

MICHIGAN FARMER

AND STATE JOURNAL OF AGRICULTURE.

DETROIT, MAY 25, 1890.

THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

WHEN MY WEE BAIRNIE'S A MAN.

I sit i' the gathering shadows,
Wi' my bairnie close clasped to my breast;
He's capered a' day like the lambkins,
An' now my sma' laddie must rest.
An' I sit i' the little, low rocker,
An' hush him to sleep, an' I plan
O' a' the great comfort he'll bring me,
When my wee bairnie's a man.

We'll dwell i' a snug cozy cottage,
Wi' the ivy vines clam'brin' about,
An' the sweetest an' freshest o' posies
Abloomin' within an' without;
An' the birds will come chirpin' an' flutterin',
An' chatterin' gay as they can,
To make their soft nests i' the roses,
When my wee bairnie's a man.

An' a' the dear, bonnie bairnies
From over the green, grassy lea
Will love to stop at our cottage,
An' talk to my bairnie an' me.
Their bright, little innocent faces,
That I an' my darlin' will scan,
Will cheer us, an' we'll be so happy,
When my wee bairnie's a man!

Fair, little, slumb'rin' laddie,
You're a' the wide country to me,
An' a' kiss from your lip red as roses
Is sweeter than honey can be.
Sleep sweet, my dear little bonny,
An' grow just as fast as you can,
For O, a' the world 'll be joyous,
When my wee bairnie's a man!

—Good Housekeeping.

At her easel, brush in hand,
Clad in silk attire,
Painting sunsets vague and grand
(Clumsy clouds of fire),
Flaxen hair in shining sheaves;
Pink and pearly skin;
Fingers, which, like lily leaves,
Neither toil nor spin;
At her belt a sunflower bound,
Daisies on the table,
Plaques and panels all around—
That's aesthetic Mabel!

In the kitchen, fork in hand,
Clad in coarse attire
Dishing oysters, fried and panned,
From the blazing fire;
Dusty hair in frowzy knots,
Worn and withered skin;
Fingers hard and brown as nuts
When the frosts begin;
Baking-board, one side, aground,
Wash-tub on the other;
Pots and skillets all around—
That is Mabel's mother!

—Waverly Magazine.

DISTRICT SCHOOLS.

When we get beyond the personal or family influences surrounding the pupils in our districts schools, we find the two most essential elements in success are the school-board and the teacher. The school board, ostensibly composed of three in-

dividuals, usually consists of one acting member who wears the dignity vested in the title of Director. Precedent generally rules in the matter of wages, "We paid so much last summer" being considered a good and sufficient reason why no more should be paid this year. The Director hires the teachers, the other members tacitly acquiescing in his action. Seems very plain, then, since the school board and the district are to be in effect governed by this man's acts, that he ought to be one abreast of the times, fully alive to the need of education for farmers' children, and with business ability to see what kind of a teacher is needed and secure such an one. There are sometimes illiterate men who are fully aware what they have missed in not being better educated and who by virtue of that knowledge make good school officials; but as a general thing the illiterate man, whose untrained mind is unreceptive and slow to comprehend and who is apt to think no one has occasion to know more than he himself, is not one to be trusted with the conduct of school affairs. I once heard a man argue with all the conviction of a genuine belief, against the necessity of education. Men could make money without it, he said, and instanced himself as an example, as if he were proud of both his property and his ignorance. Yet he was Director in his school district, and fine schools they had, too! The lowest bidder and the shortest term, and almost as much ought to have been spent for annual repairs on the schoolhouse as was paid the teacher.

It is a well known fact that any man who wants the empty honor of holding a school office can get it. He can be a member of the school board easier than he can be pathmaster and that's the easiest office on earth to get. Sometimes he's nominated and elected for a joke; sometimes because everybody else has served and it's his turn; sometimes, I'm glad to say, because he is known to be capable, interested, energetic. The beginning of a good school therefore is closely connected with the selection of competent managers to compose the school board.

I believe every mother who has children in school ought to attend school meeting. She has a right to be there. She may do her best in the mental and moral training of her children at home, and have her work rendered null by the influences at school. It is but a little time her children can be in school; she has a right to demand that they shall be given every opportunity

to improve it. She should go to school-meeting, then, and be courteously treated by her neighbors whom she meets there. In the HOUSEHOLD, some time ago, a lady wrote she and a couple of friends who were interested in school affairs and were voters, went to the annual meeting, were treated very unceremoniously, not to say disrespectfully; and if I remember aright, their votes were ignored. The former action was ungentlemanly, the latter illegal. Qualified voters need not ask recognition; they can demand it. Mothers are invariably most willing to make sacrifices to advance their children's interests, even slow-moving law recognizes this and gives them a voice in school matters denied them in other affairs. They should exercise the privilege.

Visiting friends in one of the most fertile and finest townships of an old and wealthy county in this State, my eyes lingered rather wonderingly upon the shabby, dilapidated schoolhouse we passed on an afternoon ride. "Yes, that's our schoolhouse. It's a disgrace to us, yet we cannot help it. There is an element in the district opposed to building a new one which we have not been able to outvote yet. They're all rich men, who have no children, and they vote down the proposition to build every time it comes up, because it will increase their taxes a little," explained my friend. I see other districts are troubled in the same way. Out in Kent County such a matter came into the courts only last week. Wealthy, childless people living in the school district and opposed to building the needed schoolhouse, enlisted the aid of Poles, telling them if they voted against it they would not have so much tax to pay. Oh these taxes! What mean acts people will commit to avoid paying for the privileges, second to those of no country the sun shines on, they enjoy! A good school is a benefit to everybody, whether they have children to attend or not. Farm property is higher in an intelligent community; a man has better neighbors where a younger generation, progressive, well educated, is coming on to take the place of the older one. Suppose he has to pay five dollars to help educate his poorer neighbor's children; he can afford to do it for the reflex benefit that comes from having them useful members of society rather than jailbirds and paupers. We are not taxed as much for educating our neighbor's children as we are for supporting in prisons and reformatories those we don't educate. A good

schoolhouse is an honor and an ornament to every district, something every resident may be proud of, and in which he may and should feel a personal interest.

The many handsome, well kept public school buildings in villages and towns, set in the midst of ample, well shaded grounds, where the attendance is much larger than in country schools and the lawless element correspondingly increased, are proof positive that the proverbial destructiveness of children may be properly restrained. Are indeed then the children of farming communities so much more lawless than those of laborers in towns, that the plea excusing neglect to plant shade trees, keep fences and outbuildings and the house itself in repair, "the children tear things to pieces so!" is a valid one? I do not believe it. Half the wanton destruction of which children are guilty is due less to depravity than want of thought. Make them think. Make the schoolhouse neat, tidy; paint it, curtain the windows, blacken the rusty old stove; tear out the back-breaking, much whittled pine desks and put in comfortable school furniture, have it understood that "who breaks, pays," and make an example of the first transgressor, and you will have taught a valuable lesson relative to the property rights of others. Have Arbor Day exercises and plant one tree each year, naming it for the teacher or some person in the district; see how fast the school yard will fill up and how the trees will be tended—killed with kindness, perhaps.

I should like to describe a school-house I happened upon in the course of a long ride in the country, a year or two ago. It was a neat frame building that would accommodate perhaps 30 pupils, painted white, with green blinds. It was after school hours and these were tightly closed, or I really believe I should have got down and insisted on peeping in. At the back a close board fence extended from the schoolhouse to the back of the lot, where were two neat painted closets, with plank walks leading to them. In front, a picket fence with steps, and a plank walk to the door; on each side of the walk, two large round beds filled with flowers and bordered with whitewashed stones. The grass had been cut two or three times during the season, probably, for the turf was green and weedless. And strangest of all, there was a woodshed and a well! I would like to add this was in Michigan, but it was not; it was over the river, in Canada. It was a model Americans might follow with advantage, however; and I mentally contrasted it with the "old white school-house," treeless, shutterless, curtainless, and white no longer, where the alphabet I already knew was rapped into my head with a big brass thimble, and I really believe it was the only time in all my life I ever wished myself a child again.

BEATRIX.

If you wish to keep pickles in your glass fruit jars, rub the inside of the metal caps with lard. The cans with caps lined with porcelain are much to be preferred for all purposes.

MAKING CAKE.

With not a few housekeepers, cake-making is a decidedly uncertain process; they never know till the critical moment after it comes from the oven whether the cake is a success or a failure. In this as in nearly every other culinary process, it is not so much "luck" as exactness in measuring that affects the result. A little more than the proper quantity of butter will make a cake too rich, so that it will fall, hence the greatest care is necessary in measuring this ingredient. It is always safest to scant the measure; pack it in closely, then see that the quantity does not exceed by even "the least little bit" that named in the rule. The proportions are usually given as "cupfuls" and "teaspoonfuls," but these are of course inexact. One person will measure an eighth or a tenth more flour to a cupful than another, and the difference may spoil the cake. If you sift the flour, then dip the cup into it to measure your cupful, you will get more flour than if you fill the cup with the flour scoop, which is the proper way. Baking powder has almost entirely superseded the use of soda and cream-of-tartar, yet I confess to being old-fashioned enough to prefer the latter. The cream tartar should be as carefully sifted into the flour as is recommended for the baking-powder; the soda thoroughly dissolved in the milk.

Cream the butter and sugar as the first step, which is easily done by stirring in a warm bowl—but do not melt the butter. If you have but a small quantity of butter to considerable sugar, a teaspoonful of milk will accelerate the process. Yolks and whites of egg are of course to be beaten separately; the yolks till they are foamy, the whites till you can safely turn the dish upside down. Stir the yolks into the butter and sugar, then the milk, then beat in the flour and lastly the whites of eggs. There is a difference between beating and stirring. Cake should be stirred only enough to mix, and beaten thoroughly to incorporate as much air as possible and help make it light. Keep that deposited on the sides of the bowl well stirred in, as if stirred in later it will make a "heavy streak." Have the cake pans greased and ready for use before you begin mixing, for it spoils the best cake in the world to stand. For mixing, an earthen dish is much to be preferred to a tin one, an earthen pudding-pan is excellent for that use. Add flavoring last, just as the cake is ready for the oven—that is if you use alcoholic extracts; with mace and nutmeg it doesn't matter. When you are tired of lemon and vanilla flavoring, try mixing them. To a teaspoonful of lemon extract add about a third of a teaspoonful of vanilla, and you will think you have discovered a new flavor.

Do not think to improve upon a rule by adding more butter, more sugar or more flour. The addition of a little too much of these may make your cake heavy. A tablespoonful too much of flour will take all the "sponge" out of a sponge cake. If you wish rich, tender cookies, mix them

soft, handle them gingerly, adding as little flour as possible in the cutting out; and if you expect your gingerbread to attain that condition of melt-in-your-mouth deliciousness characteristic of "mother's," measure your flour with discretion and don't be tempted to add "just a little more." It should settle when taken from the oven, as evidence of its goodness.

The baking of a cake is quite as important as the mixing, and a matter more difficult to regulate since few ovens have thermometers attached. An even, steady fire is required, then be careful with the dampers. Try not to have to replenish the fire while baking a nice cake; if it becomes necessary, a small stick or two is better than to stuff the fire-box. A large cake requires from thirty-five to forty-five minutes, according to thickness; a thin sheet will bake in fifteen. When it feels firm and cracks or breaks away from the tin it is done. Thin cake like sponge cake, requires a hotter oven than thick; while fruit cake requires long baking in a slow oven.

These hints will be nothing new to old housekeepers, but I hope the beginners may be helped a little.

L. C.

DETROIT.

FROM A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

I have been reading with no small degree of interest, all pertaining to our country schools and the government of children that has appeared in the *HOUSEHOLD* for some time. I can not see how it is that parents can be so careless of their children's best interests.

They want their children to move in the best of society and be thought just as smart or smarter than other children, but oftentimes fail in starting them right; let them stay at home from school whenever they wish, and not have any interest there themselves. Not one parent in a dozen thinks of visiting the school or even of inquiring about it, taking everything for granted the children tell about it. Parents, do you know how much it would encourage the teacher if you would visit the school, and show just one-fourth the interest in it that you do in your crops and your housework? Try it, and see if that teacher does not try to do her level best.

When I hear a mother say, "I'll be glad when school begins so you can be out of my way," I think is she a true mother? If those darlings were taken from her forever would she be glad? Would she not think of those careless words and wish they were unsaid? I do not say but mothers get tired of having children and their noise around and wish for rest, but soon those little babes will be full grown. They will wish for them then, and would be willing to hear them all the time and pick up after them for the sake of having them around.

I tried using pineapple juice for sore throat, and after twelve hours my throat was well after being sore nearly three weeks.

DOLLY.

DELTON.

POPULAR EDUCATION.

[Read at the Institute of the Newaygo County Farmers' and Bee-Keepers' Association, by Miss Emma Walker, of Hesperia.]

It is claimed that the "nationality of the Greeks declined from the moment when the philosophically cultivated separated themselves from the mass of the people." Whatever may have been the case, or the necessities of the case with the Greeks, it goes without saying that in a republic like our own, those who are known as the thinking men and the working men must keep in close proximity, breathing the same free air, rejoicing in the same clear light, seeking the same high ends, and giving mutual help.

In the process by which a knowing mind becomes to another a helping mind, we find the art of education. The science begets the art. There are wise ways of winning attention and of awakening a soul to self activity in observation. There are ways of holding up before a soul splendid ideals, and inciting to resolve upon their attainment and to put resolve into patient and untiring pursuit. These wise ways are the ways of teaching; the result is education.

There are teachers everywhere. Whether one will or not, he must teach. There are teachers at home and in every part of the home. Sometimes the most powerful teachers are servants of the lowest order; they give lessons that lie dormant for years, and that later on flash out in fierce and lurid flames. Some of you no doubt have heard the story of a mother who was filled with trouble because her fourth and youngest son announced that he was going to sea. She had already given up three boys to this adventurous life. She clung to the fourth, hoping that he would be spared to her home and companionship. But alas, he went the way of the others. She tried to account for it. She had always warned her boys against the sea and a sailor's life. She had read to them stories of storm and shipwreck, thinking in this way to intimidate them. But in boyhood they played at ship-life; they drew pictures of ships; they made and sailed miniature ships, they were wild to see ships. And first of all the oldest ran away that he might serve before the mast. And then the second secured reluctant parental consent, that he might not go clandestinely. The third entered the navy, and now the broken-hearted mother found the fourth bound to embark on a merchant ship. In her trouble she sent for her minister and laid her case before him. "It is too late now to prevent it, but how can you account for this singular freak of the whole family of boys? It is not an inherited taste, it is in direct opposition to all my teachings and warnings." The minister pointed out to the sad woman a large and remarkably fine picture of a ship in full sail hanging in the best light on the wall of the living room in which they were, at the time seated. "How long have you had that picture?" he asked. "For twenty-five years," she replied. "It was the gift of a foreign friend and considered an unusually good

painting; we prize it highly." The minister answered: "That picture has sent your sons to sea. They have looked at it and admired it from childhood. It is indeed a superior picture. Watch the life and motion in the water! See the pride and stateliness with which that high prow faces and defies the breaking wave! Look at the sails, the clouds, the blue sky beyond the rifts! the movement, the power in the picture! No wonder that your boys were captured by it, their tastes formed and their lives controlled by that rare bit of art." I cannot vouch for the literal truth of this story, but I can answer for its fidelity to human nature. Pictures educate. Inartistic pictures that violate every law of color, every line of truth, corrupt the taste of those who look at them from day to day.

The streets of every town and village teach. The town council may not have the fact in mind, but it is nevertheless a fact. Mother does not think of it. She kisses her young daughter "good morning" as the innocent and frolicsome thing starts down the street, not thinking of the school on the way to school, of the lessons on the way there; of the lessons on the way back. What lessons! And what teachers! But of all these father and mother take no account. Education they have been taught to think of as a matter of teachers and of tasks, of books and of hours. They have not given much thought to the teaching power of the schoolhouse itself; nor have they thought at all of the street lessons.

The pictures that are placed in the show-windows of book-shops, that hang at news stands and on walls and other advertising spaces, produce impressions that are as lessons imparted and received. They are mute indeed; no voice is heard while they teach, but they speak as no tones or articulation of the voice can speak. They hold close attention; they rivet eyes and thought. They out-teach the best professional teachers, they may undo in five minutes, some other teacher's work of an hour or a day. Alas for the girls and for the boys, because of the street school! I think that a joint protest by the leading ladies of a town would cause the removal of corrupting pictures from the windows, and a similar effort would promptly induce the town authorities to prohibit the posting of show bills of an objectionable character.

I commend to you the school-teacher who cares for atmospheres, impressions and tone, quite as much as for text books, tasks, and for accuracy in recitations. I ask you to help him when he tries to make his schoolroom a place of neatness and brightness with plants, flowers, pictures, windows and wall hangings; and whatever beside may give a child ideas of taste, of purity, of restfulness, and which will fill his soul with images and memories to go with him to the end of life. Again, dress and manners have reaching power. Slovenly habits and tawdry garments corrupt the tastes of children. Coarseness begets coarseness. Here is a mother who has a high-keyed, strong and ungoverned voice.

She uses extravagant expressions, prides herself on the use of slang, and takes delight in defying the usages of good society. What wonder that her daughter grows up to the same indelicacy and uncouthness? None but true ladies and gentlemen should ever be employed as teachers. I think that boards of instruction should require of all candidates that they be polite, neat, gentle as well as accurate in speech; and competent to teach by manners, tones of voice, and personal character, as readily as by direct class instruction.

The daily papers of the times are a great educating agency for good and for evil. Both results come even to those who themselves never read, for the press produces a great body of oral utterance and influence, of general information overheard, of gossip about people and things, about lawsuits and criminals, which affects even those who never read. Father may not take the daily because he does not want his sons and daughters to read the vile reports of some great criminal suit. But his sons and daughters have had all the worst of the story from those who heard it from others.

Pleasant evenings at home spent in recreative rest are an education for society. There one is taught to talk and listen, to play and to sing, to make others happy, and to be made happy by others, which last is a great gift and a rare one. And what is all the education of the schools worth, if one who has it is not able with it to bless society and thus to brighten the lives of people?

Let us have books and teachers and schools, but let us have churches and homes, a pure journalism, libraries, pictures, laws, social customs, popular sentiments, all of which will combine to commend to our people "the true, the beautiful and the good."

THE HOUSECLEANING EPIDEMIC

A rainstorm gives the opportunity, the continued biliousness of the weather gives a cause, and "Polly" has cordially given the invitation; and to those reasons is added the fact that my wife is suffering with a severe attack of the prevailing spring epidemic—housecleaning—and so I come to the HOUSEHOLD for comfort and advice. Yes, Mary Jane caught it several days since, and has "got it bad," but I think the crisis is past, and that she will soon be convalescent. She has been, and still is, under the skillful treatment and joint care of Dr. Soap, Dr. Rainwater, Dr. Scrub and Dr. Confusion.

If some Pasteur would bring forward a reliable remedy for this severe and universal ailment, it would be a great boon to suffering man. Oh! the sorrows and trials that housecleaning times bring to him! It robs him—for the time being—of home, of wife, of domestic joys, and all that makes life worth the living; it turns his home into a long-drawn-out desolation, and for food gives him stale bread, smoked herring and pickles; at night requires him to sleep on a chair or under the table, as he may choose, and for his wife, well here—

she is, and had I the gift of a Rollo Kirk Bryan I'd paint Mary Jane. See, robed in an old faded and torn dress that rightfully belongs to the rag-man, with skirts pinned back, displaying to good advantage a pair of old slippers that have certainly attended their last dance; dress sleeves rolled up, no, I mistake, one sleeve is torn off, and the other is gone—a ragged towel pinned about her head—a dab of stove polish defining the end of her nose, and I wonder can she ever be her real, own self again?

I feel sad. I wander about the house (or where the house was). I feel desolate, and wish I'd been born a Hottentot, anything to escape this terrible house-cleaning epizootic.

I'd have the Legislature pass a law that no wife should destroy her home and the happiness of the family (and call it house-cleaning) oftener than once in four years, and then it should be indulged in only during a political campaign (while the husband was attending to his national duties, listening to stump speeches at the "corners").

But if I had this work to do, I'd wait till a full grown, energetic young cyclone came along seeking a job, then I'd just open all of the windows and doors, and tell it to "go in and do its level best," and if I thought it was not doing a thorough job, I'd lend a hand and help tumble the furniture and things around, and make it look desolate; but how the dust would fly, and how soon things would be all sweet and clean.

But I'm saying more than I intended, and must refrain, or the Editress will not bid me welcome, nor will Polly wish any more "spring medicine."

THEOPHOLUS.

THE SELFISHNESS VS. THE SACREDNESS OF GRIEF.

When death our loved ones bears away
We miss them everywhere;
Who hath not felt this cruel smart,
The anguish and despair;
That desolation ruled the hour,
That hope had taken flight,
That gloom and sorrow reigned supreme,
And darkness shrouded light.

In that hour of supreme agony when in the bereaved heart there is no room for thought; only the overwhelming sense of loss; only a numbed and dazed feeling that life has suddenly lost all charms; while it is yet incapable of understanding or analyzing the torrent of trouble and woe that has swept over it, covering it with a pall of blackness of darkness, it is well to leave the mourner in silence. Companionship should be given, and silent sympathy be shown at every turn, but words beyond the most necessary are a mockery to the wounded heart. Even words of sympathy often hurt the torn and quivering chords; the dimly defined feeling is, "None can know my loss, it is so much greater than any other's. How can they pretend to offer consolation, who cannot measure my affliction?" But a reaction comes. Perhaps it is the necessary preparation for the coming burial that forces the sorrowing one to waken to the sad realities of life, and take up the burden of living.

Just here is where the wise friend can,

with sympathy and tact, help the burdened heart to bear its load. Sometimes consolatory words, sometimes affectionate reference to the dead, at other times reference to the living, will most surely arouse a new train of ideas and relieve the oppression; at other times a quiet but decided appeal for direction as to some domestic need will best arouse the attention.

Of course grief must have its sway, and the tide will ebb and flow in waves of greater or less magnitude. This is Nature's moan for the breaking asunder of living ties, and such grief is and should be held most sacred.

But there is a form of grief (a chronic following of some acute attack), which is selfish in a high degree, and should not be tolerated. It is demoralizing to the sufferers and unjust to all associated with them. It fills the thoughts to the exclusion of all else, it fosters morbid and false views of life, it elevates the troubles of the one to a height that dwarfs the sufferings of another and that are really quite as severe. It colors the thoughts, words and acts of the morbid mind; it demands attention, recognition and sympathy to the exclusion of all other topics, or the rights or needs of others. It sobs in secret, it sighs in the family circle, and wails aloud in society. It proclaims, "Respect me, for I am the most deeply afflicted of any." In many cases this state comes of the very fact that the sufferer is new to suffering, and hence can not measure grief; in other cases it is the outcome of a selfish nature; in others, again, it comes of a weak, oftentimes unconscious yielding to such feelings, until a morbid state is engendered, and it becomes almost a mania. A true friend will earnestly combat such a state, even if the victim at first feels outraged. By kindly yet firmly showing the wrong done to one's self and the gross injustice to others, a cure is almost always effected. But if the root is in a purely selfish character, justice to others requires the offender to keep such unhealthy murmurings from public exhibition, and if on all occasions she is quietly ignored when airing her troubles, a way for a cure is opened, if a cure is possible. All must suffer, but there is no reason that pleasure should be poisoned, and happiness assassinated, because of that general fact. Let us make the most of true happiness.

A. L. L.

MAPLETHORPE.

TRAPPING MOTHE-MILLERS.

To get rid of moths kill the millers. This is best done by trapping them before they deposit their eggs. Take a shallow dish—a plate is very good—in it put fly paper, cobalt or fly poison of some kind; on this put sweetened water—make it quite sweet with good sugar or honey; honey is the best. Set it on the window ledge in the closet where the moths are. If the closet is dark open the door and set the plate in the nearest window, where the moon shines in if possible. As the moths fly in the night they see the glitter of the water and their curiosity is excited, they taste it and their work is done for all time.

OLIVET.

ALZADIA.

SOME DOMESTIC AIDS.

Not long since the hired girl "up and left." The farmer-husband had an inspiration. Straightway he took an old revolving churn, filled it with water and potatoes, kept renewing water until the potatoes came out white, cleaner far than when washed by hand. A large pailful could be made ready at one time. He said take each one on a fork, cut off bruised spots, and bake; she used her fingers.

Another thing I find very nice is a pair of rather coarse woolen mits, long enough to cover half the fingers, seamed a little way so as to draw closely around the hand; they will keep the wrist white, the hand soft, and will do nicely for rowing or driving, but are particularly nice for housework, they can be drawn on or off so easily and look well. Old mittens are not quite as nice, for they will curl up under the hand.

CONSTANT READER.

SCRAPS.

A UNIQUE form of entertainment has been inaugurated in New York by some of the "noble Four Hundred." It is the luncheon in honor of some noted hero, in which his favorite flower forms the decorations, etc. Thus at a "Napoleonic luncheon" recently given, the floral decorations were violets, the center piece of the lunch table a cocked hat in blue violets, and the menus were accompanied by steel engravings of scenes in Napoleon's life, accompanied by bunches of violets.

Two sorts of visitors, says Nathalie Sieboth Kennedy, are hard to satisfy—those who tacitly decline to be entertained and those who expect to be entertained every moment. Then she adds: "Who that has attempted to make a week's stay pleasant to company has not felt the depressing, almost sinister, influence exerted by some visitors? What was pleasant and amusing before they came seems now so trivial, so little worth doing! The very rooms shrink in size, the curtains develop a crushed and hopeless aspect, and our marble mantels, the pride of the house when it was built twenty-five years ago, turn into monuments of unfashionableness. We are seized with misgivings in regard to the best spare bed, and wonder whether the chimney smells of soot. Our hitherto famous view from the hill back of the house no longer compensates for the trouble of climbing, for tranquil, broad, sunny as it is, those at Lake Como, of whose beauties we are told with tiresome reiteration, certainly surpass it, and why make our modest little boast of being able to see nine counties, when it is immediately capped with an account of the large number of lakes visible from the Righi?"

TAKE black court plaster, moisten enough to make it stick, and mend the small cracks and holes in your silk umbrella by pressing it on the wrong side with a warm iron over a thin paper.