About the Household

Selected Dishes.

Currant Jelly Sauce.—Make sauce of three tablespoons browned butter, four tablespoons flour, one cup milk or brown stock, and one-fourth teaspoon salt. Add one-half cup currant jelly and one teaspoon lemon juice.

Toasted Corn.—After boiling new corn six minutes to insure partial cooking, remove to bread toaster and toast over hot coals or in broiler of gas oven until evenly browned. The delicious flavor imparted this way is worth the extra trouble.

Pineapple Pie.—Cream one-third cup butter with half a cup of sugar, add two cups grated pineapple which has been heated to the boiling point. Then add two beaten egg yolks mixed with half a cup of rich milk and one tablespoonful lemon juice and the grated peel of a lemon. Fill pie, bake and cover with a meringue made of the whites of the eggs.

Vegetable Jardiniere.—For this dish use cauliflower, green string beans and carrots. Cook vegetables separately, seasoning each with butter, pepper and salt. Arrange on serving dish, with cauliflower in centre, carrot tubes at each end and beans at either side of cauliflower. Pass platter, allowing each person to help himself to vegetables desired.

Duck Stuffed With Potato.—Choose young, fat duck, with webbing of feet soft. Dress, stuff and truss for roasting, as chicken. For potato stuffing, have ready two cups hot mashed potato, one-half cup salt pork cubes, two tablespoons onion, one teaspoon poultry seasoning, salt and pepper. Cook onion in pork until yellow; add remaining ingredients.

Apple Soup.—Wash, quarter and remove cores of six tart apples, but do not peel. Put into saucepan with two quarts water, one teaspoon salt and one-half cup rice. Cook until tender, rub through sieve and return to fire, with one-half teaspoon ground cinnamon and one-half cup finely chopped citron added and sugar to taste. May be served hot or ice cold.

Cornmeal Muffins.—Sift together a cup of cornmeal and a half cup of flour, a teaspoonful of baking powder and a half teaspoonful of salt; into a pint of milk whip three beaten eggs, a tablespoonful of melted butter and two tablespoonfuls of granulated sugar. Make a hole in the meal mixture and gradually pour the liquid into this, beating steadily. Beat hard for about five minutes, pour into greased and heated muffin rings and bake in a good oven.

Bread Sauce.—Put crumbs from a stale loaf into a saucepan containing one pint of water. Tie in a cloth a few peppercorns and one small onion and a blade of mace. Boil a few moments and then remove them. The sauce must be very smooth. Add a piece of butter and a little salt. Add before taking from the fire a spoonful of milk; this will give it a nice color. The sauce must not be too thick. Serve in a sauce boat.

Baked Omelet.—Heat 6 tablespoonfuls of milk and melt a small piece of butter in it. Do not let it boil. Take 5 eggs, beat the yolks with a teaspoonful of salt, a dash of pepper and a tablespoonful of flour. Stir into the hot milk, adding lastly the stiffly beaten whites and a little parsley. Pour into a well-buttered frying pan. Put into a hot oven. In a few minutes it will have risen, delicate brown. Slip on a platter, folding it in the middle.

Corn Omelet.—To 2 eggs, the yolks and whites of which have been beaten light and separately as usual, add the pulp from 2 ears of corn grated. Season with salt and pepper and add a little parsley if liked. Mix with 2 tablespoons of water. Cook in a hot skillet in the usual way, fold, and serve on a buttered platter. Many variations may be played on this theme, just as with other omelets, using tomatoes, cheese, etc., if desired.

Hints for the Home.

Canned fruits make excellent puddings in winter.

To keep suet fresh, chop roughly and sprinkle with a little granulated sugar.

Salt water, applied with a brush, is the best method for cleaning willow ware.

Add a little ammonia to the water in which you wash silver and glassware. It brightens both of them wonderfully.

Before baking apples make a small slit all the way round each with a knife. This will prevent their splitting when cooking.

When preparing rhubarb dip each stalk into boiling water. This will not injure it, and it will require less sugar in cooking.

To prevent blue from streaking clothes, mix one dessertspoonful of soda in the bluing water. Baking soda, of course.

Old brass may be cleaned to look like new by pouring strong ammonia on it and scrubbing with a brush. Rinse in clear water.

To get onion juice, slice off the root end and proceed to put half of the onion as you would half a lemon in the juice extractor.

If the stains on a dirty mackintosh will not come off with brushing take a raw potato, cut it in two, and rub the soiled parts with it.

Washing fabrics that are inclined to fade should be soaked and rinsed in very salt water to set the color before washing in suds.

To remove paint and varnish stains from woodwork, apply Javelle water by means of a brush. Repeat if necessary and rub with a cloth.

When grease is spilt on the kitchen table or floor pour cold water on it at once to prevent it soaking into the wood. It will quickly harden and can be lifted with a knife.

To prevent the juice running out of a fruit pie make a roll of clean paper, hold it upright, and insert it through the crust. The steam then escapes, and the juice remains in the pie.

The flavor of an apple pie may be improved by sprinkling the fruit with lemon juice after it is filled into the crust. Then cover with tiny pieces of butter, and add sugar and nutmeg or cinnamon.

For white spots on furniture hold a hot stove lid over the spots and they will soon disappear. They can also be removed by applying spirits of camphor or ammonia.

Always scrub the way of the grain of the wood. Have plenty of clean warm water. Only scrub so far as the arm can reach at a time, then wash and dry that part. Change the water as soon as it is dirty. Do not use more water than is necessary to clean the boards. When scrubbed clean rub the boards well with a clean flannel wrung out of clean water, and then dry with a dry cloth, rubbing the way of the grain. After scrubbing wash the brush immediately and hang up to dry, so as to harden the fibres.

TIPS TO BACHELORS.

English Professor Gives Advice to Six Hundred Students.

Six hundred bachelors, some young and some pretty old, spent their luncheon hour the other day receiving "fatherly" advice from Prof. Winfield S. Hall, of North-Western University Medical School, England, on "Choosing a Wife."

"I don't see any bald heads in the audience," said Dr. Hall, "so I take it for granted you are all good candidates for marriage. By that I mean you have sound health, are morally clean, and can support a wife if you can win one.

"Imagine the girls of your acquaintanceship lined up before you. Out of the possible six to twenty girls you are to choose a wife. Which one will you choose?

"Four things must be considered—her health, her hereditary qualities, her education, and her age. Exclude from the ranks the girl of poor health. It's a calamity for a man to marry such a girl. Some of you may say the girl might get well. Let her get better before you marry her.

"Let her go into the woods for a year or so and develop the ability to walk fifteen or twenty miles and return without fatigue and with Dame Nature's priceless rouge upon her cheeks. Then you may marry her, knowing she is of good health.

"Don't marry a girl just because she has a pretty figure and large, lustrous eyes, and is a beautiful dancer, if at twenty she has only the mind of a girl twelve years old.

Among the other suggestions he gave to the man considering choosing a wife were:

Don't marry an heiress. You may become unhappy with her and her money.

Don't marry into a family where there are traces of insanity or feeblemindedness.

Look up the health record of her parents and grandparents.

Avoid the daughter of a confirmed alcoholic.

When he came to the part of his lecture referring to the ages for marriage he turned to the blackboard, wrote some figures, and said:

"According to the best scientific research the figures on the board show the relative ages at which men and women should marry."

Here is the table as he wrote it:—

A man of 21 should marry a girl between 19 and 23 years.
At 25—one between 21 and 27.
At 30—one between 23 and 28.
At 35—one between 23 and 30.
At 40—one between 25 and 33.
At 45—one between 25 and 35.
At 50—one between 40 and 50.
At 60—one between 45 and 60.
At 70—one between 50 and 60.
At 80—one between 60 and 70.

"When a man gets to be 50 years old," he continued, "he should not expect to rear a family. I advise such a man to marry a widow with several children.

"When a man of 60 or more marries it is only for the purpose of having a nurse during his declining years. It is unfair for him to marry anyone younger than himself. He should marry a childless widow or an old maid."

Children may not be seen in the streets of Bergen, Norway, after a certain hour, which varies with the season. The church bells of the town peal a signal for them to return home and the police see to it that they obey.

Germany's secret police are furnished with "police eye-glasses." These have tiny concave mirrors on the side next the face, which may be extended sideways or folded back so as not to show, and give the wearer, if he has normal sight, an image of what is going on directly behind him.

Humors of the Pulpit

The advice given by a famous parson that the three essentials of a good preacher were that he should "Stand up, speak up, and shut up" has become axiomatic. Failure to act according to that advice had led to many humorous incidents, but for all that it is far from easy to follow such excellent counsel. There is not much difficulty in standing up, but many preachers, particularly at first, find that speaking up requires a considerable amount not only of assurance but of knowledge of the subject. As for shutting up—well, that is a sheer impossibility to that rather large class of preachers who are either so earnest that they lose all sense of time and proportion, or are "inebriated with the exuberance of their own verbosity."

One of the classical stories concerning the long-winded type is that of the preacher who was holding forth at interminable length on the major and minor prophets. "And now, brethren," he said, after an hour and a half or so. "We come to Habakkuk. What place shall we give to Habakkuk?"

"Habakkuk can have my place," called out a man at the back, as he rose and left the church.

We have mentioned the self-assurance which is necessary to the man who wants to speak up. Lack of that quality, it has been alleged, was the secret of the ill-success of the local preacher who tried to begin a sermon on Zaccheus, who, it will be remembered, climbed a tree to see Jesus pass. Vain was the preacher's efforts to collect his scattered thoughts, but out of his confusion came an epigram. "Zaccheus," he said, "was little of stature, but he wasn't as small as I feel myself to be now; he was up a tree, and so am I; and 'he made haste and came down,' which is just what I shall do myself." The preacher suited the deed to the words forthwith.

Pulpit and pew have a humor all their own, and often enough it is at each other's expense that the jokes are made. In the sense of a famous prize-fighter turned evangelist the pulpit had the best of it. The former boxing friends of the revivalist were unnecessarily annoyed because he had cast off his old-time habits, and one day they decided to spoil his meeting. So a row of them took their seats immediately below his rostrum, which was quite a small affair, bearing a particularly heavy Bible. From the outset they interrupted frequently, despite their quondam boxer's earnest appeals for better treatment. At last the old Adam rose in the preacher, and he issued not an appeal, but a warning. "If the men just below the pulpit did not behave themselves he would have to make them do so," he said. The interruption proceeded. Then something happened. "If the brethren will not hear the Word," said the preacher, "they shall feel it." And lifting the big Bible in that powerful right hand which laid many opponents low, he leaned over his rostrum and swept three of his hearers out of their seats. Thereafter the sermon went on in quietness.

In Disagreement.

The story that used to be told about Bishop Bloomfield is one illustrating a "score" by the pew against the pulpit. When he was a rector Bloomfield went to preach at a neighboring village, and forgot to take his sermon with him. It was too late to return, and so, for the first and only time in his life, he preached extempore, taking for his text the words, "The fool hath said in his heart there is no God." Anxious to know how he succeeded, he asked one of the congregation on coming out how he liked the sermon. "Well, Mr. Bloomfield," replied the man, "I liked the sermon well enough. But I can't say that I agree with you. I believe there is a God."

Of witty sayings attributed to gentlemen of the cloth the list is endless. Possibly some of them are too good to be true, and others too bad. A High Church clergyman, writing to the famous Dr. James Freeman Clarke, dated his letter "Candlemas Day," whereupon Dr. Clarke, with a rare sense of fitness of things, dated his reply "Washing Day."

Dr. South was a witty divine of the time of Charles II. A young curate once complained to him that he had received only £5 for preaching a sermon at Oxford. "Five pounds!" exclaimed the doctor, "why, I wouldn't have preached that sermon for £50!" It is not said whether the curate appreciated the keen satire.

A Shrewd Reproof.

The people of a certain parish were not less shrewdly reproved by the clergyman who, at the close of the sermon one day, announced to his congregation that in the course of the coming week he expected to go on a mission to the heathen. His parishioners crowded round him, reproaching him for having kept his intended departure a secret till the last minute, begging him not go, and asking him what they should do when he had gone abroad.

"Oh," said he, "you will see as much of me as ever; I don't expect it will be necessary for me to go beyond the boundaries of the parish."

We have already mentioned the cutting wit of Dr. South, and another story of that cleric, who must have been capital company, comes to mind. On one occasion when South was preaching before Charles II. and his profligate Court he soon perceived that his reluctant congregation was asleep. He stopped short in his harangue, and, changing his tone, he called out to Lord Lauderdale three times. His lordship stood up.

"My lord," said South with inimitable dignity, "I am sorry to interrupt your repose, but I must beg of you that you will not snore quite so loudly lest you awake His Majesty."

Sidney Smith.

Many are the good stories of the wit of Sidney Smith, and one of its particularly bright examples was on the occasion when the dean and chapter of a certain cathedral were discussing the propriety of making a wooden pavement round the cathedral. "Well, brethren," said Smith, "you have only to lay your heads together and it will be done."

John Berridge, who was vicar of Everton at the time of the great revival, in which he was one of the leaders, had critics who thought that he should jog along decorously and lazily as vicars used to do in the bad old days which he helped to displace. His enemies called him "an old devil."

"Dou you know Berridge?" asked a stranger of the man himself.

"Yes."

"They tell me he is a troublesome, meddlesome fellow."

"I know him," answered Berridge, "and I can assure you half his wickedness has never been told."

They walked on to the church, where Berridge preached. When the stranger saw him ascend the pulpit he was stupified.

Once when pointing out to a guest at Everton the pictures on the wall he ran through them thus:—"That is Calvin, that is Luther, ard that," pointing to a frame over the fireplace, "is the devil." The guest looked, and saw his own face in the mirror.

Following Suit.

A certain Nonconformist preacher of some years ago had certain peculiarities in his appearance. His hair was red, he wore blue glasses, and these features, coupled with his white tie, led the young people of his church irreverently to call him, "Red, White and Blue." One Sunday, when he was preaching at Bradford, he looked round the church and saw that a good many of the people were asleep. With a smile, he remarked, "If only a few more go to sleep I think I may have a nap, too."

John Wesley had a gift of repartee and wit, as well as of eloquence in preaching. On one occasion, when about to dine, in company with one of his preachers, with a rich Methodist, Wesley caustically snubbed both his colleague and their ostentatious host. The table was spread with more than luxury, and Wesley's colleague exclaimed, with more zeal than politeness, "O, sir, what a sumptuous dinner! Things are very different to what they were formerly. There is now but little self-denial among the Methodists."

"My brother," said Wesley, pointing to the table, "there is a fine opportunity for self-denial now."

Wesley's Brotherly Love.

On another occasion he was at one of the early conferences, when a preacher rose up and, with irrepresible emotion, began to relate his religious experience.

Wesley's brother, Charles, could not tolerate this, and cried out:—

"Stop that man from speaking. Let us attend to business." But still the good man proceeded. "Unless he stops I'll leave the conference," cried Charles Wesley.

John looked up with a dry smile. "Will one of the brethren reach my brother his hat?" he said. Charles subsided.

It is inevitable that reference should be made to Peter Mackenzie, who was so popular an evangelist amongst the Wesleyans some few years ago. He was noted for his pulpit humor, and on one occasion remarked, "It's a mercy Jacob didn't keep a refreshment room, for he charged so much for his pooridge." Speaking once of a man with a very wide mouth, he remarked, "I should think a man with a mouth like that could sing a duet all by himself."

SMART SIMPLICITY FOR SCHOOL.

With the opening school days, the young ladies will all have to be provided with suitable clothes for the Fall semester. The Ladies' Home Journal patterns shown herewith are excellent for the purpose. Pattern No. 8804 is a Ladies' and Misses' Single-breasted Box-coat, having a notch collar, full-length sleeves with turn-back cuffs, and is made with or without patch pockets. Sizes 32 to 42, 36 requiring 2⅝ yards of 42-inch material. The Skirt to go with it, No. 8938, is made in three gores, opening in front and having slightly raised waistline and with or without the pockets and cuffs at lower edge. Sizes 14, 16, 18 and 20, size 18 requiring 3¼ yards 42-inch material.

The other pattern, No. 8899, in a Misses' Dress opening in the front and consisting of a blouse in shallow yoke effect, standing collar, which may be worn high or turned down, full-length sleeve, with shaped trimming bands, and a three-piece circular skirt. Sizes 16, 17, 18, size 18 requiring 5⅛ yards 36-inch material with ¾ yard 36-inch contrasting goods.

Patterns, 15 cents each, can be obtained at your local Ladies' Home Journal dealer, or from the Home Pattern Company, 183-A George St., Toronto, Ontario.

MORE PAY FOR SERVANTS.

Problem of Finding English Help Grows Daily.

Domestic servants can demand, and are obtaining more wages than before the war, as they are becoming increasingly difficult to find in London, England.

So many opportunities exist now for women to obtain work previously given to men that young women who were, or would have become, domestic servants, now seek less monotonous employment, with more free hours and more spare cash to spend.

The large majority of housewives, therefore, who were accustomed to have one or two servants, have now to pay wages of from $100 to $125, it is said at a West End registry office, in order to attract to their service girls who before the war would work for $80 or $100 a year.

Many curious advertisements appear in different journals which publish demands for women workers.

The old question, "What to do with our girls?" is quite dead, even with reference to the girls who have to turn out and earn a living without having any experience.

Any woman nowadays can get some kind of work if she wishes.

The war has effectively killed snobbery, and the girl who now cuts up the bacon in the provision shop may have received a better education and be of better birth than many of the customers she serves.

"Wanted, a vegetable maid, $2.50 weekly and all found," is one advertisement recently noticed.

In this case the vegetable maid would be infinitely better off than many girls in the City on a $6.25 a week salary, with omnibus fares to pay and lunches out.

Birds go on singing at the Front, unperturbed by the heaviest shell-fire.

Rejoined!

[One of the most striking features in many ruined parts of Flanders is the number of wild cats and dogs running about in the woods].

The beast stopped dead in the middle of the village street, frozen in a flash to the rigidity of marble. Crouched, belly flat, wicked ears pressed down, lips curled back to show the grinning teeth, yellow, malignant eyes, staring intently; it was not a pretty sight.

You would never have believed that a year before that beast had been a domestic pet cat, with a blue ribbon round its neck. It looked—and was—a wild thing of the woods.

Enemies of Old.

It was the sound of a shod footfall that had frozen it, and the next instant sent it sliding behind a wall, whence it—or he, rather—glared from between a smother of weeds at the man, who stumbled and cursed his course along, dripping blood by the way.

A dog, as wild as the cat, shot, snarling, from some foul thing it had been at business with across the road, and the cat streaked to the wall. But it was too late. The dog launched at him with almost a roar. She was starving, that dog.

It was a matter of ten yards for the cat, of many more for the dog, but she fairly ate up the distance. When the cat jumped he could feel the breath from the slavering mouth on his back.

Followed a wild and furious scraping, a little cloud of dust, and down came that cat again, right on to the foe. For once he had missed his jump, and there was no time for a second.

Possibly that cat touched the ground, but he rebounded again, like a great rubber ball, all hair sticking out, and even as the dog's jaws shut—snap!—on the place where he should have been, he landed upon the dog's back.

Seeking Human Aid.

His ride on that strange steed was brief and grisly, because the dog rolled, foaming with fury, and the cat bolted, blindly spitting, and, instinctively, to the man. In that supreme moment that beast, which had been wild in a blackened, stricken land for twelve months, went to the man.

It was a close shave, and nothing on earth could have saved puss except one thing—and it came. True to a hair, the heavy, nailed boot of the man landed just abaft the canine's shoulder dropping the brute as if she had been pole-axed—a clean kick over the heart. And in the same instant the cat leapt for the man's back, and the man laughed.

The laugh echoed hollowly up the shell-pitted, deserted street. Then the man's hand slid up to the cat stroking him, and he purred.

And then, very quietly, almost thoughtfully, the man slid to the ground and was still. He had fainted from loss of blood and from starvation.

. . . . . .

It was very still in that desolate street. The moon threw squat shadows of the houses athwart the road, and made a little inky blot of a single gigantic rat, his wicked little eyes shining like gimlet-holes in a green lampshade, squatting, hunched, in the middle of the road.

Saved by the Cat.

These things the man saw as he regained consciousness, and he could hear other rats in the inky pools of black where the open doors of the houses gaped. He shuddered, and wondered dimly how long it would be before they got him.

And then, suddenly, as if a hand had come down and wiped them out, they were gone—utterly!

The man lifted his head, listening, and in the silence that followed he distinctly heard a deep and comforting purring at his elbow. Very slowly he turned, very slowly put out his hand, stroked, and started. He had touched feathers as well as fur! It was the cat, come back, and with a dead fowl between his jaws.

And that is how a "missing" got strength to regain his regiment, and if ever in your career you come across a regiment with a tabby-and-white cat as its mascot, just bow down to that cat and respect it. Next to their colors, he is their most holy possession.—London Answers.

It is usually the man with the least to say that talks the most.

Type-writing machines that print syllables of two and three letters by a single pressure of the key have been put on the market.

During the first three centuries of the English Parliament, all who served in it were paid. In the fifteenth century the amount was two shillings a day.

A motor-car fitted with a horn, which warned pedestrians of its approach by playing, "We won't go home till morning," was heard in London not long ago.

If multiplied by 2, 3, 4, or any other integer less than 9, the number 1,176,470,588,235,294 will probably produce the same digits in the same order, simply beginning at a different place in the set.