

MICHIGAN FARMER AND STATE JOURNAL OF AGRICULTURE.

DETROIT, SEPTEMBER 30, 1884.

THE HOUSEHOLD--Supplement.

THE COTTAGE HEARTH.

The ruddy blaze shines clear,
Making home faces bright,
And happy smiles appear
Beaming within the light;
And light of love illumines there,
Grave brows touched soft with seams of care.

The father's voice strikes deep
Upon the listening ear;
The mother's accents keep
A soothing cadence near;
And clearer and more sweet than all,
The tones of childhood softly fall.

O happy cottage hearth!
Peace is thy fairest gift,
Though clouds may shadow earth,
Here gleams a sunny rift—
A glow where all pure joys combine,
Seeming half earth and half divine.

BOTANY IN OUR SCHOOLS.

I am glad Mrs. W. J. G. has mentioned the desirability of including botany among the studies pursued in our district schools. It certainly seems as if farmers' children, growing up among plants and flowers, might reasonably be expected to know something of their growth and structure. Instead, my experience has been that they are generally very ignorant on such subjects. Botany, in the hands of a competent instructor, becomes one of the most fascinating of the natural sciences. Properly taught, it is less a glossary of technical terms, to be memorized like so many pages of a dictionary, than a comprehensive study of plant growth, in which classification is a secondary matter. I know of no other study, unless indeed it be that of entomology, of so much aid in forming a habit of observation, and the habit, once gained, seems almost to give us a new sense; we see so much more, with so much keener vision, objects mean so much more to us, when our eyes are trained to observe, and this added power aids us in other things all through life.

Botany interests most children from the outset. The phenomena of vegetable growth are beautiful mysteries to them. Their curiosity, once roused, is boundless; the questions they will ask have no end. Treating, as the study does, of what they see on every side, with Nature's object lessons ever at hand, it invests the commonest plant with interest and beauty. Botany and entomology are two sciences which are calculated to greatly aid the farmer in his business. He may never have occasion to extract a cube root after he leaves the schoolroom, no

matter how many other roots he may dig, but he can use his botanical and entomological knowledge all over his farm. He wages a ceaseless war against weeds and insects, and often finds them "too many for him." He is handicapped in the contest by his ignorance, and this he is beginning to feel. Farm journals are filled with his interrogatories, and he sends his strange bugs and plants to the Agricultural College for the information he ought to be able to get for himself. Professor Beal tells us not one farmer in fifty knows a codling moth when he sees it, yet all know how it depletes the pocket-book. Two-thirds the controversies in our agricultural and horticultural literature, and nearly all the insect remedies "discovered" and "boomed" as sure specifics, are due to the mistakes of those who, writing in good faith, are yet ignorant of the transformations of the insects they fight, and ascribe a disappearance due entirely to their habits to the virtue of the remedy. Many men consider the study of insect life as "small business," but when we consider the millions of dollars' worth of property they annually destroy, we see how small means may compass a great end, and we turn gratefully to the men who make the study their life-work, and through their knowledge devise means to help us. It seems unnecessary to sum up the advantages to come to the farming community from the general spread of botanical and entomological information; the benefits are too obvious to need recapitulation, the main question is, how is the necessary instruction to be obtained. Mere text book recitations are valueless, if not absolutely harmful; they discipline the memory, but awaken neither interest or enthusiasm. Better never make the attempt than add another to the list of "studies" to be pursued in the mechanical, listless way in which too much is already taught.

It is evident that the great difficulty in introducing these branches of science will be found in the fact that there are so few who are qualified to teach them; or who, being competent, will give the time they require. Both are "summer studies," and generally, however good a teacher a district may provide in winter, there is a feeling that in summer we may say "Lord, anybody!" Unfortunately, most farmers seem to believe that arithmetic is the one thing necessary to educational salvation, and measure ability by the readiness with which mathematical puz-

zles are solved. Had I my way about it, I would cut out all arithmetical superfluities, like Compound Fractions, Repeating Decimals, the intricate commercial puzzles which concern only bankers, merchants and commission men, and expend the time and study on something more useful. It seems to me as if civilization, at present, can get on without "grindstone puzzles" where three or four men buy a grindstone in partnership and each is so stingy he is afraid his neighbor will get one grind the most, and so they sit down to "cipher out" each man's share. I don't believe in encouraging miserliness, and would urge wearing out the grindstone without arithmetic or a fuss. It will be said, perhaps, that to solve such problems tends to strengthen the mental powers and develop the reasoning faculties, but there is enough to learn that will be of use hereafter, enough that will be left unlearned, to develop any mind without these useless and perplexing puzzles. Education educates to the best purpose when it is useful. Scholarship in country schools has been measured by an arithmetical gauge too long.

To elevate our schools to a plane where they will be worth the money they cost, and where something more than the "three R's" can be profitably taught in them, I would do away entirely with "third grade" teachers' certificates. It is a shame to those who teach, a damage to those who are taught, that the list of third grade teachers as published in county papers, outnumbered by ten or more times, the number of those of the first and second grade. Or, make it a rule that a teacher once recorded as having a third grade certificate, cannot enter for examination in that grade again, but must "step up higher." It does not speak well for the sincerity, the enterprise, ambition or scholarship of teachers to see the same names year after year in the lowest grade. The result I believe would be twofold. A number of incompetent teachers would be crowded out, or forced to bring themselves up to the standard. The ambitious and energetic would do this, the lazy and indifferent—these our schools can spare better than not—would drop out. Secondly, those who appreciate the dignity and responsibility of their calling would be encouraged to do better work and more of it. There is little incentive to strive for first place when those standing third are entitled to the same privileges and emoluments.

Our district schools have improved since the days when the alphabet was rapped into young heads at the end of a brass thimble, but have not bettered in the same ratio as other schools. For this farmers alone are in fault; they manage the schools and must shoulder the responsibility. It is their right to say what they wish their children to be taught; it is their privilege to insist teachers shall be competent. It is a grave error to neglect the home school, and then because of its inefficiency send the children away from home at the most critical age, when they most need parental guidance and restraint. It is difficult to institute reform when those most benefitted are not alive to their own interests. The great reason, the *only* reason, why farmers are not intellectually at the front, is through their want of education. Look through your own school district and count up the children who will have no other educational privileges than those afforded by the district school, reflect on *what* that school teaches, and *how*, and then answer if it is any wonder so many men are mere machines to raise crops.

If a farmer has a son who shows a taste for law, medicine, or theology he sends him to college; he educates him in business at a commercial college. If the son is to be a farmer he is sent to the Agricultural College—*perhaps*. Yet it seems to me that there is the place for farmers' sons and daughters to be practically educated to their business. That is the farmer's school where prominence is given to what will best aid and ennoble his work; that is emphatically the farmer's school which instead of teaching him to look down upon his calling, opens his eyes to its dignity. The great agricultural want of the day is more education and intelligence on the farm. To obtain these requisites we must use the means at hand, improve our common schools, and avail ourselves of the advantages offered by our farmers' college.

BBA CRUX.

SOUND REASONING.

Perhaps one who has never been a mother will not be deemed competent to write on the bringing up of girls, yet a few thoughts which were suggested by reading those of Daisy and Faith in late numbers of the Household impel me to enter for the first time, since it assumed its present form. I believe there is a medium course which mothers should pursue in regard to the attire of their little daughters, which will keep their minds freer from vanity than the extreme one advocated by Faith. It is not natural for a little girl to be satisfied when dressed so plainly as to form a marked contrast to her playmates, and is liable to produce a discontented longing for pretty things to wear, which to my mind instead of being wrong belongs to the God-given attribute of "love of beauty," which finds a place in every well-balanced mind. "When I am grown up I shall have a red dress, a blue parasol and lots of posies in my hat,"

said a discontented child in plain, dull colors, looking at a more fortunate little one in pretty attire, busy at play with apparently no thought of what she had on. It is not necessary to load them with chains, rings and ornaments, without which many grown up girls would look better, but dress them as neatly as possible, so that with a little of mother's judicious teaching impressed on their susceptible minds, they will not be thinking of their clothes, and it seems to me the happy medium is reached. Often parents are unable to spend for dress what their richer neighbors can, but if a print is the best that they can afford for Sunday School wear, it can at least be made of some pretty color and in prevailing styles, unless the style is something ridiculous, like the short dresses Daisy speaks of.

Then how easy if the right course is taken, to learn them to have a care for parents. Commence while they are yet toddling around; give them the little basket to pick up chips for mother—find little tasks to help about each day. Do not become slack in teaching them as they grow older because (as I have heard mothers say) it is more work than to go on and do it yourselves, but be patient and cheerful, and above all don't forget the word of appreciation that they crave and prize so highly, and in your old age I think you can say with a dear, grey-haired old lady whom I have known and loved for years: "I never asked anything of my children that they refused to do." One omission only can I remember this hard-worked, weary mother of a large family ever made of showing her appreciation of the task performed. When her little boy and girl came in to announce to "ma" that the yard was all cleaned, she yielded to the hurry of work, and turning to her eldest daughter said (aside): "You go out and praise them up a little." Childish ears are sharp, however, and I can testify to a little pang of disappointment that shot through one little heart, proving that what mother thinks is best.

I am much interested in the butter-making discussion; I do not know anything about its manufacture on a large scale, but think where farmers make but a little more than is used for home consumption and sell as they make what surplus there is, it is best not to wash it.

If some one can furnish me with a recipe for apple dumplings, steamed or boiled, which will be sure to be light, they will oblige.

ONE WOMAN.

WILLIAMSTON.

MERTIE AT THE STATE FAIR.

During the week just past the State Fair has been a scene of interest to a large number of our people, and its pleasures and discomforts, its beauties and defects, will furnish a subject for conversation for some time to come. Upon entering the grounds the first morning of my attendance, I hastened to inquire if our Household Editor was to be in attendance, and much to my disappointment, received a negative reply. The

first thing to claim attention would be classed with the discomforts, viz., the fine light sand through which one must literally wade in passing from one building to another, while every breeze and rolling wheel sent a cloud of it into the air to fill face and eyes, and at last to settle with satisfaction in every fold and crease of one's clothing. At the outset I noticed some care would be taken in moving about and protecting clothing; but after a time, finding it to be useless, and seeing each neighbor as badly off as themselves, all endeavored to take no further notice of this feature, but devote their time to pleasure. There was a great deal of interest one. I was told at the close of the fair by one of the managers that they considered it a success in all ways, even financially. I was much interested in looking over the cattle; a finer display of the kind I never saw, in all sizes, ranging from almost elephantine proportions to a tiny, bright-eyed calf, whose days I could number upon the fingers of one hand.

The horses were many and very fine to look upon, and some of them had been trained to a great degree of perfection.

The sheep and swine received much attention—but not from me; my interest in sheep waned long ago, when I learned that the worst looking were the most valuable; and I never saw any beauty in a hog.

Among the poultry were some specimens that attracted fully as much attention for their oddity, as did others for size.

For those interested in machinery, there was opportunity for long inspection.

Among the flowers were some pretty arrangements, but the display did not equal that made twelve years ago at the same place.

The fruits were very attractive, and I had a great desire (as I presume did many another) to make more intimate acquaintance with some of the fairest specimens. Some of the vegetables were the largest I ever saw. Whether the flavor of such would be equal to those of medium size is a question in my mind, but as the display was only for the eye, the object was attained.

Bee products in various forms were here in immense quantities, and together with some cases of the little workers themselves, proved of much interest to those engaged in the business, and of much curiosity to others.

In the building devoted to manufactures was the usual variety in unusual quantity.

I will only mention two departments in which I was most interested, and where the greatest injustice was done on account of limited space—the Art Gallery and Fancy Work Department. In the latter things were so piled upon each other as to injure very much the effect of many of the beautiful pieces which were sent there to be displayed. I found that the passion for making crazy quilts had been quite furious in some places the past year. In some I noticed a little method in the madness, which to my mind was

an improvement. If the making of crazy quilts is misdirected energy, as some think, what could be said of the manufacture of rag curtains? Something infinitely worse, I should think. Among the pictures one could spend enjoyably a much larger time than was possible in the crowd which for a great portion of the time was surging past this portion of the building. Some pieces were very showy, and some very valuable. There were some large historical pictures which attracted a great deal of attention from the crowd, but received no premium from the committee. Upon inquiry I learned that it was not lack of merit, but a mistake made in their entry which shut them out.

Doubtless many Household writers were present at this fair, and I for one would like to have them write their impressions, for all do not see the same things, or, seeing the same, see with different eyes. I know it to be the wish of the Editor of our little paper to receive more letters for its columns, and feel sure that it is likewise desired by its readers, a large number of whom I hope will make early contributions upon any subject which may be of interest to them, and so compel the enlargement of the sheet.

PAW PAW.

MERTIE.

THE NEW LAMB KNITTER.

As we are publishing an advertisement of this machine, we took occasion on a recent visit to call at the office of the New Lamb Knitter Company at Jackson, and we unhesitatingly pronounce it a machine that any woman of average ingenuity who may be looking for an opportunity for earning an independent livelihood may well desire to own.

The range of work which the machine will produce is almost incredible. Mr. Lamb assures us that something like one hundred different kinds of fabrics can be made on a single machine, and any of these can be made in any form desired.

We were especially interested in the full shaped ladies' and children's stockings, having a wide hem at the top, and narrowed down the back of the legs, with perfect, round heels, (or with the old fashioned square heels as preferred) and the feet completely narrowed off at the toe. These stockings are wholly finished in the machine except to fasten the yarn at the end of the toe. If the square heel is made, then the bottom of the heel needs to be bound off after it leaves the machine. These stockings are worth on the market, at retail, from fifty to seventy-five cents per pair, and an average operator will be able to make six pairs per day after a week's practice, and an expert operator will make two dozen pairs per day.

Of common socks an ordinary operator can finish a dozen pairs per day after a week's practice, and an expert can finish three dozen pairs per day.

Ordinary mittens are produced just about as rapidly as common socks.

Then we were shown a beautiful fancy rib mitten for ladies, which we are informed can be knit at the rate of two to four dozen pairs per day. Scarfs are produced at the rate of a yard in length in ten minutes. Ladies' and gentlemen's jackets, caps, hoods, underwear of all kinds, balmorel skirts, leggings, wristlets, gloves, collars and innumerable fancy articles, can be made very rapidly, and these articles are in use in every family in our land.

Samples of work done on the machine are in our office, and we shall take pleasure in showing the same to any who may call on us.

Mr. Lamb informs us that the average production of the new machines in the hands of an ordinary operator at home is just about *twice* that of the old machine. The company informs us that persons of good intelligence and mechanical ability will be able to handle the machine successfully, without any personal instructions, the printed directions being sufficient; and yet they much prefer that purchasers should come to their office and spend one or two days in operating the machine; and they are willing to allow a part or all the expense of the trip on the purchase price. It would seem as if some of the women who are looking about for a lucrative employment might, after due investigation, purchase and profitably use one of these knitting machines.

WHAT TO READ.

One of the most interesting books I have read for some time is "Ben-Hur; A Tale of the Christ," by Gen. Lew Wallace, of Indiana. As might be inferred, it is a Jewish romance, Ben-Hur, the hero, being of princely lineage; the time from the birth to the crucifixion of Christ. The story opens with the journeyings of the three wise men, the Magi, representatives of the three great religions of the East, the Hindoo, Egyptian and Greek. Divinely guided, they journey each from his recluse home toward a spring in the desert where they meet, strangers and yet friends, and together pursue their way, led by the Star, to Bethlehem of Judea. The descriptions of life among the Jews are graphic and interesting; we are shown how, chafing under the iron yoke of Roman despotism, they were ever looking for the promised king who was to break their chains and fulfill their idea of kingship by founding a splendid earthly sovereignty. Possessed by this thought, they were naturally unready to receive one who promised no royal court, and who had grown up among them, poor and obscure. We see how tyrannous was the grasp of the Roman eagles, and how the slightest occasion served as excuse to grind down the "dog of a Jew." By an untoward accident, the falling of a tile from the roof of Ben-Hur's house upon the commander of the Roman garrison, which resulted in a collision between the Romans and Jews, Ben-Hur is arrested, condemned to perpetual slavery at the oar in a Roman galley,

his mother and fair young sister Tirzah sent into captivity, his estate confiscated, and the great seal of Rome set upon his palace gates. Of his further adventures, his long search for his mother and sister, the rivalry between the beautiful Iras, daughter of the Nile, and the pure, pale Esther, the Jewish maid, I will not speak, for part of the pleasure of reading lies in the surprises, we do not like to be anticipated. The story is striking, interesting, "it grows" upon us. The battle at sea and the chariot race are described with a vividness that makes them actual; and the book will bear reading more than once. There is an interesting item told in reference to the authorship, to the effect that Gen. Wallace and Robert Ingersoll, friends, and both unbelievers, agreed to each write a book which should treat of Christianity. Ingersoll wrote "The Mistakes of Moses" and remained an infidel, but Wallace, while searching for data for his work, became convinced of the truth of Christian doctrines. Among the good and wise sayings strung like pearls along the pages, I have room for but one extract, which struck me as quaint and beautiful: "Perfect lives are the treasures of God; on great days He wears them on the ring finger of His heart hand."

Pleasant reading of a totally different character is "From Ponkapog to Pesth," by Thomas Bailey Aldrich, a rather imposing title for a series of sketches of travel, the intent of which the author makes plain in his prologue, when he tells us that what is newest in foreign countries is not always the people but their surroundings, and the little details of life and circumstance. By no license of fact can the book be termed a volume of travels; the impression the reader obtains is more as if he were looking at a series of pictures, disconnected, but interesting and delightful. The text is deliciously funny, with that subdued but most charming humor which eludes you when you would examine it, which steals upon you subtly and provokes sudden mirth. Of all dreary books, one that tries to be funny all the way through is the worst. Mr. Aldrich impresses you as not being half as funny as he could be if he liked. He speaks of the Escorial, where "Spanish port-mortem etiquette excludes Mercedes from the underground library of gilded coffins—a library of royal octavos, since none but Spanish kings and queens are shelved there." Commenting on the way in which some of the poorer Neapolitans live, principally on the sidewalks, he says of the Strada Santa Lucia: "Glancing up the sunny street at some particularly fretful moment of the day, you may chance to catch an instantaneous glimpse of the whole neighborhood spanking its child." But humor is too delicate and evanescent a thing to be extracted from a book like plums from a pudding. The book is just the reading for an Indian summer day, with its hazy skies, soft air and gorgeous coloring; book and day are in harmony.

BEATRIX.

CORN HUSK MATTRESSES.

While making my beds this morning, I wondered how many readers of the Household know how nice and clean a corn husk mattress is. I have four in all, and would not do without them for anything. Thinking perhaps some of the ladies would like to make some, I will tell them how I made mine. When the men began to husk corn seven years ago, I asked them to take off the brown husks on the outside of the ear and leave the white ones on. They did so, and drew a load to the barn; then we picked off the white husks and spread them out to dry. When dried we stripped them up quite fine, and they were ready for the bed. I then made my ticks in mattress form, and filled them quite full of the husks, being careful to have them even, and the corners full; then tied them as we do comfortable, with stout cord. I wish some of the ladies who are using straw in their beds would make one or more of these beds, as I am sure they will not be sorry. An iron brace from an old parasol makes a splendid mattress needle. One load of corn with the husks on will not be enough for four beds, of course, but enough to begin with.

FARMER'S WIFE.

NAPOLÉON.

SCRAPS.

Why should we educate our girls? If for no other reason, for this one: Because, aside from hereditary influences, the mother has more to do in shaping the child's character and determining its position in life, than all else combined. The home life leaves an impress never to be effaced. A child's culture cannot be neglected till fifteen or sixteen years have passed, and then be commenced, or lost time be made up. The preceding years have left an indelible mark upon the young life. To the education of women, to their enlightenment and cultivation, the age owes its supremacy.

THE *Christian Union* pays a tribute to that useful member of every family who stands between its members and so many of the little annoyances of life, bearing burdens for them, denying herself for them, always stepping to the front and taking the heat and worry of the day, whom that journal likens to the "wheel horse" who takes the poorest track and the major part of the load. "However willing her sacrifice, it is one, and nothing but the devoted love and gratitude of the households whose fires she has helped to kindle, will reward her for what she has given."

I WATCHED from my window a rather pretty picture the other morning. A little girl, eight or ten years old, had established herself on a bit of green turf in a shady corner between the bay window and front porch of the house, whose brick walls formed a terra cotta background for demure brown bangs and a very domestic pinafore. Her doll lay beside her in a brand new cradle, and the little miss was

industriously hemming what looked to be a sheet. There was a great deal of deliberation about the setting of the stitches, a deep solicitude about the appearance of the "right side," and frequent measurements of progress. There was much trouble in tying knots, and great vexation over frequent unthreadings of the needle, but the little worker patiently sewed on till "Vreeda" joined her with another remarkable infant of the doll kind, and the two evidently resolved themselves into a "sewin' 'ciety," and spent a very pleasant morning. How few little girls, nowadays, I thought, ever are taught to sew! Music,—piano, violin, banjo, guitar, zither—crochet, macrame, lace, all the ologies in all the books, but no science of the needle. A broom has been called a "woman's weapon;" it is a mistake, her proper implement is the swift flying, shining, gold-eyed needle sent on its mission of making and repairing. It is no credit to a girl to say she "can't sew;" it is one thing which for her own comfort and convenience she ought to know how to do. And in these days of sewing machines, when even the doll babies are dressed by machinery, it was really a pleasure to see a little "old-fashioned girl" with awkward fingers but ambitious mind, dressing her own doll.

INFORMATION WANTED.—I wish to ask Mrs. Fuller to give her treatment of rose geraniums, in the house. Ours grow rapidly, but spindling. They grow very thrifty out doors, but our treatment indoors is wrong, but wherein I am unable to tell.

OLD SCHOOL TEACHER.

TECUMSEH.

By an oversight in "making up" the Household last week, Mrs. Edwards was made responsible for all the Household Hints of that issue, instead of the first two, which she kindly furnished. The Editor notes an error in the article on "Washing Machines" by the same lady, in the recipe for soap. Two pounds of sal-soda and one of borax would be heroic proportions to a pound of soap. By reference to a former letter in the Household of July 15th, it will be seen that these proportions are there given for a barrel of soap.

Useful Recipes.

CITRON PRESERVES.—Slice and pare the citrons, take out the seeds, and then take a gallon of pure, cold water in a preserving kettle, and add a tablespoonful of pulverized alum. Put in the sliced fruit and boil till you can pierce it with a straw; take it out and drain well. Then, if it is for table use, cut it up into small squares, weigh it, and allow three-quarters of a pound of sugar to a pound of citron. Slice up a lemon quite thin. Tie up the lemon and a spoonful of pulverized ginger in a bit of thin muslin and put into the sugar. Bring the syrup to a boil, put in the citron, and cook slowly for fifteen minutes, taking care not to break or mash it. Skim it out into glass or stone jars, boil the syrup fifteen minutes longer and pour it over the fruit. This preserve will keep a long time if

the air is excluded, and has the perfect flavor of West India sweetmeats.

CITRON FOR CAKE OR PIES.—After taking the citron from the alum water, as mentioned above, take half a pound of brown sugar and melt it. Put in the slices or end pieces and boil till very soft; skim them out and spread them upon earthen platters. Boil down the syrup as thick as molasses and pour it over the fruit. Set it in a moderately warm oven and let it dry. Pack it in a tight jar and you will have the very nicest fruit for cake or pies that you ever used. It will keep any length of time and is a very convenient thing to have on hand.

SPICED TOMATOES.—Peel and slice seven pounds of ripe tomatoes; put them into a porcelain-lined preserving kettle, with half their weight in sugar, a pint of vinegar and a tablespoonful each of whole cloves, allspice, pepper-corns and salt; set them over the fire and boil slowly for two hours, stirring them often enough to prevent burning; then cool them in the kettle, and put them up in airtight jars of glass or earthenware; keep them in a cool, dark place.

PICKLED MUSKMELON.—Peel and slice two large melons and weigh them; scald enough vinegar to cover them, pour it over them and let it stand over night; then pour off the vinegar, scald it and again pour it over the melon. Repeat the operation on the third day. On the fourth day allow half the weight of the melon in granulated sugar, boil it with enough fresh vinegar to cover the melon, add a cupful of mixed whole spices, and cover the melon with the vinegar and spices. Keep the pickled melon in glass or earthen jars, well closed.

IF YOU WANT Profitable Employment

SEND AT ONCE TO

THE NEW LAMB KNITTER CO.,

For Full Information.

An ordinary operator can earn from one to three dollars per day in any community in the Northern States on our New Lamb Knitter.

100 Varieties of Fabric on Same Machine.

You can wholly finish twelve pairs ladies' full-shaped stockings or twenty pairs socks or mittens in a day! Skilled operators can double this production. Capacity and range of work double that of the old Lamb knitting machine. Address

The New Lamb Knitter Co.,
117 and 119 Main St., west, JACKSON, MICH.

BALL'S



CORSETS

The ONLY CORSET made that can be returned by its purchaser after three weeks wear, if not found PERFECTLY SATISFACTORY in every respect, and its price refunded by seller. Made in a variety of styles and prices. Sold by first-class dealers everywhere. Beware of worthless imitations. None genuine unless it has Ball's name on the box.
CHICAGO CORSET CO., Chicago, Ill.