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THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

THE WIND'S PROPHECY.

BY A. H. J.

Damp and bare the meadows lie;
O'er them hang a somber sky;
And a mist of leaden hue,
Hides the woods beyond from view;
While the wind, in angry haste,
Sweeps across the summer's waste;
And at window and at door
Tries his strength with mad'ning roar.
Then passing, screams above the din:
"Some day I shall enter in!"

What care, I for nature's dearth?
Warm our home with love and mirth;
Precious are our pure delights;
Peaceful days and restful nights;
With the rich nor with the great
Would we exchange our low estate.
Hark! The wind! My heartstrings bend—
"These sunny days must find an end;
When, opened wide by death or sin,
Your doors will let November in!"

BOYS' CLOTHES.

In the HOUSEHOLD of Nov. 14th "Sunrise" asked information about dressing her two boys, one two and a half, the other four years old.

A good many mothers who are not in a hurry for grown-up boys, keep them in dresses until they are two and a half or three years old, then put them into kilts and jackets until they are six. Others put on the kilts earlier, and make the little fellows happy by letting them have trousers "with pockets like papa's" when they are about four years old. "Sunrise" probably should dress her two and a half laddie in kilts, and her four year old in trowser suits.

The kilt suits are by preference made of plain or dark inconspicuous plaid goods. The kilt is laid in even pleats alike all round, and long enough to come just below the knee. The kilt is sewed to a strong silesia or drilling waist. Merino or flannel under-drawers are worn, and over these short trowsers of goods like the kilt, or matching it in color; these are buttoned on the sides, and also buttoned on the waist of the kilt. The merino under-drawers are long enough to come to the ankles; the other are short knee-breeches (or what the small boy called "high-water panties"). Long black stockings and buttoned boots accompany them. Above the kilt is worn a full blouse, which may be of silk, cotton, linen or light weight flannel. It is cut full and long enough so that when the belt is fastened the fullness falls over and con-

ceals the belt. Over this is a short jacket open in front to show the blouse, and trimmed with braid. The blouse has wide collar and cuffs so that none are put on the jacket. The jacket is like the kilt. Other suits have longer jackets cut double-breasted: when these are worn the waist to which the kilt is attached has a piece set on in front to serve as a vest; a standing linen collar is worn though the wide linen or percale collars with gay silk cravat tied in a big bow are more boyish-looking. The jacket is lined with flannel for winter wear and its edges bound with braid.

Trowser suits are still made in the popular sailor style, with the blouse buttoned under a fly and a deep square-cornered sailor collar trimmed with inch wide Hercules braid. The knee-breeches have a row of braid down the outside seam and three gilt buttons set on at the knee. In cold weather, it will be found necessary to dress the neck more warmly, and a shield-shaped piece like the suit is cut to button round the neck and either tied round the waist or buttoned to the underwaist in front. Turkey red collars as well as those of white linen are worn with these suits if preferred. A boy from four to eight years of age may wear a two-piece suit, consisting of knee-breeches (don't forget to set the three buttons on the outside of the seam at the knee which give them "an air"), and a double-breasted coat which comes well over the hips and has two groups of narrow tucks in the back; there are crosspieces at the sides and back which suggest a belt and form pocket-laps. Other suits have two box pleats in the back, with a belt which passes under the pleats, and having pocket laps on which are set four buttons like the cloth.

Reefer jackets of rough blue cloth are liked for overcoats for the boys in kilts. They are long, and warmly lined. With them are worn Tam-o'-Shanter caps, or cloth caps with visors. Larger boys wear plain overcoats reaching to the tops of their buttoned boots, with deep capes reaching the wrist of the drooping arm. These are made more dressy by an edge of fur or astrachan.

And if you want your boys to think they have "a lovely mamma" put

plenty of pockets in their suits. It is one of the privileges of their sex to have pockets. A pocket in the short trousers, corresponding to the hip pocket which a man finds so handy "for a gun," will transport any kilted youth into the seventh or superlative heaven of happiness. BEATRIX.

CHRISTMAS.

"A New Friend" wishes to know about Christmas presents.

A pretty cravat case can be made of plush. One just finished is of dark red plush, lined with light yellow silk, large cord around. The length is twelve inches, by nine and a half inches. Tie the lining in diamonds, with silk, then take a needle and split the silk, so it makes a tuft. Etch the outside if you wish.

A pretty shirt case is made of one yard of surah silk. Nile green etched with red carnations in a circle is very pretty. Arrange the circles in twos and threes over the silk. Line with red silk and tie the same as the cravat case. Place ribbons two inches wide near each end to tie. You fold the case so it is eighteen inches wide, to lay the shirts in. You want wide surah. Finish with a cord.

A pretty and handy collar and cuff bag can be made of striped scrim, lined with sateen, with fancy ribbons drawn through to tie it with. Eighteen inches for length is a nice size, and twelve inches wide.

I have made pin-balls to use up odds and ends. Take a cup to draw by, the size you wish; cover one side of the pasteboard with plush; the other with silk. Put on No. 1 ribbon to hang it up by. Then put in your pins so there comes one high for the center, next a little lower, next lower, then up again. It makes a star shape when done.

Odd bits of ribbon, say two inches wide by three inches long; take two colors; put in between court plaster, punch two holes near one end, put through baby ribbon, tie small bow. Then fringe the other end a little ways up.

A cute needle book is made by crotcheting over a corset lace, common crochet stitch, round and round until the desired size. Make two sides alike; then buttonhole-stitch the flannel leaves. Tie with ribbon.

ANN ARBOR.

TOMO.

DEEP AND OTHERWISE.

Pockets again! Yes, El. See.'s complaint found such hearty echo in my mind that I take up my rusty pen to supplement it. When the Fashion Fiend holds up a new dress for my inspection and tells me in a tone suggestive of the laws of the Medes and Persians of old, that "There is no place for a pocket;" I feel that so far as I am concerned, there is no useful place for the dress. And in that weak and ever failing attempt to look like "other folks" and not destroy the style by insisting on some cranky notion, how often have I promised myself that another time, a good big pocket should be built first, and the dress added as an adjunct!

I pity a child when it tells me it has no pocket, and wonder the mother can be so heartless as to deny a receptacle for juvenile treasures, and how she can teach her child to use and keep a handkerchief, when there is no place to hold it except in the hands, while Satan and all the powers of good and beauty offer so many other things for those restless hands to do. Thinking it out over new routes is the only remedy I find for such evils; so, since we are allowed nothing but that pocket in the back breadth of the dress; too shallow to trust and no success as a cushion. I put good big ones either into or upon every skirt, and find them just as handy as the one never known except as a proverb. In a hurried trip mine are always that kind, they often save carrying a satchel, or catch some little thing picked up after the satchel is closed. Sometimes mine carry a big bill—one-fiftieth of the amount a man will carry thought-free in his vest—but from its very rareness too precious to trust to either a shallow portemonnaie or pocket. Sometimes, I said, but more times within the past ten years have those skirt-pockets carried napkins or drawers for the biennial baby, and so handy have they proved for this purpose that I wish every hurried mother of babes would try them. For this purpose they are best stitched on flat, eight or ten inches below the band.

I have lots of wall-pockets and yearn for more. One batch of oil-cloth stitched on oil-cloth; the oil-cloth tacked on smoothly over the head of a tea chest, and the head of the tea-chest screwed firmly to the wall, holds mittens and gloves. Its mate, over the sink, holds toilet articles; another batch made of ticking covers the hidden side of an old bureau; while the best of a discarded table oil-cloth is tacked so as to form still another batch on the wood-house wall, and proves a very handy place for rubbers. Then there are the solitaires; all jewels, such as the one for clean white rags, and that for clothes-pins, which a certain laundress used to tie about her waist with an emphatic, "Well, I do say, if this ain't

the greatest convenience God ever give to woman!"

To return to the pocket personal. I have concluded that every nightdress made hereafter shall have a small pocket on, or just below, the yoke, for we all know how hopeless and trying it is for a sick woman to keep track of her handkerchief.

THOMAS.

A. H. J.

A VOTE CALLED FOR.

"Thank God for little children;
When our skies are cold and gray,
They come as sunshine to our hearts,
And charm our cares away?"

Those in favor of ostracizing Grandpa from the HOUSEHOLD into which he has brought so much discord and contention, manifest it by rising.

Although I've profound respect and reverence for gray hair I still think our Grandpa is closely allied to the freaks in human nature—a Grandpa who thoroughly enjoys keeping a household in constant strife and turmoil. I so utterly abhor the principles he sets forth, viz.: "The end justifies the means," "Whatever is, is best" and "Spare the rod and spoil the child," etc., that after all these years of waiting I am constrained through indignation to make this abrupt entrance into the HOUSEHOLD.

Of course all children cannot be governed in the same way, but I wonder if Grandpa's days of school-teaching would not have been just as successful, and the memories arising from them just as pleasant, if he had been more in sympathy with the poet who wrote so beautifully and truly:

"The twig is so easily bended,
I've banished the rule and the rod;
I've taught them the goodness of knowledge,
They have taught me the goodness of God;
My heart is a dungeon of darkness,
Where I shut them from breaking a rule;
My frown is sufficient correction;
My love is the law of the school.

"Oh, these truants from home and from heaven,
They have made me more manly and mild,
And I know now how Jesus could liken
The kingdom of God to a child."

I gave an inward chuckle of delight when I read Grandpa's little letter in the last HOUSEHOLD, for I verily believe, Grandpa, you were relating a little personal history when you described the "scorched boot" episode.

Now if in next week's HOUSEHOLD I do not find an overwhelming majority of sisters rising and sustaining the vote I've put to this long-suffering HOUSEHOLD, I shall undoubtedly do as did the Irishman, bravely advance—backwards. Until then I am simply your sister in patient

N. DURANCE.

[Oh fie, now, N. Durance, don't be too hard on a Grandpa! Don't you know sunny days seem all the brighter by contrast with rainy ones? Don't we eat pickles as well as sugar? Didn't the same Lord make sweet oranges and sour lemons? And sometimes a heretic in the HOUSEHOLD stirs us up and makes us think, take new views of old subjects; and though we may not be converted to his views we may find

better reasons for our own opinions, or perhaps modify them a little as the result of further thought. Suppose we lay that proposition of yours on the table for a time! In the meanwhile, come again and give us some of your views.—ED.]

A HOLIDAY TRIP.

With the last jar of pickles in place, the last fly routed, and housecleaning a thing of the past, my nearest neighbor and myself laid our plans for a long-talked of visit to an old neighbor who had removed to Williams Co., Ohio. When the subject was broached to the head of the household we were met with the comforting assurance that the only horse at our disposal was a little mustang which but a few weeks before had required the ingenuity of two men to harness; but that if we were willing to risk our necks we could drive that. Whoever heard of the vision of a broken neck thwarting a woman's plans when her mind was set (as ours were) upon a visit? And then we were told "You don't know the way," but we assured our husbands that we had tongues and they ought to know that we knew how to use them. Well, we started; found the roads in prime condition but the wind rather cold and directly in our faces; however, we knew we could talk fast enough to keep our lips warm, and we were well wrapped, and furnished with robes. After passing the little village of Montgomery, in Hillsdale Co., we toiled through the sand for a couple of miles, passed Long Lake and then commenced wrestling with the clay hills; and my friends, those hills must be seen to be appreciated. Our plucky little mustang would labor to the top of one hoping therefrom to gain a view of level roads beyond, only to be confronted by another more or less formidable, generally more) but we pressed on, past the South Camden postoffice, through a little cluster of houses, a store and a shop, which are doing their best to maintain the dignity of the name of Billingstown (named we suppose in honor of the great humorist), still up, then down, until we began to wonder if there had been no down, how far above the level of the sea we might have been. "My!" exclaimed my companion, "I don't see how they ever farm on these hills!" But that they do, and successfully, is manifest by the many substantial and even elegant farm buildings, the large straw stacks robbed of their grain, and the many fields of corn not yet entirely husked. Another thing which attracted our attention was the numerous church buildings nestling among the hills. Our minds ran back to the times of which an aged grandmother used to tell us, when she walked four or more miles for the privilege of worshiping with God's children; and we wondered if the

people of to-day appreciate and improve the blessings so near their doors.

All things have an end and so do those hills. After reaching gravelly soil once more, just as the little village of Columbia came in view, we took a by road; and guided by our common sense, one inquiry and our valiant pony (that had not by the twinkle of an eye or the switch of the tail given us to doubt but that she was bred and brought up for a woman's use, but I suppose she knew that her reputation and the women's necks were at stake), we arrived at our friends' home, where we received a hearty welcome, and were royally entertained until the next day. Then after an early dinner we started on our homeward drive, taking another route so as to see the country and shun those hills. The wind had obligingly swung round directly in our faces again, but we did not let trifles "light as air" spoil our drive. We passed through Northwest Center, by the mammoth tile factory; past fences covered with trailing bitter-sweet with its load of scarlet berries, through woods thickly carpeted with autumn leaves where turkeys were calling and quitting to their mates as they searched for beech-nuts hidden beneath their winter covering; and red squirrels chattering and frisking about intent on having their share of nature's provision; past red-headed children searching among the hickory leaves for their winter store of nuts; all these things forming bright pictures to hang on "memory's wall." We passed a small cluster of houses bearing the appalling name of Cramptown, but why it was so named we could not conjecture, unless it be that they were cramped for buildings enough to form a village. As we neared the thriving little village of Camden our carriage wheels began to creak, and we know they needed oil. Now as this was to be a woman's venture it was with rather meek faces we asked a good-natured looking harness-maker if he would please oil our carriage wheels. He obligingly did so, at the same time raising our esteem to its usual height by the remark that "not many women would have thought of that, but so long as the wheels turned would let them squeak." We at once voted him a gentleman, and after a profusion of thanks (which was all the pay he would accept) we resumed our way. After climbing the few hills between Camden and Montgomery things begin to look familiar once more, and an hour or so later, just at twilight, we arrived at home, where we still farther proved our independence by seeing our pony safely unharnessed and stabled before the home bodies knew of our return. We part with "Haven't we had a splendid time?" and realizing that the days of change make home duties sweeter, and go far to "make up the sum of happiness below," and greet the "guid mon" with a truly womanly "I told you so; I knew we could do it."

ALGANSEE.

JOHN'S WIFE.

WESTWARD HO!

There are so many points of interest in and around Manitou that one hardly knows what to leave out. A drive up Williams' Canyon was full of delight. It is narrow, and the road winds between the walls of parti-colored rocks that rise above you, broken into spires, domes and pinnacles. High above the granite substance in the lime rock formation is the "Cave of the Winds," a grotto full of subterranean wonders. Directly back of this, accessible from Ute pass, are the "Grand Manitou Caverns." These are reached with less climbing, and we chose to explore the wonders here. We first pass in'to a large hall called the vestibule, from which access is given to three sets of rooms. A monument to General Grant has been built, by each visitor placing a stone from the floor, which is covered with them, stalactites and stalagmites of the most dazzling whiteness, forming columns from floor to ceiling, or pendant like icicles, reflecting the light. In other places they form shapes suggestive of many curious things. A curtain hangs pendant; vegetables and flowers grow on floor or ceiling. An opera hall, with galleries, is beautifully ornamented, and a cluster of columns when struck gives the music of a pipe organ. A priest stands in his robes of white ready to officiate. Room after room is visited, each with its separate wonders. Concert Hall is said to be 500 feet long. In the ceiling is the imprint of an enormous foot. These things must be seen to be understood. The power of language fails in attempting description.

From Manitou via Colorado Springs to Pueblo, the way lies through prairies with mountain scenery in the distance. Many eastern people have established themselves here. A story is told of one who had complained to a native that something was taking his chickens. "It is the coyotes," was the reply. "The coyotes! Why! what kind of a bird is that?"

At Florence, the countless derricks on every hand told us that the people had struck oil in large quantities. Mountains of limestone formation gave us views of ruined castles and frowning fortresses, battlements, spires and minarets.

At Carson City we enter the Grand Canyon of the Arkansas river, which here breaks through the Front range of mountains. It rises in Fremont Park, 175 miles to the northwest. There are hot and cold springs situated a short distance from the city, which are said to be very curative in their action.

Seven miles of the narrowest part of this canyon is known as the "Royal Gorge." Its appearance is as if the mountain had been forcibly torn asunder, and a stream of water made to flow through the rift amid the broken

debris. There seems only room for this roaring, tumbling river; but following the contour of the cliffs a road has been blasted out through the great ledges and from the face of the crags. But the grandeur of the spectacle! We were invited to ride on the platform, and took in the wonderful sight with bated breath. Entering the depths we wind slowly round projecting cliffs, deeper into the heart of the range. Higher grow the crested crags; darker and deeper the shadows: louder the angry waters, narrower the strip of visible sky. Rocky walls, measureless air, awful silence, deepest awe surround and overpower us. Deeper grows the gloom, denser the shade. The sun's rays never penetrate here. The rocks tower thousands of feet above; they lean together as if they would close over you; the granite wall seems to be crowding you into the river, which is hoarsely rejoicing. No bird ever sings, no flower ever blooms, no tree or shrub finds lodgment in this dark entrance to Inferno. How dwarfed and dumb is man in the presence of such majesty and grandeur. Oh! the relief when once more we reach sunshine and level ground!

From Salida to Leadville there is not much to note, though the varied, changing scenery is very pleasant. Mountains capped with snow are always in sight, with cone-like peaks showing above the ranges. Ranches are situated in the valleys, while mines of gold, silver and copper abound in the hills and mountains. These are mostly covered up to timber line with fir and spruce. Climbing higher and higher we at last reached Leadville, called the "Cloud City," 10,000 feet above sea-level. It is a great mining camp, surrounded with interesting points, and is a center of mining industries. A few miles on and we enter Tennessee Pass and tunnel, and emerge on the western slope, having passed the "Divide." Here we strike Eagle river, flowing westward. Passing Red Cliff we enter Eagle River canyon, at first a wide valley, but soon narrowing between walls 2,000 feet high, of various colors and surmounted with dark pines. The surprise of this place is the daring of men in constructing habitations up in the cliffs, where it would seem only fitting place for eagles. Away up in these heights daring spirits have found the precious metals, and have constructed shaft houses and homes. The treasure is sent down by tramways, steel ropes and other curious devices. The canyon opens into the valley of the Eagle River, where fertile ranches and pretty homes show contrast to the wild scenes just left.

After passing several little towns we suddenly came upon a strange scene; the tumbled, twisted, blasted expanse of scoria, the remains of the work of an ancient volcano. Trees across the river had been blackened by fire, the

water reflected this blackness, and a dark picture remains with us. Just beyond, the Eagle joins the Grand River, and another canyon opens before. As we are now descending, a new experience greets us. The mountains seem to rise and close above us, until the passage narrows and only the river, cliffs and tracks are visible, with a narrow strip of sky smiling down on the weird scene. Varied is the character of the scenery; now rising strata on strata of granite to an enormous height, with yet higher rocks behind and above. They are not solid walls like the Royal Gorge, nor boulders. They are columns, pyramids, all shapes of sharp cleavage, tossed into piles and heaps. But the grey and frowning granite gives place to glowing colors, mixed and mingled in strange contrast. Glowing red, green and yellow, mix in veining, blotches and bands, and the rocks take on more airy forms. Slender columns, graceful spires, towering heights, split and splintered into fingers, in infinite variety—wonderful, indescribable.

While lost in wonder and admiration sudden darkness intervenes, then daylight, a tunnel, repeated three times; the last unmitigated blackness; the deepest dungeon; then once again the welcome light, and we see before us Glenwood Springs, from which point we change to a branch road—our objective point, Aspen.

A. L. L.

(To be continued.)

OUIJA.

Who had the ingenuity to paint the letters of the alphabet on a smooth, oblong board, and make a small three-legged stool to operate thereon, and finally bestow on board and stool together the name of "Ouija," I do not know. But one of the common questions of the hour is, "Have you tried Ouija? What does it tell you?"

Even sceptics have to admit that there is something wonderful in the way it spells out names and discloses secrets. Of course magnetism and will power account for it all, but then what is more wonderful than those two mighty forces? However, Ouija is not usually treated seriously. I know of no better amusement for an evening than the "revelator," as it is sometimes called; but I would not advise a girl who is thinking much on a subject which she wishes to keep secret, to work Ouija. It is sure to tell the thought in your mind that you wish to hide. To operate it two persons place the tips of their fingers on the little stool, and Ouija does the rest—provided it is in a good humor. If it is not, no amount of coaxing will make it "talk."

One peculiarity of Ouija is that each particular one has a name which it gives to itself. One of my acquaintance is "Pet," another "Bimby," and

a third, "Mr. Irving, from Hades," the last being not unnaturally of a gloomy turn, given to indulging in very mysterious warnings—which always have the effect of sending the observers into roars of merriment.

Ouija is notoriously ill-behaved. At a church social recently an elderly deacon was beguiled into trying it. At first all went smoothly and Ouija talked very solemnly. But very unexpectedly it began to swear. The deacon was shocked; and worse still, as Ouija can only spell out what those who are working it have in their minds somewhere, whether consciously or not, the profanity must have been due either to the deacon or the girl who was helping him work it.

Once after Ouija had been talking nonsense for a considerable length of time, we asked it if it knew anything sensible. In a great hurry it "scooted" up to "Yes." "Then tell it quick." Imagine our surprise when it informed us that "The tunnel is a great improvement." Of course there will be a great many who do not believe that we did not push it, and so make it say what we liked, but what would be the fun in doing that? The amusement lies in the answers being unexpected. Besides, how about the deacon and the "swear-words?"

Ouija has another grave fault besides profanity. It is a "cheerful little liar," and when reproved for its untruths always says that it told them "just for fun." To one of my friends it has promised three different husbands, always denying that any but its last choice is the one.

The last time I tried it we were in rather a crazy mood, and of course Ouija ran wild. It promised "freaks" as husbands to three girls; but mine was ahead of all the others, being no less a personage than the "Wild Man of Borneo" himself.

Ouija acknowledges that it gets its knowledge from his Satanic majesty, but that may be only one of its numerous fibs; in any case it is an institution just at present and likely to remain so until a new fad comes to take its place.

PORT HURON.

E. C.

A CORRESPONDENT from Romeo, who forgot to give her name, asks information about curing fits. There are a good many kinds of "fits;" and on general principles, we are opposed to that policy which makes an unfortunate child, already suffering from disease, the victim of, experimental prescriptions and treatment at the hands of any tyro who has a remedy to propose. It would be as easy to cure a pain without knowing its location, as to cure fits without knowing their cause and nature. Take your child to the best physician you know of and faithfully follow the treatment he prescribes, supplementing it by intelligent care, nutritious, digestible food and out-door exercise, and you will be far more likely to have her cured than by following the hap-hazard suggestions of those who can know nothing of her actual condition.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

AN eastern housekeeper claims that an empty flour-sack makes the boss dishcloth. It is soft, fine and inexpensive, and perfectly satisfactory in use.

Do not ice fruit cake until you are ready to use it. The icing turns dark by standing. It is best to make it fresh when the cake is wanted. To ice fruit cake is a little like "painting the lily," anyway; it is good enough without.

If you have not much pork to keep in brine it is a good plan to pack it in large stone jars; it keeps better. When meat has once been tainted the barrel it was in cannot be safely used again, whereas the jars can be cleaned and do service once more. Hams that are too fresh—were not sufficiently salted before being smoked, can be put into a large box, the bottom being covered with coarse salt, and salt poured over the hams till they are well covered.

A HANDY man can make a very convenient arrangement for drying towels. Measure the space you can spare for it and cut five rods just long enough to fill it. Then cut two lengths of 28 inches from an inch board 14 inches wide. Mark the middle of the boards on one side, and draw a pencil mark from it to the opposite corners, making two triangles with one side the full length of the board. Bore five holes in each just inside the line, one at the point of the triangle, the others at equal spaces on the sides. Saw away the board outside the lines, nail the pieces where you want the rack and connect them with the rods. Nail two pieces of half inch board to hold the two brackets together. Then you have a cheap, convenient rack, which has cost little and can be put between two windows, or wherever there is room.

Contributed Recipes.

MOLASSES CAKE.—One cup of sugar; half cup of butter stirred with the sugar; one cup of molasses; three eggs; one cup of sour milk; three and one half cups of flour; one and one half teaspoonfuls of soda; two teaspoonfuls of cinnamon and one grated nutmeg. This is extra nice with the addition of two cups of raisins, chopped fine, and one cup of currants. ROMEO.

A NICE CABBAGE SALAD.—One quart of finely chopped cabbage, the white brittle center is the best; two eggs; one teaspoonful each of mustard, sugar, salt and pepper; one-half cup of vinegar; one-third cup of butter, and one-half cup of sweet cream. Mix the condiments dry; add the vinegar and put over hot water to cook. When hot, add the eggs, beaten light and cook till as thick as cream. Add the cream, then mix dressing and cabbage together. A. H. J.