

# MICHIGAN FARMER

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### THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

#### IT'S VERA WEEL.

It's vera weel, throughout the day,  
When ta'en up wi' wark or play,  
To think a man can live alway  
Wi'oot a wifey.

But it's anither thing at night,  
To sit alone by can'le-light,  
Or gang till rest when sharp winds bite,  
Wi'oot a wifey.

It's very weel when claes are new,  
To think they'll always last just so,  
And look as well as they do noo,  
Wi'oot a wifey.

But when the holes begin to show,  
The stitches rip, the buttons go,  
What in the warl's a man to do  
Wi'oot a wifey?

It's vera weel when skies are clear,  
When frien's are true and lassies dear,  
To think ye'll gang through life, nae fear,  
Wi'oot a wifey.

But clouds will come the skies athwart,  
Lassies will marry, frien's mann part;  
What then can cheer your saddened heart?  
A dear wee wifey.

It's vera weel when young and hale,  
But when ye're auld, and crazed, and frail,  
And your blithe spirits 'gin to fail,  
Ye'll want a wifey.

But mayhap then the lassies dear  
Will treat your offers wi' a sneer;  
Because you're cranky, gray and sere;  
Ye'll get nae wifey.

Then haste ye, haste ye, silly loon;  
Rise up and seek about the toon,  
And get heaven's greatest earthly boon,  
A wee bit wifey.

#### THE WOMAN'S CONGRESS.

At Chicago, in connection with the Columbian Exposition, and opening on the week of May 15th, there began a series of international congresses, authorized by the Government of the United States, for the purpose of procuring the best thought of the world on the great questions of the age. These Congresses are in twenty great divisions, which include woman's progress, the press, medicine, temperance, moral and social reform, commerce and finance, music, literature, education, engineering, art, labor, religion, agriculture, and other topics; these again are subdivided into departments, so that in all over one hundred meetings will be held, at which it would seem every theme of interest to the race will be recognized and discussed.

Among these great international congresses certainly the most notable and the most remarkable in all respects was

the Woman's Congress, the initial number of the series, which opened May 15th. It was a gathering of representative women from all over the world—from England, France, Sweden, Germany, Australia, Cape Colony, Denmark, Austria, Greece, Italy, even Russia; indeed it is said there was but one European country not represented, and that Turkey, where women are not supposed to be troubled with souls worth saving. There were over 300 accredited delegates belonging to 110 women's societies and organizations, nearly 50 of which were foreign societies; fully three thousand representatives and members of these associations were present, and from ten to twelve thousand eager and interested women attended the meetings, so that the Woman's Congress stands apart as the greatest female conference meeting on record.

It was eminently proper that women should come to the front at the great quadricentennial anniversary of the Columbian discovery. It was a woman who enabled that individual of whose name we have all grown somewhat wearied the past year, to carry out his visions of a far land beyond the horizon. When Ferdinand looked at the empty treasure chest and said Nay, the braver spirit of Isabella offered her jewels as proof of her faith—less in Columbus' evidences than in his faith in himself. We have glorified Columbus at the expense of the sturdy old Norwegian who really discovered us, but old Lief Ericson had no woman co-adjutor; the new continent waited till a woman could take a hand in—need we a better proof that women must bear a hand in all good works?

As I have said, the Woman's Congress was the largest gathering of women ever known. The Congress had three great subdivisions, these again divided into department congresses, whose themes included almost every topic of interest to women, from evolution to dress reform, so that seven meetings were carried on simultaneously, and all crowded to suffocation.

Mrs. Potter Palmer, president of the Woman's Congress, welcomed the delegates, but Mrs. Chas. Henrotin, vice-president, delivered the address. Mrs. Henrotin said: "What stands in the way not of women but of the world to-day, is woman's ignorance of practical matters, and the fatal conservatism of

the leisure class, which conservatism is equally marked among working women. Women's reason and judgment approve the new departure, but we shrink from the actual inauguration of new principles and modes of life, and cling to the past. If these congresses can arouse women to the magnificent possibilities, not alone of womanhood but of humanity, the world will surely look back to the summer of 1893 and call it blessed."

Any number of papers and addresses were read at the various meetings; to enumerate the titles even would require more space than we can give. Representative women in the departments of temperance, religion, politics, suffrage, finance, morals, literature, art, music, the drama, dress, education, household and industrial economics, society, trades and professions, progress of woman, marriage relations—in short, in every department of thought, labor and action which relates to women, told what had been accomplished and outlined work for the future. And as the National Congress has agreed to pay for printing the proceedings, it will be possible for us to study the vast aggregation of literature pertaining to the progress of women which will thus be preserved as a memorial of the Congress.

There were present four elderly women, the pioneers in the cause of woman, to whom the occasion must have been something beyond the fruition of their wildest hopes—Lucy Stone, Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Susan B. Anthony and Julia Ward Howe, a notable quartette who bore indeed "the burden and the heat of the day," and have seen the cause they championed alone, unaided, scoffed and sneered at, since forty years, grow into a mighty tidal wave bearing upon its crest the representatives of the intellect, the wealth, the religion, the society and the beauty of the woman world. They, above all others, should have been most honored among women there, for out of the rough rock and through weary ways, they wrought in large part the pleasant path for the women of '93. By their determination, their persistence, their word in season and out of season, their very "crankiness," they won what they sought because as in old days "men wearied of their much speaking." True, their aim was universal suffrage and it has not



been gained, but their agitation paved the way for a far greater good, a nobler aid to woman's progress—her educational enfranchisement and business development. That must have been a proud and happy moment for them when they looked over the vast assemblage of women, at such a meeting as was not only impossible but undreamed of twenty years—yes, even ten years ago! Will they live ten years longer, and see man relegated to second place and ranking as some woman's husband?

That the Congress will be a wonderful factor in the future advancement of women is easy of prophecy. No one can attend such a series of meetings without going away broadened, developed in intellect and spirit, with nobler aims and more comprehensive views; and with a great humility filling the heart, that in face of such grand possibilities the individual unit comes so far short of attaining them. Yet each privileged woman, going home to her own little world, will carry the influence of what she gained, and from her it will radiate to be again diffused, till no finite mind can measure the end! BEATRIX.

#### "GIVE OUT."

"She's give out this morning," remarks the farmer dubiously to the men as they enter the kitchen where the atmosphere of a very chilly fog prevails. "I don't see what on arith I'm to do—the haying just begun so." She might mean the big machine standing beneath the ancient oak tree by the gate; or some one of the many animals munching their oats in the barn, but it really alludes to the wife who, for weeks, has been dragging her weary body about. In the disordered room she lies tossing in pain, and still harder to bear than the pain is the thought, "What will they all do?" Oh, if I'd baked yesterday, even if I didn't feel able! I'm afraid I must have a doctor and a girl and the payment is due next month—and John will feel so discouraged—and he won't half skim the calves' milk! How will those children ever get off to school. Oh, if I only had a wet cloth on my head! This bed is like a pig's nest and it beats all that a room should get to looking so in just one night."

Some sort of a breakfast is fixed up and put down; and John, after another hurried peep into the bed-room, says to the men, "I suppose I've got to hitch up and go for a doctor and try to find a girl," and then, unless an extra patient, considerate specimen of the genus homo, he mutters something about his bad luck, and pities himself very much. An hour or two passes. The sick woman gives numerous directions to the children; leans over the bedside to braid the little girl's hair and button her dress. When she asks for a drink of water the boy brings it in a dipper which she sees is greasy about the rim;

but she kisses tenderly the freckled, sun-burnt face, and a sharp pain at her heart comes with the thought that he may be left motherless.

A fitful doze is broken by the return of John. The ride and chat with the people met has cheered him up, and he tells her joyously that the doctor will soon be here, and he has brought Mrs. Slack's oldest girl home with him. "She won't work for less than two dollars a week; but her mother says she understands all kinds of work and I guess you had better keep her all summer." And away he goes into the field. The doctor tells her she is overworked. She knows that well enough, but it is pleasant to hear some one else say so. He leaves her a lot of quinine powders, with orders to take perfect rest and not to worry about anything. He might just as well have ordered a trip to the moon.

The girl who has mastered the science of housework comes in to ask her how to mix the bread-sponge, how long to boil potatoes, where is this and how to do that, until the poor woman feels wild; and when she expresses a desire to bathe her face and hands, she is offered the wet end of the dirty crash towel used by the men. While she makes a faint attempt to use it, she hears that she is probably going to have "grip;" "there's lots of folks dying with it now," and is informed that her new help is "an awful poor hand with sick people, can't bear to touch any one that's sick any more'n she would a corpse." All the time her head and her bones and heart ache; she is first cold, then hot, and yet feels that it would be nothing to bear if there were only some one to care for her and those dependent upon her.

Matters always adjust themselves in time to the new conditions, and whether her sickness prove brief or long, she will always have a vivid recollection of that dreadful day when she "give out."

THOMAS.

A. H. J.

#### EVERLASTING RAGS.

When I moved on a farm I was of the opinion that to be thoroughly a farmer's wife I must make a rag carpet.

With great enthusiasm I began this new project, thinking how decidedly womanly I should feel when I had a sufficient number of pounds for a carpet.

As each garment gave way, it was immediately transformed into carpet rags. But somehow it did take such a quantity of rags to weigh a pound; and as each little pile had been "rent in twain," I made a rush for the scales feeling sure it must be a pound, when lo! to my great disappointment, it would be but a few ounces.

I would sew all day, and then not have quite a pound; I thought this decidedly discouraging, and from this standpoint, began figuring as to the number of days I would have to sew rags; and the outlook was not very bright.

A style called "hit-and-miss" was explained to me, and I was advised to at least have a certain number of threads. I felt as though this change would be glorious, for "variety being the spice of life," it might prove an elixir to my declining inclinations to be purely—a farmer's wife.

But these wisely termed "hit-and-miss" rags, how they did annoy me! Instead of being a blessing they proved a curse; and as for variety they have been "weighed in the balance." Whenever I desired a bright color to present itself, a dark one would jump up, desiring to be "hit"—and not "missed."

I endeavored to figure just how far "a few threads" would go, in the required number of yards, but I might as well have attempted to translate Greek, for aught I knew. So I sat hour after hour, occasionally shaking up the cushion in my chair and feeling for that plaster on my back to make sure of its effectiveness. I whispered my favorite lullaby, being too weak to make an audible sound; and toiled on, struggling for that title I was so anxious to gain.

I had heard something about "bees" that farm folks have, possibly practiced in olden times more than at the present day, and determined to investigate and see if I could not find some means of escape, for I was becoming desperate; the variety having ceased to be an elixir. Upon searching minutely for truths, facts and principles concerning those "bees," I found that a dinner and supper must be provided, and the gentlemen invited to the latter.

This did not strike me very forcibly, being a trifle disinclined to exertion, but those everlasting rags loomed up before me and seemed so near like a mountain that I determined, with mother's help, to make an endeavor.

So by the "sweat of my brow" those meals were prepared, the invited guests came, and a social time was enjoyed, myself being particularly blissful; for those rags were converted into balls, and what wasn't "hit" was "missed."

But the end was not yet, for the coloring and the arranging of the stripe was next in order; and when this fact was alluded to, Aaron very decidedly said, "We'll have none of that muss around," and in the same tone added: "The next time we need a carpet we buy one. I've seen nothing but rags, rags, rags, for the last s'x months and I am positively tired of them; just dump them into a bag, and I'll take them to the weaver, who can attend to the coloring and making the stripe."

You can see how much compensation I received for my work and worry, and to young housewives I would say, practice economy in some other way, and at the same time feel you can be thoroughly a farmer's wife without making a rag carpet. For if your husband is blessed with a mild, tranquil, and indulgent disposition, you will forever destroy it by uninterruptedly having him see a pile of rags.

MT. CLEMENS.

LITTLE NAN.



## FORCE OF PURPOSE.

[Paper read by Mrs. W. E. Kennedy before the Liberty Farmers' Club, May 6th, 1893.]

There is nothing like a fixed, steady aim, with an honorable purpose in life, to insure success. It does not require eminent talent to succeed in any pursuit so much as force of purpose. A man who has a fixed purpose to which he devotes his time and powers is always sure to accomplish something worthy of praise. Always have an object in view; and let your aim in life be elevated. Aim at virtue and moral excellence. These are the first and indispensable qualifications of a good citizen. All our great men whose names are written on the page of history were men of will—of fixed purpose. No man who habitually halts between two opinions, who cannot decide promptly, or having decided, acts as if failure were possible, can ever be great.

When a child is learning to walk, if you can induce the little creature to keep its eyes fixed on any point in advance it will generally reach it without falling; but distract its attention by word or act, and down goes the baby. This rule applies to children of larger growth. The man who starts in life with a determination to reach a certain position rarely fails, if he lives long enough, to reach his goal. If circumstances oppose him, he overcomes them by the force of strong, energetic will. We should have a mark in view, and should not be turned from our course by other objects no matter how attractive. Life is not long enough for any one person to do everything; but few can accomplish more than one thing well, yet there is not a person endowed with ordinary intellect or capacity who cannot succeed in at least one useful and important vocation by pursuing that exclusively.

Man's days, at most, are so few, and his capacity at the best so small, that never yet has he, even by confining the efforts and energies of a life time in his pursuits, attained to perfection. How much less then are the probabilities of his success in several pursuits! Do we not see men among our own acquaintances, continually shifting their purpose, first pursuing this object and then something else; and though considered smart, able men, never perfecting or succeeding in any one thing? On the other hand, we see hundreds of others, of far less natural endowment, pursuing and adhering to one business, perhaps what we are pleased to call a small business at that, by persistence acquire proficiency in that business and success follows. Such an one makes himself useful in the world, while our other friend, too bright for any one pursuit alone and who must try to follow half a dozen, fails in all, accomplishes nothing worthy, but spends his time in telling what his uncle or grandfather has done, and what he might have done if it

hadn't been for—well it would take a nimble reporter to make a note of the various reasons of failure, but he attaches no blame to himself, of course. It is will—force of purpose—that enables a man to do or be whatever he sets his mind on being.

I wouldn't give much for the man who is always looking forward and watching for some one to die to fill his pockets, or for the man who accounts for another's success by luck, saying, "Oh he was born lucky; every business he engages in turns to money." You will find this man who was born so lucky is the one who has attended strictly to business with persistent industry and a firm purpose.

"Where there is a will there is a way" is an old and true saying. He who resolves upon doing a thing, by that very resolution often rides over all obstacles and secures its achievement. To think we are able is almost to be so. If a man has a strong desire for knowledge, no matter where he is placed he will become an educated man. The first step toward self improvement is to leave off whining over the past, and bend every energy to the improvement of the present. Let all mistakes and errors of the past be good lessons for right doing in the future.

One of Napoleon's favorite maxims was, "The truest wisdom is a resolute determination." His life beyond most others plainly showed what a powerful and firm will could accomplish. He threw his whole force of body and mind directly upon his work. When he was told the Alps stood in the way of his armies, his reply was, "There shall be no Alps!" and he really constructed a road through a district almost inaccessible.

"Impossible" said he, "is a word only to be found in the dictionary of fools." His strong will and determined purpose influenced and aroused his whole army to greater action. I rather dislike to quote Napoleon without speaking of his intense selfishness, and his life teaches us that no matter how much of knowledge, force of purpose or power is gained, without goodness and virtue it is sure to prove fatal to its possessors. Therefore let all our resolutions be prompted by pure motives; and by adhering strictly to them we are certain of success and the reward that surely follows.

## OLD ASSOCIATIONS.

Of all places home is endeared to us as no other spot on earth can be, and from being thus enshrined in nearly every human heart no tender expressions of love for the one hallowed spot become tedious to our ears from repetition but find a responsive echo everywhere and blend with the most sacred feelings the heart can know. I visited my old home last autumn which is only a few miles from Fenton—the home we first made in Michigan, when no farm

for miles around was completely "cleared" and roads were decidedly new and many of the corduroy style. It seems somewhat strange that although we have spent a number of years in another quarter the old feelings of interest connected with that especial farm were still strong within us. The grand orchard we planted and that has been so profitable, the grapery and the house, with some changes in general appearance, are still much the same; and the memorial trees, set by hands now still forever and placed to commemorate the untimely death of our president for whom a nation bowed heads in sorrow and gloom, still stand. Those beautiful maples are a pride and comfort to the present owner, he assured us. It was gratifying to know that our labors there were so well appreciated.

Oh, how busy was memory as I wandered among the trees and lanes, and thought of the dear child who left us in that home to await us on "the other shore" and the dear friend who took up her abode here when we left it only to find her better home in a few short years! The same rose clammers over the window that bloomed so brightly for me; and shrubs and roses grace the lawn where I planted them. Those trifling objects were to me sacred mementoes of the past days of youth and vigor, and of departed days and friends that endeared the home to us.

FENTON.

MRS. M. A. FULLER.

As a fitting corollary to the above comes the following from an old and valued correspondent:

A FRAGMENT.—"A stranger's foot is on the sill." In every spot on earth that has ever been home to the writer, a "stranger" holds the "warrantee," while the great majority of those who filled those homes with life and love are no longer inhabitants of earth. There is a feeling of indefinable loneliness in the thought that all houses and lands hallowed by the ownership, labor and daily associations of parents, brothers and sisters have become the property of strangers.

E. L. NYE.

An ingenious woman tells the *Rural New Yorker* how she made an embroidered dress last three seasons for her growing girl, which, considering the remarkable manner in which girls "stretch up" between five and eight years, is a feat one may be proud of: "I did not want to tuck the dress, as tucks cut off in ironing so much; besides they show traces of the stitching after it is ripped. I purchased an extra depth and gathered it to a yoke like a Mother Hubbard. Then I measured the desired length of the skirt, and basted a casing underneath, inserting a small cord to draw it up to fit the waist, the extra length falling over like a blouse. The next summer I tied a sash over the extra length. This summer it is just long enough. The sleeves were made a little long, the yoke a little large. There is no making over or stitching to show."



## A QUESTION ANSWERED.

Will Mrs. Fuller or any one else inform me what will destroy those little black flies that kill house-plants? A neighbor's plants are being destroyed by them.

MRS. A. DO.

The black fly mentioned above is the perfect form of the aphid, a tiny green bug-like insect which does the damage. Bid your neighbor examine the tender leaves and young twigs of her plants and she will undoubtedly find numbers of these little insects, busily engaged in sucking the sap on which they thrive but the loss of which kills the plants. These aphids are particularly apt to infest the rose geranium, heliotrope, rose, fuchsia and other plants of rapid and succulent growth. There is but one remedy, to smoke them thoroughly with tobacco. Set the plants on the floor, cover them with a paper cap made by pasting newspapers together; put some ashes in an old pan and set the pan on a brick among the plants, then throw on a handful of tobacco stems which you have moistened with water and on these a few live coals, taking care not to get too many and burn the plants. Let stand until the smoke has ceased, then remove the papers and at once give the plants a thorough syringing to wash away the stupified and half dead insects. This syringing is very important, as otherwise many will revive and continue their destructive work. If the black flies are very numerous it may be necessary to repeat this smoking a couple of times, at intervals, as the flies will deposit eggs which hatch into aphides. The plants will not be at all harmed by the smoking if caution is exercised in the use of the coals not to get so many that the heat burns the foliage.—Ed.

## SPEAK NO EVIL.

Beautiful May is here—the loveliest month of the year, when the world is at its brightest and best, the air filled with the perfume of flowers and the songs of birds, the eye gladdened by beauty everywhere. At least one month in the year the country is an ideal place to live in, and these bright mornings we feel as if we would like to leave work and care and ride out in the fresh, inspiring air, rejoicing with Nature in her happiest mood. Ah, if our lives could only be like the month of May! But that cannot be, for

"There's never a day so sunny but a little cloud appears  
And never a heart so happy but there's time for grief and tears."

How many there are who are living only in the future, looking away months and even years in advance, building air castles only to see them vanish into nothingness! We pay no heed to the days that are passing though they may be our brightest. We cannot live always; and it is best to live every day as though it were our last, and make the

best of everything, enjoying what we have, for far away in that future that lies before us cloud upon cloud may be gathering thickly to envelop us.

When troubles come, we look back and recall the days that seemed both weary and monotonous, that we thought all cloud and no sunshine. So it is best to make our happiness as we go along. Perhaps we have not spent our lives as we would have liked; fate may have decreed otherwise. Perhaps our way has been rough and hard because of what others have done to cause us pain and heartache, but could we travel both roads, the one we would have chosen, and the one that has been marked out for us, when we got to the end perhaps we would say the last was the easiest and "God knows best."

We should have charity for others; think twice before repeating a story that will injure another, and never go back into the past to dig up and bring to the light some misdeed or wrong act of another. We have plenty of our own at home for inspection—more than many of us like to admit.

Our own lives have been far from perfect. Our idle gossip may do incalculable harm, break up long friendships, or drive some erring but repentant soul back to sin; we may bring shame upon the innocent, and doubt to the believing, so

Don't be in too much of a hurry  
To credit the news of the day;  
For a deal of life's fret and its worry  
Is prefaced by two words, "They say!"

MRS. A. DO.

## NEWSPAPERS AND WASHING MACHINES.

What is best to do with newspapers that keep coming after your subscription has expired? It is not always convenient to leave them in the office, for often in the country you send for your mail by others. When you first notice the publishers are sending the paper over the time you subscribed for there is a small amount due them (or they think there is). They ought not to put you to the bother and postage of writing to them to stop what you never ordered, any way. This is what I did with one of them: After it had been sent about three months too long I sent a card to the publisher telling him that if he intended it as a present I thanked him, but I had not the slightest intention of ever paying for it, in fact as I had not subscribed to it I distinctly intended never to pay for it. It didn't come any more. There is one coming to my address now and the label shows it is going to come for a year, that I never subscribed for, never even heard of till it came. I don't intend to pay for that either.

Is there any washing machine that is a real help in washing? Those I have tried required such an outlay of strength that I was more tired after using them than when washing in the old way. I notice those who praise their particular

machine say that their husband or one of the boys can wash the clothes through the machine in a short time. That is the trouble with them, they require a man's strength. Boiling and bleaching on the grass I consider the greatest helps.

HULDAH PERKINS.

## PIONEER.

[Unfortunately, the law permits publishers to continue sending their papers after the time paid for has expired and enables them to collect pay if the papers are taken from the office. I say unfortunately, for no reputable publisher will continue to force his paper upon a subscriber after the latter has signified he doesn't want it by failing to renew. It is possible some friend may have paid for the paper which our correspondent mentions as being received though she never heard of it before, but it would be safest to follow the plan she adopted and notify the publisher, per postal, that she does not intend to pay for it. It is indeed a shame that people should be put to the trouble of refusing what they never subscribed for, or wanted, and we hope some day the law will be amended so that those who take such means to levy blackmail may have no legal resource.—Ed.]

## HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

YOU have, perhaps, a pretty book in dainty white or pale tinted binding which has been soiled by somebody's careless fingers. In book stores, such soil is removed by rubbing with chamol skin dipped in powdered pumice-stone.

THE best rat exterminator ever examined in a chemist's laboratory is simply chloride of lime. This thrown liberally about their holes and runaways, and the rats will never sniff it more than once.

## Contributed Recipes.

LEMON PIE.—The grated rind and juice of one lemon; one cup sugar; three eggs, saving the whites of two for frosting for the top; piece of butter size of a walnut; two tablespoonfuls milk. Bake. When done spread with a frosting made of the whites of two eggs and two tablespoonfuls of sugar; return to oven and brown slightly. J. H. H.

WILLIAMSTON.

VINEGAR PIE.—One-third cup strong vinegar; one cup boiling water; one cup sugar; three tablespoonfuls melted butter; two of flour, and one tablespoonful of lemon extract. Put the vinegar, water, sugar and butter into a basin, and let it come to a boil, then stir in the flour, let this cook and then cool. Beat the yolks of two eggs and stir into it, also the lemon, then turn your mixture into your crust and bake. Have the whites of the two eggs beaten to a froth, and sweetened to taste. Pour this over the pie when done, and return to the oven until it is browned just a little, and your pie is ready for tea. I think it is nice and a very good substitute for lemon pie. Let us know if you like it.

OAKWOOD.

EFFIE.