

## TO EAT SPARROWS

NEW DISH'S POPULARITY MAY AID IN EXTERMINATION.

Their Flesh Now Has Market Value Which Helps Naturalists Who Favor Extermination—Chefs Say They Are Good.

Washington, D. C.—Extermination of the English sparrow, desired by naturalists for the reason that these birds have in large measure driven out the native song birds, may soon be accomplished, it having been discovered that "sparrow pottle" equals some of the game food served at fashionable cafes.

Advance in the cost of living is responsible for the adoption of the English sparrow as a food. In the west and northwest, when the prices of fresh meats reached a point prohibitive to the poorer classes, the suggestion was made that the sparrow as an edible bird possessed merit worthy of consideration.

Experiments in serving the sparrow were made, with the result that sparrow pottle became popular and attracted attention of restaurant and cafe proprietors, who discovered that the bird could be served not only in pottle form, but on toast and in other ways not under the name of sparrow on the menu, but with some high-sounding French title. The dish pleased patrons and at once established its popularity and success.

As a result of the popularity of the new dish, it is said that the great droves of English sparrows that have for years been a public nuisance in all of the large cities are being killed in large numbers, the flesh of the birds having a market value which will contribute to their extermination.

Those who have partaken of the sparrow pottle and sparrow on toast say it is preferable to the reed bird, the difference in the flavor of the meat of the two birds being imperceptible even by epicureans.

The chefs of the local hotels and cafes, while not admitting that the sparrow is being served at their tables, say they can see no reason why an English sparrow should not be as good eating as many of the standard game birds popular with diners. It was said that while the birds are a little larger than the reed bird, they are tender and possess a good flavor.

## CHICK SWALLOWS ITS TONGUE

Owner Rescues Unruly Member, But the Sick Fowl Dies Not Long Afterward.

Lebanon, Pa.—Out in the neighborhood of Buzzard's Glory, this county, lives a woman who probably knows more about chickens than any other person in the county. She is Mrs. Sarah Sinclair and she tells of a freakish prank played by one of her own chickens.

Seeing the youngster, but a few days old, which she thought by its action was afflicted with a bad case of gapes, she caught it, opened its bill and discovered that the chicken had no tongue. She was very puzzled, but decided to take a chance, so ran a horse hair down its throat and when she pulled it out it brought forth a piece of bread which the chicken had swallowed.

The miraculous part of the story is that the bread had become wrapped around the chick's tongue and it had actually swallowed the tongue along with the bread. In a few hours the chick died.

## DANGER IN THE LARGE HAT

It is Now Declared That Wearing It Tends to Make a Woman Bald.

New York.—The gigantic hat is still fashionable in London and Paris, despite the ridicule heaped upon it by masculine critics. A London hair specialist now declares that the big hat is dangerous as well as ridiculous, a London letter to the New York Sun says. He warns women that if they persist in wearing big hats they will lose their hair. The specialist said:

"As grass turns yellow under a mushroom, so women's hair will lose its color and deteriorate under the gigantic hats which are now the mode. There is every possibility of the fair sex going bald unless a revolution in hats is effected.

"First of all, these enormous mountains of millinery shut out the health-giving sun and air. Secondly, they present such vast surfaces to the wind that they tug against the detaining hairs like a kite on a string. For both reasons they injure the hair."

## BOLTS ILLUME THE MINES

Lightning Flashes Play 1,800 Feet Below the Surface and Light Up Cavern.

Pottsville, Pa.—Lightning 1,800 feet below the surface of the earth was witnessed the other evening in the mines in West Schuylkill. When a terrific thunderstorm came up the over-heated earth added to the fierceness of the electrical display, and the lightning managed to find its way along the electric power wires to the bottom of the slopes.

The underground workings were illuminated and made as bright as the sun at midday; but no damage was done, although a number of mules, which have not seen daylight for years, are believed to have been blinded by the light.

## CASSEROLE COOKING RECIPES

Fish Cooked in This Style Delicious—Beats All Kinds of Old Time Hashes and Stews.

Beef en casserole.—Take 2 pounds of skirt of beef and cut into neat pieces. Melt a small piece of butter in the casserole and fry in it two finely-sliced onions and one carrot and turnip cut into dice. Move the vegetables to one side and lay the pieces of meat in the butter and fry for a few minutes on both sides. Sprinkle with salt and, if liked, add a little chopped parsley. Put the cover on closely and place the casserole either on the stove or in the oven for about three hours. Skim well before serving.

Fish cooked en casserole is delicious. Take as many fillets of plaice, haddock or whiting (in fact almost any kind of fish that is liked) as are required. Season with pepper and salt and spread each with some forcemeat. Roll each piece and place in the casserole, which must be well-buttered. Add half a pint of fish stock (made from the bones and trimmings), sprinkle with chopped parsley, cover closely and cook for about twenty minutes. Another method is to fry three tiny onions in the butter before putting the fish into the casserole. Then sprinkle with flour, pour in the stock and let it come to the boil. Draw the casserole from the fire and let the fish cook in the sauce for half an hour.

These are the recipes for homely casserole cooking. The addition of a few button mushrooms, some highly seasoned forcemeat balls, oysters, peas, etc., will transform a plain dish into one which may grace the table of a king; and when once the art of casserole cooking has been mastered, varieties of flavoring, etc., will suggest themselves to even the most ordinarily intelligent "general," and the insipid stews and hashes with which we were wont to be regaled become, happily, things of the past.



When ironing starched clothes, if the iron is dipped quickly into cold water each time when taken from the stove the starch will never stick and the clothes iron smooth and so quickly you hardly realize you're started before you're done.

Powdered boracic acid sprinkled on lace yoke or collar, then laid away for a day or two, then well shaken out, will remove the soil.

Fasten firmly at the center of back tape or ribbon, which is run through beading in underwear. This keeps it from being pulled half out or lost entirely in laundering.

Linen pieces should never be put through the wringer if you would avoid the little wrinkles that are so hard to press out. Small tucks will iron smoother and look better if ironed on the wrong side. If knit wear, bath towels, etc., when taken from the lines are smoothed with the hands and put on the bars to air, will be ready to put away by the time the bars are needed for the ironed clothes. To avoid the unsightly fold so often seen on top of a sleeve of starched shirt waists, fold at the seam, from the upper, then the lower side, not letting the iron within an inch or two of the edge; then open the sleeve, fold with the unironed part in the center of the sleeve and press carefully.

## Delicious Dessert.

Cut even slices of bread not less than one day old, butter and stack three or four high. Heat fruit juice left from canned fruit or melt a glass of jelly, adding enough water to cover the bread which has been placed in a dish deep enough that the liquid can cover the bread. Have the liquid hot and let it stand on bread until thoroughly soaked and then allowed to get cold. Turn bread out on plate and slice like layer ice cream. Serve with plain or whipped cream. When canning fruit it is a good plan to put any surplus juice in pint cans for this purpose.

## Hungarian Goulash.

Cut one pound of good round steak into inch cubes and add an equal quantity of thinly sliced onion. Put one-half cup butter into a large saucepan and when it bubbles put in the meat and onion. Let it brown slightly, then stew slowly for three hours, or until the meat is tender. Do not add water, as the juice from the meat and onion will make a gravy. One-half hour before it is done add salt, paprika, and a little stewed tomato. Be sure to add entire amount of onion. Is none too much.

## Corn Pudding.

Scrape half a dozen ears of corn, beat two eggs together, add half a teaspoonful of salt and a tablespoonful of sugar and mix with the corn kernels. Stir in one and a half cupfuls of milk and pour the whole into a pudding dish. Bake the mixture two hours and serve as a vegetable.

## Water Sponge Cake.

One egg, one-half cup sugar, one-half teaspoon lemon juice, three tablespoons cold water, two-thirds cup flour with one even teaspoon baking powder. Beat yolk, add sugar, and beat again; add lemon juice and water, then flour, lastly the white of egg beaten stiff.

## CAP and BELLS



## COURTSHIP OF A DEAF MAN

Wonders Why Mabel Lowered Gas—Whether to Encourage or Stop His Fingering Proposal.

The Deaf Times prints a story of two men who were seen talking on their hands on the top of an omnibus. Their conversation ran thus:

"I want your advice."  
"I shall be happy to oblige you."  
"Well, you know, I'm in love with Mabel. At last I made up my mind to propose to her. Last night I made the attempt."

"And she refused you?"  
"That is what I am coming to. I don't know whether she did or not. You see, I was somewhat embarrassed, and the words seemed to stick on my hands. And there she sat, as demure as a dove. Finally my fingers stuck together, and I could not say a word. Then Mabel got up and lowered the gas."

"Well?"  
"Well, what is bothering me is this: why did Mabel lower the gas—to encourage me and relieve my embarrassment, or so that she could not see the talk and so stop my proposal?"

## Unanswerable.

Ethel had been visiting at a neighbor's.  
"I hope you didn't take a second piece of cake, Ethel?" said her mother.  
"Yes, I did, mother," replied the child. "You told me never to contradict and the lady said 'I know you'll have another piece of cake,' so what could I say?"—Yonkers Statesman.

## His Eye for Business.

Ashley—I see that Lawyer Black will accept no client who is not a merchant tailor.

Seymour—Isn't that a rather strange procedure?

Ashley—Not in reality. Black claims he gets the most business from merchant tailors because they have new suits to try every day.

## The Usual Way.

"Gladys has jilted young Jenkins, yet when they were first engaged she used to say he was the star of her existence."

"Does he carry a pistol?"  
"I don't know. Why?"  
"Because if he does Gladys had better look out that he doesn't prove to be a shooting star."

## WILL HE DO IT?



Private Muldoon—I was absent this mornin' at roll-call.

Sergeant Doolan—Well, me man, nixt time you're absent at roll-call be sure and say you're absent when you hear your name called.

## Handicapped.

"Yes," said the man from St. Louis, "I am very fond of green peas, but I can't eat them."

"Why not?" queried the Chicago man who was dining at the same table.

"Because," explained the other, "I can't keep 'em on my knife."

## "Come Across."

"Do these Englishmen understand American slang?"

"Some of them do. Why?"

"My daughter is to be married in London and the duke has just cabled me to come across."

"Well?"

"Does he want me or my wad?"

## Looking for Bargains.

Patience—A municipal drug store has been established in St. Petersburg, where things are supplied at about 20 per cent. less than in the other pharmacies.

Patrice—I wish they'd have such stores in this country. I'd buy all my stamps there.—Yonkers Statesman.

## WAY TO MAKE ANGEL FOOD

Flavor With Almond and Rub Icing Smooth With Boiling Water—Difference in Sugar Used.

This is an original recipe, and if all directions in regard to quantity, and combining of material, as well as directions for baking are followed, success is assured (use ungreased tube mold, medium size, and a graded measuring cup); all measurements are level; do not pack down flour when measuring, just fill cup lightly and level off top with knife. Ingredients—One cupful of whites of eggs, three-fourths cupful each of granulated and powdered sugar; one and one-fourth cupful of finest pastry flour; one teaspoonful each of cream of tartar, vanilla and almond extract; a pinch of salt.

Method—Sift sugar and flour five times separately before measuring, then combine and sift two more times, then let stand in sifter until needed. Put whites of eggs in round bowl large enough to allow for expansion in whipping; add the salt, then with a flat egg whip begin with light, even strokes; when they begin to froth add the cream of tartar, whip until so stiff that if a portion is taken up on whip and reversed they will stand up in a point; then add the flavoring, whip in lightly, then sift sugar and flour over evenly and with a light dipping motion fold in until all ingredients are well mixed. Fill carefully into the mold, seeing that mixture reaches the sides, then place in a moderately hot oven and watch carefully; the cake should rise to top of mold and rise smooth and slightly rounded, without showing more than a golden tinge; if at any time the oven becomes too hot open the oven door and let the hot air escape; this may be done at any time without danger of the cake falling, but never move the cake or jar stove when opening the door, or place a kettle of cold water on stove while baking.

When the cake has been in about 20 minutes the heat may be slightly increased; when done the cake will shrink slightly, and to test press with fingers; if cake rebounds without making a hissing sound it is done; it should then be a delicate golden brown color; take from oven and invert can until cake is cold. (This process of inverting pan insures a light cake, as it cannot sog while cooling, and when ready to ice remove the slides on sides of pan, dip a long, flexible knife in cold water and cut cake from mold. Invert cake on a plate, rub off any loose furry particles that are on sides and bottom, then ice with a liberal coating of confectioners' sugar, flavored with almond and rubbed smooth with boiling water (note the difference; use powdered sugar for cake, but confectioners' sugar for icing.)

## The Home



A small quantity of vinegar boiled on the range will counteract the odor of boiled cabbage or other vegetables. In darning curtains if the rent is large, take a piece of an old curtain and patch the hole with it and the damage will scarcely be noticed.

A crust of bread is best to clean a sticky bread or cake pan. Never use a knife or anything that will scratch the surface and invite more sticking thereafter.

To mend a crack on the inside of a range, use a filling made of equal parts of wood ashes and common salt moistened with water. This will prove hard and lasting.

The best way to extract the juice from an onion, when needed for flavoring, is to cut a slice from the root end of the onion, remove the outer skin and press onion on a coarse grater using a rotary motion.

When the boiled mutton has served its purpose as a dinner meat in one family it invariably returns at luncheon or supper as a salad, and always with sandwiches filled with mayonnaise mixed with chopped capers.

## Afternoon Tea Cakes.

As a dainty to serve at teas make some little raisin cakes. Rub one-half cup of butter to a cream with one cup of fine granulated sugar, add one cup of milk, two cups of flour sifted twice with two level teaspoons of baking powder, one-half cup of chopped raisins, one-half teaspoon of flavoring. Put a spoonful of butter in little tins, buttered and floured. Have the pans hot and when baked ice the tops and sides and put a whole raisin on each cake. Use the patty pans with straight sides.

## Maple Sugar Fudge.

One pound of maple sugar, one pint of cream, a few drops of vanilla, a small lump of butter.

Break the sugar into small pieces, add cream and let it cook until it forms a soft ball in water, or sugars on the edges of a pan. Stir constantly. Pour thickly into buttered tins, after beating lightly on removal from stove.

This is nice with nuts added. Butternuts or chopped cream nuts give a delicious flavor.



## ROCKEFELLER AND HIS RELATIVE HAVE MADE UP



before offering his gift at the altar; but many men find it difficult and some even impossible to carry out this clear injunction of the Master.

Evidently John D. Rockefeller was one of those who found the task of reconciliation a hard one. For years he and his brother, Frank Rockefeller, did not speak, and an enmity, deep and bitter, was entertained by the latter against the oil king. Frank claims that John D. wronged him and he had registered a vow not to speak to him until that wrong was rectified. Just what the specific injury was is not publicly known, but it kept the brothers apart until recently, when Frank and John D. met, buried the hatchet, and exchanged the brotherly kiss. Just as it is not known what Frank's specific grievance was, so it is not known what were the terms of reconciliation. But they must have been satisfactory to Frank; and now John D.'s Sunday school in Cleveland may expect to hear a discourse in due time upon the beauty of brotherly love.

Frank Rockefeller is little known to the public, and is of such paltry concern to the biographer that his name is not even mentioned in Who's Who. He was at one time interested in ore mines in the Lake Superior region and was associated with James Corrigan, a former business ally of John D. Rockefeller. But in the panic of 1893 Frank and Corrigan went under, and the power that submerged them was exerted by John D. Possibly, that may have been the grievance of which Frank complained. Anyhow, the grievance is now removed, and the brothers are as happy as school boys. This ought to be a good time to strike John D. for a loan.

## CAPT. SCOTT, BROTHER OF LAKE COMO VICTIM



His efforts to bring to justice the Lake Como murderer has kept Capt. H. H. Scott more or less in the foreground of late. It was his sister, Mrs. Mary Scott Charlton, who was slain by her husband, Porter Charlton, in their villa on the shore of the beautiful Italian lake, the body afterward being found in a trunk in the lake. The murderer fled to America and was arrested on arrival. Then arose the question of his punishment. Italy having refused to extradite several of her subjects who had committed murder in the United States and escaped to the mother country, the Washington government declined to send Charlton back to Italy for trial. As the crime was committed abroad, Charlton could not be tried here. It is this miscarriage of justice that Capt. Scott has fought against.

Capt. Scott has a very fine army record. He was one of the four army officers sent to the city of San Francisco at the time of the earthquake and he worked there so successfully in an effort to bring order out of chaos that he earned the commendation of all those who were actively interested in the work of rescue and reorganization. He has a great many letters from San Franciscans praising his work and thanking him.

An interesting story concerning the bravery of Capt. Scott has just come to light. Some years ago the newspapers were full of the story of an explosion at Lafayette Island, New York, and the killing of seven men. Lafayette Island is a storage place for navy explosives. The explosion occurred one winter day when a workman was drawing the fuse from an eight-inch shell landed at the island by the Brooklyn. The news came to the outside world through the telephone when a watchman—the one man on the island not injured by the explosion—telephoned the news to Fort Hamilton. When the news came, two officers volunteered to go to the rescue of the injured men. It was perilous work for the island was full of explosives and a fire was raging which might communicate with them at any minute. The volunteers were Capt. Scott and Maj. Webb, now on the retired list. These two manned a steam launch and broke their way through the ice from Fort Hamilton to Lafayette Island which was a small piece of land almost entirely covered by fortifications. The interior of the fort was a mass of flames and in the midst of the fire lay eight mangled bodies. One man's head had blown to the roof and lodged there. But the other men were alive, though fearfully mangled and

helpless. Capt. Scott and Maj. Webb worked with feverish haste to drag the torn bodies of the men to their launch while the old watchman played a hose on the burning magazine. But the fire had not eaten its way to the magazine when the last of the bodies was pulled into the launch and the two brave officers and the old watchman followed and put out through the ice toward Fort Hamilton. Before they reached that destination they saw Lafayette Island blown up by the explosion of the magazine.

The brave conduct of the two officers never became known. Nor was their bravery rewarded in great measure by the result of their work of rescue. Only one of the men they dragged from the flames on Lafayette Island survived.

## PHILANTHROPIC DONOR OF THE NOBEL PRIZE FUND



When Alfred Bernard Nobel died in San Remo, Italy, some years ago, he left a substantial fund which instigates our great scientists, authors and statesmen to their mightiest endeavors a great deal more than the mere plaudits of world. Alfred Bernard Nobel was an oil king second only to the present-day magnate, John D. Rockefeller, and in being an oil king second only to the great John D. he accumulated an immense fortune as oil kings generally have a habit of doing. Upon his death some \$9,000,000 was left behind, of which small legacies were given to his already wealthy relatives and the interest on the remainder which accumulated during a year was then divided into five equal parts and is annually awarded as prizes to the persons who shall have made (1) the most important discovery or invention in the domain of physics, (2) in chemistry, (3) in physiology or medicine, (4) who shall have produced in the field of literature the most distinguished work of an idealistic tendency, and (5) who shall have most or best promoted the fraternity of nations, the abolishment or diminution of standing armies and the formation and increase of peace congresses.

The awards for these prizes are controlled entirely by Swedish courts. The winners of (1) and (2) are selected by the Royal Academy of Science in Stockholm; (3) by the Caroline Medical-Chirurgical Institute in Stockholm; (4) by the Swedish Academy in Stockholm, and (5) by the Norwegian storting (parliament).

The Nobel prize fund is a fine philanthropy, bringing out the very best in the man who is making an effort for the prize and gives the people the benefits of his masterpiece in science, art or literature.

## MISS BULA EDMONDSON, TYPE OF INDIAN BEAUTY



When one thinks of Indian beauty, especially after a visit to a wild west show, his sense of the aesthetic is horribly shocked—great guff men, broad-nosed, ugly-featured and homely appearing women, possessors of every feature which does not tend to beautify a human countenance. But if one enters into a chance conversation with an Oklahoman and mentions Indian ugliness he will soon be told that in Oklahoma they have Indian beauty, and if need be the westerner will cite well-known examples.

One of the best-known types of Indian beauty is Miss Bula Benton Edmondson, principal of the public schools at Tahlequah, Okla. Miss Edmondson is a rare combination of classic beauty, grace and surpassing accomplishments. Her picture adorned the walls of the Oregon building at the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific exposition and for months it was the center of marked attention from thousands of visitors who found in the classic features a study which aroused the keenest interest. Talented, beautiful, holding the highest position which the citizens of her community can give her, she is a Cherokee, as the highest type of Indian civilization and beauty in the world.

## Responsibility.

Friend—Haven't you named the baby yet?

Proud Mother—No; we must be very careful to give him a nice one, because there will be so many named after him when he is president.

## Open.

"My life," he boasted, "is an open book."

"Yes," replied one of the men to whom he owed money, "an open account book."