

REMODELED LIVING ROOM IN COUNTRY HOME



One of Pleasant Features of Country Home.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

The remodeled living room in Mrs. Roop's country home in Montgomery county, Va., is one of the pleasantest features of the house, and one of the most successful changes Mrs. Roop effected. After consulting with the home demonstration agent, it was decided that a boxed-in stairway could be entirely removed from between the door and the window in the left-hand corner, and also a partition between this room and a narrow hall, since another staircase was used for getting up stairs. As a result the room became much better proportioned and improved in every way. The fireplace was restored and repaired, the walls, floor and woodwork were refinished, and selected pieces of furniture were retained and done over. Several checked rag rugs were made for the floors.

By the advice of the home dem-

stration agent, who was interested in encouraging home improvement throughout the county, several other substantial changes were made in Mrs. Roop's home at the same time. A parlor was done over for a daytime sitting room, and made to open on a porch converted into a sunroom. Upstairs the space above the porch was taken for a nursery, bathroom and enclosed sleeping porch. The bathroom was made possible by the installation on the outside of the house of a water tank which could be filled by a ram at a spring at the foot of the hill, and also from the roof by gutters. The kitchen, as well as the living room, parlor and bathroom, came in for its share of attention in the general doing over of the house. While it is not always possible to put into effect extensive changes as Mrs. Roop's, almost any of these improvements will contribute to the increased comfort and well-being of the family.

ONION REMAINS FOOD FAVORITE

Has Ever Been Highly Esteemed as Article of Food.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

From the earliest times of which we have authentic records the onion has been highly esteemed as an article of food. In desert regions it was early used also as a preventive of thirst by travelers and soldiers on the march. The original home of the plant, of which there are many varieties, was probably southern Asia or the borders of the Mediterranean sea.

Egyptians cultivated the onion at the dawn of their history, according to W. R. Beattie, of the United States Department of Agriculture, and now the Egyptians offer competition to the Texas producers of winter-grown Bermuda onions. The onion, says Mr. Beattie, belongs to a widely variable species, Allium cepa, which forms a part of the botanical family of plants which includes many of the lilies, the several forms of asparagus and smilax, and similar plants with a scaly or fleshy enlarged root. A characteristic of this family is that most of its species grow naturally upon soil having an abundance of moisture, many of them being natives of low-lying areas along the seashore. Another characteristic of plants like the onion and asparagus is that they will withstand considerable salt in the soils on which they grow. Conditions favorable to onion culture are found in many sections of the United States and the crop is widely grown.

Good prices for onions one year are likely to stimulate heavy production the next year. This is true not only because commercial growers expand their acreage but also because good prices will lead many individuals to plant onions in small patches in their gardens that supply more than the needs of the growers and so enter the local markets in competition with the field-grown crop. Onions demand intensive culture, which makes them particularly adaptable for truck patch and back-lot cultures, in which the grower can cultivate and weed them in the time outside his usual hours of employment. The average yield of an acre of onions is about 250 bushels, but on soils that are suitable and fertile good cultivation often results in yields of from 400 to 600 bushels an acre.

Lettuce for Food and Garnish Is of Value

Lettuce is a valuable food and can be used as the main dish at a meal, or as a garnish. The fresh green leaves of lettuce make any meal look more attractive. A plate of plain lettuce salad is often the most tempting dish made in hot weather, and as it is the easiest salad to prepare, it should be served often. Lettuce is rich in certain vitamins, so in addition to making summer meals appetizing, it is healthful. Head lettuce is the most popular form for salads, but leaf lettuce may be served chopped or shredded. For a plain lettuce salad cut the head in sections or separate the leaves to form cups for the dressing. Almost any kind of salad dressing is suitable, but French and Thousand Island dressings are general favorites.

Proves Radio Set Has "Personality"

San Francisco.—A San Francisco man who said radio sets "have personalities" led police to an apartment here in search of his stolen radio receiver. The set was found. The owner said he recognized its "voice" while passing the apartment. The police seized three sets in the apartment, all believed stolen. They all were being operated at once, receiving different programs. Three boys and four girls were arrested.

SCALE HOT PIPE TO FLEE PRISON

Convicts Raise Blisters in Seeking Liberty.

Washington.—There is such a thing as an escaped convict conducting himself in too serious and sober a manner. Patrolmen Brenna and Cook were riding up Massachusetts avenue early in the morning when they saw three men dressed from head to foot in blue denim. The trio walked with the weary, solemn air of men, who after moving iron rails all day were on their way home with two things in mind: food and a chair with not too much wood in it. "The fool outfits they get into for these all night masquerade parties," commented one officer. "Masquerade, my eye," returned his partner. "Can't you see they're sober?" They took the three to the police station and began to ask questions. "Aw, what's the use," sighed one. "I don't know whether to say these two is my kind of or just acquaintances. You see we were thinking so much about food that we forgot to make up our tales in case we got picked up. We just broke out of stir down at Lorton, Va."

Hot Puddings for Cold Days Always Popular

Hot puddings for cold days have always been popular. The old fashioned menu, however, that often included baked and steamed puddings, was sometimes too heavy. The foods that preceded the dessert course were as rich and hearty as usual, and the rich pudding, coming as the last course, was more than the system could properly take care of. But there is no reason why, if the rest of the meal is planned accordingly, one of these excellent puddings should not precede this big pudding given by the bureau of home economics with an omelet or "madeover" meat dish such as minced lamb or turkey on toast, and a mixed vegetable salad.

Man's Heart Is Broken by Daughters' Neglect

New York.—Just an inoffensive old man who shuffled as he walked, his clothing tattered and worn, came to the family court not long ago. "I don't like to complain," he said, "especially about my own flesh and blood—but I'm starving and I've been sick for a long spell, too." He gave his name as William Tuerer, sixty years old. "I've got two married daughters and they're well-fixed," he said. "I've asked them for a little help, but nobody seems to want an old man around nowadays. Couldn't you just—just persuade them a little bit, maybe, without causing any real trouble?" The daughters agreed to send \$4 a week to the court cashier for their father. The first week Tuerer shuffled to the cashier's cage. The cashier shook his head. The money hadn't been sent. The next week the scene was re-enacted—save the shuffle was a bit slower. The other day, scarcely able to walk, the aged man returned. "I'm sorry," the cashier said, "but it hasn't come."

Big Cod Yields Up Water Jug Handle

Boothbay Harbor, Me.—One of the strangest of fishing stories, backed by excellent evidence, is related by Luther Maddocks, veteran fish packer. "Years ago my father owned a little fishing schooner. On a trip to western bays he broke the handle off the water jug and tossed it over. They returned the jug to Capt. Ozias Pinkham, who stowed it away thinking 'he might need it as a container some day.'" Maddocks says. "A month later the same two men on another trip of the schooner to western bays, dory fishing on the same grounds, caught a big cod. Inside him they found a broken jug handle, which they took back to the schooner and found it fitted perfectly."

Banana Puffs

Take as many bananas as there are persons to serve. Peel and roll each banana in sugar and cinnamon, then roll up in thin pie crust and bake in a hot oven for ten minutes. Serve with whipped cream or with lemon sauce.

Winter Dainty

Allow one orange for each person. Wash, cut off the top, then remove the inside of the orange. Cut eyes, mouth and nose in the orange skin. Fill with fruit salad made of any fruit desired, mixed with salad dressing, and serve each orange in a lettuce cup.

Steal Prize Cow

Vincennes, N. J.—Thieves used a motor truck to cart away a prize cow from the farm of Joseph Brown, near here.

THEY WERE ON THE ROAD

(By D. J. Walsh.)

ED BOUNDED up the station steps three at a time, with the sample case held straight behind to avoid delaying momentum. The train was gaining momentum. A quick diagonal spurt and flying leap carried one foot to the lower step and a hand to the rail.

He went through two cars, to the door of a third, when something he saw inside made him duck suddenly and slip back toward the middle of the second. There he dropped into the vacant half of a seat, still breathing heavily from his sprint.

"A minute or so, and he looked toward the window—and into the amused eyes of his seatmate.

"Blanche!" he exclaimed—"or Billy."

"That's right—Billy. I like people to use that nickname. Blanche would be all right for woman's apparel, perfume and the like, but automobile accessories and hardware—ugh! 'Blanche' would kill any such orders, while 'Billy' is a real recommendation."

"Ever capture any of the Pine river culprits?"

Billy shook her head, though her eyes were sparkling.

"Not yet," she admitted, "though I've tried hard. That's why I feel so good today. But it's tough luck for you, Ed, working so for a sure thing and then finding yourself at the tail-end of three."

"Don't quite catch on."

"I saw you duck at the next car door and dodge back. You didn't want Jim Briggs to know you're on the same train."

"Um!" his face clearing a little, "Jim Briggs, with a line of accessories and hardware. You ditto. Me likewise. Um. Does Jim know you are on the train?"

"No, I saw him through the window. He didn't come into this car. But you've heard that Jim boasts no competitor ever beat him yet, and I don't suppose they have. So it will be quite a surprise for him to find me at Hill & Co's, just closing my book with their order inside."

Ed's face grew serious. "Couldn't do it, Billy, not with Jim," he regretted. "I've been after his scalp for years and only got a few stray hairs now and then. I'm sorry."

"You needn't be," she laughed, "for I'm going to be in it this time. You remember when—"

"We made the trip together," he broke in eagerly, "and—"

"I didn't mean that trip," a sudden color rising to her face. "I mean an average trip—and—"

"That trip together," firmly. "It was your first one there, and you knew nothing about the road. Not finding any conveyance you started on foot, like the plucky girl you are. I certainly you a mile out and insisted on sharing my buggy seat. Then the old horse, seeming to have a dream of his youth, ran away with us into a swamp and smashed the buggy against a tree, for standing room. We were there four hours before help came, and we got acquainted. And you promised—"

"It was just the—the situation, and the danger," she interrupted. "You and I would better get tomahawk pins and wear them as declaration of commercial antagonism."

The instant the train stopped they hurried toward the one automobile. But Jim Briggs had jumped while the train was in motion. They saw him speak to the driver, spring in, and in a moment later the car swung round and started down the street.

"Hey, there, you!" yelled Ed, as he rushed across the platform. But the machine was a hundred yards away and gaining speed. Jim looked back at them and grinned cheerfully. Ed returned with a wrathful face.

"The skunk!" he exclaimed. "But that's Jim's way. Probably the man said the machine was hired by telegraph, remembering me, and Jim declared himself the man. What now?"

There were tears in Billy's eyes. "Wait for the next train, I suppose, Ed," she answered despondently. "This was to be my big day. The manager hired a good big order he would put me on a regular salary instead of on commission as now."

"The skunk!" repeated Ed. Then to the driver of a decrepit wagon, and straightening up suddenly: "Do you know where Fork River is—Bary & Du Bary?"

"Yes, three miles."

"Well, get this lady there as quick as you can. He threw in Billy's case. "Got to beat Jim."

"Absurd. He can't. That automobile." "Yes—but car's got to go fourteen miles over a bad road. Only a mile and a half by cart path straight across."

"But a bad river, and no boat. A swamp, too. You called there once. 'Didn't have a minute.' He scribbled a few lines and gave her. "Now into the wagon and off," he shot out rapidly. "Give that to Du Bary. It's a big card I've been holding up my sleeve. Didn't dare to whisper it out loud for fear Briggs would hear. Even if he were ten miles away. DuBary's a man I used to sell goods to as a manager, and now he's a partner in starting a big supply store at Fork River. Got buildings

all ready, and telegraphed me to come and get order to fill him up before other salesmen got round. That note turns it over to you. He'll let you have it all right. Off you go now and do your best."

"Just a moment, Ed," raising her face toward him regardless of the grinning driver, and with her eyes shining, "you may give me a kiss—for commercial courtesy, and—and everything that was said and promised in the swamp is true."

As their lips touched, the driver smacked his own in sympathy. Then Ed was alone, with Billy sprinting away.

It was nearly three weeks later when Ed finished his trip and entered Duluth to report at headquarters. As he left the street car he noticed a girl in front of a window that displayed kitchen furnishings. Something about the figure made him pause irresolutely. It reminded him of—and Billy was somewhere down in Crow Wing county, he understood. Then the girl turned so that he saw her face and he rushed forward. But before reaching there Billy moved along and passed into the office entrance. He followed. In the hall he caught up with her.

"Is this your headquarters, too, Billy?" he asked curiously, placing himself between her and the office door.

"Why, yes—didn't you know?" innocently, but with dancing eyes. Maybe it didn't come up in our talk, though. The house has been very nice to me. I wonder," musingly, "if it could be that I wanted to beat you at your own game in your own house. Once upon a time I heard you make a disparaging remark about a girl being in business."

Ed threw up quick hands. "I take it all back," he apologized, "every word, and then some. But that isn't what I wanted to talk about. My salary and the extra percentage allowed figures up to \$1,300 and some cents. You remember our talk?"

Billy nodded and smiled. "I don't have any salary at all, Ed, you know," she said, "so my percentage is larger. Lucky, too, in this case. I got a tremendous order, and my commission amounts to," in not altogether mock awe—"over—two—thousand—dollars. Enough to—" she stopped short flushing.

"Buy some of the things you were looking at in the window?" finished Ed boldly. "And—er, say, Billy, I stopped at the new apartment house and tiled bath, overlooking the park, and—"

"Oh, stop stuttering, Ed. You saw that advertisement in the morning papers as I did. I stopped there, too, and—"

"Engaged it?" eagerly. She nodded.

Immortal Phrase Not Spoken in the Senate

"I would rather be right than President" is attributed to Henry Clay, who was known among his admirers as "the Mill Boy of the Slashes" because he was born in a slash or swamp in Hanover county, Virginia, and as a boy used to carry grain to a nearby mill, says the Pathfinder Magazine. It is popularly supposed that Clay uttered the historic words in the United States senate during the famous Compromise of 1850. The great senator from Kentucky was then seventy-three years old. Somebody asked him a question, according to the popular story, which alluded to Clay's Presidential ambitions. "Sir," replied the senator, "I would rather be right than President."

Unfortunately this story is pure fiction. John Bartlett, the American publisher and compiler, was probably largely responsible for the error. He attributed the quotation to Clay in his "Familiar Quotations" and gave the details to fit the date. The error was copied into recent editions of Hoyt's New Cyclopedia of Practical Quotations.

The famous quotation did not originate on the floor of the senate. Neither did it originate in 1850, but in 1830, when "Harry of the West" was more ambitious than at any other time to become President. If he could have had the Whig nomination in 1840 he would surely have been elected to the coveted office.

In February, 1830, Clay delivered a notable speech against the abolitionists. Before giving this address, however, the Kentucky senator consulted a colleague, Senator William Preston of South Carolina. It was at this interview between Clay and Preston that the famous quotation was born. Some time later in the same year Senator Preston addressed a Whig meeting in Philadelphia. That was the first time that the world learned that Clay "would rather be right than President." In the course of an eulogy of Clay Senator Preston said:

"On one occasion Mr. Clay did me the honor to consult me in reference to a step he was about to take, and which, perhaps, occur to your minds without a more direct allusion. After stating what he proposed, it was remarked that such a step might be offensive to the ultras of both parties, in the excitement which then existed. To this Clay replied: 'I trust the sentiments and opinions are correct; I had rather be right than be President.'"

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