

THE IDEAL HOUSEKEEPER.

The St. Paul Pioneer Press gives news of industrial education that means a great deal to all whom it may concern:

"At the Iowa agricultural college every girl in the junior class has learned how to make good bread, weighing and measuring her ingredients; mixing, kneading, baking, and regulating her fire. Each has, also, been taught to make yeast, and biscuits, pies, puddings and cake of various kinds; how to cook a roast, broil a steak, and make a fragrant cup of coffee; how to stuff and roast a turkey, make oyster soup, prepare stock for other soups, steam and mash potatoes so that they will melt in the mouth, and, in short, to get up a first-class meal, combining both substantial and fancy dishes, in good style. Theory and practice have gone hand in hand. Vast stores of learning have been acquired in the arts of canning, preserving and pickling fruits, and lessons taken in all the details of household management, such as house furnishing, care of beds and bedding, washing and ironing, care of the sick, care of children, etc. The girls are also thoroughly grounded in science, mathematics and English literature; but this is of small account compared with the foregoing catalogue of virtues. If there is anything that commands the unlimited respect and devotion of the masculine mind it is ability in woman to order well her own household. Each one of these Iowa girls, it is safe to say, will marry within six weeks after graduation."

No one can blame the Pioneer editor for his enthusiasm about these girls, but he need not consign them to a matrimonial market quite so brisk as that, or intimate that a first-rate womanly training will lead especially to a scramble for marriage.

On the contrary, it ought to lead to a great deal of sound common sense and homely wisdom that will teach the young graduates to make haste slowly in all the great affairs of life.

But what a jolly good time they must have had learning to cook in such a place, where everything is bright, and sweet, and clean, and handy; plentiful, handsome and scientific! And not alone the joyful labor and fun of the lessons, but think of the eating! Each girl has her favorites among teachers and classmates, and to their end of the table will she smuggle her choicest dainties, and enjoy with them a "discussion" of her most perfect lessons. Professors of chemistry and hygiene will find delicious illustrations ready for each topic, and the table-talk alone ought to be almost a liberal education.

There is no doubt that these graduates in domestic science will carry reform right and left into the crude and dingy home kitchens, and "college notions" will become common property. We all want better, handier, handsomer kitchens. It is all nonsense to run a stove pipe through some forlorn old "lean-to," put in a few rusty kettles and smutty fry-pans, and wonder why the girls don't take to housework.—*Mary Mountain in Rural Press.*

SURE TO WIN.—The gentleman is sure to win, in this life of ours. If you speak the right word at the right time; if you are careful to leave people with a good impression; if you do not trespass on the rights of others; if you always think of others as well as yourself; if you do not put yourself unduly forward; if you do not forget the courtesies which belong to your position, you are quite sure to accomplish much in life which others with equal abilities will fail to do. This is where the race is not to the swift nor the battle to the strong. It is where you make people feel that you are unselfish and honorable, and truthful and sincere. This is what society is looking for in men, and it is astonishing how much men are able to win of self-respect, and success, and usefulness, who possess these qualities of good breeding.

A KANSAS weekly publishes "fourteen rules to be observed during a tornado." Only one is necessary: Be somewhere else.

PRAISE YOUR WIFE.

Praise your wife man, for pity's sake praise your wife when she deserves it. It won't injure her any, though it may frighten her some from its strangeness. If you wish to make and keep her happy, give her a loving word occasionally. If she takes pains to make you something pretty, don't take it with only:

"Yes, it is very pretty. Won't you hand me my paper?"

It will cost you only a moment's time to kiss her and tell her she is the best wife in town. You will find it to be a paying investment—one which will yield you a large return in increased care and willing labor for your comfort. Loving praise will lighten labor wonderfully, and it should be freely bestowed. A case in point:

I called on a friend one day and found her up to her eyes in work. "O dear," she said, "this is one of my days; everything goes wrong, and I haven't got a thing done!"

"Let me help you," I said.

"No, no," she replied, gently pushing me into the sitting room, "I'm going to leave everything and rest a while; but I must just wipe up this slop first," pointing to an ugly spot which disfigured the pretty oil cloth.

Just as she stopped to do it her husband came in; he didn't see me, but went straight to his wife. One quick lift, and he placed her on her feet, and taking the cloth from her hand, wiped up the spot himself.

"There, busy-boo," he said, "you've done enough to-day. You tired yourself all out getting my favorite dinner. Now I think I'll leave the rest till to-morrow."

I spoke to him then, and he sat with me a few minutes before going down town. Shortly after my friend came in looking very much amused.

"I guess I was in the dumps," she said, laughing, "for I've finished; and everything has gone swimmingly since E. came in."—*Anna Edwards, a Rural New Yorker.*

PEDESTRIAN EXERCISE.—In pedestrian exercise for pleasure, sport, or health, much power may be saved by skillfully balancing the spine on the pelvis, and so adjusting and harmonizing the movements of the upper and lower extremities ("getting the swing" as it is called), that the force of gravity does a great part of the work. This is the great secret of the professional pedestrian, whose object is to economize strength, not to expend it. This art is easily acquired, and even a delicate lady, with a week's practice, can cover a distance which at first would seem impossible. But one of the first essentials of true exercise is resistance. There must be some obstacle to overcome, some weight to be lifted, if we would break down muscular tissue and build up with new material. This resistance, a moderate walk will never give. One must needs walk ten or twelve miles a day in order to get exercise enough to keep the body in a healthy condition. To accomplish this task requires from two to three hours. Aside from the benefit to be derived from the inhalation of fresh air, the same amount of exercise may be taken in twenty or thirty minutes by lowering and raising the body, alternately, flexing and extending the legs, by taking a short run, or by making a few excursions to the top of a seven-story building.

FIREPROOF PAPER.—To make a fire and water-proof paper, *Les Mondes* says: Mix one-third of ground asbestos fiber with two-thirds of paper paste in a solution of common salt and alum. Pass the mixture into a machine, plunge the paper thus made into a bath of dissolved gum lac and send it through the finishing rolls, when it may be cut into sheets. The salt and alum increase the strength of the paper and its resistance to the action of fire. The lac renders it impermeable to moisture, without interfering with its fitness for the reception of ink.

HOUSEKEEPERS' DRESSES.

"Such pieces as that do discourage me so," said Lynda, laying down the paper with an air which was a cross between a pout and a cry.

"What is the piece about?" asked Cousin Jane.

"Oh, it tells us young wives how sweetly and nicely we should dress from morning till night if we would keep our husbands' respect and love. Our hair must be arranged as it used to be on those evenings when he used to visit us before we were married. We must not forget the pretty ornaments we were so careful about then. He must never see us in soiled, rumpled dresses. Now, Jane, how can a woman keep herself so fine, hurrying as I do from one piece of hard work to another, from house to barn, now washing greasy kettles and pans, now churning and mixing bread and feeding chickens, digging potatoes and cleaning things for dinner. Do you suppose I can wear pink cambrics about such work, as I used to when I was a teacher, or that I can wear fine lace at my wrists, or can keep my hands as white and soft as they used to be?" and she looked rather regretfully on the brown fingers which were kept so busy all day.

"Of course, Lynda, you cannot carry out these directions in all particulars, with your line of work, as another woman might who had none of the drudgery of housework to attend to. But the idea holds good still. There are certain possibilities of neatness even with housework, which are a wonderful comfort to a woman and a pleasure to her household. For one item, always have something snow white about your neck, and don't think your gold pin too nice to fasten it with. This is very simple in itself, and it will not be much trouble to do up a half dozen every week, giving you a fresh one every morning. Get a neat print and trim it with a bright contrasting color. This gives a freshness and cheeriness to a dress that is always pleasant to the eye, and is no harder to iron than a dingy brown. A woman may look pretty even over the wash-tub, Lynda, if she will only stand before the glass five minutes when she dresses herself in the morning. Looking-glasses are a great blessing in a house, Lynda, you may depend upon it."—*Aunt Eva, in Farm and Fireside.*

WELCOME HOME.—In the mountains of Tyrol it is the custom of the women and children to come out when it is bed-time, sing their national songs until they hear their husbands, fathers and brothers answer them from the hills on their return home. On the shores of the Adriatic such a custom prevails. There the wives of the fishermen come down about sunset, and, singing the first stanza, they will listen awhile for answering melody from off the water, and continue to sing and listen till the well-known voice comes borne on the waters telling that the loved one is almost home. How sweet to the weary fisherman, as the shadows gather around him, must be the songs of the loved ones at home, that sing to cheer him; and how they strengthen and tighten the links that bind those humble dwellers by the sea.

PERFECT LOVE.—Holy and beautiful is the smile of fathomless and perfect love. Too seldom does it live; too seldom lighten heavy cares and earthly sorrows. Too seldom does it gladden hardened hearts, give refreshing dew to thirsty souls. Too seldom, indeed, does it have a birth. Too often does it soon leave life's pathway, even if fairly born and dearly welcomed there. On the other hand, as the preacher would say, the house of a man happily married is a paradise. He never leaves it without regret, never returns to it but with gladness. The friend of his soul, the wife of his bosom, welcomes his approach with a smile and a word that sends joy to his heart; and the longer he lingers in the atmosphere of her love, the more he desires to dwell there forever.