

About the ...House

SKIM MILK IN BREAD MAKING.

It is common practice in many households to use more or less milk for mixing dough, since it is believed that the quality of the bread is thereby improved. Frequently skim milk is used instead of whole milk. Doubtless comparatively few persons realize that skim milk has a fairly high food value, and that its use makes bread more nutritious, in addition to improving its quality. It must be remembered that when the cream is removed the milk is deprived of only one of its constituents, namely fat. It still contains practically all the highly nutritious casein and other nitrogenous materials, as well as the milk sugar and ash originally present, in addition to about 0.3 per cent. of ash, (good whole milk contains from 3 to 5 per cent. fat.)

According to a recent report in the journal of the British Dairy Farmers' Association, skim milk materially increases the yield of bread and consequently the profits in bread making. It was found that 280 pounds of flour would take up 175 pounds of water in mixing the dough, and yield 94 four-pound loaves, there being a loss of 71 pounds of water.

DURING BAKING.

The same quantity of flour would take up 210 pounds of skim milk and yield 110 four-pound loaves, the shrinkage during baking in this case being 50 pounds. The water bread is said to sell for 10 cents and the milk bread for 11 cents per loaf. Assuming that the above quantity of skim milk was worth \$1.64, the skim milk bread would yield a profit of 86 cents more than the water bread.

At its annual show, held in London in October, 1899, the association conducted tests on the value of skim milk for making scones and pancakes. The dough from the scones was made from 14 pounds of American flour, 11 pounds of sour milk, 3 ounces of bicarbonate of soda and 3 ounces of cream of tartar. This dough was cut into pieces weighing 6 ounces, rolled out and baked on a hot iron plate, yielding 25 pounds of scones. The mixture for pancakes was similar in composition but thinner, 14 pounds of flour being mixed with 16 pounds of skim milk and the same amount of leavening material as before. This batter was cooked on a hot greased plate, yielding 30 pounds of cakes, there being practically no evaporation in baking. The large amount of skim milk utilized in proportion to the flour is noteworthy. If the scones and cakes are sold, the skim milk has practically the

SAME COMMERCIAL VALUE

as the flour, since very nearly equal quantities of the two materials were used.

In the preparation of soups, such as potato, celery, tomato, green pea, and green corn soups; fish, lobster, clam, and oyster chowders, bisques and stews, skim milk will (satisfactorily) replace the whole milk that the directions for preparing usually call for. Skim milk makes as good white soups as whole milk. Bread mixed with skim milk is more nutritious than that made with water. All kinds of quick biscuit, griddle cakes, etc., can be made with skim as well as with whole milk. In most kinds of cake, skim milk will be found a perfect substitute for whole milk. If the skim milk is sour, so much the better for cake and quick bread making, as only half the cream of tartar called for in the recipe will be needed.

Sweet skim milk can be used to advantage in making rice and Indian puddings, custards, squash and pumpkin pies, and the like, in the preparation of chocolate or cocoa as a drink, in the making of sherbets and other ices and in dozens of other ways which will readily occur to housekeepers.

THREE DESSERTS.

Cream of Fruits—Soak one level tablespoonful of granulated gelatin in one-quarter cup of cold water for 15 minutes, pour one-quarter cup of hot milk, add one-half cup of sugar. When it begins to thicken add the whites of two eggs beaten stiff; also one-half pint of thick cream diluted with one-third cup of milk. Cut one-third cup of prunes into small pieces, add one-third cup of chopped figs and lemon juice to taste. Decorate a melon mould with whole cooked prunes, pour in the cream mixture and chill.

Newton Tapioca Pudding—Soak five level tablespoons of pearl tapioca in cold water for two hours. Scald four cups of milk and pour over four level tablespoons of corn meal, three-quarters cup of molasses, three level tablespoons of butter and one level teaspoon of salt. Cook together in a double boiler until thick, then stir in the tapioca and bake the mixture in a well buttered baking dish. Pour one cup of milk over the top, but do not stir it. Bake one and one-half hours and serve with cream.

Mocha Souffle—Melt three level tablespoons of butter, add three level tablespoons of flour, three-quarters cup of fairly strong Mocha coffee and one-quarter cup of cream. Take

from the range, add one-half cup of sugar, a little salt and the well-beaten yolks of four eggs. Beat the whites of the eggs dry and fold in, then bake the pudding half an hour in a moderate oven. Serve the instant it is done, else it will fall. For the sauce, mix the yolks of two eggs with one-quarter cupful of sugar and a few grains of salt. Pour over this custard one-half cupful of Mocha coffee. Cook in a double boiler until it thickens. Cool this thoroughly and fold in one cupful of whipped cream.

KITCHEN NICETIES.

The cooks' hands should be clean! "Oh, the ideal!" sniffs one. "What cook doesn't wash her hands the first thing when she begins to prepare food?" To be sure! But absolute and continual cleanliness is what is meant by the present insistence. Not simply that the hands be washed well at the beginning, but that they be washed—washed—washed repeatedly. A basin of water at a convenient height near the stove, an ample towel on a nail or rack beside it, are indispensable. Above all, let washing the hands be the final act before mixing bread. Thousands of cooks thoughtlessly handle the furniture, wipe the breadpan with a limp dishrag, and even arrange their hair immediately before plunging their hands into the bread tray.

Meat from the butcher's shop should be washed or carefully wiped with a moist cloth as sweet and fresh as a lady's handkerchief just from the laundry. From slaughter pen to pantry is a long road, and there is time and room for lodgment of many a disease germ.

It is a common habit, but a fearsome one to give children coins as playthings. The baby plays gleefully with the big silver dollar given by its mother, who, in turn, has received it from a street pedler whose pockets were filthy and whose very scent was unsanitary. To the dollar itself actual dirt adheres, but to the artless baby it is a big wheel to roll, a moon to toss up and look at, a tea cake to bite, and a candy tablet to suck!

CHEMISTRY OF TEARS.

Weeping Improves the Sight Instead of Weakening It.

Tears have their functional duty to accomplish, like every other fluid of the body, and the lacrimal gland is not placed behind the eye simply to fill space or to give expression to emotion, says an exchange.

The chemical properties of tears consist of phosphate of lime and soda, making them very salty, but never bitter. Their action on the eye is very beneficial, and here consists their prescribed duty of the body, washing thoroughly that sensitive organ, which allows no foreign fluid to do the same work. Nothing cleanses the eye like a good salty shower bath, and medical art has followed nature's law in this respect, advocating the invigorating solution for any distressed condition of the optics.

Tears do not weaken the sight, but improve it. They act as a tonic on the muscular vision, keeping the eye soft and limpid, and it will be noticed that women in whose eyes sympathetic tears gather quickly have brighter, tenderer orbs than others. When the pupils are hard and cold, the world attributes it to one's disposition, which is a mere figure of speech, implying the lack of balmy tears that are to the cornea what salve is to the skin or nourishment to the blood.

Savage Legends.

The savage islanders of the south Pacific believe that the world is a cocoanut shell of enormous dimensions, at the top of which is a single aperture communicating with the upper air, where human beings dwell. At the very bottom of this imaginary shell is a stem gradually tapering to a point which represents the beginning of all things. This point is a spirit or demon without human form, whose name is Root of All Existence. By him the entire fabric of creation is sustained.

In the interior of the cocoanut shell, at its very bottom, lives a female demon. So narrow is the space into which she is crowded that she is obliged to sit forever with knee and chin touching. Her name is The Very Beginning, and from her are sprung numerous spirits. They inhabit five different floors, into which the great cocoanut is divided. From certain of these spirits mankind is descended. The islanders, regarding themselves as the only real men and women, were formerly accustomed to regard strangers as evil spirits in the guise of humanity, whom they killed when they could, offering them as sacrifices.

"And now, my son," said the father, "as you are about to go into business for yourself, it is well for you to remember that honesty is the best policy." "Yes, father," said the noble young man. "That honesty is the best policy. And," continued the old man, "if you will study up the laws, you will be surprised to find how many things you can do in a business way and still be honest."

"My wife doesn't seem to be progressing, doctor," remarked the anxious husband. "No," answered the physician; "when she gains a little strength she uses it all up trying to tell her friends what's the matter with her."

DAN CUPID, CHAUFFEUR

By Lillian C. Paschal

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"Society, frivolity, charity, and the greatest of these is charity."

Anice covered a rosebud mouth, half blown into a yawn, with a gloved hand as she stood in argumentative attitude before the flickering gas log.

"I'm sick of the first two, lady mother. Therefore will I practice charity." "Well," said her mother plaintively, taking up a novel, "do be careful with that automobile. Don't let it run away with you. You'll get smallpox or something down in that awful ghetto, as you call it. And be sure to change your clothes before!"

But her tall, willful daughter was already half way down stairs. Pausing in the hall and thrusting her hands into the sleeves of her long raglan, she said:

"Go back to my room, Celeste, and bring me the violets to wear."

"Oui, mamselle, but ze violets have faded since yesterday. Ze pink roses go better wiz miladi's gown."

Miss Anice repeated her order more imperatively. She would have told you that she detested dictation and pink teas.

Dr. Harvey had been guilty of the first in an eminent degree. In consequence he was carrying round a returned diamond ring in close proximity to a very heavy heart, which had also been declined with thanks, as though it were an unavailable manuscript.

Charity covers a multitude of heart-aches. Therefore was Miss Anice speeding on errands of mercy this clear December day.

And the fateful Juggernaut car which had ridden ruthlessly over two fond hearts and brought about this state of affairs was no other than the little white electric runabout which was now carrying her ghettoward.

"Harvey was always so superior!" she thought scornfully as she pressed down on the accelerator and shot around Deadman's curve, narrowly grazing a policeman and scattering his convoy of pedestrians. "I can run the White Arrow as well as he can." For their quarrel had been brought about by a difference of opinion as to her qualifications as chauffeur.

To be sure, the little Jewish newsboy to whom she was playing Lady Bountiful was laid up with a pair of smashed toes as a result of a contested right of way. In the encounter her automobile had come out on top in every sense of the word and had been since gallantly carrying supplies to a defeated foe whose wounds the farseeing parents did not allow to heal too rapidly.

"But of course everybody has to learn to be anything," she comforted herself, not choosing to remember that Harvey had counseled her to wait till she did learn before venturing out of the park, "and papa gave me the White Arrow only in October. I think I've done pretty well in that time."

She sighed when she thought how long it had been, because it was only the week after that Harvey—Oh, dear! And he had hinted about a pearl necklace for her birthday! Now, among her tiresome gifts, not one from him, not even a bunch of flowers—he who had sent her violets every day! But she blushed as she glanced down at those tucked under her coat lapel.

She was winking so fast to keep the tears back that she did not see the numerous warning symptoms of the great lower east side, the hundreds of children, abundant riches of the poor. Becoming mistily conscious of a gurgling squall stopped half way down a baby throat, she looked back and saw a sprawling infant in her wake.

The White Arrow had gone completely over the child, "straddling" it neatly, so she picked him up more frightened than hurt. After comforting him with some of Ikey's confectionery supplies she rode on, leaving him with round eyes still staring tearfully and rounder mouth peacefully stuffed with raisins.

Arrived at last in Hester street, she checked brake and lever in front of the tenement where Ikey abode. She was at once swarmed upon like a queen bee by hordes of children to whom the daily visit of the white, horseless buggy was a great event.

It is sad to relate that with all her vaunted capability as an autocrat Miss Anice forgot a small but very important matter. She went up stairs loaded with good things to gladden the heart of Ikey and his numerous relatives and forgot to take from its socket the little running plug of the White Arrow. With that tiny key safe in her chateleine bag the capacity for mischief in the combination of small boy and automobile was reduced to a minimum. Her electric horse would be hitched fast. But with that brass plug lurking impishly in its hiding place behind the leather apron of the seat and with little Mose Rudinsky's bump of curiosity much inflated the inevitable occurred.

"Ye're afraid!"

What juvenile bosom ever failed to respond to that battcry?

Mose scrambled up the big, fat cushioned wheel.

"Der loidy zed fer us not ter tech ut!" warned another stolidly, while a third cautiously fingered the shining, unlit eye of the fore light.

Mose stood up and grasped the bright steering lever. It moved and the front wheels with it, bumping viciously into the shins of the boy who had questioned the courage of Mose, whereupon that young gentleman

laughed triumphantly and sat down comfortably on the soft leather seat, his grimy face, tousled black hair and greasy garments ludicrously out of place among the luxurious cushions. His elbow struck the controller handle. There was new food for investigations. Mose investigated. The White Arrow started obediently down the street.

Miss Anice was descending the rickety stairs amid a shower of blessings when she heard a shout below.

"What's wrong?" she demanded of a panting child.

"Yer notymobile!" he gasped. "It's run-off—wid Mose!"

When Anice reached the pavement, breathless and pale, she could see down the narrow street a runaway automobile, with a frightened bareheaded boy clinging to the seat and screaming frantically.

She ran blindly after him, dizzy with visions of a sickening collision on the street car line a few blocks away. A burly policeman joined in the chase, and recruits swarmed up, seemingly from the ground.

Suddenly a tall young man in a long ulster appeared around the corner ahead of the flying White Arrow.

"Jam your lever back!" he shouted. But poor Mose was too frightened to obey. He only clung tighter to the controller, pushing it to the third notch. The carriage shot forward. As it bowled toward the tall young man he sprang out almost directly in its path.

He waited till it sped alongside, then quick as a flash flung himself on the rear of the auto. Grasping the projecting axle, he swung himself up, then reached over the back of the seat and seized the controller.

"Lift your foot," he commanded. Mose, with face very white under its dirt, obeyed meekly.

"Now, youngster, where did you get this machine?"

The tall young man seated himself calmly, backed the runabout slowly and turned it around, following the direction of Mose's trembling finger.

Miss Anice was waiting to receive them at the crossing.

"Oh, Harvey—you," she said, then very dignifiedly: "Thank you very much, Dr. Givins. I had no idea!"

"I was down below here to see a patient." He bowed gravely as he descended from the carriage.

"In Hester street?" she queried.

"Yes," he said, meeting her glance unflinchingly. "I have several in this region, Ikey Meemstein among them."

He did not deem it necessary to add that he also had practiced charity only since October.

"Shall I assist you up, Miss—Anice?" the last as he caught sight of the faded violets.

She followed the direction of his glance and blushed furiously.

"There was no card with them"—she excused weakly.

"But you knew they were mine, didn't you, Anice, dear?"

"Yes, I thought so," she said very softly.

Then she bravely flew the flag of unconditional surrender.

"Won't you please take me home, Harvey. I don't think I can manage the White Arrow very well—yet."

His face lit up joyfully as he swung into the seat beside her. His left hand was upon the controller, but his right disappeared under her raglan sleeve.

BLUNDERING DUKE.

The Grand Duke of Saxe-Weimar has a reputation in Germany for "bulls" worthy of an Irishman.

On one occasion his kind heart took pity on a murderer sentenced for life, so he remitted the "last three years" of the sentence.

Once while visiting a public school he noticed two boys of striking similarity in appearance.

"Why, what a remarkable likeness!" he exclaimed. "Those lads must be twins, are they not?"

"Yes, your royal highness," replied the principal, and he beckoned the two frightened youngsters to him.

"Ah, my son," said the prince, placing his hand on the head of one of them, "what is your name?"

"Heinrich."

"And how old are you?"

"Six."

"And you?" he said, turning to the other boy.

"If anyone asks for me, James, I shall be back in ten minutes," said Mr. Fosdick. "Yes, sorr," replied the Irish office boy, "and how soon will you be back if no one asks for you?"

Jags—"Doctor, my wife has insomnia very bad. She very often remains awake until two or three o'clock in the morning. What shall I do for her?" Doctor—"Go home earlier."

FROM BONNIE SCOTLAND.

NOTES BY MAIL FROM HER
BANKS AND BRAES.

Many Things Happen to Interest the Minds of Auld Scotia's Sons.

Lerwick Harbor Board are about to erect a fish mart, to cost £3,000 along the Esplanade.

The Linlithgow Oil Company are to close their mines. Several hundred men will be thrown idle.

A large portion of the roof of St. Enoch church, Glasgow, was destroyed by fire recently.

Over 10,000 tons of Scotch potatoes have been exported from Dundee to the United States this season.

The late Mr. Neil McLean, Edinburgh, has bequeathed about £20,000 to the National Bible Society.

The collections for the Lifeboat Saturday Fund during 1891 totalled £21,433. Glasgow contributed £1,400.

Owing to the large takes of herring at Lerwick many boats from the east coast have proceeded there.

The income of the National Bible Society of Scotland last year was £36,641, and the expenditure £28,855.

Four children, who had been left alone, were burned to death in the house of a miner in Rutherglen.

Rev. Dr. John Duncan, minister of Abdie, Newburgh, and father of the Church of Scotland, has died in his 90th year.

Edinburgh Presbytery declined by 21 votes to 17 to express disapproval of the running of cars in the city on Sundays.

Lord and Lady Balfour of Burleigh were presented by the curlers of Alloa with valuable gifts to commemorate their silver wedding.

The annual meeting of the Clyde Industrial Training Ship Association was held in Glasgow under the presidency of Lord Inverclyde.

The sale of pedigree cattle at Perth was concluded last week, the total realized for the two days amounting to £9,710 for 326 animals.

The annual meeting of the Scottish Licensed Trade Defence Association was held in Perth. Resolutions against proposed legislation were passed.

Mr. J. M. Barrie, Emeritus Professor Masson and M. A. C. Mackenzie have been unanimously appointed honorary members of the Scottish Arts Club.

The church at Hutton, Buscel, near Scarborough, was struck by lightning. The tower was wrecked, and over half a ton of debris fell on to the roof.

Glasgow Improvement Trust Committee have agreed to apply for parliamentary powers to acquire land by agreement within or without the city.

During 1901 over 10,000 operations were performed at the Glasgow Dental Hospital, the number of patients attending the institution being 7,607.

The decision of Glasgow town council to increase the salary of the chief constable of the city from £900 to £1,000 has received official approval.

Mr. Laurence Pullar of Perth, has provided a sum of £10,000 for the completion of the bathymetrical survey of the fresh water lakes of Great Britain and Ireland.

Mr. W. T. Lithgow, shipbuilder, Port Glasgow, has given £10,000 to enable the town council to carry through their scheme of erecting houses for the working classes.

Glasgow Parish Council has agreed to appoint a committee to inquire how far the Council would proceed in the way of providing the outdoor poor with suitable houses.

Scottish shipbuilders launched during February vessels of 47,210 tons, as compared with 14 vessels of 22,811 tons in January, and 18 vessels of 61,500 tons in January, 1901.

At Cupar, Duncan Kennedy, formerly accountant of the Ladybank branch of the Union Bank of Scotland, was tried and acquitted on a charge of stealing £530 from the bank.

Aberdeen Town Council has resolved to make application to the postmaster-general for a license to establish and carry on a telephone exchange within the Aberdeen area.

Some years ago the trustees of the cottage at Alloway in which Burns was born decided to restore the historic building and its environments to their original aspects as far as possible. The work is now practically complete. A number of modern additions to the cottage, and one or two buildings erected since the poet's days and used as a museum and refreshment rooms, have been demolished.

The Rev. George Matheson, D. D., who is to be honored with the degree of LL. D. by Aberdeen University, is the famous blind preacher and poet. He is a native of Glasgow, and lost his sight in early youth, but studied for the ministry, and was licensed in 1866. His fame as a preacher, and his ability as author and poet, is widely known.

"Beauty is only skin deep," remarked the Wise Guy, "Yes, and some people are pretty thin skinned at that," murmured the Simple Mug.

"Are you sure you love me for myself alone," asked the romantic young woman. "Well," replied the practical young man, "I don't think I love you for any one else."