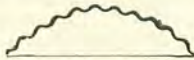


We will now see how the above articles can be put into the proper green livery. The soups will be green without further culinary aid if they are made of veal and mutton stock. Mackerel has a pretty green shade upon it, and it must be garnished with fennel, and fennel sauce served with it. A dessertspoonful of tarragon vinegar in the sauce is a great improvement to mackerel. The pike must be filled with a green stuffing, similar to veal stuffing, and baked; garnish with parsley, and boil a little parsley in the gravy to give it a green tinge. The mayonnaise of turbot is in case cold fish is preferred to hot. Boil the fish and take it off the bones while hot, then lay it evenly in the dish and make a mayonnaise thus. Mix smoothly four heaped tablespoonfuls of best flour with half a pint of cream, boil it till thick, stirring in two ounces of butter; then turn it into a basin and add a heaped teaspoonful of salt, a level one of white pounded sugar, and a level one of white pepper, a little pounded mace and grated nutmeg, a tablespoonful of lemon juice (or vinegar if you like a stronger acid) and a tablespoonful of sherry. Stir till quite smooth, and when cold lay evenly on the fish, smoothing it over with a knife; then proceed to ornament it. Slice a thick cucumber with the rind on a little thicker than if for salad, then cut the rind off each slice, leaving a triangle in the middle; these can be thrown into the salad-bowl, as the rind is the part you want, and each piece must be this shape—



Lay a single line of these, green side up, down the mayonnaise, slightly curved like the stalks of a fern frond, then place pieces on each side of this stalk like fern leaves, the smaller at the top and the larger at the bottom; stick the cut edge in the mayonnaise, and the green only showing. It will now look like a graceful piece of fern lying on the mayonnaise if neatly done. For the border choose some evenly-sized pieces and place them, green side up, in a zig-zag round the mayonnaise, and at each inner point put a cluster of capers, about three or four. This will make a pretty pattern, but you may vary it according to taste. The edge of the dish must be garnished with slices of thinly-cut cucumber, with the rind left on, laid on, overlapping each other, round the dish. The calf's head must be well boiled and the bones drawn away, and then covered

with brain sauce, made with chopped sage and parsley, which will give it a pretty green tint; garnish with a wreath of sage leaves. The chickens must also be boiled, and parsley and butter sauce poured over them, and sprigs of parsley laid round the dish. The mutton cutlets can either be stewed or boiled in the usual way; in either case they must be served in a silver dish, and covered with rice that has been boiled with some spinach leaves to give it a green tint. Chop the spinach and put in little heaps round the dish. The sweet-breads must be served *à la béchamel*, also in a silver dish, and the proper tint given by a garnish of parsley. Chop the parsley finely and tie in a cloth, dabble it well in a bucket of water, then wring out dry, untie the cloth and shake out the parsley, which will be soft and feathery; scatter it lightly over the béchamel and put some little heaps round the dish.

The almond pudding must be served cold, and is made thus: Blanch and pound four ounces of almonds with two ounces of white sugar, mixed with the grated rind of a lemon and two ounces of breadcrumbs, stir in the yolks of three eggs and the whites of two, and slowly beat in two ounces of butter melted: butter a basin and shake some breadcrumbs thickly over it, pour in half the mixture, then put in a layer of greengage jam, and pour in the rest of the mixture, put a piece of buttered paper over the top and steam for an hour: turn out, and when cold, ice it thickly and then ornament it. Cut some slices of candied citron, pointed at each end like a leaf, lay on the top of the pudding in a star form; at the centre where the leaves join, put some pieces of green angelica to form a flower. Place some more small squares of the angelica round, underneath the citron star, either straight or in festoons; press these ornaments slightly into the white icing and set the pudding before the fire, turning it occasionally to set the icing, then take four ounces of finely-powdered white sugar and beat it up to a froth with two ounces of butter and two teaspoonfuls of brandy. Divide it into two, and to one half add a few drops of green vegetable essence (it is quite wholesome if you get the right kind from the stores); when it is a pretty shade of green, lay it lightly in rough frothy heaps round the pudding, alternating it with heaps of the uncoloured. The greengage tart can be served hot; remove the paste crust and cover the top with stiffly whipped white of egg, mixed with a little icing sugar; return to the oven for a minute to set it, and then

scatter over it in a pretty pattern (a wreath round and an oval centre is as pretty as anything) some finely-chopped pistachio nuts, which are a nice green after being placed in hot water and the outer red skin removed. The gooseberry fool, or stewed gooseberries, need no garnish. The Victoria sandwiches must be iced, and ornamented with the green sparkling sugar that is now so much used in confectionary. The blancmange must be ornamented with angelica and small pieces of glacé greengage or green almonds.

For the cheese course you can have either sage cheese or gorgonzola, cut into small pieces and surrounded with a frill of watercress. The cream cheese must be laid on a bed of mustard and cress, and some of the same lightly scattered over it; your salads can be of green lettuce and cucumber. Of green vegetables there is always abundance to choose from; if you serve broad beans, the following is a new and tasty way. Boil some, not too young, then skin them and heat to a pulp with a little butter, salt, pepper, and white sugar, a very little finely-chopped onion and some sweet herbs. Mix in two well-beaten eggs and press into a plain mould or basin and steam twenty minutes, turn out and garnish with parsley. The potatoes, either old or young, must have a little finely-chopped parsley scattered over them. The fruit may consist of green grapes, a green melon, jargonelle, or any other green pears, greengages, and green apples. The bon-bons may be ratafia or any other biscuits, brushed over with white of egg, and then powdered with the green sparkling sugar. The almonds must be blanched and then enclosed in a paste made thus: Take two tablespoonfuls of fine white icing sugar, a quarter of a teaspoonful of white of egg, not beaten, a few drops of green vegetable essence, and a few drops of noyau or almond flavour. Work it into a paste, and make into small balls, place one in the palm of your hand and press the almond into it. Stroke four or five lines lengthwise on the upper side with an ivory knitting-needle or crochet-hook, and set on a plate to dry; they should be made the day before they are wanted.

Green is not supposed to be a very wholesome colour, but you will see that there is nothing in any of these recipes that is not perfectly safe and in everyday use, and all will have the requisite tint without being heavy or sombre. Our next paper will give directions for a "cream and apricot tea."

MARIE P. GREEN.

GIRLS AS VISITORS.



TRIVIAL subject! In contrast with the relationships of daughter and sisterhood, discussed in my previous articles, a temporary and accidental relationship

like this may appear not worth the trouble of writing or reading about. Yet the virtue of hospitality is of most ancient dignity, and the privileges of the guest are bound up with the very dawn of history, as you will soon discover if your tastes lead you to explore in classic fields.

Hospitality, as it is described in the *Odyssey*, for instance, is a very sacred and serious thing, entailing solemn obligations, and in the beautiful play of *Alceste* by Euripides, which you may read translated in *Balaustion's Adventure* by Browning, you will see how a guest repaid his host in the hour of loss and bereavement.

It might be wished that the modern exercise of hospitality were attended with rather more of old-fashioned loyalty. "It's dreadfully troublesome, but I must ask Miss A., I suppose!" "Oh, here's an invitation from Mrs. B.! How wretched! Must I really go? I suppose I must." One has often heard remarks of this kind, and the reflections they suggest as to the artificial state of society are rather too commonplace to set down. On the other hand, perhaps, hospitality appears at its best in relation to girls who have not had time to

become *blasés*. Schoolgirls, at any rate, thoroughly enjoy visiting one another, and the pleasure of giving and receiving such visits is alike genuine. Then who can describe the joy in childhood of exchanging one's home for the home of a friend? I shall never forget the bliss of such visits in my own childhood: the departure for what seemed an indefinite period of joy; the home that received me, with the friend of my heart, imaginative and eager; her brother and sister, ready with ecstatic welcome; the mother, embodiment of all womanly charm and tenderness; the realm of imagination which opens most readily to children who are not akin, entered by means of many a quaint childish device, and last, not least, by wanderings in a beautiful wood that crept up to the very garden—fit kingdom of romance! All this formed a paradise, a fairyland for the

child of seven, and as I look back the memory is still radiant with a light not of the common day.

It was an exceptional home, it is true. But for the child who finds herself visitor in such a family the experience may make a difference to the whole of her after life, giving the brightness that sweetens the nature, just as the sunshine of summer days is stored up in the ripened fruit. As a contrast, the misery of a child-visitor who finds herself ill at ease is admirably sketched in the early part of Mrs. Gaskell's *Wives and Daughters*.

My subject, however, is hardly the child as visitor, but the girl who has emerged from the schoolroom and exchanges her own home temporarily for the home of others. Perhaps these visits are not so frequent an element in the lives of middle-class girls, now that women are disposed to take up an individual career which they cannot interrupt for the constant going and coming that used to intervene between the schoolroom and marriage. But, at any rate, "the girl as visitor" is quite a frequent enough character for my purpose, and she appears in many varied types.

First of all there is the girl (usually a country girl) who hates to leave home. She settles herself into a certain routine which becomes part of her life—she is bound to it, at all points of her nature, by a thousand invisible tiny links. She "grows there," as a familiar expression has it, and if she is wrenched out of her environment, she suffers dreadfully at the severing of these ties. She cannot express herself, or give a coherent reason for her dismay at the prospect of a visit; so her parents, thinking it "so good for her," joyfully arrange for her to go and stay with relations or acquaintance at a distance. The news comes upon her like a thunderclap of misfortune, but she cannot protest; she knows she is absurd, and can only suffer in dumb anticipation of the hour that steals swiftly nearer and nearer. Then she finds herself borne away by inexorable necessity, and has to endure the torture of homesickness—that misery of the young so little understood, so terrible to bear. She is usually so far alive to the unreason of her suffering as to keep it to herself; but her hosts think her a "most uninteresting girl." If she stays long enough, they perhaps change their opinion, for her nature may strike root afresh and put forth little timid buds and leaves, but in the interval neither she nor her entertainers are much the better for her visit. Poor child! I think parents and guardians should be very merciful over this malady of shyness and homesickness. The tendency to its attacks does not usually increase with age, and gentle remedies are the best whenever possible.

As a visitor among strangers the shy and homesick girl is not a success. She cannot appear at her best, or do herself justice in any way, and unless there is very strong reason for uprooting her, it seems best to let her flourish happily where she grows.

Of a very different type is the haphazard girl-visitor. She is not embarrassed by shyness in the very least; she delights to come and stay with you, and generally lets you know the fact beforehand, informing you that she has a round of visits to pay and will come and see you "some time" during the series. When exactly she will arrive it is difficult to ascertain. You are obliged, at risk of paining and surprising her, to give her a general joyful invitation, unless, indeed, you can hedge yourself round with definite engagements, and tell her, "This, and this only, is my free time." Even if you do this, she has a knack of frustrating you. "She knows you will not mind her coming a week earlier (or later) than arranged; it does not in the least matter what room she has, you will make no difference for her," etc.; or she

enters, with the uncomfortable freedom born of old friendship, into your plans, and points out that she will not in any way interfere with them by her presence. You have, of course, to give in, for hospitality is an exacting virtue; one might almost say of it "*Noblesse oblige*." Then you begin to expect her. A vague and affectionate scrawl at the last instant mentions some train, snatched at random from a last year's time-table, and probably quite wrong; or she gives an approximate hour for coming, or gives no hour at all. Or a wire, wrongly addressed, turns up, with vast sums to pay for portage, after the carriage has started for the station, several miles away, to meet her, and you hear that for some trivial reason she is not coming till to-morrow. She drives the team of her own impulse and convenience serenely over your ordered garden of domestic routine, and never suspects that the process is devastating. "Oh, we are such old friends! You would make no difference for me, I know, darling!"

Perhaps you are a newly-married woman, with not a very large house, or staff of servants, and when your erratic friend does arrive, beaming, it is with a box of such colossal dimensions that it nearly fills up the hall, and can only, with the utmost difficulty and damage to your fresh staircase decorations, be hauled up to her bedroom by some hired minion from without. All the time she stays, you are haunted by the depressing thought that it has to be brought down again! Your visitor never has any postage stamps, and is apt to be late for meals, while if you propose any excursion, you are obliged to practise guile as to the hour it is necessary to be ready. She is equally haphazard as to any attention she requires from your maids, wanting you to send out telegrams and letters at inconvenient hours, and in domestic parlance "making work," but she is very good-natured, and would atone for it all by liberal "tips" at the moment of departure, if she had not forgotten to get change in time.

You may indeed think yourself lucky if you get rid of her at the end of her proposed stay. The next visit she is to pay is probably vague, and if she is happy with you, she will not move on, until some new freak seizes her, when her exit is extremely sudden. She does not depart empty-handed, for, like Autolycus, she is "a snapper-up of unconsidered trifles." She borrows a favourite novel to read on her journey and forgets to return it; while silver thimbles, scissors, pocket handkerchiefs, have a knack of vanishing with her, not from any desire for petty larceny, but by reason of the happy vagueness of her discernment between *meum* and *tuum*.

A very different type of visitor is she who depends upon being amused, to a formal and troublesome extent. She will never be found guilty of the haphazard entry of the girl we have been describing. On the contrary, her arrival is planned long beforehand, to the hour; long enough, she considers, for you to have made abundant provision for her entertainment. When there is question of a visit from this girl, you are instantly absorbed in anxious thought as to the planning out of the time in the diversions suitable to town or country, wherever you may live. She has a way of silently making you feel that she vigilantly exacts from you the utmost dues of hospitality in this way; which, to do her justice, she is willing to return to the uttermost mite when you visit her. She brings dresses suitable for every sort of function, and you feel guilty if she has not opportunities of wearing them all. She is too well-bred openly to demand dances, concerts, private views, hunting, riding, tennis—the small gaieties of local society, or the larger functions of town; but all the same you are conscious that she considers it as her prerogative to be fêted and "taken about," and

quietly regards her visit as a failure if this is not done. I think many newly-married girls, who have not had time to settle down in their fresh neighbourhood, have been made to feel a little at a loss by the visit, so eagerly anticipated, of their dearest home friend, just because she is a visitor of this exacting type. She has an extremely high ideal of the qualities of a good hostess, and as she is prepared to strive after that ideal in her own person, she expects it from you. She is often exceedingly charming; but none the less is she fatiguing, and a visit from her is a serious matter.

A "missionary spirit" (I do not wish to use the term flippantly) in a visitor is a thing to be dreaded. There are girls who are always burning to set you right, and their entry into another home—especially if it is the home of a friend about their own age—affords them unlimited opportunities in this way. They remind one in their own person of the irritating articles on "home decoration" in which the local carpenter is to transform your home into a thing of beauty for eightpence. Your neighbourhood, your garden, your furniture, your dress, even your table, if you are intimate enough, all afford opportunities for criticism, gently insinuated. Whatever you or your mother may achieve in the rôle of house-mistress, your friend always knows of something better, and tells you indirectly how it can be done; she casually mentions what she has seen in other houses, taking care, of course, to preserve her remarks from absolute rudeness. You may be fond of her, but she manages always to leave an uncomfortable impression behind.

I have purposely chosen types of visitors that may figure rather as a warning than an example, for everyone can picture the ideal visitor: the girl whose coming brightens up the house, who instantly makes herself at one with the family life, who lets you feel that she can enjoy anything that is going on and needs no special "entertaining." If illness should occur during her visit, she is invaluable as a helper instead of an interloper whom you immediately wish to get rid of. She is welcomed with joy, and allowed to depart with grief and reluctance. And the reason is that she has learnt the secret of unselfishness: she is like Mrs. Browning's "My Kate."

"I doubt if she said to you much that could act

As a thought or suggestion: she did not attract

In the sense of the brilliant or wise; I infer

'Twas her thinking of others made you think of her."

Such a visitor is specially delightful in the homes of old and lonely people. Age needs the presence of youth to brighten and to cheer, and when there are no children to take up this natural duty, the blank in the later years of life is often very painful. Yet old people cannot bear to be made to feel that their visitor has come as a sort of blessed martyr to their needs, or requires entertainment they cannot give; they would rather be dull and lonely. Girls, remember this! and if you can forget yourselves in making an old and solitary hostess cheerful, never mind the quiet house, and the uneventful routine. You will in return (though this is no motive to urge) probably learn lessons of life that may be of value unspeakable in after years.

The beautiful old saying has a significance which should be laid to heart by the girl-visitor as well as by those who practise hospitality in these latter days.

"Be not forgetful to entertain strangers: for thereby some have entertained angels unawares."