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THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

THE LONESOME HUSBAND.

Since she went home—
The evening shadows linger longer here,
The winter days fill so much of the year,
And even summer winds are chill and drear,
Since she went home.

Since she went home—
The robin's note has touched a minor strain,
The old glad songs breathe but a sad refrain,
And laughter sobs with hidden, bitter pain,
Since she went home.

Since she went home—
How still the empty rooms her presence blessed!
Untouched the pillow that her dead head pressed,
My lonely heart hath nowhere for its rest
Since she went home.

Since she went home—
The long, long days have crept away like years,
The sunlight has been dimmed with doubt and fears,
And the dark nights have rained in lonely tears,
Since she went home.

—Robert J. Burdette.

EARLY FALL FASHIONS.

Summer is over. Those who have spent the season at seaside and watering place are flocking homeward, with trunks full of dilapidated finery—relics of hops, boat rides and mountain rambles; the harvest of the "resorts" is over, and the next thing is—something else. And the first requisite is new clothes. The August sales, whereby the merchant clears his shelves of his summer's stock, are over and many careful buyers have laid away muslins, gingham, challis and other light materials bought at but a little over half their first price, to be made up next spring. There is economy in such purchases, and satisfaction, too, unless one's happiness depends upon having the very newest and latest pattern stamped with fashion's approval. I heard some women on the car one day (for Sister Gracious is right in saying people have a particular penchant for discussing personal matters and exposing their own weaknesses in public places) speaking of the "bargains" advertised by a certain firm. One said: "I never can take advantage of such sales. The girls go out so much and our social obligations are such that I am obliged to get the latest; I can't use anything that is *passee*. It's dreadfully expensive, but after all there's a satisfaction in knowing your styles are exclusive!" And I couldn't help smiling at the idea of a social position so pre-

carious that it was only held by getting the latest style in dress goods.

But all the "summer things" have disappeared, and the windows are filled with early fall fabrics in wool and silk goods, the former largely in the majority. Novelty goods seem the favorite and are unusually handsome. A novelty goods which would make up very elegantly has a *broche* effect, given by the peculiar weave of two shades of blue; the goods comes in other colors, at \$1.25 per yard, 42 inches wide, six yards to a pattern. Such a costume would be cheapened by the addition of velvet or trimming, and should have revers or waistcoat of fine French broadcloth to give it elegance. Other goods have a "snowflake" effect, being flecked with flakes of white or other color. Bourette effects are popular, though not the coarse, shaggy materials fashionable some years ago. Yet a fashion journal speaks of a new goods woven of strands almost as thick as a lady's finger, and resembling a hit or miss rag carpet in its *melange* of colors and general effect. Many of the new goods are dark in ground work, and broken by irregular threads of several colors. A new rep goods somewhat resembling the weave of Irish poplin, has the heavy cords of one color, and two or three threads of a contrasting color between them, giving a changeable effect. Homespun and chevrons are also shown for every day service; the latter are now in two tones of color—or two colors, as two shades of brown, or tan and green. A good many Bedford cords are shown, but the preference, for fall wear, is for the novelty or Jacquard weaves, and for the rough mixed or bourette goods just mentioned.

This has been a "blue summer;" never before has blue been so universally worn; it became almost as much of a uniform as black has been. Consequently, other shades will be preferred this winter and green will be one of the most fashionable. Already the handsomest materials are shown in this hue, in new shades which have tones of tan and yellow in them and are quite unlike the old. Brown will be a good second to green, and red will be as popular as heretofore. But if you cannot have many costumes beware how you choose red. It is so ob-

trusively conspicuous that one soon wearies of it, and the red dress and the red hat become inflections.

As for fashions in making up, there is as yet nothing new to chronicle. The bell skirt, with its modifications, the corset and umbrella forms, holds its own. In all the effect is the same, the smooth fitting front and sides, with the fullness massed at the back. The canvas facing not over three-sixteenths of a yard wide, is stitched to the lining, and the whole smoothly faced with a strip of velveteen two inches wide. Do not buy the cut velveteen for binding which will be offered you in the shops, but get instead a quarter of a yard from the piece, cut bias. It will outwear two of the ready cut, which is always of the cheapest quality of velveteen. Three-eighths of a yard will bind two dresses. Skirt trimmings are very simple. The attempt to introduce wide foot trimmings seems to have failed, as all the new patterns show narrow ruffles, one narrow pleating put on with a cord, a narrow passementerie matching the corsage decoration, or rows of gathered ribbon overlapping each other. Many skirts have no trimming whatever, but a narrow decoration at the foot gives a completed look, somehow. Princess costumes have lost none of their popularity. Street dresses, it is authoritatively stated, are to be short enough to clear the ground. It is to be hoped the melancholy spectacle of women making mops of their skirts, which have a balayouse of rays as a finish, will be soon banished from our streets. Corsages are more elaborate than ever. It is a miracle how women get inside them they are lapped and folded and corselet-ed and guimpe-ed to such a degree. Round and pointed waists are worn, with girdles and corselets of velvet or contrasting goods. Coat bodices with belted back and jacket fronts are seen on the new models; long slender tabs are cut on the backs of some bodices, while others have tabs both front and back, added by bretelles of the material which are wide on the shoulders, narrow to the waist line and widen again below. Sleeves are very large. What is saved in the skirt evidently goes into the sleeves. Two shapes are worn; one has great fulness at the top, being pleated into the arm-

hole and upper part of the seam and narrowing to fit closely at the wrist; the other a close fitting sleeve with a full round puff extending half way or quite to the elbow. Sleeves and corselet may be of material differing from the dress, if harmony of color is maintained, and velvet and silk sleeves will be worn again. The Russian bodice will be a favorite for early autumn wear. This has no seams except under the arms; the front is widely lapped to the left; the fulness of both back and front is gathered at the belt and the trimming (which is distinctive) consists of a wide galloon or band of passementerie which serves for belt, collar, cuffs and edges the lap of the front. The lining, of course, is fitted with the usual seams. No trimming is necessary on the skirt.

The new wraps are almost exclusively double-breasted, demi-length coats or jackets, which come in many colors, even red. Some of them have a narrow line of fur edging the collar and continuing down the fronts. Many of them have pleated and belted backs, the pleats giving the fulness below the waist; these are only becoming on slender figures, others have a Watteau pleat defined to the bottom of the garment. The military cape is still seen, some very elegantly decorated models being displayed, but it is not as common as last year. Carriage cloaks of *matelasse* and brocade are in pelisse shape; some have long dolman sleeves; others the long Watteau pleat hanging from the neck entirely independent of the garment. A beautiful and showy cloak of black and gold brocade was thus modeled, and edged with a long curled fur, which I judged to be the fleece of Angora sheep reconstructed on a curling iron.

Early styles in millinery are of felt almost exclusively. Hats have no crowns worth mentioning, and rather wide brims shaped to suit the wearer's face. They are trimmed with wide erect loops of ribbon and many short ostrich tips. A brown felt decorated with upright loops of lighter brown ribbon edged with darker velvet, and five small brown tips, was very *chic*. Other hats had brims of shaggy beaver, gradually becoming smoother toward the low crown which was felt; the color, too, shaded from dark to light in the same way. Some of the new bonnets are very funny; one is inclined to regard them as a joke in millinery. One brown straw had an amusing crown very like a section of four-inch stove-pipe out of a job, which obtruded itself after the manner of Mother Goose's historical head-gear. It was trimmed with a brown velvet pancake in front, with two gilt pins thrust knife and fork fashion through it. Taken altogether, if that was a fair sample of the coming bonnet, I shall advise my constituents to wear hats.

BEATRIX.

A TRIP UP THE LAKES.

Not a trip of a week or more up through the Great Lakes; but just one delightful afternoon during which the yacht Cora carried eight of us up the chain of little lakes near Grand Traverse Bay.

As we passed up Elk River to Elk Lake and thence around the beautiful Skegemog Point into Round Lake, the wonder grew greater and greater why so many people should build cottages and spend the summer months on beaches where only sand and water are in sight, while these lovely shores are left deserted except when visited by an occasional camping party.

All the advantages for a summer resort are found here. The water is pure, the beaches fine for bathing, the shores covered with magnificent trees, and more than all is the clear, bracing air which makes one forget that there is such a sensation as fatigue.

I am very loyal to St. Clair River and the Flats, but when we came to Torch River I had nothing to say, no comparisons to make. Indeed, I was too busy trying to look both ways at once. The water is so clear that the bottom with all its beauty of moss and aquatic plants may be plainly seen. Great beds of waterlilies—so appropriately called the Cleopatra of flowers—awakened our admiration and made us long to gather some. Marvelously green marshes reminded us of the Flats, but were prettier, and of course very small. The river winds in such a way that it seemed to us who were not accustomed to it that our boat was frequently headed directly for the land; but an opening always appeared and fresh beauties would come before our eyes.

Torch Lake is the largest of the chain, and very charming it is. One hill sloping down to the beach and covered with splendid trees will linger in my memory as an ideal site for a summer residence. "Let us go to Spencer Creek, boys," said our Chief, and to Spencer Creek we went, thereby causing a great commotion among the inhabitants of that quiet village. At the sound of our whistle the entire population—men, women, children and dogs—turned out to meet us. Evidently a pleasure yacht with a crowd like ours on board was a novel sight. Our stay was short, and as we departed we caught sight of two women who had probably been detained, and had just started out when they saw our retreat. Even at a distance surprise, dismay and disappointment were to be seen in their attitudes. Poor things! they had missed the event of the day.

The trip back was perfect. Torch River was literally as smooth as glass, and on either hand trees, bushes, overhanging weeds, the smallest stick, the lightest leaf, were so perfectly reflected that nature seemed to have gone mad

for the time and turned everything upside down, while we were floating on the air with fairyland all around us. We passed some piles of logs and the reflection showed them to us apparently supported by nothing, yet so real that there was no difference between substance and shadow. It was enough to upset all one's preconceived ideas of gravity. Our artist threw down her sketch block in despair, and we were all silent with admiration except for occasional exclamations of delight, and the remark from the Irrepressible, "This is dreadful neat."

It was with regret we left the river behind us, but before us across the lake lay the sunset. I think none of us will ever forget the sight as we watched the sun pass through a bank of clouds, shine out brightly for a few minutes, and then sink out of sight leaving behind such a glory of color as is impossible to describe. Slowly the brilliant red faded into softest pink which spread over the sky and cast reflections of its beauty on the water. This in turn grew fainter and changed to heliotrope. Then Mars shone out and darkness was not long in coming; but even after we had landed and were climbing the hill to the island home, the western sky was lovely with a soft, still light.

PORT HURON.

COMMENTS.

Mothers, when the little ones are nervous and unpleasant to each other just say "One time when I was a little girl," and see how quick they will get the little chairs to hear the "story." Tell some incident of your life, any little thing, and they will be interested and forget their bickering.

When the wee ones are asleep and the hens will cackle, as hens will, just throw out a few crusts of bread or handfuls of corn and their noise will cease.

Oh why will we caress and say many a loving word to the little ones who cannot understand, and let the older ones long unsatisfied for loving words and kind caresses! Let us be more lavish with our kind, approving words to the older ones.

I meant to have said one word about that wonderful "John" who let his wife go visiting to mother's in haying; yes, and even took her to the train, and then after she got home kissed her and talked as in the "days of courtship." If he yet lives I would like to behold the man. His wife might make a fortune taking him around as a world's wonder, for there are others who think such men scarce. If he will be at the World's Fair I shall put forth a great effort to be there.

AUNT MARY.

MIDDLEVILLE.

E. S., of Northville. Send money for expenses for two, as you proposed and the matter will be attended to at once.

THE CITRUS FAIR.

Annually there is held here a fair at which is exhibited a large collection of the citrus fruits of Southern California as well as all kinds of canned and dried fruits. There is a strong feeling of rivalry between different sections of this great State, and petty jealousies exist in many of the towns. While Southern California admits it is unquestionable that oranges are grown up north and out of doors, even in sight of Mt. Shasta's snowy peak, they tell you that the citrus aspirations of their northern friends seem to run in the direction of fairs, and that they are bound to make a show of citrus fruits each year and "beat the earth" with orange churches and pagodas, though it take their entire crop.

California is still in an experimental stage of cultivation; its possibilities are unknown, but the great success of orange culture in the south is demonstrating the truth of the assertion that more gold is to be got out of the surface of California soil than from the subterranean mines. Although they hang on the trees the year round, the crop is gathered from March till June. The orange is at its best in March, and in the latter part of this month the fair is held. Flowers can always be had here for decoration, and the pavilion is prettily adorned. From the entire ceiling hangs a soft veil of cyprus dotted over with tissue paper oranges. The stage and galleries are decorated with countless callas and palms, and over thousands of "golden apples" below shine the electric stars and crescent. The most luscious and perfect specimens are shown in the collection of canned fruits, as fair as any picture the ubiquitous fruit agent ever displays to tempt the buyer.

All the chief cities of Southern California are represented, from Los Angeles to San Diego. Many designs display the fruit to advantage. San Diego had a fort in orange and lemons; Pasadena, a pagoda; Redlands, a miniature copy of its school-building; Riverside, an immense lemon as big as a barrel, and the chief feature of Orange City's display was an enormous orange. These large figures are secured by making an exact copy of the fruit in wood, then covering by carefully wiring oranges or lemons over its surface. Besides these there were various smaller designs; pyramids and squares, rows and boxes and piles of the golden fruit lay everywhere. A floral bicycle attracted attention, the spokes of the wheels were of scarlet geraniums, and the tires of smilax. Roses, English violets, daffodils, jonquils, bowls of gorgeous California poppies and other flowers added to the attractiveness of the booths. Pasadena said she didn't care for the prizes, she came to advertise her section and was satisfied with the result. Riverside had

a banner on each corner of her big platform recording her trophies; Redlands also captured several premiums. Although younger, Redlands bids fair to become the rival of Riverside. The city is growing rapidly, is producing fine fruit, and frosts are said to be less frequent and severe than at Riverside. Mature orange trees will bear two mild frosts I am told, but if a third night in succession the temperature falls to freezing the fruit is injured.

It was estimated fully twenty-five thousand people visited the fair. Evenings were occupied by a variety of entertainments, tableaux, music, etc. The chief attraction of the evening I attended was the Chinese orchestra, which is a great novelty to eastern people. The instruments of their band consist of big cymbals, an embryonic banjo and violin, a stick struck rapidly on a board, and something else unnameable capable of producing sounds like a howling winter's blast intensified and accelerated. There were five performers and they clashed their cymbals, beat their instruments and tattooed away with chop-sticks in the most solemn and philosophical style, without the slightest regard to time and with an entire absence of harmony. This orchestra plays nightly at their theater in Chinatown, this being the first time they have performed before a "Melican" audience. The chief merit of their music seems to be noise. The air is alive with din and discord. Through the audience here and there one sees a woman start nervously at some unexpected crash. One wonders what new discordant combination it is possible to execute. In her exquisite "Bits of Travel at Home" descriptive of her attendance at their theater where a Chinese band was playing, "H. H." spoke truly insaying: "They made so much noise there was no room to sit down!"

LOS ANGELES.

HATTIE L. HALL.

CITY BOARDERS.

I have been interested in the discussion about city boarders, and must side with Beatrix. If we can get four or five dollars a week for board we can certainly make money faster than by selling our butter for ten or twelve cents a pound, eggs ten cents a dozen, cherries a dollar a bushel—hardly worth picking—plums two dollars or less, chickens for fifteen cents apiece. If we could turn this into board we could make more out of it. It is true there would be some labor, but what can the farmer—or his wife either—get unless through hard labor. Our work can be so arranged we can have our leisure hours, same as our city friends, and if we are not on their level it is our own fault to a certain extent.

In regard to board, I mean to try it next summer and see if there is any money in it. I would give boarders

good bread and sweet butter and the home cured pork and milk gravy the lady spoke of. None of my family said: "Oh, your city boarders! I would have to come to the table with my coat on no matter how hot it was, and drink my tea out of my cup and burn my mouth and mustn't put my elbows on the table." But we could lay style to one side through the extreme heat. It is not style our boarders will care for, but the country fare and fresh, pure air.

LEXINGTON.

KATE.

LET US HAVE PEACE.

For the past few weeks I have not enjoyed reading our little paper nearly so much as usual, for it seems to me there has been so much "pitching into" those who have differed in opinion. I believe we can never all think alike, and indeed, why should we? If one woman chooses to wear unironed clothes, and eat mush and milk off a bare table, and her family are satisfied with that style of housekeeping, why then it must be all right—for them. But as for myself, I'll not adopt that method quite yet, for I think such small items as neat, well ironed table linen, bright, pretty dishes, and carefully prepared meals, be they ever so plain, have a refining influence, and help the children to form habits of neatness and order. If I must economize my time, it will be in some way that will not conflict with my ideas of home comfort.

Although I live on a farm and have milk and butter to attend to, beside large flocks of chickens and turkeys, I am never hurried, but find time for reading, visiting, entertaining company, and to have a share in most of the good times around, such as picnics, excursions, etc. Indeed I think I am much more at liberty than I would be with a hired girl to look after.

My sympathies are all with Honey Bee. There are times in a mother's life when the burden seems greater than she can bear, even with the help of a kind husband who is willing to carry more than his share of the load. But cheerfulness and patience will work wonders, especially in the case of children. Only a little while, and the babies will have grown to men and women, and if we, by careful training and mother love, can help them to build up noble Christian characters, we will be well repaid for all our efforts.

Nettie T. asks what will remove machine oil from white goods. If before washing, soap be rubbed on the spots and then washed out in cold water it will remove them, but if the goods have been washed, apply ammonia and rub out in warm water.

Let us put aside this spirit of contention which is creeping into the HOUSEHOLD and instead let us have cheery, helpful letters.

HARTLAND.

AUNT MERRY.

THE WIFE AND THE MONEY QUESTION.

I have just read Mrs. Germain's contribution to the *HOUSEHOLD* of August 27th, entitled "Not Afraid of City Boarders," and as I have a few minutes of freedom from a call for "copy," and "proofs" are all read (for this is Tuesday—my day at the office) I want to say just a word about two or three thoughts contained in her letter.

To me there is a mine of pathos back of the words: "I positively envy any one, or woman rather, who is able to earn money." As if the dear soul who does work alone for a family of six on a farm, doing all her own sewing besides, did not as truly *earn money* as the husband who works the eighty-acre farm with the one regular season hand and the occasional day hands beside to help him and for her to wait upon.

Do not, I entreat you, plan for next summer boarders in order to "earn money." You have enough of physical work to do already and it is your duty to conserve your strength for the future. I think, my dear woman, that you know what hard, hurrying farm work is by practical experience, and that you had better lay your plans to hire help for a few weeks about twice a year "to catch up with the work."

Talk it all over, please, with Brother Germain, and step into your rightful place of equal partner or of salaried officer, whichever you two can agree upon as the rightful one, and know that *you now earn money*. It is pitiful to see the struggles of well-to-do women to maintain an independent spirit by resorting to this, that or the other extremity to get work that will bring a little "money of their own."

I recall a story which I heard Mary F. Eastman tell a year or two ago. She was visiting a friend in a New England manufacturing town some time before, and during her visit she often noticed men going into a large establishment across the street with a bundle in their arms and come out again in a little while, apparently with the same bundle. Her interest was aroused by the great number of men coming and going in this way and she asked her friend what it meant. The friend replied with great enthusiasm that she was delighted to be able to tell her about it, for such a friend of women and such an enthusiast on enlarging woman's opportunities as Miss Eastman had always been, could not fail to be deeply interested in what she had to tell. The establishment was a knitting factory. The farmers went there after bundles of stockings which were finished, except heeling and toeing. Their wives would knit the heels and toes for a certain amount a dozen pairs—75 cents, I believe—and the husbands would return them when they made a business trip to town, and bring home a fresh lot to be finished in like manner.

"And it is such a blessing to these women," said the friend. "It enables them to do many things which they are longing to do, but which they cannot do unless they earn money in this way."

"It strikes me that they get very poor pay," said Miss Eastman. "I don't see how they can live."

"Oh, they don't have to use it in that way," said the friend, "their husbands support them, and you ought to know about some of the nice things they are enabled to do with their money. One woman is educating her daughter. The little she earns pays for a room and tuition and the girl boards herself. You ought to see how happy the mother is in providing privileges for her daughter which she never enjoyed, but the poor woman has to sit up till midnight, often, to get her week's work done."

"What does she knit nights for?" said Miss Eastman. "I would think she could knit all she ought to by daylight." "If you knew what she had to do you would not ask that question," said the friend. "She has four small children and a number of work hands, and she does all her own sewing and never hires a bit of any kind of work done."

"You astound me!" said Miss Eastman, in mock surprise, "I thought you said her husband supported her."

The friend soon saw the "blessing" in a new light, but the story serves to illustrate how unjustly even good and intelligent people look at this home money question—such is the power of custom.

A fresh "proof" is at my elbow and I must leave unsaid a number of things, but, Sister Germain, if I hear any more about the summer boarders I shall steal another half hour to say them.

CHARLOTTE.

B. M. P.

JOSIE SMITH, of Quincy, says: If Nettie T. will rub soap freely on spots stained with machine oil, and then wash (rubbing hard) in cold water before putting into hot water, the oil will come out perfectly. Do the same where the stitching is black and oily.

A CORRESPONDENT of an exchange says she prevents her canned fruit from moulding on top by placing a piece of cotton batting on top of the fruit, after filling the cans, then sealing as usual. She finds the device successful.

WE have received the third and fourth numbers of *The Literary Century*, a monthly magazine devoted to literature, science, art, current history and the like, published at Ann Arbor, whose editor is Miss E. Cora DePuy, a young lady well known through her many and varied contributions to newspapers and periodicals, and whose fitness for editorial

work is well displayed in *The Literary Century*. Prize scholarships are offered to any who obtain a list of 150 new subscribers, and \$110 are offered in cash prizes for the best original stories. Send ten cents for a sample copy containing particulars. The subscription price is one dollar per annum.

Contributed Recipes.

CHICKEN PIE.—Take a young chicken, dress and cut in pieces small enough to serve on the table, put in a spider with seasoning of pepper, salt and a good supply of butter; sprinkle over a handful of flour, then fill up with water and set in the oven to bake one hour and a half. Then have some nice crust as for biscuit ready, cut in small squares, put on the top and bake till done. If wished to serve from the table slip off on a deep platter. AUNT MARY.

GRAHAM PUDDING.—One half cup of molasses; half cup of sugar; half cup of butter-milk; small lump of butter; one cup of dried cherries or raisins (cherries are the best); two cups of graham flour; one teaspoonful of soda. Steam two hours. Serve with cream and sugar.

GRAHAM BREAD.—Take of hop-rising bread sponge to the amount desired; add a little sugar and stir as thick as possible with graham flour, fill to within about two inches of the top of the bread pans and let rise until even with the top. Bake in a slow oven.

MOLASSES COOKIES.—One cup each of sugar, shortening and molasses; one teaspoonful each of ginger and soda; two eggs flour to make stiff. Bake soon.

OLIVET.

SISTER MATTIE.

FEATHER CAKE.—Whites of three eggs; one cup of sugar; one-half cup of butter; two-thirds cup of sweet milk; two cups of flour. Beat sugar, eggs and butter together. Two heaping teaspoonfuls of baking powder in the flour. Flavor to taste. This is very nice. BLUE EYES.

CREAM CAKE.—One cup of white (coffee A.) sugar; two eggs; two-thirds cup of sweet cream; flavor to suit taste. Beat the eggs separately, adding the cream to the yolks and beat until light, then add sugar and beat again. Add flour in which has been sifted two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, to the consistency of griddle cake batter, then the whites of the eggs, then make quite stiff with the rest of the flour, as this cake must be made a little stiffer than one made with butter and sour milk. HONEY BEE.

CANNED PEACHES.—Pare and halve them, leaving in an occasional pit. Make a syrup of a pint of granulated sugar to a quart of cold water, and boil till clear. Then drop in carefully enough peaches to fill two quart cans, and boil till tender enough to be pierced with a broom straw; lift out carefully with a wire spoon and nearly fill the cans, which must be heated by wrapping around them a towel dipped in hot water. When the peaches are in, fill up the cans with the hot syrup, wipe off every bit of moisture from cans, rubbers and top, and tighten. When cold, screw the tops as tight as possible, and wrap in a sheet of newspaper or brown paper, tie a string around the can to keep the paper smooth, and glue on a label. B.