Hints for the Home

From a Nurse's Notebook.

Cream Toast.—Make thin slices of golden brown toast, crisp and dry. Place the slices in a wire sieve and steam until soft over hot water. Then butter and put in a soup plate—about three slices, cut in half. Over them pour white sauce Make this by heating a cupful of milk in a double boiler and then adding two tablespoonfuls of flour rubbed into two tablespoonfuls of butter. Cook gently over a low heat until the flour has lost its starchy taste. Season with salt and pepper and serve very hot. Such a dish loses its appetizing qualities if it is not hot when served, so it should be carefully covered in transit from the kitchen to the room where it is to be served.

Eggnog.—Beat the yolk of an egg unti it is creamy and add a pinch of salt. Then add enough milk to fill a glass three-quarters full. Last, add the white beaten stiff, and sprinkle with grated nutmeg. This is nourishing and, excepting in cases where raw egg cannot be digested, is easily assimilated.

Lamb Broth.—Lamb broth can be taken by almost every one. Here is a good recipe for making it. Have a pound of the neck of lamb cut into small pieces and put it in a granite or aluminum saucepan with two cupfuls of cold water for two hours. Then bring it to the boiling point and let it cook, just below the boiling point, for three hours. Strain and season with salt. This could easily be made in a fireless cooker.

Chicken Broth.—This can be made in the same way as lamb broth. Use the neck, the wings and the back of chicken and reserve the other parts for other uses. If rice can be taken, a little rice, well boiled, can be added to either chicken or lamb broth.

Clam Broth.—Wash six clams and put them in a kettle with half a cupful of cold water. Steam until they have opened, strain and serve. Clam broth and beef broth may both be frozen, just to the mush stage, and then served in a sherbet glass. A feverish patient often finds this broth sherbet tempting.

Cornmeal Gruel.—All gruels must be thoroughly cooked, not very thick, and free from lumps. Put three tablespoonfuls of cornmeal into a third of a cupful of cold water, salt to taste, and then add two cupfuls of boiling water. Boil 20 minutes, stirring constantly, or else cook in a double boiler for an hour.

Cracker Gruel.—Break a soda cracker or two, buttered thin, into a cupful of boiling milk and cook, stirring constantly, for three or four minutes. Season with salt.

Oatmeal Gruel.—Cook half a cupful of prepared oatmeal in a quart of boiling, salted water. When the rice is cooked to pieces, strain and dilute to taste with hot milk.

Stewed Prunes and Figs.—Wash prunes or figs to be stewed and then soak in cold water for ten hours. Cook for half an hour in the same water. Sweeten slightly if necessary.

Spinach on Toast.—Cook some well washed spinach for 20 minutes in boiling, salted water; drain it and rub it through a sieve. Have ready a piece of buttered, thin toast, which has been quickly dipped in boiling water. Moisten the spinach with a little melted butter, season with salt and pepper, and pile neatly on toast.

Custard with Fruit.—Very often good boiled custard can be served to advantage with fruit. The fruit adds attractiveness to the custard and to tempts the appetite. A few prunes, neatly cut in pieces, can be covered with custard; dates can be used in the same way; orange pulp cut in dice can be added to it, or a spoonful of apple snow can be placed on top of a dishful of custard.

Apple Snow.—Bake an apple in an earthen dish covered. Remove core and skip before baking. Then rub it through a sieve, add it to the well beaten white of an egg and beat for 20 minutes. Sweeten to taste and serve piled up in a glass cup.

Orange Whip.—Squeeze the juice from an orange. Beat the white of an egg and add a tablespoonful of sugar and a little of the orange juice, beating stiff again. Then pour the rest of the juice into a glass cup, pile on the write and serve.

Grapefruit and Orange.—Grapefruit pulp cut in dice and served in a glass with the juice of an orange and a very little sugar, with a tablespoonful of brandy or sherry, if that is allowed, makes a most refreshing dish for an invalid.

Bavarian Cream. — Bavarian creams of all sorts make delicious and nourishing desserts for invalids. For chocolate Bavarian cream, soak half a box of gelatin in cold water for at least half an hour. In a double boiler heat one pint of milk and two ounces of grated chocolate; add the gelatin and stir until dissolved. Next add half a cup of sugar and remove from the stove. Turn into a deep bowl and add one teaspoonful of vanilla; set this bowl into a pan of ice water and stir until it thickens like a sauce; then add a pint of cream whipped stiff. Stir lightly, pour into a mould, wet with cold water, set it on ice and serve with whipped cream. This must be made very early in the morning if it is to be used for lunch or tea. If a fruit cream is desired substitute fruit juice, stewed and strained, or the juice from canned fruit, for the milk, omitting the grated chocolate. Both raspberry and peach Bavarian cream are delicious.

Useful Hints.

Two or three slices of lemon put in the boiling water will whiten linen.

Make whitewash with skim milk instead of water, it makes ceilings whiter, and stops them peeling.

A raw potato cut in half will clean marks off black material. A black serge garment can be made absolutely spotless and as new, if washed in potato water.

After you have used all the ham that will cut nicely from the bone, and after chipping the remaining meat for frizzled ham, boil the bone with cabbage.

To make shepherd's pie, cut boiled beef into slices, season and brown; add a gravy to the meat, cover with mashed potatoes or biscuit crust and brown in the oven.

Use a paper dishrag. It is far more sanitary than a cloth, is firm and cleans well. One lasts for about a month, can then be burned, and another purchased in its place.

When making mush, do not thicken it too much or the mush will be harsh and unpleasant to eat. Quit thickening before you think it thick enough and it will be about right.

Fats that are derived from the cooking of bacon, ham, chicken, beef and other meats, should be kept, each in its own receptacle, to be used for different purposes.

Mashed potatoes, left over, should be packed into a cup or bowl until needed for frying. Another way to use them is to put into a double boiler with some warm milk.

To remove the odor of food from a wooden chopping bowl, soak the bowl in boiling water in which a little soda is dissolved. Use a tablespoonful of soda to a gallon of water.

If a small piece of camphor is placed in a bowl or glass of water it will be found to float on the surface, and when lighted will prove a good night light, especially as camphor is a good disinfectant and its smell is not at all disagreeable.

NAVIES' CASUALTIES.

Sea Fights More Destructive to Life Than Formerly.

That the immense armies of to-day make war more sanguinary than at any other authentically recorded era of the world's history is the consensus of military expert opinion. Whether the ratio of casualties to the number engaged is higher than in the period when the musket's range was 200 yards remains to be determined when this war is over and there is opportunity to study the official returns of the killed and wounded, but the loss of life may be safely put down as exceeding the world's past experience of war, tragic as that experience has been. Modern war, which requires armies of millions, may be expected to slay its tens of thousands where war as it was one hundred years ago was contented with its hundreds.

What is true of war on land applies to war at sea, although the hecatomb is not as conspicuous after a naval battle as after one fought on terra firma. The number of lives lost by the blowing up of the four British cruisers Aboukir, Cressy, Hogue and Hawke, 1,984, exceeds by almost three hundred the total casualties sustained by Nelson's fleet at Trafalgar. Assuming that the German flagship Scharnhorst was sunk with all on board in the recent battle off the Falklands, she carried down with her more than eight hundred officers and men, a number of victims almost equalling the killed and wounded of the victors of the battle of the Nile, respectively 218 and 678. To get the clearest idea of the contrast between present and old time naval warfare it must be remembered that Nelson commanded twenty-seven fighting ships at Trafalgar and fifteen at the Nile. The losses of the vanquished in these two battles cannot be stated with precision, but they would naturally be heavier than those of the victors, more especially as both the French and the Spaniards crowded their ships with men.

The modern battle fought with fleets and vessels three or more miles apart offers another opportunity for heavier losses in the difficulty attendant on rescuing the crew of a sinking ship. It was easy enough for the victors in old times to get rescuing boats into the water, but now even with steam launches it may easily be too late to succor men desperately battling with the waves at a distance not to be passed without the consumption of considerable time.

Had Heard of Them.

It was company field-training. The captain saw a young soldier trying to cook his breakfast with a badly-made fire. Going to him, he showed him how to make a quick-cooking fire, saying:

"Look at the time you are wasting. When I was on the West coast I often had to hunt my breakfast. I used to go about two miles in the jungle, shoot my food, skin or pluck it, then cook and eat it, and return to the camp under the half-hour."

Then he unwisely added:

"Of course, you have heard of the West coast?"

"Yes, sir," replied the young soldier, "and also of Ananias and Baron Munchausen, too."

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL STUDY

INTERNATIONAL LESSON, JANUARY 10.

Lesson II. Deborah and Barak Deliver Israel.—Judg. 4.4-23; 5.1-22.

Golden Text. Psa. 34. 17.

Verse 4. The wife of Lappidoth.—Deborah was a married woman. She was a wife in the home, and, undoubtedly, the mother of children. This is a very early evidence that great leadership in the state is not inconsistent with wifely and motherly faithfulness and attention to the duties of the home. Much has been said about the particular sphere of women with the implication that this sphere is the home alone. No wife or mother has the right to neglect either her husband or her children, but woman's sphere is any place of service which will help the cause of humanity. This was Deborah's sphere.

5. Dwelt under the palm-tree of Deborah between Ramah and Bethel in the hill-country of Ephraim.—Because of the incursions of the Canaanites, it was no longer safe for the Israelites to have their seat of government, as it were, or, rather, the place of judgment, in the northeastern part of their borders, and hence they went up into the hill-country of Ephraim. The judges sat in an open place, usually under the gate of the city or in the market-place, where many people could be gathered together for special announcements. "The earliest seats of Israel's worship, the earliest rallies to her patriotism, were upon Mount Ephraim" (George Adam Smith).

6. And she sent and called Barak.—Deborah saw very quickly what the greatest need of Israel was, and she also discovered that the time was ripe for a decisive blow. So she sent for the man on whom she thought victory would rest. Barak mobilized his troops on Mount Tabor. Kedesh in Galilee is the old, important and very often mentioned city of the Old Testament. Reference is made to it in the Tel el Amarna letters and in the Egyptian inscriptians. Other references in the Bible are Josh. 20. 7; 21. 32. The inhabitants in B.C. 734 were captured and taken away by Tiglath Pileser. Josephus says that the city lay between Galilee and the Tyrian border, and that it was in the hands of the Tyrians, who were continually fighting with the Israelites.

7. The river Kishon.—This river flowed at the foot of Mount Carmel. It was poetically called "The waters of Megiddo" (Judg. 5. 19). The Kishon was a swift-flowing, turbulent stream.

8. Barak said, If thou wilt go with me, then I will go; but if thou wilt not go with me, I will not go.—It is strange that a warrior, used to battle, should be afraid to go into the conflict without the presence of a woman who presumably knew nothing about warfare.

9. And she said, I will surely go with thee.—Doubtless there was considerable argument between Deborah and Barak before she finally agreed to go. She could not see why Barak ought not to lead his army to victory.

Notwithstanding, the journey that thou takest shall not be for thine honor; for Jehovah will sell Sisera into the hand of a woman.—Deborah calls attention to the fact that Barak was less great than he might have been, and that, although he would win the victory, it would not be his victory; it would be the victory of Deborah who was his inspiration, his real leader.

10. And Barak called Zepulun and Naphtali together to Kedesh.—These tribes were very quickly rallied, for we read that there went up ten thousand men at his feet. "At his feet" is a very picturesque expression to indicate the eagerness of the Israelites to follow the call of Deborah and Barak. They came in such numbers and were so ready for the fray that they virtually crowded round his feet.

11. Now Heber the Kenite had separated himself from the Kenites.—This verse seems to be introduced to show how it was that Sisera (see verse 17) could flee away to the tent of Heber the Kenite for refuge.

12. And they told Sisera.—The news of the movements among the Israelites was brought to Sisera in his headquarters by his scouts.

13. Sisera gathered together all his chariots, even nine hundred chariots of iron.—These were the awful implements used by the heathen people against the Israelites. They were instruments of torture. As the fighting between the Israelites and their enemies was hand-to-hand conflict, it is readily seen how terrible these iron chariots, which were arranged with teeth and other sharp protuberances, appeared to the Israelites.

From Harosheth of the Gentiles, unto the river Kishon.—This was the far-flung battle line which Sisera threw out, reaching from Mount Tabor over to Mount Carmel, although it is evident that his forces were massed at the River Kishon.

14. And Deborah said unto Barak, Up.—Deborah was close at the side of Barak, as Barak evidently was depending entirely upon her. He moves when she commands. His command, however, brings the ten thousand Israelites after him.

15. And Jehovah discomfited Sisera.—The Israelites were fighting for Jehovah, they were fighting immediately under his leadership. When a battle went in favor of the Israelites, it was because they believed Jehovah discomfited the enemy. This further evidences how close the tie was between the Israelites and their God, and how, after all, the entire credit was given to him.

With the edge of the sword.—As already stated, the fighting of the Israelites with their enemies was hand-to-hand conflict. It must have been fierce in its contact.

Sisera alighted from his chariot, and fled away on his feet.—Sisera evidently was a coward. He left his men to their own discomfiture. He himself would flee to safety. This fact relieves somewhat the awfulness of the manner in which he met his death shortly afterwards at the hands of a woman (Judg. 4. 17, 22).

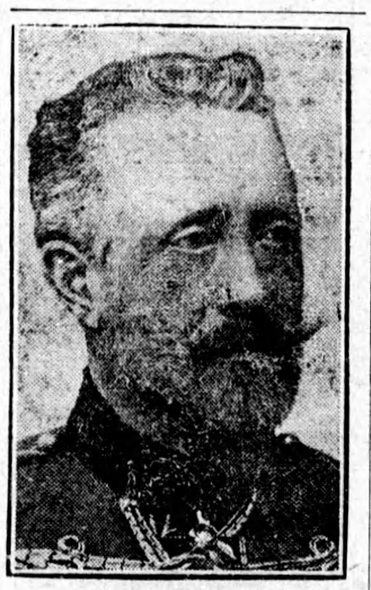
16. But Barak pursued after the chariots, and after the hosts.—Even the charriots were put to confusion, so that the footmen of the Israelites could pursue the horses of the enemy. "Not a man left," is the emphatic way in which the writer describes the awful loss that the enemy suffered.

GRAND DUKE NICHOLAS.

Victorious Leader of Army Is Virtually Dictator of Russia.

A Jupiter or a Mars in appearance, six feet six inches in his stockings, lean and lithe as a race horse, towering above his fellows with the easy grace of a prince, but alert, suspicious, self-reliant; the head long and narrow with delicate lines of ancestry, refinement, and the extreme idealism which is bigotry, covered now with the sparse grey locks of 58, remnants of golden curls of childhood; the chin bold and assertive, and the mouth sensuous, cold and cruel, both softened to the casual judgment by the cloak of an ample beard and moustache, the thin lips transformed at rare intervals by an ingenuous smile; the nose beaked like a Caesar's, the blue eyes patient, calculating, alive with intelligence and quiet with command, and yet the eager eyes of the adventurer embarked after many struggles upon the quest of honor and power—such is the Grand Duke Nicholas Nicholaievitch, Generalissimo of the Russian army, virtually dictator since the war began throughout the empire of the Czar of all the Russias.

Moulded in the physical likeness of his German mother, whom, in his unhappy boyhood, he adored, despising his Russian father, who had broken the mother's heart by infidelities, who had dishonored the family name and dissipated the family fortune, Nicholas, as soon as he was grown, gravitated with unerring instinct and unresisting will into the path his father had trod, remembering only that the father had been a famous soldier.



Grand Duke Nicholas.

Handicapped by His Strength.

Nicholas was from the beginning of his military career handicapped in various ways. Alexander III. did not enjoy the contrast between his three puny, narrow-chested, dull-eyed sons and this youthful Jove, his cousin, before whom statesmen and peasants bowed with unconscious homage, whispering beneath their breath, "If only he could be our future Czar." Every impediment to advancement was placed in the young man's way. The Imperial pleasure limited him to cavalry. It did not make Alexander III.'s crown feel easier upon his head when he realized that his cavalry was said to be the best in Europe, and that Nicholas Nicholaievitch had made it so.

The St. Petersburg Court teemed with scandals against the men whom his kinsman, the Czar, desired not to honor. Nicholas was too poor to combat them with his own paid agents, his father having bequeathed him scarcely anything but debts. The confiding, middle-aged widow of a merchant millionaire became his morganatic wife. She remained in Moscow, contented to parade her royal connection among her bourgeois friends, far removed in distance and knowledge from the affairs at Court. Nicholas was outwardly faithful to her until she died and her fortune was his own. Almost the next day his marriage arrangements were announced to the woman he had secretly longed for years to make his wife, the Princess Anastasia of Montenegro.

A Slavic Wife.

Alexander III. had brought three of the daughters of the King of Montenegro from their father's mountain home to be educated in his household. They were hostages for Montenegro's political submission. The youngest, Princess Helen is Queen of Italy to-day. Her two sisters, Alexander III. settled in accordance with his wishes, Princess Militza became the wife of the Grand Duke Peter, brother of Nicholas Nicholaievitch. Princess Anastasia was married to the Duke of Leuchtenberg. It was when she was the wife of another man that Nicholas Nicholaievitch wooed and won his present wife. Patiently they waited until she could persuade the Czar Nicholas to permit the divorce and until he was himself free to marry.

Anastasia was forty when she became the Grand Duchess Nicholas. She has the vigorous frame, the far-sighted intelligence, and the emotional devotion to the cause of the Slavs which characterize her old father. She was endowed with the barbaric voluptuous beauty of the Orient, and at the Court of St. Petersburg she early learned the arts of fascination and political intrigue practised there with Oriental finesse. She is a firebrand in spreading the gospel of the brotherhood of the Slavs and unscrupulous in the methods employed to further her husband's ambitions as the natural leader of the Russian Slavs.

The Grand Duchess Nicholas has long since become a Russian of the Russians. Regal in bearing, magnificently gowned in the costume of the ancient Czarina, she has more than once created a furore at the fancy-dress balls.

Anastasia has, however, thwarted her husband's schemes—if they exist—at a vital point. Married for seven years, she has not presented him with a child.

Seized Reins of Power.

From the beginning to the end of the Russo-Japanese War, Nicholas Nicholaievitch was at various times promised to the generals and the soldiers as their commander-in-chief. Both believed that disaster overtook them because the Czar failed to keep that promise, actuated by jealousy and fear of his cousin's popularity. At the close of the war the Russian capital swarmed with revolutionists, ready to strike at a given signal. Chaos reigned, and the vast machinery of the police availed nothing. The Czar was ready for flight and abdication. Nicholas Nicholaievitch took up the reins of government in his strong grasp; indifferent to the attempts made upon his own life, he went about the streets unprotected, and started the long procession of political prisoners to the mines of Siberia. Peace was restored. Then Czar Nicholas the Little, safe once more, stripped authority from Grand Duke Nicholas the Great.

When the present war began, Czar Nicholas aspired to lead his troops in person, to be his own generalissimo. The Grand Duke Nicholas assumed the supreme command by force, so one hears. He issued manifestoes to the Jews and to the Poles without consulting the Czar, this one knows. The Cabinet Council of the Empire holds daily sittings at Peterhof, save when the Czar is at headquarters in the West, and its resolutions are submitted to the Autocrat for confirmation. But the real executive is Grand Duke Nicholas, since every member of the Cabinet belongs to the Court Military party acknowledging the Grand Duke as its leader. The Czar does not dare defy his Cabinet during a state of war, and the Cabinet obediently obeys the commander-in-chief.

People Are Ignorant.

The people know almost nothing concerning the progress of events. The socialistic Russian papers and those printed in the German tongue have long ago been suppressed. A double censorship is in force for the papers still in existence, all reports of the war and political comment going twice to the censor, first in manuscript and then in printed form.

The Russian people who are loyal to the Czar are disturbed and restless over the problem of the succession. The little Czarevitch, Grand Duke Alexander, ten years old last July, is hopelessly lame and fragile; a sturdy, perfectly formed infant growing up to robust boyhood ruined in health by the accident on board his father's yacht two years ago, due to the machinations of the revolutionists. A dozen plots to kill him had failed. The one to cripple and torture by lingering disease has succeeded. No one believes he will live to manhood. The Czarina is forty-two and is not likely to give a second heir to the Imperial Crown.

The Czar's brother, Michael Alexandrovitch, the heir to the throne until the Czar's son was born, has steadfastly refused to give the Government any hope that he would ever accept the crown. He is now in the field fighting for Russia, but has left his morganatic wife and young family back in England, where he will undoubtedly return whenever peace comes again.

The next in succession are the sons of the Grand Duke Vladimir, the brother of Alexander III.—Grand Duke Cyril, who is married to his cousin, daughter of the English Duke of Edinburgh, and Grand Duchess Marie, Alexander II.'s only daughter; Grand Duke Boris, and Grand Duke Andrew. Cyril alone of the three brothers is married, and he has no son, only two infant daughters.

Will He Become Czar?

After them the succession in the regular order falls to the Grand Duke Serge, another brother of Alexander III., who by his royal marriage with a sister of the King of Greece, Serge has a son, Grand Duke Dimitri, twenty-three years old, handsome, elegant, and irresponsible. With him ends the hopes of an heir through the descendants of Alexander II.

It would surprise few people at court if the betrothal was announced of the Grand Duke Dimitri and the Grand Duchess Olga, the eldest daughter of the Czar, with the proclamation that Olga was to ascend the throne as sovereign Czarina in the event of the death of her crippled brother, Dimitri being Czar-consort.

Grand Duke Nicholas can well disregard these elaborate precautions to secure the succession in the regular line as mere stumbling blocks which he can thrust aside in his strong, masterful stride to seat himself upon the throne. The Russian people may so wish to reward him if he is victorious in the war against Germany. At any rate he will be a great popular hero, completely over-shadowing the Czar.

A STRIKING NARRATIVE.

Theodore Hook's Contribution to Strike Literature.

A strike all too often becomes a serious affair; a general strike, which involves allied or sympathetic trades along with those more directly concerned, is even more threatening or disastrous. In France, especially, the general strike is dreaded; and not long ago, as newspaper readers will recall, the strongest government measures were empoyed to break one up. Three-quarters of a century ago, the matter was regarded more lightly—particularly by a clever gentleman on the other side of the Channel. Theodore Hook, one of the few punsters whose punning was usually witty as well as playful, contributed what is certainly a unique page to strike literature in his account of the affair.

"The bakers, being ambitious to extend their do-mains, declared that a revolution was needed, and, though not exactly bred up to arms, soon reduced their crusty masters to terms. The tailors called a council of the board to see what measures should be taken, and, looking on the bakers as the flower of chivalry, decided to follow suit; the consequence of which was that a cereous insurrection was lighted up among the candle makers, which, however, wick-ed it might appear in the eyes of some persons, developed traits of character not unworthy of ancient Greece."

Hook could, however, pun with equal gayety upon matters that touched his own pocket. He enlivened the usually prosaic and unwelcome duty of paying his taxes by a word of advice to his neighbors to do likewise—which it is to be hoped the worthy Mr. Winter, the collector, found of some assistance:

Here comes Mr. Winter, inspector of taxes;
I advise you to give him whatever he axes;
I advise you to pay him without any flummery,
For though his name's Winter, his actions are summary!

Second to a Bird.

He came home and found his young wife dissolved in tears. "What do you think has happened" she cried. "I left the cage open and our canary has flown away."

He undertook to give what consolation he might, and took the poor, distressed woman in his arms. As she rested against his shoulder a new access of sobs convulsed her. "Ah, George," she murmured, in a choking voice, "now I've only you left."

The Leopard's Spot.

Master—Can a leopard change his spots?

Freddie—Yes, sir.

"Now, that's quite wrong. You know that a leopard cannot change his spots."

"Oh, but he can, sir, really."

"Well, tell me how, then:"

"When he's tired of sitting on one spot he can change to another."

A clear conscience makes a soft pillow.

Mazie—Artie, where are we going on our honeymoon? Artie—Around the world, darling. They're going to give it in seven reels at the corner picture show.

"I am a doctor." "If you are a doctor, how does it happen that old Tompkins died from heart trouble when you were treating him for liver trouble?" "It's a lie. When I treat a man for liver trouble, he dies of liver trouble."