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THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

UNITED.

Through a chance fissure of the churchyard wall
A sweet-breathed vine thrust out a vagrant spray,
At whose slim end a snow-white blossom droops
Full to the dewy redness of a rose
That reaches up on tiptoe for the kiss.
Not them the wren disturbs, nor the blue bee
That buzzes homeward with his load of sweets;
And thus they linger, flowery lip to lip,
Heedless of all, in rapturous, mute embrace.
Some necromancy here! These two, I think,
Were once unhappy lovers upon earth.

—T. B. Aldrich.

FASHIONS FOR MIDDLE-AGED LADIES.

I am asked to designate some standard fashion, "something that will last more than one season," to serve as model for a couple of gowns to be made up in black Henrietta and suitable for ladies of fifty, both of whom are five feet in height, one comfortably plump, the other "a rolypoly."

Well, I can tell what will be worn this season with a moderate degree of certainty, but must respectfully decline to predicate the vagaries of fashion for a longer period. Yet I think, by making these dresses simply, according to present modes, they will not be hopelessly out of style under a year, at least.

For the "rolypoly" with 36-inch waist measure and large hips, I would recommend a bell skirt, cut to lie about three inches on the floor in the back. This will make her look taller. All the fullness of such a skirt is massed in a small space at the back, but it should not be drawn too closely about the form at the sides and front. Such a skirt requires no trimming, but may have a narrow ruching or ruffle if desired, set on as a border at the bottom. One of the new style of postilion basques will be as becoming as anything; this is pointed in front, is moderately long on the hips—not over two inches beyond the waist line, and has quite long postillions in the back, cut in by prolonging the centre and side back pieces, which are open in the centre, and widen a trifle in their length. A fold of the goods is set on each side (in the seam between the centre and side back) and two handsome buttons are placed just below the waist line. The fronts can be cut to lap, left over on the right, crossing low on the bust, with narrow revers turning back; the V-shaped

piece thus left in front may be filled in with black or colored chiffon or crepe du chine. For trimming, there is nothing at the moment so stylish as jet gimps; a narrow line of this may trim the revers, the collar and sleeves. If you trim with jet, instead of filling the front with chiffon, run perpendicular lines of the gimp in the V-shaped space, letting them run up over the collar, and cover the rest of the collar with perpendicular rows. Have full sleeves, moderately high on the shoulders, and trim with long V's of the jetted gimp. Then, if you want the dress "very swell," get deep jet fringe for the bottom of the basque, letting it extend across the front and sides, back to the postilion. Or, if you have some deep silk fringe it can be used in the same way, but in that case a narrow cord gimp without jet should be used on the waist. Of the two, I should much prefer the jet, even without the jet fringe. If this mode does not find favor, try a plain basque, with points in front and back, and outline it with the narrow jet gimp. The coat basques worn so much last summer are, I am glad to say, "out" this spring—or are so modified that they are entirely different. They were pretty on slight, girlish figures, but on fat women were simply hideous.

For the other lady, I should advise a princess dress, that is if she wears corsets and has a good figure in other respects. Much of a woman's ability to wear a princess dress depends on how she carries herself. If she goes about bent over and stoop-shouldered she should let the princess severely alone. Unless caused by ill health there is no excuse for a woman—even though she is fifty years old—who makes a rainbow of herself. She should straighten up and give her lungs a chance. A woman of fifty who has not allowed herself to get "all out of shape" can wear any style suitable for a woman of thirty-five. She may not wear such high colors or as much showy trimming, but she can have her dresses made on the same models.

If a princess be thought inadvisable, have a bell skirt, as advised for No. 1. If you don't want your dress with the fashionable dip in the back, have the sheath skirt fitted by tiny gores around the front and sides, and a full back

pleated in narrow space. The bell skirt is latest and the favorite. It is too early yet for the new styles in the details of corsage and sleeves, but we do know the bell skirt is going to stay with us all summer. One of the new spring models is a deep corsage, roundly pointed front and back and cut longer over the hips than we have been accustomed to seeing them. This is bordered with a moss trimming in silk, which surrounds the wrists and borders the skirt. But this is expensive. Perhaps a gathered bias puff of silk or Henrietta might be substituted. Another new pattern is moderately pointed front and back, short on the hips, and has short basques, which nearly meet their length, attached in front and narrowing to the back, where they disappear; they are about ten inches long in front, and are sloped so that on the hips they are not over three inches wide, and are edged with a fluffy worsted trimming which can be bought for 65 cents. Have full fronts gathered on the shoulders, or if you prefer, a vest and revers.

BEATRIX.

THE MODERN GIRL.

As I sit by the bright coal fire in my cozy arm chair I sometimes think how different it might be if only our modern girls were a little more old-fashioned! A girl used to help her mother do up the work in the morning, watch over her younger brothers and sisters (if she had any), and was always ready to lend a helping hand in time of need. But the modern girl has "other fish to fry." She must play on the piano, paint, crochet, etc., besides spending an hour or more every day doing up her hair, to be ready for her "best young man" when he calls in the evening. She must have unlimited pocket money, beaux and attention. And yet with all this she is not as sweet tempered as her sister of twenty years ago. The young man of to-day (if he is sensible) is very chary of getting married, unless he has an assured income; as he well knows that the modern girl will not help him much in securing a competency. Cannot some one suggest a remedy for such a deplorable state of affairs?

Now dear HOUSEHOLD readers, please don't take offence at what I have said, but consider that it comes from an

MANCHESTER.

OLD BACH.

WOMAN'S ENDURANCE.

Perhaps when Beatrix called so urgently for more copy she did not realize that in nearly every house there are from one to three persons ailing with the grippe and that everywhere there are scarcely well ones enough to care for the sick. When our best friends are put off with occasional postals in place of the usual long weekly letters, how can we write for the press? Some one has said that a greater number of men than women are sufferers from the prevailing disease, but I think it is because the men give up to it. As a rule, if a man feels out of sorts he thinks he is alarmingly ill, goes straight to bed and drops every care. One said to me: "When I had the grippe I was the sickest person you ever saw." I didn't see him at all during the time, but I fully believed that his wife suffered much more, but was not in bed at all, simply because she had no time. With three young children and no help, she knew, all too well, how everything would be at sixes and sevens even in a few hours' time, so she kept "dragging around," taking heavy doses of quinine until her head felt like a hornet's nest and the children's noise was constant torture, but the wheels of the domestic machinery must be kept in motion and there was no one to do the work if her tired hands were folded and her throbbing head took its needed rest. When he got out he said what I've already recorded and added, "Wife was grunting around trying to have it at the same time, but she didn't make out to get down." Many women work when they ought to be in bed, and what would be but a little ailment if taken in season and carefully nursed and treated runs into some aggravating chronic disease that may not result fatally, but will cause untold suffering, and places womanhood in general on the invalid list, until in these latter days a Diogenes would need a electric light instead of a lantern to find a really healthy woman.

I am surprised that Maybelle or Farmerine could think that I was "going back on" Petoskey. On the occasion of my first visit there, twelve years ago, I was charmed with the location, and as the years have added to its beauty my admiration has grown with its growth, until of the ten thousand people who spent more or less time at Bay View last season, I feel sure that no one enjoyed the literary feast more than myself; and all the excursions round about, by land and sea, were so pleasant that beautiful pictures are stored away in memory's attic. Then it is home, and that means much to one of my temperament. A cottage on Glendale Avenue is furnished and all ready for occupancy, simply unlocking the door and taking down the blinds puts the business of housekeeping in working order again,

and already we are planning for the next Assembly season. All that they could find fault about was what I wrote in regard to the drouth, and for that I took the testimony of the butcher and baker, the milkman and green grocer, who told us daily of the dire effects of the same.

I often wish that I could look down on that "deserted village" during the winter. Its untrodden streets and closed cottages must be in marked contrast to all the activity of business and pleasure of the summer time that makes it every year more popular. The delightful lake breezes offset all the inconvenience of the dry sand, and it makes little difference to resorters, except in the higher price of milk and vegetables, whether it rains or not.

Beatrix's fried cakes are simply perfect, and I was quite proud of my culinary success in that line, and very thankful for the recipe.

ROMEO.

EL. SEE.

MORE GIRLS WANTED.

There is something that is getting to be dreadfully scarce in this world. Shall I tell you what it is? It is girls. That is what is missing out of the sentient, breathing, living world just now. We have lots of young ladies and lots of society misses, but the sweet, old-fashioned girls of ever so long ago vanished with the poke bonnets and the cinnamon cookies. Let me enumerate a few characteristics of the kind of girls that are wanted: In the first place we want home girls, girls who are mother's right hand; girls who can cuddle the little ones next best to mamma, and smooth out the tangles in the domestic skein when things get twisted; girls whom father takes comfort in for something better than beauty; and the big brothers are proud of for something that outranks the ability to dance or shine in society. Next we want girls of sense, girls who have a standard of their own, regardless of conventionalities, and are independent enough to live up to it; girls who simply won't wear a trailing dress on the street to gather up microbes and all sorts of defilement; girls who won't wear a high hat to the theater, or lacerate their feet and endanger their health with high heels and corsets; girls who will wear what is pretty and becoming and snap their fingers at the dictates of fashion when fashion is horrid and silly. And we want good girls, girls who are sweet, right straight out from the heart to the lips; innocent and pure and simple girls, with less knowledge of sin and duplicity and evil doing at twenty than the pert little school girl of ten has, all too often; girls who say their prayers and read their Bibles and love God and keep His commandments. We want those girls "awful bad!" And we want careful girls and prudent girls

who think enough of the generous father who toils to maintain them in comfort, and the gentle mother who denies herself much that they may have so many pretty things, to count the cost and draw the line between the essentials and non-essentials; girls who try to save and not to spend; girls who are unselfish and eager to be a joy and comfort in the home rather than an expensive and a useless burden.

We want girls with hearts, girls who are full of tenderness and sympathy, with tears that flow for other people's ills, and smiles that light outwardly their own beautiful thoughts. We have lots of clever girls, brilliant girls, and witty girls. Give us a consignment of jolly, warm-hearted and impulsive girls; kind and entertaining to their own folks, and with little desire to shine in the gairish world. With a few such girls scattered around, life would freshen up for all of us, as the earth does under the spell of summer weather. Speed the day when this sort of girl fills the world once more, overrunning the places where God puts them, as climbing roses do when they break through the trellis to glimmer and glint above the common highway, a blessing and a boon to all who pass them by.

LIMA.

LEAVE THE DOOR AJAR.

Some months ago it was my pleasure to visit dear friends whom I had not met in many years. Among the number was a friend of my youth who had recently married a widower with a beautiful and precocious child of less than three years of age. The little daughter had been very frail from her birth, and the mother's life was given for that of her child.

My friend had been a successful teacher for many years, possessing that rare quality necessary in a successful teacher, the power to exact obedience without physical force. When she assumed the care of little Hazel, the same rule was applied to her, which was well in most instances. But her care had been over children of more mature years, and did not at all times seem to be just what little Hazel required. For instance, when she placed a dish of attractive-looking candies upon the table, and after giving the child two or three small pieces bade her not to touch them, the child obeyed without a protest. But I saw that it required an effort on the part of the child to pass the dish without a longing look. When bedtime came she gently took the little one in her lap and removed her clothing as tenderly as her own mother could; then after robing her for the night led the way into a distant part of the house, tucked her snugly in her dainty bed, bade her "good night," closed the door and left her alone in the soundless and pitchy darkness. Perhaps I was foolish, but

my pleasure was spoiled for the remainder of the evening. I longed to open that bedroom door that a gleam of light might reach her lonely cot, and she might be lulled to sweet sleep by the faint murmur of voices from the room beyond. I could not help picturing to myself the frail child whose mind was so remarkably active and imaginative, lying there in the silence and gloom, trembling with fear. I felt that I must say something. I asked, "Does she never ask to have the door left open or for a light in her room?" "Oh no," was the reply. "We always close the door, and when we go to our room we find her asleep with one arm thrown across her eyes." Ah! the last three words spoke volumes to my mother heart. "Across her eyes!" Why was it thrown there if not in fear?

A few weeks since a letter came bearing the sad intelligence "Little Hazel died last Tuesday." I do not wish to censure the stepmother, for I earnestly believe she did what she believed to be the correct thing with her little charge, for she was a conscientious woman, and under her careful management the child had improved in health materially. But I believe if she ever has a child that is her very own, the tender mother love will impel her to leave the door ajar.

D. E.

UNION CITY.

AMENDE HONORABLE.

Apologize or be expelled from the HOUSEHOLD? Not much, "if the court understands herself and she thinks she do." Apologize for what? For telling the truth, which must be apparent to the most casual observer, and can be abundantly verified both in sacred and profane history! Was not the fall due to the fact that Eve could not suppress her innate propensity to look with longing eyes on the forbidden fruit? But pshaw! perhaps after all, "silence will be golden" instead of a controversy on this trivial subject, for we are told in the Good Book that where "no wood is the fire goeth out, and where there is no tale-bearer strife ceaseth." If a person be wrongfully accused the better way is to keep one's mouth shut, and let the accuser prove charges or suffer the consequences. The best way to get rid of a troublesome neighbor, or person, is to let him alone as hard as you can. Have no intercourse with him, and he will soon leave. The Divine injunction to "overcome evil with good," is a maxim all will do well to observe. If the division walls that separate sects and parties were overtopped by other walls of good, more would be accomplished than by trying to tear them down. Human life is said to be made up of two great mountains, the mountain of human happiness and the great mountain of human misery; and he or she is a benefactor of the

race and a good Christian, who takes a portion, however small, from the great mountain of human misery and carries it over to the mountain of human happiness. It seldom happens that when one is unjustly assailed, as Indignant assailed the writer, that hosts of friends do not arise in his favor; and the writer wishes to thank those who have spoken in his defense. It was meant as a compliment to the ladies when the writer charged that they were superior to men in the propensity of peeping.

The HOUSEHOLD for women exclusively, eh? How does this compare with the Editor's request for more letters, saying, "All are welcome, men as well as women?" Is there to be a Heaven exclusively for women? What interest would there be in social entertainments were they to be exclusively of one sex? No,

"The world was sad; the garden was a wild;
And man, the hermit, sighed till woman smiled."

And God bless her for her smiles and for her winsome ways. It would be as absurd to charge that all men are as naughty as Indignant paints them, as to charge that all women paint and decorate their persons with gew-gaws. Many people are frequently more "sinned against than sinning." Indignant does not seem to have many votes for the expulsion of your humble scribe, who, during his protracted struggle with la grippe and a paralytic stroke, thought to while away a lonely hour by giving through the HOUSEHOLD what he thought and still thinks was a compliment to the ladies. By permission of Beatrix the Editor, who has the sole prerogative of deciding who shall and who shall not be a member of the HOUSEHOLD, I will continue to peep into it as my strength and ability will permit.

PLYMOUTH.

GRANDPA.

BUSY BUT COMMONPLACE.

How easy it is to think out something pleasant to do outside of one's general routine of every day duties—but it is another thing to do it! Some one in the family has symptoms of the gripe; there is an extra number of stockings to darn, a never ending list of something necessary—that one week's work will not crowd the next.

Last week we invited the Home Missionary Society to spend the day. It was time the plants had a good showering and everything generally made fresher, but like Dinah, we like a general "clarin' up time" occasionally, and very much like to open our house to any good cause; whether it pays in dollars or cents or not, it pays in sociability. And in the country, especially our immediate vicinity, we are on the very edge of "nothing in particular." This Society is newly organized under the home rule, and we are now making good warm bedding and giving it to those we see need it. But a poor minister who needs a dress suit

or a nice dress for his wife need not apply just yet, if he lives far out of our line of vision.

Just here we stop to read a letter from a young girl friend whom we know to be good and sweet. Although a natural artist she has for want of means postponed for the present all work in that direction. To accept the first work offered was a clerkship in a store where many of the customers are German-speaking people. So all her odd moments she is studying the language, and without a teacher has made good progress. This will not only aid her employer, but increase her salary. Sunday she attends morning and evening service in her own church and has a class of bright girls in the Mission Sunday School. Every moment of her life is full, yet she says: "Sometimes I think how humdrum and commonplace my life is! Oh how I wish I could do some good! See more, know more! But when these feelings come I've a little verse that I repeat, and it almost always comforts me; it is:

"A commonplace life we say, and we sigh,
And why should we sigh as we say?
The commonplace sun, the commonplace sky
Make up the commonplace day.
The moon and stars are commonplace things;
The flowers that bloom and the bird that sings,
But dreary the world, and sad the lot,
If the flowers faded and the birds sang not,
And God, who knoweth each separate soul,
Out of commonplace lives makes the beautiful whole."

HOME.

JOHN.

AN IDEAL HOME.

[Read at the State Institute at Abbotsford on January 21st, by Mrs. C. S. King, of Wales.]

This forenoon while the gentlemen were discussing the question as to whether farming paid or not, they forgot to mention one very important product of the farm—the ideal homes that dot the fair face of our country—those homes that can well be considered the nurseries of the world—nurseries in which are trained and cultivated the boys and girls who will soon become good men and women to be transplanted into broader fields of action. If I mistake not, two-thirds of the presidents of the United States were raised in rural homes. One whom I have in mind, James Garfield, at his inauguration would not take the presidential chair until he turned and greeted his dear old mother and beloved wife, thereby manifesting that he had been raised in an ideal home. There are many good homes, but we class them all under the head of ideal homes.

The saint longs for the time to come when he will exchange this home for one "over there." The poet in a foreign land sings of "Home, sweet home;" and we who are here today may sometimes be where thoughts of "Michigan, my Michigan" will be pleasing recollections. Moody said the dearest words to him were "Mother, Home and Heaven," and we have often read the motto on the walls "What is Home without a Mother?" But mother

alone does not constitute a home. When God created man he saw it was not good for man to be alone; so woman was created to live with him. He bestowed on them the best gifts of His creation—the likeness and image of Himself, faculties and talents superior to anything else that was made, and gave them dominion over all beasts of the field, the birds of the air and the fish of the sea; gave *them* dominion, not man alone, but both. He gave them joint authority over all living things. And He also gave restrictions alike to both, thereby placing them on terms of equality. But through some unseen agency the world has drifted into the idea that man was a superior being, but we will leave that problem for divines to solve.

We have learned from the sad lessons of the past that we cannot go to heathen lands where woman is a mere chattel, to look for ideal homes; but they are found only in our own Christianized land, a land that is gradually going back to the first teachings of the All-wise One. It was He who first instituted the ideal home, and it would still have been so had not sin and disobedience entered the world. And since it is thus the question arises, how can we now make homes ideal? Depraved affections, selfish dispositions, perverted, rebellious wills are not adjuncts of an ideal home. This great world is composed of little atoms, little grains of sand, little drops of water.

An ideal home is made up of many kind attentions bestowed on each other by those who inhabit the home. These little attentions are inspired by love; conjugal and filial affection; the duty of husband and wife, parents and children. We have seen a fair young maid and a noble young man stand before the man of God and take upon themselves a pledge to love, cherish, honor and protect, and have wished we might peer into the dark future and behold what their lives were to be.

But we are permitted to see only "as through a glass darkly." Time alone will reveal the end. It will take the combined efforts of both to make theirs an ideal home, while each has power to make it otherwise. The ideal home is a little world itself, full of sunshine, joy and happiness; parents inculcate into the minds of children traits of obedience and love; children honor and respect their parents. But one may ask, is all happiness in an ideal home? I would I might answer yes, but necessity compels me to say no.

The Savior drank the bitter cup and so may those who follow him. The doors of such homes are not barred against sickness, death or sorrow, but trials may serve to purify and make better such homes. One said in days past it is not all of life to live. We can if we will be a blessing to those around us. Parents and children should be careful as to the footprints they make

in the sands of time. It is not always that a wave comes dashing high and fast to wash them away.

DOING A WASHING.

I have been a reader of the *HOUSEHOLD* for several years and have felt it to be selfish to be constantly receiving and not try to prove helpful to others in this line of work. We may not agree on all questions, but with the spirit of The Master in our hearts no one will cherish an unkind feeling. We each have our "pet ideas," and one of mine is if women propose to run an institution, just do it or give up the undertaking. But while we keep this house (our little paper) let there be no room for libels upon the sisterhood, or need for our Editor to call in the brethren to help.

Our work is one of repetition, daily, weekly and yearly, so we may talk over the same subjects again and again. I would like to tell you how I do my washing. The result is very satisfactory. My husband and son assist in running the machine. In it I make a hot suds of soft soap and three or four tablespoonfuls of gasoline. I wet the clothes in tepid water, removing stains the best I can before putting them into the hot suds. I put in all possible, and like to have them soak a little while before rubbing. Then drop them into the boiler and scald, not boil. I take them out into a tub to suds, rubbing a little when needful, then blue and hang out. If you have extras, like over-alls or carpets to wash, add a little gasoline. I think it far preferable to kerosene, and it works so much better with soft soap. Some of my neighbors use it in the same way, in the boiler, putting in the soiled clothes and rubbing afterwards. At first I used to put the gasoline into a little cold water, then into the hot suds, later have turned from the bottle. I think the steam would obviate any danger, yet one should use it carefully. A little gasoline in warm water cleans spots from rag carpets very nicely.

C. A. C.

CHAPTER ON SCRAP-BOOKS.

Scrap-books! Well, I have only six; but from that half dozen I derive a vast amount of pleasure. I am sure they pay as fair an interest as any of the small belongings of home manufacture which I possess. The first and most interesting to me might be called a book of biography; in it I place the portraits and short biographical sketches of prominent women authors, and those interested in charitable work, of which I have already a very interesting collection; occasionally an account of a man of rare ability has found a place between its lids. It is so interesting to turn its pages and look into the faces of one after another of

the writers, whom we have learned to know so well through their books.

Next comes the miscellaneous book, the name indicating its use, in which are placed rare bits of poetry and prose, or anything which I wish to keep for future reference. Then there is the scrap-book especially for the use of my husband, in which I paste any article he may happen to clip; sometimes on "the tariff," or the "free coinage of silver," or descriptive letters from travelers, etc.

Number four is the book especially for the children, in which I place pieces appropriate for school recitations; this is quite useful in these days when recitations occupy so prominent a place on the programme in all our literary societies and farmers' clubs, as well as for school exercises. I have a scrap-book for funny pieces, some of which are clipped from the "Varieties" of the *MICHIGAN FARMER*.

And lastly is the book, "What to do till the doctor comes," containing simple remedies and directions for the care of the sick, etc.

Now this is only a beginning; but experience has taught me that when we find anything of interest which we may wish to refer to at some future time, if we do not make good use of the scissors and paste *then*, it will be lost amid the labyrinth of reading matter which enters every household.

Trying to "snow under" the Editor reminds me of the little poem. I am sure if we all help we shall be able to accomplish it, as the poem runs:

"Help one another," the snow-flakes said,
As they nestled close in their downy bed,
"One of us here would not be felt,
One of us here would quickly melt,
But I'll help you and you help me,
And then what great big bank we'll see."

ALBION.

CHARITY.

The president and board of trustees of the Children's Free Hospital wish to acknowledge through the *HOUSEHOLD* the receipt of many letters from friends throughout the State, inquiring what they can do to assist them in their work of caring for the sick and suffering little ones; and also beg to acknowledge the receipt of many donations. The officers also desire to urge the formation of auxiliary societies to aid in the work. Those who wish to organize such societies are requested to write to Mrs. E. L. Thompson, 523 Woodward Ave., this city, for information relative to methods and work.

EVANGELINE'S many friends in the *HOUSEHOLD* will regret to learn that her long silence is due to sickness in the family. Her three children have had scarlet fever, their illness extending since the 20th of last December. As is so often the case with this disease other ailments followed as resultants, entailing a long period of suffering and trial, but happily the home circle is unbroken, the sick ones convalescent and "things look brighter," she says. We are all very, very glad to hear it.