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THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

MRS. PAT DONAVAN'S SOLILOQUY.

Indade it's meself that's proud,
Look at thim clothes,
They're as white on the loine,
As the foine driven snows
It pays, fa' th, to boil 'em
And rince thim out twice,
And blue thim and wring them
As toight as a rice.

Ough! There isn't a neighbor
On all the whole strate,
That has anything loike them,
So snowy and ewate.
Sure! I jist long for wash day,
To hang out me clothes,
And have thim a envyin'
The loikes of thim snows.

And thin how I hang thim out!
First comes the shates,
Tee slips and the coverlids,
The big loine completes
The 'kerchiefs, the col'lars,
The aprons and shirts,
And thin I top off wid
A foine row of skirts.

Now, there's Mrs. Flanagan's loine
If you plaze,
Ough! You'd think that the wash
Had been hung by a braze.
It's muddy and suddly,
Half rinsed in the blue;
And the wash to the woman
Jist gives one a clew.

Sure Pat often scolds me
Fur taken me tolm',
And wearin' me strength out.
Wid the wash on the loine.
But faith! I jist stops him,
Fur right proud is he,
Whin I tell him the wash
Is an index to me.

Sure ivery thing 'round us
Is only to spake
Of the thought that is in us,
From wake unto wake.
The bread and the bafstake,
The shine of the tin,
They're all but reflections
Of the heart that's widin.

—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

CHEESE-MAKING.

Some of Mrs. M. C. M.'s questions on the subject of cheese making we are able to answer by information gained from works on dairying. We will leave our cheese-makers to give their processes in detail. The rennet lies at the foundation of successful cheese-making, and in the early stages of the process lie the secret of success. The curd sours by the natural fermentation of the sugar of the milk, and this, at the proper stage, is stopped at that stage by the salting. The rennet must be added at the proper temperature—from 80 degs. Fab. upward, and in the

proper quantity, and in both these points experience is the best guide. Rich milk requires more rennet to make firm curd than thin milk. The richness of cheese depends very much upon the amount of butter or oily matter it contains. The rennet does not act upon the atoms of butter, but affects the caseine of the milk alone; the oily particles are imbedded in the curd and add richness. Skim-milk cheese is therefore hard and tough, while a cheese made entirely of cream will not keep, and lacks firmness. The best cheese is made from full milk, to which some extra cream has been added. This answers the question as to what makes cheese soft and mild. The keeping qualities and flavor depend upon the complete separation of the whey from the curd, and on the amount of oily matter retained in the curd, the latter being driven off by over-heating.

An experienced cheesemaker heats the curd to a temperature of 96 degrees, adds rennet enough to turn it in half an hour, (exact quantity not stated,) lets it stand half or three-quarters of an hour, then cuts or "crosses" the curd, letting it stand another half hour, working it very carefully with a skimmer. When the curd begins to settle she dips off the whey, heats it to 102 degrees and returns it to the curd, drains and cuts again, and salts at the rate of one teacupful of salt to 14 pounds of curd. A more exact ratio of salting is one pound to 25 pounds of curd.

In regard to what causes cheese to be "strong," one dairy authority says that if the curd is allowed to remain too long in the curd vat or in the "dripper" before the whey is completely extracted, the curd becomes too cold and acquires an acrid or pungent taste. The time of pressing seems to vary from one-and-a-half to three days. Another authority takes it from the press at the end of twenty-four hours, and after it has been in press six hours, it is taken out of the hoop, covered with stout muslin, turned, and put back again. The cheese is turned and rubbed with butter-oil and annatto three times a week till cured. Many good cheese makers prefer to press for two days, at least, claiming that the cheese is injured by too great haste at this point. As regards the last inquiry, if the curd is scalded too much the oily particles which give richness and flavor, pass off with the whey, leaving a flavorless article; the same thing happens if the milk is curdled below 84 degrees.

A uniform temperature is best for curing. Prof. Arnold says if the air is moist, or the room a little damp the cheeses dry out less and cure more evenly, and in the end make a more meaty and richer cheese than in dryer and more changeable upper rooms, but a room should not be so damp as to mold very much.

There seems a mysterious vagueness about the directions for cheese making; much seems to depend on conditions peculiar to the time and place, as strength of the rennet, ripeness of the curd, etc., in which experience is the best guide. When pursuing the study of this interesting subject one feels inclined to apostrophize the shining lights on cheese making as poor Bella Wilfer did "The Complete British Housewife," "Oh you ridiculous old thing, what do you mean by that!"

SALT-RISING BREAD AND CHEESE-MAKING.

I have gathered many useful, as well as beautiful ideas from our little Household, and I feel it is but just to contribute my mite, even if small. Beatrix's entreaties have often moved me, and many others have touched a responsive chord in my heart. Last fall a letter from Hamlin, on the shore of old Ontario, sent me to my desk, to send a response at once; but do any of you, dear sister housekeepers, ever leave unfinished a well begun job of any kind? Happy are you if you have finished all your work. I forfeit all claims to perfection when I admit that my unfinished work counts far more than I wish it did. But, Huldah, don't try to make an incubator of your stove and bake the same day; it is not necessary. Pour half a cup of boiling milk on a large spoonful of Indian meal, and nothing else, set it in a covered pail—one of the children's dinner pails will answer—and keep it warm, not hot. Do not travel it about the stove pipe, set it in the sun if it is warm enough. It may thicken or clabber on top, that won't hurt it. It will rise sometime, and when it does set it in as cool a place as you have, and next morning scald two-thirds of your flour, cool with cold water, put in a small spoonful of salt and one of soda; heat it up well and it will soon rise. Mix soft, about like cookie dough, and drop into your pans, and if your bread is not good enough for Evangeline to write about, let Old School Teacher criticise it. These little friendly tilts of loving difference only bind more closely the hearts

of the Household. But your bread will surely be moist and good, and that will help you; but nothing will ever make you like housekeeping if it be not born in you. I think nothing is more trying than the ever beginning, never ending routine of housework to one whose soul is not attuned to the music of cooking, cleaning, creating. So cultivate your liking as well as you can, do cheerfully what you have chosen as your life work, and endurance will come, though the real love for the household duties, I think, is found in those only who love it to begin with, and they are our noblest, wisest, best. We who are not so gifted will try to not envy them, and make ours a labor of love, if not a love for our labor.

Mrs. M. C. M. should let the whey stand on the curd until the latter will squeak in the teeth. Let it scald slowly; it should be at least an hour. It should remain in press at least 24 hours, and use about a teacup of salt to 100 pounds. It should be cured in a dry, warm room, and be rubbed and turned every day and greased as often as it gets dry and cracks a little. Some cheese are softer, and keep themselves moist by rubbing. If you scald your curd too much it will be tough and stringy. It is hard to tell always what makes strong cheese, and the limits of the Household are too small for a general essay on cheese-making. Judgment and practice will help you, if you have the first principles.

BATTLE CREEK.

REBECCA.

VACATION IN MY SUMMER PARLOR.

I had intended to ascend to my eyrie and proceed to horrify our trim little Household with a heretical dictum on some one of the questions now before the house, as for instance, love, laziness, thrift, boys, cats, cucumbers or the wisdom of foolishness. But oh dear! I don't wonder that tropical people are indolent! For whenever, as on this torrid afternoon, I am from sheer force of circumstances and the uncontrollable weather—one of them—I adopt the customs of their country, sans one conscientious cramp or quiver.

Thus it is that instead of being "up there" working out some abstruse problem in domestic science for the confounding of my fellow females, I am out here in the coolest shade, where the bright blossoms shine, where the humming birds—as tame as bees—trail tender music through the air, drinking nectar at every flower's fountain, where great sleepy butterflies float about as though it were ecstasy itself to simply move with the currents of the soft, sweet, sultry air, where the patter of the leaves on the stately old aspen sounds ever like the gently falling drops of a summer shower, where the spirits of earth and air meet and council in the branches of the old elm, towering so high to meet the clouds, where a myriad of minstrels chirp and fife in the green, tender grass, where "a world of birds," tired of play and of praise, are talking in the sleep of their

afternoon siesta, while now and then some irrepressible feathered "boy" sends a rollicking song or whistle over the hills or down the dales, where the quail talks off his wise little warning, where the chuck of the chipmunk and the trinkle and clank of bells among distant flocks and herds blend in the delightful symphony. Its lullaby lures me on, on, to Lotus land, past my castles in Spain, past the names in the sand.

But hark! A new voice breaks forth in the harmony! 'Tis like the patient, plaintive heart-grieving voice of a "living sorrow." It comes from among the crimson lances of the regiment of sumachs, deporting themselves so gaily in their annual dress parade on the hillside, across the street. Dear little bird—mourning dove the poets have named you—did your bird wisdom teach you the symbol, and send you into that gay crowd to sing for me your sobbing vesper song?

E. L. NYE.

HOME-IN-THE-HILLS.

AMERICA'S GREAT FUNERAL.

After reading in various papers accounts of the Grant "obsequies," I was led to ask myself the question, Was Grant more than mortal, that his memory could not be revered and honored by the citizens of the United States without such an ostentatious display and lavish expenditure at his funeral in New York? Think you not that if he could have foreseen before his death there would have been so much of this needless display and expense, he, like the venerable Peter Cooper, would have asked to have been carried to his final resting place in a more quiet manner? Would it not have been more like his manner when here among us.

He was looked upon as the greatest man of the age; he did much, very much, for our Republic, and its people are patriotic enough to revere and cherish his memory without such enormous expense to our government for his burial. I say government, because I see that it has cost over \$2,200,000, and that steps have already been taken to have Congress appropriate the money for the funeral proper, while New York City was peculiarly benefitted to the amount of \$5,000,000 by the money left there by visitors. If Grant was buried there, the city was to erect a monument to cost another million, but now Congress will be asked to pay for it, while the city will be benefitted. Is it right our people should be taxed for such a purpose? Every man's purse is his own, and if he wishes to contribute to such a memorial, let him do so.

I, like Mollie Moonshine, think that too much of the people's money is used in an unprofitable manner, and that the national grief could have been better shown by this money being used for charitable purposes. Let a sum of money be used to erect a home for some of the poor, homeless children of the great city, and named after Grant; would it not be a nobler and grander memorial to him?

GRAND BLANC.

BETTY.

HOME HOSPITAL HINTS, NO. 2.

NURSING.

The majority of physicians frankly admit that more depends on good nursing than medicine, therefore we have a double incentive to prepare ourselves in this almost lost art of woman's province—viz., to alleviate suffering and save the lives of our loved ones. It is all nonsense to suppose that only those possessing a "natural gift" can succeed. A child in her first attempts at sewing is always awkward, apparently stupid, yet learns to become skillful. Just so first attempts at caring for the sick may seem to the anxious nurse a dismal failure. Yet she can learn to step lightly, to talk little and low, to shut doors noiselessly, to give earnest attention to trifles, and with a little instruction become a veritable blessing to the suffering invalid.

So many chapters might be written on this subject I am at a loss to know just how to confine myself to the limits of a letter, and yet present all the most practical points. I must also bear in mind that in most families little thought or care is given till disease enters the home, and that few houses are commodious enough to permit of a room being kept expressly for a "hospital chamber."

Much of the welfare of the patient depends upon trifles that we seldom or never think of unless we have chanced to have suffered them. For instance, did you ever observe that seven times in ten the bed in the bedroom was so placed that the full light from some window glares straight into your eyes? First then let us look well to the ways of our sick-room, and see that it not only has an opening for fresh air to come in but also one for foul air to go out. Let us also, at the expense of personal comfort, choose an upper chamber, away from kitchen odors and all noise and confusion, especially if the disease be an infectious one, because the air of the sickroom and the spores and scales which carry the disease, naturally float upward, and otherwise would infect the whole house.

Next, if the room is large enough to admit of it, pull the bedstead out from the walls far enough to admit of your moving freely all around it, yet out of the way of drafts, and so placed that the light falls in indirect rays. If a woven wire mattress and thin hair bed is out of the question, a straw bed, fresh and sweet, is the next best thing, but never a feather bed—which absorbs the disease as a sponge water—and which, however comfortable in health, becomes a torment to the sick and feverish. Over the bed spread a rubber sheet (it will cost fifty cents, in some localities possibly a dollar) and over that an old blanket to keep the patient from chill of rubber, and then the sheets. A fine, old one is best. I have seen the time when new sheets were misery. For covering use wool blankets—quilts are too heavy, and exclude too much air. A small hair pillow is a great comfort. You can get the material and make one at a cost of seventy-five cents. Have the patient's clothing open all the

way down, to obviate the necessity of putting it on over the head.

Strict cleanliness is absolutely necessary, not only of room and patient but of every article used, and also of the nurse. Don't bridle up and take offense at that remark, for many things that we carelessly deem "good enough" are not clean enough for the sick chamber. Is it not a familiar sight to see the same spoon, unwashed, serve for doses a dozen times? Is not the same tumbler offered fevered lips again and again? And do we not pride ourselves on our neatness, and yet permit this? See that all slops are carried immediately from the room and buried—not thrown upon the ground to sour and mould and breed disease germs. Change the bed and clothing as often as the state of the patient will admit, and if it is not convenient to have them washed every day, see that they are hung out in the sun or near the fire to be thoroughly dried and aired. Oh, the rest and refreshment of clean, sweet clothes when my body was racked with typhoid fever! I shall always bless my mother for her untiring zeal in this matter. Remember a nurse cannot be too careful of her own habits and appearance. Bathe frequently, and spend at least one hour per day in the open air for your own rest and refreshment. Wear neatly fitting, washing dresses that do not rustle with starch, and have a care that no stray locks are left to worry tired eyes or weak stomach.

Keep all medicines closely covered in a cool, dark place outside of the sickroom, and use fresh water, spoons and tumblers every time. Whatever the dose may be, give the patient no hint or sight of it till it is ready to be swallowed, and then offer it as quietly as a cup of water. I have seen children made rebellious by being coaxed and talked to all the time the dose was being prepared, and I could not blame them for refusing to swallow it.

Don't fuss about the patient, or the sick-room, asking all sorts of questions and what you can do for him, but watch for, and as far as possible anticipate his wants. Don't wear an anxious, solemn face, and don't sit and rock, even if the chair does not creak. Avoid resting or sitting on the patient's bed for your sake as well as his.

Study all the arts of comfort for the sick. Cool and rest a fevered patient by frequently bathing the entire body. Wring out of hot water a soft cloth or sponge, and reaching under the covers so as not to wet them, rub slowly and gently. Sometimes a little vinegar or alcohol added to the water is more refreshing. Or instead of bathing so often, lay wet clothes on the wrists and back of the neck and fan them, which soon cools the whole body. A hot head should be wet on the top and sides, for a wet cloth on the forehead affords little relief.

When one suffers from a chill, put on a flannel nightgown and drawers, and woolen stockings. Place hot bricks to the spine and feet, and something warm to held in the hands, and cover with blankets next to the person, which will warm

him much sooner than cotton gown and sheets. It seems to me no house should be without a flannel nightgown, and yet I seldom see one. It is such an inexpensive luxury, too. A good quality of cotton and wool, mixed, can be bought here for fifteen cents per yard, which, though coarse, serves the purpose very well, and when washed is delightfully soft and warm.

Cover all compresses and poultices with warm, dry flannel to keep the heat in, and be particular not to let the clothes or bedding remain wet. Never leave poultices lying about to dry and taint the air, and remember that a poultice should have a thin layer of cloth between it and the skin, especially a mustard poultice. As soon as a medicine is discarded empty the bottle, cleanse thoroughly and stand out in the sun and air to sweeten and purify.

Have as few nurses as possible; seldom more than one at a time, and insist that no whispering be heard. Speak in low, audible tones. Take for your rule C. C. Q., *i. e.*, clean, cool, quiet; and adhere to it in the face of all the growling that may be heard from family, friends or neighbors.

I feel that I have scarcely treated the subject fully or fairly, but space is limited, and I hope that more is suggested than is written.

DATTON, O.

I. F. N.

WHAT WE OWE TO PARENTS.

Seldom do we read a book or paper but we find something in regard to the training of children, admonishing parents of the great responsibilities resting upon them, and of the care and thought to be exercised in order to bring them up aright. I admit all this, but why this continual preach, preach? Are any parents, especially mothers, liable to lose sight of the fact that they have a great task before them? Why not say something of the love and duty we owe to our parents, and which our children owe to us; respect or reverence for the aged is a rare flower among the youth of to-day.

Parents toil and plan and sacrifice the most, perhaps all, of which makes life pleasant and desirable, for what? Many times to be loved and honored in their declining years; but far oftener to be regarded with indifference; and if old age renders them feeble or decrepid they are considered the greatest of burdens, and what is more, they are made to feel themselves in the way. Children accept the fruits of a lifetime's labor as coolly as they would a month's wages, and with as little gratitude, without a thought or care for the long years of patient toil and self denial which it represents. It is the dearest wish of every parent to do all in their power for the good of their children, and in their zeal for their happiness and prosperity in the world so utterly forget themselves, that they unconsciously teach them to be selfish and ungrateful; most children get the impression very young, that there is no sacrifice too great to be made for them. Of course there are

many exceptions to this rule, but in the main it is only too true.

There is one far more important lesson than many we read of, and that is to impress upon the young the honor and respect due to the aged, both by precept and example. When people are more careful to do this, we shall hear less of boys, and men too, referring to father and mother as the "old man" or "the governor," and the "old lady," or "old woman" instead of the sacred name of mother. And but little more can be said for women and girls. Many people ascribe this want of respect and gratitude to the present "high pressure" way of living, but I contend that the times are as good as ever they were, and that the style of living to-day should tend toward improving our children than otherwise, but I will close, hoping some abler pen will give us an article on this subject.

MRS. F. N. B.

A FLOWER TALK.

Dahlia seed is offered for sale by most florists, I think, and unless we have choice in varieties and are particular about the doubleness of them, it is a very interesting way to raise dahlias, for if they are well started and cared for after planting out they will bloom early, give us fine and perhaps some very choice plants. But perchance we have all colors but one or two and desire these, or many with good color, but imperfectly formed or filled. If we order just what we wish of a reliable florist, we make sure of them by buying roots. One of the most unique dahlia blooms I ever saw I raised from seed several years ago. It was a bronze red, with shades of purple on the under petals, and all as distinctly spotted as a good calceolaria. I answered the question "What is it?" repeatedly during the fair. I have many lovely colors and shades in bloom now, "and yet there's more to follow." Three Japan lilies are now in bloom and bud, also Rubrum and Auratum, and a double-flowered Althea, very beautiful indeed. I never have made so perfect a success with Gloxinias as this season; I potted them and set in a hotbed, and as they seemed doing well there I let them remain, and they are literally loaded with blossoms. Of course the bottom heat subsided long ago, and the cover is now only cotton cloth, so it is really but a cold frame and seems to suit those gloxinias precisely. I am glad to know there are others in the Household who thoroughly appreciate lilies, for to me there can be no other flower so perfect in all respects, so thoroughly satisfying as are those pure fragrant floral gems. Lilies can be had in very good succession from lily of the valley early in spring until the Day lily, which in the ground is now just coming into bloom, and will last until frost usually, and is just as pure white and fragrant as *Candidum*, though perhaps not quite as large. I keep them bedded out, giving protection in winter.

Now I will step down, or up, from this floral subject, and tell Huldah Perkins how I manage, for the salt-rising bread is

a necessity with Aaron also. I begin at night with a teacup in which I put two spoonfuls of corn meal or middlings, and a pinch each of soda, salt and sugar, and pour in boiling water until quite thin. I set this in a large bowl of warm water and cover, and by putting in the oven over night, it will keep warm enough to rise and make the basis of the emptyings in the morning early, and the baking be done with the other work, unless there is something wrong with the material. MRS. M. A. FULLER.

FENTON.

WHO IS THE AGRICULTURAL "HOUSEMOTHER."

Wednesday is my day for reading the weekly papers, to-day I have indeed enjoyed a feast. After spending the morning hours in picking sweet corn, gathering apples and giving the hired man directions about setting out a bed of strawberries, I was glad to rest in the shade, and peruse the columns of the FARMER.

There was a word in the first article, "The Agricultural College and Its Graduates," that specially attracted my attention. The word was "House-mother." I thought, what does that mean? is there a department of Domestic Economy at the College, where girls may study hygiene, chemistry, botany, horticulture, gardening, etc? If so that is news to me; I supposed only young men were admitted as students.

I am not a housekeeper or inventor, but will give one or two hints that may help Huldah Perkins about getting that bread baked before bed time. Soapstones will hold heat several hours; we have one about the size of two bricks which mother sometimes warms and sets the bread upon to rise, covering the bread and stone with a large tin pan. Another plan of keeping anything warm is this: Take a piece of board or plank eight inches wide, and fifteen inches long, a wooden standard is firmly fastened into one end of this, with a ring at the top, an iron rod is run down through the ring into the base, the other end of the rod is bent over and into a ring, on this ring set the dish of water or whatever you wish to heat, and under the ring place a kerosene lamp. A lamp with an argand burner supplies a large amount of heat and little smoke, if there is a space of two or three inches between the chimney and dish above.

I wonder if any of the Household sisters will attend the meeting of the American Pomological Society at Grand Rapids? If nothing happens to prevent I shall be there and should be happy to make your acquaintance. If you see a little woman with face and hands tanned nearly as brown as her dress, eyes and ears open trying to learn as much as possible about raising and selling fruit, you may make up your mind that is

JUSTINA.

APPLICANTS for gar-fish scales are to send to the lady who offered them in the Household, not to the Household Editor.

THIS AND THE OTHER.

I do not wonder Mrs. W. J. G. had a fit of the "shivers" in contemplating a parlor patterned after the poetic description given. I think Oliver Wendell Holmes must have known a parlor presided over by an old maid, the seventh in direct descent, to have become so thoroughly infiltrated with pious, prudish primness, and to have overcome him with its proper, chilling, sepulchral gloom. From such a parlor as this good—see the ritual. But a home parlor, where we can when tired, find refuge among things that do not suggest kitchen, where we may play we are visitors, and enjoy a book, or visit with friends of the Household, this kind of a parlor adds to home happiness.

I think none of us have yet thanked "grandmamma B." for the pen picture of our "Household Baby." It gave me genuine pleasure, and doubtless many others shared the feeling. By the way A. H. J., do not forget how many have an interest in our oldest child, and please let us hear of her welfare.

Talk of the "days that tried men's souls," have not the hot days of the passing summer tried women's souls, bodies and temper, too well; the only wonder is that we have not evaporated, leaving not even a grease spot. Have not some of you felt yourselves fry? But the cool waves come and give us relief, and we gather strength for another contest. Soon the swiftly passing summer will be no more, and autumn, with its gorgeous robes will be with us, only to yield to winter's frost—such is life.

A. L. L.

INGLESIDE.

SOMETHING TO THINK ABOUT.

I have two questions, or conundrums, to propose to our Household circle.

What shall the wife do whose husband employs all the new machinery in his work, acknowledging its necessity and labor-saving qualities, yet thinks his wife can "get along" with the old dash churn, the tin pans, old fashioned stove, and pounding barrel process in her work; and is unwilling to introduce into the house the labor-saving contrivances he so freely makes use of for his own comfort and convenience?

A father and two sons, of six and three years of age, are seated together. The elder boy is eating an apple; the younger wants it, and the father takes it from the elder, cuts off a piece, gives it to the younger and returns the apple to the elder. The younger, angry at not receiving the whole, throws the piece into the father's face, and begins to scream. What ought the father to do? What do you suppose he did do? BEATRIX.

OUR Strong Minded Girl is "all broke up" at being made to say "Love is gradually built; we climb up to sit on the rounds of trust, knowledge," etc. We hasten to release her from this uncomfortable position by explaining her meaning to be "we climb up to it," etc.

A CORRESPONDENT asks how a set of silver spoons intended for a wedding present should be marked, with the bride's maiden or married name. With the maiden name or initial.

MRS. J. P. P., of Wisner, Tuscola Co., asks if her pickles will keep if she dilutes the vinegar with water. Unless the vinegar is made too weak there will be no difficulty. The acid of very strong vinegar eats the pickles and makes them soft; if too weak, they will be tasteless and not keep well.

A LADY says, in the *Germantown Telegraph*, that on baking day she makes up an extra amount of biscuit dough, so as to leave a good piece in the tray; when she gets her custards ready—which is usually while getting dinner—take the dough and work in it a good piece of lard, and, if you like, add one well-beaten egg. She thinks this fully as good as puff paste, and it does not consume half the time or care that the paste does.

THE following, from the *Country Gentleman*, will commend itself to our old housekeepers and is a valuable point to the inexperienced: "Among the most important of the minor points of management, is the picking up after meals. This is a chance for almost ruinous waste, or for a brilliant economy. No thrifty housekeeper can afford to leave it to others, least of all to servants. Only the trained eye will see in these broken portions, the half of what can be done with them. The fixed determination that no good food shall be wasted, ought to be with every housewife as much a matter of morals as of economy. The management of meat is one of the best tests of the acquirements of a cook. From the choosing of the cut to the final disposition of the last fragment, there is room for the use of skill and knowledge. There are scores of girls who can make beautiful cake to one who knows how to cook and care for the far more important meat."

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