Bovril makes you feel splendid

Variable Summer Squash.

Every now and then some old food standby steps forth with new possibilities. This time it is the humble squash. To some it may appeal only as an occasional variation from the regular menu of vegetables, to others it may be the promised dish of the season, and some may even be astonished when told what they are eating. There are so many ways it may be disguised and yet make a tempting and appetizing dish.

If you are unusually fond of this iron bearing vegetable, it may even be canned and will make a tempting and colorful dish for the winter table. After a quick scrub of the brush, remove the ends and core and cut the remainder into pieces of a size to fit the jars. Pack closely into sterilized jars and fill with salted water about the same as you would cook it in. Process for one hour.

There are many epicurean dishes to be made from summer squash. Stuffed squash will be proclaimed good by a great many. With a stiff vegetable brush scrub the squash well and cut a slice from the top, as for a jack o' lantern. Remove all seeds and fibres. Fill with a dressing made of one pint of bread crumbs well seasoned with salt, pepper, butter, a large onion chopped fine, and two well-beaten eggs. Replace top and bake for two hours, basting with bacon or pork drippings.

A cup of squash added to the bread dough as it is being separated to make buns or raised biscuit will make them a pretty golden color with a delicious flavor. They will also keep moist much longer.

Try some squash cakes. To one cup of squash sifted, add three cups of flour, or enough to mix thick with a spoon. Add one teaspoon of vinegar, one tablespoon of butter, salt, one egg, one cup of milk, two teaspoons of baking powder. Bake in gem pans in a quick oven, or drop from spoon on pan and bake as drop cakes.

Scalloped squash is also good. Prepare and cook as for mashed squash. Put into a baking dish and cover with cream sauce, sprinkle cracker or bread crumbs over the top, and bake. A few pieces of green peppers, tomatoes or a little minced parsley adds variety to the dish, which makes a welcome change on the fall menu.

Drying Peaches for Winter.

Peaches are usually dried unpeeled, although a superior variety is made by removing the skins. Select peaches for drying which are ripe but not soft. Wash, cut in half, remove stone and place in trays with the pit side up.

Many housewives use a lye solution for removing the skins. Dissolve two pounds of commercial concentrated lye in ten gallons of water. When boiling hot, place the peaches in a wire or wooden basket and plunge into the solution for one to two minutes, moving the basket up and down to hasten contact with the lye.

Lift from lye when fine cracks or checks in the peel appear. Plunge immediately into cold water and move about to wash off the lye. Remove the skins by rubbing between the hands or with a brush. Wash to remove the adhering lye. Halve, take out pits and place on the drier, cavity side up.

If peaches are dried in the sun, covered with muslin or mosquito netting to protect from insects the same as with other kinds of fruit. In an artificially heated drier the temperature at the beginning of drying should not be more than 120 degrees. This may be gradually increased to 160 degrees. When the pieces are pliable and leathery and no moisture is pressed out of the freshly cut surface, the product is sufficiently dry. Transfer from the drier to large, clean wooden or pasteboard boxes and cover with muslin which will admit air and exclude insects. Place the boxes in a warm room in a rather dark place. Stir daily until the fruit is in a uniform condition, after which pack in permanent containers and store in a dry, airy place.

Apricots and nectarines are treated in precisely the same way.

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Two Kinds of Beauty.

The study class had met with Miss Marchbanks, and the subject of the speaker had been interior decoration.

"O Gwen, wasn't it fine?" said Peggy. "And Miss Marchbanks's was just the one right place in town to have it! She could sit serene and listen to all that perfectly scathing talk about clutter and crowding and meaningless bric-a-brac and walls plastered with pictures and——"

"She could," agreed Gwen. "That beautiful great living room of her illustrated every point the speaker made. Soft, rich, restful color, few pictures, few ornaments—everything suitable and harmonious. Yes, it was an object lesson for anybody who was starting in fresh."

"The minute I get home," continued Peggy, "I'm going to stare every blessed object firmly in the face and make it give an account of itself; and if it can't prove that it really adds to the beauty of the room it's in, up attic it goes."

"What will your mother have to say?" suggested Gwen.

"Mother! Oh, mother's tired of running things and only too glad to let me do as I wish. Of course I wouldn't touch her room."

"And when you're through," prophesied Gwen, "the house will be good to look at, but her room will be the one that's good to live in."

"But, Gwen——"

"But, Peggy! Rooms grow. Fashions vary of course; but where reasonably good taste has prevailed and the family's interests have been in worthwhile things a room grows so full of life and atmosphere that—well, of course it needs cutting out and pruning back, so to speak, and changes and removals that are part of its growth; but to uproot the whole character of it is something that needs a good deal of thinking about, it seems to me. You could make your living room as beautiful as Miss Marchbanks's and in the same way. I don't doubt that as a matter of pure artistic arrangement it would be an improvement. But there are other kinds of beauty to consider—there's the beauty of remembrance and of outlook, for instance. If I should change over my room I know that it wouldn't pay.

"There are to many things in it that I know; none of the bric-a-brac and pictures are 'meaningless.' And, Peg, I can't spare one of them! My pictures either refresh my memory of those wonderful six months I had in Italy, or they give me an all-out-doors feeling of space and grandeur when weather or sickness or dull duties shut me within four walls. I'd as soon block one of my windows as banish one of my pictures!"

"I see," said Peggy thoughtfully. "Yet I do think that the speaker was right. Crowding isn't restful, and when things are crowded nothing shows to its best advantage. Now, does it, Gwen?"

"On entering a room, no; as the furnishing of a room, no. But to live with, a person may want either many windows, as I do, or one or two everlastingly beautiful pictures perfectly displayed; and, Peggy, mother knows that speaker, and she called at our house and saw my room. She liked it! She couldn't have thought it was beautiful, but she said, 'What a dear little nest for a dear girl! It seems to radiate contentment.' "

"She said that! Oh, dear me, you pesky Gwen! Now you've upset all my plans! I shan't even dare confiscate that awful gilt vase with the roses that Aunt Jane gave mother!"

"If that vase were mine," murmured Gwenneth sympathetically, "an accident would have happened to it ages ago while I was dusting!"

Playing Ball in Church.

The late Mr. W. Andrews, in his "Lore and Legend of the English Church," gives some interesting information about church music in olden days. He mentions an extraordinary custom which choirs used to have of playing at ball in church at Easter. The origin of the usage is obscure, though it has been supposed to be not distantly related to the more general custom of presenting colored eggs to one's friends. However it arose, it was conducted in a fashion which implies that it had some religious significance, and was, in fact, regarded at its commencement as a religious ceremony. The dean received the ball, and immediately began to chant an antiphon; moving meanwhile in a stately step in time to the music, then to another of the clergy; when it had reached the hands of the dean, he in turn threw it to each of the choristers, the antiphon, accompanied by the organ, meanwhile continuing. The statutes of the cathedrals regulated the size of the balls used in this strange rite. In many places there is still a tradition that the game of football is especially appropriate to Easter Monday, and in several towns until quite recent times football was played in the streets on that day by a promiscuous concourse of people. It is natural to imagine that there may be some common origin of this and the practice just described. Of course, we have lost the religious significance of the ball in these days.

The Cow Puncher

BY ROBERT J. C. STEAD.

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Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

Dr. Eardy, famous specialist, and his daughter Irene, meet with an accident while on a motoring trip in the foothills of Alberta and find a refuge in the cabin of the Elden ranch where dwell David and his dissolute father. The girl and boy promise to meet again in the future. After his father's drunken death David goes to seek his fortune in town and loses all his money at a pool table. He spends an evening with Conward, his poolroom acquaintance, and two actresses and takes liquor for the first time. Next morning he awakes from a drunken sleep resolved to amend. He is attracted by the singing of a choir girl in a church; then he attended a Socalist meeting. When delivering coal at the home of Mr. Duncan he is offered evening tuition in return for occasional services as a coachman. The first evening he discovers the choir girl in Edith Duncan. Under his tutor's careful direction Dave's education thrives apace. He becomes a reporter on The Call. One Sunday he told Edith the story of his life and his compact with Irene. Conward drops in with talk about "industrial development" and fires David's imagination. They form a real estate partnership.

CHAPTER XI.

David Elden smoked his after-cigar in his bachelor quarters. The years had been good to the firm of Conward and Elden—good far beyond the wildness of their first dreams. The transaction of the section bought from the English absentee had been but the beginning of bigger and more daring adventures. That section was now considered close-in property, and lots which Conward & Elden had originally sold for two hundred dollars each had since changed hands at more than a thousand. The street railway ran far beyond it. Water mains, sewers, electric lights, graded streets and concrete sidewalks had sprawled for miles across the prairie. Conward, in that first wild prophecy of his, had spoken of a city of a quarter of a million people; already more lots had been sold than could be occupied by four times that population.

It had been a very marvellous development—an enthusiasm which had grown deeper and wilder until it swept along as an insane abandon, bearing in its current the last vestiges of conservatism and caution. For at last the old-timers, long alluded to as the "dead ones," had come in. For years they had held back, scoffing, predicting disaster, and while they held back venturesome youths had become millionaires. One can stand that only so long, and at last the old-timers were buying and selling and debauching with the others in the lust of easy money.

Dave had often asked himself where it all would end. He traced it from its beginning; from the day when he wrote his first "boost" story; from the hundred-dollar bill that Conward had placed in his hands. It was a simple course to trace; so simple now that he was amazed that only Conward and a few shrewd others had seen it at that time. It had begun with the prosperity of incoming money—the money of a little group of speculators and adventurers and the others who hung on their train. They had filled the few hotels and office buildings. Presently someone began to build a new hotel. Labor was scarce and dear; carpenters, masons, bricklayers, plumbers, plasterers, laborers, had to be brought in from the outside. There was no place for them to sleep; there was no place for them to eat; there were insufficient stores to supply their wants. More hotels and shops and stores and houses had to be built, and to build them more carpenters and masons and bricklayers and plumbers and plasterers and painters had to be brought from the outside. The thing grew upon itself. It was like a fire starting slowly in the still prairie grass, which by its own heat creates a breeze that in turn gives birth to a gale that whips it forth in uncontrollable fury. Houses went up; blocks of them, streets of them, miles of them, but they could not keep pace with the demand, for every builder of a house must have a roof to sleep under. And there were streets to build; strets to grade and fill and pave; ditches to dig and sidewalks to lay and wires to string. And more houses had to be built for the men who paved streets and dug ditches and laid sidewalks and strung wires. And more stores and more hotels and more churches and more schools and more places of amusement were needed. And the fire fed on its own fury and spread to lengths undreamed by those who first set the match to the dry grass.

The process of speculation was as easily defined. The first buyers were cautious; they looked over the vacant lots carefully; weighed their advantages and disadvantages; the prospect of the city growing this way or that. But scarcely had they bought when they sold again at a profit, and were seized with a quick regret that they had not bought more, or earlier. Soon the caution of the early transactions was forgotten in the rush for more lots, which, almost immediately, could be resold at a profit. Judgment and discretion became handicaps in the race; the successful man was he who threw all such qualities to the winds. Fortunes were made; intrinsic values were lost sight of in the glare of great and sudden profits. Prices mounted up and up, and when calmer counsels held that they had reached their limits all such counsels were abashed by prices soaring higher still.

And the firm of Conward & Elden had profited not the least in these wild years of gain-getting. Their mahogany-finished first-floor quarters were the last word in office luxuriance. Conward's private room fright with credit have housed a premier or a president. Its purpose was to be impressive, rather than to give any other service, as Conward spent little of his time therein. On Dave fell the responsibility of office management, and his room was fitted for efficiency rather than luxury. It commanded a view of the long general office where a battery of stenographers and clerks took care of the detail of the business of Conward & Elden. And Dave had established his ability as an office manager. His fairness, his fearlessness, his impartiality, his courtesy, his even temper—save on rare and excusable occasions—had won from the staff a loyalty which Conward, with all his abilities as a good mixer, could never have commanded.

He had prospered, of course. His statement to his banker ran into seven figures. For years he had not known the experience of being short of money for any personal purpose. Occasionally, at first, and again of late, the firm had found it necessary to resort to high finance. This was usually accomplished by getting a bank so deeply involved in their speculations that in moments of emergency it dared not desert them if it would. There are ways of doing that. And always the daring of Conward and the organization of Elden had justified themselves. Dave was still a young man, not yet in his thirties; he was rated a millionaire; he had health, comeliness, and personality; he commanded the respect of a wide circle of business men, and was regarded as one of the matrimonial prizes of the city; his name had been discussed for public office; he was a success.

And yet this night, as he sat in his comfortable rooms and watched the street lights come fluttering on as twilight silhouetted the great hills to the west, he was not so sure of his success. A gas fire burned in the grate, rippling in blue, sinuous waves, and radiating an agreeable warmth on the May evening air. Dave finished his cigar and stood by the window, where the street light now poured in, blending its pale effulgence with the blue radiance from the grate. He was a man to be admired. His frame a trifle stouter than when we last saw him, but still supple and firm; the set of the shoulders, the taper of the body to the waist, the keen but passive face, the poise of the whole figure was that of one who, tasting of the goodness of life, had not gormandized thereon. He was called a success, yet in the honesty of his own soul he feared the coin did not ring true. Conward had insisted more and more upon "weighing the coal." And Dave had concerned himself less and less with the measure. That was what worried him. He felt that the crude but honest conception of the square deal which was the one valuable heritage of his childhood was slipping away from him. He had little in common with Conward outside of their business relationship. He suspected the man vaguely, but had never found tangible ground for his suspicion. Dave did not drink, and those confidences peculiar to a state of semi-intoxication were denied him. He was afraid to drink, not with the fear of the craven, but with the fear of a man who knows his enemy's advantage. He had suffered in his own home, and he feared the enemy, and would make no truce. Weaning was he seduced by the vices which the possession of wealth made easy to his hand. He counted more as a dream—a sort of supernalism out of the past—that last night and that last compact with Irene Hardy, but it had been anchorage for his soul on more than one dangerous sea, and he would not give it up. Some time, he supposed, he should take a wife, but until then that covenant, sealed by the moonlight to the approving murmur of the spruce trees, should stand as his one title of character against which no caveat might be registered.

He was turning this very matter over in his mind, and wondering what the end would be, when a knock came at the door.

"Come," he said, switching on the light. . . . "Oh, it's you, Bert. I am honored. Sit down."

The girl threw her coat over a chair and sank into another. Without speaking she extended her shapely feet to the fire, but when its soothing warmth had comforted her limbs she looked up and said,

"Adam sure put it over on us, didn't he?"

"Still nursing that grievance over your sex," laughed Dave. "I thought you would outgrow it."

"I don't blame him," continued the girl, ignoring his interruption. "I am just getting back from forty-seven teas. Gabbie, gabble, gabble. I don't blame him. We deserve it."

"Then you have had nothing to eat?"

"Almost. Only insignificant indigestibles——"

Dave pressed a button, and a Chinese boy (all male Chinese are boys) entered, bowing with that deference which is so potent to separate the white man from his silver. The white man glories in being salaamed, especially by an Oriental, who can grovel with a touch of art. And the Oriental has not been slow to capitalize his master's vanity.

"Bring something to eat. Go out for it, and be quick. For two."

"Ice cleam? Toast? Tea——?"

"No! Something to eat! Soup, fried chicken, hot vegetables, dessert, everything."

"You've had your dinner, surely?" asked Bert.

"Such a dinner as a man eats alone," he answered. "Now for something real. You stick to the paper like the ink, don't you, Bert?"

"Can't leave it. I hate it—and I love it. It's my poison and my medicine. Most of all I hate the society twaddle. And, of course, that's what I have to do."

"And you write it up so gloriously," said Dave. "Enthusiasm in every line of it."

"You read it, then? I thought all men looked on the society page with contempt."

"They do. But they look on it just the same—long enough to see whether their names appear among those present."

"Or whose husband is out of town?"

"You're growing more cynical all the time."

"How can I help it, when I see both sides of the game? If I printed half what I know I'd have every lawyer in this city busy to-morrow—except those who skipped out overnight."

"You know it," Dave agreed. "But here is dinner." The boy wheeled a table between them, and there was a savory smell of hot food.

(To be continued.)

Baiting a Bear With Buns.

In ancient times bear baiting was a popular European recreation. The bear was chained to a post, and dogs were set upon it to the delight of the spectators. While Lord Frederic Hamilton, the author of Here, There and Everywhere, was in India, he baited a bear in a way that was certainly more amusing, if not more humane, than the old way.

We were at breakfast, he says, when kubber (news) of a bear only two miles away was brought in. My host, the Maharaja of Cooch Behar, at once ordered the howdah elephants round. Opposite me on the breakfast table stood a large plate of buns, which the camp baker made most admirably. Ever since my earliest childhood I had gone to the zoological gardens in Regent's Park on every possible occasion, and therefore was in a position to know what was the favorite food of bears. That they did not live on buns in the jungle was owing merely to the fact that there were no buns there to live on. I argued that the dainty would prove just as irresistible to a bear in the jungle as it did to his brethren in the big pit near the entrance to the zoo at home, and, ignoring the rather cheap gibes of the rest of the party, I provided myself with half a dozen buns, three of which I attached by long strings to the front of my howdah, where they swung like a pawnbroger's sign.

The bear was lying in a small patch of bamboo and broke cover at once. As I had anticipated, the three swinging buns proved absolutely irresistible to him. He came straight up to me, and I shot him with a smoothbore. He is most decorative in his present position, as a rug on the floor of my drawing-room—a fact that is wholly owing to the buns.

The Migrants.

I faintly hear, far up in the cold sky,
The silver music of a hurrying host,
The voice of winged armies as they fly
Through cloud and clear-lane to a distant coast.
Warbler and thrush, and finch and vireo,
Clan linked to clan, they sweep in wild crusade—
Borne on the winds beyond the reach of foe,
Wrapped in impenetrable mist and shade.

I strain each sense to catch the flaked notes
And vainly stare aloft to pierce the dark,
Wondering what rapture swells the pilgrims' throats,
What shore it is toward which they all embark.
Wishing I, too, could join the venturous flight
To that strange clime that lies beyond the night!

The color for mourning varies. In Europe it is black; in China, white; in Egypt, yellow; in Turkey, blue; while kings and cardinals mourn in purple and violet. The ancients wore sackcloth.

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Sounds.

I woke as midnight turned upon its purple hinges,
And heard the sounds day hides within the core of silence.
I heard the shadows running races in the garden;
The lonely dew that wept beside the sleeping lilies.
I heard the stars play hymns on gold and silver organs.
I heard the moths steal honey from the dreaming roses;
The fairies snipping patterns out of crimson gauzes;
The cocoons spinning wings of black and yellow spangles.
I heard the forest chant a story to its children
As I awoke at midnight.

I woke as midnight turned upon its purple hinges
And heard the mosses sprouting on the rotting shingles.
I heard the cobwebs weaving garments for the rafters;
Lost echoes searching up and down the dusty stairway.
I heard the attic step and step among the spiders.
I heard the gnomes that sit and snigger on the bedposts;
The "things" that rock in empty chairs and set them creaking.
One secret sound was stranger far than all the others;
I heard a laugh that had been left among the worries—
As I awoke at midnight.

—Jennie Harris Oliver.

Humor From the Schoolroom.

A Toronto school inspector relates a number of good stories in one of the Canadian magazines.

"Who made you?" asked a teacher. The little girl addressed evidently wished to be accurate in her reply—"God made me so long"—indicating the length of a short baby—"and I growed the rest."

"Boys," said a teacher, "can any of you quote a verse from Scripture to prove that it is wrong for a man to have two wives?" He paused, and after a moment a bright boy raised his hand. "Well, Thomas," said the teacher, encouragingly. Thomas stood up and said solemnly, "No man can serve two masters."

History and Scripture were never mixed more thoroughly than by the boy who wrote—"Titus was a Roman Emperor, supposed to have written the Epistle to the Hebrews; his other name was Oates."

Here are a few answers culled at random: "The food passes through your windpipe to the pores, and thus passes off your body by evaporation through a lot of little holes in the skin called capillaries."

"A circle is a round straight line with a hole in the middle."

"In Austria the principal occupation is gathering Austrich feathers."

"The two most famous volcanoes of Europe are Sodom and Gomorrah."

"Climate lasts all the time, and weather only a few days."

"The blood is putrified in the lungs by inspired air."

"A demagogue is a vessel containing beer and other liquids."

"Tom, give me a sentence containing the word responsibility." Tom said, "When one suspender button is gone there is a great responsibility on the other one."

"What is a lad?" inquired the teacher. A very small girl answered, "A thing for courting with."

"How did that blot come on your copybook, Sam?" "I think it is a tear, Miss Wallace." "How could a tear be black, Sam?" "It must have been a colored boy who dropped it," suggested the reflective Samuel.

"What made the tower of Pisa lean?" "The famine in the land."

"Now, children," said the teacher, "we have gone through the history of England—tell me in whose reign would you live if you could choose for yourselves." "In the reign of King James," said philosophic Alec, "because education was very much neglected in his time."

Giant Airplanes to Carry 100 People 500 Miles.

An Italian designer has undertaken to build a machine capable of carrying 100 passengers for a 500-mile flight without stopping. It will have 16 engines of 300 horsepower each, a width of nearly 180 feet, and a carrying surface of 10,500 square feet. Another Italian firm is building a hydroplane to travel about 1,800 miles without stopping, for the Portuguese airmen who will attempt to repeat their transatlantic flight.

One who is born within the sound of Bow Bells, London, is considered a genuine Cockney.

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Handshakes Tell Tales.

The practice of grasping hands is no recent innovation of etiquette. This gesture dates from antiquity. The custom, however, of shaking hands originated during that productive period which we know as the Middle Ages.

The handshake is not such a futile formality as one would suppose. Symbolic, in the first instance, of peace or friendship, it is also a valuable guide to character.

The different kinds of handshake are many and various—far too numerous for the variety of forms to be noticed here. There are, nevertheless, a few definite types of handshake which act as an efficient guide to the personality of those who give them.

There is, first of all, the firm, vigorous, hearty grip of friendship, indicative of peace and good will. The keynote of this handshake is confidence. More often than not it is given by a hard, almost horny, hand—a true sign, wrote Shakespeare, of the brave mind.

Then there is its antithesis—the languid, lukewarm, flabby touch. This handshake is one which reveals nervousness and indecision, irresolution of mind, and infirmity of purpose.

So clear a sign is it of character—or, rather, lack of character—that more than one applicant for a post has lost his appointment by offering to the shrewd, discerning employer the timid, halting handshake. It is never given by the man of mettle and determination.

There is also the brief, hasty handshake, offered usually by the person of restless, animated temperament, and denoting an intelligent, active mind. It has neither the strength of the hearty grip, nor the weakness of the irresolute one. Yet a true delineation of character may be drawn from it by the man of experience and perception.

Lastly there is the lingering, long-drawn-out, full-of-feeling handshake, the special prerogative of the lover. If not strictly indicative of character, this handshake does at least convey a meaning more ably and more eloquently than mere words can do.

The handshake, such a common, every-day act as it is, has thus a use of more import than the simple act of salutation. Behind it lies the great indication of character, revealed through the most primitive of our senses—the sense of touch.

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Dancing in Church.

There are still two European churches in which the practice of dancing has survived—those of Seville, and Echternach in Luxembourg.

At Seville it is customary on the Feast of the Immaculate Conception and of Corpus Christi, for the choir boys in the cathedral to dance during the elevation of the Host.

A ballet is danced every evening during the octave of the feast before the high altar, by boys from twelve to seventeen years of age, in plumed hats and the dress of pages of the time of Philip III.

At Echternach Abbey church the dance is held on the Feast of St. Willibrod. It consists of a dancing procession round the town to the abbey and into the church, where dancing takes place, and is witnessed by many thousands of people.

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