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THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

FOR THE BABIES.

A broad bright beam of sunshine
Came slanting 'cross the floor,
It lighted up the book-shelves,
The pictures and the door;
And sitting in the sunshine,
With hair like burnished gold,
Was blessed little Evis,
Our baby—two years old.

Oh! would I were an artist,
With canvas, brush and paint,
I'd catch the pretty picture,
The face so like a saint;
The eyes as blue as skies of June,
The cheek with tint of rose,
With dimpled chin, and teeth of pearl,
And dainty little nose.

Her playthings scattered all about,
Confusion had run riot;
Hushed is the merry ringing laugh,
Pervades the greatest quiet,
For nestled close beside her
With grave and earnest look,
Is Raymond, turning carefully
The pages of the book.

A book of great interest,
Last Christmas' treasured gift;
And while he reads the verses quaint
The blue eyes wondering lift;
"Now, I can read that piece," she says,
"They're just wee jingling rhymes,
There's nothing hard about it,
I've done it lots of times."

"Here's a plum-cake boy, smiling and bland,
With plums for his eyes and a plum in each
hand.

Do you like plum cake? I like it too,
Eat some for my sake, it's fresh baked new.
Do you like coffee or do you like tea?
Go and get some taffy to feed me.

"Brother come, the cakes are made,
The oven's all got 'old;
Well, we'll bake them in the sun,
Then mama cannot scold.

"Here's a wee, wee baby,
Going to pray; see!
I can fold my hands just like her,
(Gent'y bend the knees.)
Now I lay me down to sleep,
All curled up in a little heap;
I pray dear Lord my soul to keep,
If I should die before I wake.
If I'm naughty mama 'll shake,
What a racket that will make.
Bless my dolly, she's got no hea',
Bless my papa, mama too;
And please I want a dolly new—
Ain't it most time to go to bed?"

The sun has dropped behind the hills,
The daylight fades away,
The golden sunshine in the room
Gives place to twilight grey;
And here I sit and dream of years
That all too soon will fly,
The little wings I train out in
The busy world will hie.
And I, by lonely fireside
In silent room will dwell,
While those I cherished, loved and reared,
Life's busy ranks will fill.

BATTLE CREEK.

EVANGELINE.

THE WOMEN'S COUNCIL.

I had recently the pleasure of a *tete a tete* with a lady just returned from Washington, who had attended several of the sessions of the International Council of Women, which convened in that city last month. It is needless to say that I availed myself of the opportunity to learn her impressions of the meetings, and some particulars not to be found in even the voluminous newspaper reports. Knowing her to be conservative in her views, not given to thinking the old ways are best because sanctioned by long usage, I wished to know how one would be affected by the speeches and papers, hearing instead of reading them, and under the magnetic spell of an enthusiastic crowd.

"It was a great and notable gathering," said my friend. "The theatre, in which the meetings were held, was crowded at every public session; tickets were fifty cents each, twenty-five cents to the galleries and for standing room. I felt quite proud of my sex, when I looked at that body of fine-looking, representative women, elegantly dressed, speaking with perfect ease and without the least embarrassment before that great audience, and all so evidently thoroughly in earnest and full of enthusiasm. Most of the ladies laid aside their wraps and bonnets, and their costumes were the perfection of beauty and elegant simplicity—that kind of simplicity, you know, which is so very expensive because of its perfect fit and richness of material. I heard Mrs. Stanton, Miss Willard, Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, Abby Morton Diaz, and several others whom I cannot name at the moment. One thing I noticed, there was no Mrs. or Miss among them; they spoke of and to each other without these prefixes. Some of the foreign delegates spoke but little English; their remarks were simply expressive of the pleasure it gave them to be in America, and to meet so many of their sex engaged 'in the good work.' I could not help wondering how some of them, with old world ideas of woman's place, would regard the very radical remarks of some of the speakers; that is, if their knowledge of our language enabled them to follow the thoughts expressed."

"Tell me your own impressions," I urged.

"When we were younger women, my sister and I used often to say that as we grew old, we would try to keep pace with the thought and progress of the age, and not stay behind in the old ruts. I mean to be conservative at least, inclining to liberal ideas rather than holding the old ways, simply because they are old. But I felt,

somehow, that though there were many who kept within the proper bounds, there were others who by their intemperate utterances, their boasts of power and what they would do with it, in fact, their revolutionary ideas, actually harmed the cause they advocated. Even among those upon the platform there were not a few who could not accept these radical utterances, and who afterward expressed regret that by their presence they should seem to endorse them. As in most public meetings, there was much chaff and froth among grains of sound sense and solid thought. Some heads were turned by the flattery so liberally dealt out, some silly things said, but no more, perhaps, than might have been expected, for the excitement of such a gathering always throws some persons off their balance. Altogether, I came home quite willing to be called an 'old-fashioned woman.'"

I could not help asking myself, in thinking over what this lady had said, what is the reason we women can never get very much in earnest without letting earnestness get the better of our good sense? Why cannot we keep our sayings within the bounds of moderation, our advocacy of our ideas or convictions within the limits of logic and reason? Why, when we become profoundly impressed by the importance of a theory, or reform, must we urge it in season and out of season, and so gain for ourselves the epithet of "cranks?" Now a "crank" is a person who having formulated for himself an opinion on some subject, is not willing to allow others the liberty of thought he demands for himself, but forces his peculiar views upon them on all occasions, and considers them fools or villains if they will not or cannot accept his ideas as law and gospel. Usually posing as a reformer, or the apostle of advanced thought, the crank is really a dogmatic, prejudiced, illiberal person, dominated by one idea, a species of monomaniac, to speak plainly. And it is a solemn truth that, with the very best of intentions, the crank, forgetting that "many things by season seasoned are to their right praise and true perfection," often drives his victim in the contrary direction by his ill-timed urging, his extravagant advocacy and constant iteration. There is always a reflex current set in motion, in mind as in matter, when mental or physical forces are forced beyond their normal flow. The winnowing-fan of the years will throw the chaff from the grain, but ill-judged haste and unwise advocacy hinder the sifting process. Those who have the success of any cause at heart, may well pray with old Henry VIII of England: "Lord, deliver me

from my friends; I can take care of my enemies myself."

Mrs. Stanton said, in one of her addresses: "The time is not far distant when if men do not do justice to women, the women will strike hands with labor, with socialists, with anarchists, and you will have the scenes of the Revolution of France acted over again in this republic!" What! American women, the women whom Mrs. Stanton aspires to represent, join to repeat the violence and bloodshed of the French Revolution! What is this but senseless ranting, which disgusts us with the cause she advocates, for surely it would not be prudent to add to our already too large voting population, those who talk of striking hands with anarchists. Nor can she gain suffrage for women by adopting the boisterous method of the wind in the fable, which strove by force to rob the traveler of his cloak. Here's Matilda Joslyn Gage, so impressed with the supreme spirituality of the feminine nature that she tried to prove before the Congress that the Holy Ghost was the woman-soul of the Trinity! Miss Willard, who has stood as the apotheosis of the woman in public life, refined, intellectual, gentle, and best of all blessed by a heritage of sterling good sense, declares that fine wheat bread paves the way for diseased and depraved appetites and hence wheat bread must go! Lillie Devereaux Blake declares women are slaves and men tyrants, and this in spite of the well-known fact that the education of the young is almost entirely in the hands of women, as mothers and teachers, who must thus be responsible for the bondage of their own sex. It is to be regretted that the women who stand as apostles of what they call the "higher life" and the "new mission" for women, cannot bear constantly in mind that every such radical, extreme statement, scattered to the four winds by the press, weakens the cause they advocate and weakens as well the force of all they say that is true and noble. Nor ought they to assume to say what women will do under untried responsibilities, predicting certain results to follow inevitably the realization of long desired experiments.

Without doubt the best fruits of the Council will come from the grand utterances on humanitarian themes which characterized some of the sessions, and which will be remembered and practiced when Antoinette Brown Blackwell's "stellar" theory of religion is quite forgotten. After all, the patience with which some very prosy, "erankily" theoretical papers were received speaks well for woman's forbearance and large-hearted tolerance. There was among the most truly representative women, no sympathy with any movement looking to the breaking up of home life or the antagonism of the sexes. The object of the Council was to report the progress of woman's work for women, and to discern, if possible, how this cause could be advanced; and one of the facts brought out very forcibly was the extent of the educational work which has been done for women in the way of self-help; corroborated by the rapid increase of quiet, self-respecting, helpful, purposeful women workers.

BEATRIX.

THE BABY'S BATH.

I wish to talk with the mothers about the baby's bath. I have a baby boy ten months old, and I put him in a tub for his bath; he is perfectly delighted with it, kicking and splashing the water all over himself and me. One of my friends says: "How I wish my baby would be so happy in the tub, but he just cries and screams all the time I am washing him." At last I found out the trouble, the water was too warm, it burned the tender little body. You know we mothers have our hands in very hot water every day, and they get toughened to it, so that water which seems only moderately warm to the hand, is too hot even for our own bodies. The first time I put baby in the tub he pulled himself up and cried out; my husband was there, and he said "The water is too hot." I did not think so, but he said, "Try it with your elbow." I did so, and was surprised to find it hot.

I have seen some people who called the children to take their bath, and when the children drew back jerked and slapped them to make them get in the tub. Now I think if the mother makes the bathing hour a play-spell the children will never cry about being washed, and all their after lives they will look back to it as one of the pleasant memories of childhood. I am one of those who think the best way to manage children is to do it quietly, with as little "fighting" as possible. I have seen a mother whip her child for getting angry and being cross, when she herself was in a worse passion than the child. I think every such scene hurts the mother's influence over the child. Remember the dear little things have got to learn all that we know, and let us have patience with them.

I will send some recipes for that department; and in reference to Mrs. E. H. S.'s inquiry about the butter cookies, would say the rule calls for $1\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonfuls (struck off level) of cream tartar and one teaspoonful of soda.

OXBOW.

MRS. ED.

AUNT PEGGY TO THE RESCUE.

I read, with much indignation, "One of the Mistresses's" article on the hired girl question, in the HOUSEHOLD of March 31. She says Mrs. Croly does not mean the class of workers we call 'hired girls,' but means girls of education and refinement, seamstresses, typewriters, etc., etc., just as though hired girls had no refinement. (It makes my blood boil.) I presume she would have us think hired girls are a race of immoral idiots. Although she does say "The girl can be her mistress' equal," she is evidently in doubt of that even, for she adds, "in morality, but not much else." Further, she says "Generally he, the farmer, considers it a hardship to take her home for a few hours' visit on Sunday." In relation to that I have one remark to offer. Perhaps if these people for whom girls work were more obliging, there would be fewer of the "cross-cut saw species," as she very wittily terms them.

Referring to Aurora's letter she quotes, "The Master finds his own in the kitchen." Adding her own thoughts, "I oftener find her in the back yard talking to the

grocer's boy." Now depend upon it, girls, and don't expect to meet a hired girl in Heaven.

I know a great many hired girls—some from the city, who are the equals of any lady in the land. But she says she never yet found a girl in that position—that of a hired girl—whom she considered her equal. I wonder if I would dare sit on the gate post while she goes by!

Because girls are poor and perhaps ignorant—some of them—I don't believe in denouncing the whole class. Because some are bad is no reason we can teach them nothing. I fancy I have a little patience, I have not lived all my life in Essex, I've seen cities larger than Jackson.

Long life to the HOUSEHOLD; I do not take it, but live with a family who do.

MAPLE RAPIDS.

AUNT PEGGY.

POT-POURRI JARS.

Every well-regulated family nowadays has its pot-pourri jar, which the young ladies of the family take pleasure in preparing. The HOUSEHOLD gave directions for making them last year; and for the instruction of new subscribers, or the prompting of those who neglected their opportunities then we give an English recipe, warranted as good as the best: "Gather the rose petals in the morning, let them stand in a cool place, tossed up lightly for one hour to dry off, then put them in layers, with salt sprinkled over each layer, in a large covered dish—a glass berry dish is a convenient receptacle. You can add to this for several mornings till you have enough stock—from one pint to a quart, according to size of jar—stir every morning, and let the whole stand for ten days. Then transfer it to a glass fruit-jar, in the bottom of which you have placed two ounces of allspice, coarsely ground, and as much cinnamon, broken coarsely. This may now stand for six weeks, closely covered, when it is ready for the permanent jar, which may be as pretty as your ingenuity can devise or your means purchase. Have ready one ounce each of cloves, allspice, cinnamon and mace, all ground (not fine), one ounce of orris-root bruised and shredded, two ounces of lavender flowers and a small quantity of any other sweet-scented dried flowers or herbs; mix together and put into the jar in alternate layers with the rose stock; add a few drops of oil of rose, geranium or violet, and pour over the whole one-quarter pint of good cologne. This will last for years, though from time to time you may add a little lavender or orange flower water, or any nice perfume, and some seasons a few fresh rose petals."

The jar should be opened every morning after the sweeping and dusting are finished, left open an hour and then closed.

A CORRECTION.—M. E. F., of Galesburg, says "dozer," not "Dover," was the term she did not understand and wished explained. A dozer is a small, light comforter to be folded and laid across the foot of the bed, so that if the sleeper is cold during the night it can be unfolded and used. The dozer is usually an ornamental appendage, being made of silk patchwork, thin silk, satteen, or cheesecloth, prettily tufted and with an edge of lace or crochet work, according to the material employed.

WHAT CAN A WOMAN DO.

[Paper read before the Otter Creek Farmers' Club, March 29th, by Mrs. F. S. Leighton.]

As we ask ourselves this question, what can a woman do, does not echo catch up the refrain and answer back, all that she has a mind to? Until within the last half century the hands of woman have been tied, comparatively speaking; public opinion was averse to her filling any prominent position in life; she was confined to the household duties of cooking, cleaning, spinning and weaving, making and mending; or in other words, providing for the wants of her family; and if she stepped beyond these bounds she was considered out of her proper sphere. But mark the change! Many and various are the avenues now open to her for both usefulness and improvement. We are now permitted to occupy positions once only filled by our brother man, we find our sisters holding stations of trust, both public and private, as clerks, accountants, photographers, telegraphers and journalists.

Our colleges are also educating women for physicians, to which position they by natural organization are well adapted. Also, as we look over our broad land, we find them engaged in successful husbandry, following the tide of emigration to the far west, homesteading their one hundred and sixty acres of land, occupying it and gaining the deed thereto. When I asked the question what can a woman do, I did not wish to be understood as asking for her a place in the political arena; we only ask to be permitted to occupy those positions wherein we may be benefitted and benefit others, become equal intellectually to our husbands and brothers; or in other words, educated with them. But we are well aware there have been great changes in favor of woman. She is now permitted to occupy the positions previously spoken of and not robbed in the eyes of her brother man of the inborn qualities that constitute a true lady. We are not compelled to grovel in the old time pathways; but may search out and gather gems of knowledge, and drink deep draughts at the fount of learning. Very many of the schools once closed to us now stand with open doors ready to welcome us, but yet can it not be bettered? Men of the present day are not expected to confine all the powers of their minds to their daily tasks; while they are engaged in cultivating the soil, plowing, sowing, reaping and mowing, planning for this and for that, they are expected to cultivate the mind by reading from the best authors accessible to them, upon subjects adapted to their work; and they have many aids in the form of agricultural papers and farm journals from which they may obtain the experience of those engaged in experimental husbandry.

All over our broad land we have agricultural colleges provided by State legislatures, fully equipped with the best of talent and modern fixtures, and farmers reap the benefit. I do not speak of this disparagingly, for it is just as it should be; but why not go a little farther and add a departure for experimental bread and butter-making, where each point may be thoroughly analyzed, and we not be left to wonder why the white flakes form in our cream? Our husbands truly delight in snowy bread and golden

butter, we can all attest that fact, remembering in the palmy days of success the bland smile and genial look of our better half as he brought an old time friend to the table. But alas! the days of sour bread and poor butter! well, you all know; I will say no more. As it is we are left to grope our way as best we may, profiting by our own failures, and the experience of our neighbors. Ought we not to have a department in connection where these experiments may be made and taught on philosophical principles? Will you not give us your active co-operation in this matter, and ask for us recognition in the form of an appropriation by our State legislature, or at least give the matter a little thought? And farther, I would not ask for woman any place in the grand drama of life that would detract from her influence as wife and mother; but let us read more, think more, and while engaged in life's daily avocations be something more than a mere treadmill, day after day following in the same routine of work and thought. Let us provide ourselves with some standard authors, read a little each day, and not permit our minds to become narrowed by the prison walls of bread and butter making, as they will unless we make an effort to the contrary. Balance the mind, give it intellectual food, let not its powers become dulled and deadened. As some original thought occurs pencil it down, never heeding the fear of being called a blue-stocking. Let us ever remember that life is a sacred burden, that we must look on it, lift it, bear it solemnly, stand up and walk beneath it steadfastly. But I find as I advance the subject broadens and deepens; there are some points I designed to touch upon, for instance the importance of the early training of our children, knowing full well the truth of the old adage, "As the twig is bent the tree is inclined." But fearing I may weary your patience I will leave the subject for abler pens than mine, and invite your criticism upon the few thoughts which I have written.

A SPRING TONIC.

Biliousness is a term often used incorrectly, being regarded as a disease of the liver, instead of a condition brought about by indigestion and over-eating. Its symptoms are sluggishness and inactivity of the digestive organs, derangement of the natural functions, sallowness and yellowness of the skin, a coated tongue and bad breath. There is an idea current that at this season of the year some nauseous medicine must be taken "to clear out the system," somewhat as the housekeeper cleans house, by turning everything topsy-turvy. The victims to this mistaken notion swallow pills, "tonics" and "biters" at a dollar a bottle, and feel worse than they did before. There is a cheaper cure. Let medicine alone. Give Nature a chance to effect a cure in her own way. Eat less, instead of more, and abstain from food entirely for a day or two, eating at most but a few mouthfuls of easily digested food. On rising in the morning, half an hour before breakfast, drink a glass of cool fresh water, or squeeze the juice of a lemon into a glass, add a scant teaspoonful of

sugar, fill up with water and drink. The same is excellent at retiring. Lemons are cheap, cheaper than patent medicines or doctors' bills; you know what you are taking and that there can be no bad results. Physicians prescribe an acid to act on the liver; fruit juice is more harmless than the acids of chemistry. Lemon juice thins the sluggish blood and helps it throw off its impurities, it also stimulates the torpid liver. You can take them, prepared as above, with safety as long as the necessity exists, twice a day for three months, for instance, and in the slow and gentle fashion in which Nature works her cures, they will be doing you good all the time. I know this to be true from experience.

BEATRIX.

ABOUT CHICKENS.

In answer to Huldah Perkins, whose letter was published some weeks since in the *HOUSEHOLD*, I would say that some poultry raisers have two apartments in their hen-houses, with a row of nests between. The nests are boxes, minus one side, with the back of the box placed toward one apartment and the open side toward the "living room." When a hen is set, her nest is turned and she can only leave it to get in the other room, or "setting room."

I think Huldah will make a mistake if she carries out the plan she has laid for April and installs her Langshan rooster in her Plymouth Rock flock. The Plymouth Rocks are unsurpassed for table use, but the Langshans dress dark, and the flavor is not good. The bones contain dark streaks, and I don't like to eat from variegated or decorated bones. The color of the plumage in either breed is not improved by a cross, and the Langshans are not one bit more energetic than others.

I have a pen of seventy White Cochins that have no more variety in their garb than nuns, or Sisters of Charity, so when I have decided that one of the hens shall at least set for a family (and motherly things they are too), I mark one wing or both with common red chalk, and then can easily pick out my setters.

I wish Brunefille would tell us how much lemon juice was put in with the thorough-wort used to clear the complexion, and how much of the mixture should be taken for a dose.

BETH.

THE April number of the *American Magazine* is rich in topics of the season. The peculiar ceremonies with which the Moravians of Salem, N. C., celebrate Easter are described by Edward A. Oldham. The "boom, boom, boom" of the prairie-cock—a harbinger of spring—gives Hamlin Garland a theme for the third of his sketches of a farmer-boy's life in the west. Ernest E. Thompson presents in musical annotation the song of the meadow-lark of Manitoba, and claims for that vocalist the highest order of merit. Equally appropriate are the stanzas "Mistress April" by Helen Chase, "My Pansies" by Nellie M. Garabrant, and "The Resurrection" by Margaret H. Lawless. A new serial story, "Two Coronets," by Mary Agnes Tucker, is begun. Its scenes are laid alternately in Italy and America, and domestic life in the two countries is contrasted.

AN IMPROMPTU DESSERT.

There wasn't a blessed thing in the house for dessert save one forlorn apple pie. Dinner was ready to put upon the table, and the guest in the parlor was evidently a "stayer" and would have to be invited to remain, and there was no reasonable room to doubt the invitation would be promptly accepted. There was not a bit of fruit in the house, not even canned, and as "it never rains but it pours," we had eaten the last of the fruit cake Sunday night and were shut off from the *dernier* resort of a plum-pudding. The apple pie was a fixed fact, and that was all there was about it. I tried to comfort myself by thinking that what was good enough for our own family was good enough for the stranger within our gates, but nevertheless I *did* want something a little more dainty than plain uncompromising pie! The milkman had left half a pint of cream that morning, and my eye "in a fine frenzy rolling" chanced to fall upon it. Happy inspiration! "Polly, put the Dover into that cream, and give it 'a whip.' When you serve the pie, put a teaspoonful of powdered sugar on each piece, and a big tablespoonful—mind, a big one—of the whipped cream. Get a mould of currant jelly, and put a nice smooth slice of it on top of the cream. Be dainty about it, now, and be quick," and before the last word was out Polly had the egg-beater in the cream and the dessert difficulty was solved as satisfactorily as possible.

Good housekeeping means knowing what to do in an emergency, and also making the best of the materials at hand. Artemus Ward said of Washington that whenever an unexpected, unforeseen event threatened disaster he at once "arose and busted the emergency." It is the housekeeper's business to "bust the emergency," and show her generalship. I confess I was not ashamed of that apple pie when Polly presented it, decorated with snowy cream and ruby jelly.

L. C.

DETROIT.

TWO-LINE THOUGHTS.

The bustle is not abolished, don't you think it. It will outlive the summer. But it is no longer the square, shelf-like projection lately worn. In its most modish form, it is a small cushion filled with curled hair. The upper steel in the skirt is placed about fourteen inches from the belt, and is fifteen inches long; the second is a couple of inches longer, and placed about sixteen inches below the first.

Changeable silks are very much the fashion just now. If you have an old silk of this kind now is the time to make it useful. Make it up with cashmere or Henrietta cloth of the general color, using the silk for a lower skirt and tucked vest. If your pattern of silk is scant, make the draperies very long, otherwise the lower skirt may show under the shorter panier. A straw bonnet trimmed with changeable ribbons and perhaps a couple of changeable ostrich tips, completes a very elegant costume. A polonaise with back draped upon the back of the basque, is suitable for wear with silk skirts.

Braids, gimps and galloons are more

stylish than patterns which can be detached into *motifs*; they range in prices from fifty cents to two dollars and a half. Many have threads of gold and silver tinsel interwoven, making them quite showy.

A skirt of watered silk, with draperies and basque of fine drap d'ete or Henrietta cloth is at the moment a more fashionable dress than an all silk costume. It is also almost as expensive, as the *moire* is \$1 50 per yard in black and \$2 in colors, and a silk warp Henrietta cloth costs from \$1 35 to \$1 50.

Mantles for elderly ladies are short in the back with long tabs in front, and of silk or wool goods, trimmed with yards upon yards of lace pleated and cascaded down the fronts and across back and sleeves. The neck is finished with a turn-over collar without lace.

Short mantles worn by young ladies are masses of jet and lace; they are very showy and costly. Some simpler styles have a silk or velvet basis, and are trimmed with jet galoon or silk cord passementerie, passing over the shoulders and bordering the edges. For older ladies these are popular with pleatings of lace added, and a few loops and ends of ribbon at the waist line in the back. The beauty of these little wraps depends upon the accuracy of their fit.

SCRAPS.

A YOUNG lady who had mastered stenography and secured a situation at good wages, was discharged at the end of her first week's service because though she could take dictation rapidly and manipulate her typewriter readily and rapidly, she could not spell correctly. "Cincinnati," "considerable," "machinery" and kindred errors, in every letter written, wore out the patience of her employer, and greatly to her disappointment, she was told her further services could be dispensed with. At a recent teachers' examination, some of the papers in certain branches contained from ten to twenty-five misspelled words, and in one instance the fault was so atrocious that a certificate was withheld, the want of proficiency in this simple elementary branch being sufficient to warrant such action on the part of the examiners. What a comment on the efficiency of our primary schools! What a reprimand to the haste of those teachers who slight the foundation walls to erect an educational superstructure of "ologies!" A good deal of the practical work of the world is carried on by correspondence, or by writing, in one way or another, and penmanship and spelling are two sadly neglected branches of education.

COL T. W. HIGGINSON, who lives in a town which boasts of its thriving, world-famous University which has an "annex" for women, and who has ample opportunities to judge of educational conditions, gives it as his deliberate opinion that the sacrifices made by young women for the sake of an education are far greater, and their opportunities of aid far less than those of young men. The woman's expenses are inevitably greater for room rent and board, as she does not enjoy the

privileges of the public tables and the college dormitories are not for her. It is far less easy to raise money for the assistance of young women who are struggling for an education than for young men of less signal ability. Col. Higginson notes that this narrowness which would deprive woman of the advantages freely accorded her brothers is more pronounced among our most highly educated classes. In the public schools, which are managed by the "plain people," girls and boys meet on an equality of privilege; it is only when they desire to go to colleges carried on by private munificence that they are handicapped. In the great universities of the west the utmost liberality is shown. Of course Col. Higginson is contrasting the narrow policy which makes the "Harvard annex" and its limitations possible, with the broad view which opened the doors of such institutions as Michigan University to young women. Most women enter college from one of two reasons, love of study or the necessity of self support; they mean to and do work hard; and it is unjust and unmanly to compel them to struggle with greater obstacles than young men encounter.

If you miss a copy of the HOUSEHOLD, or as sometimes happens, by accident receive a copy printed only on one side, write for the missing paper at once if you desire it. If you neglect doing so until the close of the year, the chances are we will not be able to supply it.

MOST men are wise when they follow the advice of their wives. Solomon was the wisest among men, and why shouldn't he be, when he had 700 wives to instruct him?

Contributed Recipes.

CHARLOTTE AMERICAINE.—Soak one-half pound of evaporated apple rings over night. Make a syrup of sugar and water and the juice of half a lemon, simmer the apples in this till they are clear. Take slices of stale sponge-cake, or lady fingers, arrange them around a glass preserve dish, laying a bit of jelly on each. In the center of the dish heap up the apples, and just before serving cover with whipped cream, or serve the cream when the charlotte is served. B.

ONE, TWO, THREE, FOUR CAKE.—One cup butter; two cups sugar; three cups flour; four eggs; one cup sweet milk; two teaspoonfuls baking powder. This makes two rich cakes, which keep a long time. Sometimes I vary it by putting into one-half of the mixture one-half cup of cocoanut. Then again I bake one-half as above, and for the other loaf take out in a bowl about one cupful of the dough, mix it with grated chocolate and marble the cake with this; it is very nice.

OXBOW.

MRS. ED.

FAVORITE CAKE.—One cup sugar; two eggs; three-fourths cup cold water; three scant teaspoonfuls baking powder, and one and a half cups flour. Bake in three or four round tins, and when cold take the sweet cream from one pan of milk and with a Dover egg-beater beat it until thick; sweeten and flavor to suit taste. I very often put cocoanut on the cream after it is spread on each layer.

OWOSSO.

E. D. G.