

MICHIGAN FARMER

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DETROIT, APRIL 14, 1888.

THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

A STUDY IN METAPHYSICS.

I :m listening, often listening,
For a certain mellow tone,
A voice conveying strength and sweetness,
A fascination all its own.

So I am listening, always listening,
Catching in an undertone,
He: e a trace and there an echo
Of the soul life so unknown

Listening, listening, ever listening,
For these glimpses of the life
That is hidden from our vision,
Lived outside the daily strife.

So I am listening, always listening.
For the time is sure to come,
When we shall reach the El Dorado
A little farther on,—

When we : hall never more be listening,
For we shall know as we are known,
When we tread the golden pavements
Of the land beyond the sun.

IONIA.

U. V. P.

AMONG THE STUDIOS.

The week before Easter I took a few moments one bright afternoon to visit an exhibition of the work of two of our amateur artists, young ladies, consisting principally of flower pieces. Being a lover of flowers, I naturally take a great interest in their "counterfeit presentments;" indeed my friends sometimes laugh at my artistic taste which leads me to always select such pictures for the decoration of my apartments. In these comments, I should say I do not "set up" to be a critic; I only know what pleases me, and think I know what is true to nature.

The pictures I went to see were nearly all water-colors, principally flower pieces, as I have said, and most of the flowers were roses and pansies. Now these are unquestionably beautiful, but why does everybody always paint them, to the exclusion of everything else? They are universal favorites, true; and as these pictures were for sale, perhaps the subjects were chosen with a view to what would best coax the public to part with its shekels. When I had wearied of roses pink, red, white and yellow, and pansies of all the hues they make them in art and nature, I was prepared to admire a trailing vine of wild clematis, or "virgin's bower," which with its soft greenish-white, feathery bloom against a background of its own foliage, was quite a rest to my eyes. A bowl crowded with nasturtiums was given a prominent place and a good light to bring out their gorgeous coloring and bizarre forms. A critic has said an artist should always paint an object as he sees it. That may account for the fact that the artist who painted these failed to catch the peculiar

green of the foliage; she painted as she saw it. When you contemplated these colorings at a very respectful distance, you got "a very good effect," as they say. But when you approached, they resolved themselves into blotches of paint, hard and staring. Of course that's the "free hand," the "bold and vigorous" style of painting; but I am just crude enough in my ideas of art to call it "the wall-paper style."

I had seen it mentioned that among these studies was one of crabapple bloom. Memory brought back a vision of a certain wild crabapple tree I used often to visit when "The Little Brown House" was my home, of its lovely pale pink, oval buds, shading from the faintest blush to a rose at the tips, as if Aurora's fingers had lingered over them, set on slender greenish-yellow stems in a whorl of green leaves, on a dark-brown, rigid stem. "I'll have those," I thought, "if the figure is not too high." But oh dear! they were not the blossoms of my vision at all. They were fully opened, very pronounced as to calyx, very flat as to shape, and "all in a wad" together; the beauty of the crabapple blossom lies in its half-opened and closed buds, which were represented by some pink dots.

There was a vase of apple blossoms, a much larger picture, which was well painted, and faithful to nature. There was also one of single yellow roses, the sort that grows in old-fashioned gardens, massed with their own delicate foliage; this was what Whistler would call "a symphony in yellow;" the background had just sufficient yellowish shade to bring out the pure, clear, pale yellow of the roses; and the frame, in some sort of wood which showed its grain, had been so treated that it shaded from the color of the background, on the inner edge, to a blending of gray and brown and yellow on the outer. The effect was very fine, the work delicate and painstaking. The prettiest thing in the room was a copy in oil, of an old post with a crosspiece on which had been tacked a notice, "No Shooting Allowed," rising from a tangled clump of golden rod and grasses and asters, a wild vine rich in autumn's gold and crimson running riot about it, and a family of birds perched on the bar or poised for a dart into the blossoms below, as utterly fearless and free as if the weather-stained prohibition had been translated into bird language, and they fully comprehended their immunity from the sportsman's gun.

Over the way, in Mr. John Owen's studio, were some little things that were more pleasing to my ideas than the samples of the "rose and pansy school." A vase of

jonquils had been paired with a cluster of narcissus just sold, but which I saw afterward; an overturned basket of daisies had spilled its white luxuriance, its only fault perhaps a too formal arrangement of the scattered flowers. There was a bit of autumn here, a spray of golden rod and a few purple and white asters, grouped as you might gather them in almost any fence corner in September; and a branch of cherry-blossoms, painted as if you were lying on the grass and looking up saw it against the blue of a May sky; which wheedled out of my purse the money I had put there for those unsatisfactory crabs, and which, framed in a narrow white and gold molding, I regard with feelings of profound satisfaction; it need not be labeled to apprise you it is a bit of a *cherry* tree. Some landscapes shown here were very good; one quite large painting represented a bit of country highway, a high bank washed into gullies by the rain, and fringed with grass and weeds, a dusty road with the print of wheels upon it, some cattle coming along.

I wonder why our artists who make a specialty of flowers, do not break away from the hackneyed subjects, and try their art in some new line. There's primulas, for instance, fine subjects in either pink or white; there's the gold and bronze of the coreopsis; the pink and white and purple bannerets of the sweet pea; the blue of the Swan River daisy; the soft, feathery, dainty lavender of the ageratum; and there's crabapples—a glorious possibility! Among the wild flowers, almost the only ones we ever see on canvas are golden rod and asters, and the wild swamp rose. Could I manage brush and palette I would paint a panel of the deep-hued cardinal flower in its crimson hood; there is a chance for something new and novel in the branching candelabra of the meadow lily, those deep orange-red flowers that grow in marshy spots, neighbors to wild grasses and wanton vines; or those eastern beauties, the wild tiger lilies, spotted like pards, which as Aldrich says

" * * are tall and slender.
Their mouths are dashed with carmine;
And when the wind sweeps by them,
On their emerald stalks
They bend so proud and graceful—
They are Circassian women,
The favorites of the Sultan."

BEATRIX.

A HINT.—"Liza," of Galesburg, enquires: "Do all the ladies of the HOUSEHOLD know the efficacy of coal ashes for scouring purposes? If not, give them a trial. To my mind they are far superior to brick, etc.; and I will chance them against the famous "sapolio" for scouring knives, tins and copper. All a trial will cost you is the trouble to sift the ashes."

WHERE DOES ECONOMY END AND STINGINESS BEGIN IN THE HOUSEHOLD?

[Paper read by Mrs. S. F. Sears at the "Ladies' Day" at the Webster Farmers' Club, March 10th.]

The first thoughts that came to me when this question was proposed, were: What a mean, hard question to answer! I wonder who gave it? Some man who had not had all the buckwheat pancakes with lots of maple syrup every morning, washdays and all, for breakfast or some woman who had to make bricks without straw! But when I learned who proposed the question, better thoughts came, for are we not all liable to fall into ruts? The disagreeable began to disappear at the dawn of the profitable. I know our fair-minded questioner would not require me to go around and peer into this, that and the other neighbor's household and point out to her where economy ends and stinginess begins. A mental picture will serve our purpose better. I wish it might be of a model household—but no! it must have a ghost in it, for economy has come to an end, and only its spectre remains to taunt its inmates with their ill-gotten gains.

It may seem superfluous to go to the dictionary for a definition of the terms economy and stinginess. Do we not all practice the former; and if we have never had a touch of the latter, do we not all recognize it when we think we see it in our fellow creatures?

Webster says economy is "a frugal and judicious use of money; that management which expends money to advantage and incurs no waste. It also includes a prudent management of all the means by which property is saved or accumulated; a judicious application of time, of labor, and of the instruments of labor." Stinginess is defined to be "extreme avarice; mean covetousness, niggardliness; derived from the word stingy—a word in popular use, but low, and not admissible into elegant writing." I must confess to some degree of ignorance of a proper and full definition of this last term before looking it up preparatory to this discussion. It is a more degrading practice than avarice, covetousness or parsimony. It does not seem as if it would be difficult to draw the line between two such practices, one bringing a rich reward, the other a curse. But for the proneness of the human heart to evil the question would seem a senseless one. I shall never dare say again I feel stingy of anything I happen to be nearly out of, only wishing to make it last by using sparingly till a fresh supply can be obtained.

A household consists of all its inmates—husband, wife and children; humanly speaking, economy should be practiced by all the family. Too often it is conceived that only the wife is expected to practice economy. The husband's affairs are outside, and the children must have a good time, as it is falsely called. The wife indeed is largely responsible for the proper management of the family concerns; but with such a one-sided view of obligations economy is likely to end in wastefulness or stinginess. She must needs have large administrative ability, and much physical strength to carry her own share of the burdens and all the rest besides. We may be almost sure she

will become wrecked in mind and body sooner or later. Man is a more important factor in a household than he is always willing to allow himself to be made. He should not withhold the proper amount of time, labor and means within his power to keep the household machine in good running order. Few women on a farm have the tact or time to put a disabled pump in working order; to mend a broken window with another pane of glass; to replace a broken door knob or keep Jack Frost out of a cellar that needs a yearly embankment. A thoughtful looking after the many little needs will tend to insure a full and hearty co-operation of all the members to make home what it should be, not simply a waiting place where meals and a night's lodging are furnished by hook or crook, by the feminine part of the family. The children should be taught the principles and practice of economy, and not be let to grow up with the idea that economy and stinginess are nearly synonymous terms.

Households may be set up under this blighting practice in them, but oftener it is developed later, for households have a growth as well as individuals. Some people may be born stingy, for we read "the iniquities of the fathers shall be visited upon the children to the third and fourth generations of them that hate Me." Perhaps it would be well if such could remain solitary and not be set in families; that class might then become extinct. Do we not read of such, who inhabit some attic in the crowded city, some lonely hut far from the dwelling of man, passing their best days in rags and filth and seeming poverty, when death reveals their true character; they are misers—men, seldom women. Do not understand me to say women do not inherit this bad tendency, only that they seldom make such a public spectacle of it. I do not know that the law of heredity makes any discrimination in regard to sex in the transmission of this trait of character. No one ever said Eve was stingy, for did she not divide her apple with Adam? She lacked cultivation, as shown by taking the first bite; but the point I wish to make is she took a partner in her guilt and so wrought greater ruin.

We hear people say it is not economy to overwork day after day, year in and year out; it is not a judicious application of time and the instruments of labor, for the human machine will soon wear out if thus used. It should have rest and mental recreation, along with physical effort. Also that it is not economy to be scantily fed and clothed, for thereby health is endangered. Yet we know there are thousands of people who are living in some or all of these conditions by force of circumstances, without stinginess. By whom then and where shall the line be drawn between stinginess and economy? The answer it seems to me must be each household for itself by its circumstances. We shall not be so ungrateful and unworthy children as to say our fathers and mothers, who cleared, fenced and laid out these beautiful farms all about us, were stingy because they had not all the luxuries we enjoy to-day. Senator Stamford, the rich Californian, says, "Almost every rich man has had to practice economy at some time

in his life." Are there not rich men and women who still practice economy that they may have enough and to spare for the Lord's treasury? These are not the men and women who grind the face of the poor and starve their own souls and bodies for filthy lucre's sake.

WASHING MADE EASY.

I have been waiting several weeks to hear some one tell Aunt Mary that there are ways of making washing day much easier than would even her excellent method.

I began washing at an earlier age than I would allow my own daughters to do such heavy work, but I had an invalid mother, and we lived on a large farm, where the washings were so very large that hired girls invariably hesitated before coming to us, until assured that the daughters of the house would do the washing, ironing, and any other work too heavy or disagreeable for any one else to undertake.

There were the delicate baby clothes, half a dozen fine shirts for father, brothers, and two or three hired men, starched skirts and print dresses for mother and the big girls, underclothing, table linen and bed clothing in shoals, and dirtiest of all, the blue checked, striped hickory and coarse white everyday shirts of the men, collars and wristbands black with dirt.

We went through the list of methods from A to Z. Putting the clothes to soak Sunday night—that meant the sacrifice of the brief leisure that comes after church, Sunday school, dinner and dish-washing to the farmer's daughter—always the daughter, for the "help" goes home to have a good time and rest over the Sabbath; the changing of dress, or putting on of apron and rolling up of sleeves, the hunt for soiled clothes all over the house, strict inquiry as to whether the boys had on their clean socks or not, whether any child had escaped its bath, or bed been overlooked, for a mistake insured us a chance of rubbing all the dirt out by main strength from the missed article the next day.

A Bible exercise would have inspired a more devotional state of mind, I feel sure.

Then the pounding barrel! I remember yet about how much that pounder weighed, and if there be an invention better calculated to wear out clothes and waste a woman's time and strength, I do not know it. To that succeeded a ponderous wooden washer, which was a great improvement, since a woman could not possibly work it, and a man must be detailed for the purpose, but it caused extra handling of clothes and wore them out rapidly. There was the big tin cataract washer which cost a mint of money, did good work, but wasted time and called for watchful eyes to keep it from rusting; and the small tin affair which was to be placed in a common boiler, and would do all the work by keeping a constant current of boiling water running through the clothes. It did seem to act like magic at first, but by the third washing, when the agent had gotten safely out of the neighborhood with his cash, the clothes were yellow as saffron and the machine beginning to rust.

There was the sal-soda mixture which in

a year or so mottled all the clothes with brilliant, fadeless yellow spots, and the urpentine mixture which we innocently began to use, but which we were soon informed would be likely to induce paralysis or distorted and painful joints of the hands. Father bought the first wringer he ever saw, but not until I had retired from many a Monday's contest with hands blistered on the outside from rubbing, and on the inside from wringing.

With all these methods came the inevitable boiler, calling for a fierce fire all Monday forenoon, filling the house with steam and a sickening scent of soapsuds, loosening wall paper, causing damp drops to stand on all painted surfaces in winter, and doubling the fatigue of the washwoman in summer by calling on her to endure the heat.

My first hint that all this was worse than useless came during a midsummer visit to Boston, where I saw a washing done by the inmates of a pleasant "flat" in Osborne Place. Just before we sat down to breakfast a teakettle of water was put to boil over an oil-stove, a small cake of a peculiar kind of soap that I had never before seen was shaved up and put in a dish of warm water to dissolve. After the meal, when the gentlemen had gone down town to their offices, a tub was filled with rain water, warmed by that teakettle full of boiling water, the soap was added, and the soiled clothes put to soak for an hour while the ladies washed their dishes, put their rooms to rights, etc. The starch was made and the fire extinguished until dinner time. Two additional tubs were then filled with rinsing water, the second one blued. One lady slightly rubbed the clothes, and the soap had so loosened the dirt that only slight rubbing was needed; the second lady rinsed, starched and hung out, and in less than two hours that washing, not a very small one either, was floating from the lines stretched upon the flat roof. My friend read my contempt of such slack proceedings written in my face, laughed and said "Just wait until night and look at the clothes." When I went up that night to help her take down that washing, I was a complete convert. I never saw whiter, sweeter clothes, and all with no heat, no steam, no horrible smells to annoy the families in that great building, no wasted time or strength. I was not then a housekeeper, nor had these wonderful soaps reached the country towns of Michigan, but for years past both my neighbors and myself have used this very plan with perfect success. I heat water in a boiler because I happen to have one, but I do not keep it long upon the stove. As my washings are large, I usually put the clothes to soak in two tubs, then in the water left after the cleanest ones are rubbed, I soak the colored clothes a few moments and wash them in the same manner. Flannels are washed like the white clothes, but rinsed in warm water and hung up to dry immediately. Of course I rub some of mine more than did my Boston friend, but it is far less work than so much handling and wringing. The garments are neither spotted nor rotted; at least they wear longer than they did under the old process. Sometimes I pour clean hot water upon obstinate streaks or stains,

or spread very much soiled articles on the grass to bleach, and thus save extra rubbing.

I use "anti-washboard" soap, but there are a dozen other brands nearly or quite as good. One half bar to one tub-ful of clothing is sufficient.

J. G. A.

PAW PAW.

NOTES FROM CORRESPONDENTS.

Mrs. E. D. G., of Owosso, says: "I enjoy the HOUSEHOLD very much indeed, and have been a constant reader of the FARMER and that department for thirteen years. But though I have often thought I would like to write something for it, like many others I have neglected to do so. I enjoyed reading Evangeline's letters, but confess to thinking some of the bills of fare a her elaborate—not too elaborate to be eaten, oh no! not by any means, but as taking so much time to prepare when housekeepers on a farm have so much to do. I keep house plants, and think Mrs. A. B. Gulley's cactus must be very handsome. I wish to ask if any of the readers of the HOUSEHOLD have the Japanese hybrid catalpa advertised by seedsmen, and if so, if it is as represented in their catalogues." All we know about this catalpa is that it is a small tree of handsome foliage, and flowering early.

A lady asks: "Is the proper place to wear a watch where some old women have carried their valuables—in their bosom? I don't like it; it seems inconvenient and immodest, but those hereabout who are supposed to follow the fashion, wear them so or in a 'patch pocket,' which looks too much like being anxious to let everybody know one is the owner of a watch." The "patch pocket," in any position, is all out of style. A little pocket is made on the inside of the "buttonhole side" of the dress, and the watch slipped into it. This necessitates loosening a button whenever the watch is to be consulted, but everybody does it and no one thinks harm. Certainly it is much safer than the excrescence known as "patch pocket," which offered great temptations to thieves.

Here is a letter from a lady who wants the HOUSEHOLD people to suggest names for her little daughter. Oh no! A mother who with the assistance of "her sisters and her cousins and her aunts," cannot name her own babies without calling on the public to help her, don't deserve to have any to name. Give the little one a name pleasant to speak, not fanciful or silly. Rossetti, in "The Blessed Damsel," speaks of those

" * * * whose names
Are five sweet symphonies,
Cecily, Gertrude, Magdalen,
Margaret and Rosalys."

Bestow no "middle name," but at marriage let her take the family name as such. There is no reason why a woman should merge her identity in "Mrs. John Smith" when she might with equal propriety be "Mrs. Mary Brown Smith," thus retaining enough of her former individuality to be recognizable by old friends who may hear of her after marriage. Besides, it is more "English" to have no middle name or initial, just now.

"What use shall I make of a letter of introduction," asks a young gentleman who

subscribes himself "Verdant." You call on the lady, and leave your letter of introduction and your card, without asking to see the lady, who if she is married, sends in return an invitation to dinner, with her husband's card; if unmarried her father, or if as in so many cases the head of the family is too much immersed in business, the oldest son should call and invite you to call, or the young lady's mother sends an invitation. Much less formality attaches to a purely business letter of introduction, which, with the bearer's card, is presented at the business office, and implies no social obligations unless through the courtesy of the recipient.

WHAT WAS THE MATTER?

Readers of the HOUSEHOLD will remember Beatrix's caution in the issue of March 24th, relative to the use of cream tartar in "angels' food." The following letters were received too late for insertion in last week's paper: L. L. H., of South Haven, says:

"Last week when my husband brought in the FARMER, he handed me the little HOUSEHOLD, and as I always look at the recipes first, I saw Beatrix's 'caution' in regard to 'angels' food.' There must have been something else beside cream tartar her friend put in her cake that spoiled it. I have often baked it to serve with ice cream, and it has also been tried by a number of my friends with equal success, if baked as directed.

"I think a great deal of the little HOUSEHOLD; the articles, as a rule are quite instructive. I feel very grateful for the notes on fashions, especially for the little ones, as I have a little boy and girl, the boy just going into kilts. I find it quite tiresome to find ways of making his dresses; the suggestions this week came just in the nick of time."

"Buttercup" corroborates the above:

"Beatrix's friend certainly got hold of some new kind of cream tartar, for that cake has been made dozens of times by that recipe, and is, as stated, just 'beautiful;' the dogs at Winfield would not hesitate to lunch on such 'angels' food.'"

Now, what was the matter? There was no mistake about the cream tartar, it was the genuine article. The eggs were fresh, the flour and sugar same as used in other cooking with satisfaction. The cake was everything it ought to have been, in appearance, but even the greedy English sparrows which whirled down upon it, flew away without lunching and expressed their noisy dissatisfaction. The one thing I do know is that the cake was made "exactly according to rule" and the result was exactly as stated.

BEATRIX.

THE publishers of the FARMER last week purchased a handsome photograph album for the pictures of the HOUSEHOLD contributors. Twenty-six pictures already adorn its pages; and as a lady remarked the other day, "They're a real nice-looking lot of people, aren't they?" We will be glad to receive the pictures of our friends and correspondents for the new album, which is a large one with plenty of room for all, and hope they will remember us when their new photographs come home.

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Then the pounding barrel! I remember yet about how much that pounder weighed, and if there be an invention better calculated to wear out clothes and waste a woman's time and strength, I do not know it. To that succeeded a ponderous wooden washer, which was a great improvement, since a woman could not possibly work it, and a man must be detailed for the purpose, but it caused extra handling of clothes and wore them out rapidly. There was the big tin cataract washer which cost a mint of money, did good work, but wasted time and called for watchful eyes to keep it from rusting; and the small tin affair which was to be placed in a common boiler, and would do all the work by keeping a constant current of boiling water running through the clothes. It did seem to act like magic at first, but by the third washing, when the agent had gotten safely out of the neighborhood with his cash, the clothes were yellow as saffron and the machine beginning to rust.

There was the sal-soda mixture which in

a year or so mottled all the clothes with brilliant, fadeless yellow spots, and the urpentine mixture which we innocently began to use, but which we were soon informed would be likely to induce paralysis or distorted and painful joints of the hands. Father bought the first wringer he ever saw, but not until I had retired from many a Monday's contest with hands blistered on the outside from rubbing, and on the inside from wringing.

With all these methods came the inevitable boiler, calling for a fierce fire all Monday forenoon, filling the house with steam and a sickening scent of soapsuds, loosening wall paper, causing damp drops to stand on all painted surfaces in winter, and doubling the fatigue of the washwoman in summer by calling on her to endure the heat.

My first hint that all this was worse than useless came during a midsummer visit to Boston, where I saw a washing done by the inmates of a pleasant "flat" in Osborne Place. Just before we sat down to breakfast a teakettle of water was put to boil over an oil-stove, a small cake of a peculiar kind of soap that I had never before seen was shaved up and put in a dish of warm water to dissolve. After the meal, when the gentlemen had gone down town to their offices, a tub was filled with rain water, warmed by that teakettle full of boiling water, the soap was added, and the soiled clothes put to soak for an hour while the ladies washed their dishes, put their rooms to rights, etc. The starch was made and the fire extinguished until dinner time. Two additional tubs were then filled with rinsing water, the second one blued. One lady slightly rubbed the clothes, and the soap had so loosened the dirt that only slight rubbing was needed; the second lady rinsed, starched and hung out, and in less than two hours that washing, not a very small one either, was floating from the lines stretched upon the flat roof. My friend read my contempt of such slack proceedings written in my face, laughed and said "Just wait until night and look at the clothes." When I went up that night to help her take down that washing, I was a complete convert. I never saw whiter, sweeter clothes, and all with no heat, no steam, no horrible smells to annoy the families in that great building, no wasted time or strength. I was not then a housekeeper, nor had these wonderful soaps reached the country towns of Michigan, but for years past both my neighbors and myself have used this very plan with perfect success. I heat water in a boiler because I happen to have one, but I do not keep it long upon the stove. As my washings are large, I usually put the clothes to soak in two tubs, then in the water left after the cleanest ones are rubbed, I soak the colored clothes a few moments and wash them in the same manner. Flannels are washed like the white clothes, but rinsed in warm water and hung up to dry immediately. Of course I rub some of mine more than did my Boston friend, but it is far less work than so much handling and wringing. The garments are neither spotted nor rotted; at least they wear longer than they did under the old process. Sometimes I pour clean hot water upon obstinate streaks or stains,

or spread very much soiled articles on the grass to bleach, and thus save extra rubbing.

I use "anti-washboard" soap, but there are a dozen other brands nearly or quite as good. One half bar to one tub-ful of clothing is sufficient.

J. G. A.

PAW PAW.

NOTES FROM CORRESPONDENTS.

Mrs. E. D. G., of Owosso, says: "I enjoy the HOUSEHOLD very much indeed, and have been a constant reader of the FARMER and that department for thirteen years. But though I have often thought I would like to write something for it, like many others I have neglected to do so. I enjoyed reading Evangeline's letters, but confess to thinking some of the bills of fare rather elaborate—not too elaborate to be eaten, oh no! not by any means, but as taking so much time to prepare when housekeepers on a farm have so much to do. I keep house plants, and think Mrs. A. B. Gulley's cactus must be very handsome. I wish to ask if any of the readers of the HOUSEHOLD have the Japanese hybrid catalpa advertised by seedsmen, and if so, if it is as represented in their catalogues." All we know about this catalpa is that it is a small tree of handsome foliage, and flowering early.

A lady asks: "Is the proper place to wear a watch where some old women have carried their valuables—in their bosom? I don't like it; it seems inconvenient and immodest, but those hereabout who are supposed to follow the fashion, wear them so or in a 'patch pocket,' which looks too much like being anxious to let everybody know one is the owner of a watch." The "patch pocket," in any position, is all out of style. A little pocket is made on the inside of the "buttonhole side" of the dress, and the watch slipped into it. This necessitates loosening a button whenever the watch is to be consulted, but everybody does it and no one thinks harm. Certainly it is much safer than the excrescence known as "patch pocket," which offered great temptations to thieves.

Here is a letter from a lady who wants the HOUSEHOLD people to suggest names for her little daughter. Oh no! A mother who with the assistance of "her sisters and her cousins and her aunts," cannot name her own babies without calling on the public to help her, don't deserve to have any to name. Give the little one a name pleasant to speak, not fanciful or silly. Rossetti, in "The Blessed Damsel," speaks of those

" * * * * * whose names
Are five sweet symphonies,
Cecily, Gertrude, Magdalen,
Margaret and Rosalys."

Bestow no "middle name," but at marriage let her take the family name as such. There is no reason why a woman should merge her identity in "Mrs. John Smith" when she might with equal propriety be "Mrs. Mary Brown Smith," thus retaining enough of her former individuality to be recognizable by old friends who may hear of her after marriage. Besides, it is more "English" to have no middle name or initial, just now.

"What use shall I make of a letter of introduction," asks a young gentleman who

subscribes himself "Verdant." You call on the lady, and leave your letter of introduction and your card, without asking to see the lady, who if she is married, sends in return an invitation to dinner, with her husband's card; if unmarried her father, or if as in so many cases the head of the family is too much immersed in business, the oldest son should call and invite you to call, or the young lady's mother sends an invitation. Much less formality attaches to a purely business letter of introduction, which, with the bearer's card, is presented at the business office, and implies no social obligations unless through the courtesy of the recipient.

WHAT WAS THE MATTER?

Readers of the HOUSEHOLD will remember Beatrix's caution in the issue of March 24th, relative to the use of cream tartar in "angels' food." The following letters were received too late for insertion in last week's paper: L. L. H., of South Haven, says:

"Last week when my husband brought in the FARMER, he handed me the little HOUSEHOLD, and as I always look at the recipes first, I saw Beatrix's 'caution' in regard to 'angels' food.' There must have been something else beside cream tartar her friend put in her cake that spoiled it. I have often baked it to serve with ice cream, and it has also been tried by a number of my friends with equal success, if baked as directed.

"I think a great deal of the little HOUSEHOLD; the articles, as a rule are quite instructive. I feel very grateful for the notes on fashions, especially for the little ones, as I have a little boy and girl, the boy just going into kilts. I find it quite tiresome to find ways of making his dresses; the suggestions this week came just in the nick of time."

"Buttercup" corroborates the above:

"Beatrix's friend certainly got hold of some new kind of cream tartar, for that cake has been made dozens of times by that recipe, and is, as stated, just 'beautiful;' the dogs at Winfield would not hesitate to lunch on such 'angels' food.'"

Now, what *was* the matter? There was no mistake about the cream tartar, it was the genuine article. The eggs were fresh, the flour and sugar same as used in other cooking with satisfaction. The cake was everything it ought to have been, in appearance, but even the greedy English sparrows which whirled down upon it, flew away without lunching and expressed their noisy dissatisfaction. The one thing I do know is that the cake was made "exactly according to rule" and the result was exactly as stated.

BEATRIX.

The publishers of the FARMER last week purchased a handsome photograph album for the pictures of the HOUSEHOLD contributors. Twenty-six pictures already adorn its pages; and as a lady remarked the other day, "They're a real nice-looking lot of people, aren't they?" We will be glad to receive the pictures of our friends and correspondents for the new album, which is a large one with plenty of room for all, and hope they will remember us when their new photographs come home.

BREAD.

[A Paper read at the March meeting of the Napoleon Farmers' Club by Mrs. C. A. Wood.]

In the composition of good bread there are four important requirements; good flour, good yeast, thorough kneading and proper baking. Flour should be white and dry, crumbling easily again after being pressed hard in the hand. If it is in the least musty or sour, the chances are ten to one against your having good bread. Next in importance to the flour is the yeast. This should be light in color and lively, effervescing easily when shaken and emitting an odor like ammonia. If dull or sour, it is bad. Knead your bread faithfully. Do not work the dough over without spending any strength. A half hour is the least time to be given to kneading a baking of bread. Young housekeepers, and often those who should have learned better, frequently fall into a mistake in the consistency of the dough. It should be mixed as soft as it can be handled. The dough should be set in a moderately warm place, and kept at an even temperature. If it is too cool, the fermentation is arrested, and the bread fails to rise; if it is too warm, the work goes forward too rapidly; and the bread is puffy and strong. The former difficulty may be remedied by more heat, and the latter by a little soda dissolved in water and worked thoroughly into the dough. While rising it is much better to cover with a cloth or paper, as that keeps the cold draughts from it.

The oven should not be too hot, for too much fire at first and then cooling off forms a hard crust and leaves the middle undone, or what is termed "slack-baked." The heat should be uniform in all parts of the oven, as this prevents the loaf from cracking open, or one side rising lighter than the others. When the loaves are baked lay them on a cloth and bathe with sweet milk, and put a cloth closely over them. This keeps in the steam, and the milk makes the crust soft and tender. Some of the best cooks think that laying a cloth over hot bread injures its flavor, and prefer to leave the crust hard to covering it.

I make my yeast in this manner: I take twelve medium sized potatoes and boil in one quart of water. Mix two tablespoonfuls of flour smooth with a pint of boiling water, two tablespoonfuls of brown sugar and one of salt. When thoroughly mixed add one quart of cold water, when cool enough put in a teacupful of yeast, and set aside to rise. Take a pint of this for a loaf of bread. Set the sponge in the morning and when light mold into loaves. This will keep a week or two. The beauty of this yeast is that you do not have to set the bread at night and can have it all out of the way in three hours' time.

In the discussion which ensued, Mrs. Weeks thought dry yeast was preferable, as it saved time and we were more sure of having sweet bread in warm weather; it also done away with the trouble of making yeast.

Mrs. Cady preferred home-made yeast, and thought milk made better bread than water.

Mrs. Dean said she liked dry yeast, as she could set her bread over night and it was ready in the morning, but did not de-

mand immediate attention as wet yeast did.

Mrs. Halliday recommended "potato balls" for bread-making, and said she had never had a poor batch of bread since she had used them. They were made as follows: One-half dozen of potatoes boiled and mashed, then mix one tablespoonful each of sugar and salt and one-half of a potato ball (which must be got from some one who had used them, as they could not be had or used in any other manner); then take half your yeast for a batch and save the other half for the next ball. All recommended the best patent flour for the best bread.

SCHOOL TEXT BOOKS.

There is said to be a great improvement in the matter of school text books since the days when I was a pupil, and even since I dropped the title of "teacher," but if this evening's preparation for the spring examination is any proof, I should think there was still room for improvement, at least in the grammar. It's only a little Miss in the third grade, but the audible buzzing on the opposite side of the lamp amounted to: "A noun is a name word. Noun's a name word. Nounzanameword." "A verb is an action word. Verb's a naction word. Verbsanactionword." "An adjective is a quality word. Nage'tive's a quality word. Nage'tive'sa-qualityword." And soon on over and over through the different parts of speech, and I do not need to be told, as I am confidentially, that "I didn't pass the last time. I could get these answers all right, but after every one it says 'give examples' and I just couldn't do that no matter how well I learned it, for I didn't know what it meant;" and I thought it was no wonder, for which one of us old folks could give examples from such a definition as that with no other knowledge to assist us?

I have been rusting out for several years, so far as keeping pace with school matters is concerned, because there was no one from my family in attendance; but this winter often finds me helping and "hearing me say my lesson" for a little black-eyed Miss, and I find that the changes have been numerous. One thing at least is a great improvement, and that is the extra attention given to reading. To see them studying the reading lesson as carefully as any other gives a hope that we shall have better readers in the future; while writing out the spelling and other lessons must result in better letter writers; and what gives one the stamp of ignorance more surely than a poorly spelled letter with no marks of punctuation? Even ministers and teachers are often very faulty when it comes to correspondence, but this constant drilling of the children must count in the future.

In the matter of geography I could wish that there was a law requiring the seats in all school rooms to face the north. Then the maps lying on their desks would be straight and in the minds of the students, the directions would be accurate, requiring no mental turning around when a place is mentioned, as I know many people do through all their lives because, in spite of their knowledge to the contrary, the locations will seem as they were in the school room. I, myself, am one of the unfortunates

who must "face about," in my mind, to make the points of compass come right, because I studied geography from an atlas lying on my desk, where I sat facing the west.

Woe is me! I tried the recipe for ice cream cake in the last HOUSEHOLD. I added cream of tartar and soda, as nothing for that purpose was mentioned, but after all the result was tough and unsatisfactory to
WASHINGTON. EL SEE.

DRESSES FOR YOUNG GIRLS.

A pretty way to make a cashmere or challi dress for a miss is as follows: Make a plain skirt with four or five rows of watered ribbon set around it, and a round, deep overskirt similarly trimmed. Make a yoke waist, with the yoke striped with perpendicular lines of ribbon; a sash of watered ribbon or of cashmere with the ends finished by rows of ribbon, is draped behind, just like those worn by smaller girls. Another way is to make a full gathered skirt, with a waist pointed in front and buttoning behind. The middle of the waist in front is laid in tucks just below the throat and again at the waist line, the space between being left loose and full. The full sleeves are tucked top and bottom. With these full skirts are also worn basques sloping away from the throat in front to show a vest of silk or of the dress material, set on the underwaist to which the skirt is attached.

Wash-dresses for girls from six to ten have belted waists with eight or ten feather-stitched tucks down the front and back. Three breadths of gingham or percale, or four for larger girls, make the skirt. These are plainly hemmed, but may be made more dressy by several feather-stitched tucks, though the trouble and labor are hardly repaid. Plain waists have collar and waistbands of white embroidery, and a V of all-over embroidery in front with revers of the edging; these revers may be made longer and form bretelles over the shoulders.

Sailor hats are to be worn again by misses and girls; the crowns are higher than last year and the brims narrow and faced with velvet. They are trimmed with a large bow at the back or on the left side. Girls in their teens wear English walking hats of dark straw, trimmed with ribbons of two colors. There are also pretty velvet-faced pokes, trimmed with flowers and ribbons; some of them have soft silk crowns.

Contributed Recipes.

RAISED DOUGHNUTS.—At three or four o'clock in the afternoon dissolve half of a yeast cake in a little warm water, add a pint of lukewarm milk and flour to make a sponge; let it rise four or five hours; add half cup of butter or lard, one cup sugar; beat it well; set to rise over night. When light, add one beaten egg and one teaspoonful nutmeg, flour to mould; let it rise again, mould a little, roll out, shape as desired, let them remain on the moulding board in a warm place to rise half an hour; fry in hot lard. M. J. W.

WATERFORD.

ANGELS' FOOD.—Whites of eleven eggs; one and a half tumblers of powdered sugar; one tumbler flour; one teaspoonful cream tartar; a pinch of salt. Flavor with vanilla. Sift the sugar a number of times; also sift the flour, with salt and cream tartar, often. Beat the whites to a stiff froth, mix sugar and whites together, add the flour; add flavoring last. Do not butter the tin. Bake in a quick oven, and turn on the side to cool. I can vouch for this. L. L. H.

SOUTH HAVEN.