

The Home

Notes of Particular Interest to Women Folks

TESTED RECIPES

Little Rhubarb Pies.—Line some patty pans with short paste, fill them with pink rhubarb, cut small, add sugar, grated lemon rind and ginger to taste. Cover with paste, as for mince pies, and bake. Before sending to table sift caster sugar over.

Portugal Rice Milk.—Wash half a teaspoonful of rice, and place it in a double saucepan with one pint of milk. Let this cook slowly till the mixture is like cream. Beat it thoroughly, and let it cool, then stir in the yolks of two eggs and sugar to taste. Stir while the mixture heats thoroughly, but does not boil. Flavor to taste, and when cooled place in a glass dish.

Savory Eggs and Salad.—Have some small cups and butter them thoroughly. Scatter into each mould chopped tongue or ham, Season with pepper and salt. Break an egg into each cup and place in the oven to set thoroughly, so as to be hard when cold. Have a dressed salad ready, arrange the eggs in a circle on it, and garnish with beetroot before serving.

Little Mutton Pies.—Take a pound of scraps of mutton, par-boil half a pound of potatoes, chop an onion and some parsley. Line some patty pans with pastry, filling them with equal quantities of meat and potato. Bake in a very hot oven for five minutes, then draw to a cooler shelf, and give the meat time to steam gradually. The pastry for this should be made as dry as possible.

Oxford Toast for Breakfast.—One teaspoonful of Worcester sauce, one of Harvey sauce, and one of anchovy sauce, a quarter of a pound of chopped tinned beef, pepper and salt. Mix the sauce, pepper and salt with the beef, and stir over a slow fire till the mixture is very hot. Add the beaten yolk of an egg, stir all together, and serve on buttered toast. Never let the mixture boil.

Cup Custards.—Boil one pint of milk, and directly it has cooled a little pour it on to two beaten eggs. Beat all together thoroughly, add some sugar and flavoring. Pour into buttered cups, which can be sent to table. Stand the cups in a pan of boiling water till the custards are set. When done, take the cups out of the water, garnish each with a little ground cinnamon, and serve.

Mock Goose Pudding.—Soak a quarter of a pound of scraps of bread in cold water, and beat well with a fork. Add a large boiled onion, chopped finely, half a teaspoonful of powdered sage, two tablespoonfuls of milk, one of flour, and a good seasoning of black pepper and salt. Grease a baking tin, put in the mixture and some dripping on top. Bake for an hour. When cold, cut in slices, flour well, and fry a nice brown. Serve with boiled vegetables.

Lamb Pudding.—Make a light crust, adding a teaspoonful of baking-powder. With this line a basin. Cut the meat from a small breast of lamb, and again into cubes about one inch, and a half thick. Dip each into a mixture of flour, pepper, and salt, and pack lightly into the basin. Cover with a round piece of paste, wetting the edges to make thick, tie over with a cloth, and boil slowly for three hours. Serve in a basin with a cloth folded round.

Lemon Pickle.—Grate the peel from a dozen sound lemons, and let them remain in salt and water for nine days, rubbing daily with fresh salt. Then take up, dry them, and put into a stewpan with three pints of vinegar, one ounce and a half of mixed spice, and half an ounce of turmeric. Let the lemons boil in the pickle for twenty minutes, then place in jars, and pour the pickle over. When cold tie down with bladder. The grated peel is not required for the pickle, but can be dried and used for flavorings.

Braised Beef.—Is excellent either hot or cold. Take four pounds of beef and braise it slowly if you want it to be very tasty. Place two or three slices of salt pork in a stewpan and let them cook slowly, then add the beef, and let it brown on both sides; place it on a plate to keep hot, and line the bottom of the pan with carrots and turnips, each cut in half; also an onion and a bunch of sweet herbs. Pour in half a pint of water or stock. Place the meat on this, and let all cook for three hours. To serve hot, take up the meat, strain off the vegetables, and thicken the gravy.

IRONING TIPS

Do not leave your iron to cool while you do the ironing. Iron a white napkin straight and true and

A SURPRISE PACKET

Relations between George Grainger and Henry Burlew had never been cordial; for the past few weeks, indeed, they had barely spoken to one another. But affairs had never before come to open rupture.

"Here! What do you mean by knocking my coat down?" Burlew scowled.

Grainger was one of Messrs. Peterson's clerks, and Burlew the foreman in the timber-yard. The latter had started as an ordinary "hand." Big and brawny himself, he despised the staff of indoor workers. Grainger and he, too, were rivals.

"I haven't touched it!" returned George Grainger, jerkily.

The foreman flushed, stepping nearer, with doubled fists.

"Easy, easy! What's the trouble here?"

Both turned towards the newcomer, an elderly man, who waved them apart. They glared at one another from either side of him.

"I'm surprised! What can you two have to get so hot about?"

There was a twinkle in his eye as he put the question. For Joe Tarrant knew very well the mischief his daughter had caused.

"Now then, Henry Burlew, haven't you anything to do? Grainger, you're wanted inside!"

They withdrew slowly; but Burlew waited till Joe Tarrant was out of hearing, then spoke curtly, over his shoulder.

"I shall see you at the side gate, six o'clock, when you're comin' out."

There was a threat in his voice. George Grainger stared after him uncomfortably. He was no coward, and decided that to avoid the meeting was out of the question. Yet what chance had he, if Burlew resorted to physical arguments?

Meanwhile it was the dinner-hour, and Joe Tarrant, who lived close by, walked on home. His daughter was waiting, and the meal ready. He sat down thoughtfully.

"I caught Burlew and young George Grainger having a few words just as I came away."

The girl looked across at him quickly.

"Why, what was the matter, father?"

He hid a smile.

"Oh, I don't know! Any excuse would do. I expect you know the real reason. They're not particularly good friends."

"If you mean," began Nellie Tarrant indignantly, and stopped.

"Settle it," her father suggested. "Take the one with the best position. That's always the wisest plan."

The girl regarded him scornfully.

"If that's your idea, it isn't mine! Because Mr. Burlew happens to get a little more a week."

"Half as much again."

"The great, blustering—" She broke off contemptuously.

"So Grainger's the favorite—eh?"

"Oh, Mr. Grainger's far too smeeek and mild for me!"

"Then, it's to be neither, Nellie! H'm! Pity they don't know that! It would save 'em a good deal of trouble."

During the afternoon Grainger and Burlew did not meet. The former looked forward to six o'clock with some uneasiness. The side gate, little used, was behind the large store, and led to a quiet lane; yet Grainger reflected that occasionally Nellie Tarrant waited there to meet her father after working hours.

Doubtless, Burlew had remembered this, and purposely wished to make him out a poor figure in front of the girl.

The time came. He put away his books, and with a hasty good-night to Mr. Tarrant, walked through the timber-yard doggedly. Burlew swung round.

"Ho! So you've come, have you?"

"I choose to leave this way, that's all."

"Half a minute! First let's finish our little argument! You haven't apologized yet for—"

"I didn't touch your coat and I've said so already!"

"There's a lot of ways you've been annoying me lately!" persisted the foreman.

"Indeed!"

"Yes indeed!" He caught Grainger's collar. "And I've a jolly good mind—"

Grainger shook himself free. His face was white but he eyed Burlew defiantly. The foreman sneered.

"Just because you work at a desk with a pen behind your ear, and wear a pair of cuffs, you make yourself out to be better than other people! You'd find out your mistake if you was man enough to stand up to me for five minutes!"

Grainger faced the humiliating truth. He was neither tall nor athletic. He had only to lift his hand, and Burlew would promptly knock him down. Therefore, he made no movement.

"Ah, I expected as much!" declared the foreman derisively.

"You're afraid! All right, I won't hurt you then! But just look 'ere, you keep out o' my way in future! Understand that! And, another thing, don't you go dandin' round Nellie Tarrant—hear what I say?"

Grainger could only mutter a weak defiance.

"Go on, now! You can get off 'ome!"

He set his teeth in impotent self-contempt; then turned slowly. The girl just outside the side gate met him with a cold stare.

"I—I— You've been here long?"

"Long enough to overhear. So you take your orders from Mr. Burlew?"

Grainger winced at her tone, and began to speak; but she passed him scornfully.

The foreman advanced, smiling confidently. To his dismay, she turned upon him icily.

"I don't wish to speak to you. Has my father gone?"

"He'll be out in a minute. I say, Miss Tarrant,"—she moved away from him—"won't you—"

"You needn't wait!" added the girl haughtily.

Henry Burlew, discomfited, departed reluctantly.

Meanwhile, George Grainger, fifty yards away, had halted, breathing fast. On his face was a look of determination.

Suddenly he began to retrace his steps.

"A bit of news to-day," announced Mr. Tarrant carelessly. "Young Grainger's to leave."

He watched his daughter narrowly, but she seemed quite unconcerned.

"Altogether?"

"No; he's off to the Parkside branch. You haven't seem him this morning, I suppose?"

"I? She tossed her head. "No!"

Mr. Tarrant grinned.

"He's quite a picture, with his black eye and his cut lip, and—"

"What's he been doing, then?"

"Fighting," her father informed her, "with Henry Burlew. Of course, young Grainger was as good as beaten before they started."

Nell Tarrant nodded, with her chin held high.

"You take the one with the biggest wage, as I told you before," added her father wisely. "Burlew's the best man, if he is a bit rough."

But his daughter did not appear to be listening.

"So he fought Henry Burlew, after all," she murmured, below her breath.

There was a good deal of enigmizing at Peterson's timber-yard, some three months later, when it became known that George Grainger was returning. Some wondered at his audacity; others advised Mr. Henry Burlew to prepare himself.

"Oh, no need for that! I shan't 'ave any more trouble with him! 'E's 'ad 'is lesson!" returned the foreman scoffingly.

Miss Tarrant heard of Mr. Grainger's impending arrival from her father with cool unconcern.

"Looks very well, young Grainger," volunteered her father.

"Hasn't done any work as yet. Most of the time he's been in Mr. Peterson's room. I daresay the guv'nor's warning him to behave himself better than when he was here before."

The girl paid no attention.

"And keep out of fights," added Mr. Tarrant pleasantly.

George Grainger was still occupied with the senior partner during the afternoon. It was just after five when he came out at last.

He had not yet encountered the foreman, and he glanced about him as he went along. But his mind was really occupied in wondering whether Nellie Tarrant still came to meet her father at the side gate. He reached it at last, and lingered irresolutely.

"I'll wait, on chance," he decided, and took a seat on a low wall.

It was here that Henry Burlew discovered him. The very persistent foreman had put out his head to see if by any chance Miss Tarrant was in sight. Instead, he saw Mr. Grainger, who eyed him deliberately, from head to foot.

"Why, if it isn't little George! I've been expectin' to see you all day, but they tell me, you was hid in yourself away."

"They were wrong," declared Mr. Grainger lazily. "Not that I particularly wanted to see you."

Mr. Burlew grew crimson, and advanced, breathing hard. At the same moment Miss Tarrant appeared in the distance.

"No-o; I didn't mean that!" protested Mr. Grainger hastily.

"Ave you forgot, my lad, what I gave you last time?" pleaded Mr. Grainger desperately, eluding him. "Let—let me off!"

He crouched away.

Along the lane Miss Tarrant had started to run.

"Stop!" she cried.

But neither of the men heard. In fact, Henry Burlew had stumbled and fallen. George Grainger had fairly taken to his heels.

The foreman, rising furiously, set off in pursuit. Presently they were lost to view.

"Hallo, Nell! What's wrong?"

She turned to her father, and explained indignantly. His mouth twitched.

"You seem excited."

"Well, it's not fair. He's a bigger man, and—and—"

"You leave them alone! Come along home!"

She shook her head.

"I'm going to wait! Why don't you go and stop them, father?"

"Not me! Look here, Nell, I've got something to tell you!"

But she would not listen, and at last he began to move off alone.

"Why, there's one of 'em coming back! It's Grainger."

His daughter had started towards the slowly approaching figure. As she drew near, he hurriedly wiped the signs of combat from his face.

"Oh, George," she cried, clutching at his arm, "did you—did you get away from him?"

Mr. Grainger regarded her half-incredulously.

"Were you worried about me, then?"

Nellie Tarrant answered incoherently.

"Good gracious! I never hoped for this," affirmed Mr. Grainger, happily. And, slipping an arm round her waist, he kissed her suddenly. She did not move.

"Has he hurt you? Did—did you escape?"

"Escape!" he echoed. "What do you think I've been doing while I was at Parkside? Taking lessons in boxing—yes, and practising all the time. What do you think I ran for? To get him out of breath, and in a quiet place, where we wouldn't be interrupted?"

"Then—then—"

"I licked him!"

Miss Tarrant broke away from him wondering.

"Oh, George!" was all she could murmur.

Her father, moving towards them, had now reached her side. He shook hands solemnly with Grainger when he heard the news.

"Bravo! Burlew wanted taking down a peg. But you're a regular surprise-package, you are! Do you know what he's been doing at Parkside, Nell? Why, testing a patent of his own—invention in the steam saw. The firm's going to take it up."

"That's right!" agreed George Grainger confusedly. "And I ought to make a good bit out of it, so Mr. Peterson says."

"Take the one with the most money, Nell," ventured her father slyly. "That's what I've always said, haven't I?"

"I should have taken him, anyway!"

"Well, bring him home then," Mr. Tarrant ordered, "and look sharp about it. I don't know how you two feel, but I want my tea!"

—London Answers.

SOME MODERN MYSTERIES

FINDING THE LOST IN OLD LONDON.

How Scotland Yard Finds Missing Men and Women in the World's Metropolis.

To ninety-nine persons out of every hundred New Scotland Yard—that massive, fortress-like red-brick building which frowns down on the Thames at Westminster—is the great rallying centre of the sleuth-hounds of justice, whose mission it is to track criminals to their lairs; and the heart of our great police system, which spreads its tentacles over 700 square miles of Greater London for the safeguarding of something like 7,000,000 people.

But New Scotland Yard has other duties than solving crime mysteries and directing its blue-coated legions; and one of the least-known of them is that of probing the mystery of lost persons and restoring them to "their friends and relations."

MARRIED MEN RUN AWAY.

Every year, incredible as it may seem, nearly 40,000 persons are lost in London, which is truly called the finest hiding place in the world. They drift away from their homes—often for good reasons, often without any apparent cause at all—and are merged in London's millions, in her labyrinths of streets and slums, as a pebble is lost when flung into the sea. It is said that 90 per cent. of them are married men who seek escape from their responsibilities. Many are criminals driven by the lash of a guilty conscience; others wander aimlessly away and lose even their identity.

And Scotland Yard is the great agency—one of the several, including the Salvation Army, which does excellent work in this direction, often dealing with as many as 2,000 cases in a week—for tracing these derelicts and runaways.

This excellent work New Scotland Yard performs the year round—quietly, unostentatiously, often without thanks even. It is all in the ordinary routine, in the day's work, they will tell you; but it is a wonderful and most praiseworthy work.

Think of it for a moment! Think of trying to find, among 7,000,000 of human beings scattered over 700 square miles, a solitary vagrant, whose description is perhaps of the slenderest, and often misleading, especially when that individual,

more often than not, is exercising all his ingenuity not to be found. In comparison, the hunting for a needle in a bundle of hay seems as easy task.

POLICE METHODS.

But let us see how New Scotland Yard attacks these thousands of problems. Let us take a solitary case. A resident in the suburb is alarmed to find that his son does not return home one night. He is a steady, well-conducted young fellow, who has never stayed away all night before. The parents are alarmed, and naturally fear the worst. Inquiries the next morning at his office disclose no clue to his disappearance. He left work at the usual hour, in good spirits, presumably to return home as usual. What can have become of him? Consumed with anxiety, the father hurries to the nearest police-station to tell his story and to ask for help to discover the missing son. The inspector smiles at his fears. "Don't worry," he says, encouragingly; "he'll turn up soon. You leave it to us, and we'll find him for you, right enough. Now, what's his description?"

The relieved father describes his son's appearance and dress as minutely as possible, while the inspector enters the information in a book; and with a final word of cheer to the father, bids him "Good-day!"

Before the father has well left the station the description of the lost youth is being telegraphed to every police station in greater London, and also to New Scotland Yard. Within a few minutes of the disappearance the circumstances and the description of the lost one are in the possession of hundreds of inspectors and station-sergeants. The first step has been taken.

This done, our buoyant inspector summons from an adjacent room a couple of "special inquiry officers," who are experts in quests such as this, and who know every shady street and obscure corner in their district, and puts them in possession of all the facts. In a few minutes they are on the trail, like a couple of blood-hounds, scouring every likely hiding place for the fugitive, after making inquiries at every hospital to make sure that no accident has befallen the young man.

By the time our brace of sleuth-hounds have well started on their hunt Scotland Yard has the matter well in hand. All the particulars are put swiftly into type and incorporated in the next issue of the "Gazette" (of which three or four issues are printed daily), and in an inconceivably short time the Yard's printing presses are turning out copies by the hundred. These are distributed, hot from the press, to every police-station in London in the swiftest ways possible, many of them being conveyed by mounted policemen.

DESCRIBED IN THE GAZETTE.

On receipt of the Gazette, the officer in charge of each station takes the matter seriously in hand. As each batch of constables, before proceeding on duty, is paraded before him, he reads aloud the description of the missing man; and every constable starts on his round with the picture of him in his mental eye, complete to his "small dark moustache" and "glace kid lace boots."

Thus, within a few hours of the anxious father's visit to the police-station a vast army of constables, parading thousands of miles of London's streets and alleys, are as familiar with his son's appearance as he is, and anxious to be the first to discover and restore him to his parents.

In three cases out of four the cheery inspector's optimism is justified. The young man is found, and within a day or two is once more safe under the parental roof, giving such explanations as he can of his wanderings.

BRAVO! SCOTLAND YARD.

If crime is suspected, Scotland Yard sets another part of its complex machinery to work. The Criminal Investigation Department takes the matter up. A detective-inspector and his clever subordinates set to work, bringing all their shrewdness, experience, and knowledge of the seamy sides of London life to bear on the task.

They interview the young man's employers, his office colleagues, all who have seen or spoken to him shortly before his disappearance. In various disguises, from City clerk to omnibus conductor, they shadow anyone suspected of a hand in the disappearance; and, sooner or later, if crime has played any part in the vanishing, they discover it and its victim, whether he has been lured to a shady lodging-house and drugged and robbed, or, in an extreme case, has been done to death.

Thus, in thousands of cases during a year, the vast machinery of New Scotland Yard works ceaselessly, doggedly, through its army of nearly 20,000 servants, to track and restore the missing ones of London. That the world at large knows little of their work and its results, that rarely a line in the newspapers makes it public, matters nothing. It is part of their regular routine, their daily task. They do it as a duty, and expect no thanks.

Dolly—"Why aren't you at the cooking-school?" Polly—"Teaching 'em to cook with dyspepsia."