

# MICHIGAN FARMER

AND STATE JOURNAL OF AGRICULTURE.

DETROIT, MARCH 11, 1893.

## THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

### WHAT SHALL WE HAVE FOR DINNER?

"What shall we have for dinner?" Do not ask me that again.  
I am so sick and weary of that merciless refrain. It's meat, potatoes and dessert—dessert, potatoes, meat,  
Till I think a Chinese diet might be a joy and treat.

"What shall we have for dinner?" I hear seven times a week.  
And now it would be a relief to have it asked in Greek.  
Why is it people must have food? Housekeeping would be sweet.  
But for that one recurring thought: "What can I get to eat?"

If we were like the fairies, and could thrive on honey dew,  
This world would be a Paradise, with pleasures ever new.  
Even Jupiter the pampered did not bother and entreat  
The goddesses untiringly for "Something good to eat."

Oh, is there really nothing new that's edible? I think  
Our learned modern scientists, instead of wasting ink  
On "Survival of the Fittest," and all such themes, might give  
Some hints for the survivors, who indeed must eat and live.

For now not only through the day, but in my dreams at night,  
I try to plan some odd menus, the palate to delight,  
And still my tortured brain can think of nothing else to eat  
But meat, potatoes and dessert—dessert, potatoes, meat.

—Good Housekeeping.

### YE CRYNOLYNE.

Ye Crynolyns is lyke to grace  
Ye worlde of fashio: for a space;  
But I woulde counte a lesser yll  
Ye broode Elzabethan fryll  
Where wyth to frame ye ladie's face,  
Ad le beantie to thy gentyl race,  
Or puffs, or paynt, or courtlie lace;  
But fyght, O ladie, wyth a wyll,  
Ye Crynolyns!  
For thou art sweete in any "case,"  
But surelie thou art oute of place  
In such a rounde disguise, untill  
Thou hast a bodie fyt to fyll  
Ye Crynolyns!

### FASHIONS.

The great inquiry in the feminine mind just at present seems to be relative to the proposed revival of hoops. I have felt that the idea of crinoline was being forced upon us by those idle writers of "syndicate stuff" in the daily and Sunday newspapers, who must have

a theme and who have boomed wider skirts and hoops for want of gray matter in their craniums. And I want to say right here that I never saw a woman "got up" in the styles they describe as "chic" and which they generally originate in their own hall bed-rooms; while their combinations of color are as loud as a fire alarm and would cause the venturesome wearer to be "run in" by the police. I cannot feel that all this talk about "woman's enlarged sphere" means simply a hoop-skirt era. If the oft eulogized educational and intellectual advancement of women during the past twenty years is a real progression in independence of thought and action and development in sound sense—if it is to bear fruit in deeds, not words; if there is an atom of feminine faith in the dress reforms so loudly exploited or any real education in the gospel of beauty and utility, I look to see it manifested in the frowning down of this attempt to swathe us in skirts six or eight yards in circumference distended over a wire frame at once inconvenient, ungraceful and inartistic—not to mention immodest.

But I do not think there is any immediate danger. We shall not wear hoops this summer, that is certain. The hoop-skirt has not arrived at Paris; and though a New York house is said to have it on sale, and the Ypsilanti Dress Stay Company is legally licensed to manufacture it, *Harper's Bazar* says decidedly it will not be adopted this summer for general wear. Probably some of that class whose business it is to attract attention will occasionally accept the innovation, but these need not set the style for other women. Worth does not favor the introduction of hoops; the Princess of Wales recently returned to her dressmaker several gowns heavily crinolined; and Mrs. Cleveland still further set our minds at ease by the conservative style of costume worn at the Inaugural Ball.

The universal interest excited by the crinoline question is very amusing. Men as well as women seem concerned. Quite a dignified gentleman sought my opinion on the subject the other day; I surmised a joke, but found the inquiry was made in good faith. Both men and women disapprove—I haven't heard a good word for the new mode yet—and can it be possible that a fashion we un-

animously disapprove is to be forced upon us? The downfall of hoops when last worn was due to Cruikshanks' clever caricatures; let us hope Nast or some other cartoonist will have a keen pencil ready to circumvent them this time before they circumvent us.

A tour of our city stores in search of indications of spring modes shows very beautiful fabrics on hand for early wear. All the new suit goods are in very light tints, very soft in tone; and mixed, over-shot and brocaded patterns—those in which the warp is one color and the cross-threads another, and wrought by the loom into figures—are seen in the novelty goods which form the first offering. Diagonals, poplinettes, whip-cords and serges are standard goods and make durable dresses that are available on cool days in summer. For light weight summer dresses, the challis, crepons and China silks come again; lansdowne is coming into greater favor as its merits become known but it is more expensive though of greater width. China silks, they say, have had their run; the cheap grades now made have ruined the reputation of the goods, though for coolness and comfort and wearing quality they have no rival. Avoid the cheap stuff; silk from seventy-five cents to one dollar a yard will outwear two low-priced patterns. Challis come in beautiful flower designs sprinkled thickly on delicate ground tints, and made up with liberal use of ribbons give satisfaction all summer. The French challis never go below sixty-five cents, but they are all wool and do not fade where-as the cheaper qualities get streaked and speckled with wear. Green and violet are favorite colors; navy blue, the coolest dark color we have, is always in fashion.

But it makes less difference what the material of a gown is, so that it is becoming to the style and complexion of the wearer, than how it is made, so we will proceed to consider that portion of the question. The new skirts are cut wider, that is the most noticeable thing; they are also shorter; a street gown that touches the walk proclaims itself a back number. Eight yards of 40-inch goods or seven of 50-inch, are now required for a dress. A new bell skirt described by the *Bazar* is 5½ yards round the bottom and without fullness at the top. It is simply a great circle,



with a seam down the centre of the back. Eight and nine gored skirts are said to be made in the exclusive dress-making parlors of New York and Paris, but as yet the bell skirt and its modifications are most prevalent, though cut wider than last season, and often stiffened with crinoline. There is more fullness in front, yet the fullness is not perceptible as folds or gathers. To cut these gored skirts, which are well adapted to narrow goods, these directions are given: The front breadth is twenty inches wide at the bottom and fourteen at top, where it can be narrowed still more by darts if necessary; the side breadths are just wide enough to carry the skirt beyond the hips, about twenty inches at bottom and ten at top and gored on both edges. The back has six widths, eighteen inches at the bottom and three at the top, sloped equally on both edges; the fullness at the top is arranged in six even gathers, or pleats which expand with the breadths. This skirt is lined throughout, lining being cut exactly like the outside, and is usually untrimmed unless of light weight material, when it may have a narrow ruche, or rows of braid or galloon.

Bell skirts that are too narrow and close in front may be widened by inserting a panel either in front or on the sides. A width of lace over silk may be used, the front edge being sloped; or any material which harmonizes with the costume may be employed and should enter as sleeve puffs, revers or jacket on the waist. But usually last season's skirts if shortened to the present comfortable walking length are all right, at least for demi-season wear. New gowns should be cut decidedly wider.

There is little change to note in bodices as yet; though the effects are infinitely varied by the trimming the foundation remains the same round-waisted, girdled style which we have worn all winter, sometimes slightly pointed front and back. Girdles are as popular as ever; they are of overlapping, upward-turning velvet folds, or soft silk crushed over a stiff boned lining. Jacket fronts are still in favor; many handsome boleros and Etons are seen in passementerie, guipure and gold braid in the stores. Sleeves are larger and more puffy than ever. It is safest to cut the sleeves first and put what is left into the dress. The mutton-leg, close at the wrist and very wide and full at top, and the plain close-fitting forearm crowned with a drooping elbow puff or the shorter Empire puff, are the only styles as yet, aside from the variations to suit individual taste, such as banding the upper arm to make two puffs, or making an elbow frill. Shoulder seams are cut a trifle longer and the sleeve, instead of standing up from the shoulder, stands out; the upper part of a sleeve and also the puffs are to be lined with crinoline or book muslin to make them keep their shape.

The efforts to introduce wide skirt trimmings seems to have failed, and narrow borders, ruffles, ruches and folds, galloons and braids are seen. Whether the attempt to spread these decorations all over the skirt, like hoops round a barrel, will have better success is yet to be seen. Trimming with no apparent excuse for existence, in horizontal lines at intervals breaking the pleasure of the eye in the graceful flow of the skirt, is against our artistic perceptions. At least the fuller skirts would seem to preclude the use of seven rows of two inch trimming set at graduated spaces from bottom to top of a skirt. To modernize a scant skirt and give the effect of greater amplitude, wider, full trimmings can be added, and frills set inside the skirt are an aid to that end.

For spring wraps, the cape takes precedence, made most convenient by the immense sleeves which a jacket crushes so dreadfully. The new styles come well below the waist line—are long enough to fall to the wrist when the arm hangs by the side, and have very voluminous pleated collarettes, or three or five superimposed capes. It would be hard to tell which is the most favored. A beautiful brown velvet cape with pleated collarette seen at Hudson's was lined with two toned surah and marked twenty-five dollars; the style would be handsome in cloth and could be gotten up more cheaply. In fact, one element which will make the cape a season's fancy is the ease with which a tasteful woman may make one at home. Jackets are about 40 inches in length, but with wider skirts to accommodate greater breadth of dress-skirts, and either a series of shoulder capes or a collarette is often added and serves to modernize an otherwise old style garment. But more capes than jackets are shown in the new spring arrivals, though the latter are more to be relied upon for comfort in our variable spring weather.

The shirt and blouse waists so popular last year will be worn again this year, but made up more often on a fitted lining which gives a trim appearance. In China or India silk they are comfortable on a hot day, and useful with partly-worn skirts. I must tell the mothers of the four year old girls of a pretty gingham dress easily copied at home. A straight skirt of pretty plaid gingham was finished with a deep hem and three tucks. A plain round waist was sewed to the skirt with a white cording between. Doubled bretelles of the gingham were overlaid with white open work embroidery, pleated full like epaulettes on the shoulder and narrowed to a point front and back. The full shirt sleeves were gathered to a gingham cuff overlaid with embroidery, and the half low square neck finished with a white cording.

BEATRIX.

"To do good and contribute (to the HOUSEHOLD) forget not!"

#### THE TEACHER'S DUTY.

I have been interested in what the HOUSEHOLD correspondents have said about teachers looking after the manners of their pupils, because though not now engaged in the work I have been a teacher and had practical experience with children from all sort of homes.

And I want to say most emphatically that no mother should seek to evade her own responsibility toward her children by turning it off upon that already overworked person—the teacher.

Is there to be anything left in the way of training not to be delegated to the teacher? Manners, morals, personal cleanliness, hygiene, respect—all these as well as instruction in "book learning" are expected of that patient pack-horse—the teacher. Where is the demand to stop, and what is there to be left for parents to do?

It is the home training that tells. What the teacher can do in her six hours of authority five days in a week, for a few months only, is negated by home influences during the entire year—the unconscious influence of example overbearing the instruction by precept in the school-room.

I admit that teachers should—and I know they almost always do—supplement home training in manners by requiring observance of the more common forms of etiquette. But I deprecate the idea of expecting anything more than supplementary work in that line. It weakens a teacher's authority in great things to be continually compelled to exercise it in little ways.

As I have said, it is the home training that tells. It should be begun before the children are sent to school; then it will become habitual—second nature—to lift the hat, to offer a chair, to open a door, to say prettily, "Yes, Miss Blank" and "No, thank you." A teacher by dint of much reminding may make a boy take off his hat when he meets her, by association of ideas, but he'll forget to extend the courtesy to others if his father doffs his hat only when he goes to bed.

In my own experience I have had my attempts at manners-teaching negated by a boor who sent me word he didn't want "no d— nonsense" taught his boy, and suggesting I pay "more attention to 'rithmetic and less to politeness." Such cases, I am glad to say, are rare, and usually some attempts at inculcating good manners are made even in the homes of the most ignorant and careless.

Too much is expected of our teachers. They are but mortal though supposed to be possessed of superhuman patience and tact, and to be models of deportment. A woman who would herself severely punish a child for a misdemeanor, is roused to wrath if the teacher reprimands or punishes by deprivation for the same offense. And did you ever see a dull boy who "if he had



the right kind of a teacher" would not turn out a second Daniel Webster? Or a "terror" in school who was not a perfect lamb for meekness and docility at home?

Teachers are much more patient with children than are their own mothers. They are obliged to govern themselves as the first essential toward governing their pupils; while not infrequently a mother's "discipline" consists only of scolding or "nagging" or a peremptory order enforced by a blow. The children that are hardest to govern in school and that make the trouble are invariably those not governed at home. Yet the woman who cannot control her own youngsters expects a teacher with from twenty-five to forty-five to both govern and instruct and also make them over into "little ladies and gentlemen!"

There is no work so exhaustive to the vitality as teaching. And the exhaustion of strength and energy comes less from the actual work of imparting instruction than from the necessity of exerting authority and maintaining discipline. Time after time have discouraged teachers said to me, "If the children would behave themselves teaching would be a pleasure." It is the strain on nerves and temper and tact that wears.

I would suggest to mothers that instead of requiring more of teachers, they themselves attend to the training of the children in manners, in cleanliness, in correct language, in morals; and thus leave to the teacher more time and strength and energy to devote to training them in the wisdom of books. I believe the results would be early apparent in the higher tone of the schools, the more easy government and hence the better work. I am sure they could thus earn the eternal gratitude of a class of hard worked, poorly paid, seldom appreciated women—our primary school teachers.

EX-TEACHER.

FROM EL. SEE.

It is such an unusual occurrence to be all alone, as I find myself this eve, that I am constrained to spend the time in writing to the HOUSEHOLD between my coughing spells. The truth is that I am a prisoner with a heavy cold and sore throat, and in a general state of unfitness for appearing in public.

The long snowy winter has reached its last month and we are all glad to think that the grass and swelling buds will soon be with us again. Of course that means additional work for all, but who does not feel the inspiration of the season and enjoy the general renovation and renewal of mother Nature's great house-cleaning time?

I never before knew what pleasure one could get from a window garden. Nearly every one keeps a few plants but I could never enjoy them standing in every window and even holding the

fort on the "broad shelf" in the pantry, but in their own place they are a constant delight. Not tall stalks with a clump of pale leaves at the top, but short and stocky with the leaves crowded so thickly that they overlap each other like a well shingled roof. I do not want any plants turned about, but growing with the same side to the window they face beautifully when wanted for decoration in the parlors. I have a fine array of blooms, and the ornamental-leaved plants are quite as beautiful as those in blossom. It is my first experience with so large a number, but have had such success that I shall give them the same treatment another year. In the first place, I commenced differently from my neighbors, because while they left their's out of doors just as long as possible, I filled my window early in September while yet the doors and windows were open all day, and long before the furnace was started, and the change was so gradual that they never seemed to know it and did not shed their leaves nor cease their blossoming. An old kettle was partly filled from the hen house and a liberal supply of soot added, boiling water poured over it and closely covered to retain the ammonia. Once a week some of this decoction is added to the water for the plants, and they have all the tea left from meals, but beside these only clean, warm water is used and none could be more thrifty or beautiful.

All winter I have felt that my care of the plants has, in an indirect way, been a blessing to others, for the bay-window is so near the street that they are much admired by passers-by and seem to send out a cheery greeting to all across the drifted snow.

ROMEIO.

EL. SEE.

UP OR DOWN, WHICH SHALL IT BE?

[Essay read by Mrs. N. Cowles before the Essex Farmers' Club, Feb. 11th, 1883.]

This is the question that meets us at the threshold of life, and is usually decided instinctively. In childhood and youth all our efforts are to excel. Oft we stumble and fall. Our spelling book is stained and worn as if some hard lesson had been diligently studied and mastered, ere a new leaf is turned. Each day brings new trials of muscles and brain, and tears, while fighting the battle of life which commences at the cradle. Each day leaves its mark, whether up or down. Associations and circumstances have much to do with it, "For just as the twig is bent the tree is inclined," but we often see this saying contradicted. Many rise above their surroundings; some fall below. The desire of every youth of ordinary intelligence is for improvement, however futile his efforts may be. This latitude of thought and action has its danger as well as its inspiration, and we can only judge by the success or failure that has been achieved. But the car of progress moves onward; we may stumble and

fall and we think but little of it while we are active and strong. We endure hard toil until our muscles become hardened and our hands skillful; we are thankful as the blessings of life surround us; we endure all ills flesh is heir to and press upward and onward. But there comes a time when we have reached the summit of physical achievement. Is there then no more "up" for us?

Nay, my friends, the "up" was worth striving for and now is worth holding. As there is no standstill in this world we must use our accumulated powers and press upward. Nor have we reached the summit of our usefulness. Those trials that trained the muscles, subdued the passions, cleared the perceptions, strengthened the judgment and chastened the spirit, only fitted us to fully do life's work. One year of our life now is worth more than any of the preceding for usefulness. Constant toil was not the only thing for which man was intended. "For thou hast made him a little lower than the angels and hast crowned him with glory and honor." At no time in the world's history has there been so much for the enjoyment of its people, so much choice literature at a trifling cost, so many societies, so many public resorts with a good programme for entertainment suited to the capabilities of all. It is better than medicine for our ills to meet and mingle with the throng. We soon find out we are bearing heavy imaginary burdens. Not in the history of the world have the sympathies of man so quickly responded to the suffering of humanity. All seem to urge us on to good words and deeds.

If we look at the lovely plants at our feet we find they cannot grow without growing up or without light; or if we look to the heavens, the sun, moon and stars are all moving on. If we would imitate nature we must be active; employment takes our thoughts from self, and many ills fly before active habits and a cheerful disposition. "Employment, which Galen calls 'Nature's physician,' is so essential to human happiness that Indolence is justly styled the mother of Misery." Who that has spent a busy, active life, does not endorse this sentiment? Will power has much to do in holding us in our proper places. We must not only keep in sympathy with our surroundings, but we must help elevate them, not content ourselves with past honors, but use nature's powers and our acquired powers to help on in life's good work. Caroline Herschell was reading the hand of God and demonstrating His law in the heavens even while awaiting the "boatman to row her over the dark waters." England's Premier Gladstone stands forth a living example of will-power, pushing a noble purpose for all the present times demand. Barbara Freitche, though bowed with fourscore years and ten, has engraved her name on the heart of every lover of his country's flag; and so may we, if hold firmly to the right, do more good and enjoy more of life's blessings than we ever have in the same length of time in the past.



## SPECULATIONS.

We read Hattie L. Hall's descriptions of the land of flowers and then look out over our fields of snow. The tops of the fences disappeared some time in January. I never saw so much snow in Northern Michigan as there is this winter. Sometimes for more than a week at a time the mail could not get through from Lake City. I am afflicted with chronic lonesomeness all winter here, but when the mail doesn't come all symptoms are aggravated.

How surely the blotting out of Nature with snow in the cold, cruel winter, turns our thoughts to problems of life that we do not think of in the bright, busy summer! Discussions of religious questions, revival meetings, etc., have an interest now that they never have in dog days. First is the old question that underlies all religion, all value and hope of life here and hereafter, Are we immortal? Aside from Revelation the arguments on both sides are very few. Our consciousness has a beginning, so it must have an end. A blow on the head will obliterate consciousness entirely; then what does death do? On the other hand our identity, our memory remains though every particle of our brain is changed every seven years. Then there is no want in nature but has something to satisfy it. We want to live hereafter, therefore we must be immortal, though I question much whether we want immortality half as much as we do continued life in this world. I do not mention the possibility of communication between this and the invisible world, for I get snubbed when I speak of it. Ah, well; we shall all know some time how it is—if we know anything when this life shall fall us.

The newspapers seem horrified over the possibility of hoop skirts being again worn. I remember reading exactly the same remarks just before they were in style the other time, before the war. I have worn them when they required seven breadths of yard wide material to cover them. They are very comfortable, particularly in summer. How ideas of modesty change! In those days we felt just as much shocked to be seen without a hoop-skirt as without a dress. By the way, how dreadfully old one feels to remember all about the war and even before it.

PIONEER.

HULDAH PERKINS.

## CHAT.

UNO, of Genesee County, comes to the front with a hearty amen to Sister Gracious' appeal to us to crush in its infancy the attempted revival of hoops, and wishes long skirts included in the condemnation. She says:

"Why must we be slaves to such miserable fashions? Do you think if a few rich ladies should get together and say the men must have a change in the fashion of their clothes, they must have

the legs of their trousers a yard across and a steel sewed in the bottom so they will set out, and have them so long they would drag on the ground to take up all the filth they could possibly retain; or if these women should say men must wear a dead bird or butterfly perched on the top of their hats, do you think the men would tamely submit to such miserable fashions? No indeed; they would say 'We will wear what is the most comfortable and the most becoming to us.' Then why cannot women do the same? I do not want to vote, but I do want the privilege of wearing what is becoming and decent, without being called a crank or guy, and I think we all do. Then, readers of the HOUSEHOLD, let us rise as one woman and assert our rights in a matter that so vitally concerns our comfort and convenience. Let us, even as Daffodilly says, "get right up and howl" (if need be) so loud that we shall be heard all over the land, and see if we can not turn the tide in the right direction."

MRS. A. DO extends her sympathy to Bonnie Scotland, saying:

"My mother was taken from us when I was but thirteen years old, just when I needed her most, and I felt I could not possibly bear her loss. But I found many kind friends to share my sorrow and I had their deepest sympathy. As years passed away I found one kind friend, who stood by me in sickness and trouble, and who has done so much for me that I feel I never can repay her. There are many such friends, who will be kind and helpful in sickness and sorrow although they can never take a mother's place, for

No one like a mother, can charm away pain  
From the sick soul and the world weary brain.  
No other worship abides and endures.  
Faithful, unselfish, and patient like hers."

But friends will do all they can to help us in trouble. Although it has been fourteen years this winter since I saw my mother laid away at rest, I have not forgotten her, and should God deem it best to take Bonnie Scotland's mother from her, years may pass away but the mother's gentle influence will be ever around her, and her kind teachings will never be forgotten. I know it will be hard to bear but we can only feel that God knows best."

## SLANG.

In the HOUSEHOLD of February 18th, Back Number speaks of slang, which I think is becoming fearfully common and coarse. It is the outgrowth of illy-poised minds. Let a timid child be a little while in the company of strangers where he is too timid to speak and if there is a new slang word used he will carry it away, and a day or two afterward he will be trying it. It was a new word and he could not help getting it. Young people use slang a great deal for lack of sense and self-respect, and more yet out of lack of respect for those they are with; but most of all for a lack of that self-possession which would make them masters of better language. Slang is for the most part the tongue fruit of disturbed and illy-poised minds. Slang is vulgar, intensely, basely vulgar; and the wonder of all wonders is that people of common sense who know good language and have good taste, should disgrace their speech with it. It can be accounted for only on the ground that

being feebly self-possessed they are easily disturbed, and in this disturbed state slang words come before proper ones. The way to conquer the habit of using slang is to gain a self-possession which shall keep us masters of what we say.

Real self-possession is not to be upset by a word, or hurried into foolish action by another, or turned sour because somebody is not sweet, nor ill-mannered because some one is not polite. It does not propose to be a boor to its own hurt and the scandal of the neighborhood, just because some one else has been self-forgetful. It considers the laws of right, the rules of propriety, the etiquette of good breeding, the dignity of self-respect, the Christian obligation to others, and then, by the help of them all, considerably determines how to act. GREENIE.

## Contributed Recipes.

**RIBBON CAKE.**—Three eggs; one and one-half cups of sugar; two-thirds cup of melted butter; one cup sweet milk; three teaspoonfuls of baking powder; three cups of flour. Flavor with lemon. Put one-half of the above into layers and bake. Add to the remainder one tablespoonful molasses; one large cup of raisins, seeded and chopped; one teaspoonful cinnamon; one-half teaspoonful each of cloves and allspice; one tablespoonful of flour; one half teaspoonful of soda dissolved in a little boiling water. Bake in layers. Put first a light layer then a dark one, and spread with soft filling.

**SNOW CAKE.**—Two scant cups of white sugar, and one-half cup of melted butter beaten to a cream; one cup of sweet milk; two cups of flour; add the whites of four eggs beaten to a stiff froth, and last of all one cup of flour and two heaping teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Flavor and bake in layers or loaves. This makes two cakes.

**PORK CAKE.**—Take one pound of fat pork entirely free from lean or rind, chop very fine, so fine as to be almost lard; pour one-half pint boiling water upon it and run through a colander; add one pound of raisins seeded and chopped; one-fourth pound citron shaved fine; two cups of sugar; one cup of molasses. Mix all these together and stir in enough sifted flour to make it the consistency of the usual cake mixture. Then stir in cloves and allspice finely ground, one-half ounce of each, and cinnamon one ounce. Bake slowly.

**FRUIT CAKE.**—One cup of sugar; one cup of sour milk; one cup of raisins or hickory nut meats; two cups of flour, one-half cup of butter (scant); one teaspoonful of soda and one of spice.

These last two recipes requiring no eggs are useful in winter when they are scarce.

YESILANTI.

ROSE HAWTHORNE.