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THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

MAMMA.

"It's 'Mamma!' here and 'Mamma!' there,
Till I am like to drop;
It's 'Mamma! Mamma!' all the time,
O, will it never stop?"

"It's 'Mamma! Mamma! Mamma!' till
It would wear out a saint!
Ah, poor, tired mother! Thus I hear
You oft-times make complaint.

But when the quiet night descends,
And every voice is still:
O, does no vague but haunting fear
Your gentle bosom fill?

O, does no sudden heart-throb make
You seek the children's beds,
And call Heaven's blessings down upon
Their precious curly heads?

Their little hands make mischief, and
Their little feet make noise;
But, O, what could you do without
These naughty girls and boys?

Ah, think of lonely mothers who
All day in silence sit;
Across those hearthstones nothing now
But ghostly shadows flit!

Ah, think of those who never hear
The sweet child voices call;
Whose empty arms reach out to find
No little ones at all!

THE PRESERVE CLOSET.

To the housekeeper, as to the farmer, summer is the harvest of the year. Berries and stone fruits are to be canned and preserved and jamed, and vegetables canned and dried for winter use; and there are many women who think their supply is "short" unless they have ranged in orderly rows in closet or cellar, at least a hundred cans of fruit. It is said that canned fruits were found in the ruins of Pompeii, and that the enterprising American who re-discovered the process made a fortune out of his knowledge. However that may be, the method came quickly into favor among housekeepers, and the pound-for-pound preserves which were the pride of our grandmothers' hearts in their young days, and so expensive when sugar was scarce and high, are almost obsolete. What a treat we children thought that clear, translucent fruit, dripping with its amber juices! How glad we were to see company come whose station would call for the best the house afforded, and how we endured the minister whose clerical garb and catechizing struck terror to our souls, because we knew if we "were good" we should share in the dainties that graced the tea-table in his honor!

My first lesson in housekeeping lore was in the making of peach preserves, when I was not quite nine years old. Very awk-

ward fingers pared the great yellow peaches in thin, but rather irregular "peelings," and a most important personage I felt myself as I weighed the sugar and fruit and laboriously dipped the scum from the kettle. And when the precious conserve—there must have been about three pints of it—was poured out into the pretty mottled jar, and set away to cool, and I brought my father in to inspect and sample it, I felt as if I was really quite what he called me, "a little woman."

Almost every woman has her own way of canning fruit. Some make very laborious work of it, others manage the task quite easily; part of the secret lies in the executive ability of the worker. It is really a very simple process. A porcelain-lined kettle, or an earthen dish, to cook the fruit in and a wooden or silver spoon to stir it, that it may not be darkened by contact with tin or iron; good cans—and there is none better than the Mason—with new rubbers and perfect tops; fresh fruit and granulated sugar, are all the necessities. The fruit is much more apt to keep without fermenting if put up when perfectly fresh. And as the granulated sugar is more free from impurities than "coffee A" or whitey brown, it is cheaper to buy the best quality.

I confess I am unable to discover any particular difference between fruit cooked in the can by boiling in a water-bath, and that where sugar and fruit are put together and ladled into the can when cooked sufficiently; unless it be that possibly that cooked in the can may be a trifle more perfect in shape. But there is a great deal of difference in the labor. Mrs. Helme, of Adrian, recently exhibited some fine canned strawberries before the Lenawee Horticultural Society and told how they were put up, as follows:

"My method is to fill the can with the largest selected berries, and press the juice from the smaller or inferior ones, and from it make a sirup, by adding one cup of sugar for one quart can of strawberries. Pour the sirup over the fruit in the can until it is nearly full. I then place the can in a boiler of cold water, reaching to the shoulder of the can, and heat the water in the boiler until it boils. I then take out the can, and let it stand ten minutes; fill with hot prepared sirup and seal."

It is said that some varieties of strawberries fade more than others; probably this accounts for the discrepancy in statements respecting the effect of sugar in canning in a late HOUSEHOLD. Strawberry jelly is improved if the juice of a lemon is added to the fruit. From twenty to twenty-five minutes is long enough to cook this fruit for preserves or jam. A pretty way to arrange

strawberry jelly is to take a pint of juice, a scant pound of sugar and the juice of two lemons. Soak a box of gelatine in a little cold water for two hours, add the fruit juice and sugar and pour over all a pint of boiling water, let come to a boil (hard) on the stove, turn half of it into a mould and set on ice to harden, keeping the remainder warm. When that in the mould is set, place on it some large fresh berries and turn on the rest of the jelly.

There is no jelly so delicious as that made from currants; for cake, tarts, or with meats its pleasant acid is alike agreeable. A pound of sugar to a pint of juice is the inflexible rule, and be sure your fruit is not too ripe or your jelly won't "jell." Spiced currants make an agreeable condiment with cold meats; you need to proportion the sugar and fruit in the ratio of three and one-half pounds of the former to five pounds of the latter, a quart of good cider vinegar, and cloves and cinnamon with discretion.

The gooseberry is a comparative stranger to American gardens, but a great favorite in England, where it is largely cultivated. Spiced gooseberries are nice with meats. Five pounds of berries, three and one-half of sugar, a quart of vinegar, an ounce of whole cloves and cinnamon. The spices are to be tied in a cloth and boiled in the vinegar with the sugar for ten minutes. Cook till the juice begins to thicken. Jams, preserves and spiced fruits are best put in cans and sealed while hot, same as canned fruit.

Raspberry vinegar is a good cordial, as is also that made from blackberries. Put a quart of fresh raspberries into a quart of vinegar, let stand a week, stirring occasionally; add one pound of white sugar, boil twenty minutes, strain and bottle.

Sour cherries are best for preserving or canning; the sweet sorts are insipid. You want your "pound for pound" for preserves, and cook till the fruit is clear. The nicest way is to cook the fruit in a sugar sirup of one cup of water to a pound of sugar, till clear, skim the fruit out and boil the sirup down, skimming it before pouring it over the fruit.

Blackberries seem principally seeds when canned. Probably the best use one can make of them is to use them in jam.

Green grape jelly is delicious, but jelly from ripe grapes is apt to contain crystals, of grape sugar, I suppose, which are rough to the taste. I think the grape loses more of its excellence in the attempt to preserve it than any other fruit, strawberries not excepted. It is most satisfactory where the juice is expressed and bottled. These

fruit juices or sirups, whether of the grape, currant or raspberry, are excellent; good tonics and very palatable. To prepare them, the fruit is steamed or heated, the juice obtained as in jelly-making, sugar to taste is added—a cupfull to three pints of juice is a good proportion—then boil one minute, skim if necessary, and bottle or can; fill the bottle full and pour melted wax over the cork. Such sirups or fruit juices will keep any length of time without fermentation, and may be diluted if used for a beverage. Of course everybody understands there is not the slightest trace of alcohol in such a preparation.

Ladies have told their success in canning pieplant in cold water without cooking. But if I was "short" on supplies for the preserve closet, I would try the following—using it for tart pies: Strip the pieplant and cut as for pies; to every quart thus prepared allow a pound of sugar; put the two together and let stand over night, turn off the juice and boil it for twenty minutes, add the cut pieplant and boil twenty minutes, slowly. I remember putting up a couple of cans of pieplant, by way of experiment, my last year of housekeeping, preparing it as for pies, cooking as little as possible and yet scald it thoroughly, and canning as any other fruit. It kept splendidly, in midwinter was used for tart pies, and relished by all of us. The last pie, prepared as a special treat, came to grief; as I was taking it from the oven an unlucky movement turned it bottom side up on the floor. My big brother, mindful of the jargon of the base-ball team, called out "No pie," but I thought "Out on foul" would have been equally as appropriate.

The tomato, whose place in horticulture has been settled by declaring it a fruit when raw, a vegetable when cooked, don't amount to much except when canned or as catsup. The preserves are insipid, even if lemons are added, and we have so many better fruits that it is not worth while to bother to make them up. Some tested recipes for catsup and pickles were given in the HOUSEHOLD last summer, to which we refer inquirers.

BEATRIX.

WORK FOR WOMAN.

"Not then will woman idly rest,
A pretty household dove,
When fit to be the eagle's mate,
And cleave the clouds above;
But strive with him in noblest work,
And with him win at last;
When all the struggle, all the toil,
And weariness is past."

Independence is a strong element in woman's nature. The old simile of the ivy and the oak is true in a measure; that she wants love and protection and sympathy, we know, but that self-reliant feeling will develop, and in spite of this care she likes to earn money herself. That woman as well as man is endowed with a business capacity, that she can invest capital and manage financial affairs with a shrewd, keen, business tact, and meet with success, has been proven conclusively. Her presence, which breathes such an air of home, robs counting rooms and offices of their stiff business-like appearance; with her dainty attire and deft touch they wear the air of parlors and possess the atmosphere of drawing-rooms. It may be only a tumbler

of roses or water lilies, the bright face and ready smile, they are only factors that make up the sum total. Many launch in business for themselves; others are employed. The firm of R. H. Macy & Co., of New York, probably employ the largest force, they number nearly three thousand, and the superintendent is a woman. A woman does the proof-reading, another manages the telegraph and telephone wires.

Mr. Wheeler, of the firm, says he "feels certain that the moral tone of woman is raised and strengthened by business experience. The training and discipline women get in a great store, better fit them for the management of a home, than home training; it makes them self-reliant, practical, broad-minded, steady and sober." Miss Mary F. Seymour, the head of the Union Stenographic & Type Writing Association of New York, has very similar ideas. When she first begun business, she was unable to find woman helpers; she was obliged to employ men. Parents were timid about allowing their daughters to associate in business with men. She thinks that the worst danger to a girl lies in herself; girls that are honest, dignified and pure, will not suffer from contact with the world; "that manhood is improved and polished, and made gentle, where the daily business life is passed in the presence of modest girls."

The best way we can judge a man is in his business relations. Quite often a sound, practical business man would be passed unnoticed in society, and an empty-headed, shallow fellow outshine him. Society is a poor place to judge of real merit; every one appears at his best. And when a girl who has been in business marries, as she does in the very same proportion that girls in homes do, what kind of a wife does she make? She cannot bake or cook. No; but her mental training has fitted her to manage a home well, she has an idea of system, she has been where she has heard public matters discussed, she knows what to read, and how to take part in masculine conversation. So it seems, aside from dollars and cents, it is a mutual benefit; they see each other in a common sense light, not in society deception. We find women on the editorial staff. Byron says:

"Words are things; and a small drop of ink,
Falling like dew upon a thought, produces
That makes thousands, perhaps millions
think."

Mrs. Frank Leslie assumed the editorial chair after the death of her husband, and saved his papers and magazines from failure. Miss Mary L. Booth receives four thousand dollars per year for editing *Harper's Bazar*. Jennie June, Mrs. Mary Clemmer Ames, Miss Mary E. Dodge, have all received large salaries and had a large experience. It seems as if there were places that women were especially fitted for.

"Such gifts are woman's priceless dower,
Yet, sisters mine, how few
Dare take the precious burden up,
And woman's true work do."

Fifty years ago, a female physician was unknown. Miss Elizabeth Blackwell was the first to obtain a degree, I think in 1848, at the college in Geneva, N. Y. She was English by birth, but came to this country when eleven years of age. Since that time medical colleges have welcomed women

students, and at the present time, there are a number of female medical colleges with women at the head, and they are successful, too.

I have read that there are countries in the East where the practice of midwife has never passed into the hands of men. It would seem that woman with her ready intuition could successfully do this work, in caring for her own sex, and for little ones, and I have heard it remarked that in cases where strong nerves were required they were never known to quail, combining strong sympathy with perfect composure.

Women as reformers have had great influence; during those dreadful slavery days, women worked in union with the men. Mrs. L. Maria Child published the first anti-slavery book which appeared in America, she was a most beautiful writer beside. Miss Francis Willard, whose name is a household word, is doing much in the temperance reform and woman suffrage. A great many pages are made bright with the names of women who have been teachers, ministers, missionaries and philanthropists. Lawyers and historians are comparatively few. There are women who pursue farming and make money at it; bee culture, silk raising and poultry are all branches of business in which women have been successful, but the branch of housekeeping has few followers from choice; dish washing possesses no more charms than it had fifty years ago, and is performed in pretty much the same way. Still, cooking schools have been established, clubs formed, and fine cooking has become a science.

I have read that God formed a niche for every one; but it seems to me that lots of people are off their base, or else the world is going wrong. It used to be a prevalent opinion that if a woman became educated and well-informed, and had a mind not devoted entirely to domestic affairs, she lost her crowning grace, "that delicacy, which is to woman what color is to the flower, that nameless something which poets strive to describe but cannot, that something which attracts us to woman." Prof. Angell, of Michigan University, says that he sees no possible tendency in that direction. Tennyson say:

"Henceforth the woman's cause is man's;
They rise or sink together, dwarfed or God-like,
Bond or free, not like to like, but like in differences:
Yet in the long years, liker must they grow;
The man be more of woman, she of man;
Dispensing harvest, sowing the To Be,
Self-reverent each and reverencing each,
Distinct in individualities,
But like each other."

BATTLE CREEK.

EVANGELINE.

CARE OF REFRIGERATORS.

The *N. E. Farmer* says: It is now the season for using refrigerators, and a few words of warning are needed by those housekeepers who have the mistaken notion that an ice chest needs no more attention than a tri-weekly supply of ice. Nothing in which food is placed, or with which it comes in contact, needs more care than the refrigerator. It should be kept as pure and sweet as the churn. Once a week, on a day when the supply of ice is low, if you use the chest refrigerator, remove the ice and wash the interior with soap and water

and rinse well; also see that the outlet is unclogged. Replace the ice and wash the removable shelves in the same manner; air and dry them in the sun. Such a weekly cleaning may waste a few pounds of ice during the summer, but it will save much in the flavor of the food, and in the health of the family.

If at any time even a few drops of milk or food are spilled, have them removed at once and not left to sour and contaminate the entire contents.

Keep out of the refrigerator all such articles of food as will affect the flavor of others, as fish, boiled cabbage and other strong flavored vegetables, for milk, butter, bread, in fact everything, will be tainted by them. This weekly cleaning usually can not be trusted to the kitchen help, and if there is a girl to assist about the work let her attend to other tasks, and with your own hands make sure that the ice-chest is not a producer of disease germs.

The air in a refrigerator if not changed by frequent opening and occasional airing, becomes stagnant and charged with the exhalations of food and the moisture from the melting ice. It can be readily understood that such a receptacle is not the proper place for milk, especially that which is to be used by an infant. The foul air is particularly noticeable upon opening a refrigerator from which the ice has been entirely melted. It is yet to be decided whether we are not depending too much on ice for food preservation. Housekeepers are becoming impatient at the rapid spoiling of meat and poultry which have been ice-kept and which, fresh at the hour of purchase, must be speedily cooked or lose their flavor.

If we find that meat which has been kept by means of cold storage must be used at once lest it spoil, milk preserved long upon ice must be used with great care, for it is so powerful an absorbent that its possibilities of danger are even greater.

METHOD AND ORDER IN DAILY LIFE.

How many times, while doing my work, I think of the steps that might be saved and apologies that might be spared when a friend or neighbor drops in for a moment, if we had more method and order in our daily life. "A place for everything and everything in its place" is a very true way of keeping order, if one doesn't think that the place for an article is to drop it just where we are using it. Often it will take a little longer to carry your shears or paper, or whatever you may have in use to its proper place, than to lay it down where you are, but it will not take as long to find it next time you need it. Perhaps you have noticed that in some people's houses you may call at any time of day, still all is order and no one appears to have anything to do; while in other homes all is confusion at all times, floors never swept, dishes never washed, sewing never done, always work enough to keep three or four women busy all day to straighten into anything like order. All this for lack of method. "Well!" some say, "I have more work than I can possibly do alone and I must leave some

undone." Very true; many a mother has much more work than she can do, but find out the easiest and quickest way to do your work, and "slight" that which will be noticed least. You who have half a dozen children must not try to dress them in white dresses, with white aprons, as those who only have one. When the little ones are grown to "big ones" and can wash and iron their own white dresses, then they can have them, but as long as they are small and you have to do it, they will look as well and feel as well dressed in something darker that needs little or no washing and ironing. Have your work and meals planned ahead; it will be easier to think to-night what you will have for dinner tomorrow than to wait till eleven o'clock and then try to think of something.

YPSILANTI.

MARY B.

WOMAN'S LOVE FOR WOMAN.

This may seem an out-of-the-way heading, for one who would wish to lighten "Dot's perplexities," in the HOUSEHOLD, June 27. We all have a favorite "theme" — "hobby" is the modern explanation — and mine is an untold tenderness, a loving sympathy for our girls, young wives, even extending to the matronly grandma, full of wisdom from years of experience, her pathway to the "Beautiful Land" fragrant with the sweetest flowers of blessed deeds and loving words, scattered since childhood.

Sister "Dot" — for are we not all sisters? — you carried me back for nearly a score and a half of years of housekeeping, since I, too, became a farmer's wife, not a "natural housekeeper" as you say.

After seventeen years of the delicious freedom of early pioneer life, I taught four summers and two winters in district schools developing my natural love for children; and every scholar — girl or boy — shared in my love and prayers, although many of them sweetly sleep beyond the need of earthly love. The next step was marriage — a school for life — with one of a family of sons deprived in early life of a mother's holy tenderness, and never knowing the sacred influence of a sister's gentle, winning love, and now I must needs learn how to exemplify childhood's first lesson, the "sturdy oak and clinging vine," in the primitive forest of pioneer days, where the graceful deer roamed at pleasure, hiding her young in the dense thickets at man's intrusion. This was comparatively easy, but the passing years unfolded the mysteries of wife, mother, nurse, seamstress, cook, dairy-maid, laundress, and maid of all work in general, expected from one set of hands, the propelling power looking the embodiment of fragility. To even master the first degrees of the science of cookery, and conquer the shrinking sensitiveness of being visited by a husband's well-to-do and experienced relatives, was the one huge mountain that has now dwindled down to the proverbial mole hill; and out of terrible failures and mistakes I have learned wisdom, and to feel a strength I never knew in youth, by trusting in Him who can never fail, and resolving, with our Father's help, I will do what I see is duty, at any sacrifice of selfishness or personal vanity.

In regard to soap-making, being a far-

mer's wife Dot probably burns wood in the cook-stove. Save the ashes and have some one who understands it set up an old fashioned leach. The first lye run off will bear up an egg. Now, put in all your grease — which will accumulate where pork is used — tallow, rancid butter, etc. Boil in a large kettle. When thoroughly dissolved, add water till it becomes thick. I made three barrels this spring, without any bother except the required work, saving one kettle of lye in which to deposit scraps, rinds, etc., which the hot weather is fast turning to good soap. The soap made two months ago will now make a suds equal to hard soap, and more cleansing for dirty clothing, which all farmers must have.

Having long thought I would comply with our beloved Editor's invitation, time and time again, for "early experiences" put in writing, should she think this attempt will in any way soften "Dot's" perplexities, or those of other young wives, I will send my address in full to the HOUSEHOLD, and could I assist these in any way by answering questions, or giving advice by private letter, they may feel at liberty to write to me.

Although blessed with sons, I have but one daughter, and my heart reaches out to every daughter in our land, gratefully remembering the counsel of "Mothers in Israel" all through life.

HOPEFUL.

CANNING VEGETABLES.

Vegetables are rarely canned with success, in any quantity, in the home kitchen. The canning factory has a monopoly of the business, and its appliances are too expensive to make it worth while to get them for use on the farm. Sweet corn and tomatoes are the leading articles in this line, lima beans next; but asparagus, green peas and string beans are put up in smaller quantities. Maine is said to excel all other States in quality and quantity, in the production of canned corn, the Maine corn is famous for its excellence; and little New Jersey takes the lead in tomatoes, which is the foremost product in the canned goods trade. New Jersey "has the call" on tomatoes, at prices from five to twenty per cent above those paid for Maryland and Delaware stock.

Lima beans are delicious when canned, but we have never seen a recipe for putting them up outside a factory. The smart California dealers buy the dried beans, ship them in sacks to Chicago, where they are soaked, steamed, canned and put upon the market as strictly fresh stock. The consumer detects the imposition, for the fully ripe beans are still somewhat hard and like an underdone white bean to the taste.

A number of ladies have reported success with a recipe for canning corn which appeared in the HOUSEHOLD a year ago, while others asserted the corn, put up "exactly by the recipe," spoiled. Where some succeed and others fail, it is fair to look for reasons for failure outside of the directions. Sweet corn for canning must be fresh, not more than a couple of hours from the field. The method employed is to cut the corn from the cob and pack it closely into quart cans, using a stamper to

press it in perfectly solid; press it in till the milk overflows the top of the can. Screw on the tops as tight as you can with your hands, then set the cans on a framework on the bottom of your wash-boiler, fill with cold water to the shoulder of the cans, let come to a boil and boil three hours. Lift out the cans and screw the tops on tightly with the can-wrench. The points to be observed to secure success are to have the corn fresh, packed perfectly solid in the can, and to keep the water boiling till the corn is thoroughly cooked in the cans. If the last condition is not observed, the contents will spoil "sure as fate."

The following directions for canning asparagus are taken from an exchange:

"Wash and prepare the asparagus as for cooking; put it in glass jars tips upward, set the jars in a pan of hot water and then fill each jar with boiling salted water. Put on the covers of the jars without the rubbers and set each one in a boiler of boiling water. There should be a wooden frame in the bottom of the boiler for the jars to rest on, and it is best to place kitchen towels between them, so they will not knock together while boiling. Let the water reach up to the neck of the jars. Cook the asparagus twenty minutes in this way, with water boiling, then remove the jars from the boiler, unscrew the covers, put on the rubbers, fill up with boiling water well salted if it has boiled down in the jars while cooking, replace the covers, screw them down as tight as you can, when they are cold tighten them again and set a way."

SCRAPS.

THERE is a popular saying to the effect that every housekeeper, no matter how irreproachable her methods, has yet her "dirty streak"—or at least one item in which she relaxes her usual vigilance in the warfare maintained against dirt. Even the armor of Achilles had its vulnerable spot, you know. And every woman also has her pet economy which she practices to the delight of her heart. I knew one once whose passion was the saving of letter paper, her letters to her friends were a queer hodge-podge of odd half-sheets of assorted sizes and tints. Another never wasted an inch of thread; a third boasted she had never owned but one paper of pins since her marriage, fifteen years previous. My own favorite economy—for since I have alleged this peculiar form of economy is common to all, I may as well acknowledge my own—was, in my housekeeping days, an extra care in economizing butter. And I think any woman who began housekeeping with one cow and a family abnormally fond of milk, butter and cream, will understand how the economy in that especial direction was developed. Nor is the weakness confined to femininity alone. Thackeray, in his private and hitherto unpublished letters, says of himself: "Isn't it curious that a gentleman of such expensive tastes should have this meanness about paper and postage? The best is I have spent three francs in cab-hire, hunting for the man who was to carry my two-franc letter." One elderly man could never bear to see a bit of wrapping twine thrown away; a millionaire has been known to dismount from his carriage to pick up two or three cobblestones, which he carried home to help pave the

courtyard of his barn—in fact almost every man or woman has this little peculiarity. An acquaintance confesses that in her desire to economize her car tickets she often loses, in damage to her clothing, many times the small sum she saves, yet still keeps on "saving." Wasteful in many things, careless and indifferent in others, perhaps even wantonly extravagant in ordinary expenditures, there is almost always some one item in which economy closely verges upon or actually attains parsimony. Study human nature and see if this is not true.

"MARGARET, Margaret, where are you, Margaret?" The soft voice of the old lady calling her grandchild, brought to me a new revelation of the beauty of this name, meaning "a pearl;" and I wondered how any girl ever christened by it could bear to have its musical rhythm desecrated and degenerated into Maggie, Madge, Margery, or the coarse Mag, which is "perfectly horrid." So many really beautiful names are spoiled by this rage for diminutives and nicknames, which transforms them into something common and wanting in significance. Where there is one girl who has the good sense to prefer the full sweet roundness of "Margaret," there are a dozen who insist on the guttural "Maggie," and so with nearly all our feminine names. Sara, "the princess," becomes Sillie or Sadie or Satie; Agatha, "good," and Agne, "chaste," become the unmeaning Aggie; Dorothea or Dorothy, "the gift of God," somehow never get their full complement of syllables, but are abbreviated to Dora or "Dodo;" Esther, "a star," is quite too Biblical for the modern girl, who changes it over to Essie, and Helen, "light," gets to be Nell or Nellie by the same process of evolution. I'm tired of the Maudes and Mabels, the Ethels and Hazels of the time, and long for something stronger. I cannot understand the would-be refinement and excessive nicety of the lady who insisted that the girl she employed to sew for her, who had been christened Phoebe, "pure, radiant," should change her name to Mabel because "Phoebe was so dreadfully old fashioned." I would rather be Bridget than Belinda, for one signifies strength and the other has no meaning. There is the incongruity of names, too, as Lily applied to a buxom brunette, as unlike her floral prototype as can be imagined, or a black-eyed, olive-skinned girl struggling along as Blanche or Rose. Certain names seem associated with certain physical peculiarities, and we ought not to violate their fitness. To my taste the most beautiful in the long list of feminine names are two most unhappily nicknamed, Margaret and Gertrude; either is beautiful in its entirety, and hideous when "modernized."

CALLING the other day upon an acquaintance, in pursuance of my errand I was shown over her house, through the neat, tastily furnished parlors, the dining-room, its sideboard sparkling with cut glass and silver, the cosy library, upstairs, into "the girls' room." "You must excuse the looks of things," said my cicerone, as she opened the door and permitted me to precede her

into the apartment. And certainly "the looks of things" called for an apology. The bed was made up, and some very elaborate pillow shams were adjusted, but the room looked as if the contents of a couple of closets had been emptied into the middle of the floor and then stirred up with a stick. The dressing bureau was littered with hair-pins, face powder and curl-papers, and one corner of the mirror proved an asylum for a dirty collar; a pair of crumpled kid gloves, the remains of a corsage bouquet and a torn playbill told of a late visit to the theatre; a pair of down-at-the-heel slippers were kicked under the end of a low divan which supported a dressing-sack and a soiled petticoat, a couple of dirty towels had found rest on a chair, and on any piece of furniture you could have written "slattern" in the dust. An hour later I met the young lady occupants of the room, finely dressed, looking as neat and trim as you please. "Well," thought I, "I don't suppose the beautiful emperor moth, when he has stretched his wings in the sunshine, once glances at the dirty-brown, cracked case he left behind him, and so probably no thought of that disorderly room haunts these gay girls as they eat ice-cream at Sanders' with their beaux. But I wonder what the latter would think if they saw what I did?" Yet for the encouragement of those young men who may chance to read these Scraps, I am willing to affirm that I believe untidy girls are the exception, and that in the average girl order and neatness are excellently well developed. Between the painfully neat and the dreadfully untidy we find the great majority who "hit the happy medium." And it is between extremes we always find the point which is just exactly right.

BEATRIX.

QUESTION.—Can any reader of the HOUSEHOLD inform me where a folding loom, with steel reeds, can be obtained? Address Box 513, Inlay City, Mich.

Useful Recipes.

TOMATO STEW.—Scald and skin the desired number and place in a stewpan without water. Let them simmer half an hour. Add pepper, salt, a good sized lump of butter and a spoonful or two of white sugar. Grate a little stale bread over the whole, and take from the fire as soon as it boils. Serve hot.

PEACH TAPIOCA.—Soak some tapioca over night, and in the morning boil until it is perfectly clear, adding more water from time to time, as needed. Take some very fine peaches, cut them fine with a silver knife, sprinkle liberally with sugar, and when you take the tapioca from the stove stir the peaches into it. Eat cold with sugar and cream.

FRIED POTATOES.—Peel raw potatoes, wash them, then slice very thin. Do not wash them after they are sliced. Into the spider put a tablespoonful of lard, suet or drippings. When hot pour in the sliced potatoes, then pour in a teacup or more of water. Sprinkle salt on top. Cover and cook over moderate fire. Do not stir, but slide a knife under occasionally to prevent sticking. The potato when done should pour out whole and white and delicious. It takes a little practice to get it just right. Some like it browned.