

## HOUSEHOLD.

### FOR CHAPPED HANDS.

An excellent glycerine ointment for chapped hands is made by melting, with gentle heat, two ounces of sweet oil of almonds, half an ounce of spermaceti and one dram of white wax. When melted, remove from the stove and add an ounce of glycerine, and stir until the mixture is cold. The ointment can be scented with any perfume to suit the fancy. Keep it in wide-necked bottles.

### METHOD IN HOUSEKEEPING.

In the well-regulated, etc., each day has its appropriate duties. Monday and Tuesday are, of course, sacred to washing and ironing. Wednesday is given to the finishing of the latter, and the cleaning of the kitchen and the pantries. Thursday the silver must be polished, windows wiped off, etc. Friday, by general consent, is sweeping day, and Saturday is devoted to baking, cake-making, and preparations for the Sabbath. Where all this is thoroughly understood, the household machinery will move with comparatively little friction.

### FLOOR PAINT.

For a kitchen floor, especially one that is rough and uneven, the New York Tribune recommends the following glue paint: To three pounds of spruce yellow add one pound, or two pounds if desired, of dry white lead, and mix well together. Dissolve two ounces of glue in one quart of water, stirring often until smooth and nearly boiling. Thicken the glue water after the manner of mush, until it will spread smoothly upon the floor. Use a common paint brush and apply hot. This will fill all crevices of a rough floor. It will dry soon, and when dry apply boiled linseed oil with a clean brush. In a few hours it will be found dry enough to use by laying papers or mats to step on for a few days. When it needs cleaning use hot suds.

### TO CLEAN GLASS AND SILVERWARE.

Egg-shells crushed into small bits, and shaken well in decanters, three parts filled with cold water, will not only clean them thoroughly, but make the glass look like new. By rubbing with a flannel dipped in the best whiting, the brown discoloration may be taken off cups in which custards have been baked. Again, all of us are aware that emery powder will remove ordinary stains from the white ivory knife-handles, and that the lustre of morocco leather is restored by varnishing with white of egg. Nothing, it is said, is better to clean silver with than alcohol or ammonia, finishing with a little whiting on a soft cloth. When putting away the silver tea or coffee-pot, which is not in use every day, lay a stick across the top under the cover. This will allow fresh air to get in, and prevent the mustiness of the contents familiar to boarding-house sufferers.

### ADJUSTABLE BOOK-COVERS.

These are very convenient to protect an expensive binding or they may be made very ornamental in themselves. The materials required are velvet or satin, or if something plainer is desired, a fine all-wool cloth is frequently preferred. The material should be cut exactly the size of the book cover, allowing two inches on the sides and one inch at the top of the book. Painting is also a pretty decoration. I saw one very pretty cover, made of cardinal velvet. The designs were stamped on and then painted with gold paint. The lettering was also done with a brush in quaint, old-fashioned letters. Two eyelet holes should be worked in each top and bottom and three in each side of the cover, through which a narrow ribbon or silk cord is passed to secure the cover in position on the book. Sometimes the cover is lined and a sheet of wadding put between the outside and the lining, just large enough to come to the edge of the book cover.

### WOMAN'S WORK IS NEVER DONE.

"Men work from morn till set of sun." They do. "But woman's work is never done." Quite true. For when one task she's finished, something's found.

Awaiting a beginning, all year round.  
Whether it be  
To draw the tea  
Or bake the bread,  
Or make the bed,  
Or ply the broom,  
Or dust the room,  
Or floor to scrub,  
Or knives to rub,  
Or table to set,  
Or meals to get,  
Or stitches to scan,  
Or fruit to can,  
Or seeds to sow,  
Or plants to grow,  
Or lines to bleach,  
Or lessons to teach,  
Or butter to churn,  
Or jackets to turn,  
Or polish glass,  
Or plate of brass,  
Or clothes to mend,  
Or children to tend,  
Or notes to write,  
Or stories write—

These cars propel your barks o'er household seas  
In sunny heavens where you rest at ease,  
And, one word more, don't you forget it, please.

### HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

The newest table linen is damask with a ground like moccasin cloth; it is enriched with drawn-work and hemstitching.

Among the latest novelties are embroidered linen sheets, which are brought up over the pillow in place of the sham, now out of date. These sheets are hem-stitched at each end, and at one end show a richly embroidered band about 18 inches deep.

Pretty wash-cloths may be made of damask or moccasin cloth, the edge raveled out to form a fringe, with a row of cat-stitching in red cotton at the top of the fringe. In one corner is embroidered diagonally in red cotton:

"Use me freely,  
And I hope  
On me you'll rub  
A little soap."

Kerosene is a first-rate article for many purposes about a kitchen, but not for lighting fires, it will soften boots and shoes that have been hardened by water and will make them as pliable as new. So will castor oil, but it is earlier to apply the kerosene and is not such dirty work. It will make your tea-kettles as bright as new and will remove spots from furniture. For the latter it must be thoroughly rubbed in and afterward polished with a fresh cloth. If left sticking on the outside it will catch dust, and the last state of the article will be worse than the first. Mixed with blue ointment in equal proportions, it is an unfailing bug remedy.

WASHING LINEN.—Put a tablespoonful of black pepper into the first water in which gray or buff linens are to be washed, and it

will prevent them from spotting. It will also keep the color in black or dark calicoes and cambrics, or black or dark hoisery from running, and will "set" it so that it will not afterward stain the skin. The soap-suds to which such pepper is added will be just as soft as before. To set the color it is well to use pepper in the proportion of a large tablespoonful to a pail of water and let the articles be "in soak" for a couple of hours. Cold water and castile soap will remove machine oil from washable goods. Stir a piece of sperm candle in your starch, and add also a teaspoonful of salt.

### A Chinese Love Story.

The stage belongs in China to the lowest class of occupation. Comedians and barbers are looked upon as outcasts and defamed ones, and are not allowed to take part in the public examinations, which otherwise admit everyone, and open to the successful candidates the avenues to the highest posts of honor. There played in the large commercial town of Shanghai a celebrated tragedian by the name of Yang Yeh-Lin. Young, handsome, and an artist in his profession, he did not fail to make a deep impression upon the hearts of the ladies in the audience, and we can say that the female population of Shanghai were enthusiastic for the Pariah. A young lady from Canton, the daughter of a rich merchant, also saw Yang Yeh-Lin, and fell dead in love with him, and, according to rumour, pined away and declared she would marry no other but the actor. The story, so far as we have related, is of daily occurrence, even in Europe. The following, however, is particularly Chinese:—

The father of the young lady, who had an inkling of what was to happen, left Shanghai promptly and returned to Canton, so as to be absent from the scene. The mother, being anxious for the life and happiness of her daughter, entered into successful negotiations with the actor, and soon the nuptials of the young couple took place in legal form. A terrible excitement in Shanghai prevailed among the Cantonese. They felt their honor deeply insulted. For a daughter of their city, the child of a wealthy man, had married an actor. The magistrate, or Taoh-Hisen, of Shanghai, was a Cantonese, and, like his countrymen, hated the actor; so the insulted Cantonese hastened to him, demanding the arrest of Yang Yeh-Lin and his wife, also their punishment, and desired that their marriage be declared invalid.

The corporation of the Cantonese offered the magistrate 20,000 taels, equal to \$40,000, if he would enforce the execution of the actor, only because he had married the girl who loved him. The magistrate could not venture so far, but he did what was in his power, and ordered 100 lashes to be given with the bamboo reed upon the knuckles of the unfortunate Yang. After the painful torture was executed the actor was hung up for twelve hours by his thumbs, tied together, with his arms bent backward. To increase the agony his neck was screwed in irons, which made a particular pressure upon his larynx, so that the unfortunate Yang had for one hour the constant feeling of being strangled. His young wife did not escape punishment either, she was given 100 strokes in the face with a leather strap, the face thereby becoming a deformed mass, leaving the different features unrecognizable; all that because two people who loved had married each other. We should not forget, however, that similar things took place in Europe only a few hundred years ago.

### The Largest Farm in the World.

Canadian farmers may obtain a new idea of large farms from the description given below, furnished to the St. Louis Republican by a correspondent. It is located in the southwest corner of Louisiana and extends 100 miles north and south and many miles east and west. It is owned and operated by northern capitalists, whose general manager, J. B. Watkins, gives the following account of its workings:

"The 1,500,000 acres of our tract," Mr. Watkins said, "was purchased, in 1883, from the state of Louisiana and from the United States government. At that time it was a vast grazing land for the cattle of the few dealers in the neighborhood. When I took possession I found over 30,000 head of half-wild horses and cattle. My work was to divide the immense tract into convenient pastures, establishing stations of ranches every six miles. The fencing alone cost in the neighborhood of \$50,000. The land I found to be best adapted to rice, sugar, corn and cotton. All our cultivating, ditching, etc., is done by steam-power. We take a tract, say half a mile wide, for instance, and place an engine on each side. The engines are portable, and operate a cable attached to four plows, and under this arrangement we are able to plow 30 acres a day with only the labor of three men. Our harrowing, planting and other cultivation is done in like manner. In fact, there is not a single draft-horse on the entire place. We have, of course, horses for the herders of cattle, of which we now have 16,000 head. The Southern Pacific Railroad runs for 36 miles through our farm. We have three steam-boats operating on the water of our own estate, upon which there are 300 miles of navigable waters. We have an ice-house, a bank, a ship-yard and a rice mill."

### PRISONERS AND PAUPERS.

The United States a Dumping Ground. The recent movement of the French government in sending criminals from New Caledonia penal colonies to San Francisco opens again the general subject of foreign emigration to the United States for discussion. Of the 274,000 Chinese who have come to this country, one-half of the whole number have returned to China. Of the whole number only one in two hundred, have become paupers. Though contributing by their cheap labor and industry to the growth of the Pacific coast, we pass laws to prevent their coming. While on the West we close the door, we open it wide on the East. We send out emigration agents to invite all classes to come, and we establish lines of cheap ships to bring them. What kind of citizens does Europe send us? The government pay the expense of transporting to our shores their paupers, idiots and helpless by thousands. They banish their murderers, robbers, anarchists, dynamiters and disturbers to the United States, as to a penal colony. As we include these classes in our hospitable invitation, asking no questions, the potentates of Europe are more than willing to get rid of their dangerous citizens in this way.—American Exchange.

## STORIES ABOUT ANIMALS.

### A CUNNING FOX.

Very wonderful stories are told of the cunning of foxes. Persons say they have observed them approaching water-fowl by swimming slowly with a turf in the mouth, so as to remain concealed; and a writer in Chambers's Encyclopaedia says that a most trustworthy person assured him that he saw a fox approaching a group of hares that were feeding in a field with a slow, limping motion, and having his head down as if eating clover till he was near enough to secure them. A correspondent of the Hartford Times gives a more recent instance of their cunning. He says:

"When the ground was frozen, but bare of snow, I put a broody hen under a strong, heavy chicken-coop, to break her up. The coop was boarded on one side and lathed on the other—the lower lath within an inch of the ground, which was smooth but sloping, with a furrow-like depression, a few inches deep, about two feet up the slope. "In the morning the hen was gone. The coop stood right over the depressor—the laths bearing numerous impressions of an animal's teeth, and the small one at the apex was scratched by his claws. "He waded no strength on the board side trying to push the coop over up hill, but tried his best on the other side; but, failing, he bit and tore at the laths to break them, and finally drew the coop up the hill over the hollow, drew out the hen and made off, leaving no blood, very few feathers, and only three of his hairs on the laths."

### HOW MONKEYS OPEN OYSTERS.

So many people have expressed their surprise at hearing that monkeys break open oysters with a stone on the islands off South Borneo, that it may be of interest to give a short description of their method of using such a tool. The low-water rocks of the islands of the Mergui Archipelago are covered with oysters, large and small. A monkey, probably macacus cynomolgus, which infest these islands, prowls about the shore when the tide is low, opening the rock oysters with a stone by striking the base of the upper valves until it dislocates and breaks up. He then extracts the oyster with his finger and thumb, occasionally putting his mouth straight to the broken shell. On disturbing them I generally found that they had selected a stone more for convenience in handling than for its value as a hammer, and it was smaller in proportion to what a human being would have selected for a proportionate amount of work. In short, it was usually a stone they could get their fingers round. As the rocks crop up through the low water mud, the stone had to be brought up from high water mark, this distance varying from ten to eighty yards. This monkey has chosen the easiest way to open the rock oyster, viz., to dislocate the valve by a blow on the base of the upper one, and to break the shell over the attaining muscle. The gibbon also frequents these islands, but I never saw one of them on the beach.

### FIGHT BETWEEN COON AND SOW.

A lady who was walking through one of the hamlets adjacent to town heard a hog making a curious noise, and on going to ascertain the cause, discovered a ferocious racoon making a persistent attack on a sow. The latter was retreating and defending herself and a litter of young pigs. The coon would seize the sow by the ear, she would shake him off, dash at him, and he would retreat, when she would start to run, only to be seized again by her enemy. Finally the uproar attracted a squad of other hogs, which rushed to the sow's assistance and succeeded in driving the coon away. The latter, however, after abandoning the contest, stood bristled up and sulkily watching the hogs as they moved off, whereupon the lady threw a chunk at him. To her astonishment the animal pounced upon her and began tearing her dress to pieces. After much exertion she succeeded in beating the coon off, when he went up a tree near by.

### A SYMPATHETIC DOG.

John Templeton is a blacksmith who owns a fine specimen of the English mastiff. Recently Mr. Templeton was working at his forge, putting a new steel in a pick. The new steel was slightly burned in the heating and, instead of welding, flew in half a dozen pieces. One piece struck the blacksmith just above the right eye with such force as to fasten itself in firmly. The blacksmith staggered and fell backward. How long he was unconscious he does not know, but when he revived the dog lay almost in the middle of the shop crying almost like a human being and rubbing his jaws in the dust of the floor. The piece of steel that had struck Mr. Templeton lay a short distance from the dog. The faithful brute had seized the hot steel with his teeth and drawn it from the frontal bone of Mr. Templeton's head. The dog's mouth was found to be badly burned.

### A SNAKE STORY.

The Douglassville, Ga., Star has a snake editor in training who bids fair to become valuable, judging from the following effort: "A short time back Mr. Aderhold witnessed a large snake swallow a nest of partridge eggs on which the partridge had been sitting and was nearly ready to hatch. A few days later Mr. Buttler came across the same snake surrounded by a covey of young partridges (the eggs having been hatched), to which her snakeship seemed very much attached. And a few days later on Mr. McElrath was walking through an oat patch near by and was attracted by a snake passing through the oats with its head elevated about even with the top of the oats which were headed out, and on examination he found that the snake was picking the kernels from the oat heads and dropping them on the ground to feed the young partridges, which were following along by her, picking them up."

Nearly 500,000 singing birds are imported into the United States every year. A first-class elephant is worth from \$400 to \$600; zebras are worth \$1,200; giraffes sell for \$3,000 each.

In Syracuse, N. Y., there is a dog said to be the largest in the world, which weighs 203 pounds, and measures 6 ft. 3 in. from nose to tail.

A snake story from Illinois is to the effect that two farmers living in Montrie county in that State, while ploughing 160 acres of land, killed about 100 rattlesnakes, some of them very old and large.

A dog was about to attack a monkey belonging to an organ grinder. As the dog

rushed the monkey lifted his hat and gracefully saluted, when the dog's tail and head dropped and he sneaked away.

An owl and snake, both dead, were found recently at Gila Station, Arizona. The snake was tightly entwined around the neck and left wing of the owl, the latter having the tail of the snake in its beak.

An Ohio man sold his dog to parties in Indiana, 280 miles away. An accident blinded the canine, but he started for his old home and reached it by highway in ten days' travelling, and without being able to see a thing.

A Skye terrier belonging to a London gentleman, says the Field, is caring for eight little chickens. They occupy a basket and the chickens nestle in the dog's long hair and seem comfortable. They follow the dog about and the brute strives to give them all the personal care possible.

A pet blackbird in its cage was placed in an open window of a New Jersey residence last summer, when a wild blackbird flew down to it, looked in at the prisoner, and then flew away. He soon returned, bearing a worm in his beak. This act of friendship was repeated many times during the season. Recently the cage was hung up in the same place, and had not been there more than half an hour before the same wild blackbird came flying down to his old friend.

### Worry, Not Work Kills.

"The great man," says Emerson, "is he who in the midst of the crowd keeps with perfect sweetness the serenity of solitude." "How many of the troubles of life," asks Sir John Lubbock, "are insignificant in themselves and easily avoidable?" It is not so much, in most cases, great sorrows, diseases or death, but rather the little daily dailings which cloud over the sunshine of life. We most of us give ourselves an immense amount of trouble, encumber ourselves, as it were, on the journey of life with a dead weight of unnecessary baggage. In that most delightful fairy tale, "Alice in Wonderland," the White Knight is described as having provided himself on starting on a journey with a variety of odds and ends, including a mousetrap, in case he was troubled with mice at night, and a beehive, in case he came across a swarm of bees. To save ourselves from imaginary, or at any rate problematical evils, we often incur real suffering. "The man," said Epicurus, "who is not content with little is content with nothing." There is an amusing passage in Hearn's "Journey to the Mouth of the Coppermine River." A few days after starting he met a party of Indians who annexed a great deal of his property, and all Hearn says is, "The weight of our baggage being so much lightened, our next days journey was much pleasanter. I ought, however, to add that the Indians broke up our philosophical instruments, which, no doubt, were rather an incumbrance." Do then your best and await calmly the result. It is anxiety, not work, that kills; it is work, not anxiety, that commands success. There is a Hindoo saying that the fortune of a man who sits, sits also; it sleeps when he sleeps, moves when he moves, and rises when he rises. Anxiety, on the contrary, does more harm than good. Many seem to think that, in these days of competition and struggle for existence, life is more difficult and anxious than it used to be. On the contrary, I believe there never was a time when modest merit and patient industry were more sure to win reward.—New York Home Journal.

### Quickness of Thought.

It is easy to confound quickness with talent. The slow but accurate thinker will rarely attain the same popular reputation for ability that attaches to the swift though often mistaken reasoner. Yet even great minds are rarely at the same time hasty and accurate. Napoleon was gifted with extraordinary quickness of perception, and owed most of his early success to the swift and unexpected tactics with which he broke through the old extraordinary methods of conducting campaigns. Quick himself, he detested slowness in others, and was impatient if any one he questioned hesitated a moment in reply. Cuvier complained that he lost the Emperor's favor because he would not give a sudden categorical answer to an important question of finance. On one occasion, riding through Fontainebleau, the Emperor suddenly turned to the forest-master and demanded how many acres of wood the park contained. The forest-master, an honest man, waited a moment to consider, at which a subordinate, who knew the Emperor's peculiarity, promptly named some imaginary number, so delighting Napoleon that he bestowed the head-rangship on this swiftly replying person. The result did not justify the Emperor's penetration, for the quick-witted man proved so extremely dishonest that after a time he was dismissed and the slower thinker reinstated.

### Woman's Work.

Woman's work is one of the greatest questions of the day. Our grandmothers found work enough and more than enough to perform at their pleasant homes, but those vocations have vanished, and it is no longer expected that female handicraft will furnish family wardrobes, or that larders and cellars will groan beneath the fruits of woman's industry. From the factory comes every description of wearing apparel, all kinds of house furniture and furnishings materials, while a large per cent. of the food supply is prepared and issued from the same source. The mighty strides which inventions and organized labor have made during the past quarter of a century have, to a great extent, relieved woman of her more laborious home duties, and for this she should be truly thankful. But since it is a fact, obvious to the most obtuse, that homes do not increase as rapidly as individuals, and with duties constantly curtailed, the question arises: What shall be and where shall women find suitable vocation?

Within the past few years telegraphing, telephoning, silk-raising, type-writing and other vocations have opened new channels for female industry. In the cities needle-women can obtain five or six cents each for making a shirt, often weaving their own shrouds as they bend over their ill-remunerated tasks.

When Horace Greeley was asked to lecture on woman's rights, he took as his text: "A woman has a right to do what she wants to and can." It will not be many years before the rusty padlock of prejudice will be wrenched from the door of every honorable calling.

### She Forgot Her Own Name.

Madame de Montgolfier, who died in Paris in the last part of the reign of King Louis Philippe, passed her one hundred and eleventh year. It was her habit to take a walk alone every morning in the Garden of the Luxembourg.

One morning, while sitting on a bench there, she became conscious of a peculiar sensation in her head, and a loss of memory. She rose to go home, but found that she had forgotten, not only where she lived, but her name as well.

She called to a gentleman who was passing, "Will you please conduct me home, sir?"

The gentleman offered his arm.

"Where do you live, madame?" he asked.

"I cannot remember the street nor the number," said she; "and, what is worse, I cannot remember what my name is. But perhaps you may understand better why I should be in this plight, sir, if I tell you that I am one hundred and eleven years old."

"One hundred and eleven years old!" he exclaimed. "Then you must be Madame de Montgolfier, who lives at Number Seventeen, Rue d'Enfer."

"Exactly, sir; I am she!" the old woman exclaimed, in delight.

She had found out who she was. She was conducted to her home, and died peacefully within two days.

### Living on Skimmed Milk.

Louis Herbst, who keeps a saloon in Camden, U. S., and who is one of the best known Germans in South Jersey, celebrated yesterday his third anniversary of a skimmed milk diet. Mr. Herbst is a large, finely formed man of about fifty years of age and weighs about two hundred pounds. Three years ago he was afflicted with despondency and kidney troubles and was advised by his physician to try a diet of skimmed milk exclusively.

He tried the remedy for a couple of months and was so benefited by the diet that he determined to try it for a year. At the expiration of the latter period Mr. Herbst's health was almost perfect. Far from becoming thin or emaciated from the long-continued use of skimmed milk, his form was, if possible, even more round than before and by the advice of his doctor he decided to adopt skimmed milk as his exclusive diet permanently. For three years he has eaten or drunk absolutely nothing but the article named—not even water—and declared to his friends who visited him that he proposed to continue skimmed milk and dispense with steaks, bread and butter and beer for the rest of his life.

### A Jubilee Joke.

The wag of the Jubilee has turned up and all England is laughing over his success. He caused the circulation all through the country of the report that every baby born on Jubilee day would receive a present of a silver cradle and six guineas, or about \$31, from the Queen. It caused the greatest excitement among the mothers of the land, and they have been writing and coming to Buckingham Palace until 400 have already responded. What lent it probability is the fact that the Queen, although stingy as a rule, has generally sent \$15 to every mother in England or Scotland who brought triplets into the world. One proud mother who appeared at Buckingham Palace with twins was especially aggrieved, as she considered that, like Mrs. Chick, she had made "an effort" to honor Her Majesty's Jubilee and should not be defrauded of her cradles and her cash. She would, she said, change the babies names, which had been selected for her by a local schoolmaster, the boy being called Jubilo and the girl Jubila Higgins. The officials disclaim all knowledge of the matter and hesitate to tell the Queen about it.

### Water from a Tree.

A European traveler, on his way from the coast of Madagascar to the capital, Tananarivo, in the interior, had emptied his water-flask, and was suffering from thirst. He asked one of the natives of his party when he should be able to obtain water.

"Any time you like," said the native, smiling.

The European saw no signs of springs or water; but the natives conducted him to a group of tall, palm-like trees, standing in a cluster on the edge of the forest, with straight trunks, and bright-green, broad leaves growing from the opposite sides of the stalk, and making the tree appear like a great fan. The white man gazed admiringly at the tree.

"You think it is a fine tree," said the native, "but I will show you what it is good for."

He pierced the root of one of the leaf-stems, at the point where it joined the tree, with his spear, whereupon a stream of clear water spouted out, which the European caught in his water-can, and found cool, fresh and excellent to drink.

The party having satisfied their thirst and taken a supply, the native who had spoken went on:

"This tree, which is good for us in many ways than one, we call the traveler's tree."

"But where does the water come from that the tree contains?" asked the white man. "Is it taken up from the soil?"

"Oh, no," said the native. "The leaves drink in the rain that falls on them, and when it has passed all through them it becomes very pure and sweet."

### The Age of the Earth.

In boring a well on the farm of Mrs. Sarah Williams, some five miles south of Colusa, J. C. Frazier, who has the farm rented, struck a piece of wood at a depth of 170 feet. The wood brought up by the auger was in an excellent state of preservation and was pronounced "all oak." The place is only fifty feet above the sea-level, so that the wood is 120 feet below the ocean's surface. If it was sunk there when this valley was a lake or an arm of the bay it was in pretty deep water. How long since this piece of wood was in a growing tree? The valley, of course, has grown, but without some convulsion of nature the growth has been slow, not, perhaps, over one foot per century. Then has it been 17,000 years since this oak tree grew? In the shadow of the Infinite this is not long, but measured by the history of man it is indeed a long space.—Colusa (Cal.) Sun.

Two little girls of seven and eight are playing together. "And your papa, what does he do?" asked one of them. "Whatever mamma says."