



The "Chemics" of Bread

LET us look a bit into the chemistry of bread.

For we want our bread not only to *seem* good but we want it to actually *be* good. And as bread is a question of flour and flour a question of wheat we see that *wheat* is where we have to begin.

Gluten, starch, water, and phosphates, are the principal component qualities of wheat. And in proportion as these qualities are more or less present is the wheat more or less valuable so far as *nutrition* is concerned.

The nutritive and bread-making qualities of wheat are the things that make it more valuable than rye or oats or barley or corn as human food.

The quality of nutrition, too, is what makes one brand of flour more valuable than another.

If it were not for nutrition

and bread-making qualities any flour would be as good as any other. We wouldn't have to care whether it was made from good wheat or poor wheat, from Spring wheat or Winter, from all wheat or part other cereals.

A chemist will tell you that ROYAL HOUSEHOLD FLOUR is *richer* in high quality gluten than flour made from low grades of wheat. And for *that* reason it is better for food, hence more valuable than ordinary flour.

And actual tests in your *kitchen* will tell you that it produces *more and larger loaves to the barrel* than ordinary soft wheat or blended flour, the reason being that flour made from hard Red Fyfe wheat is more expansive and more absorbent.

It is plain, common-sense that flour made from the finest hard wheat in the world and scientifically milled must produce the finest bread in the world. And it *does*. Try it. Prove it.



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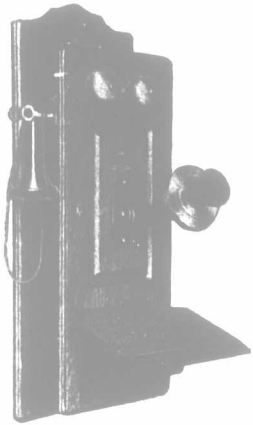
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Our Scrap Bag.

Pictorial Review tells about a device for wash-day by which draining the clothes becomes easy. These drainers are not on the market in this country as yet, but we should think that any woman who wanted one, could have one made at no very great expense. The description is as follows:

"A welcome device is in the shape of a clothes drainer. The fashion of winding the clothes about a stick as they come from the boiler was one of dubious merit, often leading to scalded hands. A new clothes drainer consists of a wire rack, to be let down into the boiler. The rack may be held above the water, or submerged to any depth, by means of graduating steps on the handles. The drainer is put in the boiler, and the clothes placed in it. When the clothes are ready to come out, the drainer is lifted notch by notch, and the water runs off. Finally, the entire drainer and clothes may be lifted together from the boiler."

A cup-shaped clothes-sprinkler, with many fine holes in the base, is also made to ensure even sprinkling.

One of the most wholesome fads that has been prevalent (says the New York Herald) among society at large, is the newest of all—optimism. For it is no longer the fashion to go about looking as though you bore the burden of the world upon your devoted shoulders. But, instead, you're expected to look blithely upon the old world and its troubles—and your own troubles, too. Perhaps it is our free, out-door life that has developed the quality. Perhaps it is only a new pose—for public opinion must have its poses, like every individual. Surely it should make happier, healthier communities out of our cities and towns. Good cheer is more or less of a habit—pretend to have it, and you suddenly wake up to find you've really got it, and, too, have created a more joyous atmosphere for yourself, that gradually grows necessary to you. The happy habit is a good one—much better than the tragic-faced, world-weary type that preceded it. May the new fad stay in fashion!

Take up a couple of parsley plants and put them in pots for winter garnishing.

The following plan for driving flies out of the house has been recommended: Open doors and windows, then put about 20 drops of carbolic acid on a hot pan and leave it in the room for a time.

Take up all bulbs of dahlias, gladioli, cannas, tuberose and caladiums before hard frosts set in. Dry them, then store in boxes in a dry, cool place.

Suburban Life states that "Electricity may be made available in any rural community, if there is a stream of water of sufficient size and fall to turn a water-wheel." When such plants have been installed, the rural housewife may look forward to having one of the electric cleaners, which do away with broom and dustpan, and make the work of cleaning rugs, walls, draperies and upholstery almost nothing. These machines suck up the dust as do the vacuum cleaners, but are much more easily worked.

Try planting a few violets (plants) in pots for winter blooming.

The following has been clipped from a prominent American magazine:

"Last spring, we ate crisp apples as late as June, and this is how we were enabled to do so. Much care was taken in picking the apples, and all that were bruised, ever so slightly, were put into a separate box and used first. I use boxes instead of barrels for winter pears and apples, setting them around the cellar walls about three inches from the floor, each one provided with a tightly-fitting cover. In packing them for late keeping, I cover the bottom of the box with an inch layer of wheat bran, then place the apples in rows, as closely as possible without touching, sift bran into the crevices, with another inch layer, and repeat the process until the box is filled, with a layer of bran on top. I then cover all with several thicknesses of paper, and hasp the cover.—A. W. Stratton."

The Shadow Man.

(By Virna Sheard.)

Little honey baby, shet yo' eyes up tight.
(Shadow-man is comin' in de door!)
You's as sweet as roses, if dey is so pink an' white.
(Shadow-man is creepin' cross de floor.)

Little honey baby, keep yo' foots still—
(Rocky-bye, oh! rocky, rocky-bye!)
Hush yo' now an' listen to dat lonesome whip-po-will—
Don't yo' fix dat lip an' start to cry.

Little honey baby, stop dat winkin' quick—
(Hear de hoot-owl in de cottonwood.)
Yes, I sees yo' eyes adoin' dat dere triflin' trick.
(He gets chillern if dey isn't good.)

Little honey baby, what yo' think yo' see?
(Sister keep on climbin' to de sky.)
Dat's a june-bug—it ain't got no stinger lak a bee.
(Reach de glory city by-and-by.)

Little honey baby, what yo' skeery at?
(Go down Moses—down to Pharaoh.)
No; dat isn't nuffin' but a furry fly-round bat.
(Say he'd betta let dose people go.)

Little honey baby, shet yo' eyes up tight.
(Shadow-man is comin' in de door!)
You's as sweet as roses, if dey is so pink and white
(Shadow-man is creepin' cross de floor.)

October.

A maze of leaves in a rich mosaic,
Brown and yellow and flaming red,
Where the winds go by in the depths archaic,

And bright through the branches overhead,
Like a fair, white hand at a window-shutter,

The sunlight under the leaf-shades peeps.

Now here, now there, with its changing flutter,

While below the old earth sleeps and sleeps.

Fleecy clouds by the wind swept over,

And a vague, faint scent all sharp and sweet,

Like the mingled smell of thyme and clover,

Bruised by the summer's flying feet,
Ashes and fires and dying embers,

A waste of gold and a vault of flame—
And the frail, gray ghosts of the lost

Septembers
Vanishing, fading, past reclaim.

—Ernest McGaffey.

The Beaver Circle.

[All children in second part and second books, will write for the Junior Beavers' Department. Those in third and fourth books, also those who have left school, or are in High School, between the ages of 11 and 15, inclusive, will write for Senior Beavers'. Kindly state book at school, or age, if you have left school, in each letter sent to the Beaver Circle.]

In our competition, the prizes go to Vina Erb, Ontario Boy, and Mary Wills. Of these, the first two wrote on "Insects," the last named on "A Fall Fair."

The Honor Roll.—Hazel Muir, Dolly, Zita, Hallowell, Alvin Crago, M. G. Switzer, Charles Patterson.

The prize essays appear to-day. Some of the rest will be published next time.

Prize Essay.

Dear Puck and Beavers,—I have just finished reading this interesting little "corner," so I will try on the competition.

I have made several observations of insects this summer, one of which I will write about to-day.

I caught different kinds of caterpillars, and or worms, as we children call them, and put two of the same kind in boxes with a glass over the top, so that I might examine them without disturbing them too often. In the boxes I put some green leaves and tender twigs, so that they might eat.

The first few days I was surprised to see them eat so much, but the next few days the poor little things seemed less hungry, and I thought they would surely die; but soon I saw that each one was tucking himself up in a fine blanket of silk threads, called a cocoon.

Eager to see what it looked like now, I tore one of the cocoons open, and, fastened at one end, hung a pupa, almost the shape of a butterfly's head and body, the feet having disappeared, and the rings