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THAT THORNY ROSE

(© by D. J. Walsh.)

PRUDENCE PARKER, small, dark and rather plain, stooped and carefully removed a luscious looking pie from the oven. Turning, she smiled at her companion and in a tone which expressed great satisfaction remarked:

"As my old neighbor Mrs. Peck says, 'That pie will eat well.' Tom's very fond of pie, especially blackberry pie, and this is the first one we've had this season."

"Yes," her companion said as she sniffed the delicious aroma, "but if you had stayed in the city you could have bought ready baked blackberry pies this very long while. I can't understand you, Prue." Rose Breen's voice showed slight irritation. "You used to be so crazy about the theater crowds, bridge parties, clubs. You and Tom had more dates than any other young married couple in our set and now you seem to be contented to settle down in this poky town with only your car to remind you that you ever really lived. It must be deadly dull, especially for Tom, who is so handsome. Now confess, dear, wasn't it chiefly because Tom was so handsome and—well, of course there was Bernice Carrier. Bernice and Tom were such a fine looking couple until you came along, you sly young thing, and married him out of hand." Rose's voice contained something deeper than simple inquiry. "And, by the way, I heard just before I left town that Bernice is coming back. Mark my words, mark my words, Tom and Bernice are bound to see each other. It will take more than blackberry pie to keep them apart." With a provoking laugh Rose retired to the back porch to write a letter.

Prue, keeping on with her work, pondered what Rose had just said. Rose had appeared unexpectedly the day before. She explained that she was on her way east and decided to stop over for a day or two. Prue was delighted to see her. The women had known each other for five years. But the acquaintance begun at club meetings and parties had never ripened into anything like a fast friendship. Prue's thoughts wandered from Rose to Tom. Her marriage to Tom had been the one bright event in a rather drab girlhood. Tom was big, good natured, popular and, as Rose had said handsome. During the early days of her married life Prue had thought very little about Tom's looks. As time went on, however, she heard more and more often such remarks as "Prue, you plain little thing, how on earth did you get such a good looking husband?" Or after a long and speculative look, "You must watch Tom, dear. He is such a handsome man." To be sure, it was said in a jesting way and nearly always provoked laughter. After a time Prue found herself watching. She began to dread meeting strangers. She wondered if they, too, weren't thinking how Tom ever came to marry her. It never occurred to her to come back with "Tom chose me from all the other girls—it was he who sought me." It all ended by the whole thing getting so on her nerves that her health suffered and plain little Prue only became the plainer.

It was by the advice of the family physician that Prue finally went to the country for a long stay. Tom spent week-ends and holidays with her. Soon he found a position that paid better than his old one.

Was she dull? Prue asked herself the question. How could she be with Junior and little Mary growing into fine, sturdy children. She had her garden, chickens, neighbors, home, and, best of all, the close companionship of Tom. Her eyes turned to the pie. She had arisen at sunrise and stolen out into her garden to pick the berries for the pie, hours before Rose had opened her eyes long enough to become aware that the sun was assuring another wonderful late summer day. Prue thought of the moment when she had paused with pail brimming full of berries to sniff the pungent smoke which was arising from her own kitchen fire. Tom had awakened and missed her and had arisen and started the breakfast fire. Prue had been happy so long that she had unconsciously settled into the comfort of never doubting that her happy time would last forever—until day before yesterday. Rose's coming had somehow brought a change. Already Tom seemed different.

A shout from outside aroused Prue from her thoughts.

"What do you think?" Junior shouted as he flew up the steps. "Daddy stopped at the schoolhouse and left this note. He said he'd give me a quarter if I'd hurry right home after school and give it to you."

Prue took the note and read it.

"Prue, I'm going away—I'll be back—some day. Tom."

"Oh, Prue!" Rose cried at her elbow. "Just what you might expect. Tom has gone to meet Bernice—aren't men brutes?" She put her arms about Prue. But somehow Prue evaded the caress. She tucked the note in her pocket and went in. Rose and the children followed. Rose could not find the slightest trace of disturbance in her voice as she said:

"Run along, children, and make ready for dinner. Daddy won't be with us this noon and that means, Junior, you have his piece of pie." To Rose she said with a smile: "That is the rule with my menfolks. When either fails to appear on time to a meal the other gets his dessert."

Two days passed with not a word from Tom. Prue maintained her usual pleasant manner. Her house, her children and guest were taken care of as carefully as ever, only the increasingly dark circles around her eyes gave a hint of what she was suffering.

It was the third evening after Tom's unexpected departure. The children had gone to the movies with some of their friends. Prue and Rose were sitting on the back porch in the moonlight. Rose had had it on her mind all day to speak very plainly to Prue. Why, the woman must be crazy to let her man run away and leave her without making some sort of an effort to either bring him back or at least try to find him—

"Prue," she began, and her voice was low and vibrant with meaning, "what are you intending to do? You must know you can't sit here forever without making some effort to bring Tom to justice. Think of your children, Prue! You must think of your children—" She was interrupted by a cheery voice speaking from inside the house. It was Tom. He had come into the house from the front and finding no one there, and hearing voices had wandered onto the back porch.

"Why must Prue think of her children?" he shouted. "Good heavens! They're the only thing she ever does think of except her home and me and a million other things. How's everybody?" And coming out on the porch he threw himself upon the steps at his wife's feet, took up her hand and kissed it.

Prue couldn't speak. But Rose said sarcastically:

"I guess Prue had been thinking a good deal about Bernice for the past few days—

"Bernice who?" Tom demanded. "Anyone been trying to put something over on you, Prue?" His voice was belligerent.

"Now don't play innocent, Tom," Rose said, as Prue still remained silent. "I meant of course Bernice Carrier—"

"If she's been thinking about Bernice Carrier I don't wonder," said Tom. "If I'd heard about her earlier I'd have thought about her, too. A man was telling me on the train coming out tonight. It's all in the evening papers. You know, she and her first husband parted. Some jealous old scandal-monger made trouble, I guess. Bernice got a divorce and has just married again. She and her husband were on their honeymoon and something happened to their car. They went over to the bank. They never got near here at all. Gosh, I'm a tired man. I've done more figuring the last few days than ever before in my life. John Hitt dropped in at the office unexpectedly and carried me off in his car. He wanted me to clear up a little question of survey that I knew about when I worked for him. He wouldn't even let me have time to come home for a clean collar. So I stopped at the school and left a note with Junior. Tomorrow we have a telephone put in so I can call you up if such a thing happens again. But I knew, Prue, you'd understand. I don't suppose there happens to be a pie in the cupboard, does there?"

"Yes," Prue's voice had a happy little ring. "There's a blackberry pie, Tom. I've baked a fresh one every day since you went away."

"Good old girl!" Tom jumped to his feet and bounded whistling into the house.

Next morning at the breakfast table Rose announced that important and pressing business made her immediate departure necessary. An hour later she was gone.

Odd Water Bug

The water boatman, an aquatic bug, is found in enormous numbers in lakes near Mexico City. It swims on the top of the water and it is supposed to be able to see an enemy coming from any direction. Because of a hairy filament which covers its body and contains a thin film of air, it can live under water for a long time. The eggs are laid under water and are attached to weeds. The natives use these eggs with meal in making cakes. Adult bugs are also eaten by the natives.

How Could It Be Hot?

"Gosh, it was hot out at the ball park this afternoon," remarked Mr. Dumbbell.

"Why, John, I always thought they had plenty of fans out there," exclaimed his wife.

Moral: Don't Be in Hurry to Judge Other Fellow

The porter comes through the car and shouts "All windows down for the tunnel!" So you reach over and put down your window and you look around and other people are putting down their windows. At last all the windows are down except the one in front of you.

The man sitting in that seat acts as if he didn't hear. Maybe he's deaf. Or maybe he's just one of those hard-headed people who never do what they are told. Anyway, it will be very disagreeable sitting where you are with that window open and the smoke coming in. If one window is open, all of them may as well be open.

Why doesn't the idiot put his window down? He hasn't got a right to keep it up. The porter or somebody ought to make him put it down, but nobody seems to notice. There is always one person like that who spoils things. Nothing is too bad for a man who doesn't put a window down when you are going through a tunnel. There certainly are a lot of disagreeable things in this world.

Perhaps you ought to touch him on the back and say, "Hey, put down that window!" But he might get angry and say something back and cause an altercation, which would be unpleasant. You can see from the back of his head that he is mean and selfish. No use getting mixed up with a man like that. Serve him right if the smoke from the tunnel choked him. But he won't suffer as much as the people behind him. If this were a boat, he would rock it.

You would like to give people like that a piece of your mind. That's the trouble with things in this country. Everyone imagines he can do what he pleases regardless of the other fellow.

And here is the tunnel. Confound him! But no, he's putting down the window. He's got it down. [illegible] he isn't so bad, after all.

Baltimore Sun.

Children's Evening Story

By MARY GRAHAM BONNER

Fu-fu was driving along with his mistress in a fine motor car.

He wore a lovely blue bow around his neck, and his coat was very fine and silky.

Every little while Fu-fu's mistress would place a white gloved hand very gently on his back.

He didn't care much for petting, but still he put up with it.

He liked all the comforts, good food and plenty of it. But he didn't care to wag his tail often. It was beneath his dignity.

"Any dog can do that," he said.

"It's a common habit among dogs," he continued. "I am a beautiful dog.

"My family dates back for years and years. I have a background.

"That means that I do not have to do a single thing with my life.

"My father and grandfathers, mother and grandmothers did it all for me.

"I just must live up to the fine family name I have by never doing anything like work, going into rough places, trying things I don't know all about."

Fu-fu and his mistress took quite a long drive that day.

On their way home his mistress stopped to make a call. Fu-fu stayed in the car.

Some common dogs passed by. They were barking and playing and seemed to be having a very good time.

Fu-fu looked at them as if he really sometimes longed to be a real dog and to play as other dogs did.

But of course there was his family to be thought of and his background.

He could not disgrace it. He must not try anything different.

He must stay at home, doing nothing, thinking nothing except how fine he was and from what a noble breed he came.

But the other dogs did fill him with envy. He had a strange longing to be out playing, too.

After all there was something to be said for the lives they led.

The other dogs seemed now to be laughing at him. They seemed to be

He Had a Strange Longing.

judging him as he was and they did not seem to realize his background.

"Don't be such a snob," they now barked at him.

"I have a fine family background," he said.

"What is that?" they asked. "Have you saved any lives? Have you taken care of children and watched over them?

"Have you been their devoted playmate and given them great happiness?

"If not, don't boast."

And Fu-fu was just a little ashamed of himself.

Still he had been a snob so long that he felt he would have to continue being a snob.

It was only in rare moments such as these that he felt a little ashamed.

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TIMELY HOUSEHOLD HINTS

Eggs are a protective food, rich in the necessary vitamines.

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Eggs are easily digested; hence, a most wholesome human food.

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The baby's first shoes should have flat, flexible soles, pliable tops and broad toes.

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Serve small enough portions of food to the child so that he can finish the whole amount.

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Vitamine E is a necessary ingredient in feed for the assimilation of iron. It is found in lettuce, whole wheat, rolled oats, dried alfalfa, in milk fat, in yellow corn, etc.

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New tinware should be rendered rust-proof by a thorough rubbing of oil or lard and baking in a slow oven to season. This process will make your tinware absolutely rust-proof and it will last must longer.

Use Thermometer When Roasting

Eliminating Guesswork in Roasting a Leg of Lamb.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

A roast meat thermometer removes the guesswork from roasting any thick piece of meat to the desired stage of doneness. It can be used with rib or sirloin roasts of beef, veal roast, with leg of lamb, or ham. These thermometers, which can be bought for a relatively small price, are marked to indicate when the meat will be rare, medium, or well done. A small cut is first made in the deshiest portion of the raw meat with a narrow knife or a skewer. The thermometer is then thrust into this cut far enough for the bulb to reach the center of the meat. It will show when the meat is cooked to the degree wanted. Whenever a similar cut of meat is cooked in the same way, the results will be the same, hence the housewife can be sure of uniformity whether she does the cooking herself or has some one else do it for her.

The time required to roast meat of any kind depends largely on the temperature of the oven. Very high temperatures shorten the time of cooking but increase shrinkage and may make the meat overbrown and too dry. In the case of roast leg of lamb, little juice is lost and the meat is uniformly cooked at the temperature given in the recipe below from the bureau of home economics, United States Department of Agriculture. It will have a light golden brown crust. Whatever way lamb is cooked, if it is to be served hot it should be piping hot on hot plates, because the fat hardens as soon as it begins to cool.

For an average family select a leg of lamb weighing from four to five pounds, preferably cut so as to include some of the loin. Wipe the meat with a damp cloth, sprinkle with salt and pepper, and rub well with flour. Lay the roast skin side down and cut-flesh side up, on a rack in an open pan without water. Insert a roast meat thermometer so that the bulb reaches the center of the thick round of the leg. If the fat covering is very thin, lay several strips of bacon on top. Sear for 30 minutes in a hot oven (about 480 degrees Fahrenheit).

NEARBY AND YONDER

By T. T. MAXEY

The First American Cathedral

THAT noble and celebrated edifice—the old cathedral in Baltimore, begun in 1800, has been referred to as the first cathedral to be erected in America—presumably because it has the distinction of being our first church to be presided over by an American cardinal. It crowns a hill on which the victorious troops of Rochambeau encamped on their return from Yorktown during the Revolutionary war in 1782.

This structure was built of gray granite, which was hauled in by ox teams from a quarry near the Patapsco river. It is 190 feet long, 177 feet wide at the arms of the cross, surmounted by a gilded dome, which is 231 feet in circumference, and carries two peculiarly shaped towers which are strangely suggestive of the Far East. One of these towers is the home of quite a sizable bell, cast in Lyons, France, which throughout all these years has looked out and down upon the varied activities of humanity. What a story of pathos and joy, strife and prosperity, change and progress, it could relate!

Unusual as well as remarkable for its pure simplicity of design and pleasing proportions, this historic building contains splendid and valuable paintings—one outstanding one having been presented by Louis XVIII, king of France, and an ancient organ which is said to have been the largest [illegible] in America at the time of its completion. Under the throne is a sacred mausoleum in which repose the remains of former dignitaries of the church, among them being that of the much-loved councilor, the former James Cardinal Gibbons, who served his church for almost half a century. Much of the Catholic history of America was made in this noted church and the adjoining home of the former prince of the church.

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America's Longest Tunnel

THE recently opened, eight-mile-long tunnel through the granite backbone of the Cascade mountains—100 miles east of Seattle, is the longest tunnel in America. Built at a cost of about $14,000,000, by the Great Northern railway, this tunnel and its approaches clips nine miles from the old route, permits the railroad to penetrate the range at a reduced grade of about 500 feet and, of course, saves that amount of climb, eliminates curvature equivalent to approximately ten complete circles, displaces several miles of snow sheds, reduces the cost and work of keeping the road open during the winter season, does away with delays due to snow slides and brings the North Pacific coast closer to the balance of the country in point of time and is, therefore, a national asset of no mean importance.

This Cascade tunnel is a remarkable engineering achievement. So accurately were the calculations made that when the two ends met 3,000 feet under the crest of the range and four miles from the western entrance, the difference in elevation was but nine inches, while the difference between estimated and actual distance was only 12 inches. Work was pursued day, night and Sunday—not a single shift was lost. At one time, 1,793 men were employed. The entire job was completed within three years. The walls throughout are lined with concrete two feet thick. Enormous electric locomotives will be used to haul both freight and passenger trains through this bore.

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A Super Power Plant on Wheels

THE largest steam locomotive on earth was built to haul all the freight cars the coupling pin would hold across the so-called "Bad Lands" in western North Dakota, by the American Locomotive company for the Northern Pacific railway.

It has 22 wheels and, including the tender which holds 21,000 gallons of water and 27 tons of coal, is 125 feet long and weighs 1,116,000 pounds. It is so monstrous that one is inclined to say, like the man in the zoo who saw a giraffe for the first time, "Shucks, there ain't no such animule!"

The details of this mastodon of the rails read somewhat like a fairy tale. The boiler, for instance, is almost 64 feet long, weighs 165 000 pounds, its inside diameter at the small or front end is 8½ feet and is intended to operate at 250 pounds steam pressure; 20,000 holes were drilled in it and 5,153 stay-bolts are used to hold its seams together. Its fire box is 22 feet long and 9½ feet wide—larger than an ordinary room.

Because of its tremendous size and power both the throttle and reversing mechanisms are operated by compressed air. Coal can be mechanically fed into its seething furnace at the rate of 45,000 pounds or 22½ tons an hour and twin centrifugal pumps are capable of forcing 100,000 pounds or 12,000 gallons of water into its boiler in the same time.

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Healthy Reindeer

The government has maintained experiment stations in Alaska and keeps in touch with the main herds of reindeer. No contagious disease has ever been encountered.

Boston Cream Pie Is Cake

Misleading in its name, for it's not a pie at all, but a cake, Boston cream pie is one of the family's favorite deserts. Any standard cake recipe may be used for the foundation. The filling below is spread between the two layers and powdered sugar is sprinkled over the top of the cake. The recipe is supplied by the bureau of home economics.

1 cup sugar	2 eggs
2 tbs. flour	2 tbs. butter
¼ tsp. salt	2 tbs. lemon juice
1 pint milk	Grated rind of 1 lemon

Mix the sugar and flour thoroughly. Heat the milk in a double boiler and add the salt. Pour the heated milk into the flour and sugar mixture and cook over the flame until thickened. Place in a double boiler, and cook for 15 minutes. Add the well-beaten eggs and the butter and cook for two or three minutes longer. When the filling is cold add the lemon juice and rind and spread the filling between layers of cake. Sprinkle powdered sugar over the top of the cake and serve.

Good Things for the Table

By NELLIE MAXWELL

"Heroism is the brilliant triumph of the soul over the flesh—that is to say over fear—fear of poverty, of suffering, of calumny, of illness, of loneliness and of death. Heroism is the dazzling and glorious concentration of courage."

While tomatoes are plentiful is the time to can some good soup for use in the winter. Here is one which will be enjoyed and will be all ready to serve, with just the heating.

Tomato Soup.—Cook twenty-five pounds of ripe tomatoes with fourteen sprigs of parsley, fourteen stalks of celery, eight large onions, two bay leaves, ten whole cloves. Cut up the tomatoes, without peeling, remove the green core, chop the celery and onions and cook for an hour or more of boiling with the spices and other ingredients.

Take fourteen tablespoonfuls each of melted butter and of flour, mix and stir as if making a white sauce, adding a bit of the tomato to thin; when smooth, add to the tomato and season with thirteen tablespoonfuls of sugar, eight tablespoonfuls of salt and four teaspoonfuls of paprika. Boil up a minute or two and can and seal. When serving, if milk is to added, add a bit of soda.

When having a feeling of indigestion or a slight heart burn eat half an orange and see how quickly the distress passes.

Cream Pie.—This is one that will take the everbearing berries, or canned fruit may be used if drained. Whip the whites of four eggs very stiff, add four heaping tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar and beat well, add four more and beat as stiff as possible. Then fold in one pint of berries. Heap in a baked pastry shell that has been just removed from the oven. Leave the mixture in rough mounds and bake until brown.

Andy Custard Pie.—To one cupful of sugar add one teaspoonful of cinnamon, one-half teaspoonful of cloves, one heaping tablespoonful of butter. Cream these well, then add two well beaten eggs and two cupfuls of milk. Pour into a pastry-lined pan and bake in a moderate oven. When baked the spices rise to the top making a creamy custard underneath, so different from the usual custard pie. Bake at first in a hot oven until the crust is set, then lower the heat. Test with a knife; if it comes out clean the custard is done.

Good Things "to Put Up."

Prepare your own fruit salads to use during the season when many of the good things are out of the market.

Fruit Salad.—Simmer small pieces of any available fruit—pineapple, pears, apricots or peaches—in a light sirup, using care not to over cook, adding a few fresh or maraschino cherries. Cover with the sirup and sterilize, using the cold pack method. The sirup may be used for gelatin desserts, punches, fruit salad dressings or pudding sauces.

Fruit Jelly.—Take half a peck of apples, two quarts of quinces and one quart of cranberries. Wash the fruit, put the quinces, cored but not pared through the meat chopper and cut up the apples including the skins and cores. Combine all the fruit—just cover with water and cook until soft, mashing and stirring often. Drain through a jelly bag and to each pint add a scant pint of sugar, heated hot. Boil the juice fifteen minutes before adding the sugar. Cook until it jellies then pour into sterilized glasses.

Ruby Jelly.—To two quarts of cranberries add five large quinces, put through the food chopper with half their cores. Add three quarts of water and cook until soft, stirring frequently. Drain through a jelly bag, measure the juice and add an equal amount of heated sugar, after the juice has boiled about fifteen minutes. After the sugar is added boil five minutes and remove when it jellies. Marmalade may be made from the pulp, adding three-fourths of its measure in sugar, then cook until thick.

Pears for Salad.—Use large under ripe pears. Halve and remove peeling and core. Sweeten very lightly, add a bit of lemon or ginger root, cover with boiling water and cook until tender but not soft. Can in hot sterilized cans. Pear salad in the winter is such a favorite that many cans will be needed.

Oranges are always in the market. Make and serve an orange shortcake for your family; they will call for it again. Serve the oranges, after cutting into small pieces, covered with sugar for an hour. Pour over well buttered, hot baking powder biscuit cut into halves. A sweet cake for the shortcake is not as tasty as the baking powder biscuit mixture.

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Rich Fur Enhances All Black Suit

By JULIA BOTTOMLEY

An outstanding event in the autumn style program is the return of the richly furred all black suit made either of broadcloth, duvetyne or velvet. In the reappearance on the stage of fashion of these costumes of dignified mien, the knell of flapper styles is sounded. Henceforth and until further notice, according to the word of those who control the destiny of the modes, women are going to dress in real lady fashion. Wherefore in coming to some conclusion in regard to a new fall suit, keep in mind the smartness of elegant black.

The picture, however, not so black as one might suppose, for with a jacket or coat and skirt of black, the call for a strikingly colorful blouse is inevitable, which accounts for the gorgeous beaded blouse which animates the black duvetyne long-coat suit in the picture. This blouse should prove an inspiration to a seeker of the "new." It is entirely worked in exceedingly fine black, red and white beads, achieving irregular stripes.

Perhaps the blouse which occurs most frequently with the modish black suit is the one made of eggshell satin. Styling interest focuses to a great extent to the hemline which shows oddly draped and shirred effects, also soft bow ties. The swathed bipline is also observed in many blouse modes.

With the black velvet jacket and skirt, smart afternoon vogue features a sleeveless blouse of supple metal cloth, either plain or brocaded. This fashion is one of the most highlighted themes of the present season. Often color gleams through the gold or silver weave, as for instance in a blue and silver brocade or a green and gold plaided design.

While many of the metal blouses are sleeveless the majority of the satin crepe and printed velvet types have long, rather tight-fitting sleeves. Clever side fastenings, gilets and jabots detail most of the new models.

Two novelties in the autumn blouse collections are those of transparent corduroy, also a knitted Shetland wool lace type, the latter as filmy and exquisitely delicate as one can conceive.

(©, 1929, Western Newspaper Union.)

Got His Birds Mixed

One evening at the dinner table the family was discussing the visit of the stork to a neighboring family. Mother was contemplating a visit to the home to see the new arrival, a baby boy, and to take it a gift. Bobby, age four, who had been listening with interest, suddenly inquired: "Well, mother, why don't you ask the hawk to bring me a baby brother, too?"

Hard to Endure

How bitter a thing it is to look into happiness through another man's eyes!—Shakespeare.

Two-Piece Dresses for Children

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

She's ready for the first days of kindergarten or school, in this practical little two-piece dress of green and tan cotton poplin. Whether she is four or fourteen, she can wear a school

Good Type of Two-Piece School Dress.

dress of this type, although her twin brother, who has a similar outfit, with straight trousers instead of the plaited skirt, will probably wear "store" made waists after he is six. The waist or top part of the dress is plain and tailored, easy to make, to launder, and put on. It is cut with the kimono sleeve without any seam on the shoulder. Therefore, before the under-arm seams are sewn up the top can be laid flat on a table and the trimming piece fitted to it, basted, and stitched in place.

The skirt of green poplin, matching the trimming, is on a thin white underwaist so that it hangs from the shoulders. Mother put an inch-wide tuck in this waist, so that the skirt can be let down as the little girl grows. The tuck is stitched twice, half an inch apart, with a long loose stitch. When the first row of stitching is taken out the skirt drops an inch, and it will be possible to lengthen it as much more at another time. An equal growth allowance should be made in the hem of the blouse, either by means of a broad hem, or a generous piece turned inside the hem.

Large round buttons, fastened by crocheted or cord loops form the front closing. They can be easily found and managed by the little girl herself. Provision for self-help is always an important feature of garments designed for children, as this one was, by the bureau of home economics, United States Department of Agriculture. The bureau has no patterns to distribute, but any mother could easily adapt a kimono type pattern to fit her child. Any preferred combination of cotton materials might be used, for example, plain broadcloth for the skirt and trimmings, and printed zephyr for the blouse. Bloomers or panties matching the darker material should be made.

Making Use of Green Tomatoes

[illegible] the United States Department [illegible] Agriculture.)

[illegible] tomatoes fail to ripen [illegible] may still be cooked [illegible] kies. They are very [illegible] cooked and thick- [illegible] into mock mincemeat.

Many of them can be used to make relish or put into brine for later use in sweet pickles. The two recipes below are from the bureau of home economics, United States Department of Agriculture.

Green Tomato Pie.

4 or 5 medium-sized green tomatoes	½ tsp. salt
½ lemon sliced very thin	1½ tsp. cornstarch
¼ tsp. cinnamon	¾ cup sugar
	1 tbs. butter

Slice the tomatoes. Heat slowly in a saucepan with the sugar, lemon, salt, and spice, until the tomatoes are tender. Add a little water if the tomatoes are not juicy. Melt the butter and combine with the cornstarch. Add this to the tomato mixture and cook until the cornstarch does not taste raw. Line a pie tin with pastry and bake this crust in a moderately hot oven unill a delicate color appears. Put the tomato filling in this baked crust; moisten the edge and press the upper crust firmly over the edge of the baked lower crust. Bake about 12 minutes in a hot oven, or until the upper crust is brown. This new dish will be found delicious.

Green Tomato Mincemeat.

4 quarts sliced green tomatoes	¼ tsp. cloves
2 quarts pared and sliced tart apples	5 cups brown sugar
½ lb. seeded raisins	2 cups vinegar
½ lb. currants	2 cups water or more water and less vinegar if vinegar is very acid
4 tbs. minced citron	
4 tsp. cinnamon	
¼ tsp. allspice	

Chop the tomatoes and the apples fine. Add the other ingredients and boil the mixture slowly until the [illegible] tomatoes are tender and the mincemeat is thick and not watery. Stir it occasionally to prevent burning. If desired this may be sealed in jars for later use.

Snake-Charming an Art

The Quihis or snake charmers are among the most interesting people in India. They learn their art from childhood and constitute a caste apart. A Quihi is an important man around the Indian hotels which want to keep [illegible] gardens free of snakes.

[illegible] Feelings

[illegible] Parents be[illegible] come a nuisance so long [illegible] haven't divided the property.—[illegible] Weekly.