

WANTED—A MOTHER

By EDITH M. COUGH.

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"Wanted—A Mother. Young, wounded soldier, lonely, would like to be adopted by motherly lady. All replies confidential."

Harriet Ogden let the Evening Gazette fall to the floor unheeded, while she gazed out through the open window, lost in memories which this strange advertisement had brought to mind.

None of the neighbors in the small country town would have suspected such an appeal could stir the lonely heart of one who was to them just a "cut and dried old maid." And yet, who of you who have known the joy and blessing of motherhood, can realize that the longing for the touch of baby fingers and the sound of baby prattle, which, though never known, still is felt perhaps by these same "cut and dried old maids." Ode of these was Harriet Ogden.

Away back in the past, buried so deeply in her heart that none knew or even suspected, Harriet still carried the memory of her one romance, a romance as sweet and as beautiful as the wisteria whose fragrance floated through the open window to her, but ending in a petty quarrel and a departure of her John to the city. A few rumors had drifted back to the home town of his success in the business world and then of a brilliant marriage, and after that—silence.

The world forgot, but to Harriet there was and always would be but the one in her heart.

"Wanted—A mother."

Of course, it was ridiculous, and how the neighbors would talk; and yet, why not? Here she was with a comfortable income, a home, good health; but an ever-increasing loneliness which caused her at times to shrink from the years to come. She pictured herself with a stalwart, manly arm to lean on, and jumping up she hastened to pen her answer before she should change her mind.

In the interval between the day Harriet had made her momentous decision and the arrival of the letter, stating the day and train her loved boy would arrive on, Harriet lived in a state of nervous excitement. But at last, the great day came. That morning she felt perhaps her first real bit of regret as she stood before the mirror and marked with pitiless scrutiny each line and each gray hair, and she wondered if, after all, she would or could look the part of a loving mother to the lonely boy, even though her heart craved the part.

Harriet was at the station several minutes before the train drew into the little station and allowed the handful of passengers to alight. There was Brown, the grocer, and Emma Brown's little nephew, who had come to spend the summer, and the dapper young salesman from the neighboring city and a distinguished looking gentleman whom she did not know, but no one who answered the description of a "young, wounded soldier."

The thought of such a calamity had never entered her trusting heart, and as she came to realize that she may, after all, have been made the butt of someone's joke the tears of mortification filled her eyes, and she made her groping way to the buggy, failing to notice that the stranger was making directly toward her.

A courteous voice asking "Are you Miss Harriet Ogden?" recalled her to earth, and she turned to find a hand extended toward her and a pair of twinkling eyes gazing into her astonished ones.

Something deeply familiar caused Harriet's heart almost to stop beating as she gave a trembling hand to her own John.

Later, when things had resumed somewhat their natural course, John explained that his only joy, during the reign of a tyrannical housekeeper, had inserted the advertisement for a mother. His own mother he had lost when he was too young to remember, but perhaps back in his memory lingered an emptiness that only a mother could fill. When a reply came signed Harriet Ogden John could hardly believe his eyes, and had made a bargain with his son to answer in the place.

"And, Harriet," said John, drawing his chair closer in the gathering twilight of the veranda that evening, "don't you think you could be a mother to two boys, instead of one? I will see Hanson Somers in the morning, and then we will wire the boy to come and meet his new mother."

It is well that none of the inquisitive neighbors was looking as the "cut and dried old maid" buried her flushed face on John's shoulder.

His Gait.

"She declined to marry him after all."

"I suppose he's heart-broken?"

"I don't think so. He says things worked out all right. He asked for a raise in pay, thinking he was about to get married, and received it, and so he's that much ahead of the game."

Deceived.

"Helen married a rich old man, didn't she? I understand he had the foot in the grave."

"That's what Helen thought too, but he still continues to buy his shoes by the pair."

No Secrets.

Wife—I'm disappointed in Mabel. She seemed to be such a good friend."

Hub-and—she hasn't anything to confide, eh?

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

(© 1931, Western Newspaper Union.)

Always men's qualities are shown by whether their powers and privileges make them proud or make them humble.—Phillips Brooks.

SEASONABLE DISHES.

It is wise to plan early for the pickles, relishes, catsups and such things, for if they are grown in your own garden they must be planned for before the seeds are put in. So many gardens in the city

produce more than is needed for the home table and the thrifty housewife will see nothing wasted. If the food cannot be put up for winter for various reasons there are always neighbors and friends who will gladly accept a bunch of beets or a fresh cucumber.

Cucumber Pickles for Immediate Use.—Wash and wipe the cucumbers and place in a two-gallon jar. Add one gallon of strong vinegar, one cupful of salt, one tablespoonful of powdered alum and a small bag of mixed spices. Add the cucumbers as gathered and after one day they will be ready to use. Some who like mustard will add a cupful of mustard to the vinegar.

Sweet Pickled Onions.—Use the small onions, cover with brine strong enough to float an egg. At the end of twenty-four hours remove the brine and cover the onions with sweetened vinegar, using two pounds of sugar to two quarts of vinegar. Add mustard seed, celery seed and other spices to suit the taste. Green tomatoes and cauliflower may be added, making a mixed pickle. These need not be sealed. A stone crock with a cover will suffice.

Beet Relish.—The beets are cooked until tender, then chopped. Add to one quart of chopped beets one quart of chopped cabbage, one cupful of grated horseradish, one cupful of sugar, one-half teaspoonful of cayenne pepper and cover with cold vinegar. Salt should be added to taste.

Oil Pickles.—Slice small cucumbers in rather thin slices, add one-third of the amount of sliced onions of the same size. Cover with salted water and let stand over night. Drain and add seasonings desired, such as celery seed, mustard and pepper. Cover with one cupful of olive oil to a pint of vinegar. Let stand ten days.

There is a guidance for each of us, and by lovingly listening we shall hear the right word.—Emerson.

SUMMER DISHES.

For a pint of cooked fresh beans, chop fine two slices of loaf bread, one-half slice of Bermuda onion; add three tablespoonfuls of oil, one-quarter of a teaspoonful of paprika, half a teaspoonful of salt, half a chili pepper, chopped fine, one and one-half tablespoonfuls of red wine vinegar. Mix well and turn on a plate.

Macédoine of Vegetables in Tomato Jelly.—Cook, very finely, two quarts of tomatoes, two branches of parsley, a stalk of celery, two tablespoonfuls of mushroom trimmings (the peel and stalks), two slices of onion, with two cloves, a small bit of nutmeg and one-half teaspoonful of salt 15 minutes; strain; add one-quarter of a package of gelatin, softened in one-quarter of a cupful of cold water; add a few drops of tomato sauce. Chop fine the cooked white of an egg. Cut in bits any vegetables at hand, such as beans, asparagus and celery hearts, with cooked peas. Set eight molds in crushed ice; in the bottom of each put a portion of the egg white; add the prepared vegetables and any that is left of the egg to the tomato, which has been cooked somewhat; set until the tomato holds up the vegetables, then use to fill the molds. Serve on heart leaves of lettuce with mayonnaise dressing.

Strawberry Jam Tart.—Make a flaky pastry and roll out and cut into rounds with a large cutter. With rounds, put a cover with the other rounds after wetting the edges and firmly press the edges. Brush with milk and water and sprinkle with granulated sugar. Bake 15 minutes.

Nellie Maxwell

THE LONGER SKIRT

Spiral Drapery With Long Cascade Touching Floor.

French Modistes Send Representatives to Races Garbed in Latest Models to Win Favor.

Fulfilling the prophecy of the longer skirt came the new model in black satin crepe with a spiral draped skirt which ends in a long cascade which literally touches the floor. The snug bodice and gorgette sleeves are outlined in head bands.

Apparently there has been a compromise agreement on skirt lengths. They are perceptibly longer in the frocks being shown for summer wear but not so long as the designers set out to have them.

Women have tried to resist the fashion power, which is putting them back in long skirts after their enjoyment of short models these several years, but femininity is yielding and the costume designers are winning out, as they usually do. The French and British women were first to resist, but the French modistes have been sending

Two bands of a black, "Wall of Troy" design, based on a deeper gray, the length of this skirt. The hat is decorated with a band in similar design. Light gray is the basic tone of the costume. Designed for summer travel and sport wear.

Long Cascade Touching the Floor.

Lightweight Serge, Plaited All Around, Is Regarded as Particularly Smart.

Among the generous range of play and utility frocks for children shown this season the outfit featuring separate skirt and blouse is a general favorite. A particularly smart little separate skirt for general wear is a fine lightweight serge, the skirt plaited all around, and attached to a clever suspender arrangement which holds it comfortably to the figure. The suspenders or straps of self fabric are fastened on each side at the front with a metal buckle, and this belt or suspender arrangement is fastened in the front in vest shape, something like an apron bib. At the back of the straps or bands appear.

This skirt holds many suggestions for the woman who fancies it: the daughter's clothes.

Evening Frocks, made of very soft materials, cut in straight chemise style, trimless and quite simple of trimming. Among the favorite colors used are notices coral, bottle green and pure white. These frocks are quite short and have "slightly flaring skirts, the fullness being more generally placed on the side. Pale blue and lavender is a delightful color combination. The materials for many of these frocks is the very feminine chiffon.

To Decorate a Home.

Wicker furniture done over with cream paint promises to be one of the most popular effects for warm weather. Brown mahogany is equally as good style as the red. Flower bowls of green have yellow linings. For couch cover nothing is better for combining good looks with economy than a tapestry cover.

A Smart Costume.

An exceedingly smart costume consists of a white flannel skirt and swingling, finger-length cape, both bound with wide black silk band.

NEW SHADE OF RED IN PARIS

Name in Doubt; But May Be "Pillar" or "Pillar"—Cardinal, With Dash of Pink.

"Is it pill box or pillar box?" The question refers to the bright red shade that is being much exploited.

Pillar box is correct volunteers a writer in Women's Wear, although the shorter term, probably a corruption of the original, is frequently heard. The Parisians are in doubt. Over there they ask whether the Americans used a pill box of characteristic red shade, evidently believing that the word had its origin here.

The term "pillar box red" is said to have been coined by an American sailor, named for the red boxes of Paris, which did not have the vermilion red that we sometimes see on iron in this country.

"Cardinal with a dash of pink" seems to be a fair description of this new shade. For the next boxes of the pill or pillar box red that is used in millinery is said to have just a hint of the fuchsia tone to it.

WALL OF TROY GOWN AND HAT

Two bands of a black, "Wall of Troy" design, based on a deeper gray, the length of this skirt. The hat is decorated with a band in similar design. Light gray is the basic tone of the costume. Designed for summer travel and sport wear.

"Oh, we're so well taken care of," said the Cactus known as the Crown of Thorns Cactus, because its twigs and branches looked like a crown of thorns.

It had lovely pinkish-rose colored blossoms which were very cunning.

"We are well taken care of," said the Bird of Paradise Cactus. "I only have a flower a year and it only looks like half a bird because there isn't quite the room here in the green house for me to bloom as there would be if I were in my own home."

"There I would have more room. But I am so well looked after here that they say I bloom very beautiful and that folks come from all around to gaze upon me and admire me."

"I bloom for my keeper. I couldn't disappoint him. He watches over me so carefully and so nicely—just as he does over all of us."

"My bloom is blue and white and my bloom lasts for about six weeks. That is all—six weeks once a year."

"That is so," said the Rose Cactus. "I have been taken home by a lady who admires the Cactus plants."

"Yes, and I heard later that the keeper wrapped up the rose in a piece of paper so the sun wouldn't hurt it on the way home as she was carrying it."

"It was fine and fresh when she got home too, and for many days she had it in water and used to admire it."

"She came back and told the keeper so."

"And some of our family went too," said some of the blossoms of the Crown of Thorns.

"Ah, yes," said the Rose Cactus. "That is so. That's traveling for our families. Our ancestors or grandparents came from the far South and so did some of us, and now some of our blossoms go traveling to homes where they are put in vases on library tables and admired."

"I heard the lady thought our big red blossoms were beautiful and so full of soft rich petals and so perfectly made."

"Ah, we all will bloom for our keeper. He knows just how to feed us and rest us and give us water and take care of us. We wouldn't bloom for others in that same way."

"We treat us well and so we are grateful and appreciative."

"Some one," said the Crab Cactus, also known as the Xmas Cactus, "said the other day something that struck me as being very funny."

"Some one had come to the greenhouse and this person was talking about the things that dear old Mother Nature could do."

"It seemed very wonderful to her because she had tried her best to see a tulip move as it opened."

"She said she had watched it steadily and she had seen it bigger one time than another."

"But though she watched it steadily and never took her eyes off it she couldn't actually see any movement."

"It grew larger. She could see that it was opened after a time and it had only been a tight bud before."

A Dainty Vest.

For this year's vest to wear with the bolero jacket or box coat or tuxedo make it of tan mull or organdie and embroider in eyelet pattern. Equally desirable to make is a vest of violet mull with plaited ruffling on the wide edging the Buster Brown collar and opening at the center front.

MAKE SHOES FOR THE BABY

Discarded White Kid Glove Tops May Be Put to Good Use; Will Make Two Pairs.

Baby shoes from glove tops—an old pair of long white kid gloves will make two pairs of baby shoes. Have the gloves perfectly clean and press on the wrong side with a hot iron to smooth out wrinkles. Cut sole and sides in one piece, making the toes large enough in front to come over the little toes. Put a seam up the back of the foot to make the sole and sides do not meet. Line the in side of the shoes with felt mesaline ribbon, letting it extend like a blind one-half inch over the right edge of the top of the shoe. Trim with a shirring of narrow ribbon matching the lining and work two or three eyelets on each side, which may be laced with narrow ribbon or silk cord to the

Daddy's Evening Fairy Tale

MARY GRAHAM BONNER

CACTUS PLANTS.

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"Watched It Steadily."

But she had seen no movement at all. Not a sign of a movement of the petals.

"Ah, she thought that was very astonishing."

"But after all why 'was it so astonishing? I can see nothing unusual about it."

"I don't believe she stopped to think how usual it is to have things grow without seeing them actually move."

"It is the same with all growing things, and children, and growing things too, just as plants are, and baby animals. All growing, yes, all growing."

And the Cactus plants chafed happily for they were well looked after and they were very contented.



NO DIFFERENT.

The regular conductor of the glee club to the love-lorn columns being away, the red-headed office boy had been temporarily promoted to that job, under the general supervision of the sporting editor.

"Here's a girl who wants to know how long girls should be courted," the office boy reported. "What'll I tell him?"

"Use your own brains, boy!" the sporting editor growled. "Tell him just the same way as short girls, of course."

The Tripping Tongue.

Artist (meeting friend at exhibition)—Well, how do you like Brown's picture?

She—That one? Why, I thought it was yours—but since it isn't, I can speak freely. Miserable daub, isn't it?

And it wasn't until an hour later that she realized that she had given him a back-hander.

Conservation.

"What sort of business is Glipping in now?"

"He says he's doing a little something all."

"Remarkable!"

"Why so?"

"That's the first time I ever heard of an old operator who didn't claim to be juggling with millions."

Not Very Deep.

He (calling)—Reading poetry are you?

She—Yes, I'm wading through Tennyson.

He (glancing at page)—Ah! And you've just got to the middle of 'The Brook.'

NO INDEED

"So you wouldn't want to marry an old guy, eh?"

"Not if that was his only qualification."

A Trial Then.

A motor car is lots of fun Unless the blamed thing Will not run.

Hoping for a Benign Review.

First Show Manager—Do you believe in the influence of environment?

Second Ditto—Yes; on my first nights I always put the grumpiest critic in Seat B.

What It Cost.

"Your wife looks stunning tonight, her gown is a poem."

"What do you mean," replied the struggling author. "That gown is two poems and a short story."

Preserving an Appetite.

"When I was a boy my parents did not allow me to read dime novels," remarked a serious citizen.

"Neither did mine," replied Miss Oxygene. "I'm very grateful to them for not allowing me to indulge in sensational fiction to an extent that might spoil my taste for the modern motion picture thriller."

And Then the Storm.

Modiste—Really, madam, this gown makes an entirely different woman out of you.

Customer's Husband—Take it, Helen—never mind the price!

Human Dynamics.

"That judge is a human dynamo. He electrified the courtroom during the trial."

"And what is he doing now?"

"Charging the jury."

Fine for Writers.

Inspiration Laid—It flows freely. This is a sign we have never seen, but we hope to see it some day in a notion store.

Importance of Little Things.

She—Just think of it! A few words mumbled by the minister and people are married.

He—Yes, and, by George, a few words mumbled by a sleeping husband and people are divorced.

A More Trifle Nowadays.

"The largest contributor to our campaign fund wants his money back."

"Have you spoken to our candidate about that?"

"Yes. He wants to know what's a million between friends."