

OUR FEATURE SECTION

Department Devoted to Attractive Magazine Material

SOMETHING TO THINK ABOUT THE JOB AND THE MAN

By F. A. WALKER.

FAITH

A woman, at least her young evidences youth, flows: "I have lost faith in you. Write something to regain it."

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pepper and repeat. Pour over the gravy or brown sauce and bake in a moderate oven for one hour. Remove the lid and brown before serving. Nellie Maxwell (© 1921, Western Newspaper Union.)

"THE GIRL ON THE JOB. How to Succeed—How to Get Ahead—How to Make Good. By JESSIE ROBERTS

"THE WOMAN DOCTOR. IT WAS not so long ago that the woman doctor was held more or less in contempt. She was supposed to be a freak, to put it clearly, and it was only freaks who would go to her for treatment. It is still a surprise when you hear a college girl say that she is studying medicine. It will become less and less so as prejudice fades and as more and more women enter the field. There are nowhere near enough good doctors and in the constantly extending work of preventive medicine women will find the fullest opportunity. It is there, more even than with children and with women, that woman will do her greatest medical labor. Preventive medicine is only in its infancy. Those who know say that it will soon see an immense extension. The lessons of the war have been of tremendous value in teaching what may be expected, and even these are but foreshadowings. The woman who has a taste for medicine and who can give the necessary time to its study is preparing a fine future for herself. The day is over when the intellectual woman went into teaching as the one most interesting profession open to her. The woman doctor is already on her way. In a few years she will be known as commonly as her brother, and as favorably. No woman who feels drawn to the work should hesitate to follow it, if she can by any means accomplish the training required. (Copyright.)

"Raisin Salad. Take one cupful of seeded raisins, one-quarter of a cupful of lemon juice, two cupfuls of chopped apples or pears, two cupfuls of shredded lettuce, and one cupful of cream mayonnaise. Wash and dry the raisins, add the apples and lemon juice. Line a salad bowl with the lettuce; pile the apples or pears in the center and cover with the mayonnaise. Take one-half cupful of whipped cream with a tablespoonful or two of highly-seasoned mayonnaise.

"Raisin Surprise. Beat one egg; add it to four cupfuls of cooked mush, one orange, juice and rind; and five tablespoonfuls of sugar; stir and mix all together; add enough water to the orange juice to make a cupful; fold in one and one-half cupfuls of raisins. Pour into a mold, and when ready to serve, serve with whipped cream.

"Grape Juice Punch. Take the juice of one lemon, add a tablespoonful of sugar, and to this one-half cupful of grape juice, two cupfuls of cold water and shaved ice. Serve at once.

"Steak With Vegetables. Slice six large potatoes and three large onions in one-quarter inch slices. Cut one pound of round steak in two-inch squares. Brown the steak on both sides; remove from the frying pan and stir in flour and add water to make a thin gravy with a tablespoonful of fat. Put a layer of the potatoes in a casserole, next a layer of onions, then a layer of the steak, salt,

The Little Stenographer of Brockton

By WILL T. AMES

(© by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

"But, mother, I love her." Phillip Gunter looked imploringly at his mother, an expression of suffering in his fine gray eyes.

"You don't really. No son of mine could possibly love a motorman's daughter. And think of the opportunities you have and are throwing them away for a little, middle-class, Brockton stenographer."

"Mother, I can't let you talk like that about Edith, and I'll ask you to avoid mentioning her in the future."

"Hoity toity! How pompous we are, and as surely as you do marry her I'll disinherit you and you can have love in a cot—the real thing."

"I don't care a snap of my finger whether you disinherit me or not."

With finality he rose to go, and frankly Mrs. Gunter cast about for another line of tactics.

"Ah, but Phil," she exclaimed, dropping her haughty manner and holding out her arms pleadingly, "you know how I love you, my only boy, and this thing will kill me. It will grieve me to death—you know my heart is bad—and my whole life is wrapped up in you. I lie awake at night dreaming about you and planning your future."

Phillip winced and a cloud passed over his clean open face as he rose and put his arm about his mother.

"There, there, Mommy, don't get so worked up."

A maid tapped at the door and presented a card.

"Heavens! Mrs. Mangston's downstairs. Go and talk to her, Phil. I'll come in a minute."

Grateful for the escape, the young man greeted the caller warmly.

"How's it going?" the lady asked with motherly concern.

"Worse than ever. She's just made a dreadful scene and I feel like a murderer."

"Sh-h-h-h, here she comes."

"My dear Mrs. Mangston, what a pleasure this is!" said the hostess cordially.

With a bow Phillip excused himself and soon the two were deep in conversation.

"Yes," said Mrs. Gunter bitterly, "the boy's determined to marry this little stenographer in Brockton and as surely as he does it I'll cut him off without a farthing."

Her voice shook as she spoke and the heavy diamond brooch sparkled and glittered with the rise and fall of her breast.

"Even if you do cut him off that won't prevent his marrying her. What you seem to want to do is to prevent the match," said Mrs. Mangston thoughtfully.

"But how?" asked the other desperately.

"Another girl is usually the best cure," remarked the caller.

"But he says he's sick of girls in his set. He calls them artificial and empty-headed and won't look at them any more."

"Of course not; it'll take some new girl that'll sweep him off his feet."

"But where can we find such a creature?"

"Let me think." Mrs. Mangston puckered her brow as she stared absently at the floor. "Now, I have a sister who has just moved here," she went on after a moment, "and it seems to me that she said that she was going to have a little girl visiting her next week. I might get up a dinner in her honor and invite you and Phil."

"That would be wonderful if you could," said Mrs. Gunter, enthusiastically.

"Good! This girl's coming Monday; let's make the dinner Wednesday."

"You're really too kind," smiled Mrs. Gunter as they parted.

"Not in the least. I'm simply so devoted to Phil that I would do anything in the world to help him out."

Anxiously Mrs. Gunter waited for the appointed time, and after much coaxing, persuaded her son to accompany her.

"Dinners are always a bore, and I know more girls than I want to know," he grumbled as he jerked on his dinner jacket.

They arrived punctually and with covered eagerness Mrs. Gunter watched the meeting between her son and the girl and was gratified to note a glint of admiration in Phil's eyes as he took Randolph Parker's hand. Later, she decided that she had never seen him so brilliant and entertaining as he was at dinner that night.

"It's working beautifully," she whispered to her hostess.

"But she's such a lovely girl, who could help being gone over her?" replied Mrs. Mangston.

"Who, indeed? Now, why couldn't he have fallen for a girl like that in the first place? How long's she going to stay?"

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"Two weeks."

"Better than nothing." As they took their leave the mother rejoiced to hear her son say: "Have you any engagement for tomorrow afternoon, or may I take you out in the car and show you some of our points of interest?"

"I shall be glad to go," said Randolph, as she extended her hand.

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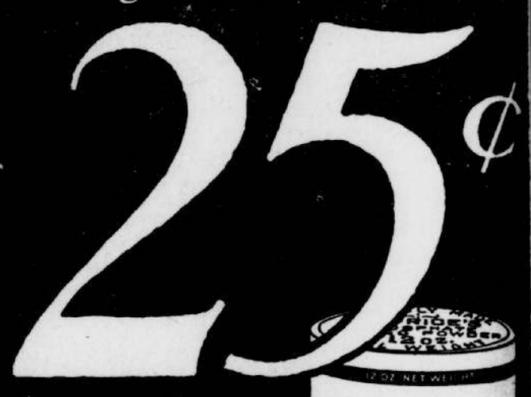
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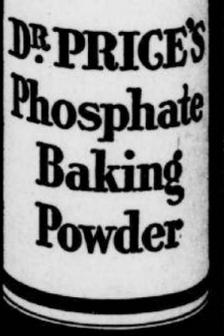
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Write for New Dr. Price Cook Book—It's free Price Baking Powder Factory, 1003 Independence Blvd., Chicago, Ill.

He Corrects Them. "Our first impressions," says a philosopher, "are full of errors." But old Father Time is a good proof-reader. Ask Something Hard! "Why are these called 'silver onions'?" "Because they come in sets and are for table use."—Farm Life. Her Aim Was Good. Cholly—"Blinkers' sweetheart is a brick." Percy—"I know it. I heard that she threw herself at him." What Did She Mean? Edith—"Jack says he worships the ground I walk on." Miss Rival—"Well, dear, he isn't crowded for space."

Rheumatism Comes From Tiny Pain Germs

First of all, get it firmly fixed in your mind that all the liniments in the world have no effect whatever on Rheumatism. A very common form of Rheumatism is caused by millions of tiny disease germs which infest the blood. The one and only sensible treatment, therefore, is one which cleanses the blood of these germs, and routs them entirely out of the circulation. This is why S.S.S., the greatest known blood purifier is so successful in the treatment of Rheumatism. It is a powerful cleanser of the blood, and will remove the disease germs that cause your Rheumatism, affording relief that is genuine. S.S.S. is sold by all druggists. Free literature and medical advice can be had by writing to Chief Medical Adviser, 154 Swift Laboratory, Atlanta, Ga. S. S. S. is not sold or recommended for venereal diseases.

PLEA FOR PERSONAL PRONOUN WHY MRS. LOT LOOKED BACK

Argument of Humane Education Society Relating to School Children and Animals. Reason Explained, but Today it is the Man Who Usually Does the Turning.

The Humane Education society of Pennsylvania is seeking to have the school children taught to speak of animals with personal instead of impersonal pronouns. The society fears that if children say "it" and "which" and "that" for their pets they will regard them as they do the lifeless train of cars, the soulless box of blocks, the witless ball or drum or sailboat. They will regard a tender little animal as though "it" were stuffed with invulnerable leather or sawdust; they will drag "it" about and bully-ring and maul "it" as though "it" had no feelings; they will degrade the animate creature to the level of the mere automaton started with a key and active only till the cogs run down.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Expensive Water Power. "Yes," said the defendant in a criminal case, "my lawyer certainly made a strong plea for me. He even wept." "What was his bill?" asked the other man. "Well, as nearly as I can figure it out, he charged about \$100 a tear."—Boston Transcript.

A ninety-mile walk on snowshoes was accomplished by a Canadian woman last winter.

The love of the mosquito for a bare arm is surpassed only by the love of a fly for a bald head.

Let the Children in, too!

It's no longer necessary to maintain a dividing line at the breakfast table—tea or coffee for grown-ups—no hot cup for the youngsters

Serve INSTANT POSTUM

to each member of the family, and all will be pleased and benefited by this pure, wholesome cereal drink.

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THE WOODS

DOUGLAS MALLOCH

THE WANDERERS.

Went through dusty trees

Reached up its wooden spire, Religion's purities

Our mortal mire, There came to open door

Wailed by his sin, Healed by the mark he wore,

Heard not enter in.

He paused he heard a

Whiz, trembled down

Outcast wanderer, Smell of the town,

Went through the open place, Pointed to the choir,

The simple house of grace And forth its notes of fire.

Who lonely lingered heard something fell away;

Heard after singing bird sinners kneel to pray.

There the old remembrance died there the new began;

When they worshiped side by side—

Swallow and the man. (Copyright.)

CHEERFUL CHERUB

The religious people are good in all they do. I think that they were nicer they didn't think so too.

