

AROUND THE HOUSE

LITTLE MATTERS OF MORE OR LESS MOMENT.

Convenience for the Kitchen That Is Easy to Make—Egg Shaker Frequently a Sensible Investment Now.

Kitchen Convenience.—Once have a dust box in the kitchen and it will become a part of the necessary furnishings. Most any grocer one trades with regularly will give you one of the large wooden cracker boxes that has hinges.

The hinges are simply pieces of tin, and soon break, but buy a pair of small steel hinges and screws for ten cents and a white china knob and screw for five cents and add these to your cracker box. Then instruct the maid to empty all dust pan gatherings into the box, instead of the coal hod. Nothing should go into the coal scuttle or hod but coal and nut shells. One or two ten-cent boxes of paint will cover the box with the aid of a ten-cent brush.

Nourishing Drink.—So many now take for luncheon a nourishing drink at a soda fountain and some substitute it for a breakfast. Thus, an egg shaker at home has often proved a most sensible investment. This can be purchased at a drugist supply house or procured by order of any ordinary drugist. Buy a deep, flaring tumbler along with the egg shaker. The shaker costs \$1.50 and is of white metal, silver lined and triple nickel plate on outside with an air tight cover. One strictly fresh egg, a heaping teaspoonful of malted milk, a dash of either sugar or salt, then fill the glass three-quarters full of rich milk and you have a most excellent substitute for a breakfast.

A Novel Idea.—Where insertions of either lace or embroidery are used for trimming, place a flat steel or case knife between the insertion and material. Run the scissors along the steel and you will find it will be much easier to cut the material and it will prevent all possibility of cutting the insertion.

Making Beds.—A hospital-made bed is a constant source of satisfaction and comfort. The bottom sheet should be put on and tucked in separate and distinct from any other covering, and should be drawn as tight as a drumhead, without a wrinkle. All tuck-ins must extend under the mattress as far as possible, thus, if the sheet be wide, the weight of the occupant will hold it tight.

Towels.—When there is any danger of towels being hung or thrown over nails or anything metal where rust may stain, sew on about three inches of narrow white tape in the middle and on the edge of the hem at each end. Fasten the tape securely only at each end by turning in the edge and hemming, being sure to fasten the end of the thread. In this way the tape lies flat lengthwise of the hem, out of sight from the right side of the towel and never in the way when ironing, yet when needed the edge of the towel in the exact middle naturally gives and the tape is ever ready to slip over a nail or hook. All wash cloths should be treated the same way.

Dutch Chow Chow.

Two quarts (or more) green tomatoes, 1 quart white onions, 1 head cauliflower; cut or chop all these in small pieces. Scald cauliflower, divided into small sections, three minutes. Make brine of 4 quarts water and 1 pint fine salt. Let mixture stand in this over night. Scald all together in the morning (bring to a boil), then drain. Mix 1 cup sifted flour, 1 cup sugar, 6 tablespoons mustard, 1 tablespoon turmeric powder in a little vinegar to make a smooth paste; then add to 2 quarts boiling vinegar and cook until it thickens; put all together and heat through. If desired, celery and green string beans may also be added to the above mixture.

Grape Cobbler.

This is best made while the grapes are rather green. Take a deep earthen dish and put in the bottom a layer of washed and seeded grapes, then a layer of sugar, alternating grapes and sugar until the dish is full. Add a tablespoonful of water and cover with rich crust. If the grapes are too small to seed readily stew first with a little water and then soft strain and sweeten to taste. In this case, a lattice crust is rather better than the ordinary whole crust.

Cook Meat in Bags.

When making broth or soup for invalids or children I always place meat in a clean salt or part of flour sack, tied or sewed at the ends. Place this on an old saucer in boiler to prevent sticking. This allows rice or anything else desired cooked in soup without danger of splintered bone, which seems to me will sink into meat chopped at the butcher's, and no matter how carefully washed some will get in, especially mutton.—Chicago Journal.

Cooking Hints.

In roasting meats, turn with a spoon instead of a fork, as the latter pierces the meat and lets the juice out. Sponge cake mixed with cold water will be yellow, but mixed with boiling water will be white. When making white cake use a half teaspoon more of cream of tartar than soda. A seven grain of tartar makes the

WORK THAT PAYS.

E. L. Vincent Tells How He Did Little Investigating That Proved Valuable.

Being of an inquiring turn of mind, I once upon a time took it into my head to follow the roots of a couple of hills of corn to their source, with a view to determining as well as I could what kind of cultivation we ought to give the plant while it is in the process of maturing, and I must say that some things I learned were an eye-opener to me.

It was along in August that I did this investigating. By that time the stalks were perhaps fully grown; the plant had, in fact, done almost all it could do in the way of growth. All that was left was to bring the ears to perfection.

With a good hoe and a pick I carefully traced the roots of two hills of corn, one in one row and one in that adjoining, directly opposite the first one. I had not gone far when I made my first discovery. And that was that I had all my life long been hurting my corn crop by using cultivators that ripped things up away down into the earth.

That seemed to be the thought in early times, to dig down as deep as possible. The first cultivator I remember seeing was one with a stiff, rigid frame, bolted together so firmly that it could not be adjusted to the width of the rows. The teeth of that cultivator were long, scoop-shovel shaped things, running deep by nature; and we used to think we ought to shove them down half way to China or we were not doing anything worth while. Now, I discovered that all, or almost all, such work does is to tear the fine roots of the corn plant loose, really setting it back, instead of furthering its progress.

After that cultivator, came another still more illy contrived, so far as its use in the cornfield is concerned; than the first. That we knew as the horsehoe, a good tool in its place, but that place is not, and never was, the cornfield. That had a regular shovel plow running ahead, with two legs following, and two more that might be put on if a man wanted to do still greater damage to his corn crop.

The thing that impressed itself on me was, that only light cultivation is needed in the cornfield. What we need is a tool that will thoroughly dig up the soil on the surface and not run more than two or three inches deep.

Another discovery I made was that the roots of the corn plant are not all directly under the stalks. I found them far out in every direction, like the roots of a big tree. A little thought will tell us why this should be so. The cornstalk is heavy, especially when it is well laden with ears. When the wind strikes it, there is a strong purchase and if not well braced, the whole hill is likely to go over.

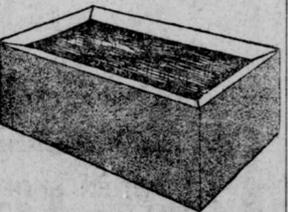
I remember how this worked one year when we were troubled terribly by the gray grub which works at the root of the cornstalk. Hundreds of cornstalks went down in our field that year; and always when we dug down at the base of the stalks we found that the small roots had been cut off by the grub. Nature is wise. She provides the corn plant with wide-spreading roots. Still another reason for this is to be found in the fact that corn needs a great deal of fertilizer to bring it to maturity. Here and there, everywhere, the fibrous roots run, in search for his food. If they do not find it, a small crop is the inevitable result.

Deep cultivation hinders the plant from getting this sustenance so necessary to its life and growth. Even when we send the teeth of the cultivator far down out in the middle of the space between the rows we are injuring the growth of the plant and so lessening our chances for harvesting a good crop.—Farmers' Voice.

AGAINST THIS WINTER'S COLD.

How You Can Keep the Water Tank Free from Ice.

If builders of cement tanks would make the inner edge of the top which is six inches wide, about one inch lower than the outer edge, and in freezing weather sprinkle salt on the top, says Prairie Farmer, they would find that it will work its way down on the



Tank with Beveled Edges.

inner edge of the tank and loosen the ice from the same, so that it can readily be removed, thus obviating the necessity of a tank heater.

FARM GLEANINGS.

Instead of raising weeds in the garden grow some late crops. After the early vegetables are out of the way raise something else that will mature late in the fall.

Use the split-log drag on the earth roads. It has proven to be successful and if there is any one thing needed in the country it is better roads.

Whether 'tis better to feed or to sell is the question agitating the corn raisers.

Cement pits filled daily with fresh water makes a good clean wallow for the swine, particularly when the weather is warm.



WHEN THE TABLES TURNED.

Willie Found His Tormentors Then Wanted to Be Friends.

Willie Walker was a little 12-year-old chap with red hair and a "crossed" eye. And Willie Walker's father was just a poor carpenter, whose family lived in a simple cottage with unpretentious surroundings. Therefore, Willie, being a poor boy and not of very pronounced good looks, fell under the ridicule of most of his fellows at school and about the streets. Wherever Willie went he was sure to hear some boy's voice call out to him: "Hello, Bricktop!" or "Hello, Sandy-pate!" or "Hello, there, Crooked Lamp!" And, again, some tormentor would yell out to him as he went along: "Say, does the world look on the bias to you, Sandy Kid?"

And Willie, being but a child, had not learned to turn a deaf ear to his tormentors. In fact, he was very much hurt by the epithets hurled at him and was quite unhappy by being the object of ridicule.

But in the town where Willie lived were two brothers—Syd and Tom Jackson—who felt the kindest sympathy for the carpenter's little cross-eyed son and who braved the jeers of the other boys to play with him. To be sure, Willie was not entirely ostracised by his fellows, but was so often made the butt of their ridicule and coarse, painful personalities that he felt he had no genuine friends save Syd and Tom Jackson. And often he refused to go on a picnic—where he



"And While I'm Waiting I'd Like to Speak with Your Mother."

had been invited by Syd and Tom, knowing that some of the boys would surely spoil his day by poking fun at his red hair and crooked eye.

One day Willie was lying on the grass under a tree, watching the clouds floating overhead and wishing that both his eyes were straight like other boys' eyes, when he heard a man's voice call from the gate:

"Is this the home of William Walker, carpenter?"

Willie quickly rose and replied that it was and that his father was William Walker, but was at his shop in town busy with some work.

"Well, I can wait till he comes home for dinner," said the man, coming in through the gate. "And while I'm waiting I'd like to speak with your mother."

Willie called to his mother, who came upon the porch. And as soon as her eyes fell on the stranger she cried out in a happy voice: "Why, if it isn't my dear brother Jim!"

And then Uncle Jim took Willie in his arms and really kissed his frowzy red head, declaring that he was a fine boy and worthy of his relationship. But that day, after dinner, Willie heard his parents in earnest conversation with his Uncle Jim and heard his uncle say: "Of course it can be done as slick as a ribbon and no harm done. And I've got the money to pay for it, too." And it turned out that it was Willie's crossed eye of which they were speaking, and on the following day they took him to the doctor's office, and, after being there a little while, Willie came away with two straight eyes. But, of course, he could not use his eye that had been operated on for some days, and had to have it closely bandaged. But when the bandage was at last removed by the doctor Willie was the happiest boy in town, for now he had two eyes exactly alike and as fine and straight as any other boy's eyes, too. As for his red hair—bah, he didn't care a fig about that. And, to cap the climax, good, jolly Uncle Jim bought the finest pony for Willie you ever saw and a saddle and bridle to go with it, or on it, I should say.

Then you should have seen the way all those ugly, tormenting boys did try to get into Willie's good graces, for they coveted a ride on the pony. Besides, the report had been circulated about town that Uncle Jim was a very rich man (which was true) and that he meant to give his nephew all sorts of schooling and travel (which was true, also).

And to do Willie justice—for he was not a bad boy at heart—he did not resent the way the boys had treated him in the past; but he never quite trusted any of them save Syd and Tom. But he treated even his former tormentors with kindness and made them feel quite ashamed of themselves. And to this day they regret having made fun of the kindest and most generous boy in the world, Willie Walker.—Washington Star.

WHEN A BLESSING COMES IN DISGUISE



Advancing prices of life's necessities are making many men debate seriously this Autumn the question of ready-to-wear clothes versus the custom tailor.

No household can well economize on food, or rent, or light, or fuel, without hardship. But a man *can* cut off this tailor luxury not only without hardship to himself, but in very many instances with positive benefit to his appearance and peace.

Stein Bloch clothes are respected among clothing dealers as the representative ready-to-wear clothes—the clothes that give them a "leading" line, that fit properly and that have style.

They are made individually by tailors who have the touch of experience and the conscious superiority of the specialist held together by a great organization.

By wearing them you are giving yourself a *luxury that your tailor never found for you.*

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