

# MICHIGAN FARMER AND STATE JOURNAL OF AGRICULTURE.

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## THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

For the Household.

### THOUGHTS FOR THE NEW YEAR.

BY MARTHA E. DIMON.

What if the past has failed to bring  
The good anticipated?  
What if the present proves that we  
Our powers have overrated?  
Shall we therefore sit meekly down  
And give ourselves to sorrow?  
Lament the past so profitless,  
And future trouble borrow?

"It might have been!" is well enough  
For poetry to embellish;  
As food for thought in prosy life  
It has a bitter relish.  
And I, for one, am thankful now  
That life is not quiescent,  
But that each hour brings in its train  
A duty omnipresent.

Of "faith and works" we have been taught  
That each is an essential;  
That neither one alone can bring  
Its perfect peace potential.  
So let us, then, with faith look up  
Beyond life's tangled seeming,  
And work with steadfast earnestness  
Instead of idly dreaming.

FORT WAYNE, IND.

### WOMEN AT THE COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION.

The Board of Lady Managers of the Columbian Exposition has settled all its little internal difficulties and "got down to business." Its rights are known and conceded, its privileges made available. The members know what they want to do, and have pretty well determined on the manner of accomplishment. The Board will have the entire management of the women's department of the great show, even to the construction of the women's building. It was early determined that woman's hand and brain should design that building. Miss Sophie G. Hayden, a promising young architect of Boston, offered the design which was selected, and was asked to superintend the construction of the building, but wouldn't leave her beloved "Hub" for the purpose. The Women's Building is nearest completion of any on the grounds. Women will also design and execute the statuary upon the exterior. Miss Rideout, who is doing a large part of this work, is but 18 years old; and a young Southern girl is modeling the caryatides which will support the cornice of the roof garden, which is a feature of the building. Competition is invited for a symbolic design in relief to occupy a space forty-two feet

long by seven in height, between the main-pediments.

Many of the States, through their Lady Managers, are contributing materials and specimens of stone and woods toward the construction of the building. A California lady will donate a beautiful redwood panel; a daughter of Missouri will contribute an onyx column. A Montana lady donates the last nail to be driven, which will be of gold, silver and copper, the three chief metals of that State; and many other equally valuable donations are proffered; and it is altogether likely that the building will be a fine exponent of the taste, genius and creative skill of women.

While no attempt will be made to separate women's work from men's, owing to the fact that in many industries their labor is inextricably mingled, those exhibits which are entirely and distinctively woman's will be grouped in the Women's Building. Exhibits will be admitted only by invitation, and such invitation considered equivalent to a prize, as no awards are to be made. But the General Commission has decided that wherever women's work enters into a manufactured article, that article shall bear a device indicating her share of labor in its production.

As to what the Women's Building shall contain in the way of exhibits, there is less unanimity of sentiment, but all are united upon one cardinal point—that the work to be admitted must be of the highest degree of excellence. (We hope the rules may be rigid enough to exclude hair and feather "flowers" and crazy quilts.) "No sentimental sympathy shall induce the acceptance of mediocre work" say the Lady Managers. We hope they'll adhere to this commendable resolution.

Illinois alone among the States has as yet made an independent appropriation for a collective exhibit of the industries of its women; \$80,000 and one-tenth of the space of the State building—the largest and finest on the grounds—are to be given over to women.

It is settled that there is to be a model kitchen with all the latest culinary appliances, where scientific methods will be practically illustrated; a model kindergarten; a trained nurse

ditto; a room devoted to women's literary work; another to rare laces and quaint fabrics. The Countess of Aberdeen is arranging for an exhibit of the handiwork of Irish women and girls—the makers of hand-made laces and embroideries, hand woven linens and wool goods, and the beautiful crochet work for which they are noted. In one room she hopes to have a representation of a bridal party, the figures life-size, in wax, the garments made by hand by Irish girls and consisting of the richest laces and embroideries; and a delegation of girls will be at work. Women's inventions, represented by models, will be given space; and anything notable and of high order of merit is solicited by the Managers, who after all, like the editor of the successful newspaper, will best show their good judgment and discrimination by what they decline.

There is to be absolutely no discrimination as regards color, race or nationality against any meritorious work. All are free to exhibit, if their work is worthy of place in the estimation of the Board, which must be, in the very nature of things, most critical and exacting, space being limited.

In Michigan, those who desire to make exhibits, or wish for further information, should address the Lady Managers for the State, Mrs. Julia A. Pond, Hillsdale, or Mrs. J. S. Valentine, Lansing, and early action should be taken. So far, the State has made no appropriation for the exhibit of women's work, and it is not likely any will be made.

BEATRIX.

### OVER THE WAY.

Just across from my window, as I write, twin babies are playing in the sunshine in their window and the few months of earth-life rest very lightly on their innocent heads. I can tell just when the "gurgle" and "coo" comes in by the looks of their little faces, but how different the expression of each? One is a rosy-cheeked, dark-haired, healthy girl with a Yankee face, and the other a pale, delicate, bald-headed boy with the unmistakable features of his Jewish parents. Totally unlike are they; but across the street is another family where the pretty dimple-cheeked twins, bright-eyed manly little



fellows whom all the neighbors love to see, are so alike that even their parents need to give a searching look to distinguish one from the other, and no outsider ventures to mention them singly, their united name being "the D— twins."

There must be many smart sayings by the little ones in the families of the HOUSEHOLD, but such are rarely reported for its columns. A teacher here had devoted some time talking to her class of little girls about purity and asked them all to pray to be made pure. But the thought was carried out differently from what was in her mind, for a parent of one of those little ones told her that she overheard the prayer, which ended with "Please, Lord, make me as pure as Royal baking powder," proving that the object lessons taught by popular advertisements were doing their perfect work. Another teacher called upon her infant class for the golden text found in Matt., 14:27, and the rendering by a precocious youth was: "It's me! don't get skairt."

ROMEO.

EL. SEE.

#### A TRIP TO FEBEWAING.

It was a warm sunshiny day of last September when my friend came to me and said: "Let's go to Sebewaing to a Dutch picnic." No sooner said than my dress was changed, and with the best "bib and tucker on," we started. It was a drive of about fifteen miles from where we were staying, over fine roads and through beautiful scenery. Part of of the way roads were cemented, while off from the cement I noticed the sand was black, and different from any I had seen before, and was told the color was caused by coal in it. Well, we "arove," as Samantha says, ate our dinner, and prepared to take in the town by first going to the Arbeiter Hall. It was in a grove of young maples with little lunch stands around in different places, and was quite a pretty place. But about all we could see there was beer, ice-cream, sausage, beer, which almost disgusted us with the sight.

The bay was grand, especially at Oak Park, where the Saginaw people camp, but we could not stay long to enjoy its beauties. As I had never been to a coal mine, and as there are two mines here, we drove out about a mile to one. There was quite a little town of about twenty-one houses and one large boarding house. We only looked in at the engine works and coal sifter, but went to the main shaft. One of the workmen said to me: "I am afraid it is pretty damp down there for a lady." But I thought it was rather late to back out, so went on. They lit a little bit of a light no larger than a candle, and about six of us went down about 120 feet and then out horizontally about 50 feet, and away out we could

see little stars twinkling—the lights of the workmen. We did not go out to where they were working. But I thought If ever I get out of this I will be cold before I get so far under the ground again, and you would have thought so too, if you are as big a coward as I. There was water running all the time down the shaft, "to keep the air pure," and down at the bottom of the shaft, it was like rain. There were little tracks running in all the halls, and instead of men to push the cars they use mules to draw the coal to the shaft. The mules are led on the shaft and lowered down, and the men told us they would stand just as quiet until they reached the bottom. I don't see how men can work, as we could not stand up, but had to stoop even where they had worked, and we were not so tall either. When we came up we started to drive home, well pleased with our picnic and ready to rest when we got home.

THOMAS.

LUE.

#### DECOLLETTE PICTURES.

For several years I have been an ardent admirer of the lively little paper, the HOUSEHOLD supplement, and lately have been expecting to see its correspondents take up the subject of the women officers of the World's Fair for discussion. Is it possible our good sisters favor the style of photographs the lady officers have chosen to exhibit themselves, and thus keep quiet? Hardly probable. Every periodical has something in it about the Columbian Exposition. Many reproduce photographs of its officers. In every instance the ladies have been in low necked dresses and with bare arms, either decollette or with V-shaped opening nearly to the waist line, back and front; many have only a band over the shoulder for a sleeve. Doubtless these ladies think to enhance their beauty by this exposure of their flesh in so wholesale a manner; possibly it does to some people. Will it to the masses? We read there are one hundred and seventeen lady officers. Are we to have them all in flesh tints? I heard a man remark recently on looking at one of these pictures: "What a fine quirk she has to her neck, and what a heavenly expression—like a duck looking at a bird flying over its head! Suppose she thinks that adds to her looks." Will not most men make remarks similar to that, or plainer still, and more forcible speeches? How much more sensible it would be if ladies, like men, would dress with high necks and look natural when having their pictures taken for this great nation to gaze on. It is doubtful if the young people of our day are going to get the best ideas of women from this contemplation of them.

The day passed long ago when mothers dressed their babies in low-

necked dresses. The girls are "up to their ears" in high gowns; in fact most women dress that way these days. Then what must be the effect on these classes to see women who stand at "the head of the nation" as types of culture and wisdom, superior to the common lot, un-dressed in this fashion! We doubt not their ability to crown with success their every undertaking, and we wish them God speed; but we fear unless more common sense is used in the display of their charms the best impression of their ability and power will be lost. We understand it is the fashion in cities, in society and theatres, to so dress. Even then it is risky, and far from inciting the purest uplifting effect on the other sex, but that is another matter; it doesn't make it any more right for the "highest in our land" to exhibit their charms to all classes regardless of all kinds of remarks and severe criticisms. We are told one woman paid over two hundred dollars to exhibit herself in a leading journal, and there she sits, nearly nude, what we can see of her, and so staring is her flesh one can think of little else, while her face is turned and so shaded it is hard to get an expression of any kind.

Where are our farmers' wives, our W. C. T. U., the King's Daughters? Will they not express an opinion on this subject?

ALLEGAN.

GRANDMA.

#### "T. S." AND THE FARMERS' CLUB.

How we laughed over "Me 'n' Sarah" in the HOUSEHOLD of Jan. 16th! I started to read it, and after I had "broke out" laughing two or three times, pater-familias, who sat in his big chair with his feet across another, reading the last FARMER by the fire, looked up and mildly inquired if I was going crazy, or was it some new phase of the grippe. I replied by telling him to listen while I read him something fully equal to Bill Nye or Widow Bedott, and then we both laughed.

T. S., where have you kept yourself all this time, that we have not heard from you before? for I do not remember to have seen that signature in the HOUSEHOLD columns. It is just possible though that this effusion comes from some contributor who is masquerading under a new name. It sounds a little like "Simon's Wife," come to think of it. But whoever it is I should advise you to enter the lists against the popular humorists of the day, and give up "spankin' butter" (if a woman) or "milkin' cows" (if a man), for one who can make folks laugh a good honest laugh in these days has a "career" opening up before him that soon leads to fame, and all the world will be scrambling after seats at a dollar apiece to hear such an one speak. Come again, T. S., I'm sure you will be welcome.

FLINT.

ELLA B. WOOD.



## A JOURNALISTIC VENTURE.

More copy? With all my heart. I came once before and as there were no verbal objections I am here again, and have come to stay.

I must tell you of an experience we had last summer. We edited and published a paper known as "The Fern Hill Chronicle." It was printed, or rather typewritten, on paper about as wide as the HOUSEHOLD and three inches longer. Our printing outfit consisted of a Remington typewriter, by means of which we made manifold copies. The "Chronicle" contained five leaves neatly typewritten in columns, the leaves fastened together by the novelty fasteners, which we already had. It was made up of editorials, locals, stories, poems, question and answer department, fashion department and "funnyisms," and many were the questions asked and ridiculous the fashions set.

One important feature was that everything must be original, nothing copied. Copies found their way to brothers, sisters, cousins and friends in California, Colorado, Wisconsin, Michigan, Canada and most of the eastern States, and seemed to be welcome visitors wherever they went. They saved writing lots of letters, and were issued semi-monthly until it became so warm that the editress and her assistants "struck," for we had rather play croquet and spend our time out of doors. The subscription price was *nothing*, advertising *ditto*. We received a number of contributions and had quantities of locals that would interest those absent. All voted it a success, but some ill-natured one dubbed it "The Cackler."

I say let Grandpa stay with us. I think he is nice, and perhaps he will tell us some of his experiences.

I reiterate, "I have come to stay."

ALICE C. DIMON.  
FERN HILL FARM, FORT WAYNE, Ind.

## S. P. C. C.

It may not be improper to follow the article on ill-treatment of children, which appeared in last week's HOUSEHOLD, by a brief account of a society formed especially to take cognizance of and remedy such abuses. It is a reproach to our boasted civilization that societies for the prevention of cruelty to children and animals should be necessary. With all our Christianity, we are less merciful than some of those people whom we arrogantly call pagans; for in India no Hindu abuses or maltreats a domestic animal, and there is no law, save the teachings of his religion, to deter him. We all know what Henry Bergh accomplished for the brute creation, by means of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, which antedated by some years the first organized effort to

alleviate the mistreatment of children.

The New York Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children was the first of its kind, and its inception was the work of women. A poor woman, lying on her death-bed in a crowded tenement house, begged a charitable lady who visited her to save a little child in an adjoining apartment from its cruel stepmother, whose daily beatings disturbed her dying hours. Benevolent societies and even the police were powerless under existing laws; the lady was warned that it was dangerous to interfere between parent and child, and not until she appealed to Henry Bergh could she find a man or woman brave enough to rescue little Mary Ellen from the inhuman treatment to which she was daily subjected. So many similar cases came to light through the publicity given to this, that a society especially devoted to that branch of charity was soon organized, and there is now none which commands a stronger or more wide-spread public sympathy. Through its influence laws have been modified to give the Society jurisdiction and a right to interfere, and certain penalties provided for the punishment of inhumanity. The Society, in its sixteen years of existence, has investigated cases involving over 161,400 children, and rescued 28,950 from conditions of shameful abuse, in most instances at the hands of their parents. The president of the Society, Hon. Elbridge Gerry, is almost as widely known in connection with its work as was the lamented Bergh in his. The Society has put down the infamous *padrone* system, by which children were sold to or stolen by Italians who held them as slaves, and subjected them to starvation and brutal punishment when they were not successful in a day's begging.

The tenement houses, where the poor, the intemperate, the depraved and brutal herd, where men, women and children are crowded like brutes in a pen, are the headquarters of vice and sin and the suffering of the little ones. It is not unusual for one of these tenements to hold a hundred or a hundred and fifty children; indeed, it is estimated that eight-tenths of New York City's 182,000 children under five years of age live in these tenements, in dark, unventilated, dirty rooms, where all the surroundings tend to blunt or wholly eradicate the moral sensibilities, and where privacy is as impossible as refinement. These are the schools for education in vice, and thousands of graduates are turned out every year. Here is the chief work of the Society, in rescuing the ill-treated ones from physical suffering, and by removing them to decent surroundings and providing for their education, making them respectable, wage-earning individuals.

Seven years ago an English gentleman came here for the purpose of

studying the Society's work, went home, and founded societies in London and Liverpool on the same plan, to save "the child of the English savage." There are now eighty auxiliary societies, employing sixty inspectors, who have an average of six hundred cases every year; and there are now about three hundred societies in all, in various parts of the world. The average number of children in whose behalf the societies are compelled to act is six thousand per annum; and as they are able to cover less than one-fourth of the country, it is simply appalling to think of the number of little ones suffering from the tyranny and cruelty of those who should be their protectors and defenders, with no one to interfere in their aid.

It should be borne in mind that the S. P. C. C. does not take cognizance of what it calls "parental indiscretions," that is, those severe punishments inflicted in haste and passion, after which are experienced genuine regret and contrition. Only where the ill-treatment is continuous and the suffering a matter of indifference is the law invoked. Little children are still subject to the violent passions of their parents. The humanitarian is powerless to prevent domestic ruffianism until it reaches the point of savagery. But public sentiment can be and is aroused. A man who broke his child's arm in a transport of rage had no particular compunctions, saying "He's my child; I shall punish him as I choose," but the indignant neighbors talked of tar and feathers so significantly that he felt it wise to relieve the community of his presence for a time.

The lovers of little children and of humanity the world over have reason to rejoice in the work of the S. P. C. C.; and it and all charities which relate to the helping of the helpless little ones who are here without their own volition and subject to the ignorance, the thoughtlessness and the cruelty of the world, should be liberally sustained by those more fortunate in life.

BEATRIX.

## AN APOLOGY—OR WAR.

I never felt a bit like voting against Grandpa's membership in the HOUSEHOLD until I read his letter in last week's paper. But when a man ventures to slander women in their own favorite paper, I say "Put him out!"

"Peeping is a natural propensity of children and women!" Indeed, is it? For my part, and as far as a large amount of observation goes, for all-round, able-bodied curiosity, that will descend to any measures, commend me to a man! Who sits in "the bald-headed row" when there's a ballet show at the hall. Who stands on the street corner and ogles every good-looking girl that goes by, criticising her appearance? Who always has an



eye open on a rainy day to see how much skirt and ankle a woman displays when she steps over a puddle? And who will tell you the color of her hose if she happens to fall down? Who sneaks round houses in the evening, trying to peep through the blinds? Why a man, every time. Who was the most famous peeper of history, justly punished for his curiosity and execrated in poetry to this day? who but "Peeping Tom of Coventry!" I guess Grandpa meant to say children and men were the peepers.

I vote that Grandpa be required to make an ample apology for slandering us, or be informed his room is better than his company. And we will not give him as much time to do it in as Uncle Sam gave Chili, either.

MILFORD.

INDIGNANT.

## WHEN?

I move that we tender a vote of thanks to Hattie E. Rix for the able selection given as a reply to that question, "What shall we tell our children?" It has haunted my thoughts ever since its asking, and had I found time to express it through my pen, it would not have been as well said, but the substance of my reply must have been the same as that of Miss Willard's. In the first place, I would plead that a mother tell the truth, and nothing but the truth; but to tell the whole truth is many times impossible. Even the gifted Miss Willard may not realize how early in life this questioning begins. Often a two year old baby queries, "Mamma, where did you get me? Did you get me at the store, and was I done up in a paper?" This at two, and it will be kept up at intervals right along. Few children under ten can be intrusted with, or understand Nature's creative laws. Meanwhile we must not tell our child lies, nor thwart her curiosity in such a way as to make her seek elsewhere what we want to give at the proper time. Whatever we do tell, let it be truth, and let us promise over and over again that as soon as she can understand it, she shall know all we know. Ask her to trust us, and come to us with anything that puzzles her. If all children were alike this problem would be easily solved; but while one is grave and thoughtful, another is gay and thoughtless; while one would keep a little talk to herself another at the same age would proclaim her news to all her mates, and bring upon our heads the condemnation of our neighbors who fail to see things in the same light we do.

But in this case, as in many others, I find it easier to say and know what one ought to do than to do it. To look into my daughter's innocent eyes, and draw her attention to the great law which governs alike the vegetable and animal kingdoms; to teach her the purity and holiness of love and passion, when

it is set as a crown upon the human race, would be an easy task; but I must go farther: The sin, the loathsome misery brought into the world by the perversion of this must also be spread like a scroll before her; and forever after she sees life as she never saw it before.

It must come, and it had better be learned from the mother. That mother can not begin too early to know how far this education has gone, and give the lesson ahead; but to know just when it is wise to "tell it all," is a puzzler to

THOMAS.

A. H. J.

## INDICATIONS OF SPRING.

The new spring dress goods are already upon the merchants' counters. They are nearly all in cotton weaves, as the spring woolens are not in demand until the latest styles are in the hands of dressmakers, which is not until Lent is over. Challis are the only woolen goods yet seen for spring wear; these are in flower patterns, like the light silks so popular last year. One piece had a pale gray ground on which were exquisitely shaded pink roses and buds—but it would be prettier in the piece than made up; another had a ground of cinnamon brown, sprinkled with ecru violets; a third pale green blossoms on a darker background, while others were blue, black, purple, to suit varying tastes. There are also very handsome white and cream challis, in floral designs, all wool, at 65 cents a yard.

In cottons, the new cotton Bedford cords promise to be both fashionable and durable. They are invariably striped, a cord of blue, ecru, brown, gray or pink alternating with a cord of white; they are as thick and firm as pique, and are especially recommended for children's wear, and are 30 inches wide at 60 cents a yard. Cotton crepons, with crumpled surfaces which would make the particular woman feel as if her dress needed pressing, are among the new things and are very stylish; they have a smooth, raised stripe alternating with a crinkled one, and the colorings are in what are called *ombre* stripes, that is, three inch stripes shading from white to the faintest tint of blue or pink and on to a deeper but delicate hue, then back by the same gradations to white. New gingham have white grounds barred into tiny squares by black lines, and on this groundwork are scattered the large dots or spots an inch and a half in diameter, in raised effects, a very striking novelty. These and the crepons are 60 cents a yard.

For summer wear are black lawns, plain and satin-striped, with polka and pea dots and tiny trefoils in white, lemon yellow, mauve and blue, at 15 cents for plain and 25 cents for the satin-striped. These are to be made up over black, with black skirt-linings,

the 20-cent percaline being used for the purpose, and make pretty dresses for hot weather. A pretty way of making them dressy is to have a yoke, belt and deep cuffs of surah to match the color of the figure, and overlay with black lace edging. Ribbons will also be much used on these and the white organdies, not yet shown—it is a little "previous" for lawns when snow is on the ground and sleighbells chiming, but these cotton goods are largely made up for house dresses now, and the early patterns are always handsomer than those shown later, in what we can not help feeling a more reasonable time.

Satteens (which we are told are a little out of the swim) and the crepons and Bedford cords, they tell us, are to be made up in tailor gowns. That might do for the satteens and the Bedford cords, but the crepons, gingham and challis are much prettier made with full waists, or with a back which is close-fitting and jacket fronts opening over a silk shirt with yoke and pointed belt. The Russian blouse is "new," but is a horribly homely garment, being demi-length, fitted only by under arm seams and belted down. Anything that is "Russian" goes, of course, but it is to be hoped only the slender tall girls with no hips to speak of will essay it.

BEATRIX.

## Contributed Recipes.

**SPONGE CAKE.**—Beat three eggs three minutes, then add one and a half cups of fine granulated sugar; beat five minutes and add one teaspoonful of flour and one teaspoonful of cream tartar, sifted; beat three minutes, then add one-half teaspoonful of soda dissolved in one half cup of cold water and another cup of flour; beat and mix well. Bake quickly. Flavor as you like. Good.

**GINGER COOKIES.**—One cup of brown sugar; one cup of lard; one cup of buttermilk; two cups of N. O. molasses; four teaspoonfuls of soda, one in milk, three mashed and sifted in flour; two teaspoonfuls of ginger, cinnamon and salt; two eggs. Mix quite soft. When they are in the pan to bake wet with cloth dipped in a mixture of two parts water and one of molasses, which makes them shine like bakers' cookies.

**GRAHAM BREAD.**—One egg; two cups of buttermilk; one-third cup of molasses; two cups of graham flour; two cups of wheat flour; one tablespoonful of sour cream; two teaspoonfuls of soda, one of baking powder and one of salt. Bake slowly.

**BOSTON BROWN BREAD.**—One teaspoonful each of rye, graham and yellow corn flour; one cup of N. O. molasses; three cups of buttermilk; two teaspoonfuls of soda; one of salt. Put in a flaring pail—one on which the cover goes outside the pail, and fits tight; if the steam gets inside, the bread is heavy. Steam in a kettle of water four hours, then bake till brown. The water must not stop boiling while cooking. It is very fine.

B. W. P.

GRAND BLANC.