

## HOUSEKEEPING MONEY

"What! You haven't a piano?" Once again Mrs. Dolby remembered her neighbor's half-scorning exclamation of surprise.

She glanced up from her sewing, and rather slowly round the rather the rather shabby room. Her gaze stopped at her husband, who sat on the other side of the fireplace. She scrutinized him impatiently.

"I'm sorry you weren't quite satisfied with the supper to-night, but really I can't provide much better meals on the amount you allow me for housekeeping! There are such a lot of small expenses which you don't seem to reckon at all. They mount up, though! That's why I haven't been able to settle all the tradesmen's books lately."

"We used to manage all right," "You weren't so particular then, Dick, perhaps. Besides, there's little Margery now! Yet you still expect me to make do with the same amount of money each week. You haven't increased it a single penny."

"It's all I can afford to give you, Irene."

Mrs. Dolby frowned a little. "Isn't it about time you had a bigger salary at the office? Other people seem to get on, while our income's always the same. You aren't pushing enough, Dick! You want enterprise. Look at the Cantires next door!"

"You surely don't compare me to him! He's very well off."

"Mr. Cantire was almost ruined a year ago. They had to come down to living in one small room somewhere. But now he's pulled round again. He must be making lots of money. You should see the way their house is furnished compared to ours!"

"And she—she's always got silver to waste on carriages!"

"I suppose she's been sneering at you, and boasting a bit—making you dissatisfied!"

"I certainly do hope for better things one day. I envy her, too, sometimes. How can I help it? Away nearly every week-end during the summer!"

"And yet you were happy enough when we were first married!" Richard Dolby reminded her.

"I didn't know that we were going to be poor indefinitely—for ever and ever!"

"Perhaps if I give a hint to our manager again he'll be more reasonable this time," he spoke slyly. "I'll see what I can do, Irene."

The subject was dropped then, but on the following Saturday she stared when he put some money on the mantelpiece in the usual place.

"Half-a-sovereign extra! You don't mean to say, Dick, that they actually have given you a rise? Well, it's not before you deserved it, anyhow. Are you sure I can have all this every week?"

He nodded, with a smile, watching her face.

"Why, that's lovely! You've no idea the difference it'll make!" She kissed him impulsively. "Now I'll soon pay off everybody right up to date. Then I'll be able to afford a new hat and a blouse."

"That's right!" her husband agreed. "I like to see you looking smart."

He sat down in a listless fashion. "You're a dear! I must really light your pipe for you! What, aren't you going to fill it?"

"Not to-day, Irene. I think I've been smoking too much lately, and it isn't doing me any good."

"I'm afraid you aren't extra well, Dick. Just rest quietly then."

She began to turn over the pages of a newspaper.

"Ah, here's an advertisement of Grandson's. That's where I shall go for my hat. Nina Scott tells me they give splendid value. How is she getting on? Did her husband say?"

"I haven't seen him just lately."

"But I thought you always lunched at the same restaurant in the city?"

"Yes, but I've been making a change. I'm rather tired of the place."

"Oh, I see!" She was silent a minute. "You must order some clothes, Dick, too. All your suits are getting shabby."

"We'll see," he grumbled. "I simply hate being fitted and 'trying on'."

He seemed almost relieved when she stopped talking, and left him alone in the room.

"I must never let her have any regrets about marrying me," he told himself. "That's the great thing. She must never be sorry she did it. I only wish I could give her the things the Cantires have, but I can't yet! I know she's set her heart on a piano. It's a pity."

He had hardly moved when she returned from her walk with little Margery, but during the evening he became quite cheerful again.

On the Monday morning he began to dress quite half an hour before his usual time, and when his wife expressed astonishment, he stammered that he had forgotten to tell her before.

"You mean they've asked you to get to the office earlier? Oh, there's a rush of work, I suppose! How

long will you have to do this, Dick?"

"For quite a while, I expect."

"Not that you'll be paid anything extra! That's a shame! Well, I'll hurry up with breakfast."

For some few months the small family progressed quite comfortably. With her extra housekeeping money Mrs. Dolby found that many worries and anxieties disappeared; she had not to look after every penny so carefully as before.

Her husband's health, however, had been gradually failing, and one morning he could not go to town. He tried to start off as usual, but almost collapsed in the hall. Apprehensively she helped him back to bed again.

"Send a wire to the firm, Irene. Don't forget!"

"No, dear. And I'll fetch a doctor, too."

"We don't want him," her husband remonstrated, raising himself on his elbow. "Quite unnecessary! Doctors' bills get as long as your arm in next to no time. Besides, I'll be all right again to-morrow."

But the following morning found him slightly weaker. Disregarding his protests, she went off hurriedly. When the doctor had arrived, and came out of the bedroom she touched his arm in her eagerness for news.

"He wants nourishment, Mrs. Dolby. Regularly, run down. A strong constitution, luckily. Try not to let him worry at all. Has he anything on his mind?"

"Not as far as I know, doctor."

"H'm! Well, perhaps I'm wrong, then."

That night Mrs. Dolby slept lightly, and a slight noise aroused her at once. It was her husband speaking.

"Yes, Dick! What is it? What do you want?"

He did not answer, and she saw that he was asleep; yet in a moment or two his voice droned on:

"Season-ticket would have cost three pounds five. Saved that by walking both ways, except for a penny car fare in the mornings. Not smoking—say a shilling a week. Lunch used to be about one-and-three, sometimes one-and-six. That's all to the good."

After one gasp, Mrs. Dolby hardly breathed. She pressed a hand to her side. There was a dull pain at her heart as she began to realize the truth.

He spoke in a louder tone suddenly.

"Yes, Irene, I've ordered some suits. I've ordered them!" Then he whispered again. "Sorry to have to tell her a lie—told her a lot lately! She's never guessed, thank goodness. Had to get that extra money somehow!"

Yes, for housekeeping you wanted it, dear. I know. I know. You've had a hard job to keep things going on what I used to give you."

Mrs. Dolby was crying now, as silently as she could. Her body shook with sobs.

"Ought never have persuaded her to marry me. It wasn't fair! It wasn't right—selfish of me. Poor little woman!"

"Stop!" she faltered, clutching his arm. "Wake up, Dick! Dick, dear!"

He only stirred uneasily.

"Yes, I hear you, Irene. I heard what you said. The Cantires, next door, have a fine piano, and you'd like one, too. The house doesn't seem properly furnished without a piano—eh?"

She thought he had fallen into peaceful slumber, but the worst was to come. He began to mutter in a strange, deliberate fashion. His hands were clenched.

"Lots of expence soon. Piano—mustn't forget piano! No body'd ever find out! Just a few figures altered in my books . . . transfer the cheques. It's a bad system—unbusinesslike. So I've told them often, but they wouldn't listen to me. I could have done it long ago—could have taken hundreds, auditors or no auditors!"

He muttered unintelligibly for a while.

"Directly I get back to the office. Deserves to lose it, he does! Wouldn't put my salary up a single shilling!"

His tense position relaxed, and he turned over on his side. Mrs. Dolby lay motionless in the darkness.

"He never really meant to do it—not Dick, my husband," she moaned. "He—he hasn't done it yet!"

That was something to be thankful for.

"It's all my fault, though," she admitted painfully. "I've worried him. I've been thoughtless. I might have known. And he—he's been eating nothing from breakfast till supper-time—walking because of the railway fare! He was even ready to—to—"

She could not speak the words. "Just so that I could have what I wanted! Well, there's one thing I'm glad about—very glad! Otherwise I'd have been too ashamed to live!"

It was next morning, after the doctor had gone, that she was able to make the statement which eased her mind.

"He says he must come again all this week, Irene! How we're going to pay him I can't imagine! If only we'd been able to save!"

"That extra half-sovereign, dear—"

"It's made things easier for you. I'm glad you've had it. I'm glad that you spent it. I don't regret that in the least, Irene."

"But I haven't—I haven't!"

He watched amazedly while she took down a box from the chest of drawers.

"After I'd settled those bills I never used the extra money. I was sorry I'd asked you for it and complained. I managed with what you'd always given me. Dick, that was before I knew about the foolish things you've been doing so as to save ten shillings every week."

He flushed as she explained how she had discovered his secret. She hid her face on his shoulder.

"So we can pay the doctor easily, and there'll be something over. You're to get well very quickly, Dick! I want you well again."

When the time came for Mr. Dolby to return to his duties, the senior partner of the firm, who had been travelling abroad, astonished him by granting a generous increase in salary.

"You've worked hard and well for us, Dolby. You ought to have this before."

Mr. Dolby hurried home that they had shared it his wife told him some of her own.

"The Cantires! They're being sold up, Dick! It seems they owe for nearly everything they've had. There's a judgment summons out against them—whatever that is—and—"

"Then we're luckier than they are, after all, eh?" he laughed, rather shakily.

A month later a condescending acquaintance made a rather scoffing inquiry. Mrs. Dolby smiled.

"Piano! Yes, I know I did say something about getting one, but we're not going to get it. The truth is we can't afford it. It's nothing to be ashamed of."

"Of course, if you're satisfied."

"More than satisfied!" Mrs. Dolby declared, emphatically. "I've got the best husband in the world, and I wouldn't change places with anyone!"—London Answers.

## ODD WEAPONS OF WAR.

Bullets Fashioned From Gold and Silver Have Been Used.

In one of the Afghan wars, when an attack on one of the British outposts seemed doomed to failure through lack of ammunition, the Afghans collected the spent cartridge cases and fired them back at the British, who promptly returned the compliment, says London Answers. Many a Boer in the last war faced British rifle and bayonet with a scythe-blade or dagger attached to a broom-handle for sole protection.

Still worse equipped was the 44th Mississippi Regiment when they made their historic charge at the Battle of Murfreesboro, in the American Civil War, not a man of them all carrying any other weapon than his bare fists. When at last they emerged from the fight there was scarcely a man of the survivors who could not show a Springfield rifle captured from the enemy.

It is no exaggeration to say that, in the toll of war, thousands of lives have been cut short by bullets fashioned from gold and silver. When Napoleon led his conquering army into Italy, the plate from a hundred church altars was coined into the bullets which mowed down the lines of Austrians and Sardinians.

The Princess Conde, surrounded in Amadangar by Akbar's hosts, gave orders that every ounce of gold and silver in her capital should be melted to feed her guns. Bullets of silver were moulded by the thousand in the hope of ridding the earth of Cromwell; and it is on record that it was such a bullet that killed Claverhouse's heart at Killcraunkie. At the storming of Badajoz a gallant British colonel was found dead with a silver pencil-case embedded in his head; and a gold signet-ring brought to death a Captain Forbes on the same day.

Bullets of gold, too, were common enough in the palm days of the Australian and Californian gold-fields, when in tavern brawls many a digger was shot with a bullet moulded from the gold dust that was in every pocket. And scores of our soldiers, fighting in Kashmir, have fallen to bullets whose core was a garnet or other precious stone.

But there is practically no limit to the incongruous variety of weapons of offence, which range from the red-hot cannon-balls, with which the Gibraltar garrison destroyed in flame the Spanish floating batteries, to the cowhide whips which the Federals used on the backs of the staff of a Philadelphia paper, who retorted with muzzle-loaders heavily charged with small type.

On one memorable occasion, when the Yaku Indians in revolt found themselves faced by a strong body of Mexican soldiers, they advanced to the attack behind a covering line of men carrying wet blankets, against which the enemy's rifles were as ineffective as pea-shooters; for the bullets, caught in the loose folds, fell impotently.

## HOME

### Selected Recipes.

**Simmered Sausages.**—Select plump sausages, prick with a fork and place in a frying pan, with barely enough water to cover the bottom. Cook gently till browned all over, turning constantly, and serve with a gravy made from the drippings in the pan.

**Chicken Italian.**—One fowl, six green peppers, two onions, two cups tomato pulp, salt and pepper, three tablespoons olive oil. Boil the fowl till tender, then disjoint and skin it. Shred the peppers and onions and cook till softened in the olive oil. Add to the tomato pulp, season highly, and pour very hot over the chicken.

**Baked Cheese.**—One-half pound cheese, salt, pepper, mustard, milk, butter. Slice the cheese thin, place in a shallow baking dish, barely cover with milk, dust with salt, pepper and a bit of mustard, dot with butter and bake in a hot oven until the cheese is melted. Serve on toasted crackers.

**Soft Ginger Cookies.**—One cup molasses, one and three-quarters teaspoons soda, one cup sour milk, one-half cup melted butter or lard, two teaspoons ginger, one teaspoon salt, four or five cups of pastry flour. Add soda to molasses and beat. Add milk, ginger, salt and flour until mixture is so stiff it will just drop from spoon. Then add melted shortening; set aside to chill for a few hours. Then divide mixture, roll lightly to quarter inch thickness, shape with round cutter and bake on buttered sheet about eight to ten minutes.

**Sponge Bread Pudding.**—Two cups soft bread crumbs, one quart milk, three-fourths cup sugar, dash salt, two eggs, one-fourth teaspoon soda dissolved in one tablespoon warm water, one-half teaspoon flavoring. Scald crumbs in milk. Separate eggs, beat yolks and whites separately, and add the former to the milk mixture, with the salt, sugar, soda and flavoring. Fold in the egg whites, pour into a buttered pudding dish, set in a pan of hot water and bake gently until a knife, when inserted, will come out clean. Serve with melted jelly.

**Old-Fashioned Pork Pie.**—Three pounds blade pork, one-fourth cup sliced onions, bit of bay leaf, one pint sliced potatoes, short biscuit crust, salt and pepper. Cut pork in pieces suitable for serving. Brown with the onions, add bay leaf and water to barely cover, and simmer till nearly tender, about thirty minutes. Butter a baking dish, add potatoes and seasonings to the meat, and thicken to desired consistency with a little flour dissolved in cold water. Cover with biscuit paste cut into rounds, and bake in a moderate oven till the crust is browned.

**Baked Veal Chops.**—Two pounds veal chops, one-fourth pound bacon, bit of bay leaf, crumbs, one-half teaspoon Worcestershire sauce. Boil chops gently for five minutes in water containing a little sugar and the bay leaf. Drain thoroughly, dip in melted butter, sprinkle with the Worcestershire and salt, and spread with the crumbs, set in a baking pan and place a small piece of bacon on each chop. Bake in a hot oven until the bacon begins to crisp, then add a little water to the pan and cook more slowly till the chops are tender. This will take about twenty-five minutes.

**Banana Cake.**—One cup sugar, three tablespoons melted butter, one egg, one-half teaspoon orange extract, one-half cup milk, one and one-half cups flour, one and one-half teaspoons baking powder, few grains salt. Beat the sugar, butter, egg, extract and salt together. Mix the baking powder with the flour, and add alternately with milk to first mixture. Beat thoroughly. Bake in two layers and put together with banana filling. Ice with plain frosting.

**Banana Filling.**—Four bananas, two tablespoons sugar, few grains salt. Put the banana pulp through the potato ricer, and scald with the sugar and salt. Cool, add the lemon juice, and use as a cake or sandwich filling.

### Useful Hints.

A good and simple orange salad is made of sliced oranges on lettuce leaves, covered with French dressing.

Don't set leaky vessels on the range, or spill cold water on it.

Never let ashes accumulate in the ash pan of the cooking range. They absorb the heat before it reaches the oven.

In planning the winter breakfasts be sure to have fruits to balance the heavy meats, such as sausage and scrapple.

To boil finnan haddie soak it for a little while before putting it over the coals, and put plenty of butter on it afterward.

Apples baked with very different seasonings—cinnamon, cloves, maple sugar, lemon or orange, make a delicious change.

When you spill tea on the table cloth cover the stain with common

salt. When the cloth is washed the stain will be gone.

A housekeeper can save time by using casseroles of attractive earthenware, in which food may be both cooked and served.

A pie-crust marker is another handy thing to save the pie-maker's time when she wishes to mark the edges of her pies.

Grease sweet potatoes before they are put into the oven to bake; they will bake in half the time and the skins will be soft.

Toughness of angel cake is often due to the fact that the eggs are not beaten properly. They should be beaten so stiff that they will "stand alone."

Medicine stains can almost always be dissolved by alcohol.

Use paper bags for covering pitchers with food in them.

When breakfast muffins are left over split and toast them for lunch. Chocolate stains can be removed by washing in soap and tepid water.

Water the fern dish at night in the bathtub and leave it there to drain.

The cereal left from one breakfast should be fried in slices for the next.

Worn table napkins should be saved to dry lettuce in when preparing the salad.

Extra deep pudding pans, pie plates and the like are preferable to shallow ones.

A measuring cup and flour sifter should be kept in the flour barrel to save time.

Some coffee needs boiling and some does not—one must experiment to find out.

Loaf pans for bread should be narrow to insure thorough baking of the bread.

Don't let a coal stove get red hot suddenly if you want it to last. It should get hot gradually.

### THE PREMIER DUKE.

England's premier duke and earl is personally the most modest, not to say undistinguished-looking man imaginable. Born a couple of days after Christmas in the year 1847, he



Duke of Norfolk.

would pass easily for one just turned fifty.

As Earl Marshal and Chief Butler of England the Duke of Norfolk is head of the College of Arms, and has, on high ceremonial occasions, to appear clad in dazzlingly gorgeous apparel; but nothing delights him better than to be able to float convention, and to show the most comfortable contempt for ostentation.

### LAW-BIDDEN GERMANY.

Governor of Prison Says It Is Full of Criminals.

In his recently published book entitled "People Who Have Been Punished in Germany," Dr. Fingelburg, governor of the famous Moabit prison in Berlin, has rather startlingly set the world by his revelations.

He says Germany is full of criminals, and that it enjoys the distinction of being by far the most law-ridden country in the world—that "if the average of the new laws imposed upon the people of Germany in the last few years is maintained it may soon be that walking across a thoroughfare will be one of the punishable offences under the penal code."

Already, he says, every sixth man and every twenty-fifth woman in the German Empire has been punished for some violation of the laws. His statistics are given in the hope that these revelations concerning the number of German "criminals" may contribute to the reduction of the great number of punishments for trivial transgressions of petty, irritating laws.

Dr. Fingelburg shows the number of "criminals" in Germany at the present time to be 3,869,000, of whom 3,060,000 are males and 809,000 females. Every forty-third boy and every 214th girl between the ages of 12 and 18 has been punished.

She—"They say a man has seven ages."

He—"Women are more stable. She has one age and sticks to it."

## CAREER OF COMMANDER LYNE

FROM A BLUEJACKET TO A BATTLESHIP CAPTAIN.

British Sailors May Aspire to High Office If They Show Their Worth.

For the first time in the history of the British navy a man entered as a bluejacket on the lower deck has risen by meritorious service to the command of an armored battleship of the first class. The British navy often has been described as a democratic service, and its officers certainly never have been drawn as a rule from either the aristocratic or plutocratic families to any large extent. It has been the lot of Mr. Churchill to make this characteristic still more marked, first by promoting to the rank of commander an officer who had already worked his way up to the lieutenant's list entirely by his own exertions, and secondly, by transferring this officer from the command of a small 805-ton gunboat to the command of a 12,950-ton battleship.

It is nearly thirty years since Commander Thomas J. S. Lyne, as he now is, entered the navy. He followed the usual routine of men on the lower deck, but that he was not deficient in smartness and ability is evidenced by his selection as a captain's coxswain.

After a Few Years' Service.

In February, 1898, he was advanced to the warrant rank of gunner, and about four years later during the South African war he got his great chance of distinction.

Having qualified for the duties, he was placed in charge of No. 60 torpedo boat, which was employed patrolling and despatch running on the west coast of Cape Colony. The vessel was at sea on one occasion when she broke down completely, her main shaft breaking and leaving her practically helpless some thirty miles from a dangerous coast. Her commander, however, proved equal to the emergency by rigging up a sail for the boat out of deck cloths and similar articles, and with great skill he navigated her back to a safe anchorage in Saldanha Bay.

For this resourceful achievement the Admiralty immediately promoted him to commissioned rank, and, without passing through a chief warrant grade, he became a lieutenant on June 29, 1903. The clause in the King's regulations permitting such a promotion was that which provided that "warrant officers of exemplary conduct who may distinguish themselves by acts of gallantry and daring in the service shall be eligible for promotion to the rank of lieutenant."

Other Warrant Officers had been advanced to be lieutenants in similar circumstances, the first being on the occasion of Queen Victoria's Jubilee, in 1897, but none ever received promotion to the higher rank of commander while still on the active list.

Lieutenant Lyne, however, after ten years' service in that grade, was made a commander on September 28 last. He has not only served as a lieutenant for watch-keeping duty in a large cruiser like the Donegal, but he has held independent commands like those of the Traveller and the Ringdove, small craft in home waters, and the Snipe and the Kinsha, river gunboats in China. When in China he, on several occasions, received the commendation of the Admiralty for surveying work and for his conduct on occasions when he was called upon to afford protection to foreigners during native risings. As one who has served with his own eyes, he has proved himself "a jolly good chap, popular with the officers and popular with the lower deck," though it is perhaps not surprising to find that he has the reputation of being

A Strict Disciplinarian.

For some months he has been in command of the gunboat Ringdove, a vessel under the orders of the admiral commanding coast guard and reserves. He is now appointed to command the battleship Goliath, of the third fleet, at Chatham, a vessel which, being in reserve, has a commander instead of a captain for her commanding officer. He is the first seaman to reach the commanders' list before retirement, and will now be the first to take command of a battleship, but the Admiralty, by the recent regulations on the subject, have provided the way for others to follow if they give evidence of similar capabilities.

If a man boasts of his past after reforming, it's a sign he didn't get the right brand.

A rich gentleman, having engaged a new coachman, went to the yard to instruct him as to the treatment of the horses. After doing this he met the coachman's seven-year-old son. "Well, my little man, do you know who I am?" inquired the gentleman. "Oh, yes," replied the boy. "You're the man as rides in father's carriage!"