About the Household

Good Corn Recipes.

Boiled Corn.—Strip off coarser outer husks leaving the thin silky envelope next the ear on the stalk. Pull this down and pick off the silk from between the grains, adjust the inner husks in their place, tie together at the top and drop the ears in plenty of boiling salted water. Boil half an hour and leave in hot water until ready to serve. Cut stalks off with the husks close to the bottom of the ears and send to table wrapped about with a napkin on a flt dish.

Green Corn Fritters.—Grate or shave off with a keen blade the grains from 6 ears of corn. Have ready 2 eggs beaten light, a cup of milk added to these with a tablespoonful of sugar and same quantity of butter warmed and rubbed into a heaping tablespoonful of prepared flour. Season with salt and pepper; beat hard and fry as you would griddle cakes.

Chopped Potatoes and Corn.—When cold boiled potatoes and several ears of boiled corn are left in the icebox, chop the one into coarse dice and cut the other from the cob. Heat in a frying pan a good spoonful of clarified dripping, sweet and good, and stir into this the potatoes and corn, seasoning with salt and pepper. Turn and turn until thoroughly heated and serve. This makes a nice breakfast relish. Or heat a cup of milk, stir in a good spoonful of butter, then mix in potatoes and corn; season, simmer five minutes, and serve.

Green Corn Pudding.—Six ears of green corn, full grown but tender, 2 cups of milk, 2 eggs, 1 tablespoonful butter, 1 tablespoonful sugar. Salt and pepper to taste. Cream butter and sugar is for cake. Beat into the eggs when whipped light, add milk and the grated corn (or shaved). Season, beat thoroughly and bake covered in a buttered casserole or pudding dish 40 minutes; then uncover and brown. Serve at once in the same dish.

Succotash.—Six ears of corn, 1 cup shelled lima or string beans carefully trimmed into inch lengths, ½ cup milk, 2 teaspoonfuls of butter cut up into 1 teaspoon of flour. Salt and pepper. Cut the corn from the cob and add to the beans when they have cooked half an hour in boiling water slightly salted. Boil thirty minutes longer, turn off the water and pour in the milk. (It is safer in warm weather to add a tiny pinch of bread soda). As the milk heats, stir in the floured butter, season, and simmer ten minutes. If canned corn and beans are used, add half a teaspoonful of white sugar.

Canned Corn Fritters.—Canned corn while only a poor substitute for the fresh ear may be very appetizing if chopped fine after the corn has been emptied from the can and allowed to stand for several hours before using. Drain dry and mince, then proceed as with the fresh grains.

Corn Soup.—Cook six ears of corn in cold water twenty minutes. Cut off the cob and press through a sieve. Add two cups of scalded milk. Cook two tablespoons of chopped onion in three tablespoons of butter, add three tablespoons flour, one and a half salt, celery salt and cayenne, corn mixture, cook five minutes, strain, add one cup of beaten cream and serve. Garnish with one cup popped corn.

Things Worth Knowing.

To skin sausages quickly and easily immerse them for a second or two in cold water.

Make starch with soapy water, adding a pinch of borax.

A very hot iron should never be used for flannels or woollens.

Soap should be substituted for soda when washing silver and plated goods.

New brick floors should be washed with soda water, and when dry rubbed with parafin.

Don't black a stove while it is hot. It takes more blacklead, and a much longer time to polish.

When boiling potatoes do not add salt till they are nearly cooked. This makes them dry and floury.

Borax for washing plates and dishes is to be preferred to soda, as it does not crack the skin of the hands.

The fact that an article is advertised in a respectable newspaper should prove it worth buying by somebody.

Should any foreign matter alight in the eye immediately apply one or two drops of castor oil; it will almost at once allay the irritation.

Grass stains will disappear if coal oil is poured on them, then rub with the hands and wash same as you always do. Lard rubbed in well before goods are wet will remove axle grease or machine grease.

To separate the yolk of an egg from the white make a hole in both ends of the egg. Then hold it upright, giving it a gentle shake, and the white will run out, leaving the yolk unbroken in the shell.

If when sending or taking a hat by train it is secured to the bottom of the box by a few strong stitches of thread the most delicate hat will not be crushed, as no matter how the box is turned about the hat will not move.

It is always wise to boil a new clothesline before using it, as this not only prevents it from stretching but makes it last much longer. New pegs should be soaked in cold water for a few hours, as this keeps them from splitting.

Very often when making a pie the juice from the fruit soaks through the undercrust and spoils the whole appearance of it. To prevent this try brushing the crust over with the white of an egg, and you will never be troubled in this way.

When your vegetables become wilted and stale before you have an opportunity to use them place them for an hour or so in a gallon of water to which a teaspoonful of soda has been added. They will then be just as crisp and fresh as when gathered from the garden.

Seasonable Dishes.

Peach Ice Cream.—Soak two cupfuls of sliced peaches for about one hour and put through colander. Add to one quart of cream which has been scalded and cooled. Freeze.

Cauliflower.—Cut stalks close to flower, remove green leaves and soak in cold salted water one hour. Cook in cheesecloth bag thirty to forty minutes. Remove from bag and serve with Hollandaise or white sauce or scalloped with white sauce and crumbs.

Consomme Renaissance. — Press half a cup of cooked and drained spinach through a sieve, add a tablespoonful of melted butter, one tablespoonful of cream, two beaten eggs, one-fourth teaspoonful of salt and one-fourth teaspoonful of pepper; mix thoroughly and turn into a small buttered mold. Let cook in the oven on several folds of paper surrounded with boiling water until firm. When cold cut in cubes. Cut a pared carrot and turnip in half-inch cubes. Cook separately until tender. Drain. Serve the cubes of spinach-custard, turnip and carrot in one quart of consomme.

Southern Peach Pie.—Line a pie plate with crust as for lemon pie and fill with sliced peaches. Sprinkle sugar and cinnamon over the top, bake and serve with whipped cream. To make the crust chop four tablespoons of lard into one and a half cups of flour; when thoroughly mixed add one-half teaspoon salt and cold water enough to form dough. Chill, roll in rectangular piece, place four tablespoons of butter which previously has been shaped, flattened and chilled on middle on one side of paste, fold over other side, press edges together and fold one end under and one end over butter making six layers. Roll again into rectangle, fold in same way and so continue three times. If butter begins to soften, roll paste in cheese cloth and place on ice until hard enough to roll easily. Be careful not to wet the cheese cloth.

BRITAIN AND THE WAR.

She Will Stand By Her Allies to the Last.

A year has passed since Britain entered the great war, and it is in order to sum up what she has accomplished.

Because of the lack of spectacular results, many are disposed to censure and criticize Britain's part in the great struggle. They say that the mighty British Empire has not thrown into the scales a weight either commensurate with her possibilities or with what her allies had a right to expect. The wonder with me is that she has done so much as she has.

She has accomplished marvels. France, Russia and Italy, cradled in conscription, forget that England is not a military nation. She could not at a moment's notice fling organized legions of millions into the fray, like her military neighbors.

In the outset she promised France six divisions only, or 120,000 men. She has more than quadrupled that number since. But her conversion into a battling organization could not be done in a few months. She has now raised the most colossal army in all history, compared with which Napoleon's legions were but corporal's guards. Lord Kitchener has recruited and placed in training, without conscription, since the war broke out, 3,000,000 soldiers. They are all, excepting the 600,000 at the front, hard at work in the transformation process, from citizen to soldier, at the training camps, polishing the native fighting qualities into perfect military efficiency. England allows no man to go to the front, to be exposed to slaughter, who has not had at least nine months of gruelling drill. After this drill the English soldier has no superior in the world, and each, in efficiency, is equal to two German soldiers.

It is solely in point of equipment that Britain's hosts are lacking, but this has been remedied, and the great drive will soon take place. When the war began Englnad had less than half a million rifles, while Germany had over 20 million, or four to each soldier. It takes time to manufacture rifles by the millions, and her army now in training have had to carry wooden dummy rifles, weighted to equal the real thing.

Germany had in the start a full equipment of 17-inch guns, with abundance of ammunition for them, while England had neither the guns to match them nor the explosives for them. She has had to make both. In short, so far, England has been getting a good ready, if the expression will be allowed.

Some complain of the inactivity of the navy, but without very deep thought. They demand that Admiral Jellicoe smash up the Kaiser's high canal armada, reduce his ports to ashes, and hang Von Tirpitz to the yard arm. All this is mere rot and the ravings of Chauvinistic enthusiasts. If we take a careful inventory of what the British navy has done in driving the German flag from the oceans, and in converting Hamburg and Bremen into something as useless as if they were in ruins, annihilatiing Germany's two and a half billion dollar annual trade, and paralyzing her imports of about the same amount, so that her supplies are constantly growing perilously short, we can get some notion of what the navy has accomplished.

Germany is not as yet effectually starved, but if her food regulations and restrictions mean anything they indicate a distressing scarcity, to say the least. When a nation has to regulate the alimentation of her civil population, and order the copper in coking utensils to be turned over to the military, it surely indicates that the end is nigh at hand.

Not a pig can be slaughtered, or a loaf of bread baked, or a potato sold, or a bushel of wheat milled, without the consent of the military in Germany to-day, shows that the British navy is on the job all right, and great results may soon be expected. These are not spectacular nor pyrotechnical pictures to be cast upon the screens. They would not likely earn a peerage for Jellicoe or his admirals, but they are nevertheless sapping German vitality just the same, and they show the iron grip of Britain's navy. What would the position of France and her beloved Paris be in to-day were the British navy not holding the seas? When the Dardanelles are forced, as they will be soon, Russia will experience the great aid of the British navy, as France has already benefitted by it. She will then be able to export her surplus production and secure the necessary arms and ammunition, of which she is so sorely in need. And when Kitchener is ready to send his enthusiastic legions to the continent, he will have no fear that his transports will be in danger of molestation, as Canada has had no misgivings in sending her loyal sons across the water to fight for liberty and independence. It took England nearly ten years to bring Napoleon to St. Helena, and she will stick to it until the Kaiser is thrust into an equally safe place, where he can do no more harm.

Do you say, Calais? Napoleon was there, too, and destroyed 10,000 British ships; but England got him at last, and so she will get the great Kaiser, as sure as the sun rises on the eventful morn. This grand old proud democracy is just now unfolding and applying a maternal strength and moral splendor that for countless ages after this conflict is stilled will be shining undimmed amid the first glories of history.

CHAS. M. BICE.

Denver, Colo.

Narrow Margin.

A circus man tells this one: "We were doing Pottstown, Pa. The price of admission was 25 cents—children under 10 years of age 10 cents. Among the first to arrive were a lad of about 18 and his little sister. He laid down 35 cents and asked for two front seats. 'How old is the little girl?' asked the ticket seller. 'Well,' said the boy, 'this is her 10th birthday to-day. But she was not born until 5 o'clock in the afternoon!"

A Smart Answer.

Larry O'Shell, in many respects a good soldier, had a very limited idea of the virtue of tidiness. Appearing one morning on parade with his boots in a fearful state the sergeant's eagle eye soon spotted him. "Private O'Sheil fall out!" he roared. "Phwat d'ye mane by comin' here wid yur boots in a mess loike thot?" "Arrah, now, sargint, be aisy!" retorted the imperturable Larry. "Shure ye niver saw a good soldier showin' a clane pair o' heels!"

BRITISH PRISONERS ON THEIR WAY TO WORK

This picture is a reproduction of a photograph taken at a prison camp in Germany. It shows British prisoners of war on their way, under guard, to work on the roads. The men appear to be healthy and as happy as could be expected under the circumstances.

USE OF GAS IN WAR 100 YEAR OLD IDEA

REJECTED AS UNCIVILIZED AND TOO CRUEL.

Earl of Dundonald Suggested Plan For Defence of British Soil.

Ever since the beginning of the war one has heard from time to time of the famous plan of the first Earl of Dundonald for the destruction of any army against which England might be fighting.

Lord Dundonald invented it when he was Admiral Lord Cochrane and he guaranteed with its aid to overcome any enemy against whom he was sent. It is now a full hundred years ago since this famous invention was put in a pigeon-hole, and during all that time it has remained one of the secret documents of the State. It was rejected in the first place as being outside civilized warfare. Twice Government committees are said to have examined the plan during the first half of the nineteenth century, only to put it back into its pigeonhole again as being too cruel.

At the beginning of this war Lord Dundonald's famous plan was talked of again. Nothing, however, was heard as to what it was until recently, when Prof. V. B. Lewes in a lecture to the Society of Arts gave

A Description Of It,

which shows that it was nothing more or less than the German plan of using asphyxiating gases. Dundonald's prescription was:

"Fires fed with tar and pitch to give dense columns of smoke which would act as a screen for the attack; sulphur burned on the fires to generate sulphur dioxide gas, which would produce asphyxiating fumes and aid the attack."

The professor added that the idea was revived in the early stages of the present war, but the Government refused to consider it.

Talking after the lecture Prof. Lewes said that the details of the plan had never been made public with the exception of a reference to them in the memoirs of a Cabinet Minister published soon after the war began.

"The inhalation of a very small proportion of this gas," says the professor, causes coughing and spitting of blood; and four volumes in ten thousand of air render it unbreathable.

"If the sufferer escapes from the zone within a reasonable period the effects of this gas pass off, but the German method is more inhuman, as they employ chlorine gas, which, if it does not kill the men, leaves them in most frightful agony and

Injures the Lungs for Life.

"Dundonald merely proposed to use sulphur fumes to make the enemy bolt; the Germans use their gases to asphyxiate."

The professor does not advocate retaliation with gas, as the whole essense of the gas attack is surprise. The chief gases the Germans are using are chlorine, bromine, nitrogen, tetroxide and sulphur dioxide. All these can be neutralized quite simply—respirators and a bucket of washing soda solution in the trenches to dip them in are a simple and efficacious remedy.

According to Prof. Lewes these gas attacks do not worry the British troops so much now, as they are prepared for them. The respirators and helmets have proved perfectly satisfactory, and there are many problems connected with the density of the gases in relation with the air as well as wind currents which make the successful use of poisonous vapors by no means a simple problem.

A "MAD" FOX.

Some Animals Are Either Demented or Inherently Vicious.

It is a theory of criminologists that certain human beings are born without the brain power or self-control of the normal man, and that such persons, under favoring circumstances, become habitual criminals. It is possible that similar cases occur among animals; at least there are times when we can account for the extraordinary behavior of animals only on the theory that they are either demented or inherently vicious.

Thirty years ago, when I was a boy, writes a friend of The Youth's Companion, the neighborhood was stirred by the doings of a "mad" fox. He ranged in the Briesacher woods, and never was heard of anywhere else. I never saw the mad fox myself, but often heard his high, querulous bark in the middle of the night.

A much-used path led through the Briesacher woods and on to the village. The mad fox took to following people as they traversed this path, trotting along behind them, stopping when they stopped, from the time they entered the forest until they emerged on the farther side. As time passed, the animal grew bolder, and pattered along within a few yards of a pedestrian's heels on dark nights, or perhaps took up a position in the path, which he would hold until the traveller approached very closely, when he would spring a few paces to one side, snarling.

Some people said the fox had rabies, but the more sensible ones pointed out that a rabid animal never lived more than a week or so, while this scamp had been keeping up his pranks for several months. Louis Briesacher, whose father owned the woods, had more occasion than anyone else to pass through them, and, according to Louis, the mad fox took an especial dislike to him. It followed him so closely, and with such evidence of vicious intent, that Louis carried a club every time he went to town. At last he bought a revolver, with the determination of making an end of his annoying escort.

Louis told the story of the encounter afterward. He was returning home from town about eleven o'clock. No sooner was he in the woods than the fox came after him. Louis paid little attention until it got so close that it actually snapped at his heels. He then turned and fired a shot at it, but the night was dark, and he missed. The fox retreated, but in five minutes was back again, snapping and snarling more viciously than ever. Aiming as best he could at a mark that was never still, and could be heard rather than seen, Louis discharged the remaining five shots from his revolver. All the shots missed; the fox simply jumped from side to side with the flash of the revolver.

When the last spurt of flame died away, the determined little beast sprang straight at Louis, and fastened its teeth in his trouser's leg. The young man kicked fiercely; but, kicked loose from one hold, the enraged animal came right back, and bit his legs severely. Finally it caught his left arm, and held on like a bulldog. Louis brought the handle of his revolver down with full force on the fox's head, and it fell stunned. Louis declared that he finished his antagonist then and there, and left it lying dead in the path.

The next day Louis showed us his bites and scratches in proof of his story. His trousers were badly torn, and some of the teeth wounds in the flesh were as deep and ragged as if a wolf had made them. However, when we went to the scene of the battle, the mad fox was gone. He had recovered and made off, but was never heard or seen again.

KING OF ITALY POPULAR HERO

SOLDIERS TELL OF HIS KINDNESS AND COURAGE.

Wept When He Heard of the Death of Lieutenant Who Excelled Him in Aim.

Before the war the King of Italy's only claim to popularity consisted in his domestic virtues. Everybody admitted that he was a modest husband and father, a very good man and essentially a constitutional sovereign. But his subjects thought his inclinations were peaceful and that he preferred numismatics to soldiering. When the war came the King immediately assumed supreme command of the land and sea forces, and rushed to the front. Now everybody is convinced that the King is as much a soldier as his father and grandfather.

The war has entirely changed the mistaken opinion about the King. Soldiers write to their families describing what the King is doing, what he says to them, and how he exposes his life just as they do. The letters have firmly established the King's popularity. The King at the front spends his time among the soldiers and often shares his meals with them.

His Human Side.

"I was going to one of the advanced posts up a steep hill," writes a soldier to his family, "carrying the General's raincoat over my arm. The General had ordered me to bring his coat up in case it looked like rain, and as soon as I saw the clouds gathering I obeyed his orders. I had two miles to go, and had hardly covered half the distance when it began to pour. Of course I ran, as I had no coat myself, and besides I knew the general was waiting for me. Half way up the hill a grey automobile came rushing down. I halted and saluted, as I saw two officers inside. One of them put out his hand and waved to me. Then the automobile stopped suddenly and one of the officers jumped out and ran toward me.

"'You are soaked to the skin,' he said, 'and you are carrying a raincoat on your arm instead of wearing it. Why on earth don't you put it on?' 'It is not my coat, your Majesty,' I stammered, recognizing the King. 'It belongs to General X. and I am taking it up to him.' 'Put it on, put it on yourself,' the King said, 'and tell the general I ordered you. Of course you were right, as discipline is discipline, but then there are exceptions, and this is one.'

"The King helped me on with the coat, gave me a couple of cigars, patter me on the shoulder, and shook hands with me. Before he started he waited to make sure that I would not take the coat off. When I explained to the general why I wore his coat, he said he expected me to wear it without saying anything to him, and added, 'Remember, my boy, that there is no other King in the world who would have stopped his automobile and gone to the trouble of preventing a soldier from getting wet.' I could not help shouting, 'Long live the King!' as I saluted the general."

Artillery Specialist.

The King is an artillery specialist, and often personally directs the fire of a battery or a section. He spent an entire day with a sub-lieutenant in command of a section of mountain artillery in a dominating position. Both the officer and the gunners admired the way in which the King regulated the fire and his unerring aim, but his repeated efforts to demolish a farm house in the distance from behind which the Austrians were firing, proved useless. "Try yourself," the King said to the lieutenant. "If you succeed you will have accomplished something wonderful." The lieutenant tried and succeeded. The admiration of the King was unbounded. He shook hands with the officer, congratulated him warmly, made the gunners cheer him, and finally he said he was going, since the lieutenant was a much better gunner than he was.

A couple of hours later the King was recounting to a general the lieutenant's admirable firing. The general's face clouded, tears came to his eyes, and he informed the King that a few minutes after he had left the section an Austrian shell exploded over the guns, killing the officer and three gunners. The King hid his face in his hands and wept.

Reading the Signs at the Front.

A member of the Liverpool Scottish while home on leave, was asked whether the soldiers knew long beforehand when they were going to be called upon to deliver an assault. "Well, they don't exactly tell us but we always know," he explained. "You see, if a number of Army chaplains suddenly turn up we can always guess that something good and hard is going to be asked of us shortly. And if they serve us with pudding for dinner before we go into the trenches, why then we know for certain.

Part of the Treatment.

Mrs. Weighbigg—"Doctor, your anti-fat remedies are doing me a good deal of good. I'm losing flesh right enough. But it seems to me your charges are ruinously high." Doctor (calmly)—"That's part of the treatment."

Wallflowers are society girls who have been nipped in the bud.