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THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

THE TEA PARTY.

am not with you, sisters, in your talk;
I sit not in your fancied judgment-seat;
Not thus the sages in their council walk,
Not in this wise the calm great spirits meet.

My life has striven for broader scope than yours;
The daring of its failure and its fact
Have taught how deadly difficult it is
To suit the high endeavor with an act.

I do not reel my satire by the yard,
To flout the fronts of honorable men;
Nor, with poor cunning, underprize the art
Whose impulse is not open to my ken.

Ah! sisters, but your forward speech comes well
To help the woman's standard, new unfurled;
In carpet council ye may win the day;
But keep your limits—do not rule the world.

What strife should come, what discord rule the times,

Could but your pettish will assert its way!
No lengthened wars of reason, but a rage,
Shown and repented twenty times a day.

Ye're all my betters—one in beauty more,
And one in sharpness of the wit and tongue,
And one in trim decorous piety,
And one with arts and graces ever young.

But well I thank my father's sober house
Where shallow judgment had no leave to be,
And hurrying years, that, stripping much beside,
Turned as they fled, and left me charity.

—Julia Ward Howe.

CARE OF THE HANDS

I have been reading some very instructive articles on this subject, and knowing that all the members and readers of the HOUSEHOLD have hands, and presuming that all feel anxious to have them look and feel as well as possible, under the circumstances, I will try and mix what I have read with what I know about the matter, and it may prove a little help to many. There is no article about the house that is in daily use but will get out of order, and will look the worse for wear, unless taken good care of. Of course everything sees its "best days" and will wear out in time, in spite of all we can do, and it would be a hard matter to find anything that has less care and less rest than the busy housewife's hands. It is useless to enumerate the thousand and one things they do from sunrise to sunset; it would be far easier to enumerate the things they have not done. Every woman needs a pair of gloves—men's gloves—kid or dogskin, lined, they should be two sizes too large for her, so as to slip on easily. Keep them in a convenient place. When you put wood into the stove, when sweeping, put them on; you will be surprised to see how short a time it will be when they show signs of "giving out," and you will also see at a glance that

it is far better economy to wear out two dollars' worth of gloves than your hands. When the hands become dirty and sticky from your work wash them and dry thoroughly; leaving the hands half washed and half dried will make them rough and red. Then too, be particular about the kind of soap used. I like the castile soap as well as any. Pear's soap is highly recommended; there is also the honey and glycerine and bay rum soap; and one should not use too much; unless the hands are greasy none is required. Too hot water will stiffen the joints and make the skin rough, and too cold water will chafe them; try to strike the happy medium.

A nail brush is one of the necessities; this will keep the nails free from dirt, the little skin at the root of the nail is inclined to grow up on the nail unless watched. Hot water will make the nails brittle, and they will invariably break off, way down into the quick, making ill-looking finger ends. If the brush will not prevent the skin from growing on the nail, take the towel and press it away while the hands are wet. In paring vegetables and fruit, most women curl the forefinger around the knife, and a long callus is the result. Keep the forefinger straight on the knife blade and pare. It will be slow at first, but as you become accustomed to it you will be quite satisfied, I feel sure. Lemon juice and glycerine mixed in equal quantities will whiten and soften the hands; rub it on when you are ready for bed. Melt two ounces of white wax and one ounce of spermaceti ointment; one dessert spoon of honey and two of glycerine, add olive oil to make a mixture as thick as cream; perfume. While it is hot dip a pair of light kid gloves, several sizes too large, turned wrong side out, into it until they are thoroughly soaked; when dry turn them, put them on when ready for bed and wear them all night; the result will be very pleasing.

There should be at the root of the nail a crescent shape or "half moon" that is pure white; the end of the nail should be trimmed or rounded in just such shape. The nails can be polished with a bit of chamois skin with vasaline or pink powder. Never cut the nails down into the quick; leave a line of the clear nail. Keep it free from any deposit. Woolen gloves or mittens will sometimes prove very injurious to the hands; better put kid or silk next the skin and woolen over. Many use rubber gloves for coarse work; they have long wrists that come nearly to the elbow. Never be so foolish as to mind what others say about being afraid of your hands. There is no false pride in

wanting your hands to look well. When you sit down to sew or do a little fancy work, the sensation is all but pleasant to have the hands so rough that silk or worsted will stick to them. We will not say a word about the color, they may be brown or white, but let us have them smooth and soft. The beauty of hands is not so much in shape or texture as in the work they do. Beautiful hands are not always the dimpled, soft, white, idle hands, useless only to show off the sparkling rings or finger the piano or harp.

"Beautiful hands are those that do
The work of the noble, good and true,
Willing to work the whole day through."

BATTLE CREEK.

EVANGELINE.

SCRAP BOOKS.

[Read at a meeting of Paw Paw Grange by Mrs. Jenny G. Averill.]

Our worthy lecturer, "she who must be obeyed," has given me permission to rewrite an old paper, because I have no time to construct a new one. Some of those present have therefore seen this pet hobby of mine out for an airing once before. Upon the others, especially the ladies, I take this opportunity to urge the advisability, the pleasure, the necessity almost, of making scrap books.

I suppose there must have been a time far back in my early life, when I neither wrote letters nor collected scraps, but about as long ago as I can remember my neat and thrifty mother was wont to denounce my crude efforts as wasteful and mussy, while my wise and indulgent father declared my taste commendable, and insisted that my stationery bills be allowed and my dabs of paste tolerated. So I kept on.

We all take plenty of papers—papers which are all that can be desired in the matter of excellence. We have also, most of us, read so many of them and their kin that our memories resemble a sieve more than any other useful article. We seldom take up a paper without finding something so interesting, so useful, so beautiful or so amusing that it seems a shame to consign it to the oblivion of forgetfulness, and we mentally resolve to keep an eye on that particular piece against a time of need, and issue strict orders against the destruction of any of those papers.

By and by, the occasion comes. We just remember that somewhere, sometime, we saw just the thing, and it's in the house too. Let us see; was it in the MICHIGAN FARMER or the *Prairie Farmer*, or the *Rural New Yorker*, or the *Agriculturist*, or Grange paper, or *N. Y. Tribune*, and was it in May

or August that we observed it? We have only to carefully scan the files of all these papers for six months back, or such a matter, and we will be almost sure to find it.

This is so convenient when one never has five minutes in this world which she has not abundant use for, and suppose it's an antidote for poisons, or a remedy for burns and scalds, or a sure cure for colic in a horse, or a recipe for something nice which we want to cook for dinner that very day, how much good is it likely to do us!

Now I do not claim even yet to be the best authority on scrap books, but I have not doted on them and experimented with them from childhood for nothing, and I have always had to hurry.

As I read I have the scissors handy and make sure of what I want as soon as all are done with it (and sometimes before, I've heard it hinted). On a tolerably high shelf in the pantry—some other shelf will do—I have a row of pasteboard boxes, properly labelled, one for each book. I throw the scraps into these and they are safe and easily found.

On some stormy winter day I make a dish of printer's paste, (not the flour starch so often used), beat flatirons to iron thoroughly dry and smooth each leaf as it is filled; and taking one book at a time empty the box belonging to it and transfer its contents to a safe, durable, get-at-able place.

I would like a great many scrap books, but lack of time and means constrains me to tie myself down to seven, that are absolutely indispensable. Of course one is the children's picture book, and this in some families needs to be varied and extended from the baby's cambric leaved, dog-eared, limp affair, filled with crude and high colored artistic efforts, to the beautifully bound book of Christmas and birthday cards, plenty good enough to be coveted and enjoyed by the young lady of the family, or her mother even. Those unlucky ones who are not direct owners of children, can find all the more time to make for nephews, nieces, Sunday school scholars, little neighbors, or to send to missionaries or hospitals.

Few of us can carry a long list of cooking recipes in our heads as our mothers and grandmothers did; or get up wonderful and complete results by using "judgment" as they used to tell us so often to do, so a cook book must surely be made. For this a strong blank book is needed; I like one about seven by nine inches, and three-fourths of an inch thick. It is not too large to be handy and will hold considerable.

Don't mix things. Allot spaces to bread, cake, pies and puddings, meats, fruits, fancy and sick room cooking; have as many more divisions as you like. Do not write or paste in one single recipe until you have proven it, and do not adopt too many for any one thing.

The next two are my luxuries; one is a sort of illustrated, lazy woman's diary, indefinitely extended, and I do not make many additions lately, though I might with profit. This requires a blank book too. It is for saving cheap and handy little souvenirs of travel, entertainment, friendship, etc. I have rewards of merit and

cards that I thought marvels of beauty thirty years ago; and all the programmes of our society, and commencement meetings at school which would have been lost years ago but for that book. When traveling I preserved the railroad and steamboat tickers, with the printed list of stopping places on their backs, bills, bills of fare at hotels, business cards and letter heads that interested me, wood cuts, lithographs or unmounted photographs of places of note that I visited or passed near. These, when pasted in with marginal notes as to companions, experiences, opinions and dates, are pleasant to look at and think about years afterward.

The other book was given me by a dear friend for the purpose, and was devoted solely to the printed writings of my oldest sister. I prized it highly when I made it, perhaps you can guess its value now when it can receive no more entries. It is the only record of her work, as she never cared to preserve her own articles, and the collection which I used laughingly to tell her would sometime be published as the "early efforts of a now famous author," will be kept for her sons. Nearly all of us have either relatives or friends who sometimes write for publication, and nothing interests us so much as an article whose author we know. Who knows how soon these stray leaves may become invaluable to us, as we lose the friend who wrote them?

The fifth book is purely literary. People with time and taste can make this the most attractive of the list, but as usual I have felt obliged to look to the usefulness of mine. Everything and everybody aspires to be, or to learn to be, literary now a-days. You and your friends and neighbors are constantly importuned to write, or if you will not do that, to select and read something appropriate at the grange, at farmers' clubs, at reading circles and lyceums. Then the children are coming up and they must speak at school and at church socials, at temperance and Sunday school and missionary meetings, and certainly at Christmas and Easter. The busy and overworked mother is usually requested to select their pieces and train them—no slight task if one must institute a hunt on each occasion, but not so hard if we sow as we go, for sooner or later we are sure to find words which will honor any purpose, however lofty.

The sixth is a sort of general purpose book, and is the most useful of all, unless I except the cook book. There is a department for games and amusements, for fancy work, for flowers, house-plants and floral decorations, for household conveniences, with drawings of all sorts of things, from a mouse trap and high-toned pork barrel cover, to a greenhouse and aquarium.

There is a medical department not intended to supersede the family physician, but a sort of "before the doctor comes" affair. This is a long list of poisons and their antidotes; how to restore a person from drowning, or sun or lightning strokes; remedies for croup or colds, burns, scalds or bruises; what to do for wounds, or cuts, or snake bites. Every family is liable to emergencies where a little handy information is most thankfully received.

The most extensive department in the

book is that of "domestic economy," and it treats of almost anything, from the making of soft soap, rag carpets and maple sugar, to the dressing of a wee baby and the making of its clothes.

The seventh and last book exists for me, so far, only in the box, but I am merely waiting to get hold of a good, large, strong book to lay out a great deal of strength on it, and it will be called "farm and garden." The material will be abundant and will need careful culling. The index will be the greatest trouble, but by giving to each variety of grain, fruit, or vegetable that I expect to cultivate, a division; also one to each kind of stock, then by subdividing these last into others with such headings as "different breeds and their characteristics," "feeding," "training," "fattening," etc., I think the matter could be so arranged that the owner of the book at least, could find it with tolerable ease.

In conclusion, let me remark that if any of you know of a strongly bound old account book that is of no use to its owner, I know who will try to launch it upon a new career of usefulness if she is only given a chance.

HINTS FOR BEGINNERS.

In starting a bed for a few of the most satisfactory flowers, as soon as practicable in spring after the soil is well settled, select a spot that will receive the sunlight and air as much as possible, where water will not settle, and far enough from trees to escape the greed of their roots, that would rob the soil of moisture and fertility. If on a farm, have some of the rich rotted manure, black and fine, put on the beds, and it possible some of the surface soil found near old stumps in the woods under the leaves. This is a grand ingredient to use for flowers, and if the boys only realized its value the woods would be bare of leaves, they are so valuable for bedding for stock and then the compost heap, and the soil would be cleared of all decayed leaves and wood, which makes what we call vegetable mold, the richest food for all plants.

Have the bed spaded and forked over, and raked until perfectly fine and free from lumps and stones; and shape into any form that suits the fancy. When ready to sow the seed press the soil down firmly with a board to prevent the seed from washing in too deep, then sow the border with sweet alyssum, which is the most lasting border plant to be had. A few seeds of lobelia will be found to give a fine contrast with its constant bloom in blue, and its style is just right for the purpose. The center of the bed might hold a few snapdragons and calendulas and poppies, any one of these if the flowers are cut often will bloom all the warm days through. Verbenas and phlox Drummondii will do for each end and a bunch of good pinks on the sides. Now this bed would cost but a trifle for seeds, and when made and started the worst is done, and a source of enjoyment provided for every day; like kissing the baby it is so comforting, just the pure little pleasures women enjoy most. Pinks will bloom in perfect fullness and then go to seed if not gathered; if thus neglected, cut down, as

soon as the tops look dead, within two or three inches of the ground, and they will start up and be in full bloom in a short time.

Everybody has a kitchen window to drape or shade, and some of the richness from the barnyard and rotted chip dirt is just suitable for morning glories. Do not string them up on the windows, but improvise a trellis, set it two or three feet away from the windows and at the foot sow the seed. A few plants, of petunia will do well; and a box or a hill of sweet mignonette will give fragrance until frost. I never wonder at the partiality the French show for this, their "darling" as it is termed; it has its own peculiar odor that nearly every one loves. I would find a place, if ever so close quarters, for a few nasturtiums, climbing or dwarf; and in a sheltered spot or north side of the house or fence, a bed of pansies to visit with, and to laugh me out of weariness and depression.

Here in Michigan we have various kinds of soil, even on one farm; as for instance, on ours is a spot of clay suitable for brick-making, and on another part sand to use with it. When giving directions to beginners I perhaps should have said if the soil is light sand a mixture of coal ashes with the fertilizers is advisable; and if heavy clay, some clean sand from the border of a lake or river, which is usually handy, will render the soil porous or substantial as necessary.

The flowers named will require no extra care in starting, except the verbenas. Sow the seed in the open ground when the soil is warm; if not warm after the bed is ready delay sowing a short time. Verbena seed may be sown in a cigar box; put a piece of wet flannel over the top and keep moist until it is up, then remove the cloth and put a pane of glass over the box until real leaves appear; then transplant into a larger box or pan until strong enough for the bed, watch carefully and give air judiciously, or they will be drawn and spoiled.

A fine show of dahlias from seed may be secured the same way, and it is a very interesting way to raise them, as we never know what bright and new variety may be produced. If any new beginners require further advice I am ready to furnish it. Insects may steal into the garden, or drouth parch the plants, but I am an old soldier in flower-raising and ready to help in any dilemma.

FENTON.

MR. J. M. A. FULLER.

BALANCING.

As usual, our HOUSEHOLD sisters are entirely unanimous. Every one who speaks on the subject concedes "that dishcloth" first place and full prizes. I beg to assure the lady who deprecates my rising wrath, that I see no cause of offence in her desire to secure her property from my usage. The proprietor of an article surely has the right to say who may or may not use the same. Again, I find sufficient exercise with my own to prevent any great desire to appropriate that of another. The lady assumes that the varied uses to which the much abused article was said to be put, culminated in my kitchen, and a young miss writing a letter to me soon after the article

appeared seemed to have had fears of the same, as she pathetically inquired: "Who is it that uses a dishcloth so? We never do so with ours."

I never like to have strange hands meddle with mine. My ideal is made of butchers' linen, with drawn work across each end and trimmed with torchon lace; my dish-wiping towels of fine damask with knotted fringe. My actual dishcloth is usually a remnant of a well used dish-towel of "crashed" texture.

I have been credited with rinsing my dishes in three waters, and ironing dish-towels on both sides, and now with a credit that may be fairly set down as the other extreme, I feel like striking a balance sheet, and in a happy mood dismiss the subject.

Evangeline has been to the front, in season and out with her instructive, entertaining letters, and the motion of Anti-Over, that words of appreciation should be spoken, I most cordially second. I have had a daughter recently married, and Evangeline's letters to Hetty have been read I hope with profit by another. It is a good idea to seek to find the best we can in a person, book, or in fact in whatever we may come in contact with; giving praise, agreement or support as may seem proper, leaving disparagement, fault-finding or condemnation for their appropriate time or circumstance; but relegating them to the background, or as politicians say, "to back seats."

It is easy to choose from Evangeline's formulæ without taking all she may name. I would enjoy eating at a table so well spread, even if I thought it too great an effort to prepare the food. One could well afford to turn back a file of papers to find some of her recipes. While a few have been finding out the extravagance of a meal named, others have been trying some of the dishes, and smacking their lips over the result. How I sympathized with her hearty laugh over certain criticisms! If all could do so instead of feeling chagrined and mortified! It is well to see ourselves as others see us, even if it is a caricature instead of a portrait. Long live Evangeline and her ready pen!

A. L. L.

INGLESIDE.

KITCHEN COMFORTS.

I hardly think I could tell what is my greatest comfort in my tidy little kitchen, but believe I should miss most of all my range, especially if I had to go back to the old "elevated oven" stoves which came near making an angel of my mother before her time. My range is set up high enough so that I do not have to break my back bending over it, and the reservoir or tank is filled from the faucet at the sink by means of a short length of rubber hose connecting the two, saving all the lifting and carrying of water, also a good many steps. One of the things I particularly like about my stove is the grating on the bottom of the oven, which can be drawn out, a pie, tin of cookies, bread, or meat set on it and pushed back into the oven. We all know how like the breath of a fiery Moloch is the blast of air we get on opening the door of a hot oven; this contrivance allows us to keep at a respectful distance and avoid it in large

measure. A custard pie, filled with that lavish generosity which ought to characterize that kind of pie, is no longer a dread; partly fill your pie, put it on the grating, fill it up full, and with steady hand push the grate back into the oven; when it is baked, pull out the grate, and "take it up tenderly." It saves one's fingers many a burn, too.

I always keep a whetstone handy, and do not propose to struggle with dull knives. Keep one on purpose for bread, and allow no other to be used for that purpose if you wish to keep them sharp. I use an old case knife, the blade broken half off and ground smooth, and well sharpened, to pare vegetables and fruit; and I do not disdain to wind a bit of rag round my finger and the knife to spare my hands, when I sit down to do that work. Handy tools to work with are just as necessary in the kitchen as out of doors. I also keep a board, fifteen inches long and about ten inches wide, with a hole in one end to hang it up by, especially to cut bread on.

Another of my comforts is plenty of aprons, which I make of men's shirting at a shilling a yard; and long enough and wide enough to protect my dress entirely. They have bibs, which are supported by a strap which goes round the neck. I do not quite like that strap, as it works up round my neck sometimes, but dislike to pin them up on a good dress. With such an apron, and my sleeve-protectors—which are straight full sleeves gathered to an elastic band at the wrist, and coming above the elbow, with an elastic also run in at the top—I can get tea in a silk dress without doing it the least damage, making biscuit or broiling a beef-steak, for it is all nonsense to think that one must roll her sleeves above her elbows and cover herself with flour and grease to get a meal.

A pressboard is another thing I find very handy. When her children were naughty my great-aunt Sally used to say, looking very fierce the while, "Where's my press-board?" I do not use mine in the "family spankings," but for a good many things outside its legitimate sphere.

If there is anything I hate, it is worn out finery in the kitchen. I would rather put an old silk or wool dress in the rag-bag, out-and-out, than switch it round the kitchen in the attempt to get a little more wear out of it. It wears my self-respect more than I save in clothing. My work dresses have plain round skirts and blouse waists, and I prefer ten cent or shilling satteens to gingham or calico. I wear a corset with these waists, and steels in my fancy ticking petticoat, so that I am not ashamed to go to the door in my working dress; especially as I class slippers with worn-out finery and always wear shoes to work in.

I have used the patent potato masher one of the ladies mentioned, and as I suppose this is a "free parliament" will say right out that I do not like it. The potato gets cold while it is being put through the squeezing process, and after it is "squeezed" it must be stirred to add salt and cream or butter, and is then no better than if it had been mashed, nor one bit lighter—if as light—as if it had been mashed and beaten with a fork.

L. C.

DETROIT.

THE HIRED GIRL QUESTION.

I read with a good deal of interest, Aurora's article on "The Hired Girl" in the *HOUSEHOLD* of March 17th, with the more interest perhaps because I had already read Mrs. Croly's letter, to which she alludes. I think Aurora makes a mistake at the outset in thinking Mrs. Croly means by working women, that class of workers we call "hired girls," or domestic servants. To my mind, and also in the estimation of several of my friends whose opinions I have asked, Mrs. Croly means saleswomen, seamstresses, type-writers, stenographers, accountants, etc., girls who have had opportunities for education and accomplishments. Those are classed, in the social world, as working-women who earn money in any of these occupations, even artists who design and execute come under this social head if they sell their wares. Among this class it would be easy enough in a city or town to form such a society as Mrs. Croly suggests and Aurora approves; they have the talents and education to do it. I presume Aurora sees the hired girl from a rural standpoint, as she says "the mistress of the country home has for her maid her neighbor * * * who moves in the same circle with her sons and daughters." One may be able to plan some improvement with and for her help under such circumstances, but I would like any one inclined to wax sentimental over a hired girl's woes, to have a little experience with the procession of incapables that marches through the townswoman's kitchen in a year, and see where she would begin and how carry out her missionary work. I think a few fine theories would need to take a back seat. There is precious little "pinioned dove" about any of them, and their "work-worn, faded clothes" are apt to be on Sundays or their afternoons out, quite as fine and more showy than those of the mistress. "The Master" may find "His own" in the kitchen, but the mistress will be much more likely to find her out or gossiping in the back yard with the grocer's boy. I do not know much about country life, but would like to ask what farmer would feel called upon to harness his horses after a hard day's work in the field, or turn out at noon, to take the hired girl to town that she might attend the meetings of her club. Generally he considers it a hardship to take her home for a few hours' visit, or to church on a Sunday when he has nothing else to do.

It is high time, I think, that this servant girl question was put on a practical, common-sense foundation, and a good deal of sentimental nonsense done away with. It is senseless to insist the mistress and the average hired girl are on an equality either in social position, refinement or education; they can be equal in morality, but not much else. (I am speaking of the hired girl who is *not* her mistress' neighbor, but cometh up like a bad weed from an intelligence office; that is the class of girls people in town know most about.) The matter wants to be put simply on a business basis, so much work for so much pay, and fair, honorable treatment of each other. The woman who has ever tried to teach her girl to do her work as she wants it done, finds her con-

tract calls for enough without adding a literary discipline as well. Few are amenable to such training; they come into our kitchens with their characters and habits formed; nine-tenths would sneer openly at any interference with what they consider, and justly, their personal liberty; they stay with us a few months and then we may begin the struggle again with a newcomer.

I should like to have Aurora undertake the elevation of a specimen that ornamented my kitchen a few weeks the past winter. To approach her was like coming up against a cross-cut saw; she was all sharp points. My husband suggested that cross-cut saws could be filed, but I preferred having her file out of the house. I never yet found a girl in that position whom I considered was my equal. Even if I had, I do not see that it makes any difference in our relations. I pay her wages for her work, not for her companionship, nor for the purpose of instructing her; and consider my obligation at an end if I treat her kindly and courteously and pay her promptly. I do not see that I am under the slightest obligation to undertake her education. I do not consider her my "slave;" that is all twaddle, for a girl, whether American or of other nationality, will walk right out of your kitchen without a day's notice if she thinks she is at all "put upon;" she knows her full value and that she is "mistress of the situation." In fact, I may say confidentially and confidently, that there are more cases where the mistress is "the slave" of the girl than the reverse; she patiently endures an incredible amount of waste, neglect and impertinence, because she knows if she protests her three-dollar-a-week domestic assistant will take herself and her flounces and her plush coat across the street to her neighbor's, who would be glad enough to put up with these trifling idiosyncrasies. You may put it down as an axiom that you cannot benefit a class of people who are already satisfied with themselves and confident that they hold the balance of power.

ONE OF THE MISTRESSES.

JACKSON.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

OLD cotton flannel is a good material for wiping gilt or bronze picture frames.

You can do your own pinking, even if you have no iron, in the following manner: Make a few scallops with a thimble and pencil on a piece of stiff cardboard, and cut them out cleanly and carefully. With a piece of tailor's chalk, or a white lead pencil, draw the scallops on the cloth by tracing around the cardboard forms; then take a small and very sharply-pointed pair of scissors and cut little tiny points around each scallop.

A COMMON carelessness, especially with mothers who have occasion to rise suddenly in the night to attend to the children, is to step on the floor with bare feet. A pair of warm slippers, loose enough to slip on before the feet touch the floor and as easily kicked off, is an indispensable part of night attire.

It is very convenient to have a holder always at hand. Make a couple of good sized

ones and to one corner attach tapes long enough to allow the holder to be used in any way necessary. Fasten the other ends of the tapes by a safety pin to the apron band at the side, or sew them there permanently, which ensures their being washed when the apron is washed.

WAIT till your layers of cake are perfectly cold before you spread them with jelly or custard or cream. Then the filling will not soak through and make the cake soggy.

Useful Recipes.

SALMON SALAD.—Take a can of salmon, pick it fine, mix it with the white part of a bunch of celery cut in dice—there should be half the bulk of fish in celery—two cold boiled potatoes, and one cold boiled beet, sliced. For dressing, put a cupful of vinegar over the fire, with a tablespoonful of butter, one of sugar, and a little salt and pepper; stir a teaspoonful of flour into a little cold water with a scant half teaspoonful of mustard, add to the boiling vinegar, stir for a minute, and pour very slowly over one beaten egg, beating with a fork while doing so, then turn over the salad.

ICE-CREAM CAKE.—One cup sugar; half cup butter; half cup sweet milk; two cups flour; whites of three eggs well beaten; one teaspoonful vanilla. Bake in three layers. Cream: Yolks of three eggs, one cup sugar, one teaspoonful vanilla. Beat till of the consistency of cream. Put between the two layers, and on top as frosting, and set it in a warm oven long enough to set a little; it will harden when cold.

ORANGE SHORTCAKE.—Make the cake as for strawberry or other fruit shortcake, baking it in two layers. Chop oranges fine after removing the seeds and tough white skin, put a thick layer between the cakes, sprinkle plentifully with powdered sugar and serve with cream, or with whipped cream. This is delicious at this season of the year, when fresh fruits are so acceptable to our jaded palates.

TWO-LINE THOUGHTS.

The short ball chains have completely superseded the long watch chains. Many ladies who have the long chains have had short lengths taken out, an ornament added at the end, and thus are "in the fashion" at slight expense. The piece taken out of the chain can be put in again when the style goes out, and no damage done.

A pretty way to finish a dress sleeve is to cut it two inches longer than is necessary at the wrist, face the extra length with silk or velvet, and turn it back for a cuff.

Round, oval and square brooches are coming in style again, and the bar pin is going out of fashion.

What you might call "a real pretty bracelet" consists of a line of garnets set in a narrow gold band; the stones were graduated in size, the largest being about the size of a small kernel of pepper. It was marked \$4 50.

Now that bustles are diminishing in size at fashionable headquarters, some young women seem to have doubled the periphery of their dress improvers. While the steels in skirts are still used, they are smaller than heretofore and serve to modestly tend the back drapery.