



# A Cook That Wants No Wages

By Mrs. Richard Wainwright

The Modern Andromeda a Sacrifice to the Cook-Stove—How Two Lazy Women Solved the Cook Problem—The Aladdin Oven a Novel Substitute—No Heat, No Smell, and Needing No Overseer—A Boon for Business Woman, Bride and Suburbanite—Every Library Has Book Concerning the Aladdin Oven.

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Copyright, 1906, by Joseph B. Bowles. (Mrs. Richard Wainwright, wife of Capt. Wainwright, U. S. N., was not at her husband's side at the blowing up of the Maine, nor again in Santiago bay when he astonished the world by his heroism during the destruction of Cerro's ships, but she shows in the following article traits approaching the heroic in striving to help the intelligent women of the country to lighten their labor.)

What if a delightful old fairy god-mother, like Cinderella's, should walk into the kitchen some evening and find you resting after a hard, long day spent in the unending and pitiless service of that fiery dragon, the cook stove? This monster, like the one in the story of Andromeda, requires a woman to be chained up for its benefits, and sometimes, indeed, it exacts her life unless some gallant, rich Perseus comes as her deliverer.

What if the dear old fairy god-mother should wave her wand and say: "I will loose these chains and let you go once more free and happy; I transform this monster now, on the spot, into a neat little box, with a cook inside, at your service!"

If she should work the transformation, place the kitchen lamp under the box, into which put the food you wish cooked on the dishes in which it will be served, close the box and the kitchen door. Go to see the tennis match, the great game of football or the latest orchid in the flower show. Return when you are ready, and you will find a hot, well-cooked meal in the box, all ready to place on the table.

Can you imagine poor Andromeda saying: "No, old lady, no! I like to be chained here. I love this monster with his dirt and his cruel actions. I will be roasted, burned, broiled and stewed in his service, and when he does not need me I will stand for hours over a sink scrubbing the metal pots he delights in that he may have the vessels sacred to his use, bright and ready when I must again serve him."

How foolish of Andromeda! How incredible, even! Yet this is just what thousands of women are doing, while that very magic box with the cook inside is waiting to be bought and has been written about and much used for certainly 20 years.

The Aladdin oven has been before the public quite that long, and yet its advocates are like missionaries in a far country who have such a precious message to deliver and no one seems to understand the language in which it is spoken. I hope that my experience with this really wonderful invention may be of service to some of the poor slaves of the cook stove and incompetent cooks, and, like a siren whistle, pierce the ears of the deaf and inattentive and cause them to stop and listen.

Jean Paul Richter says: "Only once in her life does a poor woman hold up her head and look at the world as it really is. All her youth her head is bent and her eyes are downcast in study and submission and later her head is bent over her sewing or her endless housework. Only when she loves does she stand upright and is pushed out into the sunshine by loving, willing hands, for her short holiday with her lover, before her head is again bent forever." Now every woman who does her own cooking can hold up her head like a betrothed maiden all the year round.

For several years this Aladdin oven has been used by a family of four with such success, health, pleasure and profit that now so great do its perfections seem to them all that they are ready to swing incense and crown it with flowers every morning as an appropriate expression of their grateful appreciation of its labors in their service. There it stands in the corner always silent, ready and efficient; no heat or smell, needing no overseer, and working for them while they play or sleep. I hope an account or an experiment with this delightful little cook may cause some other woman to try it also.

Has't thou two loaves, sell one and buy jacinths to feed thy soul." Two poor women longed for the unattainable, a house by the sea, their own beach and garden and their very own

view, with the shade and rest so much needed in this busy America. This seemed reserved for the rich, for where the beach and garden could be had for a small sum of money no cook would come on account of the loneliness; yet to do the cooking themselves meant labor that would spoil any holiday, for who could enjoy the garden, the view and the beach if she must give up the best part of each day to preparing three meals with the usual cleaning up afterward? However, they decided to try the Atkinson box.

A comfortable cottage was built, three miles from the nearest village, on the seashore, and the two incapable southern women who had never needed to lift a finger in their lives for real housework took possession. In the south, although we complain because it is the fashion to do so, about servants, we very seldom find it necessary to do without them; there is always old Aunt Jane, who was mother's cook, or Malvina, who likes a job occasionally even if she is old, to come and help. So it was felt to be a great experiment to do without even one servant; but the glorious view, the dear little home, the freedom and the solitude, were worth the trial.

The Aladdin oven consists of a box with the shelves inside; under it is placed a common kerosene lamp. The heat is shut between layers of asbestos and a thermometer outside the door indicates the heat inside. The lamp, which holds a gallon of oil, is filled once a day after breakfast, and burns 24 hours, or even longer, if you keep it very low and as the food often cooks 12 hours, very little heat is needed.

Breakfast is put on the stove after supper in the evening and is quite ready by six o'clock the next morning. It is equally good at 8:30 o'clock. Dinner goes in after breakfast, and supper after dinner. It does not matter if you reverse this order and have your dinner later and luncheon instead of dinner, or if you only turn the lamp low enough if you do not eat the dinner put in the stove at nine a. m. till 7:30 p. m. This was often the case with us when we were away on picnics or excursions.

Every evening after supper one lazy woman washed the tea things—a sort of survival of the fittest, for everything not absolutely necessary was soon discarded for the faithful and essential few, and a centerpiece and jars of flowers took the place on the table of the usual ornamental dishes and silver—while the other, in her pretty muslin and ribbons, gayly prepared the simple breakfast, placing it on the shelves, shutting the door, and turning down the lamp for the night. This took about 15 minutes, usually, more or less; then they both departed and joined congenial friends waiting to enjoy the sunset with the cook or perhaps to discuss Maeterlinck's latest play with the waitress.

The next morning at 8:30, after a delicious swim in the sea and a leisurely toilet, the box was opened and a steaming hot, well-cooked breakfast was ready. Again did the lazy one wash the breakfast things; there never are any pots or pans. Meanwhile the pretty cook, in a crisp white dress put in the dinner. This usually consisted of roast beef, peas, rice, roast potatoes, tomatoes, and a sweet pudding, and took about half an hour to prepare. The beef was on its china platter, the vegetables in their own French china dishes and the pudding in its pretty decorated Japanese covered dish. As soon as they were all in, off went these happy women for a long morning filled with sailing, gardening, books and walks—all the joys of an idle summer day. They reached home at one o'clock, hungry and gay, rushed in, opening the box, and took out the very best dinner one would wish to eat—hot, savory and nutritious. The supper was then prepared, and again all the afternoon was before them to enjoy as they wished.

The stove is not perfect by any means, nor will it do everything exactly like an ordinary range; of course not. It has its limitations, as we all have.

The objections usually urged against it is that it will not heat water for household use. As well might you refuse to go on the railroad because it cannot go along on the water or use the telegraph because it cannot carry bundles or a furnace because, although it uses tons of coal, needs an attendant and wastes much heat, it will not do the cooking—which is really very thoughtless and inconsiderate of the furnace. What the Aladdin oven will do is to take the place of a cook, whose principal labor is not so much cooking the food as watching to see that it does not burn from the fierce fire she kindles. However, so serious does this objection about water seem to be that I have not yet induced one person to buy an oven and follow my example. Yet there are many ways of getting all the hot water you want, and when you want it. We have an oil stove and a wash boiler with a spigot in it that gives us an abundance of water.

The food that is roasted, stewed or baked is best, as might be expected from the slow cooking, and is so delicate and excellent in flavor that the ordinary cooking seems coarse and poor after it. If you must have freedom to buy jacinths to delight your soul, perhaps you will not sigh for delicacies that take much labor to prepare and cook. If you really desire them you can always make them over an ordinary oil stove or in a chafing dish, while the Aladdin oven, in a dignified and unobtrusive manner, attends to preparing the real nutritious food for the day. Of course those who can hire a cook need not try one. Why should they, indeed? EVELYN WAINWRIGHT.

## A WOMAN'S SUFFERINGS.

### A Dreadful Operation Seemed to Be the Only Outcome.

Mrs. Clyde Pixley, Bridge St., Belding, Mich., writes: "I had inflammation of the bladder and the trouble had gone so far in five years that my physicians said nothing but an operation would cure me. Awful bearing down pains, backaches and headaches tortured me, there were spells of dizziness and faintness, the kidney secretions were like blood and passed with intense pain. I had lost 30 pounds when I began using Doan's Kidney Pills, and was dreadfully nervous. In one week I felt better and to-day I am a well woman and have been for a long time."

Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

## Once More "Perpetual Motion."

David Untapan, a full-blooded native of the northern territory, Australia, who combines a genius for mathematics with a passion for music, claims to have invented a machine which will secure perpetual motion. He is now in Adelaide, the capital of South Australia, seeking the means of testing the feasibility of his mechanism. He explains that the forces which he proposes to use are gravitation and momentum and he had to come to Adelaide to seek the assistance of the aboriginals in procuring four beveled wheels, a spindle, a tube and so on. He is confident that when he gets these requisites he can put together a machine which will bring perpetual motion appreciably nearer.

## Good for Fishermen's "Bait."

The remarkable heat-insulating effect of a vacuum is strikingly brought out in the claims made for a new sportsman's bottle. The vessel has double walls, being really one bottle within another, with a sealed-up intervening space from which the air has been withdrawn. It is asserted that liquids in this bottle can be kept hot 48 hours in the coldest weather, and that iced beverages will retain their delicious coolness for weeks in the hottest summer.

## Blackout from Pittsburg.

The millionaire from Pittsburg was observed to be loitering outside of the nearby gates.

"Why don't you hurry up and knock?" queried a shade.

"I'm waiting for that other chap to get ahead of me," whispered the Pittsburg millionaire.

"And who is he?"

"Why, a grafter from San Francisco. By the side of him I will seem as innocent as a lamb."

## Strange Bequests.

In his will Stephen Swain of the parish of St. Olive, Southwark, England, gave to John Abbot and Mary, his wife, sixpence each, "to buy for each of them a halter, for fear the sheriffs should not be provided."

John Aylett Stow left the sum of five guineas for the purchase of the picture of a viper biting the hand of his rescuer, to be presented to an eminent K. C. as a reminder of "his ingratitude and insolence."

## Have Trouble with Your Food?

### Try Grape-Nuts

Perfectly Cooked, Ready to Serve, Delicious and Healthful

"The ordinary breakfast cereal cooked a few minutes in a half-hearted way will in time weaken the stomach of anything short of an ox. "Any preparation of wheat or oats put into water that is below the boiling point and cooked as mush is usually served, remains a pasty, indigestible mass. The cells are tough and unopened. In addition, the stomach of a person sensitively constituted refuses to do anything with the pasty mass. It is sent into the second stomach, the Duodenum, where in consequence of the long time of the first process of digestion, is fermented and soured. As an eminent medical man pertinently states, the stomachs of half the people going about the streets are about in the condition of an old vinegar barrel.

"Intestinal dyspepsia is the direct consequence of such feeding." Knowledge of these facts and a wide experience in the preparation and use of cereals brought out the product known as Grape-Nuts, manufactured with special reference to having the nitrogenous and starchy parts of the grains, of which the food is composed, perfectly and scientifically cooked at the factory, ready for immediate use and therefore not subject to the manipulations of any cook, good or bad.

The starch of the grains, changed to grape-sugar, can be seen glistening on the little granules, and gives forth a delicate sweetish taste, very palatable. Children and adults obtain fine results from the use of Grape-Nuts food. It is so perfectly adapted to the wants of the human body and so easily digested that in many cases are on record of nursing babies being fed very successfully on it. "There's a Reason."

Made at the pure food factories of the Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

## WHEN THE FISH HURDLE.

### Man Wanted to Be Far Away From the Danger Spot.

Of course at this season the usual run of "fish stories" are going the rounds. But one relating to the hurdling prowess of bass and trout, which was told in all earnestness the other night, takes first prize.

"Fish always go up stream in the springtime," said the fisherman, "and scarcely anything will keep the bass and trout from getting near the headwaters. I have known these two species to jump over a dam eight to ten feet high and continue their upstream journey."

"What was that you said?" remarked a friend, who also claims to be somewhat of an angler. The man repeated his assertion that he had seen fish jump over dams eight to ten feet high, and as there was no one present to deny the hurdling abilities of the fish, the only challenge to his remarkable statement was a laugh by all hands.

"Well, I trust I will never be on the top of Niagara falls when one of those hurdling fish you speak of comes flying through the air and hits me in the eye," remarked the friend. That broke up the fish stories for that evening, but the man still insists that a ten-foot dam can be hurdled by either a bass or trout.

## FIVE FALL INTO GRAVE.

### Remarkable Incident That Disturbed Solemnity of Funeral.

Instead of the accustomed quiet which prevails at the burial of the dead, great excitement and fear attended the burial the other day of Michael Sereno, a prominent merchant of Westport, when by the collapsing of a grave the coffin and several persons attending the services were hurled into a small pit.

The final prayer had been said by the preacher, and the assistant to the undertaker stepped to the foot of the coffin to arrange the rope for letting the coffin into the grave. At that moment one of the pallbearers accidentally kicked out the crosspiece that supported the coffin. The coffin quickly descended into the grave, the body going feet first. The assistant hastened its descent by tumbling on it. Several persons rushed to the edge of the grave, causing the soil to yield, and in a few seconds five persons were lying in the pit half covered with dirt.

They were pulled out, the coffin was dug out and laid flat, and after the grave had been re dug the burial was completed.—N. Y. Press.

## TWO SISTERS HAD ECZEMA.

### Cuticura Cured Scalp Troubles of Two Illinois Girls—Another Sister Took Cuticura Pills.

"I must give much praise to all the Cuticura Remedies. I used but one cake of Cuticura Soap and one box of Cuticura Ointment, as that was all that was required to cure my disease. I was very much troubled with eczema of the head, and a friend of mine told me to use the Cuticura Remedies, which I did, and am glad to say that they cured my eczema entirely. My sister was also cured of eczema of the head by using the Cuticura Remedies. Another sister has used Cuticura Resolvent and PILLS and thinks they are a splendid tonic. Miss Edith Hammer, R. F. D. No. 6, Morrison, Ill., Oct. 3, '06."

## "Going Some."

Two of our colored brethren were engaged in heated argument. The "retort courteous," without the qualifying adjective, had been passed and returned.

Suddenly the larger of the two moved up aggressively. "Yuh nygah, yuh! If Ah hit yuh, Ahm a-goin' to knock yuh so fah dat der ain't no railroad train kin bring yuh back!"

The other looked at him a moment speculatively. Then: "Niggah you-seff yuh brack map o' Africa! If Ah hit yuh, Ahm goin' to knock you so fah dat it'll cos' eight dollars to sen' yuh a postal card!"

Whereupon the tall one, realizing that the limit had been reached, passed his "chaw," and peace reigned again.—Judge.

## Another Variety.

The farmer met his son at the station.

"Back from college, eh, boy?" he drawled.

"Yes, dad," replied the youth, as he lit another cigarette, "and I tell you I am glad to get back. Been digging up Greek roots all the season."

The old farmer went over to the hardware store and bought a grubbing hoe.

"All right, my boy," he announced as he handed over the hoe, "yeou can change your exercise during the summer by digging up dogwood and sassafras roots."

**Criticism of Legislators.** Lessons in pronunciation are needed by a number of members of the house. The majority of those who tackle the word "victualers" insist on pronouncing it phonetically instead of as spelled "vittlers," and the word municipal is another great stumbling block, members almost invariably putting the accent on the wrong syllable.—Boston Record.

## Shake Into Your Shoes

Allen's Foot-Ease. It cures painful, swollen, smarting, sweating feet. Makes new shoes easy. Sold by all Druggists and Shoe Stores. Don't accept any substitute. Sample FREE. Address A. S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

The love of a bad woman kills others; the love of a good woman kills herself.—George Sand.

## Equally Painful.

A good story is told of an old darky in Richmond who once experienced considerable difficulty in securing the sum due him from a prominent business man whose stable the negro had whitewashed.

One afternoon, as the old darky came painfully up the walk toward the house, the master thereof called to him from the porch:

"What's the matter, Mose? Got the gout?"

"No, sah," came in respectful tones from Mose; "I've got de bill for dat whitewashin'."—Lippincott's Magazine.

**No Headache in the Morning.** Krause's Headache Capsules for over-indulgence in food or drink. Druggists, 25c. Norman Lighty Mfg. Co., Des Moines, Ia.

Love your wife as you love your soul; but shake her as you would shake a plum-tree.—Russian Proverb.

A woman with whom you discuss love is always expecting something.—Poincelot.

**Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup.** For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

Shakespeare has no heroes; he has only heroines.—Ruskin.

**Dishonest London Milkmen.** London pays \$150,000 a year for the water which its milkmen put into the milk they sell as pure.

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Rhubarb Sella -  
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