Bovril helps you to "turn the corner"

Woman's Interests

Canning the Cocky Culls.

Let's can them this year. This expresses the views of many farmers and home canners who now see that money is made, not by selling the "cocky culls," but by converting them into canned food ready for the table on a moment's notice. Although the really interested poultryman will cull several times during the year, October and November are conceded to be the months when most farmers "pick out the loafers."

This house-cleaning process has met with such popular favor that we find the poultry market generally crowded in the fall, and prices much lower than earlier in the year. First, from the standpoint of economy, the poultryman who converts the culls into canned food is doing away with the extra labor and feed involved. When canned, these fowls are removed at the time the space is first needed for the younger birds, and by so doing the temptation to crowd is removed.

And what is more delicious than canned chicken? This can only be answered by folks who have enjoyed the canned meat. It doesn't take any longer to prepare six chickens at one time for cans than it does to prepare two fowls at separate times for immediate table use. No matter what method of canning is used, it is necessary to clean the chicken thoroughly, both outside and inside, using a brush and light soapsuds if necessary. Rapid cooling after killing is considered essential to good flavor in canned meat.

Chicken or any fowl is ready for preparation for the canner as soon as the animal heat has disappeared. For home canning, chicken is best by partially cooking first—fried, roasted, stewed—just as would be done for immediate serving, to preserve not only the meat, but the home cooked flavor as well.

Fried Chicken (Spring Fried).—Clean in the usual manner, splitting lengthwise or cut into quarters. Sear in hot grease, sprinkle with salt and pepper; or, if preferred, dip into flour or cracker crumbs mixed with salt and pepper. Fry until nicely browned in the same way as preparing for the table. The canning may now be done in different ways as follows:

Canning Dry without Removing the Bones.—Pack in the thoroughly cleaned and sterilized cans or jars, add no liquid. With cover off heat or exhaust eight minutes and seal immediately. Process No. 2 cans or pint jars, one hour and thirty minutes at 250 degrees F., or fifteen pounds of steam pressure. Three and one-half hours in hot water bath.

Canning with Gravy without Removing Bones.—Pack in the sterilized cans or jars, fill with boiling hot gravy made from the pan grease with addition of water or soup stock. Seal at once. Process No. 2 cans or pint jars, one hour at 250 degrees F., or fifteen pounds of steam pressure. Three hours in hot water bath.

Canning After Removing Bones.—Prepare as stated above, cut meat from bones and pack into sterilized cans or jars, add hot gravy, exhaust or heat five minutes if meat and gravy have cooled. Seal at once. Process No. 2 cans or pint jars, forty-five minutes at 250 degrees F., or fifteen pounds steam pressure. Two hours in hot water bath.

Making Soup Stock.—By utilizing chicken bones with any adherent meat, and the scalded and skinned feet are put on to boil in cold water (enough to cover) and simmer for several hours until bones are exhausted for soup stock, which is cooked down until very strong, strained and poured into hot cans. Seal at once. Process No. 2 cans or pint jars forty minutes at 250 degrees F., or fifteen pounds steam pressure. Hot water bath two hours.

Note.—For No. 3 cans or quart jars add fifteen minutes if using the steam pressure cooker, and forty-five minutes if using the hot water bath.

Pots and Potting.

Success in the window garden depends on what we grow the plants in. The common clay pot is best.

Glazed pots are more ornamental, but they are also more likely to become a source of trouble. When plants in common pots are overwatered, much of the excess passes off in a day or two under ordinary warm conditions; but with the glazed pot the surplus water will remain for several days, since evaporation can take place only from the surface of the soil. Glazed pots may be used successfully with water-loving plants, like the calla, when provided with a drainage opening in the base, but for other types of plants the common pot is best. There is a type of pot on the market in which no drainage opening is provided. This type is practically useless as a growing pot, since it is almost impossible to maintain a plant in one without sooner or later having a case of "sour soil." Such pots are useful mainly as jardinieres, in which other pots holding plants may be placed.

The soil used in potting plants should be rich, fine and of such density as will permit ready drainage. Potted plants, unlike those in open ground, can not send roots broadcast in search of food and water, hence only rich soil is desirable. Small stones and other refuse are useless and should be discarded.

When potting plants, the hole in the base of the pot may be partly closed with a small stone or piece of broken pot. If the plants are to be subirrigated, the soil must extend to the bottom of the pot; but if they are surface watered, a thin layer of pebbles or charcoal may be put in first and soil placed on it. If the soil is of the right consistency, however, no special drainage is required.

The mistake of overpotting is often made with the intention of encouraging growth and bloom by providing plenty of room. Actually, a plant will do better if set in a pot just large enough to contain the roots without undue crowding. The first potting of slips or seedlings should be in two-inch pots, from which changes to successive larger sizes are made only when the roots become potbound. To place a young plant in a large pot on the theory that the pot will be required eventually, is a sin.

Losing the Little Toe.

The oft-repeated story that many English ladies of fashion have had their little toes amputated so as to be able to wear the latest fashion of pointed shoes moves an American foot specialist to announce that the ladies can in the future save themselves this painful sacrifice to their vanity, for they will have only four toes. He declares that woman's little toe has been deteriorating in the course of many generations. Thus, for instance, the mummies of Egyptian women will show four joints in the little toe. But the women of ancient Greece had no more than three. At the present time the deterioration has left only, in many cases, not more than one knuckle. It therefore seems that the female little toe is fated to extinction. The authority cited traces this phenomenon to the use of shoes with high heels.

The Real Danger

"I have heard so much about your Wild West," remarked the foreign visitor. "Show me one of your dangerous characters."

"The prosperous looking man you see getting out of the motor car across the street is one."

"Not a cowboy, surely?"

"No. He's an oil promoter."

Fire losses in the United States and Canada during June of this year amounted to $24,000,000.

Minard's Liniment for Colds, etc.

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The Cow Puncher

BY ROBERT J. C. STEAD.

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CHAPTER XV.—(Cont'd.)

So the talk drifted on, sometimes safely, sometimes through tortuous channels that threatened at any moment to overturn their little shell of convention. But no such catastrophe occurred, and when, at length, Mrs. Hardy began to show signs of weariness, Irene served coffee and cake, and the two men, taking that as an intimation that their welcome had run down, but would rewind itself if not too continually drawn upon, left the house together. On their way they agreed that it was a very beautiful night.

Dave turned the situation over in his mind with some impatience. Irene had now been in the city for several weeks, and he had had opportunity for scarce a dozen personal words with her. Was he to be baulked by such an insufferable chaperonage as it seemed the purpose of Mrs. Hardy and Conward to establish over his love affair? No. In the act of undressing he told himself No, suiting to the word such vigor of behaviour that in the morning he found his shoes at opposite corners of the room. No! He who, as a boy had not hesitated to assert a sort of proprietorship over Irene, would not hesitate now—— He was keyed to the heroic.

Several days passed without any word from Irene, and he had almost made up his mind to attempt another telephone appointment, when he met her, quite accidentally, in the street. It was a beautiful afternoon; warm, but not hot, with a fresh breeze from the mountains flowing through the unclouded heavens, and a radiant sun pouring down upon all. But Irene looked more radiant still. She had been shopping, she said. The duty of household purchase fell mainly upon her. Her mother rested in the afternoons——

"How about a cup of tea?" said Dave. "And a thin sandwich? And a delicate morsel of cake? One can always count on thin sandwiches and delicate morsels of cake. Their function is purely a social one, having no relation to the physical requirements."

"I should be very glad," said Irene.

They found a quiet tea-room. When they were seated Dave, without preliminaries, plunged into the subject nearest his heart.

"I have been wanting an opportunity to talk to you—wanting it for weeks," he said. "But it always seemed——"

"Always seemed that you were thwarted," Irene completed his thought. "You didn't disguise your annoyance very well the other night."

"Do you blame me for being annoyed?"

"No. But I rather blame you for showing it. You see, I was annoyed, too."

"Then you had nothing to do with—with bringing about the situation that existed?"

"Certainly not. Surely you do not think that I would—that I would——"

"I beg your pardon, Reenie," said Dave, contritely. "I should have known better. But it seemed such a strange coincidence."

She was toying with her cup, and for once her eyes avoided him. "You should hardly think, Dave," she ventured—" you should hardly conclude that—what has been, you know, gives you the right, entitles you——"

"To a monopoly of your attentions. Perhaps not. But it gives me the right to a fair chance to win a monopoly of your attentions." He was speaking low and earnestly, and his voice had a deep, rich timbre in it that thrilled and almost frightened her. She could not resent his straightforwardness. She felt that he was already asserting his claims upon her, and there was something tender and delightful in the sense of being claimed by such a man.

"I must have a fair chance to win that monopoly," he repeated. "How did it happen that Conward was present?"

"I don't know. It just happened. A little after you telephoned me he called up and asked for mother, and the next I knew she said he was coming up to spend the evening. And then I said you were coming."

"And what did she say?"

Irene hesitated. "Please don't make me tell you," she whispered at length.

"Don't hesitate from any fear of hurting me," he said, with a laugh. "I know I have failed to make a hit with your mother. On your account I could wish I had been more successful, but perhaps she will be fairer when she knows me better. What did she say?"

"She just said, 'That cow puncher.' And I just told her that you were the man who put the punch in the Conward & Elden firm—you see, I am learning your slang—and that everybody says so, and a few more things I told her, too."

But Dave had dropped into a sudden reverie. It was not so remarkable as it seemed that Conward should have telephoned Mrs. Hardy almost immediately after he had used the line. Conward's telephone and Dave's were on the same circuit; it was a simple matter for Conward, if he had happened to lift the receiver during Dave's conversation with Irene, to overhear all that was said. That might happen accidentally; at least, it might begin innocently enough. The fact that Conward had acted upon the information indicated two things—first, that he had no very troublesome sense of honor—which Dave had long suspected—and second, that he had deliberately planned a confliction with Dave's visit to the Hardy home. This indicated a policy of some kind—a scheme deeper than Dave was as yet able to fathom. He would at least guard against any further eavesdropping on his telephone.

He took a card from his pocket, and made some figures on it. "If you should have occasion to call me at the office at any time, please use that number, and ask for me," he said. "It is the accountant's number. 'There's a reason.' "

It flattered his masculine authority that she put the card in her purse without comment. She did not ask him to explain. Dave knew that when a woman no longer asks for explanations she pays man her highest compliment.

The cups were empty; the sandwiches and cakes were gone, but they lingered on.

"I have been wondering," Dave ventured at length, "just where I stand—with you. You remember our agreement?"

She averted her eyes, but her voice was steady. "You have observed the terms?" she said.

"Yes—in all essential matters. I come to you now in accordance with those terms. You said that we would know. Now I know; know as I have always known since those wonderful days in the foothills; those days from which I date my existence. Anything worth while that has ripened in my life was sown by your smile and your confidence and your strange pride in me, back in those sunny days. And I would repay it all— and at the same time double my debt—by returning it to you, if I may."

"I realize that I owe you an answer, now, Dave," she said, frankly. "And I find it very hard to make that answer. Marriage means so much more to a woman than it does to a man. I know you don't think so, but it does. Man, after the honeymoon, returns to his first love—his day's work. But woman cannot go back . . . Don't misunderstand me, Dave. I would be ashamed to say I doubt myself, or that I don't know my mind, but you and I are no longer boy and girl. We are man and woman now. And I just want time—just want time to be sure that—that——"

"I suppose you are right," he answered. "I will not try to hurry your decision. I will only try to give you an opportunity to know—to be sure, as you said. Then, when you are sure you will speak. I will not reopen the subject."

His words had something of the ring of an ultimatum, but no endearments that his lips might have uttered could have gripped her heart so surely. She knew they were the words of a man in deadly earnest, a man who had himself in hand, a man who made love with the same serious purpose as he had employed in the other projects of his successful life. She raised her eyes to his fine face. Decision was stamped all over it; from the firm jaw to the steady eyes that met her own. Suddenly she began to tremble. It was not fear. Afterwards she knew it to have been pride—pride in his great masterly manfulness; in a judgment so sure of itself that it dallied not a moment in stating the terms upon which all future happiness might hang. For if Dave had misread Irene's heart he had deliberately closed the only door through which he might hope to approach it. But Irene instinctively knew that he had not misread her heart; it seemed that this bold, daring manoeuvre had captured the citadel at a stroke. Had it not been for some strange sense of shame—some fear that too ready capitulation might be mistaken for weakness—she would have surrendered then.

"I think that is best," she managed to say. "We will let our acquaintanceship ripen."

He rose and helped her with her light wrap. His fingers touched her hand, and it seemed to him the battle was won. . . . But he had promised not to reopen the subject.

In the street he said, "If you will wait a moment I will take you home in my car." Their eyes met, and each of them knew what it meant. It meant announcement to her mother that she had met Dave down town. It meant, perhaps, a supposition on her mother's part that she had gone down town for that purpose. It was far-reaching. But she said, simply, "I should enjoy driving home with you."

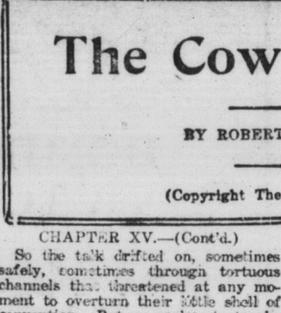
On the way they planned that the following Sunday they would drive into the foothills together. Of course they would ask Mrs. Hardy to accompany them. Of course. But it might happen that Mrs. Hardy would be indisposed. She was tired with the numerous duties incident to settling in a new home. Irene was of the opinion that what her mother needed now was rest.

As it happened, Mrs. Hardy was at the gate. She greeted Dave cordially enough; it was not possible for Mrs. Hardy to quite forget her conventional training, just as it was not possible for her to quite forget that Dave was a one-time cow puncher. Encouraged by her mood Irene determined to settle the Sunday program at once.

"Dave was good enough to bring me up in his car," she said. "And just think! He invites us to drive into the foothills with him next Sunday. Will you come? It will be delightful. Or are you feeling——"

"Mr. Elden is very kind," said Mrs. Hardy, with dignity. "I have no doubt Mr. Conward will accompany us. He is to call this evening, and I will ask him. . . . Yes, I think it very likely we will go."

(To be continued.)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Automobile Tires Having Fixed Blow-out Points.

An inventor's idea of minimizing injuries to tires is to provide certain places on the sides of the shoe where the wall is weakened. A blow-out, due to any cause except direct puncture, is thus confined to one of these spots. Special arrangements are made to repair the rupture easily and effectively, with suitable plugs and patches.

He—"I saw the doctor to-day. He says there's something the matter with my head." She—"You don't mean to say you paid a doctor to tell you that?"

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Turbine and Dynamo Units for Train Illumination.

Small enough to be mounted almost anywhere on a locomotive is a compact unit consisting of a direct-connected dynamo and steam turbine, that has been produced in Switzerland to provide for train lighting. In the housing for the turbine, between it and the dynamo, is an air fan for cooling the shaft bearing at this point, and which acts also as a stuffing box for the turbine. The turbine is very simple, and the steam requires no control, for the air fan acts as a governor, preventing racing, and keeping the speed uniform at all loads. The lamps in the train remain remarkably steady, and there is a very small variation of voltage, no matter how many or how few lamps are in operation.

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THE KING'S RARE STAMPS

King George possesses the most complete collection of the stamps of the British Empire.

He was collecting stamps as a "middy," and although he does not get so much time for stamps nowadays, he is as keen as ever, and is always adding to and improving the collection.

There is a special room at Buckingham Palace for his philatelic collections, and here is to be found Mr. E. D. Bacon, M.V.O, who is entrusted with the custody of the royal albums. Mr. Bacon is president of the Royal Philatelic Society, and among his previous great tasks was the arrangement of the Tapling collection of stamps at the British Museum, a collection worth nearly $1,250,000.

Bought in Boyhood Days.

The King has the somewhat unusual record among philatelists of an unbroken association with philately from his boyhood. What his collection is worth no one can guess.

Stamps which the young Prince George secured for "a mere song" on his travels as a boy (1879-1882) are now among the rare specimens that hold pride of place in his collection. One rare item is an original rough sketch in water colors of the first postage-stamps which Rowland Hill sent to the Chancellor of the Exchequer in 1840, to show what the new stamps would be like.

His keen and scientific study of stamps led him to join the Philatelic Society, of which he became Vice-President in 1893. Later he became President.

One of his wedding presents in 1893 was a handsome album containing a number of rare stamps, sent as a combined gift from his fellow philatelists.

Some of the most valuable stamps in the royal collection are the Mauritus early issues. They are quaint looking stamps, engraved by a local watchmaker on an old visiting-card plate.

The likeness of Queen Victoria upon them is not very true to life—indeed, it is something of a caricature—but the stamps, the penny in orange and the two-penny in indigo-blue, are things of beauty to the philatelist. The first issue bore the inscription "Post Office," reading upwards at the left of the stamps, and this inscription was altered in the next issue to "Post Paid." This explains the difference between the rare first issue and the more accessible later issue.

A $20,000 Pair.

Of the "Post Office" stamps only 1,000 were printed, and of these only twenty-seven are known now. The King acquired his penny "Post Office" for $4,250, from the old Earl of Kintore's collection, and the twopence one was bought at auction in London in 1904, for $7,250, at that time a record price for any single stamp. To-day, however, the stamps are worth much more; such a pair would probably fetch about $20,000.

The King's Mafeking stamps are a very rare set, some of which were made in Mafeking during the siege by means of photographic negatives on ferro-prussiate paper. One rare specimen is a reversed print of the famous Baden-Powell stamp, of which only seven copies are known.

Another outstanding rarity is a four penny Western Australia stamp, in which the frame part of the design appears inverted in relation to the central device, a swan; this is known as the "inverted swan," and only eight copies are in existence. The last one sold, a few years ago, fetched nearly $4,000, but the present value is about $5,000.

An even rarer item in the same issue is the four penny stamp with the letters Australia only half their proper height, a variety that occurred only once on the sheet. Only one other copy is known.

The arrangement of such a collection is constantly in progress, and each year His Majesty honors the premier society—now the "Royal Philatelic Society"—with a display at one of its meetings of some newly-arranged section of the vast treasure-store of Imperial stamps.

Electric Shocks for Hearts.

One of the most remarkable of recent medical inventions is the static wave device.

Its purpose is to regulate the beating of the heart, should it be too fast or too slow. The patient sits in an insulated chair connected with a machine which passes an electrical current through the body.

Outside the machine is a revolving ball, fixed to the end of a metal rod. Every time this ball passes another stationary ball electricity is discharged from the body, causing the muscles to relax.

If the heart should be beating seventy-four times a minute, but is six beats fast, the revolving ball is timed to go round at seventy-four revolutions a minute, and the heart is thus slowed down to its correct time. In the same way the heart can be quickened.

This wonderful machine was exhibited at a recent Medical Exhibition in London. The force of the current is such that a person putting his hand within six inches of the chair receives quite a powerful shock.

What is wisdom but having a great deal to say and keeping silent.