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THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

A STRIKE.

Once upon an evening dreary,
As I pondered, sad and weary,
O'er the basket with the mending from the wash
the day before;
As I thought of countess stitches
To be placed in little breeches,
Rose my heart rebellious in me, as it oft had
done before,
At the fate that did condemn me, when my daily
task was o'er,
To that basket evermore.

John, with not a sign or motion,
Sat and read the FARMER o'er,
With no thought of the commotion
Which within me rankled sore.
"He," thought I, "when day is ended,
Has no stockings to be mended,
Has no babies to be tended,
He can sit and read and snore;
He can sit and read and rest him;
Must I work thus evermore?"
And my heart rebellious answered,
"Nevermore; no, nevermore."

For though I am but a woman,
Every nerve within is human,
Aching, throbbing, overworked,
Mind and body sick and sore.
I will strike. When day is ended,
Though the stockings are not mended,
Though my course can't be defended,
Safe behind the closet door
Goes the basket with the mending, and I'll
haunted be no more.
In the daylight shall be crowded all the work
that I will do;
When the evening lamps are lighted, I will read
the papers too.

THE CHINA CLOSET.

I would not give the proverbial "two straws" for a housekeeper who does not take pride in the appointments of her table, in her damask, her dishes, her silver and glassware. A beautifully arranged table is the artistic setting of a meal; it makes the difference between a dinner and a "feed," by which latter term I mean to express the mere satisfaction of hunger which is all many gross natures can get out of dining. Animals feed, humanity eats, but sometimes, alas, it too merely feeds. As we become more refined and cultivated, we pay more attention to the accessories of our tables; and I ask no better test of the actual refinement of a family than to see its members at their every day meals.

It seems to me that the young lady who is to marry and go into her own home in the role of housekeeper, may well give up one dress of her trousseau, be content with a plainer wedding robe and less of ostentatious "spread" on the eventful day, and spend the sum thus saved in the purchase of a nice dinner set, instead of a dozen

each of the most necessary dishes. I am sure she will get more satisfaction out of it than from a delicate lace-trimmed bridal dress that she will not wear three times in her life after the occasion for which it was made. I was in one of our large crockery stores the other day, intent upon getting prices and noting the new styles in dishes "for the benefit of my constituents." I found that a decorated dinner set of 120 pieces could be bought as low as \$8.50 and \$9.50. But I would by no means advise the purchase of so cheap a set. The ware is coarse and heavy, the shapes undesirable, the decorations common and inartistic. Fifteen dollars will buy a better grade of ware, 133 pieces, what the very much fatigued young woman who languidly answered my queries called "alabastine" or some such name—I was afraid the exertion might be too much for her so did not request her to repeat it. But this was only a common stoneware in a better quality and style of decoration. For \$25 there was a very pretty set of 150 pieces, decorated with a floral pattern in monotone, good shapes and good ware. For \$33, you can buy a still better set, same number of pieces, handsomely decorated; with a narrow gilt band surrounding each piece, two covered vegetable dishes and four platters, and both tea and coffee cups. And for \$43, there were two sets of beautifully decorated Haviland china, of 117 pieces. One had a convolvulus pattern, the blossoms in pale blue, the vine in tints of green and brown, with bronze gold handles lined with bright gold; in the other set the blossoms were of palest pink, and the handles of the china lined with bright gold. Of the two, I preferred the latter, principally because the handles were handsomer. Now don't fancy a morning glory vine, life size, sprawling over these plates and platters. The largest blossom could be covered by a No. 7 thimble, the tints were delicate and the tracery of the vines finely drawn. There were five platters, including the fish-platter, two covered vegetable dishes, oblong in shape, and two "bakers" or uncovered dishes, for relishes, also oblong, with fancy ears. The butter-dish and butter-plates were square, sauce plates square, and the cups, of which there was but one size, designed for either tea or coffee, were flaring in shape, with handles. All the pieces were bordered with a narrow band of gold. These sets were very beautiful indeed. It would have been hard to choose between these and one of stone china, 150 pieces at the same price, with the ornamentation all in gilt. The shapes of the cups, tea plates, and

butter-dish were prettier, and there were three covered vegetable dishes; but the platters were not nearly so handsome in shape as in the other sets, neither were the vegetable dishes and the gravy-boat. The ware was less fine than the Haviland, yet was not thick and heavy as in the ordinary stone china. Oval shapes seem to have quite gone out of favor; platters are oblong with square or somewhat rounded corners (in these pretty Haviland sets the corners were shallow scallops), vegetable dishes square or oblong, butter-dishes square.

There was an effort, not long since, to revive the plain white dinner sets, but it proved abortive. One of these, in not very fine ware, was \$16.50. It will be a long time yet before the decorated sets will go out of fashion; there is too much room for beautiful decoration, they add too much to the beauty of the table. But the style of the decoration has changed very much, and for the better. The dark, heavy modes of ornamentation are quite out of favor; the fancy is now for the light, dainty and graceful. At first there was a heavy design all round the edges of the pieces, covering the rim of the plates and platters, and another heavy pattern in the centre, and these were often in dark brown or blue, making the effect very sombre and dull. Now one side of the plate has a spray of fine foliage or tangle of vines, which covers rather less than one-third its circumference, and a much smaller spray balances it on the other side; this is all the decoration, unless it be the plain narrow rim of gilt which borders certain sets.

In buying a set of dishes, especially where the family is large and the hired girl does the dishwashing, it is prudent to choose what is known as a "stock set," and take the number; then in case of breakage, duplicate pieces may be ordered through the merchant from the factory. Some very cautious housekeepers object to buying cups with handles because they break so easily, but a cup without a handle is minus the better part of itself; I would prefer to gather up the cups after each meal and wash them myself rather than buy cups without handles; indeed, I never yet saw handle-less cups in a regular set of dishes.

And then, the set bought, there are so many beautiful "odd pieces" which break the uniformity of a table set with the same patterned china. There is a bread-plate, for instance, like a large dinner-plate with "ears," the design wheat ears and blue corn-flowers, and another patterned with sprays of wild grasses; these were seventy-five cents each. Then a set of round saucers

which could be used for berries or ice-cream, \$2 per dozen, with six styles to choose from so one could have a set with but two alike; small leaf-shaped dishes for olives and mixed pickles, cute little pitchers, from 25 to 75 cents, square or round, with pert noses and inclined to apoplexy; a little china house is for mustard, you put the tiny olive wood mustard spoon down the chimney and scoop up a fiery mouthful; salt cellars are richest in cut glass, with silver plated tops—nobody uses the “individual” salts now-days—and the figure of an old woman has holes in the top of her Mother Goose cap, whence you shake a generous sprinkle of pepper; fruit-plates, each having a different design of fruit, one a peach, another a yellow pear, a third a trio of purple plums, and so on; dishes for raw oyster, some the shape of the oyster, and subdivided into places for six good fat Saddle Rocks; others shell-shaped and shaded in greens, bearing a suggestion of sea depths about them. One set I particularly admired was in size between a dinner and tea plate, with six spaces for the toothsome bivalve, the ridges between these spaces a dark brown lined with gold, and the whole plate shading from rim to centre in a faint reddish yellow. Salad bowls of glass are tinted pale amber or green, but these are not so desirable as the clear pressed glass, which is a fair imitation of the sparkling but expensive cut glass. In berry dishes, a great shell with fluted curves of milk-white glass is the very thing one would fancy for a fragrant heap of strawberries, and a rose petal in tinted glass on a silver standard for sliced pineapple and bananas. Cracker bowls range in price from \$1.50 to \$5; you can get a pretty square one, with tray, for \$2; some are quaint jars with open-mouthed dragons trying to swallow each other. Bottles for vinegar are flagon-shaped, and are tinted from pale amber at the bottom to ruby red at the cut-glass stopper, these are a dollar each, others in the same shape can be bought as low as 45 cents. There are dainty glass bowls with flower patterns in white enamel for powdered sugar to pass with saucers of berries, and glass baskets with handles for the same purpose, at from 40 cents to \$1.25. Tumblers (for goblets are quite out of favor now) of tinted glass are worth \$1.50 to \$2 per dozen, and you need have no two alike unless you prefer, but the ruby and amber, and those shading from one color to the other are the handsomest; water pitchers are of ruby and amber and more shapes and colors and designs than I have time to tell about; you can buy a good sized pitcher, a dozen tumblers, and a square brass tray for from \$3.50 to \$6. There are trays for celery, but I greatly prefer one of the square, upright receptacles for this delicious vegetable, it looks nicer on the table.

So great is the variety of china and glass designed for the modern table that I will frankly confess that I was more than once perplexed to assign a use to the quaint little jugs and pitchers and dishes which are piled up in a crockery store of the period. They are all pretty, and subject to a variety of uses, and all terrible temptations to break the tenth commandment.

BEATRIX.

AIDS AND HINDRANCES IN THE HOUSEHOLD.

This was the question the ladies of the Webster Farmers' Club discussed in the wee sma' hours of the afternoon session of the September meeting at the residence of Mr. Charles Rogers.

Mrs. Ira Backus thought that one of the many aids which might be suggested was a tank of cold water in the kitchen, supplied by the wind-mill, an aid not usually appreciated by the gentlemen in the construction and planning of a new or the remodeling of an old dwelling; certainly the multitude of steps taken during the heat of the day for a fresh supply of cold water and the muscular power to force it from deep wells was a hindrance. Again, if she could by taking thought decrease the size of her kitchen and make it less roomy, she believed it would be an advantage. Large kitchens involve an immense amount of labor to keep them neat and tidy, and are liable to become a catch-all for men's discarded coats, hats and old brogans, which, hanging here and there, were a hindrance. Have a small, compact, well arranged cook-room, with a suitably planned pantry adjoining, and you have the *Ultima Thule* of a good housewife's desires.

Mrs. Edwin Ball had found in the gasoline stove a helper that materially decreased the vexatious labor of mid-summer's sultry days; this was a labor-saving invention that one must use to fully appreciate.

Mrs. Wm. Latson regarded a good cistern, of a capacity to hold a supply of well-filtered rain water through the periodic drouth, together with sink and pump at hand, a great aid. In the dairy a creamery, butter-worker and barrel-churn are helps that lighten woman's labors.

Mrs. Wm. Ball, while not discarding all these truly helpful aids, regarded good health, willing hands and united efforts the first great power for easy accomplishment of necessary labors.

Mrs. Chas. Rogers said she was meeting her daily duties without many of these valuable helps; and whether time should bring them or not she was going on trying to perfect her work, seizing on all aids within her reach and wasting no thought over what might have been. Nor would she cry “Kismet” with the Arab, but steadily take the little chips of help in hand as they were found, blessing the Good Father for all the relief in labor each day brought her, leaving to-morrow's care for to-morrow, so that to-day shall be burdened only with to-day's cares.

Mrs. Polly Ball—“Aunt Polly,” as she is called by most of us under fifty—being called upon for her views, said her childhood's days and her happiest had been spent here in Webster. That life had all been sunshine and no shade she was not going to assert, but taking the years together there had been less night than day. She could recall very vividly the picture of life in the now long ago—the old log cabin with its shake-shingled roof, stick chimney, the huge opening at its base, with its crane and hooks upon which pots and kettles were swung to and fro over the blazing logs, the andirons and the monster tongs, the cinder-

laden bake-kettle and the buckskin latch-string that always hung out in those days. Parlor, pantry, kitchen and bedroom often were embraced in eighteen feet square of unhewn logs, and yet, crowded into these four walls could have been found a little world of happiness. Looking at some of the attractive bay-windows crowded with exotics, she could in her imagination go back to the sheet hung before an opening in the logs as the opposite, while blue-bells and violets and wild lilies bloomed half the year in the open beyond. Of duties, the girl or woman, when the shadows began to deepen, often threaded her way, bare-footed, through the forest, now and then stopping to listen for the distant bell, following up the sound through swamps and marshes, finally finding and bringing home the cows, milking, straining, churning without one thought of creamers, butter workers or revolving churns. Photographed in her brain were the pictures of those girls and women, and they were pictures of healthful, vigorous womanhood. She did not wish to bring back those days, God forbid; but our girls and our mothers may perhaps gather the lesson that too little sunlight, too little exercise in the open air is enfeebling our sex to-day. We need more outdoor exercise, more bodily labor. Walking is almost a lost art, and fashion and custom are fast creating enfeebled physiques that caricature humanity. Her advice was, to look out for helps and aids to help yourselves, and for hindrances, why remove them and we shall at least hold our own and not retrograde.

Mrs. J. T. Sunderland, wife of the pastor of the Unitarian church at Ann Arbor, who with her husband were guests of the Club, on invitation, said that if she were to express her views on this question she should say a handy, willing man around the house was the best aid; and her idea might be best understood by that word co-operation. It was well for the woman to have practical knowledge of the farm beyond the door-yard; it was also right that she should have the physical training, so if need be her strength should be auxiliary to trained hands when the emergency shall arise for their use. Believing as she did in reciprocal interchange of work, a man should also learn to do woman's duties, and through Monday's washing, Tuesday's ironing, and through the week, give that aid that shall relieve the drudgery of house-keeping. As a practical illustration of her plan, she told of her summer outing on the borders of Silver Lake, where her husband divided the work with her. She thought it a very pleasing picture to see the form of her lord silhouetted against the tent walls in her big work-apron, wiping dishes and setting to rights the breakfast things, and afterwards beneath those grand old forest trees pursue their literary labors together. Her earlier years were spent on the farm and she knew full well the cares of the house, but by this pleasant system of co-operation both man's woman's toil could be lightened and made pleasant.

Rev. J. T. Sunderland, in response to the call, said it was a nice thing to have a handy woman around. He was a firm believer in a more thorough training of our

girls in what is generally regarded as men's work. The lady pupils of the practical training schools for the young in the useful arts in Toledo, showed some very finely finished work at the Tri State Fair, in which the saw, hammer and plane were used in construction. A three years' course of training was the order; one year in cooking and housework; one year cutting, fitting and making garments; and one year in mechanics. This training was developing those girls amazingly in health, self-reliance and knowledge; and he would just here make this point: train the hands and you train the mind.

C. M. STARKS, Cor. Sec.

IMPROPER USE OF FOOD.

"Knowledge comes but wisdom lingers, and he bears a laden breast,
Full of sad experience, moving toward the stillness of his rest."

Alas! how true are the words of the poet! Knowledge comes and bears a laden breast, full of sad experience. Valuable lessons may be learned by example and precept, but are more liable to be forgotten than when experience has been the teacher.

A sensible mother, who has experienced the horrors of dyspepsia and has managed to exist on graham bread, rolled oats, rice, and the doctor's nostrum, watches closely the condition of her children, gives them plain food and denies them luxuries, pastries, pickles and much fruit, well knowing she is giving them a far more lasting luxury—a taste to be relied upon and a healthy stomach. As she saw the little casket carried into the house across the street, not long ago, wherein a once bright and promising little boy was to rest, having succumbed to that dread disease cholera infantum, she said: "I thank God for my own past bitter suffering. It gave me a knowledge of what a diet should be, and firmness to insist upon my children's following it with me." I could but think of the following quotation:

"Life is full of holy uses,
If but rightly understood,
And its uses and abuses
May be stepping-stones to good."

I have known of children eating, at school during recess time and when the teacher was not looking, as much fruit in one day as they should have had in one week. This practice was kept up, during the autumn months, by children from the first families in the district, whose parents knew nature's laws and her penalties better than the average parent does. A teacher who knew it was her duty to do all in her power to promote perfect physical development in her pupils as well as mental and moral, after much deliberation delivered a kind and affectionate plea for the stomach's sake. The interested, anxious, upturned faces made her quite hopeful that she had said something that might bring forth fruit. Circumstances allowed me to see something of its results in one home. In the evening, when the apples were passed around, the pale-faced maid of fourteen said: "Not any to-night. Teacher says fruit is gold in the morning, silver at noon and lead at night." The father grumbled at the notions people are getting into their heads. The mother said: "They always told me fruit was healthy, and as to eating it at night,

I've known your Uncle John to eat twenty-seven apples after we got home from school at night, and it never hurt him either." (Same uncle I knew was under the doctor's care.) The boy in the corner tossed his sister an apple, telling her not to be afraid, "Teacher looks as if she never had enough apples, anyhow." I hoped her plea for the stomach was more kindly received in many homes than in that one, but I doubt if I was followed in one.

The mother in the city watches her frail children and longs for country air and fresh fruits for them, while she gives them pennies to buy confectionery, not thinking she is the means of perverting their tastes by so doing. The farmer's wife and daughters partake of the fat pork and rich pastries which the systems of the father and boys can dispose of, and in a measure require, working as they do in the open air, but which the wife and daughters do not need, and sooner or later the stomach revolts; and nearly half the ills the human family are heir to are liable to follow. And still people wonder why our farmers' wives and daughters are not healthier. Doctors are numerous, and their bills more so. But what can they do, if people will continue to make a curse of what might be a blessing by improper foods taken at all hours, hastily eaten, half chewed and washed down by various drinks?

When the question of sociables arises, I think, Is our Heavenly Father pleased to see His children partaking of ice-cream and cake, or peaches and cream, or fried cakes and coffee, as the case may be, at an hour when the stomach should be at rest? Nature's laws and His are said to be the same; therefore if we transgress one, do we not the other?

Mothers, this rests much with you. If your family is in good health, thank God and strive to keep them so. If not, do all in your power to make them so; and in no way can you better accomplish this than by studying more earnestly about the simple, wholesome, nutritious dishes and less about the fashionable, luxurious bills of fare. Then we will be a happier people.

TOPSY.

BREAD AND PUMPKIN PIES.

There has been a good deal of advice given in these columns on how to make good bread; so we will take it for granted that we are all good bread-makers and have a talk on how to care for it after it is baked. I presume two out of every three keep their bread in the wash boiler, which is all right if certain conditions are observed. A thorough washing and sunning once a week is necessary, and a clean paper in the bottom every baking—never use a cloth, as the best of bread is often spoiled by so doing; it will make it taste old and almost musty unless the cloth is clean every time, which makes a good deal of unnecessary work, as the paper is just as clean and can be burned up. The bread certainly needs nothing over the top, if the boiler has a cover. For myself I greatly prefer a large jar with a stone cover, as being much easier kept sweet and clean than the boiler.

Bread should never be put away under twelve hours after taking from the oven,

and is still better if left until the next morning, when it will be cold and solid. When taken from the oven it should immediately be placed right side up on a fresh towel and covered thick enough to retain the steam to moisten the crust.

Pumpkin pies are good or bad, according to the way they are made. Some think when they get a pumpkin stewed soft enough to mash with a spoon it is ready for pies, and accordingly mash it up a little, stir in some sugar and eggs and a little milk, for it will take but little, there is nearly enough water left in the pumpkin for wetting, put it in a crust and bake it, and have a lumpy and flat-tasting yellow pie. To be good, pumpkin should be put stewing in the morning and stewed, closely covered, until perfectly soft, then the cover removed and set on the top of the stove and stirred frequently until all the water has evaporated, which will be pretty nearly night; then put through a colander and set away until wanted for use. Take one egg and a good half cup of sugar to a pie, and season to taste. I like ginger and cinnamon equal parts—and don't forget to salt it; bake slowly, and you will have a golden-brown, delicious pie, fit for any one—even John and his mother.

I am sorry that rags for dishcloths have been voted out by Beatrix and Evangeline, for I do like old knit underwear for them, it is so soft and pliable, and I think it is more in the way the cloths are kept than what the material is; but if these ladies will make me a visit I will wash their dishes with a cloth crocheted from carpet warp especially for the purpose.

BATTLE CREEK.

X. Y. Z.

FARM HOMES.

[Paper read by Mrs. Burr Tuthill at the September meeting of the Liberty Farmers' Club.]

Home, in its true sense, belongs only to civilization. There is probably no other test of human condition so accurate and apparent as this. Home-making is the one grand business of well-meaning people, everywhere. It is everybody's place of all places for what the heart most craves. It is the sacred place to which all our labors and forces are directed, therefore we should make it as pleasant and attractive as our means will allow. It need not necessarily be a mansion, for we all know however humble "there is no place like home."

Making and keeping a home is the great labor of men; and as we meet occasionally to exchange thoughts and ideas about planting and sowing, the kind of seed to use, and the right time to sow it, would it not be well to give some thoughts to the seeds sown in the home. Our farm homes are more out of the currents of literature, and away from the breeze of public thought, yet they are the great head-springs of population, and give the world the best brains and strongest characters. From our farm homes go every year our young men and women to enter the trades and professions, to build new cities, and make new States. And this is right. I would not have them held to the farm if they have no taste for it, and have a gift for something else. But I would have them go forth with the best light, quickened by the spirit of home

improvement, that they should have knowledge of the best thoughts of the time concerning the inner life that makes true men and true women.

How shall we best accomplish this? First, I would have our children educated in habits of order, industry and economy by living in an orderly, industrious and economical home. I would have their minds educated and thoughts quickened by reading and conversing on the topics of the day and the improvements in art and science. I would have the strong thoughts of our best writers go into our farm homes, and not left to be read by the children only, but by every member of the family. As an eminent writer has well said: "Good books in farm houses are seed wheat in autumn."

Remember we are planting and sowing for character. Character is made at home. Every Sunday is sowing time for the seed of moral and religious truth; every day is sowing time for the seed of good and righteous principles; and we surely cannot expect to reap what we have not sown. Just in proportion as farmers and their families become imbued with the best thoughts of the age will their farms and stocks, and finances and homes and themselves improve. So may the farmer be felt as a power in the land and his rights and position be honored and respected.

PLEASANT CHAT.

Thanks to the members of the HOUSEHOLD who have taken up their pens in defense of woman. I hold myself, with the late John B. Gough, bound to believe every woman innocent until I know all the circumstances, and even then to treat her with all manner of charity, knowing that if I will but seek for them I shall surely find extenuating circumstances, but brand the man who leads her astray. Never will I hold out my hand to a man, nor meet him socially if I can avoid it, when I know he has wronged a woman.

So far as politics are concerned, I for one have no desire to vote, but it is an insult to woman in general to say she would not vote intelligently. I think that every woman who pays taxes should have a right to vote, provided she chooses to exercise that right; and this was the view held by Abraham Lincoln. For myself, I am a Prohibitionist now and forever, and I wonder that more women do not become so, and thus use their influence both with their own children and others to suppress this liquor traffic, this blot upon our civilization, this abomination which renders it almost doubtful whether we had better not leave heathen nations unchristianized, since, using the faithful missionary as a pioneer to insure personal safety, the liquor dealer is sure to follow.

Beatrix was disappointed at not meeting a larger number of members at the State fair. I plead guilty to being in Detroit that day, and the gentleman where I was visiting insisted upon taking me to the "Butchers' Barbecue," saying very truly that I should never see the like again, and just as truly I never want to. Just fancy five great oxen roasting whole, besides sheep and calves, with numberless butchers in long

white frocks slicing up meat, others slicing bread (much of the meat was decidedly rare done); a slice of meat was quickly inserted between two slices of bread and handed to all applicants, making a sandwich beyond the average mouth's capacity. No, thank you, none for me, even when offered by a very good-looking butcher. I don't want to see roast beef again this year.

I also visited the new Museum of Art, a most beautiful building, which I trust is but the first step towards an art school. There is much to repay a visit. I was charmed with a "Veiled Cupid," showing red lips and blue eyes through a delicate veil of white marble, and confess myself at a loss to know how that was accomplished. A very large painting called "The Court of Death" attracted my attention several times, perhaps because of my ignorance; I could not understand it. Perhaps Beatrix would kindly explain it for the general benefit of those who may visit the Museum.

To turn from poetry to prose, have any of the members tried the self-wringing mop? I have just got one, and vote that my most valued kitchen utensil. Having commenced writing I might keep on indefinitely, but we are old-fashioned enough to tolerate a baby in the house—not a spoiled baby—and he demands attention.

HOWELL.

MRS. W. J. G.

[Unless I am greatly mistaken, Rembrandt Peale's great allegorical painting, "The Court of Death," is now the property of the Detroit Art Museum. It was, if I recollect aright, a prominent feature of the exhibition subsequent to the first and famous "Art Loan." The shadowy figure in the central background of the picture is Death. The prostrate figure of the youth in the foreground represents Life, with head and feet bathed in the waters of Oblivion. About this figure and forming Death's court, are representations of the agencies by which men meet Death. The helmeted figure is War; that bearing the torch is Incendiarism; gaunt Famine, shadowy Pestilence, Murder, Debauchery, and others, are represented. Old Age is a figure of venerable aspect to whom Hope offers Immortality. It is some time since I have seen the picture, but I hope this brief description may aid Mrs. W. J. G. and others who have seen this great painting, to a better understanding of its meaning.—BEATRIX.]

A WELCOME NEW-COMER.

Many times I have thought I would knock for admittance at the door of the HOUSEHOLD but for various reasons have postponed my call; principal among those reasons was the consciousness that I had nothing worth your opening the door to listen to. But now the decision has been reached as far as I am concerned: I knock.

I am a school teacher, and would like to hear further suggestions from "Old School Teacher" concerning common school matters, classification of pupils, teachers, and their work, etc.

As for woman in politics, I think it must be that Jannette, thinking there was "too much agreement" in the HOUSEHOLD, intended her statements concerning the fickleness, etc., of woman merely

as a challenge to discussion; or she lives in some semi-civilized portion of the United States where there are few representative specimens of American womanhood. It has been my happy lot to come in contact with a very different class of women. They seem to me fully as capable of knowing and judging of political questions as the men. I do not claim that they *do* inform themselves as fully as men, and the reason for this is very simple. They have not been brought up to it. It is not expected of them and they have not the incentive to acquire such knowledge that their brothers have. True, the lords of creation have granted woman the ballot at school meetings, but why? I venture to suggest that it is more because they consider such work too insignificant to deserve their attention and would like to get rid of it, than because they desire to grant to woman her rights. This I believe, however, that when a majority of the women of this country desire to vote, the majority of the men will be willing they should.

I have a book which I value quite highly. It is merely a large blank book in which I keep a record of the books I read. When I have finished a book I record at least the title, name of author, and date of reading; then I add as much more as I have time or inclination for, as a brief outline of the plot, and description of the principal characters, my opinion of the book, and many times I copy any especially fine sentiments or thoughts.

LIVONIA. YOUNG SCHOOL TEACHER.

If any of the readers of the HOUSEHOLD have had experience in preserving fruits, as apples, pears or peaches, in honey, they will confer a great favor upon a "Constant Reader" by reporting their process to the HOUSEHOLD recipe column.

Useful Recipes.

FRIED CAKES.—Two eggs, beaten thoroughly; one cup granulated sugar; seven tablespoonfuls melted shortening; one cup milk; a level tablespoonful salt; a very little nutmeg; two heaping teaspoonfuls baking powder stirred into the flour. Mix in just flour enough to handle; roll out an inch or a little more in thickness, cut with a small round cutter, if nothing better is at hand a teacanister top will do. Have the fat for frying the cakes hot; when the cakes rise from the bottom of the kettle, if the underside is a little brown the heat is right; if white, not hot enough, and the cakes will flatten out and crack and soak fat; if much brown, it is too hot. When done take the balls from the fat one at a time and roll in fine grained sugar. I use the same rule for common breakfast cakes, by adding two-thirds of a cup more of milk or water, one is just as good as the other, I think; turn the cakes often. M. E. H.

ALBION.

GREEN TOMATO PICKLE.—Slice green tomatoes and let them lie over night in weak brine. Drain thoroughly in the morning. To one pint of vinegar add one teaspoonful of whole cloves, one tablespoonful of stick cinnamon, broken fine, one teaspoonful each of allspice and pepper, one coffee-cupful of sugar. Tie the spices in muslin bags, boil with vinegar, turn over the tomatoes and cook gently on the back of the stove for a few moments, until the tomato is tender.