

IN THE REALM WHERE WOMAN REIGNS

Keeping House With the Hoopers

(The Hoopers, an average American family of five, living in a suburban town, are the subject of the column. The readers of the Daily Times know the many present-day problems of the home are solved by working on the budget. Mrs. Hooper is evolving and becoming practical. Follow them daily in an interesting review of their home life and learn to meet the conditions of the high cost of living with them.)

THURSDAY.

With the idea in mind that as much as possible of her money had to be conserved, Mrs. Hooper confined her shopping list for the week to absolute necessities. Her inspection of the pantry on Monday and Tuesday included an inventory of what she had on hand but also an arrangement of her supplies that would call for the using up of everything that could be utilized for meals during the next few weeks so that nothing would have to be thrown away at last moment. The woman's preserve closet would also be a source of supply while they remained in Mayfield and the remainder she intended to have packed very carefully and shipped by express to their new home. Henry had protested very forcibly when she had first suggested this, but when he went over the contents of the shelves with him and pointed out the quantity and quality of what she had in stock and informed him as to just how much of their food allowance would have to go to replace equivalent he weakened in his protests at the time, but even so it would be necessary to transport all the fruit and vegetables that she had put up to last until well into the summer.

"Why don't you sell it?" asked Henry.

"Lots of people in Mayfield would be glad to buy it and you could use the money you get for it to buy canned fruit and vegetables in the city."

"I thought of doing that," Mrs. Hooper replied, "but it will be quite as much bother for me to sell it as it will be for you and Roger to take a day and pack it carefully in boxes and barrels so that there will be little danger of damage when it is sent by express. I would never get anywhere near the value of it if I did sell it in Mayfield and what I would get for the money would not equal it in quality. The cost of transportation will not be any more than the money loss I would have to stand if I sold it for less than it is worth and then bought something not nearly so good and a very much smaller quantity for the money."

"But what if it all gets mashed up in transit?" asked Henry. "Very little will be broken if you and Roger pack it carefully and you have plenty of time to do it if you begin tomorrow."

She intended to buy nothing further in the way of clothes for herself or Helen, but she would have time to outfit herself of a January sale to get the rest of a suit for Roger and a new overcoat for Henry, and she felt that she could shop to better advantage in Mayfield and the nearby city where she was familiar with the stores than she could in a perfectly strange place. She set aside next Thursday afternoon on the schedule she was now making of the work she had to do the time for this shopping and when she went in town this afternoon she did only her marketing for the table.

The menus for the three meals on Friday are:

BREAKFAST.
Oranges
Cream of Wheat
Scrambled Eggs, White Corn Muffins
Coffee

LUNCHEON.
Hot Roast Beef, Rolls
Sliced Peaches
Sponge Cake
Coffee

DINNER.
Clear Brown Soup
Curried Pork Cutlets
Baked Hominy
Fish Salad
Raspberry Pudding
Coffee

CLEAR BROWN SOUP.

After making stock, cool and skim and measure out one quart. Put over the fire and when luke warm stir in the white of a raw egg. Bring quickly to a boil, stirring all the time. As soon as it bubbles, take from the fire and let it stand for ten minutes. Then pour slowly off the dross through a funnel bag, or a double cloth. Let it drip as you would jelly. When all has run through, return to the fire with a little soaked minute tapioca, or a handful of "maneatra," such as comes in shapes for soups; simmer five minutes, color with kitchen bouquet, or with caramel, and serve.

CURRIED PORK CUTLETS.

Trim away the fat and skin from the small ends; broil over clear coals thoroughly. Pepper and salt to taste. Keep hot (and covered) over boiling water. Heat a tablespoonful of butter in a frying pan, and as soon as it hisses fry it in a tablespoonful of minced onion. When the onions have browned strain it from the fat, return the latter to the baking pan, and pour in a cupful of boiling water, with a few drops of apple sauce. Stir while it simmers for ten minutes. Cool two minutes and pour it over the chops. Leave covered in the oven for five minutes and then serve.

RAISIN BROWNIE PUDDING.

Stir to a cream a tablespoonful of butter and a scant cupful of sugar.

In a gill of cream, three beaten eggs and two cupfuls of prepared flour. Last of all, add a pint of red raspberries, plentifully dredged with sugar. Turn into a greased mold and bake for about half an hour or until "set" and brown. This is a good accompaniment to roast beef.

RASPBERRY PUDDING.

Stir to a cream a tablespoonful of butter and a scant cupful of sugar. Stir in a gill of cream, three beaten eggs and two cupfuls of prepared flour. Last of all, add a pint of red raspberries, plentifully dredged with sugar. Turn into a greased mold and bake for one hour. Serve hot with hard sauce into which has been beaten the juice from a pint of red raspberries.

LENTEN SALAD.

Line the bottom of the salad dish with crisp lettuce leaves. Fill the center of the dish with cold boiled or baked fish, cut into pieces, and pour over it a pint of mayonnaise dressing. Garnish with rings of hard boiled eggs.

Helpful Household Hints

RENOVATING SERGE.

To renovate a shabby serge skirt, sponge it with hot vinegar until the stains and grease marks disappear, then thoroughly press the wrong side with a fairly hot iron.

TO FRESHEN VELVET.

To renovate velvet dip a brush in sand, rub lightly and the soiled collar or cuffs will look like new. It is a cleaning process, too, for the slight moisture removes dust and the harsh action of sand friction gives new life to the which has been worn down.

DEVILS UNLEASHED

By EDWIN G. WOOD

A Story of Tropical Seas That Will Hold You From Beginning to End

PRECEDING CHAPTERS,

WHICH CROWNED the previous ball, Eagle, their brains fired by an over-supply of rum, mutinied in South Pacific waters, slew the captain and first mate and heaved their bodies overboard. The remaining respectable persons left on board were Richard Hunter, a man about 30, a passenger bound for Australia, and Mrs. Faith, his wife, on her way to Australia to visit her mother.

The schooner's crew proved to be about as tough as a bunch of cutthroats as ever manned a pirate craft. Their leader, now that Captain White had been killed, was his own captain, Jansen, a huge fellow, who could be monstrously brutal or cunningly mild, as the case might be. Jansen resented Hunter's interference with his authority, and after Hunter had shot and killed a sailor who had been forced to take refuge in a double cabin, behind locked doors, both were armed with revolvers.

The companionway being opened, Jansen, following his usual custom of coming down backwards and carrying a weight of 100 lbs. in his steaming condition, and hampered by having to hold his hands above his head. It was with difficulty he kept from falling before he reached the bottom, then, then—

"He's half-shot," muttered Hunter, slipping through the stateroom door, where he paused until he heard the bolt shoot on the inside. Then he made his way to the foot of the companionway.

The companionway being opened, Jansen, following his usual custom of coming down backwards and carrying a weight of 100 lbs. in his steaming condition, and hampered by having to hold his hands above his head. It was with difficulty he kept from falling before he reached the bottom, then, then—

"He's half-shot," muttered Hunter, slipping through the stateroom door, where he paused until he heard the bolt shoot on the inside. Then he made his way to the foot of the companionway.

The companionway being opened, Jansen, following his usual custom of coming down backwards and carrying a weight of 100 lbs. in his steaming condition, and hampered by having to hold his hands above his head. It was with difficulty he kept from falling before he reached the bottom, then, then—

"He's half-shot," muttered Hunter, slipping through the stateroom door, where he paused until he heard the bolt shoot on the inside. Then he made his way to the foot of the companionway.

The companionway being opened, Jansen, following his usual custom of coming down backwards and carrying a weight of 100 lbs. in his steaming condition, and hampered by having to hold his hands above his head. It was with difficulty he kept from falling before he reached the bottom, then, then—

"He's half-shot," muttered Hunter, slipping through the stateroom door, where he paused until he heard the bolt shoot on the inside. Then he made his way to the foot of the companionway.

The companionway being opened, Jansen, following his usual custom of coming down backwards and carrying a weight of 100 lbs. in his steaming condition, and hampered by having to hold his hands above his head. It was with difficulty he kept from falling before he reached the bottom, then, then—

"He's half-shot," muttered Hunter, slipping through the stateroom door, where he paused until he heard the bolt shoot on the inside. Then he made his way to the foot of the companionway.

The companionway being opened, Jansen, following his usual custom of coming down backwards and carrying a weight of 100 lbs. in his steaming condition, and hampered by having to hold his hands above his head. It was with difficulty he kept from falling before he reached the bottom, then, then—

"He's half-shot," muttered Hunter, slipping through the stateroom door, where he paused until he heard the bolt shoot on the inside. Then he made his way to the foot of the companionway.

The companionway being opened, Jansen, following his usual custom of coming down backwards and carrying a weight of 100 lbs. in his steaming condition, and hampered by having to hold his hands above his head. It was with difficulty he kept from falling before he reached the bottom, then, then—

"He's half-shot," muttered Hunter, slipping through the stateroom door, where he paused until he heard the bolt shoot on the inside. Then he made his way to the foot of the companionway.

The companionway being opened, Jansen, following his usual custom of coming down backwards and carrying a weight of 100 lbs. in his steaming condition, and hampered by having to hold his hands above his head. It was with difficulty he kept from falling before he reached the bottom, then, then—

"He's half-shot," muttered Hunter, slipping through the stateroom door, where he paused until he heard the bolt shoot on the inside. Then he made his way to the foot of the companionway.

The companionway being opened, Jansen, following his usual custom of coming down backwards and carrying a weight of 100 lbs. in his steaming condition, and hampered by having to hold his hands above his head. It was with difficulty he kept from falling before he reached the bottom, then, then—

"He's half-shot," muttered Hunter, slipping through the stateroom door, where he paused until he heard the bolt shoot on the inside. Then he made his way to the foot of the companionway.

The companionway being opened, Jansen, following his usual custom of coming down backwards and carrying a weight of 100 lbs. in his steaming condition, and hampered by having to hold his hands above his head. It was with difficulty he kept from falling before he reached the bottom, then, then—

"He's half-shot," muttered Hunter, slipping through the stateroom door, where he paused until he heard the bolt shoot on the inside. Then he made his way to the foot of the companionway.

The companionway being opened, Jansen, following his usual custom of coming down backwards and carrying a weight of 100 lbs. in his steaming condition, and hampered by having to hold his hands above his head. It was with difficulty he kept from falling before he reached the bottom, then, then—

"He's half-shot," muttered Hunter, slipping through the stateroom door, where he paused until he heard the bolt shoot on the inside. Then he made his way to the foot of the companionway.

The companionway being opened, Jansen, following his usual custom of coming down backwards and carrying a weight of 100 lbs. in his steaming condition, and hampered by having to hold his hands above his head. It was with difficulty he kept from falling before he reached the bottom, then, then—

"He's half-shot," muttered Hunter, slipping through the stateroom door, where he paused until he heard the bolt shoot on the inside. Then he made his way to the foot of the companionway.

The companionway being opened, Jansen, following his usual custom of coming down backwards and carrying a weight of 100 lbs. in his steaming condition, and hampered by having to hold his hands above his head. It was with difficulty he kept from falling before he reached the bottom, then, then—

"He's half-shot," muttered Hunter, slipping through the stateroom door, where he paused until he heard the bolt shoot on the inside. Then he made his way to the foot of the companionway.

The companionway being opened, Jansen, following his usual custom of coming down backwards and carrying a weight of 100 lbs. in his steaming condition, and hampered by having to hold his hands above his head. It was with difficulty he kept from falling before he reached the bottom, then, then—

"He's half-shot," muttered Hunter, slipping through the stateroom door, where he paused until he heard the bolt shoot on the inside. Then he made his way to the foot of the companionway.

The companionway being opened, Jansen, following his usual custom of coming down backwards and carrying a weight of 100 lbs. in his steaming condition, and hampered by having to hold his hands above his head. It was with difficulty he kept from falling before he reached the bottom, then, then—

"He's half-shot," muttered Hunter, slipping through the stateroom door, where he paused until he heard the bolt shoot on the inside. Then he made his way to the foot of the companionway.

The companionway being opened, Jansen, following his usual custom of coming down backwards and carrying a weight of 100 lbs. in his steaming condition, and hampered by having to hold his hands above his head. It was with difficulty he kept from falling before he reached the bottom, then, then—

"He's half-shot," muttered Hunter, slipping through the stateroom door, where he paused until he heard the bolt shoot on the inside. Then he made his way to the foot of the companionway.

The companionway being opened, Jansen, following his usual custom of coming down backwards and carrying a weight of 100 lbs. in his steaming condition, and hampered by having to hold his hands above his head. It was with difficulty he kept from falling before he reached the bottom, then, then—

"He's half-shot," muttered Hunter, slipping through the stateroom door, where he paused until he heard the bolt shoot on the inside. Then he made his way to the foot of the companionway.

The companionway being opened, Jansen, following his usual custom of coming down backwards and carrying a weight of 100 lbs. in his steaming condition, and hampered by having to hold his hands above his head. It was with difficulty he kept from falling before he reached the bottom, then, then—

"He's half-shot," muttered Hunter, slipping through the stateroom door, where he paused until he heard the bolt shoot on the inside. Then he made his way to the foot of the companionway.

The companionway being opened, Jansen, following his usual custom of coming down backwards and carrying a weight of 100 lbs. in his steaming condition, and hampered by having to hold his hands above his head. It was with difficulty he kept from falling before he reached the bottom, then, then—

"He's half-shot," muttered Hunter, slipping through the stateroom door, where he paused until he heard the bolt shoot on the inside. Then he made his way to the foot of the companionway.

The companionway being opened, Jansen, following his usual custom of coming down backwards and carrying a weight of 100 lbs. in his steaming condition, and hampered by having to hold his hands above his head. It was with difficulty he kept from falling before he reached the bottom, then, then—

"He's half-shot," muttered Hunter, slipping through the stateroom door, where he paused until he heard the bolt shoot on the inside. Then he made his way to the foot of the companionway.

The companionway being opened, Jansen, following his usual custom of coming down backwards and carrying a weight of 100 lbs. in his steaming condition, and hampered by having to hold his hands above his head. It was with difficulty he kept from falling before he reached the bottom, then, then—

"He's half-shot," muttered Hunter, slipping through the stateroom door, where he paused until he heard the bolt shoot on the inside. Then he made his way to the foot of the companionway.

Women Who Are Doing Big Things in Washington



Mrs. Bessie Bruegeman

RIGHTS OF WOMEN SLOWLY EMERGING IN OLD ENGLAND

Husbands No Longer May 'Beal' Wives and Expect to Be Upheld.

LONDON, Jan. 5.—Of the many laws on the British statute book none is so ambiguous or misleading as that relating to the power of a husband over his wife.

Under the strict letter of the law a British husband can exercise over his wife an almost Turk-like domination. Yet according to the law as it is now, a husband may not shoot a husband living in the house and home which is his property, but he may only do so providing he behaves himself.

Should he entertain any of his friends there without first obtaining his wife's permission it is tantamount to misbehavior and he can be ejected.

Most of the ancient matrimonial rights have disappeared. A case, however, came up in the law courts the other day in which an action was brought by a husband against his wife's father for "harboring" her, a revival of an ancient matrimonial right which has almost disappeared.

TOUGH ON PIAF-IN-LAW.

The case developed that the wife fulfilled the threat of going back to "her people" and left the husband. The result was that father-in-law was involved in a very exacting law suit and the husband had to deliver up his daughter to the court.

There is an illusion abroad that the Englishman—not English but British—has a right to beat his wife with a stick not thicker than his thumb. That was sixty years ago, and though the act has never been repealed, there are certain judgments in existence which have considerably modified the power of a husband over his wife.

There was a time not long ago when a husband beat the absolute owner of his wife's property on her marriage; he himself was the man of the house, and he was not afraid to do so without fear, her up.

Legally the husband "bath power and dominion over his wife and may keep her by force within the bounds of duty, and also he may beat her, but not in a violent or cruel manner."

That is the outlook now through which the Englishman—now the husband—has a right to beat his wife with a stick not thicker than his thumb. Therefore should the modern husband exercise his pre-1860 rights and thrash his wife for some misdemeanor he is liable to be sued by the said spouse for assault, and if he becomes persistent it becomes perjury.

However, the letter of the law still exists in England. Legally the wife's position has only been improved in regard to her property, but the interpretation and spirit of it has undergone considerable alteration.

Presently the once