Hints for the Home

How to Cook Asparagus.

Much has been written and said about the health-giving qualities of asparagus. Taking all these qualities for granted, here are some interesting ways of cooking this vegetable so that it may be served many times without palling on the most exacting and fastidious appetite.

Baked with Cheese.—Drain boiled asparagus and arrange the stalks neatly on a buttered baking dish. Fry a chopped onion in butter and pour this over the asparagus. Sprinkle over it bread crumbs and grated cheese and bake brown. The asparagus can be cut into one-inch lengths for this dish.

Fried Asparagus.—Boil the asparagus, drain it, dip each stalk in beaten egg and crumbs and fry in deep fat. Serve with cream sauce.

Creamed.—Cut a bunch or two of asparagus into one-inch lengths and boil until tender. Drain and put into rich white sauce, rather thick, for the asparagus contains water that thins it; heat thoroughly, season with salt and paprika and serve very hot.

In Rolls.—Remove the centre from stale, rather long, pointed rolls, and fry the rolls golden brown in deep fat. Drain on brown paper and keep hot. Cut a bunch of asparagus in the meantime into one-inch lengths, and boil until tender. Drain and put in a double boiler with a cupful of milk. Add the yolks of five eggs and stir until thick and smooth. Season with salt and a little grated nutmeg and pour into the hot rolls. White sauce may be used instead of the egg sauce if desired.

Baked Asparagus.—Cut asparagus into inch lengths and boil. Drain and put a layer in a buttered baking dish. Season with salt and pepper, dot with bits of butter, sprinkle with crumbs and finely minced boiled eggs. Add more asparagus and repeat in the order mentioned until the dish is filled. Have crumbs on top and bake brown.

Served Cold.—Boil until tender stalks of asparagus and drain them. Chill them and serve them with mayonaise, with Hollandaise or with tartare sauce. It can also be served with a sauce of oil and vinegar, sprinkled with chopped cucumber pickle.

Boiled.—Boiled asparagus can be served with melted butter, pepper and salt, either on toast or without it; with drawn butter or white sauce, with a little hot cream poured over it or with melted butter and lemon juice.

Asparagus and Eggs. — Cut a bunch of asparagus into lengths of an inch or two and boil in salted water. Drain and put in a dish. Add butter, melted, and pepper, and then four well-beaten eggs. Cook in the oven until the eggs are set. Serve immediately, but before sending to the table garnish with minced parsley.

Asparagus in a Mold. — Mix a cupful of white sauce with a quarter of a cupful of chopped chicken or veal and a cupful of asparagus tips, boiled until tender and drained. Add four eggs, beaten well, and pour into a mold. Place the mold in a panful of hot water and cook in the oven until firm. Then turn out on a hot platter or dish and serve.

Try These Hints.

Mashed potatoes are fluffier if beaten with an egg-beater.

When making sponge cakes in patty tins, see that the oven is very hot.

When jelly will not set, add the juice of a lemon or some white vinegar.

Fasten a safety pin through the last stitch of crocheting, then it can not possibly "pull out."

Biscuits should always be started in a very hot oven, which can be cooled a little later on.

A bucket of dry lime placed in the centre of a room which is not being used will absorb all dampness.

To keep your linen which is not in everyday use from turning yellow, wrap it in a towel which has been blued.

When frying chickens or fish, to avoid the grease from spattering, sift in a tiny bit of flour just before putting them in.

It has been suggested that one of the best ways to darn stockings is to place the stocking over a boot-tree or last, and then proceed to darn them.

For an egg custard take one egg, beat nicely; add two tablespoonfuls of sugar, 1½ cups of milk, one teaspoonful of vanilla or nutmeg; bake one-half hour.

To polish brass.—Brass polished with sweet oil and rottenstone will have a deep rich tone. The whiter, more brilliant tone is caused by acid polishes.

To clean white satin slippers rub the surface thread with a piece of white flannel dipped in spirits of wine. If but slightly soiled, clean with stale bread or art gum.

A good way of stiffening the bristles of hair brushes after washing is to dip them into a mixture of equal quantities of milk and water, and then dry before the fire.

A silk cap front for a baby's hat or bonnet is much better than a lace one. It does not crumple so quickly, or chafe the tender skin, while it is quite as cheap in the end.

While cool weather lasts, save water from potatoes and all other boiled vegetables, put in jars, stand in cool place; use to boil meat scraps or soup bone. It makes excellent soup.

Polished floors should be rubbed with a mixture of one-third raw linseed oil and two-thirds paraffin. Use it sparingly, or the polishing afterwards with a dry cloth will be a long business.

To save time cook enough oatmeal for two or three mornings while you are cooking dinner and put in glass jar and keep in the refrigerator. In morning take out amount needed and mix with water.

When cooking oatmeal or any other article of food without a double boiler and food should scorch, set it immediately in a vessel of cold water about five or ten minutes, and the scorched taste and odor will disappear.

Do not throw away your celery tops or the stalks you consider too tough for table use. Put them in paper bags, tie string around top to keep out dust, and hang behind stove. When making soup use these dried celery stalks to flavor; large pieces may be strained out. It also makes potatoes more palatable when boiled with them.

CANINE CHARACTER.

Two Incidents Which Show His Great Intelligence.

"Nanook was a most independent dog, a thoroughly bad dog, a thief who had no shame in his thievery, but rather gloried in it," says the Rev. Hudson Stuck of one of his dogs in 'Ten Thousand Miles with a Dog Sled.' "If you left anything edible within his reach he regarded it as a challenge." Mr. Stuck continues:

There comes to me a ludicrous incident that concerned a companion of one winter journey. He had carefully prepared a lunch and had wrapped it neartly in paper, and had placed it on the sled while he put on his scarf. But in that moment Nanook took the package and was gone. Through the snow, over the brush, and in and out among the stumps the chase proceeded, until Nanook was caught. We recovered most of the paper, but the dog had wolfed the lunch as he ran.

Nanook's acquaintance with horses began in Fairbanks the first season I owned him, when he was a little more than two years old. I was staying at the hospital waiting for the winter. One of the mining magnates had imported a saddle horse, and as the mild days of that charming autumn still deferred the snow, he used to ride out past the hospital every day for a canter.

The dog had learned to lift the latch of the gate with his nose, and when I put a wedge above the latch for greater security, he learned also to circumvent that precaution. And whenever the horse and his rider passed, Nanook would open the gate and lead the whole pack in a noisy pursuit that changed the canter to a run, and brought us natural but mortifying remonstrance.

The rider had just passed and the dogs had pursued as usual, and I had rushed out and recalled them with difficulty. Nanook I had by the collar. I dragged him into the yard, shut the gate, put in the wedge, picked up a stick, and gave him a few sharp blows with it. Then flinging him off, I said, "Now, you stay in here I'll give you a sound thrashing if you do that again!" The moment I loosed his collar the dog went deliberately to the gate, stood on his hind legs while he pulled out the wedge with his teeth, lifted the latch with his nose, and swung open the gate. Then, standing in the opening, he turned round and said to me, "Bowwowwow!" It was so pointed that a passer-by, who had paused to watch the proceedings, said to me, "Well, you know now what he thinks of you. That's the doggondest dog I ever saw!"

SOME ODD FACTS.

According to a British scientist color blindness is hereditary, but is transmitted by women to their children, never by men.

A bubbling fountain for horses, in which the water is turned on by an animal stepping upon a platform surrounding it, has been invented.

A wheelbarrow has been patented which is emptied by resting the legs on the ground and pressing down the handles.

New shackles for convicts permit a man to walk as usual but look should he bend his knees far enough to try to run.

A New York ornithologist has invented a collapsible galvanized iron bird house than can be taken apart for cleaning.

A back rest for motorcyclists, to be fastened around the waist from the handle bars of a machine, is an English novelty.

A gun which fires a six-pound projectile without recoil has been invented for use on aeroplanes.

CLOSEST SHAVE ON RECORD

SYDNEY WRIGHT'S NARROW ESCAPE FROM DEATH.

Lost His Balance, Fell Ten Stories and Escaped With a Few Scratches.

There is a young man in Sydney, Australia, to-day—Sydney Wright, a builder's laborer—who recently experienced one of the most remarkable escapes from death ever chronicled. He was fixing a scaffold on the tenth story of a very lofty building in Bridge street, Sydney, when he lost his balance and went hurtling down toward the roadway far below. Everybody expected to see him dashed to atoms, but by marvellous good fortune, after falling 50 feet, he dropped into a cluster of telephone wires, caught hold of them, scrambled along to a pole and slid down to the pavement, says the Wide World Magazine.

After the narrow escape he actually went back to his work, but presently "came over dizzy," and accompanied by a policeman, walked to the Sydney hospital. Here it was found that, apart from a few cuts and bruises on legs, arms and head, and a general feeling of shakiness, he was quite uninjured and in no need of medical treatment. In a very few days, in fact, Wright was fit for work again.

This astonishing affair was fully reported by the Sydney Evening News, which interviewed Wright at his home in Great Buckingham Street, Redfern, and other well-known journals. Wright's own story of his remarkable experience is as follows:

"It was my first day on the job. I'd been out of work for a month—drifting round Sydney for four weeks looking for a billet—and on the very day I got a start this business happened

Up Ten Stories.

"I went to work first thing in the morning. It was a lofty new building in Bridge Street, being erected for Messrs. Birt & Co. I tackled the job with a will, for it was quite a change after being idle for so long. In the afternoon I was put on erecting scaffolds. I was up ten stories—about 225 feet above the footpath—and before I got busy I had to look down into the street. I noticed the telephone wires that later saved my life, and it occurred to me, just in a casual sort of way, that they might come in handy if a man happened to fall. I little thought that before very long I should be dashed down headfirst toward those same wires.

"Well, I was up on the scaffold, with my back turned toward the street and had started to nail a board onto an upright, when I realized that the post wasn't firm enough. I took it between my knees and was about to hammer at it, when all of a sudden the top of the post shifted outward and I lost my balance.

"I couldn't do anything to save myself; I just had to go over. Fortunately, however, I kept my head. I dropped my hammer and grabbed at the post as a forlorn hope, but it came with me, and the next instant I felt myself going. I was on the outside edge of the scaffold, and as I slipped back into space I thought again of those telephone wires far below.

"They offered a bare chance of life. I knew that if I dropped straight down I should be smashed to pieces. But those wires might break my fall.

Turned a Somersault.

"All this passed through my mind in the very act of falling, and as I toppled backward from the scaffold I pushed off from the edge with my toes in the hope of reaching them. At the same time I twisted myself around so that I could see where I was going, and hurled the post that I had been clutching into the street. These violent movements caused me to turn a complete somersault in the air, but I was now looking where I was going, and that contented me. I wouldn't have liked to have dropped down with my face toward the sky. I had a sort of idea I could pick out where to all. You may not believe it, but I had my wits practically everything that was going on around me. I could see the workmen on the building. I noticed the people walking in the streets and I could hear them about me all the time and knew shouting out.

"What did the fall feel like? It was wonderful—glorious! I really couldn't describe it; it was such a strange mixture of sensations. But, oddly enough, I wasn't afraid—not in the least. Though I knew I was travelling fast, the drop seemed to take a tremendous time. Of course it lasted only a few seconds, but it seemed like an hour.

"I cannot explain it, but all the time I was dropping I reckoned I had a chance;

I Never Expected to Get Killed.

I could see myself right over those telephone wires, and they were swiftly coming up to meet me. I felt certain I had a chance, and I was hopeful even when I saw men down below getting ready to gather up what was left of me.

"Then there came the bump. I hit the wires—I think with my head and shoulders—and some of them snapped under my weight. My head went right through them, but my legs caught, tangled, and in a twinkling I got a hold with my hands.

"Even then, however, I wasn't out of the woods. I was frightened of causing a short circuit or something of the kind—I don't know much about electricity—and I moved very carefully. The fellows down below, wildly excited, yelled to me to stop where I was, but the wires weren't comfortable enough, and I thought I might fall into the road. So I scrambled along to the post and slid down to the footpath.

"You should have seen the fuss they made of me! One of the boys told me that 'the devil always took care of his own.' Maybe he was right, but I wasn't worrying about that just then. I felt all right, but just a bit shaky.

"There was a huge crowd round me in no time, for hundreds of people, it seems, had seen me fall, and they came running from all directions. They were amazed to see me alive and able to walk.

"I wasn't a bit sore, and after a few minutes I went back to the building. I climbed up to the scaffold again and was going to start my job once more when they made me come in; they said

I'd Done Enough for One Day.

Shortly after that I came over very dizzy. My limbs felt sore and I had a sensation of sickness, so a policeman went with me to the hospital.

"They found some cuts and bruises, but nothing calling for treatment, and they told me to go home and rest.

"Curiously enough, my accident was practically foretold. On the Sunday night I was playing about with a pack of cards at home, and a friend of mine killed time by telling my fortune. Being dark, I was represented by the jack of spades and almost every time the cards were shuffled the jack showed up with the ace of spades upside down on one side and the nine of spades on the other. That, said my friend, was a sure sign of sickness or death—and the prophecy came very near proving true. I suppose a pack of cards can't deal with such things as telephone wires! I thought of the prophecy just before I fell."

People with a superstitious turn of mind will be interested to know that Wright was born with a caul over his face, and so, according to an ancient belief very popular among sailors, is immune from death by accident. He has twice been nearly drowned, but the fall here described is likely to remain his closest shave.

No man is so illiterate that he cannot teach others something.

A paste made of salt and vinegar will cleanse enameled ware.

He that forgets his friend is ungrateful to him, but he who forgets his God is ungrateful to himself.—Bunyan.

An attachment has been invented for fare registering boxes on street cars that cancels tickets as they are dropped into it.

Wealthiest Titled Woman in World Aids in Relief Work.

The Duchess of Devonshire, wife of the largest landowner in England, Sir Victor Christian William Cavendish, is devoting all her time to relief work for the English soldiers who were wounded at the battlefields. The Duchess was formerly Lady Evelyn Fitzmaurice, eldest daughter of the 5th Marquess of Lansdowne, and has two sons and five daughters. Her husband succeeded to the title in 1908 upon the death of his uncle. Some of the Duke's finest estates and homes have been thrown open to the care of the wounded.

PURELY PERSONAL.

Interesting Chat About Famous Folk of the Day.

Miss Marie Corelli is a skilled mandolinist.

Mr. Asquith, the British Premier, is a Yorkshireman by birth.

General Joffre never has less than two hundred officers working with him at headquarters.

The German Crown Prince will be thirty-three years of age next May. He married the Princess Cecilie of Mecklenburg-Schwerin in 1905, and has four sons.

Lord Curzon once wrote a book which has never been published. The subject of it was India, and when "C. of K." was appointed Viceroy it had almost reached the proof stage. Then the authorities intervened. A book on India by the Viceroy was not considered "the thing," and in proof the work has remained ever since.

Emperor Francis Joseph, when he ascended the Austrian throne, had a bitter curse pronounced upon him and his family by an infuriated countess. Since then his daughter has been poisoned, one of his brothers shot, his wife and his nephew assassinated, his niece and his sister-in-law burned to death, while his son and one of his cousins have committed suicide, and his son-in-law has become insane.

"Rita," the famous novelist, has just had a great compliment paid her, for a complete set of her works has been ordered by Queen Mary. "Rita," whose real name is Mrs. Desmond Humphries, never dictates. She writes everything in her own hand, and it is afterwards typewritten. She writes for five hours a day—three in the morning and two in the evening—and can produce a book of 90,000 or 100,000 words in two months if she is put to it. In the afternoon she never writes. That is a time when her brain refuses to act, so she goes out into the fresh air to interest herself in something that will take her mind from her work.

Victor Emmanuel, King of Italy, is a keen fisherman and spends hour after hour with his rod, though the best of luck does not always attend his piscatorial expeditions. Once, after several hours' angling had brought him only three poor fish and he was returning to the castle, he was met by a peasant with a magnificent catch of trout. "You seem to be no great fisherman, to judge by your catch," commented the peasant. "I should say you were about as lucky as the King." "Why?" inquired his Majesty. "Oh," replied the peasant, "he thinks a great deal of himself as a sportsman, but he is a poor body, much more fit to be a king than a fisherman."

Bible in 600 Tongues.

The Bible is now printed in 600 languages and dialects, and every year from eight to ten new languages or dialects are added to the list. It is not known how many dialects are spoken on earth, but it is estimated that seven out of every ten of the human population had provided for them the Gospel story in their own tongue.

ERIN'S VALIANT POLICEMEN.

Ireland Is Proud of the Royal Constabulary.

In an article which appeared in London Answers, September 20th, 1913, it was foretold that, in the event of war, the men of the Royal Irish Constabulary could provide a contingent for active service. This statement has been more than realized.

A short time ago the inspector-general, Colonel Sir Neville Chamberlain, issued a circular asking for two hundred volunteers for the Irish Guards. In a few days two thousand applications were received. As only young unmarried constables were eligible, this meant that practically every suitable man volunteered.

Without doubt, the Royal Irish Constabularly is composed of the very pick of the youth of Ireland. It is a military force, first formed in 1836 under the name of the Irish Constabulary. In 1867 Queen Victoria conferred upon it the coveted prefix "Royal," to show her appreciation of the effective manner in which the Fenian rising was quelled.

Before being appointed to stations recruits are given six months' rigorous military training. They are armed with rifles and sword bayonets, and every constable must secure a certificate of proficiency in musketry.

In country districts the sergeant keeps his men up to scratch by daily drill in the barrack-yard. There must be no laxity, for the monthly or quarterly "full-dress parade" inspections of the district and county inspectors are always searching in character. Occasional Morris-tube practice keeps their aim true.

The officers, as well as the rank and file of the force, have also a wonderful spirit of sterling patriotism. Numbers of them have been granted commissions as captains in Irish regiments.

Then, again, ex-sergeants and ex-head-constables, who were enjoying their well-earned pensions, enlisted in Kitchener's army as instructors.

Ireland is proud of her soldiersons, but it still prouder of her martial policemen.

ETIQUETTE OF THE DROSHKY.

The Gentleman Must Hold the Lady in the Carriage.

The Siberian method of riding in a droshky requires an etiquette all its own, which, although sometimes surprising to the English traveller who encounters it for the first time, is based upon practical considerations. The danger of being thrown out has determined the prevailing usage, says Mrs. John Clarence Lee in "Across Siberia Alone."

If a gentleman escorts a lady, it is his task to hold her in the carriage—not an easy occupation. He accomplishes it by putting his arm round her waist. A man who fails to do so is considered as lacking in courtesy. When you have become acquainted with the custom, it seems entirely sensible and comfortable, but it seems strange at first to find yourself settling back into a stranger's arms.

An American, who had lived in Russia and whom we met in China, told us that he was driving with a woman physician, a Russian, middle-aged, and of the rotund Russian type. He knew nothing about his duty toward her, and they thrashed round that three-by-five droshky until the woman turned angrily toward him.

"Have you been brought up in the backwoods that you don't knew enough to hold me in this droshky?" she said.

He immediately put his arm round her waist as far as it would go, and held on hard.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

It's better to be ignored than bored.

Even a new clock is apt to show the marks of time.

The woman who is thoughtful is never a successful gossip.

High living doesn't help much toward the uplift of humanity.

Praise the man who asks you for advice and he will be satisfied.

Cupid usually hits the mark, but he selects some mighty poor targets.

It's easier for a man to shut up a 100-ton safe than a 100-pound wife.

A novel usually ends with the marriage of the hero and heroine, just as if it was their finish.

The world is a cage in which humanity is tamed.

Your friends will smile if you let your money talk.

The mule that gets in the first kick usually wins the scrap.

The British naval gunner is a good shot, and knows it. In one of the recent battles a British warship was about to engage a ship of the enemy, when an officer, pointing to the target, said to the petty officer in charge of the gun: "You see that man on the bridge. Well, I want you to hit him in the eye." Like a flash came the reply, "Aye, aye, sir. Which eye?"