

## HOUSEHOLD.

### Thoughts About Food.

(Mrs. Helen M. Richardson, in the 'N. Y. Observer.')

'I worry a great deal about Laura, she has a headache so often,' a mother said to me one day.

'Have you any cause to assign for it?' I asked.

'Not conclusively; yet I am more than half inclined to believe that study is at the bottom of it. The present school system of cramming seems to me to be sufficient cause for all kinds of aches.'

Now, I had my own private opinion of Miss Laura's headaches; but as to whether it would be wise to voice it, I was rather doubtful. Laura's mother was my dear friend; the young lady in question, her only daughter. Plain speaking in such a case, even with truth as a motive power, is not always safe, still, 'I'll risk the consequences,' I said to myself, and to her: 'What did Laura eat for her breakfast?'

My friend looked at me rather sharply. She was quick-tempered, and this was why I had hesitated about freeing my mind.

'She eats enough; I hope you do not think I am starving the child,' she replied, quickly.

'On the other hand, I thought perhaps you might be stuffing her,' I answered, with more care for convincing my friend, than for the elegance of my rhetoric.

Still half inclined to consider me meddling, Gertrude began glibly to enumerate the different articles of food her daughter had swallowed; they could not have been thoroughly masticated in the ten minutes she had previously assured me Laura usually had left after a hasty toilet, in which to eat her breakfast.

'A cup of coffee, a plate of griddle cakes, fried bacon, hot rolls,' I repeated slowly. 'You say that Laura ate all this stuff for breakfast? No wonder her head aches, poor child.'

My friend looked incredulous.

'I'm sure, a girl who has to study as hard as Laura does, requires hearty food,' she said.

'Assuredly, but of a different kind,' I answered. 'Laura's brain is working all day, and yet not a particle of brain food did she have this morning; but instead, food that requires vigorous exercise in the open air, properly to digest, granted that the person who eats it has perfect digestion, to begin with. If Laura were my daughter, she should have for her breakfast a generous plate of cereal, wheat, oatmeal or wheat biscuit, graham or oatmeal bread, eggs in some form, and a glass of milk. I will venture to say that a few weeks of this diet would banish Laura's headaches, unless her system is very much disordered. With food of this kind, the brain can do a great amount of work without the danger signal of a headache. Try it, Gertrude, and see how it will work.'

My friend thanked me, and promised to do so.

How many mothers are worrying in the same way over their children's health, never realizing that the food they are giving them from day to day, is laying the foundation for a long, vigorous, and healthy life, or enfeebling the powers God has given them for an otherwise useful career.

Is the subject not worthy of a little judicious thought, nay, is it not deserving of some intelligent study on the part of mothers, to inform themselves upon one of the most vital questions of the present day—the health of their children? To see that they have the proper amount of properly cooked food, at proper seasons, and that sufficient time is given to thoroughly masticate and hence to properly digest the same.

Over eating of unsuitable food causes more headache among growing children, than parents are aware of, and at the same time, it weakens them both mentally and physically, now, and for all time to come.

'Are you going to make candy?'

I was making an unceremonious morning call, and the molasses boiling up so cheerfully upon the kitchen stove, gave rise to my query.

'Oh, no,' was the reply; 'I am going to make cookies.'

Boiling molasses for cookies seemed to me

as unnecessary as to boil sugar for cake, and I told my friend so.

'Perhaps it is somewhat unnecessary,' she replied, 'but mother always did it; she used to say that it takes out the unpleasant raw taste, and makes it more like sugar. She always boiled and skimmed her molasses, and so I always boil and skim mine.'

My call was prolonged until the cookies were baked, for I was desirous of sampling them. As I never tasted any molasses cookies equal to them, of course I became instantly converted to the boiling process, and have always followed my friend's example of boiling and skimming molasses before using it for cooking purposes.

Rhubarb has a much nicer flavor if cut up without peeling. When making it into sauce, less sugar is required if it is not sweetened until it has become cold. An egg greatly improves rhubarb pie, giving it more body.

Cut up a few stalks of rhubarb and pour hot water over them, then drain. This water sweetened makes a very good substitute for lemonade.

Sift two and one-half teaspoonfuls of baking powder into two coffee cupfuls of flour, add a little salt, one tablespoonful of melted butter, one tablespoonful of sugar, one beaten egg, and a cupful of sweet milk. Bake in muffin rings, or a gem pan.

### Rhubarb Recipes.

**Rhubarb Shape.**—Stew about two pounds of rhubarb—which should be bright-colored and tender—and pulp through a sieve. To three teacupfuls of this pulp allow two ounces of cornflour blended in a teacupful of cold water. Mix smoothly, boil for a few minutes, and pour into a wetted mould. Turn out when cold, and serve with custard sauce or cream.

**Rhubarb Fool** is also simple and inexpensive. Stew one pound of rhubarb with plenty of flavoring, and bruise till free from lumps, but not pulpy. Make a custard with one breakfast-cupful of milk, one teaspoonful cornflour, one ounce of sugar, a nut of butter, pinch of salt, and one egg. Still over the fire till it thickens—it must not boil. Mix with the rhubarb and serve in a glass dish—warm or cold as preferred.

**Rhubarb Sherbet** is exceedingly wholesome and economical. Used with barley water, it forms an invaluable drink for an invalid. Wash and dry in a cloth, but do not pare, two pounds juicy red rhubarb. Cut up roughly and boil in two pints water for fifteen minutes, along with the juice and grated rind of a lemon, or if that flavor is disliked, a few cloves and bit of stick cinnamon. Add three or four ounces sugar, and when dissolved, strain. Ready for use when cool.

**Rhubarb, Gooseberry, or Fig Pudding.**—One pound figs, (or rhubarb or gooseberries), quarter of a pound of suet, three-quarters of a pound of flour, a little sugar. Mix to a paste, line a greased mould, add fruit, cover in the top with paste, tie in a cloth, boil two hours.

### PATENT REPORT.

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Nos. 758,786, Archer T. Shearer, Vancouver, B.C., perambulator; 758,876, Pierre Trepanier, Burlington, Vt., bristle combing machine; 759,271, James T. Griffith, Lachute Mills, Que., carding machine attachment; 759,473, Esdras Rousseau, Montreal, Que., water closet; 759,919, George F. Rooney, Leicester, Eng., trouser presses; 760,006, William H. Little, McKellar, Ont., dust guard; 760,425, Anthony O. Connor, Lombardy, Ont., potato digger.

### Selected Recipes.

**Fruit Tapioca Pudding.**—Tapioca cooked to the consistency of jelly can be made into a delicate and delicious dessert by the addition of fruit jelly or pulp and fresh cranberries. To make a sufficient quantity for eight persons, soak one cupful of pearl tapioca over night. In the morning pour off the water, add one pint of boiling water and cook slowly until it is perfectly clear and transparent. If jelly or jam is used, strain through a sieve and

add three cupfuls to the tapioca, sweeten to taste, and turn into a mold. Serve cold with whipped cream. If cranberries are used cook until they are reduced to a pulp, strain, add three cupfuls to the tapioca and proceed as directed.—Washington 'Star.'

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