

MICHIGAN FARMER and STATE JOURNAL of AGRICULTURE.

DETROIT, OCT. 17, 1891.

THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

WITH CLEARER VISION.

I saw to-night the man I loved
Three little years ago;
I did not think so short a time
Could change a mortal so!

There were none like him in those days—
So strong, so true, so wise;
He had a lofty marble brow,
And tender, soulful eyes.

A voice of music; hair by which
The raven's wing would seem
But pale indeed; a face and form
To haunt a sculptor's dream.

But when I looked at him to-night
I saw no single trace
Of the old glory; only just
A very common face.

No marble brow, no soul-lit orbs;
The face was round and sleek,
That once to my love-haunted eyes
Was so intensely Greek.

I know full well he has not changed
So very much. Ah, me!
But I was blind in those dear days.
And now, alas! I see.

'Tis very dreadful to be blind,
Of course, and yet to-night
I should be happier far if I
Had not received my sight.

One little thought will bother me—
I only wish I knew
Whether he still is blind, or if
His eyes are open, too.

—Carlotta Perry.

Foolish misses
Give their kisses
In a free and easy way;
And they wonder,
Think and ponder,
As to why they single stay.
But wise misses
Keep their kisses
Till they have upon their hand
His sweet, pleasant
Diamond present
In a solid golden band.

THE END AND THE MEANS.

"Grandpa" appears to believe the maxim "The end justifies the means" is a very good rule for our moral guidance, an opinion from which many, myself among the number, will strongly dissent. This saying has been quoted in excuse of wrong, injustice and oppression for centuries. It has been the refuge of the unscrupulous, the apology of the unprincipled. It is the shibboleth of the conspirator the world over; and a most dangerous moral sophistry. The inexorable "Thou shalt" and "Thou shalt not" are carved into the very nature of things; the laws for a wise and good

life are built upon a foundation deeper than casuistry or sophistical reasoning, and those laws alter not. No end can justify wrong doing—falsehood, theft, treachery, injustice, misrepresentation, cannot be the accomplices of a worthy end; nor can such means be used without harm to our moral selves and damage to our cause. A man steals a loaf of bread for his starving family, the act is not justifiable but is excusable. It is a legal axiom that a man's persuasion that a thing is duty will not excuse him from guilt if it is against the law. Another man gambles or sells liquor and supports his family by his earnings. It is his duty to maintain them, but the means savor of the wages of sin.

When we consider the means we purpose using to accomplish the end we have in view, we are invariably and inevitably prejudiced by our desires and preferences. Sin appears much more terrible to those who look at it than to those who do it. Our wishes blind us. What we want to do becomes to us by and by the proper and the right thing to do, because we consider it so entirely from our individual standpoint. The end presently appears so laudable, so desirable, so necessary, that we think all considerations of right or justice, all established laws should be waived to attain it. The miller built the church with stolen grain. The church building was as solid and substantial as if honest money put it up, but what about the miller's moral responsibility? Was or was not the offering acceptable in the sight of a God who expressly declares "Thou shalt not steal?" Was it not making Him the recipient of stolen goods? And if lightning should strike and the flames consume the building, wouldn't we somehow recognize the "fitness of things" and superstitiously regard the stroke as Heaven-directed?

An intemperate man pawns his baby's shoes and spends the money for liquor which intoxicates him and in that condition he meets with an accident that causes his death. The money he passed over the counter will buy as nourishing food and as much of it as the brightest coin fresh from the mint. There is no sentiment about money; a dollar is a hundred cents the world over. Yet, after all, isn't there a dif-

ference? A difference we feel, but hardly find words to express. There is, after all, such a thing as *clean* money.

Instead of letting the maxim pass into a moving impulse of our lives, it should be rather kept in reserve to be acted upon after careful deliberation and earnest thought have convinced us that the means are not such as will injure us or others morally, financially or physically; or can be made a reproach to us when our end is attained. Men not infrequently use unworthy, even despicable means to secure their elevation, to gain power they mean to use wisely, a place where they may do good. But they are despised for stooping to such means, and suspicion attaches to all their deeds ever after; they are never esteemed and respected as are those who gain by honorable means and are not "shady" in reputation. Oh no!

"The end justifies the means," like many another ancient saw, must be taken *cum grano salis*, and rarely put in practice. It stands the test of truth and conscience rather as an exception, an occasional occurrence, than as a rule for action. The means must be justifiable; then, and then only, may they be safely and honorably employed.

BEATRIX.

NO POCKET.

I usually submit to the decrees of fashion, if not with grace at least with proper resignation, but when the fickle goddess robs us of the one skirt pocket, to which we were clinging like a drowning man to a straw, I rebel. A man can and does have from twelve to sixteen pockets in every suit, but all the receptacle that is left to a woman is her watch pocket and that is often so inconveniently placed that she does not consult her watch, even though she is anxious to know of the flight of time. I know some ladies who do not keep their watches wound because it is so much trouble to get at them for use that they are worn solely for ornament.

With the present fashions a woman needs to be like one of the heathen gods of which we have all seen pictures, with four arms and hands on each side. When she walks to church these fair mornings she must carry her long, trailing skirt with one hand and her large silk umbrella spread with the

other, then where, pray you, are the hands to carry her fan, Bible and quarterly for Sunday school, the case for her glasses, handkerchief, and the ever-needed purse for the church and Sunday School collections? I have vainly sought to solve the problem. The handkerchief can be tucked under the basque, making an unsightly little bulge on one side, and with great risk of losing the same, and the money can go inside the glove of the left hand, so that the cordial handshaker may not discover your poor subterfuge, but woe to you if the minister calls for an extra collection for the heathen. I sometimes wonder if they suffer more without clothes than we do without pockets, but after all, no pocket at all is about as well as those so far in the rear of the skirt that one was always in danger of crushing the contents, and was obliged to go through very ungraceful and sometimes unsuccessful contortions when sitting in church and seeing the collection box coming nearer, while her most frantic efforts failed to make connection with the right plait that would lead to the mysteriously hidden pocket. The ever present "bag" goes with us on week days, but would not be permissible on Sundays, and it really seems to me that we were never before such slaves to fashion. A man with the lack of knowledge of feminine attire for which they are noted, said the other day: "Well, if I wanted a pocket I'd have one if other ladies didn't." Poor man, he didn't know, as we do, that there is no place for one; and the case is hopeless until some plait or gather, or tuck, or frill is allowed, unless the highly ornamented patch-pocket of twelve or fifteen years ago should swoop down upon us; but anything that will "hold things" will be welcomed by

EL. SEE.
ROMEO.

WHAT I HEARD AT THE FAIR.

Well, well! How de do! Your folks here? Yes, but I aint seen 'em since noon; nice day, big crowd—It's perfectly lovely—I don't believe she made that herself—Yes, it is pretty, but I'm making one that's a great deal nicer I think—if there isn't Mary Dean! Where did you come, where are you going now?—Oh, I want to see the races. Isn't it just shocking how these country fairs are turning into horse races, everybody's talking about it. I know it, but everybody goes; hurry or we won't get a good seat on the grandstand—Who were the judges any way? I never saw anything like it, her tidy wasn't half as nice as mine. I heard two or three say so, and she got the first premium, it's the last time I'll ever take anything—A perfect daub don't you think? What a queer calf in the foreground—Oh that's a dog, so it is. Those judges know nothing whatever about art, they wanted me to be judge, but I guess not. I've enemies enough, and

you can't please everyone—Dear me, I'm so tired, I'll be glad to get home; where did Willie go I wonder—Did you see the balloon go up? No, it was getting solate we couldn't wait any longer, pa had all the chores to do, and—Same old thing she had here last year; if I couldn't take something new, I wouldn't take anything—How are you, John, and there's Jane too; the fair always brings you out, or is it the races? No indeed, we think that's all wrong—So do I. Bring anything this year? No, we never do, it's too much trouble. Coming to-morrow? I guess so, the children want to come—I didn't expect to get any premiums, just brought it to help fill up, but I was a good deal more entitled to it than she was, if I do say it myself, you could see the stitches in hers a mile away, not that I care, of course, but—Seen anything of Johnny? we want to go home now—What beautiful flowers, are these plants yours? Mrs. Smith, this one is lovely. Yes I'll tell you how I got it, raised it from a little bit of a slip that Mrs. Bean, she that was Sadie Hunter, gave me, and—My! how that baby cries—Oh say! gran'ma got the first premium on her quilt, how pleased she'll be!—Right this way for down town, going right down—Did you see the bride—Pop corn! Pop corn! Right here's where you get—There goes Mat Jones and her new fellow; such airs! I don't see anything extraordinary about him, do you? Hush, somebody—Oh we've been having the jolliest time! Rode on the merry-go-round, ate peaches, melons, peanuts, taffy and popcorn till I'm just sick, didn't know a county fair was so much fun. When I get back to the city—Do see that fellow and his girl! ain't they killing?—Very poor show of stock, I think. Down in Ohio where I come from—Right this way for down town! last hack before dinner—Good by.

AUNT YORKE.

TRAVELING DOCTORS AND HOME DOCTORS.

As I was working in the barn one day, a man drove into the yard at a brisk pace, and inquired if I was the "man of the house." I started to say "Yes, when my wife will let me be," but as she was out in the dooryard, and might hear what I said, I remarked I was the "man of the barn." He looked at me inquiringly and I didn't just know whether he was estimating my height, or was admiring my clothes. I thought it might be my hat that took his eye; it was a good twenty-cent straw when I bought it in the early spring-time, but constant wear in sun and dust, with an occasional encounter with a thunderstorm and several battles with bumble-bees, in which the hat was flying artillery, together with its regular daily thumping at milking time from old Brin's tail, had made it look sad and friendless; its

rim drooped, its crown was giving out and I couldn't blame the stranger for questioning in his mind whether I was a "fixture" of the farm or not. Well, he introduced himself by saying he was a doctor, located for a short time in our neighboring village, but was formerly from Buffalo (and I wondered if he wasn't a relative of Buffalo Bill's, maybe a cousin, or perhaps Bill's wife's cousin, at least); that he was curing all the folks the other doctors had left, especially chronic cases; that he was out now looking for chronics; then he asked if my family had any ailments. I told him I guessed we had about our share of poor health; at least we managed to do our share of the grunting. I asked him if he could cure bad hearing; he said he could. I told him my wife's hearing was poor at times; at least quite often when I yelled to have her come and help me or bring something from the house I'd forgotten, she didn't seem to hear. He said—at least I understood him to say—that he could tell what ailed a woman by simply looking at her tongue. That I suppose is one of the marvels of science. Now I can't tell by looking at the tongue, but let me listen a spell—short spell even—to its music, and I can usually give quite a good diagnosis of what's the matter. But I said I'd go in and see if my wife would have her hearing fixed, but when I talked with her she said No, she'd no faith in traveling doctors, and as I saw it was of no use to argue the question, I had to let him go off, after he'd come all the way from Buffalo. He asked if there'd been any other traveling doctors around. I said "Yes, several." He was well dressed, drove a good horse and carriage; had a weed on his hat, indicating, I suppose, that he'd lost his family, or I thought perhaps they'd lost him.

He offered to doctor us all up, make us sound as a brick, then wait a year for his pay. It seemed most too bad not to give him a job, especially as he doctored with herbs and roots, and if he didn't do any good, probably wouldn't do much hurt. But I let him go, for I've heard it said if a man wants to prosper he should listen to his wife; but what a responsibility that puts on the wife! I think the husband ought to carry a part of the responsibility—at least a third—and so I don't always "listen;" probably don't "hear to" my wife any better than she does to me when I yell from the barn for her to bring some article I may need.

I do some doctoring myself now and then. My great remedy for ills is boneset. I have prescribed it for a bald head and a gumboil on the foot, and I never knew it to do any harm. When one feels bilious and blue, and his disposition seems to become vinegarified there's nothing so helpful as a good swig of boneset.

I had such good success with it tha-

I thought I'd branch out a little and perhaps extend my practice; so I dug a lot of roots, gathered herbs, steeped them up and got a good strong syrup, about the consistency and color of blackstrap molasses. I wanted to make it easy for my patients, so mixed a lot of dough, working in the liquid, and thought I'd make it into pills. I got them rolled out nicely, and dried 'em on a shingle by the stove. I found I'd got 'em so big no human being could swallow one without chewing it up, and that wasn't the way to take pills! My wife began to laugh at my pills, and I couldn't blame her, for they were about the size of small potatoes. (I'm naturally generous—when I prepare medicine or advice for others to take.) She suggested that I could use them to cure the horses and cattle, or I could feed 'em to the hogs, but I wouldn't, for I believe in being kind to all dumb brutes. So I let the pills stay in the house for a year or so (and during all that time no one seemed to get sick), then threw them away, and since that time I never go beyond boneset. I've got some gathered for next spring, when I expect it'll be needed.

But about the traveling doctor. If he stays around here till spring (and I guess he will, if his family doesn't find out where he is) I think I'll have him fix up a good strong dose of his herb tea for my wife to take just before that terrible spring fever comes on, and see if we can't live peacefully through the spring and not have the house ransacked and torn to pieces for two or three weeks.

THEOPOLUS.

JOHN G. SAXE, AND OTHERS.

I am somewhat perplexed and I confess not a little annoyed at much that I have read of late upon the ever-present woman question. First came John G. Saxe, who deplores the literary woman and magnifies the housekeeper in this wise.

"But who among them (save perhaps myself)
Returning home, but asks his wife
What beef—not books—she has upon the
shelf."

Again:

"A very man—with something of the brute,
With passions strong and appetite to boot,
And apt to take his temper from his dinner."

A sad comment upon man. Then Zekel Brown, in poetry also, bewailing his sad lot in having a wife whom he deems over neat and who discourses upon the possible future thus:

"O'ershadowed Heaven itself will be,
Engulfed in awful gloom,
When my Keturah enters in,
And cannot use a broom."

Next came a paper read before a farmers' club upon "The possibilities within reach of American women and their incapacity for business." Again, the comments of business men upon the inefficiency of girls as clerks, and an article in a newspaper setting forth the healthfulness and happiness of the peasant women of Europe while doing men's work and deplored the de-

generacy of the times in not requiring outdoor work of American women. Then Beatrix's sensible remarks upon overworked nerves and the need of rest. Lastly, an article in the *Chautauquan* entitled "Working-women Versus Working-men," contrasting the sexes to the disparagement of women. Do you wonder that I am wrought up and must relieve the pressure by "freeing my mind?"

The enlarged opportunities women now have for education and in business affairs, have developed a different type of woman from the olden time. They are no longer from necessity children grown tall, with no knowledge of the world about them whether the world be one of letters or of business; and whatever may be said of the failures of women in business ventures or the inefficiency of girls as clerks, the advance women have made and are making in all these directions is phenomenal. The boy is taught business methods from his cradle up. The girl's training is in an entirely different direction. Still it is expected that she will step into a clerkship or a business venture and be as successful as he. After all this training, men are constantly investing their all in some business to which they are not adapted or have no practical knowledge, and failures are the result. This is so common that it ceases to attract attention or comment, nor is it charged to the incompetence of the sex. On the other hand, if one woman fails the whole sex is condemned as incompetent and unreliable. If a girl fails to fulfill her whole duty as a clerk, every girl so employed is made to bear the stigma of her unfaithfulness. Not so with boys. The one who errs is the only one censured. The whole class do not suffer either directly or indirectly through his wrong doing. This wholesale condemnation of a class for the mistakes or sins of one is not only unjust and unchristian, but blocks the way of many a struggling girl to a competence or an honest livelihood. This double standard of judging is the outgrowth of the past.

We are slowly outgrowing the old time notion that every woman was born a shrew and every man a martyr. We are learning that ill-temper and curiosity—or gossip—are as much masculine as feminine vices, and we will yet learn that incompetency and unfaithfulness are not confined to women in business matters.

The suffragist who cast suspicion upon the office girl only proved that although more progressive than the average woman she had not wholly outgrown the prejudices of the past. There are any number of girls in all employments who are proving most efficient and reliable, and who have won the complete confidence of their employers, albeit they do not receive the wages paid to men, and we know women who have struggled up through great dis-

couragement to a flourishing business and are in places of trust, and not one defaulter among them.

In due process of time we shall know that ignorance is not a pre-requisite to good housekeeping, and it is more important for children to have an educated mother than an educated father. Let us be just and not add to the burdens—already too heavy—which every working woman is bearing by unkind criticism or indiscriminate condemnation.

IONIA.

LILLA LEE.

FARM LIFE.

Beatrix says "Come early and avoid the rush." I have been waiting for the rush to be over. And listening, but vainly, for the sound of Brue's wedding bells. Tell us about it, can't you, Brue? Keturah, I owe you an apology. If it is not too late accept my heartiest congratulations. What did I ask after you for? Why, because I missed you, of course?

I think Daffodilly must have visited among the "Way-backs," as my brother calls the country greenhorns we see at the county fairs and the circus. Certain it is they are not like the surrounding farming community. Here we have all of the modern improvements, out doors and in. I know one lady who has only to step to a faucet in the corner of her kitchen to get water. It is pumped with a windmill and forced to the house through a pipe, and being soft, serves all purposes. Another lady has a reservoir in her kitchen through which the water is constantly running, keeping it fresh all the time. She has also a hose running from the cistern pump (also in the kitchen) to the reservoir on the stove, and never has to lift a pail of water. One son and three daughters have graduated at the High School and there are three sons to follow. We have our cistern pump in the kitchen and well in the wood room. And when said well gives out we never worry, for we know the men will bring all of the water for us from the other well. And though the wood-room joins the kitchen our wood is all brought in for us. Of course women on a farm have to work hard through the summer. But in this neighborhood we have found time to attend a Literary and Library Association held every two weeks at the school house, the I. O. G. T. and Farmers' Alliance, and a Glee Club, besides numerous socials. We enjoy the sunset while we take in the clothes, hoe in the flower garden or pick strawberries. After all, it is the individual and not the surroundings that make people and society. For instance, I know two families living within speaking distance of each other. One owns about two hundred acres, the other only ten. The family on the ten acres are bright and intelligent and up with the times in everything, though they keep a garden and all hands work in it. The members of the other

family never know about the current topics of the day, never go anywhere, and always do things the hardest way and would be angry to be told a better way. Ignorance begets egotism and they are perfectly satisfied. No danger of hurting their feelings. MAE.

FLINT.

WHITE HELLEBORE FOR HOUSE-PLANTS.

Aunt Philena wanted to know how to get rid of small white worms in the earth where her house plants are growing. I tried everything I heard of; at last, after I lost some choice Begonias, I tried white hellebore. Sprinkle it on the earth around the plant, then work it in slightly with an old fork and water with warm water and the little pests will be gone in a few days. My plants are like my children; they need my care and I love every one of them, and watch each bud to see if it is as pretty as the others were. Just now I have some tea roses coming into bud nicely. I can hardly wait to see what color they will be.

VASSAR.

AUNT LOUISE.

SCRAPS.

Now tuberoses are in blossom, I am going to try an experiment. You know how overpoweringly fragrant they are. Well, I am going to put some of the flowers in alcohol and try if I cannot have some cheap perfume. Something more fragrant than a rose-jar, which to my uncultivated nose seems too much like musty foliage with a flavor of baking days. I'm sure that somewhere I've read the process I've outlined produced a fragrant alcohol, pleasant in the room or for use in the bath.

I WAS reading recently about what seemed to me a very beautiful charity managed by a couple of young ladies in New York city, and which appears to be successful in a financial way. The two young ladies, one of whom is Virginia, daughter of Bishop Potter, of New York, the other Miss Virginia Furman, subscribed \$2,000 stock and started "The Children's Dressmaking Company," and fifteen working girls form the "company." They make children's dresses, coats, caps, and all the dainty things little people wear, after designs Miss Potter makes. They are paid good wages, there are no fines, no fees, no rules, but the girls are "upon honor" and work faithfully and carefully for their employers' interests. At noon, dinner is served in the dressmaking rooms: the girls themselves setting the tables. The meal is sent in ready cooked from a Dairy Kitchen, and its cost to each girl is almost nominal. At four o'clock they have a cup of tea and a little rest. They are not hurried, but they "do an awful lot of work," and have such good times that the "company" could be indefi-

nitely enlarged if all applicants could be received. There is a good demand for the garments made, because of their beauty and fitness and the excellence of the workmanship, and also because the young ladies who are at the head of the project carry with them a social prestige and following which secures custom for their wares. Yet it is not "a fad" with them; they are in earnest in their endeavor to do what they can to help those who are not so well off as themselves and to aid poor girls by paying them fair wages for their work. Those who buy are wealthy and can afford to pay, and the work-women get the benefit. What a contrast to the rich women who screw the wages of their sewing girls and laundresses down to the very last cent possible that they may have more to spend for showy dress and selfish pleasures, and whose only charities are those which are "to be seen of men!"

"I'M not a very old man but I feel that I'm 'losing my grip.'" These were the words I heard a middle-aged man utter the other day, as an excuse for planning a partial giving up of his business. A man of his age should be really in the prime of life, strong, vigorous in mind and body, in spite of his fifty odd years. In strong contrast with this premature acceptance of old age, are the three actors who appeared the closing days of last February in one of this city's opera houses, Joseph Jefferson, William Florence and Mrs. John Drew. Mrs. Drew is seventy-one years old, yet as "Mrs. Malaprop" in "The Rivals" she makes up and acts like a woman of forty years. Indeed, I have seen many women not yet thirty-five who had not Mrs. Drew's grace, nimbleness or sprightliness. And Jefferson and Florence are both over sixty, yet there are no signs of decadence; they are erect in person; there are none of the quavers of old age in tone, and though the wrinkles come and the skin deadens, none of them seem to be old, as we speak of age. Now, let no one think the secret of their virility is because they have had "a soft snap;" all have spent their lives on the stage, and a theatrical life is a hard, exhausting, busy one. It is not all capering upon the stage before a delighted audience; it means wearisome rehearsals, long night journeys, irregular hours, things the farmer may avoid if he pleases.

"He is not old whose eyes are bright,
Whose bosom throbs, whose heart is light;
Though four-score be his years enrolled,
If yet he lives, he is not old;
O'er him whose inmost thought is true,
The sky of winter seemeth blue,
For if a man have a heart of gold,
Though white his hair, he is not old."

BEATRIX.

A WOMAN has invented a culinary thermometer, with an index which marks the scalding, boiling, "simmering," etc., point, and the correct temperature for baking bread, cake, meat, etc.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

THE American Garden gives directions for drying tomatoes: Scald and peel the tomatoes as for canning. Boil slowly in a porcelain kettle or stone jar until the original quantity is reduced one-half. Then season them in the proportion of a teaspoonful of salt and a half a cupful of sugar to a gallon of stewed tomatoes. Spread them on plates and dry quickly without scorching. As the moisture dries away and the stewed fruit loses shape, scrape up so that both sides may dry, and let the contents of several plates, heaped up lightly, stand in bright sunshine a little while before putting away. Store in bags and keep dry. When wanted for use, soak them in a quantity of water for several hours, or over night. Stew in same water long and slowly—three or four hours—keeping boiling water at hand to add if it grows thick, and so is in danger of burning. It should be quite thin when done, and may be thickened with bread crumbs and seasoned.

AN "Interested Reader" wishes some of our correspondents would tell her the proper treatment of begonias during winter; and which is the best place to keep them, the cellar or the sitting-room. She also asks Beatrix if Soapine is to be recommended for washing colored flannels as well as white. Beatrix has had no experience in washing colored goods with it, and so cannot say.

Contributed Recipes.

CHOCOLATE CAKE No. 1.—One cup of granulated sugar; one-half cup of butter; one-half cup of sweet milk; one and a half cups of sifted flour; whites of four eggs; one teaspoonful of baking powder; one teaspoonful of vanilla. Bake in three layers. Filling: Melt one square of chocolate; add one teaspoonful of sugar. When it will throw a hair turn into the well beaten whites of two eggs; stir until smooth. The top can be frosted with white frosting and covered thick with small chocolate creams.

CHOCOLATE CAKE No. 2.—Two-thirds of a teacupful of white sugar; one-half a cupful of butter; one-half cupful of sweet milk; yolks of four eggs; one and a half cups of sifted flour; one and a half teaspoonfuls of baking powder; one-half teaspoonful of vanilla. Have one square of chocolate melted and stir into one-third of the batter, with which mottle the remaining two-thirds. Bake in a brick-shaped tin and frost with chocolate frosting.

CHOCOLATE CAKE No. 3.—Two cups of sugar; one-half cup of butter; one-cup of sweet milk; two cups of flour; two eggs; two teaspoonfuls of baking powder; one-fourth of a pound of chocolate melted; vanilla. Bake in a loaf; frost with white frosting; trim the top with chocolate creams.

BATTLE CREEK.

EVANGELINE.