

Hints for Busy Housekeepers.

Recipes and Other Valuable Information of Particular Interest to Women Folks.

BREADS.

Southern Spoon Bread—One pint of sweet milk, one-half cupful of cornmeal, one-half teaspoonful of salt, one tablespoonful of butter, one egg beaten light, one level tablespoonful of baking powder. Scald the milk in a double boiler, stir in the meal and let cook three hours, then beat in the other ingredients. Note that it is one tablespoonful of baking powder. Turn into a baking dish suitable for the table and bake forty minutes. Serve hot from the dish.

Morning Bread—Four one cup of boiling water into one cup of milk; when cool stir in one cake of compressed yeast dissolved into two tablespoonfuls of cold water, one teaspoonful of salt. Add flour to make a soft dough; turn on kneading board and knead 20 minutes, or until it will not cling to board. Set to rise for three hours, knead thoroughly, put in pans, and let rise one hour. Bake forty-five minutes. This will make three medium sized loaves. The bread is splendid and far less trouble than to bother with bread at night.

Bron Bread—Four cups of brown sifted flour, two cups of sweet milk, one cup of molasses, one teaspoonful of soda, one teaspoonful of salt. Steam two hours and bake one-half hour. Dissolve soda in tablespoon hot water, then add to the molasses one cup of water and one of milk can be used instead of two cups of milk.

A Bread Help—During cold weather many women who do their own baking find it difficult to get their bread to raise without the sponge getting chilled. With this recipe make the sponge at 10 o'clock and the bread is done in time for supper. Take six medium sized potatoes, slice thin, and boil in two quarts water; mash in water and add one-half cupful of sugar, one-half cupful of lard, 3 cents' worth of compressed yeast or one-half cupful of dry yeast in water; flour enough to make a stiff batter. Set on back of stove and stir from bottom every hour. In two hours will be ready to knead down. When ready to make into loaves knead well for twenty minutes. Make five large loaves.

Madison Rolls—These rolls are well worth the little extra time required in making them. They cannot be excelled in their delicious feathery lightness and flavor. One quart of flour, two egg yolks, one teaspoon of salt, one-half pint of liquid yeast, three heaping teaspoons of sugar, piece of butter size of an egg, two large white potatoes, milk enough to make dough as soft as can be handled. Boil and mash potatoes, cream them into the butter, sugar, and eggs. Work this smooth, add gradually the flour, then the yeast, and the milk last. Be careful and do not get the dough too soft. Knead until light, put in a well greased crock, and place in a warm oven to rise for eight hours. When well risen turn on a floured board and roll out an inch thick. Cut with a medium sized biscuit tin. Put rolls in a greased pan far enough apart to not touch; let rise until light, which will require one hour; bake in a quick oven.

CAKES.

Delicious Icing—Juice each of four oranges, one can of sliced pineapple, one-half cup of red raspberry juice, two and one-half cups sugar, enough water to make two quarts. Strain all and freeze. When nearly frozen add beaten whites of three eggs. Stir in well. The sliced pineapple can be used for salad. There is no waste.

White Lincoln Cake—One and one-half cups sugar, one-half cup butter, two-thirds cup milk, two and one-half cups flour (sifted five times), four eggs (whites only, beaten stiff), two teaspoonfuls baking powder, one teaspoonful vanilla; cream sugar and butter thoroughly; add milk, then flour; reserve one-half cup to mix with baking powder, whites of eggs; baking powder with remainder of flour and lastly, flavoring. **Fudge Filling**—One and one-third cups of sugar, one-third cup milk, one square unsweetened chocolate, piece of butter size of an egg, one teaspoonful vanilla. Boil sugar, milk, chocolate, and butter until it bubbles. Remove from the stove and add vanilla. Beat to a cream, spread on cake. Do not make filling until cake has baked. This cake is delicious and the recipe is reliable, always turning out fine.

Banana Float Cake—Make a rich, flaky pie crust and line a baking pan—according to size of cake desired—and with a fork thoroughly perforate the crust, and bake to light brown. Make a cream as follows: One quart of milk, yolks of three eggs, three tablespoonfuls of sugar, one-half cup of flour may be used—and one-half cup of granulated sugar; boil like custard and add

while boiling, stirring lightly, the whites of the three eggs beaten to a stiff froth. Flavor with vanilla. Crumb the stale cake by rubbing between the palms of the hands, and place a generous layer on bottom of the baked crust; on top of this place a layer of sliced bananas, with a sprinkling of sugar over them; then over these layers pour a portion of the prepared cream; again place a layer of the cake crumbs, a layer of bananas and cream; continue in this manner until the crust is filled. Two layers make an excellent cake. Serve while fresh or the crust gets soft and the bananas lose much of their flavor. This cake is delicious and may be served with or without whipped cream.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

To make potatoes lie when cooked, they should be pared in cold water for two or three hours. Stockings washed before wearing will last in good condition far longer than those not washed.

To keep milk from scorching, the saucepan should be rinsed in cold water before pouring in the milk. The habit of biting off thread among young women damages good teeth and is prolific of sore throats and even blood poisoning.

If a saucepan be burnt rub with a damp cloth dipped in fine ashes, or a damp cloth dipped in coarse salt will have the same effect.

If new boots won't polish rub them over with a cut lemon, and then leave until thoroughly dry. Repeat this remedy once or twice if necessary.

Give children their tea early, so that they may have a good hour's play before going to bed. This play will induce a healthy tiredness, and sleep will soon follow.

2. Jezebel—To her the events on Carmel meant more than they possibly could to her husband, for her devotion to the cult of her father, who had been a high priest of the Baal-worship in Tyre, amounted to fanaticism. She could not sit idly by and see her work of years obliterated. It was to be expected that she would send just such a message to the prime mover of the threatened revolution, pronouncing upon him a virtual sentence of death.

3. Beersheba—Though this was a town of Judah, about thirty miles south of Hebron, yet Elijah did not feel himself secure there, inasmuch as the king of Israel was in alliance with the king of Judah at this time. So he took himself, in characteristic fashion, to the wilderness (4).

4. Juniper-tree—More properly a species of the broom plant, which grows everywhere in the deserts of the Holy Land. It afforded a poor shelter, but sometimes the best that could be had.

5. Went in the strength of that food forty days—The journey to Horeb, being not over 180 miles, would require a much less time than that. The number forty, however, is often taken to symbolize a period of testing (compare the cases of Moses and Jesus), and here doubtless refers to the time of Elijah's seclusion.

6. What doest thou here, Elijah?—Dr. Farrar gives a vivid interpretation to this question by emphasizing the successive words: "What doest thou here?" "He was doing nothing. Was there no work to be done in Israel? Was he tamely to allow Jezebel to be the final mistress of the situation?" "What doest thou here?" "Is it not very significant of thy name, 'Jehovah he is my God?' Is he to be the God of but one fugitive?" "What doest thou here?" "This is the wilderness. There are no idolaters or murderers, or breakers of God's commandments here."

7. I only am left; and they seek my life—A confession of conscious failure, on the part of a man thoroughly discouraged.

8. Jehovah passed by—He was present in the strong wind, and in the earthquake and the fire, as well as in the still small voice. But the more tumultuous elements did not speak to the soul of the prophet as did the calm following the storm. God manifests himself in the quiet providences of life as well as in its upheavals.

9. He wrapped his face in his mantle—The solemn silence of the mountains filled him with awe and even dread, and he felt impelled to an act of self-abasement. His condition smote him, and with reproachful iteration the question returned: What doest thou here, Elijah?

10. A threefold mission: (1) To appoint Hazael king of Syria, which would mean the founding of a new dynasty; (2) to set up Jehu as king over Israel, thus abolishing the house of Omri; (3) to appoint as his own successor Elisha, son of Shaphat of Abelmeholah. The purpose of all this is partly explained in the next verse. Israel had not been wholly purged of its

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL STUDY

INTERNATIONAL LESSON.
FEBRUARY 19.

Lesson VIII. Elijah's Flight and Return, 1 Kings 18.41 to 19.21
Golden Text, Isa. 40.31.

Verse 41. The sound of abundance—The Greek Old Testament has here the suggestive words, "the sound of the feet of the rain-storm." All the evidence the prophet had was the word of the Lord. "Show thyself to Ahab, and I will send rain." Faith was not difficult after the miraculous exhibition of Jehovah's power in the sending of fire and the blotting out of the heathenish priesthood. So Elijah urges the king to renew his exhausted vitality with food and drink, at his tent up on the slope of the mountain, before the expected downfall should make a journey to Jezreel impracticable.

42. Elijah went up to the top of Carmel—The rugged hunter of the wildernesses forgot his own need of refreshment in his eagerness to see the hand of Jehovah displayed still further. The attitude he assumed was one of earnest prayer.

43. His servant—Tradition says this was the widow of Zarephath's son whom he snatched from the jaws of death. The sea was of course the Mediterranean from which rain would naturally sweep in. Six times the lad went up to the point from which the great expanse of water was clearly visible, but each time saw nothing but what had appeared in the brassy sky for three weary years.

44. The hand of Jehovah was on Elijah—That is, he was filled with a divine impulse of rapturous exultation, which carried him before the rapidly moving chariot of Ahab even to the gates of the city Jezreel, where the king maintained a palace. Here he halted, for he had no liking for cities and could easily find shelter in the neighborhood of Gilboa.

2. Jezebel—To her the events on Carmel meant more than they possibly could to her husband, for her devotion to the cult of her father, who had been a high priest of the Baal-worship in Tyre, amounted to fanaticism. She could not sit idly by and see her work of years obliterated. It was to be expected that she would send just such a message to the prime mover of the threatened revolution, pronouncing upon him a virtual sentence of death.

3. Beersheba—Though this was a town of Judah, about thirty miles south of Hebron, yet Elijah did not feel himself secure there, inasmuch as the king of Israel was in alliance with the king of Judah at this time. So he took himself, in characteristic fashion, to the wilderness (4).

4. Juniper-tree—More properly a species of the broom plant, which grows everywhere in the deserts of the Holy Land. It afforded a poor shelter, but sometimes the best that could be had.

5. Went in the strength of that food forty days—The journey to Horeb, being not over 180 miles, would require a much less time than that. The number forty, however, is often taken to symbolize a period of testing (compare the cases of Moses and Jesus), and here doubtless refers to the time of Elijah's seclusion.

6. What doest thou here, Elijah?—Dr. Farrar gives a vivid interpretation to this question by emphasizing the successive words: "What doest thou here?" "He was doing nothing. Was there no work to be done in Israel? Was he tamely to allow Jezebel to be the final mistress of the situation?" "What doest thou here?" "Is it not very significant of thy name, 'Jehovah he is my God?' Is he to be the God of but one fugitive?" "What doest thou here?" "This is the wilderness. There are no idolaters or murderers, or breakers of God's commandments here."

7. I only am left; and they seek my life—A confession of conscious failure, on the part of a man thoroughly discouraged.

8. Jehovah passed by—He was present in the strong wind, and in the earthquake and the fire, as well as in the still small voice. But the more tumultuous elements did not speak to the soul of the prophet as did the calm following the storm. God manifests himself in the quiet providences of life as well as in its upheavals.

9. He wrapped his face in his mantle—The solemn silence of the mountains filled him with awe and even dread, and he felt impelled to an act of self-abasement. His condition smote him, and with reproachful iteration the question returned: What doest thou here, Elijah?

10. A threefold mission: (1) To appoint Hazael king of Syria, which would mean the founding of a new dynasty; (2) to set up Jehu as king over Israel, thus abolishing the house of Omri; (3) to appoint as his own successor Elisha, son of Shaphat of Abelmeholah. The purpose of all this is partly explained in the next verse. Israel had not been wholly purged of its

pollutions by the long famine. It would still be necessary in the divine plan for the swords of Jehu and Hazael to fall upon the Baal-worshipping kings of Israel, and for Elisha to carry the reformatory work still farther. There is no record of Elijah's fulfilling all of this mission, but it came to be fulfilled, in one way and another, through his successor.

19. He with the twelfth—Elisha was guiding but one yoke, the others being in charge of servants.

Cast his mantle upon him—"It meant the adoption of Elisha by Elijah to be his spiritual son; and it meant a distinct call to the prophetic office."

20. Let me kiss my father and my mother—An expression of the tenderness characteristic of the younger prophet, and not an act of hesitation. Elijah, in the words, "Go back again, gives him full permission, disclaiming any other purpose in throwing upon him the mantle than simply to summon him to a high duty."

21. Took the oxen, and slew them—A kind of burning of the bridges behind him.

BIRD CHARMER DECORATED.

French Government Pays Honor to Familiar Figure.

M. Henry Pol, the famous bird-charmer of the Tuilleries, whom all Paris knows and admires, has been decorated by the French Minister of Agriculture.

His daily "receptions" of his birds in the Tuilleries form one of the most fascinating entertainments in Paris, and are always watched by hundreds of interested sightseers. M. Pol feeds his chirping flock regularly every morning, to the delight of children and grown-up strangers. He has very appropriately been called the Saint Francis of the Tuilleries, and rightly so; for like the Saint of Assisi, he has only to call the birds from the trees and they fly down to perch on his hand or his shoulders. He gives them the names which they remember, speaks to them, and they listen. His charm over the birds is really remarkable. Each sparrow has its name, and picturesque names, too, they are. They range from the Christian names of Jean and Jeanette to those of revolutionary celebrities. "There is Philippe, now," he will say. "I have not seen him for several days. Come here, Philippe, you little rascal; where have you been all this time?" And Philippe, a very plump, dark brown sparrow with a sly look, would fly out of a crowd of twenty or thirty watching for crumbs on the gravel and perch on M. Pol's finger. His success is the result of years' of effort, as he used to pass through the garden on his way to work.

On the days of the bull-fights the victors are escorted through the streets. In gaily decorated carts with their lady admirers in startling costumes, and the constant cracking of fireworks mingles with the cheers of the crowd. A Portuguese bull-fight is worth seeing, and even the Humanitarian League could find little to cavil at it. It is certainly no more cruel than fox-hunting or stag-stalking. The bull-fighters earn large salaries, and many of them are popular heroes. Some of them are quite wealthy men.

THE LIVING PICTURE CRAZE

has long ago seized upon the Portuguese in a manner which would astonish the owners of picture palaces.

From noon until the small hours of the morning the streets of Lisbon and other large towns are a perfect pandemonium with the clanging of bells and the shrieking of steam-blown organs at the doors of these scores of picture palaces almost side by side in the main thoroughfares. The price of admission is exceedingly low, for, although the Portuguese is a great pleasure-lover, he likes to get enjoyment as cheaply as possible and to have as much for his money as he can. The shows are continuous, and one can stay as long as one likes or rather as long as one can stand the din of a forty-horse power engine blaring out every noisy tune that was ever composed.

The heat in these badly ventilated, long and narrow rooms is insufferable; the air is thick with tobacco fumes, for everyone smokes and the refreshment-bars and food-stalls therein do

AN ENORMOUS TRADE.

The Portuguese looks well after "little Mary." When some portion of political scene is thrown on the screen—and the films, by the way, are very flickery and bad from constant use—there is sometimes a demonstration, for a very little lures on the lower orders, who are the great patrons of these resorts, to a scrimmage.

Like the Spaniard, again, the Portuguese is a born gambler, and he it in the bets over the success of any particular bull-fight, or at cards, or at the everlasting lottery, there is always some money to go in these directions. There can be no doubt that, if the Government allowed it, roulette and other games which are now sacred to Monte Carlo, would flourish in Lisbon and other Portuguese cities; and before the revolution broke out there was said to be a project on foot for the starting of a gambling Casino on Monte Carlo lines at Funchal, in the Island of Madeira, one of the few colonial possessions of the new Republic.

It remains to be seen what the present Administration may have to say as to deriving revenue for an impoverished country from this source, and whether a concession to allow gambling will be granted.

Butter will take the soreness from a bruise and will often prevent discoloration.

Bosom friends may be chums, or they may be chumps.

A PORTUGUESE BULL FIGHT THE MODERN MAN-OF-WAR

THEY DO NOT USE SPANISH METHODS IN THE RING.

Other Amusements of Citizens of the World's Youngest Republic.

The Portuguese is essentially a pleasure-lover. He is not especially devoted to the theatre but takes his pleasures much in the same way as the Spaniard, although his taste in regard to bull-fights is by no means so sanguinary. In the Spanish fight gore is the predominant feature, and in the Portuguese it is a display of elegant horsemanship—the bull is never killed.

The Bull Ring at Lisbon is situated at the extreme end of the famous Avenida de Liberdade, which was the scene of the most severe fighting between the Republican and Monarchist troops. On a fete day, when the bull-fight is to take place (and this is generally on a Sunday), the concourse of people is enormous, and a stranger might well imagine that an infantile revolution had broken out, for from early morning until the time of the bull-fight, at two or three in the afternoon, there is a succession of

EXPLODING BOMBS, shells, and rockets fired in open spaces, and especially in the vicinity of the railway station and the famous Roly-Poly Square, the stones of which are laid in such an erratic fashion that they resemble the waves of the sea, and which ever way the tourist walks across them he involuntarily raises his foot as though to step over a rise in the ground.

All over Lisbon, and especially along the Avenida, there is a curious fashion in pavements, and all kinds of weird scrolls and twisting, twirling, and dragon-like figures are made in tessellated tiles—either white upon black, or black upon white.

On the days of the bull-fights the victors are escorted through the streets. In gaily decorated carts with their lady admirers in startling costumes, and the constant cracking of fireworks mingles with the cheers of the crowd. A Portuguese bull-fight is worth seeing, and even the Humanitarian League could find little to cavil at it. It is certainly no more cruel than fox-hunting or stag-stalking. The bull-fighters earn large salaries, and many of them are popular heroes. Some of them are quite wealthy men.

On the days of the bull-fights the victors are escorted through the streets. In gaily decorated carts with their lady admirers in startling costumes, and the constant cracking of fireworks mingles with the cheers of the crowd. A Portuguese bull-fight is worth seeing, and even the Humanitarian League could find little to cavil at it. It is certainly no more cruel than fox-hunting or stag-stalking. The bull-fighters earn large salaries, and many of them are popular heroes. Some of them are quite wealthy men.

THE LIVING PICTURE CRAZE

has long ago seized upon the Portuguese in a manner which would astonish the owners of picture palaces.

From noon until the small hours of the morning the streets of Lisbon and other large towns are a perfect pandemonium with the clanging of bells and the shrieking of steam-blown organs at the doors of these scores of picture palaces almost side by side in the main thoroughfares. The price of admission is exceedingly low, for, although the Portuguese is a great pleasure-lover, he likes to get enjoyment as cheaply as possible and to have as much for his money as he can. The shows are continuous, and one can stay as long as one likes or rather as long as one can stand the din of a forty-horse power engine blaring out every noisy tune that was ever composed.

The heat in these badly ventilated, long and narrow rooms is insufferable; the air is thick with tobacco fumes, for everyone smokes and the refreshment-bars and food-stalls therein do

AN ENORMOUS TRADE.

The Portuguese looks well after "little Mary." When some portion of political scene is thrown on the screen—and the films, by the way, are very flickery and bad from constant use—there is sometimes a demonstration, for a very little lures on the lower orders, who are the great patrons of these resorts, to a scrimmage.

Like the Spaniard, again, the Portuguese is a born gambler, and he it in the bets over the success of any particular bull-fight, or at cards, or at the everlasting lottery, there is always some money to go in these directions. There can be no doubt that, if the Government allowed it, roulette and other games which are now sacred to Monte Carlo, would flourish in Lisbon and other Portuguese cities; and before the revolution broke out there was said to be a project on foot for the starting of a gambling Casino on Monte Carlo lines at Funchal, in the Island of Madeira, one of the few colonial possessions of the new Republic.

It remains to be seen what the present Administration may have to say as to deriving revenue for an impoverished country from this source, and whether a concession to allow gambling will be granted.

Butter will take the soreness from a bruise and will often prevent discoloration.

Bosom friends may be chums, or they may be chumps.

UNDER-GARMENTS OF THE NEWEST BATTLESHIPS.

The Interior Coating Is Produced Chiefly From Cocoanuts.

Battleships wear coats of stout armor plate, as everybody knows, but everybody does not know that they wear undergarments which is produced chiefly from cocoanuts, says Pearson's Weekly. Your most powerful man-of-war is really a very delicate object, and requires special underclothing so that some vital parts of his anatomy may not become too cold, and so that other equally vital portions may not become too hot.

From stem to stern, which is another way of saying from head to toe, your enormous super-Dreadnought is enveloped in an undergarment placed immediately behind its topcoat of armor plate. This is its especial mackintosh, or rather waterproof, which acts as a protection from fire as well as water.

In the ordinary way, if a shot pierced the side of a battleship, water would pour in at the hole, and possibly the ship might sink; but this is obviated by providing a backing to the armor. Great secrecy is kept in the various navies regarding the material used, and its arrangement.

"JACKETS" FOR THE BOILERS.

In many of the latest battleships, however, the coating is made of cellulose, which again is obtained from the fibrous cocoanut. Cellulose possesses the peculiar property of swelling immediately it comes into contact with salt water. Therefore the moment the water pours in at a hole in the ship's side, the cellulose almost instantly expands, and so closes the aperture. Of course the cellulose is especially treated in order to render it fireproof.

A man-of-war has its vitality enormously diminished if certain portions of it become too cold, and is much the same way as its human tenants. Accordingly, the boiler and steam pipes are clothed with "jackets." In some cases the jackets are made of ordinary blanketing, in others of a fibrous clay-like composition, or even of close-grained wood. In general, the material used for a ship's underclothing of this description consists of mineral wool, however.

The great ship is more likely to suffer from the effects of heat than those of cold. There is always the danger, owing to the newer type of machinery employed, that the powder magazines may get too hot.

In the latest men-of-war the stores are surrounded by a thick coating of mineral wool. Mineral wool, by the way, has nothing whatever to do with wool, as it consists of a mass of snowy threads of a kind of glass. It is made by blowing jets of high-pressure steam through the streams of liquid slag which flow from the furnaces in the manufacture of iron and steel.

AMMUNITION ROOMS COOL.

Enormous quantities of this strange variety of wool are used on board for the purposes of underclothing the bulkheads and the more delicate portions of the ship's body. This invaluable substance acts equally well as a protector from heat and from cold. It is such a remarkable non-conductor of heat that it is used for covering the refrigerators and the cold-storage chambers, and therefore the explosive stores.

In the dockyards all the men who are employed in packing the mineral wool in the spaces on the ships are obliged to wear masks. This is to prevent the sharp, needle-like particles from being inhaled and so causing chest troubles of a fatal character. It is a very different substance from the fleecy material obtained from sheep.

The ammunition rooms themselves are kept cool by a refrigerating plant in addition to being clothed in mineral wool, the same applying to the ammunition passages. The wool is also packed between the double bulkheads which separate the boiler spaces from the other portions of the vessel. Altogether the uses of mineral wool on board are extremely numerous.

Even reindeer hair is to be met with on board in the capacity of a particular sort of underclothing. This material is very light, considerably lighter than cork, for instance, and is not so subject to decay. For this reason, amongst its many uses it is of great value as a filling for the lifebuoy.

There are many other strange materials used on board for the purpose of providing a protection to delicate portions of the vessel's anatomy. Still, these are of minor importance compared with the materials mentioned, though they range from indiarubber to solid slate.

A fierce blizzard has swept over the American continent.