

MICHIGAN FARMER

AND STATE JOURNAL OF AGRICULTURE.

DETROIT, JUNE 14, 1890.

THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

For the Household.

THE DIS RICT SCHOOL-MA'AM.

The life of a school-ma'am is freighted with woe,
From the moment her task she begins;
For she's grumbled at, talked about, destined to
know

Of everyone's fancies and whims.

For, of course, everybody knows how to teach
school!

Knows just what the teacher *should* do,
But opinions will differ, and so as a rule,
She seldom can please any two.

The school district trustees will be her first foe;
And they'll beat her down on her pay,
"For all we can save on the teacher, you know,
Is just so much clear gain," they'll say.

"The school teachers have such an easy time,
That their wages ought to be small,
And the district wants us to save every dime,
Teaching school is no work at all."

And if during the term she should venture to say
That a new chart was needed, or maps,
She'll most likely be told, "get along as you may,
For we can't afford any such traps."

(It seems strange to think how men can afford
Nice homes, new barns and new tools,
Tobacco, beer, whiskey, and money to hoard,
But never a cent for the schools.)

She is sure to be partial to somebody's child,
Or, she doesn't explain as she might,
She is either too strict, or else she's too mild,
For she couldn't, of course, be just right.

Then some doting mother fondly suspects
That her little Sally or Beecher,
(They told her themselves, and their word she
respects)

Knows a little bit more than the teacher.

Or, we'll hear that in Tommie's head knowledge
don't sink

Quite as fast as his ma thinks it should;
"But the teacher's to blame," for some folks
seem to think
She might even *make* brains if she would.

Yes, her mission is thankless, she's used to the
"school

Of affliction" and faultfinding's spur;
An exception she seems to the charity rule,
For its mantle will not cover her.

But methinks we shall see in that heavenly home,
By a bright crown *her* brow will be pressed
And with those who through great tribulation
have come,

She'll at last find peace, kindness and rest.
PARTELLO. BECKY.

WOMEN IN BUSINESS.

It has often been mentioned as indicative of the advancement of the age and the business and political progress of women and as a cause for congratulating the sex, that all occupations are now open to women and she can turn her hand to any work she likes or for which she is fitted by taste, education or inclination. I have become a trifle tired of hearing Queen Vic-

tor's success in governing 80,000,000 of subjects, and Mrs. Frank Leslie's business capacity in rescuing from extinction several periodicals of mediocre merit, quoted as examples of what a woman can do when she has a fair show. Queen Victoria is a good mother and was a faithful wife; she is the richest woman in the world and has a thrifty disposition which tries to the utmost the generosity of an overtaxed, tithe-burdened people, but Parliament and the prime minister really rule England, as is very well known; and many a little uncrowned queen who manages her little realm for a year on less than Victoria's daily dinner costs, and governs her child-subjects wisely and well, does better service in her humble way to the world and humanity than the Queen of England and Empress of India.

But, leaving out of the question all the "bright and shining examples" of feminine strength and ability, such as Queen Hatasu, the Assyrian Semiramis, Mrs. Frank Leslie and Susan B. Anthony, let us look to see what women in humbler walks of life are doing to earn bread and butter and a little sugar on it.

It is truly said that all occupations are now open to woman. She avails herself of her privileges so freely that her doing so has ceased to be a matter of comment. Time was, not so long ago either, when the only work in which a woman could engage was sewing and teaching; she could teach school without loss of social caste, but the line was drawn just there. Today, she can choose from a wide range of avocations, and although "society" may not recognize her, she has developed a noble independence of character which makes her invulnerable to the slights and snubs of those who live like the lilies; she can find pleasure and happiness in the absorbing interests of her work, and be useful and contented though she doesn't understand what is "the cosmic sphere of woman."

We have had women physicians, lawyers, ministers, editors, lecturers, almost beyond computation. There is hardly a newspaper in the country which has not a woman connected with it in some capacity. She is accepted as "the inevitable." We have had women horticulturists and farmers, and women stock-breeders. Recently a woman from Montana came to this city, visited Savage & Farnum's stables at Grosse Isle, selected two fine Percherons, and took them back with her to her ranche, where she has 1,000 horses, and which she has managed herself since the death of her

husband. Mrs. H. C. Meredeth, of Indiana, manages her herd of Shorthorns with a skill which provokes the admiration of other breeders; Mrs. E. M. Jones, of Ontario, is equally skillful in the management of her herd of fancy Jerseys; while here in Michigan Mrs. James Moore, of Milford, upon the death of her husband several years ago, took charge of his finely bred Shorthorns and has managed the herd wisely and successfully during the minority of her son. And all these are modest, quiet, unassuming, well bred women, whose occupation has in no degree made them coarse in manner or mind.

A woman is the business manager of the *Engineering and Mining Journal*; Miss Minna Williams manages the engraving and plate printing department of the Methodist Book Concern at Cincinnati; and Miss H. R. Graser is a customs broker at Cincinnati, receiving and forwarding through the custom house the goods of her patrons. Mrs. Anna Williams, whose husband had the contract for grading six miles of the Evansville & Richmond railroad at Elizabethton, Ind., at his death assumed the obligations of his contract and put 30 teams at work breaking ground. Mary Walton, of New York City, discovered and patented a remedy for the intolerable noise of the elevated railroad, in three days' time, after Edison, the great electrician, had failed after two weeks' endeavor. She received \$10,000 and a perpetual royalty. Nelly Patterson is the only woman machinist in Connecticut, but she can turn out as good a piece of work as any man in her trade, and earn as good wages. A Chicago lady, left destitute by the death of an invalid husband, gained a livelihood by fitting up houses for the rich people who had not time or taste to choose wall papers, draperies, etc., earned a few spare hundreds which she invested in land in the South, selling and investing again until she has now \$40,000 to her credit. It was a woman who started the first daily newspaper, which she made yield her a competence. The woman restaurateur is the legitimate outgrowth of the female boarding-house "missus," but not many have passed 71 years in the business and amassed a fortune, as did Mary Frances Augustin, of Philadelphia. Miss Middy Morgan for many years reported live-stock markets for the *New York Daily Tribune*, and though it was a most unconventional business for a woman, was treated with perfect respect by the rough drovers with whom her business brought her in contact. The

captain of a Mississippi river steamer is a woman, who holds a regular license to navigate the vessel and who had accompanied her husband on his trips until she knew the shifting channel of the Father of Waters as well as he; and at his death simply assumed his place. Among the few skilled enamellers in New York City is a woman—the most expert of all—who commands a salary of \$100 per week for her work. In the fashioning of the delicate flower jewelry now so popular she has no equal, and names her own price for her work.

Yes; truly all occupations are open to women. Down in Milledgeville, Ga., Jane Simmons practically illustrates the fact. She can and does kill cattle and sheep and dress them for market with the rapidity and skill of a practiced butcher. Let us hope however she will have few imitators, for the credit of the sex. We had a female "pedestrian contest"—a walking match, if you prefer that term—in this city recently, in which the equality of the sexes was fully recognized by the newspapers, which gave daily reports of the condition of the contestants in the same terse and idiomatic phraseology applied to men; the same impartial use of sawdust was observed, and the police manifested no more no less alacrity in ejecting the drunken loafers whose ribald jests distracted the attention of the audience. One of the twelve contestants was a professional pugilist. I have heretofore been opposed to the use of the word *female* as applied to women. I have changed my mind; there are occasions on which it is the only proper term to use. There are a number of women in this city who have taken out licenses to run saloons; I dare say the same is true in other cities. I don't know but I would as soon see a woman kill a steer as sell liquor over a bar.

All this illustrates the ability of woman to fill any place in the world's economy. Surely the scope is wide enough—from the pulpit to the bar and the shambles! These things will make curious reading when Bellamy's utopian visions are realized and the world is run like clockwork. The lessons and deductions to be drawn from these statements I leave in your hands. Things have changed. The relative position of the sexes is shifting gradually but none the less surely. What is to be the outcome?

BEATRIX.

A WEDDING IN THE FAMILY.

Bruno is going to be married. I've been suspecting something for some time, owing to his regular Sunday evening engagements, the care with which he waxed his moustache and his unprecedented expenditures for fancy soaps and perfumes. These are certain premonitory symptoms, as infallible as the scarlet rash which precedes the measles. So I wasn't surprised when he stammered out the announcement, with some painful blushes but a fearless look in his honest brown eyes, as if happiness overpowered his constitutional diffidence. But though I was not exactly surprised, somehow I felt as the boy did

when he sat down on the atmosphere to study the law of gravitation. What he expected happened, yet he had not exactly calculated on it.

Well, I know my future sister-in-law, and could very sincerely extend my sisterly congratulations and good wishes. And though Bruno made haste to escape as soon as possible—which was rather cowardly, as if he had thrown a bomb and wouldn't wait to see the result—yet I know he was glad I did not "make a row over it" as he would say. But I never did see the sense of pulling out the tramulo stop in one's voice and doing the handkerchief act, because somebody wants to get married and you selfishly would rather they stayed single. In a day or two I put on my best dress and went over to call on my new sister to be, and I hope and trust I didn't make myself obnoxious by implying doubts as to her fitness to marry into "our family" or her ability to manage the house and make Bruno happy. Bruno's a good brother. A wife who takes the trouble to study his nature—which has no more quips and quirks than that of the ordinary son of Adam—and will humor his peculiarities instead of nagging at him trying to make him over, will find she's got a good husband—as good as they average, anyhow. I sometimes think men appreciate their wives for the same reason "Bob Jakin" did his dog "Mumps": "Because she'll stick to you and make no jaw." I wish Bruno had more liberal ideas about a wife's right to a purse of her own, but perhaps a wife will prove a better educator on that point than a sister.

People act so funny when some member of the family is going to get married. When Will Blank was married I really thought his mother would put on black. She cried day and night for two weeks before the wedding day, she almost had hysterics during the ceremony, and the house was so damp when they came back from their trip that the bride got a dreadful cold. As a matter of fact, she alienated her son's love, and effectually quenched in her copious tears any lingering affection his new-made wife might have felt for the mother of her husband. And out of tears came bitterness, the bitterness of a selfish jealousy which would have kept the mother between husband and wife, preferred before the wife. When Jim Jones really made up his mind he wanted to marry, and finally asked for the plum everybody knew was ready to drop at the slightest shake, Mary made it a point to call on all the girls Jim had ever paid any attention to, and show off her engagement ring with a few giggles about what "Jim said last night," while the whole family were willing to make doormats of themselves in their delight at Jim's condescension. On the other hand, Jim's sisters wouldn't even do the polite, let alone the sisterly welcome, and poor Mary dressed up regularly every day for two months in expectation of the call that never was made. Now I don't believe in that sort of thing. Many a marriage is "bad medicine" over which relatives on one side or the

other pull a wry face. It's a good deal better to swallow the pill, if it must go down, with a good grace, for the sake of appearances in the present and harmony in the future. If mothers and married sisters and brothers would just think back to their own courtship, and recall how one face, one form, one person, was more to them then than all the world beside, they'd have more sympathy and less sarcasm to bestow on those who have what James of Scotland called "the pleasing madness."

Bruno is to be married in three months, he said. The coming of a third party into our life necessitates changes in many ways. I don't suppose I could hunt up a husband myself in so short a time, though it would vastly simplify matters if I could. I've heard of marriages made on a month's, a week's, even three days' acquaintance; but somehow I never fancied I'd care to marry as boys trade jack-knives, "on sight and unseen." The question very naturally occurs, what becomes of me? I don't fancy remaining as a member of a three cornered household. I remember what Daffodilly said about the superfluous individual who always made trouble in the home. However willing to efface myself I may be, there seem to be obstacles in the way of being entirely blotted out at present. I'm distressingly healthy, with no aspirations to be an angel. To put it briefly, I am not anxious to remain at home under the new conditions, but I don't quite know what to do with myself. We—Bruno and I—have held interests in common so long, I have been out of the world of work, content with woman's sphere as I found it ready made, that I am fit for no bread-winning employment I can think of. Of course part of our little property belongs to me, but how withdraw it without damage to both? Yet, how can I avoid being what our bright Daffodilly calls "a source of marital misery?" Guess I'll have to talk with Bruno, but I'd like to have suggestions from readers of the *HOUSEHOLD* in the meantime, if any one can help.

BRUNO'S SISTER.

MY IDEAS OF "M' HUSBAND."

It is Saturday evening and the *FARMER* and enclosed *HOUSEHOLD* have just been brought from the postoffice. As usual, I turn first to the little paper that contains so much of interest to us housekeepers. As usual too, I commence at the first page to read it through. At the bottom of the last column the leaf was turned and upon glancing at the various headings upon the inside pages, my eye was riveted upon those words of unrivalled interest to every married woman, "M' Husband," at the head of one of Beatrix's articles. After reading a little way down the column I was undecided whether it was sarcasm or "really and truly" her "sentiments," as to what sacrifices of inclination and comfort a woman should make in order to keep her husband's love and companionship. Why should woman be obliged to put forth such an effort to retain the love and companionship of her husband? That is, why should it be any more necessary

than for the husband to make the same effort to keep the love and companionship of his wife? And yet nine women out of ten do make that same effort. If Tom or Joe express the lightest wish it is quickly carried out if willing hands and loving hearts can accomplish it; and the same as in the instance noted in the article under discussion, "Husband's" wishes, likes and dislikes, rule the bill of fare, the goings and comings of the family and often the clothing worn by the entire household. If a new spring hat be purchased madam is in misery if "M' Husband" expresses a dislike as to its shape or embellishment. While should he have belonged to that terrible class denominated "the boys," in days gone by, he must be continually humored and kept in good temper or he may go tearing off down town to spend the evening, leaving a tearful as well as fearful little woman behind. I tell you this is all wrong! A man ought to have self respect and manliness enough to do right whether his wife makes herself a slave to make him comfortable or not.

Continued treatment of the kind Beatrix mentions and recommends would turn our sterner sex into tyrants, whose only thought of womankind is that she is capable of making them comfortable. No one would recommend such a course of treatment for a child. It would certainly make him tyrannical and overbearing. The more you do the more you may do, and that's all the thanks you get for it. Then note the selfishness as she leaves the room while he is engrossed with his reading. He "likes to have her with him even though he is reading."

Neglected tasks, anxiously prepared meals lest "m' husband" should not like it, staying at home to "greet him with a smile," in short a lifetime devoted to the one thought of "making home so comfortable and cosy that he will have no disposition to leave it!"

Now I have no desire to blame the lady in the case. I'm sure that is far preferable to having "m' husband" go back to "the boys'" society. Yet it does not seem right or fair to me that such a state of affairs should exist. If a man thinks enough of a woman to prefer her society to all others before marriage, and chooses her for a lifelong companion as his wife, ought he not to be under equal obligations with her to make their home a home in the full sense of that beautiful word? Ought not he to be willing to give his wife the pleasure of his society without being coddled and coaxed by every means in her power to put forth? Ought not a man to be a man without his wife's untiring and unremitting efforts, as well as a woman to be a woman without that same exertion on the part of her husband? And yet, strangest part of it all, lives there a woman who truly loves her husband, who is not constantly trying to make life as smooth and comfortable as possible for him. It is she who keeps the children quiet so "m' husband" can read; it is she who hushes the crying babe that "m' husband" may not be disturbed at night; it is she who says

nothing of her dislike of tobacco smoke, that "m' husband" may smoke his "pipe of peace;" it is she who must needs keep her face wreathed in smiles that "m' husband" may not be vexed with complaints and so driven from his cosy, comfortable home.

Ah, "Frailty, thy name is woman!" but what shall we call man?"

FLINT.

ELLA R. WOOD.

PERSONAL LIBERTY.

[Paper read at the meeting of Farmers' Clubs held at "Fairview," by Miss Annie Palmer, of Norvell, May 31st.]

The ringing words of Patrick Henry, "Give me liberty, or give me death," have lost none of the force and vigor of their first utterance, and still touch responsive chords in the heart of every American citizen. Liberty is our inherent right, and for it men have left home, friends and country and dared even death itself, that they might be free from some restraining power. The spirit that animated the Pilgrim Fathers when they faced the perils of the sea and the dangers of an unknown country, was one of rebellion against a tyrannical oppression, and a desire for the freedom which they felt was theirs by inheritance. When England laid her hand on the American colonies, and tried to assert her authority, the brave "spirit of '76" flashed out in open defiance of an unjust oppression, and a country and a nation were bought with the lifeblood of many a fearless soldier. The dearest and most stirring hymn in America has these for its opening words:

"My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing."

And the famous Declaration of Independence voiced the sentiment of the people, "The inalienable rights of man are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness."

Slavery has cast its shadow over many a land, and sympathetic hearts have been aroused, when they heard the pitiful cries of slave mothers as the most sacred ties of humanity were severed and their children taken from them. The shadow has lifted from our country, and God hasten the time when the sun shall rise on a world of freemen. We applaud when nations secure freedom, and rejoice when captive slaves are liberated, but there is a slavery that calls for action on the part of each and every individual. Man is capable of a high state of development, but habits and natural traits of a wrong tendency if allowed to grow unrestrained, enclose their victim in a network of bonds which prevents, if it does not destroy, the otherwise beautiful proportions of the being. We have bodies whose mechanism surpasses the most intricate and delicate works of art, but to reach its highest stage of perfection, it must be treated with an understanding of its requirements, or the wonderful structure becomes diseased; decay and ruin hasten to do their work, and we become subject to a weakened and impaired constitution. Broken laws bring retribution, and yet with our knowledge of this truth we deliberately disobey the

rules of health by taking unwholesome and indigestible food, by compressing and distorting the naturally beautiful form, and then bemoan our hard lot, which we have brought upon ourselves by becoming slaves to an unwholesome appetite and an absurd fashion.

We all realize keenly, the importance of observing laws which impose bodily suffering as a penalty for transgression, but there are invisible chains which hold us as firmly and as surely as the iron chains held the unwilling captive. Among the strongest, with most of us at least, is the chain of selfishness. We can never hope to break its power entirely, only to prevent its obtaining complete control. It shows itself in various forms, but one of the most deplorable is our withdrawal into ourselves and our interests while we disregard the higher claims of a common brotherhood. "No one liveth unto himself," and we should realize the fact that we are only individual parts of a vast organization. As the country grows older and we become less and less dependent for entertainment upon personal intercourse with our neighbors, this spirit of looking out for self seems to be on the increase. Those who remember the kindly interest among neighbors and friends in the "pioneer days," and the spirit of devotion which characterized the people often speak with a kind of longing regret of the good old times when they went visiting in the afternoon, staying to supper, when the hostess, out of simple fare, gave the best she had without any apologies; of the evenings when they went to the paring and husking bees; of the long rides to church on horseback or in ox-sleds, when they listened to two long sermons, with only a short intermission for luncheon. The temptation to draw a contrast between the past and the present is irresistible. Now we put on our best apparel, make eight or ten calls in an afternoon, considering ourselves exceedingly fortunate if our friends are out, so we can leave a card as an expression of our deep interest in their welfare, and then return home feeling that we have faithfully performed a disagreeable duty.

If the weather is favorable, our clothes in style, and we can go to church without any great inconvenience, we manage to stay through an hour's service; and then, after the most elaborate dinner of the week, sit quietly down by our own hearth, wrap ourselves in a mantle of self satisfaction and ask "Am I my brother's keeper?"

Perhaps next to selfishness, pride has the most power. Pride is indispensable to true living, but there is a false pride which tries to keep up appearances without a sufficient foundation. The busy housewife with no domestic help sees her richer neighbor, with her servants, keep her fine house in perfect order, entertain her visitors in an elegant manner, dress her children in costly garments, and she tries to keep up with her and sacrifices in the effort her health, her intellect, the comfort of her family and the hard earned money of the

husband and father. Better keep a good temper and a happy home, if the children's garments have less embroidery and fewer tucks, if the table has fewer fancy dishes, and the small rooms have not quite such elegant appointments as the larger house. This is only an illustration, for this evil is not confined to any station, place or class of persons, but has been the means of ruining countless lives, some for the next world as well as this. Avarice, too, is a fetter, though it may be a golden one, for the bird in his gilded cage is not less a prisoner than the captive in his grated cell. I would not underrate the value of money, of true economy nor the duty of diligence, but the excessive love of gain which crushes out the noble aspirations of the soul, deadens its moral sensibilities, and subjects the love of the beautiful in nature and art to the desire for gold. This bond strengthens imperceptibly, until we almost forget that life has any higher aim than money-getting. Many other things will suggest themselves to your mind, which are repressing the better part of our natures, but lack of time forbids enumeration.

I speak only of the abuse of these habits and traits, for we can rise above them, but if we drift along and make no effort to restrain them, they will bind us closer and closer until we become slaves to the sower of tares who has spread these snares for our feet. There is One who is our rightful master and with His help we can break the chains asunder, and "stand forth in the liberty wherewith Christ has made us free."

WOMEN AT HOME AND ABROAD.

"Aunt Bessie," in a private letter, says: "Have you read Edgar S. Wakeman's letters of travel in foreign countries? I have read them with pleasure for some time, and have often thought the ladies of the HOUSEHOLD would be interested in his description of the appearance, dress and manner of life of the women in the countries he visits. Perhaps after reading a few of them we will stop grumbling about pin money, muddy boots and no napkins long enough to breathe one breath of thankfulness that we live in the United States of America, and to appreciate something of the liberties and pleasures we now enjoy. I enclose a clipping descriptive of the Arab women of Algiers, as they are found at the present time.

"I enjoy the HOUSEHOLD very much. Quite often some lady gives my experience or one very like mine, as E. L. Nye does in the issue for April 5th, on napkins. A dainty napkin and soiled gingham apron do not harmonize somehow; still it seems to me that the napkin is to wipe the mouth and fingers more than to protect the clothing, and we need it with overalls and aprons."

The clipping to which Aunt Bessie alludes is as follows:

The Arab woman, save in rare and pleasant exceptions, is hardly what the poet and painter have shown us. If she be graceful or beautiful it is extremely

difficult to discover it; and she possesses neither of these attractions after she is 25, for she is a "wife" at from 12 to 14 years of age, whatever that station or condition means among the Arabs. All there is about this being to become ecstatic over is that subtle prompting of the poetic fancy which ever, to the male mind peculiarly, blooms like the rose in any soil of apparent coyness and mystery in the gentler sex. The Arab woman is simply a vacuous, insensate, voiceless and dreamless human animal, sheeted like the dead, in the streets, and dead to the world within the four windowless walls where the majestic being who owns her keeps her penned. The dress of this Arab woman is all concealing upon the street, and all revealing in her home. The outer garment is the haik, white, usually of wool, sometimes of silk, often of cotton. It is frequently 26 feet in length and nearly two yards wide. Beneath this are precisely four articles of apparel, a gauze chemise, an unstiffened corset or bodice, frequently massively embroidered and bejeweled pantaloons reaching to the feet and comprising countless yards of material, and the tantalizing adjar tied tightly around the face and falling about 12 inches below. Most women not satisfied with this retirement, or perhaps, more strictly speaking, most women whose husbands are not satisfied with this obscuration, further hide the face by bringing the haik down over one side of the forehead so that but one eye, a dark eyebrow and a tiny patch of the forehead are visible. Their feet are usually encased in brown or yellow slippers; dangle and banglets of indescribable jewelry tinkle and chime from wrists, ankles and concealed portions of the figure; and in this swathing of ghostly haik, with humped bodies and mincing steps, those who are allowed upon the streets at all, wriggle, glide and scurry along, like a bevy of escaped wraiths from among the as silent graves upon the heights. But this privilege of waddling about like a lot of sheeted spooks is by no means an universal one. The young and fair see the sunlight only through the open court of their dwellings, or from the white terraces for a brief hour toward sunset. Only the aged and safe are ever permitted to visit the mosques, with the exception that on Fridays, in company with servants or elders, little excursions are allowed to the suburban marabouts, or sacred temples, and the khoubas at the cemeteries, as at Belcour, where they are allowed the cheering diversion of filling with water the little cups resting at the heads of tombs; for the little birds drink from these and fly to heaven with greetings from the souls at rest beneath.

In-doors the dress of these women is ethereal enough for the most fervid artist's fancy. They never see in their own homes any male but their husbands and children. The climate, like that of Cuba in winter, and excessively hot from May until October, has also much to do with this. There are really but two garments for every-day home wear. One is a gauze chemise through which the olive-hued form is wholly revealed in outline and detail. The other is the wide, ample trousers, terminating just below the knees, and almost as fleecy and gauzy in effect. The lowlier women are bare legged, bare footed and bareheaded, at home. Wives of the wealthier Arabs will don pink, yellow or blue gauze silk hose and dainty, yellow babouches, or slippers. Their hair will be coiled in a simple Grecian knot and fastened with some huge jeweled ornament, and perhaps a tiny skull cap, richly embroidered, will rest coquettishly on one side of the head. But all are bedecked with jewelry. The poorer are fond of burnished copper bands about the arms, wrists and ankles, or brilliant quartz and glass cubes and crystals, strung on pack thread, encircle their necks. The rich are ablaze with jewels, principally pearls, emeralds and

sapphires, badly set, but always genuine and of great value. There is a legend in Algiers that the hidden riches of the wealthier Arabs, principally comprising jewels, exceed the sum total in value of all coin, plate and jewels otherwise possessed by all nationalities in the "white city."

A CORRESPONDENT who enquires where rubber gloves can be purchased, and their price, is informed they may be obtained of the Goodyear Rubber House, 204 Woodward Avenue, this city. Price, \$1 and \$1 25; sizes, six to nine.

WHAT has become of all our HOUSEHOLD correspondents? The HOUSEHOLD compartment of the Editor's desk has been a yawning chasm of emptiness for the past two weeks; her dreams haunted by visions of imps calling for copy and finally sending the little paper to press with all its pages blank. Surely somebody has finished cleaning house, boiling soap, making garden, and has a breathing-spell in these rare June days. Somebody please take up several pens and write quickly, before the Editor forgets what a letter looks like.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

JEWELRY can be nicely and easily cleaned by washing in soap suds in which a few drops of ammonia are stirred, and then laying, without wiping in a box of dry sawdust.

THE use of alum, ammonia, vinegar, pepper, etc., to brighten the colors of wash goods is hardly to be commended. Their effect is but temporary at best, and the garment soon grows dingy under repeated use. The best thing to use for dresses of delicate colors is bran. The way to use it is to pour half a gallon of boiling water upon half a pound of bran, let it stand for some hours, then strain it, and use it lukewarm without soap, remembering to turn the dress inside out before washing, and to dab it up and down and squeeze it to get out the dirt, and to avoid rubbing. Wash goods should never be put into water or suds in which lye, soda, pearlash or anything of the kind has been put, as it ruins the color. Nor should they lie wet in the basket, but be washed as quickly as possible, turned wrong side out and hung up at once.

Contributed Recipes.

AUNT EMMA'S COOKIES.—Two eggs; one cup sugar; half cup butter; two teaspoonsful sweet milk; two teaspoonsful baking powder; mix soft and flavor with vanilla.

FRUIT CAKE.—One cup sugar; one cup buttermilk; spice to suit taste; one cup chopped seeded raisins (other fruit may be added if desired); four tablespoonsful butter; one teaspoonful soda; flour to make it quite stiff. Dried apples chopped fine and stewed in molasses until done, adds to any fruit cake and helps to keep it moist.

CHEAP CAKE.—One egg; one cup buttermilk; one cup sugar; one teaspoonful soda; five tablespoonsful butter; one teaspoonful each of cinnamon and clove; two cups flour.

OAKWOOD.

BON AML.