About the Household

Selected Recipes.

Savory Roly-Poly Pudding.—Make a plain suet crust with three-quarters of a pound of flour and a quarter of a pound of suet, finely minced; roll it out rather thin and cover it, first with a layer of finely sliced or minced raw potato, on this put a layer of finely chopped meat of any kind, with a very small quantity of minced onion and a seasoning of salt and pepper. Wet the edge all round, roll up, tie in a scalded and floured cloth, and boil for two hours.

Yorkshire Tart.—Line bottom of deep baking dish with pastry, and spread on it one layer of preserved peaches or peach jam, mixed with a little preserved ginger cut into small pieces. Weigh two eggs, take their weight in sugar, in butter and in flour, cream butter and sugar, add the eggs, whipped light, and put in flour, mixed with one-half teaspoon baking powder. Pour this mixture over preserves in dish, and bake good brown. A few minutes before taking tart from oven rub top of paste with butter or with raw egg.

Butter Balls.—Select young fresh green peas, and, after podding them, put to boil in the usual way. Sift into a bowl a cup of flour, a pinch of salt and a pinch of baking powder; rub into this one tablespoonful of butter, mix with cold water as for dumplings, break the dough into bits and rub into tiny balls between well-floured hands. Flour the balls again lightly, and when the peas are tender and still boiling drop the butter balls among them. Boil a few minutes, cover and serve.

Fish Balls.—Take half a pound of cooked fish, free it from skin and bones, and then chop fine. Have six potatoes nicely boiled and mashed, mix the fish with these, add a little melted butter, some beaten egg, a teaspoonful of anchovy sauce and a teaspoonful of finely chopped parsley, with pepper and salt to season. The mixture should be of a workable consistency, and it is then made into balls with floured hands, brushed with egg, and tossed in fine breadcrumbs. The balls are then fried in deep smoking fat until of a pretty golden color, and when drained served hot and piled on a hot ashet on which a doily has been placed.

To Prepare Cauliflower.—Prepare cauliflower as for boiled cauliflower and steam until soft. Separate in pieces and pour over the following sauce. Mix one and one-half teaspoonful of mustard, one and one-quarter teaspoonful salt, one teaspoonful of powdered sugar, one and one-quarter teaspoonful of paprika. Add yolks of three eggs lightly beaten, one-fourth cupful olive oil and one-half cupful vinegar. Cook over hot water until mixture thickens. Remove from fire and add two tablespoonfuls butter cooked with one teaspoonful finely-chopped parsley.

Old-fashioned Ginger Bread.—Sift one teaspoonful of baking powder and half a teaspoonful of salt twice, with two cupfuls of flour. Stir to a cream, half a cupful of butter, the same of sugar and the same of molasses. Warm the mixture slightly and beat light before adding a well-whipped egg, a half teaspoonful of ginger. Dissolve half a teaspoonful of baking soda in a tablespoonful of hot water; stir this into half a cupful of sweet milk; lastly, stir in the flour, beat hard for one minute, and bake in two shallow pans, well buttered or in pate pans.

Banana Cream Pie.—Two cups milk, three eggs, three-fourths cup granulated sugar, one-fourth cup cornstarch, one-fourth teaspoon salt vanilla, two bananas, three tablespoons powdered sugar and pastry. Scald milk and stir into sugar, cornstarch and salt well mixed. When smooth and thick cool a little and stir in one whole egg and two egg yolks beaten together slightly. Flavor with one-half teaspoon vanilla and pour into plate lined with pastry. Oven should be hot at first, then moderated to prevent boiling. When pie is done slice peeled bananas (after carefully removing bitter threads) over top, cover with meringue of egg whites, powdered sugar and one-fourth teaspoon of vanilla and bake ten minutes in slow oven.

What Salt Will Do.

Salt will revive a dying fire.

Salt will remove stains on marble.

Salt—coarse—is a good cleanser of irons.

Salt in water or other fluid retards the boiling.

Salt mixed with soda is a remedy for bee stings.

Salt and water makes an excellent throat gargle.

Salt and hot water will thaw a frozen drain-pipe.

Salt will remove tea stains from delicate china cups.

Salt spread in blackbeetle haunts will kill the pests.

Salt added to snow makes the mixture much colder.

Salt and water, warm, will stop chilblains from itching.

Salt thrown on a fire will extinguish a burning chimney.

Salt and lukewarm water is an excellent lotion for styes.

Salt and warm water is an emetic in cases of poisoning.

Salt mixed in cold water will remove bloodstains from linen.

Salt sprinkled on a range will absorb all grease splutterings.

Salt, warmed, and rubbed on a soiled light coat, will clean it.

Salt added to the rinsing water prevents clothes from freezing.

Salt placed under baking-tins in an oven prevents their burning.

Salt stops neuralgia if sniffed into the nostril on the affected side.

Salt will quickly clean a discolored bath or enamelled utensils.

Salt—a lump of—placed in the sink will keep the drain wholesome.

Salt placed first in the frying-pan prevents grease from spluttering.

Salt and water rubbed into the scalp is good for falling hair after illness.

Salt and water removes the lime in new curtains, and makes washing easier.

Salt and water cleans all crockery more easily and better than plain water.

Salt—a tiny pinch—added to the whites of eggs makes them froth more quickly.

Salt, thrown on the fire once a day, prevents the accumulation of soot in the flues.

Salt—a teaspoonful to a pint of warm water—rubbed into weak ankles strengthens them.

Salt added to potatoes when nearly done ensures flouriness and prevents them going to pieces.

Salt sprinkled over carpets before sweeping preserves the colors and keeps away moths.

Salt rubbed on to an inkstain on a deal table, after the spot is damped, removes the mark.

Salt thrown on fallen soot prevents the carpet marking, and enables the soot to be swept up cleanly.

Salt sniffed into the nose in the early morning, and the mouth then washed out with warm water, cures catarrh.

Salt and water will prevent the red borders in towels, etc., from running if the towels are steeped in it for twenty-four hours.

MORE WHEAT IN BRITAIN.

Increased Production Urged by Lord Milner's Committee.

Following the report prepared by Lord Milner's Committee on the Home Production of Food a strong campaign is being waged for the further development of wheat cultivation in the British Isles. Lord Milner's committee was appointed on the assumption that the war may last beyond the harvest of 1916.

Experts have established the fact that Great Britain produces in an entire year sufficient wheat to feed its people for about ten weeks of the fifty-two. It is pointed out that price is the ruling feature in determining the wheat area, or in other words the extent of land devoted to cultivation. The main recommendation advanced by the committee is that farmers should be assured that they would receive a minimum price for the crop during the next four years. The price suggested was 45 shillings a quarter for wheat, but the Government has already announced that it will refuse to incur such a liability.

The committee concludes that the only method of effecting a substantial increase in the gross production of food in England and Wales for the harvest of 1916 and later consists in restoring to arable cultivation some of the poorer grass land laid down since the '70s. This increase of the arable area with proper farming would add to the wheat crop without diminishing the capacity to maintain existing live stock and the output of meat and milk.

A VERY SINGULAR METAL.

More Marvellous and Mysterious Than Radium.

In Central Russian Asia, and precisely in the territory of Ferghana, a local explorer has discovered a new metal even more marvellous and more mysterious than radium. The scientist in question, while handling minerals, put his hand by chance on a soft body, of a considerable weight, of opaque color. This, being absolutely unknown, readily absorbed his attention. The new metal was carried to the Moscow chemical laboratory, and subjected to minutely careful experiments, which afforded surprising results. In the presence of an acid it developed so intense a cold as immediately to reduce to powder, without gas emanations and without explosions, the receivers of glass, iron, and particularly thick granite, into which it was successively introduced. Treated with alkaline matter the substance, which has not a name yet, and which remained refractory to all the analytical processes, lost one-fifth of its weight. A sufficiency of it has now been collected for the purpose of systematic observations, which will have to be conducted with very great care, and will reveal, it is hoped, the true importance of the discovery, which the Russian scientists incline to regard as superior to that of radium itself. Meanwhile the surprising fact is the loss of weight undergone by all objects placed in contact with the new metal.

"He offers me a platonic affection." "Well, take it. A platonic affection often leads to the real thing."

MEANING OF THE WAR TO CHILDREN

HOW DO WE KNOW THAT WE ARE ON GOD'S SIDE.

Wonderful Opportunity for Parents to Teach Virtues of Honor, Duty and Sacrifice.

"I would set lessons on the war—downright lessons with good marks and bad marks—in every nursery in the kingdom; and if a child of average ability, at seven years of age, could not answer any of my questions, he should stand in the corner till he could," writes Mr. Stephen Paget in the Cornhill Magazine. "It is pitiful that a child should know more about William the Conqueror than about the King of the Belgians. To older children, from twelve to fifteen years of age, I would give, each term, an examination paper. Here are some questions for that purpose:

"What has been the effect of the war on you and on your home?

"Imagine that you have $50 to spend on the relief of suffering caused by the war. How would you proceed?

"It has been suggested that children should say, as a grace, Thank God and the British navy for my good dinner.' What significance, if any, do you find in this form of words?

"Describe and comment on any recent cartoon in Punch.

"Write out any one true story which you know by heart of the heroic spirit of our soldiers and sailors.

Any Prayer Better Than None.

"It cannot hurt a child to say God save the King. Neither can it hurt a child, I think, to say God punish England. We read of German school children learning to say that; and I am glad to think that it will harm neither them nor England. How can it hurt a small child to repeat this over-advertised curse? After all, it is a form of prayer; and almost any form of prayer, among children, is better than none.

"If I had to choose between teaching a child to pray God to punish his country's enemies in this war, and teaching a child to think of this war without any reference to God, I would choose the former. Patriotism, at its worst, is better for children than atheism at its best. Besides, if these flaxen-haired boys and girls do pray God to punish England they doubtless with equal fervor, pray Him to help Germany; and the Name coming twice on their lips, scores twice in their heads. It is nonsense to say that the children are too young to mention the war to their Maker. If they are old enough to call His attention to mother and daddy and Nan and pussy, they are old enough to pray on wider lines.

"I am inclined to advise parents not to encourage small children to play at the war. They may with advantage play at soldiers; but I dislike to see an English child pretending that he is a German, and you can play at soldiers quite well without that.

"To play at soldiers is to play at life; to play at war is to play at pain and death. I do not know that it can do them harm to play at pain and death, but I do not see that it can do them any good; and, for this year it seems ill-suited for them. Let them dress up and march to their hearts' content, but let them draw the line there.

Best Way of Approach.

"The name of the war, in the hearts of us who are grown up, is attended and encircled by other great names. Among these are honor, duty, courage, obedience, sacrifice, God. Through this great circle of names, one and all of them names of authority and of immemorial age, we must approach the central face of the war itself. If we were by ourselves we could find a hundred ways of approach but we are not by ourselves.

"We have got children with us—these big, impatient, inquisitive children hanging on to us, wanting to know what we think of the war. They drag us towards that central fact, and we must approach it hand-in-hand with them. And I believe that the best way of approach, when we have them with us, is through the Divine Name; because it is already familiar to them, and it cannot be annulled by their most fantastical notions touching their Maker. As it is past their understanding, so it is past ours, therefore it brings them and us level.

"These older children, these clever boys and girls who think for themselves, need to be told not what they can understand, but what they cannot understand, nor we either. I want them to get above the belief that the issues of war can be decided by miraculous interference, the belief in a tribal or national deity; I want them not to see anything absurd in the same prayers and the same 'Te Deum' coming alike from our enemies and from us; and I want them, through all this clearance, to attain perfect confidence that God is on the side of the allies. And the only question is: Can they?

Are We on God's Side?

"I say that they can. It may help them if we tell them what Abraham Lincoln said of the American war—that he could not know for certain that God was on his side, but that he hoped he was on God's side. That is the sort of text which is able to stick in their heads. I would start from it, and I would begin right away with the violation of Belgium. I would compel them to see that God, being on the side of decency and of honor is on the side of Belgium.

"Belgium, I would say to the children, is crucifixa etiam pro nobis. She saved others, herself she could not save. I would hang the story of Belgium straight on to the story of the Passion.

"If we begin here, with this great concept of the love in a man who lays down his life for his friends, we shall help the children to admire the love wherever they find it, and to recognize it, whatever nationality be put over the man's grave. I do not say that we can help them to understand the meaning, or the purpose, of pain and of death, or of the horrors of the war—we should be the blind leading the blind—but I do say that a child who starts with the Divine Name, and with the Passion, will find himself on the right lines, if the war brings death, or pain, or poverty, into the circle of his own home. It will not help him, then, to call the German Emperor a wicked man, or to hate Germany; he will feel the need of something more final than that.

"We are a better lot of men and women than we were a year ago. This corner of the world, for many years, will be a grand place to live in, a good spiritual nursery for the children to play in, a wholesome school for them, where they may learn the graver virtues not as extras, but as regular lessons."

A CANADIAN TWILIGHT—MAY, 1915.

By One Unfit.

Peace . . . peace . . . the peace of dusky shores
And tremulous waters where dark shadows lie;
The stillness of low sounds—the ripple's urge
Along the keel, the distant thrush's call,
The drip of oars; the calm of dew-filled air;
The peace of after-glow; the golden peace
Of the moon's finger laid across the flood.

Yet, ah! how few brief fleeting moments since
That same still finger lay at Langemarck,
And touched the silent dead, and wanly moved
Across the murky fields and battle-lines
Where late my country's bravest kept their faith.

O heavenly beauty of our northern wild,
I held it once the perfect death to die
In such a scene, in such an hour, and pass
From glory unto glory—Time, perhaps,
May yet retrieve that vision—Oh! but now,
These quiet hills, oppress me: I am hedged
As in that selfish Eden of the dawn
(Wherein man fell to rise); and I have sucked
The bitter fruit of knowledge, and am robbed
Of my rose-decked contentment, when I hear,
Tho' far, the clash of arms, the shouts, the groans—
A world in torment dying to be saved.

Oh God! the blood of Outram in these veins
Cries shame upon the doom that dams it here
In useless impotence, while the red torrent runs
In glorious spate for Liberty and Right!
Oh, to have died that day at Langemarck!
In one fierce moment to have paid it all—
The debt of life to Earth, and Hell and Heaven!
To have perished nobly in a noble cause!
Untarnished, unpolluted, undismayed,
By the dank world's corruption, to have passed,
A flaming beacon-light to gods and men!
For in the years to come it shall be told
How these laid down their lives, not for their homes,
Their orchards, fields, and cities. They were driven
To slaughter by no tyrant's lust for power.
Of their free manhood's choice they crossed the sea
To save a stricken people from its foe:
They died for Justice—Justice owes them this:
"That what they died for be not overthrown."

Peace . . . peace . . . not thus may I find peace:
Like a caged leopard chafing at its bars
In ineffectual movement, this clogged spirit
Must pad its life out, an unwilling drone,
In safety and in comfort; at the best,
Achieving patience in the gods' despite,
And at the worst—somehow the debt is paid.

—October Canadian Magazine.

Lets in Flies.

"Your husband is rather stout."

"Weighs over 300 pounds. He's a pest in summer time."

"How so?"

"Takes him too long to get through a screen door."

Pat's Joke on the Bank.

"Sure, O'll write me name on the back o' your note, guaranteein' ye'll pay ut," said Pat, smiling as he endorsed Billup's note, "but Oi know we won't pay ut. We'll have a laugh at th' ixpense of the bank."

Unskilled seaman in a ship's crew are called "boys," no matter what their age.

Madge—"You shouldn't say he's a confirmed bachelor unless you know." Marjorie—"But I do know; I confirmed him."

WHEN THEY FOUGHT FOR COMMAND OF PERTHES

The above pictures are scenes at Perthes which has again been the scene of desperate fighting. The picture at the right shows the ground fairly ploughed by shell and littered with the branches of trees where the battle was fiercest. In the picture at the left the soldier is standing over the graves of brave French stretcher-bearers who were killed while carrying the wounded.

THE ALLIED ARMIES ARE WELL FED

THE PRINCIPAL FOODS ARE MEAT AND BREAD.

British Forces Are the Best Fed Ever Placed in the Field.

No branch of the non-combatant services of the British army has won greater praise from soldiers at the front or more admiration from the public at home than has the Army Service Corps. It is only owing to the untiring efforts of this little army of provision merchants that the British forces have gained their reputation as the best-fed army that has ever been placed in the field.

The knowledge of this splendid provisioning of the army has unconsciously given rise to the theory that the soldiers of the other Allies are comparatively more or less insufficiently supplied with ammunition for the inner man.

These impressions, however, are entirely erroneous, and a comparison tween the official rations allowed the soldiers of the allied nations will prove that the Frenchmen and the Russian are, like the British soldier among the best-fed fighters in history.

In each of the allied armies—British, French, Russian and Belgian—the principal foods are meat and bread. A glance at the following figures, which indicate the daily allowance of meat and bread to every man of the four armies, will show that the fare of the others compares favorably with that of the Briti

	Meat, lbs.	Bre lbs
British	1¼	1½
French	1	1¾
Russian	0¾	2¾
Belgian	0¾	1¾

How Russians Are Fed.

The Briton, it will thus be seen, actually receives less bread than any of his comrades; but, on the other hand, his allowance of meat is considerably larger.

In examining the soldiers' menus more closely, that of the Russian may be taken first, since it is the least known. In every case the allowances have been translated into English terms in order to make a comparison easier.

The Russian breakfasts later than any of the allied soldiers. He does not receive his first ration until just before 8 o'clock. These are:

Half an ounce of Tchai (tea),

Three ounces of sugar,

Three funt (2¾ lbs.) Cherni Chieb (black bread).

The tea and sugar have to last all day. The bread is usually served out on alternate days, six funt, (a little less than six pounds) each time.

For dinner, which generally takes place just before noon, each group of ten soldiers receives a large dish of "Borsht." This contains cabbage and potatoes mixed in various gravies. The ten men sit around the dish, each with a big wooden spoon, and all help themselves at once.

After this comes the national dish "Kasha," a kind of porridge. This the men eat in the same fashion as "Borsht." "Kasha" is very cheap in Russia, and soldiers can have as much as they want. When this has been disposed of the meal finishes with an allowance of half a pound of meat per man. The meat is cooked with the "Borsht."

The third and last Russian meal is served about 6.30 in the evening and consists of more "Borsht," together with a quarter of a pound of meat.

It often happens that the Russian soldier receives more bread than he needs, and the surplus he is allowed to sell in order to increase his meagre pay, which, it may be interesting to add, amounts to 50 kopecs, about a shilling, a month.

The Belgian Soldier

is allowed nearly 1¾ pounds of bread per day. This is known as "pain gris," a mixture of white and black bread. His meals are:

Breakfast, 6.30 a.m.—Bread; coffee, containing milk and sugar. As a general rule butter has not been served, though it is expected to be added to the rations in future.

Dinner, 12 noon.—About 2 pints of soup ,to which plenty of salt is added; ¾ of a pound of meat, which is boiled with the soup and afterward taken out and served separately; 2½ pounds of mashed potatoes, in which bacon and vegetables are mixed; sometimes pudding.

Supper, 6 p.m.—Two pounds of mashed potatoes, with other vegetables, and bacon, which is added to make the vegetables a little fat.

This mixture of vegetables and bacon forms the principal food of the Belgians. Frequently the soldier, after his morning coffee, gets no other beverage but water. Upon going into the trenches he is usually given a ration of condensed meat, equal in proportion to the daily ration.

The daily allowance of the French soldier is somewhat similar to that of the Belgian.

Ambushed.

He (thinking of another girl)—"Would you believe that I am desperately in love?"

She—"I might, if you were a little more demonstrative."