

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

Our Castles in the Air

By FORTUNE FREE.

When a man remarked one day to Justice Hawkins that a medical friend of his was "all right" only admitted to building castles in the air, he was astonished to hear the justice exclaim: "Well, why shouldn't he? Building castles in the air may be a most excellent recreation. I wouldn't give a cent for the man, woman, boy or girl who didn't build them."

Justice Hawkins was not a person with whom it was very safe to argue—even when he was off the bench. He had a considerable amount of withering sarcasm at his command. The man "dried up." He collapsed with, "Well, I don't know, but somehow—and that kind of thing. But the judge was in a talkative mood.

When he was quite a young and unknown lawyer, he said, he sat in his office many a day lonely and waiting. At those times he often heard sounds like steps upon the dark, creaky stairs leading to his chambers.

"What do you think they were?" he asked his companion, and his friend promptly suggested rats. "Idiot!" roared Hawkins. "They were the footsteps of future clients with briefs. I was building my castles in the air. It kept me alive."

The use of castles in the air depends upon the castle. Is it one that does you good to inhabit for a time? Do you come out of it again feeling better for the change? You are not limited in your choice. You have a wide and varied selection, as the catalogues say. The man or woman who chooses badly suffers, and has only him or herself to blame.

"A castle in the air is a refuge from the present," said Tennyson. He was quite right. There are some people to whom the present is all suffering, they are happy enough or ought to be so—for it is not necessary for them to dream of either the past or the future. I remember Tools relating how he advised a friend of his who was getting married never to fall into the mistake—he had a habit that way—of mistaking his wife while they were on their honeymoon.

"I remember a time years ago here came in a girl," "When I was as happy as happy can be I could possibly be," Tools said his wife would not like it. Another friend, not to be named, upon a similar occasion, tried to suggest to the lady that he was looking for supreme happiness in the future.

"Don't you go saying—you know you're inclined that way—'We'll have a real happy time some day, my dear, or something like that. She'll feel annoyed if you do."

There are seasons when castle building in the past or in the future is a reflection cast on the present, suggesting that one does not think all is as well as it might be. When the present time is good there is no sense in seeking a refuge from it.

But for the vast majority of people the somewhat drab lameness of ordinary life leads them to castles in the air. Some of them live among the ruins of the castles of the past—imaginary superb residences which might have been only for something which snatched their foundations and brought the castles down with a crash upon their heads. They stumble their way among its tumbled-down walls, finding a dismal pleasure in the ruins.

Longfellow remarked that "if only" was the foundation on which millions built their "shattered palaces of sighs." "How easy it is upon 'if only' to conjure up a phantom habitation in which every wish might have been satisfied, every hope of our heart and aspiration of our soul realized! How much of suffering we should have escaped! 'If only'! How much better should we have been, how much happier! But the dream palace lies shattered. We sit among its ruins. Our eyes are filled with tears, but the tears only delude our sight to magnify the dream beauty of what might have been 'if only'!"

How President's Cake Was Made

Much interest has been manifested in the "president's wedding cake," it having been the subject for a moving picture film, and as a number of newspapers and magazine articles. This leads to the conclusion that perhaps some other folks would enjoy having such a cake at a wedding. For this reason The Bee here gives in detail instructions for making this mammoth dainty.

Materials Used in the Cake—Nine cups flour sifted, four cups sugar, granulated, two and one-fourth cups butter, uncolored, unsalted, three cups milk, skimmed, one-half teaspoon each violet and vanilla extract, one teaspoon rose color, three drops lemon extract, fifteen egg whites, nine level teaspoons Calumet baking powder. Quantities above are for two and one-half times amount required for usual family size.

"Setting Sail" : : By Nell Brinkley

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A BOY cautiously takes a girl's fingers between his own, comes closer, bonds above her drooped face to peer into her hidden eyes, and with his heart pumping wildly and his lips stiff with fright, puts into crowding, stumbling words an ancient question. Perhaps it is his beginner's luck, or the brilliant victory of a soldier too frightened to run away—but the cloth of the old love story is new and colorful—a work of art—the loveliest and last word in love songs! Just a little while before they were two children—partners—playing together—digging sand and building sand cities studded with shells along with another little child, but all three idling in the sun of Southland, lulled

by the soft roll of the sea into dreams, abandoned their forts and trenches and baby structures to the pools of the sea-wash—and launched a ship! A tiny, frail, blue-and-white ship of painted wood with a sail of silk, launched in glassy water no deeper than the first pink joint of Cupid's finger. And pushed off by a childish hand that never thought of how rough and big the sea would be beyond and how towering and crushing even the low breakers close in would be to the little new craft just putting out, a bright toy in the sun. Two pretty ships setting sail at once for the stretch of mirror water and then the wide sea beyond—the baby's toy and the ship of Love and Marriage.

Fixing the Boy's Room

If your son and heir suddenly evolves from a little boy into a big one and demands a room for his very own and you have none to give him save your spare room, which should be kept in readiness for the chance visitor, do not despair, for there is sure to be a space up in the attic (or third floor) that will be just the place for this rapidly growing lad.

Do You Know That

An Easy Job

By CHARLES F. THWING, M. D., President Western Reserve University, Cleveland.

In-Shoots

days for most the boys the work is not difficult. The number of the days themselves ought to be increased and the number of hours in each day devoted to study should receive a similar increase.

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