

# MICHIGAN FARMER

AND STATE JOURNAL OF AGRICULTURE.

DETROIT, OCT. 27, 1888.

## THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

### TWO BABIES.

There is a little baby,  
Always gentle, always sweet,  
Who doesn't lack a beauty  
That can make a babe complete;  
Who never cries untimely,  
Who is never, never rude,  
While anything she doesn't know  
No mortal baby could.  
So winsome and so dainty,  
That the careless turn to look—  
But, oh! this perfect baby  
Is a baby in a book.

There is a little baby  
With sunshine in her eyes;  
And many a fault the critical  
Might coldly criticize.  
Her nose is over-saucy,  
Her temper does incline,  
When her small world is going wrong,  
To take a twist like mine.  
And half the people pass her by,  
Nor deem her worth a look,  
But oh! she suits me better  
Than the baby in the book.

### WINTER CLOAKS AND JACKETS.

There is what the reporters call "a bewildering display" in the line of winter cloaks and jackets this year. The woman who has not a definite idea of what she wants, measured by the contents of her pocketbook, is likely to be a trying customer, and can do no better, perhaps, in her perplexity, than emulate the lady whom I discovered on a recent Saturday afternoon, the picture of indecision, the central figure in a pile of cloaks, with two obsequious salesmen dancing attendance, and who suddenly broke out: "Well, I'll make it the subject of my Sunday meditations and 'see you later.'" A rustle of skirts, a glitter of jet passementerie, and she was gone—and I think those men breathed a prayer of thankfulness as they mechanically began restoring that chaos to order.

The long cloth cloaks, so long as to entirely conceal the dress, are unquestionably the most fashionable garments for street wear. They are new, and like all new things, are expensive. I have not seen one less than \$40, and from that they range up to \$75, according to quality of material and trimmings. Be it understood I am not talking about Newmarkets or ulsters, which, in rough faced cloths or checks and stripes, can be bought for \$10 to \$20; but of those beautiful garments with sleeves of strange construction, which are not as yet copied in cheap material. They have long sleeves falling straight and square from the shoulder, edged with drop fringe, and ornamented with heavy braid passementerie. These loose sleeves are of course no protec-

tion to the arms, so there are inner close fitting sleeves provided. These cloaks come in many colors, granite gray, Gobelin blue, and the new shades in red and green. The passementerie trimming is repeated down the fronts and sometimes over the shoulders, bretelle fashion, in the back. A good many of the close-fitting garments with long "angel" sleeves are worn; these are trimmed with braiding, and for winter wear the sleeves and both front edges will be edged with fur. They are also much less in price. Another model has the long, straight effect, with sleeves cut in with the back, wrap fashion, sloping from front and back and ending in a point two-thirds down the skirt; this too has the close inner sleeve. The sleeves are edged with a heavy cord and each point has a passementerie ornament; there is also a heavy passementerie design covering the back to a little below the waist line, where a band of beautiful soft fluffy fur is continued to the foot. The same fur edges the fronts and surrounds the neck and the close sleeves.

A good many of us, however, are not buying these costly wrappings, "not this year." And for the large contingent whose go-to-meeting cloak must not cost over \$25 or \$30, up to perhaps \$40, for whom a Newmarket is not dressy enough, and seal or an expensive cloth cloak the longed for, yet unattainable, there seems nothing which can take the place of a good quality of seal plush. True, it has been worn a long time and has become common; some of our merchants advertise wraps as low as \$15, but there is all the difference in style, quality of the goods and linings, that exists between a cheap pressed flannel Newmarket and a broadcloth cloak such as I have just described. Some are cheap and look cheap; others are fairly good imitations of the soft thick pile of seal, are lined with a good quality of satin, and have seal ornaments for closing. A well-fitting coat, 42 or 44 inches long, can be bought for \$35, and this style is standard—that is, is always in fashion, and very popular with ladies who like to look well dressed, yet do not care to follow the eccentricities of fashion. While these coats cannot be said to be *stylish*, they are very sensible and serviceable.

For those who like something more dressy, there are the long plush Newmarkets, which are more costly, ranging up to \$50 or \$60, and the short wraps and jackets. Most of the wraps have medium long fronts, and close-fitting backs, with the usual half tight sleeve. Some have jacket backs with regular jacket sleeves, and the long fronts;

in fact the styles are so numerous and varied everybody can be suited. These range in price from \$20 to \$30. They are warm, being wadded, and during severe weather a band of some becoming fur may surround the neck and extend down the fronts; it can be removed for autumn and spring wear. How long plush will remain fashionable I am not prophet enough to foretell. Every year the cry has been "It will be 'out' next season, sure," but it comes again in the new shapes, a little finer in finish and better in grade; and it will probably stay with us until something else as suitable for dressy wraps, and which can be afforded at as reasonable rates, has been introduced.

There are long garments of a material resembling the old fashioned beaver, close-fitting, with half wide sleeves, and braided down the fronts and around the sleeves, at \$20 and upward; these are in navy blue, and the copper and mahogany shades; the prettiest are in green—which by the way is a very stylish color this year. The objection to these is that they are usually so narrow in the skirt that they pull apart over the *tournure*, disclosing the back of the dress, a not pretty effect.

Cloth jackets are many of them entirely covered with braiding; they fit "just like the paper mit der wall," as the descendant of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob tells his customers; are red, brown, blue, green or black, have very little fullness in the skirt at the back; and many have sleeves which, tight fitting at the armhole, widen into a flowing sleeve at the wrist. This is also the model for plain cloth jackets; and on both fur will be used to border the wide sleeves, and to go around the neck and down both front edges. Fur is now never put around the lower edge of either jackets or long cloaks; and all fur trimmings are much narrower than they were.

Quite elderly ladies wear medium long black cloth dolmans, edged with fur or passementerie; upon some of them pinking is employed to finish the edges, and several pinked bands are set under the edge of the garment. Close fitting coats or Newmarkets are not liked for old ladies, whose outlines generally need to be sparingly disclosed.

And now, a word about what style to choose. Study your own figure enough to know what is becoming to you. If you are short and stout, or even of medium height with a tendency to have latitude out of proportion to longitude, do not buy a half-long, half-fitting coat; its lower edge will come somewhat above the knee, and by breaking



the length of your figure just there, make you look shorter and broader. Have a cloak which comes within six or eight inches of the foot of your dress, or a wrap short in the back with long tabs in front. These half-long coats are, I think the most trying to either the short or the tall woman. The plump, trim form looks well in a tight-fitting cloak, but when the plumpness has passed into downright fat, the kindly dolman will be most appropriate. The very thin woman may conceal her angles beneath the same style of wrap. The tall, stately woman should wear the long, simple modes; she can "carry off," as salesmen say, a dressy short wrap as well; but she looks frivolous in a jaunty jacket which would be just the thing for a woman younger in years and of less dignity of manner. If you select a wrap which is trimmed with fur, see to it that the lower edge does not curve just across the hips and highest steel in the skirt, thereby making the figure look as broad as it is long.

Many ladies who are having broadcloth dresses made up, are also having long redingotes or Directoire cloaks made of the dress material, and braiding them themselves. The braid is quite large, and sewed on over-and-over on one edge.

I should say that the prices which I quote in this, or any other article on prevailing modes, are the rates at which good garments or materials can be purchased, such as will be satisfactory to those who know that a real economy requires "a happy medium" in price, and who are world-wise enough to understand they cannot get "something for nothing." Very often goods are advertised much below such prices, but when seen prove undesirable; and often one may chance on a bargain, or pick up a remnant or "broken line" at lower figures, but my quotations are nearest to the ruling rates for goods which in my opinion are likely to return good value in wear.

BEATRIX.

#### A RAINY DAY IN DETROIT.

I was a pilgrim to the metropolis of our State one day last week and the beginning of my visit must certainly have been very good for the ending was decidedly bad (that is if you think so). I'll tell you first about the good part, the Museum of Art. The building itself is certainly very handsome, but I will not waste any common adjectives on the contents. Beatrix has told us all before of the bright particular star of the collection, "Last Moments of Mozart." It really seems as if nothing could be better than this awe-inspiring effort of the great Munkacsy, but it must be rather uncanny to have in the house. Were I Gen. Alger I'd leave it at the Museum and hang in its place at home such bright bonny faces as "Going to the Bath" and pretty "Yum Yum;" the effect would be more cheerful and home-y, I should say.

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But any one kept awake by toothache or an uneasy conscience that particular Thursday night knows it rained steadily after midnight, and poor me had the satisfaction of knowing as I lay awake in the early dawn, that it would probably rain for the next twenty-four hours. So with a day's shopping before me, and a hundred miles intervening between me and my own individual umbrella, rubbers and waterproof, how to get the same without getting my feet wet was a puzzle worthy of a place in the old mental arithmetic, along with "A fox, a goose and a peck of corn." But just then Beatrix awoke and after referring to her chronometer remarked, "I've some extra protectors against the rain down at the office. I keep them for emergencies (I think she expected me) and I'll dress and take a car down; I can get back in half an hour, then we can go to breakfast." And that is just what she did do. So you see she is something more than a "fair weather friend." Two hours later we stood on the steps of the FARMER office, while she gave me her parting benediction thusly: "It isn't very bad to go around in the rain if you don't think so; take your time and put on airs if the clerks don't wait on you nice," and I trudged away under the umbrella, like the fellow who bore "a banner with the strange device, Excelsior."

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most anywhere. Here too art is making progress. Instead of smiling and looking at a certain point, if you are handsome and have a suitable dress you can strike an attitude best calculated to display a pretty figure or round arm, and look as much like an actress as you are capable of doing; I presume that is the object in view. Well, sometimes the effect is charming; but when a pug nosed school girl, round-shouldered and stooping, or middle-aged woman with fish-wife countenance, and figure like a bag of sand tied round with a string, tries to pose as "Elaine, the lily maid of Astolat" or Ophelia, it's a failure "and nothing but it." Oh, well, we're all a bit conceited in some ways.

But my day was soon over and I was bidding good by to Beatrix in the bustle of the great depot while the rain still fell softly outside. I'm home now and it's a week later, but it's raining still. I wish you might have seen my best embroidered white skirt when I reached home; might have left it in Wonderland for a monstrosity; have washed at it every day since I came home till I was tired—got it most clean now.

VASSAR.

B. C.

#### HELP WANTED.

How easy it is to think "Oh, I'll write to-morrow!" But the to-morrow does not come and the things we wish to say, the brilliant thoughts waiting to be transferred to paper, remain unsaid, and all unsuspected by "the cold and cruel world." We all of us look eagerly forward each week to the HOUSEHOLD, and we all want it to be full of nice bright things.\* Hints for fancy work, nice recipes to vary our cooking, good practical, common sense suggestions to tide us over the multitude of little difficulties that beset us each day, and still we sit with folded hands (figuratively speaking—literally I don't suppose many of us do sit with folded hands), and expect the rest to keep the little paper full of nice things. It has occurred to me a great many times of late, if we would only all of us feel a responsibility for the "nice things" and send in our little mite, how much we might help each other, to say nothing of the Editress. I am a young housekeeper—young and inexperienced; indeed, am not yet out of long clothes in regard to some things, but I presume even I may have learned a few nice ways of doing things that might be of use to others. It is barely possible.

I have thought many times if the ladies only knew how they help us young housekeepers by their suggestions and bits of experience, I am sure they would write oftener. Then followed upon this the thought, "How are they to know how much they help me and how much I appreciate their help unless I tell them?"

Where is Evangeline? She used to help me so much. Some way I have her all set up in my mind as a model housekeeper, one whose ways were sure to be right ways and nice to try.

I hope every lady who reads this will be stirred to send a little something for the paper, if only a recipe. A free exchange of ideas is a good thing.

EUPHEMIA.



## ABOUT SIGNATURES.

Bess inquires how married ladies doing business on their own account should sign their names. Just plain "Mary Ann Jones" on all legal documents and wherever her signature is required in a business way. At banks a depositor is usually requested to add the prefix Miss or Mrs. when she subscribes to the register—or whatever they call it; and must then remember to always sign her checks in the same way. If she receives a check payable to "Mrs. Mary Ann Jones," she must add the Mrs. when she endorses it on the back, otherwise it can be dispensed with.

I have said, several times, in the HOUSEHOLD, that it is not correct to sign one's name to a letter as Miss. or Mrs.; here plain "Mary Ann Jones" has a chance. If it is deemed desirable to indicate the married or single estate, put Mrs. or Miss in parenthesis. Do not sign yourself Mrs. John Jones; that form is to be used only in the third person; but when you write to a married lady always use as a prefix her husband's Christian name or initials, as, Mrs. J. A. Jones, not Mrs. Jones.

If the husband bears a title, as Dr. or Prof. or Gen., his wife *never* uses it in signing her name, nor should she be spoken of as Mrs. Dr. Jones or Mrs. Prof. Jones. I well remember the ripple of laughter round a certain breakfast table caused by the reception of a note from a lady whose husband had been lately elevated to a petty justiceship, signed pompously "Yours truly, Mrs. Judge —." I sometimes see in print "Rev. Mrs. Jones," meaning the wife of a clergyman, and it is so glaringly incorrect that it sets my teeth on edge. If a woman is a physician or a preacher she is Dr. Mary Jones or Rev. Mary Jones; it is none of the world's business whether she is married or single.

BEATRIX.

## ONE DAY.

It was Monday, and we had the threshers and men plashing the hedge—twenty-one men, by actual count. I had mixed the bread before the first streak of light, and immediately after breakfast it was moulded into the tins—ten loaves. I next proceeded to season pumpkin for four pies. It had been steamed on Saturday, and sifted, making two quarts; into this I put the yolks of eight eggs; two cups of fine granulated sugar; two cups of molasses, tablespoon level full of ginger, teaspoon salt, mixed thoroughly and added milk and cream to make the quantity four quarts, as my pie tins hold one quart each. These were baked one hour and twenty minutes. I think the beauty of a pumpkin pie lies in long steady baking, with the oven just hot enough so they cannot boil. As I took them from the oven, "golden hued as a sunset sky," I mentally compared them with some at the fair in Marshall, where I ate dinner; those were about as thick as a nickel and "white livered." I finally traded mine for a dish of rice pudding, which also seemed innocent of eggs. I never think that these pies need the whites of the eggs. I always use a little more pumpkin and leave them out; they come handy for white cake. At ten minutes

after eight the bread was in the oven, and I was mixing doughnuts; while frying them beef was put on to stew for dinner, also a kettle of beets. At ten the oven was cleared again and four apple pies followed the "gone before;" at eleven two sections of potatoes were set over the cooker to steam, a pan of onions put boiling, and coffee was mixed ready to add boiling water at half past eleven. The table was pulled out its full length, and twenty-one places arranged. At two o'clock I took up the burden of life again, saying only: "I'm glad this is not an every day occurrence; once a year it might be considered a pleasure, but if it was very often I'm afraid I should bolt." Well, first on the programme was jelly cake, three rolls, one loaf of white cake and one loaf of tea cake; a kettle of potatoes was boiled to fry for supper. At half past five the clean dishes were taken from their places and once more adorned the table, pyramids of bread and rusks, squares of cake, cold beef, pickles, triangles of pie, making it look like—well, what the hungry tramp said from the fullness of his heart, "Mosht any one could ate that."

I stepped out on the south porch to see what the prospect was for finishing. Some people say the perfect days come in June. I had scarcely cast a glance out doors all day; the morning had opened with a grey sky, but had gradually cleared until at the close it was perfectly glorious. The sun was dipping low in the west, throwing long shadows across field and lawn, lighting up the maples which were every shade of red and gold from late frost. A carpet of the same rich coloring lay over the yard, across the way the leaves were leaving the apple trees, but showing the branches covered with green, red and golden fruit, and I fell to memorizing:

"The leaves when autumn blusters  
Forsake the tree and die,  
But in falling show rich clusters  
Of fruitage to the eye;  
Thus Time in flying snatches  
The beauty, but displays,  
One charm that all o'er matches,  
A soul that ne'er decays."

Oh! the golden month of October, rich in color, in fruitage, in clear bracing atmosphere, in glorious sunsets! But a little imagination is required and we are at the "gates ajar," the beautiful walls of jasper and amethyst, the streets of gold, the train passing through, and along the way the musical fall of fountains, the singing of birds, the strains of heavenly music, everything that is beautiful, fair and peaceful. Just as we search for familiar faces, just as we reach for unseen hands, the sunset fades away, the gates are closed, the day is done; and from dreams we come back to realities; from peace and rest and quiet, to this hurly-burly, busy life we lead—this life that knows no real rest until we are touched by that magical wand that blinds our vision, that deafens our ears, that folds our hands over a stilled heart, and it is said "She is dead."

The whistle sounds long and loud. It is caught up, echoed and re-echoed by hill and forest, and the work is far from completion; stern Fate whispers in my ear: "Oh! poor deluded woman, be submissive to the inevitable! To-night must you stir up another bread-sponge, to-morrow morning be-

fore Aurora gilds the east with splendor, must you crawl from your soft and downy bed, and with that mechanical movement, acquired only by long and persistent effort, mix the bread. Those men will be here to-morrow, sure." I set the tea steeping in a whirl of mixed thought—a regular salmagundi—and as I filled the cups with the fragrant Oolong I said to myself: "How differently human beings are constituted, especially the female sex! While Hiawatha said 'Who can tell what thoughts and fancies fill the idle brains of young men,' with as much propriety can we say 'Who can tell the aspirations that swell the bosoms of womankind;' and how fortunate for hungry men that there can be found women who do not crave office, who do not 'hanker' after the ballot, who do not go abroad on works of philanthropy; but are actually contented to abide at home and minister to the temporal wants of their liege lords and masters!"

Oh! happy Frances Willard  
And th ice happy Susan B.  
For your lives from hungry threshers  
Have been comparatively free.  
If a steady strain of muscle  
Paves the way to higher life,  
The brightest crown of glory's  
Captured by the farmer's wife,  
BATTLE CREEK. EVANGELINE.

## A QUESTION TO ANSWER.

I am more than pleased with the HOUSEHOLD, as it comes to me every week, and often think when reading it that I will write something; but with the many duties that fall to a farmer's wife, I let the time pass and do not get it done. I wonder if all the farmers' wives are so hurried and if they do not wish for time to read some book or paper that they have seen advertised or heard spoken of. Were it not for our farmers' clubs we would know much less of what is passing. If we think we will look at the last papers, when evening comes, some one will come with this to be done, or that mitten to be mended—something to claim the few moments of leisure.

In reading Naomi's article on "Church Socials," I could not help but think that as they are carried on, the most of the work and care are laid on the shoulders of a few. If we can have some literary entertainment at such gatherings, and each one do something at different times to help, we can make them profitable in financial worth and mind culture. The kissing games and throwing of peanut shells and popcorn that are allowed at so many church socials, I have no patience with.

I would like some of the sisters to tell us how to can pumpkin. I do not like it dried, and hopesome one will tell us how.

SALINE.

GIP.

## INFORMATION WANTED.

Will the lady who last spring gave a recipe for angel's food, please inform us as to what sort of a tin it is to be baked in and how long? Have tried it with more or less success, but once after baking thirty minutes it came out raw in the center.

Also, will some of the ladies please give a good pudding sauce for using on stale cake.

LIZA.

GALESBURG.



the length of your figure just there, make you look shorter and broader. Have a cloak which comes within six or eight inches of the foot of your dress, or a wrap short in the back with long tabs in front. These half-long coats are, I think the most trying to either the short or the tall woman. The plump, trim form looks well in a tight-fitting cloak, but when the plumpness has passed into downright fat, the kindly Dolman will be most appropriate. The very thin woman may conceal her angles beneath the same style of wrap. The tall, stately woman should wear the long, simple modes; she can "carry off," as salesmen say, a dressy short wrap as well; but she looks frivolous in a jaunty jacket which would be just the thing for a woman younger in years and of less dignity of manner. If you select a wrap which is trimmed with fur, see to it that the lower edge does not curve just across the hips and highest steel in the skirt, thereby making the figure look as broad as it is long.

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B. C.

#### HELP WANTED.

How easy it is to think "Oh, I'll write to-morrow!" But the to-morrow does not come and the things we wish to say, the brilliant thoughts waiting to be transferred to paper, remain unsaid, and all unsuspected by "the cold and cruel world." We all of us look eagerly forward each week to the HOUSEHOLD, and we all want it to be full of nice bright things. Hints for fancy work, nice recipes to vary our cooking, good practical, common sense suggestions to tide us over the multitude of little difficulties that beset us each day, and still we sit with folded hands (figuratively speaking—literally I don't suppose many of us do sit with folded hands), and expect the rest to keep the little paper full of nice things. It has occurred to me a great many times of late, if we would only all of us feel a responsibility for the "nice things" and send in our little mite, how much we might help each other, to say nothing of the Editress. I am a young housekeeper—young and inexperienced; indeed, am not yet out of long clothes in regard to some things, but I presume even I may have learned a few nice ways of doing things that might be of use to others. It is barely possible.

I have thought many times if the ladies only knew how they help us young housekeepers by their suggestions and bits of experience, I am sure they would write oftener. Then followed upon this the thought, "How are they to know how much they help me and how much I appreciate their help unless I tell them?"

Where is Evangeline? She used to help me so much. Some way I have her all set up in my mind as a model housekeeper, one whose ways were sure to be right ways and nice to try.

I hope every lady who reads this will be stirred to send a little something for the paper, if only a recipe. A free exchange of ideas is a good thing.

EUPHEMIA.



## ABOUT SIGNATURES.

Bess inquires how married ladies doing business on their own account should sign their names. Just plain "Mary Ann Jones" on all legal documents and wherever her signature is required in a business way. At bank a depositor is usually requested to add the prefix Miss or Mrs. when she subscribes to the register—or whatever they call it; and must then remember to always sign her checks in the same way. If she receives a check payable to "Mrs. Mary Ann Jones," she must add the Mrs. when she endorses it on the back, otherwise it can be dispensed with.

I have said, several times, in the HOUSEHOLD, that it is not correct to sign one's name to a letter as Miss, or Mrs.; here plain "Mary Ann Jones" has a chance. If it is deemed desirable to indicate the married or single estate, put Mrs. or Miss in parenthesis. Do not sign yourself Mrs. John Jones; that form is to be used only in the third person; but when you write to a married lady always use as a prefix her husband's Christian name or initials, as, Mrs. J. A. Jones, not Mrs. Jones.

If the husband bears a title, as Dr. or Prof. or Gen., his wife *never* uses it in signing her name, nor should she be spoken of as Mrs. Dr. Jones or Mrs. Prof. Jones. I well remember the ripple of laughter round a certain breakfast table caused by the reception of a note from a lady whose husband had been lately elevated to a petty justiceship, signed pompously "Yours truly, Mrs. Judge —." I sometimes see in print "Rev. Mrs. Jones," meaning the wife of a clergyman, and it is so glaringly incorrect that it sets my teeth on edge. If a woman is a physician or a preacher she is Dr. Mary Jones or Rev. Mary Jones; it is none of the world's business whether she is married or single.

BEATRIX.

## ONE DAY.

It was Monday, and we had the threshers and men plashing the hedge—twenty-one men, by actual count. I had mixed the bread before the first streak of light, and immediately after breakfast it was moulded into the tins—ten loaves. I next proceeded to season pumpkin for four pies. It had been steamed on Saturday, and sifted, making two quarts; into this I put the yolks of eight eggs; two cups of fine granulated sugar; two cups of molasses, tablespoon level full of ginger, teaspoon salt, mixed thoroughly and added milk and cream to make the quantity four quarts, as my pie tins hold one quart each. These were baked one hour and twenty minutes. I think the beauty of a pumpkin pie lies in long steady baking, with the oven just hot enough so they cannot boil. As I took them from the oven, "golden hued as a sunset sky," I mentally compared them with some at the fair in Marshall, where I ate dinner; those were about as thick as a nickel and "white livered." I finally traded mine for a dish of rice pudding, which also seemed innocent of eggs. I never think that these pies need the whites of the eggs. I always use a little more pumpkin and leave them out; they come handy for white cake. At ten minutes

after eight the bread was in the oven, and I was mixing doughnuts; while frying them beef was put on to stew for dinner, also a kettle of beets. At ten the oven was cleared again and four apple pies followed the "gone before;" at eleven two sections of potatoes were set over the cooker to steam, a pan of onions put boiling, and coffee was mixed ready to add boiling water at half past eleven. The table was pulled out its full length, and twenty-one places arranged. At two o'clock I took up the burden of life again, saying only: "I'm glad this is not an every day occurrence; once a year it might be considered a pleasure, but if it was very often I'm afraid I should bolt." Well, first on the programme was jelly cake, three rolls, one loaf of white cake and one loaf of tea cake; a kettle of potatoes was boiled to fry for supper. At half past five the clean dishes were taken from their places and once more adorned the table, pyramids of bread and rusks, squares of cake, cold beef, pickles, triangles of pie, making it look like—well, what the hungry tramp said from the fullness of his heart, "Mosht any one could ate that."

I stepped out on the south porch to see what the prospect was for finishing. Some people say the perfect days come in June. I had scarcely cast a glance out doors all day; the morning had opened with a grey sky, but had gradually cleared until at the close it was perfectly glorious. The sun was dipping low in the west, throwing long shadows across field and lawn, lighting up the maples which were every shade of red and gold from late frost. A carpet of the same rich coloring lay over the yard, across the way the leaves were leaving the apple trees, but showing the branches covered with green, red and golden fruit, and I fell to memorizing:

"The leaves when autumn blusters  
Forsake the tree and die,  
But in falling show rich clusters  
Of fruitage to the eye;  
Thus Time in flying snatches  
The beauty, but displays,  
One charm that all o'er matches,  
A soul that ne'er decays."

Oh! the golden month of October, rich in color, in fruitage, in clear bracing atmosphere, in glorious sunsets! But a little imagination is required and we are at the "gates ajar," the beautiful walls of jasper and amethyst, the streets of gold, the train passing through, and along the way the musical fall of fountains, the singing of birds, the strains of heavenly music, everything that is beautiful, fair and peaceful. Just as we search for familiar faces, just as we reach for unseen hands, the sunset fades away, the gates are closed, the day is done; and from dreams we come back to realities; from peace and rest and quiet, to this hurly-burly, busy life we lead—this life that knows no real rest until we are touched by that magical wand that blinds our vision, that deafens our ears, that folds our hands over a stilled heart, and it is said "She is dead."

The whistle sounds long and loud. It is caught up, echoed and re-echoed by hill and forest, and the work is far from completion; stern Fate whispers in my ear: "Oh! poor deluded woman, be submissive to the inevitable! To-night must you stir up another bread-sponge, to-morrow morning be-

fore Aurora gilds the east with splendor, must you crawl from your soft and downy bed, and with that mechanical movement, acquired only by long and persistent effort, mix the bread. Those men will be here to-morrow, sure." I set the tea steeping in a whirl of mixed thought—a regular salmagundi—and as I filled the cups with the fragrant Oolong I said to myself: "How differently human beings are constituted, especially the female sex! While Hiawatha said 'Who can tell what thoughts and fancies fill the idle brains of young men,' with as much propriety can we say 'Who can tell the aspirations that swell the bosoms of womankind,' and how fortunate for hungry men that there can be found women who do not crave office, who do not 'hanker' after the ballot, who do not go abroad on works of philanthropy; but are actually contented to abide at home and minister to the temporal wants of their liege lords and masters!"

Oh! happy Frances Willard  
And th'ice happy Susan B.  
For your lives from hungry threshers  
Have been comparatively free.  
If a steady strain of muscle  
Paves the way to higher life,  
The brightest crown of glory's  
Captured by the farmer's wife,  
BATTLE CREEK. EVANGELINE.

## A QUESTION TO ANSWER.

I am more than pleased with the HOUSEHOLD, as it comes to me every week, and often think when reading it that I will write something; but with the many duties that fall to a farmer's wife, I let the time pass and do not get it done. I wonder if all the farmers' wives are so hurried and if they do not wish for time to read some book or paper that they have seen advertised or heard spoken of. Were it not for our farmers' clubs we would know much less of what is passing. If we think we will look at the last papers, when evening comes, some one will come with this to be done, or that mitten to be mended—something to claim the few moments of leisure.

In reading Naomi's article on "Church Socials," I could not help but think that as they are carried on, the most of the work and care are laid on the shoulders of a few. If we can have some literary entertainment at such gatherings, and each one do something at different times to help, we can make them profitable in financial worth and mind culture. The kissing games and throwing of peanut shells and popcorn that are allowed at so many church socials, I have no patience with.

I would like some of the sisters to tell us how to can pumpkin. I do not like it dried, and hopesome one will tell us how.

SALINE.

GIP.

## INFORMATION WANTED.

Will the lady who last spring gave a recipe for angel's food, please inform us as to what sort of a tin it is to be baked in and how long? Have tried it with more or less success, but once after baking thirty minutes it came out raw in the center.

Also, will some of the ladies please give a good pudding sauce for using on stale cake.

LIZA.

GALESBURG.



## GIRLS AND BOYS.

Because the hired girl is such a necessity and also such a trial the subject seems never to be exhausted in the HOUSEHOLD, but to-day I thought there were worse things in the world than being a hired girl under some circumstances. Business called me to the home of an Irish widow, and speaking of her family she said: "When my man was killed I was left with six young children, and now they are all away except the boy that works my farm. Katie and Maggie are in Detroit, where they've been most three years. They both work for the same lady. One gets three dollars a week and the other three and a half, and the folks they live with went to that big island (Mackinac) and was gone most all summer, and took them right along to do the work and take care of the children there, and they had an awful nice time. Anna, here, is home now because the lady she works for has gone to Europe, but she's going back when she comes pretty soon, and she lives just near where the other girls are, so they have each other for company;" and so she rattled on, but I did not wonder that the poor mother was proud of her daughters. She had no means of giving them an education, but they must certainly have had good training, and a mine of good common sense to "know their place and keep it" so well, that as the years went by there was no lost time, and they were not only able to clothe themselves well, but had helped the poor, hard-working mother.

If girls are to be kitchen helps from force of circumstances, how much better for themselves as well as those who hire, if they would only aim at perfection, and make their services so valuable that they can remain in one place as long as they choose. A working girl may "get to the front" in her profession as well as any other, and the better service as surely brings better wages and greater privileges; but oh! those careless, indifferent ones who have no aims but to get a "fellow," no idea of responsibility, and no interest in anything but the money that they will get for their time, not for the work accomplished.

Mrs. Edwards writes on a subject in which I am deeply interested—work for the boys. Let them early learn the value of time as well as of money, and there would be fewer wrecks. The craze for fancy work occupies much of the time of girls; if not to pecuniary advantage, they at least learn how much can be accomplished in an hour or a day, and when the need comes can apply that knowledge to good advantage; but the boy who "loafs around town" takes "no note of time" and cannot realize or understand its value. Not all mothers make their boys as useful in the house, if they lack out of door employment, as a friend of mine does. She recently said: "I haven't put up a can of fruit this year. When the strawberries were ready Fred (a sixteen year old boy) said 'I'll see to them.' He's followed it up as other fruit came along, and does it all so nice that I'm very thankful." Of course it does not develop the man like business pursuits, but it is much better than nothing to do and they can be very helpful.

EL SEE.

WASHINGTON.

## A SCRAP.

I wish to say to L. C. that I have found a "better way" for the coal stove. A year ago last spring I hired a couple of men to come and take my coal stove down and set it in the pantry. This was in May, cost \$1. In October the stove must be in place again. Two men of course. They took the stove—a new Art Garland for which I paid \$40 in the fall—all to pieces, cleaned it, and made it in every sense to look exactly like a new stove right from the shop. Cost, \$3. "Whew! Jimminy!!" says I, "can't stand that, must devise ways and means to save that money." And I did, too; and this is how I did it:

When I cleaned house last spring I got the woman who helped me with the cleaning to black and polish the nickel-plating of the stove, clean out all the ashes, etc., and I cleaned the isinglass. When we got through the stove looked just as well as it did with its \$3 rubbing and scrubbing, and I left it standing in its place, a thing of beauty and as a friend of mine says, a "real ornament to a room, even in hot weather." And so now my stove is clean and in place, ready to radiate warmth whenever I choose to set the fire going. I have a real little jewel of a wood stove that fills the bill as a heater at present. That too, I get the woman to polish for me. She is strong, and had just as soon do that as anything; and I find it far cheaper, and better every way to keep all the stoves in place the year round.

E. L. NYE.

FLINT.

## A LITERARY SOCIETY.

In reply to Bess, of Plainwell, I will give a sketch of one meeting of our literary society, for I imagine that is what she wants more than a history of the society.

Our society is a ladies' society, married or single, old or young; we meet afternoons. In summer the time is two o'clock, in winter one or half past; the meetings are once in three weeks.

We have a constitution and by-laws; our officers are a president, vice president, secretary, treasurer, chaplain, music committee of three, and a programme committee of three. I have been told by one of the organizers, that one of the stipulations or agreements was that every member should make an effort to be present at every meeting. Our programme is as follows: Singing, reading of psalm, singing, followed by repetition of the Lord's Prayer in concert, standing; secretary then calls the roll, to which each lady responds "Present," or by quotation of a proverb, or any wise saw, verse of Scripture, or poetry, just what each one chooses. Then the minutes of the preceding meeting are read, and business, if there is any, called up and disposed of. I will say here, we pay ten cents a quarter each, these dues, forty cents a year for each member, creates a fund to draw from, to pay for anything that we need to buy, as coffee, sugar, ice cream, etc. for our picnic, and pay for our little pamphlets, or any other thing thought advisable.

Returning to the programme, we have an essay by one lady first, unless the lady who entertains us has an address of welcome,

which happens often; then a reading by another lady, (his reading is one of the pamphlets of the Chautauqua "Spare Minute Course") a recitation by still another one; then a select reading, something not very long, and not very heavy, followed by the discussion of some question. For a sample I will give you the question for our next meeting, November 1st, "Which best develops character, prosperity or adversity?" This is participated in by all who choose to say anything on the subject. Then comes five minutes' intermission, which the secretary improves to pick up questions for the "question box," and the programme committee to make out the programme for the second meeting ahead; the meeting is then called to order, the questions read and answered by any one who can; the chairman of programme committee reads the programme for the two following meetings; and the lady who chooses to entertain the society next arises, and invites the ladies to meet at her home; a motion is then in order to accept her invitation, and to adjourn for three weeks.

The social part follows and the refreshments are passed; our rule requires every lady to bring her own napkin; plates, cups, forks and teaspoons are passed around; the refreshments are not to exceed the following: Coffee or tea, bread or biscuit (only one) and butter, one kind of cold meat, jelly or jam, pickles or cheese, and two kinds of cake. We part with reluctance "when the night draws near;" I think every member feels that the society is an educator, and a delightful social recreation.

If I have not given Bess the information she wanted, ask again, and I will do the best I can to enlighten her on the dark points.

M. E. H.

ALBION.

THE best way of testing jelly to see if it will "set" is to drop a little into a glass of cold water. If it settles it is done enough; if it spreads it needs more boiling. If you want light colored jellies do not boil them too long. Heat the sugar to avoid much boiling. Juice boiled too long or past a certain point, will often refuse to harden or "set;" as "Meg" despairingly said in "Little Women," "the jelly wont jell." The general rule is to boil the juice twenty minutes, add the hot sugar, let boil five minutes, then begin to test by dropping into water as above.

## Contributed Recipes.

**CORNSTARCH CAKE.**—Whites of four eggs; one cup sugar; half cup butter; one cup flour; half cup cornstarch; half cup sweet milk; half teaspoonful soda; one teaspoonful of cream of tartar.

**A CHEAP LAYER CAKE.**—White of one egg; two-thirds cup sugar; butter size of a large walnut; two-thirds cup milk; one and a half cups flour; one tablespoonful cornstarch; two large teaspoonfuls baking powder. This is a good recipe.

**FITTERS.**—Two eggs; one teaspoonful buttermilk, or sour milk; half cup sweet milk; one teaspoonful soda; two and a half cups of flour, or little more. Hope these are not old to all, and will be acceptable.

LINA.

GALESBURG.