

## The Inglenook.

### How Peggy Learned to Cook.

One of Peggy's culinary ambitions had been to learn to make good sauces. Perhaps because she had spent so much of her life in hotels and boarding houses she had a very high idea of the part a good sauce would play in making a fine dish of a plain one.

So when she was in a house of her own with a husband who confessed a fondness for made dishes, it was quite in keeping that she should endeavor to master sauces before she gave her mind to the cookery of meats or vegetables. She was fortunate in finding an excellent little manual on sauces, and she forthwith set to work to try them.

One of the first things the book told her was that the French gave the name of mother sauces to the white and brown sauces, because they were the foundation of all others. Peggy did not mean to learn how to make them all at one fell swoop, but she decided that the "mother" white and brown sauces at least would be hers as soon as possible.

Following the instructions in the small book, she selected a very clean little agate ironware saucepan to make her trial sauce in. This she put over the fire, and measured into it a tablespoonful of butter. As soon as this had fairly begun to melt, she added to it a rounded tablespoonful of flour—the spoon containing as much above the rim as there was below it—and stirred the flour and butter diligently. In a minute they were blended and had begun to bubble. Close by in a cup was a measured half pint of milk. This now went in, and Peggy continued to stir incessantly until the three were mixed. A few minutes' cooking and stirring resulted in a beautiful thick smooth white sauce, about the consistency of double cream. This Peggy seasoned with a teaspoonful of salt and saltpoon of white pepper, and then viewed the work of her hands in triumph. The white sauce was a success!

The brown sauce was a trifle more complex, but Peggy was too much encouraged by her good luck to let a little thing like that check her. Again she measured out her butter and flour in the same proportions and proceeded to stir. But this time, instead of adding the liquid as soon as the butter and flour began to bubble, she continued stirring. The butter and flour began to grow yellow in a few minutes, then to turn brown; and just before they looked as though they were going to blacken, Peggy turned in a cup of bouillon she had in readiness. Sometime she would learn to make that too, but now she was content to use that from a can.

The sauce was not quite so brown as she wished it to be, but Peggy had a helpful hint in the book. She added to the sauce a few drops of kitchen bouquet, and had the satisfaction of seeing the brunette hue for which she longed. Both "mother sauces" were within her powers!

While the latter sauce was very useful in some circumstances, Peggy thought then and afterward that the white sauce with its modifications, was more useful. For instance, when she wished to make an oyster sauce, what was it, after all, but the white sauce in another form? The proportions were the same—in fact, the

proportions of all sauces were always the same. That was one thing she found that she could absolutely depend upon. The tablespoonful each of flour and butter, the half-pint of liquid, were as the law of Medes and Persians, which alter not.

So when she went to make her oyster sauce, all she had to do was to half fill the half-pint cup with oyster juice, make up the rest with milk, and pour it upon the bubbling butter and flour. This too becomes thick and smooth. Or if tomato sauce were the goal of her desires—and tomato sauce was so good for various things—she cooked a slice of onion and a bay leaf in a half pint of tomato liquid, which she drained from a can for fifteen minutes, strained them out, cooked her butter and flour together, and used the tomato liquid as she would have used milk.

Perhaps it was tomato sauce that Peggy found most comfort. She liked to make it to eat with roast lamb, and to warm the lamb in afterward. She enjoyed to eat it with fish. She thought it delicious to use it with macaroni; and when she came to use it with eggs,—Peggy was a great believer in eggs, especially in the spring of the year, and thought them far more wholesome than much meat in the early warm days.

Of course she learned how to poach them very soon, she would fill her frying pan half full of salted boiling water, slip the eggs one at a time into this, and watch the whites harden and the yolks grow solid with never-failing interest. After a while she bought herself an egg poacher, which fitted into her frying pan and had a little muffin ring sort of an arrangement for each egg. This prevented them from breaking, and kept them of uniform size.

This was one of the places where the tomato sauce came into play, for poached eggs were never so good, to Peggy's mind as when served on toast with tomato sauce poured over them.

For the matter of that, the toast was good without the eggs, if the tomato sauce was poured on it.

Then she learned to make an omelet. She had a beautiful recipe. She put the crumbs of a thick slice of bread to soak for ten minutes in a half a cup of milk. Then she beat very stiff the whites and yolks of four eggs, beating them separately. With the yolks were mixed the soaked crumbs, the milk, and a teaspoonful of melted butter into this she stirred the whites very lightly—just enough fairly to mix them, adding a teaspoonful of salt and a little pepper, and turned them all into a shallow omelet pan in which she had melted a teaspoonful of butter.

Then the hard part. The mixing of the omelet was a mere joke compared to the cooking of it. But Peggy had provided herself with an omelet knife as well as omelet pan, and she used the former skillfully enough, even at first, slipping it under the omelet and tipping the pan a little to one side to allow the butter to flow where it was most needed. The omelet puffed and hardened, and when the egg seemed firm all over where it touched the pan, Peggy turned one-half of an omelet over the other slipped it all on a heated platter.

### How There Came to be Eight

MRS. A. C. MORROW.

There were seven of them, maidens in their teens, who formed one of those blessed "Do without bands." It was something entirely new, this pledge to "look about for opportunities to do without for Jesus' sake;" but they were earnest christian girls, so they organized with enthusiasm. Their first doing without was in their first meeting. One of the seven, Maggie, was honest enough to say, when the question was mooted as to whether they would have a silver or bronze badge, that she ought not to afford a twenty cent one. So the others decided to choose a bronze, which was only five cents, and save the twenty cents. And they had \$1.40 to begin with.

Alice is rich. Her self-denial reached in many directions. She often went without ruching, and wore linen collars. She bought lisle thread stockings instead of silk. She mended her old gloves, and went without a new pair. She made thirty five cent embroidery answer when she had been used to paying fifty.

Carrie is moderately wealthy. She never indulges in silk stockings nor high priced embroidery. She used the buttons of an old dress for a new one; bought just half the usual amount of plush for the trimmings, and did without flowers on her best hat.

Elsie never used expensive trimmings or feathers or flowers. She was a plain little body, but she did enjoy having her articles of the finest quality. So she bought an umbrella with a plain handle instead of a silver one, and a pocket book which was good and substantial, but not alligator, and walked to school when she used to patronize the horse cars.

Confectionary had been Mamie's extravagance. Once a week she went without her accustomed box of bon-bons, and sometimes bought plain molasses candy instead of caramels, and saved the difference.

Peanuts and pop corn are Sadie's favorites. And as she began occasionally, "to do without" these, she was surprised to know by the amount she saved, how much she had been spending.

Lottie went without tea and coffee and sugar, and her mother allowed her what she thought they cost. She enlisted the sympathy of the family, and persuaded them to go without desert one day in the week.

All this and much more these young girls did, not without some sighs and some struggling that first month: but it is growing easier to do without for Jesus' sake.

I think this history would have remained unwritten but for Maggie, the youngest and poorest of them all. Her dress was plain even to poverty. Fruit was a rare luxury on their table. Ruching and embroidery and fancy trimmings were not so much as thought off. She did not drink tea nor coffee. As the days wore on her heart was heavy, for there seemed absolutely no opportunity for her to do without, even for Jesus' sake. As she looked around her plainly furnished room she could see nothing which anyone would buy. Occasionally her mother had been used to giving her a penny to buy a doughnut to eat with the plain bread and butter lunch she always carried to school. But the times seemed harder than usual, and there was no opportunity to deny herself even in the cake.

A copy of the Missionary paper came to Maggie's home. Alice had given a subscription to each of the band. The child's heart ached as she read the pitiful story of need in the homes so much poorer than her own, and going to her room she knelt and