

board is planted squarely in the path of every little daughter, and sooner or later, if her life be spared, she will walk up to it. Shall we not call it an altar upon which human sacrifices are performed daily?

"When the orgies of the rolling-pin were finished that Saturday morning, I observed that the *genius of the long-handled spoon* took control, demanding the customary tribute of eggs, sugar, fat, spices, etc. Demanding also the usual outlay of time and strength which goes to the compounding of cakes. And thus, with rolling, beating, and stirring, the forenoon wore away, leaving in each house its accumulation of unhealthy food.

"You *do* know, madam, that plain living is better for your children? You *would* like more time to devote to them, or for books, or for recreation? Then pray why not change all this? Why not refuse to sacrifice to the god of Appetite that time, strength, and money which are needed for higher purposes? Is *palate* for ever to rank above *brain*? Change your creed. Say, I believe in health, in books, in outdoors. Why don't you *rise*, slaves? Now is your time. Now, when slaves everywhere are demanding their freedom, rebel against the tyranny of vain cookery.

"*Company*? Thanks for teaching me that word. The kind hospitality of this social little village of 'Tweenit' enables me to be 'company' myself very frequently. And I am aware that much time is spent in the preparation of viands to set before me, which for variety and richness could not be excelled. Shall I add that whenever, at the bountifully-spread tea-tables, I have attempted to start a rational conversation, the attempt has for the most part failed? Books, public men, public measures, new ideas, new inventions, new discoveries, what is doing for the elevation of women, on none of these subjects had my entertainers a word to offer. Their talk was, almost without exception, trivial, not to say gossipy.

"Therefore, as a member of that institution which, as everybody says, makes a sight of work, namely '*company*,' I protest. I petition for less food and more culture. And your petitioner further prays that some of the spices and good things be taken out of the cooking and put into the conversation.

"But the 'men-folk'? Ah! to be sure. Perhaps, after all, it is they who need an appeal."—*Hearth and Home*.

IMPROVISED LAMP PEDESTALS.

In arranging the hair at night one naturally wishes to have the light at least as high as one's head, if not above it. This cannot always be accomplished, especially

in country houses where there are not gas-burners; consequently, there is often no help for us but to set down our lamp or candle upon the dressing-table, with its rays shooting up into our eyes, and proceed to dress with the tops of our heads in shadow.

Sometimes thoughtful housewives have a lamp-bracket on the wall at just the right height; but there is another good contrivance for effecting a like result. All you need is an empty salt-box, a stick, a quart of sand, half a yard of muslin, ditto of bright cambric, and a little "gumption." These at command, you may soon have an improvised lamp pedestal that won't upset, and that in every way will be just the thing. A bracket must hang in its place, but a pedestal can be placed where you choose. Now for directions: Take a common round salt-box; separate the box and cover by means of a strong stick about sixteen inches long, stood upright in the middle of the former, and roofed by the latter, the whole secured in position by means of hammer and nails.

This done, fill up the box with some heavy material—sand and stones will do, if you stretch strong muslin tightly over the box to keep them from tumbling out; but the best plan is to stir plaster of Paris into water till the mixture is about as thick as cream; then pour it around the upright stick until the box is filled with it. It will soon harden; and as it hardens add the mixture with a spoon, so as to heap it up well for an inch or two around the stick. All you have to do after this is to make the cover, which may be of any material, and as plain or fanciful as you please. The prettiest material is white striped Swiss over blue or rose-colored cambric. Cut the top to fit smoothly, allowing only enough for a seam; then gather and sew to this a straight piece measuring in width one and a half the circumference of the top, and in length two inches more than the height of the pedestal; sew up the long seam, and run a coarse thread around the bottom. Then slip this case over the pedestal, and tighten the drawing thread under the bottom, just enough to allow you to tie a ribbon mid-way around the pedestal, which will hold in the fullness, giving the whole an hour-glass form. The weight of the stand will soon flatten the gathered portion underneath. Quilled ribbon or a deep fluted ruffle of the material should be fastened around the top of the pedestal. The advantage of a Swiss muslin cover is that at any time it can be taken off and washed, leaving on the cambric under-cover. It is well to wind twine around the centre of the pedestal, under the ribbon for the sake of strength, because the top, though nailed in the middle, may need the support of the case to keep it always level.