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THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

LINES ACCOMPANYING A FLORAL GIFT.

Dear friend, we send you this bouquet,
An offering for your birthday.
In token of goodwill of ours,
So please accept these fragrant flowers,
"Good wishes" in Sweet Basil see,
In Rosemary "remember me."
Columbine mingles "hope and fear"
And Balm brings "sympathy" to cheer.
The message Star of Bethlehem bears
Is "heavenward look," above life's cares;
While Sweet Alyssum teaches here
"Merit before beauty" will appear.
The Jessamine in this we place
As typical of "gentle grace."
The Sage will tell you naught would hurt you
So much as lack of domestic virtue.
When fragrant Mignonette you see
Of "moral worth" reminded be,
But, Oh! beware Carnations all,
"A haughty spirit before a fall."
The Chamomile we'll not exclude
Because it teaches "fortitude;"
The Pansy asks, whate'er thy lot,
In weal or woe, "forget me not."
Trust not to Larkspur in distress,
An emblem that of "fickleness;"
But rather yield thy hope and love
To Violet, "faithfulness" 'twill prove.
The Dahlia is a brilliant sign
Of pure affection, "ever thine."
The Daisy whispers, "patient be,"
While Clover tells of "industry."
An emblem of sweet peace we find
Is with the Olive branch entwined.
The Wallflower says: "A friend in need
Will always prove a friend indeed."
Full many a fairer flower to-day
We place within this bright bouquet;
Fuchsias, Verbenas, sweet and rare,
Phlox and Lantana claim their share,
Geraniums and Ivies, &c.,
Whisper of love and hope for you.
Accept the message of these flowers
Culled from the fragrant garden bowers;
And may the brightness they display
Add something to your bright birthday.
Then if you count the blossoms o'er
You'll find they number twenty-four;
Making but one for every year
You've spent upon this mundane sphere.
May God's good angels hover o'er you
And brighten all the years before you;
May each recurring natal day
Find you in health and peace alway.

ROMEO.

EL. SEE.

MEN AND WOMEN.

I got an opinion at first hand the other day—a plain, straightforward statement of a business man's views on an oft-discussed question—viz., the value of the average woman's services to her employer. Two business men, one a fire and marine insurance underwriter, the other a retired lake captain, sat behind me in the car not long since. They were discussing various

topics fully, freely and loudly. The underwriter chanced to mention that he left his business, during his absences, in charge of the young woman employed in his office; and presently his inquisitive friend inquired: "What do you pay the girl in your office?" "Sixty dollars," he replied, "but she's worth it. She learned the business with —," mentioning a well-known firm of underwriters, "and understands it thoroughly. And I'm only away on short trips and there's not much likely to come up she can't manage till I get back." To a further remark he said: "Well, I don't think much of female help, as a rule. They don't take an interest in the business, don't you know; all the time thinking of dress and getting married and how soon they can get off duty. —'s got the boss girl in his office, though. Pays her a hundred a month and twenty per cent on all the business she brings in. She knows the ropes as well as he does. But she's one in a thousand. Gen'lly they're no good; too frivolous."

I've heard that song before, I said to myself, but it is true—too true—of most of those who seek employment and fail to serve their employers' interests. And the few who do "take an interest" suffer in reputation and salary through the indifference and incompetence of the many and must fight the unfavorable sentiment thus created. I find men are willing enough to acknowledge the value of the woman who devotes her time, thought and energy to their interests, rendering as faithful and efficient service as their male employees. And most of them will tolerate laxness, inattention and inefficiency in women that would not be allowed in men for a moment, but revenge themselves by saying contemptuously, "What more can you expect of a woman, anyway?" But it is a great pity that the capable women who "mean business" are so handicapped by the incompetence of those who want more spending-money while they are waiting for the "not impossible he," meaning to keep in plain sight so the coming man may not overlook them.

Miss Julie Ball, in her paper read before the Webster Farmers' Club and published in the HOUSEHOLD of Sept. 5th, tells the plain truth about this question of women's labor. It is women

themselves, not men or wages, that are in fault. A woman can make herself as much of a necessity to her employer as can a man, if she will be as faithful and as earnest; she can be even more valuable, because she is not addicted to those vices which often militate against a man's worth.

M. E. H. seems to think it would be better for girls not to work in offices where their only associates are men, and says she knows some "who would have been better off if kept in the privacy of home." No doubt. There are girls who would have to be shut in a convent to keep straight. But I believe it is not the office work or association in business with men, but the want of moral principle and stability of character in the individual, and that this lack tends to downfall in society, at home, in the ordinary environments of ordinary life quite as much as in business life—yes, more so; in offices there is genuine work to be done. I cannot agree with M. E. H. in thinking the "office atmosphere" more unhealthy—either morally or physically—than the school-room, the sewing-room or the milliner's shop. I am assuming, of course, that the employer is an ordinary male biped with no more faults or virtues than the average. An immoral man should be avoided by all women, in all circles, business or social; yet how often women receive such an one in their parlors and accept his attentions while condemning the girl whose necessities compel her to seek employment of him?

I remember, when young women were first given employment in stores, hearing a few middle-aged women say they would not like to have their husbands employ pretty girls in their stores or offices. And I also remember looking at some of those middle-aged husbands and wondering how in heaven's name any woman could be jealous of them. Jealous, of such prosaic, stuffy, poky, homely, old men! Bah! would a pretty girl look twice at such antiquities? Why there was neither youth, good-looks or brains to attract, not the slightest inducement to sentiment. True, Queen Titania loved Bottom, but that was magic and two centuries ago. An adventuress dupes an old man occasionally and he pays the price for his folly; and sometimes a silly girl and an unprincipled man create a social sensation,

but these things happen out of offices far more frequently than in them; and the girl who is pure in heart is often like Una among her lions, subduing them by her own purity and womanly dignity.

Life is hard for a great many of these girls, let us not make it harder by suspecting evil of them. Many of them—indeed nearly all—would prefer an easier life at home; a great number help maintain homes and educate brothers and sisters; others are ambitious and having heard the “advancement of women” so vigorously preached, step out in the only path they know. We must not condemn or blame where we cannot understand the circumstances or the motives that impel. There are hundreds of girls employed in offices who are treated as respectfully as if they were their employers’ daughters; and where they are not treated with respect it is generally because they have not compelled it by their personal dignity.

In “the good old days,” men expected to maintain their female relatives; it was *noblesse oblige*; their own standing and the honor of the family demanded it. The “equal rights movement” is responsible for the change by which a great many fathers and brothers expect their daughters and sisters to support themselves in whole or part, perhaps aid in maintaining a home. (I know a rich man in this city, one who keeps horses and carriages and a retinue of servants, yet takes \$3.50 a week for his sister’s board; she is bookkeeper in a down-town office.) Perhaps the time is coming when “equal rights” will entitle every woman to earn her own living, and, as in Egypt in Pharaoh’s time, she may be expected to be breadwinner and support her husband, too. Isn’t that the drift of the tide, even now?

And, musing on “the woman question,” that curious conveyance called “a train of thought,” brings to mind the remarks of an acquaintance about a young lady who has set herself earnestly at work at stenography and is earning a good living. Said this woman, who has no duties which take her beyond her home: “No girl who is ‘all right’ would willingly engage in a business which must take her so much among men, or establish an office in such a public place as she has chosen.” This is a hard judgment. It implies doubt of a girl’s virtue and honor because she dares do what “advanced women” are telling her is the right thing to do—find a new field for her work, or fill some want not satisfied. It illustrates yet again that old and cruel truth that a woman’s harshest judge is her sister woman, for I have yet to hear men speak of that girl other than respectfully. The wife or daughter safely sheltered in her husband’s or father’s house knows little of the struggles of the less favored, nor should she judge them as if they were

what she calls “unwomanly” by choice rather than by necessity. The little stenographer instance is earning large wages, and half the reason of her success is that she is mistress of her business and the other half that she located herself just where there was a demand for exactly the work she proposed to do. She conducts herself with perfect propriety, and seems to regard that very dangerous animal man simply as a creature who wants her work and is ready to pay for it. But certain of her old time acquaintances do not know her now, because, as I have said, she cannot be “all right”—that is, womanly, and virtuous—and place herself where she must be in contact with men. And it seems to me that women who think so meanly of men as to imply contact with them can so demoralize a well brought up girl ought to be reluctant to marry these awful creatures, and should entertain suspicious relative to their fathers and brothers as well as of the other woman. The woman who took exceptions to the business of this girl is a zealous “female suffragist,” and at the first election at which women were allowed to vote on local issues she “worked” at the polls all day among these horrid men, encountering and appealing familiarly to those of a far lower type than any whom “that girl” would meet in the pursuit of her business. The critic’s zeal for prohibition has led her among saloons and slums in “praying bands,” in obedience to what she considers duty, but her Christian charity cannot embrace the unprotected girl whose business relations with respectable men earn her her bread! What inconsistency!!

It is true that the woman in business must see, hear and know much that never comes under the cognizance of the society or domestic woman. But as a compensation, she gets broader views, wider intelligence, more ample knowledge of the world. I would choose for a friend the business woman who works among “those horrid men” sooner than the domestic woman whose soul never gets beyond the personal concerns of her house, or the society woman whose mind is stored with the niceties of social etiquette and precedence, because the former would be more interesting and entertaining than they. It is undeniably true that a woman in business, though she need not lose one atom of her womanliness, her refinement or modesty, and in reputation may be like Caesar’s wife, is a different sort of woman from either the society or domestic type, and is not to be judged by the same social rules. She can go, unattended, on her business, where it would not be “proper” for the society woman to go, and ought not to be thought unwomanly in so doing. What is thought of her and how she is treated depends entirely upon her conduct.

BEATRIX.

SCREECHINGS FROM EAGLE.

Once I thought I would whittle down a piece of dried ink to inform the readers how the equator had swooped down upon us, say about six feet above us. One would think they were residing pro tem in Wiltshire, Eng., sure. It was indeed horridly torrid or torridly horrid. But at last, just as we began cutting clover for seed, we were favored with copious rains which revived everybody. We have gotten a new lease of life, a new supply of ink, and I make haste to respond to Beatrix’s call.

As I look out of my window, I think the country never so beautiful as it is at this season of the year. Many call it sad and argue that too much solemnity is connected with the “falling of the leaf.” The trees are fast donning their autumnal garb, while the earth is profusely “blossomed out” in yellow, blue and white, dear old golden-rod, as usual, predominating. How I truly sympathize with those who cannot visit the country now, and I am equally sorry for those whose eyesight is averse to Dame Nature! How invigorating is a stroll on these lovely days! One needs only to be observant to be captivated by the surrounding scenes. You retain the impression when again busy in the routine of household duties. No wonder some speak of work as drudgery and slavery, when they never intermingle the beauties of life with its labors. On a visit to Oakland County I was greatly impressed by the picturesque scenery; the hills and lakes were a beautiful novelty to me. I was permitted an excellent view of the country, coming home overland with a horse and carriage. What a grand State is ours! I feel nearly as enthusiastic when repeating “Michigan, my Michigan” as when singing “America.”

“Give commendation to whom it is due.” Who says it is not deserved by our Editress. Despite the uncomfortably dry weather nothing similar has been given us in the HOUSEHOLD, each number being as fresh and new as ever. I am anxiously looking for a solution to Priscilla’s perplexity; many others are likewise perplexed, and a response would be of great interest. Then there is Theopolus, how glad I am he went to the circus. It may direct his mind from the “plaguey housecleaning mania.” Wonder if he has any attacks of it yet?

And is ———. There! Didn’t I hear that wastebasket y-a-w-n?

EAGLE.

ADA.

WHAT has become of Daffodilly and her pledge to “write early and often?” Surely that was not a “pie-crust promise”—made only to be broken! And there are many others whose “copy” the Editor would love to see again, for the more we have of letters, the better and brighter is our little paper. If you know anything good or new or helpful, don’t be selfish but share it with others. We hope to hear from Almena, our latest caller, again.

DETERMINED TO WRITE.

Beatrice's invitation to come early and avoid the rush decided me to drop the dishcloth, push the jelly back on the stove, kick the apples to dry under the table, throw my apron over the peaches that stand ready for pickling, and prepare to write. (My better half puffs the smoke from his mouth and says, "Hum, you may write but who'll read, I'd like to know?") Nevertheless I want to tell the young housekeepers, and old housekeepers the same, not to stay in the house this lovely autumn weather. Go somewhere, go to every picnic, go to the fairs, to the Farmers' Club, out for a walk; go both to mill and to market. No matter if you don't know the senior partner of the firm is going until Old Dobbin is at the gate all harnessed ready to start, and he comes in after his best hat; just push back the bread that is all ready to mix; never mind if the cream is ready to churn, go just the same. If your head does ache when you get back and you have to hurry with your work to catch up, the ride will brush the cobwebs off your brain and keep you from thinking your lot is worse than any one's else. Dear me! how that calf does bawl! Strange it can't wait peaceably a few minutes for its breakfast.

Yes, I am a farmer's wife, have been for many a long year. Grand Rapids has been our market ever since the mud was unfathomable on Canal Street and the Indians drank fire water on pay days. I love every inch of the dear old farm, with all its hard labor (provided the labor isn't too hard). The seasons come and go year after year, leaving with us their experiences. Sometimes in mid-winter when the snow covers everything two or three feet deep and we five miles from church or postoffice, I almost envy the city people their chances to hear Will Carleton, Talmage, and other noted men. I think with a sigh of the thousand good entertainments that must be missed. But then I curl down to read the papers, satisfied if I only keep posted. You know we must keep posted, and stand up for our rights, although about every homestead there are some things which fall to a man's share more conveniently and more becomingly than to a woman's. Yet we must stand up for our rights, though the heavens should fall.

Oh dear, here comes my good man and dinner isn't ready; the floor isn't swept, my hair stands every way but the right way; that's what comes of trying to be "literary."

Christmas is coming and what will I send to my daughter away over the Rocky Mountains, to my boy in Europe, and to my dear little grandson that is just as far away? Then think of the many, many others close at home I would like to help! Do, good ladies,

come to the rescue; send in your patterns and directions for useful things and help your grateful and faithful

GRAND RAPIDS.

AUNT POLLY.

GRAPES AS FOOD.

Here we have in a small compass, all prepared too, a food for the hearty and strong, as well as the invalid. Scientists declare that grapes give strength, endurance and vivacity to the well, and restore the sick and debilitated. In Germany there are grape cures where the patients eat from two to ten pounds each, daily. But the time for eating them ought to be prolonged through the winter months, and a cheap, sure way discovered to preserve them in their fresh state. White grapes are delicious, but still too much of a luxury for common purses. Years ago they were fifty cents a pound in winter, and are now sold for fifteen or twenty. But that is too high. They ought to be plenty and five cents a pound. It would pay to grow them in green-houses in the colder States in large quantities. There is an old lady ninety-four years old, able to do considerable housework and enjoy life, who declares it is eating grapes that has kept her in health to that great age. Twice she has broken her arm since she was eighty years old, and it has healed and been serviceable each time, showing how physically strong she was. They say the grape pickers through the working season always gain in flesh and strength while at work in the vineyards. It would be a good thing to have grapes sell for two cents a pound. Make them as cheap as beer, so that the poorest could supply his table. The temperance people, instead of talk, talk, talk, would do a vast amount of good by encouraging the raising of grapes, or starting vineyards themselves.

DETROIT.

SISTER GRACIOUS.

TWO SHORT MONTHS.

I have been to a wedding, a funeral, stood by the death-bed of a beloved friend, and have seen one person killed since my short letter in July. So many great changes in two short months—great changes because they are for time and eternity. It is well we "know not what a day may bring forth," if we did our present happiness would be greatly marred, for we are never quite ready to say "goodby" to our friends for the last time. But I have often thought that if in regard to our own faults and wrong-doing we could live as though the present hour was the last, even if we could not look through a glass and view our lives as others see them, there would be less vanity, fewer wrongs unrighted, and more earnest work through pure love (that main-spring of all good action) and self denial.

To change the subject rather suddenly, husband and I attended the Ex-

position. While there was more unoccupied space than two years ago I will not echo a chronic grumbler's remark and say it was "not worth going to;" for there were many things to see which were instructive as well as beautiful, and we enjoyed it. Stayed to the evening entertainment, the Siege of Sebastopol. There seemed to be but one drawback to the full enjoyment of that, and that was a large number of men who indulged in their "sweet-scented Havanas," and seemed utterly unconscious that it was not as enjoyable to the ladies by their side. They were not gentlemen if they did wear "silk tiles," for no gentleman will smoke in ladies' presence and obliged them to breathe second-hand smoke. If every mother would do her best to instill this one rule of decorum into the pliable minds of her boys; if every girl would make her gentleman escort understand that she would not tolerate smoking in her presence for a moment, and a wife (although that is pretty late) by little looks and acts of displeasure make her lord realize that even if he did indulge she did not think it necessary to do so to be a man, there would be much less smoking anywhere, and certainly less in ladies' presence. Woman has more in her power in this line than many suppose. Let us treat them to more elevating thoughts, finer sentiments, more sublime truths as exist in nature, and—fewer cigars. MAN DEE.

COMMERCE.

SOME GOOD BOOKS.

Priscilla asks about some new novels that are worth reading, and may I name a half dozen that have interested me in the last year?

She undoubtedly knows of the charitable (charitable with a Revised Version significance) movement started in London and beginning now to take root in New York City, whose central idea is that of Walter Besant's "All Sorts and Conditions of Men." His "Children of Gibeon" treats the same subject in a different way. They are both most readable books, and if not very new, never mind.

If she is interested in Puritan times she may enjoy "Dr. Le Baron and His Daughters," by Jane Goodwin Austin. It would please me to have some of the HOUSEHOLD housewives attempt to make the wonderful combination of butter and flour that Mistress Lucy Ham-matt toasted over the coals. If I were the "missus" of a little darkey boy I would try it myself.

Another book that I have recently enjoyed is Tourgee's "Murvale Eastman." It is a pleasant story, but that is not worth so much as the "preach" that is in it. The concentration of capital, the right of capital to control its employes body and soul, and the slavish deference paid to wealth by Christian

men, are subjects for the writer's sharp pen, and even if somebody calls the plans for improvement impractical, they are full of suggestions. I read the other day that it "takes a thinker to make another thinker think."

If Priscilla likes short stories I hope she will read Mary E. Wilkins' two volumes, "A Humble Romance," and "A New England Nun and Other Stories."

If you have the opportunity do not fail to read "Dreams," by Olive Schreiner. Perhaps you will not like them, but it is said that since George Eliot's time no woman has written anything to equal this little volume. ALMENA.

JACKSON.

INFORMATION WANTED.

As I have quite lately become interested in houseplants I would like to ask the HOUSEHOLD readers a few questions about them?

Is there anything that will kill the small white worm in the earth? I have put carbolic acid in the water with which I water them, but it does not seem to do much good. Perhaps I do not use enough; what are the proportions that should be used?

I would like to know also, if plants are considered unhealthful in a sleeping room. We have a nice large apartment with east and south windows which I would like to use for a few plants this winter.

What soil does Snow on the Mountain need? I have a small plant and was told to put it in clear sand, but it did not grow at all, so I mixed in a little richer soil and it is doing a little better. I have a Storm King fuchsia, slipped this spring, now about six inches tall, with nine blossoms, besides lots of buds; it is a beauty.

OXFORD.

AUNT PHILENA.

GLADIOLUS BULBULETS.

A correspondent asks if the small bulblets attached to gladiolus bulbs when lifted are good for anything. Yes. Save them as you do the large bulbs, plant them out the following spring in rich soil; keep them free from weeds, and they will make good growth during the summer. In the fall take them up again, and the following season many of them will blossom. They are worth saving because they will be like the parent plant. The bulblets must be kept in a dry place, neither too warm nor too cool; they are injured in either extreme.

ANTI-GOSSIP.

I have felt for some time that I would like to send a few words to the HOUSEHOLD; and after reading so many good things from the pens of more able minds than my own, I came to the conclusion that what I could say would be of little account. But when I read the article on "Gossip," Aug. 29th, I could

keep silent no longer. I must send a word of cheer to the one who expressed my views far better than I could have done myself. I hope every person who is inclined to indulge in such a miserable habit, may read and reread the article until they have it by heart; and then and there make a solemn vow never again to give occasion to be called a member of the gossiping society. H. A.

WATROUSVILLE.

QUESTIONS ANSWERED.

Joyce propounds two questions. What is a good substitute for feathers; and what are some good ways of doing up grapes. For pillows, curled hair is perhaps the best, especially the white hair, which is however almost or quite as expensive as feathers. Excelsior is sometimes used for the purpose. For the hammock pillows and those piled on lounges many substitutes are in use, such as chopped hay and straw, pine needles, torn paper, even rose leaves—though of these it must require that quantity generally spoken of as "an awful lot." The torn paper is prepared by cutting writing paper, such as old letters, leaves from ledgers, etc., into fine strips and curling them round a blunt knife. Some kinds of love-letters ought to make real nice soft pillows.

Grapes are here now in immense quantities, and it is time to be preparing them. Of grape jelly one can use an almost unlimited quantity, as it is nice with meats, for puddings, tarts, sauces and in cake. The children will relish it for their school lunches, also. And it is very easily made, after the usual way of jelly-making, though it sets better and is free from those objectionable little crystals of grape sugar when made of grapes not fully ripe. Boil the juice half an hour before adding the sugar, which should be equal measure, then boil eight minutes.

In preparing grapes for any use but jelly and grape juice, it is necessary to slip off the skins, and cook the pulp with the seeds separately. Many of the seeds can be skimmed out as they rise to the top in the process of cooking, but for the best results the pulp should be put through a coarse colander. Cook the skins half an hour, put with the pulp and add sugar, after weighing, at the rate of half a pound to a pound of grapes. Boil an hour and seal. Thirteen pounds of grapes and six and a half pounds of sugar will fill six quart cans. Spiced grapes are nice, and are prepared as above, only adding three-quarters of a pound of sugar to the pound of grapes. To each quart add a tablespoonful of fresh ground cinnamon and half a teaspoonful of cloves and boil till a little, when cool, seems rather thick. Grape jam is made in the same way, using a pound of sugar to one of fruit and omitting the spice. Canned grapes make nice pies in winter.

Where grapes are plenty, one may

prepare a very pleasant beverage by boiling the fruit, straining the juice, adding sugar to the taste—not too sweet, perhaps a teacupful to a quart—and after it has boiled up and been skimmed, canning or bottling it. If bottled, the corks must be covered with sealing or other wax. This is a palatable, invigorating, healthful drink, giving us all the well-known healthful properties of the grape.

We would be glad to have our correspondents tell us of other and better ways of putting up grapes.

MR. and Mrs. Thos. Langley, of Birmingham, started on the 14th inst. for a two months' trip to California and other points of interest on the Pacific slope, with especial intent to see the wonders of the Yosemite region. "We loaned the cat, gave away the pony, shut up the house, and shall not have a care about matters at home while we are gone," said A. L. L., in her hasty farewell call bright and early Monday morning. All her HOUSEHOLD friends will wish her a safe and pleasant trip, and that she will tell the stay-at-homes all about it on her return.

If you have an evaporator, pare and slice thinly a good pumpkin, and dry it. Keep the pieces in a paper bag. When wanted for use, soak over night in a bowl of warm water. In the morning turn all into a bowl, add a little more water, and stew slowly. Pass through a colander, before mixing for pies. But after all the most genuinely "pumpkin" pies in winter are those made of the old-fashioned dried pumpkin—stewed down till it is thick, with a cup of molasses added the last half hour of boiling, then dried on plates in the oven or evaporator. Soak over night in sweet milk when wanted for use.

Useful Recipes.

TOMATO CHUTNEY.—One peck green tomatoes; six large green peppers; six onions; one cup of salt. Chop onions and peppers fine, slice the tomatoes about a quarter of an inch thick and sprinkle the salt over all. Let stand over night, drain, and put into a porcelain kettle. Mix two pounds of brown sugar; quarter pound of mustard seed; one ounce each of ground cloves, cinnamon, ginger, and black pepper; half an ounce of allspice; quarter ounce each of cayenne pepper and ground mustard. Stir into the tomatoes; cover with cider vinegar and boil two hours. This is very nice but very hot. To make it less so, omit the cayenne and mustard.

CRABAPPLE JELLY AND MARMALADE.—To eight quarts of crabs, well washed, add three quarts of water, renewing as it boils out so that when done you have as much as at first. Strain, but do not squeeze. Allow equal measures of sugar and juice; boil 20 minutes and skim. There's your crabapple jelly. Put the cooked crabs through a sieve to take out the skins and cores; allow an equal quantity of sugar, cook fifteen minutes and season with cinnamon, and there's your marmalade.