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THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

THE BABY'S STOCKINGS.

I hung up the baby's stockings
Of crimson and dainty white,
With tiniest cord and tassels,
One long ago Christmas night.
Oh! such wee little stockings;
Baby hadn't worn them long,
For he came, our fairest blossom,
Mid summer flowers and song.

I knew that Santa would find them,
He knows what each season brings,
And is he not always watching
For angels that have no wings?
And when the fair waxen tapers
Burned bright on the Christmas tree,
And the morning stars were joining
The glorious minstrelsy,
I peeped in the wee bright stockings,
Ah! Santa, what tender cares!
There were candies, dollies and rattles,
For baby's sweet fingers fair.

We gave them all to our darling,
With thanks in his azure eyes,
And a smile that seemed to tell us
Of his happy, glad surprise.
But one radiant Sabbath morning
Ere the New Year's noon was old,
The angels came for our treasure
To live in the heavenly fold.

And now among things most sacred
I fondly, tearfully keep
The wee crimson stockings and rattle
Of my baby gone to sleep;
They bear, though the years have faded,
The imprint of tiny feet,
And oh! how often are covered
With lingering kisses sweet.

HOUSEWORK AS A BUSINESS.

There has been a good deal said about housework in the HOUSEHOLD of late, largely provoked by Honor Grint's letter in the issue of Oct. 26th, on "Housework for Girls." If I understand Honor aright, she nowhere questions the expediency or necessity of girls preparing themselves to do housework in homes of their own, as wives and hence housekeepers. Her position was that if a girl is about to choose an occupation with a view to supporting herself, housework is the least desirable; or as she phrases it, "not far from degrading," and offering "the fewest opportunities for culture and refinement." It is not quite fair to Honor to assume, as some have done, that she meant *all* housework is "not far from degrading," because, if we are honest with ourselves, we will admit that though we may do our own work in our own kitchens with pride and pleasure, we would go into another woman's kitchen, as the recipient of wages, with very different feelings and ambitions.

I have preached so often, in these columns, on the text of "Self-Support for

Women" that you all know how thoroughly I approve even attempts in that direction. I honor with all my heart the girl who has independence and strength of character enough to mark out a path for herself and steadfastly walk in it to the goal of her ambition. I honor her more especially if her effort is impelled by the desire to lighten the burden on her parents' shoulders, and if, instead of waiting till she can get some easy work with big pay, she quietly takes up that nearest her hand, and performs it to the best of her ability, no matter if it is only the despised housework.

There are many girls who are ambitious to earn money, but they all desire an easy and glorious method. They want to write stories for *Harper* or *The Century*, become renowned as artists, or, if their vaulting ambition doth not quite o'erleap itself, they will sell ribbons over the counter as a light and genteel employment, till the time comes when the world is advanced enough to be dazzled by their genius. [Perhaps you think I am severe, but if you knew how many would-be poets and novelists who can neither spell correctly nor write grammatically, but are anxious to embark in literature as a profession, I encounter in the course of a year, you would not wonder at it.] There is a parable in Scripture which is apropos: "To one he gave five talents, to another two, and to another one;" and the girl who received the one talent is so afraid thereof that she is lying around somewhere where she has not yet discovered them, she will not stoop to develop the ability she possesses, but makes herself miserable and brings reproach and ridicule upon her sex by trying to do that for which she has no native talent. How many girls do you know who are trying to teach, and are dismal failures in the schoolroom, but would make excellent housekeepers?

But let us look at this question of housework *vs.* other trades in which a girl, without capital and with no previous training, can engage. She can sew, work in a factory or store, or do housework. As woman's labor is now paid, it will take every cent of her wages to supply the barest necessities of life in the employments named, except housework. There she is boarded and lodged at the expense of her employer; and almost invariably as well or better than the girl who sews or works in store or factory, whose slender wages demand the most economical living. The hired girl has the most leisure; she has her "afternoons out," her evenings, though her mistress may require her to spend them at home,—not always a bad thing for her; she can find time

to do her own sewing, unless it be dress-making, and to read if she is inclined; and at the end of the week she has her two or three dollars, clear of any expense except for clothing. A saleswoman in one of our stores told me that when Saturday night came she was that tired that she tumbled into bed and slept straight through till Sunday noon, then spent the rest of the day in repairing her clothes for another week. "I have to," she said, with deprecatory tone and apologetic look. I asked her if she went out evenings. "Not often," she said "I am too tired, and am glad to go to bed." Girls who work in factories spend long hours in an atmosphere fetid with grease and waste, and deafening with the whirl of machinery. Do you suppose they go to their homes with any particular ambition to improve their minds? What do you think of their opportunities for "culture and refinement?" I often think it is no wonder girls in such circumstances are so often led astray. There is no home life for them; they have no money to spend for books or concert and lecture tickets, they go to cold rooms and scanty fare, and what wonder they are led to places filled with light and gayety and music, but where the morals are below par! I am speaking, please observe, of the girls who have no homes at all, or have left the home shelter for employment, who are dependent upon themselves, not of those who take places in stores or offices to enable them to dress better.

The girl who does housework can save a large percentage of her earnings, much more than her compeers in store or sewing-room. I know of two girls, sisters, who came from a Canadian village to this city, and took situations as domestics, who bought a little home and have nearly paid for it by their earnings. They rented it, and the sum received, with their savings, has nearly canceled the mortgage. The one assistant in a family where there are from eight to ten boarders, has found time to take painting lessons, and in making waxwork, paying for the instruction out of her savings.

I do not wish to be understood as insisting that girls ought to do housework if they have talents or abilities that will give them better pay or more honorable work in other avocations. But I do deprecate this senseless idea that a girl who chooses housework as a business, does not rank as high in the social scale as she who sells pins and tape in a store or "tends a machine" in a factory. These fine lines in social rank cause me profound weariness sometimes. Why, do you know, I have discovered there is a wide social abyss between

the woman who takes washing to do at home and the one who goes out to wash! It occurs to me that to do housework intelligently, including the various processes of cooking, requires more brain power, more skill and deftness, more intelligence, than the other businesses with which it comes in direct competition. And I confess I cannot see wherein the social position of one is so much superior to the other. Do either go "into society?" Would not a lady "in society" recognize one exactly as soon as the other, and either simply upon her merits? The law of gravitation holds good in social matters; we instinctively find our level; and too, there is more of refinement and culture to be gained by daily contact with refined people, in the home circle, even as domestic, than from the gossip and chatter current in stores and sewing-rooms. One thing is certain, if we have no housework we can have no homes. Women are censured for breaking up housekeeping and bringing up their children in boarding-houses, when the trouble lies not in the disposition of the woman to evade her responsibilities, but in the utter impossibility of obtaining efficient and reliable help.

I am a member of a charitable organization which recently had under consideration the application for assistance of a woman with three children to support on nothing a year. The mother's objection to allowing her daughter, a slight, delicate girl of fifteen, to go into domestic service, was that she would lose position by so doing! Instead, the girl worked in a factory two miles from home, from 7 A. M. till 6 P. M., at very low wages, while half a dozen of the members of the society would have given her a good home, plenty of food, light work and good pay, for her help in their homes. And one energetic little woman, with decided views, expressed herself very vigorously on the matter, and provoked a round of applause by declaring that should she ever be compelled to support herself by the work of her hands, she would choose housework; and, she added, "I'd do it with all my heart, and might, and make myself so necessary to my employers that they would never allow me to leave."

There are many curious things in life; one is that if a man who split cordwood or drove canal horses in his youth, rises to an honorable and influential place, as indeed men so often do, he points with pride to his low beginning, and it is counted an honor to him among his associates that by his own efforts he has worked his way to the top; whereas if a woman is thus elevated, by her own work or through her husband, whose social position she shares, she guards the secret of her lowly origin as if it were disgraceful. Why should what is an honor to one be a disgrace to the other?

Tweed's question, "What are you going to do about it?" comes next. Nothing can be done about it till women are educated to a more noble standard of thought—a truer "culture and refinement," which makes a woman's position depend upon her abilities in her work, whether high or humble; a Christianity which patterns after The Master's and "looks down" upon none because their station is lowly. A part of the possible elevation comes through the

workers, too; the girls must dignify their labor by conscientious performance, and by improving those opportunities, which I still insist they may make their own by exertion.

The good things of life do not seek us; we must work for them if we make them ours. A girl having the disposition and ability to rise, will do so; and she can start from the dish-pan quite as well as from the yard-measure; the kitchen certainly has its opportunities. Look at the intelligent women in our farm homes, whose best thoughts come to them when busy in domestic duties, though to the hired girl's work they add the tasks of mother, seamstress and nurse; they are what they make themselves, just as are women everywhere.

BEATRIX.

ELEVATION OF WIVES.

The subject of abused wives and unkind husbands has been agitated so long the bottom is nearly out. So far, the sympathy seems to be lavishly heaped upon the wife. I can not agree with the majority; there seems to me to be two sides to this question as well as to all others.

I feel like speaking "out loud" sometimes, (I don't know but I do, only to Mr. Nipper, though,) when I read such articles in the HOUSEHOLD or elsewhere, where some wife gives her or some other woman's husband "particular fits" for his neglect, evenings down town, etc., etc. I have thought there might be some good cause for all this, if when taking upon themselves the holy bonds of matrimony, they were as "two souls with but a single thought, two hearts that beat as one." Yes, the twain were made one; sometimes difficulty has arisen in trying to solve the question, which one? If the husband really thought at the time of marriage that she was the "pink of perfection," what has caused such a change to come o'er the spirit of his dreams? After reading these many complaints I can not admire the husband, and think considerably less of the wife for making them. It is a good deal like telling tales out of school. But there must be a cause. He gets out among his acquaintances, reads the news, as well as instructive books, attends lectures, concerts and the like; if he asks her to go with him, she refuses on the ground that she can not spend the time, the baby's dress must be finished, and there are so many things about the house to attend to, for if neglected, she might be called by the neighbors a "slack" housekeeper.

I heard it said not long since, by a man who ought to know, in comparing man's intellect with woman's, that it was in the proportion of half a bushel to two quarts. I was quite indignant at the time, but after thinking it over, I do not know but there is truth in it in more cases than one, and why? A woman will say she has no time for reading, and I once heard one remark, that she always felt it time thrown away when she read.

If at the time of marriage the wife's intellect was measured by the quart, how surprised she might be ten years after to wake up and find it two quarts still, while her husband's would measure a bushel and a half!

He might as well talk Greek to her as science and philosophy, or of his favorite authors. Whose fault is it, that they have drifted so far apart in intellect?

There is no woman, however busy, who cannot find some time for self-culture. I calculate to "keep up" with my husband and children in this respect, if I sit up nights to accomplish it. Pearl Diamond quotes what she calls an old maxim, that a husband can lift a wife from any station to his own position, or something to that effect. I think if a wife has any ambition or self-respect, she will decline the offer and help herself there. One will say, "My means of education were so limited, I never had a chance to study except at a district school." Well, I do not care a fig where you have studied, if when your school days are over, you keep on studying. We are not to think that our time for learning is then past; it has only just begun. Even the graduates of our universities, when becoming possessors of their diplomas, will say they have only caught a glimpse of what lies in the great depths of knowledge, and they hope if their lives are long enough, to fathom them. Probably there are few husbands, who, if their wives are content to stand still or retrograde in these things, will hinder them; or if they are determined to go ahead, will not assist them.

Supposing we try to make of ourselves wives whom our husbands will be proud of, and see how such a plan will work. All husbands are not perfect; I presume, but our influence may help perfect them if we go to work in the right way; then there will be less reason for complaint. While we are trying to please others, we are helping ourselves, for the more elevated our intellectual, moral, and religious attainments are here, the better start we will have when we enter the great Beyond, where improvement is the order of the day. I do not expect we will be all on the same level even there, for "one star differs from another star in glory," unless this is all speculation.

SUSAN NIPPER.

A CONUNDRUM ANSWERED.

In answering Maybelle's conundrum I shall beg to differ with her. Though the hired girl may perform the same amount of labor as had been done by the wife, its value cannot be the same. Are we not looking at the position of wifehood in too much of a one-sided view? Is she not the husband's equal in any position which does not require muscular strength? Then let her in a womanly way claim her rights, and not brood over her wrongs. Whose money is it that pays for the hired girl? As the husband and wife are partners she is paid out of the partnership money. The wife would have reason to be indignant if the husband would even dare to think that he could pay her in dollars and cents out of the partnership fund, for her part of the labor in helping to build the pleasant home. If the wife does not have all the money that their circumstances will permit for her personal needs, then there is something wrong in the running of their domestic machinery, and not in the value of the work.

MRS. R. D. P.

BROOKLYN.

PUT IN A FURNACE.

My wife and I think a furnace just the thing for a farm house. True, there is nothing more pleasant on a cold day than to approach a good fireplace or well heated stove, and receive its direct warmth. But while I am taking this comfort, some one else in another part of the room may be freezing, while with a furnace all parts of the room are alike and the whole house warm as summer.

About building the fires, a furnace tends to make a man smart, for the longer he lies abed in the morning the colder it will be to get up and start the fire, while the earlier he is up, the warmer he will find the rooms. But the house never gets as cold as where stoves are used; no matter if it is zero outdoors, the temperature in the house will not be lower than 30° or 40° inside. I guess a man can stand that. Our fire does not go out from fall until spring, unless we let it go out intentionally. Fill the furnace with coarse wood, let the fire get well started, close the drafts, and you are all right. The brick walls of the furnace will give out heat long after the fire is out.

Give the dining-room a little advantage by making the pipe a little shorter, or if you cannot do this, make it a little larger; this will warm the room more quickly. Locate the furnace in the cellar, so as to get your pipes running northeast, east, southeast and south as much as you can; avoid running opposite as much as you can, and have the pipes as short as possible.

Be sure to buy a first class furnace. The difference in cost is little, and the expense of putting up the same. Don't get the furnace too small; if your house is large, one that burns four foot wood is none too large; not that you must use that length of wood, have any length you choose down to two feet, but in that sized furnace you get that much more radiating surface, also you can use rougher wood.

Here comes in an item in favor of a furnace for the farm house; you can run it with wood that you can't sell in market. Have the wood dry; it don't pay to evaporate water out of wood; it is but little work to control and keep heat where you want it. A thermometer should be kept in every house, more particularly in one heated by a furnace, as the heat is very different than that from stoves; the rooms may be much warmer than they seem; it takes a little while to get used to it, but the longer you use it the more you will like it. Sixty-five to seventy-two degrees above is warm enough for any weather. It is not necessary to heat a great many rooms, unless the family is such that they require it, use the rooms you need, close the registers of the others, and open and warm at will. If you only use your up-stairs rooms for sleeping, there is no need of running pipes up stairs; a good register in the hall, with the upper room doors opened, will give all the heat required; if you have no hall a register at the landing of the stairs will do the work. Pipes going above need not be so large, on account of the advantage they have in draft. A great many furnaces are in use in these parts, in both town and country, a good many farmers are using them. Of the

different manufactures I would recommend the Boynton, Fuller & Warren, or the Monroe furnace, made in our own State. I use a Fuller & Warner. Some of the furnaces made at Monroe are in use here and are liked; I think they come cheaper, as they will sell one and send a man to oversee the setting, thus saving a middleman's profit. It requires a man well posted on the principles and workings of a furnace to take charge of the setting. Send to the different manufacturers and get their descriptive books and study them, and you will soon find that you can learn all there is in it.

The HOUSEHOLD is a great favorite with my wife, and the FARMER is the same with me.

ISAAC CRAWFORD.

ROMEIO

A CONVENIENT KITCHEN.

My husband has just brought in the FARMER, and as he believes in woman's rights, delivered the HOUSEHOLD to me for first perusal. I have had great difficulty in keeping my mouth or rather pen still. I certainly should not if I had more time. I would like to thank those contributing to its columns for the good I have derived from it.

L. M. R. says "If any of the ladies have a kitchen or pantry that is just a 'daisy,' please let the rest of us have the benefit of it. Houses are like children; we are apt to think our own perfect. I flatter myself I have just such a kitchen, minus pantry. I have dispensed with the old-fashioned pantry and use cupboards instead. My kitchen is 9x16 feet. Between my dining room and kitchen I have a china cupboard with seven shelves six feet eight inches long, by 16 inches wide. An upright partition divides this cupboard in two equal parts. The lower shelf is 18 inches from floor. Underneath this are two tiers of drawers opening into the dining room; two long ones at the bottom, one for table linen, the other for towels. The upper tier contains four drawers; one for napkins, one for silver, one for old pieces of fine white I may have to lay over butter for market. The other I have given my little girl for her workbox and work. This cupboard occupies the space between the door leading from dining to sitting room and door between diningroom and kitchen. On the other side of this last door comes first my draining board; underneath this is a cupboard where I keep my kneading board and baking tins. Then comes dish sink, under which I keep my iron ware. The cistern pump is in the corner. Next, at the end of the kitchen, comes hand sink; then the outside door of the kitchen, on the other side of which is my flour and meal box; this is even with the wall on the inside, occupies the wall space and juts out into a store room about eight inches, which part is covered by a lid. This box is filled from the outside, which avoids dust in the kitchen when filling. The box tilts on a bevelled bottom into the kitchen, from which side flour is taken.

Then, turning the corner, the first 20 inches is occupied by a cupboard of four shelves used for lamps, sad irons, tack hammer, tacks, etc., etc.; under this hangs

broom and dust pan. Next comes my dumb waiter, without which I consider no kitchen complete. The remaining space on this side is occupied by a cupboard with six shelves, eleven feet four inches long, by eighteen inches in width. This cupboard is divided into two equal parts, with three doors to each, six feet by 19 inches. The doors to the half nearest the stove are screen doors, for milk in winter. In summer I keep the milk in a Cooley creamer in well-house. The lower shelf of this cupboard is about the height of a table. One half the space under these cupboards is occupied with a series of drawers of four tiers. The lower one contains two, the next three and the upper two four drawers, I will only tell the use I put a few of these to, as it would take too much space. In the first of these I keep salt and pepper for seasoning when cooking; in another recipe books; I have given one to each of my two children for the things so indispensable to the happiness of children, and for which there seems to be no place. The space under the other half is a cupboard with two shelves, in which I keep butter bowls, sugar and salt tubs and other coarser wares. All these cupboards are raised three inches above the floor.

At the other end of the kitchen the space underneath stairs leading to the chamber (we go down cellar from the dining room), is my wood box, divided by a partition in the middle, one half of which contains fine wood for the cook stove, the other half blocks for sitting room stove; they are both filled from the kitchen to avoid dirt in sitting room. Next this wood box, under the extreme lower end of the stairs, the space is occupied by a shoe closet. If I were to have the planning of another kitchen, I would not change it from the present one except to make it a little wider, that I might add a work table enclosed underneath for sugar tubs and molasses on one side, and at the top I would have two drawers, one for spices and one with tills for bottles of extracts.

I have two other little inexpensive conveniences I would like to mention, one for the kitchen and one for the dining room. The first is a box 6x8 inches, and eight inches high, for keeping sharp knives. There are cleats fitted in the side low enough to admit of a false top; in that are slots cut different lengths for different sized knives. It stands on the sink platform near the dish sink. Knives keep their edge much better in this and I always know where to find them, it is so handy. My husband says anybody with a grain of "gumption" can make one; he made mine for me. The other is a drop leaf in the dining room, hung with hinges, near the door leading from kitchen to dining-room. This shelf is held up by two swing brackets. Probably any furniture dealer could procure them. I found mine in Detroit but have forgotten the address of the firm, but think it is on Jefferson Avenue.

KALAMAZOO.

M. E. F.

THE TOBOGGAN STITCH.

We have succeeded in obtaining directions for the "genuine and only" toboggan stitch, as follows: Make a chain of 84

stitches, for a medium sized cap; join in a circle. Put the crochet hook in the first stitch, or loop of the chain, draw the thread through, thread over the hook, and put the hook in the same stitch; put through the same stitch again, and you will have four stitches on the hook; then draw the thread through all four, which will leave one stitch on the hook, thread over, and draw through the one stitch left on the needle. This finishes the stitch. Skip the next stitch or loop on the chain, take up the second, and repeat as above.

These directions are as plain as we can make them from watching the work and writing down the process. Crochet the cap three fingers deep, and finish according to directions in the HOUSEHOLD of Nov. 23d.

A MODEL MILK-CELLAR.

Somebody who intends to build this year, asked for a plan for a good cellar. I have one which is so near perfect that I send it (or the description of it, rather). Ours is built on or against the north end of the house, the pantry opening into it, no step down. First a trench was dug leading off and down through the garden, beginning under the cellar; the tiling is made of cedar logs with slabs covering them.

Ashes or lime are put on the ground under the floors, which are double, as are also the walls on all four sides. The space between the walls is filled in a foot wide with sawdust, and over the double floor above is two feet of sawdust. A long square pipe is run from the center of the floor above, which serves as a ventilator. The roof is pointed, and above the sawdust and shingled tight. Enough cold air is let in from the six-inch square pipe to keep the air pure in the cellar; and the storm door, and also the inside door need not be opened all winter. There is a large door, a foot square, in the gable end where the sawdust was thrown in, and may be opened in the summer when the sun does not shine in. There is one window, towards the east—with inside and outside sash, and a wire screen between. Either window can be opened, as no flies can enter. My cellar is rat, mice and frost proof, and the cream rises in the creamery, and sours same as it did in summer. I do my churning there. The thermometer stands at 50°, day and night, this cold weather, and very little above that in warmer days.

I will speak of my churn while on this subject. It is a Ferguson—concussion, and brings the butter and gathers it in fifteen or twenty minutes when the cream is warmed; and I use a glass thermometer to tell exactly when to churn it. I do not use any salt on my butter at all. I wash it well in the churn, after drawing off the milk, salt the second water for rinsing, then work it over in very strong brine, as much as the water will take of salt, and mold into small rolls as for the table. No one finds any butter milk in it, nor any lumps of salt either. I use the finest of dairy salt. I work a small portion at a time, leaving all but that in the churn, a little brine in the bowl, a little butter, and it is an easy and pleasant task to prepare it for the table.

I have tried for several weeks the "coal oil" method in washing, and am very glad

to add my testimony as to the cleansing properties of coal oil. I soaked the clothes over night in it once; I'll not do that again. They must be washed in the warm suds. After rubbing them I put them in a tub, pour boiling soft water over them, cover tight with a heavy cloth, and after a while, rinse through soft and hard water and they are white, clean and sweet.

Will any one give a good way to make a cigar case for four or six cigars, to carry in the pocket?

I like the HOUSEHOLD and take great satisfaction reading every word in it.

GLADWIN.

MRS. KELLY.

A PRODUCER'S VIEWS ON THE APPLE QUESTION.

To-day as I was watching my Tallman Sweets roasting in the oven, I took up the HOUSEHOLD of Dec. 28th, and the first article I read was Beatrix on the apple question. I wondered with her when she said she never could get any decent eating apples in market, when to my certain knowledge there are ever so many raised near and sold in almost every small town, at least in southern Michigan.

Now I am a farmer's wife and we own an orchard which always produces enough apples for our own use, and generally considerable more than we and the pigs can consume. I should like to tell our experience in apples for the past season. To begin with, we had more yellow and striped harvest apples, Sweet Boughs, Red Astrachans and pippins than we could use and give away; even the pigs turned up their noses at all but the Boughs, Golden Sweets and Strawberry apples. Past experience had shown that trying to dispose of them at the nearer market towns only resulted in selling a very few bushels at most, and the price obtained was such as to make one wish they had been more saving of time and breath, so nothing was done with them. When the market opened for winter fruit, buyers offered from seventy to eighty cents per barrel. Finally my husband sold his packing apples, consisting mainly of very choice, hand-picked Baldwins, Greenings and Tallmans, for the magnificent sum of eighty cents per barrel—said barrels containing nearly three bushels each. The buyers sent men to pack them (packers boarding with us) and rest assured no wormy, gnarly, one-sided, scabby specimens went into those barrels, still buyers reported loss on those same barrels. After sixty barrels had been packed in this manner, using the very choicest fruit, another buyer selected fifty bushels for market from the so-called culls, at ten cents per bushel. Another came and picked forty bushels at five cents per bushel; then, as there seemed so little money in what was left, they were allowed to remain upon the ground, and are there still.

If I were obliged to depend upon a city market for apples, and could not obtain any that I considered fit to eat, I would seek out some honest farmer and bargain with him for what I wanted at a remunerative price. The producer and consumer of apples certainly "have a grievance, we do not know exactly what it is; they cannot clearly express it, but it exists.

SALINE.

M.

A QUESTION.

I am informed that the Editor-in-Chief of the MICHIGAN FARMER wishes that the HOUSEHOLD writers were more practical. Shades of ye frying-pan and dish cloth! More practical!! Why the man must be gone mad on the practical idea. Therefore it is in expectation of meeting an editorial frown that I proceed to propose the subjoined question, which I should like to see discussed in the HOUSEHOLD, viz.:

Is routine work destructive of, or detrimental to, the proper development of genius? Will Beatrix, Mercy, I. F. N., A. L. L., A. H. J., S. M. G., Old School Teacher, Evangeline, Mrs. Sexton and as many more whose names I do not readily recall, but who from habits of observation and reflection are equally able to draw philosophical conclusions, also any of that class of mind denominated masculine, that may deem such a question worthy of his consideration, give us an intelligent setting forth of the pros and cons relative to this question? E. L. NYE.

FLINT.

"The eyes have it," very evidently, in the abundant evidence offered in the affirmative, in answer to L. M. R.'s questions about the expediency of having a furnace in the new house which is to be built. We have several letters at hand which, as they simply corroborate what has already been said in favor of furnaces, we do not consider it necessary to print. This will explain to Mr. Crawford, of Romeo, also, how it happens his letter is so much condensed, as we give but the points not touched upon in previously published letters.

Contributed Recipes.

FIG CAKE.—Silver part: Two cups sugar; two-thirds cup butter; two-thirds cup sweet milk; whites of eight eggs; three teaspoonfuls baking powder; three cups sifted flour. Gold part: One cup sugar; three-fourths cup butter; half cup sweet milk; one and a half teaspoonfuls baking powder; one and three-fourths cups of sifted flour; yolks of seven eggs and one whole egg; one teaspoonful of cinnamon and allspice. Bake the white in two long cake tins; put half the gold in a tin, and lay on one pound of halved figs—sift them over with flour—so that they will just touch each other; put on the rest of the gold and bake. Put the cakes together with frosting while warm, the gold in the center, and frost.

ORANGE CAKE.—One cup butter; one cup water; two of sugar; four of flour; three eggs; three teaspoonfuls baking powder; bake in layers. Juice and pulp of two oranges; coffee cup powdered sugar; one egg. Mix yolk of egg, juice and sugar together; beat the white stiff and spread between the layers. Frost the top.

KELLY ISLAND CAKE.—One cup butter; two of sugar; three of flour; four eggs; half cup sweet milk; three teaspoonfuls baking powder. Bake in jelly tins. For filling, stir together a grated lemon; a large tart apple, grated; one egg; one cup sugar; boil four minutes.

HARD TIMES CAKE.—Half cup butter; two of sugar; one of sour cream; three cups flour; three eggs; half teaspoonful soda. Bake in layers and spread with jelly.

BATTLE CREEK.

EVANGELINE.