

MICHIGAN FARMER

AND STATE JOURNAL OF AGRICULTURE.

DETROIT, AUGUST 29, 1891.

THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

ZEKEL BROWN UNBURDENS HIMSELF.

The neatest woman in this town,
Folks say I've got for a wife;
And what folks say is gospel truth
This time, you bet your life.
Keturah Brown she beats the world
On bakin' bread and pies,
But her best hold is fightin' dirt
And circumventin' flies,
Her temper's like her pie-crust, which
They're both uncommon short;
An' tho' I'm free-and-easy like
Sometimes she makes me snort.
There ain't no sense in havin' things
So dum'd all-fired neat,
Nor sayin' ev'ry time I step,
"Now, Zek'el, wipe your feet!"
I can't set down in our best room,
It is so slick and spruce;
Fact is, most everything we've got's
Too good for common use.
Though next to godliness, the book
Puts cleanliness I'm bound
To say Keturah's mighty apt
To run it in the ground.
There ain't no use in kickin'. I'm
Prepared to bear my cross;
Some day, perhaps, I'll wear my crown;
Keturah she can't boss
Things round in Heaven. An' since we're told,
That there no moth nor rust
Comes to corrupt, I guess it's safe
To say there ain't no dust.
But oh, what will Keturah do
Within those pearly gates,
If she no longer finds the dirt
That she so dearly hates?
O'ershadowed Heaven itself will be,
Engulfed in awful gloom,
When my Keturah enters in
And cannot use a broom.

—Portland (Me) Transcript.

GOSSIP.

We never shall have better and nobler women until women turn from the belittling personalities which so engross them and become broader-minded and more liberal. I am thoroughly convinced of this. A life that is bound up in the gossip and tattle of a neighborhood can never become rounded into all God meant it to be, for the mind is always given over to contemplation of the little things, the every day happenings and trifles of existence. The brain cells become atrophied; there is no soul to be stirred by high thoughts or grand impulses, but all the current of existence is "bound in shallows and in miseries."

What does the ordinary talk of women amount to! One out of ten can talk of those things that are making the history of the day, the literature,

the great men, the arts and the sciences of the period; the nine will tell you the personal gossip of the community, what "they say;" what they have seen from their windows of their neighbors' goings out and comings in. On the street, in their parlors, in society, women's conversation is of other women, not of those who are doing yeoman service in some chosen field, but criticising some acquaintance or neighbor, her dress, her housekeeping, her habits. Tale-bearing and backbiting you can hear everywhere; plenty of condemnation and complaint; rarely the hearty words of praise and approval.

Any life thus surrendered to trivialities cannot help but be narrowed and anchored in the mud and slime of hateful gossip. There is nothing to call out good or arouse noble impulses. No thought is given to the grandeur of life and its possibilities. The faults of a friend are commented upon until they obscure her virtues. Careless words and acts are misconstrued and misrepresented until truth is lost in falsehood's fog, and cruel injustice done the innocent.

And what harm is done the gossip! Think of keeping the heart full of animosities, the eyes always open to discover only the bad in others, and letting the mind ever dwell upon the weaknesses and foibles of our acquaintances, with never a recognition of their redeeming virtues! "We are what we think." What our thoughts dwell upon, like that we become. By giving ourselves up to those personalities, thinking and talking of them, we incapacitate ourselves for other and better things; we become so we cannot think nobly or act lovingly or charitably toward others. We willfully blind ourselves to all the beauties of human character and see only its defects. Like "Number Seven," "in "Over the Teacups," we develop "squinting brains." It is as if we were walking through a beautiful orchard filled with fair fruit, and all our squinting eyes could see were the wormholes and the rotten fruits.

From a gossiping neighborhood "Good Lord, deliver us!" There is no local pride, no public spirit. Everybody is watching his neighbor with jealous eyes, and fearful he will do more or less than himself. Every per-

son's motives are subject to arraignment, for a gossiping community is always a suspicious one, and there is presumably an object to be served in any move for public weal. There can be no good fellowship where people are distrustful of each other; and you will find, usually, that about three families are all you can invite to a tea party and feel sure your guests are on speaking terms. Such a state of affairs tends to very select neighborhood gatherings.

Sometimes a once peaceful community is set by the ears by the advent of a new resident with a penchant for tattling, whose tongue stirs up strife and destroys the friendships of years. I wonder if it is because we know there are joints in our armor that we are so ready to believe when some semi-stranger repeats to us "what she said about you and I thought you ought to know it, being as you're such friends!" We know our own weaknesses, and is it not the fear that our associates recognize them as well that makes us so ready to listen to their unflattering "real opinion," as detailed at second hand by some one we have known but a short time? Or is it that we are anxious to see ourselves as others see us, yet ready to resent a picture which discloses traits we would rather have concealed?

Oh don't do it! If you find you are getting a taste for gossip, an inclination to hear and repeat personalities—those inconsequent occurrences which are not elevating in their nature and only interesting to those with idle, vacant minds—resolve at once to regenerate yourself and become nobler in thought and word. It is only by effort we rise; but it is easy enough to descend. Wasn't it quaint Josh Billings who said when one once began to go down everything seemed specially greased for the occasion?

There are curious people who can never pass a swill-barrel without looking into it, so too they can never see an opportunity for scandal that they do not pounce upon it, revel in its unsavory details, and put themselves upon its level by their apparent interest and delight in it. And what a debasing influence they exert upon the tone of the community!

Think a moment. Take the question home to yourself and arraigned before the bar of Conscience, ask *Am I a gos-*

GOOD LITERATURE FOR THE CHILDREN.

The subject of supplying our children with good books is so important that I feel impelled to have my say about it, believing that many a mother hesitates in this matter because she does not know what to get for them. I have found that good, first class magazines, to be bound at the end of the year are a great help to a child, giving him an interest, something to look forward to. When my little boy took *Babyland*, a five cent monthly for the wee ones, he used to say "Mine Harper's 'tun, Mamma?" about once a week, and he looks forward to having that peerless magazine *St. Nicholas* as eagerly as he ever looked for his first pair of pants. Then there is *Wide Awake*, *Harper's Young People*, and for children not quite old enough for these, a very good publication, *Our Little Men and Women*, a dollar a year and second to none. By giving our children the best and reading for them until they read for themselves (don't wait but begin as soon as you begin to tell them stories) a taste will be formed which will not be satisfied with "milk and water" or sensational books. They will probably read some objectionable ones in after life, but the mischief will not be as great, nor will the children be so likely to care for them, as if they had never known anything better.

Miss Alcott's "Little Women" and the sequel, "Little Men," should be read by every child, aye, and every mother, too. Consider the difference in tone between her books and those of Mrs. Holmes, for instance, and decide which girl would be more likely to prove a useful woman; the one with the Marches for her heroines, or the one with any of the love-sick damsels of the author of "Lena Rivers." For the books we read do influence us all, especially young girls, and the love of good books is a comfort and solace known only to those who have made good books their friends. As Saxe says:

"I call them friends, these quiet books,
And well the title they may claim,
Who always give me cheerful looks,
What living friend has done the same?
And for companionship, how few
Save these, my cronies ever present,
Of all the friends I ever know,
Have been so useful or so pleasant!"

But they will not need to usurp the places of our living friends, only to supplement them. And now, I beseech you, mothers, don't say, "We can't afford these magazines and books." You can if you will regard them as a necessity, as they truly are and should be. I know by experience whereof I speak, and sometimes when money is scarce you may think, "Well, we must give it up," but regard it as a paying investment, and you will not regret it.

WHEATFIELD.

JAY.

We recently saw quite a pretty crumb cloth made of blue denim, with a border of blue and white striped bed-ticking.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

ICING for cake may be prevented from cracking when cut, says an exchange, by adding one tablespoonful of sweet cream to each unbeaten egg. Stir all together, then add sugar till as stiff as can be stirred.

AN economical western woman had a dingy, faded rag carpet which she was ashamed of. She was a woman of expedients. She obtained a quantity of patent dyes, prepared them, and with a couple of brushes, one wide, one narrow, went over the stripes with the colors, brightening them so the carpet looked "almost as good as new."

SOAP should never be applied directly to black dress goods of any kind. Shave the soap and dissolve it in boiling water. Wash black lawn very quickly in hot suds, rinse in deeply blued water and dry in the shade. Iron on the wrong side while still damp. If starch is desired, make it blue and very thin; dry the dress, dip it in the starch, hang in the open air and iron when nearly dry.

A GENTLEMAN for many years connected with a large shoe house in this city gave the Editor of the *HOUSEHOLD* a trade secret the other day, to the effect that the injury done by the patent liquid shoe-polish to the leather of the shoes may be prevented by rubbing them first with a little castor oil. He says any polish which gives a lustre will rot the leather; the only way to prevent injury is to fill the pores with oil before applying it. He recommended Brown's Dressing as the best polish he knew.

A CORRESPONDENT of *Good House-keeping* says her own experience and that of several of her friends has plainly demonstrated that the clearest, most transparent and finely colored jellies are made by preparing the juice in the usual way, turning it into earthen vessels and letting it stand at least over night—on the ice if possible, then adding the sugar and making up as usual. The juice must be carefully poured off the sediment which will be left in the bottom of the pitcher or preserving pan, and the absence of this sediment is what makes the jelly so beautifully clear.

THE *Ohio Farmer* tells how to make hulled wheat. Pick over two or three quarts of good wheat; wash it; put it in a porcelain kettle, and with it a pint of clean wood ashes tied in a coarse cloth. Cover with water and set on the fire and let it boil one to two hours. Drain the water off, put the wheat into a large pan, or pail, pour on cold water and wash it, rubbing it between the hands to get the hulls off. If these come off right they will leave each a kernel as

white and about the size of a kernel of rice. But if they do not all come off it will do no especial harm, as the bran is so softened by the alkali that the wheat will cook with it on. Now the wheat must be washed over and over, then put on and boiled, then washed again. This must be done until all the hulls that will come off are removed and it is entirely free from the lye formed by the ashes. We put ours over and scald it twice and wash it in ten waters. Then put it over the fire with hot water enough to cover, salt well and boil four or five hours. The two quarts of wheat will make eight or ten quarts when done.

Contributed Recipes.

CANNED PLUMS.—Prick the plums to prevent bursting. For every three quarts of fruit prepare a syrup of one pound of sugar and one pint of hot water. When it comes to a boil add the plums, let them boil slowly five minutes, then fill into the cans. Green gages and damsons are nice prepared as above.

BRANDIED PEACHES.—Eight pounds of peaches pared and cut in halves; eight pounds of granulated sugar; one quart of best brandy. Make a syrup of the sugar and enough hot water to dissolve nicely. Let it come to a boil, skim and add the peaches, boil fifteen minutes. Remove the fruit, boil the syrup fifteen minutes, add the brandy, put back the fruit and can immediately. Pears and plums can be prepared in a like manner.

GREEN TOMATO PRESERVES.—Eight pounds of small green tomatoes; pierce each with a fork. Seven pounds of white sugar; the juice of five lemons; one ounce of ginger and mace mixed and tied in a thin muslin bag. Heat all together slowly and cook until the tomatoes are clear; take out with a perforated skimmer and boil the syrup thick, then add the fruit, fill into cans hot and seal. Very nice indeed.

CRAB APPLE JELLY.—Cut the apples to pieces, but do not pare or remove the seeds. Put into a stone jar, set the jar into a kettle of hot water and let it boil half a day or more, then turn into a muslin bag. Hang it so it will drip; do not squeeze it. Allow one pound of white sugar for one pound of juice.

BLACKBERRY CORDIAL.—One quart of blackberry juice; one pound of loaf sugar; one-half ounce of grated nutmeg; one-half ounce of cinnamon; one-quarter ounce of allspice; one-quarter ounce of cloves; one pint of best brandy. Tie the spices in a thin muslin bag. Boil the juice, sugar and spices fifteen minutes, skimming well, then add the brandy; set aside to cool. When thoroughly cold skim out the spices, bottle, and seal the corks.

RASPBERRY JAM.—To each four pounds of mashed berries add one pint of currant juice and three pounds of granulated sugar. Cook the berries and juice one-half hour, then add the sugar and cook twenty minutes longer. Blackberries can be made the same way, omitting the currant juice.

BATTLE CREEK.

EVANGELINE.

MICHIGAN FARMER

AND STATE JOURNAL OF AGRICULTURE.

DETROIT, AUGUST 29, 1891.

THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

ZEKEL BROWN UNBURDENS HIMSELF.

The neatest woman in this town,
Folks say I've got for a wife;
And what folks say is gospel truth
This time, you bet your life.
Keturah Brown she beats the world
On bakin' bread and pies,
But her best hold is fightin' dirt
And circumventin' flies.

Her temper's like her pie-crust, which
They're both uncommon short;
An' tho' I'm free-and-easy like
Sometimes she makes me snort.
There ain't no sense in havin' things
So dum'd all-fired neat,
Nor sayin' ev'ry time I step,
"Now, Zek'el, wipe your feet!"

I can't set down in our best room,
It is so slick and spruce;
Fact is, most everything we've got's
Too good for common use.
Though next to godliness, the book
Puts cleanliness I'm bound
To say Keturah's mighty apt
To run it in the ground.

There ain't no use in kickin'. I'm
Prepared to bear my cross;
Some day, perhaps, I'll wear my crown;
Keturah she can't boss
Things round in Heaven. An' since we're told,
That there no moth nor rust
Comes to corrupt, I guess it's safe
To say there ain't no dust.

But oh, what will Keturah do
Within those pearly gates,
If she no longer finds the dirt
That she so dearly hates?
O'ershadowed Heaven itself will be,
Engulfed in awful gloom,
When my Keturah enters in
And cannot use a broom.

—Portland (Me) Transcript.

Gossip.

We never shall have better and nobler women until women turn from the belittling personalities which so engross them and become broader-minded and more liberal. I am thoroughly convinced of this. A life that is bound up in the gossip and tattle of a neighborhood can never become rounded into all God meant it to be, for the mind is always given over to contemplation of the little things, the every day happenings and trifles of existence. The brain cells become atrophied; there is no soul to be stirred by high thoughts or grand impulses, but all the current of existence is "bound in shallows and in miseries."

What does the ordinary talk of women amount to! One out of ten can talk of those things that are making the history of the day, the literature,

the great men, the arts and the sciences of the period; the nine will tell you the personal gossip of the community, what "they say," what they have seen from their windows of their neighbors' goings out and comings in. On the street, in their parlors, in society, women's conversation is of other women, not of those who are doing yeoman service in some chosen field, but criticising some acquaintance or neighbor, her dress, her housekeeping, her habits. Tale-bearing and backbiting you can hear everywhere; plenty of condemnation and complaint; rarely the hearty words of praise and approval.

Any life thus surrendered to trivialities cannot help but be narrowed and anchored in the mud and slime of hateful gossip. There is nothing to call out good or arouse noble impulses. No thought is given to the grandeur of life and its possibilities. The faults of a friend are commented upon until they obscure her virtues. Careless words and acts are misconstrued and misrepresented until truth is lost in falsehood's fog, and cruel injustice done the innocent.

And what harm is done the gossip! Think of keeping the heart full of animosities, the eyes always open to discover only the bad in others, and letting the mind ever dwell upon the weaknesses and foibles of our acquaintances, with never a recognition of their redeeming virtues! "We are what we think." What our thoughts dwell upon, like that we become. By giving ourselves up to those personalities, thinking and talking of them, we incapacitate ourselves for other and better things; we become so we cannot think nobly or act lovingly or charitably toward others. We willfully blind ourselves to all the beauties of human character and see only its defects. Like "Number Seven," "in "Over the Teacups," we develop "squinting brains." It is as if we were walking through a beautiful orchard filled with fair fruit, and all our squinting eyes could see were the wormholes and the rotten fruits.

From a gossiping neighborhood "Good Lord, deliver us!" There is no local pride, no public spirit. Everybody is watching his neighbor with jealous eyes, and fearful he will do more or less than himself. Every per-

son's motives are subject to arraignment, for a gossiping community is always a suspicious one, and there is presumably an object to be served in any move for public weal. There can be no good fellowship where people are distrustful of each other; and you will find, usually, that about three families are all you can invite to a tea party and feel sure your guests are on speaking terms. Such a state of affairs tends to very select neighborhood gatherings.

Sometimes a once peaceful community is set by the ears by the advent of a new resident with a penchant for tattling, whose tongue stirs up strife and destroys the friendships of years. I wonder if it is because we know there are joints in our armor that we are so ready to believe when some semi-stranger repeats to us "what she said about you and I thought you ought to know it, being as you're such friends!" We know our own weaknesses, and is it not the fear that our associates recognize them as well that makes us so ready to listen to their unflattering "real opinion," as detailed at second hand by some one we have known but a short time? Or is it that we are anxious to see ourselves as others see us, yet ready to resent a picture which discloses traits we would rather have concealed?

Oh don't do it! If you find you are getting a taste for gossip, an inclination to hear and repeat personalities—those inconsequent occurrences which are not elevating in their nature and only interesting to those with idle, vacant minds—resolve at once to regenerate yourself and become nobler in thought and word. It is only by effort we rise; but it is easy enough to descend. Wasn't it quaint Josh Billings who said when one once began to go down everything seemed specially greased for the occasion?

There are curious people who can never pass a swill-barrel without looking into it, so too they can never see an opportunity for scandal that they do not pounce upon it, revel in its unsavory details, and put themselves upon its level by their apparent interest and delight in it. And what a debasing influence they exert upon the tone of the community!

Think a moment. Take the question home to yourself and arraigned before the bar of Conscience, ask *Am I a gos-*

ship? No evasion, no quibbling, but a rigid catechism for finding out the truth. Put some pertinent questions to yourself, after an afternoon's visit. Ask What did we talk about? Did we speak good or ill of others? Did I bring away any new thoughts, or pleasant ones, or better? Was it, or was it not, a wasted afternoon? Was anything unkind or unjust said, and did I say it? And if conscience convicts (and do not soften its accusation by deciding somebody else said something much worse than did you), just see if you have strength and resolution enough to stop short off, and turn the channel of your thought into better courses. One of the great benefits of the little reading societies, classes, literary clubs, and their kindred, is that they give us something to think and talk about besides our neighbors' affairs. I know no better relief for a gossip-ridden community than to start a literary society. Its members may never set the Thames afire, but they will not tattle so much. Try it, if you need the cure.

BEATRIX.

THE HAPPIEST MOMENT.

Happy are they who have a time they can hold in memory as something precious, a possession, having which they can feel, "Come what may, I have been blest." Two people have lately told me of their happiest moment, and though their experience was widely different yet it was alike in the happiest time shining forth from a background of trouble. One was an old army veteran. He said: "It was early in the spring of 1865. Our brigade, three years men, had been marching for days in that weary Southern land, tired, hungry and footsore. Suddenly we heard a singular sound in the regiments far behind us, a noise that might have been a roar from many voices. Our Colonel, a tall, nervous, excitable man, with a 'What's to pay now,' rode back. Soon he came tearing back, hat off and gone, shouting 'Lee's surrendered and the war is over.' Then we added to the sound of many voices, while our band struck up 'When Johnny Comes Marching Home Again.' That was my happiest moment."

The other was a matron of forty. She said: "The first year of my married life was spent with my husband's parents. It is easily in the power of a mother-in-law to make life a burden to her son's wife and not half try. I was only a girl of eighteen, never away from home and mother before; and my husband's mother regarded me from the very first with cold disapproval, a disapprobation that was not silent either. Well, poor woman, she is gone now and I took all the care of her in her last illness, but she never softened towards me. I think I spent a large share of that first year in crying over her cutting remarks. Even my approaching motherhood made no difference in her severity. When my baby was six

weeks old I went home on a visit. That evening, when the first excitement of my home-coming was over I was lying on the lounge in the dear old sitting room, my mother sitting near me smoothing my hair with her hand, my father holding my baby. The younger brothers and sisters were gathered around him wondering and admiring, while the tiny midget regarded them with the gravity suitable to his age. Suddenly from the back ground of my long homesickness it flashed upon me that now I was perfectly, perfectly happy."

To change the subject suddenly, I suppose we are all in the midst of canning fruit. I learned wisdom from last year's experience, and am putting up some things we rather despise now in the time of plenty. Last April canned gooseberries "went" better than anything else, so I am using a quantity of them. Two years ago I planted the seeds of the little husk tomatoes. I find by the way it grows and spreads and bears that Madam Nature is mistaking it for a weed. When it ripens I shall use it all for preserves, for I know that when Nature discovers that it is useful to us there will be seven new kinds of insects invented to live on it, the first frost will kill it, and we shall have to work to keep a few dwindling specimens alive. At present it threatens to overrun the farm. I shall put up some string beans and green corn with fear, for vegetables are so much harder to keep than fruit, though tomatoes keep easily enough.

Can any one tell me where I can get Fleischman's corn pressed yeast cakes. They are not kept around here, and I have read that bread can be made in three hours from them.

PIONEER.

HULDAH PERKINS

OUR GIRLS IN MEN'S OFFICES.

It is now the time of year when young people are seeking situations for the coming year. There has been a craze, if I may so call it, for two or three years—girls seeking situations in business offices, as bookkeepers or such other easy work as is to be done. Is it the place for one girl in an office where the rest are men? Yes, I know all your arguments, but I know a few who would have been better off if kept in the privacy of home.

The thought with me is, isn't there something better for the girls than these office situations? Last June while soliciting funds and new members for our Ladies' Library Association, I called at a gentleman's office, which was situated in the southwest corner of a large building. The windows were so high up from the floor the only view from them was a small patch of blue sky, the top of a few trees, or the side of an adjacent building. In this office was a young lady bookkeeper who had previously taught school. I asked her which she liked best, teaching or her

present position. She thought she liked her present place best; she worked more hours, but she was not as tired as when released from the schoolroom at night. I looked at the unpleasant room—it was positively ugly; and the ugliest thing in it was a large picture of a human face, each feature, eyes, nose, cheeks, chin and whiskers were represented by a specimen of some kind of fruit. Just think of a pear representing a nose on a great coarse face! That picture haunted me for days. I do not believe I care for pears so much since, and they were always my favorite fruit to eat in hand. Well, that room with its ugliness was hot as an ordinary kitchen need be; every now and then some grimy workman came in to select trimmings used in his work, and while I sat waiting I thought of so many things. I compared this girl's work and surroundings with some other kinds she might do; she sat or stood at her desk (as she chose) her arm resting on the desk showed a hand and about six inches of arm, soft and white; her motions slow and deliberate; when she spoke her tones were low, as though not much accustomed to using her voice, in that place at least, her only associates all day long were men. No doubt she received a fair salary, but no more than a good school teacher, dress-maker or milliner. I could not help but think what an unhealthy atmosphere for a girl.

Every little while we hear of some woman who is jealous of her husband's office girl. Whether she has reason or not, is not to be discussed here, but when a woman becomes so jealous she can no longer keep her thoughts and feelings confined to the privacy of her own home, the girl of whom she is jealous—be she ever so blameless—her character acquires a soil which can never be wholly eradicated; if she is of a sensitive nature she herself will never feel quite so pure.

I have no doubt many will think I am over nice or old fogyish. Perhaps I am, but you will all agree with me that it is easier to keep clean if we do not go where there is dirt, and young people, boys as well as girls, need to be surrounded by the best influences to make the best of themselves. Tourgee says: "Inheritance and environments are not only realities, but are the most important elements of every life." P. S. Hammerton says: "That which we are is due in great measure to the accident of our surroundings." Pope says:

"Vice is a monster of such horrid mien
That to be hated needs but to be seen;
But seen too oft, familiar with her face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace."

I might quote from many others who fully recognize the fact that our associations have more to do with forming of character than personal will, but I am sure I have said enough for the thoughtful, and for the thoughtless much or little is of no account.

ALBION.

M. E. H.

PRISCILLA'S PRESENT PERPLEXITY.

I have come to inquire of the wise ones of the HOUSEHOLD why some people can go off from house and work, for a little rest and recreation, when nature (human nature) clamors for a change; in summer they can go to Bay View or the Straits, to the seaside or the mountains, and if no better opportunity presents itself they can stay with some relative who has a cool shady house and lawn, where they can rest and board and be comparatively comfortable at a small expense. In winter there is Florida or Southern California or some other good place. Others must needs stay at home to broil and bake, wash and churn, mend and make, and scrub and scour and the door yard rake, until it's hard to tell where's the hardest ache.

Don't tell me it's because the one has the most money, for I know some parties who always go to some of the places before mentioned who have a mortgage on their home, and who owe the butcher and the baker and the candlestick maker. And some who stay at home have no mortgage or store debt, yet do not seem to be able to find money for many jaunts. I do not know but that senator was right who said a mortgage was a good thing to have on a farm, it being an irritant perhaps makes it a stimulant also. I think I will hold a council with pater familias and learn what he thinks about it; if that is his opinion you may look for me at the Exposition.

Have any of the HOUSEHOLD family read Helen Gardner's books? Do any of you know something charming yet new in the line of fiction? If so tell us what it is; do not be selfish and keep it all to yourselves.

Thank you, Beatrix, you solved that social problem to my satisfaction, and I think you must know how it is yourself.

Bruneille, I thought I should melt right down when I read and when I think of "Three in a Bed." One in a bed is all I can endure in warm weather.

RIVERSIDE. PRISCILLA.

RENOVATING WORN DRESS GOODS

Most of us have occasion, at some time, to clean the material of a dress preparatory to making over. We know soapbark is a good thing, but perhaps do not know how to prepare it for use. Five cents' worth will clean all the goods in a dress, but it should be used only on dark material, for it will stain a light goods. To prepare it, pour about a quart of boiling water over five cents' worth of the bark. Let it boil gently for two hours, and at the end of this time, strain it through a piece of cheese cloth. It is ready now to be used in sponging the goods, which, after a thorough rubbing, should be rinsed in clear cold water. Never wring them by hand, but fold smoothly and pass through the wringer. *Good Housekeep.*

ing gives some hints on the treatment of different fabrics which will be appreciated by the novice:

Black silk may be sponged with a decoction of soap bark and water if very dirty and hung out to dry, or if only creased and needing to be freshened weak borax water or alcohol, and where possible it is better pressed by laying pieces smoothly and passing them through the clothes-wringer screwed very tight. If you must iron do it after the silk is dry, between two damp pieces of muslin; the upper one may better be Swiss, that you may see what you are doing through it. This is a little more trouble than ironing the wrong side of silk, but you will be repaid; the hot iron gives the silk a paper-like feeling; above all never iron silk wet, or even very damp.

Satin may be cleaned by sponging lengthwise—never across the width—with benzine if greasy, or alcohol, or borax water; this will not be injured by direct contact with iron; press on the wrong side. Black cloth may be sponged with ammonia and water, an ounce of rock ammonia to a wine bottle of water; or liquid household ammonia, diluted very much, may be used. Black cashmere may be washed in borax water, as indeed may navy blue. It should be rubbed only between the hands; not on a board, and the water only pressed, not twisted out. Each width folded in four as smoothly as possible, and run through the wringer, then open and hang up to dry, is the best way.

Cashmere so treated, if it is of good quality, will look like new. Pongee silk is supposed by many never to look so well after washing, but if properly treated it may be made up again with new added, and the difference cannot be seen. But as usually washed it is several shades darker, and sometimes has a stiffness to it, although it may not have been starched; this change of color and stiffness is due to its being ironed wet. Again, a pongee dress will come from the laundress covered with dark spots; this is where it has been allowed to dry and then "sprinkled down;" the sprinkling shows. The remedy is simply to put it again in water, dry it and iron it when quite dry. Pongee requires no more care in washing than a white garment; it will bear hard rubbing if necessary, but it must not be boiled or scalded. Treat it about as you would flannel, let it get quite dry, and if you use a quite hot iron, not hot enough to singe, of course, all the creases will come out and the silk will look like new. The reason it darkens it to iron it wet is this: If it were put into boiling water the silk would darken as flannel would. If you put a hot iron on the damp silk you convert what water remains in it into boiling water; it is thus scalded. A silk which has changed color in the wash may be partly restored by washing again. Parenthetically, I may remark

that this ironing them wet is the reason gentlemen's white silk handkerchiefs become yellow with washing.

HUMAN FRAILTIES.

It is not my purpose to offer apologies for human frailties, nor advice on how to avoid them, but rather to deprecate the almost universal tendency to fault-finding and magnifying faults, and mimifying virtues. Man would not be human did he not commit faults; but be he ever so discreet and circumspect as to his moral conduct, if he commit one vice, though unintentional (and it is only the intentional, avoidable errors for which he will be held responsible by an all-wise, all-merciful Judge), and all his virtues go for naught, and he is condemned by an uncharitable, censorious world, although "To err is human, to forgive divine."

Then what a dismal, gloomy, unhappy world this would be were there no wrongs to right, no injuries to forgive, no want to relieve! There never would have been uttered that blessed Sermon on the Mount had not sin and sorrow and evil, of which the Lord himself declares He is the author, been permitted to come into the world. I like the sentiment of the poet who said,

"Judge not too harshly when thou seest
A fellow creature stray,
For thou know'st not what temptations have
Beset him on his way."

Vices, like weeds, grow spontaneously and come to the surface before virtues or useful crops make their appearance, but they only grow on rich soil, capable of producing good and bountiful crops. Let us have charity for all, and malice towards none, is the sentiment of

MUSKEGON. GRANDPA.

BOYS' CLOTHES.

The little Lord Fauntleroy boys-velvet trowsers, lace collar, long curls and all—are "out," and the brown Holland boys are "in." The most fashionable suits for boys are made of plain brown Holland; a blouse waist with a deep collar, a broad front hem and deep cuffs, all daintily edged with a frill of either the same brown Holland or ecru lace. Fancy, also, trousers of the same material, with three brown buttons decorating the side of each leg, and long brown stockings and tan shoes buttoning with a strap over the instep.

The beauty of these brown Holland suits is that they can be washed as often as the young chap who wears them sees fit to roll in the dirt, go crabbing or make mud pies. Two such suits a day will keep him looking quite respectable, because the brown is of that convenient shade which does not readily show dirt, and which, even when slightly soiled, appears quite clean.

For Sunday white drill or white "duck" makes a very good material, and can be made up in the same way. When the white suit is worn black stockings should accompany it and black patent leather ties.

tip? No evasion, no quibbling, but a rigid catechism for finding out the truth. Put some pertinent questions to yourself, after an afternoon's visit. Ask What did we talk about? Did we speak good or ill of others? Did I bring away any new thoughts, or pleasant ones, or better? Was it, or was it not, a wasted afternoon? Was anything unkind or unjust said, and *did I say it?* And if conscience convicts (and do not soften its accusation by deciding somebody else said something much worse than did you), just see if you have strength and resolution enough to stop short off, and turn the channel of your thought into better courses. One of the great benefits of the little reading societies, classes, literary clubs, and their kindred, is that they give us something to think and talk about besides our neighbors' affairs. I know no better relief for a gossip-ridden community than to start a literary society. Its members may never set the Thames afire, but they will not tattle so much. Try it, if you need the cure.

BEATRIX.

THE HAPPIEST MOMENT.

Happy are they who have a time they can hold in memory as something precious, a possession, having which they can feel, "Come what may, I have been blest." Two people have lately told me of their happiest moment, and though their experience was widely different yet it was alike in the happiest time shining forth from a background of trouble. One was an old army veteran. He said: "It was early in the spring of 1865. Our brigade, three years men, had been marching for days in that weary Southern land, tired, hungry and footsore. Suddenly we heard a singular sound in the regiments far behind us, a noise that might have been a roar from many voices. Our Colonel, a tall, nervous, excitable man, with a 'What's to pay now,' rode back. Soon he came tearing back, hat off and gone, shouting 'Lee's surrendered and the war is over.' Then we added to the sound of many voices, while our band struck up 'When Johnny Comes Marching Home Again.' That was my happiest moment."

The other was a matron of forty. She said: "The first year of my married life was spent with my husband's parents. It is easily in the power of a mother-in-law to make life a burden to her son's wife and not half try. I was only a girl of eighteen, never away from home and mother before; and my husband's mother regarded me from the very first with cold disapproval, a disapprobation that was not silent either. Well, poor woman, she is gone now and I took all the care of her in her last illness, but she never softened towards me. I think I spent a large share of that first year in crying over her cutting remarks. Even my approaching motherhood made no difference in her severity. When my baby was six

weeks old I went home on a visit. That evening, when the first excitement of my home-coming was over I was lying on the lounge in the dear old sitting room, my mother sitting near me smoothing my hair with her hand, my father holding my baby. The younger brothers and sisters were gathered around him wondering and admiring, while the tiny midget regarded them with the gravity suitable to his age. Suddenly from the back ground of my long homesickness it flashed upon me that now I was perfectly, perfectly happy."

To change the subject suddenly, I suppose we are all in the midst of canning fruit. I learned wisdom from last year's experience, and am putting up some things we rather despise now in the time of plenty. Last April canned gooseberries "went" better than anything else, so I am using a quantity of them. Two years ago I planted the seeds of the little husk tomatoes. I find by the way it grows and spreads and bears that Madam Nature is mistaking it for a weed. When it ripens I shall use it all for preserves, for I know that when Nature discovers that it is useful to us there will be seven new kinds of insects invented to live on it, the first frost will kill it, and we shall have to work to keep a few dwindling specimens alive. At present it threatens to overrun the farm. I shall put up some string beans and green corn with fear, for vegetables are so much harder to keep than fruit, though tomatoes keep easily enough.

Can any one tell me where I can get Fleischman's corn pressed yeast cakes. They are not kept around here, and I have read that bread can be made in three hours from them.

PIONEER.

HULDAH PERKINS

OUR GIRLS IN MEN'S OFFICES.

It is now the time of year when young people are seeking situations for the coming year. There has been a craze, if I may so call it, for two or three years—girls seeking situations in business offices, as bookkeepers or such other easy work as is to be done. Is it the place for one girl in an office where the rest are men? Yes, I know all your arguments, but I know a few who would have been better off if kept in the privacy of home.

The thought with me is, isn't there something better for the girls than these office situations? Last June while soliciting funds and new members for our Ladies' Library Association, I called at a gentleman's office, which was situated in the southwest corner of a large building. The windows were so high up from the floor the only view from them was a small patch of blue sky, the top of a few trees, or the side of an adjacent building. In this office was a young lady bookkeeper who had previously taught school. I asked her which she liked best, teaching or her

present position. She thought she liked her present place best; she worked more hours, but she was not as tired as when released from the schoolroom at night. I looked at the unpleasant room—it was positively ugly; and the ugliest thing in it was a large picture of a human face, each feature, eyes, nose, cheeks, chin and whiskers were represented by a specimen of some kind of fruit. Just think of a pear representing a nose on a great coarse face! That picture haunted me for days. I do not believe I care for pears so much since, and they were always my favorite fruit to eat in hand. Well, that room with its ugliness was hot as an ordinary kitchen need be; every now and then some grimy workman came in to select trimmings used in his work, and while I sat waiting I thought of so many things. I compared this girl's work and surroundings with some other kinds she might do; she sat or stood at her desk (as she chose) her arm resting on the desk showed a hand and about six inches of arm, soft and white; her motions slow and deliberate; when she spoke her tones were low, as though not much accustomed to using her voice, in that place at least, her only associates all day long were men. No doubt she received a fair salary, but no more than a good school teacher, dress-maker or milliner. I could not help but think what an unhealthy atmosphere for a girl.

Every little while we hear of some woman who is jealous of her husband's office girl. Whether she has reason or not, is not to be discussed here, but when a woman becomes so jealous she can no longer keep her thoughts and feelings confined to the privacy of her own home, the girl of whom she is jealous—be she ever so blameless—her character acquires a soil which can never be wholly eradicated; if she is of a sensitive nature she herself will never feel quite so pure.

I have no doubt many will think I am over nice or old foggyish. Perhaps I am, but you will all agree with me that it is easier to keep clean if we do not go where there is dirt, and young people, boys as well as girls, need to be surrounded by the best influences to make the best of themselves. Tourgee says: "Inheritance and environments are not only realities, but are the most important elements of every life." P. S. Hammerton says: "That which we are is due in great measure to the accident of our surroundings." Pope says:

"Vice is a monster of such horrid mien
That to be hated needs but to be seen;
But seen too oft, familiar with her face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace."

I might quote from many others who fully recognize the fact that our associations have more to do with forming of character than personal will, but I am sure I have said enough for the thoughtful, and for the thoughtless much or little is of no account.

ALBION.

M. E. H.

PRISCILLA'S PRESENT PERPLEXITY.

I have come to inquire of the wise ones of the HOUSEHOLD why some people can go off from house and work, for a little rest and recreation, when nature (human nature) clamors for a change; in summer they can go to Bay View or the Straits, to the seaside or the mountains, and if no better opportunity presents itself they can stay with some relative who has a cool shady house and lawn, where they can rest and board and be comparatively comfortable at a small expense. In winter there is Florida or Southern California or some other good place. Others must needs stay at home to broil and bake, wash and churn, mend and make, and scrub and scour and the door yard rake, until it's hard to tell where's the hardest ache.

Don't tell me it's because the one has the most money, for I know some parties who always go to some of the places before mentioned who have a mortgage on their home, and who owe the butcher and the baker and the candlestick maker. And some who stay at home have no mortgage or store debt, yet do not seem to be able to find money for many jaunts. I do not know but that senator was right who said a mortgage was a good thing to have on a farm, it being an irritant perhaps makes it a stimulant also. I think I will hold a council with pater familias and learn what he thinks about it; if that is his opinion you may look for me at the Exposition.

Have any of the HOUSEHOLD family read Helen Gardner's books? Do any of you know something charming yet new in the line of fiction? If so tell us what it is; do not be selfish and keep it all to yourselves.

Thank you, Beatrix, you solved that social problem to my satisfaction, and I think you must know how it is yourself.

Bruneille, I thought I should melt right down when I read and when I think of "Three in a Bed." One in a bed is all I can endure in warm weather.

RIVERSIDE.

PRISCILLA.

RENOVATING WORN DRESS GOODS

Most of us have occasion, at some time, to clean the material of a dress preparatory to making over. We know soapbark is a good thing, but perhaps do not know how to prepare it for use. Five cents' worth will clean all the goods in a dress, but it should be used only on dark material, for it will stain a light goods. To prepare it, pour about a quart of boiling water over five cents' worth of the bark. Let it boil gently for two hours, and at the end of this time, strain it through a piece of cheese cloth. It is ready now to be used in sponging the goods, which, after a thorough rubbing, should be rinsed in clear cold water. Never wring them by hand, but fold smoothly and pass through the wringer. *Good Housekeep.*

ing gives some hints on the treatment of different fabrics which will be appreciated by the novice:

Black silk may be sponged with a decoction of soap bark and water if very dirty and hung out to dry, or if only creased and needing to be freshened weak borax water or alcohol, and where possible it is better pressed by laying pieces smoothly and passing them through the clothes-wringer screwed very tight. If you must iron do it after the silk is dry, between two damp pieces of muslin; the upper one may better be Swiss, that you may see what you are doing through it. This is a little more trouble than ironing the wrong side of silk, but you will be repaid; the hot iron gives the silk a paper-like feeling; above all never iron silk wet, or even very damp.

Satin may be cleaned by sponging lengthwise—never across the width—with benzine if greasy, or alcohol, or borax water; this will not be injured by direct contact with iron; press on the wrong side. Black cloth may be sponged with ammonia and water, an ounce of rock ammonia to a wine bottle of water; or liquid household ammonia, diluted very much, may be used. Black cashmere may be washed in borax water, as indeed may navy blue. It should be rubbed only between the hands; not on a board, and the water only pressed, not twisted out. Each width folded in four as smoothly as possible, and run through the wringer, then open and hang up to dry, is the best way.

Cashmere so treated, if it is of good quality, will look like new. Pongee silk is supposed by many never to look so well after washing, but if properly treated it may be made up again with new added, and the difference cannot be seen. But as usually washed it is several shades darker, and sometimes has a stiffness to it, although it may not have been starched; this change of color and stiffness is due to its being ironed wet. Again, a pongee dress will come from the laundress covered with dark spots; this is where it has been allowed to dry and then "sprinkled down;" the sprinkling shows. The remedy is simply to put it again in water, dry it and iron it when quite dry. Pongee requires no more care in washing than a white garment; it will bear hard rubbing if necessary, but it must not be boiled or scalded. Treat it about as you would flannel, let it get quite dry, and if you use a quite hot iron, not hot enough to singe, of course, all the creases will come out and the silk will look like new. The reason it darkens it to iron it wet is this: If it were put into boiling water the silk would darken as flannel would. If you put a hot iron on the damp silk you convert what water remains in it into boiling water; it is thus scalded. A silk which has changed color in the wash may be partly restored by washing again. Parenthetically, I may remark

that this ironing them wet is the reason gentlemen's white silk handkerchiefs become yellow with washing.

HUMAN FRAILTIES.

It is not my purpose to offer apologies for human frailties, nor advice on how to avoid them, but rather to deprecate the almost universal tendency to fault-finding and magnifying faults, and mimifying virtues. Man would not be human did he not commit faults; but be he ever so discreet and circumspect as to his moral conduct, if he commit one vice, though unintentional (and it is only the intentional, avoidable errors for which he will be held responsible by an all-wise, all-merciful Judge), and all his virtues go for naught, and he is condemned by an uncharitable, censorious world, although "To err is human, to forgive divine."

Then what a dismal, gloomy, unhappy world this would be were there no wrongs to right, no injuries to forgive, no want to relieve! There never would have been uttered that blessed Sermon on the Mount had not sin and sorrow and evil, of which the Lord himself declares He is the author, been permitted to come into the world. I like the sentiment of the poet who said,

"Judge not too harshly when thou seest
A fellow creature stray,
For thou know'st not what temptations have
Beset him on his way."

Vices, like weeds, grow spontaneously and come to the surface before virtues or useful crops make their appearance, but they only grow on rich soil, capable of producing good and bountiful crops. Let us have charity for all, and malice towards none, is the sentiment of

MUSKOGON.

GRANDPA.

BOYS' CLOTHES.

The little Lord Fauntleroy boys—velvet trowsers, lace collar, long curls and all—are "out," and the brown Holland boys are "in." The most fashionable suits for boys are made of plain brown Holland; a blouse waist with a deep collar, a broad front hem and deep cuffs, all daintily edged with a frill of either the same brown Holland or ecru lace. Fancy, also, trousers of the same material, with three brown buttons decorating the side of each leg, and long brown stockings and tan shoes buttoning with a strap over the instep.

The beauty of these brown Holland suits is that they can be washed as often as the young chap who wears them sees fit to roll in the dirt, go crabbing or make mud pies. Two such suits a day will keep him looking quite respectable, because the brown is of that convenient shade which does not readily show dirt, and which, even when slightly soiled, appears quite clean.

For Sunday white drill or white "duck" makes a very good material, and can be made up in the same way. When the white suit is worn black stockings should accompany it and black patent leather ties.

CANNED TOMATOES

When preparing to can my tomatoes for winter, says a lady in the *Country Gentleman*, I select a number of those that are of medium size, round and perfect, and put them to one side. Then scald, peel, and cut into slices the others, and put them on to boil in their own juice; when the mass has become sufficiently cooked to can, I take those first selected, scald, peel, and drop them in the kettle with the rest, and allow the whole to boil only a few minutes longer. Then lift out carefully with a spoon the whole tomatoes and place them in the jar first, afterward pouring over them those that were sliced and boiled to pieces. Some housekeepers put up the whole tomatoes in their own juice, which is very thin and of little use afterward; while by my method I make the same jar furnish me two dishes, amply sufficient for my family. The whole tomatoes I do not of course cook any more; simply place them on a glass dish to be eaten as cold salad, dusting them lightly with salt and pepper, though some prefer adding a little sugar, and others a spoonful of vinegar. The thickened tomatoes remaining in the jar are converted into scalloped tomatoes, being seasoned with salt, sugar, and a slice of butter, adding after heating a slice or two of buttered toast, and browning slightly in the oven.

It is scarcely necessary to add that none but sound tomatoes, those fully matured but not over-ripe, should ever be used for canning. Pour boiling water over them so as to make the skin come off easily, and as soon as cold enough to handle cut in slices, removing the hard piece in the centre, and put on to cook in the juice which has run from them while being sliced. A porcelain-lined kettle is preferred.

THE CARE OF CHILDREN DURING HOT WEATHER.

The State Board of Health sends out a reprint of a paper read by J. S. Pardee, M. D., of Three Oaks, before the Sanitary Convention at Niles last February. A few of the facts and opinions presented are worth consideration by the mothers of young children.

Dr. Pardee tells us two-fifths of the deaths in the human race are of children before reaching the age of five years. One-fifth of these deaths are due to derangements of the bowels; and from 70 to 80 per cent of this class of diseases occur between the first day of July and the last day of September. These statements are substantiated by records.

The idea that bowel troubles are caused by teething, etc., is now scouted by our best and most observing physicians, who point to the fact that as many children get their teeth in January as in July, while statistics show

the number of deaths during the past three years from this cause to be 2,689 during the 90 days following the first day of July and 955 for the remaining nine months of the year. It is hot weather, continuous hot weather, which is the cause of the fearful mortality among infants, coupled with impure air, and this is established beyond controversion. Dr. Pardee explains how the power of the blood to take up oxygen is dependent on the proportion of saline elements it contains; that increased perspiration of the body diminishes the proportion of free salts in the blood, and hence lessens its capacity to receive oxygen from the air in exchange for the impurities of the blood. A continuous high temperature relaxes the structures of the body. The relaxed condition of the blood vessels on the surface of the body produces a copious perspiration, and at the same time the same relaxed condition of the blood vessels of the alimentary canal is producing an increase in the watery elements of the gastric and intestinal juices, deteriorating their quality and diminishing their powers for digesting foods. Under these conditions, which directly tend to increase the exudation of the serous or liquid portion of the blood, it is easy to see that any food that was indigestible by reason of quality, or in quantity in excess of the powers of the system to digest it, would irritate and decompose, producing poisonous matter of sufficient virulence to be dangerous to a strong, healthy child.

The first of the "ounce of prevention" says the doctor, is worth much more than the "pound of cure," and his suggestions are timely and apposite. He says:

"First: See to it that they are given every opportunity possible for securing the amount of oxygen necessary to keep their blood purified during both nights and days. This can be done by keeping the rooms that the little ones occupy thoroughly ventilated. By taking them out of doors into the coolest and most airy shade possible. And during those exceedingly hot, sultry periods, when it seems almost impossible to find a fresh breath of air anywhere, with a fan in hand, take a position by the side of the hammock, when you have a good place for a hammock, and if not, in front of the coolest door or window that the house affords, fan the little one constantly during the afternoon nap, or in the fore part of one of those oppressively hot nights.

"The second indication is to use such means as will best prevent the heat in those protracted periods of continuous high temperature, from producing such a relaxed condition of the blood vessels, of the mucous and cutaneous surfaces of the body, as will permit of the pouring out of the watery elements and salts of the blood. To accomplish this there is no other means that is so ef-

ficient as the judicious use of the sponge bath. If, during the periods of high atmospheric temperature when the mercury did not fall below 70 degrees during the nights, mothers and nurses would see to it that each of the little ones received a free bathing with water, as cool as is comfortable, both morning and evening, it would greatly lessen the number attacked with diarrhoea.

"The third indication is to carefully look after the quality and quantity of the food that the child eats. See to it that they are of the most easily digestible kinds, largely liquid, such as good fresh milk, meat broths, and gruels, and that the quantity is such that the child will certainly not be overfed. Do not forget that at such times these little ones want water often, and do not allow them to take milk or liquid food when they only need a drink of water.

"Last, but not least, do not be misled by any would-be oracle of the neighborhood who will tell you that these diarrhoeal troubles are caused by teething and that nothing can be, or ought to be done, to check them, unless they get very bad, and that then it would be wrong and dangerous to entirely stop the diarrhoea. Persons who preach this doctrine are to be found in nearly every community, and through the influence of such teachings, many a child has been neglected until after the production of an irreparable exhaustion. Call in a physician at the very commencement of the trouble, and see that all is done that can be done to prevent the case becoming a serious one."

To clean marble, take two parts of common soda, one part of pumice stone, and one part of powdered chalk; sift through a very fine sieve, and mix with water. Then rub it well all over the marble, and the stains will be removed. Then wash with soap and water, as before, and it will be as clean as it was at first.

Contributed Recipes.

PICKLED GRAPES.—Seven pounds of grapes; three pounds of brown sugar; two ounces of cinnamon; one ounce of cloves; one ounce of mace; one pint of vinegar. Pulp the grapes; cook them ten minutes; strain through a sieve; add skins, sugar, vinegar and spices. Cook one-half hour.

TOMATO CATSUP.—One peck of tomatoes; two tablespoonfuls of salt; one of black pepper; two of cinnamon; one of cloves; one-fourth of cayenne pepper; one-half teacupful of brown sugar; one pint of vinegar. Cook until thick.

CHILI SAUCE.—Sixteen tomatoes; one onion; one green pepper; one cup of vinegar. Stew two hours slowly; then add one teaspoonful each of cloves, cassia, ginger, nutmeg, allspice and cinnamon; one teaspoonful of salt.

BATTLE CREEK.

EVANGELINE.