

SCHOOL FOR HOUSEWIVES

BY MARION HARLAND

A New Year's Preachment for the Council

START RIGHT AT THE BEGINNING OF THIS PRACTICAL RATHER THAN SENTIMENTALLY REMINISCENT CONFERENCE.

WHEN we were young and green in judgment we were not afraid of "big contracts." Much that passes with youth for courage, and which is condemned by older as "foolhardiness," is rashness born of ignorance. The skater who has never broken through thin ice, and never heard of "breathing holes," strikes out fearlessly. When we were young we reviewed the year behind us, and made good resolutions for that before us—all on New Year Day. The retrospect was a moonlighted track, where memory blended sorrow and joy into a kind of gentle pensiveness. The prospect was bright with the sunlight of hope. Ah, well! we all know what came of the New Year exercise enjoined by custom and conscience; how surely the thin ice cracked under our stride; how good resolves were drowned in the black breathing holes. Now that the years, in flying, have dropped white down upon our heads, if their "multitude" have taught us wisdom, as the Seer of Uz tells us it should, we take short views of life. We go to school to the coral builders, to the ants, the bees and the flowers of the field, with their perpetual parable of first, the blade, then the stalk, the bud, the blossom—the seed. We form letter by letter, set stitch by stitch, and draw one breath at a time.

A Practical Conference. This is our New Year talk, a cozy four-foot-on-a-tender conference between reader and editor on the threshold of 1905. A conference I would make practical rather than sentimentally reminiscent. Whether or not Thomas Carlyle obeyed his own injunction to "do the duty which lieth nearest thee, which thou knowest to be a duty," it is certain that the utterance is instinct with sound wisdom. Turning the pages of the book, my eye falls upon another pregnant paragraph: "Don't object that your duties are so insignificant." They are to be reckoned of infinite significance and alone important to you. Were it but the more perfect regulation of your apartment, the sorting away of your clothes and trinkets, the arranging of your papers—whatever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might, and all thy worth and constancy. After dwelling upon "duties that have a higher, wider scope"—those done to kindred and kind—our author adds a

sentence I would like to engrave upon the fleshy tablets of every heart: "That is the sure and steady disconnection and extinction of whatsoever miseries one has in this world." If I could, as our boys (and some of our girls) would phrase it, "put you next" to that "sure and steady disconnection and extinction," I should deserve your everlasting gratitude and a niche in the Temple of Fame. **The Duties Nearest Us.** "Don't trample on the gentians while you are hunting for the edelweiss, which, after all, may not be up there!" cried one Alpine traveler to another, who, on tiptoe at the edge of a glacier, was searching eagerly every crevice that might hold the coveted snow flower. Beneath her feet, in the very drip of the melting mass of ice, July suns had spread a carpet of gentians as blue as the heavens—the heavens—the everlasting hill they draped. Take we, then, our "nexts" the duty nearest us—the every-day tasks we rate as humble—to be our gentians, and stoop to gather them. They grow thick, and they grow fast for each of us. Who has not his or her edelweiss to win, which would be honor, and we think, happiness? We mothers have our ambitions. Yours may be music, it may be literature, it may be travel, and all the good it implies. You have so dovetailed your tasks—the must-be-done—that make the necessary routine of the day so wisely that you have two hours for the piano, or one hour for the book you have longed for a month to read, or you wish to attend a concert, or to visit a friend whose society would be a spiritual and mental uplift. Just as the dear joy is within you reach the cook taps at the door with the tale of a happening—most to tears, an astrofiche—which upsets the cherished plan. Or a visitor—always a bore, now a nuisance—"shakes all the buds from blowing." Or John comes home with one of his nasty headaches and you cannot leave him. Or Johnny has an excursion to prepare for tomorrow's session. Or Susie asks permission to bring a few of the girls and a boy or two in for an evening's innocent frolic. Or the report of a charitable society must be written by you because the regular officer, whose business it is, has neglected it. Or the twins have been afflicted and your work basket is hurried to the front, and the reading the review, the



Johnny Has Examples Which Almost Drive Him to Tears.

companionship for which you are athirst must be postponed indefinitely.

Grand Practices in Patience. Trifles? Yes! To the masculine philosopher who has no household hindrances, and whose time is his own because he "will not submit to interruptions." So are toothache, and a boil upon the tip of one's nose, and gravel in one's shoe, and the loss of one's dinner. We women know which class of these miseries is the lighter. Plainly, there is but one salve for disappointment in any or all of these cases, and in a hundred others of daily occurrence. That is, to force oneself to hold out a friendly hand to the hindrance, accepting it as a duty, and, since it is done for another, as a privilege. This is a "disconnection" of the chain of small "miseries." When the recognition of duty as a privilege becomes habitual, "disconnection" becomes "extinction." It is grand practice in patience—this brave conversion of an enemy into a friend. In the days when there were

giants of oratory upon the earth I heard Wendell Phillips define patience as "that passion of noble souls." We rise to the sublime height of that passion step by step. Whenever, in the years to come, we crush back the irritable retort; when we smile when we would rather frown; when we esteem another's happiness or comfort a worthier object than our own personal ease; when we beat down pride, envy, unworthy ambitions—what-

soever makes our brother to stumble—in short, by so much as the mind of the Master in us prevail above self-love—we climb!

Small we begin the ascension together, dearly beloved, the great family with whom I have walked in peace and mutual affection all these years? God keep our feet in the upward way, granting us by this sure, if arduous, pass a happy New Year!

The Beginning of the Candy Making Season

THE HOLIDAYS HAVE STARTED THE RUSH, AND EVERYONE IS MAKING OR PLANNING TO MAKE SWEETS.

Holiday times start the candy season off with a bang—for home-made candies, that is—and from now on candy pulls will be in force among the very young element, and kitchens will be invaded by every clever concocter of sweets. The mad hurry of candypulls appeal to you—the haste which can't possibly wait until the candy is properly cooled, but burns fingers and tongues alike with frequent "tastes." Candy makers are geniuses, in a small way. Two girls can take the same sort of materials—share materials, in fact; use the same fire at the same time, beat and stir and pour out in exactly the same time, and one will evolve some delicious confection that doesn't "keep" till it is cold, while the other will have candy to offer that is anything but perfectly blended. The first girl pays for her success by having to repeat it frequently; but, if she can make good candy, it's an unflattering "sign" that she likes to do it.

Old-Fashioned Kinds Best. Old-fashioned molasses candy has been superseded largely by peanut brittle, yet there's nothing that smells quite so delicious nor is such fun to make and pull as this same molasses candy. New Orleans molasses is best. Put a quart of it on to boil, with a piece of butter about the size of an egg, a pound of sugar and two tablespoonfuls of vinegar, and then let it boil, as steadily as you can, until its cracks in cold water. Pour a third of it into a deep greased pan, pour another third into a pan in which you have strewn thickly walnuts and hickory nuts, which the rest have been busy cracking and shelling while you were watching the boiling mixture. Drop half a teaspoonful of baking soda in the last third just as you take it from the fire, stir and pour out into another greased pan, setting it where it will cool a little quickly. Then butter your hands and seize a handful of the stuff as hot as you can bear it, and pull away for dear life. The candy will grow from light brown to a tawny color, and from that to a light gold tint. When it shows a decided disposition to harden in your hands, pull it quickly into long strands and plait. Then lay the plaits on buttered plates and set away to harden like the rest.

Diverting Failures Into Success. White candy can be made by boiling sugar and water until it reaches the stage of sugar to a cup of water and a tablespoonful of vinegar—until it cracks; and then pulling until it is shiny and white. A few drops of oil of peppermint, or oil of wintergreen, put in just as you take it from the fire will turn it into delicious pungent candy. Fudge, of course. Everybody makes it, one form or another. Maple sugar fudge is very difficult to make, but very good—if it turns out just right.

Boil two cups of maple sugar and one cup of cream together until a little dropped in water makes a ball when rolled between your fingers. Then take from the fire and beat rapidly, pouring, when the surface shows the first sign of cooling (by dulling a little), into buttered dishes. But the moment of taking off the fire and of pouring must be nicely timed, or the fudge will either stiffen into a hopeless mass or slip back to a sticky dishful. And, unlike most candies, it's not even passable unless it is just right.

When it is, though!

Chocolate fudge, for instance, can be done several things with, if it fails of its first purpose, and the "diverted failures" are as good as original successes. Fudge that is too thin—that either hasn't been cooked long enough or been beaten enough—can be spread, while it's piping hot, on crackers. Spread a rather thin layer, or spread thickly and lay another cracker on top. And these "fudge crackers" are delicious. If you've cooked your fudge too long, on the other hand, break the unpalatable stiff stuff up and melt it, putting with it a cup of molasses. Bring it to a boil—it can't do more than bubble in a slow, thick way—and then pour it into a pan, marking it into squares with the back of a knife when it is only half cold.

You'll have a pan full of tempting chocolate caramels instead of your failure.

English walnuts and half a dozen other cream candies can be made without fire or chafing dish; and so are satisfactory things to make on those times when the lowest regions are in a state of revolt against the invasion of sweet-making parties.

Confectioners' sugar is beaten into the beaten white of an egg until the whole forms a stiff creamy mass that can be molded into balls and shapes. Just before you stop stirring put in a few drops of vanilla and give it all a vigorous last stir.

Then mold between your fingers into small round balls and stick the unbroken half of the kernel of an English walnut on each side. For the youngsters form a bit into sweet potato shape and roll it in ground cinnamon.

Get "Golden" Dates for Stuffing. Part of your cream may be taken out before the vanilla is dropped in, and a few drops of oil of peppermint worked in, the soft creams being cut out in odd little shapes, either with the tiny tin cutters the shops show or by a pointed knife delicately handled. Then there are ready to eat.

Stuffed dates—"nana-yayas," as some enterprising would-be Persian student dubbed them—are as good as they are troublesome to do. Get the "golden" kind; they're stickier, and, so better for work. The dark ones are rich and "meaty," but separate more easily.

Split them and take out both the seed and the thin white skin that surrounds it, and fill the space with hickory nuts or walnuts broken up into little bits. Squeeze the sides together and roll in pulverized sugar.

Prunes must be soaked in water overnight to make them lose their wrinkles and puff out again. Split them and stuff one into another, squeezing the sides together and rolling the prune in sugar-granulated sugar being better for them.

Sometimes peanuts, or pecan nuts are substituted for the "stuffing," or a small roll of the English walnut cream deftly inserted.

Back to fudge again. A most delicious (some people say "the" most delicious) nut fudge is made without chocolate.

Boil two cups of sugar, one of water and a tablespoonful of butter together, fudge fashion, but just before you pour it out, stir in a cupful of finely chopped nut kernels, preferably hickory nuts or walnuts or perhaps a little of every kind. Then pour out and cut before it gets cold.

Or, for fruit fudge, pour in chopped candied fruits; but the nuts make the most delicious candy.

Practical Helps for Housewives—Letters and Talks

HERE is a letter that deserves the serious attention of all housewives. Will those in the various States "covered" by our exchange let us have their views, strongly and briefly expressed, upon this vital subject? While a great deal has been said lately about the hardships which the average servant girl is forced to endure at the hands of the average mistress, a writer on the domestic problem strikes a new note in pointing out the injustice of paying a "green" girl the wages of a well-seasoned one. She urges that such a course would be an incompetence, and that it not only "green" one false idea of her own worth, which every later mistress will suffer for, but has a depressing effect on the trained servant, and on the housewife who pays \$12, \$15 or \$20 a month for the privilege of feeding and lodging a vigorous young person who lodges a large appetite and teaching her the principles and practices of her craft. There is certainly a screw loose somewhere.

This cutting from a New York daily attracted my attention, as I have had a recent experience with the keeper of an

Women Who Go Around in Dressing Sacques

NOT one woman in a hundred has a real excuse for doing it, yet nine-tenths of the women who do their own housework seem to think that a reason for looking, not only shabby, but dowdy, with an old spotted cloth skirt surmounted by an equally old sacque, with none-too-fresh ribbons. And the pity of it all is that it doesn't need to be at all. Probably a woman working hard all day feels aggrieved that anyone should criticize her for what she considers so unimportant a matter as the way she looks, and she'll sigh and pity herself with the feeling that she isn't appreciated! Or else, say, in a superior, injured way, something by way of a withering answer that begins with the worn-out phrase, "Nobody knows," and finishes with, "I couldn't do one thing more!" And "it doesn't matter, anyway, how I look, everything gets so spotted from hard housework."

"Isn't this rather an exaggeration?" thought I, not even painted black though. It isn't confined to women who've no knowledge of the right way of living. Often it's the very class that, as girls, spent many an hour prinking and bringing out their beauty points, and always looked fresh and neat. These very women have consciousness enough of the fitness of things to keep their babies in the exquisitely dainty manner that the very thought of those wee ones conjures up. They keep table

intelligence office which has convinced me that it is the women in charge of those offices who are to blame for the great advance in wages during the past year. They control the domestic situation, and influence girls to ask for increased wages, the object being to obtain a higher office fee for themselves. A cook I obtained from the office in question tells me that a system of graduated fees prevail there—a girl at \$4 a week, paying \$1 for a situation, and girls at \$5 a week, paying a higher fee, and so on, the patron paying the regular office charge of \$1 a month. At this particular office the person in charge tells a patron that it is impossible to obtain anything but a "green" girl at \$4 a week, which is not true, as at another place I obtained a trained waitress at these wages. At another office in the same locality I saw a framed schedule of office fees hanging on the wall—that is, for the girls, the fees rising with the wages. At the first office, the woman in charge sustains the girls against the ladies, and refuses to believe anything unfavorable about them—says she "doesn't care for referentials beyond 'honesty and sobriety.'" What can housekeepers expect under such conditions as these? PENNSYLVANIA HOUSEMOTHER.

Why Cakes Stick? In a late issue of your paper I saw a question from "Mrs. L." as to why layer cakes always stick to the pan. I

find that the salt in the butter is largely the cause of this; so I use lard to grease my pans, instead of butter. Then dust a little dry flour in the pan, and tap it to knock out all the loose flour, and they never stick, when cooked, to the bottom. M. E. E. (Florida). If the cakes be allowed to get cold in the pans, they shrink of themselves from the sides and bottom.

A Turkey Dressing. Will you kindly republish the recipe given either two or three years ago on the Sunday before Thanksgiving, for a turkey dressing, with part sausage and apple with bread crumbs? I tried it, and found it fine. Unfortunately, I have lost it, and I wish to use it again. I have an excellent recipe for sponge cake, which I will enclose. MRS. C. R. H. (Ohio)

I do not recall the recipe and do not find it in any of my books. I published last week, one which I suggest you use as a substitute, which was sent in by a valued contributor, for chestnut stuffing and roast turkey. Having dined luxuriously on Thanksgiving Day upon a big, brown bird thus filled and seasoned, I can endorse the recipe.

Rejuvenating the Table. What will take from a table a mark that has been caused by a heated dish set upon it? There was a thick covering upon the table at the time. M. A. A. I know of nothing better than to rub it well and long with camphorated oil. You may make this by mixing spirits of camphor, one part, and salad oil, four parts, in a bottle and shaking it well before applying. Or you can buy it from a druggist. If the stain be very white, hold a hot iron over it for a minute, not long enough to draw the varnish-armor which use the oil at once.

Cleaning Plaster Casts. Would some kind reader please tell me how to clean a plaster of paris bust? Also, is there any way of touching up a spot which has been barked? MRS. G. S. (New York)

Mix into thick paste a little plaster of paris with gum-water, made by soaking gum arabic in cold water until dissolved. Apply to the barked part, and mold into shape before it dries. Clean the statue with emery cloth, bought at the druggist's.

Home-Made Soap. I have been very successful in making soap for my kitchen with patent lye, but what I made today, instead of thickening like honey, as on former occasions, curdled or separated. What shall I do to correct it? Will you kindly tell me? I. T. C. (Pennsylvania). Referred to practical soap-makers.

A Helpful Letter. I have found so much that is helpful in your column, I want to send my note. To the person who uses gasolene and then turpentine to remove blacking spilled on a dress, and did not know which did the work, I would say "it

was turpentine." You will always find it good for grease on black clothes or on hands. A little in the rubbing and boiling water will help much to give clothes a clear, new color, provided they are well rinsed. It is of little use to loosen the dirt, and then hang up out of soapy blue water. Remember never to take your turpentine bottle near the fire.

I was interested in the inquiry regarding cooking lessons. I think it would be a good thing. So many young housewives (and old ones too) would be more than glad to have some one go into their kitchens and teach them.

There was a time in early days of housekeeping when I would willingly have paid \$5 to one who would teach me to make good yeast. Kind friends told me how. They succeeded, but I could not.

Many a batch of poor, sometimes worthless bread was the result. Yet, now I know I could keep yeast good a year without adding any except my own stock. I have done it, and this is only one of many lessons that come to the inexperienced. Yet, how are these to be brought to a knowledge of one another? I was in hopes there would be others offering their advice. E. (Buffalo, N. Y.)

A Pretty Table Decoration. It was invented on the spur of the moment for a home wedding; it proved an immense success; and was later repeated to hang over the table for a very stunning luncheon.

"It" was nothing more or less than a small canopy of flowers, which was as exquisite as a thing could well be, and the way it was made wasn't one of those delightfully impossible methods that it takes a trained decorator and a couple of assistants to work out.

A Japanese paper umbrella was the base of it all, with the handle mysteriously seeming to go the wrong way and coming out on top of the umbrella. As a matter of fact, the umbrella had simply been cleverly turned inside out.

This was for the wedding, to be hung from a high ceiling for the luncheon; the handle was cut off quite close to the "catch," and the umbrella suspended to the chandelier by the little knob on top.

All over the inside of the umbrella were caught flowers—white roses, with plenty of green leaves and vines. They were held in place by deftly tacked stitches, set in over stems, where the leaves would hide them.

And the umbrella was covered with them on top, too, the handle being wreathed with vines, until the whole thing looked like a great exquisite flower.

For the luncheon only the inside was covered—and that with delicate pink flowers; and still another time was covered all in green, with a row of pink roses just at the edge.

It is one of the prettiest bits of home decoration imaginable, yet the tacking is easy, even for the verted amateur to do, and artificial flowers might be used, if real ones were hard to get. Even cleverly made paper flowers might be substituted.

Economical Recipes. (Contributed.) MAPLE SYRUP FOR POOR PEOPLE. Take nine clean corn-cobs, soak overnight in two quarts of water. In the morning or later (the longer they soak the more substance you will get) take out the cobs, add to the water two pounds of brown sugar and boil until thick.

Pumpkin Pie. (Repeated by Request.) One quart of pumpkin, stewed and strained; one quart of milk, one cup of sugar, seven eggs—beaten very light; one teaspoonful of ginger, and same of mace and cinnamon each.

New Year Cake. Rub three-quarters of a pound of sugar to a cream with half-pound of butter. Beat into this the yolks of six eggs already whipped smooth, with a half-teaspoonful of mace and cinnamon mixed.

Have ready a heaping cupful of flour, sifted with half a teaspoonful of baking powder. Add this to the cake batter alternately with the white of the eggs beaten stiff. Roll into a thin sheet; cut into squares, prick with a fork and bake. Stir with powdered sugar.

Some scatter tiny colored corns upon the top before baking. Many mix carrot-seeds in the dough.

Corn Cake. (Contributed.) Two cups of Indian meal, one cup of flour, one egg, one-half cup of sugar, one-half cup of molasses, two cups of milk, butter size of an egg, one even teaspoonful of soda and salt to taste. Bake thirty minutes. K. F. C. (Mass.)

Plum Pudding. (Contributed.) One pound of suet chopped fine, one pound of raisins and currants, one-half pound of mixed orange and lemon peel, two cups of brown sugar, one teaspoonful of cinnamon, one of clove and allspice, one nutmeg, two cups of flour, two cups of bread-crumbs, six eggs. Beat well; mix all together with milk, not too stiff; put into buttered tin and steam slowly for ten hours.

Sauce for Pudding. One cup of butter beaten to a cream with two cups of powdered sugar (gradually); when very light add a wineglass of brandy. Heat and stir for five minutes. The sauce should be smooth and foamy. K. F. C. (Mass.)

A GOOD PLAIN CAKE RECIPE. One egg beaten light; one even cup of sugar; one cup of milk; one and a half

RECIPE BY MARION HARLAND

cup of flour measured before sifting—no more flour; two teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Flavor to taste and bake in a quick oven.

This will make two large layers or three small ones.

SALLY LUNN. One quart of flour, four eggs, half cup of melted butter, one cup of warm milk, one cup of warm water, four tablespoonfuls of yeast, one tablespoonful of salt, half tablespoonful of soda, dissolved in hot water.

Beat the eggs to a stiff froth, add the milk, butter, soda, and salt, stir in the flour to a smooth batter and beat the yeast in well. Set to rise in a buttered pudding dish, in which it must be baked and sent to table. Or, if you wish to turn it out, set to rise in a well-buttered mold. It will not be light under six hours. Bake steady for three-quarters of an hour or until a straw thrust into it comes up clean. Eat white hot.

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