

## THE HOUSEHOLD.

## HINTS FOR THE HOUSE.

There is nothing which will save both time and strength—yes, and patience too more than an unwavering habit of always putting everything in its place when putting it away, and having that place near by. Everything, every single article, should have its own corner, or nail, and always be put thereon. A housekeeper ought to be able to go to her kitchen or pantry in the dark and lay her hand instantly on anything wanted. Another way of saving steps is by carrying a good deal at once. That not all homes are arranged conveniently for housekeeping is an unfortunate fact; a fact, by the way, which might be overcome more often than it is by the housewife if she only thought so. A good many people accept everything as they find it—especially things of a house—without once thinking that they can have it altered.

But sometimes, alas! too often, a woman finds herself set down in a house planned by a man who never dreamed of housework ever getting done except by magic. She finds her pantry and kitchen sink and stove at three corners of the world—her world, and her dining-room door as far from them as possible, with its china-closet, perhaps, on the further side. This state of things necessitates miles on miles of weary travel. If she would save much of it, let her get a light table made, having stout legs on which are strong castors. On this put the dishes and carry them back and forth all at once. It would be well to have boards nailed about the top of the table and slanted outward a little, to fence in whatever is carried.

Such a table will be found useful for many other things, and on many another occasion than the setting and clearing off of tables. Try it. If you can't get the table made, utilize an old one of some sort. Putting on of castors is not an impossibility to a woman. It may be something of a task at first to plan so as to carry enough at once to save many journeys, but it soon can be learned. It is simply a question of 'making one's head save one's heels.' There are people who seem to prefer to exercise heels instead of head, and trot by the hour with one or two things at a time. To such I am not talking. They were never meant for housekeepers.

It is wonderful how castors will lighten housework generally. I often marvel that so many women will tug through the world without them. I knew one woman who went through a lifetime with beds and bureaus that could never be removed for sweeping, and never for housecleaning without the greatest difficulty. She never even thought of any way of remedying the trouble. How much strength she might have saved! Does she stand alone?

Another way to save work is to sweep the kitchen the first thing in the morning, while the fire is coming up. There will be more or less dust and ashes scattered in starting up the fire, if there is not a good deal left over from the day before; and the constant stepping back and forth, necessary while getting breakfast, will tread whatever is under foot into the floor, and soon you'll find a decided cloud on the floor about the stove. It will take much hard scrubbing to get it out, if indeed you are at all able to do so.

What is done with the kitchen refuse? Let me suggest that a pan be kept in some handy corner to receive such garbage; then when the fire will not be troubled by it, it can be burned, or if chickens are kept, it can be added to their feed at the proper time.

The semi-annual moving of stoves is a great bugbear in many homes, for not all have furnaces. This task, like most others, may be reduced to a trifle. Let the housewife take off all doors and movables; carefully dust and label and pack in papers, and lay away in some dry place. This is in taking down the stove in the spring. Then thoroughly clean it out and carry off all coal and ashes. Remove the pipe, empty out all soot and brush clean. Rub with an oily cloth and put away. Now for the stove. If there is a man to the fore, let him borrow or buy a common truck, slip the front end under the edge of the stove, tip it over on the truck and walk

off with it to wherever you wish it to stand through the summer. You'll be astonished to see how easily he will do it.—*Rose Thorn, in Christian at Work.*

## GOSPEL OF HEALTH.

The gospel of health makes rest an essential. The husband who believes in it, not only plans his own life to ensure the needful seven or eight hours' sleep, but he is careful his faithful wife shall have her legitimate share.

'What makes you leave the reading-room so early, Smith? You're not like some of us, forced to rise with the lark! You don't open shop till eight, like the rest of them, so can't want to go to bed betimes.'

'I go to bed at ten and rise at six,' was the quiet reply; 'but I get home by nine, to let my wife have an extra hour. She's on her feet the greater part of the day, and needs the extra; so she sets the supper and I clear away!'

That explained why Mrs. Smith was so beaming and rosy among neighbors who were wan and weary. The consideration which planned the extra hour's rest would, we may be sure, have other plans by which to save the mother of the home undue fatigue, and ensure to her her rights of recreation.

In contrast to the above we knew a man who excused his wife from her attendance at church by saying: 'You see, we can't both leave at once. I take the morning and she the evening on the Sunday; but by night-time she's tired, and doesn't much care for coming out, so I make use of her turn!'

Why should he not have planned the morning for his wife, when she was not tired, and have taken the evening for himself? Probably the answer would have been, 'Because in the morning there was the dinner to cook.'

Ah! when will husbands learn that 'the life is more than meat, and the body than raiment'? When will they plead for a Sunday dinner cooked on Saturday, which gives 'mother' her chance of a Sabbath of rest, like others of the family? When? When men who acknowledge themselves to be followers of Christ believe in and live out the teaching of the gospel of health.—*Light in the Home.*

## THE BEST-PARLOR.

'When I went to housekeeping,' said a grandmother whose family has been almost a model—'when I went to housekeeping, I made up my mind that I should never have a room to shut up for strangers until I had so much room in my house that I could spare it as well as not. When my children were growing up, I took every advantage that the dwelling afforded for their use. The best-parlor did not exist, and nothing about the place was kept as though it were too good for the pleasure of those that were dearest to me. I have taken great delight in the fact that my house was the favorite resort for all the children and young people in the neighborhood. As they grew up they preferred their more sedate amusements, and one of the rooms was set apart for them; the younger children had another.'

'My friends have often laughed at me at turning my whole place into a kindergarten; but when I look around and see the difference between my children and proteges and the young people in families where everything was too good to use, I can only thank heaven that I was led to appropriate to the use of the little ones the brightest, best and cheeriest that my means afforded. If boys and girls cannot find pleasure at home, they will seek it elsewhere; if I had to buy a new carpet every year I did it with a good grace, when I could; when I was not able to buy it, we polished the floor and went without it. The wear and tear of carpets in our house was really something dreadful; and many a lecture have I got from my friends for what they considered extravagant and destructive management, but I have my boys and girls, and I can say it with thankfulness, the boys and girls of many other families to look upon with pleasure, and I think that the investment was much better than carefully kept floor-coverings. Those we can get later in life, but the boy or girl who begins a career by going off on the sly

to perpetrate some mischief or finds it necessary to deceive the parents in order to escape censure, has started in on a much more costly line than the furnishing of play-rooms.

I verily believe that if the best parlor in ninety-ninth of the houses of people of moderate means were turned into a play-room, and a certain amount set apart for providing toys, games, books and other forms of amusement, that the criminal record of the next generation would be lowered one-half. Children go out for the sake of company and go where they are welcome. The saloons have an efficient corps of recruiting-officers looking for them as soon as they reach mature years. Father and mother can do much with children when they are little. When they have grown older, if the early training has been neglected, it is pretty likely to be a hopeless undertaking to make anything very good of them.'

## KEEPING PICKED UP.

One of the most serious troubles of housekeeping, if one is to judge not by the importance of particulars, but by the aggregate of time and energy involved, is the constant struggle over the matter of picking up. All about the house, in a dozen different rooms, there are countless articles in constant use, that are often needed by different members of the family. This is especially true in regard to three things. One of these is papers. I never could discover why there should not be a separate place for each paper, as well as for each article of furniture. The second class of articles that troubles the housewife are tools. Where are the scissors? Where is the clothes-brush, the hat-brush, the tack-hammer, the rake? Such queries, uttered with various degrees of querulous emphasis, are resounding over thousands of homes at this minute.

And a third difficulty relates to garments—overshoes and overcoats, hats and gloves, canes and umbrellas, and all similar articles, which cause a great part of the friction and fretfulness of many a family.

I know of one household where this difficulty, at least, is met in a very practical fashion. At the end of the hall is a long rack divided into compartments, one for each of the nine members of the family, and each compartment has a place for one hat, one coat, one umbrella, and one pair of overshoes. Moreover, each compartment is named and numbered!

How is it possible to inculcate in a family the faculty of 'keeping picked up'? One step toward a reform is contained in the first part of the familiar adage, 'A place for everything, and everything in its place.' Very seldom is there a place for everything. Very seldom, indeed, is there a place for half the things. An hour spent in establishing well-understood places for different articles, on shelves and tables, in this and that room and corner, would save an immense number of days spent in looking and worrying, and often—in quarreling.

Another step toward this reform is the gaining of the useful habit of putting away, at the end of work, everything connected with the work,—the fragments left over, the tools, the tables, and everything of the sort. At the end of work, of course, one is tired, but the putting away is much easier then. The articles are fresh in one's mind, and one knows just where they came from. Besides, if one waits, there will be soon a new set of impedimenta, and then another, and another, until the accumulation has become disheartening.

A habit well worth any one's trouble to cultivate is that of giving a quick glance around before going to any distant room, or to another floor of the house,—a glance that will see whether there is not some misplaced article that could be taken along and put back where it belongs. 'Always go with your hands full,' was the maxim of a careful housekeeper I have heard of; and it is not a bad maxim. Every step, then, is made to do double duty, and this habit, though awkward at first, soon becomes instinctive.

'But,' you object, 'the other members of the family are so careless, and I can do nothing alone.' Never mind. Do you begin. You have no idea how contagious good habits are, as well as bad. Ask the other members of the family to read this

article, and then enter with them into a solemn picking-up alliance, offensive and defensive.—*Golden Rule.*

## DARK CELLARS.

Many ladies never see the cellar, they cannot tell whether the floor is cemented or not, whether the winter rains soak into it or not, or whether it is dark or light.

From the cellar arises the malarial tendency that does so much to sap the vitality of the family—now what can be done? In the first place the cellar is too dark, and that makes it damp. There ought to be windows on every side of the house that can be opened to let the dampness out and the sunshine in. People are like plants, in the shade they become dwarfed in the body and soul, hope and courage die, and life seems a horrid nightmare. But when the sun shines on them, they are warmed into life, hope is resurrected, and they are ready for the battle.

A dark cellar is full of the germs of disease, and should receive constant attention. The floor should be cemented, (and it should be swept once in every week,) the ceiling should be whitewashed once a year at the least, windows should be opened every day in summer, and one of them be left open all the time, for it can be protected from stray cats by heavy wire netting. Of course that advice will not do for winter weather, for the floors would be so chilled that no furnace would be capable to warm them to a proper degree of temperature; but they ought to be opened at proper times, a draught of air be allowed to blow through the open windows, and then be closed as tightly as before.

Health should be the first consideration in every household, for health once lost cannot be bought again at any price. Common-sense will do more to aid in securing health against the probability of departure than anything else; quack medicines, nostrums, liniments, or any other thing cannot cure all the ills of man, but common-sense can do a great deal towards preventing those ills, even if it cannot always compass a perfect cure when they have really come to stay.

Down in the dark cellar begin a great many of them, so do not permit it to be dark; the damp floor sends up, many a waft of rheumatic encouragement, so do not let it remain damp; and be very sure that plenty of sunshine will condone many of these evils.—*Christian at Work.*

## RECIPES.

**WAFER COOKIES.**—Two cups of butter, two cups of sugar, four eggs, three pints of flour, one-half teaspoonful of mace. These must be made in a cool room, and cannot be made in very warm weather. Roll very thin, cut and bake in a hot oven. They keep indefinitely.

**PLAIN OMELETTE.**—Beat four eggs very light. Have ready a pan of hot butter, pour the beaten eggs into it, and fry it till it is of a fine brown on the under side, then lap one half over the other, and serve it hot. Just before you lap it, sprinkle a little salt and pepper over the top. Chopped parsley or onion may be mixed with the egg before it is fried.

**CREAM CAKE.**—Mix two cups of flour and two level teaspoons cream tartar and one of soda, make well in center, into which put one cup sugar, one of sweet cream, one egg and small teaspoon salt; mix all quickly together, flavor with teaspoon lemon, put in pan to bake. Adding a cup of raisins or currants makes a nice cake pudding to eat hot with sauce. Sour cream can be used instead of sweet by omitting the cream tartar and using two eggs instead of one.

**APPLE SPONGE.**—Boil until clear one teacupful of sugar and one of water, then put in one quart of quartered and cored but not pared sour apples, cover and stew tender. Soak one ounce of gelatine two hours in cold water, then add the juice of two large lemons, turn into the hot apple and stir until the gelatine is dissolved. Press the fruit through a colander, beat until light, and when partly cool add the well-beaten whites of two eggs. Pour into a wet mold and stand in a refrigerator. Make a custard sauce of one pint of milk sweetened and flavored and the yolk of the eggs. Turn the sponge out into a glass dish, pour the custard around it (cold) and serve.

**BOSTON BAKED BEANS.**—Pick over and wash one quart of pea beans. Put into cold water and parboil. When the skins crack the beans are ready to be baked. Add one-half teaspoonful soda, and stir. Let them stand a few moments, turn off the water, and put part of them into the bean pot. Put in one-pound salt pork, with cut side up, then add the remainder of the beans. Mix together in a cup one tablespoonful salt, one teaspoonful mustard, a pinch of soda. Add one tablespoonful of sugar and one of molasses. Fill the cup with hot water, pour over the beans, rinse all the molasses from the cup, and add to beans enough hot water to cover. Cook from eight to ten hours in a moderate oven, replacing the water lost by evaporation. The amount of salt will depend upon whether the pork is fat or lean; the leaner the pork, the saltier it will be. For those who like the beans very dark, add all molasses.