

## HOUSEHOLD.

## Mother's Way

(By Mrs. Helena H. Thomas, in New York 'Observer'.)

The meeting of mother and daughter, after a separation of ten years, brought a pang to the heart of each. If the daughter had voiced her thoughts she would have given utterance to these:

'Only fifty, but she looks as old as some octogenarians.'

Had the mother given expression to her pent-up feelings they would have taken this form:

'Only thirty, and yet she looks so old and care-worn.'

For love is not 'blind,' as some would have us think, but loves in spite of change, and so the united ones realized that 'fifty' and 'thirty' did not warrant such premature age as each gave evidence of. But they were discreet women, and neither wounded, as many another would, by saying:

'Why, how you've changed! I would hardly know you.'

The old home had undergone such a cleaning, in expectation of the daughter from the far West, and so much of 'mother's cooking' was in evidence, that the most exacting housewife could not find an excuse for hard work, for a day or two, so the mother and daughter drove to an adjoining town, the second day after they were reunited, to see a girlhood friend of the latter, whose mother lived with her; and as the old-time friends met, one said:

'Oh, Martha, you look like a girl, yet! While the other could only truthfully say:

'How good it seems to hear your voice again.'

The four women visited all day, as long parted friends will, and after they had discussed old times and neighbors, they fell to comparing different ways of doing work, where women through force of circumstances have no outside helpers in the home, because of Mrs. Watson's saying:

'Now you drive over next Wednesday and visit us.'

'How would Tuesday suit you?' queried Mrs. Strong, the senior hostess; 'we have an engagement for Wednesday.'

'Well y-e-s, I suppose I could manage it,' was the hesitating reply, 'but that's my ironing and baking day, you know.'

'Oh, yes, I forgot for the moment that you were as immovable as the hills, in such matters,' was the laughing rejoinder; 'but I long ago gave up crowding two days' work into one, just to save a little fuel, and you surely ought to have reformed when you no longer had a faithful daughter to help you.' And then turning to her younger guest, she added:

'How is it with you, Susan, do you cling to your mother's way, wash Monday, iron and bake Tuesday, etc., if the heavens fall?'

'Yes, mother's way has always been my way,' said the one with the old, young face; 'true, I have often found it hard to live up to my training, for I sadly realize that I am not as robust as my mother was at thirty, but, unless severe illness prevented, my clothes have always been on the line before my neighbors thought of hanging theirs out; while other days are filled up much as mother's would be in my place, though my family is larger than hers ever was.'

'Just as I have always tried to follow in my mother's footsteps,' said Mrs. Watson, with evident satisfaction at the result of her training.

'But we live in a progressive age,' said Martha, with sparkling eyes, 'and I think it is time to break away from the fixed rules of our grandmothers. You wouldn't think of sewing by hand just because they did.'

'You always quoted "mother's way" when we were girls,' said Susan. 'and lived up to it too.'

'Yes, Martha was an apt scholar,' here spoke up her mother, 'but the year you were married I had a severe attack of nervous prostration, and when I was forced to lie on my back and see Martha do all the work, I did some serious thinking, and the result was that I began to say:

"You don't look well to-day, Martha, let the washing go until another day," or "Never mind if it is sweeping day, just dust the furniture and then wipe off the floors with a mop, wrung dry, and let them go until they really need sweeping." In other words I began to untrain Martha.'

'And she did it, too,' said the one thus spoken of, with a merry laugh. 'Now, if I feel equal to washing on Monday I wash; if I don't I wait until I do, and so it goes the whole week through. Frank appreciates mother's later efforts on my behalf, I assure you, for he often says he would rather find everything upside down than a cross, sick or nervous wife.'

Susan sighed as she thought of the far-away husband, and how he had begged in vain for her to be more considerate of her health, and then said, as she glanced about the pretty, orderly house:

'You are anything but a careless housekeeper, Martha.'

'Oh, no, I never could be that, for I love my home too well. Lack of the old-time set rules does not imply slipshod ways, for I find that by favoring myself, when my health demands it, I am equal to doing double duty on well days, and really enjoy what would otherwise seem like drudgery. So it has come to pass that, if my name is Martha, I am not "cumbered with much serving," else I would not have served up so simple a dinner, for the sake of visiting with you.'

Here Mrs. Watson sighed, as she contrasted the rosy-cheeked speaker with the one who looked twice her age, and then, in an undertone, said to the other mother:

'That attack of nervous prostration was a blessing to more than one generation, I'm thinking.'

A little later as the guests of the day rode toward home, they were so intent on their thoughts that there seemed no room for words until the mother, looking furtively at the careworn face, which seemed a rebuke to her training, said wistfully:

'Susan, I have been wishing that you would break away from your mother's training, and do as Martha does.'

'And I,' said the daughter, with a happy laugh, 'was wondering if it would be disloyal to you to do just what you suggest.'

## Selected Recipes.

Potato crust for meat pies. One teacupful of cream to six good-sized potatoes, boiled and mashed fine; add salt and flour enough to roll; handle it as little as possible.

Orange Pie.—Three oranges and two lemons, grate one orange with the pulp and juice of the oranges and lemons; one-half pound sugar, yolks of six eggs, one tablespoonful cornstarch, mix together. Put one pint of water on the fire, and when it boils add the juice, sugar and eggs; cook one or two minutes, then put

into your pie plates, fill one-half full and bake till the crust is done on the bottom. Beat the whites of the eggs to a strong snow, add about three tablespoons of white sugar, then spread on the pie and bake a light brown.

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