

# MICHIGAN FARMER

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## THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

### THE GHOST IN THE KITCHEN.

The day's work is ended, the fire burns low,  
The cook stove is shining and bright,  
All is quiet and clean—yet somehow I know,  
There's a ghost in my kitchen to-night!

The windows are fastened with housewifely care,  
The door is securely made tight,  
But I know by a feeling there is in the air,  
There's a ghost in my kitchen to-night!

It is buried deep down in a bowlful of flour,  
With a thick cotton cloth o'er its head,  
But I know in the depth of the midnight hour  
It will rise from its snowy bed.

While I quietly rest from the toil of the day,  
Gaining strength for the new morning light,  
This ghost which no wizard's enchantment can lay,  
Will work in my kitchen to-night.

Like the geni of which in our childhood we heard,  
Diffusing himself through the air,  
So this spirit by kindest sorcery stirred,  
Assumes vast proportions and fair.

He will work and will work through all the dark  
night.

And will rise and will rise from his bed,  
'Till he soars out of sight—but to my delight  
He leaves me a bowlful of bread.

—Alice W. Ballard, in *Good Housekeeping*.

### THE HOME FOR THE FRIENDLESS.

I promised, several months ago, when a lady wrote me asking me to find her "a sweet, blue-eyed baby, with curling golden hair, winning ways and pretty face" for adoption, that I would visit the Home for the Friendless on Thirteenth St. in this city, and see the babies. But time, to a busy woman, slips by almost unheeded, and it was not until the matter was recalled to my mind by a message from one of the lady managers of the Home to whom I had mentioned my purpose, to the effect that there were over forty babies at the Home, too many for the accommodations, that I remembered my promise. So one bright afternoon last week Madame and I took a daisy ride on Grand River Avenue and introduced ourselves to the matron, Mrs. Powell, who kindly showed us through some of the principal rooms and offices, kitchen, dining-room, etc.; then introduced us to the head nurse, Mrs. Ray, who in turn presented us to the forty-nine babies at present in the institution.

Forty-nine babies! Little helpless morsels of humanity, irresponsible for their existence, unwelcomed, their coming unattended by the sacred hopes and joys of motherhood, evidences of women's dishonor and men's unfaithfulness and shame, destined never to know a mother's tender love and a father's protecting care—how could one's heart be stirred otherwise than

with pity for their helplessness and the unfortunate conditions under which they must begin the uphill struggle of life! For nearly all of them are illegitimate, and it is a regrettable fact that the Home was never so crowded as at present—regrettable, because it seems to indicate an increase of immorality. Many of the unfortunate girls who seek this refuge are from Canada; most of them are country born and bred; a great many have been well brought up. Sad tales of betrayal, broken promises, sometimes of even graver wrongs, are told by some of those who come here to hide their shame—a shame which bears the woman down to the depths while the man, often the greater sinner in that he takes advantage of the ignorance and the affection of the girl, goes free.

But the babies! In one large room—the night nursery—whose walls were lined with cribs each having its little white spread and pillow slip, were enough for a good sized baby show. Some of the beds were empty, some had two occupants engaged in staring each other out of countenance, in others the little ones were quietly sleeping. One little fellow had fallen asleep with his tiny fists doubled up and "on guard," as if he already had an inkling that life was to be a fight and he meant to be ready. He was a nice, chubby baby, too, with a well-shaped head. Half a dozen were kicking up their heels upon a thick comfort spread on the floor and guarded by foot-high boards with cushioned sides; a couple were perfectly happy in baby jumpers, while the eight or ten girls in the room were holding a couple apiece and perhaps rocking a crib containing a couple more. Some of them were puny, but all seemed well and well cared for; most of them were nice bright babies, who would look up and give us a wide, toothless smile after the idiotic fashion of very young infants. Here young Harper, so named because he was born at Harper hospital, was carefully investigating his shoe and testing its quality in his mouth; he had blue eyes, light hair, and was almost a year old. Horace may in time become a contortionist, at least he was attempting the difficult feat of swallowing his own foot. Robert was a bright baby with a well-shaped head and pleasant face. One baby boy, six months old, had large blue eyes, dimples, and a pretty mouth; his name was larger than he, though he was a lusty fellow, for unless some kind soul adopts and rechristens him he will go through life, as Reginald.

Nearly all the children have blue eyes, and by far the larger proportion are boys; I was glad to hear that, for at least a man has not to face the inquiry "Who was she?" "What is he?" is only required of him. A fair-skinned, fair-haired baby three months old was fitly named *Blanche*; and in the day nursery I quite fell in love with pretty blue-eyed *Madeline*. There was a very young babe with remarkably thick long dark hair, and one of decidedly Japanese type of countenance. There was one colored child, a light mulatto with beautiful curling hair, who looked at us with a frown in his great black eyes; and "King William," squirming out of his little chair, was set up again by the nurse only to repeat the wriggling-out process. One poor little child was crying dismally in the sick nursery, that wailing cry indicative of suffering; this was the only patient. Twenty-two of the babies had the grippe, but only one died, which certainly speaks well for the skill and care of the nurses and the physician, Dr. Ross.

Most of us have on occasion found it difficult to secure a quiet spot in a house where there was but one babe with the normal lung capacity, and would be of the opinion that forty-nine in one house and a couple of dozen in a room would make an infant pandemonium. But it is not so; it is much more quiet than you would think. The babies seem absorbed in their own reflections; they play about with the toys which generous people donate, in a solemn way; they tumble over and pick themselves up again; they look round with wondering eyes, as if surprised that the population of their new world should be so largely infantile, and, seeing so many attendants about, are seldom shy. I have a theory that the self-repression and secrecy maintained by their unfortunate mothers before their birth in large part accounts for this. The pre-natal influences which were strongest upon them were silence and self-control, the mother's shame being hidden as long as possible. It is not, perhaps, to be entirely regretted, if it tends to self-mastery in later years.

The Home opens its doors to all who ask admittance; if there is room for them, regardless of nationality or religion. But they must not come the second time. They are allowed to stay three months after confinement, and are expected to assist in the work of the institution; some of them thus pay the fees required. There are two or three nicely furnished rooms for those who can afford to pay \$9 or \$10 per week for



them. The dormitories are good sized neat, plainly furnished rooms, with single iron bedsteads; the crowded state of the Home necessitates having three and four of these in one room, for there are thirty-five girls sheltered at present.

The children are kept till they are two years old; there is one however, nearly three, whom no one has cared to adopt. Beauty counts for a good deal with those who wish to adopt children, and the pretty babies are chosen first, for those who adopt have not the mother love which redeems the homely child in its parents' eyes. All babies are beautiful to their mothers, you know.

It would seem a true charity for the childless couple to take one of these little waifs, and give it the care and training and by and bye the love which may make it an honored member of society. The history of the girls is known to the matron, and in most cases—alas that it should be so—they come from respectable families, so that the children do not inherit the tendencies of a vicious ancestry. The Home is glad to place its wards in good homes, and care is exercised in so doing. And there is that in the helplessness and innocence of a little child which awakens love and tenderness in a kind heart; and no other should attempt to adopt a child. It would seem better, too, to bring a child up from the cradle and guide and form its ways, than to take one five, six or eight years old and strive to undo the work of mistaken or omitted training.

BEATRIX.

#### TOWARD WHAT ARE WE DRIFTING?

In the great "free for all" race, in which everybody has entered—scored and started for the goal with bold persistent stroke, I think one would be safe in saying two-thirds are striving for the unattainable. We are largely creatures of circumstances; not always in the place we would choose if following our own inclination, but where we are forced to be by circumstances; often performing labors that are thoroughly distasteful to us, because we see nothing else to do that will bring us in a living. How many boys and girls today in pursuing their studies, have any settled idea of what they are fitting themselves for? How many parents take the trouble to talk with their children, and find out in what channel their childish aspirations run? The tendency of the times is toward something foreign. One writer says the English literature our youth are allowed to read, renders the boys unpatriotic and contemptible, and our girls more so. I think the fault lies in the mothers; in the example set, and the principles instilled in the youthful mind. I was reading a short time since of several women "in the swim" who had purchased crowns at fabulous prices and wear them on great occasions, and this in our progressive Nineteenth Century! We cherish Mount Vernon with its hallowed memories. The pages of our United States history tell in simple language of these brave men who through streams of blood, enduring privations, hunger and cold, gained us this in

dependence. They whipped the red-coats, but the Americans of today ape English ways, forms and modes. To be right up in every way one must be English "don't ye naw?" Perhaps there are not many who know to what extent England is crowding out our own manufactories. Several weeks ago the Protective Tariff League gave their annual banquet in Madison Square Garden. It was the aim of the Club to have everything used on that occasion purely American, but it was found impossible. Upon looking about, consulting caterers and furnishers, there could not be found enough of American manufacture to set the tables for five hundred. So orders were given. Trenton potteries turned out 10,000 plates and dishes; Ohio furnished 3,000 pressed glass wine glasses; New Britain, Conn., 3,000 knives; New York City 3,000 forks for the thirteen tables which would seat thirty-seven each; Fall River furnished the cloths and Paterson the napkins, woven from flax twelve days before. It was quite difficult to find an American caterer, but finally one was secured, Louis Sherry by name, who served a strictly American bill of fare. It might be a novelty to see the tin plate tied with red, white and blue ribbon, made in Paterson, and containing the following menu:

Olives.	Oysters.	Radishes.
	Reeling.	
	Green Turtle.	
	Sherry.	
Cake.	Mushroom Patties.	Candies.
	Zinfandel '88.	
	Chicago Sausages.	
	Eclipse.	
	Salmon, Newburg.	
	Great Western, E. D.	
	Tenderloin Beef, Washington.	
	Gold Seal, Brut.	
	Chicken, Maryland Style.	
	Cook's Imperial, E. D.	
Liquors.	Long Island Asparagus.	Absinthe.
	Columbia Sauce.	
	Snake on Toast.	
	Dandelion Sauce.	
	Bergundy.	
	Frozen Pudding.	
	Cheese.	
	Strawberries.	
	Coffee.	
	Cigars.	

It was considered necessary to have ten varieties of liquids to wash the solids down, all of American manufacture, many bearing foreign labels. How dinner parties and banquets have progressed within the past century!

It is the great desire of some American mothers to have their daughters marry Englishmen with titles. As soon as Angelica has gotten a smattering of French, German and Italian she is taken for a foreign tour; she must see the world—even though she cannot tell you one thing about her native land outside of her own town. She only knows that pa struck ile, or made a corner on pork or jumped into a fortune on a venture in the Board of Trade. They fall in on the way with a Duke, Prince or Count. He sets his price. Pater familias "comes down" with the "gilt," and Angelica emerges a full fledged Duchess or Princess or Countess. Such idiotic actions are enough to make an American citizen blush with shame. Buy a bloated blear-eyed Englishman and a title, when here a girl can become a queen in society simply by personal worth and charms! We are marrying our daughters to English nobles. In our

Presidential inaugurations we are following the innovations royalty demands of subjects. English syndicates own a chain of elevators from Rochester to Minneapolis; they control millions of acres of land west and south; they own manufactories of leather, cutlery, glass, crockery. All this business is an offshoot of the immense individual wealth seen nowadays, and the false ideas implanted in the minds of our children. For heaven's sake teach the boys and girls that they are American born citizens. Make them thoroughly American in thought and principle, and never allow them to ignore the memory of those brave men who won that freedom for them.

EVANGELINE.

BATTLE CREEK.

#### GROWING MUSHROOMS.

A subscriber at Ceresco wishes the Editor to tell her the time of year to begin growing mushrooms, the best market, prices, etc.

Mushrooms are a "fruit" always in season, but are much more profitably grown during the winter. The crop can generally be gathered in about two months or ten weeks from the making of the bed. The best returns are secured where the mushrooms can be delivered direct to the consumer; but many are packed and sent considerable distances to cities, and as there is a good demand for the canned article, they can be profitably grown near a canning factory which handles them. They are sold by the pound, and the price varies with the season. Detroit and Grand Rapids would probably be the chief markets in this State, though our inquirer might work up a market at Kalamazoo, at the largest hotels and grocery houses. For the most exhaustive information on the mushroom question we refer our correspondent to "Mushrooms and How to Grow Them," by Wm. Falconer, published by the Orange Judd Co., N. Y. City, and recently noticed in the FARMER. This book tells how to make the beds, the conditions of temperature, how to pack for market, and gives much information necessary to the novice. The price of the book is a dollar and a half, if we remember rightly.

#### ASHES FOR SOAP.

Isn't E. M., of Ousted, in the HOUSEHOLD of May 9th slightly in error when asserting that ashes from elm and hickory will not make soap? My experience is right the reverse of this, for I have always found this kind of timber to be the very best; while that from our species of oak here at the north is comparatively worthless. Ashes from green elm make the most and best kind of potash; and the ash from the live oak at the north and west makes very good soap.

This soap matter seems to have stirred up quite a discussion in the HOUSEHOLD; but if the quantity of soap a nation consumes is the criterion by which to judge of its civilization and Christianity, then the discussion will not have been in vain.

MUSKOGON.

GRANDPA.



## ABOUT BEDDING.

[Paper read by Mrs. Alice Nye before the Odessa Farmers' Club, Feb. 13, 1891.]

The first thing to do when we think of preparing bedding, as in all other household affairs, is to count the cost, to see what we can afford, for the best we can afford is none too good. Of course we must be economical, but that is nothing new for the housekeeper, and especially for farmers' wives, as usually the farmer's income will not admit of anything else. But I do not regard the practice of economy the worst thing that could happen, for I believe the articles that we buy after having to plan and think and look forward for a long time we enjoy and appreciate most. But occasionally times are a little too close, and after all our planning and economizing we fail to obtain what we need, or what we think we need at least. Let us not fret our lives out about that, but do the very best we can with what we have, and be content with the result. It's an old but true saying, that contentment is happiness.

As a rule, people like a good soft bed to sleep on. I know some claim to rest better on a board than on a soft bed. They are the exception and not the rule. And why shouldn't we like a good bed to sleep on when we consider the fact that in a lifetime of sixty years, twenty years, or about one-third of our lives, are spent in sleep?

In the first place good springs are indispensable in a first class bed. Then we want a hair or wool mattress. If this can't be afforded a mattress of cheaper grade is better than straw, because so much cleaner. Corn husks or straw with a feather bed make a good bed, but make more work than a mattress. When I went to house-keeping we had only straw with a home-made mattress over it, and good pillows, and thought we had pretty good beds. It is claimed by some that feathers are not healthy to sleep on, especially for children. Of course every one has a right to his own belief about such matters, but I don't think there is a healthier class of people than the Germans, and there are none who use more feathers about their bedding, for they often sleep between two feather beds. (I don't think I should care to have a feather bed over me.)

I am greatly in favor of using lots of wool about our winter bedding, not only for sheets but for comfortables, they are so much nicer and better than cotton, being so light and yet so warm, and the wool bats will last as long as we are willing to re-cover them, so they are not very expensive. In the earlier days our mothers used to card and spin the wool and then weave it into sheets and coverlets, which were good and very durable, but what lots of hard work! Since we are soon to have a woolen factory at our young city I suppose we can obtain all such goods by furnishing the wool and paying for the work. Let us get wool blankets or comfortables and do away with the old style of piecing quilts; it is true economy to use up the pieces of the clothing made up for the

family, and it is a source of comfort sometimes as we look over the pieces after the children are grown up, and each piece brings to our mind just how our little one looked in this little suit, or that apron or sunbonnet. Let us sew them together and make quilts of them if we wish, but let the pieces be of large size. Where one has leisure I have no fault to find, but where time is money, or more than that—health, we had better be writing a paper to be read at the farmers' club, or recreating in some other way than buying cloth to cut up in small pieces and sew together again to make it look pretty.

White spreads are cheaper than quilts. Very pretty ones are quickly and easily made of unbleached cotton with wicking drawn into it, in any pattern desired.

In conclusion, if we have not all the conveniences we could use I'm sure we all have some. Let us make the most and best of all available resources and be contented.

## ABUSE OF LANGUAGE.

What El. See said recently about the study of the dictionary fitted in nicely with my thoughts at that time—thoughts purchased "by my penny of observation," as "Moth" says. I have belonged, the past winter, to the "Monday Night Club," composed of a half dozen ladies who met once a week for the purpose of reading aloud and discussing some interesting books. Two of the members are teachers, and are very particular in regard to pronunciations. So we read with an Unabridged on the table, and one of our number looked up any disputed or doubtful words. That we had profited by the readings and the study of the dictionary was acknowledged by all at the last meeting, at which we finished Oliver Wendell Holmes' "Over the Teacups." Some of the "new pronunciations" were found not to be "new" after all, but according to the dictionary of 1878. Some words we learned we had always mispronounced because we had never taken the trouble to look them up. For instance, "nomad" I had always pronounced as if divided "no-mad," with the long sound of the o. Others confessed errors and rectified them.

Howells, in one of his books, makes fun of the woman who pronounces the name of the Supreme Ruler as if it were spelled "Gawd." Yet I have known people who considered any other pronunciation irreverent! Rev. Dr. Radcliffe, of this city, recently gave a lecture entitled "The New England Primer," which he pronounced with the i long—"pri-mer." An elderly lady who has a copy of this old elementary book over a hundred and fifty years old, said that in her girlhood it was thus called. But Webster marks this pronunciation "obsolete and rare" and defines and spells as we have always heard it. There is one word in common use which is generally misspoken, by middle-aged people particularly. It is "Aunt," which is usually called "ant." It is disrespectful, yet alone unpleasantly nasal, to call one's mother's sister an insect.

There are a great many words with

which we have a "bowing acquaintance"—so to speak, but with which we are hardly on speaking terms. We see them in print, know what they mean and how to spell them, but are not sure of ourselves when we wish to pronounce them. If you do not believe this statement, try reading aloud and you will soon be convinced, especially if you look up authority on the words of which you are in doubt. It is not quite as bad to mispronounce a word as it is to use it out of its proper meaning, but the number of purists is increasing every year and we must keep up with the procession.

I heard the Jefferson-Florence company give Sheridan's unrivaled comedy, "The Rivals," this winter, and there was nothing—unless indeed it were "Bob Acres" imitable facial expressions—which provoked more laughter than "Mrs. Malaprop's" "nice derangement of epigrams," on which she specially prided herself. The complacency with which she "misfitted" her language was irresistibly funny. And I have seen it not quite equalled but feebly imitated, off the stage, by women from whom you would have expected better things, but who seemed possessed of a mania to use long words out of their proper meaning. Such an one said to me once "It rained all day yesterday without secession"—blandly unconscious of error.

In a recent issue of *Harper's Bazar* I find the following, which is good:

"How many people are there who pronounce any proportion of their words correctly, not merely by reason of clipping and mouthing, but by ignorance of good usage? We find them everywhere, and they lay the accent on the first instead of on the second syllable of acclimate, for example; they pronounce the second syllable of acoustics, coo, instead of cow; they do not put the accent on the last syllable of adept, as they should do; they leave the u sound out of buoy; they pronounce duke with the oo instead of with the simple long u, emphasize the first instead of the second syllable of enervate and sound the t in often. They are astonished to know that precedence has the accent on the second syllable, and placard on the last; that quay is called key; that sough is suf; that the z instead of the s sound is to be given in sacrifice, and the reverse in rise; that subtle and subtile are two different words; that the last syllable of tortoise is pronounced "tis" instead of "tus," that it should be used and not ust; and that it is not the "zoo," but the zoological garden."

It is quite time, we think, when we hear one of these talkers, for some of the fancy-work and fancy studies of the day to be dropped, and a little hard work on the dictionary put in their place.

## BEATRIZ.

Mrs. W. H. R., of Brighton, asks what fashion magazine sends out patterns with cloth models. The Demorest patterns at one time were sent with cloth models, but we do not know if the practice still continues. In the Editor's experience, however, the cloth model was not worth the proverbial "half a row of pins." For information address W. Jennings Demorest, 15 East 14th St., New York City.



"KIND HEARTS ARE MORE THAN CORONETS."

The evening shadows were gathering early, and the night gave promise of being dark and stormy. In fact, the rain was beginning to fall as I arose from the supper table and began taking away the dishes. I had only taken away a few when our fourteen year old son stepped in through the back door, saying "Mother, here is a young man who would like some supper." He spoke with much confidence, knowing that I never refuse to give a tramp something to eat. I looked up and there stood a boy but a little older than my own. I have had a varied experience with the traveling gentry, and have more than once decided that I would not, *no never!* believe their stories again. But the very next time a tramp appeared at the door with his pitiful "Please, lady, will you give me a little cold bite? I'm very hungry," my resolutions vanished and a generous lunch would be brought out, and I would usually find that the same had been repeated over and over again at the houses of my neighbors. But this young boy brought out a strange sympathy; visions of unkind parents, bad luck and inexperience and many such things quickly flitted through my mind. Notwithstanding all this I tried to adhere to my former resolutions. But my boy stepped close to me as I was filling a plate and said "Fill two or three, for he is probably very hungry or he would never ask for it," and "Can't he come in here to the table?" I thought the kitchen would do; it was very comfortable. So Ora made him comfortable there and came back to plead with me for a bed for the tramp. I told him I could not keep him over night, for the town would provide a place for him. "Well, mother," still pleaded the generous boy, "I would willingly let him have my bed, I could sleep almost any place." But I was inexorable. "Well, I shall not leave him until he has a comfortable place." The tramp having finished his supper Ora says to him "Come with me, I will find you a comfortable place," and I, anxious to know what his plans were, called him back to inquire. He said he was going to take him to "the Cabin." This is situated on an island in St. Joe river within sight of our house, but reached by a circuitous path and necessitated crossing the river twice to reach it. It was now very dark and the rain pelting down dismally, but this did not deter the boy from seeing his protege safe. There were strange thoughts flitting through my anxious brain as the two boys started out in the dark. Admiration for my kind-hearted boy, and also for the confidence which the stranger seemed to have in his benefactor. Then the thought would intrude, "Suppose this fellow is vicious and he and his possible confederates should murder my son!" At eight o'clock he returned all right, saying in answer to my anxious inquiry, "I took him up to my cabin, where there is a good stove, plenty of wood and good shelter." It is a little building which Ora erected, just to see

what he could do in that line. Next morning he was astride before any one and trying to prepare breakfast for his charge, refusing to eat his own breakfast until he was provided. He took him a hot breakfast, and after some trouble in trying to waken him by calling from the opposite shore, came back home to get his boat and go by the river. Then the third time he made the trip to carry him paper, envelopes, stamps and pencil, that he might write to his friends of his trouble. Whether he used them for that we shall probably never know, or if he was worthy of the interest which he had awakened. And it was hard for me to undeceive the mind of my boy by telling him they are not all honest who pretend to be. But how beautiful would this world be could we have such confidence in every human being, and all were deserving! This tramp question is a hard one for me to solve. I never wish to turn a hungry person from my door. Therefore to avoid doing it I give to them all. That same morning two others called for breakfast and got it. Am I encouraging laziness?

UNION CITY.

DELLA E.

WAKEFULNESS AND PLANTS.

For years one of our neighbors was in very poor health, confined to the house through the winter months, a martyr to colds, nervousness and sleepless nights. She was seldom out of the doctor's care, and has told me she spent enough on doctors' bills and medicine every year to almost support a small family. The gift of a geranium was the beginning of a new treatment, and after a while she was comparatively a well woman. Her one plant was followed by a window garden and fern case. In summer she was out in the garden. She told me the very smell of the earth was life-giving, and when her old nervous, wakeful times came on she went to a box that was full of earth, turning it up with an old spoon, taking handfuls and smelling of it, and this always soothed her nerves and prepared the way for a good sleep. She went out every day, rain or shine. I have seen her working in the garden, in a summer shower. This was followed by a good rub over her whole body with a coarse towel, and warm dry clothing. She filled her time completely with reading about, and caring for plants. She says she "has not time to catch cold, or be sick." She does not take medicine and wishes other invalids would try the plant cure, saying: "It is being out doors in the pure air, and having the mind and heart filled with the care of, and love for plants that would work wonders among sickly women."

DETROIT.

SISTER GRACIOUS.

[There is really more in the "earth cure," as we should call the above, rather than the "plant cure," than skeptics would be ready to admit at first thought. The odor of freshly turned earth is strong and readily perceptible. Poets have sung of it; N. P. Willis writes of "the pleasant earth-smell of the month of April;" and

scientists say the "earth smell" is due to a peculiar fermentation undergone by the humus or vegetable mould contained in all true soils. Berthelot and Andre, distinguished chemists, have recently communicated to the French Academy of Science a brief note intimating that they have begun to investigate the cause of the odor. Its essential principle, they say, resides in a neutral organic compound which must be classed among the yet unknown aromatic substances. They find the odor of the compound to be penetrating, almost pungent, and analogous to that of the camphor group. The aromatic principle of the soil is neither acid nor alkaline in its reaction; the experimenters, despite their skill in research, have not yet been able so to determine its general characters as to specify them absolutely. They are continuing their investigations with the hope of ultimate success.—Ed.]

SOAP MAKING.

In a recent issue of the HOUSEHOLD E. M. left us at the ash house, where I imagine a host of young housekeepers pleading for escape. In the meantime they have procured lye; if so place in it an egg to test its strength. If the egg returns at once to the top of the lye we have good lye and can proceed to the beginning of the end. The fat should be placed in the kettle over a moderate fire and stirred constantly until the whole body of fat has reached a white heat. Then pour in a pailful of your strongest lye, continue stirring and adding lye. If you have a large amount of fat the kettle will not admit enough lye to thin the soap, but this may be added after the soap is in the barrel. I have the best success by salting the fat when putting it down.

The above has been my rule for twenty-five years, and having never had the slightest trouble in getting soap within three hours, I offer it, feeling certain those who try it will succeed.

PLAINWELL.

M. M. M.

[Does M. M. M. mean the soap-maker to add cold lye to the fat as the little boy wanted his dinner—"all to waste?" We should expect a great scattering of hot fat and some severe burns if a pailful of lye was turned into heated grease. Tell us just how you manage that detail safely, please.—Ed.]

In a recent HOUSEHOLD Maybelle, of Wolverine, Cheboygan Co., asked a donation of Sunday school books for a school just started in a new country. Mrs. Chas. Allen, of Plymouth, Wayne Co., writes us that the Baptist Sunday-School at that place have old books which will be cheerfully bestowed if they will be acceptable, and asks Maybelle to write her personally for further information.

To clean black lace churn up and down in alcohol till the latter foams; squeeze well and clap it between the hands; pull out the edges carefully and press in sheets of brown paper under a heavy weight till dry. An iron must not be used.