NOTES AND COMMENTS.

One of the most surprising developments since the close of the war in South Africa is the sudden multiplicity of books by Boer authors. Before the war the world had scarcely heard of a Boer book, and the silence on that side during the hostilities seemed to confirm the impression that the Afrikander farmers were an inarticulate race. Now every burgher seems to have thrown down the rifle only to take up the pen, and we have the phenomenon of a Boer literature created out of hand. Ex-President Kruger has written his reminiscences and Gen. De Wet has told the story of his three-year campaign. Gen. Botha has given his version of the fight, and the wife of Gen. De la Rey is about to record her sufferings and experiences in a book. The English papers have just finished reviewing extensive volumes written by Gen. Ben. Viljoen and the chaplain of President Steyn. The Free State president himself is still to be heard from, and so is Gen. Cronje, but these and a half a score besides are not likely to remain silent. The conditions are peculiarly favorable for this literary outpouring from the defeated side; the Boers are naturally proud of their strong resistance, while the British public is in a generous mood, which gives the burghers a large audience in that country as well as in America and Europe.

The quality of these books is almost as noteworthy as their quantity. The Dutch Afrikanders write as vigorously and intelligently as they fought. They show less bitterness than might have been expected, and the British press treats them with a reasonable degree of respect. All this is fortunate politically. It is likely to do a good deal toward reconciling vanquished and victor, thus simplifying the difficult task of reconstruction. The only disquieting thought is that these literary soldiers, having had a taste of the Pierian spring, may lose their presence of mind and join the innumerable army of novelists. In that case Tolstoi's story of the evil effects of all wars would be established.

In talking about newspapers not long ago a college professor is reported to have said that twenty minutes a day was all that one ought to give to newspaper reading. It is to be feared that such advice will fortify the skipper and the skimmer in their helter-skelter habits. Not that there is no justification for skipping and skimming. There certainly is. The perfect, ne plus ultra reader is the one who can adjust his speed to the importance of the matter which he is perusing, who can float lightly over passages which do not concern him and plod conscientiously through passages which do concern him, who has acquired the power of rapid survey without losing the power, whenever it is necessary to exercise it, of accurate insight. This kind of reading machine, capable of being adjusted to any required velocity, and to any required degree of thoroughness, will do more work in a day than any other kind of reading machine that can be devised.

It remains true, however, that most people skip and skim unintelligently. They fall into ways which are fatal to mental health. They become too cursory. Such people should give their paper more than twenty minutes a day. They need not read everything that the paper contains. The headlines will enable them to pick out those articles which are of particular value to them. Other people will pick out other articles. That is the plan on which the daily paper is constructed. It is not meant in all its parts for all people. What it attempts to do is to give each of its readers the things which he is interested in. When he has found those things he should read them carefully. Unless he does he will find that his acquaintance with current events is exceedingly unsatisfactory. The farmer who plows through the columns of his paper with much more care than speed is, of all men in the country, the best informed on many subjects of political moment. The thing we need is, perhaps, not that newspaper reading should be less absorbing but that it should be more discriminating.

Feeling is like smoke, indicative not of heat but of the fuel.

About the ....House

FOR THE COOK.

Janacks—Take 1¾ cups fine cooked oatmeal, 1¼ cups Indian meal, 2-3 cup sugar, 1 teaspoon soda, 2 teaspoons cream of tartar, 1 egg, thoroughly beaten, 1 teaspoon shortening. Add just a little sweet milk, a pinch of salt and stir all together. Bake in gem tins in hot oven.

Griddle Puffs—One qt new warm milk, 1 teacup sweet yeast or a yeast cake, ½ teaspoon salt, 3 beaten eggs, 5 cups flour beaten to a batter. Set to rise over night, adding butter half size of an egg the last thing. If one has cream, make the quart of milk a cup short and fill up with sweet cream using half as much butter. Some put the butter in next morning after sponge has risen. Have everything warm, flour and all. Have gem tins very hot and set on stove while dropping in puffs, a mixing spoonful to a puff. Bake in hot oven for breakfast. They may be cooked on well-greased griddle, like fritters, but are more work, and served with syrup.

Simple Soup—Get a bone of beef from the market, and boil it slowly all the morning. About an hour before dinner chop about ½ pt cabbage and 1 or 2 potatoes, onions if liked, add 2 tablespoons rice, and season with salt and pepper. To make the thickening for the soup, take 1 egg, break into some dry flour, stir until it can be rolled very thin, keeping plenty of flour about it to keep it from sticking together. Then roll as you would roll jelly cake, and with a sharp knife cut in very thin slices. These are to be dropped into the soup 15 or 20 minutes before taking from the stove. One egg prepared in this way will make thickening enough for 1 gal. of soup.

Brown Bread Roll With Cream.—One cup of sifted rye meal, one cup fine granulated wheat or fine graham flour, one-half cup granulated cornmeal, one-half cup flour, one teaspoon of salt, two level teaspoons of baking powder, one-half teaspoon of soda, one-half cup molasses, and one pint sweet milk. Mix the rye, graham, cornmeal, flour, salt, baking powder, and soda thoroughly together, then add the molasses and the milk. Grease four small baking powder cans, one-half pound size, fill them about half ful with the batter, cover them and steam two hours. Cut into slices one-third of an inch thick and serve with thickened milk or cream. Cook one level tablespoon of flour in one level tablespoon of hot butter, add one cup of hot milk and a little salt. Strain before serving if it is not smooth.

To Cook Wild Duck—Pick, singe and draw. Wash in several waters and wipe dry. Pare several small carrots, place inside the duck and parboil for one hour. Or if preferred, use a slice or two of lemon to take away the rank flavor, instead of the carrots. Allow the liquor to simmer until only a pint or so remains in the kettle. Then add a generous lump of butter, salt and pepper to suit taste. Have ready 1 qt bread crumbs, into which has been broken 1 tablespoon dry sage leaves. Over this pour the liquor in which the fowl was boiled, retaining a small quantity for basting. Add 2 eggs well beaten, and 2 onions chopped fine. Place the duck in the center of the baking pan and pour the dressing thus made around it. Bake in a moderate oven, basting frequently, and turning the duck when nicely browned on one side. Serve with fruit jelly.

Raised Doughnuts—Scald one pint of new milk, and when it is lukewarm, add one level teaspoon of salt and three cakes of compressed yeast. Cover and let the sponge rise in a warm place until very light. Then add one heaped cup of coffee crushed sugar and one-half cup of butter which have been creamed together, also add two well beaten eggs, one-half of a nutmeg grated, and enough bread flour to make a dough that you can mold without adding more flour, but be careful and not get it too stiff. Knead the dough one-half on a warm board, then roll it out one-half inch thick, cut with a small biscuit cutter, and place them on the warm board half an inch apart, and let them rise in a warm place until they are very light. Then fry them slowly, and while they are hot roll them in powdered sugar, if you like. This makes three dozen. If you do not care to have them as rich, use only one-half cup of butter and omit one egg, the remainder of the work the same as above. Be careful that they do not get too warm at any time before frying.

CHILDREN AT THE TABLE.

Mrs. Tilson writes on the difficulty of teaching children to eat a variety, and especially those things they dislike. She says :—Let me give examples how to do it and how not. A little boy and his mother were visiting us. Our meat was codfish in cream, which he refused. His mother said he did not like white sauce or gravy, but that was nonsense and he should learn then and there, or go without his dinner. My mother, a woman of great tact, shook her head at such a positive declaration. But there was a scene, the boy cried, left the table for a while, and finally had his dinner without codfish in cream. Those parents often succeed best who somewhat like "Bre'r Rabbit" "lie low and say nuffin !" A boy who worked for me did not eat vegetables I asked whether they disagreed with him. "No," he said, "I don't like the looks and taste of the mushy things." I replied that as he had his own way to make, he might sometimes board with families who would eat principally vegetables and he go hungry, and I presumed he was willing to give everything in this world a fair trial. Had I ridiculed or commanded, he would have said in his heart, "I will not be bossed by a woman, and a little one, at that." I made a show of caution, suggested he begin with a teaspoonful every time a vegetable was served, gradually increasing the quantity he ate ; then, drawing myself up to all my inches, remarked that I had great force of character and could teach myself to do anything in no time, but didn't expect other people could be so strong. Of course the boy said in his heart, "I will not be outdone by a woman, and a little one at that." When I thought he was equal only to a teaspoonful, he was ready for a tablespoonful, and when I consented to the latter, he was ready for more, being now a fair eater of vegetables and in better health.

HOW TO TREAT CAKES.

To test whether a cake is baked press it with the finger and if no impression is left it is done.

If a cake is mixed too stiff or the oven too hot it will split across the top. An experienced cook will know that if the split is straight and dry the cake was mixed too dry, but if there are curves in the split the oven was too hot.

Let a cake cool before frosting.

MR. MORGAN'S PROFITS.

The following are the profits made by Mr. Pierpont Morgan during 1902 in financing the following "combines": From the Steel Corporation, $20,320,000; from the Northern Securities, $4,500,000; from the Steamship Combination, $2,500,000; from the Harvesters Merger, $5,500,000; from the Louisville and Nashville Railroad, $7,000,000; from the Realty Company, $3,000,000—a total of $41,830,000.

"It's funny ! The feller said he was a great dorg for rabbits !" "Guess he meant when dey wus fried !"

FARM·FIELD AND GARDEN

WHAT TO BREED FOR.

Dairymen who are not breeders of pure-bred cattle often boast that their dairies produce as much (or more) milk or butter as the herds of pure-bred cattle owned by the breeder. If they would only give the matter a little thought it would seem very clear why cattle not so well bred should be greater producers for a short time. In the first place one should not imagine that a breeder is simply a feeder. High feeding is the rock that has shattered the bark of many a would-be breeder. The modern dairyman, generally buys his cows at from four to six years old. He feeds them a ration to produce as much milk as possible, and at the age of eight or nine they fail and are replaced by others. Now this course will not do for the breeder. His foundation cows cost too much to be sacrificed in this manner. Besides, a cow should not be overworked if she produces the best offspring of which she is capable. It is true that many breeders follow the high-feeding plan and make money at it, but we should not lose sight of the fact that the object of the true breeder is to improve the breed of cattle he fancies, and not simply to get rich and then slip out from under the landslide of condemnation heaped upon the cattle by the misguided people who bought his weaklings, bred from great producing but overtaxed parents.

On the other hand, we do not advocate scrimping cattle and thus producing the meanest of all cows, the purebred scrub. Speaking of scrimping calls to mind the case of a young village man who commenced farming. He bought some pure-bred pigs and learned from his farm paper that brood sows should be

MODERATELY FED.

The result was that after his sows farrowed he nearly starved them to death, pigs and all. He lacked experience, and didn't know the difference between moderation and starvation. The well-bred dairy cow will surely eat a lot of food without injury, but she cannot eat everything, and the man who knows the type of cow that produces, and then comes the nearest to knowing how much she can stand feeding, is the man who improves his herd. We occasionally find a cow that seems to run all to milk, and we are elated. But we find to our sorrow that she has reserved but little for her offspring, and they are even below the average of the herd. We ought to have known before they came to maturity that they would never be good cows because they lacked the dairy type. They were not beefy, but they were too delicate ; they lacked luster of the eye, breadth of muzzle and size of nostril. Their heart girth was too small and their dinner basket too small also. They had the general open-made dairy conformation and their tails were of regulation length. They had good udder indication as heifers, but they lacked that great essential—constitution. The only safe rule to follow in breeding dairy cattle is to breed to a fixed dairy type. If a great producing cow does not drop calves of the right type she is not desirable as a breeder, and on the other hand if a cow of but moderate milk producing capacity drops calves that come up to the desired standard of dairy conformation and constitution, she may safely be depended on to work genuine improvement in the herd, rather than to weaken it, as is sometimes the case with cows that are great performers at the milk pail, but lacking in constitution or lasting qualities.

BOTS IN HORSES.

Now and again we hear some farmer say, "My horse was killed with bots," and in explaining the details of the dead beast's ailment, "they cut through the stomach, etc.," and so killed the horse.

It will yet be a long time before many horse owners will be willing to believe that bots cannot cut or eat through a horse's stomach. Now and again, so-called intelligent men will tell you that they have seen instances of horses killed by bots. This erroneous impression is a table commentary on our twentieth century light, education and knowledge.

Bots are developed in the stomach of the horse from the egg of the gad fly. The egg is laid somehow in the hair, where the horse can lick itself. In this way the eggs are taken into the stomach. They adhere to the lining of the same by hooks and are nourished by the absorption of digested food, through the skin. They adhere to the lining one season, and the following spring they are ejected in the droppings.

In due time, they develop into the mature gad fly, which in turn, puts in its work in depositing eggs

IN THE HAIR OF HORSES,

as the opportunity may arrive. When bots are present in very large numbers they may, and probably do cause disturbance in the digestion, but it is not really so serious as is frequently supposed.

The idea that they cut through the lining of the stomach is erroneous. It is impossible for them to do so, as they take their own food by absorption in the absence of a mouth. Because of the irritation to which this presence sometimes gives rise, and because of the annoyance, which the gad-fly gives the horses, all possible measures should be taken to protect them from such annoyance.

It is usually farmers who have lost poor, run-down horses who lay claim to death by bots. But when we consider that bots do not eat by the mouth, but are dependent on sustenance by absorption, it is plain that a poorly fed horse must needs be able to support a much less number of bots in the stomach than a well fed horse.

Hence the erroneousness of the claim of death by bots.

BABY'S FIRST WORD.

A Child's Efforts to Make Itself Understood.

The most interesting period in a child's life is that in which it makes its first efforts at understanding and being understood. A child produces sounds only for the first few months but these sounds are very expressive, if one is an attentive and sympathetic hearer, and arise from the many changing feelings of suffering or pleasure. The scream of a child in pain is altogether different from the roar of anger, and both are unlike the fretful cry of hunger. A little later the small being begins to practice on the vocal organs a rehearsal of the sounds which in time will become language.

In this baby twittering the vowel sounds come first, and modifications of the "a" are continuously strung together, often in odd ways; later the child apparently becomes conscious of amusement in making these noises and then babbles, because to do so affords him pleasure. An unusually loud shout will be followed by a pause of admiration, and there will be plain efforts to renew special sound effects as he grows older.

The first articulate sound made by baby is usually the syllable "ma," as everyone knows, and the result is that almost in every language this syllable is part of the word meaning "mother," as madie in Italian, mater in Latin. A baby will exert his lungs to the uttermost extent in order to obtain his end when in earnest need of attention. The parting of the lips and opening of the mouth to its widest naturally produce the sound "ma," and, as his Majesty's desires are usually attended to by the mother, the syllable comes to be understood as her appellation.

How many aeons have passed since first this word was thus used none can know; but there can be little doubt that it was one of the very earliest in primeval language.

PRIZES OF THE BRITISH BAR.

High Salaries and Large Fortunes Are the Rule.

The Lord High Chancelior of Great Britain is second only in position to the Archbishop of Canterbury, and he enjoys an income of £10,000 a year. The Lord Chief Justice of England has a salary of £8,000 a year. The master of the rolls has a salary of £6,000 a year, and the lords of appeal in ordinary have the same. The Lords Justices of the Court of Appeal and the Judges of the High Court earn £5,000 a year each. The Masters of the High Court are chosen either from barristers or from solicitors, but all the other office holders to whom we have alluded must have come from the bar, says the Cornhill Magazine.

The Attorney-General makes much more money than any of these dignitaries. His salary is only £7,000, but he has fees as well, sometimes to a very large amount. The Solicitor-General has £6,000 a year, besides his fees. Of course, the double work, legal and parliamentary, which these officers have to undertake is most arduous, requiring an iron constitution and a mind that requires but little time for rest. The private practitioners in some few cases make larger incomes than any of the official persons at the bar. It is not indeed many who make five figures, but there may be always one or two leaders who are achieving this. The leaders who are chiefly before the public in ordinary cases do not often make more than from £5,000 to £6,000 a year. Larger fortunes are frequently made by men who specialize in patent cases, who are engaged in rating appeals and compensation work, or who practice their profession at the parliamentary bar.

IT BEATS EDISON.

They were two wretches of men, who met in the seclusion of their club.

"What are the three quickest modes of communication?" queried one.

"Telegraph, telephone, and cablegram."

"No; wrong in the last one."

"Well, what are they?"

"Telegraph, telephone, and — tell a woman!"

HER IDEA.

"Mrs. Hunker has the queerest fad," said Mrs. Giddlings. "She collects umbrellas."

"Perhaps she is trying to lay up something for a rainy day," was Mr. Giddlings' guess.

The greatest grief may be gilded with some gratitude.