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THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

BABY'S REPLY.

Only a baby!
What should I be?
Lots o' big folks
Been little like me.

Ain't dot any hair!
'Es I have, too;
S'pos'n I hadn't,
Dess it tood drow.

Not any teeth!
Wouldn't have one;
Don't dit my dinner
Gnawin' a bone.

What am I here for?
At's pretty mean;
Who's dot a better right,
'T ever you've seen?

What 'm I here for?
Did you say?
Ever so many sings,
Ebery day.

'Tourse I squall sometimes,
Sometimes I bawl;
Zey dassn't spank me,
'Taus I'm so small.

Only a baby!
'Es, sir, 'at's so;
'N if you only tood,
You'd be one, too.

'At's all I've to say,
You're mos' too old;
Dess I'll dit into bed,
Toss ditin' told.

LACK OF APPRECIATION.

As a rule I have little sympathy for people who go through life mourning because they are not "appreciated." There may be instances where poverty casts a cloud that cannot well be dispelled, or being "unequally yoked" with an uncongenial companion has an influence that tends to break one's spirit and persons are not what might have been; but commonly we get credit for all the good we do and sometimes the world gives greater measure than we really deserve.

Not long since a lady of wealth and leisure said: "I know very well that the people of R— do not like me." It was true and I almost felt like telling her that the fault was all her own, for many a poor mechanic's wife is held in greater esteem and could give her "points" about which she has never thought. She has almost unbounded wealth, a husband who will do anything that gives pleasure, servants to do her bidding, and a beautiful home while spending much time in travel, yet she is unhappy because no one likes her; but with all these helps at her command she never tries to associate with others only in

a lofty, patronizing way; she takes no interest in society, in charity, or in any of the hundred ways that she might do good until people would rise up and call her blessed. I think she is fully appreciated. When one has never lifted a hand to do a thing for which she might be thanked why should any one thank her or bow down to her? Simply because people have money, if they use it only for personal enjoyment, is no reason for promiscuous admiration. One can do so much with a kind word and a smile, and what grand possibilities lie behind these in a well filled purse? We are rushing through life at such a rate of speed, crowding the days and nights so full of going and doing, that a woman of leisure is rarely met; but how much can be accomplished by one whose time is her own to use as she chooses?

For years I have remembered with much gratitude the gift of an hour's time by a strange lady whom I shall never meet again but whose kindness I can never forget. I was waiting at a lonely depot in Saginaw, under circumstances that were peculiarly depressing, and this bright young music teacher came to the train to meet a friend but was disappointed, and we somehow commenced a conversation which resulted in her saying that she really had nothing to do just then, and while I was waiting she would take me to see some of the fine residences and grounds not far distant. How much she helped and comforted me, only those who have been in deep trouble could understand; but I have often thought if some spare hours of our lives could be devoted to such kindly deeds we might be unwittingly surrounded by a halo of glory, for it helps the giver as well as the receiver; and surely the angels may look down approvingly on such an act even though her gift was but a little time—so cheerfully spent that she really seemed to consider it a pleasure, and although I know nothing of her life I do not believe that she ever has occasion to mourn over lack of appreciation.

Then these people who are not appreciated are just the ones who do not appreciate anything in others. Their town is always "so dull," "nothing going on" when others find the churches with their many charities and societies, the literary clubs, the large and small dinners and teas, with the receiving and returning calls enough to more than occupy their time for such things; and when persons are heard complaining that the place is "dead," it can be safely written down that they never

exerted themselves to help to keep the breath of life in it. Some people think it is the duty of some one else to amuse and entertain them all through life, and such usually have a sorry time of it. Standing in front of the main Exposition building I heard a fine lady say: "Well, if the World's Fair is as big a sell as this is, I don't want to go." I wondered if she expected to "have the earth" for fifty cents.
ROMEO. EL. SEE.

EXPERIENCES AS A COUNTRY SCHOOL MA'AM.

For two months I have been struggling to apply the theory of grading country schools to one particular school, and now that I seem to have gained a certain degree of success I feel like proclaiming the fact to all those who have looked doubtfully upon the plan.

Never shall I forget the agony of the first week. Brought face to face with ignorance which I had never dreamed existed in this age of the world within three miles of a city, I did not know what to teach my pupils first, and tried to teach them everything at once, to my own discouragement and the utter bewilderment of the pupils. Most of the classes had been through their books, or nearly so, but two months' vacation had evidently caused them to forget all that they had learned. The class in civil government never heard of Congress, and had a vague idea that Harrison was governor of Michigan. With anything but joy I recognized some of the books which were in use when I went to a district school ten years ago, and which were even then considered antiquated. "Sanders' Union Readers" recalled to mind an old white school house and the sound of voices droning out "The Dead Child's Ford" or "The Soldier's Reprieve." None of my pupils had ever heard of Shakespeare, but they all have one thing in common with Hamlet, they read "words, words, words." If at the end of the year they are convinced that reading means something more than pronouncing words, I shall feel that one good work has been accomplished. I tried the seventh grade with the "Legend of Sleepy Hollow," but shall not repeat the experiment for some time for fear of being haunted by the ghost of Irving as punishment for allowing his stories to be read as if they were funeral orations. Then I tried "Young Lochinvar," but that was even worse; it might have been a Gospel hymn for all the life that was put in it.

But I mean that when I leave them they shall at least have heard the names of some of the best authors; once or twice already I have been encouraged by the remark, "I saw a piece in the paper about that writer—or book—you told us of."

The first thing to be done was to find out in which grade each pupil had most of his or her studies, and then work from that standpoint. This was a work of time; for there was no record of standing or ability of any pupil, and I had to find it all out for myself. This is without doubt the hardest year; the schools can no longer be carried on in the old ruts, and they have not yet been lifted out and set on the new track. It takes a vast amount of pushing, pulling and lifting, but the result will be an ample reward for the effort. There has been very little opposition to the grading. The children like it, and are as proud of "their class" as any High School senior. "Standing" and "passing" were unknown terms at first, but now the eager question, "Did I pass" is the first thing heard after an examination. The parents, with one exception, have bought the books required and have made no opposition to the children's taking up the studies in the proper grade. The one exception was a woman who could see no sense in bringing "new fangled city notions" into the country. She "never studied no grammar and guessed her daughter wasn't obleeged to." I was quite certain that she spoke the truth about herself, but differed with her in regard to her daughter, who entered the grammar class next day after the interview and is making good progress. The expense of a graded school is no greater than of an ungraded one, for although the new readers, histories, and grammars are a great help, they were not absolutely essential.

The greatest drawback to success is the habit of keeping the older pupils home until the fall work is done. Just as I get a class fairly organized and in good working order, one or two new pupils come in and the drill has to be begun all over again. Those who have been there from the first understand how they are to recite and that I do not feel obliged to follow the exact order of the book in asking questions, but it is not at all unusual for a new-comer to raise his hand and say, "Our lesson begins at such and such a place," when I state a question in a slightly different form from that found in the book. A child who could answer glibly the question in her geography: "What are the political divisions?" was completely at a loss to know what was actually meant by political divisions. The answer which was finally obtained was: "Political divisions are those in which the government has no control whatever over the people." Yet sarcasm is unknown in the school!

I had always supposed that the reputed answers of children in the newspapers were manufactured by the editor of the funny column; but after being told that London is a great kingdom, and Michigan a republic, and that Easter commemorates the discovery of America, anything is credible.

I have spent fully half the time so far trying to teach things which children ought to know by instinct, such as the use of the capital "I" and the way to begin a letter. They all had an insane idea that the heading should be crowded in 'o the left hand corner of the paper as near the top as possible, and that the only way to begin is: "I thought I would write you a few lines to let you know, etc."

It will take more than one year to get the schools into order so that they can follow closely the prescribed course of study; but I am convinced time and patient effort are all that are required to bring success.

PORT HURON.

E. C.

AN EARNEST PLEA FOR DRESS REFORM.

Dear Mrs. Beatrix, I have just this minute read your wholesale denunciation of dress reform in general and Mrs. Jenness-Miller in particular, and although I am a stranger to the *HOUSEHOLD*, I am impelled to knock for admittance on the ground that I do not agree with you and that both sides should be heard.

In the first place, I will offset my opinion against your own as to the manner of woman's "parting her name." I like Mrs. Jenness-Miller's way very much. It is not a question of whether one's husband's name is "good enough;" it is a question of a woman's retaining something of her maiden identity and maintaining an individuality of her own after marriage. It seems strange to me that any woman is willing to relinquish every vestige of her own name at marriage and henceforth be known socially only as, for example, Mrs. John Jones; legally, of course, she is always Mrs. Susan, not Mrs. John. It is, I suppose, a matter of education. Boys are encouraged to take a pride in the perpetuation of their name; girls, in the title Mrs. Second. Be Mrs. Jenness-Miller's reform movement a "scheme" or not, thousands of American women rejoice to day in a healthful and comfortable mode of dress who, but for her lectures, magazines and patterns would still have been wearing the old style, separate undergarments, the corset and a back-breaking weight of petticoats. Whether the ideas are original with her or not, I do not care; they have come as a blessed revelation to many women, and I am one of the many. That woman could be well dressed and not look noticeably different from other women, in a wardrobe comprising but four garments, was an idea which I was willing to investigate, and which I did investigate with a result so satisfactory that I rejoice to day in an outfit which, in but three separate articles, combines perfect ease, sufficient warmth, delightful freedom, and an outward appearance that is becoming, fashionable, and not the least conspicuous.

I wore the "chemilette" or "chemiloon" for years and found it a very comfortable garment. Many of my friends have done the same with as perfect satisfaction. However, I have dropped it from my wardrobe on the ground that it is one more garment than needed. The knit combina-

tion undersuit, reaching to wrists and ankles, and adapted to the season in weight and material, a pair of plain flannel or cloth leglets in winter, or better still, a pair of the Jenness-Miller knit wool divided skirts, and in summer the Turkish leglets of silk or cashmere, and the dress in one piece, this comprises the robe, and I hold that any woman, be she fat, plump, angular or thin, can dress becomingly and fashionably in these garments, with perhaps in addition the bust support for the former, and the bust forms for the latter.

The princess foundation does not necessarily imply a plain, undraped dress. It can be plainly or elaborately draped, to suit taste, figure or fashion, it may be made with a basque or a polonaise effect, and one would never suspect the princess foundation. The princess foundation is not absolutely necessary. The same, or a similar result, can be obtained by sewing the skirt band securely to basque or polonaise at every waist seam.

I find the leglets, both the Turkish and the plain ones very comfortable, not the least bit "awkward or unmanageable" at any time, not a bit "exasperating in going down stairs, or on the street in wet weather," in fact, I don't think anything about them any more than the eupeptic does about his stomach-ache, unless by comparison with the inconvenience and discomfort which I formerly experienced with skirts.

It is of course necessary, or at least advisable for one who adopts the above described mode of dress to select those styles which by their make obviate the need of a petticoat to conform with fashionable appearance. The long front drapery is very desirable on this account. Where one is unfortunate enough to have chosen a style which seems, by its plainness, to require something underneath in way of a petticoat, to look right, a few breadths of some material (in my own case I have used the draperies of an old dress) can be sewed on just below the waist line on the under side, thus adding but little to the weight of the dress and having all the effect of a petticoat. This, however, is all unnecessary if a wise choice has been made in style of making a dress.

In the evolution of things a more healthful, sensible, and becoming dress is being evolved for women generally. Improvements, marked and admirable, are surely being inaugurated in this year of grace, 1890. The long skirts which are such an inconvenience, except for indoor indolence are receiving the condemnation they deserve in popular periodicals, and recent fashion magazines are out with cuts of skirts about misses lengths, for women's walking and working costumes, and this is a beginning of something like common sense in length of skirts. A few years ago it was the fashion, as Beatrix admits, for women to trail a foot or two of the length of their dress in the dust of the streets, an abominable fashion, but scarcely more so than the present slovenly one which means ruination to the bottom of a dress skirt when the rest of the dress is still as

good as new, for, with every step the average dress scrapes the walk at the back, and if the walk be wet and muddy so much the worse for dress and wearer, for the former will not escape any way, and the latter is uncomfortably conscious of the work of ruin and is striving to avert it, in a measure, by lifting it here and there, a pitiable picture of the slavery of custom. I have taken no "Rip Van Winkle nap." I have merely told what I have experienced and what I see every day on our streets, and what any one else can see on the streets of any city or town in Michigan. I stand somewhat in awe of the relentless and sarcastic pen of Beatrix, but will venture to run the gauntlet of her wrath and write still farther of the exasperation of climbing stairs, perhaps with hands full, and feet laboring dexterously to avoid that inevitable front breadth which will persistently become entangled despite mad efforts to step wide of it, the adjustment of the armful so as to clutch the enemy, the final tumble-up-stumble-up any-way-to-get-up, and the mental state thereby superinduced, it all defies description. Not a man living would endure the slavery for a day, and yet the time was when men wore these same nonsensical long skirts, but once out of them into the birthright of physical freedom, no earthly power could harness them again. But the world moves, even woman's fashionable world, and custom and sense will go more and more together as time rolls on.

CHARLOTTE.

BELLE M. PERRY.

THANKSGIVING THEN AND NOW.

[Paper read before Lenawee Co. Horticultural Society Nov. 13, 1890, by Mrs. M. W. Ramsdell, of Cadmus.]

"Thanksgiving Then and Now," was the subject given me for this paper, chosen on account of the near approach of our annual Thanksgiving Day. The last Thursday in November has become firmly established as one of the three national festivals of America. The birth of Washington, which brings before all minds the example of the patriot hero and Christian man; Independence Day, which reminds us of the principles on which our government was founded; and Thanksgiving Day, which lifts our hearts to Heaven in grateful devotion, and knits them together in bonds of social affection—are three anniversaries such as no other people have the good fortune to enjoy. We fervently trust that so long as the nation endures these three festivals will continue to be observed with an ever deepening sense of their beauty and value. Thanksgiving betrays by its very name its pious origin, an origin unmingled with prior traditions. Coming as it does in the late November, after the beauty and glory of summer have gone, as if to resist the bitterness and sadness of the falling year, it is the most genial and kindly of all our festivals. It is purely a Puritan festival of rejoicing, and has become an annual social feature in every American home.

In the year 1863 President Lincoln issued a proclamation appointing the last Thursday in November as a day of national

thanksgiving, but at that time and also the following year, the States in rebellion could not be influenced to join, so the festival was necessarily incomplete; but from that date the President's voice can reach all American citizens. And since then the last Thursday in November has been known over the world as the American Thanksgiving Day. Never since the night when the angels shouted their tidings of great joy over Judea, has any nation on earth had such a glorious opportunity of echoing back to Heaven their songs of joy and thanksgiving, for such blessings of peace and good will as the American people have now before them. And when on Thanksgiving Day, throughout the length and breadth of our land our Christian temples of worship are crowded, and from every altar goes up the sacrifice of faith and love, and prayer and praise to the only living and true God, and from every choir shall be chanted glory to God in the highest, on earth peace and good will toward men. May not the nations of the world see and know that this is a Christian nation, a people whose God is the Lord? Who may estimate the benefits and blessings which may flow from the faithful observance of this happy festival!

For one day the strife of parties will be hushed, the cares of business will be put aside, and all hearts will join in common emotions of gratitude and good will. A year never passes in which men and women cannot find abundant cause for thankfulness. But there seems special reason why people of the United States should manifest their gratitude on the present Thanksgiving Day. The year has been such a quiet, peaceful one, the nation has remained in a state of absolute tranquillity. We have been so lightly ruled that we have scarcely known that we were ruled at all. It is certainly cause for deep and heartfelt thanks that we live in a nation in which we continue from year to year to be blessed by every protection, favor, and opportunity at the hands of an all-wise Providence. It would be impossible to find a more appropriate expression of our gratitude than the words of King David, they make a perfect song of thanksgiving:

"God is good and His mercy endureth forever."

"Oh give thanks unto the Lord, make known His deeds among the people."

"Let us come into His presence with thanksgiving."

"Oh that men would praise the Lord for His goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men."

"From the rising of the sun to the going down of the same, the Lord's name is to be praised."

In our reach after something beyond, and our struggle for the better things we desire, there is danger of overlooking the blessings lying all about our pathway, which make life a daily comfort and joy. These common blessings of life, the comforts we share with the world at large—we do not realize their value unless we are in some way deprived of them. The air we breathe, the food we eat, the home and friends that have been ours since childhood days, we think of them as a part of life, and because of their very commonness, we fail to remember them as blessings, and

give that name only to something unusual, or out of the common course of events. It is eminently fitting that a day should be set apart at least once a year, which by its very name shall suggest the thought of gratitude.

The United States is the only Christian country which has a formal public day of thanksgiving, celebrated not as the result of an old practice which has become mechanical, but in response each year to a special admonition from the head of the nation and the heads of the great divisions which compose it. It is now but little less than two hundred and seventy years since the first Thanksgiving was observed on American soil. It was in the autumn of 1621, scarcely a year from the time the Pilgrim Fathers landed at Plymouth. The springs of our national history start from that eventful day. The Pilgrims, so called because of their wanderings, which were prompted chiefly by religious reasons, were English people who fled first to Holland to avoid persecution. Finally a little company of one hundred and one persons embarked on the ship Mayflower, to cross the Atlantic to America. They had a long and tempestuous voyage of sixty-seven days, and their eyes had almost grown weary of looking for land when on the 9th of November, 1620, the long low coast line of the New World dawned on their sight. It was the shore of Cape Cod, and two days afterward the Mayflower anchored in what is now the harbor of Provincetown. It was winter, and the new land must have looked desolate indeed, but their hearts were nevertheless gladdened by the sight. Several exploring parties were sent to examine the new land and find a suitable spot for a settlement. Many adventures befell them in those excursions. The last exploring party started on the 6th of December. It embraced all the leading men of the colony, twenty-four in all. After great hardships they landed upon an island at the mouth of the harbor. It being Sunday they kept it holy, resting and singing some of the old English psalms. It was the first Christian Sabbath ever kept in the State of Massachusetts. On Monday, Dec. 11, 1620, the exploring party sailed up the harbor and landed on Plymouth Rock. Five days later the Mayflower arrived and the permanent landing took place. Thus was New England born, and this is why we keep Forefathers' Day. They called it Plymouth after the last town they had seen in old England. Forefathers' Rock, on which they first stepped, now covered with a handsome canopy of granite, still preserves the memory of this event in the present town of Plymouth. Before disembarking they agreed upon a form of government and committed it to writing; and to that first written constitution of government ever subscribed by a whole people, forty-one men affixed their names, and then elected John Carver to be their governor. This was done in the cabin of the Mayflower, and that vessel was truly called "the cradle of Liberty in America," rocked on the free waves of the ocean." Dreary indeed, was the prospect before them. Cold and exposure brought on fatal sick-

ness; exposure and privations had prostrated one half the men before the first blow of the axe had been struck to build a habitation. Faith and hope nerved the arms of the healthy, and they began to build. One by one they perished. The governor and his wife died in April, 1621, and on the first of that month forty six of the one hundred were in their graves, nineteen of whom were signers of the constitution. At one time only seven were capable of assisting the sick. Spring and summer came. Game became plenty in the forest; they caught fish, they sowed and reaped, and bore their trials patiently, looking with faith for better times; and better times came. They chose William Bradford as Carver's successor. He served as governor twenty years. In those days men were not as fond of office as at present, for at one time the colony had to pass a law imposing a fine of twenty pounds on any one elected governor who should refuse to serve. I think many of our men would willingly pay as much for the privilege or the honor of serving. Although there was sore scarcity at times and the corn gave out, yet their faith in an all-wise Providence remained unshaken, and in the autumn of 1621 their governor commanded that they should gather with one accord and hold a day of Thanksgiving with God, which is the origin of our annual festival.

The first Thanksgiving Day saw little of festivity, and sobbing and tears and gladness had each in turn its way—for the graves of their loved ones overshadowed them.

Thus we see how the leaven of the early Puritans has extended throughout these years, carrying everywhere a good and wholesome example. The simple and austere faith of the Puritans has quietly influenced the spirit of the nation and is felt through every American community. The giving of thanks for blessings received during the year—by a vast population, is in itself good and tends to elevate the thoughts and aims of all. And when the wheels of labor stand still on Thursday, and friends and kindred and children gather around our well-filled tables, let us not forget to thank the Lord for that little shivering, sorrowing band of Pilgrims gathered on the edge of the continent, with the future as dark and forbidding as the deep forests behind them, with hearts filled with sad memories of their happy Old England home. Think of the same festival now, when our President and our Governors invite millions of people to return thanks to the Giver of all good! Surely we have much to be thankful for. The years may not, indeed, cannot have brought success and happiness and earthly enjoyments to us all. Trials and sorrow overshadow some of our homes. Dear friends have gone out from among us to come no more back forever; and to those who mourn all is changed. But let us rest in the promise that after a few more thanksgiving days here we shall have an everlasting reunion in that home above, that house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. May this society be increased in numbers, each striving to do the good he can; may the influence which it exerts be a blessing to the community, and may the Divine blessing of Faith, Hope and Love be with us in our Thanksgiving prayer.

USE CORRECT LANGUAGE.

I have been an interested reader of the *HOUSEHOLD* for two years, and have of late been wishing that some one would introduce the language question. I am much obliged to Hannah for her ideas on the subject, and agree with her in nearly every particular.

While I believe that table etiquette should receive a large share of attention, the language used should be of even greater importance. It is so easy for grown people as well as children to fall into the habit of using improper language. Perhaps the slang words are in more general use among the young, but the King's English is murdered most foully by so many who know better, but have acquired the habit through carelessness. I will give the readers of the *HOUSEHOLD* the benefit of a little experience in our own home: My husband and myself noticed that we as well as the children had formed the habit of using such words as "aint," "taint" and the like, and we resolved that the habit must be broken. So we had a talk with the children, and all agreed that when one should notice a mistake of this kind, he should mention it, when the one making the mistake should correct it. This was to be strictly a home affair, and among ourselves, thus avoiding the correcting of outsiders, as the children would most likely have done if nothing had been said. The result of this plan was most satisfactory. In a short time none of us used those words, and it awakened a desire in the children to make as few mistakes as possible. While early training has much to do in this direction, there must be a constant watchfulness if we would keep our language pure. HARRIET.

HOMER.

TREATMENT OF THE "WAX PLANT."

I am apt to miss many good things that I would delight in enjoying, and the one I am now thinking about is the Chrysanthemum show that so recently "came off" in Detroit, but is already a memory only of glorious beauty of form and color. Well, I didn't see the show, for business called me home two weeks too soon, but none the less I know I would have just reveled in the sight, not nervously or in any way frantic style, but quietly making friends with each new delight and bringing away sweet memories to last me out. I have some of the chrysanthemums of my own raising; beautiful golden yellow pom-pom and larger ones the same color; a yellow deep as orange and shaded with bronze, pure white ones which are in their freshness and beauty reminding me of past times when I had "oceans" of them and other flowers. They remind me also of a bright future when I withdraw my gaze from the past and look forward and upward.

Our Bess has a *Hoya* that is in failing health, as reported two weeks ago. Be brave and do not fear losing your plant; remove it gently from the soil and if, as I think, the soil is in an unhealthy condition, prepare new and place in a box, allowing only a third more than room for the roots.

I think having so much earth, three pails you say, when cool weather comes it becomes cold about the roots and is not likely to get warmed up often. Then you have perhaps kept up the allowance of water, which after flowering should have been gradually withheld, especially in cool weather. After the blooming period ceases all houseplants need a nap, and do not require food and drink in usual quantities while it lasts. A judicious increase of nourishment is of great advantage to the plant later, and to enrich and increase the next crop of flowers soon to follow with this treatment. The *Hoya carnosa* or "wax plant" as it is often called, is a native of India and an evergreen, and when in health will never drop its foliage. Drouth is not as dangerous to it as cold and wet. Please report success, Bess.

I doubt there being any dyspeptics in this *HOUSEHOLD*. It would be too ungrateful, after all the splendid details in cooking given all along, or I would send a recipe for the best biscuits or any dyspeptic food I ever saw used. If I am mistaken and the recipe is wanted make it manifest by saying *I*. MRS. M. A. FULLER.

FENTON.

ONE WORD MORE.

Thank you, Maybelle, for your support of my article, and for your recommend of the *Youth's Companion*. I also consider it invaluable as a moral and mental stimulus in a family of girls and boys.

El. See., I believe you and I are kindred spirits, but please don't take me to task on table etiquette; we all said our little say on the subject until Beatrix cried enough; and behold our most bitter opponent, Bess, has actually put damask napkins on the table for threshers!

I too, am a "devoted Chautauquan," and I would encourage the mother with the three obstreperous infants to not be discouraged by adverse comments on her methods. A weary mother alone knows how much rest can be derived from an hour of mental gymnastics, and a psychologist himself would not attempt to explain why an ordinarily well-mannered child will behave like an untutored savage in the presence of company.

Hobbies are good things to ride, if they are going in the right direction; and I can scarcely believe that a mother with a love for study and mental improvement would entirely neglect the more material refinements of life.

"Where the honey is, there are the bees," and if we are reasonably sure our hobbies are starting for the genuine article and not mere sugar and water, let us all mount and take a ride. HANNAH.

GRASS LAKE.

EVERY farmer's wife or daughter who proposes to earn her own pocket money in the poultry business should have a copy of "Fanny Field's" "Practical Poultry Raising" which she will find a valuable aid. "Fanny" has been very successful with turkeys, and explains her methods very clearly and concisely in a pamphlet of 28 pages under the above title. The easiest way in the world to get it is to obtain one new subscriber to the *FARMER*, when a copy will be forwarded you from this office, postage prepaid.