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THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

ESTRANGED.

BY A. H. J.

The narrow path we used to wear,
By pasture, corn, or wheat;
No more will yield to summer air
Sound of our hurrying feet.
In morning hours the shadows fall
Across its winding line;
And at the end I see a wall
Between your heart and mine.
Who built it? You nor I can say;
We only know 'tis there;
Its cold grim boulders block the way
We used to find so fair.
Too tired to bear your censoring thought,
I teach my stumbling feet
To shun the path, once gladly sought
By pasture, corn, or wheat.
THOMAS.

BLUE RIBBON RACES.

I accepted with alacrity an invitation to attend the Blue Ribbon races of the Detroit Driving Club last week, partly because it would be a new experience to see famous horses trot in low time, but also because now women are coming to the front so largely in all masculine avocations and enjoyments, I'm bound to keep up with the procession. "Back numbers," in this age, don't count.

So I put on my best gown, for that's the proper thing to do at the Blue Ribbon races,—the pedigree of the horses seems to demand it. My companion "knows all about horses," and was fully competent to coach me in the slang of the track. To avoid exhausting the quotation marks in the printers' cases, no slang will be thus indicated in what follows, for it is the vernacular of the course.

We were in ample time to watch the arrivals, and that was half the fun—especially with some one to tell you who's who. And I was once again reminded that you can't tell by the looks of a grasshopper how far he can jump. A serious, innocent-faced, honest-farmer-like looking man under an umbrageous straw hat was pointed out as a famous sport, whose carefully cultivated rusticity is a great help to him in catching greenhorns. A youth whose languid immaculateness seemed to hint he was not sufficiently awake to know a horse trot from a pig race was really a most accomplished financier of the turf. This fellow, with his hat jammed down over his eyes, hands in his pockets, a suit so loud you could hear it in Lon-

don, and a cigar at an angle of ninety degrees, you would pick out for a typical tough. But bless me, he was merely a ten-dollar-a-week dry goods clerk off for the day to bury his second cousin's half sister. It seems a little singular, too, does it not, that one of the men who always officiates as judge never owned an ounce of horseflesh in his life?

The centre of the grand stand is occupied by the boxes belonging to members. These were filled with the city's elite. Some of the gowns looked like fragments of a dismembered rainbow, and the hats were positively dazzling. One woman was like a gorgeous nasturtium in her gown of orange and bronze brown, but killed the effect by her black and lemon-yellow hat. A coaching party came down from Grosse Pointe on an English tally-ho, with the guard sounding a merry flourish on his bugle. It was gay enough, with the ladies' gorgeous gowns and white and pink lace parasols, the four prancing horses, all with their tails bobbed off in that abominable English fashion, the rattling chains and sparkling silver of the harness, and the immaculate groom in livery and a dignity that fairly lowered the temperature.

The quarter-stretch—(ah, perhaps you don't know what is the quarter stretch—well, it's the planked area in front of the grand stand where the betting is done) was a sea of straw hats, restless and turbulent. The stringency in the money market was not apparent in the throng that rushed to turn its dollars into the book-makers' and pool-sellers' hands. Almost \$100,000 went into the pools that day, it was said, for nearly every man and boy present took a flyer on his favorite nag.

The band played; and the score card, peanut, popcorn, pepsin gum and lemonade fiends opened the bottomless caves in their faces and punctured its strains and the atmosphere with their howls. It was a great place for the study of human nature, for humanity was there in all its phases. The blondined woman whom everybody knows but nobody speaks to trailed her costly finery in front of the immaculate matron whose make-up was scarcely less apparent. The woman who always manages to occupy three seats with herself, her umbrella and her shopping-bag, held them for her mythical friends in spite of the

frequent inquiry "Are these seats occupied?" and I longed to see the equality of the sexes illustrated by some daring man who would calmly sit down upon those etceteras.

But the bell brought out the starters for the first race. "Now you must pick your horse," said my friend, "and make your bets. Will you take the field or the favorite? Or odds against the favorite?" Out of Oriole, Fantasy, Double Cross, Gipse Earl and Coraline, I chose the last because she was a Michigan horse with a handsome sire and a pretty name. The woman in green and purple behind me advised her mother, "Ma, choose Car'line, he's a good hoss!" But alas, "Car'line" wasn't in it, and both "Ma" and I lost our popcorn.

The second race was for the Merchants' and Manufacturers' purse of \$8,000. There were fourteen entries; and though two fell out of the rack, it took a long time to get the dozen under the wire to the satisfaction of the judges. At last the word was given and away they went, a dozen dun-colored streaks off like a whirlwind. It was a pretty and an exciting scene, and as the leaders rounded into the home stretch the audience rose *en masse* to watch the finish, while cries of encouragement and hats and handkerchiefs filled the air. Siva, a beautiful chestnut, took first money in three straight heats, and an additional \$500 for trotting one heat in 2:13½, the fifteen seconds below 2:14 earning it for her.

Once I thought racing cruel and degrading. Now I know that millions of human beings would be glad of the care and attention bestowed upon the meanest of racers. At the conclusion of every heat an army of rubbers and attendants filled the ring; each horse was instantly blanketed, his mouth and nostrils sponged with cool water, and he was led away to be rubbed and rest until called to repeat his performance. I didn't see the whip fall on a single shining satin flank, but each noble animal was as eager to do his best as his driver to have him. And if drivers and owners were half as honest as these thoroughbreds, horse racing would be the finest of all sports. And if humanity at large entered into the race of life with the zeal and endeavor of a well trained horse, what a grand course this old world would be!

Everybody who is interested in horses has heard of Guy, the trotter whose uncertain temper has prevented him from becoming popular in the betting ring. He can trot like a cyclone, but inherits his disposition from Beelzebub. He has a temper like some people I've known. Neither whip nor spur nor petting and coaxing are of the slightest avail against his unconquerable stubbornness. If he chooses, he'll go; if he doesn't he won't, and that's all there is of it. He was to beat 2:20 to a gentleman's road wagon—if his lordship felt in the mood. Five times he went off his feet in scoring and came under the wire in the air; the sixth time he had balanced himself and shot like an arrow around the track, trotting like a beautiful machine, his even, level action silhouetted against the white background of the fence. At times he seemed almost to have the wings of Pegasus. His time was 2:13, clipping two seconds off Allerton's wagon record. The "road wagon" had four bicycle wheels attached to a spider-like tracery of steel, and weighed 139 lbs.

We stayed for four heats of the 2:21 pace, in which Tip-o'-Tip, on whose jockey's check I had metaphorically pinned my faith, after being fourth in the first heat and taking the next two in good time, went in the air and was ingloriously distanced in the fourth. In fact I was particularly happy in always selecting the wrong horse as a probable winner. So were many others, who had more at stake. There were not a few long faces in the crowd that pressed outward through the gates. One man went down into his pockets and announced the result as "two car tickets and four beers"—the equivalent of 30 cents; another fished up a key, a button-hook and two nickels, which he declared his available assets. At the close of the M. & M. race, the big fat husband of the big fat woman who sat in front of me joined her; he wore a plaid necktie and an air of deep dejection, which he speedily imparted to her. I heard him explaining how it happened (the loser always has his reasons); he had a tip on the side and bet heavily on the strength of it, but his horse got pocketed and he dropped every dollar. I only hope the landlord has a receipt for next month's rent.

Coming home there was the customary scramble for street cars. Hacks were plenty—for it is the custom for the lucky ones who scooped a pot of money to ride down, while the losers are in luck if they can take a car. And as, after the races at a county fair, every old rack o' bones, every rural plow team on a market wagon is urged to beat its record, so here too the race spirit seemed diffused among all who had anything to drive, and even the electric cars whizzed a little faster, while butchers' and bakers' wagons joined with private turn-outs and trotters in raising a dust. And thus we came home from the races.

BEATRIX.

A FRESH THRESHING OF OLD STRAW.

To vote, or not to vote! What a momentous question! The pros and cons have been offered, and what shall I say more?

It seems to me that some of our writers put a very low estimate on the moral qualities of woman. The idea that she cannot be trusted to express her convictions by a ballot as well as a man! Not long since I asked a friend, a bright intelligent school teacher, "Will you vote?" "Why, yes," said she; "I can read a clause in the constitution, and I'm going to take along with me a man who can't read." Rather queer, isn't it, that a woman must possess so much greater intelligence to vote on town and municipal affairs than is required by a man to vote for State and national officers?

Many believe that all the evils of the day will be put down at once when women can vote. Well, I wish they might be, but women are not angels any more than men, and sometimes I have my doubts. But then what if they are not? A bad woman's vote will count for no more than a bad man's, while a good woman's vote will help to offset the vote of the bad man. But from the everlasting principle of Right the privilege should be granted her.

Do you say she has rights enough now? Yes, she has rights, the right to be taxed without representation (which although an "old plea" is nevertheless an unpleasant fact), the right to bear and rear up sons to feed the saloon Moloch, legalized by the vote of her husband; the right to bring up daughters, who can be robbed of their innocence at the tender age of 12 or 14 years with no legal redress to be had from the villain who sought their ruin; the right to be classed on an equality with paupers, idiots, criminals, etc. What sensible woman could ask for more? And in the great Methodist church she has the right to keep up the prayer meetings; get up church socials to satisfy the never ceasing financial demands, and labor in every way to promote its interests, and then the right to have no voice in its management; three-fourths of the membership must keep silent, while the condensed wisdom of the one-fourth dictate.

It is so hard for some of us to see why it would be so much more demoralizing to vote than to do the thousand and one other things demanded and expected of a woman. But it is coming, and the thing for woman to do is to fit herself for the responsibility. It ought not to be expected that she would possess infinite wisdom, for she has so long been taught that she must defer in all things to man that some women have yet to learn that they have minds of their own. I believe they will rise to the occasion and fulfill all that is expected of them, in time. I cannot think that woman is so far beneath man that she cannot be trusted, where he can, and I

don't like to have my sisters say so of us.

I read not long since of a picture which is on exhibition in the Kansas State building at the Exposition. It is entitled "American Woman and Her Political Peers." "Representing American womanhood, from the center of the group of five looks the serene, strong, spiritual face of Frances E. Willard. Her 'peers'—those whom the wisdom of men has banished from the privileges of the ballot box—are a savage Indian bedecked with the trophies of the chase; a lunatic with the glare of madness in his eye, his garments torn by his own violence; a hard featured man, on whose face is written rebellion against all law, clad in the striped garb of a convict; and to complete the circle the last pictured face is that of an idiot, one of God's creature who by the extinguishment of the divine light of intellect, has become a sad caricature of Him in whose image he was made."

A striking picture truly! How proud the woman must feel as she looks upon it, and sees the exalted position she occupies in the estimation of her brother man, and with what satisfaction the man beholds it, realizing how far above this silent five he stands! I know a man whom I doubt not would think a woman very far out of her sphere casting a ballot, whose frail wife, after doing alone the housework for a family of seven, helps him in the hay field on the very hottest afternoons. "Oh, Consistency, thou art a jewel."

MAPLEWOOD.

ALLIE.

THE EXPOSITION.

I shall have to respond at the touch of the button, for it is impossible to keep still. Every word in Beatrix's article is true, especially about motherhood being unpopular. There are many things in this world so much worse than having and caring for a family of children! Anything but a woman leaving her family to care for themselves, while she goes on the platform advocating dress reform, temperance, or woman's rights! I can't understand why women are so very anxious to vote. I can't see where they are going to help matters. Why bless me, if I should vote I would vote the same as my husband, for I think he votes about right. It may be we are a very much abused set of women, but I can't see it.

The world is suffering to-day more for good housekeepers and home-makers there for anything else. I read in one of our magazines that the woman who faded the most under married life and its cares, was the pretty lady clerk. She seldom knew anything about housework, and it fretted, worried and faded her very soon, causing her to look old and haggard.

Now a few words about the Great Fair. I hope every one will go who can. We have been and came home feeling as if

we had seen the whole world—at a very moderate expense too. Any one who has not seen it cannot begin to realize or get an idea of it from others' descriptions. I want to say right here, if you go with a company, don't try to keep together, let each one start right out from the Michigan Building (after getting lunch checked) by herself or himself, for no two persons' tastes are the same. You need not be afraid of getting lost, for there are so many Columbian guides who are very willing and kind to set you right.

We always brought up in good order at noon and at six o'clock at the Michigan building, which by the way is a credit to our State. It is large and roomy; finished in hard wood from our native forests; has a high tower with clock in it, and right under it in gilt letters "Michigan," which looked awfully good to me as I wended my tired way thither at night. For it is hard work. One should dress just as comfortably as possible; easy shoes and dresses she is not afraid of spoiling.

CLARKSTON,

A UNT MARY.

AN UNREGENERATED MAN'S VIEW OF THE WOMAN'S MOVEMENT.

I have longed to belong to some HOUSEHOLD. I see you have let in George, may I come in also? George must be monarch in some household. I am without a throne; have an "emancipated" mother, an "emancipated" sister, and came pretty nearly having an "emancipated" wife but I was not in sympathy with the "movement" and was — emancipated! I know I am horrid, but I would like a home and household just the same.

As regards this "woman's movement," it is quite time for an intelligent people to inquire "where are we at?" and "whither are we drifting." I am tired of this talk of emancipation of women by those disgruntled glory seekers who think they know more about the management of men and husbands than wives who have lived for years enthroned in the hearts of men made more worthy by their refining, elevating influence, and by a few lovely but misguided women with lofty aims and purposes who see evils they would like to curb and are willing to make any sacrifice for the good of their race and without whom the "movement" would sink to the neithermost—where it belongs and from whence it sprung.

The plain truth is, half the object and all the glory of this movement is the opportunity to show men what women are and can do, and gain some applause that panders to their vanity. They can't get the deep down admiration of the man who has the example of a noble mother or wife to show what highest womanhood is; or for that matter, of the woman who has had the blessing of a true home-life. These disgruntled ones call a Congress of Women; and Phoebe

sulks and won't play because Mary is boss, and Sarah pouts because Susan has an office she wanted herself and "ought to have had too, so there!" and Alice feels hurt and loses interest because she was forgotten when the committees were made up, and so it goes. The true women are crowded to the background, where they sit blushing at the man-like proceedings.

The platform is filled with stately dames and prim demoiselles who mince, and glide, smooth their ruffled feathers and re-arrange their brilliant plumage and—cackle! The men look on from a safe distance and wonder, think, quake, and some (the wretches) laugh.

Right here I am reminded of an anecdote I heard of Tom. Palmer. You know Tom? He's "in it" (the "movement"). He's got it too (the movement.) You have seen him perhaps with a committee of ladies; seen the bland smile, the deferential air and the courtesy with which he leads the procession. (But what means that half closed eye with which he recognizes one of "the boys?")

Well, it is said that in the early days of Tom's public career, he had a faithful colored servitor of whom he thought a great deal and who returned this regard with true affection. On Tom's return after a protracted absence from home, the colored man sought and obtained an interview and said: "Mistah Pahmeh, yo' a' way a great deal, on the kiah an' in dang' us places an' li' ble to get killed; now what I wahn't to know is if anything happens to you what's to become o' me?" Tom in his most genial manner replied: "Never you mind, old man, don't worry about yourself, you're all right; what you want to worry about is what's to become of me?"

Now in this "movement," the women are all right but what's to become of the men? We know what lots of them are doing now, spending much of their time in club houses, with male companions, telling salacious stories, wandering about town, in this saloon for a drink, in that one for a cigar, now a game of cards, or theater, supper, wine, oblivion, headache, seltzer, business. Rooms down town, meals at lunch counters and restaurants, Sundays of licentious pleasure-seeking; hunting excursions where cases of liquor form the bulk of the luggage, "poker" most of the game, empty pockets and weary bodies the general result. But when the "movement" gets here, this will all be changed. Liquor will be known no more forever; lovely woman will fill the offices and run the government; and the men, nice, deferential, gentle men will wear the petticoats and take care of the babies—if there are any!

There is yet another side to the "movement." I think Beatrix must have lived in the city and known of the hundreds of girls who, "emancipated" from domestic slavery, run the type-writers

occupy the desks, fill the factories, and are fast learning to follow the same dreary round of desolate life and degenerating pleasures of tyrant man.

Beatrix must have seen silhouetted on the dark back-ground of this desolate picture some poor girl sink to a life of shame through her escape from domestic thralldom.

W. C.—W. C. T. U.—Y. W. C. T. U.—Y. W. C. Y. M. A., don't you think it is time to secure some statistics of results of the "movement" from this other side? How would it do to ascertain how many women have been "emancipated" to the office, the factory, "rooms," broken health, divorce court, poverty, despair? And how many men, tyrants, have been dethroned from the fi reside to clubs, "rooms," restaurants, saloons, moral death? TIMOTHY.

SUNDRIES.

Sheepskins with the wool on can be quite easily tanned and colored.

Boil the skin a short time in strong soap suds to which has been added some sal-soda, and soak it for twelve hours in half a pound each of salt and alum with enough water to cover the skin; this process completes the tanning.

To dress it, procure a large board to which tack the skin, flesh side out, and before it is dry sprinkle it with a powder of equal parts of alum and saltpetre. Leave it to dry for thirty hours, and then rub it thoroughly with pumice stone, to make it soft and pliable.

To make a rug of the skin, the end of the wool should be colored to suit the fancy, with aniline or other dyes, after which it should be trimmed and lined.

Very attractive carriage rugs are made by bordering some bright cloth with strips of the skin, colored to match or to harmonize with the center of the rug.

The ordinary Japanese fan has found still another use, viz., to conceal the unsightly sides of common flower-pots.

Remove the rivet which holds the fan together, and in its place insert a wire long enough to reach around the pot. Fasten the fan around the base by means of the wire, spreading out the ribs of the fan so that they extend entirely around, and complete the work by fastening the extreme edges of the fan at the top. Simple as it is, this transforms an unsightly receptacle for flowers into one more in harmony with its surroundings.

Few things amuse children more than blowing bubbles.

Dissolve one-fourth of an ounce of castile soap, cut up in small pieces, in three-fourths of a pint of water, and let it boil for two or three minutes; then add five ounces of glycerine.

When cold, this fluid will produce the best and most lasting bubbles that can be blown.

Color the fluid by dropping in a few drops of bluing, and you have something pretty

P. AINWELL.

Z. R. HIGGINS

THE CAUSE OF INGRATITUDE.

In reading a late number of the **HOUSEHOLD**, I was impressed by the resemblance of Evangeline's description of a grandfather to a similar instance in our own neighborhood, where the aged mother was left in her old age and decrepitude to the care of hired help; and I fell to wondering why we so often see such instances of moral depravity. Why do children lose the love and reverence that made the parental tie such a strong reality? What severs the bonds of fealty that bind the heart of a child to the parent? There must be some cause for such dire effect; and to me it seems the result of lax discipline that most children receive at home. In forsaking the old Puritan habit of implicit obedience in children, are we not going to the other extreme?

My grandmother used to tell us that when she was young children were taught to rise when an old person entered the room, and when there was company to wait till the second table, but now the children are first and foremost in everything. Some parents think their children such prodigies that they seem afraid people will fail to realize their superiority unless all their cute actions are recounted, often in the children's hearing.

Parents love to give pleasure to their children and often begin by giving up their own rights for the children's enjoyment until in a short time they think it only right that they should be first in every thing. Not long since I called upon a lady who has two lovely children of two and a half and four years, and as soon as we were seated that mother began to show off their accomplishments to the exclusion of every other topic. I know a prosperous farmer who told his son he need not do chores on Sunday; as a consequence the father has to do double duty on that day while the son sits around like a gentleman of leisure. When the parents take all the burdens and teach their children that all enjoyments belong to them, are they not giving lessons in selfishness, and may they not feel in their old age "how sharper than a serpent's tooth it is to have a thankless child."

ROSE THORNE.

FROM THE NORTH COUNTRY.

Sitting in the shade of great trees on the mossy, fern-encircled banks of Loon Lake, a lovely little sheet of water, too small to be down on any map yet large enough for boating, and fishing, and whose high wooded banks are delightful for picnics, I have been out of the world so long I have almost forgotten how the rest of it looks. But surely there are not many spots as lovely as our Northern Michigan, with its beautiful varieties of green in the woods, seen through the pure, still, pine-scented air, and reflected in the clear water. I hope my

July jubilate about balances my January wail that we ever came here.

Last week I visited the blackened ruins of Sands' Camp, five miles from here, where ten men surrounded by fire were burned to death. You all probably noticed the item in the papers. The men might have escaped in time, but they must have had confidence in the thought that they would be safe in the well. It was twenty-five feet deep. The curbing was burned down ten feet from the top. Eight bodies were taken from the well. The horror of their last moments no one is left to tell. It may be late and out of place to talk of it here, but after seeing the desolate place the shadow of death has been on my mind ever since. The papers do not tell the full horrors of it.

Here is a sentence that has interested me: "There is a destiny made for man by his ancestors, and no one can elude the tyranny of his organization." We are only on the threshold of a knowledge of the laws of heredity.

The influence of the months previous to birth, has, I think, been much overestimated. The facts do not warrant the belief in its great importance. One of my neighbors has twin boys, ten years old, precisely opposite in character, disposition, and tastes. What becomes of pre-natal influences in their case? Another, from the care taken should have been angelic. She is precisely like her grandmother on the paternal side—rather cantankerous in disposition.

Yet these things are governed by law, as all else, only we do not know what the law is. One thing I know, children are generally better than might be expected, as if something of the divine—which we never wholly lose, is implanted in each little spirit. That is, if there is spirit. What children in the dark we are, crying for the light!

Thomas A. Edison says that in the course of his experiments in electricity, he has had proof of an unseen intelligent power, that is, God, and he intends to demonstrate it as certainly as a problem in mathematics, so that all may know it as he knows it.

PIONEER.

HULDAH PERKINS.

A HOME-MADE REFRIGERATOR.

A correspondent of the *Country Gentleman* describes a refrigerator which may be made at home at a very trifling cost, do excellent service in the preservation of food, and be found much more convenient than the well, which is the usual country substitute for an ice chest. The man of the house cannot put a rainy day to better use than the making of such a convenience:

"Two dry-goods packing cases were secured, one considerably smaller than the other. The size of the inner box will represent the capacity of the ice-chest (it is to be remembered, when choosing a box for this purpose), while the outer box should afford a space

three or four inches all around the box to be placed within. It should also afford two inches of space between the bottom of the inner box and its own, and two inches also between the cover of the inner box and its own. All these surrounding spaces, except that above the inner box, are to be filled with dry sawdust. The interior of the inner box should be painted white, for if left in the natural wood, butter and some other articles placed in it may have a decidedly woody taste.

"So far the ice-chest has cost but a trifle, but now it will pay to spend a little for a galvanized iron tray to fit exactly into the bottom of the inner box, provided with a tube in one end, of sufficient length to pass down through the bottoms of both boxes, which will carry off all water from the melting ice. This tray can be made of tin, or even sheet-iron, in which case it should be well painted, both within and without, to prevent rusting. This tray is not absolutely essential, but is really very desirable. Otherwise a pan must be provided to hold the ice.

"Cleats are placed upon the inside of the inner box, and shelves made of slats inserted one above another, with a chance for one such shelf directly over the ice, as it rests in one end of the box. A thick cloth cover kept well drawn over the top of the outer box, will help to keep the ice from rapid melting, though without this in the case mentioned the ice melted but slowly."

GOOD HOUSEKEEPING, unlike some pretty good housekeepers, shows no diminution of the excellence or variety of its contents during the heated term. A chapter is devoted to an interesting talk about lace, and "What to Do with My Lady's House" suggests many new ideas in furnishing and decorating. An article on the arrangement of cut flowers is timely. The cook always revels in the recipes.

THERE is a letter for Emerald in care of the **HOUSEHOLD** Editor. Will she kindly forward her address, which has been mislaid.

Contributed Recipes.

CHOCOLATE CAKE.—Yolk of one egg; one half cup sweet milk; one-fourth of a bar of Baker's chocolate; heat this together until thick and shiny. When nearly cool add four tablespoonfuls butter, one cup sugar, another half cup of sweet milk, two cups flour, one teaspoonful of soda wet in a little water. Bake in two tins of the same size and make boiled frosting to put between the layers and on the top. Flavor with one teaspoonful of vanilla. This is very nice, and I would like the **HOUSEHOLD** to try it.

HADLEY.

NETTIE.

LEMONADE.—For a really excellent lemonade, try the following: Boil the water you propose to use, having it fresh. For a quart of lemonade, take the juice of three lemons and the yellow rind of one, which should be pared off very thin and cut in bits. Put two ounces of powdered sugar with the lemon, and when the water is just at the right heat for tea, pour it over the lemon and sugar, cover and let it get cold. Have ready some cracked ice and drop a bit in each glass as you serve it.

BRUNEFILLE.