

# MICHIGAN FARMER

AND STATE JOURNAL OF AGRICULTURE.

DETROIT, SEPT. 9, 1893.

## THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

### THAT LITTLE PRAYER.

The fire upon the hearth is low,  
And there is stillness everywhere;  
Like troubled spirits here and there  
The firelight shadows fluttering go,  
And as the shadows round me creep,  
A childish treble breaks the gloom,  
And softly from a further room  
Comes: "Now I lay me down to sleep,"  
And, somehow, with that little prayer  
And that sweet treble in my ears,  
My thoughts go back to distant years,  
And linger with a dear one there;  
And as I hear the child's amen,  
My mother's faith comes back to me—  
Crouched at her side I seem to be,  
And mother holds my hand again,  
Oh, for an hour in that dear place!  
Oh, for the peace of that dear time!  
Oh, for that childish trust sublime!  
Oh, for a glimpse of mother's face!  
Yet, as the shadows round me creep,  
I do not seem to be alone—  
Sweet magic of that trembling tone  
And, "Now I lay me down to sleep!"

When he was youth and she was maid  
Full oft would he declare  
He loved to see her charms displayed  
In setting rich and rare.  
The costliest lace, the gayest plume,  
The quaintest brodered stuff,  
The choicest fabric of the loom  
Was hardly choice enough.  
Years pass, and Angelina's life  
With Edwin's now is blent,  
And—he a husband, she a wife—  
His tastes are different.  
Simplicity, he says, is best—  
Away with vulgar show!  
She shines the fairest when she's dressed  
In eight cent calico.

### A SUMMER'S EXPERIENCES.

After enjoying the lake breezes at Bay View for most of the season we are again anchored at home and the home and society cares must be resumed, but the common every day harness can be adjusted so much easier after the pleasant change that many lives never know.

After two weeks spent among the wonders and delights of the White City until body and brain were too weary to care for more, even though all the world has contributed to the beauty and grandeur of that center of attraction, we hied away to the bracing air and the many educational advantages of Bay View.

It is reported that other resorts are suffering not a little from lack of attendance, but we are proud to state that the Bay View managers paid one hundred cents on the dollar for all talent

employed during the four weeks of this Assembly, beside giving several benefit entertainments. We had such singers as Mrs. Geneva Johnstone-Bishop, of Chicago, the Lotus Glee Club, of Boston, and also the Boston Stars; such grand orators as Dr. Crawford, Rev. McIntyre, of Denver, and Hon. John Temple Graves, of Atlanta, with such an earnest advocate of purity for the youth as Anthony Comstock, of New York; and there were able, earnest ministers and the long list of teachers and those who entertained, with fine stereopticon and impressive beach services, the gleanings from the W. C. T. U. School of Methods and the Woman's Council, and oh the many, many good things that we saw and heard!

We incidentally remarked that we went to Chicago to use our eyes and to Bay View to use our ears when some one facetiously asked where we were going to use our mouths and we said: "Right here at home," but of a truth the half cannot be told however busy our tongues may be.

Now comes the annual school meeting and "we ladies are going to vote." Not that we expect our work will tell in any noticeable way at first. Let us step in quietly with no attempt at making our presence felt, and learn what we ought to do and what we desire to do before any radical steps are taken, if ever. There will doubtless be many women who in voting on municipal and school matters will try to overturn all established customs and revolutionize matters, but it seems quite unwise. Failure lies in the path of those who, in comparative ignorance, attempt what they cannot carry out. I believe it is our duty to accept and use carefully and prayerfully every right conceded. Prove that we want and appreciate these privileges by using but not abusing them. So let us do that more may be added. Many men are dreading this innovation and fearing that a few foolish office seeking women will be the only ones to respond, so let us take up this duty as one that is life-long; and not make haste to carry any pet project until the proper harvest time comes after a seed-sowing of studious and painstaking preparation. I have repeatedly said that I had all the rights that I wanted and therefore had no desire to vote; but while at Bay View my eyes were opened to my

duty in that line and I shall do, for what I now believe to be the general good, what I, personally, would not care to do.

One of my trials is that in this place it is an established custom for the band to give an open air concert on every Saturday evening and Main street is the scene of a grand promenade for men and women, youth and maiden, children of all ages on foot and in cabs, and oh the jostle and jargon and the vile odors that fill the air of tobacco and beer and the loathsome cigarette! The stores and saloons are a blaze of light and high carnival prevails. To me it seems that these misses are contaminated by all that they see and hear until the delicate bloom from the fruit is gone; their maidenly purity is not left unsullied. It must, of necessity, make young girls more bold and flippant of speech, more ready to meet and associate with strangers and those of doubtful character. Even those of such tender age as eight or ten years scorn a chaperone and must go with their chums, and for hours the parade goes on. I am laughed at and called "notional" because I cannot approve of this publicity, where all classes meet on a common level and jostle along or stand in loud-talking groups under every awning with only the fitful light of the street lamps that leave many dark mischief-hatching corners. If it is bad for young girls what is it for the boys? Many a first cigarette might be traced to these alley vigils, and oh! the slang and oaths, the petty thieving and deeds of evil that are the natural result of these evenings on the street! I said all classes meet there and in a sense it is true; but the better class of ladies are seldom seen and some men prefer a newspaper at home, yet that apparently does not lessen the surging crowd. I may be a "fogy" with ideas away behind the times, but it will be long before my education can tolerate such things as these.

As the season of cooler weather draws nigh the rheumatism begins to tighten its grasp and I wonder if all the victims know of the relief to be obtained by the slapping process. When one cannot lie or sit in any position in comfort, a dozen or twenty sharp blows with the flat hand will often give relief. Don't think you can treat a sore hip or shoulder in that way without pain, for it is heroic



**PEACH MARMALADE.**—The peaches, having been pared, stoned and weighed, are placed in a porcelain-lined kettle and heated slowly, so as to extract all the juice possible. It is necessary to stir them often from the bottom, and for this use a wooden spoon is best—never use an iron spoon. Increase the heat gradually till the juice comes to a boil, which is allowed to continue for forty-five minutes, stirring frequently during the time. The sugar is then added, allowing twelve ounces for each pound of fruit, and the whole is boiled for five minutes, all of the scum which rises being carefully removed. Then add the juice of a lemon for each three pounds of peaches, and the water in which a quarter part of the kernels have been treated as described for preserved peaches. The whole is then to be stewed for ten minutes more, being stirred meantime till it becomes a smooth paste, when it is taken from the fire and put into jars or tumblers, being covered when cold with brandied paper.

**PICKLED PEACHES, PARED.**—Select ripe, perfect fruit, weigh after paring, and for each ten pounds of peaches take a quart of vinegar, four and a half pounds of sugar, and as much mace, cloves and cinnamon, or whatever spice is preferred, as will give the desired flavor. Lay the pared peaches upon the sugar for an hour, then drain off the sirup thus formed, and add a cupful of water. Bring this to a boil and skim as long as any scum rises; then put in the peaches, boil for ten minutes, put into the jars; add the vinegar and spices to the sirup, boil fifteen minutes and fill up the jars.

**PICKLED PEACHES, UNPALED.**—Wipe with a coarse cloth to remove the down, prick each peach with a fork, and heat in just enough water to cover them. Weigh them. When the water has nearly reached a boil, take out the peaches and put in three pounds of sugar to each seven pounds of fruit, boiling the sirup thus formed for fifteen minutes, and skimming it till clear. Then add three pints of vinegar and the spices, which should be placed in a small, thin muslin bag, and consist of one tablespoonful each of mace, allspice and cinnamon stick, with a teaspoonful each of celery seed and cloves. Boil all together for ten minutes, then return the peaches, and continue the boiling till the fruit can be pierced with a straw. Then remove the fruit to be cooled and packed in jars, continue boiling the sirup till it is of satisfactory thickness, and pour it over the peaches while still scalding hot.

IN preparing pineapples one cannot be too careful to remove every particle of the "eyes" after paring. Then instead of slicing the fruit, commence at the top and strip in small pieces from the outside to the centre or core.

**GHERKIN PICKLES.**

Tiny gherkins, or cucumbers, should be chosen for this purpose. The prettiest size is from one inch and a half to two inches and a half in length, but they may be used when nearly twice as large. The smaller ones require less soaking in brine than those of greater size. Leave stems on the gherkins if possible, and be careful that there are no specked or bruised specimens among them. Christine T. Herrick gives the following as the best method.

Put the cucumbers in a good-sized cheese-cloth bag, in which has been placed a stone heavy enough to anchor the bag in the bottom of the large earthen-ware crock or small keg which is to hold your pickles during this first stage. Tie up the bag at the top and lay it in the jar, taking care that none of your gherkins are under the stone. Pour in the brine, made strong enough to bear up an egg, using about a quart of salt to three gallons of water. Let the cucumbers lie in the brine for at least ten days, stirring the brine up well three times a week. Fresh cucumbers may be added from day to day, but in that case the length of time the bag and its contents remain in soak must be proportionately increased. It will not injure the cucumbers to remain for a month or six weeks in the brine. Test its strength with an egg from time to time, and add more salt if necessary, or water, if this has evaporated too rapidly.

When the last cucumbers added to the store have served their term in salt-water, take them all out, pick them over carefully, rejecting those that have softened, and lay the others in cold fresh water for forty-eight hours, changing the water once during that time. If the pickles are to be greened it must be done at this stage.

Prepare the vinegar by adding to each quart twelve whole cloves, twelve whole black pepper-corns, six whole allspice, six blades of mace, a quarter of an onion sliced, and one-third of a cup of sugar. Tie the spices and onion up together in one or two small bags, and boil the vinegar containing these and the sugar for five minutes. Pack the gherkins into a stone crock, pour the boiling vinegar over them, and cover the jar tightly. The vinegar must be drained from the pickle three days later, scald again, and poured back on the gherkins, and this operation repeated a week later, and then again on the tenth day. The pickles may then be arranged in small jars or left in a large crock. In either case, they must be covered closely. They will be ready for the table in six or eight weeks.

String-beans, radish pods, and small green tomatoes may be put up by the same method, and also because the direction, if absolutely obeyed, will yield thoroughly satisfactory results. Should these pickles not prove sharp enough to suit all tastes, the fault may be remedied by using less sugar to the same amount of vinegar.

**HOUSEHOLD HINTS.**

TIN cans that tomatoes and corn come in are good to pack sausage in. Press down for a while after you think there are no chinks left. Pour hot lard on top. When wanted to fry, set in hot water a minute. It will slip out with a "tunk" on the bottom.—R. U. Y.

THE suggestion of an exchange about stemming currants has its value to the housekeeper. If currants are placed in a flat colander and a small stream of water allowed to run over them from the faucet, the stems can be separated by making a circular motion with the fingers through the currants.

A DISH drainer is a household convenience that would save trouble and toil to a good many women, and give them cleaner sweeter dishes to use in the bargain, if they would only be persuaded to invest. A dish rinsed by turning clean hot water over it and dried without wiping, is cleaner than the same dish wiped on the average dish towel, and once handling is saved. A dish drainer described by an exchange is like this: It was of tin, two feet in diameter, with sides that sloped towards the centre. There was a removable bottom like a skimmer, and underneath was a grooved bottom with an escape for the water that is poured over the dishes to make them easily wiped, and thoroughly free from every bit of dish water. This was one of the best labor savers I have seen, and every kitchen would be the better for one.

Z. E. R. O. says the inquiring reader should use two cups of sifted flour in the graham cake, or pudding.

**Useful Recipes.**

**CODFISH BALLS.**—Use equal parts of shredded fish (without soaking) and of uncooked potatoes pared and cut into thin slices. The fish and potatoes are put into tepid water to boil together. When cooked dry off and mash as you would for mashed potatoes that you wished to be light and nice. Partly cool the potatoes, then beat in an egg, a few tablespoonfuls of milk or sweet cream (do not make too moist), and if necessary a little salt. Beat and mix until light and then with a spoon roll large lumps of the potatoes into balls that are more oval than round and drop into the fat, which must be very hot, so hot that the blue smoke which indicates a high temperature is seen.

**STEAMED PUDDING.**—Beat to a cream two large tablespoonfuls of butter and sugar, one teacupful sweet milk, two teacupfuls flour, two teaspoonfuls baking powder, a pinch of salt and two well beaten eggs. Mix well, pour in a greased basin or mould and steam an hour. It is improved with fruit but is good without. To be eaten with cream and sugar, or sugar and butter rubbed to a cream; flavor with almond or vanilla.

**PIEPLANT JAM.**—Seasons when fruit is scarce, pieplant jam may be made to take the place of some of the ordinary domestic supplies. Pare and cut the stalks, to every pound allow a pound of sugar and half the rind of a lemon. Place the fruit in a preserving kettle, strew over the sugar and set it on the stove where it will not heat very fast at first. Stir frequently to prevent its scorching. Slice the lemon rind thin and add it to the rhubarb and cook slowly until it is rich and somewhat stiff, then dip it into jars or tumblers and cover the same as jelly.—O. J. Farmer.



# MICHIGAN FARMER

AND STATE JOURNAL OF AGRICULTURE.

DETROIT, SEPT. 9, 1893.

## THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

### THAT LITTLE PRAYER.

The fire upon the hearth is low,  
And there is stillness everywhere;  
Like troubled spirits here and there  
The firelight shadows fluttering go,  
And as the shadows round me creep,  
A childish treble breaks the gloom,  
And softly from a further room  
Comes: "Now I lay me down to sleep."

And, somehow, with that little prayer  
And that sweet treble in my ears,  
My thoughts go back to distant years,  
And linger with a dear one there;  
And as I hear the child's amen,  
My mother's faith comes back to me—  
Crouched at her side I seem to be,  
And mother holds my hand again,

Oh, for an hour in that dear place!  
Oh, for the peace of that dear time!  
Oh, for that childish trust sublime!  
Oh, for a glimpse of mother's face!  
Yet, as the shadows round me creep,  
I do not seem to be alone—  
Sweet magic of that trembling tone  
And, "Now I lay me down to sleep!"

When he was youth and she was maid  
Full oft would he declare  
He loved to see her charms displayed  
In setting rich and rare.  
The costliest lace, the gayest plume,  
The quaintest brodered stuff,  
The choicest fabric of the loom  
Was hardly choice enough.

Years pass, and Angelina's life  
With Edwin's now is blent,  
And—he a husband, she a wife—  
His tastes are different.  
Simplicity, he says, is best—  
Away with vulgar show!  
She shines the fairest when she's dressed  
In eight cent calico.

### A SUMMER'S EXPERIENCES.

After enjoying the lake breezes at Bay View for most of the season we are again anchored at home and the home and society cares must be resumed, but the common every day harness can be adjusted so much easier after the pleasant change that many lives never know.

After two weeks spent among the wonders and delights of the White City until body and brain were too weary to care for more, even though all the world has contributed to the beauty and grandeur of that center of attraction, we hied away to the bracing air and the many educational advantages of Bay View.

It is reported that other resorts are suffering not a little from lack of attendance, but we are proud to state that the Bay View managers paid one hundred cents on the dollar for all talent

employed during the four weeks of this Assembly, beside giving several benefit entertainments. We had such singers as Mrs. Genevra Johnstone-Bishop, of Chicago, the Lotus Glee Club, of Boston, and also the Boston Stars; such grand orators as Dr. Crawford, Rev. McIntyre, of Denver, and Hon. John Temple Graves, of Atlanta, with such an earnest advocate of purity for the youth as Anthony Comstock, of New York; and there were able, earnest ministers and the long list of teachers and those who entertained, with fine stereopticon and impressive beach services, the gleanings from the W. C. T. U. School of Methods and the Woman's Council, and oh the many, many good things that we saw and heard!

We incidentally remarked that we went to Chicago to use our eyes and to Bay View to use our ears when some one facetiously asked where we were going to use our mouths and we said: "Right here at home," but of a truth the half cannot be told however busy our tongues may be.

Now comes the annual school meeting and "we ladies are going to vote." Not that we expect our work will tell in any noticeable way at first. Let us step in quietly with no attempt at making our presence felt, and learn what we ought to do and what we desire to do before any radical steps are taken, if ever. There will doubtless be many women who in voting on municipal and school matters will try to overturn all established customs and revolutionize matters, but it seems quite unwise. Failure lies in the path of those who, in comparative ignorance, attempt what they cannot carry out. I believe it is our duty to accept and use carefully and prayerfully every right conceded. Prove that we want and appreciate these privileges by using but not abusing them. So let us do that more may be added. Many men are dreading this innovation and fearing that a few foolish office seeking women will be the only ones to respond, so let us take up this duty as one that is life-long; and not make haste to carry any pet project until the proper harvest time comes after a seed-sowing of studious and painstaking preparation. I have repeatedly said that I had all the rights that I wanted and therefore had no desire to vote; but while at Bay View my eyes were opened to my

duty in that line and I shall do, for what I now believe to be the general good, what I, personally, would not care to do.

One of my trials is that in this place it is an established custom for the band to give an open air concert on every Saturday evening and Main street is the scene of a grand promenade for men and women, youth and maiden, children of all ages on foot and in cabs, and oh the jostle and jargon and the vile odors that fill the air of tobacco and beer and the loathsome cigarette! The stores and saloons are a blaze of light and high carnival prevails. To me it seems that these misses are contaminated by all that they see and hear until the delicate bloom from the fruit is gone; their maidenly purity is not left unsullied. It must, of necessity, make young girls more bold and flippant of speech, more ready to meet and associate with strangers and those of doubtful character. Even those of such tender age as eight or ten years scorn a chaperone and must go with their chums, and for hours the parade goes on. I am laughed at and called "notional" because I cannot approve of this publicity, where all classes meet on a common level and jostle along or stand in loud-talking groups under every awning with only the fitful light of the street lamps that leave many dark mischief-hatching corners. If it is bad for young girls what is it for the boys? Many a first cigarette might be traced to these alley vigils, and oh! the slang and oaths, the petty thieving and deeds of evil that are the natural result of these evenings on the street! I said all classes meet there and in a sense it is true; but the better class of ladies are seldom seen and some men prefer a newspaper at home, yet that apparently does not lessen the surging crowd. I may be a "foggy" with ideas away behind the times, but it will be long before my education can tolerate such things as these.

As the season of cooler weather draws nigh the rheumatism begins to tighten its grasp and I wonder if all the victims know of the relief to be obtained by the slapping process. When one cannot lie or sit in any position in comfort, a dozen or twenty sharp blows with the flat hand will often give relief. Don't think you can treat a sore hip or shoulder in that way without pain, for it is heroic



treatment; but the end justifies the means and it is the only occasion when a man may with propriety pound his wife, although it might not be wise to let the gossips see or hear for fear of unneighborly reports. It is not in any sense curative but seems to loosen the grip of the disease on the muscles for a time. I often think of the slapping machine in the Swedish movement room of the Alma Sanitarium, and long to be there for a brief space, for its work is even better than the laying on of hands.

ROMEO.

EL. SEE.

#### WHAT CAN WOMAN DO?

For the past three months, in fact almost ever since the Columbian Exposition began, there has been but one subject discussed in our little paper, and that has been woman; what she could do, would do, should do and did do. Why, bless me, what a woman can do, and does do, would kill an ordinary man out-right! We have women authors, artists, editors, doctors, lawyers, ministers and farmers; we see woman on the lecture stand, behind desk and counter, everywhere and anywhere. She is capable of filling any place a man is, but still she isn't satisfied; she wants to vote and run the government, and do all man has done.

All this I have read, and more; and after summing all up I find we have no use for man, at all; he is only in the way. In a few short years he will be crowded to the wall, where he will look helplessly on and say "What is there for us to do? where shall we go?" while throngs of women will pass by to their places of business with looks of contempt. Is this what the "Woman's Movement" means? But as Samantha says, "I have been episoding," and I will be serious. Several times I have picked up my pen to express my views but thoughts would crowd so thick and fast that I laid it down in despair; but there has been so much written on the subject that I cannot let it rest. M. E. H., in her reply to George, says that she verily believes that what made nineteenth of the sly, weak-minded and no moral-stamina people, is the brutal, inconsiderate, domineering treatment of men over them. This I believe in a measure to be true, and also, one reason why wives object to a large family. There is so much put upon them, they are called upon to bear so much, that every little one adds to the burden rather than lightens it.

As to whether women will purify politics by their votes. I have my doubts. I only hope they may, but I fear it will be like the scene I witnessed at a county fair. I had stayed on the grand stand till I was nearly dying of thirst when I went down to one of the wells on the grounds to get a drink; there I saw women and children waiting for water and strong men coming and going for the same purpose and

never once offering a woman or child a cup of water; nor could they get any, for as soon as the cup was dropped, another man grabbed it; and had it not been chained to the pump it would have been carried away entirely. I waited a while, looking on in disgust, and finally gave up and bought a glass of lemonade.

Is it because women are becoming so independent and self supporting that so much discourtesy is showed them in public by the opposite sex? Don't you think it will be a little like this in politics? Men will become used to seeing women at the polls to vote; they will go back to their old habits of spitting, swearing, drinking. I have no desire to vote. If men are not capable of making our laws and running this government then women certainly are not.

I have the greatest admiration for a woman who has the courage to face the world alone, and earn her own living, rather than marry for a home and run the risk of an unhappy marriage, which is very often the case. Earning an honest living and mixing up in politics are two different things altogether; women enter the political field more for notoriety and fame than anything else.

I think that Beatrix asserted in her letter "What of the Woman's Movement," in the *HOUSEHOLD* of June 17th, that it is always the woman who makes the home. I cannot agree with her. Man has it in his power when he marries the girl he has chosen for his wife, to drag her down to the lowest depths of poverty and despair or make a name for himself and her they will both be proud to bear. They must both work together for the good and interest of that home; each try to do right; both forget, and forgive, overlooking one another's faults, then and not till then will woman be more contented in her home, then and not till then will the divorce suits be lessened in our courts.

MRS A. D. J.

#### ERRORS IN PRONUNCIATION.

An accomplished linguist once said to me: "I would be more proud of speaking the English language correctly than of proficiency in all the other languages—ancient and modern." At the same time it is doubtful if one can be master of the English tongue without a knowledge of the ancient roots from which it derives its strength.

But putting aside the question of perfection, which few of us can hope to attain, there are numerous mistakes which we make through carelessness and which a little thought and consultation of the dictionary would enable us to avoid. One error is common to most western people—that of using the short, flat "a" for the Italian. Why do we keep on saying "laff" in the face of all that is said and written about it? A friend says that people think she is af-

fect when she tries to broaden her a's, and relates how when she asked for "tomatoes" the grocer crushingly replied: "We are just out," though a large basket of the fruit stood near. But we can afford to endure a little ridicule from the "rabble-babble" when we know we are right.

The difficulty is certainly increased for the seeker after truth in that there are so many excellent authorities who differ so radically from each other. The Century dictionary stands pre-eminent, but not every one is so fortunate as to possess or even have access to it. Webster is commonly accepted, but in case of disputed pronunciation I would greatly prefer Smart or Worcester, and when they agree, as frequently happens, one may feel reasonably safe.

We hear a great deal about "new fangled" ways of talking, but quite often it may be proved that the right way is the old way and that the incorrect form has been accepted simply because no one has taken the trouble to look it up. It is hard to convince some people that "gladiolus" has always been accented on the second syllable instead of the third, and "clematis," on the first and not second syllable. But is true nevertheless. "Retrograde," "retrocede," and "camellia," are words that I have always mispronounced until lately. Look them up in the International Dictionary and possibly you will be as surprised as I was at the result. All the words ending in "ine" must now be pronounced to rhyme with "tin;" the final "e" is disregarded.

Usually, grammatical errors jar worse than those in pronunciation. If people would realize how their careless, slipshod speech sounds to outsiders, and how closely they are judged according to their manner of speaking, surely they would take a little thought before using such vulgarities as—"aint," "I ought to go, hadn't I?" "Was it him?" etc. In Mr. Howells' "Coast of Bohemia" now being published as a serial in the *Ladies' Home Journal*, Ludlow, the refined man of the world, wishes that Cornelia had said: "I don't know that I shall go," instead of "I don't know as I shall go," but tries to reconcile himself to the inelegancy by reflecting that nine persons out of ten would say the same.

The use of the singular verb "was" with the pronoun "you" always grates on educated ears, and yet is common. Pronouns are the most perplexing of the parts of speech, and even the very particular stumble over them. Our language lacks the singular pronoun of common gender which should follow the indefinite antecedent "everybody;" and innumerable errors or awkward constructions are the inevitable result. Why doesn't somebody invent that much needed pronoun and earn the gratitude of all of us who try to speak respectable English?

PORT HUBB.

E. C.



## THE MANAGEMENT OF PARENTS.

[Paper read by Mrs. H. R. Dewey before the Grand Blanc Farmers' Club, June 23th, 1893.]

There has been much written and many able discussions on the management of children by their parents. It has occurred to your programme committee that there is another question closely interwoven with this one, which has not been, perhaps, as fully ventilated. They have therefore suggested to me the topic of the management of parents, a topic to my mind much more difficult to reach. I have but little hope of saying anything interesting, and yet I believe there is room for deep study and effective work.

Some one has said the training of a child should begin with his great-grandmother, one hundred years before his birth. This is undeniably true, and we perhaps can lay many of the errors of parents of to-day to our inherited traits and ideas; but don't let us lay all our faults at the doors of those ancestors. It is an easy way of disposing of the matter, but let us earnestly try to correct errors in ourselves, that our children may be an improved edition of the race.

Solomon, acknowledged as the acme of human wisdom, said "Greater is he that ruleth his own spirit than he that taketh a city." So we may conclude that the first and most important matter for us as parents, is to be thoroughly masters of ourselves; to have high ideals and pursue with unflinching fidelity the right and true. We are too prone to assume because we have the advantage of more age and experience than our children, that we are always in the right, and too proud or obstinate to acknowledge a fault in ourselves, and ask our children's pardon, when we have been the ones in fault, as we many times are. Our humble acknowledgment of a wrong action, and a plea for pardon to even the youngest child capable of reasoning, will beget a spirit of love and confidence between parent and child to their mutual benefit.

Fathers and mothers should be helpful to each other. Human nature is much like a garden. A vast amount of cultivation and pruning is necessary to keep down the besetting weeds of selfishness and ill-temper—ill-temper which Drummond calls "the vice of the virtuous." We claim to be a Christian community, but unless father can be pleasant if dinner is ten minutes late, or the bread happens to be sour, and mother's goodness carries her safely through the ordeal of house-cleaning without fretting and scolding, we have not enough of the right kind of Christianity—that for every day use. We all realize this at times, and it is the duty of parents to kindly point out to each other these times of failure, and with love and tenderness help and encourage to better things. We are all but children of a larger growth, and never outgrow the need of training.

"Faithful are the wounds of a friend." Whose eye so keen to see our faults, so eager to see amendment as those most near and dear to us. I am not one of those who believe that we should be blinded by love; but that it should make us keener-eyed, but more charitable. A loving companion will see failings in us to which we are completely blinded. To ignore a wrong never cures it, or prevents its repetition, and plain speaking, with love as the motive power, only binds true hearts in closer bonds.

It is the tendency of people when they reach middle life, to get into a rut or groove. You will all remember I am talking about farmers and farmers' families. Hard work is a habit; there is such a thing as this habit holding us too strongly, in closer ties than our circumstances demand. In fact it is often one kind of intemperance, more excusable than the drink habit, but often causing much unhappiness; for it is not in average human nature to be good and kindly when overworked, particularly so with our nervous, emphatic, ambitious American people; and just here the children can come to the rescue.

And, when along in the 40's and 50's, father lives almost entirely in his business and his newspaper, and mother in the cares of housekeeping, the young people can, if they will take the pains and use considerable tact, win the parents to an interest in outside things, a younger and brighter aspect of life. Pleasant things can be planned and father and mother counted on as participants. It may take a little management at first to make them think they can spare either the time or money for an occasional little pleasure trip, a concert, or lecture course, or many other things so helpful to people, both old and young. But if young people show that they really enjoy the companionship of their parents, in some of their pleasures, the time and means will be oftener and oftener forthcoming.

The responsibilities of farm life if divided between parents and children are less burdensome; some degree of care is felt as an added honor and carried proudly by young shoulders. I don't quite know why it is, but in too many cases young people seem to regard their parents almost as their natural enemies. A girl will as a general thing go with her girlish confidences to some other girl, or say if she ever makes a mistake, "Don't tell my mother;" and the boy carefully conceals any mischief his youthful spirits may have led him into from the "Gov.," as he calls his father. Mrs. Swift in her paper, "Father and Son," read at our Institute, lays the blame to the sternness of the father, but mother's tenderness is proverbial. Surely, in her would we expect her children to confide. But the fact is they don't always do it. Youth is selfish, perhaps naturally so, and children forget that their parents were once

young, felt the same ambitions, had the same aspirations, made the same mistakes as children of to-day, and would be as ready to forgive errors, to sympathize in youthful trials as the most confidential friend of their own age, did their children only give them the opportunity.

This apparent lack of confidence often leads to coldness and estrangement between those who should be in fullest accord. I say apparent, because it is often a feeling of diffidence on the part of the young folks, a feeling that their affairs, which seem of vast importance to themselves, will be lightly regarded by those burdened with life's heavier duties. But if boys and girls wish to manage us in the fullest sense of the word, let them claim our entire confidence and give us theirs, and they will find us as wax in their hands.

The idea of obedience to parents is all right and proper to a certain extent, but children are born with strong individualities of their own, and this idea of obedience is often somewhat overstrained. Because we are the parents of a child only gives us a claim to its implicit obedience so far as we are in the right. Of course in infancy we have to decide all matters for the child, but the earlier a human soul learns to do right, simply because it is right, and not because he is forced to, the sooner he attains a perfect manhood. We as parents have no right to expect any more love and respect than we make ourselves worthy of, and equally true is it of the child.

Mrs. Baker in her paper spoke of the respect paid parents by English children, but has she not given us the key to this when she tells us that the English mother of moderate means is usually the companion of her older children? In our American "rush" and pursuit of the "almighty dollar" we are too apt to turn off our children as soon as they can run alone; and giving most of our time and energies to the accumulation of wealth, wake up, in middle life, to the knowledge that our children have slipped away in a measure from our influence. We have allowed a drifting apart. Often, in the very effort we are making to give them the higher education and better opportunities for culture we were denied, we have found ourselves somewhat old fashioned and behind the times, no longer congenial company for our own children. This need not be so if we make a decided effort to have it otherwise. Less reading of the daily newspaper with its array of revolting murders and suicides, and pages of political rubbish, and more time given to looking up the best literature of the day, reading with our children, interesting ourselves in their school and social life, and even if circumstances allow, cultivating in later life some of the accomplishments, along with the young people. It seems to me one is never too old to learn, and I never hear young people speaking of their



studies and school discipline but I feel that I would like to join them.

In the companionship of parents and children lies the greatest good of both. I repeat, as I said before, we are all only children of different ages, of different periods of development; all susceptible to influences by which we are surrounded. I think it is a mistake, the idea that the training is all to be done by the parents. We children of riper years are just as surely influenced by the younger ones as they by us, and the sooner this fact is recognized in a sensible way, the sooner a happier state of society will be reached. Old and young will be in closer sympathy. We older ones will carry younger hearts in our bosoms; and when in advanced life we reach our second childhood, and need with our increasing infirmities of mind and body much loving tact and careful consideration from those around us, we shall not find it lacking. There never was a time in the world's history when the young had such opportunities as to-day. Not one of the least of these opportunities is their power for good over us, who in our earlier years were denied many of the advantages enjoyed by our children.

#### RIDICULE

I wish all mothers could realize what they are doing when they ridicule their children; and not only the mothers but older brothers and sisters as well. So many examples of the results of this harmful practice have been brought to my notice lately that I cannot refrain from speaking of it.

Out of mere thoughtlessness, or a love of teasing, older persons often inflict positive torture on a child; and the influence is felt long after the incident is forgotten. It is sometimes outlived, but oftener leaves its mark on the character after manhood or womanhood has been attained.

I do not mean to imply that it is only in the home circle that ridicule is met, but I mention that particularly, for its effects are so much more harmful; when father and mother laugh at the mistakes or the innocently expressed opinions, the child feels he has nowhere to turn for sympathy or consolation.

Such treatment, although parents are kindness itself in other directions, effectually prevents children from placing full confidence in their natural protectors and leads to a reserve which will require years of patient, untiring effort to break down.

Do you think I place too much stress on this subject? Is it such a little thing after all? Oh, if we could only trace to their source some of the grave faults of our friends, or of ourselves, how often would they be found to spring from some such little matter as this!

I have in mind one girl, who, during

her early years, was the victim of thoughtless persecution on the part of well meaning relatives. Her childish follies were continually brought out for her inspection.

Returning from some social gathering she would perhaps be told how silly she had been; other children with more pleasing manners were held up to her as models, after which she was to shape her own behavior. Mother and sister had no scruples in giving her to understand they were ashamed of her because she had appeared so foolish beside the other sweet children, regardless of the effect produced; knowing nothing of the long night hours spent in bitter tears, when the sensitive heart of the child cried out for the love and sympathy it so sadly needed. Not that they did not love her, but love has such strange ways of revealing itself. The girl's natural, somewhat awkward bashfulness, developed, under this pressure, into an almost extreme self-consciousness, which left its mark on her whole after life.

We are told that one sin leads to another, and the same is true of results. Study of other girls' manners and habits and attempts at imitation could not fail to destroy originality in a great measure. Now that this girl is grown, her social life is one constant struggle to overcome self-consciousness and a tendency to imitate. Only by great effort and constant watchfulness alone, is she succeeding.

Mothers, I beg you to think of this when you are tempted to ridicule children; check any disposition in them to taunt each other with their mistakes. Self respect is not conceit, and to lower a child's natural self respect is positive cruelty.

V. I. M.

BATTLE CREEK.

#### COMMENTS ON CORRESPONDENCE.

I think Beatrix has the right of the matter in "In Behalf of my Grandmother." We are largely in fault for our own sufferings. We bring them, in a great measure, upon ourselves. Look at the food of the present day! We are all the time planning little delicacies to tempt the appetite. We spend too much time with our clothes. Our grandmothers when invited out to tea thought they fared sumptuously on bread, honey, plain stirred cake, and a cup of tea. We must have at least two kinds of cake, pickles, numerous jellies, salads, tarts, etc., till one who has partaken of each dish must go home with the stomach in a deranged condition which may be the starting point of one of the various diseases whose foundation is proven to lie in that organ.

Life will be robbed of half its horrors when we become temperate in drink, dress and diet, and if Frances Willard, Mrs. Jenness Miller, or our other agitators ever set the stone rolling to bring

about that reform they will have accomplished a great work.

No great reform was ever brought about whose originators were not laughed and scoffed at.

In regard to the unpopularity of motherhood which the woman question has so vividly brought forth, it seems to me that it is time for the birth rate to decrease and greater efforts be made to allay the sufferings of those already in the world.

Few of us realize how great is the suffering in large cities. Rev. Thomas Dixon tells us that in New York City a dray load, piled high, of coffins or wooden boxes containing the bodies of dead children is taken to the potter's field every other day; and never a day passes that there does not come to his door some pitiful appeal for help.

We learn that a great deal of this suffering is caused by liquor. Then shall we not applaud those who leave their own homes to work in so great a cause? If one son is lost from the home of a worker and in the end these sufferers are saved, "What shall the harvest be?"

Can't Beatrix tell us something that we each may do? Can we accomplish a good work by taking fresh air children?

It seems to me that we do not aid the greatest sufferers in doing for that class.

BURDOCK.

A CHAIR of Domestic Economy has just been established at Storrs Agricultural College, Conn., and Miss Lottie J. Short called to occupy it. The *Massachusetts Ploughman* suggestively comments: "It would be well if instruction of this sort could be given in some other colleges before domestic economy becomes one of the lost arts."

#### Contributed Recipes.

**MOUNTAIN PIE.**—Stir into one half cup of cream two tablespoonfuls of finely mashed fruit sweetened to taste. Add the yolks of two eggs well beaten, and one tablespoonful of melted butter; bake in pastry; while baking beat the whites of the two eggs to a stiff froth, sweeten with white sugar, spread over the pie and return to the oven to brown. Use either green or dried fruit.

**PUMPKIN PIE.**—One quart of strained pumpkin; two quarts rich milk; one-half cup of brown sugar; six well beaten eggs; two teaspoonfuls of ginger; one teaspoonful of salt.

**KIDNEY PIES.**—Cut into small, thin slices, some veal kidneys from which the skin and fat have been removed; melt some good butter, season it with salt, pepper and nutmeg; stir in the sliced kidneys and when they are still saturated distribute them in small patty pans, lined with puff paste; cover these with paste, cutting a hole in the middle, and having previously moistened the inner edges to make them unite; let them bake quickly in a moderate oven, after which fill them up with rich gravy and serve. This preparation requires but little time; it ought not to be made until a few minutes before serving.

Z. E. R. O.