

COMMON SENSE in the HOME

EDITED by MARION HARLAND

SMOOTHING OUT VACATION KINKS.

HOW do you and your family feel about returning to the city after the summer holiday?

Probably there are as many types of opinion and behavior as there are individuals in the household. Taking the children first, you will be likely to find frank resentment at the end of the vacation and this about itself in impatience, in fretfulness, in "grouchiness," according to the personal disposition.

John would not be the conscientious man as if he had not thought for some days before he came back that it was time his hand was again on the helm. In this conviction and the plans he is making for resumption of work remind him more or less abstracted and absorbed so that the children whimper among themselves that "Father is a gloom!" and you have wondered "If anything has gone wrong with business."

As to you, you may have been a trifle ill-tired. The refreshment of the vacation has given you as much energy with new energy and you are full of schemes for little changes you mean to make in the house. Those long dining room curtains are to be cut to sash length, that worn breadth in the hall carpet is to be covered with a rug, the old rug in the children's bedroom floor is to be taken up, the boards painted and the carpet sent away to be made over into small rugs.

Then there is the fall dressmaking. The girls must positively have some new school frocks, your spring suit must be touched up to answer for use in the early fall, last winter's light dress must be sent to the dyer's so as to be ready for remodeling a little later—there are countless things to be done and all are so nearly equal in importance that you can hardly decide which to attack first. Is it any wonder that you are a little hazy of speech, a little impatient at the claims and interruptions that at another time you would take gladly?

Element of Dreariness Creeps In.

With it all there is a sense of reaction. You may say honestly that you are happy to be back in the dear nest, that there is no place like home, that the conveniences you did not have in the country are all the more enjoyed when you return to them, that you had stayed away long enough and that you are glad the moving is over and you can settle down to the familiar routine of duties. You say all this and you mean every word of it.

Yet with it all there is the knowledge that the only time when you can shake off household cares has come and gone, and that before you stretches the level of domestic duties, the more or less humdrum round, with nothing of real change ahead of you for months to come. Whether you recognize the sensation or not, there is a certain element of weariness in the prospect, a "slump," as your schoolgirl daughter calls it, which weighs upon your spirits, fight against it as you may.

Now if ever is the time to labor for patience with yourself as well as with others. There is need of the grace! For the young people are feeling the "slump" as you are and without the compensation you have in your plans for the home, in your satisfaction in being back in your own special niche. Try to bear with them in their unpleasant moods and tenes and to put up with the prickles they present to everything and everybody.

"Great is the expulsive power of a new affection!" Try to find one which will drive out the memory of the joys you have all left behind you.

Pleasures Need Not Be Costly.

Even before you come back to your home think what you can do to reconcile the members of the household to the pleasures they are losing and to give them an interest which will tide them over the first hard days. What such an interest may be will depend upon the age and sex of the young people, but the mother love that always sharpens your wits where your children's welfare is concerned will help you to find out a way.

"O, there are plenty of things I could do if I had the money!" you may tell me. "But our expenses are so heavy now that I can't spare anything for mere pleasures."

That is what we all feel, but some of the pleasures need not be costly. Your eldest boy, for instance, has never taken much satisfaction in his room—and you don't wonder at it. Like many bedrooms allotted to boys this has been a sort of refuge for old furniture and the collection of hair, painted, and blind has seemed good enough for a careless lad.

See now if he will not take a little pride in making it more attractive. Suggest that he put up a plate rail and offer him various

trophies in the line of mugs and pictures, and perhaps an old piece of armor to display. Tell him that this will be a beginning of such things and that when he once has the place for them they will come to fill it.

Try to make this the keynote of the room and go on to have the wall painted or papered, the furniture mended or recovered, and encourage him to do all of this he can for himself. You know if his interests are for sports or for natural history or for books. Play upon this and give him a pride in his pursuits and his surroundings.

What of the girl? Generally she is an easier proposition to handle than the boy. She will tell you she is interested "in no end of things." Deck her with one of these will give her most pleasure and profit and talk it over with her. Perhaps she wishes to learn some kind of needle work or a handicraft, like hammering brass or working in leather or wood carving.

Possibly she may care for domestic pursuits and crave a scientific knowledge of something connected with home economy. Or she may be "just girl" and wish for social enjoyments more than anything else—dancing classes, good times with the boys and the girls, and all the butterfly pleasures natural to young people.

Discuss these things with her in one of the quiet hours you and she should often have together and don't laugh at her schemes and cravings. If she confesses her aspirations towards benevolent work and her longing to go into a settlement, take the subject as seriously as she does and let her talk herself out to you and rid her system of the pressure upon it. The fact that she yearns for these things now is no sign that she will want them a year hence, but the thought that she may be preparing for them will help her over the hardness of a concluded vacation and a renewed routine.

Another Call on You for Patience.

And John? I don't know that John needs quite so much coaxing back to running in a groove as the rest of them, for he has the absorption of his work outside of the house. All the same, he feels the change unpleasantly if he comes home night after night to a torn up and disordered house and a worried wife. Another call upon you for patience!

Your impulse would be to pull everything to pieces at once and make a big job of

putting it to rights again, and possibly this might be the easiest way for you. But it would be hard on the rest of the family, and especially on John, who feels the "slump" whether he acknowledges it or not, and has a right to some consideration when he comes home weary from a work for which his muscles are still soft after the rest.

Unless you are a remarkable exception to the rest of humankind—and particularly womankind—you will ever do abominably after your vacation.

"I always expect a rush of patients when vacation time is over," said a physician to me when I had gone to him to ask for a tonic and had become myself for getting tired so easily when I had come back from a month's holiday only a fortnight before.

"We all make idiots of ourselves," he went on. "We take our outings and come back feeling we could move mountains and then proceed to walk the mountains. And the mountains won't move, so we tire ourselves out attempting to do impossible things we would never have thought of when we weren't unusually 'husky.' If a man would work after his vacation as he did before he'd get some good from his outing, but as soon as he feels rested he does too much—and then he comes to me for a tonic!"

Don't we all make this mistake? And isn't this a degree responsible for our depression after we come back to work?

Other valid causes exist for such depression. We have lived in the open, we have breathed pure mountain or sea air, we have taken much outdoor exercise. Simple common sense should tell us that when we leave all this for the city streets, when we shut ourselves at work within four walls, when we abandon rowing, swimming, fishing, games of all kinds and have little or no bodily exercise except that involved in doing housework or going to and from school or business—and generally taking a car for that—we cannot expect to feel the physical glow we knew when we were leading a normal life.

Bear this in mind when you are inclined to be severe on your children for "dawdling around," when John comes in looking as if the cares of the world were upon his shoulders and "wonders if this fatigue can mean anything!" Apply the same patience to your own case. Don't make up your mind you



Discuss These Things With Her in One of Those Quiet Hours You and She Should Often Have Together and Don't Laugh at Her Schemes and Cravings!

MARION HARLAND'S HELPING HAND.

IMPORTANT NOTICE

BECAUSE of the enormous number of letters sent to the department I must ask contributors to limit their communications to 100 words, except in cases of formulas or recipes which require greater space. I want all my correspondents to have a shouting in the corner, and if my request in this respect is complied with it will be possible to print many more letters.

Attention is called to the fact that Marion Harland cannot receive money for patterns, as she has no connection with any department that sells them.

Marion Harland.

HAVE read with much interest your article upon nonpoint punishment.

To my mind there is nothing equal to it in any way, shape, or manner. It has a refining and elevating influence when rightly administered and accepted in the proper spirit.

"My mother was a wonderful woman in every respect. The world is better to me because she once lived in it. She and I were chums and more like sisters than mother and daughter. I had no secrets from her, but I was obliged to obey her. I was accordingly hand spanked for my misdoings more to my great and lasting benefit and perpetual and grateful remembrance. I can never recall having any feeling of resentment toward my mother because she punished me in that way. All honor to her who gave a sound switching to her daughter when she was 15 years of age! We do not think there should be any age limit as to when corporal punishment should cease. It should depend upon the capacity acquired for right behavior on the part of the child.

"There would be fewer girls upon the streets in the immediate attire of today; fewer scoldings among women frivolously inclined, and less race suicide if corporal punishment in a mild, humane manner were more generally administered. A little touching up with the switch or the hair brush, as occasion requires, would be of incalculable value to the rising generation—were more of them recipients of the salutary discipline. Provided always that the chastisement were accompanied by the persuasion upon the part of the child that it was given in the spirit of love and with a view to his or her betterment.

"TOURS FOR THE ROAD (New York City).

Our esteemed correspondent is right in the main. The stripes straight out from the shoulder in a whole hearted outburst that earns the respect even of those who do not quite agree with her. I am disposed to take issue with her upon a single point. As I said upon a former occasion, my own mother, a wise and loving disciplinarian, held and believed for certain, and practiced her belief, that the child who is judiciously trained in habits of obedience and self-control from earlier infancy should not require corporal punishment after it is 15 years of age. By then, according to her, it should be well grounded in habits of obedience and decorous behavior as to be in some degree capable of self-government. With each of the seven children who grew up to man's and woman's estate under her gentle rule a word of command or admonition was all that was needed after that age.

I do not recollect ever defying her authority. I certainly never felt resentful of her punishment. In fact, as a mere infant, I used to wonder within myself why I loved her better by the time I was allowed to kiss her and say that I was sorry for my misdoings. The blessed soul had a saying that such of her children had said "I won't" to her just once—usually by the time it could talk. And never again!" she added, compressing the lips in the law of

kindness abode continually.

The recollection I echo our friend's "All honor to such mothers!" But—the girl of 15 who has not so far profited by her decade and a half of steady discipline as to need no government save that of moral suasion is a grievous exception to the time seasoned truth—

"Just as the twig is bent, the tree's inclined."

Bending here signifies continued influence for good and "inclination" in the right direction. In a word, she would be a "freak"—a blot upon the page of life.

I apprehend much and vehement dissent from those who read the plain talk of our disciple Solomon's domestic regimen and my cordial acquiescence in her views as a whole. The lists are open to all who would express sentiments in favor of or opposed to the trend of the article. The Corner would always give both sides of a question—when there are more than one.

Honey Cake.

I noticed some weeks ago a request for a recipe for honey cake, and I have not seen a reply. Therefore I take the liberty and give myself the pleasure of contributing the enclosed, which I took down from the lips of the eminent cook, Mrs. Anna Scott of Philadelphia, and have altered very slightly for my own use. The cakes are nice when baked.

Honey Cake.—Three cups of flour sifted twice with two teaspoonsful of baking powder, one-half of a cup of white sugar, and the same of milk; one-fourth of a cup of butter, one egg, and a cupful of strained honey.

"Rub and beat the butter and sugar to a cream, stir, and beat into this the milk and beaten egg. Do this gradually, whipping light as you proceed. Now add the honey in like manner and when you have a light, smooth batter, work in the flour with a wooden spoon. There should be four enough to enable you to make the ingredients into a soft dough, sufficiently consistent to be rolled into a sheet a little over a quarter of an inch thick. Cut into shapes with your biscuit cutter and bake for eighteen minutes. Keep the pan covered with thick paper for the first half of the time. The cakes should be light and puffy. We call them "Honey Cookies," and like them."

Worcestershire Sauce.

Members of the exchange have been asked several times for a recipe for English Worcestershire sauce. Let me hand over to you a copy of one clipped from your own page, and warranted by myself (after trial of it) to be fine. It is far less expensive than the foreign product of the English manufacturer, keeps well, and has a flavor superior to my taste to any I have bought.

WORCESTERSHIRE SAUCE: One gallon of vinegar, twenty lemons, one ounce each of salt and of garlic, one-fourth ounce of cayenne pepper, half an ounce of black pepper, one ounce of mace, two grated nutmegs, two ounces of English mustard.

"Peel the garlic and put the 'cloves' into the lemon whole. Cut the lemons in half and dig out the contents. Chop the pulp fine and mix well with the rest of the ingredients except the vinegar (leaving the garlic whole). Now divide the mixture equally among the halved lemons. Fill the peels with it, set them in earthen dishes and bake, closely covered, in the oven until they are nicely browned. Pack whole in a deep crock and cover with heated vinegar. Fit on a tight cover and set in the cellar for ten days, stirring up from the bottom twice

each day, and fitting the cover on again at once.

"At the end of this time chop the lemons fine, and mix with the rest of the ingredients. Let all stand for five hours before straining through a double flannel bag into a clean crock. Let it alone for a week (keeping it tightly covered). Then pour off carefully, not to disturb the dregs, and bottle. The liquid should be of a clear brown color.

The recipe I have copied says: "Taken from an old English cookbook of 1715." I suppose there are shorter cuts to the same result by this time. Yet I have not found this so tedious as one might think from a single reading. The waiting for so many days may seem formidable, I think. But you don't have to carry the sauce in your mind all that time!

The entire process did not consume two hours.

J. T. A. (Chicago).

You have proved your right to the title of "Regular Reader," bringing forth the clipping published so long ago that it was forgotten by myself. The recipe is quaint and attractive, I suspect, with you, that our rushing age may have sought out a shorter route to the same end. This will suffice until another of later date is sent in.

Apple and Nut Dumplings.

"Apples are ripe and beginning to fall."

"Maybe the member who is puzzled what to do with these same windfalls may like to try the recipe which I flatter myself is original with me? My family clamor for 'more' whenever we have this dessert.

Apple and Nut Dumplings—Pare and cut into thin slices, tart apples. Have ready a good pastry as for pie. Roll out and cut into rounds rather larger than for cookies. In the exact center of each lay four slices of apple, sugar generously, and upon the top arrange a tablespoonful of chopped nuts—pecan or walnut or blanched almonds—sugar them and lay a second round of pastry on these. Pinch the edges together and stamp with the handle of a spoon or a "fluting iron," if you have it, to prevent the escape of juice, and bake to a nice brown. When half done they should be washed over quickly and without taking them from the oven—with white of egg beaten light with a little sugar. This makes a beautiful crust. "Eat hot with hard or liquid sauce."

A Cup of Cocoa Mixture.

So far as my knowledge and memory of recipe go, you may claim the proprietary rights of the recipe with which you tempt those of us who cannot hear of a new and attractive dish without longing to try it forthwith.

"Years ago I invented what a member promptly christened "Marion Harland's Compote," which bore a family resemblance to your delicious dumplings. I repeat the formula here lest you may suspect me of depreciating the value of your inventions by the mention of the dish.

Marion Harland Compote—Select fine, ripe apples—pippins, if you have them—and extract the cores. Do not break the outer skin if you can help it except around the core. Have ready enough chopped nuts to

fill the cavities. Mix plenty of sugar with the nuts and a very little ground cinnamon. You may leave it out if you prefer the unadorned flavor of nuts and apple. Heap the mixture in the center of each apple and set all in a deep dish well buttered. Pour about them a cupful of cold water sweetened with two great spoonfuls of sugar, and bake, covered closely, until the apples are tender. Uncover and brown delicately. Eat ice cold with cream. You see we do not trespass upon one another's preserves, although the main ingredients are the same in the recipe.

A Hod Full of Bricks.

"You have repeatedly invited housemothers to send in what you call 'brieflets' collected during our active years of housewifery. Once you said that the structure of successful housekeeping is made up of these 'brieflets.' Perhaps you may be able to use a few 'bricks' I have picked up here and there in twenty odd years of married life.

A Hodful of Bricks.—To restore faded gingham, calicoes, muslins, and other washable materials, shake and beat out all the dust, then wash quickly in lukewarm suds made of old castile soap, thoroughly "ripe"; rinse in clear cold water and then lay in a strong solution of alum for an hour. Dry in the shade. The alum will set the colors and brighten them. Dry quickly on a rusty day, but out of the sun.

"A rusty grate or range should be wiped free of dust and ashes with a dry soft

cloth, then rubbed all over with a cut raw potato, changing as the bits are very dirty and applying others. Do this faithfully. You will be amazed at the grime that the potato will remove. Let it dry and polish as usual with whatever preparation you are in the habit of using. "To allay the smart and itching of mosquito bites: As soon as convenient, moisten sweet toilet soap and rub the bites well with it. Do not wash it off, but let it dry of itself. Relief will be prompt and no lump will be left from the sting. The alkali of the soap neutralizes the acid of the sting. The same household remedy is good for the sting of wasp, bee, or yellow jacket. Should more powerful applications be required, try household ammonia. "Fleshy persons should diet wisely. That does not mean abstaining from all foods, but selecting the right sort of dietary. All starchy foods make adipose tissue—i. e.: fat. Don't eat sweets, breakfast cereals, potatoes, and pastries. Let candy alone! Eat freely of fruits, raw and stewed, and drink little water, making the acid of fruit satisfy thirst. Eat fish, lean meat, and no fresh bread. Fry toast—the drier the better—is excellent for your purpose. Milk, particularly buttermilk, cream, and chocolate are fat makers. "To clean white felt hats and slippers: Make a stiff paste of powdered magnesia and household ammonia and apply to the article with a perfectly new and clean brush. Rub well into the felt, first against, then with the nap. Set the hat in a box so large that it will not touch the sides and keep it clear of the bottom with a stick fitted into the same, hanging the hat upon the stick. Cover the top of the box with netting to exclude dust and admit the air, and leave it alone for two days before brushing out the magnesia. If it be very much soiled a second application may be needed. Usually one does the work. "For mildewed cottons and linens: Before raking the threads by using powerful acids or detergents, rub plenty of laundry soap into a paste with a few tablespoonfuls of salt. Wet the stains with cold water and cover with the paste. Then lay in the best test sunshine you can find and leave it there all day. Three times during the day wash off the paste and renew. I have had this remove the ugliest and most obstinate blotches of mildew, and it does not rot the finest fabric. "I hope you will forgive the trespass upon your time and the all too scanty space granted to the exchange. EMMA L." "Happy is the builder who has 'bricks' in these laid to her hand! I do invite 'brieflets' from experienced housemothers. They are the mainstay of our department.

Our repertoire of new and excellent recipes today is exceptionally attractive.

Rose Beads.

Appropos to the numerous inquiries for the modus operandi of making rose beads which are showered upon us, a correspondent sends in a cutting from a magazine that tells the history of the revival of interest in the graceful art.

I copy it in part:

"The art of making beads from rose leaves has lately been revived in Denver. It has lingered since medieval times in a few convents of France and Italy, but it was lost to the world until an American woman, Mrs. William W. Hall of Denver, discovered it in a Roman convent, learned the process, and brought it home.

"The crusaders brought back from the orient the secret of making attar of roses. A manufactory of the perfume was established near a convent in Italy—so runs the tradition. The perfume was made, and the rose pulp remaining was thrown out as worthless. The nuns gathered up the odoriferous pulp, and, by experiment, developed the art of making rosaries from it.

"The story adds a touch of romance to the rosaries and other ornaments which some rosarians have made of the pulp of rose petals. I recollect seeing in my childhood a treasured family souvenir in the shape of fragrant rose beads of immemorial age that had been handed down from great aunts. They were fragrant after all the years which had elapsed since they were brought from the old world.

Minute directions for the manufacture have been published upon this page so often we cannot repeat them now. I can, however, direct those who wish to convert the second harvest of roses that falls in September into rosaries—to one who can supply typewritten rules for the process.

Bedbug Exterminator.

"As a token of gratitude for many services rendered to me and mine by your department, may I send to you an infallible bedbug exterminator which I have tested at the north, east, south, and west, with unvarying success, and which I therefore know to be of value? It has cleaned the dormitory cars of a railway work train, a rough, uncared barn, a hotel frequented by 'lumberjacks' and harvest hands, and numerous flats and houses. One pint of wood alcohol, one pint of spirits of turpentine, one ounce each of gum camphor and corrosive sublimate.

"Apply with a stiff feather or a small brush. After two or three days succeeding the first application examine the premises and use again. In a majority of cases this will be all that is needed to banish the pests. If they are numerous and hardy, it would be well to renew the process every two or three days for a fortnight. Then you are rid of them for good and all. A house which had been thoroughly fumigated with formaldehyde after a case of diphtheria was removed from it was not freed of the loathsome 'B-B's' much less of the larvae and the unhatched eggs.

"The 'infallible' is poisonous, and has a strong odor, which, however, soon evaporates.

"A GRATEFUL READER, New York City."

The preparation here praised is excellent, as scores of grateful house mothers can testify.

As many—and more—will endorse what our esteemed member says of the inefficiency of formaldehyde to extract the detested crimson rambles of chamber and nursery, formaldehyde kills disease germs. It stupifies without destroying life in flies. It acts so feebly in the light with the red rovers that one disgusted housewife declares as her belief that "the wretched actually enjoy it."

FAMILY MEALS FOR A WEEK

SUNDAY. BREAKFAST. Grapes. Cereal and cream. Apples and bacon. Oven bread. Toast. Tea and coffee. LUNCHEON. Mince of ham and veal served in toast cups. Toasted corn bread for breakfast. Tomato, cucumber, and lettuce salad with mayonnaise dressing. Hot crackers and cheese. Bottled custard in cups. Honey cookies (see recipe). Ginger ale—iced. DINNER. Vegetable soup. Fricassee of rabbit. Baked chicken. Succotash. Green tomato pie (see recipe). Black coffee.	Monday. BREAKFAST. Oranges. Cereal and cream. Bacon. Boiled egg. French rolls. "Fairy toast." Tea and coffee. LUNCHEON. Clam broth in cups. Baked Welsh rabbit. Potatoes baked whole in their jackets. Stewed pears and cake. DINNER. Yesterday's soup. Game pie (a left over). Sweet potatoes. Creamed carrots. Marion Harland compote (see recipe). Sponge cake. Black coffee.	Tuesday. BREAKFAST. Grapes. Cereal and cream. Bacon and fried green tomatoes. Egg and maple syrup. Coffee and tea. Wednesday. BREAKFAST. Grapes. Cereal and cream. Bacon and fried green tomatoes. Egg and maple syrup. Coffee and tea. Thursday. BREAKFAST. Grapes. Cereal and cream. Bacon and fried green tomatoes. Egg and maple syrup. Coffee and tea. Friday. BREAKFAST. Melons. Peaches. Graham corn. Toast. Coffee and tea. LUNCHEON. Baked and breaded sardines and lemon sauce. Potato croquettes. Bath bun. Gingerbread and cocoa. DINNER. Corn chowder. Scalloped oysters. Stuffed tomatoes. Dessert. Home made ice cream. Black coffee.	Saturday. BREAKFAST. Stewed rhubarb. Cereal and cream. Bacon. Waffles and honey. Toast. Tea and coffee. LUNCHEON. Chicken broth. Peanut sandwiches. Beet and cream salad. Crackers and cheese. Indian meal pudding. Black coffee. Sunday. BREAKFAST. Grapes. Cereal and cream. Bacon and fried green tomatoes. Egg and maple syrup. Coffee and tea.
--	---	---	---