

## HOUSEHOLD.

## Open Questions.

(Mrs. Helen Campbell, in 'Union Signal'.)

It was the programme committee of a prosperous woman's club in a western town, and the usual discussion as to the year's work had gone on amicably, the chairman being one whose unvarying tact and kindness warded off any unpleasant side issues. But as the list of subjects lengthened a little anxiety was on her pleasant face.

'I want,' she said, as a pause came, 'that this year should have some little place for consideration of the financial education of girls.'

'But aren't they getting it?' replied the busiest member, pencil in hand, and a surprised look at the chairman. 'With women working at every sort of thing I supposed they all knew everything they had to know about managing money.'

'Working women, yes; but only on one side. How many girls do you know among the daughters of our club women, for instance, who have a fixed allowance and are responsible for their own lives? I will tell you how it has come to be a real question with me,' she went on. 'Two years ago I was in a town in the interior of New York State; an old town, most beautiful in itself and its surroundings, where there had always been a good deal of money. Two men in the town were its bankers and practically had control of the business affairs of every citizen in it. One day these men disappeared, and the money of the whole town went with them. The whole community was suddenly bankrupt.'

Now comes in the feature of the case that was to me the most astonishing, and yet it was a story one could tell anywhere. These investors were in large proportion women, from rich or comfortably off widows, or young heiresses, down through all orders; poorer women, shop girls, domestic servants, every one of whom had given up that money with never a thought that supervision might be in order, and not one of whom, so far as I know, knew what were the legal means of redress for the wrongs suffered. Two of these women had signed away their entire fortunes without reading the paper to which they gave their signature, and as one told me weeping said, "How could I tell? I don't understand anything about business." Every one of you here knows that this could never be true of her, just as I do for myself, thanks to a rational husband who has taught me. But my mother was as helplessly ignorant as a common-sense woman could be, and even now my husband will not take women clients if he can help it. He speaks from the standpoint of the busy lawyer, and he says that most women torment a lawyer nearly to distraction; are impatient of every delay and think, if you win a case of \$5,000, say, that you have perhaps kept back fifty cents of it.

Now, women are neither more foolish nor more extravagant than men. They are simply not trained. A boy who begins life either has a salary, or, if in college and not a wage earner, a regular allowance, which must cover all his living expenses. It doesn't take him long to find out that a dollar stands for a good deal more than its face value of a hundred cents, each one of them meaning either labor that earns it, self-denial that enables him to save it, or a kind of management that makes it cover the long list of necessary things. So he learns foresight, prudence and accuracy, the proper equilibrium of income and outgo, and faces life with some sense of the situation. How many girls are prepared in the same way? They have no regular amount for personal expenses and no real sense of what things cost. It takes intellect, will-power, and the acquired habit of handling wisely, to keep expenses within a fixed limit, yet no chance is given the majority of girls until marriage and their first wrestle with affairs. Yet this majority would be very good managers, and of a far higher mental order if just such a training had been given. It is in part a stupid selfishness, a quite uncon-

scious form of that vice, that parents try to spare their daughters all care or responsibility. I want a financial section, or at least a little course of talks in this direction, and I have a candidate for the work.'

'Yourself, I hope. You have a very distinct notion of what we need,' said one of the committee.

'Much better than anything I could do. One of these very women in the New York town, taught by disaster, proceeded to study law, and is giving short legal courses in a good many clubs to the immense enlightenment of the women. But I want more than that. Every high school in the land ought to have for its graduates a legal course, no matter how short and simple. There could be a primer of things that are part of the necessary business every girl faces sooner or later. But that can't come till women have a hand in the voting and bar out politicians from the school boards.'

'Or till they learn to train boys into the right order of politicians,' came from two of the committee at once, and the chairman laughed as she said:

'I second the amendment.'

## From Different View Points.

'Nothing less than urgent business would tempt me to make a morning call here,' said I, as we halted before an attractive house that July day, as Mrs. Blank is kind to all but herself, and consequently is always over-worked.'

Just here the door was opened by a young lady, wearing a pale blue dainty, who received us graciously, but when her mother was asked for, she said to my friend whom she met for the first time:

'We will visit here while Mrs. L. interviews mamma,' adding, with a careless laugh, as she turned toward me, 'You know where to find her, for you know her fondness for the kitchen, even on a hot morning like this.'

Yes, I did know where to look for the mother who never appeared rested, and an instant later I was greeted by:

'Mabel should not have sent you to this hot place. Had she told me who our caller was I would gladly have taken a much-needed rest after finishing this skirt.'

But when I told her that a stranger in our city accompanied me she made haste to say:

'I am so glad you came to me then, for I am too heated and weary to meet any but intimate friends; and now that you are here I will keep right on with my work.' Saying which, she proceeded to iron the much ruffled skirt, adding: 'I should not have undertaken so much this hot day, but Mabel has invited a school friend to spend a few weeks with her, and that will mean so much extra work that I am doing all I can in advance.'

As I proceeded to make my errand known, I took in the situation, and had I voiced my thoughts, I should have said: 'You are not doing your duty by yourself. Your robust daughter is far better able to iron her elaborate clothes than you are;' but perhaps she read what was unvoiced, for as she shook out the mate to the dainty I had seen a few moments before, she sighed, as if she realized that she was unequal to what she had undertaken, and then said:

'You don't know how a mother feels. Time will bring my child trouble enough, so I want her home life as happy and care-free as possible.'

'What a charming young lady!' exclaimed my friend, a moment later, as the daughter bowed us graciously out, 'I don't know when I have seen a sweeter face. Besides, her hands and arms would make an artist rave.'

But I was not in a mood to hear the girl who thought only of her beauty, and how to preserve and enhance it, thus praised; so I only made some evasive comment, which provoked my companion into saying:

'I supposed you had an eye for the beautiful, and yet you seem blind in this instance.'

'It is because I regard her from a different viewpoint,' was my hesitating rejoinder. 'True, Mabel has a beautiful face, but when I contrast it with that of her care-worn mother, it suffers in consequence.'

And then I pictured the mother bending over her daughter's finery, into which she had previously stitched hours of much-needed rest, and added:

'Mabel's hands may look faultless to a stranger, but when I think that they are kept soft and white at the expense of mother's toil-worn hands, I fail to see their beauty.'

But is the mother not the 'one at fault?' was the natural query.

'I admit that she is, like many another, she is blinded to the great mistake she is making that her child will be stronger to face life's battles if she be shielded from all care while in the home-nest. But the daughter is woefully blind, too, else she would see that her mother is prematurely aging in order that she may lead a butterfly life. Mabel looked beautiful from one viewpoint, as we found her, but she would have looked far more attractive to me had she worn a plain print, instead of that lace-trimmed dress, and been willing to give her poor mother a breathing spell. But in spite of all that has been written and said upon the subject, unselfish mothers are raising selfish daughters, just as they did in the long ago.'

Here my companion laughingly said:

'Your last remark reminds me how, during the Civil War, as I was passing the home of another spoiled beauty, I heard a piano and "Who'll Care for Mother Now," and as the words of the then much-sung song feelingly fell from unseen lips, my maiden aunt, who walked beside me, said, in a way peculiar to herself, "I think she'd better stop singing and go out on to that back stoop and show care for her own mother by finishing that washing."'

'Yes, it has ever been thus,' was my laughing rejoinder, 'and so long as time lasts, doubtless, some daughters will sing while love-binded mothers drudge. But, be that as it may, do not expect me to count as beautiful, hands which are kept so because of neglect of duty.'—'American Mother.'

## Selected Recipes.

**Pillau of Rice and Peppers.**—Cut green peppers in half lengthwise, removing the seeds. Throw the peppers into boiling water and leave them there for five minutes. Take them out and drain. Have ready to fill them boiled rice, which has had stirred into each cupful of it a tablespoonful of melted butter and two tablespoonfuls of grated cheese, with salt to taste. Fill each pepper shell with this, mounding it up on top. Place the peppers thus filled in a pan. This can be done on Saturday. Late Sunday afternoon set the pan, covered, in a hot oven for ten minutes, uncover, and brown lightly. This makes a delicious accompaniment to cold meat.

**A Spanish Dish.**—Boil  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. of rice the usual way. When done, drain thoroughly, then put into a clean frying pan with 1 oz. of butter. Fry and stir until lightly browned. Add  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. of tomatoes, a tablespoonful of grated cheese, and a little pepper and salt to the rice; mix, then fry ten minutes. Have ready a dry haddock boiled; remove the skin and bone; pile the rice on a dish, and arrange the pieces of haddock round it.

**Simple Cheese Ponde.**—One cup of soft white bread crumbs, one cup of grated cheese, two eggs, beaten together, a cup of milk, a tablespoonful of butter, a pinch of salt, a pinch of cayenne, a pinch of soda. Melt the butter, add the milk, soda, bread crumbs and last the cheese. Season and cook five minutes, or until smooth; then put in the eggs, stir three minutes and serve on buttered toast.

**Rice Crusts.**—Mix a cup of boiled rice with a beaten egg and salt to taste; beat well and add a teaspoonful of flour. Butter some tin patty pans and press the mixture in as though it were pie crust; bake these till a light brown and take from the pans; fill them with any bits of creamed fish, or hard-boiled eggs chopped and mixed with cream sauce, or bits of meat hashed in gravy, or any sort of creamed vegetables, or fill with scrambled eggs, or use them as you would crust shells for dessert and fill with jam or cooked fruit, with or without whipped cream on top.