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THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

PRIDE VS. LOVE.

BY MARTHA E. DIMON.

A wall had grown between the two,
A strong, high wall of pride,
Upbuilt by thoughtless, selfish acts
And trifles magnified.

But time in passing, brought to them
An innocent young soul
Who wakened feelings in each heart
Beyond false pride's control.

The tiny fingers of that child
Tore down the barrier grim;
Now he is all the world to her
And she the world to him.

CHICAGO.

OUR PHYSICAL POSSIBILITIES.

The family of which I had the honor of being an inconspicuous member during childhood and early youth held very decided opinions relative to the propriety of the circus as an entertainment for young folks. The bareback riding, the dizzy vaults through tissue paper hoops, and the feats of the trapeze performers were held to savor of dreadful impropriety, and even the venerable jokes of the clown possessed an element of immorality when spoken in the sawdust ring which was entirely lacking when read in the highly esteemed family almanac. "The circus was no place for girls," I was told over and over again, hence it was not until I was a woman grown that I witnessed the stock feats in the arena. I often looked at the pictures of men standing on each other's heads, and the like, and thought them freaks of the artist's pencil, not believing that the human figure could be bent into such seemingly impossible anatomical positions. But I have learned differently, since I have seen what it is practicable to do by training and skill. Not long ago I witnessed some exhibitions of skill, strength and agility, and I want to tell you about them, just to point the moral which I mean to draw.

Five men stood bent over in a row, and a sixth shot like an arrow in a leap across their backs. One man stood erect while a second "walked up"—I cannot express how it was done in other words—and stood upon his head; then a third walked up both and stood upon the head of the second. The man at the top turned a double somersault forward, the second ditto backward, and

thus the living pyramid was reduced to integers again. The three resumed the position, when the man at the top turned a somersault; at the same instant the second man did the same, alighting on the floor, while the man who was at the top alighted on the head of the first man, thus occupying the place just vacated by No. 2. How nicely, to a fraction of a second, must the time of all these movements be calculated! A moment's hesitancy by No. 2, and he would have been in the way of No. 3, and an accident might have resulted. I confess a thrill of fear chilled me when, after building the pyramid again, it fell, just as three piled-up blocks might fall, describing a segment of a circle, a beautiful curving line, but the nimble performers vanished in a twinkling of spangles, tights and limbs as they turned somersaults to a point out of view.

Then some wonderful balancing was done. A man balanced a heavy pole—I am not sure I could have lifted it without the exertion of considerable strength—and another went up it like a monkey. Once at the top, he clambered about, tied himself in knots around the iron prongs at the top and untied himself, and finally stood on his head on top of the pole—a space I am sure my palm would have spanned—then held himself horizontally, full length, at right angles to the pole three feet from its top and entirely unsupported. This seemed perfectly wonderful, but he did it. What nice discrimination, what careful yet rapid adjustment of equipoise, and above all what fearlessness and confidence in themselves such athletes must possess! To have performed such feats on a pole firmly planted would have been remarkable; to do so while it was balanced by a man who did not touch it with his hands, the end being thrust within a loose sash around his waist, was wonderful.

I might speak of the agility and flexibility of the professional danseuse, of the contortionist, whose body seems made without bones and of India rubber, and many others who are examples of what may be done by human muscles; and then ask why, with such great possibilities, it is so hard for the average man and woman to hold themselves erect, and walk easily and gracefully? Men shamle and women waddle; they

go bent over with chins protruding; they move as if they were jointed dolls, so stiff and unyielding do their bodies seem to be. There is no comparison to be made between the ordinary woman who just "gets around" any way it happens so she gets there, who moves by jerks and starts, and always in angles, and the woman on the stage whose every movement is grace and beauty, because she has been taught she is full of muscles and tendons that only need use to enable her to take all sorts of graceful, charming positions. An actress who moved on the stage as nine-tenths of women move in their parlors would be laughed at for her awkwardness and angularity. The green girl, she who is to make people laugh at her uncouthness, needs only be natural; she has not to study awkwardness.

Physical culture is a "fad" just now. It is a much better "fad" than women especially have had for some time, if it is not carried too far. Some of the "movements" advised by physical culturists are absurd and not calculated to produce the end sought, and the time demanded for exercise is often more than women can or ought to devote to it; yet physical culture promises to do a great deal for those who enter into it with zeal tempered with discretion. Anything that will straighten backbones, get shoulders to their proper level, draw in chins and make us walk as if our knees were not in plaster jackets, will do us good.

The agent of an agricultural machine, asked once how he so unfailingly selected the farmer in a crowd and at once appealed directly to him as most interested party, said in reply:

"I tell 'em by their walk. They always go shambling along as if following the drag or bent over as if hold of the plow-handles. It's no trick to pick 'em out." A country physician comments on the fact that nearly all farmers' children are more or less round-shouldered. He ascribes as a reason their broad-brimmed straw hats, so easily blown off that it is almost instinctive to hold the head and shoulders down, that the wind may strike on the top of the hat instead of under the brim. You see there's something in this solution of the problem, when you reflect, and hence I would advise all mothers to provide strings to hats for

both boys and girls, at least while they are young and at home. Another reason is that so little notice is taken at home and at school of improper positions in sitting and standing. The child doubles up like a jack-knife over book or work, unnoticed and unreprieved, and half the time, even if warned, doesn't fully comprehend what "round shoulders" mean.

There's a good deal of benefit to be derived from as simple a thing as trying to stand straight and hold one's self erect in a proper position. To "straighten up" does not mean to throw the shoulders back into an unnatural position which throws the abdomen forward, but rather to hold the chin in and the chest out, and this naturally brings the stomach to a proper and less prominent position. This seems wearisome at first; it is hard to remember and maintain the position, but it soon becomes easier; and aside from the "bracing up" sensation and the improved personal appearance, speedily exerts a beneficial influence on the health. A bent-over, doubled-up, cramped position, which observation shows is common to thousands of both sexes, is more prejudicial to health than that awful corset which Miss Willard says (without her usual regard for accuracy) has "filled more graves than whiskey." The lungs have no play and are never half expanded, while the stomach is also crowded by other organs and the digestion interfered with. If you do not believe me, try it and see with what a sense of relief and pleasure you walk and sit, and how much more freely you breathe, after you once get in the way of straightening the curve of your backbone.

Mothers should take time to teach their daughters these things, and to practically illustrate, before a looking-glass, the difference between the appearance when the body is properly held and when it is not. Girls are often susceptible to such a demonstration, something they can see for themselves, when all the talking you can do is unavailing, for they have pride—and a right pride too—in looking well.

And when we think of what wonderful things our bodies are capable when trained, surely it seems a very little thing to learn to stand and walk properly.

BEATRIX.

HELP WANTED.

I greet the HOUSEHOLD from the Pacific Coast, from the capital of Washington, but it is not so far away but that I still have an interest in our paper and also come to it for help as in times past.

It has been my fortune during the past summer to have a real outing—a vacation deserved I think, after ten years of work on the farm. So in April we left the farm, stored our household goods and departed from the southern tier of counties to the extreme northern

county of Michigan. Oh, ye of Michigan who know not your State, get acquainted with it! Never, never will I say a word against "Michigan, my Michigan," for to know it well, is, I might say, a "liberal education."

The Northern Peninsula is in great contrast to the southern. In the latter we have fine farms, fruit, and a damp atmosphere. In the former some of the finest mineral lands in the world, pine forests and a perfectly dry atmosphere. The climate here is lovely; no foggy mornings, no depressed feelings, but bright, health-promoting days, the skies of Italy and air so sweet with the odors of the different evergreen trees that it becomes a pleasure to breathe it, to draw deep long draughts.

I feel that the summer added not days but years to me, for I lived much longer in the four months spent in the pine lands than in an ordinary summer. No hay-fever to hold me in its clutches as for years past, no summer colds to care for, no hired men, no milk pans; nothing but a sweet content, a most astonishing appetite and at night wrapped in the embrace of a Lake Superior sleep. Then we, who had never walked before, now walked miles through the woods, carpeted with the fallen leaves of many years; the streams made beautiful by their clear waters, always with tiny water-falls running with a sweet musical sound gave us their trout, too pretty to eat and spoiling the taste for other fish after one has once eaten. And by the lakes which are found here, there and everywhere, the pitcher plant grows naturally, having a pretty fragrant blossom.

Here we meet the homesteader and he bears acquaintance, too. Great ingenuity and skill are shown in the making of their houses and furniture. Sometimes a house will be built and furnished without any outlay of money otherwise than for nails and window glass and will be found comfortable. I quite fell in love with a cottage made of peeled birch logs, with a shining roof of pine shakes and home-made table, couch, easy chairs (which for comfort proved equal to an easy chair from the furniture store) and fine four-post bedstead.

But I started to ask you for help in a time of great need. I find that some of my goods have become infested with moths—in a carpet and in an upholstered chair—and I want a remedy and a little treatise on the subject of moths. Do they propagate of themselves or only by the moth miller laying its eggs? If I knew the nature of them it seems as though I might wage war with them more effectually; and will not those who have had these pests and have gotten rid of them successfully please tell at once the way to do it, which information will be eagerly and gratefully received by

OLYMPIA, WASH.

[The moth-miller is a small whitey-

gray moth, which is usually seen most frequently at twilight, or in darkened rooms. Its eggs, which it deposits by preference in woolen garments, carpets, etc., hatch into small larva or worms, which do the damage, eating the tiny but numerous holes which are the housekeeper's despair. In upholstered furniture a liberal bath of benzine is effectual, and does no harm to the material. Use generously, because the larva gets into the excelsior, beyond the reach of a slight application. If the carpet is on the floor, the moths will be found around the edges. A wet cloth laid over the carpet and ironed will kill them by steam. Pepper and tar paper are recommended as good to keep them away. If the moths are in a carpet that has been stored, I should saturate it with benzine as the most effectual and expeditious means of disposing of them. Never use benzine in a room where there is a fire. And do not be afraid to use plenty. It is cheap, and will not injure the most delicate fabric. It is most easily applied to furniture through a fine rose sprinkler on a common watering-can.—ED.]

MY GENTLEMANLY MAJOR.

Sister Sensible is very kind to suggest I borrow her Tige to save me from tramps, but my dog will as far outshine hers as a tower electric light is beyond a tallow candle. Major is too much of a gentleman to have any intercourse with tramps. Indeed, he disdainfully retires under the porch when one comes in the gate, but as a companion, and an all around good dog, he has no equal. Let's leave the "family pocket book" and the complaint of "down trodden wives" for awhile and tell stories about our pets. Dogs do not get half the praise they deserve. Time may come, ages hence, when the bark may be turned into speech, and they will be able to express in words the love, joy, hatred, jealousy, and other little sins and peculiarities that they have in common with their often unkind and thoughtless masters. That Major had the good and bad qualities mentioned and plenty more, I have seen proofs too often to doubt. Here is a little instance showing how he fell, was sorry, and yearned to be forgiven and taken back into favor again.

He was generally a very trustworthy dog. I have left bits on the kitchen table repeatedly, when he could easily have eaten them, but he scorned such conduct. However, one evening just before supper, Satan must have entered into him, for my little handmaiden ran into the dining room where I was seated, and exclaimed, "O! dear dear! Major has eaten all of the meat I sliced for supper and left on the kitchen table." I never whip him, but this must be dealt with seriously. I turned and saw the most miserable looking object trying to get to the side

door under cover of the chairs and table. All the lordly wag was taken out of his tail that was drawn up under his body out of sight. "Major! come here!" said I, sternly. The dog slowly dragged himself to my feet, and looked as if he would expire on the spot. "You miserable low-down dog; you thief! Don't I always feed you? And isn't there a piece of liver this minute in the pantry for your supper? Get out of my sight! and don't let me see you again till you can apologize for your outrageous conduct." He rolled over on his back and feebly moved his paws for mercy, and then slowly crawled to the door as if he would hardly live to get there. Out under the porch he kept himself for hours, but finally came in, put his nose into my hand, looked up into my face, and held his tail ready to wag, or drop it, according as I spoke to him. I patted his head, said, "Major! be a good dog now," and he actually sat down in front of me and howled for joy. To this day if I ask, "Major! Are you a thief?" he remembers, and shows mortification, and now I can trust him entirely. If I forget after meals to give him his meat he will take hold of my apron and gently draw me along toward the pantry, and I am ready to say, "I beg your pardon." Why shouldn't we ask pardon of a dog if we wrong him in any way? If we treat them as brutes, they are brutes; if we treat them as friends, they are friends, and go beyond their masters sometimes in truth and affection.

SISTER GRACIOUS.

DETROIT.

"BUSY BEE'S" BUSINESS.

As the pocket book question is being discussed, I will tell what I think upon the subject. At "our" house we have two (lately there are four as the little boys each have one). Sometimes they do not look very plump, but my own generally has a little in; my husband's is oftener empty than mine. He comes to me for money as many times as I go to him, but as long as either of us has any, the other is welcome to use it for neither of us would use the last we had unless it was necessary and we knew we had ways to get more soon. When my husband takes money from mine he usually gives back more than he takes. I scarcely ever give back what I take, as he has so much more through the course of a year than I do that it does not make the case the same. He puts in his pocket book the proceeds from all the grain, stock, vegetables, etc., while the proceeds from butter, eggs, poultry, bees, fruit, etc., go into mine. When we buy anything the one who buys it pays for it, no matter if I buy him a pair of rubber boots or overalls, or he a corset or pair of gloves for me. I certainly know he does not spend money foolishly (unless it is taxes on two hounds as he loves to hunt foxes, coons, etc.). He does not use tobacco in any form,

never tastes liquor, never has anything to do with games of chance or patent rights men. I do not think I do either. Last Christmas I gave him his tax receipt as a present. I had paid the taxes out of my poultry money. I had intended to buy a two-seated buggy but thought we could get along, as we had two single rigs.

Last year I raised nearly one hundred dollars' worth of poultry to sell. This year I did not try to do much at it, so my pocket book will not get so much as it has for several years back. But we have one "little chick" that Gould's millions could not buy of us, a little baby girl that came to us just six weeks ago, which weighs just twelve pounds to-day, a gain of nearly four pounds. She is not much more trouble than a chick either; she has yet to take the first dose of anything; she never has had any crying spells; our hired girl said she did not know a baby could be so little trouble, and added she would not know we had a baby if she did not come in and look at her once in a while. I think it is the way I use her and the way I dress her that makes her so much better natured than were the little boys when babies. I am doing my own work now, and it seems nice to be alone although I had a good girl.

Honey Bee's description of "City vs. Country Living" makes me like the farm still better than I did, but there are advantages in the city I admit. Schools are better, and there are lectures and entertainments not to be had in the country.

Evangeline always brings something good when she comes to the HOUSEHOLD. A. H. J., in the HOUSEHOLD of October 27th, has told of the key to a wife's happiness more truly than she herself knows perhaps. E. L. Nye I have admired for years. I remember that a number of years ago I read in the FARMER, when the little sheet was not "in it," about a visit from an old school-mate, her husband and baby, coming on a visit one morning just as she and "Bob"—whom I took to be her husband—were ready to take the first sleigh ride of the season. But I think the letters from those who travel are interesting, as I am a stay-at-home body I like to read about what I cannot see. I will tell Little Nan my key to success in poultry raising if she does not think she has been told enough already.

BUSY BEE.

THE TOPIC OF THE TIMES.

The great question of the day is "How are you having it made?" Chilly winds and a hint of snow in the atmosphere make us think of winter things. The goods brought on for cold weather wear are both smooth-faced and rough, with preference for the latter, which show heavy twills, cords and bourette effects. Plaids are also much worn, especially for house gowns,

in combination with a plain material. Changeable goods are in vogue, both in wool, velvet and silk; diagonals woven in dark red and brown are made up with blue or brown silk or velvet sleeves, vest, crush belt and perhaps skirt panel. Silk is more in style this season than for a long time; the serviceable black silk is restored to popular favor, except for street wear, for which wool goods remain in highest mode. Plain silks are the newest thing out.

There are few changes in general effect, but infinite variations in detail in the new gowns. The bell skirt is good for another season, but is made more full at the top and more flaring at the bottom than last summer. Of single width goods six breadths are required. The front breadth is moderately sloped to the top, there are two gored widths on each side, and the straight breadth is gathered in French gathers—alternate long and short stitches. Such skirts are no longer mounted on foundation skirts but are lined throughout. For double width goods, this model may be retained, or the skirt fitted by the usual darts at the top, in front and on the sides. It may be worth while to remember there is more fullness allowed around the front and sides of a skirt than when the bell skirt first came "in." Other skirts have a pleated effect, gained by arranging one deep box pleat directly in the back, which is defined to the foot of the skirt; or two narrower pleats are made, with most of the fullness where the two pleats meet in the centre of the back, and one shallow fold on the side toward the front to define the pleat. Skirt trimmings are still narrow and as varied as one's fancy indicates. Narrow ruffles, folds, ruchings and puffs are employed, and are of velvet, wool or silk, as one pleases and economy dictates. One of the newest is a bias fold of velvet, gathered into puffs at intervals by perpendicular rows of shirring; another is a standing bias fold of velvet, on the lower edge of which the ruffle or puff is set. And skirts, for everything except carriage, reception or visiting dresses, are shortened to just touch the ground. This still necessitates the use of one hand to produce that remarkable appearance gained when a woman clutches the back breadth of her gown and pulls it round her to the front, disclosing glimpses of petticoats and hosiery; but it is at least a point gained in decency.

The chief ornamentation of dresses continues to be placed upon the corsages. It is impossible to be too fanciful for fashion, yet occasionally one sees a plainly cut, smoothly fitted waist which challenges admiration by its very simplicity. Such are the double-breasted coat basques, which lap from the shoulder down, or are cut away over the bust to disclose a silk or velvet vest,

and laps below; the back being finished in postillion style, either very short and narrow, or quite long and rather broad like a man's dress coat. Other waists are cut in four coat-like tabs in the back and round in the front, but the majority are cut either round or pointed both back and front. Sleeves are of two styles, the large *gigot* or mutton-leg, which are made to stand out, not up, from the shoulder (this effect is gained by two rows of gathers at the arm hole); the other mode fits closely from wrist to elbow, with a deep full puff above; this puff is sometimes broken one-third its length above the elbow by being caught to the plain lining, giving the effect of a double puff.

Trimmings are "various," as Sammy Weller said of his feelings. Fur is perhaps the most stylish because newest and oh so high priced! You can't touch it for less than \$1.50 a yard for half inch widths mounted as edgings, up to \$2.50, \$3, \$4 and ever so far beyond for bands of differing widths. The short curled black Persian lamb is very popular, but one is inclined to limit one's dressmaker's suggestions at \$1.50 a yard; marten is the same value and is prettier, seal at \$2.50 and black or brown bear at \$3 are elegant, especially upon green, which is, by the way, a very stylish color this season. Russian bands range from 75 cents up, and gimps, moss ruchings, etc., can be bought at almost any price, according to quality and width. There is a worsted mossy-like gimp which trims very prettily and sells at 50 cents a yard. Jet holds its own, especially for silk.

A stylishly simple model for a black silk, one which would remain long in style without looking like a "back number," has a perfectly plain skirt, slightly gored and cut with a demi train. The round corsage, with seamless bias back, has the upper part of the front covered to the tops of the darts in the lining with silk laid in perpendicular pleats about two inches wide. From a point two or two and a half inches from the point of the shoulder (not the shoulder seam, but the top of the shoulder), folds extend diagonally across the front, those on the left side lapping over upon the left; these folds are part of the silk that forms the lower part of the waist and are wrapped round the figure without darts. Three handsome jet ornaments in leaf patterns finished with heavy rain fringe are set in front at the waist line, the fringe falling below it; there is not another bit of trimming on the whole costume. Sleeves mutton-leg, collar moderately high.

A new fancy is for the crush belt, a bias band of silk six inches wide, lined but not boned, which falls into natural folds when worn, and may end in a rosette or be finished under sash ends of the silk. The stock collar is another novelty; a piece of bias silk like the dress or its trimming, five inches wide, is drawn in folds round a collar

of the dress material. It, as well as the crush belt, may be of velvet.

Another model gown in wool has a bell skirt, with round corsage, cut to disclose a vest, no darts, the fullness being folded under at the waist and the left side crossing diagonally upon the right, low down. The vest, deep elbow cuffs and officer's collar, also a band at the foot of the skirt, are of plain cloth which may contrast or harmonize with the material of the gown, embroidered with soutache in a simple curving pattern; outlining the band round the skirt, framing the vest and round the sleeves where the cuffs and puffs meet at the elbow, is an edging of fur—if you can afford it, if not, any fluffy trimming, moss edge, etc., or flat bands may be used though not with the same effect.

Ravers, wherever used, are very broad, and often slightly pleated into the neck near the shoulder seams. There are quite as many plain vests as there are full ones. Jacket fronts are still extremely fashionable; they are great aids in remodeling partly worn gowns.

DECORATIONS FOR THE HOUSE.

A pretty photograph frame is made at slight expense in this manner: Get a sheet of heavy paper, such as is used for water color paintings. Cut your frame the desired size, and two or two and a half inches wide; notch both inner and outer edges in wavy irregular lines. With gold paint give the edges a coat of gilt, shading it toward the centre of the frame, and making it broad at the corners and narrowing on the sides. Between the borders trace the indentations of the paper in fine lines of gilt. Secure the frame to the picture with a few stitches at diagonal corners, and cover with full bows of yellow satin ribbon. This is very pretty indeed. A water color paint of any desired color can be used instead of gilt, making the bows of the ribbon to suit the color. A delicate mauve or pale green would be very pretty.

Another style, rather more "fussy," is furnished by a correspondent of the *New York Tribune*: Take thirty medium sized brass rings, six for the top, 12 for the two rows at the bottom, and six at each side. The rings should be of such size as will outline the picture when fastened together. Cover the rings with pink embroidery silk in double crochet; sew them together in shape for the frame, and slip the picture in and fasten to a piece of pink satin ribbon, five inches wide and 24 inches long, with both ends fringed out to a depth of five inches, leaving two inches of plain ribbon below the frame. At the top slide down a ring large enough to gather the ribbon a little, four inches from the frame, to hang it up by, and let the fringed end fall over. This is improved by lacing a narrow pink satin ribbon through the rings and tying butterfly bows at two diagonal corners.

An ingenious girl who had a number of the small photographs (*minettes*) now so popular among the young people, arranged five of them upon a slip of ribbon, choosing a square one for the centre, and placing one diamond fashion at each corner. She then made tiny frames of rings, covered as above, laced narrow ribbon through the rings, and had a very pretty ornament for the wall of her room.

A pretty pillow for the sofa or divan is made with little expense and less trouble and quite ornamental. Make your pillow the size you choose, and of china silk of any pretty tint, and figured in a large conventional design if you can obtain it; make a slip considerably longer and wider than the pillow. You will have to use "judgment" in choosing your dimensions. Pass ribbon of the proper color around through the centre each way—both length and width—and tie in a large full bow in the centre. Pull the silk out into puffs over the corners, and you will find you have something neat and tasteful.

WE have received the October and November numbers of the new Godey's Magazine, a rehabilitation of the first "ladies' book" published in this country, which originated with the late L. A. Godey in 1830, was well established when Harper's Magazine was born, and has seen the Atlantic, Scribner and other popular periodicals make their beginning. The new Godey begins well. Its publishers have adopted the Lippincott idea and instead of serial fiction furnish a novelette complete in each number. This is well, for more and more an intelligent public rebels at having its literature provided on the installment plan. The October novel is by John Habberton, the November by Molly Elliot Sewall, and if December's *piece de resistance* is as much superior to Mrs. Sewall's as her's is to Habberton's then indeed is the new Godey on the high road to success. The other departments are well edited, and promise to be interesting, while the fashion department, with its four colored plates (Godey was the first to introduce colored fashion plates) caters to an ever present want of femininity. We are pleased with the appearance and contents of this new-old ladies' book, which will be welcome to all the family, and hope it will be popular and prosperous.

THE latest additions to the HOUSEHOLD Album are pictures of A. H. J., of Thomas, received some weeks since, and "Little Nan," of Mt. Clemens, for which thanks are returned. There is still plenty of room in the Album and we would be glad to be remembered when HOUSEHOLD contributors have their pictures taken. And too, we want more contributors, more letters, and more readers. "All favors gratefully received."