

Impatience May Spoil Love

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

"He has neglected me," said Helena bitterly. "I've waited and waited for some explanation. But nothing comes. Now I've got to know. I won't be made a fool of, I won't go on suffering like this. I'm going to send him a letter telling him just what I think of his actions—"

"But you don't know!" I protested. "You can't tell what has caused his seeming neglect and indifference. He may have your father and understand. Don't do anything cruel and reckless. Give him a day or two longer."

"I can't," sighed Helena. "I'd rather lose him than suffer another day of uncertainty and misery. Why should I give you the benefit of the doubt? If he doesn't care—I might as well know it."

And so she sent a chiding, impatient, harsh letter to a man whom she was sparing her by keeping away from her and avoiding a revelation of the trouble. He didn't feel it was right to ask Helena to share with him. Her letter convinced him that she had neither faith nor understanding—not generous love. Her impatience widened the breach between them. And your father and understander are worlds apart.

I know how hard it is to wait. Probably no virtue is less inherent in human nature, and no good quality is harder to cultivate than is patience. Yet patience is an absolute requisite to happiness.

Impatience drives folks to actions which they practically know in advance will lead to failure and unhappiness. It impels humans to strive to force the inevitable out of its path.

There isn't a royal road to patience and to calmness. These two have to be worked for harder than a college degree. Patience is a sane recognition of the fact that life moves slowly—not in leaps and jerks and forward bounds.

All nature's processes are slow. Torture laments and splintered bones mend by infinitesimal degrees. Nature goes calmly and serenely about her healing—but an impatient mortal can break down her processes in a moment of recklessness. Step rashly on a broken leg that has almost mended—and it may splinter in a moment. That moment may undo a week of healing.

All impatience has a way of wanting to produce results in a minute. It doesn't recognize the slow building which is required to make a habitable earth—or a sound situation on that earth.

What are we to do when champing at the bit and yearning to get into action? Why—nothing! That sounds easy—and isn't. But a simple corrective is to do something that bears no relation to the subject which we yearn to meddle. Sit down to sew. Dash out to walk. Plunge into a book. Read something to do and stick to it until it becomes absorbing. Gradually the mind veers away from

Possibilities of Rice Are Many Used for Vegetable or Dessert

There are a great many good uses as dessert to which you may put rice in summer.

It was about 228 years ago that the first rice was brought to this country. In 1694 a seafaring man brought a bag of paddy or rough rice from Madagascar to a Charleston merchant. Everybody knows how much a staple it has since become in the South. Indeed, it is said that rice supplies are principal nourishment of nearly half the world's population, so it is no wonder that we took to it so naturally.

There are a tremendous large number of interesting summer desserts to make with rice. They are cold desserts, but one must bear in mind in serving them that they contain a good deal of nourishment and therefore really should be served with meat rather light in other respects. That is to say, they are especially good for the luncheon which consists, say, of a vegetable salad and bread and butter, or of the dinner consisting of clear stock soup, lean meat or fish, vegetables, a simple salad. They add considerably to the amount of nourishment to the meal with which they are served, even if they may taste light and simple.

Here is a delicious chocolate rice pudding: Soak four tablespoons of rice in two cups of cold milk for half an hour. Add one teaspoon salt and cook in a double boiler until rice is tender. Add two tablespoons of butter, half a cup of sugar, two squares of chocolate melted, one teaspoon vanilla, two beaten egg yolks and

its morbid centering on what is better left unmentioned and concerns itself with what the body—or the eyes—or the hands are engaging in.

There's a lot of truth in the old nursery rhyme about Bo-Peep and her missing sheep: "Leaves them alone and they'll come home." Most of the things for which we are desperately seeking will take care of themselves if we do nothing reckless—nothing ill advised—nothing dramatic. It isn't easy, but it's worth trying.

Discarded Rose Bushes Soon Bud Again

When rose bushes that horticulturists grow to provide cut flowers for the trade cease to produce enough blooms to make them commercially profitable they are dug up and replaced with younger plants.

"These discarded plants were formerly thrown away," said a wholesaler florist who is also a grower. "Now we sell them. Department stores in the spring often take thousands of them, which they sell at bargain prices. The plants are all right and often prove real bargains to the amateur gardener. The florists who dig them do not always mark them accurately—they sell at a price too low to justify much trouble and expense."

"They may not be true to name, but they are healthy plants and will produce roses for years. In former days the cheap rose bushes came from abroad. But now that the importation of rose bushes has been prohibited through fear of plant diseases, there is a market for what was formerly a waste. We get 10c to 20c apiece for these old plants and this is a big item when the number is considered."

Old potatoes are very likely to become discolored when boiled. To prevent this add a slice of lemon to the water in which they are cooked.

Dishes Made From Rice

By LORETTA C. LYNCH.

To really enjoy rice, one must eat it as a vegetable. It is cheap and should be used freely in the summer diet. It may be served daily, but should be prepared in a variety of ways. But the secret of its deliciousness is in the cooking.

One does not have to go to the south to learn to cook rice. Any one who will follow these directions exactly will cook rice successfully the first time she tries.

Wash the rice thoroughly. Use a deep vessel for cooking. To four measuring cups of boiling water add one level teaspoon of salt. Then add one cup of washed rice, so slowly that the water continues to boil. Put the lid on, leaving just a small opening. Occasionally shake vessel, that no kernels stick to the bottom. But—never stir the rice.

Boil until all the water has evaporated. Then remove lid and place on simmer or in the open oven where it will finish swelling without burning. Each spoon-throw grain will alone, plump, tender and delicious.

Riced shrimp is delicious and a bit out of the ordinary. Boil rice as directed above. While still warm, press into cups two-thirds full. When cold remove from the cup. Dip into beaten eggs and then in bread crumbs. Place these on a baking tin and let brown in hot oven. Fry a minced onion in a tablespoon of butter, when lightly brown add a heaping tablespoon of flour, brown and add a pint of milk, stir until thickened and season with salt and pepper.

Place the egg rice balls on a deep platter. Add (scattering them around the balls) a cupful of shrimp already cooked and cleaned or can of prepared shrimp made hot. Pour over them the gravy and serve.

Thicken with the yolks of six eggs well beaten, cool, fold in the stiffly beaten whites of the eggs, turn into a buttered baking dish, sprinkle with powdered sugar and bake for 20 minutes. Serve immediately.

What Every Housekeeper Should Know

The standard measurements of teaspoons, tablespoon and cup are level. The measuring cup now to be found in almost every town and village, because so universally adopted, has the markings divisions indicating quarters and holds exactly one-half pint.

In many recipes rounding measurements are mentioned of tea or tablespoon to save time of the busy housekeeper. One rounding spoonful is equivalent to two level. If one prefers to make all measurements level it is only necessary, therefore, that the two level be allowed for the one rounding.

The modern housekeeper has begun to learn that there are other ways of cooking food than by boiling, broiling or roasting, all of which processes call for high heat. She has come to know that long, slow cooking, at a gentle heat, best conserves the nutritive elements of food and the flavors that render it most agreeable to us. It is this method of cooking that the earthen casserole, with its close fitting cover, has made possible for us. Then, too, the casserole is the serving as well as the cooking dish; and besides as from its nature it retains heat for a long time, the food presented in it may be kept in good condition for the last corner of tardy dinner.

The casserole may be also the main dependence of the woman who does her own work and likes to serve her meals daintily in courses. The viands cooked in the casserole, whether of "fish, flesh, fowl or good old herring," nicely seasoned and ready to serve will not deteriorate if they be left in the oven while the appetizer and soup are being eaten; they may then be brought to the table without further manipulation or a minute's delay.

"In cooking chicken, veal and the like in casserole, after the vegetables and mushrooms have been added, press a strip of dough over the meeting line of cover and dish.

Things You'll Love To Make

Apronette House Dress



An apronette house dress is very convenient for the housewife. Cut a plain one-piece slipover dress. (If a little easier to slip into, slit it in front for a few inches, and close it with snaps or buttons.) Cut a bib apron of checked or plaid material that has the same predominating color as the plain material of the dress. Make long sash ends on the apron. Make two groups of slits at the back of the waistline of the dress. Bind the slits. Sew two buttons on each shoulder. Make two button holes on each shoulder of the apron. Button the apron to the dress; run the sash through the slits. You can have two such aprons to each dress. An apronette house dress is very becoming and easy to launder.

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MORE TALES OF CUFFY BEAR

By ARTHUR SCOTT BAILEY

Beginner's Luck.

The summer brought so many good things to eat that every member of the Bear family was growing plumper each day. Although Mr. Bear ate a huge amount, he complained that his appetite wasn't what it ought to be.

"I don't know what's the matter with me; nothing tastes good," he told Mrs. Bear.

She didn't appear to be alarmed about his health. Mr. Bear, however, fretted a good deal, until one day he exclaimed suddenly, "I know what the trouble is. I need fish. I'm hungry for fish." And he declared that he was going fishing in Swift river the very next morning.

"Take me with you!" Cuffy begged his father.

"It wouldn't do any good," Mr. Bear told him. "It takes practice to catch fish. You wouldn't have any luck."

"I want to see you catch fish," said Cuffy.

"All right!" Mr. Bear agreed. "I'll show you how. For I can catch 'em if anybody can."

Before daybreak the next morning Mr. Bear got up and waked Cuffy.

"We won't stop to eat," he announced. "We'll have a fish breakfast when we reach the river." So they started down the mountain.

When they came to the river Mr. Bear told Cuffy to stay on the bank and keep quiet. Then he went down to the water's edge and waded in a little way.

Suddenly he lunged out with one of his paws. He made such a great splash that Cuffy thought his father must have caught a big one. But he hadn't.

"Missed him," said Mr. Bear with a grunt. "I'll get the next."

But he didn't. He certainly tried hard enough however. He swooped so fiercely that he lost his balance and fell into the river all over.

Young Cuffy jumped up and down and laughed when he saw his father rise, dripping, and shake himself.

"Keep still!" Mr. Bear growled. "It's a wonder I'm not having any luck. You're scaring the fish. I ought to have left you at home."

Cuffy choked off his laughter. He didn't want his father to send him away. And when Mr. Bear lost the next fish Cuffy didn't make the slightest sound, nor even move. But Mr. Bear was sure that the mishap was Cuffy's fault.

"I'm going down the river," he said gruffly. "You stay here. I'll come back and get you on my way home."

Just then Mr. Bear thought he saw another fish. He plunged in a paw and gave a squeal of delight.

"I've got a big one!" he cried.

The next moment he looked foolish. He saw that he had an old boot in his paw.

"What kind of a fish is that?" Cuffy asked him.

Mr. Bear flung the boot at him.

"Don't be silly!" he belated. And he started down stream in a fine rage.

Mr. Bear was gone for a long time. He came puffing back at last. When Cuffy saw him he knew at once that his father was in very low spirits. He knew, too, that it was best not to talk when his father was flumm. So Cuffy never said a word, though he had something important to tell.

"I'm half starved," Mr. Bear snorted as he made for a bog behind the bank of the river. "I'm going frogging. For I can never climb the mountain without food."

Cuffy followed him. But he took no part in the frog hunt.

"If you want any frogs you'll have to catch 'em yourself," his father growled.

"I don't care for any frogs—thank you!" Cuffy replied. "I'm not hungry!"

"Not hungry?" Mr. Bear exclaimed, as if he couldn't believe his own ears. "I've had my breakfast," Cuffy explained.

"What did you eat?" Mr. Bear demanded.

"Fish!" Cuffy told him. "I caught three big ones while you were gone."

"Why didn't you save some for me?" Mr. Bear roared.

"Because I thought you'd get a plenty for yourself," Cuffy answered. "You know you are a fine fisherman."

"Yes, yes! To be sure!" said Mr. Bear. And he didn't mention the matter again.

When they reached home Mrs. Bear didn't have to ask her husband how many fish he had caught. She knew just by looking at him that he had had no luck at all.

"As for Cuffy, he felt so happy that he simply had to tell his mother about his three fish. Mr. Bear glared as he listened. "Beginner's luck!" he grunted.

In the hope of cheering him Cuffy said, "I'll take you fishing tomorrow, father."

"Sh!" Mrs. Bear exclaimed to her son. "You'd better run right out and play!"

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