

MICHIGAN FARMER

AND STATE JOURNAL OF AGRICULTURE.

DETROIT, MAY 20, 1893.

THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

IN DREAMS.

BY A. H. J.

"I was so happy in my sleep,"
The pallid sufferer said:
"I dreamed of walking, and I still keep
The thrill of every tread,
The velvet softness of the grass;
My feet all free from pain!"
And we who listened knew, alas,
He'd never walk again.

Now, often when I shrink from toil,
Or speak of weary feet;
Or feel my finer sense recoil
From some coarse task I meet;
How soon a picture memory fraught,
My discontent redeems;
I shame myself with pitying thought
Of those who walk in dreams.

THOMAS

FOR PARENTS.

"What is the secret of your government of your children?" asked a lady of the mother of six "robustious" youngsters in my presence the other day. The mother, thus appealed to, threw a swift glance at her questioner, as if to gauge her seriousness, and answered quietly: "I don't know that there is any 'secret' about it. I have accustomed my children to obey me from the cradle; I never allow them to tease me, and I am careful never to say either yes or no too hastily or without a little reflection or inquiry, perhaps; and I think they know I always mean to be just. I do not say no and allow myself to be coaxed into saying yes; and Gertrude amuses me often by saying, when she asks permission to go anywhere, 'Now mama, don't say no till I tell you.' I do not know that it is a secret, but those are the principles underlying what you term 'my government.'"

My friend's children are not of the precociously good "Little Lord Fauntleroy" order. They are not old and wise beyond their years, but are just "ordinary good;" full of life and vim, restless and mischievous; there are no embryo wings beneath their flannel blouses, but they are very interesting and lovable children—because they are so well behaved and so obedient.

As if to "point a moral," the ten year old daughter of the lady who had made the inquiry came rushing up, tumbling over a chair and interrupting her mother in the middle of a sentence. "Say mama, mama, can't I go down town with Minnie Simpson? Say yes

quick! I'm in such a hurry, Minnie's waiting for me." "No, you cannot—" "Oh mama, do let me!" and so on through three or four minutes of entreaties, and "noes" diminishing in determination, till finally "Well, do stop your teasing." "Well, can I go?" "Oh, do go along; you worry the life out of me."

Now such action as the above is destructive to all discipline. It would ruin the best child in the world, so far as habits of obedience are concerned. Could not this mother have said yes to her child's request at the first asking as well as after repeated askings? No question was at issue; no argument was used to convince the mother that "yes" was better than "no;" it was simply the teasing of the child which prevailed. And probably the girl would have been greatly surprised to have been told she might go with her little friend without the preliminary coaxing.

I commend this matter of yes or no to the thought of parents. Don't forbid on the moment's impulse; don't say yes and take it back. Let the impatient child wait a moment while you reflect, and if you can give the coveted permission, do it cheerfully and cordially; don't send the little one away with his joy tempered by a grudging, reluctant assent.

The parents who always keep their promises to their children (and are careful to make no rash ones which sober second thought wishes unpledged) have much greater influence over their children than those who make abundant promises but "forget." I wonder how many fathers would do as did an elderly gentleman living eight miles from one of our pretty inland towns once upon a time! He had driven several miles on his homeward way when he remembered he had promised to bring an orange to the little grandson at home. Ninety-nine men out of one hundred would have remembered, regretted, and gone on home to tell the child that "Grandpa forgot, but will get it next time!" But this was the hundredth man. He turned about, and made his promise good. What a world this would be if men and women always took as much trouble to keep their pledges in more important matters as did this honorable man in this comparatively insignificant one! And yet, was it so unimportant, after

all? The man had given his word; his reputation for truth was at stake in the child's estimation, his promise must be held sacred.

Not long ago I witnessed an incident which was the direct antithesis of this. The little daughter of an acquaintance had been promised a ride with her mother and some friends, but when the carriage came there was an additional occupant and the mother said, "Ethel, you cannot go, you see there is no room for you. Be a good girl, now, and don't cry, and I'll bring you a box of candy." Ethel turned away quietly, swallowing a sob and with tear-filled eyes; she went away by herself a few minutes and presently came back and was playing with some little friends when the party returned. She waited till the good byes were said and the carriage was driven away, even until her mother had laid aside her wraps, then she came up to her side. "Mama, did you bring me the candy?" "Oh Ethel, I forgot! I didn't see any I wanted you to eat, anyway." "But you said you'd bring me some," said the child, as she frowned and pouted. "Well, I couldn't; do go away and don't tease me!" said this foolish, inconsiderate mother, and Ethel did go away, disappointed and cross, and justly so. After she had so patiently borne the first disappointment, it was a shame to subject her to the second. And the mother, to save herself a moment's trouble, disappointed her child, violated a promise made without solicitation, and—well, with that kind of treatment I wonder what power a woman will exert over her daughter's destiny by the time she is eighteen?

You see, if you've not forgotten you were once young yourself, children feel disappointments so much more keenly than grown people; they enjoy their pleasures with far greater zest, too. A box of candy isn't much to you, but it is a great treat to the child, especially if he has enjoyed the pleasure of anticipating it. Oranges and raisins and rides and patty-pan cakes palled on you long ago, but don't forget they are dear delights to the little people; and when you promise, remember how keenly they will feel the disappointment, and consider whether you can afford to lose so much of your child's confidence and faith as you surely will if you do not keep your word. BEATRIX.

HOME CONVENIENCES.

The season of general renovation is also the season when any imperfections in the house or its furnishings are the more noticeable. Every housekeeper knows that the carpets are faded, the furniture stained and the putty broken on the windows more than she thought; while the cracks in the wall and marred places on the woodwork, that were skillfully hidden by furniture and decorations, stare out boldly during the changes of the house-cleaning season; then if one has planned to build a porch, enlarge a diminutive bed-room, replace the small paned windows with large clear lights, or have a clean dress of paint inside or out and at the last finds that the pocket book is all too lean or paterfamilias has simply changed his mind, how shabby the old places look! That the arrangements and conveniences of the house should all be as the men decree is one of the crying evils. A woman said to me a few days since: "I do so want a plant window. I've been teasing Mr. M—— but he thinks it's all nonsense." To me the idea of that woman "teasing" and her right being refused was occasion for indulging in some righteous indignation. To think that she even need ask at all was wrong.

For forty years she had worked hard on the farm; now they are well-to-do and retired, but he carries the purse and she, alas, finds herself without even the pocket money that a portion of the butter and eggs brought her when on the farm, for he collects the rents and interest so the money all belongs to him(?)

When the millennium comes it is to be hoped that women will be the architects of their own homes, for who but women can arrange them for convenience? Not long since there was to be a new parsonage for one of our churches and when members of the society met to select a building committee, some one dared to suggest that it might be advisable to have one or two women on that committee; but the leading speaker promptly settled the matter by asking: "What does a woman know about building a house? They don't know where to put stairs or doors," and so the matter was dropped and that egotistic man still supposes that he is wiser than his good wife; but I may whisper to the HOUSEHOLDERS that he is woefully mistaken. I am sure that no woman would plan a house with the floor of the kitchen dropped one step lower than the front part, and by the same knowledge I am sure the porches would all be level with the inside floor; for if a man could wear a dress for but a single day and go in and out through doors, with or without spring attachments, he would learn by sad experience that the step down direct from the threshold means a clutch at the back breadths of the dress, no matter how full both hands may be, or

he would find himself caught by the closing door.

Every woman knows that these steps up and down are genuine woman-killers; and many of the ailments and weaknesses and much of the dragged-out tired feeling that is their daily portion might be traced to that step between the kitchen and the rear of the house. If four or five steps down are necessary to reach terra firma do, for the sake of suffering women, put them all together, and not with a mistaken idea of easing the descent put one between the dining-room and kitchen, and another between kitchen and wood house and still another on to the back porch where the well is usually located. Have every foot of flooring as level as the carpenter's guide can make it clear to the rear of the house and the appurtenances thereunto appertaining, and when you descend just make a business of it; and find how much of the strain on the back and limbs has been saved by the arrangement.

A woman architect would know that it is just as necessary to provide some way of disposing of water as it is to have conveniences for getting it. Nowadays the wells and cisterns usually have some claim to convenience, but how often in the country one sees unsightly sink holes near the house where all the slops are thrown out! No woman who does her own washing and cleaning can afford to carry the water away to the farther side of the garden.

A woman architect would not forget to have a store-room opening from the kitchen where eatables could be kept cool in winter when the pantry must be kept warm for the milk; then, too, a woman would plan a way for toilet conveniences better than to be obliged to go through the kitchen and wood house to get to the rear of the house, and every house would surely have a bathroom among its conveniences.

I have noted the difference between the homes of well-to-do country people and city people who had not a tenth of their income; but the conveniences for bathing, for the general use of hot and cold water and for lighting were far superior with the poorer people, who had less fine furniture but far better sanitary arrangements.

ROMEO.

EL. SEE.

"OUR HOUSEHOLD."

From the North and South, from the East and the West.
Do we gather each week for an hour of rest,
Not obliged to go out from the dear home nest.

Into our homes it comes each week, freighted with joy and sorrow, hopes and fears, triumphs and disappointments; with its helpful articles, hints and experiences, that fit our case exactly. Is there a burden, heavy, like that Christian bore? Into the ample bosom of the HOUSEHOLD it is rolled. The joys too good to be shared alone, the blessings that have come after long and patient waiting, the hopes and aspira-

tions which we feel sure will never be realized; the tears "that into each life must fall," the stray bits of sunshine that light up the dark days, the misgivings, the doubts, the perplexities, Ah! how much easier borne, because of that subtle, invisible cord that makes the great human family akin! When mother dies and father brings home a new wife; when we make room in the home for the "pretty young thing" Ned marries; when Jennie won't learn housekeeping and insists on being a typewriter; when the small boy develops a talent for swearing and hanging about town, the hired girl is saucy, and the hired man puts on airs and will not use his napkin; when the chickens loaf around and won't lay, because eggs are high, the hen house is a mass of living parasites and to cap the climax cholera and pip bear off the flock; when the lambs are weak things and the colts have crooked knees, when the cream has white specks and the butter will not "come," the yeast sours, flour is poor and bad bread results, cake falls flat and sticks to the tins, soap is a failure although made in the moon and stirred with a sassafras stick; pickles ferment, jelly molds, and canned fruit spoils, we bring our woes to the HOUSEHOLD. When our dresses need remodeling and hats must be retrimmed; when our pocket-book is lean because John, the great bear, won't hand over the rightful share; when he hold up mother's cooking and mother's way until "Patience on a monument" sinks into oblivion in comparison to the grace with which we bear it; when baby cuts her first tooth and takes her first step; when grandpa's uncertain step is heard no more and grandma's thin, wrinkled hands are folded; when we move from the "old house into the new;" how we make the rag carpets, do drawn work, and work doilies; how we make soups and salads—all these and many more meet a ready response; the desired information is speedily obtained. If we have a good recipe, an easier formula for work, ways to save the tired housewife steps, how eagerly do we contribute them to the HOUSEHOLD! Surely we who receive so much should not be chary of helping the Editor who so faithfully places the little white sheet in our homes each week.

"Let those now write who never wrote before
And those who always wrote, now write the more."

BATTLE CREEK.

EVANGELINE.

AN INQUIRY.—Will "Dahlia" explain a little more particularly about the yellow dahlia seed producing all colors of flowers? Does she mean separate plants or a mixture like variegated, or more than one color on the same plant? I have heard of seedlings showing two colors. Of whom did she buy the aster seed and what time were they planted? Mine were a failure last season, and were sown early.

HYACINTH

LANSING.

The Household.

THE GIRLS OF YESTERDAY.

[Paper read by Miss Mollie Caruthers at the Farmers' Institute at Vernon, March 3rd, 1893.]

The Girl of Yesterday is quite too serious a subject to be treated in one short paper. To defend her is unnecessary. She needs no champion, nor asks one. To analyze her would be the work of genius. To criticize her—who would dare?

We admit that she is charming, from whatever point you view her. A glimpse of the royal purple with which just now she chooses to adorn her audacious head and you realize that she is the color on the landscape of the age. A whiff of perfume from the roses in her winter hat and you know that life without her would be as dreary as a twice paid bill. But you do not know that more surely than she does, for to no other human creature does earth pay court as to her.

This wonderful century, before making its exit from the stage of time, offers her opportunities which make her richer in being the American girl of to-day than to have been the most powerful queen that ever dwelt in ancient halls. The world of business as well as the world of art has flung wide the portals of its temples and bade her enter. Her generation is, up to date, the most favored that history has known. No shadow of national calamity has fallen across her pathway like that which darkened the youth of the generation before her. The fates have stored their balmiest smiles for her, as if to make amends for the frowns they gave her mother.

Progress has caught her in its tide and she is handling her oars so well that man looks on in secret admiration and wonders where she learned the stroke.

Oh, she is altogether lovely, this girl of '93, but she is dreadfully pervasive. You find her in everything, from an ice cream parlor to an Arctic expedition. Take up your morning mail. She is as sure as politics to figure in the columns of the daily press. Open a religious paper; she is running a church fair or marrying a missionary. Turn to your agricultural weekly and there she is with a page or two about fancy work; to a mining journal and she has just invented a machine for digging and hoisting ore. Fly to a funny paper for relief and you find her all over it.

But she is doing so many nice things it is no wonder that the newspapers make a fad of her. And we are expecting great and good things of her in future, but now at her very best she is only a brilliant promise.

We are so prone to worship the creation. The masterpiece is unveiled to the gaze of a heterogeneous public. The majority exclaim at its beauty, but do not ask its author's name. A few remember the workman as well as his work. So ready to admire results, we dwell not on slow development nor

think of humble causes. Dr. Johnson said, "There is a frightful interval between the seed and the timber," and distinction-loving human nature in grateful for being either, rather than be lost in the interval.

Almost three centuries ago the seed of American womanhood was sown in the rock-strewn soil of New England. History and romance, poetry and art, have paid tribute to the planting. As long as painted canvas or printed page exist to refresh the memory of man the Puritan maiden will stand in picturesque relief against the grim gray background of Plymouth Rock, her red cloak symbolic of the valor with which the women of her day met hardship; her modest mien an index to the gentle dignity of their character. We are in no danger of forgetting her.

To-day the women of America are the timber, straight and true and beautiful in its proportions. Not at the perfection of growth as yet, but developing so marvelously that we have ceased to wonder what its limitations are or whether it has any. I suppose it will be like the big trees of California and never stop growing.

But during the "frightful interval" between the Puritan maiden and the girl of to-day, what a host of earnest women have been working in comparative obscurity! Working faithfully, hopefully on, content to advance slowly if surely; waiting when need be, in patient independence; conquering prejudice and gaining the right to work unhampered; combining against wrong and walking in the shadow places of our land with tender hands outstretched toward suffering humanity.

Can any one measure the power for good that the women of the nineteenth century have been? Can anyone estimate the force of their organizations in lifting the race to a higher plane? Timidly they ventured forth in quest of higher education, edging their way by slow degrees into the halls of learning hitherto held sacred to the use of men. "Stoutly they kept and strongly held" every inch of vantage ground, knowing that only in knowledge of the world could they hope to better the world's ways.

The girl of to-day rides her bicycle up the broad road to our temple of liberal education. Many of its doors are wide open. She dismounts and flutters in at whatsoever door she chooses. She claims as her right privileges undreamed of a generation ago, and thinks not that the pavement over which she has guided her shining wheel has been worn smooth by the plodding feet of men and women as earnest in their purpose as soldiers of the old crusades. Despite the proverb, it is a royal road to knowledge trod by the youth of to-day.

In Michigan's rosebud "garden of girls" a rare plant will blossom next June, called the "sweet girl graduate."

She knows that the day on which she receives the well earned laurels will be a proud and happy one in her mother's life as well as in her own; but she does not know of a day long ago on which her mother's school life ended. A spring day when a trace of snow yet lingered in shady corners, and the March wind was drying here and there a spot in the road.

There was no diploma, no basket of flowers. Only a girl walking home with a few books under her arm, and in her heart the consciousness that she had done the best she could. She had just found out how much there was to be learned in the books and she wanted to "go away to school."

But the country was new and times were hard, and she knew at the door of that little district school house her school days had ended forever. She was just as capable, just as talented, just as earnest as is her daughter in the high school to-day. It was simply her fortune to live in a time less favored. Do you think she had not aspirations as lofty, or longings quite as deep as girls have now? The woman poet of her day voiced her craving for knowledge when she wrote:

"Oh, what would I give, like a bird to go
Right on through the arch of the sunlit bow
And see how the water-drops are kissed
Into green, and yellow and amethyst."

The girl of to-day knows how those water-drops are kissed into color. She can tear the rainbow into ribbons and tell you how each strip got its tint. If in her philosophy she does not tear it altogether from hers we shall be glad.

If you think the girls of yesterday do not feel their early loss of mental training, go and ask some of them about it and be convinced, as I have, that it is not because the people of this day are so studious that they are so well educated, but because the people of yesterday found out what they needed and put them in the way of getting it. Do the boys and girls know how much of their education they owe to their fathers and mothers? To be sure some gain it all unaided, but college life is so much more pleasant if there is some one to pay the bills.

A boy says, "Yes, I know mother pinched like everything to get me through college," but does he have any idea how she "pinched?" Does he see her ripping up the old carpet and putting the thin breadths at the edges? Does he see her patching and dyeing old clothes, putting a new lining in the old carriage robe—aye, even painting the old buggy? Anything to keep down the expenses until he had gained what she had wanted and missed so much! And then making over the old gowns! Oh, the pathos in that old black silk! It is pieced under the ruffles and the sleeves are shiny and the time-worn creases will show. But some way she makes it look respectable, for she must wear it when she goes to see him graduate in all the freshness of his

new dress suit—which is not always the only freshness about him. The strictest saving is not always in the poorest homes, nor privation alone in poverty's domain. I think the boys are grateful in their way, though they do not say much about it; but if they only knew how sweet appreciation is after the willing sacrifice, or that "love asks not so much proof as expression!"

Woman's work in America has progressed along nearly all lines until its influence is felt from Texas to Alaska, from Maine to Honolulu. There is almost no trade or profession from which a woman is barred. In a western city we find her running a street cleaning bureau; on Wall Street playing skillfully the game of commerce with railroad magnates for opponents. Her foreign sisters, too, are keeping step, for I read just now that Queen Victoria has developed into a typewriter girl. And woman is up with the times even in a little matter of revolutions and weathers one somewhat more gracefully than her Pan-American contemporaries have done.

The girl of to-day is a very sweet creature, but will she be all that the woman of to-day has been? We trust so, and there are so many of her that there really ought to be no lack of timber. And such a variety!

There's fashion's girl, so dashing,
And the girl that goes a-mashing,
The summer girl,
The college girl,
With specs, and cap and gown,
There's the Boston girl brain-laden,
And the charming western maiden,
The tennis girl,
The country girl,
And the brilliant girl of town;
The mission girl,
The theatre girl,
Whose hat leads men to pray,
But the dearest one under heaven's sun
Is the girl of yesterday.

There was published, not long ago, a description of the mother of Frances Willard. It was written by a friend and co-worker of the reformer and dealt with the life and beautiful character of its subject; and in it I thought I found the key to the grand work accomplished by the great White Ribboner.

Oh, mothers of America, how can we repay thee? How fittingly do homage to the fame of thy fair work?

The sun will shed its autumn beauty on the days when you rest from your labor, but never till its glory fades from earth shall we forget what you have done to benefit the race! History will honor you, and we ask but the privilege to lay a humble tribute at your feet.

IN the domestic department of an exchange we see housekeepers advised to "lay aside the heavy and cumbersome moulding-board," and knead bread on a newspaper spread upon the table. What a fine tint and flavor of lamp-black and oil the bread would get, to be sure! That's on the line of the advice we saw recently to buy Turkey red calico for sheets to save washing, and because when worn out they make such a fine stripe in a rag carpet—which is certainly a long look ahead.

SUMMING UP.

I am an interested reader of the sayings of the sisterhood, and will give my sentiments on some of the subjects that have been discussed (laid "under" the table maybe).

Hooped skirts again? Not if I know my own heart. And I think I do!

A business dress for women? Yes, by all means! Let it be made of Scotch tweed, with lapels, swallow tails, brass buttons and spurs.

Shall boys be taught to wash dishes, etc? No! emphatically.

I've noticed that boys who learn to wash dishes, and do it well and meekly, generally have to keep right on washing dishes and "sich" as long as they are able. No, no! Keep the boys out of the dish water! But it is all right for the girls.

How many purses should there be in a family? As many as there are members. But let each be taught to supply his own by his own earnings in some way, according to age and ability. Also to spend the same judiciously, trying to inculcate correct ideas in regard to economy, prodigality, necessity, and stinginess.

Is life worth living when your husband is cross or unsympathetic, the bread sour and the nose of the teakettle lost? That depends on how you take it.

How much of health, wealth and happiness can be extracted from a kitchen garden? A most surprising amount. In quality it is something of an elixir of life. Fertilizer, good seeds, horse power, man or woman power on the end of a hoe-handle and the "moon" will fetch it.

E. L. NYE.

BY THE WAY.

By the way, the blazer suit which was so much worn for traveling, street and outing purposes last year, is just about as popular as ever this season again, though the probabilities are the Eton suit will give it a hard run. Both are almost invariably made of navy blue serge, or at least, that color is selected. One of the prettiest of the new Eton suits was of navy blue waterproof serge, trimmed with a mixed blue and gold braid, the blue of the braid so exactly matching the blue material that the only effect was the fine, irregular dashes of gold. The Eton suit consists of a skirt cut walking length—short enough to entirely clear the ground. This skirt has a front breadth, two side gores and a back breadth, all gored, the back, however, permitting considerable fullness; this is trimmed with the braid. A waist of plain blue or polka spot China or India silk, or of cambric, percale or lawn in white with tiny blue figures, is furnished with pleated frillings of the material in front, being cut long enough to be worn under the belt attached to the skirt. Over this is the Eton jacket, which comes just to the

bottom of the waist, or where the belt joins the skirt being shaped to the shape of the waist under the arms; in front the jacket effect is increased by the jaunty revers, between which the frills of the shirt waist are disclosed. Sleeves are of the material of the jacket and must be the full mutton-leg shape. The revers are continued around the neck, forming its finish, and end with the square cut jacket fronts, which are cut just to the bottom of the waist. On slight, trim figures this is a very graceful and becoming costume, but the stout girl and the middle-aged should stick to the blazer suit.

By the way, did anybody ever tell you that to make a lace veil set well over a large hat it should be gathered a trifle in front? On one edge gather nine or ten inches into the space of six, and let the gathered space come upon the curving edge of the hat-brim; then draw up the sides at the back, and "there you are!"

By the way, whatever else you make your cape of, don't make it of satin. I have seen several, and they are not pretty. Bear too much of a resemblance to a fisherman's nor' wester, or an oil-skin circle. And, too, our fashionables have tired of the gigantic poppies and roses as big as cabbages and other large flowers which have been worn so much, and the fancy now is for tiny blossoms like forget-me-not and heliotrope, mignonette, cherry-bloom, bluets, and their kindred. These are massed in wreaths to lie along the inner edge of bonnets and outline hat-brims and crowns, and are an agreeable variation on the floral monstrosities which held the lead in early spring.

BEATRIX.

THE *Literary Century*, published by Miss E. Cora De Puy at Ann Arbor, makes its May issue a souvenir number, devoted to Michigan women in journalism. Miss De Puy has been at a great deal of trouble and expense in preparing it, and it contains portraits and sketches of most of the best-known "newspaper women" in the State. Its make-up and contents are a credit to its publisher. Miss De Puy intends to place a copy in the Press Room in the Michigan Building at the Exposition. Price of this number is twenty cents.

THE *Country Gentleman* says: A very artistic rag carpet can be made with a little trouble. It will be very soft and handsome and suitable for a nice room, even if it is made of rags. To an artistic eye, the effect and not the material is always considered. This carpet is made of fine cut rags dyed a soft brown; every three, four or five yards of the rags is sewed in a piece of dark yellow about a quarter of a yard long. This makes an irregular dash of color all through the carpet; it is woven with brown warp in two shades, dark and a yellow brown with basket weave, and is a very durable and lovely carpet.