Marion Harland's Page "Spread" Dainties Evolved By College Girls



verbs this glorious afternoon. Therefore, Prexy will beam beatifically on you tomorrow, while I will be treated to another of those snubby questions of his: "Miss Patterson, tell me, if you please, why you ever elected to study the Hebrew language?" All the time the bluestocking has been indulging in frivolous meditations on fudge and tea. Fie on you, Elizabeth, the Hebraist, for such levity! What mean you to serve at your spread—manna and unleavened bread?" you, Elizabeth, the Hebraist, for such levity! What mean you to serve at your spread—manna and unleavened bread?"
"You need not scoff, Margaret. I'm in earnest. I'm tired of being thought nothing but 'a dig,' and I'm going to give such a feast as will make the whole crowd sit up."
"Worse and worse! She's even using stang!"

"I feel just like my little sister, who came crying to mother one day, say-ing, 'Mamma, you must give me a party, cause all the girls are pointing their fingers at me, and saying so I can hear, "I don't know what we're going to do for parties now; we've all had them." Then they all look at me, " continued continued to be a say to be a say of the interruption.

because you know how to make so many queer things. I want to have something out of the ordinary."
"Help you? Of course, I will. Let's begin right now to plan. Firstly, is it to be a tea or a regular spread?"
"Oh, a spread, and in the evening; but we must have tea, too, I suppose."

A SUBSTITUTE PUNCH BOWL -

"Well, I don't know; tea is rather commenplace; but, if you put a clove or wo in each cup, it gives it quite a nice Or we might have coffee, with a drop of vanilla in it, as the Turks fix it. "Chocolate isn't half bad, eitherthough I hate the fattening stuff-if you add just the tiniest suspicion of vanilla. "Do you want hot or cold drinks, anyway? I know how to make a peachy tea punch. You make a rather strong tea, and pour it boiling hot over the Juice of two lemons and the grated rind of a lemon and two oranges. Sugar according to taste. Then, when it has cooled, you add bananas and white grapes and oranges, cut in small pieces, and a big lump of ice. We can serve it in that fine blue washbasin of your set, that fine blue washbasin of your set, hich will look just like a punchbowl, and really 'sporty.'
"That raspberry vinegar your mother
sent you would do to serve in 'our
punchbowl,' if we add lemon and water

it, and have shaved ice for the Let's have two drinks," said Eliza-

beth; "the cold tea punch and the va-nilla chocolate, with whipped cream." "Whipped cream! You certainly are blowing yourself." But, enough of fluids. What shall we have to eat?" "I thought of sardines, they are so easy to dump out of a box on to some crackers," meekly suggested Elizabeth. "Sardines? Well, they might do, but in no such deadly, dull way, when we can have a ragout or salad of

them. They are fine on crackers when you drain, skin and backbone a box of them, cook them in a chafing dish in hot butter and stir in a teaspoonful of Worcestershire sauce and a big pinch of cayenne.
"Or we could prepare, drain and heat the sardines. Then put them on the sardines. Then put them on toast and pour over them a sauce made of a tablespoonful of butter, one-half tablespoonful of chutney, salt, pepper, the yolk of an egg and the juice of quarter of a lemon. Stir this constantly till it boils, then add a tablespoonful of butter and a gill a tablespoonful of butter and a gill of butter and a gill the salt of the salt o

of hoiling water and pour over the THE MAIN COURSE

'On the whole, though, we'll have sardine salad; then we can use our chafing dishes for other things. To a dozen sardines, skinned and cut in pieces, you add two tablespoonfuls of capers and a head of lettuce, shredded. Put in a salad bowl, cover with French dressing and garnish with olives, stoned and stuffed with an-

"I tell you. Betty, let's have sausage and griddle cakes for our main course. We'll get some frankfurters and cook them in boiling water twenty minutes. Then we'll make a white auce of a tablespoon each of flour and butter, a half pint of milk and some onions, salt and pepper, and heat the sausages again in that. "We'll borrow some of the other girls' chafing dishes, mix up some buckwheat cakes and bake them on

"That will be enough substantials, except we might slice bologna very thin and garnish it with some of that bought aspic jelly and watercress.

"Angels on Horseback is fine for a spread, but it's messier and costs more than the frankfurters, so I think we'll state to them.

tick to them.
"What are they? Nothing more than
systers rolled in thin strips of bacon
lastened with skewers fried in the chaffastened with skewers fried in the chafng dish. You make the bacon just big
enough to cover the oyster; sprinkle it
with pepper, a little shallot, parsley
and a few drops of lemon juice. Put in
the oysters, roll tastily and fry just
long enough to crisp the bacon.
"Then, of course, we must have sandwiches. There are so many to choose
com, let's have several kinds. Very

thin shavings of sweitzer cheese, covered with mustard and chopped green peppers and put in between brown bread, might do for the heavy ones, and then we'll have some sweet kinds.
"I know how to make fine nut-paste sandwiches. You take almonds, hickory nuts and walnuts, rlone or mixed, chop them very fine or grate them. chop them very fine or grate them. We can brown some of the almonds first, and if we add a few brazil nuts the mixture is much richer. Half a small

teacupful of the chopped nuts will make a good many sandwiches when mixed into a stiff paste with whipped cream, flavored with almond, vanilla or orange juice and a little sugar. "You spread this paste on the brown bread and butter, which is then rolled or cut into fancy shapes. It may also be put on plain bread spread first with a light coating of honey or orange mar-malade, or, if you wish, you can buy

cream sandwiches, and fill them with "If you put an equal portion of

stoned and halved white grapes and mix with the nuts and the cream, you will have sandwiches to make the girls fat pickles you buy at the grocer's, and olives—some plain and others chopped up-to fill the very smallest

sweet peppers we can find."
"Don't you think we should have cheese in some way, Margaret?" asked

"Mercy! I was forgetting all about it. Certainly we'll have cheese. We can butter some crackers, season them with salt and pepper, put a big piece of cheese on each and set them in the covered chafing dish to melt. "Cheese fritters are great, too. You beat together Parmesan cheese, stale

bread crumbs, eggs, salt and pepper in the proportion of two tablespoon-fuls of cheese, one of the crumbs and two eggs. Then you drop small cakes mixture on the hot chafing

to the other."

"What about candy, Margaret?
Don't you think we need some of that?"

"Sure, and popcorn, too. We'll make maple fudge, and if it gets sticky, as mine always does, somehow, we'll

Housemothers in Weekly Conference

GIVE me the man who sings at his work!" I believe this is an exploded notion. I know a poor, tired, overworked school teacher in a country town who found no rest at home after her day's work. She boarded with a farmer, whose wife sang day after day, day after day, while working, the same old thing. "Bringing in the sheaves, ding! ding!—the deaves!" these words being interspersed with hasty catches of her breath as she labored in the kitchen. We all know that "Bringing in the sheaves" is a very pretty song, and the music is very sweet, but when it is mixed with something else is not so agreeable to hear.

I know a stenographer who was advised by her physician to stay at home and rest. She boarded in a private family, and during her brief stay at home she read and sewed alternately. She was driven almost to distraction by the mother of the family, who hummed incessantly and varied the loud humming by catches of songs. The stenographer said the woman had her mind and hands in one kind of work for which she needed all her energy and thought, and yet she breathed hard and caught her breath in her frenzied attempts at singing, drawing into her lungs at the same time the soapy steam from the dishwater, the dust from the floor in sweeping and the fine particles of blacking as she blacked the stove. Before the stenographer knew it, she was catching her breath in sympathy, and finally had to give up her forced rest at home and go back to her office work.

These two cases have actually happened, nstances.

I know one woman who could not sit in the room with her friend and read, simply because the friend kept her chair rocking to and fro, and the chair had just mough squeak to drive the reader almost frantic.

In other words, humming and singing while one is trying to work on something else is, to my mind, an aggravated form of nervousness, and to a listener it is cerelse is, to my mind, an aggravated form of nervousness, and to a listener it is certainly very trying.

Penaps, in the old days, the mother was alone and, looking out upon the green fields, rejoiced in the pleasant sky and happy surroundings, and sang for pure joy of living. But in these days of rush and bustle for the dollar, the mother rushing through her housework in order to have lots of time to make that pretty dress for her child before Mrs. So-and-So has time to get her child's gown done, the woman is simply nervous and succeeds in making these around her nervous.

I know a woman who always has sharp seissors hanging near the window on her plazza, and when the neighbors run in for a chat they invariably sit at that window. Down come the scissors, and then begins the cutting of finger nails, while the lady of the house clinches her fingers into the palms of her hands in her vain endeavors not to appear nervous.

I know a woman who, whenever I call

not to appear nervous.

I know a woman who, whenever I call upon her, is forever chasing a fly, and sometimes I have heard the daughter remark, "Mother! I thought I saw a fly!" and then they look around the room for the article in question. Pleasant for the visitor—isn't it?

I know a woman who always manages to tor—isn't it?

I know a woman who always manages to say that she has dusted the room that very morning and—'just see how the dust has collected again!'

ONE OF YOUR READERS.

The precise locality of this particular "Reader" is discreetly omitted for reasons some other readers may appreci-The sketches are dashed in with too true a hand and the "sitters" are too boldly outlined not to be recognized should an inkling of their locality

be given. be given.

In imagination I hear the sigh of assent that escapes the worried creature who, to borrow an expressive bit of slang. "has been there," and that repeatedly. Of all the nuisances (for each of the tricks mentioned is that!) described by our critic, the humming habital or the tricks mentioned is that!) described by our critic, the humming habit is the most common and perhaps the most unpleasant to those who are exercised thereby. It may be a token of a merry heart, when one breaks out into song as a bird warbles in the tree-top on a summer morning. Each of us has felt and yielded to the impulse, and the carol has offended nobody. One does not hum because one is happy. Sometimes one falls into the habit to hide bashfulness, and to impress companions with the idea that one is entirely at ease. I have known more than one so-called well-bred man who hummed cheerlly in a friend's house to prove that he felt happily at home.

The awkward and transparent trick, once acquired, becomes inveterate in time. But yesterday I was annoyed almost to anger by a saleswoman in a fashionable "emporium," who hummed a popular air to herself while I was tra-

ing to cajole her into showing me the belts she is paid to sell. She filled up the intervals between query and reply with sotto voce ministrelsy, until I was fairly driven out of the store. The like has happened to me so often that I sympathize heartily with our "reader."

Few mistresses encourage maids to Few mistresses encourage maids to sing at their work. In my early mar-ried life I wondered at the objection to the practice frequently expressed in my hearing. Theoretically, the employ-er should be glad to hear the blithe roundelay bespeaking contentment. I was not long in finding out that the aforesaid lilt is usually meaningless—the result of bad early training, and even, sometimes, the ebullition of ill-

'Mary do allers sing when she is out "Many do allers sing when she is out of timper," said a chambermaid of a caroling cook. "There's none of us cares to stay in the kitchen, once she begins to sing 'Wearin' of the Green." I have learned since that Mary was not singular in this respect.

"Reader's" point of the unhealthfulness of the habit, when one is sweeping and dusting, is well taken. She says truly, too, that the energetic song draws usclessly upon nervous and muscular forces, needed for the work in hand.

The monotonous or varied chant of the

The monotonous or varied chant of the lodger above, or below, or across the court in the apartment house, which is the city home of the brainworker, is more than a nuisance. It is torture! The piano next door is bad enough. The young woman who has a voice that must be cultivated with the rake of scales and the harrow of cadenzas has the excuse of "must be" for martyrizing quiet and studious neighbors. There is neither sense nor expediency in droning Moody and Sankey melodies over the washtub, or crooning, "Mother! Mother! Pin a Rose on Me!" while the petitioner is cleaning silver, or darning stockings, until the pale-faced woman—or man—on the next floor would gladly donate the flower, if it were to be pinned nate the flower, if it were to be pinned above the chest forever voiceless.

To sum up the matter—which is not To sum up the matter—which is not a light one—none of us has the moral right to lapse into trick—mannerism—habit—which is an abiding offense to those about us. The road we walk in company is steep and hard enough at best. Pebbles hurt tender feet, and the dust raised by needless prancing and kicking makes weak eyes smart.

Will Butter Makers Advise Her? I am going to remove to the country this month, and mean to keep a cow. As I have had no experience in butter-making, would you kindly advise me how to make good butter? MRS. A. H. (Melrose Park, Ill.). Directions for making butter will be found in the recipe column. Other recipes will be thankfully received should any of our practical dairy women favor

A Visiting Memorial Card Will you kindly answer a few questions for a constant reader of Our Corner?

1. What will mend a erack in an iron tea-1. What will mend a erack in an iron teakettle.
2. Can a butter flavor be imparted to winter butter? If so, how? Would extract of clover give the desired flavor?
3. About mourning cards—I mean "In Memoriam"—to have "Father and Mother" on. How should I have it engraved? I mean one's own visiting card. Please give me a form. B. G. (Cumberland, Md.). 1. Have the cracked kettle riveted.
I have broken china mended in this way that lasts for years without leaking. It is a far better method than way that lasts for years without leaking. It is a far better method than soldering.

2. Use no flavoring extract for butter. It imposes upon nobody, and the imitation discounts the whole yield of your diary. Feed the cow well in winter, and let the color of the butter take care of itself.

3. Personally, I do not like mourning cards. The one legitimate use for them, to my way of thinking, is to explain that the person represented by one sent in response to an invitation is in mourning—therefore is not going into society. I never heard of a visiting memorial card. There may be such, but have not seen them. care of itself.

For a "New" Sore Throat For a "New" Sore Throat

Some weeks ago I saw a note signed (I
think) "Honey Bee, Davenport, Iowa." The
writer said she could crochet lace, infants'
afghans, etc. I should be much obliged for
her address, for I have some work for her.
Perhaps some of your readers may be glad
to try a gargle I have found most useful for
a "new sore throat." It does little good if
delayed too long:
Half a glassful of water.
One teaspoonful of baking soda.
Three teaspoonfuls of alcohol.
And here is a delicious dessert: Make a
caramel ice cream. Serve with it apples,
baked with sugar and constantly basted until they are jellied. This requires a firm,
tart apple. Turn the apples while they
bake. Of course, they must be first pared
and cored.

If any of your readers wish it, I will give

bake. Of course, they must be first pared and cered.

If any of your readers wish it, I will give a list of foods for breakfast, dinner and supper, on which I bring up my babies. The elder is a boy 23 months old. He is 40 inches tall and weighs 35 pounds. The girl, 13 months younger, is 38 inches in height and weighs 28 pounds. We live in the country, and the children spend the entire day out of doors. In cold weather they play and take their day naps on a southerly porch, surrounded by glass. In warm weather they sleep on a north porch, screened in. They have not had one moment's illness—not even a cold—for a year. Both are bottle babies, but have done wonderfully well. I have used a food-formula, given to me by a trained nurse, which I will gladly pass on to any one who wishes to get it.

to get it.

MRS. J. S. T. (Robbinsdale, Minn.). You are to be congratulated upon your babies, and the bairnies upon so sensible and fond a mother.

I hold your address and thank you for the proposal to share your precious formula with other mothers.

I do not find the signature "Honey Bee" in my address book. Bee" in my address book. Are you sure you have given it correctly?

A Homemade "Hav Stove" A Homemade "Hay Stove"

So much has been written by your "constituents" of their wonderful results with the hay stove, that I feel impelled to write about the stove my husband made for me. It is all, and more, than is claimed for the hay stove, for there is no work of renewing and repairing for fear of mustiness, as with the hay; no care and expense (except in the beginning), only to dust it occasionally as you would other furniture. It is made of oak, and is an ornament to my kitchen. In fact, it could be used in a dining room, as a buffet, or as a couch in a sitting room. It has pleased me so well, that I tell you and our members of it, as offering a reply to the off-expressed wonder that "some bright Yankee has not perfected the idea and put it on the market."

Being such a debtor to your "Cornerites" for this and other helpful suggestions, I will try to cancel a small part of my debt by telling them how to reduce their ice bills.

Get from a harnessmaker a piece of felt, Get from a harnessmaker a piece of felt, one-haif inch in thickness and costing about 25 cents. Lay this between two sheets of coarsely woven wire, obtained at any hadware store. The wire and felt should measure about one inch less than the ice chamber of your refrigerator, all the way around to permit free circulation of air. Before laying the pad under the ice, dip it in cold water. When the pad becomes damp from the ice, it sends out a blast of cold air which reduces the rate of melting. The pad should be cleaned and aired frequently. Just a word to the bride-to-be. Speaking from experience, I know there would be fewer failures in the kitchen if we would take practical, everyday lessons in the homely details of family cookery from our mothers when we are girls. This ignorance is the rock upon which many fair barks split. Mrs. W. (Berlin, N. J.).

I have but one word—or maybe two— Get from a harnessmaker a piece of felt, rance is the rock upon which many fair barks split. Mrs. W. (Berlin, N. J.).

I have but one word—or maybe two—to add to our Jersey housemother's letter: What one husband can do to lessen his helpmate's burdens others can do. Three other women have written to me, boasting of the loving ingenuity displayed by their respective "Johns" in carrying out the fireless cooker device. As to the bright, ublquitous Yankee, he is up and doing to excellent purpose in elaborating the idea we have given him. Several patents are already on the market, "and still there's more to follow."

"Mrs. W.'s" address is in my hands, should any ambitious housewife desire to avail herself of her experience.

From a "Border-Town" Our next letter is from the very fron-ier of our great territory: I have a good black skirt that is ser-

tously in need of cleaning. I had it cleaned once by a tailor, but the spots returned. Can one sponge garments with a soap-bark solution with any success? May ammonia be used for anything except discoloration by acid? be used for anything except discoloration by acid?

In return for my questionings I offer some trifles which will, I hope, benefit housewives and mothers who like to utilize things that have outlived their usefulness in their original form.

A bedspread with the worn portions cut out and the good trimmed into shape and hemmed makes excellent towels for the children's use in the bathroom.

A soft part cotton and part woolen blanket, when worn thin, may be fashioned into warm underdresses for the walking baby in bitter weather.

The other day I saw a "cute" Buster Brown coat, three-quarters length, made of a pair of trousers, for a 4-year-old boy. The material was fine and soft all-wool goods. Here is a recipe for a Mexican dish that we like:

Savoy Rice. Wash a cup of rice, drain and put on the fire with one tablespoonful of lard, fry until brown, cover with water or broth, sait to taste, add two small onions minced, chopped tomatces and pepper, and stew until soft tomatoes and pepper, and stew until solve and dry.

If you have ever lived in a border town you have some idea of the straits to which one is often put. Until a few months back almost everything was duty-free into what we call "The Free Zone." Now we have to pay duty on everything but a few edibles, such as bread or cake, or get it in some other way, and honest people don't like the other way.

the other way.

I hope some of my ideas may be of use to some of our family.

Mrs. F. S. (Juarez, Mexico). Soap bark is an excellent cleanser. Make small bags of cheesecloth, fill them with powdered soap bark, dip in clear tepid water and scrub your skirt with it. The tailor did not extract the grease from the spots, and as the dust collects upon and clings to them, become visible. After applying the bark faithfully, sponge with household am-

2. Ammonia is used extensively in removing grease, paint, sticky flypaper, ink and other stains. It stands next to keroand other stains. It stands next to kerosene as the housemother's ready helper. Your recipe is the same in substance as that for the Italian "risotto." The Mexicans doubtlessly inherited it along with much else, including their language, from their Spanish conquerors. The genesis of recipes is a curious study. We are glad to keep in touch with you, and hope to hear again of the ways and means of border life.

Afraid of Her Servants

Afraid of Her Servants

Don't laugh when you hear what my perplexity is! I am deadly afraid of my servants!

Therel it is out, and I feel better. I am the more relieved because I have called them "servants," even if it is out of their hearing. Both of them would decamp without beat of drum if they knew I had done it. I overheard the cook tell the waitress last week that she "would never leave her blessing with a woman what would name a decent livin'-out girl a servant." No, I have sisters who are known familiarly in the family as "our girls." I will not confuse them with my employes. I get around it usually, by speaking of "cook" and "waitress." When I can't dodge the word after this fashion, what can I say?

And am I the weakest of womankind because my heart sinks into my bootheels if I see a cloud upon the face of either of them? And when I try to cajole the sulky one (a good enough gi-servant! in most respects) out of a mood by some adroit allusion to her work as exceptionally good, or contrive some little treat for her, diplomatically that she may not suspect my motive? And, having found out that a word of praise goes a great way toward keeping the cook in a good humor, if I make it my business to go into the kitchen after a meal, when she has sent in a particularly nice dish, and tell her that we have enjoyed it?

I confessed something of this to an acquaintance today, and was told that "it is a bad plan to praise a servant. She gets into the way of expecting it. You pay her for doing your work—not tolerably well, but perfectly well. It is a business transaction-nothing more nor less. It is a fatal mistake to introduce feeling into business affairs."

I have come home feeling small and mean-spirited, and in such a bad humor with myself generally that I must take it out of somebody. So I am inflicting this letter upon you.

ceiver-general for all manner of distressful moods.

Taking your wail in detail, why worry over the desire of cook and waitress to discard a name which, according to their code of social rank, degrades them? Speak of them to their faces and to others as "maids." The title would seem to have been made for the express benefit of perplexed American housewives. For you need not fancy that yours is a singular case. It is so nearly universal that when a mistress dares allude to herself as one, and to her employes as her inferiors, the rest of us hold our breath in awed admira-

The average Bridget-Thekla came to the Land of the Free to be free. Freedom implies, to her comprehension, dom implies, to her comprehension, equality, if not sisterhood. It would be a miracle if she could enter at once or within the next fifty years, for that matter, into the fine distinctions of class that prevail among refined gentlefolk. And can we wonder at her failure when we see how far short of this comprehension people fall who were born and bred in this same enlightened country? People who are ignoramuses and boors from the cradle to the graye yet plume themthe cradle to the grave, yet plume them the cradle to the grave, yet plume themselves upon the superiority to birth and education accorded to them by their own class by virture of their millions? Who presumes to speak of them as "the lower classes"?

Can we marvel. I say, that Bridget-Thekla should consider herself as fine a lady as the woman who hires her?

And whom, I may observe, she often outdresses.
Compromise upon the convenient word

Compromise upon the convenient word "maid," and let us pass on.

"Are you the weakest of womankind" because you prefer sunshine to clouds in your home? What matter who casts a shadow over the brightness of a sensitive woman's day? It is shadow and an annoyance, even when it is not a pain. A sulky face, sullen silence, the brooding, unspoken menace of a "row," is disagreeable, however mean may be the cause of discomfort. Do not truckle abcause of discomfort. Do not truckle ab jectly to John—or to the cook—but it is part of your daily duty to make all about you as comfortable in mind, body and estate as is consistent with your self-respect.

My dear Mrs. Sterling once said to me that she "never expected a servant (I beg your pardon! a MAID!) to speak to her more pleasantly than she spoke beg your pardon! a MAID!) to speak to her more pleasantly than she spoke to her." The rule worked admirably in her case. It has worked well with meher disciple—and it will do the same for you. Why, let me ask in the cause of justice and decency, should not you tell the cook when she has done well? Is it not her right, when we come to the truth of the matter? Why, furthermore, if the "good-enough" waitress looks down-hearted, should you not say a bright word to furthermore, if the "good-enough" waitress looks down-hearted, should you not say a bright word to cheat her heart of heaviness. Instead of imitating her gloom? One of the best cooks and servants I ever had—and I have been most fortunate in this respect—had the habit of what looked like sullenness at inopportune occasions. After much endurance of the nuisance, I spoke plainly but kindly to her on the subject, and with the full intention of discharging her should she resent my frankness. She burst into tears, and confessed her fault, regretting it, and begging me to tell her when the fit came upon her. She was a victim of dyspersia in its worst form—"doctoring" for it continually, and getting no relief; often 'unable, for days together, to retain food, and dreading permanent invalidism.

I put her into the care of my own physician, who so far relieved the gravest features of her malady that she remained with me, in tolerable health, for three years longer, at which time she married and went to the Far West to live.

When you are disposed to be intolerant with her faults and to scold, rather than approve, "put yourself in her place!"

Don't hesitate to work off your fit of self-contempt upon me! It is one of the things I am here for—to act as re-

spread it between two crackers and have more sandwiches. "For chocolate we'll melt sweet chocolate over boiling water in one of the girls' chafing dishes and stir into it chopped figs until nearly cold. Then roll them into small balls and put them out of the window on waxed

paper to cool. "Sweet crackers are nice rolled in this melted chocolate, too, or we can dip the flat side of peppermint wafers in it and stick two together for sandwiches.
"Before the girls come, we can stuff

some dates with chopped ginger and maraschino cherries or chopped raisins and hazel nuts, so they'll be ready, if and hazel nuts, so they it be ready, it the stuff we make goes bad.
"It will be lots of fun to do some candied popcorn. One of the girls can be shaking the popper over the fire in the grate, while another is making a the grate, while another is making a syrup in a chafing dish of a half pound of sugar, one ounce of butter and three tablespoonfuls of water. Boil this till it makes a soft ball in water; add the popped corn; stir till each grain is coated, then take from the fire and keep on stirring till it is cool enough not to stick

"There! Elizabeth Dare, cram and would-be sport, what do you think of that for a menu? The Digs' spread of '06 will go down to generations of freshmen as a feast that made Lu-cullus, Brillat-Savarin and all those other old gourmands dead poor provid-ers in comparison; not to mention put-ting the digestive apparati of the most brilliant galaxy of wisdom, wit and beauty our alma mater ever knew out of kilter for keeps."

RECIPES

Hard Soap.

ET a can of potash (not the concentrated lye which has double the strength of the potash). Dissolve the potash according to directions on the can, and use five pounds of grease, instead of six as the recipe on the can calls for. It makes much better soap. I have tried both ways and am satisfied on that point.

point.

I dissolve the potash in an earthen jar, and put the grease in another jar, which I have heated slightly, so that it will not harden around the edgest too quickly. Then stir till it begins to thicken, according to directions. It should be cut in squares or cakes be-fore it gets too hard. It is astonishing how soon one can save the requisite amount of grease, even in a small family. I keep the best to use in my cooking, but try out every little bit, and strain through a cloth into a pail with a tight cover, so it is perfectly clean, and all ready to use as soon as I have a sufficient eventity. Boon as I have a sufficient quantity. E. E. S. (Joliet, Ill.).

For twelve gallons of cider allow twenty pounds of sugar and two bushels of apples pared and quartered. Let the cider come to a boil. Skim, then add apples. After boiling awhile add the sugar. Boil in all three hours—three hours from the time you first put the cider on. We have used it in our family for a number of years. It is very nice. is very nice.
S. A. H. (Lancaster, Pa.).

Apple Butter.

Butter Making. Churn as soon as may be after the cream thickens. If it is allowed to stand too long it gets bitter, musty, or rancid. Every utensil used in the process must be well scalded and alred before it is taken into service. Have earthen and tin or agate-iron vessels and never put them to any other use.

ther use. Scald the churn to sterilize it and wash out several times with fresh, clean, cold water. Pour in the loppered cream and churn steadily—rather fast at first until you espy flakes of butter about the hole where flakes of butter about the hole where the dasher enters the top. Then work more deliberately. Keep up a regular motion. In warm weather add a dash of leed water to the contents of the churn should the butter rise slowly. When it has all fairly "come" to the top of the milk, take it up with the perforated dasher, turning it dexterously just beneath the surface of the buttermilk to secure every bit. As you get a dasherful plunge the dasher into a pan of ice-cold water to free it of the butter. When you have skimmed it all off. draw the floating bits together with a wooden paddle, squeeze and press out the water, and transfer to a cool bowl. harden for an hour, at least. Then werk and knead it with a wooden ladle until all the buttermilk is worked out of it. Neglect of this part of the process is sure to work evil. The butter will be sour, or strong or crumbly— perhaps all three. When you have a firm, close-grained mass, add fine salt about two even teaspoonfuls to each

about two even teaspoonfuls to each pound, mixing it in faithfully. Set aside again and in a cold place for some hours before you give it the final kneading—a slight affair if the first was thorough. With the paddle mould into rolls or pound "pats." From start to finish, do not touch it with your hands. Wrap each roll in a clean, wet, linen cloth, which has no taint of soap or starch, and pack in a stone jar, strewing a little fine salt between the layers.

layers.

The imported taste for "sweet"—that is, unsalted butter—is fast gaining ground in our country. If this is wanted, simply omit the salting.