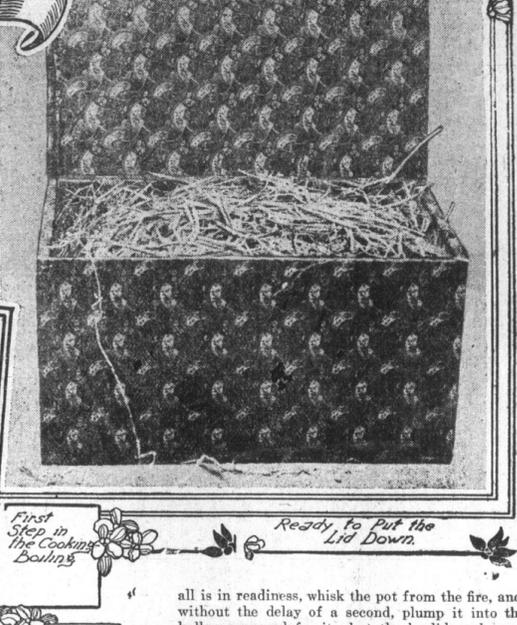
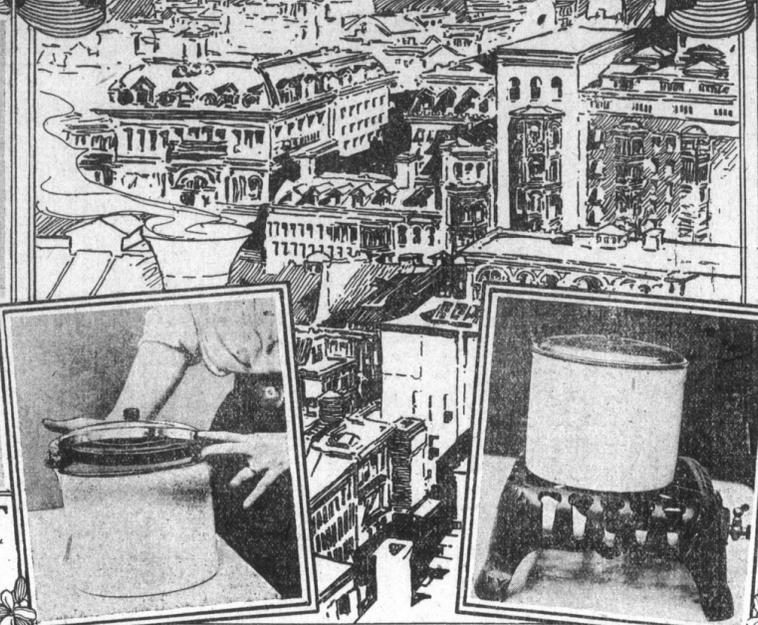


IN ONE ROOM, OR TWO



The First Step in the Pickings.

The Lid Should Fit the Pot.

First Step in the Pickings Boiling.

Ready to Put the Lid Down.

Dear Marion Harland:

"We three workers be although not, as the old rhyme runs—

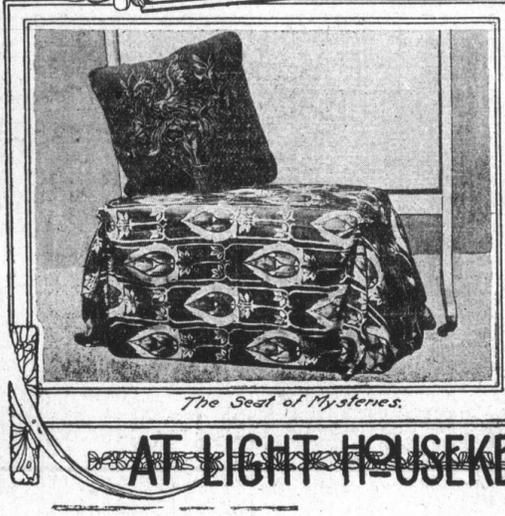
"In one cause."

One of us is a bookkeeper, another is a stenographer in an office downtown, and I am a seamstress whose specialty is making children's clothes. I have worked up quite a custom among the mothers of families who want really durable sewing done and a nice "finish" upon babies' outfits and little girls' garments. I do all my sewing at home.

But that isn't what I want to write about. My perplexity is one which I believe is shared by many who are situated in somewhat the same way as ourselves. We have a six-room flat, well uptown and well toward the top of the house. We don't mind the stairs, being young and strong, and the higher we go the better is the air and the lighter the flat. We think it necessary to health and decent privacy to have a bedroom space. The kitchen being light and airy, I have the range taken out and the sink inclosed below and painted white above (the sink is enameled white). I have a pretty screen before it, making a nice bedroom for a single woman. By this arrangement our kitchen and our dining room are the same. It takes in the whole width of the flat, has three windows, and overlooks gardenlike back yards. Our parlor is at the other side of the hall, and as we like to keep it neat and pleasant for ourselves and visitors, I do all my sewing in the dining room, or kitchen, whichever you may please to call it. I do the cooking and the mackerel-broiling for my share of the rent.

Now, I am coming to the point. One and all, we are tired of chafing-dish "messes," and delicate steamed and canned things in general, and long for wholesome home fare. The same trouble, the same would the housekeepers would call "left-overs" and "warmed-ups." Yet I haven't time to be a regular cook, and I don't want my work to be a regular chore. I like to have so well—the cold-fat-and-cabbage flavor that clings to all clothes kept in a kitchen. My gas cook stove is a neat affair, but small, with room for one pan of biscuits or two small loaves of bread or cake, or a tiny roast or one small fowl.

I don't have time to bake bread or to stop work in the middle of the afternoon to put down meat to roast, and anything prepared on the range, or to work the place with the smell of cooking. We are hard-working girls, and need something more nourishing than the "left-overs" and "cold cuts," toast, tea and pie upon which the old-fashioned roomkeepers, hall-roomies and small flat dwellers live.



The Seat of Mysteries.



The Last of the Pickings.

AT LIGHT HOUSEKEEPING (IN TWO PARTS, PART I)

PHOEBE ANN.

I have let Phoebe Ann "free her mind"—in class meeting phrase—first, because she has a genuine grievance, and knows how to express her appreciation of it; and second, because I feel that she is right in regarding herself as the representative and spokeswoman of a large class of "light housekeeping" women.

To come directly to business, let me ask if you, my correspondent, have paid any attention to what has been written in my department within the last two months, respecting the fireless stove, or, as one letter calls it, "the hay-stubble-and-wood-work-saver." It would seem to be especially contrived to meet your difficulty.

Have made, by a common carpenter, what is known as a "window bench"—a box, eighteen inches high and as many wide, and four feet long, with a hinged top. If you have not agate, iron or other enamel-ware pots and kettles, get them of suitable dimensions to fit in the box and leave room all around for stuffing of hay or of shredded paper, such as is used in packing glass. One essential to success in this style of cookery is tops that will fit into the pots, after the manner of the common tin pail, and not lie loosely upon the upper rims.

Housemothers in Conference With Marion Harland

I AM an interested reader of your page, especially when there is anything concerning babies. I would like to say a few words, and will make my little as brief as possible.

To the lady whose baby cried all the time when she was nursing, I will say that I think the poor child was undoubtedly hungry, and I think it was very wise of you to be so careful to find an artificial food that would agree with it. My first baby came and cried and fretted all the time. The doctor said I should wean her, and, of course, I did so. I should have known better. I should have known that I should have weaned her gradually, and when the spring came cholera infantum took her from me. In a few months another came. I had exactly the same trouble. It was almost as "awfully" cross. My doctor told me to wean her, too, but I did not. I kept right on, and now she is a beautiful child.

Now I have another, and have had the same trouble with the same baby from another doctor. I am keeping right on as usual. I think I would have my little one wean her, if I had let the doctor alone. I will see my own judgment with the next one.

My advice is "never put a baby on artificial food unless it is a case of life or death."

Our Colorado member speaks words of truth and soberness that should be heeded and pondered by many a mother. There is a class of doctors—and of nurses—whose chief remedy for every disorder of a nursing child is: "Better wean it." I wish I were not obliged, as a truthful commentator, to add that they would not be so ready with their out-and-dried formula were it not for the belief that it is agreeable to the mother. There have always been women who felt the duty of nursing their babies after the manner appointed by the Maker of us all, but who were obliged, as a nuisance, and—as I recollect my mother reporting as the utterance of an acquaintance of her girlhood—"degrading."

The anecdote embodied also the old-fashioned physician's reply: "Madam, the heavens do not look down upon a more beautiful and a more sacred spectacle than a mother nursing her child from her breast!"

Dear old Nature is wiser than all the doctors graduated from all the medical colleges and obeyed slavishly by trucking nurses and fashionable mothers.

Right thankful am I that one woman has judgment and will-power that strengthen her to act for herself in a matter so momentous.

Please, may I come in once more, or do I come too often?

Dear M. H. says: "Must use gluten flour for diabetic bread." What is gluten flour? I have asked several, and do not know, so I appeal to you. Is it whole wheat? I will be glad to say to "Buy" gluten flour. I make bread just as it does, only I work it out and put it in the pans to rise just as soon as I mix it, and we like it better than

RECIPES BY MARION HARLAND

Mixed Cucumber, Cauliflower, Gherkin and String Bean Pickles.

(By Request.)

Pumpkin Pie.

(By Request.)

Old Virginia Sweet Potato Pie.

(By Request.)

Baked Bananas.

Oil Mango Pickles.

Fried Hominy.

Graham Bread—No. 2.

Two eggs, butter, size of an egg; one small cupful of sugar; three-quarters of a cupful of sweet milk; one-half cupful of strong brewer's yeast; one-half cupful of salt; and two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, sifted with flour.

THE SERVANT'S ROOM AND HOW TO FURNISH IT

By Mary E. Carter

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IT IS a safe plan, when one is doing for others, always to bear in mind that if they should be reduced to just what we deserve, appreciate, and take good care of, we should, one day, be able to do for them. Besides a complete washstand toilet set, a foot bath and light-weight pail, as well as a complete wardrobe, a very scanty supply for one who must bathe in a bed chamber. People who work need conveniences for keeping themselves clean even more than those who never take violent exercise or do any hard work. Their duties compel them to rise early, wash and dress quickly and even when they go to their rooms after a day's work they have to clean themselves speedily, as the afternoon respite is not long to wash and dress, and, perhaps, do some mending for themselves. A couple of hours will slip away quickly in doing a very few things for decency's sake.

Let none who have not experimented in making their domestics' rooms as nice and inviting as their purses would permit to say to why they would not use conveniences if we gave them to them. Give them an opportunity to learn how before making such a declaration.

There was a time when our ancestors did not bathe as we do. They had no

conveniences to teach, and enable, them to be clean. All in one family went to one place for their scanty ablutions. That they were not immaculately clean nor stunningly well groomed in those days of darkness goes without saying. Neither is it fair to say: "Oh, what's the use of giving anything nice to servants?" That might as often be said with reference to children, and even of the young men and young women of a family, who are frequently exceedingly careless and destructive of beautiful and very expensive articles. It requires training and time before people generally learn how to appreciate and care for their belongings.

Servants' rooms should be sun-lighted by day and have good artificial light by night. To give a domestic a dark closet to sleep in is unparadise. Their rooms ought to have means for thorough ventilation, and that is impossible without a window opening to outside air. The wretched closets designed for servants' rooms one finds in apartment houses are a disgrace to this age of vaunted civilization. These contracted little places, misnamed rooms, are only fit to be used for wardrobes or for storing trunks, and are urgent cases for the interference of the health officer.

Trustworthy, practical member of our Big Family:

I want to tell you of my experiment with the straw box cooker. I found among my stock of hens a three-year-old, addicted to eating eggs. Needless to relate her fate! I had to take constant watch over her for many hours to reduce her tough muscles. I had to take constant watch over her for many hours to reduce her tough muscles. I had to take constant watch over her for many hours to reduce her tough muscles.

Again I ask who will give our Labor-Saver a more euphonious, yet an aptly descriptive name? Of course, as our Courteous Consulting Chemist predicts, some enterprising manufacturer will