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THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

TRULY POLITE.

'Naughty boys,' said Johnny's mother, "oft are rude to one another, But I hope that you'll remember careless manners are not right; And whenever and whatever your surroundings, will endeavor To be scrupulously, cheerfully and ceaselessly polite."

"That I will," said Johnny sweetly, and he kept his word completely," And said "Please," and "Beg your pardon," in a way that's seldom heard, And "Allow me," and "Excuse me"—oh, it really would confuse me To enumerate his phrases as they constantly occurred.

As a youth and as a man he still adhered unto the plan He had so earnestly adopted as his gentle rule of life, And was often deferential when it wasn't quite essential, As for instance to his servants, and his children and his wife.

When his business up and bursted, and his creditors were worsted, With civility he told them he regretted such an end; And at his wife's demising, with a courtesy surprising, He responded "Dead, I thank you!" to the question of a friend.

What I write is but a sample of the daily bright example Which he set to show how life by proper manners may be greased. Would that we might see another one so mindful of his brother; But, alas! he isn't born, and John, slack! is long deceased.

FRIENDSHIP.

An ancient proverb says: "It is a misfortune of greatness to have no friends," and yet have you not often heard it remarked that "Great individuals seem to be the only persons who possess friends?" In my opinion there is considerable truth in both assertions. The friendships of great men are, generally speaking, stronger and more deserving of the name of friendship than the intimacies formed by those who are inferior to them either in position or intellect. It is certainly the property of exalted minds to attract but few friends, and you will invariably find where an individual's friends are few in number, they are for this reason strong and lasting. It would be a decidedly interesting subject to investigate the causes which have influenced individuals in the choice of their friends. Chief among all causes I would place sympathy, a desire for which has led so very, very many to cling closely together in friendship. Simple

fidelity and devotion have sufficed to influence many intimacies. Indeed some individuals are so great in their own eyes and so fond of taking the lead that they form intimacies rapidly with those who are willing to submit themselves entirely to their guidance, and this intimacy very frequently passes for friendship. I think accidental circumstances lead to the formation of friendships to a greater extent than a deliberate choice of the individual. Either one of the parties, it may be, has been the means of doing some service or kindness to the other, thus linking them firmly in the bonds of gratitude; or possibly some person whom the other party would not originally have chosen for a friend may nevertheless possess such qualities as would, under certain circumstances, enable him to render him just the kind of service, or afford just the kind of comfort of which he stands most in need, thus bringing them together in close friendship.

Experience shows us that the characters which seem most to attract one another in the way of friendship are not such as a superficial observer would suppose to possess any charm for one another, because, perhaps, they have apparently very little in common. This I think is owing to the fact that in friendship, as well as in love, individuals are very often attracted by attributes the opposite of their own, thus securing qualities in which they are themselves deficient, but this is only natural, as one of the purposes for which friendship was given to us is to supply deficiencies, both moral and intellectual, in our own character. One of the great uses of friendship is to furnish us with a second self, and we naturally do not care to find in that second self a mere reflection or photograph of ourselves. Of course the difference must not be so wide as to destroy mutual sympathy; there should be enough resemblance to produce congeniality of mind. Now, supposing that this latter condition is fulfilled, it will often be found that the one point in which two persons present a striking contrast is just the point of attraction which cements friendship between them. And yet strange to say, concerning these very points of difference there may exist on both sides a slight degree of contempt for the sentiments, habits, tastes, or opinions of the other party which is not only felt but expressed. This contempt, as I say, must necessarily be slight, in fact there may be all the time underneath the surface, a secret feeling of respect or admiration for those very peculiarities which are made the subject of banter between the two friends.

For instance, a practical matter of fact person very often likes one who is something of a visionary; and a person of subjective mind will sometimes seek the society of one the turn of whose mind is objective.

Confidence is one of the prime objects for which friendship is sought, and it is essential to the perfection of a friendship. It will generally be found that where there is no desire for confidence there will be comparatively little craving for friendship; and certainly the reserve which prevents a man from opening his mind to at least one confidant will also prevent him from forming friendships in the proper sense of the word. For mere companionship cannot, strictly speaking, be termed friendship. There are two classes of reserved persons, those who open their minds and hearts to a certain extent to every one alike, but beyond that particular point they do not penetrate. Such individuals have no genuine friends. Those of the other class are very silent and reserved towards the greater portion of the world, but to the few to whom they do open their minds they open them entirely. Persons of this character make very few friendships, but those which they do make are firm and abiding.

Another point on which individuals differ materially is concerning the particular kind of persons to whom they can open their minds. There are some men who can do this much more readily to one of their own sex than to a woman; while with others the reverse is the case. Those who are the most sympathetic may not always be the safest confidants; and on the other hand, we cannot always rely on the sympathy of those friends who are in other respects to be most relied on. In short friendship is subject to all the imperfections, both positive and negative, which attach themselves to everything else.

On some future occasion (Beatrix and Lilla Lee kindly permitting) I may have something to say on the causes which lead to the dissolution of friendships.

DETROIT. OUTIS.

If during the past year you have been pleased, benefited or instructed by the MICHIGAN FARMER and its little annex, the HOUSEHOLD, we invite you to renew your subscription for the coming year, and to also say a good word for us to your neighbor or friend, and send on their dollar with your own for 1899. We do not know where you can find more good reading for less money—less than two cents a week. And the FARMER makes a cheap but very acceptable New Year's gift to an absent relative or friend.

TRAINING THE CHILDREN.

I sometimes see the word "dude" applied indiscriminately to the young men of the city; and clerks called "counter-jumpers." I have no idea how that last name originated; I never saw a clerk jump over a counter. And these persons will make excuses for the farmer's boy because he is not polite. And there is that discussion of who are gentlemen.

The dude may be a gentleman, but a gentleman is not necessarily a dude. The word "dude" is of recent origin, I could not find it in my Webster's Unabridged; but he defines a *gentleman* as "A man of good family; one who is well born; one of gentle, refined manners; a well bred man." It says nothing of clothes, yet a gentleman wears his clothes easily, whether new or threadbare; no matter how closely occupied by his work his manners are not forgotten. It takes no more time for him to be polite than for some others to be boors.

If country people were a little better acquainted with city people and their ways, it would be an advantage to them in more ways than one.

I have been letting my mind run up and down "Main street," in our little city; and I find the largest per cent of clerks were country boys, raised on the farm, and many of the merchants have been farmers as boys or men.

I will show you a specimen or two of our country boys and these are not exceptions, we have many such.

In our large new Methodist church there are quite a number of ushers; one is a "counter-jumper," a Christian young gentleman; one is a farmer boy, or young man, who works with his father on the farm in summer, and attends the college here in winter. If you walk into the church on Sunday morning, and both came forward to escort you to a seat (which of course two would not do), you could not tell from their manners or their clothes or the way they walked, which was the clerk or which was the farmer; both look and appear perfect gentlemen.

One day last spring I was visiting a friend (farmer); after tea, the son, a young man, brought out a very beautiful microscope costing \$40, and entertained us a long time, showing us mounted specimens, his own work.

There are plenty of educated, gentlemanly young farmers in this section. It never appears to take any extra time to practice their good manners. I expect they were learners, when they learned to talk, and when they learned their letters, in fact all the way up. Now why cannot all country boys learn good manners? Whose fault is it? I am very much afraid we should not have to go away from farm homes to find the cause. I wonder if any of my readers ever saw the mother and sisters laugh at the boy or lad when he attempted to practice the manners of a gentleman! But few can endure ridicule.

How many mothers in the country ever taught their little sons to lift their hats to ladies, or to take off their hats when they entered a room where ladies are, and saw that she was obeyed? And so with many other of the distinguishing characteristics

of a gentleman! If children were thus taught, the city snobs—not gentlemen—would not have occasion to make fun of, and call their boys "mossback," "hayseed," "gawkey," and "greeny," and other opprobrious names, quite as well merited as some of the scurrilous names country people apply to city people.

Why is it so many country boys leave the farm and go to town to clerk, or do anything they can get to do? Is it not in many cases for the advantage of refined surroundings? This is a question which requires a goodly amount of consideration.

ALBION.

M. E. H.

THE BREEDING OF THE HUMAN FAMILY.

One of the conundrums of this life is, that the seemingly sensible people of this enlightened age are so particular about the breed of their horses, cattle, sheep and swine; and are so indifferent about the breed of their own offspring.

If they wish to raise a colt they know what breed they want, whether a heavy draft horse, a light weight roadster, or a medium between the two. They are very particular that the animals chosen from which to raise the colts shall not be ring-boned or spavined, or have any other serious blemish; because the colt will be sure to inherit a weakness in that same place.

But these same persons will choose weak, diseased individuals for the other parent for their own children, and also allow their sons and daughters to marry into families whose members have cancers, pulmonary consumption, heart disease, granulated sore eyes, or insanity; or where there are weak-minded members through inheritance, not by sickness; and will marry persons afflicted with gout. Is it any wonder one can scarcely find a perfectly healthy man, woman or child?

Is it any wonder that such a vast army of doctors live, thrive and often get wealthy at the expense of the masses, beside the colossal fortunes made by the thousands who are constantly employed concocting, bottling and shipping to all parts of the country, to every city, town and hamlet, their wonderful "cure-alls," which are guaranteed to cure every ill that flesh is heir to?

How much more is a thoroughbred animal worth than a native? Every one knows the value is several times greater. All our most practical people are breeding toward the best, to make their animals more perfect physically, and I think it is conceded that the best bred are the most intelligent.

Now is it not high time that intelligent people began to think about improving the breed of their own families, the physical as well as the mental? One has only to look around him with discerning eyes to see the need of improvement. How many—I'll not say perfect forms, but good forms are to be seen in a crowd of a thousand persons? There is no animal, however native, that can show such a percentage of deformity or ill-formity as we see all about us in mankind. And are not minds also equally ill-balanced? What causes so much insanity, murder, robbery, intemperance, or any of the im-

moralties which fill our prisons, reformatories and asylums? Isn't it because of humanity's ill-balanced minds?

This is not a new idea, though but little considered in the present age. It was one of the theories of Plato, one of the ancient Greek philosophers, who taught that marriages should be regulated by the State, between persons of such characteristics as, blended, would be best for the succeeding generation. Though I do not endorse Plato's method, I think there might be a great improvement upon the methods of to-day, where if a man has wealth, no matter about his age or the number of his blemishes or infirmities, he can find plenty of young, pretty, healthy ladies who will take him for better or for worse, to love and cherish, and all the rest of it.

We do a great deal of bragging of our "American independence;" if we are not the slaves of a king, we are slaves of a meaner thing—money.

POLLY.

MANNERLY BOYS.

I think Nettie must be laboring under a delusion. I did not say anything in my letter to indicate that farmer boys are not gentlemen. On the contrary, some of the most polite gentlemen of my acquaintance are farmers, but they are rare. And some of the worst rowdies I know of are farmers' boys, and they are not rare, at least in this neighborhood. Let me tell of a boy of thirteen or fourteen years (a farmer's son too) who is a gentleman. He always seats his mother and sisters in church, and helps them or any other lady he chances to see and be near out of the carriage, and many other little acts of courtesy, yet he is not considered a "dude" or is he liked less for being polite. I also have a cousin who was brought up on the farm but whose mother was a city girl, and he is one of the most polished gentlemen I know.

Such instances are not common. It is generally conceded that city boys are more polite than country boys. I cannot see any reason why they should be. It does not take long to be courteous, so they need not complain of the time spent, and after they have practised being polite awhile it becomes natural and easy for them and they are liked and respected a great deal more by my lady acquaintances and I think by nearly every one.

I do not think Nettie would have a very high opinion of the boy behind the counter if he was not polite and ready to show the goods he is hired to sell; and I think he would not stay there long, because the employer would not want a silent, moody, ungentlemanly clerk who keeps away customers.

I am not an admirer of "dudes." I detest them as heartily as Nettie does, but I am an admirer of true, polite, gentlemanly, courteous boys and men.

JESSIE.

THE last addition to the HOUSEHOLD Album is a fine picture of "Mersey," of Metamora, now a resident of this city, for which she will please accept sincere thanks. We wish others of our contributors would remember us in a similar fashion.

A PHOTOGRAPH CASE.

I am not a housekeeper as yet, although I think I enjoy reading the HOUSEHOLD as well as any of the housekeepers do (as we have had it in our family for some time). The fancy-work department interests me most, as I am a lover of fancy-work, and I think it is just as nice in our country homes as in any.

A pretty photograph case or cabinet holder is made of one-fourth of a yard of plush, the same of satin, (which can be got for fifty cents per yard that is nice for fancy work), three-fourths yard of ribbon and one and one-half yards of tinsel rope cord (but if not easily gotten is pretty without). Get plush and satin of corresponding colors, as red plush and old gold satin, old gold plush and blue or red satin, blue plush and pink or cream satin. Double tissue paper, baste it on the back of satin, and stitch on the machine with silk the color of the plush in squares or diamonds. Put the right sides of the plush and satin together and sew both sides and one end, turn and blind stitch the other end. Fold this end two-thirds of the way up over the satin, and sew the sides, satin for the lining forming a pocket, which is long enough for either cabinet pictures or panels. Sew the cord all around. Let the other end fall over the front. Turn back one corner and fasten with the bow of ribbon. If one wishes to hang up, sew ribbons on each end and tie at the top.

I like Mill Minnie's patterns very much; hope she will send some more.
LAINGSBURG. FLOSSE.

INSECTS ON HOUSE PLANTS.

A sure indication of the presence of red spider among plants is the webs attached to the under side of the leaves, often so fine as to not be noticed at first. But take a pencil, pass it in and out among the leaves and branches, after placing the plant in strong light, and they are quickly detected, while the destructive spinner is not visible without the aid of a glass; with one the sight is surprising and immense numbers usually seen on failing, faded plants. Every leaf in this condition should be burned, and also every "nearly killed" plant, every pot scrubbed, and the shelf and casing near, for this is the only way to destroy them. Milder treatment only retards their work until the atmosphere is again in a dry and favorable state for their purpose. Their presence indicates an atmosphere too dry for the health of humanity, and only persistent and vigorous treatment will answer in dealing with this most destructive and tough little foe.

Florists use a trifle of sulphur in fumigation, but it is unsafe for the inexperienced ones as it will destroy foliage and plants as well.

I use wood soot principally for roses, indoors and out, as it acts as an unequalled fertilizer. As to using the condensed smoke, or soot of hard coal, I rather doubt its efficiency as the fumes are certainly unhealthful, but if others have tried it successfully let us hear of it, please. When house plants are potted in clean pots in autumn in suitable soil and given air and water—

the water in the air more especially—there will be no call for stimulants as long as they keep in thrifty, growing condition. It is not well to anticipate failure until it threatens, and usually a removal of a part of the soil or a spraying or two will set them right.

Many plant growers are too lavish in watering the roots and neglect the foliage. When this is the case the soil becomes sour and white worms breed in the pots and prey upon the roots, especially of the succulent kinds, and soon enfeeble and finally destroy the plants.

When the green fly or thrips is troublesome fumigating with tobacco as prescribed by Beatrix is available unless the remedy is too disagreeable to use. Tobacco is obnoxious to some persons, I wish it might be to all. Then pyrethrum powder used as for flies, or tobacco stems or black snuff steeped will do as well to spray with until entirely free. A few healthy plants with fresh clean foliage are far more satisfactory to the grower than a crowded collection piled together without room or air according to their needs, or the attention requisite for health; and this condition favors the attacks of insect enemies. Plenty of room is one of the essentials in plant growing.

I will repeat my request to correspondents to name the county (Genesee) in my address, as my letters otherwise are apt to be delayed by going to Trenton.
FENTON. MRS. M. A. FULLER.

LONESOME.

I have always "stood up" for Northern Michigan, and have praised pioneer life in a new country about all it would stand. If I had the ulterior idea of beguiling somebody into purchasing our farm, so that we could go back to civilization and a city, I will never tell. But many of our HOUSEHOLD are not appreciating the blessings they have, and need to see the contrast. I wondered a little at Brunefille on "Talkative Women" a few months ago. I only wish that talkative woman would visit me. And how can Jannette be at loss for something to talk about? I have nine years of reserved conversation on hand and nobody to bestow it on. I did out-talk an insurance man the other day, and I made a young book agent so welcome he was frightened out. But what I want is to have my dearest friend, who lives five miles away, live next door to me on a city lot, with a hole in the back fence. Life would then take on a brighter color to us both. Not but that I have neighbors, but the farms are all large and it makes the houses far apart. The first settlers seemed to think that a section was about the amount of land one man could clear and work to advantage.

E. L. Nye, don't complain of the noise of the city. If I could only have again the scent of the mingled coal smoke and gas of a city, though perhaps the electric light has displaced gas by this time! I never saw an electric light. I will let that sentence culminate my faultfinding with the circumstances wherein Providence has placed me, and I am just a little ashamed of it when I know I have a pleasant, comfortable home, and many of the dearest blessings of life.

But my spirits depend on the weather, and the sun has not shone for many melancholy days, and nobody has "been visitin'" here.

Let me recommend to Oritis the new patent button that is highly popular in the lumber camps. It is like a stout safety-pin with a button soldered on it. You just pin it on and there you are, with no sigh over your "outraged helplessness."

Why should man be so helpless? How little there is that an old man past active life can do! When his eyes fail too much to read, tobacco is the only resource left him, while his wife can still fill up the busy hours with sewing, knitting and mending. Work, something to do, is the best possible prevention of morbid, mental condition, like "loneliness," for instance. I am going to make a rag carpet.

PIONEER.

HULDAH PERKINS.

EVENING ENTERTAINMENTS.

A short time ago I read in the HOUSEHOLD Bluebelle's letter requesting some one to suggest an interesting entertainment for these long winter evenings. We live in the country, and as things were quite dull a few of the neighbors have combined together and hold what we call our W. L. E. (White Lake Literary Entertainment). It is not exactly a literary entertainment, but yet it is half in a name. The interested ones meet once a week at the different houses and each comes prepared with a part to perform of some kind. Some one favors us with a song, while another prefers an instrumental piece, a third a select reading, and a fourth a recitation, etc.

I do not see any harm that can come from these pastimes, but believe them to be a benefit to the people and the community. All take part in our work, the older ones as well as the young.

I wish Bluebelle success in whatever she undertakes, and if she should try my suggestion will she please let us know how she succeeds.
WHITE LAKE. NETTIE.

A PRETTY FANCY BAG.

Make a bag of yellow satin eleven inches long and eight inches wide. Gather it two inches from the top, and run drawstrings of narrow yellow ribbon through the gathers. Set up on wooden or rubber knitting needles as many stitches as will reach across the width of the bag (twenty or twenty-two) using "kismet" which you can buy for ten cents a ball. Knit in plain stitch until you have a piece large enough to cover seven inches on each side of the yellow silk bag. This should take just two balls of kismet, but as your knitting may be tighter or perhaps looser, it is better to give the length in inches. Bind off your stitches; fold the piece together and sew up the sides. Put the bag inside and sew them both together. The kismet part is like open work, and the yellow silk shows through. But you need not use yellow silk; any color that looks well with the kismet will answer, and as that comes in a great many varieties you have quite a choice. This would be nice for little fingers that are busy at Christmas gifts for their loved ones.

FOREST LEDGE.

MILL MINNIE.

A PAINTING LESSON.

For the benefit of E. C., of Port Huron, who wishes that some one would write about presents which those who do not paint can make, I will give my list of paints and some good rules to follow so I think she will have little trouble in teaching herself to use them. For all kinds of decorative work grey greens are the best. Use bone brown and Schonfeldt's zinc yellow; for lighter parts add more zinc yellow and white. For dark green use burnt sienna and permanent blue. The light zinnobar green, of which there are two shades, can be used without mixing with other colors for different shades. For purple flowers, as pansies, use permanent blue and rose madder; add white for pale lavender, and bone brown for the shadows. For wild roses use rose madder, china white and a trifle of zinc yellow; for shadows use raw umber. For white flowers use white, a trifle zinc yellow and bone brown; for the shadows use bone brown. A good background for flowers is made by using bone brown, white, yellow ochre, a trifle of permanent blue. My list of colors includes china white, Windsor and Minton's yellow ochre, permanent blue, burnt sienna, raw sienna, raw umber, bone brown, crimson lake and vermillion, rose madder, and Schonfeldt's zinc yellow, which is much less expensive than lemon yellow and exactly the same shade. All of the above mentioned paints are eight cents, with the exception of rose madder and vermillion, which are both twenty-five cents. One sable brush No. 8, and bristle brush one-fourth inch wide will be all that is required to begin with. Use a little unboiled linseed oil to thin the paint if necessary.

G. F. O.

ANN ARBOR.

WISCONSIN DAIRYING.

I wonder if any one has missed Bess! Probably not, but I have missed the HOUSEHOLD, not having seen its familiar face for three weeks. Am writing this warm rainy day from the fine dairying state of Wisconsin, and as I am now staying at a dairy farm I will tell the HOUSEHOLD readers something about butter-making in Jefferson County.

First, on this farm is kept a herd of thirty cows, grade Holsteins and Jerseys. The butter-making is managed by the proprietor, in a room built for the purpose. The cream is raised by the Cooley system of setting in cans. The churning is done by horse power in a barrel churn; the butter is thoroughly washed in cold water after the buttermilk is drawn off, then left in the water a short time, the water drawn off, then salted in the churn, one and a fourth ounces to the pound, gently turned a few times, then placed on the worker and pressed and turned until sure the salt penetrates every part. The butter is then packed in small wooden pails, lined with parchment paper, that hold eight pounds. After being filled more than full the surplus is removed by drawing a small cord across the top, then a piece of paper covers the top, the cover is placed on and it is ready for the Chicago market, where it brings at

present 28 cents per pound. An accurate account is kept of the number of pounds of milk daily, also the number of pounds of butter made and sold, receipts, etc. The average price for the year is 24 cents.

Here is where they use the silo, well filled with ensilage, cut fine so they carry it to the cows in a basket, which is a new thing to me. The water for the stock is warmed by a heater placed in the tank, so that the cows are never chilled by drinking ice cold water. A regular system is carried on both in feeding and milking; the milking is done at a set time, and in regular rotation; one dairyman insists the milker, if he sings while milking, shall always sing the same tune to the same cow, and not sing Old Hundred to the Yankee Doodle cow.

I omitted to say that it is evident the farmers in this State do not believe that milk and butter spring from the horns, as it is quite the style to have the cows dehorned. There are men who are experts at the business, and who travel around from place to place dehorning for ten cents per head. They claim the cattle are much more quiet and docile when deprived of their weapons of war, flocking together like a drove of sheep.

BESS.

CHAT.

PERHAPS if the lady whose child is troubled with sleeplessness were to take him out in the fresh air for about fifteen minutes before his usual time for taking a nap, it might help him; at least that is the way I do with my baby, and it usually acts like a charm.

IVY GIBBS,
BIG BEAVER.

HERE is a bit of economy I hit upon the other day. My little boy had a dark blue, double, knit cap, just a plain round one without a front piece. After the first winter's wear it looked faded so I turned it inside out. He wore it one winter in that way. This winter I ripped the crown, in the place where it was sewed together, and turned the whole thing wrong side out, sewed it up again, made a new ball for the top out of yarn to match, and you would not know it was not a new cap.

FLINT.

ELLA R. WOOD.

I TOO am a reader of the HOUSEHOLD, and wish to join with Nettie in defending the boys. We have farmer boys off here, and some of them lift their hats to ladies. I am a farmer's daughter, and proud of the name. I don't wish to say that our boys can put on as much style as city boys with their derby hats and gold headed canes, but when we stop and think of the old saying "A! is not gold that glitters;" we think our boys with their apple-tree canes and the caps that mother made are just as good as the city dudes. My little brother wants to know how a fellow is going to stop in cold weather, untie his ear-lappes and lift his old cap to a lady. Some ladies would not speak to a little boy, but I believe it is right to speak to the young as well as the old. I hope Beatrix will not form a poor opinion of me, for I know I have been benefitted by some of her advice, and would sooner give ten cents to see her than to go into any side show.

N. E. B.

KENDALL.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

PLASTER of Paris will stop a leak of almost any kind. It will mend tin-ware—so will putty—broken lamps, holes in plaster, and comes handy in many ways.

No matter how large the spot of oil, any carpet or woolen stuff can be cleaned by applying buckwheat flour plentifully, and carefully brushing it into a dustpan after a short time, and putting on fresh until the oil has all disappeared.

THE Battle Creek Sanitarium recently graduated five members. Baking powder and soda are never used at the Sanitarium, and the delicate shortcakes, layer cakes, etc., exhibited as samples of the skill of the graduates, were raised by yeast.

THE Nun of Kenmare, who lectured in this city recently, says: "I believe if workingmen were properly fed at home they would not go to sa'oons and drink. If more money were spent in teaching girls how to make good homes there would be less liquor drinking." There is a very great deal of truth in this statement. It comes near being the temperance question in a nutshell.

LAMP wicks can be made of canton flannel. When cutting out garments save all the strips that have a selvedge for that purpose. A strip that is wide enough to fit the burner when doubled into two or three thicknesses, with the raw edge inside, is just right; then sew up the other edges over and over, flannel side in, with the nap down. Baste and try them before sewing, and if too large trim off a paring.

It is better to butter the cake-tin and then dredge it thickly with flour, than to line the pan with paper. Fine granulated sugar is better for cake-making than pulverized sugar, which is too largely adulterated with corn and potato starch. Make a note of one item: Poor butter will not make good cake. The best cakemakers say they get more uniform results with cream of tartar and baking-powder than with baking-powder.

ABOUT VINEGAR.—A correspondent of the *Country Gentleman*, who seems to have studied the peculiarities of cider vinegar, which by the way, is the only kind fit to use, says if we add nothing to cider vinegar and take nothing from it, it will die. Fresh cider will spoil vinegar if much is put in at a time. Draw a pailful of cider, let it stand in the air twenty-four hours, or until it becomes dead, then add it to the vinegar. When the vinegar "dies" the "mother" becomes worthless also. This correspondent says, "I took the dead 'mother,' washed it clean, dipped it in molasses, put it back in the cask with a gallon of good vinegar, filled it up a little at a time with good cider, deadened, and in a short time we had good vinegar. Do not put the 'mother' into a large quantity of cider at once. Cider that has lost its life and is dull, flat and tasteless, will not make vinegar unless new cider or molasses is mixed with it."