

THE HOUSEHOLD.

ON THE CARE OF KITCHEN UTENSILS.

BY ROLLAND GILLETTE.

All iron, granite ware, copper or brass utensils clean readily if water is put into them as soon as they are emptied after being used, that is, unless fruit has been burned on the bottoms of them. It is well if this catastrophe never happens, for not only is the fruit and sugar and labor lost, but the preserving kettle is apt to be ruined also. It can be scoured, of course, but the traces of the burn are apt to remain. And in the case of granite or porcelain ware, the glaze becomes cracked and the kettle is soon worthless. Sea sand, some soap or sapollo will usually take any slight burn from pots and kettle bottoms. New iron ware should be filled with hay and water, and this boiled for some hours. A little soda and water should often be used to scald out all utensils used in cooking about the stove. It keeps them sweet and clean and removes all bad odors. The outside of pots and kettles and frying pans need to be kept as clean as inside, and this can be done only by washing both as often as necessary.

In filling lamps and kerosene stoves a steady hand and clear eye are needful, else the oil gets spilled, causing a world of trouble for the time being. If it does overflow, however, nothing short of a vigorous scouring with soap, sand and scrubbing brush, will remove the spots.

Iron sinks are preferable to wooden ones, as they cannot absorb anything which may be drawn into them. By flushing the drain pipes daily with ammonia and water, or with copperas water, or even with soda dissolved in scalding water, they can be kept perfectly sweet. A rubber scraper and a little broom brush to clean the sink with are great conveniences, but they in turn need to be washed clean.

Soft soap and good sea sand, together with lye made from wood ashes, and vigorous applications with the scrubbing brush are, in my way of thinking, the best implements with which to scour the floor and tables, and the woodwork of the room if it is unpainted. All paint requires a little more careful handling, and can be wiped down with woolen cloths wrung out of water in which a little soap or lye has been dissolved.

A small kitchen grindstone is quite essential for use in keeping an edge on knives. The knives can be kept from rusting by oiling them when not in use. Rust can be removed by first oiling them, and after a few hours briskly rubbing the spot with powdered emery. Knives are cleaned by rubbing in bath-brick, sapollo, whites of ashes or emery, powdered charcoal, or any substance which scours slightly but does not scratch the surface to injure the steel. In washing knives the blades should be put into a jug or pitcher, and scalding water poured about them without touching the handles. If the handles are constantly wetted they soon loosen and crack off. If they have loosened they can be cemented with rosin cement, and so made firm again. A piece of zinc firmly nailed to a board kept near the stove is very useful to set pots upon or the tea kettle.

Old, loose crash towels, folded into several thicknesses, are very good holders to use in baking. A dozen of them are none too many for constant use. They need washing as do the dish cloths and dish towels regularly and often.

Bottles and glassware can be cleaned with ammonia and water.

Tinware is best washed in soda and water. It can be scoured with care, yet if kept clean from day to day it seldom need come to scouring, which process wears it out quickly. The peppers, salts, vinegar cruet, and other bottles of supplies and condiments in constant use need regular replenishing, and the article containing each wiped off or washed.

Strong lye will clean almost any greasy crock or pan or other utensil. A demijohn of it kept under the sink is very handy. But as wood ashes are not obtainable in many localities, ammonia is very generally used in place of it. And this combined with various scouring soaps and some soda answers most purposes very well. A very good soap is made by melting all the bits

of soap left from the laundry in twice the amount of water and thickening it with fine sand. When cool the cake will prove a good scouring article.

REPORT FROM THE HOUSEKEEPER CLUB.

Our fourth meeting was held under very discouraging circumstances. It rained. Not a good energetic shower, but a dismal, half-hearted drizzle, that left us undecided whether to go out or not. I set out for the place of meeting that day, hardly expecting to see another one there. Yet seven others had braved the dripping sky and steaming earth to "bear one another's burdens."

The first topic was, "What may we leave undone?"

As the lady to whom this topic was assigned rose to her feet, the president said, "Please keep your seat, Mrs. M.—. You can talk and we can listen just as well."

Mrs. M.—: "Thank you. The ladies may regret that, for I shall probably talk longer than I would standing. As to the subject, I find, in my fifteen years' experience in housework, that much may be left undone, which I once believed absolutely necessary. When I was first married, like most young women, I wished to please my husband and gain a reputation as a model housekeeper. We were poor and I determined to economize and help him. I asked for no conveniences or helps about my work. Our floors were bare and unpainted, but I kept them spotlessly white, and you all know what it means to do that. I was not satisfied with what I could do with a mop. I used to get down on my hands and knees and scrub with a cloth. Then my stove must be blacked every day, and all the rest of my work must be done in the same dainty but health-breaking manner. Then, after I had done all this hard, useless labor, I would go out and help my husband. I would go after the cows and milk them, when my feet and back rebelled at every step. He did not ask or expect me to—that is, not at first—but I wanted to help him and would say, "I can do it just as well as not." Who could blame him, then, if he took me at my own estimate of myself, and began to expect it of me? He praised me and I was satisfied. He thought it did me good to be out of doors and so it would, if I had not been tired out when I started. He praised my white floors, not knowing that one dollar's worth of paint would have saved me hours of pain every week, and I was too anxious to save money to ask for it. So it went on, until at the end of a year, I paid for my ambition with the life of my first baby. It was a bitter lesson, which I have never forgotten. Now, that I have four children to care for, I do not use as much strength in doing my work as I did then. I have learned to economize both my time and strength."

I never scrub a floor now. The uncarpeted ones are painted. Scrubbing a floor is one thing which we not only may, but ought to leave undone. I think it is positively wicked for a woman to take the strength which her family needs, and lay it out on a floor to be trampled upon.

So, too, the cooking stove may be left unblackened and the family be as well cared for. Black it once a month, if you will, and keep a clean handled brush with which to rub it over every day: do no hard scrubbing, and see if it won't fully satisfy your sense of neatness.

We may sweep less. When sowing, keep the scraps off the floor. Keep a small broom and dust-pan in nearly every room, and when any dirt is noticed, carefully take it up and the room may go a week perhaps without a thorough sweeping.

We may not wash much less, but we iron less. I believe that half the clothes in every washing may be left unironed and everyone concerned be just as well off.

Then, we may leave undone a great deal of the extra cooking which we do for company. We may leave undone nearly all of the "extras" in fact.

Last, but not least, we may leave undone—all our fretting!

Mrs. F.—: "There is one thing to which I would like to call the attention of the club, that may be well included in the list of things to be left undone. As a club we have keenly felt lately the power of gossip to cause mischief. Let us learn a lesson from it, and as a society, pledge ourselves

to leave 'undone' all gossiping or evil speaking. If we receive a bad impression of anything or anybody, let us keep it to ourselves. We have no right to use our impressions to do anyone harm. We may and ought to use them as warnings and safeguards, but for no other purpose. What I mean is, if we believe a person to be bad, we ought to keep ourselves and our friends out of the power of his influence, if possible; but we can do that without repeating to everybody all that we have ever heard against him. The same may regard to all societies, whether church, temperance, social, or whatever they may be; let us not condemn them, at least, until we are sure they are doing more harm than good. I would ask now, can we not pledge ourselves to use our influence against all gossiping and evil speaking?"

Mrs. K.—: "Amen!"

Mrs. B.—: "I agree with that; but let me suggest right here that we open the door of our society and invite in our husbands. If we could induce them to subscribe to that with us, we should be taking a long step toward the millennium."

Pres.: "Our day began in clouds and ended in sunshine, and I trust is typical of our work. We are under a cloud now; but if we persevere, the sunshine of justice will dispell it and reveal our good intentions. We will take up no other topic to-day, but adjourn with this good resolution fresh and firm in our minds. We will neither countenance nor indulge in evil speaking."—*Housekeeper.*

THE JOLLY HOUR.

The hour for recreation must come to lively, active lads. So the question arises, what shall we do for our boys, to give them innocent pleasures which they will really enjoy in the little time that is left, after lessons are prepared, before bed-time? Ought we not to give them at least one jolly hour, and send them off to rest feeling that life is not all grind? It is a serious question with us mothers, whose social duties are growing more complicated every year, to know what to leave undone. But there is one fact which we must face. If we have engagements every night in the week, our boys will grow lonely, restless, and dissatisfied. It is time they saw a little of the world, too, they think. If we go, be sure they will go too—but where? We have sacrificed for them in the past, if we have been true mothers. Can we not do so a little longer? If our babies one has croup we think it no trial to defer any pleasure for its comfort. If our big boys have a longing for a "good time" like the other fellows, (imaginary ones of course), is it not just as necessary that we should minister to their necessities?

Everyone likes a sense of ownership; no one more than your Jack or Harry. Give him his own room, if possible. Perhaps he is a quiet fellow; then let him lock himself in if he pleases, and has a Robinson Crusoe feeling of being, "Monarch of all I survey." If he pants and yearns for excitement and society, let him open wide his door. Make his room the centre of attraction. Give him the open fire, if there be but one. A bright light and a cheerful fire give grown people often the feeling of a "good time" unconsciously, why not a boy, who may feel it in his soul, and not know why? While he is finishing his last Latin verb in the study, creep up to his room. Light up as for a jubilee! Stir the bright coal fire till the blaze gives forth a glorious welcome.

Draw up the red covered table, and have your "surprise dish" ready. It may be a very simple one; anything will be "just dandy." Apples, pop-corn,—something for the fellows to nibble, while they crack their little jokes over the fire,—with their other chestnuts!

Perhaps you have met some of his friends down street and asked them in for the Jolly Hour—and if one should be a musical lad, and at your request has brought his violin, be sure your success will usually be triumphant. Have music, that divinest of all hand maids, as your assistant, and you cannot fail of winning your boy. "Society" is there. He need not go farther to seek it. No place is so charming as a musical home.

But, then, there are varieties of boys, just as there are varieties of plants. As you cannot make a lily into a rose, or an

artist into a musician, so you cannot make all fellows musical. They have not yet developed a taste for the aesthetic, perhaps. Well, do not despair. See how he grows! Some day he will surprise you by being a lovable, appreciative man. You have worked for it, you deserve it, and you will have your reward.

Meanwhile, try another "tack," as the skipper says. Bring out your games,—anagrams and authors, and checkers, and backgammon, and bean-bags. Send him off to bed when the Jolly Hour is over, with rosy cheeks and a happy heart. Let him feel that his is the very best little mother, and his home the very jolliest any fellow ever had. Then, in the future, unto you will be the victory.—*Intelligencer.*

MUFFINS.

(From Good Housekeeping.)

GRAHAM MUFFINS.—Take for a dozen muffins half a pint of graham, a scant half pint of sifted flour, half a pint of milk, one teaspoonful and a half of baking-powder, half a teaspoonful of salt, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, and one egg. Sift the graham into a bowl, and then turn in the bran that is left in the sieve. Now put the flour and other dry ingredients into the sieve. Mix well, and rub through the sieve, letting the mixture fall on the graham in the bowl. Mix all these materials thoroughly. Beat the egg till it is light, and add the milk to it. Pour this mixture on the dry ingredients. Beat quickly, and pour into buttered muffin pans. Bake for half an hour in a moderately hot oven.

WHITE CORN MEAL MUFFINS.—You will need for a dozen muffins half a pint of flour, half a pint of white corn meal, a generous half pint of milk, one egg, half a teaspoonful of salt, a teaspoonful and a half of baking-powder, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, two tablespoonfuls of butter, melted, and four tablespoonfuls of boiling water. Put the butter in a hot cup and pour the boiling water over it. Set on the back part of the stove. Mix all the dry ingredients and rub through a sieve and into a bowl. Beat the egg till light, and add the milk to it. Stir this mixture into the dry ingredients. Add the melted butter and water. Pour into buttered muffin pans and bake for half an hour in a moderate oven.

STAINS ON CUPS AND SAUCERS may be removed by rubbing with ashes.

CLEAN BEETS nicely, but do not pare them, leaving on a short piece of the stalk to retain the coloring and sweet juices of the vegetable. Young beets will cook tender in an hour; old beets require several hours' boiling. When done, skin quickly while hot, slice into your vegetable dish, put on salt, pepper and a little butter, and they are then ready for the table.

PUZZLES.—NO. 3.

SIEGE OF BELGRADE.

A FAMOUS ACROSTIC.

An Austrian army, awfully arrayed,
Boldly by battery besieged Belgrade.
Cossack commanders, cannonading come.
Dealing destruction's devastating doom.
Every endeavor engineers essay
For fame, for fortune, fighting—furious fray!
Generals' gainst generals grapple—gracious good!
How honors Heaven heroic hardihood!
Infuriate, indiscriminate in ill;
Kindred kill kinsmen, kinsmen kindred kill.
Labor low levels longest, loftiest lines;
Men march 'mid mounds, 'mid moles, 'mid murderous mines;
Now noxious, noisy numbers, noting naught
Of outward obstacles, opposing ought;
Poor patriots partly purchased, partly pressed,
Quite quaking, quickly, "quarter! quarter!"
quest,
Reason returns, religious right redounds,
Swarrow stops such sanguinary sounds,
Truce to thee, Turkey! Triumph to thy train,
Unwise, unjust, unmerciful Ukraine!
Vanish, vain victory! vanish, victory vain!
Why wish we warfare? Wherefore welcome were
Xerxes, Ximenes, Xanthus, Xavier?
Yield, yield, ye youths! Ye yeomen yield your yell!
Zeus's, Zaleucus's, Zoroaster's zeal,
Attracting all arms against acts, appeal!

ANON.

ENIGMA.

My first is in mud but not in dust,
My second is in may but not in must,
My third is in dull but not in fine,
My fourth is in ale, but not in wine,
My fifth is in cage but not in den,
My sixth is in lake but not in fen,
My seventh is in stick but not in cane,
My eighth is in place but not in lane,
My ninth is in mate but not in friend,
My tenth is in borrow but not in lend.
My whole is the name of a large island.

PERCY PRIOR.

SQUARE WORD.

1. Glory.
2. Superficies.
3. What a cat does.
4. A point of the compass.

R. VIRTUE.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES.—NUMBER 2.

HIDDEN MOUNTAINS, ANCIENT CITIES AND RIVERS.—1. Etna, mountain in Sicily. 2. Athes, promontory Macedonia. 3. Atlas mountains, Africa. 4. Peking, capital of China. 5. Athens, capital of Greece. 6. Meander, river in Asiatic Turkey. 7. Taurus mountains in Asia. 8. Vale of Tempe, Greece. 9. Alba, ancient city in Italy. 10. Balkan mountains in Turkey. 11. Tiber river in Italy. 12. Grampian hills in Scotland. 13. Parana river, South America. 14. Rome, Italy, Chicago. Mrs. J. A.

ENIGMA.—William Cullen Bryant.

SQUARE WORD.—

B E A T
E L B A
A B E L
T A L L