

Health and Home Hints

A Christmas Luncheon.

By K. E. M.

Desiring to entertain half a dozen friends at luncheon last Christmas I cast about to provide a repast, which, though tempting and palatable, would not belie its name and rob my guests of their appetite for the elaborate Christmas dinner of which they were to partake later in the day in another home. I decided upon the following menu:

Fruit relish	
Fried oysters	Bread sticks
Cranberry jelly	Cold Slaw
	Celery
	Potato balls
	Chicken salad
Olives	Cheese straws
Coffee	Salted almonds

The fruit relish, which I substituted for the usual cup of bouillon, proved an acceptable surprise to my guests. To make it, I pulped eight fine oranges, taking care to leave the shells intact, chopped six bananas small, turned all together, added the contents of a small can of grated pineapple, the juice of two lemons, a glass of sherry, and sugar to sweeten slightly. The orange shells were washed and drained, then utilized for serving cups for the fruit mixture. On the top of each when filled, I placed the meat of an English walnut.

Fried oysters have the name of being unwholesome, but it is not the fault of the toothsome dish but of the usual method of preparation. They must be immersed in smoking hot fat, so that the entire surface is instantly seared and the absorption of the fat prevented. Indeed food fried in this manner may be lifted at once from the fat to a serving napkin. A frying basket, though not a necessity is a great help. My fried oysters came from their bath of hot fat beautifully browned, crisp and free from grease, and when dishd and garnished with fringed celery, they were not only good to eat, but good to look at too, which is a feature not to be slightly valued. The dish of slaw served with the oysters was made of firm white cabbage, shredded very fine on a slaw cutter and dressed simply with vinegar, salt, pepper, and a little brown sugar, and constituted a wholesome and appetizing relish. Epicurean taste rejects a rich salad with fried oysters.

Just before taking the cranberry jelly off the fire, I stirred into it a teaspoon of dissolved gelatine, I then turned the mixture into after dinner coffee cups and set away in a cold place to congeal. When needed I unmolded and arranged for individual serv-

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ing, placing each mold of jelly on a crisp d lettuce leaf. The tiny mound of red on its bed of green was very pretty.

All cooks know how to make potato balls of some sort, but all do not know my way, which is I think, an excellent one. First of all, the potatoes must be without spot or

blemish; then they must be washed clean after which they are plunged into boiling water to cover well and cook until the skin shows signs of breaking, when they are at once taken out of the water, exposed to a current of air for a moment, which does wonders toward making them mealy, then peeled, mashed beaten till light, seasoned with cream, salt and white pepper, shaped into balls, dipped into beaten eggs, rolled in bread crumbs and fry in deep fat. The moment the balls are a golden brown color, the frying basket is lifted out of the fat and the balls transferred into a hot dish and served at once. They will be of feathery lightness.

Every cook has her own tried and tested receipt for making chicken salad, so it is unnecessary to give mine. The way I served the salad on that occasion was, however, an inspiration of my own, so I think, worth telling about. The day before Christmas I made a nicely colored and well flavored tomato jelly, using canned tomatoes for the purpose. When it was ready to come off the fire, I turned the required number of small tumblers, first rinsing them in cold water, upside down in salad saucers. Between the edge of the saucers and the tumblers I poured jelly to the depth of one-half inch, taking care to have it even, then stood all in a cool place to become firm. At serving time the tumblers were lifted out, and in their places I heaped a helping of salad. Into the top of each mound I pressed a pinolo. The result of the combination was very effective, and elicited much praise from my guests. The choicest pieces of china, crystal and silver the house boasts were called into requisition and did much toward imparting a dainty and festive air to the table. — Good Housekeeping.

Thibet has now a Christian newspaper. The Moravian Missionary Society is the pioneer in this matter, having just started a monthly religious paper, printed in the Tibetan script, the same characters that are used by the Lamas, and in both Buddhist and Christian books. The gaies that have for so long shut in the last of the world's closed nations are slowly creaking open, and among the first to enter are the missionaries of the cross.

The *New York Times* recently indulged in some gentle raillery at the poor literary taste of John Rockefeller, who had expressed his admiration for the "beautiful little lines" beginning: "There is no much bad in the best of us." "Our own regard for poetry of that sort," said *The Times*, "is not especially high." It now turns out that the lines were written by a man named Robert Louis Stevenson.

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