

The Home

Notes of Particular Interest to Women Folks

FAVORITE RECIPES.

Pie Crust.—Three tablespoonfuls of flour to one of lard (heaping); this makes one crust. Salt and a little baking powder. Mix with fork. Use cold water and not too much. Roll out the top crust, spread lard on thinly, sift flour over it, pat down with hands thoroughly. Before putting in oven dash cold water over the pie. You will be well repaid when you see your flaky pie.

Doughnuts.—Cup granulated sugar, level teaspoon butter; cream sugar and butter. One well beaten egg, one cup sweet milk, two teaspoons baking powder sifted in flour (do not get too stiff), salt, and nutmeg. Handle as little as possible. Have lard smoking before putting in cakes. Use knitting needle to turn them. Turn as soon as they come to the top; keep turning until done; will be an even color then.

To Cook Peas.—This is an excellent way to cook peas when they are a little old: One quart of peas, four ounces of pork, one tablespoon of butter, one-half cup of water, two white onions, and one-eighth teaspoon of pepper. Cut the pork into small bits. Put butter in stew-pan; when it melts, add the pork and cook gently until a light brown, then add the water, peas, onions, and pepper.

Schnitzel Kass.—The Germans use drained buttermilk as a cheese and add salt, pepper, also, if liked, a little green onion top. This is an economical supper dish and delicious.

Tea Cakes.—One cup of sugar, two-thirds cup of butter, two eggs, one cup of raisins, one cup chopped walnuts, two cups of flour, one small teaspoon soda, one-third cup of hot water, one small teaspoon of cinnamon, one small teaspoon of cloves, pinch of salt. Drop by teaspoonsful on buttered tins, being sure they do not touch, and bake in quick oven.

Veal Steak.—Select a good, meaty piece of veal from the leg in one piece, about two inches thick. Fry about eight or ten slices of bacon in a deep skillet or iron frying pan; do not fry too crisp, and when done remove them and pour off the fat, leaving just enough on pan to fry the veal. Brown the veal well on both sides. When well browned lay on top the bacon slices and pour on enough boiling water to barely cover all; salt to taste and add to water sliced three medium sized onions. Cover tightly (use a cover with an iron on top) and let simmer slowly for about two hours, according to thickness of meat. About ten minutes before it is done rub to a smooth paste in water a heaping tablespoonful of flour to thicken gravy. A little lard over meat gravy or soup adds richness to gravy.

LUNCHEON DISHES.

Beef Olive.—Take three-fourths pound of tender beefsteak, one tablespoonful of bread crumbs, one tablespoonful of chopped suet, three anchovies, one hard boiled egg; one teaspoon of chopped parsley; and one teaspoonful of grated lemon rind. Cut the beef into thin, even-sized slices. Put the anchovies, chopped egg, parsley, suet, lemon rind, and bread crumbs into a basin, season with salt and pepper to taste, and add enough beaten egg to bind them together. Put a little of this forcemeat into each slice of beef, then roll it up and tie loosely with string. Put these "olives" into a saucepan and add enough stock to cover them, then let them stew gently for three-quarters of an hour. Serve them with gravy and baked tomatoes.

Florida Salad.—Cut slices from stem ends of six green peppers and remove the seeds. Refill with grapefruit cut into cubes, the tenderest stalks of celery cut into small pieces, and shredded almond meats, allowing twice as much grapefruit as celery, and one-third as many nut meats as grapefruit. Arrange in nests of endive or lettuce leaves, and serve with mayonnaise dressing.

Mexican Salad.—Take equal quantities of cucumbers, celery, and tomatoes; chop each vegetable separately until fine, mix, add a pepper cut into tiny slices (the scissors should be used for this) and an onion scraped to a pulp. Season with a tablespoonful of vinegar, the juice of one lemon, salt and lettuce leaves or parsley and turn the salad into it.

Banana Croquettes.—Peel six bananas, cut a slice from each end, then cut into crosswise sections. Dredge well with powdered sugar and marinate one hour in the juice of two oranges; turning the sections over now and then. Roll in beaten

egg, then in grated crumbs, and fry in deep hot fat. For the sauce, strain the syrup after the bananas have been taken out, bring just to boiling point, then thicken with one tablespoonful cornstarch stirred smooth in a little cold water. Cook until clear, take from the fire, and add a half teaspoonful of orange extract.

Radish and Olive Salad.—Slice the radishes on a fluted vegetable slicer and cut the olives in strips. Mix, add a French dressing made with four tablespoonfuls of olive oil, a half teaspoonful of vinegar, and garnish with lettuce creases, or the radish crowns.

BROWN-SUGAR RECIPES.

Maple Tapioca Jelly.—Soak one cupful pearl tapioca in three cupfuls of water over night. Boil until clear with one and a half cupfuls of brown sugar. Cool, pour into individual glasses, and when ice cold serve with whipped cream.

Maple Icing.—Boil three cupfuls of brown sugar with three-fourths cupful of water until it threads. Beat until creamy. Stir in three tablespoonfuls of cream and a lump of butter. Use for layer cake when cool.

Hard Sauce.—Cream one cupful of brown sugar and a third of a cupful of butter. Add a tablespoonful of boiling water. Beat, then add three tablespoonfuls of cream, and beat till smooth.

Liquid Sauce.—Cream one cupful of brown sugar and one-third cupful of butter. Mix two tablespoonfuls of flour with two cups of water. Boil, then beat it into the butter and sugar.

TOMATOES.

Tomato Relish.—A nice relish can be made by cutting a piece from the stem ends of ripe tomatoes; remove the pulp and mix with an equal quantity of chopped cucumber; replace in the tomatoes, and serve on a lettuce leaf with mayonnaise dressing.

Ripe Tomato Salad.—One peck of solid ripe tomatoes, two cupfuls of brown sugar, one-half cupful of salt, one cupful of chopped celery, one cupful of chopped horse radish, one cupful of chopped onion, one-half cupful of mustard seed, and vinegar enough to more than cover. Slice tomatoes in a stone jar and mix sugar, salt, celery, radish, onions, and seed with the vinegar, and pour over and cover all with a heavy cloth; no cooking, and they will keep a year. These pickles are good with cold meats.

SOUR CREAM RECIPES.

Johnny Cake.—Two cups sour cream, two cups sour milk, one teaspoonful soda, two tablespoonfuls white flour, two tablespoonfuls sugar, two cups corn meal sifted three times, three eggs. Bake one hour.

Sour Cream Cookies.—One cup sour cream, one cup light brown sugar, one egg, one small teaspoonful soda, one small teaspoonful salt. Flavor, mix soft, and bake.

Salad Dressing.—One cup sour cream, whipped, one tablespoonful sugar, pinch of cayenne.

VALUABLE HINTS.

Grease spots on a wall may be removed by putting blotting paper on the spot and holding a hot iron against it.

In stitching a hem in a sheet or towel it is much better to turn and stitch back an inch than to tie the threads to fasten it.

Don't throw away your old kid gloves. Cut the fingers off and give to children to slip over the ends of colored crayons which they use at school.

A dainty and inexpensive trimming for lingerie ruffles may be made by alternate rows of hem-stitched tucks and rows of round eyelets or embroidered dots.

Aprons that are worn thin in front may be made quite good again. Rip off the belt, bib or yoke, cut the apron down the front; hem these edges, sew the other edges together, and put on belt again.

If you sew a waistband up the back of a tape measure for the first ten inches you will have a means at hand to rapidly measure skirt lengths and lines for trimming.

Should a poultice at any time be required where no linseed meal is available, an excellent poultice can be made by boiling a few potatoes in their skins. When cooked, place them in a flannel bag the size required, fasten the end and roll them over with the rolling pin. They are then ready for use.

Boil a cupful of rice in two quarts of water for 30 minutes. Let it stand over night and strain through

cheese cloth. Soak the iron rust spots in the rice water for four or five hours and rinse in clear water. This will remove iron rust of long standing.

Rust on a stove may be removed with kerosene. Wash well with woolen cloth wet with kerosene. Use an oil brush on the groove and ornamental parts. Let the stove stand a day and then repeat the washing. Finally rub dry with a woolen cloth, then polish.

When the white and not the yolk of an egg is required for use, make a small hole in the shell and let the white run out, and stand the egg in an eggcup, which should be set in a cool place. The yolk will keep its color and freshness for some days.

Dish cloths do not get the attention they should, and in many hours are dirty and quite unfit for use. After washing up, always scap the dishcloth well and the rinse in hot water with soda in it. Rinse again in hot water and hang it in the air to dry.

Nervous children should never be scolded unless it is absolutely necessary, and should never, under any circumstances, be ridiculed. Such treatment is only likely to make them more nervous, and in these days such a tendency should be especially guarded against.

It is very vexing and annoying indeed to have one's lips break out with cold sores, but, like the measles, it is far better to strike out than to strike in, says a correspondent. A drop of warm mutton suet applied to the sores at night, just before retiring, will soon cause them to disappear.

Every few weeks draw off a few pails of water through the faucet at the bottom of your kitchen boiler. You will find the water decidedly rusty. If this is neglected, the pipes running through the kitchen range will be eaten through by the rust. This is a hint from a friendly plumber.

When can seats become slack they are uncomfortable and unsightly. Sponge both sides of the canvas thoroughly with hot soap suds, in which a handful of salt has been dissolved. Then stand the chairs in the open air and when the top of the seat is fairly dry cover it with a cloth, and iron with a hot iron. Treated like this the seats will become as firm as when new.

A MONEYLESS MILLIONAIRE.
 Cecil Rhodes was often in need of money.

For eight years, up to the time of Cecil Rhodes' death in 1902, Philip Jourdan acted as his private secretary; now, as his biographer, and devoted admirer, Mr. Jourdan reveals the everyday life of the great South African financier and imperialist. Mr. Rhodes was not imperious, a watch, a set of plain gold studs being his sole possession in the form of jewelry. As for money—evidently he understood it only in enormous figures.

He never would carry money with him, and on more than one occasion he suffered for the want of it.

During the Kimberley Industrial Exhibition in 1892, in the promotion of which he took a prominent part, he was refused admission to the grounds on one occasion because he had neither a ticket nor money to pay for one. He told the attendant at the entrance-gate who he was, but the official, after having looked him up and down suspiciously, refused to believe him, saying that it was not likely that a wealthy man, such as Cecil Rhodes, would go about in an indifferent suit, with neither money nor watch.

He was obliged to wait outside the grounds until he was able to borrow some cash from a friend. He appreciated the official's strict adherence to his duty so much that he afterward sent him a handsome present.

When Mr. Rhodes had money he handled it carelessly and irresponsibly, like a child who did not understand the value of it. He frequently came to me for money in London in order to pay his cab fares to the city and back. When I gave it to him he would clumsily close his hand on so much and old silver as it could hold, and without counting the money would drop it loosely into one of his coat pockets.

When he had to pay his cab, he would take a coin out of his pocket and hand it to the cabbie without looking at it. If it happened to be a gold piece, the cabbie would touch his cap gratefully and drive away, very much pleased with himself. If, on the contrary, his tender amounted to less than the fare, the cabbie would, of course, tell him so, and the chances were that he got a gold coin in addition to the silver.

Sometimes he would forget to pay at all, and the cabbie would address him:

"Hi, mister! Fare, please!"

Then Mr. Rhodes would become terribly confused, and hurriedly feel in all his pockets excepting the right one for the necessary cash.

HE HAS SEEN IT.

Arctic Hunter—"I think if your wife would wash her face it would improve her appearance."

Ekimo—"Ugh! You never saw her face!"

UNCLE ZEBE'S CEMETERY

Den you-all doin' want me to work for you no mo'?" Uncle Zebe, his hand upon a tombstone, the other resting heavily on his rake, tremulously put the question to Mrs. Warren. As chairman of the cemetery committee she had come to inform Uncle Zebe that at the end of the month his services would be no longer required; and her task was a more difficult one than she had anticipated.

For a long term of years the old man had been sexton; but of late numerous "sick spells" and a "miz'ry" in the side had interfered seriously with his duties, and neglect had wrought havoc in the cemetery—usually so well kept and the source of much pride to the Aid Society.

"It isn't that we have any hard feelings against you, Uncle Zebe," said Mrs. Warren in a kindly manner as possible. "You've done your work splendidly as long as you were well. She paused for a moment, hesitating to hurt him more than necessary. "You're not quite so strong as you used to be; and the work, especially since the spring rains, is more than you can manage."

"Who, me? Why, Mis' Mary, I's sprized at you!" Uncle Zebe straightened up. "I has mighty nigh got de place back into shape agin; honey—'cep'in' de walks an' de driveway an' some o' de trees what was blowed down by de storm yistiddy. You see I's done got my stren' th back, all right; but I can't use all of hit at oncet jes yet, Mis' Susie!" It was Uncle Zebe's habit to address his hearer by various names. "An' as fo' bein' able to ten' to de place all alone, why, I has been doin' hit all dese years an' you-all's been as shed. An' now, all of a sudden, Mis' Annie, you's tuck a notion in yo' haid dat Uncle Zebe an' I fitten fo' to do de work."

Mrs. Warren bit her lip and the desire to temporize possessed her. She regretted that this disagreeable errand had fallen to her lot, and wondered if, now that the summer months were at hand and the chances of illness lessened, the society could not be made to reconsider its original intention and retain its old sexton for a while longer.

As she cogitated the matter, her question, "How old are you, Uncle Zebe?" was put somewhat absent-mindedly.

"I'll be eighty-fo' years ol' nex' November of I lives an' nothin' happens," said Uncle Zebe proudly. "When I tol' Cunnel Shlocum how ol' I is, de udder day, he say: 'Well Uncle Zebe, you's a octogenerium sho' nuff, now—dat's what you am!' An' ef de cunnel say I is all ol' dat, I reckon I kin stan' up under de cim'tery work yet a while. I has fo' chillens an' seventeen gran' chillens—an' dey ain't none of 'em as spry fo' de age as I is. One er my gran'sons is down at de Tuscedo school, what Booker. Wash'n'on runs; an' he's de onlies' one what bezimbles his gran'daddy in smalt-ness."

There was a moment of silence. Suddenly Uncle Zebe brought himself up with a jerk.

"Who is you gwine to put in my place?" he asked, peering sharply at Mrs. Warren from under his bushy brow.

"It hasn't been quite decided," she answered. "The matter is to be settled at to-morrow's meeting."

"Hit's dat no-count like Moulton dat you's fixin' to give my job to, Mis' Sadie—now, ain't hit?" questioned Uncle Zebe. "Cause now hit comes to my min' how he's been mosyin' roun' heah axin' me onections 'bout dis an' dat, an' talkin' 'bout work—an' all de time me 'not bein' a bit suspicious dat he was figgerin' to git me turned loose."

"Dat's de way hit is," he went on bitterly; "when you zits ol' you ain't fitten to hol' a job, no mo', an' dey hustle you outen de way ez quick ez dey kin."

"Now—now, Uncle Zebe, you mustn't talk like that!" said Mrs. Warren as soothingly as possible. "It isn't absolutely certain that a change will have to be made—for the present, at least." She was in hopes that something might intervene at the meeting that would turn the tide in his favor; and, with the desire to end the interview and think the matter over, she left Uncle Zebe to his work.

For a long time after her departure he stood motionless by the tombstone. Then, turning to a small cedar tree near by, he said: "You's a ol' no-count hoss—dat's what you is; an' ef de buzzards has begun circlin' roun' an' roun', wait in fo' de chance to git yo' carcass!" Slowly he bent to his task of raking the gravel, muttering as he worked.

It was three o'clock of the following afternoon and the Aid Society was in full session. The report of the cemetery committee had just been read. The president rose.

Mrs. Warren rustled uneasily in her seat, then made a movement as though to rise.

At this juncture the door of the vestry room opened and Uncle Zebe, a shapeless object in his hand battered out of all resemblance to a hat, stood upon the threshold. In honor of the occasion he had increased his girth considerably by the addition of his entire wardrobe, put on over his usual workday clothes, the whole surmounted by an old frock coat which seemed in danger of bursting from the extra strain put upon its seams. With a courtly bow he advanced to the center of the room.

"Ladies, 'excuse me," he began. "I wouldn't come up heah to you-all's meetin', 'cause I knows I ain't got no business at such; but hit was de onlies' petunity I's gwine to git to talk to you when you's all to-gedder; so I tuck hit." He cleared his throat. "Ladies, I unclean's you-all thinks I's too ol' an' puny to ten' to de cim'tery fo' you an' dat you is aimin' to get a man what's mo' spry to take my joo."

"Now, ladies, jes 'cause I has been little po'ly dis winter, hit ain't no sign dat I ain't as good as I ever was. No, sub. You-all knows dat yo' helf gives out now an' den, an' you sorter has to set back a spell an' ketch yo' breff. Dese ol' ahms"—and he held up two bony specimens—"is as strong as dey evah was; an' I'm as peart."

"Hit'll be thirty-five years dis very mont dat yo' ma, Mis' Fanny," and he turned to the chair. "got me dat cim'tery; an' I has been workin' at hit faithful evah sence."

"Dey ain't a blade o' grass, er a flower sca'ce, dat on' nod 'Howdy' to ol' Uncle Zebe when I comes in de gate. Dey ain't a tree on dat groun' dat I ain't tendid to lak hit was a baby. I knows de graves lak I knows myself. Dey ain't one o' dem folks what's been laid away dat I ain't he'ped to put 'em in dey las' home. You-all knows I has looked after 'em lak dey was my own chillens. Hit jes seems lak dat place an' dem folks is a part o' my ol' body."

"Why, when I walks in de gate of a mawnin' an' stahts fo' to ten' to things—a far-away look come into Uncle Zebe's eyes and he seemed to forget his audience—"hit's 'Howdy, ev'body! How is you comin', dis mawnin'? Looks lak we's agwine to have some rain to-day, don't hit? Good mawnin', Mis' Clara. Lawd, how sweet dem v'lets rowd, you do smell I'll have to put a piece o' sod ovah dat hal' paces by yo' haid—de grass am so thin what de shade is, Heigho! I'll Mis' Bessie! Well, bless my soul! Ef dat syc'mo' tree don't jes love to kiver you up wid a blanket o' leaves ovah night. An' de tea rose on you's gittin' ready to bloom too! Hit jes beats my time how peart dat rose is 'bout bein' de fustes' one to say 'Howdy' to June ev' year!"

"I stops at Mis' Martha's grave, what died endurin' de yell'er fever nussin' de sick an' I gives hit a lovin' pat. Den I stops to pick off a dead leaf fum de ivory vine on Judge Wilson's grave, what I raised fum a slip. 'Cross de way is Mis' Ev'lyn an' Mistal, Will, what was drowned in de rivah; an' 'tween de two graves is de moss rose what come outen Mis' Ev'lyn's yabd. I members how she use to love dat rosebush—an' dat's how come me to plant hit."

"I has put flowers on ol' Mis' Allen evah sence her daughter had to go 'way off to Taxes, 'cause I knows how she use to come out heah on de university of her ma's death an' lay a bunch down ev' year."

"I keeps Mis' Barbry's grave-stone washed as clean as ef hit was her own kitchen flo', 'cause I knows she kin res' happier—she was dat clean on dis heah sinit' earf."

"An' dat's de way hit goes—water er a flower heah, fixin' a grave dere; twel by-an-by de sun comes meens drappin' down an' de shadders o' de tombstones gits longer and longer; and I takes my shovel an' rake an' hoe, an' stops fo' a minute to look all roun'."

"'Good night, chillens,' I says. 'Good night, ev'body. You Uncle Zebe's agwine to see you in de mawnin'.' An' den I goes on home."

He paused for a moment and looked about, as though just realizing the presence of an audience. The room was quite still. There was scarcely one present whom he had not known almost from infancy or whose history was not intimately bound up with that of the little town.

"White folks," said Uncle Zebe, "don't you see how hit is? Why, you-all jes natchally cain't take dat cim'tery away fum me. Why, dem folksers an' de flowers an' trees is so plumb use to ol' Uncle Zebe's han' dat hit 'ud be lak givin' 'em a stepdaddy to 'low anudder nigger roun' 'em. What's a no-count young coon, wid gals on de brain er de peoples what's in 'em! He draws his pay! Co'se he mought keep hit mis pay! Co'se he mought be gwine to keep 'bout dem graves er de peoples what's in 'em!"

"Ladies, I ain't wo' out yit, no how. An' ef I does git ali'l' miz'ry in de side an' on, why, some er my gran'chillens, er de mammy, 'll come ovah an' look arter de place—'cause, nex' to me,

dey knows hit an' loves hit better'n any any one." He bowed, once more. "Dat's all I got to say, ladies; an' I hopes you'll excuse me fo' breakin' into de meetin'." Thanky."

He stepped back, closing the door after him.

A long sigh swept over his audience. Then a sudden hum of excited whispering rose and disorder held sway for a moment, until the rapping of the president's gavel. Once more the voices subsided to quiet as she rose.

"Ladies," said Mrs. Shlocum, striving to make her tones as formal as possible and not succeeding in the least, "you have heard Uncle Zebe's appeal. What is your pleasure concerning his retention?"

Mrs. Warren was the first one on her feet.

"Madam President," she said, "I move that we indefinitely postpone his removal."

"I second that motion," said another member excitedly.

And the re-election of Uncle Zebe was made unanimous—Blanche Goodman in Saturday Evening Post.

WHEN NATIONS BACK DOWN.

Sometimes Forced to Apologise to Individuals.

Some few years ago, an Austrian officer, Major Kristuseck, went out to Buenos Ayres to wind up the affairs of a dead brother. When he got there he found that the whole amount—a matter of \$8,000,000—had been seized by a distant relative, who was not the heir at all.

Very naturally, the major took steps to recover the stolen money. But the next thing that happened was that he was arrested, and imprisoned without trial. The thief, it appears, had cunningly spread it about that Kristuseck was a spy in the pay of another South American Power. After a few weeks, Kristuseck managed to get word to the Austrian Minister, and was soon released. Then he communicated with the home Government, and Austria wasted no time in demanding an apology, which was personally delivered to the officer by a high official of the Argentine Republic.

At one time Turkey was constantly putting her foot in it, and having to apologise in consequence. About nine years ago six British warships, under Prince Louis of Battenburg, visited Asia Minor. Four officers went ashore on a shooting expedition. The local Bahaw at once arrested them, and locked them up in the filthy town prison, where they were kept all night. The row that followed started even the cunning old Sultan himself, and he sent word that the official responsible for the outrage was to beg the pardon of the offended officers.

France had occasion to apologise to two Englishmen a few years ago. The latter were paying a visit to the French settlement of Chandernagore when they were set on by French soldiers, who clubbed them with their rifles, and then dragged them away to the guard-room. The British Resident came to their rescue, and they were released; but British opinion in India was so roused that the French Government voluntarily made an official apology to the two sufferers, and paid compensation.

A blackguardly trick was played by the Belgian officials of the Congo Free State upon two English missionaries in the year 1904. A missionary having died at the Upper River Station, two of his colleagues—a lady of over fifty and a younger man—went to a state post to report the death. The official, who professed to be unable to speak any language but Flemish, made them repeat after him what they believed to be a declaration of the cause of death, swear to it, and sign it.

A week later they discovered, to their horror, that what they had signed was a marriage certificate, and that they were legally married.

When the affair was reported to our Foreign Office, there was a tremendous row, so much so that the Congo Administration was for once thoroughly frightened, and humble apologies were offered, while the official who had played this heartless joke got the "sack."

MONARCHS' MTLBAGS.

The weightiest correspondence of private individuals is trifling when compared with that of some of the rulers of the world. For example, think what it would mean to have a daily mailbag of twenty-five thousand! This is about the average number of postal communications which reach the Pope each day. The Kaiser comes next to his holiness. The ruler of Germany receives about seven thousand letters daily. This, of course, does not include purely private diplomatic despatches. Closely following him is the American President, with a daily mailbag of five thousand. Our own King George is next to be counted. In comparison with the previous rulers, his is a trifling daily correspondence; it rarely exceeds twenty-five hundred. The Tsar of the Russias only gets some five hundred postal communications every day. The average daily number received by Alfonso of Spain is three hundred. The King of Italy is exceptionally blessed. Save on special occasions, his daily mailbag keeps within the two hundred