Charlotte's Yokel.

By CLARISSA MACKIE

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Mrs. Moore packed the luncheon baskets with skilled rapidity.

"Ready?" called her sister, Charlotte Owen, flying down the stairs.

"Yes, dear. Has Peter brought the car around?"

"He's coming now, Ruth. I'll send him in for the baskets."

Charlotte dropped her burden into the hands of the chauffeur on the veranda and joined the party of young people assembled there.

At the foot of the steps stood the large seven-passenger car which would have to make two trips to convey the party of a round dozen to Mosey Dell, ten miles distant. The first load bore Mr. and Mrs. Moore, the host and hostess of the occasion, her sister Charlotte and the other girls. Mr. Moore ond the men waved a goodby to the fluttering handkerchiefs that disappeared down the long driveway. Dick Fletcher watched Charlotte's pale blue chiffon veil rather wistfully until the bending trees hid the car from view.

The girls scattered among the trees while the automobile whirled back to Sunnybank for the men. Mrs. Moore busied herself with the tea basket, for the maids had been given a holiday and she had preferred to assume the preparation of the feast. Charlotte joined her, unusually grave and silent for one so merry. Under a large pine the sisters made their kitchen, arranging spirit lamp and tea kettle in readiness for the meal.

Charlotte had pulled out the tea caddy and sat dreamily regarding her own sweet reflection in its polished silver surface. Mrs. Moore watched her covertly. At last she spoke:

"Were you surprised at Dick's arrival, Lotte?"

The girl started.

"Rather—how did it happen, Ruth?"

"Jack met him in town the other day—he mentioned the picnic and invited Dick; I hardly thought he'd come after the way you had treated him." Mrs. Moore's manner was reproachful.

"Treated him!" echoed Charlotte, indignantly. "Why, Ruth, do you really believe it is ill-using a man to refuse his offer of marriage—if one doesn't care?"

"I don't see how you can help caring, Lotte—Dick is one of the finest fellows in the world."

"Yet you married Jack Moore—how did you escape Dick Fletcher's fascinations?" she queried.

Ruth emerged from the basket with wide opened eyes. "Of course Dick had no attraction for me, child! I was in love with Jack! It is different with you—you don't care for anybody else and—"

"How do you know?" interrupted Charlotte quietly.

"Lotte Owen—are you still in love with that—that yokel, Joel Crane? That towheaded, awkward, freckly country bumpkin? I am surprised!"

Charlotte arose and leaned against the pine tree looking very fair and young and slender in her pale blue gown with the sunshine turning her hair into a thousand tints of bronze and copper. The rose had faded from her face, leaving it white.

"What if I am?" she asked in reply.

"But Lotte, you can't marry him! Would you spend your whole life down there buried on that little farm? When have you seen him? I supposed you had forgotten all that rubbish about his saving your life years ago."

"I haven't seen him for ten years," confessed Charlotte.

Ruth Moore laughed. "You silly, romantic thing! He's probably married long ago and forgotten all about you. We'll motor around by that little farm when we return and you shall see all the tow-headed children playing about the door among the chickens and pigs! I believe you're merely joking, Lotte, after all! Who would look at Joel Crane after knowing that Dick Fletcher, handsome, rich, charming—wanted to marry one?"

"Ruth, did you invite Dick down purposely?" demanded Charlotte.

"I did, Lotte, and I think you're an ungrateful goose not to take advantage of such an opportunity; Dick would buy the Cedars, that charming place next to Sunnyside, and—"

But Charlotte had vanished around the trunk of the tree and Ruth's indignant glance followed her flitting among the brown pine trunks until the pale blue gown disappeared beyond the waterfall. Then she turned to welcome the coming automobile with its gay party, and vainly tried to think of some reasonable explanation of Charlotte's disappearance.

Charlotte clambered up the steep rocks moist with spray from the falling water. Up here in the higher woods there flowed the deep, swift stream that dropped over the rocky brink to form the waterfall below. Charlotte went along the brink until she came to a curve in the bank that formed a dark deep pool that seemed apart from the hurrying stream.

On a large, slippery rock above the pool Charlotte sat down, dreamily watching the rippling brook. As she dreamed the wild rose flush came back to her cheeks.

She saw another summer day—indeed today was its anniversary. She was sixteen, and she stole away from Sunnyside, which had been her father's house, and came to fish in the dark pool for the monster trout. She had been an ardent fisherwoman then, and a skilful angler. Heart-free, carefree, she had gone about her fishing that day; perched on the slippery rock she had cast her fly, the pole dipped and then straightened up as she wound the reel.

The big trout dashed out into the stream with startling suddenness; in another instant the pole flew from Charlotte's clinging hands and she slid swiftly down into the dark pool. She was conscious of sinking to some dreadful depth, there was a drumming in her ears and that was all. When she awoke she was lying on the mossy bank gasping for breath, while over her leaned an awkward country youth, homely enough, but with a world of anxiety in his big brown eyes. He was quite as wet and dripping as she, and Charlotte did not have to guess that he had saved her life.

He carried her home through the woods to Sunnyside; cutting across through devious ways and taking narrow woodland trails that reduced the ten miles to five. She recalled his angry flush as he turned away from the money her father had thoughtlessly produced, and she was glad to remain his debtor.

Ruth had laughed at his country ways after the first fright was over. Afterward Charlotte had met Joel Crane several times by the trout stream; their intimacy grew into friendship and love in the course of a few brief weeks. Then Mr. Owen had discovered it and Charlotte was hustled away to Europe.

Charlotte had waited. Once each year she managed to get down to Sunnyside at this season and the anniversary of the day he had saved her life always found her at the rendezvous. No other man had attracted her, though Ruth had endeavored to secure for her sister a brilliant marriage. But the younger girl, free now to choose where she would, still clung to her old love, though there was little to foster it save memories, for she had never seen or heard of Joel Crane since that distant day, yet the very memory of him thrilled her.

She heard her name called by different members of the picnic party which she would gladly have avoided on this anniversary of hers, but Ruth had unluckily chosen the day for her picnic. Later she would go down and join them—now, she must dream awhile.

A man came swiftly along the bank looking with eager eyes at the rock above the deep pool. Tall and strong, with the litheness of the panther in his step he was one of those who had been born to woodlands and forest solitudes. Under the soft felt hat his hair straggled flaxen in the sunshine. He wore a rough flannel suit and high boots; in his hand was rod and reel.

He paused and looked at the girl with tender eyes aglow; he saw the wistful smile that parted her lips. With a slight exclamation he was beside her.

"I have come back," he said abruptly. His hand reached out and caught Charlotte as, startled, she lost her balance and would have fallen into the pool.

"The second time!" she cried nervously as he helped her to the ground.

Ruth plucked at her sister's skirts as she passed and drew her down. "Honey," she whispered, "I've made a horrible blunder! It seems Dick Fletcher has been engaged to marry one of the Scott twins for several months; Bell, it is!"

"I don't care if he marries 'em both," said Charlotte recklessly.

"But I feel like a fool, Lotte," said her sister distressfully. "You see, I sort of hinted to some of the girls that Dick—was—er—you know!"

Charlotte looked thoughtfully down at a little ring woven of sweet grass that circled her engagement finger.

"If it will afford you any comfort, Ruth,' she whispered, "you may announce my engagement to Joel Crane—who is growing to be a lumber magnate! I hope that will satisfy your ambition for me!"

A Brick Carrying Record.

Edward Ashbee, an employee of the High Broom Brick company, near Tunbridge Wells, holds the record of having carried considerably over 40,000,000 bricks on a wheelbarrow in the past 30 years.

The weight of the bricks is estimated at nearly 130,000 tons, and in the course of his work he has walked nearly 55,000 miles, or more than twice the distance round the world. Ashbee is a man of fine physique and looks much younger than his fifty years.—London Daily Graphic.

Another Victim.

"Here is a news dispatch that may be styled the pipe dream of a pipe-hitter."

"What's it about?"

"A plumber thinks he has solved the problem of perpetual motion."

Progress.

"As a politician that man was a disgrace to the city."

"Well, he has risen in the political world since then. Now he's a disgrace to the state."—Puck.

Paris's Polyglot Policemen.

The polyglot policemen of Paris, who made their appearance about two years ago, are not an unqualified success, and only two members of the corps now patrol the boulevards. Their failure is to be ascribed to the colossal ignorance of the tourist.

"It is a dreary and monotonous occupation to have to supply information to foreigners who have never before been to Paris," said one of the force, "and we decided that we would move to have ourselves abolished. Nearly every hotel nowadays has its interpreter, and the need for our existence struck us as more than doubtful."

True Independence.

You will always find those who think they know what is your duty better than you know it. It is easy in the world to live after the world's opinion; it is easy in solitude to live after our own; but the great man is he who, in the midst of the crowd, keeps, with perfect sweetness, the independence of solitude.—Emerson.

RECIPES FOR CAKE

OATMEAL COOKIES MADE TENDER BY USE OF KNIFE.

Ingredients Used in Making Three-Layer Hot-Water Cake, Orange Preparations—Also Good Directions for Kisses.

Oatmeal Cookies Help.—Almost every one is fond of oatmeal cookies, but there is one thing disliked by many, that is the uncooked taste that the oatmeal has if not ground. I have learned by experience that by using the coarsest knife on your food chopper and grinding the oatmeal through it improves the cookies very much. This does not pulverize the oatmeal, but makes the grains finer and distributes the flavor more evenly, and they never have that uncooked taste. Below is my favorite recipe: One cup shortening, half lard and half butter; one large cupful C sugar creamed with butter, two eggs well beaten, nine tablespoonfuls sour milk, one scant teaspoonful soda dissolved in milk, one teaspoonful cinnamon, half teaspoonful nutmeg, pinch of salt; one-half cupful chopped nut meats; one cupful chopped raisins, one small teaspoonful baking powder sifted with two cups flour. Add one cup ground oatmeal last. I bake these in muffin tins, but can be baked as drop cookies if preferred.

Hot Water Cake.—Four eggs, separate them, beat yolks light, gradually stirring in two cupfuls of granulated sugar. Beat well together, add one cupful of boiling water, two cupfuls of flour, one teaspoonful of baking powder. Beat whites to a froth and flavor. This makes a good, large, three-layer cake. Bake slowly.

Orange Cake.—One cup sugar, three tablespoonfuls butter, two eggs, half cup orange juice, grated rind of one orange, one and one-half cups flour, one and one-half teaspoonfuls baking powder. Cream butter, add sugar, beat; add eggs unbeatetn; beat thoroughly; add orange juice, then the flour sifted with the baking powder. Bake in gem pans and roll in powdered sugar while warm.

Kisses.—The secret of good kisses lies in the beating. Beat the whites of two eggs to a stiff froth, then add two cupfuls of granulated sugar and one teaspoonful of vinegar. Beat well for twenty minutes. Turn your baking pan upside down and cover with oiled paper. Drop the mixture in teaspoonfuls on the pan. In baking they swell quite a bit. Do not turn the light on the oven until they are in. Then bake slowly 25 minutes. This quantity makes two dozen.

Veal in New Style.

Get two pounds of the breast even if there is to be no company, for it can be eaten cold the next day. Roll out the long narrow piece and fill it with a stuffing of dry, stale white bread, and chopped pimentos seasoned with cayenne and salt. Mix the mass together with olive oil, put in a raw beaten egg and lay the dressing on the veal, shaping this into a roll. Skewer or tie with cords and dredge with flour, pouring over a little olive oil to start the roasting if there is little fat.

This must be thoroughly done to be perfect, and when it is served the carver cuts a round slice, putting the stuffing beside it and covering the two with the gravy.

Chipped Beef With Mushrooms.

One-half pound of chipped beef, cut in small pieces, soak in cold water fifteen minutes, squeeze dry in a cloth, and mix thoroughly in plenty of flour, well peppered. Place two small tablespoonfuls of butter in a frying pan; in the butter have a piece of onion which has been cooked ten minutes, take out onion, put in the floured beef, and let simmer over the fire three minutes, stirring constantly; add three dozen tiny button mushrooms or one and one-half dozen larger cut in halves, and one and one-half cups of milk. Stir constantly until it starts to boil. Serve on six slices of toast. This can be prepared very nicely in a chafing dish.

Filler for Floors.

When you are having your floor stained here is a good filler, recommended by a paint man, to cover up the cracks in a carpetless floor.

It is nothing more nor less than newspaper and mucilage. Soak the newspaper in warm water until it is reduced, by tearing and squeezing, to a mere pulp; mix this pulp with enough mucilage to give it consistency and stuff the cracks with it by means of a pointed stick, smoothing them off carefully so as to avoid lumps.

This will do just as well as an expensive and troublesome putty filler.

Chicken Salad.

An attractive way of serving chicken salad is to place it in a ring of ham jelly. Two cupfuls of the salad should be poured in the ring of jelly after it is placed on a platter. To make the dish attractive the jelly should rest on lettuce or watercress. For the ham jelly whip one-half pint of thick cream until stiff, stir in a cupful of aspic jelly, cool a little, and add a jar of potted ham. By adding a few drops of fruit sirup it will make the jelly pink.

Light Buns.

Set sponge for bread at noon. Before going to bed take out about one quart of the sponge, add one egg, one-half cupful of sugar, a lump of shortening the size of an egg, and knead. In the morning mold into biscuit, let rise until light, and bake. When done touch over lightly with butter. This makes the crust tender. These buns are delicious and enjoyed by every one.

Brown Sugar Fudge.

A pound of brown sugar (a medium shade), a cup of rich milk, lump of butter size of egg, teaspoonful of vanilla. Cook the mixture until it forms a soft ball in water, beat hard and pour until an inch thick in buttered pans. This fudge is also good with nuts in it, and some persons consider it is improved by a tablespoonful of table molasses (sirup).

KEEPING THE CLOSET CLEAN

One Solution of This Problem That Confronts Many Is to Paint It White.

Usually there are about the house closets so dark that except at the yearly or semi-yearly housecleaning it is impossible to tell whether or not they are dirty. They are breeders of disease, even in the best-managed households, for no maid and few mistresses will crawl into the dark hole under the stairs or back in the kitchen after perfectly invisible dust.

One solution of the problem is to paint these closets white, ceiling, floor and walls. It is easy enough to see dirt then, and the other and more useful contents of the closet as well. If one can keep the hall closet clean, and find the family overshoe on sight, simply by painting the closet white, then, by all means, let us hasten to the paintshop and remove the obsolete and horrible wall paper that usually incumbers these germ hotels.

If the closet is still dark after this treatment, try cleaning with the aid of the electric flashlight. There is no danger of fire, and corners can be closely investigated. All of which is an advantage to the housewife who does not love dirt and disorder.

But always, when cleaning day comes, consider first the closets, and most important of all of these is the sloping, dark, neglected closet under the stairs.

Rice Cutlets.

Two eggs, one-quarter pound of rice, one tablespoonful of grated cheese, two ounces of any kind of nut food, one-half cupful of brown bread crumbs, one tablespoonful of tomato sauce, a few sprigs of parsley, pepper and salt. Wash and put the rice in one pint of boiling water; boil rapidly until rice is tender and water absorbed; turn on a sieve, add one-half teaspoonful of salt when half cooked. Stew the nut food in a gill of water for ten minutes, add the rice and the cheese, seasoning, then the yolks of the two eggs, well beaten. Stir the mixture thoroughly until set, then turn on a dish and let the whole cool. When cold form into cutlet shapes, dip each into white of egg, and roll in fine bread crumbs. Fry in smoking hot fat and serve hot. These two recipes are fairly rich in body building elements and will be found to be excellent meat substitutes and greatly relished now that meat prices are ever soaring.

Recipe for Pickles.

The best pickle makers strain spiced vinegar in which they have cooked their pickles, or that which they pour over them finally, so that the spices shall not go into the jars. In the case of pickled onions it turns them dark.

A spiced vinegar may have anywhere from a half to a sixth as much sugar as vinegar. The spices to be used vary with the taste, but cloves, mustard, allspice, and pepper are almost universal. Celery, mace, tumeric and ginger, dried mint and parsley, garlic, onions and even nutmegs are used, with cinnamon broken fine, small red peppers, caraway and coriander seed. And salt usually is used. A horseradish root is often used with jar pickles as a preservative.

An Old-Fashioned Tea.

An ingenious young matron with some friends who admit that they are old ladies recently entertained them at an old-fashioned veranda tea. The hostess wore a quaint flowered gown, with full ruffled skirt, and delighted her guests by showing them several queer little albums with photographs of old-time friends. A pile of "Godey's Lady Books" also caused no end of amusement. Tea was served from a table covered with a cloth of homespun linen, and in the center was a quaint blue bowl full of marigolds. The china used was from a pretty set of gold and white which had done service for a century. The menu included, among other things, pickles, seed cakes, cookies and custard.

Mock Roast.

One cup of beans, boiled and mashed; one cup of peas, boiled and mashed; one cup of finely chopped peanuts or pecans, one cup of dry bread crumbs. Moisten the bread crumbs with water and mix with the mashed peas, beans, and nuts. Season with salt, pepper and onion juice. Put into a buttered baking dish, cover with a cup of rich cream and bake about an hour and a half. This is very healthful and a fine substitute for meat.

Apple Dessert.

Take a large apple cut in half, not lengthwise. Remove the core and all the inside of the apple, leaving just the shell thick enough to serve the salad in. Slice some apples very thin, cut dates in small pieces and break the nut meats. Mix all together and fill the apple shell with this salad. Place on a dessert dish, cover the top with whipped cream and sprinkle with ground nuts. Put a walnut meat in the center.

Uncooked Ripe Tomato Relish.

One-half peck of ripe tomatoes, peel, cut in small squares, drain two hours; add one cupful of grated horseradish, one cupful yellow mustard seed, two tablespoonfuls of salt, two tablespoonfuls of celery seed, two cupfuls of sugar, one tablespoonful of black pepper, two red peppers cut fine, two tablespoonfuls of cinnamon, ground, one quart of cider vinegar; bottle cold and seal. Do not heat or cook any of it.

Luncheon Dish.

Four pound pot roast, cut up suet and bring to brown, cut up an onion celery and parsley with it. Take piece of meat, dust with salt and pepper and rub in flour. Sear raw edges of meat thoroughly. Put in kettle and cover with cold water, adding a tablespoonful of salt to one quart of water. Add one bay leaf, peppercorns, or parsley, and one-fourth teaspoonful of paprika. Boil slowly three to four hours.

Baked Bean Sandwiches.

Rub one cupful of baked beans to a smooth paste, add one teaspoonful each of chopped parsley and celery, one teaspoonful of onion juice and one-eighth of a teaspoonful of made mustard.

Hints For Hostess

TIMELY SUGGESTIONS for Those Planning Seasonable Entertainments

A Charming Porch Party.

This delightful affair was given on the porch of a lovely country home, but it may be just as successfully carried out indoors and at any season of the year. There were about 20 guests, each asked to bring her work. The porch was decorated entirely with garden flowers that are so plentiful and brilliant at this time. After an hour of lively chatter, with needle and thread, crochet hook and knitting, the hostess appeared and announced a "so-in" contest. Slips of paper and small green pencils were passed with the explanation that each answer began "So" as the first letters. The questions and answers follow:

A wise man of ancient times—Solomon.
That which one voice sings—Solo.
A necessary kitchen compound—Soap.
What the twentieth century flying machine should do—Soar.
To steep in liquid—Soak.
Serious—Sober.
A nickname—Sobriquet.
Church members enjoy this sociable communism—Socialism.
A mixture and an explanation—Solution.
Popular with the summer girl—Soda.
A church society—Sodality.
A seat built for two or more—Sofa.
To dwell for a time—Sojourn.
A note in music—Sol.
A name for the sun—Sol.
Pertaining to a light giver—Solar.
What an article always is, if bought—Sold.
Metallic cement—Solder.
A man of war—Soldier.
Nearest the floor—Sole.
Incorrectness of language—Solecism.
Alone in the world—Sole.
A flat fish—Sole.
What a tramp does at the door—Solicits.
A tune for an instrument—Sonata.
Giving forth sound—Sonorous.
Painful—Sore.
Species, kind—Sort.
Seed-sprinkler—Sower.

After 20 minutes the "key" was read; then the hostess said: "Having finished 'Soing,' there would be a Garden competition," and she passed another set of papers, with these questions:

1. We are a practical family, neither sad nor sentimental, yet we never fail to make everyone shed tears.
2. We are noted for our heads; if one of our family fails to have one of good shape he is regarded as of little worth.
3. We are great travelers; we wear a green uniform and our flesh is cool and crisp.
4. Our dress is pink, but later we wear brown.
5. We wear purple dresses above the ground and white below.
6. Our leaves are crisp and curled, but our hearts are creamy gold.
7. Sometimes large, sometimes small, a gold heart with a rough exterior.
8. I am snow white and when good to eat don a silken plume.
9. I have many little round companions in our narrow green house.
10. I blush red because my name is a term of reproach.
11. We are famed for our heads, but they must be snow white.
12. Of shades of red and yellow; once thought poisonous, now thought mellow.
13. Thick is our stalk but tender our crop.
14. Our family name is of the past tense, yet we are on every table of today.
15. Sturdy are we, yet not allowed to live in the sunlight.
16. Some of us are crooked all around, others only in the neck.
17. We live in bright red houses and have hot tempers.

THE KEY.

1. Onion.	10. Beet.
2. Cabbage.	11. Cauliflower.
3. Cucumber.	12. Tomatoes.
4. Potato.	13. Asparagus.
5. Turnip.	14. Bean.
6. Lettuce.	15. Celery.
7. Pumpkin.	16. Squash.
8. Corn.	17. Pepper.
9. Peas.	

The prizes were the most realistic vegetables—cabbage, corn and Irish potatoes, which were candy boxes filled with bon-bons in shape of corn kernels, wee carrots, etc. The refreshments consisted of delicious salad in green pepper cases, cucumber sandwiches, olives and salted nuts with coffee.

MADAME MERRI.

IN VOGUE

Many three-quarter sleeves, built entirely of puffs, are seen in out-of-door gowns.

Fine cloths in dull blue and rose tints are in demand for dressy afternoon frocks.

Turbans are rising in height and also showing the narrow effect at the crown apex.

Narrow ostrich bands edge many of the new wraps and add an extremely smart touch.

Beaver is to have a great season in millinery, if early importations count for anything.

There are some uncertain predictions that the short waistline will come in again.

The correct and suitable shoe for a black satin tailor made is the black suede or undressed kid.

CHILDREN'S DRESSES

LITTLE girl's party frock of white batiste with hand-run tucks and Valenciennes lace. Sash and hair bow of light blue satin ribbon, and slippers to match. Lingerie coat of sheer white handkerchief linen and fine English embroidery over a slip of pink China silk. Hat of linen, lace, blue ribbon and wee pink rosebuds completes costume small girl will be proud of.

THE MANIA FOR STORING

Many Women Keep for Years Things That Are of Absolutely No Use Whateevr.

Why, oh, why, will women keep for years impossible things, that no one will ever want and that do nothing but accumulate dust and microbes, for the sheer joy of keeping them?

Old Magazines and newspapers, bric-a-brac, deservedly obsolete "ornaments," clothes and parts of clothes—they all lie together in some obscure storeroom or closet or box, with no purpose in life except to make still heavier the twice-yearly housecleaning.

One wonders sometimes if the owners are simply too stingy to give away the givable things and throw the rest into the dust heap. But no; they are only the victims of that procrastination that cannot bear to do the most necessary thing now and lets maters slide for years and years instead.

Storerooms were made to store possessions for a season; closets to hold clothing, boxes to contain the temporary and the useful. By all means, if you are one of these unfortunate slaves to the "keeping" habit, get rid of the trash you have been saving and start life aagin with a clean record and a lightened heart.

For you will find that your reliefa nd freedom from cars will mean really that to you.

Hints for Old Ladies.

For actual street wear some very pretty bonnet forms are coming in, but the preferred head covering continues to be a close-fitting toque or turban of conservative height and trimming. At the same time the darker Persian silks and lawns are drawn upon for many quaint shapes, over which the figured material is draped, shirred or molded. Hats of this sort and those of dark shot tulle constitute the larger part of the carriage and garden hats which city milliners are sending to the fashionable watering places. Usually they are self-trimmed.—Harper's Bazar.

There is a noticeable tendency to get away from the kimono sleeves and to substitute puffed sleeves.

The KITCHEN CABINET

A MORNING glory at my window satisfies me more than all the metaphysics of books.—Walt Whitman.

Worry is hope turned wrong side out.

Mushrooms.

Mushrooms are in season from May until the frosts come. During July and August they are apt to be wormy and should be carefully inspected before cooking. They may be served as a vegetable, as a salad as a main dish, in fact, there are countless ways of serving them.

Creamed mushrooms is a favorite way of serving them.

Creamed Mushrooms.

Clean the mushrooms, peel the caps and saute in a little butter, then add them to a rich white sauce. Serve on toast for a luncheon or a supper dish.

Chicken and Mushrooms.

Clean one cupful of mushrooms, break in pieces and saute in just enough butter to keep them from burning. To a quarter of a cupful of butter add a third of a cupful of flour and one and a third cupfuls of milk. Have one and a half cupfuls of chicken cut in dice and turn into the white sauce when it is well cooked. Add the mushrooms, season with salt and pepper and serve.

Household Hints.

Here is a remedy that will solve a problem that has troubled many a housewife, the question of what to do with a silence cloth too long for a small table. It cannot be folded back without making a ridge and it is not always possible to have them of different lengths. One bright woman has this simple way of disposing with the cloth when too long: She has two loops, one sewed on each corner and hooks fastened into the under side of the table, then the cloth can be hooked up out of the way very quickly.

Remnants of cold tongue are delicious heated in currant jelly with butter.

Care of a wound, no matter how small, should be attended to at once. Wash with some good antiseptic like peroxide and cover with the dust.

Relieve a burn quickly by applying moistened soda, scraped potato or a piece of ice, which will remove the fire. The speedier the better to remove both fire and pain.

"A FRIEND in need," my neighbor said—
A friend indeed is what I mean to be;
In time of trouble I will come to you
And in the hour of need you'll find me true.

—Henry Van Dyke.

Household Hints.

Kerosene is a wonderful cleanser. Wipe the sink with a cloth dampened in kerosene. It will remove all the grease and make it white and clean. It is as good for the bathtub. The slight odor will soon vanish.

Rub the leather seats in the chairs with a flannel cloth moistened with kerosene. It will freshen them wonderfully.

A little kerosene in the water in which clothes are boiled removes the soil which would otherwise take hard rubbing.

A little kerosene used in the water to wash window brightens them without the streaks that soap often makes.

Tea stains are easily removed from table linen by pouring boiling water to which has been added a few drops of ammonia over them.

It is the custom of many house wives to use sand soap for cleaning and scouring. It is injurious to many utensils and ammonia or kerosene will do as well with no wear on the materials.

Study your guests likes and dislikes and avoid the unpleasantness of not having anything to please, for the world is full of men and women who have been spoiled by an unwise mother and have not been taught to enjoy all the good things of the table.

Health Hint.

For the man or woman who suffer with tired burning feet during the hot weather there is nothing which gives greater relief than a rubbing in alcohol or cologne. Witch hazel is also a good soothing lotion. The relief that comes from a little attention to the feet is well repaid by the comfort that results. A little powder dusted into the shoes is very cooling to tired feet.

Banana Sandwiches.

Divide two medium-sized bananas into halves, then cut each piece lengthwise into slices. Prepare buttered bread the size of the banana slices. Mix six tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar with one teaspoonful of lemon juice; spread on the bread, and put two strips together with a slice of banana between.

Apples and Apple Sauce.

Those who are fortunate enough to have an early apple tree or two may have many appetizing dishes in this time of few berries. The acids and salts found in apples are very beneficial. There are endless ways of serving them from plain apple sauce to salads and combination dishes.

Nellie Maxwell

An Explanation Needed.

"Pets cost a deal to feed, don't they? I have an Angora that drinks a pint of cream a day."

"I have a pet that takes several pecks of food at one meal."

"Gracious! Is it an elephant?"

"No; a canary."

Cause for Joy.

"What has happened? You seem to be particularly cheerful."

"My wife has succeeded in getting ready to go away this year without buying a new trunk."

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