

What Housewives Are Glad to Know

Picnic Sandwiches

Cocoanut Sandwiches.—To one-half cupful of any favorite jelly add one fourth cupful of shredded cocoanut and mix well. Spread this mixture on white bread first with butter, then with the jelly cocoanut filling. Form into sandwiches and cut into rounds with a cookie cutter or cut triangles.

Celery and Cheese.—Mix together one pint of diced celery with one cupful of diced cheese. Chop fine and mix to a smooth paste with mayonnaise dressing. Spread thin slices of bread first with butter; then with the celery and cheese filling.

The Home Doctor.

Nervousness.—Live out of doors as much as possible, sleep on a hard bed, take cold baths, drink hop tea or alfalfa tea and eat lightly of good nourishing foods, says the Farm and Fireside. You will build up your nervous system in this way.

Corns and Bunions.—Apply oil dressings and soak the feet in hot water every day and see that your shoes and stockings fit—never too large or too small, too short or too narrow. Keep the corns and bunions dressed down, and change your stockings three times weekly.

A TWICE TOLD TALE

By SADIE OLCOTT

Lieutenant Colonel Beverage, commandant of cadets at the West Point Military academy, had been busy all day with his duties pertaining to the graduation of the first class of the corps of cadets and in the evening strolled up to the West Point hotel.

Colonel Beverage had met so many strangers that he could not remember them all, though being a prominent person at West Point he was himself remembered. A maiden lady who was leaning the case of her fourth decade nodded to him. Not being able to place her, he joined her, with a view to learning who she was without betraying his ignorance. They were seated on a corner of the porch, and the colonel opened the conversation.

THE JOYS OF A RIOT

By M. QUAD

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The cop and I had been driven into a doorway by a shower when he said: "I am goin' home in about an hour, now, and I'll be one thankful man. I said home, but it was a misnomer. Why sort of a home has a patrolman got? Well, it's a place where you go to when you can't go anywhere else. Your wife and children are almost strangers to you."

"I thought it was a pretty good job," I replied. "There's a pretty good salary and your pension when you have reached a certain age."

"Pretty good job?" he exclaimed in contempt. "Why, man, a longshoreman or a ditch digger is not as tired when his hours of labor have passed and he is not so bunged up at the end of a year. It's walk, walk, walk until there is no more feeling in your feet. It's watch, watch, watch until your eyes need spectacles. It's worry and trouble every hour you're on duty."

"But I have seen a patrolman smile and laugh," I protested.

"So have I, and I smile and laugh myself, but the occasions have been few and far between. I have come into the station house when relieved at my post so exhausted that a man could have pushed me over with his fingers. I have piled into bed and shut my eyes and just got a dream running through my head when the call came. It was a call for us to turn out and be a riot going about it. There was a strike and they were smashing things up in a beautiful manner. A crowd of outsiders was collected and encouraging them and taking part in the smashing. Then, my son, is when you have seen the patrolman smile and laugh. His chance was coming to get even. We emptied and laughed as we tumbled into the wagon and all weariness and all desire for sleep vanished away."

"I said our chance had come to get even. The strikers had made it hard for us, but we want a show at something or somebody to pay off old scores. When you can't strike a man who has buffeted and humiliated you, you turn and kick his dog or somebody else's dog to get even. The horses go away at a gallop."

"We jump out and form in line, and the crowd laughs and hoots at us. We get the word to advance in line, and we select the biggest men and those who are hooting the loudest. The rioters give way for a moment and then hold their ground. Every man of them is armed with a brickbat, cobblestone or stick, and they are just as anxious for a fight as we are. We do not seek to kill, but they are ready to take life."

"Gosh! And we are into them. We strike for their heads, their arms, their hands, their knees and any other part which will take the fight out of them. They grapple with us. They seize us by the arms, the legs, and try to grasp our wrists. Sometimes there is only one opposing you, sometimes there are five or six climbing over you like a pack of wolves. Even if you were a coward you cannot get away. You have got to stand up and face it and take your medicine."

"There is a joy in it, my son, more joy than a soldier feels in battle. The best man is going to win in that row. You are hit with brickbats a dozen times a minute, but you don't feel the hurts until afterward. You are knocked down by some missile striking you in the face, but you don't stop to wipe away the blood—you keep facing on. From your prone position you strike out with your club at the knees and shins around you, and many a man will limp for the next month."

"Up comes more wagons and more men from other stations, and we begin to drive that crowd. Some run away; some seek refuge in doorways; some mount to the roofs and from those vantage points continue to hurl brickbats down upon us. The row lasts half an hour. At the end of that time some rioter raises a call, and the street is cleared in a minute—no, not cleared. There are fifty men down and in need of a surgeon's care. They are the wounded of the battle. Every one has shed his blood for what he deems is the principle of the thing. If you could see those fifty laid out side by side, with three or four surgeons rendering first aid, you would be shocked."

"And how about us? Some have to be carried to the wagon and bundled in most any way, and those who have escaped the lightest have a bad limp at least. There is hardly a uniform that is not ripped and torn and tattered. The men have bruised faces, bleeding hands and bruised bodies. Every one of us needs the surgeon's care as soon as we reach the station. There is no boasting about what this man or that man has done, but there is victory in the eyes of every one. We have paid off old scores. We have got even for fifty humiliations. We get leave of absence for three days, and then we are to be back and as good as new. I tell you, my son, curious as it may seem to you and others, that the greatest joy in a patrolman's life is to be one in a riot like that."

There was a silence of two or three minutes, and the shower passed away, and the cop added:

"Well, I must be tramping the old beat again or the roundsman will sneeze up on me. Oh, there are a few joys in a patrolman's life, and one of them is when he has to fight for his life and when he knows he is putting up a scrap which the bravest men on the force could feel proud of."

Loosened Teeth

Pyorrhea invariably indicates autotoxemia of pronounced type. Keep the bowels open with some good liver pill and citrate of magnesia. Clean the mouth several times daily with standard menthol compound solution or gum wash, using a stiff brush. Eat plenty of good nourishing food and get your system above par.

Intestinal Indigestion

Take a teaspoonful of soda bicarbonate in a glass of hot water to sweeten up your stomach. Then take an ox gall compound tablet after each meal to supply the bile that is lacking for digestion.

Ringworm

Apply a one or two percent formalin solution lightly for a few applications.

Berry Muffins

Two and one-half cupfuls of flour, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, three-fourths of a cupful of sugar, a cupful of milk, two eggs, a heaping tablespoonful of melted butter, one-half teaspoonful of salt, and a cupful of any preferred berries. Sift together the salt, flour and baking powder, add the milk, then the beaten eggs, the butter, and lastly the berries. Stir well and bake in buttered gem pans for twenty minutes in a hot oven.

Simple Chicken

To one large cupful of chopped cooked chicken add one hard boiled egg, pressed through a sieve, one-half of a minced onion, salt and pepper to season and one table-spoonful of clarified chicken fat, thick sweet cream or soft butter. Mix well. Spread thin slices of white bread first with butter, then with the chicken.

Jelly Cake

Cut plain cake into rounds with a cookie cutter and spread with berry jelly between two rounds. Wrap each sandwich in waxed paper. Chopped raisins moistened with orange juice is another good filling, or apple jelly with a sprinkling of chopped walnuts or blanched chopped almonds.

Peanut

Shell the desired amount of roasted peanuts and chop fine or grind in a food chopper. Mix with smooth paste with mayonnaise dressing. Spread thin slices of brown bread with fresh slightly salted butter and then with the peanut filling.

World's Cradles

Thirty-six million babies are born into the world each year, about seven in a minute, or more than one every second says a statistician. Place each baby in a cradle marked in line, and the cradles would circle the globe. Let the babies be carried in their mother's arms just a given point, the procession being kept up night and day and at the end of a year only about one-sixth of the infantile host would have gone by, and this although they passed at the rate of twelve a minute. The babe that had to be carried when the tramp began would be able to walk when a mere fraction of its comrades had reached the reviewer's post, and when the year's supply of babies was drawing to a close there would be a rear guard not of infants, but of romping six year old boys and girls.

Smartly Said

A frivolous fellow remarks of the glad eye that it is not more blessed to give than to receive.

Another theory as to why a dog turns round several times before he lies down is that he is a watch dog and is winding himself up.

An English critic of the women work on the land says that women may do it to get married. On the contrary, she is attracted by the scarcity of husband men.

In spite of the German occupation optimism runs high in the Belgian capital. "Naturally," Brussels will sprout again.

If there are many more drinking restrictions we may cease to be a tight little island, says an English editor.

Treatment For Infantile Paralysis

By Dr. Woods Hutchinson, Medical Expert.

In the present epidemic of infantile paralysis Health Commissioner Emerson of New York has reported that the death rate among those children taken to the hospital is only one-fourth as great as that of those remaining outside, and the paralysis so far developed only about half as frequent or as serious.

Curiously enough, the disease, like most others of the brain and spinal cord, is not a disease of the nerve cells themselves, but of the blood vessels supplying them. So that what really happens is that the center or group of cells in the spinal cord supplying the paralyzed muscle is not so much poisoned as suddenly deprived of its blood supply by the blocking of the tiny arteries.

If, therefore, the limb or part of a limb involved can be kept absolutely at rest and the little patient kept as perfectly comfortable and as abundantly nourished as possible so as to throw no strain upon this center in the cord for a few hours or days until it has time to, so to speak, surry around and rustle some liquid food from some other arteries or veins in the neighborhood which have not been blocked, comparatively little wasting and starving to death of the nerve cells will result and the paralysis will be both slight in amount and quickly recovered from.

It Was a Shoe-r Homer



"Remember! I shall never forget it was in this very corner."

"Were you accepted?"

"On the contrary, my proposal was received with a merry laugh. You cadets," she said, "are incorrigible. Yours is the fourth proposal I have received since I have been here. West Point is the only place in the world, I believe, where a proposal means nothing."

"Mine meant a good deal, but its reception took me flat back. Instead of trying to convince me that I was in earnest I forced a smile and said 'You fool me by one. You have received four proposals. I have made but three.'"

"Again came that laugh, though now it seemed to me that there was mockery in it. I was quite sure the girl believed that there was something serious in what I had said to her and was enjoying the stab she was giving me. Naturally I endeavored to conceal the fact that I was in earnest by averting in a heroic manner that I loved her and her only and would never love any other woman. And that was the truth, though I intended she should consider it mere gallantry. I have never married and will never marry."

"The lady was silent for a time, seemingly impressed by this one-sided romance. Presently she said:

"May not the girl have received your proposition as she did because of the reputation cadets have for making love to pass the time?"

"Perhaps she did not take me seriously. But I had done all I could do in the matter. I had offered her my love and my hand. She had laughed at me. What else could I do but laugh back?"

"She was very young, I presume."

"Eighteen?"

"And you?"

"Twenty-two. It was the year I was graduated."

After a brief silence the lady continued: "It seems to me, colonel, that considering the reputation cadets have or at least had when you were a cadet, you should not have considered your rejection necessarily as a true expression of this young girl's feelings. You should have tried again."

"I was ordered to the western coast she remained in the east."

"I see. How many such cases there are in the world! Two hearts meet and mingle. Before there can be a proper understanding between them they are split apart, perhaps to the opposite ends of the earth. And even when there is such an understanding it requires no great shock to break it."

"You are assuming that the girl, had she believed in my sincerity, would have reciprocated."

"That she alone knows."

"At this point the tete-a-tete was interrupted by friends of both the colonel and the lady."

"Are you two trying to fancy yourselves back in your flirting days?" asked one of the newcomers.

"I have enjoyed a very pleasant chat about old times," replied the colonel.

"If it were with Miss Thurston was eighteen you would surely not escape unscathed. She was considered then the most incorrigible flirt who ever spooned on this piazza."

"Madge Thurston!" exclaimed the colonel.

What followed is not to be described. Those who had brought about the denouement did not understand the colonel's love affair. He had been telling his lore affluently to the woman who had refused him.

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