Skeletons

Her Grandfather Had to Be Kept in the Background —He Would Spoil Everything

By DOROTHY BRADFORD

Maisie regarded him the first time he passed her on the promenade out of the right-hand corner of her right eye; the second time out of both eyes beneath lowered lashes; and the third time she looked up from the novel in her lap with that peculiarly innocent stare that is the weapon of all practised flirts.

But Maisie, at twenty-three, was rather tired of being just a flirt, and she was anxious now to secure "someone regular"—as Doris and Ethel, her sisters, had done. Flirting must necessarily be confined more or less to the summer season, when visitors came to the little seaside town of Pierhaven, and did not provide an escort for the winter months.

Still, so far none of the local young men had found favor in her eyes; and undoubtedly this tall, good-looking young man in flannels, blazer and new canvas shoes was a visitor.

She allowed her eyes to dwell on him with that carefully contrived "far-away" look, which was intended to indicate that her thoughts were still with her book, or on the preaching of an hour before. But the young man stalled, and that was more than Maisie could resist.

Shortly, as was her practice, she rose to go. It's an hour's walk, really, but it let you off this time. Then, as she must go home although he hadn't the faintest intention of going back to her boarding-house, he rose to take leave, raised his cap, and walked along beside her in the same direction as the young man had a quarter of an hour before.

[illegible] Victor showed no surprise either by word or expression when she got him to the front door; and within the house, at her may explicit instruction, had been faithfully carried out. Father, mother, sisters—all appeared in their best; the cloth with the fringe edging was laid on the table; granddad had unearthed the silver butter dish and cake-stand from her bottom drawer to grace it; Doris had her vases for the mantelpiece. Most important of all, granddad, warned by a special wire, had himself, dressed in the kitchen, his tea served for him on a tray.

It was a pleasantly homely, yet—because of the circumstances—romantic little scene until tea was half-way through. Then the skeleton stepped from the cupboard.

The communicating door between the kitchen and the living-room opened and granddad appeared, minus a collar, plus carpet slippers.

"Why, all of you 'aving tea!" he said.

[illegible] more exclaiming for than the other, [illegible] to his feet by Maisie, stretched out a hand, and said in a deferential voice:

"Good afternoon, sir."

As in a dream, Maisie watched the two strike hands, exchange smiles of surprised recognition. Then granddad said:

"Well, fancy you 'ere!"

"What, ever is the mystery?" demanded Maisie.

Victor turned to her, his eyes shining humorously.

"I suppose I must be the mystery," he said. "You see, I'm the billiard-room marker and attendant at the Regal, and your granddad often drops in for a game."

For the sake of manners, nobody tried to appear discomfort. Blank faces gradually became normal again; conversation was picked up and carried on once more. But it was surprising how, after that, the atmosphere subtly changed. Mr. Pendover drew out his old chewed pipe when he had meant to smoke the cigarettes that Maisie had specially bought for him to hand round.

The talk veered round to homelier topics, in which granddad joined heartily; and under cover of the laughter and poking Maisie tried desperately to collect the pieces of her shattered citadel.

So, after all, her wonderful "catch" was no different from Doris' or Ethel's fiances—not better than herself. And granddad—poor old granddad, whom she had been frightened to let him see he had addressed as "sir"! They were all swankers—she and Victor for pretending to be better than they were, and granddad for going to a place like the Regal for his billiards!

But when Victor at last had to leave to go back to his duties at the Regal, and she was saying good-bye to him at the door, he suddenly took her hands in his.

"What do you think of me, Maisie, for letting you think—as I know you did—I was a visitor at the Regal? Honestly, now!" he demanded.

She gave him a wistful smile. "The same as I did before." She gets a hole in one?

Looking hopefully ahead, she could visualize exactly what would happen when the time came for her to take her imposing young man to her home. Granddad would remain all the while in the room, glued to his chair, wearing a shirt minus a collar, saying bright things, such as, "'Ow are you enoying your 'oliday?" and freezing the very marrow in the bones of his granddaughter's aristocratic suitor. Victor would see then that all her talk, her family's behavior, was a veneer; he couldn't do otherwise. Romance would die—killed by unsounded aspirates!

So it was with resentment kindling in her heart against the old man that Maisie returned home from her adventure. It marred to some extent the pleasure of relating it to the others; and all the while he sat there in his fireside chair, only hearing half—and that the bits she least wanted him to hear.

"What, Maisie, got 'old of a fellar at last? 'Oo is 'e, do you say?"

It came as a relief to her tautened nerves when at last he left his chair and put on his coat to go out for his daily "constitutional," which they suspected frequently took the form of billiards at the Rose and Crown round the corner.

When he had gone Maisie turned to her mother with a determined decision in her mind.

"I'm not going to have granddad here when Victor comes," she said. "He'd spoil everything. He's nothing more or less than the family skeleton!"

So well did Maisie manœuvre the situation that the time for Victor's introduction to her home came sooner than she had expected. Evidently the difference in their social status did not count with Victor.

She would have postponed the time for his introduction to her fireside if he hadn't wanted to make quite sure of his intentions. But to ask a young man to a girl's home is a rare test.

Things went off with a hitch. Victor showed no surprise either by word or expression when she got him to the front door; and within the house, at her may explicit instruction, had been faithfully carried out. Father, mother, sisters—all appeared in their best; the cloth with the fringe edging was laid on the table; granddad had unearthed the silver butter dish and cake-stand from her bottom drawer to grace it; Doris had her vases for the mantelpiece. Most important of all, granddad, warned by a special wire, had himself, dressed in the kitchen, his tea served for him on a tray.

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[illegible] Maisie [illegible] and place to meet [illegible]

She nodded after just the right degree of hesitation.

"All right," he said, [illegible] on her Doris heels, without any backward look.

All very nice, and working out precisely to plan, she [illegible] on her way home. What a fair [illegible] she would have to tell the [illegible] the girls, who had decided that she would catch no "left on the shelf."

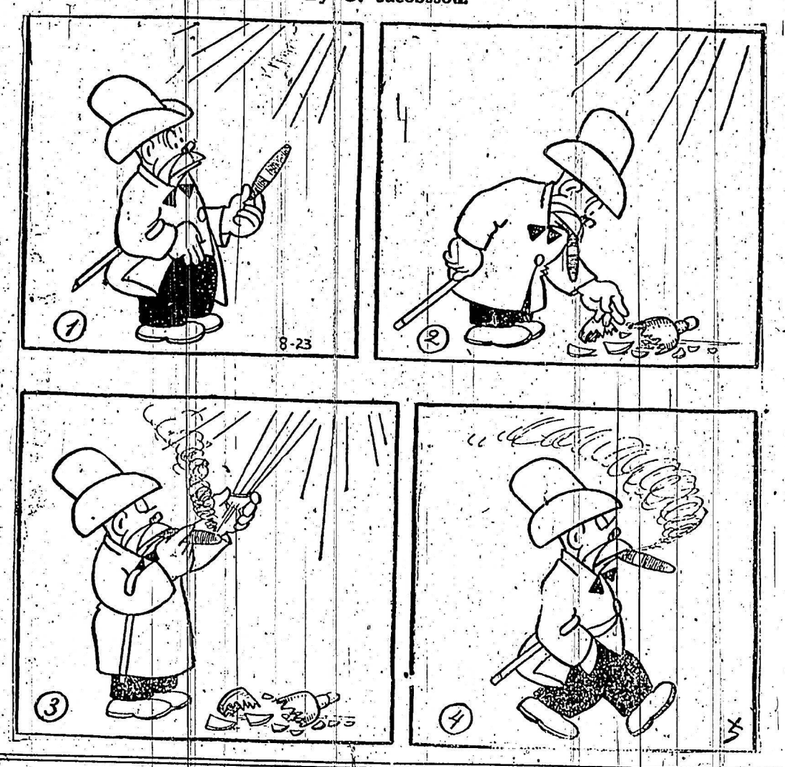
She could see her mother's smile of pride when she heard [illegible] was no tradesman, but a [illegible] from the Regal; hear her father's good-natured teasing, for she was the favorite and the favorite. Only granddad would be left unmoved. For one thing, he wouldn't hear [illegible] she said; for another, he had no interest beyond his chair by the fire indoors and his game of billiards out.

Silly, bothersome old granddad!

And then suddenly there came a thought that struck her with dismay. She wasn't really ashamed either of her people or her home. In these democratic days to be humble was no disgrace; rather, it was romantic. But granddad wasn't merely humble, he was illiterate.

The schooling in his days hadn't been over-good, and all efforts on the part of Maisie and her sisters to "educate" him in his advanced years had failed. He persisted stubbornly in remaining "what he had always been." And because of his granddad would very completely let the cat out of the bag.

ADAMSON'S ADVENTURES—By O. Jacobsson.



Economy Corner

Banana Bread Pudding

Three slices of bread or stale rolls, 2 cups milk, ½ cup sugar, 2 egg whites and 3 large or 4 small bananas. Break the bread in small pieces pour the milk over this and let it soak. Beat the egg whites very stiff and add to the bread mixture. Slice the bananas into a pudding dish and pour in the other on top. Bake about a half-hour. Serve with cream, custard sauce or plain.

Fruitines

¾ cup shortening, 1 cup sugar, ½ cup milk, ½ cup molasses, ½ cup grape juice, or any juice from canned fruit may be used, 2 cups flour, 2 teaspoons baking powder, ¼ teaspoon soda, 1 teaspoon each of cinnamon, nutmeg and cloves, ½ cup chopped nuts and 2 cups raisins or raisins and dates mixed. I sometimes use chopped prunes.

Cream shortening and sugar; add milk, molasses and grape juice. Mix and sift dry ingredients; add fruit and nuts and combine the two mixtures. Roll and cut or spread on a large tin and cut in squares when baked.

Orange Bread Pudding

One cup bread crumbs, 2 tablespoons, egg-yolks, 1-3 cups scalded milk, 3 egg-yolks, 1-3 cup sugar, juice of 2 oranges, grated rind of 2 oranges.

Add bread crumbs and butter to scalded milk and soak 30 minutes add egg-yolks beaten with sugar, and orange juice and rind. Pour into buttered dish and bake in a moderate oven until firm. Cool and cover with meringue.

To Preserve Strawberries

Hull and wash strawberries. Weigh and add the same weight in sugar as strawberries. Let stand overnight and just see that they come to a boil all over the next morning, then bottle and seal in sterilized jars. Like fresh fruit in winter.

Fluffy Hard Sauce

One-quarter cup butter, ½ cup powdered sugar, egg white, ¼ teaspoon vanilla, ¼ cup cream. Work butter until creamy, add sugar slowly, egg white beaten stiff, add vanilla and fold in cream beaten stiff.

Scalloped Salmon

One can salmon, free of bones and skin. Mince 6 medium, cold-boiled potatoes. Place potatoes and salmon in alternate layers in buttered baking dish. Season well with salt and pepper. Cover with buttered cracker crumbs. Pour over all 1 cup milk mixed with 1 beaten egg. Bake ½ hour. Serve hot.

Potato Scones

Mash 4 boiled potatoes, cool and rub into 1 quart of flour into which 2 teaspoons baking powder and 1 teaspoon salt have been sifted. Mix with milk into a dough about like biscuit. Turn out on a board, cut in any desired shape and fry in hot fat to a delicate brown. Take up and serve with crisp bacon.

Salmon Loaf

One can salmon, 3 eggs, 6 crackers, rolled fine; 1 cup milk, small piece butter, pepper and salt to taste. Steam three hours.

Bran Muffins

Three tablespoons butter, 3-4 cup sugar, 3 eggs, 1 ¼ cups flour, ½ teaspoon salt, 1¼ cups milk, 1 cup bran, 3 teaspoons baking powder. Cream the butter and sugar together, add the eggs beaten well; sift and add flour, baking powder and salt to the creamed mixture; add the bran, then the milk alternately with the sifted ingredients. Pour into greased muffin tins and bake in a moderate oven (370 degree F).

Soups Made of Dried Peas or Beans.

Soups of Dried Peas or Beans—Pick over and soak split peas, dried green peas or white beans overnight. Drain, measure, add 4 times as much cold water, to each quart of water and ½ onion. Simmer slowly till soft. Rub through sieve. Return to fire, season with salt and pepper, and for each quart thicken with 1 teaspoon each butter and flour. Boil up again for a few minutes.

Simpson: "These reporters tell awful lies."

Simpson: "What do you mean?"

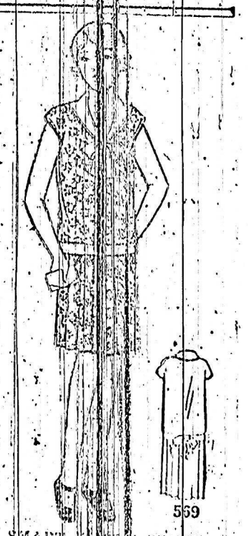
"One of them interviewed my wife and said that she had nothing to say."

Maisie: "How do you know that Chaucer dictated to a stenographer?"

Jack: "Look at the spelling!"

Jim—"Modern Marriage is like a cafeteria." Jack—"And how?" Jim—"A man grabs what looks nice and pays for it later."

A Manchester firm of engineers recently spent some time in pondering over a letter, written in Greek which demanded the production of a (literally translated) "water sheep." After some racking of the brains, it turned out to be a request for an "hydraulic ram."—Manchester Guardian.



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SMART [illegible] SKIRT.

A crisp pr[illegible] in yellow and white [illegible] deep pleated skirt [illegible] dress for the [illegible] 12 and 14 years. [illegible] sophisticated [illegible] line is finished [illegible] collar with bow [illegible] narrow belt [illegible] ties in sash [illegible] is easily copied [illegible] outlay. You [illegible] white piqué [illegible] trim. Orchid [illegible] piqué, spring [illegible] organdie, sp[illegible] dill yellow [illegible] tung, flowered [illegible] ham with [illegible] cotton [illegible] Pattern [illegible] 20c in stamps [illegible] coin. Write [illegible] Pattern Department, [illegible]

Couplets

There is a method in man's wickedness,
It grows up by degrees.
—Beaumont and Fletcher,

O well for him whose will is strong,
He suffers, but he will not suffer long.
—Tennyson.

What you keep by you, you may change and mend;
But words once spoke can never be recalled.
—Roscommon.

Some flowers of Eden ye yet inherit,
But the trail of the serpent is over them all.
—Moore.

Light may come where all looks darkest,
Hope hath life, when life seems o'er.
—Moore.

Thrown

I'm down, good Fate, you've won the race;
Bite deep and break a tooth in me;
Nor spit your poison in my face,
And let me be;
Leave me an hour and come again
With insults new and further pain,
For of your tooth I'll make a pen,
And of your slaver ink, and will
Bring a joy to being then
To race you still:
A laughing child with feathered heels
Who shall outspeed your chariot wheels.

"Canadian Citizens"

Manitoba Free Press (Lib.): The proposal of the Native Sons is that there should be a definition of the term "Canadian citizen" to include all adults born and resident in Canada, all adults naturalized in Canada and all adult British subjects not born in Canada who, after five years' residence, shall have taken a declaration of Canadian citizenship. The resolution is aimed at certain people who can be found here and there throughout Canada; residents born in Great Britain who want everybody to understand that they are not Canadian citizens, but the holders of a lordly title, that of British subjects.

Standard of Actions

It behoves us to always bear in mind that while actions are always to be judged by the immutable standard of right and wrong, the judgments which we pass upon men must be qualified by considerations of age, country, station, and other accidental circumstances; and it will then be found that he who is the most charitable in his judgment is generally the least unjust.—Southey.

A: I won five bob at cards last night.

B: Honestly?

"Well, actually."

London's Coolest Place

Museums don't seem too attractive on a summer day, but most visitors to the British Museum—and they are wise. Apart from the interest of the exhibits, the Museum is one of the coolest places in the city on a hot day.

Every year it seems to grow in popularity; official figures just published show that it was visited by 1,181,617 people last year—an average of about 3,250 daily. This was a bigger figure even than in the year of the Wembley Exhibition.

This year's figures may set up another new record—they will certainly be helped by the large number of American visitors who have come over here this summer. But how much the Americans will see of the Museum is another matter. The writer was told by one American recently that she had "done" the Tate Gallery, the Wallace Collection, the British Museum, and the Temple all in one afternoon!

Hurricane Warnings Promised to Bermuda

Hamilton, Bermuda.—Three years ago the tail-end of a West Indian hurricane destroyed property on this island to the value of $2,000,000. Bermuda is not going to be caught unprepared when the annual hurricane season opens early in September.

The Colonial Governor has just issued a proclamation stating that the public will be officially notified of approaching storms through the government's dockyard on Ireland Island and the wireless station at St. Georges. Signals will be displayed night and day on the Gibb's Hill Lighthouse and the signal station at St. Georges.

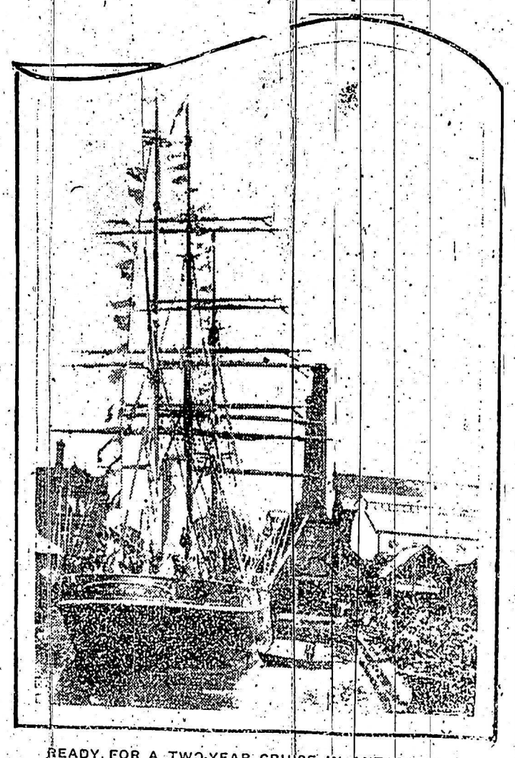
In addition, telephone exchanges will be notified in order that householders may be informed of an approaching hurricane.

He: Do you like the mine owner because he has a vein of humor running through him?

She: No—because he has a vein of gold running through his mine.

Who could blame a golfing girl for abandoning her stockings when she gets a hole in one?

Competition for the Byrd Expedition



READY FOR A TWO-YEAR CRUISE IN ANTARCTIC

Robert Falcon Schott's old ship, Discovery, will leave shortly on a voyage in Antarctic under command of Sir Douglas Mawson, noted explorer, with an Australian crew.

He: They [illegible] altar [illegible] you like to see [illegible] Would

She: Sure.

Accidents on the Road

Three Rivers [illegible] Three [illegible] result of the [illegible] four or [illegible] people have [illegible] practically all [illegible] is a mistake [illegible] keeps [illegible] out will very [illegible] dent be [illegible] speed. A [illegible] of [illegible] avoid [illegible] is impo[illegible] yes. The hills [illegible] here [illegible]

Dear [illegible] brother [illegible]

Small Boy [illegible]

"Thank you [illegible]

Prime M[illegible] complete [illegible] please h[illegible] and Con[illegible]

MUTT AND JEFF—

By BUD [illegible]