

NOTES AND COMMENTS

A report from an Associated Press correspondent at Warsaw shows that the misery and devastation in Poland have, if anything, been underestimated. It declares that of the smaller nations which have suffered so terribly as a result of the war Poland is in by far the worst condition.

An agricultural population of about 7,000,000 is on the verge of starvation. Hunger, misery, and disease abound on every hand. Great numbers of people hide themselves in the forests or under the ruins of their former dwellings and have as food only roots, bark, rinds and the decaying carcasses of animals killed on the battlefields. Congestion in certain cities supposed to be safe from immediate war dangers is adding to the sum of misery produced by insufficient nourishment and bad sanitation.

The devastated portion of Poland embraces more than 40,000 square miles of territory. Within that area 200 cities and towns and over 9,000 villages have been partially or wholly destroyed. The agricultural production of this part of Poland is valued at \$500,000,000 per annum; and this has been stopped in its entirety. The work horses have been requisitioned in great numbers by the fighting armies and the cattle have been confiscated. Moreover, the trenches and holes and other incidents of military campaigns on a vast scale have rendered a resumption of cultivation doubly difficult.

It would assuredly be difficult to draw a darker picture. But the picture of Poland needs yet a darker shade to be complete. This is the fact that Poland, unlike Belgium and Serbia, has not even the consolation of feeling that all this suffering is for a national cause. The terrible fact that Poles are forced to fight against their brothers in the two great contending lines of battle renders the case of Poland unique and incredibly piteous.

If an efficiency expert applied his tests to war, what would he make of it? Putting morals and humanity aside and concentrating on the mere physical facts, could he name any business in which a larger effort is spent for a smaller outcome? Of the millions of shots each day, how many reach their mark? The proportion of misses to hits is literally so staggering that it has been said it takes the weight of man in lead and steel to kill him.

Some one of the short-story camoes of French literature pictures a peasant whose village fame has lived on the fact that in 1870 he killed five Germans at Sedan. That, of course, is the boyhood impression of every soldier's career. And yet it cannot be one in five who has killed a single enemy with all the myriad shots and bayonetting of a war. When Sergt. O'Leary kills eight Germans in a single charge, it is verily a case for King George to honor him with a personal handclasp.

A SQUARE MEAL.

An Author's Experience at a Dinner in Madagascar.

The longest and noisiest dinner that Mr. James Sibree, Jr., the author of "A Naturalist in Madagascar," ever attended was given by the governor of a town called Ankarana. About a score of officers were at the table and seven ladies. After a long grace by the pastor, dinner was brought in, and consisted of the following courses:

First, curry; second, goose; third, pigeons and waterfowl; fourth, chicken cutlets and poached eggs; fifth, beef sausages; sixth, boiled tongue; seventh, sardines; eighth, pig's trotters; ninth, fried bananas; tenth, pancakes; eleventh, manioc; twelfth, dried bananas.

And lastly, says Mr. Sibree, when I thought everything must have been served, came haunches of roast beef. Claret went about very freely, and at length some much stronger liquor; and the healths of the queen, "Our friends, the two foreigners," then those of the prime minister, chief secretary, and chief judge, were all drunk twice over, the governor's coming last; and each was followed by musical and drum honors.

There was a big drum just outside on the veranda, as well as two small ones, besides clarinets and fiddles, and these were in full play almost all the time. Then the room was filled by a crowd of servants and aides-de-camp, and the shouting of everyone, from the governor down, was deafening. The old gentleman directed everything and everyone. I was glad when I could take my leave, after two hours' sitting, but I was not to leave quietly. The governor took me by the hand and escorted me home, while the big drum was hammered at ahead of us all the way.

Correct.

"Carl," said the teacher, "can you tell me what an inebriate is?" "Yes, mam," replied Carl. "It is an animal that does not have a backbone."

Honest.

"My boy, you're a clever lad to catch such a big fish by yourself."

"Oh, I don't mind telling you, sir, that I got the worm to help me."

Lollington Church, Sussex, is the smallest in England. It is just sixteen feet square.

About the Household

Recipes for Dainty Dishes.

Syrup Scones.—One pound of self-raising flour, add four ounces of butter or dripping, two ounces of sugar, an ounce of sultanas, one-half pint of milk and a tablespoonful of golden syrup. Mix all together thoroughly, cut into shapes and bake in a hot oven for 20 minutes. These are called scones.

Saucer Potatoes.—Take cold boiled potatoes, mash them with milk and a little dripping and pepper and salt and a little minced parsley. Fill saucers with this mixture, allowing one for each person; sprinkle the top of each with brown bread crumbs and a little grated cheese. Bake in quick oven till browned.

Potato Fritters.—Boil half a dozen potatoes, beat them and mix with three well-beaten eggs, a gill of milk, a little oil and butter. Mix well together and drop into boiling dripping. Fry light brown, dish up and sprinkle with sugar. Serve hot.

Vanilla Cake.—Beat a quarter of a pound of butter to a cream, add half a pound of sugar, the yolks of three eggs beaten up with a little milk, and a few drops of vanilla essence. Sift in half a pound of self-raising flour, beat the white of the eggs to a stiff froth, and add them to the mixture, stirring all together for five minutes. Bake in a hot oven.

Raisin Bread.—Half cup butter, 3 eggs, 1 cup milk, 1 teaspoon salt, 7 cups white flour, 1 cup sugar, 1 yeast cake, 1 cup boiling water, 1 cup chopped seeded raisins. Scald milk and add water. Dissolve yeast in half of this lukewarm mixture. To the remaining milk and water add four cups of flour and make a batter. Beat thoroughly, then add the yeast. Let stand until light. Cream butter and sugar and add eggs one at a time. Now add egg and sugar mixture to the sponge, together with raisins and remaining flour. Place in a buttered bowl and let rise until light. Form into loaves, place in buttered pan; let rise again and bake 40 minutes.

Stale Bread Fritters.—Cut the bread in slices, about a third of an inch thick, fry in fat, from which a faint bluish smoke is rising, and when each piece is fried on one side, turn it over and spread the browned side with marmalade or jam. When cooked, lift out and sprinkle with caster sugar mixed with a little cinnamon.

Irish Potato Cakes.—Take one pound of flour, a teaspoonful of baking powder and three ounces of dripping with a pinch of salt. Work these together, then add one pound of cooked mealy potatoes and mix to a stiff paste with a little lukewarm milk or water. Flour a board and roll out, cutting into neat squares one inch thick. Place on a greased tin, and bake for 10 or 15 minutes. Split open, butter and serve hot.

Fish and Rice Croquettes.—Put a quarter of a pound of rice into a saucepan with an ounce of butter and a pint of milk, simmer slowly for an hour and a half, by which time the rice will have absorbed all the milk, and do not stir it while it cooks. When cooked, add a seasoning of salt and stir in the yolk of an egg. Turn on a plate to cool. Have ready some cold cooked fish, mixed with a little thick white sauce (previously seasoned). Take portions of the rice, roll into balls, make a hole in the centre, fill with the fish mixture, close up the hole and brush over with the white of the egg. Roll the balls in fine bread-crumbs and fry in hot fat. Drain and serve with sauce.

Fritters.—Hard boil two eggs for half an hour, then shell and mash to a fine paste. Mix with an equal quantity of boiled chopped ham and pounded to a paste, add a high seasoning of salt and pepper and the beaten yolk of a raw egg. Cut stale bread in thin slices, put together in sandwiches with a thick filling of the paste, then trim off crusts and cut in pieces two by four inches in size. Beat together two raw eggs and mix with a quarter of a cupful of milk, a pinch of salt and sufficient sifted flour to make a thin batter. Dip each piece in this, then drop in a deep smoking hot fat and fry golden brown. Drain for a moment on soft paper and serve spread on a dish; do not heap on one another.

Household Hints.

A cupful of anything means a half-pint.

Sugar needs a dry, cool place; so does jam.

Cake tins should be scalded out once a week.

The good housewife utilizes every scrap of food.

To soften fruit can rubbers, add a little ammonia to the water.

Green pepper shells, stuffed with corn and baked, make a dainty luncheon dish.

To keep eggs—To a pint of salt add one pint of fresh lime and four gallons of water.

If curtains are allowed to dry thoroughly before being starched, it will be found that they will last clean longer.

A piece of sandpaper is of the greatest help in removing stains and food from cooking utensils.

To remove a rusty appearance of black sauce shoes, mix a mixture of olive oil and ink in equal parts.

Clothes that have been sprinkled will not mildew for days, even in summer, if kept away from the fire.

Next time you make a mayonnaise, or other salad dressing, try peanut oil instead of olive oil. It

To clean ribbon, sponge with alcohol and rub over the spot with clean white soap, holding the ribbon straight.

Use wash pillows whenever possible for living rooms and dens. They are more hygienic and more sanitary.

A most effective way to clean linoleum is to wash first with a little water and then polish by applying milk.

To remove ink spots from colored goods, dip the stain in pure melted tallow. Wash out the tallow and ink goes with it.

A teaspoonful of boracic acid added to a cup of boiling water and allowed to cool is excellent for inflamed, weak eyes.

It is said that a rag soaked in a cayenne pepper solution and stuffed in a rat hole will set them all scampering off the place.

Stains on flannel may be removed with yolk of an egg and glycerine in equal quantities. Leave it on for half an hour, then wash out.

If cream will not whip add the white of an egg. Let both become thoroughly chilled before whipping. Keep cold until ready to serve.

An excellent way to prepare a new iron kettle for use is to fill with cold water and one cupful of rye meal. Keep at boiling point several hours.

Keep a supply of old plates and saucers on which cold meats, scraps, etc., can be put away. Avoid leaving anything on the dish it has been served on.

Embroidered garments should always be ironed on the wrong side upon several thicknesses of flannel. This makes the pattern stand out quite boldly.

One pint of tar and two quarts of water in an earthen vessel will keep red ants away. Keep this in your pantry or cellar and you will never see one.

Just as good to the taste and half the price of olive oil.

AMERICA'S ULTIMATUM TO GERMANY.

With courage and unusual firmness, America has sent to Germany her last word.

The note contains the final summing up of the position of America's 100,000,000 people to the Imperial Government of the Kaiser, and admits of no more quibbling from the over-seas power.

It now rests with Germany to say whether she desires the continuance of friendly relations between the two governments.

The note from Germany to which this is the reply, was studiously flip-pant and irrelevant. With cutting logic and deservingly severe in its bluntness, Secretary Lansing and President Wilson have framed a diplomatic note and hammered in the facts so unrelentingly, that even the autocratic Kaiser will not fail to understand.

It is final, and it may be assumed that friendship between the two nations concerned has ceased. The logic of it is manifest, but we know that Germany flings logic to the winds with a facility that is astonishing, and it is to be presumed that consideration of policy and expediency, and not those of international law and humanity, will govern her conduct as it has ever since the war began.

Germany now has only one course to pursue if she expects to maintain the friendship of the United States, that is, she must abstain from injuring neutrals. Another holocaust like the Lusitania, or of lesser import even, will drive America to arms against the autocrat and war lord of the Hohenzollerns. Pres. Wilson has assured the Kaiser that America will contend for the principles of international law and right espoused, "at any cost," and the American people will stand squarely behind him, and quickly prepare for the most critical result whatever that may be. The note is void of the customary diplomatic frills, and there is no longer any possibility of an evasive or argumentative reply.

Our case is stated, and there is nothing left to argue about. It is now up to the German government to listen to the voice of reason or take the consequences. She can maintain peaceful relations with the U.S. only by refraining from murdering American citizens. (She can break those relations by returning to the savagery and cold-bloodedness of her under-seas assaults.)

We shall see in the sequel what her action will be, and whether her diplomacy is sound enough to steer clear of further complications in arraying the world in hostile attitude against her.

CHAS. M. BICE.

Denver, July 25, 1915.

Additional clasp may be added to the Victoria Cross for subsequent acts of bravery.

According to Chinese history, the custom of small feet among the females of China originated several centuries back, when a large body of women rose against the government and tried to overthrow it. To prevent the recurrence of such an event the use of wooden shoes so small as to disable them from making any effective use of their feet was enforced on all female infants.



Refugees of Two Franco-German Wars

A MAN and his wife, who recently passed from Lille through the French lines arriving at a Red Cross Station from which they were sent to a refugee camp. Both were driven from their homes during the Franco-Prussian war of 1870, returning after the war only to be driven out by the same agency later in their lives.

HEALTH

Eczema.

Genuine eczema is one of the commonest of skin diseases; and in most cases is due to bad habits with neglect of healthy cleanliness. You stop up the pores of the skin—either by accumulated dirt or by wearing woolly under-garments saturated with perspiration; and nature duly punishes you for the sin against her just laws. In a patch of true eczema you find little orifices, the mouths of the sudoriferous duct-glands, which "weep"—i.e., exude a tiny drop of fluid. The latter congeals, and forms a crust or scab. There is always itching, and discomfort, even when the patches are not actually inflamed, as they may be.

Towards cure, glycerine in some form or other is the sheet-anchor. As a rule, zinc ointment well mixed with glycerine should be smeared on night and morning. If there be inflammation, it is sometimes better to put the glycerine in a bottle of lead lotion—an ounce of the former to a pint of the latter (you must get the lotion made up by a chemist)—and dab on plenty with a sponge.

No soap should be used, and no water should directly touch the patch of eczema. But with every precaution should be taken to maintain the entire skin in a cleanly and wholesome state. Cotton, or linen, not woolen, undergarments should always be worn next the skin.

Sometimes there is a gouty disposition; and then that must be counteracted by a diet of little or no meat, plenty of fruit and vegetables, no salted fish or meats, no alcohol.—A Physician.

Hints for Mothers and Nurses.

First. A cross baby is nearly always a sick baby.

Second. Never urge the baby to walk. He will walk as soon as he is strong enough.

Third. Don't neglect to have the baby vaccinated when he is a year old.

Fourth. Don't consult a neighbor when the baby is sick. Get a doctor.

Fifth. Don't fail to give the baby water to drink. When he cries he may be thirsty, not hungry.

Sixth. You are to blame for any bad habits the baby may form.

If the baby is sick to-day, do not wait until to-morrow to call in the doctor. Things that seem little may be really very serious. See a doctor at once, if there is:

1. Vomiting and diarrhoea. These are danger signs.

2. Sore throat.

3. Crying most of the time.

4. Sore eyes.

5. Running ears.

7. Cough.

8. For constipation, give baby two to three tablespoonfuls of orange juice, not at feeding time. If it continues, see a doctor.

For colic, see that the baby's feet are warm. Put a hot-water bottle at his stomach. Don't burn him.

If the baby breathes through his mouth all the time, his nose is stopped up and he needs treatment.

Enlarged joints and deformed feet should never be overlooked, resulting as they usually do, from errors in diet or some general disease.

Skin eruptions of all kinds should be attended to. Most of them are due to food which does not agree with the baby, but some are caused by contagious diseases.

Convulsions: Put the baby in a warm bath. Don't burn him. Send for the doctor at once.

A near argument is one in which nobody gets angry.

THE ARCTIC MAIL

The mail service to the hinterland of Alberta, although it still leaves much to be desired in the way of regularity, has improved a great deal in ten years. A decade ago there was only one mail a year—that conveyed by the Hudson Bay winter packer. Passing travelers (in the season of open navigation) who were thoughtful enough to take the trouble might bring in infrequent letter mails, but magazines never ran the gauntlet of picture-hungry traders and roustabouts. They were appropriated en route; and newspapers accumulated wherever these volunteer mail carriers happened to drop them.

On my journey to the north in 1901, writes a Youth's Companion contributor, I found, piled in the corner of a log-walled house, at the western end of Lesser Slave Lake, a collection of newspapers. Knowing what a treat they would be to the isolated settlers, I packed the whole bundle into a gunny sack and threw it on top of my wagonload. At Peace River Crossing, I arranged for my passage down the river three hundred miles to Fort Vermilion. The craft was a huge raft, then leading in shallow water about fifty feet from the shore.

The next day we pushed off and began our long drift down stream, and two or three days later I thought of the mail, which was no where to be seen. An anxious search followed, and at last, from under a pile of hay at one end of the raft, we pulled a soggy, dripping mass—my precious mail sack. The spot had been dry enough when the sack had been thrown there and inadvertently covered with hay, but the subsequent loading had completely submerged that end of the raft.

I was advised to tie a rock to the sack, sink it, and keep "mum." What I did do was to put the sack where it would drain, and on reaching my journey's end to open every paper out to single sheets and dry them. They were very wrinkly, to be sure, and the operation used all the floor space in my friend's house or some days, but the six-months-old news was so eagerly devoured by the settlers that we felt well repaid.

Some two weeks after we left the Crossing, a Hudson Bay clerk arrived from Scotland with his bride, also bound for Fort Vermilion. The season was late. Daily the freeze-up was expected, but Tom Carr hurriedly built his little raft and started down the river. Besides himself and his wife, their camp outfit and food, their only load was a late packet of letters, brought direct from Edmonton, and a gramophone for the factor. Shore ice had formed, and daily pushed its edge farther into the current. Ice pans, varying in size from tea trays to huge disks fifty feet across, drifted with the stream. Hourly they grew in size, jostling each other, crushing viciously against the advancing shore ice as they fought their way down the current. Then came a day when the ice pans jammed and froze into a solid mass.

As soon as it was safe to do so, Tom and his wife made their way to shore, where he made a cache of the mail packet and the gramophone. Above the cache he placed a tripod of poles to identify the spot when, later in the winter, he should pass that way.

The seventy-five-mile tramp back to the Crossing was very trying, and Mrs. Carr's "store" shoes were in shreds when they trailed wearily into the settlement. Then, late in February, with his wife in a carole and accompanied by the annual Hudson Bay packet dog-trains. Tom once more set his face northward. Arrived at the cache, what was his dismay to find that, after freezing, the river had thawed, risen several feet, flooded over his cache, and frozen solid again.

But for the tripod of poles it would have been impossible to find it.

He carefully chopped the ice from round the letter packet and lifted out the whole in a solid block. He removed the gramophone in like manner, loaded everything on the dog sleighs, and carried everything on to the fort.

Of the twenty-three letters that came to me, six had been through the ice ordeal. They were written with a blue ink that ran. And how it did run! A smear of blue was the address on the soaked-apart envelope; several blue smears, like the oceans on a map, with a few disjointed words between, formed the body of the letter from home.

On inquiring at the fort I was told that the block of ice containing the letters had been placed by the fire, and as fast as they thawed, the letters were one by one peeled off the lump. The gramophone, except for a spreading of the dovetailed corners of the box, was not injured in the least.

Trade in War Time.

Soon after the war broke out, says the London Telegraph, a friend called on an English merchant, who did a large Continental business. "This war must have hit you hard," he ventured.

"Very hard," said the merchant. "I've over \$10,000 owing me in Germany, and it's touch-and-go whether I ever get a penny of it. Still, we've got to put up with something for the country."

"I'm glad you take it so cheerfully," said the friend.

"Well, of course there's profit and loss in war time. I owe \$18,000 in Germany."

English and Italian Crops.

Grain crops in England and Italy promise greater yields this year than the last harvest. Forecasts cabled by the International Institute of Agriculture at Rome, place the Italian wheat crop at 189,000,000 bushels, some 20,000,000 bushels more than last year. The prospective wheat crop of England and Wales is placed at 63,000,000 bushels, or 3,000,000 more than last year; the barley crop 44,000,000, a decrease of 7,000,000 bushels, and the oats crop at 89,000,000 bushels, an increase of 10,000,000 bushels.

Professional Pride.

A quaint story is told to exemplify the pride that every man should take in the work by which he makes a living.

Two street sweepers, seated on a curbstone, were discussing a comrade, who had died the day before.

"Bill certainly was a good sweeper," said one.

"Yes," conceded the other, thoughtfully. "But—don't you think he was a little weak around the lamp-posts?"

Unselfish.

Doctor—Is your wife strong-minded enough to see that you positively refrain from sweets?

Patient—Sure, doctor! She's got spunk enough to make me pass up the candy and pastry and all that as long as she's allowed to eat it herself.

Wearing collars which squeeze the neck tightly is said to be conducive to baldness.

THE DREAM OF THE PROPHET

War, Like Its Twin Evil, Pestilence, Must Be Banished From the Earth.

"And they shall beat their swords into ploughshares and their spears into pruning hooks; nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more."—Isaiah ii, 4.

Peace, Golden Peace, has ever been the dream of the world; disarmament the fervent desire of mankind, Isaiah, are greatest of the Old Testament prophets, in far distant Palestine nearly three thousand years ago, indicated in the text, dreamed of such a time when nations "shall beat their swords into ploughshares, neither learn war any more."

How far has the dream been realized? At the present time under the veil of the press censorship abroad the nations are waging the most tremendous, the bloodiest war in history, increasing each day in terror, magnitude, and intensity, dragging nation after nation into vortex of resistance into its dizzying orbit, out of which we can with difficulty, though three thousand miles distant, remain. Nor is this surely the "last war," as many argue and all fondly desire. We may be entering upon

A Century of War.

The dream of the prophet will come true; it must, our souls cry out, but apparently not yet.

In spite of the clear teachings of history as to the dreadful probability of war for every land, there are multitudes of persons who are living in a "world of make believe." Their heads are in the clouds, their vision dimmed with rose water. They refuse to face facts as they are to-day.

The facts of international life surely are plain enough, so plain that they have shocked the most dreamy-eyed into realization. We see treaties—solemn promises of nations—under the spur of so-called "military necessity" torn up as "scraps of paper." We see helpless nations ruthlessly in-

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

INTERNATIONAL LESSON,
AUGUST 22.

Lesson VIII.—Asa's Good Reign, 2 Chron. 18: 1-15. Golden Text: James 4: 8.

1. The Prophecy of Azariah (Verses 1-7).

Verses 1. Spirit of God—See Num. 24: 2; 2 Chron. 20: 14; 24: 20.

Oded—The father of Azariah was Iddo (or Oded), the prophet and historian of the two preceding reigns.

2. If ye seek him—Finding God is a self-evident fact if he is sought after (see 1 Chron. 28: 9; Jer. 29: 13).

3. Without the true God—Israel became disobedient and repudiated their God several times (Judg. 3: 7, 12; 4: 1; 6: 1; 8: 33; 10: 6).

Without a teaching priest—Israel always had priests and prophets, but sometimes these were false. The expression here, "a teaching priest," means a true priest or prophet.

Without law—See Judg. 17: 6; 21: 25.

6. No peace to him—See Judg. 5: 6. This refers to the time when lawlessness reigned supreme, "when every man did what was right in his own eyes"; that is, what he wanted to do and could do by force of his own strength.

Of the lands—The district into which Palestine was divided, such as Galilee, Gilead, the Jordan valley, Mount Ephraim, Sharon, etc.

6. Nation against nation—The other tribes against Benjamin (Judg. 20: 33-48).

City against city—Judg. 9: 45.

II. Asa is Converted (Verses 8-15).

8. The Prophecy of Oded—Or Iddo, Azariah's father. A prophecy not recorded, but what Azariah doubtless remembered having been uttered by his father.

10. The third month—That is, Si-

van, our month of June.

11. Seven hundred . . . seven thousand—The number seven appears often (Num. 29: 32; 1 Chron. 15: 26; 2 Chron. 29: 21; Job 42: 8; Ezek. 45: 23). In the larger sacrifices the number seven is not prominent (1 Kings 8: 63; 2 Chron. 30: 24; 35: 7-9).

12. Entered into the covenant—That is, they renewed the covenant established in Exod. 24: 8-8. Three hundred years afterward, it was again renewed, following a backsliding (2 Kings 23: 3; 2 Chron. 34: 31). It was again renewed in Nehemiah's time (Neh. 10: 28-29).

13. Be put to death—This was one of the commandments of the law (