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THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

SECRET THOUGHTS.

I hold it true that thoughts are things
Endowed with bodies, breath and wings,
And that we send them forth to fill
The world with good results—or ill.

That which we call our secret thought
Speeds to the earth's remotest spot,
And leaves its blessings or its woes
Like tracks behind it as it goes.

It is God's law. Remember it
In your still chamber as you sit
With thoughts you would not dare have known,
And yet make comrades when alone.

These thoughts have life, and they will fly
And leave their impress by and by,
Like some marsh breeze, whose poisoned breath
Breathes into homes its fevered breath.

And after you have quite forgot
Or all outgrown some vanished thought,
Back to your mind to make its home,
A dove or raven, it will come.

Then let your secret thoughts be fair;
They have a vital part or share
In shaping worlds and moulding fate—
God's system is so intricate.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

EARLY SPRING FASHIONS.

For spring wraps, the jacket and the cape obtain. The former is very much longer this season, the most stylish being 33 inches long. The back fits the figure to the waist line and the skirts are quite full. The fronts are straight and lapped a little. Short revers and a turned over collar are silk-faced. They are in very light shades of grey or beige. The new garment of the season is the coat without seams in the back. It is neither graceful or stylish, and I do not think will be popular, as it makes the figure perfectly shapeless. Capes for young ladies reach a little below the waist and are quite full, being gathered under a deep collar. Triple capes will be worn again. For older persons are longer capes, fitted to the figure in the back; these are seen in both black and light colors. Very dressy cloaks are quite long and have the cape effect; they are beautifully trimmed with feather ruchings. The collars are not so high as last season, but the same style prevails. If you have a last year's cape to which you desire to add a fashionable high collar, cut and cover with silk a collar of buckram and attach it to your cape. Take a length of wide, heavy silk ribbon; in the centre lay one large triple box pleat. Turn

this wrong side out and fasten it to the centre of the collar on the neck seam. Catch the plain part of the pleat, which will thus come next the collar, to the latter with a few stitches; bring the ends of the ribbon to the front, folding over or twisting each, and make a long loop with two ends to fasten the neck in front. You can carry out the idea in velvet, lined with silk, by shaping a strip at the ends, leaving enough of full width for the pleating in the back.

Dressmaking has become a science. The perfection of fit demanded is not to be attained by a tyro. The study of the modern dressmaker is to accent every good point of her customer's figure, and conceal by cunning art every deficiency. To that end she studies her patron "to make the most of her." When she can do this, she is entitled to write herself *artiste*. Worth makes a seamless dress. There is not a seam to be seen in it except those on the shoulders and one which may possibly be concealed under the passementerie girdle in front. The dress hooks invisibly under the left arm; a row of passementerie crosses the back from the right shoulder to the left side; the effect is a seamless princess dress. The material is crepon, a loose woven, crinkley goods which is very elastic, and it is cut bias. But who but an artist like Worth could design such a gown—and who but a Venus could wear it?

The tendency is to avoid seams as much as possible. Over a fitted lining the bias goods is drawn as smooth as a glove; the front hooks under the left arm, leaving the front without a sign of closing, the only seams are those under the arms and on the shoulder. The skirt is attached under a girdle of rich passementerie or a velvet corselet. That's style.

Dresses for misses and young ladies are made with yokes and corselets of velvet, which are often edged with the very narrow jet gimp. *Moire antique* it is said will supercede velvet as a material for trimming on spring gowns. A pretty tan colored dress would be cut with a bell skirt bordered with a bias band of *moire*, and have a waist with jacket fronts worn over a *moire* blouse. Another style gives a bell skirt bordered with bias folds, a pleated waist

with deep yoke and corselet, and deep close cuffs. This is a good model to make up in two colors or materials.

Most of the bell skirts are trimmed with a box pleated ruche, a ruffle, puff, or folds. Fur, feather and silk ruchings, and tiny ruffles not over two inches wide are also used.

Grenadine will be a very stylish material for thin summer dresses. The China and India silks, which make not only cool but serviceable costumes, are as popular as ever. They are made with full skirts, draped a little in front if preferred, with full waists with corselet or girdle. Some are trimmed with a ruffle of lace round the skirt and short corsage. Crepon is more of a favorite in wools than last season, and is trimmed with silk or gimps.

Silk waists are very popular, in black and colors. They are so useful a change and so dressy and becoming, not to mention being comfortable. They are of surah, China, India or any soft silk; those who have old grosgrain silk often utilize it in a pretty waist, though the soft silks are better. They are made over a fitted lining and are either gathered or pleated at the shoulder, the fullness drawn down under a belt, often pointed in front. Others have yokes, cuffs and belts of silk or velvet spangled with jet nail-heads (the use of which is often greatly overdone). A strip of trimming is sometimes set on the shoulder seams, extending from sleeve to neck.

One of the new features in the way of applying trimming is the return to the *bertha*, as it was once called. Not quite the little pointed cape which passed by that name some 30 years ago, but the mode of arranging a frill of chiffon or lace so that it is gathered its full width on the shoulders and narrowed to a point at the waist line or above front and back. Another mode gathers a six inch ruffle of lace or silk quite full with a narrow heading and sets it on in *bertha* style. Only a soft goods can be thus used.

BEATRIX.

SEVERAL correspondents have inquired how they should address this department. Anything directed to the MICHIGAN FARMER, HOUSEHOLD Department, Detroit, Mich., reaches us safely.

CLEVELAND AT ANN ARBOR.

Well, I've heard an ex-president, which is next best to hearing the president himself.

Ex-President Cleveland addressed the University law students at Ann Arbor on Washington's birthday, and of course we all wanted to hear him.

The girls came at noon and after we had been to dinner we went down to the Hall where we were kept standing outside for a half hour until the "laws" were all in. Of course the people outside got impatient and pressed up closer, swayed back and forth and made themselves uncomfortable generally. I was never before in such a crowd and couldn't stir, except my head; my arms were pinned to my sides. I heard, finally, people about me say "I wonder how she stands it!" "Poor little thing!" "They'll crush that little girl," and by the looks sent in my direction I made out I was the object of their sympathies, but as I was fairly comfortable and didn't have to exert myself to stand up, I concluded their sympathy was misdirected. It began to be rather painful, though, and I was glad when the procession from behind popped me into the main hall. That is the only way I can express my sudden entrance, for it fits the case exactly. We hurried into the gallery—for the parquette was full—only to find that every seat was taken. An extraordinarily accommodating boy gave his chair up to me.

The stage was draped with flags, and plants and flowers ranged around the edge. There were some lovely lilies among them. The University colors, yellow and blue, were draped around the gallery.

When Mr. Cleveland, followed by about forty other gentlemen, took his place on the stage, with Gov. Winans on one side and President Angell on the other, the crowd cheered and cheered, waved hats and handkerchiefs, and many stood up in their excitement. Some time was given them to cool down enough to hear anything.

One thing especially made Mr. Cleveland smile; it was when the students shouted out in perfect unison: "How do you do, Mr. Cleveland? We are glad to see you, Mr. Cleveland." It sounded so ludicrous and could be understood so plainly.

Besides Mr. Cleveland there were on the stage five governors in a row, Jerome, Felch, Begole, Winans of Michigan and Campbell of Ohio. Then there were Chief Justice Marshall of the United States Supreme Court, Don M. Dickinson, of Detroit, and ever so many other notables whose names I couldn't catch.

Mr. Cleveland looks very much like his pictures and is quite gray. He spoke very well and was cheered again and again. Of course his theme was Washington, and he said the usual

things about "the Father of our Country;" but when he spoke of the law and called it the grandest profession in the world, and as a lawyer himself said he had always felt a great interest in those who were beginning the study, the "laws" cheered until they were hoarse. He spoke also of the growing tendency to disbelieve the early stories told of Washington, and thought the story of the hatchet and the cherry tree worth keeping.

I can't remember to write half he said, I could tell it better. We waited while the crowd was passing out to hear the band play and see the gentlemen on the platform shake hands with one another; then came home pretty nearly tired out.

BIDDY.

FENTON.

FOR HOME ENTERTAINMENT.

When Beatrix welcomed me so kindly to the HOUSEHOLD some time ago I determined to write again very soon, but it was "a resolution writ in water."

Euphemia wants us to tell how we darned some aggravating tear, or some practical thing of the sort, and she or some one else may be glad to know of a way to entertain her friends for an evening. Let them play Zoology. Prepare before hand (we will say that fifteen people are to play) fifteen slips of paper, by writing on each the name of an animal, folding so that the word cannot be seen, and then numbering each one. Have ready also fifteen cards or pieces of paper with the fifteen figures put in a vertical line on the left side. Now have a blackboard and chalk ready, or you might use a large sheet of heavy paper and a piece of black crayon or charcoal. When your guests arrive and the time comes to begin, hand to each one of the cards containing the vertical figures and a pencil. Put the folded slips of paper in a basket and let each guest draw out one, but each must keep the written word a secret from his neighbor. No. 1 is called and the person having that slip of paper goes to the blackboard and draws a picture of the animal named. The picture may be funny or artistically done. No remarks can be exchanged about the picture, but each guest writes opposite the figure one on his card the animal that he thinks has been represented on the board. When all the pictures are drawn the players exchange cards, and the correct list of animals is read. The lady and gentleman who have made the most correct guesses get the first prizes. These should be animals of some kind. I saw a shiny black iron pig with a curly tail, intended for a paper weight, and a pretty china grayhound used as prizes. I think a bag of chocolate mice would do nicely. The two who have the most wrong guesses get the booby prizes. Give the lady a five cent Noah's Ark with the injunction to study the ani-

mals, and the gentleman a rubber donkey.

The prizes may and should be inexpensive. You will find it an amusing game, and if your animal is dromedary, you may be surprised to find that you do not know whether it has one hump or two.

I want to tell the flower lovers who are discouraged because their geraniums and heliotropes will not blossom in the winter, to try a few bulbs next year, and be sure you have a jonquil and some freesias. Any florist's catalogue tells you how to treat them, and you are so proud of them when they bloom that your friends think you are a little crazy.

ALMENA.

JACKSON.

WOMEN'S CLOTHING.

I have been a reader of this "better part" of the MICHIGAN FARMER for about eight years. Could I have written as often as I felt like it, I fear you would all have tired of me. Besides, I have found it true, as my mother once told me, that if I would wait long enough I would usually find my opinions expressed by some one else. I experience one great trouble from the fact that "genius burns" when I am washing dishes, working butter or engaged at other of the numerous employments which occupy the time and hands of a farmer's wife. I have sometimes wished for an invention for taking down one's thoughts without the trouble of writing; but on the whole I rather think we are saved a great deal of annoyance many times from the fact that no such invention exists. Letters and newspaper articles would overwhelm us and cease to be the source of pleasure they now are.

I wish to say that I tried the last recipe for mince-meat, leaving out citron, mace and brandy. I would have used the two former, but they were not on hand. Every one calls it delicious. I added syrup from very rich pickled pears.

There is a book I want to recommend to every mother in this circle. I have just finished it, and nothing would induce me to be without it. "Hints on Child-Training," by Rev. H. Clay Trumbull. Published by John D. Wattles, 1,031 Walnut Street, Philadelphia. It is not a book of theories, but actual experience and observation during two generations. I never read anything of the kind so simple, so touching and beautiful. I hope to hear some testimony from parents concerning it later on.

But one thing that more especially moved me to write was the article on "Healthful Dress," by Barbara. I wish to add my experience. I suffered for years either from want of enough clothing or weariness from clothes too heavy to be borne. I have declared that I should yet come to that dreadful

condition where I should wear pants. I have partly solved the difficulty, however. I wear an all-wool grey Jersey union garment over a cotton Jersey union garment. Not caring for two sets of sleeves full length I cut off the cotton sleeves, after ripping them out, and sewed them in so that the wristlet comes to the elbow. They fit perfectly snug and smooth. I find it better to put them together—that is, one inside the other—before I put them on, and leave them so until time to change. Then my skirts are open in front. Those I baste on to my underwaist with coarse thread. (It takes but a few minutes when I change my clothes.) So I can take off and put on all my clothes at once, actually. I find it a very comfortable mode of dress. I found to work butter on a butter-worker in cold weather requires perfect freedom of the muscles. I tried to wear a corset but I positively can not. Naturally feeble, I have managed to do as much work as the average woman by taking care of myself. There, my pen is like the tongue of the Maid of Athens, that never ceased; but I will stop it.

ELLA J.

THE CHINESE LILY.

E. W. has only to keep the water replenished as it may evaporate from her Chinese lilies, and as they are "very fine large bulbs" enjoy their beauty and fragrance as long as she may, and then throw them all into the compost heap; for if they can be brought to bloom again by any miracle of manipulation I am in total ignorance of the process! Leaves may come but no flowers. These lilies are not yet acclimated here, to grow in open air or withstand our winters, as do the hyacinth, crocus, tulip, jonquil, narcissus and the like importations from Holland, that will after the forcing process proceed to bloom for years if not injured in the garden. But even these will not submit to another forcing; it is not to be thought of. The sacred lily of China is not so far superior to its class, for forcing, that we grow here, and is far more expensive. I like to make new acquaintances, but am somewhat critical in "sizing them up," especially if foreign or if very loudly heralded in the introduction; but to old friends tried and true I am very staunch and appreciative. There are so many of our plants that can be reproduced year after year, that it does not quite please us to be obliged to lose them after the first display, but there are many far more dearly bought pleasures of short duration and many not so innocent that are more transient and less worthy of further repetition that we often purchase.

MRS. M. A. FULLER.

[A city florist endorses Mrs. Fuller's statement that the Chinese lily is "no good" after being forced.—ED.]

ANOTHER CHAPTER ON "WHEN."

In regard to this "When" question, I should like to tell a little experience which befell a friend of mine. She is a lovely woman, a woman fitted in every way to be a noble mother, one to whom her children will look with great respect and love. She has already one little daughter of six who gives promise of following in the footsteps of her mother. As the days came and passed and this lady knew that soon another little life would enter her family, she began the wardrobe for the expected one. Now this family is not wealthy, and as the lady is a beautiful seamstress, she wished to do the sewing herself. Her daughter is with her almost constantly, and as she is an observant little body and quite domestically inclined, the mother knew she would notice the little garments under way before long, so she decided to head off a good many questions by starting the subject herself. It seems she had had some question asked in the past, so she said one day: "Louise, do you remember one day you asked me if I was not surprised when you came? Do you recollect I told you 'No, I was not surprised at all, that God always told mothers when little babies were coming to them?'" The little girl said she did remember, so the mother went on: "Well, God has told me again that I am to have a little baby, and now I am going to get the clothes ready for it. I thought you would like to know and help me get ready." The child was perfectly wild with delight; she danced up and down and sang and kissed her mother, and her little heart was full of love for the coming baby. After the first wild rapture she settled down and was very quiet for a while. Her mother could see however that the little brain was busy, but she let the child alone till she should speak herself. Bye and bye came the question, "When will the baby come, Mamma?" "Oh," said the mother, "I can't tell you just the day, for I do not know myself. I don't think God will send it till every thing is ready for it, and there are a good many clothes to make and other things to prepare before it comes." Then she told the little girl that this was not to talk about among her little playmates; that it would be a secret for just her and Mamma and Papa, and they wouldn't tell any one else. Of course the child wanted know how God would send the baby, and the mother told her that she could not tell her, as she was not old enough to understand, just as she could not understand books that grown up people read; and as an example she picked up a book lying on the table and read a paragraph or two, saying: "You do not understand that, do you? When you are bigger and have been to school and learned to read and understand a great many

things, then I will tell you how God sends the baby, but until then you must just be contented with knowing that it is coming and God will surely send it safely." She then led the conversation to how they would love the little stranger and how much they would do to make it welcome. The child was perfectly satisfied, has been contented and happy, and has never breathed one word of this secret her mother had intrusted to her to any one except her father; she has not even told a young lady aunt who lives with them, and with whom she is usually very confidential.

To be sure this little girl has been brought up on the old-fashioned plan of believing that her mother knows best and that obedience and respect for her parents are part of her duty. It never entered her little head to tell her mother she was a "mean old thing" because she didn't go into details; neither did she sulk or throw herself on the floor and kick, as I saw a little girl do not long ago when her curiosity was not satisfied in regard to something that was going on.

I think if mothers in general would be more confidential with their girls and would take a little time to think up some clear, yet pure and kindly ways of presenting these topics of life and its propagation to their children—both sons and daughters—there would be far less of evil in this world than there is under the present system of guess-work on the part of the young. No definite time can be set. Each mother must judge for herself when is the proper time to speak, for children are so different. Some mature much more quickly than others; some minds turn more to these subjects than others; some accidental happening may bring up questions which if not answered at once are brooded over and the child will, if he cannot get information from his parents or is put off, go to other persons who may not be so reluctant, and in fact may be eager to tell all they know and more too, and such people usually put the matter in anything but the light in which you would care to have it shown forth. I don't think there is any necessity for any girl or woman bemoaning the loss of her "innocence" if these questions of life are put before her in a pure and matter-of-fact way. Where the danger lies is that in a great many instances, indeed in the majority of cases, these functions of the human body are spoken of in a whisper, with a great impression of secrecy and mystery, and the child's curiosity is aroused in a way which is far from healthful, whereas if these functions were spoken of when a suitable age is reached—just as the little child is taught years before about common sanitary matters, much of the mystery and consequent guessing, finding out and sad consequences would be avoided. Why any woman should not

be "innocent" after finding out the uses for which her God has designed her body is past my comprehension. I know one woman who went all round Robin Hood's barn to tell her little girl she was nearing the age of maturity, and finally gave it up and got the hired servant to tell her. I think that mother never lost her innocence because she never had any; she was simply a fool. "Evil to him who evil thinks" is a very good motto for all parents to adopt.

M. J. H.
DETROIT.

CRUELTY TO CHILDREN.

Are we sure that we who love our children and intend to treat them kindly, are never guilty of cruelty? After the child is too old to be a baby and too young for young manhood or womanhood, and has none of the attractions of either age or any of its own to speak of, then is it often sharply criticised and found fault with. Yet it is in these precious years of growth that the sensitive soul is taking on the hue of its surroundings, and the future man or woman is being made or marred. The poor child is criticised about its looks and actions by the persons it looks up to and believes in with the faith of childhood. The result in the childish soul is despair and consequent recklessness. Many young girls have married men they would never have noticed if their self-respect and high estimation of themselves had not been broken down by this ceaseless criticism. And it is a terrible weight in a man's conflict with the world, if he is trained to believe, by this constant fault-finding, that he is way beneath others. A man needs in this age every bit of confidence in himself he can get. And do give your little boy and girl when they are old enough to need it and remember it forever, a little of the love and caresses you nearly smothered them with when they were babies.

Children have so many thoughts in this world so new to them that they suffer from, silently! I remember years of my own childhood when two ideas I held took all the brightness from life. One was that the judgment day was coming like a thief in the night. I never went to bed without expecting it before the next morning. The other was that God was watching me all the time. The idea of loving oversight never occurred to me. I felt that He was looking at me just as an aunt of mine did, who never saw me without making a disparaging remark.

Can any one tell me whom to address for more knowledge of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children? I want to know what are the legal powers of its members or agents.

[Address Hon. Elbridge Gerry, President S. P. C. C., New York City.—ED.]

Mittens made of woolen yarn do not

wear well for men working out doors in winter, and are expensive to renew. First obtain a good pattern; they can be made of heavy cloth (the unworn parts of old pantaloons will do), lining them with flannel and using the sewing machine. Several pairs can be made in a day. As they cost nothing it is well to have plenty laid by, so that when any are worn, wet or lost, new ones are ready to take their places.

PIONEER.

HULDAH PERKINS.

A WOMAN'S GRIEVANCES.

I wonder if any reader of the HOUSEHOLD except myself ever felt as if all the demons of discontent had been let loose and were preying upon her very soul like so many angry wolves! If so, then that woman may hereafter know that at least one person in the universe has had a similar experience. I am beginning to believe firmly that the things hardest for us to endure are the very ones we *must* endure.

Every spring since my marriage, which is something less than twenty years, I have been obliged to expend a good share of the strength and time which should have been spent in necessary rest or labor, in cleaning mud that has been tracked in from a back yard that might have been graveled or sodded at a little expense. When the time comes to set my hens, the cleaning of the chicken house has been left until so late that the lice have got a firm hold; then I lose most of my chicks.

During the raspberry season we have but few, simply because a half day's labor cannot be spent on the patch. The yard is so large that it requires the strength of a man to rake it up in the spring, but of course the rush of the season is so great that either the wife must do it or else it must go undone. So I might go on and enumerate scores of necessary jobs that should be done, but never are. How it does exasperate one! Yet the man who holds sway over our domain can find time to spend one whole day every month at a Farmers' Club! (I *hate* the very name.) I'm inclined to think that if the days spent in generating and exploding superfluous gas once a month at the Club were taken to add to the comfort and convenience of the home, more good would be gotten by far. I'm sure I'd be willing to get my husband a tip-top dinner twice every month if he would devote half the zeal to home improvement that he spends on ways and means for the above mentioned society.

ELIZABETH E.

CLEANINGS.

To prepare grape fruit for the table, cut it in two; out of each half cut the core and take out the seeds. Fill the cavity with powdered sugar, and set away in a cool place. If you want it for breakfast, prepare it over night. In

this way the somewhat acrid taste is removed. Serve on small plates with spoons. The pulp is eaten from the halved fruit.

Vaseline is the nicest dressing for leather shoes we have ever used. It softens and blackens the leather. Applied a few hours before putting on liquid shoe polish, it fills the pores of the leather and prevents the polish from rotting and cracking the leather.

A lady who was tempted into buying a short length tablecloth because of its cheapness and fine quality finally saw a way out of the difficulty and converted it into a usable cloth. She found a toweling which nearly matched the pattern, and bought as much of it as would equal the width of the linen. Then she cut the linen in two, inserted the toweling, working over the seams with fancy stitches, and a narrow band each side of the seam. The inserted strip proved more ornamental than otherwise. The same idea can be applied to the making over of old table cloths, which always begin to break in the middle.

ALUM will cleanse water which it is found necessary to use a second time, when the water supply runs low on washing days. To a tubful of suds to be used again add a tablespoonful of alum which you have dissolved in water, pour into the suds and stir quickly, and allow to settle. The sediment will go to the bottom in a short time and the clear water can be decanted and used again.

Contributed Recipes.

GRAHAM BREAD.—I set the sponge for my white bread at noon. Before mixing at night take one pint of the sponge, one-half cup of molasses, a tablespoonful of lard or butter, and stir rather thick with graham flour. Bake in pound baking powder cans; fill not more than half full; let rise over night and the can will be full by morning. Bake with the covers on the cans. This has the effect of steaming and the bread keeps very moist. This amount makes three loaves. I hope I have made this plain, for I think those who try it will be pleased with the result.

BAY CITY.

A READER.

CHEESE STRAWS.—One pound of puff paste; one cup of grated cheese. Roll the paste half an inch thick, sprinkle on half the cheese; press in lightly with the rolling-pin; roll up and roll out again, putting on the remainder of the cheese. Fold and roll a third of an inch thick. Cut in strips half an inch wide and four or five inches long, and bake in a quick oven to a delicate brown. Another rule requires a pint of flour and half a pint of grated cheese; mix and make with lard to a paste as you would for pies. Roll, cut in strips and bake as above. To serve, spread a napkin on a plate and pile the straws in log cabin style upon it. We fail to find a recipe for these in the HOUSEHOLD of date named by "A Reader," of Bay City, but can commend the first recipe given above.