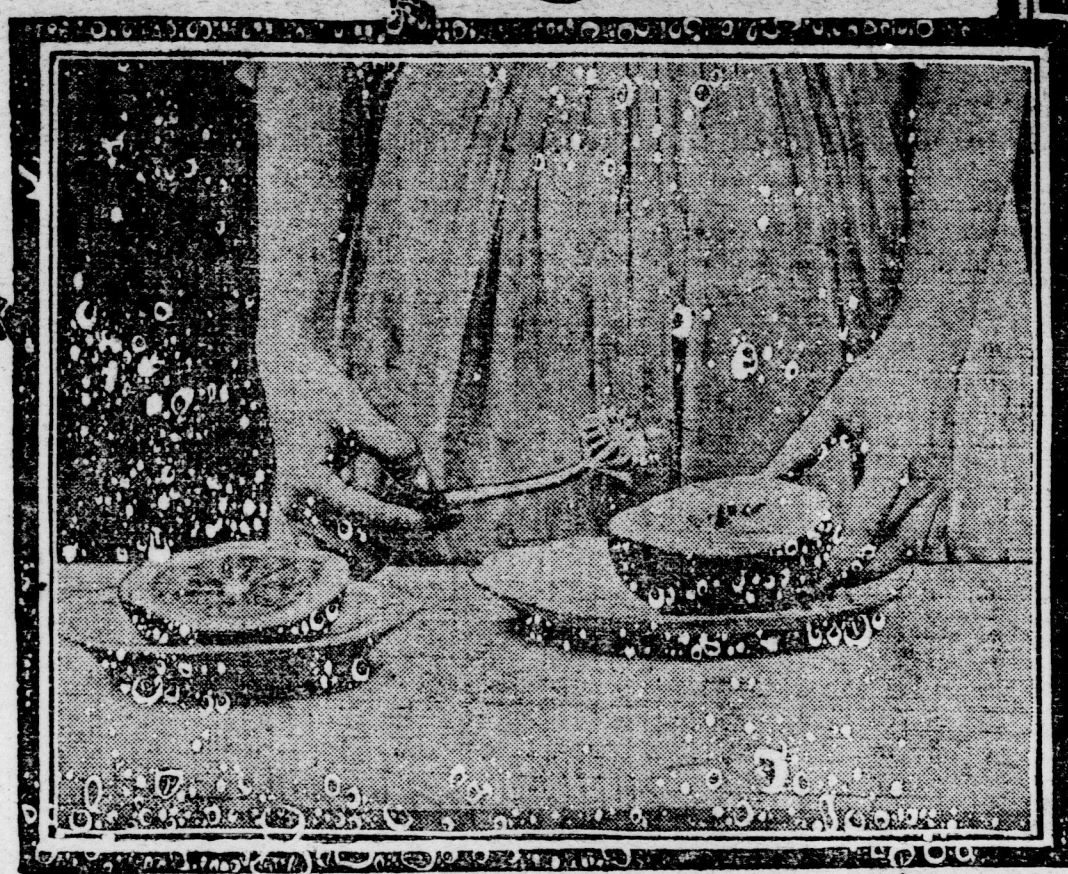


Marion Holland's Page



The First Step

Grapefruit at Its Best



Remove the Bitter Core Entirely

Good Tools for the Work

Cut Close to the Skin

THERE is a tradition that has come to us across seas and through centuries that the much prized grapefruit of today is none other than the mysterious forbidden fruit that grew in the Garden of Eden. Perhaps it is true. Perhaps, too, its slight bitterness is symbolic of the heritage of suffering that Mother Eve laid upon all succeeding generations when she listened to the voice of the tempter and turned longing eyes upon the tree of knowledge.

It is served in some Eastern countries the pomelo, as it is sometimes called, is still known as the forbidden fruit, yet would be hard to find a modern housekeeper who would not willingly forgo Eve's far her cousin when this season rolls round and she can add the appetizing dainty to her menu to tempt the faded palates of those to whom she must cater.

Grapefruit is looked upon in some households as an expensive luxury, but when you consider the heights to which the price of oranges is soaring just now and the scarcity of other fruits, and when you remember that in many markets the grapefruit may be bought for a quarter, and that half of one is quite enough to put before each person, this notion seems a bit exaggerated.

Of course, the primary use for grapefruit is as a first course for breakfast, luncheon or dinner, but it is sometimes used as a dessert for a simple lunch, and its possibilities are almost unlimited.

For a simple home breakfast the core is usually removed; the fruit loosened at the sides from the skin and a tiny bit of sugar added to it. It is well to put this sugar on with a skimp hand, for many persons do not care for too much sweet, and it is always possible to add it afterward.

For a more elaborate breakfast, remove all the seed and white fibrous parts, cut the pulp into pieces and mix with cracked ice. This, of course, is served in the shell of the fruit, and is perfectly permissible for the more ceremonious meals of the day. However, if you want something a little different, opportunity is not lacking.

You may take red and white California grapes, cut them in halves, seed them and pour over them a mixture of grapefruit. Or you may take Malaga grapes, seed them and pile them in a bowl with a mixture of grapefruit.

For a simple home breakfast the core is usually removed; the fruit loosened at the sides from the skin and a tiny bit of sugar added to it. It is well to put this sugar on with a skimp hand, for many persons do not care for too much sweet, and it is always possible to add it afterward.

For a more elaborate breakfast, remove all the seed and white fibrous parts, cut the pulp into pieces and mix with cracked ice. This, of course, is served in the shell of the fruit, and is perfectly permissible for the more ceremonious meals of the day. However, if you want something a little different, opportunity is not lacking.

You may take red and white California grapes, cut them in halves, seed them and pour over them a mixture of grapefruit. Or you may take Malaga grapes, seed them and pile them in a bowl with a mixture of grapefruit.

For a simple home breakfast the core is usually removed; the fruit loosened at the sides from the skin and a tiny bit of sugar added to it. It is well to put this sugar on with a skimp hand, for many persons do not care for too much sweet, and it is always possible to add it afterward.

For a more elaborate breakfast, remove all the seed and white fibrous parts, cut the pulp into pieces and mix with cracked ice. This, of course, is served in the shell of the fruit, and is perfectly permissible for the more ceremonious meals of the day. However, if you want something a little different, opportunity is not lacking.

You may take red and white California grapes, cut them in halves, seed them and pour over them a mixture of grapefruit. Or you may take Malaga grapes, seed them and pile them in a bowl with a mixture of grapefruit.

For a simple home breakfast the core is usually removed; the fruit loosened at the sides from the skin and a tiny bit of sugar added to it. It is well to put this sugar on with a skimp hand, for many persons do not care for too much sweet, and it is always possible to add it afterward.

For a more elaborate breakfast, remove all the seed and white fibrous parts, cut the pulp into pieces and mix with cracked ice. This, of course, is served in the shell of the fruit, and is perfectly permissible for the more ceremonious meals of the day. However, if you want something a little different, opportunity is not lacking.

You may take red and white California grapes, cut them in halves, seed them and pour over them a mixture of grapefruit. Or you may take Malaga grapes, seed them and pile them in a bowl with a mixture of grapefruit.

WHAT TO DO WITH THANKSGIVING LEFT-OVERS

IN THE very long ago—so far back in the past that I was a little girl, in short frocks and pantalettes, sitting demurely in the chimney-corner, hemming my daily "stent" of cambric ruffling—my mother and two young lady-cousins read by turns and aloud, a story in Godey's Lady's Book, called "Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Woodbridge." It was written by Miss Eliza Leslie, noted for the broad satire and wholesome teachings of her domestic tales and as the author of a standard cook book.

WHAT HE HAD TO EAT

The story turned upon the fortunes of a sensible young husband and his pretty, extravagant bride. There were several chapters of it. I recall but one. That described a dinner-party, and the ingenuity with which the pound-foolish, penny-wise wife served to the wretched man of the house for a week thereafter the miserable remnants of a repast which had been a failure throughout. Day after day she "fed him upon the poor shadows of a shade," related the author—a phrase that stuck fast in my memory.

It has been revived these times without number by the open murmurs and unspoken yet evident derision of men and children for the "leavings" of great occasions.

"One broad streak of fat and six narrow streaks of lean!" I once heard a 15-year-old schoolboy growl in the week succeeding Thanksgiving. "Our house has been a regular hashery ever since that one big blow-out. Turkey-rack and turkey-stuffing; odds and ends of chicken pie, oyster pie and pumpkin pie; fat ham and rusty lean ham; dabs of cranberry-sauce and apple-sauce and vegetables warmed up until you can't tell potatoes and turnips apart—that's the bill-of-fare with us nowadays. By Jiminy! when I have a house of my own, I'll see to it that every blamed bit that isn't eaten on the first day goes into the garbage pail—instanter!"

We cannot do away with the stubborn fact that the remnants of the holiday feast must be utilized by the prudent housemother. Nor can we deny that the discontented lad had some reason on his side. Left-overs and staleness are synonymous to some minds. There is reason, too, in this prejudice. Divorce of the two ideas is a fine art. To acquire this art is better worth the cook's time and pains than any other part of her profession.

When a hungry collegian called the galantine he had devoured with gusto "glorified head cheese," and

a contented husband declared his wife's "second-day dinners better than any other woman's first," they paid unconscious tribute to this same domestic art.

The "motif" of this familiar talk with my fellow-students is such transmutation of the festsam and jetsam of the abundant Thanksgiving dinner as shade down the festivities gradually and gracefully to the level of everyday living. That "transmutation" is a long word, but it expresses my meaning as no other can. The character of the left-overs must be changed for the eye and the palate or the art is defective.

Begin with the first course of the family dinner: Soup may be made, as I shall show presently, of the bones, or, technically speaking, the "rack," of the big turkey. I advise that this be deferred until a late day of the week, when the meat has been stripped off for other purposes. Even bones are more juicy when they are kept covered. A palatable bisque may be compounded of the traditional chicken-pie, without which the conventional Thanksgiving dinner would not deserve the name.

MAKING CHICKEN BISQUE

Mince the meat very fine. The best way to do this is to run it through the meat-chopper. Meanwhile, put the bones over the fire with the gravy, thinned with warm water. The bones must be cracked. Simmer, covered, for two hours. Mince and crush the remnants of turkey-rack and fry them in the oven pie-crust, the finer the better. Half an hour before dinner strain the soup from the bones, and set it back on the range, seasoning to taste, and adding a cupful of oyster-liquor. When it boils, put in the minced chicken, cook ten minutes, slowly, stir in the dry crumbs; bring to the boil, add half a cupful of hot milk in which has been melted a tablespoonful of butter rolled in a teaspoonful of cornstarch and serve.

As a "chicken-and-oyster bisque," this will pass muster at any dinner, no matter who the guest may be. If you have not enough pastry, substitute dried breadcrumbs. Judgment is required to apportion materials properly. If there be much meat left, increase the quantities of other ingredients. The cornstarch is added to prevent separation of the ingredients.

Turkey Rack Soup

Break the newly denuded carcass of the turkey into small pieces, and put over the fire with the juice of an onion, a stalk of celery, cut into thick lengths,

and a bay leaf. Cover with two quarts of cold water and cook slowly for three hours. Take from the range, turn into a bowl, cover, and leave it as it is until the next day. Then skim it, and strain the bones, etc. Season to taste, add the stuffing, which has been rubbed through a colander, and set the soup on the range. Prepare in another saucepan a cupful of hot milk, adding a pinch of soda, and a "roux," made by heating a heaping tablespoonful of flour with one of butter, and working to a bubbling paste. When the thickened milk has cooked one minute, stir in a beaten egg, and pour into the soup. Remove at once from the fire and serve.

A tablespoonful of minced parsley added to the liquid on the fire two minutes before the thickened milk goes in is an improvement to this savory family soup.

Potato Souffle

Scald two cupfuls of milk, adding a pinch of soda to avoid curdling. Stir into it a heaping tablespoonful of butter. Have ready in a bowl one large cupful of cold mashed potato, and work the hot milk into it gradually until you have a smooth puree. Season with pepper and salt. Beat two eggs very light, and whip them into the puree. Turn into a buttered bakish, and bake in a quick oven to a light brown. Serve at once, as it soon falls.

Refried Celery

The refuse stalks of celery may be used here, and those which are slightly withered. Scrape off the skin and rust, and cut into pieces from two to four inches long. Leave in ice water for an hour. Cover, then, with boiling water, and cook ten minutes after the boil begins again. Drain and set in ice until cold and firm. Roll in beaten egg, then in cracker dust, seasoned with pepper and salt. Leave on the ice until you are ready to cook, and fry in deep fat to a delicate brown.

Cabinet Pudding

Crumble the fragments of the Thanksgiving plum pudding with your fingers, and mix with a cupful of water. Add to a cupful of an equal quantity of cracker dust, and moisten with milk. Beat three eggs light, with three tablespoonfuls of sugar, and stir into the mixture. Beat hard for one minute, and bake in a buttered mould or dish. Serve with liquid sauce.

Turkey Salad

You may prefer to make other use of the turkey than to convert it into soup. Turkey salad is better than chicken, although not so palatable, probably because of the expense of the big bird. Free the meat from strings and skin and cut into dice. Mix two cupfuls of the turkey and one of celery cut into dice, season with pepper and salt, and with a mixture of three tablespoonfuls of oil beaten to an emulsion with one tablespoonful of vinegar. With a silver fork toss and stir this into the meat and celery; turn into a chilled salad bowl, and pour a good mayonnaise dressing over it.

Rules of Health.

I have hesitated long as to the propriety of admitting to my column the letter I am now about to lay before our family. Perusal of it will reveal the cause of my doubts. It should be untruthful, as well as ungrateful, if I failed to confess that words of honest praise and affectionate appreciation, such as come to me with the opening of every mail, stay my heart and animate my courage to attempt yet greater good for those I gladly serve. I withhold these precious evidences, but chiefly because delicacy and taste forbid the publication of complimentary mention of myself. This is a column devoted to serious work, and not to "advertising purposes."

I am so confident of the faith our members have in the sincerity of my motives that I trust them to believe what I now affirm. I print the letter before me because I know the advice the writer quotes to be sound, thorough and, because I owe my own marvelous vigor, and I devoutly believe, my very life, to obedience to the precepts here laid down, and, finally, because I would strengthen the faith of others by the added testimony of an intelligent and responsible advocate of my common-sense regimen.

I feel I should tell others what I have enjoyed through the Housemother's Exchange. After my first child was born, I feared that I should go insane, so much did I suffer for months. I was afraid to be alone, for fear of doing some great harm to myself or child.

I was away from all my near relatives. I had no one to turn to for help. My dear I determined to take Marion Holland's free prescription. Now a mother of three children—my youngest a boy, 7 months old—and at the age of 28, I feel well, and am perfectly well.

The prescription is this: Breathe fresh air through the nose deep into the lungs, and often. Drink plenty of fresh water. Hold yourself erect always. Keep plenty of sleep. Don't get cross; don't worry. Read good books.

Don't work too hard if you have to do all your own work. If you have three children you can't do it. Let it go, and don't worry about it. Twenty years from now they will have a mother who is altogether sane, and which will be a greater blessing than all the pretty clothes and such things they are deprived of now.

I teach my children to breathe through their noses and to hold their shoulders straight; give them wholesome food and tell them stories which interest them. J. V. L. (Minnesota).

RAIN-DAY CLOSET

RAIN days often mean trouble in the household where there are plenty of children, and some one has suggested that the mother of such a brood would do well to provide herself with a rainy-day closet.

KEEPING THE SILVER BRIGHT IN SPITE OF GAS AND HEAT

THERE is nothing uglier than dull, smoky-looking silver. It is bad enough in a toilet service, but when ill-kept silver is seen on a dining table, it presages a carelessness that is far from reassuring to the diner.

I have even seen at a formal dinner where every other appointment was handsome in the extreme, knives, forks and spoons that would not hit the eye as polished surfaces.

Such conditions are absolutely inexcusable, as much for an ordinary family meal as at a formal function.

There are dozens of silver polishes, sprays, liquids and powders, so quickly applied and effective in results that even the heavy rousseau dear to the housewife can easily be kept shining.

It is not enough to give silver a weekly cleaning, as is so much the custom. Coal gas, steam and furnace heat all tarnish it quickly, while the dust from even the best-kept house will settle on the silver.

To keep silver bright after use, it should be washed at once with a chamalo leaf, soaked in warm soapy water, rinsed thoroughly in boiling water, and dried and polished quickly with a soft cloth or a fresh chamalo skin.

This is a well-trained dishwasher, should be as expeditious as the ordinary slipshod methods of drying the table silver in constant use.

If it becomes too clouded, yet one does not find it convenient to give it a regular cleaning, silver can be wonderfully improved by a rub with a rough chamalo.

One of these should be in every well-equipped pantry. They are sure to rub off on hands and gown, especially when new, but are excellent for an emergency.

The most persistently and brilliantly shiny silver have ever seen belongs to a woman whose maid confided to me the secret of its good appearance. She always used pure alcohol instead of water to moisten her silver powder.

Never use a stiff brush or a rough cloth on a plain surface, for scratches will result.

A very occasional turning over of all one's silver to a jeweler for repolishing is useful when one can afford the expense.

RENTIN GROOMS AS A PROFESSION

A WOMAN who found herself without friends, and with only her husband and child for company, and, pluckily stuck the sign "Rooms to let" in her front window and sat down to await the result. It came in the shape of three young men, college students, who looked her three best rooms over, engaged them on the spot, and remained with her for their entire college course.

Her success as a lodging house-keeper began that day and continued until a fortunate change in circumstances released her from the necessity for earning a living, but her case is worth recording. One of the three first lodgers explained their coming in this wise:

We had been looking for rooms all day and were feeling pretty well disgusted when we chanced upon Mrs. P.'s sign, and somehow it had a different look. Her parlor was comfortable, too, not a bit suggestive of a boarding house; her halls had no smell of cooking, and the bathroom was O. K. I think the thing that took most with us, however, was the "lived-in" look of the bedrooms.

"Other houses were quite as clean, and often the furniture was handsomer, but in almost every instance the landlady had said, 'Of course, this room will be very different when the beds are made and the covers are on the dressing tables and washstands.'"

I suppose they would have looked different, but somehow you can't always imagine that difference when you are running around looking for a place to live in, and you are mighty apt to freeze on to the thing that seems the most like home.

That young man had hit upon the primary essentials for a successfully conducted lodging house—cleanliness, proper ventilation, good bath arrangements and a comfortable, homelike aspect.

System is very necessary if a lodging house is to be kept clean. If the mistress can afford a maid to help her, she should outline the duties of that maid so that no day shall be too full of work, and so that the house will never be neglected. If she must do the work herself, she should try to have that assistance on a regular day or days of the week so that the work will never accumulate.

In some cities regular window cleaners go about the houses, and shake cleaning windows for a small sum, and these workers are a boon to the busy lodge housekeeper.

In addition to the windows, she should try to have that assistance on a regular day or days of the week so that the work will never accumulate.

In some cities regular window cleaners go about the houses, and shake cleaning windows for a small sum, and these workers are a boon to the busy lodge housekeeper.

In addition to the windows, she should try to have that assistance on a regular day or days of the week so that the work will never accumulate.

In some cities regular window cleaners go about the houses, and shake cleaning windows for a small sum, and these workers are a boon to the busy lodge housekeeper.

In addition to the windows, she should try to have that assistance on a regular day or days of the week so that the work will never accumulate.