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FOR THE VERY YOUNG COOKS.

If you would have gifts for your daughters or for the little girls of your acquaintance at small cost perhaps you will like my plan which seems to give pleasure all out of proportion to the expense and effort required.

Whether they grow up to be very domestic in their tastes or not, there is a time when all girls love to bake cakes, biscuit, cookies and pies. They usually drive their mothers quite distracted begging to stir mother's batter and soon after begin to tease to be allowed to "bake one all by myself."

This stage of wanting to bake something without help is usually even more troublesome for Mother because she fears the result with its waste of eggs, shortening and sugar when there is a failure. Mother knows how soon, at best, her sugar sack gets empty and sugar must not be wasted.

Yet, how can Mother expect her girl to grow up to be the good little helper she needs or later the capable wife she should be if every desire to help and learn how is squelched? Small wonder if girls seem to "take to" other things when they are old enough to be of real help if never allowed to begin earlier.

Many mothers who would really like to begin their daughters' training early find it hard enough to divide a recipe for themselves when they want to make only half the quantity called for; and when it comes to dividing a recipe into quarters, fifths or eighths, to make a cake or a batch of cookies just right for a doll's tea party, why that's out of the question when mother is busy (and mothers always are!). "Thus do fractions make cowards of us all"—to misquote.

To answer the needs of my own little daughter at five years and the rather envious young neighbors of six and nine whose mothers wouldn't let them try a big cake, I hunted up the individual class recipes which I used in the days when I taught cooking. These small recipes delighted the little girls.

Because these little recipes proved so popular with both girls and mothers I wrote out a few of the best on good white paper, put them together to form a booklet, made a cover of heavy paper and tied prettily. Then with the cover decorated with a gay hand painted design, or easier still, by pasting on an attractive and appropriate colored picture from a magazine, I had a "cook book" to delight almost any little girl.

These little cook books cost practically nothing and if one has a penny or so to spare, a few little tins add immensely to the gift. Tiny muffin or patty pan tins, a loaf tin about 2x3 inches, heartshaped tins, a small pie tin, a fancy cooky cutter, all please. If a tiny mixing bowl could be added, mother's would not be in use when she wanted it!

I am giving a few small-quantity recipes here, perhaps enough for a beginner, though probably everyone who makes a cook booklet will have at least one recipe which she will want to reduce to about one-fourth the family size and place with these.

Dividing recipes is not difficult if one keeps in mind a few rules. A standard sized cup holds 16 tablespoonfuls, one-half holds half the number and so on. A tablespoon level full equals three teaspoonfuls. An egg beaten fairly light amounts to about four good tablespoonfuls, so in taking one-fourth of a recipe calling for one egg about one tablespoonful is used.

Show the little girl how to make level measurements, leveling off cup or teaspoon by pushing off the rounding or heaping surplus with the edge of a knife. Teach her how to divide her spoonful into halves, quarters or eighths.

As the girl grows proficient in handling the small recipes, give her a splendid practical problem in arithmetic by letting her double and triple her recipes. Almost before Mother knows it the little girl can be trusted to make plain cakes, muffins and drop cookies for the family supper, first under supervision, and later alone.

All these measurements are level.

Plain Cake—3 tbsp. sugar, 1 tbsp. butter, 1½ tbsp. milk, 4½ tbsp. flour, ¾ tsp. baking powder, few drops of vanilla, 1½ tbsp. beaten egg. White of egg beaten instead of whole egg makes white cake.

Chocolate Cake—2 2-3 tbsp. sugar, 4 tsp. butter, 4 tsp. beaten egg, 4 tsp. milk, ½ sq. melted chocolate, few drops vanilla, ½ tsp. baking powder, 5 tbsp. flour.

Quick Coffee Cake—1 tbsp. sugar, ½ tbsp. butter (melted), 1 tbsp. beaten egg, 2 tbsp. milk, ½ c. flour, ½ tsp. baking powder, 1 tbsp. raisins. Sprinkle thickly with sugar and cinnamon before baking.

Ginger Drop Cakes—2 tbsp. molasses, 1 tbsp. sugar, 1 tbsp. lard, 1 tbsp. boiling water, ½ tbsp. beaten egg, ⅛ tsp. cinnamon, ⅛ tsp. ginger, ⅛ tsp. soda in flour, few grains of salt. Drop by teaspoonfuls on greased pans.

Muffins—½ tbsp. beaten egg, 1 tsp. sugar, 2 tbsp. milk, ½ tsp. melted shortening, 4 tbsp. flour, ½ tsp. baking powder, few grains salt.

Baking Powder Biscuit—¼ cup or 4 tbsp. flour, ¼ tbsp. lard, few grains salt, ½ tsp. baking powder, 2 tbsp. milk. Mix dry ingredients and lard, then add milk. Mix lightly, roll one-half inch thick and cut with small biscuit cutter. Bake in hot oven.

A POPULAR SEASONABLE GARMENT.

4703. This is a good model for wear over a one-piece dress or with a blouse and separate skirt. It may be made of sports silk, or wool fabrics, or of linen, alpaca or broad cloth. The fronts may be in shaped outline or straight as shown in the small front view.

The Pattern is cut in 6 Sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. A 38-inch size requires 1¾ yards of 40-inch material.

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 15c in silver for our up-to-date Spring and Summer 1924 Book of Fashions.

WASH DAY IN FRANCE.

A tin wash boiler is likely to rust in spite of every care that is bestowed upon it by the housewife. French laundresses have found a way to prevent this. As soon as the wash boiler is emptied and while it is still warm and slightly moist, they rub its inner surface well with soap. This makes a coating over the tin which not only prevents rust but furnishes a nice ready-made suds for next wash day.

A CAPACIOUS LAUNDRY BAG.

A good laundry bag that is up out of the way and that will hold as much as a good-sized basket can be made from any stout material by simply sewing up the sides to make a sack, hemming the top edges and running a stick through one hem. That side can then be fastened to the wall of the bathroom or washroom, and the other will hang conveniently open enough for placing articles of any size into it, yet will not spill any of the contents out.

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ISSUE No. 20—'24.

PENNY PLAIN

BY O. DOUGLAS

Shopman—"You may have your choice—penny plain or two-pence colored."

Solemn Small Boy—"Penny plain, please. It's better value for the money."

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CHAPTER I.—(Cont'd.)

Jock was preparing for a further flight of fancy, when Mrs. M'Cosh, having finished washing the dishes, came in to say that Thomson had never sent the sausages for Mr. David's breakfast, and she could not see him depart for England unfortified by sausages and poached eggs.

"I'll just slip down and get them," she announced, being by no means averse to a stroll along the lighted Highgate. It was certainly neither Argyle Street nor the Paisley Road, but it bore a far-off resemblance to those gay places, and for that Mrs. M'Cosh was thankful. There was a cinema, too, and that was a touch of home. Talking over Priorsford with Glasgow friends she would say, "It's no' juist whit I wud ca' the deid country—no juist paraffin-ile and glaury roads, ye ken. We hev gas an' plain-stanes an' a pictur hoose."

When Mrs. M'Cosh left the room Jock returned to his books, and the Mhor, his imagination fermenting with the thought of bombs on Priorsford, retired to the window-seat to think out further damage.

Some hours later, when Jock and Mhor were fast asleep and David, his packing finished, was preparing to go to bed, Jean slipped into the room.

She stood looking at the open trunk on the floor, at the shelves from which the books had been taken, at the empty boot cupboard.

Two large tears rolled over her face, but she managed to say quite gaily, "December will soon be here."

"In no time at all," said David.

Jean was carrying a little book, which she now laid on the dressing-table, and, giving it a push in her brother's direction, "It's a *Daily Light*," she explained.

David did not offer to look at the gift, which was the traditional Jardine gift to travellers, a custom descending from Great-aunt Alison. He stood a bit away and said, "All right."

And Jean understood, and said nothing of what was in her heart.

CHAPTER II.

The ten o'clock express from Euston to Scotland was tearing along on its daily journey. It was that barren hour in the afternoon when luncheon is over and forgotten, and tea is yet far distant, and most of the passengers were either asleep or listlessly trying to read light literature.

Alone in a first-class carriage sat Bella Bathgate's lodger—Miss Pamela Reston. A dressing-bag and a fur-coat and a pile of books and magazines lay on the opposite seat, and the lodger sat writing busily. An envelope lay beside her addressed to

The Lord Bidborough,
c/o King, King, & Co.,
Bombay.

The letter ran:

"Dear Biddy,—We have always agreed, you and I (forgive the abruptness of this beginning), that we would each live our own life. Your idea of living was to range over the world in search of sport, mine to amuse myself well, to shine, to be admired. You, I imagine from your letters (what a faithful correspondent you have been, Biddy, all your wandering life), are still finding zest in it: mine has palled. You will jump naturally to the brotherly conclusion that *I* have palled—that I cease to amuse, that I find myself taking a second or even a third place, I who was always first; that, in short, I am a soured and disappointed woman.

"Honestly I don't think that is so. I am still beautiful: I am more sympathetic than in my somewhat callous youth, therefore more popular: I am good company: I have the influence that money carries with it, and I could even now make what is known as a 'brilliant' marriage. Did you ever wonder—everybody else did, I know—why I never married? Simply, my dear, because the only man I cared for didn't ask me . . . and now I am forty. (How stark and almost indecent it loks written down like that!) At forty, one is supposed to have got over all youthful fancies and disappointments, and lately it has seemed to me reasonable to contemplate a common-sense marriage. A politician, wise, honored, powerful—and sixty. What could be more suitable? So suitable that I ran away—an absurdly young thing to do at forty—and I am writing to you in the train on my way to Scotland. . . . You see, Biddy, I quite suddenly saw myself growing old, saw all the arid years in front of me, and saw that it was a very dreadful thing to grow old caring only for the things of time. It frightened me badly. I don't want to go in bondage to the fear of age and death. I want to grow old decently, and I am sure one ought to begin quite early learning how.

"'Clear eyes do dim at last
And cheeks outlive their rose:
Time, heedless of the past,
No loving kindness knows.'

Yes, and 'youth's a stuff will not endure,' and 'golden lads and girls all must like chimney-sweepers come to dust.' The poets aren't at all helpful for youth—poor brave youth—won't listen to their warnings, and they seem to have no consolation to offer to middle age.

"The odd thing is that up to a week or two ago I greatly liked the life I led. You said it would kill you in a month. Was it only last May that you pranced in the drawing-room in Grosvenor Street inveighing against 'the whole beastly show,' as you called it—the freak fashions, the ugly eccentric dances, the costly pageant balls, the shouldering, the striving, the worship of money, the gambling, the self-advertisement—all the abject vulgarity of it? And my set, the artistic, soulful literary set, you said was the worst of all: you actually described the high-priestess as looking like a 'decomposing cod-fish,' and added by way of a final insult that you thought the woman had a kind heart.

"And I laughed and thought the War had changed you. It didn't change me, to my shame be it said. I thought I was doing wonders posing about in a head-dress at Red Cross meetings, and getting up entertainments, and even my never-ceasing anxiety about you simply seemed to make me more keen about amusing myself.

"Do you remember a story we liked when we were children, *The Gold of Fairnilee?* Do you remembe how Randal, carried away by the fairies, lived contented until his eyes were touched with the truth-telling water, and then Fairyland lost its glamor and he longed for the old earth he had left, and the changes of summer and autumn, and the streams of Tweed and his friends?

"Is it, do you suppose, because we had a Scots mother that I find, deep down within me, that I am 'full of seriousness'? It is rather disconcerting to think oneself a butterfly and find out suddenly that one is a—what? A bread-and-butter fly, shall we say? Something quite solid, anyway.

"As I say, I suddenly became deadly sick of everything. I simply couldn't go on. And it was no use going burying myself at Bidborough or even dear Mintern Abbas; it would have been the same sort of trammelled, artificial existence. I wanted something utterly different. Scotland seemed to call to me—not the Scotland we know, not the shooting, yachting, West Highland Scotland, but the Lowlands, the Borders, our mother's countryside.

"I remembered how Lewis Elliot (I wonder where he is now—it is ages since I heard of him) used to tell us about a little town on the Tweed called Priorsford. It was his own little town, his birthplace, and I thought the name sung itself like a song. I made inquiries about rooms and found that in a little house called Hillview, owned by one Bella Bathgate, I might lodge. I liked the name of the house and its owner, and I hope to find in Priorsford peace and great content.

"Having been more or less of a fool for forty years, I am now going to try to get understanding. It won't be easy, for we are told that 'it cannot be gotten with gold, neither shall silver be weighed for the price thereof. . . No mention shall be made of coral and pearls: for the price of wisdom is above rubies.'

"I am going to walk on the hills all day, and in the evening I shall read the Book of Job and Shakespeare and Sir Walter.

"In one of the Jungle Books there was a man called Sir Purun Dass—do you remember? Sir Purun Dass, K.C.I.E., who left all his honors and slipped out one day to the sun-baked highway with nothing but an ochre-colored garment and a beggar's bowl. I always envied that man. Not that I could rise to such Oriental heights. The beggar's bowl wouldn't do for me. I cling to my comforts; also, I am sure Sir Purun Dass left himself no loophole whereby he might slip back to his official position, whereas I—Well, the Politician thinks I have gone for a three months' rest cure, and at sixty, one is not impatient. You will say, 'How like Pam!' Yes; isn't it? I always was given to leaving myself loopholes; but, all the same, I am not going to face an old age bolstered up by bridge and cosmetics. There must be other props, and I mean to find them. I mean to possess my soul. I'm not all froth, but, if I am, Priorsford will reveal it. I feel that there will be something very revealing about Miss Bella Bathgate.

"Poor Biddy, to have such an effusion hurled at you!

"But you'll admit I don't often mention my soul.

"I doubt if you will be able to read this letter. If you can make it out, forgive it being so full of myself. The next will be full of quite other things. All my love, Biddy.—Yours, Pam."

(To be continued.)

STARTING LINEN RIGHT.

During a recent visit to the shop of a linen merchant who does a large importing business, I learned that all new linen which is not intended for immediate use should be thoroughly washed and ironed before being placed in chests or linen closets. Laundering removes the dressing which is found nowadays in even the finest and most expensive linens, and prevents rotting along the creases. Choice linen which is to be laid away for some time should be carefully wrapped in generous folds of dark blue tissue paper in order to preserve its snowy whiteness.

Minard's Liniment Heals Cuts.

The great charm of conversation consists less in the display of one's own wit and intelligence than in the power to draw forth the resources of others. He who leaves you after a long conversation pleased with himself, and the part he has taken in a long discourse, will be your warmest admirer.—La Bruyere.

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The villagers were listening to a band, and they seemed to understand every instrument except the trombone. They decided to fetch the oldest villager and ask him his opinion about it.

The old man stood watching the player for a while and then exclaimed: "Take no notice of him. There's a trick in it; he bain't really swalling it!"

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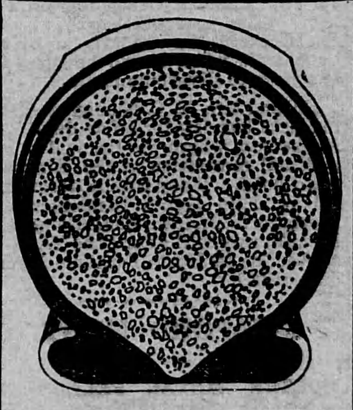

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