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THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

LIVING.

"How to make our lives worthy the living!"

The question haunts every day;
It colors the first blush of sunrise,
It deepens the twilight's last ray.
There is nothing that brings us a drearier pain
Than the thought, "We have lived, we are
living in vain."

We need—each and all—to be needed,
To feel we have something to give
Toward soothing the moan of earth's hunger;
And we know that then only we live
When we feed one another as we have been fed
From the hand that gives body and spirit their
bread.

Our lives, they are well worth the living
When we lose our small selves in the whole,
And feel the strong surges of being
Throb through us, one heart and one soul.
Eternity bears up each honest endeavor;
The life lost for love is life saved, and forever.

THE ABSORBING TOPIC.

It seems to be an "off season" for fashions, so far as one may judge from the advance sheets of fashion magazines and the conservative ideas of dressmakers. Models are on the same general line as last year—straight, slightly draped skirts, short, elaborately decorated corsages; loose sleeves with high shoulder puffs. There are rumors of a revival of flounces and paniers, but not as yet realized. It remains to be seen what novelties modistes may spring upon us at Easter. This ebb tide in the fashionable world means, presumably, that a revolution is impending; what shape it will take we cannot predict.

Black, gray and violet—not lavender or purple, but the hue of the sweet wood violet—were the popular colors during the Lenten season, when we are supposed to be mortifying the flesh by wearing out our old clothes. Later, very light colors in tan, suede, olive green, pale blue, ecru, and the like, will prevail. Cashmere, camel's hair and Henrietta are standard wear in these colors.

Then comes again the great question, How is the new dress to be made up? Well, the more quaint and unusual the style and combination the greater the "success" of the costume. Yet here is the necessity for the most careful exercise of taste and skill in combinations of color and ideas. Remember what is very becoming on one person may be horribly unbecoming to another. Study yourself; learn what are your weak points and what your best ones, then plan to bring out the one and retire the other to the background.

The style in which a garment is made is quite as important as its color and texture.

Jacket fronts on bodices are as popular as ever. But if you are short and stout, be not tempted by their becomingness to the tall and slender girl. Wear instead a vest of straight or diagonal pleats, set between revers narrowing to a point at the waist line. High puffed sleeves on a short-necked woman make her look as if her head was set between her shoulders; moderate puffs and moderately loose sleeves are best. The favorite shape for sleeves is the mutton-leg, full in the upper part of the arm and high on the shoulder, tight and long on the lower half. A pretty way to finish it is to turn back a couple of inches of the length, face it, trim with embroidery, gimp, etc., and a close set row of small buttons. The use of velvet and silk sleeves will continue for spring wear at least, and will afford us aid in making over our last season's dresses. Although contrasts of color are permissible, yet it is much better taste to have the sleeves of velvet matching the color of the dress. Loose sleeves with deep velvet cuffs, coat sleeves with puffs or epaulettes, and those tucked to form puffs at shoulder and elbow are still popular.

There's a good deal of planning and contriving to making over a dress, in using the material to the best advantage. One way in which a velvet trimmed dress may be renewed is to sew in full fronts of velvet, sewing it in the under arm seam, armhole and shoulder, with fullness enough to draw to the front in easy folds meeting at a point across the bust, under a fancy buckle or a bow of ribbon. This makes a sort of jacket front, under which may be worn a full vest or a plain waist, as desired. The wide lapped Empire belts are still fashionable; and, made of velvet, can be used to lengthen or renew a worn bodice. The newest models for basques or waists dispense with many of the seams formerly considered indispensable in fitting. Or rather, the seams are in the lining, over which the outside is placed. The back is sometimes perfectly flat and straight. Truth compels me to say this is not an improvement. The shapely woman will pass muster—others need the nicely graduated lines of seams to give a pleasing contour to the figure. Square yokes of velvet extend into the armholes front and back; the edge cut in deep scallops, or straight and finished with gold or silver braid, which by the way is a popular trimming. Below the yoke the goods is

gathered scantily upon a fitted lining. Leg o' mutton sleeves of velvet or the goods are used. The fronts of other dresses are made to lap to the left shoulder and side, and fastened with invisible hooks and eyes. Women with pretty necks will affect collarless dresses; she whose "throat is like the swan" will continue loyal to high collars. A pretty idea is to cut the collar high enough to turn over an inch at the top, and face it with the silk or velvet used in combination. Capes are to be worn, in cloth, cheviot, and later, of lace pleated to a short yoke. White skirts are worn only with thin light dresses; silk and mohair, black by preference make the fashionable colored skirts. The old silk dress which is hardly worth the dressmaker's price for re-making will cut over into a nice skirt, with a couple of pinked frills at the foot.

A little trip round town, made especially to ascertain "what's new" for the benefit of HOUSEHOLD readers, was recently made. Cashmere ombre is the most popular novelty in cotton fabrics; it is a satteen in shaded stripes, quite pretty, sells at 35 cents, the same price asked for French satteens. English satteens are down to a shilling and fifteen cents; they are imitations of the French, and look well until they are washed. The newest gingham are the bordered ones, 42 inches wide, with a border woven on one edge for trimming. The border is a brocade design on a solid ground. The price of these is 62 1/2 cents. The width of the gingham makes the length of the skirt. Other styles with borders of woven stripes sell at 50 cents. French gingham differ little from the Scotch, except in the patterns of the plaids. Florentine cloth sells at 15 cents; it is a cheap cotton fabric, which would make up neatly, but undoubtedly shrink and fade in the washing. The French challis are uncommonly pretty this season; they sell at 60 cents, 30 inches wide. One sample had a plum colored ground strewn with white marguerites with yellow eyes; another a dark blue ground with same pattern; carnations in several shades, carelessly scattered on drab, shaded brown leaves on cream; conventional designs on tan, brown and blue; a black tracery of interlacing stems and small leaves on a bright cardinal ground, were a few of the patterns noted. The outing flannels which were so much worn last season are seen again, this time in plaids as well as stripes. They are said to wash and wear well, and seem to be one of the most desirable cheap materials.

Thirteen, fifteen and twenty-five cents are the prices.

In black wool dress goods, Henriettas, mohair alpacas, nun's veilings and batistes are the leading fabrics; the mohairs, or brilliantines, as they are variously called, are liked because they shed dust and wear so well, always retaining their lustre and "nonmussible" qualities. Later, grenadines will be made up over black silk, to take the place of the lace dresses, though *Harper's Bazar* assures us lace, either net or Chantilly, will be as popular as ever; certainly it makes richer looking costumes than the grenadine, unless one buys the expensive novelties.

Bonnets are small, low, and profusely trimmed with fine flowers. Some of them are little more than scraps of lace and flowers, with ribbon or lace ties attached; many have no crowns, but leave the hair exposed. Flowers are small—heliotrope, candytuft, violets, forget-me-nots, tiny pansies—because there's no foundation for anything as large as a rose, for instance. One of the new bonnets consisted of three bands or circles, graduated in size, meeting at the back, where the ties were attached; these bands were covered with sprays of heliotrope and its leaves. The young woman who showed it to me obligingly put it on. She had a full moon face and a mop of frowsy hair, and the bonnet somehow reminded me of a postage stamp on top of a hay stack. But on a smaller head, above a spirituelle face, it would have been quite a different thing. The combinations of color are startling. Think of olive green with blue, purple with two shades of green, and a dark maroon with sage green and cadet blue! One cannot help wondering if they are not "showcase bonnets," meant not for wear, but to advertise the trade. Yet milliners say they are for actual use, and the more daring the colors the more "French" the result. Lace bonnets and fine openwork straws are shown; the latter have shirred brims of tulle or net, and are trimmed with butterfly bows of lace and wreaths and clusters of tiny flowers. The idea is to have the bonnet as dainty and delicate looking as possible. Large hats are to be worn again, of lace, of openwork straw, and of fine Leghorn; they are to be trimmed with scarfs of net, with lace and flowers, and with plumes; all three being used in many cases.

You know that species of fungus growth which resembles a liberty cap on a stem—well, the new parasols are just that shape. They are dome-shaped, bordered with woven stripes, finished with a bow of ribbon, or like the Grand Panjandorum, have "a little round button on top."

All the new passementeries, laces and embroideries are in vandyke points. The laces are used as collars and cuffs, in displacement of the linen collars and ruchings worn so long.

THAT mis-sent photograph of which El. See. writes, having been intended for the *HOUSEHOLD* Album really belongs to it, doesn't it? Try again, please; the Editor has been longing for that cabinet a good while. And El. See. herself is most cordially welcomed back, and we hope to have her for a frequent visitor.

WOMAN'S INFLUENCE.

"Are women to blame for all existing evils in the world? If not then the hand that rocks the cradle does not rule the world." "Women do not license saloon keepers; but they have moulded the minds of men till license is demanded." These quotations are taken from the article with the above title in the *HOUSEHOLD* of March 8th; and I think the *HOUSEHOLD* readers will agree with me that statements so sweeping should be carefully weighed. The mother's influence can as easily be overestimated as underestimated, and the former error is more common than the latter. How can we account for "all existing evils in the world" if the "hand that rocks the cradle rules the world," without admitting that mothers are, as a class, teachers of immorality, and as example is a much more potent influence than precept, must be themselves immoral? Are we ready to admit that either of these statements is correct? Just the reverse of this is true; mothers, as a class, are both moral and teachers of morality. If mothers are delinquent in their duty it is from too great confidence that their children will not go astray; or from want of a proper understanding of the temptations in their pathway. The average boy of fourteen is practically out from under his mother's control. He finds that the precepts his mother has so carefully taught him are not the ones by which men are governed, and while they are perfectly proper for a woman they are not necessary for men. Which has the greater influence, the mother's precept or the father's example? The boy wishes above all other things to be considered manly, and as men smoke, drink and do many other things as bad, if he is to be a man he must do as men do. Is it not rather true that the father is as responsible for the training of boys as the mother for the training of girls? If the father were to supplement the mother's early training by a careful oversight of his sons, and both by example and precept lead them in the right way, restraining them and keeping them employed when out of school, there would be fewer wrecked lives in early manhood. And if to this home training were added the father's influence in public matters to make the larger home—the world—pure and safe by voting out rum and other vices, there would be fewer pitfalls in the pathway of youth. The home can never be safe, however carefully guarded, until the world is safe.

What is public work? In answer we may name work in Sunday school, church, missionary societies, membership in any society, writing for the press, public speaking, a profession, school teaching, or the philanthropies is for women "taking the burden of the world's wants upon their shoulders" as well as their own wants. Is all of this to be condemned? What if women had not carried the world's wants? what would have been the type of our civilization? That "women have left the care and training of their children to servants or the schools while they bear the burden of the world upon their shoulders,"

and thus "gratify an ambition to shine in public," is unjust to the noble women who are giving time and money to the effort of making the world better, not because they love home less, but because they love it more and are alert to the manifold dangers that beset it. A licensed liquor traffic has made the door yard fence the dead line for children. They go beyond that at their peril. How are mothers responsible for the license system? Rather, mothers are "bringing about a state of popular feeling which demands a more rigid enforcement of existing laws, and the enactment of prohibitory statutes." But for the effort of women, our statute books would still be disgraced with the law which made every girl of from seven to ten years and over the legal prey of any man depraved enough to seek her ruin; and this a law made by fathers who are the legal protectors of childhood! Men say that women are the first to condemn women. Let us be just to all women, to the overworked and worried mothers, and to the women who are striving to make the world safer for little feet.

LILLA LEE.

A PLEASANT LETTER.

When I had finished reading the *HOUSEHOLD* of the 15th inst. I felt like thanking Beatrix for her article on Amelia Edwards' lecture. If there's one thing I do enjoy it is reading of the lives and successes of just such women as Miss Edwards. I am so glad Beatrix "takes in" all such good things and gives us the benefit—those of us who are so far from the cities we can not go and hear for ourselves. I always enjoy anything that shows me woman is equal in intellectual endowments to man.

Yes, Daffodilly, I think you must have lived among peculiar people, or else I have; for I never heard of so many "goody" men before, who would put up with so much from sisters and sisters-in-law. Most men would have given them a "pointer" as to their behavior pretty suddenly.

Beatrix told us not long ago, that salt was not good to make eggs beat up, a thing which I learned after many trials; and now I beg of you, don't do as I did the first three years I kept house, struggle along with an egg-beater "warranted as good as the Dover," and blame the hens because the eggs wouldn't beat up; but be sure the Dover is the best and will beat anything which is beatable. No, I'm not an agent for the Dover; but just so small an article may be the cause of much annoyance or be "just the thing," so I thought I'd tell you. The more conveniences I have in the kitchen the more I want.

I went, saw, and came away satisfied that if Jannette had called on Beatrix she would have forgotten her awkwardness, hands, feet and clothes, and enjoyed a little chat with our kind Editor, as I did; and you'll never realize it if she does "take an inventory" of what you have on, which I'm sure she won't do. We saw the *HOUSEHOLD* Album and were surprised to find Evangeline so young. She has been "about forty" to me for the last six years.

"J. M. W." said just what I wanted to about the Mary Washington movement.

EDNA.

AN OLD FRIEND BACK AGAIN.

"I have wandered long
From the HOUSEHOLD throng
And the old familiar—"

No! I can't say "faces" because, although old friends, we have never known each other thus. Writing of faces is a reminder that when I was away up north last summer I wrote a letter and sent a cabinet photograph to the *HOUSEHOLD* Album, addressing it as usual. I was a wandering planet then and did not see the paper, so knew nothing of the result until three months afterward, when that counter-felt presentment appeared in my mail box, having been sent to Washington, D. C. as "not called for" then to my old address, and finally forwarded to where I then was.

Well, after all my wanderings, my season at beautiful Bay View, visiting with friends in other parts of the State, rooming in one house and taking my meals in another, boarding outright, etc., I have at last settled down to genuine housekeeping and find that the best of all ways for me, even though I am all alone for my meals and that is a new experience; but as I have been schooling myself to the thought for a long time I find it not so hard as I had feared, although there are some things not so fine. Fancy a lover of fresh desserts eating six meals from the same pie! However I have remedied that by having a round pie tin cut in two and a flange soldered on to each half. Now I can have my pieces the regulation size and shape without having the one variety last so long; and I find that with layer cake I can bake in two common tins, and by dividing each one and piling up I have half of a four-layer cake in good shape. Now if I could get good home-made bread I should be well equipped, but this tasteless square of compressed feathers yclept baker's bread is my abomination, and I only fall back to that when dire necessity compels me to do so, for the process of making one small loaf at a time is not quite satisfactory. Have any of the *HOUSEHOLDERS* had experience in cooking for one?

Some day I'm going to write you of a room full of curiosities that is over my head here. Away back in 1836 the physician in whose house I am was a missionary to the Sandwich Islands, remaining there twelve years; and although he is now more than fourscore years of age, his memory is unimpaired and his curios are well worthy of inspection and a description.

I have taken the grandfather's clock from the place where he put it sixty years ago, first fastened to a log in the pioneer home, and when the larger, new house was built, five years later, a full length case was made as a part of the woodwork and there it has stood for all these years in the common sitting-room, ticking off the hours and noting the many family changes. I could only bring the "head," but that is placed on a bracketed shelf close up to the ceiling, so the long pendulum swings to and fro below, measuring off the seconds while the gilded weights run down to the floor, and then I draw the cords at bed time "just as

of old" the grandmother and then the mother had done. It still keeps honest time and is something to welcome me home when I have been out and, next to the large portrait on the easel in the corner, it is my treasure. That pictured face makes me feel sometimes that we two are living alone again as in the happy days, and with my pen it is a never-failing remedy for loneliness to

ROMEO.

EL. SEE.

WALL-PAPER, AND A QUESTION ANSWERED.

I have enjoyed reading the *HOUSEHOLD* for several years; and have been benefitted by others' experiences related therein from time to time, but have never felt called upon to relate any of my own troubles or pleasures until I read Mr. Ed.'s call for help about that dining-room paper. Having had some experience in that line and tried some experiments, think I can help her. Paper hangers can succeed very well in making paper stay on nice smooth walls in any room but a kitchen, and there they fail. Will enclose my recipe and think if she follows the directions closely, the only trouble she will have will be in removing the paper after once dry. To a panful of paste made from rye flour, add the whites of four eggs beaten a little. Wash new plaster with strong cider vinegar, let dry, brush the wall with the paste and let dry. Apply paste to paper when cold or cool, it will not soak through and will put on without a wrinkle.

Try ammonia on alum water stains; it will restore color where it has been changed by lemon juice.

The information in regard to children's clothes in a late number of the *HOUSEHOLD* was just what I was wishing for, only I need a little more of it. When the small boy wears short socks what is worn between socks and drawers when the weather is a little cool? and if one prefers long stockings what colors are the most desirable? Also, do boys between two and three years of age wear drawers like dresses or white ones.

Weakly lambs are putting in their appearance around the kitchen stove, and I would like to know what Simon's Wife is so busy about that she does not have something to say on the subject. I can not do it justice, but she can.

S. L. P.

ST. JOHNS.

[It is "so cute," they say, to see a strip of soft rosy flesh between baby's short socks and his drawers. The socks are preferable for warm weather, the long stockings for cool weather. Dark colors in long hose are preferable for the older boys, but very young children wear light tints in both socks and long hose. Black, brown and blue are standard. Short white drawers are worn by boys of age named above.—ED.]

It is so exasperating to see a cluster of nail holes, or one big black eyelet which will not fill up when one is painting over the woodwork. You can remedy this by taking fine sawdust, making it into a thick paste with glue and pounding it into the hole.

THOUGHTS FOR THE SORROWFUL.

I have long cherished a desire to talk with the ladies of the *HOUSEHOLD*. It may be that I shall not be a welcome visitor, as I am not a farmer's wife, but the fact of my having been a farmer's daughter may possibly serve as an introduction. My life was spent on a farm from my infancy until a certain young editor persuaded me to renounce farm life. I find so many things in the columns of the *HOUSEHOLD* of equal interest to all mothers, and many an hour has been pleasantly passed, reading the kind, sisterly letters. I want to say just one word in reference to the article by M. E. H. in the *HOUSEHOLD* of March 15th., "It is better to go to the house of mourning than to the house of feasting." How many are there of us who give this more than a passing thought. Let us not, dear ladies, shrink from these visits of duty. Last week Mr. C— died, leaving hosts of friends and a broken-hearted wife. When the death first occurs the house is crowded with sympathizing friends, which is the case until after the funeral. Then there will be a gradual diminution of the visits; the children are called to their several homes by their individual cares, thus leaving the mother alone. We have now become accustomed to the thought of Mr. C— as dead, our visit grow less frequent, our thoughts are occupied by our own cares, and Mrs. C— is practically forgotten for more cheerful friends. We do not stop to consider that now our calls would be more welcome than while she was under the first great wave of sorrow and almost paralyzed by it. We who have suffered similar experience know that at such a time, words, let them be never so kind and tender, only seem to make the wound deeper; but a kind act, a gentle pressure of the hand will give as much comfort as the most finished speech. But in the weeks and months to come, when the excited mind has had time to analyze its terrible grief, there will come hours of loneliness that are almost unbearable, and we long, oh so earnestly for some friendly call, some one to open our heart to, but alas! no one comes, and thus we drag out weary hours. Ah! how well do I remember years ago when our beautiful boy, our first born, the idol of our hearts, was snatched from us; friends and neighbors were there, many the kind words spoken, but they fell upon unheeding ears. I felt for a time that the sun of my happiness had set forever; I felt that the great cloud of anguish had forever obscured it. But weeks after, when I had become more calm, ah! could those same dear friends have come then, not in a mass, but one at a time, and spent an afternoon or evening, or better still an hour, just at sunset, that moment when darkness slowly creeping on, the sudden hush of the bird voice, the laborer seeking his home, all remind us of death if we are sorrowful, of rest if we are happy—when a friend chanced to drop in at such a time, how I prized it, and how I dreaded to see them go! It helped me so much to get over that loneliest hour of the day. But many, no

doubt felt their duty done, they had made one call, had spoken words of sympathy. Yes, they had come when there were dozens of others to speak the same words; but now when their visits were so hungrily longed for, other, more cheerful, friends were sought. To be sure it is not always a pleasure to visit those who are always sad. But dear friends, let us be willing to make a little sacrifice of our own selfish feelings, that those words may be proven true: "It is better to go to the house of mourning than to the house of feasting."

MRS. D. E.

SAD MEMORIES.

I wish to express my thanks to M. E. H., of Albion, for her sentiments and the sympathy expressed in her article addressed to the sick and sad in a recent *HOUSEHOLD*. I must own that what she says in regard to the feelings of those who have lost friends describes mine exactly. My loss is that of a sweet little girl of only six short years. But oh! they were long enough to endear her so completely to us that her death has extinguished the light in our household forever. Although it has been nearly two years since our precious child left our home never to return, yet there are times now (when my eyes rest on the vacant chair and my ears hear not the sweet little voice) that life to me seems a burden. But with an unwavering faith in the promises of God that I shall some day meet her in the house not made with hands, eternal in the Heavens, and have the pleasure of spending an eternity where partings and farewells are not known, I take up my daily tasks and wait for the summons from the other shore.

MRS. R. R. S.

HOWELL.

MARRIED OR SINGLE.

Thanks to Molly for the extract, but allow me to ask if marriage, nine times out of ten, is not a matter of profit—or saving at least. Single men marry for the comfort and privileges of a home; they figure they can support a wife with the money they pay for room and board. The widower feels (if not wealthy) he cannot afford to keep and pay a housekeeper and kitchen maid, so he thinks he will marry a wife who will be housekeeper, kitchen maid, seamstress and nurse combined, and nothing to pay but her board, except a few dollars for clothes now and then when it is convenient for him. Women, both young and old, marry for a home; they are weary of battling single-handed with the world for a living; of course they all choose some one they think will be pleasant and companionable. These things are all right, but the antecedents should be considered also. I will not go over that ground again.

How could Molly be so cruel as to make all the *HOUSEHOLD* readers think I was an old maid! I do not care; but I will tell a little story of an acquaintance who was an old maid. She was visiting in New York city, where she had many very pleasant friends. At one house where she visited the lady and gentleman were very nice;

but the gentleman did not treat his wife with the politeness and consideration which the maiden lady thought was her due. In company one evening they (her friends) were bantering her a little on old maids; and this gentleman asked her if she did not wish she had a husband. She replied: "No sir, every gentleman treats me with the greatest kindness and politeness; and that is more than many of their wives can say. I prefer to remain as I am." (So do I.) But please remember it was *you*, not me, who said I had been left by the sterner sex.

In Old Hundred's reply and diagnosis of "that disease," put "jealousy" in place of the word "scandal" and you have it.

I am glad to welcome all new comers, as well as the old ones who resume their long idle pens.

POLLY.

CHAT.

EUPHEMIA comes to the help of Mrs. Ed.: "Get two or three cents worth of white glue at the drug store; make a sizing of it by dissolving it in hot water, dampen your patch of new plaster with it before putting on your paper. Put your paper on with paste as usual and I'll warrant it will never come off. We replastered our sitting room two years ago and papered in that way and have never noticed the least loosening even of the edges."

BESS, of Plainwell, gives quite explicit directions: "I think I can tell Mrs. Ed. how she can make a paste that will stick her paper tight. Take white glue and after soaking over night, place over the fire in a kettle, with water sufficient to make the amount of paste required, when all dissolved and boiling, thicken with flour stirred up in cold water to the consistency of thick starch, let boil up and remove from the fire. This paste should be used when slightly warm, as it is like jelly when perfectly cold. If applied to both the wall and paper with a brush I do not think the paper will get away. Of course you must use your own judgment as to the quantity of glue, but a small quantity of glue is a great help in making any wall paper stay where it is put."

EUDORA, of Brant, Saginaw Co., a new contributor whom we hope to hear from again says: "My husband thinks there is no paper like the *FARMER*, and I enjoy reading the *HOUSEHOLD* and find much good advice for all. Every one seems so honest and sincere in their statements. I can applaud Biddee's sentiments; I think if we had more such sensible women the world would be better. I agree with her about the discussion on etiquette. Being a farmer's wife my time is too limited for style. With a family of seven to wash for, how could I furnish 147 clean napkins a week? If a child is taught the proper use of a fork and not allowed to eat with its fingers, the napkins can be laid away for company. I also enjoyed Fidus Achatius' letter. If all would heed her advice there would be more happy homes. What is the use of husband and wife

quarreling, when if they would only stop and reason they would see how silly it is and what a poor example to place before the little ones. How soon the children imitate in their tone of voice the angry words spoken by the parents! I wonder how many of the readers of our little paper spend any of their time in the garden in summer, and if any think it degrading to be seen with hoe or rake. I think it a very healthy exercise. Will not some of them please give their opinion on the subject."

On the topic of country schools, N. B. H., of Howell, very truly says: "Hoping that this may not be too old a subject to bring up again, I would like to say a few words on our country schools. I think that if farmers' wives would take more interest in them and not rely so entirely upon what their children tell them, we would have better schools. And in most every district you will find there are scholars who go to school principally to create disturbance and annoy the teacher in every way. Then again you will frequently hear scholars say "Oh, we have just a splendid time at school; the teacher lets us do just as we want to," and of course we all know the result of such a school as that. If farmers and their wives would visit the schools and see what their children are doing and learning, they would hear less grumbling and fault-finding, and we would have better schools."

A HOUSEHOLD HINT.—M. E. H., of Albion, says: At a recent farmers' club meeting I think I learned a little something valuable about pies, which I will give the readers of the *HOUSEHOLD*. A lady contributed some cherry pies, which my husband said were the best he ever ate. (I was not a bit disturbed over it.) She told us she mixed the sugar and the flour intended for the inside of the pie together, and said her pies never run over. It is certain this method is conducive to the very nicest condition of the juices of fruit pies. Care must be taken however not to fill the pies too full of fruit.

Contributed Recipes.

POTATO SOUP.—Boil six potatoes, after paring, in sufficient water to cover well. When thoroughly done, drain off about one-half the water, mash the potatoes very fine in the remainder; season with pepper, salt and plenty of butter; then pour in a quart of sweet milk; let it reach the boiling point, being careful not to burn. Our children think it a delicious dish for supper. As I have never seen this recipe published, I conclude that it is not well known. I think it much superior to the common mode of preparing it. Another nice way is to chop the raw potatoes, and season in the same way, without mashing, but they are very apt to burn unless great care is taken, or they are cooked in a double boiler.

D. E.

SOFT MOLASSES CAKE.—One cup molasses; half cup sugar; two-thirds cup shortening; one cup buttermilk; one egg; one teaspoonful each of ginger, cinnamon, salt and soda; flour to make middling stiff. Men and children like raisins in it.

M. E. H.