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With the Wind in Her Face

By ANNIE HAMILTON DONNELL.

PART II.

They were like sweethearts at their first parting—they were sweethearts. Actually there were tears in Philippa's blue eyes; two days were so long.

"Tell Grandmums not to mind growing old—tell her she can lean on us; the dear!"

"Lean nothing! I shall tell her to put on all brakes and stop right where she is. I'm going down there and preach Anti-Age. Wait till you see what I accomplish. Phil, darling, aren't you going to let me kiss you good-bye?"

His destination proved to be a delightful little hamlet of fine old white houses set among many trees. In one of those houses lived poor declining Grandmums and Luther inquired of the station master which house.

"Mis' Moody—Angelina Moody, you mean? Well, now I don't believe you'll find Angelina to home this afternoon. Alf! Alf!" booming a deep call to a man in blue jeans at the end of the platform, "Angelina Moody went over to Tilden, didn't she, along 'bout two hours ago? You see her go past, didn't you, Alf?"

To Luther's mystification the answer of Alf was delivered in the form of an open wink followed by a distinct and carrying chuckle. The station master laughed enjoyingly.

"That's right—she's over to Tilden. You'll find her over there, mister. Tilden's our county town; court's settin' over there. Angelina'll be at the court house—she had business over to court, didn't she, Alf?"

Again the wink, again the chuckle. Luther began to feel wrathful—like doubling up his fists and pitching into these two grinners, in defense of Angelina Moody who was indubitably Grandmums. But the station masters next remark delivered in tones of admiring pride saved the station master. "She's great, Angelina is! She'll get the best of them!"

"Is Tilden far from here? Can I get conveyance there?"

"Sure you can, mister. I'll take you over myself—only two miles by the Mill road. Alf, you stay around till the six o'clock, will ye? An' say, you can deliver them two expresses over to Angelina's while 'you're waiting."

All the way over the Mill road the station master was pleasantly communicative but only his first remark remained in Luther's mind. Remained? It took hold violently, winked and grinned at him.

"Yes, sir, everybody our way was pleased as Punch 'n' Judy when the old lady was took up for breaking the speed limits. Angelina was tickled, too, I bet! I bet she liked it!"

Angelina — Grandmums — Speed limit—Grandmums! Luther yearned for Philippa to hear what he was hearing.

"If we drive straight to the court-house, mebbe we'll be in time for Angelina's hearin'—git up, you!" with a sudden flapping of reins. "Cracky, it's be worth something to be there! There's liable to be scrappin' 'tween the old Jedge 'n' Angelina. Him an' her used to go to town school together. Plenty o' folks expected 'em to make a match of it but I guess they never stopped scrappin' long enough for the Jedge to propose! Giddup!"

They were in time. As long as he lived that picture would live on the walls of Luther's memory: A big bare room; dust and cobwebs and sunshine; the Jedge and Angelina. All the others were mere background to those two.

Not for an instant had Luther been in doubt of its being Grandmums. He saw a plumpened, brisk, ripened Philippa—Philippa's straight shoulders and small fine head; Philippa's tantalizing little wisps of curls around the ears. This ripened Philippa was speaking in a clear and happy voice. She was looking straight at the Jedge.

"Forty-two miles—that isn't bad, but I could do better. I wouldn't have missed it for anything—go ahead and fine me, William Stickney. You wouldn't dare to go forty-two miles an hour. You never dared to slide down Old Breakneck—we never could make you. That time I did succeed in getting you on the sled at the top——"

"Order in the court! The defendant is in danger of additional fine for contempt." The judicial eyes behind the gold-bowed spectacles were twinkling with enjoyment. The scrap was on. Luther heard the station master chuckling at his side.

"You always were a little timid, William. I can well remember how meekly you took all those floggings ——"

"That you would have had to take if I hadn't stepped up like a little gentleman!" The retort shot out involuntarily as though the Jedge were not a Jedge but a mere man or—boy. But instantly the mantle of his dignified office fell about him again like a shrouding garment. A flush tinged his grizzled cheeks.

"The prisoner will please confine her remarks to the matter in hand. Tell the court, please, what the speedometer registered when——"

"Yes, you were rather a good little scout," conceded Grandmums reminiscently. She was enjoying herself beyond the speed limit. "You made a nice soft little buffer, William! You always did manage to get me out of scrapes."

"If you think I'm going to get you out of this one——" There he went again! Angelina Moody was putting the dickens into him and taking the dignity out. Wrath seized upon the Jedge.

"Order!" he pounded sternly. "The dignity of the court——"

"Mercy, I don't expect anything! Go ahead and fine me a nice fat fine, why don't you, and then come outside and I'll give you the spin of your life. For-ty-two miles, William!" purred Grandmums. Listeners broke into joyous applause. The bare cobwebby place rocked with joy. Grandmum's beaming face regarded the face (beaming, too, but under such cover of decency as was possible) of Judge Stickney. But the judicial voice was tremulously stern although behind the gold-bowed spectacles much was going on.

(To be concluded.)

WHEAT V. MEAT.

In Every Respect Cereals Are Better Body-builders Than Steaks.

One pound of wheat is of greater value as food than a pound of meat. If we remove the fat, a beef-steak weighing two pounds is of less value than one pound of wheat. Moreover, a man can live and be healthy and strong upon bread made from wheat, but he could not live solely upon the lean of a beef-steak.

Meat is an appetizer and a stimulant and eaten too freely is the cause of a good many deaths among those getting into years. Eaten, however, in moderation, it is useful to the growing child and the manual worker, but the sedentary worker is better without it unless he takes abundant exercise.

Wheat is not only much more nutritious than meat, poultry, and fish, but it is more economical to the consumer as well as to the nation at large.

One pound of wheat contains about thirteen ounces of nutritive food, the remaining three ounces consisting chiefly of water and fibre. One pound of the lean portion of meat contains only four ounces of nutritive food.

Difficulties.

Johnny and Jimmy were at a party, and, being away in a corner at supper-time, they were not looked after very well. They managed to get some jelly and bread-and-butter, but no spoons.

"How shall we eat our jelly?" asked Jimmy.

"Balance it on our bread-and-butter," said Johnny.

"I tried that," retorted Tommy, "but it won's stay on; it's too nervous."

When boiling fish remove all scum quickly as it rises to the top of the water, as it deadens the flavor of the fish if allowed to remain in the pan.

The case of the great Napoleon was one of the few on record of a person whose [illegible] first finger was longer than his middle finger.

"Papa, where is Atoms?" "Atoms! I don't know, my boy. You mean Athens probably." "No. I mean Atoms—the place where everything is blown to."

Things Worth While.

I have been thinking a great deal lately about things really worth while. Ever since the young mother wrote and asked the help of some old readers in planning her work so as to get everything done, I've been speculating on how many of us really plan to do the most important things.

Of course, none of us ever get everything done, whether we are housekeepers or farmers, or clerks. One woman tells me she never sees a day that she doesn't plan to do just four times as much as any one person could do, and while that seems like rather pretentious planning, many of us never see a day that we couldn't find at least four times as much work waiting for us as we ever get done. I have been wondering about that feature of it, the amount of work we see and our state of mind concerning it. Don't some of us conscientious housekeepers see too much? Isn't that what tires us? Honestly, is it the quantity of work you have done that keeps you tossing about nights, or the worrying over what you should have done, and didn't do? Doesn't it tire you more to think about what you should do, than actually to do the regular day's tasks.

Aren't housekeepers as a rule especially if there are children, troubled with the overwork habit? Don't they spend too much time at hard labor and not enough at play? No one knows better than I that you could work every hour of the twenty-four and still not get everything done. But on the other hand, haven't you found when you did plan to get a little play spell that you worked all the better for it? You could work with a better spirit while preparing for the holiday, and after it you came back with quickened wits and a new zest for the ordinary, humdrum duties.

It has been some time since I was a country school teacher, but I still have a pleasant memory of one home in which I lived a year. And the memory is not because of the wonderful cookery or perfect housekeeping, though no one could find fault with them. It was a busy farm home, with three active children, and we all know that spells work. But every day, rain or shine, haying, harvest, or slack time, there was a half hour for a "sing." Everyone got around the little five-octave organ and someone played while every one sang. There were no Carusos nor Melbas in the group, but the singing pleased us all the better because we did it ourselves and we all felt it. We sang because we liked to and the words had a definite meaning to us. No jazz nor "Hawaiian Dreams," in fact, no ragtime of any sort. So you see it was quite a while ago. For the most part we sang gospel hymns with an occasional patriotic song. Possibly we sang off key, I know one of us did, and perhaps no impresario would have stopped in the road to listen, but anyhow we enjoyed the brief rest from work and we got something which took us through another day in better spirit.

You may not care for the "sing." But isn't the idea of taking a half-hour off worth something? Perhaps you would rather read, or get outdoors and walk, or sit down and rock and crochet. Or it may be a nap is what you need. If you are one of those uncounted women who has secretly pined to do some special thing and never found the time, why not take a half-hour daily for your "fad"? It is surprising how much you can accomplish in thirty minutes daily. That means three hours a week, nearly a half-day.

We lay too much stress on what we term necessities. Many of the necessities are so only in name. We could get along without quite a number of them. And we pay too little attention to the really worth-while things of the mind and soul. Resolve to give yourself a daily play spell, and you will find the hours spent at hard labor will be easier.

What To Do With Cheese.

Cheese Salad in Gelatin.—Whites of two eggs well beaten, one cup cheese, two tablespoons granulated gelatin, one and one-half cups water. Add to the whites of eggs, beaten until stiff, the cheese and gelatin dissolved in hot water and cooled. Pour into individual molds, and when set serve with mayonnaise dressing.

Cheese Patties.—Scald one cup milk, add one-half cup grated cheese, one beaten egg, and a little salt and pepper. Put over fire, and stir until the mixture is smooth and thick. Remove from fire, and add one tablespoon butter. Moisten slices of bread in milk, cover with the prepared cheese, and bake in a quick oven for ten minutes.

Cheese Fingers.—Beat to a stiff froth two egg whites and fold in lightly a scant cup grated cheese. Season to taste with salt and a dash of red pepper. Spread lightly on long narrow crackers, and brown in the oven. These are very dainty served hot or cold.

Cheese Relish.—Take one package of cream cheese, mash it with a fork and mix with whipped cream, making it to the consistency to be rolled in balls. Make into rounds, then roll these balls into finely chopped nuts. Serve with salad.

Step-Saving Hints.

For years I worked in a large kitchen—in a kitchen which was even larger than our dining room. It was used for almost everything—as a meeting place for the men who were waiting for their meals, as well as for a laundry.

When we had saved up enough to fix over our house, I determined that I would have the kitchen the way I wanted it. It would be my workshop and not a place to do general chores. I decided to adopt the efficiency measures used in business. If time and energy could be saved by routing work in an orderly and systematic manner in factories, why not in my kitchen? My new kitchen should be arranged so that steps would not have to be retraced.

So now my husband has an office where the men wait for meals, and the laundry work is done in a separate room provided for that purpose. Both the men and I find this arrangement much more pleasant.

I use my kitchen now almost exclusively for the work for which it was intended—the preparing and clearing away of meals. In the arrangement I followed a plan recommended by a domestic science specialist whom I know, and I have found it a great time and step saver.

In preparing a meal the raw food and utensils arep laced to the left of the stove. The serving table used for assembling the dishes for the dining room is to the right of the stove. The soiled dishes are brought from the dining room to the right side of the sink, where they are washed. They are drained on the left side of the sink. The cupboard for the china is near the dining room and the cooking utensils are placed close to the stove.

This same specialist told me the following important points about kitchens in general, and as I followed most of the suggestions in building my own kitchen I can vouch for their worth:

"Kitchens are built smaller now than formerly. In the ideal kitchen the cupboards are built in the walls. Kitchen equipment can be placed to the best advantage in an oblong kitchen with windows on two sides. The woodwork should be plain and flat, without panels. In choosing the color for the walls the housewife should be guided by the position of the room. A north room needs a warmer tint than a south room. The best floor covering is hardwood or linoleum, which should be varnished once a year, and oftener if there is much wear. Electricity is the ideal fuel, but if this is not available, and wood or coal must be used, provision should be made to use kerosene or gasoline in the summer. The use of a fireless cooker saves fuel.

A Homekeepers' Profession.

I am a woman sixty-five years old—or rather young, for I won't be called old until I'm useless. I own my own house in the town where my children were born, and I have an income that, with painstaking economy, would suffice for my actual needs.

But I wanted to do something that would occupy me more than my little housekeeping and social visiting would do, and also perhaps bring me a little money, so I hit upon this plan: I told my acquaintances who had children that I'd take care of the children for them when they wanted to go out in the afternoon or evening. They were only too glad to take up my offer, and I soon had to refuse requests for my services. I charge 50 cents for an afternoon or evening, and I often make $5 or $6 a week, besides having my mornings to myself, and time for my own social calls.

The work is very congenial. I have not lost any caste on account of it—every one in the town now regards me as the teacher-guardian-grandmother of the children. And sometimes, if I do not feel like going out, the children come to me. I am quite happy, and I believe that many other women of my age would be equally happy in doing the same thing.

PRINCE IS A GOOD LANDLORD.

Heir to Throne Interests Himself in Duchy of Cornwall Tenants.

Since his return to London the Prince of Wales has displayed the greatest personal interest in the London tenants on the Duchy of Cornwall estate. He has expressed his intention to become acquainted with them all, and, following a visit to them recently he, accompanied by Princess Mary, spent another afternoon with them at the Old Tenants' Hostel.

The Prince remained a long time with each tenant, all of whom had had relations serving in the forces, and inquired particularly into their experiences. One of the tenants with whom he chatted is said to be the oldest living clown in England; though 79 years of age, he appeared at Drury Lane Theatre this year.

Important schemes for the development of the Duchy estates are under consideration, and will be carried out when a return to normal conditions permits. The housing scheme upon the London property of the Duchy, which was interrupted by the war, will be resumed, and in the meantime many of the larger houses are being converted into tenements.

In Cornwall the natural resources of the Duchy estate are to be explored and developed. A diamond drill is to be set up in connection with the wolfram mines, and, where mineral resources are found, full investigation will be made to ascertain whether by the application of modern scientific methods they can be worked with profit. The oyster fisheries, near Falmouth, revived during the war, having proved very successful, are to be much extended. On the land a co-partnership scheme is to be tried, the workers on the large farms being given a fixed wage and a share of the profits, while for those who prefer to be more independent small holdings are to be established.

It is proposed to plant trees on the eastern side of Dartmoor upon about 250 acres each year, and it is hoped by establishing small holdings nearby to provide work in the winter for small holders. Nothing can be done at present owing to the difficulty of providing the necessary buildings, but when the small holdings are established they will be offered to the people of Dartmoor, knowledge of local conditions being regarded as essential to success in this district.

Apple Blossoms.

Apple blossoms pink and white,
Swinging censers in the light,
Storing honey for the bees,
Decking all the orchard trees,
Say the meaning of your beauty—
Is it joy or is it duty?

"Joy and duty both are ours,
Fruit must follow after flowers;
Ours the wistful rains of spring;
Ours the bud, the blossoming,
Ours the gladness, ours the giving
That fulfils the plan of living."

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Anticipating the Break.

Pat and Mike were working on a new building. Pat was laying bricks and Mike was carrying the hod. Mike had just come up to the fourth floor when the dinner whistle blew. His lunch was on the ground.

"I hate to walk down after it, he said.

"Take hold of this rope," said Pat, "and I'll let you down."

Pat let him down half way and then let go of the rope. Mike landed in a mortar bed not much hurt, but terribly angry.

"And why did ye let go of the rope?" he demanded.

"I thought it was going to break," said Pat, "and I had presence of mind enough to let go."

"Who would succeed in the world should be wise in the use of his pronouns Utter the You twenty times where you once utter the I."—John Hay.

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