

THE HOUSEHOLD.

THE WASTES OF THE HOUSEHOLD.

While the well known saying that a French family could live with elegance on what an American housewife throws away is frequently illustrated in families where waste can be ill afforded, it is also true that, in eight cases out of ten, this relegation of cold bits to the offal pail or ash barrel is not caused so much by extravagance as by the lack of knowledge of how to dispose of them in any other way. The dainty utilization of scraps is a subject that well repays the thoughtful study of any housewife, and even the least original cook can often "evolve from her inner consciousness" an appetizing dish from cold fragments that at first sight appear utterly unpromising. In this matter, however, the mistress must generally depend upon her own brains. Few hirelings have the keen interest in their employers' welfare that would urge them to save a couple of pennies here and five or six there. Fewer still, with the best intentions in the world, know how to do it or appreciate that it is in the minor economies that true saving consists. What difference does it make if those scraps of cold bacon left from breakfast are summarily disposed of in the swill barrel, or if that bit of corn beef—too small to appear upon the table again—is bestowed upon the first basket beggar who presents himself? And if these escape that fate from the extra conscientiousness of the housekeeper, they are too often converted into the ubiquitous hash. Hear how one careful housewife disposed of similar remnants: To the corn beef and bacon, minced fine, she added half as much cold mashed potato, one raw egg, a little chopped onion and parsley, and with croquettes made of these, rolled in flour and fried in nice dripping, provided an appetizing dish that was quite sufficient, when accompanied by stewed potatoes and bread and butter, to make a lunch for three people. Another dainty dish, which appeared upon a friend's table, was formed from even less promising materials. Her dinner the day before had been a stuffed chicken boiled with rice. Examination of the pantry revealed the carcass of the fowl, with one leg attached to it, and a couple of spoonfuls of the cold rice. Nothing daunted, however, the valiant housekeeper advanced to the charge, and, with the aid of a small, sharp knife, removed more meat from the bones than one would at first have believed possible. This was cut—not chopped—in small pieces and set aside with the rice and half of the dressing, while the bones, the rest of the stuffing, and a little minced onion were put over the fire in two cups of cold water. When a slow, steady simmer of a couple of hours had reduced this one-half, it was cooled, strained, skimmed, and slightly thickened with browned flour, then returned to the fire with the fragments of meat, rice, etc., brought to a boil, poured over crustless squares of fried bread laid in a hot platter, and garnished with parsley. The result was a savory salmi, whose scrappy origin no one would have suspected. Many other instances of a similar nature could be given. Once, when an underdone loaf of brown bread, too heavy and sodden to appear on the table in its original form, was dried in the oven, grated, and converted into a tempting pudding. Another, when an equally happy result was achieved by crushing into fine crumbs a quantity of stale, hard cookies, putting with them two cups of milk, an egg, a teaspoonful of butter, and the juice and grated peel of a lemon. The principal objection urged against the preparation of these and similar dishes is the trouble it takes. It goes without saying that when a woman's time is so valuable that she loses money by spending an hour a day in her kitchen, she may feel that she can better afford to let the scraps go than take the trouble of saving them. But this is not often the case. With the average American housekeeper it is far easier to save a dollar than to earn one. These stoppages of the little leaks may not seem much separately, but, taken together at the end of the month or year, they mount up to a sum that is consoling if it had been saved, appalling if it had been wasted. To those who think this close watching and saving of "left-overs" has an appearance of meanness and stinginess, let it be said that, while solid roast and boiled may give an impression of plain, substantial comfort, the entrees and made dishes have a savoriness that cannot

be imparted to the regulation cuts of meat. Anyone can go to the butcher and order a round of beef or a leg of mutton; but it takes judgment, taste and skill to prepare a ragout, a salmi, or a really good scallop.—*Christine Terhune Herrick, in Good House-keeping.*

A THOUGHT FOR MOTHERS.

BY MRS. MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

Talking the other day with one of the most sensible women I know, one too whose large family is so well ordered that there never seems to be a particle of friction in its management, I was pleased with something she said about children, and I determined to repeat it to a wider audience than the one my friend had at the moment.

"I never fret about little faults of manner, nor even about transient irritability, in my children," said the lady. "Children, as they are growing up, go through many temporary conditions, which, if apparently unnoticed, pass away. In fact, there are little moral disturbances to be expected, like whooping-cough and measles in the physical life, and, if the general home atmosphere be wholesome and the trend right, I do not think it worth while to be too much distressed over occasional naughtiness."

Is there not comfort here for you, dear friend, who cannot understand why John, carefully trained as he is, sometimes, in the eager heat of play, bursts into the room like a tornado, or forgets to put cap on nail and books on shelf, as an orderly boy ought? And if Sarah is not so patient as she should be with the younger ones, sometimes has mysterious fits of depression, or is hysterically gay with no cause that you can see, summon your own gentle self-possession to the front; remember that the period between childhood and youth, like all transition periods, is very trying, and while you pray a great deal for your darling, do not worry about her or talk to her too much. Above all, do not suffer yourself to be always censuring a sensitive boy or girl, to whom judicious praise now and then will be a tonic.

Line upon line, precept upon precept, we must have at home. But we must also have serenity, peace, and the absence of petty-fault-finding, if home is to be a nursery-fit for heaven-growing plants.—*Illustrated Christian Weekly.*

HOME READING.

The other day a fair young girl, with the baby innocence and wistfulness still lingering like the dawn-due on her face, happened in to my special nook, a book in her hand. Taking an older friend's privilege, I asked to look at it, and was grieved to see that it was a work most unfit for the reading of any one whose tastes were not formed and whose views of right and wrong might be influenced, as those are not, by the opinions of a brilliant but erratic genius.

"My dear," I said, "does your mother like you to read such books as this?"

"Mamma does not care what I read," was the laughing reply; "I heard papa and mamma discussing this book, so I thought I would read it myself."

"And how do you like it?" I inquired, modestly.

"Oh!" said she, the sunny face dimpling, "I don't understand it very well. The story part is quite interesting, but there are a great many pages that I skip. If you were my mother I suppose you would want to see every book I read before I had a chance to peep between the covers, wouldn't you, Aunt Marjorie?"

I confessed that I should, but I could not criticize her mother to her mother's child, so the subject was dropped. I was thankful that she could not assimilate the poison which sprinkled the pages over which she had been poring, and that her inexperience of life and lack of trained attention were the antidotes it needed. Still, as none may touch pitch without defilement, my little friend cannot long continue in her girlish freshness if she is to be permitted to read whatever she may please in such fashion as this. Even if it did no other harm, by such indulgence her appetite for good reading would become depraved, and she must soon be unable to enjoy either simple and pure books or the masterpieces of English, with which all who study good literature should make acquaintance.—*Aunt Marjorie in Christian Intelligencer.*

AT THE TABLE.

In *Harper's Young People* Aunt Marjorie Precept gives this bit of advice, which it would be well for all the boys and girls to follow.

There is no place where good or bad manners are so quickly observed as at the table. The way people behave there shows plainly and at once whether or not they are used to the company of ladies and gentlemen.

Clean faces and hands, clean finger nails, well-brushed hair and clothing, and a tasteful appearance generally, should at the table distinguish young people who are well brought up. Never, let the weather be what it may, should Jack come to dinner in his shirt sleeves. A coat of some kind every gentleman must wear at that meal. Jack, who is a boy growing up to be a gentleman, ought to be as particular about this as papa or brother Hal.

Girls should be as careful as their brothers about the matter of toilet for their meals. An untidy girl is like a false note in music, or a mistake in syntax—she jars upon our nerves.

Do not be in a hurry to be helped. Wait patiently until your turn comes, and then eat slowly. Do you remember in one of Dickens' stories he describes a very droll looking character, one Mr. Pancks, who always ate his dinner as if he were shovelling in coals?

Never eat with your knife. A knife's proper use is to cut up food; it should not be put in the mouth at all. The fork is the proper thing to eat with. Eat soup with the side of your spoon; it is not nice to thrust the bowl of the spoon into your mouth, as if you intended to swallow it whole.

Should you desire to leave the table before a meal is concluded, look at your mother or your hostess, and having secured her attention, say, pleasantly, "Excuse me, please," and having her permission, you may withdraw.

When asked what special part of meat, fish, or fowl you prefer, remember that politeness requires you to make a choice. Even if you do not care very much about it, it is better for you to say whether you like your beefsteak well or under done, and whether the wing of the chicken or some of the white meat will be the more agreeable.

Take part in whatever conversation is going on, modestly, because young people should not put themselves forward, but not with blushes or confusion, as though you were tongue-tied. If you happen to have heard a very good anecdote, or to know of some funny occurrence, it is well to save the telling of it until you are at the table, for a good laugh and a happy heart are real aids to digestion.

IT WOULD BE of incalculable value to every busy woman, particularly to a mother of small children, to take at least a half-hour's absolute bodily rest every day. Many a woman by so doing would preserve the bloom and freshness of youth at an age when most American women begin to fade and wilt. The larger the family, and the greater the care, the more needful the rest. Don't let your self-sacrificing devotion to others rob you of your own just due and absolute need. Take this little half-hour respite from toil and care early in the afternoon, when less liable to be interrupted by callers than later in the day. Shut yourself in your bedroom and lie down with closed eyes. Sleep if you can; at any rate remain quiet. Let your household understand that this is your time for rest, and that you must not be disturbed except under circumstances of the most pressing necessity. Even as regards others, you will be more to your family and your friends if you can, by getting needed rest, keep yourself in good health and spirits. Fretfulness and impatience are often but the result of overstrained nerves, which suitable rest will do much to remedy. This half-hour-rest cure is a simple prescription, but an exceedingly wholesome tonic. Take it daily, and it will add to your life not only length of years, but increased happiness and usefulness as well. If you have not tried it begin at once, and be persistent.—*Christian at Work.*

VELVET CREAM.—Dissolve half an ounce of gelatine in a gill of water; add to it grated lemon peel and the juice of one lemon and five ounces of sugar. Stir over the fire until the sugar is thoroughly dissolved. Then strain and cool. Before it sets beat into it a pint of cream; pour into moulds and keep on ice until wanted.

RECIPES.

BROILED SARDINES.—When neatly prepared this forms an excellent breakfast or luncheon dish. Remove the sardines from the can without breaking them; scrape off the skin, place them between double wire broilers and broil to a delicate brown; arrange neatly in a hot dish, squeeze a little lemon juice over them and serve. Orange juice is very nice with the above dish.

MACAROONS.—Light trifles are much more appropriate at dinner than the old-fashioned entremets we were served with a few years ago. Blanch (a term used in cookery, meaning to scald, so as to more easily remove the husks or skins of fruits, etc.) and pound three ounces of sweet almonds with half a pound of fine powdered sugar; beat up to a very light froth the whites of four eggs with an ounce of rice flour and flavoring; whisk it into the almond paste; drop the mixture on paper in wafers about two inches apart, and bake in a moderate oven.

STUFFED EGGS.—Boil six eggs twenty minutes. Remove the shells and cut carefully lengthwise. Remove the yolks, and put the whites of each egg together, that they may not become mixed. Mash the yolks, and add one teaspoonful of soft butter, a few drops of onion juice and half the quantity of potted or devilled ham or tongue. Or, if minced chicken, lamb or veal be used, season to taste with salt, pepper, mustard and cayenne or chopped parsley. Fill the whites with the mixture, smooth them, and press the two halves together, being careful to fit them just as they were cut. Spread the remainder of the yolk mixture on a shallow dish and place the eggs on it. Cover with a thin white sauce, or any chicken or veal gravy; sprinkle buttered crumbs over the whole, and bake till the crumbs are a delicate brown. No. 2.—After the eggs are filled with the mixture and put together as above, roll each egg in fine bread crumbs and beaten egg, and in crumbs again, then repeat the process, and fry in smoking hot fat. Drain, and serve hot with tomato sauce or garnished with parsley.

PUZZLES.

OMITTED RHYMES.

Only three words omitted, in all.

Thou, who with toil thy future carvest,
Sow now what thou wouldst reap at *****

At morn, at eve, at sultry noon,
In sunlight or beneath the *****

Toil on. Heed not e'en scornful laughter,
Think only of what cometh *****

Toil on; for toil a blessing hath,
After thy sowing cometh *****

Who sows with weeping hath a boon,
That cometh with the *****

For he, with joy, shall mow his swath,
And gather in the *****

ODD PUZZLE.

*** 3 ***
** 2 * 4 **
* 1 * * * 5 *
0 * * * * 10
7 * * * * 11
8 * * * * 12
9 * * * * 13

- 1. Upper word, to make sweet.
 - 2. On the peninsula of Malay.
 - 3. A souvenir.
 - 4. A title of honor among the Jews, meaning Master.
 - 5. A large body of ice.
 - 6. A famous city of ancient Greece.
 - 7. Greatest in size.
- The numbers given, read in order, make the title of a new invention.

PUZZLE.

The words of which the first parts are defined in the following puzzle have the same termination.

- 1. I am served at breakfast;
You like me smoking hot,
- 2. And smooth and white I stretched away
Before Calypso's grot.
- 3. In me uncounted treasure
Is often safely stored,
- 4. And golden sweat, I add my charm,
To grace the festive board.
- 5. I lie around the boundary
Of many an ancient town;
- 6. And placed within a poet's name,
I add to his renown.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES.

BURIED NAMES.—Burns. Land of oaten cakes.

DIAMOND.—
P
A S P
A G A I N
P S A L T E R
I T H Y
N E Y
R

RIDDLING CHARADE.—(1) George. (2) Fox, founder of Society of Friends. George means a husbandman.

PI.

When the wind blows the blossoms fall,
But a good God reigns over all.
NUMERICAL ENIGMA.—Archipelago (archipelago).

CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED.

Correct answers have been received from Birdie Wilcox and Stanfel Walwright.