Marion Harland's Page

Under My Foreign Vine and Fig Cree



Still In Italy.

spoonful of Parmesan cheese. The

N OLD writer records that the A reigning powers of Rome once expelled professional cooks from the city for "corrupting and entorcing appetites with strange sauces From which stern edict we gather

from which stern edict we gather that, in the youth of the empire, the Italian gourmand knew something of the insidious aroma of onion and leek; the mysterious ambush of cheese; the suggestion of chestnuts; the suspicion of tomatoes—the ineffable blending of all these and other ingredients that make Italian cookery distinctive and

It is not practicable to teach their art by rehearsing the formulas given to us by native cooks. We may evolve, by the help of these, palatable dishes. We do this daily, and congratulate our-selves upon our success. To reproduce them in their delectable perfection, the artist must have genius, no less than skill—and the genius must be of the

native stamp.

No one really understands the possibilities of cheese as do these children of "bella Italia." It is to be found in their soups, sauces, ragouts, meats and vegetables; indeed, it is put in almost every dish concocted, and, lest it be overlooked, grated Parmesan is often

erved in small dishes with each meal. THEESE IMPROVES VEGETABLES

We are quite used to macaroni and cheese, but how many of us have eaten creamed spinach or cauliflower or eggplant (baked or stuffed) or creamed cab-bage covered with grated Parmesan? A simple omelette of three eggs, salt and cayenne may be made most palatable if done in a pan that has been rubbed with a clove of garlic, and the omelette be sprinkled copiously with Parmesan just before turning out

mesan just before turning out.
Polenta, described last week; risotto,
of which rice is the chief ingredient;
beans, "finocchi" or fennel, bolled in a
cream sauce, macaroni and other nourtshing farinageous goods form the delivishing farinaceous goods form the daily diet of the lower and middle classes in Italy, where the rich, as in most other lands, have yielded to the influence of

French cookery. Chestnuts are to the Italian-and in Chestnuts are to the Italian—and in an almost equal degree to the French—peasantry what the potato is to the Irish. Sometimes they are served boiled, shelled and dressed with drawn butter: or they are brought to the table in the shell, kept piping hot by folding in a napkin. These are opened with sharp little knives and eaten with butter and salt. Frequently chestnuts are ter and salt. Frequently chestnuts are shelled and cooked in the gravy with the meat as we serve potatoes under a roast, or they are broiled, mashed and made into a thick puree with hot milk, butter, salt and pepper, as we prepare

mashed potatoes.

As I have explained in a former paper, no baking is done in the home kitchem. Cakes, bread, pastry and fancy desserts are bought cheaply from the confectioner. Italy especially excels in sweets and pastry.

PREPARED DISHES ARE CHEAP Many of the poorer Italians never have a kitchen fire at all, as for a few cents they can run out and buy

dish of macaroni or fish cooked in Italy is noted for its chickens, which are tender, cheap and delicious. They are served stuffed with chestnuts and roasted; boiled with rice, eggs and pork; or cooked in broths. The peculiar shapes of the pieces are puzzling till one learns that the usual method of dividing a chicken for broiling is to cut it with scissors. Giblets are sold separately in the markets; also the breasts, stripped from the bone and laid apart from the dark meat of the fowl. This assortment of the various portions makes it easy for the cook to secure the materials for frittura and other dishes calling for certain tidbits we cannot get in this country without buying the whole fowl.

The poorest peasant would not consider a dinner compate without son. Italy is noted for its chickens, which buying the whole fowl.

The poorest peasant would not consider a dinner complete without soup. Sometimes a good broth, or an onion soup forms the entire family meal. Every edible is utilized for the souppot, and with marvelous results.

A favorite soup is rice with peas; another is lettuce soup made with three pints of stock, a head or two of shredded lettuce, two tablespoonfuls of rice, salt, pepper and a table-

rice is boiled in the stock, then the lettuce is added, gradually, and the whole simmered for twenty minutes.
The cheese is added just before serving, or strewed upon each plateful by the eaters.
Onion soup with cheese is made of

fried onlons sliced very thin and added to bouillen. It is served with slices of toast, sprinkled with grated cheese floating on top.

The typical Italian bread is somewhat heavy and substantial, being made without years! out yeast. Good icecream is bought at the con-

Good icecream is bought at the confectioners. "Granita" is a half-frozen ice, something like a frappe. The Neapolitan ices are especially famous, also the Venetian water ices.

Every Thursday and Saturday is a special time for serving "dolci" (dolche), as all cakes and candy are called. These, with "pastetti." or tarts, may be bought surprisingly cheap. A good Christmas cake, "pan-forte de siena" (siena, hard bread), comes in round cakes about an inch thick, made with raisins, citron, figs and currants. It is very dark and very hard, but a popular sweet "delicta" (Italian honey) is made by the peasants with the is made by the peasants with the ground comb stirred in. It is served for breakfast. Sweet champagne is always served at Christmas, New Year and

Twelfth Night.

Some of the following recipes are so typically Italian that they should be tried by the hostess aspiring to novel-

Macaroni "Alla Napoletana." 4 pound macaroni. 4 pound grated Parmesan cheese. 5 cunce shredded tongue. 6 shredded mushrooms. 2 shredded truffles.

Boll the macaroni in salted water until tender. Drain and put into a saucepan with the white and tomato sauce; add the other ingredients; attr over the fire for ten min-utes; add the cheese and serve.

Potenta "Alla Bologna."

Potenta "Alia Bologna."

3 or 4 sausages.

1 pound of Indian cornmeal.
1 pint of boiling water.
14 pint of tomato puree.
Grated Parmesan cheese, butter, salt, pepper and breadcrumbs.
Stir the polenta or cornmeal gently into boiling water; stir until smooth; add salt to taste and let it cool.
Boil the sausages ten minutes: cool; remove the skins and cut into slices. Place a layer of poienta in the bottom of a baking dish, then a layer of sausages, add the tomato sauce, cheese, salt and pepper. Repeat till the dish is full. Cover the top with breadcrumbs and pieces of butter. Bake in a moderate oven a half hour and serve hot.

Roast Turkey "Alla Milanese." Cone turkey "Alla Milanese."

One turkey; sausage, one-half pound; chestnuts, bolled and peeled, one-half pint; eight prunes, scalded, halved and stoned; four pears, pared and quartered; one glass of white wine; slices of bacon, butter, pepper and salt.

Parboil the sausages; cool, skin and slice. Heat two ounces of butter in a skillet, add the chestnuts, prunes and-pears and chopped liver of the turkey. Fry for a few minutes, drain well from the butter, add the wine and stuff the breast with the mixture. Lard the breast with bacon, wash well with butter, and cook in a moderate oven for two hours, basting frequently.

Risotto "Alla Milanese."

Risotto "Alla Milanese."

Rice, six ounces; butter, two ounces; grated Parmesan, one and one-half ounces; one small onion, finely chopped; six button mushrooms, finely chopped; three pints of stock; salt and pepper.

Wash, drain and dry the rice; heat the butter; fry the onion brown; add the rice, and stir over the fire for a few minutes. Add half the stock, boil quickly for twenty minutes, then cover the pan and let the contents cook slowly. Add the remaining stock by degrees, and when nearly the whole of it is absorbed, stir in the cheese and seasoning.

Cabbage "Al Forno." One large cabbage; white sauce, one and one-half pints; grated cheese, two table-spoonfuls; bread crumbs, butter, salt and spontus, peper.
Soak the cabbage in cold water an hour, chop coarsely, and boil tender. Put a layer in a pudding dish, cover with white sauce, grated cheese, sait and pepper. Repeat until the dish is full. Cover with bead crumbs, dotted with bits of butter, and bake in a moderate oven half an hour.

Marin Houland

Cutting Chicken with Scissors. A Shelf for Everything

H, YES, I tried the formula for cold cream; it turned out excellently. And by the way. Beth, I made a little jar of it especially for you. Just open that closetdle shelf."

"You're a dear," declared Beth; "and, you well you! I see I'll be forced to books that I borrowed of you. dle shelf."

"You're a dear," declared Beth; "and, yes, well—yes, I see I'll be forced to take your advice about rummaging around," laughed she, with a glance suggestive of dismay at the curiously littered shelf. "There, now, I wonder if this isn't it—smells like it," taking off the lid; "it's delicious."

"That shelf must seem like a contradiction to you, after all my theories about keeping everything in its place. But you see I had to have a shelf for 'everything.'"

"I see," assented Beth, in a tone which clearly implied that she didn't. "I see," assented Beth, in a tone which clearly implied that she didn't.
"Open the door again," said Laura; "see that good-sized package there? That's a bundle of towels I promised to hem for Mrs. Allen; she has too much to do, poor soul! And that little parcel contains something I promised to have to Annie Whitton the next time give to Annie Whitton the next time she comes here. Those books in the she comes here. Those books in the corner are some I borrowed from Elizabeth Withrow, and being on that shelf reminds me that I have read them and must return them at my first opportunity. That little pile of rags I shall

Dear me! how long ago has it been, any-how? I've come here a dozen times since, and always left home without them." them."

"Yes, I've found my shelf a pretty good scheme," Laura went on; "and I make it a rule to glance over its contents every time before leaving home to call on any one. If I've borrowed a magazine, there it lies staring me in the face, appealing to be taken back to its owner. And I'd tell you what first put the idea of my place for 'everything' into my head. I had promised one of my old winter gowns to the woman who calls for the wash, and I forgot all about it until the warm weather. And I know that poor soul was in actual need of a respectable garment for Sundays. You see, I have so many similar things to think of, and I had forgotten so many similar promises, that I became actually ashamed, and had to think up some memory-jogger. So, I allow nothing on that particular shelf but borrowed articles, or things that I mean to bestow on some one."

A Receptacle for Bottles

"Can't find what—your hat? Isn't it in your wardrobe?" inquired Margaret, indolently, and glancing no further than the tiny door which was

being impatiently held open. "Hat! of course not," was the petu-lant reply. "I'm looking for my new bottle of skin lotion. As if anybody ever did keep hats in those things!" "It's what they're made for—at least, I always supposed so, though mine, too, was given over to toilet and medicine bottles long ago," volunteered

Margaret.

"And a more unhandy little hole couldn't be contrived," commented Doris to the accompaniment of an ominous little crashing sound. "There! I've found it at last—and I do wish I owned a regular medicine closet—my pompadour's a sight—my! those bottles went down like tenpins!" contles went down like tenpins!" concluded she, irrelevantly.

"H'm! let's see," said her companion, with some approach to energy, "no wonder you can't find anything," she continued, as she went to the pains of inspecting the incongruous mixture of bottles. "I never could, either, until George was good enough to construct the little staircase for me. You see—"

me. You see-"
"Staircase!" interrupted Doris, frowningly.

"Yes, that's what it looks like, exactly like a miniature stairway, and it fits right inside that closet arrangement. Thus each succeeding row of bottles is higher than the other, and it's no trouble in the world to select the particular bottle that I want."

"Oh! I know what you mean," said Doris, with a brightening countenance. "I've seen 'em in drug stores—in the perfumery cases."

"Exactly." frowningly.

"And I'll have Alf make me one in short order. He's never happier than when he's mussing around in shavings and sawdust. He'll just be tickled to do some whittling, without—" "Without being seelded for it," finished Margaret.

New Use for Old Washstands PERHAPS there's an old-fashioned washstand with a marble top which has been banished from the bedchamber to give place to an all-

woodwork with a kerosene-moistened cloth, and leave for a good sunning and

wood article of handsomer and up-todate make.

But the old-time stand is not past its usefulness yet, by any means, so pull it from its cobwebby corner down to the light of outdoors for a general overhauling. If in good repair, merely treat the shelves and drawers to a gen-erous application of warm suds, clean off the marble with some whiting and a cloth dipped in alcohol, finishing the

cloth, and leave for a good sunning and airing.

It is now ready for a place in your kitchen, where it will fill a long-felt need, for the marble surface is far superior to the ordinary board for the rolling out of pie dough; because it is cold, for one reason. Should the top be furnished with tiny shelves, all the handier, then, for accommodating the vessel of ice-water and other articles. Besides its uses as a "baking board," it is just the thing upon which to slice down vegetables for soup, or cutting cabbage for slaw, or trimming the steak for the evening meal. It requires next to no work to keep it clean, and is so sanitary, its smooth surface affording but scanty lodgment for the ubiquitous microbe. Then, there is the drawer, for dish towels; and there are the shelves, for the stowing out of sight and dust of the homely kettles and pots and pans, the presence of which should never be too conspicuous in a well-ordered littenen.

The Housemothers' Exchange

RITA (Pittsburg, Pa.).

The friend is in the right. I once made the experiment of setting the capricious bulbs in moist, rich earth and giving them the advantages of a sunny window and daily care. They grew apace—like young bulrushes, or cat-tails—but I had never so much as a bud! Since when I have obeyed orders and been rewarded by plentiful flowering.

Put a layer of pebbles in the bottom of a bowl or a deep dish. I use dishes with straight sides, of "Yorkshire" ware. They are serviceable and ornamental. Set the bulbs in order upon ware. They are serviceable and ornamental. Set the bulbs in order upon the pebbles, roots downward, and fill the dish with water. Keep it in a dark closet for ten days. This is to allow the roots to get a fair start before the leaves have had a chance to exhaust the strength of the bulbs. When the upward shoots are four or five inches high, and the roots are thick and strong, take the dish out of darkness and into light, but gradually.

Begin with a dark corner remote from the window, and bring it nearer daily until you advance the eager plants to the dignity of a place in a sunny window. They need no culture beyond a supply of water every day. Do not change the water. Simply fill the dish to the brim.

The Chinese call them "Good Luck Lilies," and contrive to have them in their prime at New Year's. Hence, they are sometimes known as "New Year's Lilies." If they grow and blossom luxuriantly, the happy owner anticipates prosperity throughout the coming year. Should they die or be spindling and barren, it is an evil omen.

Failures Brought Success

I read with interest your advice to the "typist" who does not wish to learn house-keeping, preferring life in a boarding keeping, preferring life in a boarding house.

No one cculd have known less of the art than I did when I married. But my young husband was good and patient and laughed over my mistakes, saying brightly: "Oh, you will do better next time"—until I did.

I wonder if the readers of "The Corner" know what a nice breakfast may be made of hominy grits? Sometimes they are called "granulated hominy." Cook it as you would rolled oats, and serve with butter and salt. If any is left to get cold, it may be fried in slices like mush.

Is it too late to ask for the recipe for the gasoline soft soap compound referred to by "S. D. K."? I had not heard of it until her mention of it, as I have recently removed to the city.

Mrs. R. H. O'F. (Chicago).

This is the compound to which you

This is the compound to which you efer: Shave a pound of good, ripe soap into Shave a pound of good, ripe soap into two quarts of hot water. Boil gently until the soap is like a soft jelly. Turn into a large kettle; take this out of doors or into a fireless room, and add a cupful of gasoline while the mixture is still boiling. It will foam up violently, filling a two-gallon kettle. Leave to cool to blood-heat. When the clothes have been soaked, put into suds made by adding a cupful of this compound to a tubful of warm water. You may also quite safely put the same quantity into the boiler.

An Exterminator.

Please insert in the Exchange the fellowing, which will. I think, be of service to the member who wrote for an exterminator of bedbugs. There is no need for any one to be troubled by the pests. Get at a drug shop 15 cents' worth of corrosive sublimate and dissolve it in half a pint of wood alcohol. To this add one gallon of naphtha. Apply the mixture to walls and furniture. As it is poisonous, it should be kept in a covered jar. Apply in the morning, and shut up the room for some hours. Be careful to have no artificial light near while using it, and air the room all night before taking a light into it.

A. M. H. (Cambridge, Mass.)

Of Value to Mothers

What I feel impelled to write may be of value to some other mother in the dreaded winter, when colds, coughs and eroup—the three terrible C's of the nursery—are immithree terrible C's of the nursery—are imminent.

My boy, 1½ years old, was a large, healthy child, weighing 17 pounds at eight weeks, and growing at the same rate for some months. He had bronchial pneumonia in March, and had repeated attacks of the disease until, in December, I appreciated that something must be done.

I proceeded thus: Every morning I bathed his throat and chest with warm water, following this with cold salt-and-water, applied with the hand, not to produce a shock. Then I rubbed warm olive oil in well, and covered throat and chest with old silk. He had a nap at 9 c'clock A. M. and a second at 1.30 P. M.

Young mother, let me impress upon you that if you want to have your babies sleep well, put them to bed at regular hours.

window in mild weather—a little way in extremely cold. I am very careful to keep him out of direct draughts. He usually slept from 1½ to 3 hours. If he were wakeful, I put on his coat, cap and gloves and romped in an airy room with him for half an hour before supper and bedtime at 7. I was careful to keep all the functions of the body regular, and was watchful of his diet. He grew well and strong, and now he has nearly overcome the tendency to bronchitis. Some children may be toughened to all sorts of exposure and changes of weather and others cannot. I have three, and feel that I can speak knowingly on the

and feet that I can speak rhowingly on the point.

I make my children's "panties" out of stockings, but I put in a diamond-shaped seat and reinforce them where the legs join the seat by another gore, running the other way, allowing the points to lap on the seam of the leg. In winter, try pinning the outside drawers with safety pins to the inner in the back. That leaves but one pair to be buttoned.

Mrs. E. M. S. (Cedar Rapids, Iowa). A wise mother and a good letter! The writer adds another to the many wit-

nesses to the truth that no two chilnesses to the truth that no two children have constitutions—or characters—precisely alike. The observant mother studies idiosyncrasies and modifies her management to suit them. None but bigots and fools insist that one set of rules will apply to all. Many a fine nature has been warped, and health that might have been made firm has been ruined, by the determined efforts of parents who fit all their children to one standard of mental and physical training.

Coffee Making You were kind enough lately to tell us of the best way to make tea. Will you not tell us as much of the proper method of making coffee? A KENTUCKIAN.

There is but one right way of brewing tea. All the rest are mistakes. Of making coffee there are several ways. I may have my opinion as to the comparative merits of these. In fact, I have! To my taste, the best coffee I have ever drunk—and I have tasted it in the native land of the aromatic berry—is the French "drip," the beverage that has percolated slowly through a wire or cloth strainer into the lower vessel. Yet I do not forget that one eminent housewife boiled her coffee for two hours and cleared it with isinglass; that a second brought hers to a rapid bubble, checked it with ice-cold water, let it settle upon its lees for one minute, and poured it off, hot, clear and fragrant; while a third, who lived in Turkey, made black coffee at her own table with precision and gravity befitting a religious rite, and gave us to drink tiny cups half filled with fine coffee dust, with an inch of liquid, "in color like a beryl," on the top.

I can, and I do, tell you how "we" make breakfast and, also, after-dinner coffee. For the first, allow a cupful of freshly ground coffee to a quart of boiling water. Put the coffee in the strainer and add the water from the boiling kettle, a little at a time, until it has dripped through. Pour off into a heated pitcher, and return the liquid to the strainer. If not strong enough to please you (and weak coffee is an abomination to the educated palate), repeat the process. Pour off gently in the same manner, allowing, however, making coffee there are several ways. I may have my opinion as to the com-Black coffee, the epicure's delight, and a capital digestive agent, is made in the same manner, allowing, however, but three cupfuls of boiling water to one of freshly ground coffee. Run it three times through the filter It can hardly be made too strong. Pour out and drink at once.

Serving Bread

Please tell us soon what disposition must be made of one's bread at table if, as we are told, butter plates have come into fashion again and bread-and-butter plates must be set aside. We have been so long accustomed to laying the bread on the small plates that it is hard to know where to put it if they are to be relegated to the top shelf of the china closet.

And won't you kindly give directions for cooking rice as the Southern cook prepares it, so that every grain stands by itself? It is difficult not to have it soft and sticky, and harder still to find the reason for the latter condition when one has followed Southern cook.

CANDID INQUIRER (Ann Arbor, Mich.).

When the convenient bread-and-butter CANDID INQUIRER (Ann Arbor, Mich.).

When the convenient bread-and-butter plates "go out" we must do as we did before they came in—lay our bread upon the cloth beside our plates.

I fancy that the sensible fashion will die hard. It will probably be kept up in the family long after it is banished from dinner and supper parties. A less comfortable custom of leaving off butter entirely at dinner parties has not

Wash and pick over a cupful of raw rice. Have on the fire a saucepan containing two quarts of boiling salted water. This must be at a furious boil, so that the rice, sifted slowly through the fingers into it, tosses and swirls incessantly. Keep up the boil for twenty minutes, or until a grain fished up with a fork and bitten is found to be tender. Do not put a spoon into the saucepan to stir, or to dip. Shake up the rice with one vigorous movement and turn it out into a heated colander. Toss gently to insure the passage of the water through it and to aerate the grains, and set the colander in the open oven to dry off the rice.

If these directions be obeyed you will have a loose heap of tender, unbroken grains, utterly unlike the adhesive mess, more like library paste than a vegetable fit for the service of man, which is all the average cook knows of the incorparable cereal.

The Ideal Bathroom

THE importance of having an attractive, comfortable and sanitary bathroom is being more and more appreciated, and the clever housekeeper curtails the expense of every room in the house rather than that of the bathroom.

A bathroom should, above all, be light and airy; every one must realize this, but how often do we find dark, stuffy bathrooms, even in the well-ap The ideal bathroom is tiled through-out, and fitted with a large, snowy porcelain tub, a porcelain wash basin, a shower bath and innumerable little fixings for soap, sponges and towels; but such bathrooms do not fall to the lot of many of us, although model bathrooms, on a much smaller scale, are within reach of most of us.

To those who live in the old houses and who do not wish to replace the old-fashioned plumbing for the more modern improvements, I would like to offer a few suggestions as to how to make the most of what they already have.

TREATMENT OF WALLS

We will first consider the walls, which are probably either painted, papered with a tiled paper or left in the rough plaster. If paint has been used, anplaster. If paint has been used, another coat or two will be all that is needed; if paper was adopted, it will probably be coming off the wall, if it has been up any length of time, as the steam of a bathroom does not permit paper to remain long on the walls, as a rule. This can either be repapered or it can be scraped and painted, which would be the most serviceable and the cheapest in the long run. If the walls have been left in the rough plaster, a pretty effect could be obtained by having them calcimined with a soft shade of apple green, or else they could be stenciled in paneled effects, with a suitable design of little fishes or water lilies.

The floors of an old bathroom are invariably of wood, and these are best covered with linoleum or cork carpet. On this should be thrown a washable rug. Fortunately, there are several good bathroom rugs on the market today; the hand-woven rugs which are so much in vogue are much used for bathrooms, and besides being dainty and artistic, are reversible and wash-

and artistic, are reversible and washable.

The old-fashloned metal bath tubs need to be constantly enameled. This can easily be done by the housewife. The old paint should first be removed with a solution of caustic soda, then the bathtub should have two coats of white enamel. Using white paint for the first two coats is cheaper than using three coats of the enamel.

If a curtain is needed, nothing is nicer than the madras curtains sold for hall and bathroom windows. They are made to look like stained glass, and pretty touches of color can be introduced into the bathroom in this way; besides, they are not easily seen through, and yet keep out very little light. This madras has no dressing, and therefore is not affected by steam.

A bathroom should be cleaned each day, the floor wiped and the basins and fittings rubbed. A clean and well-appointed bathroom is a luxury that one never grows tired of.