

THE HOUSEHOLD.

LIGHT HOUSEKEEPING.

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When possible, get all the rooms on one floor. If one must go up or down stairs, have some method of doing several errands on one trip. The kitchen ought to be furnished with thought and care. The best steel range and a light oil or gasoline stove are the foundation of all labor-saving utensils. Then provide as many other labor-saving articles of household use as is necessary, and have them always in place within easy reach. An oiled floor, painted and varnished ceiling and walls, two tables, a high chair in which to sit when paring potatoes and apples or mixing a pudding, a low rocker in which to sit and read while watching the pot boil, and a homely (using the word in its original meaning) lounge, with a habit of using it when tired.

To make life comfortable and to send the fret and worry clear away, learn what is needed for the pantry and order supplies 'by wholesale.' It is a great saving of nerve force to know, no matter what the emergency that there is enough. Sending to market every day, or two or three times a day, never quite sure of what is in the store-room and pantry, is of itself an intolerable burden.

It is well to prepare the menu early in the day for the whole day. Especially is it a good plan in summer.

We know a home where the menu is planned for a week, and when planned it is pasted on the pantry door. On the same door is a menu for emergencies, and to make sure that the material is on hand there is an 'emergency closet' in the chimney cupboard in the cellar. I will go and see what is in that emergency closet. Sardines, canned roast meat, canned lobster and salmon, a bottle of mayonnaise dressing, canned fruit, pickles, olives, lemons and oranges.

Time and strength are saved when cooking is done for several days at once, or when it is done for all day at an early hour in the morning. It takes but little longer to bring from the cellar, prepare and cook a dozen potatoes than it does to get and cook four, or six, or eight.

As I write, sitting by the kitchen range, laughing to myself over the experiments of the past week made in the way of learning the best methods of 'light housekeeping,' the potatoes are cooking for dinner, the potatoes for the salad for supper (with some of that mayonnaise dressing), potatoes enough for 'puffs' for breakfast, and two will be used for the yeast that raises the bread for tomorrow. To-morrow's dinner will not have white potatoes, for the stuffed baked fish in the oven will only need the baked sweet potatoes which were washed when to-day's potatoes were washed. Mashed white potatoes and warm fish do not make the same dinner as baked sweet potatoes and cold baked fish. Simple, easily-prepared diet need not mean monotony.

Beside the fish in the oven of this excellent steel range that is a perfect cooker, there are three covered earthen bowls. One has a custard and stands in a tin of water; one has dried California pears, washed first in boiling water, then cut fine and covered with sugar; and the other has escalloped tomatoes. Sometimes in the spring when one first begins to use dried fruit, there can be prepared, at one time several kinds, as pears, apricots, and prunes.

Right here we wish to emphasize the thought—use fruit instead of pastry. Oranges, bananas, pineapples, apples, berries, not only are more healthful than pastry, but,

when used, there is a great saving in time and labor. Fruits, nuts, raisins and a candy-box are a blessing to the house-mother when used judiciously.

Great benefit is derived, not only by the house-mother, but by every member of the family, when there is co-operative housekeeping—co-operative among the members of the family. Teach the boys how to market, sweep, dust, care for their own rooms, sew on their own buttons, and be genuine helpers in every way. Teach the girls, as fast as they are able to learn, every branch of domestic economy.

Bread baked by a good housekeeper near by is a great saving of work. A good cook to come into the home two mornings in the week is a help.

With all the definitions of 'light,' as applied to housekeeping, we do not find the word 'dawdling.' If the house-mother wants her hours for rest, study, recreation, she must work to that end—work when she works. If she proposes to have from nine until twelve in the morning, she must have it; but she cannot spend a half-hour with the canaries or at her neighbor's back door. But if any house-mother will look forward to something bright and pleasant that will come to her in one, two, three or four hours, and work with that happy anticipation in mind, just so surely will all her tasks be light and house-keeping—home-keeping—be made the delightful thing it was to our first mother before she went out the gate of Paradise.

SUNDAY MORNING NAPS.

A writer in the Michigan 'Christian Advocate' says: I have known Christian fathers to keep the morning meal awaiting their presence a full half hour, the patient wife with all the desire natural to attend church seeing that it will not be possible to-day, and sadly giving up to an unreasonable habit. Breakfast over, all is hurry and confusion. Prayers are hurried over with no sense of their preciousness. The worn mother at last has all her brood ready, and with the help of the eldest daughter the house put in order and as the last bell calls hears the voice of her husband, who with hat in hand calls from the veranda:

'Come, mother, it's late.'

'I know it. Go right along. I shall not have time to dress.'

'Why, I thought you would not miss hearing your old minister.'

That was the last straw. A door closed, and poor Mrs. Ford flung herself on the lounge in tears of disappointment, while the husband and children started rapidly to church, entering just as the first prayer commenced. What a grieved prayer was going on that morning at the Ford home.

A knock at that door the next afternoon, and a cherry voice said: 'I ran over to see if you were ill, as I did not see you at church yesterday. I felt sure you would make an effort to hear our old minister, Alice.'

Tears sprang to the eyes and Alice answered: 'No, I was not sick, but, Milly, our family are so late to breakfast on Sunday that it is impossible for me to be ready for church. How do you manage?'

'Let me tell you, Alice. You remember I seldom got to church in our early married life, and it was from just this same cause. Henry was tired with his week's work and wanted a morning nap. You know how we were brought up on the farm, 'early to rise.' I never outgrew the habit, and though I put off the breakfast, and had to give up church after the children's birth, it was with continual protest. You remember the first Sabbath Mr. Benton preached after our George was born, how I determined to go that morning at least, and made all preparations the night before, was up early, got the boys

dressed, breakfast ready at eight, thinking Henry would certainly be ready then. After all I waited a half hour for him, and when at last the coffee was poured and the children helped, they had become so impatient for their food that they were very turbulent. Hearing the first bell, I knew it was all in vain to hope I could get the morning work done in time to go, and being, I suppose, worn out, I just fled to the bedroom to hide the tears that would come. There Henry found me in a few minutes and asked kindly, 'Are you sick, Milly?' 'Yes,' I sobbed out, 'sick of the hurry and scurry of Sunday morning.' I bravely dried my tears. The children were coming, and I'm glad to tell you they were my last tears on this account. They killed those naps, for Henry whispered as he passed out with the children to church, 'Tis too bad. You shall never have cause again.'

'He has kept his word. At my call he rose the next Sabbath, and our breakfast was all over by eight, prayers said, all preparation made, and once more I went, a happy woman, to church with my family, not worn out with a useless hurry all the morning. This is our better way, my friend. Oh, I am impatient for you to begin it too. Can you not?' Mrs. Ford shook her head as she replied, 'I'm afraid the habit can never be broken, it has been indulged years longer.'

'All things whatsoever,' we read. Let us take it to God.' With hands clasped at parting they agreed, and to the surprise of Mrs. Ford, the next Sabbath morning Mr. Ford rose at six, saying, 'Alice, I'm going to break up this bad habit of lying abed so late.' And from that happy morning all went well at the Ford home. Happy Mrs. Ford could take her place in the house of God with her family, and after church on their return her husband found his nap in the heat of the day far more refreshing than in keeping all the housework at a standstill for him. Morning naps may seem a small thing, are often taken by the otherwise best of husbands and fathers, but 'it is the little foxes that eat the vines.'

KEEPING THE HOUSE WARM.

'During a winter's trip to the extreme north of Canada,' said a woman who travels a great deal, 'I learned something that I have found available on many occasions, and believe that a little work of the same sort in ordinary houses would save many colds and sick spells and a good deal of suffering.'

'The climate was intensely cold, and I wondered how it was that my friends kept their house so delightfully comfortable, and finally asked some questions. The mistress smiled, and drawing back the curtains of one of the windows, said:

'This is one of my little devices,' and it was an ingenious one, sure enough. The room we were sitting in had a very large bow-window, a place always cold unless lined with steam pipes, but this one was as comfortable as any other portion of the apartment. From the window-sills to the floor were what appeared like short curtains attached to tapes and fastened to the casings just above the sills. When these curtains were drawn aside I discovered padding at least an inch and a half thick. This was made of cloth of all sorts and tied like the ordinary comfortable.'

'I used all my old cloth,' said my friend, 'to make these pads. They are filled with autumn leaves that the children gathered when they were dry. These leaves are laid upon a piece of cloth made ready for the purpose. Another piece is laid over it. Then they are tacked through like a comfortable, as you see. In this one window, which measures about fifteen feet of half circle, there are more than a dozen pads. They overlap

each other, and are fastened to the floor by small tacks and strips of carpet binding. You will see that the floor is also padded. This cushion is made of ticking on the lower side, and whatever pieces of cloth I happened to have on hand for the upper portion. It fits the window snugly, like a mat in a Japanese room. This is about two and a half inches wide. You notice that the wall-pads come up to the level of the sill, and the curtains are an inch or so above them. This turns any draft of air that may creep through the double windows upward, and we never have any difficulty in sitting in this window in the coldest weather in winter. The walls of some of the rooms upstairs are protected with pads in the same way, especially the nursery, where the children spend most of the daytime. We try to keep the rooms warm, but children are extremely fond of being near the windows, and without some such protection I found that they were liable to colds and frequently complained of chilliness. Since adopting this plan I have had no trouble. The little ones are rarely sick. There is an abundance of fresh air, but it is warm air, and comes from a clean place out-of-dors. That is one thing I am very particular about.

'Every spring the stitches in these pads are cut—the basting threads at the edges, for they are only basted together with ordinary wrapping twine—and the leaves are thrown out. The ticks and cloths are washed, dried and put away in the attic, where they remain until wanted again. I never use the pads the second time without making over. And although it involves quite a little work, it pays better than almost anything we can do in the warmth of the apartments and the health of the family.'—New York 'Ledger.'

THE HOT-WATER KETTLE.

It is often the simplest details of kitchen labor that are the most neglected. The hot-water kettle, for example. How many cooks pay any attention to it? Stale water, simmered and with all vitality cooked out, is its perennial portion, with an occasional filling up and sudden boiling as the need requires. If every housekeeper who reads this paragraph should go straight to her kitchen, lift the kettle and carry it to the window where a strong light will disclose its interior, nine out of ten of them will find a rusty layer of lime, iron and dregs that effectually prevents any good-flavored water from issuing from it. The kettle needs the same frequent and thorough care that any kitchen utensil needs. Into such, having it already warm, put fresh filtered water, boil rapidly and use at once, and one of the large aids to palatable food is secured.—New York 'Times.'

LAMP CHIMNEYS AND WICKS.

A lamp-wick will never smoke if when new it is soaked in vinegar for a little while and then allowed to dry. It is better not to wash chimneys, but to rub them with a cloth dampened with alcohol. When the burners become blackened put them to boil in a pot of vinegar, to which a tablespoonful of salt has been added.—'Congregationalist.'

GINGERBREAD PUDDING.

Mix one-quarter pound of suet with one-half pound of sifted flour; add a pinch of salt, one and one-half gills of molasses (either Porto Rico or New Orleans, preferably the former,) one teaspoonful of ginger, and when thoroughly mixed one well-beaten egg and one-half pint of milk, in a part of which should be dissolved one-half a teaspoonful of soda. It may be necessary to use more liquid. It should be proportioned to the stiffness of molasses and flour. The original receipt calls for candied peel, but currants, sultanas or all three may be used. Turn into a buttered mould or bowl, and boil for three hours.—Ladies' Home Journal.