

however, we can scarcely attempt that. In the first place, very few, comparatively, of our readers are ex-school teachers, and without actual experiment and the equipment of a laboratory, it would be almost impossible to make things absolutely clear, except, perhaps, to those who have already "taken" chemistry. In the second, we cannot afford the space for too detailed analyses of all the various things that go to make up the daily ration. We shall, however, so far as may be clear to the general reader, and so far as we can find room, be glad to act on "Jack's Wife's" suggestion, for which we thank her most heartily.

Next week, then, we shall, if possible, begin a series of short articles, based on the best authorities we can find, on "Food Values," and we hope that many others beside "Jack's Wife" will be interested.

SEASONABLE RECIPES.

Orange Jam.—Take 1 dozen oranges and 6 lemons; wash and slice very thin, removing all seeds. Let stand in four quarts water for 36 hours, then boil gently for 2 hours. Add 10 pounds white sugar, and cook 1 hour longer.

English Marmalade.—Seven oranges and 3 lemons. Quarter and cut in very fine chips. Take out seeds, pour over pulp 3 quarts cold water, let stand 24 hours. Boil until tender, let stand until next day, add 9

pounds sugar, and boil till chips are clear and syrup jellies.

Cooking Dried Fruits.—When cooking any kind of dried fruit—apricots, prunes, peaches, apples, etc.—wash well, then soak over night. In the morning put on the stove (without changing the water, of course), and simmer very gently until quite tender. A few minutes before taking off add enough sugar to sweeten. All stewed fruits of this kind are nice when served with whipped cream.

WHAT YOU CAN DO WITH CANNED CORN.

1. **Corn Soup.**—Heat the corn, put through a sieve or ricer, add a quart of milk and a blade of mace and heat again. Just before serving, thicken, slightly with a little cornstarch, and season with salt and pepper. Add a bit of butter, and serve with a spoonful of whipped cream on each plateful.

2. **Corn Oysters.**—Three cups corn (drained, if very watery), $\frac{1}{4}$ cup milk, 8 beaten eggs, 1 tablespoonful flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, salt and pepper to taste. Fry by spoonfuls, turn, and serve very hot.

3. **Corn Omelette.**—Three beaten eggs, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup sweet cream, 1 cup corn, 1 tablespoonful flour, salt and pepper to taste. Pour on a hot, buttered pan, and bake. Do not turn.

Corn Chowder.—Fry a bit of fat pork, cut in small cubes. Add a small onion and cook. Now add 1 pint of cold potatoes sliced, and 1 pint of corn. Season and pour in

enough milk to cover well. When simmering hot add 1 tablespoon butter, thicken slightly with a little flour blended in milk, and serve with crackers.

Fruit Salad.—Take one quart of fruit juice—a mixture of any kind you have left in your sealers will do, but raspberry and strawberry are particularly good when mixed with cherry or pineapple. Heat and stir in two tablespoons gelatine softened in two tablespoons cold water. Sweeten, and add $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon mixed spices—cinnamon, cloves, mace—and 1 tablespoon vinegar. Wet some cups, and put a few bits of nut-meat in the bottom of each. Pour in the juice, and chill, letting stand until the mixture jellies, usually over night. Serve on lettuce leaves, with a spoonful of mayonnaise at the side, and another of whipped cream on top.

HOUSECLEANING HINTS.

Linoleum or Oilcloth.—Wash with skimmed milk.

Oiling Floors.—Clean floor perfectly and let dry. Oil with boiled linseed oil, and when oil has had time to absorb, rub hard with soft woollen cloths.

To Paint Floors.—Soak two ounces glue in cold water for 12 hours, then melt it in a solution of one pound caustic lime and water, heated to the boiling point. Stir in linseed oil until it ceases to mix.

Mix with any color not affected by lime, and dilute with water, if needed. For yellow-brown or brown-red, boil in the mixture one-quarter its volume of shellac and borax. Yellow ochre, linseed oil, and a little turpentine, also makes a very good inexpensive paint.

To Fill Cracks in Floors.—Soak newspapers in paste made from 1 lb. flour, 3 quarts water and 1 tablespoon alum, thoroughly boiled and mixed. Make the mixture about as hard as putty, put in cracks, smooth over, and let get bone-dry before painting.

To Clean Painted Woodwork.—If very smoky, rub with kerosene, wash off with soapsuds, rinse in clear water, and wipe dry, or use a strong solution of sal soda.

To Clean Varnished Woodwork.—If very dirty, rub with kerosene and polish vigorously. If not, wash with milk and water, or with weak tea, following, in the latter case, with a polish of 1 part olive oil and 2 parts vinegar. To clean white woodwork, rub well, then apply a mixture of whiting and water; let dry and rub off.

To Remove Spots of Paint on Window Glass.—Apply with a swab a strong solution of lye, and rub off with a woollen cloth. Do not let it get on hands or clothing.

For Scouring Floors or Washing Coarse Articles.—Put 1 pound slacked lime and 1 pound soda in 6 qts. water. Boil 2 hours, let settle, and pour off. Add to water for cleaning.

When Sarah Ann Rebelled.

By Susan Hubbard Martin, in Woman's Home Companion.

Sarah Ann was washing in the shed kitchen. The roof was low, and although it was yet early, the June sun streaming upon it made the heat of the small room almost unbearable. The steam from the boiler of bubbling clothes only added to the discomfort. There was an unusually large washing, that had to be finished before noon. Then there were dinner to get, dishes to wash, and Jane Harriet to be made comfortable for the afternoon.

Sarah Ann's scant calico dress hung in limp folds, her gray hair was strained severely back, and her thin lips were set in stern lines. Life looked difficult this June morning, and in Sarah Ann's usually tranquil soul was a faint uprising of rebellion. She could not help questioning why the hard things, and never the easy ones, came to her; why other lives should be so full and rich and beautiful, her own so poor and bare and limited.

Sarah Ann was forty-seven years old, and had never married. She lived now with her sister, whom she had brought up. Jane Harriet had once been a pretty girl, but she had married young, and married a poor man. Under the shiftless management of her indolent, improvident husband, she lost her beauty and her bloom and her ambition. At thirty-three she was a chronic invalid with five children. Then it was that Sarah Ann left her own little home and came to the rescue. It was not likely that she would lack for something to do in the narrow, pinched household.

As Sarah Ann plunged the clothes-stick into the bubbling boiler, her spirit of rebellion deepened. Just then there came a tap at the door. A young girl stood there, a young girl in a shady hat and a rose-colored dress. Her cheeks matched her gown.

It was pretty Charlotte Dent, one of the young members of Sarah Ann's church.

"Good morning, Sarah Ann!" she said, in her cheerful voice. "I knocked and knocked at the front door, but as nobody came, I thought I'd better come round here."

"Jane Harriet's asleep," replied Sarah Ann, briefly. "She had a bad night, and the children are playing next door. Well," she added, a little brusquely, "what is it? Something about the church, I know. I can't ask you to come in; you'd smother."

Charlotte's face took on a warmer hue.

She felt the resentment of Sarah Ann's manner, and hesitated a little. What had altered the usual unassuming humility of Sarah Ann?

"We're going to have an ice-cream social, Sarah Ann," she began, shyly. It's to be at the town hall Friday night, and we want to know if you'll come over and wash dishes for us."

Sarah Ann took up her gingham apron and slowly dried her knotted hands. Then she turned, and with something tragic in her gaze looked into the pretty face, noting its freshness and beauty. She saw the whiteness of the slender hands and the gracefulness of the girlish figure. "And I—I might have looked like that once," she thought with a passion of longing, "if everything hadn't been so hard!"

After a moment's silence, she spoke. "Help you?" she said, in a harsh tone. "No, I won't!"

"You won't?" cried Charlotte, in surprise. "Why, Sarah Ann, you always have!"

Sarah Ann stood still, tall and grim; her usually meek brown eyes were flashing.

"Yes," she retorted, "I always have! For twenty-seven years I've been a member of the church. I don't believe in all that time I've ever missed washing dishes once at anything that's come up. I've worked faithful at every supper, every social, every bazaar we've ever had. Look at my hands! Do they look as if I'd ever shirked my duty? Oh, yes, when there's work to be done you always come for Sarah Ann! She's used to it; you think she don't mind it. Why shouldn't I have a good time, like the rest of you?" she went on, bitterly. "Why should I be always drudging and washing dishes? Is it because I'm old and poor and ugly? There's Mrs. Judge Macon. Ask her to wash your dishes, and see what she'll say!"

"When the ladies gave that dinner and supper election day," she went on, more quietly, "I stayed all day. The rest of you left, and I washed dishes alone until twelve o'clock that night. I could hardly drag myself home, and the next day Jane Harriet had a bad spell that lasted a week. Now, let somebody else wash your dishes. I'm tired."

The face in the doorway flushed and quivered under Sarah Ann's words. Then the girl came in suddenly and put her arms about Sarah Ann's shoulders. At the gentle pressure the poor, overtasked woman broke into sobs, heavy, tearless sobs that shook her thin figure.

"There, there, Sarah Ann," whispered Charlotte, soothingly, "don't cry! I ought not to have asked you, Sarah Ann, if isn't as if we hadn't appreciated

what you've done; we just didn't think—that's all."

A second later she was gone, with a new pity and thoughtfulness upon her face—a thoughtfulness brought there by the picture of a gaunt, tired woman with toll-worn, knotted hands.

On the night of the social, the moon shone clear and bright. It had been a hot day, and poor Jane Harriet had been unusually trying. But it was over now. The children were asleep, Jane Harriet was safely settled for the night, and Sarah Ann could take a minute's breathing-time.

As she sat in the doorway in the soft stillness of the moonlight, she was thinking of the social, and of Charlotte Dent. "I ought to have gone," she whispered, slowly. "They can't get any one to wash dishes but me. I needn't have told Charlotte the things I did, either."

She folded her hands in her lap and sighed heavily. As she sat there, the gate clicked. Someone was coming up the walk; someone in a white dress. It was Charlotte.

"Get your bonnet, Sarah Ann," she said, in a low voice. "Is your sister in bed, and are the children asleep? That's good. Come, I want you to go to the social. Not to help," she added, hastily, "but to enjoy yourself like other people. We never thought about it, Sarah Ann," she went on, shyly. "We have imposed on you, and you've had so much to do at home! Come, get your bonnet!"

Sarah Ann rose stiffly. It had been a hard day.

"Are you sure you want me?" she said, wistfully.

"Quite sure," said the girl. A few minutes later they went up the quiet street together. The hall was lighted, the windows were open, and as they passed up the steps there was a hum of voices.

"There's a lot of people here," said Charlotte, happily, as they went in. "We think we're going to make a good deal this time. We want to get that Sunday-school piano paid for if we can. They're pressing us for another payment. Did I tell you?"

"No," murmured Sarah Ann, "you didn't."

She would have washed dishes willingly if she had known that, she thought.

It was a pretty sight that her eyes rested on. All about were scattered small white-covered tables, at which people were eating ice-cream and cake. Sarah Ann thought she had never seen so many pretty dresses in all her life.

Charlotte led her to a seat. "Sit here," she whispered, "and I'll wait on you."

She pushed her gently into a chair and departed hastily. Sarah Ann sat stiffly upright. Now that she had her wish, she felt ill at ease. She had never been waited upon before, and she thought that it wasn't such a blessing, after all, to sit with folded hands.

Charlotte came back in a few minutes, carrying on a tray a generous pyramid of ice cream and a liberal supply of cake.

"I brought you the best cake we had, Sarah Ann," she whispered, as she deposited her burden. "Don't forget to try this banana cake. Mrs. Bright made it, and you know how good her cake always is. Good-bye. I'll be back again if I can, but we're very busy."

Left alone, Sarah Ann slowly ate her ice cream. She tasted her cake, but left most of it. She felt strange and out of place, for in all her recollections this was the first time anyone had ever waited upon her, and she did not like it.

As she sat at the white-covered table among the well-dressed, light-hearted people, the conviction came home to her that it was too late to change matters, after all. With an odd restlessness, she wanted to be up and doing as she had always done. In the camp of the Israelites there had been hewers of wood and drawers of water, and perhaps they were just as necessary to the well-being of the camp as the priests and the psalm singers, and perhaps they received as great a reward.

And now she knew that she must bury her longings and her dreams, and be content with the humble things. He who planned all lives knew best.

Rising, she made her way steadily through the crowds to the rear room. Nobody was there but Charlotte Dent, and she was standing over a huge pan filled to the brim with dishes. Her delicate face was flushed, and there was a weary look in the sweet eyes.

She glanced up as Sarah Ann entered. "It's hard work, Sarah Ann," she said, smiling faintly. "I didn't know how hard until I tried it. I've been thinking about you all the time since I've been standing here."

Sarah Ann went over to Charlotte and took her hands resolutely from the dish-pan. "Give me your apron, child," she said. "There, you go and enjoy yourself. You're not fit for this work."

Tying the gingham apron about her own waist, she plunged her calloused hands into the water. The dishes came out with astounding rapidity clean and bright.

There was a relieved yet a reluctant look on Charlotte's face.

"I don't like to leave you, Sarah