

THE USEFUL TOMATO

REALLY A "NEW" VEGETABLE AND DISTINCTLY AMERICAN.

Has Special and Great Glories of Its Own and is Now Indispensable Adjunct of Refined Cooking—Good in Salads.

The tomato is really a "new" vegetable, and it is distinctly American, entirely unknown to the famous ancient cooks. Its acceptance in good culinary home circles was long delayed because of its undesirable family connections, and it was almost confined to death as a condition of its final initiation. It is not a century since the tomato was taken over and gradually promoted to the selectest of edible circles.

The tomato has special and great glories of its own. Its scarlet color, first, makes it a delight and an acceptable table complement to neutral or colorless foods. Of late the wonders of that coloring, clear, unblemished, deep enough to be emotional, has been shown us in splendidly handsome hot-house varieties. The wondrous heavy, waxy rinds, so widely popular in expensive artificial berry sprays, used for decorations, are entirely outside, even to mechanical perfection, by these symmetrical hot-house tomatoes—these evenly and harmoniously perfect in every detail as though they had been cast in a mold and decorated by the hand of a consummate artist.

The tomato is now an indispensable adjunct of refined cooking. It affords the best seasoning and the most delicate of flavoring for many a dish. And the dainty dishes of its own are among the things few housekeepers would care to get on without. Rightly manipulated, it is delicious grilled, fried, baked, scalded or steamed. It is the mainstay of many a salad.

In combination, its possibilities are almost infinitely diverse. Its number of associations so great that there might be a different one for every day in the year. There are soups and epicures who consider it is without a rival for soups. It is used in all sorts of forcemeats, with macaroni and spaghetti, with eggs, with rice, with peppers, with filets, with fish and fowl, chicken or salt cod, and, stewed with okra, it is to some tastes as nectar to the gods. It is even used with breakfast bacon in a sort of twin importance at the first meal of the day.

The commercially canned tomatoes have perhaps proved themselves more useful than any other vegetables in this time, but the home product is inestimably more desirable.

It is not safe, especially to irregular seasons, for the city housewife to wait until a specified time to do any of her marketing. She is always inclined, of course, to wait for the cheap abundance of the home-grown article, which, unfortunately, does not always come as it has not this year in the case of several of the fruits. She must keep her eye on the market if she is really thrifty, and perhaps learn to scan the commercial sections of the newspapers.

On a day a market condition, perhaps induced by certain crop conditions somewhere within the wide climatic range from which our large city markets draw, may be such as to force down prices to their lowest in either fruit or vegetable season.

Chocolate Pudding. Put a pint of milk to scald in a double boiler. Grate two heaping table spoons of chocolate and put on top of milk, but do not stir through until the chocolate is thoroughly melted. When milk is scalding hot, stir chocolate through it until all is mixed and chocolate is dissolved. Beat the yolk of one egg with two table spoons of sugar, add enough hot milk to egg to dissolve and warm it before putting it in hot chocolate mixture or it will cook in spots. Next whisk a table spoonful of cornstarch in a little milk and thicken chocolate to a creamy consistency. Remove from the stove. When beginning to cool flavor with vanilla. Serve pudding ice cold. It may be eaten with whipped cream for extra occasions rich cream makes it a most delicious dessert.

Raw Vegetable Sandwiches. These are very lightly relished by persons who dislike the usual sweet accompaniments of women's teas, and if there happens to be a man in the crowd he is certain to be pleased. Cut rye, gluten and graham bread in the manner described, leaving them without butter. Put between slices of rye a layer of Spanish onion cut very thin and sprinkled lightly with salt. Put between the buttered gluten slices a delicate leaf of lettuce covered with a dab of mayonnaise, or sour cream sweetened up thickly. Put between the graham slices thin flakes of crisp cucumber or a thick slice of tomato seasoned with salt and lemon juice. Wrap the sandwiches in oiled paper and serve them in that way.

Apple Blossoms. Sit together three times one-half cup cornstarch and one-half cup powdered sugar with one teaspoon baking powder and a pinch of salt, then fold in the stiffly beaten whites of four eggs and flavor with almond. Line a tin baking sheet with oiled paper, and drop on the mixture by spoonfuls. Bake in moderate oven 20 minutes. When cold frost with pink frosting.

About Jelly. To prevent jams and jellies from graininess add a teaspoonful of cream of tartar to every gallon. When making jelly, if it should become like sirup, add the juice of one large lemon to every quart and boil until it jellies on a spoon. This has proved successful in many instances, even after the jelly has been boiled too long.

Grape Fruit and Orange Salad. This is cooling and delicious. Remove the flesh in large pieces from both grape fruit and oranges; arrange on the smart leaves of lettuce, sprinkle with a few broken nut meats and cover with good French dressing.

TWO GOOD CAKE RECIPES

Striped Cakes and Small Cakes Good Enough to Tempt Most Jaded Appetites.

Striped Cake.—Whites Part.—One-half cupful butter, one cupful sugar, one-half cupful sweet milk, two cupfuls flour in which is sifted two teaspoonsful baking powder, whites of three eggs.

Dark Part.—One cupful brown sugar, one table spoonful molasses, one-half cupful butter, one-half cupful sour milk in which dissolve one-half teaspoonful soda, two cupfuls of flour, one table spoonful of cinnamon and allspice. Drop a spoonful of each kind in a well greased cake dish, first the light part, then the dark, alternately. Try to drop it so that the cake shall be well streaked through, so that it has the appearance of a striped cake.

Small Cakes.—One pint of New Orleans molasses, one pound brown sugar, one table spoonful of melted butter, two table spoons of soda, one-half cup of sour milk, one-half teaspoon each of cinnamon, cloves and allspice, one nutmeg, pinch of mace, and one grated orange and lemon; flour to make a stiff dough. Mix the ingredients the night before and in the morning roll out thin and cut in oblongs; add more flour if needed, as some flour sifters.

If books for the bathroom, kitchen and pantry are dipped in enamel paint there will be no trouble from iron rust. Having several pairs of shoes and never wearing the same pair more than one or two days at a time will rest the leather and make it last better. Charcoal leather should be washed, when necessary, in soapsuds, and rinsed in soapwater—not in clean water. Treated thus it will keep its original softness.

Any dish that has hold dough, milk cream or eggs should be rinsed in cold water before being placed in hot water, as hot water tends to cook such things and make them more difficult to remove. Small glasses filled with jelly will prove to be very acceptable gifts when Christmas time comes. When making your own supply of jelly fill a few little glasses of different flavors, put into a pretty trimmed basket or box will make a nice present for an invalid friend.

Green blinds that have become faded may be renewed by rubbing them with a rag saturated with linseed oil. To attain a good glaze on linen it is necessary for it to be damp, for the iron to be hot and for great pressure to be used. To clean carved ivory make a paste of sawdust damped with water and a few drops of lemon juice; lay it thickly on the carving. Let this dry thoroughly, and then brush it off with a dry cloth.

When washing glassware do not put it in hot water bottom first, as it will be liable to crack from sudden expansion. Even delicate glass can be safely washed in very hot water if slipped in edgewise. A Convenient Dryer. As great a boon as women know a vacuum cleaner to be, comparatively few have learned to put it to personal use. When they buy one for their home use they reveal over the clean house they will keep, with never a thought as to clean clothes and a clean scalp.

Instead of laboriously brushing your tailor suit with a whisk, stand in front of the vacuum cleaner and every particle of dust and dirt is lifted out in a few minutes. Nothing remains to do but wash off grease spots and pressing. Sponges are simplified by using the cleaner as a dryer. Put on the blower, sit in front of it, and the hair is dry in a surprisingly short time.

Custard Jelly. For another dessert simple yet good make a quart of soft custard and stiffen it while yet warm with a half box of gelatin dissolved in a little cold water. Smooth and cool it at the same time by slow stirring. Now beat stiff the whites of the eggs used, fold them in, flavor according to preference and set them in a mold. Serve with cream or with preserves around it in the form of a ring.

Delicious Cranberry Pudding. One cup sugar, one cup sweet milk, two cups flour, three table spoons melted butter, one large cup cranberries raw, two table spoons cream of tartar, one of soda. Mix and bake like loaf cake. Serve cold, cut in slices with cream sauce. Cream sauce: Mix one cup cream, 1 1/2 cups sugar with the beaten white of one egg. Heat all till light.



By INEZ DEJARNATT COOPER

Edgerton Wilson was the victim of his own dignity. From a child he had taken himself too seriously. As a young man it grew upon him, until he married; and then his wife also fell victim to it—so thought he, although he did not clothe the idea in those words.

But he was mistaken. His wife was one of the wise ones of the earth. She had not been married six months before she realized that a certain course must be pursued.

"It's entirely too bad," said she to Mrs. Ren Wilson, her sister-in-law, "that Edgerton should be spoiled in this manner. He is too good a man and it must be stopped. He has rare ability, else he could not hold the position that he does and he is considerate and kind. He is handsome, too, and all that. But he has no idea of humor, could not possibly see that there might be anything in his seriousness intensely amusing to others."

"Well, Irene," little Mrs. Ren sighed—she sometimes envied her capable sister-in-law, "I should think that you could bring him about if anything could."

"Indeed I can," said Irene, nodding a very well groomed head. "I think entirely too much of the real Edgerton to allow this superficial trait to mar our happiness."

This conversation took place on the first anniversary of their marriage and the third rolled around before Irene, to use her own expression, had her husband "right where she wanted him." The evening of that day Wilson brought home a lot of books on "Advanced Thought."

"We have been very happy, Irene," he explained fondly, "but, assuming a dignified air, 'it's time we took up our life's work. I have been thinking of this matter for several weeks past and feel sure that when you look into it, you will agree with me."

Irene picked up one of the volumes, de luxe edition, slender and dainty, and ran over the few pages: "The Unity of the Inner Life," she read. "Have you gone over this?"

"Know it by heart," replied he, pleased at her interest. "I always said you were a sensible little woman," he added, turning to his books. "Well you might," said Irene with conviction. "And my sense will be the saving of you yet." But she did not utter these words aloud.

"I suppose that it does make some difference," she mused. "Much," replied Sarah warmly. "I am getting a hold. I have worked at all manner of employment and this seems to be the only thing in which neither age, color, sex nor social standing makes a difference."

Irene was listening with her graceful head bent in thought. Presently she unfolded the plan to Sarah Johnson. "I dare not offer you money, Sarah," she said, "any more than I dared offer to bribe you in the old days. But you see the trend of things and it means a lot to me. I ask you to do it as a favor—merely to friends—as when in the old days, you helped about the birds."

"And both were severely spanked for it," interrupted Sarah reminiscently. "That is true," assented Irene. "Perhaps I ought not to lead you into this."

"I'll take my chances now as I did then," replied Sarah, and after thanking her, Irene departed. Things went on for several weeks, until Irene knew that the time for the making of her husband's soul had come, and she dismissed him with a smile, feeling rather Judas-like.

"It is too bad, too, poor boy," she said. "But he will come home completely cured, and would thank me, if he knew—which he never shall."

The last article from Sarah Johnson's pen had run a letter from Wilson. The article in question had been on the "Allness of the One." It was full of gold, so he told her, and she had replied in like coin. Now, after a month's correspondence, fervid in its intensity, he, with heart beating under his well-fitting coat, went to see the author of these epistles. He felt many qualms on going to this appointment, but he tried to smother them by "holding the thought" of Oneness.

Should the friendship be purely platonic, or should he divorce Irene—Irene, whom he still loved, despite the glamor of the other—and marry Sarah Johnson? "It shall be just as Sarah says," he breathed. "Soul mates should do soul work together and nothing, however dear, should interfere."

Clearly from her letters, Sarah Johnson understood him as he had never been understood before, as he had longed to be understood when a child. Yes, it should be just as she said. The hour for which the appointment was set was late, for Sarah Johnson was a busy woman. That night she was billed to speak at the Negro Woman's league—"How dear and kind of her," he apostrophized. Irene, with all her winsome ways would never have consented to mix so. Indeed, he himself, he had to confess, fastidious to a degree. Ah, well, Sarah must teach him her broad ways.

He was at her door now, a modest home in Hoyle avenue. He rang the bell and a smart negro girl admitted him and went to summon her mistress. After waiting a moment, he heard a deep, melodious voice, such a voice—sweet toned and clear, as he had not dared to hope for.

"Mr. Edgerton Wilson, I believe," said the voice. He turned at the sound of the mellow tones and encountered a woman of magnificent proportions. "I am Sarah Johnson," said the woman. Wilson stared, gasped, and stared again. He shuddered and choked; and despite himself for a coward; tried to pull himself together. For though the voice was melodious, the form magnificent, the woman faultlessly attired, she was black—undeniably black.

had come; when out of the black chaos, flashed light the electric light of civilization; and revealed in it, stood Irene, with long flowing black hair, her eyes questioning and frightened, her child-like form enveloped in a crimson bath robe.

Blinking in the light, Wilson looked at the jailor of his upper portions, and beheld, to his unmitigated horror, a woman of color, decked in a red bandana and yellow kimono. Attired thus, no one but he—upon whom her features would always be indelibly impressed, could ever have recognized the dignified Sarah Johnson.

"Let him go, Sarah!" commanded Mrs. Wilson, whereupon Sarah released the Herculean grasp and the braided man fell on to the pavement below, and literally, as well as metaphorically, into the arms of the law.

Instantly the two women ran out to identify the chagrined and crushed man. "You let him go, Mistah Policeman!" exclaimed Sarah, in tones of broad African accent. "Dat's ma soul mate! Ain't you, honey?" she asked, addressing the drooping disciple of Advanced Thought.

"An' he," she continued, again addressing the policeman, with a sentimental leer, "come a seekin' on his soul mate—a crawling on the wings ob—ob—on the wings of affinity!" concluded she triumphantly.

Wilson glanced down at his wings of affinity, brushed the dust from the knee of one of them, and tried to avoid Irene's eyes. Much to his relief, she was trying to explain matters to his captor, who departed.

The next evening he was sitting at his hearthside in a very honey-moon-like fashion, feeling rather silly and ill at ease, but cured. "Rather good natured of your new cook," commented he weakly, "to try to get me from the clutches of the policeman that way."

"Rather," assented Irene dryly. "I never interfere with your management of the house, Irene," he continued after a pause, "but I wish as a favor to me that you would never keep colored help. Just as a favor, you know."

"All right," agreed Irene affably. "And I've been thinking lately that I haven't been half as interested as I ought to be in your line of thought. Shall I get out the books and have a cozy evening of research together?" "You may burn the books," growled Wilson, leaning back with a sense of comfort and luxury, which he had not felt for months, in fact, since he had been chiefly occupied in holding the thought of the "Allness of the One."

"I'd be glad to be rid of them," he added reaching for the frivolous bejeweled little hand of his wife. But Irene did not burn them. She carried them, instead, to a place of safety. "For," she argued, not unwisely, "I might want to use them sometime, as a Big Stick."

RECKONING DAY AND HOUR

Workman's Thoughts Not Alighted Fixed on What Might Be Called Higher Things.

Mayor William S. Jordan, at a Democratic banquet in Jacksonville, said of optimism: "Let us cultivate optimism and hopefulness. There is nothing like it. The optimistic man can see a bright side to everything—everything."

"A missionary in a slum once laid his hand on a man's shoulder and said: "Friend, do you hear the solemn ticking of that clock? Tick-tack; tick-tack. And oh, my friend, do you know what day it inexorably and relentlessly brings near?"

"Yes, say day," the other, an honest, optimistic workman, replied. "Where Millions Are Entombed." The catacombs at Rome were the burial places of the early Christians. They are about 500 miles in extent and are said to have contained 6,000,000 bodies. During the persecutions of the Christians under Nero and other Roman emperors the catacombs were used for hiding places. Under Diocletian the catacombs were crowded with those for whom there was no safety in the face of the day. The art of the catacombs is unique and most interesting. Simple designs are etched in the slabs which seal the tombs. Now and then are small chapels whose paintings are to be found. All are Bible illustrations, so that the catacombs may be said to be a pictorial Bible in effect.—The Christian Herald.

Excellent Definition. "Bjornstjerne Bjornson, in his hotel fronting the Tuileries gardens, received a few friends up to the last in Paris," said the continental agent of a typewriter firm. "I had the honor to be among those friends and I never wearied of the great Norseman's wit and wisdom. "The last thing he said to me, in cautioning me not to give an important provincial agency to an easy-going man of the world, was this: "Beware the easy-going man. An easy-going man, you know, is one who makes the path of life very rough and difficult for somebody else."

Rocketeer's Hard Shot. John D. Rockefeller tried a game of golf on the links near Augusta. On a rather difficult shot Mr. Rockefeller struck too low with his iron, and as the dust flew up he asked his caddy: "What have I hit?" The boy laughed and answered: "Jaw-jab, boss."

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A perfect love, even when lost, is still an eternal possession, a pain so sacred that its deep peace often grows into an absolute content.—Hitcheck.

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And some people never appreciate a rose until they encounter the thorn.

DOWN TO HARD FACTS.



The Dreamer—Ah! Faith will move mountains. The Schemer—Yes, but the owner of a furniture van demands spot cash.

An Operatic Expletive. "Bifferton is awfully gone on grand opera, isn't he?" "I should say he is! Why, he even swears by Gadski!"

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George Nicholson, a Kansas City manufacturer, was discussing the \$3,000,000 life insurance policy that has attracted so much attention to him in the insurance world.

"You see," said Mr. Nicholson, with a smile, "we don't live as long here in Missouri as they do in Montana, so insurance is very necessary."

"A Montana man was talking in the smoking room of a Kansas City hotel about longevity."

"Now," he said "our Montana air is something like air. It makes you live whether you want to or not. Why, my Uncle George'll be 96 next spring, but you'd never think it to see him boppin' on and off his biplane when he's starting out to see his old folks. My Aunt Lizzie is 89, and she's the Junior golf champion of Big Fork. I tell you, she's a peach of a player for a Junior. When she gets a few more years over her head, she'll make the older players set up, there ain't no doubt about that. My relations are strong all around Big Fork, Butte and Miles City, but I can't call to mind any of them ever passing in their checks under the century mark."