

MICHIGAN FARMER AND STATE JOURNAL OF AGRICULTURE.

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THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

SEPTEMBER.

BY WM. LAMBIE.

Thanksgiving for September showers
Watering all the fields and flowers,
Washing away the dust and sand,
Making the air so pure and bland.
The fields are now refreshed and clear
Where cattle graze beside the stream;
Easier and better goes the plow,
With less sweat on the farmer's brow.
The sweet song birds no more are seen
But sparrows peep, and bluejays scream.
The mist hangs o'er low lands at morn
Where stands the grand tall tasseled corn.
The golden rod waves in the breeze,
There's crimson on the maple trees.
Farewell to long sweet summer days
When birds and men sung nature's praise.
In autumn it is joy to live
When heaven has so much to give;
Sweet flowers rural homes adorning
New morning glories every morning.
EPIGRAM.

GLIMPSES OF THE WHITE CITY.

Tired Humanity—The Children—The Woman's Building.

Nothing but actual experience enables one to speak understandingly of the fatigue to be undergone in attending the Exposition. The buildings do not seem so far apart as they actually are, because of their great size. To see, to get about, one must be almost constantly on the feet. But one soon becomes accustomed to it. At the close of our first day we were dead; the second day we were not quite so dead, and by the fourth day we looked pityingly upon the "tenderfeet," whose air of general misery proclaimed they felt their feet were the principal portion of their anatomy. There are plenty of seats, and plenty of people who have "give out" and are ready to occupy them; not a few felt asleep from sheer fatigue. On Wooded Island one day we saw a couple occupying a settee; the husband had stretched himself along its length with his head in his wife's lap and both were fast asleep. People dropped down wherever they happened to be when "tired nature could no more," with a naive disregard for appearances which would have been funny had not everyone been too tired to laugh.

Hundreds got up early and were at the grounds when the gates opened, in their eagerness to put in full days. We rose at our usual hour, breakfasted leis-

urely, and found the days quite long enough to tire body, eyes and mind. I saw many women carrying young babes in their arms, and I don't really know which I pitied most, the unhappy little victims, with the sun beating down upon their heads defended only by muslin caps, and shaken and jostled by the crowd, or the mothers who hadn't more sense than to bring them to such a place. The little ones who could walk were even more miserable, dragged round by the arm, seeing nothing of interest to them, tired, hot, cross and sleepy, and threatened with spankings if they cried. The Exposition ought to charge five dollars a ticket for children under six years of age. There were many elderly people on the grounds, too; tired but eager; I sometimes fancy they enjoyed the show better than the young, because they brought more knowledge and understanding to bear on what they saw.

Those who were able to examine the Children's Building report it was very interesting, with its kindergarten, gymnasium, *creches* and all its educational appliances for and work done by the small folk. But it was always crowded during the hours in which it was open to the public, and we contented ourselves with a peep at the babies left to be called for and checked like so many gripsacks. Perhaps a dozen were either asleep in the pretty white cribs, contentedly playing or energetically squalling at the time we saw them, and certainly all were more comfortable and better off than they would have been in their mothers' arms on the grounds.

The Woman's Building is the smallest among the thirteen principal buildings on the grounds, and as is well known, all but the actual work of construction was the work of women. It was designed by Sophia G. Hayden, of Boston, the sculptured figures used for decorations and the carytides which support the roof of the cafe were designed and executed by Alice E. R'dout, of San Francisco; Mrs. MacMonnies, wife of the designer of the great fountain, and Mrs. Cassett decorated the dome of the rotunda; Dora Wheeler Keith the library—the most charming room in the building, while Mrs. Candace Wheeler, the noted designer of art needlework, superintended the placing of the tiles, draperies and vases

which make up the "color scheme." Agnes Pitman managed the decoration of the famous "Cincinnati room," the design being wreaths of wild roses with a conventional border of the leaves and flowers of the horse chestnut—the "buckeye" of Ohio. This apartment is filled with the most exquisite decorated china, work of Cincinnati artists and the famous ceramic society of that city, and shows the noted Rookwood pottery, discovered by a woman.

New York finished and furnished the library, which contains 2,500 books written by women. These are classified by States. I had the curiosity to inquire about Michigan's standing in this respect, and was shown a dozen or fifteen volumes, which I regret to say did not include some of the best books written by Michigan women; I was told no books were bought for the collection, all copies being donated, which perhaps accounts for it. A handsome bust of Harriet Beecher Stowe stands near a cabinet containing her books; there is also one of Louisa M. Alcott. The ceiling of the library is best studied in a large mirror placed upon a table directly under it, allowing one to see the winged Imagination, attended by Science and Romance, festooned by broad ribbons twined with lotus blossoms by cherubs, without breaking her neck. There is an old oaken mantel, carved with fanciful blossoms from among which peer out quaint goblin faces. The wainscoting is dark and high and carved in antique fashion.

In the record room, through which entrance is made to the library, is a series of carved panels designed and executed by women and donated by States and cities. These represent the magnolia, olive, horse-chestnut, Virginia creeper, laurel or rhododendron, oleander, etc., and all are of fine workmanship and well designed. Perhaps the most interesting things in the record room (so-called because it contains the statistics of women's employments) are the two winged screens containing autograph letters and pictures of noted women of history, and well-known, long dead authors. I could have spent half a day over them. Here are letters written by Marie Antoinette, Elizabeth of England, Mary Stuart, Catherine de Medicis, Madame de Stael, Jane Porter, George Sand, Martha Washington,

Abigail Abams and many more. A letter from George Eliot to Mrs. Trollope spoke touchingly of her bereavement by the death of her husband; there were two portraits of her—the only two extant, I think, and one is struck anew by the strength and homeliness of her face, and its resemblance to Savonarola's, of whom she writes in "Romola." L. E. L.—Letitia E. Landon—duns her publishers for money that she may go to Paris and localize her forthcoming novel; Mrs. Sigourney, Mrs. Hemans, Lucretia Mott, Margaret Fuller Ossoli, are represented by letters or manuscript poetry and quaint, old-fashioned, prim likenesses. There is a portrait of the beautiful Theodosia, daughter of Aaron Burr, who was lost at sea; she writes after an illness, and asks pathetically—"Alas, am I the same person I was nine years ago?" Another voice that old, old plaint of woman's, "I am so hard at work!" Here is an autograph letter written in French by Mary Queen of Scots to Charles IX.; and a portrait of Johanna Southcott, who claimed to be the mother of the Messiah, and who has a shrewd, cunning, homely old face, too earthly in its linings to belong to any but an imposter.

In the Connecticut room is a remarkably artistic and pleasing stained glass window designed by Miss Gibbs, the coloring is especially harmonious; the decoration of the room, which is very dainty, was done after designs by Elizabeth Sheldon. California's room is paneled in redwood, which is more beautiful than mahogany; one side is an immense mirror, a mountain lion's skin lies on the floor, and I remember two charcoal sketches and a fine handling of chrysanthemums as among its adornments.

The Japanese room was hung with characteristic specimens of Japanese art, with the usual want of perspective and showy masses of color. Why a nation that does such exquisite embroidery should paint so execrably is something I cannot understand. There were screens exhibited, in three or four panels, and five feet high, most marvelously embroidered in colors that blend so perfectly that the effect is like the work of the brush. One was a representation of a bough of cherry blossoms—a favorite flower and fruit of the Japs; one of their great festivals celebrates the blooming of the cherry trees—with hovering birds most exquisitely executed; every stitch appeared to be the result of thought and the labor would seem that of a lifetime. Another was a peacock screen, the brilliant iridescence of the peacock "eyes" being wonderfully copied. There was in this room such a "cute" picture of a chubby brown-skinned Japanese baby, tied fast and well out of mischief, and struggling with might and main to reach a toy that had rolled just an inch beyond his reach. It was so real one was tempted to put out a hand to help the little fellow.

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On the roof is the women's cafe, where you get just as much as you do anywhere else and don't pay any more for it; and it is worth something to be served with dainty paper napkins, pretty dishes and bright spoons and forks. The cafe is always crowded, but if one is a long time being waited upon at least one may enjoy the rest and find amusement in watching her kind. It's quite the proper thing to patronize this cafe, too, and the average individual finds a virtuous satisfaction in doing what's expected of her.

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The leaves upon her falling light—
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In this department was the banquet set in rococo work, designed and executed by Miss Williamson, of Indianapolis, and presented to Mrs. May Wright Sewall by the ladies of Indiana. The material is heavy white satin damask worked in white silk. The cloth is six yards long and three yards wide; seventy-six fleur de lis are scattered through the centre, and the border is a heavy design of cutwork and embroidery. Two scarfs for the ends, a centre-piece, napkins and doyleys to match complete a set a queen might covet. There was a \$400 portiere in white satin, of the Louis XV. period, the design a cornucopie with conventional border and garlands wreathing it; a centre cloth with thistles in rose and purple; and doyleys and runners and scarfs and centre-pieces and heaven knows what, all representing somebody's eyes and fingers, and all the work was daintily done—and excelled in workmanship by the Japanese screens I have described. Mrs. Wickes, of Englewood, N. J., exhibited a set of orchid plates most delicately executed; Mrs. Russell Harrison had a painting of orchids in which the peculiar opalescence of cattleya was well imitated. A bit of drawn work on muslin as fine as cobweb valued at \$25, represented butterflies; it was unique, but all these things just made me think how women are ruining the most blessed gift of sight; and then I turned aside to admire the sofa pillow in French ribbon work, white and purple lilacs in a golden basket—another pair of eyes for sale at \$60. Here too was the "gold china," discovered by a young woman who will not disclose the secret of its manufacture; and who is therefore a monopolist of the first water. The china is showy, but being entirely gilded is not so dainty and light as its rival, the painted.

I saw the prairie feather cloak (and though it was prettier than one would expect I wouldn't want it at half the price), and Queen Margherita's laces, and the piece made by the mother of Henry of Navarre; and the gorgeous Russian court costumes; one a solid mass of gold and silver embroidery, another of white satin embroidered with white satin and real pearls, with court train of yellow satin, like the tail of a comet embroidered in silver. In the Turkish and India departments were displayed the work of Mohammedan women; a piece that took two women five days was only valued at \$15, which included materials and duty. New South Wales made a good showing here, and one of the charming things in it was a collection of Australian wild flowers painted by a lady of Sidney, and a panel of them modeled in gutta percha.

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BEATRIX.

"CAUGHT ON THE FLY."

There are many like myself, among our large and interesting family, who can not go the World's Fair. I want to tell them of an enjoyable trip I made the past week to our metropolis.

Hitching up our good horses Thursday morning, we drove over into an adjoining county through some of the most beautiful farming country I have ever seen.

Hills covered with fine oats towered up on the one side of the road, while on the other a deep ravine covered with a dense growth of evergreen formed a fitting contrast to them. We stopped at the foot of a steep ascent where a spring comes gurgling out of a hill-side to refresh ourselves and team. Some one, mindful of the comfort of his brother man, has dug out a place and fitted a hollow log into it, made a cover and supplied a cup to drink from. We could not discover how the water got into the log because it is placed one side of the spring, not in it; a spout in the side of the log feeds a trough where animals may drink. How glad the horses were to stretch their necks and bury their noses in its cool depths! The water is ice cold and so pure one need not be afraid of "germs."

The road is winding and when we were on one hill, it seemed a long distance across the intervening space to the other; a river runs through the valley, which we cross on a long bridge something the shape of an angleworm. We have now gone half the distance we have planned for the day, and the sun is nearing the meridian, so we check up our horses, and rested and refreshed we slip merrily along to the home of our friend with whom we are going to pass the night.

There we spend a very pleasant afternoon and evening, and the next morning hie us away for Detroit. I have often read in the daily papers long articles on the beauty of the country out Woodward Ave. Well, maybe I'm prejudiced, but it's the most monotonous, flat and uninteresting country I've journeyed through in many a day. All there was for scenery was ditches, barbed wire fences, thistles, rag weed, bone-set, golden rod, and an occasional clump of cat-tails. I was disappointed, I own, when I reached Highland Park. I looked in vain for anything to indicate that there is, was or will be a park, but perhaps, like "Yankee Doodle," I couldn't see the town for there were so many houses. Next I came to a place called Highland Heights. I only hope the ambitions of the person or persons giving it that misapplied title will not remain as flat as the Heights are; then I crossed Hazelwood, and the greatest stretch of the imagination couldn't call a few trees, a very rough road and a ditch, hazel bushes. The farther I went the more disgusted I became, I had expect-

ed so much and my great expectations, like "Pip's," were not fulfilled. I turned off and drove along the Boulevard for a while, then down to my relatives' house (who were expecting me about as much as they were Hamlet's ghost) put up my team, had my dinner and then went down to see Beatrix.

I don't need to go the World's Fair, for every second person I met had been and were veritable walking encyclopedias in giving interesting accounts of it. I received full benefit of their visits gratis. It is very interesting to hear four or five different persons give their opinions of the great Exposition; hardly any two people saw the same objects so everyone had something more to tell.

How a few days spent away from home helps one mentally, morally and physically! My trip was an excellent tonic, I saw so many new scenes and people whom I had not met before.

By the way, what has become of Honey Bee. She once said she'd like to visit me. Well, my dear Bee, I'd like it too; we'd go larking with those children, for of course you would bring them and I'd make you laugh till your back wouldn't ache any more. SALLY WATERS.

IS IT NOT TIME?

"Question.—A married woman claims the right to vote at school meetings by reason of her dower interest in her husband's property. Is she a voter under Chapter II, Sec. 17 of School Laws?"

Answer.—"She is not a voter on questions involving the raising of money by tax; neither is she eligible to hold a district office, unless she has property in her own name liable to assessment in the district where she resides."

The foregoing is copied from "School Law Decisions" in *Michigan School Moderator* of September 7th.

It is "law" beyond a peradventure—"Michigan law;" and Michigan's laws are very explicit when they define any of woman's boundaries; embodying in their expression none of those mysterious little loops, omissions and ambiguous constructions that enable the wily attorney to prove that his client in violating what is popularly conceived to be the spirit and letter of the law, has in reality been acting in strict conformity with the sense of its true interpretation. Not a bit of it.

The women stay at home and work, and save to get money to pay the taxes that are to pay our State legislators fat fees and mileage to sit in solemn powwow at Lansing and enact laws. And this is a specimen of the work they do. It is all right, no doubt, as far as it goes, but it doesn't go far enough. It simply reveals to the woman the alarming extent of her deprivation; and although the law makes me indignant, I am glad that it stands there just as it is, since under other existing laws it could not be made to enfold this peculiar

property clause. "Peculiar?" do you say? "Yes, I don't see anything peculiar about it. Isn't it just the same in effect as any property clauses?" "Yes," and "No," I answer. Let us see: The authentic announcement comes that our State has placed upon its statutes a law permitting women to vote at school meetings. Mrs. Brown, Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Jones talk the matter over and decide to go up and vote at the next school meeting. Reason: Each is the mother of a family of growing girls and boys. Each is an intelligent, educated, progressive woman. Each feels that she knows the nature of existing defects in their district school system and the remedies that should be applied.

The first question they raise is that of putting the dirty, dingy, battered, unkempt old school house in a state of repair and renovation commensurate with the wealth of the district and conducive to the health and enlightenment of their children. It is discussed pro and con, brought to the voting point, and—Mrs. Brown, Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Jones are challenged on their votes. The illegality of the votes is established and the women learn that they may only vote when the question is "Shall we have Tom, Dick or Harry for a school officer?" unless the school is run on such a circumscribed plan that the public school monies pay all the expense, in which case they may vote all around. But of course no woman would wish to do so for the purpose of deepening the intellectual darkness of her offspring, as such schools do.

Well, these three women are chagrined beyond expression. Says Mrs. Brown: "Tom and I came in here, on a comparatively new farm. I had a few hundreds of dollars; he the same. We put it all into the farm and took a big debt besides. We have worked together. I believe I've kept up my end of the load. I know I have, and besides, I have borne six children as a sort of side issue, and now I have no more right to come up here to school meeting and by my vote express my wish to contribute of the avails of my labor for the health, comfort, spiritual, mental and moral growth and well being of my children and my neighbors' children than has the dog that I left lying on the rug by my husband's door, or the horse that is standing in my husband's stable!"

And Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Jones said, "With us also, it is in effect the same."

And they departed from that old school house sadder but wiser women. Weeping and lamenting they took their homeward way, and as they went they realized as never before the force of their husband's property right in themselves. And each one as she solemnly took up the corner of her husband's apron and wiped her husband's eyes and nose, vowed that she would go down to her husband's house and crawl into his bed or sit down by his board and stay there till Gabriel blows his trumpet,

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There we spend a very pleasant afternoon and evening, and the next morning hie us away for Detroit. I have often read in the daily papers long articles on the beauty of the country out Woodward Ave. Well, maybe I'm prejudiced, but it's the most monotonous, flat and uninteresting country I've journeyed through in many a day. All there was for scenery was ditches, barbed wire fences, thistles, rag weed, bone-set, golden rod, and an occasional clump of cat-tails. I was disappointed, I own, when I reached Highland Park. I looked in vain for anything to indicate that there is, was or will be a park, but perhaps, like "Yankee Doodle," I couldn't see the town for there were so many houses. Next I came to a place called Highland Heights. I only hope the ambitions of the person or persons giving it that misapplied title will not remain as flat as the Heights are; then I crossed Hazelwood, and the greatest stretch of the imagination couldn't call a few trees, a very rough road and a ditch, hazel bushes. The farther I went the more disgusted I became, I had expect-

ed so much and my great expectations, like "Pip's," were not fulfilled. I turned off and drove along the Boulevard for a while, then down to my relatives' house (who were expecting me about as much as they were Hamlet's ghost) put up my team, had my dinner and then went down to see Beatrix.

I don't need to go the World's Fair, for every second person I met had been and were veritable walking encyclopedias in giving interesting accounts of it. I received full benefit of their visits gratis. It is very interesting to hear four or five different persons give their opinions of the great Exposition; hardly any two people saw the same objects so everyone had something more to tell.

How a few days spent away from home helps one mentally, morally and physically! My trip was an excellent tonic, I saw so many new scenes and people whom I had not met before.

By the way, what has become of Honey Bee. She once said she'd like to visit me. Well, my dear Bee, I'd like it too; we'd go larking with those children, for of course you would bring them and I'd make you laugh till your back wouldn't ache any more. SALLY WATERS.

IS IT NOT TIME?

"Question.—A married woman claims the right to vote at school meetings by reason of her dower interest in her husband's property. Is she a voter under Chapter II, Sec. 17 of School Laws?"

Answer.—"She is not a voter on questions involving the raising of money by tax; neither is she eligible to hold a district office, unless she has property in her own name liable to assessment in the district where she resides."

The foregoing is copied from "School Law Decisions" in *Michigan School Moderator* of September 7th.

It is "law" beyond a peradventure—"Michigan law;" and Michigan's laws are very explicit when they define any of woman's boundaries; embodying in their expression none of those mysterious little loops, omissions and ambiguous constructions that enable the wily attorney to prove that his client in violating what is popularly conceived to be the spirit and letter of the law, has in reality been acting in strict conformity with the sense of its true interpretation. Not a bit of it.

The women stay at home and work, and save to get money to pay the taxes that are to pay our State legislators fat fees and mileage to sit in solemn pow-wow at Lansing and enact laws. And this is a specimen of the work they do. It is all right, no doubt, as far as it goes, but it doesn't go far enough. It simply reveals to the woman the alarming extent of her deprivation; and although the law makes me indignant, I am glad that it stands there just as it is, since under other existing laws it could not be made to enfold this peculiar

property clause. "Peculiar?" do you say? "Yes, I don't see anything peculiar about it. Isn't it just the same in effect as any property clauses?" "Yes," and "No," I answer. Let us see: The authentic announcement comes that our State has placed upon its statutes a law permitting women to vote at school meetings. Mrs. Brown, Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Jones talk the matter over and decide to go up and vote at the next school meeting. Reason: Each is the mother of a family of growing girls and boys. Each is an intelligent, educated, progressive woman. Each feels that she knows the nature of existing defects in their district school system and the remedies that should be applied.

The first question they raise is that of putting the dirty, dingy, battered, unkempt old school house in a state of repair and renovation commensurate with the wealth of the district and conducive to the health and enlightenment of their children. It is discussed pro and con, brought to the voting point, and—Mrs. Brown, Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Jones are challenged on their votes. The illegality of the votes is established and the women learn that they may only vote when the question is "Shall we have Tom, Dick or Harry for a school officer?" unless the school is run on such a circumscribed plan that the public school monies pay all the expense, in which case they may vote all around. But of course no woman would wish to do so for the purpose of deepening the intellectual darkness of her offspring, as such schools do.

Well, these three women are chagrined beyond expression. Says Mrs. Brown: "Tom and I came in here, on a comparatively new farm. I had a few hundreds of dollars; he the same. We put it all into the farm and took a big debt besides. We have worked together. I believe I've kept up my end of the load. I know I have, and besides, I have borne six children as a sort of side issue, and now I have no more right to come up here to school meeting and by my vote express my wish to contribute of the avails of my labor for the health, comfort, spiritual, mental and moral growth and well being of my children and my neighbors' children than has the dog that I left lying on the rug by my husband's door, or the horse that is standing in my husband's stable!"

And Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Jones said, "With us also, it is in effect the same."

And they departed from that old school house sadder but wiser women. Weeping and lamenting they took their homeward way, and as they went they realized as never before the force of their husband's property right in themselves. And each one as she solemnly took up the corner of her husband's apron and wiped her husband's eyes and nose, vowed that she would go down to her husband's house and crawl into his bed or sit down by his board and stay there till Gabriel blows his trumpet,

when they will refer the matter to him. But poor souls! they forget the sex of Gabriel. No doubt he'll require the same kind of a "property clause" compliance from them before recognizing them as clients. If they cannot "show papers" he will say to them, "You are less than a cipher. All there is of you is hidden in your husband's hide. Get out!" And they'll "git."

But is it not time that married women, especially of the type herein defined or described, have some property rights?

E. L. NYE.

ORTONVILLE.

AGREEABLENESS.

There is no subject that has come to be so generally studied among nearly all classes of people as the subject of making one's self agreeable in society. It is a praiseworthy purpose and a step in the right direction.

The time has gone by when the man or woman who knows all about their neighbor's affairs, especially the shady side, is courted and sought after as entertaining in company. People are becoming less and less interested in gossip; at least, sensible people are, and what they most desire now in this line is good substantial conversation upon subjects that are enlightening and entertaining to both speaker and listener. The time has come when people look with a shade of suspicion and very justly, often times—upon those who never have a good word to say of their neighbors.

That person—man or woman—is most agreeable in society in general who always tries to find some redeeming feature in everyone, and who is strong and brave enough to stand up for the absent, who are being, perhaps not exactly slandered, but very close to it, by a gossip crowd.

There are many little pleasantries in manner and speech that make one very lovable and agreeable. Many things one must be willing to overlook and capable of overlooking, for things are very likely to happen which to seem to notice would be extremely rude, not to say unkind.

Flattery should be at all times despised, but the gentle, refined words of praise are to be earnestly commended.

Most people have hobbies. It does not hurt us and it does our friends a world of good if we endeavor to become a little interested in what so greatly interests them.

We must be good listeners as well as good talkers, but we must be good talkers. I do not mean eloquent or flowery, only few can be that, but able to choose subjects which will not be disagreeable to any of the company, and able to put our thoughts into clear sentences, short and to the point. We may not have lofty and noble ideas to advance, but what we have to say, let us say well.

It is nearly always advisable to talk of things rather than of people, unless

we talk of prominent men and women or of the great thinkers of the day, whose opinions can neither make or mar. Of all things despicable the one thing to be especially condemned is talking over neighbors' affairs. This conversation can do no good at all, except, it may be, in the way of entertainment, and there are many subjects which are entertaining, and will be at the same time if not beneficial at least not detrimental.

Affectation is foolish beyond expression, to say the very least. I always have misgivings concerning the mental capabilities of that person who twists her mouth and form, wrinkles her face, rolls her eyes—she would wriggle her ears if she could—and thinks she is acting "pretty." To the credit of the world let it be said that these people are scarce, but there are enough of them left yet.

To be agreeable in society is natural for some and it may be acquired by others. It is not necessary to study and plan how to act, what to say or what to do under certain circumstances. A little tact will help one out of any small embarrassment.

Above all things, don't attempt to be "funny" if it is not natural. A little natural wit is a great gift, but to try to be witty and make a failure of it is embarrassing to everyone.

It is the best not to seek after popularity; often it does not come with seeking. Endeavor to be agreeable and to hurt no one's feelings, and your company will be courted and you will become popular in a modest, quiet way.

MARSHALL.

CLARA BELLE.

HOW CAN A GIRL EARN HER OWN LIVING?

As I earn mine by stenography, I would make a few suggestions to girls taking up this work.

First, do not content yourself until you have absolutely mastered the principles of the system chosen. After the principles are yours, then speed can be obtained by diligent practice; and in this practice accuracy is of the most importance. When you can write accurately from 100 to 125 words per minute and read the same without hesitation, you are ready for a position—so far as the shorthand part is concerned. At the present time, however, a knowledge of shorthand is of little commercial value unless accompanied by a certain amount of skill in handling the typewriter. It is in typewritten work that errors in spelling, punctuating, capitalizing and paragraphing make themselves so glaringly apparent. If you are not well posted in such matters, make the dictionary your constant companion.

Having reached the point when you are fitted to earn your own living, and having secured a position, you will find it to your advantage to take an interest

in the business of your employer. A genuine interest can be developed by studying the circular matter so freely distributed by almost every firm.

Accuracy is the prime requisite for success. Speed will be increased by practical work. A cheerful willingness to do all that your employer requires, even if it trespasses upon the domain usually occupied by the office boy, will be appreciated. The larger your stock of general information the better; and the stenographer should also remember that she holds a confidential relation to the business which ought never to be abused.

If, in addition to the points above outlined, you have good common sense and will practice the golden rule, your success in earning a living is assured.

CHICAGO.

MARTHA E. DIMON.

A PRETTY COMFORT.

I lately saw such a pretty comfortable I must tell you about it.

The material was pale blue cheese cloth of a very fine quality, tied in daisies of white and yellow Germantown wool. After the comfort is tightly stretched in the frames, thread a darning needle with the yellow wool; take one stitch, leaving the end long enough to tie easily. Then cut two pieces of paste-board, one two inches wide, the other one and one-half inches; around the wider one wind zephyr (the white) ten times; cut at each end and lay the pieces in the stitch you have made, take the narrower paste-board and wind the yellow round it five times, cut at each end and lay the pieces on the white and tie twice. Clip off neatly, make in a round shape, and if you make believe real hard it looks like a daisy. At any rate it is pretty. It requires about four ounces of yellow and eight of white Germantown (by the way, this wool is now almost as fine and soft as zephyr).

Then crochet a border of white and yellow; it looks best to be firm and rather narrow.

One made of cream cheese cloth with yellow daisies and dark brown centers is pretty.

AUNT YORKE.

Contributed Recipes.

RICH CRUST FOR PIES AND TARTS.—Break lightly, with as little handling as possible, six ounces of butter in half a pound of flour; add one tablespoonful of powdered sugar, and two or three of water; roll the paste for some minutes to blend the ingredients well. Glaze the bottom crust of fruit pies with white of an egg and they will not be soggy. Put soda in sour fruit for pies, and they will require less sugar. Z. E. R. O.

RIPE CUCUMBER PICKLES.—Pare, seed, and cut lengthwise into quarters. Dissolve an ounce of alum in a gallon of water; brinz to a boil and pour over the cucumbers, letting them stand half a day on the back of the stove. Skim them out and let lie in cold water for a couple of hours. To a quart of good vinegar add three pounds of brown sugar, one ounce of cinnamon and half an ounce of cloves. Boil and skim, put in the cucumber and boil one half hour.

**ISSUE(S)
MISSING
NOT
AVAILABLE**