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THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

DRIFTING AWAY.

Drifting away from each other,
Silently drifting apart,
Nothing between but the cold world's screen,
Nothing to lose but a heart.

Only two lives dividing
More and more every day;
Only one soul from another soul
Steadily drifting away.

Only a man's heart striving
Bitterly hard with its doom;
Only a hand, tender and true,
Slipping away in the gloom.

Nothing of doubt or wrong,
Nothing that either can cure;
Nothing to shame, nothing to blame,
Nothing to do but endure.

The world cannot stand still,
Tides ebb, and women change;
Nothing here that is worth a tear,
One love less—nothing strange.

Drifting away from each other,
Steadily drifting apart—
No wrong to each that the world can reach,
Nothing lost but a heart.

THE EXPOSITION.

The third annual exhibit of the Detroit Exposition Association closed on Friday of this week, and despite the dismal prophecies of failure, was a very good show and fairly well attended, considering the fact that the G. A. R. encampment drew a large contingent of those who could afford but one outing and chose it in preference to the Exposition. Our local merchants rather slighted the Exposition; Newland, Mabley & Co., Buhl, and others who in previous years made large exhibits were conspicuously absent. Yet there were a number of interesting exhibits, and the large building was pretty well filled with things worth being looked at. There was as usual the rattle of sewing machines and of agents' tongues extolling them mingled with piano and organ music, played with the loud pedal down and all the stops out, to compete with the whirl of the great Westinghouse engines which furnished the power to move the machinery. There was every conceivable style of vehicle, from the child's pony cart to Madame's close coupe and her husband's road wagon, all so immaculate in varnish it would seem a sin to get them muddy. The whole turnout was represented. A very rigid and entirely English coachman sat upon the box holding the lines over life size wooden horses

caparisoned in the finest mounted harness, a most imposing spectacle which wonderfully impressed the children.

The Peninsular, Michigan and Jewel Stove Works made exhibits of what can be done with iron and nickel, and really, if I had to do the cooking on some of those Jewel ranges I should feel it necessary to curl my bangs afresh and don an immaculate white apron to be in harmony with their spick-and-span-ness. The virtues of natural gas and fuel oil were exemplified, and women especially seemed deeply impressed by the merits of a smokeless, ashless fuel, and fires kindled by simply turning a screw and applying a match. The U. S. Baking Company made an appetizing exhibit of fancy bakers' goods; several boxes of samples were very inviting and we stood around and looked as hungry as we could as long as our self-respect would permit, but didn't get even a cracker.

Among the industries represented was cigar-making, the air about being redolent with that perfume so attractive to mankind. Beals & Selkirk were making valises; the Michigan Art Glass Co., of this city, had men making stained glass windows; a workman had a pattern before him and was filling in with slips bearing the numbers of the bits of glass which were to complete it, while the light from an adjoining window shone beautifully brilliant through some completed designs. The lighting artist was there ready to do your portrait while you waited, and his facility of execution was only equaled by your astonishment at the result; his likenesses were one remove from the average newspaper cut. And there were card writers and vendors of cheap jewelry; Azidurian the Armenian with his fez and his "attar of roses" and sandalwood fans made out of American cherry trees; great bales of cork wood from Africa, Spain and Portugal; and cocoa pods and cocoa beans and samples of baking-powder and catsup and mince pies that hadn't a wholesome complexion, and—well, that's about all, except the creamery supplies and the machinery and the phonographs that gave you a concert solely for your individual benefit for a nickel, and the electrical contrivances and pretty colored lights of the Detroit Electrical Co.

Many women paused by the patent

dishwasher, a series of wire racks in a galvanized iron receptacle, the cleansing being done by throwing the water among and over them by turning a crank. Price, \$20. Most women sighed and turned away. They knew they would continue to wash dishes with a rag three times 365 days in a year, while their husbands paid \$40 for a harrow to use ten day.

The exhibit of women's work comprised collections of fancy work, crazy quilts, samples of knit and crocheted lace, perfume bottles dressed in petticoats, hand painted sachets and screens, embroidered doileys and table centres—of the latter several were very hand some—and some atrocious aggregations of red and white calico in the shape of bedquilts. Women's work! I wonder when women will have something to show for their toil besides pincushions and crocheted things! The average woman's labor doesn't crystallize in that shape, unfortunately.

Gamble & Partridge, carpet merchants of this city, made the most interesting exhibit in the main building. The great power loom which attracted so much attention two years ago and in which you could see the carpet grow a quarter of a yard as you watched the swift-flying shuttles dodge in and out among the threads was not there, but the domestic process of manufacturing the useful but not particularly beautiful rag carpet was going on; and a nice old lady in costume of Quaker simplicity and diamond ear-rings was spinning in an old fashioned interior, with the brass andirons, bellows, candlesticks, and rude wooden furniture, not forgetting the little wooden cradle with its patchwork quilt, which made up the appointments of many happy though humble homes, not so many years ago but some of us can remember them. Here the Armenian Manoog Shirinian had pitched the strip of striped cloth which answered for his tent, and with an upright frame before him, was making a rug after the fashion which prevailed among his countrymen six hundred years ago. A little tuft of wool was chosen, and with a deft twist tied among threads of the warp, and then another and another; and it seems well that in Armenia time and human toil count for little, for it would require, by that slow process, a lifetime of

diligence to make the rug for which a modern fancier pays a few hundred dollars. Here were Angora goats with their long lustrous fleeces, very much at home in their unusual surroundings. "What queer looking sheep them is!" quoth an old lady over my shoulder. But the two dromedaries captivated me. I found them fascinatingly ugly. One of them in particular manifested a high-minded, lofty disdain of the curious crowd which was most amusing—and absolutely crushing. I never felt so perfectly subdued in my life as I did standing before that splay-footed monstrosity, under the spell of his calm contemptuous eye and serene assumption of superiority. It was as if he recognized what a burlesque he is in form and figure, and like some people I have known, silenced ridicule and sarcasm by an air of dignified hauteur which implied commiseration for the blindness of those unable to appreciate his actual superiority. He was only funny when he majestically revolved his cud with a rotary motion of the lower jaw strongly suggestive of a girl chewing gum. Even the irreverent youth who saluted him with "Ah there, Old Socks!" failed to ruffle his composure, and we left him, confident he could hold his own in civilization as in the desert.

Then we took seats on the grand stand and saw a couple of heats of a running race in which six horses started in the first heat and three in the last. "Little Charlie" took the first, but when his jockey turned him toward the judges' stand, after the heat, he was the lamest horse you ever saw walk. Everybody sympathized with the "poor fellow." His jockey dismounted and led him back, while a crowd of men and boys surrounded him. Next came a trotting heat; and then, to every one's surprise, "Little Charlie" took position for the next running heat and captured it, too. And to the surprise and amusement of everybody, he again limped home a trifle worse than before, if possible. "I don't like to have my sympathies excited for nothing," said the indignant young girl at my side, "Little Charlie's a fraud!" And it did look that way, for if it had been a selling race, a novice in the tricks of the turf would not have given a brass button for him, unless for future service on a peddler's cart. But a gentleman told me afterward that the horse really sprained a tendon but was so "game" that he won the race though every step was painful to him! "That's how thoroughbred blood shows," he said; and I thought it true of men and women as well as horses.

We were among the crowd that watched the last ascent of the unfortunate Hogan. The balloon made a beautiful ascension, rising almost perpendicularly, then floating gracefully away as it struck the upper current of air. When it was so high that the

grown man looked like a mere child, and he should have caught the trapeze attached to the parachute, thus unfolding it for the descent by his weight, he was seen to loose his hold. A hoarse murmur of horror ran through the crowd; there was a swaying movement as if every one instinctively turned away; faces blanched and voices were hushed in the awful realization of the tragedy. I wish never to see another human being dare such a flight, with the ever present possibility of such an ending.

BEATRIX.

VIRGINIUS.

Anything pertaining to Roman life or customs is always intensely interesting to me; and it was with "great expectations," which were afterwards fully realized, that I waited for the curtain to rise on the first act of *Virginus*.

The first act showed Dentatus, a portly old Roman whose roseate flannel undershirt exactly matched his complexion, in dispute with some of the citizens of Rome. His lofty contempt and haughty bearing would have brought him rough usage, had not Icilius appeared on the scene and summarily dismissed the crowd.

Then came Warde as Virginus. He seemed a typical Roman; strong and graceful and wearing his toga as Caesar himself might have worn it. A pretty scene between him and his daughter Virginia followed, in which she tacitly acknowledged her love for Icilius.

My ideal of a Roman maiden has always been tall and proud with black hair and eyes, handsome rather than beautiful. But Virginia, with her golden hair, and dressed in a white gown that fell in soft folds around her, was a picture of loveliness and modesty. Her betrothal to Icilius followed, but only on the condition that he, with her father, should first go to the war which was then impending. The farewell scene between the lovers was touching, but not as much so as the parting of Virginus with his daughter. Then one forgot that it was acting, and saw only the Roman hero bidding farewell to the only thing on earth which he held precious; all for Rome's sake.

In the next scene the trouble began. While Virginia spoke with her uncle Numitorius in the street, Appius, the magistrate, saw her and fell in love with her surpassing loveliness. He and his friend Claudius immediately laid plans by which he might possess her. Claudius, a mere tool in the hands of Appius, claimed Virginia as his slave, and we saw her dragged by him into the Forum, where the case was judged by Appius. Owing to the intervention of Numitorius and Icilius, who arrived just in time from the seat of war, the two conspirators were obliged to yield so far as to postpone the case until the next day, leaving Virginia meanwhile

in the care of her uncle. A swift messenger was dispatched for Virginus, who was found mourning the death of his old friend and comrade, brave Dentatus. It is impossible to describe the way in which he received the news that his daughter was claimed as a slave. The strong excitement and anguish, bravely repressed, were like reality.

In the next scene Virginia with her nurse Servia and her uncle, awaited the arrival of Virginus. As they were nearly despairing he came, and as he clasped Virginia in his arms again and again, his love for her and defiance and hate for her enemies were oddly mingled in his words and looks. Boldly and confidently he led her to the Forum and before the magistrate. But his confidence was soon destroyed and wild agony took its place, for a slave belonging to Claudius swore that Virginia was her child; and this, according to the Roman law, was evidence which must stand against all other. Appius pronounced judgment for Claudius, and the troops were called in to drive out the friends of Virginus. The stolidity and blind obedience of the Roman soldier were well illustrated. Virginus himself was allowed a few minutes in which to take leave of his daughter. His face showed sorrow and horror; he trembled, and as he stood half supporting Virginia and half leaning on her, he seemed suddenly an old man, feeble and incapable of action. But while Appius and Claudius talked with faces half turned aside, with tottering steps Virginus crossed the floor and concealed a knife in the folds of his toga. Then when Appius turned and demanded that Virginia should be handed over to Claudius, he seized the knife, and crying that it was to save her honor, thrust it into his daughter's heart.

The last act was the most pitiful of all, for it showed Virginus mad, and calling piteously for his daughter, whom he said was "long time a-com-ing." Appius was in prison, and would have taken his own life with poison had not Claudius come to him, and cheered him with the hope that with Virginus insane his own liberty would soon be obtained. But scarcely had Claudius gone when Virginus came and commanded Appius to give him back his daughter. In vain Appius tried to soothe him. Virginus with a madman's fury and strength strangled the wretch before help could arrive. As he knelt over his victim Numitorius and Icilius came, and the latter presented to him the urn containing the ashes of Virginia. To a prosaic mind the urn was too suggestive of a little brown jug, and the dignity and sublimity of the scene would have been better maintained without it. But there was nothing ridiculous in the death of Virginus, upon which the curtain fell immediately after this presentation.

PORT HURON.

E. C.

THE POSSIBILITIES WITHIN REACH OF AMERICAN WOMEN AND THEIR INCAPACITY FOR BUSINESS.

[Paper read by Miss Julia Ball before the Webster Farmers' Club, Aug. 18th, 1891.]

The wonders that have been accomplished for woman in the present century are difficult for even the most careful student to comprehend. In the old civilizations it was considered a disgrace to be born a woman, and a man would thank his stars that he was born neither a slave or a woman. The mothers of the Athenian people were slaves; with them woman was but seldom the subject of intellectual cultivation—her home was at the same time her prison—her duties the drudgery of the family and the household; she was neither allowed to direct the tastes nor to enliven the pleasures of society. Her value was estimated by her utility. The Athenian female was beautiful; she was the model for the sculptor and the painter; but the face that formed the highest perfection of human beauty was seldom lighted by the fire of cultivated genius, and the fair and polished brow but rarely exhibited the impress of the divinity of thought.

With us woman is at once the bond and charm of society. She associates in the domestic circle as its greatest blessing; while she provides for its comfort, she secures its refinement; while she purifies the habits, she exalts the tastes of society, and gives tone and character to the circle she adorns; as one writer has said, "In youth our guiding star, in manhood the light of our homes, in old age the consoler of our sorrows."

We are living in the first century of woman; a century exuberant with woman's advancement, and a precursor of her still greater progress, for woman must advance; she must see for herself; the times demand it. In spite of all the antagonism that has been brought to bear upon woman, she could not be kept down.

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Now, woman aspires to all the fields of labor; it has become the fashion to work. We have no more use for idle girls and women. There is a field large enough for all to enter and plenty to do. Yes, truly has it been said, all occupations are open to woman, and she has demonstrated her *ability* to occupy them; but as a class how is she filling them? Something is lacking; what is it? Woman lacks capacity for business. I take it for granted that men conduct all branches of business—manufacturing, mercantile, professional and even educational—more successfully and systematically than women. To the minds of you who doubt this last statement, come the brilliant lights I have either named or referred to. But are they not shining exceptions? And these exceptions only serve to make the surrounding gloom more apparent. She who will not recognize the above truth is a short-sighted champion of her sex;

and she who, seeing the justice of the reprobation throws upon "tyrant man" the blame of the present condition of affairs, and in order to reverse the position of governed and governors, urges the downtrodden to rebellion, offers, instead of a remedy, only an intoxicating draught.

The young British officer in charge of the signal service in the war of the Soudan, being posted upon the top of the Great Pyramid, was so impressed with the historic associations that he telegraphed to the admiral's ship, just entering the nearest offing, "Forty centuries salute you!" The martinet superior telegraphed back: "None of your nonsense! Attend to business!" Here is the underlying cause of the unfitness of the average woman for business pursuits. She who would earn her bread after the manner of men, without fear of social expulsion, or favor offered as a gallant recompense, is fettered not only by forty but sixty centuries of precedent. From the time of the first woman down to the present day, woman's has been unpaid labor; for innumerable generations she has had her "keep" and pin money for the asking—upon the manner of asking and the humor of her lord depended the quantity and quality. It is cruelly irrational to expect woman with her rigid muscles to display such action as man. An apt representation of the modern woman is the Indian dervish whose arm is upheld in prayer week after week until he cannot lower it. But salary is not the only difference as regards labor. Take as an example, the stores where women are employed as sales-clerks. While the sales-lady who waits upon you is listlessly displaying the goods she is paid to exhibit to the best advantage, she may carry on a lively, though perhaps disjointed gossip with her mates, hum a tune, etc., while you, in spite of all this, conduct your purchases. This, all in sight and hearing of the floor-walker, who for any one of these offences against common courtesy would arraign a salesman. Not only do we find these peculiarities of feminine levity in the stores, but in almost all other occupations. These idiosyncrasies, seldom called faults, keep wages down.

When the office boy enters his place of business, he leaves all thought of fun and frolic behind; he is held strictly to rule, not only to work but as to deportment. He must be punctual, move quickly and quietly. He must be prompt and respectful to employers, and civil to customer, client and caller, or he goes. Not so with the women. Precedent, which they mistake for nature and one of Heaven's laws, decrees that they must be treated according to a certain set of rules—men according to another and a different. This is the defect in the way of equal wages. Women do not work as men do. A man's life depends upon his labor.

With woman it is only a means to an end. A man takes hold of his business with both hands. If strength is lacking here he puts his feet upon it, and if worse comes to worst, seizes it with his jaws. His chosen profession is the rock upon which to build his structure. Men concentrate every energy upon a piece of work, knowing it will be judged by its merit; women work and watch the clock.

I heard a teacher say, "I only get twenty dollars a month, so I shall not work very hard." You were not hired to teach a twenty dollar school, nor a forty, nor a fifty dollar one. You were hired to teach school. Do your best and you will get more for your next. Make yourself necessary to those who employ you by industry, fidelity and scrupulous integrity. Put zeal into your work. Hold yourself responsible for a higher standard than anybody else expects of you. Be constant, steadfast and persevering.

Some women, especially those who have seen better times, and are forced to earn their living, are always lamenting their lot and belittling the employment which gives them their bread. They consider the necessity of self-support a crime committed upon nature and precedent. To the four winds with such ideas! All such idols must be broken down before woman can become self-supporting, and receive equal rights and compensation. Be assured as long as you do not honor your labor, it will never honor you. Many are the instances which might be cited would time permit, in nearly every occupation, where women degrade themselves by belittling their work. These things are not to be smiled at or despised, as unimportant. They are the motives and ideas which seriously hinder the working woman from becoming free and independent. If she would command success, she must cease to make work, with its trials and drawbacks which accompany it, a personal matter. When she takes advantage of being a woman, she begs the question and sinks into pauperism by appealing to sentimentality instead of justice. Our woman criminal appreciates fully that she runs no risk of such punishment as would be meted out to an equally guilty man, and acts upon this persuasion. Native or foreign, young or old, handsome or hideous, she plants herself confidently upon the vantage ground of sex.

What then must be done? What is essential that this generation shall have a class of business women who shall add dignity to their sex, and stop this hue and cry of being chained by poverty? This clamor of poverty can be quelled in only one way, and that is, first, last and always, to engage in any allotted labor, even the most menial, with a determined purpose of performing it, as if it were the one and sole object in life.

A writer in the *Christian Union* some

time since said: "The boy who will succeed in the world is he who is content, for a time, to do two dollars' worth of work for a dollar." This same precept should apply to business girls as well; it should be ingrafted into the heart and brain until it becomes a part of our very being; a living organ as it were. There should be a determination to render even the smallest obligation thoroughly in every respect. The compensation to be received should be lost sight of in the endeavor to do the work well. The first, skilled workmanship; last, what price will it command. Some girls fill places with but little interest in them. They work along with no aim at business, only waiting for the proposition that makes them a wife, doing something they abhor. "He that is faithful in that which is least, is faithful also in much."

It is a sad truth, that many of those who are left widows are those women who were denied all knowledge of business principles and methods. How can practical, sound business men sit idly by and see their wives and daughters totally ignorant of business in even its simplest forms! It is a disorder in human nature that is seldom even rebuked. This age is terribly in earnest. Girls should receive a business education. A man who is master of four trades can learn the fifth and not be spoiled. The same with woman; let her develop her capabilities, and when the time comes, as come it may, she will not be compelled to fold her hands and ask, "What can I do?" All occupations are open to woman. Let the now shining exceptions be the shining rule. What woman has done, woman can do—yes, indeed, and much more, and do it better. When this is true, and "the laborer is worthy of his hire," then will woman fill as well as occupy these different positions; the wages will be equal; and no longer will we be forced to admit that woman lacks capacity for business, but can sing with the poet Tennyson,

"For woman is not undeveloped man,
But diverse; could we make her as the man,
Sweet love were slain; his dearest bond is there.
Not like to like, but like in difference.
Yet in the long years liker must they grow;
The man be more of woman, she of man;
He gain in sweetness and in moral height,
Nor lose the wrestling thews that throw the world;
She, mental breadth, nor fail in childward care,
Nor lose the childlike in the larger mind;
Till at the last she set herself to man,
Like perfect music unto noble words."

TRYING TO BE A MAN.

He was only about fifteen years old, but, poor fellow! he was tired of being a boy and wanted to be a man. And I'm afraid he hadn't a mother to start him on the right road, so he was trying to find the way "all by his lonely." He had paid his twenty cents and climbed into the carette for a ride through the park, just like a man, trying so hard to appear man-like and perfectly oblivious of everybody about him. It was a warm day and his winter suit of hand-me-

down manufacture looked hot and uncomfortable, but the gaudy watch-chain with its two big red seals reconciled him to wearing it. There was no watch on the end of the chain, I'm certain, otherwise he would have had an important engagement which would have required its consultation three or four times in the course of the drive. He wore a necktie that was as loud as a fire alarm, pulled through a ring which unblushingly proclaimed itself brass as it hobnobbed with a plated collar button. His cuff-buttons were so large I'm sure they must have made him tired, and like a pretty girl's dimples, they were always *en evidence*. On one finger of a dirty hand he wore a mock diamond, and on all fingers, dirt-rimmed nails. The decorated hand held a cigar, and at intervals he drew a few whiffs, perfuming the sweet lake breeze with the incense of a "two fer a nickel." He didn't act as if he enjoyed it; it was a long time between puffs, but it was manly to smoke and he was going to be a man if it did make him sick. Once he let the weed go out, and do you think it was so he could show us he was an old hand at it by pulling out his patent safety match box and striking a light with a little flash and explosion? And when at a curve in the road, a puff of air sent a cloud of smoke directly in the face of the lady who sat opposite him and she gasped and turned pale—being one of the delicately reared girls not brought up in smoke like a herring—he remained stolidly oblivious—even when, at another Vesuvian outburst the pallor increased and the lady's companion made a little stir in a proffer to exchange seats with her. I suppose he thought, "Dear me, those disagreeable women think I ought to throw away my cigar, but if they can't stand smoke they shouldn't ride in public carriages!" So, by way of asserting his manly independence he smoked a little more vigorously. And when the passengers dismounted he was first out though his seat was at the end, stumbling over everybody's feet and leaving a mingled odor of perspiration, patchouly and tobacco as a souvenir. "*Place aux dames*" had no share in his creed of being a man.

He wasn't really a bad-looking boy, if he'd been clean, although the architecture of his nose indicated that he could never be a great man. You never saw a great man with an insignificant nose, and this particular one seemed to have had its early aspirations summarily checked. And perhaps, after all, the poor lad deserved credit for making as much of himself as he had. But it seemed such a case of misdirected effort that I felt sorry for him, and wanted to tell him, in a kindly way, how to be something better than a man—a gentleman. It seems such a pity for a boy, when he begins to shape himself and have aspirations beyond being an "unlicked cub"—as I've heard rough

lads sometimes called—to set out with a low standard in view, and in trying to be a man, copy only a man's faults and vices. To know that it is better to be neatly than showily dressed: better to be clean and have one's shoes blackened than wear jewelry; that sham gems are tawdry and in bad taste; and that the fit of the clothing is a surer index of position than its material, is "the beginning of wisdom" in the externals of a lad's career. And if the boys could only know what those they want to imitate think of them when they smoke, or chew, or drink or swear! Even a grown man regards them half contemptuously, half pityingly, when he sees their efforts to be manly by copying what he knows are the defects in his own character, and his own bad habits. And when a boy forgets that consideration for the feelings of others, especially for that sex of which man is the natural protector and guardian, and thought for their comfort and convenience above his own; and when he spends his money and makes himself sick and is a nuisance to other people in his endeavor to establish a habit which will cost him hundreds of dollars during his lifetime and perhaps shorten that life by years, he is far, far on the wrong road in trying to be a man. BEATRIX. J

A MOTHER'S EXPEDIENT.

A correspondent of the *Country Gentleman* says she had two children whose chief delight seemed to be in tears. With or without provocation the tears would come and the rest of the family were compelled to seek peace in flight till the clouds rolled by. She tells how, after reasoning, coaxing, bribing and slight punishments had proved ineffectual she finally conquered what was simply a habit: "Selecting a small, remote room, I tacked on the door of it a card, bearing in large, printed letters, these ominous words: CRY ROOM. This was done simply to lend impressiveness to the plan. Then I gave the little cry-fellows to understand that the *very instant* they commenced to cry without some good cause, they had to run—not walk, but positively go on a dead run to that room, shut the door tight, and then cry all they wanted to. There was no restriction placed on the amount of tears they might shed while in that room, but they were never to come out until the shower was all over.

"Now, so perverse is human nature, and so attractive are forbidden evils, that no sooner had they permission to shed tears to their hearts' content, than crying lost its charm. One would enter the room in a flood of grief, only to reappear an instant later with his rosy little face quite restored to tranquillity. It was but a short while when there was a noticeable difference in the frequency of their crying 'spells,' and ere long they were but a disagreeable memory."

WANTED.—Some short and spicy letters for the HOUSEHOLD. Write early and avoid the rush.