

How to Sharpen Knives

By THIRZA HULL

How many people know how to sharpen a knife or any sharp edged tool efficiently and correctly on an ordinary sharpening steel or stone?

According to a well known cutlery manufacturing company, the correct process must be done on a stone of rather fine grit. In beginning the operation, hold the knife firmly, but not rigidly, starting with the heel of the knife on the stone and drawing the knife toward the edge and at the same time toward the point, allowing the edge of the blade to follow the stone. If the point is curved, it is necessary to elevate the hand a little, at the same time turning the knife so the edge is always on the stone. The sharpening of the other side is done exactly the same way, with the knife reversed.

Hold the knife up so that only the edge touches the stone. It is necessary that the back of the knife should be held from the surface of the stone. In this way you will get a stiff edge suitable for cutting. If, however, the back is held too high, the edge will scrape the stone at the same time dulling the blade and also if the blade

is held too flat on the stone you will get a razor edge, which will be too thin for general use.

If the above instructions are carried out, your knife should be sharp with two or three strokes each way.

There are many ways to sharpen knives. There are many instruments on the market for just that purpose, but it is surprising to know that very few women take advantage of these instruments or any other kinds for sharpening the most useful tool in the kitchen. One of the devices that we find advertised quite often is the piece of apparatus that has two sets of steel disks, through which the knife is drawn. A handle comes with this, so that it can be held securely on a table while the knife is drawn through it. This device, however, secures only temporary results.

There is on the market a tiny grindstone, which fastens to a shelf, also there is one that has two sets of wheels placed opposite each other, which are turned by means of a handle. The knife to be sharpened is inserted between the revolving emery or carborundum disks. It is best to buy one

that has a fine grade of carborundum or emery, as the coarser grained ones only serve to wear away the knives very rapidly.

At commercial places of business, such as butcher shops, the knives are kept in excellent condition. A sharp knife means money to the butcher, and realizing this, he never becomes lax in his care of his knives. Why shouldn't the housewife take the care of her knife as does the butcher? She probably uses the knife more than any other instrument in preparing food for the family. Doesn't it mean money to her to keep the knives in good condition? A dull knife will tear the food to pieces, resulting in a dead loss for the butcher. Why doesn't that apply to the housewife as well?

There are other cutting devices which need care in the home, but it is much harder to sharpen these than to keep them in good condition. These are the vegetable slicer or cabbage cutter, kitchen shears, can openers, paring knives, fish scalers, chopping knives, fruit corers and strawberry hullers. It is the care of equipment that makes for an efficient housewife.

If the Baby Could Talk

By HELEN KALLENBERG

"Ya-hum! I'm getting sleepy. Here comes Mother. I'm glad; she will put me to bed.

"It's nice to be alone; everything is so quiet.

"Wow! What's kicking me? Stomach ache! Waa-ah! Waa-ah! Waa-ah! Waa-ah!

"Someone is picking me up. Waa-ah! Waa-ah! That feels better. Waa-a! Oh, she's rocking me! A-A-A-ah! But my stomach still hurts. Waa-ah! Waa-ah! Now it feels better. A-a-a-ah! A-a-a-ah! A-a-a-a. I like to be rocked! A-a-a-a. A-a-a-a . . ."

Next night.

"Mother is tucking me in bed. I suppose I'll have colic again. Wish Mother would rock me! Waa-a! Waa-ah! Here she comes. Waa-ah! Now she is going to rock me. Ah-a-a! A-a-a-a! A-a-a-a . . ."

Third night.

"Bed again! Wonder if Mother will rock me? No, she is going out. Waa-ah! Waa-ah! Here she comes. Waa-ah! I thought she'd rock me! A-a-a-a-a. A-a-a-a . . ."

Fourth night.

"Guess I'll yell right away. Waa-ah! Waa-ah! It worked! Ah-a-a-a-a. Ah-a-a-aaa-a . . ."

Fifth night.

"Waa-ah! Waa-ah! Ah-a-a-a! A-a-a-a. I don't have to yell much any more. A-a-a-a- . . ."

Sixth night.

"Waa-ah! She didn't tuck me in at all! A-a-a-a. A-a-a-a . . ."

Seventh night.

"A-a-ah! A-a-ah! This is fine! I didn't have to yell at all. She didn't even lay me down."

Eighth night.

"Hum! Dad is putting me to bed. Wonder where Mother is? He is tucking me in! Waa-ah! Waa-ah! Waa-ah! He has closed the door! Waa-ah! Waa-ah! Here he comes. My, how cross! Waa-ah! Waa-ah! Waa-ah! Where is Mother? I wish she would rock me! Waa-ah! Waa-ah! Waa-ah!

Ninth night.

"Dad is tucking me in again! He's gone. Guess I'll yell for Mother. Waa-ah! Waa-ah! Waa-ah! Is no one coming? Waa-ah! I hear her outside of my door. Dad is there, too She has gone away. Waa-ah!"

Tenth night.

"Hurray! Mother is taking me to my room. She will rock me. Wonder what Dad is saying. He sounds as if he meant it. What! Isn't Mother going to rock me? She's gone! Waa-ah! Waa-ah! Waa-ah! Waa-ah! Waa-ah! Waa-ah!"

Eleventh night.

"She has gone again without rocking me! Waa-ah! Waa-ah! Waa-ah!"

Twelfth night.

"Waa-ah! Waa-ah! Guess there isn't much use in crying. A-a-a-a."

Thirteenth night.

"Ho, hum! I'm sleepy. It's nice to be alone—everything is so quiet."

The American Housewife in the Philippines

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are for just such purposes. However, Americans have learned to like canned milk and the lack of fresh milk is of little importance. Sunday dinners have changed for the American. Where once chicken graced the Sunday table now roast beef has come to take its place. Roast Beef is shipped in from the States and is considered a delicacy to be had only on Sundays.

"Motion Pictures in the Philippines are not so abundant, but the field is developing. Every year, however, there are Italian and Spanish operas. Their performances and length of stay depend entirely on the reception given them. There is no legitimate drama. There is, however, a Philippine Vodvil, but the women in it are of the Mestizo race, and do not appeal to the American theater-goer, for their voices are shrill and nasal, and their acting is poor compared with the American vodvil.

On the whole, the American housewife in the Philippines lives an easy life, with no work and abundant play, and with the influx of the American population to the Islands, they seem to find it more and more a veritable Utopia.