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What Housewives Are Glad to Know

Kilt Skirt For Girls The girls' dress shown herewith featured in navy blue serge trimmed with satin sleeves to match and white satin detachable collar, was designed



by Franklin Simon & Co., New York. The kilted skirt is adorned with interesting embroidered pockets, belt and cuffs. This design is suitable for high school girls.

Importance of Caring For Children's Teeth

It has been proved that bad teeth are the cause of many a child's backwardness in school—not only that, but many undesirable tendencies and habits are directly traceable to decayed or crooked teeth. If the teeth are not right have them cared for by the dentist and then keep them clean and healthy. Don't let the children neglect brushing their teeth, and teach them how to do it properly. The teeth are full of crevices and crannies that cannot be got at by a sideways movement of the brush, but a careless boy will never think of brushing his teeth up and down unless you tell him to, and even then maybe he won't unless he has explained to him the danger of letting particles of food remain between the teeth. Either paste or powder may be used, and some people prefer alternating the two. Paste contains considerable soap, which is excellent for cleansing purposes, while powder not only cleanses, but also gives a high polish. After the teeth have their last brushing at night run a strand of dental floss between the teeth to dislodge any particles of food that may have been missed by the brush; then rinse the mouth with water. This is very important, because such small particles, if allowed to remain between the teeth, will ferment, and this fermentation results in the production of an acid that in time eats through the enamel of the teeth and causes them to decay.

Smartly Said

A man with a quick temper is as unsafe as a ship loaded with dynamite. An extravagant man is always talking to his wife about the necessity of economy. Silence is no guarantee that the victim of your talk agrees with your argument. The liar unequipped by a good memory is in for a lot of trouble around home. THIS IS MY DUTY. To use what gifts I have as best I may. To help some weaker brother where I can. To be as blameless at the close of day. As when the duties of the day began. To do without complaint what must be done. To grant my rival all that may be just. To win through kindness all that may be won. To fight with knightly valor when I meet. —S. E. Kiser.

Home Cookery

Pepper Vegetable Soup. To one cupful of shredded green sweet peppers add one cupful each of sliced carrots, tomato pulp and lima beans. Add enough water to cover and cook until all the vegetables are tender. Press through a sieve, add the juice of an onion, two tablespoonfuls of washed rice and more water if necessary. Cook until the rice is tender. Then add one heaping tablespoonful of butter, and hot milk to dilute to the desired consistency. Season with salt and pepper to taste and serve with croutons.

Curried Tripe. Cut two pounds of tripe into small pieces. Cook two large sliced onions in a couple of tablespoonfuls of dripping until they are a golden brown. Add to them two-thirds of a pint of stock, one tablespoonful of flour and a teaspoonful of curry powder, cook about forty-five minutes, then strain and add the tripe, and cook slowly about an hour. Before serving add a teaspoonful of lemon juice. Place on a hot platter and surround with boiled rice.—Country Gentleman.

Baked Spiced Ham. Select a nice ham, from twelve to fifteen pounds; soak overnight in cold water, wipe off and put on enough water to cover. Simmer for three hours; let cool in the water in which it was cooked and take out and trim. Put into a baking dish, stick with cloves and cover with brown sugar. Bake in a moderately hot oven for two hours, baste with vinegar and serve with any salad or sliced thin.

Pear Pudding. Beat two eggs until light, and one pint of stale bread crumbs, one pint of sliced pears, one level tablespoonful of butter, one-fourth cupful of sugar, one-fourth teaspoonful of cinnamon, a pinch of salt and one and one-half cupfuls of milk. Mix well and bake in a buttered baking dish in a hot oven until firm. Serve hot with lemon sauce or any other favorite sweet sauce.

Steamed Corn Bread. A cupful sour milk, a cupful sweet milk, a cupful cornmeal, a cupful wheat flour and an egg well beaten; salt and sugar, each a spoonful; a tablespoonful molasses. Mix all together put into a dish that will allow it to raise. Steam two hours and bake one-half hour.

Lyonnaise Potatoes. Brown one-third cupful chopped onion in one-third cupful bacon dripping, add three cupfuls cubed cooked potatoes, salt and pepper and fry till nicely browned. Just before serving sprinkle over chopped parsley.

Dents In Furniture

When wood is badly dented or scratched it is often a problem to know how to get rid of the marks. This is quite easy, according to a writer in one of the scientific publications, if the following plan is adopted. First of all fold a piece of blotting paper at least four times, then saturate with water, finally allowing the superfluous moisture to drip away. Now heat a flatiron until it is about the warmth required for laundry work. Place the damp blotting paper over the dent and press firmly with the iron. As soon as the paper dries examine the mark. It will then be found that the cavity has filled up to a surprising extent. When the dent is very deep a second or even a third application on the lines indicated might be tried. Sooner or later even serious depressions can be drawn up and most people who have not tried this plan will be surprised at the result of the treatment. Repolishing will clear away even the slight marks that might finally remain.

Father's False Economy

Comic strip panels showing a father's false economy. Panel 1: "25 CENTS IS THE COST OF LIVING IN THIS CITY. I'VE BEEN TRYING TO SAVE MONEY BY BUYING THE CHEAPEST BUT IT NEVER ALL ARROUNDS." Panel 2: "GEE PA THAT BOWL FITS ME TIGHTER THAN A HAT." Panel 3: "THIS WILL SAVE US 25 CENTS—AND THAT GIVES ME A START IN REDUCING THE COST OF MY LIVING." Panel 4: "GEE PA THAT BOWL FITS ME TIGHTER THAN A HAT." Panel 5: "NOW WONDERS IT FITS IT HOT!" Panel 6: "NOW WONDERS IT FITS IT HOT!" Panel 7: "NOW WONDERS IT FITS IT HOT!" Panel 8: "NOW WONDERS IT FITS IT HOT!" Panel 9: "NOW WONDERS IT FITS IT HOT!" Panel 10: "NOW WONDERS IT FITS IT HOT!"

Count Seiki Terauchi, New Premier of Japan

Lieutenant General Terauchi, who recently succeeded Count Okuma as premier of Japan, has had an honorable career in the service of the mikado. His greatest achievement was the annexation of Korea. Made governor-general in 1911, he was instrumental in revolutionizing the Korean policy of



Marquis Ito, his predecessor. At the end of his second month in office the formal annexation of Korea to Japan was announced. He is a native of Chohu, sixty-four years of age, and entered the army in 1871 as sublieutenant. He worked his way up quickly and in 1897 became a lieutenant general. Later he served as inspector general of military instruction and vice chief of the general staff. In 1902 he became war minister, which position he held until made governor general of Korea, nine years later.

Wise Observations

If good ever comes to you, you'll have to do for it. To die for one's country is fine, but to live for one's country is better. One way to lose your credit is to have too much. It is unwise to pry too closely into the business of a hornet. If you don't want to get hit keep away from where hitting is going on. The man who wants everything he sees is likely in the end not to be able to get what he needs.

Mother's Doll Story

Dinah Pops Corn There was once a nice rag doll by the name of Dinah. She wore a black calico gown and a red kerchief across her shoulders. Her hair was a beautiful black, and the strangest little curls always tied her hair up into kinks. Of course Dinah had a lovely dark skin just the color of chocolate drops. One day Dinah's mamma wanted very much to go out in the kitchen. But it was almost time for Thanksgiving, and the cook was very busy making nice spicy things to go inside of pies and the turkey. So a little girl like Dinah's mamma was in the way, cook said. But Dinah knew just how to manage it. "Wait till cook goes down cellar to get more apples," said Dinah. "Then you must lock the door till I have time to pop some corn for us." So Dinah's mamma locked the door, and Dinah flew to the closet where the pop corn was kept. In a short time she had enough picked off the cob to make a whole popperful. "Is the fire just right, Dinah?" asked her mamma. "Fine!" cried Dinah. So she stood at the end of the long handled popper and shook it like anything, while pop, pop, went the pretty yellow kernels. Soon the popper was full of white balls as big as Dinah's hand, which was just about as big as a good sized pop corn, but not nearly so white. Just then the cook came in. She had left the cellar by the outside door. Instead of being cross, she took all of Dinah's popcorn and made it into lovely molasses balls. So Dinah and her mamma went out in the sunshine and ate till their lips were all sticky as their hands were. New Class of Scouts. For American boys residing in rural communities where no Boy Scouts of America troops have been formed a new class of scouts, to be known as the boy pioneers, is to be organized. Heretofore thousands of boys in sparsely settled districts have been unable to enroll as scouts because of insufficient numbers to make up boy scout troops. Riddle and Answer. What is the answer to this: As I walked through a field of wheat I picked up something good to eat; It was neither fish nor flesh nor bone, Yet I kept it till it walked alone. Answer—An egg.

A Game of Twenty Questions

By F. A. MITCHEL

Traveling in a parlor car, I swung my chair around from the window through which I was looking, and my gaze fell upon a young woman whose face was partly turned toward me. She looked up and bowed to me. I returned the salute, so far as I was able, without betraying the fact that I had no more knowledge of her than of my grandmother, who had died before I was born. Rising from my seat, I walked toward her and said cordially: "This is an agreeable surprise." There was an amused look on her face as she made some commonplace remark. I judged that she did not believe I recognized her, but there was just enough uncertainty in her expression to tempt me to continue my professe. A gentleman sitting in the next chair to her kindly offered to exchange seats with me, an offer I accepted, and sitting down beside my now found friend, I began to pour forth such words as would not give me away while I was racking my brain to place her. It soon became apparent to me that she was aware of what I was trying to do, but she did not bring the matter to a head. Evidently, she enjoyed my perplexity and was willing that I should have plenty of opportunity to remember her. In the course of our chat she said: "When I saw you last you were single. Have you married since?" "I am a bachelor. And you?" "I am engaged." A look of regret must have crossed my face, for she greeted the look with an amused smile. Glancing at the third finger of her left hand, with engagement rings are worn, I saw that it was bare. I looked up at her inquiringly. "You would like to know why I do not wear a token of betrothal?" she said. "I would." "I will tell you before we part." "Why not now?" "Because it does not suit my pressure to do so," she replied, with the same tantalizing smile. It was so evident to me that she knew that I had no remembrance of her that I concluded to confess my error to satisfying my curiosity. "Come," I said, "you know very well that I am unable to recall who you are. Let us have an end of this riddle. Tell me when and where I met you before." She leaned back and chuckled. "Have you ever played the game of twenty questions?" she asked. "Many a time." "Very well, I'll reply to twenty inquiries you may make as to where you were when we last saw each other." I expended half a dozen questions in fixing the place of the last meeting in a summer house on the grounds of my father's country place. Then we began a new game as to the date of this meeting, and I heaped about eight questions. It was ten years ago. In another game for learning the lady's name I asked all the questions permitted without success. "I was no nearer what I wanted to know than before and was getting impatient. My condition being evidently simply delightful to my tormentor, I asked her what we were doing in the summer house, and she replied that she would give me twenty questions to find out. I got at this very question. "What was I doing?" was the first question. "Holding my hand." "What was I saying?" "Telling me that you loved me and would always love me; that you had never forgotten me." "At this time which was excessive." "Memory now came in to do the trick. I carried me back to that summer house when I was a youth of seventeen. My companion—there was a name fifteen. "I have at least been more true than you," I said. "I am still fancy-free. You are engaged." "Of course I am engaged. And now I will tell you why I don't wear an engagement ring." I smiled a sickly smile. In the next place, I had then not possessed funds for a ring; in the second, I had forgotten my love before I could get the funds. A shadow must have crossed my face, for her mirth changed to sympathy. "Don't worry about it," she said. "All the things we do that we shouldn't do and all the things we don't do that we should do in youth cause us to mock us when we are older. We should be very much ashamed." "Some of those things may be undone," I replied, "or at least may be repaired." She understood me, for she cast down her eyes. "I'm very much mortified about that engagement ring," I continued. "I had used up my allowance and was in need for the next quarter. Better than that never—Wear this till I can get something appropriate." I took a snake ring from my finger and made a motion to put it on her. She drew away her hand, but I saw by her expression that the act was not prompted by her heart. "When we last met, you say, I held your hand. Let us resume where we left off." I did not take her hand—the place was too public—but, making sure that she was looking, I slipped the ring on her finger. It was in time replaced by a snail's trail.