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Foreword

By Alice Bradley, Principal of Miss Farmer's School of Cookery

YOU may have a home which you want to turn into a tea room—or you may be looking for a home that you can turn into a tea room. In either case there is one aspect of your plans which you cannot neglect. Watch your location. For instance, a tea room on the motor highway on the outskirts of a town will not attract office folk from the business section, but it will catch the motorist's eye.

Before you equip your establishment, make a kitchen plan and a dining-room plan on paper, then locate the places for mixing cake, making frostings, salads, and dressings, slicing and spreading bread for sandwiches, making waffles, tea, and coffee. Locate drain boards for receiving, sorting, and draining dishes; locate shelves near the sink for clean dishes, and shelves near the work tables for all supplies.

Draw in the lines of travel from refrigerator to work table, to range, to dining-room, to sink, etc. Shorten these lines in every possible way, on paper, before building your shelves or setting up refrigerator, sink, and stove, that all the work of your tea room may be accomplished in the most efficient manner, with a place for everything that will be needed, and room for all the help you have.

The probable overhead expense of running a tea room for a day should be carefully calculated before any money is invested. To do this, add together rent for a year for the rooms you propose to occupy; the interest on the proposed investment for repairs, furnishings and equipment; depreciation, that is, ten to twenty per cent of the value of equipment (both new and that already owned); probable cost of fuel, lights, water, ice, laundry, telephone, and advertising. Divide this total by the number of days you expect to be open in a year. Next, estimate the wages you must pay to the help you propose to have, including cooks, waitresses, cashier, *and a reasonable wage for yourself*. Get this cost for one day and add to the other cost. This, plus the average daily cost of all food material used, and any other costs that are not listed above, will be the average amount you must take in daily before you will make any profit over and above your own salary.

Decide tentatively on your specialties, and learn how to apportion the foods you plan to serve; know the cost and selling prices of a definite amount of each thing, and the number of portions you must sell in a day in order to pay for the food material and the overhead expenses listed above. A common method of determining the selling price of cooked food is to double the cost of the raw material. Can you get this price? At this rate, can you probably sell enough to pay expenses? You may need to serve smaller portions of some dishes. On some dishes you should charge more than double the cost, because of the time necessary for their preparation. Some may have to be sold at cost or less than cost.

There is great danger of losing money, because of wasted food or poor service, where very many dishes are attempted at one time unless you have a great deal of help and a very large patronage.

As soon as possible after you are started, learn approximately how much food will be used in a day, that there may be no waste of perishable material. Keep nonperishable supplies on hand in a locked store-room of which you hold the key, so that you may not lose time sending out unnecessarily.

Learn how many sandwiches you should get from a loaf of bread and from a definite amount of butter and of different fillings, file the data, and strive to maintain this standard.

Know how many servings you should get from one quart of ice cream, one pound nut meats, and use the same measures every day.

Serve a definite number of salads from one fowl, one can of pineapple, one quart mayonnaise dressing, etc.

From a standard cake mixture, cut always the same number of pieces, and make a definite number of little cakes.

RECIPES and menus whose popularity has been proved by use in actual tea rooms will be found on pages 50-56. Some of these may be just the bait to catch that particular part of the fickle public for which you are angling. Try them.

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This restful interior is brightened up with gaily colored French posters and pottery

Polly's Place

IT started with a loaf of bread and a pound of tea, away off in the northernmost corner of the White Mountains, in a little hundred-year-old house at Colebrook, New Hampshire, ten miles from the Canadian border, with Mount Monadnock, in Vermont, just back of it, and the Rangeley Lakes country in Maine but twenty miles away. Sixty miles from the heart of the White Mountains it stood, a tidy motor run from many of the famous resorts, but still on the state road and depending upon a large hotel ten miles distant at Dixville Notch for its initial patronage.

After the little cottage had had many unhappy experiences with undesirable tenants, its owner decided to subject it to no more indignities, but to give it the dignified place deserved by the oldest house for many miles around. Accordingly, six years ago, it opened wide its yellow-painted door with a brass knocker on it, and made its bow as a tea room, the first one in the great North Country, and a decided novelty in its own home town.

A pound of the best Orange Pekoe, a loaf of bread, a jar of honey, and some golden Jersey butter and cream were the first investments. For at the beginning, cinnamon or plain toast and tea were the only things to be served. The tea house was to work out its own destiny, create a demand, then supply it, and, above all, cater to the wants of its patrons as they became known. And with a particular patronage, culled from the great White Mountain hotels, of people accustomed to having what they want when they want it, and to paying well for it, it was not difficult to find the trend of their desires. They wanted a homelike atmosphere, service of willing, pleasant maids, and something to eat, with the homey touch—a radical change from hotel food, which, be it never so good, soon becomes tiresome if one sits day after day at the same table.

The first year, Polly's Place, as it was christened, in compliment to a nickname of its owner, only paved its way. Opening in mid-August, it took many weeks for it to become known, and only at the end of the season was it found that results had been sufficiently encouraging to warrant its going on another year. While the quantity was lacking, in so far as great variety went, it was immediately understood that quality was what counted most, and an effort was made to have the few things served as perfect as possible. Tea, *freshly made for each person*, hot water steaming in a silver kettle, rich cream, freshly made *hot* toast, buttered with golden butter or redolent with strained honey and cinnamon, hot gingerbread, puffy brown doughnuts, and cottage cheese, sageleaf sausage and scrambled eggs (the eggs laid by Polly's own hens)—these and a delicious cup of coffee were about all she had to offer.

Thanks to many ramblings in Europe, where the lure of peasant pottery was strong, Polly had many charming bits of china and a special tea service in bright, colorful ware for each of the folding tiffin tables or mahogany tuckaway tables at which her patrons were served. The gay colored posters from the Latin Quarter and French theatres which were hung on the walls, together with plates from many countries, and the shelves full of bright pottery gave the tea room, with its low ceiling, a quaint, foreign air, which proved to be an excellent advertising feature.

Later on, a peasant dining-room was added, with more French posters and pottery, chintz curtains of blue and rose, and Colonial furniture painted a soft yellow to harmonize with the yellow walls of this room and the tea room upon which it gave. The rugs were Holland rush in the tea room, and old-fashioned braided rugs in the dining-room. Polly simply used what she had, the only extra purchases being the tiffin tables and the dining-room furniture. But an effort was made to have the place as filled with suggestions of foreign lands as possible and at the same time as homelike and comfortable and cozy as it could be made with a minimum of expenditure.

This done, the real business of Polly's Place was begun. To describe, step by step, how, in six years, it grew from a tea-and-toast shop to a little European Peasant Inn, catering to motorists and to people who seek a quiet, homelike refuge after a steady diet of hotels, would take more space than could possibly be granted, but what Polly's has done, any tea house may do, if attention is paid to certain essential details.

Equipment of Tea Room: The equipment of a tea-room is the first problem which confronts the potential hostess. It is all-important, whether it represents a large investment or whether it means using what one has at her command. Too much stress cannot be laid upon the importance of adaptability, as a prime asset in starting a tea room. The tea room itself may be an entire house built for this purpose, or some old house, or even one or two rooms transformed into tea room and kitchen. It may be the corner of a convenient porch, or a little rustic shack at the crossways, or even the shelter of a picturesque old barn. The advice of those who have profited by bitter experience is, "start on a small scale, use what you have and *grow!*" Do not invest too much money at the very beginning.

If you have nothing to utilize in the way of equipment, buy inexpensive but attractive china and glass and plain furniture, which may be artistically painted, bringing down your initial investment to a minimum. Japanese or willow ware china may now be purchased most reasonably, and so may Colonial glassware, which is graceful in shape, but strong and well adapted to this usage. A different service of gay china for each tea table is a pretty idea, adding to the decorative effect and affording much pleasure to those being served.

TEA, in six different varieties, sewn into little individual muslin bags all ready for serving, may be obtained at a moderate rate per thousand from W. S. Quinby Company, 291 Atlantic Avenue, corner of India Street, Boston, Massachusetts.

Among other essentials are plenty of pots for tea and hot water, covered dishes for hot toast and plated table silver of good design. A samovar or a brass or silver hot water kettle, with spirit lamp to insure boiling water, is also important. Paper napkins may be bought in large quantities at low prices, and for table covers or runners nothing is more suitable or better-looking than Russian crash or linen in natural color.

In the Kitchen: Happy the owner of a tea room who can have a gas range, but in case she cannot, a four-burner oil or gasoline stove is a good substitute. Too much cannot be said, also, in favor of electricity for tea room use, as it combines cleanliness with celerity in serving, and is economical where a special rate for cooking by electricity is given. Polly's Place now has a four-burner gasoline stove, a small portable electric range where four units may be kept hot, a "fleet" of electric toasters, electric grills and chafing dishes, a large fireless cooker, electric coffee percolator, electric heater for hot milk, and, in another kitchen (an annex) a good old-fashioned cook-stove burning wood, with an admirable oven for baking. In fact, Polly has found that her kitchen equipment, which has grown steadily, is her best investment.

Aluminum and white enamel are best for utensils for tea room use, with large iron frying pans for frying chicken and pan-broiling steaks and chops; also muffin rings in which muffins and crumpets may be baked, and waffle irons and large griddles. Glass baking dishes and ramekins are satisfactory, and the brown, white-lined porcelain baking dishes and shirred egg dishes and custard cups are also attractive and useful. Labor-saving devices include meat chopper and grinder, egg slicers which slice a hard-boiled egg by

tiny wires into symmetrical slices, shakers for cold drinks, a variety of sharp knives for various purposes, egg beaters of various kinds, a churn for mayonnaise or whipped cream, coffee mill for grinding the coffee freshly, and an ice bag and wooden mallet for breaking ice—unless one has one of those ideal electric refrigerators which freeze the ice into cubes of just the proper size—and few tea rooms have those. An ice-cream server which scoops out the cream in single portions is indispensable, and also desirable is a collection of tin cutters in fancy shapes for sandwiches and cookies. One must also have plenty of paper lunch boxes and drinking cups always on hand, as well as paraffin paper, as there is more money in a box luncheon daintily prepared and sold for a good profit than in serving the usual afternoon tea.

BREAD for sandwiches may be purchased in long loaves that will cut into fifty-six slices. Bread-cutting machines which can be regulated for thick or thin slices may be obtained from stores such as Lewis and Conger, New York City.

The Food: Have a specialty. It may be waffles or fried chicken or cinnamon toast, or one of many things. But if you have it, have it always on hand. Puffy brown doughnuts with creamy sage or full cream cheese form one combination, hot gingerbread and whipped cream, or gingerbread and cheese another. Freshly made cottage cheese and fresh buttermilk are always in demand, as are all sorts of homemade pickles, jellies, and jams.

English crumpets, split and toasted, served with tea and jam, or hot buttered English muffins, old-fashioned griddle cakes, or hot waffles with honey or sirup never go begging.

Many tea houses specialize in cake of a special sort. Of these, Fudge Cake, Lady Baltimore Cake, Angel Cake, Chocolate Cake, Orange Cake, and White Swiss Cake have proved most popular.

It is desirable to have a well-filled cookie jar with caraway or oatmeal cookies, and also some animal crackers for children. These, with a cup of cocoa or a glass of milk, will often solve the problem for the kiddies while their elders are sipping their forbidden tea. A little table and some wicker stools provide children with a place all their very own.

In addition to the *à la carte* dishes, the average tea room will do well to decide upon some simple luncheon to be served at midday at a fixed price per plate. Among specialties of this kind that have proved popular are Country Sausage and Scrambled Eggs on Toast; Mixed Grills; Fried or Smothered Chicken with Corn Fritters, Waffles or Hot Biscuits; Chicken Pie; Chicken à la King or à la Victoria; Lobster or Crab Newburg; Italian Spaghetti cooked in real Italian fashion—any one of these makes a satisfactory luncheon topped off with ice cream and cake, or apple pie.

Overhead Charges: The person who successfully manages a tea house or inn is confronted with many overhead charges. She must take her rent, or taxes and insurance, first, add to it the amount of wages paid employes weekly, the initial cost of equipment and supplies, cost of laundry, ice, electric light, telephone; and other incidentals, not forgetting deterioration and breakage, the latter usually being a large item. Out of these may be figured the approximate cost of doing business, and she will see that she has a large bill of expenses to meet before any profit may be counted upon. But this is a condition obtaining in every business, and should not deter her from taking the plunge.

En passant, unless served in very large numbers, there is not very much money in teas. The tea house which will also serve other meals, either *table d'hôte* or *à la carte*, will ultimately make more money; but the one which can grow into a small inn and realize also from the rental of rooms is the one which has most successfully solved the problem, particularly on the route of motorists and tourists. Every hotel man knows that his money comes from rooms, and not from food, as high overhead charges and many other vexatious things combine to take from the profit on meals. A room, barring laundry and the heating of water for the bath, represents clear profit, and a satisfactory one, upon one's investment. Dainty, chintz-hung bedrooms with soft mattresses and lavender scented linen are worth much to a tea house or inn, and it will be found that such accommodations soon pay for themselves and provide the best sort of advertising.

Apropos of Advertising: The best-paying investment is a small space in the automobile Blue Book, which is the Bible of the motor tourist. For a small sum, the tea house may also be represented upon the touring maps of the State Hotel Associations giving the routes which lead to it from all points. Newspaper advertising is expensive and the results and returns from it problematical. Attractive signs along the motor roads are essential and photographs or post cards of the tea house are usually hung upon the bulletin

boards of the nearest hotels without charge.

Post cards may be sold at five cents each; and a desk with writing materials, good pens, clean blotters and penny stamps, should not be forgotten. Every post card mailed helps to advertise the place in the best way, for every satisfied patron is likely, on this selfsame post card, to recommend it to his friends, and there soon develops a highly specialized system of advertising carried on by patrons of the place without cost to the proprietor. One could even afford to give away cards for this purpose.

A small discount upon current prices given the people of the town in which the tea house is located is still another form of advertising not to be overlooked.

Finally, do not forget the chauffeurs! Polly's Place makes a practice of giving them their luncheons or some refreshment *without charge*, and the glad tidings soon spread to the garages where chauffeurs congregate, with immediate results.

And now just a word as to the gift shop end of the business. If a combination of tea house and gift shop seems desirable, do not let one interfere with the other. Do not sacrifice the tea to the gifts. It is better, when possible, to set aside a separate room for souvenirs. Polly's Place has Colonial handmade bedspreads and table covers, sold for the benefit of the Southern Industrial Association, and colorful little bronze tea bells, knockers, book ends, door stops, and ash trays, in parrot designs, hand-colored, easily portable, and of a character to remind one always of the other Polly and her Place. Also, delicious maple-sugar confections. Many tea rooms have a woman's exchange where the townspeople may bring their wares to sell on commission. Others have antiques, hooked rugs, and china.

HERE is a glimpse of Polly's restful-looking chintz-hung bedrooms which manage to give the transient motor-tourist the feeling that he is an honored visitor in an extremely jolly private home.

AND as for this private dining room, could you resist the invitation of these debonair Windsor chairs to sit in them and enjoy the delectable fare which Polly serves upon that generously proportioned table?

Some of Polly's Pointers

THE first essential is Absolute Cleanliness. Glass and china shining, everything spotless and dustless.

The next is Pleasant People to serve. Politeness and anxiety to please those who are spending their money, and to give them what they most want. Taking trouble pays better dividends in a tea house than anywhere else in business.

The third essential is Quality. Buy the very best of everything. It is more economical to have the thickest cream, the freshest eggs and the most perfect butter, the best tea and coffee and, in short, the finest materials that can be procured. Poor quality makes for waste. Imperfection is soon noted and the patron has a right to expect the best for his money.

Another is Tact: If a complaint is made, try to adjust it. It is better to give a person a free luncheon or tea and send him away satisfied than to have him carrying tales of unpleasant experiences out into the highways and byways.

Strive for atmosphere and, with it, simplicity. Remember the dish of herbs and contentment. Better a cup of steaming tea and a piece of perfect toast than heavy cake and a lukewarm beverage.

Make the tea room a homey place, with an air of restfulness. A couch to lie upon, a good book to read, a place to write a letter and a well-equipped dressing-room are essentials often overlooked. A register or guest book is an agreeable feature.

Keep an eye on the service. See that the waitress has mastered the principles of good service and waiting at table, that things are passed upon the left, that the service is quick and noiseless. Clattering dishes and noisy talk in the kitchen often spoil an otherwise delightful meal.

Provide, if you can, a porch or room for the chauffeurs with wash basin and towels and soap, magazines or books with which to while away their long waiting hours, a table where they may be served, and games, and ash trays.

Make everyone feel welcome. Let your guests forget, if possible, that they are in a place of public entertainment, paying a price for everything they have. It is a decidedly good practice to give something away now and then—a basket of apples standing on a table with a little card inscribed "Help yourself"—a cake of maple sugar, a little bag of cookies for the kiddies to take on their journey—any gracious little gift which is not included in the check. The value of this in advertising is inestimable. The more a tea house can absent itself from a commercial and grasping atmosphere — the "we-want-nothing-from-you-but-your-money" spirit the more successful a foundation will it build for itself.

Amy Lyon Phillips.

The Crumperie

Miss Crump Serves Crumpets in The Crumperie

FOR several years this announcement has been sent out each fall, and each fall it has found a public eager to be served with the crumpets, light luncheon, and afternoon tea.

The story of The Crumperie goes back five years to the time when ill-health had made my chosen profession impossible. Acting upon the advice of friends, my mother and I decided to open a tea room. It was necessary to begin very simply, doing everything ourselves. Because of this, and because we wanted to be among interesting people, Greenwich Village was chosen as our location. In this region of studios, a quiet place where the workers along literary and artistic lines could meet their friends for tea or luncheon met with a ready welcome and real enthusiasm.

Experience has shown us that location is the most important item to consider for any tea room. For one thing, the location to a great extent determines the kind of tea room you will have.

Wherever you are, select, if possible, the first floor of some unusual little building. Your place should be easily reached, for the out-of-the-way tea room must be "discovered," and it takes a long time for it to become even fairly busy.

The first Crumperie had half of a little building on Sheridan Square. A tiny gift shop called "The Treasure Box" occupied the remaining half, an arrangement that proved mutually helpful.

People who know nothing of tea rooms are likely to think a large amount of capital necessary and a mistake frequently

Here the atmosphere is intimate and informal

How about a cozy tea "à voisin" on the old settle?

made by the beginner is to spend all her capital on equipment. No matter how much capital you may possess, begin simply. An old New England cook book is responsible for the statement that "A little Ingenuity added to almost any material that comes to hand will make a tasty pie." We found this equally true of tea rooms.

Kitchen tables and chairs were bought very cheaply at a department store, and painted. A distinctive old sideboard was acquired and an old settle was found in a neighboring back yard. Some homespun and bedspreads which had been in our family for years were used as hangings, which, with prints from "Godey's Lady's Book," make the setting homelike and distinctive.

The problem of table linen was easily solved. For table runners, kitchen toweling with a blue line running on the edge was bought at one of the five-and-ten-cent stores. This, by the way, is still doing duty. A good quality paper napkin simply folded is not disliked, and saves laundry bills. We chose a good plated ware in a plain pattern, thus simplifying the cleaning question; and we use a gold and white china with little brown teapots. I found straw mats, which I stained the same color. By using what we had, and buying only the simplest of equipment, we made one hundred dollars do to cover our first month's rent and the furnishings which, while they have been supplemented from time to time, are still in active service.

We had no definite ideas at first as to the kind of food we were going to serve; but we made up our menu as people asked for their favorite dishes, being careful not to get too large a variety. I believe in becoming well known for, say, one or two special things. My mother's nicely browned "crumpets" and the toasted sponge cake soon became very popular. By the way, always have *only* the *best* tea and coffee. My mother deserves the entire credit for the excellence of our food, always serving hot things hot, and cold things cold. Right here let me say that a mother or an older person is a great asset to a young girl who is contemplating the opening of a tea room or any similar venture.

The name of our tea room, "The Crumperie," just happened, our name being Crump; but I would suggest that ordinarily the name should come as an inspiration. Perhaps your color scheme or the place as a whole, when it settles down and acquires a "fixed" look, will suggest its own name. It's not a bad idea to open nameless, and ask for ideas among your customers. For your announcement cards I would suggest a sketch of the exterior. The one which a friend did for us was from the first a real help, and when taken home served as a quaint reminder of the place. Send the announcement cards to your friends and the kind of people from whom you wish to form your clientele.

Now, the fact that it is a tea room does not mean that its methods of business should be slipshod. We have always made it a rule to be very punctual about the opening and closing of our little place. The winter hours are 11:30 A. M. to 6 P. M.; thus taking in the light *à la carte* lunch and the tea service. We have always felt that if you serve a heavy lunch and dinner, your place is no longer a tea room, but a dining-room or restaurant. In the summer time, the hours are from 8 A. M. to 2 P. M.; because we find the morning hours and breakfast more agreeable to our guests.

Miss Crump and "Bee."

The Chimney Corner

Would you like to know a place where you could drop around for tea,
For luncheon or for dinner? It's a place where you can be
Quite at home. It's quiet, cozy, has a charming atmosphere,
Food that sort of makes you hungry, and it really isn't dear.
Come and sit beside our fire, when it's cold or when you're blue,
When your working time is over, when you've nothing else to do.
You are welcome. Drop in any time, and smoke or have some tea;
It is homelike and attractive, and you'll like it. Come and see!

TOM POWERS.

THE two questions I am asked oftenest by hundreds of interested patrons are: "How in the world did you see the possibilities in this funny little house?" And, "How do you know what to provide for anything so fickle as the public's appetite?"

How did I see the possibilities in the tumbledown little house which is now serving three to four thousand persons every month? I hardly know. I suppose it was a woman's intuition. Certainly every male who heard of my project was either openly scornful or inwardly full of pity for my inevitable failure.

How I decided to leave off school-teaching and open a tea room is a story in itself. In fact, the whole history of the Chimney Corner is a chain of fascinating stories that would take a lifetime to write.

The display card suggests most happily the unobtrusive friendliness of the place

It was early in the spring of 1919 that I first started hunting for a suitable place for a tea room. I wanted a quaint place with what is known as "atmosphere," and I scoured all the side streets near the shopping section for a house that met my imagined needs. Nothing was quite right. Then, suddenly, one day I saw my Chimney Corner. I had passed it a thousand times with unseeing eyes. A funny tumbledown little house, well over a hundred years old, that had somehow miraculously weathered the advance of the Big City and fairly exuded "atmosphere" from every dilapidated corner. It nestled against its tall neighbors in the coziest fashion, apparently quite unconscious that the new St. Paul Street Boulevard, then nearing completion, had made its location one of the most commanding in the city. Everyone else seemed unconscious of the value of that particular corner.

"Why, in heaven's name, do you want to go down in that hole? No one will ever come down Centre Street. It's a rotten section." So spoke my masculine business friends—fraternal and otherwise. In vain I argued that the location had infinite promise: one block east of Charles, the main shopping street of Baltimore; one block south of the Washington Monument, a city landmark, and eventually on a prominent automobile thoroughfare. Even my landlord sat in the seat of the scornful.

"What, that old dump!" he exclaimed when I called on him in regard to a lease. "Why, I'm going to tear it down. It's not fit to live it—no heat, no plumbing, nothing but a shell of a building. That's no place for a first-class tea room!"

It's a long story, too long to tell here. But within a week I had signed a two-year lease (it was the longest I could get) at a rent of forty dollars a month and the promise of a coat of paint for the exterior—nothing else. The landlord would waste no other money on the "old dump."

"Yes, you can do any improving you want," he remarked; "but don't ever say I didn't warn you. I think you're sinking good money into an old hole. But have your woman's way. Lord knows, you seem confident enough. And I hope you're right," he added by way of en-

couragement. "If anyone can do it, you can," said my best friend; but I knew the compliment had its reservations.

Vision Plus Pluck

IT was March. I was still teaching, and booked for a summer camp as counsellor, so there was no possibility of opening till fall. My luck began immediately. The building was rented by the month to two wholesale florists, who were delighted to sub-rent from me, as with the Easter season coming on they did not wish to move. They stayed on till September, when I returned from camp full of health and teeming with ideas gathered through the spring and summer.

There was an endless amount of work —installing heat, plumbing, ranges, and all the many necessities of a tea room; and there were nights when I did little sleeping; when the estimates for improvements bobbed up and down before my eyes in figures rather staggering in proportions. But always underneath the panicky feelings I *knew* my Chimney Corner was a "go." My inquiries showed that all tea rooms within a radius of six blocks were paying from $1,200 to $4,500 a year rent. My rent was $480. I reckoned that even $2,000 in improvements would be covered in two years in the difference in rent. In six months I had paid for my improvements, in addition to a personal salary. The next season of eight months (I close from June to October) more than paid for my equipment of $3,000.

I served 72 persons the first day; 1,492 the first month, a patriotic number and easy to remember; 15,072 in the first season of six months. In May, 1921, the last month before my summer vacation, my patronage almost reached the 4,000 mark, an average of well over 900 a week. The vision is justified and my dream is a solid, paying proposition.

The house really named itself. Situated on a corner that protrudes itself conspicuously, a corner so much a corner that it forms an angle of some seventy degrees instead of ninety degrees, the house boasts a great chimney that outlines itself against the expanse of the next building, and affords cozy fireplaces in almost every room, so that "The Chimney Corner" was the only name it could have.

The florists had painted the house black, and, evidently believing in advertising, had covered it with a myriad signs. Gray paint with apple-green trimmings, and window boxes of geraniums and ivy for color, made an unbelievable transformation and attracted immediate attention. For the interior I chose a warm gray water-paint as a background for my walls, and a deeper gray for the floors. I painted my furniture and shelves black, and relieved the dullness with bright chintzes, colorful Japanese prints, and gayly painted trays and china. The neutral gray made any color combination possible. For my china I chose a stock pattern with a bright border and matched the colors as much as possible and in my chintzes and ornaments. I bought some odd china in solid colors, but always with an eye to my own stock pattern, as I had been too often jarred by an array of motley china on a tray to care to fall into the same error. When rush orders come into a busy kitchen one cannot stop to select suitable colors in the chinaware.

I knocked down partitions, thus making one room of my ground floor, except for a small dressing-room, and leaving the quaint stairway with its worn treads open to view. The largest room on the second floor I chose for a kitchen, with a dumb waiter to the first floor and another to the attic to avoid confusion. The other two rooms opening on a hallway I made into serving-rooms which could be used for overflow or for private parties. The attic I fitted up very informally with wide divans and big wooden settles, upholstered in black denim which made an excellent background for cushions in variegated colors.

"Duck Your Head"

A SIGN on the stair, a black duck on a yellow background, warns patrons to "Duck Your Head," for the low-bridged stairway, and continues to cause untold merriment, as the order is not always carefully obeyed.

The whole tea house, in fact, carries out the informality of the "Duck" sign, for I have long since discovered that most people prefer home comfort to austere style. Negro waitresses of a high grade give deferential service, and an old family servant, with several assistants of course, gives the cooking the home flavor that is so rarely found in a public restaurant. A young sister and cousin take over much of the responsibility with keen enthusiasm and the whole happy household of interested "servers" leaves me free to act as hostess. In this way, I can enhance the home atmosphere that already pervades the cozy little house.

Pleasing the Public's Fickle Appetite

I SERVE *à la carte* lunch and tea, and a four-course *table d'hôte* dinner at one dollar and twenty-five cents, though the latter is different from the usual *table d'hôte* in that it allows several choices in the meat course and dessert, a popular feature, I have found. By giving a choice at dinner, I not only please my patrons but I am able to use luncheon desserts and entrées, and so avoid waste or carrying over to the next day. In the same way, what is left from dinner can often be utilized in an appetizing way for lunch; beef can be made into individual meat pies, lamb into croquettes, chicken into patties. In my *à la carte* luncheon and tea menus I change the hot dishes from day to day, both for variety and economy; but have the salads, about ten in number, always on order, as it is just as easy when one has lettuce and mayonnaise on hand to make one salad as another. The same is true of sandwiches, the ingredients for which I have ready in covered glass bowls, making every order quite fresh. This plan simplifies the planning of the menu and gives a far larger range of choice with no extra effort.

Food for All Tastes

I PLAN my hot dishes, some six in number, to satisfy varied tastes; dainty croquettes and patties for women, wholesome meat pies and steaks for men, chicken or lamb chops for delicate appetites, eggs for vegetarians, and some inexpensive dish for those who watch their pennies.

By treating the servants generously I find them very reasonable, and they gladly eat what will not carry over, leaving the things I can utilize.

I always try to keep in the refrigerator ham, chickens, chops, and steaks so that if my dinner meats run short I can make a substitution. Vegetables can be readily supplied by my pantry of canned goods, though I like to have fresh vegetables.

It is surprising how comfortably the *à la carte* orders are distributed among the five or six hot dishes I provide. It is seldom that anything actually gives out. When it does, I try to see the patrons myself. The personal touch seems to take away the irritation, and I almost always find my "guests" delightfully considerate.

Elizabeth Eager.

On page 9 you see the discouraging materials from which this gay interior was created

Le Petit Gourmet

ITS entrance hidden in the shadowed beauty of an old Italian courtyard, its very name obscuring it to many, Le Petit Gourmet attracts and holds those who, again and again, descend the little flight of steps which takes them to a place of old-world charm. Then, too, there is a courtesy and simplicity of service, and a quality of food which is rarely found in the busy rush and tumble of a metropolitan restaurant. And yet this transplanted bit of France lies almost in the heart of Chicago. A few blocks' walk over the Michigan Boulevard Bridge with its fast-encroaching business and its hurry of rushing automobiles, brings the tired shopper into this little haven of brightness and quiet, of excellent cuisine, and of silent, efficient, and smiling service.

A bit of the Continent in Chicago

As the tea room partakes, in large measure, of the character of the building in which it has its existence, the origin of the "Courtyard," as it is called, seems to have a very definite relation to it. Some two years ago a group of artists presented to the owners of two old and unsightly buildings on the southeast corner of Michigan Avenue and Ontario Street ideas for remodeling them. The artists wanted studios, and the two old buildings, totally unrelated, had many possibilities. The changes in design, the delays, and the seeming hopelessness of the task all fade into an insignificant past when compared with the achievement which was brought about by the work of many people, and the unfailing sympathy and commercial generosity of the owners of the property.

It is sufficient to know that from two old and neglected buildings two which are beautiful and architecturally related have grown, their similarity emphasized and their relation made more obvious by a connecting arch with a wrought-iron gate, which opens into a stone-flagged courtyard, lined with arches. Vines and shrubs grow from boxes and out of breaks in the flagging. A bronze-green fountain splashes during all the hot months of summer, and the shadows of the tall buildings rest with a caress on the stones of the gray courtyard.

It is in this cool retreat to the right as you pass through the iron gates that the little flight of steps beckons you to Le Petit Gourmet. At the foot of the flight a wooden door, glazed in small squares, opens into a short and dark passage. A few steps more, and you pass through another door into the quaintest of low-ceilinged rooms, divided down the middle by arched partitions. The room of your first entrance was originally Le Petit Bazaar—the beginning of the present tea room. Its walls are covered with a red and white paper printed with continuous scenes which remind you of the "Beggar's Opera." There are red chairs with rush seats, and small red tables.

Nevertheless, it is to the next room that most people turn. For it has a wide stone fireplace; its mantel-top is always decorated with a spray of gracefully arranged bittersweet or a sunflower blossom and flanking the posies are quaint pieces of French china. It is here, too, that small, high, latticed windows let in all the light that is possible in the space that stands above ground. For it is only because of an old-fashioned Victorian basement that the place exists as it is. Built-in settles line the walls, comfortably upholstered in the brightest of yellow and blue striped denim. The walls are painted a deep French blue that has a cast of green in it and, on the spaces between the dividing arches, great ornamental and formal vases of flowers are stenciled.

The round and the square blue tables are topped with wood covered with glass and stand on bases of wrought-iron. On every table is placed a slender blue glass vase, usually filled with sunflowers or dahlias or some other bright, old-fashioned flower. A few of the tables stand in the middle of the floor, and rush-bottom chairs with backs of blue wood are placed beside them; others are thrust into cozy corners where the settle forms the seats, still others run along the wall, with half their

seating space provided by the benches, the other half requiring chairs. In fact, there's a turn for every taste, and it's a rare person or group of persons who can't find just the place that's wanted.

A swinging door at the back of this inner room leads into the kitchen. In front of it, and at right angles, a long wooden counter, painted blue, holds a most commercial cash register and a beautiful supply of cakes and small pastries.

But somehow it remains true that, no matter how charming the place, people won't return to it again and again at meal time or at tea time if the food isn't good. And almost any sort of place will bring patrons in great numbers if the food *is* good. When the two are combined, as is the case here, there is an irresistible attraction.

Le Petit Gourmet serves luncheon and dinner and afternoon tea. And it's hard to determine just which one is most popular.

Of course, tea brings the women-folks, shoppers and gossipers and entertainers, with their guests. Luncheon and supper, however, bring men in almost the same proportion as women, and that says a lot for the food and the comfortable atmosphere of the place, for you won't find men where either is poor.

The menus are limited in the choice offered, but the quality never varies. The price of supplies is high in a big city and the price of meals must be, accordingly, high too. But prices in Le Petit Gourmet are lower for the quality and quantity of food served than in any similar place in Chicago.

For luncheon there is frequently only one entrée, although some other is usually kept in reserve in case of need. A typical luncheon menu is the following:

Lobster Farcé
Creamed Potatoes
Stuffed Celery Salad
Dessert
Coffee Tea Iced Tea Milk

This luncheon costs one dollar and a half, and for one dollar the patron may have the same luncheon with a choice of either salad or dessert instead of both. Lobster Farcé is a dish in which creamed fresh lobster is replaced in emptied half lobster shells, covered with bread crumbs and cheese, and baked until it is brown. And what a delightful dish it is! The creamed potatoes as they are served here are a delectable vegetable, rich in butter and milk, cut in half-inch dices and cooked tender but not too soft. The lettuce of which the salad is made is crisp and cold; the celery is tender, and stuffed with an excellent imported Roquefort, the French dressing all that can possibly

Inside Le Petit Gourmet a stone mantel, casement windows and comfortable built-in settees help to carry out the foreign atmosphere of the entrance court

be desired as to ingredients and mixing. The tea and coffee are not only well made, but are of brands selected for their special excellence and adhered to faithfully. *Any* tea does not do for Le Petit Gourmet.

And the fortunate one who chooses dessert obtains a regular birthday party surprise. For the ice cream is always home made, flavored with fresh fruits and rich in cream. The cake may well be called a "dream"—Lady Baltimore, caramel or cocoanut—of fine texture, uniform and rich. Customers may buy it to take home from the counter at one dollar a pound.

Dinner usually offers two entrées, and almost invariably the choice consists of broiled chicken and filet mignon. But people never tire of them. A tender, juicy steak, broiled until its outside is browned and its interior still red, or a young chicken, firm and piping hot from the broiler, never fails to attract. Variety comes in the vegetables and the salad as well as in the dessert.

There is always a simple vegetable besides potatoes—beets sliced and served in butter or diced in cream, creamed carrots, buttered or creamed onions, string beans, or fresh peas. The vegetable is always simple, invariably well prepared. It's the sort of thing you enjoy eating, without thinking much about it, at home, and that you miss so greatly in restaurants where a well-cooked vegetable is almost unknown. The salad consists of head lettuce with French dressing, or stuffed celery and lettuce or lettuce and tomatoes—again the simple salad, cold, crisp, and excellently dressed. The choice of dessert is usually wide, comprising several kinds of cake, an ice cream or two, and frequently fruit pies or tarts.

The dinner is one dollar and a half with dessert *or* salad, while with both it is two dollars. With the two-dollar dinner there is also soup or a fruit appetizer of some sort. At night both cake and ice cream are served as a dessert; luncheon limits the customer to a choice of one.

For afternoon tea there are simple beverages, correctly prepared. Various kinds of tea are made with fresh boiling water and served with a pitcher of hot water. There are coffee and milk and hot chocolate. Toast, English muffins, rolls, little cakes, plain sandwiches, and a limited number of salads as well as ice cream and cake are on the *à la carte* menu. The toast is crisp, and there is plenty of butter with it; the muffins are freshly made and the sandwiches prepared for each order. In short, the patron of Le Petit Gourmet receives the kind of services and food which he would receive as guest in a pleasant home, and the service is of the same satisfying kind.

The waitresses are all middle-aged, kindly women with soft voices and good manners, who are dressed in black with neat white aprons. More than one woman has been overheard trying to "steal" one of them for her own home. There is a spirit of coöperation. They have not appointed places, but wait on table wherever they are required. If one maid is too busy a second will help.

This spirit, especially, is due to the good judgment and tact of the manager, one of the prettiest, most energetic little blond women who ever turned a personality to account.

The china, too, is an unusual source of joy to newcomers and to old customers. Most of it is made by R. Quimper in France—a roughly glazed earthenware, uneven in texture and in shape, decorated with stiff figures or quaint flowers and birds in bright colors. There are dragon-mouthed teapots and octagonal cups. And it is such a lot of fun to serve all the chicken at once in order to see what silly little man is painted on the platter!

The foundation of the places lies in the foundation of a much older place, whose sole object is the production of good food. And the production of good food, according to its instigator, Mrs. William Vaughn Moody, lies in the simple preparation of wholesome materials—food prepared as it is at home over an old-fashioned stove in pots and pans such as are used in any kitchen. So the Home Delicacies Association came into being, and Le Petit Gourmet is, in a sense, the child of this association, obtaining some of its supplies from the mother place, but following, in the preparation of all its foods, the same "home" idea, the same simplicity of choice and preparation.

The decorations—the painted walls, the gay furniture, the upholstered seats require imagination and a color sense, a decorative notion of the fitness of certain types of furniture for certain places, but they entail only a slight expense. It is good food, a quiet atmosphere, pleasant service, and reasonable prices that bring their reward in the way of patronage, and again and again, *good food.*

Eleanor B. Atkinson.

WHETHER you are planning a tea room, an inn, or a full-fledged restaurant, you should have at your elbow Miss Alice Bradley's new book, "Cooking for Profit." The price is $3.00, and it should be ordered from The American Home Economics Association, 506 West 69th Street, Chicago, Illinois.

Just a little, well-kept farm-place in the suburb of a Mid-Western city

All alone, up near the house there stood a lovely, picturesque pine-tree

Lone Pine Inn

WE were discussing what we could do if my husband gave up being a traveling salesman. My health had broken down. He was tired of the eternal chasing about. We were country-born, and longed for a patch of ground and a Jersey cow.

In a moment of idle dreaming, I said, "Let's start a tea room."

We found an ideal location, seven and a half acres, three miles from town, on a macadamized primary highway, just across the road from one of the largest flowing springs in the state, a well-known local landmark.

An electric pump forced spring water into the pipes of the bathroom and kitchen. And, my, what a big kitchen! A furnace dominated the basement. There was plenty of parking space for cars at the end of the driveway. The lawn was nice—an oblong surrounded by shade trees. All alone, up near the house, stood a picturesque pine tree. "Lone Pine Inn," I said, when we first drove up the driveway, and the name has remained.

Of course, it wasn't a lovely old Colonial house, such as many tea rooms in the East have as a setting. It wasn't even a log cabin. It was just such a little, well-kept, farm place as you find about the suburbs of all Mid-Western cities. We realized that looks count a great deal in the success of such a place, so we obtained the services of an artist in the planning and decorating of it. Upon his advice, we threw four of the lower rooms together. We had to tear out plaster partitions to do it, and we had to leave an irregularly shaped plaster pillar effect in the center to support the floor above and carry the chimney through; but, with the addition of little corner shelves, the effect is rather charming.

This room and the large kitchen, where I have a big electric range, take up the lower floor. A summer kitchen in a little detached building contains the coal range in summer. A roomy porch across the front, screened, forms a waiting place for our guests and can be used for a dining-room overflow in an emergency. We ourselves live on the second floor.

Our decorator rather shocked us by insisting that the oak woodwork be painted. Upon his assurance that it wouldn't look like the ordinary painted woodwork of a farmhouse kitchen, we gave in and have never regretted it. The walls were frescoed a light gray right over the wall paper, and the woodwork was painted a light blue-green mottled with a gray tan of the same depth.

As a foundation for the color scheme our decorator found a bolt of cretonne that had not sold because of its daring colors.

Brilliant orange-red tree trunks supporting masses of blue-green leaves run riot over a black background, and red-violet birds do nothing to subdue the effect. It wouldn't go at all in a sick-room, but it was just the thing for our tea room. It was so brilliant that it had to be used sparingly, and the material, split, was sufficient for curtain width, hanging from especially made wooden lambrequins at the top. I went to the store the other day to get some more cretonne, and found that there had been a sudden rush on it since the opening of the Inn and every bit was gone.

Luckily my husband and eldest son, who did all the electrical wiring, are very clever with tools. Together they built the porch, put in the French doors leading from it to the dining-room and made all the tables. These tables have circular tops thirty-six inches wide, and seat four people. They are made in a very simple gate-leg style that allows them to be folded against the wall when dancing is to be indulged in. When a banquet table is desired, there are a number of filling sections that can be put in between tables. These fillers rest upon the upper edges of the lowered tops and are held in place with iron pins.

By our lighting scheme we can move tables frequently and still have individual low-hanging lamps over each table

The chairs are of the ordinary solid-wooden-seat kitchen variety, glorified with a painted oval panel nailed to the back. The table tops and chair seats are painted the same bright blue-green as the foliage in the cretonne and are mottled with a deep blue—the mottle being done with a sponge. This makes an attractive and very practical finish, as it does not show scratches and wear as a plain surface would. The chair seats are shellacked to keep them from getting sticky in hot weather; the remaining parts of the chairs and tables are flat-enameled black.

Small panels of wall board bearing paintings of the lone pine (highly conventionalized) shading a structure remotely resembling our new porch, decorate the wall panels between the doors and windows. These panels, as well as the chair backs and wooden lambrequin medallions, are painted in the same gay colors as the cretonne. The pine in each one has a bright orange-red trunk.

The red pine tree trunk was made a reality with the aid of my younger son. We used water-colors and he did a very thorough job, even going well out on the smaller branches. Oil paint was used only on the rough loose bark of the main trunk, as we were afraid of injuring the tree. The effect of this exotic looking growth is accentuated by its being surrounded with the not unusual-looking farm front yard. A hanging sign by the roadway explains and invites.

The lighting of the dining-room was a great problem. We wanted individual, low-hanging, cozy lights over each table, but we also wished to vary the placing of the tables at short notice, and we wanted to use the room occasionally for dancing. Our decorator solved it by using the brass canopies to the central fixtures already in the rooms. He painted them to match his color scheme—discarding the brass chains and glass shades, and substituting lanterns of his own construction, hung by white lamp cord that passes over inconspicuous wire hooks in the ceiling. An iron ring at the top of each lantern permits of its being raised and hung from the ceiling hook, out of the way for dancing. A pole with a hook on the end makes the raising of the lights an easy task and extra wire hooks on the ceiling make possible the shifting of the lights with the tables.

The lanterns themselves were made of heavy water-color paper dyed a bright orange-red by dipping in boiling dye, and paraffined; the sheets of paper were rolled into cylinders, and their tops and bottoms clamped between black enameled embroidery hoops; a heavy cardboard top with three ventilation holes completed each one. The men like 'em by day because they are red, and the ladies like 'em at night because they give beautiful complexions.

The "tone" of the place was very soon established: A point was made of firmly discouraging the name "road-house" as applying to the Inn. Cards mailed to the members of the Country Club and various

other organizations announced the opening. Promiscuous advertising which might bring undesirable trade was avoided. A discreet "ad" now and then, to call attention to a special holiday meal proved effective. The society editors have been very kind about publishing all items referring to dinners and other functions held here under the title "At Lone Pine Inn."

While I serve tea in the afternoons, it has become only a small part of our business. I have ice cream and cake for chance comers, out on drives. The dinners, though, and luncheons, breakfasts, card parties, showers, and what not, are by special reservation. An extra fee is charged for the floor for a dinner dance. We specialize on chicken dinners, and they have proved so very popular that it is only very seldom that anything different is desired. Water cress from the spring, and cottage cheese are much called for. We have our Jersey cow now; in fact, three of her, and churn part of our butter when we do not have too great a run on whipped cream. We have a pen of pigs, and many rabbits for winter stews. We raised our own strawberries, grapes, tomatoes, peas, sweet corn, etc.

All this means plenty of work, but system saves a great deal. Mr. Neville and the boys do the outside work and kill and dress the chickens. My kitchen girl and myself do the cake-baking and salad-making, and even the chicken-frying, several hours before the meal for which they are intended. When the chicken is partly cooked, into the air-tight oven of my electric stove it goes, with just a bit of water in the pan, and emerges later a most delicious brown.

June, the month of opening, brought five hundred and ninety-two guests; July, six hundred and twenty; and August, with most everyone out of town, only five hundred and thirty-eight. There was, however, a better profit in August with its fewer guests than in June or July, because I had systematized things.

Mrs. S. W. Neville.

St. Andrew's Tea Room

CONDUCTING a tea room atop a twenty-story skyscraper located right in the heart of the city to pay off their church debt—that is what was done in Birmingham, Alabama, by the ladies of St. Andrew's Episcopal Church.

The story of it goes back to 1913, when, on Good Friday morning, a cyclone swept the town, numbering among its disasters the little frame building of the Church of St. Andrew's. Amid the wreckage and disaster, the altar, cross, and candelabra stood intact, an insistent inspiration, as it were, to rebuild. Nothing daunted, the members then had a get-together meeting, and a lot was purchased in another location. Such material as could be used from the wrecked débris of the frame building was removed to the new site to help in the erection of a new parish house

A heavy debt was lifted from the shoulders of this church by the tea room described ***above***

on the rear of the lot. Services were then held in this little parish house until the present brownstone church was built, the completion of which left a large debt to be paid off by its congregation.

To help pay off this debt, the ladies of St. Andrew's Guild decided to give a series of luncheons. The Guild divided itself into as many as four bands, about ten women to each band, and a chairman was elected for each band. A committee was then appointed to obtain some place in the business center of the city where these midday lunches could be served. Other members were directed to solicit the wholesale grocers and packers for donations with which to make a start. A hardware firm in the center of the business district graciously rented them space on the mezzanine floor of their store for a nominal sum, and as only two servants were to be employed, the following plan and outline of work was inaugurated:

Each band alternated in having charge of and running the tea room for a period of one week. At the beginning of the weeks, it was the duty of each chairman of her band to telephone the different ladies of the Guild, as well as members of the church, and ask them to come down on a certain day of the week to assist the band in their work. To decide which members should help her, the chairman wrote the names of all the ladies of the Guild on tiny slips of paper. These were placed in a hat, from which ten names were drawn at random.

To one member of this group would be assigned the preparation of the salads, and she would be expected to come early enough on her regular scheduled day to make and arrange the salads in their plates, ready for serving. Another member would be asked to come and take charge of the dessert table, from which she served the different desserts. As ice water and butter were other important items to be served, another member had charge of this task, it being her duty to cut the butter and place on individual plates, and also fill the glasses with water. Someone had to carve the roasts and meats, so a member was asked to perform this duty. As many as twelve ladies of the Guild and members of the church, and their friends, came down each day and gave their services, some of whom waited on the tables, while others helped with the cooking and preparation of salads, desserts, etc. Others took turns acting as cashier.

At the very top of this sky-scraper St. Andrew's Tea Room found its first home

This, of course, meant hard work and much sacrifice on the part of these church women, for nearly all of them were housewives, and it necessitated leaving their homes for one day of each week to help in establishing the tea room. But this group of faithful workers realized that in any successful undertaking the will power or state of mind of the individual forms the beginning of success, and that little could be accomplished in a big way or of a permanent nature without the whole-souled spirit of coöperation.

This was the embryo St. Andrew's Tea Room!

Under this wonderful system of coöperation and business acumen, the tea room "made good," and soon developed such a large and growing patronage that the first floor of a large down-town building was rented, and a real tea room started on a commercial business basis. A license was obtained, more kitchen help employed, and young ladies were paid to serve in the dining-room. Yet, withal, a corps of these church women and enthusiastic members of the Guild were faithfully on hand every single day, and because of this touch of personal direction and management, which maintained the tea room's reputation for appetizing food of first quality, quick service, and popular prices, the patronage grew so large that a second move was necessary. It was then they moved into the top of the twenty-seven-story skyscraper, on account of which location the tea room was sometimes called the "Tip-Top Inn" of the

South. The pleasant quarters of the St. Andrew's Tea Room in this office building are illustrated in the photograph at the foot of page.

While only one meal is served a day, that being luncheon, everything that the market affords in season is presented on the menu. Only the freshest vegetables and fruits, the best quality of butter, and "whole milk" are used. And for the fifty-cent lunch, which consists of broiled steak, French-fried potatoes and hot biscuits, the best T-bone steaks are purchased, for this is one of the standard lunches of proved popularity on which they specialize.

In addition to serving its regular patrons, who averaged anywhere from two hundred and fifty to three hundred a day, on Thursdays of each week tables are always reserved at "St. Andrew's" for a party of about thirty, a local organization.

The tea room's reputation is, moreover, rapidly spreading beyond the confines of its native town, a "gentleman from Mississippi" having come for luncheon recently, lured by the wide-spread fame of its butter-scotch pie!

These women who have made St. Andrew's Tea Room possible have not only paid off the mortgage on the Church of St. Andrew's, but have had a pipe organ installed, which has also been paid for, and now they are looking forward to liquidating the debt for their new church rectory.

May Teressa Holder.

EDITOR'S NOTE.—Since accepting this story for publication, the author has written us that owing to the owners of the skyscraper building objecting to the crowded condition of the elevators during the luncheon hours, St. Andrew's has been obliged to move again. Thus the very popularity of the place might have proved its undoing.

Fortunately, one of the oldest and best-known hotels in Birmingham immediately offered them space in its building, where they are now located, and conducting their tea room, to quote their own words, "with as much success as ever."

YOU never would guess that this attractive garden spot, gay with greenery and lattice-work, is really some twenty-five stories high in the air atop the building pictured on page 17. Here the ladies of St. Andrew's dispensed cheer and tea until the overcrowded elevators in the building caused them to seek new quarters more accessible to their persistent and not-to-be-discouraged patrons, who were all so obligingly helping to fill the church treasury.

WE appropriated the erstwhile barroom of a Revolutionary inn, teeming with historical memories of Lafayette's visit

IT was dusty and dingy from lack of use and care, but a month's patient and energetic work transformed it into what you see

The Bottle Hill Tea Shop

Which Helped Raise a Fund for Wellesley

WELLESLEY needed money! Madison needed a Tea Room! A group of Wellesley women put the two needs together and spelled success. The Bottle Hill Tea Shop, so named because Madison (New Jersey) was originally called Bottle Hill, flourished from the beginning, for various and sundry reasons, and not a little to do with its success were the sundries, themselves.

Fortunately, the first problem, that of the situation, was easily solved. Directly in the center of the town there was vacant the erstwhile barroom of a Revolutionary inn, a landmark for miles about and teeming with historical memories of Lafayette's visit in 1825. These women seized upon this room, dusty and dingy from lack of use and care, with its walls and ceilings of corrugated tin and its bare board floors, and in a month's time transformed it.

The removal of the big barroom ice box disclosed a treasure, an old fireplace. Our visions of a glowing fire on old andirons drawing customers on a rainy day faded, however, when we found out that it would cost nearly three hundred dollars to put the chimney in a safe condition. But a college woman never gives up. A really old open Franklin stove, thirty dollars worth of stove pipe and labor, and the vision of glowing fire became a reality.

The walls were covered with a composition board, paneled very simply and painted a soft cream color, and the floor was painted gray and spattered with black, as in old times the housewife decorated the kitchen floors. One old door, which opened on the street, was taken out and replaced with a long glass window. Fitted with glass shelves and filled with all sorts of quaint old bottles and glass of many colors, this window served two purposes—it lent decorative color and originality and it attracted the glance of the passer-by, an inexpensive bit of advertising. It also became our trademark.

The room was then ready for its furnishings, furnishings of the early American period, so it was decided. Quaint old hooked rugs adorned the floor. On one side of the fireplace at the end of the room stood a comfortable wing chair, and on the other side an antique sofa—delightful places to rest while waiting for a vacant table. A corner cupboard filled with interesting bits of china and old pewter lent charm to the room, while along the sides stood old chests of drawers, a desk, and lowboys.

On the walls were hung quaint old prints, mirrors, and a few beautiful water-colors. The ceiling lights and the side lamps were concealed by close-fitting shades covered with orange sateen, veiled with thin white silk and bound with blue braid—the keynote of colors for the room.

Now I am about to let you into a tremendous secret! The rugs, the pictures,

ATTENTION!

IF you are planning to attract motor tourists to your tea room, be sure to provide parking space for their cars, and, if you serve not only afternoon tea but also regular meals, you should arrange for quarters for their chauffeurs. The Bottle Hill Tea Shop is fortunate in being situated on a wide road where cars can be parked at the curb. Some locations, however, would demand special planning.

A conventionalized sketch of the display window, with some of the tempting wares of the Bottle Hill Tea Shop on its shelves, makes a distinctive little mailing card

and all the old furniture were procured from dealers to be sold on commission. Hence, our furnishings, instead of costing us money, actually *made* money for us. As fast as one article was sold, it was replaced with another from the same source. The only furniture which we purchased were common kitchen chairs and tables. Painted Wellesley blue and varnished, these fitted in surprisingly well with the old furnishings.

They Started With the Children

BUT the attractive room was only a beginning. People go to a tea room to eat. One end of the room had been partitioned off for a kitchen and furnished with the usual accessories plus an ice-cream cabinet. A colored cook was engaged and established in the kitchen, and she *could* cook, inspired as she was by the women, who left no thought unthought on the subject of attractive service and novel dishes. The first three days before the actual opening were given over to the making of ice cream and the serving of ice-cream cones.

The children were enticed to buy by the addition of a few candies to the top of each cone, and the kitchen door was soon surrounded by eager customers. Surprising what a source of revenue ice-cream cones are! Soon lollypops were put on sale—big butterscotch ones—and for several months *the rent was paid by the profit on these delicious candies.* Not only did the children buy them, but the grown-ups took them home. Scorn not the pennies!

No effort was spared to have unusual food. Was the toast served in ordinary slices? No! The bread was cut in strips three inches long, one inch wide and one inch thick. Each strip was toasted on all four sides, rolled in melted butter for plain toast, and then in cinnamon and sugar for cinnamon toast. Three strips to an order.

People came for miles about for "Toast, Pot Cheese, and Jam, 60 cts." Monday was Chicken Shortcake Day. Tuesday—Gingerbread. Wednesday—Waffle Day. Thursday—Hot Scotch Scones. Friday—Hot Biscuit with Honey. Saturday—Mushroom Sandwiches. Did you ever taste them? *Every* day was Wellesley Fudge Cake Day. We made a special point of never saying no to a request. What people wanted they got.

And, by the way, finding out what people want is not always as easy as it sounds. They will not always tell you, and here your powers of observation must be taxed to the utmost.

Only the Choicest Gifts

AS for gifts, no ordinary gift was allowed in the drawers of our lowboys, on the tops of our chest of drawers, or in our cupboards. Java brass, elephant bells; quaint Italian linens; and old pottery were among the choicest. We originated many gifts such as wrought iron candlesticks, made from our own design.

In the service an old Spanish pottery was used. Frequently the customer ate her muffins and bought the plate; drank her tea, and ordered a tea set. The napkins—dainty squares of Japanese crêpe with hand-rolled edges done in Wellesley blue, and a tiny tassel at each corner—became a fad, and to date over

one hundred dozen have been ordered and sold, and never an order solicited. Everything which the tea room had to offer was for sale, except the cook, and to her we clung like leeches.

It Grew and Grew

VOLUNTEER waitresses in blue smocks furnished efficient and intelligent service. All the schoolgirls vied with each other in their desire to serve.

At first, we served afternoon tea only, later a simple luncheon to the school children and teachers. How they enjoyed the croutons made from the sandwich crusts! An order of soup brought with it all the croutons the young customer could consume; hence our afternoon tea guests' dainty appetites for crustless sandwiches furnished calories for the school children.

A little later we were forced to add a hearty luncheon for the business men of the town; and the motorist also sought us out. In fact, nowadays there is always a goodly line of cars parked out in front of the Bottle Hill Tea Shop.

This winter we are planning to add another cook to the establishment and serve dinners and Sunday-night suppers.

Our experience illustrates the wisdom of beginning in a small way. We started with a building (of which the most that could be said was that its situation was advantageous), a half-recognized want on the part of the community itself, and the most unbounded enthusiasm on the part of the workers.

We believed in anticipating the public's wants and filling them—both the wants and the public.

I should advise anyone who contemplates a similar venture to start just as modestly. So long as there is *room* for expansion, there is plenty of time.

How did we finance it? We borrowed money from men who were enough interested in Wellesley to loan their money without interest. Between you and me they never expected to see their money again; but they did.

And It Paid

IN two months we were out of debt and owned our equipment, worth approximately $2,000. In June we gave to Wellesley $1,000 and pledged $6,000 more. Wellesley's need deserved success; Madison's need earned success.

Ethel S. Decker.

The furnishings were all for sale, and instead of costing money, they actually made money for the tea shop

This simple and impressive building used to be occupied by Shakers, when that sect was flourishing

It is one hundred years old

Shakertown Inn

THE tea house which I have been conducting for four years is located in one of three family dwellings erected by the Shakers about one hundred years ago. Each "family" consisted of one hundred brethren and sisters, and the simple, spacious rooms they occupied afford attractive lodging for automobile parties.

The Shakertown Inn is breathing new life into the decadent settlement. At rush periods it furnishes occupation both for idle hands and for idle rooms throughout the village.

It was a natural gravitation which brought me to Shakertown as a tea-house site, from my native community, ten miles away. For that matter, it was an equally stern force that got me into this as an occupation. A few years after my husband's death, I found myself with a small farm and three children of high-school age. For farming I had no inclination or genius. But the point had been reached when some business had to be undertaken, for I valued education for my children. The family homestead was a short distance from a well-traveled turnpike. One spring day, I decided to start a tea house. The "shingle" I hung out was a huge, rough-sawed outline of a teapot. I painted it and swung it over the pike, pointing up the lane to the house.

After four days of prayerful anticipation, my first guests arrived. They were a party of five from Chicago. I gave them beaten biscuit, country ham, apple pie, and iced tea, and charged them fifty cents each. Information about the place spread, and many guests came from nearby towns. Occasionally parties would arrive from Cincinnati or Louisville, nearly one hundred miles distant. I began to think my future assured. In October, however, the building burned. Of the furniture and other equipment, meager as it had been, only seven silver spoons and a few knives were saved.

I was not disposed at first to try another such venture. The following winter, however, on my annual visit to Florida, the temptation returned, and I tried operating a small tourist hotel. A feeling for the business grew upon me, and I came back to Kentucky resolved to start another tea house near the site of the first one, that had ended in flames. Then I thought of the possibilities of Shakertown. The old sign with which I began, "Hotel and Tea Room," has been weathered-out in the three years that have intervened. "Shakertown Inn" now tells the public they may secure not only meals but also lodging—the latter being a desirable feature for a tea house in the open country. The name suggests, at the same time, the antique distinction to which the place aspires.

Better highways have brought great numbers to our doors. Too, we have been "advertised by our loving friends." Last

year more than seventeen thousand persons registered. The state federation of women's clubs recently held its closing meeting at Shakertown Inn; and commercial clubs of nearby towns visit us every season, with designs on ham and waffles. When touring is less in vogue, in early spring and late fall, or on the quieter middle-of-the-week days during summer, many dinner parties are arranged at the inn by Lexington groups, but there is no dancing. A piano is the only musical instrument we have, and on it is kept a volume of Kentucky folk-songs, as a suggestion of what is appreciated. Two weddings have taken place at the inn, and another is in prospect.

The main question on the minds of all visitors—and we recognize it—is food. We serve it liberally, at any time of day for which request is made in advance. Broiled or fried chicken, hickory-smoked country ham, honey, waffles, beaten biscuit, cornbread sticks, hot rolls, vegetables, fruit salads, and home-made ices, creams and cakes, are our "headliners," as the newspaper men would say. Nor is the atmosphere for this "symphony" overlooked. One room, suitable for large parties, is known as the "Cupboard Tea Room," because of the well-preserved Shaker corner cupboard it contains. Another, the original Shaker dining-room, has been reconstructed on the model of the early days. Three other rooms have been developed in similar ways. There are always old-fashioned flowers on the tables, and the waitresses dress in white.

The "I" with which this account began has become "we"; for as Shakertown Inn has developed, it has become more and more the common enterprise of many workers. Some of us wash dishes, while others are "on the door"; but all are subject to draft for any kind of work, and sometimes we discover guests assisting, in a rush. My part, aside from management of the inn, is to see that every plate is properly and sufficiently laden, and when the last guest has been served to aid with the weary hour of clearing away, preparatory to the next meal. Once upon a time, a negro maid joined the Shakers. They had a sense for the dignity of one's calling. They elected her Kitchen Deaconess, and in that capacity she spent her days happily. We are all, on occasion, kitchen deaconesses, at Shakertown Inn, and we find the public likes it.

This paster is used in the shop, connected with the Inn, where are sold all sorts of handicraft articles made by the people of this community.

Last year was notable in the history of the inn for the launching of the Shaker Shop. It is NOT a souvenir counter. One of the strongest traditions of central Kentucky is the memory of painstaking hand-industry among the Shakers. In the Shaker Shop we aim to keep alive this stimulating heritage and to make it the guide of handworkers throughout this region. In the neighborhood, also, and back in the mountains, one may find the most attractive basketry, quilting, loom work and pottery. Se we cleared the rubbish from a dilapidated broom shop of the Shakers and painted over the door, "Shaker Shop." We retained a sign which a poor-spelling Shaker had painted on a pillar inside:

No Loafing Allowed in Heare
If You Please.
If So No Fussing.
1879

To an original consignment of "Fireside Industries" work from Berea, Kentucky, have been added bedspreads of intricate patterns known in the mountain country, appliqué work, rag rugs, baskets, vases, and other articles made in the neighborhood. Wall candlestick holders fashioned after the peculiar Shaker design have been put on sale, and it is our plan thus to revive various other patterns of Shaker furniture. A few antiques have been brought in for selling through the shop. Articles are sold at a small commission. In two months the idea had proved its popularity, some people coming to the inn with the sole purpose of visiting the Shaker Shop.

An indispensable element in our success, I am sure, has been the devotion that was born of necessity. To succeed means, in the first place, to build a desirable patronage and to make sure of its continuing. Secondly, it means to make a profit. The first of these objectives is the more difficult to attain. To reach it may require—has required at Shakertown Inn—sacrificing profits somewhat.

Scant equipment is sufficient, in starting a tea house. One's investment is mainly in food and service, and the turnover is rapid. (My initial investment was less than five hundred dollars.) The stream of traffic is easy to tap. People with automobiles will travel, and travelers must eat. The opportunity would be similar, I think, for the tea house which caters to the public that moves afoot.

Nannie J. Embry.

The charm of old New England hovers about this friendly-looking house, set in the welcome shade of the elms

Prudence Seymour Tea Room

THIS is the story of how the Prudence Seymour Tea Room was started. It is a plain, unvarnished tale of hard work and perseverance; but if the telling will help or encourage other women who may desire to start along similar lines, we are happy to give our experience which has been to us both work and play.

One year, just before Christmas, my mother and I opened a small shop in the parlor of our home, in which we sold handwork we had made during the summer. Though our shop was unpretentious we had made a start, and this, perhaps, is the most difficult part for women untrained in business.

As spring approached, we grew ambitious to take our shop to a summer resort. We finally heard of a tea room located on a beautiful lake in the Litchfield Hills, in Connecticut.

The proprietor wished to be relieved of it for a time; and would rent at a moderate figure. The gift shop alone was our pet idea; but this tea room was, as it were, thrust upon us, so we accepted it, and ever since we have found the two an excellent combination.

We Went House Hunting

AFTER two summers the proprietor of this tea room was ready to return to it, and once more we went house-hunting. We had learned to love the Litchfield Hills and wished to make our home among them. What we wanted was an old-fashioned, homey place on the state road, and it must be inexpensive. After examining every available old house along the highway, we found just what we were looking for, though some skeptical souls might not have recognized it at first glance.

A Remarkable Old Building

PERHAPS we viewed it with far-seeing eyes of faith—we certainly had more courage than some of our advisers, for to one who could not see its possibilities, it was a ramshackle old building, without a vestige of paint, the window glass broken, and the shutters hanging by one hinge or missing altogether. The condition of the interior was even more discouraging. But we knew that it could be cleaned and repaired, and, happily, it had not been ruined by modernizing improvements.

We dared not show our enthusiasm before the old man who was taking us through the house, so we whispered to each other as we found opportunity, "Just look at that stone fireplace with crane and trammels, and a bake-oven, too!" "See those broad timbers across the ceiling, and the little cupboards over the mantel!" Later we discovered a little river with swaying footbridge and great elms arching over, not twenty feet from the back door. So we paid down the bulk of our summer's earnings, gave a mortgage for the balance, and returned to town for the winter, poor in pocket, but rich in possession, and filled with enthusiasm.

The next step was giving the tea room a suitable name. So many animals and birds are employed as signboard symbols that we sought in vain for a suitable one not already in use. We even went to the zoo to consider the subject, and still could

not decide. So back we turned to our controlling idea. We wanted to make the tea room old-fashioned, placing there the remaining relics of our own Colonial ancestors. So Mother suggested, "Why not use the name of our great-great-grandmother, Prudence Seymour, as our patron? She was the daughter of one of the founders of Connecticut."

Prudence Has a Finger in the Pie

"TRADITION tells us she was a woman of refinement and education beyond her time, and so perhaps she would approve of our tea room; besides, we have her Lowestoft." So Prudence Seymour's name is on our signboard, and we doubt not that her influence inspires us.

Restoring this old house and furnishing it in early American style has been a continual delight to us, counterbalancing much hard work, for we have scrubbed and papered and painted with our own hands.

South of the tea room, obstructing our view, stood another old building. Originally it had been a church, later a schoolhouse, then a dance hall, and finally a barn in which to dry tobacco. To us it was an eyesore. In our second year at the Prudence Seymour we bought it, and then the question was how to remove it from our sight. Our architect husband said that the oak frame and the roof were in good shape, adding, "Why not move it to the north end of the tea room? We need an addition." And that is the way we spent the money we earned the next year. It has become a saying with us when we crave some new extravagance, "If Prudence can earn it, she can have it."

Where the barn stood we have now an old-fashioned garden, which produces vegetables and flowers. In the spring we buy day-old chicks, white Wyandottes, and raise them for broilers, which are in constant demand.

Thus, in every way we can, we live like our forefathers, producing what we use, earning before we spend.

The alteration and repairs we had made were paid month by month as they were finished, and last year we paid off the mortgage, so that now the place is every bit our own.

Soon after we were established on the state road we discovered that our menu of sandwiches, salads, and cinnamon toast was not sufficiently filling for hungry tourists, so we added a chicken dinner with half a broiler as a *pièce de résistance*. We still serve sandwiches on order, but the regular meals, with good substantial helpings are most called for. Afternoon tea, with its dainty sandwiches, cookies, and toast, and jam and pot cheese, affords a pleasant snack to break a long journey; or sometimes it is the objective of an afternoon drive when one is entertaining friends.

To such visitors our antique furniture, the old fireplace with its cooking utensils, the spinning wheels and the loom, as well as the old bead bags and ancient bonnets in the corner cupboards, are objects of interest.

Our waitresses wear a blue and white cotton dress, with white kerchief and apron, and white shoes and stockings. This costume harmonizes with the style and coloring of our rooms. In passing, let me say that, although one might be tempted to think otherwise, when so much money is needed for equipment, healthy, good-natured help is important. We do not think it advisable to employ friends who glow with enthusiasm about running a tea room, unless they are partners sharing the losses as well as the profits. For business must be steady and continuous to make it pay, and this means long hours and hard work.

Efficient, attractive help, who are adequately paid, and to whom you may make suggestions without embarrassment, are best.

In our business venture we have had no financial backer. We have earned our tea room little by little. As our capital was small, we have had to turn it over and over again.

STUDY your locality, to see whether it presents any possibilities in the way of history and atmosphere which can be turned to account. As in this instance, with Prudence Seymour, the Colonial maid, perhaps there is some quaint old character of the past associated with your own village or the house itself. If so, use him, make your guests acquainted with his story, let him do some free advertising for you.

After Five Years

NOW, after five years of experience, we can say that running a tea room requires ability, capital, courage and perseverance—yes, more—it requires imagination—the power to visualize what you desire to create.

If you really possess all these qualifications, or can develop them, we say to you; "Go ahead and try; there is a lot of fun as well as hard work in it and if you are not afraid of the latter, you can succeed."

Mary T. Parfitt.

"The North Wind doth blow"—but Robin Redbreast still perches aloft, inviting you to tea

Ye Ragged Robin Tea Shop

THE tourist of to-day, who rushes through the country at top speed, is not looking for a big hotel where he may leisurely eat a course dinner, but for some quiet spot along the highway where he may be quickly served with delicious vegetables fresh from the garden, cool salads, iced drinks tinkling in tall, thin glasses, or the varieties of dainty sandwiches which the wayside tea house affords.

Seven years ago, with almost no capital, absolutely no experience, and very little encouragement from my friends, I opened a little tea room on the road to the White Mountains in New Hampshire, and called it "Ye Ragged Robin Tea Shop."

The one-story house had only four rooms, but it was over a hundred years old, quaint, and in good condition. Paint and paper did wonders to the interior.

In the north room, which I planned to use for my tea room, I put white curtains with blue and white checked gingham overhangings at the windows, and the high, straight-backed chairs, as old as the house, were cushioned in the same material. (See page 27.) Blue and white rag rugs were used on the painted floor.

On one side of the room was a cupboard, in which I placed my dishes. Modern they were, but of a pattern reminding one of the posy-decked china of our grandmothers. Gradually I have added to my store, and often my guests exclaim at the "old-fashioned" ware they see through the door.

Next the cupboard is a tiny fireplace, on whose long mantel are candlesticks reminiscent of Colonial days. An old-fashioned mirror by the entrance door is favored by ladies who may wish to adjust hat or veil on leaving.

As the room was tiny and the seating capacity limited, I decided to put tables outside under the maples in front of the house, where, on hot days, the dusty traveler can enjoy the view of hill and lake and the glimpse of gardens through the trees.

I have learned by experience, through traveling about the country during the winter months, that the most pretentious meal may be spoiled by unpleasant surroundings, and the simplest lunch seem a feast, when served daintily on pretty china, with spotless linen, sparkling glass, and the added brightness of fresh flowers.

The kitchen is, of course, the most important part of the ménage. Mine is small, but doors and windows keep it cool and well lighted. As coal and gas are not available, the cooking is done on a big wood-burning range and a kerosene stove. My dishes are all cooked to order, and the wood makes a quick and very hot fire at the time when it is most needed.

We depend wholly on tourists, and the number can never even be guessed at. They arrive at all hours, and expect one

to be prepared to serve them at a moment's notice. I am glad to say we have never disappointed them.

Business men, hurrying back from week-end visits on Monday mornings, are glad to stop for crisp bacon and eggs, and a pot of steaming coffee, or one of those deliciously browned omelets which have helped to make our place popular with them. Tea rooms will always appeal to women, but a wafer-like sandwich and a pot of tea will never satisfy our masculine friends. To win over the men you must provide something more substantial. One of our specialties is good coffee. We make it fresh for every guest, buying the whole bean and grinding it as it is used. Served with thick cream, it is an ever-satisfying accompaniment to breakfast, and a fitting climax to any lunch.

The question of help has always been a serious one with me. I believe it is essential that the girls who serve should not only know how to place the dishes correctly on the table, but that they should also possess a pleasing personality, making the guests feel at home.

I always supervise the work in the kitchen, so that everything which is served will be up to the standard.

We have tried to make our little place attractive on the outside as well, by planting masses of flowers; and among these, of course, are ragged robins. Every year the garden blooms in profusion from early spring until after the frosts.

As the demand is also growing for quarters where tourists may spend the night, we have decided to build screened sleeping porches for use this year.

Our advertising consists of our road signs, with the little red robin on them, post cards of the house, and our space in the A. L. A. Green Book. But the best advertisement of all is good food, quick service, and home atmosphere.

As you leave our little tea room, you will see in the guest book the names of friends from all over this country and the old world; and if you ever come to see us, we hope you will agree with the English gentleman who wrote after his name: "A delightful place to stop for lunch."

Elsye Wallace Osterman.

Outside, in summer, you find the delicious shade of sturdy sugar maples

And inside is the clean, cool simplicity of a blue and white dining room

Blue jars filled with yellow flowers are placed on the tables

The old mangers are massed with the bloom of tawny marigolds

The Yellow Hen

THE family always said that the well-built barn in the rear of the yard ought to be made over into something profitable. And when the women of the family decided to enter into a business of some kind, a tea house and the barn naturally dovetailed. Once the idea was under way, it was no time before a carpenter gave estimates on remodeling, from plans drawn up by an architect; and in a remarkably short time the tea house known by the picturesque and comfortable name of The Yellow Hen opened for business in Plainfield, New Jersey.

Remodeling included laying a hardwood floor for the main barn space, twenty-nine feet by thirty feet, the walls of which were sealed with yellow pine when the building was constructed. A group of casement windows took up the space formerly occupied by wide barn doors. Box stalls became kitchen, pantry and storeroom. An excellent second-hand gas range, with fireless cooker attachment, proved to be a find from a utilitarian as well as from a financial viewpoint. The sum of fifteen hundred dollars was expended on remodeling and lighting, which covered the installation of drop electric lights at intervals from the ceiling, and side fixtures set into regular barn lanterns.

All lights were subdued by yellow figured crêpe paper shades, in dressy and effective style.

Fifteen round plain tables with two long ones, and forty-eight inexpensive, solid wooden chairs took on unique airs under a coat of yellow paint trimmed with cobalt blue. (See photograph in oval.) Painting was done by members of the family and helped to make a rainy day or two pass quickly. Yellow and blue became the color scheme adhered to in pottery, flowers, menu cards, announcements, and similar details. Yellow and blue gingham overdrapes dressed up all the windows. Black oilcloth cut into squares and stitched with yellow settled the doily question. As the tea room was to include a gift side to the venture, yellow paper and blue string lent distinction to purchases.

It was decided to use good china and to place it on sale. Cantigalli, a picturesque and somewhat crude pottery made by peasants of Italy, on which the potter's mark is a "hen," was chosen, besides some Brittany ware, some Spanish, and Italian pottery called Deruta, all of which worked in well together. If one liked the Brittany bowl in which most delectable Yellow Hen ice cream was served, or the Cantigalli bowl, containing sugar, these pieces could be had at a price under that usually asked for these wares at retail shops.

The initial stock required an outlay of three hundred dollars at the start. It was figured that inexpensive articles costing, at wholesale, twenty-five cents to fifty

cents could be sold at one hundred per cent profit, but an article at three dollars wholesale could be disposed of more profitably, because in greater quantity, when retailed at five dollars instead of six dollars. This peasant ware sold so fast that it soon became necessary to sell *on order* instead of from the tea-house stock.

Again, on the food question, it was found that if forty or fifty persons were served in a day, the cost of service dropped down to five cents for each person, and the profit was perceptible. But on a day when few guests partook of a chicken dinner at one dollar and fifty cents, the percentage of service rose to about thirty cents a plate, and there was a decided drop in profits.

"Cluck!" says the hen and the chicks cry "Tea!"

The Yellow Hen opened on May 25th, 1921, with serving hours from eleven o'clock in the morning to eight o'clock in the evening, and up to the first of the following September, twenty-five hundred persons had been served, one thousand being credited to the first month, which was an exceptionally good record, as tea houses in this section go, as patronage falls off disastrously in New Jersey during July and August.

It was made a rule that special cooked luncheons or dinners could be served if two hours' notice was given, otherwise simple luncheons with salads, and the usual chicken dinner would be on order. For afternoon tea, hot or iced chocolate, tea and coffee, sandwiches, cinnamon toast, cake and ice cream were ready for all.

Helen Harrison.

Tumble-Down Tea House

A MOST attractive and successful tea house, situated on the highway leading north from Washington, D. C., was opened last season by an energetic Maryland woman, Miss Mary M. Stabler.

Seeing possibilities in the stream of motorists which daily traversed this popular highway, Miss Stabler set about finding a place which she could utilize for her purpose.

Almost in despair of finding anything suitable, she was looking over the ground one day, for at least the hundredth time, when her eyes fell upon an old deserted house by the roadside, little more than a stone's throw from town.

Without a moment's hesitation she walked over to it and began "taking stock." She felt sure that she could rent it for a moderate sum, as it had been vacant for a long time, the owner having pulled down a part of it with the intention of repairing, which he had never done. It presented a most dilapidated appearance, but her quick eye took in an old fireplace, weatherbeaten but still intact, where the room had been torn down, and on either side of it remnants of the old wall.

Very properly, this tea house has a tumble-down sign

"That's something to start on," she exclaimed excitedly. "I'll go right away and rent this old tumble-down house before my courage fails."

"You wouldn't believe," she said, telling about it later, "the quantity of rubbish I had carted away. Sixty-one baskets of lime and three cartloads of laths from that old foundation alone, to say nothing of every other kind of trash. Then I filled it all in with good rich earth and sowed grass seed—and look at it now!"

As she spoke, Miss Stabler waved her hand over the rich green grass beneath her feet, now beautiful in the evening sunlight. Beside us was the old fireplace, half hidden by luxurious vines, and with bright bits of pottery on the ledge above that had once been a mantel piece, while on the remnant of the foundation wall still standing were quaint old stone jars and pitchers.

"It must have cost you a lot," we remarked, at once curious and interested.

"Of course it did," she said, "but you can't reap if you don't sow. I put three hundred dollars in it; but already I am getting that back, and soon the profit will come. Come inside," and opening the screen door she ushered us into a charming little room, filled almost to overflowing with beautiful pieces of antique furniture that she had collected here and there—tables, chairs, a beautiful old desk, old mirrors, and a variety of brass and silver curios decorating the mantel piece. Over the windows artistic drapery in dull pinks and blues gave a touch of color, repeated in the big jars of wild flowers placed about the room.

The old fireplace had become a really decorative feature

The screened porch, which extends across the front of the house and is shaded by luxuriant vines, was fitted out with little tables, each with a vase of fresh wild flowers to delight the eye; and here with the help of a capable servant, breakfasts and light lunches are served whenever called for, and iced drinks and ice cream, accompanied with delicious little cookies, thin as a wafer, can be had at all times.

The specialty of the Tea House, however, is chicken dinners, consisting of one chicken served to two persons, with lima beans and sweet corn (or any two vegetables desired), pickle, jelly, a salad, either hot or iced drinks, and ice cream.

To this little Tea House people began to flock evening after evening, especially at week-ends, until, under this daily increasing popularity, Miss Stabler found it necessary to enlarge her quarters.

She finally succeeded in purchasing a house a few miles to the east. Here in April, she opened her new "Tea House," and has ample room to serve all who come.

Twin Oaks Coffee Mill

THE charm of an old abandoned mill and its picturesque setting presented manifold possibilities when the venture of opening our tea room was finally made a possibility.

The location, too (Pratt's Junction, Massachusetts), was in its favor, for the state road between Worcester, Leominster and Fitchburg—which during the summer months is the highway for White Mountain and Berkshire tourists—is a few hundred feet away.

Plenty of parking space for automobiles—a feature that appeals strongly to motorists — was arranged in a part of a field in front of the mill.

It was a matter of but a few weeks when broad low porches on three sides of the building, a huge fieldstone fireplace built in the center of the main room, a hard-wood flooring, and the part apportioned off for the kitchen, were completed.

With two such noble trees on the grounds, a fitting name was not far to seek

The furnishings were inspired by the old weathered appearance of the walls and low beamed ceiling. Curtains of natural-colored theatrical scrim at the small-paned windows soften without shutting out any of the light. Tones of yellow and orange predominate. In contrast with the yellow chairs are the black tables in various sizes accommodating two to eight or ten guests.

The screened-in porches where the guests are served (except on cold or rainy days) leave the large main room free for social purposes—inviting those who are not in a hurry, to linger a while in comfortable chairs by the open fire.

Homemade breads and cakes are always appreciated; fowl used for salad is cooked fresh every day in the pressure cooker, which is, by the way, a remarkable time-saver. Extra steaks and chickens are kept in the cooler for emergencies, and special service for private parties is provided for.

HERE, in the pleasant half-light which is filtered through the foliage of the surrounding trees, you can enjoy an outdoor meal while you watch the dim, cool stream slipping along at your very feet

AND just to prove that the name was not picked at random for no reason at all, here is the mill-wheel itself, turning to the tune of the water and making music for you while you eat or chat with friends

The Gingham Shop

"THE Gingham Shop Will Open Here November Fifteenth." This notice drew speculative comment from the feminine portion of the eight thousand or more college students who must pass the place daily.

Idle speculation changed to active investigation when it appeared that this was a new place where "eats" might be obtained.

"How did you ever do it?" I exclaimed as I seated myself in the inner room of the little establishment for a Saturday breakfast of crisp waffles with just the suspicion of corn meal that I like, and real maple sirup. For I remembered this same place as an unsightly wedge between two respectable buildings, a Chinese laundry made hideous by bill posters.

I was the latest of the breakfasters, so the woman in charge felt at liberty to satisfy my curiosity and interest, while her daughter, a young college girl who attended my classes, did the last of the "clearing away."

"It was no easy task," she smiled.

"But it was cheap. Any other place three blocks from a state university would be out of the question for us, and the location is everything.

"So we nailed up the front entrance, secured a carpenter to repair roof and floor, and hired a man to carry out the coal and remove the trash from the back yard. Marian and I and our faithful Dinah did most of the rest. Having scrubbed so vigorously as to dispose of every germ, we indulged in an orgy of paint. We had paneled all but the kitchen with light pine. This together with the casings, wainscotings, doors, and cubby hole, we painted black.

"In a little out-of-the-way shop we found an old-fashioned table, with leaves

folded demurely at its sides. We promptly secured it for the 'front room.' The kindly old dealer became interested in our project, and dragged to light a quaint round table with substantial legs. 'I have five more of these in the store room,' he said. These with some chairs that had the same substantial, stocky appearance, were all we could use in our little second room. We gave this furniture a couple of coats of the black paint.

"Now we felt we must begin to brighten things up a bit. We covered the floors with a thick, wonderfully clean-looking blue and white checked linoleum, and a decorator put on this cheerful paper. Then with this finely checked blue and white gingham we curtained the windows," indicating the novel hangings held down stiffly and primly with rods.

"I exercised my own talent at carpentry in the construction of the shelves and the blue Delft is an heirloom.

"With blue checked gingham side curtains and valance we bordered the opening to the old cellarway, and in it we have the victrola, with a couple of dozen of the very best records.

"With our simple kitchen in readiness in the back, and an Old English sign—in blue to match the gingham—on the front door, we were 'all set.'

"It was to be a specialty shop. And our specialty was to be Dinah's specialty—waffles and toasted English muffins. We open for breakfast on Saturday and Sunday mornings to accommodate the students who have missed the call of Big Ben. We serve tea every afternoon from three until five. In the evening, it is waffles and maple sirup again, with tiny country sausages. One other item appears on each evening's menu—a surprise. To-night it is to be hot mince pie. In the summer we shall divert all our energies to crisp salads and dainty sandwiches.

"We make a specialty, too, of little private suppers and parties. Last week one of the sororities gave a formal afternoon tea, engaging the rooms and service for the entire afternoon. Last night a dozen jolly girls indulged in a rarebit supper."

Marian, who made an adorable maid, now hovered near to remove my plate. She wore a wisp of a blue gingham apron with a pert bow at the back. Another blue gingham bow rested on her curls.

As I went out through the 'front room,' I exclaimed with delight over the table of sweets that had just been replenished by a home candy maker, whose services, I was told, had been secured by the Gingham Shop. There was a platter of fresh fudge, piled high and cut in big squares. A basket was filled with tempting divinity balls. Most irresistible of all were the maple sweethearts, "made from pure maple sugar from the famous Mohawk trail." Each piece of candy sold for twelve cents.

Lois Borland.

Can you resist this tempting display of sweets from the Gingham Shop? Neither could they!

This story and a half dwelling was built in 1654, and is set on a slope at the top of a lane which formerly was an Indian trail

Sunset Tea Room

"PULL the string and the latch will come up," said a voice from within the ancient, little grey house. Obey and one finds not a wolf in grandmother's night cap, but a young woman beaming welcome from under the quaint angle of a soft, old-blue Dutch cap. Behind her a massive stone chimney slants backward towards the ceiling, as if to hide the ancient, narrow staircase of many angles, worn shiny and hollow by footsteps that have mounted it for two centuries and a half.

Through a doorway at the right one catches sight of quaint, Dutch tables, set with blue and white tea service, and ornamented with field flowers in pewter jugs. It is characteristic of the simple atmosphere of Sunset Tea Room.

This story and a half dwelling was built in 1654, according to records of the Congregational Church, and is set on a slope at the top of a lane which formerly was an Indian trail. This path led up from the river, and was used by Indians, who arrived yearly in the clamming season, bringing wide-splint baskets, which they traded for fruit and vegetables.

Tradition has it that the house was built for slaves in 1654. (Many descendants of early settlers in Connecticut retained slaves up to the sixties.) They were the property of a family of early settlers, the foundation of whose homestead lies in ruins on the Booth family's estate near by. A little stream flows below the slave's house and the delicious water cress, which grows in it even to this day, immediately became an important ingredient to the salads and sandwiches on Sunset Tea Room's menu.

The building had been vacant for a year or more when two Connecticut young women conceived the idea of a tea room under this historic roof. The house has an attic and two rooms separated by a huge stone chimney with enormous fireplaces, while another large one is in the cellar, which formerly was used as a kitchen when slaves no longer occupied it, and when, history relates, the house became a tavern.

Queer looking tally marks, a series of four, short, upright white lines, crossed diagonally by another, still show across the entire length of the heavy plank over the opening of the fireplace. Some country folks say that these kept tally of the number of hot toddies sent upstairs to wayfarers, others differ as to the use to which they were put.

Whatever its past may have been, the two Connecticut young women have been able to create a cheerful and restful atmosphere in this ancient setting. Rag rugs, pewter plates, pewter jugs filled with wild flowers, and antique china give color to the room, and being in a neighborhood where heirlooms are plentiful, were obtained at little expense. Out under the eaves at a corner of the house, instead of a dingy rain-water barrel, these resourceful young women have set an enormous brass kettle which reflects rays from the setting sun, and flashes back beckoning cheer to passing wayfarers.

Bluebird Tea Room

FIVE years ago a friend came to visit my wife, my two boys, and myself. I was a broken-down individual unable to hold a position for long and equally unable to afford the medical treatment which would put me on my feet again. My wife being strong and an excellent cook, about the first suggestion our friend made was, "Why don't you start a tea room, something you both can work at together?"

Neither of us had any experience in that line, and we laughed at the idea. However, after considering the matter from all points of view, we actually decided to try it out. Our first move was to draw out our bank balance, which totaled three hundred and eighty-four dollars and twenty-nine cents. Our next move was to spend it.

In a college town we rented a house easily accessible to the students. We purchased four tables with loose plate glass tops. These we found rather expensive, but they are sanitary and have paid for themselves over and over again in laundry saving. The glass tops can be easily cleaned by wiping off with a small amount of cleansing powder on a wet cloth, and then polishing them with a dry cloth. They can be made attractive by pasting a gaily patterned cloth under the glass. In our own case blue repp was used, as the tables were placed in a large front room which we had papered in plain blue and curtained in rose.

Between this room and the kitchen was the serving room, where we kept extra dishes, silver, trays, etc., on a large table. Off from this room was a closet where we placed an ice box and shelves for canned goods. A large gas stove with nine top burners and a double oven, two heavy cabinets and a dish-washing sink completed our kitchen equipment.

Purchasing our food supplies on credit from obliging dealers, we hung out our shingle and were ready for business the day the college fall term opened.

We had printed a regular menu consisting of cold meats, sandwiches, relishes, beverages, etc., each item priced separately; and then each noon and evening we attached to this a special typewritten slip from which our patrons could select a regular meal if they so desired.

It's right on the shaded street of a college town.

Our first day's receipts amounted to eighty-five cents, leaving almost twenty dollars worth of perishable food in the ice box. Friend Wife is of Scotch descent and plucky. Had she been otherwise I should not be writing this. We kept the place open although at a loss, she running the Tea Room and I working where an honest dollar might be obtained.

Someone suggested that we specialize in catering to party luncheons. We advertised to that effect and it proved successful—not financially so much as in the free advertising we got from the people who attended those parties.

We kept the Tea Room going as usual, following the same principle as before, but with the special parties we found ourselves obliged to depend for extra help on students who worked for their board—a plan which proved exceedingly pleasant as well as financially sound.

Toward the end of the year prospects looked brighter and before the end of the next we were employing regular kitchen help beside five students who did the serving. Thus we have continued, my wife managing the help and supervising the cooking, while I attend to the details and lend a hand where most needed.

Many who run such a business consider it their duty to see that patrons are properly served in the dining room. We have someone else do that. As we see it, our place is "behind the scenes" attending to what goes into the dining room.

We have found that the art of working leftovers into tasty, wholesome dishes yields us much of our profit. Another practise which has saved us a good deal is our habit of taking into consideration weather conditions and planning ahead accordingly.

Criticism we have had—lots of it! And we welcome it, since it enables us to adjust many unsatisfactory conditions. Apparently our ability to take a hint kindly has paid us, for during this last year our patronage was more than we could conveniently handle with double the equipment and three times as much help. The business is still small, but we feel that it is quite a success, since we now own our home and place of business, are well insured, owe no man a dollar, and are in a position to expand to the extent of three or four thousand dollars, should we find it necessary.

E. H. Porter.

The Coffee House

THE emblem at the left, which is a symbol of one of the many good things served within, hangs over the doorway on one of the main streets of the town, in the heart of the business section.

ONE of the first requisites for success in the tea room business is a good location. We were fortunate in securing this in our city. Our Coffee House is within one block of all our city's leading banks and close to the best ready-to-wear shops. We calculated that to get the patronage of the wives of the leading business men of the city would be the surest and quickest road to success; and having secured their patronage we thought the men would learn of our place from their wives and friends. Then, finding that we were located in the heart of the city, near their offices, we hoped that they would take their meals with us.

For the interior of our coffee house the color scheme was green and ivory. Our tables and chairs were all painted ivory with green trimming and the woodwork of the room was painted to match. We secured china with green striping, and our teapots, water pitchers and ice bowls were all green. On each piece of linen is appliquéd a green coffee pot; and the aprons and caps with which we furnish our waitresses bear the same design.

We took care to get the attention of the people we wished to attract, and with excellent results. We did this by means of a folder which we had printed, with our coffee pot conspicuous on the front. Five hundred of these were mailed to the prominent families of the city a day or two before our opening. This was all the publicity we had, and yet we could not handle the crowd that came to us on our opening day. For several days we turned many away who had received our announcement folders, but gradually we added tables and chairs and increased our force until at this time we can seat seventy-two people and have six waitresses and a head waitress.

Perhaps the most popular feature of our place is our coffee service, which we emphasize above everything else. Every order for coffee is served in individual service—a two cup stand with glass bowl, which is brought to the table by the waitress, and an alcohol lamp which keeps the coffee hot until the patron is ready for it. This feature has given our place a wider publicity than an expensive series of newspaper advertisements. If iced coffee is ordered our service is equally effective, for a glass of crushed ice is furnished with the coffee which is poured over the ice in the presence of the patron, so that the ice is not half melted when the coffee is poured in.

We know that the public generally is fond of pastry and we therefor spare no effort or expense to make ours the best in this city. We conceived the idea of having no great variety of pies each day, but rather having a set day for certain pies, with the result that our friends now know the day of the week on which their favorite pastry will be on the menu. This feature serves another purpose which might not have occurred to some people operating a business of this sort. It convinces the public, who might otherwise be skeptical, that our pastry is always fresh, as they do not find the same pastry served on succeeding days.

Another feature of our coffee house is the arrangement of the front of our shop. The windows are draped with green, and in this space is a settee for those who are meeting friends, or who want to rest or read while they wait for a table. Near this settee we have a dressing stand and mirror for the use of ladies. On the table are pen and ink, and a rack behind this table carries the leading magazines.

On every table we have had fresh cut flowers every day since we started.

It is our aim to give to all our guests the best of care and attention, as we realize that the most effective bits of advertising are the words of praise passed on to those who do not know us.

Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Pierce,
Proprietors.

The Sign of the Golden Orange

WHEN an opportunity offered itself to start a new venture, my mother, twin sister, and I turned our thoughts toward having a tea room and gift shop, as something in which we could all have a part. It was in October, 1916, that we started from Boston to Miami, Florida. It was a new city to us, where we had no friends or associations; but we had learned that the climate was an ideal winter one, and that Miami was the "growingest" city in the South.

The little stone house that we rented had quite a tropical look, owing to the Pandanus bushes and large cocoanut palm trees in the front yard. After hanging out our sign—a yellow orange with green leaves — and placing our four tables and sixteen chairs on the porch, we waited for our guests. Our only form of advertising was to send out green cards engraved with the orange motif and leaves, announcing our Tea Room and Gift Shop and saying that we were prepared to take orders for picnic lunches and cakes. Our season was from December first to May first.

In keeping with the semi-tropical atmosphere of the place is the signboard attached to the trunk of a cocoanut-tree

On a visit to "The Sign of the Golden Orange," one will find round green tables, green chairs—the backs covered with green and white awning material, with a sateen orange and green felt leaves appliquéd on each chair back.

On every table you will find an orange bowl filled with tiny Panama oranges and their glossy green leaves. The menu card is under glass, to insure perfect cleanliness, and a special menu, cut in the shape of the orange with leaves, has blank discs of paper on which are announced the kinds of ice cream offered for the day. The green enamel call bell is decorated with an orange design, and an order pad with pencil attached allows guests to write their own orders.

The tea service consists of a small green earthenware teapot and hot water jug, a small strainer, and a cube of tea. This insures the freshness of the tea, and allows the guest to brew it the desired strength. These articles are placed on a green lacquered tray just large enough to hold them. The crustless sandwiches are wrapped in oiled paper sealed with an orange disc bearing the words "The Sign of the Golden Orange, Miami, Florida."

When the sugar bowls are freshly filled, the iced tea and limeade ready to pour, the sandwich fillings ready, and some sandwiches made, the butter creamed and the cinnamon mixture ready to spread on the hot toast, the water "galloping boiling" on the stove and the teapots and jugs warm in the oven—when these things are done, we can relax a little and feel that we are ready for the afternoon. We serve six days a week, leaving the seventh day for a much needed rest, although we take orders for picnic lunches for Sundays.

We have supplied an ever-growing demand for homemade cakes and sandwiches to be taken away from the Tea Room; and for this branch of the business we have a supply of folding boxes, oiled paper, and picnic lunch accessories.

Auction bridge is a most popular form of entertainment at Miami, so that we provided ourselves with tables and chairs, and arrange bridge parties. The refreshments for these parties are as simple or as elaborate as a hostess wishes them to be.

The Gift Shop, which is a small affair, has a display of hand-painted dinner cards, tallies, favors, handkerchiefs and small gifts, and orders are filled for favors and cards in special color schemes. In the shop we have a guest book, where a mammy doll announces by card, "My Missus asks youse-all to please register in our guest book."

How much help is needed to conduct this business? One colored maid for the kitchen work, and during the busiest season a friend, who is engaged for afternoons to assist in various ways. These two helpers and the three members of the family (who do *not* observe union hours from December to May) make up our staff. Needless to say, tips are taboo.

Mary Hoit.

The Tintern Tea Garden

WASHINGTON'S old Naval Dispensary has been turned into one of its most attractive tea houses. The small red brick building which was once a medical compound is now known as The Tintern Tea Garden. It is within easy walking distance from the Treasury, the White House and the War Department. But while its location has proven a drawing card for a cosmopolitan gathering, it is not so much the location as the garden in the rear which has attracted the assemblage of interesting guests and friends.

Throughout the sultry summer, in this fragrant garden, three meals a day are served, at nominal prices. There is breakfast in the cool of the morning, with cantaloupe, crisp bacon and buttered toast; luncheon when the guests eat cooling salads or hot waffles in the shade of the old elm trees; and at dinner, in the descending dusk, the garden assumes an enchanted appearance and is illuminated with golden Chinese lanterns. Here and there is the glow of a cigarette and it is nothing unusual to distinguish through the low buzz of conversation talk which betrays that the occupants of certain tables are diplomats or statesmen of national reputation. There are pretty girls, and officers, too, for there is an abundance of Army and Navy men who are fond of good food.

Through the alley and out into a lovely bit of unsuspected greenery is the summer entrance of the Tintern Tea Garden. In winter the tables are moved indoors, but with the first breath of spring air they are placed in the garden again.

In all downtown Washington, through its first summer, the Tintern Tea Garden stood as an exception. It had no rivals because there was nothing like it.

The Beginning Was a Modest One

MY family had lived in Memphis, Tennessee, so that I was well versed in Southern cooking. My first visit to Washington was made during the war when I came to see my son before he went overseas. My visit had shown me the possibilities of managing a successful tea room. I had had some qualifying experience from nine years in charge of the dining room of a boys' school, and from two years association with a friend who owns a large hotel in Atlantic City.

As my capital was very limited, I started in a modest way, always keeping to my standard of good food, well but simply prepared, and nicely served.

A Dinner for a Dollar

I SERVED a four-course dinner for a dollar, and another one, minus soup and salad, for seventy-five cents. Our menus, our prices, and our service had already attracted a large number when I realized that summer was approaching. On page 38 you will find a representative selection from these menus, showing what was served.

There were predictions on every hand that the summer of 1921 would be dull. Washington is a hot city during June, July, and August, and everyone who could leave was likely to go, since the war no longer kept them there. The government departments were laying off hundreds of employees and, what is more, we were facing hard times.

There were in the same neighborhood a number of tea rooms which were run on the same lines as mine had been during the winter. With the first day of June some of these boarded their doors and hung up announcements that they would be closed until October. Evidently their proprietors had dreaded the same dull period with which I was confronted. But while competitors would be fewer, there would still be enough tea rooms and restaurants in the neighborhood, I realized, to demand that something must be done to hold business.

That is why I thought of the garden, or, as it would be wiser to express it, of the back yard! The house, an old-fashioned one, is separated from the next one by a three-foot alley, which opens directly onto the main street and leads to the yard in the rear, so that entrance may be

had to the garden without passage through the house. This alley is in constant use.

"Come Into the Garden"

THE yard had a brick wall on one side and a very respectable privet hedge on the other. There was a large elm tree, while the maple in the adjoining yard afforded additional shade.

Across the lower end of the yard, to shut out the sight of the alley, was built a fence of poultry wire, eight feet high, with an arched passageway, capped with flower boxes. Another cross fence was erected at the house end of the yard, to screen the entrance to the kitchen and serving porch, while the narrow passage between the two buildings was roofed with poultry wire.

The poultry wire offered the groundwork for decoration. Against this were massed spruce and pine boughs, so that the ends of the yard were completely hidden and a lovely green bowery look was given to that part of the garden. The flower boxes were filled with pines and plants, in the hope that, together with those planted below, the fence would soon be covered; but as the growth was not sufficient, we have kept the spicy spruce boughs, now turned soft and brown, and have added from time to time fresh laurel to brighten it. Over the narrow passage we put other boughs of spruce and pine. They serve as a background and give out the spicy odor suggestive of the woods, and always bring a comment from the newcomer.

For furnishings, ordinary deal tables and kitchen chairs were used. We painted the tables glossy black and the chairs varicolored—orange, brilliant blue, soft lavender, pale, or deep green, rich crimson. On the tables we used small painted doilies.

Orange and yellow flowers were massed in baskets which hung against the wall in dull green vases and in one old copper Chinese incense burner, and orange and yellow Chinese lanterns were strung from the elm tree.

Over the entrance we hung a bamboo tea tray with the inscription "Tintern Tea Garden" and a lantern each side.

Our friends warned us that we would have to contend with flies and mosquitoes, but by using slaked lime around garbage pails and ash cans, we were not bothered.

I know that usually it would have paid to advertise, and I realize now that by neglecting to do so we might have made a mistake. But luck was with us from the start, and our patronage grew to be as large a one as we could manage.

We initiated our garden by serving at first light refreshments in the evening. Soon we had our open-air dinner, and this meal became so popular that within a few days there were requests for an outdoor breakfast and luncheon, and the number of men who came to our noonday meal increased by such leaps and bounds that we could scarcely handle their waffle orders.

It is not unusual, in our garden, to see a well-known artist sketching upon his paper napkin the picture of a pretty girl, and inserting in the hole which marks her round mouth the silver quarter with which he tips the waiter. Admiral McCulley, who adopted the seven Russian children, once brought his unusual family, with his niece and the Russian maid, to a meal.

The atmosphere is one of congeniality. The guests like to dine in the open while the weather permits, and the feeling that nobody is waiting for their places has resulted in the Tintern Tea Garden becoming a rendezvous for many friends who feel that they may take their time and peacefully converse over the coffee cups.

MENUS

CLUB BREAKFAST
No. 1, 50c
Cantaloupe or Cereal
1 Egg with Bacon
Potatoes, Hot Bread
Tea or Coffee
No. 4, 35c
Fruit or Cereal
Marmalade, Toast
Tea or Coffee

LUNCHEON, No. 1, 45c
Braised Veal, one Vegetable
Hot Biscuit Tea or Coffee

LUNCHEON, No. 3, 80c
Smothered Spring Chicken
One Vegetable, Hot Biscuit
Tomato Salad or
15c Dessert
Tea or Coffee

CHICKEN DINNER, $1.00
Tomato Soup
Fried Spring Chicken
Two Vegetables
Hot Biscuit Dessert
Tea or Coffee
(Salad 25c extra)

She Makes Money and Friends

AT the time of this writing, we are still eating in the garden, but with the approach of autumn and cold weather, we transplant our garden into the house. Our first summer has been a profitable one, for we have not only made money, but we have also made many worthwhile friends, so that next spring, with the coming of the first robin, we shall plan our second season in the garden.

Marguerite Rambaut Hill.

The linen is plain fringed, or Madeira, kept beautifully white and dried in the sun; and there are always flowers on the tables

Garden Tea Room

JUST how the present tea garden came into being we are unable to explain. The situation may have had as much to do with it as anything, for the back yard is a plot of several acres south of the house, surrounded on three sides by trees and wild shrubbery.

We began with a regulation afternoon tea that "would not spoil one's dinner at night," but it did not take many weeks for the fact to dawn upon us that what people wanted was *something to eat.* Many of our guests are automobile parties coming from long distances, and it is a well-known fact that no form of exercise can create a better appetite. Therefor we have evolved the following menu:

Fruit or watermelon cocktail
Soups (purée of peas and tomato)
Scotch scones (made by a dear old Scotch lady's recipe)
Cream biscuit (buttered, then put in a hot oven for a few minutes before serving)
Salads—pear, peach, pineapple, and mixed fruit; crab, salmon, and chicken; cucumber, tomato, and Arabian salad

For salad dressing, the cream boiled dressing is the most popular, but many like our mayonnaise. For the green vegetables, usually French dressing is used. We keep the lettuce and fruits crisp on ice, and make our salads up in a cool basement cellar, so they may be sent to the table cool and appetizing. We serve two sizes, and all our prices are based on a good, generous helping.

Cold meats are roast lamb or veal and chicken, with which we serve hot potato cakes made of mashed potatoes.

Our sweets consist of maple mousse and angel cake. The mousse is made of pure Vermont maple sirup and the best of thick cream from a nearby farm, packed and frozen in an agate freezer.

Other sweets we serve occasionally are brownies, molasses doughnuts, and candies; for drinks on hot days, iced tea, coffee, lemon mint, and ginger ale; hot drinks are tea, coffee, and chocolate.

The serving is as important as the cooking. We have the best help obtainable and pay good wages. Our waitresses are girls of high-school age, dainty and ladylike, with an older girl for general helper.

The dishwashing came near being our Waterloo the first season. It seemed we must give up our Sedji, for it was nicked, the silver was far from clean, and the glasses were cloudy and unfit to send to the tables. Now we have our best paid help for this branch, and the results are most satisfying. The glasses and all drinking dishes are dipped in a bichloride solution before going through a hot suds. The glasses shine and the china,

too, for all are wiped from good, hot suds with towels washed, rinsed thoroughly, and dried in the sun. They are never used but the once without going through the laundry. When soiled dishes are brought in from the tables, they are scraped, sorted, and rinsed under the cold-water faucet and piled ready for washing. These are ready to put through a hot suds and then wipe without rinsing again.

The sign is a wooden teapot, two feet in diameter, painted green, with the lettering in script:

GARDEN TEA ROOM,
OPEN WEEK DAYS,
12:30 to 6:30

The tea-room furnishings are Nature's, except chairs and tables. The chairs are old hickory, a dining-room size and a small tea-room size. These are left out of doors in all sorts of weather from the time we open in June until we close the middle of September. The smaller tables, just large enough for two or three people, are old hickory also. For parties of from four to six, we found it more practical to have tables made by a local cabinet maker. They are of a rustic style, with plain tops. All are varnished and need doing over only a few times each season. We find it more practical to have polished tops on which we can use doilies than to allow the tables to become tarnished and use tablecloths. The only care the tea room needs is clipping the grass weekly and raking away the sticks and leaves.

It may be helpful to know just how our work is planned:

During the forenoon the scones, salad dressing, biscuits, foundation for maple mousse and angel cake are made. About noon the cream is whipped and the mousse packed for afternoon, all canned goods to be used placed on the ice, the lettuce cleaned and placed in a cloth on ice, cream mixed with salad dressing, ice chipped for drinks and placed in basin in ice box, and everything possible made ready for serving.

When guests arrive someone meets them and shows them to a table. While the waitress takes their orders, the other helper sees that water is boiling for tea or coffee and the oven hot for scones and biscuit. When the waitress comes in with the orders, both make up salads, or prepare cold meats. By this method the guests are served quickly. When the waitress goes to clear the table for the second course, the helper in the kitchen prepares the cake, dishes the ice cream and sees that the finger bowls are ready. By working in this manner, with everything in readiness beforehand, the serving is simple.

Mrs. D. A. Stevens.

The Copper Kettle

NO one seems quite to know how the Copper Kettle Guild started, and since it started no one has had time to find out!

At first a dozen or so of the younger townswomen who did fancy work of all sorts, got together in a very informally organized way and hired a little vacant shop in the village for two weeks, early in the summer. The display of work which they got together — embroidery — mostly small, moderately priced pieces; cut leather work, which was very popular just then; and a few gracefully shaped baskets—was attractive, even spread out on the ugly little counter of the still uglier little "store." What was more to the point, the things sold or most of them did and the "summer people" and "natives" joined in asking, Oliver-like, for "more."

Before the season was over, we moved our fancy work, our baskets and our very modest tea equipment into a little five-room brick cottage, quaint, but inconvenient, which had stood untenanted near the center of town for many years; and then the Copper Kettle was swung into place over the front door. That year the three lower rooms gave us plenty of space for displaying our wares to which were added cakes, cookies and numerous other home-made "goodies,"—and for serving tea in the afternoons.

Last year we branched out a bit more and were doing catering on a small scale as well as giving class or private lessons in various handicrafts.

Now almost the whole town is enjoying the benefits of the Copper Kettle, and this is how it is managed:

The Guild has two classes of members —active, whose yearly dues are but fifty cents; and contributing members, whose annual dues are two dollars. The officers and executive committee of four are chosen from among the active members who are divided into numbered committees with eight members each. Each committee in turn has charge of the rooms for a week and they arrange among themselves who shall be in attendance each day.

Since the tea room and cooked food department prospered so well we have put that in charge of a member who needed

the money and who also had "the know-how." She serves tea and sandwiches or homemade cookies every afternoon from three to six in summer and three afternoons a week in winter, asking fifteen cents. She will also serve more elaborate refreshments when ordered in advance, and several times we have let the rooms for evening parties for which she has catered. She gives the Guild a small per cent of her receipts. She also has charge of the cooked food counter where the articles made by the active or contributing members find a ready sale.

The fancy articles are plainly marked with their selling price when brought in and the Guild receives ten per cent of their selling price after they are sold. The food is sold on the same basis and the expert cake, doughnut, cookie and candy makers of the town reap annually a small harvest. Mince-meat, plum puddings, pickles, jellies and preserves have also proved popular in their season at the special Thanksgiving and Christmas sales, etc.

The summer people are, of course, our greatest source of revenue, but we have found it profitable to open The Copper Kettle for three afternoons a week during the winter also.

Several societies now use the rooms for meetings and pay a small sum monthly for the privilege, which means more money in our pockets.

At first we used such odds and ends of old furniture as were contributed from the well-stocked attics of the village, but we have since covered two floors with a plain matting and purchased small tables and chairs, two second-hand showcases, a modest stock of china and a few good cooking utensils. The landlord consented to paint and paper the lower rooms, repair the old kitchen stove and open a long-unused fireplace.

The upper rooms are used in summer by those teaching needle and leather work, either in classes or separately, many of the pupils coming from the hotel near by. We hire the cleaning done and, in winter, have the walk shoveled and the fires made.

The secret of the success of the "Copper Kettle" has been, we think, that everything was genuine and really "home made," from the wafers served with the tea to the braided and woven rugs made by two members, which have proven especially popular. Nothing has been "imported" from Japan, Germany or even New York, and therein has lain the charm that has attracted the visitor from afar. We have given of our own and in so doing have been made richer, not only in pocket but in heart and life as well.

Mrs. William F. Schoppe.

The Torii Tea and Gift Shop

SEEMING accidents of circumstance and environment frequently tip the scale of human events toward that success which every individual craves. It was thus in the genesis of The Torii Shop and Tea Room, at Castine, Maine.

In 1907 we found ourselves for the summer in a small boarding-house where we could not entertain our friends after the manner we wished. Being familiar with Japanese tea houses, with studio teas, and having read of English tea rooms, we proposed: "Let us open a studio tea room, and have a place wherein to invite these friends."

Casting about for a suitable location

The summer home of the Torii, on the coast of Maine, is so planned that guests may eat on an open-air porch overlooking the water

Under the name sign on the window is the Japanese emblem which inspired it

for our hospitable intent, we hired for five dollars the cellar of an old brick building at the head of the steamboat pier. This had served its day as fish market and grocery store, and was at the time the storage room of coal, coal buckets, and hoisting tackle. The owner of these articles, superfluous to a tea room, cleared them away, turned a hose on the place, and, when it had dried, turned it over to us with the firm and amused belief that we were a pair of harmless lunatics.

At the expense of a day's worth of half-grown boy, with horse and beach wagon and hatchet, we lined the four walls of our hopeless-looking studio-in-embryo with cedar trees. Then, from my own trunks, which had just completed a trip around the world, we gleaned draperies to cover the exposed laths of ceiling and upper walls, where the aged plaster had let go its tottering hold. We then curtained off a corner for a kitchenette, borrowed two tables and a few chairs—and there we were.

Our next move was the purchase of one dozen medallion cups, saucers and plates, a twenty-five-cent oil stove, one small tea-kettle, and some minor indispensables.

A sign was the last requirement. Hence, upon a yard of unbleached muslin I painted in black with letters of Japanese style, thus keeping our Oriental "tone," "Tea Room," flanking the words with a green rabbit, a red teapot, and a green and red cup and saucer. This we tacked just outside our open door, and were ready for business. That is to say, ready to entertain our friends, most informally.

To share the initial afternoon brew, we invited ten guests. Thus, as there were two hostesses, our table furnishings were taxed to their limit. Into the midst of the enjoyment of sharing the first pot of tea in our very own surroundings, Dame Chance poked a disconcerting nose: A yachting party landed at the steamboat pier. Our sign fulfilled its destiny; the members of this party crowded inquisitively into our studio, and, as hostesses of sporting though thrifty New England ancestry, we rose to the occasion. One practical friend scurried into the kitchenette to get busy with hot water and dish towel. A second gathered our but half-emptied cups and passed them behind the scenes for washing. A third ran to a nearby grocery for more biscuits and a half-pound of cheese. The other seven retired to the smaller table, and radiated the atmosphere of satisfied patrons lingering for a chat.

A gentleman from this yachting party, between drinks of tea, asked the price of a Moro art-square which hid the largest and most ghastly hole in the ceiling. On the spur of the moment my partner named a price which she considered prohibitive. Said the gentleman, "Good: I'll take it!" "But you can't have it until we close at six," desperately spoke partner, in an effort to fend off the sale. Said the gentleman: "That's all right. We'll take a run about town and return here at six."

We awoke the next morning face to face with our opportunity, and were alert enough to recognize it. The around-the-

world trunks were ransacked for trinkets and knicknacks that could be spared. After that we borrowed a show case and established a gift corner.

When we closed that season, after less than three hectic weeks, we had teaed a large part of the summer residents about the shores of Penobscot Bay, and had sold everything we could spare, including the medallion china. Also, we had made many new friends, all of whom plead: "You *will* come back next year, won't you?"

We did. But to a larger stage with more attractive natural scenery.

Before leaving Castine that autumn, we learned of a man on the waterfront, who purposed to put up a portable bungalow for rent the following spring. We at once contracted for it as the home of The Torii Shop and Tea Room. At present the business owns this bungalow—also the waterfront lot on which it stands—which has been twice enlarged to accommodate our guests. Before another season we purpose to remodel it for the third time, and to open an annex.

Following the fourth year of our summer work we opened a winter gift shop in an apartment in Syracuse, New York. Syracuse would draw our Auburn friends to trade, had size, straight rail connection east and west, and also with Ogdensburg —the transfer shipping point for the Canadian Pacific service, by which we later got our swiftest delivery of Oriental freight.

By this time, partly because of our knowledge of and interest in Oriental goods, and partly because we were finding such wares to be our best sellers, we concentrated on Oriental goods. Having a personal knowledge of the Far East markets we were doing our own importing, and making a specialty of old embroideries and brocades, and carved wood from Japan. We called these, in advertising, "House and home accessories," and kept strictly to artistic things useful in the home. In buying, we rejected all articles that had no utilitarian purpose, and still continue to do so. In selling, we made an effort to know our goods thoroughly, then to instruct our helpers, so that we might be relied upon in shop representations.

Once established in Syracuse we soon found that gift shops were springing up all over the country. And these shops were increasingly turning to us. So we secured our own rating and opened a wholesale department to supply our sister gift shops. Thus we continued for several years, with headquarters in Syracuse from October to June and in Castine during the summer months.

Finally, we were solicited to open what we believe to be the first strictly gift-shop department in a department store, in Binghamton, New York, and thereafter organized a number of such departments.

Were we asked: "To what do you owe your success?" we might boil it down to force of circumstances, cheerful service, and hard-labor—though we have ever been on the alert and were not afraid to grasp opportunity when it has faced us.

Grace P. T. Knudson.

Here, in this airy, uncluttered room, the Torii Shop goes into winter quarters

On my sign was a large, fat, jolly looking Palmer Cox brownie pointing to the words "T House"

This was just a two-room, one-story building which a doctor had once used as an office

The Brownie Tea House

OUR house was formerly owned by a doctor who had a two-room, one-story building in the yard for an office. Two years ago, when I wanted to earn a little extra money, it occurred to me that I might run a Tea House there. I talked it over with my husband, and finally decided to try my luck.

I planned only a few necessary repairs and decorations. Some wall paper I had in the house was used for the walls of the front room. It was a grayish paper with pink wild roses rambling over it. A fresh coat of paint to match the gray in the paper, for the woodwork, and a darker gray for the floor made the little room into a quite different place. For curtains, I took some unbleached cheesecloth from my husband's store and dyed it old-rose to match the roses in the paper. When the curtains were up, they added much to the attractiveness of the room.

Four little square tables, made by my good father, and painted with white enamel paint, and chairs for which I ransacked the house, were the chief furniture. In one corner of the room I put up a cupboard with sliding glass doors, for my cakes. Little tables for flowers, and three rugs completed the furnishings of the front room. Into the back room we moved an oil stove, ice box, table and ice-cream container.

On the first day of July, having hung up my "brownie" sign, I was ready for business. The case was filled with a variety of cakes, and three kinds of home-made ice cream were prepared. Vases of digitalis and roses filled the windows and decorated the tables. It was a fragrant, clean, attractive room, and I eagerly awaited my first customer.

At the end of the first week, I was discouraged at having no more trade; but before the season was over I had more than I could handle. I had served some large chicken dinners, many afternoon salad parties, and several birthday spreads, besides serving luncheon at any hour to tourists, and putting up picnic lunches too numerous to mention.

I kept the place open from eight in the morning until twelve at night. I did not always stay in the Tea Room, as I had my baking to do, but I had an electric bell put in, which would ring in the kitchen when anyone opened the door.

The second year I had a small line of gifts and installed electricity. Old-rose shades over the lights added much to the charm of the place in the evening.

I should not advise anyone to open a tea room who is not prepared to put real effort into it. But it has meant extra money for me, as it will for others if they are willing to work with their hands.

I feel so confident of continued success, that another year I want to take down the partition, add an open fireplace and redecorate the place, painting the walls a soft gray and stenciling a border of brownies around the top. This would necessitate adding a kitchen. Outside, I want a wide porch where, on hot evenings, my guests may sit and watch the moon over the lake, forget the cares and worries of the city, and so go back to their homes all the stronger for their visits to the Brownie Tea House.

Mrs. Charlotte M. Fillebrown.

FROM that June day in 1867 when the "Allan Gurney" slid down the ways, until December, 1920, when she had carried her last cargo of coal from the mainland to Nantucket and lay in the harbor awaiting the desolate fate of worn-out vessels, she had had many adventures. But the strangest of all was yet to come, when she was chartered for a voyage to untried seas by

The Skipper

IT was on one of the narrow streets of the quaint old town, almost hidden away. The house was so small that the front room held but four tables; the porch was crowded by three more, and the pocket handkerchief of a garden had four others, shaded by bright orange-colored umbrellas. The signboard, which hung from the telescope held by a wooden "Skipper" in oilskins, announced: "The Skipper serves the things you like." The signboard must have told the truth, for the Skipper's popularity advanced by leaps and bounds; and long before the season was over the Skipper's "mates" realized that neither they nor their patient patrons would stand such close quarters another summer.

The search for a house began in a leisurely way in October, but by Christmas it became frantic; owners were besieged by letter, telephone, and telegram, to no avail. No house large enough for the Skipper's needs seemed to be in the market.

It was February when someone, looking across the harbor, jeeringly suggested that the only things for sale in Nantucket were the "Allan Gurney" and the old laundry building on the steamboat wharf. Here was an idea. A schooner, ninety feet long, and an empty building, almost sixty feet square, flashed before the two girls as an opportunity for a most effective combination.

Once again telegrams began to fly, and finally the "Skipper girls," as Nantucket dubbed them, were owners of boat and building. It was nearly the end of June before electricians, carpenters, and plumbers moved out and the Skipper was ready for his second voyage.

And the second voyage was to be even more successful than the first. As one old captain expressed it: "It'll go; first place, them girls feed 'em, and that's what folks want—good feeding and plenty of it; then they're smart, smartest on this island. Anybody'd have to be smart to take an old rat hole like that and turn it into something worth looking at."

The Skipper was indeed "worth looking at." The original Skipper signboard, freshened with a new coat of paint, swings before the gateway, from a lamp post which the town fathers allowed to be painted orange also. The building itself has been left a weather-beaten gray, the doors and window frames are bottle-green, and the wooden shutters, which swing out from the top like awnings, are stained bright orange. The space in front of the building is divided into two sections; one a service yard, masked with a high latticed fence, through which the kitchens are entered; the other a diminutive garden just large enough for a bench shaded by one of the umbrellas from the previous year, a flagged pathway to the hospitable, double doors, and a tangle of blue cornflowers, celandines, and marigolds, enclosed with a low paling fence and arched gateway.

Inside, the great barnlike room is divided by a partition; the big entrance doors open upon a wide reception-room with high-backed bench and registration desk, with quaint sea pictures hanging above them, and a small dressing-room and the steward's office on the right. Except for this entrance hall, the whole front of the building is given over to the service-rooms, which have been carefully planned. The kitchen is large with plenty of room for both gas and coal ranges, sink, drain-board and serving table. At one end of it is a good-sized storeroom and at the other an out-kitchen with built-in refrigerators and space for

the "Allan Gurney's" hoisting engine, which is pressed into service again and now turns the Skipper's ice-cream freezers. Next to the kitchen comes the large pantry for dish-washing, with a huge sink and a specially fine draining board, and ample shelving for the china and glass. Then the serving-room, with its double shelves for the waitresses' trays, sugar bowls, salts and peppers, doilies, napkins, etc.; and its own gas range, sink, refrigerator, and serving table—for it is here that all the salads, sandwiches, hot and cold drinks, are composed. Above these rooms is a second floor, used as the sleeping quarters of the cook, her assistants, and the waitresses.

The rest of the big square room has been left open to the roof, which, with the numerous windows on the three sides, gives an effect of light and space. The rafters and ceiling are unpainted; the walls are a creamy white, a good neutral background for the strips of cretonne covered with large parrots in vivid greens, blues, reds and yellows, which serve as curtains, the high-backed bright orange-colored benches, and the dark green tables and chairs picked out with orange lines.

The ship's compass on its orange painted base is in the center of the room. Two lines of ships' signal flags hang from the rafters; in the center is the ship's lantern, while the port and starboard lights are in the far corners. Flattened pie plates with orange painted edges are used as reflectors for the electric lights, whose candle-shaped holders stand in orange-colored patty pans. Czech vases hold the flowers—dusty miller with celandine and cornflowers, or clover and chicory reproduce the orange, blue, red, and white of the vases' decorations. Orange and green awnings shade the deck, while two of the umbrellas from the old garden shade two extra tables in the bow. The fourteen tables on the boat are so popular that there is seldom a single table vacant at luncheon, tea, or supper, and, attractive as the inside room has been made, there are often parties who prefer to wait rather than eat anywhere except on the boat.

It was February when some one, looking across the harbor, jeeringly suggested that the only thing for sale in Nantucket was the "Allan Gurney," a schooner ninety feet long

And the Skipper's popularity is not only with the "off-islanders." To be sure, the summer people are there in force, cottagers, cliff-dwellers, flappers, and athletes from the yacht club, yacht owners who have put in for the night, actors and other celebrities from 'Sconset; but also New England ladies from the beautiful high-columned Colonial houses of Main Street, and ruddy old captains from the famous Pacific Club. Even sight-seers have added the Skipper to their list and visit the vessel in the same spirit in which they take in the Maria Mitchell House, the windmill, and the historical society.

The ship's galley, a deck house hiding the stern, has been transformed into a cozy suite of rooms, with two cabin bedrooms, a sitting-room, and a bath for its owners.

The Skipper's menu is entirely à la carte, certain dishes appearing more often than others, according to their popularity; a very rich clam chowder began, for instance, as a Friday dish, but was in such demand that it soon had to be served on other days. The Saturday-night baked beans and brown bread were so delicious that the New England housewives often came to carry them off for Sunday breakfast. Lobster salad held high favor. The chicken à la King, Hollanden bluefish, broiled plaice fish, macaroni, Skipper style (and "Skipper style" always betokened some especially rich and original dish), among the "ready-to-serve dishes" vied with the broiled live lobster, chicken, minute individual steaks and double lamb chops of the "dishes to order," in popularity.

So great has become the Skipper's fame that at the "Sankaty" docks each day there is always someone who is ready to give newcomers a full account of the Skipper's successful cruise.

Julia W. Williamson.

New Ways of Turning Food into Money

She Runs a Successful Soda Fountain

IN order to support my two younger brothers and put them through school I decided to launch forth into the business world, with the small amount of capital which I had at my disposal. This was the immediate cause of my business career, but I often think that I got more out of it than they did.

In my home town of fifteen thousand people I found an excellent location, just where everybody had to pass by on the way to and from the station. People would buy lunches to take with them.

My equipment made rather strenuous demands upon my purse, but I managed to keep well within my limits. I could not afford a fountain when starting in business, and so I had a twelve foot wooden counter made, with stools. A container was built to keep two kinds of ice cream, and the milk, butter, grapejuice, pops, etc., were kept on the same ice that packed the ice cream. In this way I got along without a refrigerator and saved ice bills.

At the back was a counter, fitted below with cupboards, where I kept the dishes, linen and other serving supplies. Above this counter three mirrors were put in, with glass shelves in front, where I could make a display of fruit and appetizing dishes. I bought the mirror in three pieces because it was so much cheaper and it proved to be just as attractive.

I couldn't afford a candy case, but had an eight-foot table made to display my fruit, gum and candy. Over the candy I placed a box made of common window glass twelve inches high by thirty-six inches square with two sliding doors, thus complying with the pure food law.

Toward the back of the shop I had six booths made with long tables and seats to hold six people, or eight during a rush.

One large booth was called the "Party Room" and in it I put our large dining room table, twelve chairs, and a buffet. Here I used our personal silver, cut glass, china and linen, to serve more elaborate luncheons and parties. People often made their arrangements well beforehand, so that I could carry out their color scheme with candies, flowers, brick ice cream and cakes. This room became a paying part of the store, in a very short time.

In the back of the store I put a gas range on which I could cook my cakes, pies, meats and gravies, salad dressings, etc.

What cooking I did was planned for the slack hours of the day, for during our rush hours I was in the front of the store, making the sandwiches, salads, and fancy ice cream dishes, and dispensing the soda.

Since I bought in quantity supplies that I used constantly, such as peanut butter, canned soups—especially tomato—baked beans, pickles, coffee, tea, spices, catsup, and sugar, I was often able to accommodate people with these supplies after the groceries were closed, thus helping my day's receipts.

Such very perishable things as sardines, shrimps, lobster, crab and tuna fish I carried in small size cans, because I often had to open a tin for a special salad for which I might get no more calls that day, and I lost less by using the smaller tin.

Another saving was my combination coffee urn with two compartments heated by one gas jet. In one of these compartments the hot milk was kept, and in the other was the fresh coffee. I always made fresh coffee before a rush, and had the reputation for having the best coffee in town.

Every day, moreover, I made chocolate and divinity fudge, panoche, and walnut and pecan fritters. The two last were from a recipe of my own, and proved to be excellent sellers.

When my business was well under way another branch of it began to develop. I went to people's homes and helped serve their dinners and luncheons, supplying the ice cream, salted nuts, fancy candies and punches.

In this way, I could help advertise my soda fountain, and enlarged my patronage constantly, so that the two ends of the business supplemented each other very successfully.

Altogether I am a very busy woman; but the fun of developing my business and making all I can from it more than makes up to me for the leisure hours which I have sacrificed, to say nothing of the steady income which my soda store brings in.

Laura Brouillard.

Jane's Praline Kitchen

THE second winter after I left school, having nothing in particular to do and needing a little pin money as well as an occupation, I hit on the idea of making pralines and selling them at my uncle's drug store.

Every one said my pralines were the best ever, and each day I tried to make them a little better than they were the day before. I went exactly by Mammy's recipe, used nothing but the best sugar and richest pecans and, to make them dainty, wrapped each one in oil paper. The candy became very popular with our winter tourists. In fact the demand became so great that I just monopolized Mother's kitchen, and from November to May the cook and I fussed continually.

After the pecan season was over I began to plan a work room for the winter.

We have an old barn in our back yard with several big oaks that shade it nicely and such a variety of flowers that something is blooming continually. Mother suggested that I turn this barn into a work room. I was delighted with the idea. Of course the whole barn was too large so I just fixed up one of the stalls (ten by twelve feet). I had a carpenter floor and ceil it and build a big cupboard at one end. Across the entire west side he put sliding windows to make it bright.

While the carpenters were working on the "Kitchen" I wrote to numerous box factories for prices on cartons in which to mail pralines, as I had had many calls for boxes from folks who wanted to send the candy as a souvenir. Eventually I found a factory that manufactured exactly what I wanted—a round carton which could be made just big enough for the praline to slip in, and deep enough to hold a dozen. I sent in my order for a thousand cartons and then wrote to a very clever friend of mine who designed a most original wrapper to paste on the box.

I painted—all by myself—the walls, ceiling and furniture. I used old ivory, tipping the tables and chairs with brown, and used brown and green cretonne curtains. After buying a small oil stove I had everything ready.

As soon as the pecans started getting ripe, I bought several hundred pounds and commenced work. The hardest part of all was cracking and shelling the nuts. It was very tedious, but I had a cracker which made it easy and when I got in a rush Dad and Mother would lend a hand.

Pralines remained my specialty—but I introduced another candy: "Charlottes" (named for the friend who designed the wrapper). They're a kind of glacé nut but not so hard and much better. I also made chocolate and divinity fudge.

That winter I did remarkably well, using over one thousand pounds of sugar and something like two thousand pounds of pecans. I advertised at our local picture show and in that way brought most of the trade direct to me though I still sold quite a bit of candy at the drug store. And a great many people who had got pralines from me the year before sent orders around Christmas and Easter.

Last fall I enlarged the "Kitchen," taking in another stall and now it is twelve by twenty feet. Last winter I had a little maid to help as business increased.

Jane Northrop.

Here's the whole story—Jane, her garden, and the Kitchen where she makes her pralines

A Home-Run Lunch Counter

A BRIGHT young woman was forced a short time ago to give up an outside position to be at home with three invalids whom she had been supporting, so she went to the managers of two of the leading cigar and billiard parlors in her town, and asked them if she could try serving luncheons at their soda fountains. They agreed to let her try.

She does the baking for the two places at home, and bakes chiefly pies, doughnuts and cakes. She makes potato salad in large quantities; and sandwiches of all sorts—ham, pork, veal, beef and various kinds of cheese—and wraps them separately in paraffin paper so that they are always fresh.

Her day begins at five, when she gets up and does her baking. This is finished by ten, and she delivers before eleven, at which time the soda clerks start serving luncheons. Thus the rest of the day is hers to look after the home which she refused to sacrifice.

A Family Restaurant

A MAN and his wife, too old to take care of a large business, were made independent in the following manner:

The man is caretaker of an apartment house which has about twenty families living in it. They got along comfortably on what he made, but could not save anything, so they set to work to find some means of increasing their small income.

The basement of the apartment house has an outside entrance, which they converted into a miscellaneous shop. Canned milk, butter, bread, sandwiches and ice cream are now sold, and they take orders from the tenants and from neighboring families for cake, pie and doughnuts. So many of the young married couples who occupy the building are office workers that the caretaker and his wife do a great business. They now employ a cook eight hours a day, using their own kitchen, and they also have two helpers in the shop.

Besides supplying the above mentioned things, they sell fresh vegetables so that the people who are away all day can purchase fresh things for dinner without having to stop on the way home from work.

In the summer they run a successful lunch business, for when people are away on their vacations, the member of the family remaining at home usually prefers the downstairs lunch room to solitude.

As there is an elevator in the building, the shop is accessible to the tenants.

She Cooked Her Girls Through College

A FINE, capable woman who wanted to put her daughters through the university accomplished her aim as follows:

She was already paying rent in her home community, so she decided to move to the university town and rent there instead. She secured a modern six-room bungalow within a short distance of the campus.

The living and dining rooms were large and pleasant, and were separated only by two columns. In the front room there was a fireplace with bookcases and seats on each side. The floors were laid with bright colored linoleum to match the gay window hangings. From a sash and door factory she ordered nine tables enameled in white with blue trimmings, and chairs to match. These were arranged in the living and dining rooms and easily accommodated forty people without making the rooms look crowded.

The house had a glass sun-porch opening off the living room, in which a piano was placed. When students had their friends or parents to entertain they had music and privacy and special service.

Her schedule was as follows: Breakfast from six-thirty to eleven, luncheon from eleven-thirty to two-thirty, tea from three-thirty to five-thirty, and a four-course dinner from six to eight.

Before long she began putting up lunches in a neat basket with cover and two handles, for the students to take with them on trips or hikes. Fine fruit cake, which she now sends all over the country, was one of her specialties, and she also took orders for special birthday cakes.

A glass case in the living-room was filled with milk chocolate, almond bar, nougat bar, caramel bar, and peanut bar; and in glass jars on top of this case were gumdrops and mints.

But the shop which she started in connection with her dining-room has developed to such an extent that much more than this is for sale here now. One can get grapejuice and gingerale, cigarettes, tobacco, tickets for the big 'varsity games and for the opera attractions, violets and cut flowers (by special order), bulk sugar, walnuts and chocolate—these three for fudge parties in the students' rooms.

The best thing about it all is that the mother and her daughters have become quite independent, owning their own home and living most pleasantly.

Practical Hints from Popular Tea Rooms

"JUST two doors off the campus of a university town, in my mother's home, we opened our tea room. When June came, we were asked for recipes by the girls who were leaving college for good and had been our constant patrons. It occurred to me that these same recipes should be of wider help and interest." Thus wrote Mrs. Hutchings, of The Birches Tea Room, to our T Room Editor. With her letter she sent the recipes, and here they are:

Abbreviations

c—cup
tb—tablespoon
tsp—teaspoon
fd—few drops
lb—pound
oz—ounce

Mayonnaise

1 egg yolk
1 tb lemon juice
½ tsp Worcestershire sauce
2 d Tabasco sauce
½ tsp salt
dash cayenne
dash paprika
1 tb tomato catsup
c olive oil

Mix all ingredients except oil. Lemon juice, added first, has a tendency to keep dressing from curdling. Add oil—one teaspoon at a time—three times beating thoroughly, then two teaspoons at a time three times beating as before. As dressing thickens, quantity of oil added may be increased rapidly. If dressing gets too thick to beat before oil is all in, add a little more lemon juice. It may be needed also to make dressing sufficiently sour. One tablespoon boiling water added last and beaten quickly prevents the dressing from separating if it is kept several days or if it is desired to add other materials later to make a tartar sauce or Russian dressing, etc. If the dressing curdles, put one tablespoon of cold water or another egg yolk in a clean bowl and start again, using the curdled dressing first as directed for the oil; and then finish with remaining oil.

Birches Cooked Dressing

4 eggs or 6 yolks
1 c sweet or sour cream, beaten stiff
2 tb sugar
½ tsp salt
1 tsp mustard
dash cayenne
dash paprika
¾ c vinegar

Add eggs, well beaten, to cream, then beat. Mix dry ingredients, lastly add vinegar, then beat again. Cook over hot water until thick, stirring constantly. When cold it should be as thick as mayonnaise. Cook slowly or it is likely to curdle.

Birches Russian Dressing

Add Chili Sauce—half and half—to either mayonnaise or cooked dressing, and serve. Cook slowly.

Birches Salad

1 c mayonnaise
2½ c cabbage, shredded
1 c pineapple, cut fine
20 blanched and shredded almonds
10 marshmallows, cut fine
1 c celery, cut fine

Mix, chill, and serve. This serves six to eight salads.

Birches Salad Jellied

Omit dressing from above recipe, and add:

1 c pineapple juice
juice ½ lemon
1 c water
1 tb gelatine

Heat water, dissolve gelatine in it, cool. Add juice and other ingredients. Put into wetted molds and chill. Remove from the molds and serve with mayonnaise.

Fruit Salad

Have all materials cold. Cut in the order given.

8 dates
10 marshmallows
½ c pineapple
1 stalk celery
1½ oranges
1 apple
1¾ banana or less
2 oz. Tokay grapes in season or ½ grapefruit

Mix carefully and add three-quarters to one cup mayonnaise. Serve at once.

Potato Salad

2 c diced cold potato
1 c diced apple
½ c celery
2 hard cooked eggs
½ cucumber, diced
1 c mayonnaise

If mayonnaise is not very sour a little vinegar should be sprinkled over the potato. Mix ingredients, then add dressing and toss together carefully. More salt may be needed. This serves ten.

Pineapple, Date and Banana Salad

Cut one cup pineapple, two bananas and eight dates, mix, and add mayonnaise. This makes six salads.

Shrimp Salad

1 c shrimp
1 tb lemon juice
1 c celery, diced
2 hard cooked eggs, diced
½ c mayonnaise

Cut shrimp. Sprinkle lemon juice over shrimp, let stand one-half hour and drain. Mix with celery and eggs. Add dressing carefully, chill. Serves about six people.

Stuffed Peach or Pear Salad

Fill center of half peach or pear with a mixture of grated cheese softened with cream, chopped dates, and nuts. Serve with mayonnaise.

Tuna Fish Salad

2 c tuna, broken
1½ c celery, cut small
1 c apple, diced
2 hard cooked eggs, diced
1 c mayonnaise

Mix carefully. It easily gets mushy. Chill. Serves six or eight people.

Sandwiches

Butter bread for sandwiches on only one slice, spread sandwich mixture on the other and put the two together. Cut as desired.

Creamy Cheese Sandwiches

¼ lb. grated cheese
fd Worcestershire sauce
fd Tabasco sauce
sprinkle of paprika
sprinkle of cayenne
cream to make soft paste
½ chopped green pepper

Add seasonings to cheese and enough cream to make a soft paste. Add chopped pepper and spread on bread.

Toasted Cheese Sandwiches

Use creamy cheese mixture, spread on bread. Put sandwich together and toast on both sides.

Deviled Almond Sandwiches

2 oz almonds
1 tb Worcestershire sauce
2 tb chopped pickles
¼ tsp salt
Cayenne
1 cream cheese

Blanch and shred almonds. Saute in butter. Add all ingredients but cheese. Cook two minutes. Add cheese, grated. Work mixture to a smooth paste, softening with cream if necessary. Makes six to eight sandwiches.

Egg Salad Sandwiches

2 hard cooked eggs
10 walnut meats, chopped
3 chopped pickles
4 finely chopped olives
cooked salad dressing

Mash eggs fine, add other ingredients with enough salad dressing to make a spreadable mixture. Makes eight to ten sandwiches.

Minced Ham Sandwiches

Mix one-quarter pound chopped boiled ham, two chopped pickles, four chopped olives with enough cooked salad dressing to spread easily.

Olive-Nut Sandwiches

Mix one-quarter cup chopped olives, one-quarter cup chopped walnuts, and salad dressing, to make a mixture that will spread. Makes six to eight sandwiches.

Peanut Butter Sandwiches

Rub peanut butter to a soft paste with cooked salad dressing. Add chopped walnuts or pecans.

Pecan Sandwiches

Mix one-quarter cup chopped olives, one-mayonnaise dressing sufficient to make them spread smoothly. Makes six to eight sandwiches.

Hot Water Pie Crust

3 c flour
1 tsp baking powder
1 c lard
½ c boiling water

Mix dry ingredients. Add boiling water to lard and beat till creamy. Add flour and mix well, chill, then roll crusts. This paste will keep fresh for several days. Bake crusts for filling in a hot oven till slightly browned. The amount given above makes two double crust pies or four crusts. It makes about two dozen individual crusts. These may be baked on the bottom of muffin tins. Pie crust is never a failure with this recipe.

Meringue For Pies

Add pinch of salt to two egg whites, beat till stiff but not dry, add three tablespoons of sugar, beat again thoroughly till stiff and smooth. Then add three more tablespoons of sugar and mix in carefully. Spread. Bake in a moderate oven till nicely browned. Too hot an oven will make the meringue tough and it will shrink. Meringue made in this way will hold up a second day and will be as nice as when first baked.

Cream Pies

4½ tb cornstarch	2 eggs
1 c sugar	1 c chopped dates or
⅛ tsp salt	½ c cocoanut or
2 c milk	1 c chopped prunes

Mix dry ingredients thoroughly, add to hot milk. Cook twenty minutes in double boiler. Add beaten yolks and fruit or cocoanut. Make a meringue of whites. Fill shells, spread meringue and bake.

Amount given makes one large pie or ten to twelve individual pies according to size of tins.

Chocolate Pie

Add two tablespoons cocoa to dry ingredients in recipe for Cream Pies and follow same directions.

Fruit Filling for Pies

Use any canned fruit, pineapples, peaches, cherries, raspberries, etc.

4½ to 5 tb cornstarch	1 c fruit, cut small
1 c water	2 eggs
1 c fruit juice	sugar if desired
	pinch of salt

Mix cornstarch with a little of the water. Add to the remaining water and fruit juice which should be boiling. Cook over hot water twenty minutes. Add fruit then beaten yolks of eggs and remove from fire. Have ready meringue made from white of eggs. Fill shells and spread the meringue. This recipe makes a very large pie or ten to twelve individual pies.

Lemon Pie

1 c sugar	2 c water
5 tb cornstarch	rind and juice of 1 large lemon
salt	2 eggs

Mix sugar, cornstarch and salt. Add to boiling water. Add grated rind of lemon and cook for twenty minutes, then add juice and beaten egg yolks. Remove from the fire at once. Cool slightly and fill baked crusts. Cover with meringue, bake.

This makes one large pie or ten little ones.

Boiled Icing

½ c soft water	1 c sugar
⅛ tsp cream of tartar	1 egg white
	pinch of salt

Put sugar, water and cream of tartar over fire and stir till thoroughly dissolved, boil until it spins a long fine hair. Have white of egg beaten stiff but not dry. Cool sirup a few seconds, pour in a thin, fine stream, very slowly into the egg white, beating vigorously. Toward the last the sirup may be added a little faster. Beat till perfectly cold, by which time it should be in a spreadable condition.

When the mixture is spreadable, keep in this condition about five minutes longer by adding a teaspoon of water several times.

Then it will stay soft until any number of little cakes are iced. If it does not spread smoothly add a little water and stir it up again. This icing on cakes kept in a tin box will keep soft several days.

It is therefor a splendid thing to have on hand for emergencies.

Date Cake

1 c boiling water	½ c chopped walnuts
1 c chopped dates	1¼ c sifted flour
¼ c butter	1 tsp baking powder
1 c sugar	½ tsp soda
1 egg	

Pour water over dates. Cream butter, add sugar slowly, creaming thoroughly. Add 1 beaten egg, then walnuts. Lastly add alternately flour with baking powder and soda to the dates. Pour into greased muffin tins and bake in a moderate oven twenty-five to thirty minutes.

This recipe usually makes twelve or fourteen little cakes. Serve with whipped cream for dessert.

Birches Fudge

(2 pounds)

3 c sugar	2 tb white corn sirup
¾ c milk	¾ c chopped pecans
3 squares chocolate	1 tsp vanilla
2 tb oil	

Put sugar, milk, chocolate, oil and sirup in large kettle. Set over slow fire, beat constantly until it boils, in order to dissolve thoroughly the sugar and blend the chocolate.

Then you can boil without stirring until sirup forms a soft ball in cold water, without clouding the water. Take from fire and let stand until cold. Beat until the candy can be taken into the hands, knead in the nuts and vanilla. Press into a mold, when set, turn out and cut.

Candy will not grain, if when cold it has a wrinkly appearance when moved slightly.

To avoid possible graining, be sure to dissolve and blend materials before the candy is allowed to boil, as this is the only way.

More Recipes

From Alice Bradley, Principal of Miss Farmer's School of Cookery

Beverages

CHOCOLATE SIRUP for hot or iced chocolate may be kept on hand. It is made as follows:

4 squares unsweetened chocolate	1⅓ cups sugar
	⅛ teaspoon salt
1½ cups boiling water	

Melt chocolate in saucepan placed in larger saucepan of boiling water, add sugar and salt, and stir until well mixed; then pour on gradually, while stirring constantly, the boiling water. Stir until smooth, bring to the boiling point and let boil five minutes. Cool, turn into a jar and keep in ice box or cold place.

Chocolate Milk Shake. Put two tablespoons chocolate sirup into tall glass and fill glass with cold milk. Shake thoroughly and serve very cold with whipped cream, or ice cream.

Mint Cup. This is an easily prepared iced fruit drink which will prove popular.

3 lemons	1 bunch mint
½ cup sugar	½ cup water
Ginger ale	

Remove leaves from two-thirds of the sprigs of mint and bruise with the fingers. Cook sugar and water five minutes, add mint leaves, lemon juice and green color paste to make a delicate shade, and let stand over night. When ready to serve, strain, fill glass of ice half full of sirup, and add ginger ale to fill the glass. Garnish with tips from remaining sprigs of mint. Other fruit juices may be used in place of some of the lemon juice.

Popular Ice Creams

ICE-CREAM *Shortcake with Butterscotch Sauce.* Place a slice of white cake on the serving dish, cover with a slice of ice cream, with another slice of cake and pour Butterscotch Sauce over all.

Butterscotch Sauce. In a saucepan put one and one-fourth cups (one-half pound) brown sugar, two-thirds cup (one-half pound) corn sirup and four tablespoons butter. Boil to 230°F., or a thick sirup, and add three-fourths cup thin cream. Serve on ice cream and sprinkle with chopped nuts.

Ice-Cream Shortcake with Fudge Sauce. Use chocolate ice cream between two slices of cake and cover with fudge sauce.

Meringue Glacé. Two meringues with centers removed, ice cream spread between, and a few crushed strawberries over the ice cream.

Chocolate Peppermint Sundae. Chocolate ice cream served with marshmallow sauce flavored with oil of peppermint.

Fudge Marshmallow Sundae. Ice cream covered with marshmallow sauce and then with fudge sauce.

Salads

BEFORE your tea room opens, have enough lettuce washed to supply for the day the number of patrons you expect to serve. Put it in a large colander, over it lay pieces of ice wrapped in cheesecloth and keep in refrigerator or in a cool place. Have your dressings made and kept very cold. Prepare and cut up the fruit, nuts, celery, chicken, and all the other ingredients you may need, and put in a cool place. Make up each salad as it is ordered. Many times it is well to line a shallow bowl with lettuce and arrange the ingredients of the salad in individual piles, then cover with mayonnaise dressing. For example:

Lobster Salad. Have one pile *each* of pieces of lobster meat, tomatoes peeled and cut in eighths, celery cut in one-inch strips, shredded lettuce leaves.

Chicken Salad. One pile each, chicken cut in dice, celery or cucumber cut in dice, and hard-cooked egg chopped.

Vegetable Salad. One pile each, green peas, cooked potato, cooked carrot, cooked beets, cut in dice about the size of the peas.

Fruit Salad. One pile each grapefruit and orange sections cut in pieces, pineapple cut in dice, celery cut in small pieces, nut meats cut in pieces.

Sandwiches

FILLINGS should be prepared before the hours at which the tea room is open, or the ingredients for fillings may be made ready and kept in separate dishes ready to be put together at a moment's notice.

Butter for sandwiches should always be creamed, that it may be quickly and easily spread. A small palette knife or spatula is desirable for spreading the filling.

Club Sandwich. On a slice of toast place a leaf of lettuce, then lay a thick slice of tomato on top and cover with mayonnaise dressing. Place another slice of toast above the tomato, and on it arrange sliced chicken covered with crisp bacon. Place a third slice of toast over all, and garnish with large olives, and lettuce cups holding mayonnaise dressing.

French Toast Sandwich. Cut bread in one-fourth-inch slices, spread with filling, cover, dip in a mixture of one-half cup milk, one egg slightly beaten and one-fourth teaspoon salt. Brown first on one side, then on the other on hot buttered griddle.

Hot Ham Sandwich. Make a French Toast sandwich with a filling of two tablespoons chopped ham mixed with one teaspoon creamed butter and a few grains each mustard and paprika.

Cinnamon Toast. Cut stale bread in one-fourth-inch slices, remove crusts and cut in three pieces crosswise. Toast on

one side, spread untoasted side generously with a mixture of three tablespoons butter, two tablespoons brown sugar, and one teaspoon cinnamon; finish toasting.

Lobster Sandwiches. Remove meat from one one-pound lobster, chop finely, mix with ¼ cup mayonnaise dressing. Spread on crisp lettuce leaves and place between thinly sliced bread cut in the shape of triangles.

Layer Sandwiches or ribbon sandwiches are made with three or more slices of bread put together with filling. They should be folded in damp cheesecloth, pressed under a weight until serving time, then cut in slices, and arranged on a doily covered plate. The bread may be all white, or alternate slices of white and dark bread may be used. Nut bread, graham bread, and Boston brown bread are all attractive. The middle slice of bread should be spread on both sides with butter or other filling, and the outside slices should be buttered on one side only.

Ribbon Sandwiches with Cheese and Olives. Cut two slices of white bread and one slice of graham bread one-fourth inch thick. Mash a cream cheese, mix with six large olives finely chopped, and season with salt and paprika. Put bread together in alternate colors, spreading each slice with creamed butter and with the cheese mixture. Fold in cheesecloth and press under weight; when ready to serve, cut in thin slices.

Ribbon Sandwiches with Egg. Cook three egg yolks in boiling water until dry and mealy. Drain, mash, and moisten with melted butter or salad dressing. Use as a filling in ribbon sandwiches, sprinkling each layer of egg mixture with chopped green pepper.

Sweet French Sandwiches. Roll puff paste one-eighth inch in thickness and cut in strips three inches long and one inch wide. Bake, split, and spread one-half with whipped cream sweetened and flavored, and one-half with any good jelly. Put together in pairs.

Fruit Sandwiches. Slice bread thinly and cut in strawberry shape. Spread with mayonnaise dressing mixed with an equal quantity of cream beaten very stiff and seasoned with salt. Cover with thinly sliced strawberries or pineapple, and with another slice of bread.

Chocolate Sandwiches. Melt two ounces sweet chocolate, add one tablespoon butter, one-fourth cup chopped nuts, and a few grains salt. Spread the mixture on unsweetened crackers, border with chopped nuts, place one-half a pecan in the center of the mixture and serve as an open sandwich.

Swedish Pretzels

Into one-half pound of flour work with the finger tips one-fourth pound butter, and when well mixed add one-half cup heavy cream. Knead to make smooth, cut off pieces, roll same as in making bread sticks, then shape in form of pretzel. Dip each one in sugar, put on baking sheet, and bake in a moderate oven.

Frostings

FUDGE Frosting: A good recipe is as follows:

2 tablespoons butter	½ cup milk
1½ cups sugar	½ teaspoon vanilla

Put butter in saucepan; when melted, add sugar and milk. Stir, to be sure that sugar does not adhere to saucepan, heat to boiling point, boil without stirring to 238° F. Remove from fire, cool, add flavor, and beat until of the right consistency to spread. If frosting becomes too hard before it is put on the cake it may be stirred over hot water until soft, and then poured over the cake, spreading it evenly with the back of the spoon.

Condensed Milk Fudge Frosting. One-fourth cup water and one-fourth cup condensed milk may be used in any fudge frosting instead of one-half cup fresh milk.

Chocolate Fudge Frosting. To Fudge Frosting add from one and one-half to three squares chocolate as soon as the boiling point is reached. The amount depends on how dark a frosting is desired.

Cream may be used in any Fudge Frosting instead of milk.

Boiled Frosting with Egg Yolks. Use three egg yolks beaten until very light, instead of egg whites in making Boiled Frosting. Flavor with orange extract or any flavor desired. This may be colored with pink color paste.

Boiled Frosting with Two Eggs. Use two egg whites beaten stiff in making Boiled Frosting instead of only one. It takes somewhat longer for this frosting to become of the right consistency to spread, and is therefore sometimes more successfully made. It is most used as an ornamental frosting.

Boiled Coffee Frosting. Use one cup white sugar and one-half cup brown sugar when making Boiled Frosting, and one-half cup coffee infusion in place of water.

Coffee Cocoanut Frosting. To Boiled Coffee Frosting add one-half cup desiccated cocoanut and a few grains salt, then spread on cake.

Quality Frosting. Add two tablespoons molasses to Boiled Frosting just before putting on cake. Flavor with one-half teaspoon vanilla and one-fourth teaspoon lemon extract. Add chopped nuts if desired.

Boiled Chocolate Frosting. Add one square melted unsweetened chocolate to Boiled Frosting, then pour over cake.

Marshmallow Frosting I. To sirup for Boiled Frosting add two heaping tablespoons marshmallow cream before adding to egg white.

Marshmallow Frosting II. Add from ten to twenty marshmallows cut in halves to Boiled Frosting as soon as sirup is added to egg whites. Beat until stiff enough to hold its shape.

Boiled Maple Frosting. Use one pound maple sugar or half maple sirup and half white sugar in making Boiled Frosting.

Honey Frosting. Use one-half cup honey instead of sugar and water.

Menus That Make a Hit

On the left inside cover of the menu card of the Coffee House (page 35) is the regular printed menu. On the right a loose, typewritten sheet of specials is attached each day with a clip.

Breakfast

Waffles	.20
Hot Cakes	.15
Doughnuts	.05
Hot Buttered Rolls	.10

Luncheon

Waffles	.20
Chicken Salad	.50
Potato Salad	.35
Hot Rolls	.10

Sandwiches

Chicken (Hot or Cold)	.30
Hot Roast Beef	.25
Ham	.15
Minced Ham	.10
Tomato and Bacon	.30
Ripe Olive and Nut	.30
Club	.50
Olive and Bacon	.30
Chicken Salad Sandwich	.30

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Coffee	.05
Hot Tea	.05
Iced Tea	.10

SPECIALS

Vegetable Soup, Corn Sticks	.15

Lunch

Fried chicken, sweet potatoes with marshmallows, sliced tomatoes, hot rolls	1.00
Virginia ham, potato salad, hot rolls	.50
Braised beef, browned potatoes, lima beans, hot rolls	.60
Baked trout, baked potatoes, lima beans, corn sticks	.60
Tongue, potato salad, hot rolls	.50
Any above vegetable	.15

Salads

Vanderbilt salad	.50
Shrimp salad	.50
Avacodo pear salad	.50
Tomato and lettuce salad	.50

Desserts

Banana cream pie with whipped cream	.15
Blueberry pie	.15
Blueberry pie à la mode	.20
Homemade apricot cream	.20
Preserved figs, cream cheese, saltines	.35

With the warning "Please do not order broiled dishes or toasted sandwiches if you are in a hurry," The Skipper (page 45) offers the following choices at his evening meal:

The Skipper's Supper

Clam bouillon, whipped cream	.30
Tomato bisque	.35
Roast leg of lamb, mint sauce	1.00
Baked meat loaf, tomato gravy	.85
Toasted cheese sandwich	.65
Baked beans	.50
Half a cold lobster with mayonnaise	.85
For broiled chops, steaks, lobster and chicken, see other sheet of menu.	
French fried or baker potatoes	.15
Buttered peas	.20

Salads

Lobster	1.00
Fruit	.75
Tomato	.65
Egg, Russian dressing	.60
Lettuce, French dressing	.30
Russian dressing	.45

Desserts

Vanilla or caramel ice cream	.25
with hot chocolate sauce	.35
Half an iced melon	.25
Sliced bananas and cream	.30
Chocolate blanc mange, whipped cream	.25
Layer cake	.20
Fresh blueberries and cream	.25
Ice cream, maple nut sauce	.40

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St. Andrew's Tea Room (page 16), besides present to be ordered à la carte, offers five special lunches as follows:

No. 4—35c Lunch
Stuffed peppers
Fried corn
Slaw

No. 5—25c Lunch
Turnip greens
Creamed potatoes
Beets

Hot Biscuits or Muffins

No. 1—75c Lunch
Breaded veal cutlets
Sliced tomatoes
String beans
Escalloped egg plant
Hot biscuits or muffins
10c Dessert, Drink

No. 2—50c Lunch
Broiled steak
French fried potatoes

No. 3—45c Lunch
Baked ham
Potato salad

Hot biscuits or muffins

The Chimney Corner (page 8) uses a permanent cover, in which a new typewritten menu of three pages is inserted each day.

Page 1

LUNCHEON

Soups

Chicken 20
Cream of pea.....20

Hot Dishes

Crab cakes with tartar sauce 65
Steak with hashed brown potatoes.....75
Broiled lamb chops with peas.....75
Minced chicken on toast 50
Deviled eggs and lettuce 50

Cold Dishes

Tomato stuffed with chicken salad.....75
Crabflake salad.....65

Vegetables

Fresh asparagus on toast 30
Peas 20
Corn on the cob.....20
French fried potatoes..25

Desserts

Cherry pie.....25
à la mode.....40
whipped cream.....30
Fruit jelly with whipped cream 25
Strawberry shortcake..40
Strawberry sundae....30
Peach shortcake.....40
Peach sundae.....30
Chocolate ice cream...25

Page 2

DINNER $1.25

Chicken or cream of pea soup

———

Roast lamb
Baked ham
Steak
Crab cakes with tartar sauce

———

Creamed potatoes
Corn on cob
String beans

———

Peach and walnut salad

———

Coffee jelly with whipped cream
Caramel souffle with whipped cream
Vanilla or chocolate ice cream
Strawberry cake
Strawberry sundae

———

Demitasse

Page 3

LUNCHEON

Salads

Asparagus 50
Tomato 50
Lettuce 50
(Russian dressing)
Chicken 75
Fruit 50
Waldorf 50
Pineapple and cheese..50
Stuffed date.....50
Egg 50

Sandwiches

Club 50
Olive 15
Lettuce 15
Date and nut.....20
Cheese and nut.....20
Cheese and guava.....20
Chicken Salad.....35
Sliced chicken.....30
Bacon 20

Ices

Vanilla or chocolate ice cream.....25
Vanilla with chocolate sauce 30
Vanilla with maple sirup and nuts.....30
Chocolate parfait.....35
Sponge cake à la mode.35

Cakes and Pastry

Chocolate cup cake....10
Sponge cake.....10
Kossuth cake.....30

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