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THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

BETTER SELF.

BY CLARA BELLE SOUTHWELL.

When the clouds hang dark above you and against
you seem combined
All of earth and hosts of heaven, strive your
Better Self to find;
There is one who will not fail you whatsoever
else betide.
Still your Better Self is faithful, standing patient
at your side.
When with darkest trials and sorrows you must
single-handed cope,
Though you still must toil and struggle, hoping
for the slightest hope,
Then your Better Self comes to you and perchance
shows something more
That awaits your future efforts, which you had
not known before.
Here where foes are very many and where friends
are very few,
Always e'er 'mid deepest shadow will your Better
Self be true.

MARSHALL.

JUNE.

"BY 'DILL'."

In all the year, of days to me,
None are so bright, so dreamy sweet
As June's, with flowers' perfume
And glow, and birds' sweet minstrelsy,
And sunset beauty. All too soon
Thy days glide from us,
June, sweet June!

"ENGAGED."

I think most women, even those whose
life's romance is a page turned down,
with the prints of Time's dusty finger
upon it, can summon a memory of the
emotions of that happy hour when they
were first "engaged." Even a withered
cheek takes on a tender flush, and a
faded eye sparkles again as the scene is
recalled—it is perhaps the only romance
of an otherwise hard, matter of fact life.
Always the words "I love you, dearest;
will you be my own?" are sweeter than
honey of Hymettus to the girl who has
been half hoping, half fearing to hear
them; perhaps shyly keeping them un-
said by those pretty, coquettish ways
which so perplex and bewilder the more
straightforward man-nature, especial-
ly if he be not unduly self-conceited.

"All the world loves a lover," they
say; and so old people live again in the
loves of their grandchildren. We look
with sympathetic eyes on the young
man's evident preference for some fair
girl whose eyes brighten and cheeks
flush at his coming; and when they
come to us "engaged," how beautiful

their dream! There is something very
holy and sacred in the thought that
these two have chosen each other from
the whole world, to stand together
while life continues; that each finds in
the other a soul's complement, wanting
which the world is lonely and dark.
True love is ever humble; so the young
man feels himself not good enough to be
accepted guardian of the heart he has
chosen and won; and the timid girl feels
all too deeply that she has taken into
her keeping a man's love and honor,
and that it is to be her duty and pleas-
ure to make his happiness and be his
comfort and companion whatever be-
tide. Beautiful dreams, proud dreams,
fond dreams; sometimes realized, some-
times not!

To the loving, womanly, pure girl,
being betrothed is as sacred as mar-
riage itself. Marriage is the sanction
of the law and the church upon the
bond; but the bond itself was formed
when her whispered assent was given,
when they two were alone with only the
eternal, silent stars for witnesses. That
was the true marriage of soul, to be
legalized by customary ceremony later.
But the avowal of love timidly spoken
in lover's ears was to both as solemn
and binding a pledge as that made pub-
licly on the marriage day. A new world
opens. A freer companionship is per-
mitted; a host of new interests converge
upon the life they are to lead together;
the lover's right to caresses, the fond
greetings and reluctant partings make
"being engaged" a period of ecstatic
joy, the woman's most beatific time.
Reverenced for her modesty, worshiped
as the dearest and best of women, her
purity holds passion in check; she is not
yet possessed, not quite his own, but the
fair fruit just eluding grasp, the shy
bud chary of unfolding its heart.

In strong contrast to the girl who has
modestly waited to be chosen, who has
stilled her heart-beats lest they betray
her secret, and in whose soul love has
blossomed as a flower, is she whose en-
gagement is simply the vulgar triumph
of a coquette's art; she has angled and
"caught him." There is no poetry or
enchantment about being engaged under
such circumstance. The pursuit has
been sordid and a matter of business.
The man is rich or otherwise eligible;
some one else had betrayed a preference,
or she simply wishes to settle in life;

and so she laid seige to him and in her
own words has "brought him down!"
She may enjoy her success, the congra-
tulations and envy of her mates, but
what does she realize of the holiness and
sanctity of the tie formed through her
maneuvering, not born of that mutual
attraction, that magnetic drawing to-
gether which makes the real betroth-
al? Nothing. It is not in her. She
has none of the doubts, the hesitancy,
the sweet timidity, of the other; no
dreams but of her trousseau and estab-
lishment, no hopes beyond a liberal al-
lowance.

To such a girl, to be engaged means
no more than any other engagement
which she may keep or not according
as it seems expedient. Indeed, she
sometimes admits to her confidential
friend her purpose to "throw him over"
if she can "do better." The ring which
he places upon her finger is prized ac-
cording to its money value. I heard
once of a newly betrothed girl who cried
herself sick because her engagement
ring was not to her liking; she had set
her heart upon a diamond solitaire and
"hated" the circlet of pearls which was
her lover's choice. Another society
girl had her doubts about the genuin-
ness of the stone in her ring and took it
to a jeweler to be valued. And I could
not sympathize with her in her indig-
nation when she found it was an imita-
tion; I felt that the young man had
after all "sized her up" about right,
with a paste jewel for a counterfeit girl.

I do not say an engagement should
never be broken. In the first place,
such a compact should not be lightly
entered into. Recognizing it as scarce-
ly less important than its consummation,
it should be a matter of sincere affection
and solemn thought. Too many girls
allow themselves to be flattered and im-
portuned into a promise which later
they half regret but are not courageous
enough to break and perhaps face the
disapproval and comment of their little
world. If, under more intimate ac-
quaintance, qualities which are repug-
nant, traits that are distasteful, opin-
ions that cannot be harmonized, or want
of principle are discovered in either,
better annul the engagement. But let
there be, always, a sincere purpose to
redeem the pledge when the promise
is made. Neither girl or young man
can measure the consequences of the

broken vow to the other. One may give love's pure gold, the other its dross, and a life be lost in the weighing.

But what shall we say of the girl whose nature is so coarse, so lacking in delicate feeling, so wanting in sensitiveness and refinement that her heart is like a volume from the circulating library—not to be kept longer than three weeks—and to whom a broken engagement occasions actually no feeling but one of pique or a sensation of relief? Plenty of girls are "engaged" to every new young man who comes along, and plume themselves on being the heroine of many "affairs." They want the attention and courtesies of "steady company" and sentiment goes no further. Such girls cannot comprehend what Wolcott Balestier says in "Benefits Forgot"—the serial now running in *The Century*: "If he would, no one could venture to say what the desecration of a woman's inmost life must be through the intimacies, the familiarities, the endearments of a betrothal that comes to nought. The exchanged amenities, so infinitely right and sweet because marriage follows, become each a separate indignity when it does not."

Thus he pictures his noble-minded, serious-hearted Margaret, after her abandonment by her lover when the very wedding hour was at hand, smarting in soul at the remembrance of the dead romance and her credulity and faith; and it was very natural to such a nature as hers that when she recalled the endearments bestowed upon her lover there should be a sense of indignity and personal desecration that should make her almost hate him.

But no girl who has yielded her lips to half a dozen lovers in turn can comprehend this sense of desecration, of having been robbed of something that can never be restored.

And I notice that no young man who is worth marrying and who will make a good husband, who is in himself refined and pure-minded, wants for his wife the girl who has been passed from Tom to Dick and then to Harry, "engaged" being only a cloak for lovers' liberties in caresses. He may be caught by beauty, or wit, or sparkle, but at heart he prefers and usually he seeks and wins the

"Lips that lover hath never kissed."

BEATRIX.

WOMAN NOT IN THE VAN.

In a recent issue of the *HOUSEHOLD* I saw an article by Bruneille touching upon the possible future of woman and her influence in the government. With all deference for the prerogative of that "basket," I wish to speak my thought and to ask a few questions upon matters that seem dark to me.

For various causes women are advancing faster, in the latter part of this nineteenth century, than they have at any other period in the history of their sex. This advancement I doubt not

every right thinking, broad-minded man believes is in accordance with the right working of things, and in his heart hails with joy although he may not say so. "But," said a woman in my presence the other day, "we are progressing faster than men are." Possibly you are, my friend, but your progress is yet mainly along lines that men have laid out and traveled before you. Women are going to work in factories built by men and equipped with machinery invented by men. In our colleges the text books used in teaching both sexes are with very few exceptions written and compiled by men; the professors and instructors are still nearly all men. I do not believe that women are advancing beyond the present boundary line of advancement of both sexes faster than men are.

Possibly, as Bruneille suggests, woman will become the dominant power in the administration of our government; but have we sufficient reason to expect that in case she should direct the affairs of state they would be administered much better? Was she not as instrumental in the downfall of that great Roman Empire as was her brother man? Does not the history of France show that women and men were alike susceptible to those elevating influences that raised France to her place as one of the foremost powers of Europe? Surrounded by the same climatic conditions, fed on the same kind of food, taught in the same schools from the same books, why should she be so much better or worse morally than one of the opposite sex?

MACOMB.

F. C. G.

FARM POETRY.

Some scoff at and many ignore any but the plodding, practical *outside* of the work every farm house stands for; a few farm theoretically, "not without honor save in their own country;" but only here and there is a man whose legitimate fields are well cared for, or a woman, whose assigned sphere has not been invaded, who yet has made additions to the world of letters. When such an one is found something valuable ought to be expected, for the farmer's home stands within Nature's laboratories and nurseries and, if its members are open to suggestiveness, the pushing, crowded farm life is a spur to mental activity, not a drag.

Emerson wrote:—

"Tax not my sloth that I
Fold my hands beside the brook;
Each cloud that floated in the sky
Writes a letter in my book.

"One harvest from thy field
Homeward brought the oxen strong;
A second crop thy acres yield
Which I gather in a song."

A dainty white and silver bound book, before me this morning, brings to mind one who habitually brings two harvests, not one, from his fields,—rich beautiful fields they are, too, and such cool, shadowy groves and wood lots as belong with them!

Those who have grown "Hathaway's

Yellow Dent Corn," or the "No. Five Strawberry" or, years ago, sent or went to the Little Prairie Ronde nursery and orchard for choice trees and fruits, have shared in the one harvest of this indefatigable worker; while with those who have heeded the horticultural notes, signed "B. H.," in standard agricultural and pomological papers or who have occasionally seen a bit of verse from his pen, he has divided the second harvest. The patient delight in experimenting to secure improved varieties of fruits and grains, that have yielded so much of benefit to his neighbors and fellow farmers, has been no doubt in Mr. Hathaway but one expression of his finer nature, that, however, finds its keenest satisfaction in poetical work. Both are his ideals struggling for an abode in reality.

He everywhere seems to be conscious of the perfect correspondence between the seeming real and the inner, hidden actual. In his poetry he has oftenest dealt with myths and legends handed down from primitive days and sought to draw from them their symbolic teaching. One entire volume he devoted to Indian legends. He holds that

"In every age the myth has been
The outward form of truth to men.
Its inner soul is truth divine.
The prophets old were they who saw
With clearer sight, in love and awe,
The spirit through the letter shine.

"As science sees, from error freed,
With clearer eyes the truth in eed,
Within the truth that only seems,
So shall our deeper sight behold
In mythic lore a wealth untold
Of truth beyond our wildest dreams."

In a recent collection of his poems the legendary have the first place, the longest, entitled "The Finished Creation," giving its name to the volume. Into these is woven many a noble teaching and beautiful disclosure of feeling; but it is in some of his briefer efforts that he is at his best, that his thought is most finely crystallized. In this, for instance, on "Work":—

"Do thou thy work, then trust the gods' decree,
That as thy work thy recompense shall be."

Or this, from "Life":

"The highest good is in the noblest use;
And he who gives embattled wrong no truce,
Climbs, dauntless, up through duty's steep defile,
Shall win ere long fair virtue's crown and goal;
Thy highest heaven, O aspiring soul!
Man's love for man and God's approving smile."

The best of our poets have rarely excelled the rich, hazy picturing and the ripened hush of fall days that are in the opening words of "Thistle-Down":—

"The hills lie lapped in Autumn's dreamy haze;
Hushed is the music of the minstrel throng
That filled the flowery vale;
Where late the thrush poured his full heart of song,
The oriole his raptured roundelays,
Alone is heard through all the golden days
The piping of the quail.

"The sober woods, in grief for summer dead,
Down to the earth, and withered all too soon
Have cast their leafy or wren;
While through the still October afternoon,
Like poet-thoughts with finest fancies fed,
On airy wing by aimless purpose led,
Floats by the thistle-down."

Living in intimacy with Nature, Mr. Hathaway has not squandered his opportunities for observation, as is shown in the delicate accuracy of his portrayal of "The Evening Primrose." It has often been my privilege to stand beside

one of these plants that yearly grows in the poet's garden and there follow its dainty blooming as he describes it in this poem. "Till sunset gold is dim" no sign has been made, when comes the humming bird, always found hovering about the opening primrose. Then transpires what every one who knows the plant is so familiar with, but that waited a poet heart to interpret:—

"I hear the whir of wings;
I see, meeseems a glad, aerial sprite;
Thy bud quick upward springs,
And with a sound like some unvoiced delight,—
Sound like a lover's kiss,
Thy perfect flower bursts on my wondering sight
A miracle of full-orbed loveliness!"

Never seeking and rarely finding the merely popular ear, Mr. Hathaway has in this latest book a few selections that even at a glance hold the readers.

"The Best Gifts" is one of these, the first part of which is:

"I would be rich, but not in gold;
Not in the wealth, though all untold,
Of mine and mill and merchant gain,
Of harvests ripe on hill and plain,
I would be rich.

"But in all gifts of mind and heart,
All treasures of ennobling art;
Though youth, health, fortune, friends depart,
In treasures that would yet remain,
I would be rich.

"I would be rich in God's design,
A life one with the life divine;
Howso ereft, forlorn, alone,
Who has himself still has his own;
If but the joy of song be mine,
I would be rich."

One bright bit of optimistic rhyme, "My Ships," an admirer has set to music and it may some day attain the wider hearing it merits.

Altogether, we may be pardonably proud to say of the little book: "This is from a Michigan farm home and from a practical Michigan farmer's pen and brain."

ANN ARBOR.

JENNIE BUELL.

WHAT OF THE "WOMAN'S MOVEMENT?"

It seems to me sometimes that, if one were to judge from what is written and said of woman, by women, she should be considered a newly discovered creature, of wonderful talent and super-human possibilities. One might almost believe the end of the century woman was of an entirely new genus, and the only type worth recognition.

The papers are full of the achievements of woman. No individual of the sex seems to be thought worth her dinner unless she has done or is doing something in a realm heretofore sacred to man. If she can do anything extraordinary, anything unusual, whether it be to make a speech or run a stock ranche or a steam engine, she finds herself classed as "representative;" if she goes on doing a woman's ordinary duty in an ordinary way, she "doesn't count."

It strikes one that there is an awful lot of unmitigated gush and unwarranted sentiment over the so-called "emancipated woman." We might imagine that up to the close of the nineteenth century there had never been a woman of worth, of brain, of talent; that she

had been despised and down-trodden, instead of being esteemed, respected and loved. If we inquire from what she has been "emancipated" we have not far to seek for the answer. One of the earliest apostles of the woman's movement says the great object of the cause is "to show that wifehood and motherhood are accidental to womanhood;" that is, woman is to be first whatever she pleases to be; and a wife and a mother afterward if it so chances. And it is certain that whether the woman's movement has made it so or not, maternity is out of fashion. To have more than one or two children is "not the proper thing." The mother of four or five children is regarded as a victim, a martyr to her family; her friends commiserate her; their pity makes her pity herself. The old-fashioned family of ten or a dozen children is extinct, save for a rare instance or two in the Upper Peninsula. And is it not a fact that the entrance of woman into public life is making maternity still more unpopular? Many wives do not hesitate to say openly that they "will not be bothered" with children. The little stranger is unwelcome; the mother-instinct seems dying out in woman's heart. I heard but yesterday of one whose friends fear for her reason through her despondency at the coming of her fourth babe. Can we say the child whose birth is undesired comes into the world without that bias of heredity which indisposes it, in its turn, to welcome a new life? In the old days a woman's children were her crown of glory and honor; but in the language of the modern wife, "we have changed all that." A writer—herself a woman—says very truly: "No woman who speaks in public or keeps herself continually before it as a professional advanced woman, ever did so much for the world as the woman who has given to it sons and daughters of moral courage and enthusiasm for truth and worth. When woman has succeeded in making of herself a creature fonder of publicity than of her husband and her children, she has spoiled one of the best gifts of God to man and given him nothing better in its place."

In the recent Congress of "the World's representative women" at Chicago, what class of women was most thoroughly ignored? The home woman, the domestic one. There was no place even for that courageous soul who when the necessity arises takes upon herself the support of her family and bravely bears the burden of its maintenance. She too, takes "a man's place and does a man's work," but it is for duty's, not glory's sake, and there is no talk of "progressiveness" in the case. "Emancipated woman" has little use for the humble, homely arts of house-keeping. In reading the sketches of the "careers" of "advanced" women one finds they nearly always live in "apartments" or "a cosy flat," suggestive of restaurant dinners and tea-cad-

dies masquerading as bon-bon boxes. The feeling extends to the woman who is not as yet mentally "advanced," but is "getting there." She doesn't propose "to slave in the kitchen for any man." A boarding-house is the family refuge. The wife excuses herself for not establishing and maintaining a home by asserting it is impossible to get help, and of course, not possible to keep house without it. It is a well-established fact that the girl who has to earn her own living will do anything under heaven but housework. She will work more hours for less pay, under more intolerant conditions, and tumble into bed in her cheerless four story back hall bedroom too tired to say her prayers, rather than "lower" herself by handling some other woman's dainty china, sweeping some other woman's carpets, and incidentally, taking orders from that other woman. We hear pathetic stories of girls driven to shame by inadequate wages which will not feed, clothe and lodge them; we are told of their deep regret and grief at being compelled to such a life by the injustice and inhumanity of employers, and the infinite sadness of their faces after they have entered upon it—but they will accept this alternative rather than do housework. That seems even a step below shame.

Woman is certainly fast becoming independent and self-supporting. The value and excellence of her work is everywhere acknowledged. Her right to make the most and the best of her talents is fully recognized. Granting all this, the question comes: Is she any happier than she was in the old days when her hopes, her joys, her affections, centered in her home and family? Is her life really nobler, freer, grander, as an emancipated woman than it was in the loving bondage of home ties? She might be happier perhaps, but for the instinct which sets apart and marks her sex, the instinct that makes the birds mate and nest, that pairs all living creatures; the instinct which is divinely implanted but which she is doing her best to smother and eradicate. That it yet lives unquenched is proven by the reproach cast upon her that as soon as she is fairly fitted for her "emancipated" sphere she will marry if she has a chance, and cast the adventitious training behind her.

There are a great many factors that enter into and are affected by this "woman's movement." We judge most things from our individual point of view, which is necessarily a narrow, limited one. It is good or not good for us, true or not true according to our knowledge; ergo, it must be so the world over. We judge without due knowledge of the conditions and surroundings that affect others. Among the interesting sociological problems that come up in connection with woman's entrance into all employments is one that affects the welfare alike of men and women. Wo-

man's work and her willingness to work for low wage, her competition in fields men have hitherto held to themselves, has lowered men's wages so that they say, and with much show of reason, that they cannot afford to marry. The income which is sufficient for one and affords the luxuries to which they have been accustomed, is quite inadequate to support a wife and establishment. We have therefore the anomaly of women in business compelling men to forego the delights of home, wife and children, which are a part of man's instinctive desires; and their remaining unmarried forcing other women to self support because no man comes to marry them; and still another element urged into pursuits which are perhaps distasteful to them because by other women's competition the earnings of father or husband are inadequate to their support. And the burden of unending, never ceasing drudgery lies as heavily upon the women of the lower classes as it ever did. There are three million unmarried men above thirty years of age in the United States. Bureaus of industrial statistics show that a large percentage of men in employments which women enter, do not receive incomes which warrant them in marrying. With but four exceptions, every State and territory in our country shows a lower birth rate for the last census year, compared with the increase of population. In this decrease two elements enter, the actual decrease of marriages, and the avoidance of maternity by women. One is struck, in looking over the list of licenses granted in this city, by the great preponderance of names of decidedly foreign character. It might be inferred that the major portion of the city's population was Polish, Hungarian and Italian. These people marry whether they can keep a wife or not; but theirs is labor in which women do not compete. Now where marriage does not obtain, certain forms of vice demoralizing to both man and womanhood are sure to flourish, and the social tone is morally vitiated. We have but to look at France and its social conditions to realize the gravity of this part of the problem.

Always we see in the history of the world that God's way was the best way. And He set men and women in families; man the head and bread-winner, woman the help-mate and counselor. The oldest race in the world, the Hebrew—the race that is not a nation and is scattered to the four corners of the earth—owes its existence to its families. Nowhere will you find a people so held together by kinship. The nation where the family ties have been closest and most binding has lived longest. History does not let us forget that the foundation of a nation's prosperity, its strength and glory, its perpetuity, begins, continues and is eternally upheld in its homes.

And it is always the woman who makes the home.

BEATRIX.

A DEFENSE OF SLANG.

One HOUSEHOLD correspondent stated in a recent letter that slang is "basely vulgar." The assertion as it stands is too sweeping. It might be accepted without question if put in this way: Some slang is basely vulgar, while other so-called slang expressions are bright, concise, and so expressive that to avoid them is to show one's self a prig.

In no other way is the "survival of the fittest" more clearly shown than in the transformation of the slang of to-day into the classical language of to-morrow. Some people seem to think that slang is distinctly *fin de siècle*, but in fact Homer used it, Virgil and Cicero seem to find it indispensable; and I have not a doubt that the phrase "down in the mouth" originated in Jonah's remarkable experiences in that line. To come down to more modern times, no student of Shakespeare can fail to remark his free use of and delight in slang. Dickens is responsible for many expressions even now in vogue; notably, "in it" is conspicuously used in "Bleak House." He says that Mr. Jarndyce was not "in it," and several times that the participants of the famous Jarndyce vs. Jarndyce case are "in it." Thackeray is the originator of "kid" in its present meaning. Shall we then turn from such eminent models and impoverish our language by doing away with those terse and pointed expressions which they so well knew how to use?

Life is too short to talk in Addisonian periods all the time; and besides people would wonder at our prolixity and verbiage. When the executive committee of a popular temperance organization assigns the topic "Where are we at?" to a well-known lecturer as subject for an address, who can say slang is not recognized as a part of our language? It is so easy to say of a defeated candidate that he is not "in it," while his successful opponent is "dead in it;" and the one who is neither successful or defeated is "on the fence"—the whole case in a nutshell.

How should we do without the word "swell?" As applied to a gown it is far more descriptive and surely not so inane as the schoolgirlish "perfectly lovely." In a few years "swell" will be as much a part of our language as stylish now is. Even the purists will use it without a thought; just as they now use "quiz" without stopping to remember that the latter word was unheard of at the beginning of the present century and was the result of a bet made one night at a London club. One of the members wagered that he could coin a word which in twenty-four hours would be in everybody's mouth. The bet was taken and the next morning on every bill-board, every post, in fact in every conceivable position were posted bills bearing the single word "Quiz?" Of course everybody "quizzed" his neighbor for an explanation, and thus the bet was won.

A great element in the success of Wolcott Balestier's novels is the inimitable way in which he introduces slang which never fails to be *a propos*; and every American must appreciate the couplet which was evidently a favorite of his as it occurs in two of his novels:

"It is not wealth, nor rank, nor state,
But git up and git that makes men great."

Some people "get there," others "get left." Both classes are thus briefly but accurately described. Why waste more words? If people or things "make us tired" why may we not say so? It is often literally true.

Finally, any one who has never expressed scorn, contempt, incredulity, disgust, and various other emotions by the monosyllabic ejaculation "Rats!" does not know what a relief for one's feelings lies in slang.

PORT HURON.

E. C.

FROSTING FOR CAKE.

I often wonder that more house-keepers do not use confectioners' sugar for frosting. It is so very convenient, easily and quickly prepared. For years I have used nothing else. A few months ago I visited a friend who had a large family, was a superior cook and entertained many guests, and who felt that cake for company was never complete without icing, but always made it in the old way and never heard of confectioners' sugar. It costs no more than the pulverized, but is prepared so as to require no eggs.

For a medium sized cake take one cup of fine confectioners' sugar (there is a coarse kind used for candies), remove all lumps by rolling; add cream, milk or water—only a few drops at a time as it dissolves very quickly; when of the required consistency add a very little flavoring. This never hardens and cracks like ordinary frosting.

For chocolate frosting prepare in same way and add grated chocolate and vanilla flavor.

DELLA E.

UNION.

MRS. G. U. PELL has a washing machine she has used six months and considers a great help, though there are many worthless machines on the market. A. F. also commends her "Busy Bee" washer. If these machines are of so much aid, why do not their makers advertise them in papers like the FARMER, which reach those who would be most benefited and make most use of them?

Useful Recipes.

POTATO SALAD.—One quart of cold boiled potato, cut in small slices; add to this one finely minced onion or one fresh cucumber. For the dressing: Yolks of two eggs, one teaspoonful each of sugar, flour, salt and mustard, two-thirds cup of vinegar; cook on the stove; when removing add a lump of butter and when cold add two tablespoonfuls thick sweet cream. Garnish with lettuce leaves. This is a locally famous recipe, furnished by Mrs. D. H. Goldsmith, of the South Jackson Farmers' Club.