## Marion Harlands Page



of too formal a type to treat to actual den-spreads, suppers served from buffet or side-table solve the refreshment problem in the only really satisfactory

Y you are trying to dispense with the presence of servants as far as possible, impress as many friends as you can for the actual serving, letting the servants remove the soiled dishes as rapidly as possible and bring in fresh ones all the time. Then there is none of the continue. restion that so often results, when ices re melted before the cakes are passed. bouillon served at coffee-time.

Both hot and cold things are served

serve a good bouillon in cups first, with breadsticks or with tiny biscuits, with never a touch of butter about them. For the next course, croquettes, or crabs, or lobster prepared in any one of its many delicious ways are equally good—lobster Newburg served piping hot from the chafing-dish (over which the hostess may possibly preside) being especially delicious.

A salad of chicken or of lobster, de-A salad of chicken of lobster, depending, of course, upon what the hot course has been, should follow; or, in this season, when celery is just right, a delicious mayonnaise of celery may

be served upon lettuce leaves, or the

Then ices; and then coffee, served black, although, in defiance of rule, there will be some coffee-lovers who won't be happy without cream and sugar. Have them ready, though, for there's nothing which so endears a hostess to the heart of even the most casual guest like the little indulgences of his idiosyncrasies.

Just a Welsh rarebit and some other gually delectable dainty prepared "while you wait," forms the basis of the supper prepared for a jolly musical crowd, after the various performers have sung and played themselves hungry. See to it, then, that there is plenty, so that the plates may be gen-

ate apparently boundless appetites for good things.

If you have sandwiches—and it is one of the easiest ways of serving bread—let them be heavy or light in character, depending upon the rest of the supper. Plain bread and butter ones, made into tiny crustless triangles, are best for lobster Newburg and the heavier sort of refreshments. And don't make the min refreshments. And don't make the m take of serving lettuce sandwiches with chicken salad—they're too near akin. Choose frozen fruits or water ices or frappees rather than ice cream—they are so much more refreshing. And don't serve any ices at all if Welsh rarebit is the "piece de resistance" of the little

## Some Recipes by Request Philadelphia Scrapple.

By Request of L. E. A. H., Detroit, Mich. By Request of L. E. A. H., Detroit. Mich,
OIL a pig's head until the flesh slips
entirely from the bones. Remove
all the bones and return them to
the pot. When the liquor in
which the head was cooked is perfectly
cold, take the fat from the surface,
strain out the bones and put the liquor
again over the fire. Chop the meat,
season well with salt and pepper, and
when the liquor boils, stir the meat into when the liquor boils, stir the meat into it. Boil again and put in two large cups of cornmeal, letting it slip gradually hrough your fingers, as you would in

Stir until smooth, and cook gently for an hour after the boil recommences. When done, pour out into a shallow pan, or pans. pan, or pans.

It is sliced, when cold and firm, and fried in butter or in dripping. It keeps for some weeks in winter if put into a cold place.

Some Pudding Sauces. By Request of R. A. B., Denver, Col. SEAFOAM SAUCE.

1. Rub to a smooth cream two tablespoonfuls of butter, with a cupful of powdered sugar. It should then be beaten to a light, snown froth, and into this, gradually, put the stiffened whites of two eggs. Have ready half a cupful of scalding cream and beat into the foam just before serving. Flavor with CUSTARD SAUCE.

2. Into half a cupful of powdered sugar rub a heaping tablespoonful of warmed butter. Next beat into this the walked states. Well begins that the works of two eggs, whipped very light. When smooth and creamy, add a cupful of milk, heated, with a pinch of soda, to prevent curdling. Put over the fire and stir until it boils. Add a glass of sherry and serve at once. JELLY SAUCE.

3. Put a cupful of boiling water into a saucepan and set over the fire. Stir in two tablespoonfuls of powdered su-

gar. Beat half a cupful of currant jelly into two tablespoonfuls of warmed (not melted) butter, and add, when it is a pink cream, to the contents of the saucepan. Wet an even teaspoonful of cornstarch with cold water and stir into half a cupful of boiling water. Cock, stirring all the time, until it thickens, add to the sauce, and set the whole in boiling water until it is served. Give a final whirl of the eggbeater just before it goes to the table.

Nonpareil Mayonnaise Salad Dressing. (By special request of six housewives.)

Put an egg on the ice three or four hours before you need to use it. Set a soup plate in the refrigera-tor at the same time, and a bottle of salad oil. When ready to make the mayonnaise, free the yolk of the egg entirely from the white, and drop it upon the cold plate. Squeeze upon the yolk a teaspoonful of strained lemon yolk a teaspoonful of strained lemon juice, and begin to stir it into the egg with a chilled silver fork. Work slowly and steadily until the two are thoroughly blended, when drop in a very little salad oil. Add this gradually, a few drops at a time, working it in for a whole minute before you put in more. It should be quite thick before you pour in the oil by the teaspoonful. A cupful of oil, if properly incorporated, is not too much for a single egg. By now you should have a smooth golden cream. Season, at the last, with a pinch of paprika, or of white pepper, or, if desired, a smaller pinch of cayenne, a half teaspoonful of salt, and half as much mustard as you have sait. for a quart of salad.

There is no more delicious mayonnaise than that compounded in exact obedi-ence to this recipe here given.

Old Virginia Sponge Cake. Our mothers never counted the eggs for cake—least of all for the sponge cake that was a miracle of lightness and

flavor. Eggs vary so much in size that three of one breed of hens will out-weigh four laid by a smaller hen or one of a more prolific family. one of a more prolific family.

Weigh ten eggs, then, and graduate the weight of other materials by them. Allow half their weight in flour and their whole weight in sugar. Beat whites and yolks separately. When the yolks are smooth and thick, whip in the sugar—fine granulated is the best. Have ready the strained juice of a lemon, and half the peel, grated fine. Beat this in next, then the flour, finally the whites whipped to a standing froth. Bake in cups, for "snowballs," or in a loaf, in a steady oven. a loaf, in a steady oven.

Mrs. MARTIN

Old Virginia Wafers.

Chop a tablespoonful of good butter nto half a pound of flour that has been a pound of flour that has been dried in the oven and then cooled. Add a saltspoonful of sait and enough iced water to make a fairly stiff dough—one that may be rolled out easily. Roll very thin, cut into cakes the size of a very thin, cut into cakes the size of a coffee cup. and roll these again to the thinness of writing paper. They should be three times as large as the first cakes. Transfer carefully to a floured pan and bake quickly. Eat cold. They should be "bubbly" on the top.

Mrs. MARTIN.

Chicken a la Newberg. Separate the meat of a cold roast of boiled chicken from the bones, strip off all the skin and cut the meat into neat dice of uniform size. Make a white roux of a great spoonful of flour heatroux of a great spoonful of flour heated in a saucepan and rubbed to a cream while hot with a tablespoonful of butter. Add to this a cupful of cream heated in another vessel, a pinch of soda being added to prevent curdling. Put in the chicken; season to taste with pepper and salt and bring to the boil. As soon as this is gained add three hard-boiled eggs (hot) cut small, and just before lifting from the fire, stir in a glass of sherry. a glass of sherry.
A nice chafing-dish supper for Sunday

## THE HOUSEMOTHERS' EXCHANGE

HE lively member who assumes the sobriquet of "Mrs. Much Afraid" told us last week of her perplexities in trying to reconcile the teaching of a lecturer on household economics with the possibilities open to a young housewife of modest means. The rest of her story has to do with her term in a cooking school I am so much impressed by the real feeling that underruns the narrative she would have us believe merry, and so convinced of the existence of the exils
she recounts, that I am moved to beg
for "light, more light," from those who
have time to attend cooking classes and lectures upon domestic hygiene and cul-inary chemistry. I wish young house-keepers would talk freely through our Exchange of their experiences and pe-culiar trials! I ask it in the memory of my own novitiate, when "Miss Leslie's Cook Book" was the only manual of cook Book" was the only manual of practical cookery at my command. The record of that crucial first year might fitly be written in blood. Yet, if I have served the next generation of housewives to any purpose I owe the privilege to that terrible ordeal. From the travall of that novitiate was born the ilege to that terrible ordeal. From the travail of that novitiate was born the resolution to save other young wives something of what I had endured by giving them the benefit of what I had fought, bled and almost died to win.

Why have I been led into this retrospect? By the desire to impress upon the minds of my youtaful constituents the truth of my abiding interest in their tolls and struggles, and the good reason I have for comprehending what these are. If they forgive the lapse into cgotistical reverie, will they prove it by acceding to the request that they will confide to me their needs, their efforts, their successes and their failures? In a word, they will allow me to help them still, and, at the same time, lend their aid to sister-workers. In our beautiful Exchange none should be content to be as "ships that pass in the night." to be as "ships that pass in the night."

their aid to sister-workers. In our beautiful Exchange none should be content to be as "ships that pass in the night."

Bear with me a little longer, dear Mother Confessor, while I tell you what a "fizzle" my cooking lessons have been. You must know that I was as dumb as a stone when I married, with regard to practical cookery. I was sure, as the Irish greenhorns say, that I "was alsy tached." Also, that there wasn't much to learn. I told you, just now, that we keep a maid-of-all-work. I assured her, when I engard her, that I expected to do the fancy cooking myself, so it mattered little that she could not make cake and custards, or muffins et al., as the law papers I used to copy say.

I confidently expected to be able to do all this, and more, inside of a month. For, masn't I going to take cooking lessons in one of the best schools in the country?.

Well: I watched Mrs. — 's every motion. I wrote down her every word. When I went home I got together the materials for an amelette, with ielly in it, and prepared to surprise John that very evening. It looked so easy as it was done on the platform, and it turned out so well that I had no missivings. I measured and mixed and whipped in exact imitation of the demonstrator, and put the product over the fire, Julia, the plain cook, looking on curiously meanwhile. The omelette stuck to the pan; it was a heavy as putty, and it has soaked up so much butter that it was greasy all through. Even I could see that it was a failure, and Julia was downright insoient in her dispraise. She 'never had no opinion of them gooks that learned folks by preachin' to them from books, and she thought even which they had stayed for just the time named by the instructor.

The whole lecture had been upon eggs. The next was on oysters. I chose panned oysters as the easiest of the dozen ways in which they had stayed for just the time named by the instructor.

I will not weary you with the list of my successive failures. If they had no other effect, they imbued my maid-of-all-work

with a contempt for me so thorough and intolerance of my presence in her kitchen so pronounced that I had to discharge her for impertinence at the end of the second month.

I had, however, watched her plain cooking to some purpose. I could boil a potate, make telerable soup and breil a steak or chop when she left me to shift for myself, and, as she put it—"make-ae much mess in the kitchen as I liked at any time of day or night."

One thing I had discovered and I acted upon it for the next month.

Cooks don't fike to have "Her" hanking around their domain. They "don't engage" for that sort of thing. If you hire a plain cook you must put up with plain cookery.

We had to be content with it while I was practicing my lessons.

Not, mind you! what I had paid for at the rate of a dollar an hour, but what I had gained, surreptitiously, by watching my very plain cook. I ruled myself down to the hardest work I ever undertook for that month. I am obstinate, and I would not confess myself beaten. I put out the washing, and "did my own work" until I had learned how to manage a gas stove, to toast bread without burning; to broil and to roast meat; to stew oysters; to make biscuits (one kind and that the easiest known to the recipe maker) and to boil and to poach eggs. At the risk of putting John forever cut of conceit with beefsteak, I gave him no other meat for dinner for a week, until I satisfied myself that I could cook it right. Then I began upon chops, following up my final success with them by a course of roasts. It was horribly expensive, of course, for I did not know what to do with the leftovers. Scraps went into the garbage pail. I had, however, watched her plain pail.
I have another plain cook now. Not a day I have another plain cook now. Not a day passes without my stealing some tick of the trade from her. She does know something of hashes, stews, minces and eyen croquettes, and I have my hopes on this head. This is a tedious tale. Is the conclusion of the whole matter condemnation of demonstration lessons in cookery? I declare to you solemnly that I am not one whit more capable of putting a deept meal before my you solemnly that I am not one whit more cepable of putting a decent meal before my huband than if I had never taken notes of Mrs.—'s lectures. I learned literally, not one practical lesson from the course of twenty lectures at 31 apiece. Almost all she said was in an unknown jargon to my ears. Her rapid movements and glib explanations confused me. I was an ignoramus, you see. I had never learned the alphabet, and she expected me to read in words of four syllables.

expected me to read in words of "Reading bles.

I am now spelling my way up to "Reading made easy." I told John last night that i am practicing my scales, and that he will have to wait for a long while before I can play even "Days of Absence."

Never mind what John said!

MRS, MUCH AFRAID.

You are in the right path. Cooking schools are excellent in their way. That is to say, they help and stimulate emulous housewives who have already mas-tered the rudiments of the professon. They teach the higher branches of the fine art to advanced students. We will fine art to advanced students. We will call them universities, if you like. The home kitchen is the dame's school—the primary department. I have said before—and, if I mistake not, in this column—that I should rather have a daughter of mine learn how to cook in the home kitchen, under my eye, or under the tutelage of an old family servant, than to take ten, "courses" in a cooking school. As a post-graduate, she might be greatly benefited by illustrated lectures. tures.
Cookery, like learning a foreign language, must be practical from the beginning. One must do it in order to know how it is done.

That "Cold Process" Like many another housewife I watch your page closely, and I found the story of the "cold process" in preserving fruit especially interesting. I suppose the member from Tonawanda will answer your doubt as to the fruit keeping, and I shall look eagerly for her reply. I shall have to resort to the old method if the answer does not come in time. I really think that

in air-tight jars the fruit would not ferment, as all air is shut out. I sincerely hope such will be the case, for the process is certainly very simple and easy.

However, hoping for an answer from you or from our Tonawanda friend, I will forbear this time from making any brilliant suggestions of my own, and keep on profiting by your wisdom and that of others.

A. G. (Hamilton, Ontario, Can.).

It irks and humiliates me to disappoint the expectation of one who fruits point the expectation of one who trusts in me. And the serene simplicity of that woman's faith in my ability to enlighten her on the cold-process question merits something better than the reluctant admission that I am no wiser than herself as to the trustworthiness of airtight jars when raw or cooked fruit is com-mitted to them. We have had dozens of confident assurances from people who have put up all manner of fruits in cold water and in cold syrup, and who re-port perfect success with both methods. Science and common sense agree with our dear little lady's deduction that fruit should not ferment in the circum-stances. Opposed to her optimism and my wishes stand the truths that sealed tomatoes, guarded from bacteria by every means known to science, did fer-ment into loathsomeness under my very eyes, and that I am still without ocular demonstration of any other result. I have been offered cans of water-cured fruits, but they never came. And the blessed bright-hearted Canadian holds fast to her trust in the "cold process" Bread Sweet, But Tough

Will you please help me out? It is about bread. I have the potato water, put in a spoonful of sugar and sait, and one yeast cake. When it is somewhat frothy I make my sponse, and when this, in turn, is light, I knead it stiff. I knead it from twenty to thirty minutes. It rises beautifully. I bake it carefully, and it looks fine, but it is almost invariably more or less tough and sponsy. spongy.
What in the world makes it so? I don't like tough bread! I have varied the method of making it, but to no avail. I bake twice a week. My bread is sweet, but tough.

"PERPLEXED" (Philadelphia). for the second rising, it will not be tough. If you will mix it as soft as it can be handled, it will not be tough and spongy. Bread should always be mixed soft. The dough rises sooner, and the loaves are softer.

The Dangers of Gasoline I lay down the paper after reading "E. C. R.'s" request for an exterminator of bedbugs, to beg you not to recommend the use of gasoline in any way. In the first place, it does no good. At one time I soaked three big "ones" in gasoline until they turned white and stood on their head. Then I put them into a lottle so they could not get away, and next day they were as lively as ever! away, and next day they were as lively as ever!

I had a neighbor who cleaned some curtains on the porch with gasoline, and after she had hung them on the line she picked up a piece of paper that had blown in and put it into the stove. Mind you! there had been no fire in the stove since the day before. But the whole air seemed to catch fire, And that poor soul lay in the hospital for months, and will never, never recover from the burns she received, although that was years ago. the burns she received, although that was years ago.

If you will persuade people to use 10 cents' worth of wood alcohol and 10 cents' worth of corrosive sublimate, and with a machine oil-can squirt the mixture into every crack and crevice, the tufts of the mattress and everywhere else where there is the probability that an ear can lurk—there will be no bugs left to disturb the peace of our corner.

M. D. (Grant Works, Illinois).

Admitting the absolute necessity of care in the use of gasoline, as I do, I must call attention to the self-evident facts that there must have been are in

that grate, and that the paper was undoubtedly saturated with gasoline. It was imprudent in the extreme to clean the curtains in a porch opening into the kitchen. The heated draught of air flowing up the chimney volatilized the gasoline and made the disaster possible.

The mixture of wood alcohol and corresive sublimes have rosive sublimate has been recommended by me repeatedly in the Corner. You may not have read the lively discussion that went on here four years ago be-tween chemists of repute who declared the mercury, when dissolved in alcohol, to be a menace to health, and other chemists of equal renown who contended that the mineral poison could not be volatilized into a dangerous agent ex-cept under heat that would kill human Who shall decide when experts dis-Protecting Glass From Breaking

I would answer to the "cracking-fruit jar" query that bartenders, in making 'hot drinks." always put a spoon in the glass first, and that they never break a glass. Undoubtedly this would work well with fruit jars.

Your page always interests me, and I hope the above will prove as useful a preventive to the housewife as to the bartender.

STILL ANOTHER MERE MAN, (Buffalo, N. Y.).

I corroborate the statement intelligently. Not that I am conversant with the ways of bartenders, or learned in the matter of their "hot stuffs," but I ice freshly made tea daily, pouring the scalding decoction directly from the pot into tumblers, protected from danger of breaking by a silver spoon. And, like the bartenders, I never break a glass.

"Well Worth the Labor-"

Here is a reply to "C. R.'s" inquiry as to cleaning carrets on the floor. This has been done successfully by myself, time and time done successfully by myself, time and time again.

Make a strong suds of a bar of good, ripe laundry soap, shaved fine. If your carpets are light, add a cup of gasoline to a gallon of suds. If it is all woel, use a few spoonfuls of ammonia. With a clean scrubbing brush clean the carpet as you would a floor, but do not soak it, as you go on. Take up just enough suds each time to clean a little space, and be sure it is clean before going on. Wring out a cloth in clear, warm water, and rinse off the suds. Then wipe as dry as possible with another and a dry cloth.

The foregoing is well worth the labor it involves, for I assure you you will be well repaid.

If your carpet is too wet when you repaid.

If your carpet is too wet when you have finished cleaning it, leave the windows open and it will soon dry.

May I come again and tell the housewife of a quick, easy and enjoyable Sunday dinner she may get up at small expense?

Mrs. J. T. P. (Harvey, Ills.)

I could find it in my heart to scold you for asking the question for new results. you for asking the question, for now we shall have to wait until the autocratic printer puts this before your eyes, and you have time to answer it and the printer takes his time again. Lose no more time in sending along the help for the weather-worn worker in the heated heart of the home—the kitchen.

Dyeing Carpets on the Floor
Yet—and she is a stupid pupil who
does not discover, every day, how much
she has to learn that other people
know—I was incredulous, a few weeks ago, as to the practicability of dyeing carpets upon the floor! Humbled, and willing to be taught even more upon the subject, I make room for another communication in refutation of my unbelief: I colored thirty yards of old rag carpet in the following way (I think that brussels ould be treated in the same manner):

I had one package of each shade of patent dye—dark blue, dark red and yellow. I mixed as directed, and, before adding all the water, dipped some out to reserve for the darkest stripes. After doing this, I added enough beiling water to make it of the desired shade, making sure not to have that for the ground too dark. Then, by mixing two colors—such as blue and yellow to make green, blue and red for purple, etc.—I had yet other colors at my command. I used blue for the ground shade, and applied the paint with a four-inch brush for the groundwork, a one-inch brush for the stripes.

I painted only one side of the carpet, as it lay on the kitchen floor. Had there been children about I could not have done it in there. I applied the paint as hot as it could be made, keeping a kettle of it on the stove, and using a cup to dip it out as it was needed. I used a tin ruler two feet long to guide me in making the stripes even, leaving a dry space between every two, lest the colors should run into cach other. A little practice enables one to do it weil. The first trial was completely successful, in my case. If you wish, and if it will be of any help to other makers of domestic floor coverings, I will, with pleasure, send in directions for copying rug patterns and making the rugs themselves.

H. J. (Roslindale, Mass.). H. J. (Roslindale, Mass.). Send along your directions, at your convenience, and they will be thankfully received and passed on to eager readers.

A Good Washing Fluid A Good Washing Fluid

Mrs. R. C. R. wants a formula for a good washing fluid that will not rot the clothes. This is mine: To 5 cents' worth of saits of tartar and the same of ammonia I allow a lo-cent can of patent lye and one gallon of water.

Put all fine white clothes in the boiler; shave half a bar of laundry soap, scattering it among the clothes; pour over it enough cold water to cover the clothes well, and stir into it half a cup of the fluid. Bet over the fire, and when it boils keep it on the range at a steady boil for five minutes.

Transfer the clothes to a tub of cold water and they will need little rubbing. Rinse in two waters, and thoroughly.

T soak towels, underwear and all badly solled articles over night. Add more water, soap and fluid for the second boilerful.

This is a very easy way of washing, and my clothes are white and clean. I wash

percales and ginghams of delicate colors in clear water with white soap and dry in the Now for a note on pickling.

As fruit jars suggest Now for a note on pickling.

As fruit jars, sugar, vinegar—and cash—are in great demand in the canning season, it is economy of all and of time to pursue this plen:

Put the young cucumbers you mean to pickle in a white cotton bag. Allow a pound of sait and a tablespoonful of alum to twelve pounds of cucumbers: tie them up with sait and alum in the bag, and put it into a crock or keg, cover with a plate, lay a heavy stone on the plate to keep the cucumbers under the brine that will form in time. If there is not enough of this to cover the pickles by next day, add a little water. Cover the crock and set it in the cellar. Cucumbers put up in this way will keep a year. When you wish to pickle them take out a few quarts at a time, or all if you prefer to make one job of it; rinse in cold water, put into a kettle, cover with more cold water, bring to a slow boil and then prepare them in any way you like for use—as sweet or sour pickles.

I was interested in what a correspondent said of corn portieres. I am making a pair, but I have not dyed my corn. As I live in the country, I have access to the cornerib, where I find red, white and yellow grains, and by adding a little black sweet corn I have a pleasing variety.

Mrs. G. A. H. (Waukesha, Mich.)

The story of the corn portieres interess and least the sum of the corners and the sail. Mrs. G. A. H. (Waukesha, Mich.)
The story of the corn portieres interests us all. But (there is a "but" or an "if" to everything in this world) unless the grains are treated in some way that will make them distasteful to mice, will not they be nibbled by the mischievous little beasties? How would it do to soak the corn evernight in red nepper tea, as

Peppers I have been trying a recipe for stuffed green peppers, cut from a magazine. I followed it faithfully in every particular, but the penpers were so hot none of us could eat them. They were young and fresh, having been picked that very day. What was wrong?

R. C. S. (Buffalo, N. Y.).

You may have allowed the seeds to touch the inside of the peppers in extracting them. And did you scald them before stuffing? Some recipes do not insist upon this preparatory process in

the corn overnight in red pepper tea, as

a dissuasive preliminary?

cooking peppers. I cannot make them eatable without it, unless the peppers be exceptionally "sweet."

Renovating Rugs

Will you give me standing room in your corner while I offer a "tip" to my fellow-housewives who at this season are surveying, dolefully, squares and strips of faded, and sofled carpeting too good to throw away, vet utterly unpresentable in their present condition? I am the proud possessor of six fine, large, handsome rugs, thick, soft and warm. They represent four old carpets, two ingrain, two Brussels, which I was ready to throw away last spring. A friend showed me a more excellent way by displaying her store of nice rugs and telling me their history. So I bundled up the shabby things, without even cleaning them, and sent them off to a factory.

I was in a twitter of delight when they came back to me, and I have not got over it yet, as you see.

Two of my rugs are square. I wanted them in that shape. Two are oblong, for bedrooms. The colors are artistically arranged. I am immensely broud of my cleverness.

E. R. M. (Trenton, N. J.).

We congratulate you, and commend your example to readers who have soiled old carpets. They may be dyed after they are transformed into rugs. There is no excuse nowadays for an unsightly floor covering. Renovating Rugs

Gasoline for Buffalo Moths Kindly publish in your Exchange what is good to clear a house of buffalo moths. We have tried many things, but we cannot succeed in killing them out.

M. P. W. (Woodstock, Ontario). M. P. W. (Woodstock, Ontario).

I have no knowledge of anything that will extirpate the evil hordes so certainly as gasoline. Soak carpets and upholstered furniture with it; shut the room up closely and do not enter it for twenty-four hours. Go in then, in the daytime, and open the windows. Sweep the room carefully and burn the sweepings.

Marin Howland