

# Bovril helps you to "turn the corner"

## Woman's Sphere

### The Homely Cobbler.

When you want a dessert in a hurry, one which everyone can eat and enjoy without a thought of indigestion, remember the homely cobbler. A cobbler, as nearly everybody knows, is fruit with a raised crust and a hard or boiled sauce. It can be as economical as biscuit dough, or as rich as good cake batter. A happy medium between the two makes the best cobbler. It can be made of fresh fruit, apples, berries, or rhubarb, or of dried or canned fruit when fresh is not obtainable. The best cobbler in the world, in my estimation, is made from a mixture of fresh raspberries and loganberries. As many localities do not have loganberries, it may be added, that the raspberries used with strawberries or with red currant juice is almost as good. Apples, fresh, canned or dried, make splendid cobbler. Plums make fine cobbler. An apple cobbler made of tart juicy apples, with a good hard sauce or eaten with sweet cream, is a dish fit for a king.

A cobbler is ordinarily cooked over the fire, the crust being baked by the steam from the juice of the fruit. It is placed over the uncooked sugared fruit. If dry fruits are used it is necessary to add water. Berries and juicy plums do not need anything but sugar. Rhubarb is juicy enough in itself. But care must always be exercised to keep the fruit from burning to the bottom of the pan while the crust is cooking. A moderate heat and a cover over the pan containing the cobbler will insure proper cooking. From ten to twenty-five minutes is required, according to the kind of fruit used.

A good cobbler is made with a tablespoonful of butter and lard mixed, an egg, a heaping tablespoonful of sugar, a pinch of salt, and from one to two cups of flour, using a teaspoonful of good baking powder to each cup of flour. Mix the shortening and sugar, add the egg and beat well. Put in flour, powder and salt and add sufficient sweet milk or cold water to make a batter the consistency of cake batter. Have the fruit ready in a deep pan. Lay the batter in spoonfuls over the fruit. Cover the pan and cook as directed. On a gas stove it is advisable to use an asbestos mat under the pan or to turn the flame so there is no danger of burning. This may also be baked in the oven. Turn the top of the crust over to find out when it is cooked through. Turn the cobbler over on a dish, putting the crust on bottom and piling the fruit over. Serve with hard or boiled sauce.

When eggs are scarce we beat one up and divide it, putting half of it into the crust and the other half into the sauce. Sometimes when eggs are at a premium we dispense with it altogether, making an economical cobbler. When they are very plentiful we use a whole one in the sauce and another in the pudding.

The sauce has as its foundation a tablespoonful of butter. This is well mixed with a fork. Then the egg, if any is used, is added and powdered sugar. If there is no egg, we moisten the sauce with cream, as the latter alone will not take up sufficient sugar to make the right quantity. An excellent sauce can be made with the but-

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# The Boss's Bounty

BY WILL PAYNE.

PART II.  
This declaration had produced a sensation. They had all questioned him particularly on the point. Mightn't he be mistaken? The police inspector had seemed fairly to beg him to be mistaken—not because the inspector approved of highway robbery and homicide, or really wished a criminal to escape the law, but because he foresaw that if this stubborn young man persisted in not being mistaken about the robber's identity there was going to be no end of trouble. For Handy Andy Hatch was a celebrity of a sort, and like Uncle Frank, although in a humbler way, a power in politics.

The parallel lines in Cochran's forehead deepened a bit, with a further drawing together of the eyebrows like a man with a headache. His heavy-lidded eyes were fixed with a sort of ominous dullness on the young man as he said very distinctly:

"You're wrong, Gene. It wasn't Andy. Andy's got an alibi."  
"It's just a case of mistaken identity," Cochran said. "You couldn't have seen him in a second-excited, you know—all confusion. You made a mistake."

Confused, Donovan looked astonished, lips apart. \* \* \* Then it wheeled back into his mind—that second or so in the front office when he had looked square into the man's face at a distance of only a few feet. Under the shock of Uncle Frank's positive assertion the gripping teeth had relaxed. Now they set again. Cochran saw that in the young man's broad, unhandsome face as Donovan replied humbly but dogmatically:

"Well, I could only say, on the witness stand, that I'm sure it was Hatch."

Cochran perceived that there was something about this blockheaded stubborn conviction. With a flare of exasperation he retorted: "You're wrong! You're getting me into a hell of a mess! It can't be Hatch!"

"Listen, Gene, Andy Hatch ain't a bad fellow. He doesn't mean any great harm. Suppose he got a fool idea in his head that something was coming to him and he'd go out and collect. I suppose he got a couple of roughnecks to go with him, and one of 'em shot young Mitchell. Understand? It might have happened, you see, without Andy intending it. He ain't a bad fellow—maybe got a fool idea somebody owed him some money and he'd better go out and collect it. See?"

This confidence was much the farthest Donovan had ever been taken inside the works; by far the most intimate communication that had yet passed between uncle and nephew.

Cochran then took the novice somewhat further into the works: "Andy knows what's coming to him as well as anybody does. He's done good work all along. If a man delivers the goods he's entitled to claim his pay. You see, son, you're credited to me. I put you in. Whatever you do I'm held responsible for." In another sudden flare of irritation he added: "Andy's got plenty of friends. I don't want 'em taking a crack at me with a sawed-off shotgun! I'm responsible for you."

Donovan, drawing a hand across his brow, could only mutter: "I don't see how you could be responsible for a case like this." Then he blurted in amazement: "Why, this is murder, Uncle Frank!"

In his exasperation Cochran disclosed the potentia heavily burdened with cares of state, greatly regretting that some thoughtless subject had got themselves into an awful mess, but obliged by his position to deal with the affair in a practical, statesmanly manner; obliged to "carry on" and to keep intact the machinery by which carrying on was possible. "If anybody thinks this job's a snap, let him try it," the boss added aggrievedly.

Donovan swallowed and asked, in helpless candor: "Why don't you leave it to the law and the courts?" And by way of vague reply to his relative's last remark he added, "It's the public's business."

"Oh, public your grandmother!" Cochran replied impatiently. "Get all that tommyrot out of your head, son. If the government of this town was left to the public, there wouldn't be any government inside of a year, because the public don't give a damn about it. Who told you to draw \$200 a month when you couldn't find any other job?"

Certainly Donovan did owe the keep of himself and family these last seven months to the boss's benevolent interest, and he was not the man to deny an obligation. It popped into his head that if Cochran's powerful hand should be withdrawn now the family would probably be set out on the side-walk.

"You saw him only a second," the boss repeated. "You was excited. You made a mistake. When you get a good look at Handy Andy Hatch you'll see he wasn't the man."

That sounded easy, the way Cochran put it, and Donovan was aware that he would be powerfully protected in correcting his "mistake." But there was that stubbornness in him; he swallowed and replied unhappily:

"Why, I couldn't do it, Uncle Frank."  
Cochran, with another sharp touch of exasperation, retorted: "Why the hell couldn't you? You can talk, can't you? That's all you got to do."

Miserable young Donovan, pressed down to suffocation by the steady mass of Cochran's insistence, had turned pale by that time. He appealed to the boss with pathetic earnestness: "D'you really think, Uncle Frank, that your life would be in danger?"

Whatever the boss may have actually thought on that subject, he saw

how heavily the point counted, and replied promptly: "Think? I know it!" Donovan's eyes still earnestly and dumbly appealed for a moment; but Cochran's face retained an expression of perfect conviction. With a stifled little sigh Donovan muttered helplessly: "I don't know what I could do."

Cochran read surrender in that and laid a benevolent hand on the young man's knee, reassuring him: "Why, simplest thing in the world, Gene. Don't worry, now. Nothing's going to happen to you."

The powerful and experienced hand on Donovan's knee seemed to uphold and guide him, as a mighty swimmer sustains a frightened novice in the water, while Uncle Frank briefly explained how simple the thing would be. "Don't worry," he concluded in benevolent assurance, adding soberly: "On my soul, I believe you was mistaken, and it wasn't Andy at all."

While Uncle Frank briefly explained how simple the thing would be, as over a joke at a funeral. Sunny Gus Whepley drove him back to the little flat, with some cheerful conversation of a general nature which Donovan seemed scarcely to hear.

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## A PHILOSOPHY OF HUMAN LIFE

The ideal philosophy of longevity comes perhaps from Camille Flammarion, famous astronomer, physicist and novelist, himself an octogenarian. His philosophy may not comfort the common type of business man, who strives to live and work at high pressure until the moment comes to retire and often to break down in health. Flammarion combines in his own philosophy that of Plato, Aristotle and Epicurus. Says this savant: "A man of fifty or sixty should possess his full vitality. Living—and living to be old and impotent is not living. The object is not to grow old; to keep one's physical and mental faculties."

"The thing to prolong is the vital creative force of the brain and the vigor of the body, both of which support the 'vigueur de l'esprit.'"

"Every human being should be interested in something. He should not act like a brute; live in order to eat, but eat in order to live."

Flammarion might have pointed to Edison and naturally his own life in adding: "Intensive intellectual life does not fatigue. That which fatigues is ambition, pride, vanity, envy, desire for honors and riches—climbing."

"There are people who believe we are on earth in order to make money. I knew a multi-millionaire who passed all his time counting his coupons. He is dead. He was an unfortunate idiot. He bored himself more than he bored those about him."

Choose Congenial Work.

"If your daily bread is assured, be satisfied. Work in that line which interests you for your personal pleasure. Enjoy all your faculties. Do not imagine that a time for retirement approaches. Gather about yourself affectionate, young, gay surroundings."

"A simple and tranquil life; rather a vegetarian diet; neither alcohol nor tobacco nor intoxication of any kind; fresh air, oxygen, calmness, appreciation of beauty, thinking, reading and working agreeably; eight hours of sleep, eight hours of exercise, varying according to temperament—walking, riding, eating—this, believes Flammarion, is the secret of longevity."

Each organ has its function. Nature hates reaction. Use all your faculties normally," he advises.

"A mind always occupied and the love of human progress are, it seems to me," says this savant, "the best conditions for desirable long life, because it is neither inert nor inactive nor an expense to any one, but, on the contrary, useful to all."

"To live intellectually is to live doubly."

Take humanity for what it is—stupid but perfectible. Life does not run smoothly. Be philosophical—a stoic. Do not become angry, because nothing is worse for the health. Remember that in the long run everything arranges itself.

"Make no mistake; if you have adversaries, even enemies, do not let it worry you. On the contrary, it is a good thing; they can help your progress. As for the ingratitude of those who have helped, do not sulk. It is the order of things on this planet."

"Live in the mind and the heart. Contemplate nature; try to understand it in its immensity, the infinitely great to the infinitely small; feel its eternal rapture overflowing everywhere with inexhaustible fecundity—all this and you will never be bored, you will never find time hanging; you will feel as young at eighty as at forty with all your faculties."

"And when you go to sleep on the last night your last hour will be the evening of a beautiful day."

"But the will to remain young is one of our best arms against age and death."

### Palace Garden as Bird Sanctuary.

King George has granted permission for the use of part of the spacious gardens of Buckingham Palace as a wild bird sanctuary, says a London despatch. The committee recently appointed by Lord Crawford to consider the establishment of bird sanctuaries in the royal parks and grounds of Buckingham Palace and with the King's permission sites are already established there for bird retreats.

Other recommendations include selected spots in Hyde Park, Kensington Gardens, St. James Park, Regents Park and Richmond Park, and it is hoped by establishing such retreats to induce the return of various species of wild birds to London. One of the problems in connection with such retreats is the menace of cats and squirrels, and while measures will be taken to exterminate the squirrels nearby residents will be expected to assist by keeping their cats at home.

### Small Tractor Converted Into a Road Roller.

That a small gas tractor can be readily changed into an efficient light roller for road work was demonstrated recently in a very simple manner. Each of the traction wheels was replaced by a golf-course wheel with extension rims that had been filled with cement inside the rim, so as to make its outer face smooth, and like a stone roller with a tread of 20 inches. The cement brought the weight of the tractor up to 5,600 pounds.

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