

# Home and Youth

(Formerly **OUR HOME**)

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Address all communications to

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## A FAMOUS CHEF.

Alexis Soyer, while a cook in a little French inn, sent up an omelette with bacon for an English guest who happened to be on the house committee of the Reform Club. At his invitation Soyer went to London, and under his management the club restaurant became famous. He published several cook-books, which were a source of income to him and are still standard works. During the Crimean War he entered the English army and volunteered to teach the hospital nurses the chemistry and art of invalid cooking. Of this superb recognition of his gratitude to the English people, it was said, Soyer saved more lives with his broiler and **BAIN MARIE** than the surgeons.

## THE LEGEND OF THE NIGHTINGALE.

Long ago there lived a king of Athens, who had a fair and gentle daughter, renowned all over Greece for her beauty and her wonderfully sweet voice. This fair princess, Philomela, went on a visit to the distant court of her married sister. A wicked prince who had charge of her, but who hated her because she could not love him, instead of bringing her safely to her friends, shut her up in a lonely tower, treated his poor captive cruelly, and then, afraid that she might escape and tell her wrongs, deprived her of her tongue. The gods (so says the fable) took pity on the poor princess and changed her into a nightingale, and the bird is spoken of to this day as Philomel—"most musical, most melancholy bird;" while her cruel oppressor was turned into a hoopoe—a bird of evil omen.

## THE OAK.

The pagans, who were always inventing some fable or another, used to believe that there was a kind of beings called Hamadryads, or nymphs of the woods, whose welfare depended upon trees. With trees they were supposed to be born, and with trees to live and die. They were believed to be connected more closely with the oak—the forest king, and to punish severely any one who interfered with that tree, choosing it, perhaps, because it lasted so long and was so noble a tree to look upon.

In later times the Druids regarded the oak as very sacred. They worshipped and offered sacrifices under its shade, and wore wreaths of its leaves when engaged in their rites and ceremonies.

The oak is valued in England for the strength of its timber. If cut down at the proper age—that is, between sixty and seventy years old—there is no better wood to be found. It has been called the father of ships, which is a very good name.

One reason for its standing so long is that insects cannot eat into the heart of oak as they do into the timber of other trees. It will grow even when there is no core left. "It's head is green, tho' it's heart be dead."

The Romans rewarded with a wreath of oak leaves any one who did great public service, or saved a citizen's life.

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Deal gently with those who stray; draw by love and persuasion; a kiss is worth a thousand kicks; a kind word is more valuable than a mine of gold.—C. Dickens.