

city from noon till midnight. The great masked parade moved at 1 o'clock and was a most unique and startlingly original procession. First came the lord of mirth accompanied by his court and retainers, who were followed by beautiful floats which found a parody on the allegorical display of the day previous. The Denver Athletic club—a prominent social organization of Denver—had an amateur circus parade, called "Bungling Bros. circus."

Then came the Denver Wheel club (200 members); each appeared as tigers, riding bicycles. Following came the Arapahoe wheel club, dressed as Indians, to represent the tribe from which they took their name. After this organization marched the Y. M. C. A. wheel club, who enacted a parody on the Chinese display of the day prior. They carried out the scheme to the letter. Even the dragon, whose head was an exact counterpart of the Chinese, but whose body and tail was made up of hose pipe, ranging from the largest size down to the smallest, a pipe no larger than a lead pencil, and which stretched 400 feet behind the head of the monster. The Denver & Rio Grande Railway was represented by a float showing hades in all its fury. At the mouth of the float stood Satan who hurled the condemned into the fiery furnace. Here came upwards of 5,000 men, women and children, masked and dressed in grotesque and handsome costumes.

After the parade the streets were given up to the promiscuous maskers, who revelled in fun until sundown. The day's festivities concluded with a grand Bal Champetra, which occurred immediately in front of the grand stand and lasted until midnight.

The third and last day opened up with a grand military and civic pageant, and closed in a "night of glory" with the silver serpent parade and a grand ball at the Broadway theater. A striking feature of the military parade was the appearance of the Denver fire department. They were preceded by the volunteer firemen of years ago. The showing made by the department was indeed a creditable one. The parade of the slaves of the silver serpent (all masked) embraced floats of immense beauty and richness and was viewed by fully 250,000 people.

A number of Salt Lake people were in attendance, among whom were the following: H. S. Ensign, Carl A. Badger, Z. L. Coltrin, J. H. Grant Jr., Charles R. Jones, W. C. Clive, L. H. Oviatt, Wm. O. Robinson, Fred Graham, Hyrum S. Hyde, Judge Colburn, E. G. Rognon and wife, C. J. Pence, F. A. Wadleigh, Gus Holmes, H. W. B. Cantner, T. D. Cain, W. H. Evans, H. A. Fyler, E. L. Sheets, P. W. McCaffrey and T. F. Thomas Jr. The president of the Utah Press association and a number of members were also in attendance.

The celebration was in most respects a great one but all in all it was easily eclipsed by the Jubilee festivities of this city. JAY.

DOMESTIC SCIENCE.

The housekeeper who dillydallies is lost—as a housekeeper. Though she speak with the tongue of Aspatha or Portia, though she embroiders like Lucretia, sings divinely and dances like a sylph, these accomplishments profit her nothing in her role as a house mistress if she lingers so long over getting the children's flannels that Jack Frost nips their insufficiently clothed legs on their way to school, and croup and pneumonia follow up their advantage. Though she be as amiable as an angel, as witty as Mme. de Staël, as virtuous as Lucrece, the

slit up Leander's roundabout grows amain; the baby gets old enough for short clothes, but the long, swaddling clothes still cumber his active limbs, and pater familias, with but one night-shirt, and that in the wash, feels that a wife who is always behindhand is not from the Lord. Late in arising, breakfast is either not ready or else cold; the children tardy at school; the milkman and butcher vanished, the train to the city missed, and the day spoiled all around. The fall fruit is not put up until everything is out of the market. The furnace is not cleaned and made ready until the cold weather comes and every one is frozen, supplies are not ordered, and meal time finds an empty larder. Company comes and the cupboard is bare. Night falls, and she has delayed about having the lamps filled. Morning dawns and she has neglected to order the kindling to start the fire. And the days go by in the house of the dillydallying woman, and though she may be happy, her family are not, and the elders who sit at the gates say, "Alas, for her husband!"

Plum quinces hang golden from their scraggy branches just now, and the provident chatelaine is looking up her receipts for their preservation.

There must be jelly—that goes without saying; while quince marmalade and preserves are among the choicest of the winter's store of sweets. After the quinces have been gathered, they should lie a few days to complete the ripening. Then, selecting the yellow ones, rub with a coarse cloth to remove the fuzz. Pare, quarter and core, removing also the hard part under the core, and drop into a pan of cold water until needed. Lay aside the skins, cores and hard parts for jelly. Put them in a granite kettle or stone jar, cover with cold water, and let them boil for several hours. The seeds yielding a rich mucilage during this process. If necessary, add more water, in order to keep them covered. When very tender, empty into a bag, suspended over a dish, and let them drain over night. In the morning measure the juice, and allow a pound of sugar to each pint of juice. Put the sugar in the oven to heat, being careful that it does not scorch. Boil the juice twenty minutes, and stir in the hot sugar. As soon as it is dissolved, skim thoroughly, roll the jelly glasses in hot water and fill. The preserved quinces are made from the quartered fruit. Cover with cold water, and bring slowly to a boil. Take an equal weight of sugar, and when the quinces begin to get tender, add a quarter of the sugar. Allow this to dissolve; then add more gradually until the quinces are a fine red. Equal parts of sweet apple and quince make also a pleasant variety.

The marmalade is made of small pieces of quince boiled slowly in cold water until quite tender, sugar being added in the proportion of three-quarters of a pound of sugar to each of fruit. Boil slowly until quite thick. Pour into jelly glasses or the club cheese pots, and the next day paste over with paper.

Baked quinces make a delicious dish for luncheon or tea. Core and pare them, and put in a shallow earthen dish. Fill the cavities with sugar and a little lemon rind grated, or according to the old Knickerbocker custom, nutmeg. Add water in abundance as the quince is an exceptionally dry fruit. Bake closely covered in a modern oven until tender and a fine red.

When an old Virginia cook assays the task of setting forth fried chicken with cream gravy to her constituents, the lucky participant can thank the gods for appetite properly attuned to this delicious morsel. "Here in de

Norf," says Sable Ann, "de style is to steam de chickens befo' fryin', but we do diffunt." Ann's method carefully observed tested and "made a note on," is after dressing and cutting into joints to leave her chickens for fifteen minutes or half an hour in cold salt water. The pieces are then patted dry on a clean towel, dredged with salt and pepper, rolled in flour and dropped in a spider full of boiling fat—preferably lard or pork drippings; never butter. They are fried until well browned, first on one side then on the other, but not too rapidly. After the chicken has been taken up—golden morsels of sweetness—the superfluous fat is poured off the spider, leaving the brown flour on the bottom. To this is added a cupful of cream, or rich milk, as the case may be, a tablespoonful of fine cut parsley and salt and pepper to taste. Enshrouded in this "fair sepulcher" the whilom pride of the farm yard appears to grace the family board, with this justly commendatory tribute:

"Nothing in his life
Became him like the leaving it."

"Don't let the tomato season pass by," says a model housekeeper, "without trying this recipe for cold tomato pickle. Every one likes it." To one half-peck ripe tomatoes, pared, chopped fine and drained two hours, add one quart vinegar and allow it to stand until the rest of the ingredients are made ready. Measure out one cupful onion, chopped fine, one cup sugar, one cup white mustard seed, two tablespoonfuls black pepper, one tablespoonful cinnamon, one of cloves, one teaspoonful mace, two or three red pepper, one cupful grated horseradish, one cupful nasturtium seed and one-half cup of salt. Stir together and bottle without cooking.

The only fat that should be allowed a sick person is butter.

"In inflammatory rheumatism," says a trained nurse, "the patient will enjoy it if the skin is frequently dried with a warm towel. The free acid perspiration that occurs in addition to the fever makes this warm drying most grateful."

A good recipe for home-made ice cream is always in order, whether the mercury is vaulting gayly among the nineties or losing itself despondently near the zero mark. To make the Van Orden cream, beat the yolks of four eggs until lemon-colored and thick; add one pound of powdered sugar and a quart of milk just brought to the boiling point; cook two minutes—no longer. Stir in the whites of four eggs well beaten, a teaspoonful and a half of vanilla and a half teaspoonful of almond. When cool add one quart of cream, and freeze.

That delightfully feminine function, the five o'clock tea, is again in full swing; and the fragrance of Pekoe and the murmurings of many tongues fill the air.

This pretty English custom has been adopted *con amore* here, and simple indeed, are the habits of a household where the late afternoon caller fails to find the "hissing urn" so provocative of sociability.

The tables in vogue now are round with a shelf underneath to hold a plate of biscuit or wafers or the pretty dish of candied ginger or cherries.

If the waitress can be spared at this hour, it is her duty to take entire charge; she must see that there is plenty of boiling water, have the lemons ready to slice, ice-water and glasses ready for serving and sandwiches cut. Whatever is served