you any good.

Arrangements have been made with the druggists of this city to give every reader of this paper a large $1.00 package of Genuine Yeast Vitamine Tablets absolutely free with every purchase of a bottle of Nuxated Iron.

NUXATED IRON
For Red Blood, Strength and Endurance

Pursue Priscilla in England, Then Africa, Then---

BY JAMES W. DEAN.

NEW YORK, March 7.—A wall of water, 40 feet high, sweeping and swirling down through a narrow chasm. A man and a woman in a prairie schooner, driving the team to their utmost before the onrushing torrent. The torrent overtakes the wagon, breaks over it and engulfs it in its mad sweep.

That's the climax you see in "Wild Honey," Priscilla Dean's latest screen offering, and if you can sit through it without feeling a bit of gooseflesh or a crinkle in the spine you probably can walk barefoot over red coals.

As if to assure you that you have witnessed no mere trick of photography, you are shown Priscilla's startled face in the under eddies of the turbulent waters.

If there is any face that can appear more startled than that of Priscilla it has not yet made its appearance on the screen. Looking startled is her chief stock in trade, yet it is almost exhausted in this most mellow of melodramas.

Here is a noteworthy film. It makes no pretence at subtlety or plausibility. Its mission is to astound you.

Villian Number One bites the dust when he traps Priscilla in a lonely house in England. Villain Number Two bites the dust when he threatens Priscilla in the wilds of Africa.

An entire crew of villains are wiped out in their own mad scheme to destroy Priscilla's friends by blasting a dam.

However, all of this melodrama pales into insignificance beside the thrill that follows the bursting of the dam.

The early episodes of the play have nothing to do with the latter except to give the film color—mostly yellow.

Since the apparent dangers faced by the star probably were effected without real danger to her, the palm for meritorious work in this film must go to Wallace Beery, Villain Number Two.

The only exhibitions of facial acting this year equal to Wallace Beery's in this film are those of Lillian Gish in "Orphans of the Storm," Eric Von Stroheim in "Foolish Wives" and Paul Wegener in "The Loves of Pharaoh."

PRISCILLA DEAN AND A SCENE FROM "WILD HONEY," HER LATEST SCREEN OFFERING.

Wesley Ruggles, who directed "Wild Honey," beaddled the story, but he gave it a background of exquisite settings. Some of the exteriors are as beautiful pastoral decorations. They are effective in that they set off the players in sharp relief against soft backgrounds.

ADVENTURES OF THE TWINS

THE FORGOTTEN MESSAGE

[By Olive Roberts Barton.]

Nancy found a knife a nd started to eat a slice.

EVERYTHING inside the little house was as handy as could be, and soon Nancy and Nick were as comfy as two bugs in a posy.

Nancy found bread and butter and nice sweet milk on a shelf in the cupboard, as well as some gooseberry marmalade. "We'll have the cake for dessert," she said.

The Twins sat down at a little round table, on two stubby chairs that just fitted, and as they were as hungry as woodchucks after a hard winter they were soon stuffing themselves.

All the while the house talked down its chimney to them and out of the fireplace. And the Twins told him about their adventures, how they had started out to find the lost phonograph record on which were the words of Longhead, the Wiseman, who lived at the third end of the earth, and how they were to cross the Seven Mountains and stop the quarrel between the Didyevvers and the Korsknotts.

Soon they were ready for the cake, taking it out of the basket so as not to touch the Cloth of Dreams that Twelve Toes had slyly tucked under it.

Nancy found a knife and started to cut a slice, when suddenly the knife struck something hard. She tried another place, but the same thing happened.

"Goodness, it's as hard as a stovelid in the middle," she cried impatiently.

Just then the house spoke again. "Could it be the lost record?" it asked. "If it is, it's easy to find out, for I have a phonograph in the hall."

Now, my dears, it was the record that was in the cake, as we know, and with shouts of joy the Twins pulled it out. And in a minute it was on the phonograph and starting to talk.

But alas! A shred of the Cloth of Dreams clung to it. All the record could say was:

"Oh, I forgot! I had a message, but I forgot it! What will Longhead, the Wiseman, say? I forget everything."

(To Be Continued.)

(Copyright, 1922.)

Pope's Signature Forecasts Success

BY ALBERT J. SMITH,
Author of "Applied Graphology."

ROME, March 7.—The signature of Pope Pius XI—the recent Cardinal Achille Ratti—shows a man of sterling character, well poised, mentally alert, physically agile and muscular.

Health abounds in every stroke of his pen.

The determined down strokes, deliberately and resolutely impressed on the paper, stamp him a man of strong convictions, and the will to exercise them.

The vertical position of the down strokes indicate that whatever he undertakes is tempered with self-restraint and deliberation; that judgment and reason enter into all of his motives and his actions.

Slow To Move.

He does not like to be hurried in his deliberations, hence he is slow to move, and does not arrive at decisions hastily.

The harmonious joining of the capital A with the capital R in the signature indicates a practical turn of mind, great logical reasoning powers, and the constructive element highly developed.

Writers of this type accept very little on faith and do not take things for granted, but are inclined to ask questions and insist on knowing the why and wherefore of every proposition. This makes him argumentative and skeptical of what is not at once understood.

Persons who write their "t's" without crossing them are apt to make them into triangles, with angular final upstrokes, or form them into looped triangles low down on the stem.

This is easily accomplished when one "t" occurs in the word, but when two "t's" occur together, the making of this triangle, in either form, is no easy matter, and it is full of meaning.

The two triangle "t's" denote great persistency in one form or another, and when vertically penned, this is accentuated.

Conscientiousness is very marked in this script.

The deliberate dotting of the "i" in Ratti, placed directly over the stem, denotes deliberation and slowness, verifying my previous statement, but in this instance this quality of the dotting of the "i" denotes caution also.

Decisions Positive.

The pope's unwillingness to carry out a purpose without due care and weighing of its consequences is often mistaken by others as indicating indecision, in which the mind and actions do not appear to always work in harmony.

To his intimates his holiness may appear apprehensive, over-careful, and indicating a nervous disposition, but in this they are wrong; his decisions always are positive.

Trained Mind.

The script also indicates great learning, ability and perspicacity; a trained and luminous mind.

Pope Pius XI will in all probability set a new pace in papal supremacy, not equalled by his predecessors from Gregory the Great to the present era.

POPE PIUS XI AND HIS SIGNATURE, WRITTEN JUST BEFORE HIS ELEVATION FROM A CARDINALATE TO THE PAPACY.

POLLY AND PAUL AND PARIS

CHAPTER XL.—THE LAST TOAST.

By Zoe Beckley

"A PENNY for your thoughts!" The time-honored challenge evoked a pensive half-smile from Violet. Without changing her position, she looked from the moonbathed courtyard to Paul's face.

"Wouldn't advise you to buy them, Paul—even at a bargain. They're too dangerous—the thoughts of a lonely old woman—what do they matter?"

"Stop joking, Vio. The buffoon part of the party is over."

"That's just it. I feel quiet—a minor mood. Perhaps those old-time songs have got me in their spell."

"Tell me what you're thinking of, Violet? I'd understand."

She turned squarely toward him, and looked no longer into the silvered courtyard.

"I wonder! Would you understand the mood of a woman who felt old and tired of the game? A woman of 33—yes, I'm 33, Paul, did you never guess it? Oh, I know what people think—that I live a gay life, move in a world of admirers and dances and dinners and clothes. And that I wish for nothing else. * * * Why, I'd be a monster if I wished for nothing else."

"You could have anything you wanted."

Her eyes flashed, then narrowed. Her voice softened, deepened. "Could I?"

The tone of it, the way she held his eyes with her own, threatened his self-control for an instant. The beauty of her, the appeal for understanding and pity, shook him—as she meant them to. With an effort he looked away, commanding his voice.

"Of course you could. No woman with your gifts need be lonely—"

Violet made an impatient gesture.

"Lonely! No, I suppose not. I can trick myself out and practice my arts—play the game eternally. But what do I get for it? The—the love of any man? Friends who care two cents about me, or what becomes of me really? No! In the end a man marries some pretty little Quaker-minded doll. I've got nothing—" she kicked at the rug, her voice grew bitter. "—nothing to look forward to but loneliness—"

She broke off. Paul was amazed to see tears standing in her eyes.

"Violet, don't—" his tone had a tender note, "don't talk so."

Polly, passing quite accidentally, on some errand for her guests, caught what he was saying:

"I tell you, Violet, there's no need for you to be alone. No man on whom you set your heart will fail you. You're worth any big man's love."

Again her eyes searched his. Polly hurried on, but Paul's tone and Violet's look haunted her—the look that said: "Ah, yes, it's very well for you to say that—you who have everything—love and a home—"

With a quick movement, Violet turned and faced the room, breaking into the quiet mood of the party.

"Come, you people, time for good-nights and bed," she cried. "I propose a final toast! Here's to the one happy marriage I know!" She waved toward Polly and toward Paul. "May no serpent ever dare enter their Eden!"

(To Be Continued.)

(Copyright, 1922.)

SISTER MARY'S KITCHEN

SQUASH DISHES

PERHAPS you canned quite a lot of squash last fall or acquired many cans in a canned goods sale. Here are some nourishing and may-be different ways of using it up.

It does not pay to keep canned vegetables over into the next season, so use them all up before fresh home grown ones come into market.

Luncheon Squash.

One and one-half cups sifted squash, 2 tablespoons grated cheese, 2 eggs, ½ cup chopped nuts, 1¾ cups milk, 1 teaspoon salt, ⅛ teaspoon pepper, 1 tablespoon butter.

Mix squash, cheese, salt and pepper, nuts and butter with milk. Beat eggs well and add to mixture. Turn into a well buttered baking dish and bake half an hour in a moderate oven.

Squash Gems.

One cup sifted squash, 4 tablespoons brown sugar, 1¼ cups sour milk, 2 eggs, 2 tablespoons butter, 1½ cups flour, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon baking powder, ½ teaspoon soda.

Mix squash, sugar and salt. Add butter and mix thoroughly. Add eggs well beaten. Mix and sift flour and baking powder. Dissolve soda in sour milk and add to first mixture. Stir in flour and beat two minutes. Turn into buttered muffin pans and bake 25 minutes in a moderate oven.

Squash Tea Cakes.

One cup squash, ¼ cup butter, ½ cup sugar, 2 eggs, 2 tablespoons milk, 1 to 2 cups flour (to roll), 2 teaspoons baking powder, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, ½ teaspoon cloves, ½ cup seeded raisins.

Cream butter and sugar. Sift in one-quarter cup flour. Mix well and add eggs well beaten with milk. Add squash. Mix and sift one cup flour with salt and baking powder. Add to first mixture and before stirring it in add the raisins. Mix well.

Add spices and enough flour to roll. The dough should be very moist, flour the board and rolling pin well. Roll about one-half inch thick and cut with a small cookie cutter. Bake 15 minutes in a moderate oven.

Of course there are squash pies and puddings. Any good pumpkin pie rule can be used for squash pie.

Squash Pudding.

One and one-half cups squash, ½ cup sugar, 3 eggs, 2 tablespoons flour, 1 tablespoon butter, 4 tablespoons milk, ½ teaspoon ginger, ¼ teaspoon cinnamon, ¼ teaspoon salt, 6 tablespoons powdered sugar.

Beat yolks well. Add squash, flour, sugar, butter, milk and spices. Cook over a slow fire till thick. Stir constantly to prevent burning. Turn into a pudding dish. When cool cover with the whites of the eggs beaten till stiff and dry with the powdered sugar.

Put in a hot oven for eight minutes to cook and brown the meringue.

Squash Soup.

Three-quarters cup sifted squash, 3 cups milk, 1 tablespoon minced onion, 2 tablespoons minced celery leaves, 3 tablespoons butter, 2 tablespoons flour, 1 teaspoon salt, ¼ teaspoon pepper, few gratings nutmeg.

Heat milk, squash, onion and celery in double boiler. Let cook half an hour. Strain. Melt butter, stir in flour and slowly add milk mixture. Cook five minutes, stirring constantly. Add salt, pepper and nutmeg and serve.

(Copyright, 1922.)

MOCK CREAM.

A very good substitute for whipped cream can be made with two egg whites, one cup of powdered sugar and a large apple. Grate the apple into a bowl, add the sugar and egg whites, and beat until stiff and white.

EDITED BY CARR.

5,000 FACTS ABOUT CANADA. By Frank Yeigh, Toronto. Canadian Facts Publishing Company, 588 Huron street. 30 cents.

WITH the latest data at his disposal, as revealed by the last Dominion census, Mr. Yeigh has presented in a clear, concise form all the really important statistical data concerning Canada that the average person in the course of everyday events would ever be expected to require.

No locality or community of any consequence has been overlooked in this truly informative little booklet, the 1922 edition.

Commencing with the period of confederation, Canada's unending progress is noted briefly but in an illuminative manner.

At a glance one may ascertain, for example, the fishery production in any particular province; when the first school was opened in Quebec or the current value of live stock in Manitoba. The book will prove of unusual value to residents of either farm or town, as every subject of any possible interest to either is treated comprehensively.

Each of the nine provinces is dealt with from every angle, agricultural; educational; resources both natural and financial; commerce; trade, etc. Nothing has been missed and one may well wonder that such a veritable wealth of handy knowledge is available in such a small volume.

The leading cities and towns of each province are likewise included in the survey and all instructive and interesting data respective to each has been completed.

In addition to this will be encountered information of a general nature, covering the Dominion from coast to coast; immigration, insurance, labor statistics, accurate industrial reports, mining, water and electric power, area, population and a score of other subjects that are bound to assist any person, however well versed, in their ordinary activities.

The publication is well worth the price demanded.

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The drain pipe that leads from the icebox often gets clogged up and overflows onto the kitchen or pantry floor.

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