

Woman's Work :- Fashions :- Health Hints :- Household Topics

Mirage!

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--Hands Across
the Continent--

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By Nell Brinkley

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Tested Recipes



The grim, old, gray Atlantic, with his snow-mantled sea-horses riding high and fast, his gray hair glittering with ice, is visioning his immortals, the South Pacific sea, where the blue and shimmering in the sun, around the land of southern California! The gray god, hard gripped in the frozen strife he loves, longs with a soft heart while he glowers for the

blue maid who spreads her lustrous silk and lace beyond the sand and rocks of the lovely coast 2,000 miles away. Here the wind cries and cuts; the great flakes float out of a battleship-gray sky; there are no leaves in the woods—the branches rattle in their casing of ice like mournful bones; the sea is great and terrible; the waves struggle in awe and anxiety with the glassy streets; the

lone open motors still out look like empty houses with the windows blown out and a few blue ghosts indwelling; little kids are cutting flowery twigs on the country firs and barbsic colors, are milling round and round the rinks; the real winter-girl in the hills of the Atlantic steeps, up to the eyes in "comforts," mitted and booted, is plowing about on

skills and snowshoes and goin' "sum-um-buster" down the hills like little chaps. But out there! Where the silken blue sea rolls in under the moonlight with each far wave alive with the fire of phosphors, like the gleam of a metal shield, and the girls in thin frocks are dancing out onto the sea-side walks from the ballroom and in again! A-h-h! No wonder the Sea of California is the Sea

of New York's Love!
We here, in our fur and wool, straighten up at our play or work and, through the flying snow, see a mirage—all gold and

blue. Here we toboggan in maekinaw. There you are wading the blue water in bathing suit under the sun and warm in bath!

—NELL BRINKLEY.

TESTED RECIPES
ESCALLOPED CORN AND MACARONI.
One can corn, two cupsful cooked macaroni, one-quarter cupful fine cracker crumbs, one cupful milk, one egg, one tablespoonful butter, salt, paprika.
Put in a buttered baking dish a layer of the cooked macaroni, sprinkle with salt and paprika, then put a layer of corn on top of this. Fill the dish, alternating the macaroni and corn, the top layer being macaroni. Put the crumbs on top, dot with small pieces of butter and then pour over all the milk, to which the beaten egg has been added. Bake in a moderate oven about half an hour.
All measurements are level, unless otherwise specified.

WINTER SALAD.
Two heads lettuce, two onions, two cold cooked beets, twelve olives, French dressing.
Shred lettuce very fine and arrange on salad plates. Chop onions and cut beets in half-inch cubes. Mix and pile on lettuce. Garnish with sliced olives and serve with French dressing.

PECAN CAKE.
One-half cupful butter or three-eighths cupful manufactured shortening, three eggs, one and one-half cupfuls sugar, two and one-half cupfuls flour, one and one-half teaspoonfuls baking powder, one-half cupful milk, one cupful pecan nuts.
Cream butter and sugar together, add the beaten eggs and then the flour sifted with the baking powder. Then add the milk and the meat nuts broken in pieces. Bake in a loaf pan lined with buttered paper in a moderate oven.

SEA-FOAM CANDY.
Three cupfuls sugar, one-half cupful corn syrup, two-thirds cupful water, one-half teaspoonful salt, one cupful cropped nuts, one teaspoonful vanilla, two egg whites.
Boil sugar, water and syrup until it forms a soft ball in cold water. Pour slowly over the whites of the eggs, beaten until stiff with the salt. Continue to beat until nearly stiff enough to hold its form, add the nuts and flavoring and turn into buttered tins. When cold cut in squares.

SALMON SALAD.
One can salmon, one dozen sweet pickles, one can peas, two stalks celery, mayonnaise, lettuce.
Pick over salmon, removing bones and skin. Put peas in a colander and let cold water run over them; then drain. Cut celery in small pieces and slice pickles. Mix all and pour mayonnaise over the whole. Line salad bowl with lettuce leaves and heap salad in it. Garnish with olives.

JUNKET ICE CREAM WITH PEACHES.
Four cupfuls lukewarm milk, one cupful heavy cream, one and a half cupfuls sugar, one-eighth teaspoonful salt, one and a half junket tablets, one tablespoonful vanilla, one teaspoonful almond extract, green coloring, one can peaches, one tablespoonful cold water.
Mix first four ingredients and add the junket tablets dissolved in cold water. Turn into a pudding dish and let stand until set. Add flavoring and coloring, freeze, mold and serve garnished with halves of peaches, filling cavities with halves of blanched almonds. Turn peaches into a sauce-pan, add one-third cup sugar and cook slowly until syrup is thick. Cool before garnishing ice cream.—Mothers' Magazine.

The Girl Cynic: A Little Story of the Present

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.
There was once a girl who trusted everybody. She had bided the structure of her life on the basis of an old quotation—a proverb from the German: "As one shouts into the forest, so echo returns to you."
She met the world on a basis of trusting good fellowship and the world seldom failed her.
Clerks in shops rewarded amiability with interest; waiters in hotels showed an intelligent desire to please. Men who found that she was always on time for engagements seldom kept her waiting to be called for; old people to whom she gave kindly courtesy spoke well of her; hostesses who discovered that she was punctilious about keeping engagements invited her to all their most interesting parties. Lucille gave the world the square deal of trust and honesty and the world rewarded her prizes in most of its games.
Then she met a man of whose weak good looks any psychologist might have told her a few very unpleasant truths. She, however, was not a psychologist. So she followed numerous of her sisters before her and fell very much in love with George. George plumed himself on conquest, "introduced" Lucille to friends as characterless as himself and threw her over without compunction at the end of a month.
Lucille was startled, but her faith in human nature came up undamaged when Cyril—one of George's friends, proceeded to console her by kindly devotion that lasted two months. Cyril's defection came in due time, and then William offered his services as physician to wounded pride.
Three months later Lucille found herself in possession of what she deemed a broken heart. As a matter of fact she had a badly sprained attitude toward human nature. Having suffered because of her faith in three weaklings, she fancied that she at last knew life for the cruel and relentless producer of misery it was.
And Lucille became a cynic. At 21 she had mastered such watchwords as: "You might as well do the other fellow and do him first," "No man is ever on the level with a woman," "The world is a cruel and relentless place and it doesn't appreciate honesty."
Now, Lucille was short to servants, presumptuous to clerks, indifferent to old folks and careless about her engagements. And as she shouted into the forest, so the echo came back to her.
And just then, when she knew with exactly what cynicism to laugh at profligations of love, a real man came into her life. When he told her he loved her, Lucille replied: "Of course you do—today." And when he assured her that he had never cared so much for any woman as of her, Lucille was ready with a flippant "That's what they all say."
She didn't mean to let any man make her suffer again! She was too wise for that. And the real man wooed a merry young cynic for three months and for-

Advice to Lovelorn
By Beatrice Fairfax.

Why Not Help Him?
Dear Miss Fairfax: I have known a young man for the last three years. Occasionally he gets up in a temper and says things which he afterward regrets, but which make me feel badly. He says he loves me and wants to marry me. Now, do you think we would be happy if his bad temper still continues?
JANE M.
If you yourself have control over your temper and can be always sweet and amiable in spite of any huris which your friend's lack of control of his temper causes you you will probably be able to cure him of this fault. He will be much happier if he succeeds in conquering his temper, but the fact that he has one

does not make him impossible as a husband and lover. But it will take tact and patience on your part to help him. Are you sure you have those?
You Are Too Exactng.
Dear Miss Fairfax: A brother of mine died some weeks ago, which naturally prevented me from going out. While I was with several friends they suggested going to a dance. They did not even express regret for my inability to come, but left me.
Now do you really think they did right? I think they are selfish.
A. B. C.
There is enough mourning and unhelpfulness in the world without anyone's desiring to add to it. It was very selfish of you to feel that your friends should sacrifice their pleasure because you could not join in it. Are you sure you would have been as ideally considerate as you feel they should have been had the positions been reversed?

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Dead ones do not advertise—They couldn't advertise and remain dead. People do not resist the power—the pull—of advertising's appeal. They do not want to. They appreciate your invitation to come to your store.

and if you repeat your invitation day after day they are as sure to come as the seasons.
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