

Ingle Nook

TABLE MANNERS

Dear Chatterers,—I wish that our friend, "Lively Canadian," had written more on the subject of Table Etiquette, but since she only started the topic, I am looking to the membership at large to discuss it.

The actual process of taking food, of grinding it up and swallowing it, is not a pretty one. If every person ate his meals entirely by himself on every occasion he might do as he pleased about it. But since man is a social animal, and likes to eat with his kind, he has to subdue his animality and make sacrifices to his desire for sociability. While a person lives and moves among his fellows he has to be prepared to adjust his life to theirs in some particulars. Table etiquette grows partly out of that law of humanity and partly out of the demand for the most convenient and reasonable way of doing things. For example:

To fill your mouth with solid food, and then to drink before the first is chewed and swallowed is a breach of etiquette, for two reasons: The consumer invariably makes a noise, which is animal-like and disgusting, and he hinders the proper digestion of the food he has taken by mixing it with tea or milk, rather than with the digestive fluid provided to the mouth for that purpose.

To leave the spoon standing upright in the cup is bad manners, because it is unnecessary and foolish. The saucer is there to hold the spoon; the handle is provided on purpose to hold the cup. If the spoon stands up, it is ten chances to one that an unwary coat or dress sleeve upsets the whole thing, ruining tempers and tablecloths.

I needn't go on multiplying examples to prove that table manners are not arbitrary and unreasonable rules designed by over-particular people for the annoyance of the careless. Their observance means that you have regard for other people's feelings; their neglect means either ignorance or inexcusable disregard for the behavior that the world demands of the individual who mingles with other men.

I said ignorance was one of the causes of bad manners. It is surprising how often total ignorance of table etiquette is found in educated people. A man used to visit our home—a university graduate—and I used to wish the soup course had been left off, for the noises he made over his soup were really distressing. He would reach away across the table for anything he wanted, and handle the pieces of bread till he found the piece he wanted. I used to think conceit was at the bottom of it, for in everything else he had the idea that no one could teach him anything, and I suppose he saw no need to alter his mode of eating simply because others had a different method of getting their food.

The pronoun "he" has been much in evidence in the preceding paragraphs, but it is to be understood in a very general sense—for women offend in this respect as well as men. Perhaps not so often over their own food as with their children's. I think the childish stomach needs to be pretty strong to stand having tastes of mother's food off the spoon she has been using, drinks of tea from her cup, and so on. I saw a woman once feeding potatoes and gravy from her "knife" to a tiny baby. It is not fair to treat the child so, just because he isn't old enough to know how to object.

Here are a few of the simple and elementary rules of good behavior at the table. They are always in use, and if one has them for a groundwork, it is easy to "catch on" at elaborate meals, if one's eyes are open.

1. The knife is intended for cutting and spreading, not for putting into the mouth. It isn't half as "handy" for conveying food as a fork or spoon, and, besides, a display of skilful sword play isn't one of the features of a meal.

2. The teaspoon's place is in the saucer when the stirring is done. Don't make the string a violent exercise. It isn't needful.

3. Drink from the cup; the spoon is too slow and noisy, and the saucer would have been made more the shape of your mouth if it had been intended for that purpose.

4. Never put the knife, fork or spoon you have been using into any dish that is for the use of all.

5. Empty the mouth of all solids before putting any liquid in.

6. Take soup from the side, not the tip of a spoon, you can get it more quietly.

7. Keep the lips together when chewing food; put only small amounts in at a time, and do not attempt to talk and chew at the same moment.

8. Have your chair well up to the table, and then sit erect upon it.

These are very rudimentary rules, and I hope others will deal more with the details of the subject. Won't someone write a few paragraphs on "Teaching Children Table Manners?" I think it would be a help.

DAME DURDEN.



A HOUSE ABOVE THE COMMONPLACE—From *House Beautiful*.

TO SAVE THE PERFUME OF THE ROSES.

Dear Dame Durden:—I have long been an interested reader of your helpful page and have made up my mind to write at last. Our garden is doing well now, and we have so many peas that I would like to know if there is any satisfactory way of canning them, also if any one knows how to can rhubarb.

This is an easy way to extract perfume from rose leaves: Gather fresh petals and put in a jar (a gem jar is good) and put alternate layers of leaves and salt till the jar is full. Then put the lid on and leave for a week or two, preferably two weeks, as more juice will be extracted. Then extract juice by washing, and put in a tightly corked bottle. Set the bottle out of doors where the dew can fall on it for a week or so, and the juice will be ready for use. Be sure to cork bottle tightly when you set it outside.

Well, bye-bye! Wishing the page success.

SILVER HEELS.

(Canned Peas.—Select young peas. Scald by pouring boiling water over, and drain immediately. Pack in well-sterilized glass jars, shaking down well. Fill to the brim with cold water. Adjust rubbers and screw on covers loosely. Put a cloth in a large kettle, then put in the jars, separating them with the cloth. Fill the kettle nearly to the top of the cans with cold water. Bring to boiling point and boil three hours, add-

ing more boiling water as it evaporates. Keep the kettle covered. At the end of three hours screw down tightly, and as they cool give an occasional turn. Keep in a cool dark place. To sterilize the jars put them into a kettle of cold water and heat to boiling. Take the jars out one at a time just as they are needed. Rubber rings should be new.

There is a rhubarb recipe in April 22nd issue on p. 361. The rhubarb is done in cold water and when needed is stewed with sugar just in the same way as the fresh. If you haven't this recipe let me know and I'll send it to you.

tablespoonfuls to each glass of cold water.

Oatmeal Nectar.—Put 4 ounces oatmeal in a kettle. Add 6 ounces sugar and a lemon sliced thin. Mix with a little cold water, then pour on one gallon boiling water. When cold, drain off, chill, and serve.

Orangeade.—Cut 4 oranges in two and with a spoon scrape out the pulp and juice of each piece, reserving one to grate up, rind and all. Remove seeds, sweeten to taste, and add 3 pints cold water.—Exchange.

Washing Fluid.—One lb. potash, $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. salts of tartar, $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. ammonia dissolved in a gallon of rain water. Use a cupful to each washing.—Sent by 77.

SEQUEL TO 'CUDDLE DOON'

Wull! Thae to speak again,
To thae weans o' mine?
Eight o'clock, and weel I ken
The schule gangs in at nine.
Little hauds me but tae gang
And fetch the muckle whup;
O, ye sleepyheidit rogues,
Will ye wauken up?

Never mother had sic faught,—
No a moment's ease!
Cleed Tam as ye like, at night
His breeks are through the knees;
Threed is no for him ava'
It never hauds the grup;
Maun I speak again, ye rogues,
Wull ye wauken up?

Tam, the very last to bed,—
He winna rise ava',
Last to get his books and slate,
Last to roon awa',
Sic a limb for tricks and fun,
Heeds na' what I say;
Rab and Jamie—but thae plagues,
Wull they sleep a' day?

Here they come the three at ance,
Lookin' gleg an' fell,
Hoo they ken their bits o' claes,
Beats me fair to tell.
Wash your wee bit faces clean,
An' here's your bite an' sup,—
Never was mair wiselike bairns
Noo they're waukened up.

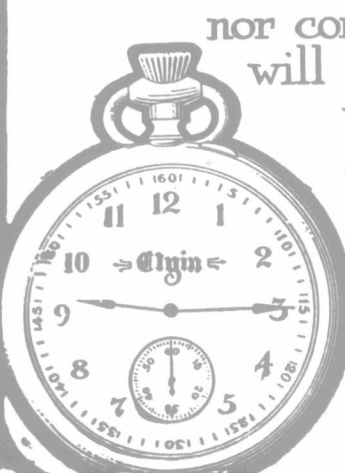
There the three are aff at last;
I watch them frae the door—
That Tam, he's at his tricks again,
I coont them by the score.
He's put his fit afore wee Rab,
An' coupit Jamie doon;
Could I lay my han's on him,
I'd make him claw his croon.

Noo to get my work on han',
I'll hae a busy day,
But losh! the house is unco quate
Since they're a' away.
A dizen times I'll look the clock
When it comes roun to three,
For cuddlin' doon or waukenin' up
They're dear, dear bairns to me.

ALEXANDER ANDERSON.

Never let a mirror be hung where the sun's rays fall upon it. The light and heat produce a chemical disintegration of the quicksilver at the back, which injures the reflecting power and makes the glass dull.

From Pole to Equator -
Neither heat nor cold -
nor constant wear
will swerve the



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from its course
of perfect time

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