

A Chatty Letter from a "Domestic Science" Graduate.

Would you like to hear about what lessons we have in our domestic science room? So far we have been restricted to cooking. Of this I shall not be able to tell you nearly all, but possibly a partial outline might be interesting to you; for, though you tell me you know nothing of domestic science, yet I have often proven that you practice it by the appetizing dinners you serve. A glance at our lessons may make more useful to you what you practice by making apparent the reasonableness of it.

Our teacher, Miss L., first gave to us a number of rules for caring for our utensils, tables, etc. To those who had not been accustomed to kitchen work these were useful, no doubt, but the only things I remember worth mentioning to you were that all towels are rinsed at once after each dish-washing and are boiled once a week (this makes impossible any contagion from this source at ordinary times). Second, never pour greasy water into a sink, but first change it to soap by the addition of either sal soda or ammonia. These rules, being new to me, were carefully noted: the first to save doctors' bills; the second, plumbers'.

Miss L. then remarked that cookery is the art of preparing food for the nourishment of our bodies, and gave us the following reasons for cooking:

1. To make food more easily digestible.
2. To make food more palatable (or to improve its flavor).
3. To improve its appearance.
4. To preserve or sterilize it.

There are two methods of cooking: 1. Roasting (primitive method); broiling and frying are forms of this. 2. Boiling, of which steaming and stewing are modifications.

All foods were classified then so that we would be better able to understand them and how to cook them; for each kind of food is acted upon by heat in its own way.

Organic:

Nitrogenous—

- (a) Albumen.
- (b) Casein.
- (c) Myosin.
- (d) Gluten.
- (e) Legumen.

These are called collectively proteids, and their use is to build up tissues of the body.

Non-nitrogenous—

- (a) Fats and oils.
- (b) Starches and sugars.

The use of these foods is to store up fat in the body and to produce heat and energy.

Inorganic:

Mineral matter—

Salt (found in green vegetables, etc.).

Phosphorus, iron, sulphur and chlorine.

The use of these constituents of food are:

1. To build bone, teeth, etc.; hair, nails, etc.
2. To preserve the blood from invasions of noxious microbes.

Water: both clear and as we get it in foods—

Use:

1. To flush the system.
2. To cool the body.
3. To float other food through the body.

Next time, if you wish, I shall write you about some of our experiments.

S. Z. R.

For Every-day Use.

Honesty! why th' s'jes' simply doin' th' squar' thing ev'ry single time, whether th' other feller sees you or not.—George Crouse.

'Tis pluck and work, nine times in ten, That bring the rise, my fellow men, So when upon success you muse, Don't overlook the P's and Q's.

—E. L. Sabán.

I b'lieve in havin' a good time when you start out to have it. If you git knocked out of one plan, you want to git yourself another right quick, before your sperrits has a chance to fall.—Mrs. Wagon.

Knowledge without wisdom is a good tool in the unskilled hand.—Christian Herald.



A Dinner-Party.

Five little puppy dogs all in a row,
So fluffy and dumpy and sweet,
It's almost a pity they have to grow;
Oh, how they're enjoying the treat!
Each pup has his plate, and sticks to it
too—

They certainly know how to dine—
Which one do you think will be first to
get through?

They all have appetites fine.
No wonder the mother looks pleased and
proud,

Though hungry she well may be,
A mother fares badly in such a crowd,
Because she's unselfish, you see,
And yet she is happier far to-day
Than any one of the row,
For you can enjoy by proxy that way,
As every mother doth know.

Cousin DOROTHY.

Lost and Found.

"I don't care! you can go home as soon
as you like—so there!"
Slam went the door.

I confess I was surprised and grieved to
hear the angry voice of the princess.
"Poor child!" I thought, "how un-
happy she must be!" If she had not
been a princess, you know, it would not
have been so hard. Princesses suffer
dreadfully when they are angry.

While I was thinking, I wrote a little
note and pinned it to my study door.
Here it is:

"Lost.—An article of great value to
the owner, at about four o'clock on the
afternoon of January 25th, 18—. The
finder will receive a liberal reward on
returning the same to

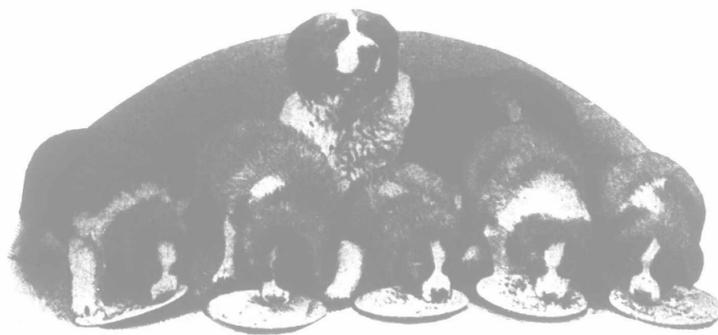
"THE LITTLE PRINCESS."

Pretty soon she came in with a bright
pink spot on each cheek. She was going
to tell me all about it, when the notice
caught her eye. She read it through;
then glanced at the clock, and looked
puzzled.

"I know you want me to advertise it,
dear," I observed, as if it was all quite
a matter of course.

"What do you mean, please?"
"Why, of course you are hunting for
it now."

"Hunting for what?"
"Princess," said I, glad to notice that
her eyes were brighter and her cheeks of
a quieter color than when she came in,
"oblige me by looking up a word in the
dictionary: T-E—have you found it so



A Dinner-Party.

far?—M P E R. What is the definition,
please?"

"Calmness, or soundness of mind,"
read the princess, slowly.

"Now, if you please, read this verse,
Prov. xvi. : 32."

That she read to herself,
"Once more, dear!—Ps. xlv. : 13; the
first half of the verse. You see, your
Highness, it's a pretty serious thing for
a king's daughter to lose her temper, so
I thought you'd like to have me help
you find it."

The brown cat's dropped upon my coat
sleeve for a moment, and I am not sure
that her eyelashes were not wet when
they were lifted again.

I know a frown, and where it dwells:
'Tis just above your eyes so blue;
And when that frown comes out to stay,
Your merry dimples hide away;
Your lips curve down, your eyes turn
gray;
Your voice sounds cross, you will not
play;

Mamma is sad, and nurse gets mad;
You even call your dollies "bad!"
Oh, when that frown comes out to stay,
I fear no angels pass our way.

I know a smile, and where it hides:
'Tis just upon your lips' soft clasp;
And when that smile comes out to stay,
Your laughing dimples peep and play;
Your lips curve up, your eyes look gay;
Your voice is sweet, you love to play;
Mamma you cheer, and nurse is dear,
And toys from everywhere appear.
Oh, when that smile comes out to stay,
I know the angels pass our way.

If we Knew What we Wanted.

A FAIRY TALE.

Once upon a time there was a little girl
who wished so ardently that a good fairy
would appear to her that at length a
good fairy came.

"My child," said the visitor, "I am
prepared to give you whatever you
wish—"

"How nice!" exclaimed the little girl.
"—provided your choice meets with my
approval."

"I—I think I'd like to have a lot of
candy," said the little girl—"as much
candy as I could eat, without getting
sick." She spoke the last three words
doubtfully, judging from the fairy's
expression that some objection was to be
expected.

"But that would never do," said the
fairy. "I once knew a little boy who
had so much candy that he could not eat
any dinner—and there was huckleberry
pie for dessert—just think of it, he
couldn't eat any huckleberry pie! He
didn't mind it, at the time, but he was
awfully sorry after the pie was all gone.
And then, my dear, I find that even our
fairytale confectioners can't make any
candy that is really good for the teeth.
It is the sweet tooth, you know, that
goes to the dentist. Try again."

"Well, then," said the little girl, who
had troubles of her own, "I wish I could
always know my lessons without study-
ing them, and spell all the big words
right, and do all the hard sums."

"I'm afraid that wouldn't do," said
the fairy; "you'd become indolent and

grown-up. I wish I were old enough to
be a debutante."

"Ah, my dear, I could not allow you
to miss all the good times you'll have
between now and then. If I should make
you a debutante, I have no doubt you
would enjoy it just now, but what would
you think of me ten or fifteen years from
now, when you consider that, but for me,
you would be so much younger? Really,
I should be afraid to look you in the
face again."

"Well, then, I don't know what to
wish."

"I was afraid you wouldn't, my dear.
That's the trouble with children and
grown folks as well—they don't know
what to wish. If they did, the good
fairies and other folks who want to help
them would have a very easy time." The
fairy then vanished.

Modest Susan.

Sweet Susan, modest lass was she as any
in the land,
And Timothy was brave and bold, though
but a farmer's hand;
Together worked they in the field, for
she was stout of limb,
Together weeded, lived and dug, sweet
Susan and brave Tim.

When from the ground the Murphys brown
they reaped with a will,

Tim's passion grew to utterance, and he
knelt there on a hill;

"Dear Susan, won't you—" Susan turned
with wonder and surprise;

"Hush, Timothy; how dare you—right
before so many eyes!"

Through cornstalks bent with fruitage,
cool the crisp breeze did blow;

They reaped the golden harvest now, to-
gether, row by row,

From early morn till eve, when bright
and full the moon appears,

"Dear Susan—" "Hush" said she,
"Don't speak before these listening
ears!"

To meeting Sunday evening oft together
they did ride,

Yet she sat very straight indeed, and
kept the farther side.

"Dear Susan, please be—" Upward then
in fright sweet Susan sprung;

"Hush! Not another word to-night—
this buggy has a tongue!"

Then Tim grew weary waiting, and no
more "Dear Susan" said;

He wooed another maiden, 'twas "Dear
Emeline" instead.

She made no word of protest when he
murmured: "Be mine own?"

And now they hoe together—and poor
Susan hoes alone.

—New York Tribune.

A Bright Shetland Pony.

The following has been sent us by the
Corresponding Secretary of the American
Shetland Pony Club, Naperville, Ill.:

To the Editor,—On December 23rd I
had a cotillion at my home, of forty
couples. Wishing to have something
unique, and to have my pet Shetland
pony enjoy my party too, I determined
to have him bring in the favors. "Him"
is a white stallion, four years old, and
forty inches high. His name is Billie. I
made a "harness" for him of red rib-
bon, and had a lead rein of the same
ribbon. I arranged red roses and red
carnations for the first round of favors.

Fixing the "harness" so that the
flowers were easily put in and just as
easily removed, I arranged it all in the
kitchen, and then had Billie led in by a
little girl. She brought him to the din-
ing room, then to the music room, and
then to the hall, where we turned him
around, standing on the hearth of a
large fireplace, to face the people. I
omitted to say that he had red flannel
shoes on.

He stood very still while his load of
flowers was removed, enjoying it ap-
parently as much as the young people
did, getting candy and sugar in large
quantities. He had as many kisses as
if he had stood under the mistletoe.

He is a very intelligent pony, and we
have lots of fun together, playing tag.
He may run almost out of hearing, but
a call of "Billie" brings him to me;
coming up just as close as he can, and
facing me ready for a lump of sugar and
a petting. I have another Shetland, a
chestnut, just as well trained, but I like
Billie best.

HELEN MOORE CRUICKSHANK,
Plainfield, Union Co., N. J.