

MICHIGAN FARMER

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THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

THE COMING MAN.

A pair of very chubby legs
Encased in scarlet hose;
A pair of little stubby boots,
With rather doubtful toes;
A little kilt, a little coat,
Cut as a mother can—
And lo! before us stands in state
The future's "coming man."

His eyes, perchance, will read the stars,
And search their unknown ways;
Perchance the human heart and soul
Will open to their gaze;
Perchance their keen and flashing glance
Will be a nation's light—
Those eyes that now are wistful bent
On some "big fellow's" kite.

Those hands—those busy little hands—
So sticky, small and brown;
Those hands whose only mission seems
To pull all order down—
Who knows what hidden strength may be
Secreted in their clasp,
Though now 'tis but a taffy stick
In sturdy hold they grasp?

Ah! blessings on those little hands,
Whose work is yet undone!
And blessings on those little feet,
Whose race is yet unrun!
And blessings on the little brain
That has not learned to plan!
Whate'er the future holds in store,
God bless the "coming man."

—Somerville Journal.

SPRING STYLES.

A popular style for street dresses for spring wear, and which will be used for summer traveling dresses, comprises a jacket and skirt of cheviot, homespun, or serge, and a full waist or blouse of surah. The jacket may be the old reefer, or blazer, or of the new shape, with round waist and skirt sewed on along the belt line, and the back having a box pleat in the centre. The skirts are about fourteen inches deep. The jacket does not meet in front, and there are revers which narrow from the neck to the waist line. The surah waist can be made as preferred; one of the prettiest models is made over a whaleboned lining, with the fullness laid in pleats, full sleeves with deep cuffs, and a high military collar. This costume, made in blue and white cheviot with blue surah blouse, or of brown and white with brown surah, may be relied upon as a neat and suitable traveling dress for spring and summer.

The Russian blouse is quite fashionable at present and promises to be more

so as the season advances. The same effect is given with much less trouble in fitting, by cutting a bell skirt, and covering it with the material of the dress to a point above the knees—if economy of goods is a necessity. Otherwise it is well to cover the entire skirt. Over this is a shorter skirt, shaped exactly like the lining and coming about to the knees. This, and the foot of the skirt are bordered by a ruche. With this is worn a round full waist which laps on the left, and which has a narrow ruche extending down the lap. A belt is worn. The sleeves are full at the shoulders, sloped to nearly fit the hand. The real Russian blouse should have a yoke, and the sleeves are finished with caps, after an almost forgotten style.

A grey cheviot made with the inevitable bell skirt—which is now more full than heretofore—has no trimming at the foot. With it is worn a coat basque, double breasted and roundly pointed, with a wide shawl collar of heavy black silk.

For a young girl, a pretty dress of blue vicuna cloth has a skirt cut with a front breadth twenty inches wide at the bottom and gored to ten inches at the top, and two back breadths each forty-seven inches wide and gored to twenty-four inches at the top, the back of the skirt being an inch longer than the front. With it is worn a full waist open in front, belted with a wide ribbon with bow at the side, and a turn-over collar of ribbon. Coat sleeves made close at the hand.

Another pretty costume for a girl is cut princess and worn over a pleated silk guimpe. The entire dress must be lined. Cut and fit the lining first. Then cover it with the dress goods. The guimpe extends from the neck to the top of the darts in front and to the under arm point of the armhole in the back. A pinked, box pleated ruche two and a half inches wide trims the top of the princess, and borders the skirt, which is made below the shoe tops. A dress of very much the same style is also suitable for young ladies.

Skirts are made *too long*. There is no objection to trailing skirts in the house or for carriage wear, but on the street they are a nuisance requiring one hand to hold them up, and if not held up are positively disgusting. What there is

that is graceful or beautiful about a quarter of a yard of dress sweeping along behind a woman and wiping up the filth of the street it is impossible to imagine. Rubber facings but slightly mitigate the nuisance, and I have seen women with skirts wet with mud and dirt for six inches wiping up more mud, while one hand feebly clutched a small part of the fullness. "Scavenger skirts," sure enough; no woman of any refinement or neatness will use her skirts to usurp the prerogative of the street-sweeping machines. Worth, Redfern and English tailors unite in condemning the trailing skirt for street wear, but this winter it has been altogether too prominent with us. An effort is being made this spring to shorten street suits, while still making them just to escape the ground.

A good way to reconstruct an old dress for spring service is to trim the skirt with a narrow bias band of velvet or silk, under which it may be lengthened if necessary. Or a band of the same piped on the upper edge with velvet may be used. A waist with a deep velvet yoke, or one of pleated silk, pointed in front, will aid amazingly in helping out a scant pattern, as will the deep velvet cuffs for the sleeves. The waist can be cut round and worn with a corselet, or pointed front and back, with tabs of silk or velvet which start from the under arm seams and cross front and back.

BEATRIX.

IMPRESSIONS OF BOOKS.

I am glad that there is a use for spiders' webs. I have heard before that they were one of the best things to stop the flow of blood when everything else failed. Perhaps John's Wife could tell us how to apply them to sooth an aroused temper. One could make her fortune if she could find a sure remedy for inflamed temper—or perhaps it would sound better to say irritated nerves. I like to see people a little—a very little—sharp, just enough to be spicy, but not enough to be pungent—bless you, not that! There are few people in this busy, scrambling, struggling life who haven't all the irritants they need to rub off corners and polish surfaces in their daily round of labors and contentions with inanimate things, without being picked at,

tickled or scratched by one who has a brain to think, a conscience to guide, and a heart to suggest kind, soothing words and acts. How contentedly the cat purrs when she is stroked the right way! How easy it is to win the love and confidence of the rudest, most untaught child, by bestowing upon him a kind, affectionate look and a few pleasant words.

It is harder to win the love of men and women, but it can be done by persevering in being bling and deaf to slights and insults, and being one's own true self, with the heart overflowing with affection for every one. A kind look and word from highest to lowest will do the giver no harm, but real good; and to the recipient it may do much good in encouraging him to struggle towards higher ground, at least it will give a few pleasurable moments which may not be of frequent occurrence in his life.

"89" wishes to know what we are all reading these long evenings. I have been reading again two of Dickens' books, the "Tale of Two Cities," and "Old Curiosity Shop." There is something fascinating in Dickens for me, and still I feel a resentment at his treatment in general of the middle and lower classes; it isn't that he does not see anything true or lovable in them, as that sweetest of all his lovable ones, "Little Nell," and many others prove, but the illustrations and much of the conversations are perfect caricatures; and who ever saw any one so fiendishly ugly as "Quilp?" In fact all Dickens' characters seem overdrawn to me, they are so immaculately good, fiendishly ugly or foolishly soft; it seems as if the "mejum' people" were very scarce in his experiences. I will not criticise his works, but leave that to wiser heads than mine.

I am also re-reading Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney's works; the one now in hand is "Sights and Insights." Patience Strong has taken Emery Ann to Europe for her health. When some of her friends remonstrated she replied: "If I was ordered a sea voyage to save me the use of my sight, don't you think I should take it?" For the benefit of those who have not read this book, I will tell them a little about it. Patience Strong was a maiden lady long past her youth. Emery Ann was her help, and had been her mother's before her. Mistress and maid were companions and friends as well; Miss Patience writes to a friend all the little gossip that women talk over together who are very intimate friends, and with this the sights they saw; and the "insights" were the thoughts suggested or what they read between the lines. Emery Ann's quaint wise sayings come out in blunt New England phraseology.

Another book I have recently read is "Japanese Girls and Women," which is very interesting; it gives a

review from babyhood to womanhood of their training and customs.

"Over the Tea Cups," by O. W. Holmes, I enjoyed, of course, and "Around and About South America," by F. Vincent. Considering how little is known, and also the relations which existed between the United States and Chile recently, every one is anxious to know as much of that country as possible. "In and Out of Central America" by the same author, and also a little of "Emerson's Essays," with now and then a story that I cannot recall sufficiently to make the mention interesting. My next book will be Tolstoi's "My Confession" and then "My Religion." I know I am way behind for not reading Tolstoi before, but I enjoy and get more good from reading anything when I am just ready for it, and am very anxious to know all about it. I read half a dozen newspapers, that is, run over them every week. (I am the nearest being perfectly happy when all alone in the house, and a very interesting book before me, I think.) I have also read "Science and Health," by Mary B. P. Eddy. If I should tell you everything that I have read this winter, some of you would say, "I do not believe she does anything else but read," but I do—a little.

Since writing the above, I have read "My Confession," am now reading "Life and Letters of Elizabeth Prentiss."

M. E. H.

ALBION.

THE MODERN YOUNG MAN.

What a delightful place the world would be if the modern young man were more like his forefathers! A boy (if those who were boys themselves twenty years ago are to be believed) used to get up early, build the fires, help his mother get breakfast, dress the baby; and when the household machinery was in running order depart for his work. When that was over he always went straight home and spent his evenings studying and reading Young's "Night Thoughts." His only recreation was prayer-meeting. He was ignorant of the odor of tobacco and would have been horrified at the suggestion of drinking raspberry-shrub. He had an Addisonian manner of speech, and seldom used words of fewer syllables than three.

There was no exception to this model twenty years ago.

But the modern young man is so different. His mother calls him when breakfast is ready and feels grateful if he condescends to arise within half an hour. He is highly indignant if the coffee is cold and the muffins have lost their crispness. After breakfast he smokes a cigar in the drawing-room, and then wanders down town to his business—so-called for lack of a better name, but which allows him plenty of time for countless cigars, and gossip un-

limited. He lunches at a restaurant down town, and spends the afternoon in front of the largest hotel in the place, making remarks on the passers-by and trying, usually in vain, to find a girl silly enough to flirt with him. As night approaches he hastens homeward to make his evening toilette. It takes him a long time, usually two hours, but the result is overwhelming! He spends twenty minutes trying on different neckties and deciding which shade of red is most becoming. His greatest difficulty is with his hair; for not being to the manner born, he does not use the curling tongs with the dexterity which should come by such long practice; but at last he is attired and sallies forth, usually to the theater. He does not take a lady because he prefers a seat in the gallery or bald-head row; and must go out to see a man after every act. Yet in spite of his life of restful ease, his temper is not of the sweetest. The young woman of to-day—if she is sensible—is chary of getting married, especially if she has money; for she knows the modern young man would soon spend it all on cigars, billiards, and other essentials of his existence, and then growl because there was no more.

Do I believe all this? Most emphatically I do not. But it is just as true as the article entitled "The Modern Girl," in a recent HOUSEHOLD. What an "Old Bach" writes is undoubtedly true of a certain class of girls, and was true of the same class twenty, forty or a hundred years ago. Only every year the class of sentimental idiots is growing smaller. For proof contrast the heroine of the old-fashioned novel with one of the bright, energetic, helpful women who appear in the fiction of today.

There are twenty girls earning their living today where there was one in the good old days of twenty years ago. As for the time spent in arranging the hair and dressing, I wish with all my heart that that might be true. But the modern girl is only too apt to spend what little time she has in the morning making beds, dusting, and trying to put the house in order for the day; and then have to rush off to office, school-room, store, or sewing-room, feeling uncomfortable as only a woman can when she knows that there is a rip in her glove, that her hair is not curled carefully, and that she has not washed yesterday's mud from her rubbers.

The society girl's duties lie in a different direction, but are as a rule quite as hard in their way. She must learn to overlook the servants' work, must not only paint the china which graces the table, but must take care of it; for it is too fragile to entrust to the tender mercies of Bridget. She must be able to play in order that she may entertain others, and must read that she may talk intelligently. She must be her mother's right hand in dispensing hospitality, and try hard to be agree-

able to "all sorts and conditions of men." In short, the duties of the modern girl are innumerable, and whatever may be her station in life she almost always perform them admirably.

"Old Bach," did you never hear the fable of the fox and the sour (?) grapes? Because the modern girl is beyond you, and in the language of the time, has no use for back numbers, do not try to be sarcastic at her expense. E. C.

PORT HURON.

THE MICHIGAN INSTITUTE FOR THE DEAF AND DUMB.

Probably few persons have any idea of the great proportion of deaf mutes the population of our State contains, or of the manner in which they are educated.

The Michigan School for the Deaf, located on an eminence just inside the limits of the city of Flint, was established by special act of the Legislature in the year 1854. The buildings as they now appear do not bear any resemblance to the structure of thirty-eight years ago. As it is, the buildings have been considerably enlarged from time to time, and now cover with all appurtenances about two acres of ground.

A visit to this institution is well worth one's time, but as it does not fall to every one to see it for themselves a short description of the building as it first impresses the stranger may not be out of place. Arriving at the main entrance one is conducted into a pleasant and commodious hall, the walls of which are hung with portraits of former governors of Michigan, those of Crapo, Baldwin, Alger and Bagley being the first to attract the eye. The state parlors, beautiful rooms in design and finish, occupy one side of the hall, while on the other the private office and trustees' room are situated. The latter is one of the pleasantest rooms the whole Institution affords, and is adorned with pictures, representing some of the best work executed by the students of the Art class. By the way, it may not be out of place to add right here that the pupils of the school seem to display an aptness for the pencil truly surprising and certainly very creditable to themselves.

The library is in close proximity. In the matter of literature the State has not provided as bountifully as one might wish, only between three and four thousand volumes of standard works of all classes are to be found here. However, the Central Board of Control has authorized the purchase of about \$500 worth of new publications, to be procured at the earliest opportunity, or as quickly as satisfactory terms may be agreed upon.

But let us not linger here longer, the schoolrooms claim our attention and thither we will repair. "How are they taught?" "Why, by finger-spelling, of course," you answer, which is

both a right and a wrong version of the matter. In the first place, it is right as regards teaching in the higher branches, and the use of anything else is strictly forbidden; but how could you expect the young person to express his thoughts in English before he had yet attained a full command of that indispensable acquisition? It would be like expecting the junior of our common schools to read ere he could speak. Here it is that the sign language is called into use. The Editor of the HOUSEHOLD and those contributors who live in Detroit may have observed its use among the deaf of that city. The teachers in this school are not deaf mutes, as might be expected, only four out of a corps of twenty being deficient of hearing. The tide of public opinion is almost unanimously in favor of instructors who are able to hear, and consequently a great majority of hearing persons have taken an interest in the deaf and their education, and many have adopted the profession as their life-work. Especially is this true of Dr. Alexander Mahone Bell, of Washington, D. C., and Dr. P. G. Gillett, of Jacksonville, Illinois. Such an enterprise on their part is undoubtedly very commendable and worthy of special mention. Were it not for the efforts of Dr. Bell, the deaf might enjoy fewer advantages.

In connection with the school are several shops in which work of different grades is assigned the older pupils. Here also is established a printing office, one of the compositors being your youthful scribe, who enjoys setting type, but when a "pi" is made the business does not always prove one of unalloyed bliss after all. However I have not yet distinguished myself as a veteran "pi-maker," and pride myself on my knowledge of the "art of arts preservative" despite the fact that all my instruction has been gleaned from about nine months' service.

Leaving the mechanical industries, the visitor may, if he chooses, inspect the kitchen and other departments, and nearly every one does avail himself of the privilege; the engine rooms are not open to the public. Cooking is here done by modern conveniences and it is interesting to watch the preparations for dinner going on. I can think of nothing similar unless it be the kitchen of some of the large hotels of the city of Detroit, especially on days when the public happens to have a very sharp appetite.

And now let me close, although my description may be inadequate, and every little detail not closely depicted here. Come and see for yourselves; you will be welcomed. The State urges your inspection, and when you have seen it all, surely you will admit that Michigan, with her desire to excel in educational matters, has not been outdone in any way, as regards the education of her deaf children.

FLINT.

B. M. G.

A REMEDY FOR "A WOMAN'S GRIEVANCE."

It has been currently reported that the masculine part of the human family contains numerous specimens that might be much improved upon, but I certainly did not believe any were so bad as that desperately bad man who won't clean out the berry patch and henhouse, tracks mud into the house, and worst of all, spends a whole day each month at the Farmers' Club!

Well, it seems to me, Elizabeth E., that you must have "grabbed in the dark" and made a mighty poor grab when you got such a man; but now that you've got him and he's got you, the only way seems to be to make the best of it, and while I truly believe that not all substances are suitable to make good whistles, yet there is surely a chance here for improvement, and certainly it is needed.

Now, as a starter, get him some of those good dinners you speak of. (The way to a man's heart is via his stomach.) Then when he is in good and pliable mind, convince him by kind, wifely persuasion, that he ought to turn over a new leaf, and if he can't make the turn just "lend a hand" and help him to turn. Persuade him to enter the hen house to gather the eggs, fasten the door on him and let him remain till he becomes fully acquainted with the nature of hen-lice, and can tell the number of teeth in a full grown one. Take him from the hen-house to the berry patch and induce him to prune and dress it up; tell him the briars may scratch and tear him, but they will surely scratch off some of the hen lice. Then, when he comes into the house with muddy boots make him take off his boots at the door, and allow him to wear only bare feet while in the house, and as often as you get a good chance step on his toes, to remind him that he's at home. A good plan is to spill some boiling water on his feet; it will not only help to clean them and kill hen lice, but will strengthen, wonderfully, his growing resolve to ever after clean his boots before entering the house; and he'll soon find this so much trouble he will sod or gravel the yard.

As to going to the Farmers' Club, when he begins to get ready to go you get ready too, and go, and you'll like it so well and enjoy so much the meeting with neighbors and friends, and the exercises of the Club, the music, essays, papers, recitations, earnest discussions of the many troublesome agricultural and domestic problems (including no doubt "how to manage a husband"); then to all this add the good dinner and pleasant conversation, and you'll go home feeling so much better and happier that you'll join the Club too, and receive so much good therefrom that you'll forgive your husband for attending without you (and that is much to forgive and requires a lot of

grace). And almost before you are aware of it those long neglected duties which you mention are being performed; home begins to look brighter, and you both find your hearts singing in unison as they were wont to sing of yore, "Home, Sweet Home." But let me whisper to you, be careful and don't break the spell at housecleaning time, for that is the whirlpool in which many a good husband, after losing sails and reckoning, is driven by the storm out to sea and his goodness is lost.

THEOPOLUS.

A COSY CHAT.

Sister Sensible, how could you so misapprehend Sister Gracious in her spicy little article, "False Guides?" We all laughed heartily at the ludicrous way she set out the absurdities of considerable of this paper housekeeping and managing. But she does not once insinuate that these are the rule, but rather the exception. See, she tells us, "I looked up my old tried recipes" etc., quite likely taken from some "Household"—probably ours. Oh dear, no, not foolishly written, not the least little mite wicked, but altogether rich—cute. Imagine her posing so bewitchingly, beaming and smiling Lydia Pinkham-like, for instance, which husband too quickly interprets "money wanted!" Often when reading the numerous discoveries of "improved methods," columns of which are found in the average newspaper, I say to myself that was put in to fill up, and nothing is so apparent as the impossibility. Here is an instance: To economize fuel a writer eagerly advises the inexperienced housekeeper to "bake your cookies while doing your ironing." Who does not know that feet as well as hands would have to be quadrupled for such an attempt, for, with replenishing the fire, either alone is "quantum sufficit" for the well drilled housewife. As to cookies, I find it requires the fleetest of movements to bake them properly, that is quickly, rolling and cutting out while the oven is doing its work. Imagine ironing in the bargain! No, poor little struggling housewife, do not attempt it. Better "one thing at a time, and that done well."

I wonder if Zella rightly digested that worthy article "When?" I heartily subscribe to Beatrix's explanation. But admitting for a moment—which I do not—that A. H. J. should trip a little in an opinion, it is abundantly atoned for by the lasting benefit she has conferred by kindly sending us her recipe for cabbage salad in *HOUSEHOLD* (Nov. 28th). Sister Gracious will not class that with "False Guides," I venture; with that for a relish for dinner and Beatrix's fried cakes for breakfast we cannot but feel that "Life is worth the struggle," at least so considered in this little domicile.

Yes, we do most heartily sympathize

with our afflicted Evangeine—we miss her cheery pen. Charity's modest little article reads nicely. Rutabagas in lieu of apples for mince pies! whew! heroic truly.

Last, but not least, witness all ye *HOUSEHOLDERS* these words of our Editor's: "We all like to know how people look."—*HOUSEHOLD* Feb. 20th, (fourth page). Now, on the strength of that I will venture to suggest what has long been in my heart as well as in many others, that we rise *en masse* and beg for her own portrait to grace a page of the *HOUSEHOLD* very soon. Surely she will not refuse us, when the request is so unanimous. META.

GRIPTOWN.

[The *HOUSEHOLD* Editor is always on exhibition at the *FARMER* office. Come in and see us any day, Meta.]

WE GIRLS.

Now, Old Bach, did it never occur to you that the modern mother differs somewhat from the old-fashioned one? Some mothers are nothing but frivolous butterflies. They teach their daughters that cooking and household duties are degrading and should be left to servants; that they must have hands as soft and white as a baby's; small feet, small waists, must dance well and flirt well. Admiration is all these poor creatures thrive on. It is the height of their ambition. This style of girl seldom if ever makes her way through college.

Then there is another mother who makes a drudge of herself to save her daughters. Many girls accept this state of affairs without a twinge of conscience. Others wish they could become as good a cook as mother. But when they ask to make bread or cake mother will say: "Oh, no! go and practice. I can make it in half the time it would take you. And then you might have poor luck, you know." I have in mind a lady who always did this. Her daughter married and went into a home of her own. What wretched times she had! The jelly burned, bread was sour and the coffee not at all "like mother's."

One day John wanted a johnny cake. "Oh dear," sighed the poor girl, "I haven't the least idea how to make one." "Don't know how to make a johnny cake? Well, I'd learn how to make something fit to eat if I were you," and John closed the door with a bang, while Jennie sought refuge in tears. Afternoon found her at mother's learning to make John's favorite cake.

Of course while a girl is getting her education she has no time for cooking. But when she has completed the college course she should spend one year at least in the home nest; take the burden off mother's shoulders; care for the little ones, if there be any, and learn to manage a home properly. Every girl, rich or poor, should do this.

Right here so many make a mistake. They attend college, become engaged while there, perhaps, and upon graduation marry and assume household responsibilities.

I think the more education a girl acquires the less she thinks of home duties and matrimony. Her thoughts are turned in another channel. She has high hopes for the future. To be sure she enjoys an occasional chat with sensible men, bachelors especially. Ah, well! girls, we can sit before the grate watching the glowing embers while we build our castles of future greatness, with never a wish that the modern young man, faulty as he is, were different. FANNY.

EAST LEBOW.

GOOD Housekeeping for March is an issue which will be specially helpful to the cook through the abundance of its recipes and its information relative to properties of certain cereals and vegetables. The story, "Breaking in a Husband," shows how a wife got the start of a stingy, browbeating husband; Miss Parloa gives a menu for dinner, and Frances Spalding tells how to set the table and serve the meal in approved style. There is always something good in *Good Housekeeping*.

THE initial number of *Historia*, an illustrated magazine of historical stories for young people, published by the *Historia* Company of Chicago, has found its way to our table. In its salutatory, its purpose is announced—to present history so interestingly that it will be more acceptable than the overdrawn and impossible tales of adventure most boys and girls find so fascinating, and in this way afford valuable information and stimulate a love for good and useful literature. No doubt there is room for a magazine of this character, if well and carefully edited. Whether *Historia* will fill the place to which it aspires is as yet of course an indeterminate problem. The first number promises well. G. L. Moulton, Harold Bernard, Lieut. J. Harman, J. Q. Chancred and A. T. Sawyer contribute articles illustrative of episodes during the Revolution, Cortez's invasion of Mexico, the Mexican war of 1846, and an incident of English history.

Contributed Recipes.

GOOD-TO-HAVE-WAFERS.—Two cups sugar; two eggs; a mixing spoonful of vinegar; one level tablespoonful of ginger; one teaspoonful of salt; these to be well beaten before going farther. Two cups of molasses should at this stage be boiling. Into it stir two heaping teaspoonfuls of soda. Boil the molasses in a large dish. When well dissolved in the molasses, stir into the other ingredients. Add flour as long as it will "take." Roll thin. The oven must not be too hot. Do not think the shortening forgotten.

CREAM COOKIES.—One cup of sour cream; one cup of sugar; soda to sweeten cream; salt. Mix soft as possible. Sprinkle with sugar. Nutmeg or lemon flavor. Good.

HOME.

JOHN.