HOME

Uses For Stale Bread.

The modern housekeeper is likely to buy a loaf of fresh bread every day at the baker's, but our grandmothers made their bread at home and used up every scrap of one baking before baking day came around again.

Here are some of the ingenious ways in which one grandmother disguised stale bread so that the most pernickety child she had would not know it from a brand-new dish.

Even though small economies are seldom practiced in these days when the high cost of living stalks abroad, yet these old recipes will probe what used to be called "tasty" dishes for breakfast and luncheon.

Cut squares of very hard bread two inches thick; steam over boiling water for twenty minutes and serve hot with butter and maple syrup.

Or cut the bread in one-inch squares, put in a colander and dash cold water over them. Then fry the squares in butter until they are a delicate brown. Break two eggs over them, cook three minutes and serve immediately. This is particularly good for breakfast.

Another way is to make our old friend, French or Spanish toast, which is good for breakfast or luncheon. Cut rather thick slices of bread, dip in milk, then in beaten egg and fry a delicate brown. Serve this very hot, and if possible with maple syrup.

If you happen to have a whole stale loaf left over here is a fascinating way to use it. Cut off all the crust, put it on a tin, and set in the oven to dry and brown. When it is a light, golden brown lay it on the molding board and crush fine. Then cut the crustless loaf into pieces one inch thick and two or three inches long; beat two eggs very light, add two cups of sweet milk and a pinch of salt, dip the pieces of bread in the mixture, roll in the fine bread crumbs, and drop them into hot lard. When they are fried a nice brown put them on a hot dish and sprinkle thickly with sugar and a little fine cinnamon.

A really delicious pudding can be made in the following manner: Take rather thick slices of bread from which the crust is trimmed. Butter these slices on both sides. Heat a can of rather tart red or purple plums, put a layer of fruit in the bottom of a pudding dish, then a layer of bread and butter, and continue until the dish is filled. Set it in the oven for five minutes to get heated through. Then remove it from the oven, cover with a plate, put a weight on it, and set where it will become thoroughly cold. Eat it with cream and sugar. Tart cherries may be used in place of plums, or blackberries, and there should be plenty of juice, so that the bread may be saturated.

Ways of Cooking Rhubarb.

Rhubarb is one of the spring's blessings. Its list of health-giving possibilities is almost endless and its advocates as the giver of beauty are numbered by scores.

Pies and tarts of rhubarb are old favorites. There is a good deal of difficulty experienced in making them, because of the fact that rhubarb is generally so juicy that it soaks the under crust. To lessen the amount of juice do not use any water in the preparation of the rhubarb. Cut the stalks after they are washed, dried and skinned in half-inch lengths, cover them with sugar and put them in the crust. There can be two crusts or the top of the pie can be barred with pastry.

When making rhubarb tarts prepare the rhubarb and the crusts separately. Bake crisp crusts in muffin rings. Wash, dry and skin rhubarb stalks, cut them in inch pieces and stew them slowly until perfectly tender with a very little water. Add sugar when they are taken from the stove while they are still hot. Chill the rhubarb and at the last minute put it into the crusts.

Rhubarb cobbler, made without an under crust, of course, is a delicious luncheon dish for the devotee of rhubarb. To make it prepare a batter of a cupful of sour milk, a half-teaspoonful of soda dissolved in a little cold water added to the milk, a tablespoonful of butter and enough flour to make a medium batter. Put rhubarb, cut in short lengths, in a pudding dish and sugar it generously. Then pour over it the batter. Bake it in a moderate oven. Serve it hot with boiled custard or sugar and cream.

Rhubarb pudding, which is a favorite with children, is made on the order of apple brown betty. To make it cut the rhubarb in pieces, put a layer of it in a pudding dish, cover it with sugar and then a layer of bread and butter. Alternate layers of fruit and bread until the dish is filled. Cover it and bake it half an hour, remove the cover and bake ten minutes longer. Serve with a hot sauce of any desired flavor.

Home Hints.

If a recipe calls for butter the size of an egg, it is the same as a heaping tablespoonful of butter.

Chopped celery mixed with butter and seasoned with salt and pepper, makes a delicious stuffing for squab.

If dates which have been stewed and pressed through a sieve are added to a custard filling they will make a delicious pie.

It is well to remember that dainty lawns and muslins must be removed from the line as soon as dry, or the wind will make them limp.

Salt pork cut thin and dipped constantly in hot water while it is being fried will be found delicious served on toast. Sprinkle it well with pepper.

It is wise to sprinkle a little flour in the bottom of the cake pan, after greasing the pans with butter, this extra precaution will keep the cake from sticking.

Try serving fresh strawberries for breakfast in sherbet glasses, each layer sprinkled generously with pulverized sugar and orange juice poured over to moisten well.

If new enamelled saucepans are placed in a pan of water and allowed to come to a boil they will last much longer without cracking or burning than if they were used straight away.

A tasty appetizer is made of rye bread spread with butter, creamed and mixed with an equal amount of fresh grated horseradish. Cover each triangle of the bread with a strip of smoked salmon.

To keep heavy graniteware in good condition, place it in a large receptacle and boil in soda water for five or ten minutes twice a week. This will keep the ware sweet and wholesome and remove grease from it.

It is well when preparing to cook a ham, to scrape the outside skin before putting the ham into the water. Another thing to remember is not to put a fork into a ham; remove it from the water with a large spoon or one of the old-fashioned pie lifters.

A clever device for letting the oil drip slowly from the bottle when making a salad dressing is this: Cut two grooves in the cork on opposite sides; one groove admits air, while the other permits the oil to run slowly and evenly.

In stuffing tomatoes, use as many cracker or bread crumbs as there is pulp, and season the mixture with pepper, butter and plenty of salt, as well as with a few drops of onion juice. Fill the tomato shells with the mixture, and then dot with buttered crumbs.

To renew chiffon, spread a wet cloth over a very hot iron and hold the chiffon over the steam until it is free from wrinkles. Repeat the process with another hot iron and wet cloth as soon as the steam begins to flow feebly. The chiffon should be dried quickly.

A cupful of cocoanut beaten into a pint of cream that has been whipped light and dry and flavored with a little extract of bitter almond makes a delicious filling for layer cakes, or may be served in a cake that has had the inside part taken out and the outside left for a shell.

To open a window which sticks from dampness, take each window cord on the upper part of the window in hand at the same time and pull until the weights are up at the top. Let go suddenly and the force of their fall will start the most obstreperous window.

To roast blanched almonds, put them in a bowl and thoroughly mix two tablespoonfuls of olive oil and a tablespoonful of dry salt for every pound of nuts with them. Then place them in a greased paper bag, tie it at the top and roast them for ten minutes, shaking occasionally.

EXPERIMENTAL ORCHARD.

How South Australia Tries to Help the Fruitgrower.

Among the most successful of the means adopted by the horticultural department of South Australia for the assistance of the fruitgrowers is the carrying out of various experiments at the government orchard established for that purpose. The orchard is situated at Coromandel Valley, in the Mount Lofty ranges and is pronounced by experts to be the best of its kind in Australia. It is 52 acres in extent, and in view of the very large area suitable for fruit culture in South Australia great interest is taken in the experiments. These include trials of different methods of budding, grafting, manuring, thinning, and the treatment of posts. In addition, interesting experiments relating to the caprification of the Smyrna fig, and the "bitter pit" difficulty in apples are being undertaken, and a variety of other important work carried on. At present the orchard contains about 1400 varieties of apples, 800 kinds of pears, 320 peaches, 120 apricots, 80 nectarines, 360 plums, 320 cherries, 30 almonds, 16 loquats, 40 olives and 181 figs (comprising 63 Smyrna, 13 Capri, and 105 other varieties); besides 152 sorts of strawberries and large assortments of raspberries, and red, white and black currants, tomatoes, potatoes and other plants.

The Village Joker.

"Did you kiss Mabel against her will?"

"No. She was standing against the parlor door at the time."

A MORNING WITH THE KAISER

THE GERMAN EMPEROR IS A VERY BUSY MAN.

Two Hours of Hurry and Hustle in The Early Hours at Potsdam Castle.

It is a bright spring morning, and Berlin is bathed in a glorious sunlight, in which the windows of the great Imperial Schloss glisten and gleam.

The band of the First Dragoon Guards, of which King George is a colonel, is playing a fine old German chorale in the square of the Castle, about which squads of soldiers are marching quickly, says a writer in London Answers.

At the wide main-entrance to the Castle, four soldiers of the Dragoon Guards are on sentry duty, and they bring their rifles with a sharp rattle to ground as they come to attention when we pass up the steps and through the open portals.

Still as Statues.

In the entrance-hall there are a number of soldiers on guard, and, indeed, throughout the Castle the military element is far more in evidence than it is at any of the British Royal Palaces.

As one ascends the wide central marble staircase, one glimpses remote backgrounds of beautifully-painted walls and ceilings, and vistas of immense windows. Everywhere there is a sense of great spaciousness and color and light.

We halt opposite a large apartment on the second floor, the great double doors of which are wide open, and by which two soldiers stand erect and as motionless as statues.

It is the morning reception-room, and is at the moment full of visitors—they are mostly men, who for the greater part are in military, naval, and diplomatic uniforms. Grizzled-looking generals, fresh-complexioned and rather cheeky-looking young officers, and graver-looking older men, some of whom are wearing ordinary black frock-coats.

There are perhaps half a dozen ladies in the room.

King of Commerce, Too!

The clock in the square booms out eleven, and almost on the last stroke there comes the sound of the clinking of spurs outside the room. The buzz of conversation dies down, and the next moment the Emperor, followed by the Crown Prince, enters the room, both wearing the undress uniform of the Prince's regiment.

The Kaiser stands talking to a small group for a few minutes, and leaves the room, and hard upon his heels follows a short, spare, wiry, sharp-featured man wearing ordinary morning-dress.

He is Herr Henser, the Kaiser's business secretary. In the British Royal household there is no such office which at all corresponds to that which is so ably filled by Herr Henser.

The Kaiser's business interests, both public and private, are much wider than our Monarch's. His Imperial Majesty is the actual owner of a big pottery establishment, and is largely interested in many business ventures; the Royal Opera is under Royal control, and in many other ways the Emperor is directly interested in business affairs, and is much closer in personal touch with the business life of his subjects than the British people would like their King to be.

The Kaiser's "working-room" is a very large apartment with four big windows.

Trouble at the Opera.

On the walls there are a number of maps, and several framed designs of warships that were drawn by the Emperor himself. On one of the walls there is a firse-rate pencil sketch of King George and Queen Mary, and a fine oil painting of Queen Alexandra, and in a corner of the room there is a big marble bust of King Edward.

About the room are models of warships, aeroplanes and aircraft of various kinds, and in one corner a finely-modelled bronze statue, some four feet high, of the Kaiser in a suit of armor, a powerful work of art that greatly pleased the "War Lord"—as the statue is entitled.

The Kaiser takes his seat by the writing-table and by his side sits his business secretary. Soon both are busy going into the papers and letters that have been arranged for the Emperor's inspection.

There is a lengthy document from the manager of the Imperial factory. The business secretary has marked certain portions of it in red ink, and takes down the Emperor's instructions on the points dealt with in the marked passages.

Then there is a communication from the manager of the Royal Opera which makes

Emperor and Secretary Smile.

It is not an uncommon type of communication; it relates to a "grievance" of a minor singer at the Royal Opera House, who threatens to resign unless she is allowed to wear a certain style of dress in the opera of which the manager does not approve. The matter, of course, is left in the hands of the manager, but, in accordance with the rules, any singer in the Royal Opera who thinks he or she is aggrieved, can compel the manager to lay her case before the Emperor.

The secretary scribbles a few words on the letter, and it is dealt with.

More serious business soon engages the attention of the Emperor. There are letters from captains of industry and lords of finance dealing with great commercial enterprises, about which the Emperor likes to be kept well informed. The Kaiser scrutinizes them keenly, marks a passage here and there in each, and, if necessary, dictates a reply; but in most instances these letters are simply acknowledged and carefully filed for reference.

Then a little incident occurs. An equerry enters the room and hands a newspaper cutting to the secretary, which the latter puts before the Emperor. His Majesty reads it attentively.

Lunching With the Guards.

It is the sort of matter that no one would take notice of if it appeared in an English paper—such passages do indeed sometimes appear in one or two papers in the provinces—papers that have no circulation worth mentioning.

The passage referred to was a personal attack upon the Emperor. His Majesty frowns as he reads it, clenches his fist, and mutters something under his breath. Then he signs a paper that has been put before him by his secretary, and an hour later the editor of the paper has been arrested on a charge of lese-majesty.

At one o'clock the Emperor rises, the business secretary is dismissed, and departs with his sheaf of letters, and an equerry enters the room.

"I am ready," says the Kaiser. The Emperor is lunching with the Dragoon Guards at the Barracks to-day, and equerry and Kaiser are to leave the Castle at 1.15 sharp.

The Lonely One.

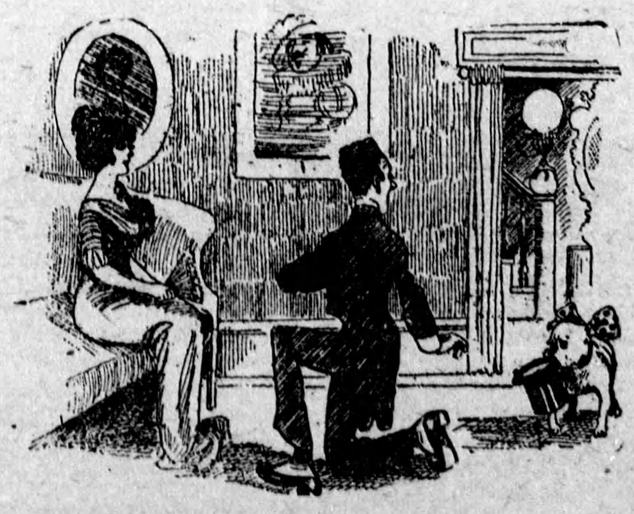
I had a friend,
I loaned him ten;
I haven't seen
My friend since then.

Another friend,
He borrowed five,
I doubt if he
Is still alive.

For one more friend
I signed a note;
He disappeared—
I was the goat.

I'm now convinced
That, in the end,
A feller is
His own best friend.

A German farmer was in search of a horse. "I've got just the horse for you," said the liveryman. "He's five years old, sound as a dollar and goes ten miles without stopping." The German threw his hands skyward. "Not for me," he said; "not for me. I live eight miles from town, and mit dot horse I haf to valk back two miles."



FIDO MADE A MISTAKE.

Miss Vera Willing's pet dog does his star trick just as Mr. Slowboy is proposing.

THE WILD DWARFS OF SPAIN.

Interesting Description of Their Dwelling Places and Habits.

It is hard to believe that in one of the oldest nations of Europe there dwells a people sunken as low in the scale of civilization as the Hurdanos, who occupy a large tract in the mountainous region of central Spain. They were almost unknown outside of Spain, until two enterprising Englishmen penetrated into their mountain fastnesses and "discovered" them to the world at large. Messrs. A. Chapman and W. J. Buck, the authors of "Unexplored Spain," thus describe them:

In the deep gorges of the mountain ranges of the northern Estremadura are the settlements, or alquerias, of these wild tribes. Most of the settlements are inaccessible on horseback. That of Romano de Arriba, for example, is plunged in such an abyss that from November to March no ray of sunshine ever reaches it. A similar case is that of Casa Hurdes, which as seen from the bridle-track leading over the Sierra de Porteros into Castile, appears buried in the bottom of a crevasse. On the other hand, some perch amidst high crags that can only be scaled by a rough scramble up broken rock stairways.

These alquerias — warrens, we may translate the word—consist of den-like hovels, straggling without order, or huddled together, as the rock formation may dictate—some half-piled one on another, others separate. Many are mere holes in the earth, lairs, shapeless as nature left their walls, but roofed over with branches and grass, and held in place by schistose slabs that serve for slates.

Hardly, in some cases, can you distinguish human dwellings from surrounding bush, earth, or rock. As our companion, a civil guard, remarked of one set of aeries that adhered to a cliff face, they rather resembled "the nests of crag-martins than the abodes of mankind."

Within are two tiny compartments, the first occupied by goats or swine, the second littered with bracken, on which the family sleep. There is no light or furniture of any description; no utensils for washing, hardly even for cooking. In some of the lairs there is a hollowed tree trunk that may serve as a bed, but its original purpose (as the name batane imports) was for pressing the grapes and olives in autumn. Even wild beasts, the wolves and boars, are more attentive to domestic cleanliness and propriety.

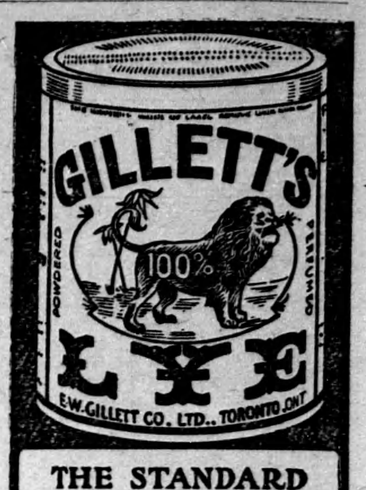
The people, clad in a patchwork of rags, leather, and untanned skins, are undersized, pallid of complexion, plain (although we would scarce say repulsive) in appearance, with dull, incurious eyes that were constantly averted when our glances met. The men affected a vacuous grin or giggle that was utterly devoid of any spark of joy or gladness. Many had flattened noses of the Mongolian type; and not even among the younger girls could we find a trace of good looks. All were barefoot, and barelegged to the knee.

On our opening the door of a den,—an old packing-case lid, three feet high, secured by a thong of goat-skin,—two pigs dashed forth, squealing; and at the first step inside, the writer's foot splashed in fetid moisture hidden beneath a litter of green fern. It was dark within, and too low to stand upright, and so I struck a match, and presently became aware of a living object almost underfoot. It proved to be a baby, no bigger than a rabbit, whose tiny black, bead-like eyes gleamed with a wild light. Never before have I seen such a look on a human face.

We scrambled up two steps in the rock, and crept into the inner lair, and from the fern litter arose a female. She stood about three feet high, had the same wild eyes, and her unkempt hair, encrusted brown with dirt, hung loose over her naked shoulders; she appeared to be about ten years old, yet she told us she was fourteen, and the mother of the rabbit-like child.

So lacking are these poor savages in any sufficient clothing, whether for day or night, that the children are habitually laid to sleep among the swine, in order to share the natural warmth of those beasts.

Gibbs—"That's a pretty rocky-looking umbrella you have there, old man. I wouldn't carry one like that." Dibbs—"I know you wouldn't; that's the reason I carry it when you're about."



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