

# The Housewife's Corner

## CREAMED CARROTS

Wash, scrape and boil the carrots in salted water until tender. Turn off the water, slice in a sauce pan add a lump of butter rolled in flour and cover them with boiling milk. Stir until the butter melts. People who do not think they like carrots will eat them this way and gail for morre.

## PANNED STEAK OR CHOPS

Trim and wipe the steak. Heat frying pan until it smokes all over. Rub the bottom with a bit of fat. Lay the steak in the pan and turn every ten seconds. Keep the pan very hot. Season when one-half done.

Mutton, pork chops, ham and bacon may be panned in the same way. Have the platter for steak hot, and if rubbed with onion will give a delightful flavor to the meat.

## ICED FRUITS

Any desirable fruit may be easily iced by dipping first in the beaten white of an egg, then in sugar finely pulverized, and again in egg and sugar, and so on until the icing is of the desired thickness. Oranges or lemons should be carefully pared for icing, and all the white inner skin removed to prevent bitterness, then cut lemons in thin horizontal slices, oranges should be cut in quarters. For cherries, strawberries, currants, etc., choose the largest and finest, leaving stems out. Peaches should be pared and cut in halves, and sweet juicy pears are nice if pared and iced leaving the stems on.

Hard boiled eggs should be simmered, not boiled, at least 20 minutes. This gives them mealy yolks which digest more easily than when boiled.

## DELICATE SPICE CAKE

Two-thirds cup melted butter, two thirds cup sugar, two and one-half cups flour, one egg, two-thirds cup molasses, one cup milk, two teaspoons baking powder, one tablespoon vinegar, one tablespoon mixed ground spice, pinch salt. Beat eggs, add milk. Mix together flour, baking powder, salt, spice, sugar, melted butter, molasses and vinegar and add. Bake in two shallow pans in a quick oven.

## JOLLY BOYS

Mix and sift three cups rye meal, one cup flour, one-half cup corn meal, one-fourth teaspoon ground cinnamon, one-half teaspoon salt, two teaspoons baking powder and two tablespoons sugar. Add one beaten egg, two tablespoons molasses, and sufficient cold water to

make a thick batter. Drop by small spoonfuls in a kettle of smoking hot fat, and cook until brown.

## CREAMED EGGS

Boil the number of eggs desired until very hard, cut into lengthwise and arrange on platter garnished with lettuce leaves. Cover with a cream sauce made as follows; two tablespoons flour; two level tablespoons butter; pinch of salt; one cup milk. Add cheese if liked. Cook until thick and pour over the eggs.

## LEMON FILLING FOR CAKE

Grated rind and strained juice of two lemons, two cups sugar mixed with two tablespoons flour, one cup boiling water, one tablespoon melted butter, pinch of salt. Cook together in double boiler, just before it is done add beaten whites of two eggs. Orange filling is made the same using oranges instead of lemons and but one-half cup sugar.

## FOR THE CHILDREN

To join our Bird Club write these words:

"I will not harm the birds, I will do what I can to protect them."

Sign your name and address, and send to Mrs. W. J. Lancelot, Exira, Ia. children 1

When Tommy had the tummy-ache

And the doctor came, said he, "Are you in pain?" and Tommy sobbed,

"No, sir, the pain's in me."

## CROOKED

There was a crooked man Who rode a crooked mile; He stopped to rest his crooked back For just a little while.

And here he met a crooked maid

Who chanced to pass that way, And strange to say, he fell in love With her that very day.

He was married in his crooked coat

She wore a crooked blouse; And now they live together In a neat but crooked house. —B. C. S.

## THE BIRDS AND THE FIRE

We all like to hear about the Indians, about their customs, habits and beliefs. They have many queer explanations of natural events. Among them is this legend related by N. T. Hatch. This is the story.

One cold day in winter the birds wanted to build a fire, but they had neither matches nor flint, and so they shivered and shivered; but after a while one of them found a little spark left in the smoldering heart of a big log that had been on the fire the day before.

Among the many birds that gathered round the log were the wren, the crow, the owl, and the turkey. How could they start the fire needed so badly.

First the wren tried to fan the spark into a blaze; but the log was hotter than it seemed to be, and the wren burned his feet and feathers, and flew away in fright.

The white crow tried next. In those days crows were white, but he slipped on a part of the log that was burned to charcoal, and rolled over and over till his beautiful white feathers were as black as soot.

Then the wise owl puffed out his cheeks and blew and blew on the spark, but it still refused to become a blaze, and so much smoke raised from the log that it blinded the owl, and he flew away to a dark place to rest his eyes.

The turkey then strutted up, and fanned and fanned with his wide-

spreading wings, until it suddenly blazed up and burned all the feathers from its throat and the top of its head.

But they had a fire at last and all enjoyed its warmth except those who had suffered in trying to start it.

When the Indians find any one who does not believe this story he calls attention to the timid wren, the crow which is now black, the owl with his blinking eyes and the bald-headed turkey as good proof that it must be true.

## WHERE LITTLE BEAR LIVED IN WINTER

One day in the fall when there was a chill in the air, Father Bear and Mother Bear went to find a house for the winter. They left Little Bear at home for Little Bear did not want to move to another house.

"See how plump I am," he said to his mother. "Look at my coat. It is so thick and warm and my hair has grown so long that I shall not mind the cold. I'd love to play in the snow and go sliding on the ice. Father Deer's children do not sleep all winter. They make tracks in the snow and lie down to rest in the evergreens. Father Deer told me about it."

Mother Bear laughed. "Well, Sonny Bear," said she, "you stay at home today and have a fast long playday, for we expect to choose a home for the winter before night. Have a good time and be a good little bear."

"But I don't want to leave this dear old house," wailed Little Bear. "Mrs. Maria Wildcat said this morning, 'Young cub, you won't be anything but a little baby bear, eating out of a bowl and sitting in a wee, wee chair, and sleeping in a wee, wee bed for a hundred years if you lie around and sleep all winter. You'll never grow up, and Bob Wildcat said—

"There, there," Mother Bear warned him, "Don't let me hear another word about Maria Wildcat nor any of the Wildcat family. Come, Father Bear, let us start. Little Bear you will find some honey comb in the closet, and you may help yourself."

Little Bear brushed away his bears and went in search of the honey. He carried it outdoors to eat in the sunshine.

It was a quiet morning, and the leaves, painted red and yellow by Jack Frost, fluttered downward. By the time Little Bear had finished the honey he was getting very drowsy.

But the woods children came to play with little Bear once more before he should go away for the winter and Little Bear roused himself.

First came the rabbit children. They were well-behaved little folk but timid. They had funny looking three cornered little mouths and great dark eyes.

The porcupine twins came over too, but like Little Bear they were so drowsy they could hardly stay awake.

Then came the field mice children, and the muskrat children from the river, to play with Little Bear for the last time before they should start on their autumn wanderings. They expected to sleep much of the time during the winter themselves, after their new cabin was built on the river bank.

Sally Beaver, too, called to say goodbye to Little Bear before he left for his winter home.

Next came a dozen little, frolicsome chipmunks to play with Baby Bear. They perched about on rocks and stumps and kept up such a chatter that Little Bear forgot he was sleepy.

Then Father Fox's little ones came bounding through the forest, so full of mischief and fun that soon all were ready to join in the sport.

The little folk of the wildwood had a beautiful time that day, and Little Bear was happy until Maria Wildcat's children came and began poking fun at everyone who slept all winter. Soon there was a quarrel, and the Wildcat children ran home to tell their mother that it was not their fault.

Then the little people who were left told stories of the winter birds, of sliding on the snow and the winterwinds, all of which made Little Bear unhappy.

"I don't want to sleep all winter," he wailed; and when his father and mother came home, there he was, sitting on his own doorstep, crying.

"What is the matter with Little Bear?" asked Mother Bear, when she saw his tears.

"I don't want to sleep all winter, I want to stay in our own little house in the woods and see the snow in the evergreens and eat porridge out of my little bowl, and sit in my little chair, and sleep in my little bed, I don't want to go

to any winter house. I want to stay here and play all winter, like other folks."

"How would you like to take a little walk," asked Mother Bear, "you and all your friends?" "I should like it," said Little Bear, "if they will go too."

"We will go with you," promised one of the rabbits wrinkling his nose until all the other children laughed; but asked that we must all go home to our mothers.

Then Father Bear closed the door of the little house and they started for their walk. Father Bear, Mother Bear, Little Bear, and all his wildwood playmates.

They had not gone far when Father Bear said: "This is the door." And parting the bushes he led the way into a clean, roomy den, under an overhanging rock, with its back to the wind.

"This is a lovely winter house," he said to Mother Bear. "No snow will ever drift in here, and it will be warm and cozy in the coldest weather. Then, turning to Little Bear, he said, "Try that little bed of leaves over in the corner, and see whether it is big enough for you."

"It just fits," said Little Bear, as he cuddled down. Of course he did not mean to go to sleep just then, but before he knew it he was dreaming.

And so the other wildwood children threw kisses, and said: "Good-by, Little Bear, good-by until spring time." Then they all ran away to their homes.

Father Bear and Mother Bear then snuggled down beside Little Bear, and were drifting off into a pleasant nap, when old Father Groundhog stuck his nose into the den to say, "You better open your eyes on the morning of February second, for I shall surely come walking by."

If you see my shadow, it means that you must let Little Bear sleep six weeks longer; but if it is cloudy and I can not see my shadow, then wake him up to greet the spring."

Then the Bear family went to sleep, and the next day it snowed and snowed.

## A FROG IN THE THROAT

When Doctor Coyne went to Des Moines

He ne'er went again, we're told; For he stepped in a pool where the water was cool

And caught a dreadful cold.

And now I'll tell what next befell,

Such a tale Mother Goose never wrote;

When Doctor Coyne stepped in that puddle,

A frog leaped down his throat.

And so you see when you take cold, Or in the water play,

You're sure to get "a frog in your throat."

Like Doctor Coyne that day.

Cherry-ple thick, or cherry-ple thin;

If you taste either you'll want some again.

Boys and girls,

Whatever you do,

Keep your mouths closed

When your victuals you chew.

## Our Little Martyrs

Shall we care when nesting-time Brings no birds from any clime; Not a voice or ruby wing, Not a single nest to swing, Midst the reeds, or higher up, Like a dainty fairy cup; Not a single little friend, All the way, as footsteps wend Here and there through every clime, Not a bird at any time?

Does it matter? Do we care What the feathers women wear Cost the world? Must all birds die?

May they never, never fly Safely through their native air? Slaughter meets them everywhere,

Scorned be the hands that touch such spoil.

Let women pity and recoil From traffic barbarous and grave, And quickly strive the birds to save.

—George Klingbe.

## Exactly.

Little Mrs. Hunter had heard so many jokes about the brides who couldn't market successfully that she made up her mind that the first request she made of the marketman would show her to be a sophisticated housewife. "Send me, please," she said, "two French chops and 100 green peas."—Exchange.

## WILL SLOAN'S LINIMENT RELIEVE PAIN?

Try it and see—one application will prove more than a column of claims. James S. Ferguson, Phila., Pa. writes: "I have had wonderful relief since I used Sloan's Liniment on my knees. To think after all these years of pain one application gave me relief. Many thanks for what your remedy has done for me. Don't keep on suffering, apply Sloan's Liniment where your pain is and notice how quick you get relief. Penetrates without rubbing. Buy it at any Drug Store. 25c."

## Notes for our Bird Club

Our gardens and yards are alive with birds now, many of them having just learned to fly. In many cases the parent birds are caring for a second brood.

It is interesting to watch the robins when they teach their young to find their own food. Recently a mother robin and two of her young came to our doorstep and the mother gathered up the crumbs which she found there and poked—I can think of no other word which expresses it—the dainty bits into the mouths of the young birds, which always opened at her approach. She took turns with them and each patiently waited for his turn.

Our baby wrens have flown The tomato can, where they were brought to life, became full to overflowing as the young birds grew in size, but they did not seem to mind the heat and close quarters in the least.

The Agriculture Department make the assertion that the Bob-White quail is worth each year considerably more than his own-weight in pure gold, because he destroys such quantities of harmful insects, besides being the greatest weed destroyer known.

There is not a single wild bird of any species, not even excepting hawks and owls, but what is of very great value to man, and their protection means a tremendous crop increase. This is a statement made by the biological survey of the Agriculture department of our government.

Birds do not like to have their nests tampered with. The night-hawk always leaves the nest which has been handled, carrying the eggs or young birds to a new location in its mouth, which is unusually large enabling it to seize flying insects for food.

## Most Eminent Medical Authorities Endorse It.

Dr. Eberle and Dr. Braithwaite as well as Dr. Simon—all distinguished authors—agree that whatever may be the disease, the urine seldom fails in furnishing us with a clue to the principles upon which it is to be treated, and accurate knowledge concerning the nature of disease can thus be obtained. If backache, scalding urine or frequent urination bother or distress you, or if uric acid in the blood has caused rheumatism, gout or sciatica or you suspect kidney or bladder trouble just write Dr. Pierce at the Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N.Y.; send a sample of urine and describe symptoms. You will receive free medical advice after Dr. Pierce's chemist has examined the urine—this will be under no obligation. Dr. Pierce during many years of experimentation has discovered a new remedy which he finds is thirty-seven times more powerful than lithia in removing uric acid from the system. If you are suffering from backache or the pains of rheumatism, go to your best druggist and ask for a 50-cent box of "Auric" put up by Dr. Pierce. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription for weak women and Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery for the blood have been favorably known for the past forty years and more. They are standard remedies to-day—as well as Doctor Pierce's Pleasant Pellets for the liver and bowels. You can get a sample of any one of these remedies by writing Dr. Pierce.

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His Kind of Pella. "Mr. Sinnick is very polished, isn't he?" "Very. Everything he says is facts on some one."—Boston Globe.

## ENACTING A PICTURE PLAY

By RUTH GRAHAM

"What a delightful life you must live," she said, "conjuring up these picture plays. How in the world do you make people out of nothing? And having created them, how do you make them do things that are interesting?"

"It's all built up, just as you would construct a house. First you must get your motif; that's the basement. Next, you find certain complications; that's the framework. Finally you make your characters do it all in accordance with your scheme; that's putting in the body of your house. Then, when it's all laid out, you put on the finishing touches; that's decorating."

"But where does the romance come in?" "I can't tell you, but I can show you. Let us enact a picture play. We'll make it very simple, only two characters—the man and the girl. Rosalind, the girl, leaves her house with a letter. She meets the fellow, Jenkins. He sees the letter and the address and surmises that she is going to the office to post an acceptance to a rival. He leaves her very sad. The next day he goes to a foreign country and doesn't return for two years. He meets Rosalind, and she tells him that the letter she posted was a rejection of his rival instead of an acceptance."

"What a stupid man!" "If plays didn't make lovers do stupid things they wouldn't be true to life. Furthermore, there wouldn't be any plays. Let us play this one." "But I don't see how we can enact that. There isn't anything for us to do." "It's a two reel play. Suppose we leave out the first reel and enact the second."

"There's not much in either of them." "There's a lot in the last half. You go down there by the stream and sit on one of those rocks. That will make a pretty picture. You see, we must look out for the artistic features. You will be thinking of Jenkins."

"Can't you find a better name for him?" "Oh, his name doesn't matter. Besides, you have said he's very stupid."

She did as he directed. While she was sitting pensively on the rock he passed on the path above, saw her and hurried down to her. On reaching her he uncovered, bowed and moved his lips as if talking to her with a distant manner.

"What does that mean?" she asked. "I'm telling you what might be expected at finding you after a long absence. There's no use saying it, for photographs can make no sound."

"Oh, I forgot that." "You ask me why I went away so suddenly. I reply that I saw the letter of acceptance of my rival. Then you inform me that it was a letter of rejection."

"Well, we'll consider all that said." He raised his eyes to heaven, as if giving thanks. Then he beat his breast dramatically.

"What's that?" she asked. "Satisfaction at learning that my rival was turned down and self reproach at the loss of two years of happiness."

"Happiness! How do you know that Rosalind will have you?" "True enough."

"I shouldn't think you would be much of a picture play writer to make such mistakes as that."

"The theme doesn't work out right. Having failed to put in anything about Rosalind loving Jenkins, I shall have to go back to the beginning and do it all over."

"I don't see any reason for that." "How shall I supply the deficiency?" "Why, let him ask her, of course."

"Right you are." He sat down very near her, so near that his cheek almost touched hers, and began to make his lips move in dumb show.

"Don't you think," she said, "that you would enact the part better if you spoke the words? How can a man show feeling while making his lips move without saying anything?"

"Right again. Characters in picture plays really speak their parts." Then he spoke aloud.

"How happy I am to find you in this beautiful spot, Rosalind. I have—"

"Do you need to keep the name of the character in the play?" "Effie, I have known you now a year, and—"

"Why, you've been away two years, and you knew me before you left."

"Tell me, Effie," he went on, changing his tone, "was that letter to Cartwright I saw on your table when I called yesterday an acceptance?" "Yesterday? Why, it was two years ago!"

"Never mind the confounded picture play. Tell me, is it I or Cartwright?"

At this juncture she played her part beautifully. She turned away her head and left her hand in a position very advantageous for being grasped. Then she bent forward so that his other hand could not very well help encircling her waist.

Plays are like lovers; they put the best foot forward. In the real thing there is usually a lot behind the scenes. In this case the leading lady, who had been angling for the leading gentleman for some time, had adopted the ruse of a rival. The rival not proving immediately effective she adopted the expedient of leaving a letter addressed to him where the leading gentleman would not fail to see it the next time he called.

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