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THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

A QUARREL.

There's a knowing little proverb,
From the sunny land of Spain;
But in Northland as in Southland,
Is its meaning clear and plain.
Lock it up within your heart;
Neither lose nor lend it—
Two it takes to make a quarrel;
One can always end it.

Try it well in every way,
Still you'll find it true,
In a fight without a foe,
Pray what could you do?
If the wrath is yours alone,
Soon you will expend it—
Two it takes to make a quarrel;
One can always end it.

Let's suppose that both are wroth,
And the strife begun,
If one voice shall cry for "Peace,"
Soon it will be done;
If but one shall span the breach,
He will quickly mend it—
Two it takes to make a quarrel;
One can always end it.

Treasure-Trove.

THE DIET OF THE CHILDREN.

I think if half the time and thought that is given to make our children look well and appear well, was taken to make them really well and truly good it would be better, not only for the children but for every one. I consider it our duty as mothers to study the laws of health, and not only study them but make use of them; what good will it do our children for us to know that their sleeping rooms should be well aired if we do not open the windows for weeks at a time? Let all those who are large enough to exercise have good warm underclothes and overshoes and leggings (if they don't have so many nice dresses); then let them go out of doors every day and be in the fresh, pure air that is not confined by walls of lath and plaster. If you haven't time and strength to carry baby out every day, shut her in one room while you open all the doors and windows in the other, and when it is thoroughly swept with a current of fresh air shut it up and with a good fire it will soon be warm enough to put baby in while you air the other rooms; a little dust on the furniture will not hurt baby but odors of pan-cakes and decaying vegetables will.

I have, in a previous article, quoted Dr. Foote's rules for healthful clothing; but must say something about children's food. Some mothers never deny their children anything that is on the table, and really think that is the way to be kind to them, but everyone who has read Dr. Gunn's or

any other medical work knows that they are mistaken. Some things that are good for grown people to eat and drink are positively injurious for little ones; in order to make this subject as well understood as I wish to it seems absolutely necessary to quote Dr. Foote again: "Milk for babies, and that only, if possible, which issues from the breasts of healthy mothers, mush and milk for children under six years of age; and during this period all wholesome vegetables may be permitted, but no stronger animal food than milk. Passing the sixth year, butter, eggs and fish may be allowed to enter sparingly into the diet of the child; and for the twelfth year, poultry, broths and the soups of other meats. Not before he is fifteen or twenty should he be permitted to taste of steak, roast beef, or strong meat." Not before he is twenty-five or thirty should he allow himself to drink coffee or tea, and now for the reason: A child can not well endure a stimulating diet. His little vital machinery, fresh from the ingenious hands of nature, is full of life, electricity and animation. At birth his palpitating little heart contracts from 130 to 140 times per minute. At the age of three his pulse is about ninety, while that of an adult averages seventy-two. Stimulating food of course quickens the activity of the vital organs of children, and this morbid activity renders them susceptible to inflammatory diseases. Hence the prevalence of measles, scarlet-fever, canker-rash, chicken-pox and other ills, hardly known to adults. I really believe that these disorders would never affect children if they were fed and clothed properly, or in such a way as not to derange the activity of their vital machinery as set going by good old Dame Nature. The blood of children is richer in solid constituents, and especially in blood corpuscles than that of adults, and as animal food tends to increase this richness and solidity to a greater extent than vegetable food, allowing to a child the former inevitably causes an undue proportion of those constituents to go to the blood, thereby rendering the vascular fluids as ignitable to the breath of contagion, as powder is to the touch of fire. Let intelligent mothers who set their children's blood on fire with the flesh of animals as food, and then let their doctors kill them in endeavors to quench it with poisonous drugs, hesitate before they add fuel to the flame."

I intended to write more, but am afraid this article is already too long.

MAPLE RAPIDS.

WHAT CAN FARMERS' WIVES DO FOR THE DISTRICT SCHOOL?

Before this question can be answered we must know the needs of the school. There are three things essential for the success of any school, interest of pupils, interest of teacher and interest of patrons. The pupil will not be interested in his studies if the teacher manifests no interest; and but few teachers will retain enthusiasm and interest in the work if the people have no regard or care as to how the work is done, thus we see the success lies largely with patrons.

There is no greater incentive for thorough work by both pupil and teacher than frequent visiting of the school. Why not appoint a committee whose duty shall be to visit and examine the school? Let the results of the work and not the methods be the foundation of criticism. The success or the failure may or may not be the fault of the method. Let the teacher determine that after hearing your criticism, and remember that criticism does not mean finding fault; if you must criticise adversely let it be given in a capsule; the most disagreeable medicine may be given in this way without the patient even knowing what it is, and its action upon the system be just as powerful and beneficial as though it were accompanied by the bitter taste. And so I say give your criticism in a capsule made of words of praise and it will be swallowed without any wry faces. I have yet to meet the teacher or pupil so complete a failure as not to merit a single word of praise.

Our public schools are the nurseries of the nation; here the children of foreign born parents, as well as our own children are taught—or ought to be—the principles upon which our government is founded. They are taught to rejoice in a liberty that respects the rights of others; they are or should be taught to love the right and shun the evil; and if our schools rise not to the highest possible standard the fault lies wholly with the people. The teacher's calling is a high one and a responsible one, but they can not bear the whole burden, let the farmer's wife co-operate with and help them.

If any of our girls intend teaching, I have lots of advice to give. Some people are always giving advice and it usually is about as valuable as are hens' feathers for a bed; so after all, girls, it would not be worth while to give you advice, but work out for yourselves the problems that will present themselves to you.

JANNETTE.

MELORA.

FRESH AIR AND WATER.

Two subjects have been sizzling in my mind a long time. That book "Looking Backward," and the manners and tricks of folks about sleeping. I exclaim with Dickens' old Jew, "Oh my livers and lights, oh my eyes and limbs." The longer I live the more I find out, and the stronger are my convictions that the normal element of the human family is dirt. When I go down among the heathen where we make a business of handcuffing them and pouring the gospel down them while the police hold their noses, I expect to inhale the conglomerated odors of musty bedrooms and fumes of clothing that has been slept in every night for six months, but when I discover the same sort of thing about people who have every facility for keeping themselves clean, I want to set a trap with a plunge bath beneath and give 'em a dose of water once. I know people who pass for right nice sort of Christians who sleep every night in the clothing they wear during the day and who had as soon sleep under bed clothing that has not been aired or made over for ten years, as not. Most of the diseases we have are traceable directly to lack of fresh air and cleanliness, and I am going to keep right on saying so as long as my tongue will wag. This screeching about "night air" is idiotic. What sort of air are we to breathe if not "night air"? I hired a stout German girl from the country whose surface indications were quite fair, and her recommendations induced me to assign her as good a room as my own, with a hard coal stove and one of the best beds in the house. Clean, light colored comforters, sheets and everything as nice as I should give to a guest was set apart for the damsel, with only the injunction to bathe often and air daily. A bath room with hot and cold water opened into this room. During six months she used the bath tub once and then under watching. At the end of the second week I found her in bed with most of her clothing on and no sheets. She preferred lying abed without fresh air and a red hot stove and the headache in the morning. I know plenty of cases not among servants. I know far more than I want to about the way poor ignorant children are sent to bed night after night with never a drop of water on their dirty hands and faces and who wear the same clothing night and day. No wonder they grow up to be liars, thieves and Congressmen. Oh "my eyes and limbs," if there were only more purifying of bed clothing and washing of bodies in place of so much fancy work! We want showers of blessing in the shape of common sense about the use of what is free to all. Give it to the young if the old don't want it. Let us have clean children anyhow.

Some of the sisters have written up their impressions of "Looking Backward." The ideal age when the whole world shall run by clock work as it were, or telephone or electricity, appears to strike a responsive chord in most people, but it somehow set me to thinking things would get miserably dull after one had lived a thousand years

under one set of rules. Will not everybody get moulded into the same habits of thinking and eating and sleeping and dressing? "Oh, my," what if everybody should be dressed exactly alike, who could distinguish her dearest friend? No rivalry in politics or creeds, no new methods of housekeeping and managing servants (it all being done by steam), no money to take when shopping, no fighting for power and place! What would existence be worth? Who cares to live when there is no other fellow to get ahead of? It seems to me as if things would certainly come to a dead level of uniformity quite unbearable, when affairs are all in the hands of the government and under one boss. The eternal sameness of Heaven as commonly pictured, singing spiritual songs one long eternal day, has always dampened my ardor about going there. And as for being rushed along by electricity, I am scared to death now when I go down town lest I shall be hoisted into next week in less than a minute. Think of a man summoning his wife by touching an electric button on his coat-tail. Never such a thing for me! We shall have to stroll round ere long in rubber bags for protection. Well, there is consolation in that; it won't make any difference if a side body is crooked nor if one's dress belongs to the bustle age or not. I fancy that kind of armor might be economical. Dear old Nineteenth Century, let us live our best through her years; it is likely many of us will not live beyond her last day.

St. Louis, Mo.

DAFFODILLY.

A NEW SOCIETY PROJECTED.

I imagine Bess had a hearty laugh on seeing her remarks on napkins for threshers in the HOUSEHOLD, for you know the more the ground is stirred the deeper the seed will go. I expect she will confess she has noticed a tableful of men eating with nothing to wipe their mouths upon but handkerchiefs, wet with sweat. These men many of them came from their pleasant homes to help us thresh, because help is so scarce; thus they take turns until each has his grain in the bins. They would not think of eating a meal at home without napkins, and do not shovel their food into their mouths with a knife. Now I think it was Bess's idea to call our attention to their needs. I do not think it would be such an awful task as it seems at first. Now I propose to start a society whose members will furnish napkins for threshers this fall. We will elect Bess president, she started the idea; Beatrix secretary, although she does not have threshers, and I will tell you how we can accomplish this awful feat with little trouble: Purchase ten or fifteen yards of cheap linen toweling—I have some barred with red—a yard will make two napkins. They can be washed very easily in a pan of warm water, and it only takes a few minutes to iron them. Some of them would do to use a second time. All who wish to become charter members please send in their names. Our motto will be "Napkins for Threshers this Fall."

NANCY NAPKINS.

PIONEER'S SENTIMENTS.

"There is a land, of every land the pride,
Beloved by heaven o'er all the world beside;
Where brighter suns dispense serenest light
And milder moons imparadise the night;
A land of beauty, virtue, valor, truth,
Time-tutored age, and love-exalted youth.
This is the spot of earth supremely blest;
A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest."

Although the author of these beautiful lines had reference to another country, they apply with equal truth to our beloved land, and in our zeal and love for our State, think they apply especially to Michigan.

We are proud of our champion—the MICHIGAN FARMER, and what true wife, mother or daughter does not admire our HOUSEHOLD, woman's privileged avenue, the expounder of her rights, interests, culture and happiness.

"The Mother's Influence," and "The Value of Parental Example," touched the tenderest chord of my heart. Next to the Supreme Father and Saviour I love the name of mother. Her love is unfathomable. She will make the most unbounded sacrifices for her family, as great as any ever made by the most valiant soldier. Inspired and enthused by love of country and excitement natural in time of peril, he rushes to battle with the enemy, regardless of results. Hers is a daily sacrifice, an unending battle with enemies, seen and unseen. Why, oh why will men whom we are taught to reverence as head and chief of home ever cast around our sons and daughters influences fatal, soul-destroying, not to speak of bodily risk? This is not always plainly seen, but felt like a withering curse, that mothers must battle with untiring vigilance, or witness the disastrous outcome. The conscientious Christian mother—especially if a farmer's wife—not only has her daily "treadmill" of arduous labor to perform, but she must find time to tutor the darlings intrusted to her keeping—we might say "lent," for she can keep them so short a time—in the knowledge of a thousand and one things they will inevitably meet, if life's journey proves of any length. "Forewarned is forearmed." In childhood's innocence she must teach them how to avoid and escape foes lurking in every pathway, how to successfully accomplish the multiplied duties of this life, but more than all the rest, how to prepare for "the inheritance not made with hands, eternal in the heavens," glorious, everlasting, which we are sometimes permitted to behold even here "in visions of enraptured thought."

What person who has the least comprehension of a mother's responsibility and numerous cares, or of the grand objects of life, would place those mountain barriers between her and her fondest hopes, making their accomplishment doubly difficult? Is it inexcusable ignorance, or is it base, selfish depravity? Let every one who has ever had the least temptation to lead young or old astray, in thought, precept, or example, pause and consider, ponder long and well the momentous evil resulting thereby, which we can never remedy or blot out.

PIONEER.

GRATTAN.

TABLE MANNERS.

I am wondering if there were ever two people who behaved alike, two tables that were arranged alike, or two women in our little HOUSEHOLD who thought alike; if there exists a cook who can season food in a manner palatable to all who eat so there will be no call for pepper, salt or more butter. When everything is perfect the millenium will be ushered in. There is occasionally a housewife who possesses a John so well disciplined he never spills his coffee, slops the gravy or fails to select the choicest bit of steak or chicken for her eating; whose children are born polite, so that they never need bibs, but can manage a napkin from the word go; her tablecloth immaculate, silver shines, not a crumb on the carpet! These women, few and far between, have no need to wait for the twentieth century, they can fold their hands any time and be wafted away. But the average woman must have many exasperating, temper-rousing accidents happening all along the line of the table. To sit with smiling face while a stream of hot chocolate is pouring over the tablecloth, to have perfect control of the muscles when a treasured bit of china is shattered into atoms is certainly sphinx-like, but I never met such a one yet. I have just read about them. I have seen people eating who were so "strained up" trying to be mannerly that they were not only miserable themselves, but made their nearest neighbors also; their little fingers were out straight, they tried to swallow noiselessly but failed most beautifully, and refused things perfectly delicious because they were afraid to eat what they wanted. Now of course these were not home manners. I say, be natural.

Not long since I ate dinner at a fashionable hotel. There was a bill of fare; everything about the table was elegant. At my left were a gentleman and little girl; she was perhaps six years old, but I saw no mother. She was mincing, and he finally went out to his place of business, leaving her to finish dinner alone. The waiter came for her order which was "a piece of mince pie and a fork." It was brought, she lifted up the crust, ate the mince out, and nibbled a piece of cheese, sucked an orange, munched a banana and stirred her ice cream until it was melted. I wondered where she was brought up, and what her future was likely to be.

I never did believe in making children eat off tin plates. When the child is old enough to feed himself put a plate, small knife and fork and spoon before him, and the chances he will know what they are for. There is a little incongruity about insisting upon the children saying "please," "thanks," etc., while the father says "pass that bread," "I want some more butter," and the mother orders the "hash slung around," or partly rises while she spears a slice of bread. What would be considered outlandish in one family, might be A No. 1 in another. Every person has an individuality; every family has table manners of its own, no matter what books of etiquette may say. I believe we can hold

a chicken bone in our fingers and nibble it, and it is *comme il faut* to pick up leaves of lettuce, dip them in salt and eat them from the fingers; this is refreshing, truly. And as to napkins let us be lenient with our good Queen B. Sitting in that big chair the years that she was on a farm have a halo about them; you know "'tis distance lends enchantment;" she "forgets." Look at the long procession of napkins if the threshers happened to stay a week and enlarged the family to the number of twenty-two?

BATTLE CREEK.

EVANGELINE.

"LOOKING BACKWARD."

I have often thought I would write something for the HOUSEHOLD, but fear of the waste-basket and seeming want of time have prevented. It seems that as we all enjoy the HOUSEHOLD and get so much real good from its pages, we ought not to allow our Editress to complain of want of copy, but should each try to contribute something, if it be only a mite.

I am glad the subject of etiquette is being so well discussed. I think there are many who will realize they are benefitted, and more who will be benefitted without admitting it. Even the sarcasms will help to make people think upon the subject; and if they think they are sure to be more or less benefitted. There is no reason why farmers' families should not conduct themselves as well as any class of people and have as good manners.

I wonder if the people who are so carried away with "Looking Backward" realize how such a condition of affairs as Bellamy describes would affect mankind. We are commanded "Go work in my vineyard," each according to the talents he has received. Of those who have received much, much is required. If we do not use the talents we possess they will run away, and we and the world be no better for our having lived, or having had those talents. The person who has no knowledge of the science of music, cannot appreciate music one half as well as the one who has studied enough to know what constitutes music. Music is something more than a mass of sounds. We must know what constitutes music in order to properly appreciate it. And so in all other things we must know enough of the laws governing them to properly appreciate them. The fact of our having exerted our minds to learn something about them, adds materially to our enjoyment. God has given man capacities for learning of all things, and bidden us search till we find the causes and governing laws. Man has almost infinite possibilities if he makes use of the powers or talents God has given him, but it is only through persistent work that these possibilities can be realized. God himself knows no idleness, but is continually evolving new worlds, replenishing the old, and seeing that no jot or tittle of His laws go unfulfilled. It seems to me Bellamy's theory would make mankind sluggish, drones, and that they would finally become as nothing instead of the image and likeness of God. I think the expression

"Mankind are in the image and likeness of God," means that mankind is possessed of the same attributes and possibilities.

Bellamy's picture of an ideal city is a fine one, but I think it would not work in a great nation. Who would milk the cows at three or four o'clock in the morning to get milk to the cities for breakfast? Would they have electric machines to do the milking?

I am thankful I live in this nineteenth century, with all its work and push and stir. We know there are very many bitter wrongs, and crimes without number, but still God reigns, and in His own time and way will control these things, and bring order out of this seeming chaos. I could have more faith in Bellamy's theory if he had dispensed entirely with all alcoholic drinks, but he speaks of using wine, and I do not believe crime will be done away with while alcohol is drank in any form. It is through its agency, directly or indirectly, that nine-tenths of all crimes are committed.

C. L.

THE MOTHER AND HER CHILDREN.

Here is another mother who is not unmindful of her obligations. I have been thinking about it a great deal of late. As the unapproachable Samantha says, "my thoughts have been hefty ones and several to the minute." To me the rearing of a family seems a most solemn thing. Almost their eternal welfare depends on their youthful training in the home. We cannot commence too early to govern. We must be their conscience for the first years of their life; much of the good and evil of their after lives depend upon this; and in order to do this we must ourselves be true and be sure our practice is not at complete variance with our preaching. Children are the greatest of observers. None so quick as they to note if our lives do not accord with our teaching. Years of primary teaching taught me this pretty thoroughly. Not long ago a small miss of my acquaintance was visiting me and chatting about her school affairs: "Oh we just can't bear Miss A——. None of us like her; she is always talking to us about being ladylike and polite, and she just stamps her feet as hard as she can and hollers at us awful; and the other day she called one of the boys a blockhead right out before all the scholars. I don't call that very ladylike or polite either. She's always doing and saying rude things."

All of that teacher's talks about politeness to those pupils fall on deaf ears. She has lost her influence with them. It is just as true in the relations of parent and child. Our lives must accord with our teachings. We cannot, ought not to expect more self control from our children than we ourselves exert. We cannot lose our tempers every day and expect our children to always hold theirs in control. I believe there is such a thing as too much patience. After a certain point it ceases to be patience in its true sense; it becomes slackness. Such a one we say is so easy with her children. I have no desire to live in a house where there is a family of

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children whose mother is easy with them. It seems to me the secret (or one of the secrets) of wise, judicious, firm government is in knowing at just what point patience ceases to be a virtue. It is a very hard thing to determine sometimes, very hard not to allow an east wind to determine for us, very hard not to sometimes merit the explanation "Mamma's awful cross today."

The mother who successfully rears a family of children of diverse temperaments and dispositions, governs them firmly and impartially, retaining their confidence and love, and continuing to be the one incomparable "mamma" to them all—the tender sacred "mother" through all their lives, does something more than heroic; it is almost divine.

EUPHEMIA.

OUR FUNERAL CUSTOMS.

I have just been to a funeral; perhaps that is why thoughts on that subject hover around me. I believe in paying tribute to persons when alive, not soon as dead expend an unnecessary amount for flowers, when perhaps their friends would appreciate the funds more than the flowers. A gentleman died near here not long since, leaving a widow; he belonged to a lodge and the members were intending to make up a purse to buy expensive flowers, but finally gave the sum to the widow to help pay expenses. If they helped take care of him when sick and always treated him well they had paid tribute; and it seemed far more sensible to give the money to the widow.

I believe in paying respect to the dead. What a comfort it is to go into some of our cemeteries and see the fresh flowers, beautiful monuments and well kept graves; we think the dead are not forgotten. Then again some are laid away with no stone to mark the spot, their friends never visit the grave again, and years after can scarcely find the spot. An ill kept grave-yard is a disgrace to any town. I do not believe in ghosts, but believe I should haunt some of my friends if my grave did not have proper care. And I always like to see people dress in mourning. I always have a feeling of sympathy for them; it shows they have had a blow sometime in their life.

I do not believe in having the coffin opened at the church or at the house, there are always a few who go out of curiosity, and after a funeral you will often hear such remarks as "Did not look natural one bit, was awfully poor;" "Did she have on a dress or shroud?" If we were alive how we would dislike to have a crowd of people march around and stare us in the face only to make comments; the last farewell of the family is too sacred a scene for outsiders to gaze on. But there is always a blessed thought, when a baby dies he is saved, they have not come to accountability yet and they do not fear death; there is almost a smile on their faces. They are not like the Irishman who worked for us; he said he rather live than die, for he knew where he stood now, and if he should die he would not know exactly where he would stand. The selection of music is generally such

pieces as "Through the dark valley" or "Sister, thou wast mild and lovely" dragged out so it would cause the tears to flow at any time. I like better "Safe in the arms of Jesus" sung as it is generally sung.

If those poor soldiers could have had as much honor when alive as they do now when dead, they probably would have appreciated it, but let us decorate our soldiers' graves by all means. Let us not wait until people are dead before we show our respect; some of our great men never grew popular until after death. Death is a debt we all will have to pay, and it depends on our lives whether it will all be dark or the rising of a glorious sun.

RATS.

FASHION'S TENDENCY.

I consider the etiquette question largely one of fashion; and if fashion in all its bearings is to lead the average farmer, then the mortgage will be the next fashion.

Rivalry is often prompted by fashion. A young man of my acquaintance had, at his father's death, a good eighty-acre farm left to him. He must be in fashion, mortgaged the farm to get a fashionable span of horses. He today is in meager circumstances, while his old mother washes for a livelihood, the result of fashion on that line. Many followers of fashion have gone the same road. The aspiring housewife, as well as her husband, dislikes to be excelled by her more affluent neighbor, and often ruin is the result. We say then let fashion get behind common sense. Perhaps you are ready to say table fashion costs little or nothing; we may never know what it has cost, not being able to trace cause to effect. We know not how many a nervous mother has been laid in an untimely grave by worrying over fashion's demands. Fashion says the hostess always announces when the family is to leave the table. Suppose her to be an ultra woman's rights woman. The henpecked host with his d help must listen to her one half hour after dinner gossip with her fashionable visitor, though the thunder announce the approaching storm to spoil hay and grain; the host meekly biding her announcement, rather than endure a fashionable domestic thunder storm.

Again, enter the fashion filled parlor, and introduce some problem or question that is of the highest importance to the American citizen, and silence would reign. Mention the latest fashion notes, eyes would sparkle and tongues be loosed. We have been there. Fashion is fickle and ever changing. Let the Chinese chop-sticks meet dame Fashion's mind, either for novelty or gossip, soon Parisian etiquette would be called "Wayback" and "barbarian."

S. M.

CHESANING.

THE discussion on table manners and etiquette has been prolonged and animated. Have we not had about enough of it? Beatrix has hesitated to call a halt on the subject, because she began it and did not wish to arbitrarily cut off the opinions of others, but give all a fair chance to express their views. Suppose we let the matter drop with a d. s. t. (which is a newspaper abbreviation of "dull, sickening thud"), and tenderly spread a napkin—dinner size—over it!

CHAT.

CASSIE wishes to ask Mrs. No Name, who told how to make wool comfortables, how many pounds of wool should be put into a comfort. "Take eight or ten pounds" were the directions, which she thinks both too heavy and too expensive.

K. T. M. thinks Daffodilly gave the "unattached females" a good showing up, but wishes some one would present the other side. There are many cases where the maiden sister, or sister-in-law or the obnoxious mother-in-law is really the one who keeps up the order and comfort of the home, and is actually the "wheel horse" of the family, who bears the principal part of the burdens, and receives in return only her board and grudging recognition of her service.

"Old Hundred" says: "If Mrs. Ed., of Oxbow, will wash her wall with strong vinegar she will have no further trouble, as the vinegar will kill the strength of the lime. I wish to tell Bess, of Plainwell, of a napkin which for cheapness is unexcelled, and which for everyday use for the farmer's table I like very much. Take checked linen toweling, which you can buy at ten cents per yard, and which comes in either large or small checks (red or blue); six yards will make one dozen serviceable napkins."

POLLY says to Ruth: "Aren't you a little too hard on ladies' associations? There are exceptions. I belong to a Ladies' Library Association which was organized in 1870. Every member must pay her dues or lose her membership, and this rule is strictly enforced. If any one keeps her book over the prescribed time, a fine of ten cents is charged, and it is paid. I know the present generation of women has not been trained to strictly methodical habits, but the coming generation will be a great improvement on the present, and it will take several generations to make women what they should be, to make their interference in politics any advantage to the country at large."

Contributed Recipes.

DRIED APPLE CAKE.—Two cups dried apples, soaked over night; boil in two cups of molasses until preserved. Drain off the molasses and put with it two eggs, one cup butter, one cup sour milk, two teaspoonfuls soda, four cups flour, and spice to taste; add the apples last.

GINGER COOKIES.—Two eggs; one cup sugar; one cup molasses; two-thirds cup shortening; four tablespoonfuls vinegar; three teaspoonfuls soda, and one teaspoonful ginger. Mix rather hard. If you wish snaps leave out the eggs.

RICE PUDDING.—Three-fourths cup rice for a two-quart pudding-dish full of milk; sweeten to taste; add half a teaspoonful salt, and half a nutmeg; bake about two hours, stirring once in a while to keep the rice from sticking on the bottom of the pan.

TAPIOCA PUDDING.—Six tablespoonfuls of tapioca, soak and steam in one quart of milk; add the yolks of three eggs and one cup sugar, boil until thick enough. Take from the fire and flavor; beat the whites of the eggs to a stiff froth, sweeten, and put in the oven to brown.

MISS UNDERSTAND.