The Dog That's Caught in a Pipe Howls Piteously for Help and Release

And as Soon as He Is Rescued He Runs Gayly Off as if Nothing Had Happened to Him—Just as We Do After Being in Trouble

THERE was an interested, sympathetic crowd gathered about a pile of water pipes that stood at one side of a road.

A little dog had started to crawl through one of the pipes and had somehow got caught in the middle.

His piteous cries soon brought rescuers, and in a few minutes men were investigating his position and trying to pry him loose with long poles as gently as possible.

Children joined the assemblage, offering useless advice and calling encouragingly to the prisoner, which responded with heartrending sniffs and howls, and generally getting in the way.

At last in some way or other the dog was released and was able to come crouching out of the pipe.

Every one moved up to congratulate him and receive his thanks.

BUT he was not interested.

With eyes that shone and glistened he glanced excitedly about, gave a series of short, sharp barks and ran at top speed off down the road, with never so much as a tail wag of gratitude.

Ungrateful? Well, perhaps he was, but, after all, he was only a dog and he didn't understand that he owed anything to anybody.

And, as far as that goes, we behave pretty much that way ourselves when we get out of a tight hole into better circumstances.

Of course, we do realize that we owe our rescue to some one, and we do stop to express our gratitude, and in time we try to return the debt in kindness or help or whatever we may have to offer.

But that being over we forget about the tight place we were in and go dashing off in pursuit of content and pleasure as if nothing had happened to us at all.

It is so easy to put trouble into the past when we have safety and peace in the present and future.

WE SNIFF over our woes quite as dolefully as the dog did in the pipe.

Our pleas for help may not take the form of howls or piteous cries, but they mean "SOS" just the same.

And once out, we don't even apologize for making so much fuss.

We just start off with sparkling eyes to get back into life.

It doesn't take us anything like so long to come back, once rescued, as it did to get caught.

We couldn't see that coming.

Just as the dog went nosing about, stepping heedlessly into the trap, so we went blindly, intent on our thoughts, until we came to the place that caught us.

We could see the way out, but it seemed to be impossible to get there without help.

Fortunately, the help always seems to be ready to come to us when we get caught this way, and sends us on our happy way.

BUT I wonder whether any of us are really thoughtless like the dog?

Do we always stop to say "Thank you," before plunging away?

It would be an inexcusable thing to do, for we know, we understand, what the person has done who has helped us, what sacrifice of his own time and money he has made to pull us safely out.

It would be all right, it is only human, to forget, with a snap of the fingers, that long, dreadful struggle through which we have been brought to peace and light once more.

But to walk gayly off without so much as a word of gratitude would put us on the same plane with the heedless dog who has no human intelligence or sense of obligation.

The Woman's Exchange

To "Helen W."

You can join a public library, where you will be able to procure the best of literature and fiction free of charge. I could not put your letter in the column, but I'm sure that to become a member of a library will be much more satisfactory.

Perspiration Stain

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—Could you please tell me how to get perspiration marks out of a light green crepe de chine dress and also how much I am under weight if I'm eighteen years old, five feet four inches and weigh 126 pounds?

N. A. C.

A perspiration stain is almost impossible to remove once it has taken the color out of the dress. But try rubbing a little ammonia and water very gently on the spot, starting at the edge and working in to the stain. You are not at all under weight. In fact, you are three pounds over weight.

About Her Canary

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—Kindly tell us through your column what to do to rid a canary of red mites. For the last few months our bird has been greatly troubled with them. This being moulting season and the feathers thin, seems a good time to find out what the trouble is. A number of mite powders are on the market, but in order to use them the bird must be handled. This we want to avoid, as he is very easily frightened and we are not accustomed to handling birds. Hope you can tell us of some simple yet effective remedy.

B.

These mite powders that you speak of are really the only remedy for mites. But if you handle the canary very gently and sort of coax it and approach it until it gets accustomed to your touch I'm sure that it won't be very much scared or frightened.

How to Wash a Dress

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—Will you please print in the Woman's Exchange a way to keep the color in a pink linen dress when it is washed? Also how to wash a white all-wool sweater so that it will not stretch or shrink?

"SENIOR."

Wash your dress in luke-warm water and put a handful of salt in the water to make the color fast and keep it from fading. Be sure to hang the dress in the shade away from the sun. To wash your sweater, get one of the flaked soaps that are specially prepared for washing woolens and follow the directions on the box. When you dry it, do not hang it up, as this will only stretch it, but lay it out flat on a smooth surface in the shade.

To Clean White Shoes

Dear Madam — I would appreciate your kindness very much if you will help me in the following:

I have a pair of white buckskin shoes, but cannot wear them because there is a vaseline stain on the tip of one of the shoes.

I also have a navy blue taffeta dress with an ice cream stain on it. Could you please suggest an inexpensive way to clean it?

I am invited to a sweet sixteen party. Are girls and boys fourteen to sixteen years old too old to play kissing games.

F. M.

Fuller's earth or magnesia is the best remedy for this purpose. Rub gently around the edges of the spot until it makes a paste, working well into the stain. Let it dry and brush off with a clean whisk broom. If upon first application the spot does not disappear, repeat the operation and, if necessary, leave on all night and brush off in the morning.

For the ice cream stain use carbon tetrachloride. You can buy all of these at the drug store.

Kissing games are never very nice to play. There are so many other better games that are so much more fun. Why not try them?

WHAT'S WHAT

By Helen Decie

When traveling about during the summer in trains and steamboats, no one can help noticing the extraordinary actions of some of the people who appear to have plenty of money to spend for luxury, and yet who have acquired little or no knowledge of the code followed by civilized people the world over.

The well-dressed man in the dining car illustrated, for example, has ordered an elaborate dinner. He is holding bread in the palm of his hand while he is spreading butter on the slice. Every action of his betrays want of early training in table manners. The well-trained child is taught to break bread before buttering it, and to butter only the portion to be eaten at the time. This rule is founded on common sense and cleanliness, since, to butter the whole slice at once, whether held in the hand or placed on the table, means that the fingers will become greased after the first bite when breaking the buttered slice.

Sports Frock of Rodier Cotton Trimmed With White Crystal Beads

By CORINNE LOWE

High in the sport light of fashion stands the Rodier cotton. Vying with sponge, which achieves so many simple little sports dresses beloved by the flapper, these unusual fabrics are registered at all the leading summer hotels. They are so pyrotechnic themselves that they need few trimming touches, and, consequently, the girdle and neck band are intended to subdue rather than to adorn the dress.

Frequently, in fact, a narrow black cire ribbon is selected for the sash.

Today we have a Rodier cotton in a design of dark red and blue, with white stitching in the open spaces. There, instead of ribbon, a belt is achieved of white crystal beads set closely together and repeated in the bands around neck line and armholes.

Can You Tell?

By R. J. and A. W. Bodmer

How Chemistry Originated

The Arabian alchemists found something among the old Greek writings about the way to melt stones and minerals so as to get out of them iron, mercury and other metals. But the chief thing that interested them was the continuous effort of many who lived before them to turn other metals into gold. It was said that Hermes, who lived 2000 years before Christ, had accomplished this. For many years thousands of clever men had tried and even now attempt to discover how this can be done. These old Arabs, whom they called alchemists, spent their lives in melting up different substances and watching what changes took place. In this way they learned a great deal about the materials of which rocks, minerals and other substances are composed. It was they who founded our science of chemistry.

They called themselves Hermetic Philosophers. If they melted the mouth of a glass tube so as to close it, it was spoken of as secured with "Hermes' Seal." Even today we speak of a bottle or jar which is airtight as being "hermetically sealed."

One of the first things these original chemists discovered was that by heating some substances such as niter or saltpeter, they drive something out of them which was invisible. They also discovered that they could collect this invisible something in a bottle and reduce it to liquid form. In some cases, if they put a light to it, it exploded violently. Since it was invisible and yet powerful they thought it was a spirit and thus named it "spirits." That is why we still use such terms today as "spirits of niter," "spirits of camphor," etc. Even our word "gas" comes from a similar idea. Its discoverer, a German, thought it was a spirit and called it "geist," the German name for spirit—hence gas.

Tomorrow: "Why Does Scratching Relieve Itching?"

Please Tell Me What to Do

By CYNTHIA

Letters to Cynthia's column must be written on one side of the paper only, and must be signed with the writer's name and address. The name will not be published if the writer does not wish it. Unsigned letters and letters written on both sides of the paper will not be answered. Writers who wish personal answers that can be given in the column will please look there, as personal letters are only written when absolutely necessary.

To "Lola"

You will be much wiser to wait until the boy graduates. In these uncertain times it is much safer for happiness to have a firm foundation to start on.

Nineteen and Has No Friends

Dear Cynthia—Every evening I read your column with great interest. Some ways it has benefited me very much. I am very lonely. I am not very long in this country. I have no friends. I am nineteen years old. How can I become acquainted with a nice young crowd? A girl that I work with said something about Miss Goldman. But I did not understand her. So I am coming to you for advice. FOREIGNER.

Miss Goldman used to be at the Girls' Service League, 1505 Arch street, where you can go to join the league and meet some nice young people. She is not there now, but some one else is in charge and Cynthia is sure she will be kind and nice to you.

Wants to Meet Friend's Cousin

Dear Cynthia—This is the first time I have appealed for advice through your wonderful column. I am a girl in the teens, considered good looking, and popular with both sexes. I go out with boys and always have a good time. (My mother permits me to have boy friends.) There is one boy I would like to meet. He is a few years my senior, very respectable and highly educated. He is related to a dear friend of mine, and I see him often at her home. He is wealthy and runs his own car. How can I become acquainted with him?

Is it proper to go to his house with his cousin if I know his sister slightly? Is bobbed hair going out of style for a girl sixteen years of age? I have bobbed hair. Shall I put it up in a net?

A READER.

If you see this boy at your friend's home, why doesn't she introduce you to him? It must be very awkward. Ask her some time to do it. Of course, go to the house if you are invited. Bobbed hair is still being worn, but it is not the first style now, so it would look better to wear a net over it.

He Is Unaware of Her Love

Dear Cynthia—I am a young lady of nineteen years and have lived opposite a young man about four years my senior for about six years, who during all this time was in our house about two times, just to listen to our phonograph, because he likes music. I really don't have much to say to this gentleman, but once in a while, the two of us do keep a short conversation, just like all neighbors would do. I sometimes go out with his sister, who is indeed very beautiful, still we wouldn't be called intimate friends, because I hardly ever go in her house. Well, the reason I think a whole lot about the fellow of whom I write, is because he seems to be just the type of a man I like, but I oftimes wonder if he really wants somebody who is pretty like his sister, because he does take her out quite often. I myself am not considered homely, but anyway, I am not very pretty either. I am sure that this fellow is too sensible to care for good looks as much as all that, so maybe there is a chance for me. Cynthia, could you tell me how to go about things in order to make this fellow notice me more, and to give me more attention than he does? I love him, but he is unaware of the fact.

BROWN EYES.

Make your short conversations a little longer whenever you talk to him, and make more of a friend of his sister.

"Anxious" Is Looking for a Girl

Dear Cynthia—In looking over your column the other night I read a letter written by Anxious No. 2. I suppose it had reference to me, for I am Anxious No. 1. It has been some time since I have written to your column, Cynthia, and I wouldn't bother you now, but I want to write to Anxious No. 2.

I would like to meet you very much, Anxious No. 2, but Cynthia informs us that it is impossible. Anxious, I think you misunderstood me. I haven't any objections to kissing, because it is human to kiss, and it would be almost impossible to live without it; but what I object to is kissing a girl the first time you go out with her. There is a great joy received from a kiss.

Anxious, I have never fallen in love yet, but I imagine a kiss from the girl you love must mean everything in the world. I wonder if Cynthia could tell me if I am ever going to find the right girl. It has been a year since I graduated from high school and I haven't met her yet.

Anxious, please write again. I don't live in Philadelphia, but play ball there about twice a month.

ANXIOUS No. 1.

Of course you'll find the right girl, "Anxious." You can't be very old if you have only been out of school for a year. You have lots of time.

Tired of All Kinds of Boys

Dear Cynthia—And the world goes on! And the sun shines every day and the moon follows its course in the heavens. And this is only the beginning of a scornful epistle, scornful to all young men, or rather all would-be men, for, of course, there are no such things as real men.

To be ordinary, we are three girls still in our teens, and are welcomed most anywhere. But oh, Cynthia, the good times of today are all a hopeless, hopeless muddle. We are tired and disgusted with the boys of today, the college chumps, the knights errant who see but notice not an old woman swaying unsteadily in a car. We have witnessed many such incidents.

Ah, what fine detectives are our Galahads of today. How they detect the minutest faults in our dress and deportment, but how terrible are their own!

Is there such a thing as a man pal or is the man in the true sense of the word only a conception of a romantic author's brain? We wonder.

But we are not as bitter as all that. Anyhow, here's to the heroes of this jazz-crazy, toddling, sensuous age.

Blessings on the little saint,
With pearly teeth nicotine stained,
Who can resist your wondrous charms?
All wao know of their subtle harms.

THREE MAN HATERS.

Cynthia doesn't quite understand what it's all about, but as long as the sun keeps on shining it must be all right.

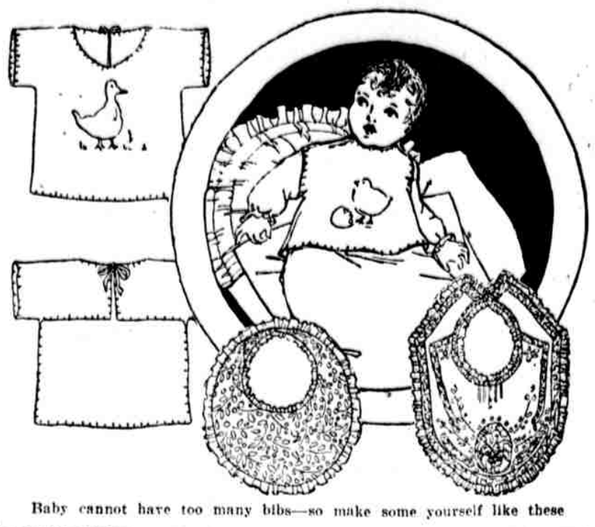
Fiery Words From "A Soldier Boy"

Dear Cynthia—Will you let me say a word to A. M.? This soldier boy that she is speaking about is one that can go to any foreign country or the good old United States and be greeted, and it is a shame that we have such a nice lot of girls and a few have to be narrow-minded like this A. M. I guess A. M.'s husband was one of those stay-at-home boys and let the others go. We did, and you know what the result is; but I guess you are too narrow-minded to remember that far back; but if you are such a good girl, why didn't you do what some of our American girls did—go over seas and battlefields with us? God love them. They are what I call girls, and not your type. But I am glad to say we only have a few like you, and that few is too many. When the war started I was a private, and today I wear the uniform of a captain, so you see I am a good fellow after all. I received that uniform by using my brain and not by a pull. I guess you are the type that during the war you were one who wanted the fellow in a uniform, but today a soldier boy is the thing of the past with you. I hate to think of the day when all of our good girls will be ruled by some narrow-minded thing like you. If this is not enough for you, I can tell you more about my type of the good American girl and not your type. I hate to take so much of Cynthia's space, but I want to wake you up.

A SOLDIER BOY.

This may be all very true, but didn't you forget, "Captain Soldier Boy," that you were talking to a lady? These are pretty harsh words that you speak.

UNBLEACHED MUSLIN FOR BIBS



Baby cannot have too many bibs—so make some yourself like these

UNBLEACHED muslin is another material that is being used for a large variety of purposes, and one of the most sensible ways to use it is for children's bibs. These bibs are cut like a little kimono waist—that is, they are as far as they go. The material is folded so that one may make sleeves, and the depth in the back of the bib is directly on a line with the sleeve seams, while in the front the bib is cut to come to the waist line.

The illustration above will give a good idea of it. It will be well in making these to shrink the muslin thoroughly before cutting out, and then to allow for making the sleeves comfortably loose.

The bib may be hemmed on all edges or finished with a blanket stitch in some color, letting the stitch cover a hem one-quarter inch wide.

Usually one or more Mother Goose characters are appliqued on the front of the bib, the figures cut out of some color or colors and using the same colored floss to applique them on that is used for the edges; or some appropriate designs in the cross-stitch will be decorative and please the small child.

The opening in the back may be finished with a facing on both edges. Sew narrow linen tape on each edge at the neck to tie the bib on.

When babies are teething they invariably get their clothes wet at the neck and bibs are necessary. But these do not always keep the clothes dry, although they are sometimes made double and have padded wadding put in between.

One of the best ideas seems to be the use of a pure rubber dress shield, with either cambric or silk covering—the kind of shield that may be easily washed. This is slipped in the neck of the dress, so that half is inside and half outside, and over this may be put the sheerest and daintiest bib made of a single thickness of handkerchief linen. Of course, these bibs may be made quite elaborately, with lace insets and narrow edging, and often some fine laid embroidery. Even if they are plain they may be attractive if one has enough of them to keep the baby sweet and clean.

THE HOME IN GOOD TASTE

By Harold Donaldson Eberlein

William and Mary Presses

William and Mary highboys, and also the cabinets set on stands and closely resembling the highboys in their general outline, have already been described. Likewise their exceedingly practical and decorative values have both been noted. Now we come to another piece of furniture, characteristic of the period, equally good looking and even more useful, especially in an age when cupboard room in the ordinary house was extremely limited or even almost non-existent. This piece is the high press, such as that shown in the illustration.

These presses were usually made in two sections, the top and the bottom, which were not fastened together and could be taken apart when it was necessary to move the piece. The upper part had two doors, which concealed either shallow shelves or else tiers of small drawers. The lower part was really a capacious chest of drawers standing on ball or bun feet. It can readily be seen how much holding capacity such a piece of furniture possessed. Sometimes, instead of having doors for the upper part, the front was made in one piece, hinged at the bottom so as to let down and afford a convenient place to write. In this way the press became the parent of a certain type of tall secretary. Reproductions are especially useful in libraries and bedrooms.

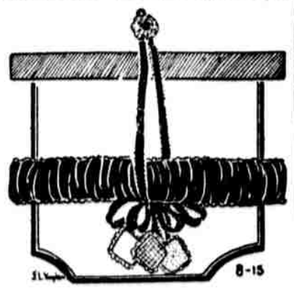
Adventures With a Purse

CUSHIONS to tuck behind one's back not only add to the comfort of a chair, but they add materially to the appearance of a room. Perhaps the wicker chairs need a bit of refreshing, and yet you do not care to go to any great expense this time of the year for cushions. One of the stores is selling oval and round sofa cushions for $.45. New styles and gay colored cretonne.

EVEN in a kitchen one can manage to look neat and attractive if one is wise in the choice of aprons. Dorothy has bought a bungalow apron made of light blue percale, with large, roomy pockets, a sash and trimmed with rickrack braid. Her frock is almost entirely covered, and yet she looks cool and attractive. The aprons are priced at eighty-nine cents.

For names of shops address Woman's Page Editor or phone Walnut 3000 or Main 1601 between the hours of 9 and 5.

Things You'll Love to Make



A Dainty Coat Hanger From an Old Corset Steel

You can make very useful gifts from old corset steels. First pad the steel with cotton until it is about one-half inch wide. Then cover it with shirred silk ribbon. Tie some bows of narrow ribbon, and stitch them to the bottom at the center. To these loops join small sachet bags. Make a large loop to form the hanger. This coat hanger is very handy for the tourist, as it takes up but little space and is very light in weight.

FLORA.

The Wife Cheater

By HAZEL DEYO BATCHELOR

Joan Stockbridge marries Norman Wayne in spite of many warnings from her friends. She chooses him in preference to Herbert Livingston who loves her devotedly, but who lacks Norman's charm. Norman is the kind of man who has never been known to care for one woman more than a few weeks at a time, and after their marriage, he makes Joan miserable through his attentions to other women. When Edith, Joan's younger sister, comes to visit them, a flirtation develops between Norman and her, and it is then that Herbert Livingston comes to Joan's rescue. He is ready to dance attendance on her, and Joan likes him better than she ever has before, although his seriousness troubles her whenever she stops to think about it.

The Lighted Flame

WHEN we reached home that night, Norman and Edith were not on the porch. In fact, they were nowhere to be found, and Herbert and I took up our position in the cool darkness of the porch, ostensibly to wait for their return, although both of us were careful not to mention this fact. A disturbing little thought crept into my heart as we sat there in silence. Herbert with a cigarette, and I with my fingers twisted nervously together in my lap.

Suppose Herbert were being kind to me because he had noticed Norman's neglect! The more I thought of it the more certain I was that this might be the case, and if I needed anything more to rob me of the last shred of self-confidence that I possessed this thought did it.

I tortured myself because I had not realized the truth of the situation long ago, and I was bitterly ashamed because I had been fool enough to believe that Herbert still cared.

Suddenly in the darkness I was startled by the warm touch of Herbert's fingers on mine.

"Joan, what are you thinking of?" His tone was husky.

In desperation I blurted out the truth.

"I was thinking of how kind you have been to me in the last few weeks, and blaming myself for accepting your pity."

The minute the words had left my mouth I was sorry I had spoken them, now, indeed, my last defense was gone, for I could no longer keep up the game of bluff even with Herbert. But almost before this thought had occurred to me, Herbert had left the chair where he had been sitting and had come over to me.

"Pity!" he ground out, still with that husky note in his voice. "My God, Joan, you're a woman, don't you know; haven't you been able to see the true state of affairs? I'm mad about you, I love you so much that—that it's agony to be with you knowing that you belong to another man. And yet I'd rather be with you knowing that you accept me as a friend, than not to be able to see you at all."

He sat down beside me in the swing, and before I realized what he intended to do, had gathered me close in his arms. I felt his lips on my hair, and again that recklessness that I had felt earlier in the evening swept over me. It was sweet to be wanted; it was perilously sweet to know that I could rouse the feeling in a man like Herbert, when for so long Norman's attitude toward me had been anything but that of an ardent lover. Herbert wanted me, he wanted me terribly, and, although I was not in love with him, the temptation came to me to surrender to him just for a moment. I think I must have been half mad, for, as his arms tightened around me and he breathed against my hair, "Kiss me, Joan, kiss me just once," every instinct in me impelled me to do as he asked. I was a woman eager to give and Norman wanted nothing I could give him. Here was a man I liked more than a little, a man who trembled at the slightest touch of mine, and all he asked was a kiss. After all, why not? What was a kiss? My brain was spinning around wildly as these thoughts darted through it, and then suddenly as I felt Herbert's hand under my chin forcing my head back to his shoulder, a sick revulsion swept over me. I couldn't do it, I couldn't let Herbert kiss me! What had I been thinking of? Why, I wasn't the slightest bit in love with him, even though that fact in itself would have been small enough justification.

"No, no!" I gasped. "Don't kiss me, please; I couldn't bear it!"

In my voice was all the sick distaste I felt at that moment, and he drew back as though a strong hand had suddenly jerked him away from me.

Tomorrow—Edith's Warning

Mrs. Wilson Gives Lessons in Canning and Preserving Fruits and Berries

The Open-Kettle Method Is Much More Satisfactory Than the Cold-Pack Method—It Never Pays to Hurry Through the Preparations

By MRS. M. A. WILSON

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THE canning of berries by the cold pack method has never been satisfactory to me, for the reason that the jars contain when finished a much larger proportion of sirup or liquid than fruit; so for this reason I have worked out a scheme of combining the old open kettle and the cold-pack process, with the result I have a fine product when finished.

To Can Strawberries, Blackberries and Other Small Berries

Select firm ripe berries, and wash by turning gently in a deep pan of water, lift, with skimmer, removing all soft and bruised berries, and then if the berries are strawberries, stem. Place in the preserving kettle 5 cups of sugar, 2 cups of boiling water, stir to dissolve the sugar, and bring to boiling point, cook for 5 minutes, then add about 1 quart of the berries, cook for 5 minutes after boiling starts, and then lift with a skimmer into the prepared jars, filling the jars clear to the neck with the berries. Now fill jars to overflowing with the sirup in the kettle, adjust the rubbers and seal securely. Place in hot water bath, having the water in the bath one inch below the top of the jars; and process for 30 minutes, counting the time from the minute the water in the bath starts boiling after the jars are placed in the bath. Remove when time limit expires, cool and dip the tops of the jars in melted paraffin, and store in dry dark place.

Sun-Preserved Berries

Place well-washed berries on large meat platter, and cover each quart of berries with 1 pound of best granulated sugar, cover the platter with a large piece of glass, and set in the sun for 2 days. Lift the berries with a skimmer to half-pint jars, filling the jars to the neck with the berries, then fill to overflowing with the left-over sirup. Adjust the rubber, and seal securely, and process for 30 minutes as directed in canning recipe. Blackberries and raspberries are delicious done this way.

Canning Peaches

Select firm, under-ripe free-stone peaches, cut each peach in half, using sharp knife, and then take peach in hand, and twist the right hand away from you and the left hand toward you. The peach will separate. Remove the stone, and pare. This method is used by all the large canners; it prevents the peach from breaking and bruising.

Pack the halves of peaches in jars, filling just as full as it is possible. Then cover with either a sirup made of sugar and water, or with plain boiling water, adjust the rubber and lid and partially seal; place in hot-water bath, and process for 45 minutes, for quart jars. Remove, seal securely and then when cold dip the top of the jar in melted paraffin. The sirup for pouring over the peaches is made in three different grades.

No. 1—1 cup of sugar to every cup of water.

No. 2—2 cups of sugar to every cup of water.

No. 3—3 cups of sugar to every cup of water.

Place sugar and water in saucepan and stir to dissolve, bring to boiling point, cook three minutes and use. This last sirup, No. 3, is a very heavy rich sirup, and is used for fancy packs. Packing the peaches without sirup and just using plain boiling water permits those who suffer from starchy acidosis and diabetic disturbances to have these fruits in winter time.

Plums

Wash the plums in pan of cold water, and pierce each plum with fork or darning needle to prevent the skin from bursting, place in prepared jars, and cover with choice of sirup, using any sirup formula given for the peaches. Adjust the rubber and the lid, partially tighten the lid, process for 45 minutes in hot-water bath, remove, seal securely and cool. When cold, dip the tops of the jars in melted paraffin and store in cool, dry place.

Preserve

Fruit preserve is a thick mixture of fruit and sugar, usually made by cooking fruit and sugar until thick, and then filling into prepared jars, then exhausting the air space and sealing.

Green Gage Preserve

Six cups of sugar.
One cup of boiling water.

Cook for ten minutes then add four pounds of green gages and cook until the fruit is very soft. Remove the stones and then cook until thick like preserve. Fill into pint jars, adjust the rubbers and lid and seal securely; place in hot-water bath, having the hot water just to the neck of the jar, and process for twenty-five minutes after the water starts boiling, remove and cool.

To Prepare a Spice Bag

Place in small bowl

Two teaspoons of ginger.
One teaspoon of cinnamon.
One teaspoon of nutmeg.
Three-quarters teaspoon of allspice.
One-half teaspoon of cloves.
One teaspoon of cadmus.

(Last can be purchased at the drug store.) Tie loosely in a piece of fine muslin and add to the preserve, remove before placing the preserve in the jars.

To Prepare the Jars

First see that all lids fit securely, place in large kettle or boiler and place lids and jars together, cover with cold water and bring to boiling point, boil five minutes. Remove from the bath as needed, keeping the bath hot until all the jars are used.

Pour boiling water over the rubbers just before you intend to use them, this not only sterilizes then, but also makes them easier to slip on over the jars.

Follow each step closely and do each part thoroughly, keeping in mind that if slighted, or done in a hurry, failure is very apt to result. Small lots of preserve done well are most successful.

Read Your Character

By Digby Phillips

Exercise for the Long-Heads

Is your head longer than normal from the ears back? If so, while you may have more than normal natural ability along some lines, there are others in which your mental faculties are a bit below par naturally. It will be wise for you to seek the sort of mental exercise or recreation which will bring them up to normal.

Make it a point to give yourself a rest from the society of others. Seek solitude once in a while. Also give yourself a rest occasionally from work or occupations which make demands upon your powers of concentration, for you have more than the normal amount of concentration to start with, and pushing this faculty too hard is like giving too much work to a set of muscles which happen to be more than usually strong. You can tire them out without realizing it. It is your natural inclination to use them to do work which should be performed by other muscles.

Cultivate the habit of acting and making your determinations as often as possible in the light of their immediate rather than their future results, for you are naturally inclined to look a long way ahead, and this natural inclination will take care of itself and its own development. Put your brain to work as often as possible on such problems as those of art, accounting and material and physical things generally as distinct from those which are human and personal. By doing so you will not overwork the naturally strong side of your character and mentality, and will develop your weak "mental muscles," thus achieving a more perfect balance of judgment and character.

Tomorrow—Exercise for the Narrow Head

An Economical Cloak

A thoroughly striking manner in which you may put that remnant of silk or satin to use is this. You only need about two yards. Make tucks two and a half inches wide at intervals and underneath these tucks stitch loops of thick chenille or monkey fur. Lined with a pretty flowered silk and fringed at the ends, this will make a very economical and at the same time an extremely stylish cloak.

A Novel Belt

Although there is supposed to be no waistline on our frocks, one charming black crepe dress has a belt of scarlet kid. This has a long streamer falling from the buckle, fastening nearly to the hem of the skirt and is fascinatingly lined with pale blue. A bright red handbag, also kid, adds the finishing touch to this striking costume.

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