

HINTS FOR HOUSEKEEPERS

Housekeepers will find the following article, from the New York Tribune, on the fireless cooker, interesting. How far it is practicable, and how much saving it accomplishes, each must decide for herself.

The idea of cooking without fire has sprung into sudden popularity in America. The idea itself is no new thing. Fireless cookery has been practiced in Norway and other parts of the world for a great many years. All primitive communities, probably, cooked their food in hot ashes, or in ovens from which the fire was raked before the food was put in, and campers still use the latter method of cooking, with an oven of heated stones. But fireless cookery is an innovation in the modern American home, and the fireless cooker as we know it today, bears little resemblance to the savages' bed of hot ashes or the colonial housewife's outdoor oven.

The shops are full of these cookers and they are said to be really to perform marvels. Some of them are arranged for roasting and baking as well as for stewing. These have two soapstone plates, which can be heated and placed under and over the utensil containing the roast. The cheapest cookers have only one cavity, while the more expensive have three or four. All the cookers are heavily packed with non-conducting material inclosed in aluminum or some kind of metal. The kettles that come with them are made to fit the cavity exactly and a thick hood fits down over the kettles, so that they are not exposed to the air. Some of the cookers have aluminum utensils, others have agate or jorcelain lined ware. Some of them have pails within pails, so that steaming can be done, or two foods can cook at once in the same cavity. In fact there is a big variety to choose from, and, of course, the saving in fuel more than pays the price of the cooker.

Recipe books come with the different makes of cookers and tell just how to can, bake, stew, steam and roast almost any food one may fancy. The manufacturers of some of the cookers declare that foods can be fried and broiled in their machines, but unless they are connected with burners that can heat the soapstone plates while in the cookers there can be little or no economy in broiling or frying in this fashion, as otherwise the plates must be heated on an ordinary stove and the broiling and frying can be generally done on the stove in the same time it would take to heat the plates. But for roasting a big piece of beef that requires a long time much fuel can be saved, and while the plates are heating the roast can get a good start in the oven. Care is needed in the management of a "fireless" and some housewives say that they are unable to avoid burning, but if the directions that accompany the cookers are carefully followed there will probably be little or no trouble.

Once the art of managing the cooker has been mastered its advantages will be found to be many. Food cooked in this way is generally believed to be more savory and appetizing than when cooked over fire. Pots and kettles do not blacken with smoke; there are no unpleasant odors and no heat from the kitchen and best of all, to most people, no money

worth speaking of is spent for fuel.

One of the advantages of the "fireless" is that the question of getting an early breakfast is solved if cooked cereals are used. The oatmeal or similar cereal can be started on the cook stove at night and cooked till morning in the "fireless." Soup, meat, rice and vegetables can be prepared early in the day, started on the fire and then left to cook slowly in the cooker. The "fireless" must not be expected to work perfectly with all sorts of cookery; it can never be anything more than an assistant.

Foods that must boil quickly are not usually a success on the "fireless." It is just the thing, however, for tough fowls and round steaks or other foods that can become tender only with long, slow simmering. Tough meats of this kind should get a good start of half an hour on the stove before being put into the "fireless." Cereals, macaroni and vegetables that require long, slow cooking may also be cooked to advantage in this way. Care should be taken that they do not remain in the cooker too long, however, as they may sour, but this seldom happens, unless they remain several hours or a day longer than is necessary. It is said that an article should not stay in over twenty-four hours and not so long as that when the weather is hot.

The "fireless" may serve other purposes than that of cooking. It may be used as a warming oven in case any one is late to dinner, and it is a convenience in case of sickness if there is no fire, as water can be kept hot in it a long time.

If economy is a necessity, a fireless cooker can be improvised with comparative ease. Eggs have been cooked to perfection in padded hat box. They were placed in a small earthen vessel filled with boiling water, tightheart of the hat and then closed with flannel and packed in the box, which was fitted with a tight cover.

A small old trunk that has no cracks or breaks where air can enter makes an excellent fireless cooker, as many may know. Fill the trunk with clean hay or excelsior. Bury the pot containing the food and hot water in the heart of the hay and then close the trunk and forget it till meal time. Felted of some kind may be pressed down over the pot to protect it still more. Cushions are sometimes used to stuff around the kettle, but they are likely to become insubstantial unless the kettle is very carefully wiped. This must be done before it is removed from the stove, for there must not be a minute's delay after the kettle is taken from the fire. It must be slipped instantly from the stove into the box and then sealed up immediately. Those who have not made a success of fireless cooking have failed in one of these points.

Crumpled newspapers are sometimes used instead of hay, but owing to the printer's ink they are not considered sanitary for use near food.

The box, which must be three or four inches larger in every direction than the vessel containing the food, should be lined with asbestos or with several thicknesses of paper. The packing material must be pressed down hard, and felted should be spread snugly over the top. The cover must fit tightly over the box like the lid of a trunk. When the box is not in use it should be left open and the hay should be often renewed.

Cannibal Races the Most Despised of Men, Said to be Philosophers in Their Way

Is Not the Monster of Popular Report, and is Not Devoid of Sentiment or Feeling, According to An Authority who Has Made a Study of the Race.

Of all persons in the world the cannibal is the last whom anyone would suspect of having one iota of philosophy in his makeup. This man-eating man—not much of a man at that—is usually considered as being bereft of every mental, moral and spiritual human attribute.

Those people known as savages, or those called heathen, have many redeeming qualities in our eyes, even though they haven't had the benefits of our modern civilization and educational systems. But the cannibal has nothing apparently to recommend him, no characteristic whatever in common with ours. We cannot conceive of his having any semblance of theology about him, and certainly the idea of his having any sentiment seems preposterous and amusing.

Rather striking, therefore, is the assurance which comes to us through the tales of Mather Meier, that these strange people are philosophers in their way, and that they have studied out for themselves the problem of the origin of man, coming to a conclusion which compares favorably with that of any unenlightened people. They have also reasoned out a wholly satisfactory hereafter, and have figured out a reason why we stay dead when we die.

They say that everlasting youth was one of man's properties until he threw it away, and that belief has a flavor of the Garden of Eden about it. They have an explanation also, as to why the serpent is so hated among men, and the reason has to do with man's downfall from perpetual life.

Their theory is crude, very crude, but little more could be expected from their limited intellectual resources.

They believe that in the beginning man shed his skin as a snake does now.

But one day when a mother came home after shedding her skin her little boy didn't recognize her and refused for a long time to believe that it was she. When finally convinced he declared that he didn't like her in her new cuticle and demanded to know what she had done with the old.

"I threw it into the water," his mother replied, "and it has floated away by this time." The boy went after it and found it hanging to a bramble. He rescued it, took it home and threw it over his mother again. When his father came home he asked: "Why have you drawn over your mother the skin she peeled off? You are a fool. Now our descendants must always die, but the snakes will slough their skins." And thereafter everyone was so enraged at the sight of a snake that they promptly stepped on its head. That's the reason the serpent's head is flat.

Death was not a fixture until a disobedient child upset the order of things. Even after the boy had put a crimp in everlasting youth, people didn't stay dead when they finally came to die. They got out of their graves and lived again—not a transmigration of souls but actual physical resurrection.

One day an old woman who had died got herself out of her grave and upon emerging again called to a little girl to get her some fire in order that she might warm herself. The little girl wouldn't do it and the old lady died for good. And that's why we always stay dead. Some moderns go the cannibals one better, and tell how the soul of a dead per-

son migrates into animals or other persons.

In the matter of creation, no time is lost in guessing. No one seeks to know the cause of the first cause. It all begins with the utmost simplicity.

In the beginning was He—just He. The cannibal doesn't venture any explanation of how He came into existence. No doubt He, like the Christian God, always has been. At any rate, this was how He created man. He stooped over a soft, muddy spot and sketched the likeness of two human figures in the ground. Then he opened a vein in His arm and sprinkled the blood from it over these forms and straightway they sprang into life. Very simple, but see how it conforms with Christian dictum. In the second chapter of Genesis it says: "And the Lord God formed man out of the dust of the ground."

The cannibal has no use for two wives at once or two wives in tandem. Many, many years ago one of them brought home an extra spouse from the forest and it wasn't long before there was a riot in the household, and the newcomer had to take her departure. This and a few similar experiences made the cannibal quite a philosopher. The stepmother is equally in disfavor, because the first stepmother drove her husband's two children to suicide.

It is really remarkable to see how many views and customs the cannibal isolated on the distant islands, has always had in common with us, and taking him altogether we find that he is not the abject, soulless, man-eating monster that he is popularly conceived. He is not void of sentiment, not without feeling, not lacking in philosophy.

POOR FRUIT CROP IN NOVA SCOTIA

(Farmer's Advocate)

We have had a peculiar season so far, for fruit, at least. Frost, and cold east winds and rain at blossoming time combined to prevent good fertilization. As a result, we will probably have the lightest crop of apples, comparatively speaking, in the history of orcharding in Nova Scotia. By this I mean we will have an average of fewer barrels per acre than in any other year since we really began to raise apples for export. Up to the present, (July 20th) we have had an abundance of rain, and some very hot, close weather, and as a result, most orchardists are looking for spotted fruit of poor quality, as well as few in numbers. In thinning some varieties this week, the writer found that Baldwins were not spotting much, though the Gravensteins and Greenings had some spot developing. Some of our orchardists have humorously expressed the opinion that the few old barrels left from last year will contain their crop this year.

One orchard in the writer's knowledge, which produced almost 500 barrels in 1909, will not put up a barrel of any one variety.

A meeting of representative orchardists from Annapolis and King's Counties, on July 4th, placed the crop below 25 per cent., taking Nova Scotia as a whole.

The only move made on the recently-purchased Fruit Experiment Station at Kentville, was the sale of the grass on the farm to local parties. The local government was to purchase the site for this station, and the Dominion Government was to run it, but they have taken no action yet.

The policy of the government since the last elections is supposed to be one of retrenchment and lessened expenditure. This policy is working well, as far as agriculture is concerned. Graft, pet salaries, and overpaid figureheads, are still flourishing. We have not had a fruit conference at Ottawa for some four years, though we were promised it every two years. We were very glad to report the spirit of co-operative packing and marketing on the increase.

A meeting of the fruit companies of the Valley was held at Berwick on July 4th, for the formation of a central association. Ten of these co-operative companies were represented and there is good promise that farmers will, in the near future, do their own business, and stop fattening the middleman. Verily, there is no class of men in the world so easy to "do" as the ordinary farmer, and there is no calling under the sun so imposed upon, or so much at the mercy of the unscrupulous money-grabbers and politicians as that of agriculture.

R. J. MESSENGER.

DEFIANT ENGLISHMAN REFUSES TO HAND OVER SPANISH BEAUTY

Who Has Taken Refuge in His Home in Tangier, and Would not go Back to Her Parents—Spanish and British Authority Repulsed.

An Englishman and his wife, living outside Tangier, are resisting in a spirit reminiscent of the days of chivalry the demands of the Spanish and British authorities that they shall hand over a Spanish girl who has taken refuge with them and refuses to return to her parents. The episode states the Tangier correspondent of the Daily Mail, seems to belong to the operative stage rather than to a life in the twentieth century. The girl is the daughter of the doctor of the Spanish Legation here, and is considered a great beauty. Some time ago she made friends with Mr. and Mrs. Levison, whose estate is situated outside the town.

Mr. Levison is part owner of some mines at Bilbao, and married a Spanish marchioness. He was formerly a well known gentleman jockey and once rode in the Grand National. At Madrid he had a serious racing accident, and then came to Tangier for the sake of his health. A great friendship sprang up between the Legation doctor's daughter and Mrs. Levison. The girl went to live with her. Her parents did not approve of this, and tried to remove their daughter. But when pressure was brought on her to return home she tried to commit suicide and wounded herself slightly. She was nevertheless taken home, but a fortnight later she escaped and went back to Mrs. Levison. The doctor again tried to recover his daughter, but Mr. Levison refused to give her up.

The doctor complained through the Spanish Legation and the British minister wrote to Mr. Levison requesting him to send the girl home. No notice was taken at this communication. The Spanish Minister went in person to the British Legation and arranged that a Spanish official and a police representative should go to the Levisons, accompanied by a representative of the British Legation and take charge of the girl. When the party arrived at the confines of the estate Mr. Levison threatened to open fire on them if the police entered. Eventually the British official was admitted alone to parley with Mr. Levison. On approaching the house he noticed Mr. Levison and the servants standing armed, and the two ladies were also provided with revolvers. Mr. Levison informed the official that if the police entered to seize the girl he would fire on them. The girl added that she would shoot herself rather than be taken away. The police there fore returned to town and Mr. Levison is up to now master of the situation.

WHAT SCOTLAND OWES TO SIR WALTER SCOTT

Monday was the 139th anniversary of the birth of Scotland's greatest (though not most loved and celebrated) son, Sir Walter Scott. It is customary but foolish to compare him with that other son, Robert Burns, the immortal bard of humanity, for that is simply trying to perform the impossible. They cannot be compared not even as song-writers. Each has an individuality and greatness of his own, and it is in no way belittles the one to praise the other, any more than it would be to confess a liking to hear sung both "Jock o' Hazeldean" and "O' a' the airts." While it is his poetry—and that alone—which has made Burns immortal that kind of product was not Scott's highest exquisite though many of his lines be. It is not however by what he has written in "Rokeby," or the "Vision of Don Roderick," or "Marmion," or "The Lay of the Last Minstrel," or even the "Lady of the Lake" that Scott will ever be remembered. What Scotland owes to Scott for the last mentioned is an oft-told tale yet it is by his immortal romances—these undying scenes which he has painted as no other artist has or can paint them—that Scott commands the greatest praise, and carries our imagination with him to eternity.

WAVERLY NOVELS

The Waverly Novels began in 1814 and poured forth in an unbroken series until failing health diminished the strength of the hand that penned them. These novels with their splendid range—in which kings and peasants, Lowlanders and Highlanders, north and south, and the scenery of the glens, of the lakes, of the mountains, are all delineated with the unerring instinct of genius—these are the things which make the memory of Scott an undying possession for Scotland. In every one of them one feels that it is the real thing. The thing is painted exactly as it happened, exactly as it seemed to those who were there; and he inspires one with his own sense of inventiveness. The whole range of character—from Rob Roy and Eddie Ochiltree to Louis XI, the knights of "Talisman"—are equally within the grasp of the great magician who can call them back to life, and make them exist before our very eyes—make us feel their breath and listen to the rustle of their garments.

GOETHE'S OPINION

Goethe likened Scott to a great opera singer who had a voice of such compass that every note was included in it and "of such a man," he said, "I cannot attempt criticism—his gift is too great." When the news of his death reached Paris, St. Beuve wrote—"Scott in his novels shows the sort of genius that we call disinterested, because it reflects the life of a man as it is, and paints him in all the varieties of passion and circumstance without mixing the portrait-

ure anything of his own paternity." Of few who wrote fiction, or anything else, can be said. Nothing but the highest genius sustains that objective quality which detaches itself and throws its whole life into the figure it is creating. Scott did it, and it is that which makes him appeal, not only to Scotsmen but to men of all races and languages who can read what he wrote. That is a capacity which reaches every kind and every degree of mind.

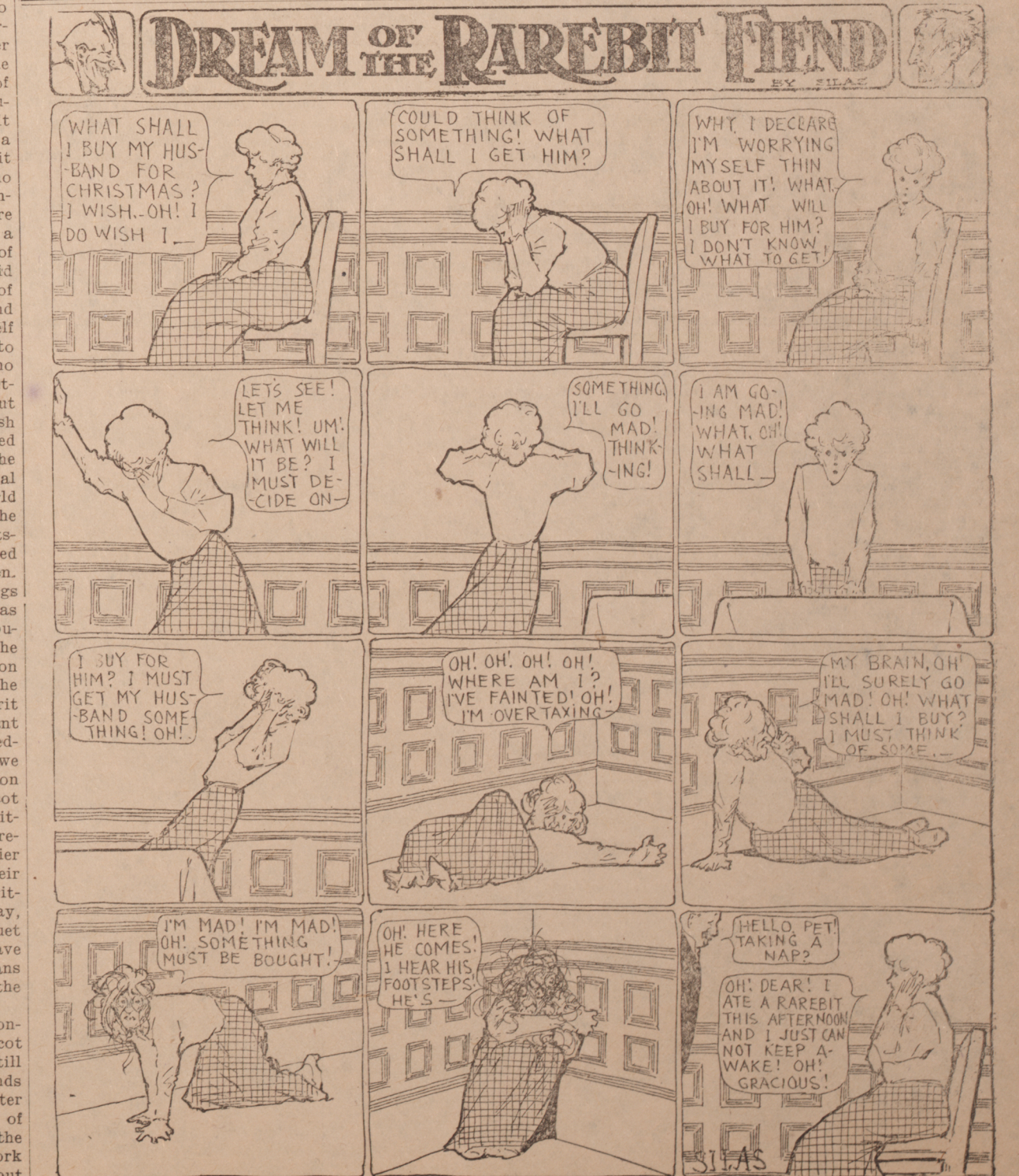
A MAKER OF SCOTLAND

From a recent lecture on "A Hundred Years of Edinburgh—from 1732 to 1832"—which included the time of Scott, we are inferentially led to think that David Hume, the historian and philosopher, was greater than Scott, but that the lecturer (the author of the "Literary History of Scotland" and Professor of Constitutional Law) was still greater. It was scarcely to be expected that a man of such egotism and conceit would do full justice to Scott, who was rather disposed to belittle himself he was however a millionaire in matters of knowledge, and a self-made one. He was really one of the "makers of Scotland," and did more for it by his pen than men of action, patriot kings, warriors and statesmen. And yet Scott himself said—"to have done things worthy to be written is a dignity to which no one can approach who has only written things worthy to be read." But had Scott followed the path to which his ambition pointed, and wielded the sword instead of the pen, he could not have rendered more signal services to Scotland and to the world than he did by his desk-work in the libraries at Ashiestiel and Abbotsford. What he wrote there produced effects well worthy of being written. Under the fascination of his writings Scotland was opened up, trade was stimulated, and new centres of population arose. Yet in replying to the toast of his health on one occasion he denied this, and said that he "was no more entitled to the merit ascribed to him than the servant who scours the 'brasses' to the credit of having made them." But we would place a still higher value on his services. In the 18th century Scotland was a house divided against itself. Ignorance and embittered prejudices formed an impassable barrier separating the Lowlanders from their Celtic brethren. Under Scott's writings old antagonisms faded away, and so completely that at a banquet in Edinburgh in 1822 George IV. gave as a toast "The Chieftains and Clans of Scotland, and Prosperity to the Land of Cakes."

Not only does the glory of harmonizing the discordant elements of Scotland belong to Scott, but the still greater glory of joining the hands of his countrymen in fresh and faster friendship with the countrymen of Milton and Shakespeare; for the Waverly Novels completed the work begun by the Treaty of Union but

which it left half-finished. The oneness of outlook and sense of brotherhood which now mark the Scottish and English are attributable in no small measure to the magic art of Scott. And not only in Britain but throughout the world the Waverly Novels have given that "touch of nature" which makes "the whole world kin"—with Scotland.

Syracuse, N.Y., Aug. 19.—A Burke, supt. of the public schools of this city died here today after an operation for appendicitis. He was 59 years old.



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