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THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

For the Household.

TRANSITION.

BY MARTHA E. DIMON.

[Suggested by the last words of a youth of 18.]

Raise my head a trifle, mother,
Put your arms around me tight,
Do not sob and grieve so for me,
All my pain will cease to-night.

All my pain will cease forever,
And my soul will e'er be free
From the petty limitations
Earth imposes upon me.

You, yourself, have always taught me
So to live from day to day,
That whenever Death should find me
It should never bring dismay.

And this night it brings me nothing
But a yearning wistfulness
Face to face to see my Saviour,
Thank Him for His faithfulness.

For 'tis He alone has kept me
In the straight and narrow way
When the primrose path of dalliance
Tempted so my feet to stray.

Kiss me, mother, and be thankful
That He wants me there so soon;
Not so white a soul I'd carry
If not called until life's noon.

Life is yet before me, mother,
A far better, nobler life
Than my soul could ever fashion
'Mid this hurried, worldly strife.

Death but claims me for a moment;
It shall bear me o'er the flood
There to spend an age eternal
In a closer walk with God.

Do not weep in bitter sorrow,
Clasp me to your bosom tight;
Sweetly kiss me once more, mother,
For I'm going home to-night!

FORT WAYNE, IND.

HEALTHFUL DRESS.

A few years ago I found in a magazine article a reference to the work of Mrs. Annie Jenness-Miller and to her monthly publication, "Dress." [Now discontinued.—ED.] I knew nothing then of the system of dress advocated by Mrs. Miller, but for some time had been trying to contrive some means by which the weight of my clothing might be taken from my hips. Since then I have made efforts to learn all that I could concerning this system, and have adopted it myself.

Perhaps among the readers of the HOUSEHOLD there is some one who is not acquainted with this healthful mode of dress; perhaps there is another who knows a little of it and who would like to know more. May I then be

spared a little space in which to describe it? "Maximum warmth with minimum weight," seems to be Mrs. Miller's motto. Do you not know women who will not wear warm clothing—sufficient clothing? When one thinks, too, of skirt after skirt piled upon the much enduring hips of woman-kind, when one sees girls with waists laced far out of all proportion to the rest of the body, one can not wonder that so many women are nervous, weak and diseased. Let them laugh if they please, and say, as they will, that their hips are strong and the more they can pile upon them the better they feel. It stands to reason, when considered scientifically, that if women would be more careful in dress, they would suffer less.

According to the Jenness-Miller system, next the body is worn a union garment of wool; outside of that is a cotton or pongee union garment, then the equestrienne tights. I myself, wear a full light divided skirt with the tights. This is for winter wear; in the summer the woolen undergarment is light, or summer weight, and only a full divided skirt need be worn.

We are now ready for the dress, which need not differ materially from other people's dresses, so long as it is cut hygienically, and made on a gown form. This gown form is a lining for the skirt, but is made with a waist. Before the outside cloth is put upon it, it looks like a close-fitting wrapper of silesia or cambric. The waist of the gown form may be cut low in the neck and it need have no sleeves. Thus all the weight of the dress skirt is transferred from the hips to the shoulders, and there are no pernicious bands about the waist. The dress waist is worn outside. Many of the patterns have waist and skirt combined, but this is not a necessity.

A word concerning the equestrienne tights. They are of black wool, are jersey fitting, and reach from the waist to the ankle, or from the waist to the knee. They are very warm and at the same time exceedingly light, as is the case with the full divided skirt. Both these garments being hygienically fitted to the hips, need no support.

If one is wedded to her corset, she may substitute a corset waist.

I wish I could tell you all how much

I like this mode of dress. Don't begin by saying that you could never wear union garments and divided skirts. They are very comfortable and you won't look remarkably different from other people. Indeed, if you should seem unlike them you would have a "Jenness-Miller" air—it can not be better described—and you would be quite in the fashion. A new era is dawning, we do not see as many wasp-like waists as we saw formerly, they are out of date, women are growing sensible.

BARBARA.

THE VALUE OF A GOOD NAME.

It has been a long time since I have written to the HOUSEHOLD, but now I come to say that it does not seem to me it would be putting a premium on crime for our State to furnish a home for friendless and unfortunate girls. I think many appropriations of State funds are made which are far more unworthily bestowed. Women as a class are always ready to cast the first stone at their more unfortunate sisters. I wonder, so many times, why this is so! Often one who in years gone by has sinned as well as they, will, with sly whisperings or open sneers, give to others the full account of what "they say" about some young and thoughtless girl who has in an unguarded hour become the victim of a young man who goes through life courted, flattered and sought after by other silly girls and their more than silly mothers. Why will not women raise the same standard of purity for man as for woman, and stand by it whatever comes?

Parents, as a rule, are the last ones to hear evil reports of their own children. Many who profess to be their friends will hear and sometimes pass them on to others, and never whisper in that mother's ear that her daughter is in danger, or warn a father to keep a closer guard over the young son who is becoming wild. There are human vultures ever seeking for the foul and impure, and there are many people more ready to believe anything bad about others than something good. Mothers, talk with your children more; teach them that they can have no more precious treasure than a pure character; also that a "good name is

rather to be chosen than great riches." Some one has said "Character is what God knows we are; reputation is what men say we are;" and while it is of the greatest importance that our characters be right in His sight, it is greatly to be desired that our reputations be above reproach. Years ago in one of my school readers I learned this verse on a good name:

"Children, choose it, don't refuse it;
'Tis more precious far than gold;
Highly prize it, don't despise it,
You will need it when you're old."

FIDUS ACHATES.

A PLEASANT LETTER FROM A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

"More copy wanted!" And hosts of us with knowledge, ideas, experiences, lying fallow year after year, and growing richer by the pouring in of good things read and heard and seen, while we only

"Flock in a corner, like some Jack Horner,
And nobody's the wiser, for each like a miser
Lives to himself, gets what he can and keeps
it for pelf."

We supposed our Editor was deluged with letters from those who like to see themselves in print or who "have nothing to say and say it." Farmers and farmers' wives best qualified to do any good in that line are usually too busy to do any free writing. Much that we read is but untried theory or sky-high genius requiring the most fortuitous concatenation of events terrestrial and celestial, and it fails to benefit ordinary mortals.

No doubt we know a great deal if we could only think of it. At least we thought so when we were young and never heard our children's lessons or looked over Phyfe's "Seven Thousand Words often Mispronounced." Now, when the hens wont lay, the bread is poor, the baby gets sick and the husbands interrupt their reading with "You remember so and so in such and such a congress?" or "When was that?" or "What is the particular event referred to?" we feel that our wisdom is Socratic in that we know we know nothing.

I have some handy books that help me out of many quandaries, and I know where to get books cheap. There are helpful historical and literary games, and we read besides our MICHIGAN FARMER the excellent *Practical Farmer* and a religious, a political, a musical, a juvenile, a household and a literary periodical. We are lavish in reading matter and economize elsewhere. Even when we are too busy to take half of it in it helps to keep up a healthful atmosphere, and somebody will pick up a crumb here and there to think of or talk about; and work goes easier if not always better. Just here is one of the best features of the Chautauqua movement. I do not agree with Beatrix in classing it among "fads," nor in saying it "was epidemic" when its continual growth is only equalled by our hopes for its future. Beatrix

says many good things, and may be she can tell how to make the baby stop sucking her thumb, or tell me what connection St. Botolph had with Boston. I wish she would review Drummond's Addresses for us. It is quite startling to have him tell us that ill-nature does more harm than drunkenness, but it is true of most families. Oh the little foxes! Oh the woman who wonders at the selfishness of those faithfully copying hers! the temperance of those smoking themselves into irritability, dyspepsia or heart disease! Alas, the hosts of children crippled mentally, morally or physically before they are born! And the army of youth running the streets *ad lib.*, or reading wildfire while the parents read trash or bury themselves in neat housekeeping, in business, in society or even in church work! Verily "one" has need to "be as an host." Who has not a niche larger than he can fill satisfactorily?

ALIQUIS.

NO MAN'S LAND.

Unless Beatrix's memory plays her false the connection between St. Botolph and Boston is this: In one of the English counties is a town originally called "St. Botolph's Town." By long incorrect pronunciation the name was merged into "Boston." Among the first settlers in Massachusetts were a few natives of the old English "Boston," who gave the name to the town they founded on Massachusetts Bay; and which Sir Edwin Arnold has just said is the "fount of pure English undefiled" in this country. Rather amusing, that its very name should be an instance of corrupted pronunciation, isn't it?

We do not know where the magazine Aliquis refers to is published. It is not named in our Publishers' Directory.

We do not think it advisable to institute an exchange department in the HOUSEHOLD. Ideas of the value of things differ so much that there is sure to be more or less dissatisfaction. We will "swap yarns"—and put our own estimate upon them.

Aliquis is cordially invited to call again.

FROM THE WEST.

It has been some time since my last letter to the HOUSEHOLD, and now as we are far from Michigan—that State that will be ever dearer than all the rest, by reason of early associations—and in the far West, I appreciate the HOUSEHOLD more than ever before.

When reading the letters of A. L. L. of their delightful western trip, I little thought a few short weeks and we would be in Denver, the "Queen City of the Plains." Thus it is, life sometimes seems a series of surprises.

My "Saratoga" allowed but small space for literature of any description, so I took that which would be the most comfort to me, which was quickly de-

cided to be the last year's HOUSEHOLD and *Ladies' Home Journal*.

The first Sunday spent here alone (husband being away) seemed strange indeed. All alone in a strange city, knowing nobody and nobody knowing me. But when evening came a lady invited me to go to Trinity Church with her and the invitation was accepted. The church is not very large, but is very beautiful indeed. Between two and three hundred electric jets, arranged in designs on walls and ceiling, cast their soft white light over its interior decoration, in which you recognize the hand of an artist.

Its organ, cost \$35,000, is the finest in the world, but you forget its beauty while listening to its sweet, soft notes. And you forget the beauty of the organ with its melodious tones; you forget the beautiful church and its brilliant lights; you forget the sea of faces and even yourself, when the Rev. Dr. McIntyre steps upon the platform and opens his discourse. His subject was "New Year's Resolutions, and How to Keep Them," not only telling us many good resolutions, but most important of all—how to keep them. And I feel every one left the building with higher and a more steadfast purpose and felt if we had a vice which we wished to eradicate it was not only necessary to say, "Now I won't do that any more," but we must put some virtue in its place.

Among the many beautiful thoughts he endeavored to impress upon us was, if we broke up a bad habit we must practice the corresponding virtue in its stead, if we wished to be successful, and I could not help thinking that this is the cause of many of our failures; for instance, if we know we are selfish and simply resolve we will be selfish no more, we leave a vacuum in our souls and Nature abhors a vacuum; but if we resolve not only not to be selfish any more, but to be generous and do something for those about us—that little which so often can bring comfort and happiness to our neighbors—our natures will contain no moral vacuum, and we have a potent remedy for our fault.

Friendliness seems to be a characteristic of the people in the west. Every one seems to take an interest in those around them, especially strangers, and make it pleasant for them. How easy it is with a few pleasant words to cheer some one's lonely hours!

As Samuel Smiles has remarked, "There is something solemn and awful in the thought that there is not an act nor thought in the life of a human being but carries with it a train of consequences, the end of which we may never trace." And we know if in this new year our thoughts are pure, our acts will be good, which tend to elevate ourselves and those around.

Welcome Grandpa! I am glad to see you back and hope in future your good health may be catching instead of disease.

DENVER, Col.

MAN DEE.

A TRIP TO MT. HAMILTON.

We left San Francisco early in the morning of a dull, gloomy day, in the latter part of January, for a ride of fifty miles to the metropolis of Santa Clara Valley—San Jose, the garden city of the Pacific coast.

On this line of railroad lie many beautiful suburban towns, Fair Oaks, San Mateo, Redwood and Menlo Park. This last named place is noted as the residence of a large number of San Francisco's most wealthy business men. Beyond Menlo Park, about two miles, is Palo Alto, the site of the Leland Stanford Jr. University erected by Senator Stanford in memory of his son. This monument of parental affection has an endowment of \$20,000,000, and the grounds belonging to the estate contain 4,291 acres of land.

Before entering San Jose, to the left about four miles from the city we observe the large paper mill of James Lick. An interesting incident was related to us about this mill and its owner. It seems when Mr. Lick was young he was very poor, but like many another had high notions. He fell in love with the daughter of his employer and asked her hand, but was refused on account of his position in life. This caused a bitterness of feeling toward the fair sex, and when the mill was erected he declared that no woman should ever enter its door. This decision has been rigidly adhered to.

We reached San Jose about noon; were driven through beautiful streets to the Vendome Hotel, where we at once inquired at what hour the stage left for Mt. Hamilton. We were told we would not even have time for lunch, but hunger is a small item when one is bent on seeing the beautiful or wonderful. In about half an hour the stage was before the door, and as we chanced to be the first passenger we took the best seat (that beside the driver) and were kindly allowed to keep it. The five gentlemen who came out of another hotel looked a little surprised when they saw who the sixth passenger was, especially as we were informed that it would be impossible to drive to the top of the mountain. However, we had come too far to be deterred by slight difficulties, and so a happy party started for the great Lick Observatory.

The day was warm and pleasant like a day in June, and even the four fine cream colored horses, as they pranced out of town, looked as though they enjoyed it too.

As we began to ascend the mountain and looked down upon the beautiful valley stretching miles away, dotted with towns, well cultivated fields, and seeming like a panorama as the views were continually changing, even the driver, an intelligent, gentlemanly man, must have caught the enthusiasm of his passengers, as they gave expression to their surprise and pleasure

This road is twenty-six miles in length, has three hundred and sixty-five curves, rises to an altitude of 4,443 feet, was built by the county at a cost of \$100,000 and is as smooth as a floor.

About fourteen miles from the starting point we change horses; four larger ones are brought out, and as this is being done, the gentleman have an opportunity to use their little kodaks. When we reach Smith's Creek, seven miles from the top, we stop to rest, about four o'clock in the afternoon, and here six hungry passengers take their first meal since early morning. From this place two young men were sent ahead to ascertain just how far we could go. The snow had fallen very deep upon the top of the mountain, and as it melted and ran down made the road in many places quite bad. On the north side, where the sun never penetrates, we were obliged to run so close to the precipice that one false step of the horses would have thrown us thousands of feet below. The gentlemen were twice obliged to get out and walk, as they were told if they valued their lives they would do well to take this precaution. The great danger was the giving way of the bank, for in many places these roads are built out from the side of the mountain, as are similar roads in the Alps. When we got within a mile of the top a halt was called, and the advance guard heard from. They reported the way blocked, and said we could drive no further. The gentlemen now began preparations for the walk—or rather climb—of a mile directly up the mountain, without a road or guide, except one of the young men who was taking some provisions to the professors and students who remain up there all the year. We felt rather disconsolate as we contemplated the hard undertaking, but never for a moment thought of giving it up, especially when we remembered that some months before, two English ladies had made this trip on foot from Smith's Creek, a distance of seven miles; surely we could walk one!

Well, it is said fortune favors the brave, and whether or not we deserved it, we certainly were greatly favored on this occasion, for one of the young men was told to dismount and lead the horse, while we had all we could do to remain seated in the saddle. We get little in this world without an effort, but when an object is gained, it gives us all the more pleasure that we had some trouble in obtaining it. We dismounted at the foot of the last steep ridge upon which the observatory stands, for we concluded we were not equestrian enough to attempt anything quite so steep.

The site upon which this building is erected is the highest peak in Northern California, and the builders were fortunate in finding the right material from which the brick is made, quite near the top. When Mr. Lick made

this munificent gift to the State it was with the understanding that wherever it was located, the county should build the road that led to it, and so Santa Clara County built it at the cost already named. There can never be a railroad to this place, because the mechanism in the building is so fine the least jar would injure it.

When we were well warmed and rested one of the professors led the way to the large dome. We were taken up a short flight of stairs, and ushered into an immense room, a complete circle, with a telescope weighing fourteen tons hung in the centre, and so evenly and beautifully adjusted that a child could move it. Everything in this revolving dome is worked by machinery. There is an opening through which the instrument is pointed, and by turning a crank the floor can be raised or lowered at will. The seat upon which one sits while taking an observation is made something like a step-ladder, only much larger, and divided in the middle, so that one half is raised, as it were half a tone above the other, like the keys of a piano, so that one can get the exact point at which to look through the instrument.

Our first observation was the moon (then at the full), and after we were satisfied with that, the great glass was turned on the planet of all others that we most desired to see—Saturn. How beautiful she looked hanging in space like a large bright globe, surrounded with her two rings and seven moons, six of which were visible at this time! While we gazed enraptured at the scene before us, and thought of the manifold works of God, we could only exclaim with the Psalmist, "How wonderful are Thy works, O Lord, in wisdom hast Thou made them all."

We could scarcely leave this ponderous instrument so fascinated had we become, as again and again we looked through it; but time was pressing, there was much yet to be seen, so we followed the professor as he led the way to the tower. In this elevated square room is a curious piece of mechanism called a clock, which runs all the machinery in the building, and here we were handed the key and told to wind the clock, something no other visitor had ever been permitted to do. We took it that it was a reward for our perseverance in coming to visit this place through such difficulties.

We next descended to the basement where all the machinery is placed, and there we could with profit have spent an hour, but one thing above all others drew our attention. Directly under the large dome is to be seen a plain slab with this inscription in brass letters

"HERE LIES THE BODY OF
JAMES LICK."

What a grand monument to his

memory, one that is both a benefit and pleasure to thousands!

From here we were taken to other parts of the building, and shown many of the curious and wonderful things it contains. Some of the machinery is so fine and liable to injury from dust and atmospheric changes that it is kept covered with canvas, and is surrounded with double walls having a vacuum, so that the room may be kept at a certain temperature all the time. Instruments of every kind and description that the world can produce are here. The large hall hung with maps of various observations is quite a curiosity. Last of all, we visited the small dome and telescope. This is by no means small, only in comparison to the large one; and is open at all times to visitors, but the large one on Saturday only.

With many thanks we bade adieu to those scientists, whose kindness will ever be associated in our memory with the Lick Observatory. We descended on foot to where our stage was in waiting to convey us back to San Jose, well repaid for the hardships endured on the trip. The drive back again down that winding road in the clear moonlight will long be remembered, as well as the courtesy and kindness of our fellow passengers. When we arrived at our hotel and found in our comfortable room a dainty lunch set out for us, we could heartily enjoy this fitting finish to a day well spent.

E. M. McALLUM.

IN THE STORE.

Mrs. A.—“How do you do, Mrs. B?”

Mrs. B.—“Oh, middlin' well, but everybody at our house has got a cold and I came over to get some pocket-handkerchiefs for the children. I don't know what to do either, for there are no cheap ones here, and I hate to buy any other for them to carry to school, for they lose them so often.”

Mrs. A.—“Don't you ever make them out of cheap lawn? I think it makes first rate ones, easy to wash, soft, and the worse it fades the better. It often gets real white.”

Mrs. C.—“Why, we went over to Jake's cousin's the other day and she was making a lot of white paper cambric. She likes that the best.”

Mrs. D.—“I should think that would be pretty good. It would be easy to hem with the machine. I have used butter-cloth and run the hems by hand. They are coarse and sleazy, but I don't fret when they are lost and that is quite an item, for they are sure to be lost.”

Mrs. A.—“Yes, that's true. I set my machine for a long stitch, and can make a lot in an afternoon, and save good wages at it too, for they cost hardly a cent a piece.”

Mrs. B.—“And it must be a comfort to have enough of them. I do hate to be pinched for such things, and may be when I tell a child to wipe his nose, be told that he has no handkerchief and there are none in the drawer.”

THOMAS.

A. H. J.

LIFT THE FALLEN.

Who among this little band of writers are trying to lift up the fallen? I was looking over my scrap album and found two short verses that express my ideas exactly, and I will copy them for you:

“If perchance you see the fallen
Trying once more to do right,
Help them up. It will not hurt you,
Help them up, towards God and light.

“Helpful acts and kindly words,
Perhaps are all that we can give,
But there's always some one needing,
Just such words to make them live.”

They are by Hope Stuart, and whoever she is, she must be a good and noble woman. Such people are a help to the society in which they move. I did not start out to write a sermon, but to tell you my opinion on this subject. And I would like to see more trying to help instead of to push lower the already down-trodden. LUE.

THOMAS.

CRAT.

“FAIR PLAY,” of Howell, writes: “Although a masculine, I read the HOUSEHOLD with pleasure and want to say a word in Grandpa's defense. Were I he I would demand arbitration before I would apologize. I can't see where he has been very bad. We will admit there are some men as bad as Indignant pictures them, but not all; and I think it was Josh Billings who said: ‘A woman would look at most anything if she could peep through a crack.’”

M., of Walled Lake, says: “After reading Huldah Perkins' query about institutions for the care of unfortunate girls and their babes, I thought of that verse of the Bible: ‘Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it,’ and wondered what parents are teaching their children and what examples they are setting them. Will they let the children run to licentiousness and immorality without one word to hinder them or help them to a better life, and then build institutions to protect them in their crimes? What is the good of the teachings of our schools if this is to be the outcome? Is it not time we had an improvement in moral training?”

“Aliquis” asks: “How can graham bread be made to keep good and sweet for days and be made also without hard crust? Who has tested the much advertised silver-plating process, or the fountain ink eraser, and are they reliable?” If Aliquis refers to the seductive advertisement by which very large profits are claimed to be made per day by an outfit got in Zanesville, Ohio, or vicinity, we would say it is an unmitigated humbug, and should be severely let alone.

WARM your patent leather shoes before putting them on in cold weather, as cold causes the leather to crack. When they begin to lose their gloss, rub them with white of egg.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

THE *New York Ledger* advises us that it is ruinous to comfortables to wash them on the wash board or in the pounding-barrel, and recommends that they be put out of doors in the first rainstorm, which will clean them nicely. If it does not, put them out in another; or leave them out and sprinkle three or four times a day with the sprinkler. They should be laid on a fresh green grass plot.

DON'T iron flannels, especially if they are damp. Flannels need no ironing. To iron when damp shrinks and thickens them. Take a bit of wet flannel and hold its edge in the steam of the teakettle. It will curl and crisp like burnt leather. If you want smooth flannels, fold and press them under a weight.

A CONSTANT READER makes a short call to tell her fellow sufferers how to mend bags expeditiously yet neatly. As the man of the house has an exasperating habit of dropping an armful of bags on the kitchen floor on baking or ironing day, saying, “I wish you'd mend these bags *right away*,” I want to take a load of wheat to town,” the hint is most acceptable. Next to repairing an old coat, mending a lot of old bags is about the meanest job that can be turned over to a woman—especially if she has already mentally devoted the day to some more congenial occupation. Constant Reader's method is this: “Stir the white of an egg with flour to the thickness of cream. Apply to the patch, put that on the wrong side of the bag; secure the edges firmly, then iron dry with a hot flat-iron. Try it; you will not mend bags the old way after a trial.”

It is really too bad that Daisy's first attempt to join the HOUSEHOLD should fail because she wrote on both sides of her paper, and forgot to give her name. Remember that even a very good natured Editor has not time to copy what you have written, and insists upon a proper introduction. Don't send us anonymous letters. A nom de plume is always respected and no one need fear Beatrix, she's perfectly harmless, and a most safe confidant.

Contributed Recipes.

DOUGHNUTS.—One cup of sugar; one cup of sour milk; one-third cup of sour cream; scant teaspoonful of soda; two eggs; salt; nutmeg and flour. Mother makes lovely doughnuts, and this is her recipe.

YANKEE SLUMP.—Peel and quarter a small panful of apples; add one cup of water; one cup of sugar; nutmeg or cinnamon. Let them cook on top of the stove while you make your biscuits. Cover the apples with biscuits, bake in the oven. Serve with cream or butter and it's fine. A. C. D.
FORT WAYNE, Ind.