

## WATCH THE KITCHEN.

In Many Kitchens More Food Is Wasted Than Eaten.

There are many women who think it beneath their dignity to enter the kitchen, and look with contempt upon the art of cooking. But they forget that by neglecting this most important duty they injure their own health as well as that of their own family.

Our kitchens, instead of being such dark dreary dungeons as we often find them, would then be light, airy and well ventilated. In place of the elephantine range or coal-heater, with ovens that will neither bake nor roast unless the wind blows to suit their capricious temper, we would have a range or gas stove ready at all times. Then there would never clash between mistress and cook.

I am ashamed to notice the cooking utensils in some kitchens. A few rusty old tins, an iron pot, a frying pan and a dishpan constitute the cooking implements in the ordinary kitchen.

There is no country in which the women pay so little attention to their kitchen affairs as here in America. All the money is spent in the drawing room. There strangers can admire and envy the effect.

It would seem that the very last thing an architect thinks of when planning a house is the kitchen. Then he puts it in some obscure corner for which he can find no other use. This is most evident in the planning of our apartment houses.

Everything is for show with some; whatever they do in the culinary line it must be in the way of pink teas, chrysanthemum luncheons and daisy suppers. On such hubub a great deal of valuable time and money is wasted, which, if applied in the right way, would be a source of real health and happiness.

In many households there is more food wasted or thrown away than is eaten. Remains of meat, vegetables, stale bread and cake ought to be utilized and made into appetizing and palatable dishes.

Garbage is a great source for generating germs of disease. It should either be burned up or kept in covered receptacles, which should be thoroughly cleaned at least twice a week with soda and hot water. The cellar should be ventilated every day and whitewashed twice a year.

The kitchen is the laboratory where the food for the family is prepared, and the cook is the chemist, in whose hands the health and happiness of the whole family lie—yes, even life and death are dependent upon her.

In many kitchens the cook has to work part of the day by gaslight, there being ventilation, no sunshine, and no outlet to the poisonous gases. Organic vapors of various kinds necessarily develop in every occupied dwelling from the daily culinary operations. The effluvia is harmless at first, but is subject to rapid decomposition and then becomes extremely dangerous.

## DANGERS OF DANCING.

The Young Man who was Killed by His Waltz Partner.

A test for ministers of the Gospel who are disposed to rail against the waltz as one of the cog wheels in the machinery manipulated by Satan, is furnished by the death of Edward Mackin, of No. 117 Mott street. Mackin's demise was due to injuries received at a ball in Webster Hall recently. In the course of a waltz, Stockin's partner—an unknown young woman, whose weight is approximated by those who saw her at 180 pounds—slipped and fell on Mackin. He was taken home unconscious, suffering from internal injuries.

It was the ball of the Independent club that proved fatal to Mackin. He closed up his news stand in Mott street early, put on his best clothes and took his mother and sister to Webster Hall, in East Eleventh street. There was a big orchestra and a big crowd. All the East Side candidates were there making votes, and Mackin, because of his position as a dealer in newspapers in Mott street, was a young man of considerable importance.

About midnight Mackin, who had been dancing every time the orchestra played, was suddenly impressed by the graceful movements of a lady in a brown dress, who towered high above the other dancers on the floor. Despite her height and girth she was light on her feet. Mackin hunted up Johnnie Dowling, one of the floor managers.

Edward Mackin was a small man, very small compared with the unknown big lady in brown, and he said to himself as he made his way to her side, that if he secured the pleasure of a waltz with her it would be "along with her" for sure.

Once around the hall they circled spinning round and round, the big lady in brown, with her eyes staring straight ahead, fairly lifting the slight Mackin from the floor. Half way round they went, and Mackin became dizzy. He missed a step. His partner slipped and down they fell. Upon them piled Albert Hanover and Agnes Sullivan and four other couples. The other dancers guided themselves skillfully past the struggling mass on the floor, while the hall rang with peals of laughter at the disaster which had come to Andrew Mackin and the big lady in brown.

When the four other couples regained their footing, Albert Hanover and Agnes Sullivan got up, angry and dragged the lady in brown, and her appearance might have been greeted with a shout. But Andrew Mackin did not rise. His face was white and there was a line of reddish frost on his lips. The music stopped and Andrew Mackin was carried away—carried away to his home to die, while the big woman in brown disappeared.

His old mother and his pretty sister presided at the wake last night and told, between sobs, about Edward's fatal dance with the big woman in brown.

## Trained Nurses.

According to the superintendent of one of the largest schools for trained nurses in New York, their occupation is not the easiest work in the world.

It requires almost an ideal woman to make a good nurse. She must not only have all the qualities that go to make up the good woman, but she must have in addition the special qualities that are necessary for the nurse.

The man or woman who is suffering from disease is a transformed being. Sick folk lose control of themselves, and say things which they cannot be held responsible for. Particularly is this so in the case of the very poor—to say nothing of the depraved classes, who are often treated in great hospitals. A nurse must always be cheerful, always sympathetic, capable of mentally putting herself in her patient's place. Under her pleasant exterior she must also have a will of iron that compels the obedience of her charges.

Women who have been teachers make the best nurses, and in fact a large percentage of the nurses have been teachers.

A curious fact is that there are few New York girls among the trained nurses serving in New York hospitals.

Most of them are from the country or smaller cities. One reason for this, of course, is that many girls born and raised in New York do not possess the physical standard required of a trained nurse.

## WHAT ELECTIONS COST.

Strange How Cheap N. Y. Politicians Can Run a Campaign.

New York, Nov. 16.—Judge Robert A. Van Wyck, may-cle, has filed his certificate of election expenses in the county clerk's office. It is sworn to before a notary public in Kings county. It sets forth that the campaign cost Judge Van Wyck just \$155.75. The major portion of this sum was paid to J. P. Potts, stenographer in Part IV of the city court for stenographic and clerical work. The remainder was spent in paying for photographs and newspaper notices.

Statements of expenses of other candidates who ran for office at the late election were filed as follows:

Justice Charles H. Van Brunt, re-elected to the supreme court, swears his candidacy did not cost him anything. There was no opposition to him.

Frank McCabe, defeated republican candidate for the assembly in the thirty-first district, spent \$200 for music, postage, drinks, cigar and contribution to campaign fund.

P. Townsend Sherman, who was the republican candidate for alderman in the twenty-fifth district, spent \$200 for printing and distribution.

Benjamin E. Hall, citizens' union candidate for county clerk, spent \$115.50 for contribution to campaign fund, postage and expense of notary in obtaining signatures to petition on independent nomination.

Charles E. Manierre, the prohibition candidate for justice of the supreme court, spent \$22.50, which was a contribution to the treasurer of the party organization for campaign expenses. F. A. Kenzler, republican candidate for alderman in the twenty-eighth district, spent \$20.60 for printing and one electro-photo made.

James J. Smith, Tammany candidate for alderman in the twelfth district, spent \$124 contributed to Tammany for printing and distribution.

Charles A. Parker, who ran for alderman in the twentieth district, spent \$25 for printing, postage and contribution to campaign fund.

Thomas Smith, who ran for the assembly in the fifteenth district, spent \$126.50 for printing, cab hire, car fare, stationery and contribution to campaign fund.

Robert Muir, who ran for alderman in the fifteenth district, spent \$129 for cab hire, car fare, printing and stationery.

Thomas Fitzpatrick, the citizens' union candidate for alderman in the eighth district, spent \$100 for printing.

William G. Verplanck, the citizens' union and national democracy candidate for alderman in the twenty-first district, spent \$36 for advertising, printing and contribution to Tammany campaign fund.

Jacob Kahn, republican candidate for assembly in the twenty-second district, spent \$36 for printing, cab hire, car fare and contribution to campaign fund.

Michael Ledwith, Tammany candidate for assembly in the twenty-second district, spent \$42.50 for printing, distribution and contribution to campaign fund.

Charles Shongood, republican candidate for alderman in the twenty-second district, spent \$122 for printing and distribution.

Thomas H. Eason, who ran for justice of the city court, swears that he contributed only \$1 toward campaign expenses, but he omits stating on what he spent.

## A KANSAS FAMILY.

A Family of Twelve—All at School and all Working for a Living.

Topeka, Nov. 16.—Away out on the prairies of western Kansas, where the hard times have been painfully felt, there lives at the little town of Lincoln Centre a family of father, mother and ten children, all of whom are attending school and all earning their bread by their labor.

Thomas M. Strange is 45 years old. He is an ordained minister of the Christian church, and is attending Lincoln college for the purpose of obtaining a higher education for his work. Mrs. Strange is also attending the college, as are the two oldest children. They are all in the junior year. Each morning they go to college and sit together in the recitation rooms, and they usually have their lessons well prepared. The remaining children go to school at Lincoln Centre.

There is a romance connected with the marriage of Mr. and Mrs. Strange. Tom Strange was a farmer, 21 years of age and poor. He was the oldest of six boys. He fell in love with his cousin, Miss Sarah Bird, aged 15 years. The two decided to marry, but the laws of Kansas forbid marriage between first cousins. So they set off in an ox cart from their home in central Kansas and went to Pleasant Hill, Mo. It was a long and weary journey. They were married there on August 5, 1871, and returned home in the ox cart. From that time on Tom Strange worked the harder and in spare moments studied with the intention of entering the ministry. He was licensed to preach in 1880 and ordained in 1883. Mrs. Strange also studied for the ministry and has been ordained. She is still unmarried, appalled by her husband, and in many ways lends him valuable assistance.

To this couple have been born fifteen children. Ten are living and are with their parents. The youngest is a girl of 8 years, the oldest a son of 21. While Mr. Strange and the boys are planting, cultivating and harvesting the products from the ten-acre patch about their home, Mrs. Strange and the girls take in sewing and washing, and thus do their share toward supporting the family. Each member of the family has his particular work to do, and it is always done promptly and well.

## The Retired Burglar.

"I don't think I was ever very much scared," said the retired burglar, "but I have been as much scared by slight, little things, that were of no real account, as by anything else. For instance, by the scratching of a rat, starting up suddenly and running around the wall. I was never more disturbed than I was once by the absolute stillness of a room that was in. It was dead and oppressive; and I couldn't account for it."

"I swing my lamp around, and saw the usual things that you might expect to see in such a room—it was a dining room—including a clock on the mantel.

It was a pendulum clock, one of the kind that has a little clear space in the lower part of the glass front, through which you can see the pendulum, as it swings back and forth. The lamp simply swept across the face of the clock, as I swung it around, but an instant later I realized that I had seen no pendulum swinging back and forth behind that clear place. It wasn't swinging. The clock had stopped.

I set my lamp on the shelf, and opened the door of the clock and started up the pendulum, and then I heard the regular ticking of the clock. That was all that was wanted. But what a relief it was to hear it. I could sort out the spoons now with a cheerful spirit.

## THE MISSING PRINCE.

Adventure of a Modern Detective.

By Arthur Griffiths.

The firm of Black & Brightsmiths was good enough to express its great and grateful appreciation of my help in the case of the Escondida mine. It promised me other work of the same kind, plenty if I cared to take it up, and soon sent to ask whether I could undertake a confidential mission to Algeria.

It was to convey a considerable sum of money in specie to the town of Biskra, a health resort of growing popularity, situated in the far-off desert, on the confines of the great Sierras.

"The money is to be paid over in exchange for a certain compromising document, one that closely affects the character and honor of a great family. Will you go?" said Harry Brightsmith.

I expressed my readiness, but asked why the sum could not be paid by check.

"The demand is for gold. In any case, we wish to secure the papers in full, and, this way, the case can best—can only—be done by the hand of a thoroughly trustworthy agent, some one who will, if necessary, give and take at one and the same time."

"If necessary?" I inquired, catching at the last implied.

"We have no absolute certainty, Mac, as it stands, but I have thought him too

tritious and fond of pleasure. Not sufficiently alive to the obligation of nobility's oblige."

"Well, anyhow, there is an element of doubt," I said. "It seems highly improbable that a young prince, just out of his teens, is a professional Greek, skilled in dirty tricks with the cards. That, on the face of it, first. Then the fact that Prince Casimir has heard nothing direct from his son—not appeal, no apology, no attempted exculpation. This rather tells in the lad's favor, I think. If I am asked, I should say, 'Don't pay—not, at least, till the story is verified.'"

"His highness will not run the risk. He insists upon the money being sent out, and every stipulation fulfilled to the letter. It drives him wild—the idea of a Medea posted as a cheat through Europe," answered Brightsmith.

"I don't say refuse. But, at least, be certain that the case is clear. There should be time to settle that question between now and November 23, I should like to look into it, on the spot, at once."

"At Biskra?"

"I have given it here," said old Black,

biting the confession with his knuckles as it lay upon the table.

"He is said to have given it there. That may be a forgery. The signature, the official stamp of the notary, both might have been obtained by some nefarious dodge. The young prince may be under coercion."

"My dear Major Macnaghten-Innes," broke in Black, impatiently for one so sedate and stolid, "in my experience, an ounce of fact is worth a shipload of conjecture. I think that the safest course is to send the money—exchange it for the confession. Let us carry out the contract. That, moreover, in fact, is what the client wishes—silent compilation and no risk."

Brightsmith having fuller confidence in his skill, took my view, and after much debate it was decided that Prince Casimir should be consulted. He came up to Gresham street, a rather old old gentleman, to whom this was a curiously bitter-sweet in a life of disappointment—for the liquidation of a gambling debt incurred under peculiar—indeed, as it is alleged, disgraceful circumstances.

The young prince has been accused of a flagrant attempt to correct fortune.

"In plain English, of cheating at cards."

Having arranged that the sum in question should await my orders at Cook's bank in Algiers, I left London for Biskra on November 2, and, taking the most expeditious route, that via Marsella and Phillipville, reached the desert town on the evening of the third day, November 5. Allowing three clear days for the return journey to Algiers where, if my inquiry failed, I must be on the evening of November 22, I had just sixteen days before me.

It was dated from the Hotel des Zibaus-Biskra, and, translated, ran as follows:

"Your Highness: It is our inexpressible desire to bring to your highness notice the deliberately dishonest and disgraceful conduct of your son Prince Casimir de Medea. He has been caught cheating at baccarat; in the act; flagrantly. This deplorable affair occurred at the Cercle el Salahin, to which the prince was readily admitted on account of his rank and gentlemanly character.

"Last night, when engaged in a friendly game, he took the bank with a capital of \$3,000, advanced him without question by the gerant of the club, lost it to that point he had lost steadily, but now the luck turned. It became phenomenal. At every deal the prince won, he cleared the table. For growing suspicion in the minds of several players that all was not well. We set ourselves to watch the prince. I myself was chosen to stand behind him and at a given moment, a signal being made, to seize and hold his hands.

"I did so, and, immediately a pack of cards, concealed somewhere within his paletot, fell to the ground. It was a pack made up chiefly of threes and sixes. It is your highness is acquainted with the game of baccarat the importance of these numbers will need no explanation.

"Play was stopped, and two of us were deputed to draw up a proce-verbal describing the occurrence.

"Of course, the Prince's gains were declared null and void, and he was called upon to make restitution, also to pay his previous losses, and the amount made by the gerant. These amounted in all to 7,500 francs, and, as he had no funds, I discharged the debt, taking his acknowledgment.

"We also prepared for your son's signature a confession of his misconduct, copy of which, duly certified by a notary, was inclosed. The original will be surrendered to your son or to any person you may name on one condition, that you hand over in exchange a sum of 35,000 francs, to be applied to the relief of the poor Arabs in this oasis.

"We think that your highness will see the wisdom of meeting us fairly and promptly. It can hardly be your wish that a Prince de Medea, the direct heir to your ancient name and future holder of the high fortune that may some day return to your noble house, should be exposed as a cheat, branded as a blackguard, throughout the civilized world. It is only out of consideration to your highness that we spare him the ignominy of his real name—but he has no right to be called a prince."

"We have not yet been able to get the original to sign the confession, as he has not yet come to Algiers."

"What became of him?"

"I heard that he had gone down to the coast, to Algiers or to Constantine, and again that he was lurking somewhere near there. He was seen at Sidi Okba drunk in the bazaar and covered with flesh. Another said he had gone on to Touggourt, and meant to go over to the latter."

"I do not believe myself that he has left Biskra—neither he nor his fast friend and companion, the croupier of the Cercle el Salahin."

"Della Croce?" asked Baron d'Hauterive, and I also pricked up my ears at the mention of the club. We had struck another clue.

"This Della Croce," my friend the colonel told me as we walked away from the notary's, is probably at the bottom of this business. He was once in a good position, had money and, I believe, rank—Della Croce is not his real name—but he lost it all at play. When he was bankrupt in cash and almost in character he was brought out here last season to keep him from starvation. I heard of him, never saw him, for, as you will understand, I do not frequent those places; heard of him as a man with a history, a man who had been in good, in the best, society, knew men and cities, but had sunk into a mere adventurer, a valetin and chevalier d'instruction. It