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THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

BE KIND TO EACH OTHER.

When those we love are dead—
Though they have faithful been, and kind and true—

They cannot hear our words of tardy praise,
Nor see the flowers remorseful passion lays
O'er their still hearts; no whisper trembles
through
The silence of the dead.

When those we love are dead,
We spare no pains to honor their estate;
We deck them out in garments soft and fine,
And cheer and snowy lace, and satin-line
Their beds; our love we show too late,
When those we love are dead.

When those we love are dead,
Their faults are all forgot and put aside,
Their little frailties we forgive, and say,
If they could walk beside us one more day,
And be to us as if they had not died,
Such tears we might not shed.

If they again were here,
How we would tell them of their love so true,
And help them bear their burdens day by day,
And often fair and fragrant flowers would lay
In weary fingers; ah, so much we'd do
To make their path less drearer!

If friends are with us yet,
Let us more patient be, and kind and sweet;
With words of cheer, and gifts and thoughtful
ways.

Make glad and beautiful their passing days,
So that when marble stands at head and feet,
Grief be not all regret.

—*Christian Intelligencer.*

DRESS REFORM.

An "Interested Reader of the HOUSEHOLD" wants to know "what Beatrix thinks of the Annie Jenness-Miller dress reform movement." I think it is a very cute scheme to sell Mrs. Jenness-Miller's patterns and increase the sale of the magazine she publishes. I heard Mrs. Jenness-Miller (and I detest, on general principles, a woman who parts her name in that way, as if her husband's was not good enough for her) lecture when she was here and exhibited herself in her "reform" garments, but was not in the least converted to her theories. She has a beautiful figure, plump without being fat, symmetrical and perfectly proportioned. She looked well in everything she wore, as was to be expected. But the thin woman, the fat woman, the illy proportioned one, she who stands with one hip higher than the other, or who is concave where she should be convex, would look like a guy in what would be becoming to the eloquent advocate of dress reform.

Moreover, although Mrs. Miller decries corsets and declares she never wears them, those in a position to know say all those

exquisitely fitting dresses are fitted over a corset, which Madame discards when she mounts the platform to exhibit herself to her admiring countrywomen as the apostle of dress reform on the Jenness Miller plan. The princess dress which is her central idea, any dressmaker will tell you can only be acceptably worn by a perfect figure. And the much-puffed "combination underwear" is only a modified form of the "chemiloon" which was introduced some twelve or fifteen years ago, and was the most awkward and inconvenient garment woman ever tried to put herself into—or get out of. The "divided skirt" is simply—as one plain-spoken woman put it, "a petticoat for each leg," sewed to a close fitting yoke. Several ladies who have tried this garment say it is more awkward and unmanageable than skirts, being especially exasperating in going down stairs or on the street in wet weather. Externally, the models given in *The Jenness Miller Magazine* do not differ much from other styles, most of them being adaptations of the princess, with sufficient drapings on the corsage and sleeves, and other accessories, to render them ultra fashionable.

But what's the matter with dresses, anyhow? I don't know of a nation on the face of the earth whose women are dressed as sensibly, conveniently, hygienically and beautifully as those of the United States. Any individual can by judicious selection of styles, dress sensibly and healthfully in the prevailing modes, which offer a wide choice to cover the needs of all classes and occupations. A woman can wear a skirt of walking length which does not impede her movements, a blouse waist which gives perfect freedom of movement to arms and shoulders, and a trim jacket which has every advantage of a man's coat without its mannishness—she can wear such a dress wherever it is suitable. On occasion she wears elegant robes for party and reception use, her corset being almost as pliable as her gloves, her elastic "Jersey" underwear affording perfect freedom of motion, her skirts no heavier than necessary for warmth. Her light jacket or shoulder cape is worn over a fibre or chamouis vest with sleeves, and she is both comfortably and stylishly dressed. No woman can look pretty when she is half-frozen; she knows it, and dresses warmly, but instead of certain unwieldy, cumbersome garments, now discarded, she wears clothes which fit her, and gets more protection from them than from the old styles.

The trouble is, the ideal of all the dress

reformers is the masculine coat and trousers. These garments have been held up before us so long as the acme of convenience and sense that we think any reform must be modelled on those lines, and the nearer we approach them the more hygienic. Hence we have "homomania" and the mannish girl, from whom Heaven defend us!

More nonsense is written about women's dress than upon any other topic—barring two or three—by those who write with more zeal than discretion. For instance, for the past twelve years street dresses have been long enough to clear the ground; no woman with any knowledge of fashion whatever has worn a trained dress on the street. Yet even now I every little while come across some masculine screed against the folly and uncleanness of dragging long dresses through the filth of the streets, regardless of the fact it has not been done for more than a decade. What can you do with people who have taken a Rip Van Winkle nap and cannot see anything when they wake up? The fact is those who can make money out of alleged reforms, and newspaper writers who must have something to write about, make up the only class who declaim against woman's attire at the present time. All others recognize it has never before been so appropriate and becomingly sensible.

BEATRIX.

"HANDSOME IS THAT HANDSOME DOES."

Only a few weeks since I wrote a letter with this same headline and I wonder now if it does not apply equally well to a bit of my recent experience—one of the many lessons from a day's outing. I took the morning train, and in the coach two ladies especially attracted my attention. The elder was a maiden lady about 75 years of age, wearing a short blue calico dress with a large kitchen apron, a skimpy shawl, ungloved hands and a hood drawn tightly around her wrinkled, toothless face. Her "baggage" was carried in a large dishpan and altogether she had not a prepossessing appearance, yet I noticed that a fashionably dressed lady of about forty went the length of the car to speak to her, remaining for some time in animated conversation, and in reply to the exclamation of wonderment from another she said: "I have known her all my life, poor old thing." She is well educated, speaking different languages and has means enough to dress well if she wished to do so, but

almost her only car ride in a lifetime was taken in this guise. However, it was not of her peculiarities that I meant to write only as it was a part of the lesson. Arriving in Detroit business took me to the rooms of two young ladies whom the highest circles in the city delight to honor. Educated abroad in their chosen profession, flattered and feted in the cities of the old world, but returning as modest and unassuming, as cordial and true-hearted as when they were our own country school girls, and I chanced to remember hearing of the man from their little country town who drove to Detroit as a huckster, and when seen on the street by these same ladies they went out on the crossing to speak with him and make inquiry about the dear home friends, and he was then riding with a load of calves. Afterward I attended the matinee, and in the same connection I noticed how Little Lord Fauntleroy stuck to his friends—the corner grocer and the bootblack—even when the honors of earldom were hanging over him. And then in such marked contrast to all this I dined with two young ladies at their boarding place. Both were comparative strangers in the city, rooming together, yet my one acquaintance privately informed me that she would not on any account walk on the avenue with her roommate. Thinking of the sunny temperament, pretty face and stylish dress I asked: "Is she not respectable?" The answer was: "Oh, yes! I suppose so, but then you see she works for a living and I don't." It mattered not that her work was of the faintest kinds, giving instruction in fancy work, commencing rare designs for others to finish, the firm that gave her employment paying her twelve dollars per week; all the same she was working for her daily bread, while the non-worker was simply taking music lessons. Her model and the one whom she was anxious to imitate was her teacher—one of the ladies with the foreign education—but then, I thought, she, too, works for a living! where can my pert young miss draw the line? For though it be a prima donna or the President of these United States, if they receive a salary they are servants of the people as truly as those who earn but twelve dollars per week or one-fourth that sum.

But another thought crowds in, and that is that when one has an assured position they can do things that a beginner in the social scale would not dare to do. As a lady who had risen from comparative poverty to wealth said: "I can wear a print dress now and enjoy it, for people know I can have all the silks that I want, but when I had none I was shy of meeting my friends in a cheap dress." There is much in the thought. The young music pupil was anxious to gain a standing in social circles and to be seen walking with a shop girl would not be considered the proper thing. She has influential relatives in the city, and she felt that she must hold herself according to their standard. I have thought much of these cases. What say the HOUSEHOLDERS? EL. SEE.

ROMEO.

FANTASMA.

During a recent visit to Beatrix, she took me to see Hanlon's grand fairy spectacular play at the Lyceum. Of course she only went to take me. Beatrix is always willing to chaperone more frivolous persons to an amusement of that kind. The play itself was not much. Zamaliel, the villain and king of the realms of Hades, wished to have Lena, the heroine, for his queen. She was in love with Arthur, who was devoted to her but really not half so nice as Zamaliel; with the aid of Fantasma, the fairy queen, they at last overcame all the schemes of Zamaliel and were happily united.

As the curtain rose on the first scene we saw a group of witches as wised as those who greeted Macbeth as he was returning across the heath. These, however, gave no message but received one from Hagarth, one of Zamaliel's imps, and then went through a grotesque dance, waving above their heads arms as long as their bodies. They disappeared and we saw Lena carried off by Zamaliel, while Arthur stood helplessly wringing his hands in deep despair. Then Pico came upon the scene and the fun began. The poor fellow was faithful to the cause of Lena and Arthur, although it was difficult to see just where he furthered it; and his ludicrous scrapes kept the audience well amused. Magic lamps first bewildered him and he darted from one place to another to seize the light which always just escaped him. He started in the pursuit of Lena but was hindered by a gate which behaved very queerly, always opening the wrong way and giving poor Pico many undeserved bumps. Arthur continued his search for Lena and was encouraged by fleeting visions of her, but finally saw her ascend to a tower with Hagarth. Pico had an encounter with skeletons which appeared before his astonished eyes whichever way he turned, and completed his amazement by having a boxing match. I think it would be rather unpleasant to meet with so many animated skeletons all at once. Pico next came to a small cottage where he found a suit of clothes which he concluded to try on. I was almost as much surprised as Pico appeared to be when, after carefully arraying himself in the new suit, he was still clad in the same old clothes. The transformation was so quick. To make up for the loss of the new clothes he was treated to a deluge of hats of all kinds, shapes and sizes. Pico's adventure with the five bears was really splendid. The black bear skins and huge heads and paws made them look quite sufficiently real, and as they chased poor Pico around the stage, following him as he disappeared through the most unexpected openings, it became very exciting. Pico climbed up to the roof of the cottage, whereupon the bears began taking down the house, piece by piece, until only the chimney was left. Then Pico produced a violin and fiddled away for dear life while the bears danced to the music.

The name of the next scene on the programme did not prepare me for the scenery that followed. Truly,

it was "Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea," for there were all the wonders of the deep. And down through this seeming water came Zarzar, an imp, with Lena in his arms. Zamaliel concealed her in the rock of eternity; but through Fantasma's aid Arthur succeeded in rescuing her, while Zamaliel was imprisoned in the jaws of a gigantic octopus.

The next act showed Zamaliel again in power, and Lena placed in charge of a peculiar black monster called Erebus. Although ghosts are not usually noted for their beauty, the phantom minuet which followed was one of the prettiest scenes of the play. The faces of the dancers were pale but not ghastly and their robes of white and silver in exceedingly good taste for disembodied spirits. Pico was then treated to a novel banquet, where everything flew off his fork or out of his hands and left him wondering what had become of the dainty morsel he had expected to convey to his mouth. But this was nothing to what followed. His head was chopped off and held up before the audience. Strange to relate, in the next scene Pico's head seemed to have grown again as good as ever, nor was there even a scar to mark the catastrophe. Pico's adventures in the haunted dormitory were about the funniest thing of all. He pulled off his boots and they calmly walked off across the room and up the wall and remained stationary near the ceiling. Pico, after much bewilderment, found another pair and put them on, but, as he glanced triumphantly at the runaway boots, those that he had on disappeared, and I, for one, could not tell where they went. He pulled on a nightcap but it flew off, circled around above his head, and finally vanished in the mouth of a portrait on the wall. He sat down before a grate to enjoy his newspaper, but the fire darted out under his chair, making the seat unpleasantly warm to judge by the look of dismay on his countenance. It was wonderful as well as funny to watch the different contrivances, all coming in perfect order and following one another so quickly that one could not help admiring the mechanical genius which must have ordered all this. In the next scene Arthur was shown a succession of tableaux of beautiful women, seemingly floating in the air, while the stage was illumined with colored lights. But he could not be tempted to forget Lena, and by his loyalty won her deliverance. The act ended with a beautiful transformation, the scene in Hades became a grotto of the magic fountain where were seen lovely water-nymphs. It is impossible to give in words the brilliant effect of the lights and scenery.

The last act began with a chase of demons after Arthur, who was thus brought captive to Zamaliel. Pico had a walking match with Spikes, whose name describes him perfectly, and was beaten, but was happily delivered by one of Fantasma's fairies after he was so tired that he was obliged to pick up his feet with his hands in order to walk at all. Lena, who had been left in charge of an old woman, was tempted forth from her

safe retreat by visions of Arthur, only to find herself again in the power of Zamaliel. Both the lovers were then his prisoners, and he was about to throw Arthur into the fiery crater of a volcano when Fantasma appeared in all her power, overthrew Zamaliel, united Lena and Arthur, and the curtain went down for the last time upon a grand transformation full of wonderful scenic effects, tinsel and colored lights, to the realms of Fantasma.

We went home fully expecting to have the doorsteps fly up and hit us in the face, to find ourselves on the outside of the door after entering, or to have the gas behave in any kind of fantastic way. But we were out of the realms of fairyland and everything conducted itself in an eminently proper manner.

PORT HURON.

E. C.

SOME INTERESTING ANECDOTES ABOUT FAMILY PETS.

Calico is the name of our family cat, and Sailor is our dog. The two are fast friends, eating from the same dish, and cold nights Calico cuddles down close to the dog, and his long curly hair is as good as a blanket. And such romps! Sailor runs after Calico and playfully catches her by the ear. Calico will hide behind a chair and jump clear over Sailor's back when he passes her hiding place. But Sailor is fond of a walk, and often starts off by himself. He does not think it proper to be accompanied by a cat, and when Calico attempts to go out of the gate and walk with him, he gently drives her back, and will not start again until she sorrowfully disappears inside the house. Calico is very lonely when Sailor is gone, walks all over the house mewing, and when his bark is heard, runs to the door and stays there until some one comes and lets him in. Our door bell is an old fashioned one and hangs inside, about a foot from the floor. Both the cat and the dog associated the ring of the bell with some one wanting to come in, and when they heard it both ran with the one who went to open the door. One morning Sailor had gone for his walk and Calico went mewing around the house more loudly than ever. I heard his bark asking to come in, but with hands in the dough, thought he might wait awhile. But the door bell rang and that must be attended to. So hastily wiping my hands I went into the entry. There was Calico, and she looked into my face and mewed. I opened the door; no one was in sight but Sailor, who bounded in with a joyful bark, and they were soon in a great romp. The cat rang the bell to draw my attention.

My neighbor has a knowing horse, kind too, and fond of children. One day a careless boy was pulling a baby carriage, and unmindful of the poor little innocent inside, pulled the wagon over a board on the sidewalk. It turned over, the baby fell out, rolled off the curb and landed under the horse. Old Dobbin saw what was coming and held up his fore leg, so that by no possibility could he step on the child. He then looked around and

neighed to his master, with an expression on his face, "Hurry up! and get that child out from underneath my legs." The baby was roaring lustily, but was not hurt.

Over my writing table hangs the sleeping place of a bright canary. The door of the cage is open in the day time, and Dick flies all over the room and is the busiest of birds. Nothing escapes those bright eyes, and his curiosity often brings him to grief. I washed my hands one morning, and left a strong soapsuds in the bowl. Dick flew on the edge to investigate, and it being slippery, in he tumbled and a very demoralized bird was fished out. We had to rinse him in several waters to get the soap out of his feathers, and we shut him up all day in his cage, where he moped and repented his carelessness. But the next morning he was ripe again for mischief. If I write too long and do not notice his small majesty, he will light on my pen, and with a great flutter of his yellow wings draw my attention. Sometimes he tries to catch on my nose, and then I must certainly put down my pen. He hops all over the table, his bright eyes peer out from the papers, and my ink stand is a favorite resting place. One day he popped his whole head into the ink, and his curiosity was completely satisfied. With a twitch of his head he sent a shower of ink down on the table and letter I was writing, and after this performance he certainly was a most peculiar looking bird, a vivid yellow body and a coal black head. To restore his good looks again he deliberately flew to my work box and wiped the ink on the spools of thread.

DETROIT.

SISTER GRACIOUS.

THOUGHTS FOR MOTHERS.

Olive Thorne Miller, in a late issue of *Harper's Bazar*, presents some ideas on the relationship between mothers and children, especially daughters, which will be found to contain a grain of truth and be worth thoughtful consideration, whether we entirely agree with her or not. Mrs. Miller says:

"The fatal error of many a mother is in considering the little woman as exclusively her own property. 'It's my child,' we hear every day. 'I shall do as I like with my own.' But the child is *not* hers in any such absolute sense as these words claim. How much heartache and pain and wretchedness we should save ourselves if we would only recognize in the beginning this everlasting truth—that the child is simply a spirit given into our care to train, so far as we can, into right ways of thinking and living, with a body to nurture to maturity; to become, after that, in some cases, as independent of us as if it had been born a brother or a sister instead of our own child. We might learn a lesson here from the birds. * * * Does not the mother bird wear herself out in feeding and comforting her nestlings, protecting them by every device in her power, even with her life? Yet as soon as these little ones are grown and trained to procure their own food they become as members of one family, perfectly friendly but entirely in-

dependent of each other. With our more complex nature we cannot, nor would we desire to imitate the bird, but the nearer we approach its wisdom the happier it will be for us and the better for all. Nor is this cold heartedness or indifference; it is simply common sense. When these immortal spirits who have been under your care in childhood's preparatory school are adult they *owe* you, as a matter of fact, absolutely nothing. What you have done for them was in payment of the debt you owed for your own bringing up; moreover, you have been more than repaid in the happiness they have given you. * * * They have their own lives to live; they cannot live yours. They are and must be free, and you have no right to dictate. Their life is not yours to dispose of. They belong to themselves and to God. Happy the mother who can realize this truth and govern herself by it. * * * One of the most terrible bondages that young women have endured has been the slavery to the home, to selfish or thoughtless parents, who have hampered the daughter's life in every way and dwarfed her mentally and spiritually. It is right that she should lay down the burdens selfishly imposed upon her young life, and though she will have hard work and many struggles the spirit of peace, the independence—her rightful heritage—are ample recompense. But there is a better and a happier way. If the mother can so train her daughter that home is to her not a prison-house, but the dearest place on earth, that under the roof she can live her own life, and feel that by her presence she confers as much joy as she receives, until marriage, if it comes, opens her own home to her, or if it does not, so long as she lives, that is best; that is ideal."

That mothers—and fathers too—might be spared much unhappiness and fruitless anxiety by simply recognizing the right of their grown-up children to live their own lives whether those lives conform to the ideals and standards of the parents or not, is very certain. That "bringing up" has been a failure which has not given strength, courage and resolution for an independent existence. Any life worth living cannot be rightly lived in subservience to another's will. The perfect parental training is modeled on the Divine plan, which guides, directs, points out the way, then leaves us free to choose. What sorrow to parents and children might be spared if the former would take home to life and practice some of the truths in the above extract? It is a fearful responsibility to attempt to direct the course of a sentient being, with mind and spirit of whose secret promptings and influences we can know nothing. We see instances all about us; young men who were forced into business for which they had no taste or talent because their parents decided what they should "be" without waiting to see the direction of their tastes and talents; marriages made to suit the elders, who decided upon the eligibility of a suitor and pressed an unwilling daughter to the altar by appeals to her love of luxury, or social prestige. We see also middle-aged men and women who have

sacrificed their ambitions, their success in life, their own happiness, their prospects of becoming independent beings, both financially and spiritually, to the selfishness of a father or mother who objected to their leaving home. Perhaps the mother wished to keep her grown children about her to enjoy their companionship, or from a fear they might go astray if beyond her supervision; and the years and the opportunities went by till the tie was broken by death, all home conditions altered by a readjustment of ownership, and men and women with locks already whitening left to find new homes and unaccustomed duties, for which they were unfitted.

Yet children owe parents a personal duty they cannot discharge by saying what they have received was but their due, or that the debt was cancelled by reversion.

What we have done for our children is in payment for what our parents have done for us. It is more. It has made our children our debtors; they owe us love and gratitude and consideration, and care, if the time comes when we need it. The debt is never paid till we are finally and forever at rest

* * * in that low tent
Whose curtain never outward swings."

But as we value their happiness and our own, we must bear ever in mind their right to independent thought and act. They may stray far from our standards, grieve us by their waywardness, but we drive them further from us by coercion. We are in error when we attempt to overbear and dominate; we can only use their early years to teach and train, so that in later ones they will not give us cause to blush. But the trouble is we neglect the first steps, forget the moulding of character begins almost in the cradle and by and by, when we learn the daughter's stubborn will cannot be broken and the son's determination matches ours, we make ourselves—and them—wretched by attempting to compel obedience, and at last snap the links that bind us together.

BEATRIX.

MY FIRST PIE.

It was while living the life of a recluse in a lonely canyon in California that I essayed my first attempt at fine art cookery; or to use a more appropriate culinary phrase, pastry cooking, in trying to make a fruit pie. Being determined to have my crusts light and puffy, I put into my flour a lot of baking powder, making no mistake this time, "the more's the pity," for none ought to have been used. I didn't roll the crusts quite thin enough, leaving them nearly half an inch thick. Covering the tin with the under crust, fruit was put in and securely covered with the upper crust, forgetting to make any eyelet—no, ventilating holes for the escape of steam. Viewing my effort with complacency, and invoking a blessing upon it, it was committed to the oven. Soon a terrible commotion was heard, and on examination the under crust had risen up, up, and together with the steam, had caused an eruption like a volcano, boosting most of the fruit out of the crater at the top, and this with

the juice was running like lava down the sides of the pie on the oven bottom—my oven was a Dutch oven—causing the afore-said commotion. But I "let her sizzle" till it was done, when I found two crusts about as thick as my foot, with no inwards to speak of. Concluded not to make any further attempts at fruit pies, so I turned my attention to making meat and pot pies, on which I just "dote."

MUSKEGON.

GRANDPA.

CHAT WITH CONTRIBUTORS.

I wonder if all have enjoyed A. L. L.'s "Notes of Travel" as much as I have! I think she deserves a vote of thanks for her kindness in giving us such glowing pen pictures of her trip and the places of interest she has visited.

Beatrice's outing also gave us through the HOUSEHOLD glimpses of eastern life as she found it. I was much interested in her account of the visit to "Kirby Homestead," which shows that while the Colonel evidently knows how good butter should be made, and can tell others, practically he sometimes fails to "show off" before company.

I think L. C., of Detroit, is "sound" on the tintype rage, which by the way seems to be on the wane, for it seems to me it must be a trifle embarrassing to a woman to see in after years—when long since married perhaps—in the possession of some other person her picture taken with an old-time "beau."

I too, puzzled my brain over the "dreams" M. E. H. tells us of, but am decidedly of Beatrice's opinion in regard to woman's position at the present day. The field is practically open to all men and women alike, in every branch of labor; and as for the average wife and mother, her burden is no more arduous than that of the average man with a family to support. The difference lies in the *kind* of work only.

Eudora asks why corn, peas, fruits, etc. must be cooked in the cans. With fruits it is not necessary, but as far as I know green corn, peas and other vegetables can not be preserved in cans by the ordinary method of canning, I kept corn very successfully last year by cooking in the cans placed in the washboiler and boiling six hours. This year I tried shortening the length of time to four hours, and the result is that my corn is not sufficiently cooked; much of it souring in the cans, so I shall not experiment in that line again.

I can not agree with M. E. H. on the suffrage question. One might as well argue that boys should not be allowed to vote upon attaining their majority on the plea that they will undoubtedly vote as their fathers do, as to say that women will do so. Women have a mind of their own, as many a man will confess to his sorrow; altogether too much mind to suit the masculine gender in some cases. The great mass of American women today are thinking women, and while occasionally you find one of the "ivy-vine" type, the great majority can think for themselves, and if need be act for themselves too. And sup-

pose she did want office! what rational human being will not admit that she would act as wisely and benefit the country as an office holder fully as much as the average male incumbent? Equal rights to male and female should be the cry of every woman, whether she wishes to avail herself of them or not. Side by side with man when the last barrier is passed—the right to have a voice in the laws of the land. Should not the governed have at least the right to say what the government should be? And is an illiterate woman less fitted to cast her vote than an illiterate man? No, I am not a radical woman suffragist; do not belong to a "club;" but I do think a woman is as good as a man any day, and deserving of the same privileges; and as I said before, this seems to be the last barrier and so let us pass it.

Personally I have my share of "rights;" still I would like the privilege of voting if I want to; and I expect to have it, too, some day.

ELLA R. WOOD.

FLINT.

A COUPLE OF UNIQUE ENTERTAINMENTS.

Potato parties are a popular fad in Washington and Philadelphia, and illustrate how little it takes to amuse the young and the idle. The "party" is managed as follows: Four rows of potatoes, four in a row, are laid the length of a long room and the sport begins. The name of two couples are called, and the four, two ladies and two gentlemen; station themselves at the potato lines, and at the signal of a bell begin the difficult feat of lifting the first potato on a tiny coffee spoon. This accomplished, it is borne in safety to the umpire's table at the extreme end of the room, and the task repeated until the four potatoes are safely brought into harbor. The game continues until the steadiness of hand of all is tested, and great amusement is created. Prizes are awarded to those lifting and carrying the potatoes in the shortest space of time.

Good Housekeeping tells the young people how to conduct a "spider-web party." The invitations had spider webs painted in one corner and a spider in another, and a fly on the flap of the envelope instead of a monogram. On the ceiling of the parlor, overhead, in the centre, was fastened a large spider, cleverly made out of black velvet and pasteboard. From this stretched to the corners and sides of the room a web of many colored cords, consisting of 30 strands, one for each member of the company, and on the end of each a tiny package containing a miniature spider and a programme, with the name of the guest and a number. To unfasten these strands and disentangle them and find the partner indicated by the number and the color of the cord was the business of the evening, which consumed considerable time and created much merriment. Two or three ingenious girls could unite and give a "spider-web party," making their own *arachnids* and favors, and find much pleasure in so doing.