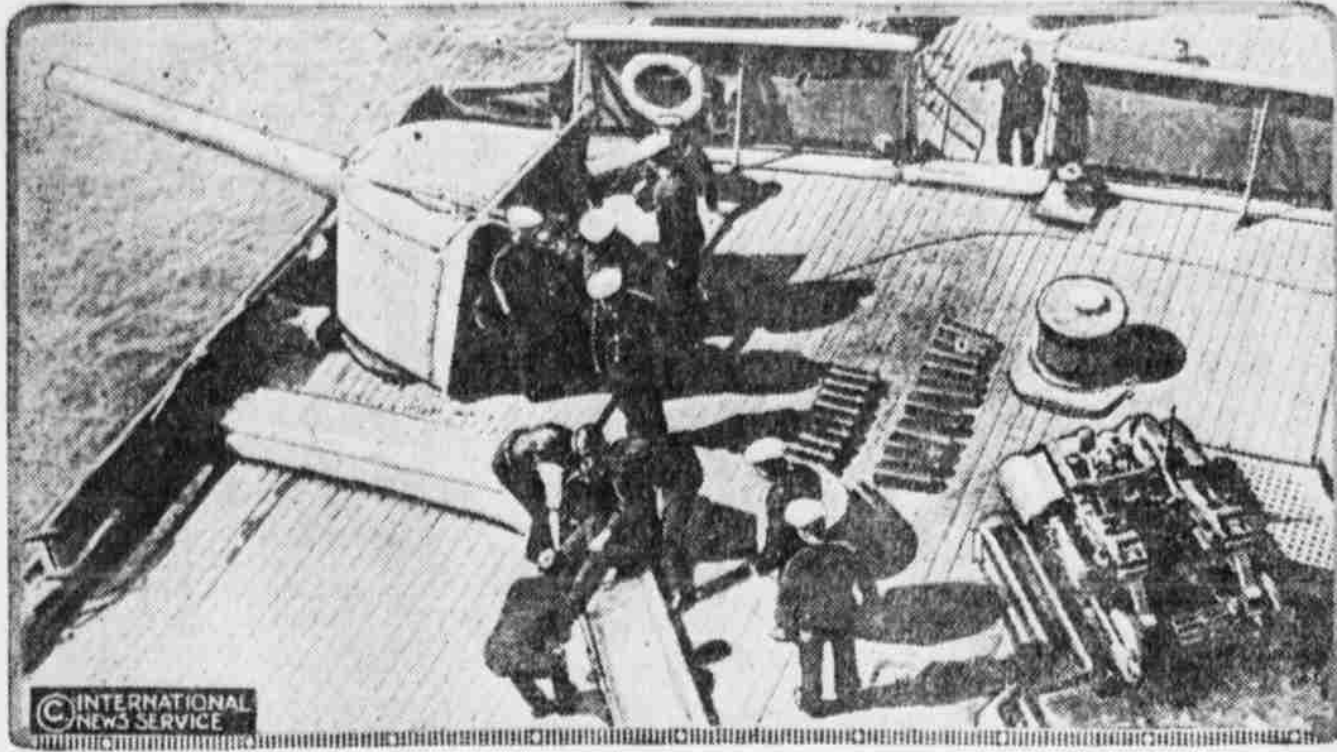


GUN DRILL ABOARD A BRITISH LINER



Since the war opened some of the British merchant liners have been equipped with guns for their protection. The gun crew and hospital corps on one of them are here seen at their daily drill.

AMERICAN SEES  
ATTACK FROM AIR  
ON OLD VENICE

Eye-Witness Describes Bombardment of Ancient City by Austrian Aeroplanes.

DAMAGE WAS NOT EXTENSIVE

Drop Bombs and Steel Arrows—One of the Machines Wrecked and the Pilot's Legs Broken—Officer Captured and Shot.

New York.—An American traveler who has just returned to New York and who chanced to be in Venice at the time of the declaration of war by Italy upon Austria, tells the following story of happenings which he witnessed:

Some time before the actual declaration of war it was very evident that the event was imminent. The authorities were busy preparing in every possible way to safeguard treasures of art. The wonderful Quadriga over the great central door of St. Mark's was taken down and carried away to some place of safety on the mainland. The whole facade of the church underwent a great change, being entirely covered by scaffolding, braces and sand bags, the latter piled 30 feet high. The Doges' palace was similarly treated and in addition each of the hundred arches which hold up the famous balcony received the support of a pylon of brick, six feet square.

Objects of Art Removed. All movable objects of art, paintings, sculptures and so forth were removed from the museums and churches and taken away to some city in the south.

On the Campanile, the highest structure in the city, on the roof of the Dogana, and on the tops of many of the highest palaces, platforms were erected on which anti-aircraft guns of the latest designs were stationed. The Campanile, in addition to the guns, had a specially constructed bomb-throwing mortar. This ejects huge illuminating bombs a thousand yards into the air, where they burst and float for a quarter of an hour or more, lighting up the surroundings with a magnesium glare of tremendous intensity.

Lights were ordered out at eight o'clock in the evening and the streets cleared of every living soul at nine. Warning of the approach of hostile aircraft was to be given by the screeching of the huge siren at the government arsenal.

Foreigners Required to Report.

Immediately on the declaration of war, all foreigners residing in Venice—as in all other cities of Italy—were required to report to the police. If their passports were in order they received formal permission to remain. I was warned to be careful on the streets, for the populace was obsessed with the spy craze and several innocent foreigners had been attacked and beaten. Stories of spies caught giving poisoned candy to children on the streets and of German and Austrian women who had remained in the city ready to signal the hostile aircraft had added to the excitement and the once peaceful Venetians had completely lost their heads.

Scarcely had war begun before it was my fortune to witness a truly thrilling night attack by Austrian aeroplanes. I was out on the Grand canal in a gondola with some American friends when we noticed a sudden activity in the watch towers. Men were shouting from one to another. We suspected something unusual was about to occur and immediately headed back for our hotel.

Arsenal Siren Screeched.

Scarcely had we arrived there when the unearthly screech of the arsenal siren verified our suspicions. An air attack was about to take place. As the shriek of the siren gradually died away the buzz of an aeroplane engine,

like the droning of a monster bee, became audible.

The siren burst forth again and at the same moment, with a deafening crash the great mortar on the Campanile shot its first illuminating bomb into the air. Regarded as fireworks it was a wonderful spectacle, but in competition with the light of the full moon, which shone in an absolutely cloudless sky, it was not of very much effect in revealing the whereabouts of the flying enemy.

Tremendous Explosion.

By this time the hum of the aeroplane's motor announced that the machine had reached the lower end of the city, though it was still invisible. Suddenly there was a tremendous explosion. A huge column of water at the mouth of the Grand canal sprang a hundred feet into the air. Buildings shook for a radius of half a mile. It was the enemy's first bomb—evidently a monster—and had been intended for the custom house.

I was watching the spectacle from the steps of one of the hotels facing the Grand canal, nearly opposite the custom house. So great was the force of the bomb that the wash produced by it came clear across the canal itself, splashed up the hotel steps and wet me to the knees where I was standing on the topmost one.

As if this had been the signal, with one crash every gun in the city opened fire. To us the machine still remained invisible—in fact we did not see it at all, but judging from the terrific bombardment and the bursting of hundreds of shrapnel all about one spot in the sky, a most beautiful sight in the moonlight, the gunners must have located it.

Rained Steel Arrows.

A moment afterward an Englishman who was standing next to me exclaimed: "Look! Is it raining?" The waters of the canal were lashed as if by huge rain drops. I thought it must be the bullets fired at the machine, which was now just over our heads, falling back into the water, but the next day we found the peculiar sight was caused by bundles of those little steel arrows which have already been launched on the battlefields of France and Belgium. Numbers of them were found sticking into the sides of the gaily painted wooden piles to which the gondolas are moored and which are so characteristic a feature of Venice.

Each arrow was marked "Invented in France, Used in Germany."

The machine continued on, circled over the city and returned, accompanied on the whole journey by the ear-splitting bombardment. As it passed over the arsenal on its way back, it appeared to unload its whole stock of bombs at once, for there was a series of terrible explosions. A huge shower of sparks sprang into the air, lighting up the sky with an unearthly glare.

Another Machine Sighted.

Firing from the roofs gradually ceased and we thought the raid was over, but again the warning shriek came from the arsenal and the roofs broke out into life once more. The second machine passed over the city along the same route without dropping a single bomb, traveling in a hall of shrapnel all the way. In the meanwhile a few small clouds had drifted across the heaven.

As long as the machine remained in the full moonlight it was invisible, but as it passed under the clouds we caught sight of it, gliding unconcernedly along, a black speck against space.

Like the first machine, this one headed back for the arsenal where the aviators seemed to drop their entire stock of bombs. A series of terrible explosions, more intense than the first, took place again, lighting the sky and throwing great burning flames high into the air. From all directions fireboats and cutters steamed past at full speed toward the arsenal, where several fires had broken out. Their powerful streams made short work of the flames.

The extent of damage done, as far as I could find out, was the smashing to smithereens of three houses near the arsenal. Two men were killed here and a baby was found the next morning, peacefully sleeping and entirely unharmed, among the ruins. A naval tug, moored in the basin of the arsenal, was struck and two men, one officer and one sailor, killed. Two or three small fires of no importance and immediately extinguished, were set in the arsenal itself.

The next morning, with all the other curious people of the city, I went to see the smashed houses, which were surrounded by cordons of troops. While I was there the usual cry of "Spy! Spy!" arose. The police arrested five persons, three men, one woman and one boy of ten or twelve years. Two of the men were disguised as women. It was a dramatic moment when the police tore off their wigs and clothes and revealed the fact that they were men.

Immediately the crowd broke out in a hoarse roar of anger. Knives were brandished and it was only with the greatest difficulty that the police and troops prevented the mob from finishing them on the spot.

Renegade Venetian Shot.

In the morning we also learned that the engine of the second aeroplane had been so damaged by the gun fire that the machine was forced to come down in the public garden at the extreme north end of the city, near the arsenal.

On landing it struck a tree. The pilot was thrown out and had both legs broken, but the officer accompanying him was uninjured. He was immediately arrested and discovered to be a renegade Venetian, from a very prominent family of the city. He formerly had been an officer in the Italian navy and stationed for several years at the Venice arsenal. Through a fast life in the navy he got deeply in debt, resigned from the service and went to Germany, where he engaged in business.

With the outbreak of war he enlisted in the German flying corps, and his invaluable personal knowledge of Venice caused him at once to be detailed as observer attached to the Austrian air fleet designed to attack the city.

Within an hour after his capture he was court-martialed and shot as a traitor to his country. Before his death he begged the officer in command of the shooting squad to notice that he had strictly followed his orders, made no attempt to destroy life or art treasures in the city itself and simply dropped bombs upon the arsenal.

BREAD-MAKING EXPERT



Miss Hannah Wessling is the bread-making expert of the United States department of agriculture and this photograph shows her at work in her laboratory in the department at Washington. "Any standard recipe," says Miss Wessling, "will produce good bread provided care is taken in measuring the ingredients and securing the correct temperature in which to set the sponge, for the yeast which causes the sponge to rise grows best at from 75 to 90 degrees Fahrenheit." Miss Wessling advocates the use of scales for measuring and declares that housewives should have recipe books that give the amounts of ingredients in figures of weight and not "a half a cup of flour," etc., as is the ordinary custom. According to her directions anybody can bake bread as good as "mother used to make" by the use of a good recipe book, a pair of kitchen scales and a thermometer.

Four Universal Characteristics

By REV. B. B. SUTCLIFFE, Assistant Superintendent of Men, Moody Bible Institute of Chicago

TEXT—For we must needs die, and are as water spilt on the ground, which cannot be gathered up again; neither doth he respect any person; yet doth he devise means, that he be not expelled from him.—II Sam. 14:14.

This is part of a woman's plea to King David to have Absalom restored after he had been driven out for his crime against his brother. It speaks of four universal characteristics found in every sinner.



1. A universal end—"we must needs die." From the day of birth to old age each step of the way is a step toward the grave. "It is appointed unto man once to die" has been true of the whole human family. Various schemes and various ways have been tried to disprove this but the grave continues to receive its due. However strong and however great, one universal end awaits us for "we must needs die."

2. A universal condition—"we are as the water spilt on the ground which cannot be gathered up." We were innocent when we were born, but alas, how quickly the innocence was destroyed. We were helpless to retain it. A few days in the forgotten time of our early childhood and then it was as water spilled out. The fresh innocence of the morning quickly died away and we became in deed what we are in nature, sinners. We could not avoid the spilling out as water and we were helpless to gather it up again. Once lost it was lost for good and try as we might to forget and try as we might to turn over the new leaf and begin again, each attempt just tended to show us the helplessness of all effort. All have become guilty, and all are helpless to get rid of that guilt. We are as water spilt which cannot be gathered up again.

3. A universal standing—"neither doth God respect any person." God judges all alike in respect of sin. One may be great in this world and another may be unheard of, but before God they stand on the same platform as sinners. One might be learned and another ignorant but it is in respect to sin that they come before the Lord. One may be a good man and tell the Lord about his fasting and his praying without any recognition of his sinfulness, and he has less favor with God than the poor publican who merely stands and pleads for mercy. They are both sinners there, for there is no respect of persons with him. This would make the case of sinners to be hopeless were it not for the fact that that which is impossible to man is possible to God.

4. A universal opportunity—"He doth devise means that he be not expelled from him." When man sinned and automatically put himself away from God, the God he had sinned against immediately set about devising means to have man brought back to him. "God commended his love towards us in that while we were yet sinners Christ died for us." It was God who began the work of redemption, not man. The first movement was from God's side. He it was who provided the precious blood of the Lamb of God, the only means for putting away sin, for "without the shedding of blood there is no remission," as the Bible declares from cover to cover. Not only must the sin be put away, but the sinner must be cleansed, and here again we remember the word that "the blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin." The justice and the holiness of God are upheld and vindicated by the blood and a way made open for the sinner, the banished one, to be brought back to God. The blood meets every objection of the law and every objection of the devil and admits the one who was banished back to the Father's house. The Lord himself does this that "He be not expelled from him." "Go so loved the world that he gave his only begotten son, that whosoever believeth on him might not perish but have everlasting life." The redeemed sinner can now sing of him who "loved and gave himself for me."

God has done all he can to have the banished one back with him and all that remains is for man to accept his terms and come to him without fear. The work is all finished and finished in such a way that God can be just and yet the justifier of him that believes in Jesus. And Christ says: "Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out."

Trust in God.

All virtue consists in having a willing heart. God will lead you as if by the hand, if only you do not doubt, and are filled with love for him rather than fear for yourself.—Fenelon.

The KITCHEN CABINET

The heart is not always a royal mint, with patent machinery to work its metal into current coin. Sometimes it throws out in strange forms, not easily recognized as coin at all.—Dickens.

SUMMER DESSERTS.

A dainty summer dessert is made of one-half cupful of peanuts, one cupful of mashed banana and half a cupful of grated coconut. Arrange on a small plate and pour orange juice over the mixture.

Fruit Foam—Take a half box of gelatin, one cupful of water, two and a half cupfuls of fruit juice and three eggs. Soak the gelatin in cold water until dissolved; beat the fruit juice, which may be strawberry, raspberry or any other fruit, pour over the gelatin, sweeten to taste, stir all together and strain and cool. Beat the whites of the eggs stiff, beat into the jelly until it is foamy, pour into a mold that has been wet and serve with whipped cream. Prepare in time for the gelatin to thicken before using. The day before using is better.

Muskmelon Frappe.—Remove the tops from small muskmelons to form a cover. Take out all the seeds and membrane and place in a sieve to drain out all the juice. Scoop out as much of the soft pulp as can be easily removed and cut it in small pieces. To the juice add a quart of sweetened whipped cream; turn this into a freezer and freeze. Serve in the melon shells, a layer of frappe and a layer of the melon pulp.

Jellied Apples.—Wash, pare, quarter and core six tart apples. Take two cupfuls of sugar and the same amount of water, boil until a thick sirup is formed. Drop the apples into this boiling sirup and cook until clear and tender, taking care to keep their shape. When tender, skim out, place on a platter to cool and measure and strain the sirup; there should be a half pint. Take a package of lemon jelly, dissolve in two-thirds of a cupful of hot water, add to the hot sirup, pour over the apples and into a mold. Serve on a platter, garnished with whipped cream.

SOME NEW WAYS WITH MEATS.

The seasoning of meat sauces, meats and combinations of meat and vegetables is one of the most important points in culinary art. The careless, haphazard seasoning ruins an otherwise appetizing and wholesome dish. Ruskin says "much tasting means no cooking," so the skillful cook seasons, tastes and seasons again until the right blending is obtained.

Southern Hash.—Put six potatoes, two onions, three green peppers and two large tomatoes all through a meat chopper. Melt four tablespoonfuls of butter in a frying pan, add the vegetables, with a cupful of soup stock and cook until the vegetables are done, keep covered and stir occasionally to prevent sticking. Add two cupfuls of chopped meat, (cold roast beef is best), season well with salt a dash of kitchen bouquet and serve hot with toast points.

Baked Fish.—Place a slice of onion and lemon inside a well cleaned fish, ready for baking. Brush well with butter and bake in a moderate oven, basting occasionally with butter and water. Meanwhile cook one cupful of sliced tomato with a cupful of boiling water, a slice of onion, carrot, celery and a sprig of parsley, a bay leaf, a half dozen cloves, salt and pepper, for twenty minutes. Make a sauce, using three tablespoonfuls each of butter and flour, add the strained tomato, a fourth of a teaspoonful of kitchen bouquet, and the same amount of soda. Place the fish on a hot platter, garnish with lemon quarters, dipped in minced parsley, add a half cupful of this cream to the sauce and strain around the fish.

Ragout of Veal.—The cheaper cuts may be used for this dish. Stew the meat until very tender with onion, parsley, a fourth of a cupful of vinegar and a bay leaf. Remove from the bone while warm. When cool, cut in pieces for serving, roll each in seasoned flour and brown in hot fat. For the sauce, use a fourth of a cupful each of flour and butter, a third of a cupful of veal stock, a half teaspoonful of Worcestershire sauce, a tablespoonful of lemon juice and three of horseradish.

Lending to Farmers.

Texas bankers who make a practice of lending money to farmers have adopted for their own protection and for the guidance of borrowers, what is known as a "crop rate sheet for safe farming and bank credit." Taking a 40-acre, two-horse farm as a unit, this sheet states the live stock and the quantity of food and feed crops necessary to support on such a farm a family of five. The prospective borrower is requested to state in the same way the actual system

It pays to stick to one thing. Only those persons in whose lives some great purpose outweighs everything else, rise above the shoulders of the crowd. The man who minds his own business will soon have a business to mind.

DINNER DISHES FOR COMPANY.

Cut a well cleaned chicken into pieces at the joints, cover with hot veal broth and let cook until tender. Cook a half cupful of rice, two dozen potato balls and a dozen small onions separately until nearly done, drain and add the chicken with a can of small string beans, rinsed in boiling water. Let simmer about ten minutes when all should be done. Prepare about a dozen and a half small baking powder biscuits. Turn the chicken on a large platter and surround with the hot biscuit.

Martinique Potatoes.—Scoop out the inside of four hot, baked potatoes and force through a potato ricer. Add one and a half teaspoonfuls of butter, the yolk of an egg, three tablespoonfuls of cream, a half teaspoonful of salt, a dash of pepper and nutmeg. Keep hot and beat three minutes, then add a well beaten white of egg. Shape between two tablespoonfuls and place on a buttered sheet to brown delicately.

French Lemon Jelly.—Rub the peel of three lemons upon half a pound of loaf sugar and dissolve the sugar in two cupfuls of water. Boil until reduced, add the strained juice of the lemons, two cupfuls of water and the juice of an orange. Pour it upon two well beaten eggs and whip well. Then add two teaspoonfuls of gelatin, dissolved in a little boiling water to soften. Pour into a wet mold after being well blended and served with whipped cream sweetened and flavored with lemon and orange.

Fish Savory.—Cut two small onions in slices and fry lightly in two tablespoonfuls of butter. Add a half pound of cold, cooked fish, cut in small pieces, sprinkle with a tablespoonful of flour and fry a light brown. Dredge with one teaspoonful of curry powder. Fry a little longer and add another tablespoonful of flour. Moisten with four tablespoonfuls of cream, and half a cupful of stock, season with salt, mixed spices and cook for half an hour, then add two tablespoonfuls of lemon juice.

Dish up and garnish with parsley and toast points.

Some happy talent, and some fortunate opportunity may form the two sides of the ladder on which some men mount, but the rounds of that ladder must be made of stuff to stand wear and tear.—Dickens.

SUMMER DISHES.

There is no dessert more popular than the frozen one, in fact almost any combination is welcome after it has been through the freezer.

Orange Sherbet.—Beat one egg lightly, add it to a quart of milk, and a pint of cream. Dissolve two and a half cupfuls of sugar in the juice of three oranges and one lemon. Add the grated rind of three oranges and one lemon, mix and freeze.

Lemon Dumplings.—Chop the rind of one lemon fine, add it to the juice, mix two cupfuls of bread crumbs with a cupful of suet, add one egg and enough milk to make a paste, sweeten to taste, divide into five portions and place in separate cloths. Boil three quarters of an hour and serve with butter and honey.

Individual Cream Chicken.—Take a tablespoonful of minced chicken, season with a pinch of minced parsley and a squeeze of lemon. Season with salt and pepper and moisten with a spoonful of cream. Put into a ramekin, cover and steam in hot water. Serve on a hot plate with crisp buttered toast and small pats of sweet butter rolled in parsley.

Gooseberry Dessert.—Cook slowly a quart of gooseberries with a cupful of brown sugar in a stone dish in the oven. Arrange slices of sponge cake in a dish, pour over the cooked berries a custard made of a cupful of milk, an egg, a pinch of salt and a tablespoonful of sugar. When cold cover with sweetened whipped cream, sprinkle with chopped pistachio nuts and serve well chilled.

Nellie Maxwell

followed on his own farm. The closer the actual practice approaches the system outlined in the rate sheet the better is the farmer's credit.

Unintentional Criticism.

"You were not at the theater yesterday when the first representation of your new piece took place." "I was kept away by an important engagement." "Indeed! (kindly) Well, you didn't miss anything!"—Flegende Blaetter (Munich).