

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

Desserts for Thanksgiving

With Thanksgiving's shadow at the threshold, there comes a demand for those old-time New England dishes, the Indian pudding and pumpkin pie. The former, made according to tradition, will quiver when taken from the oven and be of a jelly-like consistency. The old way, that has never been improved upon, was to bring a quart of milk to boil in an iron kettle and then to add to it about a scant cupful of fine granulated cornmeal, holding it high in the left hand and stirring it through the fingers, stirring constantly meanwhile with the right hand. When this has thickened and cooled a little add a half-teaspoonful of salt, two teaspoonfuls of ginger, a heaping teaspoonful of butter, a teaspoonful of cinnamon, a half cup of cold milk and two well-beaten eggs. Beat the whole mixture until smooth and pour into a deep, well-battered pudding dish, holding at least three quarts. When it has baked nearly an hour, pour over it a half pint of cold milk, which must not be stirred, but allowed to soak in gradually. Bake in a steady oven three or four hours, the temperature being about 350 degrees.

The New Hampshire housewife, in the days of brick ovens, baked hers in a stone pudding dish all night, but she used no eggs. In baking, if it should become too brown, cover with a thick plate. If desired to have the pudding extra rich our forefathers added one cupful of currants or raisins after the pudding had five or six minutes. In this case an additional half pint of milk was added.

Pumpkin Pie—The Thanksgiving pumpkin in honor of our ancestors should be baked in a square biscuit tin. The canned pumpkin makes an excellent substitute. Bake the city housewife who cannot always depend upon the greener for the rich, yellow pumpkin sung by Whittier, this was the way that grandmother prepared hers—I have her recipe before me: Halve a ripe, yellow pumpkin, take out the seeds, rinse the pumpkin halves in cold water, slice them over a moderate fire in just sufficient water to prevent their burning to the bottom of the pan. When stewed soft turn off the water and let the pumpkin steam over a slow fire for fifteen or twenty minutes, taking care that it does not burn. Take it from the fire and strain when cool through a sieve. If you wish to have the pie nice, rich, put to a quart of the steamed pumpkin two quarts of milk and twelve eggs. If you like them plain, put to a quart of the pumpkin one quart of milk and three eggs. The thicker the pie is of the pumpkin, the less will be the number

of eggs required. Sweeten the pumpkin with sugar and a little molasses—the sugar and eggs should be beaten together. Ginger, the grated rind of a lemon or nutmeg is good spice for the pie. Pumpkin pies require a hot oven. The rim of the pie is apt to get burned before the inside is baked sufficiently. On this account it is a good plan to heat the pumpkin scalding hot when prepared for pies, before turning it into the pie plates.

The pie should be baked as soon as the crusts are filled or the under crust will be clammy. The greater the number of eggs in the pie the less time will be required to bake them.

Mince Pie—Do not try to make your mince-meat in one day. Cook your meat the day before, get the raisins soaked (unless you buy seeded ones, which are a tremendous saving of labor), clean and dry your currants, shred the citron and candied orange and lemon peel, measure out the spices and chop the suet. Then it is an easy matter the next morning to mince the meat, peel and chop the apples and put the various ingredients together. In a cold cellar rich mince-meat will keep all winter without cooking; but in the modern cellar, kept hot with a furnace, it is a little safer to scald through before packing away in jars. Any sweet pickle vinegar or fruit juices left over from canning or preserving add much to the mince-meat; while fruit that has begun to ferment (if it is not mouldy) may be used to advantage.

Current or grape jelly makes a delicious addition to mince-meat. The apples used should be tart. Well flavored greenings, spicy Spitzbergen or Baldwin's are usually chosen, though some old-fashioned housewives think there is nothing to equal russets.

The meat used is beef, usually the lower part of the round, simmered gently until tender and the stock in which it is cooked reduced to a jelly-like consistency. Set away overnight to cool in the stock and take off the fat in the morning. The suet for pies should have all the bits of stringy fibre removed, then sprinkled with flour and chopped fine. One-third butter and two-thirds suet gives a better flavor than suet alone. The spices should be of the purest.

Many good cooks boil the raisins that they use in pies, adding the water in which they are cooked to the mince meat. Boiled down cider is a delightful addition to mince meat, but may be omitted if preferred, substituting the fruit juices or sweet pickle vinegar.

May Raise Fur Seals in Fresh Water

Suppose that it should be found practicable to establish colonies of fur seals in some of our large fresh water lakes, obtaining the animals from the Pribilof Islands in Bering sea, and to breed them under such conditions. Would it not be an admirable solution of a much vexed problem?

Miss Commissioner George M. Howers, head of the Government Fisheries Bureau, who added:

"I am not asserting that such a thing is possible. But the sufficient chance of success in an enterprise of the kind to make it well worth trying. The prospect in this respect has been wholly altered, and one might say created by a recent and very remarkable event—nothing less, in short, than the successful rearing of two fur seal pups by the dry-nurse method."

It seems fairly evident that the fur seals do not care whether the water they live in is salt or fresh. But they need plenty of it, and it must contain enough fish to furnish them with food. Why should not these conditions be met satisfactorily in some of our larger bodies of fresh water? The answer is that there does not seem to be any reason whatever—supposing, of course, that the conditions of climate are not such as to involve the freezing over of the water in the winter time. Such an event, necessarily, would kill the seals.

"Well as the matter now stands, all we can say is that the idea seems worth trying out. And we are going to try it. At all events, efforts will be made to rear considerable numbers of seal pups by artificial means. If these efforts fail there will be no loss, inasmuch as the unfortunate animals would perish anyhow."

"It is interesting to consider the fact that the skins of fur seals in 1887 fetched from \$2 to \$3 each. They were worth very much more in 1887. In 1890 they suddenly jumped from \$17 to \$36. Then in 1897, they fell to \$18.50. From this point they gradually rose until in 1900 they brought an average of \$2 apiece. The price of seal-skins, however, is an artificial one, made by the large fur dealers."

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I had had an awful time the night before, as the tailor hadn't sent my suit home and I was determined to wear it on that day. Tailors are such bores. They really don't deserve to be paid at all, after the sleepless nights and anguish of mind they can make one endure. I can manage a dressmaker, usually. I can adopt a firm tone of voice, look her steadily in the eye, and pleasantly demand the removal of a pleat or a fold, and after gently pointing out where she has made a mistake in the plane and specification I have provided her with, can reduce her to a state of complete submission. I can awe her—I can bully her (not brutally, but in a subtle way), I can hypnotize her into sewing the sleeves on the front of the skirt instead of in the armbolts designed for them, if I should decide they would look more chic placed there. I bandy pleasantities about the various social events, in which, from

Theatrical Barinage

Herbert Myer had out a show with a well known New Yorker ahead of it.

"The show" came to Memphis and Myer found that his advance man had given out scores of passes. He telegraphed to his agent, "What do you mean by giving out so many passes in Memphis?"

The agent replied, "You are booked there for two nights. Play three and you can get all the passes in."

"Jim Thornton, the vaudeville wit, did not like a certain old-time showman. Once, before the showman died, they gave him a benefit in New York. Thornton was out on the road, but heard of the plan. He telegraphed to the showman, "Dear you are to have a benefit. I hope you will have to have many of them."

Harry Bulger, the comedian, was out on the road and telegraphed to New York for an engagement. "Jim Thornton, the vaudeville man, was in the manager's office when the telegram arrived.

Thornton answered: "He telegraphed: 'Come on at once and take out a troupe of trained clowns. If the show stands you can eat the clams.'—Saturday Evening Post.

Daily Health Hint

Some physicians claim that bread when it comes from the oven is never really done, and the chemical processes which make it a wholesome article of food do not reach completion until twenty-four hours after baking.

No Short Trips.
Mrs. Howard: Do come to see me soon. I live right around the corner from your house.

Mrs. Crawford: Thanks awfully, but since we have our new motor I never call on any one who lives less than twenty miles away.—LIFE.

A Justifiable Rebuke.
We was twenty days from Leadwood, headed for the coast almost dead. We had just the train completely an' our grub was all run out. Snow was blowing down in Lead, with a wind that blew like fury.

"An' with not a deer, a turkie or a bit of 'em left about."

"Texas' foun' a coyote an' we ate it up for dinner."

"It was young an' tender pickin', but it didn't last in 'nunch."

Quite as long as we expected; an' as I'm a wicked dinner."

We ate it at one sittin', without leavin' none for lunch.

I had pitched a camp, despairin', in a bit of sheltered noyer.

Our old hope o' hvin' an' had turned our horses under.

We was turnin' up our saddles in an old-time butter waler.

An' was prayin' somethin' handsome—but it didn't seem much use.

We was chawin' boots and leegin's, which we thought was a wonder.

We had at our caps and mittens, which was creatures of the past.

An' was lookin' through 'em for a blanket that was tender.

For a table-doty dinner, which we thought would be our last.

I was tightenin' my belt up, after forty hours of fastin'.

When "Smoke" Alister, he ast me if my mother used to roast Turkey with a chile sauce an' bread, an' I followed up astin'.

If I liked baked sweet potatoes or th' Irish kind the most.

He said he could remember th' mince pie an' apple brandy.

That I had to have for dessert, an' th' puddin' after that.

An' though I was weak I hit him with th' first thing that came handin'.

Hit him with intent to harm him; an' I knocked him cold an' flat.

I'm a peaceful-minded feller, but I hit him somethin' awful!

Th' boys stopped eatin' harness for a minute to ast why.

An' when I had explained it they agreed that it was lawful.

Justifiable an' proper, as they bandaged up his eye.

I was chawin' on a buckle at th' time he made his call.

About turkey and plum pudding, an' I gave him a new sock.

An' when he came in, I told him that I didn't bear no malice.

But there's such a thing as carryin' a feller's joke too far!

—J. W. Frier in Saturday Evening Post.

POOR JAKE

WHEN YOU GET YOUR WORK DONE, COME HERE, I HAVE A JOB FOR YOU!

JAKE: LET YOU AND I CARRY ALL THAT OLD LUMBER AROUND BACK OF THE BARN. IT LOOKS BAD LYIN' THERE.

AM! NO, WE'LL NOT DO THAT! WE'LL GO IN TO THE CELLAR AND CLEAN THAT FURNACE OUT. IT'S GETTING ON TO WINTER!

HUH! WAIT! JAKE, WE CAN LET THAT GO! WE'LL TAKE THE AWNINGS DOWN FIRST. WE CAN DO THIS LATER!

THEN AGAIN, I DON'T KNOW, I THINK WE'LL LET THEM HANG AWHILE AND GO PATCH UP THOSE LEAKS IN THE ROOF!

YET, IT SEEMS FOOLISH TO DO IT BEFORE WE RAKE UP THE LEAVES! WE'LL GET A RAKE, JAKE, AND WE'LL GATHER UP THESE LEAVES FIRST!

SAY, COLONEL, WHEN ARE YOU GOING TO SEND UP FOR THAT HALF BARREL OF CIDER? YOU'D BETTER SEND YOUR MAN UP OR IT'LL GET SOUR!

SAY, JAKE, WE WON'T DO ANY WORK TODAY AND YOU TAKE THAT WHEEL BARROW WITH YOU UP THE HILL TO PERKINS', BRING BACK A HALF BARREL OF CIDER AND WHEN YOU RETURN I'LL GIVE YOU A NICE GLASS OF IT!

SILAS

Boss of the Establishment

BY AMERUS MAN.

He Aims His Views on the Soul-Gatherings of Artificial High-brows.

"An invitation came today from the Jones for dinner on the 27th," said the Boss' wife. "They're giving it in honor of some author—I forget who. Do you want to go?"

"Do I want to go?" echoed the Boss' wife. "You know better than that! You mean am I resigned to the necessity of escorting your new pink evening gown to a soul-gathering of artificial high-brows? That all depends. I saw it coming—in fact, Jones told me about it a week ago, and I am willing to meet you half way. If you'll let me off from that opera party you say you intend giving I'll take you to the dinner."

"All right," promptly agreed the lady, though the Boss knew as well as she did that calling would almost certainly deprive him of the fruits of the treaty.

"It's a queer thing," he observed, "that a society made up of charming and intelligent individuals is collectively an awful bore. I tell you I agree with old Tolstol. Some day you'll see me starting off with a staff and a bag of peanuts for a solitary wilderness."

"If you wait till you're nearly ninety, as he did, you won't miss much," retorted the Boss' wife. "Not even me."

"Of course," the Boss interposed hastily. "I'll take you with me."

Whenever the Boss introduced his wife to the women's contentions and she prepared to listen more sympathetically to the exposition of his views.

"I believe," the Boss began, "that I could live the rest of my life in perfect happiness if I knew I was never to see another face but yours. Some just the other day, in condemning a man to life imprisonment, told him the sentence he was imposing was far worse than death. That's all rot! What more could anybody want than a guarantee of food and safety they've taken that last privilege away from prisoners in this country. But don't you suppose some of those fellows tucked away in solitary confinement in Russia and Italy must thro' all over with delight every time they realize they never have to take their wives in another pink test."

"They all go crazy," observed his spouse. "Crazy with joy!" the Boss replied. He was delighted that his wife had taken his little diatribe so seriously.

"Do you know one of the great charms of this place is that we know so few people. Of course, those we have met are all right. They're different—"

"Oh, yes, I notice they're always different after you've met them," jeered the woman. "You know very well that you talk about solitude is just a bluff. And that reminds me, I'm going into town with you tomorrow to order some cards. My supply has run very low and so many persons have called that I shall have to have some more right away."

Next morning the Boss and his wife rushed their way to the station over fallen leaves while the chained and helpless Wool-Wool barked a resentful farewell from the back yard.

The Boss had agreed to take a train

which was a whole hour later than was his custom, and he was amazed to see gathered about the little station an array of traps and motor cars that would have done justice to an operatic first night.

He was more astonished to perceive as they neared the gaily-accommodated his wife seemed to know everybody in sight.

She bowed graciously in one direction, waved an airy hand in another, and as they stepped upon the platform was embraced by three old ladies in quick succession.

"Oh, my dear!" gushed one after another. "You must introduce us husband to you've done so much boasting about! How lucky I met you this morning! I was just going to telephone you about the musicale I'm giving next week. Of course you'll come, Mr. Mann! How lovely of you! I knew you would! Do put your hat on! You'll catch your death of rheumatism or something!"

It may be that rheumatism was on the old lady's mind, but if she had made a bet that the Boss would not once put his hat on till he entered the train she could not have chosen a surer way of forcing him to remain with uncovered head.

Other old ladies came up, hound, like the Boss' wife, upon a shopping tour. Also, many prosperous-looking citizens in fur-lined overcoats—the acme of suburban elegance.

So the Boss kept his hat off for ten minutes, while the cold autumn wind whistled about his ears.

When they were finally about the train his wife murmured, apologetically: "I did the best I could to get you out of all those engagements you made, but you wouldn't let me put in a word."

The Boss, still rubbing his half-frozen ears, smiled amiably.

"I'll do us good to get out a little in society," he said. "After all, there's nothing like contact with other minds to keep you from getting rusty." (Copyright, 1910, by the N. Y. Herald Co.)

The DIARY of DOLLIE

A Summer Girl BY M.F.

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"I HOPE IT WAS MOLLIE."



"TOM CALLED FOR ME AT HALF-PAST SEVEN."

several plans that seemed weak in places. I completely tamed and subjugated her by mentioning my intimacy with one of the queens of Europe. She took the garters away, and I felt that I was entitled to a good deal of self-congratulation, because to assure her that a queen was an old and valued friend of mine was not an easy thing to accomplish. The object had to be handled with a certain lightness and surety of touch. A great deal of technique was absolutely necessary. But the dress was exactly as I wanted when it was finished.

Now, with a tailor I am helpless. He might believe that I was perfectly at home in all the courts of Europe, but he wouldn't alter his cut for me. I made up my mind that I would have my suit to wear to the game, although the shoulders were not a bit the way I wanted them. So I just telephoned. Every ten minutes I called him up and reminded him of his promise.

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OH, MAMMA!



"He said he loved me for myself alone!"

THIS COMMERCIAL AGE



"Are you acquainted with him at all?"

Some Odd Facts Concerning Tobacco

All nations use tobacco extensively in some form. In China it is cultivated everywhere, but usually on a small scale, most families raising it for their own use in their private gardens. The Arabians smoke in their chibouks the best brands, which they perfume with rose-water and with amber-scented pastilles. The Indians have always looked upon tobacco as a gift from the Great Spirit for their especial enjoyment. And, as is well known, no treaty ever ratified without smoking the ceremonial pipe of peace. Hindoos mix with their tobacco sugar, nutmegs and bananas. Hotentots barter their wives for the weed. The Patagonians lights his pipe, throws himself face down on the ground and swallows quickly several mouthfuls of smoke, which produces a delightful intoxication lasting for several minutes. In Paraguay the native men smoke, but the women prefer to chew. Greenlanders smoke for no other purpose than afterward to enjoy drinking the acid and poisonous juices that accumulate in their pipes.

Time was when tobacco was considered a sovereign cure-all. Steeped in rum and then drunk it would outquack the quickest remedy of our time. We have been told that Robinson Crusoe, when ill, took a dose of the stuff with excellent effect. Smoked, it was said to prevent infection; and when the great plague raged in Lon-

don the men who drove the dead wagons kept their pipes continually alight. So much, indeed, did it become a popular cure of the day that the schoolboys at that time would bid the youngsters put aside their books, and he and they would enjoy a "smoker," the master teaching the pupils how to pull properly on their pipes.

As a matter of fact, tobacco did at least once save a man's life. Some Pijian islander had captured a number of white men, whom they proposed to roast and to eat. But one they would not touch, because as one Pijian afterward put it in telling the story, "he smelt too much like tobacco; couldn't eat him now."

The familiar story of Raleigh's servant throwing water over him as he sat smoking, the servant thinking that his lordship was after, is not quite correct. Sir Walter was drenched with beer.

Tobacco from Brazil is the most combustible, but the tobacco, though growing large, handsome leaves, has little substance. The United States leads all other countries in tobacco production, of which it exports at least one-half.—New York

To Keep Hands Smooth in Winter Use Grease and Wear Gloves

It is impossible to keep one's hands smooth and white in cold weather, I think, unless kid or leather gloves are worn. Any other material, such as wool, however warm, is so porous that sufficient air passes through to cause chapping, and, moreover, all possess the quality of being only slightly porous, and so prevents the wind from sifting through. This protection will insure smoothness of the flesh, though it does not warm the hands, but the latter is easily provided by using a muff or wearing heavy knitted gloves over the kid.

Undoubtedly the ideal hand covering for children who play in the cold and snow, and for persons who are much out of doors in winter, is kid or dog skin gloves with woolen mittens as covering. This combination is not bulky for ordinary occasions, and when it is necessary to use the fingers the outer glove can be easily slipped off, leaving the hands protected from cold by the kid which remains on.

Fleece lined kid mittens, I think, promote perspiration of the hands, and in this way render them sensitive to the air the instant the mittens are removed. They are not practical for children, as the leather stiffens when wet.

All gloves worn in the winter should be large enough to admit of free circulation of the blood, otherwise the hands will be cold, red and coarse in texture. I know one woman who, in spite of the fact that she does all her own housework and a great deal of fine washing, such as handkerchiefs and ties, has white, smooth hands.

Their condition is due, she claims, and

so do I, to the fact that as soon as she has used laundry soap, she oils her fingers and the backs of her hands with sweet almond oil. Then she washes this grease with warm water and toilet soap. Always when going out of doors, even for a moment, she draws on a pair of dog skin gloves that have almond oil on the inside.

The liquid does not soak through the skin and while she wears these gloves her hands are being whitened and nourished and any effect of cold or the excessive use of water is overcome. For such use as going into her back yard to hang a few pieces of linen, she wears an old pair of her husband's gloves.

For street wear she uses the size which fits her and wears woolen gloves as a outer covering.

Shaggy gloves of Angora are smart and pretty.

MARGARET MIXTER.

Life's Journey.
We do not half enjoy the day
Because the night is coming.
We only just begin to sleep
As the sun goes down again this morning.

We hustle down our city streets,
We hurry in our pleasure,
And why, good Lord, we do not know,
Since Time steals all our treasures.

And, as this thief has winged feet,
Vain, vain is our pursuing;
Eternity is long enough,
To prove the rogue's undoing.

Now, since Eternity is ours,
Let's take our time in living,
With eyes to see, walk thro' a world
Made fair by God's good giving.

With ears to hear His angels sing,
Where winds blow soft and sighing,
Let's learn the sacred things of Life,
And lose our fear of dying.

For, sure as you and I are here,
And gone away tomorrow,
This world's our only Paradise,
And haste our greatest sorrow.

—Louise Foley in Saturday Evening Post.