# About the Household

### Dainty Dishes.

**Lemon Jelly.**—Make the jelly by using the juice of 2 lemons and the rind of 1 grated, 3 eggs, butter size of an egg, and 1 cup of white sugar, thicken over the fire, but do not let it boil. This is nice for tarts, which should be made of puff paste.

**Yorkshire Pudding.**—One pint of sweet milk, 2 eggs, 5 tablespoons of flour; salt to taste. Mix eggs, flour and salt with a little milk until smooth, then add the rest of the milk gradually. Pour the mixture into a well-buttered dripping pan and bake 15 minutes in a tolerably hot oven. This is nice served with roast beef or poultry.

**Cabbage Slaw.**—Take a small head of cabbage, wash well, cut very fine with a slaw cutter or a knife of any kind. Take two small onions, peel and cut fine, mix with the cabbage, then season with salt, pepper, and vinegar to taste. Now take an extra dish and mix three good-sized tablespoons of thick cream with one tablespoon of sugar and mix with the slaw. This is delicious, especially if kept cold till serving time.

**Bread Sauce for Game.**—Cook half pint of soft, stale bread-crumbs, a pint of milk, one good-sized onion chopped very fine, a saltspoonful of ground mace, a saltspoon of paprika and a level teaspoon of salt for five minutes in a double boiler; stir constantly. The mixture must be perfectly smooth. Add a rounding tablespoon of butter; stir until melted; then add four tablespoons of thick cream and use at once for game or roasted guinea fowl.

**A Substitute for Whipped Cream.**—Sometimes one wishes to serve a dish that calls for whipped cream when neither the cream nor the time for whipping it are available. An excellent substitute is made by beating the white of an egg to a stiff froth, adding a ripe banana cut into very thin slices and beating until the banana is only a pulp evenly distributed through the egg. The result is a creamy delicacy that can be used in any recipe that calls for whipped cream.

**Turkish Rolls.**—Pound one cup blanched almonds to a paste, put into a double boiler with one pint of milk, a pinch of saffron and a tablespoon of sugar, a scant teaspoon salt and a tablespoon rounded of butter. Heat to scalding, remove from fire and when lukewarm add one-half cake yeast dissolved in a little water. Add sifted flour to make a soft dough and knead ten minutes. Put into a warmed earthenware bowl and cover until light; make into very small, long rolls, place an inch apart in greased pans to rise, then brush with beaten white of an egg and sprinkle with finely minced almonds. Bake in a quick oven.

**Pot Roast.**—The genuine pot roast is brown and rich and juicy, being cooked wholly in its own gravy and without any added water. A four to six pound is a nice size to cook properly. Select a piece with enough fat on it to furnish richness. Also add a small piece of beef suet. Heat an iron kettle until it is hot enough to sear the meat at once, then drop the suet and the meat into the kettle and turn over from side to side until the whole is seared so that the juices will not escape. Do not let the roast burn, turn often enough to prevent that but let it roast to a deep brown. Add no water for the meat will cook thoroughly in its own gravy. Do not have too hot a fire. Three to three and one-half hours of slow cooking should do the meat to a turn. If it is desired to serve browned potatoes with the roast, remove the meat when cooked, add water to the gravy and drop the potatoes (either Irish or sweet) into the gravy and let them cook as usual. Season both meat and potatoes to suit the taste.

### Household Hints.

Coarse salt is an excellent cleanser of irons.

Cheaper cuts of meat always require more cooking.

Good milk, eggs and butter are necessities, not luxuries.

Salt in cold water will remove blood stains from linen.

A tiny pinch of salt added to eggs makes them froth more quickly.

A lump of sugar dropped into milk will prevent its turning sour, it is said.

Glass or china can be safely packed if damp straw or hay is used for packing material.

A large glass bottle makes a good receptacle for buttons. By shaking the bottle you can see whether you have the button desired without taking all out.

Sugar forms about 70 per cent. of honey; it is derived from natural sugars by inversion, and is more easily digested in this form than cane sugar.

Before washing lace curtains run a narrow strip of muslin or tape along each outer edge. This will keep them perfectly straight, and will keep them from stretching at the edge.

Tar may be removed from any washing dress by spreading butter on the tar. This should be left for an hour or two to soak well in, and should afterwards be washed in the ordinary way, when all trace of tar will be gone.

Cane chairs that have become slack can be tightened by rubbing them with salt and water. Turn them upside down and put them in the sun and air to dry. They will be found to have tightened up like new articles.

When the butcher has cut the roast too heavy, ask him to cut off thin slices for steaks. Have the pan very hot, put in a piece of suet to make the pan greasy and fry steak quickly. The meat has a very good flavor.

The best and simplest way to test silk is to cut off a small piece and burn it. If it burns out quickly, leaving a clear, crisp, grey ash, the silk is pure; but if it smoulders and leaves a heavy, reddish-brown ash, the material has been treated with chemicals and will not wear well.

To destroy the smell of paint place pails of cold water—which should be changed daily—in the rooms that are being painted. It lessens the annoying smell considerably. If you live in the country and can get hay put a handful of hay into the water, as this also helps to absorb the smell.

Quite a number of people find porridge made in the ordinary way most unpalatable, but here is a hint that will make the mixture one of the most sought after breakfast dishes. Put the water into your pan. Add a beaten egg and mix well in before sprinkling the oatmeal. Then boil and salt as usual.

### Macaroni in Variety.

**Macaroni with White Sauce.** — Break the macaroni in one inch pieces, three-fourths of a cup, wash, roll and cook in salted water, then drain. For the sauce, melt four tablespoons of butter in a sauce pan. When it begins to fry add four tablespoons of flour and stir until well blended. Then stir in gradually while beating two cups of scalded milk, bring to the boiling point, add salt, the macaroni and let simmer for a minute before serving.

**Baked Macaroni with Cheese.**—Boil the macaroni in hot water as directed. (It should first be broken in inch lengths.) Put a layer of the macaroni in the bottom of baking dish, then a layer of grated cheese, add pepper and salt, repeat with another layer of crackers and cheese. Put bits of butter over the top, add enough milk to nearly cover the food and bake in the oven until a rich brown. Serve with crackers or toast.

**Macaroni Cutlets.**—Cook a half cup of macaroni broken in small pieces, drain and make a sauce as follows: Melt two and a half tablespoons of butter and add one-third cup of flour. Stir until well mixed. Pour this gradually into a cup of hot milk. Add one-fourth cup of grated cheese, and season with salt and pepper. Cool and shape in the form of cutlets, roll in bread or cracker crumbs, dip in beaten egg then in the crumbs again and fry in plenty of hot fat to brown nicely.

## THE ORIENTAL FATALIST.

### An Incident in a Caravan Journey to Bokhara.

We were standing round a small fire,—wrote Arminius Vambery, the Hungarian linguist and traveller, in his account of a caravan journey to Bokhara,—when we were startled by two reports from firearms and the loud yelling of some person who was badly hurt. The whole caravan was alarmed, and we all ran to the rear, where we found one of our companions with a shattered arm.

The cause of the affray was this: Several horsemen who were conveying the annual taxes from Shiraz to Teheran had come up with two Jewish shopkeepers, whom they first insulted and then started to assault, when a Persian of our company interfered. One of the horsemen became so enraged that he lifted his rifle and shot at the Jews. He afterwards declared that he had intended to frighten one of the Jews by shooting through his cap, but he missed his aim and hit the Persian's arm.

The incident so exasperated the whole caravan that our men pursued the culprit and brought him back securely tied. The poor wretch was given such a beating that he was unable to walk, and was placed with his victim on one of the caravan mules. Left to themselves, the would-be murderer and his victim became quite friendly. They tied up each other's wounds, consoled one another, and went so far in their newborn friendship as to kiss each other; for according to the Eastern way of thinking, neither of them was to be held responsible for what had happened. Fate had willed it.

### She Knew Better.

Wifey (during storm)—Gracious! That was an awful clap of thunder; it frightened me terribly."

Hubby—Nonsense, my dear. Thunder can't hurt you.

Wifey—Indeed! Didn't you ever hear of people being thunderstruck?

### Hard to be Good.

Ted—Why are you in such a hurry to get married?

Ned—Before she'd accept me, I had to promise to stop drinking and smoking.

Submarines for naval purposes were first developed by France.

## NOT AFRAID OF SUBMARINES

**Above is a scene on the steamship Coniston Water, the photograph having been taken while the vessel was passing through the Straits of Gibraltar. The cat is Australian, the dog Italian, the parrot Brazilian and the monkey Indian.**

## An Unrehearsed Effect

"How long have you been in this firm?"

"Forty-four years next month, sir. I was sixteen when old Mr. Malcolm took me on as office boy."

Mr. Richard Burton sat in his office chair polishing his nails. It was the second day of his rule there. For the sum of several thousand pounds he had acquired the very substantial old family business of Malcolm, Baker, & Co., Solicitors, of Lincoln's Inn Fields, and he was in process of setting his new property in order.

His notepaper still bore the legend Malcolm, Baker, & Co., but old Mr. Malcolm, who had been the founder of the firm, and Mr. Baker, his successor, had long since been dead, and Co. had retired, with a very substantial bank balance, to a country estate.

"You are too old," he said shartly. "Thirty years too old. I want young men, young blood. Copying clerks are no use to me. If you could work a typewriter—but there, you can't, so there is no purpose to be served in talking about it."

The old clerk, in the faded black alpaca coat, with the quill pen behind his ear, stared at him.

"I beg your pardon, sir. I don't think I heard what you said."

Mr. Burton looked up impatiently. "I sha'n't require your services any longer. I have got no use for you here, and, of course, I have got to consider the business."

Business was business with Mr. Richard Burton. His was no namby-pamby philosophy of life. He forgave an injury, if no immediate means of repaying it was possible, but he never forgave. "Do, or you will be done," was his motto.

What he demanded of life was cold, calculating efficiency — that would help him to make money. He was wont to say, with a grim smile of pride, that he left his heart outside his office door when he opened it of a morning, and only used his head during those crowded hours of professional exertion. The statement suggested that he gave free play to more humane sentiments beyond the region of Lincoln's Inn Fields, but his life supplied not one tittle of evidence in support of this hypothesis.

"After forty years' loyal service!" the old clerk stammered.

Mr. Burton closed his penknife with a click, and dropped it into the pocket of his white waistcoat.

"You were paid for your loyalty, I suppose But I don't want a sentimental lecture. You are no use to me, so you have got to go!"

Charles Newcome clutched at his old-fashioned collar with one white, transparent hand as if he was suffocating for want of breath.

"Neither Mr. Malcolm nor Mr. Baker would have treated me like this," he mumbled. "They were gentlemen."

Mr. Burton's hand went out to the electric bell on his desk, and his cashier—one of the new clerks—presented himself instantly.

"Pay this man the week's money which he hasn't earned, and turn him off!" he said shortly.

Charles Newcome turned clowly on his heel, and followed the cashier into the outer office. Like a man in a dream he received the few shillings which were due to him, and, still with the same feeling of unreality, he closed his old familiar desk, packed his apalca coat in a little brown bag, took his hat from the peg, and with his umbrella under his arm, walked out into the square.

It was only when he was on the pavement and looked at the office that he realized what had happened.

The long chain of custom that linked him with the time when he was a boy of sixteen to that moment when he was sixty, was broken for ever. No more would he tread those familiar stairs that led up to the offices of Malcolm, Baker, and Co. The doors were closed against him, and what had been the main episode of his life had been cut abruptly short.

The afternoon light was waning as he tottered out of the square. What was he to do? Where was he to go? How could he, a man of his age, find other employment?

He was a bachelor, old and friendless, for he had lived almost wholly with and for his work. His one relative—a sister ten years younger than himself—had died a widow. He had been very fond of her only daughter, Mary, but he had been unable to help her himself, and she had disappeared years ago under the care of her father's relations.

The landlady of his lodgings might be sorry for him, but as for helping him, that was out of the question. And what was he to do?

He walked aimlessly down Kingsway, staring vacantly into shop windows for ten minutes together, his poor old brain dazed and stunned. He was trying to think, trying to frame some plan of action; but his mind, accustomed to tread one beaten path, refused now to deviate from its familiar track.

He had wandered heedlessly into the Strand, and suddenly somebody bumped against him, sending him back against the window of a shop.

"Beg your pardon, Mr. Milestones," said a cheery voice, "but you shouldn't start playing blind-man's buff in the middle of London!"

Mr. Newcome found himself staring stupidly at a smiling vision in furs.

"I'm sorry, madam, but you are mistaken," he stammered. "I'm not Mr. Milestones; my name is Newcome!"

He saw a pair of dancing eyes and a flashing gleam of white teeth between red, divinely-curved lips, and then to his amazement this gorgeous creature started forward and caught his arm.

"Newcome!" she exclaimed. "Surely I can't be mistaken; it must be Uncle Charley! Why, I remember you perfectly now. You haven't chanked a bit—exactly the same kind, dear old I'm-looking-for-something-but-I-shall-never-find-it face that I used to know as a kiddie."

"Mary!" he gasped. "You don't mean to say that you are Mary?"

She laughed, but there was something more than laughter in the sound. She was smiling sweetly, but there was a mist in her dark eyes.

"You must come and see the show, Uncle Charley," she said. "I've got to hustle now, or I'll be late. And afterwards you shall have supper with me."

Charles Newcome presently found himself sitting in the stalls of a treatre with no clear conception of how he got there. There were a lot of superbly dressed people—gentlemen in evening-dress, almost as splendid as old Mr. Malcolm, who represented for him the highest standard of taste and luxury.

Then the curtain went up, the band played, and he became conscious of a sudden roar of applause in the house, and there, to his utter astonishment, in the middle of the stage stood Mary—his little niece Mary !

He leant forward in his seat in open-mouthed wonder. And gradually the wonder gave place to pride. How the people cheered; they would hardly let the play go on, so often did they encore her. How sweetly she sang What lovely dresses she wore! How beautiful she looked!

And more than once he found her looking at him, nodding at him, winking at him with that wonderful wink of hers, and his cheeks flushed with pride.

At last the play was out; an official came to fetch him from the stalls. He waited some moments in a mysterious eerie place in the wings, and then finally Mary appeared.

"Now, you dear old thing, we'll go and have supper, and you shall tell me what you thought of the play," she said, squeezing his arm.

The supper took place in what Charles Newcome at first thought must be Buckingham Palace. He had never in his life seen so much gilt, so many liveried servants with powdered heads, or so many dazzling lights. And Mary walked through this amazing place like a queen, holding his arm, quite at home, apparently.

At the door of a private room a magnificent flunkey, carrying a costly bouquet of roses, stopped them, and said something to Mary which the old man could not hear.

"Oh, bother him!" she said. "Tell him to run away and play! I've got a much nicer companion for supper tonight!"

Then, after supper, Mary leant across the table towards him.

"Now, Uncle Charley, tell me all about yourself. What have you been doing all these years?"

Soon the old man found himself pouring out into Mary's ears the whole story of his griefs.

"Ner you mind, you dear old thing!" Mary answered. "It's time you rested. You shall come and live with me and look after me, and never do another stroke of work in your life. But, I say, I should like to know who this particular beast was who turned you off like that."

"Mr. Richard Burton," he answered.

"What!" she exclaimed, with a start. "Mr. Richard Burton, of Merioneth Place, Hyde Park?"

He nodded.

"Right!" she cried, springing to her feet. "Well, you sit tight, Uncle Charley, and you'll see some fun. Here, you, come here!"

She addressed the last remark to the liveried flunkey who had just entered the room.

"You can go and tell that gentleman that I'll see him after all. Bring him here. I've got a little surprise for him!"

She sat down again, picking up the bouquet of red roses as she did so, her eyes on the door. Presently it opened, and a man in evening-dress entered the room with a smirk of satisfaction. Mr. Newcome looked up; then the spoon that he held dropped from his hand. The man was Mr. Richard Burton.

"Hello! How do you do?" Mary said. "I thought I'd just like to see you. You know my uncle, I think."

Mr. Burton turned, and the old clerk and his late employer stared blankly at one another.

"Mr. Newcome! Really, I'd no idea he was your uncle, Miss Burnelle. Most interesting!"

"Thought it would surprise you," Mary said brightly. "And I've got something else that will make you fizz a bit. See these flowers you sent me?"

He looked at them, smiling, waiting to receive his reward of thanks. Mary picked up the bouquet, and, rising with easy grace, walked up to him, and struck him across the face.

"That's just to show you what I think of your flowers and you!" she cried. "You turned that poor old man out of his job, did you? You hadn't any more use for him, hadn't you? That he was faithful and loyal didn't matter. He was just an old, worn-out machine, and you scrapped him, you cold-hearted brute!"

She punctuated her remarks with blows. Mr. Richard Burton backed towards the door, his face scratched and bleeding where the wire that held together the bouquet had torn the skin.

"You cad!" Mary went on. "There, take your flowers, and never let me see your face again!"

She flung the ruins of the bouquet after him as he fled through the door. Then, turning, she ran to her uncle, and put her arms round his neck. Her cheek was close to his, and he felt that tears were pouring from her eyes.

"I'm only crying because I feel so happy with myself," she said. "That's the best unrehearsed part I have ever played. And I won't let anyone be cruel to you ever again, Uncle Charley—no, never, you dear old thing!"—London Answers.

## HISTORY OF GREAT STRUGGLE.

### Photographing the War on the Fighting Line.

One of the French soldiers killed at the taking of Metzeral, in Alsace, belonged to a branch of the army service, organized 10 months of war, called the "photographic section," which is now officially photographing the war. Its role is artistic, historical and educational. Although the staff is military, it also is serving the Foreign Office and the Department of Public Instruction.

General Joffre, Messieurs Millerand, Minister of War; Delcasse, Minister of Foreign Affairs, and Sarraul, Minister of Public Instruction, aided by the Committee of Foreign Affairs of the Chamber of Deputies and the Foreign Office, collaborated in its organization. The operators are all mobilized men, and, as at Metzeral, are on the fighting line taking pictures, which, with orders, reports, plans and other documents, will hereafter constitute the historical section of the General Staff.

For the fine arts section and the educational department it is intended thus to make a complete collection of photographs of destroyed or damaged public monuments of great artistic value, and in general to furnish a sort of illustrated annex to the history of the war for the instruction of future generations.

These official photographers during the seven days' bombardment of Metzeral took 3000 negatives.

A sales department has been organized to put on the market copies of all the photographs that the censor authorizes to be duplicated.

The Lord High Chancellor of England receives a salary of £10,000 a year.

# NEWS FROM ENGLAND

### NEWS BY MAIL ABOUT JOHN BULL AND HIS PEOPLE.

### Occurrences In the Land That Reigns Supreme in the Commercial World.

Two hundred women are being trained in Liverpool to take the place of postmen.

In the seventy-seven livery guilds of the city of London, there are in all 8,659 liverymen.

Britain has 2,300 trawlers, mine sweepers and other auxiliary vessels engaged in sweeping the North Sea.

Owing to a shooting accident in Yorkshire, Prince Ranjitsinhji, the famous cricketer, may lose his right eye.

The Eton Guardians have revised the diet of the inmates by which they expect to save nearly $800 a year.

Miss Botha, the niece of General Botha, is studying English nursing at the Princess Alice Hospital, Eastbourne.

With the men in action at the front area number of West End tailors whose duty it is to mind and renovate uniforms.

The death has occurred at Farley Hill, Surrey, of Mr. Wm. Cordery, aged 96, who rode to hounds with the Duke of Wellington.

Miss Owen Lloyd George, elder daughter of the Minister of Munitions, has returned to her duties as a Red Cross nurse in France.

Lance-Corporal Dwyer, the youngest V.C. in the army, whose home is at Fulham, has been given a commission as second lieutenant.

It is announced that up to the present nearly a thousand of the old boys of Haydon Road School, at Wimbledon, have joined the forces.

By order of the Assistant Provost-Marshal amateur photographers in the Isle of Wight are not allowed to use cameras outside the grounds of their residence.

Although she has just celebrated the 100th anniversary of her birthday, a Bedford lady, Mrs. Learmouth, has during the last year knitted a number of pairs of socks for soldiers.

Speaking at Westminster, Dr. C. W. Saleeby said that in the past year medical officers had rejected no fewer than a million men who were willing to serve in His Maesty's Forces.

In the Isle of Sheppey coins have been discovered buried of the reigns of Henry III., Edward I., Edward IV., Edward VI. and Henry VII. London coins of Alexander III. 1249, and James VI.

The Board of Trade has issued a circular to London coal merchants pointing out that in order to keep pits fully at work every effort should be made to increase stocks of coal to the maximum.

## IS THIS KAISER'S NUMBER?

### Surprising Combination of Revelation and Arithmetic.

The following ingenious attempt to prove that the Kaiser is the "beast" mentioned in Rev. 13, is taken from an old country paper:

"Take the letters of the Kaiser's name and arrange them one under the other; then to the right of each letter put down the number of each letter as it stands in the alphabet; after that put the figure six; carry these figures into another column, and add the total together, thus:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| K | 11 | 6 | 116 |
| A | 1 | 6 | 16 |
| I | 9 | 6 | 96 |
| S | 19 | 6 | 196 |
| E | 5 | 6 | 56 |
| R | 18 | 6 | 186 |
| | | | 666 |

Then refer to the 13th chapter of Revelations, 4th, 5th and 18th verses. The answer will be surprising, and, it is hoped, prophetic.

The verses referred to run as follows:

"And they worshipped the dragon which gave power unto the beast: and they worshipped the beast, saying, Who is like unto the beast? Who is able to make war with him?

"And there was given unto him a mouth speaking great things and blasphemies; and power was given unto him to continue forty and two months.

. . . . . .

"Here is wisdom. Let him that hath understanding count the number of the beast: for it is the number of a man; and his number is six hundred, three score and six."

### His Debauch.

"Emmett Whillikens just nacher'ly prized up heck while his wife was away, didn't he?"

"Gosh! I should say so!" replied a prominent citizen of Petunia. "Why, he had a gang of fellers at his house 'most every night till 9.30, drinkin' elderberry wine , playing dominoes and listenin' to dance tunes on the phonograph!"

### Exactly.

"Pa, what happens when the wind blows great guns?"

"A weather report follows, my son."

When the time is noon in London, Berlin records 12.54 p.m.