

COMMON SENSE in the HOME

EDITED by MARION HARLAND

THAT NOTHING BE LOST

WASTEFULNESS is always everywhere vulgar.

Not many of us put the truth to ourselves in that form. We all acquire in it, more or less unconsciously. When we see this man spending money apparently for the mere love of squandering, we say to ourselves that he has probably not had it long to spend. He was, most likely, a poor boy, and accustomed to plain living and close economy. Now he is drunk with possession, and like a child upon whom have been heaped so many lawns that he throws away all the cannot eat. It is the parvenu who, in traveling, gives dollar tips where a quarter would suffice, and in buying a morning paper says to the "newsboy": "Never mind the change!"

It is the working girl married to a rich man who is ashamed to insist upon reasonable economy in providing for her household; who dare not face her smart cook with the fact that so many pounds of butter cannot be accounted for honestly, and that the last barrel of flour should have lasted twice as long as it has; who orders dry goods and groceries and meats without going through the form of asking the price.

Sliding down the scale of "gentility," you remark that your waitress "must have been used to handling elegant china and cut glass and solid plate, or she would not take such intelligent care of it." And the cook who once had a home of her own, well furnished, and did her own marketing, draws better wages (and justly) than she who has led a nomadic

But I audaciously invented one, and it was served to the dinner table on that evening. He came up to me afterward in the drawing room to tell me that "that salad was an inspiration."

"I think I have never valued another compliment so highly. It was a veritable inspiration to me—and in another sense. Women talk complacently of "designing costumes," as painters might "compose" pictures. I hold that a well-cooked, well-served meal is as dignified, and far more beneficial to the human race in detail, or at large.

Coming down to particulars, I heard a young girl of taste, whose means are limited, boast that the hat admired by a luncheon party of well-groomed women was "a combination of three famous 'chat-ou's'." The composer smiled and retailed like a star of the first magnitude when assured that it had "the genuine Parisian touch."

Would she have cared to confess to the same party that she had manipulated the left-overs of three days into a goodly luncheon dish?

"But," said a housekeeper to whom I spoke of this very subject, "there are absolutely no left-overs in my pantry when I make the round of inspection you must enjoy upon us in your 'Familiar Talks.' On nineteen mornings out of twenty my cupboard is as bare as forlorn Mother Hubbard's. Clean, I grant you, but with never so much as a bone or crust. Where, I ask in the spirit of candid inquiry, are the artistic combinations to come from? The solution of the puzzle was plain

of my business to make her assurance of the package doubly sure.

For there were the left-overs from every tolerably abundant meal, here a little, there a good deal, be it a spoonful of carrot, a cupful of soup, a "cheer" of bread, a slice of meat, some of which, you may be sure, will be eaten in the kitchen. The powers that be there despise scraps. "It's no lady that would expect wurkin' gurells to put up with the lavin's of the first table."

If you have individual bread-and-butter plates, the bit of one and the crust of the other will be dumped into the garbage pail when dish-washing time comes. One shrewd housewife has a plate set in the sideboard, upon which bits of butter are left in clearing the table after each meal. The store is known as "cooking-butter." As none of the family put their knives into the "reavings," the fragments of bread go upon another plate. The cook, trained by the woman, who pays tip-top wages and always on the day they are due, and is as kind as she is economical, saves crumbs and slices of stale cake to be made into puddings and frosting island and a kind of sublimated "Washington pie." This last is an original composition of the cook's own, of which she is immensely proud.

Her trainer confided to me, as a family joke, that the pupil, with the injudicious zeal of a neophyte, in the early months of her residence in the house, actually gathered up the bones of chickens and chops from the plates and popped them into the stock pot. Luckily, she was so vain of the economy that she displayed the store of odds and ends to the mistress of the establishment before putting the pot over the fire.

"I can never do anything with bones!" sighed the matron of a charitable institution to me. "There is so little to them!"

One canny housemother never throws away a bit of the bone left from roast or boiled joints. They are cracked into brief lengths and added to the stock pot or made the base of gravy. Cover with cold water, bring to a slow boil in a covered pot, and keep this up for hours. After an hour, add a sliced onion over which you have poured scalding water to take out the crude "garlicky" taste, some pieces of celery and a diced carrot. Simmer at the side of the range, or transfer to the freese cooker, and let the good work go on. Set aside in the pot until cold, skim off the coagulated fat and you have the "mott" of a family soup. Should your aim be gravy, strain out vegetables and bones after skimming off the caked fat and thicken with browned flour. Stir in tomato catsup or Worcestershire sauce, boil for a minute and serve.

The stock for the soup should be strained and made distinctive by the addition of tomatoes, if you wish a tomato puree; or barley, or rice, celery, creamed mashed potato, or any left-overs of yesterday's vegetables.

The excellence of the broth depends upon two things—long cooking and judicious seasoning. In the realm of croquettes, scallops and souffles, left-overs play an important part. The danger of monotony in

serving these, day by day, to your dining household may be avoided by study of novel combinations. Don't be afraid in concocting dishes you have never heard of. You, too, may hit upon an "inspiration." Listen to a true story of one young artist's venture:

It was a country house (a bungalow) and the day was rainy from sunrise to moonrise, at 10 P. M. The "general store" was a mile away and it was not the butcher's day to call. My hostess asked me to excuse her while she "interviewed" the cook after breakfast. She was absent for an hour or more, but made no apolo-

gies when she rejoined me upon the broad veranda.

I will give the menu of the two meals served in due time that day: For luncheon we had savory onion cream broth in cups; a cheese fondue that was a dream of puffiness, flavor and color; stuffed potatoes; a macedoine salad of green peas, carrots and beets upon lettuce hearts; heated crackers and American cheese; Devonshire cream with gooseberry jam and strips of crisp buttered toast and tea.

For dinner: Tomato soup; a scallop that looked like an Italian dish

and tasted like the best Milan cookery—indeed, it was delicious; green corn on the cob, and rice, boiled after the Savannah manner, every tender grain holding its own shape and place; big apples, core and filled with chopped nuts, sugared and baked, covered, until the syrup jellied about them and glazed the fruit as if it had been varnished. These, served with cream, were accompanied by light cookies and followed by black coffee.

The pillared veranda was our sitting room all summer long. It was there, as we leaned back in our rocking chairs and luxuriated in the view of the moon-

lighted lake and the billowing hills that blurred the water's edge with shadows, that my friend told the tale of the morning's discomfiture. She had ordered English chops—each rolled upon and skewered snugly over a lamb's kidney—for dinner. There were in refrigerator and pantry the remains of a dish of macaroni, a few spoonfuls each of carrots and peas, a slice of cold roast beef, a pound of cheese, enough of yesterday's soup to serve as a foundation for a tomato potage—in short, the skeleton upon which might be constructed a satisfactory luncheon. When the neat

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inherited, with the liking for coarse abundance of food, the prejudice against "made dishes," which, however, we find no difficulty in dismissing when in France and Italy. The scooper we get rid of the vulgar notion that economy and stinginess are synonyms, the more prosperous we shall be as a nation. When the housemother rises superior to the domestic frets that the proper resting place of left-overs and fragments is the garbage pail, the wiser will be the thrift that "looketh well to the ways of her household."

For do I strain the famous description of the perfect homemaker beyond reasonable limits in continuing the quotation: "Her children arise up and call her blessed; her husband, also, and he praiseth her."

Marion Harland

FAMILY MEALS FOR A WEEK

SUNDAY BREAKFAST
Oranges, cereal and cream, broiled chicken, French rolls, toast, tea and coffee.

LUNCHEON
Clam broth in cups, cold roast beef (a left-over), potato salad, heated crackers and Roquefort cheese, breakfast rolls, marshmallow pudding, cake, fruit juice, lemonade.

DINNER
Mulligatawny soup (bones of chicken added to 10-cent can of the soup with onion and sliced carrots), roast lamb, mint sauce, green peas, lima beans, peach pie, black coffee.

MONDAY BREAKFAST
Grapes, cereal and cream, bacon and fried apples, whole wheat bread, toast, coffee and tea.

LUNCHEON
Stuffed sweet peppers (a left-over in part from roast beef), baked sweet potatoes, and Roquefort cheese, breakfast rolls, marshmallow pudding, cake, fruit juice, lemonade.

DINNER
Mulligatawny soup (bones of chicken added to 10-cent can of the soup with onion and sliced carrots), roast lamb, mint sauce, green peas, lima beans, peach pie, black coffee.

TUESDAY BREAKFAST
Grapes, cereal and cream, baked omelet, quick biscuits, toast, tea and coffee.

LUNCHEON
Cheese fondue, scalloped eggplant (a left-over), boiled potatoes, with butter and parsley sauce, breakfast biscuits, conserve and crackers, iced coffee from breakfast.

DINNER
Squash soup (a left-over), larded and roasted calf's liver, young turnips, baked tomatoes, baked apple dumplings with hard sauce, black coffee.

WEDNESDAY BREAKFAST
Peas and grapes, cereal and cream, salt mackerel with cream gravy, corn muffins, toast, tea and coffee.

LUNCHEON
Cold sliced ham, stuffing of turnips (a left-over), scallop, French dressing, crackers and cheese, fruit dessert, black coffee.

DINNER
Julienne soup, salmon of calf's liver (a left-over), succotash, mashed potatoes, rhubarb, tart, black coffee.

THURSDAY BREAKFAST
Oranges, cereal and cream, bacon and eggs, green corn griddle cake, toast, tea and coffee.

LUNCHEON
Stuffed eggs (ham used for the stuffing), potato croquettes (a left-over), bean salad, wiches, Devonshire cream and gingerbread, tea.

DINNER
Yesterday's soup, beefsteak and onions, carrots, green peas, lima beans, queen of puddings, black coffee.

FRIDAY BREAKFAST
Cantaloupes, cereal and cream, bacon, poached eggs on toast, potato cakes, tea and coffee.

LUNCHEON
Stew of beef and onions (a left-over), broiled potatoes, salad of carrot and lima beans with mayonnaise (a left-over), salad served with cream cheese balls, crackers, cookies and jam, tea.

DINNER
Oyster soup, boiled cod with egg sauce, mashed potatoes, spinach, hotting island, black coffee.

THE HOUSEMOTHERS' EXCHANGE

IMPORTANT NOTICE
BECAUSE of the enormous number of letters sent to the Exchange, I must ask contributors to limit their communications to 200 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 galleys, as she has no connection with any department that sells them.

Care in Self-Cures
A CORRESPONDENT recommends judiciously that old-timer, lemon juice and salt for rheumatism. Chloric acid (found in lemon) is helpful in some forms of rheumatoid pain. In other cases it may be harmful, because of alkali like baking soda is indicated. The salt has no useful action whatever, but it may be contraindicated when the kidneys are diseased, as is often the case with rheumatic patients. Others speak enthusiastically of rhubarb root for the same trouble. The only good that it does is to clear out the bowels, and that in all common cases of rheumatism which may be nothing of the kind.

that effect published repeatedly in the Exchange. There is nothing in all the pharmacopoeia of man's devising that cures every disease. The assumption of this to be a "miraculous" remedy is a drug that acts benevolently upon one liberate cruelty. It is as true that no two persons in the same family have precisely the same constitutions. The same drug that acts benevolently upon one poisons another. The wise mother studies these idiosyncrasies intelligently and ponders them her heart.

Kind of Rhubarb
Please inform me what kind of rhubarb is best to use in a large sausage. Is it the root or the extract? Can you give me a recipe for molasses taffy, that may be pulled? A. G. V., Chemist (Chicago).

Molasses Taffy
Put two cupfuls of best molasses over the fire in a large sausage. Bring slowly to the boil and keep this up for twenty minutes, taking off the scum as it rises. At the end of twenty minutes stir in a teaspoonful (even) of baking soda. This will cause furious effervescence. After this has subsided, boil fifteen minutes longer, or until a little dropped into cold water is brittle. Stir constantly during the latter boiling to avoid scorching. Now add a tablespoonful of vinegar, boil one minute, stirring hard, and pour into buttered pans.

Two quarts of water, half a pound of brown sugar and half a pound of molasses. Put all into a large jar. In about six weeks the solution has become the vinegar, the "ferment" forming a heavy, gelatinous covering. Small pieces of this are used as a "starter" for the sausage, the rest being dried and preserved in tightly corked bottles for future use.

Croquettes and Cabbage
A Kentucky member sustains the reputation of her state for "good living" by sending two recipes for family meals.

Veal Croquettes
Two pounds of veal, 4 pound of sweet fresh pork.

Creamed Cabbage
Remove the outside leaves and cut the firm heart of the cabbage into dice. Cook in boiling salted water, when tender, drain and keep hot. To prepare the sauce, stir

2 tablespoonfuls of butter and the same of flour together in a frying pan until you have a smooth "roux." Then add gradually hot milk until the mixture is like drawn butter and cook for 10 minutes. The milk should be heated separately in a double boiler. Season the cabbage to taste with salt and pepper; dish and pour the sauce over it.

Light Laundry Work
Won't you give us a lesson in laundry work for a private family?

Scalloped Cabbage
You may, if you wish, cook the cabbage when cooked with cracker or bread crumbs, raising the cabbage to allow the sauce to penetrate to the lower stratum of the vegetable. Then set in the oven to brown.

Chop Suey
Half a fowl—full grown but tender; 1/2 pound of fresh pork, a large onion, sliced, 1/2 pound of mushrooms, a stalk of celery, 1/2 cupful of Chinese sauce.

Chinese Cooking
I should like a simple recipe for Chinese chop suey and for the rice served with it in Chinese restaurants.

Remove the outside leaves and cut the firm heart of the cabbage into dice. Cook in boiling salted water, when tender, drain and keep hot. To prepare the sauce, stir