

SCHOOL for HOUSEWIVES

By MARION HARLAND

THE SENSIBLE FAMILY PICNIC



See to It that Your Family Outing Is Genuine Recreation

AS a preface to our familiar talk of today we will dismiss inconspicuously all thought of the public picnic, heralded by flaming placards, or by pulpit notices, and accompanied by national and society flags. Young eyes glisten gleefully in the prospect; graver and older folk groan in anticipation, and sigh in relief at the memory thereof. We did not mind "roughing it a bit" when we were young. In fact, there was a refreshing spice of the unusual and the forbidden in the all fresco frolic that lasted all day and set at naught all the conventionalities of Sunday clothes and table manners associated with other and indoor convalescences. An old ballad sung in our grandmothers' day invited one to "take tea in the arbor"...

With roses and posies to scent up your nose, and daisies and daffydowns to tickle and billow, and daffydowns to tickle and billow, and daffydowns to tickle and billow...

The charmed visitor sought the arbor eagerly and saw the other side of the situation. Among other drawbacks to the pastoral, a big daddy longlegs fell plump in my cup, the summer house floor was damp and the revelers caught cold, etc. When I was forty years younger, I laughed with others of the party when a New Jersey farmer from whom we had received permission to picnic on the banks of a purling stream flowing through his meadow, appeared as we were unpacking our baskets, with—

A FRIENDLY OFFER

"I say, why don't you young folks bring all them victuals up to my house and eat them in the dining room like Christians, where there's no flies, and where you can set on comfortable chairs and eat out of plates? My old woman seen you from the window, and how uncomfortable you all was, a sprawling on the damp grass, and sent me down to ask you up to the house. It shan't cost you a cent."

We declined civilly and gratefully, and waited until he was out of hearing before we had our laugh out.

I reminded a surviving member of the merry party the other day of the incident.

"How odd it seems now," she said, reflectively, "to think that you and I ever enjoyed sitting on the ground and eating our luncheon out of pasteboard boxes!"

That summed up what the picnic is to her sophisticated self. I confess secretly to a touch of the same wonder when I pack the boxes that are to thrill the souls of grandchildren with

pure delight, when, in the hottest of the scorching noontide, they will devour sandwiches, hard-boiled eggs and innumerable cookies in the woods, seated upon stumps and hummocks, spending eight hours in the open air and coming home at evening hungry as hunters, and so tired that they fall asleep as soon as their heads touch the pillows. It is the heyday of the picnic age with them. It is weeks before the tan fades from their cheeks. The glamour of the innocent festa never leaves the memory.

For these and for sundry other reasons—all good and sufficient—I advise the family picnic to dwellers in town and country. Get out of the rut at least two or three times while the prodigal summer is abroad upon the earth; set convention at defiance; forget for a few hours the claims of business, forego the attractions of cut-and-dried "functions" in the shape of indoor luncheons, dinners and receptions, and get at one with Mother Nature.

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Cut the Bread Round

If the mother of the household does not "feel like going," insist that she shall be the honored guest of the day, the one for whom the festival is given. If there are daughters in the family, let them assume the major part of the



Cut the Bread Round

preparations for luncheon. Do you, our loving and dutiful juniors, dream of the steady strain, the unceasing stress that housekeeping all the year round is to the faithful head of your home? When one and another remarks

measly that "mother's appetite is failing," and from the father down to the youngling of the flock each taxes his invention to suggest and to provide some delicacy that may tempt it—does it occur to one of you that her malady may be "kitchenitis"?

By the coined word I would describe the listlessness that betrays appreciation of tempting foods, when one knows, for twelve months at a time, exactly that is to be served three times a day; how it will look and taste—and smell!—give the mother a respite for one little day and let her find the lost relish for her daily fare in the out-of-door world. I am putting the girls in her place in the surprise-party that is her holiday.

Sandwiches
are associated in the mind with picnics as firmly as sugar and cream with tea and coffee. Study new varieties of the indispensable. Eschew the everlasting ham or tongue sandwich. If you must have one or the other, avoid the old pattern. We all know it, and most of us shudder at the ugly recollection. A slice of ham, smeared with mustard, was tucked between two thick slices of buttered bread. The crusts were not pared from the slices and the butter was laid on thickly. In biting through the crusts, one tore out strips and shreds of meat. The whole thing smacks of the cheap lunch-counter and the peripatetic purveyor of "refreshments" upon a rural railway train.

Let the bread thin and either round, triangular or oblong—never square. Trim off the crusts; spread evenly with warmed butter, and fill neatly. The filling should never project beyond the trimmed edges of the bread.

Some Fillings
1. Mince olives fine and work into cream cheese until you have a smooth paste flecked with green. Salt slightly. 2. Prepare as just directed, adding to the paste finely minced pecan-nut kernels. 3. After buttering the bread, spread rather thickly with cream cheese, and lay between the slices thus prepared a crisp leaf of lettuce dipped in French dressing. Wrap these sandwiches in tissue paper.

4. Mince cold veal or chicken, season to taste with salt and paprika; butter the bread; cover with this mixture and lay crisp lettuce dipped in mayonnaise dressing between the filled slices. 5. Skin sardines; take out the backbone and rub the fish to a paste, add butter and a little lemon juice. You may, if you like, add a dash of paprika. Spread between slices of buttered bread. 7. Pound the yolks of hard-boiled eggs to a powder. Rub to a paste with butter, paprika and a dash of French mustard. Mince the whites of the boiled eggs as fine as possible and blend with

Lemonade Made on the Ground

cannot enjoy her midday meal without her "comfortable cup of tea," she need not go without it. Hot-scalding hot-tea may be kept at the same temperature all day in the modern and invaluable vacuum bottle. It is not an expensive luxury and beyond price to traveler and excursionist. Hot soups, bouillon and broths may be secured at any hour of the day or night by the ingenious contrivance, and hot tea and coffee—freshly made before bottling, poured into the bottle and instantly corked and shut up in the airtight cover—will lose neither heat nor flavor in twelve hours.

Mother need not fear lest the excursion may deprive her of her tonic beverage. In a special basket may be stored tea, sugar and cream with her very own cup and saucer.

Lemonade may be made on the ground and drunk out of paper cups packed with wooden plates, paper napkins and centerpieces. It is a convenience, but not a necessity, to have also a tablecloth. But linen is heavy and one can do without other naperies than what I have named. Pack the Japanese napkins in the lemonade pitcher, and in other ways economize every inch of space. A dress-suit case or two—or three—may be utilized to great advantage by our family of picnickers. They are roomy and light and

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the yolk paste. Butter thin slices of whole wheat or of graham bread and fill with this mixture. Pack each variety of sandwich in a box of its own. Save candy boxes for this purpose. Line them with tissue paper and fold it over the contents.

Salads
Tin biscuit-boxes lined with the oiled paper that comes in candy boxes are useful for holding salads. Or you may use pasteboard cases with the same. Lay lettuce, cress and other green stuffs in lightly, and take the mixed dressing along in wide-mouthed bottles or in small fruit jars.

A fruit salad will be popular on a hot day. Peel and strip the white skin from the pulp of four or five oranges; separate the lobes gingerly, not tearing them, and cut each into four pieces with a sharp silver knife. Have at hand a cupful of the kernels of English walnuts which have been scalded, then left to get cold and crisp before they are cut into bits. (While they are hot, strip off the bitter skin.) Mix with the fruit and put into a glass jar with a tight top. Take along mayonnaise dressing for this.

A welcome item in the preparation for a picnic is ice. Cut a piece that will fit easily into a stout basket; wrap in cotton flannel and then in several folds of newspaper. Wrap and bind tightly to exclude the air.

Finally, tie oilcloth about the parcel and put into the basket. Cover all with stout paper and fit the cover upon the basket. Ice thus protected will keep eight or ten hours if the basket be not exposed to the sun. Commission a strong-armed boy to carry this, and should the journey be made by train or carriage, tuck the basket under the seat.

It is better to distribute the eatables among the party, arranged in parcels or in baskets of convenient size, than to pack all into one big hamper. If mother

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attract no attention on train or trolley. Bestow your eatables at discretion within them, and let each boy assume the charge of one.

Wooden plates and paper napkins may be burned on the ground when they have served their purpose. And the suitcases may be utilized on the return trip as repositories for woodland treasures—odd fungi, roots and blossoms, oak-galls and mosses and last year's bird nests.

Above all and before all and through all the outing maintain a cheerful spirit. Make the best of misadventures and turn disasters into jests. The perversion of the title of the frolic into "pleasure exertion" is a stale joke. It contains a biting satire upon the way some people take their pleasure. Perhaps five out of ten know how to enjoy a holiday—as such. See to it that your family outing is genuine re-creation. The corn roast, games—in fact, anything to make the picnic a success is suggested. To this end don't make a fool of what should be delight.

Marion Harland



A Dress Suit Case May Be Utilized

Family Meals For a Week

SUNDAY BREAKFAST
Melons, cereal and cream, flaxseed, cornmeal gems. LUNCHEON

Cold meat, scalloped tomatoes, split and toasted gems from breakfast, cucumber and lettuce salad, crackers and cheese, fruit, iced ginger ale. DINNER

Corn soup, boiled fowl with egg sauce, boiled rice, lima beans, eggplant, peach shortcake, black coffee. LUNCHEON

Oranges, cereal and cream, bacon, boiled eggs, whole wheat bread, tomatoes, tea and coffee. LUNCHEON

Scrambled eggs with cheese, baked potatoes, soufflé of eggplant (a left-over), fruit (ice cold), iced tea. DINNER

Chicken and omelette soup (based upon broth in which chicken was boiled), scallop of chicken and French mushrooms (a left-over), rice croquettes (a left-over), succotash (using remainder of lima beans), peaches and cream, black coffee. LUNCHEON

Fruit, cereal and cream, bacon and broiled tomatoes, French rolls, toast, tea and coffee. LUNCHEON

Prized beef with cream gravy, stuffed potatoes, bread and butter, berries and cream, gingerbread, black coffee. DINNER

Vegetable soup, casserole of liver and rice, green peas, summer squash, apple snow, sponge cake, black coffee. LUNCHEON

Melons, cereal and cream, panfish, quick biscuits, toast, tea and coffee. LUNCHEON

Mince of liver and rice with tomato sauce (a left-over), soufflé of green peas (a left-over), baked potatoes, buckleberry cake, lemonade. DINNER

Cream of spinach soup (a left-over), pot roast of beef, young turnips, sweet potatoes, homemade ice cream, cake, black coffee. LUNCHEON

Berries and cream, cereal and cream, stuffed eggplant with gravy, potato cake, toast, tea and coffee. LUNCHEON

Cold ham, garnished with cress, fried potatoes, cucumber and tomato salad, crackers and cheese, chocolate blanc mange, cake, tea. DINNER

Mutton brook, cold roast beef (a left-over), succotash, vegetable marrow, young onions, apple butter pudding, with blue sauce, black coffee. LUNCHEON

Yesterday's broth, casserole of beef (a left-over), garnished with browned potatoes, fried bananas, berry roly-poly, black coffee. LUNCHEON

Sliced pineapple, cereal and cream, bacon and sweet peppers, hockcake, toast, tea and coffee. LUNCHEON

Jellied bouillon in cups, barbecued ham, fried mutton, egg salad upon lettuce, crockers and cottage cheese, marmalade and lady fingers, iced tea. DINNER

Tomato soup with whipped cream on top, mutton chops en casserole, green peas, green corn pudding, watermelon, black coffee. LUNCHEON

THE HOUSEMOTHERS' EXCHANGE

IMPORTANT NOTICE

BECAUSE of the enormous number of letters sent to the Exchange, 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 showing in the Corner. If my request in this respect is complied with, it will be possible to print many more letters.

Home Remedies

THE correspondent who enriched our Corner last week with sundry recipes accompanied the gift by remedies for the ordinary ailments of the flesh, all too familiar to the housemother and nurse. The extraordinary vapors of our climate this season have brought to the front a crop of "summer colds" that make the following particularly acceptable to us all.

Onion Syrup

This is good for colds and coughs. One cup of syrup and the same of vinegar (not too strong), two large onions sliced, cook together until the onions are clear and the syrup thick. Strain and bottle. Dose: From one to two teaspoons three or four times a day if the cough be severe. Heat the syrup and take as hot as may be borne. A slice of raw onion laid upon the tongue will quickly allay the tickling cough, which is most troublesome at night.

Croup often yields readily to one or two teaspoons of pure glycerine. It cuts the phlegm and breaks the throat.

Castor oil may be applied to throat and chest in case of sudden stricture and pain. It burns without blistering, and is better than mustard plaster in being always ready for immediate use. A little put on cotton is good for earache.

both the little hands up at once until the coughing and choking have ceased, which will be very soon.

Why isn't housework put as nice as any other kind? What does it matter what a girl does, so long as she is making an honest living? A girl in the kitchen is a housewife. A girl in the parlor is a lady.

For myself, I prefer living with a private family to working in a shop or store or factory. It is good, respectable, wholesome and "paying."

"Position" is in the right all through her spiritually letter. In the present status of expense our domestic employees are the best-paid class of workers. As our houseworker says, they have no board, lodging or laundry bills to pay. Their bread and butter is to be paid by the employer.

They are the strain upon the employer's purse. The maid has no expenses beyond her clothing, and come what may of financial reverses, she holds a paying position so long as people must have food cooked and rooms cleaned and tables served. These facts the average maid does not take into con-

sideration in her stereotyped opinion over her wrongs and the "madams' extravagations. It is opposed to all the traditions of the guild to acknowledge peace and prosperity in their lot. Yet there should be a percentage of them clear-eyed enough to see these things and honest enough to confess the truth.

All in the Cooking
I have watched your Corner long in the hope of seeing a recipe for German potato salad such as I ate when a child.

We lived next door to a German family, and they had this salad every Sunday for luncheon. I recollect little of the ingredients—only that it was so good. The flavor was indescribable. There were no eggs and no bacon in it. The potatoes were "diced" very small, yet not too "mushy." It was always very cold.

I should be delighted if any of your many readers could give the recipe. Let me add that just once I have eaten the real Irish potato cake for which the right recipe was given lately, and it was delicious.

We had for dinner yesterday what used to be thought of and sold as "a cheap cut, a rump pot roast." The head of the family said he had never eaten a better roast in his life. "It's all in the cooking."

Mrs. A. J. W. (Marshalltown, Idaho).
A truer word was never spoken. When all American cooks make the discovery that nine-tenths of the secret of living well lies in right methods of cooking, we shall be a more frugal, a happier and a healthier nation.

We look to the admirable housewives of German birth, or ancestry, for that incomparable potato salad. Who will reproduce the recipe from the joints of the skeleton exhibited by our Idaho member?

Bayerische Kartoffel Klose
I note in the Exchange a request for a recipe for bayerische kartoffel klose. Here is mine:

at the bottom of the vessel into which you have poured the water. Add this starchy sediment to the other ingredients. Mix well together into a dough. Make this into balls about as large as baseballs. Put into the center of each ball a cube of stale bread, toasted. You may add a butter egg to the dough if you like. This is for a family of four.

Mrs. S. W. G. (Chicago).
You do not tell us how to cook the balls after they are made out. Are they boiled like dumplings, or baked in the oven like biscuits? In writing a recipe, take for granted that it will be read by inexperienced housekeepers, and leave out no directions that might help them. Let us hear from you again on this point.

German Schnecken
A member asks for directions how to prepare German "snackens." (The liberty of telling of my way.)

Schnecken (which I call "rolls") are made into a dough as for coffee cake. The same recipe for this dough. Roll it into a sheet half an inch thick. Have ready a good handful of cleaned currants. Strew over the sheet the currants. Sprinkle with granulated sugar then dot with dabs of butter. Cut into strips two inches in width, roll up, set in a pan to rise. When light, bake to a nice brown.

If you like the flavor of cinnamon, dust with this before rolling up the dough. "HAUSFRAU" (Altoona, Pa.).
Probably—almost certainly—one of the Pennsylvania-Dutch housemothers commented here some weeks ago. We may safely depend upon their cooperation.

Marshmallow Pudding
I enclosed please find recipe for marshmallow pudding. You have had others for this delicacy, but we think this especially fine for parties.

Dissolve a rounded tablespoonful of gelatine in half a cupful of cold water. Now add the same quantity of boiling water. Let it stand to cool, but not until it jellies.

Beat the whites of five eggs stiff, with a pinch of salt, then pour very slowly upon the stiff meringue the dissolved

gelatine, beating all the while. Next sprinkle a cup of granulated sugar over this mixture and beat it in thoroughly. Add any flavoring you like. Line a mold with oiled paper, pour in half of the mixture; sprinkle with finely chopped nuts, bits of pineapple, maraschino cherries or creamed peaches, whatever color scheme you may prefer. Color the remainder of the meringue green.

When ready to serve, turn out from the mold slice and pass with whipped cream.

Mrs. W. S. J. (Valentine, Neb.).
A novel and a dainty dish. It is the tenth we have printed under the same name, but I should call yours a "trifle" or a "meringue," not a "pudding." It would be especially welcome at a Sunday night supper or as a final course at a summer luncheon or picnic.

Vegetarian Restaurants
From a most interesting communication which has lain in my drawer of "available" for months, awaiting such time as I might be able to crowd in the major part of it, I take a few paragraphs. The writer is an eminent disciple of the vegetarian school of diet, and she defends the vegetarian restaurant from strictures passed upon it by the editor, after a trial luncheon eaten in one of the most popular of these restaurants in a large city.

The majority of vegetarian restaurants do not offer highly seasoned foods. As a rule, it is deemed preferable to omit condiments and accustom the palate to the natural flavors of fruits, vegetables, grains and nuts. The advanced schools of dietetics do not find mixture and combinations of foods and seasonings at all beneficial to digestion when taken in an unduly excessive quantity. In fact, Spartan simplicity seems to be the goal toward which study of a rational, balanced dietary leads.

With respect to nuts, like all proteins of that class, they are a concentrated food, and should be eaten accordingly. With all due respect to your judgment, based upon years of