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THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

For the Household.

SNOWFLAKES.

BY ELLA R. WOOD.

One by one the flakes come down,
Feathery soft and white,
Blown about by the flurrying wind—
Where will they rest to-night?

How can they cover the bare brown earth,
The snowflakes one by one—
Each so tiny, and each alone
With never a drift begun?

Some will be blown into corners snug,
And others will gather around;
One by one each adding its mite
Till a great white drift is found.

Some will cover a new made grave,
With its rounded heap of earth,
Till it's softly wrapped in shining white,
Fit type of the soul's new birth.

Some will fall in the mud and clay
To be trampled out of sight;
All undismayed still others come down
Till they form a robe of white.

O, snowflakes! pure and soft and white,
As you fall to the dreary ground,
A lesson you bring to my heart to-day,
While you silently flutter around;

As you softly cover the unsightly earth
With a mantle so beauteous and free,
So the faults of others our thoughts should
enfold
With the mantle of Charity.

SILENCE OF FRIENDS.

It sometimes happens that two friends will meet,
And, with a smile and touch of hands again
Go on their way along the noisy street.
Each is so sure of all the friendship sweet,
The loving silence gives no thought of pain.
And so I think, those friends whom we call dead
Are with us. It may be some quiet hour
Or time of busy work for hand or head—
Their love fills all the heart that missed them so.
They bring a sweet assurance of the life
Serene, above the worry that we know;
And we grow braver for the comfort brought.
Why should we mourn because they do not speak
Our words that lie so far below their thought?

RUSSIAN POLITICAL EXILES.

Almost everybody has at least heard of George Kennan, the American traveler, whose investigations into the lives of Russian political prisoners and descriptions of their hardships, as published in *The Century*, have awakened so much sympathy for these unhappy victims of the Czar's peculiar "parental" government. I had the pleasure of hearing his lecture, in this city, on the 11th inst. Perhaps it is not quite correct to say *pleasure*, since there is nothing which should arouse that emotion in the recital of the woes of these unfortunate men and women, yet there is a certain satisfaction in

seeing and hearing with one's own eyes and ears, men who have made themselves famed.

Mr. Kennan is, personally, tall and of good presence, with black hair and eyes and close-shaven face, except the black moustache. His voice is deep and pleasant, his delivery rapid but not confused; and evidently what he has seen and heard of human woe in the wilds of Siberia has deeply impressed him, so that his earnestness wakens the sympathy of his auditors. He has made a study of the political features of Russian life; and explained, at the outset, the term Nihilist, as applied to the protesting party, or faction opposed to the government. The term, as derived from the Latin *nihil*, meaning nothing, is a misnomer as representing the creed of this party. They are not destructionists, who would annihilate all governments and religions. It is a term applied indiscriminately to those who desire reform in government, and is no more descriptive in its received application than the term "Know-Nothings," once applied to a political party in this country, is indicative of an absence of knowledge. The Nihilists ask only free speech, a free press, and due process of law instead of the system of arbitrary arrests and convictions which seems a feature of Russian government. The policy of the present Czar is to deny these rights, and to withdraw even the privileges granted by Alexander II.; and Russia, he says, is degenerating into a country ruled despotically, where the people have absolutely no rights whatever. The Russian peasant, though not a serf, is oppressed almost beyond belief.

Mr. Kennan described the "administrative process" by which suspected persons are sent into exile. It is only necessary to awaken the suspicions of the police to be arrested and without even the form of a trial, without knowing the nature of the charges made, without opportunity for defense, or the privilege of presenting testimony, be hurried forward to the mines of Siberia, there to remain five, ten or twenty years. A ten or twenty years' sentence is equivalent to a death warrant, none can endure the privations and horrors of Siberian convict life for such lengths of time; death mercifully releases the sufferer, though often only after he has become insane through solitary confinement or exposure to cold and hunger. No man knows when the blow may fall, or whence it comes. He bids his wife and children good-bye in the morning—they may never see him again. He has disappeared as completely as if he were dead—as indeed he is dead to them in a political prison. Or the police may be merciful, and

allow him a last interview with his family, and afford them the poor consolation of knowing his fate. Mind, administrative exile does not deal with actual offenders; no crime is committed, the police only suspect him of disaffection, or of "an intention to commit an offence prejudicial to good order," or of holding revolutionary views. Forbidden books are found in his house, he writes something which the censor of the press does not approve, or the spies which everywhere abound find evidence against him in his private papers. No man is secure. The mental condition of many Russian subjects must strongly resemble that of the Sicilian tyrant, who felt that ever above him was poised a drawn sword suspended by a single hair. One suspicious act is followed by exile and a lingering death; Russians live ever under this awful shadow, which falls alike on the peasant in his hut and the prince in his palace.

These political offenders are by no means the unintelligent and uneducated. On the contrary, Mr. Kennan found them well educated, thoughtful, refined. Many of them speak English, French and German fluently; and a long list of books with which he had found them conversant included such writers as John Stuart Mill, Herbert Spencer, Buckle, Leike, down to our own Longfellow, Irving, Cooper and Harriet Beecher Stowe. Mr. Kennan has personally known about 500 of these exiles. The photographs of a large number were thrown upon a screen, and the type presented was that of refined, intelligent, educated manhood and womanhood. For the government's iron hand rests on delicate women, even young school-girls, quite as severely as on men; and many of the pictures were those of women and girls who had been torn from their homes and sent to the desolate regions of Northern Siberia, because "suspected of an intention at some future period" to commit some offence—which might consist of reading a forbidden book, or teaching peasants to read. Over 1,500 administrative exiles were sent from one province in one year, the governor—whose business it is supposed to be to look into the cases—signing the warrants without investigation, just as they were handed him. Two minor officials made a bet that the governor would attach his signature to a copy of the Lord's Prayer, which was accordingly written out upon official paper, the proper seals attached, and sent up for signature. It was returned duly signed, and was, Mr. Kennan said, probably as harmless a document as ever came from the governor's office.

I cannot remember the jaw-breaking

names of the originals of the photographs presented, and I could not spell them if I recalled them, but their stories were alike recitals of cruel injustice and wrong, terminating in insanity and death; and the lecturer's voice trembled more than once in his narrative, especially when, as was often the case, he had personally known the victim. One fine looking young man was arrested by mistake, a case of mistaken identity. His name was Vlademir, the warrant was for one Victor, both surnames being alike, Basiloff, I think. He protested he was not the person the police wanted, but they were quite too indifferent to look into the matter and establish the fact. So he was sentenced to the Karamines for a term of years. At the roll call before the convict train was sent forward, the prison official read off the name "Victor Basiloff." No answer. "Victor Basiloff, why don't you answer to your name?" "It's not my name," retorted the convict. "What is your name?" "Vlademir Basiloff." "Well, it don't make a d— bit of difference," replied the officer as he erased the name of Victor and substituted that of Vlademir, and to Siberia the unfortunate Vlademir had to go. Another case, quite as glaringly unjust, was that of an author who had written an article for a publication in "The Annals of St. Petersburg," which drew police attention to him. He was arrested, and after four years' confinement without trial or hearing, was released, the court which considered his case having exonerated him. The article which got him into trouble had during his imprisonment passed through the hands of the press censor, and without the omission of a line or a word, been published in the "Annals" for which it was written. Not many months after his release, he was again arrested, the accusation being based on his "former suspicious record." Thus, exonerated though he was, and his article published without excision, he was "suspected of an intention to repeat" this "former offense," and this time the unhappy man had to go into exile.

Two young girls, teachers, who had been suspected of entertaining too liberal opinions, left the city where they had resided and went to another. Here they applied to a certain Dr. Bailey for instruction, wishing to fit themselves for work among the peasantry. The fact that they had removed from one city to another without permission, and had been "suspected"—which in Russian law seems equal to a conviction—should have warned the doctor to have nothing to do with them. But he consented to instruct them, and was arrested and sent to Siberia. His wife was not able to accompany him at the time, but in a few months, leaving her young babe with her sister, she undertook the long journey of 5,000 miles, which would require sixteen months of continuous travel to accomplish, for she could not afford the expense of travel by rail and post, and was compelled to join a convict train. Exiled prisoners are sent in "convict trains" by rail, for about a thousand miles, packed in like cattle and treated with much less respect and consideration. Beyond the distributing points or where the railroad ends, the common criminals must walk the two, three or four thousand miles to their place of exile, while the political prisoners

make the journey in wagons or sledges, accomplishing from seventy to eighty miles per week. Mrs. Bailey preserved her courage and fortitude to a wonderful extent, under her privations and exposure, and considering her mental anxiety respecting her husband and her babe. But there are two stations or villages of exile, very nearly alike in name, one ending in —koff, the other in —sky, or some such trivial difference, and Mrs. Bailey at last learned that while she was within a few hundred miles of one of these villages, where she supposed her husband to be, he was really at the other, two thousand miles away. The terrible disappointment, coming just when her hopes were high of a speedy termination of her terrible journey, and a reunion with her husband, was too much for her reason and she became insane, dying in a lazaretto, or convict hospital.

One more instance of the parental care of the "Little Father," as Russians call the Czar, and this already too long story must close, though Mr. Kennan told many others equally as sad. A young man, but twenty years of age, a student suspected of revolutionary inclinations, was for eight years immured in a prison for political offenders, most of the time in solitary confinement. He became insane, and his mania took the form of shame of his chains and leg fetters, which he wound with rags to make noiseless. Out of old rags, remnants of foot wrappings, and any material he could secure, he made a patchwork petticoat, which he wore to entirely conceal his fetters. Prematurely grey, haggard and worn by emaciation, clad in this crazy quilt skirt, the light of reason forever fled, he was at twenty-eight but the semblance of a man, yet he was about to be sent to Siberian mines. His mother, who had not seen him since his arrest, obtained from the Minister of the Interior permission to visit him before he was sent away. But the warden of the prison was kind-hearted enough to dissuade her from seeing him, telling her he was broken in health, so changed she would not know him, and that it would be much better for her to be content with her present memories of him than endure the terrible change. But she persisted, and he reluctantly permitted the interview. In spite of the alterations effected by years of misery, the mother's maternal instinct enabled her to recognize her son. But he did not know her, and repulsed her with force when she threw her arms about him, drawing his petticoat of rags about him and retreating in alarm. As he did so, she read in his eyes the melancholy truth, and fell in a swoon at his feet. Of the wives of the exiles who voluntarily accompany them into exile, the lecturer said: "We cannot despair of the future of a country that contains such women and such men."

This then is the policy of Russia, to govern by fear, to overawe, to make each man suspect his neighbor, to put down by still greater oppression every evidence of dissatisfaction under tyranny. But one thing is certain. If Russia's people live in fear, and no man's life or liberty is secure, Russia's ruler in his imperial palace, surrounded by guards, is subject to the same dread, and feels himself in the shadow of death by violence even in his bomb-proof chamber.

BEATRICE.

THE LOVE OF MONEY.

I read, not long since, that the Legislature of New York had passed a law forbidding the sale of intoxicants upon the fair grounds of the State, and I wondered why Michigan has not as great a care for the purity and morals of her people, the protection and honor of her homes, as our sister State.

In our county we last year hailed with delight the by-law which stated that "No liquor selling or games of chance would be allowed on the grounds during the fair." What was the disgust of many of the best citizens to see, on sale under a tent away off at one side, two barrels supposed to contain cider, but which was proved by investigation to be mixed largely with alcohol. Several ring-toss games, where the successful ones received canes, money or cigars, the usual rag dolls to be thrown at—for a consideration, also a stand filled with small articles which were disposed of by the buyers' paying twenty or twenty-five cents for an envelope in which was a slip of paper stating which article he had drawn—all these different men were admitted to the grounds, contrary to the above mentioned by-law, and given the right to ply their business by the consent of the officers and the payment of a sum of money. Who can say that more than one young boy did not receive a lesson in gambling or drinking which he will never forget, and all because of the filthy lucre passed over from those who gained it at the expense of purity, honor and true manhood, into the treasury of a county fair which is called by many the best and most prosperous in the State! Verily "the love of money is the root of all evil." St. Paul, with all his wisdom, never uttered truer words than these. How often we are led to exclaim, what will not mankind do for money? It seems sometimes as though all were engaged in a mad race for that which only perishes with the using, forgetting that the Book says, "He that getteth riches and not by right, shall leave them in the midst of his days, and at his end shall be a fool."

FIDUS ACHATUS.

SMALLER THAN THE SMALLEST.

In the *FARMER* of Dec. 21st. I noticed an article headed "Smallest Book in the World," but I have one of still smaller dimensions, being seven-eighths of an inch in length and one-half inch in width, is covered in scarlet and gilt, with gilt edges, contains thirty-three leaves, with portraits of the Prince of Wales when a babe, King of Prussia and others. It is poetically illustrated by Miss Mitford, author of *Our Village*. It also contains a calendar for the year 1843, and a list of the members of the royal family of England and date of birth; the sovereigns of Europe and when they commenced to reign; the queen's ministers, ladies of the court, maids of honor, bedchamber women, and H. R. H. Prince Albert's household. It is plainly printed in English, and was published in London by A. Schloss, Fancy Stationer to H. R. H. the Duchess of Kent, 12 Berners St., Oxford St.

ADRIAN.

MRS. PETER COLLIER.

TOWN AND COUNTRY.

Little "Chip," so called because she is so like her mamma, came home from the country where she had spent vacation, bringing such a breeze. A bucketful of German violets gathered in the rain under the rose bushes, a long link of home made sausage and a shout of glee over the memories of the seven days passed under the roof of a good old fashioned country home. "Chip" was brought up in the country and this is the first visit since coming here two years ago. We both love the free air and habits of rural life. We love the cows and horses and cats. She said they had twenty-three cats. We only have one, and he refuses to live in a flat and has to be carried back three squares in the old brown shawl, every few days. We are so discontented with the present. Here we have everything at hand, hot and cold water fresh from the pipes, mud and all, a janitor to carry away our garbage and bring in the coal, no call to set foot outside the door, and yet we sigh for the wideness of farm life. Yesterday a young man called bringing me a note from a dear old friend, asking us to be of any service possible in securing him a position, etc. The young man received my kindest greeting, beyond that assured by his introduction. He was from a country home, alone among strangers, seeking employment in a large city. This particular young man has a good face, a good head, and was dressed in what would be called at home very good clothes. I inquired what he could do and what he desired to do. He said he was not prepared for anything special but thought he might get into a store or be an assistant book-keeper, as he was just from school at Lebanon, Ohio, and had excellent recommendations from there. This is what I did not say: Poor boy, your recommendations count nothing. Men will bluntly ask if you have had any experience, and what you can do—what you have prepared yourself to do. You will go tramping up and down these muddy streets until your poor legs ache. Men and people will walk over you, knock you about, and tell you over and over that there is no room for you. Unless you are willing to take the lowest position or clean the streets, or have money to keep you for some months, you had better go back home and be contented with the place you were planted, or prepare for something definite. Having a wide business acquaintance my husband may be able to direct the young man to something, but for this he must eventually come to feel miserably homesick and disheartened. I cannot think of anything more pitiful than a young person in such a position, knowing nothing whatever of city life or business. One of the first indications of hard times is dirty wristbands and handkerchiefs. Cheap boarding houses and long tramps quickly leave their stamp upon the face and habiliments. Coal dust seems to settle thicker on a new face than on those who face it every day. But with it all, boys do come to cities and do succeed, and what should we do without them? Pluck will succeed anywhere. Pluck means to bear hard knocks and hang on. Boys, don't be in a hurry.

Ten dollars per month in the country is a good deal more than twenty-five in the city. There are hundreds of young men in this city tonight sleeping in places not half as good as your father's barn, walking the streets all day, or if employed, at such meagre wages that they cannot afford more than one meal a day. Don't risk going to cities without preparation or acquaintance with some one who is willing to give you personal aid in getting a position. It is too true that the best will not take time to listen to a stranger. People get dimly selfish.

I wish that my spirits were as gay and life seemed as poetical as when I took my first lesson in poking a coal fire from the bottom and not from the top. It is all over now, but those other years of digging for a livelihood, how they did crush out the poetry and knock the sentiment higher than a kite! Shut up in dingy offices, working under gaslight half the time, I ceased to see angels walking to and fro in the fleecy clouds that flitted across the sunlight. In place of the pink and white pictures of early spring bloom that I gazed upon from my easy chair by the upper window, there grew before me long pages of blue staring print that summed up thousands of finger-strokes. Men's faces, hard and cold, crowded out appreciative companions—the smoke and dust of dirty streets and towering chimneys choked out even the memory of the perfume of breezes laden with the fragrance of green pastures and fresh earth. It was under such a dispensation that I one day came across the MICHIGAN FARMER with the HOUSEHOLD. Don't anybody waste sympathy on me. I lived through it all. The poetry is dead, imagination has fled, and I have so little of care now that there is nothing for me to do but sit up nights and throw cold water on other people's plans. Some other time I will draw a fairer picture.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

DAFFODILLY.

SOME DOMESTIC HELPS.

In my short experience in housekeeping I have received many useful suggestions through the HOUSEHOLD, and wishing to recompense slightly for the many favors will give a few hints that have proved useful to me, which I do not remember of seeing in the HOUSEHOLD.

First, I wish to tell you who do not know it, that you can keep a piece of cured cheese moist and free from mold several weeks by wrapping it in greased paper enclosed in a greased paper bag. Should a piece of cheese get dry it can be moistened by wrapping in cloths wet in vinegar. Cloths wet in vinegar will prevent mold in new cheese.

Sausage when thoroughly cold and stiff may be kept sweet a long time by wrapping each bag in paper and burying in the wheat bin. Try it and you can not help being pleased with the result if done in season. I used to think the water or moisture must all be cooked out of ham to insure success when laid down in crocks, but have learned it will keep nicely if thoroughly heated through, about half cooked, and when each spider-full is put into the crock cover with a plate and weight, removing and returning with each addition of ham. When full

cover perfectly with enough gravy to seclude all air, return plate and weight, set in cool place and when you have occasion to open the crock melt the grease on top and leave it in the condition found. We ate some for our dinner today put up early last spring, and found it as sweet and juicy as when first put up. I put up one crock of raw ham, which kept nicely; but prefer the cooked, now that I have learned it is not necessary, to fry it so much. Ham fried hard is an abomination.

By accident I have learned E. S. B.'s bread may be hurried out of the way in the morning by mixing the yeast into a smooth, rather hard dough at night, putting it where it will receive just warmth enough to make it nice and light in the morning, mold into loaves, when light bake. A spoonful of sugar to each loaf will make it softer. The secret of success with this mode is sufficient kneading and just enough flour. I have better rusks when the sugar and shortening are mixed in at the first mixing. Will send some recipes for curing beef, which are excellent.

JOSEPHINE.

ATLAS.

MORE INFORMATION WANTED.

I was very much interested in Mrs. J. M. West's letter on butter-making in issue of Dec. 14th., that being a subject upon which I am constantly looking out for new ideas. I am somewhat surprised that her butter is washed so little, as nearly every dairymen nowadays advocates thorough washing. Yes, I know; the brine separates the milk from the butter globules, and undoubtedly it is all right. But to me who think my butter must be washed until the water runs off clear, it looks like quite a difference. But I always try to save work where results will be the same, and I intend to try Mrs. West's way. It seems to me a slow and tedious task to take care of forty pounds of butter a day, by taking out two or three pounds at a time into the butter bowl, to press (I will not call it "work") into shape for packing. Why not have a butter-worker of suitable size to hold all at once? How much time it would save, to say the least.

Will Mrs. West kindly tell us through the HOUSEHOLD more about that dairy farm, as I take it to be a private institution. How many cows are kept to make that amount of butter daily, also what breed are they, and how the setting of the large amount of milk necessary for its production is arranged; what kind of a churn is used and the power for the same? If Mrs. West will answer all these questions, she will greatly oblige one at least of the HOUSEHOLD readers.

ELLA R. WOOD.

FLINT.

Now, dear ladies, the holidays are over, the presents made and distributed, and "after a storm comes a calm," a season of rest and quiet before the opening of the spring campaign. What good things are you going to give us for the HOUSEHOLD during the period? To our many new readers we extend a cordial invitation to join us and contribute to the little paper, which we trust they will soon come to know and prize. And our old contributors are always assured of a hearty welcome.

MORNING CALLS.

Why not drop in to see a neighbor in the morning as well as in the afternoon when all fixed up, and be so formal! I like the do-as-you-please way; it seems more friendly. We do not need to be told what to say or what subject to discuss if we make a call when we feel like it; at least this is my experience.

And if you will follow my plan of sweeping, your caller will not get a sniff of dust. My mother taught me, over forty years ago, to always have a place clean and in order for any one who might happen to come in unexpectedly: both feel at more ease if things are in order. My plan for many years has been to get my rooms aired the first thing, then sweep. If you rise when your husband does you will have plenty of time before beginning breakfast. While you are getting the breakfast started the dust will settle, then dust; and by this time the table can be set and milk drawn off. I have a creamer. You see I am a farmer's wife and I am proud of it; and feel my children and I have just as good manners as if we lived in the city.

I have a great deal of company, some of my guests staying four and five weeks. One lady remarked: "Mrs M—, I have never seen you sweep since I have been here, yet everything is in order." You see how much easier it is to do this work before your company is up, or the children running round. Take advantage of your work; plan to make it easy, make it subject to you, not *vice versa*, and you will have leisure for other things.

I seldom have a hired girl. I feel happier doing my own work, and my health is better. I think housework the most healthy work there is. We never board more than one hired man; the other lives in the tenant house.

Try to be happy every day, realizing every day is one less of life. This is easier than worrying. Who will care to tell in years to come how we fretted! Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy; and thank God the giver of every good and perfect gift.

I have read and highly prized every one of the HOUSEHOLDS, for we have taken the FARMER ever since it was first published, and the HOUSEHOLD is a welcome visitor.

ROMEO.

MRS. T. C. M.

ENTERTAINMENTS.

There is always a great demand for new ideas in entertainment for gatherings at home, socials, etc., and a new idea is a god-send to the energetic projectors of such affairs. We should be glad to hear from those of our readers who get hold of novelties in this line, for the benefit of others. In the meanwhile we glean from various sources a few suggestions which may help somebody at the moment.

The buttonhole social is a new departure designed to draw out the reluctant dime in support of a good cause and amuse the young people. Pieces of cloth are provided, each having a buttonhole cut and barred on it, and a threaded needle, and are sold for ten cents to the gentlemen present. The services of an instructress in the art of making buttonholes are included. A prize

is offered for the best work. The awkwardness of the unpracticed seamstresses makes good sport for others.

A "lemon squeeze" is another form of entertainment which, though not very new, may be a novelty in some localities. Each guest brings a lemon, marked with the name of the person contributing it. These are taken in charge by a committee. The lemons are cut, the number of seeds counted and credited to the owner. All the seeds are put in a bowl, and the Yankee proclivities of the assemblage excited by guessing at the number. A small prize is given the one who guesses nearest the correct number, also one to the person whose lemon contained the most seeds, and also the fewest. The lemon juice is made into lemonade, which with cake, forms the refreshment.

"The Newspaper" is a game which makes an evening pass off pleasantly. Pencils and paper are provided, and distributed. Each person present is expected to contribute something—an essay, a bit of rhyme, a report of a fire, a runaway, a dog-fight—anything ordinarily included in the contents of a newspaper. When these are written, they are collected and read by a person chosen, who is called "the editor." No names are signed, and there is a good deal of fun in guessing at the identity of the writer.

A new way of "trying your luck" at a fair, or of raising a little cash for a specified purpose is to make a "Jack Horner pie." Tie up a number of small articles in compact packages, and to each fasten securely three-quarters or a yard of No. 1 ribbon of various colors. Take a large tin pan—a bread-pan if your party is large, cover the sides (outer) with tissue paper put on in folds or pleats and securely pasted top and bottom to the pan. Put the packages in the pan. Cut half inch strips of tissue paper—after having crimped it by drawing it several times through the fingers, and paste these across the top, back and forth, completely covering it. Pass the ribbons through the strips, leaving the ends outside. The person who proposes to "put in his thumb and pull out a plum" chooses a ribbon, and pulls his prize through the tissue paper crust. This is also a cute way to assign partners for supper, or for a cotillion, or cards, in which case the top of the pie can be covered with paper with holes cut in it. The guests surround the pie, each secures a ribbon, and at a signal pulls it out, finding on the end a slip bearing a name. Or the ribbons are of different colors, and the young man must find the lady who has the corresponding tint.

A great deal of pleasure and some profit is derived from a "Character Party." Some author is chosen—Dickens or Scott are good, because their writings are so well known—and each one selects a character from some one of the author's books to personate, studying carefully any peculiarities of dress, language, or manner which may be indicated. Then they "assume the character," copying the characteristics as closely as possible. There is great fun guessing at the identity of the representation.

A half score of Detroit ladies spend one evening a week together, meeting about

from house to house, and employ the time reading aloud. One reads a chapter, then passes it to the next, and so on. Those who choose bring knitting or crochet work. As nearly all those interested are teachers, or employed in some work, no attempt is made at *improvement*; they are content to be amused and interested, and all of them have as much as they can do without additional study and research. A pleasant, interesting book is selected, and so far no one's enthusiasm has waned, while the hours slip by as if winged.

An extremely pleasant form of entertainment, to be given by a literary society or club, or which may be arranged by any so inclined, are the "Evenings with Authors," to be given singly or in a series. This style of entertainment is not new, but it is enjoyable and instructive. Some author is chosen, and a programme of readings, music, selections, essays, etc., made up. One person presents "Gems," a collection of original, wise or witty sayings from the works of the writer, another furnishes a sketch of his life and career, a third takes up his work from a literary standpoint and discusses it. It is easy to arrange a tableau or two and set the audience to guessing where it is to be found; and kindred ideas will readily suggest themselves.

A comical variation on the usual necktie and basket social is the "shoe social." A number of ladies are seated on a row of chairs, behind a curtain so arranged that nothing but their shoes are visible. The men—who are always the victims on such occasions—pay ten cents or a quarter and buy a pair of shoes, the wearer being included in the sale, with supper privileges in the bargain. Naturally the purchaser selects the trimmest, neatest pair, but there are always mischievous girls who for sport's sake will disguise their pretty feet in their mothers' shoes, and the buyer of some rather down-at-the-heel sample may get the best end of the bargain when he claims his property.

SUGGESTIONS WANTED.

Will some of the HOUSEHOLD readers please tell me what I can make of birch bark after it has been peeled thin. Of the heavy part that grows next the tree I have made napkin rings. I fastened them together with two little wires that come in the backs of magazines, and painted different designs on each. I would also be very grateful for a lesson in water colors.

ANN ARBOR.

G. F. O.

Contributed Recipes.

CORNERED BEEF PICKLE.—For one hundred pounds of meat take seven pounds salt; quarter pound saltpeter; one pound soda; three and a half pounds brown sugar. Dissolve in sufficient hot water to cover the meat, bring to boiling heat, skim well, put on the meat while boiling hot. Weight down.

DRIED BEEF PICKLE.—One hundred pounds meat; eight pounds salt; eight pounds brown sugar; two ounces saltpeter. Mix well and rub on the beef; pack, weight down, and leave in brine four weeks.

SAUSAGE.—One hundred pounds meat; eight ounces of pepper; eight ounces of sage; two and three-quarters pounds of salt. This recipe calls for strong sage and berry pepper, or their equivalents in strength. Sausage is much improved by using part lean beef.

JOSEPHINE.

ATLAS.