

Side Talks by Ruth Cameron

THE ETERNAL PLANNING.

"Oh, dear, what shall I have to eat to-night?" I don't suppose there is a housewife in all this land who doesn't utter that complaint now and then. Even those who have money enough to buy and help to prepare the food, sometimes find the eternal planning tiresome.

And one of the chief reasons, I think, is the way those who do not have to plan will carelessly find fault with perfectly good meals, mostly because finding fault seems to be a sort of emotional outlet for many people and mother is the person who will stand it best.

"I Never Want to See Another Chop!" "Chops again to-night! I had chops this noon and I never want to see another chop," says the grown-up son.

The next night the daughter picks at her food—"Why are we always having hash?" she complains. "I hate hash!"

"I wish, Carrie," says the father, "that you would manage to have some other vegetable beside beets when you know I like them least of any." Mother knows this, but she also knows that her son is very fond of them.

And so it goes, with mother meekly apologizing to each one for not having just his favorite dishes, and no other, and for having the same round

of vegetables and meats instead of inventing some brand new ones.

Oh, for a Brand New Animal.

I am sure that there is no possible invention that all housewives would hail with greater joy than the invention of a new vegetable or a brand new eatable animal—preferably the latter, if one had to choose, for beef, lamb and pork are a deadly routine. Of course there are chickens and turkeys and ducks and so on, but for the most of us these are more in the nature of delicacies than of routine. If I might provide the specifications for the new animal, I would suggest that he combine something of the taste of chicken with the build of a cow and the comparative inexpensiveness of pork. Though, come to think of it, I believe I will have the creature have a brand new taste, since "let's-pretenders" can always be choosers.

Of course, Father and Brother will never know how much unhappiness they cause the Mother whose efforts to please them they repay by careless grumbling. That is, they never will unless, by some miracle, their sympathetic imaginations begin to work and they get to thinking how they would feel if their efforts at the office were constantly received in that grumbling, discontented way. But there will probably come a time when Daughter will understand.

And then, I think, she will say: "Now I know what Mother meant when she said she minded the planning of the meals most of all. Why wasn't I nicer about it? Why did I have to wait until I had a grown-up daughter and it was too late to tell Mother?"

Breezy Bits About the Navy.

Reading in the paper that such-and-such an admiral has hoisted his flag, in taking over the command of a port, battle squadron, or fleet, one imagines a most impressive ceremony. Far from it.

The ceremony of taking over a command where a ship is lying in the dockyard is one of the least impressive in the world, whatever its inner significance may be.

A gentleman in multi gets out of a cab, picks his way across the dockyard lumber to the brow joining the jetty with the ship, and with a salute to the quarter-deck, disappears below.

A little later an officer in admiral's undress uniform stands, with the ship's company, at attention, while the White Cross of St. George slowly ascends the foremast. There are a few papers to be signed, a brief chat in the wardroom, and a gentleman in multi goes ashore and catches a train back to London.

"The Mouth of Hell"

Pilson Young's new book, "With the Battle of Cruisers," from which the above is culled, is full of interest, and he has many good stories to tell of the Navy in the early days of the war.

Here is one about the stoker. Mr. Young was being taken round by the officer in charge. After having passed through many steel passages he arrived at what seemed to him to be "the mouth of hell."

"Demons with rolling white eyes and armed with monstrous long rakes and prickers sliced and tore at the molten fuel in the furnaces. Red-hot doors slammed, white hot caverns yawned, trolleys bearing coals shot past, a gale of coal-dust blew from the bunker doors, and one's flesh was scorched by the heat. 'Pretty warm,' I said to one of the demons while my friend was making investigations. 'Oh, this isn't a bad stove-hole,' said my demon. 'It's a bit of all right, this is. Now 'Y' does at a bit warm, not half, when we're going all out. Any chance of a scrap, sir?'—for that was the demon's sole interest."

When H.M.S. Lion had to quit the Dogger Bank fight Admiral Beatty had to transfer to another ship.

As the Admiral was leaving, the stokers, who had come up from below, pressed around him, cheering, and in the enthusiasm of the moment one of them, elapped him on the back as he stepped on to the destroyer's fo'c'sle, and shouted, "Well done, David!"

Sure proof of "Bulldog" Beatty's popularity!



USE YOUR HEAD.

A woodpecker pecks out a great many specks of sawdust when building a hut.

He works like a nigger to make the hole bigger. He's sore if his cutter won't cut.

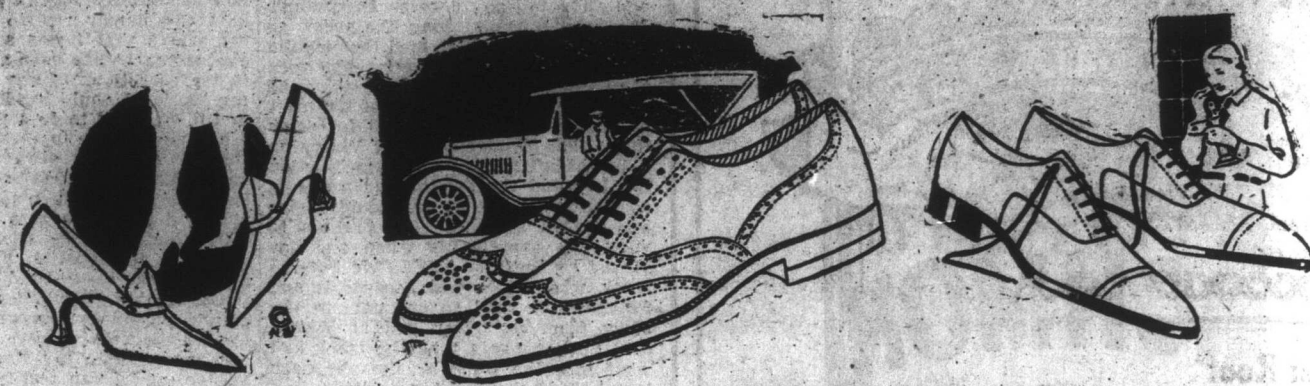
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The Age of Bullets.

I sat to-night beneath a tree, to read some gems of thought, and passing gunmen shot at me, to try new gats they'd bought; a bullet hit me in the knee, and I am sore distraught. Long years ago young men had guns, as lads have guns to-day, but then they sought the woodland runs, to shoot the stag at bay, or in the evening brought home tons of rabbits in a tray. And when we heard a gun's report, in woodlands or in fens, we'd say, "The boys are having sport, they're shooting snakes or hens; 'tis well that hunters should cavort among our dales and glens." Now, when we hear a fire arm bark, we shudder and lament, for death, which loves a shining mark, has gathered in some gent; some gunman, creature of the dark, has shot him for a cent. We know that laws and things are wrong when'er a fire arm booms, since bandits shoot the weak and strong, and fit them for their tombs, and murdered men still jog along beneath the hearse's plumes. We have so many laws, oddish! forbidding this and that, but statesmen do not seem to wish to squelch the bandit's gat; some buckshot came just now, kerswish, and spoiled my Sunday hat. "Verboten" is the sign she sees, where'er we look, by heck! And diverse kinds of liberty are made by law a wreck; but when I sit 'neath vine and tree, a bullet wounds my neck.

Household Notes.

A best relish made with chopped cold cooked beef, grated horseradish, lemon juice, sugar and salt is nice to serve with cold sliced meat.

Plums and oranges make a good jelly. Use 5 pounds of plums, 6 oranges, 1 lemon and sugar. If the plums are hard, add a little water.

Fill the bottom of the pie pan with small soup beans when you are baking a crust for lemon meringue. They keep the crust from puffing up.

Sliced tomatoes, macaroni, English walnuts and chopped celery, mixed and served on crisp lettuce with mayonnaise make an appetizing salad.

Cucumbers may be pared, quartered and then cut into eights and served on

a bed of crushed rice. They are dipped into salt and eaten like celery.

When you stone cherries for cherry pie, put the stones into a pan with a little water, boil five minutes and strain into the pulp. This gives added flavor.

Serve eggplant croquettes surrounded by creamed cabbage, with thick white sauce, and around the edges of the platter place baked tomatoes, stuffed.

Peas are very good cooked with 1/2 cup of water, 2 tablespoons of butter, 3 onions, a little parsley and a head of lettuce, well washed. Cover and simmer for an hour.

A good fish hash is made with equal parts of cold flaked fish and cold boiled potatoes. When well browned underneath, it is folded and turned like

an omelet.

Wash and core apples for mince. Fill the cavities with butter and creamed together and bits of preserved ginger. Set the apples on top of bread and bake.

A good stuffing for green peas made as follows: Mix 3 cups of rice, 1 cup of walnut meats, 1 finely chopped pepper and celery, 2 tablespoons of catsup.

A very pretty dessert is made placing well-sugared raspberries in a layer of raspberry ice cream, with sweetened whipped cream, sprinkle with chopped almonds.

To 1 pint of boiled Brussels sprouts add 1 cup of white sauce, 1/2 cup of chopped pimento, salt and pepper. Put in ramekins with buttered crumbs, and bake.

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