The KITCHEN CABINET

Life is a mirror of king and slave.
'Tis just what we are and do:
Then give to the world the best you have,
And the rest will come back to you.

Hints for the Housekeeper.

Many women prefer to write off valuable recipes rather than use a good cook book in the kitchen. When this is too much trouble, have a pane of glass cut to fit the size of the open book, bind the edge with the binding used in paper partouting and always have it handy when using the book, as it serves two purposes, keeps the book open and clean from the spatters in cooking.

For a change add a minced green pepper to scrambled eggs with a few mushrooms. Watery custard or a custard that wheys, is caused from cooking in too hot an oven or too long in cooking. Set the dish in hot water and never allow the custard to boil.

A cupful of ripe olives added to a beef stew makes an elegant dish out of a common one.

Use tomato juice instead of water in the omelet.

Cleaning pots and pans is the bugbear of the cook. It is hard work if left until after the dishes are washed and hangs over one as a burden. One easy way is to keep a supply of newspapers in the kitchen and as soon as a greasy dish is emptied wipe it out with the paper and wash it as soon as possible. The paper may be burned and so the grease is kept from the cloth and sink.

A dish which is a great favorite with many is codfish served in a white sauce made of sour cream instead of sweet; it makes a pleasing change.

Some one says that sour cream is good in mashed potatoes. It is worth trying.

For a plant stimulant use a few crystals of iron sulphate dropped into the watering can once a week. This chemical being a combination of iron, sulphur and oxygen, acts as a tonic to the plants' tissues.

To clean kid gloves with little trouble and expense try this method: Saturate a bit of clean muslin with gasoline and shake it out until it is no longer wet. With the glove on, wipe gently from finger tips to wrist. Hang the gloves in the air for a few hours to air thoroughly.

Rice, oatmeal or other cereals left over from breakfast make delicious pancakes. Take equal parts of the leftover and flour, add a little sugar, salt and one or two eggs and enough milk to make a heavy batter. Bake in hot fat until brown. These little cakes make a nice dessert when served with jelly.

To know what you prefer, instead of humbly saying amen to what the world tells you you ought to prefer, is to have kept your soul alive.

—Robert L. Stevenson.

All Sorts of Hints.

A good umbrella with proper care will last for years. Never roll up an umbrella when wet, as the ribs rot it and soon it will crack in the folds. When a wet umbrella is left to drip in the rack, always turn it handle end down, as the water settled in the top and if not soon dried will rot the silk.

It is strangely true that those who have the fewest clothes are they who take the least care of them. It is not wear that makes a drabbled mass of your best gown in a few months. It is lack of care when not worn. If hung badly or folded and put away a gown will soon lose its freshness. A "best way" to hang waists and skirts is on coat hangers; these may be made of barrel hoops if the bought ones are unattainable. Women who wear their clothes well put them on carefully and take the stitch and brush often to their garments are always well dressed. It is an economy to have two or more pairs of shoes to wear, as leather, like people, need rest to wear long. If the feet perspire the leather rots quickly unless aired and changed often. Sprinkle a little powder in the shoes or burnt alum is a good remedy for that trouble.

Use the least dressing or blacking possible, but do not slight the brush. Did you ever get a little shock on seeing the backs of muddy heels on an otherwise well dressed woman? When the heels wear out unevenly as they do with so many of us, have the shoemaker put on another lift and straighten them. An authority on such matters says that many ills that women are prone to are caused from wearing run-over heels which keep the body out of plumb.

When putting away shoes for a season of a week, stuff them to keep them in shape if you cannot afford a few shoe trees.

Rough braids on the skirts wear shoes in a very short time.

When shoes get wet let them dry naturally away from the fire, then rub with a little sweet oil and they will be as good as ever. Shoes should be aired as well as clothing and oftener. Put them in the window at night to air.

What is life but what a man is thinking of all day.

—Emerson.

Make the world within our reach
Somewhat the better for our living,
And gladder for our human speech.

—J. G. Whittier.

Culinary Suggestions.

Mashed potatoes are such a common accompaniment for roast poultry or broiled steak that it seems surprising that so few cooks serve them properly. When boiled in rapidly boiling water with a tablespoonful of salt to a quart of water they should when cooked fall into a snowy mass at the first blow of the masher. After draining them remove the cover and shake over the fire to remove all moisture, then mash until smooth, adding the cream or milk heated, then the butter and salt. Pile the potatoes into a hot dish; but do not pat down, that makes them heavy. Potatoes mashed and served in this manner are a strong contrast to the ordinary mashed potatoes as served.

Many people like cooked cucumbers, for those a few suggestions may be welcome. When they get a little too coarse of seed to serve sliced, pare and slice in lengthwise quarters, scrape out all the seeds and cook them in slightly salted boiling water until they are tender; then drain, butter them, season with salt and pepper and serve on narrow lengths of toast well buttered.

Fried cucumbers are very appetizing for a breakfast dish. Prepare them as above except in the manner of slicing leave them in half-inch slices. Sprinkle with salt and pepper, roll in cracker crumbs and fry quickly on both sides in hot bacon fat. These are delicious served with a cheese omelet.

Here are some new catsups, at least new to some:

Pear Catsup.

Add two tablespoonfuls of stick cinnamon, two teaspoonfuls each of cloves and mace to three cupfuls of water and simmer 15 minutes; pare, halve and core a dozen rich, late pears, lay in a baking dish and pour the spiced water over them, cover closely and bake until the fruit is tender, but not soft, and skim out. Return the syrup to the fire, and simmer until reduced to one pint, strain, tie the spices in bags (three of them); add one pint of strong vinegar and three pounds of sugar to the hot liquid add the pears, a few at a time. Skim out into quart jars with a spice bag in each, and when all are cooked, pour the pickle over and seal hot. These should more correctly be called spiced pears.

Ah! what would the world be to us
If the children were no more?
We would dread the desert behind us
Worse than the dark before.

—Longfellow.

A Child's Birthday Party.

A children's party is not always an easy one to arrange; but the pleasure it gives the little people more than repays one for all the trouble.

Of course, there must be ice cream; it would be no party without it.

A simple plain ice cream is the best for them, not too rich or served with a sauce. If one can afford something a little elaborate, it is nice to serve the cream in spun sugar nests. These may be bought or made at home and add an elegance to the dish of cream which is a delight to a child. Very pretty little cakes may be prepared by using the angel food recipe and piping the mixture through a pastry tube on to the baking sheets in any desired form, then bake a delicate brown.

Next to cake in importance to the palate of the child is the sandwich. They are sure to like sandwiches. Sweet ones may even take the place of cake. Home-made bon-bons are always a treat and are much more wholesome than the kind bought at the confectioners.

A great variety of them may be made with the fondant, flavored. They may be dipped in melted fondant, flavored and colored.

To make the fondant, boil two and one-half pounds of sugar and a cupful of water, a half teaspoonful of cream of tartar, without stirring, until it forms a soft waxy ball in water. Turn out on a mable slab or large platter and when cool work with a wooden spoon until creamy. Put it into a bowl, and let it stand covered for a day to ripen. It is then ready to make into any desired candy.

The charm of the party will not be fully appreciated until the birthday cake appears, brightened by its rosy candles.

A board that may be kept for years and serve for any number of birthdays may be made from the top of a candy pail. Bore holes not quite through, but deep enough to hold a small candle upright, leaving the center for the plate with the cake. This board may do for the great-grandmother's birthday cake as well, for the candles tell the story of the years.

Nellie Maxwell.

Things Will Take a Turn.

"Did you hunt lions and tigers when you were in Africa?" asked the friend. "No, we didn't have to," replied Lord Shorthow. "The bloomin' beasts hunted us, doncher know."—Chicago News.

Word of the Spirit.

There is a power in the direct gluince of a sincere and loving human soul which will do more to dissipate prejudice and kindle charity than the most elaborate arguments.

Daily Thought.

"Don't cry out to Providence if you fall into a bed of nettles. Sit up quick and look for a dock leaf. Time to cry to Providence is when you're in a fix you can't get out of single-handed."—The Three Brothers.

Bright Child.

Visitor—"I do think your son is so bright." Proud Mother—"Ah, yes, he works so hard at his books I have been afraid he would develop the Bright's disease."—The Widow.

WHO'S WHO AND WHY

ONE OF THE "OLD GUARD"

One of the surprises of the recent primary election in Michigan was the defeat of Julius Caesar Burrows for renomination to the United States senate. Senator Burrows has been a long time in politics and was one of the "old guard," being associated with Aldrich, Hale and the Senator Allison in running the upper branch of congress. He entered congress in 1873 and has been a member of the senate since 1895.

Senator Burrows was born in Erie county, Pa., in 1837. He went west at an early age and read law while living in the western reserve of Ohio. In his early twenties he removed to Kalamazoo and has since been a resident of Michigan. He has practised little at the bar, having been in politics ever since he returned home from two years of service in the civil war, with the First Michigan regiment. It is recalled by the old inhabitants of Kalamazoo that Mr. Burrows made a successful prosecuting attorney in the two years he held the office immediately after the war.

As his reputation as a debater and speechmaker grew, Mr. Burrows gained political power, and at the close of his term as prosecuting attorney was appointed supervisor of internal revenue for Michigan and Wisconsin, but declined the office. In 1873 the opportunity came that he wanted in the form of his first nomination to congress.

In the house of representatives Mr. Burrows rose slowly. He was not a leader and he was not given membership in the most important committees until late in his career, but he early attained a reputation for being an excellent parliamentarian and good presiding officer.

As a senator Mr. Burrows has been conspicuous chiefly as an opponent to Reed Smoot, the Utah senator accused of Mormonism, and as an opponent to tariff changes that were said to be against the interest of the Michigan beet sugar growers. Senator Burrows was temporary chairman of the Republican National convention at Chicago and delivered the keynote speech of the campaign which followed and which placed President Taft in the White House. The defeat of Burrows by the insurgents is thus an event of national importance.

Senator Burrows is chairman of the senate committee appointed to investigate the charges against Senator Lorimer.

'BUTCHER' WRITES A BOOK

With an unpardonable lack of tact or a sinister sense of humor Gen. Valeriano Weyler has allowed the publisher to print the title of his sensational book "Mi Mando in Cuba" ("My Command in Cuba") in letters of gory scarlet on a paper cover of livid gray.

Whatever the motive may have been that prompted such a choice, that bloody "eye catcher" of a line fitly symbolizes the man and his work. Weyler has been on trial before public opinion for butchering his enemies instead of fighting them; and he flaunts in our faces the ugly stains that show where he wiped off his knife.

Captain general of the most fertile province of Spain (and a province which more than once manifected her intention to throw off the Bourbon yoke), he makes such a case against the country that buys his services as no citizen of the United States could have ever made to justify America's attitude in the Cuban mix-up.

Weyler was the best hated man in Cuba when the government of this nation finally recalled him. This book will cause him to be cursed the length and breadth of the peninsula.

I wrote it, he says, "to give all the facts about my conduct as general-in-chief, a conduct admired not only by army officers, high and low, who wrote me innumerable letters, but by privates, who, on their return to the peninsula, spoke of me with a enthusiastic fervor for which I can never thank them enough. Various reasons prevented me from doing years ago (when I could not have freed my mind from a certain bias) a work which I can now do in perfect peace of mind, thanks to the time that has passed, and which has soothed the irritation due to the injustice I suffered at the hands of some men.

"Furthermore, I did not wish to sadden Senor Sagasta by retelling the story of our colonial disasters; neither did I feel any pleasure in censuring the illustrious General Martinez Campos, my predecessor in Cuba, however uncharitably he acted toward me after his return to the capital."

A perusal of the book fails to prove that Weyler kept his promise to treat the subject with perfect moderation.

A POPULAR ENGLISH PRIEST

One of the best known priests in attendance at the Eucharistic congress at Montreal was Rev. Father Bernard Vaughan of London, England, whose denunciation of the smart set has deeply stirred the world's metropolis. Everybody in London loves and honors Father Vaughan, yet he is the pulpit scourge of the town. He preaches truths that terrify, yet an hour before he speaks the seats in the church are jammed and crowds line the walls.

He is as well known on the continent as in Great Britain, and although he has become ultra-famous because of his lecturing and speaking, still he finds time to devote many hours a day to ministrations among the poor.

At the Montreal conference Father Vaughan created a sensation by his denunciation of race suicide. "We are living in a day," he said, "of headlines, snapshots, taxicabs and music halls; in a day when the scramble for the prizes of life has become a mad passion. It is a day of fever, fret and fume. Competition for earthen toys is so keen and the margin of profit in commerce has become so fine that the one cry beating through the air is 'hurry up.' We are living in a day when the high ideals of old are fast yielding to the pressure of creature comforts, when principle is being exchanged for expediency; in a day when the Christian sense of sin is being regarded as a bygone superstition; in a day when it matters not what you believe, but only what you do, and when you may do what you like, provided you are not found out; in a day when the relations between the sexes take one back to pagan times; in a day when there is no empty place but in a cradle, not room in which to move but in the churches."

Father Vaughan is a brother of the late Cardinal Vaughan of England, and is sixty-three years old.

DEVOTES LIFE TO THE POOR

The Grand Duchess Elizabeth, widow of the Grand Duke Sergius of Russia, is regarded as an angel of mercy by the poor of Moscow, among whom she labors unceasingly. The grand duchess is a German princess by birth, a sister of the reigning grand duke of Hesse and also of the Czarina. Her husband was assassinated upon the streets of Moscow on February 17, 1905, being shattered by a bomb thrown at him. He was killed within a stone's throw of the palace and his wife, hearing the report, rushed to the spot and fell fainting upon Sergius' mutilated corpse.

After that terrible experience the grand duchess withdrew from all the gayeties of life and set to work to ameliorate the sufferings of the poor in her adopted country. She has founded hospitals and nursing homes. She herself directs operations and devotes eight to ten hours a day to the laborious work of superintending the different branches of her charitable activity. She devotes virtually the whole of her vast income, amounting to about $625,000, to the cause of charity, and the suffering of the poor in and around Moscow and in the vicinity of several of her estates in other parts of Russia have learned to regard her as a living saint. Not content with directing operations, she also participates in the active work of her various institutions.

Sometimes she works as a nurse, sometimes as a visitor to the poor, sometimes she attends as a domestic servant the destitute harbored in her refuges for aged paupers. On such occasions she dons the dress of a nurse or servant and performs the necessary duties without revealing her identity to the inmates of the different homes. In many cases the other nurses or members of the staff have been unaware of her identity, so that in this way she has convinced herself of the inner woorkings of the institutions and has revealed breaches of discipline and good conduct on the part of the staffs, especially with regard to the treatment of the patients.

Scales of Justice.

Grocer's Widow—"Could you please inform me when my late husband's affairs will be wound up? It's now over a year." Attorney's Clerk—"Oh, you'll find no short waits here."—Life.

A Quiet Berth.

"If I buy a seat in the stock exchange will you agree to go to work?" "I ain't crazy for work, dad. Make it a seat in the senate."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

NOT CUT OUT FOR SOLDIER

Widow Healy Indulges in Some Plain Speaking to Her Devoted but Timid Lover.

The courting of the Widow Healy by Terence Corcoran was a tedious affair to every one in Magray place, most of all to the widow herself, who tried various expedients to assist her timid admirer.

"I'm thinking I might go for a sojer," Terence announced one night, when his fancy had been stirred by a newspaper account of a military pageant. "I'm not so old but I could do it. I was wanst in a school regiment."

"You go for a sojer!" cried the Widow Healy in mingled scorn and alarm. "A man that calls on a lone widow for two years and more, widout pluck enough to spake his mind, hasn't the makings of a dhrummer boy in him."

His First Lesson in Economy.

"When I was a very small boy and a dime looked pretty big to me, I met John H. Farley—who had always been my good friend—on the street one June day," says Frank Harris.

"'Frank,' he said, 'the Fourth of July is coming soon. You'll want some change then. Let me be your banker until then and you'll have some money for firecrackers, torpedoes, lemonade and peanuts.'

"I emptied my pockets into his hand and every day thereafter until the Fourth I turned over to him my small earnings. When the day of days came around I had a fund that enabled me to celebrate in proper style, while many of my platmates were flat broke. It was my first lesson in thrift, and it was a good one. Hundreds of Cleveland people would be glad today to testify to the fact that when John H. Farley was a friend of a man or a boy he was a friend indeed."—Cleveland Leader.

Pleasant Place to Prosper.

TO THE EDITOR: We want to hear from people who would appreciate securing a fruit, dairy or poultry farm in the Kuhn irrigated tract in Sacramento Valley, California, at half the true value. Best water right in state. Low maintenance cost. Work costing millions now actually being done. Roads, drainage and water right included in price. Ten month's growing season. Ten tons alfalfa per acre. Splendid dairy conditions. 500 hens earn $100 a month or better. Oranges, lemons, grape fruit, figs, English walnuts and a thousand other fruits, nuts, vegetables and flowers grow here. Gardens winter and summer. Charming place to live. Very healthful. Who wants such a home? Land selling fast. Work for everybody. Write us for enthusiasm. H. L. Hollister & Co., 206 La Salle St., Chicago, or 245 Fourth Ave., Pittsburg, Pa.

New Version.

"Now, Harry," said the Sunday school teacher to the brightest boy in the class, "can you tell me how Elijah died?"

"He didn't die at all," replied the youngster. "He was translated from the original Hebrew."

Latest Mine Horror.

The Doctor—Of course, if the operators in the anthracite and bituminous fields form a coalition—

The Professor—Then there will be nothing for the consumers to do but coalesce.

(Slow curtain.)

Not Strictly Orthodox.

Police Justice—Young man, what is your religion, if you have any?

Chauffeur (arrested for overspeeding)—Something like Jim Bludso's, your honor—never be passed on the highway.

The Only Way.

"How can I win you for my very own?"

"You fellows might get up a raffle," answered the summer girl. "I'm engaged to seven of you."

The World on Wheels.

"Well, I mortgaged my home yesterday."

"What make of auto are you going to get?"—Houston Post.

Onions a Healthy Food.

Onions are more nourishing than any other vegetable.

People are happier for a lot of things they don't know.

A man of few words usually says them as if they were more.

AWFUL.

Blanche—Poor Grace! She out-married herself.

Maude—Indeed!

Blanche—Yes. She married a duke, you know, and didn't have enough money to pay his bills.

Now They Sleep Inside.

George H. Beattie, jeweler in the old Arcade, and L. E. Ralston, auditor of the News, have jointly and severally decided that sleeping out in the open isn't all that it has been declared to be, says the Cleveland Leader. They were both in a deep snooze out at the Beattie farm, near Chagrin Falls, the other night, when a runaway team from the county fair city turned into the lane leading up to the Beattie estate and came along at full speed.

Sound asleep, but dreaming of impending danger, Ralston rolled out of his cot toward the north, and Beattie from his cot toward the south. The runaway horses dashed between the sleepers, oversetting everything in the way, but missing Beattie and Ralston by margins too narrow to be measured. Since that night Ralston has slept in his town house and Beattie has found shelter under the ample roof of his house on his big plantation.

Illiterate Immigrants.

Ellis island records show that of 52,727 immigrants who arrived here in July 12,895, or about 25 per cent., are illiterates. Illiteracy is no bar to an immigrant so long as he appears physically able to care for himself. Only 1,127 persons who sought to enter the country were barred at this port last month.—New York Press.

Same With Political Pastry.

Teacher—Now, Willie, which would you rather have, two-sixths of a pie or one-third?

Willie—One-third, miss.

Teacher (sarcastically)—You would, eh! And why so?

Willie—'Cause if you cut it into sixths I'd lose more of the juice.

Every Time.

"What do you do when a woman asks you what you think her age is?"

"Tell her what I think it isn't."—Houston Post.

When a young man admires a girl's hair she thinks he is hinting for a bunch of it to wear in his locket.

The more mystery there is about a woman the more attractive and scary she looks to a man.

W. N. U., OMAHA, NO. 41-1910.