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ALLIED PRINTING TRADES LABOR COUNCIL 20

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 1, 1920.

From The Argus of March 24, 1920—

"The Argus henceforth will be conducted as an independent newspaper, unbiased by partisan ties, ever free and ready to state its honest convictions in the interest of the common welfare."

Do your Christmas shipping early.

Crawling around No Man's land has nothing on answering the door bell in Dublin for thrills.

The government's cable feud bears the earmarks of a cabal.

How would coroners in the northern woods live through the winter were it not for the hunting season?

Six bottles of Scotch were stolen from the British embassy. A bally outrage; in fact, a highbally outrage.

League of Nations can't be ruled off for trying. It has a committee to solve the Armenian problem.

Time works many changes and just now the ultimate consumer seems to be on the golden seat.

No wonder the amateur mariners of the shipping board thought "trimming ship" meant something else.

There are many who don't seem to object to being shelved—provided the shelf is in Harding's cabinet.

Wonder if the canal reminded Harding of those childhood days when he fished from the towpath?

Mexico is such a quiet neighborhood these days that Texas is contemplating breaking down the door to see if the whole family has been asphyxiated.

Days of Real Sport.

The Rock Island city commission deserves a word of commendation for its plan to establish and maintain a free ice skating park on the site of the old roller rink, Sixteenth street and Fifth avenue. The commissioners have in mind the welfare of the little folks, aiming to provide them a spot on which to disport themselves in their play hours, and thus keeping them away from nearby rivers and possible dangers.

Ice skating is one of the most healthful diversions. Before the movie and other indoor attractions drew our young people skating and coasting were the popular pleasures. The rivers and ponds rang with the joyous shouts of the skaters and the streets jingled with the song of the sleigh bell.

Now we rarely hear a sleigh bell. Instead we are greeted by the honk of the auto. There is ice skating, but few indulge it compared to the number that found so much enjoyment in it in other years.

Parents should encourage their children to skate. It is good for the developing body. It is alike healthy mental stimulus. It is natural and removed from the artificial influences so harmful to the maturing mind. The proposed skating park ought to be a popular rendezvous for the young folks this winter. Of course the older ones may use the surface also. It is the purpose of the city to provide police protection at the park during skating periods to the end that there will be no disorder.

Deserves Support.

A most appropriate event incident to the Christmas season in Rock Island, and one deserving generous recognition and support by the public, is the presentation of "The Messiah," announced for the evening of Dec. 10 at the Augustana college gymnasium. It will be offered by the Handel Oratorio society of the college. Another interesting fact is that the Oratorio society is this year celebrating its 40th anniversary. A chorus of 300 voices will be engaged in the signing of "The Messiah." There will be several high class soloists to be brought here from other cities. The instrumentation will be furnished by the Tri-City Symphony orchestra. Rehearsals have been under way for several weeks and a splendid rendition of the inspiring masterpiece is assured.

The Handel society does not hope for any monetary gain from its programs. On the contrary the officers of the organization consider themselves fortunate when actual expenses are covered. It is to be regretted that larger support has not been accorded the undertakings of the society, and it is to be sincerely hoped that the unusual preparations that have been made for the forthcoming event will arouse lovers of good music to a more substantial manifestation of their approval.

The admission has been placed at $1, a modest charge when the pretentiousness of the program is considered. In larger communities it is not unusual to make a charge of $3 for a presentation of a similar oratorio by a chorus not as strong in numbers as the one that will appear on the stage of the Augustana gymnasium.

The Handel society at least is entitled to public encouragement for the uplifting work that it is doing in the community in offering the singing of such classics. The organization is a credit to the city as a civic asset, and as such shrould be made to feel that its efforts are appreciated. The singers, aside from the soloists, give their time and their talents in return for the joy they receive in interpreting such inspiring works as "The Messiah."

The Augustana gymnasium ought to be filled the night of Dec. 10.

Ponzi's Blunder.

Ponzi, the financial wizard who startled the nation a few months ago when his schemes were publicly revealed, is to serve five months in a Boston jail. The charge to which he pleaded guilty was using the United States mails to defraud.

Ponzi promised returns on money invested in his enterprises that no sane person should have believed were possible, yet millions were poured into his offices from all sections of the country. For a period he was able to meet his guarantees, but a collapse was inevitable.

Had Ponzi been cautious enough to have avoided an entanglement with a federal statute he might still be enjoying his freedom. There are hundreds of other financiers over the country operating as boldly as he did, although possibly not on as large a scale, nor with such roseate promises as he made. But they are fully as morally, if not legally, culpable as he. This is not said in defense of Ponzi or of his enterprises, but simply to cite the weakness of a legal structure that is supposed to afford protection to the citizenship.

It is not to be expected that there ever will be laws to prevent an individual throwing his money into the lake, if he elects to do so, but there should be some means of reaching and penalizing persons who successfully practice their wiles upon the gullible. The worthless stock promoter continues to do business in this country, and he escapes legal punishment through avoiding the fatal mistake which Ponzi made—running afoul of Uncle Samuel.

But persons of Ponzi's stripe will prosper just so long as there is a public appetite to get something for nothing. The trouble with the average person with a few hundred dollars saved is that he prefers the counsel of the stranger with the red vest to that of his home friends. If the small investor—and he is the one on whom the Ponzis operate chiefly—would go to his banker for directoon he would not lose his money. The banker knows the good and the bad buys, and he is always ready to give the benefit of his knowledge to those who call on him for advice.

"CHRISTMAS SPIRIT."

A certain man once made his boast
That he would do no Christmas giving.
"A silly practice which almost
Makes me," quoth he, "regret I'm living.
Why should I spend my cash on junk
For folks who won't appreciate it?
This 'Christmas spirit' is the bunk!
There's nothing to it and I hate it!"

He slammed his desk shut, kicked his chair,
Put on his hat and went forth scowling;
And signs of Christmas everywhere
Served only to increase his growling.
"This Christmas buying is a curse;
Both clerks' and shoppers' heads are reeling,"
He barked, and hied him home to nurse
In solitude all his ill-feeling.

• • • •

He's partly right and partly wrong—
That is a fact there's no denying;
But though his voiced resolve seems strong
'Tis really weak—the man was lying.
Each year (at this time) it's a pest,
Each year he greets it with reviling,
But you will find that, like the rest,
On Christmas morn he comes up smiling.

THE Woman's club of Moline was yesterday granted articles of incorporation by the s. o. s. at Springfield. This club (we quote the w. k. United Press) "is organized for literal, musical and historical purposes." Well, Mrs. Jiggs, you know, makes some progress in "bringing up father" by the literal application of a "woman's club"—i. e., a rolling pin.

In Which Mr. Abel and Mr. Pfeiffer. Refute a "Fowl" Charge.

(From the Peoria Star).
Pekin, Nov. 24, 1920.

Mr. Editor: Seeing the account in your paper regards to Abel and Pfeiffer, wish to state that Abel and Pfeiffer, on way to Peoria engine began missing and we stopped and looked at gas guage, which showed empty. Working at Mr. Bowlby's place and knowing he had gas, we drove up and got about one gallon of what we supposed was gas. Started engine, I telling Pfeiffer that I didn't think Mr. Bowlby would care, for we were going to work at his place the same morning and would return gas and tell him of our fix.

Engine stopped about two hundred feet of Mr. Bowlby's place. There we stopped until about 7:30 a. m., when Citizens' repair car came along and helped us turn car around and gave us a pull, but engine would not start so left us.

Then came a man from Peoria and we were just ready to be pulled in when here came a couple of farmers with a shotgun and ordered us to put up our hands. Then Sheriff Whitmore and Chief Smith came along and took us to court house. We admitted getting oil, but as for chickens, we absolutely know nothing of chickens. (Signed)

GEORGE ABEL.
CLARENCE PFEIFFER.

TO encourage harassed householders in home barbering Montgomery Ward & Co. advertise in the Chicago Tribune "full nickel plated clippers of standard size . . . reduced from $1.97 to $2."

THE envelope containing the Trib. clipping interested us almost as much as its content. It has a lining of dark brown tissue. Holding it up to the light we conclude it was manufactured especially to tantalize persons who sometimes endeavor to read letters by that method. It is as transparent as a brick wall.

FOR SALE—A nice piano, $15. 203 N. 5th.—Terre Haute Star.

Probably the one Noah used to play in the Ark Jazz orchestra.

AN Iowa professor urges that people be permitted to spell as they please, "to save all the time spent in learning the prevailing fashion."

The professor disturbs himself needlessly. A considerable number refuse to be "slaves to fashion."

"ASSOCIATION employes and intimate friends of the murdered Japanese discredited the Russian's story of having been persecuted by Nakoyama, whom, they explained, was of a harmless, jovial disposition."—The Argus.

"Who, who," screeched the owl; but the reporter answered "Whom."

NOTE to the Sinn Feiners: Do your Christmas plotting early. R. E. M'G.

Heart Home Problems

by MRS. ELIZABETH THOMPSON

Mrs. Thompson gets many letters from her readers discussing the merits of her column. Some of the readers disagree with her views and occasionally she gets discouraged, but a letter like the following cheers her and makes her feel that her conscientious efforts are worth while. The writer's name is on file on the original letter.

Dear Mrs. Thompson: I am a constant and interested reader of your column; therefore you will pardon me if I congratulate you on your good, sound, motherly advice that you give to each one.

When I tell you that I am a married man, considerably past 50, with a family of grown children, some of whom are married, and that I have in my younger days come in contact and been associated with all kinds of people, you will see that I am in a better position to know and appreciate the value of your advice than many others.

If those who do not need it now would clip out your column daily, study the letters and your replies and follow your teachings, there would be fewer unhappy marriages and less domestic discord.

I thought it might encourage you to know there are many like myself who do not come to you for advice that enjoy reading your column. Naturally I am more interested in the letters from the married people.

YOURS TRULY.

Dear Mrs. Thompson: I am a widow 28 years old and mother of two children, 8 and 3.

How could I invite a friend to our house without arousing too much gossip? I live with my father. My friend is rather shy on that account. When I meet him, though, he speaks so nicely that I can't help but wish he would come some time.

I do not by any means want to be the topic of conversation among the people of our town, as it is a very gossipy place. But I am so lonesome and cannot go anywhere evenings because of no one to go with.

A READER.

Some time when you and the young man are talking, and he seems particularly interested in you, invite him to come to see you. If he is as interested as you think, he will accept your invitation without further urging.

Do not worry about what people will say. It is to be expected that they will have to talk when they see you having a caller. Their talk will be harmless, however. Being a widow it is all right for you to receive the attentions of another man.

Dear Mrs. Thompson: I have often read your department and wish to ask you some questions. What is a good remedy for blackheads? What do the names Katherine, Ann and Louise mean?

Please tell me how much a girl of 12 years and a girl of 15 years should weigh and how tall they should be? What is a good way to shampoo the hair?

THANK YOU.

A simple treatment for blackheads is to bathe the face in warm soapy water every night, using a soft brittle complexion brush. Use the brush as you would a washcloth and rub the lather well into the skin. Rinse the face well first with warm water then with cold, finishing with an ice rub.

Katherine means pure; Ann denotes grace, and Louise, feminine of Louis, means warrior.

Your weight depends entirely on your height.

Any soap containing tar makes a good shampoo. Be sure to rinse your hair thoroughly after shampooing.

Dear Mrs. Thompson: I am a girl 18 years old and a year ago last August I met a boy two years older. We seemed to be the best of friends, but lately he just speaks to me. He has a ring of mine. Do you think I should ask him personally for it or write him and tell him to send it or give it to me personally?

BABE OF WISCONSIN.

It would probably be less embarrassing for you to write a note to the young man and ask him to return the ring. It will not be necessary to suggest the way in which he should get it back to you. In your letter do not ask him why he does not come to see you. Simply write about the ring.

"Jack": I am sorry I cannot oblige you in looking up the address you desire. Such a matter could be handled through a detective agency.

"Lonely Lovers": It is contrary to the policy of my column to furnish you with the addresses of girls.

THE TRAIL BLAZER

BY DR. JAMES I. VANCE.
(Founder of Inter-Church World Movement and Chairman Federal Council of Churches of America.)

We hear much these days about the trail hitter. I speak for the trail blazer. I have nothing but cheers for the trail hitters. They mean well and want to do better. But I have more than cheers for the trail blazers.

It is great to go up against the wilderness—to strike in where no one has gone on before you; to chip the forest trees so that those who come after you may find the way, to face unseen perils, to adventure the unknown and the untried, to have a heart of courage in the dark, and a resolute will that declines to respect a barrier. All this is great. It is the story of the trail blazer.

It is, if possible, greater when the wilderness he goes up against is life itself. There are trails to be blazed in human society. Most of us meander the old cow-paths and are satisfied. Ours is a type of mind that does not take kindly to a new idea. We worship at the shrine of tradition. We have great respect for a precedent, and are quite satisfied to let well enough alone.

Not so the trail blazer. He is not a lover of the way the thing has always been done; but of the way it never has been done. He insists that wrongs are not to be endured, but redressed. He is something of a progressive, very much of a radical, occasionally an iconoclast. One must admit he is not always prudent. Sometimes in smashing idols he jostles a real saint; but if the saint is alive, he can climb back to his niche. Sometimes in clamoring for the new, he is not quite reverent to the old.

But this trail blazer is the hope of a better day. We must have some people who will plunge on, steered only by faith. The promised land is waiting.

Argus Information Bureau

(Any reader can get the answer to any question by writing The Argus Information Bureau, Frederic J. Haskin, Director, Washington, D. C. Give full name and address and enclose two-cent stamp for return postage. Be brief. All inquiries are confidential, the replies being sent direct to each individual. No attention will be paid to anonymous letters.)

Q. What is the origin of the term pin money? A. A.

A. In English law, a sum of money paid periodically by a husband to his wife for clothes and other personal expenses is designated as pin money. While the origin of the term is obscure, some writers assert that it took its name from an ancient tax levied in England for the purpose of supplying the queen with pins.

Q. How can air be weighed? G. T.

A. The bureau of standards says that the weight of air can be determined by taking a glass bulb fitted with a stopcock, exhausting the air from the bulb, weighing the bulb and then admitting air and weighing again. The difference in weight equals the weight of air contained in the bulb.

Q. What college has the largest summer school? S. L.

A. The bureau of education says that Columbia university leads at present, with an enrollment for the summer of 1920 of 9,790 students. The University of Chicago is second with 5,406 students.

Q. How long does it take to finish a battleship after it is launched? E. R. F.

A. The navy department says that the time differs somewhat, but the "California" which was launched Nov. 19, 1919, is scheduled to be put in commission in January, 1921, and the "Maryland" launched March 20, 1920, will probably be ready in July, 1921.

Q. When did Coxey's army enter Washington and how many men were in it? J. W.

A. This industrial army entered Washington on the 29th of April, 1894, numbering 336 men.

Q. Is Montenegro now a separate country? B. J. S.

A. Montenegro is now a part of Jugo-Slavia.

Q. Have the Irish members of parliament the right to vote in the house of commons? R. G.

A. Since the act of union of 1800, Ireland has been represented in the British parliament by 28 temporal peers, and 103 members in the house of commons. These members have the same privilege of voting upon all measures as have the other members of parliament.

Q. Is it true that a snake does not drink water? H. W. K.

A. The bureau of biological survey says that snakes do drink water.

Q. Who was known as "The Pope of Geneva?"

A. This was a name sometimes given to John Calvin.

Q. Who wrote "Ten Nights in a Bar Room?" E. S.

A. These verses are taken from Timothy S. Arthur's "Drunkard's Rebellion."

Q. At what age should squabs be marketed? M. R. E.

A. The department of agriculture says that squabs should be sold when from 3½ to 4½ weeks of age. Squabs are in good market condition when full feathered under the wings, about the time they begin to leave the nest. If not marketed promptly, they soon lose their baby fat and the flesh begins to get hard.

Q. In the game of "Five Hundred" do the winners at the head table change partners? B. R.

A. According to Hoyle, the winning partners progress at the various tables, and any preferred style of progression may be used. At present, it seems usual for the winners to progress from the head to the foot table and change partners, just as they do at the other tables, thereby avoiding confusion.

Q. What is the weight of a million $20 bills? J. L. G.

A. The treasury department says that a million paper bills, whether $1 or $20 bills, would weigh about three thousand pounds.

Frederic Haskin's Letter

Special Correspondence of The Argus.

To Save the Redwoods.

San Francisco, Calif., Nov. 30.—"Save the redwoods before it is too late!" is now the popular cry in California. The whole state is up in arms over the wholesale destruction of these oldest and rarest trees which is now going on. If you are a loyal Californian—if you were born there, or if your loyalty is based merely on a two-weeks' visit which you have never been able to forget, or let your friends forget—join this "save the redwoods" campaign and send an angry protest to your congressman.

Whether you have been to California or not, you have heard of its redwoods, its monster trees, which are the oldest living things in the world. Those of the Sierras are already well protected. In the Calaveras grove at Wawona, in the Sequoia National park and General Grant National park, the giant trees are safe for generations to come. But the beautiful redwoods of the coast, smaller of girth but taller even, than their Sierra cousins, are entirely without protection.

Through the heart of some of the finest groves of the coast redwoods, the state of California built its coast highway—one of the most glorious highways ever conceived by man. For several miles you bowl along under a giant sequoia archway so old and stately that it makes the motor achievements of the 20th century appear smart but insignificant. Yet the very building of this road which has made it possible for motorists to visit the redwods, has resulted in their destruction. For a good road and motor trucks have made the timber marketable, and the owners of the trees have lost no time in converting them into lumber.

Today everyone who travels over this highway is heartsick at the thought of the certain ruin that awaits the entire stand of redwoods unless sufficient funds are raised to buy the timber lands along the road and turn them into a state or national park.

Only a Few Left.

"Not such a great deal is left to be saved," explained the secretary of the Redwoods league, in discussing its campaign. "It is not such a great task that faces us, and the mills are reducing it every day. One mill is working within a hundred feet of the state highway, in the very heart of one of the most beautiful remaining groves. Signs along the road warn the motorists to beware of falling trees.

"There are only a few miles of redwods along the state highway, not more than a dozen at most," he continued, hunting through his desk for a map that would show their exact location. "You go along for some distance on a beautiful road, shaded by oaks and pine trees. Then, all at once, the road dips sharply into the shade of tremendous trees that rise in straight columns 300 feet or more in the air. They are not like the clumsy giants of the Sierras, but graceful and beautifully proportioned.

"The contrast between one of these groves and the stretches of desolation where the lumbermen have been at work is terrible. The world must have lumber, no doubt, and the redwoods must furnish their share, but there are thousands of redwoods elsewhere in the state that may be used for this purpose. To destroy the redwoods along the highway is simply a monstrous piece of vandalism that it will take 10 centuries to make amends for."

Perhaps it is the ancient tree worshiper in every man that makes him love the redwoods. There seems to be something kingly as well as awe-inspiring about them, as if, having watched man for centuries, they had nothing but pity left for him.

The sequoias at one time covered almost the entire northern hemisphere, according to scientists, who have unearthed their fossil remains in Europe, Siberia, Alaska and Canada. And of all this tremendous stretch of sequoia forest that once encircled the world, only the California redwoods of the coast and the Sierras have survived.

Among the latter, protected in the national forest are 12,000 trees which exceed 10 feet in diameter. The General Sherman tree, the most celebrated of all, is 279 feet high, with a diameter of 36 feet. The Abraham Lincoln is a close second, being 270 feet tall with a diameter of 31 feet, and the William McKinley is 291 feet tall, with a diameter of 28 feet.

The Parks.

The General Grant National park, which is sometimes mistaken for the Sequoia National park because it is separated from it only by six miles of mountains and forests, was created merely for the protection of one giant sequoia, the General Grant tree, 264 fet high and 35 feet in diameter. Next to General Grant is his distinguished neighbor, George Washington, who is only nine feet less in height and six feet less in diameter.

It is a matter of record that 3,000 fence posts, sufficient to build a wire fence around eight or nine thousand acres of land, were once made from one of these giant trees, and that was merely the first step in disposing of its great carcass. Next, 650,000 shingles—enough to cover the roofs of 70 or 80 houses—were taken from its trunk. This left hundreds of cords of firewood which had to remain where it was because it was too expensive to haul it down from the mountains.

With trees of minor but still tremendous capacity in their possession, the owners of the redwood tracts along the Coast Highway cannot be blamed for attempting to realize on the value of their timber lands. At present, according to the secretary of the Redwoods league, much of the cutting has been held up by options secured in 1919 for the price of $60,000. This money was provided by Humboldt county in California, which contributed $30,000, and by two private citizens, William Kent and Stephen Mather, who gave $15,000 each. Unfortunately, however, the options will soon expire and the coast redwoods will be wholly unprotected—unless the United States government or the state of California chooses to come to their rescue and purchase them for one more national park.

Household Hints

Menu Hint.

BREAKFAST.
Stewed Prunes
Cereal and Cream
Panned Mush Rolls
Coffee
LUNCHEON.
Creamed Dried Beef
Toast Lettuce
Stewed Prunes Tea
DINNER.
Olives Salted Nuts
Old-Fashioned Pork and Potato Pie
Peas Lettuce Corn
Baked Apples Coffee

The Dinner Dish.

Cut the left-over roast pork into small pieces and place the bones in a saucepan and add sufficient water to cover and add four finely minced onions, one carrot, minced fine, one-half cup of celery, minced fine. Cook slowly for one hour and then remove the bones and add the prepared meat. Season and thicken the gravy. Now pare and mash three pounds of potatoes and season. Grease a casserole or deep glass pie plate and place a thin layer of the potatoes as a crust around the sides and bottom of the dish. Turn in the prepared meat and cover whole with a thin layer of mashed potatoes. Sprinkle with grated cheese. Bake in a moderate over for 35 minutes.

As to Peanuts.

Peanuts we learned to make the best of during the war in order to save both meats and fats. But we also learned to like them. And even now we do not want to give them up.

Cottage Cheese Loaf—Two cups cottage cheese, one cup left-over cereal, one cup bread crumbs (dried in oven), four tablespoons peanut butter, one-half cup chopped peanuts, one teaspoon onion juice, a pinch of sage, salt, cayenne and paprika. Liquid, if necessary, to mix. Form into a loaf and bake 25 minutes or until brown. Or bake in a greased bread tin and turn out on a platter. The cracklings left from tried-out fat or partially tried-out ground suet may be used in place of peanut butter.

Peanut Salad—One pound fresh roasted peanuts, one head of crisp lettuce. Wash the lettuce and crisp it in the refrigerator. Halve the nuts and pile them in the leaves of lettuce. Dress with French dressing.

VEGETABLE DISHES.

Creamed Corn in Carrot Cups.—Scrape the carrots and cook in slightly salted water until about half done; then lift out of the water, and cut off about two inches from the stem end and form into little cups by scooping out part of the carrot. Sprinkle the inside with salt and pepper, add a little butter, fill with creamed corn. Place in a moderate oven, add a little water to the pan and cook until tender.

Escalloped Carrots.—Three carrots, one-half teaspoon salt, one tablespoon butter, one cup bread crumbs, two tablespoons cream and one-third cup cheese. Grate carrots and cook in double boiler, add salt and cream and place in baking dish. Sprinkle with grated cheese and cover with buttered crumbs. Brown in oven.

Escalloped Corn.—One egg may be saved in making corn pudding, or escalloped corn, by substituting a spoonful or cornmeal. Use a can of corn, placing it in the casserole with alternate layers of cracker crumbs and seasoning with salt, pepper and butter freely. Over this pour two cups of hot milk into which a scant tablespoon of yellow cornmeal has been stirred. Bake in a rather hot oven till cracker crumbs on top are golden brown. If the gas pressure is poor, place casserole below the flame to brown for a few minutes.

Doughnut Recipes.

Cream Doughnuts—One cup sugar, three eggs, three-quarters cup cream, one-quarter cup milk, one-quarter teaspoon cinnamon one teaspoon soda, two teaspoons tartar (slightly rounding), one and one-half teaspoon salt, one-quarter teaspoon grated nutmeg, flour to roll.

Beat yolks of eggs; add sugar, cream, milk, soda, cream tartar, spices and salt mixed and sifted with part of flour, whites of eggs beaten stiff, and flour to make a dough stiff enough to roll out. Shape and fry in deep fat. Doughnuts should come to the top quickly, cook on one side, then be turned and cooked on the other. If fat is too cold, doughnuts will absorb fat; if too hot, they will cook on the outside before sufficiently risen. Start with high flame and turn it down if grease becomes too hot.

Sour Milk Doughnuts—One egg, one cup sugar, one cup sour milk, one tablespoon sour cream, one-half teaspoon salt, one-half teaspoon cinnamon, one-half teaspoon nutmeg, flour (about three cups.)

Beat egg, add sugar; beat hard, add sour milk and cream, then flour mixed with remainder of dry materials; add enough flour to handle, just keep as soft as possible. Cut and fry in deep fat.

A cement kitchen floor is ideal; it can be hose washed, is sanitary and theirpest in the end.

THE DAILY SHORT STORY

A LITTLE HOUSE.

By Mrs. Lydia Lyon Roberts.
(Copyright, 1920, by Wheeler, Syndicate, Inc.)

"I want bay-windows in every room," decided Phyllis, "and a breakfast room and a sun porch and a pergola and—"

"But this has got to be a little house, sweetheart," gently interrupted Earl Goodwin, looking with tender pride at the dimpled cheeks and shining blue eyes of the girl facing him.

Phyllis scowled at him across the table, where lay the plans of the house they were soon to build.

"I feel cross tonight," she warned. "Everything has gone wrong today, and sometimes I wish I was so rich I could just do everything I wanted without someone always saying I mustn't."

A hurt look crept into Earl's clear brown eyes and he said quickly: "I wish I was rich, dear, for your sake."

"I wish you were," candidly replied Phyllis. "Now don't get offended, Earl. I meant I just had to fall in love with you anyway, but why couldn't one of us have had some money?"

Earl made no answer, but again studied the plans. "We can afford a few bay windows," he said [illegible], "and the builder tells me I have to have cheaper floors [illegible] expensive woods—[illegible] to keep within [illegible] cheaper [illegible] will not come back."

"[illegible] thing of the best. It is our first home, and I ought to have it as I want it."

"You are unreasonable," said Earl quietly, as he gathered up the papers.

"And you are set and stubborn," retorted Phyllis.

A flash from her blue eyes lighted a spark in Earl's brown eyes and after some quick words which neither of them meant to say, Earl coldly bowed himself out and Phyllis went haughtily to bed.

In the sunshine of the next day the quarrel seemed foolish, and Phyllis planned to be especially pleasant and loving that evening when Earl called. She sat waiting on the piazza, watching the young people go by to the band concert. "All the world goes in twos," she thought dreamily, and a wave of happiness swept over her that she, too, had found her man.

The hours went by and still she sat alone, her expectancy changing to surprise and finally to fear. "He never has stayed away because of our quarrels before," she puzzled. "He knows how quick tempered I am, and how his slow, quiet ways sometimes make me feel contrary. This is the first time in all our two years' engagement that he has ever failed to come all ready to forgive and forget."

Her mother's warning after a past quarrel came into her mind. "Phyllis, dear," she had said, "Earl's love for you is too deep and true to be trifled with. You go very near the danger line with him. Some day he will not come back."

For three nights Phyllis sat on the piazza behind the vines and waited.

"I've got to do something," she whispered to her mirror the third night. "Earl is really hurt, and thinks I mind his being poor. Bay windows and pergolas! As if I really cared for anything but a house with him in it." Her eyes fell on a book she had been reading, and a verse caught her attention.

"All the wide world over there are
little houses,
Silent in the starlight, shining in
the dew,
There with children's laughter and
the loving hearts of women
God, the mighty Builder, builds
the world anew."

The tears came to her eyes as she read. "That's what he said, "a little house, sweetheart." Yes, a dear little house. Oh, Earl! dear, I don't care what the woodwork is if love is the foundation, and it is painted and papered with sunshine and happiness." She buried her face in the pillow until she had cried herself quiet again and lay there planning.

"It's a dreadful blow to my pride," she thought. "How will I ever tell him I'm really sorry and didn't mean a word of it? After this I'll—I'll bite my tongue if it ever hurts him again. Perhaps he is tired of my whims and foolishness. Perhaps he thinks I don't love him and he'll go away. Oh, dear, what shall I do?"

The insistent tinkle of a phonograph next door forced itself on her attention. She listened a minute and then jumped up smiling. "Of course! Just the thing! I'll send it to him tomorrow, and if he still loves me he will understand."

The next evening Earl Goodwin came slowly home from work, gravely trying to decide the questions that had vexed him lately: "Was he no good because he wasn't a rich man? Did the girls want a lot nowadays? Ought not a girl as fine, as sensitive, as pretty, to have everything as perfect as possible? Was there any use in trying again?"

"Here is your mail dear," called him mother, as he came in.

"Who in the world is sending me music?" Earl asked in surprise. It looked like—like her writing on the wrapper. She knows I can't sing though, so, of course, it can't be." Wonderingly he unrolled the song and began to read the words. Suddenly he clutched the paper eagerly and his eyes lighted, his shoulders straightened, and his whole face beamed. The second page was heavily underlined and he read:

"Ever comes the question old
Shall we build for pride,
Or shall brick and mortar hold
Warmth and love inside?"

He hastily read the verses and turned to the chorus. Heavy black marks were around the last two lines and one word was changed so the message went straight to his heart:

"Better than a palace with a gilded
dome
Is a love-nest WE can call home."

"Mother!" called Earl, in a ringing voice, "I won't be home until late. No, I won't wait for supper. I guess Phyllis will give me some."