

Home Cookery

Pan Steak.
Get thick round steak and cut it in pieces suitable for serving. Lay the pieces in a granite pan, season with salt, pepper and butter. Slice four large onions over it. Add one quart of canned tomatoes and season. Sprinkle with breadcrumbs and dot with butter. Bake forty-five minutes in a hot oven. Serve in the baking pan. This is good with or without potatoes.

Warm Potato Salad.
Slice boiled potatoes thin, sprinkle with pepper and very finely chopped onion. Put fryings of smoked ham or diced bacon into frying pan. When hot add one-half cupful of vinegar and a teaspoonful of sugar. Pour this over the potatoes and let them stand on the back of the stove in a dish of hot water for half an hour. Serve with country sauce.

New England Brown Bread.
One cupful of yellow Indian corn meal, one-half cupful of rye meal, one-half cupful of flour, one cupful of milk, one-half cupful of molasses, one-fourth teaspoonful of salt, one and one-half teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Mix ingredients well together, pour into greased brown bread mold, steam four hours and dry off ten minutes in moderate oven.

Fruit Salad With Dressing.
Remove the contents of half a grapefruit to an earthen dish, add two oranges pared and cut in small sections, with the stringy white portion removed. Dice three apples and cut enough celery in small pieces to make a half cupful. Stir all together with one-half cupful of sugar and set in ice chest. Just before serving pour over it one-half cupful of chilled fruit juice.

Chop Suey.
One-half pound of ground beef cooked with six onions for fifteen minutes in one quart of water, then add one-half package of spaghetti and one-fourth cupful of rice. The spaghetti and rice should be cooked until tender, then add a pint of tomatoes.

Selection of Potatoes For Table Purposes

In purchasing potatoes for table purposes the following points should be kept in mind: First, that smooth potatoes are more desirable than rough ones because they are more easily prepared and less loss is involved in the paring; second, that tubers which have been exposed to light for any considerable period soon acquire a more or less acid taste; third, that very large potatoes are not especially desirable partly on account of the greater length of time required to cook them uniformly and partly because they are often very variable in texture; fourth, a good potato should be firm and crisp when cut, and a thin cross section when held between the eye and the light should show a relatively uniform distribution of starch throughout its whole area as opposed to a large translucent, watery central area, which denotes a lack of starch in this portion of the tuber. The even distribution of starch insures greater uniformity in cooking and in texture of the flesh when cooked.

If a lot is not uniform it is often worth while to sort them and use the large ones with roast meat or at other times when the oven need not be especially heated and save the small ones for occasions when quick cooking is more convenient. When the potatoes are very large or there is pressing it is often desirable to increase the surface exposed to the heat by cutting them in pieces before cooking in spite of the fact that this slightly increases the amount of nutrients lost.

The Ingenious Baker



An Eventful Episode

By EDWARD T. STEWART

I came home from business and sat down in my room for a brief rest before dressing for dinner and fell into a doze. I opened my eyes upon a young lady who lived next door looking down upon me in wonderment. I had often seen her going out of and coming into her house and had admired her. She had long known me, by sight, and nothing but the absence of an introduction had kept us from an acquaintance. But what was she doing in my room? From me she looked about her wildly and, having evidently become convinced that she had got into the wrong house, was about to take to flight when, hearing the front door open and shut, she stopped short.

"What shall I do?" she cried. I took in the situation at once. Her house and mine were exactly alike. She had come into mine thinking that she was in her own. On me depended the question as to whether or not she should escape the consequences of being caught not only in a man's house, but in his room. My mother had gone out, and I had been told on my return that she was expected home any minute. When I returned in the evening she invariably came at once to my room for a brief chat. My mother was an impulsive person, and I knew that if she had come in and found a young lady in my room she would be a very hard person to manage.

Within half a minute of the closing of the front door my mother stood on the threshold of my room, looking at the young lady and me standing like two guilty creatures before her. The girl cast an appealing look at me. "M-m-mother," I stammered, "this young lady has made a terrible mistake."

"I should say so," snapped my mother. "What use to stick to the truth—at any rate, for the moment? I must find some way of legitimizing the girl's presence in my room and confess the truth later, when I could get my mother alone and convince her that there was no criminality in it."

"Mother," I said, "let me introduce my wife."

"Your wife?"

"Yes, mother. I have kept this from you, expecting soon to put through a deal which would enable me to acknowledge my dear Susie as my wife. It was absolutely necessary that she should see me for a few minutes about a very important matter, and she ran in for the purpose. Your coming upon us thus suddenly has simply resulted in your obtaining a knowledge of our relationship a trifle earlier than you would have otherwise received it. Mother, congratulate me."

I went to her, put my arms about her and she suffered me to kiss her. "Do you mean to tell me," she said, "that you are really married?"

"That you are really married?"

Leaving mother, I went to the young lady, put an arm about her and said, "Yes, I am married to the dearest girl on earth, one you will be proud, when you know her, to call your daughter."

"And you have married my son?" asked mother of the girl.

My supposed bride, doubtless to escape the gaze of one to whom she was constrained to tell a lie, hid her face on my breast, but made no reply.

"Oh, Arthur," said my mother to me in a pained voice, "it was bad enough to introduce this person into your mother's house without—"

"Yes," cried the poor girl. My mother stood looking from one of us to the other without speaking. Backing against my room and not twenty feet from it was an apartment house facing on another street. My window and one directly facing mine in this house were both open, and an elderly woman was looking in upon this episode with an expression of intense interest. My mother caught sight of her, and whatever of discretion there was in her came to the surface. She gave me a hasty kiss, then went to my supposed bride and repeated the performance.

"Better go downstairs to the library," she said. And while we obeyed her command she went to the window and drew down the shade.

"Oh, heavens!" cried the girl when we were alone. "We are undone. That horrid woman in the other house saw and heard the whole thing."

"You're right," I replied.

"Now we have another to explain to. An explanation will do no good. She could have explained to my mother, but this other person hearing me acknowledge you as my wife and you acknowledge me as your husband makes a great difference."

"What difference?"

"We are legally married."

The girl covered her face with her hands. I went to her and, putting an arm about her, removed her hands.

"Marriage is a lottery," I said. "How do we know but that this mistake of yours may bring us great happiness? I propose that we let fate work it out for us. For the present let us do nothing. Your good name, at least, is safe. What we may do hereafter let us decide hereafter. Meantime we have been promoted to an acquaintance and an engagement at the same time. A real simon pure marriage may follow if we both come to desire it."

She was quieted with this and went home. A brief courtship followed. Before we were married I told my mother the truth, and she believed me.

Minister From Serbia First to Be Sent Here

The newly appointed Serbian minister to the United States, Lioubomir M. Mihailovitch, who recently arrived in this country, is the first man to represent his government at Washington. Heretofore Serbia's only diplomatic officer here was M. I. Pupin, who held the title of honorary consul general at New York.



Photo by American Press Association. LIUOBOMIR M. MIHAILOVITCH.

on the way here studying an English grammar and felt encouraged by the progress he had made. He speaks French fluently.

The new minister is forty-five years old. He was graduated from the University of Belgrade, where he studied law. His education was finished in Paris. For the last eighteen years he has been in the diplomatic service, for the most part in the provinces inhabited by Servians formerly under the Turkish government. At the beginning of the war he was at Rome as chargé d'affaires. Later he was sent as minister to Montenegro. He removed to France when the Servian capital was removed from Belgrade.

Mother's Doll Story Fluffy and Rex

Once there was a little boy whose name was Kay. He had two beautiful rag dogs, Fluffy and Rex, who loved to play with him in his big yard. Every morning Kay played soldier, and Fluffy and Rex would jump around him and bark joyfully and leap up on him.

Kay had a great many soldiers, and some he would line up and drill till they could march as one man. Others he taught to dig trenches, and still more Kay taught to shoot straight.

All the time he was playing soldier Fluffy and Rex would frisk and bark. One winter day a "norther" came up. This means that the wind blows suddenly and the sunshine is spoiled by the cold. In fact, it was so very cold that the two rag dogs jumped right down into the trench to keep warm.

When Kay got back to his tent—for he had a fine tent in his big yard—he whistled and called for his pets. But the wind blew so hard they did not hear him.

Then Jack Frost snowed down in the trench, and poor Fluffy and Rex were all covered up with great white flakes, so that Kay, hunting for them, could not even see them. They had to stay outdoors in their cold snow bed all night, but when the morning sun thawed off their cover Kay found them and brought them back to his tent to get all warm and happy again.

Boy Scout Work in Japan.
Boy scouts were not actually organized in Osaka until 1914, but interest has grown rapidly during these two years. Scout activities are much the same as elsewhere, with such adaptation as is necessary to make them fit Japanese conditions. The oath and the twelve points of the scout law have been taken from the American and English handbooks, but revised and adapted to the needs of the Japanese. Special suits, knapsacks and other supplies have been carefully worked out from the point of view of Japanese needs. The uniform is, of course, of the European style, because the kimono is unsuitable for active life.—Chicago News.

A Watch Game.
Place a watch upon a table, then pass paper and pencil to all and have them write down parts of the watch that will complete the following: 1. Something used before. 2. What a cry baby makes. 3. The support of a flower. 4. A season. 5. What a lawyer strives to win. 6. Dealt with in artificial. 7. You have a pair of them. 8. Revolving portions of machinery. 9. Clear, transparent. 10. Adornments. Answers: 1. Second hand. 2. Face. 3. Stem. 4. Spring. 5. Case. 6. Figures. 7. Hands. 8. Wheels. 9. Crystal. 10. Jewels.

A Scraped Acquaintance

By RICHARD MARKLEY

When I was a commercial traveler I always made it a point to scrape acquaintance with my fellow travelers. By this means I avoided much of the tedium of my calling. To facilitate good fellowship I carried cigars for the men and sweetmeats for the women.

I was traveling one day in a train from morning till evening. A pretty girl was sitting alone by herself, utilizing two seats, the one for herself, the other for her belongings. I took the seat facing her and peered steadily out through the window as though looking for something. Then suddenly I turned from the window and covered my face with my hands. When I removed them the girl was looking at me curiously.

"I dare say," I said to her, "that you take me for a lunatic. I will explain. We have just passed the home of my childhood. There my parents both died; there my sister was married. From there I went forth a poor boy to struggle with the world."

This cooked-up tale excited a commiseration that appeared in her features, especially her beautiful eyes. Having effected an acquaintance, I dropped playing a part and acted my own sane self. I informed the young lady truthfully where I belonged and as much about myself as I cared to have her know. She returned my confidence by telling me that she was a country girl going to the city to seek employment.

During the afternoon the car filled up, and one of the vacant seats we were using for our hand baggage was occupied by a man, who set his suitcase in the aisle beside him. I thereupon lifted a suitcase of my own and one belonging to the girl to the rack, and the newcomer concluded to do the same with his own suitcase.

This man seemed very ill at ease. He was constantly changing his position, and whenever the car door opened behind him he would turn around and look to see who had entered. As we approached the terminal I noticed that this agitation increased.

I had got so far with the girl as to exchange addresses, and I was to call upon her. She was going to a boarding house, where, I took it, she would stay till her money gave out. I had really become interested in her and fully intended if she got into trouble to pack her off to her country home, paying her way myself.

When we reached the terminal the man who was sitting with us arose, groped in the rack for his suitcase, and there was little light in the car and, swinging it down, left with it. I handed the girl her suitcase and took the remaining one myself. On alighting our paths parted, and I bade her goodby, telling her that I would see her soon.

And so I intended. But I was off on another trip almost immediately and did not return for three months. By this time she had passed out of my memory, so far as any desire to pursue the acquaintance was concerned, but I was troubled for fear she had been ground to powder under the wheels of the great destroyer. I wrote her a note, frankly stating the case and asking her if she were in trouble and if so I would gladly help her out.

I received a reply from her home in the country. She said that my letter had been forwarded to her. She had returned from the city under circumstances that had resulted from her meeting with me. She seemed very appreciative of the interest I had taken in her welfare and especially of my offer to help her in case she were in trouble. If in my travels I happened to visit the place where she lived and would call upon her she would explain more fully.

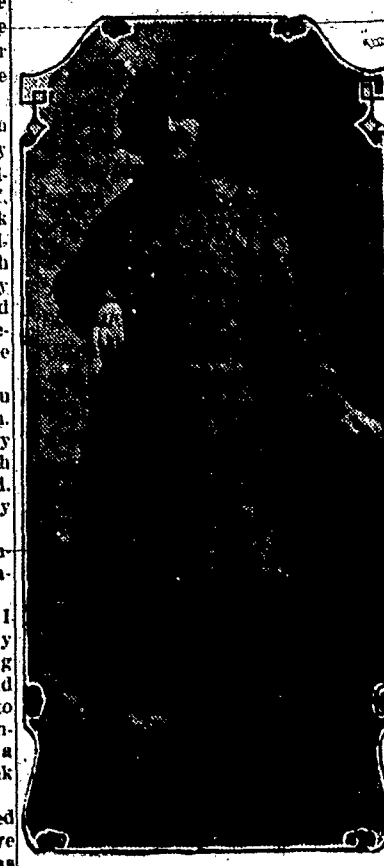
One of my subsequent trips my route lay through the town of her residence, and I stopped over on purpose to hear those circumstances connected with her meeting with me. The same evening I appeared at her home. She was apparently living in comfort. This was her statement.

"When I reached my boarding house on the day I met you I found that I had some one else's suitcase. I forced it open to see if it contained the address of the owner that I might exchange it for my own. Wrapped in some men's underclothing I found a package containing a large number of what I was told were securities. I knew I had hit on something of importance, but was afraid to ask for advice as to what to do with it. On examining the securities I saw that some of them bore the stamp of a certain bank. I took them to the bank and called for one of its officers. I was taken into the president's private office and laid the securities on a desk before him. He was much delighted and astonished. They had been stolen from the bank several years before.

What Women Like to Know

For Stormy Weather

The girls' or juniors' raincoat here illustrated is a detachable belted model of rubberized poplin and is featured in tan or navy blue. The con-



JUNIOR RAINCOAT.

vertible roll collar is of ample size for complete protection. Raglan sleeves, flap patch pockets and turned back cuffs give a finished appearance. The buttons are of bone. A convertible stitched brim hat of the same material as the raincoat completes the design. Suitable for misses from five to seventeen years.

Care of Fine Furniture And Interior Woodwork

Several times a year all the interior woodwork and furniture should be rubbed with a soft cloth moistened with yellow paraffin oil, costing about 10 cents a pint. The finish is greatly improved by this treatment, and the wood will last much longer in perfect condition. This paraffin oil is also an excellent cleaner and will remove the dust and grease deposit found on woods cleaned with a dry dust cloth.

A great many people clean white woodwork with strong soap or the various cleaning powders. The woodwork will be clean, but it will soon wear off or become dry and faded. A thin paste of powdered whiting is by far the best cleaner for all painted wood, furniture and enamel beds. The whiting is mixed with water to make a thin paste about the consistency of cream. This is rubbed over a small surface of the white woodwork until it becomes clean; the surplus whiting is rubbed off, and no rinsing is required.

Many a housekeeper has grieved over a highly finished table or stand which is ruined by white spots caused by water from flower pots or bowls. These white spots may be readily removed by a little careful treatment. Wet a soft cheesecloth with wood or denatured alcohol and lightly sponge the spot. When the white disappears pour enough of the yellow paraffin oil over the spot to cover and allow to stand several hours; wipe off the surplus oil and polish when thoroughly dry.

Remember, then, that finished woods require cleaning, but they are ruined by strong soaps and washing powders and should be carefully handled with an intelligent understanding of their composition.

Women Start Most Fires.

In handling kerosene, benzine, gasoline, etc., great care should be taken. A majority of all fires aside from those due to lightning, dynamite and firebugs are started by women. This may sound strange, but it is a fact. It is due to the reckless way in which women handle gasoline, which they use for every conceivable household purpose from cleaning gloves to slaying vermin. The vapor given off by gasoline is highly inflammable, and when it is mixed with the proper quantity of air it becomes a terrible explosive. Yet women will calmly rinse their gloves in an open bowl of gasoline with the kitchen range burning merrily five feet away. It would be safer to play football with dynamite.

OLD AGE.

If you would insure a peaceful old age be careful of the acts of each day of your youth, for with youth the deeds thereof are not to be left behind.—Isaac Disraeli.

When a noble life has prepared old age it is not the decline that it recalls, but the first days of immortality.—Mme. de Staël.

Before old age it was my chief care to live well; in old age it is to die well.—Seneca.

Confessions of a Successful Author

By WILLIAM CHANDLER

I entered upon a literary career with misgivings. Having formed my taste from reading classic authors who wrote in the English language, I thought that in order to succeed my work must be up to their standard, and I had sense enough to believe that this was beyond the bounds of probability.

After spending several years writing novels, into which I put my best efforts, and having failed to secure a publisher for any one of them, it occurred to me that the public taste required something with less literary merit and more calculated to excite the curiosity and other similar human attributes. I therefore turned my attention to detective stories and extravaganzas.

The fate of unsuccessful authors is usually that they are condemned in the judgment of the works of others struggling for literary fame. In other words, they sink into positions of editors. Their own failure fits them with a natural prejudice against the works of those who are endeavoring to come up behind them. I was conscientious enough to struggle against this feeling, but I soon learned that, as far as the publishers were concerned, literary merit had little to do with the matter, and I sought for "sellers."

From the editorial chair I sank into the position of publisher of that literary fopper on which the public feeds as a horse eats corn or hay. In this way I managed to keep body and soul together for ten years. One morning when I had become somewhat independent from having received prompt pay for grading out copy the mail brought me a letter from a publisher asking me if I had anything on hand in which he would be interested. Supposing that the letter was a catch in the net, I returned his letter to him with the indorsement that I never paid the expenses for publication of my works. He replied that he would publish anything of mine, if at all, on a royalty.

"Now, if I had achieved literary fame this would not have been surprising. As it was I could have been looking down with a feather. Unfortunately the opportunity, if such it would prove to be, came too late. I had failed to do a small part, and the result, together with what I made at producing literary fopper, supplied my wants. I was not disposed to write anything more, taking the risk of its being declined by the publisher, and I was satisfied that nothing I had on hand would meet the public demand.

My grandmother on my father's side had become a chronic invalid and was confined to her room with nothing to occupy her. She had never shown any literary taste, though she had been a voluminous reader of cheap novels. Some one suggested to the old lady a little likely to relieve those about her of the task of keeping up her wretched that she try her hand at scribbling.

She listened to the suggestion, and the result was a novel in manuscript. One day when I visited the old lady she suggested that I, being a descendant of her lineage, should take the manuscript and suggested literary back history might find a publisher for her novel. It happened that this request came a day or two after I had been asked by Dwyer & Co., publishers, for some of my work. I told my grandmother that I would submit her novel for her and look it up with me, and without reading it I sent it to the Dwyers as my own work. Of course I expected that it would be returned with thanks and an explanation why it was not exactly what the firm was looking for.

Within a week I received notice that my novel, "Arabella's Wooing," was accepted, and I was offered a 10 per cent royalty. Like a fool, I ran off to my grandmother with the news. That fixed me as the author of "Arabella's Wooing." The old lady would have disowned me—and I was down in her will for \$10,000—had I spotted the opportunity by confessing my imposition on the publisher.

I felt obliged to consent to the publication of my grandmother's work under my own name without having read it. It was issued in due time, and I opened a copy of it. I confess, with dread, but I was not prepared for what I found in it. Great heavens! Was this maudlin effort of a woman in her dotage, this hideous effort at sentiment, to go forth as my work? Rather would I offend my grandmother, rather would I forego the legacy. I telephoned Dwyer & Co. to know if the book had been issued, intending, if it had not been, to urge its suppression. Too late! A first edition of 30,000 copies was on the stands.

By a few friends I had been regarded as a real literary man, and they had great respect for my opinion on books. When these met me after the publication of "Arabella's Wooing" they tried to dodge me. What surprised me was that some who I supposed had good literary taste congratulated me on my "very interesting story."

But this was not all. "Arabella's Wooing" turned out to be a best seller, and the royalty paid on it was a small fortune. My grandmother got the credit, and I the mortification of being responsible for the most ridiculous piece of story telling that was ever published.

My grandmother had recently determined to leave all her property to charity.