

DOMESTIC SCIENCE.

OF ALL Christmas dinners the dinner of one's childhood, the dinner "mother used to get up," stands facile primus. Nearly every country has its national menu for this festival day.

The Russian would not think the day properly celebrated unless a small roasted pig was served upon his dinner table with a dressing compounded from fat heart and liver, garnished with boiled buckwheat. The Italian feasts upon roasted veal, rolled in lard leaves and macaroni. The American household revels in delicious roast fowl, enveloped in water cress, various dishes of solid cabbage leaves stuffed with forcemeat, thin sheets of gull-bill, rolled and twisted, covered with syrup and lard butter and crowned with crisp walnut meats. Pudding, especially prepared for this occasion with raisins and licorice, is the pie-de-resistance, while the dessert is the popular mahabon, made of flour, sugar and milk, flavored with rose water and served with sliced cream.

Hans Brinker looks forward for weeks to the Christmas goose stuffed with chestnuts, the roasted fowl plumped with raisins and the traditional St. Nicholas cakes. The exile from Erin, however, has his turkey for his fat goose, and the swarthy Scandanavian foregoes the wild bitterness of defeat while dining on almond soup and golden smothered in chopped apple and oil.

The English household holds fast to tradition, and her board is crowned with a great shorn of beef and the rich plum pudding of ancient and honorable lineage. In the American household the roasted bird, or a fine roast of beef, holds the honored place, although a "grouse" goes readily traced and roasted or a simple smoking pig, crisp and brown and fragrant, is not to be despised.

An elaborate menu is not essential nor yet appropriate to the Christmas dinner. A simple turkey or other roast with its usual accompaniments, a light salad and the substantial pudding with bon-bon and fruit being quite sufficient. But there must be an abundance of holly and evergreen, bright lights, happy faces and good cheer.

Appropriate decorations are red and green, the glossy holly leaves with their red berries, candles with red shades and jellies, tea and bon-bons of the same rich color. If there are children, the center decoration may be a miniature Christmas tree. Select a small but symmetrical one, place it in a jardiniere and hand with a spray of smilax and holly. Dress the tree with Jack Frost powder and hang with lights and sparkling tinsel. Another pretty decoration is made by cutting a five-pointed star out of white sheeting, and placing the same on a side down in the center of the table, dust with powder of tinsel, define its edges with small twigs of greens or holly.

Menu for Christmas.

Breakfast.	Dinner.	Supper.
Grape Fruit.	Cream of Tomato Soup.	Turkey.
Fried Mush. with Syrup.	Pim Olas, Celery, Salted Almonds.	Sandwiches.
Roasted Steak.	Roast Turkey, Chestnut Stuffing.	Olives, Celery.
Baked Potatoes.	Mashed Potatoes, Cranberry Jelly.	Mince Pie.
Baking Powder Biscuit.	Crushed Onions, Creamed Onions.	Doughnuts.
Coffee.	Lettuce Salad, Cheese Fingers.	Cheese.
	Plum Pudding.	Fruit.
	Bouillon.	Cider.
	Coffee.	

and place in the middle of the mat a glass or silver bowl filled with holly. In decorating, the only flower that is permitted with the green is the poinsettia or Mexican Christmas flower.

Overcoats, said to be an American invention, are prepared as follows: Into deep plates which have been well chilled, or in ice-shells made for this purpose, put five small oysters. For one dozen covers allow seven tablespoons each of prepared horse-radish, tomato catsup and vinegar, ten tablespoons of lemon juice and one of tobacco soup. Mix thoroughly and pour an equal quantity into each glass.

The cream of tomato soup frequently known as tomato bisque, is made as follows: Put a pint of canned tomatoes in an agate steamer with a tiny bit of bay leaf and a sprig of parsley and let it simmer for fifteen minutes. Put a quart of milk in a double boiler over the fire. Melt two tablespoons of butter in a little saucepan, add to it two tablespoons of flour, stir until bubbly and pour a half cupful of warm milk over it. Stir until smooth and creamy, then add to the milk in the double boiler. Stir and cook until it thickens. Rub the tomatoes through a sieve and when hot pour ready to serve the soup, add a quart of cream and a dash of salt to the mixture. Have the soup tureen well heated, and pour the hot milk and cream into the tureen and serve at once.

The soup must not stand after being mixed, especially if the tomato is at all acid. A teaspoonful of sugar may be added if desired.

To make the chestnut stuffing for the turkey, shell and cook one quart of large French chestnuts in boiling water until their shells are loosened. Blanch and drain in boiling water and cook until tender. While still hot rub through a

smooth and creamy. Add the seasoning and pour over the onion. For the lettuce salad, arrange the delicate inner leaves in a salad bowl, scatter over and among them thin slices of crisp, unpeeled radishes and pour over the salad a well-blended French dressing.

The cheese fingers are compounded from scraps of puff pastry and are sprinkled with grated cheese and a dusting of cayenne. Roll out, fold and place on the fire to harden. When chilled, roll into rectangular shape about an eighth of an inch thick, place on the bottom of a reversed dripping pan, and with a pastry cutter or knife cut into strips four or five inches long and less than a quarter of an inch wide. Grate a little more cheese over them and bake in a moderate oven. The puff pudding which was presumably prepared a week or two ago, and hung in a cool storeroom to ripen, is taken out on Christmas morning, tied up in its mould and dropped into a kettle of boiling water. Boil one or two hours without a moment's cessation; the length of time depending on the size of the pudding. When ready to serve, dip the pudding mould on to a few earthen or stivee pitter, put in the oven a few moments to dry and darken, crown with strips of blanched almonds, and stick a sprig of holly in the center. Pour a singlassful of brandy around the pudding and, just before bringing it in, light it so that it makes a triumphant entry in flames, "serve cum cantibus."

The Christmas confections are infinitely best when home-made, and with the almonds will add piquancy to the feast.

Ice may be prepared in various attractive and reasonable shapes, but those moulded into the natural figure of the good St. Nicholas, will be found most appropriate to the day. Turkish coffee should be the drink, and stick a sprig of holly for the children, a "black henner pie" may be served for their education.

To make the pie have a large tin pan covered with tissue paper. Fill the dish with numerous little gifts, each encased in white paper and tied with red bebbie ribbon, a tiny sprig of holly fastened under the bow. Have as many packages as guests, and pack compactly in the pan. Cut a piece of thin brown paper a little larger than the top of the dish. Make pie crust gashes in the center of the crust, then paste the outer edges of the pan. With a little brush and brown paint the paper may be colored to simulate a very well done crust. Place the pie on a greased pitter, if so favored as to have one wreath with greens and holly and put a serving knife and fork upon the top of the pie. Place before the guests and when he has cut and helped himself, the pie may

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FORESEEN BY JULES VERNE

DREAMS OF FICTION SINCE MADE REALITIES.

What When Printed Was Looked Upon by Many as a Form of Literary Insanity Now Stands Vindicated as True Forecasts of Scientific Achievement.

Emile Gautier, in Figaro.

There is no exaggeration in saying that some of the most extraordinary prophecies of Jules Verne regarding travel and scientific achievements have already been realized or are on the eve of realization. Indeed, at times, the reality seems to have surpassed his most fantastic fictions.

It is enough almost to make one suspect that he has found in the depths of the mysterious grottoes where Captain Nemo used to hide his treasures the magic amulet which gives the key to the secrets of the future.

Has not Captain Hatteras had hundreds of emulators? None of them, of course, has as yet reached the supreme object of his desires—the tangible pole; but, following his footsteps in the line of his direction of the magnetic needle, have they not all more or less approached it? Does not the story of the voyage of the Belgien through the ice of the antarctic circle resemble a page torn out of the "Sphinx des Glaces"? Did not Frithjof Karlsen, in the course of his northern odyssey, have to make a voyage just like that of the hero of the "Pays des Fourures," on board a floating iceberg?

And has not the most unpretentious hospital or the humblest laboratory, thanks to Paul Bert, the means at its disposal to invest with reality the paradoxical chimera of Doctor Ox, not to mention the oxygen that is sold in siphons and tubes, while we are waiting for the liquefaction of the permanent gases to give us the sea air or the mountain air at home within the reach of everybody?

UNDER THE SEA.

Shall we speak of the "Vingt Mille Lieues Sous les Mers"? Why, everybody knows that, if the idea is not yet public property, the ministry of the navy, at least, has realized it. That ministry now runs about under water in the forms and appearances of I know not how many submarine torpedo boats, always ready to burst the paunch of the warships that come within their reach. It was some time ago, by the way, since the writer of these lines earned the right to affirm from personal experience that one can, with impunity, breathe live white dispatches and even drink champagne, thirty meters under the sea.

And even before the late Gustave Roussau, M. Moissin, M. Majorana, and perhaps others, had learned to make a reality, like the chemist of the "Etoile du Sud," of the synthesis of the diamond, rubies and sapphires, made artificially, were, under the hand of my friend, Maiche, common objects in the market.

The modern cannon, with a range of from fifteen to twenty kilometers, the melenite shells, the naval torpedoes, etc., are, I imagine, the equivalents of the fanciful cannonades of the "Cinq Cents Millions de la Begum." The "City of Steel," be it said in passing, resembles so strikingly as to be almost confounded with it the industrial establishment governed by Andrew Carnegie, Pierpont Morgan & Co. Even the legendary asphyxiating bomb, capable of dealing death without pain and at long range, is scarcely different from

AIR TRAVEL

We have also "Cinq Semaines en Ballon." Everybody knows that marvelous tale, the best, perhaps, of the ninety-nine which up to date have come from the fruitful pen of Jules Verne. Two epic Englishmen, accompanied by a servant of the same name, attempted to go across Africa in a balloon. To be sure, they did not find the secret of steering balloons, but they put their faith in their star and in the atmospheric currents. Convinced that they had only to seek in the vertical plane the one among the many super-seated and contradictory aerial currents which would lead them in the right direction, they constructed an aerostat, and off they went. Starting from Zanzibar, they soared after many dramatic twists and turns above the country of Kilimanjaro, above Lake Tchad and the Kong Mountains, and at last reached some point in French Senegambia.

The whole story bears a singular resemblance to a piece of literary insanity, and the few pontiffs who deigned to cast their eyes over the book hastened to conclude with a disdainful sneer that such things happen only in romances. Well, I beg a thousand pardons of the pontiffs, but besides M. Henry de la Vaulx, who is getting ready to set out for the Mediterranean, I know three good Frenchmen—three distinguished officers, MM. Hourst, Leo Dex and Dibos, who are ready to attempt the aerial trip across the dark continent on an absolutely similar plan, with the exception of a few minor details. It even seems to me that the municipal council of Paris has subsidized the enterprise. At any rate, if it has refused to do so, it has done wrong.

TO THE EARTH'S CENTER.

There is not one of Jules Verne's works, even the "Voyage au Centre de la Terre"—the most extraordinary of them all—which has not been taken up and seriously discussed. We are even on the point of seeing that one realized in the form of a well-kilometer and a half deep, at the late expedition, under the auspices of an emulator of Jules Verne, M. Andre Laurie, alias Pasteur (Crousset). The latter, moreover, had only appropriated and reduced the grand conception of an Argentine doctor, M. J. J. Martinez, who dreamed of nothing less than piercing the world through and through.

And, finally, Jules Verne, with his amusing and suggestive fictions, has more than once inspired science and industry. More than once has he engendered miracles by imagining them in advance. But that is not the greatest of the services which he has rendered. The immortal merit of his work consists in his having created a new state of mind by enlarging the horizon of a too much stay-at-home race, and impregnating vocations ignorant of their own capabilities with energies which, had it not been for him, would have remained latent or sterile. It is not to him that the new generations owe, in a large measure, the movement of expansion which draws them on to fruitful crusades for the pacific conquest of the world, and all for the great benefit of civilization.

It would be difficult to estimate the results which the works of Jules Verne have achieved in the illumination of minds and the stimulation of energies.

JUST LIKE MOLASSES CANDY.

He was a bashful, timid man, And had a broadish nose, Whence'er to Sylvia he began His passion to declare.

But she knew what she was about, And helped the youth to win; With easy grace she drew him out, And then she pulled him in!

—Nathan M. Levy, in Smart Set.

The Unasked Gift.

IT was just like Christmas in any large city; snow everywhere and the air penetrating with cold. A young man mounted the steps of a fine private residence. That his coming was expected and appreciated was plainly evident by the tell-tale blushes of the young lady who admitted him. He had a special reason for wishing to spend this evening alone with her, for was he not to ask for the greatest Christmas gift of his life?

During the early part of the evening their attention was attracted by something from outside which hit the window, and the dark shadow of fluttering wings was outlined on the curtain. Instantly the young man raised the window, but it was the girl who stooped and took up the little bird lying on the sill. Blinded by the light the bird had flown against the window with such force that it fell stunned and dying.

It was only a little sparrow, yet she appeared very beautiful to him with sympathetic tears glistening in her eyes as she caressed its brown feathered coat. From without the Christmas chimneys were heard telling of the new born king that brought the message of peace so long ago. Gazing fondly at the young girl now before him the young man felt this influence steal upon him.

"Surely," thought he, "I have chosen wisely." His mind reverted for an instant to the sparkling gem he had brought in anticipation of acceptance. With this thought he captured one of her hands but she did not raise her eyes.

At this moment a harsh, jangling sound came from the street in front of the door. It proceeded from some broken music-box and every tone seemed accented with pain. The awful discord even drowned the notes of the sweet toned bells, and likewise disturbed the young man, listening. The sentence on his lips was left unuttered, he dropped his hand and turned away. His first impulse was to toss the man a coin, and have him go, but a second impulse seized him, and he stopped, he knew not why, and waited for the girl to act.

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For Mother—	For Father—	For the Boy—	For the Girl—
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the nitrate of amyl projectiles proposed, with neither laughter nor tears. By the electrician, Edward Weston.

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