

MICHIGAN FARMER AND STATE JOURNAL OF AGRICULTURE

DETROIT, AUGUST 9, 1930.

THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

TO A BABY.

Well, dear little mortal,
Set down on life's portal,
With never a question of choice, or of will,
Small pilgrim, set out
On a journey of doubt,
With your shrine at the top of a trou'lesome hill.

Look about with those eyes
Full of grave sweet surprise
And say what you think of the world now you're
in it,
Is it best worth your while
To meet life with a smile,
Or a frown, that you ever were forced to begin it?

Oh, "Life" is the name
Of the curious game,
And whether we smile, child, or whether we
frown,
We must each play in turn,
Though we scarcely may learn
The rules of the game till the cards are thrown
down.

'Tis a queer hurry-scurry
Full of bother and worry,
For each player comes in with some trick of his
own,
But the secret of winning
Lies all in the beginning,
So be sure you are right, child, then "play it
alone."
—Philadelphia Times.

MIDDLE-AGED WOMEN.

There comes to every woman a time when she reaches that Debatable Land which is neither youth or old age. It dawns upon her gradually. She has picked out grey hairs here and there, and been strangely shocked by their frequency; those persistent little lines about the mouth and eyes cannot be rubbed away by even the most skillful *massageur*; she is conscious of a rheumatic ache in her left elbow, and a growing predilection for needles with accommodating eyes. She realizes that youth, the dream, has departed, and taken out of her life and from cheek and form something that can never be restored. Perhaps she is philosophically resigned to the inevitable and doesn't mind the gray hair and the wrinkles. Perhaps she finds in her wider development and increased resources a compensation for the loss of youthful bloom and buoyancy, not considering herself an object of pity because she may chance to be "a left over." But after all, a day comes when she realizes she is neither young nor old, neither the blossom nor the ripened fruit—only just hopelessly "middle-aged." She sees Victor Hugo was right when he said, "It is better to be fifty than forty, for while forty is the old age of youth, fifty is the youth of old age." True, it is a condi-

tion Time is remedying every day, bringing the "silent night and the snow" nearer and nearer, yet she is not ready to drop into the quiet waiting which denotes the fruition of age.

The middle aged woman finds herself left out of a good many things, especially if she be not of a self-assertive disposition, and holding an assured social position. Her young lady daughters come on—not exactly to take their mother's place in society, but so that she feels herself less a necessity than she was once. Their affairs, their plans, their purposes, are more interesting to even her personal friends than are her own—theirs have the charm of freshness and spontaneity. The children's interests dominate in the family. Her nestlings are trying their wings and showing less and less need of her. Soon they are gone, and she looks out a little drearily, not ready yet to "live in her grandchildren" yet at a loss for something to replace her old cares and interests.

Rose Terry Cooke somewhere says: "It is odd that almost all the maiden ladies and widows in a country town become devoted to the work of temperance or the cause of foreign missions. There may be plenty of white heathen at their doors; their next neighbor may be a drunkard and abuse his family, but these specialties do not interest them; they take to generalities as a duck to water, and find pleasant excitement in figuring as officers of an 'organization.'"

Just so. Such women may not do much good, but they do no harm. Perhaps they accomplish but little, but "He also serves who only stands and waits." They may overlook the duties at hand in reaching out for the possible ones, far away, but we are all apt to overlook the expediency of taking short views. We smile, perhaps, at the inadequacy of the results to efforts, but we don't stop to think what these efforts mean to those who make them. Women keep in touch with the progress of the age in the line of their special interest by these means; they have something to work for, something to hope for, plan about and scheme over, and find aims and purposes, new and helpful, in these societies "with six officers and three high privates."

This is the age of organizations. Diverse as the east is from the west in their motives, they seem to exist for the sake of giving the middle-aged woman something to do. The woman in town who doesn't bear about with her a burden of anxious care

on behalf of one of these societies, feeling sure its very existence depends upon one course of action or one individual's election, is presumably some devoted mother whose children have not outgrown her; or a narrow souled individual who is selfishly bound in self. The mania spreads. Our boys and girls have their societies, and Missy comes in very important to tell us she is the treasurer or secretary or something of the Y. P. C. E. S. or the S. G. C. C. or other equally imposing combination of capital letters; and we wonder when the middle-aged woman will be driven from "the last ditch," even her beloved "organizations" being wrested from her unwilling hold.

Organizations and societies are the safety valve of women of uncertain age and few home duties. Then there are others who, seeing their deficiencies in mental culture, bravely quote "It's never too late to learn," and set about cultivating those faculties which age and experience have developed. It is a mistake to suppose all the growing time of life is in youth. We used to speak of the man or woman who learned a language or mastered a science in middle life as an adult phenomenon. But now it is no uncommon thing. I have forgotten how many languages Miss Amelia Edwards learned after she began to study archaeology at forty-five years of age.

Now that it is becoming unfashionable to gossip, and the ladies of our best society are cutting from their visiting lists the names of those who are such "bad form" as to tattle and slander, there is going to be a greater demand and better chance for the intelligent woman, who has hitherto been left in the background because of her want of interest in or information about the purely personal details which have served as topics of conversation. The middle-aged woman can thus keep herself "in the world," and not be forced to content herself with her purely domestic duties or drop into the often fatuous work of some "organization." The best that can be said of many of these is that they bring people together and thus stimulate to activity the social qualities and give us that something new to think about which is a necessary mental tonic.

BEATRIX.

A LADY whose cracker bowl is always filled with the crispest of crackers keeps them in the warmer of her range. They never get soft and pasty.

HOME MANAGEMENT.

I am tempted this lovely morning to lay aside all cares and give a few of my ideas on the training of children, for the benefit of Ruth and other mothers.

It has always appeared to me that there is really more expected of mothers than they are responsible for or capable of performing. But instead of grieving over duties forced upon us, let us look at some things for which we know we are responsible. In the first place our relations to the formation of our children's habits are plain. We know that as "the twig is bent the tree inclines;" we know too that what might prove a safe method with many children might prove disastrous to Ruth's, as no given set of rules is applicable to members of the same family even. Therefore I think the best plan would be to study our children's temperaments and govern accordingly. It has always seemed to me a very delicate matter—the training of a young mind, and one that mothers might do well to consider soberly. A mother's influence is a most important factor with children. "Grandpa" says "Spare not the rod" (or words to that effect) while another member repeats "Smite not." I am convinced that many children through fear of punishment for an offense form the habit of untruthfulness. As to the mode of administering punishment, that is a question each mother must answer for herself, guided by her knowledge of her children's peculiar traits and temperaments; yet I think whipping preferable to continual faultfinding. Be candid with the children; and if you say No, let them understand that you mean no and not yes. It will save you lots of trouble.

Much is being said of late concerning how to make home pleasant for the boys. That sounds too much like an article I read not long since on eating dinner in the parlor during the housecleaning campaign, in order that the men folks should not see disorder in dining-room and kitchen. Now I believe in moderation (in all things) and my advice would be to make the home pleasant for the boys in just the same way you would go to work to make it pleasant for the girls or any other member of the family; but first see that your boys are interested in the home, else all your plotting and planning will be in vain. Teach them to understand that father and mother have lived longer than they and consequently have seen quite as much; also to be courteous and well behaved at home. Teach them it is the height of vulgarity to use slang at any time, and be sure you teach them kindness to all domestic animals. Instruct them to open and shut doors quietly; in fact, to observe common sense rules of propriety at all times, and not that because they are at home they are expected to show off their worst manners. Give them an equal place with the girls; and while you are working to make the home pleasant and agreeable for the boys see that the boys are made pleasant and agreeable for the home. Teach them to place confidence in mother; come to her

with their joys and their sorrows, then show them by your acts that you are interested in them and their childish pursuits. When they come to you with their troubles don't tell them to go along and not bother, that you have enough trouble of your own and cannot bother with them. When you set a task and they perform it as well as you yourself could have done tell them so.

When you find a nice story—one you think would interest them and at the same time teach a useful lesson—read it to them. Cannot you remember how you loved to listen to the stories mother used to read? There are many ways that children even can be made useful if you once get them interested, but don't expect too much—remember that "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy." And above all, don't sit around all the evening with a face as long as your arm and never crack a smile nor allow the children to, because father is reading the last paper. If your child is lively and full of fun, be funny with him once in a while; there is nothing better than a good laugh now and then, and nothing that will keep away wrinkles like smiles. There is nothing that will brighten up a home like the merry laugh of children. A certain writer has likened a home without children to a lantern without candle, a brook without water, a garden without flowers. There is much more I should like to say on this subject but I will close. OLD HUNDRED.

THE MOTHER AND HER BOYS.

In the HOUSEHOLD of June 5th, Beatrix, in speaking of a mother's influence over her children, touched upon a theme of my own, and I think that we mothers in the hurry and bustle of life, and with our multitudinous duties as wives and mothers, are very apt to underestimate the influence we have over our children; and especially are we apt to neglect our boys. Have we not seen mothers with sons and daughters who should share equally the mother's watchfulness, carefully guard the daughters, constantly exercising a care over them that is never extended over the lives of the boys? "Oh," says the mother, "boys are differently constituted from girls; they can care for themselves better, and if they make a misstep the world will not frown them down to greater depths as they would a girl." Alas! this is too true, but to me the downfall of a son would cause the same anguish that it would were it a daughter. This same mother says, "It is so difficult to talk with a boy." Yes, I admit that it would be if this care has never been exercised during his childhood, then wait until he has reached manhood before the warning word is spoken. I do not mean by this that a mother should be constantly reminding her sons that evil may come to them if they do thus and so, and in that way give them ideas that had never occurred to their innocent minds before. But I firmly believe that a mother can keep a very close watch over her boys without their knowledge. This is one

instance where a little strategy, or deceit, if you will, is admissible; if they know they are watched you will lose a portion of your influence over them. How often have I stolen in my stocking feet to the sleeping room of my boys to listen to their conversation after they had retired for the night, and in that way have gained an insight into their natures that I could not have gained otherwise, for their words were then unguarded, they little suspected that mother knew what they were saying. I then knew just how to talk to them, and they would say, "Why mamma, how can you tell what we are thinking about so much?" little dreaming that they had told me themselves. When you by constant watchfulness have reason to fear that your child is learning an impure lesson, do not say, "I dread to talk with him, he is so large, but I will some other time." Mark me; when that time comes the lesson will be so thoroughly learned that lifelong habits may be formed that will be ruinous to soul and body. Go to him at once and talk with him plainly, as no one but a mother can, using words that he can not fail to comprehend.

Then in the matter of educating our sons to make good husbands, people may smile and say that is "taking time by the forelock," but never mind. I believe every wife has said to herself more than once, "Oh! I wish John's mother had taught him to be a little more careful of a woman's feelings," or work, as the case may be. I have in mind now a husband who loves his wife and family devotedly, and has made many a noble sacrifice for that wife, and in such a noble way, never alluding to it any more than if it had been a mere trifle. Yet that same man never thinks of lifting a helping hand Sunday morning when his wife is struggling to dress her three little ones for Sunday school, while she fills in all the interstices with sweeping, bed-making, dish-washing, etc. How often she has wished that he would without asking take Tommy or Susie and dress them as they should be, but if she asks him, he is filled with a consciousness of his own awkwardness, and handles the child as though it were a bombshell and he feared an untimely explosion; the clothing that should button in the back he promptly buttons in front, the right shoe is on the left foot, and the child is sent to mamma to see if she can button the shoe which he believes is too small. His shirts to my certain knowledge have been kept in the same drawer for over twelve years, but when he wants one, this familiar call rings through the house: "Mollie, where are my shirts?" "Please get me a pair of socks," "Have I a clean collar?" And what a sight meets the eye of Mollie when at last the children are ready and she goes to his room to put it in order! Soiled undergarments under the bed and on the bed; the wardrobe door is wide open, his dressing-gown is thrown on the dresser with his discarded pants on top, his slippers occupy each side of the room, or at least two of them, his hat, alas! is not to be found, but upon a final appeal to Mollie

with "Where did you put my hat," she unearths it from beneath his dressing-gown on the dresser. He is a man who has had many business cares, and his early life was much of it spent at a hotel, where he had but to ask for a thing and there were servants to bring it. And when he was home, his mother and sisters delighted in ministering to every want, and he became so thoroughly imbued with the idea that it is man's prerogative to be waited upon, and woman's pleasure to be the waiter, that it will never leave him. He does not mean to be selfish, and indeed in all other things is the extreme opposite of a selfish man. But looking upon the opposite side, would not that wife have been much happier if he had been trained when a small boy to help mother; to understand that at best a mother's cares are numerous and that by lending a helping hand all would be happier?

Now one word about frightening little children: I not long ago heard a mother say to her timid little girl, "Now if you do that again I will shut you in that dark closet where the naughty man is," or "Be a good girl or that big man will come and get you and carry you away." It was pure thoughtlessness in that young mother to say that, but if we consult our own judgment or conscience we will know that it is very wrong to fill the little innocent heart with fear. Will the child not have enough of fear and trouble to contend with after we do all we can to draw away fears and anxieties? Fear is a terrible thing to endure. If we doubt it let us recall some instance in our own lives when life for the time was made miserable through fear. It is a terrible thing to have a little one call out in the still night to mamma, with trembling voice and staring eyes, that "Something is trying to get me." And in nine cases out of ten it can be immediately traced to a case where some one—let us hope child—has frightened the little thing in order to secure obedience.

UNION CITY.

DELLA E.

WOOD ASHES.

Rather a dry subject, is it not? And wholly devoid of sentiment. But how is this for a pretty bit from George Eliot, I think it is: "People are often little better than wood ashes. There is small sign of the sap, the leafy freshness that once were there. But when we see wood ashes we know that all the early fullness of life must have been." But, though trees in their varying forms and tins are inexpressibly beautiful to me, I can yet be glad to think when that charm is forever destroyed, we can still be brightened, warmed and cheered by its wood in the glowing grate; when that benign influence too is gone, and nothing remains of fire and flame but ashes, ashes gray and white, we may still be comforted, still be happy. Out of those fire-bathed ruins may rise if you will it, a household fairy bringing you health and happiness, and plenty of good soft soap,—um—sense and sentiment had a collision, didn't they? Let me pick up the remains. Now where was I? Oh yes!

father says wood ashes on poor land are worth their weight in gold, notwithstanding the guileless man going round the country offering the poor and economical farmer's wife a few bars of cheap hard soap, in exchange for all the ashes accumulated in the year.

Wood ashes are also a good remedy for the currant slug if applied quite often when they first appear, that is, they will leave the bushes. But this summer I bethought me to use something new and severe, that would kill them on the spot, as it were. "Well," said the druggist to whom I applied, "Paris green or hellebore will, either one, do that, but don't use them, they are dangerous. Insect powder is all you need and that is harmless," so armed with a childlike, abiding faith, and plenty of the strange smelling yellow dust, I proceeded to douse every worm I could find; next day to my joy they had disappeared. I meant to tell you of it then, as such a remedy might be useful to many, but we were entertaining a party of gentlemen in the hayfield (might as well put it in a genteel manner), and time was scarce. But yesterday I went down the path to see the currant bushes, hidden behind the long row of cherry trees, and "Oh sorrow, oh bad!" There were great wreaths and ropes and bunches of currants, just taking on the first red flames of ripeness, glistening in the sunlight without the shadow of a leaf to protect them. Well, they will never ripen now, and if they do, the trail of the slug is over them all, and "I couldn't abide 'em." So there will be a vacant chair in the jelly closet this year, but next, we shall see what we shall see!

Then you will find nothing better for pear trees than leached ashes, put thickly around the base in the fall or spring, and fine ashes sprinkled over turnip tops at this time of the year will stop the ravages of the small black fly or bug that is pretty sure to infest them. If you have white Swedish turnips they are worth taking care of. Then mother always scatters ashes where wash water is thrown in the summer time. But I dare say all have their favorite uses for wood ashes, and I'll not tell any more of our ways this time.

AUNT YORKE.

A SUMMER OUTING.

Nearly a year has passed since I called upon the HOUSEHOLD, although during that time I have been a constant reader and been benefited by it in many ways. The season of picnics is again upon us, and in that long ago letter I promised to give M. E. H. an idea of something better than the average picnic.

On a breezy morning last September we were whirled away from a quiet station enroute for the "Garden City" and received by kind friends, who only thought for our pleasure. The next morning we rode through Lincoln Park, in a lovely carriage drawn by a span of handsome black horses, and a colored "gemman" held the ribbons; we had only to give our attention to the beauties about us. I was resting. A most delightful lady sat be-

side me; one who passed through many dangers in the great Chicago fire of 1871, and a resident in the city from childhood. She told me she had been skating many a time where the Palmer and Lincoln residences now stand—beautiful edifices of modern Chicago. But can I tell you of Lincoln Park, a lovely oasis in this desert of buildings. First I will take you to the lily pond, here we saw the great red and blue lilies of India in blossom; the water in this pond is kept at a certain temperature by steam. The broad green leaves of the Amazonian lily, fully four feet across, float upon the surface of the water, and we were told they would bear up a weight of thirty-five pounds. I did not see this tested, but do not doubt it. The edges of the leaves were turned perpendicularly to a depth of two inches, veritable tiny boats. What a cradle for a baby? Somehow I was then and there reminded of "Moses, the meekest man." But a certain sweet lady that I know would hardly trust her two pet Freedna kittens on the glossy green surface of these leaf boats. The lily pond was a bit of life from the tropics. As we passed on we saw white bears taking their morning nap on beds of ice—this was really a frigid zone. Then a short distance away we gazed upon acres of flowers whose gorgeous coloring and beautiful designs were said to make the finest display in this country. Down the driveway we paused at the entrance to look upon Lincoln monument, a fitting tribute to the memory of a great man, whose name is revered by every liberty-loving American citizen.

Another day I visited a school in the city. The sparkling, animated faces of bright girls and boys all interested me, as did the little compositions on "What I did through vacation," which they read. I came away with increased respect for school teachers. Is there a grander, nobler calling under the sun? The last evening we spent in the city we had dinner with friends at the Tremont House. Talk about "hotel fare!" greatly maligned it is! Canned peaches were placed before us, as delicious as any canned in any farm house in Michigan.

Last but not least we visited the Exposition. Most of the time we spent in the art department, where we saw the seven famous pictures by Whistler, so delicate in coloring and contour. One picture we especially admired. On a slightly inclined path in the woods stood a deer with uplifted head and foot as if listening. The bright red and yellow autumn leaves lay deep around him, the trees were not entirely bare of leaves, and the mellow autumn sunshine over all. This picture was so bright, so natural, we turned to the catalogue to find the name of the artist—it was Rosa Bonheur. The next morning we turned our faces homeward, and at six o'clock p. m. were preparing supper. Change is rest. I was stimulated and refreshed and ready again to peel potatoes, wash dishes, can fruit, etc. Such an outing is not beyond the reach of any one who can afford to attend two or three picnics in the season. Years

ago women on a farm couldn't afford a silk dress, it was so expensive, but they would buy four or five cheap cloth dresses, which in the end cost more than the silk would have done. On this same plan they go to the picnics.

Now friends, go away from familiar scenes and places, and come back without a shadow of discontent in your hearts, with every envious feeling uprooted, and with renewed energy to make home wholesome, attractive and happy.

BENTON HARBOR.

SILVER BELL.

HIGH ART THAT CONCEALS ART.

How much of time, talent and patience the best of us require before we reach that point where we may excel without apparent effort!

We listen to a fine singer, winning fame and praise alike from critic and "No-judge-of-music." The easy self-possession, roundness and smooth sweetness of tone charm and delight. We ask not to know the soft, low strain of pathetic sweetness is merely the result of effort, or that the artist takes a deep breath every time at a stated point, to enable her to give just the requisite expression, power and fullness to a certain phrase. We only know our pleasure is not marred by embarrassment, broken time, or faltering tone. It seems so easy, one could almost sing like that one's self (before trying). This shows us the singer has reached a high standard; in short is able to conceal her art.

I was once bemoaning to a popular and artistic dressmaker the fact that my clothes were never just right, always either so prime, or so fussy, without any striking amount of either fit or fashion. "Well," said she, busily pinning a sleeve round the arm of a very plump customer, "Dressmaking as well as millinery is an art where success lies in being able to produce a fine effect without apparent effort. Your country seamstress is too precise, too much afraid of venturing on any thing new. Your drapery, folds, loops and puffs are always arranged with geometric exactness, skirt too short, collar too tight or loose, and so on, showing carelessness in place of precision, and uncalled for primness where the effect should be careless." I once read of a man, I think it was Beau Brummel, who spent hours before the glass, tying his cravat, that it might look right, and yet as if tied in a moment. Now this seems trifling (especially for a man), but these are the subtle nothings that make all the difference between nice things and very common things. It is the "high art that conceals art."

Who has not read at least one sermon by the gifted Talmage, wondered over and admired its simple eloquence, the clear ideas clothed in beautiful language a child might understand. This, with elegance of diction and the grace of perfect elocution form what would seem to a listener the spontaneous outburst of genius, but is really the result of years of patient toil, and rightly applied study of cause and effect, which, aside from natural talent and religious feeling, holds the interest and

attention of thousands year after year. I cannot resist comparing such sermons with those I'm accustomed to listen too. No! I don't often listen, sometimes can't even remember the text, for truant thoughts will go wandering away through the open window over the fields to hazy woods where the birds sing, leaves whisper and the brook is murmuring soft praises to God week day and Sunday alike, while all the time the preacher a few feet away is rolling out great sonorous sentences, with every idea contained therein so wrapped up and disguised in big words whose meaning you've forgotten, or finally by way of emphasis bringing down a clenched fist on the pulpit with a crash that cuts short my woodland trip, while the "Pillars" (if they're awake) look on with beaming faces that plainly say "Brother Driazdusst is really a powerful sermonizer!" Well, it may be; I don't mean to criticize, though the brethren would probably survive it in any case. But I wish, without detriment to the cause of religion. Brother Driazdusst, and hundreds of "ditto," could be brought to see that with all their mighty and evident effort to please, to instruct, to interest, to attract the wicked from the ways of sin, they have yet to learn the beauty of simplicity, the true value of the "high art that conceals art."

AUNT YORKE.

CUSHIONS.

One cannot have too many cushions for summer use on the lawn, the piazza or in the hammocks. They should be as varied as possible, and made for service, not ornament. Pretty ones are covered with blue denim, the lighter side out, and ornamented with a pattern done in chainstitch with white cotton. Another way is to use a white cotton cord, "couching" it on. By couching is meant sewing the cord on by stitches taken over it with fine thread. Still another fashion is to mark a spray of leaves, a couple of grapeleaves with their tendrils, or a whorl of horse chestnut leaves on linen. Baste it upon the material you want for your cover, and with coarse white cotton buttonhole the pencilled edges, taking moderately deep stitches, not too close together; then with sharp scissors, cut away the linen, leaving the pattern outlined on the goods.

Cover a cushion neatly with red silesia or Turkey red calico. Crochet a number of wheels out of coarse cotton; sew them together making a cover which baste over the pillow; this can be removed and washed when soiled. Any coarse, showy pattern in crochet can be put to the same use.

The pillows should be from sixteen to eighteen inches square, and may be stuffed with excelsior, hair, pine needles, cotton, fine shavings, or even old letters and envelopes cut into bits. Sprinkle the cotton with sachet powder; make little sachets of muslin and put in with the stuffing. Don't put on ribbon bows, or fuzzy tassels, or anything else calculated to provoke masculine profanity, and don't cover a cushion for hot weather use with anything woollen.

The hop pillow is supposed to bring rest

to tired heads, and may be appropriately covered with gray green linen on which is outlined in green floss a bunch of hops and its leaves. Some ladies whose rose gardens are luxuriant, make pillows filled with the dried petals, and cover them with China silk on which they embroider a spray of wild roses. *Good Housekeeping*, in a late issue, tells a new way of fixing the corners of a sofa cushion, as follows: "After the covering has been put on, push the pillow back at the corners, and draw the covering out into place. Wind a strong silk thread about this covering, close to the pushed-back pillow, and then fasten a thread into the point of the tied up corner, and draw it down into the centre of the tied-up portion. Pull the double thickness of this fulled covering into shape, and tack it down on the pillow." And if you hear any one telling about "rose corners" you will know what is meant in pillow parlance.

A cushion covered with black satteen, with yellow buttercups embroidered on it, and puffed yellow silk all round it is showy and would sell well at a bazar.

THE HOUSEHOLD Editor has been enjoying a three weeks' vacation, returning to her work on the 6th inst. The copy for the HOUSEHOLD issued during her absence was, as much as possible, prepared before her departure, which accounts for the tardy appearance of several very welcome communications, received later. It was a pleasure and a help to find "lots of copy" on her desk on her return, due to the thoughtfulness of correspondents; and her thanks are extended to those who so promptly and ably responded to her request for contributions, thus enabling her to secure a much needed and greatly enjoyed rest.

MRS. W. K. SEXTON, of Howell, writes us: "I send greetings to all Chautauquans, especially those of the Class of '90 and the members of the 'Guild of the Seven Seals.' I hope to pass through the Golden Gate at Chautauqua with all the host of '90's, and would be glad to meet those of the HOUSEHOLD who expect to do the same. A search for one another in the vast crowd would be fruitless, but by registering at the dock we can readily find each other at our boarding places."

Contributed Recipes.

COOKIES.—Heaping cupful of granulated sugar; same of butter; one egg; scant cup of sweet milk; scant teaspoonful of soda; flour enough to roll. Stir in a teaspoonful of caraway seed, if you like. Sprinkle with granulated sugar before baking.

COFFEE CAKE.—One cup butter; one cup molasses; two cups brown sugar; one cup strong coffee; four and a half cups flour; four eggs; one small nutmeg; two teaspoonfuls of cinnamon and one of cloves; one-half teaspoonful black pepper; two teaspoonfuls of cream tartar and one of soda; one pound raisins; quarter pound citron. More fruit can be added if desired.

FLY PAPER.—Take two parts resin to one part of castor oil. Melt the resin, stir in the oil, until of the right consistency to spread on heavy paper with a feather. Add more resin or oil if necessary to make it just soft enough to hold every fly that touches it.

ICE-CREAM.—Take rich milk, adding cream to make it as rich as you please; sweeten to taste; flavor and freeze. You can eat as much of this as you choose without fear of unpleasant results.

CARRIE GARDINER.
CHARLTON, N. Y.