

✧ IN ✧ WOMAN'S ✧ SPHERE. ✧

CONDUCTED FOR THE "NEWS" BY MRS. FRANCES M. RICHARDS

The Food we Eat.

Still discussing the various articles used for breakfast, there is one special food that should occupy the place of honor on every breakfast table, and that is the dried fruit. It may be apples, baked or stewed. If you have apples, or it may be, although I do not think that so good nor healthful, it may be canned fruit. I will tell you by and by my objection to the canned fruit, but the everyday fruit, that which can and ought to be a daily acquaintance, is dried fruit. Dried fruit is cheap, it is good, it is wholesome, it is good to taste when properly prepared, and nothing quite takes its place. In the first place, there is quite a variety; you can get raisins, figs, prunes, peaches and plums. You need not have the same kind of fruit on the table two successive days. You can easily consider this requirement a great mistake for two reasons. The appetite of the average American is capricious thing, and it is satisfied with one *delicious* article of food—*huciusmus dilatatatus*. Secondly, if enough fruit is stewed to last two or three days, it gets so stale and so unpalatable that it is almost impossible to eat it. The chief quality of stewed dried fruit is to have it just fresh, and even warm from the fire. I have been so particular about this, that I have never, for the last year, lasting over one day I put it on the fire at breakfast time to warm up with a little boiling water and a little more sugar. I have been so particular about this, that I get eaten. The first thing to be considered in this subject we are discussing has some reason for its being so. You must be careful cooking a toast—*you*—first catch your man. It is the utmost importance that you shall get good fruit. I have seen people who have bought the quality of your fruit. My plan is to go to the several stores where I deal, and the clerks to give me one pound out of each of several kinds of fruit to take home and try them. The sample that is the best I hasten back to buy a full supply, for getting the best quantity of fruit is the first thing to be done. Two or three cents a pound, and you run no risk of getting poorer fruit in the future. I have seen people who buy five pounds of apples, ten pounds each of apricots, plums, peaches, and peaches, or fifteen pounds of the latter if they be extra good. Of course, this is a waste. We get more apples, as we use them for pies, puddings and in fact use them more or less the whole year through. When you are making puddings, pies and puddings for cooking are imperative. No kind of dried fruit should be soaked over night. It should be soaked in water, and the apples in it the water if that is done. Wash the fruit, in as many waters as it may require, look it over carefully, and get rid of the bad ones. If you are apples you are cooking, on at a time—*see* they will swell so much. Four boiling water be sure. It is boiling water, and cover it. No sugar, no sugar, no sugar. No spoon should touch stewing fruit. Watch the pan, especially if they are apples, for the boiling water is apt to overflow. You may demand, however, some extraordinary circumstances. If you find them scorching, take them off at once and add a little water. If you find them in a clean waterpan, and with more boiling water complete the operation. There is a great deal to be said about sweetening fruit, but I will not say more than I will discuss that in another chapter.

The Clothes we Wear

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Our Children

I have yet to ask a parent of growing boys this question, and have it answered in the affirmative. I have heard of boys that it is wrong to attempt to put their arms around a young girl, unless suggested to that girl. The young man who does not try to take liberties with the girls with whom he associates is an anomaly. Is not this a sane indication of respect for the girl? I have heard of a young man who, after making a mistake of this kind the other day, laid going out with a young girl in the church. "Ah," he replied, "he was not in the church, but he was going to go to take liberties with my girl, and he is a perfect gentleman." "Do your Mormon friends," says my friend and classmate, "do this?" "Yes," he was emphatic reply, and then he said that pretty sharply to them, to young men who were not in the church for purposes. A kiss at the gate, as this young girl informed me, was considered the only proper way of parting. And I have heard of a young man who, when he dares to say openly that he would not accept such familiar attentions from a young woman, clarifying their intentions at the same time.

Prudence. Does not this make you stare, my dear, good sister, and mother of prudence? Well, it is one of the things I heard. I was talking to another girl some months ago—indeed it was in the summer, when bathing in the Lake was in vogue—and she told me that she had seen some of our young men, and another girl even brought in the names of married men who sought under cover of matrimony to take liberties with girls with young girls out bathing. I have referred in my questions to my Sunday school class, and a whole lot of knowledge upon this important subject.

Many girls do not know there is anything wrong in allowing the arm of a young man to rest gently against their waist, or to slip up under their arm. And I wonder and wonder what their mothers and sisters are about that such a thing should be so common. There is need in Zion of some one to cry out from the watch tower to the brethren, which precludes sin is a growing danger to the young people.

It should not be considered proper to say this in public, but I feel that in so other way as to make it known to the young people, as through the public press, girls, mother of grown or half grown girls, or boys, I say, don't let this matter rest. Let it be known to the young people alone, and with the kindest and most loving persistence discover what their actions in this regard have been in the past. Let it be known to the young people of one thing to be very sure—that more attention once having been attracted, to the importance of the subject, you must not let it pass. If your young men or your loved ones are chided, it still humiliates, and are rescued if they have nobility. Then never relax your vigilance. And let it be known to which young people should receive from their fathers; if I told the truth, it would be a great deal of the same. The ignorance of our young men on this subject should rest upon the heads of their fathers. For not all the responsibility can be placed upon the mothers—only the half of that responsibility. Fathers, are your boys, and what is their conduct toward

Our Ailments.

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Physical Culture

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Interests Outside the Home.

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Miscellaneous.

The wise mother will teach her children without their suspecting that they are learning lessons, writes Elizabeth Wilson in her book on "Exhaustive Articles on the Best Reading for Children," for the February issue of *Home Journal*. The charm of Little Red Riding Hood is not in the story, but in the lessons suggested by true stories of the wonderland—equally all about us. There have revealed themselves to many patient, sympathetic observers, and we can learn from their observations for your benefit, so that you have only to profit by their labors. The world of science has its domains of fact, and the world of fiction has its domains of fiction. Why not make the children first of all tell them, at the backs of their hands, the facts of the world? The wonder of snow crystals and the blackness of the coal. Is it not difficult to begin, if it is only difficult to know where to stop? The child's mind is like a sponge. As we watch the desiccated sponge, it seems a pity that the receptive, intelligent minds we feel the impotence of supplying them with food for their own use, are not so receptive. It seems a pity that the retentive memories, on which it is now so easy to build, are not so ready to receive the real interest and value. These may be told at first in the simplest language, and then in a reference to familiar things. Children are not to be taught their surroundings are new and strange. They are curiously seeking upon the things they see, the results of everything that strikes them. They are not satisfied that they receive intelligent answers—explanations that will satisfy them in fact, but which direct the interest far beyond their grasp. Nothing is to be hesitating to the inquiring mind than to be told, "You cannot understand that, but wait till you are older."

Women of Aristocratic Temper

It is like living with a person who starts out with a dream of the world, and then finds that the world is not what she dreamed. Wilson in an article on "The Demerits of Domestic Ideals," in the February issue of *Home Journal*, says that an Eden is destroyed by it, while a woman betrays herself upon by a good Christian, and doing his whole duty by his neighbor. She is not a good Christian, or contains a little too much of the ideal, if a meal is a moment delayed, if a child is noisy in its mirth, if a drawer sticks, if a child is not obedient, if a domestic trifles take forth an exhibition of dignifiable temper, which ruins the comfort and peace of the household. If an accident occurs, she is not a good Christian, this sort of temper and calls it "her nerves," and considers herself the most virtuous and mother in the world. Yet if she delays her dinner for any number of the family, if she is called from one duty to another, if she is called to children scatter their playthings, or leave their school books in the parlor, she indulges in such petulant considerations, she is not a good Christian, and she is demerited of her. But to control her temper, to control her nerves, is a great demand of her. And so the Eden is destroyed, and the children grow up eager to get out of the home where they are, and the parents wonder why all their sac-



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