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## THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

### COURAGE.

BY OLARA BELLE SOUTHWELL.

What men need to-day is more courage,  
Not that of the usual kind,  
Which nerves them to undertake battle  
'Gainst foes and whole world combined;  
But courage to say "No" when they ought to;  
In well doing never to tire,  
Courage to gain complete victory  
Over self and all selfish desire.

Not so much in the battle with others,  
As to use in a battle with sin;  
Not so much to gain some long-prized treasure,  
As firmness and calmness to win.  
Courage to fight the whole battle  
Tho' fighting and suffering be long;  
Courage for breaking a promise,  
When we find that the promise is wrong.

Oh, that the firmness were common,  
To do always the thing that we hold  
Is the best thing to do, spite of offers  
Of honor, position, or gold.  
The world is all full of poor creatures,  
Go where fancy leads you to seek,  
Who had courage 'gainst grim fate to battle,  
But with self we're too lenient and weak.

MARSHALL.

### BEATRIX MAKES ANSWER.

I know what to do when I want copy hereafter. I shall only hint that woman, collectively and individually, is not cast in the angelic mould and dowered with divine graces, that she has not a right to be and do all that a man is and does. That will be "pressing the button;" somebody else "will do the rest."

And yet, with all this eloquence—and Miss Buell, Mrs. Huyette, M. E. H., and in this issue Mrs. Rockwood, have written well and forcefully—I have nothing whatever to modify or retract. What I wrote I still contend is truth, undeniable and incontrovertible. Even one of my critics said to me personally, "Your article is true; I have cut it out as one of the things I want to keep."

Unwarranted conclusions have been drawn from my statements—but that is not my fault. I said maternity was going out of fashion and that the birth rate is decreasing. Has either assertion been disproved? I said woman's public life is making motherhood still more unpopular, and somebody infers I think every wife ought to have a family as numerous as John Rogers' of martyr memory. You will find invariably the largest families among the poorer classes—those who can do least for their offspring. What will the world come

to when educated and intelligent women despise and evade the bearing of children and the world is populated by the children of poverty and deprivation? We cannot have too large a class who come from good homes; we already have too many from those homes Frances Willard justly characterizes as "diabolical."

My remarks about woman's entrance into business life and the consequent reversion or readjustment of the economic relations of the two sexes thus made necessary, have been interpreted as indicating my opposition to woman's doing any work outside her home. It seems as if a good answer to that would be that as I superseded a man on the staff of the FARMER, I could not well cavil at other women for doing what I am myself engaged in.

Statements of fact, dear critics, are not necessarily statements of opinion.

There are a few points I want to notice in the arguments of our correspondents. Miss Buell combats the idea that the woman's movement is making woman less attached to home and its duties; and asserts that the teachings of its leaders lie along the line of investing our homes with a broader, higher atmosphere, and the establishment of purer ideals. Yet with the narrative of their teaching must be told the story of individual failure to live up to their precepts. It was one of those leaders Miss Buell named whom I quoted as saying wifehood and motherhood are to be made accidental to woman through the woman's movement. It was the husband of another she named who advertised last fall for a housekeeper—I saw the card myself—while his wife was "doing good" on the platform. It was a prominent advocate of dress reform who put her babe out to a hired nurse while she extolled the merits of "reformed" clothing. Of a woman prominent in temperance work whose son had become a hopeless sot before he was twenty a progressive woman said: Mrs. ——— has done good enough to pay for her son's ruin," a view of the law of compensations which it is to be hoped will not spread far. These are the things that are true, but that don't get into the papers; and when known of women who preach the gospel of home, must as a matter of course cause odious comparisons. I should not name them

here except to illustrate that a woman can rarely take an active part in public life and satisfy the claims of her family at the same time. Let the public woman, like Anna Dickinson, stay single and devote herself to her "cause." Let her pray she meet not Anna Dickinson's lonely, loveless, friendless old age.

One of the great features of the advancement of woman is the education and opportunities afforded our young women, whereby they may become self-supporting and independent. This is in many ways one of the greatest of blessings. It puts the self-supporting woman upon a higher plane, and gives her the support of public opinion. But in the very nature of things this draws her away from home and its claims and duties. Do you know any girls who have been through college, or schools of art or music or elocution, who are content to return to the quiet of home and interest themselves in its homely details? Are they not all longing and planning for a career—anything that will take them from home? The same feeling pervades a lower class of society. Girls whose help is needed at home to relieve overtaxed mothers or help in the care of younger brothers and sisters are restive under the obligation and want to get away. They do get away, into stores and factories and shops, and there lose all domestic tendencies.

A young friend who has many acquaintances in the classes of a large conservatory said to me indignantly, *apropos* of this subject: "Why those girls down there talk as if it were actually low to know anything about house-keeping! In their hearts they despise me because I am housekeeper in our home, and think I am unambitious and with no aspirations above housework; indeed one of them much as told me so!"

Every morning from half past six until eight o'clock our streets are filled with young women and girls on their way to work. They are "emancipated" to a degree that enables them to earn their own living and be respected in the earning. They work from eight to six, six days in the week. What do they, what can they ever know of a home? When they marry, their previous life has entirely unfitted them for home and its duties its quiet is distasteful its confinement irksome, its dullness



unbearable. To one whom I have met in business home life became so intolerable that she hired a nurse to look after her babies and resumed her old occupation, saying she "couldn't stand the children." And the last time I saw her little girl the child's hair was actually elted together, it had been uncombed o long!

Mrs. Huyette made the point that a woman may carry on a business or a profession and a home also. Well, some women may; but it is at the expense of one or the other or the woman herself. On this subject Dr. Arabella Kneally, a physician of considerable repute, says, and you will note it is a woman, speaking of women):

"Women should not attempt to carry on a profession after marriage. I mean the women of the upper and middle classes who go into the professions. \*

I am confident that the rising generation would be healthier and stronger in every way if the mothers would exert themselves less. I look anxiously at every babe that comes under my notice in the hope that I shall find some improvement in the type, some increase in stamina compared with the generation that preceded it, but instead of this there is only steady deterioration observable. This is particularly noticeable among the children of very active mothers. The cleverest and most highly educated women, the women who take the most active part in public affairs, have the most weakly and puny children. \* \* \* Women must place before themselves the alternative, to earn their living, to exercise their faculties, and to gratify their ambitions in a professional career or become good wives or mothers; and if they choose the domestic life they must recognize that they must sacrifice their personal happiness and ambition in the future happiness and success of their children."

In these days of competitions and strifes, no woman can win even a fair amount of success without giving her whole soul and all her energy to her career; she must necessarily be selfish and consult her own aims and ambitions; and if not, her generosity is at the expense of her work or a remorseless draft upon her vitality.

The home woman, the sheltered wife and mother, knows little or nothing of the struggles, the trials, the rebuffs, or the temptations incident to the business or professional woman's career. Nor does the "apostle of woman," who moves from one admiring coterie to another, preaching her pretty platitudes about woman and her mission as she goes, at all realize into what combats, what difficulties, her arguments for equality and emancipation are plunging the rank and file

Sir Edwin Arnold has written:

"The fruit of labors, in the lives to come,  
Is threefold for all men—Desirable  
And undesirable and mixed of both;  
But no fruit is at all where no work was."

So the woman's movement, with its desirable features, its great amelioration of woman's condition in many ways, brings its results that are "undesirable and mixed of both." Time must sift and settle. When an army is flushed with victory he who points out dangers

that may wreak disaster earns the fate of all who bring unwelcome messages. Yet the general wins his triumph as much by foreseeing and averting perils as by occupying vantage ground. The results of the woman's movement are far-reaching, and the end is not yet. To win the most good out of it, we must not shut our eyes to its attendant evils and dangers.

BEATRIX.

#### EXPOSITION NOTES.

We have seen the Fair! Not all of it, to be sure, but as much as our limited time allowed; and perhaps a few words regarding it may be of interest to the readers of the HOUSEHOLD.

The crowds that flock to the Michigan building each day about noon testify that our State is already well represented, and we hope that all will make an effort to see this grandest of fairs where all parts of the globe, from Greenland to the Cape of Good Hope, are represented.

To those who may have been frightened by the cry of "extortion," let me say that the total expense for each one of our party of four was less than thirty dollars for the two weeks, and this included several unnecessary items. We occupied a tent at the Temperance Encampment near Washington Park, and would not have exchanged it for any hotel in the city. It was such a comfort, on our return from the Fair grounds, to slip off our shoes and settle down in the shade of the trees to read, write, or talk; then, as it grew dark, to make the camp ring with "Michigan, my Michigan," and retire to our cots to sleep soundly throughly the deliciously cool nights.

On the fair grounds we carried black shopping-bags containing note-book, pencil, handkerchief and purse. If we had been thoughtful enough to have added our colored glasses, our outfit would have been complete.

The first object of interest to us is the Michigan building. It is of good size, and nicely furnished and arranged for the comfort of the Michigan public. A large painting of Lincoln and Sojourner Truth which hangs at the entrance to the gallery is especially worthy of mention, as is also the collection of animals from the University.

Do not fail to see the Illinois, California, Washington, Kansas, and Iowa State buildings, even if there is not time to visit all. In many of the buildings grains and grasses are used extensively for decorating; and the Iowa building, especially, gave us a new idea of what corn and corn-cobs can be made to do in that line. These, and many of the other States, have exhibits that are well worth going to see. The Virginia building is filled with relics of Washington and his time. From the other States we noted the Liberty Bell from Pennsylvania; the work of the blind pupils of the Illinois school; the fine

collection of animals of North America from the Kansas State Museum; the skeleton of a mammoth from Spokane County, Washington, and the huge bison from Nebraska.

After leaving the State buildings, a short time was spent visiting those of some of the foreign countries. Several of these were not then completed. The one which interested me most was the East India building. It is filled with curious things, and the lovers of tea will hail with delight the fragrant cups which are served without charge. As I never drink tea, I can not vouch for it, but they claim that it is the best in the world.

Not far from these is the Fisheries building. The aquarium, which occupies the eastern annex, seems to be the center of attraction. Its two divisions contain a fine collection of fresh and salt-water fish.

From here we pass to the Government building, which is divided into the departments of War, Treasury, Interior, etc., with the exhibits appropriate to each.

South of this is the building of Manufactures and Liberal Arts. There is too much here that is worthy of note to attempt to give any description of it. One could spend a week there, and then not feel sure that he had seen it all. A few of the attractions in the portion allotted to the United States are Tiffany's exhibit of silver and diamonds, the famous "Sapolio" boat, the model of Brooklyn Bridge made from Kirk's soap, and the Arizona exhibit from the petrified forest. The foreign exhibits are all interesting, and by keeping our eyes and ears open we learned many things about the industries, customs, and costumes of the people of these countries.

In the Agricultural Hall the different State exhibits are, of course, much alike, varying only with the section of the country from which they come, yet they show great variety of arrangement and decoration.

Iowa, Illinois, Kansas, and Nebraska rather carry off the palm for artistic work. The agricultural implements are in the annex.

Southwest of this building is the stock pavilion. The National Grange headquarters are in the southeastern portion.

The only colored building among the large ones is the one devoted to Transportation. Here we see illustrated all the various means of conveying people by land or water. There is a model of the first self-moving carriage, or locomotive, and near by are the large new ones with their trains of palace cars. There are models of boats of every description, but none of them interested me as did the boat in which Grace Darling performed her heroic act. There are carriages of all kinds, from the Turkish kraba drawn by cattle to the most stylish of American vehicles.



and the blue and gold dress coach of the Lord-Mayors of London.

The Horticultural building is a constant delight to lovers of flowers and fruits, but these are not the only attractions. Not far from the north entrance is a beautiful model of the building itself made of flagstone silver by A. M. Endweiss, of Monterey, Mexico. It is eleven feet and two inches in length and contains one hundred pounds of silver.

One of the most interesting things, to me, is the Cliff Dwellers' village. It is well worth double the twenty-five cents which they charge for admission. A small portion of Cliff Canon, in southwestern Colorado, is represented, showing the ruins of many of the dwellings of this ancient race, which has been extinct for at least six thousand, and possibly ten thousand years. In another room are shown their rude implements of stone and bone; their curious pottery; and, at the farther end so that you need not look at them unless you wish, several of the mummies which have been found among the ruins, the best one of which they designate as "She."

Fear of the Editor's frown induces me to stop my rambling pen, but if any of the readers wish to ask my questions, I will do my best to answer them.

EMERALD.

[The Editor never frowns on such letters as the above, but rather smiles and asks for "more."]

#### BOOKS.

The discussion concerning literature in the district schools is very interesting to me, for experience has taught me the necessity of bringing more and better books within the reach of the children. So many have practically nothing at home to read, and the Sunday school libraries which exist in most districts are so filled up with trash that they are worse than useless. I would unhesitatingly condemn the Sunday school novel as far more injurious than the so-called dime novel. The former receives the sanction of those whose opinion the children have been taught to respect. Everyone knows how much harder it is to fight a vice which is disguised as a virtue, and the wishy-washy trash smoothed over by a moral and a few religious platitudes cannot be so summarily disposed of as "Deadwood Dick" or "Daring Dave." The insipidity of the conventional Sunday School books would disgust any sensible boy or girl with the very principles they are supposed to inculcate.

If I were to furnish a Sunday school library I would try to have in it books that the children would read over and over again and always remember as old friends. For example, all of Miss Alcott's, Jules Verne's, Irving's, Mrs. Burnett's, Aldrich's "Story of a Bad Boy," Howells' "A Boy's Town," Warner's "Being a Boy," "Tom Brown," and hundreds

of other true, strong books which show us sensible, honest, fun-loving boys and girls who try to be good and usually fail; but whose failures are so like our own that when we see them trying again we are moved to do likewise. I am truly sorry for any girl who does not count among her most intimate friends "Polly," "Jo," and "Rose," and for any boy who has never gotten into scrapes with "Tom Brown" and "Harry East." These books prepare them to enjoy a little later the literature which will make them cultivated and scholarly men and women. In this age of the world, when Hawthorne's books in pretty bindings and excellent print may be bought for twenty cents each, there is no excuse for anyone's being ignorant of the masterpieces in our own and English literature.

Most of us feel that very "solid" books and hot weather are not in harmony with each other, and prefer to seek something which shall not make too great a demand on our attention. There are so many bright and entertaining books this summer that the only difficulty is to choose among them. But if we select those whose authors are already known to us we seldom make a mistake.

All those who have read and laughed over Stockton's "Rudder Grange" will be delighted to meet their old friends again in "Rudder Grangers Abroad." They will gladly go with Pomona to meet a "real live earl," and will sympathize with her in her search for her lost daughter whom she was sure to find, because before crossing the ocean she had with wise forethought stamped both heels with "Perkins' Indelible Dab." His "Squirrel Inn" introduces us to new people and we are glad to know them; especially Ida Mayhew, who is a graduate of Bryn Mawr, but is filling the post of nurse girl during the vacation. No danger of her making mistakes, because having once dissected a baby she naturally knows all about the species.

Another with whose books I have only recently become familiar and who has for me therefore all the charm of freshness, is J. M. Barrie. Every body should read his "Little Minister" and having once become acquainted with Thrums and the dwellers therein, he will not be satisfied until he has met them again and again in "When a Man's Single," "A Window in Thrums," and "Auld Licht Idyls."

PORT HURON.

E. C.

#### ANOTHER POINT OF VIEW.

Beatrix's article, "What of the Woman's Movement?" has evidently accomplished just what she intended it to, in that it has brought out a flood of responses, and thereby abundant "copy" to her desk.

If, as she thinks, the whole train of evils described in the article are due to the advanced ideas of women, we may

as well go to the root of the matter and lay the blame upon the improved educational advantages women are enjoying to-day, for were it not for that there would be no "woman's movement."

That maternity is going out of fashion I do not deny; but I do not think the cause is the one ascribed. There are several reasons in my opinion for the growing dislike on the part of wives for motherhood. Selfishness is largely to blame for it. Women like best to have more freedom than the mothers of large families can possibly have. Years well spent they may be, yet the years of a young wife's life are unavoidably debarred from much of social enjoyment and even of home comfort where there is one babe in arms, another clinging to her skirts, and still another soon to come upon the scene. Sentiment, my dear Beatrix, has it that a large family of children is charming; Reality makes it sometimes quite another thing.

Another thing I have noticed is that it is not only the wives who object to large families but the husband of to-day does not care about having a large family any more than his wife does; and if any one is to be censured let him have his share of it. The care of the little children of course devolves upon the mother, but the father has them to support, and although the old saying is that an old hen will bring up a dozen chickens just as well as one, with children it seems to be different.

And what does it matter after all? The world will soon be full of people. You and I will be dead and gone and the world will still move on. If Mr. and Mrs. A. have a housefull and Mr. and Mrs. B. have none that is their own business.

"One swallow does not make a summer," and if I were to have a dozen as my grandmother did that would not make much difference in the population, but it would make a great deal of difference to me. If every American family followed the foreign rule and sized their families according to the mother's "capacity," the world would be so overrun in a few years that we would have to have a war or a pestilence to kill some of them off.

□ Let the women alone, Beatrix. If the American race dies out let it die. Another will come in its place, and if it is a foreign one you and I can not help it. Women will do as they have a mind to any way.

And let the "public" woman continue on her way, say I. She has done a great deal of work for good. Jennie Buell and Mrs. Huyette voice my sentiments exactly. Let there be women doctors and lawyers, yes, and editors too. Let women earn their own living in any way they choose; they are none the worse for it, and may better do that than to marry some man for the sake of being taken care of.

All honor to the noble women who



have borne the large families of the past (and by the way they are not all extinct even in civilized communities yet), but honor also the woman who earns her own living, whether it be as clerk, as maid of all work, or as a professional woman.

As to the servant girl question, I do not blame girls for choosing other occupations in preference to doing housework. Public opinion has made it what it is. The clerk behind the counter may be no more of a lady, and not half so well educated as the girl who does kitchen work, yet she is looked upon as following a more genteel calling and is recognized in society where the other would not be. You and I may know her real worth, may see the true nobility of her character, yet she must wear the mob cap and white apron, badges of servility; and while the girl who clerks may not have half the leisure of the other, may not get half the pay, may be all that Beatrix describes, I think it is largely owing to the fact that by doing kitchen work she loses her identity in public opinion by becoming "somebody's hired girl," that girls shun domestic service.

FLINT.

ELLA ROCKWOOD.

#### THE OLD STORY.

It is only the old story. A man who had never raised a finger to assist in bringing up my daughter—never lost an hour's sleep on account of her infant ailments, nor felt any of the burden of her education and other needs, came one day last December and carried her more than a thousand miles away from me. There had of course been "preliminaries." My approval and blessing had been given, because she wanted to go with him more than she wanted to stay with me. This in short accounts for my two months' visit this summer in the Black Hills of South Dakota.

Sturgis is situated in a valley of the foot-hills and is perhaps better known because it is about two miles from Fort Meade, a military post where several troops of cavalry are stationed, among them a company of Indian soldiers with their squaws and papposes quartered near by.

I have visited the town of Deadwood, the terminus of the railroad, and wandered shivering through the streets, where it is said many crimes and murders have been committed, all for gold or horse stealing or for amusement, and felt every step I made that a huge boulder might topple over upon me from the hills above. This town is built in a gulch sure enough, houses planted on the hillsides to reach which one must climb long flights of wooden steps. Whitewood Creek—a mountain stream the color of red brick, caused by the waste from the smelting works up the mountain farther—rushes in a vicious fashion through the town, under houses, and being a dump for all garbage, sends

out a smell that is about as bad as anything around Chicago.

There were pleasant looking, pretty homes piled on terraces one above another, but there was too much back-ache plain to me, to think for a minute that I could be happy up there. The people were all so very clever and appeared so glad to see us, I was sorry I thought so little of the town. A handsome man-millioner had all his wonderfully artistic goods displayed for us, and I know there is no larger or more artistic lot of made-up millinery in St. Louis than we saw in that establishment, and the gentleman has no time to waste—he is driven with orders.

I visited Whitewood, a very small and beautifully located town, and also Rapid City—another Black Hills town. Both are flourishing and full of clever people, all glad to greet and welcome strangers.

I have climbed to the top of Bear Butte Mountain, which is one of the highest in the range and seems in the distance to be a monster pile of sand, but is really composed largely of loose rocks. There was nothing up there to capture except some very ugly cactus, some of which I am going to carry home as a memento. A more matter-of-fact person could tell about the millions of acres of land in view from the mountain top and invest it all with great beauty. It impressed me chiefly as lacking in trees and as a place where a multitude of Chinamen might come and live and yet not crowd out the honest American.

After all I have seen and heard—after all the courteous welcome extended me and all the hospitality I have enjoyed among the people here, I must say that if I were coming west to locate it would not be in the Black Hills.

All these little towns have water works—water brought from the springs in the mountains—the air is pure and canned goods plenty, but I like Agriculture and Horticulture. These hills—many of them, look so "warty!" The scraggy pine trees cast no shadows. What may lie concealed underneath the rocks and dry looking grass suits me better after it comes from the mint with the American eagle stamped upon it. The twilights are very lengthy and the daylight commences about three o'clock. The moonlight is brighter than anywhere I have ever lived, and the high winds meaner and more continuous. I shall return feeling that Missouri is good enough for me.

STURGIS, S. D.

DAFFODILLY.

#### FLY AND MOSQUITO SCREENS.

The *New York Times* gives some directions for making screens for doors and windows which those who cannot obtain or afford the more expensive wire screens will find valuable. The *Times* says:

"Make a plain pine frame that, when

the lower sash is raised, will fit closely under it and into the window casing. If you cannot get black mosquito netting do not, upon any consideration, use the crude, ugly blue, green, or red colors in which this fabric comes, but get white and dye it black or leave it white if preferred. The former, however, closely resembles wire screens and is less conspicuous. Stain the screens with raw sienna or paint them to harmonize with the color of the house. Cut the netting to fit the frames, allowing for a half-inch hem on all sides, and after basting on the latter, tack the squares securely to the frames with small tacks. Give a thorough sizing on both sides with size made by soaking half a pound of glue in one pint of cold water over night and adding four quarts of boiling water the next morning, and when this is dry give both the frames and netting two coats of elastica or other water-proof varnish.

"If well made—and a woman who can use a saw and hammer can easily do it—housed during the winter, and given a coat of varnish every spring, such screens will last a surprising length of time.

"For the upper half of the window a frame is not desirable. Cut the netting to fit the window casing outside the sash, and deep enough to reach two inches below the centre joining of the two sashes, allowing for a double half-inch-wide hem all round. When the latter has been basted in tack the sides and top to position, leaving the bottom free, but taut, and the upper sash can then be lowered to any point desired."

A still better plan would be to fit the screens with hinges at one side so they can be swung outward. This would occasion but slight additional expense or labor.

#### Contributed Recipes.

**MOLASSES CAKE.**—One-half cup molasses; one-half cup sugar; one-fourth cup butter; one egg; a little ginger; one and half cups flour; one-half cup boiling water poured on one teaspoonful soda and stirred in last thing.

BURDOCK.

**TO CAN CORN.**—Select the corn when in the milk, before too ripe. Put the ears in a colander, and let a little hot water run over it for about a minute; then cut the corn off the cob, scraping as much milk as possible, but don't mix any of the cob with the corn. Fill your jars compactly with corn; every time you get two or three ears of corn off the cob in a jar, work down as tight as possible, until the can is filled to within one-half inch from the top; then dissolve one teaspoonful of salt to one and a half tablespoonfuls of sugar, with three-quarters of a pint of warm water for each quart jar, and pour to overflowing over the corn; then adjust the lids, without the rubber, part way on and steam in a boiler of water two hours, the water covering the jars three-quarters. Take out the jars, work down the corn and fill up with some liquid kept boiling for the purpose; put on the rubber and screw the lid slowly air tight, put back in the boiler, and let the water in the boiler completely cover the jars and steam two hours more. Take out the jars, allow them to cool, screw lids tighter if possible and put in a dark place. For lima beans and peas do the same, or ly do not pack them down or use the sugar in the liquid.

ERNESTINE.