

TRIO OF GOOD THINGS

GERMAN RECIPE FOR FRIED CABBAGE WITH APPLES.

How to Make Fried Pies That Are Delicious Hot or Cold—Russian Fudge Is Worth the Trouble.

Fried Cabbage With Apples.—Cut the cabbage as for slaw or ordinary frying and if not crisp let stand in cold water a while. Drain and place in frying pan. Now pare, core and slice apples over the top until there is a good thick layer, sprinkle with salt, pepper and a little sugar, dot generously with butter—or two-thirds butter, one-third lard may be used—partially cover with boiling water, cover tightly and set on stove to cook. As the water boils away and the cabbage and apples begin frying down and becoming tender, remove cover and toss frequently with knife to prevent burning. When browned slightly add several tablespoons of vinegar and olive oil, remove from stove at once and serve. This is an old German recipe.

Fried Pies.—Make a good pie dough, divide in small sections and roll out, not too thin, in oblongs, as though for turnovers, about seven by five inches. Use any preserves, cooked fruits fairly well drained, or fresh fruits that require scant cooking. Place a spoonful or so on one end of the pie flat, sprinkle lightly with sugar, dot with butter, spices also for some fruits, cut a small slit in upper flap, lap over, roll edges securely and fry on both sides to a golden brown in a pan of piping hot lard. Place on platter, sprinkle lightly with powdered sugar. Delicious hot or cold packed in lunches.

Russian Fudge.—A fudge recipe not often heard of but worth the trouble. Two pounds of granulated sugar, one can condensed milk (not evaporated), butter size of small egg; one teaspoon vanilla. Melt butter in pan, add sugar and condensed milk and mix well; let come to a boil slowly, then boil 15 minutes, stirring constantly, as it scorchers easily. Add a cup of broken nut meats if desired, flavoring, whip thoroughly and pour into shallow greased pans. Mark off into squares as it begins to harden.

CABBAGE COOKED WITH CARE

If These Instructions Are Followed It Will Be Free From Rank Flavor.

If cabbage is properly cooked it will be free from rank flavor. After quartering and slicing the head, rejecting, of course, the outside leaves and heart, cook for ten minutes in salted water. Then pour off the water, put the vegetable in a sieve and set it under the cold water faucet. The sieve should be set in a big earthen bowl and as the water fills up the bowl it should be poured off and fresh water run over the vegetable again, so that every part of it is thoroughly freshened. When well rinsed lift up the sieve, drain the cabbage and cut it into small pieces. Put it on the fire again in an enamel lined pot, cover with milk and let it cook slowly for three-quarters of an hour. Season with salt and pepper while cooking. About ten minutes before serving mix some soft butter and flour to a paste—enough to thicken the milk so that it forms a nice white sauce around it. A very young cabbage, straight from the garden, does not require such careful treatment.

About a Mattress.

A mattress should be turned every day, but unless the turning is done carefully it is liable to work the stuffing out of shape. To prevent this new handles of ticking or webbing to the sides and you will be able to turn the mattress without straining the ticking.

When one of the rosettes shows signs of coming off, it should be immediately stitched in position, for the stuffing will rapidly work out of place, and the mattress will lose its shape. New rosettes may be made out of old kid gloves and sewn on with fine twine with a long upholsterer's needle.

By following these hints you will greatly prolong the life of your mattress.

Salad Pyramids.

About one pound of cold new potatoes, one cooked beet, one cucumber, a little grated horseradish, and some salad dressing. With a round cutter cut out equal sized rounds of potato, beet and cucumber, the slices to be about one-eighth of an inch thick. Arrange them in alternate layers in mounds or pyramids; the top layer should be rather smaller rounds. Put a heap of very finely chopped grated horseradish on the top of each. Arrange the pyramids in a bowl and pour the salad dressing round.

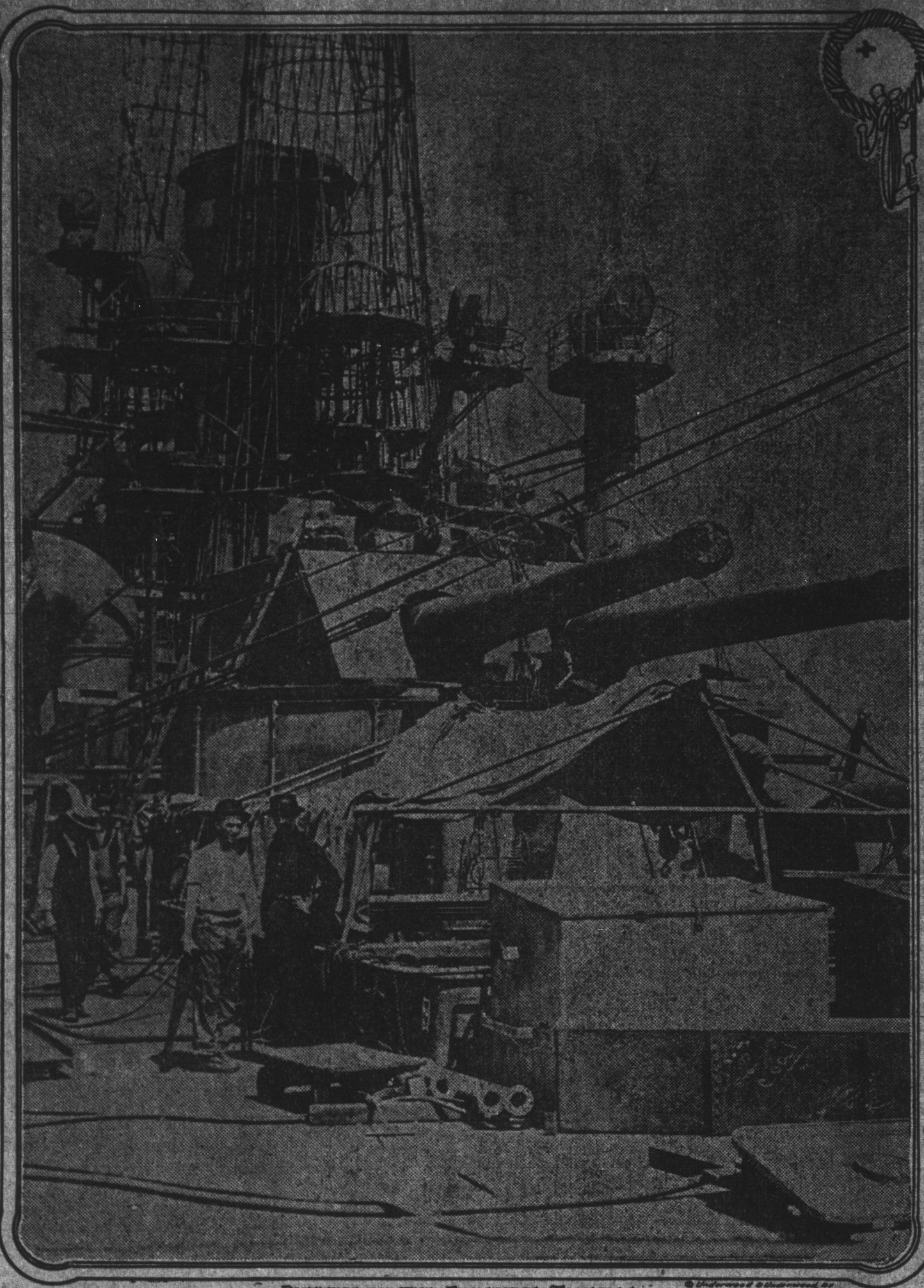
To Iron Fine Tucks.

From an old linen tablecloth make a pad about 12 inches long and 6 inches wide and six or eight folds in thickness, stretch the tucks of the waist to be ironed over this, right side down, and when finished they will be straight and stand out nicely.—Housekeeper.

Muffins.

Quarter cup sugar, one egg, three-fourths cup milk, tablespoon butter, two cups flour, two teaspoons baking powder. Hot oven.

BATTLESHIP FLORIDA NEARLY COMPLETED



THIS photograph, made recently in the Brooklyn navy yard, shows the battleship Florida nearly completed. The great war vessel is as powerful as any in the American navy and before long will be ready to be put into commission.

ELECTRICITY TO KILL PESTS

Washington Man Demonstrates Value of New Method of Exterminating Many Injurious Insects.

Spokane, Wash.—Electricity as an agency to destroy the codling moth and other bug pests is the latest innovation introduced in modern apple orcharding in the Spokane valley, where W. M. Frost of Opportunity, Wash., and J. C. Lawrence, a grower of Spokane, the other night gave what is declared to have been the first demonstration of its kind in the world. The test was made in a six-year-old orchard, and more than a score of second-brood moths and many green aphids were killed in a few moments.

The apparatus consists of a storage battery to charge the incandescent light globes, each of six candle power, which are netted with fine steel wire, coated with copper and tin, alternately. Attracted by the bright lights in

the trees, to which the globes are carried at the ends of a covered wire, the moths fly against the netting, complete the electric circuit and are instantly killed, the bodies falling into a receptacle placed beneath the globe.

Mr. Frost estimates that one battery to an acre of trees will keep the moths under control, thus eliminating the usual spraying and saving many dollars annually for help, equipment and fuel.

He is now preparing to wire his orchard of ten acres, containing 700 trees, and several neighbors who witnessed the initial test are doing likewise. It is reported that several thousand acres of bearing apple trees will be equipped with exterminators by next spring.

If commercial electric light wires are extended to the orchard tracts, as they are in many of the valleys in Washington, Idaho, Oregon and Montana, the expense of batteries may be

saved by making direct connection. The cost of covering the globes with wire nets is a small item, and any electrician can do the work.

Apples to Court Girl.

Boston.—A Greek folk custom by which young men of that country were wont to propose to the blushing maidens of their choice by handing them a shining apple and, if their affections were reciprocated, receive in return a rose, is to be revived for the first time in America at a big Greek picnic here. So hopeful of success are the churchmen that a staff of Greek pastors is to be on hand to tie matrimonial knots.

Elm Fed on Bricks.

Springfield, Mass.—In removing an elm tree to prepare for the foundations of the new municipal building workmen discovered a bulging root about four feet in the ground. The root was cut open and inside were found two bricks, which the root completely enveloped. The specimen will probably be given to the Science museum.

BLACK CROW IS A BIG RIVER

Tributary of Yukon Found to Be Hundreds of Miles Long—New Outlet to Northern Canada.

Ottawa, Ontario.—A big river has been discovered in Canada. It is new in the sense that no one had any conception of its extent.

The Porcupine river is a tributary of the Yukon. It has a tributary known as the Black Crow. Until a month or so ago no one believed that the Black Crow was more than twenty or thirty miles long. It is now known to be hundreds of miles long.

The discoverers are the surveyors delineating the international boundary in the far north. The last word received from them was that they had traversed three hundred miles of the Black Crow. Access to the Arctic ocean will be rendered much easier from the northern portion of Canadian territory.

Church Makes Pastor Sick.

New York.—All Saints church at Mariner's Harbor, Staten Island, is in difficulties because its new pastor becomes seasick with the slightest pitching or tossing of the church edifice. All Saints is a floating church, for many years called the Church for Seamen. It is moored in the harbor off a little Staten Island community whose citizens are largely seafarers. The anchorage is an exposed one, and frequently has brisk winds kicking up a lively sea, so that the church-boat pitches and rolls. The pastor, Dr. William Mix, is a landman, and on at least one occasion recently he has found it necessary to cut the service short.

"BIG ANNIE" IS A MOTHER

Largest Snake in the Zoo Gives Birth to Fifty-Seven Offspring and All but Nine Are Living.

New York.—Perhaps it was because there were only a few visitors at the zoo the other afternoon and only a few discreet attendants in the reptile house. Or maybe that had nothing to do with it. Anyway, at about three o'clock there was a portentous thrashing and writhing in the cage Big Annie, the prize 19-foot anaconda, shares with Rex, a royal python. Assistant Curator Dittmar heard the noise and looked in. Then he ran out and gathered up 15 keepers.

"I want you to come with me," he told them. "Big Annie is—or rather she will—Never mind, come on quick and get her out of the cage."

It took only a few minutes to untangle Big Annie's 15 feet—length—and get her in another cage. And then, before the legendary Jack Robinson could earn mention, there were 57 new little anacondas at the zoo. Dr. W. Reed Blair, who was hurried over, said he'd be gosh dinged, or something like that, if he'd ever seen the like before. Nine of the 57 didn't seem to appreciate the breathing world and left it. The others perked right up, and now they are crawling all over each other as lively as fame. Blair said they were "doing fine."

R. H. Mole, a newspaper editor in Port of Spain, Trinidad, where Big Annie to the zoo, got on the cable almost at the moment of Annie's good fortune, and sent word that he had found the 19 foot mate of Annie, and

should he send him along. Mr. Dittmar cabled "Sure." But if things keep on the curator fears the zoo may have more anacondas than it really needs.

Old-Time Consumption Cure.

London.—The publication of the final report of the royal commission on tuberculosis recalls the elaborate "cure" for consumption in the past. There is the French "cure," for instance, which Sterne survived. Sterne was taken ill in Paris and the best medical advice was sought. The verdict was consumption. And the prescription proved worse than the malady. First of all, a cockerel had to be procured to be flayed alive and pounded in a mortar. This executed, the result was bottled together with poppy seeds, and to the broth thus spoiled a crawfish was added. Moreover, it was absolutely necessary that it should be a male crawfish, otherwise the doctor would not guarantee the "cure." And Sterne took his gruel like an Englishman and still lived on!

Whistles to Replace Bells.

New York.—The clang of the bells on fire apparatus soon will be missing among the street noises of New York. Fire Commissioner Johnson announced the other day that the bells gradually would be replaced by whistles, as it has been found that the shriek of the automobile horn carries its warning for many blocks, while the fire bell usually can be heard in a noisy section of the city during the day only for a city block.

REFLECTIONS OF A BACHELOR

Try to please everybody and please nobody.

Few of us can live up to our ancestors however deep down they are buried.

You hardly ever know why you like people; you always know why you don't.

Without a certain amount of phony a girl can't make herself believe it's real love.

Real virtue scorns acquisition; that's where it differs from brains.

Man's reason gets him into mischief that woman's instinct keeps her out of.

Any woman can understand a telegram because no woman understands punctuation.

A few men can undergo as severe an ordeal for themselves as all women can for other people.

No matter how it disgusts a woman for her husband to chew tobacco she can't help admiring him for being able to do such a hard thing.

Your stroke of genius would be in some other fellow just an idea.

Marriages may be made in heaven, but they can be unmade any old place.

Men get wildly excited over politics so as to make themselves believe some of it.

Maybe if men let women have the right to vote women would let men have the right to spend some of their own money.—New York Press.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

The Serbian government has ordered 100 American typewriters for government use.

The United States takes nearly one-fourth of the nitrate production of Chile.

The total quantity of lumber sawed in the United States was 26.9 per cent. greater in 1908 than in 1899.

There recently died in England a man who had spent 74 of his 73 years in a workshop.

Though the bulk of our lumber exports have not greatly increased in recent years, the valuation shows gigantic strides.

Exportation of American typewriters increases constantly. In 1910 it was \$8,848,464.

Many of the municipal enterprises in the County of Yorkshire, England, were financial failures last year.

British cotton exports this year show a marked gain, particularly in South America, China and Japan.

California pine has been grown successfully in Chile and is in great demand there for many purposes.

Great Britain imported \$3,804,400 worth of American scientific instruments in 1910, against \$1,056,220 worth in 1909.

WISE OR OTHERWISE

The sooner you sidetrack a bad job the better.

When duty calls, some men go in another direction.

Many a man's bluff isn't called until he gets married.

Few women are deep thinkers—but they are all clothes observers.

If a girl is only pretty enough she can get some fellow to teach her to swim every summer.

Sometimes it is better to wait until the bridge is finished than to attempt to swim across.

Most any job looks about as big as a pea to a man till he tackles it, when it grows to be a mountain.

The more his wife can do with the little money he gives her the greater financier a man thinks he is.

Speech may have been given man to conceal his thoughts, but in many a case it was an unnecessary precaution.

TELEPHONE MANNERS

Don't gossipy over the 'phone.

Don't listen to your neighbor's business if you are on a party line.

Don't hold the wire for a quarter of an hour to chat nonsense when some one else wants it for business.

Don't phone your chum just because you're nothing else to do.

Don't try to break in when some one else is phoning.

Don't get into a pet if some one else is on the wire when you want it.

Unless you remember these "don'ts" you should expect to be called underbred.—New York Globe.

CURRENT VERSE

The Wanderer to His Heart's Desire.
There you—here I;
Not all the sweetness of your face,
Nor joy of your fair company,
Can bring us to one place.

I think of you—
A picture framed in sombre trees,
Eyes where a gleam of sky breaks through,
Gray days on summer seas.

The Western Wind.
That runs the prairies like a flame,
Bears in his fragrant garments twined
A whisper of your name.

In some far land,
When I desire your comradeship
And the cool frankness of your hand,
The sweetness of your lip.

Then do you send
A blown kiss in the wind's long hair;
And though I sleep at the world's end
Yet will it find me there.
—John S. Reed, in American Magazine.

The Fruit That Never Falls.
Though crops may fall from year to year
And leave us very sad,
There is one fruit, it doth appear,
That's always to be had.
In apples, peaches and in pears
A shortage may be found.
But constantly in life's affairs
The lemon's passed around.

It greets the simple sighing swain,
It scares the soldier bold,
It bids the statesman oft complain
And in finance 'tis sold.
Though drought and bug may prove
About the sturdy fruit prevails;
'Tis always freely passed about;
The lemon never fails.

Oriskany.

(Aug. 6, 1777.)

This is the field; this pathway leads
To that bright hill of green,
There is the marsh, the tangled weeds
That skirt the deep ravine.

Here stood the flank on one dread day
When thunder filled the air;
And rose the shout o'er mountains gray
"The King and St. Leger!"

They fell—the sons of years gone by,
In wood and ambushade;
And few men read in history
The brave defense they made.

For that was seven score distant years;
The summer breezes stir,
And deck with rows of grassy spears,
The grave of Herkimer.

Nor shines the glare of war's red brand
By fort and tower and town;
But there was sorrow in the land
When that good man went down.

Soft echo sends his battle cry
Across that valley fair;
And yet the bending pine trees sigh:
"The King and St. Leger!"
—J. J. Moehan.

To Folly and Whim.

Let the future be dark,
Or let it be bright,
Let us sing with the lark
Ere the present has fled.
The past, it is dead,
And the future is dim,
Ere the present has fled,
Here's to folly and whim!

O, the morrows ne'er dawn,
'Tis always today;
Then before it is gone
Let us sing while we may.
The cup of our bliss
Let us fill to the brim;
With a smile and a kiss,
Here's to folly and whim!
—Francis Owne, in Smart Set.

Song.

Out of the dusky midnight,
Over the silver dew,
A spirit came
With a basket of flame,
Singing of yore, of you.
Dawn rose over the mountains,
Gold on the farthest heights;
And the robins sang
Till the wildwood rang
Only of love's delight.

Midnight and dawn and sunset—
Rose of the east and west—
Again I wait
At your garden gate,
And the dawn is in my breast!
—Louis V. Ledoux, in Century Magazine.

Primavera Mia.

As kings who see their life-day pass,
Take off the heavy ermine and the crown,
So had the trees that autumn-time laid down
Their golden garments on the faded grass,
When I, who watched the season in the glass

Or mine own thoughts, saw all the autumn's brown
Leap into life and don a sunny gown
Of leafage such as happy April has,
Great spring came singing upward from the south;

For in my heart, far carried on the wind,
Your words like winged seeds took root and grew,
And all the world caught music from your mouth;

I saw the light as one who had been blind,
And knew my sun and song and spring were you.
—Sara Teasdale, in the International.

An Interlude.

Yesterday, dear, the skies were gray,
Ah, but why speak of yesterday—
Gray will the morrow be again,
Yet, why think of the morrow's pain?

Just for today the skies are fair,
Just today may I laugh and dare
Hold you close to my raptured breast,
Just for today are joy and jest.

Love of mine, though the slow years
spread
Winding-shells for our gladness dead—
The silence may not seem so long
That bears remembrance of a song!

The Mirror.

Within a wondrous glass,
A wondrous magic mirror,
I gaze and see my features nobler shown.

Then I can dare to own—
Oh, nobler, fairer, dearer,
Which inward graces brighten as they pass!

How beautiful, how strange
To see so wondrous graces!
A queen might feel her sceptre cheaply sold
If she could thus behold
A glass wherein her face is
Beyond desire made fair by magic change.

Such mirrors no one buys,
But they may freely own them
Who rightly love, who gladly greet the time.

All these will have sublime
Their souls and features shown them,
Nobly renewed within their children's eyes.
—Hester Holey, in Century Magazine.