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The Making of 'Val' Pierce

By CONRAD RICHTER.

IV.
"It's your mountain as well as mine," assured Val, smiling inanely with relief.

The boy approached with a simplicity that Val instantly liked.

"I generally come over here from the path evenings," he explained shyly.

"I like to look at North mountain. That's her up there." His basket indicated the towering wedge-shaped mass.

"They say you can see Williamsport. I'm going to Williamsport some day."

His eyes were fixed on the mountain as if reflected in its crest he could see this city of dreams.

"Listen!" he said suddenly. "Hear that?"

Val listened intently and made out the faint baying of a hound in the valley below.

"That's George!" said the boy proudly. "The best rabbit dog in any of these valleys. He can chase fox or coon just as easy. I wouldn't be scared to take him along for squirrel or turkey. I'm going to miss him a lot when I go to college."

Val glanced at the boy with renewed respect.

"Good idea, college. Going to be a doctor or a lawyer?"

"Business college," explained Davey proudly. "I'm going to get a job in some good business, and then work I own it myself. So I can get nice things for Ma and Mol."

Val said nothing. He felt instinctively the contrast between himself and this likable youth, who with steady faith was setting his face toward a city job that could not hold a fraction of the promise of the one that he had scorned.

"Mister," he heard the boy say shyly, "I'll have to be going now. I was wondering if you'd like to come down for the night at my place. Ma's not going to have anything special for supper, just fried rabbit, potatoes and huckleberry preserves. But Mr. Jones said you used to run an automobile in one of the big cities. I thought maybe you wouldn't mind to tell us about it. We've never been any place much but Rockville."

The wistful invitation touched Val uncommonly. He felt drawn toward this lonely valley home with its fire, side and mother. His mouth watered at the thought of a family tablecloth laden with home-cooked food.

"You're sure it'll be all right?" he questioned doubtfully.

"Ma said I was to try to bring you along," answered the boy, "but I didn't get an excuse to ask before."

Together they went down the gradual north side of Sunset mountain, following a deep ravine wooded with dense hemlocks and carpeted with moss and fern, a primeval wilderness of dim recesses, brown rotting logs, huge wet boulders and thick oases of painted bramble.

Twice grouse started, led Val with their abrupt, roaring flight, and once a young buck, with velvet horns barely showing, stood quivering in the path ahead as they came around the bend, only to leap the next moment like a jackknife into a thicket of birch and witch hazel.

As they broke out into the welcome light of the cleared land George came bounding to meet them, a mixed fox-hound and a beagle, white, black and tan, loosening his tongue in surprisingly mellow music.

"Ma calls him my supper bell," said Davey, bending to fondle the long silk ears.

As they approached the log house, painstakingly whitewashed, its porch

covered with flame-colored Virginia creeper, a figure appeared, then suddenly popped inside.

"That was Mol," said Davey, grinning. "Bet she was excited when she saw somebody was with me."

Val felt the simple pride of the boy in bringing him to his remote dwelling, and it joyfully warmed him.

Davey held the home-made screen door open for him to enter. A gray-haired woman in a faded dark dress rose guiltily from the floor beside the stove.

"Don't bother with that, Ma," said Davey. "This is Mr. Jim Barth. He won't mind a little dirt aside the wood box."

"Mr. James, David," reproved his mother, bowing to Val with the same shyness that was characteristic of Davey.

"Where's Mol?" demanded the latter exuberantly. Then at his mother's reply, "She's fixing up I bet. That's what she is! Wait till she comes down!"

"Davey!" protested his mother gently.

A door opened and a slight feminine form entered. The twilight was too thin for final judgment, but Val was immediately interested.

"Let's have some light," jeered the boy, "and see how you dressed up!"

"Davey!" The girlish voice was exasperated. "If you light the lamp I'll make you wish you hadn't—after—"

"Guess I hadn't better," grinned the boy, then to Val proudly, "This is Mol I told you about."

"Molly, David," corrected his mother.

"Molly, then," agreed the boy. His eyes danced at Val. "You got to watch out what you say to her. She can fight like a catamount. She picked over 200 quart of huckleberries this summer and sold them through the gap over in Smoke valley. She can even lick me."

"That isn't very much," said his sister, both disdainful and blushing. She offered her hand to Val in a shy uncertain gesture hardly to be expected of a mountain berry-picking Amazon.

Her form was slim, but sturdy and well knit. In the dusk her eyes seemed alive with light and the features fair. Later, when the paper-shaded oil lamp was lighted, Val looked across the platter of browned rabbit, the pyramid of steaming fried potatoes and the sliced pile of flaky home-made bread and saw an evenly tanned skin, a glimpse of soft dark hair and a face which, except for a scarcity of freckles, resembled Davey's own.

That evening they popped corn on a blue hickory fire. Later, as they plucked the white crisps, buttered, sugared and salted, in hungry handfuls from a deep yellow bowl, Val answered questions about the city, its trolley cars and automobiles, its apartment houses and bathhouses, its department stores, its office buildings and elevators, its water, food, prices and smoke, and its millionaires, that night he lay down beside Davey under the sloping redolent roof. Husked corn and blue mountain tea hung overhead from the rafters. Through the open window came the scent of apples on the ground and yellowing forest leaves.

He lay quiet without sleep for a long time. He felt now like a leopard in a shepherd's cottage. His body seemed to burn the mark of Cain into the blankets and pillow wherever he touched them. Only toward morning was he mercifully permitted to fall asleep.

Next morning the trio of Davey, Mol and George showed him the log barn, the boy's beloved collection of rusty-jawed traps, the extent of the cleared land, the iron spring and finally the half mile of their mother's swamp land.

"This is great!" Val exclaimed, looking up in genuine admiration at the virgin timber, deep-girthed, lofty-limbed, forming massive columns, roof and rafters of an incomparable cathedral.

"Dandy place for coons, I tell you!" said Davey.

"With this," declared Val, "you and Miss Molly both ought to go to college."

The girl's face lighted up with startled eagerness, but Davey shook his head.

"Saul and Saul, of Rockville, offered Ma forty dollars."

"Forty dollars!" repeated Val in amazement.

"They know we can't sell it to anybody else on account of the mountains," said Davey simply. "They own most of the timber around here. They're going to put a narrow gauge in from White Springs some day."

(Continued in next issue.)

Buy Thrift Stamps.

Minard's Liniment For Burns, Etc.



Woman's Interests

Buying Food Wisely.

High prices for food still hang like a bank of clouds over the housekeeper, but rifts in the clouds are beginning to appear. The first improvement in the situation is the fact that some articles of food—potatoes, for example—are less expensive than they were last year at this time. The second rift is a very small one: the average family expenditure for food has decreased in many places, although in some it has increased.

The third rift, and the real silver lining to the clouds, is the fact that many women have become eager to learn more about foods, since the advantages of buying wisely have made it worth while. To feed her family as well as she felt them in the past, without spending much more, means that the housekeeper must know what she is doing. One who understands what foods are worth in nutritive value can often substitute something cheaper for something more expensive. Even seven per cent. more knowledge will counterbalance seven per cent. of increased cost.

If the shopping list of foods is arranged in the form of food groups, and the quantity that is needed of each group is taken as a general guide, a good beginning will have been made toward adjusting the family table to changed food costs. So long as each group is represented every day by the right amount, and so long as there is a reasonable variety, it makes little difference what members of the group are chosen.

Food Groups.

1. Vegetables and Fruits—Vegetables and fruits differ somewhat among themselves. Some contain more iron, some more lime, some are more laxative than others, and so it is well to have a variety; but in general they are interchangeable in the diet and may be chosen according to cost. Some of the leafy vegetables, such as spinach or other greens, cabbage and lettuce, should be included two or three times a week. So far as possible fresh fruits and vegetables should be used, but canned fruits and vegetables are far better than none. Dried fruit can be used in place of part of the fresh fruit. One pound of dried fruit should be reckoned as equal to six pounds of fresh fruit.

The average adult needs about two and one-half pounds of vegetables or fruit a day, but he can use much more with safety and usually with benefit.

2. The Milk and Meat Group—"Let's have some light," jeered the boy, "and see how you dressed up!"

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Buy Thrift Stamps.

Minard's Liniment For Burns, Etc.

cause we use it for flavor, sugar has become a necessary to most people. From this group a quarter of a pound a day or less is enough for one person.

5. Fats—In this group belong bacon, salt pork, chocolate and the more oily nuts, as well as butter, cream, the margarine, the vegetable oils and lard. Butter has certain advantages over the margarine besides that of flavor; but if enough whole milk is used, the cheaper fats can be substituted. Three ounces of butter or its equivalent a day is enough for one person.

A sixth group may be made of tea, coffee, spices, flavoring extracts, baking powder and the other food adjuncts that have no nutritive value, but that are used to make foods more palatable. Tradition and prejudice frequently lead housekeepers to buy the more expensive qualities of articles in this group when the cheaper qualities would do just as well.

The woman who plans her meals and does her buying with the aid of such a list, arranged according to groups, can check up prices and, noticing when any foods fall in price, can buy them in place of more expensive things in the same group without being afraid that she is making a serious mistake. That is not, of course, the whole secret of careful buying; for a housekeeper may have bought so unwisely in the past that it will be cheaper for her to-day to buy some food the price of which is rising than to continue to buy those varieties that even at a low price give a small return for the money.

For the Business Girl.

Let me give you a few suggestions which I have learned from my own experience and from my observation of others. Write the gist of them in the cover of your note-book, or anywhere you'll be sure to see them every day, and learn to apply them. For in the daily practice of these suggestions lies the secret of pleasing and satisfying your employer—and of winning that increase in pay.

First, make yourself attractive—both in appearance and personality. First impressions are bound to greatly influence your employer's opinion of you, and the girl who is simply and attractively dressed, and whose hair is neatly arranged, has scored an important point at the start. I have heard men say, "She doesn't look as if she had brushed her hair for a week." Remember, too, that your hands and nails should be absolutely clean, but don't polish your nails too often. Somehow, if a girl's appearance shows care and neatness, the thought follows that her work will display these traits, too.

If the first impression is created by your appearance, the second is created by your personality. That's a broad word and includes a good many things, every one of which is very important. For instance, no matter how attractive a girl may be in appearance, what would your impression be if she gave you the tips of two or three very limp fingers as you tried to shake hands with her, if she spoke so indistinctly you could not understand her, and giggled nervously throughout the interview? You wouldn't care about working with her day after day—would you? And it is a fact that, in spite of the importance of technical skill in shorthand and typewriting, the expression of a pleasing personality is of even greater importance. I have often heard business men say something like this, "I need an assistant who has horse sense—who knows how to use her brains—who can see what needs to

be done and can do it without being told."

Washing Dainty Lace.

When washing tatted, baste it on a Turkish towel, wash and leave until dry. Lace may be wound around a glass jar or bottle filled with hot water and left to dry. Crocheted edges always look better if pulled into shape instead of ironed. If the pattern is an intricate one with pointed edges, it may be stretched and pinned to the cover of the board or to a towel.

Washable lace yokes on unwashable dress may be easily cleaned by placing a folded towel under the yoke and applying a thick lather of white soap, using a soft brush and scrubbing gently, then rinsing in several waters applied with a cloth.

Minard's Liniment Relieves Colds, Etc.

Wise Men Say—

That luck and work are twins. That a hot temper will make others cool towards you.

That the way to carry a stiff load is to have a stiff upper lip. That wisdom is the adaptation of what you have to what you need.

That there are no means of escape from the cells of a guilty conscience. That initiative consists in doing the right thing without being told to.

That a sour disposition doesn't make for either good digestion or success. That the man worth while is the man who can smile when everything goes wrong.

That poverty is the best foundation on which to start to build a successful career.

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Proper Place For It.

Tommy's parents were very strict. The walls of the nursery were covered with framed mottoes and the case was kept behind the one reading "Love One Another."

One day everything went wrong and Tommy was whipped no less than six times.

"Papa," he said, between his sobs, "don't you think it's time to take the c-case from behind 'Love One Another' and put it back of 'I Need Thee Every Hour'?"

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Sickly Streams.

"Rivers," said the American, "why your rivers are nothing to ours. Compared with our Hudson and Mississippi your Mersey, Severn and Thames are sleepy, sickly streams."

"Oh, come!" protested the Englishman. "I think your rivers are just as sickly as ours."

"How do you make that out?" "Well, they are all confined to their beds," replied the visitor.

FAMOUS POETS OF THE PANTRY

RYHMED RECIPES AND SONGS OF APPETITE.

Shakespeare, Thackeray, Tennyson and Others Praise Their Favorite Dishes.

There still lingers in certain quarters an impression that it is vulgar to talk about food, while the bare idea of writing a poem about it would appear to many people to be little short of sacrilege.

Yet the fact remains that many of our greatest poets have been excellent trenchermen, and have invoked the aid of the muse in praise of their favorite dishes.

The plays of Shakespeare are full of feasting, while Scott, in "The Lay of the Last Minstrel," occupies thirty lines with a description of the marriage feast of Cranston and Lady Margaret.

Readers of Tennyson's "Idylls of the King" may remember the passage in which Earl Doorm's men—

... Brought in whole hogs and quarter beeves. And all the hall was dim with steam of flesh;

And none spake word, but all sat down at once.

And ate with tumult in the naked hall, Feeding like horses when you hear them feed;

Till end shrank far back into herself. This is the sort of gross feeding from which the sensitive soul of a poet might well be supposed to recoil with horror; yet Tennyson himself was by no means indifferent to the good things of the table. He it was who eulogized the "plump head-water at the Cock" for bringing—

To each his perfect pint of stout, His proper chop to each.

Ben Johnson was another of food's chosen minstrels. His invitation of a friend to supper is enough to make one's mouth water in these days of high prices. Observe the delight with which he dwells upon each course:—

Yet you shall have, to rectify your palate, An olive, capers, or some better salad

Ushering the mutton; with a short-legged hen, If we can get her full of eggs; and then Limons, and wine for sauce; to these, a coney

is not to be despair'd of for our money; And though fowl may be scarce, yet there are clerks,

The sky not falling, think we may have larks.

I'll tell you of more, and—hey, so you will come.

Of partridge, pleasant, woodcock, of which some May yet be there.

Thackeray expressed his preference for "a pain leg of mutton." At the same time, he was not indifferent to the virtues of French cooking; witness his "Ballad of Bouillabaisse":

This Bouillabaisse a noble dish is— A sort of soup or broth or stew, Or hotchpotch of all sorts of fishes.

That Greenwich never could outdo; Green herbs, red peppers, mussels, saffron.

Sesels, onions, garlic, roach, and dace.

"Here's richness," as the notorious Mr. Squeers was wont to say.

Culverley admitted that he found the tinkling of the dinner-bell was of the most precious of sounds. "One pound of British beef, and then what Mr. Swiveller called a 'modest quencher,'" induced in him a feeling of supreme contentment.

Sydney Smith—greatest of English wits—who loved—

To see the rosy salmon lying, By snails encircled, born for frying; And from the china boat to pour, On flaky cod, the flavor'd shower,

once wrote a rhymed recipe for a salad; while W. E. Henley could only endure the sweltering heat of a June day by letting his imagination dwell on his favorite foods:—

A melon's dripping sherds; Cream-clotted strawberry-breads; Dusk dairies set with curds—

To live, I think of these! Poets, it will be seen, are very much like other people. They enjoy their food. They are even not above making a song about it.

These Knees Won't Bag.

It is said that a fortune awaits the inventor of a trouser that will not bag at the knees. All trousers suffer in this way sooner or later, no matter how carefully they are hitched up when sitting down, or how frequently they are put in the press; the fact remains that they will and do bag. The cure is wonderfully simple, and actually prevents the cloth from stretching over the knees.

A piece of silk must be stretched inside the trouser legs, reaching from well above the knee to an inch or so below. The stitches must be put in firmly, so as to keep the silk in place. The silk not only prevents the "bag" appearing, but doubles the life of the material.

Pickled apples are quite as good a relish with meat as pickled peaches. To renovate old kitchen chairs, clean and stain with a strong solution of permanganate of potash, and when dry give them a coat of clear varnish.



Lantic Sugar

Last call for fall fruits

Do not miss your chance to preserve these last sun-ripened gifts of summertime. How your folks will enjoy them, and how pleased you will be to serve them when canned goods made with top-priced sugar are out of reach. The time for preserving foresight is when the fruit is still in season.

Lantic is your best friend in retaining the rare bouquet of luscious plums and peaches, of delicately-flavoured pears. Its tiny, snow-white crystals of purest cane dissolve so quickly into syrup of concentrated sweetness, that you can smile at the old-time caution "Let it simmer until the sugar is all dissolved"—because it's FINE.

Fruit will retain its natural form and colour because overcooking is unnecessary. Lantic WILL go further, and so costs less.



pears - plums - peaches - pumpkins



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