

BOY SCOUTS

(Conducted by National Council of the Boy Scouts of America.)

DRIVE FOR RE-REGISTRATION

The fact that a large number of scout troops fail annually to re-register, and consequently have to be stricken from the national records is causing much national concern. It is concerning that they are endeavoring to investigate each case of a dead or lapsed troop to see what ended its dormant condition and what, if anything, can be done to revive it and put it in good working order again.

In many cases the trouble has been traced to the lack of proper leadership, of laxness in handling troop business on the part of those in charge. This is, of course, a serious matter, and the boys themselves, who are usually not only willing but anxious to "carry on." Scout leaders everywhere are being reminded that unless a troop is regularly re-registered at the national council headquarters it cannot be included in the boy scout membership nor so reported to congress. This means even more to the boy according to act of congress. No unregistered scout is entitled to wear the scout uniform and insignia.

The chief scout executive has this to say on the subject: "The fundamental objectives of scouting are character development and citizenship training. Good citizenship means law and order. That is, not only knowledge of laws, but observance of laws, rules and regulations. Surely every scout leader wants to have members of his troop helpful and orderly in the matter of membership in the Boy Scouts of America."

"Only scouts and scout officials who are duly registered in accordance with the regulations of the Boy Scouts of America, adopted pursuant to federal charter granted by congress, can lawfully represent themselves as scouts authorized to wear the uniform and official insignia."

"Scouts whose membership is allowed to lapse violate the regulations and therefore are not lawful and orderly."

"This is an important matter. Act promptly!"

It is to be hoped that every person interested in scouting will concern himself with the question involved and see to it that no scout troop is allowed to lapse for want of adult leadership and action in behalf of the boy scout community who both need scouting.

THAT SOMETHING.

What is it that makes a Troop? IT IS THAT SOMETHING! What is it that makes the Troop bloom, what causes the wonderful attendance at each meeting?

Why does the Troop make such wonderful progress? IT IS THAT SOMETHING! You can have the best camp in the world, and thousands of pounds of shells, but the metal and powder is absolutely useless unless you have a flame to touch off the fuse.

IT IS THE FLAME THAT DOES THE WORK! You can have the best bunch of boys in the city, the best administrator, the best meeting place and the most money in the treasury—but all this amounts to nothing unless you have the flame to set the things going, and the flame which will start the Scout Troop going.

THAT SOMETHING. No, it is not too soon, nor is it too late, for that makes the good Troop. It is not cooperation or team work alone, nor is it efficiency alone. But the flame which will set the scout troop off—which will make it hum right along—is all of the above qualities rolled together and called...

THE TROOP SPIRIT. From Service, Philadelphia scout magazine.

SCOUTS STAR IN PENROD.

Over near the river in New York city three small boys, by name, William Blair, Richard Ross and John Call lived and played and got into mischief with the rest of the "gang." One day they heard of the scouts and decided they wanted to see what scouting was like. Accordingly they presented themselves at Kennedy house and demanded to know all about it. The result was they joined the boy scout family of Kennedy house and began to do all the interesting things scouts do and to understand what scouting stands for in health, happiness and outdoor life, as well as for comradeship and clean living. The three are today good scouts, and are known to every kid lover for all three are playing in both Tarkington's famous boy play "Penrod." Young Ross is Penrod himself, Blair is "George Bassett" and John Call is "Sam Williams."

SCOUT GOOD-TURNS.

St. Paul boy scouts distributed in one day 30,000 handbills and 5,000 windshield stickers for good roads bill.

A scout troop in Norfolk, Va., has been presented with 4000 dollars by the navy. It was the guest of the veterans stationed at the local naval base. Master Blair is, four years old and one of the best known mascots in the navy. The scouts are to keep their new friend in the zoo at City Park.

Woman's Section of The Enterprise

Authoritative Ideas on Fashions by Julia Bottomley, and Cooking and Baking Hints by Nellie Maxwell.

Also Short Stories and Features by Noted Writers, of Particular Interest to Women and Children Readers.

The Kitchen Cabinet

(© 1921, Western Newspaper Union.)

A word of patience and a control of words of honey sweet. Endurance a quiet and enterly in all you desire to eat.

When mixing your cake do not a machine. But study the "why" and the "how." And learn from reason, not from "hype." The effects of all you say.

WARM WEATHER DISHES.

As the warm days approach, the appetite craves cold vegetables and frozen desserts. These are needed, this making the meal at serving time easier to serve. The simpler and less expensive dishes appeal to the housewife who has all her own work to do and during the hot weather she is wise to make her work as light as possible. Gelatin desserts and such combinations are all right for occasions, but they are not liked too often.

Marie Pudding—Mix together a cupful and a quarter of maple syrup, a tablespoonful of sugar, four beaten egg yolks and cook in a double boiler until smooth. Soak two tablespoonfuls of gelatin in two tablespoonfuls of water, add to the cooked mixture; when cool stir in the stiffly beaten whites of the eggs and a pint of whipped cream. Put into a mold and pack in ice and salt to harden.

Orange Sherbet—Take one egg, one quart of milk, one pint of cream, the juice and grated rind of three oranges, the juice and rind of one lemon and two and one half cups of sugar. Beat the egg and add to the milk, cook until the egg is cooked, cool, add to the cream. Dissolve the sugar in the fruit juice and add to the other mixture. Freeze as usual.

Raspberry Whip—Cook a cupful of raspberries, add a cupful of sugar and heat into the mixture two egg whites, whipping until the mixture is stiff enough to stand up. Serve in sherbet cups with whole berries on top.

Grated bread—Soak a large, even-sized mushroom, peel the caps, remove the stems and put the caps still tied up in the broiler with a bit of butter in each. Cook until well done. Serve the stems chopped, covered in butter and with a few tablespoonfuls of cream added.

What might be done if men were wise? What serious deeds in a morning brother. Would they write in love and might, And cease their wars and all their might. —Clara Mackay.

EVERYDAY GOOD THINGS.

When you have time to prepare a little extra dish the following will be well worth your trouble:

Cabbage—Wash and wipe dry the drum, crisp outside leaves from a head of cabbage. Prepare the inside leaves by making with salt, pepper, a bit of clove and nutmeg as well as a little onion juice.

Have the steak one-third sausage meat, make into small balls and brown in the frying pan until nicely browned, but not cooked through. Now wrap each ball in the cabbage leaf, skewer, with tooth picks and place in a frying pan with a little boiling water.

Cover closely and let it simmer an hour or until the cabbage is tender. Serve with the gravy poured over the cakes. Tomato sauce is very good with this dish.

Quick Dessert—A dessert which is likely prepared, and you are the ingredients. This is: Arrange squares of sponge cake on dessert plates, heap with sweetened and flavored whipped cream and on top of the cream place a canned apricot round, cut up. Sprinkle like a poached egg and taste better.

Raspberry Sponge—Fill an earthen bowl with layers of toasted bread and fresh raspberries, sprinkled with sugar. When the bowl is full, cover and put under a weight, let stand for two hours. Remove the weight and serve with a large spoon. Serve in cups, and over each pour sweetened cream to which some of the berry juice has been added.

Prune Flip—Take 30 prunes, a half-cupful of chopped nuts, the whites of four eggs and four tablespoonfuls of sugar. Stew the prunes until soft; chop with the walnuts; add sugar and fold in the whites of the eggs. Bake in a well-buttered baking dish until firm.

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Lingerie Is of Winsome Design

When the young bride-to-be of great-grandmother's day, with delighted fingers, untied the satin ribbons and folded back the dainty wrappings and held up, admiring eyes the lavender sequined, sheer linen lingerie, so white and fresh with its embroideries and hemstitching, she must have said with reason, "Nothing lovelier could be made."

Her great-granddaughter of today can say with even greater reason, "Nothing lovelier can be made," for she faces the bewildering choice that meets her gaze. Since lingerie of all sorts has become an expression of the intent of the greater artists of the famous Parisian houses designing clothes for the well-dressed woman, writes a Paris fashion correspondent, the wealth of ideas, the fineness of workmanship, the daintiness of decoration, the absence of material, the simplicity and rich charm of the articles de toilette, contrasting with the fantastic ingenuity of more daring creations, give ample choice for every taste, but not for every fortune. The ransom of other days would seem a mere bagatelle in comparison with a single season's lingerie bill for the richly dressed woman of today.

Never were styles softer or tamer of a finer texture, real laces used more profusely, or embroideries more deftly done or jewels and plaits more charmingly combined or decorative motifs more cleverly placed than in the sumptuous collection now awaiting midday's approval. And never were prices higher.

New Models for Parisian Brides.

Many of the large dressmaking houses making a specialty of lingerie, in Paris and its environs are now showing new and ravishing models to their Parisian clientele. Foremost among the showing along this line is the exhibition by a well-known firm of trousseaux executed for their private clientele. These trousseaux were particularly complete in that they included table and bed linens. There were tablecloths for formal occasions, rich with heavy borders of fluted and Brussels lace and beautiful embroidery in bands and motifs, as well as scattered designs, which frequently echoed the pattern of the lace. One cloth of heavy lace, with only upon narrow, hand-hemstitched bands, forming interesting oblong shapes, for its decoration.

The tablecloths and luncheon sets for up to intimate occasions were beautiful for their texture, with fluted and Brussels and finer fluted laces and embroideries of an almost unbelievable lightness of tracery, as well as cloths of red, yellow and orange linen embellished with white. Especially interesting novel lace and napkins were made of fine even undercloth linen. For decoration these had applique borders in scrolls, conventional circles or squares of self-material.

Among the bed linens, to American eyes the peculiarly French, deep overhead, with its fluted embroidery and monogram was of special interest. Several large, square pillowcases were made of the same material, for everyday use. The pillowcases and overheads were of very simple design, having deep hemstitched bands and the embroidered monogram of the bride-to-be.

Lingerie Conforms to Fashions.

The lingerie for these trousseaux was all developed in white linen of a wonderful fineness. This was made in sets of three—nightgown, chemise and caplets. Especially interesting was the monogram of the bride-to-be, in small and dainty design.

Plaits Predominate in Paris Lingerie

One of the newest underdresses for wear of a lace or chiffon dress is a combination of white, olive and black chamois lace motifs. On the bodice portion and underneath each lace motif on the skirt are the thinnest of hand-made trims, forming part of the trimming. Four triangular lace motifs, two on either side, back and front, join and hold the bodice in place over the shoulder, there being no straps.

Two models, the sketches just received from Paris, illustrate the extensive use of plaits in lingerie. One is a plaited chemise of yellow triple voile trimmed with pale pink Moroccan roses, which outline the plaited portion and edge the top and bottom of the bodice. The shoulder straps are of satin ribbon of the same shade as the roses. Novel garters are made of this ribbon, with the same rose trimming.

The second is a nightgown of white triple voile with pale, short, puff sleeves and deep hem of finely plaited rose voile. The trimming consists of

with just a touch of embroidery at the top of the garter, and edging of narrow Valenciennes lace. Others, more elaborate in character, were extensively embroidered, and all were trimmed with deep edging of real lace, blanches or Valenciennes.

Lingerie this season is, cut with special relating to the type and silhouette of the outer garment, which explains the enormous wave of black underwear, made of triple voile, tuasse and lace, sometimes with the exception of an arrangement of very narrow plaits, or are edged, top and bottom, with a six-inch band of cobwebby black lace or embroidered tulle.

Miss Jenny has most original ideas for combinations of houses the cage is cut in a high "volant" in the center front. From the point two ribbons go over the shoulders and hold up by the backless decolletage. It has an amusing trick, for motif of silver lace set into the bodice and bottom, the lace is the outrageous deep V decolletage, o. the dress.

Unique Designs for Lingerie.

A new item in lingerie has made its appearance, namely, the hip belt, made of double pink chiffon, which is worn to keep up the unbecoming figure from too greatly straining the bands of the new tightly dressed dresses.

It is astonishing how closely styles in underwear follow those in dresses. This is especially true since the great French dressmaking houses are giving almost as much prominence to lingerie as they are to outer garments.

A reflection of the craze for plaiting seen in our dresses last summer is in the new modes of lingerie for this spring. Straight garments in the order of the princess slip, always much worn by French women, are in solid plaiting; whether the slip be of fine white linen, silk or some of the more perishable materials that appear to find great favor among women who do not hold to conservative underwear. In nightgowns we have the 1830 vogue and puff sleeve so much featured recently in girls' frocks.

Quite fantastic in design and colors are the new models in lingerie for the less conservative woman of fashion. These are of crepe-de-chine, triple voile or colored linen in white, trimmed with a colored lace and with the garment in a contrasting shade.

Among some new designs in French lingerie are elaborate models in closed drawers. The new models are of the diamond dress style. All the drawers are mounted on an elastic band and slip on like knickers.

Triple voile in both white and colors is a favorite material for underclothes of this type.

On a model of fine white linen with Valenciennes lace trimmings the lace is in the form of insertion and edging, the former being used as a border design extending up the sides and joining the two sections in place of an elastic band, while the latter forms little tiers of ruffles on the sides just below the band of insertion.

Another model in white linen with Valenciennes lace is a pair of drawers, the effect of panels. Each panel at the bottom is cut into deep points, the edges of which are, scalloped. Between these two pointed panels are diamond-shaped panels. The latter form the Valenciennes lace. The again appear in each panel half way up the garment.

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Daddy's Evening Fairy Tale

BY MARY GRAHAM BONNER

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SUN AND RIVER.

"Hello, River," said Mr. Sun.

"Hello, Sun," said the River.

"You don't have to go to bed, do you?" asked Mr. Sun.

"No, I do! But then it is all right, as I like to go to bed, I enjoy it, and you can see that I'm not weeping tears about it, for I look as gay as any boy or girl and so happy. I've had a birthday party this afternoon, and so I'm wearing my beautiful new dress."

"In Swimming," said Mr. Sun.

"No, I don't have to go to bed," said the River.

"Just wait a moment," said Mr. Sun.

"And I'll wear all my very best finery."

"Dear me, I'm honored," said the River.

"Then in a few moments Mr. Sun was ready for his talk with the River.

He wore a gorgeous suit of deep rose color and a collar of deep rose and blue and lavender and pink clouds. He wore a hat of deep pink blue with rose color band.

"Dear me, Mr. Sun, you are wonderful!" said the River.

"I am glad you think so," said Mr. Sun.

"I don't know which I've dressed up so much. I most certainly am very dressy."

"And now, River, what is the news?"

"Well," said the River, smiling a little rippling smile, "I have had a great many boats going through me today. And some boys and girls have been swimming along near my banks."

"The tug boats have made the usual amount of noise. What noisy little boats they are. One would think they were great big boats from the noise they make."

"But of course I know better. They can't fool the River! They're little creatures who don't amount to much where they are shouting and trying to make people think they do amount to something, because they praise themselves so much."

"Still, I'm fond of the tug boats, and they must make a noise."

"There have been some lovely sail boats about today. How beautiful they are!"

"And there have been big passenger boats, for you know I'm a big grow-up River, and I have lots of work to do!"

"I know that," said the Sun.

So the River and the Sun talked and the Sun looked right down at the River as he talked.

And the River looked up at the face of the Sun dressed in his very, very best, and smiled so gloriously.

People who were passing by the river exclaimed as they saw what they called Mr. Sun's going-to-bed time.

"No one who saw this sunset had ever seen a more beautiful one."

"For one portion of the sky was rose scarlet in color and the portion of the river below it, of the same color, for the river was very still and reflected the brightness of the sky just as a mirror would reflect."

show one's face if one looks into it. Never, never had people seen such a beautiful sunset. The colors seemed so wonderful that the people could hardly believe they were seeing something real. They just stood and watched until the Sun went to bed some time later, and the shadows came and the River grew dark once more.

But while the Sun was going to bed and while he gave of his glory to the beautiful River, people were rejoicing that they lived in a world where there was so much beauty.

And when Mr. Sun had finished his talk with the River he said:

"Ah, lovely River, without you I could not have looked so fine!"

A KIND HEART.

By JACK LAWTON.

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Della loved to make people happy. She learned this experience that being kind to even a young man meant being misunderstood. Eddy Cartwright, for instance, stubbornly insisted, when she sorrowfully refused him, that she had given him undisputed encouragement, and had made him her partner. What Ned Weston, while she was endeavoring to lighten for him the loneliness of his mother's absence—uncomfortably, but unmistakably assured her of his indifference where she was concerned, and of his intention not to marry.

It was Aunt Cordelia, whom she was visiting, and for whom she had been named, that told her about the lonely old man in the desolate house on the hill side. It was pathetic, Aunt Della said, to think that Judson Gordon should come back after all the years to the deserted home of his childhood.

He had married, she remembered, and got away from her once before. Now that his children were scattered, and himself—Aunt Cordelia was sure—neglected and forlorn, the old man came to return to the spot where he had once been happy. To find, he hoped at least, if not very satisfactory shelter, beneath its worn roof.

Della, with time on her hands, began immediately to plan for the cheer and comfort of the old neighbor. She was proud, Aunt Cordelia cautioned her and would have to be approached tactfully. So the girl decided upon secret action.

The more she thought about it, the more the plan pleased her. Her country visit began to take on a new interest and her eyes their old joyous light. She waited, until the first morning of her venture, until the steeped old man in the distant garden, smiled over the long road, and came to her; During his absence, Della slipped over with a crimson potted flower for his dingy sitting room window. Also, she removed the dinginess, leaving shining glass, instead.

When she had cast off the heavy cotton rug from her Aunt, she dyed it a cheery crimson, and found an opportune time to place it before the desolate hearth. She had been able to donate several good, though discarded pictures from Aunt Cordelia's studio and had added a book or two of her own to the table with its scarf matching the wooden rocker's cushions.

Singing happily, the girl made her next offering of golden brown doughnuts and crisp apples, and then, from Aunt Cordelia's oven, With each gift she left a companionable line of greeting. Oh! Della was enjoying herself very much.

When she had accomplished all she had set out to do, when the poor old soul could find no escape from her kindly rescue, then Della intended to open her door, and reveal herself to friend: It was about this time that two young men, good looking, trimmed up, either side of the crude breakfast table in the shabby old house and stared at each other.

"It's your fatal charm, Jud," one young man said, "it out-hits the female hand wherever you go, even here in the lonely hill. Rather open attack this, on the young lady's part, I should say, but, maybe, it's the way they won't 'em up hillside."

The young man addressed as Jud, grinned.

"It is funny," he admitted, regarding appreciatively Della's morning offering of not griddle cakes.

"Good morning," he read on a pink paper slipped between the plates. "If we did not have to leave so early and stay so long on this engineering job," Jud went on, "I'd soon be on the hillside side 'till I found the angel of the cakes. Have to take a day off soon to do it. Our only near neighbor is old Cordelia Sams, who used to know Dad years ago. She lives alone, and is, they say, far from spry. So we could hardly thank her for early morning cakes or high bug music cranks. You are right, Bob, it must be my fatal beauty. Will I be expected to marry the life saver? You will not," came a clear decided voice from the doorway. Angriely, Della frowned down on a convenient chair. Her cheeks were crimson and her eyes shone like indignation.

"You think," she accused the astonished young men, "that I have been doing all this for you—feeding you up—making cushions for your horrid big backs—"

"Whom," interrupted the young man Jud excitedly, "did you think you were doing it for?"

Falteringly, disappointedly, Della told them. And when she had finished Judson Gordon the younger, came forward gravely.

"Well," he said, "All I can say is, that in his been mighty nice of you. And it isn't your labor lost at all. For Dad is coming out here for the summer—insists on it. And now that I know of your kindness of heart, dear young lady, I'm assured. You see, we had some engineering nearby. That's what gave Dad the idea of coming back. The old fellow you saw plodding about is our make-shift of a housekeeper. He stays on with Dad. But you will be here—" the young man's voice ended in a question. "I will," Della answered softly.

"Well, I'll run down quite often myself," Jud Gordon said, "You bet you will," echoed Bob.