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THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

IN FLY-TIME.

There are fiends of many kinds who unbidden
on us call,
And make our lives a burden with their perse-
cutions small;
But most of all in fly-time is my patience sorely
tried!

By the fiend who stands serenely with the screen
door open wide.

Though ubiquitous the others and wearing many
forms,
Stealing on you unawares like the fiercest dog
day storms;
They are nothing, you will find, when they're
rated close beside
That fiend who stands in fly-time with the screen
door open wide.

Oh, wise inventors, help me! make an automatic
door,
That will open stay five seconds and not one
second more,
The speed of lazy gossips how it would accel-
erate!

And the stupid bore, I think, would prefer out-
side to wait.

Oh, the scrambling there would be to get through
that open door,
And feet would dance a breakdown that had
never danced before;
But no more we'd suffer tortures when the sum-
mer's at high tide
From the fiend who stands serenely with the
screen door open wide.

I think that moment in a woman's life
When wreaths her soul in fiercest desperation,
And darkest gall and mutiny are rife,
Is when, in horse car borne, she grows aware
Of the keen yet respectful observation
Of the young man across; no clownish stare,
But a charmed gaze of fine discrimination
And rapt approval—till she feels a glow
Through all her being, a soft, thrilled pulsation.
I think the sharpest anguish she can know
The bitterest despair and desolation,
Is when she looks, in sweet, shy perturbation,
And notes his fine, discerning eyes full bent
Upon the woman next to her intent,
Absorbed in musing, pleased contemplation.

LIFE IN THE SOUTH.

I have been much interested in the con-
versation of a gentleman who has recently
returned from a three months' business
trip through the South, and in his opinions
of Southern customs, manners and habits.
"Why on earth," he says, "the Michigan
or northern farmer should elect to emigrate
to Dakota, Nebraska or Montana, and en-
dure the rigors of the winters and the
chances of blizzards, when within easy
reach lies as fertile a territory, as cheap
lands and as delightful a climate as man need
ask for, I'm sure I cannot tell. The north-
ern farmers who go South are uniformly
successful. They have but to apply their

northern habits of business application and
industry to their farms in the South, to
double the products of their Southern
neighbors. A Connecticut man who grew
a crop of cotton alongside of a native
farmer, raised two pounds to the latter's
one without effort beyond deeper plowing
and better cultivation. As good crops of
corn can be raised there, and bring better
prices than at the north. The great trouble
with the South is the shiftlessness of the
people. This in large degree is due not so
much to the enervating effects of a warmer
climate as to the debilitating influence of
poor food. Southern cookery is vile. 'Hog
meat'—as they call pork—corn bread and
coffee make up the three daily meals for
the majority of the people. The hotels,
with rare exceptions are execrable. Decent,
butter is unknown; cream is a luxury for
the rich. What they have in the way of
vegetables and fruits is spoiled in the
cooking. At one hotel the dessert was
dried apple pie, I had taken a paper to the
table, and trying to forget I possessed the
sense of taste, ate without looking at the
uninviting dish. My companions—two
traveling men—pushed back the pie and
one said 'He's eaten his; don't tell him.'
Outside the dining-room, I learned the
cause of their abstemiousness was that one
had found a *Cimex lectularis* neatly baked
in the pie-crust. At another place where,
for want of a better, travelers were com-
pelled to eat or starve, the landlord was so
accustomed to the kicks of his patrons
that standing on the piazza when the train
whistled for the station he said 'There
they come! Blank it, they've begun to
growl already!'

"I candidly believe the people become
listless and unambitious simply because of
the want of nutritious well cooked food.
The body is not sufficiently built up and
energized. I feel this is true in my own
case. I share the general listlessness on a
diet of corn pone and hog meat. Give me
a few days' good living and I am myself
again. Missionaries are badly needed to
introduce the gospel of good food. There
are, of course, private families of the
better class who live as well as we do, and
as a result, they furnish the only energetic
people.

"I had some peculiar experiences in my
travels. I left the train at one of my stop-
ping places, and found the railroad eating-
house closed, although it was not yet eight
o'clock in the evening. I sought the best
hotel in the town, but when I signified
my wish for supper to the superbly in-

different clerk, he informed me it was after
meal hours, the dining-room closed, and I
could get no supper there. I went out in
search of a restaurant, but found none
open, bought some fruit and went sup-
perless to bed.

"The traveler must shut his eyes and
'go it blind.' In one hotel dining-room
on a hot day, when the thermometer was
above the nineties, the languid waiters had
'got a hustle on themselves' and perspira-
tion was literally pouring off them. I saw
one fat old darkey rub a napkin over his
face and neck with a lightning flourish,
then with it polish off the plate he placed
before a man who was waiting for his
dinner. Somehow it took away my ap-
petite. I remembered 'Where ignorance
is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise.' One wants
to keep his eyes shut or he'll see a good
deal more than is altogether pleasing."

BEATRIX.

SAVING WORK—AND PICNICS.

I think we ought to send more letters
to the little paper. I know very well how
hard it is to collect our thoughts in shape
for publication when we are tired with the
work and all the care of a 'farm house. If
we could write a letter as easily when we
take up our pen, as we can think one out
while sweeping or washing dishes, I am
afraid our queen B— would be wearied
reading the many effusions which would
be pouring in upon her.

I sit here at my table looking into the
throat of two blossoms of the loveliest
Gloxinias, white, with royal purple velvet
throat; I am seeking inspiration, but it is
too hot to inspire worth a cent; it is much
easier to perspire when I leave this cool
sitting room; and this reminds me of a
question that was asked and considerably
discussed at one of our literary societies.
It was "How can we economize work? or
what can we leave undone, and live just
as long, and be just as well off, and just
as happy, and a little less weary each day."
This is not just as the question was asked,
but it is what was meant, and would it not
be an excellent idea if every housekeeper
would form herself into a committee of
the whole, and discuss this question and
decide it to her own advantage, instead of
allowing what the neighbors would say, if
they knew, to decide the matter for her? I
wish to whisper just one word in your ear,
and it is this: The woman whose body
and the bodies of her family are too deli-
cate to rest in unironed sheets or other-

wise use unironed garments, and whose stomachs must be pampered with three hot meals a day, no matter how high the mercury has the audacity to climb, has the brownest, skinniest, most wrinkled face and hands. Just stop and think. Your whole family will go to a picnic, take every thing cold, and think they are having the best kind of a dinner. Just fix up the table prettily and cook every thing in the cool of the morning, then invite them to a picnic; they will feel much better and every thing will taste just as good if you can only get the idea into their heads that it is the right way to do.

In this section there is no danger of farmers' wives killing themselves picking and canning fruit this season. There are very few cherries, many families having none; very few red raspberries and we had strawberries. Black raspberries are more plenty. Do not go to worrying and buy fruit to put up in this hot weather; it is cheaper to buy it already canned when you wish it, so take things easy until the weather moderates, and you will live longer and be just as happy.

The season of picnics is upon us; and that of camp meetings approaching. How many of the HOUSEHOLD band will take in one or both, or several of one? I think I would like the camping out for a week, and enjoy being where I could drop into the meetings at any hour the mood was upon me. I think the hour that most would charm me, would be the earliest one in the morning; that is the best part of the day for me. I do not wonder that the ancients who had benighted ideas of a Supreme Being worshiped the rising sun; and that their most beautiful poems were composed and dedicated to the dawn.

I began to say something about picnics, but got quite far away. All who read the HOUSEHOLD last summer will perhaps remember that M. E. H. thought picnics did not pay. She has not changed her mind yet, but she may before the summer is over, for she is one of a committee of three to engineer a large "farmers' picnic." I think by the time this one is through with, she will be a thorough convert on one side or the other, then perhaps she will tell you all about it; the most important part is, we'll have a speaker from abroad and perhaps hired music, so all the people will have to do is to furnish diners and slip their hands softly into their pockets and pull out a quarter to pay the expenses.

Any suggestions of a nice picnic dish or easy way of serving the dinner (only not on the ground) are in order. M. E. H.
ALBION.

It is said silk and lisle thread gloves may be washed on the hands in soft water, using a little borax and castile soap. Do not rub or twist them any more than you can help. Leave them on the hands till they are partially dry, then take off carefully, pull them straight, fold the fingers as when they were new, and lay them between clean cloth with a weight on them, to dry.

MANNERLY CHILDREN.

I read with much interest M. E. H.'s remarks about polite children, and the difference between city and country children in that respect, but I cannot remember that any invidious comparisons between the two have been made in the HOUSEHOLD, as suggested by the lady she quotes as thinking the country children have been unjustly treated. For myself, I have lived in both city and country, and long ago made up my mind it is not *locality* but *training*, that is responsible for the ill behavior of children. And as M. E. H. suggests, there are all gradations in intelligence, education and opportunity among both city and country people.

Lads and misses in the city are apt to have more confidence in themselves and hence suffer less from self-consciousness and the resultant embarrassment than country children of the same social grade, because they meet more frequently, see more people, and are not so diffident and stiff.

One great trouble is, as soon as the boys and girls begin to go out in company, the fathers and mothers, especially in the country stay at home, feeling because their children are fifteen, sixteen and eighteen they need not look after them so closely as when they were five, six and eight years of age. So far as manners go, they need instruction in the etiquette of good society more at just this period than at any other in their lives. The young people are thoughtless, heedless, and let me whisper it softly, often a trifle conceited, not easy to teach. They do many awkward things and make many blunders which cause them to blush for their own ignorance in later years.

The city girl and boy are restrained by a stricter etiquette than prevails in country society and are taught more careful observance of it. Even if they are not taught at home, they pick up ideas from their associates, and study to practice what they know and learn more. City society is not so tolerant of bad-mannered people; it does not credit them with the best of intentions or a goodness of heart which palliates brusque or rude behavior; and a person soon learns the necessity of cultivating the social graces, if he or she would retain the favor of those they meet. The ease which comes with habitual practice of polite manners and association with refined people cannot be gained in a day, nor is it to be expected of lads and misses.

As a means to an end, I would suggest that people in the country who have young families—and those who haven't too—open their doors more frequently to gatherings of young people, inviting a few older ones, so the party will not resemble an orphan asylum, nor degenerate into a hoydenish romp. And if older people would kindly tell some of the boys and girls of their shortcomings, privately, with tact and friendliness, not in the way of reproof or reprimand I am sure it would often do good. There are several ways of administering instruction. You can say, "Why did you do this? You should

have done that," and destroy by tone and manner, all the benefit of your teaching. Or you can, without any seeming reference to the sensitive little body to be instructed, incidentally refer to some omission or mistake, and let the idea take root in the receptive mind.

When Oscar Wild was in this country he made the remark that American children were "unrestrained savages." He met only city children. I don't know whether he was a judge or not, but there's his opinion. The trouble in a good many cases is "the children" monopolize everything. Everything must be done for them, their wants, their wishes, their interests, often their whims, must be consulted in everything, and they actually in effect "run the house," the elders meekly acquiescing in the arrangements made for the convenience and pleasure of the young folks. And there, town or country, you find your ill-mannered youngsters.

Pretty manners in children are built upon thoughtfulness and respect for older people and kindness and affection for each other. Selfish children are nearly always rude; though some of them put on pleasant manners toward strangers, the real disposition shows out toward parents and mates. Moreover, if parents allow their children to be rude and impolite to them, all the instruction they can give in the courtesies of life will fall on unfruitful soil. Politeness, like charity, begins at home.

Some of the "perfect terrors" I have known among children have been country children, and some of them born and brought up in cities, where they had "line upon line and precept upon precept" which were shot from them like water off a duck's back. B.

SPEAK KINDLY TO THE CHILDREN.

"Like begets like" is an old and true saying, and in nothing is it more surely proven, than in the habits of speech and action formed by our children. Note the child whose mother is a low voiced, sweet-spoken woman, slow to anger, eventempered and kind. The child will, nine times out of ten, reflect these characteristics, which have been his example through infancy, and grow up possessing them.

On the other hand, a mother whose tone is a harsh one; who seldom speaks without a snarl to her children, even though it is unintentional; who flies into a passion at every trifling annoyance; who is fretful and irritable, imparts to her children the same spirit. Overworked tired mothers often times make fretful mothers. It is so easy when things go wrong—one irritating occurrence after another—to scold and fret over it, and the children are pretty sure to come in for their share. It is a sort of escape valve, letting off the surplus steam.

But happy is the woman, who, under exasperating circumstances, still maintains self-control. And thrice happy she, who, when sorely tried and tempted to give way to angry words, can lift her soul to the ever-willing Helper for strength, and so

come off victorious. "Each victory will help you some other to win," will make the conflict lighter and success more certain. Mother's words, mother's prayers, mother's wishes have influenced many a tempted soul to do right.

Oh mothers! I beseech you be ever watchful of your words and actions! Let the children see in you nothing that you would not be willing to have them do. Depend upon it that although it may seem to you a little thing, to a child, mother's slightest deeds or most careless words are quickly copied. So let kind words and gentle manner be their example.

ONE OF THE MOTHERS.

DISHWASHING.

I expect that everyone will sigh and say, "What can one find interesting in dishwashing?"

Some people are odd enough to consider it a pretty sight when the sleeves are rolled high on the white arms and the hands are deftly washing dishes in the hot soapsuds. It is also true that few men who will not say they like to wash dishes if asked by wife or sweetheart. We all admire the pretty deftness with which the girl with the true house-wifely spirit dusts the bric-a-brac and washes the dishes, because we realize that she is being trained in the ways that will help her to manage wisely and well the affairs of her household when she is a mistress, instead of mother's right hand.

I confess that I like to wash dishes, and though often laughed at and disbelieved, I do; but I want plenty of hot water, soap, clean towels, and only a few tins and kettles if hurried for time. If not very busy I don't care how many pots and tins there are but take matters philosophically.

Some of the mothers who are willing to furnish all these requisites, but don't find any fondness for dishwashing among the girls may wish to know what caused me to like it. I shall be obliged to frankly confess that I don't know, but I can tell of some of the ways we used to while away the time. When quite a little girl I used to amuse myself and sister who always helped me by playing that the plates, cups and saucers were different families come to the seaside for their health and we were the women in charge of the bath houses. You may be sure the dishes were clean, and although a very heedless child very few dishes were broken while that play lasted. Some advocate the committing to memory of poetry. It may do very well for women, but many a dish did I break and much time waste trying to see what was on the paper on the shelf just over the table, when my head was full of girlish fancies. Interest them in china and see how careful they will be, and if possible gratify them occasionally by the purchase of a piece.

I believe in a mop for dishwashing myself. Some people think them a sign of a greater fondness for white hands than a housekeeper should have, but I can't understand why a woman should not keep her hands as nice as possible no matter

what her work. So teach your daughter to use a knife or iron dishcloth instead of her nails for scraping pots and tins, though better than either is a clam shell.

Give her all the conveniences you can and even then be careful lest she say as did one girl, "I wish mother didn't think dishwashing was the only kind of housework a girl could do." Train her in all the departments of the home work and she will not be so anxious to creep out of the home nest.

Mothers, give the girls what they need, a variety of work, cheerful conversation, plenty of quiet to think of the deeper things to which it is your duty and privilege to lead them, that they may realize that life has a serious side, a side that may be very sad and sober if they are not prepared to bravely meet life's duties as they come.

What is more beautiful than a mother sitting among her daughters, talking with them of the thoughts that come as they read or sew, telling mayhap of her own experiences? The sewing may be very coarse, but the thoughts may be as pure as those that come to my lady as she does her dainty embroidery. A daughter led in this way to see the true and deep experiences of life are not apt to marry the first man that offers for the sake of having a home where she can do as she likes, for she shares with mother the responsibilities and joys of mother's housekeeping, and is content to wait until the man comes who is nearest the ideal which, thank God, most girls still cherish.

After considerable observation I am led to believe that the reason we have no more of these girls and the boys who could worthily stand as their ideals is because, to put it bluntly, mothers are too lazy to spend the time to make such men and women of their children. I used to have faith in the plea that the child was so beloved by the mother that she could refuse nothing to it. My present belief is that it is a poor excuse, and the real reason is that she loves her own ease too much to see that the child does its duties at the proper time and place, or she does not wish a scene because she refuses the child some desired pleasure. I have much sympathy with mothers who have many duties, but I can't but think that it would be better if there was less work in the house for the children's bodies and more for their souls. We forget we are responsible for the immortal as well as the mortal, and that injury to it must last always. We need more of the divine love which the true mother has who is willing to sacrifice anything to attain the good of the beloved object.

Henry Clay's name is recalled with affectionate admiration for that one sentence, "I would rather be right than be President." We hold him up as an example to our sons and daughters. This is well, but there are lives about us animated by the same spirit and who sacrifice as much as he and as cheerfully and patiently and without the reward of the admiration of great men and a great nation. Look about

you and if you see any such give them the full measure of praise, and teach our boys and girls to respect, honor and emulate their example.

If you do this and teach the children that faithfulness in little things entitles to great things and let the rewards of faithfulness in the little things be in responsibility for some of the great ones, I think you will find the yard as well cared for as the pet horse which is going to the fair this fall, and that the dishes will receive as much attention as the cake that is baked for the picnic.

JEANNE ALLISON.

SUMMER FURNISHING.

We all make a point of suiting our garments to the season. In spring the heavy cloaks and dresses, the furs and the overcoats, are packed away till they are needed again and we bring out the light clothing which has been in retirement during the winter. Why do we not do the same by our houses, I wonder, and put away our heavy wool carpets and hot upholstered furniture, in favor of straw matting and willow chairs?

How cool and summery a parlor would appear, the floor covered with a blue-and-white matting, which comes, a yard wide at fifty cents a yard, with muslin or linen scrim curtains at the windows, tied back with blue ribbons, and idly swaying in the June breeze, with willow rockers—without even a headrest upon them—and tables covered with cool-looking Madras spreads. Plenty of cushions lying about, a few cool tinted scarfs over the pictures—which should be few in number, and water-colors or engravings and a general effect of summery lightness and daintiness. It would save half a year's wear of the carpets, packed away in the storeroom, and of the heavy furniture. Down with the portiers, too, which make a room seem so close and stuffy in hot weather, and which are hiding places for dust and moths. If draperies there must be, make them of common blue denim, the lighter side for the right side, and decorated with outline embroidery, or with a band of darker blue silk or satin across the top. There is then nothing that will fade, nothing to spoil, and sun and air can have free entry and the parlor be used every day. The matting needs no sewing, except at the ends of the breadths, and is put down with double-pointed tacks. It is easily cleaned by being wiped with a cloth dipped in salt and water, which preserves the color. One of these common red rockers transformed into something really pretty—I shall not say easily, because it requires time and work. The red paint, sandpapered off, is replaced by a couple of coats of white enamel paint, to be found at any art store, and the chair is vastly improved in appearance.

I think those who try this plan of summer furnishing will like it immensely. The sweeping and dusting is reduced to a minimum, "moth and rust do not corrupt," and the work of housecleaning is not particularly increased. I cannot forget the daintiness of the rooms I have seen thus furnished; I am sure they are ten degrees cooler on a hot day than the ordinary parlor.

DETROIT.

L. C.

VARIOUS THINGS.

Soon we shall be enjoying apples again, and I wonder how many as they eat them will think of all the historical, romantic and mythical interest of the fruit. We are so used to apples that I am afraid we regard them as rather commonplace, yet in ancient times they played an important part in more scenes than the one where Eve provided herself so greedy, or in the well-known tale of Atalanta. Neither jewels or flowers were considered so appropriate love gifts as apples. Then in modern times the apple is the typical American fruit. Like the people, its varieties are innumerable and are put to innumerable uses, and the best specimens are fair, crisp, and sufficiently tart. So let us regard apples with respect, while putting them to practical use.

I was much amused at reading the other day in a magazine which certainly ought to know, that Edward Bellamy intended "Looking Backward" to be a satire on socialism and the questions of the day; and that he was much amazed when it was taken in earnest by the world. If this is true, Mr. Bellamy ought to label his books in the future, or, like the annotators of Cicero, put in the notes, "This is ironical."

What a relief it is to go back to a really good novel after reading some of the trash—called popular fiction—with which we are deluged every year! The real test of a book is the amount of pleasure one has in reading it a second time; and surely not many people would care to read "Robert Elsmere," "John Ward, Preacher," "Looking Backward," etc., twice. But books like "Middlemarch" or "Ben-Hur" one cannot begin to appreciate at the first reading.

I think Beatrix forgot one thing in telling us how to keep cool, and that is how to keep the house cool. So many people seem to have the idea that they must keep doors and windows open, regardless of the fact that the air outside is hotter than that in the house. After a good airing early in the morning, let the doors and windows and blinds be closed and shades drawn until nearly sunset. During the hottest weather a house may be kept comfortable in this way.

Is not Bruno's Sister bewildered among such a multitude of advisers? But probably she knows already what she is going to do; nearly every one does know, whether consciously or not, and then if the advice fits in with the resolve already taken; it is good; if not, it is worthless.

Why doesn't every farm where there are young people have a tennis court? The expense is not very great, and it would help keep the boys and girls at home far more than the old-fashioned "slow" croquet.

In the discussions about district schools I have seen nothing from the pupils, yet their side of the question is quite as important as any other. I went to a country school for a good many years, and believe that district schools will never be efficient until they are graded. There are so many

classes that the teacher has only a few minutes for each one, and some must be neglected. Then another difficulty is the lack of suitable examination. I remember looking longingly at the last pages of my books, and wishing that I could finish them; but as soon as I had gone about so far, the term would be ended, and when school began again with a new teacher, there was nothing to show what kind of work I had done; and the first part, which was already known by heart, had to be reviewed. A great deal of harm is done by sending the older boys and girls to school after they have really learned all that can be learned in the narrow and inefficient course provided. There is nothing new to arouse their interest, and so they make life miserable for the teacher. I speak from experience, for I attended a district school one year after I had been over all the required work; and without blaming the teachers I can say that I learned absolutely nothing in that time. E. C.

PORT HURON.

MORE ADVICE.

Here is a piece which I will not recommend. I have tried it, and it is—to use an expressive expression—"no good." When you are feeling unhappy and dissatisfied with your lot in life, go forth and visit those more unfortunate than yourself, and you will come back contented." I have gone, have seen them, and have come home with the burden of their troubles in addition to my own. I don't see how any one can feel complacent and satisfied after seeing the miseries that are possible in this world, especially of those who are helpless—the women and children. The keenest edge of all suffering seems to be in the thought of what bright happy lives we might have from beginning to end. Every one likes the arrangement of human affairs that "Looking Backwards" tells us of. Nobody knows why we don't have it. I think that the men we send to Washington to legislate for the good of the trusts, are the grand obstacle.

Here is another: Never ask any one to do anything for you which you could and should do yourself. I knew a family once where the "company" did the housework, while the lady of the house took her ease, though I couldn't tell just how she managed it. That indeed was "making her head save her heels."

If you are building a rag carpet don't consider it necessary to tear each rag off and sew it on to the next. Turning them and rounding off the corners will make the carpet look just as well and save an immense amount of sewing. Our Ladies Aid Society here spends the hours of meeting in sewing for the lady at whose house we meet. Sometimes one runs the machine while the others baste and finish up garments. One lady had us sew carpet rags, and when I had sewed these wretched little three inch long rags for about four hours and made a ball about as big as my fist (and my fist is nothing uncommon either) it suddenly occurred to me with the

force of a brand new idea, that maybe, after all, there were women that didn't know enough to vote.

Don't be too anxious to be loved by the members of your household. Love blesses both giver and receiver, but wanting to be loved may be the very quintessence of selfishness. Never fear but that if you love you will receive love in return.

If you are sick do not take medicine. Do not interfere with nature. Let her use the wonderful power towards health and life that is in your frame and you will get well. If you can aid her in any way do so, but remember you never can by taking drugs into your stomach.

I have not passed around all my advice yet. Much remains.

PIONEER.

HULDAH PERKINS.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

GREASE may be taken out of carpets by covering the spot with powdered French chalk, laying a soft brown paper over the chalk and covering with a warm iron.

THE silk underwear now so much worn should not be rubbed on the washboard, nor have soap rubbed on it, unless on specially soiled spots. It should be gently squeezed in the hands in a lather of tepid water.

THE stains of ink on books and engravings may be removed by applying a solution of oxalic acid, citric acid, or tartaric acid upon the paper without fear of damage. These acids take out writing ink, but do not interfere with the printing.

KEEP celery fresh by rolling it in brown paper sprinkled with water, then in a damp cloth, and put it in a cool, dark place. Before preparing it for the table, submerge it in cold water and let it stand for an hour. It will be found very crisp.

HAVE your dresses bound with velvet or velveteen instead of dress braid if you would prevent your shoes from receiving the purple blemish on the instep caused by the rubbing of the skirts when walking. The velvet should be the narrowest line possible on the right side of the skirt.

YOU don't know—unless you have one—how convenient are the little folding tables three feet long by two feet wide, which are now to be found at any store dealing in household supplies, at from one and a half to three dollars each, according to quality. The legs fold up against the top, so that when not in use the table takes up little more room than a piece of straight board of the same size. The tables are furnished with castors, are light, easily moved, low enough so one can sit down and work at it handily. It can be taken on the porch or lawn for lunch or tea, and is in many ways a household convenience. Next best is a lap-board, 40 inches long and 24 inches wide with a place hollowed out on one side to admit of its being held in the lap. This too is handy in cutting and basting, but the table is to be preferred, even at the additional price.