

# MICHIGAN FARMER

AND STATE JOURNAL OF AGRICULTURE.

DETROIT, J.A.M. 5, 1889.

## THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

### NEW EVERY MORNING.

Every day is a fresh beginning,  
Every morn is the world made new;  
Ye who are weary of sorrow and suffering  
Here is a beautiful hope for you;  
A hope for me and a hope for you.

All the past things are past and over,  
The tasks are done and the tears are shed;  
Yesterday's errors let yesterday cover;  
Yesterday's wounds which smarted and bled  
Are healed with the healing which night has shed.

Yesterday now is a part of forever,  
Bound up in a sheaf which God holds tight,  
With glad days, and sad days, and bad days,  
Which never  
Shall visit us more with their bloom and their blight,  
Their fulness of sunshine or sorrowful night.

Let them go, since we cannot re-live them,  
Cannot undo, and cannot atone;  
God in his mercy, receive, forgive them:  
Only the new days are our own,  
To-day is ours, and to-day alone.

Here are the skies, all burnished brightly,  
Here is the spent earth, all re-born;  
Here are the tired limbs, springing lightly  
To face the sun and to share with the morn  
In the charm of dew and the cool of dawn.

Every day is a fresh beginning:  
Listen, my soul, to the glad refrain,  
And spite of old sorrow and older sinning,  
And puzzles forecasted and possible pain,  
Take heart with the day and begin again.  
—Susan Coolidge.

### IN GOTHAM.

One thing you can never avoid in New York, and that is "folks." It is astonishing how many folks there are. Perhaps was because I was not inclined to hurry that everybody seemed to me possessed with the spirit of haste. One must walk just so fast or the cars would be missed, and just the same hurry or be left at the ferries. Through the measure of the day runs the hurrying undertone, "keep step, keep step." It is wonderful to travel for miles through walls of houses filled with living souls thinking, dreaming specks of humanity crowded into time for a brief day of toil, of hope and heartache.

"Whither are ye going, pilgrims of a day?"

I wondered as the train swept past the second story windows, showing men, women and children bent in the dust and shadow and strife over their daily tasks, how much they ever knew of happiness, beauty, or rest?

Broadway is pleasant, although as everybody knows it is not a broad way, and one has to throw back his head to read the signs on the opposite side. I hope I am not wandering from the truth in making this

statement, if anybody will prove it, I am willing to "recant." I was interested in several places on Broadway. Fowler & Wells' Parenological rooms are inviting and contain a great variety of busts and other studies of human nature. Yet this science, founded upon observation, is crude and material in its methods of reading character as compared with the finer intuitional perception of Psychometry, measuring by the soul.

At the old Trinity church I turned aside from the thronged thoroughfare and entered the ancient churchyard where the quiet sleepers rest in the throbbing heart of the city. Over them the autumn leaves fall gently, painted as brilliantly as though they were to endure forever. I entered the old church just as a wedding was about to take place, and there seemed a solemn depth in the silence before that mystery of heart touching heart.

There are pleasant memories of the day I visited the beaches. Sailing out from the city, the Brooklyn bridge spans the river to the left, and on the right the great Statue of Liberty looms up from its island footstool. There were few people at Manhattan beach, the place is beautiful, and here for the first time I saw the "grand old ocean." What is there in a dozen miles of wave and sparkle to fill the soul with an infinity of feeling? Why does the emotion of beauty and of the immeasurable awe and thrill? As the surges of deep spirit sweep over us, why are we hushed and humble? In the mystery of being, are our "spirits finely touched but to fine issues?" As the waves roll in at my feet, I feel the spirit of that finesong, at once sorrowful and beautiful because it touches the depths of the antithesis of eternal hopes,—opening with a solemn, stately measure,

"Break, break, break, on thy cold gray stones,  
O sea!  
And I would that my tongue could utter the thoughts that rise in me."

Crossing a marine railway, Brighton and Coney Island beach are reached. The merry children were running about with their little pails and shovels playing and tumbling in the white sand, every shining grain finished with a touch of beauty. The bathers were in the sea, rising and falling with the incoming waves. It was amusing to watch them as they came in varied costumes from the hotel and plunged into the water, but it was funnier to see them come out. I was willing to feel a little sorry for the ladies (when I could tell which they were) as they were obliged to pass before the assembled multitude which must have numbered fifty people or more, but as they appeared not to suffer because of the situation

I ceased to think of bestowing pity and looked on as curiously and indifferently as though they had been so many ducked hens.

And Coney Island—"I should smile!"

It was "Vanity Fair," truly. One could fancy a string somewhere back of the scene which somebody had pulled and set the whole show in motion. The merry-go-rounds went on and on with only a change in the riders, the vendors called out their usual wares, the people flocked here and there, the stream continually growing from fresh arrivals. There was a huge elephant some explored by climbing a stairway in his trunk and Jonah like, traversing the interior. There was every variety in hotels, plays, entertainments, baths, toys and eatables; every fashion in shoes, suits, bonnets, babies and every description of men, women and children.

Coney Island came near never having been. It would require no great amount of terra firma to fill up the little stream running along one side making it an island, and whose channel may be dimly seen from the elevator rising three hundred feet above the sea. What a tottering feeble thing is man taken out of his natural environment! Looking over the world from this swaying platform which rocked responsive to the winds, the sense of indefiniteness of immensity and formless space pressed painfully upon me. As the eye follows the shining curves of the sea and the outlines of the island stretching out into a mere silver thread, sighting dimly the cities lying in the little distance, not for all these could a human life forego that brain-longing, that heart thirst to touch something near us. Just to pick the sun-kissed flower from the bosom of the earth, just to hold near to us a warm human heart touched by fine sympathy, is better than to possess unshared "all the kingdoms of the earth."

LESLIE.

"S. M. G."

### THEIR ANGELS.

The year that has just closed began much like all other years. There were the customary congratulations, wishes for many years of happiness and usefulness, the usual new resolves. The snow melted from the hillside as in years before; the streams broke their icy fetters, the birds returned from their southern pilgrimage, the leaves covered the brown branches, the flowers peeped forth, orchards blossomed, the golden glory of harvest, the coloring of October, Thanksgiving, the merrymaking of Christmas. But many who saw the new year ushered in never saw it going out,



One closed his eyes to life's changes just as the green grass covered the bare brown earth; it was broken by the spade outlining the narrow house-man's heritage from Mother Nature. The babe in our home such a little while, grown into our hearts and lives, closed his eyes in a long dreamless sleep when earth looked its loveliest, hid from view with a covering of flowers. In the noonday summer time, when the grain was ready for the harvest, Death with his sickle cut down one who had outlived his usefulness, old age had held him a long time; with failing strength, impaired faculties, he was "only waiting 'til the shadows were a little longer grown." There are often blessings in our households that we do not even know of, so completely are they disguised; there are burdens put upon us that seem unbearable at times, but which if borne patiently often result in good; we can not always see the mission of an old person, we are apt to think they are in the way. Not so. "There is one glory of youth, another like the sun shining in his strength, of wise maturity; still another, mild, chastened, beneficent, of old age. It is most beautifully symbolized by the silver crown that refines the very plainest features." Blessed is the household that numbers among its inmates an aged father or mother.

There comes occasionally in the late autumn, a day that hardly belongs to that time of year; it seems almost as if nature has relented at being so chary of her sunshine and warmth and tries to atone for her stinginess by heaping her bounties upon us. It was on such a day as this that many friends gathered at a home in which death had entered and taken the wife and mother. She who had always given a cordial greeting, a smile of welcome, lay silent and cold in the house which had been beautified and made homelike by her presence. But from the door and gate through which she had passed for forty years, along the road thickly strewn with fallen leaves, to her last resting place, she little thought on the glad new year that December's winds and sleet would fall on her grave. We none of us know, so swiftly and silently Death's angel comes. And if we did know would we any of us live differently? Would we drop the harsh tone, the words of reproach, the fault-finding, the backbiting, the hypocrisy? Would we live each day as if it were our last day? We read in the Bible, "except ye become like the little child" and what does it mean, pray? We know a little child is the loveliest, most innocent being on earth, a fit symbol of heaven's inmates. The bells have rung,

"Rung out the old,  
Rung in the new,  
Rung out the false,  
Rung in the true."

We have put the Old Year behind us forever. The hopes, the disappointments, the joys and sorrows, side by side. Over betrayed friendship, misjudged actions, misconstrued attentions, we will drop a tear, smother a heartache, and regret that the blessed Christmas time, the time when angels sing "peace on earth, good will to man," has passed without explanations or forgiveness. We will all begin another

new year, one bearing the burden alone, the strong right arm gone, the "beautiful reed broken." The lonely mother, missing the head that nestled on her bosom, drops a tear on the "things in the bottom drawer." The young ones now remember many times when grandfather's steps might have been guided, when a little attention would have made him glad. The vacant chair, mother's place at the fireside; the young promising life in which so much interest was centered, all buried in the old year.

"Out from the Father and into life,  
Back to His breast from the ended strife  
And the finished labor, I hear the word  
From the lips of Him who was child and Lord,

And I know, that so,  
It shall be in the land where we all shall go.

"The world is troubled and hard and cold,  
And men and women grow grey and old,  
But beyond the world is an inner place  
Where yet their angels behold God's face,  
And lo! we know  
That only the children can see Him so."

BATILE CREEK.

EVANGELINE.

#### WOMAN SUFFRAGE.

[Paper read by Mrs. Stephen Bidwell before the Farmers' Union Meeting at Liberty Mills, Dec 14th.]

As it has fallen to my lot to read a paper, the subject to be woman suffrage, I feel at once that I am incompetent to fill so important a position. This is a subject that I am interested in, as it concerns my interests personally. I consider that on it hangs the destiny of our nation; the binding up of bleeding hearts; the honor and chastity of our children. My brothers, you have held the reins of this nation in your hands from its birth. You have guided it on until you have lost control, and our destiny has drifted into the hands of money kings. You have been blinded and robbed. We toil but to fill the millionaires' vaults. The farmer feeds the world, and where is his recompense? Our nation is fast becoming a nation of poverty and crime. And should we wonder at crime when we take into consideration the toiling millions eking out a miserable existence and others reaping the reward of their labor?

It is prosperity that creates love and honor. It is hope that gives life to our higher energies. Without it nature becomes sullen and depraved. Unless kind Providence intercedes, our beautiful land will be in mourning, our nation deluged in blood. Then why not let us come to your aid? It is in keeping with God's holy laws. God created man; He then created the beasts of the field, the fowls of the air, the fishes of the sea, and He saw His work was not complete; He saw that it was not good that man should be alone. He then created woman as man's helpmate and made them ruler over all that He had created—not *him*, but *them*. Did He not create her as his helper mentally as well as physically? From the beginning man made woman a slave and the world became depraved and was lost in iniquity, and God saw our need of a redeemer, and He chose woman as a medium through which the world might be redeemed from its fallen state. Woman was the mother of purity. So long as you reject the gift of God you cannot prosper. Then why not loose the fetters and let her revolutionize our nation in love!

Give us the ballot, my brothers, and we

will bind up a thousand bleeding wounds that are piercing your hearts to-day. We will lift a heavy burden of taxation from your shoulders that is weighing you down. We will empty your prisons, your almshouses, your asylums for the insane. We will present to you smiles instead of tears. Our nation will be a nation of love and principle. No more dwarfed intellects caused by intemperance and unholy habits.

No more heart-broken wives, and mothers weeping over their fallen loved ones. Your daughters shall no more be decoyed or kidnapped, and carried away from your presence forever, to become a pray to demons, guarded by stockades and bloodhounds, all for the want of fearless, unselfish officers to do their duty. We ask the right of franchise because it is our God-given right.

You have no moral right to brand us with the mark of Cain. God's holy laws teach us to do unto others as we would that they should do unto us; are you doing so? Would you like to be obliged to fulfill contracts that you have no voice in making? We are obliged to live under laws that we have no voice in. We are taxed by your laws; we are imprisoned by your laws. We are bound in the shackles that we have no power to break, be the burden ever so grievous to be borne. Some of our brothers say we should be satisfied with our laws as they are, for there is not another nation with such protective laws to women. Where is the protection that we crave? Our children's honor is ours, their joys are ours, their sorrows are ours. Think of it, brothers, 200,000 licensed schools of vice in our beautiful land, with doors wide open to receive your children and mine! I could reconcile my mind to the death of my child, but to ruin and disgrace never. Should we sit idly by and say we must be satisfied with such protection? Can we quietly submit to our loved ones being slaughtered before our eyes? The thoughtful mother's life is filled with fear and forebodings. Her children never leave the parental roof without her last injunction: "Be careful, my child, shun the destroyer, he lurks in every nook." We see his work of destruction all over our land. Is that our protection and must we be satisfied with it and forever hold our peace? Ah no, we will not, we cannot, our children's blood crieth unto the Lord of Sabbath, and He is listening, He hears the wail of weeping wives, mothers and orphans. The day star of hope is beaming. My brothers, if you alone are going to better our condition and yours, why are we sinking lower every day! Some say we should not extend the right of suffrage to woman because there are so many that are bad. We admit that there are, and daily multiplying under our present laws, and we shudder at the thought. But where there is one vile woman, she has numerous admirers from the same school that are voters. What are your requirements of the leaders of our nation? Must they be of good character? Must they be honest? Must they be pure?

I believe where there is one pure, intelligent vote cast there are ten unprincipled ones cast. Then are we safe? Are we not in danger? Do you not shudder for our



destiny? But it matters not who or what it is if he is twenty-one years of age, anything but a female. He may not know how to read or write; he may come to the polls from the deepest degradation, if he has manhood enough to stand up and deposit his vote it counts the same as yours. Should we be governed by such as these? Is their intellect superior to your wives and sisters? Do you associate your intelligent lives with beings that are so far inferior to the lowest outcasts of our nation?

I think our government lacks the pure motherhood which cannot be supplied without her voice. The want of mother love and council has been the cause of many a bad woman and hardened man. Whose hand is the most efficient to soothe the aching brow or smooth the dying pillow? Woman has done a vast amount of good by her prayers and her tears, her voice is heard from ocean to ocean; she has done all our laws will permit her to do, she is untiring in her efforts in your behalf; she is a lover of the human race. Why should she be fettered from the good she would accomplish? I think you need have no fear of the bad ones; laws that now exist suit them very well. One writer says if women should vote it would look so masculine, we should cease to love her; she would no longer be the queen of the household to adore. Would it be sense to ignore a lovely being because she seeks the welfare of our people? They may commence life together, the husband and wife, and if she is no help to him he cannot succeed. They may both be industrious, share the same hardships, the same privations—except the old adage "A man's work is from sun to sun, but a woman's work is never done," and by their toil and economy they may accumulate a nice property, and if she survives the decease of her husband and she has no children the law gives her a certain amount of her hard earnings and the rest goes to his nearest relatives. When I think of this the thought occurs how absurd the idea that a woman can't fight. And if she is left with children she is allowed, one-third and the law takes care of the rest for her children. Why not let her control her hard earned property the same as the husband? Would she wrong her children any more than the father? If she is taken from her little ones the father is allowed; if he will, to spend his last dollar and leave his children dependent on the cold mercies of the world—a pitiable condition indeed, for if you have no money you have no friends. If there is a being in this world that my soul goes out to in love and pity, it is to the child that is deprived of mother love and care. The human heart grows cold, and all the good there is in us starves to death in adversity. The mother asks the right of suffrage in behalf of her children. While her children are under her guidance they are all right; but when they get old enough to go out into the world away from her influences, often into by and forbidden paths, they may become reckless, they may sink so low that they are despised by all but mother, her arms are always open to receive them. They ever have her love and counsel; they may cast it from them, and trample it under their feet, but she cannot

forsake them, she will not cease to love and pity them. Children often do not realize it, but she is the truest earthly friend they have or ever can have; we miss her even in our mature years.

#### A MARKET FOR DOUGHNUTS.

I find my sewing machine a very great help many times, aside from the regular sewing. For instance, if I wish to cut one of the many varieties of braid now used for trimming, I first run it across several times and then cut between the rows of stitching and thus find there is neither waste nor danger of fraying; in this way I also find it possible to cut either crocheted or knitted lace. And to go from one extreme to another, it is just a splendid way with old rag carpet. After sewing carpets the machine must be carefully cleaned or the sand will cut the bearings. We also sew the *Youth's Companion* and all such papers on the machine and find them worth much more than where each member of the family asks "Have you seen the rest of this paper?"

E. L. B. wishes a recipe for doughnuts "just like mother's." Now as all my friends know that I am but an amateur cook and never aspire to the dignity of sending recipes to the *HOUSEHOLD*, it gives me very great pleasure to furnish just what E. L. B. requires, because this recipe has been often tried and never found wanting.

First, call the boys and admonish them on this wise: "Now boys, you know that we got up very late this morning, and there is no school to-day, so we will have but two meals; and you must fill the woodbox and get some water, then run over to the woods and cord wood for papa, and perhaps he will let you saw a little if you ask him very politely. And don't take any notice of the noon train, but stay there until the bell rings for dinner." "All right, Mampy; but be sure and ring the bell loud enough when dinner is ready." Now proceed to get your moulding board and make doughnuts, first having put on the lard to heat. If you have eggs use them, if not make them without; if you have nice sweet buttermilk use that, if not you must take sweet milk and baking powder; if you have neither, take a piece of nice light bread dough and add sugar and ingredients to suit your individual taste. Having fried your cakes set them on the pantry shelf to cool; then proceed to wipe the sweat from your brow and sit down to rest a little while, for it is only 1 P. M. But hark! was that thunder? "not much;" that is the ominous tramp of leather boots with boys inside them, and "Mother! mother! are'n't we going to get any dinner to-day?" You try to look severe and ask them why they came before the bell rang. "Because we are just as hungry as ten bears and can't wait any longer." "There now, less will do, say one bear for instance, and you will find a pan of doughnuts on the pantry shelf, help yourselves."

"Oh jolly! doughnuts!!" and there is a general stampede for the pantry. Then it will pay you to listen for the verdict. "Oh aren't they good! does not mamma make good doughnuts?" until you feel that you

must say, "Come boys, you will spoil your dinner and eat up all my forenoon's work." Paterfamilias comes along breaking the third one and remarks, "Wife, I believe you do learn something from the *FARMER HOUSEHOLD*; these doughnuts make me think of those mother used to make when I went to school in Howell and walked home every night."

A Happy New Year to the members and readers of the *HOUSEHOLD*. My heartfelt sympathy to those in sorrow. For myself, at the opening of another year I can only say with our beloved Whittier:

"I know not where His islands lift  
Their fronded palms in air;  
I only know I cannot drift  
Beyond His love and care."

And so good by, old 1888.

HOWELL.

MRS. W. J. G.

#### NOTES ON BACK NUMBERS.

I want to ask Evangeline where she found Miss Parloa's recipe for making coffee with cold water. I have two of this author's cook books, one of them her very latest, and though I searched carefully, could find no instructions for such manipulation. I cannot fancy that the result would be altogether satisfactory. I used sometimes to settle coffee, when eggs were not to be had, by putting a gill of cold water into the coffee pot a few moments before we were ready to sit down to the table; this would "settle" it after a fashion, but seems to be something quite unlike the process to which Evangeline refers. There is nothing which can take the place of an egg to clarify coffee; it seems to not only make it clear, but also to add a richness and flavor nothing else can give.

A. H. J.'s struggles with the sweetbriar recall the great clumps that grew under the sitting-room windows and by the front gate of my grand-father's house, which were so delicately beautiful in their pale pink, clustered blossoms and fine cut, dark green foliage, and so gay later with the big, brilliant red haws which we children used to string for necklaces. The half-opened buds are extremely pretty. But we approached those bushes very respectfully for they were, oh, so thorny! All the sweetness could hardly pay for the torn fingers impaled on those cruel hooks. The soil in which these bushes grew was stiff clay, but I have seen them rioting on a sandy hill, so cannot fancy them particular about their location. I would advise removal of the soil at the spot where a bush is wanted, and the filling in with earth taken from the spot where the roots are obtained. Sometimes plants will not flourish where the sub-soil thrown out in excavating for a cellar or for foundation walls has been spread over the surface. In that case a spot must be especially prepared for the roots, and the fertility maintained by an annual top-dressing of fine compost.

Polly wants us to "wash and be clean." I do not think it possible that the person who is careless in matters of personal cleanliness can tell how repulsive they are to those who are particular to be clean, both in person and raiment. The odor of unaired apparel, foul with the secretions of the skin, is sometimes so strong that one looks up in-



instinctively to see if the clock has stopped. I knew a young girl once who had but one presentable dress, yet, though she wore it day after day, she was always fresh and sweet. The secret was that at least twice a week, when she came home from work, she slipped on an old garment, took her dress down into the back yard, shook and brushed it, hung it on the clothesline and left it there for the air to sweeten and purify. She said it always "smelled clean" when she brought it in again. A farmer once brought a quantity of butter to market, at a time when that commodity was scarce and in demand. But none of the dealers wanted his, greatly to his surprise. They "didn't even want to look at it," he complained. They looked at him and that was enough. His shabby clothes exhaled such an odor of horse stable, tobacco and an unclean person that the inference was inevitable that the butter made on his premises must partake of the same fragrance. Had they seen him take the blankets from his horses and throw them over the packages of butter, as I did, they would have had a still greater repugnance to dealing with him. There are not a few middle-aged men who would be the better of a little such attention as "Mrs. Goodell," in "Down the Road to Emersons," bestowed upon her husband, when she scrubbed his ears and the outlying districts in their vicinity with the corner of the towel before he was allowed to go to church. I presume there are not a few who would get as angry over it as did "Uncle Hiram." Some people seem to have such an antipathy to water!

Evangeline seems to have come near to the secret of getting on peaceably in a promiscuous world when she asserts her ability to enjoy life without a confidential friend. That relationship—intimate friendship—is one of the most difficult to sustain in its integrity. Happy the woman whose heart can hold its own bitterness, whose nature is so well controlled that she needs no confidant for her joys or sorrows. Her reliance shall spare her much misapprehension, much disappointment. Half the troubles that come up in families, and between husband and wife, are fanned into quarrels through the telling of little things that ought never to be put into words for another's ear. Half the divorces are due to the ill advised sympathy and partisanship of those who call themselves the "best friends" of the parties. If you want peace at home, be silent about what happens there. Remember the old Arab saying: "Thy friend hath a friend, and thy friend's friend hath a friend." The world will respect the sanctity of your home only so far as you yourself respect it by your silence. When you invite comment by telling outsiders your woes, you must expect to be "talked over;" for as Evangeline reminds us, if you cannot keep a secret which concerns yourself most nearly, how can you expect others to do so? Some will say, "Oh, I must have some one to sympathize with me, it is such a relief to me." This is simply profound egotism. It is saying, "I must have some one to talk to about myself." And how many, many times such people have to regret their confidence. How much trouble they make for

themselves and for others. They are "broken reeds" to lean upon, examples of Solomon's "fair women without discretion."

BEATRIX.

#### SYSTEMATIZE YOUR WORK.

How about my good resolutions to write regularly and often to the little paper? But you all know how much easier it is to preach instead of practise. However, here I am again.

I've had something on my mind to say for a number of weeks, but have been too busy among my Christmas wools. I want to tell El See that I actually think I have a great deal better way of taking care of the stray bits of wrapping twine that come into the house, than in a scrap-bag. In a certain corner of my pantry is what is known in the family as the "string ball." As the bits of string come to hand they are wound on this ball, which is "bits of string" to the core. When a piece of string is wanted for anything there it is, ready to be had without any loss of time, temper or patience. For you know string put in loosely together will tangle in spite of you, and it is so trying to be obliged to stop and untangle a piece of string when you are in a hurry; so I think my string ball is a great improvement on El See's scrap bag.

I want to tell you something I did for Christmas, and which was so pretty and cost so little that I was quite proud of it: I happened to have two nice bottles alike in both shape and size, with glass stoppers; and I thought I would like to cover them for toilet bottles for a gift. But I had no stray pieces of satin or plush that would do, and didn't care to expend much money on them, so I bought five cents' worth each of pink and blue split zephyr—the palest tints—and crocheted covers for those bottles, with a scalloped edge for the top drawn in with cord and tassels of the same, and you cannot think how pretty they were. I have seen them with a crocheted cover of knitting silk, but that costs so much and was really no prettier or daintier than the ones I made. The whole thing represented very little outlay, as the bottles were not regular orthodox toilet bottles but Seeley's vanilla and lemon bottles, which are to be had at any grocery.

How much one may accomplish if they are only systematic! I am beginning to think it is more in system than in the steam-engine sort of way some persons have of working. I have heard women say: "Dear me, I just work and work all the time from morning 'til night and don't get anything done." Probably that woman has worked on the jump all day, and made enough movements to have accomplished a great deal if her work had been systematized. Ten to one she didn't know when she arose in the morning what the day's work was to be; had nothing planned.

Work needs to be planned ahead from day to day, and from week to week. If we would be more regular and systematic about our work, we would get time for a great deal of outside work and amusement, which some women think is impossible.

Have you not heard this remark many times: "Read? Why I don't look into a

book or paper from one week's end to the other!" Now I don't think there is any person who cannot find time for a certain amount of reading each day or week if he will.

I know a woman who read the Chautauqua Course while taking care of three small children, doing all her own housework and all her own sewing. After reading the Course she went right to work for the seals. But this same woman is one of the most systematic persons I ever knew. Her work is planned and made to fit into each day as it comes. Not such a fit as we like in our dresses, but loosely, so there is a margin left into which is put the bit of reading. There is so much in taking care of the minutes, making each one count. Have you rung the bell for dinner and no one comes? How natural it is to stand and watch the dinner spoiling, or sit down to wait. In that few minutes perhaps you could accomplish ten pages of good, solid reading matter; or dust the sitting room, or work up the butter, or do some other little odd job to make room for the ten pages after dinner. How many times have I washed up the iron and tin ware while waiting, thus making a few minutes' less on the dish washing after dinner.

Have certain days for certain work. Don't sometimes wash Monday and sometimes Tuesday or Wednesday, as the case may be. Systematize your work. It all simmers down to the one word system. The systematic person will be sure to take care of the minutes.

EUPHEMIA.

ALBION.

#### Contributed Recipes.

**FRIED CAKES.**—One heaping cup sugar; one cup thick sour milk; three level tablespoonfuls lard; two eggs, well beaten; salt, nutmeg, small teaspoonful soda.

**GINGER SNAPS.**—One cup molasses; one cup sugar; one cup lard; boil five minutes; when cool add one tablespoonful vinegar; half tablespoonful ginger, half teaspoonful cinnamon, quarter of cloves, one heaping teaspoonful soda dissolved in six tablespoonfuls of cold water. Mix quite hard; roll thin; bake quickly.

**BUCKWHEAT CAKES.**—Two-thirds cup yeast; one pint skim milk; half pint sour butter-milk; one teaspoonful salt. Make a batter that will beat easily, using one-quarter wheat flour. Stir this up at night, in the morning add one small teaspoonful soda, dissolved in warm water. Save a coffee-cupful of this batter for next time to use instead of yeast. Try a small piece of fat pork on a fork to rub the griddle to keep the cakes from sticking.

SCHOOLCRAFT.

Mrs. J.

**BUCKWHEAT PANCAKES.**—To start the cakes, take a quart of warm water, four cups buckwheat flour; two tablespoonfuls of yeast, one teaspoonful salt. Save enough of the batter every morning for leaven; to this add a quart of water and four cups of flour every day, and stir up the batter in the morning instead of waiting until night. In the morning, when you are ready to bake your cakes, add a level tablespoonful of sugar; if the batter is too thick—as it probably will be—thin with sweet milk. These cakes, baked on a good hot griddle, will be tender, digestible and delicious. The sweet milk makes them brown nicely.

POST HURON.

AUSTIN.