

**THE COUNTRY PAPER SPEAKS**

I am the oldest business in this town; Old mills have been abandoned; I persist; Old houses, old hotels of great renown Have gone their ways, but I, still exist; Upon my inkly pages there appears The story of this place throughout the years.

I told of youth and wars, of girls who wed, Of rich and poor alike, of thief and sage, And how they lived—though most of them are dead.

While ageless I am of the present age; Man's varied acts have always been my text— What happened long ago, and what comes next.

Though I am old, in truth I still can say Nothing can be so nearly up-to-date: Both yesterday and tomorrow I survey— Of new-do-wells and those of high estate. I live because I served, and still shall live Because of all, I have, to all I give!

—Bristow, Adams

**Menu Hints**

Recipes for New and Novel Dishes; Household Ideas and Suggestions

(By Betty Barclay)

**SPRING FOR WAFFLES**  
When the men come in from fishing, when the guests have finished the last rubber, or when the family is spending a friendly evening alone—serve waffles. Properly made waffles, with good butter and real syrup, are fit for a king.

**PLAIN WAFFLES**

- 2 cups special cake flour, sifted
- 3 teaspoons baking powder
- 1/2 teaspoon salt
- 3 egg yolks, well beaten
- 1 cup milk
- 4 tablespoons melted butter
- 3 egg whites, stiffly beaten

Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder and salt, and sift again. Combine egg yolks, milk and butter. Add to flour, beating until smooth. Fold in egg whites. Bake on hot, greased waffle iron. Serve hot with butter and syrup. Makes six 4-section waffles.

**PECAN WAFFLES**

- 2 1/2 cups special cake flour, sifted
- 3 teaspoons baking powder
- 1/2 teaspoon salt
- 1 tablespoon sugar
- 1 1/2 cups milk
- 2 egg yolks, well beaten
- 2 tablespoons melted butter
- 2 egg whites, stiffly beaten
- 1/2 cup pecan meats, chopped

Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder, salt and sugar, and sift to gether twice. Combine milk, egg yolks, and butter; add to flour. Fold in egg whites. Just before baking, add pecans. Bake on hot, greased, waffle iron. Serve hot with butter and syrup. Makes six 4-section waffles.

**HAM WITH ORANGE**

(Serves 6)  
6 servings fried ham  
2 tablespoons flour  
2 cups orange juice  
Parsley  
2 to 3 oranges for slices

Fry ham. For this number of servings a ham steak of about 1 1/2 pounds will be required. Add flour to 2 tablespoons of fat from frying ham and cook until lightly browned. Add orange juice, stirring well to avoid lumps. Cook 5 minutes or until sauce is thick. Pour sauce around ham on serving dish. Garnish with parsley and orange slices.

**FRENCH FRUIT DRESSING**

(Makes about 1/2 cup)  
3 tablespoons lemon juice  
3 tablespoons orange juice  
4 tablespoons oil  
1 teaspoon salt  
1 tablespoon sugar

Mix all ingredients thoroughly.

**DINNER PUNCH**

- 1 cup orange juice
- 1/2 cup lemon juice
- 1/2 cup grapefruit juice
- 2 cups water
- 5 tablespoons sugar or honey
- Orange slices

Blend thoroughly. Chill if desired. Variations: Add to the above mixture one cup of the juice of another fruit, such as grape, juice, raspberry juice, loganberry juice, pineapple juice, elder or the juice from any canned fruit. Or add one cup of a puree made by forcing peaches, pears, apricots, bananas or berries through a potato ricer or coarse sieve.

**HONEY AMBROSSIA SALAD**

Dip 4 or 5 orange slices in slightly warmed honey which has been placed in a flat bowl or saucer. Then dip both sides of slices in coconut. Arrange on a bed of lettuce and garnish with dots of canned or maraschino cherry pieces.

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**Another Short Story**

**GRAVEL AND GRIT**

J. H. SWAIN

MR. ABBEY had been frank about the matter, and he had left it up to the boy. John Carlton, meek and mild, nervously rubbed his thin, gnarled hands resting upon the table and looked pleadingly into the shrewd, hard face of Amos.

"The firm of Abbey & Maltison had received the contract for the paving of seven miles of the new state highway. As they were ready to begin operations, Mr. Abbey had learned that the Carlton brothers had an immense, untouched deposit of gravel suitable for the purpose in the district and located as it was, almost alongside the highway, it meant a saving of several thousand dollars to the contracting firm. Mr. Abbey, therefore, was willing to pay a good price for it.

Since boyhood John, with his kind, generous nature, had bowed to the will of his grasping, selfish brother. Patient, hard-working, but persistently dogged by hard luck, John had not prospered. His crippled boy Alfred, had grown to manhood and was now barely able to hobble around. Mother Carlton's sickness had cost a heap of money, which John did not have; so he had been compelled to borrow it at a high rate of interest and the more prosperous Amos had accommodated him.

The will of their father, which had left the farm equally divided between the two brothers, had left to them jointly the tract of land containing the gravel. Neither could dispose of it without the consent of the other. To John the offer was a salvation, and to Amos—?

John's eyes followed his brother as he rose slowly. Amos reached for his hat and strode to the door. He stopped with his hand on the latch. Slowly he shook his head. "Guess we'll let it lie."

He gave a thin, dry chuckle as he closed the door behind him and strode out into the moonlit night. The look of surprise on the face of the contractor; the crest-fallen expression of his brother, John, amused him, for Amos had known before he went, what his answer would be. That was why he had agreed to go over to John's place. If they had met at his house, they would probably have tried to argue with him; while at John's house, all he had to do was say no and go.

That settled it.

Through the wood lot, down the valley of the swampy creek, strode Amos. Why should he sell? There would always be use for gravel! John had been given the same chance as he, but had never made anything out of his farm. It was not his fault if John could not make a go of it and if he had a lot of mountains to feed. There was that eldest son of John's, Dudley, a fine name for a farmer, grinning hyena! "Always smiling about something. He had gone away to agricultural college instead of working on the farm. Not that the boy had not improved conditions since he had come back, but with no capital to work with, what did he expect to do?"

Amos, busy with his thoughts, had passed through the turnstile that divided his land from John's, when a cheerful, whistled air from across the swampy creek, reached him, and he laughed merrily.

Suddenly as he stepped upon the tickety footbridge, his eyes blurred; everything grew hazy, and he placed his hand over his heart. What did this sudden dizziness mean? He stumbled and fell; then the slimy creek seemed to rise up, and engulf him.

Faintly a voice singing a cheerful ditty reached him. Must be that grinning Dudley! Happy, glad to be alive! Amos felt powerless to help himself, even though aid was within halting distance. The soft mud gripping his waist; the slimy water was about his chest; he clutched frantically for the bridge a foot above his reach. In vain he tried to scream for help. The approaching voice grew louder, and a footstep echoed on the bridge. Amos struggled frantically, splashing the oozy waters; a shout rang out; feet thudded hurriedly over the bridge; then Amos felt his arms grasped from above and a great, tugging strain upon them.

He looked up to see Dudley. What was that he had called him? Grinning hyena! Well here he was, but far from grinning. Lying flat upon the bridge, his arms stretched down, Dudley gripped the wrists of Amos. His face set in grim lines; the veins of his hands and neck corded as his strong muscles jugged at the man below; but the sucking mud demanded its victim!

Amos felt the tugging muscles slacken. Gasping, Dudley spoke, "Can't move you. Take it easy. Hold you all right, I guess."

Amos nodded. "Huzily he understood. Hold him! But for how long? Suppose Dudley left him to go for help?" He shuddered; then the sucking mud would hold him for a long time, too! The gravel? He would have no use for that either!

Dudley's mind raced over the past. Maybe he had not been quite so clever as he had thought. Perhaps he had not treated John right. Somehow affairs had always seemed to break just right for him and wrong for his brother; still John had more friends than he. Had not thought much of it before, but who could he call a friend, except his brother John? He and his wife were getting old and had neither son nor daughter!

**SLATS' DIARY**

BY ROSS PARQUHAR

Friday—Pa was about 1/2 sore at ma to-day at the dinner table, pa was casually saying "that" when he rights' emmy thing for the nose paper he wrks' on why he never reads it after he has ritten it and ma she sed to him. "Well I guess nobuddy else dont read it neath'er."

Saturday—emmy thing I hate is Suspithus people that dont treat there neighbors like for instant Miss Addie Seeker wich had a fella tonite and me and Jake went over and wen we tried to look in the winder why she had the Curten pulled down.

Sunday—Pa is going to the city to-morra to a B. Cotternell sebarashun for Washington. He says he dont want to miss it becu' after this yr. he prob'ly wont have a nother chance to go.

Monday—Wille Crump told his nuntle and law he was going to move up north where he has got a Job and she sed if you take my dauter away I believe I shud die and Rolie sed Well I gess you meby no yure own business bettern I do.

Tuesday—we are getting up a play at skool and ma ast me whut Carracker I was g going to have but I gess I am to be a part of the horse so I went half to have a Carracker a tall.

Wednesday—Sandy Mac Fergus was late to skool today becu' he had bout a 1000 b in shoo for his air fittie and he had to stay at home intill his pa conved them to see weather he got Cheeted or not.

Thursday—The teacher give us sun Provris to camit to megrly today sun I can oney remember 2 of them Xactly. 1 is The erly berd gets the worm when it turs and the other 1 is Time untied wait for no Man.

**SLATS' DIARY**

BY ROSS PARQUHAR

A quiet voice called down to him, "All right yet, Uncle." He sensed that Dudley was saving his strength and the strain had gone from his arms. They now hung numb in Dudley's grasp, but what must it be to the boy? Took grit to hang on like that! Amos' head sagged, "Gravel—and grit!" he muttered; then he hung limp.

Two days later the gruff man opened his eyes to gaze upon the familiar surroundings of his own bedroom. During the night he had recovered consciousness for a few minutes and had dropped into a quiet, soothing sleep which had lasted until morning. Linda, his wife, was at his bedside and his brother John. Amos' questioning gaze sought his wife's face.

"The doctor's been here two days. He's downstairs now. We thought you were going to die," explained Linda. Fearful at the thought of losing the hard-grasping man to whom she had given her lifelong devotion, fearful of his wrath at the expense of calling the doctor; anxiously gazing upon her husband, she rose. "He said to call him as soon as you woke up."

Amos smiled; Linda stopped with her hand upon the door, then softly closed the door behind her as he turned to his brother.

"Dudley here?" asked Amos.

John nodded.

Amos lay quiet for awhile. "How does it happen I am here?" he asked suddenly.

John cleared his throat. "Well, Mr. Abbey had to leave that night," he began slowly. "He wanted to be sure you wouldn't change your mind about the gravel. It's worth quite a bit to him, and I need the money; so we started over to your place. We came across Dudley lying on the bridge. We started to lift him up, but we couldn't move him. His arm was fastened to something over the side of the bridge; then we saw you. Somehow the boy had got his necktie off and he'd lashed your wrist to his before he fainted; so there you hung on the box."

John finished, Amos' eyes roamed slowly about the room; then rested on an old bureau.

"You'll find a tin box in there, John," he remarked, "in the top drawer."

Wondering, John walked over to the bureau and opened the drawer.

"And a pen," added Amos, sitting up. Silently John handed the box to his brother and quietly watched him finger the papers inside, take out an envelope, and close the box.

"For a few minutes the silence was broken only by the scratch of Amos' pen running over the paper resting on the lid.

Doctor Sawyer entered, as Amos put away the box. The old doctor grinned cheerfully and came over to the bed. "Getting pretty old for pranks like that, Amos," he chuckled.

Amos smiled. The doctor's eyes opened wide in amazement. "Well, of all the—no need for me here. Must have taken something better than medicine!"

"Amos smiled again and the doctor made for the door. "Ma! I have some sick people to attend to," he exploded.

"Tell Dudley and the rest to come in," Amos' voice was soft and tender.

Slowly the rest of John's family came in and stood awkwardly about the room until Amos spoke.

"Much obliged, folks," he said haltingly. "I guess I don't quite deserve it. Haven't always treated you right; still old crabs like me need friends!"

He looked at John. "And brothers, with strong, husky sons."

"Here, Lad, this is for you." He handed the envelope to Dudley. "Gravel—an' grit! Somehow they go together! Amos, muttered as he settled back happy and content on his pillow.

Nervously Dudley opened the envelope and took from it a deed for Amos' Carlton's half of the gravel tract, transferred to Dudley Carlton.

Silently Dudley handed the papers to his father; as John Carlton's eyes scanned them, he remarked, "Now, isn't that just like Amos!"

**CANADIANS EAT MORE EGGS**

Practically an egg per day is eaten by every man, woman and child in Canada. The average per capita yearly consumption of eggs in the Dominion is 361, the highest of any country, according to an official compilation.

The market for eggs in Canada comes under the strict supervision of the Poultry Division of the Canadian Government Department of Agriculture. Eggs are graded in three grades—extras, first and seconds—and on these grades they are bought and sold, consequently the Canadian housewife buys them with confidence. She knows that when she buys extras, she is getting eggs that are fit for a king, or even more important from her point of view, fit for her husband and children, and that can be used for any purpose in the home. This system of grading according to governmental standards means that the mental hazard that prevailed before the grading was put into effect has been removed; hence the fact that Canadians average an egg a day, or virtually so.

Experts state that the grading of eggs is simple—when one knows how. It is done as follows: Hold an egg before a beam of light in a dark room and it will be seen that the light penetrates the shell, showing clearly the interior contents. The air cell at the tip of the egg, the yolk and the albumen are clearly visible. An experienced grader can tell at once, from the size of the air cell, the density of the albumen and the position and color of the yolk, the desirability of each egg for culinary purposes and on that basis can place them into the various grades. Such factors as size and cleanliness also are considered in grading.

In Canada every egg passing into trade is graded in this way. Producers are paid for their eggs on graded basis. Consumers buy on grade. All imports are grading according to the Canadian standards and all exports are sold on a definite grade basis, accompanied by a certificate issued by a government-inspector, certifying that the eggs are up to the grade for which they are sold.

At home and abroad Canadian eggs stand in high repute because of the simple, fundamental practice of selling them for what they are. Visitors to Canada, therefore, may reasonably depend on the egg or eggs served as an accompaniment with their ham or bacon, or in any other form, being much better than the curate's egg which he said was "good in spots."

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Bang: "Was he in a collision?"  
Bliff: "No, he started to crank it on a cold morning and the whole car turned over."