About the ....House

THE GARBAGE PAIL.

If anything has to be neglected, don't let it be the garbage pail. Dust on the piano is bad. Specks on the mirror or window are annoying. You can't always find time to bake a cake for tea, nor pie for dessert. The sheets and towels may have to be folded and put under a weight to save ironing; the baby wears colored slips to economize in washing. All these limitations may be grievous in a measure, but they are not of vital importance.

The care of the garbage is necessary. Death and destruction sit on the brim of the neglected pail, and bacteria and microbes — malevolent ones — multiply. Decaying fruit and vegetables are just as poisonous as meat, only not quite so noticeable. If you are a dweller on broad acres, any whole receptacle, tin or even wood will do, provided it is frequently scalded, disinfected and dried out. One of the five-gallon kerosene oil cans makes a very good pail, with a piece of baling wire fastened in for a handle.

Keep an old broom for cleaning out the pail. Take it out on the grass, turn a teakettle of hot water on it and scrub. Once a week a disinfectant is in order. A good one to keep on hand is prepared in this way: Dissolve a half pint of washing soda in six quarts of boiling water. A cupful of this added to the cleaning water will be quite sufficient.

Do not throw the contents of the pail, if it be trimmings and parings of vegetables, etc., on the garden to decay. If there are no animals on the place to eat them, either bury them, and thus enrich the soil, or burn. If the latter, dry out first, so as not to crack the stove. Orange and lemon peelings, peach, apricot and cherry pits make admirable kindling when dried. Bones burned and pounded are excellent for making hens lay or for giving an impetus to your rose bushes or grapevines.

If you have no drain, and are forced to throw your dish water out on the ground, a solution of copperas (a pound and a half to a gallon of water is a good proportion) should be sprinkled around once or twice a week.

DOMESTIC RECIPES.

Meat Pie.—Take 1 cup cold chopped meat, 1 small onion finely chopped (or 1 teaspoon onion juice), salt and pepper to taste, ½ cup gravy, or soup stock. Put into a deep dish, cover with mashed potatoes and bake 20 minutes in a hot oven.

One-Half Cup Cake.—Take ½ cup molasses, ½ cup sugar, ½ cup butter, ½ cup sour milk, 1 egg, 1 teaspoon soda, 1 teaspoon each clove, allspice and cassia, salt. Flour enough for a batter.

Sweet Potato Hint.—When sweet potatoes are high, a few can be made to go a long way, if to them are added as many Irish ones. They are delicious thus mixed, whether in fried or mashed potatoes. Of course they cannot well be mixed in any other way of serving.

Squash Biscuit.—To 2 quarts bread sponge raised once, add one pint baked Hubbard squash run through a coarse sieve, ½ cup sugar, 2 tablespoons butter. Raise in bulk, adding enough flour to stiffen. Then form into small biscuit and let rise again. Bake in a quick oven.

Rye Bread.—Make a sponge in the flour at night, the same as for wheat bread, with warm milk and ½ cup homemade potato yeast. Put in a warm place to rise. In the morning add more warm milk, 1 teaspoon salt, a small pinch of soda, 3 tablespoons of molasses. Knead soft. When light, put into pans and let rise again. Bake in a quick oven.

Orange Marmalade.—Cut one dozen large navel oranges into very thin slices, cutting crosswise. Leave the peel on, but remove the core. Put into a porcelain kettle, add two quarts of cold water and let stand over night in a cool place. Boil very slowly for two hours, then add six pounds of granulated sugar and boil slowly till clear. Put into small glasses. This lacks much of the bitter tang of ordinary marmalade.

Devil's Food Cake.—Two and a half cups of sifted flour, two cups sugar, half cup butter, half cup sour milk, half cup hot water, two eggs, half cake of chocolate, teaspoonful each of vanilla and soda. Grate the chocolate and dissolve it and the soda in the hot water. Use white icing.

A Delicious Fruit Salad. — Three oranges cut in dice, three bananas sliced, a pound of seeded white grapes, a can of pineapple or one fresh one, and some candied sour cherries. Any other fresh fruit that is desired may be added. Pour over all a dressing made of four tablespoonfuls of sugar, the juice from the pineapple and from one orange. There should be a cupful of the dressing. Flavor with cinnamon and some serve it covered with whipped cream.

"A man and his wife are one."
"Then, if he kills his wife the law can't touch him."
"How so ?"
"It's a case of suicide."

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

Nothing made with sugar, eggs and milk should reach the boiling point.

To prevent stockings wearing at the heels line the backs of the shoes with a piece of black velvet.

To warm up fast in bed lie flat on the back, the arms straight by the sides, the legs straight — then breathe.

A specialist in nerve diseases says a woman should sleep nine hours a night and one hour in the day time.

In testing the temperature of a child's bath put in your elbow, or the underneath part of your arm. The hand is of no use.

To clear water pipes when frozen add plenty of salt to the hot water so commonly used. This when poured down will free the pipes more quickly than plain hot water.

If when frying fish of any kind a little salt is sprinkled on the bottom of the pan when it is hot and the fat boiling, the fish can be easily turned without breaking in the least.

A remedy for creaking hinges is mutton tallow rubbed on the joints. A great many locks that refuse to do their work are simply rusted, and will be all right if carefully oiled.

HINTS TO HOUSEKEEPERS.

Turkey is more economical and better for salad than chicken.

When grated bread, pounded biscuit, crackers, etc., are to be used in puddings with milk, heat the milk, pour it on the bread and let stand, covered, for an hour.

Very good puddings can be made without eggs, but they must be made with as little milk as will mix them, and must boil longer, not less than three or four hours.

Boiled puddings require plenty of water, which must be kept at a sharp boil. If baked, a quick oven, but not a scorching hot one, is required. A pudding in which there is much bread must be tied loosely to allow room for swelling. A batter pudding should be tied quite firmly. A frequent fault of this kind of pudding is being underdone.

THE WAY NOWADAYS.

Lawyer—The pedestrian has the law on his side.
Injured Man—Yes ; and the automobilist on his back.

FARM·FIELD AND GARDEN

A FARMER'S LIFE.

If some of the farmers who are discouraged because they have not made a fortune off their farms, and who feel inclined to envy their brother toilers in the city, imagining that life in the city is more desirable than theirs, easier and filled with plenty of leisure to enjoy all the pleasures with which the rustic imagination gilds and glorifies those distant scenes and activities, they need only try to find out their mistake. "Far fields are green," and lose much of their attractiveness upon a nearer view.

To the city man of ordinary means and opportunities, who, like the ordinary farmer, has a bank account to fall back upon in cases of emergency, life is one "grind," and without the soothing influences of nature that surround the farmer, to quiet the fever and unrest with which the struggle, competition and turmoil around him keep his nerves on the rack day after day. As a rule, such men are not their own masters, but must order their speech, demeanor, and inclinations to please the powers that have control over their daily doings, in order to keep bread in the mouths and clothes on the backs of both themselves and their families.

The farmer, if he does not feel well can rise in the morning at whatever hour it pleases him to do ; for an hour or so, or a day or two, does not make much difference in his affairs except at the most critical periods of planting and harvesting. He can have his own opinions, and voice them too, in politics and religion, and all the stirring questions of the day, without fear of antagonizing the powers that be, who can "sack" him if his views and opinions do not happen to coincide with those of his master or "overlord" (the boss).

That the farmer is a hard worker nobody can deny. Tilling the soil is not easy work. Since God gave the command to man to "earn his bread by the sweat of his brow," the farmer's life has been a life of toil. It taves some strength and effort to dig a living out of the ground. It is not easy to earn a living, much less a fortune, without effort, and the farmer is not the only one who "sweats." Brain workers have no sinecure, although some ignorant persons imagine that all they have to do is to sit at a desk and add up figures, or to twiddle a pen in their fingers. The life of a salesman behind the counter is wearisome and monotonous. The beautiful days of spring go by, the birds are singing as they build their nests, the flowers are blooming in the valleys and on the hillsides, and the grass is growing greener and greener in the meadows ; yet never a glimpse does he get of the beauty of the bright world except when he can take a car ride of an evening, or on a Sunday or holiday. A grocer's clerk works more hours and harder, than the average country boy, who can go to the "corner" and pitch quoits or gossip with his cronies, when the city young man is just getting home from work ; and as for the man who delivers milk in the city he has even harder work and longer hours. At 4 in the morning and even earlier, his waggon is heard in the streets, and himself racing from top to bottom of the high apartment buildings in the cold and sleet of a mid-winter's morning, or in the enervating heat of summer. At break-neck speed he goes, and one could almost imagine that his life depended upon getting through his rounds in due season. Competition is so great that he must neglect nothing, and always be pleasant and obliging to the most unreasonable of customers, for fear of losing one. There are the icemen carrying 50 pounds and often 100 pounds of ice up four flights of stairs, which is no easy task, and as it is not skilled labor, the pay is probably not more than it should be, considering the amount of strength expended. Hard as the work is, and moderate as is the pay, no man can afford to lose his job ; so he has to be very careful not to antagonize his employers in any way.

The man who does business on a small scale and is his own boss, probably finds it no easier to make a living, for he has to do the greater part of his own work, and in the case of a bad or unprofitable season is sometimes not so well off as his hireling, who is sure of his wages at least.

He is a poor farmer, who owns his land and has good health, who cannot make at least a living for himself and family. It may not be a sumptuous living, but it may be a comparatively comfortable one. This cannot be said of all sorts of occupations. There are industrious and honest men in all trades, who are so hampered by circumstances that they cannot do so. Competition, strikes, union complications, and what not, interfere with their opportunities, and they are powerless. A farmer can raise most of what he eats, and clothing is so cheap in these days, that unless he must be dressed in the latest style, what he wears need not cost a great deal. He need be under obligations to no one—a beatific condition, if he only realized it. Providence is his only master, his helper, and his friend. He depends on Him alone, after he has sown his grain, and planted his vegetables and his fruit, and then waits for the productive influence of the sunshine and the showers to do their part of the work. If he is "up-to-date" he will strive to improve his methods, not content to plod along in the old way, but ever ready to take advantage of the new ideas of this progressive age, using the helps and aids to be found in the best farm journals he can get, and not too proud or too stubborn in his ideas to make use of all the light he can obtain. If there should happen to be a bad season, and the worst comes to the worst he can wear his old clothes until he can afford better, and live upon oatmeal and beans if need be, and whose business is it ?

But there is no reason why a farmer cannot live as well, and dress and educate his children as finely, as the average city man : and he does. He lives better, as a general thing, for there need be no scrimping in his larder. The good things of life—cream, butter, eggs, vegetables, poultry, etc.—on a well-managed farm, are abundant in their supply. In the city a man needs a full purse in order to use these things freely and have them of the best quality. He has to practice self-denial there.

And there is always hope ahead for the farmer. If he doesn't have good luck this year, he may the next. There is always a chance that there will be a better yield in crops, and a better price in the market. The element of uncertainty adds zest to life, which a settled amount of wages from month to month and from year to year cannot give ; and he is always sure of enough to eat on the farm, of some sort or another.

One of the most discouraging features about farming is the drought which so often comes to wither both the farmer's hopes and his crops. To see the land that has been so faithfully and carefully worked, and the young crops that look so promising lying parched under the burning rays of the sun and getting drier and drier in the hot winds, while he watches day after day in vain for the refreshing showers is almost heartbreaking. The only hope for the farmer in such a case is irrigation. This often seems impracticable, and entails too much expense, but if one were wise enough to sometimes utilize those natural advantages close at hand, he would receive a surprising benefit at a little cost. I have in mind a section of country —a long stretch of farm land lying at the foot of a mountain, or range of wooded hills, for more than two miles—good productive soil, but often drying up in summer because of drouth. On the mountain were springs—never-failing — and after quarries had been opened up there, there were great ponds or reservoirs filled with the draining of the quarries, which if the farmers had been enterprising enough to lay the pipe necessary to carry the water down the slope, would have furnished enough water to save their crops, and to water their cattle which had to be driven long distances to drink.

The time is coming, and is not far distant, when the farmer's life will be looked upon as the ideal life, by many of the world-weary toilers of the crowded cities. Even now, the one bright dream of many a drudger in the stores and offices, if of a happy time coming when he will have a farm—a home of his own in the country, where he can rest his tired brain and nerves as he sits beneath his own vine or fig (or apple) tree. Whoever despises a farmer's life is a fool ; it is the most independent life on earth.—Country Gentleman.

When Tired of Hamburg Steak served in the usual way, mix with chopped steak some rolled cracker crumbs, roll it up and then cut in slices. It can then be broiled or fried like slices of sausage meat. Many persons like the flavor of sage in steak thus treated.

Anticipating Warm Days. — In the after part of winter or early spring fill some of the empty fruit jars with sauerkraut. Pack closely and easily, so as not to break the jar, and leave it with a little juice on top; then put on the rubber and screw the lid on. It makes a nice change during warm weather, especially raw.

In the spring, when lemons are cheap, make lemon syrup to last through the year. It makes a delicious summer beverage, a tablespoonful in a glass of ice water, and is convenient for many purposes. Roll nice large lemons till soft, cut in two, squeeze out the juice; grate the rinds of several, and let stand (in earthen) over night. Strain and measure the juice and allow three pounds of sugar to each pint. Beat the white of an egg, mix with a pint of water, turn over the sugar, stir till dissolved, put over the fire, boil and skim; add the lemon juice, let boil five minutes, cook and bottle.

"Yes," said the young student, thoughtfully, "when I get interested in a subject I never stop until I have embraced it thoroughly." "That's nice," was his sweetheart's hesitating reply. "I wish I were an interesting subject." And she was.

THE NAVY'S RECORD SHIP

THE FAMOUS DEEDS OF H. M. S. "TERRIBLE."

Interesting Story of Four Years' Work of One of Britain's Great Warships.

No modern British man-of-war has distinguished herself so conspicuously as H.M.S. Terrible. When commissioned in 1898 she attracted more than ordinary attention, for at that time she represented, together with her sister-ship the Powerful, the latest, largest, and most powerful armed cruiser ever built. During her four years' commission she played a prominent part in the Anglo-Boer war and also in the China rebellion, while she also holds nearly all the firing and coaling records.

It was in October, 1900, while in Chinese waters, that she held her first annual prize-firing. Out of 104 rounds with the 6in. quick-firing or 7-ton guns, no fewer than eighty hits were recorded on the targets. With the two 9.2 (25-ton) guns some wonderfully smart shooting was also shown.

Many received the results with scepticism ; so when the second annual prize-firing took place the men behind the guns determined, if possible, to eclipse their previous records, and, in fact, had assiduously practised with that end in view. The firing was witnessed by many naval and military authorities.

Every expectation was realized, the previous records being broken both in rapidity of firing and hits made. The 25-ton guns fired twenty-two rounds and secured fourteen hits. The 7-ton guns fired 128 rounds, obtaining 102 hits. One officer fired eight rounds and scored

EIGHT HITS IN ONE MINUTE.

At Hong Kong the Terrible won the blue-ribbon for rapid coaling. Some 2,500 tons being required to fill the bunkers, her captain decided it was a favorable chance to test the naval coaling arrangements of the port as regards rapidity of action. Work was commenced at 7.20 a.m., and the whole quantity of 2,500 tons was shipped and stowed by 5 p.m. Exclusive of intervals for meals the actual time for the evolution was nine hours, ten minutes. The mean average was 272.7 tons per hour, but for eight consecutive hours the aperage was 300 tons. The coal was passed on board by some 600 Chinese coolies, carried to the bunker-shoots by the deck hands, and stowed by the sturdy stokers. The heat was very great, the thermometer registering 83 degrees in the shade.

Of the deeds of the Terrible much could be written. Mr. George Crowe, master-at-arms on the ship during the commission, has embodied them in a book, entitled "The Commission of H.M.S. Terrible, 1898-1902." In the account of the part played by the ship in the Anglo-Boer war we have the true story of the naval guns which were sent up to Ladysmith. It appears that at the outbreak of hostilities Sir George White, finding that the enemy were equipped with some guns capable of throwing a 94lb. shell a distance of 12,000 yards, whereas his heaviest guns could only effectively reach half that distance with a 15lb. shell, appealed to the navy for assistance.

Now, the naval guns would have been absolutely useless without suitable field mountings, and it was Captain Percy Scott, the genial commander of the Terrible, who designed them. Two were made, and they and the guns were dispatched to Ladysmith. They arrived

IN THE NICK OF TIME,

for forty-eight hours after they reached their destination the door was closed and the brave garrison remained beleaguered for 119 days.

In the November of 1899 we find Captain Scott holding the position of military governor at Durban. The town was then under martial law, and it was the captain's duty to superintend the trials of offenders for military law offences and to consider suggestions of loyalists. Many of these latter brought forward impossible and ridiculous schemes, which they declared, if acted upon, would simply annihilate the Boers. One woman drew up plans for a huge balloon in which she wanted to ascend and drop flags of all nations and Spiritual monitions into the camps of the enemy, by which they would assume, she declared, that the whole world was against them, and cause them to flee to their homes demoralized. A number of people wrote anonymous letters vilifying Captain Scott's official conduct. The gallant captain had these pasted into a scrap-book, which was handed to visitors while waiting their turn for interviews. Needless to add, the discontents quickly left off penning their defamatory epistles.

Life in China during the Boxer rebellion was extremely entertaining. The successful defence of the foreign concessions at Tientsin, and capture after severe fighting and heavy loss, is thrillingly related, while it is also clear that were it not for the firm action of the British commander at Tientsin that important city must have fallen a sacrifice to the enemy. The victorious march to Pekin, the capture of the celestial city, and the relief of the legations is refreshing reading.—London Tit-Bits.