

# MICHIGAN FARMER

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DETROIT, MAY 6, 1893.

## THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

### SPRING CLEANING.

Yes, clean yer house and clean yer shed  
An' clean yer barn in ev'ry part;  
But brush the cobwebs from yer head  
An' sweep the snowbanks from yer heart.  
Jes' we'n spring cleanin' comes aroun'  
Bring forth the duster an' the broom,  
But rake your foggy notions down  
An' sweep yer dusty soul of gloom.

Sweep ol' ideas out with the dust  
An' dress yer soul in newer style,  
Scrap from yer min' its wornout crust  
An' dump it in the rubbish pile.  
Sweep out the hates that barn an' smart,  
Bring in new loves serene an' pure,  
Aroun' the hearth-stone of the heart  
Place modern styles of furniture.

Clean out your moral cubby-holes,  
Sweep out the dirt, scrape off the scum;  
'Tis cleaning time for healthy souls—  
Git up an' dust! The spring has come!  
Clean out the corners of the brain,  
Bear down with scrubbin' brush an' soap,  
An' dump ol' Fear into the rain,  
An' dust a cozy chair for Hope.

Clear out the brain's deep rabb'ish hole,  
Soak ev'ry cranny great an' small,  
An' in the front room of the soul,  
Hang pootier pictures on the wall.  
Scrub up the winders of the mind,  
Clean up, an' let the Spring begin;  
Swing open wide the dusty blind  
And let the April sunshine in.

Plant flowers in the soul's front yard,  
Set out new shade and blossom trees,  
An' let the soil once froze an' hard  
Sprout crocuses of new ideas.  
Yes, clean yer house an' clean yer shed,  
An' clean yer barn in ev'ry part;  
But brush the cobwebs from yer head  
An' sweep the snow-banks from yer heart!  
—Sam Walter Foss.

### DON'T BE IN A HURRY.

Several newspaper men of this city who went to Chicago to attend the opening of the Exposition, have brought back rather discouraging reports relative to the condition of buildings and exhibits. The Chicago papers have admitted all things were not in the seemly order expected when President Cleveland should "press the button" and start the wheels in motion, but have insisted that a very short time would suffice to have everything in place, ready for the sight-seers.

The newspaper men mentioned say the buildings are full of boxes containing exhibits yet to be unpacked and placed, and that it will be certainly another month before things will be in such shape that inspection will be easy and all that is to be seen finally in position. These reports are corroborated by

others who visited the grounds last week, just before the opening.

In the Women's Building, which was formally opened on Monday, the work of decoration is not completed, considerable frescoing being yet to be done, nor are all the exhibits placed. The roadways on the grounds being newly made, feel the influence of spring rains and heavy traffic, and storms have washed away some of the hurriedly constructed approaches to the grounds, which will delay ready transit.

Under these circumstances it is well not to be in a hurry to visit the big show. Give them time, and Chicago people will "get there." The management has encountered difficulties and delays not provided for; "it is the unexpected that happens." The marvel is not that they are not entirely ready, but that in so gigantic an undertaking so much has been so rapidly and thoroughly executed.

Probably June will be as early as one may hope to go and find the great Exposition a harmonious whole. And do not go before the middle of May if you can arrange otherwise.

We have received so many inquiries relative to dormitory and other associations purporting to furnish lodgings, and concerning those who have advertised in the FARMER, that we say again that Mrs. A. E. Chadwick, of 991 Clifton Park Ave., Chicago, and C. M. Fellows, of Saline, are known to us to be reputable and responsible parties. The only association of which I have any personal knowledge, beyond paper promises, is the Family Dormitory Association, of which Mrs. Lucy Hall Fake is secretary. This dormitory is a lodging place only; no meals are furnished; there are no kitchens and no fires; the building is but two stories high, and is within walking distance (five blocks, I believe) of the Exposition. Up to May 1, shares entitling the owner to a room for twenty days were sold at \$10; after that date I believe the intention was to raise the price. The rooms are furnished with cot beds. Two may go upon one certificate and stay ten days. Arrangements must be made in advance for a stated time; at the date claimed stockholders must be on hand to claim their rooms. The Association's address is 403 Rand & McNally Building.

BEATRIX.

### AWAY AMONG THE BLOSSOMS.

All during March we heard of the wonder and beauty of the wild flowers in the country, and the last of the month we had the rare pleasure of spending a day at the home of a friend whose father owns a large ranche adjoining that of "Lucky Baldwin" and is one of the pioneers in range culture. Several friends were invited besides my sister and myself, and the day previous we had agreed that all would meet at the depot to take the early train, if there was a prospect of a good day. You have heard of the certainty of California weather, how picnics may be planned weeks in advance without fear of disappointment. This is so—sometimes. Last April I was filled with the beauty of that month here, which in the north is so changeful. Every day was a joy, a triumph in sun and song. But March is tricky. We woke on the 26th, the day appointed for our trip into the country, and a heavy fog enveloped the city. It looked dubious; it was cold and wet. Still a foggy morning may before noon turn into a lovely day, and it may not. We thought of our scattered company, wondering what each would think about the promise of a good day, and wished we had said something about a fog. As the early morning passed, it was still dim and cold and gray without. My sister went out in the hall where she could look towards the northeast and the west, and came in asking me if I supposed she could see the sun from that north window, or if it was the moon, and to come out and look. I went out and saw quite well up in the sky a slightly luminous body through the cloak of mist, and it seemed to me it must be the moon. We looked at each other and at it in rather a quizzical and humiliated fashion, then tried to think where the sun ought to be if that was the moon, and vice versa. On looking longer at the heavenly body it threw a stronger light into our eyes than we ever received from the moon, so we declared it must be the sun. And it was. We concluded the day was likely to be unfavorable and did not go to the depot.

About nine o'clock one of the girls walked in saying it was "awful cold," but likely to clear up and if it did we would go on the next train at eleven



o'clock. While we waited, slowly the mists dissolved, the brightness grew and spread splendidly over the world, and we rode out into the beautiful fields and groves, and among hills so green and fair I cannot picture their calm and loveliness. They suggest the words of one who sang long ago: "The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want; He maketh me to lie down in green pastures; He leadeth me beside the still waters." We leave the train at Chapman, the stop being on the Chapman ranche, the home of our friend. Leading to the house there is an avenue a mile in length lined by stately walnut trees, and seven hundred acres of bearing oranges surrounding. The water supply is from two fine artesian wells, and a clear stream flows gently along the road as we walk. We sat down beside it in the sunshine and upon the soft grass among the orange trees and ate our lunch.

All along the many rows of trees hung the laden branches toward the earth, everywhere green and gold, with bending blue above and happy water past our feet. We wandered about the orchard, picked all the fruit we could carry home, visited the packing-house where we saw how oranges are graded by machinery, and lemons cured. Lemons are picked green when of the desired size, laid carefully away in trays and kept in a dark, cold, tight room while "sweating" as it is called, when they turn yellow and ripen. About the house were blooming lilacs and rich roses, great sycamores spread their branches for the clinging ivy, happy birds were singing in the sun-filled trees. There were vistas of shady paths, and retreats delightful to one seeking the communion and peace of nature.

During the afternoon we drove through the blossom-laden valley. The towering Sierras were near us, with tints and shadows and darkening canons; but the fields of golden poppies were full of gladness! We drove among them and gathered handfuls of the sunny flowers, then the delicate baby blue-eyes, deep and tender as the eyes of a child, fluffy cream-cups, primroses, and wild sweet-peas, and other dainty flowers. We filled the carriage with our treasures, then drove on to Baldwin's ranche. So many visitors are there daily that a conductor is employed to show them around. We were joined by a number of others and followed our guide. Passing through a group of large eucalyptus trees, he announced in an authoritative and dogmatic tone: "These eucalyptus trees are thirty years old; they shed their bark instead of their leaves." This fact so impressed me that I at once wanted to ask him why they did that, but forbore because I felt that he had told all he knew about them. We passed along to a bell which he gave a dong, saying very shortly that it came from Spain, was two hundred years old and was one-third silver, one-third copper, and one-

third tin. Then we were conducted over a few acres of lawn with clear flowing fountains and many varieties of flowers. A little log cabin, Baldwin's first home, is still preserved on the grounds. The lizards dart among the logs, and the vines trail around the open doorway. His present residence is commodious, but not elegant from without. Our guide parts with us at the entrance where several other companies have just driven up. Such is the penalty a man must pay for owning fifteen thousand acres of the richest land in California.

We enjoyed much better our drive and rambles about our friend's home. One does not feel cramped on even one thousand acres. There was a lake still as glass, fed by the artesian wells. We walked along its banks and gathered pecans fallen from the trees by the path, and then followed the windings of a lovely brook where the shining cresses grew and bright pebbles paved its bed. Like happy children, we played in the beautiful stream, listened to the singing waters, and watched the sunshine chasing shadows all quivering and alive upon its glowing bosom.

Who would not say of such a home, "There let me live and die!" Give us room to live on God's beautiful earth! Let His tender flowers touch the hungering heart, His pure waters bathe and bless the weary head, His sweet air flow through the sluggish blood, His plenitude and love fill the impoverished soul, and evil would be no more.

LOS ANGELES, CAL. HATTIE L. HALL.

#### AN OPEN DOOR TO FARMERS' DAUGHTERS.

[Paper read by Miss Julia Ball at the Farmers' Institute at Howell, Feb. 28th, and by request before the Webster Farmers' Club, April 8th, 1893.]

The subject assigned me is, "An Open Door to Farmers' Daughters." In this paper I shall use the word woman instead of the words farmers' daughters for two reasons: one, it is the shorter; the other, there can be no line drawn between the doors open to farmers' daughters and any other daughters. All institutions of learning, all occupations, all doors of any kind that are open to woman, are open to the farmers' daughters as well as to the millionaires', the bankers', the merchants', and the lawyers'. You are never questioned as to the occupation of your father, unless for statistical purposes; and among the noted women, you will find more whose fathers were farmers than of any other one occupation.

Did the advancement of woman come all at once it would revolutionize both the business and social world. As it is, it is so rapid as to deserve the name of a revolution, especially in industrial lines. This advancement has been so wonderful in the past fifty years as to be entirely beyond the comprehension of even the most diligent student.

Draw a comparison between the present civilization and the ancient. Then you were disgraced if you were born a woman, and a man would thank his stars that he was born neither a slave nor a woman. The mothers of the Athenian people were slaves; with them woman was but seldom the sub-

ject of intellectual cultivation—her home was at the same time her prison—her duties the drudgery of the family and the household, she was neither allowed to direct the tastes nor to enliven the pleasures of society. Her value was estimated by her utility. The Athenian female was beautiful, she was the model for the sculptor and the painter, but the face that formed the highest perfection of human beauty was seldom lighted by the fire of cultivated genius, and the fair and polished brow but rarely exhibited the impress of the divinity of thought.

With us woman is at once the bond and charm of society. She associates in the domestic circle as its greatest blessing; while she provides for its comfort, she secures its refinement; while she purifies the habits, she exalts the tastes of society, and gives tone and character to the circle she adorns: "In youth our guiding star, in manhood the light of our homes, in old age the consoler of our sorrows." Max O'Rell recently remarked that he hoped the next time he was born, it would be as an American woman. To-day one need look for no greater honor than to be "a perfect woman, nobly planned, to warn, to comfort and command."

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

Let us first take a glance at the avenues of learning now open to woman. Vassar College was founded in 1861, it was not opened for the reception of students until 1865, only since that time has man ceased to usurp all the educational advantages. Vassar College was the first institution in the history of the world designed to give to women the advantages of education formerly enjoyed only by men. True, we had many excellent schools styled colleges, but Vassar was the pioneer institution explicitly intended and fairly equipped for becoming to women what the colleges are to men.

Smith and Wellesley, both colleges for women, followed in 1875. In 1885 Bryn Mawr (Pennsylvania) College was opened; the last named claims the character of a university.

Many of the colleges for men have opened their doors on equal terms to women. One of the first was our grand Michigan University, which removed the bolts from its doors in January, 1870; the following month the first lady student, Madelon L. Stookwell, of Kalamazoo, was admitted to the classical course. There are many others, Cornell and Oberlin being conspicuous among them. Harvard and Columbia each has its annex. Yale and Brown removed the barriers to co-education last fall. The Chicago University, opened last fall, begins its career with co-education, nearly one third of the students being women. It admits women to its corps of instructors, without any discrimination; the women of the faculty having the same salary as the men with whom they are associated.

Europe is following in our foot-steps in the rapidly increasing interest in the superior education of women. University examinations are open to women at Cambridge, Oxford and Durham. University College at London, also University College at Liverpool, admit them to most of their courses. In Scotland, Edinburgh and Glasgow grant university examinations to women. This

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year marks an event in the history of that quaint old college of St. Andrews; it has existed for five hundred years; it will now live, as it has abolished the idea of distinction of sex in intellect. There are also several colleges exclusively for women. Passing on to the continent evidences of progress are apparent. In time all must yield.

Besides all these, we have our cooking schools and schools for trained nurses. In some of our manual training schools, girls are admitted where they are taught cooking and sewing; and in some of them wood-carving and carpentry; not at the expense of the usual mental studies, however.

And what does this coming of the college girl mean? The college girl will be, as college bred men have, on the whole, been, a respected and refining influence. But socially, in the broadest sense, the coming of the college girl means the coming out of womanhood, in a new manner, into the larger life of the world.

The question is often asked, "What can a woman do?" Echo sings back in a sweet refrain, "All she has a mind to." Public opinion was somewhat averse to seeing woman occupying so many different positions of trust and influence, considering it beyond her sphere; but it has had to submit to the inevitable. Now woman aspires to all fields of labor. Idleness has ceased to be fashionable. We have no more use for the luxurious American daughter. There is a field large enough for all to enter and plenty to do. Yes, truly has it been said all occupations are open to woman, and she has not been slow in availing herself of every privilege accorded her, and has met all reforms more than half way with her determined energy and unswerving industry.

To-day it is not the sole aim of woman to marry. That independence which caused our forefathers to come to this country is deeply instilled in the natures of all American people; and many girls rather than marry for a home, will fight the battle of life single-handed, and attain for themselves an independent, useful and happy existence. For why do we need husbands? For fear of becoming "old maids?" A thousand times no. If we need them at all, it is for the protection they should give us, and the love that should be ours, and ours only. We should look well before we leap, yea, look twice before leaping; for this world is full of saloon patronizers, and brainless dudes, who, when fashion dictates that the necessary complements of a nice young man are a stove-pipe hat, a black mustache and a pink cravat, the hat and the cravat are soon forth-coming; the mustache—well, the less said about the mustache the better. The kind of husbands that are needed are sound, industrious, intellectual, enterprising, happy men.

Nearly every newspaper in the country has a woman connected with it in some capacity. Take New York city for example, and there is not a daily paper that does not employ from one to five women on its regular staff.

Our first daily newspaper, The Pennsylvania Packet, was started by a woman. The Engineering and Mining Journal has a woman for its business manager. The engraving and plate department of the Methodist Book Concern of Cincinnati, is under the management of Minna Williams. The Ladies' Home Journal began its career as a modest little twenty-five cent paper only nine years ago; at the end of the first year it had twenty-five thousand subscribers; it now has over seven hundred fifty thousand; the success of this paper is due to Mrs. Knapp, who was its

editor throughout the years during which it was establishing itself upon a firm basis. The success of Mrs. Frank Leslie-Wilde is too familiar to need repetition. Who has not heard of Middy Morgan, who died last June? For twenty-three years she was live stock reporter of the New York Times, and was always treated with perfect respect by the rough drovers with whom in her unconventional business she of necessity came in contact.

As to literature, woman has distinguished herself, and made remarkable strides. Among them we find such names as George Eliot, Jean Ingelow, Harriet Beecher Stowe, Alice and Phoebe Cary, Mrs. Browning, Mrs. Hemans, Louisa M. Alcott and hosts of others. The ruler of Great Britain has an opportunity of appointing a poet laureate; as the ruler is a queen what would be more fitting than that she name a woman? And who, regardless of sex, is better fitted to fill that position than Jean Ingelow?

The noted ladies in our colleges are not less numerous, and their names are familiar to all.

Women physicians, lawyers, lecturers, etc., are to be found in nearly every town. A little over forty years ago when Elizabeth and Emily Blackwell, the first women physicians in this country, went to New York, they had difficulty in finding a respectable boarding place in which to receive office patients.

In Cincinnati, there flourishes a Presbyterian Hospital, Women's Medical College, and Free Dispensary all combined, managed and exclusively controlled by women. Successful hospitals for women and by women have also been founded in Philadelphia, New York, Boston, Chicago, San Francisco and Minneapolis. Dr. Mary Jacobi, visiting physician of St. Mark's Hospital, New York, is the first woman admitted professionally into a man's hospital. Dr. Sarah Sierman was elected president of the Massachusetts Surgical and Gynecological Society at its annual meeting. All the other officers are men. The lady physicians, and they number several thousand in the United States, receive incomes about equal to the men; some reaching as high as twenty thousand dollars.

The first woman dentist of the world became dentist to the German royal family; she was a graduate of the Pennsylvania Dental College; that is one of the three dental colleges open to women; the others being the dental colleges of Cincinnati and Ann Arbor. The dentistry of the Leland Stanford University is in charge of a woman, and the resident dentist at Williamsburg School is also a woman.

The first woman admitted to the bar in America was Arabella Mansfield, of Iowa, in 1859. Now there are seven women lawyers practicing before the United States Supreme Court, and a very large number have been admitted to general practice.

The founder of the kindergarten in this country was Miss Haines; its first important branches at Boston, New York, and St. Louis were all established by women. Our first cooking school was opened by the liberality of Mrs. Hemenway, of Boston. One of the first to teach nurses was a woman. Wood-carving has been done to a great extent by women; the carving of the framework of the great organ of the Music Hall of New York being done by wealthy ladies of that city is a matter of local pride. A singular example is the introduction of wood-carving among the nuns of St. Martin's Convent in Ohio, who have adorned their own private chapel

with their work. In the Warren, Fuller & Co. competition for wall paper designs in 1884, the three prizes were taken by Mrs. T. M. Wheeler, Misses Ida L. Clark, and Dora Wheeler, three women educated in fine arts, over professional designers of this country and Europe. The first named is also founder of the Decorative Art Society of New York. Decorative pottery was begun here, in Cincinnati through the independent efforts of Miss Louise McLoughlin.

Painting is one of the delights of women, and some have excelled in the art. Rosa Bonheur is first in the delineation and portrayal of animals. She visited stables, shambles and fairs studying the structure and habits of animals under all circumstances. Her great picture, The Horse Fair, she worked upon for eighteen months, attending the horse market regularly twice a week during the whole time. She has recently completed her latest and largest work; it has occupied her entire time for three years, and represents ten horses, life size, treading out grain.

Sculpture has also received the attention of women; Harriet Hosmer made herself famous by her masterpiece, the colossal statue of Zenobia in chains.

In music, Jenny Lind, Patti, Nilsson, Thurbay, Kellogg, Cary and many more, when will their sweet notes be forgotten? Anderson, Janaschek, Modjeska, Ristori, Bernhardt and others belong to the drama.

Embossing, chasing, repousse, stamping leather, enamelling, all claim women artisans.

In the type-writing business the women are in excess of the men, and the world's champion for speed is a woman. Miss Mae Orr is one of the best known women in this field. She is employed by the Remington Type-Writer Company; while an excellent stenographer, she is such an expert on the machine that she takes dictation directly upon it as fast as the average person talks; and even at that high speed her work is absolutely perfect. The first school of type-writing and stenography in the city of New York was established by Mary F. Seymour, the head of the Mary F. Seymour Publishing Co., and publisher of the Woman's Journal. Miss Seymour served as commissioner of the United States Court of Claims during three terms.

There is only one regularly employed woman railroad engineer, Miss Ida Hewitt. Miss Brooks, near Dunkirk, N. Y., has charge of an extensive foundry and locomotive shop, which turns out a locomotive a day.

Miss Adele Graef is a commercial traveler for a large wholesale drug house in New York, and is said to receive the largest salary on the firm's list of travelers. A woman in Brooklyn fills the position of a prescription clerk in a large drug store; she keeps the same hours, does the same work and receives the same salary as the men clerks.

As postmasters and police matrons women are very efficient.

Edison prefers women machinists for the delicate details of his electrical inventions. He says they have more fine sense about machinery in one minute than most men in their whole lifetime. He backs up his statement by placing two hundred women on his pay roll.

Women are also inventors; the invention of the "Coston signals," the system of signaling with colored lights, is a woman's; a device for keeping railroad cars supplied with fresh air without the usual attendant dust and cinders belongs to another woman.

(To be Continued.)



## A WORD FOR THE GIRLS.

Though I have been for some years an interested reader of the HOUSEHOLD I have never before attempted to express my opinion of "men and things." It isn't of men this time that I wish to talk but of young girls and their things.

The gist of what I want to say is contained in the two words, *don't sneer*, and what I mean by that is illustrated by something said to me only yesterday.

A friend who is blessed with a charming niece now just fourteen, went the other day to her home to visit. On her return she said to me, "Eddie met at the train and she had a veil on. The first thing I said to her when I stepped off the cars was 'Eddie, does your mother know you've got *that thing* on?'"

How cruel! I felt again the wave of mortification and hurt pride which has so often rolled over me at the utterance of some such speech. Maybe it was ridiculous, but what harm did it do anybody!

Every girl has a period of struggling with her back hair to make it *do up*. But why everlastingly nag and jeer? Let her fuss a few days and she will decide herself that it is better the old way because it's less trouble.

It's womanly to want to "fix up," and most girls of fourteen feel grown up, if their dresses are only to their shoe-tops and their hair in braids. Are they not in their teens? There are lots of worse things for a girl to busy herself about than standing before her glass pretending she is a grown up young lady.

Babies when they are growing, generally learn some unpleasant tricks. Let them alone and they are soon forgotten, but nag and pester and tease and you'll have to fight a long time to break them up.

I have been blessed with a mother who *understands* and a friend who with gentlest tact has never hurt my pride by look or word. I have sometimes seen the shadow of a smile in her eyes at some "old" speech of mine, but no word of ridicule has crushed my self-respect and roused all the ugliness there is in me.

In my opinion a grieved and wounded child pride and child heart is far worse than an unbecoming mode of hair dressing or a veil, which gives pleasure to its little-girl-woman wearer.

There is a great difference between pride and vanity.

ANN ARBOR.

EX-GIRL.

## INFORMATION ASKED.

Several times within the past few months I have resolved to write to the HOUSEHOLD, but like the intangible subjects of the spiritual medium, my good resolutions have failed to materialize. And now for my first, I come for information. Will Mrs. M. A. Fuller tell me about the culture of carnations? Do they grow from the seed, and if so, will they bloom the first year? Also about sweet peas, the best varieties, etc.

[See third page of FARMER for answer to last inquiry.—ED.]

Can the readers of the HOUSEHOLD tell me of any kind of fancy work, such as crocheting, knitting or needlework, to be obtained from city people who hire such work done? I have heard of wealthy ladies in the cities who hire lace made, and the like, and of firms dealing in fancy work. Can any one give any information on the subject? Will send a good recipe for ginger snaps, easy to make and not too rich, as they take no shortning. QUEENE.

[Queene's recipe will be found on the fourth page.]

## WE HAVE THEM!

Detroit was scorned and jeered at and called an antediluvian town, not yet out of the woods, while a man from Chicago pointed at us the finger of contumely, and said we had not yet cut our eye teeth, and all because we had no electric street car line, so the City Fathers and "powers that be" lashed themselves to fury; the poor cadaverous horses were put aside, and Detroit swelled with pride. For why? Couldn't we ride around with fire flashing from the wheels and from the wire overhead like any other town of our size? By and bye it didn't seem so funny, and the cautious ones began to be afraid to venture out, and some went even so far as to make their wills, and think of their "burying money" in the bank with a sigh of satisfaction. Not a day passes but an accident happens; half of them do not get into the papers, only the serious ones where the ambulance is called or the coroner, are heard of.

It is not pleasant, to say the least, to feel a jolt and a crunching, to have the car stop, after what seems hours of time, and see the mangled and bloody human form pulled out from under the wheels, as has happened twice to us within a week. One poor country brother was riding in on his load of hay, some say fast asleep, but any way oblivious of electrical devices of any kind. Up came the car behind with such force that the poor man was tossed one side of the road and his hay on the other. He wasn't very badly injured; we left him rubbing his head in a dazed way and wondering how it happened. Again, I was on the sidewalk, when a light carriage met the car, and the wheel of the former was cut off as easily and deftly as if a knife had cut into an apple. No one was hurt, but the air was blue with profanity from the men on the car and in the carriage. An oculist is said to have to spoil a hat-full of eyes before he can operate successfully, and these accidents must be expected until folks learn to keep out of the way.

With it all, our hearts will never be wrung seeing the poor horses staggering with the dreadful loads and lashed by the inhuman drivers, and we shall "get there" about five minutes sooner

than in the old way. One word of caution: At the street crossing when you get off, don't hurriedly step on the other track until you are sure there isn't a car coming from the opposite direction. Keep your wits handy, if you don't want the ambulance to come tearing up full tilt, or have your husband looking around for his second wife.

SISTER GRACIOUS.

## MINT SAUCE.

I have been a reader of the HOUSEHOLD for some time and have felt that I was like a thief, to enjoy the good things others wrote and not help the little paper a bit myself, but I have been rather afraid of the waste basket like a good many of the others.

I want to tell you about the mint sauce we make; and we think it so much better than what we get at hotels and public places. Spearmint grows in our back yard, and we take the little tender shoots, chop them fine, and season them with vinegar and a little salt (some like sugar but we do not). Serve with fresh meat and gravy; it is just delicious and very healthful.

Will some one please give through the columns of the HOUSEHOLD a recipe for vinegar pie? I used to be very fond of it when a child, but have not been able to get a recipe since I was old enough to make pies myself.

POLLY.

A HOUSEHOLD convenience is a stick with a notch in the end that will lift picture wires from the hooks without obliging the worker to step on a chair or step-ladder to take down each picture.

WATER can be used in place of milk with nearly as good results in most recipes where baking powder is used, but should never be very cold. Lukewarm water is best. After the butter and sugar are creamed add the water, stirring smooth.

## Contributed Recipes.

GINGER SNAPS.—One cup sugar; one cup molasses, let come to a boil and when cool add two well beaten eggs; two teaspoonfuls of soda—dissolved in three tablespoonfuls of water; two teaspoonfuls of ginger and two of salt.

QUEENE.

VANILLA WAFERS.—One and a half pounds of butter; same weight of sugar; three pounds of flour and sixteen eggs. Cream the butter and sugar; add four of the eggs, dropping them into the creamed butter and sugar without breaking, then beat all well together; add four more, beating hard, and so till all are used, then add the flour gradually, and two tablespoonfuls vanilla extract. Pour the batter in a stout bag (ticking is good) in which you have inserted a small funnel, press it through the funnel in small rings on slightly greased pans. Each wafer requires only a small teaspoonful of batter, as it spreads a good deal. These, if made as above, are exactly like the baker's vanilla wafers, and though some trouble to make, will keep a long time.

B.