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THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

THE WEATHER.

BY EL. SEE.

A friend or acquaintance whenever we're meeting
"Rainy morning!" "Fine evening!" the style of
our greeting.
And 'though uttered by some one somewhere
every minute
We scarce pause to think of the meaning that's
in it;
Nor often consider that, taken together,
All our health, wealth and happ'ness hang on the
weather.
Would we go to a Sunday school, concert or ball
The weather is king and decides for us all,
For we'll live without sermons, or picnics or
shows,
When we think by attending we'll ruin our
clothes.
When plowing and sowing the farmer's amount
Of bushels and stacks is an uncertain count,
For the rain and drouth have control of the soils,
The sunshine and showers determine the spoils.
If perchance we are threatened with fever or
chills,
The state of the atmosphere governs these ills,
Counteracting or aiding the powders and pills
And assisting physicians in making their bills,
Gallant firemen may labor and strong engines
play,
But when buildings are burning the wind has its
way.
And, while fitfully changing, it governs the
whole,
And is, like the weather, beyond all control.
There's a fog o'er the waters, staunch vessels
collide,
Are shattered and broken and sink 'neath the
tide;
Or the storm king comes forth; in his fury he
raves
And loved ones sink helpless in watery graves,
So with most undertakings the loss or the gain
Comes in the proportion of sunshine and rain.
ROMEO.

A WORD OF CAUTION.

I have something to say to the young
women and girls among HOUSEHOLD
readers who purpose attending the
Columbian Exposition, and incidentally,
a word or two to their mothers. If I
could get you all together somewhere,
and appoint myself special lecturer, I
could speak much more plainly and to
the point, but that is not practicable; I
must reach my audience, if at all,
through our little HOUSEHOLD.

Let me advise you, mothers, not to
allow your young daughters to visit the
Exposition unless you know where and
with whom they are going to stay and
unless they are properly chaperoned, or
have some one whom you know and
trust to look after them. It is a shame
to be obliged to say that evil men and
women will be on hand, ready to em-

brace every opportunity to lead them
astray and ruin them; and that under
pretense of assistance innocent girls
will be directed to places they will not
be allowed to leave as pure as when they
entered. Wicked men and more wicked
women—for the woman who has herself
fallen and yet will plan to seduce the
pure of her own sex, taking advantage
of their inexperience, is the vilest of
the vile—will be on the alert for vic-
tims, and employ any means to secure
them. Don't let your daughters be
sacrificed. Go with them and look
after them, or send them only with
those you know are experienced and
trustworthy, and who will have authority over
them.

Thousands of girls are being drawn
to Chicago by the promise of employ-
ment at good wages. While the demand
is legitimate, it is among these stran-
gers, many of them away from parental
care for the first time, that the pro-
cureur and seducer will seek their prey.
Acquaintances will be formed which
will lead to worse than death. Look
out for yourselves. The gentlemanly
stranger and the obliging, lady-like
woman will take a special interest in
young girls traveling without escort,
and direct them, if they are unprovided
with lodgings, to some "nice place"
likely to turn out a disreputable house;
or induce them to go to some location
"nearer and more convenient." On
general principles it is safest to "take
no stock" in a person of either sex who
seems to take particular interest in
you; their motives may not be a credit
to them.

And girls, be very shy about accept-
ing attentions from very nice young
men who seem to have developed a bad
attack of love at first sight. The wolf
wears his sheep's clothing with a grace
calculated to deceive the very elect.
You will remember the romances you
have read, and see no reason why a gal-
lant stranger should not precipitate
himself into the abyss of love for you as
well as for the girls in the books. But
he may be planning the deepest injury
that can be done a woman. It may
sound like prudishness, but take my
advice: No rides, no visits, no theatres,
no suppers in "nice little restaurants,"
unless you have a chaperon, and let that
chaperon be your friend, not his. Don't
go anywhere, alone, with strangers.

That sums it all up, and therein lies the
only absolute safety.

It may seem to you very rude and dis-
courteous to a stranger, especially such
a very nice, pleasant, gallant, good
looking one, to be suspicious and re-
served, and decline such charming
schemes for unaccustomed pleasures;
you feel ashamed to be so "prudish," es-
pecially when he adopts an injured tone
and asks if you suspect he is "not a
gentleman." Gently remind him that
he is a stranger. If he is a gentleman
he knows even better than you that he
should not presume, upon short ac-
quaintance, to the privileges of a friend
and that your prudence is perfectly pro-
per, respecting you the more for it.

Many, many girls will disregard all
cautions and say with a shrug of their
pretty shoulders that they aren't afraid
and can look out for themselves; and
many of them will stay in Chicago in
places where they would not have their
mothers see them for the world; and
some will creep home, broken-hearted,
betrayed, not because they were wicked
or weak, but because they trusted some
plausible stranger and advantage was
taken of their ignorance and in experi-
ence, or brute force employed.

Girls who marry strangers on short
acquaintance take a fearful risk. Every
week instances come under my eye in
the papers where some poor girl is de-
serted, perhaps with a baby in her arms,
or finds she is the victim of some man
with one wife or more somewhere else.
She has thought herself a legal wife;
but the marriage of a married man
means bigamy and a prison for him and
shame and dishonor for the second wo-
man, who is no wife, however honest
may have been her belief that she was.
No girl with any sense of prudence or
any knowledge of life or the world—I
will go further and say that no girl with
average common sense—will marry a
man she has known but a few weeks, no
matter how plausible an account he
gives of himself or how frank and ap-
parently open he seems, without proper
and sufficient investigation into his past
life and present standing. No man
worth having as a husband will object
to putting before the father or brother
of the girl he would marry such cre-
dentials as will convince them he is what
he assumes to be; and he, if an honest
man, will think more highly of the girl

and her family for their precautions. But often a girl's blind trust in her lover, her absolute infatuation which banishes good sense, makes her resent any inquiry as insulting or unnecessary in face of the man's mere assertions, and she marries in haste for a life-time of repentance.

Let these words of advice influence your conduct at Chicago—and elsewhere, and you will not have life-long cause to regret your visit.

BEATRIX.

"FROM THE FRYING-PAN INTO THE FIRE."

From the frying-pan into fire!—What a fatal leap! Do you refer to the time you were married?

"Sometimes these frying-pans have an adjective prefix, in the superlative degree, which if thoroughly investigated proves to be of the smallest kind."

I firmly believe I jumped into the "fire" when I got married, but under no trivial circumstances would I leap back into that small dish.

Before I was married it did seem as though, when evening approached and other members of the family became sleepy, I was wide awake, and like the little boy, "I would sit up;" but unlike this same little being I did not get "scared out" by an owl, or try to entertain one (at least not a feathered one); consequently, when day-light streamed into my window, each successive morning found me where I should have been the previous evening. This was a luxury which I am now deprived of.

As the hour hand points to four o'clock, every morning a sound like a dynamite bomb arouses me from that peaceful slumber, and in eight minutes I am ready for my day's work.

This is what causes that "fire," and don't you think it a fatal leap? Candidly, I sometimes sigh for even a glance at that "frying-pan," at any rate long enough to forget myself—and I'll shoot the "Owl," if he dare peep in; and that early bird is perfectly welcome to the worm.

Oh! farm life, country life or rural life, whichever of these synonymous terms suits you best, is perfectly delightful (when you become used to it). You can study all the landscapes you care too, and listen to the chirp and chant of insects. You can gather ferns and flowers; you can hear the soft zephyr among the trees, and catch the low, wailing sound as it dies away in the pine tops; you can watch the nimble squirrels as they noiselessly tread the green-carpeted earth. You have plenty of time to study Dame Nature in every form when you rise at four o'clock in the morning three hundred and sixty-five days in the year, and in four years you will have all surrounding territory committed to memory and a name for every toad.

Do you wonder I sigh for an old fash-

ioned sleep, in that downy bed at mother's?

By the time most people are up my work is done, and not having any one to look after excepting my husband and a little pug dog, with no milk or butter to attend to, you will not wonder that the day seems long, and actually, when the sun begins to sink in the west, my eye-lids begin to droop.

This early rising is the one trial of my life, and although I can never forget it, I will bear it as patiently as possible, and will be just as attentive to Aaron in the next four years as I have in the past four, but I want to be brief, so I will say right here that I'll never marry another man whose business calls him out in the middle of the night.

MT. CLEMENS.

LITTLE NAN.

SWEET PEAS AND CARNATIONS.

The parent of all the varieties of carnation pink is the clove pink of olden times, which was considered frost-proof in mild temperature only; but we have carnations that will endure our Michigan winters bravely (although not those with smothering banks of snow), as will other tribes of the Dianthus family. Carnations grow readily from seed or cuttings; the last succeeding better where small slips are used. All varieties of the pink delight in cool moist situations, with plenty of air. A soil that is porous and rich suits them best. There is nothing better than decayed leaves and sods for them, further enriched with liquid fertilizer when necessary.

If you wish choice carnations for the garden send to a reliable florist for seed. The seed is high-priced; and do not complain at the small quantity, for that is an indication that it is from choice plants. Make a smooth mellow bed in rich soil and sow early; used them well and the second year you may enjoy their sweet, spicy odor. If you wish plants for the window, buy them in bloom and propagate by cutting and pegging down.

Sweet peas should be planted in the autumn or early in spring, and quite deeply. The soil should be made rich and mellow, and when seed is covered a top-dressing of rotted manure applied. When the plants begin to show up the fastidious cutworm is apt to thin the ranks if not circumvented. A good plan is to dip green leaves in paris green water and lay over the rows.

Excellent directions for later treatment are given in the FARMER of May 6th, also good varieties named.

After last season's trial I can recommend Blanche—for rich and beautiful colors; this sort requires no support and gives a long season of profuse bloom. When ordering seed for spring planting try the summer chrysanthemum, and also the pure white ten weeks' stock. There is nothing better in or out of a green-house. Then send for a

few new dahlias, or a paper of dahlia seed. These will bloom the first year.

Do not depend on old sorts of chrysanthemums for winter, but try a few from a good florist's stock and see the changes in form and color secured by those who labor for the perfection of this class of plants. I like to dress and live well, but would forego, if necessary, many an indulgence for the sake of a new plant, tree or flower and be well satisfied. No work more beneficial and noble than is being done by florists and horticulturists.

"To the hearts that ache and the eyes that weep
A wee flower bringeth God's peace again;
Each one serveth its tender lot,
Buttercup, poppy, forget-me-not."

FENTON.

MRS. M. A. FULLER.

A CONUNDRUM.

I have been wondering what will become of the children and babies, while father and mother, aunt and uncle, are in Chicago. I think that patient women (no one unless they love children and have lots of patience need think of it), have a chance to make good fat pocket books. I wish I was near a city that I might avail myself of the opportunity. I used to keep city boarders and have as good friends among them to-day as I have any place, and know there is money in it too.

I wonder if the lady who had those woolen blankets washed and sent home smelling like old grease, ever got advice that was acceptable? I should make a good suds and have them washed through it and rinsed in water of the same temperature; hang up where the wind will dry them quick.

I want to ask a question, if it will not make me tiresome. How are we to clean house, one room at a time, and not allow the house to get in disorder, when the sitting-room carpet has to come up and be turned, the worn places taken out, and made to fit the dining-room, while the carpet on that room is to be washed and fitted to a bed-room up stairs, and the bed-room carpet made over for a smaller room? Am I the only one who has to economize to such an extent? No wonder I envy others the opportunity to take city boarders.

OLA.

[The Lady Managers of the Exposition have provided for the needs of women who must take young children to the fair or stay at home. A *creche* or day nursery has been arranged where your baby is checked very much like your valise, and fed and cared for by competent nurses while you see the show. I do not know what fee is paid. This feature is adapted from the *creche* at the Paris Exposition. Three thousand babies were deserted at that Exposition, and the managers placed them in homes and asylums. I understand the managers of the Chicago model expect to have a few surplus babies at the close of the fair.—ED.]

AN OPEN DOOR TO FARMERS' DAUGHTERS.

Paper read by Miss Julia Ball at the Farmers' Institute at Howell, Feb. 28th, and by request before the Webster Farmers' Club, April 8th, 1898.]

(Concluded.)

There has been some advancement in the past year, besides those in education already noted. A lady has been made assessor of Mackford, Wisconsin, a responsible position, on account of the many wealthy residents; another is clerk of the District Court in Beatrice, Nebraska. Miss Ames is sheriff of Boone County, Illinois. Miss Browning has been made librarian of the Indianapolis Public Library. No other woman in the United States has been placed at the head of so extensive an institution of its kind. The only woman customs broker in any country is Miss Hulda Graser, of Cincinnati. Miss Ruth Kimball, of the St. Paul Globe, has won entrance to the gallery of the United States Senate. Naturally there was some opposition when she first took her seat with the other reporters. Four women were among the honorary pall-bearers at Whittier's funeral.

We have not as yet enough free trade to compel the American women to seek the coal mine and the chain forge, on account of their husbands' low wages, as in Great Britain; there, over six thousand women work in the coal mines.

We have our women farmers, stock breeders, homesteaders, horticulturists, beekeepers, and fruit growers. There have been even women butchers and saloonkeepers.

And now comes the oratorical girl. To Miss E. Jean Nelson belongs the honor of being the first woman to win the oratorical prize in an inter-state contest. Henceforth this brave Indiana girl will rank with Miss Fawcett, [with her signal triumph over that doughty senior wrangler of Cambridge University, also that Scotch lassie who in the competitive examinations for London University distanced sixteen hundred rivals. In Miss Nelson's success every American college girl has a share; she represents forty thousand college girls, who to-day study side by side with their brothers, on ground once deemed man's by prescriptive right, and are teaching the world that as there is no sex in talent, there should be none in education.

There remains one pursuit in which man holds the whole field, because woman refuses to enter it; the occupation of the tramp. Woman has to face poverty, and has the same difficulty in finding an occupation which will support her as man; but the professional vagrant, whose manifest sin and cause of arrest is homelessness, is a type of woman practically unknown. You can find plenty of cheap lodging houses of the good-night-rest-and-free-bath-for-15-cents order; all are for men. No such places can be found for women. Did you ever hear of a woman who took to the public highway, going afoot from place to place, sleeping in barns and along the roadside, working but little, but begging much, and even thieving, a vagabond, and homeless? The hatred of work, the dislike for any useful labor, is dormant in every male child. In many this increases with age; if you add to this poverty, you have the tramp. If we give the data a careful study the only conclusion to be reached is, that a hatred for labor is not a trait belonging to woman; women as a class are more industrious than men; and when a woman is confronted with toil, starvation or beggary, she

invariably chooses the first. As proof of this, in New York city alone, one hundred twenty-seven thousand working women support their husbands. The absence of the woman tramp is a glowing tribute to the sex, and a plea of superiority.

One door still remains for woman to push wide open; she has gained a little crack in it. This is the door of woman suffrage. This crack assumes different forms in the twenty-nine States that have any semblance of equal suffrage in force; only one, Wyoming, allows woman the electoral franchise; in others it is limited to local improvements, school elections, municipal elections, etc.

Taxation without representation was one of the principal causes of the Revolution; it may be the cause of another. In New York city there are one hundred eighty-one women who are millionaires besides those of lesser wealth; upon this enormous sum, these women, the majority of whom are intelligent and well educated, must pay taxes every year; yet are totally unrepresented among those who have the spending of these taxes; taxes of which the most ignorant foreigner, and the most ignorant native, many of whom pay no taxes, may have the disposal. Would it be unreasonable if woman should rise up en masse in open rebellion?

Some men believe equal suffrage should be extended to women only on the question of local option in regard to intoxicating liquors. Think you this question of woman's enfranchisement is one of morality only? It is one of equity first. If it is not right for woman to vote on all questions, it is not right for her to vote on any question, especially one in which the liberty of a portion of the human race is involved. This question of woman suffrage is the greatest question of the day, and every young man thinks he alone has correctly solved the problem.

The newest recruit from Castle Garden would hail it as an impertinence if he were questioned as to the direction of his ballot, before the probate court granted him suffrage papers. No more should woman's use of the ballot be questioned, or her vote limited to questions of morality only. In this Republic every citizen should have equal rights with every other citizen, and no one should be deprived of these rights except for infancy, idiocy, insanity, imbecility or criminal conduct.

These reforms for woman that are taking place are necessary to keep apace with the progress of the nineteenth century; and the reformers have not been incendiaries or termagants; neither have they renounced their womanliness. They have been discreet in conduct, quiet in speech, and slow to anger. But they have been none the less persevering, tireless, and fearless. Read the lives of Florence Nightingale, Elizabeth Fry, Dorothy Dix, Mrs. Stowe, Grace Dodge, and others, for proof.

We hear a great deal in these days about self-made men. We are beginning to hear, and are likely to hear a great deal more of self-made women. She who would earn her bread after the manner of men, without fear of social expulsion or favor offered as a gallant recompense is fettered by sixty centuries of precedent. From the time of the first woman down to the present day, woman's has been unpaid labor; for innumerable generations she has had her "keep" and pin money for the asking,—upon the manner of asking and the humor of her lord depended the quantity and quality.

It is cruelly irrational to expect woman with her rigid muscles to display such action

as man. An apt representation of woman is the Indian Dervish whose arm is upheld in prayer week after week, until he cannot lower it. In spite of all this, examination of the records of woman's work, wherever she has been taught to work, will reveal, I think, a pretty fair showing for them, beside men of equal advantages. This world is terribly in earnest. A girl should have a business education. A man who is master of four trades can learn the fifth and not be spoiled. The same with woman; let her develop her capabilities and when the time comes, as come it may, she will not be compelled to fold her hands, and ask "What can I do?"

This idea that man needs higher wages than woman is in strange opposition to the idea of woman's helplessness. She may be the sole support of mother, sisters, or children, while he has no family; her work may be superior to his; no matter what the equality or inequality between them, in most cases the man gets the place and the high wages, instead of the woman; because, poor man, he needs it, and must be encouraged while she, of course, does not need it.

This disparity between the wages of men and women can only be righted in one way. A writer in the Christian Union said: "The boy who will succeed in this world is he who is content, for a time, to do two dollars worth of work for a dollar." The same precept should apply to business girls as well; it should be ingrafted into the heart and brain until it becomes a part of our very being; a living organ, as it were. There should be a determination to render even the smallest obligation thoroughly in every respect. The compensation to be received should be lost sight of, in the endeavor to do the work well. First, skilled workmanship; last, what price will it command.

I heard a teacher say, "I only get twenty dollars a month, I shall not work very hard." You were not hired to teach a twenty dollar school, nor a forty, nor a fifty dollar one. You were hired to teach school. Do your best, and you will get more for your next. Make yourself necessary to those who employ you, by industry, fidelity, and scrupulous integrity. Put zeal into your work. Hold yourself responsible for a higher standard than anyone else expects of you. Be constant, steadfast, persevering. First, last and always, engage in any allotted labor, even the most menial, with a determined purpose of performing it as though it were the one and sole object in life. Don't be satisfied with work half done; but whether you boil a potato, sweep a room, or paint a picture, be sure to work out the best that is in you. Let every woman learn to do some one thing. Unskilled labor must take what is given; but skilled labor is always sought after and admired. What woman has done, woman can do—yes, indeed, and much more, and do it better.

Woman certainly has come; and now that she has come, what good can she do? Much, if she come to improve the quality of society. The masculine mind is very much of a ruin. Woman may well covet his freedom and opportunity, but not the use he has made of them. If she smokes tobacco, it will be difficult to prove that two smokers are better than one. If she comes drinking wine, or playing games for money, that will be asking us to believe that two drunkards or two gamblers are better than one. If woman is drawing nearer the liberty of man, she must not betray the fact by imitating his vices.

The old adage runs, "Whistling girls and crowing hens, always come to some bad

end." Woman has set aside this adage: whistling pays; it has brought her money. Will woman ever learn to throw a stone? There it is! The future is inscrutable. The prejudice of generations gradually melts away; and woman's destiny is not linked with that of the hen, nor to be controlled by a proverb—perhaps not by anything.

More and more it is evident that the world needs the work of women not merely for the sake of women, but for the sake of the work. The tasks which invite women to the sphere of education, industrial life, art, philanthropy, and social and political reform, need women for their full execution as much as women need the tasks for their full development.

Society needs something more than the society woman; and the woman who fits herself to work mainly for the sake of the work, will get the highest and best reward for her service, and society will get the best result.

"For woman is not undeveloped man, But diverse: Could we make her as the man, Sweet love were slain, his dearest bond is this, Not like to like, but like in difference. Yet in the long years liker must they grow; The man be more of woman, she of man; He gain in sweetness and in moral height, Nor lose the wrestling thews that throw the world; She, mental breadth, nor fail in childward care, Nor lose the childlike in the larger mind; Till at the last she ref herself to man, Like perfect music unto noble words."

AN OLD THEME RENEWED.

It must seem natural to the older members of the HOUSEHOLD to have me talking up my old hobby—the schools—again.

My last letter was on the subject of literature in the district schools. No one, to my knowledge, has said anything further on the subject in these columns. I introduced it here because I thought so many intelligent mothers as speak here would be likely to, some of them, see and act in the right direction and for the good of the children about them. Perhaps you say, "My children have all the good literature and more than they can read." Good, then; very good as far as it goes. But unfortunately in a district school that is not far. Your duty is not done when your own are provided for. Provide for them first, of course, but do not stop there. We should accustom the minds of all children to good company by introducing them only to the best books. In country school districts this can best be done through the agency of a wisely selected public library.

To this fact the foremost minds among our educators are keenly alive and a great effort is being put forth to secure this end. In towns and cities the work is readily accomplished. But the country school is not so easily reached, and so the country child is defrauded of his rights through the neglect, carelessness or ignorance of his teachers, parents and other guardians of public-private affairs.

The district where I am teaching has just made an addition to its library of twenty-four volumes of choice literature, adapted in style to the first seven grades. These books are beautiful in material make up, finely illustrated, in-

structive, entertaining, educating, in history, mechanical science, natural science, ethics, travels, biography and the study of human nature. For there are two volumes of Shakespeare's plays, besides fables and fairy tales for the little folks. All of these cost the small sum of \$8; and we have the promise of two natural history charts besides.

Arbor Day was celebrated by the planting of twenty-six thrifty maples in double rows on the two road sides of our pleasant school-house play-ground. A happy lot of children gather there.

E. L. NYE.

THE GIRL WITH ONE BEAUTY.

Girls are always being told to "make the best of their good points." It is impressed upon them with all the force of a religious conviction, and the result is sometimes a badly overworked lot of "points." Ten chances to one, the girl who undertakes to show off a good point so overdoes it that she makes herself ridiculous. It's better to be consciously and indisputably homely and make no fuss about it than to possess one or two good points or features and be everlastingly working them. It is certainly much more pleasing to one's friends. Who has ever seen portraits of Mrs. Lydia H. Sigourney and not felt pained that she gave her head such an awkward, unnatural and ungraceful pose in the attempt to display both her eyes and her curls? Her portraits are as indicative of the presence of vanity as words could possibly be. The girl who has dimples is everlastingly smiling to show them off; she'd smile at her own mother's funeral from force of habit. If she has good teeth she laughs whether there is occasion for it or not; if long or abundant hair it is "so heavy it's always tumbling down"—with the opportunities afforded it; and while a large foot is discreetly masked behind skirts a pretty one is always *en evidence*, like a sore thumb.

Girls who have good figures are always posing for effect and attitudinizing. They drop into graceful attitudes carefully studied before their mirror, with very perceptible self consciousness which takes away all the charm. That sort of thing must be as unstudied as the flight of a bird or the sweep of a bough; there must be no apparent volition; it must seem the most natural and inevitable pose for the action. Otherwise, the observer's keen sense detects it is simply "posing" and away goes the impression of beauty and grace and one of conscious vanity replaces it. The quickly noted difference between the inpromptu, spontaneous attitudes and the studied is "a dead give-away."

I once heard a man of thirty-five years say he never fell in love with a pretty girl in his life. Knowing his quick eye for beauty of face and form and admiration of such charms, I couldn't help making interrogation points of both eyebrows.

"Fact," he said; "I admire beauty, as you know; but I never yet have seen a pretty girl whose very evident consciousness of her charms did not repel me. They expect flattery and compliments from every one, and if not given extort them. I prefer a plain face with brains to a pretty one without."

Perhaps this is too sweeping, for a few beautiful girls have faces not marred by self-consciousness, and manners not moulded in airs and graces. But it goes to prove that though a beautiful face is a fair gift and gives a girl a great advantage over her plainer sister, it is easy to lose that advantage.

Especially must the girl with the one good point beware of accenting it in manner. Let it bear its share of importance in the general *ensemble*, but don't, don't work it too hard.

BRUNEFILLE.

MRS. HENROTIN, who stands next to Mrs. Potter Palmer in World's Fair undertakings, has written for the May number of the *Review of Reviews* a summary sketch of the participation of women in the forthcoming World's Fair Congresses. Mrs. Meredith, of Indiana, also one of the high officials of the Board of Lady Managers, has given the readers of the *Review of Reviews* a glimpse of the Woman's Building and what it represents. There is also by another lady of official standing in the World's Fair, a charming little sketch of the Children's Building and its exhibits.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

It sometimes happens that a pricked finger will leave a blood stain upon some delicate work. It is a good thing to know that a paste made of uncooked laundry starch, if spread upon the stain immediately and left to dry, may then be scraped off and with it will disappear all traces of the stain without injury to the fabric.—*American Cultivator*.

THE cake you wish should have a fine, delicate grain should positively always be stirred one way. Never knead cookies or fried cakes but stir stiff, roll out as soft as possible. If molasses cookies are rubbed over the top before being baked, with a mixture of equal parts of molasses and cold water, they will take on a beautiful golden-brown color.

Useful Recipes.

DATE CAKE.—Bake a rich cup-cake in layers about three-quarters of an inch thick when done; mix half a cupful of whipped cream with a cupful of chopped dates and spread between the layers. Pile three layers high, and ice top and sides. To be eaten the day it is made.

SCALLOPED CODFISH.—Shred and freshen a pint of codfish and stew till tender. Put alternate layers of fish and bread crumbs in a dish, finishing the top with bread-crumbs. Just before putting to bake, turn over it two-thirds of a cup of drawn butter sauce.