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THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

THE REALM OF WOMAN.

A woman's rights: What do those words convey,
What depths of old world wisdom do they reach!

What is their real intent? O, sisters say;
And strive in daily life the truth to teach.

The right to minister to those that need;
With quiet song the weary to beguile;
With words of peace the hungry hearts to feed,
And cheer the sad and lonely with a smile.

The right in others' joys a joy to find;
The right divine to weep when others weep;
The right to be to all unceasing kind;
The right to wake and pray while others sleep.

Right to be noble, right to be true,
Right to think rightly—and rightly to do;
Right to be tender, right to be just,
Right to be worthy of infinite trust.

To be the little children's truest friend,
To know them in their ever-changing mood;
Forgetting self, to labor to the end;
To be a gracious influence for good.

To be the ladies of creations' lords,
As mothers, daughters, sisters, or as wives;
To be the best that earth to them affords,
To be to them the music of their lives.

The right in strength and honor to be free;
In daily work accomplished, finding rest;
The right in "trivial round" a sphere to see;
The right, in blessing, to be fully blest.

Right to be perfect, right to be pure,
Right to be patient and strong to endure;
Right to be loving—right to be good—
These are the rights of the true womanhood.

—Temple Bar.

THE WOMEN'S CONGRESS.

The Association for the Advancement of Women, of which Mrs. Julia Ward Howe is president, held its sixteenth annual congress in this city on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday of last week. Members from fifteen states and several foreign countries were present, and the local attendance throughout the sessions was large and interested. As the president herself said, it was "an assemblage of remarkable women," nearly all being known in the world of literature or women's work. It was an assemblage of women "not accustomed to travel on foot," said an observer who took note of the long lines of carriages awaiting the close of the sessions; it was also an assemblage of women accustomed to public life, to speaking from platforms, to meeting the upturned faces of great audiences, to having their utterances received as *ipso jure*. There was an air of great dignity and correct deportment about the whole affair, which silenced depreciation and criticism, were any indeed inclined to be censorious; and the male contingent, so unhappily inclined to be

sarcastic over women's work in public affairs, was in a hopeless minority, and hence chastened and subdued to a becoming humility.

Mrs. Howe presided at the opening session on Wednesday afternoon—the public not being admitted to the executive meeting in the morning, and Senator T. W. Palmer read an address of welcome. Miss Alice Ives, of this city, gave an original poem, "Toward the Dawn;" after which Mrs. Bowser's paper on "The Functions of Society" was read by Mrs. H. L. T. Wolcott, of Massachusetts, Mrs. Bowser not being present. Mrs. Bowser says the requirements of admission to the best society, and the limits of the best society, are alike hard to define. Neither birth, or wealth, or intellect alone is sufficient. There are many false standards in society, one of which is education. This has been looked upon as a panacea for social ills, and all ills which threaten national existence, whereas education really often increases the power for evil. Those who are leaders in society should see to it that only good influences are exerted; they should not allow "unseemly merriment" in their parlors, nor put the wine cup to young men's lips. Society is wanting in many particulars, but the law of evolution, at work in it, may inspire the hope of purer and higher standards to be general at some future time.

At the Wednesday evening session Mrs. Howe's "Battle Hymn of the Republic" was sung with vigor, at the opening. Mrs. Jennie E. Froiseth then gave nine reasons why Utah should not be admitted as a state at present; one of the chief objections being that the Mormon church is a foe to every woman in America, and a dishonor to American homes. Little or no provision is made for the education of Mormon children, which is another objection. Unfortunately, the speaker was not audible in the more remote portions of the church, and hence failed to awaken as much interest as was possible. Miss Willard's clear, penetrating voice, which without stress or exertion yet seemed to fill every portion of the auditorium, added not a little to the force of her arguments in favor of Social Purity, her theme. Miss Willard said the ruling questions of the hour and the land are home questions. The temperance, the labor and the woman questions are the great trinity of issues, all having their fountain head in the home. She thinks man loves home more than woman, because with all the world to choose from, he chooses home loyally for woman's sake. Young America gets an undue sense of his

own importance from seeing the nicest and fairest girls devoted to him, no matter what he does, and "his for the asking," so that he grows ridiculously conceited. She would not have one code of morals for man and woman, for boy and girl, not one "bringing up" for the girl in perfect innocence and ignorance, and another for the young man, who is expected to sow his wild oats and gather the crop of his excesses. She would have manhood built up by an elevation of public sentiment, which should not condone in man what it condemns in woman. A man respects and expects purity in woman, but there is no man whom a woman so thoroughly respects as a pure man. Miss Willard also said that formerly the legal phrase was that a man and his wife are one and the man was the one. In the future, it will be that the man and wife are one, and that one is the man and his wife. In the marriage of the future the woman will surrender no right that the man does not, not even the right to her name. Miss Willard's paper was received with hearty applause, and many of her points cordially endorsed, if one may judge from the demonstrations of a carefully kid-gloved audience.

Rev. Antoinette Blackwell, who enjoys the distinction of being the first woman ordained to the ministry in this country, spoke very briefly, confessing that it made her very dissatisfied whenever, in a marriage ceremony, she heard the bride compelled to promise to obey her husband. Some of the old-fashioned women present looked significantly into their husbands' faces, who pretended not to hear Rev. Blackwell's remark. The lady herself is very quiet in demeanor, dresses simply in black, but is one of the foremost among the advanced thinkers on women's work and position, taking very broad views on all reforms. Whether there is a Mr. Antoinette Blackwell or not, did not appear; but the inference is plain that when Mrs. Blackwell unites a couple in marriage the "obey" clause of the agreement is left out.

Dr. Ella V. Mark, of Baltimore, who is so successful a physician that she has more practice than she can attend to, read a paper Thursday afternoon on "Women as Guardians of Public Health," which was full of excellent thoughts. She said the results of bodily indiscretions of individuals upon future generations were as far-reaching as the results of personal crime upon existing generations. All breaches of laws of health are physical sins. The high death rate among children is due to the ignorance of mothers in regard to the laws of life and

health. Every child is governed by heredity and environment. It is for a woman to say whether by a proper or improper marriage her children shall be of the salt of the earth or of the refuse of the streets. Women should set their ideals so high that they will not marry into the families of drunkards, or wed men of immoral habits. Women can do much for public health by protesting against unsanitary conditions, which they are more prone to notice than men.

Mrs. Anna Jenness Miller, noted for her attempted revolution in women's attire, and editor of *Dress*, a magazine devoted to the introduction of Mrs. Miller's particular fad, was of course the focus of a great many pairs of eyes. There was quite as much curiosity to see what she wore and how she looked in it, as to hear what she had to say. She was not particularly unlike any one else in her Directorie carriage costume of black and white brocaded velvet, worn over a black velvet petticoat, and topped by a high, white plumed bonnet. The costume is at least remarkably becoming to Mrs. Miller, who has a perfect figure, and plenty of money to spend on its embellishment. The lady explained that her attire was not, externally, greatly different from other fashionably cut garments, the changes being chiefly in the matter of undergarments. No skirts—except the outside or dress skirt—are worn. She claims that by her system women's dress is as easy and comfortable as men's dress. The weight is evenly distributed over the body, being neither all upon the waist nor the shoulders. She confessed that were it not possible to combine both grace and comfort in her plan she would not have adopted it. Those over-refined women who talk so deprecatingly about "limbs," are hereby informed that Mrs. Miller said "legs," boldly and unblushingly, as a matter of course, and no one in the audience, so far as was observable without an opera glass, saw reason to blush. No corsets are included in the new gospel of dress; and the influence is inevitable that the innocent looking black velvet skirt must conceal bifurcated garments of unusually light and gossamer-like material. Mrs. Miller, besides her advanced ideas relative to feminine dress, holds progressive views about women's sphere, a just idea of which, she said, would not obtain until all the barriers that hedge in women are abolished and she is told to do just what she wants to, without stopping to inquire whether it comes within her sphere or not. Everybody, man or woman, ought to have some one thing he or she can do well; it was of slight import what the work was; and Rev. Antoinette Blackwell clinched the argument by asserting that good work is neither masculine or feminine. Good work must bring good wages, if we wait long enough to receive the recompense.

It is quite impossible to mention, even, all the interesting papers that were read or repeat a fraction of the good things said, and this article is already too long, but we do not have the A. A. W. in Detroit every week.

The closing session, that of Friday evening, was opened by an address by Mrs. Mary F. Eastman, of Massachusetts. on

the "Legal Aspects of the Temperance Question." Mrs. Eastman does not believe the true solution of the temperance question is the prohibitory solution. Short cuts are not God's ways. Nor does she believe in license; but she believes strongly in temperance. The right of self-direction must be kept sacred; it is the lever to be used in appealing to the higher principles of conduct. She deprecated emotional treatment of the temperance question, and regretted that prohibition and temperance had become synonymous terms, saying there were many who were strongly in favor of temperance who could not conscientiously ally themselves with the prohibitory movement. She said a law in advance of public sentiment was a dead letter on the statute books, since law is the crystallization of public opinion. The traffic in liquor should be restrained by demanding purity of the article sold, since the great stimulus to the saloon keeper is the nine cent profit on a ten cent drink, a profit which would be wiped out if he were compelled to sell only pure liquor. Miss Minnie Phelps, of Ont., followed, in a glib little speech on the old lines, rattled off with a great deal of animation and a poetical extract. A little verbal passage at arms between the previous speaker and Miss Phelps followed, in which Rev. Antoinette Blackwell joined, giving Miss Phelps an opportunity to take a chair, while the new combatant and Mrs. Eastman fought it out on the line of the latter's previous argument. Mrs. Blackwell won the honor of the last word, and after the little ripple had subsided, Mrs. Julia Ward Howe read the closing paper of the congress, on "High Life and High Living." I dare not attempt even a summary of this long, able, and interesting production, which held the audience intent upon every word until the last leaf of manuscript fluttered from the author's fingers. I can only say it was good. And then, after thanks for courtesies extended from many sources, the white haired president declared the sixteenth congress closed.

HOW THEY LOOK.

How did they look? what did they wear? I fancy I hear some one asking about these "representative women" as they are styled. Some of them I did not see, not being able to attend all the sessions. Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, President, and just re-elected for another term, has a fine presence, gray hair worn smooth and put away plainly under a little white lace cap bedecked with pale pink bows, brown eyes, an expressive face, and the bearing of a woman accustomed to exercise authority, though perfectly unassuming and womanly. She wore a black satin dress with white thread lace at the throat and wrists, and diamond pin and earrings. Miss Willard's is a sweet, gentle, refined face, her brown hair is streaked with gray, and the color of her eyes could not be distinguished behind her spectacles, which reflected the light in a very exasperating manner. A lady, speaking of her appearance, said: "What a pity she never married! She looks as if she would have made such a lovely mother." Now was not that a high compliment to her womanly, lovable character, as expressed by exter-

nals? Mrs. Wolcott has prematurely gray hair worn a la pompadour, a youthful complexion, and wore a rich dress of black velvet. Mrs. Blackwell has a nice face, thoughtful and serious, and dresses very plainly in black; Miss Phelps is not remarkable in appearance, was dressed plainly in black silk and wore the significant knot of white ribbon in her button-hole. Mrs. Eastman is large, inclined to *embonpoint*, quite gray, wore black, and looks like a woman of decided views; she is bright and quick, and her face is expressive and mobile, her manner both persuasive and decisive. Nearly all the ladies were past their youth; many of them had arrived at the dignity of grey hairs and spectacles, and all were handsomely dressed in silks or satins; it was not a meeting of impecunious laboring women in shawls and last year's bonnets, by any means; there was all the moral dignity that can be given by good clothes and social aplomb, and that, dear readers, in this age of "high life" backs up a good cause wonderfully.

BEATRICE.

A "STRANGE CASE."

As among the ancients philosophy and religion were concealed by the mystic Kabala, so do some of our modern novelists employ recondite and enigmatical forms of expression, and we puzzle over the "She" conditions of Haggard as well as the riddle of the "Dynamiters," and the "Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." The latter, a curious emanation of the human mind, is an attempt at a solution of the problem of the dual nature of man. The story reminds one somewhat of the "Strange Story" of Bulwer Lytton, which is deeply "occult" and displays, while it conceals, a knowledge of eastern metaphysics unknown to Mr. Stevenson. The latter says his production, the "Strange Case," was the result of the flashing inspiration of a dream, but worked out in patient toil. An idea conceived through inspiration requires inspiration to work out its fine, subtle lines. The sketch is strongly written and full of suggestiveness and interest. At the same time, there is something repugnant alike to reason and spirituality in the separation of the forces called "good and evil" which compound man's dual nature, and in the materialization of the evil. The idea of a soul projecting out of itself a thing having being and that "wholly evil," existing as an entity, is unphilosophical and unreal. While we are all acquainted with the sore struggle between these "polar twins" in the "agonized womb of consciousness," struggle in which we are often baffled, and go "down as into entire wreck," yet were these forces disassociated the soul would be left stranded and helpless in its present sphere.

I could well believe, as did some of the ancient Hindoo philosophers, that the fall of man lay in the imprisonment of the spirit in matter; but since nature has planted our feet in the dust, we must take genuine root there and send the fibres of the spirit up through the soil into its native air, there to bring forth the fruits of the spirit. People are too generally disposed to believe in evil,

when the very nature of wrong is weak. Many regard those foundation forces of physical being termed the "animal propensities" as low and base in their very nature, worthy only to be crushed out. I have profound respect for the animal propensities; a person deficient in this part of his nature may as well be an angel as not; he is good for nothing else. There is no fineness or strength in his soul. "Know thyself" is the profoundest utterance of human lips. From the harmony and perfection of the animal life proceeds the fertility of the mind and the sympathy of the heart. After all the dissensions within, there is a grand oneness in life, a unity of soul which brings forth harmony from the multifarious factors of our human being. The soul is philosophic in the deepest sense. It is fine in stoicism, regarding alike all experiences with a penetration calm and clear as light. It is the triumphant office of this arbiter of life to gather up the sufferings and failures and struggles, all the experiences of the lower powers of our natures, and in its inner calm weave of their varied strands a part of the eternal garment of truth. Thus, in reality, only the truth of human life exists.

One cannot but wish in reading this book that the author had conceived the idea of projecting the "good" alone of man's nature, the larger, better part known as Dr. Jekyll, instead of the deformed lethal side of the man known as Edward Hyde, a thing which "alone in the ranks of mankind was pure evil." There is the charm of mystery and a glimmering of reality in his deep perception of the "trembling immateriality, the mist-like transience of this seemingly solid body in which we walk attired." One is carried away into the mystery of being, wondering at the inner facts of things, and feeling as Carlyle says, that, "To know, to get into the truth of a thing, is ever a mystic act." S. M. G.

LESLIE.

OUR LIBRARY.

A little more than three years ago the ladies of our neighborhood who are farmers' wives and daughters, began agitating the subject of forming a society of some kind. But what should it be? One favored a literary society in which papers were read by different members upon subjects previously assigned; another proposed meetings at which the ladies should bring work of some kind, each according to her taste, and one lady be chosen to read aloud from the works of some noted author, with a sketch of his life. Still another advanced the idea of a Book Loan, each member to furnish one or more books to be exchanged and read by the others. This plan was finally adopted, and with less than a dozen volumes, our Ladies' Library Association was organized. We elected officers, consisting of president, vice-president, secretary, treasurer and librarian, also a book committee of three. Each member was to pay dues to the amount of one dollar per year, payable quarterly in advance. We met once in two weeks from house to house, and the library (?) was carried in a market basket. Our secretary drew up a constitution and

by-laws which was adopted by the Society, and an initiation fee of twenty-five cents was agreed upon. Then we held socials of different kinds, and soon had money enough in the treasury to buy a number of books. By this time our library had increased in size, so it could no longer be carried about for the exchanging of books, and one of our members offered the use of a vacant room in her house where the books could be kept.

This offer was gladly accepted, and from that time our library has been a success. Persons other than members availed themselves of the privilege of obtaining good reading at a very light expense (twenty-five cents per quarter) and again we were enabled to add to our list of books. About this time we had an opportunity of buying a large number of books owned by a society which had disbanded, and at a very low figure added them to our stock. We still continued the socials, and found we were getting money ahead. When it amounted to fifty dollars it was put out at interest. At the end of another year we decided to erect a building for our library, having on hand nearly enough money to pay for it. Several sites were offered us and various inducements made. A site was finally chosen, contributions solicited, plans drawn and the job of building let, and now we are in a fair way of having a building of our own before Christmas. The site and stone for the foundation were donated, and also quite a number of valuable books. We now have over nine hundred volumes of choice literature, consisting of history, biography, travel, religious works, poetry and fiction. Our subscribers come for miles to get their books, and we are constantly adding new names to our list, and all express entire satisfaction. This goes to show what a few determined women can accomplish. And there is no reason why similar libraries should not spring up in all parts of our land, encouraging a taste for literature, and giving an opportunity to all to obtain plenty of the best of reading, at a very low cost. When our building is finished I may give a more minute description of it to the readers of the HOUSEHOLD, also some of the ways in which we raise money to buy books, etc. I hope this account of our success may encourage others to go and do likewise.

FLINT.

ELLA R. WOOD.

THANKSGIVING DAY.

"It is coming, it is coming—be the weather dark or fair,
See the joy upon the face, feel the blessings in the air!
Get the dining room all ready, let the kitchen stove be filled,
Into gold dust pound the pumpkin, have the fatted turkey killed;
Tie the chickens in a bundle by their downy yellow legs,
Hunt the barn with hay upholstered for the ivory prisoned eggs,
Tis the next of a procession, thro' the centuries on its way,
Get a thorough welcome ready for the grand old day."

This is just the idea that the majority of people have of Thanksgiving, and there are no thoughts of how or why there is such a time set apart. The first Thanksgiving Day was celebrated by the Pilgrims in 1621. The year before had been an unusually bad one, many of the people almost dying of

starvation; but the crops were bountiful in 1621, and Gov. Bradford ordered a feast of thanksgiving. Massasoit and a hundred of his braves were invited to this feast, to show them that the Great Spirit watched over his white children as well as the red. Since that time however it has become a formal, public day fixed by the President of the United States, and the heads of the divisions which compose it. History also records a joyous Thanksgiving in May, 1778, when the news came that France had concluded a treaty with the thirteen states of the American Union. This followed the winter of such suffering to Gen. Washington and his army at Valley Forge, twenty miles above Philadelphia. They had observed Thanksgiving Dec. 18th, five months before. While the British were living in luxury, our men were literally starving; in January there were reported 3,014 men on the sick list, out of 11,000. But at last came food, clothing and good news, and Washington ordered the 7th of May to be observed as a Thanksgiving day. There were guns fired, flags floated on the breeze, and a banquet, to which it is said the officers marched thirteen abreast.

We plan a month or more ahead for this occasion. The best of everything is held in reserve. The biggest turkey—may be two—is shut up and fed on hot mush, spiced so as to flavor the meat, chickens enough for a pie are his companions in distress; there may be a pair of ducks quacking in a secluded corner of the barn, or a big gander. And the last two or three days before Thanksgiving, such an appetizing, delicious odor as issues from the kitchen! Only mother knows how to fix up a regular old-fashioned dinner. But the day finally dawns, it may be fair or sort of so-so, or downright stormy—no matter. It is generally snow if stormy, who's afraid of snow! First and foremost the house must be represented at meeting, the most experienced must remain at home to tend the oven; the minister stows away in a few finely worded phrases all the blessings that have accumulated in the year just closing; the sermon is necessarily short, for don't we all know that ministers are human beings, and their stomachs get empty, oh! woefully empty by the time they have reached the ninthly part.

What a variety of thoughts fill the minds of the congregation! The older ones are reviewing all those Thanksgivings that have fled. Here sits a lonely widow who since the last Thanksgiving morn has seen the grave close over her loved companion; the day has nought of pleasure for her, she cannot see a blessing in his words; in a corner of the seat is a man who also fails to see blessing, for he is alone, the wife of his youth is buried from sight, with the chill winds raving over her grave. There may be a mother mourning for her babe, the little child wondering why it is motherless on this glad day; every heart knoweth its own sorrow. Who can count our blessings for us? Alas, no one. Then there are the young people, those who have never met adversity, who have never had a first sorrow; they are thinking of all the Thanksgivings ahead, passing over the ground that we have trod before them; they will

learn the same lessons we have—that our greatest pleasure lies in anticipation.

But it is over, we pass out and go home; there are family reunions, there is good cheer, plenty, every body is happy. Yes, as a general thing it is a day for the rich, those in comfortable circumstances; those are the ones who get up dinners, who invite all their rich relations to eat them, who go to church and hear about their blessings, their granaries are stored full of wheat and oats and corn, their barns stuffed with hay, plenty in the cellar and storeroom. But the poor and needy and sick and sorrowful, God says "these are with ye always," they are in our care. Does He give us those blessings to be clenched tight, held alone for our individual, selfish use only? Is not this day set apart for thanksgiving and praise, and feasting and enjoyment, to be shared with those who have nothing, those who if asked what their blessings had been the past year could not tell, for they have been hungry, half clothed and friendless? It is just as it always has been; just as it always will be. There will be those who never know want, for they are industrious and provident; and others who if given a fortune every Monday morning would not have a cent Saturday night; those who are lazy, worthless, shiftless, but get a living somehow, but whose families must suffer through them, and those who never have a chance to get anything, the paupers, the very scum of humanity, who came from nowhere, live in the same place, and when they die go to—I was going to say nowhere—but evolution may help them out. From the fullness of my heart I wish everybody could pick a turkey bone Thanksgiving.

BATTLE CREEK.

EVANGELINE.

MATTERS OF ETIQUETTE.

I do not quite agree with Diana in her opinion that husband and wife should be one in name as in all other respects. Why should a woman merge her identity into her husband's so completely that it almost needs the aid of a detective to enable the friends of Mary Jones to identify her as Mrs. John Smith, if they have not been properly notified of the transformation and borne it in mind? Who but intimate personal friends will recognize Elizabeth Stuart Phelps as Mrs. Herbert D. Ward?

The custom is obtaining more and more for a woman to take her surname as a middle name, and subscribe herself as Mary Jones Smith; and it is a sensible and correct idea, in my opinion, especially, as an elderly friend said in discussing this point, "if she has a name she has reason to be proud of." And wherever this is done, there is no danger of mail going astray, or of people not knowing who is meant in conversation. And if Diana should wish to write to Evangeline, and should know that the reply, unless addressed to her under her husband's initials, would be destined to the dead letter office, it would be entirely proper to sign her own name and add below, "Please address me as"—giving the address which would reach her. Of course this seems much more trouble than to just sign the husband's name with the "Mrs." and let it go at

that, but one is correct according to etiquette, and the other is not. *Why* social etiquette demands a certain form it is not my business to define, "Ours not to reason why. Ours but to do"—though the penalty will not be to "die." It would not be right for me, when asked for information by our correspondents, to tell what is erroneously but commonly done, as if it were a correct practice. I think all will agree with me that the right way, the way of society, the rule of etiquette, should be given, and those who asked the way, be allowed to modify the practice to their conditions and surroundings. It is the knowing just what is proper to do, and the good sense to know where to modify the strict rule, which alone can fit us for any place we may be called upon to fill.

For instance, a young married lady who has recently moved into a large village, has had the little *HOUSEHOLD* follow her to her new home, and asks instructions in this dilemma: "My husband's employer lives quite near us, and seems disposed to be very friendly. He has invited both my husband and myself to come over to his house, several times, asking us recently for a particular evening. But his wife has never called, though we have lived here several months, and I have been introduced by a mutual acquaintance. My husband wants me to go over with him to call, but I do not think it would be quite the right thing till Mrs. — has called on me. Now what do you say?" That you should by all means wait until the lady in question has manifested her desire to make your acquaintance by calling upon you, before going to her house with or without your husband. Her husband's informal invitation "don't count;" it is the lady of the house who makes the social advances; it is women who are the conductors of social etiquette. But should this lady send you an invitation to an entertainment at her house, the invitation is the equivalent of a call, should be accepted or declined at once, and it is proper—indeed obligatory—upon you to call afterward, whether you accept or decline her invitation. The only case in which this rule as to priority of visits does not obtain, is where a lady is an invalid, or quite elderly, or for other cause is compelled to forego social privileges; then an invitation, *from her*, by note or through her husband, should by all means be regarded as a compliment.

BEATRIX.

STEAM COOKERS.

"Young Cook" desires to know how those having steam cookers like them. I have used one a year and a half and think it the best way of cooking nearly everything that I have ever found; and then one can cook a whole dinner while ironing, and use the oven all at the same time.

There is no taste or smell of one vegetable from another, and as for roasting meat it is perfect. My family always enjoy a good beef roast for dinner, and the ordinary method of cooking made it either hard or tough, but with the cooker we have nice tender, juicy meat. We wash, season, and place the meat in the cooker as early as possible in the morning, where it cooks until within half an hour of dinner time; then it

is taken out, placed in a dripping pan and dredged nicely with flour. Pour the liquid around it, baste a few times, bake one half hour, and you will have a roast fit for a farmer or a king.

C. E. D.

TECUMSEH.

IN REPLY TO BESS.

The duties of the president are to call the meeting to order at the proper time, to preside during the session and to call each exercise in its proper order; to put all motions properly made and supported to vote and to announce whether carried or lost. All persons who wish to speak must rise and address the president; she calls the name of the person thus addressing her, which is equivalent to giving her the right to address the meeting, or as they say in legislative halls, "gives her the floor." If anything more definite is wanted, Bess, just write me, asking any questions you wish light upon, and I will answer according to the best of my ability. You can purchase a copy of "Robert's Rules of Order" for sixty cents; these are the standard parliamentary rules now, I think.

ALBION.

M. E. H.

THE many friends of Mrs. M. A. Fuller, of Fenton, will regret to hear that her pleasant little home near that village was recently destroyed by fire. Very little of the contents was saved, only a few pieces of furniture on the lower floor. The insurance was light, and the loss falls with crushing weight upon Mrs. Fuller, as it seems the culminating disaster of a series of misfortunes. In face of such irreparable loss, a loss which money cannot make good, since always many articles consumed are endeared by associations and memories, one must be a philosopher to remember that

"There's never a night without a day,
Nor an evening without a morning."

Mrs. Fuller will have the sympathy of her many *HOUSEHOLD* friends in her trouble.

Useful Recipes.

APPLE PICKLES.—Make a syrup of one cup of vinegar and two cups of sugar, adding cinnamon and cloves in quantities to suit the taste. Pare and core the sweet apples, drop them into the syrup and boil until they look clear but do not allow them to become soft and broken. This pickle is ready to eat when cold, but will keep a long time like any other pickle.

APPLE BATTER PUDDING.—Fill a deep baking dish one-third full of apples which have been pared and sliced, season with a small quantity of sugar, some bits of butter, and any spice you prefer, or omit the spice altogether if you wish, pour over them a very little water. For the batter take two cups either of sweet milk or water, and stir into this flour enough to make a thick batter, having previously rubbed into the flour two heaping teaspoonfuls of baking powder, a little salt and two tablespoonfuls of shortening. Pour the batter over the apples and bake about half an hour. The batter should be nearly as thick as you can stir it with a spoon, and if the apples are hard it is better to set them on the stove and let them partially cook before pouring the batter over them. Eat warm with sugar and cream.