HOUSEHOLD

NEW DISHES FROM ITALY.

Although French cooking is traditionally regarded as the best of any country in Europe, there are those who cherish a weakness for Italian dishes. The following recipes were culled by the writer when she was on a visit to Italy, and made the discovery that many new touches were given to our own familiar foods. Some are well worth duplicating at our tables by way of achieving the especial sauce of appetite—variety.

Spinach, for instance, is served in a ring mold, the vegetable being tender in the usual way, drained, chopped fine and when hot passed through a wire sieve. At the point a little white, thin sauce, with the white of an egg, is added, and the mixture pressed into a mold, which is set in hot water until needed for table. Thin, hot slices of tongue are laid in groups of twos and threes on the top of the ring.

Of celery, the green stalks are cut in pieces two inches or so in length and stewed until tender, and served like asparagus on toast, with buttered sauce—a delicious dish, more especially if grated Parmesan cheese is sprinkled on top before the celery is sent to table.

Plain boiled rice, cooked tender and well salted, becomes a dish of consequence if served with a cream cheese sauce. A rich white sauce is made and grated Parmesan cheese stirred in thickly while the sauce is very hot. Serve with this course oblongs of dry thin toast.

The following dishes are even more typically Italian than the foregoing, and if the recipes are faithfully carried out will be found quite excellent:

Pizzella—Add to rather less than three-fourths pound of flour three potatoes rubbed through a sieve and a pinch of salt. Dissolve a piece of fresh yeast the size of a small marble, in a little tepid water. Make a hole in the center of the flour and add the dissolved yeast, working the paste lightly until it comes away easily from the baking board or slab (a marble slab is the best).

Put the paste in a basin and place it aside in a warm place until it has risen (about three hours). Heat some oil in a frying pan, dip your hands in tepid water, tear off lumps of the paste and fry, rinsing your hands each time to prevent the paste sticking to them. Place a little thick tomato sauce in the center of each "pizzella" and serve very hot.

Rolle of Rice.—Boil a cabbage. Boil some rice (do not overboil it), and when ready add two well-beaten eggs, a little butter, pepper, salt and grated Parmesan cheese. Spread a small quantity on a leaf of a boiled cabbage, and roll it round and tie it. When as many as required are prepared, fry them in boiling oil. Serve very hot, with tomato sauce to which some butter and grated Parmesan have been added.

CARE OF THE DISHCLOTH.

During the last few years scientists have endeavored to awaken the people to the vast importance of bacteria. To-day every one is beginning to realize and to recognize the important part which bacteria play in home sanitation, writes an experienced housekeeper.

Bacteria comprise a small class of law plants which are possessed of wonderful powers. There are hundreds of different species and forms, all of which are extremely minute and which are never visible to the naked eye. The fact that they are so universally found in nature, together with their great powers of multiplication, renders them of the greatest importance in nature. We should not get the idea that all bacteria are to be condemned, because some of them are our friends rather than our enemies. However, there is a class of bacteria, called pathogenic, or disease-producing bacteria, which are harmful, and it is against these that we should wage our war.

To most people the care of the dishcloth seems a very simple and unimportant phase in our household duties, and yet the dishcloth is a very important factor in the kitchen, and may be the cause of serious trouble.

We all know of a housekeeper (of course we never do such a thing), who is really very cleanly and considered a number one housekeeper, who, after washing her dishes, washes off the gas plate, the sink and probably a little of the woodwork with the same cloth. She throws out the dishwater, rinses out the pan and cloth and hangs it over the pan or over in some dark corner to dry. Then after each meal this process is continued, until the cloth is simply in strings. I know a woman who says that she "always makes it a rule never to use her dishcloth after it gets to be over a yard long." Now, when we stop to consider the seriousness of pathogenic bacteria and the diseases which they cause, we realize that a slimy, greasy dishcloth would be very likely to breed disease.

A noted physician relates an experience which he had in a family where a daughter was taken ill with diphtheria. After her death two other members of the family were taken with the same disease. As there were no other cases in that town and apparently no cause for it, he began to investigate. He searched the whole house and surroundings and found everything perfectly sanitary. He was about to give up his investigation when he caught sight of the dishcloth. Upon examining it he found it to contain millions of microbes. So the cause of the diphtheria was attributed to the dirty dishcloth which the mother had thoughtlessly used.

We should always wash the dishcloth thoroughly with hot water and soap after using it, rinse it and shake it out and then hang it in the sun to dry; never using it for anything excepting dishwashing. And do not use it until "it is a yard long."

We must realize that "it is the little things which count," even in sanitation.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

When bread making, do not use too much salt or the loaves will not be light.

Sponges will not get slimy if rinsed in clean water and put in the air after using.

Save every spoonful of gravy or stock, for a small quantity of either is a great improvement to made dishes.

If the oven is too hot, place a basin of cold water in it; this will speedily lower the temperature.

Suet puddings must be boiled for at least two hous, and if cooked from three to four hours they will be better.

To Remove Varnish.—First rub well with sandpaper and then apply spirit of ammonia on a soft rag.

To Clean Paint.—Dip a flannel into powdered whiting, and rub the surface of the paint, and you will be pleased with the result.

Steel table knives should never be used in the kitchen, for if anything greasy is stirred with them they immediately become blunt.

When cake tins are worn thin, scatter a little sand over the oven shelf before putting down the cake tin, and it will not burn in the baking.

Where moths are troublesome scatter powdered bitter apple under the papers of drawers and cupboards. Turpentine, too, is useful for the purpose.

If you wish to keep books in good condition, have open shelves. Glass doors certainly exclude dust, but they are apt to keep in damp and harbor moths.

Tar stains may be removed from cotton fabrics by covering the spot with butter, and allowing it to remain for a few hours before washing.

Fat and suet will keep for a long time if finely shredded, mixed with flour, and put in a cool place. Great care should always be taken that fat is chopped very finely for puddings.

To Stain Chairs—Scrub the chairs well and let them dry. Then paint with a solution of permangante of potash and water. If not dark enough apply a second coat. Next apply a coat of thin size, and, lastly, a coat of common varnish.

Leghorn hats may be cleaned with sulphur and the juice of a lemon. Stir a teaspoonful of sulphur into the juice of a lemon. Brush the mixture well into the hat with a toothbrush. Hold under the tap for a minute to get rid of the sulphur, then dry in an airy place.

WISE SAYINGS.

A rolling stone gathers some hard knocks.

Small men feel big when standing on their dignity.

It's his running expenses that keeps many a man behind.

A professional politician is a man who has no candid opinions.

If you want other people to look down on you look up to them.

There are times when a good bluff is as effective as great riches.

In the game of hearts, when a man is in doubt he should lead diamonds.

Dancing would be awfully hard work if it wasn't for the fun of the thing.

Every girl with money looks like a get-rich-quick proposition to some young man.

No man can profit altogether by the experience of others. He must buy some of his own.

A man can remember to his dying day all the things he learned at college—outside his textbooks.

If a man is too proud to beg and too honest to steal he should leave politics to those who are fitted for it.

A girl is awfully disappointed shortly after marriage to discover that her husband is merely an ordinary man like her brother.

STORY LIKE A PROPHECY

TALE OF A GREAT SHIPWRECK BY AN ICEBERG.

Author's Realistic Details Might Be Narrative of Actual Event.

The current number of the Popular Magazine, issued a few days ago, contains a story of a great ship wrecked at sea by collision with an iceberg. In its essentials it fits with such uncanny exactness the sparse details yet received of the Titanic disaster that one would be led almost to believe that the author, Mr. Mayn Clew Garnett, was endowed, like Cassandra, with a gift of dire prophecy. Some of the most striking paragraphs of Mr. Garnett's story are given below:—

The Admiral was a giant liner, a ship of eight hundred feet in length, and the snoring of the bow wave told of a tearing speed. She was doing 22½ knots an hour, or more than 25 miles, the speed of a train of cars.

There was a puff of colder air than usual. A chill as of death itself came floating over the silent ocean. A man on lookout stood staring straight into the mist ahead, and then sang out:

"Something right ahead, sir," he yelled in a voice that carried

LIKE THE ROAR OF A GUN.

Capt. Brownson just seized the lever shutting the compartments, swung it, jammed it hard over, and screamed:

FIGURES IN HOME RULE HISTORY.

Premier Asquith and his illustrious predecessor, the late William Ewart Gladstone.

"Stop her—stop her—hard over your wheel—hard over——"

His voice ended in a vibrating screech that sounded wild, weird, uncanny in that awful silence. A hundred men stopped in their stride, or work, paralyzed at the tones coming from the bridge.

With a grinding, smashing roar, as of thousands of tons coming together, the huge liner plunged headlong into the iceberg that rose grim and silent right ahead, towering over her in spite of her great height. The shock was terrific, and the grinding, thundering crash of falling tons of ice, coupled with the rending of steel plates and solid planks, made chaos of all sound.

The Admiral bit in, dug, plowed, kept on going, going, and the whole forward part of her almost disappeared in the wall of white. A thousand tons of huge flakes slammed and slid down her decks, burying her to the fore hatch in the smother. A thousand tons more crashed, slid, and plunged down the slopes of the icy mountain and hurled themselves into the sea with giant splashes, sending torrents of water as high as the bridge rail. The men who had been forward were swept away by the avalanche. And then, with reversed engines, she finally came to a dead stop, with her bows jammed a hundred feet deep in the ice wall of the berg.

Brownson tied town the siren cord, and the roar shook the atmosphere.

THE TREMENDOUS TONES

rose above the din of screaming men and cursing seamen; and then the master called down to the heart of the ship, the engine room:

"Is she going?" he asked.

"Water coming in like through a tunnel," came the response. "Nearly up to the grates now——"

That was all. The man left the tube to rush on deck, and the captain knew the forward bulkheads had gone; had either jammed or burst under that terrific impact. The ship was going down.

The Admiral had struck straight into the wall of an iceberg that reached as far as the eye could see in the haze. It towered at least three hundred feet in the air, showing that its depth was colossal, probably at least half a mile.

Brownson stood calmly watching the press gain and lose places in the boats. The ship was sinking. That was certain. She must have struck so hard that even the 'midship bulkheads gave way, or were so twisted out of place that the doors failed. The chief engineer came below him and glanced up.

As he did so, a tremendous roaring blast of steam blew the superstructure upward. The boilers had gone.

The decks grew more and more steep. The liner was settling by the head and to starboard. She was even now twisting, rolling over; and the motion brought down thousands of blocks of ice from the berg. The engines had stopped long since. She still held her head against the ice wall; but it would give her no support. She was slipping away—

AWAY TO HER GRAVE BELOW.

Brownson gazed back over the decks. He watched the crowd impersonally, and it seemed strange to him that so much valuable fabric should go to the bottom so quickly. The paint was so clean and bright, the brass was so shiny. The whole structure was so thoroughly clean, neat, and in proper order. It was absurd.

The liner suddenly shifted, leaned to starboard, heeled far over, and her bows slipped from the berg, sinking down clear to her decks, clear down until the seas washed to the foot of her superstructure just below Brownson. Masses of ice fell from her into the sea. The grinding, splashing noise awoke the panic again among the remaining passengers and crew. They strove with maniac fury to get the rafts and other stuff that might float over the side. Two boats drew away full to the gunwales with people. The air below began to make that peculiar whistling sound that tells of pressure—pressure upon the vitals of the ship.

A whistling roar arose above all other sounds. The siren had ceased, and Brownson knew the air was rushing from below. The ship would drop in a moment. He dreaded that last plunge, that drop into the void below. The thought held him a little. The ocean was always so blue out there, so clear and apparently bottomless, a great void of water. He wondered at the depth, what kind of a dark bed would receive that giant fabric, the work of so many human hands. The silence was coming again, and the sounds on the sinking ship were dying out. Then, suddenly, came a cracking and banging of ice blocks and the ship raised her stern higher. Then she plunged straight downward, straight as a plummet for the bottom of the Atlantic Ocean.

The Mean Man—"Is there anything more heartrending than to have a wife who can cook but won't do it?" Dyspeptic—"Yes, to have one that can't cook and will do it."

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL STUDY

INTERNATIONAL LESSON, MAY. 5.

Lesson V.—Poverty and riches, Luke 6. 20-26; 16. 19-31. Golden Text, Luke 12. 15.

6. 20-26.

Verse 20. His disciples—Jesus is speaking to a larger group of his followers, including but not confined to the apostles. It is quite possible that we have before us in this part of Luke's narrative a shorter, variant account of the same incident described in Matthew 5. 1-12, though in all probability Jesus may have repeated the substance of his beautitudes on different occasions. This would account largely for the difference in form and wording between the beautitudes as found in Matthew and in Luke.

Ye poor—One of the chief differences between Matthew and Luke in their accounts of the beautitudes is the personal application which Luke makes of each blessing to the disciples immediately addressed by Jesus. (Compare Introduction to Lesson for April 28.) This difference in the two evangelists may be accounted for by the character and habits of thought of the two men, Matthew, the tax gatherer, expressing himself more naturally in impersonal terms, while Luke, the physician, reveals the more intimate personal touch. The principal thought of the first beautitude as here recorded is that those poor in this world's goods, while shut out from many of the privileges which wealth and social standing offer, may, through the acceptance of the gospel, come into possession of the best of all things, the kingdom of God.

21. Ye that hunger now—There is to be a reversal of conditions in the kingdom of heaven, where the obstacles of accidental social position shall not interfere with individual advantage.

22. When men shall hate you — Entertain bitter prejudices against you.

Separate you—Excommunicate or ostracize you from their company.

Reproach—Speak evil of.

23. Rejoice in that day—An example of such rejoicing in the face of dire persecution is found in the enthusiasm of the early martyrs.

Their fathers unto the prophets—The persecution which Jeremiah suffered at the hands of his countrymen are an outstanding example.

24. Woe—This is not merely a denunciation or pronouncement of doom on the rich, as such, any more than the promise of the second beautitude is an assurance of reward for poverty, in itself. The four expressions of woe must be taken together as constituting a lamentation over the existing unfortunate and unjust social distinctions and conditions.

Ye have received your consolation—Such as wealth, taken by itself apart from the other blessings of life, can give.

25. Ye that laugh now—Laughter and mirth in Jesus's day were seldom met with apart from the ease and luxury of wealth and social position. Jesus well knew how much of the prosperity of this day came through the acquisition of ill-gotten gains, and was followed by sinful self-indulgence, meriting condemnation.

26. When all men shall speak well of you—Universal popularity is too often gained by surrender of deep convictions and of principles, in an effort to placate prejudice and win approval. Against such popularity Jesus warns his followers.

16. 19-31.

19. Now there was a certain rich man—The parable which follows is taken from its context in Luke's narrative and inserted at this point in our study, as illustrating one of the beautitudes both on its positive and its negative side.

Faring sumptuously—Or, living in mirth and splendor. The name of the rich man is not given, the popular title, "Dives," being only the Latin for "rich."

20. Lazarus—The Hebrew Eleazar, meaning "he whom God helps."

Was laid at his gate—A common Oriental custom among beggars was to solicit alms at the gates to the homes of the wealthy.

Full of sores—The victim of disease, as well as poor, and thus in a doubly pitiable plight.

21. The crumbs that fell from the rich man's table—The word crumbs, is supplied in the English translation. The reference in the original is simply to that which was left over and wasted.

The dogs—These still roam in droves about the streets of Jerusalem and other Syrian cities.

22. The angels—Belief in angels was common among the Jews at this time, except for the sect of the Sadducees.

Abraham's bosom—The figure is taken from the custom of reclining at table and Lazarus is thought of as occupying the place of honor next to Abraham. The imagery of the parable is Jewish throughout.

23. Hades — Compare Introductory paragraph above.

Seeth Abraham afar off — The language is still figurative. We note, however, that even in the figure used Lazarus is not in Hades, which, in the parable, is no longer a realm for departed spirits in general, but a place of punishment for the wicked only. We must distinguish clearly also between the ethical use which Jesus makes of things referred to in his parables and his doctrinal statements or more direct teachings.

24. Send Lazarus—The despised outcast of further years is recognized by the rich man, who now becomes the suppliant.

25. Receivedst—The verb in the Greek has an intensive meaning of receivedst to the full. So far as the simple statement of this verse is concerned it shows merely a reversal of fortune, leaving the moral reasons for this reversal to be inferred by the hearers in the light of the entire parable.

26. Besides all this—Or, in all these things.

A great gulf fixed—The barrier between the evil and the good is discernible from one side only. The wicked man seldom appreciates why he is shut out from the fellowship of good people.

None may cross over—The gulf cannot be bridged in either direction.

27. Send him to my father's house—In the heart of the man there was revived the spark of solicitude for others, which had almost been quenched.

29. Moses and the prophets—The law and the writings of the prophets. These were the well-known and sufficient guides to right living.

31. Neither will they be persuaded, if one rise from the dead—A rebuke to the Jewish craving for the manifestation of marvelous signs.

RETURN TO SIMPLE EATING.

German Journal Bids Society Leaders Save Nation.

The Lokal Anzeiger publishes an urgent appeal to German society leaders to return to "simple eating." It states that the luxury era in Germany has caused an extravagance in dining which threatens financial impoverishment and digestive ruin. Carlsbad, Marienbad, Kissingen and other spas, which cater to the needs of "penitent gluttons," are, says the journal, visited by numbers, annually increasing, who go there in spring and summer to make amends for over-eating and over-drinking in winter. "It would be a genuine public service on the part of leading society personages if they would begin by practical example to wage war on the sensual luxuriousness of modern entertaining, as far as the culinary end of it is concerned. Only by a return to simple and sensible dinners can we avert genuine economic and physical perils."

MILLINER'S DEVICE.

Artist Draws Customer, and Sketch Sent Home With Hat.

Some of the leading milliners of Paris, France, have introduced a new device for paying a pretty compliment to their best customers, and one that is well calculated to please them. When a client of distinction enters the shop and proceeds to try on the various new "creations" which the fashionable milliner produces, all unknown to herself the customer is sitting, or, rather, standing, for her portrait to an artist in concealment behind a screen. Absorbed in the fascinating occupation of trying on a new hat, with her whole attention fixed on the reflection of herself in the glass, she is quite oblivious of the artist's presence. Meanwhile he swiftly transfers to paper the feature of his unconscious subject. What is her surprise, therefore, on receiving the next day the hatbox containing her purchase, to find pasted upon the box an original drawing of herself wearing the new chapeau!

GRAINS OF GOLD.

The wealthiest kingdom can show nothing so beautiful as a virtuous home.

Ridicule is not the test of truth, because truth must always be the test of ridicule.

Time is a continual over-dropping of moments, which fall down one upon the other and evaporate.

Happiness consists in activity. Such is the constitution of our nature; it is a running stream, and not a stagnant pool.

Nothing is rich but the inexhaustible wealth of nature. She shows us only surface, but she is a million fathoms deep.

The true man is one who will neither seek an indirect advantage by a specious word, nor take an evil path to secure a good purpose.

"Yes," said the veteran, "at one time we were within an inch of freezing to death. Luckily, however," and he gazed reflectively at the ceiling—"we had the presence of mind to fall into a heated discussion."