

MRS. SCOTT WELL AGAIN

Good News from Martin Tells of Timely Recovery. Details Regarding the Case.

Martin, Tenn.—Mrs. Jennie Scott, of this city, says: "For years, I was troubled, more or less, with womanly troubles. Sometimes I would have shortness of breath, and smothering spells. I tried several doctors, but they only gave me temporary relief.

At last I tried Cardui, the woman's tonic, and found it to be the medicine suiting my case. I was quickly relieved by it, and now, for the first time in years, I am very well, and enjoy good health.

I praise Cardui for these good results. I recommend the medicine to my friends, because I know it is good, safe and reliable. It helped me wonderfully, and I can truthfully say that Cardui is the best medicine I have ever taken."

Be sure that Cardui, the woman's tonic, will bring you help, if you will use it regularly, and for a reasonable length of time.

You know you can depend on Cardui, because you have read of so many who are enthusiastic in its praise. Cardui has stood the test of time, the supreme test of merit.

Cardui is successful. It has been found to relieve womanly pain and build up womanly strength. Try Cardui. It will help you.

N. B.—Write to Ladies' Advisory Dept., Chattanooga Medicine Co., Chattanooga, Tenn., for Special Instructions, and 64-page book, "Home Treatment for Women," sent in plain wrapper, on request.

An Every-Day Creed.

I desire to radiate health, cheerfulness, sincerity, calm courage and good will. I wish to live without hate, whim, jealousy, envy or fear. I wish to be simple, honest, natural, frank, clean in mind and clean in body, unaffected, ready to say "I do not know" if so it be, to meet all men on an absolute equality, to face any obstacle and meet every difficulty unafraid and unabashed. I wish others to live their lives, too, up to their highest, fullest and best. To that end I pray that I may never meddle, dictate, interfere, give advice that is not wanted, nor assist when my services are not needed. If I can help people I'll do it by giving them a chance to help themselves; and if I can uplift or inspire let it be by example. That is to say, I desire to be radiant—to radiate life.—Elbert Hubbard.

See Value of Open-Air Schools. During the year 1911 the greatest percentage of increase among the different forms of anti-tuberculosis work was among the open-air schools for anemic and tuberculous children. On January 1, 1911, there were only 29 open-air schools in operation or provided for in the entire country. On January 1, 1912, there were 91, an increase of 214 per cent. Sixty-two new schools have been established or provided for the past year. This entire number of open-air schools have been established since January 1, 1907.

"Those Youthful Prodiges."

"Will wonders never cease?" said Jones to his wife. "Here is an account of a six-year-old boy who can work the most difficult problems in algebra."

"Remarkable!" admitted Mrs. Jones. "But I know a four-year-old girl that knows Greek. Where does your little wonder live?"

"In Boston. Where does your linguistic marvel live?"

Mrs. Jones gazed out of the window with a far-away look in her eyes as she answered: "In Greece."—National Food Magazine.

Post Toasties

A Treat So Sweet; Add Cream Then Eat.

Post Toasties

"The Memory Lingers"

Postum Cereal Company, Limited, Battle Creek, Mich.

PAPER BAG COOKING

WONDER-WORKING SYSTEM PERFECTED BY M. SOYER, WORLD'S GREATEST LIVING CHEF

MEANS ECONOMY IN FOOD.

By Martha McCulloch Williams. Economy, which is now the cry in all things, from postage to politics, has no more valiant helper than M. Soyer's system of paper bag cooking.

Roasts which have a knack of shrinking horribly in the pan come out of paper bags almost the size which they came from the butcher, and possessed of their full food value. They will have been cooked in vapors of their own essence—the best part of them will not have run out, to dry on the pan bottom, and smell most appetizingly, but be in large measure lost to the palate. There will be gray in the bag, to be sure—gray fit for a king.

In case of fish, the results are even better. Pan-cooking wastes a fifth, a fourth, sometimes even a third of a fish.

Vegetables also taste better, and are better, for bag cooking. Bag cooking preserves in them their essential salts, which boiling takes away.

Here is a way of using up cold dinner meat that hearty children will relish, and even the man of the house not disdain. Cut the meat in slices, neither too thick nor too thin, and as broad as possible, butter them, sprinkle them well with salted flour, and a very little pepper. Lay in a well-greased bag, side by side, then place upon each a tomato, peeled, hollowed out, dusted inside with sugar, salt and pepper, then stuffed. Boiled rice is a good stuffing, so is cooked macaroni or spaghetti cut small. Bread crumbs fried brown are likewise tasty. Season the stuffing well and mix through it all the snippets and trimmings of the meat. Use either butter, bacon, or cold boiled pork, well minced, to enrich the stuffing. Scatter between the tomatoes the

scoops from their insides. Place in bag, seal it, and cook in a hot oven about twelve minutes.

Quick Potatoes.—Take a large white potato for each person to be fed. Peel, slice thin, drop in cold water for five minutes, then drain, sprinkle with salt and pepper, and pack compactly in a well-greased bag, adding a tablespoonful of stock or milk and water, for each two potatoes. Seal, and cook twenty minutes. Boiled potatoes can be used, and take only half as long.

Baked Apples.—Wash well, but do not peel, cut out specks and bruises, core, fill the bottom of the core-space with a lump of butter, over which pile sugar, and add a bit of cinnamon. A clove stuck in the side may take the place of the cinnamon. Seal inside a well greased bag, and bake eighteen to twenty minutes in a fairly hot oven. Serve with sugar and cream or a hard sauce.

ELIMINATES MANY KITCHEN TROUBLES.

William Shakespeare, it may be, had not cooking in mind, when he set his witches chanting:

"Double double toil and trouble; Fire burn and caldron bubble."

Nevertheless, the fact remains that the burning fire, the bubbling caldron are sources of double trouble to womenkind. Therefore, they should rise up and call blessed M. Soyer's system of paper bag cooking, which has come newly to their help. It saves the babbings of the caldron, and thereby the troublings of the cook. This in many, many ways. Perhaps the most instantly apparent one is—the fact that there is no caldron to be washed or scoured when the flesh is wearied.

So, also, are the roasting pans and those for frying, likewise the broiler. Paper bags can do the work better—and be thrown away when they have served their turn.

Beef or Veal Loaf.—To each pound of raw minced lean meat, add an ounce of finely minced suet, half a small minced onion, a dust of pepper, a pinch of salt mixed through a scant spoonful of flour, and a light sprinkle of powdered herbs. Mix the seasoning well through the meat, shape it into a flat, round cake, rub butter plentifully on the outside, put into a greased paper bag, seal and bake in a hot oven, allowing fifteen minutes to the pound. A few slices of tomato put in the bag helps to make tasty gravy. A spoonful of tomato catsup may be used instead.

Paper Bag Cooked Bridge Luncheon

By Nicholas Soyer, Chef of Brooks' Club, London.

Broiled Chicken. Asparagus. Mushrooms. Radishes. Celery. Olives. Pudding a la Mayence. Black Coffee. Crackers. Cheese.

Broiled Chicken.—Split the chicken down the middle of the back, spread flat, and put a skewer in each side to prevent it from curling. Beat up a very fresh egg, with a pinch of salt, black pepper to taste, an ounce of melted butter, a teaspoonful of Worcestershire sauce or something similar, and a teaspoonful of made mustard. Mix well. With a brush glaze the chicken with the mixture. Place in a greased bag with bread crumbs around and over it. Be careful that the skewers do not tear the bag. Seal up tight and cook thirty-five to forty minutes in a very hot oven.

Mushrooms.—Peel and wash the mushrooms, brush them lightly over with melted butter, dust with salt and pepper, and put into a buttered bag with a lump of butter, a little water, and a spoonful of lemon juice or port or sherry wine. Seal tight and cook in a hot oven twelve to twenty minutes.

Asparagus.—Trim and scrape as for boiling, wash very clean. Tie in bundles and put into a buttered bag, with a little salt and half a gill of water. Seal and cook thirty-five to forty minutes in a hot oven.

Pudding a la Mayence.—Rub half a pint of breadcrumbs through a fine wire sieve, add to them a tumblerful of wine and water, half and half, the rind of a small lemon, washed, dried and grated, three heaped tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar, and an ounce of butter. Mix well, pour into a buttered soufflé dish, add the beaten yolks of two eggs, and the strained juice of the lemon. Beat the whites of the eggs to a very stiff froth, add powdered sugar to taste, and a pinch of salt. Color with a few drops of green spinach coloring, or pale pink with a little carmine or cochineal, pile on top, place in bag, put in a very moderate oven, and bake till the meringue is firmly set.

PAPER BAG COOKED BREAKFAST DISHES.

Eggs and Tomatoes.—Butter a bag thickly, put into it half a pint of tomato catsup and butter the size of a walnut. Cook in hot oven ten min-

utes. Cut a square from the center of the bag, break into it, and eat at a time, four eggs. Cook for three or four minutes. Dish up. Cut away all the top of the bag and serve.

Kipperd Mackerel with Fine Herbs.—Cut salt mackerel into fillets, lay them in a deep earthen dish, and cover with boiling water. Leave in water half a minute. Take out, wipe dry, dust with coarse black pepper, and put on top of each fillet half a teaspoonful of minced parsley, and chives of onion, and a bit of butter the size of a small walnut. Grease a bag well, put in the fillets, seal, and cook for twenty minutes in a hot oven. Serve hot, with brown bread.

Marchal of Lobster and Eggs.—Take the white and claw meat of a lobster, chop it small and set aside. Rub the brown meat smooth in a basin with a bit of butter and a good dust of white pepper. Add gradually half a bottle of tomato catsup. Work all well together. Put into a bag four slices of bacon. Do not seal the bag. Cook the bacon four minutes, then take out, and put in the lobster and tomato mixture, seal and cook for eight minutes. Cut open the bag on top, put in the white meat, and make hot for four or five minutes. Lower the gas very much for this last cooking—the white meat must only get very hot, as cooking toughens it. Serve in a very hot dish, garnished with the slices of bacon.

Eggs on Strasbourg Croutons.—Cut the crust from four even-sized squares of stale bread, butter them thinly, dust lightly with pepper, and spread with a layer of foie gras. Cook for five minutes inside a well-greased bag, then cut open the bag and break an egg on each square of bread. Dust the eggs on top with pepper and a very little salt and cook for another four minutes. Serve immediately on a very hot dish.

Eggs a la Bechamel.—Cut four hard-boiled eggs in halves lengthwise, put them into a thickly greased bag with a gill of cream, salt and pepper to taste, and a tiny dust of powdered mace. Cook five minutes in a moderate oven, and serve hot on squares of lightly buttered toast.

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A Colorado woman found a diamond in a turkey. They cost enough to be stuffed with precious stones.

Not Impressed.

"Dad, my coming-out gown will cost an even hundred."
"I once knew a girl who made her own gown, at a cost of two dollars, and thus won a husband."
"I don't want a two-dollar husband."

What She Was.

"Cook, did you stay long in your last place?"
"I never stays nowhere long enough to be discharged. It's one of these here fireless cookers."—Judge.

The Right Side.

Uncle Jackson (showing city boy the farm)—"With all your city education, sonny, I'll warrant you don't know which side you milk a cow from?"
The Boy—"Sure I do. It's the under side!"—Puck.

Where They Gossip.

"In our section it is considered healthy to mind your own business."
"That idea wouldn't we at all popular among the summer health-resorts."

GUARDIAN OF GAME

Dr. Theodore S. Palmer Protects Uncle Sam's Preserves.

ADVISER OF LEGISLATURES

Amusing Story of How A. Allen Parker and Allen Parker Obtained Their Lieutenants' Commissions in the Regular Army.

By GEORGE CLINTON.

Washington.—Dr. Theodore S. Palmer of the government's biological survey is the guardian of all the game of the United States. He knows every quail covert in the country, he can number the herds of elk in the western mountains, and he knows every runway of the deer of the Adirondacks.

This physician-naturalist provides for the protection of the game in Uncle Sam's preserves, and sees to it that no poacher shall escape punishment. The doctrine of states' rights bars government action in the matter of law-making for any section of the country save territories, the national parks and the forest reserves, but this fact does not prevent Dr. Palmer from being the adviser-in-chief of nearly every body of legislators in the land when the game laws stand in need of revision.

There is much game left in the United States, notwithstanding repeating firearms and the ease of access to the wilds made possible by the rapid railroad extension of recent years. The Audubon societies, by arousing public sentiment, have done more than all the laws on the statute books for the preservation of the song birds, but the law alone, with strong men to enforce it, is responsible for the continued presence of the deer in the forest and the antelope on the plain.

Tale of the Two Parkers.

In the United States army there are two officers, one named A. Allen Parker and the other named Allen Parker. These two men are not Dromios in appearance, though their names escape that fate by the bare breadth of one initial letter—and thereby hangs a war department story.

When the Spanish war broke out A. Allen Parker was a senior at Purdue university, in Indiana. He volunteered for service against the Spaniards, went to the front as a corporal of Company A, One Hundred and Fifty-eighth Indiana Infantry, and served out his enlistment with credit.

After the war was over, A. Allen Parker felt a desire to enter the regular army as a commissioned officer. Uncle Sam's forces were being increased and the government had vacancies for young men who had served against the Spaniards, who could get the proper recommendations, and who could pass the required physical and mental examination. There were more young men who desired the positions than there were vacancies, and so, feeling qualified both by military education and by his record to become a second lieutenant, Corporal A. Allen Parker asked the member of congress from his district to recommend him for a commission in the regulars.

The obliging congressman went to the war department and stated his client's case. The war department looked up the Spanish war records and found that Corporal A. Allen Parker of Indiana had a most creditable record and the congressman was told that before long A. Allen Parker of Indiana would receive notification to present himself before a board of officers at Fort Sheridan for examination for his commission.

Wrong Man Was Notified.

Back in Indiana Corporal A. Allen Parker waited for six weeks and heard nothing. Then he went to his congressman, who was home on a visit, and told him that he feared that the war department had been forgotten. The congressman went back to Washington that night, and, going straight to the department, asked why his constituent, A. Allen Parker, had not received orders to take his examination.

The military secretary told the congressman that Parker had not only been ordered before an examining board, but that he had passed his examination and was now a full-fledged second lieutenant of infantry stationed at the Presidio in San Francisco.

The congressman was as dumb-founded as a congressman ever allows himself to be. He said that if Parker of Indiana was in the army he was leading a dual existence.

Then they went to the records and there they found that Allen Parker, a corporal of the One Hundred and Sixtieth Indiana Infantry, had written the war department and expressed a desire for a commission.

The officials had thought that this Allen Parker was A. Allen Parker, the congressman's friend, and instantly they had ordered him to Fort Sheridan for examination. He passed, was commissioned by the president and confirmed by the senate and reached his California post within a month, and all this as a result of a short letter saying that he would like the job of a second lieutenant.

The Indiana congressman succeeded in getting a commission for Corporal A. Allen Parker, but it took three months, and Allen Parker, the lucky, ranked his Indiana namesake 100 files on the lineal list.

Bryce Leads the Diplomats. The president and Mrs. Taft have just held their first official reception of the year. The New Year's day re-

ception is not considered as one having to do with officialdom, although curiously enough there are more officials of government present at it than at any one of the four other receptions to which the term "official" is applied.

For the first time since he came to America the Right Honorable James Bryce, the British ambassador, led the line at the reception of the diplomats. Mr. Bryce is ranked in length of service by Mr. J. J. Jusserand, the French ambassador, and by Baron Hengelmuller von Hengervar, who is the dean of the diplomatic corps. It recently has been rumored that the ambassadors of France and Austria-Hungary are to be recalled, and if this prove true it is probable that the representative of Great Britain for the first time in a good many years will hold the rank in position in Washington of the corps of foreigners. There also have been rumors that Mr. Bryce is to be recalled, but from the best informed sources it is learned to be likely that he will remain here until the present ruling party in England passes from power, unless, of course, it should keep its place for a great many years to come.

Something in These Names.

What's in a name is a question and a quotation in one which has passed into what the flippant call the class of the bromides. A good deal is found to be in some names when one reads the list of the diplomatic representatives of Austria-Hungary to the United States. The ambassador's name, as will be seen by a glance at it above, has a good deal to it, but it becomes a small affair when compared with the names of some of the subordinates in his office. For instance, there is Capt. Baron F. Preuschen von und zu Liebenstein, naval attache. The wife of the captain baron carries the same name. Then there are Count Felix von Brusselle-Schaubelk and Ivan Csekones de Zsomboljia et Janova. Then also, for fuller measure, there is Secretary of Legation Stephen Hedry de Hedri et de Genere Aba. Why the secretary spells Hedry, which occurs twice in his name, two different ways not even the attaches of the embassy seem to be able to tell.

People Like Frequent Elections.

The Republican and Democratic national committees have held their meetings in Washington. The presidential campaign is on. The political activities of the American people are practically ceaseless. National, state and local elections follow one another in unbroken round. It is held that in short terms of office lies the greater safety for free institutions.

It has been asserted and argued to the limit of patience and endurance that the campaigning throb, with their attendant excitement, coming as they do with barely a space between, tend to the breaking of the health of the business life. Prosperity, however, has been so generally a part of the country's history that little heed is given to the complaining cry. The fear of a possible instability of institutions that might follow a change has outweighed the fear of a possible but temporary commercial instability.

Naming Presidents a Great Game.

The recurring talk of a term of six years for the president and the talk of life terms for senators, is probably but talk for talk's sake. Anything that has politics for a basis is of interest to the live American, and in the pursuit of mild excitement propositions are advanced for which the advanced couldn't get a vote—not even his own.

American politics deals largely in futures. The naming of presidents is done so many thousands of times before the convention days that figures cannot keep the count. The question of the multitude that witnesses the oath taking of a president on the platform east of the capital is: "Who will take the oath four years from today?" There are some thousands of individual members of the multitude who will be quick to give answer, and each can back the given name with reasons that he believes all convincing. It is a great game and it makes for safety.

There never has been a time since Washington was inaugurated in the city of New York when the concerns of legislation, no matter how vital to the country, have been strong enough to keep politics and the matter of the presidential succession out of the people's minds. The American thrives on politics—proof enough, perhaps, that it is a healthy food.

A president is to be named next summer by one or the other of two conventions. The campaign has been in progress ever since the election returns were in on the November night more than three years ago that saw the election of William Howard Taft. The presidential campaign is always on—just a little more so in the present instance because of the personality of the executive, because of his statement of "never again" which some of the people won't believe, and because of the issues which in a sense have divided the Republican party into two factions—though unfortunately enough, classes might be the better word.

His Idea.

Mr. Homebody—I see you keep copies of all the letters you write to your wife. Do you do it to avoid repeating yourself?

Mr. Faraway—No. To avoid contradicting myself.—New York Globe.

THE HOME LIFE OF THE SETTLER

WESTERN CANADA AFFORDS ALL THE COMFORTS AND MANY OF THE LUXURIES.

A young lady of Wisconsin secured a certificate at the Milwaukee office of the Canadian Government, and on presenting this to the ticket agent of the railway at the Canadian boundary line she secured a ticket at a reduced rate which carried her to Edmonton, Alberta, from which point, about forty miles, she had friends. This was a couple of years ago, and the young lady is now married to one of the promising young farmers of the district.

In writing of her trip to the Milwaukee representatives of the Canadian Government she says: "I enjoyed my trip up here very much, and expect to go out to our homestead in the Pembina district next spring." To the housewife the information that she has "put up twelve quarts of raspberries" is important, as they "picked them themselves," and they might have picked ten times the quantity if they had required them, for there is no country where wild fruit grows in such abundance. The letter goes on to say, and this is interesting from a woman's standpoint, "the country is very beautiful." Speaking of the friends with whom she went up to live, she says: "They certainly have a beautiful farm and house—they had been there about four years, also going from Wisconsin—they have about twenty acres of oats and barley, five acres alfalfa, three acres potatoes and I don't know how many of vegetables. I think they have about forty acres under cultivation altogether. They are now draining a slough which they will afterwards plow and put into fall wheat. They also have a large herd of cattle, and Mrs. C. has about 100 chickens. They make on an average of 30 pounds of butter every week. I never saw such grand cream."

Now these people are enjoying life in Alberta; they have a splendid climate, excellent prospects, and are happy that they are part and parcel in the working out of the upbuilding of a new country, that will take its place amongst the progressive countries of the century. Numbers of letters that express satisfaction as extreme as the one quoted appear in literature sent out by the Canadian Government and which may be had on application to any of its agents.

NO SYMPATHY THERE.



Henderson—I'm not living with my mother-in-law any more."
Henpeck—I don't blame her.

THE PEEVISH CHILD NEEDS TREATMENT

When a child sulks drowsily, or is fretful, it is usually due to some slight disorder of the digestive organs, and a mild laxative is very often all that is necessary to restore cheerfulness and buoyancy of spirits.

In cases where the use of a gentle, effective laxative stimulant is indicated, many of the best physicians are now prescribing Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin. This preparation is admittedly the perfect laxative, being mild, yet positive in its action on the bowels, and far preferable to violent cathartics and purgative waters. It is very pleasant to the taste and is an ideal remedy to regulate and strengthen the stomach, liver and bowels. Its easy, natural action makes it especially desirable in the case of children, a dose at bed-time being sure to have the desired result next morning, with no attendant unpleasantness or discomfort.

Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin is sold by druggists everywhere in 50c and \$1.00 bottles. If you have never tried this splendid remedy, write to Dr. W. B. Caldwell, 201 Washington St., Monticello, Ill., for a sample. He will be very glad to send a trial bottle without any expense to you whatever.

A man may have his price, but it takes a woman to make him feel like a bargain counter remnant.

Constipation causes and seriously aggravates many diseases. It is thoroughly cured by Dr. Pierce's Pellets. Tiny sugar-coated granules.

Many a self-made man merely offers an explanation that doesn't explain.

ONLY ONE "BROMO QUININE." That is LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE. Look for the signature of E. F. GROVE. Used the World over to Cure a Cold in One Day. 2c.

It's easier to secure a patent than it is to convert it into cash.

Smile on wash day. That's when you use Red Cross Ball Blue. Clothes whiter than snow. All grocers.

No man ever abuses an enemy as much as he does his stomach.