

The Home

Notes of Particular Interest to Women Folks

CHOICE RECIPES.

Foamy Sauce.—One and a half teaspoons cornstarch, one egg white, one-half cup sugar, one teaspoon vanilla, one cup boiling water. Mix cornstarch and sugar thoroughly together. Pour over this boiling water and boil five minutes. Then pour gradually on to egg, white beaten stiff, add vanilla and serve hot.

Ham Baked in Milk.—Two pounds ham sliced thick, milk, flour, pepper, one tablespoon butter. Soak ham an hour in warm water, then place in baking pan, sprinkle thickly with flour, season with pepper, cover with milk and put butter in bits on the top. Bake until ham is tender, about forty minutes. Serve for breakfast or luncheon.

Apples Baked in Maple Syrup.—Six apples, one cup maple syrup, bananas, one cup water, lemon peel. Core apples and insert in each a piece of banana. Set apples in a baking dish, add syrup, lemon peel and water; cover and bake gently until tender, basting occasionally. Remove apples, boil down syrup till it threads, pour over apples and serve cold with soft custard or whipped cream flavored with maple syrup.

Asparagus Loaf.—Two tablespoons butter, one-half cup minced chicken or veal, four tablespoons flour, one teaspoon salt, one cup cooked asparagus cut in inch lengths, one-quarter teaspoon pepper, one cup milk, four well-beaten eggs, two cups of asparagus tips for lining, etc. Cut the tips from two bundles of cooked asparagus in 3-inch lengths. Select a quart mold about 3 inches deep, butter it thickly and line the bottom with paper; line it with the tips, putting the green tops pointing downward. Line the bottom with some pretty pattern. Then make a sauce by melting butter, adding flour and milk slowly, allowing it to boil. Then add chicken, seasonings and asparagus, and when boiling pour on to the well-beaten eggs. Pour carefully into mold and set into a pan having bottom covered with several thicknesses of brown paper. Surround with boiling water and cook till firm in an oven so slow that water will not boil. Serve with mouseline sauce, or with creamed asparagus tips.

Flaked Fishcakes.—Two cups hot rice, one cup fish flakes, one teaspoon minced parsley, one-half teaspoon onion juice, one-half teaspoon salt, few grains pepper, eight slices bacon, hot milk or cream to moisten, one tablespoon melted butter. Mix together potato, fish seasonings and butter, moisten as needed with milk, form into flat cakes and dip in flour. Fry out fat from bacon, in the oven, cooking until bacon is crisp and brown. Fry cakes in the hot fat on both sides and serve a slice of bacon on every patty. Tomato or cream sauce may be used with these if desired.

Braised Ham.—Boned and rolled ham, one-quarter cup sliced onion, two cups diced carrots, two tablespoons sugar, one cup diced turnip, one cup grape juice, celery leaves, six cloves, 2-inch stick cinnamon. Soak ham overnight in cold water containing a little soda. Bring to boiling point and discard water. Caramelize sugar in braising pan, add onion, and when well coated put in the vegetables and grape juice. Set ham in place, nearly half cover with boiling water, cover and bake gently in the oven till tender. Then remove skin, dust with crumbs and a sprinkling of sugar, brown quickly and serve with grape-juice sauce.

Field Salad.—Romaine, chervil, one and one-half cups diced celery, one green pepper, shredded, four tablespoons olive oil, one-half teaspoon salt, two tablespoons vinegar, one-eighth teaspoon pepper. Wash romaine and chervil thoroughly and let crisp. Remove strings from celery and cut in dice, then let it stand thirty minutes in cold salted water. Arrange in salad bowl or individual plates as follows: First the romaine leaves, then the chervil plucked from the stem, and the celery and pepper last, on top. Pour over French dressing and garnish with radish roses.

Coffee Cream Cake.—Three-fourths cup sugar, one-half cup cold coffee, one-half cup butter, one and one-half cups flour, two eggs, one-half teaspoon flavoring, three teaspoons baking powder. Cream butter, add sugar, flavoring and eggs, well beaten. Beat well. Mix and sift baking powder with flour and add alternately to mixture with cold coffee. Pour into oiled and floured layer cake tins, and bake in moderate oven. Put together with coffee cream filling and finish with a plain coffee icing.

Coffee Cream Filling.—Three-fourths cup milk, six tablespoons sugar, one tablespoon ground coffee, four tablespoons pastry flour dissolved in one-fourth cup extra vanilla, few grains salt. Scald coffee in milk five minutes. Strain through cheesecloth and add to milk the flour dissolved in extra milk. Stir over hot water till thickened, then add eggs and sugar beaten together and stir four minutes. Cool and add salt and vanilla.

PUDDINGS.

Grated Apple Pudding.—Grate seven large tart apples; beat the yolks of eight eggs with two cups of pulverized sugar until thick like a batter; add the grated apples, one dozen lady fingers grated, the grated peel of one lemon and the stiff beaten whites of the eggs. Strain blanched almonds on top. Bake in a well greased spring form. Eat with whipped cream.

Batter Pudding.—One quart milk, four eggs, half teaspoon salt, eight tablespoons sifted flour. Beat with mixing spoon until thoroughly blended and bake in buttered dish in hot oven about twenty minutes. Sauce is creamed butter and sugar flavored with lemon juice.

Oatmeal Pudding.—Take one quart cooked oatmeal, add one cup sugar, two eggs, pinch salt, butter size of hickory nut, one cup chopped raisins, one-half teaspoon cinnamon, and one pint of milk, stir all together, then bake a golden brown. Eat with lemon sauce.

Delicious Economical Pudding.—Wash two tablespoons rice, then add two tablespoons sugar and one quart sweet milk; then put in oven and cook slowly for two hours; add flavoring, if desired, when done.

DOMESTIC HINTS.

A new brick house is, as a rule, far damper than a stone building. To make a very strong glue that does not get thick or pasty dissolve ordinary glue in nitric ether, and add a little bit of caustic soda.

Few people know that an onion cut up into four parts and put in a sick room where there is any infectious disease takes in all the infection.

Old collars and cuffs that have become worn at the edges from wear and laundering can be used again by sandpapering the edges of same with a fine piece of sandpaper. If we would understand the ways of the young we should remember what we ourselves were at their age and make the same excuses for their wayward faults and passions that we once did for our own.

To prevent new kid gloves from splitting when first worn place the gloves between the folds of a damp towel for an hour or so before putting them on. This will stretch them and prevent them from splitting.

To reduce the coal bill do not use the poker too freely. To make a fire last long get some waste paper, soak it in water, and roll into balls. When the fire is red place these on top and cover with small pieces of coal. You will then have a fire that will last for hours.

To prevent cold feet at bedtime it is advised that just before retiring the ankles and feet should be well rubbed with the hand for five to ten minutes. This treatment creates a grateful glow, which is more beneficial, as the discomfort that may otherwise be experienced may act as a direct cause of sleeplessness. Keep a mangle wringer well oiled, as the labor of working it is then much less. Occasionally it should be oiled with paraffin to cleanse the bearings, but in a general way proper machine oil should be used, as paraffin oil is of no use as a lubricant. In order to work the wringer with the least amount of strain stand in front of the machine and facing it.

An open window is the preventative of many of the ills to which people are subjected, and in winter or summer alike the bedroom window should be kept partly open during the night. Preparations for bed, however, should always be made in a warm room, and no risk of cold should be taken. The use of a dressing-room is always to be recommended.

WERE CLEVER SMUGGLERS.

English smuggling has stories as amusing as the recent Italian incident. There is, for instance, that of the gloves on which duty was never paid. An agent bought the consignment abroad and shipped over only the left-hand ones to England. These were duly seized by the customs and eventually put up for sale. No one wanted odd gloves, and it was easy for those in the plot to acquire them at a nominal price. Then, after a suitable interval, the right-hand gloves came over, similarly sold and found their long-lost partners.

WHALE'S GREAT BLOWER.

A Perfect Valvular System Connects It With Lungs.

A whale is purely mammalian, like ourselves. The young are born alive and suck milk; their blood is warm, they have a four-cavities heart; their bones, muscles, and nervous system resemble in structure those of other mammals.

But these great mammals must live all their lives in the water. How, then, is their breathing to be managed? In the seal we find acting valves that close the aperture in the nostrils as tightly as a cork in a wine bottle when the creature descends beneath the waves.

In the whale we find a different kind of self-acting breathing valve. The windpipe does not communicate with the mouth. A hole, as it were, bored right through the head. Engineers would do well to copy the action of the valve of the whale's blow-hole. A more perfect piece of structure it is impossible to imagine.

Day and night, asleep or awake, the whale works his breathing apparatus in such a manner that not a drop of water ever gets into the lungs.

Again, the whale must of necessity stay a much longer period of time under water than seals and other aquatic animals. This alone might possibly drown him, inasmuch as the lungs cannot have access to fresh air.

We find that this difficulty was being anticipated by a peculiar reservoir in the venous system, which reservoir is placed at the back of the lungs. Seemingly this is unimportant, but it is of the greatest practical value to whalers. If the harpoon wounds this reservoir the animal will bleed to death.

Gardening is taught in connection with the schools of forty-six out of the forty-nine county areas in England.

Extra Hands

Mr. Charles Grimwood, otherwise "Chalky Charlie," was gazing at the glittering array in the shop window of Mr. Carl Ziegelheimer, jeweller, with covetous eyes, when a motor-brougham glided up and stopped just behind him. A stylishly-dressed lady descended, and passed into the shop with an impressive sweep.

"Mr. Ziegelheimer!" she exclaimed, in a high-pitched treble. "Yes, my lady?"

The stout German proprietor, naturalized in England—hurried forward, and a tall young man who had been choosing a lady's ring stepped back quickly into the darkest corner of the shop.

"Oh, I want you to send someone to see to the grandfather's clock—the one on the first landing, you know. It has stopped striking."

"Certainly—the very first thing in the morning, my lady."

"Oh, but cannot you see to it this evening?"

Mr. Ziegelheimer looked perplexed. "I am afraid not, my lady. All the men have left."

"Oh, how provoking! The servants rely upon it so."

The jeweller pondered a moment; then his face cleared.

"I will come myself, my lady, after eight o'clock, if that will do?"

"Oh, quite well, so long as it is seen to-night! I shall depend upon you."

"I promise faithfully, my lady." And the stout German puffed obsequiously around to bow his distinguished visitor out.

The brougham whirred off, and the tall young man came forward. "Lady Veringham—rich—ah!" said Mr. Ziegelheimer proudly.

probably. Mr. Grimwood crept cautiously around to where he could command a view of the interior of the kitchen through a huge window. At length there were signs of bustling activity, and Mr. Grimwood, from his point of vantage beheld a large soup-tureen depart as vanguard of greater things.

"Na, then," he muttered, "play up, Chawlie!" with which self-exhortation he marched boldly to the back-door, bag in hand. An apple-faced maid answered his ring.

She shook her head. "Nothin' wanted," she said.

"That's a good job for yer!" retorted Mr. Grimshaw. "But, as it happens, I ain't offering anyfink. I'm come to put that clock o' yours to rights."

He distrusted his memory as to the pronunciation of Mr. Ziegelheimer's name. There was a brief consultation, and the apple-cheeked servant was deputed to conduct Mr. Grimwood to the upper regions, via the back stairs. Arriving at the clock, whose hands pointed tranquilly to half-past three, he placed his bag on the floor, and opened the case with a professional air.

"Na, you can run away and play," said Mr. Grimwood. "or you'll hev the 'igh chief butler on your track!"

"Butler's got nothin' to do with me," answered the maid. "I'm kitchen-elp, Hi am!"

"Well, go an' 'elp the kitchen," retorted Mr. Grimwood.

"Struck forty-nine last night," said the girl. But receiving no reply, she tossed her head and vanished, much to Mr. Grimwood's relief.

"Na, then!" he whispered softly. He stood on a roomy landing, with several corridors branching from it. Mr. Grimwood, after a moment's careful listening, left his professional outfit convincingly arrayed on the floor, and choosing haphazard, turned a handle softly and entered one of the rooms. He visited more than a dozen in this

ly. "Fancy old Ziegelheimer sending somebody after all! I have reason for doing this, but I've no time to explain."

Mr. Grimwood suddenly grasped the situation. This was a fellow-practitioner on the same lay as himself, and who took him—Chalky Charlie—for the genuine article! Well, there were plenty of fish left for the new hand; but so far as Mr. Grimwood was concerned, he—

Then there occurred another development, which almost took Mr. Grimwood's breath away.

Running swiftly and noiselessly up the stairs came a young girl in white evening-dress.

"Oh, Reggie!" she exclaimed, in subdued tones. "I got your note—but how could you?"

Then she saw Mr. Grimwood, and shrank back. "Who is this?" she gasped.

Mr. Grimwood promptly took in the new aspect of matters.

"That's all right, miss," said he. "I'm just off."

"Stop, you fool!" exclaimed the young man, in an urgent undertone. "You haven't finished, have you?"

"Quite," replied Mr. Grimwood laconically. And, picking up his bag, he vanished in the corridor leading to the back stairs, whence he found his way into the open air without being challenged.

"Lummy!" he whispered as he sped down the dark drive. "Just a case o' Romeo an' Juliet—an' I took him for a high tobyman! Hello!"

He stepped softly aside in the shrubbery just in time to avoid a portly form panting up the drive.

"Old Ziegelheimer!" exclaimed Mr. Grimwood, under his breath. "An' art an hour afore his time!"

Mr. Ziegelheimer's statement of his business was received with what seemed to him disrespectful levity on the part of the footman. Information as to his predecessors, and an emphatic denial on Mr. Ziegelheimer's part, however, cast a more serious light upon matters, and Lady Feringham herself was consulted, discreetly, under cover of proffered dessert. She came out at once, and was admirably cool and decisive.

"No disturbance, if it can possibly be avoided," she said. "Sir Philip's heart would not stand it. John, get the butler and the chauffeur, and any other messengers about. That ought to be enough."

The entire posse crept upstairs quietly. Lady Feringham herself, fearlessly in the van, and Mr. Ziegelheimer forming rearguard. Her ladyship arrived at the stairhead, to behold a light overcoat in painfully close proximity to a white dinner-dress. She turned sharply pale, and wheeled round sharply.

"Go down, all of you," she gasped, with commendable presence of mind. "A foolish practical joke!"

The startled servants obeyed; but Mr. Ziegelheimer, his curiosity overcoming his respect for the British aristocracy, lingered on the stairs.

"Mr. Gilbraith, what does this mean?" asked her ladyship haughtily.

The young man was pale, but quite self-possessed.

"I am entirely to blame, Lady Feringham," said he. "I said for South Africa to-morrow—the girl standing with her face buried in her hands gave a little sob—and I could not leave without bidding Lucy good-bye. I suddenly found my opportunity, and managed to make an appointment here. I know it was wrong, and I regret my action now, though had not Mr. Ziegelheimer been early—"

The German nodded violently.

"It was a vet evening," said he. "I shoot oop mein shop early."

"But to bring an accomplice—that was inexcusable," said Lady Feringham. "The scandal—abominable."

This led to further explanations and denials, until at last the truth evolved itself.

"Der bolice!" exclaimed Mr. Ziegelheimer.

As he spoke he stumbled over something in the dim light, and, stooping, picked up a handbag.

"That is mine," said Mr. Reginald Gilbraith, somewhat confusedly. "I had to bring something, you know. It only contains a lot of old rusty keys—But, halo! That isn't my bag, either!"

Mr. Ziegelheimer opened the bag, and plunged in his hand, which he withdrew grasping a tangled mass that sparkled and gleamed in the subdued light.

"Göt in himmel!" he exclaimed, momentarily forgetful of his company. "Dimonts—chevels!"

"He has taken my bag in mistake—it was on the floor, I remember!" excitedly cried Reginald Gilbraith. "Egad, it was lucky I came here."

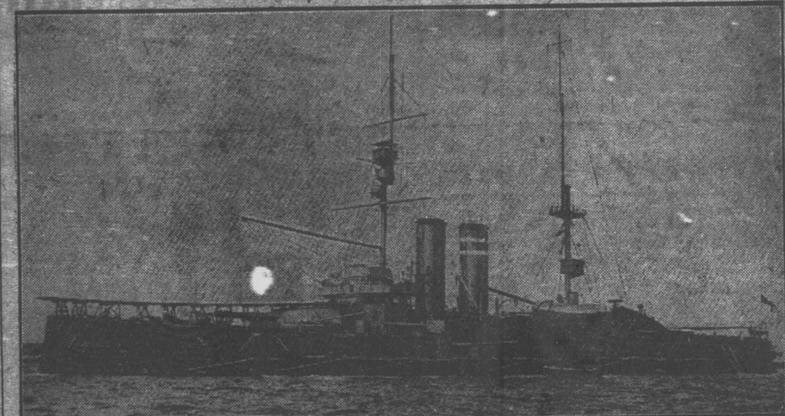
Lady Feringham regarded the speaker dubiously. Then she turned abruptly to the girl.

"Lucilla," she said, "bathe your eyes, and go downstairs. Say I shall rejoin them in a few minutes. You may as well accompany me, Mr. Gilbraith," she added grimly.

Mr. Ziegelheimer was left alone with the clock, which, in response to his touch, struck eighteen, and then subsided with a husky whirr.

"Ah, loaf, loaf!" sighed Mr. Ziegelheimer sentimentally. "Dot vos vot makes de veels go round. Dot young rascal vovgiff; boot de odder—ach, he was a misvial! Ach, yee—"

London Answers.



AT THE PORTLAND MANOEUVRES. The British Battleship Hibernia, Fitted With Temporary Platforms During the King's Visit to the Royal Naval School. Launching of Acrobatic Maneuvres.

NEW OUTFIT OF BRAINS.

Scientists Claim We Get Six Set Yearly.

What the average human brain does not know about itself would fill a big cavity in the place where most persons store the unused portion of their "gray matter." In fact, the most learned scientists admit that they have made only a beginning in the study of the most important part of the human body.

Perhaps the most interesting fact regarding the brains of men and animals is that weight does not always indicate a high state of mentality. Repeated tests have proved that the average male brain weighs about 49 ounces, and that the average female brain weighs about 44 ounces. However, the relative weight of the male and female brains to that of the body is about the same in both sexes.

The taller the individual the greater is his brain weight, but tests have shown that short persons have proportionately heavier brains than tall people. At both the weight of the average male infant's brain is 11.65 ounces; of the female infants, 10 ounces. After the age of 30 the brain loses an ounce in weight every 10 years.

According to some scientists, every human being gets a complete new outfit of brains about every two months. They estimate that the duration of a nerve's life is approximately 60 days and that every brain cell is destroyed and renewed that often. In other words, we all have six brand new sets of brains each year.

The following figures, showing the comparative weights of brains of persons of different nationalities are interesting. According to Bastian and other brain experts, the average Scotch brain weighs 50 ounces; German brain, 49.6 ounces; English brain, 49.5 ounces; French brain, 47.9 ounces; Zulu brain, 47.5 ounces; Chinese brain, 47.2 ounces; Pawnee brain, 47.1 ounces; Italian brain, 46.9 ounces; Hindoo brain, 45.1 ounces; Gipsy brain, 44.8 ounces; Bushman's brain, 44.6 ounces; Eskimo's brain, 43.9 ounces.

"Hain't she got more than one clock?"

The jeweller shrugged his broad shoulders.

"Always wants everything at once—immediate. Lady Veringham is vat you call impulsive—so!"

"Ah," sighed the young man, "I want things, too; but I can't get them at once—luck if I get 'em at all!"

Mr. Ziegelheimer smiled benignly.

"Now, dis ring," he began, with a view of returning to business. But the young man had grown suddenly thoughtful.

"Give me one of your cards," he said. "I'll look in again, or possibly write you."

Mr. Ziegelheimer gave a little sigh, and did as he was requested, whereupon the tall young man left.

Meanwhile, Mr. Charles Grimwood had strolled away, deep in meditation. He had ascertained from a communicative errand-boy that the brougham was that of Lady Feringham, of the Cloisters—'at the top of the hill."

Here was a better game than the other. Risky, of course; but there was risk in everything worth doing at all. He was "broke." To-morrow it would be absolutely necessary for him to seek work, and worse still, he might, by some unfortunate chance, find it!

Work! He was sick of the very word! Only yesterday he had completed a Government contract; entirely one sided, it was true, but it had been none the less binding on that account, and the Dartmoor quarries had given him his fill of manual labor.

Mr. Charles Grimwood's mind was made up. Firstly, he bought a small brown leather hand-bag; then a pair of wire-nippers and a tiny screwdriver. Whilst the latter articles were being made up into a parcel, he casually annexed a packet of screws from the counter and slipped it into his pocket.

It was quite dark and beginning to drizzle. Mr. Grimwood made his way leisurely up the hill. The carriage-drive seemed miles in length; but at last he saw lights ahead. A clock somewhere struck six. They wouldn't be dining before seven,

way, listening carefully each time he emerged.

He could hear the subdued clatter of the diners below, but not one came his way. The two or three people who knew of his presence in the house had probably forgotten all about him. There were other rooms—plenty of them—but the spots already scoured quite filled his little bag, and he had gathered enough cash—gold and silver left on dressing-tables—to keep him in luxury for a month. The contents of the bag, if Mr. Grimwood knew anything of jewellery—and he had had some experience—was good for at least a couple of hundred from the most close-fisted "fence."

So Mr. Grimwood resolved to let well alone, and "get out" as expeditiously as possible, without risking a longer stay. The sudden sound of footsteps, however, caused him to drop his bag and imitate the proverbial ostrich by thrusting his head into the clock's interior.

A tall young man appeared, accompanied by a footman, and carrying a small handbag about the size of Mr. Grimwood's own.

"Hello," said the menial familiarly, "here's somebody afore you!"

"That's all right!" said the young man hastily. "I didn't know the governor was sending you, Jenkins," he continued, addressing all that could be seen of Mr. Grimwood. "By the way, here's your keys. You left them at the shop."

Mr. Grimwood withdrew his head from the clock, prepared for trouble; but the young man, standing somewhat in advance of the footman, was winking strenuously, and holding out covertly what Mr. Grimwood's widening eyes saw to be a sovereign.

He took it as in a dream.

"That's orl right," he said, dazedly.

"Well," said the footman, in high good-humor, "I dessay you'll be able to manage the job between you. She struck forty-seven last night when we turned in; but it wasn't so late as that." And, with a chuckle at his own wit, he left the pair alone.

"You're a brick not to give me away," said the young man rapidly,

away, listening carefully each time he emerged.

He could hear the subdued clatter of the diners below, but not one came his way. The two or three people who knew of his presence in the house had probably forgotten all about him. There were other rooms—plenty of them—but the spots already scoured quite filled his little bag, and he had gathered enough cash—gold and silver left on dressing-tables—to keep him in luxury for a month. The contents of the bag, if Mr. Grimwood knew anything of jewellery—and he had had some experience—was good for at least a couple of hundred from the most close-fisted "fence."

So Mr. Grimwood resolved to let well alone, and "get out" as expeditiously as possible, without risking a longer stay. The sudden sound of footsteps, however, caused him to drop his bag and imitate the proverbial ostrich by thrusting his head into the clock's interior.

A tall young man appeared, accompanied by a footman, and carrying a small handbag about the size of Mr. Grimwood's own.

"Hello," said the menial familiarly, "here's somebody afore you!"

"That's all right!" said the young man hastily. "I didn't know the governor was sending you, Jenkins," he continued, addressing all that could be seen of Mr. Grimwood. "By the way, here's your keys. You left them at the shop."

Mr. Grimwood withdrew his head from the clock, prepared for trouble; but the young man, standing somewhat in advance of the footman, was winking strenuously, and holding out covertly what Mr. Grimwood's widening eyes saw to be a sovereign.

He took it as in a dream.

"That's orl right," he said, dazedly.

"Well," said the footman, in high good-humor, "I dessay you'll be able to manage the job between you. She struck forty-seven last night when we turned in; but it wasn't so late as that." And, with a chuckle at his own wit, he left the pair alone.

"You're a brick not to give me away," said the young man rapidly,