

# The Home

Notes of Particular Interest to Women Folks

## DAINTY DISHES.

**Bacon sandwiches** will be eaten by children for breakfast when they won't eat cold boiled bacon. Chop the meat and lay it between slices of bread and butter. The fat is excellent for them in cold weather.

**Economical Lemon Cheese.** Put four ounces of cooking butter into a saucepan, and when melted add three ounces each of mashed potato and sugar, and the yolks of two eggs. Stir over the fire till the mixture is of the thickness of honey. Then add the grated rind and juice of a large lemon. Stir well, and pour into a pot for use as required.

**Horse-radish sauce** can be made without cream, though it is a vast improvement. Put four tablespoonfuls of grated horse-radish into a basin with one teaspoonful of castor sugar, one teaspoonful of salt, two teaspoonfuls of made mustard; stir well and add sufficient vinegar to make it the consistency of thick cream. A gill of cream vastly improves it.

**An Egg for an Invalid.**—As your invalid is tired of eggs, and yet must have them, try this way of cooking them. Beat the yolk till pale and the white to a froth, add salt and pepper, and pour into a cup, which stand in a saucepan of boiling water. Stir slowly till the egg thickens slightly and begins to puff up. Dust a little parsley, and serve at once with slices of bread and butter.

**Baked potatoes** are liked by all, and you should have no difficulty in making them crisp. Peel them, cut in slices and dry in a cloth. Melt plenty of fat in a frying pan, and when it is hot take a blue smoke rises, put in some potato slices, turn them, and when nearly cooked take out. Heat the fat again, and re-burn the slices. This will make them crisp and light.

**Strawberry Buns.**—Mix together half a pound of flour, a quarter of a pound of sugar, and a teaspoonful of baking powder. Rub four ounces of butter into it, then add three ounces of dough with an egg and a little milk. Make the dough into small buns, and into a hole on the top of each place a whole strawberry from some good strawberry jam. Brush over with milk, sift some sugar over, and bake.

**Raisin Squares.**—Rub three ounces of clarified dripping into half a pound of flour, add to it three ounces of castor sugar, half a teaspoonful of baking powder, and six ounces of raisins. Beat one egg with a gill of milk, add a large pinch of powdered cinnamon, and stir into the cake, beating to a light batter. Pour into a greased Yorkshire pudding tin, and bake in a sharp oven. Turn out on to a sieve to cool a little, and then, with a hot knife, cut into squares and serve.

**Beef Stew.**—This is an economical dish for a family dinner. Cut up two pounds of shin of beef as if for a pie, put it into a basin with a little vinegar, and leave for ten minutes. Melt an ounce of dripping in a frying-pan, add a large onion chopped fine, and a tablespoonful of flour. Stir till it browns. Then add a pint of water, and stir till it boils. Put the meat into a jar with a teaspoonful of haricot beans, two carrots sliced, and pour over the gravy from the pan. Cover and stand the jar in the oven for about four hours, when the meat should be very tender. Serve on a hot dish with appetizing toast round.

## RICE.

**Rice and Tomatoes.**—One-half cupful of rice, one-half can of tomatoes, one onion, one-half green pepper. Boil rice about ten minutes, then add tomatoes, onion and pepper, chopped fine. Cook twenty minutes, season to taste, and add one tablespoonful of butter, and serve. **Chipped Rice and Beef.**—One-half pound chipped beef cut fine, one tablespoonful of butter, one-half cupful of rice, two cupfuls of milk, one tablespoonful of flour. Soak beef in very salty. Fry it in butter for five minutes, add one tablespoonful of flour and stir until smooth, then add milk, stirring constantly to avoid lumps. Before taking off add the rice, previously boiled. Season and serve on toast.

**Salmon and Rice.**—One can salmon, one and one-half cupfuls of rice, one and one-half cupfuls of white sauce, salt and pepper to taste, one tablespoonful of butter. Make layers of rice, salmon and white sauce, having white sauce on top. Put butter on top and bake fifteen or twenty minutes. **Chicken and Rice-Croquettes.**—One and one-half cupful of chicken, one-half cupful of rice, two stalks celery chopped fine, one-half pepper, green, already cooked, choy-

ped, one egg beaten, cracker crumbs, one-half cupful white sauce or stock, salt and pepper. Mix all ingredients, make in balls and roll in egg and cracker crumbs and cook in hot lard five minutes.

## BACON.

**Bacon Hint.**—A new way to cook bacon. Cut thin slices, roll in beaten egg, then in cornmeal, and fry slowly a dainty brown.

**Corn with Bacon.**—Fry thin slices of bacon until crisp, remove these from the pan, placing them where they will keep hot. Pour into the grease one can of corn; salt and pepper to taste. Cook over a quick fire until brown. Serve with hot bacon.

## PRACTICAL AIDS.

**Griddle Cakes.**—All batter cakes are better baked on an ungreased griddle, as they rise and keep their shape, and do not follow the grease. You will be rid of the disagreeable smoke and the odor of burning fat. Your griddle need not necessarily be of soapstone. If you have an old griddle and clean it thoroughly, being sure to remove all burned fat or batter, it can be used in the above way. Two tablespoonfuls of melted butter is a great improvement to all batter cakes.

**Old Gloves.**—They cover your nail buffer nicely, and give a higher polish than the chamois skin. The ends of the old long gloves make a fine jewelry bag by sewing a deep hem at the top. And draw a narrow ribbon in so as to close and open when needed.

## CURED BY COMPRESSED AIR

### CAISSON DISEASE CARRIES OFF MANY WORKMEN.

#### Queer Medical Experiments Are Being Made to Discover Remedies.

Few people have any idea of the ever-ending series of experiments carried out in our hospitals in order to discover the best methods of combating disease and to find out the causes of practically unknown complaints.

Our doctors, young and old, are submitting themselves to different treatment day after day, so that the sufferings of humanity may be rendered less acute, says Pearson's Weekly.

Most people have heard of the deadly caisson disease that carries off many workmen who are engaged in constructing tunnels under rivers or building the piers of a bridge.

A caisson is a cross between a diving-bell and a section of a "tube." When a tunnel is being driven under a river the water percolates into the workings, and in order to prevent this the head of the tunnel consists of a caisson.

This is very similar to the railway "tubes," but the front of it is divided from the rest by a thick iron air and water tight wall. Air is pumped into this front chamber so that the extra pressure keeps the water out, and in this compressed air the men work.

#### IN DANGER OF DEATH.

If the men came from this chamber directly into the ordinary air the difference in the pressure of the atmosphere would cause bubbles of nitrogen gas to form in their veins, and these would be carried to the heart and cause instant death.

In order to prevent this, a second chamber is constructed between the caisson and the open end of the tunnel. When a shift is to be changed the new gang of workmen enter the outside chamber, or air lock as it is called, and the door is closed. Then air is pumped into this gradually, so that the men may become used to the difference.

At length the same pressure is reached as that within the caisson, when the door between the two is opened and the fresh men go into the caisson, while those to be relieved come out into the air lock.

As soon as the door is shut the pressure of air in the lock is reduced gradually. In the caisson itself, the pressure may be as much as thirty pounds to the square inch, just double the ordinary atmospheric pressure. At first the pressure in the air lock is the same, and is then reduced by a few pounds. After a comparatively long wait the pressure is once more reduced, and again there is a wait, until at length the normal atmosphere is reached, the door to the open air is pushed aside, and the men come out.

#### FITTED UP WITH TELEPHONE.

In spite of these precautions it

has happened that men have died, and in order to study caisson disease and find out the best methods of reducing pressure in order to prevent fatal results, a perfect caisson has been constructed in the London Hospital. Members of the medical staff immerse themselves in this and make notes of their feelings, while different methods of keeping the air pure are also tried.

A telephone has been fitted up so that the man inside can communicate with his fellows, and an electric lamp gives light. The caisson is entered by means of a man-hole which can be made air-tight, and the pressure is increased by a gas-engine working an air pump.

Already valuable results have been obtained, and it is hoped that tunnel workers will soon have less reason to fear entering caissons.

Altogether, it seems that in the future compressed air will be of considerable service to the physician. We all know the use of the bronchitis kettle, and now a German doctor has constructed an apparatus in which compressed air is utilized to vaporize medical substances.

Patients undergoing treatment for their respiratory organs are conducted to special rooms called inhalatoriums. With the exception of the face they are then covered with a waterproof cloak. In the centre of the room is an apparatus which resembles a procelain bowl in which is the medical preparation. Several little pipes may be seen projecting just above the surface of this.

#### TO SEAT FOUR PATIENTS.

When all is ready compressed air is pumped through some of these pipes, which are so arranged that this forces some of the liquid out of the tiny nozzles in the form of vapor. By the peculiar arrangement of the pipes and nozzles the liquid is so completely vaporized that it becomes part of the air, and the patient can breathe it into the remotest corner of the lungs.

At a big London hospital ordinary compressed air alone is now being used for the treatment of certain lung diseases, chiefly bronchitis and asthma.

An air-tight room of iron plates sufficiently large to contain four chairs and a table has been constructed. Four patients enter by means of an air-tight door, which is closed and air pumped in by means of a steam-pump. The pressure is very slowly raised until it amounts to twenty-five pounds to the square inch, about ten pounds above the normal. It is kept at this pressure for about an hour, and is then permitted to escape slowly.

Altogether the treatment lasts two hours, and a course consists of about twenty-five, the treatment usually being taken three times a week.

#### USEFUL HINTS.

Avoid drinking water that has stood in open vessels for some time. It may have taken up many impurities.

Raw beef bones should never be thrown away, for if broken into small pieces they will make some excellent stock.

A Baking Hint.—If the loaves are baked too brown, rub them, when cold, with a coarse grater to remove all the brown crust.

Rugs.—Should not be shaken, but instead hang them on a clothes line and beat with a cane beater kept for the purpose.

Where Moths are Troublesome.—Scatter powdered bitter apple under the papers in the drawers and at the back of the chest where the drawers slide in.

Garbage pails and dishes used for refuse should be rinsed daily after use, and scalded out with strong soda water once a week. Otherwise they are apt to smell offensively.

**Tooth Powder.**—Mix together and pass twice through a sieve two ounces of prepared chalk, half an ounce of powderedorris root, and a quarter of an ounce of carbonate of soda.

**Paris Lace Curtains.**—If you want to make your curtains a delicate shade, mix a paste of rice wash and rinse carefully, and then plunge into water tinged with strained coffee.

Cracks in walls may be stopped effectively with plaster of Paris made into a paste with vinegar and hot water. The former dries slowly and renders the cement more pliable.

Apple parings should be dried and used as a purifier in a sick-room. Put some red hot coal on to a shovel with a few dried parings on it. Carry this about the room, and it will leave a delightful fragrance.

Bedrooms.—Should not have any woollen hangings, and if you have a carpet, then leave an eight-inch margin all round, so that the dust which accumulates at the sides of the rooms can be easily taken up. Linoleum, with mats, make a very clean floor.

**Mistress.**—"And why did you leave your last situation?" Applicant—"I was discharged, ma'am."

**Mistress.**—"Discharged. Then I'm afraid you won't suit me. What were you discharged for?" Applicant—"For doing well, ma'am."

**Mistress.**—"Why, what do you mean? Where was your last place?" Applicant—"In the hospital."

## IN HONOR BOUND

From the windows of Roger Jameson's house, the seat which verged the kerb could be clearly seen, and on it the shabby figure of a young man.

For nigh an hour the shabby man had sat staring stonily at the great house. The hopeless look on his set face had held the gaze of Mollie Jameson at her first sight of him. Something she had heard of the hardships and disappointments of the out-of-work, the rest a lively imagination and innate sympathy supplied.

The man, whose face bore the stamp of intelligence above the common, was, from his appearance, one unused to manual labor. His expression of utter despair stirred her strangely. The contrast of her own happy lot with his urged her at last to action.

He saw her coming down the drive and, just for a fleeting second, a smile shot into his eyes. When she faced him the cold hopeless look had returned. He took the coin she held out to him, and sat staring at it in his palm as if dazed.

"I've been watching you from the window," she confessed. "Down on your luck aren't you?" He looked up at her concerned face, and for some seconds he was silent. His own had gone curiously white.

"Had a rough time, haven't you?" she added. "The usual course, I believe, is to break a window," he laughed bitterly, as he held out the coin. "I think I'd prefer that. To the man who wants work and cannot get it, charity is wormwood. I am no whining cadger. I want the opportunity to earn a living."

"You look capable," she said. "Cannot you find a post anywhere?"

"Oh, I am competent enough," he returned. "But for every place scores of applicants are waiting. Employers look askance at me because of my shabbiness, and I can give no reference."

She regarded him with grave interest. "I think I should be prepared to trust you," she said quietly. "Will you tell me your name?"

"Thomas Keen," he replied. "Qualified for any clerical position; but ready to turn my hand to anything."

"I should like to help you," she confessed. "My father employs many hands. Perhaps he might find you something. If you will call to see me in the meantime," she nodded at the coin—"I suggest a good square meal."

"Thank you!" he murmured gratefully. "I will come."

At eight o'clock he was again before the great house. The smart maid who opened the door at his ring looked him up and down, and received his request with a supercilious smile.

"I'm quite aware of all that," he remarked, eyeing her composedly. "But I am expected. Kindly say Thomas Keen has called."

The girl whisked away to reappear presently, and request that he should follow her. Hat in hand he entered the well appointed dining room, and stood just within the doorway. Mollie greeted him with an assuring smile. The big, grey bearded, shrewd looking man in the armchair flicked the ash from his cigar, and regarded him interestedly. When he spoke his manner was brusque.

"My daughter tells me you want work—want it badly. You look capable and fit. What's against you?"

The shabby visitor fumbled his hat in his fingers. "I can give no reference," he replied.

"Umph! Anything dishonorable?"

"I've had my lesson."

"So it would seem. And you want me to give you another chance. Well, I have room in my place for a competent man, but he's got to be honest and reliable. Some of my processes are secret. Certain mixtures are known only to myself. Competitors would give much to learn our methods. My men are mostly old and tried servants. I would trust them implicitly. Every one is on his honor. You know that, Mollie?"

"I think you could trust Mr. Keen," she said quietly.

The man stood with averted gaze. "Thank you, Miss Jameson!" he murmured huskily.

Roger Jameson pulled at his cigar thoughtfully. "You quite understand, Keen?" he said pointedly. "The man who comes to me on his honor not to divulge, or use for his own purposes, anything he may learn pertaining to my business."

"Very well. Be at the works tomorrow morning at nine o'clock. The car will be held out for her hand with a smile."

"I am glad, Mr. Keen," she said. "You will know that someone is interested in your future success, won't you?"

He stared at her blankly, and his hand came up as if unwillingly. "Thank you!" he whispered hoarsely.

The old gentleman accompanied him to the outer door.

"You mustn't let her be disappointed in her protégé—eh, Keen?" he observed, with his hand on his shoulder. The young man shook his head, and passed out with muttered expressions of gratitude. He seemed stupefied by his good fortune.

In the road, at a short distance from the house, he stayed. For quite a long time he stood with working features and clenched hands. Then slowly he went on.

The table had been laid for three. That morning Roger Jameson had told Thomas Keen that he wanted a little confidential talk, and had surprised him by an invitation to dinner.

Three months had elapsed since the day the shabby out-of-work, who could give no reference, had lingered before the great house. To-night there had been no disdainful smile on the face of the maid as she admitted the gentlemanly looking guest. From the first he had manifested a remarkable grip of the methods applying to the business, and he had proved his worth. Two months after his engagement Roger had suddenly discovered the pressing necessity for a confidential assistant.

"The man's head and shoulders above the ruck," he had declared, when informing Mollie of the step. "His grasp is extraordinary, his ideas for little improvements in the routine have proved excellent. He is a born manager."

"It was easy to see that he was a gentleman," she had said. "I knew that you could trust him, and I wanted him to get on."

An odd smile had brought a hundred little creases about the shrewd eyes at her words, and, gently he had taken her by the shoulders. "You've seen what he really is," he had murmured. "You like the boy?"

At that she had smiled too, but the little tell-tale flush had proved sufficient answer, and, partly because of it the invitation for this night had been given.

The dinner had been excellent, and the host, early conscious that for some reason his guest was ill at ease, had proved himself of a rich fund of humor. His efforts had been ably seconded by Mollie, and, under the light attack, the constraint in his manner had perforce been weakened. All the time Roger had been observing him closely.

The swift, covert glances at the merry-hearted girl had not escaped him. He needed no telling that this clever lad had come under her thrall.

Before the night was out there would be a confession. That thought had also been in his mind when the invitation had been given.

At the mention of cigars Mollie rose.

"I'll amuse myself at the piano," she said, as Thomas opened the door for her to pass out.

"We'll come to hear you sing presently," remarked Roger. "Our little business won't take us long."

Thomas resumed his seat. At the other end of the table the old gentleman lit his cigar, and puffed at it for a few moments meditatively.

"What I have to say is soon told," he said. "I give myself credit for fair perception, and I think I can read men. Since coming to me you've amply proved your worth, and I want to keep you."

The thought had been in his mind that, with an efficient manager, I might take things easier. I am nearing the allotted span, and, until now, I have not spared myself. What do you say to it, my boy?"

The effect of the quietly spoken proposal was plain to be read in the face of the listener. A curious tightening of the lips, a look of consternation in the eyes told of emotion strongly stirred.

"You know my methods," went on Roger. "In a short time you will have nothing to learn from me. What do you say?"

"I cannot accept!" The answer came haltingly.

Roger watched the working face, and for a time he did not speak.

"No!" he said presently. "Will you tell me why not, or shall I tell you?"

Thomas leaned forward in his seat, and stared at him wild-eyed. "You know," he whispered hoarsely.

"Shall I put it that the latent instincts of the gentleman forbid Mr. Thomas Wilson?" suggested the young man started to his feet, and stood with clenched hands fighting for control.

"What a despicable cad you must think me!" he cried.

"I can make allowances," said Roger. "To a clever, ambitious fellow the idea you adopted of gaining access to my works in order to acquire valuable information for the firm of which one day you hoped to be a junior partner—my competitors in business—would appeal as smart. It was a very pretty scheme, Thomas, only marred by the fact that some time ago you were pointed out to me who you are, and I never forget a face."

"It was killed from the first," confessed the imposter ashamedly. "I admit that I posed for the pur-

pose of eliciting the sympathy of your daughter. But when you put me on my honor, you had me against my conscience. What I wanted to know I learned in less than a week, but I could not use it. When I would have laughed away my scruples the recurring whisper, 'I think you can trust Mr. Keen,' brought me ever back to a right perception. Your implicit faith did the rest. I never suspected that all along you knew me. But you have won. On my honor I will not divulge, or use for my own purposes, anything I have learned of your business. Now kick me out!"

Roger rose from his chair, and crossed to him. Gently he placed his hands on his shoulders.

"The opportunities I have afforded you of learning to know my girl better were not without purpose, my boy," he said. "I knew, at first sight of you, that I could safely take the risk. What do you say to my offer? The others can do very well without you, can't they?"

At the quiet speech a suspicious glimmering showed in the lad's eyes. Under his grip Roger felt him trembling.

"You mean—?"

"I mean my girl would be grieved to find that my trust had been misplaced," Roger added. "She is worth the winning, Tom. What do you say, now?"

Tom held out his hand. Just for the time he found speech difficult. Roger gripped it hard and smiled.

"Come, let us go to her!" he said.—London Answers.

## SHE CHEATED AT BRIDGE.

### Exciting Incident at an English Country House Party.

The London World is a weekly paper of such standing as should guarantee the bona fides of what appears in it. Last week it told the following story of the vicissitudes of a woman who played bridge and suffered personal chasement at a country house.

The woman's persistent winning, it is said, was greatly commented on. Two ladies of title, who had been staying at a certain country house, first detected her deliberately cheating, naturally they avoided playing with her again.

It so happened that the three ladies again met at another house party. The two honest players continued to avoid the third, but they said nothing of her practices. One night, however, their wrath rose at the sight of the distress this unscrupulous woman was causing a young girl who was her opponent.

The two ladies watched the woman cheat time after time and win. The girl lost more money than she could afford and was evidently deeply distressed, and the two ladies decided to interfere.

After the girl had left the room and gone to bed the two who knew hastily held a consultation, with the result that they invited the cheat to the room of one of them for a midnight chat. She was flattered at the invitation and readily accepted.

Both of them accompanied her to the rooms of the one guest whose rooms lay furthest from those of the other members of the house party, and something like the following took place:

"You are a cheat," one of the ladies said as soon as the bedroom door was locked on their victim; "we have watched you on several occasions; for the sake of your poor unfortunate husband's name we have remained silent, but to-night was too much. First of all you will return to us all you have won from poor little Laura to-night, and also give back to us her IOU's. We insist."

After a feeble protest the money was handed over, and the pieces of paper signed by the little dove were quickly placed on the red hot coals and burned to ashes.

"Now we will see that Laura receives the money which you fleeced her out of, and also we will guarantee that from us she will never learn the truth. No, you cannot go yet" (as the terrified woman turned toward the door), "and it is useless your attempting to escape for I have the key of the door. Painful as it is to us we have determined to teach you a severe lesson. We are going to beat you. If you scream you may attract the attention of some of the guests; if they come and demand an entrance they shall be admitted; if they inquire the reason of such drastic treatment we shall tell them the truth. I should advise you not to scream. Now, are you ready?"

Without more ado one lady held the wriggling, sobbing, small person, while the other administered a sound whipping.

The woman did not desert the house party; her two chastisers were sweetly amiable to her for the remainder of the visit, and to their delight, and everyone else's amazement, the cheat refused to play cards again during the remainder of her visit at that special country house.

The prisoner in the dock looked carefully at the first witness called against him. Then he turned to the judge and said: "My lord, is this man going to give evidence against me?"

"Yes," was the reply.

"Then I plead guilty—not that I am guilty but I wish to save him from committing perjury."