Particular People

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"SALADA"

TEA H515

The most delicious blend procurable.

Woman's Sphere

SUPPLIES FOR ENTERTAINING.

In entertaining large companies one is frequently at a loss to know just how much to provide in the matter of refreshments, an uncertainty productive of much waste, as a rule, for the tendency is to have an oversupply rather than run short at the last moment. The high cost of everything is forcing us to be economical even in our hospitality. In catering for fifty persons the following will be a reasonable amount to provide: One and a half pounds of coffee, three pounds of loaf sugar, three pints of cream, three quart molds of jelly, five loaf cakes, two quarts of olives or pickles, three pounds of salted nuts, two and a half gallons of ice cream or eight quart bricks.

Chicken salad for the same number will require twelve pounds of chicken, fifteen heads of celery and one quart of mayonnaise. Nine pints of oysters will make sufficient scalloped oysters. Ices not being served in large portions two gallons will be quite enough.

If layer cakes are substituted for the loaf cakes, three medium-sized ones should be supplied. For two kinds of sandwiches, about ten loaves of bread are necessary, the regular corrugated sandwich loaf being preferable, and two and a half pounds of butter. Eight pounds of sliced boiled ham will make fifty sandwiches, or one quart of chopped meat will go as far. Have the bread a day old and, to facilitate matters, slightly melt the butter and apply it with a pastry brush before cutting each slice. Put the coffee in clean salt bags to save straining, but be careful to fill them only half full, to allow room for swelling, and tie or sew the edges together.

To make an orange punch for fifty guests, use the juice of fifteen lemons, four and a half dozen oranges, seven pounds of sugar, twenty-five pounds of cracked ice and one quart of cherries.

A delicious chocolate for a large crowd is made as follows: Mix together two cupfuls of sugar, one-quarter teaspoonful of salt, eight level tablespoonfuls of cornstarch and sixteen ounces of cocoa or chocolate. Stir to a paste with four pint cans of evaporated milk and pour over it four quarts of boiling water. Stir until it begins to thicken, then cover and allow to simmer for ten minutes.

To make one quart of boiled mayonnaise, which is the best kind to serve for a mixed gathering, as many persons dislike an oil dressing, but almost everybody likes mayonnaise, heat one and one-quarter pints of weakened vinegar in granite pan, add one heaping tablespoonful of butter and bring the mixture to the boiling point. In the meantime, beat together the yolks of six eggs, a half teaspoonful of dry mustard, one tablespoonful of sugar, a half teaspoonful of salt, a saltspoonful of pepper and a dash of red pepper. Over this slowly pour the hot vinegar, stirring until thick.

IN MODERATE CIRCUMSTANCES BUT HAS THEM ALL.

I do not like this spirit of antagonism so often exhibited when the question of household conveniences comes up, so much stress being laid on the man's abundant supply of tools, etc. I find very often the wife is slow to put in improvements when she herself has the money. A hearty cooperation between husband and wife is the better way. I have never yet been obliged to ask for any kitchen convenience. Our house is equipped with:

1. Electricity. We have a power washer, iron, and vacuum cleaner, lights in all rooms, including closets and dark corners.

2. Two electric water systems, one for hard water, and one for soft. These systems have no storage tanks (except the cistern for soft water), and were installed by my husband himself, thus saving much expense. The hard water is piped to the kitchen sink and the bath room, besides three out-door hydrants for sprinkling lawns and cleaning porches and windows. It is also piped to the hen house and barn. The soft water, hot and cold, is piped to the bath room and kitchen sink and the range reservoir.

3. A large kitchen cupboard, eight feet long and as high as the room. This cupboard is made in two parts with a space of eighteen inches between. The lower cupboard is ten inches wider than the upper one, making a large convenient shelf for setting things, this shelf being covered with aluminum. The lower part is fitted with a covered tin bread box, above which is a bread board which pushes in when not in use.

4. An enameled sink, seventy-two inches in length, with front apron, high back, and two drain boards, all cast in one piece. This sink has faucets for warm and cold soft water and for cold hard water.

It has taken many years to accomplish all of this, as we are in very moderate circumstances, but please do not talk to me about stingy husbands. —M. W. H.

A PRETTY "DAY" DRESS.

4673. This model is good for the new figured silks and printed cottons. It will also develop well in linen and alpaca.

The Pattern is cut in 7 Sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. A 38-inch size requires 4⅝ yards of 40-inch material. The width at the foot with plaits extended is 2 yards.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver, by the Wilson Publishing Co., 73 West Adelaide St., Toronto. Allow two weeks for receipt of pattern.

Send 12c in silver for our up-to-date Spring and Summer 1924 Book of Fashions.

PRESSING THE SEAMS.

If we press every seam on coats and dresses as our work progresses, and then give a final pressing when a garment is finished, our work will take on a professional look that can hardly be secured in any other way.

EVER TRY BATH MITTS?

Make a pair of bath mitts from an old bath towel and use for taking your bath. Until you try it, you have no idea how much enjoyment you can derive by using them as wash cloths. You can take a sponge in half the usual time.

BEHIND THE PICTURES.

To prevent ugly dust lines on the paper behind the pictures drive a small brass-headed tack in each lower corner of the frame to hold it out from the wall so that air can circulate behind it.

Sentimental.

"Let me see," said the young man thoughtfully. "I've got to buy some flowers, and some chocolates, and theatre tickets, and——"

"Doing mental arithmetic?" asked the senior clerk.

"No, sentimental arithmetic," was the reply.

The highest roost is not the safest roost.

Forget the wound even though the scar reminds.

Minard's Liniment for Dandruff.

CREAM

We want YOUR Cream. We pay highest price. We supply cans. Make daily returns. To obtain best results write now for cans to

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ISSUE NO. 16—'24.

The Twenty-Four Hour Croesus

BY ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE.

PART II.

As I handed in the order and received the little sheaf of varicolored bills that to-day represented so little to me, a stout man at my elbow observed:

"Are you up here on office business, Clough?"

There was cold reproof in the tones. I turned to confront "Son"—as we clerks disrespectfully alluded to the junior partner of "Knolles & Son"—whom we all cordially detested. He tried always to be a martinet, and succeeded in being only a fussy petty tyrant.

"No, Mr. Knolles," I rejoined calmly, and without a trace of the humble respect he loved to enforce from us; "I am here on my own business."

"In office hours?" he rasped.

"Precisely," I agreed, with a pleasant smile. "I shall drop in at the office for a few minutes later in the day, but I am going to loaf this morning."

Had a lisping kindergarten child hurled a bomb at him, "Son" could not have shown more genuine and choleric amaze.

"Don't lose your temper," I adjured coolly. "With a thick neck like yours, temper is liable to lead to apoplexy."

"What—what does this impertinence—this—this—this absence from your duties—what does it mean? I demand to know. Are you drunk or—"

"I'm a millionaire," I retorted very quietly.

"I do not care for flippancy," he rebuked, when he could catch his breath. "You will go at once to the office. Later in the morning I shall——"

"I told you, Son," I cut in, "that I am not going to the office yet. When I do go it will be only to clean out my desk and resign. In case you still think I am drunk, perhaps this will change your mind."

I handed him the telegram. He read it in silent wonder. Then he held out his thick, fat hand and said with stiff playfulness:

"This is indeed a lightning leap from poverty to affluence. Shake hands."

"Mr. Knolles," I answered, looking down at his open paw as at some odd specimen of fauna, "last month, when you came back from your vacation, I tried to welcome you to the office by shaking hands with you. You ignored my hand. Later, I heard you tell your father I ought to know my place better than to attempt such a familiarity. I won't detain you any longer. With my new responsibilities I must choose my acquaintances with more care than formerly."

I left him gasping at me like a fish out of water, and strolled out of the bank.

I hailed a taxicab, a luxury I had allowed myself but twice before in all my life—and sped uptown. I stopped once at a florist's, and emerged with an armful of glorious American Beauty roses, again at a confectioner's, and brought out a wondrous silken hand-painted five-pound box of candy.

Then I sat back in the taxi and tried to look like a plutocrat as we sped Harlemward.

My cargo and I were soon ushered into the dainty little drawing-room of a West Side apartment and I was facing the wondering, delighted eyes of the one girl.

"Harry," she exclaimed, "what are you doing here at this unearthly hour? And—oh, what flowers! Thank you ten thousand times. But, you extravagant boy, you know we can't afford such things, now that we're saving up for——"

"Madge," I interrupted, holding her at arms' length and looking down solemnly into her flushed, lovely little face, "how long have we been engaged?"

"As if you didn't know. Two years next——"

"And why haven't we married sooner?"

"Are you crazy? Because you said you wouldn't marry any girl until you had a salary of at least $100 a week. And you're only earning——"

"To-day is Tuesday. Can you get ready to marry me a week from to-day?"

"Harry, Knolles & Son haven't raised you to one hundred?"

"My present income," said I airily, "is—let me see—at 5 per cent., fifty-two weeks to the year—well, a fraction under one thousand two hundred dollars a week!"

"It—it isn't nice to make fun of our beautiful little hopes like that, Harry," she reproved softly. "If——"

"Dear," I interrupted, "this is the second time in an hour that I've been accused of practical joking. You, at least, ought to know how I hate the very sight of a practical joker. Didn't I nearly lose my job for thrashing that idiotic little Murray Shane at the office because he got me to the telephone on a fake message from you?"

"Yes," she admitted, "you did. And he swore he'd get even with you if it took him a lifetime."

"Well, he'll have to do it somewhere else than in the office," I laughed, "for I'm leaving Knolles & Son to-day."

"Leaving!" she echoed anxiously. "You're—you're not discharged? Oh, what is the mystery? You aren't one bit like yourself."

"No," I made answer. "I am like a millionaire. Probably because I am one."

I handed her the telegram.

Why go into the raptures and plans and air castles of the next half hour? After all, some things are sacred.

After that blissful time we consecrated the rest of the morning to plutocratic pursuits. In a taxicab we took a really wonderful ride through the park and alongside Riverside Drive, Madge and I.

We watched with lofty, joyous scorn the greedy haste of the little "indicator" in scoring up new and larger figures. What was an extra dime or dollar to us?

We picked out no fewer than fourteen ideal houses and three grand building sites as we whizzed along, mentally furnishing and improving each residence and creating on the vacant lots veritable Aladdin palaces.

Then we turned south and raided two Fifth Avenue jewelers. Here Madge forced me to temporary sanity. One brooch, one little ring and a chased gold card-case were all she would let me get her.

We lunched at Sherry's—a place we had hitherto only known by name. Again I paid a record price for the privilege of eating like a millionaire.

Oh, it was a joyous morning!

Made had an engagement at 2. So, still in my trusty taxicab, I wended my way to the office. If I had limped up to the door with mud-splashed clothes, every one I know would have been lounging just outside. As I whirled up in a taxi not a soul, of course, was in sight.

I wandered into the clerk's room, hat on head, cigar in mouth. Five minutes later my news was out. I was a hero.

My hand was wrung so often, so hard, so frantically, that my arm was numb to the shoulder. It well-nigh brought a lump to my throat to see how honestly glad the whole crowd seemed to be. Not one, apparently, grudged me my good luck—not one cringed or toadied.

If for no other reason I should have rejoiced in my fortune because of the insight it gave me into my office brethren's regard for myself.

The only man in the whole place whom I did not like—Murray Shane, self-appointed humorist of the office—was out of town on a tour for the firm. His absence gave me an idea. I was quick to voice it.

I forthwith invited every clerk in the place to dine with me that night at the club, and to celebrate my departure from Knolles & Son's in a banquet so notable that, henceforth, time would be dated from that hour.

There was unanimous acceptance. I called up the club steward, gave elaborate orders, and then proceeded to clean out my desk.

As I was leaving the office I almost collided with Son Knolles.

"I hear you are giving a dinner tonight," said he, with a visible effort at cordiality. "I am invited, of course?"

"I am sorry," I answered, as politely as I could, "but it is just a little dinner to my old associates here."

"So!" he sneered, "A chance to patronize former equals, eh?"

"No," I returned. "A chance to let them forget for the moment that they have the bad luck to work for you."

(To be concluded.)

The Official Baby.

The arrival of a party of Swazi chiefs in England reminds the London Chronicle of the visit of a similar deputation in 1894 and its introducton to Queen Victoria, which shook a little even her experienced equanimity.

"We come, O great mother," translated the interpreter, "to bring to thee our babe. Take him, O mother, to thy knees; fold him to thy breast."

At that stage the queen was becoming alarmed. "But where is the child?" she cried. "I don't see him."

"Here, O Mother," said the Swazi, gravely bringing forward a powerful savage six feet tall and weighing considerably more than two hundred pounds. "Here he is."

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Minard's Liniment Heals Cuts.

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