

The Home

MOURNING THE SEASONS.

Blossoms, meet to mourn the dead,
On each season's grave are spread;
Lilies white and roses red
O'er dead spring are canopied;
Roses in their latest bloom
Blazen golden Summer's tomb;
Stealthy showers of petals fall
At still Autumn's funeral;
But the darlings of the year
Strew rude Winter's sepulchre.
Scarce a flower doth Winter own;
Of four seasons he alone
Scarce a bud does to him take—
Barren for the future's sake,
Well content to none possess;
And sweet violets—faithfulness—
And white snowdrops—innocence—
Are in death his recompense;
And these darlings of the year
Strew rude Winter's supulchre.

SOUPS.

Now is the time when "hot soup" is a very welcome dish, and a little forethought and care in making and serving makes it a valuable addition to the mid-day or evening meal.

Soup is not only very nourishing, but when served before the heartier meal acts as a warmer of and gentle stimulant to the digestive apparatus. Some housekeepers think it a great trouble to make and serve soups; but this is a mistake. A little time, a soup kettle, something to put in it, and considerable judgment is all that is necessary. If it is your busy day, and you haven't time to prepare "much of a meal" then make a delicious, nourishing soup, which will be a "dinner in itself." Being a housekeeper who "plans ahead" you already have a quart or more of good soup stock in the house, made possibly after this receipt:

Soup Stock.—To four pounds of lean beef, the inferior parts are quite as good for this purpose, put four quarts of cold water, soft is best, wash the meat and put it in the water without salt; let it come slowly to boiling point, skim well before the agitation of the water has broken the scum, add a little salt and a dash of cold water, to assist the scum to rise, skim again, set back and let it boil gently on one side or in one place, and not all over, "the pot should smile, not laugh," for six or eight hours, until the meat is in rags, rapid boiling hardens the fiber of the meat and the savory flavor escapes with the steam, add a little pepper, strain into a stone jar, let it cool, and remove all the grease. This stock will keep for several days in cold weather, and from it can be made many kinds of soup.

While the above makes a good stock an excellent soup is the result of cooking scraps of left-over meats, bones, etc., from beef, veal, mutton, game, fowl of all kinds, all the uncooked bones and scraps otherwise unused, everything being available save only mutton fat. To such savings add a beef or veal bone, or both, one or two ox-tails, a piece of beef or mutton from the neck, the juicy part of the animal, a bit of lean ham, the tougher parts of a fowl; any one or more or all in combination give their distinctive strength and excellence. See to it that all are thoroughly cleaned, before using, for butchers' blocks, hands, etc., are open to criticism.

Bean and Split-Pea Soup.—For your hearty soup soak a pint of beans or split peas over night, and cook to a mush in the morning; rub through a strainer, or put through a potato ricer, and thin to proper consistency with stock. If it seems thin thicken with a little flour, season with pepper and salt and a little thyme, if it is liked.

Vegetable Soup.—Or, chop fine three potatoes, one onion, one carrot, one turnip and one tomato, with a little parsley or summer savory. Cook until done and add to three pints of soup stock. Or try this vegetable soup without stock: Three onions, three carrots, three turnips, one small cabbage, one pint tomatoes; chop all the vegetables except the tomatoes very fine have ready in a porcelain kettle three quarts boiling water, put in all except cabbage and tomatoes, and simmer for half an hour, then add the chopped cabbage and tomatoes, the tomatoes previously stewed, also a bunch of sweet herbs. Let soup boil for twenty minutes, strain through sieve, rubbing all the vegetables through. Take two tablespoons of best butter and one of flour and beat to a cream. Now pepper and salt soup to taste, and add a teaspoon of white sugar, a half cup of sweet cream if you have it and last stir in the butter and flour; let it boil up and it is ready for the table.

If soup is to be the "first course" only, then make it clear and light and serve only a small portion, and in soup cups if you have them, if not coffee cups will answer very well.

The following soups are easily made and are delicious:

Cream of Celery Soup.—Boil twelve stalks of celery cut in small pieces, in three pints of water for half an hour. Add half an onion and two blades of mace, and pass through a sieve. Mix one tablespoonful of flour and a heaping tablespoonful of butter; add to the soup, with a pint of milk, and salt and pepper to taste. A cupful of cream added just before serving makes a great improvement.

Cream of Corn Soup.—To each quart of corn, cut from the cob, or canned corn, add three pints of water. Boil until tender, and then add two ounces of butter that has been well mixed with one tablespoonful of flour. Boil for fifteen minutes more; season to taste, and just before serving, add a heaping cupful of whipped cream.

Cream of Tomato Soup.—Add to a

pint of water ten medium-sized or one quart of canned tomatoes, a teaspoonful of sugar, three or four whole cloves, a slice of onion and a little parsley, and boil fifteen or twenty minutes. Add a small teaspoonful of soda, and in a few moments strain. Thicken one quart of milk with a large tablespoonful of cornstarch, stirring and boiling for ten minutes. Add to this a little salt, a sprinkling of cayenne pepper, a heaping tablespoonful of butter and the mixture of tomatoes, allowing the whole to become thoroughly heated through, but not to boil.

Potato Soup.—Boil and mash in two quarts of water four large potatoes, a small onion, two stalks of celery, and a sprig of parsley. When done pass through a sieve. Return to the fire, season with salt, pepper and two generous tablespoonfuls of butter, rubbed into a dessertspoonful of flour.

Keep in mind these things if you would strengthen your reputation as a soup maker: Never serve a greasy soup. Strain your soup and let it stand over night, when all the fat may be easily removed. If you are in a hurry for your soup, skim it well and then pass a blotting or wrapping paper over it to take up remaining particles.

If you want good seasonings, raise your own thyme, summer savory, marjoram, sage, chervil and tarragon. These will grow in the garden through the summer, and many of them, with care, can be raised in the house through the winter.

Be sure your crackers are crisp that you serve with the soup.

Always use cold water in making all soups.

Have a good soup kettle with a tight cover.

Serve all soups hot.

Many add croutons or noodles to their soup.

JELLIED MEAT.

A well-prepared dish of jellied meat, that will slice down firm and solid, makes an ideal dish for the cold relish at a luncheon party, but there are few housewives who seem to have the "knack" of giving it the right consistency and the proper flavor. Try the following recipe, and see if it doesn't "come out just right."

Take one large shank of beef, and one set of pig's feet, well scraped and soaked. Put them on to boil in separate vessels, using just enough water to cover the meat. Boil until the meat slips from the bones, lift the meat from the pot, draining it well, and lay it on dishes to cool; set the vessels with the liquor in which the pig's feet were boiled aside until the next day, or until cooled.

It is best to take the bones from the pig's feet while they are yet warm. Next morning skim the fat from the liquor of the pig's feet, which has now become a stiff jelly. Cut the meat of the feet and the beef shank into small pieces, leaving out all gristle and tough portions of the latter. Put in with the pig's foot jelly and melt all together.

When it comes to a boil, add pepper, salt, one-half a teaspoonful of ground cloves, and the same of allspice. Stir well, and pour into a mold, and when it is perfectly cold it can be turned out and cut into thin, firm slices.

Although this is looked upon as a rare delicacy for a luncheon dainty, there is no reason why it should not often appear on the daily bill of fare, as it is easily prepared, and when well cooked and spiced will keep for a long time, making a good stand-by for an "emergency" dinner or tea.

"DON'TS" FOR THE NURSERY.

Don't hang heavy curtains around baby's bed. The most that can be endured are light swiss draperies, and these should be laundered every week. Children need fresh air, especially when sleeping, and curtains prevent free circulation, while they collect dust.

Don't place the baby's crib in a position where the light will fall upon his eyes, nor in a draught.

Don't make the baby's bed on the floor. The air near the floor is always draughtily.

Don't load a child with heavy clothing. His garments should be warm, but light.

Don't neglect to air the bed-clothing every day, and remember that a half hour's airing in the open air is equal to a whole morning's in a room.

Don't allow a child to sleep with an elder person, even its own mother. Its rest will be less disturbed and more beneficial alone.

PERFUMES FOR LINEN.

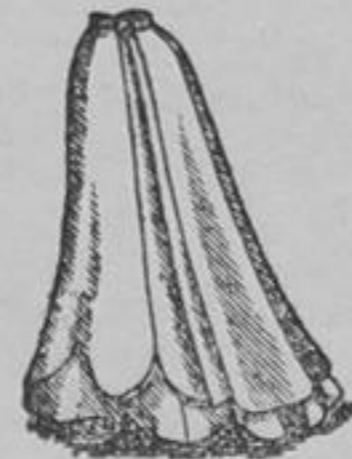
Take one ounce each of cloves, nutmeg, cinnamon and Tonquin beans, with four ounces of orris root. It should all be ground or crushed into powder, put into muslin bags and laid in the linen closet.

KEEPING CUT FLOWERS FRESH.

There are many ways to prolong the life of cut flowers. The simplest one and usually considered the best is to put the stems into boiling water for two or three minutes, and then place the flowers in a vase of tepid water. A bit of stick charcoal in the vase will keep the flowers fresh for many days.

CLEAN WITH KEROSENE.

A hardwood or oiled floor may be thoroughly cleaned and made bright and glossy by washing it with soap wet with kerosene. Lay down windows open so the disagreeable odor will evaporate.



Gray cloth and white all-over lace were combined for this lovely gown. The bodice is cut with full fronts of the cloth on either side of a deep yoke that runs down to the waist-line in the form of a narrow vest entirely covered with all-over lace. The back is in one piece and has its fullness

pleated into the waist-line. The sleeves have a slight fullness at the shoulders and are cut to come well down over the hands. Smart bows of velvet ribbon fasten together the fronts of the gown. The skirt is cut with five gores and has a handsome scalloped tunic. The back is laid in the modish double box-pleat.

SCOURGE OF ALCOHOLISM. COMMITS MORE RAVAGE THAN FAMINE, PLAGUE OR WAR.

French Scientist Presents Facts and Figures to Show That Alcoholism is Increasing in His Country at an Alarming Rate—Normandy, He Says, is Actually Being Depopulated by This Cause—Object Lessons for Us.

The scourge of alcoholism threatens the civilized world! Such is the astounding conclusion of a French scientist who has studied the history of Europe for the last half century. His own nation is consuming an extraordinary quantity of alcohol yearly. The very life of the French people is being sapped by the scourge, the scientist affirms. But not alone France, he says, but all Christendom is falling prey to the scourge, and he brings facts and figures to prove his case. Among the symptoms of the scourge he notes are an increase in the number of suicides, of the insane, and of criminals. These general signs of degeneration he notes, along with more alarming evidences, such as the decrease in the number of births and in the stature of adults in particular localities where alcoholism has attacked the people of whole sections.

"We shudder at the long list of the dead and wounded in South African battles," he says. "As we read the accounts of the ravages of famine, plague, cholera, we are shocked at the number of human beings taken untimely from earth. But to-day there is a scourge far more inimical to the nations of earth than war or pestilence."

ALCOHOL'S EFFECT ON DUMB ANIMALS.

Dumb animals are quickly killed by enee. This scourge of modern society is one of the costs of the extreme civilization of our day. It does not kill its victims in battle array, nor does it do its work amid the long lines of mourners that stretch out their dark lines in cities ravaged by the plague. But though its action is not so noticeable it is all the more deadly. Silent, constant, it works on unceasingly. The evil gnaws at the body social like a cancer that works its way certainly and directly to the source of life itself. This scourge is none other than alcoholism."

FRANCE'S IMMENSE USE OF ALCOHOL.

France, says this Frenchman, is sorely afflicted with the scourge. In 1898, he points out, the French people

consumed more than fifty-three million gallons of alcohol in the form of liquors, bitters and aperitives. This was an average of nine pints for each inhabitant of France—men, women and children. It is calculated that three-quarters of this alcohol is consumed by one-tenth of the inhabitants, so that one out of every ten Frenchmen drinks two hundred pints of brandy each year, or eleven ponies every day. In this estimate no account is taken of the alcohol contained in lighter liquors, such as wine, cider, beer, &c. If this be considered the average consumption of alcohol in all forms rises to twenty-eight pints of alcohol instead of nine. This tremendous consumption of alcohol has developed only within a few years, for in 1851 the consumption was but three pints per capita.

"What then is alcoholism?" this scientist asks. "Alcoholism is not drunkenness, nor does alcoholism result from a moderate use of fermented and fifty gallons, but one-hundredth of a gramme injected into a guinea-beverage. In attempting to prove too much there is danger of proving nothing. The man who drinks a few glasses of wine, beer or cider with his dinner, the convalescent who uses wine as a tonic cannot be included among those subject to alcoholism. Alcoholism, then, is the abuse of alcohol. Forty-five grammes of alcohol injected into an eight pound rabbit will kill it at once. The German "oil of wine," added to some fermented beverages, kills a dog weighing twenty-two pounds, if injected only to the extent of an ounce. The "fine champagnes" are reinforced by acetic, sulphuric and hydrochloric acids. Essence of cognac gives a delicious perfume to brandy, only one hundred or one hundred and fifty grammes being used for two hundred pig will kill it in ten minutes. Those liquors called aperitives require special mention. Vermouth and bitters, the writer says, are all made of the worst kind of alcohol, the taste of which is masked by still more harmful substances. Absinthe surpasses them all in its toxic violence. If we take two globes of goldfish and drop into one six drops of prussic acid and into the other six drops of essence of absinthe the fish in both globes will die, but those getting the absinthe will die first. Yet the vapor of prussic acid will kill a man. Within the last ten years the consumption of absinthe has increased to such an extent in France that five times as much alcohol is used for the manufacture of the "green serpent" as was used ten years ago.

"Though alcohol is always a poison it may be harmless if taken in very small doses, but the worst feature of its ravages is that they are not always apparent," the French scientist goes on to say. "It works silently, slowly, in such a way that a man may become alcoholic without ever having been warned by any of the phenomena of drunkenness. This is what is called chronic alcoholism. This man alcoholizes himself without knowing it. He is certain that he does not indulge to excess. He takes his aperitive morning and evening. At lunch and dinner he drinks as much

as he feels like, ending each meal with a pony. In the afternoon and evening he takes two or three beers and a glass of brandy. Where is the harm? This man is no drunkard; he enjoys the respect of the community. But some fine day, suffering from insomnia and gastric troubles, he goes to consult his physician. The physician finds the cause of the trouble in a moment by various symptoms, and tells his astonished and indignant patient that he is alcoholized. This is the way it goes with thousands upon thousands of business men and laborers. Unconscious of their gradual ruin, they so change their organism that it becomes the easy prey of all diseases. Alcohol has undermined their constitutions so that at the least shock they fall to earth.

HOW ALCOHOL DESTROYS A MAN.

"Physicians tell us precisely how alcohol acts on the system. Almost the moment it is swallowed it makes its way through the veins of the stomach into the blood, which it darkens. Its action is immediate, for it has undergone no transformation. It passes away very slowly through the skin, lungs and kidneys, which are irritated by its passage. Once it has been introduced into the body it performs its deadly work. The digestive apparatus is the first point of attack. The stomach, whether bloated by beer drinking or shrunk by brandy drinking, soon becomes ulcerated, causing hemorrhages. Digestion becomes more difficult, for the gastric juices are diminished in quantity by the paralyzing of the glands.

"The liver becomes congested and swollen, heavy and painful. This is fatty degeneration of the liver. Sometimes the liver shrivels up and is covered with a hard, stony tissue. This is cirrhosis. The taste changes very early, leading to all kinds of aberrations. When an old absinthe drinker was put on a milk diet in the hospital he complained that the milk burned his throat. He managed to get some pure absinthe, which he swallowed, claiming that it refreshed and cooled his throat wonderfully. The circulatory system is no less affected. The arteries become hard and brittle. Accidents which would normally affect only the aged seriously strike down young alcoholized persons. The irritation of the lungs produces a dry cough, tending directly toward tuberculosis. The kidneys, worn out by the accumulation of alcohol, become inflamed, leading to Bright's disease or other kidney affection.

"The worst troubles resulting from alcohol's abuse are those of the nervous system, weakening of memory, nightmares, visions of impossible animals, hallucinations, general paralysis, insanity. Delirium tremens threatens every alcoholic patient. The finest intelligence is soon destroyed by this poison. Superior talents are drowned in the bottle."

THE RUIN OF NORMANDY.

Taking up the question of race degeneration, the French scientist states that alcoholism is depopulating Normandy.

"Normandy," he says, "shows the terrific effects of alcoholism more strikingly than any other place on the globe. Ruin and poverty rule in many districts. No more cider is to be found in the saloons; nothing but cheap brandy is called for. When a man goes to market he asks for four cents' worth of coffee and twenty cents' worth of brandy. When he has time and money he will drink twenty or thirty cups of coffee, accompanied by mixed drinks without number. The women of Normandy drink even more than the men. The grocer, vegetable dealer and charcoal vender offer brandy as an inducement to 'lady' customers. When the women go to work they take along flasks, which they fill and empty several times a day. To simplify the cooking they take a pint or so of brandy and put a few crumbs of bread in it, and call this soup. The children are not spared. Early they are taught to drink like men. They go to the saloons with their parents and drink brandy as the chief part of their meals. The results are diminution in the number of births and marriages and a tremendous increase in the mortality."

A STORY OF AFRICAN LOVE.

An amusing incident is quoted by H. T. Finck in a recent volume on primitive and curious customs, which indicates how easily utilitarian considerations may gain the supremacy among Africans.

A traveller knew a girl named Yanniki, who refused to marry a young Kaffir suitor, although she confessed that she liked him.

"I cannot take him," she said, "as he can offer only ten cows for me, and my father wants fifteen."

The traveller observed that it was not kind of her father to let a few cows stand in the way of her happiness; but the African damsel did not fall in with his sentimental views of the case. Business and vanity were to her much more important matters than individual preference, and she exclaimed excitedly:

"What! You expect my father to give me away for ten cows? That would be a fine sort of a bargain! Am I not worth more than Cilli, for whom the Tambuki chief paid twelve cows last week? I am pretty, I can cook, sew, crochet, speak English, and with all these accomplishments, you want my father to dispose of me for ten miserable cows? Oh sir, how little you esteem me! No, no, my father is quite right in refusing to yield in this matter. Indeed, in my opinion, he might boldly ask thirty cows for me, for I am worth that much."