sold articles to consignors before they are spoiled, but on no account try to sell anything that is not strictly fresh and first-class, as by so doing you destroy the confidence of the patron as to the quality of the goods. Fancy work and aprons of all kinds also find a ready sale.

For the woman who is home bound and yet likes to earn her own "pin money," there are quite a number of ways which I have found successful as well as delightful.

I have found "quilting" to be a most profitable way. From fifty cents to one dollar and a half is what I charge per spool, the price depending on the pattern used. Three spools are required for a plainly stitched quilt. I now have orders for three quilts, and I expect to take quite a number before the winter is over.

Although my brother planted the onion sets upside down, nevertheless they grew, and last spring several nickels were made by selling fresh onions to our neighbors at five cents per dozen.

by selling fresh onions to our neighbors at five cents per dozen.

From fancy work I have realized quite a sum of money. A milliner here in our town sells fancy work on commission and she always proves successful when she undertakes to sell a piece of fancy work.

I have made money by several other ways, but these I have mentioned have paid more than all the rest.

The best part of it all, I very seldom have to ask for money.

A LITTLE MISUNDERSTANDING

The German is a long time in learning American idloms. One who had been here American idioms. One who had been here for a year or more and could speak some English before his arrival—a very short and corpulent man, by the way—went to his grocer's and paid a bill which had been standing for several weeks.

"Now you are all square, sir."

"I vas vat?"

"You are square," I said.

"I vas square?"

"Yes, you are all square now."

"I vas square?"

"Yes, you are all square now."

Hans was silent for a moment; then with reddening face and flashing eyes, he brought his plump fist down upon the counter and said:

"See here, mint frent, I vill hav no more peezness mit you. I treat you like a shentleman. I pay my pill, and you make a shoke of me, You say I vas square ven I know I vas round as a parrel. I don't like such shokes. 'My peezness mit you vas done."

HARD ON THE PRISONER

The man stammered painfully as he stood in the dock at the police court. His name was Sissons. It was very difficult for him to pronounce his own name. He had the misfortune to stay out late and make an uproar one night, and to have to account for it before the magistrate the next morning. "What is your name?" asked the magistrate.

Sissons began to reply:

'Sss-as-sss-ass-"
'Stop that noise and tell me your name," said the magistrate, impatiently.

"Sss-sss-sss-sss-"
"Sta-sss-sss-sss-"
"That will do," said the magistrate, werely. "Policeman, what is this man severely. "Policeman, what is this man charged with?"
"I think, yer honor, he's charged wid sody water."

DOROTHY'S FINESSE

At the Republican State Convention in Springfield, Iil., Senator Cullom and Speaker Cannon tried to get a popular ruling as to which is the handsomer man. "If I had a face like yours, Joe," said the Senator, "I'd wear a veil or build a fence around it." "And if I looked like you, Shelby," replied Uncle Joe, "I'd walk backward all the time. Your rear elevation isn't so bad, but the front facade is a bad botch."

"I'll tell you, Joe, we'll leave it to this little girl. She doesn't want any political job, and I guess she'il be honest," suggested Senator Cullom. The little girl's mother was with her. "Which do you think is the best looking. Dorothy?" asked the proud mother. The little child looked at both out of big, frank eyes and said; "I don't like to say, mamma, which I like best. I might 'fend Mr. Cannon."

HOW SHOULD THEY KNOW

While visiting a small parish in a min-ing district a prominent Catholic prelate asked a nervous little girl what matrimony

was.
"It is a state of terrible torment, which those who enter it are compelled to undergo for a time to prepare them for a better and brighter world," promptly came the reply, much to the chagrin of the priest

and bright and to the chagging the parish.

"No, no," he remonstrated, "don't be scared; just think a little; that isn't matrimony, you know; that answer describes

purgatory."
"Let her alone," said the archbishop,
"Maybe she's right. What do you and I
know about it, anyway?"—Philadelphia

Never mind, dearie,
When life's going wrong;
Don't you get weary—
Somewhere there's a song!
Out of the sorrow
Comes faith that is strong;
Dream of the morrow—
Somewhere there's a song.
—Frank L. Stanton.

12 THE CURSE OF MONEY

Patrick A. Collins, mayor of Boston, tells Patrick A. Collins, mayor of Boston, tells a story of a negro who was arrested for stealing. He had been caught helping himself to the contents of the cash drawer in the store of a Mr. Appleton. The magistrate before whom the negro was brought knew him, and was much surprised to learn the charge against the prisoner. Looking at the negro earnestly, he said:
"Didn't you know that no good could come from stolen money? There's a curse on it."
"Well jedge," replied the prisoner. "I

"Well, jedge," replied the prisoner, "I didn't know Mistah Appleton stole dat money. I couldn't tell dat by jest lookin'

FOR THE THRIFTY HOUSEWIFE

SIMPLE DINNER

SIMPLE DINNER

The enjoyable dinners are all simple affairs and invitations are seldom declined. Once in a while I like a ceremonious spread with a glistening array of silver by my plate that I scarcely know the use of, but like angels' visits those occasions are few and far between.

Take, for example, a chicken dinner, which is a prime favorite with us. The fowl is always plump and teuder, and if stewed is accompanied by gravy, mashed potatoes, stewed cranberries or some similar dish and the dessert. This latter is usually pie of some sort or canned fruit, as stewed chicken is a winter dish with us. If the chicken is fried it is accompanied by baked sweet potatoes and green corn or tomatoes. The dessert is blackberries or ripe peaches, If in season, a light pudding like taploca if not. Apple sauce, onton dressing, and mashed potatoes go with roast fowl, and there is always a very light dessert. fowl, and there is always a very light des-

In summer we like plenty of succotash, bread and butter and berries for dinner at least twice a week. Nothing more, but the dishes are heaped with the delicious old-fashioned dish and the bread plate goes back to the kitchen more than once. Roasting ears with freshly churned butter, stewed tomatoes and warm apple pie, form another combination we would not exchange for the most elaborate hotel dinner in the world, and baked potatoes, sweet and white, are hailed with delight when brought in smoking hot. We have plenty of what we have and the quality is of the best.

A great many writers assure young housekeepers that it is possible to live economically and well, but few emphasize the fact that simple dishes well cooked and of the best material are the cheapest in the long run. Better have good strawberries once a week, and cheap wholesome puddings the other six days than to vex your soul with cheap, spolled fruit.

Then there are Irish stews and pot roasts and heaf stew with dumplings all se beauty summer we like plenty of succotash,

roul with cheap, spoiled fruit.

Then there are Irish stews and pot roasts and beef stew with dumplings all so hearty that apple sauce, ginger-bread, rice with milk or gelatine are just the things to serve with them. Hot corn bread with jelly and butter on a cold winter day served with roast pork ribs makes a meal that leaves nothing to be desired. The back bone of pork with kraut and dumplings when the thermometer is near zero is relished by people who tell you they can not eat pork in any form, for the tender white meat is almost as good as chicken. The trouble with most of these homely dishes is that most people never get more than a taste of

them, and then only imperfectly cooked, so they are despised. Take a dish of beans prepared by a poor cook and one baked for hours by an expert and you will soon see the difference. If parsnips bolled with a bit of pork and then baked in a slow oven, home-made hominy, molasses ginger-bread and a few more wholesome viands were as popular as Boston baked beans, it would be possible for more families to live within their means.

their means.

It is poor economy to save on the table to give to the doctor, but many home makers have that truth to learn.

BANANA SHORT CAKE

BANANA SHORT CAKE

One quart flour, one-half cup of butter, one-half teaspoon sait, one tablespoon sugar, two heaping teaspoons baking powder, milk to make soft dough, being about one pint. Sift the flour, salt and powder together, rub in the butter cold, add the milk, and mix into a smooth dough just soft enough to handle; divide in half and roll out to size of breakfast plates; lay on a greased baking tin and bake in a hot oven twenty minutes; separate the cakes without cutting, as cutting makes them heavy. Have mellow bananas peeled and sliced. Sweeten, spread between layers of cake, Garnish top with banana slices, dust with sugar, and serve with an abundance of whipped cream.

DROP RAISIN CAKE

Rub together with a tablespoon one cup of sugar and one tablespoon of butter. Add one egg and beat well. Add one-half cup of milk. Sift two cupfuls of flour and one and one-half teaspoons of baking powder.

Add this to the mixture and beat well together.

together.

Add one-half cupful of raisins (seeded) or currants. Drop by the teaspoonful on greased pans two inches apart. Bake in hot oven.

This quantity will make two dozen de-licious cakes and will cost ten cents.

TO BOIL RICE

Wash one cup thoroughly in several waters, drain and add gradually ten cups of boiling water, to which one-half level table-spoonful of sait has been added. Keep boiling rapidly for twenty-five minutes. Do not stir, as the rice will not stick unless the water does not boil.

Drain through a colander and put in oven to dry for five minutes.

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Trusting the paper will come all right and thanking you again, I am, Yours very truly,

MRS. HARLEY MIDDLETON.

READ THIS

Campbellstown, Ohio.

Dear Sir: — Well I write to inform you that I have received the dishes which I am more than pleased with and so proud of them; then to think and know how little work it takes to get them. Everybody admires them so

Yours very truly,

BESSIE COOPER.



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