HOME AND SOCIETY.

CHAT OF THE SEASON.

"To be a distinct social success and enjoy the sense of supremacy nowadays," said a clever woman at a luncheon, "one should go a little out of one's world. Just one stratum lower in fashionable life I should be a great swell; whereas among 'you all' I am just nothing at all. We can't be distinctive in our gowns. There are two of you furious because you both have received identical dresses from Paris, and you have just heard that Mrs. —— has another almost the same in every respect. Besides, we are all talked out; we all hear the same things at the same time. There is no fun in telling a story that you think people may have heard already. For my part, I think I will cultivate those who are just 'out of the swim,' where I will be quite a social power. I know people who have every thing just as nice as we have—quite as good houses—even better cooks—who drive their own carriages—who are well bred and well educated, and who are simply delighted to know any of the elect."

"Are there really such people?" asked her neighbor, a successful and newly risen social aspirant whose ignorance was delicious.

"Miss M., may I introduce Mr. ——" said her hostess, bringing up a tall, good looking young fellow to the pretty debutante, who bowed without, however, catching his name. The young people proved to be congenial, and after several dances he asked and obtained permission to call on his way through P—— her native town. The next morning, as her visit was over, she left for home, quite forgetting to inquire the name of her new admirer. One afternoon, about a week later, on returning from a shopping expedition, she met her quondam acquaintance at her own door. "I was about to avail myself of your permission, you see," he said, as she came up with a friendly greeting; and together they entered the house. Her mother was in the drawing-room, and in some confusion the girl mumbled out an introduction, hoping that he would not discover that she was completely ignorant of his name. "If I had only come home a moment later he would have given his card to the servant; how very unfortunate," she said after he had gone. "I wonder if I shall ever know who he is?"

Not long afterward the family physician urged a change for Mrs. M., and she concluded to take her two daughters and spend a month or two in Southern California. By an odd coincidence, the unknown proved to be a "compagnon de voyage" across the continent. Putting himself at once upon the footing of an old friend, he contrived to make himself useful in a variety of ways and the four became quite intimate during the week's journey. Arriving at San Francisco their paths separated. "I shall turn up, however, in Santa Barbara if you will let me," were his last words, with quite an ardent look at Miss M——, which she received with a blush, showing that the week's intimacy had had its effect upon her as well.

It would take too long to tell of the strange chance or mischance which prevented them from learning his name. He talked so freely of their numerous mutual acquaintances, and he seemed so unexceptionable himself, that Miss B—— felt that with the indorsement of an introduction from her friend with whom her daughter had been staying he was a proper acquaintance. Only the awkwardness of the question kept them from inquiring his name. Affairs ripened rapidly as they always do under such circumstances, and Miss B—— was not surprised when the incognito told her that he loved her dearly and fain would make her his wife. "Call me George, dear," he said after she had confessed that his feelings were reciprocated; and even then she had not the courage to ask him. "George what?" "Mamma, it is too absurd," she said hysterically, afterward, in her mother's room. "You will have to find out; and, oh, if I should have to be Mrs. ——something dreadful! I feel that it is Brown or Jones"—and oddly enough it proved to be "Brown."

A noted Paris physician tells the following story against himself: "At times," he said, "there comes to most people a doubting of all that has heretofore seemed the truest. Doctors, as well as priests, are subject to these periods of depression in which they question the efficacy of their own judgment. In such a mood, while I was superintendent of l'Hospital de ——, I divided the treatment of the wards. In the one I exercised the best medical skill that the aid of drugs could afford; in the other I only gave as medicine a little acrid water. This experiment I continued for a month with equally good nursing in both wards."

"Well, with what results?" said his listener.

"The cases in both wards averaged just the same," answered the doctor.

"And what would you infer from that?" said his companion.

"I hardly know," continued the physician. "I was only thankful that the experiment did not actually score against the profession more than it did; but on the principle of doing one's best, I have gone back to my medicines—if not with absolute confidence, at least with the consciousness that we can at least alleviate suffering, and, all things being favorable, may effect a cure."

Tell it not in Gath, but milady this season has discarded the cumbersome petticoats, and even the separate dress-lining, the latter being attached to the skirt itself, like the lining of a jacket. This is better than any divided garment ever invented. The long clinging skirt is perfectly comfortable, and the limbs are as untrammeled as they ought to be consistent with feminity. A short eiderdown skirt coming just below the knee gives warmth and protection. It would seem that dress reform is really beginning in the right direction by reducing the quantity of the manifold undergarment, that ladies used to wear and substituting well-fitting, warmer clothing in their places. One by one surplus garments are dispensed with, until we have succeeded in obtaining really comfortable apparel.

It is very amusing on a rainy day to watch the way the women pick up their skirts now that so few of the gowns are made to clear the grime and slime of the streets—nearly all of them being of that uncomfortable length which is neither one thing nor the other. By far the greater majority of women reach behind and grasp wildly at some portion of their dresses in a feeble, abortive way which is an unconscious betrayal of character. They appear to seize the folds by instinct just at the wrong place, lifting up part of the drapery to an absurd height just in one place, with the rest of the skirt trailing on the ground on either side. Another favorite and more efficacious way is to seize the gown on both sides, and, regardless of appearances, to lift it high above the ankles; but even this heroic method generally leaves some forgotten portion hanging in the mud.

There is one and one only way of managing the present skirt in bad weather which despite the length, has its good points in scarcity of folds and light lining, making it really easy to carry comfortably if properly understood. Fortunately the long petticoat is a thing of the past, and it is not difficult with the left hand to reach behind to the right side and gather all the fulness together; then bringing the folds around to the left, this raises the short part of the skirt to the top of the boots, and it is very easy to carry the light folds of the train in the left hand, while the right is free to hold an umbrella.

The light weight of the fashionable skirt of the day is so greatly in its favor that its length may almost be pardoned, especially as its lines are so very graceful.

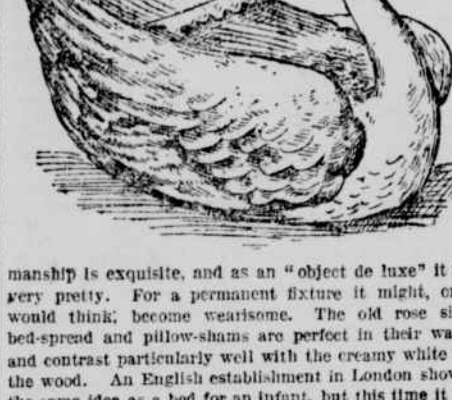
Although Froebel, in the kindergarten methods, bestowed a veritable boon on the world, for a time, like every new craze it was carried too far. Forgetting the stern truth that there is no royal road to learning, parents felt that lessons should be made a pastime. A system which would prevent that conscious concentration of will power which is educationally quite as valuable as the lessons which are learned is not altogether wise; but it is working its own cure. The path to knowledge must necessarily be an ascent, not a descent; its difficulties must be met and conquered by honest hard work and we must perforce recognize the fact that it is not alone the intellect that is to be cultivated in children, but the will power and the ability to control and concentrate the mind. For the little ones who are too young to study the system is, of course, admirable; but there is a legitimate field for the kindergartener for even older children in the education of the senses, and a course of instruction which would teach the knowledge of color, the harmony of arrangement—in short, of many things—would be of the greatest benefit if introduced into the public schools. Color-blindness is much more common, for instance, than any one supposes, and such a defect might be eradicated in most instances as it is really a fault in education. Only the other day a promising youth, who had passed every other examination successfully, was unable to enter West Point because he could not distinguish red from other colors. Many people are practically color-blind but do not know it because they have not been tested; and many an accident might have been averted if this branch of education had been attended to. Another great advantage of introducing a course of advanced kindergarten methods into the school curriculum would be in cultivating a sense of arrangement, a knowledge of straight and parallel lines, horizontal and perpendicular, the exactness and finish of combinations, and arrangements of color and form. This work would certainly be of vast benefit to the children whose senses are not cultivated at home, and would help them greatly in after life, whatever their trades or professions. A woman would make a better bed for it, would arrange a room more tidily—imbibing a sense of the beauty of order which would add greatly to the attractiveness of her room. In the trades such a training would be of inestimable benefit.

Old houses may be very much altered in appearance without materially changing their structure. A very good effect, for instance, may be obtained where there is a long hall and a window at the end by putting up a slight division near the window and raising the space

beyond two or three steps. The little inclosure may be furnished like quite another room, and makes a very pretty vista.

"She has the gift," is an expression often heard among colored people in regard to cooking. "If she ain't got the gift, she'll never be a cook," is their ultimatum from which there is no appeal, and any one who has tasted the delicious food prepared by one of the rare old-fashioned Southern cooks will never doubt that this subtle quality is like an "ear for music," "an eye for color," "a genius for form." Just a gift, as they say, and as different from the cookery of books and formulas as any spontaneous, delightful production is from the cut and dried results produced by calculation. Aunt Dinah scorns measures; a "pinch" of this, a "handful" of that, a look to see if the gravy is thick enough, if the rolls are sufficiently light enough for the oven, if the soup is clear—adding this and that by instinct, until the right result is obtained, with a lofty contempt for all known rules. Ask her for a recipe for her delicious fried chicken, for instance, and she will invariably answer, "Law, honey, I ain't got no receipt; sometimes I do it one way and sometimes another, jest as it 'pears to want it." Unfortunately, these rare beings of sable hue are becoming almost obsolete, and with them must necessarily perish that style of cooking which in its way is inimitable.

A curious fad in the way of a white bed is shown in the windows of an uptown cabinetmaker. It is a huge swan made of white enamelled wood. The work-



manship is exquisite, and as an "object de luxe" it is very pretty. For a permanent fixture it might, one would think, become wearisome. The old rose silk bed-spread and pillow-shams are perfect in their way, and contrast particularly well with the creamy white of the wood. An English establishment in London shows the same idea as a bed for an infant, but this time it is a real swan that has been skinned and stretched over a basket frame. The snowy soft whiteness of the plumage is lovely, but it might be suggested that the curative agents employed should be inquired into, lest they become harmful to a sleeping child. Moreover, the sentiment of a dead thing used in this way is not pleasant.

"What shall I buy for the kitchen?" is a puzzle to many a young woman who is furnishing her house. Here is a list of the articles most needed—to be supplemented at your leisure: In woodenware you will want one breadboard, one rollingpin, three spoons of different sizes, a potato pounder and a lemon-squeezer. In tinware, order a boiler for boiling a ham, one breadpan for mixing, four milk-pans, two dish-pans, one quart basin, one pint basin, one two-quart covered pail, one four-quart covered pail, two tin-lined saucepans, with covers, holding four quarts each, two tin-lined saucepans with covers, holding two quarts; one pint and one half-pint mould, one small dipper, one funnel, a set of measures, two scoops of different sizes, four bread-pans for baking, four pie-pans, one coffee pot, a colander, bread-grater and nutmeg-grater, one wire sieve, one hair sieve, one frying basket, an egg-beater, apple-corer, cake turner, spice box, pepper box, cake cutter, potato cutter and one dozen muffin rings. In ironware, get one saucepan lined, one pair scales, one pot with close-fitting cover for soup, one pot with steamer, a tea-kettle, one large frying pan, one small frying pan, one sheet-iron dripping pan, one spoon with long handle, one spoon with short handle, one spoon with wooden handle, one griddle, one gridiron, one waffle iron, a toasting rack, a large meat fork and a can-opener.

In earthenware, a nest of baking dishes of different sizes, one dozen small baking dishes for entrees, one crock holding two quarts, one crock holding one gallon, two bowls, one holding two quarts and one holding four quarts; and, if you are from New-England, one bean-pot. There will probably be many more things that will occur to you or are sure to be suggested by your cook, but this list will start you at all events.

Cauliflowers are particularly good this year and sell at very moderate prices. Here are three ways of cooking this delicious vegetable: Baked with cheese in small dishes or shells, one for each person, makes a very good entree and is cooked in the following way: For eight people you will need about ten ounces of soft-boiled cauliflower, three ounces of grated cheese, two ounces of butter, half a gill of rich milk, and some grated bread crumbs. Put a layer of cauliflower in each dish, sprinkle it with cheese and dot it with small bits of butter, so that the dish is nearly filled with alternate layers; put some butter on the top, mix pepper and salt with the cream, pour it over the cauliflower, then cover each dish with the bread crumbs, finishing with dots of butter. Bake until it is of a light brown color. Another method of cooking cauliflower is to have it "en puree." Cut the head of a good-sized cauliflower into small pieces and boil them in some boiling water with salt, pepper and a pat of butter; drain them, and put them into a saucepan with a liberal quantity of white sauce; stir with a wooden spoon until it is a soft paste. Then rub through a colander into a small stewpan. Just before serving it make it hot, mix in a little grated nutmeg, a pinch of sugar and a little cream. This is very delicate. Small, irregular heads of cauliflower may be used up in this way: Boil until very tender, drain well and cut into small pieces; put it in layers with fine chopped egg and this dressing: Half a pint of thickened milk, with two tablespoonfuls of flour well seasoned with pepper and salt, and two ounces of butter. Cover the top with grated bread and little pieces of butter, and put it into the oven to brown. It must be served in the same dish in which it is baked.

There are a great many kitchens that are not possessed of the luxury of a brush for cleaning potatoes. It is next to impossible to wash potatoes perfectly clean by hand. The use of a little scrubbing brush, such as may be purchased at from five to ten cents, will soon make their jackets fresh and clean, so that they will be fit to be brought on the table roasted. Roast potatoes should always have a little bit of skin chipped off at either end to allow the steam to escape and to prevent their becoming sodden before they are thoroughly done. Such a brush is also very useful in washing beets and various other root vegetables, all of which are probably just as well cooked in their skins and peeled when they are done—the turnip being the only exception to this rule as it acquires a bitter flavor when boiled in its jacket.

One of the most useful articles in a household where there is much dressmaking done at home is a wire skirt form which may be extended to represent any size of the waist line or the hip. The waist-form has not proved especially practical, but the skirt-form is almost invaluable, and has become a familiar article in households, saving many hours of tiresome standing while the dress is being hung. It is not uncommon to refer to these forms by some familiar name, and dressmakers frequently designate them as "Mary Jane." A household wherein the skirt-form had come to be called "Miss Susan," had an amusing experience on account of it. The form had been lent, and a new coachman, fresh from the land of bulls and brogues, had just driven up with some of the family, when the skirt-form was remembered. He was directed to drive to a certain house, get "Miss Susan" and come back with her in a hurry. After a long delay, the carriage drove up at a mournful pace. "Shure, ma'm," said the coachman, in explanation of his delay, "they had to lift her acrost the sidewalk into the coach, and I thought she was a very sick lady indeed, and so I had better drive shlow."

Riches cannot purchase personal taste, though they may enlist the loan of another's; yet even there the vulgarism of an owner who is compelled to fit out her rooms at the order of a decorator or a furnisher will often assert itself. Many and grievous are the tales told by artists in house decoration, who make a business of providing beautiful rooms with suitable pictures and bric-a-brac, even descending to the matter of furnishings and hangings that the whole may be a harmonious picture.

"No one knows what we have to go through with," said a young artistic decorator, who was somewhat of a Bunthorne type. "I had a white and gold parlor fitted out lately in perfection. Every detail was in exquisite harmony, when suddenly the mistress of the house sent back the beautiful old brass andirons which I had selected, and ordered wrought-iron ones and a massive wrought-iron fender, fit only for a dining-room or a library in old English style. Pleadings, protestations, all were of no avail. You may imagine the effect. It was horrible. I told her I would not allow my name to be connected with the room. 'We would furnish these things only after erasing our trade name from them, as we would not be known as a party to any such scheme of decoration.' But have her andirons and fender she would, and she purchased them. I was very glad to be rid of the whole business. The room was made hideous."

Bright crimson cranberries which fill our market-places suggest the festive days. It is pleasant to know that this berry is distinctively an American fruit. In England the barberry takes its place to a large extent in acid jellies and preserves. The only proper way to cook cranberries is in such a manner that they will turn out in a solid form when cold. Like other preserves, they are better the day after they are cooked than when used the day they are cooked. Stewed cranberries in the form of a thin sauce of liquid consistency are an abomination. Enough sugar must be used to mould them. The simplest rule for cooking them is the best. To a quart of cranberries, allow a cup of boiling water and a pint of sugar. Pick the cranberries over, add the cup of water and let them boil with some rapidity in a porcelain-lined kettle for twenty minutes. At the end of this time add the pint of sugar and cook them ten minutes longer, stirring them frequently lest they burn. When they are done, turn them out into a heavy porcelain mould. If you have nothing better, a white earthenware bowl holding a quart will do very well. Let the cranberries stand in as cold a place as you have for about twelve hours or till you wish to serve them; then turn them out on a low platter, a perfect form. If they incline to stick to the mould, set it in warm water just long enough for the heat to penetrate to the inside of the mould. If it remains too long or becomes heated through, the cranberries become melted and lose their form.

It is always a good thing for a housekeeper to be possessed of enough mechanical ability for her to make various trifling repairs about the house, rather than to have to wait until they aggregate a sufficient sum to justify the sending for a workman to attend to them. Who has not watched a water faucet drip, drip, drip, relentlessly and continuously, and has not longed for a wrench and a leather wash, and the ability to use them. One feels that it is almost insulting to the autocratic plumber to ask him to attend to so slight a defect in only one faucet. As a matter of fact, a great many housekeepers have learned how to put in a wash and thus remedy one of the miseries of the kitchen. There is hardly anything which is more annoying than a refractory lock, yet there is scarcely anything more easily repaired, provided it is not an elaborate lock and is not broken. The mechanism of bureau and other furniture locks is quite likely to get out of order after some years of use. These may be removed with a small screw-driver, and if one does not understand at first what is the trouble or how the parts should go together, one may take off a lock, similar to it which is in good working order, and learn the trouble and how to put the parts together again. One thing which is very apt to be the trouble when a lock refuses to turn is rust. This may usually be remedied by putting in a few drops of oil from the sewing machine can, without removing the lock. Whenever a lock is removed and replaced, it should be thoroughly oiled.

We are happily doing away in our modern housekeeping with "shut-up" places, which merely become "clutter" places. There is no stronger indication of this than the fact that the old "shut-up" washstand is surely and certainly passing out of date. It is being succeeded by the open one of wood, beautifully made, and by the medal washstand, which is enamelled and sometimes slightly gilded, and fitted out with a handsome toilet set, so that it is as ornamental and dainty a piece of furniture as one can well imagine. Dark cupboards and closets, every corner of which is not thoroughly visible when the doors are open, and what light there is is thrown upon them, have no place in good housekeeping. Such places are apt to be "cluttered" full of all sorts of clothing, old shoes, and other things which are stored away for the time till the owner has leisure to look them over and sort out the useful from the useless; but alas! that time of leisure seldom comes. The shelves and drawers become laden down with all sorts of things and draw all manner of moths and dust unto themselves. It is an easy thing for a housekeeper to form a habit of not storing away anything but that which she knows to be valuable, to have a distinctive place laid out for each article and put the article in its place.

There has been some discussion as to the best time for bathing. Undoubtedly the best time for taking a warm bath is at night just before going to bed, as the danger of cold is avoided. If one goes from the bathroom after such a bath directly to bed, the skin is kept warm for several hours and the complexion may be as much improved by this ordinary bath as it undoubtedly is by the Turkish bath. It is not safe, however, to take more than two such warm baths during the week, as its more frequent continuance is apt to prove enervating. A cold bath, on the contrary, may be taken daily with benefit if a person is in a state of perfect health; but it should be taken in the morning on rising and should be followed by brisk use of the friction towel. It is not necessary to coarsen the skin of the hands and face by this friction. The face should be always dried with some soft, absorbent towel. The internal aids to a clear complexion are known to be a thorough cleansing and purifying of the blood. Humors on the face certainly indicate the need of a physician's advice as to the state of the blood, and external remedies will avail but little. Sometimes a strictly vegetable and fruit diet, avoiding carefully all butter and vegetable fats, will purify the complexion when the most carefully regime in bathing and all the prescriptions of the physician are of no avail. Such dieting need be adhered to for only a few weeks and then one may go back gradually to one's ordinary diet, remembering, however, that an abundance of rich pastries, cakes and sweetments, eaten promiscuously between meal times, will tend to ruin the very best complexion in the world. An old-fashioned remedy for softening the skin in the bath was to tie up two pounds of bran in a thin bag, leave it in soak in a quart of water for two or three hours before it was used, then add it to the bath just before you get in. This is the old-fashioned bran-bath used by our grandmothers as a means of softening and beautifying the skin.

"My own plans," writes H. O., "were always of the utmost importance to me. I could not bear to have any of my life-work, as I considered it, interfered with. When it was broken in upon, and I was called here, there and everywhere, I answered to the demands with not very good grace. I used to murmur to myself: 'Not a thing finished to-day that I had planned to do.' 'At every one's beck and call! I'm a mere drudge of everybody, and can do nothing I aim to do completely or well!' But one day I came across a chapter on the text 'I am among you as he that serveth,' and since then all is changed, and living has been a joy. Murray, the author, declares that 'The higher one wishes to stand in grace the more it must be his joy to be the servant of all!' To further emphasize this he adds: 'The higher I rise in the consciousness of being like Christ, God's beloved child, the deeper shall I stoop to serve those around me . . . . . not caring for my own honor or interest if I can but be a blessing to them. For love nothing is too hard—love never speaks of sacrifice; To bless the loved one, however unworthy, it willingly gives up all. It is love alone will make the servant's place, and work such blessedness to us we shall persevere in it at all costs. Only love, a heavenly, unquenchable love, gives the patience, the courage and the wisdom for this great work.'

"Is it any wonder, after reading such strong sentences as those that my own plans, as I called them, have been secondary in significance? It no longer seems to me of the utmost importance that what I plan for the day must not be interfered with. I leave the responsibility of broken plans with the Master, and if I ever feel the old impatience and annoyance coming back I stop and inquire of myself: 'How is it that you rank yourself among those of this world?' And the answer comes directly: 'As one that serveth.' And the peace comes with it. And the love!"

"A subscriber" asks for ideas for making a slipper-case and "any other useful and pretty present for one's father and brothers." We give the slipper case as requested, and also two or three other suggestions

which may be useful to those seeking ideas for Christmas gifts. The slipper-case is a wall pocket of dark blue denim with a design of slippers and a pipe embroidered with white silk in outline. Another useful present for a man is a travelling-case for his dressing

things. This may be made of brown Holland, bound with braid, with various pockets to contain the different articles which are designated by outline sketches of the respective objects. The pockets for the tooth and nail brushes and soap are lined with oil silk. For

a bachelor brother who lives in lodgings away from home, a well stocked "housewife" would be acceptable.

A portfolio is a pretty present, especially if well furnished with writing paper. The design we give has been carried out in the following manner: Two smooth "boards" of the right size were bought from a place where they sell book-binders' materials, with brown

watered silk pieces for lining. The chamois-skin cover, upon which has been embroidered in brown silk the motto "Good luck," with a bunch of four-leaved clover, which also indicates good fortune, was stretched over the board and glued on the other side. A real "found" horseshoe, scraped and polished, was riveted in its place by a machinist, as well as the four brass corners. The lining was then put on, the edges being turned in an overcast neatly. A goodly supply of blotting paper and some brown ribbons to tie the portfolio together completed this pretty present.

"A Reader" writes to us: "The 'suggestions to the inexperienced,' about dressing dolls, in last Sunday's Tribune, have an easy sound, but the difficulties are all there just the same. 'Make a little waist of the cambric, with high neck and long sleeves.' Yes, but have you ever tried it? Just there the trouble begins. Do you realize what short necks dolls have, what ugly arms and shoulders to clothe, what narrow backs and broad, high busts? I am not speaking of the cheap doll, either—but take a Jumeau for our standard. An experienced person can do fairly well with one, but to the inexperienced, 'make a waist and sleeves' has its terrors. Travelling in Germany last year, I went to a celebrated toy store in Nuremberg, and bought a little dress for my daughter's doll—Jumeau No. 7. Since then waist-making has been, not the swiftest process, perhaps, but most agreeable work and satisfactory in results. The waist to this little dress is crocheted, and as there is always a thunder-shower every afternoon in Nuremberg's summer, I had plenty of time to study the plan of the waist—and the beauty of it is that, like a Jersey, it fits almost anything, i. e., a smaller or larger doll. The last waist I crocheted is of red crochet cotton, but I think the knitting-silk would make one still handsomer.

"Make a rather loose chain, the required length of waist, measuring from the back of the neck (high) to the waistband. Into every stitch of this chain make a long stitch, i. e., you have a loop on your needle, put your thread over, put your needle into one of the chain and your thread over again, pull your thread through one, put it over again, pull through two, and over again and pull through the remainder, leaving one stitch on your needle. Fill up the chain with these stitches, at the end make one chain-stitch and return with the long stitch—stitch for stitch with the former row, only they will come just between each one. The next row consists of a chain of three fastened by a long stitch in the fourth space between every fourth stitch of the preceding row. The next row is solid long stitch, the next the open chain again. When, by measuring, you find you have reached the middle of the space under the doll's arm (i. e., the middle of the doll's side), do not carry your next row more than half-way across, and return in the same way, so as to leave the space for an armhole. Presuming that you were at the bottom of the waist when you made the measurement, the two curtailed rows have brought you back again to the waistband end. (If the doll is not thick, one half-row will be enough. Then you must, in that case, break your thread and begin at the bottom again.) When you get to the space that was left for the armhole, make a long chain, equal in measurement to the other side, and join it to the shoulder end with a short stitch; then, returning, continue with solid long stitches, one in each end of the chain, until you reach the end of the armhole, and on to the bottom of the waist. Every other row must have the openwork. Measure the front of doll, the broadest part, and leave space for the other armhole; and then proceed as before, making at the end, as at the beginning, two rows of long stitches instead of one.

"The sleeves are now crocheted into the waist in the same manner—openwork and solid—the stripes running around instead of up and down. Finish the sleeves with a pretty shell scallop. Two rows of openwork chain should now be crocheted around the neck, and finished with a shell-scallop. The object of the openwork is for the purpose of running in narrow velvet ribbon, which adds greatly to the beauty of the waist. Run it in and out every other hole in the openwork, up and down in the waist, and around in the sleeves, leaving enough at the wrist to draw in and tie with a bow and ends. The openwork around the neck should have a horizontal row of velvet, with long enough ends to tie in the back, with loops. Black shoe buttons serve well to fasten the waist when black velvet is used, and the crochet work forms its own buttonholes.

"This may sound difficult, because I have used so many words in explanation, but if you take your needle (not too fine steel or bone) and go to work, you will find the directions very simple. Since I learned this art I have crocheted many a waist for church fairs or Christmas trees. With worsted one can easily make a waist in an evening, but the worsted ones are clumsier and not so dainty. Pale blue waists, with black velvet, are very pretty, and pale pink, with pink ribbon, is effective. The skirts are usually made of two or three lace flounces on a silk foundation—the silk matching the shade of the waist."

Our American feast of the ingathering occurs this week, and the attention of every cook is called to the preparation of the "festive bird" of the occasion. While the common barnyard bird, well fattened and properly prepared for market, is one of the best roasts we have, the wild turkey, which is already becoming scarce, is even superior to it. It was this wild bird which Benjamin Franklin, in no spirit of irony, recommended as our National bird, in place of the eagle, of which he spoke as a creature of thievish, improvident habits. A young, plump hen-turkey, weighing from seven to nine pounds, is much more likely to be tender and fine in flavor than an older and a larger bird. It is better to singe and draw it the day before cooking, unless you are so fortunate as to obtain a drawn fowl. The morning of the day on which it is to be roasted put a cup of water inside and rinse it out thoroughly, being careful to notice if the lungs and the soft red matter which clings to the backbone have been removed. Wipe the bird carefully inside and out. Turn it over and cut the oil-bag out of the tail. Prepare the dressing, using for a turkey weighing seven pounds a good-sized loaf of stale bread. Cut off the crust and lay it aside to dry for bread crumbs. Use only the inside of the loaf for dressing. Rub it into fine crumbs with the hands and a coarse grater. When the whole is a fine crumb, add a tablespoonful of salt, two saltspoonfuls of white pepper, a teaspoonful of chopped parsley, half a teaspoonful of powdered sage and a teaspoonul of summer savory. Rub these seasonings through the bread crumbs and add an even half-cup of butter. Rub the butter through the bread crumbs with clean hands—and the dressing is prepared. Stuff the turkey with this dressing till it is plump and full. Turkeys vary considerably in their size inside and the amount of stuffing they require, even when they are of the same weight, and you may need more dressing than the amount given. Having filled the turkey, truss down the legs over the tail, pinion the wings close to the sides or turn them back over the back. It is not necessary, if the turkey is properly skewered, to sew it up. Directions for skewering a chicken, given some time since in this paper, apply in every case to a turkey. This is a case, however, where an ounce of demonstration is worth a pound of description. The only way to learn fully how to truss and skewer a turkey is to take a demonstration lesson from some one thoroughly skilled in the art. Not one turkey in a hundred among the thousands that will be served on Thanksgiving Day will have been properly skewered and trussed when it reaches the carver.

Having skewered your turkey properly, rub it freely with butter, dredge it with salt and lightly with pepper, and finally dredge it rather thickly with flour. Lay it on its side on a meat rack, dredging a little flour in the pan before putting the meat rack in the pan. Put the turkey into a very hot oven. As soon as the flour in the pan begins to brown pour in a pint of boiling water. In about five minutes more begin to baste the turkey. Moisten its surface thoroughly with the water in the pan and dredge lightly over it a little flour. In fifteen minutes more baste it again. It will then be time to turn it over on its other side. If it seems to brown thoroughly before this it should be turned without waiting for the expiration of this time. The turkey should be basted once in every fifteen minutes as described after this. About half an hour before it is taken from the oven it should be turned on its back, with the breast uppermost, in order that the breast may be properly browned. It will take in all about an hour and a half to roast a turkey properly. It is useless to attempt any roasting of meat or fowl without a thoroughly heated oven at the start. The heat must be intense enough to sear over the surface and seal up the gravy in the first fifteen minutes. After this the roast cooks in its own juices and there is comparatively little escape of drippings; and then so intense a heat as at first is not strictly necessary.

To make the giblet gravy, the heart, liver, gizzard and neck of the turkey should be put to boil in about a quart of cold water and cooked slowly on top of the stove while the turkey is roasting. At the end of this time remove all the giblets saving the liver. The others have served their purpose, or will be a welcome Thanksgiving dinner for the family cat. The liver should be minced and added to the liquor in which the giblets are cooked. Two tablespoonfuls of flour mixed with cold water must also be added to this liquor, and the whole stirred into the gravy in the pan where the turkey has roasted. Stir the mixture thoroughly together; season it with salt and pepper; and let it simmer at the back of the stove for about ten minutes. Then pour it into a gravy boat and serve it with the turkey.

The cold turkey left after it has once been served cold and the family has wearied of it in that form, offers a wealth of resources in the way of rechauffes. It will make a nice hash, minced with the remnant of the dressing and moistened with any of the gravy that may be left. Mince the dark and white meat together with the dressing. If there is not enough gravy to moisten the mince, add a little water to what there is, and a little flour, season it with salt and pepper, let it cook for five or six minutes at the back of the stove, stirring it frequently, and then add the minced turkey. A turkey croquette, which is almost as nice as a chicken croquette, may be made of the cold meat of roast turkey. Mince fine enough turkey meat to make a solid pint. Add a large sweet-bread scalded and minced fine, if you have it, though it is not necessary. Add a tablespoonful of salt, a saltspoonful of white pepper, a teaspoonful of onion juice, and a teaspoonful of lemon juice. Heat a large cup of cream over the fire with about a gill of white stock. When this is boiling hot, stir in a tablespoonful of flour mixed with a little of the cream which has been reserved cold for the purpose. Add three even tablespoonfuls of butter and finally the seasoned turkey meat. Mix in two beaten eggs after boiling the turkey up for two minutes. Take it from the fire at once after the eggs are added and spread it on a platter to cool. When it is cold form it in little cylinders, roll it in egg and sifted breadcrumbs, and fry it in hot fat like other croquettes.

The bones left from the turkey after all the meat is used make a very acceptable soup, though it must be said that the most amiable family is likely to be in revolt by the time this stage is reached. Break up the bones, cover them with cold water and let them cook slowly for about three hours. Then add two onions, two cloves, two stalks of celery, two slices of turnips and two slices of carrots, a bay leaf, a sprig of parsley and one of summer savory. Let the vegetables cook in the soup an hour longer. They should be minced fine before they are added to it. When the soup is cooked, brown three tablespoonfuls of butter, stir into the butter three tablespoonfuls of flour, and add the mixture to the soup. Let this mixture cook in the soup ten minutes, stirring it frequently. Dish it into a large tureen, leaving the meat and vegetables in, but taking out the bones. Little squares of dry brown toast, not over an inch in size, may be served with it.

Cranberry tarts were undoubtedly the famous tarts which the Queen of Hearts made, and which caused such disgraceful scandals in court circles. Every child who has eaten these tarts on his birthday table is reminded of the old rhyme. Nothing makes a more dainty tart than cranberries. Prepare pastry shells not over two or two and a half inches in diameter, from puff paste. Prick them on the bottom thoroughly to prevent them from rising, as puff paste will, if left to its own devices, in an uneven and unseemly manner. The edges, of course, must be left to rise as they please. Fill each tart with a tablespoonful of cranberries, after the shells are cold and the cranberries are hot. Set them away to grow cold. There is nothing more ornamental on a birthday table than a dish of these tarts, piled up and surrounded by a wreath of green leaves.

"Devonshire cream" is an English accompaniment of tarts. It is especially nice served with blackberry tarts, which are really large, open pies of blackberries, sometimes made with simply a border of paste and no upper crust. These pies may be made at this season of canned or preserverd blackberries or raspberries or of the dried fruit soaked out and stewed. Devonshire cream is made from perfectly fresh milk set in a pan in a cool place for twelve hours, then heated slowly to the boiling point, but not allowed to boil. The milk is then removed from the fire, and in the same vessel is kept for six hours longer in a cold place. The cream that rises is peculiarly sweet in flavor and firm. It is especially nice with fresh or preserved fruits as well as with tarts. The Devonshire dairy-folk claim that the art of preparing this cream has come down to them from the times of the Roman conquerors; and it is said to have been a favorite way of preparing cream among the Greeks in the most ancient times.

She was a very excited little girl of about nine years, and was on her way home in one of our many public conveyances. Her little voice piped up above the other noises, but no one would have hushed her. "Oh, mamma, such a lovely time! I do believe the loveliest time I ever had in all my life—at least it would have been if you had not come for me quite so early. Why, the street lamps are only just lighted, and I did not get there until 11 o'clock! But such a nice time! The other little girl was there too, and Aunty Raymond divided the diamonds so that we felt just right about them. Just think! I had her coronet with seventy-three live diamonds in it! Kitty didn't seem to care for that; she had the butterfly with stacks of diamonds in it. And then I had a flower, and that was fastened on to me, and that was all diamonds, too. But first each one of us had one of her dresses. Oh, such trails! But Susie pinned them up in front a little, so we could walk, and we played we were princesses. Hers was a pink watered silk, and mine was gray, with real lace flounces up and down the front; and Kitty's had real lace on it, too! And they are are dresses she wears, too, to parties, and she never once said: 'Now, be careful and don't spoil this or don't lose my diamonds,' or things like that. And I had a carbuncle bracelet, with rose diamonds around that, and Kitty had a tiger's head, and I had a diamond and pearl bracelet, and we both had rings and fans—Kitty's was black satin, with gold spangles, and mine was gray, to match my dress. And oh, mamma! I don't want to praise myself, but I can't help thinking I did look beautiful; and Kitty, of course, looked beautiful, too! Such a lovely time as we had! And we saw the doll she is dressing for a fair 'way out West! Oh, such little mites of stitches! And Kitty says just the things Aunty Raymond has bought so far cost $50, she guesses! Real lace underclothes and a real lace cap! Aunty Raymond wasn't home until luncheon time. She had to go to the Diet Kitchen to dish out soup, and beef tea and milk for poor sick folks, who came with orders from their doctors—well, not the sick folks, but some one in their family brings a pail and gets it. Susie says Aunty R. knits all the time in the summer for the poor folks—little Gretchen caps and all such things—and she is going to dress twenty-two dolls for their Christmas this year, and is just furnishing a whole room in the Maine Hospital—sheets and towels and everything! She lets Kitty call her 'Aunty,' too, just as she does me, and she isn't proud one bit."

All of which might not have been written down for The Tribune readers, only that one of the little girl's auditors happened to know that the child was talking of Annie Louise Cary, the favorite contralto of Italian opera days. When one hears another exclaim "What a great pity she married and gave up the stage!" one cannot help wondering if the stage she is now walking on so unostentatiously does not bring her more satisfaction than the boards of the Academy ever yielded, and one cannot help questioning if the music she is making in many a humble life is not sweeter and of more account than any that ever went over the footlights. And the audiences! Well, when one thinks of the tired mothers, the sick families of the poor, the oftentimes dirty and ragged children who compose them, they do indeed seem humble, but not when one considers that the King Himself is always present; the King who has declared "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these ye have done it unto me."

A writer has defined dirt as "matter out of place." This applies with double force to the grease of the kitchen, which is too often allowed to accumulate on the sides of the sink and on dishes. Properly used this grease is invaluable in making soap. By cutting the grease in the sink and on the dishes by the use of some very powerful alkali like potash or soda, we make a substance, which, if not a soap, contains the competent parts of soap, and at once assists as a cleansing agent. A keg of "washing soda" should always be on hand near the sink so that a little water with a lump of soda may be thrown in greasy spiders or griddles or in any other utensil that has become greasy from cooking. After a few moments' boiling all the grease is eaten up by the alkali, and when the mixture is thrown down the sink, it actually acts as a means of cleansing instead of choking up the pipe with grease. Gridirons should be thoroughly scrubbed with a brush—a common whisk does very well—in boiling hot soda and water. Grease spots on the stove should be washed off, when they occur, with a stove cloth dipped in soda and water.

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