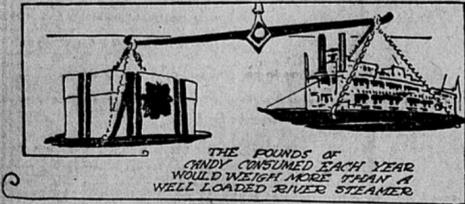


# AMERICAN GIRL IS THE ORIGINAL CANDY KID



THE FOUNDRY OF CANDY CONSUMED EACH YEAR WOULD WEIGH MORE THAN A WELL LOADED STEAMER

THE American girl of all ages, from seven to seventy, is the original and the real Candy Kid. From morning till very late in the evening she constantly munches sweetstuffs of a thousand different varieties and flavors. Strong men have ransacked the world to find a new flavor, a subtle tang that will appeal to her taste in her next and latest box of candy. Somewhere between sunrise and sunset of every twenty-four hours are eaten twenty-four carloads of candy are woven within the boundary lines of the United States.

When Miss America is a very little girl she is contented to eat the simpler kinds of confectionery. But as she gets a little older her tastes grow more esoteric and her sense of flavor gets more subtle. She carries her box of sweets across the lawn to a chum's house and the two sit delightedly building up day dreams aided by the delicious flavors of their favorite brand. When she enters the schoolroom she must have a small box at least tucked away handily. Otherwise she would never be able to get through the strenuous duties of a school day. If she goes out driving or motoring a box of candy is as much a part of the equipment as the gloves or the gasoline. And the habit grows on her as she gets older. She must keep a few pounds of her favorite confection in her room when at home, in the hamper when traveling and in the hamper when starting out for a motor tour.

One of the commonest and possibly one of the most beautiful of the magazine covers of the future will be a drawing of a beautiful young woman at the steering wheel of a swift aeroplane, one hand on the controls and the other holding a piece of divinely flavored few inches from a pair of divinely scarlet lips.

Government Collects Statistics. The government has gone to some trouble to collect statistics on the amount of candy eaten by Miss America of all ages. The statisticians realize that any figures obtained are bound to be far below the real facts in the case. A few dozens of the great factories turn out millions and millions of pounds of candies annually, but the most prying of the men with the government blanks are unable to get at the amount of sweets that are turned out annually in boarding-school dormitories, home kitchens and over the flame of the alcohol lamp that runs the chafing dish.

If Miss America's annual candy supply were loaded on one train of cars of the fullest capacity there would be something over 5,000 cars full of boxes, buckets and glass jars. This load of sweetmeats for the sweet tooth of the American girl costs the consumers about \$125,000,000 every twelve months.

Of these loaded cars of candy, it may be said that they contain fully as much nourishment as a similar train of beef or wheat. No one disputes the food value of the candy, the sugar and the creams, and the fruit juices that compose it are all supposedly pure. But the doctors and the authorities on dietetics are getting a little worried over the future effects on the figures and the general health of our confirmed "candy fiends." They are of the opinion that a little temperance agitation along the lines of checking the consumption of bonbons, marshmallows and fudge would not be amiss.

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Fifteen years later the business had become a gigantic thing and the latest crop of boarding-school damsels were burning the midnight oil and electricity in the laudable ambition to create new and more delicious kinds of candies. This was just about the time of the beginning of the great candy craze, that has never been checked since it started to sweep over the country. For a time it was most demoralizing. Track teams and football squads all over the country were utterly ruined when it invaded the co-education colleges. The fair students loved the chocolates from their dormitories, fed them the luscious fudge and the demoralizing chocolate cream until they became stale, slow and sluggish. Many men acquired the habit in the beginning of the craze and have never freed themselves from it. In 1905 the candy-makers of the United States were selling nearly \$90,000,000 worth of confectionery every year. The rise in the volume of business has been steady since the first figures were obtained.

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There are many striking examples of the work of erosion as it is played by rivers in deepening and widening their channels. We look upon the rise of mountain chains as being most majestic illustrations of the power of natural forces, but the steady wearing away of the mountains by cases rivers which run across the face of mountain elevation are fast to wear down their channels as fast as the mountains rise and thus maintain their ancient onward course. The Hudson river is a classic example of this. It is in the growing stage that the land and the sea are apt to be caught raiding the pantry in search of the sugar jar or the jam pot. But the abnormal appetite of the average American people for candy is a natural one. It leads to the best ideas of fatty tissue, so fatal to modern ideas of beauty. Sugar is fattening to the last degree, and the plantation hands on the southern sugar plantations always get plump and fat when the sugar mills start up in the season. In Turkey the ladies of the harem are fed upon honey and candied fruits in order that they may become plump and exceedingly lovely to the eyes of the Musselman beauty.

Despite the fact that candy is fattening and that fat is the most dreaded thing in the modern social world, womenkind persist in eating all manner of sugary things. The appetites of their childhood heightened by the sort of nervousness keeps them nibbling and munching at the contents of the bonbon box. Piles and piles of delicious looking fudges, chocolates and taffies are stacked in the windows of the confectioners for the amusement of weak women.

The boarding schools have attempted to cut down the candy allowance of the young ladies under their charge, with very indifferent success. The fact that it is forbidden seems to make the candy all the more alluring. It adds a spice to the taste from the very fact that it is forbidden. Candy smuggling has become one of the recognized sports in these institutions and it is a game that never grows stale and wearisome. Mothers' clubs everywhere are listening to the reading of instructive papers on the spread and the menace of the candy habit, but so far the confectionery and the department stores have noticed no decrease in the amount disposed of.

All Through Life. Miss America never arrives at an age when a box of candy is not an effective bribe. When she was very young a small box of candies would seal the most stubborn case of heartache. For a child's bonbons she would consent to swallow most any sort of nauseating medicine. When she began to fare forth into the world it did not take her long to find her way to the nearest soda fountain and burials of her motherhood and consoled her for many a shattered hope. Later on in life she received the daily or weekly offering of a glorious box of subtle flavors as a merited tribute to her charms. Still later on a box of candy presented to her by an erasing spouse always softened her heart and took away any just bitterness that she might have felt over her peccadilloes.

Candy eating is rather a modern growth. It has become one of the luxuries that we are sure we are unable to do without. It is one of our latest necessities. When our great grandparents felt the craving for solid lumps of sweetmeats the only way the desire could be satisfied was to munch a cake of maple sugar or buy a few pounds of the old-fashioned, dark sugar from the Louisiana cane fields. In western

It takes an army as big as a modern military division to turn out the sticks, cubes, drops and lozenges of sugar and fruit juices that disappear down the throat of the American girl every day in the year. Her daily allowance of sweets would sink a ferry boat. There are over 40,000 confectioners shops in the United States, and no one knows how many shops where candy is carried as a part of the stock. They produce a very large part of the yearly sugar production of the world is turned over to the candy-makers.

The human body is so constituted that it demands a large amount of carbon in childhood. The hunger for sweet things is almost overpowering in the growing child. Candy can be eaten at any and every hour of the day, and it does not seem to pall upon the appetite. But there is a limit to digestive powers, and the crude sugars that are often used by the confectioner are not always fast enough to the childish stomach to assimilate. Hence there are times when the doctor's services are in demand. Unlike a person of greater age, such an experience does not give the youngster a distaste for candies. Even when the life is a distaste created, it does not last long. The body still continues to cry out for carbons and the appetite returns.

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# ASTONISHING POWER OF RUNNING WATER

By GEORGE FREDERICK WRIGHT A.M., LL.D.



PART OF THE DELTA OF THE MISSISSIPPI

HE power of running water to remove sand, gravel and pebbles increases in a remarkable degree with the increase in velocity, so that mining engineers can make accurate calculations concerning the velocity which is necessary to remove stones of a certain size from their sluiceways. The transporting power increases 64 times with each doubling of the velocity; so that if you increase the velocity threefold you have increased the transporting power of the water 729 times and if you quadruple it you have increased the weight of the pebbles which it would move 4,096 times. This at first thought seems incredible, but it is nevertheless true, and prepares us to appreciate the astonishing results that are produced by running water.

Water moving three feet in a second or mile in six hours will carry along with it particles of fine clay and keep them in suspension. Water moving at twice that velocity will lift and carry along with it fine sand; while a velocity four times as great will sweep along fine gravel and water moving at the rate of two miles an hour will carry along stones as big as a hen's egg. There is hardly any limit to the size of a pebble that would be rolled along by a current of six or eight miles an hour. It is not unusual for houses being sometimes set in motion and transported for considerable distances.

In various ways one can obtain positive evidence of this power of water transportation. If, for instance, he attempts to wade across the Platte river in Nebraska, which is overloaded with said and has a gradient of seven or eight feet to the mile, and find his bare legs stung by the parasites of sandpaper, or more properly storm one pauses to listen he will hear what sounds like distant cannonading, produced by the knocking of the stones together as they are rolled along upon the bottom of the stream.

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the stream crosses this range with a gradient that is continuous with that of the vast prairie regions above and below. The Yensel river has cut a similar gorge across the granite mountains which rise up to separate the fertile plains of Minnesota from the vast prairie regions of the Ohio river and finds himself in a trench several hundred feet below the general level of the land, and extending for more than 1,000 miles in length until the river emerges into the center of the Mississippi valley. The upper part of the Mississippi occupies a similar gorge for a still greater distance. Everywhere along this portion of their course on ascending either side of the river to the summit, one will find himself upon a vast plain, extending off in either direction, whose main superficial irregularities are those which have been produced by the erosion of the countless smaller streams which joined together make the great rivers.

Matchmaking of Japanese. Mr. Orlo Tamura, who will call our young gentleman, is about twenty years old, an article in the Wide World says. He is an up-to-date Japanese, and has put off all thoughts of matrimony until this comparatively late date—for Japan—in order to finish his university studies. Now, however, he has finished his training, and has intimated to his father, as a dutiful son should, that he would like to marry. That is all he is required to do at present; it is the business of his parents to take the next step.

Orlo's father, presumably, has some quiet talks with his wife on the subject, and she settles herself to a professional matchmaker, or, so to speak, a class apart—discreet men of the world, with a good deal of insight into human nature. For the sake of his own reputation and future, the go-between usually does his best to please all parties.

Sometimes, in the east as in the west, love laughs at restraints, and somebody or other conveys a hint to the matchmaker. Here, at the first meeting between Mr. A. and Miss Z. might not be unacceptable to both; in which case the task is easy. Usually, however, he takes time to look around him, and he in turn—how indispensable the ladies are in these

matters—consults his wife. At last, carefully considering the official and social position of the persons and families interested, he suggests that a certain Miss Chrysanthemum would make a most desirable bride for the "learned son of the honorable house of Tamura."

Once more Orlo's father consults his wife and sundry other relations; and, having no fault to find with the suggestion, instructs the go-between to proceed. The marriage broker's next step is to approach the parents of the young lady he has in view and arrange a formal appointment for mutual inspection—it is known as the "look-at-each-other meeting"—between the prospective bride and bridegroom at the house of the bride's father, and in the presence of the gentleman and the go-between himself.

The meeting usually takes the form of a conventional tea party, at which the prospective bride does the honors. It is perhaps unnecessary to add that she does not wear the oldest clothes she has in her closet. Here, at the first meeting between Mr. A. and Miss Z. Orlo set eyes on each other. Etiquette forbids them to speak to each other, but nevertheless they are doubtless very busy taking "stock" of the other's appearance and manners.

Fate of a Merchant of Fez. The merchants of Fez are to be found all over Morocco. In due course All Mahmoud launches out into business on a large scale, says the London Graphic. He prospers exceedingly and presently purchases a black steed, until this comparatively late date—for Morocco—in order to finish his university studies. Now, however, he has finished his training, and has intimated to his father, as a dutiful son should, that he would like to marry. That is all he is required to do at present; it is the business of his parents to take the next step.

Orlo's father, presumably, has some quiet talks with his wife on the subject, and she settles herself to a professional matchmaker, or, so to speak, a class apart—discreet men of the world, with a good deal of insight into human nature. For the sake of his own reputation and future, the go-between usually does his best to please all parties.

Sometimes, in the east as in the west, love laughs at restraints, and somebody or other conveys a hint to the matchmaker. Here, at the first meeting between Mr. A. and Miss Z. might not be unacceptable to both; in which case the task is easy. Usually, however, he takes time to look around him, and he in turn—how indispensable the ladies are in these

matters—consults his wife. At last, carefully considering the official and social position of the persons and families interested, he suggests that a certain Miss Chrysanthemum would make a most desirable bride for the "learned son of the honorable house of Tamura."

# HINTS FOR THE HOUSEWIFE

Little Things of More or Less Importance That Are Worth Keeping in the Household.

There is a way of broiling that is called "pan broiling," which is employed where there are no coals, as in broiling with gas, gasoline or an oil stove, or by electricity. It is done on a griddle or in a frying pan, which is heated blissing hot, the meat put on it without any fat, cooked one minute, then turned to the other side, then broiled until done, turning very often, so that the juices will be retained. When carefully done it has almost the flavor of steaks or chops cooked over the coals, although not quite equal.

If a loaf of bread has become stale, hold it under water for one second; then place in a brick oven for a quarter of an hour. It will taste like new bread.

To mend an umbrella take a small piece of black sticking plaster and soak it in water until quite soft. Place this carefully under the hole inside, and let dry. This will be found to be better than darning, as it closes the hole neatly without stitches.

When you are ironing any dark material do not put a linen cloth underneath as the clothes will come off the stuff and you will have great difficulty in brushing it off again.

Wash white silk gloves at night in warm suds, rinse well and dry. Drying them in daylight causes them to turn yellow.

Don't fill a saucepan which has been burned with soda water, for though this will remove the burned food it will make the saucepan liable to burn again when next it is used. Instead of soda water fill the saucepan with salt and water and let it next day, then slowly bring it to the boil. In this way the burned particles of food will come off and the cleaning of the saucepan will cause no bad after effects.

Simple and Dainty Desserts. Directions for Preparing Jellied Apples—Fig Compote Guaranteed to Please All.

Jellied apples is a simple sweet for dessert, and fig compote, as easily made, may follow it the next day. Jellied apples are made richer by the addition of a big lump of butter and chopped seeded raisins. The raisins give a delightful flavor to the compote.

Stew large, peeled and cored apples in a thick sugar and water slurr, having enough to cover them all the time; remove them carefully and put into a deep dish; add the juice of a lemon to half a cup of water and a dissolved teaspoonful of gelatine; pour on the warm sugar, stir well and strain over the apples. When firm lift from the dish and set on a glass one.

Fig Compote.—Put a pound of figs into water enough to cover and let them stand all night. In the morning pour off the water and gently simmer till thick; a little sugar may be added if it does not thicken enough. Put the figs into a flat dish and, when the sugar is clear and very stiff, pour it over; let it grow firm; serve with cream.

Be Practical. One of the first requisites for the sewing room is a long counter on which to cut, and that household which is not overburdened with tables should count itself lucky. Here lies the chance to supply a long, plain wooden counter for the family wardrobe.

All work in the sewing room, whether it be that of the merest amateur or the heavy professional, is rendered far more rapid and accurate if the material be not allowed to slip from the table every time the needle is used. Men do not work without proper implements; yet it would seem a common habit with women to scrimp along somehow. Don't do it.

Safeguard Against Moths. Moths dislike turpentine. It is, therefore, a good plan, when storing books or clothes to put with them several small pieces of paper or rag which have been saturated in turpentine. Leave them for a day or two, and then remove, but the smell will still remain. This process should be repeated two or three times during the course of the year and will be found a simple and efficacious remedy against the ravages of these tressome insects.

Corn Salad. Twenty-four ears of corn, two and one-half cups of sugar—light brown is good—one-half box of mustard—put in as much as you like; some don't like it quite so strong—one-half gallon of vinegar, two large onions, one medium sized cabbage, two green peppers chopped fine, and you can also add one red one if you like the red pepper taste. Salt to taste. Boil twenty minutes. Seal for winter use.

French Roast. Get a pound of roast steak, cut thick. Cut into three or four pieces, put into a frying pan or brown, being careful not to scorch. Cover with water and add salt and a small onion cut into small pieces and let it stew slowly, renewing water, when needed, until it can be cut with a fork. It takes about three hours. Let the water boil away for the last hour, and thicken the gravy with flour. Even stew beef