

THE HOUSEHOLD.

CHILD TRAINING.

One early step a child may be led to take is to require nothing from his mother that he can perform for himself. He can keep his material property out of her way and in order. This implies that his mother is an orderly woman with a place for everything and everything in its place, a place for everything of the child's within his knowledge and reach, and appreciation of his efforts towards order. Let him have a bottom bureau drawer for his clothes, a corner of the bottom shelf of the bookcase for his books. He will be happy to pull out his own book and respect his mother's ownership to all the others. Let him have a certain low hook for his cap and coat, and let him take them from the hook himself, as well as put them back after using. Let him above all things have a place he likes for his toys, which are the "tools of his trade."

To one little boy I know, who could only creep, his mother used to say twice every day, "It's time for your nap now, put your playthings away," and he would creep all over the room, bringing the scattered toys one at a time to their place, enjoying the work more than he had the previous play by far, because he felt that the attentive and approving eyes of his mother were following his motions. When he was older, and younger children had come to claim his mother's time, so that she could not follow up her requests always by attention and approval, his action was not uniformly so prompt, obedient and happy, but varied on his part as she had varied on hers. And she found it much harder, and more irksome, too, to bring back the old habit, than it had been to form it in the first place. It then became necessary not only to show disapproval of his new ways, which would have been a sufficient punishment in the old days, had it been required at all—as her approval was sufficient reward then—but to allow his disorder to be followed by its natural consequences, in accordance with the valuable advice given in Spencer's "Education." The toys were confiscated "to help him remember," she told him. He would soon come and ask for a favorite toy, saying, "I'm remembering now," showing he understood the reason and justice of the deprivation; but he had to keep "remembering" "till Sunday," the day of general restitution—one of the small ways she took to make Sunday a day of joy.

When he failed to draw his chair back from the breakfast table unreminded he had to be content with a lower chair from the kitchen for dinner; if he neglected that, he had to stand up to the supper table and turn over a new leaf next morning.

But besides what a child may do toward performing work which his own needs demand, he may be a real help to his mother in her labors, and may begin this also very early in life. Some mornings a certain little boy of four and a half says, "Now, mother, I'm your helper boy, what shall I do?" So the little volunteer runs the sweeper up and down the stripes of the carpet, calling it an engine on the track, and saying "choo-choo" till there are no more worlds to conquer. He carries the empty hod to the coal-bin, and fills it by hand, ready for somebody else to fill; the empty bucket to the faucet and fills that, and brings in the kindlings for to-morrow. He feeds the chickens, rakes the back-yard and keeps it in order. He likes to black his boots, though his elders do not think it worth their while to follow his example. He asked to black the stove one day, and was allowed to polish about two minutes, when he was all out of breath. He carries notes and magazines to neighbors, calling himself an expressman with a wagon, or a postman; or with little playmates and a line of waggons he is a whole train delivering freight in all the cities he can name.

One day, another little chap of five and a half saw the dishes draining on the kitchen table. When his mother returned from another room, he was standing on a chair and wiping the last one. His face was a picture of happiness, and his service the sweetest his mother could have.

One of the best boys I ever knew, when two and a half years old, used to hold on tight to the stick of wood his father was sawing, and was happy to think himself as

necessary in the work as the saw or the sawyer.

Another little one of four, this one a girl, had been very hard to impress with any desire of helpfulness, and quite impossible to train to three consecutive minutes of application. One day she volunteered to empty the vase in which her mother put burnt matches, threads, etc. The mother soon found her motive was the hope of finding an old button or other treasure; but this being the first voluntary step on the child's part, it was a great happiness to the mother, and the vase was her little daughter's special charge from that time.

Marion Harland says, "All good wives are sure they could have brought up their husbands better than their mothers-in-law had." Had some of our mothers-in-law trained their boys to helpfulness and order in their early days, we should not be putting away papers and clothes, after those husbands now, nor laying out their handkerchiefs and stockings, nor hunting up their hats! Many of us, indeed, have to follow them around the house to bring order out of chaos.

It follows that all the good we can bring to our children's character now is an impulse felt during their whole lives, and touching an ever-widening circle they in turn reach. "Now is the nick of time. In the matters which reach into eternity now is always the nick of time."—Alice Locke Park in *Babyhood*.

THE SEWING HABIT.

In a large boarding-house three ladies were noticed in absorbing conversation. A fourth joined the group. The three turned to the last-comer with the eagerness of those who have pleasing information to impart, one of them exclaiming:

"Did you know that Miss McFlimsey has a dressmaker to-day? No? She has, really! Miss McFlimsey says she's so happy she doesn't know what to do. Of course she's as busy as she can be, helping. Oh, I do so wish I had something to make!"

"So do I," plaintively echoed one. "I shall have a dressmaker next week," cheerfully said the third.

The new-comer laughed. "Is it such a matter for congratulation?" she asked. "Personally I have always been thankful when I could put my small amount of dressmaking out of the house to be done."

The countenances of the first three were studies of perplexity, which one of them voiced in the question:

"But, Mrs. Bullard, what can you find to do? Of course, if you had a house to keep there would be enough. I would like to keep house; but, as it is, if it were not for sewing, I don't know what would become of me. I've been perfectly miserable for the last month, because I had made over everything I had, and John said I mustn't buy anything new for two months more. Then his quarter's salary will be due, and I am going to buy"—and so forth, and so forth—"and I shall make it" so and so, "and trim it with" et cetera, et cetera. The speaker proceeded with delighted interest in her own plans, while one of the others turned to the lady addressed as Mrs. Bullard.

"But, really," she asked, in a puzzled way, "what do you find to do? One can't go shopping very well unless one has money to buy with; they get to know one in the stores, and then the shop-girls become very disagreeable. I would like to go out in the evenings more than I do, but Mr. Crimpings says he is too tired when he comes home. I used to do beautiful fancy-work, but the materials cost a good deal, and I've nothing to do with it when it is finished. My room is as full as it can hold now."

"There is so much to read," began Mrs. Bullard, suggestively.

"Yes, I know," interrupted the other; "but I don't see much lately that is worth reading. I bought three or four books at Macy's last week, but didn't get much interested in them. What do you find to do, Mrs. Bullard?"

The question was so appealing that the lady addressed tried not to look her wonder or compassion as she replied:

"My dear Mrs. Crimpings, I am so busy that I have hardly time for sleep, and I never have time to sew beyond the necessary mending for myself and husband. I

work in three benevolent societies and two clubs; I keep up my piano practice; I read much, that I may be able to keep abreast with my husband in the good literature of the day, and I have to write very often to my two dear girls at Wellesley, and my son who is travelling, so that they shall feel my continual interest in all their work, and—"

"I suppose your girls have to dress beautifully, don't they, Mrs. Bullard?" interrupted Mrs. Crimpings. "I'm told that the Wellesley College girls get their styles direct from Paris. Do you suppose one of your girls could get me a basque pattern not like anybody's in the house? Of course"—coaxingly—"it couldn't make any difference to them, as they're so far off. I might give them my new skirt pattern. Mrs. James gave it to me. Her sister sent it from Paris, and she said there wouldn't be another like it in New York this season. Will you ask, please? I've been thinking that I could make over my gray dress if I could get some new patterns; it is almost new, and then I should have something to sew; I'm never happy without it."

"Is there," said Mrs. Bullard to herself as she turned away a few moments later—"is there such a thing as acquiring a sewing habit that possesses one like other bad habits?"—*Harper's Bazar*.

MRS. GLEN'S ECONOMY.

Occasionally Mr. Glen was late to dinner. At such times if mashed potatoes were a part of the bill of fare, they would be heavy and almost unpalatable from standing; but Mrs. Glen learned that if several thicknesses of cloth be laid over the potatoes to absorb the steam, the vessel closely covered and set to keep warm, but not scorch, they might be kept for an hour or more and be as light and hot as when freshly mashed. If possible she always scalded the milk used in seasoning them, as it then required less butter, and did not make them soggy, as cold milk is apt to do.

One day, when Mrs. Glen had baked potatoes for dinner, Mr. Glen failed to come, and many of the potatoes were left over. Not liking to waste them, but knowing no way to warm them up to be good, Mrs. Glen decided to rebake them. Accordingly, the following day, she quickly dipped each one in scalding water, and set them on the grate in the hot oven with a pan of boiling water below them. The steam from this, and the moisture on the potatoes prevented their drying out or burning, while heating, and in a few minutes they were hot and seemingly as fresh as when first baked. Afterwards she always baked enough for two meals, thus saving considerable fuel.

Mr. Glen was fond of warm biscuits for breakfast. Mrs. Glen soon learned that they, too, could be warmed like the potatoes; only the biscuits were dipped in cold water. As the warmed-over biscuits were as good as fresh ones, they were usually made in sufficient quantity for two meals.

When the hot weather came, a gasoline stove took the place of the cook stove. As toast could only be made in the oven, and it took much oil to do it, Mrs. Glen usually made an ovenful at a time; enough to last for some time; for by keeping it in a dry place, and having the dressing with which it was served boiling hot, it was as good as freshly made. As she used toast for various purposes, by making it by the quantity she was sure to have it when wanted. Small squares of it were served with soup instead of crackers, and where much dry bread accumulates in a family, it is quite an item of economy, where soup is liked, and gives the soup a better flavor than crackers. Small squares of toast were often placed in the dish in which stewed tomatoes, asparagus or peas were served, adding much to their flavor. It was also pulverized and used instead of flour in thickening soups or gravies, much to their improvement.

Another of Mrs. Glen's ways of using stale bread besides the usual bread puddings, etc., was to soak the desired quantity over night in sour milk. In the morning beat thoroughly, and add more sour milk, eggs, flour, salt and soda to make pancakes. The amount of bread used is immaterial, as one-half or two-thirds of the entire batter used may be made of it. Mrs. Glen was sometimes so unfortunate

as to scorch things; but she found by quickly uncovering the vessel and setting it in cold water a few minutes, then removing the contents and cleansing the vessel before finishing the cooking, the scorched taste did not permeate the viand or impair its flavor.

Whenever she used eggs they were carefully washed before breaking, and the shells kept in a box to use for clearing coffee as a slightly crushed shell was just as good as the white of an egg. She also learned that cold coffee could be used again, and be just as good as fresh, if it were brought to the scalding point only, and not allowed to boil when warming over. When cream was scarce and high, scalded milk made a very good substitute. If the cream was so nearly sour that pouring the hot coffee on it curdled it, a tiny pinch of soda, added before the coffee was poured, made it all right, and did not impair the flavor of the coffee.—*Housekeeper*.

SELECTED RECIPES.

RICE WAFFLES.—With half a pint of cold boiled rice mix four ounces of butter and salt to taste. Add a quart of milk, mixed with the beaten yolks of five eggs, and a pint and a half of flour. Just before baking add the beaten whites of the eggs; beat all well together.

EXCELLENT SHORTCAKE.—Rub a scant half-cupful of butter into two cupfuls of flour which has previously been sifted with two teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Stir in one scant cupful of milk and roll out, handling as little as possible. If for shortcake, divide into four parts, roll out, butter two of the pieces and place the others above. Bake in a quick oven. Separate; spread with sweetened berries, fresh or canned; pie-plant, oranges or peaches, which have been cut into bits and sweetened well, a few hours before putting on the crust. Mince chicken or tongue makes a fine shortcake.

BROWN BREAD FOR CREAM TOAST.—Two cupfuls of Indian meal, one cupful of rye meal or Graham, a little salt, two cupfuls of sour milk, one small teaspoonful of soda, two tablespoonfuls of molasses. Steam in a covered loaf two and one-half hours. When cold, cut into rather thick slices and toast on both sides. Prepare a cream of milk, thickened a little with flour, salted, and enriched with plenty of butter. Place the hot slices of bread in this, remove at once, and pour over the whole the remainder of the cream.

PUZZLES NO. 16.

A RIDDLE.

I come from the South with spicy breath,
I come from the North a-cold;
To some I bear life, to some I bear death,
To some a promise of gold,
I sparkle, alas, in the brimming glass
With a poisonous light—beware!
I lie smooth and white in your eager sight,
A costly prize—take care!
For close though you fold, and tight tho' you hold,
I melt in your grasp to air.

CHARADE.

My first is a very large creature,
My second is a part of your body,
My whole is a useful article obtained from my first.

SQUARE WORD.

1. Opposite to go. 2. A scent. 3. A substance found on damp ground. 4. Former time.

EDITH GRAMMIE.

AMPUTATIONS.

1. Behead and curtail earthenware, and leave an animal.
2. Behead and curtail ready, and leave to play rudely and boisterously.
3. Behead and curtail peevish, and leave an ornament of gold.
4. Behead and curtail one that catches mice, and leave a river in England.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I am composed of 11 letters.
My 11, 11, 6, 12 is a period of time.
My 9, 2, 13, 10 is an instrument.
My 9, 3, 7, 11 is what we should always try to be.
My 1, 6, 12, 4 is a fatty substance.
My 5, 11, 3, 8 grows in shady places.
My whole is a character in a beautiful story.

CHARADE. (First Prize.)

My first is a word that I'm sure you'll agree, is often spoken by you and by me. It is very short, as the letters are three And often an adjective; now, can't you see?

My second results from seeking for, Everywhere, in the old cupboard, under the floor, A verb it is, and in the past tense; You'll be sure to guess it with common sense.

My third's "a region" small or wide, Through which you may either walk or ride. Only a noun of letters four. But I think I had better say no more.

My whole is an island, Owned by the Queen, Which all have heard of And many have seen.

R. M. M.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES NO. 15.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.—Prov. 20. 1. Matt. 6. 28. 1 Cor. 10. 13.

SQUARE WORD.—R O S E
O V A L
S A I L
E L I A

CONUNDRUMS.—1. Because they are ile lands (islands). 2. Because he puts down 3 and carries 1. 3. Because it is the work of De Foe.

TRANSPPOSITIONS.—Star, tars, arts, rats.

CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED.
Correct answers has been received from H. E. Greene.