About the ....House

ABOUT A HAM.

It is not always an easy matter for an inexperienced cook to boil a ham so that, while perfectly well done, it is not in the least ragged or stringy, and will cut to excellent advantage. Neither is it possible to formulate an infallible rule for the cooking. Some cooks weigh the ham and putting it into cold water, wait until it boils, and then time it fifteen or twenty minutes for each pound. But even this rule sometimes fails, for the ham may cook more quickly under certain conditions than others.

But in case the ham must be boiled, it is well to plunge it in cold water enough to cover it well, bring it gently to a boil, and then cook it slowly, being sure that it never gets off the boil, but being equally careful at no time to let it boil furiously. Twenty minutes for each pound, cooked according to these directions, should bring the ham out in good condition.

But a housekeeper who has had trouble with boiling hams, says she will never boil another. She has been experimenting and has come to the paradoxical conclusion that a boiled ham is best baked. She uses first of all care in the selection of the ham which she is going to cook. Next she trims off the outer skin and the back with a sharp knife. Then she makes a biscuit dough which will be large enough when rolled out to the thickness of about an inch completely to envelope the ham. This dough is rolled out, and the ham laid on it. The edges are wetted, folded over, and carefully pinched together, so that there is not any possible way for the steam to escape.

Then the ham is laid in a baking pan and put into a moderately hot oven. It is baked for three hours, care being taken to keep the heat uniform. At the end of that time it is taken out, stripped of its cover of biscuit dough, which has become brown and hard, and set aside to cool. The woman who cooks her ham this way says it is far and away better than a boiled one, for the dough keeps in the fine flavor of the ham, some of which is bound to be lost in the boiling.

I remember an old lady who kept a delicatessen store years ago, writes a correspondent, who invariably boiled her ham for two hours took it from the pot, cut off the skin, sprinkled the fat part with grated bread crumbs, and then put the ham back into a moderately hot oven for an hour. It tasted and cut much better than a ham which had been boiled all the time.

If you wish to use a whole ham boiled for the table, and can put it on cold, it is nice to have it prettily decorated. You might bake the ham as described above. Then you must be sure that it is thoroughly cold before beginning to make it look pretty for the table. Beforehand you should have prepared a thick glaze by taking a pound of good, lean beef, putting it in an earthen jar with a half cupful of water, putting the cover on the jar, and sealing up the hole, through which the steam is usually allowed to escape, with a bit of bread or biscuit dough, or by putting a whole cover of the dough over the pot. Place this in the oven, which should not be too hot, and leave it four or five hours. Take it out, remove the meat, put the cover on the pot, and return it to the oven, leaving it till there is not over half a coffee cupful of liquid left in the pot. This is to be used as a glaze for the ham, and should be brushed all over the top of the ham while the glaze is warm. If the ham is quite cold the glaze will set quickly, and when it is dry a second coating should be put over it, repeating till the ham is smooth, brown and glossy. A small camel's hair brush can be used to put the glaze on.

Put the ham away till the glaze is quite cold. Then it is ready for decoration. Professional cooks use for this butter which has been worked until white, but it must be kept cold during the process, or it will get too soft. The butter can be used, white or colored with the harmless vegetable colorings, pink and green. Combinations of all three colors are sometimes effectively used.

Take stout, white paper, and roll it into a cornucopia, closed entirely at the small end. A little bit can be clipped off the end, and the cornucopia filled with the butter, and the top folded down. By gently squeezing the butter can be made to run out in a thin stream, and this is used to make all kinds of fanciful designs on the glazed surface of the ham. Very pretty work can be achieved by practicing on a piece of clean, thin board before beginning work on the ham. A grape-vine, with clusters of grapes, borders of lattice work and dots, dots of all sizes, circles, stars, and many other designs, come easily, even to the novice.

When the work is complete the ham is put away in a cold place to give the butter a chance to harden. It is usually sent to the table with a delicate tissue paper frill around the shank end.

If you have boiled a ham to make sandwiches, be careful not to cut it until it is stone cold. Then you must have the sharpest knives, and for ideal results, the ham should be shaved rather than cut in slices. There are some people who like two thick slices of bread with a good slice of ham between, but there are others who appreciate a dainty sandwich carefully made. The bread for such an one should be home-made, baked in small, long tins, and about twenty-four hours' old. It should be cut very thin, so that the whole bread, butter and ham, together is not thicker than an ordinery slice of bread. Then it should be carefully spread with good butter, which must not be hard, but should not be actually melting. Cover one slice of the bread with the ham, lay another over it, and press down. Cut the slice across, cornerways. It is not necessary to remove the crusts, if the bread is home-made, not stale, and cut thin. If the sandwiches are going on a picnic, or for a lunch, where they will have to be kept some time before eating, wrap each one in a bit of waxed paper, and put them in a tin or air-tight box. You can vary these by putting a thin crisp lettuce leaf in with the ham, and adding to each a half a teaspoonful of mayonnaise dressing, or you can use the dressing without the lettuce.

EXPERIENCE EXTRACTS.

Here are a number of valuable suggestions for keeping the air of the house pure:

Plenty of sunlight.

A dry cellar at all times.

Frequent inspection of plumbing.

Open war against the feather duster.

A thorough daily airing of each room.

Shaking and brushing clothing out-of-doors.

Opening windows at night; discarding weather-strips.

The use of stained floors and rugs in preference to carpets.

Daily airing and occasional beating of mattresses and blankets.

Removal from the bedroom at night of clothing worn during the day.

Little furniture and no uncovered vessels containing soiled water in the bedroom.

Scott's Emulsion

is a food-medicine for the baby that is thin and not well nourished and for the mother whose milk does not nourish the baby.

It is equally good for the boy or girl who is thin and pale and not well nourished by their food; also for the anæmic or consumptive adult who is losing good flesh and strength.

In fact, for all conditions of wasting it is the food-medicine that will nourish and build up the body and give new life and energy when all other means fail.

50c and $1.00, all druggists.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, Toronto, Ont.

LORD ROBERTS' WARNING.

Points Out the Necessities For Fitness in the Army.

"A terrible lesson awaits the nation whose soldiers find themselves opposed by equally brave but better trained opponents on the field of battle . . . . I hold this view very strongly, and would urge my fellow-countrymen with all the force at my command to look plain facts in the face."

That is a pregnant passage in the article "The Army—at it was and as it is," contributed to the January number of "The Nineteenth Century and After" by Lord Roberts.

"Dogged courage and fearless leadership," says the famous field-marshal, "are as essential to victory as of yore, but individual bravery must be coupled with individual intelligence in the soldier, while the officer must add to the dash and the self-sacrificing courage and power of command inherent in him the thoroughness of a well-trained professional in military science."

Lord Roberts dwells at length upon the difference in the modern conditions of warfare compared with those obtaining a century ago, and he points out that even fifty years ago it would have been impossible for us to have brought the South African war to a successful conclusion, as in those days there was no reserve to call upon and the supply, transport, ordnance, and medical departments were very different from what they are at present.

Many of our reverses in South Africa he attributes to our men not being able to shoot, and among the lessons to be learned from the changed conditions of warefare he enumerates:

(1) The necessity for a larger proportion of mounted troops.

(2) Greater intelligence, self-reliance, and power of leading among captains and section leaders.

(3) Greater control of small arms ammunition (volley firing having become impossible).

(4) Development of signalling.

The late commander-in-chief maintains that if we are to remain exempt from compulsory service it is essential that the right class of men be attracted to the regular army, and that men of all classes must be prepared to undergo such a modicum of training as will enable them to become capable soldiers.

A SPRING DANGER.

Many People Weaken Their System by the Use of Purgative Medicines.

Ask any doctor and he will tell you that the use of purgative medicines weakens the system, and cannot possibly cure disease. Thousands of people take purgative medicines in the spring, and make a most serious mistake in doing so. People who feel tired and depressed, who find the appetite variable, who have occasional headaches and backaches, or whose blood shows impurities through pimples and eruptions, need a spring medicine. But they should not dose themselves with harsh griping purgatives that gallop through the bowels, tearing the tissues and weakening the system. A tonic medicine is what is needed in the spring, and Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is the best tonic that science has yet discovered. They are quietly absorbed into the system filling the veins with pure rich, red blood that carries health and strength to every part of the body. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure skin eruptions, indigestion, headaches, nervousness, rheumatism and all blood troubles. They improve the appetite, and make depressed, easily tired men and women cheerful, active and strong. Mr. James McDougall, Little Shippegan, N. B., says: I have used Dr. Williams' Pink Pills as a tonic and blood purifier and have found them superior to all other medicines."

If you need a medicine this spring—and who would not be the better of a tonic after the long dreary indoor months—give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a trial. They will send rich, red blood coursing through your veins and give you the bouyancy of perfect health. See that the full name, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People," is printed on the wrapper around each box. All dealers in medicine sell these pills or you can get them by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50 by writing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

THE KING'S SECRETARY.

Should you by any chance receive an autograph letter from King Edward or Queen Alexandra, the royal signature may be there, but they know nothing of the contents, beyond the fact of having said to their secretaries, "Write thus and so."

To be the private secretary of popular sovereigns is no sinecure. Fifty or sixty letters a day is the average of her Majesty's "correspondence," while the King's "duty" is doubled by state papers for his signature, which no one, of course, can save him the labor of writing. Royalty reads a letter and often limits its supervision to a laconic no or yes, scrawled on the margin; then Lord Knollys and Miss Knollys, the Queen's confidant, will take it and do the rest.

King Edward's skilful right hand man expands this into the diplomatic style with which most people are familiar and long believed direct royal dictation. Such very private notes as the King and Queen do send to their families or intimates are discreetly burned, or buried in archives, from which it would be lese majeste to unearth them.

A MODERN MEDICINE.

Which Reaches and Cures All the Little Ailments of Infants and Children.

Baby's Own Tablets is a modern medicine which replaces barbarous castor oil and poisonous "soothing" stuffs. The Tablets are a sweet, harmless little lozenge, which children take readily, and which may be crushed to a powder or administered in a spoonful of water if necessary. This medicine cures all stomach and bowel troubles, breaks up colds, prevents croup, allays the pain of teething and gives healthful sleep, and you have a solemn guarantee that it contains not one particle of opiate or poisonous soothing stuff. Mrs. J. D. Cilly, Heatherton, Que., says: "I have used Baby's Own Tablets for stomach and bowel troubles and have always found them a most satisfactory medicine, and one that keeps my children bright and healthy." You can get the Tablets from any medicine dealer or by mail at 25 cents a box by writing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

The Reason Why "SALADA"

is sold only in sealed lead packets is to preserve its natural delicious flavor and aroma from contamination. The name "SALADA" on each and every genuine packet is "The Quality Guarantee." Black Mixed or Green. Highest award St. Louis 1904 Sold only in lead packets. By all Grocers

WORLD'S TALLEST MAN

9 FEET 3¼ INCHES TALL, AND WEIGHS OVER 448 LBS.

Something About the Russian Giant Now on Exhibition in London.

There is at the present time on exhibition at the London Hippodrome a giant who, for height, weight, and bulk, has, without question, beaten all known records. His name is Ustus Machnow, and twenty-four years ago, at which time he was born at Charkoff, in Russia, it was never expected that he would grow up at all, still less that he would rise in the world to the extent that he has done.

His present height is 9ft. 3¼in., and he is stated to be still growing, and to have gained half an inch in the last year. His head measures three-quarters of a yard round, he is 5ft. round the chest, and each hand, from wrist to finger-tips, measures 2ft. His weight is a little over 448 lbs. His legs are nearly the length of an ordinary man's height, and his boots are 2ft. 3in. in length. His clothes are necessarily enormous; his frock-coat would almost carpet a room, and a child of six or seven years old disappears entirely when put into his overcoat pocket. On the fingers of one of his immense hands he wears a gold ring, through which a large hen's egg will pass. It weighs nearly half a pound.

At the Hippodrome the giant makes many friends. He is so tall that he stands on the ground floor among the stalls and shakes hands with the persons up

IN THE DRESS CIRCLE.

"That's nothing wonderful for me,' he remarked afterwards to the writer. "I have an extensive 'reach,' for each of my arms measures nearly 6 feet, and I have often, when walking along the street, shaken hands with people up at the first-floor windows. This, of course, was in places where I was not exhibiting; in fact, before I began doing so.

"Also, I have often lighted my cigar at street lamp-posts, which I can reach easily. At lawn tennis I can stand in the back courts and play all the strokes that are close up at the net. At one time I used to play football a little. I couldn't run very well, as I weigh over 448 lbs., so I was invariably made goal-keeper, and I can assure you no football ever got past my hands or feet. My brothers used to say that I filled up all the space between the goal-posts.

"I require about twelve hours' sleep, and eat ravenously. For breakfast I have two quartern loaves ½lb. of butter, two quarts of milk, and a dozen eggs; and the same for supper. When I happen to be staying where I can get them I intend to have a couple of ostrich eggs, which would be less trouble than a lot of little eggs. I lunch on 3lb. of meat and bread and vegetables and a quart of beer, and for dinner I have 5lb. of meat, 7lb of potatoes, a large-sized apple pie, and

HALF A GALLON OF BEER.

So it costs me a lot to live, and nobody invites me to come and stay with them for a week.

"I can't suggest what made me the size I am, nor can I give your readers the recipe. My father and mother and brothers were only of normal height. I always had lofty ideas, though, even as a child, and, like most youngsters, I was very anxious to be tall. I used to swing by my hands from the rungs of a ladder and from beams in the stable, hoping to lengthen myself, and I always lay at full length in bed, so as to grow. And after all, you see I needn't have bothered.

"Curiously enough, however, I was rather small at first. In fact, for the first few years, though I had a big head, I grew so little that sometimes my mother was rather worried about it.

" 'I do believe that boy's going to be a dwarf,' she said. My father's only reply was, 'I wish he'd eat like one, then,' for my appetite was even at that time very large. After a while, however, I began to grow so rapidly that my mother became still more uneasy.

" 'I do believe that boy's going to be a giant,' she exclaimed. My father said, 'There is no pleasing you, anyway,' but my mother's anxiety was not to be wondered at, for on my ninth birthday

I WAS 6ft- 6in. HIGH,

and I had to lift her up to pencil my height on the wall, which for many years had been her practice as we children grew taller.

"I am married now and have one child, a baby of three months, who, like my wife, is of merely normal size. I could have married scores of times, for in various cities where I have exhibited I have had quite an absurd number of letters from ladies of all ages containing proposals of marriage, and often enclosing poetry and flowers.

"People often ask me if I wouldn't prefer to be of the normal size. Well, no I wouldn't. For one thing, I should be a mere nobody instead of a sort of celebrity, and should probably be earning $10 a week instead of $1,000, which is my salary in most cities. And it's a useful thing to be tall sometimes—in an orchard at apple-gathering time for instance.

"Several years ago when skating it enabled me to save three or four persons' lives. The ice broke—I don't know whether it was my fault—and several of us went into the water, which was 7ft. standing on the bottom with the water only about up to my chest. but everybody else was submerged. I pulled four people out one after another without much difficulty, but when I tried to get out myself I found it was hopeless, as the ice kept breaking away at each attempt. So ultimately I broke it all up in front of me, making a channel through which

I WALKED TO THE BANK.

"In many ways being a giant is decidedly inconvenient. If I sit on an ordinary chair it breaks, and if I tread on a friend's toe he is my friend no longer. I hate going up or down stairs, for the steps are so small that I can scarcely get any foothold, and they creak under my weight. I should sink or capsize any rowing boat, and a cab is an impossibility. So is the 'Twopenny Tube.' When I travel by train I have a saloon carriage all to myself, with the tables and chairs removed, and in the streets, as you know, I ride in a pantechnicon, and on board ship, as I cannot get into any of the berths, I sleep on deck like an elephant. Here in London I manage as best I can. I sleep in five beds at once, placed side by side, and I lie across them, and I generally sit on two chairs with a board placed across and a cushion on it. When I am shaved or have my hair cut I sit on the floor.

"I have the greatest difficulty in getting anything big enough for me. For instance, my eyes are too wide apart for me to look through ordinary field or opera glasses, which I use when at sea, etc., and they had to be specially made. So were my cigarettes, which are the size of ordinary tallow candles. My tobacco-pipe holds one ounce. I can play the piano pretty well, though some people say I thump, but that also had to be specially made, with the keyboard about three times the usual length, and

EVERY KEY 3in. WIDE.

On an ordinary sized piano it would be impossible for me to put my fingers on the keys without striking two notes at once.

"At home in Russia I have had an ordinary dwelling-house enlarged for my use. The ceilings are now 20ft. high and doors 12ft., and so on. At first, as I didn't know how long I might stay there, I tried to live in it without alteration. But I found it impossible, and as the ceiling of my sitting-room was a very low one I couldn't stand up in it. So I asked the landlord to have it removed. At first he refused, but on my assuring him I would rent the place permanently for years he said he would meet me half-way; and so he did.

"He was rather an eccentric man and I fancy he did it for a joke but, anyhow, what he did was this He removed exactly half the ceiling but nothing would induce him to remove the other half. He said I could use it as a shelf. So I tried it for about a week, and found it more comfortable than before, but it was rather queer. When I stood up my feet were downstairs in the sitting-room and my head was upstairs in the bedroom. In fact, I could stand on the ground floor and look out of the bedroom window.

"The landlord suggested that I should have my dinner laid on the remaining half of the bedroom floor, and use it as a table, and stand up to my meals; but I thought the servant would probably object to carrying meals upstairs for a man who was downstairs, so I didn't adopt his suggestion. After a week, on my agreeing to a higher rent, he removed the rest of the ceiling (or floor) and then I was quite comfortable. I think now I've given you some idea of what we giants have to put up with."—London Tit-Bits.

Policeman (to tramp)—"I want your name and address." Tramp (sarcastically)—"Oh, yer do, do yer! Well, me name is John Smith, an' me address is Number One the open air. If yer call on me, don't trouble to knock, but just walk in."