

Household Matters

Egg and Cheese Scramble.

Break five eggs into a saucepan and quickly add a cupful of grated cheese. Mix this lightly with a fork, and when done serve with a garnish of toast cut triangularly.

Sweet Potato Soups.

Mash sweet potatoes (boiled) until there are four cupfuls, and mix into quart of flour in which has been sifted two teaspoonfuls of baking powder and one-half teaspoonful of salt. Mix this with milk enough to make a dough, turn out on to the board, roll and cut in eight pieces. Bake in a quick oven for ten minutes.

Plum Pudding Glace.

Plum pudding glace is the recipe of a famous chef. It is an ice cream which has all the appearance of a royal plum pudding. To make it a dark chocolate cream is filled with raisins, pieces of citron, candied cherries, apricots, etc. The ice cream is then packed in a pudding mould surrounded by ice, and when formed it is served with a rich sauce prepared with whipped cream.

Fruit Muffins.

Mix two and one-half cupfuls of flour, sifted three times, with four table-spoonfuls of sugar, and rub in three dessert-spoonfuls of butter; add one cupful of milk, one-half teaspoonful of salt and one cupful of fruit—berries, chopped pineapple, raisins or any kind desired. Pour the mixture into buttered baking pans and bake half an hour.

Green Peppers and Chicken.

Peppers cut in rings with dull scissors and combined with lettuce and French dressing are as good a simple salad as one could wish for. A delicious made-over dish of chicken is constructed with the aid of green peppers and scoop out the membrane. Par-broil for about five minutes. Cut up the chicken, mix with boiled rice, and fill the peppers with the mixture. Place in a baking pan and pour in enough stock or water, immerse the peppers half way and bake for half an hour.

Banana Pie.

The Woman's Home Companion furnishes the following: Free enough bananas from skin and coarse threads to fill a cup when the pulp is pressed through a sieve or ricer. To the pulp add a beaten egg, one-half cupful of sugar, one cracker powdered fine, one-half teaspoonful of salt, one-third of a teaspoonful of cinnamon, two table-spoonfuls of molasses, one-third of a cupful of cream and one-half cupful of milk, mix thoroughly, and bake until firm in a pie pan lined with pastry as for squash pie.

HINTS FOR THE HOUSEKEEPER

Gas globes break very readily when the screws holding them are screwed too tight.

Stove polish mixed with turpentine makes a brighter polish and one apt to last longer.

Before boiling milk rinse out the saucepan with a little hot water; it will prevent the milk sticking to the bottom of the pan.

To keep tins bright wash them well with strong hot soda and water, and when dry polish with a cloth and a little powdered whiting.

Lace that promises not to bear a necessary washing can be basted onto some thin material and then cleaned with better chances of success.

Apples fresh from the trees should never be eaten without first being washed, as they are in a good position to collect the dust and germs of the air.

To soften a beefsteak smear it with a couple of teaspoonfuls of salad oil, place between two plates and leave for a few hours. This works wonders in softening the fibre.

Potato peelings, if dried in the oven, are very useful for fire lighting. If sufficiently abundant they may entirely take the place of wood, but in any case they will economize it.

When making jam, if a clean half dollar is placed in the bottom of the preserving pan the fruit will not require stirring, and it will keep beautifully whole. The coin keeps it stirred by continually moving while the water is boiling.

A porcelain saucepan that has become stained should be half filled with water into which a tablespoonful of powdered borax has been put. Let the water boil briskly for awhile. Should all the stain not come off wet a cloth and dip in borax and scour off the spots.

When the oven smells badly take a vessel of hot water and a handful of washing soda. Take the shelves out and wash well in hot water, then finish them in cold. Next wash the oven well out with the soda water and brush over with whiting. It will then be clean and sweet and bake beautifully.

African Loyalty.

We unhesitatingly dissociate ourselves from those who are only too pleased to fly in the face of the Government, and who, at all times, do their utmost to nullify the Government's honest endeavors to do the best for the country—Lydenberg (South Africa) News.

Doctoring in Many Lands.

Finding New Remedies Among Savage Tribes.

Experiences of a Medical Missionary--Treating a Turkish Woman--Work in a Plague Stricken City--New Treatment for Neuralgia--Hawaiian Cure.

DR. LYMAN B. BROWN, now retired as one of the wealthy men of Boston, has practiced and studied medicine in twelve parts of the world, and adapted from native practices of the tribes with which he has been thrown scores of new ideas as to the treatment of the sick and the injured.

His home in the Back Bay district, just off Commonwealth avenue, says the Chicago Tribune, is a museum of strange medicines and stranger surgical instruments that he has collected during his long life among the queer peoples of the world, among the savage, the semi-civilized and the Bostonese.

"I was first sent into Turkey as a medical missionary," said Dr. Brown. "That was in 1866, at the beginning of the missionary attempt to Christianize the Ottoman empire. I practiced medicine there under difficulties, contending with superstitions, customs and habits that were enough to discourage any young man. Civilized medicine and surgery were too new fangled for those people. I remember well my first obstetric case. The mother was not doing well, and I was working hard to save her life, when suddenly I learned that my methods were not at all ethical. The mother insisted on calling in a local physician for consultation. His methods were unique. First he started a fire under a brazier, and when it was red hot he dropped a clove into it and the clove burst open. That, I learned, indicated that the 'hazar,' or evil eye, had been averted and the mother got well. I continued my treatment, however. The native physician, having discovered that the danger was passed, proceeded to discover a cure. He cut a wisp of hair from the head of the infant and a lock from the head of the mother and burned them together in the brazier. The woman got well—and we both claimed the credit.

"His treatment may have been the best, but I kept contending with those Turkish doctors for several years, and I never could convince them that killing a calf in a public place would cure measles. They were hopeless.

"I labored among the Turks until late in 1871, then I was moved over to help cure and convert the people of Kerbela, in the Irak country. I did well there. They had little medicine except herbs and incantations, but the general health was good until December in 1873, when I began the experience of my life. In that year the bubonic plague broke out in Kerbela and the surrounding country, brought there, I suppose, by pilgrims who had been down in Persia. The treatment accorded the plague sufferers was brutal—and effective, for all who were treated by the local medicine men died sooner than they otherwise would have done. They treated them by burning brimstone and applying the hot mass to their backs. I tried scientific treatment according to our best methods, but despite my efforts and those of the native doctors 20,000 died in five months. Toward the end I contracted the disease, but managed to cure myself, having fortified my system for weeks with medicines.

"I was sent into Africa after that, and my first experience was with the doctors in the Sudan, among the Arabs. They worked in the Galenic theory, and I must confess with some good results, although their system beats homeopathy all hollow. Old Galen would have rejoiced to see them. They worked on the theory of opposites—their medicines being hot, cold, wet and dry. They give water for fever and heat for cold—and they get some good results. They are the best practitioners I have found outside of civilization.

"It was fine practice down in the Sudan, despite the fact that they wanted to execute me as a witch when I cured headaches by administering a cathartic.

"My next experience was in practicing on the Apingi—down in Central Africa, where the church had established a mission station. They are a strange people, and cannibalism is rapidly disappearing. Fine fellows they are, and I performed some great amputations among them. I also discovered down there a leaf juice that is better than cocaine for deadening pain and apparently has less perilous effects. The Apingi pull their two upper incisor teeth, working them loose with their fingers, and they sharpen all the rest of their teeth to needle points.

"The effect on a stranger who knows their cannibalistic tendency is immense. I witnessed some interesting surgical and medical treatments while among them. For instance, I saw a woman who was suffering from leprosy and lumbago. I treated the lumbago with some success, but was displaced by a native physician. His treatment was heroic. He first tied the patient down on the ground and then marked off a large checkerboard on her back with a knife. Then he poured on cayenne pepper and lime juice in copious quantities and gave her a massage rubbing in the combined juices. She seemed glad when I applied cocoa oil—but she died.

"There was a sub-chief who was sick with neuralgia—intercostal neuralgia, suprinduced by being kicked over an acre or two by an acquaintance. I was doing the best I could, but he called in a rival doctor, who dug up the bones of his ancestors, burned them into chalk and then marked on his body with them. After that the

doctor lighted a bunch of grass in the fire and proceeded to scorch his body, spitting upon his patient during the process. The treatment did not appear to be doing any good, so the doctor claimed witches were persecuting the patient, and he accused three men in the tribe of employing the witches. They all denied it. To find out whether or not it was so each of the accused had to drink poison. They gulped down bowls of poison, they sweated and trembled in agony, but finally recovered and proved their innocence.

"I will admit that I gave each of the three ipecac to help prove their innocence. The witch doctor then took the poison and I withheld the ipecac—but he got well anyhow, having taken poison before.

"I was sent up into Ovipampoland, among the Hereros, and encountered scurvy. Every man in the tribe was suffering from it. I secured lemon juice and held up a Portuguese steamer for a peck of potatoes, and cured them all. It was a strange form of scurvy, for the tribe will eat no salt at all, and I was forced to squeeze the juice from potatoes and mix it with salt to get them to take any, for I argued that the disease resulted partly from lack of salt in the systems.

"The following year we moved up into Nyasaaland, among another of the Bantu tribes, and had more trouble in practicing medicine than a faith curist would have at an allopathic convention. They believe there that death results from three causes—from the will of God, from warfare or murder and from witchcraft. All persons who die a natural death are supposed to be victims of witches. I had most of the practice there, for while they were hunting witches I was giving pills, and I saved them and made reputations for a lot of rivals.

"Then I got worn out at the missionary service and started on my own investigations. I practiced first among the Veddahs, in Ceylon, for a year. They are the strangest people I ever met. They are, in the first place, the thinnest and most emaciated race in the world. The anti-fat specialist who would advocate their methods would grow rich. I tried to fatten a few of them and succeeded, but they did not appreciate it, for in the eyes of their friends they were hideous. These people never wash and never laugh—so they never grow fat.

"From there I went into Burma and hung up my shingle among the Chins, one of the finest people I ever met. They are akin to the Chinese. Cholera came among them while I was there, but this time I did better. The native method of treating cholera is to go into the bushes with guns and hunt evil spirits. The lessons I learned in the Irak country proved valuable. I succeeded in stopping human sacrifices. The people of Banzam, where I practiced, claimed that some one had been cutting the sacred groves, and they hunted for those criminals all the time, letting me do all the practicing.

"After that I determined to get into a colder climate, and for one winter I practiced among the Korliaks, up near the base of the Kamchatkan peninsula. My methods were too mild for them. The way a native physician treats a sick man there is to catch him by the heels and drag him around the house. Then if he does not get up and go to work and pretend he is cured, he is killed. I saved a couple of patients by massaging stiff muscles.

"That practice was too strenuous for me, and the next year found me studying new systems of medicine up in the Australian bush. Here I came in conflict with the 'blackfellow' doctor, who is quite as effective as the ordinary American quack. These doctors fly up in the air at night and come down trees, and they throw Bristol diamonds at patients during the darkness. They have, according to their patients, a bone in their stomachs, and splinters of it are caused to enter their patients and cure the disease. They see old man kangaroos in their dreams and they carry 'plounges,' or big clubs, with which they touch enemies and cause them to die. No man among them ever dies a natural death—but all are killed by witchcraft, and the main treatment of patients consists in leaving them alone and hunting the witches—which is the best part of their system. They did not take kindly to my treatments.

"For two years I fought galloping consumption among the Maoris in New Zealand—but it was useless. One can't cure consumption, and it would take a century to educate the natives into preventive measures—and by that time they will be all dead. The women wear furs, heavy cloaks, flannels, rugs and wraps while making calls and then come home and dress in a thin cotton skirt. They seek pleasure at the damp spot they can find, and the edge of a swamp is their favorite building site. The men wear overcoats in summer and leave them off in winter and they all live together.

"They are dying like sheep, but they refuse to change their customs, so there is no use for physicians—what they need is grave diggers.

"Finally I wound up my career as a physician among the Hawaiians and combated the priests trying to practice medicine while they hunted witches and evil spirits. I was not ethical and got little trade."

The Russian peasant is very ignorant, but as a soldier he knows when he is licked.



Whenever one receives an injury with a rusty nail, which penetrates the flesh beneath the skin, great care should be taken to see that the hurt does not heal upon the outside before it does upon the inside; in other words, the wound must be kept open and made to heal from the inside, then there will be no danger of lock-jaw.

CLUB NOTES.
Hebron.
Dear David H. Reeder, Laporte, Ind.: Dear Doctor—I have suffered for years with burning feet. Can you tell me the cause and remedy for the same through the columns of the Home Health Club? Sincerely,
Mrs. M. G. L.

Every other night bathe the feet and limbs, up to the knees, in as hot water as can possibly be borne. A little salt added to the water will be all the better. This should be continued for half an hour each time, maintaining the temperature of the bath by adding hot water to it.

Follow this bathing with hot water by plunging the feet in very cold water for about ten seconds. Rub briskly with a towel. On the following morning sponge gently with vinegar, rubbing the feet well. The results will be thoroughly satisfactory.
Los Angeles.
Dr. David H. Reeder, Laporte, Ind.:

Dear Doctor—I was fifty-five years old last March, but I only feel about forty, and can thank the Home Health Club for information received. I am a man who does not jump at conclusions very quickly. I wait for returns, and I have them and am satisfied. I am troubled with catarrh of the head. I have lost smell and taste and would like to know how to regain them. Record number is 3808. Yours truly,
P. G.

Such letters as the above are highly treasured by me; they make me feel a satisfaction which can only be experienced by those who know their efforts to do good are fruitful. That I have thus been of valuable service even to one suffering creature repays me for much of the labor I have performed in preparing these lectures. I hope that all who are benefited will show their appreciation by writing me about it.

Where catarrh has been of such long standing as to destroy the senses of taste and smell the case is rather difficult to attempt treatment at a distance. But if the lecture given on the subject of catarrh, some time ago, which has since been republished in pamphlet form, is carefully studied, and the directions therein given are carefully and faithfully carried out, I think a great benefit will result, if not an absolute cure.

Ohio.
Dr. David H. Reeder, Laporte, Ind.: Dear Doctor—Will you please tell me how to get rid of moles on the face. Is there a safe remedy for me to use without danger of causing them to form cancer? Thanking you in advance for a reply. I am, very truly,
K. C.

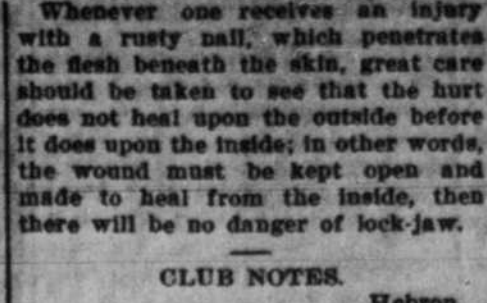
Unless the moles of which you speak are quite prominent I would advise you to let them alone. If they are very large and wart-like, the best method of treatment is to go to a thoroughly reliable and skilful dermatologist and have them removed. If this is done in a very skilful manner there is little, if any, danger.

Penn.
Dr. David H. Reeder, Laporte, Ind.: Dear Doctor—I have been a reader of the Home Health Club lectures for a number of years and am always interested in the Club Notes, for the reason that the advice given and the remedies prescribed are always within the reach of anyone. I hope you can, through Club Notes, advise me what to do in the case of a swollen ankle. The foot and leg to the knee are swelled and over the ankle joint is a reddish purple spot as large around as a teacup, and smaller spots have appeared on the other limb. They come slowly and after a week or so have to be lanced. The doctor says it is rheumatism, the joints of the arms being stiff at times. The affected foot and leg look so full and puffed, and the skin is very shiny. It came almost at once, the lameness in the ankle and then the gathering. Perhaps I have made this inquiry lengthy, but I am so hopeful that you can advise me what to do, as I am so anxious to get well and strong again. Very respectfully,
M. L. C.

You should remain in bed and the foot and leg should be placed in a thorough hot fomentation, after which it should be sponged with warm vinegar in which there has been dissolved a teaspoonful of salt and a teaspoonful of red pepper to a pint of vinegar. These ingredients should be put into the vinegar before it is heated, and the liquid should then be strained before using. All kinds of meats and fats should be excluded from the diet, and the patient should drink large quantities of fresh buttermilk daily; three to four quarts will not be too much. This will keep up the strength, reduce the inflammation, and also aid in eliminating uric acid from the blood.

All readers of this publication are at liberty to write for information on subjects pertaining to health. All communications should be addressed to Dr. David H. Reeder, Laporte, Ind., and must contain name and address in full, and at least four cents in postage.

The Man in the Iron Mask.
A means has been found for enabling the sojourners on the Jersey coast to defy mosquitoes. A mosquito mask has been invented by some genius. It consists of a wire framework, covered with netting, and when slipped over the head protects that part of one's anatomy from the pests, giving one time to defend the other parts more effectively.



The Ostrich Inn at Colnbrook, Middlesex, England, has had an uninterrupted existence since the far-away days of King John.

Peter the Great, it is said, borrowed the idea of the Russian flag from the Dutch, among whom he learned shipbuilding. He simply turned the Dutch tricolor red, white and blue, upside down.

A Barton County woman who is suing for divorce introduces as testimony a twenty-year-old newspaper which calls her husband a dog. She says the paper was right then and is right now.—Kansas City Journal.

The Miller brothers on their great "101" ranch in Oklahoma this year have a melon patch of 12,000 acres! And there are signs put up all around this field saying: "35 fine for any one who goes through this patch without taking a melon."

The Seven Stars, in Manchester, was a licensed public house in the year of Poitiers (1356), two-thirds of a century before the cathedral was founded, and it boasts to-day a staircase clock which began to tick ever so long before Dr. Johnson was born—nearly two centuries ago.

Seth Nation, father of James, the Assistant State Auditor of Kansas, has no fear for the number thirteen. He was born on April 13, enlisted in the war on August 13, was nominated treasurer of Neosho County on September 13, and was inaugurated on October 13, and has had thirteen children.

The Moor prepares butter in an original way, and gets a different taste from the usual one. Fresh butter he despoils and uses only for cooking. It must be old if it is to be liked. After it has lain in a hole in the ground for some years and has got a certain appearance it becomes a delicacy.—Creamery Journal.

A writer in the National Geographical Magazine describes a peculiar kind of fishing in the South Sea Islands. The fruit of a tropical tree, the Barringtonia speciosa, is crushed and tied in a bag. Soon after it has been lowered into deep water the fish begin to appear on the surface apparently dead, being dragged by the fruit. The natives then catch them in their hands.

SUGGESTION FOR A PLOT.

A writer wonders why a "Thriller" hasn't been built around ambergris. The death at Provincetown of one of the luckiest finders of ambergris suggests the query why this rare and remarkable substance has not been assigned a more prominent place in literature. One of the most important properties for the "thriller" is some article which combines great value with small bulk, and can therefore be easily abstracted or hidden in a sealed drawer. Usually it is a jewel, sometimes an amulet or ring of rare ancient workmanship, frequently a will or an envelope of valuable papers. But why not try a lump of ambergris? It is rare enough, certainly, since in fifty years only about a ton has ever been found, and, unlike gold or diamonds, the visible supply is constantly being used up in the arts. A whaler that brings in twenty pounds of ambergris from a cruise is accounted rarely fortunate, and of one which in sixteen years took 190 pounds it was remarked that the cost of the vessel was paid three times over from this item alone. Another of its possibilities lies in its deceptiveness. It is the veritable "fool's gold" of the sea. The lumps of ambergris picked up by strollers on the beach and enthusiastically described in the local papers usually turn out to be common tallow. There is no romance in gold mining by the cyanide process; even the operations in the diamond fields, for all their great "finds," have come down to the mere devising of elaborate systems to protect the companies from being swindled. But in the hunt for ambergris there might still be found the spirit of real treasure trove.—New York Post.

Automobiles of Funhad the Baller.
Judge not an auto by its smell; all comparisons are odorous.
A tack in the tire is as a thorn in the flesh; both are tiresome.
It is a short ride that hath no mending.
All does not go that glitters.
An auto is not without odor save in its own front seat.
Say not, "We shall return at five," ye may return at sizes and severals.
Oils well that ends well.
Approach railroads warily, lest they lead thee to heaven.
Though thou swear by thine auto seven times, the eighth thou wilt swear at; it is Klarnet.
The horse goeth not ten parsnips an hour, neither doth he explode.
To speed is human; to be caught is fine.—Century.

Appreciate Nature's Quality.
Laboring under the mistaken impression that the whiteness of wheat bread determines its quality—that the whiter the bread the better—the Parisian public has for years been growing more and more exacting on this score, and therefore the business of grain flour has been gradually approaching a limit. The public has, as a consequence, received a less nutritive food.—Scientific American.