About the House

Useful Hints and General Information for the Busy Housewife

Selected Recipes.

Peas in Cases.—Cut bread three inches square, remove center to form box, brush with melted butter and brown in oven. When ready to serve fill with creamed or buttered peas.

To make strawberry jam, take seven pounds of sugar, five quarts of berries, crush the berries slightly; cook quickly until thick, put in jelly glasses and when cold cover with paraffine.

For oatmeal cakes use 1½ cupfuls of oatmeal, 1½ cups of flour, half teaspoonful of baking powder, half cup of shortening (butter and lard, quarter cup of sugar, and water enough to mix. Roll very thin. Cut with biscuit cutter and bake.

Cottage Cheese Salad. — Put one quart thick, sour milk in clean bag and let drain over night. Do not cook milk, as it is much better without cooking and does not go all to whey. In the morning put curds in cold bowl, add one saltspoon salt, dash of pepper and one-half cup sweet cream. Toss lightly with silver fork, put on crisp lettuce leaves and chill until ready to serve.

Mint Jelly.—Mint jelly for immediate use—Make good lemon gelatin with water in which mint has boiled three minutes. Stir in finely chopped mint as gelatin begins to set. Garnish with sprigs of mint when turned out to serve. Mint jelly for preserve closet may be made by putting sprig of fresh mint in tumbler before pouring in boiling apple jelly. Mint will rise to top and should be removed before covering jelly.

Halibut Baked in Milk.—Two and one-half pounds sliced halibut, two tablespoons minced parsley, one-third cup butter, flour, milk, salt and pepper. Lay fish in deep, fireproof platter, if you have one, if not, in baking dish. Season with salt and pepper, dredge with flour, sprinkle with parsley, and dot with butter. Add milk to depth of one inch and, if desired, lay over fish some sliced onion and a few minced celery tips. Bake gently forty-five minutes in moderate oven.

Chocolate Sponge Cake. — Three eggs, one cup sugar, three tablespoons grated chocolate, one-fourth cup milk, two tablespoons baking powder, few grains salt, one-half teaspoon almond extract, one cup bread flour. Beat eggs yolks, add sugar and cream until light. Turn in chocolate which has been melted over hot water, and milk and flavoring. Sift together flour, baking powder and salt and add alternately with whites, stiffly beaten. Bake in tube tin in moderate oven. Fill cavity with whipped cream and surround with sliced sweetened strawberries.

Dandelion Salad.—Gather plants before blossoms appear when dandelion is to be used raw. Cut from root so that rosette-like mat of leaves remains entire. Take blossoms from plant in bloom and sprinkle petals over salad for garnish. Dice two ounces becon and cook in hot pan until golden brown, stirring frequently. Mix one tablespoon sugar and one-half cup weak vinegar and pour into pan with bacon. When mixture boils pour it over one quart dandelions mixed with three chopped hard-boiled eggs and one medium-sized sliced onion. Turn lightly with fork until dandelions are slightly wilted by hot dressing.

Ribbon Cake.—One-half, cup butter two cups sugar, one cup milk, three and one-half cups flour, five teaspoons baking powder, one and one-half teaspoons ground cardamom seed, one and one-half teaspoons ginger, three-fourths teaspoon cinnamon, one-fourth teaspoon cloves, one-half cup seeded and chopped raisins, one-half cup finely chopped figs, one tablespoon honey and four eggs. Rub butter and sugar together and add egg yolks. Sift flour and baking powder together and add them to mixture, alternating them with milk. Finally, add whites of eggs, well beaten. Bake two-thirds of mixture in two-layer cake pans. To remainder add spices, fruit and honey and bake. Put layers together with crystallized honey or other preferred filling.

Good Service From the Paint Brush.

One of the articles which usually plays a fairly prominent part around the house in the spring, is the paint brush. In these days of rugs, the floors need to be kept in good condition. Of course we are not all fortunate enough to have hardwood floors in our homes. We can nevertheless, keep our floors looking nice with a little care. When using a large rug in the centre of the floor, it is only necessary to grain the floor a few feet around the edge. This, if nicely done, looks well in any room.

The kitchen and pantry are splendid places in which to make good use of the paint brush. If the linoleum in the kitchen is varnished spring and fall, it will keep the colors bright and insure its wearing longer. Then there are those pantry shelves. Rather hard to keep them looking neat and clean, isn't it? Some people cover the shelves several times a year with shelf paper which does very nicely. Another method is to paint the shelves in the spring with a good white paint. An extra nice finish for pantry shelves if one wishes to go to the expense, is enamel. This makes a hard finish which is easily wiped off.

Just one other painting suggestion. A painting task that requires some skill is to do window sashes without getting paint on the windows, and we all know how hard it is to remove dry paint from glass. Here is an idea picked up recently. Cut a piece of cardboard the size of the pane, cover the glass with it while painting and thus avoid the vexation of accompanying spots and spatters.

Useful Hints.

If eggs are boiled in salted water the shells will peel easily.

Bacon rinds are good boiled with cabbage, string or soup beans.

Air blowing on bread sponge will keep it from rising and may spoil it entirely.

Whon roasting a fowl stuff the breast with pared and cut up sweet potatoes; the flavor is surprising.

A generous pinch of salt added to flour for thickening, before mixing with water, tends to keep it from being lumpy.

Prunes cooked in the oven after soaking over night, seasoned and sweetened to taste, are much richer than if stewed.

Vegetables to be cooked by boiling should be put into boiling water, as little as possible, and if the water is added let it be boiling hot. Steaming is best for most vegetables.

It is a good idea to provide plenty of clean paper for the kitchen. It can be used when preparing vegetables or fruit, and paper and trimmings can be put into the fire.

Don't put anything away in the ice chest while it is hot. Never leave uncooked meat or fish wrapped in paper. The paper will absorb the juice of the meat and waste it.

Lingerie ribbons should not be ironed whilst wet, or they will become stiff. They should be pulled into a smooth condition and when dry pressed over with a cool iron.

Pure chloroform will remove paint, grease and other stains from colored garments. Put clean blotting paper under the spot and pour the chloroform—a few drops—on it, in the open air.

Delightful scent bags or pillows may be made with any dry, fragrant leaves of flowers—geranium leaves, rose petals, heliotrope, lemon verbenas. Tie in bags of gauze, or make pillows of gauze.

Swiss eggs are a good luncheon dish for summer. Butter a pie dish, cover the bottom with slices of cheese, break the eggs over the cheese and sprinkle with bread crumbs. Bake until done.

2,500 DOGS OF WAR.

Obey Commands of the Germans by Mouth or Pistol.

Dr. Max Osborn, the special correspondent of the Vossische Zeitung on the western front, contributes to that paper an interesting narrative of Germany's real dogs of war. The facts and figures he adduces are striking evidence of the thoroughness with which the enemy has organized one of the unconsidered trifles of war making during the course of the struggle.

When the German army was mobilized in July, 1914, the War Office found that there were all told exactly eight dogs trained for military service. Orders were forthwith given to the German Red Cross Dogs Society to train the largest possible number for field work, with the result that to-day (according to Dr. Osborn) there are 2,500 dogs in the various German theatres of operation.

Many animals have been killed and wounded and a special "military hospital" for canine heroes hurt in battle is now maintained at Jena.

Dr. Osborn describes a "dress parade" of the war dogs recently held for his edification in the Verdun district. There were sheepdogs, Airedale terriers, retrievers and pointers, each about two years old, German sheepdogs in the majority.

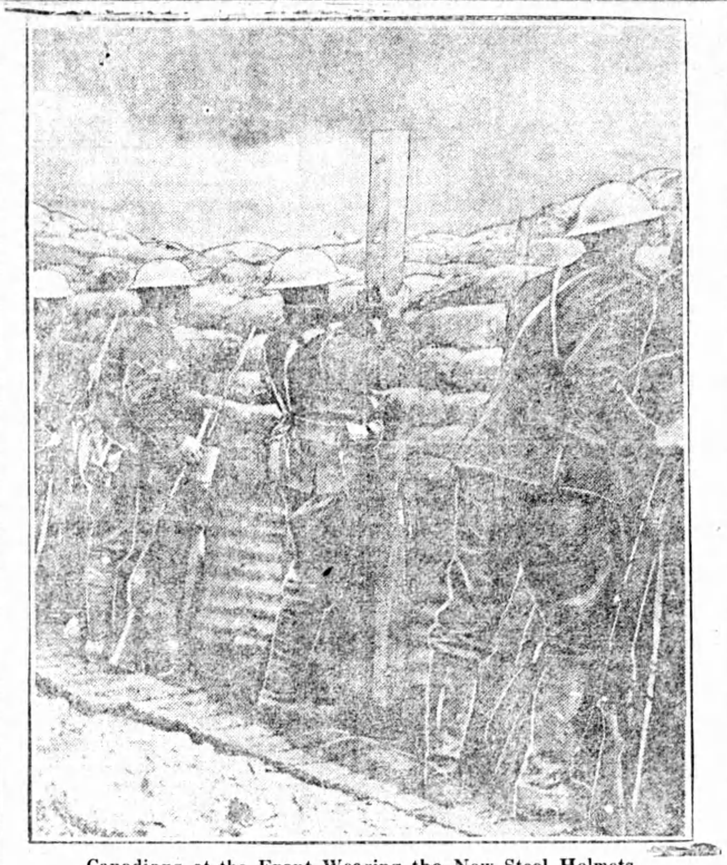
They have learned to obey commands, given both by word of mouth and pistol shots, "like Prussian infantrymen." The drill which the correspondent witnessed consisted of distinguishing the prostrate living from figures representing dead men, passing by men still able to stand by themselves, and indicating not only where men were lying down but leaning in a state of semi-collapse or sitting up.

"And, best of all," concludes Dr. Osborn's tribute to the dogs of war, "they are serving the Fatherland unselfishly, without hope of either promotion or decorations."

France Enlists Women.

The new idea of replcaing auxiliary soldiers by women specially enlisted for the purpose has given excellent results in France. At the depot of the 7th Battalion of the Engineers Corps, twenty-eight women soldiers are employed as clerks, three as storekeepers (dressed in uniform), nine as cooks, and three as tailors. This experiemnt is being made at a number of other depots.

Perhaps the best hand a man can hold in the game of life is the hand of some good woman.



Canadians at the Front Wearing the New Steel Helmets.

The rapid and efficient way in which our French allies have provided their armies with the new steel headdress is really most creditable to every department concerned. On every front the blue-tinted casque is seen. The British troops are also now being equipped with steel helmets. The shape differs somewhat from the French casque. The British design is wider in the brim, with a more spreading dome to the roof of the helmet. The British headgear does not show a ventilation ridge such as the French helmet exhibits as a distinctive feature. Hundreds of thousands are now in use, and thousands of lives have already been saved by them.

BELIEVE END OF THE WAR NEAR

GERMAN PEOPLE WILLING TO MAKE CONCESSIONS.

Prisoners Say Sufferings of People at Home Are Becoming Unbearable.

The British have successfully extended their front toward the south until it covers practically one-fourth of the whole line from the North Sea to Switzerland. An International News Service writer recently made a trip of inspection. The vessel which took us across the Channel was crowded with Red Cross nurses, army officers and Tommies returning to the front after a few days' home leave.

I had expected to see these men depressed and downhearted at the prospect of going back to the dreary monotony of the trenches, but on not a single face did I see a sign of any such feelings. I asked several of them about it, and the answer was invariably the same.

"Why should we feel sorry? We are well treated, well fed, and well looked after in every way, and our job is not finished yet. The trenches are not half as bad as you think. We are going to stick it out until we have given the Boches such a licking that they won't forget it for a hundred years. There is not much fight left in them even now."

Our first morning in France was bright and sunny, though rather windy. Women everywhere are ploughing the fields or putting in the seed, scattering it by hand in the old-time manner. We pass through villages full of life and bustle, but the women and children, who are nearly all in deep mourning, bear silent testimony of the sacrifices France has made.

At Bethune we see the first sign of actual warfare. The town has been shelled, and many houses are in ruins, but the inhabitants go about their business as if nothing had happened.

The sound of firing increases, aeroplanes hovering above us, little clouds of fleecy white suddenly appear out of space all around them and drift away before the wind. It is shrapnel from the German anti-aircraft guns, exploding harmlessly in the air.

We arrive at a village where we have to leave our cars as it is not safe to drive any further in broad daylight. The German lines are not far away. The country here is bleak and barren; everywhere are the signs of the devastation of war; the houses mere husks, roofless and battered by hundreds of shells, uninhabited but for a few English soldiers.

"Tommies" Confident.

We find the Tommies in the front trenches, almost within hail of the Germans, the most cheerful of all. Not one among them who does not feel firmly convinced that they are able to finish off the Germans as soon as the signal is given to swarm out of the trenches.

I noticed that the English guns fired at least four shots to every German shot.

In a little village some miles behind the fighting line, I came upon a batch of prisoners captured by the British two days before. I asked to be allowed to speak to them.

I found them deeply grateful to their captors, who, they said, had treated them with the most touching kindness. They were greatly relieved because they would now not have to go back into the inferno to fight for a cause they never looked upon as their own. They were from Danish speaking Germany.

Not one of them was under twenty or over thirty, and they were tall, broad-shouldered, blue-eyed and fair-haired, and quite willing to talk when I addressed them in their own language.

One of them, a man with a frank and intelligent face, acting as spokesman, said:

"We all feel that the end is approaching, not so much because Germany is short of men—there are still plenty of reserves, I believe—but because the sufferings of the people at home are becoming unbearable and they do not understand what we are fighting for.

"It is gradually beginning to dawn upon them that all our victories are to count for nothing, and that we must not only give up what we have won, but even more, in order to get the peace the whole German people is sighing for."

"Do you think the German people are in a mood to give up any territory in order to get peace?" I asked

"I am quite sure that the people would willingly give up not only every inch of foreign territory now occupied, but Alsace-Lorraine as well."

"But what about an indemnity?"

"I do not see how Germany could possibly pay an indemnity now. We are practically ruined, and the intelligent part of the population all know it. Every letter I get from home speaks of the misery our people are enduring. Our horses and cattle have been taken away, we are short of seed corn and food, even potatoes are very scarce. That part of Germany is a country of mourning and despair.

"All our able-bodied men have been taken, and from the beginning of the war we have always been sent to the most dangerous places. Our heavy casualties prove this."

"How have you been treated while in the army?" I asked. "Is it true that your officers threaten to shoot you down if you refuse to go forward?"

Not Forced on Germany.

"No, I cannot complain of the way we have been treated. German officers have their own way of treating their man. They hardly look upon us as human beings, but I think they have been less brutal during the war than in time of peace.

"They demand obedience, and the man who hesitates to obey orders knows that he is liable to be shot down. Nothing of the kind, however, has ever occurred in our regiment."

"Do you believe this war was forced upon Germany?"

"No intelligent person in Germany really believes that," he said, with a smile. "We knew that the war was coming sooner or later. We have been prepared for it for years, and we thought we were sure of victory. Our enemies were always quarrelling among themselves at home. Germany alone seemed to be strong.

"But I suppose everything that has happened is for the best. We are all glad we are going to England, where we know we shall be treated well. The Tommies are the most kind-hearted men I ever met. They have been wonderfully good to us."

The Heiress—"Have you seen papa?" The Duke—"Yes; it's all off." The Heiress—"You don't mean to say that he refused to give his consent?" The Duke—"Oh, no, He said he'd give his consent—but not another cent."

THE FASHIONS

Summer Furs More Modish.

From Fashion's court comes the word that summer furs will be more modish this year even than they were last. The huge boa of white fox held the favored place last summer, but this season the shops are offering a variety of furs for summer wear. In spite of the apparent absurdity, a wide soft stole of mole, mink, seal, or ermine often proves a very grateful addition to the sheer summer dance frock on seaside porch or board walk. While the round, soft fox boa will in all probability continue to be popular with tailored suits and dresses, the long, wide stole will be more used for evening.

The Popularity of Voile

Plain, striped, checked, dotted, and patterned voiles, in all colors and combinations, are in demand for the corded, ruffled, fluffy lingerie frock. Of course there are voiles and voiles; the true voile wears and washes well, is sheer and dainty, quite as attractive as the more expensive cottons. There is a hint here and there of the return of hand-painted muslins for blouses and dresses. Probably the stenciled hat suggested the idea, which is quaint

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The Spanish Flounce Dress

and pretty, if not exactly practical. All sorts of clever notions might be worked out by the woman with ingenious brain and fingers, but if the material were to be purchased or ordered, the fad might prove rather expensive. Sashes and scarfs, however, will carry out the notion with voile and organdy frocks very effectively.

Flower-Trimmed Hats.

Summer would not be summer without the flower-decked hat, but the notion rarely lasts longer than Easter, except on the large picture hat of Leghorn, crin, or hemp, which completes the June bridesmaid's costume, or the summer beauty's dainty frock.

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Jumper Frock of Taffeta

This season, however, there is a strong indication that flowers will play more than their ordinary role in summer millinery. The medium brimmed, rather stiff tailored hat, with its upstanding bouquet of vari-colored blossoms, so popular some years back, is being noticed here and there; one sees, also, a number of flower turbans; flower crowns are favored with certain costumes, and wreaths are quite popular. The flower-stenciled hats are very well liked indeed. Ribbon, too, is smart for trimming, and ostrich, in the form of fringe and fancies, is a popular trimming.

The Return of Ostrich Boas.

The revival of the feather boa will be welcomed by many, as it lends a soft, becoming touch to suit or gown, and in its new shades, a welcome bit of contrast. These boas, as a rule, are short, finished at the ends with tassels of chenille or silk, and close up closely about the troat.

Maline ruches, and smart little fancies of pleated or pinked ribbon, are also modish for the tailored suit or one-piece street frock. Quaint buckles are often used effectively for closing them.

The quaint little capes, pelerines, and similar fancies, of taffeta, faille, or satin, now being offered for summer wear, are other attractive additions to the summer frock; in all probability these will be quite as popular as the fur stole, or the feather boa, or even a little more favored. They are becoming, quite in keeping with the dresses of the moment, may easily be fashioned at home, and are of course much less expensive than fur. Ruffles, cordings, and conventionalized trimings, quilled, pleated, pinked or shirred, are used to finish these capes, lending still another old-fashioned touch. An organdy or voile frock will receive an added faintiness in one of these taffeta capes, of a shade corresponding to or harmoniously contrasting with the dominant color of the dress.

These patterns may be obtained from your local McCall dealer or from The McCall Company, 70 Bond St., Toronto, Ont. Dept. W.

ROAD 1,400 MILES LONG.

The World's Greatest Highway Is in India.

Search where you will, you will find no highway in the whole world so romantic as the Grand Trunk Road of India.

A stately avenue of three roads in one—the centre of hard metal, the roads on each side ankle-deep in silvery dust—fringed by double rows of trees, it runs for 1,400 miles through the vast northern plain which skirts the Himalayas, from Calcutta to far Peshawur, which keeps sentinel at the gate of Afghanistan.

From horizon to horizon it stretches like a broad white ribbon, as seemingly straight as if traced by a gigantic ruler. And dotted along its entire length are hundreds of serais (wayside rest houses), each with its arched and turreted gateway, its spacious enclosure—in which humans share shelter with oxen, camels and goats—and its central well of sparkling water.

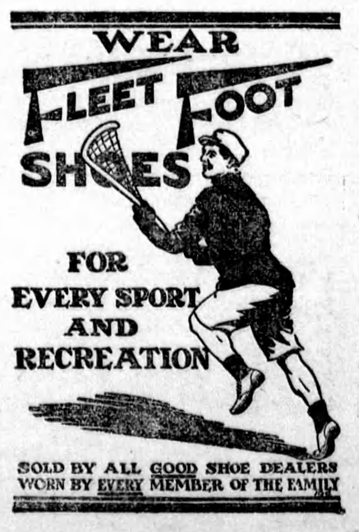
For 3,000 years the Himalayas have looked down on this road and have seen it as they see it to-day. It was the world's greatest highway before Rome was cradled, when the aboriginal Indians drove their cattle over the very spot where the motor-car dashes to-day.

Alexander the Great led his Greeks along it to the conquest of Northern India; and Buddha himself took his daily walks along it centuries before Christ was cradled.

It has seen a hundred generations of men come and go; a score of dynasties rise and fall. And yet to-day, it is to the eye, exactly the same as in the long-gone years when Nineveh was a proud city and our own ancestors gnawed bones in their caves.

His Reason.

Moved to pity at the sight of a small boy lugging a monstrous bundle of newspapers, a man stopped and asked: "Don't all those papers make you tired?"

"Nope," the little newsie replied cheerfully. "I can't read."

Old gent—"So you want to become my son-in-law?" Youth—"No, I don't; but if I marry your daughter I don't very well see how I can get out of it!"