

**WOMEN HAVE HOARDING HABIT**

**It Is Always Hard for Them to Part With Useless Things Which They Couldn't Give Away.**

"Every time I think of the way our American troops are slipping away from our shores and landing unexpectedly 'somewhere in France' I realize more and more how very differently men manage things, after all," remarked the impatient woman, according to the Detroit Free Press.

"Just imagine trying to send a contingent of women abroad in such fashion. Why, even the nurses who are leaving us are expected to go prepared with clothing and supplies enough to last them two years, and yet the men can go with small provision for their needs and not be a bit bothered at it, either."

"A chap I know rushed in to say good-by to me as he was leaving for a training camp and he was able to settle all his business in a few hours and all he had to do at his rooming place was pack his clothes in a suitcase and move out in an hour's time. "And think how long it would take either one of us to dispose of our second-hand belongings and rid our wardrobes of the unessentials we've left hanging in the forlorn hope that the styles will bring them back again sometime before the moths dispose of them for us."

"And we women are always cluttering up a place with keepsakes that we'd hate like the mischief to throw away and we couldn't give them away for love nor money, either."

**Hard Paper Products.**

Many containers, and other articles, formerly made exclusively of wood, tinplate, vulcanized rubber and metal or fibrous materials, can now be made of paper, at lower cost and equal serviceable, by means of special machinery which winds paper with an adhesive on one side into tubes or barrels in an infinite variety of sizes and shapes, says Popular Mechanics Magazine. The times being especially opportune for such substitutes, hard paper products may soon replace wood for shipping packages, large and small; also for machine accessories such as split pulleys, harvester rolls, tool and other handles, and many purposes in the electrical industry.

**FLASHLIGHTS**

A religion that doesn't wear makes a mighty poor cloak. No matter how sweet her disposition may be, any homely girl can tell you that sweet dispositions do not seem to be what the men are looking for nowadays. Father can't hang so much of his clothing on his hook in the closet but what mother can always find room to hang a few of her skirts on it. The easiest way to get along in this world is to make up your mind to get along without the things you can get along without.

**Novel Outdoor Elevator.**

A curious example of elevator construction as seen at the courthouse in Los Angeles, Cal., where, owing to the architectural design of the building and its location on a hill, the elevator is placed outside the walls, is described in Popular Mechanics Magazine. One of the streets on which the building fronts is two stories lower than the courthouse, and the elevator shaft runs down to the level of the street, access from which is gained by means of a tunnel beneath the courthouse lawn. The shaft is of steel construction, with a circular front and ornamental ironwork at each floor. The design would not be practical in any but a mild climate, and the elevator is said to be the only one of its kind. It serves four stories above the higher street.

**Too Much.**

Food Dictator Hoover said at a Washington reception: "We mustn't have too many food rules. They're a good thing in moderation, but too much of the best of things is bad. A war profiteer visited a sculptor's and said: "What's the very finest statue in the universe?" "The Venus de Medic, undoubtedly," the sculptor answered. "Well, put me down for five dozen Venus de Medicis, then," said the millionaire. "I want 'em to trim up the front lawn of that there 80-room marble cottage I'm buildin' in Newport."

**Save Darning.**

By stitching with sewing machine above and below any broken stitch in silk hose the thread runs no farther. Only half an inch of stitching is needed.

**IN THE COVE**

By MARTHA M. WILLIAMS.

Half the cove had criticized Jess for going to the school—the other half had been too stolid even for scorn. Learning was a name, nothing more—fit for preachers perhaps, but for real folk a waste and a weariness. So, indeed, she had found the book part—but doing things had been pure delight.

Dad and Buddy had expected Jess to come home high and full of airs. At first they had been almost sullen. But certain improvements in fare, in general comfort, conjoined to her comradely alertness, had worked on her side. Mam had died suddenly—of course it was right that Jess should care for her menkind. Dad and Buddy could not help but be proud of her.

This even before they saw her in party array. There had been no thought of mourning—Mam had not believed in it—to the scandal of the neighbors. "Black's for buryin"—let the livin' wear rejoicin' clothes," she had said. Jess wore them, beautifully. Her soft, dull red woolen frock with its creamy lace frills became her marvelously. Even without the help of it, she was the handsomest girl in the room. Buddy said so to himself, his eyes the while ranging the throng, which stared at her as barnyard fowls might stare at a parouquet suddenly strayed among them.

One did more than stare—young Boyce from over at Lumberton, stranger to the Cove, even to the mountains. Heretofore he had watched others play on plen of ignorance. Now as Jess was seized and led out in the classic game of snap he thrust himself eagerly forward, hoping also to be snapped in. The game makes man and maid stand facing, holding hands, thus forming "the stump" around which another man and maid chase or flee from each other. Caught, the captive becomes part of the stump, thereby making the game highly fluid. It was the victor's privilege, after plaguing the captive properly, to snap thumb and finger at the next choice, always snapping somebody of the opposite sex.

Jess started to walk, but Boyce snapped her masterfully—and led her a chase, indeed, before she laid hands on him. "I'll never run from you in anything else," he whispered, his lips almost at her ear. Buddy noted it with darkening eyes. He was jealously careful of his sister—Boyce had the name in Lumberton of being free with the girls. That shouldn't happen to Jess. Buddy watched hawklike the progress of the game. Boyce held Magpie's hands tight enough, but had eyes only for Jess; darting and circling about him, eluding nimbly the pursuit of Dan Dinny, Magpie's bachelor cousin, who was so slow and bashful he rarely came to a party. Catching Jess at last, he gave her a resounding smack, saying with a grin: "I knowed ye wanted it when ye focthed me out yere. All the gals does—seem'n' they can't git kissed no otherways."

"You'll take that back, my friend," Boyce said through set teeth. Dan grinned sheepishly. "Meanin' the bus? I don't keer, and she's willin'."

Next minute Dan lay flat on his back, seeing stars evoked by the impact of a scientific fist on the point of his jaw. At the same second Boyce was in the grip of a giant, Buddy roaring out hoarsely: "Understand, I'm the fighter fer our famby. You come outside and let's settle things."

As they moved to the door Dan got up heavily, hate distorting his face. With a whoop he was after them brandishing the knife he had whipped out of some hiding place—a murderous blade whose handle already bore two notches. No man moved to check him. Jess had been sure she hated Boyce, but there was no time for thought. She saw her brother and Boyce locked in a wrestler's hug. Oblivious of all else, they strained and heaved. Dan was lurching toward them, knife high, gurgling rather than speaking: "Buddy le' go! Le' go! Lemme send that carrion whar hit belongs—ter the buzzards."

The wrestlers did not hear, or, hearing, did not heed. Buddy had twice lifted Boyce clear, intending to throw him flat. Twice he had been balked by a catlike twist as he made to release his adversary. Now Boyce had got a strangle hold and was using it cruelly, blood drummings in his ears shutting out Dan's threats. He was lost unless he heard. Jess darted toward him. Dan thrust out a huge foot, tripping her deftly. But like a flash she was up—had thrown herself protectively in front of Boyce and thus caught in her own white shoulder the thrust Dan aimed for Boyce's throat.

Silence fell like a pall over the bubble. Boyce caught Jess as she was falling, laid her down and stanced as best he might the welling blood. After a look at it Buddy laid hold on Dan to throttle him. Other hands tore his away, their owners saying significantly: "We'll do better'n that, Bud—give him all he deserves." Jess heard and understood. Dan would be lynched. Faintly she tried to rise upon her elbow, crying weakly: "Don't, don't, neighbors! Don't do murder! This is—just an accident."

Then she fainted dead away, but her protest saved Dan. Her hurt, though severe, was not mortal. Long before it was fully healed all the Cove knew and rejoiced that as soon as she was strong enough she would be taken first to Lumberton, then on to a far fine house, where the elder Boyces would be more than happy to welcome her as a daughter. (Copyright, 1917, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

**GARDEN IN MIDDLE OF CITY**

**Plot Is Cultivated at One of Busiest Corners in New York as Object Lesson to Passing Thousands.**

At one of the busiest corners of New York city—Union Square—a model back-yard garden is growing as a demonstration of what may be done with a small plot to relieve the threatened food shortage, the Scientific American states. Two squares, measuring 20-by-20 and 20-by-40 feet, are cultivated scientifically by John McCarthy, the gardener in charge of the square; and the cultivator is always ready to lay aside his hoe to answer the questions of prospective planters.

The ground of the model garden was correctly prepared and fertilized and is planted to potatoes, cabbages, lettuce and onions; in fact, just the variety of vegetables that the average householder would care to raise. The operation of planting and tending the garden has been observed by thousands, and a large proportion of the spectators will surely benefit by this example. In addition to explaining the art of back-yard farming, Mr. McCarthy gives little pamphlets to all who are interested, with complete directions for starting a garden plot and tending it to produce results. This is essential, for the ignorance of the average city dweller regarding agriculture is limitless.

The demonstration garden, a project of Park Commissioner Cabot Ward, is an object lesson to the throngs of commuters who pass it daily. The sight of the growing things that look so fresh and appetizing is enough to make anybody want to shed his coat and dig in a garden of his own.

**AWFUL**



Mrs. Askitt—How did you come to lose Bridget? She was such a fine cook.

Mrs. Benton Holme—I asked her to make orange ice on St. Patrick's day.

**To Teach Care of Game.**

For the first time in the history of this or any other country the science of the breeding and preserving of game birds will be taught in one of America's great universities. This is made possible by the passage of a bill in the New York legislature appropriating \$15,000 for the purchase of a farm in Tompkins county, New York, on which it is provided experimental and practical breeding of game may be carried on. It is further provided that the trustees of Cornell university shall accept, maintain and administer the farm and that it shall form a part of the New York State College of Agriculture "for the purpose of conducting practical experiments in and giving instruction on the breeding of game." It is specifically provided that the farm shall be run in close co-operation with the state conservation commission and that its surplus product shall annually be placed at the disposal of the commission.

**Detached Motor Barge.**

The first stage of a striking experiment in inland water transport was completed with the arrival in London of two barges laden with coal from collieries in the north of England. The barges were propelled for 100 miles by a detachable motor. The new device consists of a four-cylinder, 17-horse power marine engine, capable of hauling two boats with a load of 100 tons. It is mounted on the top of the cabin, and controlled from the helm. Petrol is employed for starting, and paraffin when running. The engine and attachments can be transhipped from one barge to another in a few minutes, and it is stated that its use means economy in time and money by comparison with towing by horses.

**Savory Rice.**

Add one cupful of rice to six cupfuls of boiling water and cook for five minutes. Then drain. Fry out six slices of bacon in a saucepan and in it fry one small onion. Then add rice and stir gently with fork until all the fat is absorbed. Add one cupful of strained tomato pulp, season with one-half teaspoonful salt and one-fourth teaspoonful paprika. Then add two and a half cupfuls boiling water and cook until rice has absorbed all the liquid and is very tender.

**And the Joke with Dodged.**

They were discussing that joke about getting down off an elephant. "How do you get down?" asked the Jokesmith for the fourth time. "You climb down." "Wrong!" "You grease his sides and slide down." "Wrong!" "You take a ladder and get down." "Wrong!" "Well, you take the trunk line down." "No, not quite. You don't get down off an elephant; you get it off a goose." —Indianapolis News.

**Portable Fire for Soldiers.**

A compact portable material for building a small cooking fire is a blessing to the soldier in the field in winter. The Italians have devised a home-made "fire ration" which the people at home prepared last winter for the men in the cruel Alpine passes. The fire ration is made from old newspapers, and candle ends, or other paraffin material. The newspapers are cut into little cylinders, which are afterwards holed in the paraffin. This produces a highly compact and combustible little cylinder which can be used for heating food in the field.

The beginning of the nineteenth century saw the disappearance of the "hundred-legged" dining table, and the pillar-and-claw table made its bow, as the most comfortable of tables; and with this the modern table has arrived. Of the strangely uncomfortable, clumsy types evolved during the Victorian period, the least said is the soonest forgotten. They came with the glass flowers, the haircloth furniture, and the marble tops and twisted, spindling legs and veneer finish. Today the beautiful in all that is past is being reproduced in the "American renaissance of art," to suit the rapidly growing demands for greater beauty in form, color scheme and line in the interior of the home.

**A Fine Deal.**

"I had a fine deal today." "That so, my dear? What was it?" "You know Jiggs and Jogg's store, where I always paid cash for everything I bought?" "Yes." "Well, they let me open a charge account, and now I shall have more money to spend on myself."

**Naturally.**

"Old man Butts is always running down his son's school, and I believe it is because the boy is always at the foot of his class." "At the foot, is he? Then that is where the shoe pinches."

**IS MOST VENOMOUS SNAKE**

**Echis Carinata of India, Found in Nearly Every Part of Peninsula, Is Death Itself.**

The most venomous of snakes is held to be the Echis carinata of India. It is about 18 inches long and of a gray color. The creature is death itself, and carries in its head the secret of destroying life with the concentrated agony of all the poisons.

This snake is tolerably common in India, being found in nearly every part of the peninsula.

Fortunately, however, for man, it is not, like the cobra, a house-frequenting snake, for its aggressive habits would make it indefinitely more fatal to life than its dreaded relative.

This king of the asps does not turn to escape from man as the cobra will, or flash into concealment like the koriat, but keeps its path against its human assailant, and putting its 18 inches of length against its enemy's bulk, challenges and provokes conflict.

A stroke with a whip will cut it in two, or a clod of earth disable it; but such is its malignity that it will invite attack by every device at its command, staking its own life on the mere chance of its adversary coming within the little circle of its power. At most, the radius of this circle is 12 inches. Within it, at any event, lies certain death, and, on the bare hope of hand or foot trespassing within its reach, the Echis throws its body into a figure-of-eight coil. Then it attracts attention by rubbing its loops together, which, from the roughness of the scales, make a rustling, hissing sound, erects its head in the center and awaits attack.

**Washington City of Women.**

Washington has always been a city of women. The census of 1910 showed the percentage of women in Washington to be larger than in any other city. There were then 913 men to every 100 women—according to the census, which never explained what any 100 women would be doing with the one-third man that was part of their quota. If things keep on the way they are going, Washington will soon have two women to each man. Cabinet officers already have announced that in the matter of employment, all other things being equal, women should have the precedence over men. The new movement is born of prospective war necessity; the men will be needed on the firing line and in mobilizing the nation's industries.

**Wonder of the Age.**

About the hottest thing this side of Old Sol is an oxyacetylene torch, says the Wall Street Journal. The little blue flame ejected by one of those looks the picture of innocence, but it has the power of a dozen giants. It can bite through armor plate as easily as boring a hole in a plank. It has become a valuable aid in shipbuilding. Under the old method ship plate was cut with saws, but by the new method an oxyacetylene torch is attached to a small motor-driven car, which travels along a marked line and cuts any thickness of steel at a much more rapid rate. It is also valuable in tearing down buildings, where it is used to cut through beams, and as for rivets, it is only a matter of a few seconds to bite off the head of the largest.

**Testing the Eye.**

Lecturing on the "Effect on the Eye of Varying Degrees of Brightness and Contrast" before the Illuminating Engineering society recently, Dr. James Kerr of the public health department of the London county council, referred to some effects which may be surprising. Having to examine long lists of figures in black type, he tried to facilitate his task by drawing vertical and horizontal lines in red ink, but the different focusing of the black and red strained his eye and gave him a headache, which did not trouble him when all the figures and lines were either black or red. Doctor Kerr questions whether a target is more distinct when a brilliantly illuminated disk appears on a jet black background than when the surroundings were diffusely illuminated.

**A 500 LB. Cheese**

The largest cheese ever exhibited in Denison—a soft, smooth, rich, full cream cheese, having all the appetizing flavor, richness and creamy consistency that comes with right making and right curing.

It requires ten pounds of pure, rich milk to make one pound of good cheese—and Monarch cheese is the finest produced in America. It is made from the milk of prize dairy cows, on model farms, where the meadows and the milk are always rich and fine.

A cow will give an average of twenty pounds of milk per day. On that basis, this Monarch Blue Ribbon giant contains the milk given by 247 cows in one day.

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