

Household Suggestions.

Too Many "Dainty Dishes."

We don't get anything to eat at our house any more—There's never any common dish comes through our door. For ma and all the girls is workin' like they was machines—A makin' "Dainty Dishes" from the fashion magazines.

They give us dabs o' this and that, with names we can't pronounce. With spriggs o' stuff around them all, just like a little founce. A stalk or two o' spinach takes the place o' "mess o' greens"—We're eatin' "Dainty Dishes" from the fashion magazines.

The groc'ry bill's a-hummin' now—I tell you it's a sin; We got to buy the dainty stuff an' things to cook it in. I'm blamed if I'll call bean soup any "con-summy de beans!" But it's in the "Dainty Dishes" in the fashion magazines.

I want a steak—I want it quick—I'm hungry as a horse—I want it with thick gravy—no new-fangled kind o' sauce; An' listen kerful an' you'll know jest what the ol' man means—I want no "Dainty Dishes" from the fashion magazines.

A First-Class Christmas Cake.

Revelstoke, B. C.
Sept. 20th, 1909.

Dear Mr. Editor:—A short time ago I received a most kind acknowledgement of a few lines I sent your magazine, and the permission to "come again" with any suggestion or contribution I could offer, an invitation I am now availing myself of. About five years ago there appeared a receipt for a Christmas Cake in the W.H.M., which I cut out, and tried. It was a tested recipe from some old housekeeper who had used it for years, and now I want you to reprint it if it will not be asking too much. It really is all it claimed to be, and more, for I have made about twenty-five cakes with it in all. When I had made it, I was surprised at the splendid success I had with it.

This is the recipe, copied from your paper: "One pound each of raisins, currants, figs, dates, candied peel and butter. One and one half pounds granulated sugar, one large coffee cup of black molasses, 12 eggs, one cup sweet milk, one tablespoonful baking soda, one teaspoonful each of ground cloves, allspice, ginger, cinnamon, nutmeg and coriander seed. If possible the juice and rind of a fresh orange or lemon, (or both), and eight tablespoons full of jam. As much flour as will render the mass as stiff as it can be stirred with a wooden stick.

Cream the butter and sugar together, stone the dates, removing the inner white skin and cut them small. Cut up the figs and put them on to simmer in the molasses. Separate the eggs and beat the whites as stiff as possible and beat the yolks light. It is best to assemble all the things in a large stone crock. Put the butter and sugar in first, then the currants, raisins and dates, all of which should have been dusted well with flour, the candied peel comes next and should be cut very thin, and should be equal parts lemon, orange and citron, next the spice, then the yolks of the eggs and the milk, next the figs, into which should be stirred the tablespoonful of soda which will make them boil in a rich brown froth; then two or three cups of flour, then the jam, then the whites of the eggs, and lastly as much more flour as will make it as stiff as you can stir it.

There is an old tradition, the Christmas Cake to be good must be stirred by every member of the family. That is only another way of saying, it cannot be stirred too much.

This amount will make two very large cakes, which will require about four hours each to bake. The oven should be steady and the cake carefully watched.

Have always baked mine in a gas oven, so with coal or wood the time may be longer or shorter. It is always well to test the cake with a straw from a whisk-broom, if that pulls out clean the cake is done no matter how long or short the time of baking. A word as to jam. The object is to keep the cake moist and improve the flavor, any kind of jam will do, but a variety is better, and if you have a jar in which odds and ends of jams and preserved fruit are put for the purpose of roll pudding, that will be the very thing.

The simmering of the figs in the molasses and the dates are innovations in the ordinary Christmas Cake, but I venture to assert that any woman who tries this cake, will make it again and again.

If at any time you cannot get figs, and can get dried fruit or evaporated apples, soak them in water first and then cook them in the molasses. They will not be so nice as the figs but are a good substitute.

Such is the recipe word for word, and I think that many will be interested in it if you can find room to print it.

Your well wisher and friend.
Mrs. R. J. Crawford.

The Lindfields' Christmas Dinner

MRS. LINFIELD was a most devoted little wife, and one of those theoretical housekeepers besides. She had been studying for the part she was expected to play as Linfield's wife by reading all the "Hints to Housekeepers" that she could find in the various "woman's pages" of the newspapers, and she was particularly impressed with the idea that there must be no waste. Scraps, of course, could be made over into puddings, croquettes and such things, but every one insisted that the really successful housekeeper was the one who so planned that practically nothing was left.

"I realize," she said to Lucius, "that I must be very careful, for a careless or thoughtless housewife just simply throws money away, and we're not millionaires, dear, are we? I'll show you how well I can manage."

Lucius, of course, told her that she was the dearest little woman and the best manager, and then he—

But never mind that. It so happened that he wasn't very hungry one day, and a good deal was left when dinner was finished. Thereupon Mrs. Linfield was greatly distressed.

"Oh, dear," she cried, "how did I happen to make such a mistake?" "But you didn't, little wife," he answered. "It's all my fault. I wasn't very hungry to-day, you know."

"It's just lovely of you to say that," she said, smiling gratefully at him. "You're so good and generous that you want to take the blame for everything, but I know it's my wretched management. It just shows my awful extravagance."

Now a man who is very much in love with an impractical wife with a theoretical knowledge of housekeeping has only one thing to do in such circumstances—he must make things come out even. That is what Lucius undertook to do. He ate all there was and straightway provided more.

"Poor boy," she said to herself, "just look how he cleans the table! I'm starving him; that's what I'm doing!" And a few days later she sighed and soliloquized: "I knew some men had big appetites but I never knew anything to equal this. And he never used to eat so much. I remember when he dined with us at mother's—Here a horrible thought flashed into her mind. Love destroys the appetite. He was in love then, while now it was evident—Oh, she couldn't bear to think of it. The reasoning was infallible, but the conclusion was heartbreaking."

He found her in tears when he came home that evening, and he had to declare that he loved her no less than eighteen times before she even smiled at him. Of course after that he could not hurt her feelings by giving her any chance to reproach herself with mismanagement.

So he ate and ate, and with what he had eaten before, every mouthful gave him a physical pang. While it gave him an emotional shock.

"No more in love," she wailed when she was alone, "could eat like that. I have lost his heart. But I must be brave," she added with sudden determination. "We are bound together for life, and I have a duty to perform. Although every mouthful he takes tears at my heart strings, yet I must give him all that he craves."

Then she wept a little. Shortly after came Christmas. Mrs. Linfield determined that she would prepare a dinner for her husband that would be a dinner. And it was a dinner; it would have worried a starving tramp. True, she told herself it was like driving nails in the coffin of her happy love-dreams, and now and then a dish was flavored with a stray tear, but she was determined to suffer in silence. The world—and he most of all—should not see how her heart was wrenched and her life was wrecked.

The Christmas dinner was a veritable masterpiece of self-sacrificing devotion and of untold variety. Lucius was in despair.

"Don't you think, little wife," he gently suggested, as he anxiously saw the endless procession of dishes coming on the table, "that you are providing a little more than is necessary for two?"

"He wants to hide the truth from me," she thought, "but I will not let him deny himself. It is enough that one should suffer."

So she insisted that she had planned it very carefully, and he went to work at it. "Rather than hurt her feelings," he told himself, "I would eat the tablecloth."

Now there was heroism for you—the heroism that true love inspires. He ate that dinner without flinching every scrap of it, and when he was through he went into the little parlor and lay down on the lounge. She watched him and sighed.

"He used to be so lively and jolly after dinner," she said. "Now all he wants is to be left alone. Oh, what has become of my romance! Why, I shouldn't be surprised if he actually went to sleep—and on Christmas Day, too! Perhaps he'll snore!"

And that is just what he did. Not only did he snore, but he kicked and strangled and dreamed and cried out in his sleep as well. He had dreams—horrible dreams—regular brain-splitting, mince-pie dreams—and when he woke up a worried wife and the doctor from the next flat were leaning over him.

"For Heaven's sake, Doctor," he whispered as soon as he had a chance, "tell her she must diet me if she would save my life! If you have any pity for a suffering human being tell her she must diet me."



WISHING YOU

A VERY HAPPY

CHRISTMAS

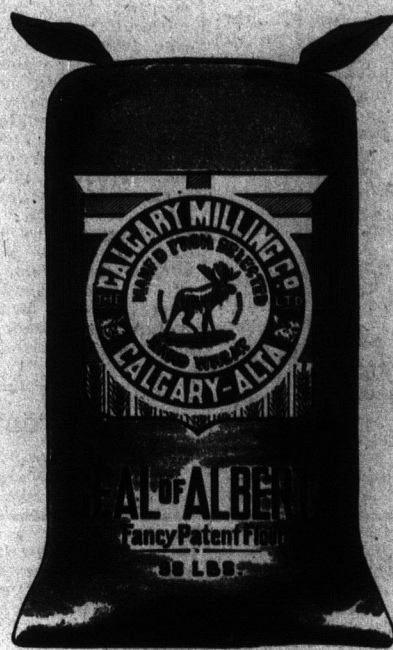
AND

BRIGHT AND PROSPEROUS

NEW YEAR

PERFECT
PLUM
PUDDINGS

ARE
ASSURED
BY THE



USE OF

SEAL OF ALBERTA

"The Faultless Flour"

