

SCHOOL for HOUSEWIVES

OUR SUMMER GIRL



The Summer Girl as Sweet and Winsome as is the Winter Girl

"DEAR MARION HARLAND: I know that you are fond of young people, so I write to ask you what you think of the young girl of today as she appears at summer resorts. I am a staid matron, but I was once young. Yet it fairly makes my hair rise to note our American girl and her behavior at the various places where I meet her. I am just now, at the seashore, and I have many unpleasant opportunities to study the subject of which I write.

A pretty girl, belonging to a good family, and—if one may judge from her clothes—with plenty of money, is here in the same hotel at which I am stopping. One could not be oblivious to the fact that she is here, no matter how much one wanted to ignore it. She talks at the top of her lungs, hails her friends with a shrill whistle or with a whoop that would do credit to a red Indian, and stamps and tramps about the place, through halls and along verandas in a manner that irritates even steady nerves. And yet she is a college girl who took honors in her class. They tell me that she is a very nice and refined girl, but this can hardly be. Or, perhaps, she does not behave at home as she does here. Have you ever met this class of girl? And do you find her attractive?

A DISGUSTED MATRON (Camden, N. J.)

To your last question, emphatically NOT! To the query preceding it, I am forced to answer, regretfully, in the affirmative.

Do I know her? You may as well ask me if I ever take my walks abroad in the "heated term" at fashionable resorts or in country places. The summer girl is ubiquitous and I often find myself blushing for her. When she is at home, in town, she is attractive to most of us, especially when she is fond of us. To those she does not like, our Girl of Today is inclined to be supercilious and loftily superior. Even when she loves us, she has always the prevailing American independence, and knows a little bit more than other people. That is because she is young and American, and—forgive me if I say it—a college girl. But she is well bred and observes conventionalities. She keeps the respect of the men who know her, dances decorously at balls, talks like an educated person at teas and receptions, and walks the street of her city with perfect propriety and dignity—even if she does swing her arms a little more than is becoming.

But in the summer! That is another story!

Our Girl seems to think that, in laying aside her fur and heavyweight clothing and donning the gay and flimsy fabrics of the warm season, she can lay aside all restraint and adopt manners that are as flimsy as her dresses and as scanty as the fashionable bathing suit she affects. Were one who knew her at home to see her in this last-named garment, one would gasp with astonishment. She walks or struts the length of the beach in long stockings, short trousers, an abbreviated skirt and a jaunty cap, the cynosure of admiring and critical eyes. All the other girls and many other women do the same thing, and why should not she? Do not, however, fancy that our Girl has donned this suit for bathing purposes only. On the contrary, the surf bath is merely an excuse for the costume. Watch her as she patrols the beach with one or more young men, and with other girls clad in like fashion. One and all find a sunny spot in the sand and here they lie and read, sing, laugh and talk for several hours at a time. After this sun bath they take a swim or romp in the surf;



Emerges from Her Hotel in a Stunning Toilette

When She is at Home, in Town, She is Attractive

Allows this Compar-ative Stranger to Hold Her Hand

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and the bad. This girl is not a bit bad, and yet—I am glad my sisters are not chummy with her." A cad? Of course he was. But, from



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FAMILY MEALS FOR A WEEK

SUNDAY
BREAKFAST.
Melons, hominy and cream, broiled fish, corn bread, toast, tea and coffee.
LUNCHEON.
Veal loaf with tomato apple jelly, Saratoga chips, cream cheese, sandwiches, toasted crackers, peaches and cream with light cake, iced lemonade.
DINNER.
Cream of carrot soup, roast chicken, green corn, vegetable marrow, watermelon, black coffee.

MONDAY
BREAKFAST.
Fruit, cereal and cream, bacon and fried hominy (a left-over), French rolls (warm-oven), toast, tea and coffee.
LUNCHEON.
Baked Welsh rabbit, green corn pudding (a left-over), lettuce and cucumber salad, crackers and cheese, junket and cake, tea.
DINNER.
Beef and barley broth, creamed chicken in French rolls (a left-over), soufflé of vegetable marrow (a left-over), mashed potatoes, fruit dessert, black coffee.

TUESDAY
BREAKFAST.
Grapes, cereal and cream, poached eggs on fried bread, rolls, toast, tea and coffee.

LUNCHEON.
Baked omelet, potato cakes, tomato and mustard salad, crackers and cheese, cup custards and cake, tea.
DINNER.
Yesterday's broth, Hamburg steaks, green corn, young onions, floating island, black coffee.

WEDNESDAY
BREAKFAST.
Melons, cereal and cream, bacon, broiled eggs, quick biscuits, toast, tea and coffee.
LUNCHEON.
Mince of beef (a left-over), garnished with broiled tomatoes, green corn salad on lettuce (a left-over), brown bread and butter (thin), crackers and cheese, fruit, tea and a Russe.
DINNER.
Corn chowder, beefsteak, creamed onions baked (a left-over), stuffed eggplant, peach dumplings with hard sauce, black coffee.

THURSDAY
BREAKFAST.
Melons, cracked wheat and cream, silver and bacon, rice muffins, toast, tea and coffee.
LUNCHEON.
Sardines (broiled), with tomato sauce; white bread and butter (thin), lettuce and eggplant salad (a left-over), Swedish waters, heated and buttered, with cheese; peaches, grapes and pears, ginger ale punch.

the girl's standpoint, were the "fun" and the "fling" worth such a criticism? We mothers do not want to draw the lines too taut, and we do want our dear girls to have all the happiness that goes with youth. And just for that reason we cannot bear to have them spoil the lasting happiness by seeming to be a thing they would rather die than become.

Be honest, dear girls, and frank and straightforward and friendly with your men friends. But reserve the personal touch and the caresses for the one man in all the world who will have a right to them.

And—please be a little more gentle, a little more quiet! People may not look at you quite so much as you come and

so, but there will be a different expression in the eyes that do look, and that counts for a great deal. For the sake of the women you are to become, try to let the summer girl be as sweet and winsome and lovable as is the winter girl.

Marion Harland

THE HOUSEMOTHERS' EXCHANGE

WILL you kindly tell me how to make a rose jar, or where I could find directions for preparing the same? The second flowering of roses will be here by the time you get this. Our perpetuals and choice monthlies often make as brave a show in September as in June.

Mrs. C. S. (Pleasantville, N. J.)

A Rose Jar (Pot Pourri).

Gather the petals in the morning, as soon as the dew has dried off. Pack in a jar in layers two inches deep, sprinkling about two tablespoonfuls of fine, dry table salt over each layer. Gather a fresh supply daily, adding to those already in the jar. In this way you get the flowers in their fragrant prime. As soon as the rose is fully blown, and the petals drop when the stem is rudely jarred, they should be gathered. Half-blown buds are not suitable for pot pourri, being too succulent and in scent too crude.

When the jar is full or all the roses are plucked and packed in the order indicated, with salt between the layers (the jar being kept in a cool, dry place), cover and leave untouched for a week. Then upset the jar upon a broad platter and mix and toss with cool hands and gingerly, to loosen the matted petals and diffuse the salt impartially. Have ready the following ingredients: Orris root powder, one ounce; violet powder, half an ounce; rose powder, half an ounce; heliotrope powder, half an ounce; one half teaspoonful each of mace and cloves; one quarter of a teaspoonful of cinnamon; four drops of oil of roses, ten of oil of chris, twenty of oil of melisse, and the same of oil of eucalyptus; ten drops of bergamot and, lastly, two drams of alcohol.

Mix the spices into the salted petals first; then the oils, incorporating all thoroughly. Much depends upon the thoroughness at this stage of the work. Turn the mixture into a clean jar; tie cloth paper over the mouth and fit on a tight top.

The pot pourri will be ready for use in a month. It will keep twenty years. I have some in my storeroom that was compounded according to the above formula, eighteen years ago. It is as sweet as within a month after the roses were picked.

If the recipe seem long and intricate it is in seeming alone. The real labor is light. Go, as I do, to a druggist and give him the list of oils and spices as you have them listed here, and let him

compound them for you. After that all is plain and pleasant sailing.

I write down all this in detail because I have, year after year, requests for minute instructions for the preparation of a rose jar.

Will readers clip these out now and leave the space for something newer when "roses come again" in 1909?

A Rose Pillow

In close connection with the rose jar comes a request:

Will you tell me how to put up roses for a pillow? Must they be dried, and, if so, how? I want them for a spare bedroom—to shed a sort of delicate fragrance through the chamber.

JESSIE T. (Nashville, Tenn.)

Gather the petals as for a rose jar on a sunny day, but dry in the shade. The hot sun will curl and twist the petals, and draw out the odor. They must be well dried before you stuff the pillow. Spread upon a broad tray and strew a tablespoonful of powdered orris root among them. If you can afford to buy the true attar of rose, you will secure the "delicate fragrance" you desire by sprinkling ten drops over the petals just before putting them into the case. Make the inner cover of glazed cambric, the outer of silk or satin, embroidered with roses and buds.

A Life-Everlasting Pillow

Four consecutive mails bring requests for directions for filling pillows with as many different materials. At first glance this looks like an odd collection. Second thought shows it to be natural and sensible, and compliance with the petitions of our members at our early convenience eminently expedient.

Gather ye rosebuds while you may. For time is still a-dying!

Flowers and herbs may grow in the all-out-of-doors in which we now live and revel. It is a pretty fashion, this of treasuring summer memories by means of what a German writer calls "the memory of the imagination"—to wit, the sense of smell. The associativeness of certain odors is a curious and subtle study. Putting aside the temptation to dwell upon it, come down to a letter from a Pennsylvania member:

Is there real virtue in the life-everlasting pillow my mother used to send to nervous invalids in the days that antedated the trained nurse? I can smell them now, as I carried them again and again "over the hills and far away" to this and that neighbor who could not sleep, or who was "run down" and needed to be "chickened up." Were they curative? And do you know how they were made? I forget whether my mother put in the dried leaves or only the blossoms of the life-everlasting. And whence the name? I used to think it was so called because it made sick people well. Was tea ever made of it?

ELIZABETH D. (Wilkes-Barre, Pa.)

In earlier days than your mother's, this species of the herb "gnaphalium" was known as "cudweed," from a belief that cows who chewed it increased the flow of milk. We name it "everlasting" because, when dried, it suffers little changes in color, form or taste. Tea made from it is, or was once, used as a sudorific. The dried flowers were stuffed into pillows and gave forth a goodly smell, besides possessing sedative properties. Sometimes the flowers were mixed with one-fourth the quantity of hops. Then they were unquestionably soporific in tendency.

Pine Pillows

Will you tell us if the needles of the common pine are good for filling pillows? I am not. My mother says most of these

sold in stores as "balsam pillows" are nothing but plain yellow pine. Is this true? And if I can get the balsam pine while we are up here in the woods, how must I prepare it for pillows? Do we put the needles in just as they come off the tree?

FLORA E. (Saranac Lake, N. Y.)

The needles of the common pine of the low countries are not fit for stuffing pillows. They do not retain the odor, and they become brittle, breaking into splinters. The balsam pine has curative qualities, and the peculiar and delicious aromatic fragrance clings to it for years. As I write, the air of my study is lightly perfumed by a cushion that has hung on the back of my reading chair since 1887. It is as sweet now as when it was sent to me from the Maine woods.

To prepare the needles, clip them with sharp scissors from the stems and lay out upon a floor in the shade, where the air will pass freely over them for two days. Then, fill the pillows. Our Pillow Talk has swallowed up all the space allotted to the Exchange for this week's issue. I do not apologize. The subject is full of interest to house-mothers and house-daughters. If we may not bottle sunshine against the dark and cloudy day, we may imprison the "spicy breezes" that make breathing a joy in wood and in field all summer long.

The decoration of the covers of the pillows opens endless possibilities to needlewomen and artists. One of the prettiest pine cushions I have ever seen has a study of cones in various stages of growth painted in oils upon a background of green velvet. My shabby little scent-dispenser has a similar device in one corner, and, running diagonally across the center, is worked in silks—

"A CHARM THAT LULLS TO SLEEP." It is "unco sung" to be thinking of Christmas gifts. But the holidays will come before we are ready for them. Be provident and reflect that a pine or life-everlasting pillow is ever welcome.

About Bread Dust

TWO or three times a week spread the accumulated scraps upon a tin plate or in a baking pan, and set in a moderate oven until perfectly dry. Soft or "soggy" bits are good for nothing and interfere with the work. If, by chance or intention, the bread is slightly browned, keep it apart from that which remains white. A glass jar for each kind is a good idea.

While the dried bits are still warm, lay upon a kneading board and crush to powder with the rolling pin. Do this thoroughly for the "dust" leaving no gritty particles. Keep in a closed jar in a dry place. It is invaluable for breading croquettes, fried fish, chops, etc. Roll the article to be breaded, first in beaten eggs, then in the bread dust, to which have been added a little salt and pepper.

What Kerosene Will Do

FOR ants, saturate rags with kerosene. Wipe, and hang or lay these near their runs, and they will quickly disappear.

Kerosene is a household necessity at cleaning time. For cleaning painted and varnished woodwork, painted walls, varnished floors, bathtubs and marble washstands it is unsurpassed. For tubs and marble, apply with a woolen cloth, then wash with soap and water. For woodwork and walls, use clean cloths, changing as soon as soiled. A few drops in the water when washing windows and mirrors will give them a beautiful polish.