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Libby, McNeill & Libby, Chicago



**MEAN TRICK ON FRIEND WIFE**

Citizen Used Dishonorable Methods to Prevent the Putting Up of Strawberries.

"I want you to do me a favor," said a citizen as he entered a crockery store the other morning with an anxious look on his face.

"Anything within reason, of course," was the reply.

"It is rather a family affair," said the first.

"Oh, I can keep a secret."

"It isn't much of a secret, but the strawberry season will soon begin."

"Yes, I know."

"You keep fruit jars, of course?"

"Thousands, of course."

"My wife was telling me this morning that she proposed to do up at least three bushels of strawberries this summer, and she'll be around here to ask the price of fruit jars. I want you to tell her that, owing to the war, they have gone up to \$15 a dozen."

"Oh, my!" gasped the crockery man.

"I have got a dealer to lie to her about the price of berries by the bushel, and a grocer to tell her that sugar has gone up 400 per cent, and if you only will do your part not a darned old strawberry will be laid away for winter."—Providence Journal.

Not Prepared.

"They seem to be appalled at the slaughter in the European battlefields."

"Yes; but they're not used to football games over there."

The Weapon.

"Why didn't they fine Doctor Dern burg for talking so much?"

"If they did, it ought to have been with a Maxim silencer."

Drink Denison's Coffee. Always pure and delicious.

Mid Years.

She—What is the most popular dance at Princeton?

He—That Latin trot.

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Improving Opportunity.

Henn—Did you have a breach of the peace home?

Peck—Yes; and I crawled out the first opening.—Judge.

A Poor Choice.

"Which one of the Robinson twins did Jinks marry?"

"I don't know. Never could tell them apart. But judging from Jinks' woe-begone expression since he got married I'm inclined to think it was the wrong one."

Her Plan.

Mrs. Youngwed—Well, dear, I've found a flat, and the cars go right past the door.

Youngwed—Won't the noise of the electric disturb your rest, my love?

Mrs. Youngwed—Oh, the landlord assured me that I wouldn't mind it after the first two nights, and you know, dear, we can sleep the first two nights at mother's.

Country Life.

There was a sound as of sundry lumber-jacks at work with their axes.

"Is that Joel chopping up kindling, Marla?" asked Jimpson, looking up from his paper.

"No, my dear," replied Mrs. Jimpson, "that is Sereny chopping up that steak for hash for breakfast tomorrow."

"More power to her elbow!" sighed Jimpson.

Tail Wild, at Least.

A timid little girl stood looking out of the nursery window and called to her mother: "Mother, mother! Here is a wild dog."

Her mother went to the window.

"Oh, no, that dog is not wild; he belongs to the man who works across the street, and is a nice dog," she said.

After a moment's thought the child, unaccustomed to dogs, replied: "Well, his head may not be wild, but his tail is awfully wild."—Woman's Home Companion.

Color Scheme.

"So the Germans are using green gas."

"Yes, I suppose by way of putting the allies in a blue funk."

**Uncle Sam Spends Millions On a "White Way" for Ships**

By George R. Putnam, Commissioner of Lighthouses.

Although the pay is small and the house service attracts as a rule an excellent class of faithful men, willing to take large risks in doing their duty and also in helping those in distress. There are many cases of faithful service and bravery.

There are a number of women lightkeepers. One of these, the keeper of Angel Island light in San Francisco bay, reported that after the machinery of the fog signal was disabled on July 2, 1906, she "had struck the bell by hand for 20 hours and 25 minutes until the fog lifted," and that on July 4, when the machinery was further disabled, she "stood all night on the platform outside and struck the bell with a nail hammer with all my might. The fog was dense."

A widely known woman lightkeeper was Ida Lewis, who died about three years ago. She lived at Lime Rock lighthouse, in Newport harbor, for 57 years, her father having been appointed keeper when she was 12 years old. She was keeper of the light for 32 years. There are reports of her having rescued 13 persons from drowning. On one occasion, it is said, she saved three men who had swamped while attempting to pick up a sheep, and then she rescued the sheep also.

Because of the difficult life, keepers at isolated stations are granted shore liberty and leave 72 days a year, and crews of light vessels 90 days a year.

The first lighthouse on this continent was built by Massachusetts, in 1716-1718, on an island in the entrance to Boston harbor.

The first class light and fog signal stations are located at the more prominent and dangerous points along the seaboard, and on a well lighted coast such stations should be sufficiently close that a coasting vessel may always be in sight of a light. The smaller lights are placed to mark harbors, inside channels and dangers. Along navigable rivers numerous post lights are maintained to indicate the channels.

For New York harbor and immediate approaches alone 238 aids to navigation are required, including 46 shore lights, two light vessels and 36 lighted buoys; there are 192 buoys of all classes and 37 fog signals, including sounding buoys.

Among the lighthouses of the country may be found examples of great engineering skill and dignified and simple design. Some of the tall lighthouse structures are of beautiful architecture, suited to the purpose, and set off by picturesque location on headland or rock overlooking the sea.

The tower must be built to give the light a suitable height above the water and hence tall lighthouses are required in lowlying coasts.

A light must be 200 feet above the sea level to be seen from the deck of a vessel 10 nautical miles distant. Beyond that dis-

tance the curvature of the earth would prevent a light at this elevation being seen.

Lighthouse construction on the land is usually comparatively simple, except when there is difficulty of access to the site. But often it is important for the protection of shipping that lighthouses be erected either on rocks or reefs exposed to the sea or actually in the water, on sand or rock bottom. Such work has called forth the greatest skill of engineers.

The early lighthouses were lighted by wood or coal fires burned in open braziers, and later by candles inclosed in lanterns. The resulting light was necessarily weak and fitful, and a large part was lost by being diffused in directions of no use to mariners. Coal fire was burned at the Isle of May light on the coast of Scotland up to 1814, and the famous Eddystone was lighted with 24 wax candles in 1811. Oil lamps were early used in this country, if not from the first lighting of the Boston light. Fish oil, sperm oil, colza oil, lard oil and mineral oil were in turn burned, increasing expense in each case compelling change. Circular wick lamps, with a central current of air, were invented by Argand in 1782.

At the present time lamps with from one to five concentric wicks, and burning a high grade kerosene oil, are used in a majority of lighthouses. About 610,000 gallons of oil are burned each year at the light stations of the United States, about 340,000 gallons of which are for lighthouse illumination.

For the more important lights the incandescent oil vapor lamp is now used, having been introduced by the French in 1858. In this lamp the oil is heated and then vaporized, and is burned mixed with air under a mantle which is made incandescent. It gives a much more brilliant light than the wick lamp, with a smaller consumption of oil.

For instance, this change of lamps recently made at Cape Hatteras light has increased the brilliancy of the light from 24,000 to 100,000 candle power, while the consumption of oil has been reduced from 2,200 gallons to 1,300 gallons a year.

Electric lights are used at a few light stations only. The expense is too great to warrant the employment of electricity at many important stations. For some harbor lights it can be used to advantage by taking current from a local source of supply, and a light can thus be maintained in an exposed position and controlled from the shore.

The electric light at Navesink, on the Highlands just south of New York harbor, is the most powerful coast light in the United States. This light shows each five seconds a flash of one-tenth second duration estimated at 90,000,000 candle power. Although on account of the curvature of the earth, the light itself cannot be seen more than 22 miles, its beam has been reported to have been observed in the sky at a distance of 70 nautical miles.

**FUNDAMENTALS OF CANNING.**

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Canned fruit is canned fruit—and there you are. That is to say, if you are successful in canning one lot of fruit you can be successful in canning other kinds of fruit, for the principle underlying canned peaches is the same as that underlying rhubarb conserve, and it is a principle not difficult to understand and observe.

The whole principle of canning is to destroy the bacteria that cause decay. These are destroyed by heat. So it is necessary to subject everything with which the fruit comes in contact to heat and it is safer to heat the fruit, too.

The jars in which the fruit is packed should be put into cold water and brought to the boiling point. There they should remain, or just below the boiling point, for three-quarters of an hour. Then everything in the way of bacteria will be destroyed. Covers and rubbers, of course, must be subjected to this heat. And everything that is used in the shape of knives or spoons must also be dipped in boiling water before it is brought into contact with the fruit.

The cans and covers can be placed on a layer of straw, or a rack, so that they come for the purpose or on boards in the bottom of a big boiler. They would, of course, break if they came into direct contact with the bottom of the boiler or kettle in which they are heated.

**Household Hints.**

From the Baltimore American.

Peel and cut up a beet and put in boiling water. Cook a short time and mix with powdered sugar and you will have a lovely jam. Use a little at a time until you get the desired shade.

If you have a discarded mattress ticking, rip it apart, cut and sew as for carpet rags, and then have the strips woven with a white warp. If your covers are blue and white have a plain red border.

An army blanket makes a most desirable rug for the nursery floor, as it is large, clings to the floor, and dust does not go through it. It sweeps easily and washes without shrinking.

In making warts, do not sew up the under-arm seam until the last thing. If left open, you have a flat garment to work on and can put the collar on much easier.

Keep equal parts of lime water and sweet oil mixed on hand in a bottle ready for use, and you will find it a splendid remedy for burns of any kind. Especially good for children.

To keep the kitchen stove looking well without blacking, rub it over each day with a little raw linseed oil, using a soft rag, like outing flannel. Clean the nickel with kerosene oil.

**PINEAPPLE DELICACIES.**

(Copyright, 1915, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

We have all of us heard of the health giving qualities that pineapples are supposed to possess. The juice of the pineapple actually contains valuable ferments, ferments that help to carry on digestion. And as an authority pointed out, pineapple juice begins to help digestion as soon as it reaches the stomach. Sour milk, which also contains valuable ferments, is in itself rather difficult of digestion, and must dispose of its own mass of fats and proteins before it begins to digest other things. But pineapple juice is ready to begin its helpful work the moment it enters the stomach.

Pine apple juice is a delicious beverage for summer. It is not difficult to prepare. The juice separates readily from the fiber, especially when sugar is added to it. It should be chilled thoroughly, and it should, of course, be taken from thoroughly ripe pineapples.

Pineapple cut into cubes or shredded with a silver fork and served, very cold, slightly sweetened, with almost any other fruit forms a delicious dessert. With whole, sweet strawberries, with halved red cherries, with oranges and grapefruit cut into dice, with sliced bananas, with diced peaches—with all these it is tempting. Such a dessert should be daintily prepared and served in dessert glasses, very cold. A little finely shaved ice may be added to make it more tempting.

Pineapple water ice is a cooling dessert for a very hot day. This can be made from canned as well as from fresh pineapple. Like any other water ice, it is very little taxed on the digestion—far less than ice cream, for the cream, milk and eggs from a much heavier food than does the pineapple juice.

Pineapple syrup, to use for ices or for beverages, can be made and bottled in very small quantities, at least expense. Weigh the pineapple after it is peeled and diced and add a third as much water, by measure, as there is sugar. That is to say, if there is a pound and a half of pineapple, use half a pound, or a cupful of sugar and two cupfuls of water. Simmer until very soft and then press through a vegetable press. Strain, measure and return to the fire, with a pound of sugar for each pint of juice. Cook until the sugar is all dissolved and bottle while hot. Cover the corks with sealing wax.

Pineapple syrup can be added to any fruit punch. A delicious beverage can be made with pineapple and strawberry syrup diluted with very cold charged water, poured over shaved ice. Orange juice and pineapple, with sliced cherries and ice, are good together. Pineapple syrup added to lemonade is also refreshing. Mixed with cold tea, imported ginger ale, and a little melted grape or currant or crabapple jelly it forms another sparkling drink.

**A Symphony.**

At Reiniger's orchard on the hill,  
On a Sunday morn when the wind is  
In early spring when the birds are here,  
And the sun shines bright, and the sky  
Is clear;  
I like to lean on the woven fence,  
And watch the woodland denizens;  
Holding high carnival in the trees,  
Or call it an opera, if you please,  
With a brook, robin and thrush, as stars.

And where not a discord the music mar,  
And carbirds carol and finches thrill,  
In Reiniger's orchard on the hill.

When the sun swings north and the days  
grow long,  
Here the wealth of color as well as song,  
And fragrance too of blossoming trees,  
And chirrup of cricket and buzzing of  
bees,  
And bright colored singers in frolicsome  
flight,  
Flashing like gems which the light  
strikes just right,  
Here the ruby throat hummingbird whir-  
lingly flies,  
Like a wee bit of rainbow astray from  
the skies,  
'Mongst blossoms of plum and cherry and  
apple and pear,  
Intermingled with sunlight and shimmer  
and dapple,  
And dandelions golden bespangle the sod,  
Persecuted by man, but protected by  
God.

When the sun at the end of his northern  
sweep,  
Hastens back his southern appointment  
to keep;  
When the chill in the air is soon followed  
by frost,  
And we grieve for the beautiful flowers  
we have lost;  
Then the birds as it were from these  
lights take a tip,  
And in somber costumes fly away on  
their trip,  
When the green leaves turn scarlet and  
gold and  
Then drop to the ground to mix with the  
mould,  
While the haze in the air, like a smoulder-  
ing fire,  
Does sadly suggest Summer's funeral  
pyre,  
Mother Nature then mourns and weeps  
for the death of her loves and the flight  
of the years,  
And from Boreas' breath and a white  
shroud,  
Of immaculate crystals she weaves them  
a shroud,  
Then she laughs in the sunburst, know-  
ing well it will bring,  
The green and the bloom that shall glad-  
den the spring.

At the orchard's side on the end of the  
street,  
Stands the Reiniger home, old fash-  
ioned but neat,  
And orn at eve when the weather per-  
mits,  
On the porch to the east, Judge Rein-  
iger sits,  
With his eye on a book, or the land far  
and wide,  
With Tasso, the greyhound, curled up  
by his side,  
As I pass, while old Tasso prettily  
glances at me,  
The judge booms a hearty, "Good evening,  
Charles!"  
A picture of peace and contentment  
is achieved,  
As he smiles like Will Taft (before he  
received  
The robe though well merited, so keenly  
he felt  
Of that greatest American: Theodore  
Roosevelt).

And the seasons will come and the seasons  
will go,  
And to us they will also bring sunshine  
in defeat and in triumphs, in hopes and in  
in fears,  
In joys and in sorrows, in smiles and in  
tears,  
May we learn from our troubles, not only  
regret,  
And thank the good Lord for the good  
that we get,  
Then a Reiniger smile will fit well in the  
scene,  
Be the sky grey or blue, or the earth  
white or green,  
—Charles L. Dyke, Orange City, Ia.

**THE OGRESS.**

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Once there lived in a far country an Ogress who hated everyone who had any beauty because she was so bad tempered that her face was unpleasant to look upon and her disposition even showed in her form, which was crooked and she walked sideways instead of going straight ahead.

Now this dreadful ogress had little ogies—we should call them little girls—and two were like their mother and walked sideways, too, just as she did.

But the third and youngest was very pretty and had long black hair, which was very glossy. Her cheeks were like two red roses and her teeth like pearls.

When the ogress beheld the beauty of her youngest daughter she began to hate her, which, of course, is not at all like a mother and never happens only in the land where bad witches and ogresses live.

The girl's name was Filadoro, and she was as good as she was beautiful; all day she cooked and cleaned the house and waited on her two bad tempered sisters, for you know bad tempered people are always bad featured. If they had only known that the chief reason for Filadoro's beauty was because she was of a sweet disposition, they very likely would have tried to overcome their disagreeable ways, but they did not know anything about that, and so they went on being bad.

One day the ogress noticed that Filadoro was growing more beautiful and her two sisters told their mother that unless she sent Filadoro away they would leave home, for that very day a young man who wore a beautiful velvet suit and a cap with a long plume in it had stopped at their door and asked for a drink of water.

"We tried to be polite and get the water for him," said one of the ugly sisters, "but that bold Filadoro brought the water and he never looked at us again."

"He must have poor sight," replied the ogress, "to prefer that black haired creature to my two handsome darlings; I'll see to her at once." And she called Filadoro.

"It is high time, Miss, you were taught how to respect your dear sisters," said the ogress. "You shall be put in the tower of this old castle until you know how to behave."

So poor Filadoro was put in a high tower and fed on bread and water until anyone but Filadoro would have starved, but a good fairy watched over her and the bread turned to meat and cake and the water to good, rich milk.

So Filadoro grew strong and more beautiful, and the strangest part was her hair grew long until it trailed upon the floor.

Now, the young man in the rich clothes who stopped at the ogress' door was a prince, and he fell in love with Filadoro, but the next time he passed that way and asked for a drink the two ugly sisters were the only ones he saw.

"Where is the young girl that served me when I last called?" asked the prince.

"Oh, that was our servant," answered the untruthful sisters, "and she was so bold we sent her away."

The prince, left with a heavy heart, but just as he was riding away a bird singing sweetly in a tree caused him to loop up, and there in the tower he could see something moving.

"I wonder what that can be," thought the prince. "That old castle looks ready to fall; it cannot be that anyone is living in the tower."

He thought about the pretty girl he had seen on his first visit all the way home and how strange the sisters had acted when he asked about her.

"They did not look like people who keep a servant," he said. "I believe I will go back and watch."

So that night when everyone was in bed and asleep the prince got on his horse and rode back to the castle where the ogress lived.

The prince jumped from his horse and ran to the tower, and, looking up, he beheld the pretty Filadoro looking down at him.

"What are you doing up there?" he asked; "come down."

"I can't," answered Filadoro; "I am locked in."

"But I can climb up to you," said the prince, "if you can wind your hair around something so it will be firm."

Filadoro saw a strong peg by the window, she gave her hair a twist around it and told the prince to climb up.

When he heard the story of the treatment she had received all on account of him, he told her he would rescue her that very night and carry her off to his palace and marry her.

He slid down the glossy coil of Filadoro's hair, and mounting his horse he rode as fast as he could to his palace.

Then he took a large piece of rope and rode back, and climbing up by Filadoro's long coil, he was beside her.

He fastened the rope about the peg where her hair had been fastened, and told her to slide down to the ground and wait for him.

When he saw that she was safe, he followed, and, placing her on the horse in front of him, away they rode and were soon out of the reach and power of the ogress.

**A Thoughtful Nurse!**

Two nursemaids were wheeling their infant charges in the park when one asked the other:

"Are you going to the dance tomorrow afternoon?"

"I am afraid not."

"What?" exclaimed the other. "And you so fond of dancing?"

"I'd love to go," explained the conscientious maid, "but, to tell you the truth, I am afraid to leave the baby with its mother."

**Bertilion at Home.**

From the Woman's Home Companion.

Jimmie—What are you doing?

Tommie—Washing the jelly off my hands. Ma's a finger print expert, you know.

The United States produced 29 of the 66 epoch making inventions, England 17, France 10, Germany 6, Italy 2, Brazil, Austria and Sweden 1 each.



**Corn on the Cob —the Roasting Ear**

is not more delicious than

**Post Toasties**

—the toasted sweet of the corn flaked!

In the growth of corn there is a period when the kernels are plumped out with a vegetable milk, most nutritious. As it slowly ripens this hardens and finally becomes almost flinty.

Only this part of the corn is used in making Post Toasties, the husk, germ and all waste being rejected.

This nutritious part is cooked, seasoned "just right," rolled and toasted to a crackly golden-brown crispness—Post Toasties—the

**Superior Corn Flakes**

And they cost no more than the ordinary "corn flakes." Insist upon having Post Toasties.

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