

COMMON SENSE in the HOME

EDITED by MARION HARLAND

MOTHERS AND HALF-GROWN DAUGHTERS.

HOW much influence do the majority of mothers possess with their half-grown daughters? This question was brought home to me a few days ago by a conversation I had with a friend who is the mother of a pleasing child of about 18. The talk was started by a reference on my part to the astonishing ways of dressing the hair practiced by some quite young girls. My remark had been entirely impersonal, but it acted as the letting out of waters upon my friend.

"Isn't it perfectly dreadful?" she said. "These children really don't know anything about how they look, and they do all sorts of uncanny things to their hair just because the other girls do, and their mothers have nothing to say about it."

"If it were the mother of one of them I fancy I would have something to say about it!" I returned.

"You may think so now, but you'd learn better in a hurry if you were the mother of a girl of today. My daughter cut her front hair into an awful looking bang and frizzed it up until her head looked like what my father used to call a 'hurrah's nest'—whatever that may be. I pleaded with her and scolded her, but the only way I got her to change it at all was by promising her that if she would simply let her turn it up a little in front I would let her turn it up at the back, as she has been crazy to do. So we made that bargain, and now she looks a little more nearly respectable than she did before."

"But wouldn't she change it when you told her you didn't think it was a suitable way to wear it?" I queried, a little bewildered between this state of affairs and that I recollected in my own girlhood and that of my daughters.

"I should say not!" was the emphatic reply. "She told me when I tried that line of argument that all the other girls at her school were doing it, and that they thought her queer if she were different."

Only a few hours later I met another mother who uttered a plaint of much the same kind. Her lament had to do with a hat her daughter of 14 had just bought.

"I let Margaret go downtown to get her own hat for the first time, and before she went I urged her not to get one with a stuffed bird on it—I am a member of the Audubon society, you know—and warned her against choosing green, because it is so trying to her complexion, and besides that it has been so much worn that it's getting common. My dear, she came home wearing a hat with a bright green parrot on it."

"What did you do?" I inquired, interested in this further development of the self-willed daughter.

"What could I do? I told her she ought to be ashamed of herself, but, of course, that didn't make any difference to her now that she has had her own way and got the hat she wanted."

All these things gave me occasion for a good deal of serious thought. Are girls so different now from what they were when I was a girl and when my own daughters were young? Has there been such a change in their nature that you can no longer direct them, that it is impossible to hold their faith in your wisdom and good judgment? This is a matter on which I would like to have the opinion and the experience of the mothers in the Corner for the sake of my own information and also for the benefit I think would be won from a comparison of notes.

I do not for a moment believe that a girl any more than a boy, should be eternally tied to her mother's apron string. You can have a molluscoid in petticoats as well as in trousers, and I can't find one more attractive than the other. I often think of the Frenchman who told the young mother that he wished for her that all her daughters might be brave and her sons virtuous.

She looked puzzled.

"You meant to put that the other way and wish my sons should be brave and my daughters virtuous, didn't you?" she asked.

"No, madame. I meant what I said. Nature will take care of bravery in the sons and virtue in the daughters, but my hope for you is that each may acquire the quality supposed to be the peculiar property of the other!"

So I maintain that the girls should be



taught initiative and independence and self-reliance—which does not mean that they are not to turn to their mother for guidance, are not to be on terms of close

intimacy with her, are not to consider her their best and nearest friend. Youth will seek youth. Girls will place their charms of the same age and will place

a confidence in the judgment of these youngsters they sometimes fail to accord to that of their parents. This is the reason the mothers should make a point

from the first of knowing their girls' friends, of welcoming them to the home, of making the daughters feel the full sympathy of the parents, with the aims and

parents and occupations, even with the foolishness of youth.

Any response she denied that sometimes the girls are silly.

I look back to my own girlhood and recollect my admirations and devotions and see on what poor grounds they were founded, in many cases. Not that they did me any real harm, but if I had been guided by my mother I would not have made some of the mistakes which to this day make a hot tingle run over me. Perhaps it was all part of my development, but I am thankful, with all my heart, for the friendship between my mother and myself, which rendered impossible some of the serious blunders of which I have known other girls to be guilty.

Poor children! How can they know what to do and what to leave undone? What chance have they had to acquire experience which would give them discernment of character and warn them away from pitfalls? It is the place of the mother to be close at hand to show them the dangers in their way and to lead them in the right paths.

I have quoted before the saying of some unknown writer: "God could not be everywhere, and so He made mothers." Sometimes one is forced to question the efficiency of His deputies when one sees how little influence they exert over their charges.

I am not referring now to the gross errors into which the unprotected girls slip. I am dealing with the mistakes perpetrated by their daughters and by those of your neighbor, who are allowed a freedom accorded no other well brought up girls in the world, so far as I know.

I began by asking how much influence the majority of mothers possess with their half-grown daughters? I would like to amend that question a little and inquire when the mother's influence over the daughter begins to wane. What the little girl is still in the home, before she has gone to school or to kindergarten she usually regards her mother as the standard of all that is right, true, and beautiful. "My mother says so," is the crowning argument in any infantile discussion, and beyond this there is seldom an appeal. At what stage does this change and what causes it?

I grant that going to school makes a difference. The child is placed among new surroundings; she is associated with others of the same age and a flood of novel impressions is poured in upon her. Perhaps it may be the first time that it dawns upon her that there may be other standards in the world beyond those which in her own home, or that there are those who regard these as worthy of admiration. She is puzzled, sometimes almost incensed, by the unreasonableness of it all. It is not to be wondered at that she takes the impression of those about her.

This is just the period when the mother needs to exert every particle of influence she possesses. Is it not often the time when she lets it slip from her grasp? Does she not have the feeling that now the child is at school and in the care of teachers her own responsibility is a trifle lessened and she can turn her attention to other affairs? Does she frequently take the trouble to reflect that now, more than ever before, she should study how to keep close to her child, to share in her pursuits, talk over her interests, meet and know her friends?

"I have had to break off the intimacy between my daughter and Mary," a mother said to me the other day. "I find that Mary's influence is distinctly bad and I have had to cut all relations that stop between them."

"That is hard on your daughter when they have been such close friends," I commented.

"Yes, and she takes it hard. She reproaches us and says that Mary is the same girl she has always been and she can't see why they shouldn't keep on as they have done for the last three or four years. She is very unhappy about it. I did not wonder. I knew both girls and I fully agreed with the mother as to the undesirability of Mary's influence. But the other girl was right when she said that Mary had always been the same. Every one who was familiar with conditions had wondered that the friendship had been permitted to continue so long. I could not marvel at the daughter's sense of injustice at the sudden severance of the intimacy which had not been criticized earlier.

Study your daughters' friends. Learn

FAMILY MEALS FOR A WEEK.

- SUNDAY.**
BREAKFAST.
Milk.
Cereal.
Baked ham.
Quick biscuit.
Coffee.
- LUNCHEON.
Eggs in jelly.
Cold sliced ham.
Boston brown bread.
Junket.
Cookies.
Tea.
- DINNER.
Tomato bisque.
Roast chicken.
Baked rice.
Asparagus.
Blueberry ice cream.
Coffee.
- MONDAY.**
BREAKFAST.
Cereal.
Bacon, rolls.
Coffee.
- LUNCHEON.
Chestnut (leftover).
Rice soufflé (leftover).
Baked potatoes.
Ginger snaps.
Tea.
- DINNER.
Spinach soup (leftover).
Peppers stuffed with minced chicken (leftover).
Baked macaroni.
Baked fruit.
Fresh fruit.
Coffee.
- TUESDAY.**
BREAKFAST.
Grapes.
Cereal.
Baked eggs.
Graham gump.
Coffee.
- LUNCHEON.
Dressed smoked beef.
Creamed potatoes.
Bread sauce (leftover).
Cheese crackers.
Tea.
- DINNER.
Chicken rack soup (leftover).
Hamberg steak.
Macaroni (leftover) with tomatoes.
Baked bananas.
Sliced peaches and cream.
Coffee.
- WEDNESDAY.**
BREAKFAST.
Milk.
Cereal.
Bacon.
Hickberry shortcake.
Coffee.
- LUNCHEON.
Kipped herring.
Baked potatoes.
Tomato toast (leftover).
Cookies.
Tea.
- DINNER.
Potato soup.
Baked loin of veal.
Green peas.
Summer squash.
Peach pie.
Coffee.
- THURSDAY.**
BREAKFAST.
Grapes.
Cereal.
Scrambled eggs.
Toast.
Coffee.
- LUNCHEON.
Sliced veal.
Sweet potatoes.
Toasted Boston crackers.
Jam.
Tea.
- DINNER.
Onion soup.
Curried veal.
Baked rice.
Chilled bananas.
Lima beans.
Tapioca custard.
Coffee.
- FRIDAY.**
BREAKFAST.
Grapes.
Cereal.
Pancakes.
Milk.
Coffee.
- LUNCHEON.
Cheese fondue.
Garlic potatoes.
Toasted English muffins.
Marmalade.
Jam.
Tea.
- DINNER.
Lima bean soup.
Baked brook trout.
Sliced cucumbers.
Whipped potatoes.
Green corn.
Fench fruit surprise.
Coffee.
- SATURDAY.**
BREAKFAST.
Milk.
Cereal.
Bacon and boiled eggs.
Rolls.
Coffee.
- LUNCHEON.
Creamed fish (leftover).
Potato cakes (leftover).
Cream cheese.
Crackers.
Jam.
Tea.
- DINNER.
Cream of corn soup.
Baked corn beef.
Young cabbage.
Creamed carrots.
Peas and cream.
Coffee.

MARION HARLAND'S HELPING HAND.

Garden Plants of Various Kinds.

THE correspondent whose name I enclose asks for castor beans. I have some to spare, also garden plants of various kinds. Some time ago I recall a person asking for a bath cabinet or sewing cabinet. Mine has benefited me so much that now I don't need it any more I would gladly give it to any one who would send for it.

The correspondent who asked for castor beans has been supplied, but I have no doubt that others will be heard from who will be glad to have the beans and garden plants as well. I am sure there will be a call for the bath cabinet, and will be glad to ask for it who is not prepared to send for it or to pay transportation charges.

Best Piccalilli Ever Made.
"I love the Helping Hand very much and have learned to make some good new dishes from it. I send you herewith a recipe for the best piccalilli that was ever made, and I do hope that every one who sees the recipe will try it. It should be put in self-sealing jars and especially in a warm climate it should be well sealed. One head of cabbage, four green hot peppers, six onions, one peck of green tomatoes. Chop all these. Put with them one cup of salt and one quart of vinegar and cook thirty minutes; then drain. Scald together two pounds of sugar, two quarts of vinegar, one teaspoon each of allspice, cinnamon, ginger, and cloves, and two tablespoons of English mustard and one tablespoon of celery seed. Pour this

over the pickles and cook twenty minutes; then can. This is fine.

"Mrs. W. L. S."
This is a time of year when recipes for this sort of thing are welcome and we are glad to have this, as well as to get the kindly tribute to the Helping Hand. Let me add the injunction to have the jars rinsed out in boiling water before putting in the pickle and to be sure the tops and rubbers are in good order.

Would Copy Old Song.

"I am wondering if any of your readers know where I can secure a copy of the old song, 'Sweetest Bunch of Lilies.' If any of your readers have a copy of the song and words to the same, I should be more than grateful if I could even borrow it to copy. I would gladly pay postage. I have tried all of the largest music dealers in this city and they tell me the song is out of print. D. C. P."

I don't think any one has ever asked in vain for the words or music of a song who has made an application through the Corner. I trust this time may not prove an exception to the rule and that D. C. P. may secure the song she desires.

For All Kinds of Ants.

"Here is a remedy for ants, red and black, little and big, and all kinds of ants: Sweeten a bowl of water well with molasses and vinegar; make it just pleasant to the taste, and set it in your kitchen sink. In the morning you will think you have a bowl of blackberries. All kinds of ants, red, black, blue, or white, will get full on this drink and die.

Make a new dish and more will come to the funeral of the first. Mrs. M."

"This is certainly a simple remedy and it will be little trouble to try. I wish the correspondent had told us how long the treatment must be kept up to rid the establishment of the pests."

Address Is the Office.

"I am inclosing a card, which may be of service to J. A. C. with regard to her MSS. I know you do not give addresses in the paper, but would it not be well to supply your own? Mrs. A. M. L."

Any letter addressed to me in care of this paper will reach me promptly. The card was sent to J. A. C.

Canned Tomato Bouillon.

"Can you give me a good recipe for tomato bouillon? My tomatoes are ripening and I wish to put up some of them in this way. I have read somewhere that the best way to do this is to use the pure tomato pulp seasoned with Spanish sweet peppers and beef juice. But the right proportions were not given or directions for cooking the mixture. Please answer at your earliest convenience, as I should like to put up the tomatoes when they are at their ripest stage."

"Mrs. E. F. P."
I am not acquainted with the preparation you describe. Of course, I have eaten tomato bouillon, made either from the fresh or the canned tomatoes, stewed, the juice pressed out, strained, and seasoned, but I have never made and canned the bouillon. Can some of our readers give

instruction for this to be printed in the Corner?

Asks for Information.

"I am a young man, 22 years old, and am writing this in the hope that it may catch the eye of some one belonging to the Unitarian church who will be good enough to explain to me fully the teachings and the life of that body. Anything I can do in return will be a pleasure to give. SCOTCHMAN."

We do not admit discussions of any points of doctrinal or theological belief to this Corner, but if there are any Unitarians who wish to communicate with "Scotchman" in reply to his inquiries and will write for his address it will be promptly supplied.

Forgot the Address.

"Kindly send the address of D. K. to me. I have received a splendid letter from F. A. T., thanking me for the books and pictures it was my pleasure to send. "Mrs. E."

This assurance of the generous good will of the correspondent makes me regret all the more that we could not give her the address of the applicant for which she wrote. But, although Mrs. E. signed her name to her letter, she did not give us any address. It was therefore impossible to reply to her letter despite the stamp she inclosed. I am sorry!

Has More to Spare.

"Your kind letter was received some time ago, giving me the names of persons

who wished clothing and pieces for patchwork and I have tried to supply them needs to the best of my ability. Now I see some more requests for articles I can well spare and later we hope to be able to do much more. A. C. O."

It always rejoices me to print such a letter as this as an indication of the good and helpful work being done by the Cornerites, in response to the requests which come to us for help. The addresses asked for have been sent to A. C. O.

Design for a Quilt.

"I would like to get in touch with some one who has a design for a log cabin quilt. I have a good pair of crutches, padded, which I should like to exchange for a tripod for a camera. "L. C. H."

Had any one the tripod of a camera to offer in exchange for the crutches, and will some possessor of a log cabin quilt write me for the address of L. C. H.?

Write for the Address.

"I am sending you some music for which Mrs. F. E. B. asked in the Helping Hand department. Her address was not given and so I am forwarding the music to the paper. Won't you please forward it to her? I hope it will be satisfactory. I think the Helping Hand is so nice and I hope I may soon again have an opportunity to help. B. L."

Another cause for regret! Again and again I have said that gifts of any sort must never be sent to the office, where there are no facilities for handling the

rush of articles which would come there, did we not make a hard and fast rule against it. When the address of any applicant is wanted all that is necessary is to write and ask me for it and it will be promptly supplied. I trust B. L. may be able to assist some one again and that the next time she will ask for the address of the person she desires to aid and send her gift directly.

Supplies Reading Matter.

"If you will send me the address of F. W., who writes from an old miner's camp, my daughter and I would be glad to send her some magazines. As we have been placed in the same circumstances ourselves, we know what it is to lack books and also what it means to be too poor to buy them! Also if you will send the address of Maise, who wants castor beans, I can supply her. I have a tree in my yard that is fourteen feet or more high and full of beans, both green and dry, so that she can have all that she wants. I wish to express my appreciation of the Corner. It contains so much that is helpful in more ways than one and I always cut out the matter and save it for future reference. "Mrs. J. R. A."

There is nothing like similar experiences for producing sympathy. Those who love to read and who have been deprived of books know how to feel for others in similar plight. I was glad to send the address requested and I am happy to know of some one else who has been helped by the Corner and its work.