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THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

CONSEQUENCES.

BY MARTHA E. DIMON.

SHE SAID:

You stole a kiss, you daring boy,
And punished you shall be,
I know you thought it blissful joy,
Nor cared how much you did annoy
My blushing modesty.

I hereby make a stern decree
Which you perforce must meet,
That you shall straight restore to me
That which you took so brazenly,
And ne'er the deed repeat.

HE SAID:

I stole a kiss, my darling girl,
The truth I will admit;
But rosy lips and teeth like pearls,
Bewitching looks, coquettish curls,
Shall plead excuse for it.

A part of your decree is just,
And now by hook or crook,
Return to you at once I must
The stolen kiss; to love I trust
To give me what I took.

THE WORLD SAID.

Another wedding set for May,
Young Thompson and Miss Rose,
A true love match, the gossips say,
Where Cupid has his own sweet way,
And bright the future glows.

SUMMER GOWNS.

Cotton gowns are very much the mode this season. The fashion journals give us wonderfully elaborate models for making them up, models which makes the dress fully as costly (or even more costly) as a wool costume. But there's one mercy about it, we can follow them or not, at our option.

Old-fashioned organdy muslins are in vogue again, and very dainty and pretty they are, too, with their flower-strewn surfaces. Dotted Swiss muslins, French lawns, dimities, cotton cheviots, linen duck—which is a sort of pique, and batistes are the favorite materials.

Many of these are made up on linings of batiste, or of the same goods, largely increasing the cost of the dress. The round full waist is almost invariably used for these goods, made on a fitted lining, and woe and wrath are in the laundress' heart as she struggles to "do them up." Be ruled by sense, and choose either simple models for light colors, or dark tints that will not need to see the wash-tub in a season.

You will make your skirt of four straight widths of organdy, batiste or lawn, gathering at top and cording to the waist, with the fulness of the front

breadth disposed of by goring it in the usual style. Make the hem eight inches deep; tuck it if the spirit moves you, or trim with lace of two or three rows of graduated width, each coming from under a wide tuck. The round full waist has a folded girdle and stock collar of bias satin, or ribbon or velvet ribbon may be employed instead. Sleeves are puffed twice above the elbow and are made on a fitted lining of the same; if you have pretty arms, finish with a deep fall of lace from the elbow, or a deep ruffle edged with lace.

Spanish flounces are much worn; this is a deep flounce set on with a heading at the knee, the flounce forming the lower portion of the skirt.

□ Striped lawns and organdies are made with three deep flounces which cover the entire skirt and are edged with lace or embroidery; these are mounted on a gored skirt and consist of straight breadths, four for the two lower flounces, three for the upper, which is gathered to the waist. The waist laps in surplice style and has a gathered back. A fichu of the goods forms a point in the back, crosses in front, passes under the arms, and laps at the waist line in the back; it is edged with a ruffle or gathered lace. On a dark dress, cotton guipure lace insertion laid flat on the edges of flounces, fichu, etc., makes a showy trimming. Bind the neck, and make a very full ruche of lace, letting it extend down the front.

For white cotton dresses, Swiss lawn with pinhead dots is a favorite goods, and like organdy, is a revival of an old fashioned weave known to our grandmothers. These are made without lining (cut them with ample allowance for shrinkage), and the seams are managed by stitching them on the right side, then turning and stitching again on the wrong side, thus entirely concealing the raw edges. Four breadths make the skirt, and all are sloped slightly; sew the skirt to a stiffened muslin band, and cover with another belt of satin ribbon, two inches wide, fastened with a rosette on the left. Sleeves are very large at the top and finish with a ruffle or ruche at the wrist. This simple model is desirable in almost any of the summer cottons. The fancy is for white ribbons, or white silk or satin trimmings with white gowns. A set which can be worn with several dresses can be

made of rose pink, apple green or yellow satin, cut bias, and made into folded girdles meeting under rosettes of the same, with collars to match, and shoulder rosettes also, two for each shoulder placed about four inches apart on the line of the armhole. Or, one white gown can be varied by having several sets of these accessories in different colors. The preference is for rosettes on everything, from hats to slippers. To make them, double the material, gather it close, arrange the folds in proper style and sew firmly into shape.

Of course there are more elaborate styles having shirred and puffed yokes, and sleeves which are miracles of making, but for the home dressmaker and the home laundress the simpler fashions given above are much more available and serviceable. For to most of us the beauty and delight of a cotton gown is the impunity with which it can be sent to the wash-tub.

THE DUTY OF HELPFULNESS.

As I look out, this beautiful May morning, the most harmonious scene meets my eye. The fruit trees are a mass of pink and white bloom; the green grass is dotted with dandelions; the shower of yesterday washed the dust from the leaves; the birds are filling the air with melody; not one discordant note can I detect in my surroundings. In each home the members of the family are taking up the duties of the day. The school children are on their way with books and dinner baskets; happy they are, we know, with rosy cheeks, bright eyes, and elastic step, not a care in the world. Do I occasionally find myself envying them their freedom, wishing, ah! how vainly, that I were a girl again, treading the worn path to the old school-house, conning the homely lessons, dreaming dreams, and building castles? The rosy, happy days of childhood! Let us make them as bright and joyous as we can; they come but once and always hang like a lovely picture in memory's gallery.

In the farm homes the duties which are never light will now increase. There will be butter to make; more men to cook for; the weather will grow warmer but the days are longer, and by systematizing a little one can get the heavy work out of the way in the morn-

ing. It is not a wise plan to crowd too much work into one day; let each day bring its duties, allowing the housewife perfect liberty each afternoon. I am greatly in favor of a nap after dinner, if it can be limited to only fifteen minutes; it is restful, it is refreshing, it keeps up the strength, it relaxes the nerves. I know it seems like one of the impossibilities, when one pair of hands and one pair of feet perform all the work, take all the steps, but remember the hands will work more swiftly after a rest, the feet will not lag on their way if rested awhile. Perhaps house cleaning is not half over, the baby has been sick—oh! what a house it makes when baby is sick! The sunshine is clouded, the light has gone out, only anxious days and nights. Does it seem possible that the little new life so closely connected with ours can so influence us for sorrow or happiness! Maybe the aged mother whose home is with us is slowly failing; she is a care, a burden, but her life is ebbing away; it will be but a few days before her sufferings will be ended; there will be a hush in the house, the worn and wrinkled hands will be folded over the stilled breast, the faded eyes into which we have gazed so many years, in wondering babyhood, in trusting childhood, in happy womanhood, give back no answering glance. The voice which taught us "Our Father," at even-tide, sung for us the hymns and pretty songs, praised us, censured us, gave us kindly council, is now silent. Mother may seem like a burden sometimes, but down deep in our heart we find she is a comfort; she is mother still. And after it is all over, how comforting the thought that as she cared for us all through our troublesome childhood, suffered many and many a heartache for our little disobediences, we were able and willing and glad to care for her through declining years! Our duties confront us on either hand, and the life is rounded and made more symmetrical because of them. The busy life crowds out selfishness; it puts aside self; it is a constant self-denial.

I like a busy life, but not so busy that I feel crowded and fretted. The hours are made up of golden moments; no one can afford to throw them away in idleness. Each night we should look back to some good deed done, some helpful word spoken; a smile of encouragement given. It has been said that we must count that day lost in which we have made no human creature better, lightened no burden, healed no sorrow. How freely does Nature give us of her beauties, should we be chary of helping those worse off than ourselves. "Oh!" you say, "I don't know of any one worse off than myself. My health is poor; I have a large family, my means are limited, my husband is very unkind to me, what can I do?" Just a little way off, there's a sister woman who Decoration Day will place flowers upon the graves of her husband, four little child-

ren, father and mother; and yet she never for a moment forgets that she is one in God's great family. She has two little ones clinging to her skirts and no money but what her two slender hands earn; but sick rooms are brightened by her presence, discouraged ones take fresh courage and press on because of her exemplary life and helpful words. We look around our comfortable homes; out into the beautiful world; our life flows along harmoniously, uneventfully, but let us never lose sight of the fact that we can reach out our hand and lift up some despondent creature; our voice can reach some ear in helpful words; just outside our half acre is much untilled land. We are all God's creatures, independent, yet mutually dependent.

BATTLE CREEK.

EVANGELINE.

THE COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION.

We left Birmingham for the "Windy City," May 20th, arriving at our rooms that evening. We found very pleasant quarters, and the next morning took a car for the famous Lincoln park. It is a most enchanting place, with its flowers, lakes, statues, walks and shade. It boasts a fine menagerie and aviary also, and we spent several pleasant hours there. We next chartered a park phaeton and took a drive of 15 or 20 miles through South and Washington parks and adjoining boulevards, the charge being 25 cents for each passenger.

The next morning we started for the great Exposition, and in due time were among its wonders. I do not purpose to describe its wonders or what we saw of them. My purpose is to give a little personal experience among its beautiful scenes. There are said to be forty State buildings. Only one (Illinois) is entirely completed. There are about twenty foreign buildings, not more than one or two of these are completed. There are large sections in all the large buildings yet incomplete, and car loads of exhibits yet to unload.

But do not think this means there is nothing to see. Do not wait on that account, if circumstances are favorable for a present visit. There are rooms finished in all State buildings that will make them pleasant headquarters, and many finished sections in any and all of other buildings that will give you all the sight-seeing you can profitably attend to for a reasonable time, and every day makes great showing of improved affairs. Only look at finished work; let chaos alone and you will do as well now as later.

In our experience the rumors of extortion are greatly exaggerated. It is said if you go to the foreign cafes and restaurants you find piratical prices. I cannot speak from experience. There are restaurants at the Woman's building, and at several other buildings where coffee, sandwiches, etc., can be procured at ten cents each, and other

things proportionate. One can get a lunch at a reasonable price, or go as high as is desired.

I had heard stories of extortionate prices charged at the "White Horse Inn," "so English you know." I saw the hostelry but had no opportunity of learning its prices.

I discovered that it was very fashionable for visitors to carry lunch baskets; many checked them at their State building and made this their headquarters; a very pleasant way of doing as we proved by putting in practice.

The result of experience and observation summed up is this: Let every one go to the fair who can. It is worthy of patronage and is well worth the cost, if care and common sense be practiced. Opportunities for extravagance are everywhere, but economy can be practiced. But let no young girl venture alone.

FAIRHOLM.

A. L. L.

KEEP OUT OF THE PAST.

If there is anything in the world that people generally seem determined not to do, it is to let the past alone, and give their attention to to-day. If we have set out to improve our lives and hearts and better our thoughts, it is a great mistake to send our mind roaming through the past, calling up all our old sorrows to gaze at and our old sins to trouble us over again. Nothing is gained and very much lost.

Past errors should be remembered only enough to correct them in our life to-day; then let them go. The very mission of the past is to hide all unsightly things from our view.

There may have been pleasures that we enjoyed once, but if they have been ours, that is sufficient. Let us seek new ones for to-day. We do not want them second-hand anyway.

If we have done good, let it rest, it may be treasured up for us somewhere. The good we may do to-day demands all attention.

"There were old sorrows!" Oh, yes, I know; if you want to be perfectly miserable, call them all back to mind; look at them; live them again. Is there not care enough in your heart to-day? Keep out of the past! Sin and darkness and terror are there. In the golden to-day there is hope and love, and joy and happiness, better than the world have ever seen before, and we would not change our to-day with a century of the past.

What will this moment be when it joins the past? We may make to-day a very bright one to beam out in memory, if we only do the "duty lying nearest" and seek out the best things to enjoy and love.

Do you regret some wasted opportunity? See that you let none slip by now. Every hour holds them. Oh, make the best of them and let the past die unregretted.

MARSHALL.

CLARA BELLE.

HOUSE CLEANING.

The great topic of the feminine mind is house cleaning, in all its details, from how to save strength and keep the family good-natured until order is finally restored, to turning and mending and calculating how to make the bedroom carpet and sitting-room curtains last one more year. Happy are they who have only to make a trip to the city and select whatever suits their taste, but still I believe they miss the satisfaction we feel when we have made old things look almost as good as new. There is plenty for us to do. The young poultry claims our attention, for if left to run at their own pleasure, they grow beautifully less. The vegetable garden must needs be looked after, for by and by the bill of fare must be replenished by good things from the garden. If we expect to have flowers, we must spend some time and thought upon our plants and sow the seeds to cheer the autumn months.

Berries and small fruit must be cared for; and by the way, I wonder if Elizabeth E. has got her "patch" looked after? How many times, when discouraged, I have thought of her!

The spring dresses and bonnets and other spring fixings demand the attention of the average woman, and we find it is no small affair either.

Outside of our own homes there are bank failures, which come close to many Lansing people; the World's Fair, a national affair, and "Children Day" which has become an established Sabbath School holiday.

Yes; many things to think of, but no subject to write about which Joy Bell feels able to do justice to. Perhaps you may accept my little offering as a plate of hash among the daintier viands provided for us in our little HOUSEHOLD.

As usual, we have seen the various ways of cleaning house. The woman who tore up in March and kept right at it, regardless of weather or anything else, and now has a house nearly as dusty as ever; then we have at least one woman who will be all summer cleaning. She will wait till everything is to her mind; till "John" can help her paper, until the hired man leaves, so he will not track in the dirt, until she feels like it, and all with a deliberation which drives most of us wild; and some time before winter she will have her house cleaned. But then, she will not need to have a fall cleaning, and bless her, she will be "fair and fat at forty" and perhaps at eighty. Then we have lots of women who are "medium"—wait until the weather is favorable and the rains over; who work slow, with lots of time to fix up and to see the opening leaves and flowers. If the weather should be cold or rainy, or they feel "used up," they do not hesitate to stop for a day and rest. We can always find little jobs to do and next day go at the

heavier work with renewed energy. Well, each one will do her work as she chooses and each one thinks her way the best.

Now, I will tell a way to clean house which I think would be fine, if one could afford it. (There is the rub.) Go off for a month's visit somewhere; hire a good woman to clean while you are gone. Then go back to a clean house. Well, it is easy to talk and after all this letter seems to have a subject. It commenced and ended with "house cleaning," and no wonder; it is the main occupation, just now, of

LANSING.

JOY BELL.

WHAT WILL RESULT?

The other day I went into the library, and found dear old Uncle Amos with his head in his hand, looking utterly dejected and miserable, while the morning paper lay on the floor.

"Don't you feel well?" said I.

"In body, yes; in mind, no. The news is that the bill for municipal suffrage for women has passed the Legislature and now 'All Hell will be let loose upon us.'"

"Oh no," said I, inwardly chuckling, but with a face as grave as an owl's, for the dear old man needed a little comfort. "It won't be so bad as that."

"Think of the wrangling and jangling between men and their wives," he went on, "and how the divorces and immorality will increase."

"Many will vote for the same man," said I, "and be more closely united. It can't be much worse for those who differ. A man and his wife will quarrel now over religious matters. Not long ago, a husband was arrested for beating his wife because she wouldn't go to mass with him."

"Will the best women vote?"

"Every mother's daughter of us, you may be assured."

"But, who will tend the baby and make the bread?" said Uncle Amos, sighing.

"It isn't going to take all day just to put your ticket in the box. Ten minutes to half an hour will do it, and the women may relieve one another. A man's business does not go to smash when he leaves it for a short time to go to the polls."

"But they are such dirty places, not fit for you, my dear. I should hate to have you mixed up, as you certainly would be, with the swearing, spitting, drinking crowd that always hang around the polls and get to fighting before the day is out."

"We shall change all that," said I, airily. "Let me tell you what you may see a very long time from now. The voting place will be in a grand cathedral like a church, with stained glass windows and carpeted aisles. Early in the morning of voting day there will be a service of song and praise, with earnest prayers for guid-

ance. And all day long the men and women will come singly, or in pairs, quietly put their ballots in the box, and silently withdraw. Won't that be nice, Uncle Amos?"

"Perhaps," he mused.

SISTER GRACIOUS.

A LONG LOOK AHEAD.

What is to be the future of woman? This question must often present itself to the mind of the attentive watcher of woman's progress during the past forty years; and especially must it have occurred to those in attendance upon the women's congresses at Chicago in May. To what does the woman's movement tend? What will it mean to the race? Where will it stop?

Woman's encroachments upon what have been man's special prerogatives have been so far quietly received, at least they have met with no very determined opposition. There is hardly a trade or occupation which women have not entered, while some employments they have entirely usurped, forcing men to abandon them because of the lowering of wages by competition. Laws placing women's property rights on a parity with men's; laws favoring them above men in some cases, have been passed, with or without women's solicitation, and women are not satisfied but demand more.

It is well for us to remember when our strong-minded sisters wall over "down-trodden womanhood," that all the advantages women of the present era enjoy, over and above those enjoyed by their foremothers, have been accorded them by men, who have held the power to give or withhold. Men opened college and university doors—the first woman's college was built and endowed by a man, Matthew Vassar, cranky old bachelor though he was; men are the financial mainstay of families; men are the law-makers; and men are the employers in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred where woman enters business; though his willingness to accept her services may be selfish (because she will work for less) yet we must not forget there is among men a class spirit, a spirit of helpfulness which operates to hold them together, a certain loyalty to each other which woman has overcome.

The cause of the suffragists, once so despised and ridiculed, is gaining ground. It is by no means impossible, in fact it is highly probable, that some of us will live to see women invested with every political right exercised by men. Men themselves are beginning to announce their readiness to give it "when a majority of women say they want it." And the minority is crowding the majority pretty hard. What then!

The inquiry is a serious one. With woman plunged in the demoralizing vortex of politics—and she will take

that dangerous leap the moment she is permitted—what will be the effect not alone upon the body politic as a unit, but upon the integers, the individual homes? Is the relative position of the sexes to be reversed, and woman to become the dominant power, as she was in the days of the Egyptian queen Hatsu, four thousand years before the Christian era?

We see what our country has become under the rule of men. But every nation must rise, flourish—and fall. It is inevitable. Every government is built upon the ruins of its predecessors. And the inquiry suggests itself—will the woman's movement become a great tidal wave sweeping aside barriers and precedents and making the feminine the dominant sex? Or, will her rule characterize the decadence of our republic; or, yet again, is a model republic, free from abuses and corruptions, to grow under woman's influence and "live a thousand years?"

The woman's question, and the woman's movement, are becoming the vital questions of the hour.

BRUNEFILLE.

LITERATURE FOR OUR SCHOOLS.

I am glad to see E. L. Nye take up her old hobby again. I wish more of our readers would show some interest in it.

It seems very important to me that our district schools should have reading matter of a good kind. The more I think and talk to others about it the more apparent it becomes that it is the opinion of a limited number in a great many localities. I also find that money is being raised in various ways in a certain few of these places, and earnestly hope that there are many more.

Last August, before I had talked with any one or thought or read about this matter, my sister and I contrived a plan for such an advancement in our own district. The result was that during the winter we had a club (The Library Club) consisting of fifteen members. We met every Wednesday evening and all worked very hard for the success of the work.

We gave two entertainments at the school-house and three socials at private houses. These were all very well attended even on stormy nights, and the entertainments were highly spoken of. Of course we had many little difficulties but always overcame them in some way.

At these five entertainments we obtained about thirty dollars, I think. Our expenses, including Reading Circle books, reduced it to twenty-two dollars and eighty-five cents.

This is what one district is doing for "Literature in District Schools," and as I am very deeply interested in the promotion of this work and am willing to work hard for it, I hope we may hear something more about it.

It is over a year since my name ap-

peared under "Higher Education for our Farmer Lads," and if Grandpa is still a reader of this little paper, I must tell him that I did not mean for all country boys to go through college, but to have a good, decent education, extending at least through the eighth grade. I think very few boys would study much at home now.

ASS. BIA.

TRUDIE HUNTER.

CHAT.

"BESSIE BLUSTER" comments as follows on a womanly foible, as she calls it:

It amuses me to see the anxiety manifested by the sisterhood not to let their husbands know they are cleaning house. Wherefore? Is it any worse for the man to eat his dinner in a muss than for a woman to do the hard, back-breaking work necessary to produce that condition—and the dinner? I don't believe in going out of my way to make my husband believe house cleaning is an enjoyable recreation which we take up for the pleasure of it. Nine men out of ten think their wives' work doesn't make any special draft on time or strength, and that if they had it to do they could get it out of the way in an hour or two, and this is because women take so much pains to keep things in order and tidy when the men are around. When they have a big job on hand they choose a day when the men are off the farm, and congratulate themselves on getting it out of the way without ruffling the serenity of their spouses. "Bear ye one another's burdens" is a good enough motto for me, and I calculate to get a good deal of solid help out of Mr. Bluster during the upheaval. If I am willing to hold bags or turn fanning-mill, feed the calves and run the hay rake on occasion, I do not see why he cannot be reasonably expected to aid me in work that is beyond my strength. I think half the wives who have inconsiderate husbands spoiled them by waiting on them the first few years.

A FARMER'S WIFE who adds to that title the suggestive words "in trouble," says:

We have taken the FARMER for sixteen years and I have thought every week I would write to the HOUSEHOLD and cast in my mite, but have been afraid of that great bug-bear the waste basket. Each week I hail the little paper and my first thought is: Will there be anything new for dinner? It is so hard to cook for seven or eight men and have a change each day. We read bills of fare for each day, but if one lives four miles from town and cannot get what the bill calls for, they are of no special help; so send us something that farmers wives can make.

The pocket-book question does not bother me, nor women's rights, for I have all the rights I want; and if there is any money in the house I have my share without asking for it. What bothers me is to find something to eat. I guess I will stop for the first time for the more I say the more I want to.

"PANSY," of Carson City, remarks:

The baby is asleep and the work basket is waiting, but I must write while the "spirit moves." I want to tell tired mothers how to manage the little ones so there will be no worry about their getting uncovered in the night.

Make combination suits, waist and

drawers together, and long enough to reach down over the feet. I use cotton flannel for winter and pink calico for summer; then if the children do kick the clothes off they are not apt to take cold.

While reading Arn's Wife's article, the suggestion that babies and house plants never agree startled me. I have but a few plants but our baby has been very sick this winter, and I would like to know if they had anything to do with it.

I would like to say to O. A. that her puzzle can be solved if she begins in the right room. I changed every carpet in my house to a different room this spring and had but one room torn up at a time. It took a great deal of study and planning, though, to do it. Have plenty cooked up, and husband will complain no more than he does wash day.

Will some one tell me how to care for lilies-of-the-valley?

CARSON CITY.

PANSY.

Pansy need not be alarmed; her house-plants had nothing to do with her baby's sickness. Recent investigations have proven that plants are not at all detrimental to the health though the opinion once prevailed they were. Why should they be unhealthful in our homes where the world is filled with them and the healthiest place in the world is "all out doors?" Good healthy plants in a home are usually an index of the good health of its inmates; for they require pure air, moisture, and a not too high temperature and absence of dust, and these are conditions favorable to human health. They should not be allowed to monopolize the sunshine, however.

YOU may take a grease spot out of your silk gown by covering it with dry magnesia; and those unsightly spots left on black wool goods after mud has been rubbed off may be made to vanish by rubbing with a raw potato.

Contributed Recipes.

MEAT LOAF.—Take of beef or veal three pounds, chop fine; add one teacupful of sweet milk; six large crackers, rolled; two eggs; two tablespoonfuls of melted butter; one tablespoonful of salt; one teaspoonful of black pepper; one teaspoonful of sage or summer savory. Mix well together and make into a loaf. Bake two hours in a moderate oven. Nice to slice cold.

LETTUCE SALAD.—Mash the yolks of one half dozen hard boiled eggs to a paste; add an equal quantity of finely chopped beef's tongue or chicken; one teaspoonful of melted butter; two tablespoonfuls of thick sweet cream; salt and pepper to taste. Form into little balls, and slice the whites in rings. Fill the salad dish with lettuce, arrange the eggs on the leaves and over all pour a French dressing.

EVANGELINE.

BREAD PUDDING.—Pour boiling water on two cupfuls stale bread; cover and let stand till it can be mashed into a paste. Let come to a boil one quart of sweet milk, put with the paste; add one teaspoonful cinnamon, one of grated nutmeg, a little salt, butter, and one fourth spoonful soda. The last thing put in three eggs, well beaten. Bake.

PANSY.