

About the House

Eat Strawberries and Cream.

Probably no other popular fresh fruit is so often unsuccessfully canned as strawberries. While there are many reasons for this, the most usual one is that the berry, which is very delicate and quickly cooked, is canned by the open kettle method and allowed to cook too long, thus losing its shape and color.

But however successfully canned, no cooked strawberry is so deliciously flavored as the fresh one, so the wise housekeeper makes the most of strawberry season and feasts her family while the picking is good. Strawberries and cream, strawberries washed and left with stems and hulls to be dipped in powdered sugar, strawberry shortcake, strawberry pie, strawberry mousse—many are the ways to serve the fresh fruit.

Opinions differ as to whether the shortcake shall be cake or biscuit, but no tastes disagree as to the amount of berries. In either case it is the berry that makes the dish, let the skeleton be what it will.

Strawberry pie is a favorite in some homes. Heap a pie shell with ripe, firm berries and then with whipped cream. Or it may be covered with a meringue and browned in the oven.

For years I have prepared strawberries for winter use in exactly two ways. One is sun-cooked—or "sun-kissed," as this family calls it. To prepare, allow equal weights of sugar and fruit—using only perfect berries—and two cups of cold water for every three pounds of sugar. Cook the sugar and water until it threads, then add berries and cook for fifteen minutes after the fruit begins again to boil. Pour onto large platters, cover with glass and set in the sun until the syrup thickens. If you have an unused room with a southwest exposure this is a good place to finish the cooking, as it is safe from accidents and dust. The platters may be moved from the south windows to the west as the sun moves, and two or three days should suffice to finish the fruit. The berries may be stored the same as jelly.

Sun-cooked berries are delicious for tart filling, jelly rolls, filling for layer cakes, and one glass made into a mousse with a pint of whipped cream makes a dessert fit for a king.

For canned berries I use a government bulletin method which gives a delicious flavor. Wash and hull the fruit and put in an enameled kettle, which is not chipped or any acid-proof kettle. Allow one-half pint of sugar and two tablespoons of water to every

quart of berries. Boil slowly fifteen minutes, cover and let stand over night in the kettle. In the morning pack the cold berries in hot, sterilized jars, put on new, sterilized rubbers, and screw down the tops until they just touch the rubber. Place in the boiler—or canner—and boil exactly eight minutes. Remove, tighten tops, and wrap in paper. These may also be used to make strawberry mousse.

To make the mousse whip one pint of cream with one-fourth teaspoon of salt and one cup of the fruit until it is sold to the bottom of the dish. Then turn into a mould with a tight top, and pack in equal parts of salt and ice for three hours. If the cream is thin soften a teaspoonful of gelatin in cold water, melt over a dish of hot water.

How to Dye Efficiently.

When dyeing cotton boil the goods in the solution for from thirty to forty minutes. If wool first boil the bark or root solution, and then soak the goods from one to two hours, until the desired shade is obtained. Following are the solutions: Black currant juice to dye red. Hickory bark for black. The inner bark of white birch for orange. Hoop-ash for yellow! The roots and bark of dogwood for scarlet. Indigo herb for blue.

To Color Cotton Brown.—For ten pounds of goods use one-half pound of catechu dissolved in hot soft water, and one-half ounce of blue vitriol. Put the two together in a tub with enough warm water to cover the goods. Stir in this twenty minutes, then lift out and put into another tub in which has been dissolved two ounces of bichromate of potash. Stir in this twenty minutes, wash, and dry. If not dark enough repeat the process.

Blue on Cotton.—For one pound dissolve in sufficient cold water to cover one ounce of copperas. In another vessel of hot water dissolve one ounce of prussiate potash, (potassium ferricyanid). Dip the goods in the copperas water, wring them out and dip in potash water. Repeat the process three times, air the goods, add to the goods one-fourth ounce of vitriol, stir well, then put the goods in and stir constantly ten minutes. Hang up to dry.

Mumps and Condolences.

"Mumps!" Phyllis echoed the word with mingled incredulity and consternation. "But I can't have them!" she cried. "I can't. Why, I'm going to be married to-morrow! Everything's all ready!" Her voice indicated the utter preposterousness of it all.

The new doctor—he was taking the place of the family physician who was away upon an almost unheard-of vacation—was courtesy itself. He told her regretfully that mumps were no respecters of weddings, but promised her, from all appearances, only a brief imprisonment; of course he could not be certain; but so far there was no swelling on the right side. But that it was mumps on the left side, and that it was bound to run its course, he left her no doubt whatever.

After he had gone Phyllis buried her face—right cheek down—in the pillow and sobbed. She was interrupted by her younger sister, Ethel, who was immune and thrilling with excitement. She had been telephoning to the Underwoods, and they all sent messages, and there was a great box of flowers, and Richard was insisting upon seeing her.

"Indeed he shall not!" Phyllis interrupted sharply. "It's bad enough to have the bride ridiculous. I won't have the groom a laughingstock, too."

Ethel drew a long breath; her eyes shone with excitement. "Oh, isn't it just awful!" she whispered sepulchrally.

A week later Phyllis, with the "mump," as she accurately defined it, vanquished, was giving Cousin Katherine a vivid account of the experience.

"Cousin Katherine, I had the most wonderful collection of condolences you ever heard of. They taught me a great deal. You see, I had plenty of time to think them all over, not seeing Richard for five whole days!"

"Tell me," said Cousin Katherine.

"Well, there was Alicia. She wept over me by telephone and made floral offerings till I felt like a sheet of wet blotting paper. 'You poor dear how are you feeling, really? Isn't it the most awful thing you ever heard?' and so forth, and so forth.

"Kit Frane was a good antidote. She took it all as a huge joke—which made me mad, for it wasn't precisely a joke even if it wasn't a world-shaking calamity. Then Helen Hunter kept telling me how much worse it all might have been. Of course it might, but it didn't do much good to keep telling me so. And Olive gave me a complete account of Lillian Peters's wedding, where everything went so perfectly."

"And Mary Hosmer?" Cousin Katherine asked.

Phyllis met her smile with another. "You do see through us all, don't you, Cousin Katherine? Yes, Mary was the one. She was dear and sympathetic, but before I knew what had happened she had taken me by the hand and led me right out of my selfish self into the big world outside. She didn't preach, but she had me so interested that I forgot all about mumps—the world was so big! Mary always does that."

and the worst is yet to come



There was silence; then Phyllis said softly:

"Yes, I learned a heap of things."

Sore Eyelids.

There are several affections of the eyelid that may cause more or less distress, but, fortunately, most of them do not last long and are mild while they do last. The most familiar trouble is the sty, which is an inflammation of one of the glands of the skin at the margin of the eyelid. The disease is really a boil on the eyelid and, like boils elsewhere, may be either mild or severe. Sometimes there is merely a red swelling at the edge of the eyelid; it feels hard and may be tender to the touch, but disappears after two or three days. Sometimes the swelling increases, becomes angry-looking and is very painful; after several days, if it is untreated, it comes to a head and opens.

Two things cause sties—a run-down condition and eyestrain. If the person who has a sty is run down, there will probably be one or more boils somewhere on his body; but the sty that appears on the eyelid when the sufferer is in good health is the result of eyestrain or of some uncorrected defect of vision or is the result of reading or sewing in a poor light or in a bright glare.

The best way to treat a sty is to bathe the eyelids with water as hot as can be borne. It is not wise to poultice the eye, for that treatment is apt to excite a conjunctivitis, which would add to the patient's sufferings. When the sty has healed, the eyes should be examined to determine whether glasses are needed or, if they are already worn, whether they need changing. The general condition of the health must be attended to; a generous diet, tonics and exercise in the open air should be insisted upon. If there is rheumatism or gout, it should be treated.

A chalazion is a swelling that resembles a sty except that it is not inflammatory; it occurs when one of the glands at the edge of the eyelid retains secretion. Sometimes the secretion can be squeezed out after bathing the lids with hot water, but often it is necessary to make a minute incision in the gland behind the eyelashes.

Herpes, or fever sores, may come on the eyelids as well as on the lips. It is a disagreeable affection, but does not last long and can often be relieved by touching the sore spot repeatedly with a drop of spirit of camphor. Sometimes the edges of the lids become red and burn and itch and become covered with fatty scales, which are the dried secretion of the fat glands. That affection often means eyestrain and is relieved by proper glasses. Two or three applications at night of well-diluted citrine ointment are helpful.

A Roomy Closet.

Passenger (after first night on board ship): "I say, where have all my clothes vanished to?"

Steward: "Where did you put them before you got into bed last night?"

Passenger: "I folded them up carefully and put them in that cupboard over there."

Steward: "I see no cupboard, sir!"

Passenger: "Are you blind, man? I mean that one with the round glass door to it."

Steward: "Great Scott, sir, that ain't no cupboard; that's the port-hole!"

Ozone That Protects Us.

What is above the air we breathe? This is a problem which is more and more engaging the attention of science, and it is a matter of singular interest and fascination for the human race.

In the "Revue de Paris," M. Houllé-vigue, an eminent French scientist, gives the most recent theories on the subject.

The air we breathe extends upwards for about twelve and a half miles, after which it contains so little oxygen that it would not support human life. Explorations have been carried out by "sounding balloons" to a height of about twenty-four miles, these balloons being fitted with instruments which record the temperature and bring back specimens of the atmosphere to the earth.

Well above that level of twenty-four miles, according to the latest theory, there is a film of ozone, a form of oxygen which differs from oxygen in that its molecule is a condensation of three atoms, whereas in the molecule of oxygen there are only two atoms. This film serves as a protection against radiations from the sun, which would in the long run destroy life if they were not intercepted.

"If this thin and fragile protective 'skin' were to vanish," says M. Houllé-vigue, "life as we know it would become impossible on the earth."

Above this film of ozone, from fifty to one hundred miles above the earth, is an atmosphere of hydrogen and helium, two of the lightest gases which we know.

Beyond the hydrogen layer is probably a wide belt of a very rare gas, coronium, which has not yet been discovered on the earth, but which is known from the spectroscope to exist in the sun; and then, beyond this, is the ether which prevades everything and which no one can understand.

Comfort on the earth is largely affected by the equilibrium set up through the ozone film between the sun's destructive and its pleasant rays.

There are days and seasons when the film lets the destructive rays through in a larger proportion, and then temperature rises.

An Electric Steam Machine for Removing Wallpaper.

The tedious task of removing wallpaper can be made a comparatively simple operation by the use of a recently invented machine. This little device weighs only 3 pounds, is easily portable, and operates from any electric-light socket.

Only 2 per cent. of the population of Kingston, Jamaica, are white.

"The whole idea of capital punishment is to produce fear that will deter others from committing crime. That may be a good theory but it does not work. Why? For the reason that the criminal does not think seriously of the consequences or is confident he can beat the law. When they were hanging pickpockets in England, other pickpockets plied their trade among the people who were witnessing the executions."



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