

Polly's Pancakes

By Dorothy Blackmore

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"It does seem too bad that some nice man doesn't find Polly," remarked Mrs. Earlington.

"She is destined for an old maid, dear; I told you that long ago," a husband answered consolingly. "And the sooner she accepts the inevitable and stops struggling, the better."

"You're absolutely heartless, Frank, and Polly is the best friend either you or I have in the world, and you know it."

Mrs. Earlington's eyes filled with tears as she bent over her crocheting. She was a sympathetic little woman, and every time she thought of the difficult and lonely life of her dearest friend, Pauline Bates, her heart overflowed with compassion for the girl.

Pauline—Polly, they called her—did tutoring in and about the small village of Glenville, and most of her income was sent back home to support her widowed mother and two younger sisters. She was a wholesome, womanly, attractive girl, well out of her teens, and although every one, men and women, liked her, no man who was worth while seemed to have fallen in love with her. And yet there was not a girl in the little circle of young people in Glenville who would have made so admirable a wife.

Mrs. Earlington had known her for years, and the cozy home of the Earlingtons was always open to Pauline. In fact, as Mrs. Earlington frequently remarked, she didn't know how they could keep house without Pauline to call on. If the nurse were out, or ill, Pauline always managed to be on hand to help with the children. If the cook left, Pauline never failed to drop in to help prepare the meals. If Frank came to be out of town, Pauline came to stay with Mrs. Earlington. If the Earlingtons entertained, Pauline was the

natural that you show a little attention to the choir—especially before Christmas, when they are doing such good work.

"Very well, dear—it's your party. I'm willing. And what then?"

"You goose—Polly will make such delicious pancakes—it's one of her very best stunts—that the men will well, you know a man when something appeals to his inner self."

"Yes—it isn't every wife who can make good pancakes or teach her cook to do likewise," admitted the man. "And I'm to ask the choir to a pancake supper—here—to eat Polly's pancakes?" he asked.

"Not at all—say nothing about Polly. That would spoil it all. Merely ask them to a pancake supper next Wednesday night."

In due form the choir of St. Paul's was invited to the Earlington home to eat pancakes and almost in a body it accepted. The small boys and the men were always glad of an opportunity to spend an evening in this hospitable little home.

Mrs. Earlington and Pauline were busy preparing the batter for the feast and a pile of hot plates was already on the top of the great range when the telephone bell rang long and loudly.

"Won't you answer, Polly, dear?" asked Mrs. Earlington.

Polly rushed to the phone, a glad light in her eyes. Her heart beat quickly as she took up the receiver. "Could it be he?" she asked herself, over and over.

For a few minutes she talked earnestly over the wire and when she returned to the kitchen a bright spot of red burned in each cheek. Mrs. Earlington thought she had never seen the girl so pretty. To herself, she commented that the combination of Polly's pancakes and her beauty ought to bring some one of the half-dozen unmarried men in the house to her feet tonight.

"I took the liberty of asking an old friend who has just come to town from back home—here tonight," Polly said.

Mrs. Earlington looked at her earnestly. "Why, of course, dear. Who is it?"

"Arthur Fisher—a boy I used to play with when I was little and—"

"And what, Polly? Why do you hesitate?"

"Well, when we were—oh, dreadfully young—I quarreled with him because he wanted me to marry him and settle down in that little town and keep house. I was ambitious and wanted to do something else in the world—then, I told him I couldn't keep house and wouldn't cook and—"

"And you blush because he's going to find you baking pancakes for a whole regiment of hungry men now? Oh, Polly, why didn't you tell me of this Arthur before?"

"I thought he had forgotten me until I had a letter from him the other day saying he would be in this neighborhood tonight. I wrote him that I would be here tonight and that if he came he might call me up. It would seem so good to see some one from home," she ended lamely.

"I think he's more than 'some one,'" Polly said Mrs. Earlington, pointedly.

"Perhaps—but we must get these pancakes on the table. Isn't that enough to start on? I don't know how they are—I did not try them and I mixed the batter hastily," Polly said as she hurried into the dining-room with a platter full of round, hot griddle cakes.

She placed them before Mr. Earlington, whose wife had just supplied him with a pile of hot plates, and then the doorbell rang.

Without ceremony, Polly rushed to answer it herself.

"You found the way?" was all Mrs. Earlington heard, and then, for a long minute there was silence.

Mrs. Earlington hurried to the kitchen, where she and the cook kept the griddle hot and tried to make pancakes enough to supply the hungry men.

Presently Polly returned to the kitchen—she had stopped to introduce Mr. Fisher to her host.

"Did you need me?" asked Polly, innocently.

"Oh, no," Mrs. Earlington said, "the pancakes are of no consequence now," she said, with a meaning that was discernible only to herself.

Clean Paint and Good Health. Great care should always be taken in the cleaning of paintwork and baths, especially as this is often neglected on account of the trouble and danger of discoloration and wearing the paint which is caused by the use of strong soaps and unnecessarily hard scrubbing. There is an excellent cleaner now on the market specially made for saving labor, which at the same time preserves the paint, and should prove to be a great boon to a woman whose greatest aim in life is to see her house clean and the paint always spotless. It is also highly efficient for cleaning silver and plated ware, and answers a double use, and should always be in the store-cupboard.

Making a Guess. Hard Looking Customer (slinking into pawnshop)—Say, how much can I get on this gold watch?

Plain Clothes Policeman (suddenly appearing)—Let me see it. Hm—my friend, I think you'll get about a year on that.

Smaller Tips. First Waiter—This paper says the wrist contains eight bones, the palm five and the fingers fourteen.

Second Waiter—Well, I never found 'twe bones in my palm.

TEST OF TRUE HOSPITALITY
Army Officer Tells of His Best Lesson in Cooking and Conduct as a Host.

The old army officer, distinguished alike for his character and his high position, had said to his fellow guests at the little mountain camp that he regarded a knowledge of cooking as a necessary accomplishment for a gentleman and a soldier.

"Let me tell you," he continued, "where I received my first and best lesson in cooking, and in conduct at the head of the table."

"While I was yet a very young man I had the good fortune to attract the notice of an old French gentleman who, with the remnant of his former large fortune, had come to the neighborhood of Petersburg, Virginia, and established himself in a small cottage."

"In this little home the dining-room and kitchen were separated by a partition that extended only five feet above the floor. As monsieur was too poor to afford a waiter or cook, he himself performed the duties of both."

"He often honored me with an invitation to dinner, and as I sat in the dining-room, waiting for the meal to be served, I could see the old gentleman's head bobbing up and down as he tended his stew-pans in the kitchen."

"How awfully funny!" said some one, with a giggle.

"It never seemed in the least ludicrous to me," the old officer quietly responded. "After placing the dishes upon the table, my old friend would remove his apron, put on a rusty dress coat, and dispense the hospitality of his house with the grace and dignity of a prince."

"I understood! Noblesse oblige, and all that sort of thing," murmured the giggler, contritely. "All the same, your old gentleman, ministering at hidden altars and practicing mysterious rites behind that low partition, must have been something of a character."

The old officer gravely assented. "One that it was a privilege to know," he said.—Youth's Companion.

VICTOR HUGO'S ACACIA TREE
Planted in Childhood by Author, It Has Just Been Saved From Destruction in Paris.

An acacia tree, supposed to have been planted by Victor Hugo in his childhood has just been saved from destruction in Paris. The tree stands in the Boulevard Raspail, and its tall, curved trunk has long been familiar to the inhabitants of that quarter.

A short time ago a certain M. Charuin bought the plot upon which it grew for the purpose of erecting a mansion. The whole quarter was disturbed at the news that a tree of such traditions was about to disappear.

When, however, M. Charuin heard that his new mansion was likely to demolish the object of a veneration with which he sympathized, he altered his architectural plans spontaneously, and built a semi-circular frontage to his house, just inclosing the acacia within the railings.

The association of it with Victor Hugo is disputed by authorities on that poet's life, but one may feel gratified that a tradition retains such vigorous life and that the marking of places connected with famous men is not yet purely municipal in Paris.

Gift for Business. Willie's father conducts a boat-renting business on the Jersey side of the Hudson.

"I'll give you a dollar if you'll bail out the boats, Willie," said the father one morning after a rain.

There were 25 boats and Willie wasn't keen. So he was non-committal. A little later his friend Albert came over.

"I'll give you a quarter if you'll bail out the boats," said Willie to Albert.

"Gee! What d'ye take me for?" returned Albert as he surveyed the fleet of rowboats. "It's worth 35 cents, anyway."

"Well, all right, 35 then," said Willie.

Albert got busy and did the bailing, while Willie looked on and, Tom Sawyer-like, bossed the job.

The work done, Willie collected, paid Albert and pocketed 65 cents.

"That boy'll be a business man," remarked the father to Willie's mother later, but not in the boy's hearing.—New York Herald.

Large Enterprises Essential. "Large personal fortunes acquired legitimately are in themselves an honorable testimony to talent and to toil; and, without large aggregations of capital, whether personal or corporate, great enterprises, are not possible. And without great enterprises will the country show the marvelous growth which we deem an essential characteristic of American life, and will the masses of the people have the opportunities now so abundantly set before them to find employment and to develop their own fortunes, however relatively small those may be"—Archbishop Ireland.

Up Against It. Hokus—Why don't you try to get a job?

Pokus—Employers prefer to hire married men.

Hokus—Then why don't you get married?

Pokus—A girl won't marry a fellow unless he has a job.

TO THE WAYS OF THE WILD
Timid Doe Finds There is Some Good After All in the White Bipedes of the City.

The heart of a deer, a poor, timid, pretty little doe, must have been near to bursting with gratitude a few days ago. Somewhere up among the pines in the moonlight she must surely have found a way, dumb brute though she is, to tell her companions of the antlered tribe how good after all are the white bipeds of the city when the hunting season is over.

Out of the maelstrom of queer sights and scenes of snorting, puffing monsters that ran on wheels and uttered terrifying metallic sounds in which she found herself she was transported back to her native environment—in a motor car.

Poor, little trembling creature. She shook and cowered and looked as though she were gazing upon the end from her great liquid eyes. They took her back to the mountains, loosened their hold upon the soft neck and said to her: "Go, little girl."

She hesitated a minute, then, realizing what to her was doubtless something beyond all belief, she sprang from the tonneau of the motor car and in three bounds was out of sight.

Whatever caused the animal to stray into the city from some one of the nearby canyons no one knows.—Los Angeles Times.

PROFESSOR WAS THE LIMIT
Which Goes to Show That Wives Should Be Careful About Overburdening Husband's Mind.

The people didn't merely look at Professor Branefog—they stared. He knew he was absent minded at times, and he wondered whether he had rubbed his face with boot polish instead of cold cream after he had shaved, or whether he had forgotten to change his dressing gown for his frock coat.

But a kind policeman put things right.

"Are you aware, sir, that you are carrying a joint of beef in your arms?" he asked.

"Goodness, me!" said the professor. "I knew something was wrong. My wife told me to put her Sunday hat on the bed, to place this joint in the oven, and to take the baby and the dog out for a walk."

"You've not put the baby in the oven, surely," said the law's guardian.

"I put something in it," said Branefog; "but I don't know whether it was the baby or the dog."

With bated breath they hurried to the professor's house. Here, on the bed lay the baby and the dog, but it was just as bad for Branefog. It was his wife's Sunday hat that was in the oven!

Doctor Defends Meat Eaters. In his recently published work Dr. Robert Hutchinson observes that energy is not to be confused with muscular strength. A grass fed cart horse is strong; a corn fed hunter is energetic. Energy is a property of the nervous system; strength of the muscles. Muscles give us the power to do work; the nervous system gives us the initiative to start it. Muscles do their work upon carbohydrates (starch foods), which can only be obtained in a concentrated form from animal sources. If protein food, therefore, be regarded as a nervous food, a diet rich in it will make for intellectual capacity and bodily energy, and it is not without reason that the more energetic races of the world have been meat eaters.

The Actor in China. If the new regime in China succeeds in abolishing class distinction in civil administration it will have accomplished a difficult task. Hitherto three classes of the population have been esteemed by the Chinese—"lowest of the low," these being actors, barbers and chiropodists. These and their children are barred from becoming Mandarins. Their grandsons, according to the letter of the law, are permitted to hold government posts, but this permission has seldom been granted. Some years ago a grandson of Cheng Chang Keng, the most famous Pekin actor of his day, was appointed one of the secretaries of the Chinese legation in Berlin. The appointment aroused a storm of protest among official circles in China, and but for the support of the empress dowager would have been revoked.

Locking Up the Stable. The chancellor of the exchequer was putting up the iron shutters while the first Lord of the Admiralty stowed away the show case.

"There's no use takin' chances," says the chancellor. "Britannia's shop must be protected at all hazards."

"Right you are," remarked the admiralty chap. "W'y, them stone-throwin' l'adies busted enough window glass on their last suffrin' rampage to build a battleship an' arf a dozen colliers."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Promoting Pleasant Impressions. "What is leave to print?" inquired the lady who has the art of seeming interested.

"Leave to print," replied Senator Sorghum, "is something that enables a man to pretend that he has delivered a speech, and which also enables his friends to pretend that they have made themselves familiar with its contents."

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