

COMMON SENSE in the HOME

EDITED by MARION HARLAND

THE CASE OF THE MINISTER'S WIFE.

FROM one of my constituency comes to me a letter containing a request which I cannot ignore. The writer is the wife of a clergyman and her communication to me was called forth by our talk on the page a few weeks ago concerning unnecessary demands on our time. She writes:

"Mentally I am shaking hands with you since reading your remarks about inconsiderate callers. Such experiences as I have had!

"I am a minister's wife—that feminine unfortunate whom all women feel free to criticize and to torture. First, I lived in a parsonage and any Tom, Dick, or Harry in the town would knock at the rear door or ring at the front entrance at any hour for personal errands with which I had no concern.

"Callers finding a door unlocked would calmly walk in and through the house until they found my husband or me and before that time they used keys to unlock my house doors until I requested that they be turned over to us. The telephone and door bell rang day and night, especially if a church social was on hand, and those who promised refreshments left cakes, ice creams, freezers, etc., at my home to be delivered at the proper place and time.

"Sunday afternoon, the one day when a minister needs rest, we were swamped with callers. When Lucy lost her handkerchief or Harry his pocketbook I was asked to go to the church and hunt for them.

"Now, in another locality, my husband has strict office hours and I do not see anyone outside of regular calling hours, seldom to meetings, except to the lightly attended ones, and do no church work whatever. My husband has requested that the telephone be used only for necessary business and never outside of office hours unless in case of sickness or death or a similar emergency. My home is quiet and restful for my family as a result and the head of the house does far more and better church work and is quite a success, where before he was a worn-out, nervous man and I a breathless, weary housewife.

"I wish you would write something for the Corner as to what is and what is not courtesy toward a minister's wife. The average woman seems sadly lacking in knowledge on the subject and any minister's wife to whom I have talked has had even worse experiences than mine. If this letter will save another woman the torture I have endured I shall count it a rich reward. A PARSON'S WIFE."

wives to be able to believe that her picture is not overdrawn. These memories join with her appeal to talk today about the attitude of the members of a congregation toward the wife of their pastor.

I know by my own past and by observations I have made that in every household of faith there are dear friends and helpers for the wife of the clergyman. I know also that in the hearts of many members of the parish there is a conviction, acknowledged or ignored, but firm in either case, that the entire congregation has a sort of proprietary right in the minister and his wife. It is free to advise and to criticize and to take liberties that any one of the advisers and critics would hotly resent if bestowed upon herself.

I know also that in many churches there seems to exist an impression that when the clergyman was engaged his wife was considered as part of the bargain; that her pastoral duties, so far as church work, calls, money raising efforts, literary and charitable societies go, are not second to his, and that she is expected to attend service every time the bell rings.

In this connection I recall clearly a remark I heard made by a clergyman who was delivering the charge to the people at the installation of a minister. "Remember," he said, "that your pastor is a man as well as a minister." I would also like to remark to read in this case: "Remember that your pastor's wife is a woman as well as a parsoness!"

Sometimes I wonder just where began the impression of the congregation that it had a share in the clergyman's wife. In Mrs. Stowe's tales of old New England we read of the reverence and respect in which the minister was held, and these feelings extended to his wife. In those days there was no talk of her being the servant of the people. Yet my memory, which goes back many years, recalls no period when it was not felt in the majority of churches and by the majority of parishioners that the minister's wife had a distinct duty toward her husband's charge, and she was severely blamed if she failed to fulfill this. Even today it exists in some churches.

She Attended the Funerals.

"I'm worn to a wreck attending the funeral of the flock," a minister's wife lamented to me not long ago. "There have been eight or ten deaths in the parish within the last six weeks, and it has told upon me terribly."

"But, my dear child, why do you go?" I cried.

"O, it wouldn't do if I didn't! I always call at the house of mourning at least once before the funeral, and then go to that, too. It's very wearing!"

After hearing that I was not astonished to learn a week later that the victim had broken down with nervous prostration and had been sent to a sanitarium!

Although it happened years ago, there still remains in my mind a call I received one crusty rainy day from the wife of a

minister. It was before the days of street cars, and she had walked through the downpour to ask me if my husband knew anything of the whereabouts of a certain colored laundress who attended her husband's church and who had been reported as in want. My caller's husband was in death, I felt she had been made a martyr to her husband's charge. I never heard that they were moved by remorse to mother the six little children she left behind!

One plucky parson whom I knew announced boldly when he accepted a call he wished it to be clearly understood the

herself. She was not to be president of the missionary society or of the benevolent organization or of the church guild or to run the infant class.

This is an excellent position to take but not easy to retain unless the church people are in sympathy with it. When they are

eager for him to make the best of his charge to throw herself into the work and attempt duties she has no business to assume.

I met such an one in a little country town last spring. The rector was underpaid and overworked. There was a cluster of

the clergyman's stated assistant or parish worker would have done if she had received a salary for her efforts. And the women of the congregation calmly permitted her to do it! Never did it seem to occur to them that they should throw themselves into the breach and lift some of the burden from her overweighed shoulders. She was the rector's wife and this was part of her job!

Sure to Be Criticised.

Even when fewer duties than the line of church work are laid upon the minister's wife, even when she is not found fault with and judged harshly when she does not call regularly upon all the members of the flock, even when she is not accused of having her own favorites among the church people and showing more attention to them than she does to others, criticism awaits her in other lines.

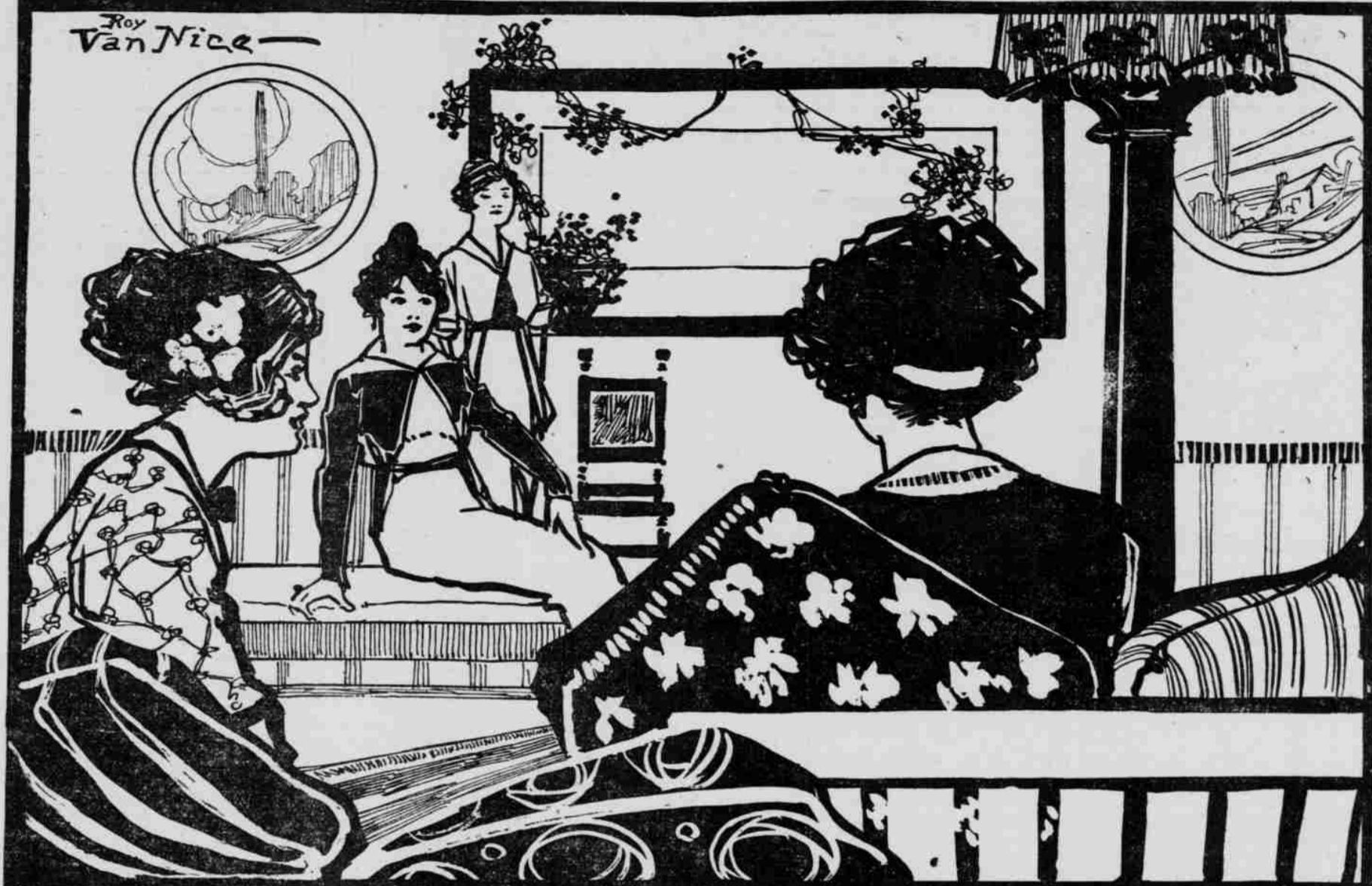
Shall I be making too sweeping a statement if I say that nearly every woman in the congregation feels she has the right to pick flaws in the housekeeping of the minister's wife, to demur at the manner in which she trains her children and manages her servants—to say nothing of the way she treats her husband?

Think of it carefully: be honest with yourself. Don't you hold the notion that you have a liberty in the parsonage or the rectory or the manse which you would not claim in the house of any one else whom you know no more intimately than you do your minister's wife? Don't you consider that you understand her duties and should suggest to her changes in her manner or her conduct as you never would to the ordinary friend or acquaintance? Don't you say sometimes that someone ought to speak to the pastor's wife about her neglect to call on this one or that, or upon the fact that her front steps are not so clean as they should be, or that her children whisper together in church or are late at Sunday school?

If you are guiltless of any of these inclinations the minister's wife in your church is lucky to have you as a member of her husband's congregation.

I am glad to think that more and more the parishes that can afford it are supplying their clergymen with helpers—authorized aids—in their work. We not only have the assistant minister or the curate; we have also the parish visitors, both men and women; the home missionaries, the deaconesses, and others of the same type. The time has either gone by or is going when all the labor the parson could not discharge was allotted his wife as a matter of course.

Yet even now she has not won her full right to her own individuality, to the privacy of her home, to the same status as the ordinary laywoman. Let me echo my correspondent and say that if this talk will result in sparing another woman what some minister's wives have endured I shall count it a rich reward.



Picture Not Overdrawn.

When I read such a letter as that and recollect my own experiences as the wife of a minister I feel I must have been an exceptionally fortunate woman. Occasional trifling annoyances there were, but they were merely pin pricks and could certainly not be identified by the name of "torture." No such trials as the writer's ever came my way.

Nevertheless I have seen and heard enough of the afflictions of other ministers'

bed with a cold and it was incumbent upon her to look up the needy parishioner. The haggard, worn face, the utter weariness of her whole drooping body touched me to the heart. When I learned a few weeks later of her complete breakdown, persistent insomnia, and then of her

convagation was engaging him and not his wife. She was in sympathy with his aims and was a devoted church worker, but he insisted she take only the part which any earnest Christian woman would feel she could perform without neglecting her duties to her home, her children, or

small children in the rectory—five under 12 years of age—and the salary did not warrant keeping a servant. Yet the rector's wife drilled the choir and sang in it, presided over the different church societies, attended all the services, made pastoral calls in the parish, and in every way served as

not backward to help the minister's wife should be "a true helpmate" and to point out how much more efficient are the wives of other clergymen who undertake to manage all the beneficent agencies of the parish it is only natural for a wife who has her husband's interests at heart and is

price and where to get it. Mrs. A. L. S. Unfortunately I cannot give you the information you wish, but there is no doubt that some of the Danish housekeepers who read the Corner will be able to help you out or that some one will know where you can get the book you wish. The names of the dishes you ask for I have printed just as you send them, and I take no authority for their correctness. Your name and address will go on file, and I hope before long there will be a call for them from some one who can supply either the recipes or the book.

MARION HARLAND'S HELPING HAND.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

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

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

THIS is a fine bread recipe, tested for years by the writer. Put a half cake of yeast into a half cup of warm water with three table-spoons of sugar. Do this in the morning. Boil three or four potatoes, mash them, and let them cool in the water in which they were boiled. When cool, add yeast and sugar and water, and put this to rise. I set my yeast to rise in the fireless cooker, and it keeps warm until bedtime, and I use a hot brick or flat iron in the cooker to help in cool weather. By evening it is in fine condition. Two and a half quarts of the liquid will make about four loaves. I put together a small half cup of shortening and two table-spoons of salt and add this to the liquid, and then stir in enough flour to make a good dough. Let it rise over night and you will have bread fit for a king. R. M. T.

I give this recipe because the writer claims so much for it, but she makes no mention of kneading or working it, and for that reason I do not think as highly of it as I do of the following, which came to me by the same mail:

"I have a fine bread recipe, which I think many would find useful. Dissolve one cake yeast in two cups lukewarm water and put with it enough flour to make a thin batter. Set in a moderately warm place over night. In the morning put with the mixture a quart and a half of flour, two cups scalded milk, a tablespoon and a half of butter and the same of lard, two table-spoons sugar and one of salt. Knead thoroughly and set in a warm place until double its first size, then make into loaves and place in pans to raise again. This makes four loaves and a pan of light rolls."

A while ago some one wrote asking for a recipe for breadmaking, and said she wanted something fitted to guide a fool! I knew just what she meant, for to the inexperienced breadmaker the process is full of pitfalls and possibilities of mistakes.

The second recipe I have given with its exact measurements, and its instruction to let the bread raise to twice its original bulk includes no guesswork by the breadmaker at breadmaking with a likelihood of good results. I wish all who send in recipes would not take for granted too much knowledge on the part of the reader, but would make every detail clear, for the sake of the possible ignoramus.

Way to Hang Lace Curtains.

"Will you please tell me the correct way to hang lace curtains? I am an Englishwoman and a young housekeeper, and I come to you for help. I notice most people have the curtains only the length of the windows. I have some fine Irish point and other expensive curtains, and it seems such a pity to cut these curtains, as they are three and a half yards long.

"Mrs. E. F. S."

Indeed it would be a pity, and more than a pity, to cut such curtains as those. A few years ago when in Dublin I bought Irish lace curtains for myself, and no matter what the passing fashion nothing would induce me to cut the draperies. I know it is the fashion to have curtains the length of the window, but it is also good style to have them fall to the floor, and you need not feel yourself out of the mode if you follow the latter method; or you may make your curtains approximately window length by your way of hanging them. Throw them over the pole instead of pinning them and suspending them from rings, and drape the superfluous amount as a sort of flounce or valance at the top of the curtain. I have done this myself with great success at a window, where I did not wish to have the curtains fall the full length. Do not be back your curtains, but let them hang straight.

Directions for Washing Comforts.

"Some one asked for directions for washing comforts, and I was so successful with some last spring I am glad to send this: "Then lay the comfort out flat and draw into shape, making all smooth. Note whether any of the ties are loosened or not, and if so retie, and tie more in the center of each square, as no cotton will remain in place properly unless the tufts are well and securely fastened."

"Then place the comfort in a tub of lukewarm water in which has been dissolved a small handful of borax. Press down and keep under water for one hour. In the meantime scrape and dissolve thoroughly one-half cake good white soap in a gallon of hot water and add to the tub, pressing down the comfort so that the soap is well mixed in the water. Let it soak another hour. Work with the hands by pressing down for a few minutes, then take a small scrubbing brush, using more

soap, and scrub the soiled places, but do not rub on the washboard.

"Rinse by using plenty of water, at least twice, and hang on line from one end, employing a good number of pins. As soon as it begins to dry at top change and hang from the other end, or if you have clean grass to spread it upon place it with the wrong side to the sun and shake lightly occasionally until it has partly dried, when it can be hung on a line.

"Let me add that the Corner appeals to me because there are so many genuine helps and there is such a neighborly spirit throughout the whole. J. M. S."

Thank you for the directions, which differ somewhat from those already supplied by other housekeepers, and thus go to confirm what I have always declared, that there is more than one right way of doing a thing well. I am happy to know, too, you have found the Corner of help

and that you feel the neighborly spirit as much as the rest of us do. Let us hear from you again.

A Danish Cook Book.

"I would like to inquire if there is any way in which I could obtain a Danish cook book, or if I could get some good recipes for sweet soup, alebaker, and klinter. I would like a book if I could get

one and would gladly buy it if I knew the price and where to get it. Mrs. A. L. S."

Unfortunately I cannot give you the information you wish, but there is no doubt that some of the Danish housekeepers who read the Corner will be able to help you out or that some one will know where you can get the book you wish. The names of the dishes you ask for I have printed just as you send them, and I take no authority for their correctness. Your name and address will go on file, and I hope before long there will be a call for them from some one who can supply either the recipes or the book.

FAMILY MEALS FOR A WEEK

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| <p>SUNDAY.
BREAKFAST.
Bananas and cream puffed rice (eat them together).
Eggs.
Popovers.
Toast.
Coffee.</p> <p>LUNCHEON.
Beef loaf.
Yorkshire tea cakes.
Hashed potatoes, browned.
Endive salad.
Crackers.
Jam.
Iced tea.</p> <p>DINNER.
Cream of lettuce soup.
Roast shoulder of veal.
Baked fresh tomatoes.
Potatoes browned in pan.
Strawberry ice cream.
Cake.</p> <p>MONDAY.
BREAKFAST.
Cereal and cream.
Dried beef with egg.
Rolls.
Toast.
Coffee.</p> <p>LUNCHEON.
Mince from beef loaf heated, with remainder of baked tomatoes.
Lyonnaise potatoes (a leftover).
Cake.
Iced tea.</p> <p>DINNER.
Cream of carrot soup.
Mutton chops en casserole, with green peas and Parisian potatoes.
Baked macaroni and cheese.
Fresh raspberries and cream.
Coffee.</p> <p>TUESDAY.
BREAKFAST.
Stewed rhubarb.
Maple flakes and cream.
Bacon.</p> | <p>Poached eggs.
Toast.
Quick biscuit.
Coffee.</p> <p>LUNCHEON.
Savory stew from remainder of mutton chops.
Baked potatoes.
Toasted biscuit left over from breakfast.
Strawberry jam.
Ginger snaps.
Tea.</p> <p>DINNER.
Clear tomato soup.
Veal curry (a leftover).
Iced bananas.
Boiled rice.
String beans.
Strawberry shortcake.
Coffee.</p> <p>WEDNESDAY.
BREAKFAST.
Oranges.
Cereal and cream.
Creamed eggs.
Corn muffins.
Coffee.</p> <p>LUNCHEON.
Cold veal, sliced (a leftover from Sunday).
Fresh tomatoes sliced.
Rice soufflé (a leftover).
Stewed prunes.
Cake.</p> <p>DINNER.
Brown potato soup.
Broiled steak.
French fried potatoes.
Young beets.
Queen of puddings.
Coffee.</p> <p>THURSDAY.
BREAKFAST.
Oranges.
Hominy and cream.
Bacon omelet.
Whole wheat biscuit.
Toast.
Coffee.</p> <p>LUNCHEON.
Hash of beef and potatoes (a leftover).
Toasted biscuit (a leftover).</p> | <p>Roast salad with lettuce (a leftover).
Hot gingerbread.
Iced tea.</p> <p>DINNER.
Vegetable soup.
Stuffed calves' hearts.
New peas.
New potatoes.
Asparagus.
Strawberry ice.
Coffee.</p> <p>FRIDAY.
BREAKFAST.
Cereal and cream.
Creamed codfish.
Rolls.
Toast.
Coffee.</p> <p>LUNCHEON.
Warmred over Brunswick stew.
Popovers.
Strawberry loaf.
Tea.</p> <p>DINNER.
Lamb soup (foundation from Brunswick stew).
Riced potatoes.
Asparagus.
Bread and raisin pudding.
Coffee.</p> <p>SATURDAY.
BREAKFAST.
Oranges.
Cereal and cream.
Shirred eggs.
Quick Sally Luncheon.
Coffee.</p> <p>LUNCHEON.
Creamed salmon in nappies (leftover).
Cheese toast, baked.
Asparagus salad (a leftover).
Cookies.
Tea.</p> <p>DINNER.
Barley broth.
Veal cutlet with tomato sauce.
Potato puff (a leftover).
Lima beans.
Splachub.
Cake.
Coffee.</p> | <p>have a frame to dry it on, as you would a sweater in like circumstances, you must watch it carefully and pull it into shape as it dries. If you don't take great pains you will get it out of shape hopelessly. For this reason I think you would be wiser to put it into the hands of the professional cleaner.</p> <p>The white ribbon is another matter. Wash that, also, in suds made of warm water and a good white soap, rinse it in water of the same heat, to which you have added a trifle of bluing, hang it to dry, and while it is still damp press it between two thick smooth cloths. If you do the work properly there is no reason why it should not come out looking all right. If you prefer, wash it in gasoline, keeping this away from the fire or a light. Flip up and down in the gasoline, rubbing solid spots between your fingers and pouring the gasoline off and exchanging it for fresh when the first is soiled. But I think you can do as well with soap and water if you follow the directions I have given.</p> <p>Should any of my readers have trustworthy instructions for washing a chamolais vest I would be glad to receive and print them.</p> <p>Dog for Protection.</p> <p>"My husband is away from home much of the time. I have five small children, and we live in the suburbs and I am constantly afraid of the house being broken into by some lawless men in the town. Do you suppose that any of your readers could help me in securing a collie or a Newfoundland dog? I will be so glad to get one for the protection of my children and myself. I am not able to pay either express or freight, but I would be grateful to receive one."</p> <p>"Mrs. G. M."</p> <p>The home of the correspondent is in Mississippi, so that any one who could give the dog probably would have to pay a good sized sum for its transportation unless it was sent from nearby. I hold the address and will be glad to send it to any one who wishes to supply her request.</p> <p>"Caleb's Courtship."</p> <p>"Will you kindly inform me if any one of the readers of the Corner can tell me where I can get a recitation called 'Caleb's Courtship'? It begins something like this: 'I had no time for courtin' when I was young and gay. I saw it once in a magazine and if any reader will furnish me with a copy I will gladly pay postage on it. D. D. C.'"</p> <p>To you I make the same response I did to the writer of the preceding letter. Your application may meet the eye of some one who can grant your wish, and in the hope of this I have your address on file.</p> |
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