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## THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

### HIDDEN.

BY OLARA BELLE SOUTHWELL.

If we could only brush away the snow  
From some low spot, which winter storm-clouds  
fling,

I think we oft would find there grasses grow,  
And small green twigs are waiting for the spring.

If we could only part the outer life  
Of man with kindly touch, and see the heart,  
We'd often find what caused the anxious strife  
To be a wound, with bitter rankling smart.

We'd often find a sorrow there and deep—  
So very deep it ne'er could find relief  
In tears, so low and sad 'twill ever sleep,  
And wear a life out with its inner grief.

We'd find that smiles are very often veils  
To hide the real feelings from our view;  
And often where the cheek and red lip pales,  
It is because of grief we never knew.

Into the inner heart and life and mind  
Of man, no man can see and it is best;  
E'en though to others' woes we oft are blind  
Who would be kind, if any woe were guessed.

MARSHALL.

### WOMAN.

Women in the days of old were considered appendages to men. The great past of the world's history is the history of men. But women in all ages have been as much the equal of men as they are now. In quantity man has always been considered superior, in quality woman.

The discipline that education gives to the common mind is as well adapted to woman as to man. Already it is proved that woman can be educated as well as man, and is as much improved by it. Educate an army of women teachers, put them in charge of our graded schools and colleges and they will honor all the places entrusted to them. Women are already graduating from many of our colleges with equal honors with men; are in all the learned professions, are journalists, authors, writers of poetry, romance, philosophy, history and in general literature, and are on the platform as lecturers.

Indeed, in nearly every field of labor, are women to be found honoring their sex and humanity, showing even in the short time these higher intellectual fields have been open to them how capable they are of doing honorable and grand work in the highest ranges of human thought and enterprise. So

great are the changes coming into the life of women, such wide fields are open for self improvement, and so multiplied are the means of livelihood offered to them, that this may almost be called woman's era. Give women their entire freedom, educate, honor and trust them, and the great body of them will choose the home as the sphere of their best life. Can not girls be trusted as far as boys? Give them good chances of improvement, and will they not use them as well as the boys? Are they not as easy to govern, as quick to learn as boys? Then why not educate, honor and trust them as well as the boys?

There is not a single sensible reason for withholding from our girls any good we confer upon our boys.

Then, woman is a civilizer. A good example of this is when men leave home and go to the far west and to the field of battle, where they remain for a year or two and they are kept from the companionship of women; they are astonished to find how little of the salt of civilization they have left, and how soon they do and say the most uncivilized things. Therefore there is no doubt but the civilizing force is most largely in woman. Dirt is uncivilizing, and woman is the enemy of dirt. The average woman's life from late to early is a crusade against it. Then, she is a lover of art. She is in love and league with the beautiful, always adorning her home and person with that which is beautiful, and beyond all this are the religious tendencies of woman. Go to our churches, to the sick room, and see who visits both the most; always ready to help the sick and oppressed. We have a good example of this in our own village.

Then women are brave; some perhaps will question where and say they have never seen any of it; one for example is Florence Nightingale, another is Joan of Arc.

These cases are however not numerous. Woman's heroism is not so often of that showy kind which exhibits itself in public places and on fields of battle, as that more private and noble sort which enriches her life and the lives of those she lives for. In the toil amid privation of many humble women there is a heroism that shames that which is the boast of the bloody field of war. The struggle of many women to keep

want from the door, to keep the family respectably clothed, to care for the sick, to do a noble part in private and public interests, is a heroic and noble one.

The heroism of woman is mostly of that genuine unselfish sort that the world takes little pains to parade.

Woman as a wife is in her most real, beautiful and influential position. She keeps man enchanted, keeps him dreaming of something better, keeps him looking upward, keeps him pressing toward a goal; that inspires his courage. He if left to himself inclines more to the gross and sensual; to the coarser things which his hands can take up and weigh and measure, but she leads him to see in the finer things of thought and character, that which is worthy of being lived for. The world is acknowledging more and more the need of woman's influence in its affairs. It feels that whatever is done without her influence is coarsely and poorly done. All these things have come about from the growing conviction among men that they can do nothing well without their wives.

Woman is not inferior to man. Where is the man who does not honor his mother, wife, sister or child. The man who says his mother is lower than himself, is not a man. When his mother, his wife, has said the farewell words and her arms are folded in death, the first thought is—the light of the home has faded. The woman binds the heart of man to home, and what a desolate earth this would be without the cheering, gladdening influence of home!

That we may see woman is not inferior to man, notice briefly the reign of Queen Elizabeth. She reigned forty-five years and the records of history tell us "that her reign is noted for prudence, vigor and ability unsurpassed by any sovereign that ever reigned." The experience of the human race has been, that wherever woman has had free exercise of her God-given powers, she has shown herself more than equal to fill a grand and glorious part in God's great world of life. And as experience teaches the truest lessons, we can predict with absolute certainty that woman's work will be recognized as a necessary and indispensable exponent of all good works, either in this world or in the world to come.

BIRMINGHAM.

MRS. M. S. R.



## A PARTING SHOT.

Poor, simple-minded, ignorant, deluded, old Back Number was so completely crushed, and so nearly annihilated by E. C.'s last article that it has taken some time for her to revive sufficiently to make one last feeble wail. Elderly people are quite apt to be a little obtuse, and somewhat obstinate in their views, and, although I have made a great effort to hold myself open to conviction, and keep pace with the rising generation, it is quite evident that its rapid strides have left me sadly in the rear, for I am too slow to grasp the advanced ideas of this progressive age. It is painfully apparent to me that I am either very much behind the times, or that my education was very deficient, for when I was young, it would not have been considered proper for a teacher to make use of such expressions as E. C. favored us with in her last article. Such language is certainly very expressive, and it grieves me that my old-fashioned ideas will not permit me to fully appreciate its beauty and elegance. "To jump upon one's collar," and like expressions would formerly have been considered slang. At the present time they are, probably, terse and emphatic. I wonder if it is too late to remedy such defects in my education!

My heart goes out in tender sympathy toward E. C. that her lot has been cast among a class of people who are guilty of such impertinence as she speaks of receiving from the patrons of her school. It rejoices me that I live in a community where teachers are treated with the consideration and respect to which their position entitles them. I am confident that I do know something of the real feelings of the teachers of my acquaintance in regard to parents visiting the school, and I firmly believe that I know whereof I speak when I affirm that they are not only courteous and polite, but sincere and truthful in their reception of visitors, and I have good reason for my belief, for, during several years that I was a teacher, I was intimately associated with teachers in various ways; and since I left the ranks of the profession, I have always had a strong interest in schools, have numbered scores of teachers among my warm personal friends, have had a chance to know something of their sentiments in regard to matters pertaining to their vocation, and I have never yet heard a single expression of disapproval of the custom of parents visiting the school. But, on the contrary, I have many, many times heard teachers express the opinion that it would be a benefit both to teachers and pupils if parents would show their interest by visiting the schools more frequently; and I still insist that it is an encouragement to children to know that it is quite possible that their parents may, at any time, drop in and see what is going on in the school room. As long

as my own children attend school I shall certainly continue my practice of visiting the schools, whether it pleases the teachers or not. A wise and discreet teacher will work in conjunction with, not independent of, the parents, for the advancement of her pupils. If, by chance, I should ever meet a teacher whom I have any reason to believe considers me "a bore and a crank," I shall endeavor, even at great personal inconvenience, to devote, at least, one half day each week to the inspection of her work in the school-room. I am perfectly willing to sacrifice my own comfort if, by so doing, I shall be the means of discipline to the young and inexperienced. I am very sure I should be a martyr in a good cause.

Very timidly and with great "umbleness" I would ask E. C. if she does not think that she gave me just the least bit of a chance to be personal, when she gave her unnecessary and unwomanly fling at her own sex "in discussing a purely business matter." Possibly it may be a relief to the readers of the HOUSEHOLD to know that I am so completely vanquished by E. C.'s pointed and conclusive arguments that I shall return at once to obscurity, and nothing more will be heard from

BACK NUMBER.

## ADVICE TO THEOPOLUS.

I would like to say a few words to Theopolus in the way of sympathy and encouragement. It is painfully apparent that he is in the "slough of despond," in the "throes of agony," evidencing a wonderfully charitable disposition and an inclination to look on the bright side no matter how low the clouds hang. This is quite an item in a man's favor—that he is cheerful and full of fun and jokes—there has been such a wail about cross, fault-finding husbands. I am confident Theopolus might look the world over and be unable to find many women who would turn a deaf ear to a polite invitation to a cutter ride, and remain quietly at home pressing out a blue calico gown. Does it not speak volumes for her desire to appear beautifully neat and attractive in his eyes? The flame of love is not dying out on his hearth, I don't care who builds the fire.

You see, Theopolus, it's the tendency of the times for women to ignore home and everything pertaining thereto. They like rather to attend conventions, act as chairmen on committees, belong to clubs; it's evolution; it's progression on the rapid transit basis. Women change and men change. Things are not exactly as they used to be when we were young. Men built the fire without haggling over it. It was a legacy that came down to them from their forefathers. I find that it tickles a man's self-esteem quite a little to think he is exercising a right as head of the family. It was his right to rise up early in the

morning, light the fire and go out to the barn about his business and attend to the stock. I'd just as soon have a pack of dogs or a half dozen cats under my feet as a man stuck around when I am cooking a meal. They appear to much better advantage posing as "swifts."

And about that "wad!" Oh Theopolus! do not, let me beg of you, speak disparagingly of that last relic of feminism, the last "tie" that binds them. Have you not noticed the increasing desire to appear "mannish," the shirt fronts and collars, the derbys, the cutaways? Do you not notice how "small and beautifully less" the force of dish-washers, bread-bakers and dress-pressers is becoming? Cast your eye about the town, among the teachers employed in our public schools, all are women with one exception; they are book-keepers, cashiers, telegraph operators, clerks, stenographers, typewriters. The desire to make home that "haven of rest" for husbands to turn toward at the close of the day is dying out. Let me conjure Theopolus to step around lively these cold mornings, have his lamp trimmed and burning and oil can full, for it's coming! Men are being crowded out, pinned to the wall. "In the sweet bye and bye" men will resolve themselves into clubs, meeting about the fire evenings in the corner grocery, standing in groups about the streets, discussing two questions of vital importance: "Where do men belong?" "What work is there for us to do?" I speak of the corner store and the street as being congenial places wherein questions of vital importance will be discussed. Theopolus, strive to make your home bright and cheery so that little woman will love to remain in it, for she may get a taste of newspaper work or something of that sort, and fly to ills she knows not of rather than endure those she has.

EVANGELINE.

## PARENTS VISITING THE SCHOOLS.

Should parents and other patrons visit the schools where their children or wards are being trained and educated to become valuable citizens? Most certainly they should, and are sadly neglecting a most important duty if they fail to do so. If they had a sick pig, or mule, or fowl, a visit would most likely be paid every day to see how it was getting along; but frequently a whole term will pass without a visit to the school-room, where their little immortal treasures are being trained.

During an experience of over a quarter of a century in teaching I never found anything more encouraging to both pupils and myself, than visits from patrons of the school. Pupils and teacher see that interest is being taken in their work, and thus are encouraged to renewed energy and vigilance. These visits will correct many wrong reports



about the condition and management of the school; and many valuable suggestions may be obtained from the visitors, for none of us are too wise to learn; while many are so ignorant and bigoted they will not learn.

While performing the duties of steward of the boarding-hall of the Michigan Agricultural College, once, a son of wealthy parents complained to them of the scanty furnishings and begged to be taken home. Unbeknown to us the parents came and stayed all night, eating two meals at the table with us all; and on their departure said they wished they could be served as well at home. The President of the College said the same when he sat with us at meal time, no announcement being made of his coming.

The school house is public property; the teacher's services are public property; the education of the children is public property; and all ought to be open to the inspection and criticisms of the public. Let visits be frequent and unannounced to be the most effectual.

PLYMOUTH.

J. S. TIBBETS.

#### SUGGESTIONS TO PARENTS AND TEACHERS.

In a former HOUSEHOLD Cassandra tell us of what she saw in the school-room. During a half day's visit she failed to see one child attempt to sit, walk, or stand properly. I have not come to tell what I have seen there, but to ask why manners should not be taught in our district schools as well as knowledge. It seems to me that manners should be taught at school as well as at home, and that we should keep reminding our children till good manners became habitual; then they would not forget. We have singing, writing and dancing schools, and I sometimes think we need a school where manners are taught. I hear so many children say yes and no to a question asked them, and I am pretty sure they say the same blunt monosyllables to their teacher. If there is anything I admire in children it is to hear them say "yes ma'am" or "no ma'am," "please" for whatever they wish, and to see a little boy remove his hat when he enters the house. I knew a mother who exhausted a good stock of patience in trying to teach her boy to remove his hat when he came in the house. One day, coming in where his father sat reading with his hat on, the little fellow took his hat off and turning to his mother said, "Papa doesn't take his hat off in the house!" "No," she replied, "that is because he does not know any better; we will have to teach him." He looked up from his paper and smiled, and I am glad to say removed his hat.

If there is anything makes my blood run cold is to hear a little boy use profane words. A mother heard her little four year old using profane language one day. She called him in, talked to

him and tried to make him understand how wrong it was; he looked up at her through his tears and said, "Papa must not, then." A father who heard his little son using such language took up a whip and said: "Shall I whip you for using such words?" His mother, who was near, said, "When he gets through whipping you, take the whip and whip him." The father put down the whip and went out doors looking rather sheepish. As soon as little boys can talk they take their father for an example. What can a mother do? She can talk to her husband and if he has a tender place in his heart for his boy and wants him to grow up a gentleman, he will quit the habit. Swearing ought be strictly forbidden on the school-ground. It is strange how fast children learn naughty ways when they begin to go to school; they will learn slang a great deal quicker than manners. I ask our teachers to help us.

I read Mrs. Blank's letter, "Kisses vs. Tobacco," with a great deal of interest. I will go farther, and tell the young ladies that if they would say to the young men who indulge in a glass now and then, and who are thinking seriously of asking them to go into partnership for life with them, that "lips that touch liquor shall never touch mine," they might pause on their downward course, if they are to be denied that privilege, and think that there is not so much in a glass of liquor after all. Then perhaps in the future we should not need the Keeley cure as much as we do at the present time.

MRS. A. DO.

#### A NEW COMER.

I have read the comments of our various sisters, aunts, and uncles and have often felt inclined to add my mite to help cheer and comfort those whose burdens are greater than mine.

I want to say a word for the mother-in-law. When I was married we went for a two weeks' visit among friends at a distance, and excepting this time I lived a little over a year with my mother-in-law, and I can truthfully say if I had been her own daughter I could not have been treated any better. I always had a horse and carriage, and I could go when I pleased, come when I liked. My friends were always well treated and requested to come again.

If Theopolus's morning fires were as easy a task as mine, there would have been no cause for him to have asked the question he did. We have a coal stove in which fire is kept night and day (for I keep house plants) and as the door is always open between this room and the kitchen, the rooms are warm in the morning.

While doing my supper work I let the fire in my cook stove die down, and then I take my fire shovel and carefully scrape all the coals and ashes out of the fire bed back under the stove hearth

and putting in the shavings, pieces of kindling and then filling with dry wood, my morning fire is built by striking a match and setting fire to the shavings.

It seems to me that our column of recipes is getting small. Is it from lack of them or are they unwelcome? [Lack. —ED] If not, I will send some that I know are good ones.

YPSILANTI.

ROSE HAWTHORNE.

#### SOME FLORAL QUESTIONS ANSWERED.

The age of a cactus or other plant does not always determine the time for blooming, but rather the condition and size resulting from the treatment it has received. Plants of the same family treated precisely alike will not always respond in a satisfactory manner, and mature simultaneously. We usually count the age of a plant from the time we have possessed it, whether a slip, seedling, or a small plant, but the family it belongs to, and habits, treatment and growth, not age alone, determine the time for blooming. These remarks answer many a heretofore puzzled inquiry, not merely the one at hand. After a *C. grandiflora* has once bloomed, if a well conditioned plant, it will continue to do so annually, even oftener in rare cases, for years. A *Hoya carnosa* should be disturbed as seldom as possible and unless the pot is crowded with roots and becoming pot bound, remove occasionally a portion of the soil carefully and replace with rich compost. If really necessary to remove to a larger pot loosen the roots and soil carefully with a knife and lift into another a size or two larger and fill the space with rich soil. As the plant is not at present in bloom it would be well to do this now.

"A Country Girl" does not inform us whether her tuberose bulbs flowered last season. If a tuberose blooms once that is all about it there is of it; its mission is fulfilled; they never repeat the kindness. If they did not bloom and are wished as early as possible start in pots or boxes in the house in April or May, and remove to the border the first of June, no earlier, in a warm sunny place, and when a "dry spell" comes water frequently by pouring into holes made in the soil. Occasionally give a treat of liquid fertilizer. It will reward you by giving larger flowers and better substance. The bulbets mentioned will if planted and well cared for bloom about the third year from the first after planting. We usually store tuberose bulbs in dry moss or cotton in paper bags or boxes, and keep in the driest, warm place possible, as they cannot bear cold or dampness.

FENTON.

MRS. M. A. FULLER.

We have, the Editor thinks, had quite enough on Theopolus's fires and E. C.'s heresy. The discussion of those two topics is therefore "called off," and the field is open for some new departure.



## CLOSE QUARTERS.

Speaking about those "good old days,"—the happiness and comforts our ancestors possessed in the mode of living, one room being the compass of every individual, whether awake or asleep, reminds me that under circumstances when the thermometer registers from ten to twelve degrees below zero, I could very comfortably get along in the same bounds (space included) should our family not increase.

I have kept rooms closed that are not particularly needed, moving the piano into the sitting-room, where we have lived, in connection with a bed-room and kitchen, since Christmas, right in a "huddle."

Husband thinks it is so cozy, living within a small compass, but I have questioned in my mind if the "coal bill" hadn't something to do with this coziness; and a twinkle in his eye almost betrays him when the subject of close quarters is discussed.

I feel so "cooped up!" And should you peep into our little home, you would actually have a smothered feeling, and look around for some place to breathe freely; as the furniture and bric-a-brac continue in a routine, seemingly never ending. I could not invite you to remain over night, for horrors! that "spare bed" has not been "thawed out," and you would prefer lying right out on the snow than to even entertain the thought of sleeping beneath its covers.

But strange as it seems, under any circumstance, there is always something to be thankful for; and the prevailing and most consoling thought I have is the fact that I am not overburdened with avoirdupois, for I have to squeeze through this door, go slant-wise through that, dodge around the stove, and almost climb over articles; and I positively need sympathy when the allotted time for sweeping draws near; even the pet dog, "Yank," hasn't a place "to rest the sole of his foot," and with head and tail down he manages by much maneuvering to dodge the broom, and make his escape.

Happily our kinsfolk did not have as much to contend with as the present generation, and "close quarters" prevailed in nearly every household.

How the old man weeps as he endeavors to picture to you those glorious days spent within the boundary of that "one room!" What a hidden sweetness the panorama unfolds! The old log house with its huge fire-place could tell of many happy scenes.

But after all I think we enjoy ourselves just as well now-a-days; and if love predominates in each heart, being in a "huddle" only draws us nearer; and as long as husband enjoys it, although I may occasionally "bump" against him, I will try and enjoy it too.

And when spring-time comes with its bright sunny days, those closed rooms

can be thrown open, and you will be surprised to see how new and bright everything will look, and when house cleaning time arrives, things can be changed around, and the house, and even those "cluttered rooms" will seem larger,—and don't you think that our hearts will in some way seem larger also?

MT. CLEMENS.

LITTLE NAN.

## STRAY THOUGHTS.

An elderly gentleman enjoys winter radishes, which he cannot properly chew, by cutting one length-wise, sprinkling on a little salt, and scraping as he did turnips forty years ago.

This winter is likely to long be famous for the scarcity of vegetables and fruit, and the puzzled housekeeper will find a supply of various kinds of flour and meal a great help about providing a variety of food for the table. Pancakes of graham, corn meal and buckwheat; corn meal or graham mush, with milk or fried; graham bread and rolled oats are all relished in nearly every family. Graham gems are favorites here. I use two teacups full of buttermilk, two level teaspoonfuls of soda, a little salt, one large spoonful of sugar or molasses and the same of shortening—butter, lard or suet; stir thick and bake in gem irons. The same batter stirred thinner and baked as pancakes is good.

Put cracked nuts (the shucks the children leave will do), corn, wheat, cheese rinds, bits of fat meat, or bones on your window sills or some shelf out of reach of the cats, or tie the bones, cheese rinds or meat to the limbs of the trees near the house, and you will soon have the pleasantest of callers, winter birds.

Blue jays and chick-a-dees are our most friendly callers, but sometimes a nut-hatch or wood pecker come to our table. This practice is especially pleasant for an invalid or small children who must needs be in one room the most of the time, but no one in this house is too busy to spend some time watching these entertaining guests.

FAIRFIELD.

AUNT BESSIE.

## HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

COAL oil will take out iron rust and fruit stains from almost every kind of goods without injury, if the oil is used before the spots have been wet with soap and water. Wash the spot in the oil as you would in water.

A NUMBER of housekeepers have had their canned fruit frozen this winter. A correspondent of the *Mason Democrat* tells what she did with her stock of fruit: "I loosened the tops and took off the rubbers, then set the cans in a boiler of cold water up to about an inch of the top (as the water will rise by

heating), then heated the water to a boiling heat, let boil 13 minutes, and fastened the tops as usual in canning. You cannot detect any difference in the fruit from that which has not been frozen, with the exception of pears, which I think become a little mealy."

YOU are going to have canned fruit for tea. Very well. Open the can and turn its contents into the fruit dish at noon. Or, anyway, at least an hour before you intend to serve it. Why? Because it is much better, tastes fresher and has more flavor after an exposure to the air, from which it absorbs oxygen.

MRS. S. L. Ballentine, of Port Huron, has received a patent for placing glass in oven doors and thus obviating the necessity of opening the doors to watch the process of baking. This device is intended to effect a saving of heat, insure better results in baking delicate cakes, etc., by not exposing them to a draft of cold air by opening the doors, and will conduce to the comfort of the cook, in hot weather especially.

A MAN who has traveled extensively in Texas and Mexico says: "The mesquite bean, that grows so rank in Mexico, Texas and New Mexico, is a 'dead ringer' for coffee when parched and ground. I have a friend who has gone down on the Rio Grande and is flooding the market with this spurious coffee. It looks and smells exactly like genuine Java before it is boiled, and the most experienced coffee buyer is liable to be deceived in it. I am told that coffee dealers are buying this stuff and mixing it with their ground coffee, as some grocers sand their sugar. The surest way to get pure coffee is to buy it unparched and unground." Nothing else in such common use is so adulterated in dealers' hands and so abused by cooks as coffee. To get a cup of really excellent coffee is as difficult as to find a white blackbird. Yet every woman makes "first class coffee" according to her own ideas—just as every woman makes the "best butter you ever ate."

## Useful Recipes.

CHOCOLATE COOKIES.—Two cups sugar; one cup butter; four eggs; three cups flour; one cup grated chocolate; one and a half teaspoonfuls baking powder. Mix lightly and roll thin. Butter the pans and bake in a quick oven.

SPICE COOKIES.—One cup sugar; one cup butter; half cup molasses; teaspoonful soda; and for spice one teaspoonful each of ginger, cinnamon and nutmeg. Mix with flour to roll very thin.

SUGAR COOKIES.—One egg; one cup sugar; one cup rich cream or if the cream is thin add a piece of butter; a little grated nutmeg; half teaspoonful soda. Roll thin, sprinkle with sugar, bake quickly.