Hints for the Home

Tested Recipes.

French Toast.—Take bread dough and roll out about half an inch thick. Cut in small squares and drop into boiling lard. When they are a light brown take out, drain on a sieve and serve hot.

An Egg Saver.—When a cake or cooky recipe calls for two or more eggs, use one-half the number required. After turning the egg from the shell fill the shell with real cold water and add to the egg. Then beat until foamy. You will be surprised to find that your cake or cookies are as light as if the full number of eggs had been used.

Pineapple Pudding.—Grate one pineapple, and measure by weight an equal amount of sugar, and half as much butter. Beat the butter and sugar to a cream, and add five eggs, one cupful of thick, sweet cream, and the pineapple. Beat the mixture thoroughly. Put the pudding in a deep pudding dish, cover it with a crust that has been rolled a bit thicker than for pie, and that has been pricked to let the steam escape, and bake it.

Pickled Figs. — Wash carefully two pounds of dried figs, and soak them for an hour in cold water. Make a thick vinegar syrup of one cupful of vinegar and three cupfuls of sugar. Tie a teaspoonful each of ground cloves, mace, and cinnamon in a thin muslin bag, add it to the syrup, and cook the syrup fifteen minutes. Drain the figs, and add them to the syrup. Let the mixture simmer slowly for thirty minutes. The result is a delicious relish that will keep in an open jar.

Strawberry Pudding.—Mix three tablespoonfuls of corn flour in a little milk, add to it the yolks of four eggs and three tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar. Stir it well for six or seven minutes into nearly a quart of boiling milk. Stir all the time, pour into a pie dish and let it stand ten minutes. Take some strawberry preserve and put it over the dish on the corn flour pudding. Beat the whites of four eggs with half a teacup of sifted white sugar to a stiff froth and spread over the strawberries. Bake for twenty minutes in a cool oven with the door open and keep in a cool place till wanted.

Cooking Cold Mutton or Venison.—To three tablespoonfuls of melted butter add a little mustard, salt and red pepper. Stir until it is piping hot. Then add a full tablespoonful of currant jelly. When these ingredients are well mixed, put in the meat and baste it with the gravy for a minute, then let it simmer for three or four minutes more. Add a glassful of sweet cider, and let the mixture stand over the fire for two or three minutes. This receipt is for mutton already cooked. For treating uncooked venison, the meat must be allowed to simmer until it is done before the cider is added.

A New Way of Serving Turnip.—Pare and cut in halves or quarters one or two large yellow autumn turnips. Have ready on the fire a good-sized saucepan filled with boiling water, to which you have added two teaspoonfuls of salt. When the turnips are washed, throw them at once into the boiling water, and keep them boiling for half an hour; then draw the saucepan to one side of the stove, add a large stalk of celery,—leaves and all,—and let the turnip and the celery cook slowly together for another half hour. When the turnips are cooked, turn them into a colander and drain and mash them. Have ready a gravy made as follows: Put into a saucepan a large handful of celery leaves; add boiling salted water, and cook the leaves until they are tender enough to mash with a fork. Add creamed butter and flour, and stir the sauce until it is smooth. Add the turnip, and keep the mass hot, but do not let it boil.

Dressings.

Dressing for Fruit Salad.—Squeeze one-half lemon in a bowl, add one tablespoonful of Taragon vinegar, one tablespoonful of maraschino cherry juice, two tablespoonfuls of olive oil. Stir up quickly and serve on fruit salad or fruit cocktail.

Dressing for Cucumber Salad.—Squeeze one-half lemon in a bowl, add a pinch of white pepper, one tablespoonful of chopped chives; and one ounce of sweet cream, one cup of whipped cream; mir up and serve.

Roquefort Cheese Dressing.—For a party of four or more, grate one pound of garlic, add salt and pepper to season. Take two tablespoonfuls of vinegar, three of tomato catsup, three of olive oil. Mix well, and then pour in grated roquefort cheese to taste.

Rules for Making Pastry.

Make it in a cold place if possible. Keep hands, utensils and ingredients as cool as possible or the pastry becomes heavy.

Be careful to add the right quantity of water, for too little will make it heavy. Keep utensils and hands as cool as possible, for heat makes the pastry heavy.

Hands should be washed thoroughly, and nothing should be touched that can give the pastry any other odor.

Shortening must always be rubbed in lightly with the finger tips.

Bake pastry in a hot oven; this will expand the air in it and thus lighten the flour.

Handle pastry as little and as lightly as possible. Use rolling-pin lightly and with even pressure.

If baking powder is used, bake the pastry as soon as possible, or the carbonic acid gas thrown off by the baking powder when it comes in contact with the moisture will force its way out of the paste and its action will be lost.

Useful Hints.

Raisins and cream cheese make a delightful sandwich for the school basket.

Enamelled ware only should be used for holding milk, custards and vegetables.

A delicious and economical dessert is of stewed figs and boiled rice served together.

The rough end of the roast can be ground up and it will make very good Hamburg steak.

The water in which fresh tongue, mutton or chicken has been boiled, may be used for soup or adder to the stock pot.

Do not expect good, light cakes unless the eggs are perfectly fresh and you have good, sweet butter.

If eggs crack while cooking in the saucepan, as often happens in cold weather, a spoonful of salt will prevent the white from coming out.

Disagreeable eye-smarting can be avoided if the onion is peeled from the root end. Afterward, rub the hands with salt and wash to take away the smell. Parsley leaves remove the odor from the breath.

It is quite possible to fry potatoes whole, and not as "chips." When they are nearly boiled, but not cracking, put them in a stewpan with a piece of butter or beef dripping: shake them about to prevent burning until they are brown and crisp; drain and serve.

If the children are fond of candy and you fear bad results, do not allow them to have it just before a meal, but be liberal with the sweets right after they have eaten a hearty meal. They will not eat so much, nor will it do them harm, if this method is followed.

WHERE INDIANS EXCEL.

"Fearful" to Look at and "Terrible to Fight."

(Related by a bombardier of the Royal Horse Artillery who has lately returned from Flanders.)

We were able to do some great work. There is no finer sight in the world than to see a battery of Horse Artillery going into action at a gallop. We are thought slow if we take more than 30 seconds in getting to work after the signal to unlimber.

On one occasion we were firing continuously for several hours, and used 800 shells. We were "dead on" that time, and must have accounted for hundreds. One of our guns was dropping shells near a gap in a hedge which the Germans were trying to rush. It was exciting to watch a score of their infantry time after time make a dash for the gap, but never succeed in reaching it.

I saw through glasses a troop of our cavalry wiped out when trying to rush a trench on foot. It was a plucky charge, but quite hopeless. Two men only reached the top of the ridge. One was shot down, and the single survivor, after bending over his comrade to see if he were dead, turned and commenced to walk down the slope. He had not gone far before he also fell.

It is wonderful how indifferent our men become to fire and the constant death around them. It is a little terrifying at first, but that does not last. It is when we are out of action, but still under fire, that we feel it most. There is time then to think of things, and we do not have the comfort of hitting back.

I saw a good deal of the Indian troops out there. The Pathans and the Sikhs are fearful fellows to look at, and they are terrible fighters. They are awfully proud of themselves, and particularly of their arms, which they keep as clean as new pins. It is funny to see them squatting in the mud dusting specks of dirt off their rifles.

They are great at close fighting, where they have the advantage over our own men, who sometimes get too close for bayonet work and have to use their fists. But the Ghurkas just push the German bayonets aside, and then leap in with their knives.

Their night work is terribly demoralizing to the enemy. When they charge they sweep everything before them.

"Why do you feed tramps who come along? They never do any work for you." "No," said the wife, "but it is quite a satisfaction to see a man eat a meal without finding fault with the cooking."

"I hear that you have a college graduate for a cook. Isn't that very expensive?" "Not very. She works for her board and clothes." "Why, how does she come to do that?" "She is my wife."

In the Belgian Trenches.

Trench Diggers (Pioneers) of the Belgian Army, still looking well and healthy, and now thoroughly accustomed to the hard work of the trenches.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL STUDY

INTERNATIONAL LESSON, JANUARY 24.

Lesson IV. Gideon and the Three Hundred. Judg. 7. Golden Text, Zech. 4. 6.

Verse 1. Then Jerubbaal, who is Gideon.—See chapter 6, verse 32. Gideon was called Jerubbaal, which means, "Let Baal contend."

The spring of Harod.—That is, the spring, or place of trembling or fear. In verse 3 Jehovah says to Gideon, "Proclaim in the ears of the people, saying, Whosoever is fearful and trembling, let him return and depart from Mount Gilead." Practically every proper noun in Hebrew, whether it be the name of a person or of a place, is indicative of something particular about the person or the place. The spring of Harod has been undoubtedly located by modern exploration. There were three springs, or wells, lying in the valley of Jezreel. One lay by Jezreel itself, and one out upon the open plain. The third was overshadowed by the precipitous banks of Gilboa. The first two were controlled by the Midianites. The third, the well of Harod, now called 'Ain Jalud, was commanded by the Israelites.

2. And Jehovah said unto Gideon, the people that are with thee are too many.—Jehovah is made to speak again. If so large a body of men should have defeated the enemy, they might have breasted themselves and said, "We were strong enough on our own account." Gideon saw this and appreciated its importance. But, as a true military leader, he saw what was of more significance: that because of the nature of the battlefield so large a number of men would be in their own way and exceedingly difficult for him to dispose properly.

3. Fearful and trembling.—Doubtless many of the thirty-two thousand were fearful and trembling. At any rate, we read that "there returned of the people twenty and two thousand; and there remained ten thousand."

4. Bring them down unto the water.—A further weeding out was necessary, and therefore a test was put to the ten thousand. The well of Harod was over against the Midianites. From their battlefield they could see what the Israelites were doing. In fact, the ten thousand were in danger of being pounced upon at the well, as practically the whole position of Gideon was exposed. It was necessary, therefore, for Gideon to be sure of his men. He could only use those who would appreciate their danger. Strength and bravery were not the only qualities which Gideon needed in his men at this time. It was not a question of mass-movement, of simply pouring men into the ranks of the enemy; it was, primarily, a question of individual initiative, of acting upon the moment with judgment and clear-sightedness. Hence a small army, even a very small army of men, of men who could be left to their own judgment was a better fighting force for Gideon than a large army, the individual members of which were not able to do their own thinking, but needed to rely upon Gideon to think for them. The men who stood the test which Gideon put to them were thinkers as well as fighters. Each one had in him not only deep-seated and indomitable bravery and courage, but also the power to think clearly in an emergency and to act promptly.

5. So he brought down the people unto the water.—The soldier who bowed down upon his knees to drink necessarily could see only what was under him; he could not see what was in front of him.

6. The number of them that lapped . . . was three hundred.—Only three hundred out of ten thousand realized the necessity of keeping themselves in instant readiness either to repel an attack or to make onslaught upon the enemy. These were the men Gideon wanted.

16. And he divided the three hundred men into three companies.—Other Israelite generals used this same formation in battle. (See 1 Sam. 11. 11; 2 Sam. 18. 2.)

17. And he said unto them, Look on me, and do likewise.—Gideon was ready to stand as much as and more than any one of his men.

18. When I blow the trumpet . . . then blow ye . . . and say, For Jehovah and for Gideon.—From time immemorial soldiers have gone into the fight with a battle-cry. There are men living to-day who can tell of the awful terror which struck into their hearts as the enemy came upon them with terrific yelling and crying.

20. And the three companies blew the trumpets.—The Midianites had no idea of a night attack, and when the were awakened and heard the noise of battle and saw the flaring lights, they undoubtedly thought that a great host was upon them, and they fled precipitously.

23. And the men of Israel were gathered together.—When the enemy was put to flight, Gideon brought up all the forces he could muster out of the different tribes. Now he could use men, as the enemy was in the open, and the more decisive would be his victory.

It is interesting to note that in the later border wars between Israel and their neighbors there is no further mention of the Midianites. Gideon with one fell swoop effectively put an end to those peace disturbers from across the Jordan. Gideon himself did not want war, but he realized that the militarism of his country's neighbors could be destroyed only by the force of arms.

BUSINESS SIDE OF ARMY.

Trained Men of France Engaged in the Work.

What might be called the civilian administration of the French army is probably the most gigantic business proposition the world has ever seen. It is as though all the railways of the United States with their 1,668,809 employes, all the steel and iron industries with their 260,762 employes and all the quarries, coal mines and metal mines with their 1,005,281 workers, were all under the direction of one office.

The French War Office, through its civilian administration, must assemble, transport and distribute food for nearly 4,000,000 men. It must supply the men with transportation from one part of the fighting line to another, the front to the interior and from the interior to the front in their periods of recuperation. It must provide clothing, medical attendance, dentists and every variety of service necessary to keep a man in health.

Besides all this, it must look out for the families of the men at the front, supplying their wives with the equivalent of 25 cents a day, and in case of children with the equivalent of 10 cents a day.

The smooth working of these immense business transactions is only possible because the work is distributed among the trained railway managers, steamship directors, great corporation officials and business men of capacity, who, although they are wearing uniforms, have been trained and prepared by civil life for this sort of work in war time. Some thousands of the most competent business men of France have been organized into this supply side of the war.

Many political leaders, senators, deputies, ex-presidents of the Chamber and men prominent in scientific and intellectual life have been called upon to help in this gigantic work.

Scored on Father.

He was the son of a worthy manufacturer and had just returned from abroad. His father, a brusque, matter-of-fact man, surveyed his offspring, who was togged out in the latest London fashion, with distinct disapproval. "Young man," he blurted out, "you look like an idiot."

Just at that moment, and before the youth had time to make a fitting reply, a friend walked in.

"Why, hello, Billy got back, have you?" he exclaimed. "By George, how much you resemble your father."

"So he's been telling me," said Billy quietly.

BELGIAN SOLDIERS' SURPRISE

Captured Gen. Von Buelow and a Sachel Full of Money.

There is no prouder soldier in Belgium to-day than Jean Jacques Rousseau, who, at the moment of writing, is being tended in a hospital at Ostend. Jean is only twenty years of age, but on his left breast he wears the Military Cross and two ribbons, one of the latter representing the Belgian Legion of Honor, King Albert having promised to present him with the medal on the first occasion possible.

The deed which won the young Belgian soldier this proud distinction was no less than the capture, single-handed, of General Von Buelow, son of the famous German ex-Chancellor, and the story of the episode will, no doubt, inspire many a youthful Belgian in years to come. Rousseau was with a company of 150 men at Zelk on August 12th, when they were attacked by overwhelming numbers of Germans, and "it was while I was in ambush," he says, "that I saw about 900 yards distant an officer studying a map.

"Crawling quietly towards him, I managed to get within 400 yards, took careful aim, and fired. The officer fell, and when I went up to him I found, to my surprise, from the satchel, writing-case, papers, etc., that it was General Von Buelow. As he was only wounded in the leg I took him prisoner to Diest, riding with him on his horse. In his satchel were 165,000 francs, which was handed over to the Red Cross Society. But I retained his case and silver helmet as mementoes."

Rousseau is suffering from a kick by a horse, and is anxious to get back to the fighting line again. His great ambition is to marry an English girl if he can. "I love English as much as my own countrymen," he says, "but there are many years yet to serve my country."

GUNS DON'T PRODUCE RAIN.

English Scientists Ridicule and Disprove the Theory.

English scientists have again been compelled to assure the public that neither the smell of powder nor the concussion of the gunfire has the slightest connection with rainfall. From several sources it had been asserted that the heavy and persistent rains recently experienced in southern England and northern France were attributed to atmospheric disturbances produced by artillery fire at the seat of war.

"Like the supposed influence of the moon upon weather, the popular belief that powder brings rain is baseless," writes a scientist in the Times. "About four years ago the First Lord of the Admiralty was gravely asked in the House of Commons whether he would instruct the fleet to carry out its heavy gun practice at some other period of the year than in the middle of harvest time, 'when the resultant heavy rains may cause serious loss to the farming community.' The idea is absolutely without foundation. Experiments made in America and on the Continent show that in dry weather no amount of concussion has the slightest effect in the production of rain.

"At the present time there is one fact which should at once dispose of the cherished theory. There is no reason for thinking that gun-firing at the front is more violent than it was in the earlier stages of the war. The rain should, therefore, have commenced shortly after the outbreak of the war. As a matter of fact, nothing of the kind took place. In August and September the rainfall was much below the average.

"At Shoeburyness, where big guns are being tested almost daily, year in and year out, the average annual rainfall is smaller than in any other part of the United Kingdom."

Perhaps some brides blush because of the kind of husbands they have run to cover.

"Why is a horse the kindest of animals?" "It gladly gives the bit out of his mouth, and listens to every woe (whoa)."

BRITISH RULE OF EGYPT

SHOWS A STEADILY INCREASING PROSPERITY.

Turkey Committed Suicide When She Took Up the Kaiser's Cause.

The diplomatic fiction, as it may be called, under which Egypt nominally remained a part of the Ottoman Empire, whereas in fact she was a British protectorate, has at last been discarded. The flag of Turkey has been hauled down for all time, and in name, as well as in fact, Egypt is part of the British Empire, with her own Sultan and a High Commissioner, appointed by the British Crown, at the head of its local government. When Turkey took up the Kaiser's cause she was warned that she was committing suicide. She has now been kicked out of Africa; in the end she will be kicked out of Europe, and in Asia she will be forced back to the mountains whence her people emerged many centuries ago, says a writer in The Montreal Standard.

About Size of Ontario.

Excluding the provinces reconquered in the Soudan, Egypt has an area of 400,000 square miles, just about equal to the area of the Province of Ontario; but only fourteen thousand square miles of Egyptian territory are settled. And yet on that comparatively small area there is a population of twelve millions. The settled population of Egypt is only one half the extent of New Brunswick, but its population is about one-third greater than the population of all Canada.

British Rule.

For almost the third of a century Egypt has practically enjoyed British rule, the fruits of which are now being enjoyed by the people of the Ancient Land. Taxation has been reduced, law and order maintained, justice administered, industries fostered, great public works constructed, and a general uplift of the people brought about. Since the blighting effects of Turkish oppression and corruption have been removed, the people of Egypt have enjoyed in peace the fruits of their labor. The greater part of those fruits are agricultural, for fully two-thirds of the population are on the land—the fellaheen, or small cultivators. A cleverly devised scheme of financial assistance has enabled these cultivators to improve their condition. They receive advances from the Agricultural Bank up to the equivalent of about $1,500, the loan being limited to fifty per cent. of the selling value of the land. To this policy is due to a large extent the development in recent years of the country's commerce and industry, and a steadily increasing prosperity.

Blessings From British.

The cultivated area can never be extended beyond the region capable of being watered by the Nile, but this region has been enlarged by irrigation systems that are wonders of engineering skill and workmanship—blessings conferred upon Egypt by her British governors.

There are 1,500 miles of state-owned railways, and 800 of light agricultural railways owned by companies. The products of the temperate zone and of the subtropics flourish in Egypt, for she produces cotton and sugar as well as wheat and other cereals.

Apart from the commercial advantages accruing from the possession (and now the ownership as well) of Egypt, the holding of the country is of great importance to Britain, because it controls the Suez Canal, an essential part of Britain's shortest route to India. Egypt's principal city, Cairo, has a population of 660,000, being, therefore, somewhat larger than Montreal, while the second city, Alexandria, has a population of almost four hundred thousand.

HIS FIELD GLASSES.

Hit by a Bullet While in Officer's Hands.

A British soldier writes to Country Life, London: "I have just returned from another turn in the trenches. I am going to send you half a pair of fieldglasses which have done me a great service. I was standing up in a trench—a little over-confident—watching the result of our shooting through the glasses, when 'biff!' and I received a terrible bang in the eye. Of course it knocked me down, and I wondered for a minute or two why on earth I was still alive. I distinctly heard one of the men say: 'Pore devil, 'e's got it in the 'ead.' A bullet had hit the lens of the glasses and been deflected by the prism, passing out at the side, as you will see. I found half the glasses one side of the trench and half the other; the right half is still quite serviceable, so behold your son with a beautiful black eye. I only wish I could send you the bullet, too, but it went the way of all bullets. I am back with the battery now—rather glad to get rid of a rather nerve-trying job, though it was a great experience and well worth the black eye."