

About the ...House

GOOD THINGS TO EAT.

For sweetbread croquettes, cook, cool and mince a sweetbread. Add enough chopped chicken to make a full pint. Melt one-quarter cupful of butter, add one-half cupful of flour and cook until frothy. Add gradually, stirring all the time, one cupful of rich, well-seasoned chicken stock and one-third cupful of cream. Season with pepper, add a beaten egg and the minced sweetbreads. When cool, shape, roll in fine bread or cracker crumbs, then in beaten eggs and again in crumbs. Fry in deep fat, drain, and serve with mushroom sauce.

Banana Shortcake—Make a rich tea-biscuit crust, bake in jelly-cake tins in not too thick layers. When done, split open with forks and butter while hot, three layers being enough for one cake. The two bottom layers and one top make the best shape. Take about three good-sized thoroughly ripe bananas and shred finely with a fork. Spread a layer of the fruit on the crust adding the least bit of salt, and sprinkle well with powdered sugar. Add the next layer in the same way. On the last one spread fruit very thickly well mixed with sugar, so as to form sort of icing. Serve with soft custard flavored with vanilla.

Egg Croquettes—Four hardboiled eggs, three tablespoonfuls of cream, butter the size of a large nutmeg, a heaping saltspoonful of salt, a dash of pepper. When the eggs are very hard and perfectly cold rub through a fine wire sieve, add the cream, salt and pepper, beating in gradually. Melt the butter and stir in. As eggs sometimes vary in size, a little thickening may be needed to give the right consistency. Use the finest cracker dust, adding a little at a time until the mixture can be moulded into very soft balls. Roll in cracker dust and drop into a deep kettle of hot fat to fry. When they are brown, drain on a wire sieve, and serve with lettuce salad. For this purpose the croquettes should be cold. When hot, serve with crisp bacon.

Lemon Snaps—One pound of flour, half a pound of butter, one desert spoonful of allspice, two of ground ginger, the grated peel of half and the juice of a large lemon. Mix all well together, add a cup of molasses, beat it well, pour it on buttered sheet tins and spread it thinly over them. Bake in a rather slow oven, and roll each square around the finger as it is raised from the tin. These are quite as delicious as the best brandy snaps sold by confectioners.

Beef Roast—Two pounds round steak, chopped fine, two well-beaten eggs, one-half teaspoonful rolled crackers, one-half cup warm butter, one-half cup sweet milk, one small onion and a little sage; season with salt and pepper, mix all together with a stiff spoon. Put in a deep, square bread tin and bake one hour in a hot oven. Taste quite often after it begins to brown. The onion or any kind of other flavoring for meats added. This is very nice hot for dinner or sliced cold for lunch.

Almond Custard—One pint of milk, one-fourth cupful of sugar, one-fourth pound of almonds, blanched and pounded fine, two eggs and two teaspoonfuls of rose-water. Stir over the fire till thick as cream, then set in oven till firm. Just before serving cover with whipped cream, tinted delicately with strawberry syrup or red currant jelly.

Virginia Corn Muffins—Three eggs, well beaten; two heaping cups Indian cornmeal and one of flour; sift into the flour two teaspoonfuls baking powder; add one tablespoonful melted lard, three cups sweet milk, one teaspoonful salt; beat well; bake quickly in rings or small patty pans; serve hot.

USEFUL HINTS.

To prevent articles of silverware from tarnishing warm them when cleaned and paint them over with a thin solution of colloid in alcohol, using a wide, soft brush for the purpose. Articles so treated must be wiped only with dry cloths.

Every housewife in whose homes lamps are used realizes the annoyance that comes of less brilliant light than is given by the new burner. What is not generally understood is that the difficulty arises from dust which settles in the tiny apertures and prevents the free passage of air. If the burners are unscrewed from the lamps occasionally, freed of their wicks and boiled in a solution of washing soda and water, they will come forth brilliantly clean and the light will be once more all that can be desired. Wicks, too, should be more often renewed than is commonly the case, as they are apt to absorb the oil less readily after prolonged usage. Often the simple plan for boiling the burner and fitting it with new wicks will mean all the difference between the discomfort of the dim, uncertain light and the gratification that comes of a clean and bright one.

A domestic magazine advises that the baking of a cake should be divided into four equal parts. This necessitates looking at the cake only four times. At the end of the first quarter the cake should be somewhat risen, with bubbles on the top. The second quarter finds it well ris-

en and beginning to brown. At the end of the third it is "set," and evenly, but lightly browned. At the last look the cake should be ready to take out.

In making lemonade, increased richness and flavor can be obtained by stirring granulated sugar into the lemon juice until a thick syrup is formed about two hours in advance of one's need. This should be placed in a refrigerator until wanted, when shaved ice is to be added and the stirring resumed. Just before serving pour in water, still stirring while letting the water drip in slowly from a funnel.

It may shock tidy housekeepers to hear it, but the poor coffee one gets in the average household is due largely to the washing of the pot. It is plunged in with other pots in all but exceptional cases, and washed with the common dish cloth. "A coffee pot," says a cook where coffee is famous, "should never be washed. It should be filled with cold water and left to stand for a few moments after using. Then it should be brushed out carefully with a long-handled brush, scalded with hot water and left to dry with the lip open till it is to be used again. Coffee made carefully in a pot so treated becomes a neater fit for the gods."

Doilies and small center pieces, especially with quantities of open work, can be laundered with very little trouble at home. Castile or any white soap is the best cleansing medium. After washing and rinsing in slightly blue water, stretch them upon a window, taking care that every scall and petal is well smoothed and let them dry. They will require no ironing and look like new.

CHILDREN'S SUMMER HATS.

Lovely summer hats can sometimes be evolved from old ones with very little trouble or expense. Children never object to wearing old hats made over if they are pretty and becoming, and while their every-day hats should be plain they need not be ugly. Pretty and serviceable hats may be made of soft, odd crowns of linen or silkolene sewed into brims from old hats; and a narrow quilling of the same material on the edge of the brim will be all the trimming needed for the hat.

An old leghorn hat was transformed into a lovely summer hat by making a new crush crown of green and white chip and net weave and adding a two-inch chip straw braid to the brim. These braids come in every grade and color, and help out wonderfully in transforming old hats. There is no limit to the possibilities of an old leghorn hat, as it can be cleaned for a few times with a paste made of lemon juice and flowers of sulphur. When they cannot be cleaned any longer in this way they can be colored black or any of the bright colors.

It is easy to lower a high crown by removing several rows of braid, or to give height to a low one by adding several rows and the brims can be made any desired width by adding rows of fancy braids.

Black or tan straw hats can be freshened by brushing them over once or twice with liquid shoe polish of the desired color. A white straw hat that is only slightly soiled may be cleaned with corn meal moistened with warm water.

You can color a white hat any shade you would like by dissolving some diamond dye for wool of the color wanted in a little alcohol and applying to the hat with a soft brush. Colored hats that have faded can be freshened by using dye of the same color, then the hat must be given a coat of thin varnish. Many of the pretty summer hats begin to fade and show signs of wear long before the summer is over, and sometimes a very small outlay of money and a little trouble will make them prettier than when new.

MAKING SURE.

An old farmer, writing recently to a railway company's head office, asked for rates, distances, time, and so forth for many important kinds of freight over the principal lines. The letter probed deep into traffic business; it was indicative of a keen mind; plainly its writer, provided he got fair treatment, would become a valuable patron of the line.

So the railway company sent, post haste, one of their brightest young traffic agents to see him. The agent got off at his station and had to walk five miles to reach his house. Arriving, with some disappointment, at a small farm, the agent took from his pocket the long list of rates that three clerks had spent half the night in compiling, and he said to the old man:

"I have come, sir, to answer your recent letter in person. Here, on these papers, you will find each of your questions treated in detail. May we hope to do some business with you?"

The farmer looked over the list of answers with a grunt of satisfaction.

"You're from the railway company, eh?" he said. "Well, you can't hope for business from me, but I'm obliged to you just the same for all this information. It's for my son. You see, he's got to take an examination next month, and a lot of it will be about railways, so I thought I'd get him some facts first hand."

Johnny—"Maw's always talkin' about a hygienic diet. What is a hygienic diet?" Tommy—"It's any kind of diet you don't like!"

SEAL POACHERS IN RUSSIAN WATERS

The War Gives Venke and Other Raiders a Chance to Dip into the Rookeries in the Okhotsk Sea.

There are somewhere in the Okhotsk Sea a score or more schooners of less than a hundred tons register whose crews are joyful, writes a correspondent of the London Post. Since the Russian fleets are held fast at Port Arthur and Vladivostok the schooner crews are free to raid certain rookeries where many of the sealers have more than once encountered the rifle fire of the guards when in close proximity to the islands. Hidden in the ever-present mists that fill the northern seas lies Robben Island, where the bark of the seal herd that haul on the smooth beaches and where the noises of the fights between the whiskered "matkas" can be heard long before the island is seen. It is not far from the coast of Sakhalin. On any of the few clear days the black-green volcanic shore-line of Cape Patience can be plainly seen. Until the wig-wag of a Russian signalman on Cape Patience told of Admiral Togo's descent on the Port Artur fleet there was a Russian guard on Robben Island which patrolled the beaches and watched through the mist-curtain for the boats of the poachers. More than once the rocks have echoed with the crack of the guards' rifles. I have seen a shot-riddled boat which bore witness to this, and I have spoken to a man who struck his knee while he was rowing desperately through the surf to escape the fire of the guards. But that was in peace time. Now the Kotik lies at Sasebo, a prize of war, and the Aleut and Zabiaka, which also guarded the northern sea against the seal poachers, have scurried off to shelter, and the guards have gone from both Robben and Commanderofski Islands. So, the raiders may raid unhindered. Perhaps they have already done so. Who knows?

VALUABLE PELTS.

It is at Hakodate that the sealing fleets, which will doubtless use the advantage given them by the war to raid the Russian rookeries, make their headquarters. They all fly the Japanese flag, but if enquiry was made into the ownership, it would be found that many of the shares, and in some cases, the whole schooner, was the property of citizens of the United States, who by reason of the fact that their government has prohibited pelagic sealing in order to protect a monopoly that leases the rookeries of Behring Sea, are unable to hunt seals in vessels flying their country's flag. There are many other nations represented in the mixed throng made up by these sealers of Hakodate. For example, as Kipling has put it:

"English they be and Japanese that hang on the Brown Bear's flank, And some be Scot, but the worst God wot, and the boldest thieves, be Yank!"

Now that the brown bear has to guard his throat his flank is unprotected, and there will probably be such raids as have not occurred for many years. For, of late years, the guards have been plentiful; the cruisers have maintained close patrol; and the sealers have kept without the prescribed limits. But now—"Away by the lands of the Japanese Where the paper lanterns glow, And the crews of all the shipping drink

In the house of Blood Street Joe," you can hear the talk of the raids that may be. Already the schooners may have anchored off the beaches, where thousands of seals crowd each other and fight for the better hauling grounds, and, with their clubs swinging, blood-stained, in the thronged rookeries, the raiders may be leaving many carcasses on the beaches after tearing away the valuable pelts. At least this is the opinion of some men with whom I have spoken—men who have hunted the seal herds in that vicinity. For the war has given the sealers a chance such as they have never seen.

LIKE A FOUR-INCH GUN.

It is years since the schooners have made dashes on the seal islands such as the dash of which Kipling sang in his "Rhyme of the Three Sealers." The men who made that memorable raid are scattered. Many have gone where there is no raiding and no seals. Captain Snow is living a retired life in Yokohama and will talk little of the incident. Captain Payne is also in Yokohama, but he says he has blotted the matter from his memory. Captain Kearney is in Manila. All are scattered, and the fleet which has recently sailed from Hakodate numbers few of the adventurous spirits of whose deeds Kipling's verses tell. As the men who know will testify the poet used his license to put in some tragedy. There was no killing. As the story was told to me Snow had gone to the rookery at Robben Island—it was there and not at St. Paul that the affair took place—and Payne followed. On the Arctic—Kipling has called her the Baltic—Snow and his fellow-raiders had looked back into the mist when the mud-hook clanked down off the rookery, and they thought the schooner which they saw observed in the fog behind them was a Russian cruiser. Payne had run out a stovepipe, and, as the poet says, "—a stovepipe seen" through

the closing mist, it shows like a four-inch gun." And there was what seemed to be a Russian flag, in reality a white sheet with a pair of blue overalls spread to make the St. Andrew's cross at the masthead. So the raiders fled, leaving the pelts for the men of the Silver Fleece—which the poet has called the Northern Light. As he tells:

"When the Northern Light drove in to the light and the sea must drove with her, The Baltic called her men and weighed—she could not choose but run, For a stovepipe seen through the closing mist, it shows like a four-inch gun."

The Arctic ran. And there the incident, for there was no second "faked" gunboat and following tragedy. The Silver Fleece took the skins the Arctic had gone to take and fled, and the Arctic returned to Hakodate with an empty hold.

THE WHIZZING BULLETS.

Many another tale is told of the daring raids of these adventurous men. Sitting beneath the glowing paper lanterns on the clean matting, with the tinkling samisons and the chant of the geisha sounding from behind the thin rice-paper partitions, the sealers often tell—as the kimono-clad maidens pour the saki—how they rowed with muffled oars into the covers, staggered over the rocks and wriggled among the seal herbs; tell of the landings in the mist, the hurried clubbing of seals and the rush to the half-filled boats as the guards clattered over the rocks, firing as they came; of the boats that danced in the surf, almost swamping bers; and the sharp cry of pain and the inert body that rolled down between the thwarts on the still warm skies. And they tell of the scurrying of little 60-ton schooners, wily every inch of canvas, set, into the fog-banks which Providence had sent when a cruiser steamer, with flame shooting from her stack, all too close behind; of how their vessel lay with bare poles in the trough of the sea, and they watched the stem of a far-away steamer rising and falling in the swell, fearing all the while that her lookout would make out the shining masts, and, on overhauling the schooner, find a hold well filled with stolen skins—which meant black bread and scanty fare in a cell of Petropaulofski's prison and the schooner left to rot on the beach. I all these things—but the tales they tell are nearly all of bygone years. The last few years have been comparatively free from adventure, years of storm and poor catches on the face of the waters. But now the opportunity has come, and the sealers will doubtless take advantage of it. But whether they have done so or not none can say, for the rookeries of Russia are afar and the sealers not return to the lanter streets of Hakodate for some months to come.

IN THE KAISER'S ARMY

"FIRST CLASS MEN" CREATE A SENSATION.

New Military Novel That Aims at Reform of German Officers' Corps.

The officers of the German army are writing under another lash of scorn. Freiherr von Schlicht, a retired officer and a scion of a noble family clique, has written a book called "First Class Men," and in its 350 pages he has dealt exclusively with the shortcomings of the officers in a typical crack regiment in the Kaiser's army.

The book is similar to the famous "Life in a Small Garrison Town," written by Lieut. Bilsle, the young officer who was imprisoned and dismissed from the German army for revealing the scandals of army life. Capt. Freiherr von Schlicht was careful not to publish his book until he had retired and was beyond the reach of the Kaiser's wrath.

The government forbade the publication of Von Schlicht's book in Germany, but it was brought out in Vienna where it is being printed in enormous editions and sold all over the world, except openly in German bookstalls.

COMMONER BECOMES OFFICER.

The story, in outline, is this: On a festive occasion, when the noble officers of this regiment entertain a number of equally aristocratic friends, the representative of the sovereign announces that his majesty has added a new and promising officer to the corps. On hearing the name of the newcomer, which is that of a commoner, the officers without exception behave as if some dire misfortune had befallen them, and the feast ends in a gloom that could not be deeper had the honor of the regiment been touched. Just before the calamity is announced the conversation of two members of the party has enlightened the reader as to the code of ethics obtaining among these gentlemen.

"Do you know," says one noble officer to another, "I have lately thought a good deal about the pride of nobility and the spirit of caste. When we regiments of the Guards at a fraternal meal drink to the spirit of the officers' corps and express the hope that it may remain always the same, this, in my opinion, does not only mean that we are to preserve, our loyalty and affection to our sovereign, but also that we are to remain the first class men which we are, the bearers of old

noble names who, as members of the most aristocratic regiments, are always to maintain the dividing line which separates us from commoners."

TROUSERS BUTTONS.

Later on, when the great calamity of the admission of a commoner has been declared, the talk turns naturally to Winkler, the innocent cause of all this pother. The representative of his majesty are bombarded with questions, once champagne has loosened the tongues. "But, count, for heaven's sake tell us. You must know something about him. Who is this Winkler?" "Gentlemen," the adjutant said at last, "all the colonel and I know is what his majesty has just told us. Old Winkler is a factory owner."

"They all felt as if a load has been lifted. Factory owner! This was not much, and of course could not be compared with the social position of a noble squire or a court official, but, after all, Krupp himself had been a fond only a factory owner, and the German emperor had called him friend before all the world. Yes, they felt relieved until they saw that the count was holding something back, something relating to the factory owner. "What does the man manufacture? Guns or engines?" "Neither of them. Trouser buttons."

If a flash of lightning had struck them they could not have recoiled more suddenly, more horror-struck. "Good God!" they said. Presently the new man is introduced. The noble officers have been hidden to meet their new comrade in the barrack yard. "Gentlemen," the colonel says, "I have asked you to meet me in order that I may introduce our new comrade, Lieut. Winkler. If you please, lieutenant."

Lieut. Winkler advanced a step and saluted by touching his helmet, standing in the stiff, prescribed attitude, a figure of medium height, strong and slender. He had a good figure and looked extremely well in the becoming gold embroidered uniform of the regiment. The healthy look on his young face—he was 27 years old—with the fair mustache, and his clear blue eyes, suggested energy and independence. Many a man would not have been able to hide a certain nervousness at such a moment, but Winkler's face remained serenely quiet.

LOOK FOR RICH GIRLS.

The contrast between the young commoner, with his innate tact and modesty, his sensible outlook, his keen sense of honor and dignity, and his aristocratic comrades with their boundless conceit, their cynicism concerning women and money matters, their gluttony and drunkenness, is striking. Perhaps it is even a little overdone, and might be still more convincing if painted in less startling colors. After the absolute worthlessness of the aristocratic officers has been revealed in the course of some chapters shown up in various ways, the author devotes some time to an explanation of the usual means adopted to escape from the degrading impecunious position into which the large majority of officers of his class find themselves.

The one remedy towards which they all look, and which they discuss with a callousness which shows the depths to which they have sunk, is marriage with a rich girl. Here their pride of birth leaves them entirely in the lurch. All they require is a father-in-law who is able and willing to pay their own—and probably their relations'—debts, and a trouser button manufacturer's pretty daughter does as well as a dame of the bluest blood in the country.

DOESN'T WANT TO BE SOLD.

As soon as it becomes known that Winkler is a man of great wealth, a retired officer of an old noble family, steeped in debt, is ready to sell his only daughter—who, by the way, is the only creditable representative of the crowd of "first class" people in the book. This is the advice of the father to the poor girl:

"Never mind your pride of birth till you have a husband. There are plenty of commoners ready to exchange their miserable gold for a beautiful aristocratic wife who can introduce them into good society and preside at their table. When you have got a husband you can be aristocratic again; that will impress him, and the more you show him what sacrifice it has cost you to become his wife the more he will love and honor you."

The girl, in the present case, resents proudly and fiercely her father's and brother's baseness, and by her reticence and honorable pride attracts Winkler, and ends by becoming his wife. The absolute truth with which the author exposes these disgraceful doings will be patent to all who know anything of the life led by the average German officer.

Poor Winkler shows a fortitude under his trials which is truly heroic. He bears unnumbered humiliations, and gains some sort of position among his noble comrades by sheer force of character. But he ends as the hero of Lieut. Bilsle's book ended—disheartened and disappointed—he leaves the regiment to engage in business life.

Meeks—"The man who tries to change a woman's views is a fool." Weeks—"How do you know?" Meeks—"My wife told me so."

Little Willie—"Papa, do they have doctors to treat pigs?" His Papa—"Yes, my son; only they are called veterinary surgeons. Why do you ask?" Little Willie—"I was just wondering who cured bacon!"