

SERIAL STORY

The Isolated Continent

A Romance of the Future

By Guido von Horvath and Dean Hoard

Copyright, 1913, by W. G. Chapman in the United States and Great Britain.

SYNOPSIS.

For fifty years the continent of North America had been isolated from the rest of the world by the use of Z-rays, a wonderful invention of Hansbald Prudent. The invention had saved the country from foreign invasion, and the continent had been united under one government with Prudent as president for half a century peace and prosperity reigned in this part of the world. The story opens with Prudent critically examining the death of his daughter Rosita, who has been killed by the receipt of a message from Count von Werdenstein of Germany that he has at last succeeded in penetrating the rays. Dying, he warns his daughter Astra that this means a foreign invasion. He tells her to hurry to the island of Clynne, but she before he can tell the location of the place, Astra is nominated for the presidency by the continental party. Napoleon Edison calls on Astra, informs her that he was a pupil of her father's, and promises to help her. He gives her a ring made of a new metal discovered substance which, he says, will solve the problem of flying. Chevalier de Lion appears in Europe. He calls on von Werdenstein and tells him the secret of making gold in return for absolute disarmament and peace. The chevalier is suspected of being a spy, and he is seized at night and carried off in an aeroplane. Astra is inaugurated as president. She receives a message from Edison, whose long silence has worried her, that he has been a prisoner for two months on the island of Helgoland and has just escaped. He announces that the confederated fleet of Europe has sailed for America. He promises to call on her the following night. Edison, a spy, becomes a prisoner in hope of securing Napoleon's secret. She falls in love with him. She agrees to join him in an attempt to escape. By the use of her works he summons a curious flying machine which resembles a monster eagle. He escapes and sends his message to Astra. Edison calls on Astra as promised. He tells her his plans for defense have been completed, but that he will give full details at his workshop on the island of Clynne in the Pacific. They make the trip in three hours. His plans are based on the peculiarity of the new substance, clynynth, which is lighter than any known metal and is practically indestructible. The Europeans succeed in passing the line of isolation, but find that the Americans have established a second one. Edison delivers a note to von Werdenstein in his flagship demanding that the fleet be withdrawn. Edison is attacked, but by the use of some mysterious power he destroys two warships and several aeroplanes. Realizing his helplessness, Werdenstein withdraws his fleet and consents to universal disarmament. Edison's message is ill on the island of Clynne. Countess Rosita offers to go and comfort her, hoping to discover Edison's secrets. She begins to weave a net around Santos Duprel, Edison's assistant. The countess gets a letter from Werdenstein offering her the principality of Schomburgk for Edison's secret. Edison and Santos start in search of a new deposit of clynynth, their supply being almost exhausted. They find it on the estate of Schomburgk. The countess finally gets Santos into her clutches. She gets another letter from Werdenstein asking her to find out why Edison is interested in the Schomburgk estate. Edison applies personally to Werdenstein with an offer for the property, but gets no satisfaction.

CHAPTER XVI.—Continued.

"Is there an answer?" he asked in English. "Will you see the countess personally?" asked the chancellor. "Who?" he asked stupidly. "Oh, never mind," answered the chancellor, knowing the man knew nothing whatever about the message. "Who will come after the answer, if there is one?" "A bird man." "A bird man?" The count did not know whether the man was really simple or not. "Where do you live?" "In America." "H'm; that is a broad answer. Yes, there will be a message." He sat down and wrote: "My Dear Countess: I am glad to hear from you. Your wishes will be fulfilled to the letter. I will do my best to prepare things for your reception. Your legal advisers will receive the necessary papers in due course. "With best wishes and hoping to hear from you soon, I am, "Von Werdenstein." He sealed the letter, then gave it to the man, who left the room. The chancellor pondered deeply over the situation, then started for the royal palace to report Napoleon's visit and Rositta's promises to his majesty. When Napoleon arrived home he had a long conference with Astra. They were both somewhat depressed. His disappointment in not securing the Peak Sumeg was great, because he had many inventions that required the use of clynynth, and he knew that the count's actions were a menace to the peace movement. They decided that they would marry in the month of July. That evening they went to Clynne to tell their determination to Mrs. Edison. Napoleon and Astra spent another day on Clynne. This time Napoleon conducted the three women through the wonderful plant where clynynth was refined and manufactured into parts of aerodromes and other useful articles. Rositta kept her ears and eyes wide open, but not being trained along mechanical lines she could not understand many of the things she saw. Still she was glad that Napoleon honored her with his confidence as from now on there would be no objection to her visiting the shops whenever she pleased.

Napoleon took Astra back to Washington late in the afternoon. Mrs. Edison and Rositta walked down to the sandy shore and sat listening to the waves. The mother was dreaming of the happy future for her son. The other was weaving fine threads of the net she was tangling about her friends. Santos was away, but he was expected back soon. She disliked to see him leave her side, as she feared to lose the control that she had gained over him. He returned that evening. When Mrs. Edison retired the countess stole out of the house and strolled toward the shore, where she knew Santos would be awaiting her. Santos was the happiest of men when she greeted him with passionate embraces and kisses. He was like a faithful, obedient dog. Whatever Rositta asked he did without question. Tonight he handed her the count's letter, that came in answer to the one he had sent for her. Rositta opened it, and he held his pocket flashlight so she could read. "My little blond boy, the time is nearing when my name will be changed to Duprel. What do you think of that? Mrs. Duprel? Doesn't that sound good to you?" Santos' only answer was kisses; he had begun to master the so-called lost art very quickly. "Do you know how I have missed you? Mr. Edison and Astra were here, but since I know you I can't enjoy them any more. I know it is not right to feel that way, as Napoleon has been very good to me, but my sympathy is with you, dear." Her arm slipped around his neck. "I cannot hear him criticize you." "Criticize me? Is he dissatisfied with me?" The words were heavy with dismay. Rositta knew that she had touched the right strings. "Who told you that?" "Don't take it seriously, Santos. I have tried to keep it to myself, but I—I could not." "Did he say that I had not served him well? Did he say that?" "He did," whispered Rositta. Santos breathed fire and flame. Rositta subtly convinced Santos that he was the man, and not Napoleon Edison, whose name should be the revered one in American history. When arguments were weak, kisses strengthened them, until poor Santos was molded into a form that suited Rositta. Then she said: "I own the clynynth deposits in Hungary. I never will give them to Napoleon. I want you to be his master. Will you come with me?" "I am with you and yours forever!" The tone in which this was said was enough for Rositta. She knew she had won. CHAPTER XVII. The Fifteenth of July. July 15, the marriage day of Astra and Napoleon, had been declared a continental holiday. From near and far came congratulations. They had not planned a gorgeous ceremony, but they could not stop the expressions of love that came from the loyal citizens. The whole capital was alive with color, and the messages that came and the sincere joy of all, made the day one to be remembered for years to come. Astra had missed Rositta very much. She had been unable to attend the wedding, as she had been ill on the island of Clynne for the last few weeks. When Napoleon heard that the countess was unable to attend their wedding on account of her indisposition, he thoughtfully shook his head. It seemed incredible that Rositta, who was so full of vitality and energy, should be ill. He only said: "Every illness has a remedy." He did not give the matter further thought. He spent the last day before his marriage in his aerodrome, the American Eagle. Where he was, or what he did, no one seemed to know, and he did not volunteer the information. After their wedding luncheon Astra returned to her presidential office, as there were things that she wanted to attend to personally. Especially the criminal case of Nikolay Mozrak. The Criminal Court of the continent had decreed capital punishment for attempted assassination of the President of the United Republics of America. Astra read the document carefully, and instead of signing it, she wrote: "Pardoned, and shall be instantly released." (Signed) "ASTRA PRUDENT EDISON." She dispatched the pardon by a special messenger, and then took up other matters. At seven o'clock she was at the Crystal Palace, to dress for the banquet of the Continental Commercial and Industrial Association, one of the most powerful societies organized to promote the welfare of business people. She and Napoleon drove to the new Capital Hotel in an open car. The banquet was arranged for 4,000 guests and the whole upper floor was thrown open for the purpose. At eleven o'clock the presidential party left and threaded its way toward the Crystal Palace. At the Palace Judge Scanlan of the Continental Court awaited them. His mission was to deliver a heavy looking letter to the President. "Your excellency will pardon me for taking this liberty, but Mr. Mozrak, the prisoner you so kindly pardoned, insisted that this letter is important, and would not leave the prison until I promised him that I would deliver it personally." Astra took the letter and thanked him for its safe delivery, then dismissed him with a few kind words. Napoleon escorted his mother to her rooms, then returned to the library,

where Astra awaited him. Her candid, beautiful face was pale and tears glistened in her eyes. Her whole being expressed sorrow. "What is it, dear?" asked her husband, sympathetically. Instead of replying, she handed him a letter. He recognized the fine handwriting of the Countess Rosita. It read: "My dear Friends and Protectors: "I am writing this to you both, as I know you will be married when you receive it. I know you will receive all kinds of presents, surprises and congratulations, as you are both the beloved of your followers. But in order to give more value to the kind wishes, I have decided to tell you the truth, the unvarnished, cruel truth. "I wonder if it will surprise you to find that I am, and have been in the service of Count von Werdenstein. You have been the kindest of hosts, indeed, so good that you made my task really despicable but much easier. "Don't take this very seriously. Life is made up of an equal portion of bad and good, and the end is always the same. Death gathers us all in, and puts in our places others who may find pleasure in destroying all that we have created. You both dream of world peace—I wish I could create peace in my own heart! "I admire you both, especially Napoleon, and for that reason, I hate you both, being unable to love you, as there are no middle streams in my nature. "There is no use of my telling you what I intend to do; you will know it soon enough, and you both will be sorry that you ever met the unhappy person whose name was, once, Rositta Rosiny. "And now, I wish you all happiness, until we meet again. "ROSITTA, "Princess of Schomburgk Lithow." Napoleon quietly folded the letter and handed it back to Astra. He did not seem disturbed at all. He picked up the envelope and saw the New York postmark. "It is clear. The countess has the secret of clynynth and, very likely, of the aerodrome." "But how did she get it?" "That remains to be seen. Werdenstein evidently thinks that everything is fair in love or war." "Will you read me that other letter, the one the judge brought?" asked Astra. "Of course, dear. This is Mozrak's communication. I wonder what he has to say." He opened the heavy envelope and a number of sheets fell to the table. "To the President of the United Republics of America: "Since that unhappy event, in which I was selected by Fate as the instrument of Death, I have had many hours to think clearly and to learn from my inner self that it is the rule of Life, and not the rule of Force that should rule the world. I have set down the following facts, so that your ladyship shall know all the motive powers that may govern human actions. "The fact that my bullet went astray is due, not so much to the quickness of the great humanitarian and American patriot, Napoleon Edison, as to the fact that I beheld the Countess Rosiny in your company. A moment of hesitation is enough to frustrate plans. Her influence naturally, unintentionally saved your life, as my hand and eye are always true. I am happy that things turned out as they did. "Before I explain why the countess' presence saved you (she has done, however, involuntarily, at least one good act in her life), I want to tell you that my name is not Mozrak, and I am not a Russian. "My name is Aetzel von Rothenberg, and some years ago I wore the uniform of the famous Red Hussars. "Years ago, when on a vacation trip, I traveled through Italy; at that time I could enjoy the great marvels of Nature. I was young and noble-thinking—and free. On the shore of the Lago di Maggiore I found destruction. "I was tramping through the country with a sketching outfit and let people think me an artist. In a secluded and beautiful spot, from where I had an uninterrupted view of the snow-covered peaks of the Alps, and a wide vista of surroundings pine-covered land, I struck my easel and began work. A girl emerged from the only path and walked toward me. I say a girl, but I ought to say a vision. She was the most bewitching creature I had ever seen. "She came to me fearlessly and greeted me in a friendly way; I sketched her in my picture. In the end of an hour my fate was sealed, as I had fallen in love with her. "One day near the end of my vacation, I received an invitation to visit the castle of the Rosinys. There I found her. She was married and had a beautiful little girl about three years old. She told me that she loved me, that her husband was cruel to her, and I believed everything. We eloped—and she made me a traitor inside of a few weeks. I was entrusted with important secrets and I entrusted them to her. I loved her so! (TO BE CONTINUED.) Vanity. * * * There is a stirring of the body. People are breaking down under the tyranny of material possessions. There never was a time when women's intelligence was so eager and inspirational; never a time when men were so weary of metal and meals and miles. It is all clear to a prophetic understanding that we are nearing the end of our lessons in three dimensions and five senses. Striving to Oblige. Angry Diner—Waiter, you are not fit to serve a pig. Waiter—I am doing my best, sir.—Judge.

Salvation By Wholesale By REV. J. H. RALSTON, D. D. Secretary of Correspondence Department, Moody Bible Institute, Chicago

TEXT—Look unto me and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth.—Isa. 45:22.

When goods are sold article by article, we call it retail business, and when they are sold only in large quantities we call it wholesale business. Has this last conception any application to the matter of salvation? Are men saved by communities, by nations, en masse? This would seem to be the thought of many, for it is not unusual to hear such an expression of the world. Sometimes men argue that nations as such have moral responsibilities and all the individuals in the nations are involved nilly-willy in whatever the nation does. In some periods of the history of the Christian church, whole tribes and nations have been baptized and all the inhabitants reckoned as proper members of the church. The Mohammedans as a rule make proselytes of people of large geographical districts, and bringing the matter down to the latest moment, it is very common to hear of the salvation and the regeneration and redemption of society. All this would indicate that in the minds of many salvation is by the wholesale.

At the present time, when men are being sent into eternity in large numbers, practically every day on the great battlefields, the question arises as to whether each of these is saved because he is personally related to Jesus Christ by faith in him, or whether he is saved because he is found side by side with others who are together fighting for some great principle of national or world policy. Those who accept this latter view, at least some of them, are driven to the establishment of some kind of doctrine of faith, because faith seems to be demanded; that is, belief on the Lord Jesus Christ as the only ground of salvation.

A distinguished writer in a very prominent English periodical recently spoke of some men dying at the battle front who had "a latent faith," a faith that only came out in extremis, just when it was needed before the soul took its departure. The same writer speaks again of "imperfect faith," faith that did not take hold of Christ personally at all, but on the things for which Christ stood—honor, righteousness and truth.

Peculiar Exegesis. The same writer again speaks of a "freshly born faith." To find this faith, there is certainly some very peculiar exegesis, which results in showing that the generous and chivalrous acts of men and women in times of great physical danger are proper grounds for salvation. Just how such faith takes on Christ is a mystery, and to this category we might add a "faith to be," or faith that may be exercised beyond this life. The fact is that all these claims of wholesale salvation, logically and perforce, eventuate in universal salvation. The reach of such community salvation is such that it would eventually take in the vilest, the most ignoble, the slackers and cowards among men, and even Satan himself.

When dealing with such a subject as one's personal salvation, the soul, awakened to the realities of life and the life to come, is not satisfied with such speculations and guesses. Man wants something authoritative. He is concerned about salvation because he has read in a certain book that God is a great moral governor and will some day call him into account. Thus far he has indorsed the Word of God. This being done, he then logically and properly asks: "Does the book say anything about the condition of salvation?" Most certainly, and this has just as much guarantee and authority as those things which cause the man to be uneasy.

An Individual Matter. Looking into the trouble of sinful man, it is seen that it is individual. "The soul that sinneth, it shall die." "There is none that doeth good, no not one." We find also that the promise of the blessings in connection with salvation are to the individual. "Him that cometh to me, I will in no wise cast out;" "Behold, I stand in the door and knock; if any man will open the door, I will come in and sup with him and he with me;" "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters;" "Son, give me thine heart;" "If thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised him from the dead, thou shalt be saved."

This fact of the individualism in salvation gives this salvation a peculiar attraction. Think of the individual having personal relationship with the creator of the universe, the Infinite God! Yet that is precisely what the Word of God presents. The logical conclusion of the whole matter is that each man must see to it that he personally believes and repents and thus makes sure of salvation.

Looking into the trouble of sinful man, it is seen that it is individual. "The soul that sinneth, it shall die." "There is none that doeth good, no not one." We find also that the promise of the blessings in connection with salvation are to the individual. "Him that cometh to me, I will in no wise cast out;" "Behold, I stand in the door and knock; if any man will open the door, I will come in and sup with him and he with me;" "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters;" "Son, give me thine heart;" "If thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised him from the dead, thou shalt be saved."

The KITCHEN CABINET

'Tis not in growing like a tree, In bulk, doth make man better be. No digest of laws like the law of digestion. —Moore.

TASTY EATS.

A sandwich filling is so often used and a variety of combinations are so welcome that those following may be suggestive. Gooseberry jam mixed with cream cheese, or chopped cherries mixed with cottage cheese.

A sandwich for state occasions when a most nourishing one is needed is one of peanut butter used as a filling between two thin slabs of sweet chocolate. Take equal parts of diced banana and pineapple, mashed to a pulp, and mix with strawberry jam. This is a great favorite with the boys. Mix together the solid portion of ripe tomatoes, diced cucumber, chopped chives or onion tops and crushed well cooked bacon with cottage cheese. Spread on buttered rye bread. A thin slice of salt pork dipped in butter and fried a nice brown, then placed between layers of chow chow on buttered bread is a tasty sandwich, well liked.

Splach well cooked and seasoned and rubbed with hard-cooked egg. Raisin bread cut in heart shapes and spread with fudge enriched with nut meats is a sweet sandwich which will take the place of cake. These may be made in the ordinary way or the hot fudge may be poured on the slices and allowed to cool before the top slice is added. Lima beans put through a sieve, seasoned with melted butter, a little onion juice and a pinch of mustard, a few chopped olives and a dash of tomato catsup spread on brown bread. Corn Dainties.—Put well popped corn through the food chopper with a few walnut meats, add a little melted butter and the beaten white of an egg with two tablespoonsful of sugar. Spread on round crackers sandwich fashion and decorate the top with the same mixture and the half of a walnut meat. Bake in the oven until brown.

Patty Pie.—Fill large paper ice cases with any reasonable fruit cooked in sirup, and top the fruit with ice cream, spread around the edges and flute with a fork. Mark a leaf in the center to resemble a pie and serve at once. Nut and Cheese Roast.—Cook two tablespoonsful of chopped onions in a tablespoonful of butter, add three-fourths of a cupful of water and cook until the onion is tender, add a cupful of chopped nut meats, a cupful of cheese, a cupful of bread crumbs, salt and pepper to taste, the grated rind of a lemon and the juice of half a lemon. Turn into a buttered mold and bake twenty minutes. Decorate with lemon and parsley.

Better to search the fields for health unbought than pay the doctor for a nauseous draught. PRESERVING FRUITS AND VEGETABLES FOR WINTER. To save cans for fruits it is wise to dry corn and many prefer the flavor to that of canned corn. Select young ears, husk and plunge into boiling water and boil five minutes to set the milk. Slice from the cob and arrange on the drying trays, spreading as thinly as possible, put into the oven or around the stove to dry as quickly as possible. Corn should be put in the trays for drying within an hour from the time it is pulled from the stalk. This insures a fine sweet flavor. The corn is soaked and cooked in the same water until tender, then dressed with cream and a dash of salt and pepper, making a dish that may, but never has, been equaled. Salted Beans.—Take young tender string beans, preferably in the fall, string and cut them as for the table. In a stone crock put a layer of coarse salt just covering the bottom. Then put in a layer of raw beans about an inch deep, another layer of salt, just covering the beans and so on, ending with the salt. Tie a piece of muslin over the top of the jar and in a day or two they will settle, and more beans, and more salt may be added. Cocks holding several quarts are set in the cellar, where the beans will keep their color and flavor. When wanted, remove a few and soak them over night changing the water occasionally until they are right for eating. Canning Tomatoes.—Scald the tomatoes and remove the stem end carefully, plunge in cold water to hold the coloring matter near the surface, then remove the skins and pack whole in jars, adding a teaspoonful of salt to every quart of the tomatoes. Place on a rack in a boiler and cover the jars to the depth of an inch above the highest jar. When they begin to boil count the time and cook thirty minutes for quarts and twenty for pints. The tops should be screwed down tight. When removing them be sure to tighten the tops, pressing down the edge of the

cover with the handle of a knife to be sure that there is no way for bacteria to enter. To further secure the fruit dip the can tops into hot paraffin and place in a cool dark cellar.

I feel it my duty to emphasize that the food situation is one of utmost gravity, which, unless it be solved, may possibly result in the collapse of everything we hold dear in civilization. The only hope is by the elimination of waste and actual and rigorous self-sacrifice on the part of American people. We do not ask that they should starve themselves, but that they should eat plenty, wisely and without waste. —Herbert Hoover.

BARLEY DISHES.

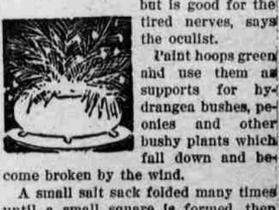
Barley has been used for years in invalid cookery for broths and as infant food. High-grade barley contains as much protein as hard wheat. It furnishes starch, fat and mineral matter in equal amounts with wheat. As barley lacks gluten, wheat flour must be added to barley meal or flour to make successful bread, using one part of whole wheat or white flour to two parts of barley flour. Barley meal has a similar texture to cornmeal, both the flour and the meal may be obtained in many sections of the country and as the increasing demand for it grows, will be more commonly in the smaller markets. Barley cookery is being revived because of the lack of wheat flour, and we are beginning to appreciate its value as a food. Barley Pone.—Add two cupfuls of milk to one cupful of cooked hot hominy grits or rice, three tablespoonsful of butter, then cool and add a half teaspoonful of salt, a cupful of barley meal sifted with two tablespoonsful of baking powder, then add two well-beaten eggs; pour into a buttered dish and bake in a moderate oven 45 minutes. Serve from the dish, cut in triangular shapes. Breakfast Food.—Add a half cupful of barley meal to two cupfuls of boiling water and a half teaspoonful of salt. Cook in a double boiler one hour or in a fireless cooker over night. Serve with cream and sugar. Flgs, dates or raisins may be added if desired. Barley Scones.—Take a cupful each of whole wheat flour, a cupful of barley meal, a half teaspoonful of salt, two tablespoonsful of baking powder, two tablespoonsful of beef drippings, or any sweet fat, three-fourths of a cupful of sour milk or sour cream may be substituted, omitting the drippings, and a half of a teaspoonful of soda. If the fat is used, cut it in as for pastry and proceed as usual in the mixing. Roll out half-inch thick and cut in diamond shapes. Brush with egg and sprinkle with sugar.

And the plowman settles the share More deep in the grading clod: For he saith: "The wheat is my care, And the rest is the will of God." —Kipling.

HELPFUL HINTS FOR HOUSEWIVES.

Close your eyes when using the telephone. This not only rests the eyes but is good for the tired nerves, says the oculist. Paint hoops green and use them as supports for hydrangea bushes, peonies and other bushy plants which fall down and become broken by the wind. A small sack folded many times until a small square is formed, then slipped into a clothespin makes a good griddle pan gripper. The cloth may be renewed whenever necessary. When driving with a small child, if her dress is spread so you can sit upon it, you will be able to support a rather small child safely and still manage the reins. One mother padded a small box for her small child when driving in the auto. The child was comfortable and so was the mother, as she did not fear for his safety. The children love to cut out pictures of fruit from catalogues and one housewife pastes them on her cans of fruit instead of labels, making a most attractive-looking fruit casket. Never try to pick up bits of glass. Wet a woolen cloth and pat it around in the glass. The fragments will cling to it and the hands are saved the danger. A thrifty wife keeps a list of the things she needs to have attended to about the house. This list is placed where her husband is sure to see it, and when each is attended to is checked off. Frosted Date Cakes.—Beat a third of a cupful of shortening, add a cupful of sugar and two eggs well-beaten, a half cupful of milk, one and three-fourths cupfuls of flour sifted with two tablespoonsful of baking powder, a fourth of a teaspoonful each of cloves and nutmeg, a half teaspoonful of cinnamon. Bake in gem pans. Cover with frosting and decorate with a stoned date.

Close your eyes when using the telephone. This not only rests the eyes but is good for the tired nerves, says the oculist. Paint hoops green and use them as supports for hydrangea bushes, peonies and other bushy plants which fall down and become broken by the wind. A small sack folded many times until a small square is formed, then slipped into a clothespin makes a good griddle pan gripper. The cloth may be renewed whenever necessary. When driving with a small child, if her dress is spread so you can sit upon it, you will be able to support a rather small child safely and still manage the reins. One mother padded a small box for her small child when driving in the auto. The child was comfortable and so was the mother, as she did not fear for his safety. The children love to cut out pictures of fruit from catalogues and one housewife pastes them on her cans of fruit instead of labels, making a most attractive-looking fruit casket. Never try to pick up bits of glass. Wet a woolen cloth and pat it around in the glass. The fragments will cling to it and the hands are saved the danger. A thrifty wife keeps a list of the things she needs to have attended to about the house. This list is placed where her husband is sure to see it, and when each is attended to is checked off. Frosted Date Cakes.—Beat a third of a cupful of shortening, add a cupful of sugar and two eggs well-beaten, a half cupful of milk, one and three-fourths cupfuls of flour sifted with two tablespoonsful of baking powder, a fourth of a teaspoonful each of cloves and nutmeg, a half teaspoonful of cinnamon. Bake in gem pans. Cover with frosting and decorate with a stoned date.



Nellie Maxwell