

Culinary.

"Every thing great is composed of many things that are small."—LATIN PROVERB.

Written for the LADIES' PICTORIAL WEEKLY.

Aunt Lucia's Prize Dinner Competition.

Dinner for six persons at a cost of ninety-three cents:

BILL OF FARE.			
Vegetable Soup,	Roast Chicken.	Snow Potatoes,	
Sweet Potatoes,		Steamed Onions,	
Baked Tomatoes,	Celery,	Cranberries,	
Lemon Pie,	Cheese,	Coffee.	
COST.			
Soup.....	08 Cts.	Chicken	30 Cts.
Irish Potatoes.....	02 "	Sweet Potatoes.....	03 "
Tomatoes.....	05 "	Onions	03 "
Cranberries	06 "	Celery	04 "
Lemon Pie.....	08 "	Butter	04 "
Cheese.....	03 "	Bread	05 "
Coffee.....	02 "	Cream.....	05 "
Sugar.....	05 "		

Put a five-cent beef bone into an iron kettle with two quarts of cold water; boil till the meat slips readily from the bone, then remove it with a skimmer; add to the stock salt and pepper to taste, one onion chopped fine, one potato, one salsify, one sprig of thyme. Boil one part of flour, four ounces of lard, one heaping teaspoonful of some good baking powder, a little salt; work well into the flour and moisten with enough water to stick it all together; roll and cut in round pieces as large as saucers; then take the meat that was on the soup bone, chop fine, add salt and pepper and a small piece of butter and two tablespoonfuls of vinegar, one salt spoonful of made mustard, a little flour; put a tablespoonful into each round piece of dough, close like a dumpling and bake. When done put into a deep dish and pour over it the gravy from the chicken, to be served with the chicken. Make a dressing for the chicken of rolled crackers, the giblets chopped fine and mixed with it; salt, pepper, one salt spoonful of made mustard, one tablespoonful of vinegar, one onion, one stock of celery chopped fine, two ounces of butter; moisten and cook till stiff, then fill the chicken and fasten; while baking baste often. When done remove from the pan and thicken the gravy with a tablespoonful of flour dissolved in a little milk; mix well, then moisten with cold water; roll thin, line a pie dish and pour into the lemon mixture; bake. While baking whip the whites of two eggs with one tablespoonful of confectioners' sugar; spread over the top of the pie and return to the oven; remove it as soon as it is a delicate brown. Coffee—Six heaping tablespoonfuls of Java coffee, the lining of the eggs used for the pie, one tablespoonful of cold water; mix, then pour over it three pints of boiling water. Put on the back of the stove to steep.

Our American Letter.

New York in June.

(From our own Correspondent.)

NEW YORK, June 2nd, 1892.

With its countless attractions, New York is the very city of all others for the pleasure-seeker to turn to, when the greatest possible enjoyment in the least possible time must be his motto. So it is that in my one week in this "mad metropolis," I have seen more, enjoyed more than in a month anywhere else.

Upon arriving here on Sunday morning, my first move was to join the merry throng of church-goers on the *bois de bologne* of New York, Fifth avenue, and follow the multitude wheresoever it went. Some dropped into the magnificent Roman Cathedral, whose altar and decorations surpass any in this country. Others turned to "the little church around the corner" famous as the resort of actors and all artists, from the loving shelter it gives to members of that profession, others again passed into the swell Grace church, whose pews are owned by the elite and society people of New York. As for myself, I continued my walk, the day being fine, up to the spot where Fifth avenue enters the Central Park, and there among the trees, shrubs, lake, grottos, the casino and Poet's corner, I spent a glorious morning. Into the museum I wandered, and amid the ruins of Pompei, Babylon and Egypt, lost for a time all thought of the present in the wonders of the ages past. There in plaster casts are reproduced every event, every building, every statue that our eastern brothers possessed, and I could not but congratulate myself upon not only having the past, but the present, the fascinating present, as well. Such works of art, Bab, as you find here! Rosa Bonheur and Van Dyke, Gainsborough, Titian all in the original, and no collection comprises more interesting canvases than that left by Miss Catherine Woolfe to this lucky and wealthy museum.

Almost the first thing one does, is to try the unique elevated railroad, and very exciting is it for a novice to find himself suspended in mid-air, with the frail iron structure supporting these trains which fly along, giving many an odd glimpse of life as we pass the second story windows. Glimpses which in themselves would fill a volume; everything from the pathetic death-bed scene to the festive and gay marriage picture. The modern aspect of Harlem with its numerous buildings, going up, begun, or just completed, is counter-balanced by the quaint old sights of the Bowery, where "Beds for 15cts." "Dinner for 8cts." and such sights catch the eye; and so life, from every point of view, is seen from these modern "hanging gardens."

To the "Statue of Liberty," I was determined to go, and ascend to her utmost height; so taking the ferry from the foot of Castle Garden—the dumping ground of Europe's paupers—we steamed away, passing Fort Hamilton with its interesting reminiscences, and coming finally alongside the Bedlow Island. We land, and

each step nearer the statue increases your admiration for this wonderful work of art, with its powerful face, its wonderful attention to detail and its pleasing *tout ensemble*. You climb to the top by a spiral stair-case, the view from the torch shows New York and its surroundings in lilliputian detail, like the calm on-looker raised by years and experience from the wild rush of youth after the pleasures of the hour. There suspended in mid-air, is the fairy-like structure the Brooklyn Bridge, supported by its massive tower, underneath it ply crafts of every device and size; yonder is the spire of Old Trinity Church, and to the left is seen the "City of Paris," on her trans-Atlantic way. I cast a lingering glance backward from the stern of the ferry, as the distance separated us from the statue, and I thought I could discern the faintest smile of self-satisfaction about the lips of the proud dame, as she contemplated her own share in the work of progress and enlightenment that goes on beneath her gaze each day.

Crossing by the Brooklyn bridge to the sister city less than an hour's ride brought me to Greenwood cemetery, there is very little monuments, and each pathetic story is made the bull for a joke by the magnificent park with walks and artificial lakes and gorgeous of the solemnity or suggestion of the long last sleep about it. It is a driver whose duty it is to show visitors around. It lacks the quiet and repose of the peaceful God's acre, where we lay our dead away. One gets the best bird's eye view of the twin cities from Brooklyn bridge. On both sides of the river as far as the eye can reach, is an undistinguishable mass of buildings with here and there a spire pointing heavenward, and over all a thick cloud of smoke hangs.

Broadway with its many attractions and varied phases is always full of interesting objects. Whether it be the magnificence of Tiffany's, the picturesqueness of Vantines, with his Japanese curios or the dingy Italian quarter, or again the sweet repose of Old Trinity with its moss grown tombstones, its tower bell chiming out the passing hour, Broadway is entrancing every step of the way.

From your childhood you have heard of moonlight on the Hudson, and perhaps it is the dream of your life to sail on its broad bosom and mingle with the busy craft rushing to and fro. From the moment you leave the wharf the trip is full of interest. You pass all the wharves from where leave the European steamers, and all is bustle and noise there, you steam up beside the New Jersey Palisades, on the summit of which lay the magnificent homes of the New York millionaires. Indeed on both sides of the river now nestle those palatial residences and soon you come to the quaint country associated with Rip Van Winkle, The Headless Horseman, and in the wierd moonlight one can almost fancy he sees the fearful stranger among the shrubs and trees that skirt the banks. With the moon lending her silver hue to soften the objects, as we pass we leave the glorious Hudson with the happy assurance that it is all our fancy painted it.

As for theatres New York is full of them, and one of the prettiest among them is the Garden Theatre. There Richard Mansfield was giving his charming repertoire of Don Juan, Prince Karl, Beau Brummell, etc. To the latter belongs all the tone and charm of the quaint reign of the Prince Regent. Everyone knows Beau Brummell's story, his great popularity with prince and courtiers, his unique snubbing of the Regent, his cool question of the celebrated Sheridan "who is your fat friend?" all is perfectly carried out, and finished in a most artistic manner. The gardens attached to the theatre are an attempt at the "Beer Gardens" and cafes of Europe. This huge bare building is filled with shrubs and evergreens, growing in huge boxes, and dotted with numerous tables at which the merry throng may be satisfied with ices, beer, or any light refreshment while they enjoy the sublime orchestras of Seidl, Thomas or Gilmore, who in turn occupy the building and give delightful promenade concerts.

It is here the celebrated shows are given, there can be seen the elite of the city, resplendent in costumes and jewels, that vie with the pretty flowers themselves in beauty. With Coney Island and Manhattan Beach only half-an-hour's run from the city, the pleasure-seeker finds all his heart could wish in these resorts. Music of every description enlivens the scene, and every device for man's pleasure is laid before you. Bab, this is life, and my great wish is that you and each reader of THE LADIES' PICTORIAL might also enjoy a week in New York in June.

DAISY DEAN.

Correspondence.

The correspondence columns are open to all readers of the LADIES' PICTORIAL WEEKLY. Questions relating to fashions, etiquette, literature or any subject of interest to our readers can be sent in for reply. Address correspondence editor in care of this paper.

MIX.—Typewriting is not very difficult to learn. The reason a typewriter should also be a stenographer is, that she may take down letters in shorthand from her employers dictation, and make them out after by herself on the typewriter, thus saving the business-man much time. Write again whenever you feel in the humor.

CASSANDRA.—I. Good cameos are very much prized and are quite costly. There is a sort of shell cameo, which is sometimes very finely cut and delicately pretty, which is decidedly cheap. One can buy them for half nothing in Italy. The fashionable necklace, according to one of our leading jewellers, has only the front half in gems or cameos, the back half is of fine gold links, either in single or double rows. 2. Some ladies wear bracelets, but never a pair, that is, not one on each arm. It is permissible to put both on one arm, but a single one is in better taste. 3. The English crown jewels, which tourists go to see, are in a small stone room, in the old Tower of London. The Scotch jewels are in Edinburgh Castle. 4. Yes, I have seen them all.

BRIDE ELECT.—The word elect means chosen, but not invested with office. The bride is the chosen wife, but is not a wife until after she goes through the marriage ceremony. The elect people, are those who by their faith are preferred for salvation; prefer comes from two Latin words meaning borne or carried, and before. Select and elect are the same word.

BIEN AIMEE.—As you are only seventeen, I think your wisest plan would be to do the best you can at home for another year or two, seventeen is too young for you to go out into the world to do for yourself. Every girl has a right to her home with her parents till she marries, if they can afford to maintain her, and she submits her will to theirs. Do not worry about being an old maid. Better that, a thousand times, than the lot of hundreds of unfortunate woman, who can call themselves Mrs.

JACK.—I certainly should not send the message as you say. It might be misunderstood. Simply send your card, and write over your name "With compliments of," or "With kind regards," or "With best wishes," as it will be for a birthday. The other style is not good form; neither is it a good plan to sign only initials; just send your ordinary card. It is not necessary for the receiver to acknowledge flowers. If she wears them, or says thank you when you next meet, that should suffice. Don't be oppressively formal, its so stupid.

MOTHER.—Soft white cashmere socks will be warm enough for baby until real hot weather comes, then she can wear cute little thread ones, with her low shoe ties. A nice headwear is the quaint dimity sunbonnet, but don't have it starched stiff, or it may rasp her soft skin. Please don't give her a kitten to play with—this is one word for the kitten and two for the baby. Yes, cats do have ringworm, and children catch it from them. I abhor a cat on a bed or baby cradle.

SCHOOL GIRL.—Get the Jenness Miller waist, and don't wear braces; simply keep your chest raised as high as you can get it. This will adjust your shoulders and spine rightly.

PETITE.—Your question was not silly. It is not a wise thing to run about too much with schoolboys. It tends to destroy your gentleness of manner and refinement. I am truly glad to hear that you think so sensibly, my little friend. I hope you will soon get your bicycle; if it only depends on your success at school I am sure you will, for your letter is quite a credit to you—so neat and well expressed.

LANTATE.—I cannot give any decision between the merits of the two societies; both are doing good work, both are well managed and enthusiastic, and neither one has ever made a failure in their public appearance.

Prof. Wickle's Prize Graphological Examination.

Special Notice.

The Ideal Wife Prize Examination closed on Dec. 15th. We shall continue to publish in this column the delineation of the different specimens of handwriting sent in for the Prize Competition until they have been completed.

Delineations.

488. Extreme refinement, tenderness, constancy, caution, pro-digality in money matters, a graceful fancy, some originality, and a certain want of courage which may lead to a timid defence of self-interest approaching egotism.

489. Capacity of passionate attachment, tenderness, imagination, love of luxury and display, self-esteem, and vanity are suggested by the writing of this brief quotation. The subject has generally a good deal of vivacity, but is liable to fits of despondency. She is truthful, but is not reserved.

An Ideal Husband.

94 "My Ideal Husband" should be trustworthy, truthful, temperate, particular in his personal appearance and his companions. Praise his wife's cooking, no matter whether it is good or not, and not tell her what his "mother" could do. He must be humorous, and be kind to his wife and let her have her own way. Stay at home and mind baby sometimes. Give his wife pin money and not ask what she wants of it. Go to church with her without being coaxed. Stay home evenings and court her, make her his confident, and be as polite to her as to other ladies.

95 The ideal husband is gentle in manner and speech, and always considerate of his wife's health and strength, and her authority is unquestioned. He provides for her to the extent of his finances. Her purse is replenished without a question as to her expenditures, satisfied that her judgment is for the best. In sickness he is a tender nurse, and his strength enables him to attend his wife in a sympathetic, restful way to the invalid, and always his watchful care is a reality that is a strength and support, that the unmarried woman never knows.

96 An ideal husband, in my mind, should be a healthy, pure, Christian, loving, smart, gentle, generous, brave, true and jolly; one whom you can confide in, with a good character, with no bad traits, and who never drinks, smokes, chews, or uses profane language.

97
A manly man with strong arm to protect,
And righteous judgment my feet to direct.
Within whose great love I might sheltered be,
Encompassed with unwavering constancy.
Brave as the bravest, a champion for the right,
But tender to the erring, should be my royal knight.
An honest man, true as God's truth, whom better can you bring?
For an ideal husband, than he, my uncrowned king?

Domestic Felicity Must Be Earned.

Young people sometimes fancy that they can get married happiness merely by going through the marriage ceremony. Domestic felicity, however, like everything else worth having, must be worked for—must be earned by patient endurance, self-restraint, and loving consideration for the tastes and even for the faults of him or her with whom life is to be lived.

"No man e'er gained a happy life by chance,
Or yawned it into being a wish."