Hints for the Home

With the Citron.

Simplest Preserved Citron.—The simplest and most wholesome citron preserve, though perhaps not the one which will keep the longest, is made as follows: Cut the melon into quarters, cut out the seedy part, and then cut the rind into nice square or oblong pieces. Pour double the amount of boiling water over these pieces that it will take to cover them unless the quantity is large, and then water to cover may be sufficient, and boil gently until the melon becomes clear. The water is almost sure to boil away a half, and it is better to have enough left for the sirup. Make a sirup of this water and as many pints of sugar as here are pints of the cooked melon. It will do no harm if there is as much of the water as there is sugar, but less is commonly used. The sirup must be cooked up and carefully skimmed, as a dark scum disfigures this preserve. When the sirup is ready put in the melon and simmer for fifty minutes. Seal like any preserve.

Other Methods of Making.—Many people cut up the citron, sprinkle it lightly with salt, cover it with water, and let it stand over night. They then drain off this water and let it soak in clear water, then cook it in water only until its is transparent. Finally a sirup is made, highly seasoned with lemon or ginger root, or both, and the citron cooked in that. But Miss Beslie in her day said "steeping sweetmeats in brine is now obsolete." Yet she used alum to stiffen the melon, as most people to-day, although our pure food laws do not allow manufacturers to use it, and no one will use it who cares more for health than for a handsome preserve. It is handsome enough without the alum. In cooking the melon, which has been soaked in brine, there is a time when it puffs up, and it is probably at this point when the professional makers would do something to keep it puffed, but it quickly collapses, unless given special treatment. The rather coarse candied citron of commerce is usually in quarters, and when it is to be candied at home it need be cut no smaller, although the large pieces are harder to manage.

Preparing Citron for Cake.—Jennie June in her recipe for preserved citron uses alum, but in her recipe with the above title she omits it. In both cases she uses soda, which is unusual. Her recipe reads: "Boil the citron in soda water until it is clear or tender, have ready a nice sirup of sugar, put in the citron, and boil until the sugar has struck through it; take it out on plates to dry slowly, sprinkle pulverized sugar on both sides, two or three times until it is dried enough. Then pack in wooden boxes, with sugar between the layers."

Citron Cake. — The old citron cakes are too expensive for us, since a pound of butter and from six to ten eggs were used. The pound cakes had at least a half-pound of butter, and generally a pound. But we can use citron in any simple cake recipe, flouring it, and if with raisins and currants, when a cup each of these is used, have but a half-cup of the finely-chopped citron. In the pound of cake long thin strips of the citron, have been considered attractive. A three-egg cake—Three-fourths cup of sifted sugar, half a cup of butter or margarine, and three cups of flour and a cup of milk or two cups of flour and a half cup of milk, make a not too expensive foundation for a fruit cake. It is all right to beat the whites and yolks of the egg separately, but to add the whites before the fruit, yet a method much followed to-day is to rub the flour and butter together and then stir the fruit into this to save flouring it, then the egg and liquid, and finally the flour a little at a time.

Old-Fashioned Wedding Cake.

Fruit for this should be prepared in advance as follows: Six cups of currants, washed, dried and picked. Three cups of sultana raisins, three cups of citron cut in fine strips, one half cup of candied lemon peel, two cups of almonds blanched and cut in shreds. In a warm bowl mix four cups of butter and four cups of sugar, granulated or confectioner's; beat these together until very light. Break ten eggs into another bowl, do not beat them.

Cover a waiter with a big sheet of paper; sift four pints of flour over this, add the fruit and the following spices: two teaspoons each of nutmeg, mace and cinnamon, one tablespoon each of cloves and allspice. Mix these together and stand aside ready for use. Have ready in a little pitcher one half pint of best brandy. Select a deep cake tin and grease with butter, line it inside with white paper and on the outside and bottom with four or five thicknesses of very thick wrapping paper which you must tie on. Have your oven hot and the fire banked so it will not burn out quickly. Now beat the butter and sugar once more, add the eggs two at a time, beating the mixture after each addition. When the eggs are all used, turn in the flour and fruit with brandy, mix thoroughly, pour into the prepared cake tin, cover with several thicknesses of brown paper and bake eight hours, keeping the oven steady and clear.

Remove from the oven and allow it to stand on tin sheet until quite cold. Ice with a thin coat of white icing top and sides, and stand in a cool oven to dry, then give it a second coat of thick icing and ornament according to fancy. An icing made of white of egg, a few drops of cold water and confectioner's sugar is the best for the thick icing.

Useful Hints.

Hot alum water will take soreness out of chilblains.

To cut hard-boiled eggs in even slices when making salads, dip your knife in water before using.

Clean brass or copper with salt and vinegar, then rub with olive oil, and it won't tarnish for a long time.

A way to cook tough meats: Saute to keep the juices, and then stew until tender, and serve with thick gravy.

Gold lace or embroidery can be cleaned by brushing free of dust and then rubbing powdered alum well into it.

Spanish salad is composed of small pickled onions, drained and coated with mayonnaise sauce, placed inside a border of slices of tomatoes.

As soon as rain drops fall on a garment, brush the goods the way of the nap with a silk handkerchief or soft brush, and no marks will remain.

Baked potatoes are delicious if a slice of bacon is put inside. Make a hole in the potato with an apple-corer, roll a piece of bacon and place in the hole.

Combs will soon warp if washed with soap and hot water. It is best to put a little ammonia in luke-warm water and scrub the comb with a nail brush.

To make the beaten egg in which you dip croquettes go further, use hot water, beating all the while. The proportion is three tablespoonfuls of water to one egg.

When you are cooking a chicken try the wing to find out if it is properly done. If the fork finds the wing tender, you can be sure of the entire chicken being well cooked.

When washing cream wool or cotton goods, try putting in the water a few onion skins which have been boiled in the last rinsing water. You will be insured a clear, bright cream color.

When you find fruit stains on tablecloth or napkins, wet with a little camphor. If this is done before the stain has been wet with water it will entirely disappear.

LIVING LIKE RABBITS.

Life in the Trenches on the Battle Line.

The following extract from the letter of an officer gives a vivid description of life in the trenches:—Ten days ago we came into the trenches, and for ten days we have stayed there. Ten days! Aeroplanes watching us, and shells flying overhead by day, alarms and rifle fire by night. We live the life of a rabbit—digging ourselves deeper and deeper into the earth, till we are completely sheltered from above, coming out now and then, when things are quiet, to cook and eat, making any moves that may be necessary under cover of darkness. Ammunition, food, and drinking water are brought in by night; the wounded are sent away to the hospital. We do not wash; we do not change our clothes; we sleep at odd intervals whenever we can get the chance, and daily we get more accustomed to our lot. It is rather an odd existence. Little holes dug beneath the parapet, just big enough to sit in, our homes, with straw and perhaps a sack or two for warmth. The cold is intense at night, and those good ladies who have made us woollen caps and comforters have earned our thanks; also we are getting used to it. The coldest moments are those when there is an alarm of a night attack, and we spring from our sleep to stand shivering behind the parapet peering over the wall to see our enemies, and firing at the flashes of their rifles.

Tasting With the Nose.

Sir Ray Lancaster, the eminent man of science, asserts that the flavor of food and drink does not come to us through the sense of taste. That sense, he says, can only furnish sensations that correspond to the chemical composition of the substances presented to it. These sensations, while almost infinite in their shadings, are few in number. We can distinguish by taste only sweetness, bitterness, sourness and saltness, although the various intensities of these sensations are innumerable. The distinctive flavor of various foods is not the result of chemical action, and is not perceived by the taste nerves. Flavors excite the olfactory nerve instead, and are transmitted by it to the brain. A person whose sense of smell is impaired is unable to detect the flavor of the food he eats, although he has the taste sensation that it stimulates. This is an explanation of the effect that influenza often has apparently on the taste, but, really, on the sense of smell.

Crossing the River by a Plank Bridge Under Heavy Fire.

Rifleman David Lloyd, of the King's Royal Rifle Corps, now lying badly wounded in a Provincial hospital, was one of the gallant band who crossed the Aisne single file over a plank bridge under terrific fire, in order to drive the Germans from a ridge while the engineers were building a pontoon bridge. "I don't want to pretend," he said, "that I liked crossing that bridge with bullets about as thick as hail all around, and shells bursting everywhere, but we got across somehow, though a lot of chaps fell into the water."—Drawn by Frank Gillett from a sketch by Rifleman David Lloyd of the King's Royal Rifles.

GERMAN ARMY FROM INSIDE

DESCRIBED BY OFFICER WHO SERVED WITH IT.

This Far-Reaching Military System Must Soon Pass Away.

There appears among other books brought out by the war in Europe "The German Army From Within," bearing no other clue to its authorship than the statement that it is by a British officer who has served in that army. The writer tells of his cadetship in a German military school and of subsequent service in the Prussian cavalry. It is to be remembered that these are pictures of the army in peace; not in the fervor and excitement of war.

The duel, however, has largely gone out in the German military practice.

Increase of wealth and demand for luxury have had their effects, bringing commissions in the army to men who would not have had the slightest chance thirty or forty years ago. In fact, the class from which these men come did not then exist.

"I refer to the manufacturing class, which forms the real progressive class of Germany. Even under the strictest discipline, the sons of these men must retain something of the parental nations of philosophy and conduct, and their brother officers, in some regiments, are sharply on the lookout for any expression of this trait, remembering that they themselves spring from a stock which has inherited titles of nobility—and little else—for countless generations.

"The pay of the common soldier in Germany is a trifle hardly worth mentioning. I believe it is, gross, a matter of three cents a day, and I fancy there are some deductions made from that.

German Training.

"However, the principle is that the German serves his Fatherland for love of service, not from any sordid motives of gain or personal comfort. It is for this that he endures the brutality of his sergeants, the arrogance of his officers, and the kindly patronage of his great master."

The recruit does not have a happy time getting into the German army. He meets neither cheerful officers nor friendly, helpful mates.

"The first steps of actual training, however, are by no means so harsh as those through which I was put in the British cavalry many years ago. There the rough-riding staff took the greatest pleasure in choosing the roughest horse they could find, and on this I was turned loose in the riding school, with a beeswaxed saddle and no stirrups.

"The German cavalry cannot afford treatment of that kind until they have their recruit well in hand. The easiest horse of the squadron is chosen.

"His work begins at 6 o'clock in the morning, usually with an hour's instruction to the recruits. The private in the German army is expected to know pretty well as much as his superiors of military matters and technicalities. Here are a few of the scraps of knowledge that are crammed into him:

"He must know the history of the Prussian royal family. He must know something of the history of the last war—1870-1871. He must know the stations of all the army corps of the German army. Of his own army corps, he must know all the garrisons, divisions, and brigades, with the names of the generals commanding them.

What Recruits Learn.

"He must learn to recognize at once the distinctive badges of rank. He must be able to take a carbine to pieces and put it together again. He must know all the intricate details that go to make the perfect scout—perfect, I should add, in theory—and, in a word, he must know anything and everything pertaining to soldiering."

It is our author's experience that an English recruit learns his lesson in half the time taken by a German. As to the men who do the teaching:

"Efficiency, efficiency, always efficiency has been its motto. Whether it is a motto by which to guide the lives of millions and the destinies of an empire will be shown within the next few months.

"Prussianism must go, and with it that gorgeous monster, the German army.

"This monster is so enormous that the mind can hardly conceive it as a whole. None but a German mind, cold, ordered, clear, and pitiless, could have planned it, built it, and have kept a firm grasp on every hairspring and lever of it."

Militarism as it is now known, will perish, he believes, for the good as much of Germany as of peoples opposing her in war.

RANDOM REFLECTIONS.

But many a fair woman is unfair.

Laugh less at your neighbor's troubles and more at your own.

Marriage has caused many a sweet young thing to ferment.

When a man loses his heart, his head has to do double work.

It doesn't pay to be too polite to get all that's coming to you.

There are men who can't even tell the truth without exaggerating.

What they don't want may make some people happier than what they have.

When your best friend tells you how he acquired that black eye, do you believe him?

Some people love peace to such an extent that they would be willing to fight for it.

It isn't enough for the healthy man to choose his food carefully. He also chews it carefully.

Faith is prayer is a wonderful thing, but the average man prays for twice as much as he expects to get.

Doctor's Wife—How did you find the patient this morning, James? Doctor—It looks to me as if she's in for a serious illness, but I don't want to be too sanguine.

Mrs. Hiraf Offen—"Your recommendations are rather poor, I must say!" Maid—"Well, mum, yez weren't recomminded very highly to me, ayther!"

SAVED BY A TAIL.

Curious Experience of French Captive During the Revolution.

On February 24th, 1848, when Paris was disturbed by mobs, a Captain Prebois was sent by the government with orders to be delivered to the leaders of the troops that were defending the threatened points in various parts of the city. It was a dangerous undertaking, for the bitterness of the people against the government was intense.

Before starting out, says Novellen-Schatz, Captain Prebois was warned to take the greatest care if he valued his life; but he took the warnings lightly, and said, "If you fellows knew my black horse as well as I know him, you wouldn't worry about me. That horse has carried me through thick and thin." And with a farewell wave of his hand he was off.

The black horse of which the gallant captain was so proud was indeed a beautiful animal. He had a well-shaped, erect head, a deep chest, and slender, well-formed legs. But there was something very extraordinary about his tail. It was long and bushy, but it never moved or twitched, except with the movement of the animal's body. Close observation showed also that it had a slightly reddish hue, although the difference in color was not great enough to be noticed under ordinary conditions.

When Prebois arrived in the disturbed section of the city, he fearlessly delivered his messages. He met with no resistance from the crowds in the streets until he reached the Place Vendome, one of the principal squares in the heart of the city. Here a great crowd of revolutionists had gathered, and as the officer rode through the square, some one seized the bridle and cried, in a fierce voice, "Hold! What message are you carrying?"

The captain refused to answer. "Put a bullet through him and get that message!" bawled out the man in a commanding voice. He was evidently a leader of the mob.

At this point, the captain determined that quick action alone would save him from violence at the hands of the crowd. Quick as a flash, he wheeled his horse, and dashed off. Several bullets flew after him, but they went wild—and then suddenly ceased altogether. He looked round, and saw the mob crowding round one of their number, who held something in his hand. And then his eyes fell on the back of his horse, and his heart sank in dismay.

It seems that, as he whirled his horse about, several men seized hold of the animal. But the powerful creature threw them all except one, a lad of fourteen, who had seized the horse's tail. That tail was the object of interest that had caused the shooting to stop—for it had come off. There stood the boy, in the middle of the road, with his feet spread apart and an expression of grim determination on his face, as he tightly clutched the fleeing creature's tail. The mob saw the humor of the situation, and burst into a roar of laughter.

The explanation came out later. It seems that Captain Prebois's horse, while perfect in every other particular, did not have a very good tail, and so his master had had an artificial one made for him. No doubt that artificial tail, and that alone, saved Captain Prebois's life.

THOUGHTS FOR THE DAY.

There is in man a higher than a love of happiness. We can do without happiness and find instead thereof blessedness.—Carlyle.

The most gladsome thing in the whole world is that few of us fall very low, the saddest that with such capabilities we seldom rise high.—J. M. Barrie.

Life is short. Let us not throw any of it away in useless resentment. It is best not to be angry. It is next best to be quickly reconciled.—Samuel Johnson.

People do not go to church as a matter of course, as they used to, nor are they as willing as their forebears to identify themselves with the church and make it the centre of their life.—Rev. R. J. Campbell.

It is not work that kills man; it is worry. Work is healthy; you could hardly put more upon a man than he can bear. Worry is rust upon the blade. It is not the revolution that destroys the machinery; it is the friction.—Beecher.

The finest thing in the world is undoubtedly a beautiful character, and one of the most wonderful things about character and the elements of the mind is that the more they are expended upon others the more the giver becomes enriched.—Sir Henry Jones.

A Spider's Web.

The spider is so well supplied with the silky thread with which it makes its web that an experimenter once drew out of the body of a single specimen 3,480 yards of the thread—a length but little short of two miles. A fabric woven of spider's thread is more glossy than that from the silkworm's product and is of a more beautiful golden color.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL STUDY

INTERNATIONAL LESSON, NOVEMBER 29.

Lesson IX. Christ Crucified. Mark 15. 21-41; Luke 23. 39-43. Golden Text, Isa. 53. 4.

Verse 23. They offered him wine mingled with myrrh; but he received it not—The wine was drugged. Jesus knew the purpose was to stupefy him, and he was strong enough to refuse. He would die, so far as he was able, in full possession of his faculties. It was customary to give a stupifying drink to those about to be crucified.

24. They . . . part his garments among them, casting lots upon them—The executioners were privileged to take the garments, and sometimes other personal belongings, of the executed as a sort of recompence for their services.

25. And it was the third hour—Nine o'clock in the morning of our time. In John 19. 14 we read that it was "about the sixth hour." The hour was called the third until the "sixth" was sounded. On careful reading the accounts essentially agree.

26. And the superscription—It was customary to put a sign above the crucified to indicate who or what he was. The Jews would never have had Jesus indicated as their king. But so had they accused him to Pilate and so he was described on the cross. To see the "King of the Jews" hanged must have given occasion for coarse joking among the Romans. Pilate, it will be remembered, was intereded with to change the superscription, so as to indicate that Jesus called himself King of the Jews.

29. And they that passed by railed—A large crowd, mostly Jews, of course, would be attracted to Golgotha, and many were there who took this opportunity of letting the levity of their natures have full play. But we may well believe that many, even some who had not been drawn to him in his lifetime, looked on with serious and solemn aspect, and perhaps were struck with awe and astonishment, on the one hand, that so innocent a man could have been wantonly hurried to the cross, and with surprise and admiration on the other that he could bear the ignominy and pain so nobly.

30. Save thyself, and come down from the cross—He could not save himself because he would save the souls of others. What was thrown at him as a taunt was his real glorification.

31. In like manner also the chief priests . . . with the scribes—The priests led in the unhallowed merriment. They stood around and saw to it that, when the mocking and raillery began to lag, new material for jesting was brought forth.

32. They that were crucified with him reproached him—This seems hard. It is surely difficult to comprehend. We read in the other Gospels that one was repentant and rebuked the other for his blasphemy.

34. And at the ninth hour Jesus cried—He had now been hanging on the cross in the most excruciating pain for six hours. Eloi, Eloi, lama sabachthani. The words occur in Psa. 22. 1. Eli and Eloi are two forms of the word God, one of which Jesus naturally would use. Why hast thou forsaken me?—Probably in the sense, "Why dost thou withhold thy help?"

35. And some of them that stood by, when they heard it, that is, Eloi, Eloi, perhaps did not hear distinctly, or they turned the word into Elian, making a pun on God's name, and changed it into Elijah.

36. And one ran, a friendly person in disregard of the mockers, and filling a sponge full of vinegar, posca, or sour wine, put it on a reed. The Roman soldiers would have such articles to assist in moistening the lips and mouths of the poor dying criminals as they gasped out their lives. Let us see whether Elijah cometh to take him down—This was mockery. No sane person among Jesus's enemies at the cross would seriously have expected such a thing.

37. Uttered a loud voice—The physical exerted and asserted itself at the moment of dissolution. Could any of those who stood by ever have forgotten this cry of Jesus as his tired and tortured body gave up the ghost?

Decorated.

"What do you mean, Rofferty, by saying your wife gave you the decoration of the iron cross?" asked Mr. Dolan. "You're talking foolish."

"I'm not. She hit me over the eyebrow wid a pair of tongs."

Students at William Penn high school for girls in Philadelphia will be given a course in salesmanship and will spend the afternoons and Saturdays in department stores for which they will receive $5 per week.

Mrs. Meekly—Our neighbor's son is always thrashing my boy. What shall I do about it? Lawyer—Teach him how to fight. Ten dollars, please.