

A woman who lives in the country where they butcher their own meat says she cannot find out, even from the butcher, in what part of the beef the sweetbread is found. Butchers know this organ as the throat and heart or stomach sweetbreads. In physiology the organs are known as the pancreatic glands, the throat sweetbread being the pancreas, and the heart sweetbread the thymus. The heart sweetbread is much better than the throat, being of good shape, compact and tender, while the throat is long, loosely put together, and inclined to be tough. In the common books on physiology nothing is said in regard to the change that takes place in these organs as the animal matures. I find many butchers who know that there are no tender sweetbreads in the matured animals, but do not know the reason why. These organs are tender and delicate only while the animal is quite young. While the calf is still on a milk diet the sweetbread will be white, plump and tender; but just as soon as the food is changed to grass the organ begins to grow tougher, loses its plump form, and grows darker, until in the full-grown beef it would not be recognized. What is true of beef is also true of mutton. The sweetbread in the lamb is delicate and delicious. One never finds it in this form in the matured sheep.

Steel knives, used at table or for cutting bread, meat or anything for which a sharp knife is needed, should never be used for stirring or cooking anything in hot grease, as it makes them very dull.

Silver in daily use may be kept bright a very long time if always washed in hot suds and rubbed briskly on a soft, dry towel. Silver and glass should both be wiped right out of the suds without rinsing.

Dry salt will remove egg stains from spoons, and gum camphor kept with silver will prevent it from tarnishing. Camphor will also keep away mice, moth and other vermin.

Apocryphal questions in society relates to the length of time that hosts should wait for dilatory guests on such occasions. There are a few people, most of them women, who are notoriously unpunctual, and it is embarrassing to decide whether dinner shall be kept waiting for them or whether it shall be served without their presence. Common sense declares that fifteen minutes' grace is enough to allow for difference in time-pieces and for accidents, and that after that period has elapsed the banquet should go on with those who have arrived, and the others be allowed to come when they choose. A longer delay destroys appetites, is detrimental to the coker, and where the theater or the opera is to follow, the pleasure of the evening may be spoiled by it.

All good housekeepers know the value of a large-sized apron for use in the kitchen. For some years I have used another and as necessary a part of a kitchen outfit, namely a kitchen sacque; a calico sacque fitted loosely over my dress, that I can put on when I am dressed for the afternoon, if I have to go in the kitchen, as one so often has to do with the "help" we have nowadays. It is buttoned up the front closely to the neck, and the sleeves have bands at the wrists. I find it keeps out the smell of the grease that will saturate

a woolen dress when one has to spend any time cooking on the stove or range. This with a large kitchen apron gives me a complete coat of mail; and then when my work is finished I slip off the sacque and apron, and presto! I am dressed again for the parlor or company, with so little trouble. I would not be without the sacque for many times the cost and trouble of making it.

Miscellaneous.

BENDING THE TWIG.

[N. Y. Recorder.]

Tom came home the other evening with a new theory. That was no unusual thing, for he is given to theories, bless him, but this particular theory was startling in its conception and its results. He announced quite resolutely and calmly at the dinner table that punishment of all sorts and conditions was to be out of the family code of governing. There were to be no whippings, no deprivations, no scoldings.

Now never in my life had I raised my hand to offer corporal punishment to Tom, Jr., nor had his father ever used physical force. That youth had been made to feel the weight of our displeasure by forfeiting some pleasure trip, some valued possession or coveted dessert, and even in these instances Tom often made vicarious atonement for the sins of his son. Indeed, I had thought our reign was of the mildest, and this new regime astonished me quite as much as it seemed to tickle the fancy of the heir.

For a couple of weeks everything went beautifully. Tom impressed it upon our boy that he was to be good from a high sense of honor, and to prove himself worthy of the great mark of confidence we had placed in him by trying, under all circumstances, to do as nearly what he knew to be right as possible. But alas! this living on a pedestal proved wearisome. Tom is a boy, and a most mischievous one, and the boy nature had to assert itself. Complaints began to come in from the janitor, from the neighbors, from the grocers on the avenue. It was not that Tom meant to be bad, but the new government was too much for him. Like Ireland, he was not ready or able to rule himself, and needed the wholesome restraints of a limited monarchy.

The teacher of his class sent for me to come to school to tell me that within two weeks a change had seemed to come over the spirit of Tom's dreams, and hinted that unless a very marked reform took place it would be better for me to remove him.

What I did was very quickly done. I cleared the moral atmosphere with a thunderstorm. First, I reasoned gently but firmly with Tom, Jr., and required him to bring back a better report the next day. Next day the report read very unsatisfactory. I ordered the culprit to betake himself to the solitude of his own room and think on these things till dinner time. As I left him he pouted. "Papa said I was not to be punished."

I replied that I hoped it would not be necessary to break papa's rule, when the door was violently slammed and a shower of heavy shoes threatened to break it down. Then and there the sweet gray eyes grew black.—I tied together three lithe new whalebones! you may imagine the rest, but there is peace once more at No. 90. Tom lives in love

and harmony with the janitor, the neighbors, his teacher and his parents.

GROWTH OF THE HAIR.

The influence of diet upon the growth of hair is the subject of a paper in which the writer says: "Several cases of shedding of hair after influenza has confirmed my opinion that diet has much to do with the cure of sympathetic alopecia. Hair contains 5 per cent of sulphur and its ash 20 per cent of silicon and 10 per cent of iron and manganese.

"Solution of beef (or, rather, part of it), starchy mixtures and even milk, which constitute the diet of patients with influenza and other fevers, cannot supply these elements, and atrophy at the roots and falling out of hair result.

"The color and strength of hair in young mammals is not attained so long as milk is the sole food. As to drugs, iron has prompt influence. The foods which most abundantly contain the above named elements are the various albumenoids and the oat, the ash of that grain yielding 22 per cent of silicon.

"I have often found a dietary largely composed of oatmeal and brown bread to greatly promote the growth of hair, especially when the baldness was preceded by constipation and sluggish capillary circulation. Those races of men who consume most meat are the most hirsute."

Notes.

Rev. Edward E. Hale seconds Miss Willard's nomination of Jean Ingelow for poet-laureate. He says in the Boston *Commonwealth*: "A queen should have a woman for her laureate. Victoria is to look among the women of England, to know who has written, or who can write, such poems as shall honor a reign, now more than half a century long, which has a literature of its own, as in all other regards it has its own distinctive history. This woman is Jean Ingelow."

To the literary women of the world will be given an opportunity to figure in the two libraries that are being collected for exhibition at the World's Fair. That in the Illinois State clubhouse will contain the writings of Illinois women only. For this many volumes are ready for the bookcases now. Among these are "The Vision of Dante" and "Study of Child Life," by Elizabeth Harrison, and "Out of Darkness Into Light," by Mrs. Dean. The library for the Woman's Building is growing rapidly.

English children are only permitted to eat what is good for growing bodies, and the American mother sending her boys to their schools, stipulates that her darlings shall have extras and sweetmeats, because they cannot live on bread, meat and one vegetable. "They will not stay unless they have what they want," says the average mother, and it is a common cry. "They will have it, so what can I do?" Imagine a small will in conflict with a large one and coming off victor!

The bane of the American discipline is that the mother reproves the child for doing a thing at one time and overlooks it at another, according to the state of her nerves. When she can no longer control herself, she punishes the child. Then she has an uncertain fashion of threatening future punishment, instead of quiet, sure, quick work. Perhaps she