

# None Will Satisfy

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# "SALADA"

GREEN TEA H473

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## Woman's Interests

### MENUS FOR CHURCH SUPPERS AND OTHER GATHERINGS.

Please suggest menus and methods of serving at church suppers and other large gatherings.—The Marthas.  
I do not advise elaborate decorations, for they take too much time and do not pay. Set the tables with the necessary china, glass and silver and, if you can get them, have ferns or flowers in the centre of each table. Since food is so high in price, it is no longer placed on the table at such affairs, but is served from the kitchen, second helpings being granted if desired. This method does away with much waste.  
If rolls are served, a roll and a pat of butter are placed on a small plate and served to each person. Apple sauce and cranberry jelly is served in small individual dishes. Pickles are placed on the plate with the rest of the food. A small piece of cheese is placed on the plate with a serving of apple pie. Many dishes can be prepared at home and either kept hot in a fireless cooker or reheated just before serving.  
A nice chicken supper consists of brown fricasseé of chicken peas (fresh or canned), mashed potatoes, celery, sweet pickles, rolls or waffles and maple syrup, lemon sponge pie, tea and coffee. If you use a bread-mixer for mashing large quantities of potatoes you will find that the potatoes will be much lighter.  
Another supper includes chicken noodle soup, stewed chicken, boiled rice or mashed potatoes, hot biscuits, moulded vegetable salad, canned fruit, oatmeal drop cookies, chocolate or coffee. Stew the chicken and use part of the broth for the soup. Remove meat from bones, separate the meat into small pieces, make a nice gravy with the remainder of the broth and add to the chicken. Split baking-powder biscuits, place on plates for serving and cover with the chicken and gravy. Pass additional biscuits with this course.  
For an oyster supper, serve oyster stew with crackers, then fried or scalloped oysters, creamed potatoes, cole-slaw, rolls, lemon sponge pie, coffee and tea.

**WEAVING RUGS AND CARPETS.**  
As a means of making money in spare time, nothing ever paid me better than weaving rugs and carpets. It has been nearly ten years since I did any weaving, but I see no reason why this work shouldn't pay well for farm women to-day.  
My loom was an old home-made one, and had done service for several generations of people when it came to me. It was harder to operate than the lighter commercial looms on the market now, but it did splendid work.  
The charge for weaving was 15 cents a yard for carpet, a yard wide. This charge would be higher now. The rugs and warp were furnished by the one having the work done, of course.  
The work was slack during the summer months, mainly because I would not take much work; I had to take care of my garden and chickens then. I always had more than I could do in the winter and early spring.  
The nice thing about the work is that you can use a few minutes now and then; that is, use spare time whenever you have it. If dinner is ready, and the men are late coming from the field—and you know there isn't much you can do then—just put in those few minutes at the loom. I used to turn out about 30 yards a week; some weeks I would weave more and some a little bit less.  
I am still using in my bedrooms some of the rugs I wove ten years ago, and they are in good shape yet. These were made of the best of rugs. Hold the best job on them that I knew how to do.  
The only reason I didn't like weaving was when I wove a poor lot of warp, or a poor lot of wool. Once in a while a customer would bring together. I was not very particular about keeping such a customer, luckily such customers were few.  
I think if I were in the same position again—a family of children to bring up, and not much income—I should go to weaving again.—Mrs. C. L.

**OLD-FASHIONED SODA COOKIES**  
Two cups sugar, 1 cup lard, 1 tpa. salt, 1 tpa. soda, 2 tps. baking powder, 1 cup shober, or buttermilk, 1 egg, 1 tpa. vanilla, 1/2 tpa. nutmeg, flour for stiff dough.

Cream the sugar and lard. Add the egg, then the milk, flavoring, nutmeg and salt. Put the soda and baking powder in a little flour and stir that in. Add more flour until a stiff dough is made.  
Turn out on a well-floured board and knead well, adding more flour if needed. When enough flour is added the dough will not stick to a dry board. Roll rather thick, cut out and press a few raisins in the top.  
Do not bake too quickly or too brown.  
I have made these cookies and kept them two weeks and the last one was as soft as the first. They should be kept in a stone jar.

The task of going through Hugo's slim possessions fell to Alice. There were no affairs to be settled up. His little property had been handed over to Jean during her lifetime. Merely his clothes to be sorted out and a few trinkets apportioned. The clothes Jean said, were to be sent to the almshouse where they would doubtless be appreciated.

Alice sat in the big bedroom where he had died, going through coat pockets. Hugo had stowed a great many treasures in his pockets. There were pipes that he had cut from the slender bamboo stalks, sea-shells, pebbles, an old silver watch that had long ceased to keep time, a few coins, bits of string, three pocket-knives, one with all its blades broken, and cigarette cards galore. All treasures that one would expect to find in the pockets of a schoolboy.

Alice dumped them on to a spread newspaper, a little puzzled as to their ultimate disposal. It seemed cruel just to throw them into the waste basket. She could ask Guido to make a hole and bury them at the bottom of the garden, or better still, do it herself.  
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"No, mumsy's asleep," she replied.  
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She answered by return of post the invitation of her host. She caught the train she said she would and changed at stations as she should. She brought a small and light box and keys belonging to the locks. Food rich and rare she did not beg, but ate the boiled or scrambled egg. When offered lukewarm tea, she drank it.  
And did not crave an extra blanket. Nor pillow for her head. She seemed to like the spare room bed.  
She brought her own self-filling pen and always went to bed at ten. She left no little things behind. But stories new and gossip kind.

**A GOOD MODEL FOR A SCHOOL DRESS.**  
4937. This will be very pleasing in the new striped flannels, and also in serge, jersey, and wool reppé. The sleeve may be short or, in wrist length in bishop style. The collar has tie ends, to be slipped through slashes in the front of the dress.  
This Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. A 10-year size requires 3 yards of 40-inch material. For vestees, collar and cuffs of contrasting material, as shown in the large view, 3/4 yard 40 inches wide, or 3/4 yard 54 inches wide is required.  
Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 20c in silver, by the Wilson Publishing Co., 73 West Adelaide St., Toronto.  
Send 15c in silver for our up-to-date Fall and Winter 1924-1925 Book of Fashions.

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# "When Hearts Command"

By ELIZABETH YORK MILLER

"When hearts command, From minds the wisest counselling depart."

**CHAPTER XLIII.—(Cont'd.)**  
Hugo died that night and they buried him the next afternoon in the little English cemetery in the valley below Monte Nero.

Jean was exhausted by the shock and suddenness of it all, and in looking after her household had no time in which to meditate upon the passing of Hugo.

Yet without him the parched garden seemed forlorn. There was no Pan to disturb its peace with his cheerful piping, no army to patrol the walls. Tito philosophically returned to his mistress, Maddelina, and the kitchen quarters, where he took his welcome and food for granted. At heart he was a material, self-seeking little beast, but Hugo had amused him and even captured his affections. Now that Hugo was no more Tito went where he was sure of being comfortable.

The task of going through Hugo's slim possessions fell to Alice. There were no affairs to be settled up. His little property had been handed over to Jean during her lifetime. Merely his clothes to be sorted out and a few trinkets apportioned. The clothes Jean said, were to be sent to the almshouse where they would doubtless be appreciated.

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"No, mumsy's asleep," she replied.  
She came into the room and sat down on the opposite side of the table he was using for a desk.  
"Here's a letter I found," she said. "It was addressed to me and I opened it because he was mad. He says that you was not my father. He says that you and mumsy cared a great deal for each other and were secretly married—but that the marriage wasn't legal, and he married her afterwards because of—of me. Is that true?"  
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her opinion of him? Not too good, of course. How could he explain to her the madness of love that had seized him twenty years ago in this very garden and impelled him to take a risk that failed? Yes, he had married her mother, blindly shutting his eyes to the fact that his first wife might still be alive. And she had been alive, and had let him know it almost immediately afterwards. He was certainly no hero, and had never considered himself to be one. But he had loved Jean—and been true to her, and no one but himself knew the agonies of jealousy and loneliness he had suffered.

Alice leaned over and touched his hand.  
"Father—" she said. "It will be all right between you and mumsy, now. I'm glad. I think it's wonderful, yet how you've cared for each other, yet been so brave. Particularly mumsy."  
Gaunt laid his face against her hand.

"Thank you, my dear. Thank you very much. Now go to your mother. Tell her what you know. She's been carrying a great burden—not sure whether you ought to be told or not, and this settles it. She'll be glad that Hugo told you himself."  
(To be concluded.)

**English As She is Spoke in Para.**  
English for the Mass is the title of a booklet published in the city of Para, Brazil. It is designed to facilitate oral intercourse between Brazilians and English-speaking sojourners or visitors. Says a writer in a New York newspaper:

Apparently the "mass," whoever he may be, need not be fastidious in the matter of spelling; for the first ten or twelve pages, which are devoted entirely to columns of words, would not receive a high percentage in a primary school examination. With constructed sentences, however, the author displays a poetic fancy not to be restricted by mere rules. "Conversations for the Dally" is the heading of the first round of this battle with English syntax. Then follows a sample of a "conversation" that should take place between two Americans who meet each other when out walking:

"Good morning, sir—is it not the day fine?"  
"Very pleasantly, thank you, and how are you?"  
"Very good, with your permission, sir—are you walking?"  
"Yes, sir, for the health. Will you break some fast with me?"  
"Gracious, yes. Shall we go to the coffee?"  
"With pleasantness, sir. Let us eat meat and bread."  
"The American Salesman" writes the author, "is typically of an energy which is to admire in the warmth of the tropics. Of a youthfulness generally he breathes lively, and works springily, searching his customer loyally for the firm his. To all he greets smiles, and one is to admire his frank. He is fresh of the cold northerly. Yet under the breast of the American salesman, beats the heart warmth, therefore let us give greeting smiles with two hands open to him, crying 'welcome to Brazil, Mister.'"

**Ashes on the Slide.**  
When Jim and Bill and I were boys, a many years ago.  
How gaily did we use to hall, the coming of the snow.  
Our sleds fresh painted red, and with their runners round and bright, seemed to respond right briskly to our clamor of delight.  
As we dragged them up the slippery road that climbed the rugged hill,  
Where perched the old frame meeting house, so solemn-like and still.  
Ah, coasting in those days—those good old days—was fun indeed; Sleds at that time, I'd have you know were paragons of speed,  
And if the hill got bare in spots, as hills will do, why then we'd haul on ice and snow to patch those bad spots up again.  
But, oh, with what sad certainty our spirits would subside,  
When Deacon Frisbee sprinkled ashes where we used to slide.  
Now, he who ever in his life has been a little boy,  
Will not reprove me when he hears the language I employ  
To stigmatize as wickedness the deacon's zealous spite,  
In interfering with the play wherein we found delight.  
And so I say, with confidence, not unalloyed of pride,  
"Go! durn the man who sprinkles ashes where the youngsters slide!"  
—Eugene Field.

**When Are We Cleverest?**  
Interesting facts about the age at which a man's faculties reach their highest pitch of efficiency have been compiled recently.  
It was found, for example, that the average age at which twenty of the greatest inventions were produced was thirty-two. The inventors of the steam engine and the steam turbine were each twenty-nine when their labors resulted in these epoch-making devices. The self-binding reaper, wireless telegraphy, and the vacuum air-

**Soldiers in the Army of General Feng, China's Christian military leader are taught a trade, and those of the same trade fight together. Eighty per cent of Feng's men profess Christianity.**

**Viscount Ginger.**  
Titles in England are not what they used to be. They are still valued, and those which are ancient and historic command no little respect, but times have changed. The part of the great public that still "dearly loves a lord" loves him with less humble and unquestioning affection than of old and takes him far less seriously. But even in early Victorian days there was one stronghold, at once aristocratic and democratic, that no title could overawe. In the great English public schools it was immaterial who war lord and who was commoner, but most important who was fag and who was fag master.

In some recent reminiscences an old Harrovian has amusingly described a cricket match at which a very great and also a very pompous old lady, a marchioness bearing a historic title, was present to see her grandson, a courtesy lord, play in the eleven. He was a jolly, ordinary, red-headed, freckled youngster, unpretentious—his comrades would have made him most unhappy if he had been otherwise—and on the team. As the game progressed he had plenty of opportunities to show what he could do and made the most of them. His noble grandmother was more and more delighted and excited. Every time he hit the ball she called out importantly, "Well played, Viscount M—!"

When he was at last out, she wished to see and congratulate him and, turning to a tall, young fellow, close at hand, who happened, though of course, she did not know it, to be the boy's fag master, requested him haughtily to "please inform Viscount M— that the Marchioness of P— wishes to see him."

The tall youth did not move a muscle. Instead he called to another fag near by. "Go tell Ginger that the Marchioness of P— wants to see him, will you?"

A little later Ginger came hurrying along obediently in response to the summons, but for a moment the indignant marchioness could hardly muster a smile for him. Her face was still frozen in the awful look with which she had striven to chasten the impertinent youth who had declined to execute her commission personally and presumed to call a viscount Ginger! But, being a fag master, and therefore on the Harrow cricket field a much more important person than viscount, count or marchioness, the tall youth remained unchastened and sufficient in his dignity.

**Kissing is Not a Universal Salutation.**  
There are some girls who are never kissed. The Japanese lover, for instance, does not salute his betrothed in our fashion. He regards kissing as a queer foreign custom; it has no meaning for him. In China the kiss is considered disgraceful.  
"But although the kiss is unknown, or at any rate neglected, in many parts of the world, nearly every nation has some form of salutation which corresponds with the European kiss. The Malays and the Eskimos greet each other by rubbing noses. Among the Burmese, the form of greeting which denotes affection is to apply the cheek and draw a long breath.

It is true that the kiss is used as a means of salutation where there is no affection, or even respect. Children, for instance, are taught that they must kiss people for whom they may have a strong antipathy, simply because it is the proper thing to do, and two women who hate each other will kiss for the same reason. These uses are a degradation of one of the most beautiful modes of expression in the world.

In Iceland they do not understand the kiss as a mode of salutation, but it is regarded as something belonging to the supernatural. If a child is ill you will sometimes see its mother solemnly kiss the little one on the breast—an invocation to the Supreme Being that her child may be cured.  
We are not altogether without superstition regarding the kiss. At one time many a gambler might have been seen kissing the cards to bring him luck, and the warrior, before starting out to battle, would kiss the favor given him by his lady to insure victory and to enhance his safety. Until lately all Anglo-Saxons kissed the Book when we took the oath "to speak the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth."  
And who has not seen a mother take her child in her arms and kiss the bruise to "make it well?"

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