TERS OF EMPIRE - (Special.) - The Empire had a most ssful year. Receipts a baalnce on hand of the Alexandra Ch id a balance of ret Regent, regent. Mrs. resident, Mrs. Blake innie Janray; 'weas MacGregor; standard



You should ap to remove last meal's Panshine-it

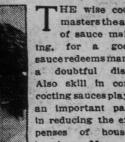
tin like silver,

DAILY MAGAZINE PAGE FOR EVERYBODY

Hints on Home Management

Piquant Sauces That Redeem Doubtful Dishes

By MADGE MARVEL



asparagus, or cauliflower to the second sauce, the one with two tablespoonfuls of butter and flour, using half a cup of vegetables.

The first requisite of a sauce is that a should be smooth. The second is that is should have a reason for accomion it is absolutely necessary.

on for cream soups, is made as fol- and then strained.

Pity the Poor Artist

NCE artists used to wear long hair and in an attic dwell; they'd turn out

Witches, gnomes, goblins, brownies, kelphies, pixies, fairies-where have

I remember when I never passed a nice, fuzzy, low-growing bush without

on all gone in this our day of commonplace?

le red cap was becoming to him or not.

ous steps leading right into the depths of the earth.

THE wise cook you would use three tablespoonfuls each of butter and flour and the same amount of milk, salt and pepper as in the first sauce, and if you intended the sauce to pour over croquettes you would take four tablespoonfuls of butter and flour.

a doubtful dish.
Also skill in concocting sauces plays an important part in reducing the expenses of house-

keeping. Many a

If you want to make a vegetable sauce add celery, peas, or mushrooms, asparagus, or cauliflower to the second asparagus, or cauliflower to the second apparagus, or cauliflower to the second apparagus, or cauliflower to the second apparagus.

panying the dish. It should so blend with the food with which it is served that it becomes a part of it and gives the iming till the sauce thickens. Then re-The favoring of a sauce must partake move from the fire and slowly beat in two more tablespoonfuls of butter If

ces, claiming it gives smoothness tablespoonfuls of capers to drawn but-

this is to be used for fish, it may be

white sauce is the most familiar of fundamental sauces, but the experienced cook knows there are white suces of different kinds which cannot be used interchangeably with uniform results. The same sauce one would use for cream soups, or for toast is not the same sauce she would use for meets, it is all in the proportion. But the difference is very apparent to the water with some beef extract, to give it sence is very apparent to the water with some beef extract, to give it palate.

a rich brown color. This brown sauce white sauce, which is the four-should be cooked for a minute or two

lews:

One tablespoonful of butter, the same quantity of flour, one cup of milk, one-fourth teaspoonful salt and half as much white pepper.

The sauce to be used for creamed meats, or vegetables, or fish, is made with twice the quantity of butter and flour and the same quantity of other ingredients.

In making a white sauce for souffle

and then strained.

Hollandaise sauce is delicious, Take half a cup of butter, six tablespoonfuls boiling water, yolks of four eggs, a tablespoonful of lemon juice, salt and cayenne pepper to taste. First cream the butter in a bowl and add the egg yolks and beat well. Add the lemon juice, water and seasoning and beat five minutes with an egg beater. Cook over hot water, stirring all the time, until it is thickened.

FEW ULTRA FADS ARE FAVORED



Advice to Seekers After Beauty x



NCE artists used to wear long hair and in an attite dwall; they'd turn out pictures by the yard, but very few they'd sell. They frequently had hunger painer; for bread had not a picture; they wore no creases in their paints, for these was an anght to crease. The landford used to chase them up-he had a phosy head." He wanted cash, and didn't care a filter's rap for art. With failer when the painting with the painting the set by care and debt, to do their works and didn't care a filter's rap for art. With failer when the painting with the painting

dreadful stories on all sides about lost health in an effort to fose weight. This for "a harmless remedy for obesity." If the harmless remedy for obesity. If the harm

They have worn purple and green and

Secrets of Health and Happiness

Life's Span Will Grow as Diet Habits Improve

By Dr. LEONARD KEENE HIRSHBERG

A. B., M. A., M. D. (Johns Hopkins).

as a vapor and decay. Yet the hours have grown and grown in recent years. With each new laboratory and workshop discovery they become more elastic. The Caesars themselves, with their great philosophers and healers, worried over the average span of life of the Romans. With all their wealth, cleanliness and aristoc racy of learning, 30 years was the life of most of them.

the large cities. Like the leaves on a tree, some fall and some grow. For the most part, infants reared on their mothers' breasts from human milk grow. Many of thos who are given other food die.

The Egyptians passed round a skull at their feasts for the purpose of warning mothers against infant mortality and me against over eating and drinking.

Behind the Roman general in his triumphal charlot there always stood a slave whispering in his ear: "Respice post te hominem memento te," which presentable language means: "Don't be stuck on yourself, for pride cometh before sickness," or "put pride behind you; remember you are but a vulnerable

Yet the commonplace span of life in civilized lands, where anti-typhoid vaccines, smallpox vaccination, sanitary plumbing, running water, filtered resercity campaigns, fly screens and mosquito nets are the fashion, has risen to nearly 50 years, as compared with the pre-Christian 30 of Antony and Cleopatra's day.

M. D.—Please give me a remedy for a weak tongue, split by my false teeth. Poctors and dentists have falled to help me.

Answers to Health Questions state your charge or fee to answer medical questions. I live in a mining town and cannot come to consult you.

There is absolutely no charge at all. If you will state fully and explicitly all the symptoms and outward signs of your trouble. I shall gladly answer as far as possible and tell you the actual probabilities.

Use glycerine as a mouth wash and apply this often and thoroughly over the open spots. You will thus gradually toughen the membrane of the tongue.

Up then, friends, and stave Old Mortality off from his most defenceless innocents, the babes and sucklings. boil the baby's drinking water, give it mother's milk, eliminate the germ-breeding pacifiers.

The murder of Malicious Mortality can only be encompassed with the discovery of perpetual life, but this eternal jest may, like a lobster boiled, from black to red be made to turn, and all the babes destined to die next summer from diarrhoea may be snatched now from his slowly reaching grasp.

Dr. Hirshberg will answer questions for readers of this paper on medical, hygienic and sanitation subjects that are of general interest. He will not undertake to prescribe or offer advice for individual cases. Where the subject is not of general interest letters will be answered personally if a stamped and addressed envelope is enclosed. Address all inquiries to Dr. L. K. Hirshberg, care this office.

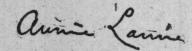
Advice to Girls

By Annie Laurie

girl, you. If you are going to stubborn about little things.

You have your own silly little feminine foibles and you expect your sweetheart to overlook them, don't you? Well, the next time you're out with Beau and he won't ask his way, just smile to yourself and say nothing about it. It's cheaper in the end. You can talk till doomsday and he will never change. He can't understand why you want to powder your nose every few minutes and you can't understand why he is so

Don't try-just love him-and you'll



AM now ritin on papur becaws I cant find nuthin else to rite on as I busted my slate tryun to ride downn hill on itt. if we didnt have no papur we wudnt hav no papur muny to pay ower bills with an then agen if we didnt hev no papur the groser an the butcher wudnt hav nuthin to kepe trak on. Sew yew my sister cudnt hav natchural born curis Papur is mayed out of would pulp an is made in this way, yew see the lumber-



"She shall never be without a book of fairy tales," I said, and I looked the little girl and loved her exceedingly well.

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ND so," said the one who read, I remember a flat stone that I found once. It was in a cornfield, not so How broad and pleasant was the back porch stretching out before us see we will off black charger and rode away—

A field full of tall and rustling corn—we used to run in there and play, that smelled like gingerbread. And what kindly face was that looking cud kepe trak of yewer bill on a cake my little curly black dog and I, when it was too hot in the sun outside; and, anxiously from the doorway-not at all the same face as had belonged to of ise but if we didnt hav no papur

But it was years before I could think of the stone and the sudden roar

The Things We Think Afterward What genie had I called from the clouds by my rash act?

Every one was talking at home about how suddenly the thunder came We found the flat stone one day when nobody loved us and we couldn't and with what amazing quickness the black clouds rolled up from the place

"Out of a clear sky," they said, "the thunder came and then the lightning." The puppy and I looked at each other. We knew what brought that We started to the wide world through the corn field, and we went thunder; we knew perfectly well; but we never told a word, either of us. But always after that when it thundered suddenly the puppy always I think I was crying a little, anyhow my eyes were blinded and I tripped turned and gave me a look of startled reproach as if to say, "Will you never

What was at the foot of the steps that led down into the brown earth under that stone? I wondered and wondered about it.

Inspect on any winding road always made my heart leap with the wild pe that at last I was going to meet a pixle face to face, and see whether is red cap was becoming to him or not.

Do you remember the big flat stone you found the day you and your that stone.

Do you remember the big flat stone you found the day you and your that stone.

Finally I was cross and I kicked the stone as hard as I could.

Finally I was cross and I kicked the stone as hard as I could.

But sometimes in the cool of the late summer afternoon I took the "abracadabra" to "eeny-meeny-miny-mo," but not an inch could I budge that stone.

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But sometimes in the cool of the magic stone as I dared, and once I stamped upon the ground and bent and whispered words of the magic stone as I dared, and once I stamped upon the ground and once I stamped upon the ground and cheer to whomsoever it was held so secretly in durance ville.

"For a year and a day," repeated the little girl who listened to the fairy the stamped upon the ground and cheer to whomsoever it was held so secretly in durance ville.

"For a year and a day," repeated the little girl who listen

By WINIFRED BLACK

When Days Were Jewelled with Dreams

"the prince mounted his jet very far from every-day houses and commonplace barns.

"A year and a day," repeated the oh, how green and cool and still it was in there—except for the whispering the one who told us that we tracked the floor. of the leaves of the tall corn. Sometimes if I sat very still and boxed the Safe, sheltered, loved, protected, at home, where there was no magic but as that how she gits em dun up in papur. little girl who listened—"a year and a puppy's ears hard enough so that he sat still, too, I could almost hear what the magic of a mother's loving heart. day." Her blue eyes grew very soft, it was the leaves were whispering about. and when she went out to play I And the earth was very brown and dry and cool to my little hot hand. of thunder which came when I kicked it without a shudder of dread. heard her say to her doll, "Now, Iso- We used to build wonderful castles out of it, the puppy and I; at least, I

bel, you must be patient-for a year built, and the puppy looked on with great approval. Sometimes he would help dig, but somehow he always dug in the wrong They don't seem to read fairy tales place.

much these days, the children I know. They read stories about Billy Whis- have any more cookies, and they said we had tracked up the pantry floor where the sun always went down, right over beyond the Congregational kers, the humorous goat, or about boy going in after raisins. So we ran away, the puppy and I, into the wide, wide church. scouts, or girl campers on the Yukon, world—to make our fortunes and come home son etimes years and years or something else equally everyday afterward, riding on a snow-white palfrey and crowned with sparkling gems.

I said something to a little boy the deeper into its green depths than we had ever ventured before. er day about a genie, and do you know he hadn't the faintest idea what

and fell over a great flat stone right in the middle of one of the corn rows learn to be more careful?"

The Hour of Destiny

Some beautiful princess and her suite, stricken dumb by the spell of some cruel magician! Some handsome prince turned to marble by a wicked man he never herd of that techin littude with absorbed interest.

I shall never work harder in my life than I worked trying to lift that some cruel magician! Some handsome prince turned to marble by a wicked wizard! I should never, never know.

But sometimes in the cool of the late summer afternoon I took the life and it is a will small a prince turned to marble by a wicked with absorbed interest.

But sometimes in the cool of the late summer afternoon I took the life and it is a will be a prince turned to marble by a wicked with absorbed of the media at the prince turned to marble by a wicked with absorbed of the never heard of that techin littude with a sometimes in the cool of the late summer afternoon I took the late. oking into it to see if the elder-tree mother, by any chance, was sitting ander it telling stories to the elder-tree children. And every bit of red I listened with absorbed interest. Impsed on any winding road always made my heart leap with the wild Ope that at last I was going to meet a pixie face to face, and see whether stone. I muttered every kind of incantation I had ever heard of, from

that if you could only say the right words and grab hold of the stone

the rain was pelting and the sky was black with terrifying clouds.

What was at the foot of those steps—ah, that was always in the next How fine and friendly the old rooster looked standing on one leg under at the little girl and loved her exceedingly well.

the wagon in our old barn yard as we rushed joyously past.

with sweet faith in all that was and all that would be; and I smelled again in the dry. brown earth that was always so cool in my hot little hand; and I in the draft. but then agen maybe the heard again the confused whispering of the leaves of the tell corn. the right instant you could lift it—and there would be a flight of mys- tried to tell me about it, but I couldn't understand, and before we got home heard again the confused whispering of the leaves of the tall corn