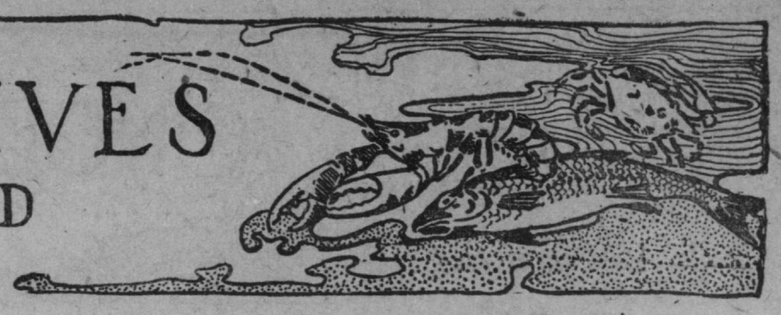
SCHOOL for HOUSEWIVES
By MARION HARLAND



The BUSINESS MAN'S LUNCHEON

"'Of course I have dyspepsia.'"

"YOUR editorial comments upon the expressed need of warm, nourishing luncheons for the day laborer in shop and field, the office boy, school children and the business woman are fair and just. Why not include the 'mere man's' wants in this direction?

"Symposia upon the high cost of living are apparently confined to the effect of this upon the housemother. There is a phase of this high prices proposition which, for some reason, has been overlooked in statistics and discussion of ways and means, namely, the cost of the business man's luncheon today as compared with the price of the same food a few years ago. I grant that the office boy and the girl behind the counter have their grievances in this respect. You can't kill a hog if you haven't got a hog. Ergo, you can't buy a good hot luncheon without the necessary funds.

"Man, in his mission in life of providing for the temporal needs of his family, has to look into the luncheon question narrowly, since salaries have not advanced in proportion to the upward flight of prices demanded for articles requisite for daily living. This fact affects him in his luncheon allowance, too, perhaps to a greater extent than it acts upon the classes just mentioned.

"In illustration, I give below one sample of the working of these conditions, which is by no means exceptional:

"A few years ago it was quite possible, and indeed customary, for me to get a good luncheon, consisting of roast beef, mutton or veal, with potatoes, bread and butter, for 15 or 20 cents, coffee or tea for 5 cents, and a dessert of pie, elairs or charlotte russe for 5 more, making a total for luncheons of from 25 to 30 cents per day.

"This at a restaurant that is not 'swell,' but clean and respectable and patronized by a good class of people.

"Figuring upon this basis, a man could allow for his weekly luncheons $1.50 or $2. Conditions have changed sadly. Consider the cost of the same luncheon today. Roast, 40 to 50 cents a portion; coffee, 10 cents; sweets of any kind, 10 cents—or 60 to 70 cents for the meal.

"Weekly allowances for the luncheons of our mere man, therefore, must average from $4.50 to $5, compared with our former estimate of $1.50 or at the most $2 per week, an increase of 100 per cent. This does not include soups, which were formerly 5, 10 or 15 cents. Today, for the same article, we are charged from 15 to 30 cents. Nor do I include salads and entrees, both of which have advanced in price in like proportion. Good clam chowder used to cost 15 cents a portion. Now it is 25. Therefore the hot, nourishing soups you recommend as a noonday meal for the hungry schoolboy and the tired saleswoman are barred out for the business man, who must cut his coat according to his cloth.

"Another condition which the business man must face in order to secure satisfactory service is the obligation of 'tips.' I do not wish to revive this oft-fought-over subject, but a business man is up against this proposition where the office boy and saleswoman are not. They need not 'tip.' I must! Our mere man must calculate for this tax upon his already lightened purse. With, for instance, 50 cents in his pocket for a luncheon, he must restrict himself to 40 cents' worth. Without the tipping process he will be blacklisted and 'cuts' and service will be correspondingly inferior.

"So let the poor mere man have a wee corner in your department in which to air his grievance. We don't hear much growling over it, but I doubt if there are many men with limited (and non-elastic) incomes who are not groaning inwardly under the burden.

"ONE OF THEM (New York city)."

A straightforward, unvarnished story that carries conviction with the telling. Since receiving the letter I have made it my business to consult other men who lunch "downtown" as to the conditions herein described. As a result of my inquiries I incline to the belief that our correspondent has rather understated his grievance than magnified it. One newspaper man with a fairly good income tells me that to avoid the extortion of the proprietors and waiters in the restaurant run in flashy style in the top story of his "skyscraper" he brings from home daily a sandwich box disguised under the binding of a book. This, strapped together with MSS. and newspapers, attracts no attention. He slips it into his desk upon arriving at the office. When the pangs of faintness or hunger remind him that he ought to break his fast he sends an office boy upstairs for a cup of coffee, and eats and drinks from the left hand while the right is busy with pencil or pen.

"Iniquitous, do you say?" he said at my exclamation. "Of course, I have dyspepsia! Equally of course, no Christian human being should live in such a higgledy-piggledy fashion. If you knew what I would have to endure from high rates of living and miserable service, you might be more charitable. What we want in this country is the comfortable chophouse in which the Londoner takes his midday meal at a price that would horrify the keeper of the cheapest restaurant upon a side alley in this city. A chop or a cut from the joint, a baked potato and a half pint of 'bitter' or a cup of coffee may be enjoyed in a quiet corner over there for what I pay here for the meat alone. This, with plenty of bread and butter and a bit of pudding thrown in, if one wants it. Then one hands the civil waiter who helps him on with his overcoat and holds his hat 'tuppence'—that is, 4 cents!—and gets a hearty 'Thank you, sir!'

"An American waiter would not accept the tuppence, much less thank his victim for it. I told you, didn't I, that one at one of these 'dairy' places told a friend of mine who offered a nickel tip, 'Better keep it for your carfare!' There is a pretty fiction to the effect that 10 per cent upon the amount paid for a customer's order is regarded by the average waiter as 'the right thing.' Not liberal, you understand, but not to be kicked against. The customer is likely to get tough meat and cold vegetables next time he comes. But there is no open complaint. In fact, not one of us dares to give less than 10 cents if he has ordered even 25 cents' worth of so-called 'food.' I know a fellow who lunches daily upon oatmeal porridge and milk—not cream. It was he who insulted the waiter with the nickel, by the way. He pays a quarter for the beastly mess and tips the supercilious fellow who sets it on the table a dime.

"I am savagely hungry by night. Then I fill up too fast and heavily. At least, that is what my wife and the doctor tell me. All the same, I save an hour's time and 50 cents a day by eating my sandwich and drinking my coffee at my desk. Three dollars a week makes a clean sum of $156 a year, to say nothing of the gain in quiet and time. 'Something wrong in our business men's luncheon system,' you say? It's all wrong! But what are you going to do about it?"

If I pass the question on to our constituency, it is with feeble hope of getting a satisfactory answer.

Yet that the "wrong" is monstrous is patent to the dullest comprehension. In a series of papers upon the increased cost of living, published nearly a year ago, I stated, upon the authority of our ablest political and domestic statisticians, that the prices of household commodities, including clothing, in these United States are now 52 per cent more than they were five years ago. And, according to the dispassionate testimony of our business man, he pays 100 per cent more for his restaurant luncheon today than then.

Are we Americans, then, the most amiable and long-suffering or the laziest people in the world? Or is it cowardice that holds us back from resenting iniquitous imposition that is rank robbery?

If, to the casual reader of our Common Sense in the Home page, I seem to lay too much stress upon the importance of luncheons to the classes who cannot get these in their own homes, be it remembered that to the vast majority of humankind the midday meal is the most important of the three or four eaten during the twenty-four hours. It is the halfway house in which the emptied stomach would collect fuel for carrying on the labors of the day to a close. Digestive, muscular and nervous forces have been steadily at work for from six to eight hours. Nature demands a halt for refreshment. The brain, as the engineer; the nervous system, as conductor; the digestive organs, as the stoker, concur in the demand.

The whole of the machinery should be examined and made ready for what remains of the journey.

In view of these important facts, can we insist too strongly upon the duty of caring conscientiously and with common prudence for the exquisite machinery committed to each of us? Or resist too steadily the greed and avarice which hinder the fulfillment of the obligation?

Marion Harland

"'Better keep it for your carfare.'"

"What we want in this country is a comfortable chophouse."

"He pays a quarter for oatmeal and milk."

Family Meals for a Week

SUNDAY

BREAKFAST

Grapefruit, cereal and cream, fried bacon and apples, hominy muffins, toast, tea and coffee.

LUNCHEON

Broth in cups, corned beef hash (a left-over), potato salad, crackers and cheese, bread and butter (thin), arrowroot custard, sponge cake, tea.

DINNER

Tomato and split pea soup, pot roast of beef, creamed onions, sweet potatoes, cracker plum pudding with hard sauce, black coffee.

MONDAY

BREAKFAST

Oranges, cereal and cream, scrambled eggs, corn bread, toast, tea and coffee.

LUNCHEON

Barbecued ham, toasted corn bread from breakfast, chopped and sautes sweet potatoes (a left-over), onion souffle (a left-over), crackers, heated and eaten with cream cheese and marmalade, cocoa.

DINNER

Yesterday's soup, yesterday's roast warmed a la Milanaise, with sultana raisins and pine nuts; mashed potato, stewed salsify, canned peach pudding, black coffee.

TUESDAY

BREAKFAST

Baked apples, cereal and cream, fresh mackerel, potato biscuits, toast, tea and coffee.

LUNCHEON

Cold roast beef (a left-over) and pickles, breakfast biscuits, coldslaw and hot dressing, crackers and cheese, cornstarch hasty pudding, tea.

DINNER

Clear gravy soup with noodles, roast chine of young pork, apple sauce, mashed turnips, potato puff (a left-over), mince pie, black coffee.

WEDNESDAY

BREAKFAST

Oranges, cereal and cream, fried scallops, graham gems, toast, tea and coffee.

LUNCHEON

Cold pork, stuffed potatoes, apple sauce, whole wheat bread, waffles and syrup, tea.

DINNER

Yesterday's soup, roast shoulder of lamb with mint sauce, canned green peas, spinach a la creme, cream puffs, black coffee.

THURSDAY

BREAKFAST

Sliced pineapple, cereal and cream, fried brains, oatmeal scones, toast, tea and coffee.

LUNCHEON

Cheese souffle, toasted oatmeal scones, baked potatoes, green peas and lettuce salad (partly a left-over), brown bread and cream cheese sandwiches, hot gingerbread and chocolate.

DINNER

Spinach soup (a left-over), cold lamb, sliced and fried in batter; canned succotash, Spanish rice, orange fritters with liquid sauce, black coffee.

FRIDAY

BREAKFAST

Oranges, Indian meal mush and cream, bacon, griddle cakes and syrup, toast, tea and coffee.

LUNCHEON

Panned oysters, French fried potatoes, bread and butter, baked tomato toast, cake and marmalade, tea.

DINNER

Fish chowder, lamb's liver and bacon, scalloped sweet potatoes, brussels sprouts, chocolate blanc mange and cake, black coffee.

SATURDAY

BREAKFAST

Sliced oranges and bananas, sugared cereal and cream, bacon and fried mush (a left-over), toast, tea and coffee.

LUNCHEON

Mince of liver and bacon on toast (a left-over), brussels sprouts warmed over, baked potatoes, nuts and raisins, Swedish wafers and tea.

DINNER

"Odds-and-ends" soup, veal cutlets, stewed tomatoes, Jerusalem artichokes, date and raisin pudding, black coffee.

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, and if my request in this respect is complied with it will be possible to print many more letters.

Amber for Goiter

MY ATTENTION has been called to the story printed in the Exchange of the cure of a goiter by wearing a string of amber beads.

As a physician of long experience, I feel confident that the amber did the work. I have advised the wearing of such beads in numerous cases of sensitive throats, where hoarseness was likely to occur, and inflamation. Amber is very sensitive to electrical conditions, both in absorbing and throwing off the same. I am certain that a string of the beads would be beneficial in many cases. I am likewise sure that they could, in no case, produce any deleterious effects.

In the earlier age of medicine it was supposed that amber, administered internally, was beneficial. I am convinced that it has no merit, taken internally.

I regret to say that a majority of physicians give little time and thought to the study of such evidences of healing. With me, the experience gained from experiment is worth more than all the booklore published.

For example, I have had one case where the wearing of amber beads completely cured chronic enlargement of the tonsils.

Genuine amber beads are rather expensive. Therefore, there are lots of spurious goods on the market assuming to be genuine. Whomsoever would use these imitations—should!

I inclose my name and address should you desire any information I can give on this or other subjects.

I write in the interest of truth and health.

C. A. B., M. D. (Elmhurst, Cal.).

There is no quackery in the assumption that amber has curative properties when applied externally. A specific for whooping cough, acknowledged by the medical profession, is amber oil rubbed up and down the spine of the patient. The effect is soothing and the resinous properties brought out by friction (with perhaps a gentle electric current) have a sensible effect in relieving the irritation of lungs and bronchial tubes. As our wise men of healing observe, experience in certain matters is more trustworthy than theory, even when based upon professional opinion.

Comfort for Working Women

Knowing you take a deep interest in the uplifting influence of everyday life of the working girls who are dependent upon their own labor for a living, I want to tell you how well we are cared for in a large store in Richmond, Va. I have been employed here for six years, and during that time we have been as well cared for as any could possibly be in any business house.

We have a cozy restroom, where we can spend our noon hour with as much pleasure as if we were in our own homes. The floor is carpeted with large axminster rugs, and we have plenty of easy rocking chairs, upholstered and leather-covered lounges, tables provided with entertaining games, and a splendid library containing more than 300 volumes of good books. In summertime we have ceiling fans to make the room cool; the walls are attractively papered and hung with pictures. Adjoining the restroom is a lunchroom for employes, where good, wholesome food is served, cooked in a sanitary kitchen, and the lunches are furnished to the girls at prime cost. Adjoining the restroom on the other side is an emergency hospital room provided with a bed, always kept in readiness for any emergency need; there are the necessary appliances for the sick. There is a medicine chest and a roller chair to take any one from the floor to the room. We also have lockers for the hats and wraps for each girl, each having her own key to her locker. We also have a store paper called Monthly Record, published by and for the employes, the expense of which is borne by the firm; and all the employes contribute to this Record, making it a splendid influence in our store life.

I am sending you a copy of the Record, that you may see for yourself how we all co-operate in making our store life pleasant and profitable.

ADELE A. (Richmond, Va.).

The foregoing interesting letter is a pleasant offset to the sad story told by a New York shopgirl a week or two ago. It is a genuine delight to read the report of the intelligent employe who volunteers testimony to the care taken by the heads of the house to guard the health of women and to secure for them as many of the comforts of home as are compatible with the non-residence under the parental roof. I know her account to be true to the letter. Yet I anticipate cavils and doubts of its authenticity. The very air is thick with discontent just now. The feud between capital and labor was never fiercer, and salaried men and women will not be left out of the fight.

Our Familiar Talk with readers which heads this page has to do with the prevailing dissatisfaction. It is from the pen of a practical, cool-headed business man, and may not be lightly dismissed from our consideration. I repeat that the letter of our business girl is refreshing. We seem to get a brief lull in the storm, and to catch snatches of the singing of birds and other peaceful sounds from the shore veiled in fogs.

Justice and generosity are not yet expelled from this world of ours. And the exercise of grateful appreciation is not yet one of the lost virtues.

A Mildewed Shirtwaist

Kindly print in next Sunday's issue the formula for removing mildew from a white shirtwaist.

Mrs. M. McL. (New York city).

It is never practicable to publish an answer to any query in "next Sunday's issue." By the time the request reaches my hands the next issue will be in press. I tell you now what to do for the mildewed garment. If you have thrown it away as irreparable, this will serve for the next misadventure of like nature. While laundresses are careless, mildew and iron rust will not cease from the laundry and home.

Soak the waist all night in loppered milk. Next day rinse in cold water and lay, while damp, in the sun. Leave it there all day, wetting hourly with lemon juice. Should the spots be still faintly visible after rinsing in tepid water that evening, treat the obdurate blemishes to a second all-night bath in loppered or buttermilk. Next day rinse and do up as usual. I have removed old indelible ink stains by this process. The mild acid does not rot the finest threads.

Latent Tuberculosis

I am a sufferer from what doctors, who have examined my lungs at various times, pronounce to be "latent tuberculosis."

By one of these specialists I was sent to Saranac Lake, N. Y. By resting the greater part of the day in a rocking chair in the open air, drinking great quantities of milk and taking raw eggs, I was built up, and I still follow directions. I have followed these for more than a year. Up to that time I had used halfway measures. I am sadly discouraged that my health is not fully restored. The Saranac Lake doctor kept me there but five weeks, saying, at the end of that time, there was no benefit to be derived from that climate when the "trouble is latent."

Can you give me any reason to hope for ultimate recovery? Have you or any of the Cornerites ever known of any one similarly affected?

Mrs. H. R. G. (Norfolk, Va.).

I have known of at least four cases precisely like yours, and some which were much more discouraging, all of which were cured.

Having been myself given up as hopelessly ill with tuberculosis thirty years ago, living under sentence of death for many months, I am qualified to say to you: Do not allow yourself to despair! Live in the open air, eat nourishing food, bathe the chest and throat and between the shoulders freely with grain alcohol every morning after your bath, practice deep breathing, get plenty of sleep, drink all the milk you can digest and take regularly, night and morning, gentle calisthenic exercises. If you could go abroad and spend, as I did, two years in Italy and Switzerland—living in the open air most of the day—I believe you would in time be a well and strong woman. My malady was not "latent," but so active that the apex of the right lung had slowly disintegrated. That was what six doctors in America and two abroad told me, giving me three months of life "in the most favorable circumstances."

That was more than a quarter century ago, and today I am the most robust woman of my age I ever knew.

Conscience and humanity urge me to tell you all this. Doctors are indispensable to the wellbeing of society. But they are not infallible, and they make as many mistakes in treating tuberculosis patients as in any other direction. Make up your mind, like a woman, to get well. Then do it! Common sense, will power and fresh air are the motive powers you must employ. Get all the pure air into your lungs that you can inhale in long, slow breaths, holding each while you can count five slowly, at first. In a month's time you can hold it in the lungs—all the way down—while you count ten slowly. Your lung expansion will increase steadily as you go on with the regimen. And the draughts of God's blessed fresh air will clear the tubes and cells of effete matter, then strengthen the system to let nature do her own healing.

Make Your Own Ice

Some one has asked for a recipe for making ice. I am inclosing one I have preserved for some months, thinking I might need it. I have never used it, and I don't know whether the acid is poisonous or not. One would better be careful in the use of it. I copy the formula just as I find it in print.

Artificial Ice—Or Freezing With Chemicals

Ice cream may be frozen in five minutes, and for an expenditure of two or three cents, if the preparation to be frozen be placed in a tin bucket or other vessel and this set in a pail containing a weak solution of sulphuric acid and water. Into this stir a handful of common salt. The result is cold so intense that a bottle of wine immersed in the mixture will be frozen in a few minutes.

R. S. V. P. (Pittsburg, Pa.).

There can be no danger from the use of the sulphuric acid, since the custard or wine, or whatever the substance to be congealed, does not come into direct contact with it. Water may be frozen in this way into ice for table use by putting it into the inner vessel, fitting on a tight top and leaving it in the mixture until you are ready to use it.

Six Useful Hints

Here are a few hints that may or may not be of use to our housemother:

1. Wash egg or pastry of dough from dishes in cold water—not in hot. Hot water hardens by cooking the adhesive substance.

2. Save meat gravy to fry eggs in. It is savory, and a benefit to those who cannot eat meat, yet enjoy the meat flavor.

3. Wash the kitchen sink with kerosene. It cleans it and keeps flies off. It is much better than scouring with soap and water. Hard rubbing will, in time, injure the enamel.

4. Put carraway seeds in sauerkraut in making it. They make it more digestible and impart a pleasant taste.

5. To make an icebox for a heated flat: Nail a wooden box to the outer sill of your pantry window; fit shelves in it; tack a piece of cloth at the back to keep out the snow. You may keep butter, milk and meats in this, and you need no ice during the cold weather.

Please inform me how to make sausage candy and sauerkraut candy.

H. H. (Chicago).

The query anent candy is referred. I have a hazy idea that "sausage" and "sauerkraut" refer to the shape of the confectionery, rather than to the composition.

The window icebox is an idea that has been utilized successfully in numerous city flats. If you will surround the oblong box with fine wire netting and make a sloping top to turn the rain, covering it with linoleum of a pretty pattern, the outdoor refrigerator is not unsightly, and the free passage of the air through the netting keeps meats sweet and butter firm. A contrivance of this kind may be attached to another rear window and used as a fruit safe. If the baskets and boxes containing the fruit are covered closely with a blanket or heavy felt, there is no danger of freezing even in intensely cold weather, especially if the window be left open at night that the heated air from within may temper the frost. It is hardly more unsightly than the conventional window garden.

Chestnut Dressing

Please publish in the Exchange a recipe for chestnut dressing.

A READER (Mount Vernon, Ind.).

Boil Spanish or French chestnuts and remove shells and the inner skins. Run through the vegetable press, and work into the smooth mass 2 tablespoonfuls of butter to a quart of the raw chestnuts, with salt and paprika to taste. Beat light, and stuff the turkey with this as with any other dressing.

Practical "Snowball of Advice"

After long waiting, I step forward with what little help I can offer, but better late than never!

Try making pumpkin butter this winter instead of apple butter. Prepare it exactly in the same way. It is fine.

Rhubarb Mix

Measure equal quantities of rhubarb and blueberries, cooking the latter 15 minutes—actual boiling—before adding the rhubarb. Sweeten to suit your taste and cook to the right consistency. This, too, is a matter of taste. I like it in the form of a sauce. You may prefer it as a preserve. Both are good.

Baking-Day Cake

(To be made while you are baking the bread.)

Stew ½ pound of seeded raisins with ½ teaspoonful of soda and 1½ cups of sugar. Work in 2 beaten eggs, ¾ of a cup of lard or butter, 2 cups of flour, 1 cup of light, soft bread sponge, 1 teaspoonful of cinnamon and ½ teaspoonful of cloves.

I find this a cheap and wholesome cake, and make it whenever I bake bread. My three children like it immensely.

Now for the favor I am going to ask the Exchange. A widow, with one child, has to go out by the day to work. She has laid in $10 worth of groceries and two tons of coal and paid the month's rent in advance. The house is made trim and neat, and she is turning the housekeeping over to her 13-year-old daughter. The girl has been trained since she was 7 years old to help her mother in all household duties.

This being winter, shall we not have what may be called a snowball of practical advice for the youthful housewife?

Let each of us write a good recipe; then a few words of practical advice; lastly a blessing. Send these to my address. I will fold each sheet and tie it with baby ribbon, then tie all together. Her Sunday school teacher will give a little party for her. All her gifts will be put into a box and she will kneel down and show us how to open it without littering the floor or breaking the cover; drawing the nails skillfully so that the top may be used again.

We all love her for her bright and winning ways, and would help her in her new profession. LAURA S. (Monmouth, Ill.).

Our Mutual Benefits

From a letter too long for our limits, I extract a portion which will appeal to other hearts as it did to mine. Condensing the first page, I would say that the writer had offered a wheelchair to a crippled boy who received one from another source before her letter got to him. Her communication making the offer was passed over to a middle-aged man, who surprised the lady by presenting her own letter.

He wanted the chair for his paralyzed wife, who has not walked a step in three years. I went to his home and found a spotlessly clean flat of four rooms. He uttered no complaint and seems to think himself fortunate in having a steady place at $50 a month! Think of it! and with an invalid wife! He does all the housework in addition to his all-day work out-of-doors. Doesn't that man deserve a medal of some kind? He said he could not save enough out of his salary to buy a wheelchair, and somebody advised him to apply to our Corner. The gratitude of these two people when they found they could have my chair was something to remember. I thank the Exchange for the great pleasure it has given me in enabling me to be of assistance to this worthy pair. S. J. C. (Chicago).

Our gratitude is due you for relating this beautiful incident. If all of our coworkers would take the trouble to look up personally cases referred to them for relief, and satisfy themselves that the benefits are rightly bestowed, our system of mutual helpfulness would be nearly perfect.

Pork Cake

In re your remarks upon the size of the pork cake made by the recipes given some weeks ago, allow me to say that if you will look carefully into the matter you will see that it is a fruit cake, quite expensive as to materials, and calculated to last a long time. It should not be cut for several days after it is baked, and it will last all winter, remaining moist and palatable if cared for as other fruit cakes are. In fact, it improves with age.

A. M. S. (Wisconsin).

Granting all you say, the quantity seems unduly great to me. My suggestion was that it be divided proportionably into enough to serve a family of moderate size. At least, that was what I intended to say.

For a Rose Jar

Kindly let me know how to make a rose-bowl out of dried rose leaves. I know there are essences and spices used, but not what kind or in what proportions.

M. C. (New York city).

Formula: One-half ounce, each, of rose, violet and heliotrope powder; 1 ounce of powdered orris root; ½ teaspoonful, each, of powdered mace and cloves, and half the quantity of cinnamon. Twenty drops of oil of eucalyptus, 10 drops of essence of bergamot, 5 drops of attar of roses, 2 drams of alcohol.

Mix the powders dry with the petals. When this is done thoroughly, add the essential oils, tossing lightly the petals while mixing. Shut up in a glass jar for three weeks before using.