

MICHIGAN FARMER

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THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

GOOD TEMPER.

There's no! a cheaper thing on earth,
Nor yet one half so dear;
'Tis worth more than distinguished birth,
Or thousands gained a year;
It lends to day a new delight,
'Tis virtue's firmest shield;
And adds more beauty to the night
Than all the stars can yield.
It maketh poverty content,
To sorrow whispers peace;
It is a gift from heaven sent,
For mortals to increase.
It meets you with a smile at morn,
It lulls you to repose;
A flower for peer and peasant born,
An everlasting rose.

A charm to banish grief away—
To snatch the brow from care;
Turn tears to smiles, make dullness gay,
Spread gladness everywhere.
And yet 'tis sweet as summer dew
That gems the lily's breast;
A talisman for love as true
As ever man possessed.

What may this wondrous spirit be,
With power unheard before—
This charm, this bright amenity?
Good temper—nothing more.
Good temper—'tis the choicest gift
That woman homeward brings,
And can the poorest peasant lift
To bliss unknown to kings.

THE MERRY MASKERS.

"Give me a case to put my visage in:
A visor for a visor—what care I
What curious eyes shall quote deformities?
Here are the beetle brows shall blush for me."
—Romeo and Juliet.

All my life I have longed to go to a masque ball. When I was young and giddy, I had aspirations to join the revel as the Witch of Endor, in long black habiliments, a gutta-percha mask and a lamp of burning alcohol to give the requisite witch-like, uncanny effect. Since I became sober-minded and serious, I have been willing to be "a looker-on in Venice" and see others enjoy themselves. My long cherished wish was gratified recently. The Harmonie Society of this city—a wealthy German organization—inaugurated Lent with their annual masquerade, which has become one of the social events of the season, especially among the Germans. And as the deacon never goes to the circus because he wants to, but only because his own or somebody's small boy wants to "see the animals," so I went to chaperone a "tall and radiant maiden," not because I had any desire for such enjoyments, oh dear no! certainly not.

Well, it was worth going to, for a new experience. The great hall, with its waxed floor reflecting the electric lights,

was beautifully decorated with flags and festoons and streamers, and the glitter of tinsel and gilding. The rows of chairs reserved for spectators were filled with elegant ladies and gentlemen in dress suits; and the floor crowded with a restless, swaying panorama of maskers, which swept round and round to the crash of a full orchestra. Here was John Chinaman, in his gay flowered holiday robes, waltzing with a bewitching Gretchen in short skirt, peasant waist and hair in two tails, and anon changing her off with a monk in cowl and hempen girdle for "Morning," in a white tulle spangled with silver stars. The clown, in white canton flannel and a fool's cap, with an enormous nose and a strut that "gave him away" to all who knew him, shook his bauble and capered about alone. McGinty, lurid as to hair, complexion and whiskers, and with his clothes showing some of the vicissitudes of his numerous adventures, was doing the gallant to a pair of butterflies in black tulle skirts, striped black and white bodices, and gauzy wings that proved unmanageable and had to be taken off. The average human being isn't adapted to the wearing of wings, not yet—and may as well give up the attempt. "Three Old Maids," with masks which somehow helped you to a solution of the character they assumed, clung to each other bravely and resisted the attempts of a black domino and a Spanish cavalier to break up the trio; each carried a fan with the inscription, "I'm the Youngest." The Queen of Hearts in a cream-tinted dress bordered with red hearts, swept by on the arm of the gipsy peddler, whose stock of tin dippers, skimmers, etc., outrattled his tongue—which was saying a good deal. An "Emigrant Family," six in number, made one think an installment from a Michigan Central transportation train had come up from the station to join the fun; and when they united in a double shuffle, the noise of their wooden shoes was like the voice of a free-trade agitator, and fairly made the electric lights quiver. I mistrust one of the be-skirted members was a boy masquerading in his sister's petticoats; there was an abandon about his movements, a recklessness in his pigeon-wings and the way those sabots came down which convinces me the wearer was accustomed to dance "Jim Crow."

Among the best and most noticeable of the costumes were those of two Bedouins, man and woman, faithful in detail, and though neither wore masks, the disguise

was complete. The absence of conventional neckwear and the shadowing folds of the caftan, and the peculiar headgear worn by the lady, which included a covering concealing the lower part of the face, so changed their appearance that their friends could not "place" them. Then that peripatetic tourist known as the tramp made his appearance, true to life and as natural as hundreds of himself; a couple of idiotic looking policemen sauntered by; Yankee Doodle polka-ed with Pocahontas, and the homeliest Bridget you ever saw, red-faced, wide-mouthed and freckled, coyly repelled the advances of a soldier, a regular "Champagne Charlie." Another full grown individual was inconceivably grotesque under the face of a chubby, round-cheeked baby. A pretty costume intended to represent a pack of cards was black, bordered with cards, with a high Elizabethan collar of the same material; another dress was profusely ornamented with bits of pasteboard cut and marked to imitate dominoes. There were three "Topseys," black as the proverbial ace of spades, and dressed in regular Topsey fashion in "plain red and yaller," and a wealth of flowers bunched on their rakish straw hats. They seemed to know everybody, and enjoyed mystifying their acquaintances by cordial greetings which were somewhat coldly received. Must give one a queer sensation to be accosted in a friendly, intimate fashion in familiar tones which for the life of you you cannot assign to anybody in particular, in the absence of other means of identification. I thought once or twice the trio were about to claim acquaintance with me, and I am certain I should have said "Get out, I don't know you!" in sheer desperation.

The pretty *vivandiere*, in her suit of scarlet and silver, whose feet were tireless and who flashed through the dance like some rich-hued tropical bird, dropped breathlessly into a chair near us and was immediately besieged by a crowd of admirers each begging the favor of a dance. The lucky man who secured the "next," amused me immensely. He filled his dress suit pretty well, but there seemed a chasm where his brains ought to have been. He was begging for one of the ornaments of the lady's page sleeve as a souvenir. "Oh, now, I ah-suah you, I do think you might give me one, just a little one! Now reah-ly, I ah-suah you I should prize it very much, I should indeed. Can't you be persuaded? I ah-suah you I want it very much, I do reah-ly." But I

suspect the gay dress was hired of a costumer, and not one of the shining pendants would the obdurate maid bestow, even though thus besought by the oldest son of one of Michigan's best known men.

So the gay throng tripped on, now dancing to the promenade music, now a sort of animated crazy patchwork, till the signal was given for the tableaux, which represented vintage scenes, and were enlivened by the songs and dances of the countries represented; these over the music played faster, and tripping feet followed for a time, till the order was given "Unmasken!" Some merely loosened and removed the mask over the face, others retired to the dressing-rooms and left their costumes, appearing in dress suits and conventional dresses; and it was amusing to watch the little tableaux, not down on the programme, when eyes looked recognition at friends or surprise at strangers. Again the music and the dance, but eyes and head were tired with glare and glitter and the kaleidoscopic scene, and through silent streets, past watchful policemen on their "beats," we went home at a couple o'clock in the morning, not half as weary as those who danced till the lights paled at day-dawn, but quite tired enough and inclined to say "Had a great plenty, thank you!"

BEATRIX.

MANNERS FOR FARMERS.

I am glad that Beatrix has the goodness and courage to instruct those in need of it on table etiquette as she does. Farmers' sons and daughters should be ashamed to have to appear at a discount before their city cousins on a score like this, that costs so little and means so much. I know it is too much a fact and no less a shame that farmers, because they are farmers, the "Lords of Creation," allow themselves either through thoughtlessness or else inexcusable ignorance to be called "boors," "ignoramuses," "clod hoppers," "old bay seed" and many other expressive titles that contain more truth than elegance, and this thing will continue as long as they give the same reason for such appellations as have been enumerated by Bess and S. M. It is the putting together of such small things that makes the man over the beast. To some the manner in which a person feeds himself may appear trivial, whether with the fork or knife, just as there was a time when the kind of cloth a person wore, or the cut of a person's suit, or whether he wore any at all, mattered little. It is no less important that a person attend to these details of table etiquette, and I think all will readily concede that in no way can one so thoroughly give themselves away, and their manner of living, than by the non-observance of these minor details. Beatrix is deserving of credit for her instructions, all she gets, I think. But Michigan farmers, their sons and daughters, ought to be above needing them, and when given readily apply to their own cases if needed and the less said the better. Because a man is a farmer is it any less a reason that he be a gentleman?

COUNTRY.

HOWELL.

THE HOUSEKEEPER—BORN, NOT MADE.

Very small and tame I looked in editorial costume, I can assure you, but feeling grateful that I was not consigned to the waste-basket, it has given me renewed courage. I think a good housekeeper is born, not made. I believe the gift of order and neatness comes to some just as it is natural for some to learn music, others painting; but though order and system can be cultivated to a certain extent, still there is a great difference between the natural and cultivated. Sometimes children at a very early age will show signs of order and neatness. I believe these qualities are hereditary. I always notice that the natural housekeeper wears out her broom in a different way than others. I have seen brooms worn to a very stub and yet be as straight across the bottom as when new.

Think for a moment how much easier it seems for some to keep house than for others. One does the work for a family of four, has everything in order and has leisure to spare, while another works from morning until night, her work never done though she has taken more steps than the first. Housework is drudgery to the last, while the good housekeeper enjoys her work. I have noticed what people do well is the work they enjoy.

I too speak in behalf of the girls. Do not confine their work to dish-washing. I detest dish-washing to this day because I did so much of it at home.

I saw quite a pretty carpet the other day it was blue denim sewed up so the wrong side of the denim was for the right side of the carpet. The other furniture of the room and the spread and shams were lined with pale blue, but if you have shams throw them away, for now the long slim old fashioned pillows laid flat on the bed are the style.

RUTH.

ETIQUETTE FOR FARMERS.

The spirit moves me to speak, and speak I must. Three cheers for Beatrix! I do not always approve of the sentiments expressed in the HOUSEHOLD, but when we receive such encouragement and good advice, in regard to methods of improvement, as are given us in the article on table manners, I think it is displaying a decided lack of ambition and culture to criticise them with the sweeping remarks used by some of the correspondents.

I have always held the view that the women of the farmer's household were more ready to accept improvements, and were more zealous in lifting the opprobrium attached to a farmer's calling, in general, than the men. I fear I must recant. Perhaps I think, as the small boy said, that right thinking people are the ones who "think just as we do;" but as long as there is a chance to think, why not be climbing as well as slipping back into the mud? Be sure your husband and children will not be more refined than you; teach them and set the example.

Bess refers to an invasion of threshers as a conclusive argument that napkins and

forks are suitable only for city tables. Does she not think if each individual thresher had been brought up at home to eat with his fork, he could manage to satisfy the inner man in the same way at her table? In regard to napkins the argument is weak. A tableful of threshers is an entirely different thing from one's own family table, and if I understood Beatrix she did not treat of the "Etiquette of a Spread for Farm Hands."

I wonder if the adverse critics have never seen a family in the country who used the methods of polite society and survived them? I could mention twenty cases of farmers' families who do their work and all the drudgery of a farm, and use napkins, eat with their forks and serve dessert in a separate course. Perhaps I am radical upon the subject, but I can see no good reason why a farmer, simply because he is a farmer, need be less refined than his city cousin.

"Straws show which way the wind blows," and where a family have intellectual culture and broad views, they generally reach as far as the home table. Let us hear from Evangeline upon this subject.

GRASS LAKE.

MRS E. W. C.

WOOL COMFORTERS.

I would like to ask if any of the farmers' wives know how much nicer wool is than cotton for comforters? Take eight or ten pounds of wool (tags will do, but require more washing), wash them thoroughly in suds, rinse and spread out in the sun to dry, leave it out for a month perhaps, to get the woolly smell out, then pick it apart by hand; this is nice work for children. When you make it up sift ten cents worth of any agreeable sachet powder on it. I always use worsted for the outside cover. If one has time or a piecing grandma they can use the remnants of dresses, and the new pieces always left over. I have just made a pretty one by making four squares for the centre, of log cabin, around this four strips eight inches wide of brick work. Cut the pieces about the size and shape of a brick and sew them on a foundation, one overlapping the next strip. I made of crazy work, thereby using all the small pieces. It was now square, and to make the desired size I put another strip of the brick work on each end. I thought I had started in for an all winter job, but with the help of another pair of hands we accomplished it in a couple of weeks, only working afternoons when nothing else was at hand.

This balmy weather makes us think of getting our flower beds in shape, but where oh where will our next summer's ice come from? City people may possibly use the imported, but I am afraid the farmer won't. If this is a specimen of Florida winters with Michigan roads, I guess the old fashioned winter is good enough for me.

What is the matter of our bread this year? Since the new flour came to hand we have had no nice bread. Our process heretofore turned out nice sweet white loaves; now it is coarse and dark. Would like to inquire if any one else has the same trouble.

MRS. NO NAME.

FARMERS' CLUBS.

[Paper read at the February meeting of the Liberty Farmers' Club, by Mrs. Maria L. Crispell.]

It seems to me that no organization has ever existed among farmers, which may result in so much good to them generally as the farmers' clubs. And it seems as if something ought to be said, some inducement offered, which will result in clubs being more generally organized throughout the State and nation.

I am not vain enough to think I can do much towards inducing others to organize. Yet even a mite sometimes helps, and with the hope that even my mite may be instrumental in inducing others to see some of the advantages to be derived from the clubs, I have written this.

The greatest benefit I have ever been able to see, arising from these meetings, lies in the education which farmers get from them. They exchange ideas; each says what he or she thinks upon any subject which may be brought before the Club, and I think no subject is excluded. One great want among farmers is the ability to express their ideas. As a class they have very many ideas, and valuable ones too. But they have never been in the habit of getting up in public and expressing those ideas. Hence they are easily embarrassed, and but few comparatively will try to express themselves. When in the club some one advances a thought which spurs some diffident one up to reply, he is by replying helping to gain confidence in himself, and by continuing to reply when he thinks of something to say, he gradually gains enough confidence to speak in some other place. I have frequently heard farmers say "I can think of enough to say while sitting, but cannot get up and say it." Hence I think the clubs are an excellent school for farmers, and others also who will attend them. Another advantage is they have no closed doors to any one. All are invited to attend, and all have an equal chance to participate in the discussions. There may be other institutions from which the members expect to derive greater financial benefit than we expect to gain through the clubs, yet I cannot see why any benefit which might accrue financially from any other organization among farmers, may not come from the clubs equally as well, if clubs are organized generally throughout the State, and will co-operate with each other.

Education is an excellent thing for any one; we cannot have too much, providing we make a good use of it. Study disciplines and enlarges the mind, and fits it to receive and retain things learned. It makes little difference how much we study, if we do not think of the things we are studying enough to retain them in our minds and make use of them afterward. To awaken thought is of the first importance. If we can spend only a few minutes each day in study or reading, and think upon what we have read while about our various tasks, we shall be surprised at the amount of intelligence we will gain. I do not see why farmers when at work in the fields may not

think upon the various subjects presented to their minds by reading or discourse, as well as any one in other departments of life. It is not necessary that people should sit down with idle hands to think; our minds can keep pace with our hands at the same time, and in a direction entirely different. It is the habit we need to cultivate which will enable us to become useful citizens in many ways.

Do I hear some one saying farmers can't find time to read? I think there are many who spend their evenings and leisure time at the corner store, smoking and telling stories which can never do them any good, and who go home with their breaths and clothes so filled with tobacco smoke as to make them objects of disgust to their wives, daughters and sisters, who might devote the time so spent in self improvement. Do any of the tobacco users stop to think how much nicotine tobacco contains? How many valuable lives are lost to the world, by cancer and other diseases which nicotine poison causes? Cancers are increasing in extent, and scientific men declare that tobacco causes many of them. I am thankful to be able to say there is no "open bar" in Liberty now, where boys or men can spend their time drinking, and I hope the good people of the town will see to it that the fair name of Liberty is never again disgraced by anything of the kind. I believe the farmers' clubs in the town can and ought to do much towards preventing anything of the kind ever being allowed here again. I do not see why farmers' clubs may not help in any and all good works of whatever kind. Are we not all helping ourselves by helping others to a better life? Is there anything more degrading than a dram shop, whether licensed or not? We are members of one great whole, and the degradation of a part affects the whole. The influence of a good life, or a good institution, reaches much farther than we are apt to think. We were created with capacities for social enjoyment, if we neglect to cultivate our social natures, selfishness and many other undesirable traits of character are developed, which are likely to make us a burden to ourselves and others with whom we are associated.

I know of no place which offers better opportunities for developing our social natures than the farmers' club. The good dinner always served adds much to the social enjoyment. We can also do much towards educating the moral nature. We should encourage our young people to attend, and seek to impress upon their minds the evils of tobacco, alcohol and other vices they are apt to fall into. There is much they can do towards making the meetings enjoyable for all. They can furnish music, recitations, essays and assist in the discussions, and receive as much benefit in that direction as older ones; and the probability is they have more years of life before them in which to enjoy the benefits gained than the older members.

There was a suggestion made at our union meeting by a member of the Columbia Club which impressed me as excellent, namely, that when a paper was read at

any club, which contained merit, that it be passed from one club to another, so that several can be benefited by it. The thought comes, would it not be better to have such papers published in the MICHIGAN FARMER and in our county papers, and thus reach a larger number.

It seems to me that the mission of farmers' clubs is to assist in bringing out the latent qualities farmers possess and educating them to think, and express their thoughts intelligently, in impressing upon their minds the importance of keeping order, and learning the proper ways of doing business, even according to parliamentary rules.

A CAUSE OF HOME UNHAPPINESS.

On the subject of "marital misery" I have been raking up memories and sifting my observations preparatory to giving my version. Possibly I have been associated with a peculiar class, but I am prepared to make an affidavit that up to this time four-thirds of the unhappiness I have known in married life is traceable to relatives of various degrees of nearness and distance. We look mournful and occasionally allude to the inevitable "skeleton." Pshaw! I know the old skeleton that does not dwell in the closet, but sits by the fireside and at the table, and has the coziest places all round. I have felt the touch of the old bony fingers and dwelt in the shadows and been haunted by the gloom upon occasions when otherwise life would have been joyous. Sometimes it is "his folks," sometimes it is "her folks." It may be a man but it is oftener a woman, who is dependent for shelter and protection upon those for whom she waits with a wet blanket to flop over all tender moods, with an accurate record of all failures and mistakes ready to be trotted out singly or in pairs, three times a day, with triplets for rainy mornings or days when the whole universe seems to go wrong. It is not quite forty years ago that I first remember one of the breeders of misunderstanding who tried to sow the seeds of "incompatibility" and open the way for divorce. I have stood on the wood pile and watched her ride off on horseback and wished she would fall off and get killed. This old Aunt Polly always brought insinuations and slanderous tales, and left my mother in tears and filled with suspicions. Things ran smoothly enough between her visits, and the visits were tolerated by a generous husband through regard for the wife. Possibly an early death saved worse things. There was another. Still a sister. My father's sister. She came once a year with a green crape veil over her face and a red silk handkerchief constantly in hand to hold the melancholy tears. She always came unannounced, and during a visitation of a month spent most of the time in the graveyard and talked day and night of the doleful things on earth and in heaven. She never brought money to pay her fare home, and never failed to make considerable purchases at the stores and charge them to my father, who remained in ignorance of them until a bill came in.

Too proud to expose the aggravation, it ran on for years and great forbearance alone kept down discontent or strife.

I have in mind a second marriage where the first wife's sister is "tolerated" because, never having been independent enough to try to do anything for herself, she lived with Mary Ann. Never having so much as made herself a dress—never having earned a penny in her life—one of the altogether incapable women, she prides herself on her ability to make No. 2 "feel her position." She calls and requests private interviews with the husband, whispers in his ear in the church aisle, talks low on the opposite side on the way home, brings letters to be read by him only, and in a thousand ways that cannot be resented makes life uncomfortable for the wife.

Another case comes to my mind. A husband has his aged father to support. The old gentleman is trying to train the wife. When she leaves the kitchen a few minutes he washes the dishes in the scrubbing pail and scolds when she uses soap. He also prefers to do his own cooking at odd times of day, with the grease and dirt thrown in.

I could enumerate scores of cases of different shades. Intemperate brothers, ungrateful sisters, desolate old women not so near, who subsist on the charity or generosity of perhaps the last one to whom they can make any claim of blood, yet whose bounty is received with no show of gratitude. There is no telling the annoyances endured, the joys broken in upon, the plans frustrated, the coolness brought between husbands and wives—the estrangements made through this endeavor to shelter superannuated relatives. When home ceases to be cheerful and all merriment is frowned down and fault finding reigns, affection takes wings. If there is anything worse than becoming a dismal old skeleton dangling round the hearth of one's friends, what is it? And what shall be done with these skeletons to whom hundreds of poor wives are yoked? Let us dispose of this cause of discord before we tackle some others, for I am persuaded that it is quite as serious as any.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

DAFFODILLY.

WE have received a letter from a correspondent who wishes to review and further explain the cause of the recent split in the W. C. T. U., alluded to in the *HOUSEHOLD* of Feb. 15th. As the writer says that the purpose of the organization "has been long ago declared to follow the white banner of prohibition wherever it may be displayed," and as the Iowa delegation, according to Associated Press despatches—which are non partizan and reliable—withdrew on the grounds stated by the *HOUSEHOLD*, our correspondent and the press—i. e., the proposal to pledge the organization to the support of the third party, we do not see the necessity of a discussion of the matter. Any members of an organization of any nature whatever have the right to withdraw from it if they feel it no longer represents their sentiments; and there should be no bitterness or hard feeling on either side.

CHAT.

M. E. H., of Albion, asks: "Will Mrs. Ray, of Concord, or Mrs. J. M. West, of Fairfield, tell me what kind of salt they use in butter. I have for many years used the Ashton dairy salt, but the last I purchased and that bought once before was far from being clean."

M. L., of Dexter, says: "Personally I know nothing of the culture of the Christmas rose, but I find in H. W. Buckbee's catalogue of seeds and plants for 1890, a good description and method of culture plainly given. If Mrs. E. C. will send to H. W. Buckbee, Rockford, Ill., she will obtain a copy of the catalogue free."

DOMA, of Wetzell, Antrim Co., after narrating her disappointment at finding her copy of the *HOUSEHOLD* of Feb. 15th blank on the inside pages—an accident which sometimes happens, and which we are always glad to remedy, as in this instance, by sending a perfect copy—says she feels as if all the *HOUSEHOLD* people were her friends, and wants to hear from Daffodilly, El. See and Bonnie Scotland again. She also promises to tell us of the beauties of her northern home, where she made acquaintance with the trailing arbutus for the first time last spring, and thinks it one of the loveliest of flowers.

VIOLET forgets the newspaper rule to write on but one side of the paper. Hence her letter is somewhat abridged. She agrees with Euphemia that farmers should be as mannerly at the table as any class of people, even if they are hungry and in a hurry. "There are sons and daughters who must go to college. How would they act at the table in company if etiquette was not observed at home? They would appear awkward and rude, and it would certainly be thought they had come from the back woods, for there are few families now who do not know and practice the rules of the table. I wish to ask a question: Should the host, hostess or the company rise first when the meal is finished." The hostess always gives the signal for leaving the table by rising first.

THE *Ladies' Home Journal* for March is on our table, and full of information about fancy work, housekeeping, topics concerning dress, and other matters of interest to women. There are two continued stories, one by Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney, the other by Maud Howe, both of which are pleasant reading. Curtis Publishing Co., Philadelphia.

THE Editor of the *Home-Maker*, in the February number, makes a stirring appeal to the women of the United States to complete the monument to the memory of the mother of Washington, which was begun in 1833, and is still unfinished—a circumstance characterized as "a disgrace a century old." When the monument was begun, the burial spot of this noble woman had been unmarked for forty-four years. The task of completion is one which be-

longs of right to women; it is the fulfillment of a long neglected duty. The *Home-Maker* will receive contributions to this end, and its own donation will be seventy-five cents out of every two dollar subscription sent in for the next six months if accompanied by the words "For the Mary Washington monument." So, if you subscribe for the *Home-Maker* within the specified time, you will receive full value in the magazine, and help a worthy cause. Home Maker Company, 19 West 22nd St., New York.

"WE want three 'sticks' and a half more copy to fill the *HOUSEHOLD*," were the words spoken over the Editor's left shoulder, at ten A. M. of Wednesday last, and which startled her from a "scissors reverie" into a frantic search for something just long enough to fill the void. Not a thing available. Everything on hand too long—too long by many "sticks," for "three sticks ain't much," unless you happen to want it in a hurry. Under such conditions, "A Proverb of Solomon's" was hastily scribbled and sent into the composing room; and it was not until evening, too late for correction, that a sudden thought came, "'Spare the rod and spoil the child' was not Solomon's saying! What was it Solomon said? Who said the other thing?" "Spare the rod and spoil the child" is a saying of Butler's, in *Hudibras*, and evidently adapted from Proverbs, XXIII, 13, or XXII, 15. But the savant's more exact translation applies as in the "proverb" quoted, and the beating of the rod means the correction of discipline and training. And mistakes, you know, will happen in the best regulated *HOUSEHOLDS*—like ours!

DON'T put salt in the whites of the eggs you are going to beat for frosting, fancying they will froth quicker. The delicious salt spoils the beauty of the frosting. Keep the eggs in a cold place, and beat in a cool room, if you want perfect results.

RAW potatoes, sliced thin and to be fried "done" and brown in hot fat, and the sliced raw potatoes used in the making of the dish known as scalloped potatoes, are better if allowed to lie in cold water an hour or so before being used.

Contributed Recipes.

CABBAGE SALAD.—Yolks of three eggs; half pint sweet cream; three tablespoonfuls mustard; two teaspoonfuls salt; half cup butter; half cup strong vinegar; juice of one lemon; mix eggs and cream, and when boiling hot stir in the ingredients, previously well mixed. Stir constantly until it thickens; pour over the finely chopped cabbage when cold.

ORANGE FRITTERS.—Peel four oranges, removing all the pith without breaking the pulp. Divide each into five pieces. Dip each piece in a batter made of three eggs; two-thirds cup sweet milk; teaspoonful baking powder; two tablespoonfuls white sugar; salt; flour for a rather stiff batter. Fry in hot lard; eat with powdered sugar or syrup.

EVANGALIN