

THE REALM

THE LUNCH PROBLEM

FEMININE

The Lunch Problem Continued.

PART II.

AND now let us look this "Lunch Problem" squarely in the face. Perhaps, like other bugaboos, it will vanish under close inspection. Under existing conditions we find the lunch *pal* a necessity. Does this necessarily mean *cold* meals? We have made the subject a special study, and find it possible to furnish our school children a square meal at noon warm and good, even though it must be served in a lunch *pal*.

For, of course, it's a little more than a *pal*, but so much *all* that, and we mothers don't count little *pal*s of the

Select a common dinner pail about eight inches long, four and one half inches wide, and four and one half

[illegible]

place in the pall. Next put in the lid. Let it be sandwiched, or breaded with butter and jelly, or whatever you like. Put in the butter in a lead potato or sweet potato once in a while, wrapping well with paper. Fold the ends of the paper used to pull neatly over this part of the dinner. Put in a spoon, the pan containing the cake and pie in the top, and put the lid. Fill the receptacle on top the lid with fruit or pudding and fit the cup.

My boy pronounces the idea an excellent one. He says, "I tell you, it's fine to have a warm dinner at school every day." When I first tried the plan I let him to set his milk can on the stove and begin to eat, but when even-
came he said, "It was warm enough, but I didn't care to have it hot."
My dinner just steamed when I used it. Even the bread was a little warm," adding, "I gave some of the milk to Johnny, and divided the rest with Willie and Tom. They like it well as I do. I didn't care for the milk, so I gave it to Bennie."

My little boy then says, "I get the milk, and it comes early. I find it up to fill the milk can and the peas while I am getting breakfast, on the lids and place in a kettle of warm water. Keep at boiling point un-
ready to fix the school dinner, and

partaking in the pall is quickly and easily accomplished.

Now, my plan. I am sure your men will like it, and you yourselves be pleased with the result.

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Mince Meat—A Reprint.

THIS mince meat improves with age and will keep indefinitely: Four pounds of lean beef, two pounds of fat, four quarts of chopped apples, four pounds of sugar, four pounds of raisins, four pounds of currants, half a pound of citron, three ounces each of dried orange and lemon peel, three of sweet cider, three tablespoons—each of cloves, cinnamon, mace and

2 cups of meat broth,
 2 cups of wine,
 1 pint of brandy, one pint of white
 or sherry, two tablespoonfuls of
 sugar. Cook and mince the meat fine;
 add the suet fine; cook the quinces in
 water until soft; chop the apples,
 lemons and orange peel. Mix all
 ingredients and cook slowly until
 apples are soft. Add the brandy and
 brand. Pack away in jars covered
 with paper.

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Bread Crumb Pudding.
 If the bread should be as dry as
 bone so it will grind easily
 through the grinder. Use two cop-
 ies of ground bread, four cups hot
 water, one lemon (juice and rind), one

thcup of sugar and three eggs, and bake in slow oven. Beat white stiff, adding a pinch of salt like the egg beat quicker; add two tablespoons sugar mixed with a spoonful of powdered chocolate over top when cold. Serve cold.

A Tired Reformer

Contributed to The Journal by Walt Mason, -
 your Kansas poet. His prose poems are a
 feature of this column in The Daily

pe our government to see run
public scale, when folks who don't
with me have all been put in
scolded now for many years,
restrained and implored, and peo-
ple plugged their ears, and went
and snored. I've jacked them
night and day, with logic as a
and though I showed the straight-
they took the crooked road,
the beacon on the mount, the
use on the shore; and yet men
no account, and that my head

I am the captain of the deck,
 of the bark; and yet men
 in the neck, and say I am a
 man on the ground, and the guide,
 Thomas on the tower, and yet new
 as in my hide are sticking
 I am the leader of the troop,
 in the fray, and yet men do
 a whip, but go their sinful
 am the preacher of the truth,
 to our feet; and yet I see
 and youth put fingers to their
 and so the world must gloomy
 all reforms must fall till men
 I agree with me, have all heaven
 salt.

Christ, thou, be
 1890