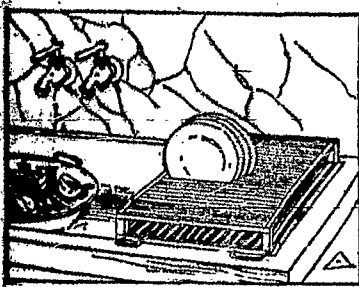


HINTS FOR THE BUSY HOUSEWIFE

Homemade Drain Board an Aid to Dishwashing.



The simple drain board shown in the sketch is a great kitchen help. It consists of two frames of pine strips each one foot wide and just long enough to fit across the sink.

Unseasoned Frosting.

Whites of three eggs, one tablespoonful of lemon juice and sifted confectioners' sugar. Put the eggs in a large bowl, add two tablespoonfuls of sugar and beat three minutes, using a moderate wooden spoon.

Spiced Beef Fraised.

Take the flank part of the beef, slice off part of the meat, leaving about half an inch thick to roll. Take a few slices of fresh pork and a few strips of meat cut from off the flank; season lightly with salt, black pepper, ginger, allspice and one onion chopped fine; put the strips of meat and pork on the flank place with the spices, roll up tightly and sew up securely, do a string around it and boil till tender, then take out and press till cold.

Cheddar Straws.

After soaking a pile gather all the scraps of leftover paste and roll out again. Cut into strips one-fourth inch wide. Lay upon a baking pan, leaving space between the strips wide enough to run a pencil through. Grate cheddar cheese with a little salt and pepper and sprinkle thickly over the strips. Bake like the oven where the greatest heat will be at the top and bake till a delicate brown. Allow the straws to cool before cutting.

Mustard Gingerbread.

One cupful of molasses, one cupful of sugar, mix together one cupful of lard, one cupful of sour milk, two even teaspoonfuls of soda, two even teaspoonfuls of ginger and a little salt. Sift flour to knead and roll out a little thicker than a cookie. Cut with a knife into long strips and lay in a sheet pan. Bake in a rather hot oven and turn upside down to cool. When cool cut into squares and put in a jar to moisten.

Chicken and Tomatoes.

Prepare chicken as for a fricassee, with a few slices of salt pork and a small sliced onion. Cover with water and let simmer slowly. When nearly cooked add four medium tomatoes sliced and sliced or a medium sized onion cut in thin slices, and stir in a little salt and pepper and simmer until an hour longer. Arrange the chicken on a platter with some slices of toast or toasted crackers and pour the broth over the whole and serve.

Codfish Wiggle.

Pick up a cupful of codfish, place in saucepan with enough cold water to cover, let come to boiling point, drain and cover with cold water again; turn off as before. Thicken a pint of milk as for cream toast, seasoning well with pepper, salt and butter. Now add the fish and half a can of peas and let all boil up. Have ready some nicely browned French fried potatoes and turn the cream, fish, etc., over this.

Rolls Apple Dumplings.

Peel and chop fine tart apples, make a crust of one cupful of rich butter, one teaspoonful of soda and flour enough to roll. Roll one-half inch thick, spread with apple, sprinkle well with sugar and cinnamon, cut into strips two inches wide, roll up like jelly cake, cut up into rolls in a greased pan, dotting a teaspoonful of butter on each. Put in a moderate oven and bake them fifteen with the steam.

A WELL SET TRAP HUMOROUS QUIPS

Snared a Blackmailer Who Dared to Invade Wall Street.

TRIED TO WORK JAY GOULD.

But the Old Financier Was Not to Be Scared by a Black Hand Letter, and His Partner Fixed Up a Scheme That Cleverly Caught the Culprit.

The late Jay Gould arrived at his office one morning in a state of mind "There!" he said to his favorite partner, flinging down a letter which had been addressed to Mrs. Jay Gould.

The partner first read the letter. The writer promised that he had lost a great deal of money speculating in Gould's stocks, especially Missouri Pacific, and required that he be advised to go back what he had lost and more besides.

The partner, who had a shrewd understanding of human nature, proceeded in an unexpected manner. It happened that Mr. Gould's firm was very active in Missouri Pacific and controlled the stock's fluctuations.

On the next day an advertisement was inserted, as the blackmailer had requested, informing him agreeably to his code to buy Missouri Pacific and to watch for further instructions.

Missouri Pacific stock went up a few days later another advertisement was inserted telling him to sell Missouri Pacific. And Missouri Pacific declined.

Again he was told when to buy it and again when to sell it, and when this had been repeated a number of times the partner was ready to spring the trap.

He inserted an advertisement which took the blackmailer off his guard. It read somewhat like this: "Missouri Pacific—The person who has been receiving information to his own profit about the movements of this stock has not kept faith with us.

He has been imparting it to others. For that reason it is discontinued."

That was not true. There was not the slightest reason to believe that the blackmailer had imparted his information to others there had been even no conclusive evidence of his springing it for himself, as he would be likely to speculate on so large a scale as to be recognized in the stock market.

But even in a few hundred shares at a time a man could make a great deal of money in a short time if he knew beforehand infallibly when the price would rise and when it would fall.

Mr. Gould's partner counted upon the man's natural impulse when accused of having, by his own lack of discretion, slain his goose. The impulse would be to deny that he had broken faith. The chances were that he would deny it by letter. The trick was to nail him as he mailed the letter.

Inspector Byrnes was now called into the case. The accusing advertisement was printed on Sunday morning, so that if the blackmailer posted a letter during the day it would be all the easier to catch him.

Inspector Byrnes stationed a man at every mail box in the postal district from which the original letter of threat had been posted to Mrs. Gould. Every man who posted a letter anywhere in that district that Sunday was under suspicion.

Haunting the Spot.

Still do I haunt the woodlands O my sweet, Where we together in the pride of June Wandered through a blazing after noon Till, halting where o'erleaved the branches meet, I cast myself in supplication at your feet.

And begged you fervently to grant that boon Which forms the first step to a honeymoon And make your Donald's happiness complete.

Even though you scorned the offer of my heart? When pressed upon you in imploring tones, Even though henceforth we were doomed to walk apart (You now, in point of fact, are Mrs. Jones)?

Often times I seek the spot whereon we stopped, Hoping to find that half crown which I dropped.

—Punch

Afraid to Tell. In a New York public institution attended by many races during an examination in history the teacher asked a little chap who discovered America.

The boy was evidently terrified and hesitated much to the teacher's surprise to make any reply.

"Oh, please, ma'am," he finally stammered, "ask me something else."

"Something else, Jimmy? Why should I do that?" "The fellows was talking 'bout it yesterday," replied Jimmy. "Pat McGee said it was discovered by an Irish saint. Oh said he was a sailor from Norway, and Giovanni said it was Columbus, and if you'd 'a' seen what a feller like me."—Everybody's Magazine.

Grass For Excitement. On the occasion of the visit of a traveling circus to a small provincial town the juveniles of the surrounding country were all agog with excitement, raised by the large posters and gorgeous procession.

The young son of a notoriously close fisted farmer rushed in to his father and eagerly implored him for sixpence with which to "see the circus."

"What!" exclaimed old Skinfint. "Sixpence to see the circus, and here only last month I let you go up to Farmer Jones' field to see the eclipse of the moon; Young man, do you want your life to be one perpetual round of gayety?"—Tit-Bits.

Who the Heathen Are. Father Bernard Vaughan was condemning a somewhat acrimonious religious argument.

"Disputes of this kind," he said, "remind me forcibly of a little girl. 'What are the heathen, Jenny?' her Sunday school teacher asked this little girl."

"The heathen, the child replied, 'are people who don't quarrel over religion.'"—New York Press.

Anti-skid Variety. Redd—I understand Black's wife has just run away with his chauffeur. Greene—Indeed! Why, that's the third wife he's lost the same way.

"Yes, but he's not discouraged. He's looking for another wife." "What! Another?" "Yes, he's looking for an anti-skid wife now."—Yonkers Statesman.

QUALITY OF MILK.

It Can Easily Be Determined by Using the Candle Test.

Here is a very simple way in which to test the quality of the milk you buy. First stir the milk with a spoon in order to disseminate into the whole liquid the cream which may have come to the surface.

Then one volume of milk is poured into fifty volumes of water one fluid ounce to two and a half pints. A candle is lighted in a dark room. Take an ordinary drinking glass with a tolerably flat and even bottom and hold it right above the candle at a distance of about one foot from it, so as to be able to see the flame of the candle through the bottom of the glass.

Then pour slowly the diluted milk into the glass. The flame becomes less bright as the level of the liquid rises into the glass. The flame is soon reduced to a dull white spot. A little more liquid slowly added, so as to avoid pouring an excess, and the flame becomes absolutely invisible.

All that remains to be done is to measure the height of the liquid in the glass, this being most conveniently ascertained by dipping into it a strip of paste-board and then measuring the wet part. It should measure not over one inch if the milk is pure.

With good quality milk diluted and tested as stated the depth will be about seven-eighths of an inch before the flame is lost to view. A mixture of one volume of milk and half a volume of water should show a depth of one and a half inches. A depth of two inches indicates either partially skimmed milk or a mixture of one volume of good milk and one of water, and so on.

The process is based upon the close relation between the opacity of milk and the number of fatty corpuscles contained in it. Both skimming and the adding of water work in the same direction, namely, to decrease the opacity of milk. The same cannot be said of the density. Skimming increases it. Adding water decreases it and the common test that consists in the mere introduction of the lacto-densimeter in milk is worthless, as skimmed milk may have a normal density if care has been taken to pour into it a certain amount of water.

—New York World

SECRET WRITING. Simple Cipher System That Keeps Postcard Messages Private. Postal cards would undoubtedly be in much greater demand than they are for purposes of correspondence but for the fact that the messages they convey are open to all through whose hands they may pass.

Yet this objection is easily overcome. There are some beautifully simple ciphers that are almost impossible for any one not in the secret to read. Only by luck, for instance, can even the expert find the key to a short message written in the "troubled" or "grill" cipher.

It is extremely simple, and thousands of people use it to baffle folks who take an interest in the contents of postal cards.

To use it all you have to do is to cut a few oblong holes in a blank postcard, place it over the postcard you mean to write on and write your message in the holes. Then take the upper card off and write some natural reading sentences round the cipher words.

Any inquisitive person reading the card when it reaches your correspondent's house will find a message of no interest whatever. Only your correspondent himself or herself can read the real message, and that by placing on the card a blank card cut in exactly the same way as your own. Pearson's Weekly.

IN THE WORLD OF SPORT

Flanagan Will Represent America In Olympics.



Word has reached New York that John J. Flanagan, the world's greatest weight thrower, who is now in Ireland, will represent the United States at the Olympic games, which will be held in Stockholm, Sweden, next June.

In a letter to a friend Flanagan states that he has not given up athletics, and that he is throwing the iron weight as far as ever.

About two years ago Flanagan quit America to take care of an estate which was left him in Ireland. Flanagan is the present Olympic champion in throwing the sixteen pound hammer.

Davis Tells of Athletics' Play. Harry Davis asserted that there was no truth in the rumor that the success of the Athletics was due to their ability to steal signals. Davis said that the Athletics never made a habit of stealing signals, and moreover, he declared that they swiped any of the Giants' signs in the world's series.

"We let the other fellow believe that we stole signals and played it for all it was worth," said Harry. "In the opening game of the world series I drove home Baker with the first run of the game with a single to left."

"Because it was old Harry Davis who made the hit Mathewson immediately thought that I had stolen his sign, and he quickly switched. The Athletics always had the New York battery up in the air, and they worried themselves sick changing their signs when we didn't know anything about them."

Manumot in the Olympics. James W. Monument of the Irish American A. C., the former two mile national champion, will sail for England next week to compete in the English Olympic tryouts which will be held in London on May 26. He is ineligible to battle for Uncle Sam because he is not a United States citizen.

According to the Olympiad rules, none but a citizen may compete for the country which he wishes to represent. Monument is a star runner and should have no difficulty making a place on John Bull's team.

For the same reason Dan Ahearn, the world's record holder for the hop, step and jump, and Con Walsh, the national champion hammer thrower, will wear the colors of the British Isle if they compete in the next Olympiad.

Distance Plunge Record. H. C. Kottke, 14, broke the Columbia university record in the plunge for distance recently in New York in the sophomore-freshman swimming meet with a plunge of 68 feet 9 inches. This mark is 3 feet 9 inches better than the former record, held by W. F. Peters. In addition to his first place, three other fruits were scored by the second year man who won the annual meet by 25 1/2 points to 17 1/2.

Cy Young's Twenty-third Season. It will be twenty-three years next August since Cy Young pitched his last game for a minor league, and that game was pitched in McKeesport, Pa. That was in the old Tri-state league days, when the path to baseball fortune was rocky and the destination like a will-o'-the-wisp. Cy, by the way, has just signed to pitch next season for the Boston Nationals.

Jordan Checker Champion. Alfred Jordan, the English champion checker player, who toured the United States a few months ago, is the present world's champion by beating James Ferrie, the British player, in the recent Scottish tourney at Glasgow. Jordan met Ferrie in the final round, defeating him in one game and drawing the remaining eleven.

Pickering to Play Baseball. Earl Pickering, former captain of the University of Minnesota baseball nine, has signed to pitch for Terre Haute of the Central league. Pickering is the football star who was protected by Wisconsin last fall on charges of manslaughter. He is alleged to have killed a woman under an alias in the Boston Herald.

Would Come Without Drawing. "I drew to three twice last night and didn't fill." "Your wife ought to have dropped in; she'd have given you the draw."—New York Times.

CAVITIES IN THE SKULL.

Room Enough Inside One's Head to Hide Bulky Articles.

Every one is not aware that there is space inside a person's head for storing away heavy and bulky foreign articles. One man who had made a specialty of burglary and jail breaking now shows how he was aided in his work by utilizing this human attic storage room.

He concealed a large skeleton key and a saw twelve inches long, curled like a watch spring, in the cavity reached through his nostrils. But in the London Lancet Dr. Rushton Parker relates a more remarkable case of the carrying of a large foreign body in that space of the head, and that without the victim knowing that his head was so filled up and weighted down.

A young farmer consulted Dr. Parker at the Liverpool hospital for a nasal abscess that had troubled him some time. Probing the nostril, the surgeon found that a loose mass, apparently of metal, occupied a considerable space behind the nose and above the roof of the mouth.

So large was this object that it was removed with difficulty through the side of the face. It proved to be a gun breech and an iron bolt. The breech measured 3 by 1 1/2 by 1 1/2 inches. The bolt was three inches long. The weight of the two was a quarter of a pound. This mass of metal had been in the man's head for five years, though he had not suspected its presence there.

A muzzle loading gun had exploded in his hands and shattered his face. The wound healed without leaving any outward deformity. His only affliction was symptoms of a nasal catarrh. The young farmer made a rapid recovery to perfect health with the removal of the iron from his head.

STRANGE BEDS.

In Germany a Person Should Be up Acrehat to Sleep Well.

Habit conceals all sorts of absurdities. It makes one ache to see an illustration of a Japanese sleeping block, hollowed out just enough to permit of the neck being adjusted thereto. The Germans' notion of night repose does not come much nearer our idea of comfort. There are many ill made and unsatisfactory beds from the American point of view to be found in the Kaiser's dominions.

German beds, almost without exception, are single—so much so, indeed, that the occupant, if he attempts to deviate an inch or two from his position, finds himself sprawling on the floor. The sheets, bed blankets, etc., are made just to fit the beds and are never wide enough to tuck in. They are seldom more than an inch or two wider than the mattress, and it requires the skill and experience of an acrobat, especially in the case of a foreigner, to keep the bedclothes evenly balanced over one.

Many of the German hotels use the French pillow, which is about half the size of the mattress and stuffed out so hard and plump that about the only benefit the tired traveler gets from it is to have it serve as a rest for his back while he sleeps in a sitting position. The majority of pillows found in Germany, however, are wedge shaped, of the same material as the mattress, and come to a point near the center of the bed. On these the sleeper (if he sleeps) rests on an inclined plane and looks like a body on one of the narrow planks in the morgue in Paris, with a sheet thrown over it. Harper's Weekly.

Some Counselors. The man who sometimes spoke his thoughts aloud had been more concerned with the things of the world than with things spiritual. One day by chance his hand fell upon a book containing the catechism of a certain Protestant church, and he was soon earnestly engaged in reading the Ten Commandments. For some time he pondered over the "Thou shalt" and "Thou shalt not," which had been forgotten almost since childhood. Then, laying down the book, with a sigh, he muttered, "Well, I've never killed anybody, anyway."—Everybody's.

Funny Man. Henri Bergson in his recent book, "Laughter," lays stress on the fact that man, long defined as "the laughing animal," is also the only laughing animal. There is nothing really cynical except human beings. The animal world is solemn beside the so-called lords of creation. Man alone is the subject of ridicule.

Agreeing as a Point. "I wish you could make my wife look on the bright side of things." "Perhaps there is no bright side to her life." "Nonsense! Hasn't she got a husband and a husband?" "That's what I was thinking of—her husband."—Houston Post.

Lasting. Hoax—I wonder why Tightwad always wears those salt and pepper suits? Joax—I suppose because a salt and pepper suit should be good for two seasons. Philadelphia Record.

She Must Have Been Poppery. Daughter—Papa, Jack is coming up tonight to ask your consent to our marriage. Be kind to him, won't you? Father—Very well, daughter. I'll say no.—Boston Transcript.

Metalsurgical. Doctor (after examination)—Madam, you have a constitution of iron. (To Patient)—I have often wondered what made me so heavy.—Judge.

Sin has many tools, but a lie is the handle that fits them all.—Moses.