

About the House

Washing Without Worrying.

Next to high prices as a topic for conversation, the scarcity of labor takes rank. Competent farm labor, always hard to secure, has about reached the vanishing point so far as the fields are concerned and the housekeeper no longer even dreams of getting her washing done, to say nothing of securing other help. The work is all up to the house-mother, and she must "live or die, sink or swim, survive or perish," unaided by human hands.

The situation in the cities is the same. Employment bureaus long ago hung out the "No Domestic Help" sign. There are no girls seeking domestic employment, with factories offering three times the wages. Housekeepers in the towns have for some time been facing the situation and adjusting their lives to the change. Their solution of the question is one which many farm women can adopt—power appliances to do much of the work formerly done by hand. Motor power washing machines have forever supplanted the washwoman in hundreds of homes. They are always on the job, never late, quiet, efficient, courteous if treated well, never demand a ten o'clock lunch, and don't tear the clothes.

The electric machine is perhaps most convenient if you have electric power, but it is by no means the only thing. There are water power machines, dog power machines, a working out of the old familiar treadmill, where your household pet furnishes the power which does your washing, and machines which are run by the gas engine. As to types of machines, they are legion. The best known are the cylinder machines where clothes are put in a cylinder which revolves through a tub of hot suds.

Whatever the type or whatever the power employed, the power machine is something which every woman who can afford it should buy. The wringer is also operated by the same power which washes the clothes, so that the hardest part of washing is carrying the wet clothes out to dry. Not only do you save muscle, but you save time. Could you for instance, wash nineteen blankets in the old way in one forenoon and go to a picnic in the afternoon? This is what one farm woman did. Another on the same day did a two weeks' washing for a family of six, and threw in two blankets and the curtains for twenty windows, then baked and put up her picnic lunch, and was as fresh as a daisy in the afternoon.

The machine cannot perform miracles, however. Do not think for a minute that they are going to do the washing while you sit upstairs and read a book, as the advertisements picture the pretty lady. They are like any machine—they must be operated. Starch must be made, clothes fed to the wringer, tubs filled

with rinsing water and lines got ready. You will not sit down while the washing is on. Also, if the clothes wind around the wringer or you try to put too thick a garment through—well, your machine is likely to stop in the middle of the washing, and you must wait for someone who understands its internal workings to set it going. Care in feeding the wringer makes this unnecessary, however. And, to boil or not to boil, is another question. Most agents say it is not necessary—that good soap powder, scalding water and sun ate all you need. Personally, I prefer boiling. Wristbands and soiled spots do not need to be rubbed on the board if you use sufficient care. Soap all these spots carefully and let the clothes soak over night. If the spots show when they come out of the tub, soap them again and wash a second time. Only on rare occasions will you need to rub them.

Thrift Recipes.

Leftover Beans.—1 cup beans, ½ cup stewed tomato. Salt and pepper and a teaspoon of grated onion. Heat thoroughly. The onion and tomato should be cooked for ten minutes before the beans are added.

Vegetable Hash.—Mix together and heat in a frying pan, with a little water or milk and a small quantity of fat and seasonings—2 cups diced cooked potatoes, 1 cup diced cooked carrots, 1 cup diced cooked turnips, ½ cup grated cheese.

Escalloped Carrots.—2 cups grated carrots, 1 cup bread crumbs, ½ cup milk, 1-3 cup grated cheese, 1 tablespoon fat, ½ teaspoon salt, pepper to taste. Cook the grated carrots in a double boiler until tender. Add salt, pepper, and milk and cook for five minutes. Place in a baking dish, sprinkle with grated cheese, cover with the crumbs to which has been added the melted fat. Brown in the oven.

Corn and Cheese.—2 cups corn, 1 cup celery, 1 cup buttered crumbs, 1 teaspoon salt, 2 tablespoons fat, ½ cup hot milk. Arrange corn and celery in layers with salt. Add hot milk and melted fat. Cover with buttered crumbs and bake 20 minutes.

Warm Over Beans With Cheese.—Make a cup of white sauce and add two tablespoons of grated cheese. Add the sauce to the beans and heat thoroughly. This is a good substitute for meat.

Cod en Casserole.—To prepare this dish take a one and a half pound slice of cod and remove the skin. Place it in a casserole of ample size and pour in half a pint of boiling stock. Cover and bring to a boil again. Then cook quite gently for about an hour and thirty minutes. Strain off the stock. Add a quarter of a pint of stewed Spanish onion and tomato mixed, salt, pepper, a pinch of sugar and a dust of cayenne. Heat, stir well, pour over the fish and serve.

IRON CROSSES OF THE GERMAN FLEET

STORED AS LEFT LUGGAGE BY THE BRITISH TARS

Some Sidelights on the Surrender of the Hun Navy—Queen Mary Is Popular With Beatty's Crews.

Even after all the tales are told, especially such a great historic event as the surrender of the German fleet, there is something more to tell. There are the sidelights.

It has not yet been told, so far as I know, how Queen Mary won tremendous respect from the fleet, one of whose mottos is "thorough," for the thoroughness with which she insists on seeing things. Every one who has been on a battleship knows that getting into a gun turret is a matter of no mean gymnastics. The Queen, while she was on the commander-in-chief's flagship, climbed into the turret of one of the wonderful 15-inch guns and was enormously interested by the miracle of mechanism. She went to the wireless room and happened to hear a message from the commander-in-chief to the Germans, telling them in a somewhat peremptory manner that if they could not send all the submarine torpedoes minus their battle-heads, as had been arranged, they must send them in transports to be provided for the purpose.

Photographing the Chiefs. When King George and the Prince

hoists of flags. Even that seemed to give difficulty to the submarine men, and on one occasion a large black-board with the words written on it was displayed.

Velvet Collars Puzzle to British.

There was much puzzlement on the British destroyers about the velvet collar bands and hatbands which some of the German officers wore. To English eyes nothing could seem less sailor-like than velvet at sea. It was like wearing spurs. One officer wore a large bearskin hat like an Arctic explorer. They all wore gloves and were very well shod. Many of the men had leather suits in good repair. They were extremely dirty and greasy as one expected after submarine work, but the officers had taken care to smarten themselves up and change their clothes. One officer seemed to have a mess uniform with a starched shirt and black cross tie under his coat, as if prepared for any evening entertainment that the English might offer to them.

After they had been speaking about the iron crosses that they saw before them one English sailor said: "They got them for murdering women and children, like as not. Why should we let them get back to Germany?" The petty officer said: "We can get them when we want them now. We're only putting them in the left luggage office."

BEATTY AND THE HUNS.

British Admiral Has Profound Contempt For Cowardly Foe.

"Request you will report on sinking of U-93, as same appeared avoidable." "Torpedoes you failed to send with latest convoy of submarines you will forward by next transport."

"You will stop using your wireless till further orders." The above are three wireless messages typical of those that Admiral Beatty sent across the seas to Kiel during the days the German fleet was surrendering.

Few who were up with the Grand Fleet for the recent surrender have returned without a reverence for the whole attitude and bearing of the British Commander-in-Chief.

Deprived of his Trafalgar, Beatty has been sending wireless broadside after broadside into the Huns. Said a commander at Rosyth: "They are eating the dirt thrown them by Beatty."

So they have been. Beatty has lived and dreamt and pondered the Day for four long years. Shortly before armistice day he assembled his men in "Big Lizzie." "Men," he said in that abrupt, incisive way of his, biting his words, "they're coming out. I always said they would." A week later he repeated the same address. On the day of the great surrender he again addressed his tars. "Men," he began, "I always told you they'd come out. . . . Not on a piece of string, though!"

The High Seas Fleet on a piece of string! Was the thing ever better expressed? In all this wide war no more dramatic day than November 21 has passed us by. The spectacular side, great grey ships steaming in battle array, meant nought—ordinary manoeuvres.

It wasn't the ships that mattered, but the men in them. For people who like to play with human emotions it was an unreturning orgy. The Huns who so arrogantly goose-stepped across the bodies of outraged women—four years ago—in the waters of the Firth of Forth, now cringed to heel like a dog with its tail between its legs.

"To think we've waited all these years to fight them," ruminated a British admiral, "and now to have to go out and meet them by appointment, like meeting a girl—only they'll be punctual!"

Admiral Beatty knew all about that. He is a disgusted, disappointed man, and his every gesture has emphasized the fact. He was out to humiliate the Hun, to make him eat worms. In all his messages you will detect a virile undercurrent of contempt. To dishonor the sea by murder was bad enough; to follow up with cowardice—only Germans could do that; rank materialists reasoning: "Is it going to serve any useful purpose if we come out?" and deciding in the negative. Beaten bullies with a moral kink.

Beatty knew all that and acted accordingly. Icy courtesy. Granite firmness. Contempt.

Coal on the Prairies.

According to estimates prepared by experts there is enough soft coal in the four Western Provinces of Canada to supply the world for a couple of centuries. The mines of Saskatchewan, Alberta and British Columbia have scarcely been tapped, but have produced a total in one year of 6,000,000 tons, to the value of over 25 million dollars. The coal is of very good grade, and is equally serviceable for steam purposes and household heating. The Canadian Dominion geological survey has estimated that the coal beds contain a total of 143,490,000,000 tons, covering an area of 87,000 square miles.

A SEA SECRET REVEALED

Showing the Immortal Spirit of the British Navy.

The Navy begins to render up its secrets to the curious eyes of the civilian, says the London Times. The "Q" boat Suffolk Coast has reached St. Katherine's Dock, and the public will be allowed to go over her, at the price of a small fee for the benefit of naval charities.

Here contrivances for deception allied with deadliness will surely interest and instruct crowds so long as she is in the Thames. But she has a deeper fascination than that, for within her lurks the newest incarnation of the immortal spirit of the Navy. In the spring of 1917 when the U-boats began to sink tonnage at a deadly rate, the Navy turned to devise defences against the new danger. The "Q" boats were an important part of them, embodiments of the adaptability and ingenuity of the Sea Service. But the heart of their success was not in their impenetrable disguises. Men clamored to be allowed to go to sea in them. To go to sea in them meant the luring of the U-boat by an elaborate pretence of defencelessness; endurance of shell fire, and even of being torpedoed; long waiting motionless, in a sinking ship, till the U-boat commander should at last be certain that his victim had no sting and should expose his craft to certain destruction. For this the officers and men of the Navy scrambled in hot rivalry. Through this they went, and, having gone, went eagerly again. Their ships were sunk under them, but they cared not at all, so the the U-boats were destroyed.

The Suffolk Coast herself is a ship newly converted to this service, but most of her crew have served with their commander in three of these "special service" ships. The immediate predecessor of the Suffolk Coast—the Stock Force—sank under her crew when they had waited fifty minutes after being torpedoed for the chance of sinking the U-boat that rewarded them at last. The story has been told. The men of other "Q" boats were not so fortunate. They disappeared and left no trace. The sea that robbed them of their reward holds immortal their unavailing valor. These are the chances of Sea Service. The spirit of the men who took them with delight—that spirit has wrought safety for the world of modern men.

THE ART OF ABDICATION

There Are Many Instances of Royalty Who Quit Their Thrones.

History affords King Ferdinand of Bulgaria many precedents in the art of abdication, but few have ever resigned their thrones except under compulsion.

The most remarkable voluntary abdication on record is that of Christina of Sweden, daughter and successor of the great Gustavus Adolphus. Growing tired, at the age of 28, of the restraints imposed on her by her high office, she resigned in favor of her cousin and went to Rome, which city she entered in the costume of an Amazon. Latter she settled in Paris.

The desire to resign seems to have returned in later years, for she tried to recover her own kingdom and made a bid for the throne of Poland.

But even kings who abdicate by their own choice are not always allowed to enjoy freedom from the burdens of government. Philip V., the founder of the Bourbon dynasty in Spain, was a nervous and gloomy man, much tormented by religious scruples, and he found life as King of Spain intolerable. At the age of 40, and in the 24th year of his reign, in order to look after "the affairs of his soul," he resigned the crown of Spain and the Indies in favor of his eldest son, Don Luis, who was at that time only 16 years of age.

But the peace that King Philip had hoped for lasted barely seven months. The young king was attacked by smallpox, and died at the end of that period. Before his death, however, he had made an act of retrocession of the crown to his father, who for another 22 years bore unwillingly the heavy load of kingship which he had so unsuccessfully attempted to throw off.

The Berlin Ghost.

Is the "White Lady" walking these momentous night in the Palace of Berlin? Always, says tradition, when a Hohenzollern is to die or some catastrophe is overshadowing the family, the "Weine Dame" is to be encountered in the corridors of the Royal Palace, and more than once she has been known to speak and announce the coming doom. One can imagine the White Lady's satisfaction in her task, for in real life—so the story goes—she was the Countess Agnes of Orlamunde, whom a former Hohenzollern had bricked up alive in a vault.

CANADIAN WAR PICTURES EXHIBIT

ARTISTS HAVE RECORDED OUR PART IN CONFLICT.

Every Phase of Canada's War Activity From Start to Finish is Depicted.

Dealing with the exhibition of Canadian war pictures which opened at the Royal Academy of Arts, London, on January 4, a contributor to the Pall Mall Gazette says it was a unique spectacle of a nation's supreme endeavor portrayed, not in retrospect, but during its accomplishment, by her artists. The 70 leading painters of Canada, including some famous British ones, have risen gloriously to the task set by their Government when it took them out to the trenches in France and Flanders. From the landing of the first 33,000 men at Plymouth to the capture of Mons on the last day of the war, no phase of Canada's war activity has been neglected.

There are nearly 100 paintings illustrating the career of the Canadian Corps in France, including the magnificent paintings of the landing of the 3rd Canadian Brigade at St. Nazaire, by Edgar Bundy, A.R.A., and the giant canvas by Major Richard Jock, A.R.A., "The Second Battle of Ypres." Major Jock has also a fine painting of "The Battle of Vimy Ridge." In the same way the historic Canadian battles are dealt with each in their turn. Regina Trench, the taking of Courcellette and so on, and then the Arras-Cambrai road is shown, along which the Canadians are seen streaming after three months of incessant battle to the bitter fight for Cambrai, whence they passed to their last engagement which culminated in the triumphal entry into Mons.

Many Beautiful Portraits.

Apart from the actual fighting, however, the paintings give a comprehensive view of every other phase of Canadian war activity overseas, the Forestry Corps, which has provided timber for the armies of four nations; the famous Railway troops, which often worked desperately under a devastating fire, have contributed so much to victory; the Veterinary Corps, which has charge of three million sterling worth of animals; the hospitals and even the patrol boats in the English Channel, some of which were manned exclusively by Canadian crews. There is a splendid collection of portraits, interesting personalities such as Sir Robert Borden, Sir George Perley, Princess Patricia of Connaught and Lady Drummond, who labored so unceasingly for the Canadian Red Cross. There are also portraits of many members of the Canadian high command and a whole gallery of Canadians who have won the Victoria Cross.

All yellow flame on the gas range is practically wasted.

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