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THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

A HUSBAND'S TRIALS.

I have been doing woman's work for at least a week or more;
And I'll own it isn't anything like fun;
For when you try to think that your labor's nearly o'er
You will often find you've only just begun.
There is broiling, and there's baking;
There is sweeping and bed-making;
And a thousand other things not understood
By a novice such as I,
And so I won't deny
That I would not be a woman if I could.
This is how it came about: My wife was taken sick;
No help was to be had, so, like a dunce,
I thought I'd try my hand, but I found out very quick
That I couldn't think of everything at once.
The fire was slowly dying,
When I put the steak a-frying,
And the cat was making havoc with the bread
I had prepared for toasting,
While the apple that was roasting
Was a plaything for the pug upon the bed.
When I went to wash the dishes, I found the kettle dry;
The spout was melted off and on the floor
It lay a perfect wreck, that awoke a pensive sigh,
As I thought upon the happy days of yore.
I reflected on the bliss
Of domestic scenes like this,
And I couldn't hit on any other plan.
It might be called bewitching,
But the work done in the kitchen,
Is not within the scope of common man.
So I'd like to mention this to every friend and neighbor,
That woman's work is never overdrawn;
My respect is something greater for the housewife's daily labor
Since the trials I have lately undergone.
Their woes are not mistated
For I've been initiated,
And I'm bound to help them every time I can,
There a recompense in doing
What alone is worth pursuing,
And woman's loving labor is a blessing unto man.

—Geo. W. Shipman.

WHAT TO WEAR.

A correspondent at Vermontville asks information about a traveling dress and outfit, the objective point of the journey being Denver, the time August.

Were I contemplating such a trip, I should purchase a storm serge for a traveling dress, probably in navy blue. It is 54 inches wide, at \$1.50 a yard; and though the price seems high in these days of cheap goods, the width and quality, not to mention its serviceableness, make it really cheap. It should be sponged, then can be wet without damage; it does not catch or hold dust, and does not crush or muss,

and is a stylish material. Six yards will make the dress, less being required for a short person. If a cheaper dress is required, chevots and diagonals in several shades of gray, brown and tan can be had at 44 cents in this city, at least. The most modish way of making a traveling dress requires a bell skirt with a narrow foot trimming, which is best made of silk folds, which may be headed by a narrow gimp if desired. A bias velvet band is often seen, so also a narrow ruffle of the material. With this skirt is worn a cut-away coat, made like the popular blazer, opening over a surah or India silk blouse or vest. At the bottom of the waist this vest is confined by a pointed girdle. Sleeves are full, but not much puffed on the shoulder; the high collar is of silk like the blouse. The turn over collar and revers of the blazer are faced with silk. Another model which gives much the same effect has the same blouse waist with jacket fronts which do not meet, but are loose, yet modeled to the figure so as to fit prettily. Then have a real blouse or shirt waist of India or surah silk, or even of satteen or percale, and when the day is warm and the car torrid wear this instead of the jacket. It is also suitable for the hotel, and it saves the real traveling dress so much that one feels quite fixed up when it is donned for street wear. One other dress, which may be as nice as one pleases, will be sufficient equipment for a three weeks' visit. I have seen many such dresses this season, worn by travelers or ready for the outing, and think they fill the bill for style, suitability and comfort the best of anything. A black suit worn by a guest at the Cadillac was furnished with a white linen front worn with high pointed girdle, and with it a black four-in-hand tie, with ends tucked under the girdle. It was very "swell." One suit of medium underwear, and two of light weight should be sufficient. No white skirts. You don't know what a treasure a silk skirt is till you've tried it. An old silk dress can be put to no better use than to make it over into a petticoat. Or \$5 will buy taffeta silk enough to make a skirt and put two ruffles on it, the upper one of which you will edge with the heavy imitation guipure lace made for the purpose, at 25 cents a yard. You would almost

save the cost in laundry bills. A warm shawl or a cloak, for use on side trips, rubbers and mackintosh, would, I should think, be all one would need, except the little things, among which a cake of soap should be included. A chunk of marble is about as saponiferous as the ordinary article furnished by hotels. I want to say a good word for "footholds," which are rubbers which fit the ball of the foot, with straps going round the shoe on the "counter" to hold them on. On sidewalks, except in heavy rains, they are all the protection demanded, and they are so much lighter than the ordinary rubber that it does not tire one half as much to walk in them.

And now a few words for others.

A stylish gown for a fourteen year old miss is of two materials, plain and figured, in which a remnant of brocade or plain moire silk can be made effectively available. The bell skirt is quite plain and gathered to a band, worn over the bodice. The latter is tucked on the shoulders, front and back, the fullness drawn down and pleated in at the waist. A vest of the second material is inserted between the fronts, and collar, pointed girdle and elbow cuffs are also made of it. A three inch band can be added as skirt trimming if desirable.

Nothing is prettier than a well fitting princess dress on a *sovelte* figure. I saw a gray diagonal on a lady the other day, which was the perfection of style and simplicity. There wasn't a wrinkle in it. It lapped from left to right, from shoulder to foot, and was closed invisibly by hooks and eyes; a three inch passementerie in gray satin cord outlined the closing, and as the edge of the passementerie formed shallow scallops, the edge of the dress was cut to fit them. The same passementerie trimmed the collar, and outlined a V from shoulder to elbow on the sleeves, and there was not a ribbon bow anywhere upon it.

A summer cloak for a little girl is quite novel. It has a straight full skirt pleated to a plain round waist; the skirt being edged with lace at least eight inches deep. Over this is worn a cape composed of a lace-edged strip of the material pleated to fit the shoulders, and attached to a round flat cape-like collar ornamented with feather-

stitching. The neck is finished with a cord, which ties the cloak in front.

A pretty jacket dress for a four year old has a skirt edged with a row of embroidery and two rows of insertion, over which is worn a little double breasted jacket with turnover collar, with double row of pearl buttons as large as a nickel down the front. The collar is of embroidery, which also edges the jacket all round and is used for pocket laps.

I have described the Russian blouse earlier in the season; it seems quite popular though not common, and is a good model for a wash costume. As amended for wash materials, there is a bell skirt over which is worn a shorter skirt, coming almost to the knees and cut exactly like the upper part of lower skirt. Trimming of some kind—embroidery, velvet ribbon, a ruffle, etc., must outline the edge of each skirt. With this skirt is worn a blouse waist, double breasted if you prefer, and a belt.

Belts are very handsome. Some have gold and silver clasps, others are of gilt galoon as flexible as ribbon; most of them are long enough to give the Cleopatra effect, or tie in a flat knot if desired. And whereas you can buy one for a dollar, so also you can buy them for five dollars or twenty-five; and somehow after you've seen the five dollar ones the dollar goods seem undesirable. That's always the way—in other things than clothes—what you most want is in sight but out of reach.

A very attractive costume worn by a young lady was of black-and-white checked wool goods. There were two narrow ruffles round the skirt, the upper one turned to form a narrow upright heading for itself. The bodice had a deep yoke of white embroidery. Two lengths of embroidered edge had been sewed together, scallops meeting on a linen tape to form the middle of the back of the yoke. The full bodice was gathered to this, with a little upright frill for heading, and formed a point front and back. Very full sleeves with elbow cuffs of embroidery completed a plain but very dainty toilette with which was worn a fancy straw hat decorated with white daisies. The strips of embroidery of which the cuffs were made were arranged to run lengthwise of the arms, and the collar was of embroidery. If you copy this model, remember one thing: A dress with a yoke must be made as long-waisted as possible, owing to the horizontal line which seems to divide it where the yoke ends. And an equally pretty yoke is made by running three or four inch wide perpendicular tucks an inch apart and covering the spaces between with embroidered edge, the plain or nainsook part of it coming under one tuck, the scallops just on the line of the next, so the yoke seems formed of even lines of embroidery and goods.

There seems to be only two accepted methods of finishing the backs of tight-fitting bodices. One is the inevitable short point front and back; the other the equally inevitable postilion back in two tails which are long or short according to one's fancy.

There is a fancy for trimming the skirts of dresses with ribbon ruffles, used in two inch widths, gathered rather scantily and set on to lap each other. Instead of using plain silk for the full vests so much worn, that with small squares, cubes or other geometric figures in color is liked. Alpaca and brilliantine are coming "in" again; such gowns are made in tailor fashion. The upper part of the right side of the bodice laps far to the left and is cut in three large squares or points edged with jet gimp and each has a button-hole for a large jet button placed to meet it; the lower part of the front is closed down the middle with small jet buttons. The collar has a jet edge, the sleeves are very full but entirely untrimmed, and the bell skirt is also untrimmed.

BEATRIX.

A RAINY DAY OUTFIT.

Rain, rain, rain! The sky drips, the atmosphere drips, eaves, umbrellas, branches, boots, skirts and noses drip! In short Nature and all her namesakes are giving the "little drops of water," business a big boom. The potato bug is watching the weather with one eye and pulling the wool of "hope deferred" over the other. The infant turkey is thunderstruck, and the callow gander and fledgling rooster are seized with cramps and expire in the ever increasing surface puddle. But Young America! Oh what a glorious time! Bare feet! Beaming faces! Knee breeches and knee skirts! Happy, healthy, hearty! They find an Eden of delight in all this drip and puddle and pour. But methinks the wail of the draggle-tail will soon fill with its shrill piercing note the throat of our clan, with a call for the doctor to come with his pills and his potions, his washes and lotions to relieve the grave hurts born of bedraggled skirts. Ah! And for myself, I wish it were possible for a woman to dress comfortably and conveniently for walking out of doors in all sorts of weather and places, without making a guy of herself. That is, I wish that custom and fashion would dictate and establish a costume that would insure dry feet and ankles, dry skirts, freedom of all the limbs and muscles of the body, and the possibility of an easy, graceful carriage of the body, with absolute relief from all clutching wildly hold of any stray sheets in the wind or water, unless it be the handle of the top-sail called an umbrella.

I have been boarding for the last year, part of the time one and three-fourths miles from the schoolhouse in

a country district. And of course I had in some way to solve this skirt and weather problem, with a view to my own health and ease of locomotion. I did it in this wise: A good gossamer, stout rubbers and umbrella, and stout safety pins, with which in times like these I pinned up *all* of my skirts clear around, not stopping at an elevation short of knee high. Over this was worn my good ulster-like gossamer, which like a depressed flag at half mast, beat about my bashful calves at the caprice of every breeze that blew; said calves being in winter protected from all this rudeness by a pair of stout leggings. In this "rig" I passed through many a storm safely. But that is not all that is to be desired. I would very much have liked to cut a better figure as I went over the highway. However, the garments that the law allows me would not permit it, and as health is a prime consideration the good people had to take the will for the deed, and let me travel—well, I guess it must have been *in-cog* (itation) most of the time. Now I board near to my work and have no need of a uniform. But if I were so situated that I must do out of door farm work, I should not do a great deal of it in petticoats, I assure you. And if anybody didn't like my style they could do the other thing, and no offence to

E. L. NYE.

ORTONVILLE.

SKIRTS.

The thought that returns to vex me when I consider this dress reform problem is, Why on earth do not women who want "reform" set about reforming, not sit around in corsets and trains and talk about it?

Here's a woman who says in the *HOUSEHOLD* that she's minded to make a denim skirt to come to her shoetops to wear for work in the garden. Well, why on earth doesn't she do it if she wants to?" It seems to me a very proper, commendable reform she can inaugurate for her own comfort and convenience. Here's our sensible Ella Rockwood too, complaining one can't "feed the chickens without getting drabbled." What prevents her from shortening her skirts so they cannot get drabbled? It seems to me that any woman whose work around the house or garden would be more easily or conveniently performed by wearing a skirt which comes well up to her shoe tops lacks good sense if she does not arrange a special working rig exactly adapted to her business, instead of having her dresses made long and then rushing into print to tell how terribly she is hampered and worn out by these awful skirts. A man who's going to plow or shear sheep or paint a barn gets into overalls and jumper and goes to work at it, but he doesn't wear the rig down town or for a ride with his best girl; what's to hinder a woman from putting on a short, plain skirt,

cut just full enough so it will not impede her movements and cannot fly over her head, as one writer pathetically remarked, a loose blouse waist, a wide hat and a pair of stout shoes, and going about her chicken business or her garden work as independent as a man, and appropriately garbed for her work? When she goes away from home or her outside duties are done she can do as the man does, get into same kind of clothes other women wear, for I don't suppose our most energetic kickers want to go to church and parties and down town looking like a picture in a comic almanac.

Well, I'll tell you what prevents a woman from adapting her dress to her work. She daren't! She's afraid of "they say." Somebody might see her (oh horrors!) when her feet were not properly concealed from view. (Makes me recall the time when nothing feminine had legs and a woman blushing alluded to her "lower limbs" in a whisper.) The trouble is these complaining sisters haven't the courage of their convictions. They want "the other woman" to don the abbreviated or bi-furcated garments, then *they'll* follow suit—or they think they will.

When I lived at home I wore very much such a rig as described above when tending to the poultry and working among my flowers. I made no remarks about it myself, and though numbers of people saw me wear it, I never heard that it created any sensation in the neighborhood or that any one made adverse comments on my appearance. I shouldn't have cared if they had; and never apologized or felt an apology would be in good taste when company surprised me in my working clothes. There's no earthly reason, except her anxiety to look exactly like other women who do not have her work to do, why a woman should not suit her garments to her business and go about it in a perfectly independent and self-respecting spirit. BRUNEFILLE.

CARDS AGAIN.

Will some please tell me how it happened that a former race of boys really worked? They got up at an incredible hour to light the fire in the kitchen and get the chores done before breakfast. They eschewed the vanities of marbles, cards or baseball and went through the long day's work as if the eight hour law had never been heard of. When some father or aged grandfather says to the youth of to-day, "When I was your age, sir, I could do as much work in a day as a man, and my father made me do it, too," the lad scrapes the custard from his piece of pie and vaguely wonders why his father does not make him do it, then asks for twenty-five cents to subscribe to a baseball club, and gets it—the boy must have some exercise. The father is puzzled. He knows some old time discipline is wholesome, but really

can't see how he can secure it for his boys, so they go on loafing and lounging and making work for the mother. How can a boy feel that sense of degradation that he should when he allows others to do for him what he can do for himself? He knows no contempt for shirking, but can beat any boy in the neighborhood at a game of euchre, whist, pedro or poker; and thinks (if he ever does any thinking) how much nicer it is to spend his evenings thus than in the company of some good printed matter that might do him some good in helping to mould a mind that would serve him in after years.

Children are too apt to get the idea that people when grown up always do what they like to do. They eat what they please, go to bed when it suits them, and rise accordingly. There is no visible compulsion, and the child takes it for granted that they work because they like to; and that by and by he will feel that way and like to work. I am sure a little patient instruction would bring him to understand that he is not to be a partner by and by, but is an interested stockholder at present. Put your quarter or half dollar you are about to spend on those slippery bits of pasteboard in some interesting reading matter, and you will never have to forbid card-playing; unless you have already sown the seed that will take your boys to idleness, smoking and other vices, and your girls into associations that make you blush for them. You may say your boys or girls do not have to associate with toughs and riff-rafs when they play cards. "There are some mighty nice boys and girls who play cards." That may all be true, but it is like "going down town;" they are not so nice when they come back. You may say if they can not play at home they will play away from home, which may be true; but if they learn at home they will most certainly play away from home. Quiz your boys on the result of the Minneapolis convention and see if they can tell you as much about that as they can of the right and left bower or ace? Which is the greater knowledge? He may know both, but one will surely crowd the other out if you will wait but a little.

Yes, I have played cards, but I married a man who does not know one card from another, and were I in a position to introduce him to you, good reader, it would be with pride and pleasure that I would perform the act. He is no crank on the subject either; he only says: "I never had any time for such." And, dear friends of cards, right there hinges the whole secret. Idleness and cards go hand in hand. While you are revolving this question in your mind just ask yourself what kind of a man you would like to have your daughter marry! What kind of a husband are you making for some other girl? Those who indulge (or permit the indulgence) in card-playing

will never learn that what the judgment approves is to be thoroughly, regularly and conscientiously carried out without reference to the fact that, as he phrases it, "it is no fun."

I have a few words "in the pickle" for Victory, but will withhold them till another date. LOIS.

CHAT.

LITTLE NELL, of Mt. Clemens, sends us her recipe for Hermits, saying:

"If you try this recipe you will not be disappointed in them; and the longer you keep them the better they are." She also says: "I have a grandfather who is ninety-three years of age. His step is feeble, his eyes are dim and his hair white as snow. What an emblem of peace and rest! It is but a temporal crown, which shall fall at the gates of Paradise, to be replaced by a brighter and better one. A little thoughtful attention; how happy it makes the old! How lonely must be the hours. All the friends of their younger days gone, they seem to feel that no one cares for them. How often we see a tear trickle down their cheeks perhaps thinking of wife or children who have long since been laid in silent graves. We all ought to cling around them, cheering and comforting them with loving words and happy smiles. My grandfather is very smart, considering his years; he has a fine garden, attending to it himself; he markets his own vegetables and takes great pride in keeping the garden orderly. I have great respect for old age, and I think the hoary head a living monument of God's promises. Let us be kind to the old, for when we go down life's stream we may need an encouraging word and a loving smile to help us on our way."

EMMARLETTE, of Rochester, sends us some recipes promised long ago, which will be published soon; extends her sympathy to Shiftless, who she is sure has enough to do to make her scold sometimes, and desires to bear witness against card playing, which she would be glad to see fall into discredit.

EDNA PERRY, of Ionia, one of our little HOUSEHOLD girls, says:

"Our school is out for the summer and I hardly know whether to be glad or sorry. We intended to have a picnic the last day, but it was such unpleasant weather we could not. I have 72 little chickens and five hens sitting; I expect to have 150 chickens when fall comes. I do not know anything about cards—not even the color of them; I have a father and five brothers but they do not play. It would be horrid to have them play here nights."

Edna also wishes to know if Mabel has chosen a name for that baby brother; and sends a recipe for cake which she hopes somebody will try and tell the HOUSEHOLD if it is acceptable. Edna should write only on one side of her paper.

PRUDY, of Marshall, says:

"I have raised a family of five children, all married and away from home now; but when they were growing up into manhood and womanhood I felt a great responsibility resting upon me as to how they should spend their time in amusements, for the young must

have something at home, as all know. We furnished plenty of good papers and books for reading, and three kinds of musical instruments; for games, dominoes, checkers, backgammon, authors' cards, a parchesa board and a croquet set. Some of them wanted the euchre deck, but I told them I did not want them to play cards; I had seen so much evil in my younger days from cards. I never approved of card parties, and don't think my boys ever went into saloons to play cards."

GRANDPA answers Huldah Perkins' inquiry as to why he left the delightful climate of California for Michigan's bleaker seasons, as follows:

"Why do we do a great many foolish things which we afterward regret when it is too late? At the time we do them it may appear just the thing to do. One cannot live on climate, or flowers, though both are unrivaled in California. One can live longer and easier in that glorious country than here, because he cannot use up his vitality so fast, nor is there the need for such vigorous exertion as here. But a longing to return to the places where my boyhood was spent was the main incentive."

D. H. F., of Springport, advises:

"I want to say to Shiftless that I truly sympathize with her. It is hard work to care for so many children, and it keeps one close at home. I presume I should take the work easier than she does: I would not do much ironing. Take the plain every day clothes and towels from the line and fold nicely: they do not need ironing, especially if one has a large family and has to economize on strength. It would be such a help to housekeepers to have a high chair so they can sit down to iron, wash dishes, and do much other work at which many stand up; would not do without mine for anything. Men take advantage of all the easy ways and machinery for doing their work, why shouldn't women? It does not seem to me that a sensible lady at this day and age of the world, would wish to wear pants as an outside garment. Does Victory mean that a wife should have one-third for her own especial benefit; that the husband must meet all the household expenses, both for himself and children, run his business with all the expense necessary, and pay off the mortgage with the other two-thirds? I think it depends on circumstances how much a wife should have; she should be just as much interested in paying debts and making improvements as her husband, and also should dress just as well. Some one asked what to feed young turkeys when they first hatch. Give them stale bread moistened with water, or milk, for two or three feedings; then feed them milk curd about three times a day. Can some one tell me how to polish cuffs, collars and shirts?"

NO CARDS.

All that has been written in favor of card playing has not changed my opinion in the least. I was very much pleased to see "One of the Boys" take part for the right. I would like to shake his hand. Oh! if all men and boys could say as he did, there would be fewer gambling holes, less whiskey drinking and more happy hearts. If I were sure my boy would only play cards

at home or at neighbor's perhaps I might feel different about it. But as we do not know the future, I say shield them from all possible evil. I am very thankful my husband has no bad habits for his son to pattern after. There is the main point. Mother may counsel and talk and set the example herself; but if the father does not do the same it rarely does much good. It is the every day example parents set before their children that counts, much more than this everlasting preaching. Make home pleasant with games, music, kindness, and lots of good books. Read aloud to the children as soon as they are old enough to understand. Play bear with the little ones. The sweetest memories of my childhood are the romps I used to have with father. Uncle Moses says "My early training and love for mother" (don't you see?). "I never became an expert."

It is true boys sometimes learn to play cards in spite of all their parents can do or say, but because of their early training and love for mother they rarely turn out badly. If perchance they go astray you can say, "I tried to do my best." I would not forbid my children, but tell them the evil that comes of card playing. They are the recognized tools of the gambler.

Alice C. Dimon says "I am going to a real live pedro party now." I would much rather go to a Grange meeting or a good reading club. L. E. W. GRANT.

ONE WOMAN'S EXPERIENCE.

I feel I must take up my pen and give a bit of my experience for Shiftless' sake. Ten years ago my husband bought the farm we live on. It was badly run down, no good fences or buildings; our own or our neighbors' horses or cattle were always into mischief. I ran many times a day to drive them out of the corn, which was three-quarters of a mile away. I had from three to five men to work for, and although I had no children, the work was too hard for me, for I was never very strong. I managed to get through the third summer (I hardly know how) until December. My husband wished to keep a man through the winter, and then I begged for my life. I told him I could not do the extra work that a man made, but although he has always been very kind to me he did not see that I was overworked. The man came, and I did the work just three days; then I fainted away while mixing the bread before breakfast. That was the fifth day of December. I grew worse, until in February my life was despaired of. For four days the balance was about even between life and death, then I came slowly back to life. The middle of April I sat up ten minutes; it was fall before I could sit up all day. Oh the long weary months of suffering! I tell you, sisters, it does not pay. The hired girl was found after I could work

no longer. It has cost hundreds of dollars for doctors' bills since then; and now the doctor says I will never be able to do any hard work. I wish every husband who reads the HOUSEHOLD would look at his wife this morning and know whether she is working too hard or not; if they would all do this I do not think my experience will have been written in vain.

I think John's Wife is very brave to relate her experience with pants after all Sister Sensible has said.

I enjoy reading the HOUSEHOLD very much. PRUE.

NIAGARA COUNTY, N. Y.

A BRAVE WOMAN.

In answer to Victory's inquiry here I am. Does my husband think I earn more than board and clothes? Yes. He very often says: "I wish we were able to go more and have things more convenient so you wouldn't have to work so hard;" but I know I don't work as hard as he does. I am afraid there are times when husbands are not appreciated as they should be. I think there are wives who want too much care and attention. I do the work for six, have three little ones, the oldest less than seven years of age. In the spring husband said: "You will have to get a hired girl with that worrisome babe," but I said, "No, we can't afford it; I can get along," and I do. Sometimes work gets a little thick, but I try to think of some one who has more to do and less to do with than I; and perhaps hum a tune or play with baby until I get a little rested, then go at it with a will. In that way I get along first rate. We who live on a farm must expect plenty of work to do.

I think sometimes women make themselves miserable by being too particular. I have very large washings, but my ironings are not so large. In warm weather when my clothes are perfectly dry I take down the sheets and put them on the beds. No one could ever tell the difference the next day; the same with dish towels and a great many other things, so I can get my ironing out of the way in one forenoon. Then I try to teach the children to make as little work as possible and it will be a benefit to them in after life. I have much sympathy with mothers who work hard year in and out and feel as though no one appreciated their labors. Before I married I always declared I would never marry a man who would drink, smoke, swear or chew tobacco. I kept my word.

ALVENA.

Contributed Recipes.

HERMITS, OR FRUIT COOKIES.—One and a half cups of white sugar; one cup of butter; three eggs; one cup of chopped and seeded raisins; one-half teaspoonful of soda, dissolved in three tablespoonfuls of sweet milk; one teaspoonful each of cinnamon, cloves and allspice; six cups of flour. Work the flour in with the hands; roll thin and bake in a quick oven.

MT. CLEMENS.

LITTLE NELL.