

# HOUSEHOLD MATTERS

**Stains on Porcelain Tubs.**  
Kerosene applied with a flannel cloth is most efficacious in removing discolorations in metal or porcelain tubs. These are often occasioned by the mineral properties contained in the water, but sometimes by a lack of daily care. In either event a brisk application of kerosene will effectually remove all trace of them.

**What to Housewives.**  
The musty taste and odor that sometimes clings to a metal tea or coffee urn which has long been in disuse may be removed by putting a red hot cinder on a bit of tin or fragment of china in the bottom of this and letting it remain until cold. The top is, of course, allowed to remain on during the cooling process, and when removed the air inside will be found as pure and "sweet as sunshine."

**A Swinging Portiere.**  
Occasionally in household decoration it is desirable to hang a portiere or door drapery on the same side as that on which the door opens. This, of course, is very awkward, as the door is almost sure to catch the hanging each time it is opened. To obviate this trouble, which heretofore has only been accomplished by changing the door to open in the opposite direction, where possible, a sliding curtain rod has been devised. One end of the rod is supported on a bracket on the door frame, while the other extremity is supported on the door itself. The necessary give is provided in a number of ways, all comprising some scheme of sliding support.

**Lamps for the Library.**  
The newest lamps for the drawing room and library are of metal and naturally form a fitting foundation for those beautiful heat glass domes in leaded effects or other metallic settings. A number are in art nouveau effects; one of these is of oxidized brass, in shapes they range from graceful forms (not the very squat shapes) to tall monumental affairs of the banquet variety.

A clever thing of Grecian form with low, graceful supports is in mandarin bronze, and is very attractive. One charming oxidized bronze lamp is in the old Dutch style, a simple, sturdy loving cup as to shape and the column resting on three savage looking griffins. Choosing a lamp is easier than choosing a shade, for a shade must look well when lit up, and it must be becoming.—New York American.



**Pear Marmalade.**—Wash the pears well in cold water; remove stems and blossom end; cut the pears in small pieces; put them in a kettle with very little water; set in another vessel holding water and cook until reduced to a pulp; then rub through a colander. To every pound of pulp allow three-quarters of a pound of sugar. Cook until smooth and thick enough to drop from a spoon in clots. Fill into glasses or jam pots and when cold cover with paraffin.

**Squash Biscuit.**—To half a cup of cooked squash add three tablespoons of sugar, half a level teaspoonful of salt, four level teaspoonsful of butter and half a cup of scalded milk; when lukewarm add one-third yeast cake dissolved in one-fourth cup of tepid water; then add about two and a half cups of flour; cover and let rise overnight; in the morning shape into biscuits; let rise two hours and bake in a rather quick oven twenty-five minutes.

**Cocoanut Sponge.**—Thicken one pint of milk with two heaping tablespoons of corn starch, three tablespoons of sugar and a little salt; stir until thickened and cook ten minutes; when slightly cool beat in the whites of three eggs beaten stiff and one cup of fresh grated cocoanut and turn into a mold; serve with a soft custard made with the yolks of eggs, three tablespoons of sugar and one pint of milk; stir in the double boiler until thickened or creamy; serve cold.

**Risen Parsnip Fritters.**—Pare and boil the parsnips until very tender; drain and rub through a sieve; measure and to each cupful of the parsnip pulp add one pint of scalded milk with two tablespoons of butter dissolved in it; one teaspoonful of salt, half a yeast cake dissolved in a little warm water, and flour enough to make a drop batter; beat well and stand aside until light; then add flour to make a soft dough; knead well and let rise a second time; when light, mold into biscuits, set close together, in greased pans and when well risen bake in a hot oven; when taken from the oven brush over with a little milk and serve.

**Fritain and Nut Turnover.**—Put ten tablespoons of mashed potatoes into a bowl and whip them until very light; then season to taste with salt; stir in gradually six tablespoons of sifted flour and three tablespoons of melted butter. When well mixed turn out on a floured baking board and roll out an inch thick; cut in rounds with a large cake cutter or a small bowl; put in the centre of each cake a spoonful of ground prepared nuts slightly moistened with stewed tomatoes; moisten the edge of the rounds with the white of egg and fold into a little turnover, pinching the edges together; brush with beaten egg and brown in the oven or fry in deep hot fat until a light brown.

The average woman has a better memory for facts than for faces.

# TWENTY MILLIONS PAID FOR AUTOMOBILES IN 1902

**CURIOSITIES OF THE INDUSTRY IN AMERICA—ROOMS IN UNEXPECTED PLACES—THE DEMAND FOR GASOLINE MOTOR VEHICLES—2000 AGENTS AND DEALERS SELL THEM.**

It is usually stated that there are about 300 automobile manufacturers actually engaged in building complete vehicles in the United States and about 2000 manufacturers who, in addition to their other business, make component parts and accessories for automobiles. A great many of the latter have found it unprofitable to cater to the automobile trade, however, because the requirements change with lightning rapidity, the shapes of parts are intricate and the orders received are rarely of sufficient magnitude to warrant special efforts.

Summing up everything, the total output of automobiles for the first eight months of 1902 may be placed at about 19,000 and their value at somewhat more than \$20,000,000. This takes no cognizance of the automobiles which have been imported from Europe.

Beginning with the East and counting only manufacturers who have reached or exceeded ten automobiles, we find in the State of Massachusetts eleven builders of steam vehicles with an output of 770 machines sold at \$717,500. One of these builders makes only heavy steam trucks, worth about \$3000 apiece, but has not yet built very many.

In the same State, in which the steam automobile was originated so far as the most common American type is concerned, there are eight manufacturers of gasoline vehicles whose output was 705 machines, sold at about \$747,500. More than one-half of this number were made by one firm, which made its debut at the first Madison Square Garden show in 1900.

Massachusetts has never been favorable to electromobility, and the few makers who built electric carriages in previous years have apparently given it up. A few may have been built here and there to order, but none for the market.

Connecticut occupies a peculiar position. One highly capitalized concern, with manufacturing facilities which should be sufficient for turning out 1500 automobiles per annum at least, had no model corresponding to the popular demand at the beginning of the year.

It sold its left-over stock at reduced prices, and made up, of new vehicles, probably not more than one hundred. Of these some fifteen or twenty were gasoline vehicles and the rest electric carriages.

Another large concern, capable of producing 4000 or 5000 steam vehicles, also found itself on the wrong side of the market, and limited its output to somewhere in the neighborhood of 2000 machines, while devoting much of its energy to the designing of new models. Two much smaller concerns rested on their laurels and produced practically nothing.

In the district adjacent to New York City, including parts of New Jersey, only seven manufacturers have made gasoline vehicles. One of these seven firms has failed. The production amounts to about 435 automobiles and their selling value to \$680,000.

Here is also situated the largest American factory of gasoline vehicles made to sell for more than \$1000 apiece, and probably 1000 of these automobiles have been made in 1902, aggregating a valuation of close to \$1,800,000. Of small electric carriages between 300 and 400 have been turned out by one concern.

The total production of gasoline vehicles in Cleveland reaches about 1320, made by five manufacturers, and its value is estimated as high as \$2,370,000. With the steam and electric vehicles the total runs up to \$1,470,000.

In other cities of Ohio, such as Toledo, Warren and Clyde, there have been produced and sold from 700 to 750 gasoline vehicles, mostly of medium power and dimensions, valued at \$1,110,000; 500 steam carriages, all of the water-tube boiler system and worth about \$500,000.

The State of Ohio thus reaches an output of five and one-half million dollars' worth of automobiles, and in the prices obtained ranks higher than any other territory.

Three factories in Indiana have produced at least 950 electric carriages, mostly runabouts, valued at \$937,500, and one of these concerns which has only recently entered the automobile business, has about 500 more vehicles coming through. The two older firms are also very active at present.

Steam vehicles are not made for the market in Indiana, but the State has produced about 225 gasoline vehicles which have been sold for \$550,000 or more.

The industrial ten-strike of the year has been recorded by the State of Michigan. Somebody's intellect must have grasped the peculiarly American requirements of automobiles, for the product of gasoline runabouts in this State jumped from about 1000 in 1901 to more than 5000 this year, and their valuation from \$600,000 to \$3,500,000.

The automobile industry in Chicago and its vicinity is given over to the explosive motor system exclusively, with the exception of one company, which has produced 100 electric delivery wagons, mostly intended for use by the company's financial backers in their other business.

Another firm, which built electric runabouts in 1901, now builds gasoline runabouts. The total production of gasoline vehicles (including factories at Kenosha, Milwaukee and Peoria), amounts to 450 valued at \$365,000.

# AN OLD-SCHOOL EDITOR

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I had a fancy for the printing offices. I remember well the drowsy summer afternoon when I strolled into the office of the Scion and asked the editor—his name was Samuel Burwell, and he is living yet, the dear old soul—to teach me how to set type. He stood me on a candle-box in front of a case, placed a lot of wooden letters in the boxes and showed me how to set the types in a stick. Before I left the place I had mastered the boxes. Knew them all. That was the beginning of my journalistic career.

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One day, just as the Scion was about to go to press, a rural gentleman came into the office with an advertisement of a farm for sale. My editorial preceptor rushed to the case to put the notice in type. Then came my great opportunity. In that office it was the rule to give each new advertisement a brief local mention—a sort of editorial endorsement. I asked the privilege of preparing one in this instance, and it was granted. I sat down and wrote my first essay for print. It was as follows: "The attention of our readers is called to the advertisement of Farm for Sale in another column." This was the formula in the office of the Scion. I was tempted to add a word or two about the excellence of this particular farm and the desirability of the location, but we were pressed for time. I carried my article to the case and carefully placed it in type. How I watched it go upon the press, and how I read and re-read it with a pride and a sense of importance that I have never felt since. I carried that paper home and showed it to my mother. I remember that she seemed happy, and that she more than once referred to "the young gentleman who was writing for the newspaper." God bless her! I'm sure she laid that paper away in the big bureau where she kept valuables. She probably thought that she had seen brighter and abler articles in newspapers, but none more truthful, direct and concise than this. How far away those days seem, and how the press has improved since I helped to tug off the edition of the Scion! The cylinder press was in use in the large cities, but some very important newspapers were "worked" on the old hand press, which has since almost disappeared. When I see the monster Jumbonian presses in the World office printing, pasting, cutting, folding and delivering 40,000 eight-page papers an hour, and realize that I have almost seen the evolution from the hand press in my day, it makes me feel real antique. And perhaps I am growing old, for remember that when I was an infant playing with my big toe in a cradle the experimental telegraph wire between Washington City and Baltimore was still tingling with the first electric message ever transmitted. I am contemporaneous, you see, with the telegraph and the big printing presses. The little country college in which I took my first lesson in journalism—the Scion—is still presided over by my patient, assiduous Caleb Quotem, old friend Burwell. How gray and wrinkled he must be now! I thought he was an old man when he taught me how to set type and to smoke a pipe, if I am not mistaken. I thought him wise and good and generous in those far off days, and I am sure he has improved with age.—John A. Cockerill.

**The Rootless Dog.**  
"Did you ever notice that a dog will not wait for a street car to pass if he wants to cross the street?" asked an observant man. "Well, he never will do it. He will dash wildly in front of the car every time, and very often he takes his life in his hands, as it were, in order to make the crossing. Why it is I do not know, but the average dog will become panic-stricken in a way if a car rolls along at a time when he is anxious to get on the other side of the street. With a desperate plunge he will dash in front of the car. In many instances the car will not miss the dog the fraction of an inch. I have talked to street car men about the matter, and motormen have assured me that ninety-nine out of every 100 dogs will do this very thing. It may be that they do it just for the excitement of the thing. Dogs seem to love excitement. They seem to be particularly fond of anything that smacks of the chase, anything that will give them a chance to develop speed and show fleetness of foot. We have all noticed how they will run after and bark at any object that is in motion. I have known dogs that would run 100 yards or more after a cloud shadow, or the shadow of a buzzard, as it skimmed along the landscape. They will run after flying birds. They will chase anything that is on the go, whether the object is animate or inanimate. They will run after wagons, street cars, bicycles, automobiles or any old thing, and it may be that this old love of the chase has something to do with the practice I have been discussing. At any rate, the average dog will not wait for a street car to pass if he wants to cross over to the other side of the street."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

**Westminster's Stained Glass.**  
The great rose window in the south transept of the Abbey, which has just been dedicated to the memory of the late Duke of Westminster, reveals the poverty in the matter of stained glass of our national Valhalla. The Puritan iconoclasts made short shrift of the magnificent and priceless glass of the thirteenth, fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. Fragments alone could be found to form "the extraordinary patchwork" of the great east window in the south transept. Then there is a window in the southwest tower, given by Mr. Childs, of Philadelphia, to the memory of the two religious poets, George Herbert and William Cowper, both Westminster students. True, the Chapter House close by is not so badly off. Its windows, setting forth various incidents in the Abbey story, were presented by the late queen and by American and English subscribers. But as the space available for monuments diminishes, the stained glass window seems an appropriate commemoration for men of more national importance than the late Duke of Westminster.—London Daily Chronicle.

**A Successful Son of a Poet.**  
A Governor who was an expert and has turned out a successful one is Lord Tennyson. There were people who shook their heads over the selection. They thought his father's son must inherit some of the self-consciousness that is a tradition in the Isle of Wight, where every sparrow on a tree was suspected of having come from England to view the bard, and the frog that leaped out of his path was accused of having swam the Atlantic. The poet lived by his popularity, but would not, with the half-pence, take the kicks. Now, one of a Governor's chief uses is to show himself. He is there to be seen. How then, the people argued, would the moods and modes of Farringford be possible at a Government house? Time has solved the problem. Lord Tennyson, going on his far journey, left all the poet's impedimenta behind him. He was turned upside down—"hierarchically," and his views of men and things underwent an answering reversal. As a result, he is proving himself thoroughly acceptable; and there are people in South Australia who think that Downing street might do many a worse thing than send Lord Tennyson from Adelaide to the Governor-General's quarters in Sydney and Melbourne.—London Daily Chronicle.

**Angora Goats to Clear Land.**  
A company has been organized in St. Louis with a capital of \$100,000. It proposes to buy 25,000 acres of waste land in Southwestern Missouri and Northern Arkansas, which is covered principally by scrub oak, briars and hazel brush. Then it will turn loose several thousand Angora goats, which will clear the land better than men can, and bring in an income while doing so. Once the tract is cleared it will be put on the market as fruit and farm lands.

# FILIAL PIETY IN CHINA

**A Land in Which the Sons Commanded is Observed.**

China has many faults and failings. But lack of reverence for age, and especially of respect for parents, is not one of them, says the Shanghai Mercury. The conscience of the people is so sensitive on the point that the unfilial son is considered a monster even in the lowest ranks of life.

From the earliest youth the Chinese child is taught respect for his elders and reverence for his parents. This does not prevent him from being quite as willful in his way as his Western contemporary, and sometimes more so, inasmuch as his value as a means of continuing not only the family name, but the family ancestral worship, give him an exaggerated value in his parents' eyes of which he is not slow to avail himself. He then acts as a spoiled boy acts elsewhere, and makes himself the world-wide nuisance of his kind. And this, of course, in spite of the teaching of all the ages, and notwithstanding the twenty-four stories of filial piety with which he is regaled as soon as he can read the character. He knows of Wu Meng, for example, the son of poor parents who could not afford to buy mosquito curtains, and he reads, with his tongue in his cheek, how this model youth acquired a lasting name by going to lie down in his parents' bed sometime before their hour for retiring. In order that the mosquitoes might gorge themselves on his blood and leave his parents alone. It is to be feared that there is few Wu Mengs in these days.

The more amenable child, however, would even now imitate the example of Huang Ting-kien, who did with his own hands menial service for his father and mother, though he had attained the highest offices in the State, and there are many Chinese women today who would not hesitate to keep alive an aged mother-in-law with milk from their own breasts, even as Ts'ai Shih did ages ago.

**Philadelphia's Old Clothes.**  
Philadelphia is said to do a bigger business in old clothes, says the New York Commercial—that is, of course, in cast-off or second and third hand clothes of men—than any other city on the American Continent. It is the centre of the trade in the East, and the buyers of New York—men with their bags from Canal, Hester and Baxter streets—and from all over the Middle States "work" the City of Brotherly Love for old clothes every business day of the year. The outsiders number nearly 600 on an average. The capital invested in the old clothes trade of Philadelphia aggregates \$3,500,000. There are about 1000 flourishing retail stores, and the average value of their stocks is set by experts in the trade at \$3000. Each of a half dozen stores carries goods valued at \$15,000 or \$20,000. Each store gives employment to three persons on an average—the proprietor, his wife and the "hushelem," or mender. In all there are fully 3000 in the retail shops.

**The German-English Tongue.**  
Here is an example of that study of foreign languages which is asserted to be among the foundations of German commercial progress: A gentleman, by whose courtesy we are able to publish it, says the London Daily News, received it in reply to a question about the manufacture of surgical bandages addressed to a German firm:

Sirs—With attendet we regret us to informes you, that we to build already twelve years a Bandage-Cutting and Rolling Machine as speciality. The greats prefers to the same, quick and neat work, to have these machine maked worthfully for all Manufactories of Bandages, Hospitals and Sickness-houses thus that we till this day already over 500 pieces to sell can.

It shall us to be agreeable, when too you should have interest for this machine and we are fond willing to informed you further.—Jours faithfully, Decedful Sheep.

**Decedful Sheep.**  
Out at the abattoir the "pets" among the sheep may be distinguished by their superior height and shapeliness and by the intelligence of their expression. The pets are murderers. In the other pens sheep come and go by thousands to the slaughter, but the pets remain. They are trained to lead their fellows to death, and they do this work well, for they have, by reason of their strength, intelligence and beauty, a great influence. When the butchers of the abattoir wish to slaughter a flock of sheep word is passed to the pets, and they indifferently, calmly saunter in among the flock, gain their confidence and esteem, and then take their places at their head, and lead them to the slaughter house. The blood-stained and murderous pets have more than one unsuspecting quality. They eat pretzels and pie and drink beer.—Philadelphia Record.

**A New-Found Apollo.**  
Travelers passing through Paris, says the Westminster Gazette, should not fail to inspect the casts of recent architectural finds at Delphi. Among the most curious of these is an Apollo, date 6000 years B. C., with long, Egyptian-like curls. There is also a very curious bronze statue of the winner in a chariot race, same date, besides many torsos and fragments of remarkable strength, showing much anatomical truth. A small native temple has been excavated in almost a perfect condition.

**Imitation Sea Water.**  
Experiments made last year seemed to indicate that sea water could not be imitated, but in a later trial pure water mixed in correct proportion with the six chief salts of the ocean supported sensitive marine animals, and appeared to have the physiological effects of natural sea water.

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The great rose window in the south transept of the Abbey, which has just been dedicated to the memory of the late Duke of Westminster, reveals the poverty in the matter of stained glass of our national Valhalla. The Puritan iconoclasts made short shrift of the magnificent and priceless glass of the thirteenth, fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. Fragments alone could be found to form "the extraordinary patchwork" of the great east window in the south transept. Then there is a window in the southwest tower, given by Mr. Childs, of Philadelphia, to the memory of the two religious poets, George Herbert and William Cowper, both Westminster students. True, the Chapter House close by is not so badly off. Its windows, setting forth various incidents in the Abbey story, were presented by the late queen and by American and English subscribers. But as the space available for monuments diminishes, the stained glass window seems an appropriate commemoration for men of more national importance than the late Duke of Westminster.—London Daily Chronicle.

**A Successful Son of a Poet.**  
A Governor who was an expert and has turned out a successful one is Lord Tennyson. There were people who shook their heads over the selection. They thought his father's son must inherit some of the self-consciousness that is a tradition in the Isle of Wight, where every sparrow on a tree was suspected of having come from England to view the bard, and the frog that leaped out of his path was accused of having swam the Atlantic. The poet lived by his popularity, but would not, with the half-pence, take the kicks. Now, one of a Governor's chief uses is to show himself. He is there to be seen. How then, the people argued, would the moods and modes of Farringford be possible at a Government house? Time has solved the problem. Lord Tennyson, going on his far journey, left all the poet's impedimenta behind him. He was turned upside down—"hierarchically," and his views of men and things underwent an answering reversal. As a result, he is proving himself thoroughly acceptable; and there are people in South Australia who think that Downing street might do many a worse thing than send Lord Tennyson from Adelaide to the Governor-General's quarters in Sydney and Melbourne.—London Daily Chronicle.

**Angora Goats to Clear Land.**  
A company has been organized in St. Louis with a capital of \$100,000. It proposes to buy 25,000 acres of waste land in Southwestern Missouri and Northern Arkansas, which is covered principally by scrub oak, briars and hazel brush. Then it will turn loose several thousand Angora goats, which will clear the land better than men can, and bring in an income while doing so. Once the tract is cleared it will be put on the market as fruit and farm lands.