HOME

A little salt dissolved in water is recommended for eyelids reddened in the wind.

When cooking a custard stir slowly and regularly. This is the only way to prevent curdling.

The celery and cheese sandwiches are delicious. A little mayonnaise is mixed in with the cheese, which is finely grated, the celery being put through the mincing machine.

To clean brass that has been exposed to the weather, make a paste of salt and common vinegar; rub the brass with the mixture and leave for ten minutes. Then clean in the usual way.

Prevent a steamed pudding from becoming heavy by putting a cloth over the steamer before placing the lid on. This prevents the moisture from settling and making a pudding heavy.

'When there's company for dinner a man stands at the back of his chair and waits until all the guests are seated; when they're alone he dives into his chair and says: 'Come along with the food.'"

When a brown stew or curry is too greasy, mix a teaspoonful of flour into a smooth paste with a little water, pour it into the stew and let it boil up again, when all fat will have disappeared.

Pin This Up.

One teaspoonful of salt to one quart soup.

One teaspoonful salt to two quarts of flour.

One teaspoonful of soda to one pint of sour milk.

One teaspoonful of extract to one plain loaf cake.

One scant cup of liquid to two full cups of flour for bread.

One scant cupful of liquid to two cups of flour for muffins.

One scant cup of liquid to one cup of flour for batters.

One quart of water to each pound of meat and bone for soup stock.

One-half cup of yeast or one-quarter cake compressed yeast to one pint liquid.

Four peppercorns, four cloves, one teaspoonful of mixed herbs for each quart of water for soup stock.

When darking table linen tack a piece of stiff paper under the rent and make a number of fine stitches backwards and forwards carrying them a good inch over the edges. Then tear the paper away.

Sew snap fasteners on each pair of stockings at the top and have the wearers snap them together when taking them off. They can be laundered this way and save all the bother of trying to match the stockings.

Jewelry can be successfully cleaned by washing it in hot soapsuds in which a little ammonia has been dissolved. Shake off the water and lay the jewelry in a small box of fine sawdust to dry. This method leaves no scratches or marks of any kind.

About Oranges.

Two of the housewive's most vexatious problems, "How to lessen the cost of living?" and "How to vary the menu?" could easily be solved by a greater use of fruit, declares one of America's best-known food experts.

Says she:—

"I have been testing out fruits as foods; ordinary fresh and dried fruits such as we all have around the house all the time.

Mark well what I say, fruits as foods.

Nearly every one has been using oranges, bananas, prunes and apples simply as fruits or for different kinds of desserts. But hardly any one ever has thought of these things being worth much more than their delicious flavor. And almost no one has attempted to use them as meat substitutes or in place of vegetables, or even in soups!

Well, for months I have been experimenting with these and other everyday fruits, and with rice, for I have found it is such an indispensable thing when working with fruits as food.

I had always known that many fruits possessed far more nutritive value than is commonly attributed to them. For instance, a pound of ripe bananas contains more food value than a pound of white potatoes. And a pound of dates is far more productive of energy in the human body than a similar amount of beefsteak. These, and all other statements I make concerning the food value of fruits, are based on figures furnished by the United States Department of Agriculture.

Also, I had realized that people did not make free enough use of fruits, although their consumption has increased largely during recent years. Still, more should be eaten. And with meat prices steadily climbing and other food staples advancing as a result of the war, I set to work to see what we could do with fruits as food.

I suppose few persons have any idea that an orange has real food value. Yet, pound for pound, the edible portion is two-thirds as nourishing as potatoes.

Also, few persons have any idea that oranges can be served in more than half a dozen ways, and those in the raw state or used as a flavoring.

Yet nothing is more delicious than an orange omelet, a breakfast dish fit for a king!

Yes, the orange admits of so many different ways of preparing and serving, some cooked and others uncooked, that it is possible to serve a whole course dinner with almost nothing but orange dishes in the menu. And this meal, aside from being novel, is tempting and nourishing. Here it is:

Orange Juice
Orange Omelet
Orange and Rice as Vegetables
Orange Salad
Ice Cream and Cake
Candied Orange Peel
Orange Juice

In serving such a dinner, the table decorations should be made to carry out the orange idea. There should be a centre piece of fine, bright oranges with green leaves—orange leaves and blossoms if possible—interworked among the fruit, and the color scheme should be followed in candles, candle shades and place cards.

THE DAY THE FRENCH REACHED LOMBAERTZYDE.

An Expedition to the Front.

The morning the French troops secured their first permanent foothold in Lombaertzyde, on the Belgian coast, the morning the slow eastward movement of the Allies across the low countries began, Pierre, "The Cossack," and I drove in an open Flemish cart through the lines of French and Belgian trenches on the Yser, and, before we knew it, were within a few yards of the German outposts.

The Cossack was a sharpshooter and a scout, and, though a cannoneer by enlistment, he always went out along the enemy's lines alone and came back with accurate information of the enemy's movements.

The road between La Panne and Coxyde was full of people going both ways. Pierre offered a ride to three women, the eldest at least fifty, but with cheeks as hard and red as apples. They laughed and joked with Pierre and paid no more attention to the bursting shells towards which we were driving than to the cutting ice blowing into their faces. They had arrived at the point of view of soldiers toward shell-fire: There is no use paying any attention to it. The shells you hear do you no harm. If you are killed by one you never know it.

Directly ahead of us, as we passed through Coxyde's mud-splashed buildings into the road beyond, swimming with dirty slush, lay Oost-Dunkerke, and the area under fire. The country was open except for the bare clusters of buildings and the scrub brush in the dunes, but, scattered through the country over which we were passing, there were whole batteries of French guns, mostly General Joffre's favorite "seventy-fives." We could hear their sharp "ping" all about us, but we knew no more of their whereabouts than did the German aviators who passed through a bombardment of shrapnel every day trying to locate them.

I am running no danger of giving away a military secret in saying they were buried and the only way the German shells could reach them was to drop directly on them. The chances of their doing this were not much better than those of an expert golf player dropping the ball directly into the hole with a drive from the tee. Even the numerous and each year marketing the cockerels of the hatch as broilers.

Others combine egg farming with meat growing—selling the eggs at a season of the year when they bring the highest prices, and turning them into table poultry when the price falls below a certain figure.

The sale of eggs for hatching and fowls for breeding is very profitable but it calls for expert service. Beginners are advised to keep away from that end of the business until they have had a general experience of at least three years.

The selection of breeds is a matter that must be governed by the object in view. If it is intended to have an exclusive egg farm, the shipments to be made to a market that prefers white eggs, then such breeds as the Leghorns, Minorcas, or any of the white egg-layers should be chosen.

Where it is intended to combine eggs, broilers and roasters, such breeds as the American class should be kept, with possibly a white-egg breed if there is a call for white eggs in the market.

The matter of location is worthy of consideration. One hundred miles from a city like Toronto is not too far, providing there are good shipping facilities. Private family trade is very profitable, but it may take some time to build up a good retail custom. The market in the vicinity of the location of the farm should be carefully looked up before the investment and start is made.

It is a good plan to have an extra acre or two which can be devoted to tree fruits and growing vegetables. What cannot be consumed by the family may be sold to nearby residents. The garden will help considerably to pay the household expenses.

Other Means of Income.

On one poultry farm five acres are used. Two of these are devoted to poultry, one to a vegetable garden, and one to peach trees. The living expenses in summer are virtually paid by the vegetables consumed and sold, so that out of the profits from the poultry only the winter household expenses must be drawn. When the peach crop comes in there is a sufficient profit to pay the heavy bills, like taxes, insurance, repairs, etc. This farm is not only making a good living for spies—one with an American passport that belonged to some one else—had not been able to give the German gunners any information that helped them get the range. So they were dropping shells over the whole area, where they believed the batteries to be, in the hope of silencing an occasional gun.

Between Oost-Dunkerke and Nieuport there are a few patches of wood, offering cover. The hidden French guns were thicker here. The Germans, knowing this, were giving it the most severe shelling. In every shelled area in which I had been before it was possible to pick a comparatively safe course by watching the exploding shells and seeing whether they were breaking any nearer. Here they were dropped here and there, as if by the caprice of the gunners, and you were about as unsafe in one place as another. When I expressed my apprehensions Pierre replied, "Never mind, we shall soon be in too close for shell-fire."

At a turn in the muddy road we came upon a one-roomed Flemish farmhouse which was serving as a field hospital. All about it in a widening circle were the graves of the men who had died there, each grave marked with a wooden cross bearing the soldier's name.

"We get very few wounded here," a young surgeon told me. "The men from the trenches are usually carried past. We have mostly gunners, and they are so well protected in their underground shelters that they get hurt only when a shell breaks through their shelter. If it breaks ten feet to one side, they are untouched. If it breaks right on them they are torn all to pieces. The four men with this gunner," said the surgeon, pointing to a huddled mass,

"were all killed outright."

Our road into Nieuport ran parallel with the railroad and the canal. Here was the second line of trenches, and, as soon as we reached it, we could see Lombaertzyde, scarcely a mile away in a direct line. Though I looked carefully I could not see a sign of life. For that matter the trenches, past which we were driving, might have been empty, except for one soldier who showed his head. I offered him some little French cigars out of a fairly large box, and, within ten seconds, heads, then bodies and legs, began to appear from the whole line. All were wearing sabots, into which many had stuffed straw for warmth. All were plastered with mud.

Gouged with Machine-gun Fire.

Nieuport itself, ripped and gouged with machine-gun fire, where it had not been crumpled by bursting shells, did not even offer us a passable street. Finally we rumbled across the bridge over the canal-locks, the turning of which had flooded all the territory between the Yser Canal and the Yser River, and, twisting among the holes in the pavement, drove at a nangle to the northeast on the elevated road to Lombaertzyde. The open fields on both sides were flooded, and the only building of importance between the two towns was a pretentious house which had been blown into a grotesque shape. Its grotesqueness was in keeping with its surroundings. The country lay dead, with no one in sight. Even the trenches we had just passed were hidden behind the railroad tracks. Over on the edge of the sand dunes to the left, we knew there must be thousands of French soldiers "dug in" against the rain and protected from attack by barbed wire entanglements concealed in the rolling dunes, and behind the low-lying road to the right, a half-mile across the flooded fields, was the first line of German trenches. But all we could see was the highway to St. Georges.

Just before we reached Lombaertzyde we passed the forward French trenches, shallower and less protected than the others. Over toward the sand dunes we could see they were occupied by crouching, alert figures, but the trenches under the shelter of the town itself were empty. The companies that had occupied them the night before were in the town around fires in the houses. As they heard the crunch of the cart wheels and the pounding of the horse's hoofs they came to the doors and windows. They were the most unkempt-looking soldiers I have ever seen. Their beards were straggly and uncombed, and they were covered with a muddy paste. Their knees and elbows were crusted deep with it, and it was even in their hair and on their caps. But that had not kept them from entering Lombaertzyde and beginning one of the first consistent aggressive movements of the Allies.

They were so astonished to see us there, as they told us afterward, they did not attempt to warn us from driving on. We were well into the town and about to make a turn into the street when a French soldier began frantically waving us back. But the hard-mouthed horse went another twenty feet before he stopped, and by this time we were partly around the corner. There was no one in sight in the stretch to the next turn, but I could see a ragged hole in the blank wall of a projecting building on the near side of the street, which gave me a sickly feeling. Through it the muzzle of a machine-gun was pointed. Though there was not a gray uniform or helmet in sight, I gathered the Germans were still holding the other end of the street. The gunners could evidently see only me, but if we had gone forward another two feet, Pierre would have been in sight, and the machine-gun would have opened fire. His Belgian uniform would have drawn fire where my civilian clothes did not.

Directly behind us, as I noticed as soon as we had backed and

Clawed Our Way Out

of that line of fire, the buildings were gouged so deep by the bullets from the machine-gun that the walls were, at points, almost cut away. All night, the French soldiers told us, the German gunners had kept the muzzle swinging in a narrow arc, making the street impassable. It had not taken any French lives, but had prevented a rush. The town had to be captured house by house. Each house in line was rushed by a squad from behind. This, too, had to be done in the dark to prevent the invaders from being seen. As soon as they forced their way through the improvised barricades at windows and doors, they threw a light in each room with a hand searchlight, and killed every one they encountered. Unless a man had his hands in the air there was no time to learn what his intentions might be. They had worked their way to a house less than fifty feet from the machine-gun, and on the street behind held the house in the rear of it. They were waiting for night to make the final dash and clear out that end of the town.

We were standing on the narrow sidewalk talking and Pierre had walked nearly to the turn in the street. Suddenly he waved to us eagerly, his face alight with pleased excitement. "Come here," he said, "I hear some voices in the cellar. W'll either get a drink down there, or some German soldiers."

Without stopping to see if we were followed, he pushed open the door and plunged down a flight of stairs to the left. Before we could get past the door we could hear him shouting menacingly and loud guttural cries in response. He was shouting in Flemish, and the answering cries were in German. At the top of the stairs he had encountered three German soldiers coming up, and now, with his carbine covering the three, he was bullying them into throwing down their arms by bawling into their faces.

The Germans evidently knew they were trapped and preferred to surrender. But the Cossack was enjoying himself making threats. As far as I could make out, he was promising to shoot them out of hand, and I was afraid he meant it. Finally he agreed he would let them go if they had any children. The first two cried loudly they had three apiece. The third said he had two, and produced a photograph to prove it. So Pierre agreed to let them live for the sake of their children.

We found one street by which we could get to the centre of Nieuport, and there encountered some of the mechanics attached to the English naval flying corps. They invited me into a tower where, they said, we could see the effect of the cannon-fire.

Stumbling up a circular staircase in a tower which, I fancy, had been nearly dark inside, before the German shells let in daylight, we came out on a parapet from which we could

See the German Trenches

behind St. Georges, though we could see no men. We also had a panoramic view of the inundated country. We were on the western boundary which ran in a straight line south from the sea. The railroad line stopped it there. Eastward it bellied out with the curve of the Yser, filling the river itself bank full and spilling it over the fields on both sides. The scattered farm houses, built doubtless on the highest ground available, were in some cases out of water, but they had been torn by shells and had been used only as advance posts for many weeks. As far as I could see to the south there was water, with occasional parties of soldiers picking their way along the raised paths. Across the flooded fields a few miles to the south ran the splendid highway which the "old king," Leopold, had built to give automobiles, his own among the number, a smooth course on the way from Paris to Ostend.

We had not been there five minutes and the men of the flying corps were explaining how the French batteries, scattered over that wide area, could concentrate their fire at particular points behind the enemy's line under the directions of a man on this tower, when we all dodged involuntarily to the sharp whizz of a shell. It stung at my ear like the passing of a thousand bullets at once, and, before I had really had time to duck, broke overhead two hundred feet beyond. The rain of shrapnel on the broken roofs below was drowned by the explosion.

"Come quick," cried one of the Englishmen, diving down the stairs. "They've seen us. They've got the range of this tower and they'll have us, too, in a minute."

I think I slid down most of the way and I was not sorry when Pierre, who was waiting below, said it was getting late and time we made off for the coal. Before we had wound our way out through the debris of the town it began to rain with a fresh violence. We passed a continuous string of covered trenches beside the road and another set along the railroad embankment. The road was six inches deep in soft slush, seeping off into the trenches. Behind were ditches full of water and back of them the sodden fields pitted with shell holes, full also to the brim with water. It was as dreary and depressing a sight as an enemy could ask, and the soldiers gathered together in shelters were dreary, too, if not depressed. These were Belgian trenches here, and it takes a good deal to keep a small group of Belgians glum.

We came shortly to the farm, where Pierre found the coal as he expected. A small body of infantrymen with a mitrailleuse were resting their dogs there before slipping forward under cover of the approaching night to another deserted farm house. They were muddy and wet and their faces showed the strain of hardship. One gave me his military coat to lift and it weighed, I judged, thirty pounds. He had not been able to get it dried out for days. I commiserated with them on the weariness of their task.

"It is weary, indeed," one of them replied, sadly. "Here we have flooded this country and we cannot get across it ourselves now. We hoped to have the King back in Brussels by Christmas."

Pierre helped himself to a full load of coal, and then we went on. It was almost four o'clock and nearly dark.

At a temporary bridge across the Yser Canal near Ramscappelle, we had to back out of the way to make room for two automobiles. This Pierre did grumbling, and the horse stubbornly. The first automobile had already passed when one of the officers in the tonneau caught sight of me, and stopping it, jumped out. Pierre recognizing a general, gave a short account of how he got the coal, but the general was interested in me. He was willing enough to accept Pierre's explanation of his being responsible for me.

The second automobile came up behind and stopped a moment to give the general time to return to his seat. Two men were sitting in the tonneau, both silent. The nearest I recognized even in the poor light. It was the King, whom I had not seen before on this visit to the Belgian army. But no one could have recognized him from his photograph. He was no longer the spruce young man who walked briskly down the aisle in the Belgian parliament that day last August and threw his gauntets on the desk before him as he declared his defiance to the invading German army. His hair had grown long and hung over his collar. His blond moustache, too, was long and bushy. His face had set into severe lines.

As he passed on, Pierre and I crossed the makeshift bridge and turned west on the broad highway, the beautiful road the "old king" built so his automobile could go faster from Ostend to Paris.

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Germany Never Dreaded Russia.

Charles W. Eliot, President Emeritus of Harvard University, gives the following denial to the German excuse that the war was caused by the fear of Russian development:

Many German apologists for the war attribute it to German fear of Russia. They say that, although Germany committed the first actual aggression by invading Belgium and Luxemburg on the way to attack France with the utmost speed and fierceness, the war is really a war against Great Britain, that of defense against Russia, which might desirably pass over, after France has been crushed, into a war against Great Britain, that perfidious and insolent obstacle to Germany's world-empire. The answer to this explanation is that, as a matter of fact, Germany has never dreaded, or even respected, the military strength of Russia, and that the recent wars and threatenings of war by Germany have not been directed against Russia, but against Denmark, Austria, France and England. In her colonization enterprises it is not Russia that Germany has encountered, but England, France and the United States. The friendly advances made within the last twenty years by Germany to Turkey were not intended primarily to strengthen Germany against Russia, but Germany against Great Britain through access by land to British India. In short, Germany's policies, at home and abroad, during the past forty years have been inspired not by fear of Russia, or of any other invader, but by its own aggressive ambition for world-empire. In the present war it thinks it has staked its all on "empire or downfall."

Those nations which value public liberty and believe that the primary object of government is to promote the general welfare by measures and policies founded on justice, good-will and respect for the freedom of the individual can not but hope that Germany will be completely defeated in its present undertakings; but they do not believe that Germany is compelled to choose between a life of domination and national death. They wish that all her humane culture and her genius for patient research may survive this hideous war and guide another Germany to great achievements for humanity.

A stitch in time is worth two needles in a haystack.

She was standing on a chair on the pier watching the racing. On a chair behind were two Frenchmen. The lady turned around and said: "I hope I don't obstruct your view?" "Mademoiselle," quickly replied one, "I much prefer the obstruction to the view."

At an evening party a very elderly lady was dancing with a young partner. A stranger approached Douglas Jerrold, who was looking on, and said: "Pray, sir, can you tell me who is the young gentleman dancing with that elderly lady?" "One of the Humane Society, I should think," replied Jerrold.

Schmidt the Spy and His Message to Berlin.

"All the Indian soldiers in London are wounded in the head. They must be a very hardy race, as apparently none of the wounds prove fatal."—London Opinion.