

The Kitchen

RECIPES

Confections so confections so tears are easily wiped away. Dip the whites of eggs in a bowl of pulverized sugar. Add a teaspoonful of tartar and beat together a half pound each of sugar and, when soft, whip in six beaten eggs. Spoonful each of powdered cinnamon, nutmeg and cloves, a cup of milk and a half pound each of cream, strained and chopped raisins. Drop by the spoonful on a buttered, taking pains to keep them far enough apart to avoid touching. Bake in an moderate oven.

Fruit Loaf
Mix together a half pound each of butter and sugar, and when soft, whip in six beaten eggs. Spoonful each of powdered cinnamon, nutmeg and cloves, a cup of milk and a half pound each of cream, strained and chopped raisins. Drop by the spoonful on a buttered, taking pains to keep them far enough apart to avoid touching. Bake in an moderate oven.

Sweet Potato Pone
4 cupfuls of hot, mashed sweet potatoes
1 cupful of hot milk
1 1/2 cupful of butter
1 cupful of sugar
2 tablespoonfuls of ginger
1 1/2 teaspoonful of salt
1 orange.
Boil the sweet potatoes in their skins, and while still hot remove the skins and mash. Cream the butter and sugar together, add potato, milk and seasonings and the juice and grated rind of orange. Beat thoroughly, pour into a buttered baking dish and bake in a moderate oven for one hour.

Sweet Potato Pie
1 1/2 cupfuls of hot mashed, sweet potatoes
1 1/2 cupful of sugar
3/4 cupful of hot milk
2 tablespoonfuls of butter
Grated nutmeg, lemon juice
2 eggs.
Mash the boiled potatoes while hot and add to them the beaten yolks of eggs and the hot milk, sugar, grating of nutmeg and a few drops of lemon juice. Finally fold in the stiffly beaten whites of eggs. Pour into the pie crust and bake in a hot oven.

Stewed Sweet Potatoes
Boil the potatoes and when partly tender remove and cut into cubes. Mix in a bowl containing two tablespoonfuls of melted butter, two cupfuls of milk, salt and pepper. Dredge with two tablespoonfuls of flour and cook in a double boiler for 20 minutes.

Whisk Custard
2 cupfuls of milk, yolks of four eggs, one-fourth cup sugar, one-fourth cupful salt, one teaspoonful of cream, peaches, slices of stale bread.

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Fight the Hessian Fly

The injury from Hessian fly is still fresh in the mind of those whose crop was injured by it this season. Loss can be prevented or greatly reduced by planting a trap crop early and planting the seed for the crop on the fly free date of your locality. For further information write to the Bureau of Plant Industry, Pennsylvania Department of Agriculture, Harrisburg.

The Hollyhock Bush

Hollyhock rust greatly disfigures the plants and sometimes even prevents their producing good flowers. Very good control of this disease can be obtained by picking up and burning all diseased leaves. Allow none to remain on the ground over winter to infect the foliage next year. As it is possible for the disease to carry over on the leaves of young plants near the ground, these should be examined and if infected removed and burned.

As the disease infested "cheeses" that round leaves mallow that is a weed in many gardens these also must be destroyed, so as not to spoil next season's crop of flowers.

The Corn Smut Can Be Controlled

Corn smut reduces the yield of corn by spoiling the ears. This trouble can be entirely avoided by burning all smut found. Do this before the stalks burst because then the spores are being scattered for next year's crop. Do not feed stalks infested with disease to cattle as the spore will get in the manure and infect next year's crop. Do everything possible to prevent the spread of this disease and get the neighbors to do likewise so that the community will be free from this disease.

Crop Correspondents' Notes

Armstrong—Hundreds of acres of spring seeding of clover cut for hay.
Berks—Largest yield of potatoes ever grown in this vicinity.
Clarion—Ninety per cent of corn will be cut after October 1.
Delaware—It takes eight half-days to buy a good apr of shoes. Heaviest crop of apples ever known.
Greene—Wool beginning to move at fifty cents.
Huntingdon—Formers lost fully 50 per cent of their oats on account of wet weather.
Pike—Apple crop very large and of good quality.

Fire Blight Damage Can Be Reduced

Pear blight, twig blight and fire blight and the common names of a serious disease of apple, pear and plum trees. They are all caused by the same organism, a bacterium.

Only preventive measure can be taken to hold this very serious disease in check according to the officials in the Bureau of Plant Industry, Pennsylvania Department of Agriculture. In pear and plum trees cut out the infected portion six inches or a foot below the infection and sterilize the wound with bichloride of mercury, 1 to 1000.

In apple trees the most effective work against this disease is to delay the dormant spray for San Jose scale until the unfolding leaves are one-quarter of an inch long—then spray with concentrated lime sulphur wash 1 to 8, and to each 50 gallons add one-half pint of Black Leaf 40. Applied at this time the aphids will be killed—they are largely responsible for its spread among the apple twigs.

Winter work in cutting out all the cankers which the disease overwinters will be of great value.

Stefanson, the explorer, has leased 113,000 square miles of Baffin Island, where he plans to raise reindeer on a large scale.

A new type of protectionism, known as "frontier control," has come into existence in Europe.

The expenses of the British government since the beginning of the war have been placed at more than \$55,000,000,000.

To their relief someone answered and soon a swarthy looking man came into sight.

"Here, here, you come off from da Seniorettas. You hear-a me, Giuseppe!" he shouted.

The ebar let himself down again with a sigh and soon the man had a collar around his neck.

"He no-a da hurt-a da Seniorettas. He follow de crumbs da Seniorettas drop in de wood." So saying the man led Giuseppe away while the girls climbed out of the tree.

"Well I never!" said Agnes. "And he's gone and eaten all our lunch and the berries too!"

"Yes, but it was an adventure, and I'd choose to go hungry to have one," said Giuseppe.

"I'll give you my share of any more adventures of this one," she said.

Style Hints From the Streets

Our wanderings about town on each golden autumn day, reveal some of the ultra-fashionable tendencies of the advancing season.

Youthful and full of that delightful lithesome grace so evident in the higher cost afternoon modes now appearing on the Delaware avenue and elsewhere. They are trimmed with contrasting colored embroideries, gay colored silks adding an effective note of autumnal brightness to their conservative simplicity. One beholds long, slim lines, with novel treatments, novel tunics, novel neck lines and sleeves.

The flaring skirt is an attractive idea and with it we find the long sleeve for winter warmth. In fine wool tricotine it reflects fashion's newest whims and fills a decided want for the woman in quest of a really modish frock that will give unusual service.

In one of our great shops I saw two charming and distinctive models one in the overblouse mode with beading in black and red at the neck and sleeves. The second model is the straight-line effect, exquisitely beaded in self color.

Satin afternoon gowns, so lovely in every detail, will be found, though their chic and charm cannot be transferred to print scarcely.

Developed in lustrous satin or crepe meteor and showing the new girlish waist line, these fascinating little gowns boast of a straight or flared tunic with rows of tiny buttons and pretty lace or ribbon ornamentations.

Something extremely new is the oriental patent leather embellishment, as youthful as it is novel. For the young school girl I found a taupe satin with bouffant petal tunic, the novelty roll collar smartly embroidered with colored raffia. A girlish brown satin model has the oriental skirt with the novel accordion pleated ruffle at hem, waist and sleeve.

For Milady's afternoon wear the oriental designs seem to predominate and Madam will have that in this black gown of kitten ear crepe with its air of simple elegance. Deep fringe of cut jet beads forms the collar, which ends the short sleeves and edges a very smart tunic.

Picture anything lovelier, I ask you, than henna duvetyun used with French art on an embroidered frock of navy blue. The lines are slim, smart, girlish, and the sleeves are short.

Among the coats and wraps we find some dignified new notes. Many are copies and adaptations of imported models and they carry an air of style and chic, largely traceable to French inspiration. Some accentuate lines that swing from the shoulder, straight and soft; others drape themselves with Parisian grace and display generous half-sleeves. For warmth, comfort and beauty, you have the large crushable collars of self material or of French seal. They are refreshing new in style some being fashioned of Bolva, others of fine silverstone, velour or broadcloth. Many are trimmed with seal or opossum.

The straight line, clinging styles are artfully draped in the crepe like effects. The medium top coats of all wool polo and Normandy mixtures are fully silk lined and warmly interlined, and the same applies to the swagger, belted styles in imported Scotch tweeds. The values in suits are truly staggering, and picture this one with its fashionable long coat, in leather mixture in gay green or reindeer, with seal as trimming on the layback collar and oddly pleated belt.

Slender lines are accentuated in another model by narrow pleatings, and a tiny collar making this suit of oxford cloth very smart indeed. The cuff stitching is particularly new.

To return, for a brief period, to the afternoon gown, what is more charming than the one-piece tailored dress which fills an important place in every woman's wardrobe? Satin of superior quality, the fashionable demand just now, is developed in a chic youthful little frock of which the feature is the two-tiered skirt of deep, edged with moire ribbon; and in another smart model of the Moyenne effect. Moire ribbon is set on in horizontal rows.

Art necklaces are being worn extensively in jade, lapis, tokay, garnet, amethyst and rose or jet, combined with artistic metal designs.

The new velvet hats are soft, draped styles that may be adjusted to the angle that best suits each wearer. Tucking and an artistic pin provide adornment.

Spooks

Nobody home! That's queer. I wonder if Aunt Annie got my letter or not."

Dick pulled the old-fashioned door-knob again and heard the faint gossy sound of the bell inside, but that was all. Nobody at home and he was a stranger in a strange city with mighty little money in his pocket and nowhere else to go. He had come East to visit his aunt and uncle who had often invited him to come. So sure indeed had he been of his welcome he had waited for a reply to his letter announcing his coming.

"Gee! What'll I do now?" he said to himself, feeling in his pocket for his scant store of cash. It was very scant indeed, but his hand closed on a letter and brought it out. A letter from his Aunt Annie.

"Dear Dick," it read, "I wish you would come and see us as we are almost your only relatives, and you would be very welcome any time. Please consider our home as your own and don't hesitate to come whenever you can. Your loving Aunt Annie."

Dick read it over thoughtfully.

"That's clear enough," he said. "She sure did invite me. I'm to consider her home my own, she says. Well then, I'll just walk in."

The door was locked, which seemed odd to the country boy. Must be a burglar hereabouts," he murmured. "Maybe the key's under the mat." He had heard that people put keys under doormats and looking under, sure enough he found a large key.

The next minute he had the door open and was peeping into a large musty dim hall. As he peeped a queer scared-looking chap opened a door opposite and peeped at him. Dick jumped back in alarm and the stranger jumped back too. Then Dick laughed. The scared looking chap was his own reflection in a large mirror.

After that he tried to look bold and stepped into the hall. Just then the house began to tremble—at least he thought it did—and before he knew what was what the front door slammed shut just as if somebody had pushed it, had pushed it.

"Whew!" whistled Dick. "If I believed in spooks I'd be plum nervous."

His hand shook a little as he locked the front door on the inside. Then he began to tiptoe through the house. Why did he walk so carefully and slowly as if the house were a church or a graveyard? He didn't know, unless it was because this old place that a great gloomy dark old place that it seemed to demand silence and awe.

"Wish somebody else was here," Dick muttered. "I'm lonesome."

He went first to the parlor, a long, high, narrow, dark room full of large black furniture and oil paintings of dreadful looking old folks staring down from the walls. Dick didn't like it so he tiptoe to the dining room but just as he stepped in to admire the great big sideboard and the picture of pheasants hanging by their feet, he was startled by what sounded like somebody running lightly over the floor. Pit-pat-pit-pat! The rug crinkled over so slightly and then straightened out again. That was all.

"Don't like this dining room," muttered Dick, backing out. "I'm not so ortful hungry anyway. Guess I'll go upstairs."

The stairs were just as creaky as they looked and when he reached the second floor and peeped into the first bedroom a white-faced, pop-eyed fellow peeped at him. Of course, it was only a mirror again but somehow Dick didn't like that room, so he went to the next one which had no long mirror in it.

Here he put down his little traveling bag and sitting down on the edge of the big bed he looked carefully around as if expecting to find something which was not easy to see at first glance. First he looked at the big black old-fashioned highboy and sure as he was sitting there, the thing went creak! creak! creak! creak!

"Glad I don't believe in spooks," said Dick. "If I did I'd said you was haunted."

He spoke in a whisper and turned his eyes away from the highboy. The fat upholstered old rocker by the window was a cheerful sight. Dick had half a mind to sit in it and look out the window when suddenly it began to rock of its own accord. Slowly back and forth, back and forth.

"Gee williker!" cried Dick starting to his feet. "I don't like this house at all!"

He grabbed up his bag and began running down stairs. The carpet was rather old on the stairs and Dick was kind of hurrying and the first thing he knew he tripped and began to roll head over heels down the steps. When he reached the bottom he heard tap, tap, rap, rap, and looking up he saw a face pressed against the ground glass in the front door.

"Who's there?" called a voice. "Open the door."

"Uncle Jim!" gasped Dick scrambling up.

This time his fingers shook so he could scarcely get the key into the lock. On the threshold stood Aunt Annie and Uncle Jim.

"Well, Dick!" they cried.

"You were out so I just came in and made myself at home," explained Dick.

"We're certainly glad to see you," said Aunt Annie. "But you were making such a racket you scared us. Come into the parlor and tell us how all the folks are. Did you see the lovely portraits of your grandpa and

Care of Shoes

Careful poise of the body in walking prolongs the life of shoes. A careless, slipshod gait wears shoes unevenly, while an erect carriage tends to keep the soles and heels level. Shoes, even more than most other articles of clothing, need to be aired after wearing in order to prevent the perspiration from rotting the lining. It is a good plan to keep them on shoe-trees or stuffed with tissue paper, because in this way the wrinkles are forced out and the original shape is preserved. Wetting tends to spoil the appearance of shoes and to shorten their period of service; therefore, overshoes should be worn in bad weather to protect the shoes. If shoes do get wet, they should be very slowly and carefully dried, for heat tends to crack the leather. It is especially important to restore the shape of wet shoes by shoe-trees or paper stuffing. Even with the most careful drying, moisture tends to rot the threads with which a shoe is sewn, and "an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure."

For walking in snow or deep mud, arctics with rubber soles and waterproof cloth tops afford excellent protection as do also rubber boots. When only a little protection is needed the slip-on or sandal, is comfortable and economical, for it covers the sole of the shoe but leaves the heel free. All types of rubber overshoes are now so expensive that they should be treated as carefully as the shoes they protect. They should be kept away from great heat, and set "right side up with care" to prevent their losing shape. They should also be washed or brushed so that the grit on them may not wear down the surface.

It is economy to keep two pairs of shoes in use and wear them on alternate days; the thorough airing on shoe-trees or stuffed with paper keeps them fresher and more shapely so that each pair gives longer service. All shoes should be kept clean and well brushed. Leather shoes may be rubbed with vasoline to keep them soft, and also to keep moisture from passing so quickly through the leather. Only good polishes should be used. In using paste polishes, a brush is preferable to a cloth, as it will force the paste into all crevices. The shoes should stand a few minutes after the paste is applied; then they should be brushed with a flat stiff brush and polished with a cloth or buffer, a brush made of layers of cloth having a napped surface. A glove made of sheepskin with the wool on, such as is used for rubbing furniture, is also very good for polishing shoes.

White canvas shoes are usually cleaned with one of the commercial preparations for this purpose. If water is used, no more than necessary should be applied on the shoes and they must be cleaned on shoe-trees or stuffed with paper to prevent the canvas from shrinking. If they are badly soiled, they may be washed with a soap that contains whiting, dried, and if necessary treated with a commercial cleaner. All traces of the cleaner should be carefully wiped from the edges of a colored sole; otherwise the shoe will have a slovenly appearance. White suede and buckskin shoes are cleaned in much the same general way, but with special cleaners made for the purpose.

When conservation of space is not necessary, a small chest for holding shoes may be added to the furnishings of the bedroom; or shoe bags hung on the inside of the closet door are good. Pairs of bags in different colors are very useful for packing shoes when traveling; they keep the shoes from being scratched, prevent them from soiling other articles, and make it possible to sort out a particular pair quickly.

Shoe repairing has become such an art that shoes must be of very poor leather indeed if they will not stand repairs. Run-down heels spoil the shape of shoes and should be leveled at once. If the shoes are of good leather, well shaped, and well made, it is worth while to have full soles hand sewed on them and new heels put on when the first set wears through. Shoes thus mended will outwear those repaired with ordinary half soles, and also have a much better appearance. Brass rather than iron nails in the heels make less noise in walking. Rubber heels prevent jarring in walking and for this reason are very comfortable; for some persons they seem to wear longer than leather heels.

grandma and Aunt Harriet and Uncle Joe?"

"Yes'm," replied Dick.

As they all walked into the parlor the house began to tremble and grandpa's picture suddenly began to slump down until it hung all askew.

"O pshaw!" cried Aunt Annie. "Isn't that a nuisance. Ever since they dug the long tunnel under the city our house has been too spooky for anything. You see, the trains pass almost directly under our house and every time one comes along it jars us. Didn't you find it rather spooky staying here alone?"

"I don't take any stock in spooks," replied Dick boldly.

But just the same he was mighty glad to see real people.

Italy's coal needs are estimated at 750,000 tons monthly.

A Queer Story

In some small New York villages the townfolk think that whenever there is a thunderstorm, old Henry Hudson and his men are playing nine-pins in the mountains. Many of you have played nine-pins and know what a noise the ball makes as it rolls along and what a crash is caused when the pins go tumbling down. Now, picture to yourself a ball and a set of nine-pins twenty times as large as the set you play with and you will have a small conception of the set used by Hudson and his men, according to the old superstition, when they go out to play the game that makes the entire mountain side shake with thunder.

Many of you are no doubt wondering who the man is who would want to play nine-pins on the New York Mountains during a thunder storm and why the superstition has arisen in New York. Henry Hudson was the man who first settled in New York City. With a little company of men he had set sail from Holland to find as did so many of the early explorers, a short route to the South Sea Islands. But his little craft, "The Half Moon," never reached the South Seas. In September, 1609, the boat entered the river which now bears Hudson's name, and although Hudson thought that he was on the way to reaching the Pacific Ocean, he never went beyond New York. He planted the Dutch Flag in the new land and called the city, which he settled, New Amsterdam, but later the name was changed the one which you all know—New York.

Stories of Hudson and his adventures along the Hudson River and in the mountains spread about the country, and many years after the good man had died the superstition spread that he had never died at all, but that he and his crew from the Half Moon were hidden among the caves and rocks of the mountains, and that on warm summer nights they went to a chosen nook and there enjoyed their favorite sport—Nine-pins.

The next time you hear any one say this you will know why, and you will remember that Henry Hudson is more than a name; he was the man who discovered the Hudson River and settled in New York in that far away September, 1609.

To Mark Highways From Chicago to Los Angeles

Rapidly extending its endeavors for the benefit of motorists to both at home and abroad, the Chicago Motor Club has undertaken to mark the highway from Chicago to Los Angeles.

Starting at Chicago a special scout car in command of Charles F. Root, who directed the Elgin Road Race, will cover a tentative route leading through Aurora, Sandwich, Somonauk, Ottawa, LaSalle, Peru, Princeton, Geneseo, Moine and Rock Island, Ill.; Davenport, Iowa City, Marengo, Des Moines and Council Bluffs, Iowa; Omaha, Lincoln, Hastings and McCook, Neb.; Sterling, Fort Morgan, Denver, Colorado Springs, Pueblo, Trinidad and Las Animas, Colorado; Santa Fe, Albuquerque, Socorro and Magdalena, New Mexico; Springfield, Winslow, Flagstaff, Williams, Ashfork and Kingman, Arizona; Needles, Barstow, San Bernardino, Pasadena and Los Angeles, California.

Nature and conditions of roads, mileage, hotel and supply prices and, in fact, everything that can be of interest to a transcontinental motorist will be reported back to the Chicago Motor Club by the transcontinental scout so that information will be available for tourists.

Following the scout car a road marking crew will start out to mark the highway the entire 2800 miles in the same manner that the Chicago organization has numbered numerous other routes out of Chicago.

As light muslin curtains often catch fire it is a good plan to put an ounce of alum into the last water in which they are rinsed. This will make them almost fireproof, and if they do catch they will not blaze up and catch the woodwork.

An Adventure in the Woods

"O-o-o, what a wild looking wood!" said Polly. "I wonder if any agres or tigers live in it!"

Her cousin Agnes laughed.

"I'm afraid you won't find anything as exciting as that in these woods," she said. "This is really not a bit wild compared with the forests higher up on the mountains. I suppose it is different, rather, from a city park, though."

"I should say so," Polly replied, glancing around at the big trees on every side, whose great branches allowed just little bits of sunlight to come through to the mossy ground. "But I like it. Aggie, it is so cool and pleasant and it looks so adventure-some whether it is or not. I wish there were mountains in the city, too."

Agnes laughed at Polly's quaint remark.

"It is nice and cool and I wish I could share these mountains with anybody in the world," she said, seriously. "Not this lunch, though," she added, opening the little basket she carried. "Polly, we've been so greedy on our way up here, I declare, there isn't much lunch left!"

"That's because we shared it with the birds and the squirrels," Polly replied. "Just think how surprised the little creatures will be when they look out of their holes and nests and see a nice bit of your mother's good bread waiting for them."

"Well, I hope they find all the pieces," Agnes sighed. "It would be a shame if they didn't when we could do so well with it ourselves. Now we shall have to do with a sandwich apiece, these ginger snaps and this pot of jam."

"Um-m, that sounds good!" said the cheerful Polly. "Though I hope you are not vexed with me for being so free with the lunch. I ate a lot of the bread myself and I am really not so awfully hungry now so you take the two sandwiches."

"I shan't," Agnes replied, "and I guess I ate quite as much as you did on the way at that. You haven't a bit of right taking all the blame. We can fill our little baskets with blackberries, there are lots of them around here."

Polly clapped her hands and let them first and her cousin followed. "It will be a real adventure," she said.

"The unwelcome intruder paused as surprised at the sudden noise and Agnes shouted again as loud as they could.

Stray Comets, Vagabonds of Heaven

The Harvard astronomical observatory announces the appearance of two new comets in the skies.

Such celestial visitors are always interesting, if only for the reason that there is so much of mystery about them. They emerge from the depths of outer space, and most of them presently depart. Now and then there is one that swings for a while about the sun in an elliptical orbit, but sooner or later it breaks up or takes flight into a cosmic void, disappearing forever.

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