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THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

DOLLY.

Dear little Dolly, pink and white,
Plays with her kitten from morn till night,
Over and under the chairs it steals,
Wars with the handkerchief, runs with reels,
Purrs as she fondles its plummy hair—
Never was seen such a pretty pair.

Dear little Doll, you're a woman grown
(Listen, and let your kitten alone);
What you are, how you came to be—
That is the puzzle that puzzles me.

Hair the color of blossomed lime
Matches blue eyes like rhyme and rhyme,
Pink little bud of a mouth—'tis choice
For such a sweet little fluty voice:
These are appropriate, I'll allow;
Then, why should you have that classic brow?
Delicate feet for tripping toes—
But how do you come by a Roman nose?
That profile for a fay like you!
Had Lucretia a kitten too?

How shall I best express your sweetness?
How shall I render your incompleteness?
What comparison must I fetch?
Shall I say you are just a sketch?

Only a sketch. To spoil were crime,
Who shall finish it? Love or Time?

Time, my dear is a painter Dutch,
Owns a very laborious touch,
Very minute effects he tries,
With a deal of drawing about the eyes.
Not one touch of his work he'll slur,
And never misses the character,
But he works so slowly that all the bloom
Dies off a peach in the painting-room.

Love belongs to a different school,
Works regardless of every rule;
But let his critics say what they list,
Love is a grand impressionist;
Handles the sketch, and hour by hour
Glow the canvas with growing power.
The picture's finished within a day—
No sooner finished than given away.

Only, Dolly, when all is told,
And the picture mounted (in black and gold),
When all are praising the flawless face
And quaint precision of dainty grace,
Shall I wish—when wishing is all in vain—
To see the sweet little sketch again?

THE HOME FEATURE OF THE WOMAN'S MOVEMENT.

Every woman must have read the article on the "Woman's Movement" in the HOUSEHOLD of June 17th, either with total indifference or deeply stirred convictions. It is not the first of similar import that have appeared in the little paper. All have contained too frank doubts of the wisdom of the so-called "movement" and too grave criticisms of the motives and teachings of its enthusiasts not to be candidly considered by all who look with gladness at this

variety of "progress." Owing them helpful in restraining an overbalance of zeal, and that Beatrix seriously propounds questions of great moment, I can but feel that this last article leads to conclusions entirely foreign to those held, as I believe, by a large number of steady, level-headed, stay-at-home women. By stating that "we judge most things from our individual point of view," our Editor leaves the field open for prospects from other standpoints.

"What is the effect of these woman queries, as I have seen or experienced it?" is the question every woman may ask herself, and her answer makes the best criterion by which she can judge of her own progress toward or falling away from an ideal that enthrones womanliness at its height in the home life.

The thought that this woman's movement, as a whole, is crushing out the best of woman's home-loving nature, is startling to one whose finest, highest mental picture of a home has been tinted and touched in by the deft skill and impassioned words of some of these "advanced" women,—a picture that has in it, too, all the elements of the true home as held by the most stringent devotee of the "good old times." The same outlines, but with a new atmosphere, is the picture of home these "advocates of reform" have painted. I am sure, on the brains and hearts of some of their disciples. Their methods of portraying may sometimes detract in the eyes of others, but I know it is the "most holy" of all the sacred lessons the new age has taught some young women of to-day. Often they are not aware of their discipleship. They may not have followed Miss Willard, for example, through all her multiplied "advance steps," but in every one they have been quick to recognize that always she holds the world as a *larger home* and illustrates and draws conclusions from scenes and principles taken out of the early days of her childhood's chaste home. In all her wanderings, her vocabulary, so full of praise words, is freest bestowed in behalf of the pure homes that have entertained her; and seldom does she speak in public but that she refers to Rest Cottage; while the glimpses of high idealized home life that her autobiography gives are not to be caught and let go by thousands of women mak-

ing homes of their own. These things have fallen deep in some eager soul soils.

So too, do you not think young women see in Mrs. Livermore, Elizabeth Cady Stanton and "Mother" Wallace, not the platform aspirant, alone, if at all, but the women who, before their wider known work, had faithfully cared for their families and kept all the home ties, and then when, released from these, they found in their hearts messages for other women in the larger circle of sisters of the world, they went bravely out to give them to them. And, let me confess that when we saw Mrs. Livermore at Bay View once, day after day among us, we called her "motherly," as the dearest name for her, and loved to hear her speak of her relations as grandmother!

The thought that these women who have often braved insult added to injury aim to preach us all into pulpits has not yet come to some of us. We no more interpret them to mean us all to take the road and lecture than we suppose a teacher of mathematics purposes to make all his pupils to be professors of Euclid. It seems no more strange that a woman, who has found that her lungs must inhale air for all the other organs of her body and that belts and bands impede that action, should tell her sisters of her discovery, than that the farmer's wife should stand up in the quarterly club and tell other women that Sapolio is a good substitute for scouring sand, if she believes it to be so; or, that the woman who sees injustice done her race should plead on a platform for fairness than that those of us who can use a pen easier than a tongue should baptize our exhortations, now and then, with printers' ink.

But to return to the question, whether we are drifting in this "advance movement" from the love of home. No, and yes, in the sense of home as "four square walls" enclosing a legally married couple. No, in that the love for home, with all its deepest meanings, is not cut off by the present progress of women. Isolated cases may be so affected, but with the more that greatest stronghold of sweetness and hope will in the end be strengthened,—and that, by a cleansed idea of marriage and of the equal responsibility and sacredness of fatherhood and motherhood—a realm

in which the spiritual must be taken into account with the physical and dominate it;—a realm in which immortal souls, not mere animals, are to be the subjects and where number, perchance, may be sacrificed for quality. "The woman's cause is the man's cause," and when the lower nature is slave to the higher, when, indeed, women are womanly before they hold those holiest offices of wives and mothers, then it matters little if "advanced" women are given credit for the pioneer work or not, only so that both men and women be advanced to higher conceptions of the gifts that are theirs.

Herein lies the "emancipation" which Beatrix doubts, but why not an actual emancipation? Has not much been done by this unrest of women to break the bonds of that hatefulest epithet, "old maid"—hateful only because in times past so cruelly applied. Higher education alone did not do it. That only metamorphosed her into a "blue stocking." Now she may be neither, and unmarried at that. But beneath the term "old maid" was the real shackle, the inherited belief that women must marry, whether or no; while now all about us are many who are going on alone because their ideals of what a true home should be did not seem possible of realization with the candidates who presented themselves for favor. For no saying is truer than that one of a sad-faced wife: "Every girl can marry if she will; though they may never own it if they can't."

Are the "advance" guard not touching home topics that help home women? What of Mrs. Rorer's daily cooking class, so popular at the Woman's building at Jackson Park? What of like classes on every Chautauqua assembly programme of the land; the lectures by Prof. Lucy M. Salmon, of Vassar, on Domestic Economy before prominent women of Detroit and Ann Arbor a few weeks ago; the session on Household Economics at the Woman's Congress in Chicago last month? What means the wide sale of such a work as Tokology by Dr. Alice B. Stockham, whose name appeared on the Congress' lists and makes her "representative?" What means it that the laws of nearly every State and territory require scientific temperance teaching? What that such institutions as our industrial school for girls have been established for fallen women by "public" women's efforts? What the woman's journals and household departments galore in newspapers, dealing with every conceivable topic touching woman's life, from routing red ants from pantry shelves to the ethics of the woman's movement? What signify those "mother's meetings" in every hamlet for the study of the effect of food and stimulants on the human system, the principles of heredity and the training of children? What the eager interest in how to reduce the number and weight of garments and

still retain grace and add comfort for children 'and ladies' clothing?

Do the adoption of these teachings, more or less consciously, by our personal friends stand for nothing and do they un-woman them or take them out of their sphere of usefulness? Is a woman less womanly that her home's horizon is widened, that she is equipped to meet its further demands?

The question of what motive brought these leaders among women into publicity is with them and God.

While some may seek notoriety, it is hard to conceive of such women as Rev. Anna Shaw and Mary T. Lathrop buttoning their ulsters about them, year in and year out, going up and down the length and breadth of the land for the "glory" there is in it. Hard won "glory" must that be which crowns Clara Barton if that is the paltry pittance she labored for! Or what calls such women as Lady Somerset and Mrs. Laura Ormiston Chant from their English homes of luxury and loved ones! A more interior motive force would seem necessary to withstand weather, separation from friends and to endure modern railway travel.

Fortunately we are not similarly affected by passing events, but we may all hold in common the hope and firm belief that out of chaos and extremes shall come a peaceful, orderly evening-up, a better equilibrium toward which all factions have contributed their use.

ANN ARBOR.

JENNIE BUELL.

WHAT WOMAN MAY BE.

In a recent issue of the *HOUSEHOLD* appeared an article from Beatrix on one of the great questions of the times, i. e. women.

We must acknowledge many women, young and old, are longing for fresh fields and unexplored regions and there are those who say they want anything but domestic life. We are not all born with a fondness for the cook-book and broom, for the scrubbing-brush and duster, and why should we wonder if a girl prefers her independence and to earn her own living rather than do as many a girl has done before,—make a hap-hazard selection of a life companion and live a life of discontent, or worse—seek relief in the divorce courts.

I agree with Beatrix that "a woman's children are a crown of glory and honor," provided the pedigree is clean and they have been properly trained, for a thoroughbred is as desirable in children as horses.

One of the results I look for in this woman's question is a broadening of the life and experience of many who otherwise would live over and over again the same routine. When such women grow from their new experiences, who can predict the results in the home life, which is the true source of character for the coming men and women?

The American girl is regarded by the

girls of other countries as the most favored of any nation. Her position has been developed by circumstances of broad education, and possibly the co-education in our universities has had an influence. Many a girl has met her brother student in classroom, and where before she thought man only a little lower than the angels, she has found he was actually quite human and perhaps with no greater intellect than her own.

It is an established fact that woman is coming to the front very rapidly, but it does not follow that the wife and mother must neglect her home and family because she steps outside her household to take a turn at the cleaning of the Augean stables of municipal circles. For my part I have no desire to mix in politics and public life would be distasteful to me, but I believe the women have been brought forward to accomplish good work.

I know the opinion of many politicians is that women will soon be as much of a political schemer as her brother man has proven himself to be. Possibly she will, when she has served as many generations; but I hope for better things from the new movement and I believe they will come.

There are women who have found society flat and unsatisfactory, and if such woman have chosen professions formerly occupied by men and have proven that they are as scholarly and skillful in their work, why not grant them the same honor and commendation?

Not many years ago the woman doctor was almost a byword and reproach in the opinions of some men in the profession; but gradually they have compelled admiration. In foreign countries they have gone into places where no man could be received, particularly in India, China and all countries where women are kept away from the outside world; and in the Zenanas the woman doctor has been an angel of healing to many a sufferer, whom no one else could reach with remedies.

I need not go to foreign lands to show what women have done—we have evidence right at home. Many a woman not only has her professional work to keep up, but unlike her brother she must also regulate and order the ways of her home, for she likes home life and comforts. I can tell you of one of the most successful of these, who beside her outside work cares for a mother in failing health and opened her arms and heart to a brother's motherless little ones and to the care of the ailing, helpless baby as she snatched a few winks of sleep by its side or divided her night with some mother as she went through the agonies of motherhood, returning to the little one at home, until the angel of death entered the home and carried hence the little soul to its mother's home. Is such a woman less womanly than had she not chosen a profession

which has been monopolized by man for so many centuries?

What results must we expect from the clubs all over the country but a broadening of woman's life? Charles Dudley Warner in a recent letter says: "I think I can see already that these clubs everywhere are making our society more interesting than it used to be."

The able paper of Miss Julia Ball in a late HOUSEHOLD, read before one of these clubs, gave evidence of much study and research, and she brought forward the names of many prominent in different professions who have made lasting names for themselves.

Woman is making history in these years, and who can tell what benefits the twentieth century may receive as she develops.

She will study to improve the race in pedigree, and mentally and morally the people of the world will be better for her advancement.

DETROIT.

MRS. C. E. HUYETTE.

STOP AND THINK.

[Paper read by Mrs. Benita Crispell before the Liberty Farmers' Club, June 3rd, 1898.]

What wonderful works have been accomplished through thought! It has made this country what it is, and the improvements that are every day being made are its product. There is nothing which thought can not accomplish in time, either for good or evil. This is a time of haste and speed, every one trying to reach the twentieth century first, but it will take a great deal of thought to reach it safely. When we study a subject we must think on it or the study is of little account. Time is too valuable to waste on trashy novels. There are novels which are historical and will teach us good lessons, but a large percent of the books read to-day are useless novels. When we form the habit of reading such books we have no taste for good sound reading.

We are writing our history daily. If we are doing good acts we are writing a good history; if we are doing wrong acts we are writing a poor one. The thought to which we give expression, and the acts of our lives, will leave an impression on more generations following after us than we are apt to think.

Just stop and think, and conscience will tell what is right or wrong, but if we do not heed the voice of conscience it will cease to tell us. Do we stop to think how far habit goes to make up our lives? Habits formed in youth will last through life. "As the twig is bent the tree is inclined." The world is just what people make it. If society is corrupt, the nation is corrupt; the government is just what society makes it.

It took thought to learn the uses of steam and electricity; to invent the watch, sewing machine, binder, musical instruments, printing press, telegraph, and the numberless other inventions now in use.

How much trouble might be saved if

we would only stop and think what will be the consequences before we commit an act! The thought must precede the act, but often the thought only goes far enough to commit the act. If men and boys could only see the consequences before they took the first drink, it would seem they never would take it. They think they can stop whenever they choose, but when they once start down the grade they lack the will power to turn back. Public opinion is not as yet strong enough against them. Think of a woman going along the street with a cigar in one corner of her mouth, and a whiff of smoke coming out of the other! Every one would shun and reproach her in the most shameful manner; yet how many men will we see every day doing this same thing, and nothing is ever said about it! Why is the same act in a woman worse than in a man, or why is vice worse in a hut than in a palace? Just stop and think of the money that is spent annually for tobacco in the United States. If money was all it would not be so bad. It is a dirty habit; what smells worse than the breath of a smoker, or his tobacco soaked clothes, or rank pipe? It leads to loss of property, goods, and lives, by the fires which originate from lighted ashes falling from pipes, by lighted cigar ends or matches used by smokers. Statistics of temperance societies show that smokers break away from their pledges in greater numbers than non-smokers. It is going to take a great deal of thought as well as work to put down this terrible curse, intemperance, which, if it is not put down, will overthrow this nation just as it did that of Rome.

ASKED AND ANSWERED.

In looking over a few late numbers to find something to write about I was much impressed with A. H. J.'s letter, "Give Out," and Evangeline's "Our HOUSEHOLD." I think all readers should take notice and profit thereby.

I would like to ask Mrs. Fuller if she can tell me the nature of the Calceolaria, or "money purse." I have a plant now in full bloom for the second time. Some tell me that is all I need expect, as they never bloom but twice. I would like to know if that is true; if not, what treatment should be given after blooming.

And it is said there is nothing new under the sun, but something new, to me at least, has come in what are called California or vinegar bees. I have them in a quart can filled with water and two tablespoonfuls of sugar and one of molasses where they work and ferment, to be emptied and refilled every third day, this water making the vinegar. What I want to know is from whence they came, of what are they composed, and is the vinegar of good keeping quality.

What disposition is best made of cats, dogs and agents where they are more

numerous and troublesome than dollars? [Chloroform them.—ED.]

I have a Manetta vine from a slip taken from a very free bloomer. It now covers a frame over two feet high and yet has never shown as much as one little bud. I have seen some in bloom not over three inches high. It grows very thrifty. What can the matter be?

The Editor tells us to split our short-cake with a cord, never use a knife. Don't do it; divide your dough and roll in two pieces, spreading lightly with butter or lard between, and see how nicely they will separate without use of knife or cord.

PLAINWELL.

BESS.

A BRAVE GIRL.

A HOUSEHOLD correspondent once wrote that her ability to recognize the humorous side of all her trials and annoyances had been worth a fortune to her. Our Sally Waters, who is the "farmeress" of our family, seems similarly favored if one may judge from a recently received letter. A good laugh is certainly an excellent safety-valve—clears the mental atmosphere as a clap of thunder does the air, and blessed indeed is the woman who can see "the funny side" of those domestic perplexities that are much more apt to bring sighs if not tears to most of us. Under "her way of putting it" a sympathetic heart can feel a touch of pathos in the bearing of these pin-pricks which Sally Waters tosses off with a laugh. She says:

The world wags rather unevenly with me this spring and summer. Did you ever see more provoking weather? When it isn't too wet it's too dry. My oats are on flat land, and regularly once a week we have a flood and the poor things just get dried off when under they go again. "What can't be cured must be endured" so I try to be resigned to the condition of things—together with the neuralgia. I've one great consolation, sister has about one hundred and fifty hens and chickens that divert my mind by digging up everything I plant on the upland. I got mad at them the other morning (that's heredity, not originality) and in chasing them fell down and almost broke my knee. Since then they have "held the fort." Then we gave our dog quinine pills and he's very sick; I don't know as I wonder. My favorite road mare is relegated to the back lot till fall, and I have to drive such a lazy horse that my patience is worn threadbare, quite to rags. Then the roof leaks. I went for a load of shingles, couldn't get any, and must either make another trip with that slow horse or continue to shingle the roof with pots, dishes and pans. I like a big yard till I have to mow it. I mowed ours yesterday morning; there is a quarter of an acre in it. The scythe wouldn't hold an edge and the grass was high and tough. I mowed off my favorite rose bush and got scratched on an osage orange. As if that wasn't enough, a man whom I wanted to see came while I was away. He took it upon himself to fix our pump, remarking that it "needed a man around here to fix things!" He rolled the well so we have to carry water from a distant spring.

and dropped the spout down the well, where it will lie in the oblivion. "When the last trumpet sounds it will be there." Don't think I allow *such trifles* to triumph over me! No indeed! I "bob up serenely" every time; do the next best I can and nobody has a better laugh over it than I. I don't calculate to waste my strength warring against the unavoidable; I've other uses for it, and anyway there is no satisfaction in it. Sometimes I think I'll stop working, though. There's only a penny's difference between the person who works hard and the one who doesn't work at all—and the one who doesn't work gets the penny!

That's our undaunted Sally, who is as bright and pretty as she is persistent and industrious—and that's saying not a little. And here's hoping the oats will get a show, the water settle, the horse get well, quick, and in short, a "happy issue out of all her perplexities."

WOMANLY BLESSINGS.

The Editor spoke in a recent issue of the HOUSEHOLD of the growing tendency among women of the present day to evade family cares and strive to secure positions of trust and honor in the world hitherto occupied by men. In the main I think it a sad truth. I know it to be a fact in cities and large towns where so much is continually occurring to consume a woman's time and strength that oftentimes she shrinks from the care of even one little immortal, so wrapped up is she in the follies and sheer emptiness of the society in which she lives and moves and has her being. There are others in the more isolated country districts who possess families as large as those of "the olden times" when they lived in their little log cabin in the clearing with only one room below and an attic where they stored their numerous progeny.

It has been a woman's God-given mission since the time of Adam to suffer and endure, and in some instances she fulfills her mission and has the strength and will power to live and enjoy her robust sons and bonny daughters. But it is more often the case that she is ready to fold her hands and take that rest which she has been a lifetime expecting. Though her "children may rise up and call her blessed" they will never know the care and heart-ache oftentimes experienced until they have families of their own to work and plan for. This God-given mission often becomes a hollow mockery, and a woman wonders, while cumbered with household cares and increasing family, if her children will live to pass through such deep waters, and prays that they may be spared what she is destined to endure until she finishes her life's journey and crosses the bridge of twilight which spans her earthly pilgrimage to that which is eternal. I love my little ones with all a mother's devotion, and enjoy their quaint sayings and cunning ways, but with my sons and daughter I have

the time to enjoy life with them and intend to be their companion; and as they grow older I shall strive to keep up with them in their onward progress so that they may not think their mother is "a back number," but one who sympathizes in their little trials and encourages them to things holier and better. The woman is to be pitied who is always so driven with work that she never has the time to visit, or take up a magazine or paper and read to them and enjoy their interested questions.

Talk about woman's rights! She has too many now. You come in contact with her as a teacher; you enter a store or a bank and she greets you; you behold her on the platform politically or advocating her rights. If you are sick she will minister to you and cool your fevered brow, while if you are at variance with mankind she will seek to adjust all wrongs. In truth you meet her everywhere. When a woman thinks her home of less consequence than the world there must be something wrong in her make-up; for she who happily controls a home rules a kingdom; her crown is content and her children her loving subjects. Though we weary at times of the daily routine and wish only to be somewhere—away from the petty cares which vex us so, yet if we were given the opportunity to travel through every clime we would return satisfied,

"For whate'er the knowledge, fame or pelf,
Not one will change his neighbor with himself."

Man does not love a *manly* woman, as she loses some of her sweet womanliness when she comes in contact with humanity in general and becomes more like his sterner self, which is distasteful to him. Dear sisters, let us be content to be helpmates in deed and thought, "for as we sow so shall we reap," and happy is she who in her sowing shall reap a bountiful harvest.

FAIR HAVEN FARM.

ELMA.

A PRETTY IDEA.—Most of us have a favorite poet. Something new in a combination of poetry and flowers is the idea of making a flower-bed which shall contain all the flowers mentioned by our most admired poet, and naming it after him. It is really, as you see, a poetical thought, a bit of grateful homage alike to bloom and brain. The idea was originated by Lady Burke, who started with a "Shakespeare bed," to contain all the flowers mentioned in the great dramatist's writings. It is too late this season, of course, to begin such a pleasant task, unless by setting perennials this fall, but in reading it will be an aid to make a memorandum of plants named, for guidance another year.

"BESS," of Plainwell, says: "At last, by lending my file of the HOUSEHOLD, I have succeeded in interesting one of my neighbors to such an extent that she handed me a dollar to pay for a year's subscription to the FARMER, so

we can talk HOUSEHOLD." This is a practical evidence of appreciation, the best possible recognition of the merits of our little paper—that one likes it so well that she is anxious her friends shall join in "knowing a good thing." And if all who enjoy the HOUSEHOLD and find it beneficial would follow "Bess'" example, how much its field would be widened and how many new and good contributors would be visitors to our circle! And usually it takes so few words, so little trouble, to induce a friend to show her confidence in your knowledge of what she will enjoy.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

In the hot days that are at hand it will be well to remember an easy way of lowering the temperature of water, keeping butter cool, and getting the cream in the churn somewhere near the proper temperature if you have no ice. Wrap the churn, the pitcher of water or cream, or the butter jar in a large cloth you have wrung out of cold water and set in the shade in a current of air. The evaporation which results will lower the temperature several degrees.

CRETONNE draperies, as a rule, are either sent to the professional cleaner or else ruined by home washing. A sample of the cretonne should first be washed in salt water or in oxgall and water, to set the color, and then be dried in a dark room. None of the ordinary grades of soap should be used. The greatest risk in fading lies in the drying, and a dark room should always be used for this if possible. If the colors are not too bright, this method will insure fair satisfaction.

Contributed Recipes.

STRAWBERRY PIE.—Make a rich crust as for lemon pie, bake and let it get cold; then sprinkle in a little flour and fill with fresh berries slightly crushed; put on a little melted butter and sprinkle on a little flour, then powdered sugar enough to sweeten; cover the top with the beaten whites of two eggs, sweetened, and set in the oven a minute to brown slightly. Whipped cream may be substituted for this meringue, in which case do not set in the oven. MAUD MULLER.

PIEPLANT PUDDING.—For a family of four or six persons take a two-quart basin, fill half or two thirds full of sliced pieplant; sprinkle over a pinch of soda and add a generous amount of sugar, then cover with batter made as follows: One tablespoonful of butter; four tablespoonfuls of sugar; two eggs; two thirds cup of sweet milk; two heaping teaspoonfuls baking powder; flour enough to make quite stiff. Make as you would a cake. Put in a steamer and steam 40 to 50 minutes, turn out on a plate and serve hot, either plain or with sauce made of sugar and butter creamed together. Equally good made with other fruits. Hope you'll try this and like it; it's good.

SALLY WATERS.