

THE GRANGE VISITOR

"THE FARMER IS OF MORE CONSEQUENCE THAN THE FARM, AND SHOULD BE FIRST IMPROVED."

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WHOLE NO. 431.

LITTLE POEMS OF GOOD CHEER.

BY ADA IDDINGS GALE.

The Beautiful Day.

Come into my heart, O' beautiful,
Come into my life, O' day,
For I grow faint hearted and weary,
For I falter along the way.
Come into my life, O' beautiful,
Sunshine and radiant calm,
Fill my being full of thy beauty,
Thy healing of tenderest balm.
My senses are dulled with world sorrow,
My once proud heart beats slow;
O' lift me up with thy splendor,
With thy golden-red fervor and glow!
Bright vision of orient beauty—
I open my dull heart to thee,
I bask in thy life giving power,
I own thy supremacy.

Thy gleaming and golden aurora,
Thy glittering crimson and gold,
Shall be as new wine to one famished,
Shall quicken to new life the old.
For wide as the stretches of azure,
And boundless as star sown space,
Is the bounty of our Mother Nature
The infinitude of her grace.

The Cricket's Cry.

Cricket, from thy hidden nook
Thou art calling loud and clear,
And I, idling o'er my book
Listen with an eager ear.
Listen, wonder, summer's o'er—
Winds of autumn sob and sigh—
Soon will winter's hollow roar
Silence thy small cheerful cry,
Cheer up! Cheer up!

Can'st thou know it, cricket dear,
And thus call in tones elate?
I, whose year is in the mire,
Marvel at thy courage great—
For I mourn and ceaseless wear
On my mummured lips a sigh
Will'st thou, braver—hidden there—
Greet'st me with that dauntless cry,
Cheer up! Cheer up!

Give me of thy courage, thou
Little valiant! Spirit rare!
Be my master, teach me how
To be trustful—void of care;
Then though days be dark or chill,
Cloud and shadow veil the sky,
I move with a right good will
Echo thy all fearless cry,
Cheer up! Cheer up!

The Wings of Love.

How good it is, in this bleak world of ours,
To know ourselves or be loved constantly
By the good wings of God's eternal love,
Nor can the dark so deep and somber be,
Nor cold so cold, but we may feel them there
Above us, and about us evermore.
Despite the error, the mistake, the sin,
Those tender wings are ever hovering;
So soft, so shelterful, so warm, so kind,
We may not touch their plumage, no, nor see
Their wondrous whiteness—but above us still
They ever hover, the great brooding wings
Of God's eternal love for human kind.

In Contradiction.

Poor? nay, not so, for I have gems
Fit for an empress' diadems,
That brightly gleam from leafy sprays
In lucid, many glancing rays.
For me at dawn fair Eos rises,
Unwinds her orient draperies
Of violet and cloth of gold,
In lengths of richness, fold on fold,
And for me, when at even tide
I tarry by the window side
And westward look, behold! how fair,
Roseate Alps are rising there,
Beyond which, whispering soft I sigh,
My glorious Italy doth lie.
And for my rare and great delight
Behold the orchard closes white,
More rich their perfume, richer far
Than perfumes of Araby are.
The great woods bear a balm for me,
Of healing, past compare—and see
In meadows wide the legions bright
Of golden daisies, petaled white;
And violets for remembrance given,
With hue won from the arch of Heaven,
And balmy airs and gentle showers,
And shady roads and leafy bowers,
And summer clouds, where thunders dwell,
And splendid lightning's wondrous spell
Flashing and waving in the air,
A scenic picture past compare.
These all are mine, and more beside,
My boons are countless as the tides,
Clear separate drops of water are
Swift driven on the shining bar,
So wide, so fair, is my demesne,
It needs a life time to be seen,
Then pity not my poor estate,
Who nature loves has one as great.

To One In Sorrow.

Has sorrow's heavy hand been laid on thee?
Rise! 'neath its touch—rise! rise! and do not fall;
It may be but the supreme, the upward call,
The trial of thy strength—or it may be
The furnace dread in which thy soul is tried,
Burnished and made more smoothly fair and
bright,
Fit demerit for paths of peace and light,
Press on courageous by thy sorrow's side;
If thy warm heart is wounded, still forgive;
Though all else fail these keep love in thy heart:
Make love of life, the whole, the better part,
So shalt thou victory gain and learn to live—
That which thou art, still be: Thy sorrow greet
With dauntless will and brave unflinching feet.
Albion.

THE TROUBLE AND THE REMEDY.

GENEVIEVE M. SHARPE.

One encouraging fact, one bright spot in the dark cloud of "hard times" which envelops our well loved land at present, is the increased amount of brain work—good, solid thinking—being done by the masses, who, heretofore, have been too well content to let the

national welfare take care of itself, who have, in fact, "had no hand in the governing of themselves."

With thinking comes the knowledge that something is wrong when any man who wants work cannot find it; when helpless children cry for bread, which willing parents cannot provide; when wealth is being poured into the coffers of the very few, while poverty becomes the lot of an ever increasing number. So much we learn by thinking; but if with "heads that think" are united "hearts that beat," we will not stop thinking until some plan presents itself which we believe gives reasonable assurance of relief.

No one who believes in a Divine Creator will do him the injustice to say that he has created a race of beings with certain needs and desires, and then has provided no means of providing for those needs, or of gratifying their desires. Let me quote one expression from Henry George's lecture recently delivered in Chicago. "What then is it that God gives to man?—Land, and the power to labor." Is not that enough? Surely, since with these two given, all man's varied wants may be satisfied, these denied, every ill that flesh is heir to finds fertile soil and starts into rapid growth.

INJUSTICE RAMPANT.

That we are living in an age of injustice and monopoly is too much a self-evident fact to need comment. That the safety of our nation depends upon its rescue from this evil is just as evident, but the monster is like a great tree of so many branches that it is hard to determine which it is the most necessary to attack; and so some are chopping away at one and some at another—finance, the railroads, the tariff, etc., and a few have gone down to the root, the beginning of all,—land monopoly.

These two prime necessities, land, and power to labor, were not given to one or to a few, but to mankind, as a perpetual and sufficient heritage for all time to come. Where did any man get a moral title to land which he is not using? To how much of the earth had Adam a just claim. Just as much as he did claim—enough to use in supplying his needs,—and no more. And to just that much and no more had every man who lived upon the earth in the past, every man now living, and every man who shall live in the future, a just, God-given title.

THE EARTH IS THE LORD'S.

Land belongs to no man. "The earth is mine, saith the Lord." But as the possession of a certain amount of it is necessary to man's well being, he should, and must be protected in that possession. This much of protection—securing to every man that which, as a man, is his heritage,—is a rightful function of good government. Any system by which a man's heritage can be taken from him without a suitable reward, and he be driven off the face of the earth unless he works for another, is robbery, whether done by an individual or a nation. A man should be as free to use the land which no one else is using, as he is to drink from a wayside spring, since both were created for the same purpose—the use of man, by One who is "no respecter of persons."

While he is the only one who wants to use that particular part of the earth, it has no value, except to him; or it is, we may say, valueless. But every man who settles near him, every church and school house built, every public improvement—railroads, telegraph lines, etc.—give to that land a value, which he

owes, therefore, entirely to that which created it—society. Society, living in communities, is a necessity of man's nature. Government is a necessity of society. Society must, therefore, maintain a form of government. To do this it must have funds. Where can society get these funds? Why not use its own earnings—that which it creates—land values? What plan is more reasonable or business like? Give to every man what he creates,—the whole product of his labor—and give to society, for the maintenance of government and public improvements, what society creates, the annual or rental value of the land.

The needs of our government multiply with the increase in population and improvements. So do land values. Why not make them balance each other? Is not the plan just? Should not the merchant who holds possession of a lot worth, because of its location, ten times the value of a farm, pay to society ten times as much for that privilege as the farmer pays for his?

THE SINGLE TAX.

To this system of taking for the public needs that value which is given to land by its surroundings, and not by any act of the possessor, in the form of an annual rental, or tax, has been given, for want of a better, the name—the Single Tax. Its advocates, a rapidly increasing number, claim that since God made government necessary, he must have provided a just means of sustaining it; and that this, the Single Tax, is that way, since it gives perfect justice to all, both rich and poor. It would compel every man to use the land in his possession or allow some one else to do so. Under this system the land now held for speculation would be open to the use of home makers and manufactories. If a man chose, he could employ himself. He would not be obliged to work for some one else at whatever wages that other chose to give,—or starve. This very independence would give increased wages to those who did not care to till the soil, and solve the problem of the "unemployed workmen" now being agitated in every city.

HELP TO GET HOMES.

This system would also do away with the "vacant lot industry," and laborers would more generally own their homes, our nation's greatest safeguard. Since all the products of labor would be free from taxation, and sites easy to obtain, manufactories would naturally increase, both in number and in the quantity of their output. Don't cry overproduction here, for no such thing is possible until every man, woman and child has every want supplied; "and in that then there lies a 'never.'" Under-consumption affects prices, though, very much indeed. The Single Tax system by increasing the manufactories, creates an increased demand for labor; consequently an increase in wages. Increased wages, in turn, would mean an increased demand for these manufactured articles; also for farm products; thus finally resulting in good wages for the laborer, good prices for farm products, (and less taxes, too, for the farmer, since he owns the least valuable land), and general prosperity for natural causes.

CAN NOT BE SHIFTED.

It is the only form of tax which cannot be shifted. "You cannot estimate your neighbor's wealth, but you can tell the value of his land to a dollar." A tax on a mortgage is paid by the one who pays the mortgage. A tax on manufactured articles is added to the merchant's expense account, and is

paid, as are his other expenses, by the consumer. An income tax is really a premium on deception, and, if it could not be shifted, is a great injustice to many. If a man has, by his industry, earned any amount, be it one thousand or a hundred thousand dollars, he is a desirable citizen, and should be encouraged, rather than discouraged by a fine. If he has accumulated wealth through unjust means, it is because he has been allowed to get control of more than his share of the natural opportunities which belong to mankind as a whole, without a suitable return to the public for the privilege. In that case the "powers that be" have no right to take what they have "protected" him in acquiring, but they have a right, by putting an end to his monopoly of natural resources, to stop his acquiring more in the same way, and that duty the "good of the governed" demands.

LITTLE CHANCE FOR ESCAPE.

Since no man can live without land, the argument that one might invest a great fortune in personal property, bonds, etc., under the Single Tax, and so escape taxation, is really no argument. Wealthy men do not build palaces in undesirable, valueless, "way back" locations. Should any considerable number do so, the place would then become desirable, and the land at the same time become valuable, and that value would under the Single Tax system, come back to society which created it just as surely if paid by the rich man as rent to a landholder, and by the latter to society as a tax, as though it came originally from the owner of the palace. The man who has his wealth in bonds or cash in bank must use the products of the farm and of the factory. He must live in a house, which must stand upon land. He must, in fact, pay his share of the government expenses, whether he does it directly or indirectly.

This is a measure in which all lovers of humanity can unite. Its friends ask for it only unprejudiced investigation and discussion, such as its object deserves. Harm can never come from right doing. Is it expedient? Is it practicable? can always be answered by, Is it just?

OUR HELP IS NEEDED.

We who are enjoying a fair measure of life's comforts, are in duty bound to strike off the chains that bind our fellow-men in worse than African bondage—the monopoly of that from which the sustenance of life comes, viz., land. And it shall be done. Let me quote again from one who who should be known as the apostle of Eternal Justice—Henry George. "Forty years ago, though the party that was to place Abraham Lincoln in the Presidential chair had not been formed, and nearly a decade was yet to pass ere the signal gun rang out, slavery, as we may now see, was doomed."

"Today a wider, deeper, more beneficent revolution is brooding, not over one country, but over the world. God's truth impels it, and forces mightier than he has ever before given to man urge it on. It is no more in the power of vested wrongs to stay it than it is in man's power to stay the sun. The stars in their courses fight against Sisera, and in the ferment of today, to him who hath ears to hear, the doom of industrial slavery is sealed."

Williamsburg.

Teacher: "Eleven years old? You are very small for your age." Little Girl: "Yes'm; we have always lived in a flat."—Exchange.

THE WOMAN ON THE FARM.

"BEATRIX."

There is no class of people who so exemplify the virtue of self denial as the women of farm homes. Others preach self denial; farmers' wives live it. Life to them, especially to those in straitened circumstances, is one continual sacrifice of individual longings, hopes and inclinations for husbands' and children's sakes.

It has ever been a question in my mind as to how much it is right we should give of our own lives to the demands or necessities of others. Every woman owes a duty to herself. Her "naked talents" are more often due to her response to the requirements of others than to her own sloth or carelessness.

I give it as my deliberate opinion, born of considerable observation and not a little thought, that the woman who reserves to herself the rights and privileges which are hers by virtue of wifehood and motherhood, instead of surrendering herself to become a servant for her family, is more respected, esteemed, and loved, than she who in her anxiety to serve her children and family makes herself practically a slave in the house where she should be mistress.

BEFORE; AFTER.

Before marriage, the lover waits upon the lady; after marriage, she waits on him. When the first baby comes she doubles her duties instead of making the man share them. Naturally, her sacrifices are accepted till her children expect them as a matter of course, and never think things might or should be different. She takes the rough work to save the daughters' hands; wears the old clothes that they may have new; dries apples and trots after turkeys to help educate them. And the end? She has given herself, body and soul, for their welfare; and they marry and leave her, or seek their own fields of labor, and feel it a hardship that in her old age she needs care when she is ill and money for her maintenance.

I charge the blame back upon her unselfishness. She should have taught them to respect her rights. Not all, but part, is the share they have a right to expect of her. The best mothers are not those who do the most, themselves, for their sons and daughters, but, rather those who direct and train them to independent effort. That, I am free to say, requires more effort and self discipline than does self sacrifice, but the results upon character of mother and children are far, far better.

MAY BE TOO DEVOTED.

You think it not possible a mother can be too devoted to her family? Perhaps not—if her devotion takes the right form. "Unselfish mothers make selfish children," says Miss Sewall, and it is true. Look about, and where you find the young people you most admire, and you will find them the children of some woman who maintained her individuality by requiring recognition of her right to grow with them, who has shared their pleasures as well as their troubles, and taught them to know the meaning and the joy of sacrifice for her comfort and convenience. Thus only is the real, sympathetic union of mother and child accomplished; what we share binds us more closely than what we give.

Detroit.

A woman will say more in a look than some men would in a book.

Does the telephone girl's profession represent a vocation or a calling?—Philadelphia Times.

NATURE'S TEACHINGS.

MYRTA B. CASTLE.

[For the Visitor.]

"A life on the farm will be dreary," she sighed;
"My soul will grow stilled and weary," she cried;
"For down the dim years, like a knell to soul-life,
I hear the dull tramp, tramp of toil, at vain strife
With the longings of life!"

But there came to her life, one fair day, a surprise!
There came to her soul, deaf and blind, ears and
eyes!
And she found that the sun rose o'er fields of green
grain,
That the caves dripped with music of pattering
rain—
A soothing refrain!

She found that the birds caroled, light-hearted, gay,
From faint dawn till dim twilight, through all the
glad day;
She found that for whom the sweet wood violet
grows,
For whom the fringed gentian flower each autumn
blows,
The true soul-life grows.

She found that there were beautiful thoughts, all
the way;
That her life grew, expanded, through each helpful
day;
And the heart of Jehovah, the Just, the Profound,
And the sentient, warm heart of calm Nature, she
found
In all things around!
Battle Creek.

WOMAN'S WORK AND WAGES ON
THE FARM.

EMMA L. SHAW.

The subject of woman's wages in the partnership which maintains the home is one that nowadays is frequently brought before the public in many ways. Particularly is this the case in reference to the financial status of farmers' wives, that unselfish class which does the hardest work for the least pay; for no other class of civilized beings on earth, save farmers' wives, will voluntarily work all their lives for simply their victuals and clothes. Something in relation to this subject, we are glad to say, is now to be found in almost every agricultural journal one takes up. And it is high time that it should be so. The thoughtless husband, sitting down at night, after his day's work is done, to read the paper, should find, right before his eyes, a plea for his overworked wife, whose day's work is never done. More than likely, as he reads at ease, evening after evening, he can hear her feet still going up and down, up and down, in the kitchen. Poor, faithful soul! Her day's work is far enough from being done at set of sun. When, at last, very near bedtime, she does come into the sitting room, it is not to read; for a quantity of darning and mending confronts her, such as would appall a less willing or patient heart. Bless you! She never finds any time to read, though her husband may be sometimes spoken of as "such a well-informed man, and so superior to his wife." A few days spent in such a family reveals to the observing guest the very excellent reason why Mr. So-and-so is "superior" to his wife. It is all very well to say that the one best loving books will always find time for reading and study; but truer than this is the fact that it is always the more unselfish one who will yield these advantages in favor of another.

EQUALS IN PARTNERSHIP.

But there are, now and then, throughout the country—thank heaven!—families where the husband and wife are equals in the partnership, taking counsel together concerning the work of the farm, indoors and out, and having equal access to the financial benefits derived from their united shrewdness in management. But for one such case, there are hundreds of others where the wife is but a slave, with no voice in anything, never a cent of money to call her own, no variety in her life and no "let up" until the last and final one mercifully comes. One would not think that a human being could live thus. And, indeed, there is no need; for in this regard as in most others where women's interests are concerned, it is the women themselves who are to blame that they have not more rights and privileges. It has been said, very truly, that every one of us has the making of a tyrant within him. Probably had the case of the sexes been reversed, women would have accepted the "upper hand" in life quite as readily and naturally as men now do. All the trouble, of course, lies in the fact that there is any "upper hand." Women, mostly, are so used to submission, that few of them think of accepting what is due them, even though it might be offered. But now and then we hear a woman say something in effect like this: "When I married my husband, I took up my position at his side, where I

thought I belonged. I respected him, and he respected me, and I determined he always should." Happy woman: she has struck the keynote of the whole matter, and turned a search light upon the chief source of the unhappiness of wives in general.

EARNING SOMETHING.

But, whether belonging to the self-assertive class or not, it is an excellent thing for farmers' wives and daughters to study up and develop some money-making interest, hitherto overlooked, upon the farm. This alone will often change the whole face of affairs, by putting into a woman's hands means to provide herself and the house with a thousand things she has longed for but never hoped to have, besides inculcating a most blessed sense of independence and self-respect. It will pay to do this even though the time taken for it may curtail some portion of her usual recognized work. If it does, never mind. Let the housework "slide," as the slang goes, a little. Learn to lop off a bit here and there,—don't mop the kitchen every day, don't sweep quite so often—get a woman in the house to do the washing and ironing and the "cleaning." There is some poor soul in your neighborhood who would be glad to take your yarn home and knit it,—who even would think it a privilege to come in on certain days and help with the darning and mending. All this, and no doubt much more, you will work into as your new scheme progresses, with benefit to yourself, in added health and comfort and longer life.

POULTRY AND BEES.

This money-making scheme may be one thing or another, according to individual tastes and capabilities. Some women develop a talent for bee-keeping; others cultivate silkworms; others in close proximity to large cities can and preserve fruits, while still others have made the raising of poultry their especial care—and there is always money in eggs and chickens, properly managed. Of these occupations, the former and the latter—bee-keeping and poultry raising—are undoubtedly the most practicable in this section. Of bee-keeping the writer's knowledge is chiefly limited to reading and hearsay, but of poultry keeping she surely does know whereof she affirms, by experience, having managed this business successfully when living upon a farm some years since.

MAN VS. HENS.

Aman generally thinks he knows all about hens, so he lets them increase to a great flock which roams about at large, getting into every conceivable mischief,—they have to pick up their own living, and roost, likely as not, wherever night overtakes them. This great flock sometimes lays as many as two or three eggs a day! But a woman, when she takes up the business for profits will at once select the best layers, and dispose of the rest. Then she will have a roomy hen-house built, facing the south, with plenty of glass in the front. The building must be tight and warm, and inclosed in a yard. Hens must be well and regularly fed, kept warm in all weather, and their premises kept clean. So long as this is done, there is no need for special directions. The best regular feed in warm weather is wheat bran wet up with cold water, and boiling water in cold weather. Put in a little oil meal, or corn meal, preferably the former, except by way of variety. Feed this always in the morning in winter, adding a teaspoonful or so of black pepper in very cold weather. Keep the hens always happy and comfortable,—that is the secret of success,—and they will reward you with a perfect "storm" of eggs. You will appreciate this when eggs bring from twenty-five to forty cents per dozen, will you not?

FARM LIFE ENJOYABLE.

Life upon a farm, even for a woman, may be made the most enjoyable of all lives. When the worn housewife has shuffled off a portion of her indoor work, the next thing in order is to shorten her dress skirts out of the way of wet and mud. Then she is ready for the business she has made choice of, which, let us hope, will be one that will keep her out of doors a great deal; the more the better for her health and spirits. The change in her life, new hopes

awakened, long hours spent in the fresh air, these will each and all work their magic upon her, until the most worn and hopeless of overworked farmer's wives will find herself a new creature in mind and body. Now, good woman, though you may not have come to realize it, the time has come for you to sit beside John and read. Send for the magazine you have coveted so long, and take time to read it.

The Grange is a great educational club; get a Grange organized in your neighborhood if there is none, and if there is one already, make your plans to attend it regularly.

Battle Creek.

MOTHER'S WORK.

"EVANGELINE."

"Paint me two folded hands, that tell
Of patient toil and pain and prayer;
Hands that have lifted many another's care.
And made it light."

Mother's work. Ah! can anyone tell where it begins and where it ends? Work fraught with so many hopes and fears, cares and anxieties, comfort and satisfaction?

It begins long months before the babe is laid in the mother's breast. It comes with the first tender consciousness of the little new life fluttering beneath her heart, in the weeks and months of weary waiting—in the long hours of such fearful suffering, the going down to the brink of the grave, the glad fruition of all her hopes.

History's pages are illumined with the names of women who have been rulers of kingdoms, leaders of armies, angels of mercy on battle field and in hospital, among the heathen and lepers, consecrating a whole life work to the upliftment of humanity; down through countless ages they come to us inciting others to greater exertion.

WE RECOGNIZE IT.

But mother's work, so pure and unselfish, needs no such perpetuity. Deep graven on memory's tablet, enshrined in loving remembrance in the inner recess of the heart, it shines forever with a holy luster. It comprises so many little things, homely often, but so useful and important always. She makes a beautiful home out of four square walls and adorns it, gathers her little ones about her and sets up a form of government. At her knee the first childish prayer is lisped; here is taught the golden rule, and later on "Our Father." She listens to the hopes and aspirations that always fill the youthful breast, soothes the childish sorrows, rolls away the burdens that seem so overpowering, so crushing in their weight, guides and directs the inquiring mind, smooths out the rough places for the tender feet, flooding the little life with continual sunshine.

From the "tears which into her life must fall, the days that are dark and dreary," does she lovingly shield her dear ones, often unselfishly giving to others that which is sweet and grateful to her. Self denial, self abnegation, all the way through. It comes so naturally, the putting aside of self and studying only the happiness of those so near and dear to her.

IT DOESN'T SHOW.

Mother's work is composed largely of that which never shows. She is picking up the "stitches" which the careless ones have dropped, furnishing the bright filling for the loom that is unceasingly throwing its shuttle back and forth. No matter how low the clouds may hang, no matter how far off the dawn appears, her eye discerns the rift, the clear blue sky, the glory of a new day.

Mother has no time to count her troubles; in fact she is always forgetting she has any, in listening to those of others and finding a way out. Mother's kiss cures the worst bumps and hurts, her gentle voice allays fear and inspires courage, her soft hand can charm away pain and woo slumber.

BUT IT NEVER ENDS.

Mother's work once begun never ceases while life lasts. It becomes a part of her being. We may live to be old men and women, we may wander far from the scenes of our childhood, be homeless and friendless, but the memory of a good mother tends to comfort us. In the silence of the night when we have no companion but our thoughts, the dear patient mother

risers before us, we feel her presence; there is an invisible cord that binds us and we find ourselves wishing—but, ah! how vainly—that we were little children again, playing about her, listening to her admonitions, with no idea of any place beyond home and mother's rule, secure and happy. Blessed, thrice blessed the boy and girl who claim a mother's unselfish love, a mother's unselfish work. The form may lose its grace and symmetry, the brow be furrowed deep with the lines of care and anxiety, the eye become dimmed and the step uncertain; but as long as life remains will her love be firm and steadfast, glowing brighter and brighter as she nears the end of life's journey, and when at last mother's hands are folded, the hands that have so patiently clasped ours and held them fast through long years of wrestling and striving; the eyes closed to earth's fitful scenes, that have looked so kindly, so reproachfully into ours, the voice silent forever, that has counseled, reproved, chided and encouraged, we shall wonder that we never estimated her work at its proper value, never prized sufficiently the priceless treasure we have lost.

Battle Creek.

CONSISTENCY.

ANN M. BRIGHAM.

DEAR READERS—Let us try to be consistent and reasonable, living up to the highest light with which it has pleased our divine Father to surround us in this life, and ever bearing in mind that to be helpful and useful members of society, we must live our very best. Let us carefully choose our language, our associates, be tidy in our personal appearance, and endeavor to assume that conscious dignity which begets respect in all we come in contact with. And if we chance to differ in our religious views, in our political opinions, or upon any vital question with our friends, let us be consistent, be charitable, and not flaunt our convictions, or our beliefs, too strongly in the face of those holding different views, unless called upon, then let what we feel to be the truth come fully and fearlessly, but kindly.

Not long ago as I stood in a public gathering I heard a lady angrily exclaim, "O how I hate that man, I hate the very ground he walks upon." Soon after at a Sabbath school gathering, in answer to questions relative to the golden text as how shall we treat our enemies, her voice rang out loud and clear, "Love them that despitefully use you; do good to them," and I said to myself: Do be consistent. Again, another lady conducting religious exercises and reading a chapter from Proverbs, with tears in her eyes as she tried to convey to her hearers a sense of the fitness and beauty to our lives here, in a few moments as some local topic came up, her eyes were flashing, and hot words rose to her lips, and again I exclaimed: Do be consistent. And yet one more scene presents itself to my vision. Two old ladies are sitting by my fireside, their heads are silvered by the frosts of many winters. I read in their faces patience, sweet peace, strong endurance, and love for God and his unchangeable laws. One, a Methodist—you see it in every turn of the head, every movement of the body. She says she yet enjoys life, but fully trusts the Father, and holds herself in readiness for the command to come up higher, seemingly perfectly happy if only a part of the human race are to be saved. While the other, long a Universalist, but just as strong in her faith that God will in his infinite mercy reach out and save the whole human race; and yet in their two days' acquaintance they overlook all differences of opinion and hold sweet communion with each other, both feeling that it has been a source of pleasure for them to meet on this earth if only for a little time; and now the words of another come to my mind, "O consistency, thou art indeed a jewel!"

EVERY human soul leaves its port with sealed orders. These may be opened earlier or later on in the voyage, but until they are opened no one can tell what his course is to be, or to what harbor he is bound.—Holmes.

Daniel Webster was once asked, "What is the most important thought you ever entertained?" He replied, "The thought of my individual responsibility to God."

MICHIGAN STOCK BREEDERS.

All those who wish to purchase pure-bred stock of any description, will find it to their advantage to correspond with some of the following well-known breeders.

PROFIT MEANS MUTTON
AND LOSS MEANS WOOL WHICH?

We can furnish anything you want in the Shropshire Sheep line. Write, or come, or both.

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Moscow, Mich.EUGENE FIFIELD
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Successor to MERRILL & FIFIELD

Importer and Breeder of
HEREFORD CATTLE
and **SHROPSHIRE SHEEP**

Choice stock of both kinds for sale. Prices reasonable. Correspondence solicited.

HIGH CLASS SHROPSHIRE.

I have 100 imported yearling ewes and 25 yearling rams. Some of these ewes have now been bred to the best stock rams in England, and the others to our own best rams. The rams will weigh from 275 to 300 pounds and shear from 12 to 15 pounds at maturity, and the ewes will weigh from 180 to 210 pounds and shear from 9 to 12 pounds at maturity. Orders by mail given careful attention.

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Clydesdale and Standard-Bred
Trotting Horses, Shetland Ponies
and Shropshire Sheep

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My yards are all headed by high-scoring males, hens and pullets score 80 to 95. My stock has premiums at all the principal shows in Michigan. JAMES MILLER, Jr., Beddow, Mich.

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Sample Color Cards, "Confidential" Grange Discounts, Estimates and full particulars MAILED FREE. Write at once.

WOMEN AS EDITORS.

E. CORA DE PUY.

To the woman who sits safely nurtured in her own home nest, with leisure to write her stories or articles as the mood prompts, and with no anxiety or care resting upon her concerning the cost, "make up," or publication of the paper in which her treasured pen productions are to appear, the privilege of being an editor is the all desired acme of her ambition.

There is an indefinable charm about printer's ink. A strange, weird fascination, which only those who are susceptible to its seductive influence ever can understand.

Writers are born, not made, and the woman who is endowed with the divine gift of expressing her thoughts in print does so because she cannot help it—because of an intuitive propelling force which controls her imaginative powers and compels her to trace her mental pictures on paper whether she will or not.

JOURNALISTS AND EDITORS.

But while women may be journalists in the security and peace of their own firesides, they cannot be editors without surrendering that seclusion and coming in contact with the rude jostle of a work-a-day world. There is a vast difference between a journalist and an editor. Many capable editors, who combine their editorial work with the business management of their papers, are good all-around newspaper women, and yet are not journalists in the true sense of the word.

A journalist must be a forceful and prolific writer. She must not only have a liberal education, but she must be familiar with all the leading political, social, and religious topics of the day, and be capable of writing an extended editorial upon any one of them, or upon any other subject that may arise for discussion at the unexpected moment. There are very few women employed as editorial writers—that is as "leader writers," for the reason that few women make a study of politics or civil government, and it is imperative to be familiar with these subjects in order to fill the position of an editorial writer on a daily newspaper.

THE REPORTER.

Some of the best journalists in the country are reporters on the daily press. To be a reporter one must have the journalistic instinct and a "nose for news." She must be able to hunt out the subject for her article and then be capable of describing it in the most graphic and forceful style. While simple language is always desirable there must be about the work of the true journalist a certain individuality which characterizes the columns, so that the habitual reader will grow to know the finger-marks and anticipate the characteristics and pleasant comment.

Such writers as Nellie Bly, and "Bab," and "Nell Nelson," are journalists of the most accomplished and successful type. Journalists of this class write their column once a week for the Sunday paper or every day for the daily paper, as the case may be, but they are not editors. Their "copy" is sent in to the city editor, or literary editor, or state editor, according to the nature of the article, and there their work as journalists ends.

EDITOR'S WORK LIKE WOMAN'S.

On the other hand the editor's labors are never finished. From Monday morning until Saturday night, and from January until December, the desk editor always has a pile of unread manuscript before her. She may not know how to write an acceptable article but she can edit matter because of her refined taste and superior judgment, and thus while she is not a journalist in any sense whatever she is an accomplished and most successful editor, oftentimes keeping one position for fifteen or twenty years.

There is another person on the staff of a daily paper who never either reads or writes a line of

manuscript, and yet who is one of the most important of all the staff members.

That is the exchange editor.

THE EXCHANGE EDITOR.

With a quick eye and sharp scissors she goes over the vast pile of exchanges that accumulate on her desk every twenty-four hours, and clips all the choice bits of prose and poetry for her column, making up oftentimes even a whole page from another's brain-work without touching pencil or "copy" or paper, and yet performing as laborious editorial duties as anybody on the force. Barring the continual strain upon the eyesight, the position of exchange editor is a very pleasant one, affording the incumbent more extended resources for reading than, perhaps, most any other literary pursuit.

The true journalist is ever possessed of an innate desire to own a paper, and when once she finds herself the editor and publisher of a weekly or monthly journal, the duties of an editor are most clearly defined. In the place of the peace and quiet accorded her in her own little cozy nook at home, where pencil and paper always were to be found in their accustomed places, and where the familiar belongings of the room were ever the source of a delightful companionship and inspiration, there is care and anxiety, and an office desk full of unpaid bills and subscriber's complaints.

SUPPOSED PERQUISITES.

There never was a pen-worker who did not look upon the editor's railroad mileage and complimentary tickets to the theater with longing envy, and yet could she know how many days of toil and hardships the editor endured to discharge the duties she had undertaken, these incidental courtesies would appear in their true light—a paltry recompense. Nor are they courtesies at all, but actual purchases for which the editor has paid in ample advertising and generous press notices.

The woman who combines the labor's of editor, publisher, advertising solicitor, bookkeeper, and general business manager of a country weekly newspaper will have very little time for writing profound editorials or polished short stories.

This is hard to believe but it is undeniably true.

More than one woman owns, edits, and publishes successful weekly newspapers, who could not write two columns of real literary matter to order. On the other hand the natural writer had best never to assume the onerous duties of editor and publisher unless she has ample capital and can entrust the various business departments to competent employes. Even then she must have phenomenal physical endurance or break down under the continued nervous strain to which she must inevitably be subjected from one year's end to another.

THE AVERAGE SUBSCRIBER.

Of all inconsiderate people in the world the subscriber to a newspaper or magazine takes the lead. A man or woman will pay a dollar for a ticket to an evening entertainment, and be perfectly satisfied for having been agreeably entertained for two hours and a half for the money. But when the very same person pays one dollar for a subscription to a weekly newspaper he not only expects to be furnished with half a day's reading matter fifty two times a year, but actually has grown to expect the editor to make him some kind of a present—mis-called premium—for the privilege of having his name on the subscription list. Then if he misses a number it never occurs to him that the editor has found it impossible to get out the paper on time owing to lack of help, or a strike, or any of the many other difficulties that are liable to rise, like a gaunt spectre, any twenty-four hours in a printing office, and throw the whole machinery out of working order. All he thinks of

is his own selfish dollar and more likely than otherwise the editor will get a blessing for that dilatory number.

EXPENSE OF A COUNTRY PAPER.

The expense of getting out the average weekly newspaper of a country village is about three thousand dollars a year. Now as the average paper of this class has about fifteen hundred subscribers at one dollar each, it must be seen that the woman who assumes the role of the publisher must be able to command fifteen hundred dollars worth of advertising in order to pay actual expenses. These figures will not allow the editor who must be, as heretofore stated, business manager, bookkeeper and advertising solicitor, any regular salary, but the odds and ends which oftener than otherwise incur the most rigid economy on her part.

The multiplied advertising schemes now within the reach of the average editor make it possible for her to reach out and secure something tangible in the way of real estate or household goods. But every scheme thus devised removes the unattached writer one step farther from the columns of the press and thus makes the prospect of securing even a column to edit, especially in the daily papers, less favorable than in former years.

Still good writers always have been in demand, and always will be, and it is not the purpose to discourage those who have a natural aptitude for the work. But before taking upon herself the arduous duties of editor and publisher, let the woman who can write acceptably and well pause and carefully weigh the cost, for the hardships are many, the rewards uncertain.

Ann Arbor.

WOMAN AS AN INVENTOR.

CORA A. MANNING.

In this year of the World's Columbian Exposition, much attention is given to woman's work. Almost every avenue of industry, science, and art is open for her. If there is one line of work in which she displays especial genius, careful study, and painstaking effort, it is in that of inventions. A New York paper, in an editorial on woman's inventive genius, says: "The feminine mind, being as a rule quicker than the masculine mind, takes hints and sees defects which would escape the average man's attention." Thomas Edison, the great inventor, prefers women machinists for the details of his electrical inventions. He says they have a finer sense for the details of machinery than many men, and supports his statements by placing the names of two hundred women on his pay roll.

MANY IN NUMBER.

Women are successful inventors in spite of much ridicule. Their inventions are all practical, a large portion of them having reference to improvements in furniture, invalid appliances, cooking and education. Since the year 1790, 3,425 patents have been taken out by women, 1,090 of which have been issued since 1888. Four hundred applications were made last year.

THE COTTON GIN.

The most remarkable invention made by a woman is that of the cotton gin, generally attributed to Eli Whitney. In reality, the honor belongs to Mrs. Green, the wife of General Green of Revolutionary memory. She conceived the idea of this machine and entrusted its construction to the hands of Eli Whitney who was then boarding with her. The wooden teeth at first tried, not doing their work well, Mr. Whitney wished to abandon the machine altogether, but Mrs. Green's faith in its ultimate success never wavered. She suggested the substitution of wire. Within ten days from the first conception of Mrs. Green's idea, a small model was completed, so perfect in its construction that all succeeding

gins have been based upon it. Mrs. Green did not take out letters of patent because it was at a time when women were only expected to look pretty and be entertaining, brains they were not supposed to possess except in a very limited degree.

AN INGENIOUS DEVICE.

A machine which has attracted much attention both in this country and in Europe for its complicated mechanism and ingenuity is that for the manufacture of satchel-bottomed paper bags. This machine was the invention of Miss Maggie Knight.

The invention of the noise-deafener for elevated railway cars was the work of Mrs. Mary E. Walton. To lessen this noise, Edison and other inventors had been working unsuccessfully for six months. Mrs. Walton also invented a smoke consumer, by means of which all the smoke from a fire, furnace or locomotive is consumed as is also the dust caused by railway trains, and the offensive unhealthful odors emitted from factories, gas works, etc.

Miss Amanda T. Jones, of South Haven, Mich., poet, philanthropist, and manufacturer, has invented a very valuable vacuum process for canning fruits, pickles, meats, catsup, puddings, etc.

The submarine telescope and lamp, a grass-catching attachment for lawn mowers, a machine for hanging wall paper, a bicycle lock, a burglar alarm, and a spark arrester are all inventions of women.

THE MOWER AND REAPER.

The great American invention, the mower and reaper, was the work of Mrs. Anne H. Manning, but her husband, William Henry Manning, took out the patent in his name in 1818. Mrs. Manning also invented a clover cleaner. Elizabeth Smith, also of New Jersey, made an improvement of the mower and reaper in 1861. A wheat cleaning machine was invented by Miss Rosia Welch of Baltimore in 1889. A fanning mill, a wind mill, and a combined plow and harrow are among other agricultural inventions of women.

Most of the inventions of women are for the purpose of saving labor. For this reason has she invented the washing machine, the raisin seeder, the baby jumper, the baby care-taker, the dish washing machine, the automatic fan, and many others.

DISH-WASHERS.

No less than twenty-seven women have invented dish washing machines; this fact goes to show the natural antipathy which women, and more especially girls, have for dish water.

A Michigan woman has invented and patented glass doors for the cook stove, so that no more fingers need be burned in the opening and shutting of oven doors to watch the turkey brown and the bread bake.

Mrs. Mary J. Burke of Rowley, Mass., has invented an adjustable ventilator for windows, which does away with the danger of draughts, while thoroughly purifying the air.

Among the curious but useful articles which women have invented are an adding machine, the invention of an Illinois woman, a device for killing mosquitoes, and a means for attaching artificial hair to the head, no doubt greatly appreciated by some people.

Mrs. Ella Nelson Gaillard of Maryland has become famous for her many inventions. Among them may be mentioned the amusing automatic toy called "The Irrepressible Conflict," being the figures of an Irishman and an African engaged in a fierce fight; a musical top which plays a full tune while spinning; a musical fountain which renders music while throwing water from a statuette with such precision that not a drop of water escapes to spoil the carpet; a musical paper weight which has a calendar attachment and is in the form of a stem winding watch. The face of the weight

indicates the day, month and year.

Very simple inventions sometimes prove exceedingly lucrative. A San Francisco lady invented a baby carriage and received \$14,000 for her patent. The paper mill, the invention of a Chicago lady, yields a large income. The gimlet pointed screw, the idea of a little girl, has realized millions of dollars to the patentee.

Thus we see that the inventive genius of woman is multiform. Her inventions serve to amuse, to instruct, to save labor and to make money.

Owosso.

Farms in Isabella County

AVERAGE ABOUT SEVENTY ACRES EACH.
Beautiful homes, large barns, fruitful orchards, neat country school houses and churches, thriving villages and a handsome city, prove the prosperity of the people. The schools and colleges of Mt. Pleasant are excellent. Oats, clover, sheep, potatoes and fruits for general farming, corn, hay and rich pastures for dairying and stock raising, have made many farmers well off; others are prospering, and so can you. Unimproved lands, valuable timber lands, partly improved farms, and farms highly improved, and choice city property for sale for really low prices. For samples of descriptions of such property as you may desire and feel able to buy, please address COOK'S REAL ESTATE AGENCY, Mt. Pleasant, Mich.

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This is a medical work for MEN WHO NEED IT, and mere curiosity seekers should not trouble themselves or the company by taking advantage of the above offer; the book will not interest the frivolous.—Editor



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In every Grange throughout the United States. Write at once for full particulars. Address FRATERNITY FINE ART CO., P. O. Box 1572, BOSTON, Mass. In reply to this adv. mention this paper.

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THE GRANGE VISITOR

Published on the 1st and 15th of every month.

Kenyon L. Butterfield, Editor and Manager,
LANSING, MICH.

To whom all exchanges, communications, advertising business and subscriptions should be sent.

Office, Room 19, Old State Building.

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It is with much pleasure that we give way to the ladies, in this issue, because thereby we are enabled to present this splendid edition. The issue has been entirely under the supervision of the state woman's work committee of the Grange, and thus all of the work, articles, notes, and editorials, represents woman's efforts. It is only fair to extend our thanks to the committee, and especially to Mrs. Mary A. Mayo, upon whom almost all of the work has fallen, for this superior VISITOR. We are sure that it will be fully appreciated by all our readers as really our "star" issue.

Our space is limited and the responses from the ladies were so prompt that some articles must necessarily go over; but due credit will be given them when they are printed, and we trust that no offense will be taken that they do not appear in this issue. There are also some excellent reports and other articles that were forced over. We hope all will appreciate our limitations and forgive.

THE MASCULINE EDITOR.

DEAR FRIENDS—We present to you in this Dec. 1st number of the GRANGE VISITOR our first special issue; special in this respect, all its contributions are by women, and with one or two exceptions written expressly for this edition.

The work of soliciting and arranging has been a labor of love. We will not deny the fact that we set about the work with many misgivings, we questioned as to whether we would have sufficient responses to our requests to warrant an issue. Our fears were groundless, for not only came the prompt replies; "we will be glad to do all in our power for you," but there were tender, loving words of good cheer, hearty sympathy with the movement, and from so many expressed sentiments of the high appreciation of the noble order of Patrons of Husbandry. And we feel assured, dear readers, could you have known how heartily and warmly our work for the uplifting and upbuilding of the farming class has been commended by those ladies who are not even eligible to membership with us, but who feel it to be a grand effort for the advancement of the agriculturist, morally as well mentally, we are sure you would take courage and put into the work the best efforts possible. Set the standard of manhood and womanhood high, live toward it ourselves, and teach the generations that shall come after us, that the man who tills the soil is God's nobleman, not because he is a farmer, but because he believes in and acknowledges the brotherhood of man, because he believes in and acknowledges the Fatherhood of God.

This work is a new work for your state committee but we hope it will be helpful,—that is our only object.

What are your plans for reading matter this winter, or is it possible it is never planned for?

Every good farmer plans as to what fields shall be cropped and what remain fallow; how his stock shall be cared for to bring about the best results. The house mother

is now planning for the clothes for the family this coming winter, planning to fill cellar and store room with that which shall sustain and nourish the body; planning for the best arrangement of both sleeping and living rooms so all may be comfortable. And we can not conceive why it is not quite as necessary to plan for healthful, instructive, systematic reading matter.

In planning for the outlay of money on the farm and in the farm home, why not plan for the purchase of a few good books each year?

The Farm Home Reading Circle has been planned for you. It has been carefully planned and now why not decide to avail yourselves of it?

Elizabeth Cady Stanton says: To keep our sons and daughters innocent we must warn them of the dangers that beset their path on every side.

Ignorance under no circumstances ensures safety. Honor protected by knowledge is safer than innocence protected by ignorance.

A few brave women are laboring today to secure for their less capable, less thoughtful, less imaginative sisters a recognition of a true womanhood based on individual rights. There is just one remedy for social complications based on sex and that is equality for women in every relation in life.

Men must learn to respect her as an equal factor in civilization and she must learn to respect herself as mother of the race. Womanhood is the great primal fact of her existence, marriage and maternity its incidents.

The divine rights of kings, nobles, popes, and bishops have long been questioned, and now that of sex is under consideration, and from the signs of the times, with all other forms of class and caste, it is destined soon to pass away.

"Open Letters" in the October Century contains the account of a touchingly beautiful letter written by a Russian peasant to Mr. John Stadling of Stockholm, and also another letter which the peasant commissioned him to send to America, likewise a little box containing a gift in return.

Both the letters and the gift are very significant. We are aware that many Patrons from our own state contributed to the funds and food sent to the starving Russians last year, and to them especially the letter and the beautiful gift will have especial interest. The gift was the widow's mite. Out of his poverty he gave in return what he could, three colored eggs. The letter was dated on Easter "when the whole world rejoices, and the angels in heaven sing, and when even we on earth sing with mortal lips, *Christ is arisen!*"

The letter forwarded to America reads as follows:

"*Christ is arisen.* To the merciful benefactors, the protectors of the poor, the feeders of the starving, the guardians of the orphans—today Christ is arisen.

"North Americans: May the Lord grant you a peaceful and long life and prosperity to your land, and may your fields give abundant harvests,—today Christ is arisen. Your mercifulness gives us a helping hand. * * * * * Through your charity you have satisfied the starving. * * * * * For your magnificent alms, accept from me this humble gift, which I send your American Commissioners and to entire America.

"Yours in joy ever devotedly,
"THEOPHUR LUKJANO POLUSCHKINE."

This Russian peasant by his words of gratitude and his simple gift reaches out his hand across the oceans that divide and claims us as kin. By the fostering of the principles of our Order in giving as it has been given, we are not only re-

lieving the distresses of our brother man but are enlarging the measure of our own lives—for it is more blessed to give than to receive.

Much of the present indifference to the agencies of culture, in our organization, and among farmers generally, arises from a failure to discern the real purposes of our Order. And this is so widespread, that the task of awakening and stimulating to healthy action the dormant abilities of the great mass of farmers, seems an almost impossible task. People will assemble in crowds to hear discourses upon science, socialism, temperance, ethics, or politics, and yet to announce a meeting of farmers, without some distinguished speaker to head the program, will not call out a company of farmers that is to be compared (numerically speaking) with a Sunday school picnic. And this would imply a deep rooted belief that organizations have no practical connection with human welfare, and that it has no aid for man in his struggle for existence, and his desire to make the most of himself and his opportunities in life. There are hosts of bright, educated people in all our communities who have no connection with any farmers' organization. They see no need of organization. Of course they are sadly lacking in their knowledge of what these are trying to accomplish, and the purpose they are intended to serve. They can see readily enough how science applies to human welfare. They know that science has taught man how to do the work of the world more easily and rapidly, and yet they cannot see that science is a knowledge of laws governing the universe, and that it is the conscientious duty of every individual to give to the world all the knowledge of the laws that he can obtain, and to obtain all he can. We know that it has enabled millions to live in ease and comfort where only hundreds could have existed without it. It has cheapened bread and meat, clothing and dwellings, and made man the master of labor, instead of its servant, and yet it does not raise man to the highest condition nor meet the wants of his higher nature.

In orders like ours we are taught, as we can be in no other way, the goodness and power of God, the rights and relationships of men, the duty of one to another, the law of social co-operation and purity, the consequences of wrong thinking and wrong doing, and the value of life in its higher attainments.

No person should live in a community and feel that he owes nothing to it. He must be very selfish that does. Far better would he be to feel that he owed it a great debt with constantly accruing interest for the marvelous opportunities it has given him. Had it not been for organizations, schools, churches, asylums, books, music, art, science, and even love, would have died in infancy because there were no arms to cradle them; no other heart against which theirs might lean to be warmed and strengthened. And for farmers to say by action as well as voice, that we have no need of our Order is as unwise as it would be for them to say, a house has no need of walls or roof.

We are not so young in years but that we can remember the close of the war of the Rebellion. We remember at that time it was not an unusual thing to read that in the southern states some poor wretch, guilty of an offense under the law, was condemned by a mob to hang to a lamp post or the limb of the first convenient tree, without trial by judge or jury. We did

not think much about it then, only that it was "way down south" and not here.

We remember also when the great tide of emigration set its face westward. It seemed to go faster than law and order. Courts were not established and for an offense minor or grave Judge Lynch passed verdict "hang him," and he hung. We thought not much about that. It was "out west," outside the pale of civilization. Something must be done to protect what society there was.

Last spring a most dastardly outrage was committed in Texas. The villain suffered the tortures of the stake at the hands of an infuriated mob of citizens.

The details of both crime and punishment are too horrible even to think about, and we tried to shut our eyes and ears to the facts. It was a long way off, "down in Texas."

Spring passed to summer, and "up in Michigan" another tragedy was enacted. One of our quiet towns—note for law and order—was the scene of mob law, where a no doubt guilty wretch was dragged, mangled, and maltreated past recognition by a mob of citizens who defied the law and wanted vengeance.

We find in our own little town a poor man, ignorant, a tool for a sworn officer of the law. He keeps his bar open after hours, and because he refuses a policeman free drinks that same policeman causes his arrest, and he for the first offense suffers the full penalty of the law and goes over the road.

We find a man in the same town, influential, rich, giving of his money to sustain churches, violating the same law again and again. And for the offense pays the minimum of the penalty, a fine and costs, and repeats the thing. He says he can afford to pay his fine. He can make money by committing the offense even though he is fined for the act.

We find in the specific objects of our Order this declaration: "We will maintain inviolate our laws."

As long as laws are upon our statute books let them be enforced. If they are bad repeal them and get something better in their place. But as long as they are the law—enacted by those to whom we delegate authority to enact them, they should be abided by.

There must be a public sentiment cultivated, so strong, clean, and pure, that no matter who the guilty parties are, black or white, learned or ignorant, rich or poor, if they do despite to the laws of our land they must know they will suffer the penalty of the law. Such a keen sense of justice must be fostered in the hearts and minds of the citizens of this republic, that no matter what the position of the person arraigned, justice shall be done. The scales must be balanced by an impartial hand.

It is with sadness that we announce to the Patrons of Michigan the death of our most worthy Brother Jerome T. Cobb, of Schoolcraft, Kalamazoo county.

We think he was the first Secretary of the State Grange of Michigan, and for nearly twenty years he faithfully performed the duties of the office and was only relieved of the position at his own request.

He was the first editor of the GRANGE VISITOR, and for years skillfully and wisely guided the Patrons' journal. He lived to see the little eight by ten leaflet, published once each month, develop into the good sized, eight page paper of today.

Bro. Cobb as a man was a large hearted, broad minded, cultivated gentleman.

The cause of right found in him a fearless champion. He loved the Grange and its principles, and like the grand old veteran that he was, he died at his post.

His genial, social spirit won for him many friends, and in the Patrons' homes of Michigan his name is a household word.

Less than a year ago his wife passed to the higher life, and since then Brother Cobb has been slowly failing, until the final summons came which called the good man home.

Lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their deaths they were not long divided.

J. T. COBB.

It was one day in April of the spring of '73 that J. T. Cobb was in Kalamazoo on personal business and after attending to it, dropped into the court house, where he had learned of a meeting having been called in the interest of farmers.

Among others of the handful of people present was his long time friend and neighbor, Hon. S. F. Brown, who at once nominated Mr. Cobb temporary secretary of the meeting and the organization of the Michigan State Grange was then proceeded with. Next day he was unanimously elected secretary of the new state society by the casting of seventeen votes. Mr. Brown also at this time became its first master, afterwards serving several terms as treasurer.

During the year now closing has occurred the transfer of both these pioneers of the order to the "great grange above," for we have the message to bear to Michigan patrons that Brother Cobb passed away on the morning of November 15.

Thus, at fifty-two, without design or conscious preparation, he entered upon a work which was to occupy the next eighteen years of his life. In reality these years touched the summit of a rugged and exceedingly active life, for, since his connection with the State Grange ceased, he has, one by one but rapidly, relinquished his mental grasp on matters that were before of keenest moment to him and has also permitted others to perform those acts of comfort and assistance for his home ones that for so long, long a time he had assumed as pleasurable duties. It could hardly have been otherwise, since, at a time when most men begin to divest themselves of long hours and severe ardor, he, with a life well filled with care and business, undertook the role of liveliest actor in a society that amassed members, money and undertakings in the way the Grange did in its early days. The State Grange at the little Kalamazoo meeting counted nineteen subordinate Granges and less than five hundred members as its kingdom. When next convened, not nine months later, it had 216 Granges and more than 10,000 members. Those nine months meant much to a man who, as Mr. Cobb, was unschooled in clerk work, unacquainted with the conduct of other secret organizations, working without precedent in his office, necessitated to originate blank forms, books and methods, his knowledge supposed to be equal to the entire category on Grange law, and he, as best he could, carrying on a voluminous correspondence with a class of people unused to assimilating, whom he felt to be distrustful and dependent, because as a class inexperienced in business and social affairs, and narrow because of their isolation, but for whom he cherished the deepest faith and felt a hearty sympathy, drawn, he asserted, from his own narrow youth, and in whom he recognized the searching, surging desire for fellowship and unity among themselves and for other callings.

With him the righteousness of the Grange cause and the ripeness of the hour for agricultural organizations was a deep rooted conviction. He never tired of talking of it even long after time and the fearless zeal of such as he had gone far to disarm prejudice and compel a juster consideration on all sides. In his first annual report to the State Grange, in 1874, he said:

"This is a great work and for its

accomplishment will require persistent labor, sound judgment and a steadfast purpose that knows no surrender and recognizes no defeat."

That during his repeated terms as secretary, undertakings were effected that had before been undreamed of in the history of Michigan farming, is frankly admitted wherever known. The chief of these he summarized in his last annual report in 1890. In speaking of the State Grange he continued:

"Its rapid growth, its liberal response to the appeal for aid from our Kansas brothers when scourged by the grasshoppers, its gallant fight with the plaster combination through a period of six years, driving two companies into bankruptcy at a loss to each of over \$75,000 and saving to the farmers of the state in these years not less than a quarter of a million of dollars; its determined resistance to the demands of sharpers for royalty on driven wells, saving to the people of the state another quarter of a million dollars. All this is a matter of history.

"But more than this and better have been the social and educational benefits that have come to the members of the order in all these years; benefits diversified in kind and character and of a nature too subtle for assessment or determination by weight or measure."

Of his own work he, at the same time, strikingly said it "represented the measure of his ability," a remark appealing with the force of fact to all who knew the unrestrained zest and fervor he gave any matter he had in hand.

With 611 Granges and a membership of over 34,000 in 1875, the correspondence devolving upon the master (then Hon. J. J. Woodman) and secretary had assumed such enormity that a release was sought in the issuing of a monthly bulletin or circular which, to meet postal requirements, was christened THE GRANGE VISITOR. The demand that welled up for this modest sheet very quickly enlarged it, rolled its subscription lists over and over and sent it into thousands of farmers' homes twice as often. The story is a household one around Michigan Patrons' firesides how this great new work grew without solicitation upon the officers and executive committee of the Grange and how to Mr. Cobb fell the most of the execution.

Not born an editor, nor trained nor ambitious in journalistic work, he found himself at three score years the chief of a paper nearing a circulation of 10,000 copies. He was continued editor and manager until 1889, when at his request the executive committee relieved him of what he felt to be too great a burden. The occasion and the man were aptly met. Mr. Cobb had certain qualifications indispensable in an editor. He was a tireless worker, his decision was prompt, almost instant, and his style of writing was never ambiguous. To these requisites he added the personal characteristics of a living experience parallel to that of the people he addressed, a familiarity with his subject and his readers by previous correspondence and a faculty of handling what he believed "without gloves" and yet with a genial frankness tending to disarm offense and win for him the confidence of those whose cause he espoused.

He began his editorial work, he said, "with an effort to arouse farmers and convince them that 'the fault was not in their stars but in themselves that they were underlings,' that self help was the only help that could be relied upon to advance their interests and that to be efficient, co-operation was an effective factor." In accord, he chose for the motto of the paper, "The farmer is of more consequence than the farm and should be first improved." He held "that improvement must not be confined to a mere understanding of improved methods of farming, but rather extend to a clear comprehension of the farmer's rights and duties as a citizen and the necessity of personal effort on his part to secure and maintain those rights."

Jerome T. Cobb was born in Goshen, Litchfield county, Conn., December 29, 1821. His parents with six children emigrated to Michigan, arriving in Kalamazoo county September 30, 1830. They

reached the north end of the beautiful Grand Prairie, on which Schoolcraft is located, the same day those who were to be their neighbors entered the south end. Here they settled near together and grew to manhood, their descendants now largely owning the property they took from the government, but one of the old neighbors remaining and he in his ninetieth year.

His father dying three years after coming to Michigan, Mr. Cobb's education was limited in consequence to a few winter terms in a log school house and two months at the "Old Branch" in Kalamazoo, yet so devoted was he to his books that he was able to teach school four winters, "boarding round" meanwhile.

Until 1865 he worked the farm energetically, systematically, successfully. He then rented it and engaged in business in the village. Here after a time the metal of the man was shown, not so much by the fact that he accumulated enough property to feed losses by fires and other causes to the amount of \$12,000, as by the manner in which he met such reverses of fortune. Undaunted courage, hard work and the confidence of the community regained for him his lost financial ground and he later enjoyed circumstances suited to his love of a comfortable home, filled with evidences of taste and travel and abounding with good cheer and hospitality for friend, neighbor and whoever had need.

In his office as superintendent of the poor for fifteen years and connection with the state board of Corrections and Charities, Mr. Cobb found abundant vent for an intense charity of his life that was well guarded and guided by a most common sense philosophy. His association with the Reform School for Boys at Lansing, the Industrial Home for Girls at Adrian and the Children's Home at Coldwater, was a constant avenue of satisfaction to him and a means by which he was much used for good. In no capacity did his character show so well, I often thought, as in the white light of succoring the fallen and unfortunate.

In his home life he was only happy above many. His own good nature was irrepressible and infectious. It was the first feature of his character that impressed a stranger and never diminished until his mind began to relax its tension, some two years ago, but never entirely left him. Had Mr. Cobb died previous to that time it might truly have been said of him, "he went out of life younger than most men come in." His laugh alone was tonic.

Twice married, he had but one child, Mr. Wm. B. Cobb, whose home was for several years at different times his father's. With his second wife he spent forty years of unalloyed agreement. She was a worthy wife, supplementing him in every way—a rare woman in home and community. She preceded her husband to the other life by eleven months only, and the son's household, that so tenderly cherished them both in their last months is desolate. Though three fun loving children grace the home, yet the gayest circle was always gladdened when "Grandpa" or "Grandma" joined it. It was a typically happy family.

Mr. Cobb's final sickness was protracted but not very painful. The end came quickly in the form of hemorrhage. He was conscious to the last, talking freely of the future as if about to take a journey and glad to be spared long suffering.

As he was forced to give up activity his delight in his friends seemed only to increase. The Patrons of the state can never know the staunch, warm love this loyal member had for them, one and all. Only those who saw him day after day, under good and evil report, can understand. They were in truth his "brothers and sisters" in his thought and deed. The gold headed cane presented to him in their behalf by Bro. Luce at the last State Grange he attended, in 1891, was a memento of choicest value to him. On the other hand, the many messages received by his family since his death, attest the love and honor with which his friends and brothers and sisters in the Order held him.

The funeral was, naturally, very

largely attended. The State Grange being represented by the presence of Brothers Mars, Luce and Strong. The excellent address was from the text, "He being dead, yet speaketh." Among donors of profuse and lovely floral offerings were the well known Grange firms, Montgomery Ward & Co., of Chicago, Ihling Bros. & Everard, for years printers of the VISITOR.

It is needless to say of any man who serves well the public that his local use has been significant. The higher the life, the broader the base, perforce. The village of Schoolcraft, and the county of Kalamazoo, bear evidence of the hand whose work can barely be alluded to here. Whatever mistakes he made, whatever faults he had,—for all men are frail—it can scarcely be doubted that even those who were scored by his voice or pen granted him entire sincerity.

Once more let him speak through the paper he cherished so long, in these words from the latest printed product of his pen:

"In conclusion permit me to say, to have been born in the first half of the nineteenth century, to have lived so near its last decade and, in obedience to the Divine command, to have commenced earning my bread by the sweat of the brow on the ground floor of agricultural experience, by turning the soil of 'My Michigan' with a wooden mold board plow, is to have had opportunity to witness the marvelous progress of invention and discovery, which has characterized the age in which we live. It is indeed a wonderful age, and I feel to thank God that my lot was cast in the Peninsula State in the year of grace 1830.

"The then of the past, and the now of the present, direct our thoughts by contrast far into the misty future, where, lighted by faith in human progress, we can fix no limit to human endeavor."

JENNIE BUELL.

A TALK WITH THE GIRLS.

BELLE M. PERRY.

My dear girls, did you ever ask yourselves, "What are sacred things?" We are so apt to forget that there is anything sacred in the common everyday things of this life. We say to ourselves Sunday is sacred, the Bible is sacred, and thus we come to look upon God as something to be found more in the Bible and on Sundays than anywhere else, or at any other time, when really God is inseparable from every breath we breathe, from every thought we think, as he is from the Bible or Sunday. The sacred things are all the things that God has made, and the more we learn of these things, the better we will know God, and the more will we reverence him. If we knew the wonderful miracles that are being performed every minute in these bodies of ours, we would reverence them more than we do now; we would care for them more kindly.

If a friend should give us a handsome present we would feel that it was right to use that present in the right kind of a way for our own enjoyment and good, but we would feel in duty bound not to abuse it. Our bodies are, the gift of God as a house for our souls to dwell in. The better the condition in which these houses are, the better will the soul grow and develop. And what is the soul? The part that thinks, that loves, that hopes, that sympathizes, that feels. We can not think our best thoughts if we are in pain anywhere, and a pain is only God's way of telling us that something is going on wrong in our bodies. The girl who wears day after day a high heeled shoe, which throws her body out of poise, will suffer physically some way or another, and she will not grow mentally to as noble a womanhood as she otherwise would have done.

INSULTING THE CREATOR.

This is equally true of the girl who wears a tight corset, or in fact any corset. This may sound unreasonable to some, but it is true. She sins against God. We insult God by these abuses. It is virtually saying, "God did not make my body right, and I must prop it up with pegs at my heels, I must brace it up with bones and stays at my waist." Oh, it is pitiful! I heard one of the brightest women

in a convention of splendid women in Chicago, say "We are not Christians when day after day we are insulting God with the dresses we see around us. What right has a woman to license, by her adherence to custom, what God pronounces wrong? I would sooner tell a lie than put on a corset." Her talk is radical but the world will some time come up to it. She is on the heights while we are groping in the darkness.

RIGHTS OF THE UNBORN.

There is still another reason why we should treat our bodies in a way befitting a gift from the great Creator. It is the possibility of motherhood that exists in us all. The sins which we inflict upon ourselves by improper clothing or any of the things which weaken or break down our health will be visited upon our children. A weak mother cannot bear strong children—like produces like. A weak, sickly woman has no right to be a mother. The time will come when it will be considered one of the worst of crimes for a disease tainted man or woman to become a parent. A woman physically fit to become a mother has no right to accept as a father for her children a man whose system is poisoned with whisky, tobacco, or disease. Corruption of the parent mars the life of the child.

SACRED THINGS.

I hope, none of you girls will ever be heard to say in the presence of a young man that you like cigar smoke. If it indeed be true, do not say it. The habit is injurious, offensive, expensive, and you should not countenance or encourage in the slightest degree.

I hope dear girls, that you will think more earnestly and seriously of these things than you ever did before. I hope you will more than ever feel the sacredness of everything which bears the touch of God's hand; that you will feel God's presence in your lives a little stronger; that you will feel the sacredness of every part of your bodies, and oh, so sacred those organs which may bring to you the purest joy that comes to human life—a mother's love!

Every act of your life, every thought of your heart, is building itself into your character. We are every day adding a little to our souls; building for all the future. Cultivate the pure, kind, sympathetic, helpful, unselfish thought. Do not dare harbor an impure thought. Our thoughts are all the time being mirrored in our faces. No person can escape this mirror.

With the thoughts pure and unselfish, the body untrammelled in any part, the circulation free, the body and mind untainted by grosser things, the womanhood of the world can work out the world's redemption.

Open your Bibles to Phil. 4, 8, also First Cor. 13, 12.

Charlotte.

GRANGE WORK.

MARTHA M. SCOTT.

Grange work is pioneer work, it is missionary work, and a labor of love. The most important mission of the Grange is to unite labor with thought, and to strive to reach a higher manhood and womanhood. Every Grange meeting should be a step in this direction.

By working intelligently we can dignify labor, and only by the help of a large class of intelligent farmers to offset the influence of the ignorant and vicious, can we maintain and perpetuate a government by the people.

When so many of the most ignorant of the old world are seeking homes upon our shores, it is well to take some precaution against anarchy and confusion. Without regard to our own personal well being, it is of the utmost importance to this nation to keep the majority of the people intelligent.

The Grange has been working to this end about a quarter of a century, with such good results that we propose to double our diligence and march on to greater achievements.

REVIVAL NEEDED.

To carry on the social, financial, and educational work of the Grange, we should start a revival, and it must commence in the Subordinate Grange. As states cannot make laws for the benefit of the people without the help of towns and counties, so the State

Grange cannot accomplish any great good unless upheld by the County and Subordinate Granges. And without an effort all along the line up, the arm of the National Grange will become paralyzed.

We have arrived at a period in Grange history in which we need no assurance that it is doing a good work. Now let us take up the work of increasing the membership of existing Granges; and some of us must be willing to go out into new fields and do pioneer work organizing new ones.

Four or five unselfish and zealous Patrons can, if determined, revive and increase the membership of any Grange in Michigan. We are sure of this, as that ten righteous Sods would have saved Sodom. It takes time and judicious work, which we ought to give. Surely there are that number in every Grange of live members to undertake the work. Some states are so alive to the importance of Grange work, that with a little effort they could lead all the others into greater fields of usefulness.

Now, when, by whom, and in what state shall a Grange awakening commence?

NOW IS THE TIME.

Now is the accepted time—the present autumn and coming winter the most favorable. We are hoping that Michigan and the women of Michigan will inaugurate a new era. They certainly have received manifold benefits from the Order, and ought to be willing to work. To them the Grange appeared as a light shining in darkness. Before its organization many women upon farms led desolate lives, without leisure, pleasure, or means for improvement.

They were imprisoned by their surroundings, without the power to reason, unable to soar into the realms of imagination, enshrouded in the gloom of a night which had no stars. But where the light of the Grange has shone, women have begun anew their education.

There are Brothers in all Granges to look after the financial affairs of the Order, but the social and educational need help from the women of the Grange. We should make the Grange room attractive, become acquainted with all the new members, and make them feel at home. With regular attendance in the Subordinate Grange, and the dues promptly paid, there is nothing to prevent a Grange from doing good work.

Some members attend the Pomona, and with the help of good dinners can be enthusiastic a day or two, but it is no help to the cause if they stay away two months at a time from the home Grange.

SOME PLAIN DUTIES.

There are some things every member and Grange can do. Among these let every member pay the dues to the Subordinate Grange, and every Grange pay the dues to the State Grange. Do it now before the meeting of the State Grange. Then, "where your money is, there will your heart be also," and we shall have a revival and better work. Don't let us forget the GRANGE VISITOR, but try to place it in as many families as possible, and make it a weekly. This will be a step in the right direction. We want it every week, and blush for the mistaken economy which keeps the paper of this great Order in Michigan a semi-monthly. We pay our dollars out freely for city and county papers, why not drop some of them and support the VISITOR? Everything worth having costs something, and we ought not to expect more than we pay for.

Dear Sisters, are some of you so far advanced in mental attainments, so happily placed in homes of plenty and culture that you do not need the Grange? O, then, the Grange needs you! And as you are true to your womanhood, you will not refuse to impart some of your knowledge and refinement to the less fortunate.

We must all work in the Grange unselfishly, and by so doing we shall benefit others and ourselves.

In conclusion I want to urge all Subordinate Granges to put the best member of the Grange in the Lecturer's chair, the second best will do for Master, and with a Secretary who will collect the dues and forward the right amount to the State Grange, you will be ready to work.

Fremont.

DRESS REFORM.

From a paper prepared by Helen L. Manning of the Good Health staff, for the July meeting of the Michigan Woman's Press Association held in Detroit.

Reforms in dress, as in morals, must proceed from within outward. Hygienic dressing pertains largely to the style and arrangement of the underclothing. Combination or union suits, made to cover the body evenly, sufficiently elastic to serve as a second skin, are the first need. One or more of these can be worn, according to the weather. The material may be of silk, wool, balbriggan, according to the taste or purse of the wearer. Think how much easier and more sensible it is to clothe the body as a unit than in the piecemeal fashion which has so long prevailed. Corset-wearing is inconsistent with hygienic and artistic dress. In truth, the corset ought to be consigned to oblivion, along with other instruments of torture belonging to the dark ages. It always gives an angular outline which spoils all natural curves, and its stiffness is entirely inconsistent with ease and grace. If it were ever admitted that corsets were worn tight, I should add that they ruined the muscles of the middle portions of the body. But seriously, what is it that makes the woman who has long been accustomed to a corset feel that she cannot hold herself upright without its aid? Something must be wrong to bring about such a lamentable state of affairs.

ASSUMING A GOOD DEAL.

Charles Reade, after showing how the liver, lungs, heart, stomach, and spleen are packed in the body by nature, asks: "Is it a small thing for the creature who uses a corset to say to her Creator, I can pack all this egg-shell china better than you can? and thereupon jam all those vital organs closer by an ingenious and powerful machine! Likewise the woman who wears a French heel says in effect to her Maker, I know better than you what is the proper balance of the body."

It must not be forgotten that heavy skirts attached to tight skirt band, are almost as demoralizing as the corset. In the first place, skirts should not be heavy, and in the second place they should be furnished with waists which will support them evenly from the shoulders without any sense of dragging weight. Not more than one light petticoat is allowable, while the better plan is to adopt the divided skirt or else wear equestrienne tights. Many well dressed women wear nothing in the semblance of a petticoat, and yet their dresses are so draped and arranged that the uninitiated never mistrust the radical reform beneath them. Of course in wearing thin dresses in summer one light skirt is necessary beneath, or else a very full divided skirt.

To be hygienic, a dress need not only be light and loose enough for comfort, but it must be short enough not to strike the heels and ankles, in order to give grace and freedom of movement. In this direction "the world do move," notwithstanding recent unwholesome fashions.

MEN APPROVE.

That sensible men approve of a sensible comfortable dress for women has been repeatedly demonstrated. As a recent evidence, the newspapers record that large numbers of the young lady students in the University of Michigan shortened their skirts during a long continued rain, and not a man among the many hundred students was heard to express disapproval, to the contrary, they gave constant encouragement. One young lady said that after wearing her short dress several days, the rain ceased and she again went back to the street sweeper, the "scavenger gown," when a certain bright young fellow accosted her thus:

"Hello, where's your high-water gown?"

"Gone with the rain," she answered, but I confess I feel less respect for myself than I did in my short skirt."

"And to be candid," replied the student, "I have less respect for you."

A BUSINESS DRESS.

As to the style of a business woman's dress which is both prettily and practical, I have seen none equal in adaptability to that de-

vised by Miss Anne E. Tabor, a trained nurse in the Battle Creek sanitarium. It is composed of three pieces, a guimpe and a jacket. The dress proper has a seam under each arm and two or four small darts to shape the front of the lining, the outside being left full. Both outside and lining are gathered to fit the neck, which is either cut square or rounded low. A guimpe furnishes the sleeves and the upper part of the waist. The waist is cut very short on the shoulders, so as to give perfect freedom to the arms. The skirt may be either gored or full, and the placket may be at the front, back, or side, according to the wish of the wearer. Over this is worn a short cutaway jacket, with two seams for street costume in summer. To this also belongs a distinctive business coat or jacket, cut with a French back, and fastened in front with three frogs. Miss Tabor believes in woman's rights as to pockets and so this coat is provided with four pockets, two breast pockets, the left one on the outside for handkerchief, and the right one on the inside for valuables, and on the front of the coat skirts are two more pockets for gloves and like conveniences; the dress skirt is provided with two pockets. Think of having six pockets besides a watch pocket, sewed fast so as not to get out of place and make an unsightly bulge. The one to the left is also the placket hole of the skirt, and through this, the ends of the "rainy day adjuster" are reached. This is a simple attachment which can be put on any dress skirt, by which it may be raised evenly all around in an instant. The height to which the skirt shall be raised is at the pleasure of the wearer, one inch may be quite enough to keep it out of the dust and in very rainy, muddy weather, it might be desirable to draw it up eight or nine inches. This saves the expense and trouble of having a special "rainy-day dress," which some object to on these and other grounds. Besides it possesses the enviable advantage of always being ready for the unexpected shower. The "rainy-day adjuster" itself is a simple affair made with rings and cords, which any woman can fix for herself if she chooses. A fine quality of serge, which scorns injury from rain and dust, is the most serviceable material for the skirt and coats of this model costume for the business woman.

MAY BE VARIED.

The great beauty of this dress, apart from its being thoroughly hygienic and comfortable, is that it is capable of so many variations. A single dress may be provided with a half dozen different guimpes in black, white or colors; of silk, wool or cotton with the effect of a fresh dress in each change. One street jacket may be unlined for summer and another made sufficiently warm for spring and fall wear. The cutaway may or may not meet across the breast. A pretty variation is to cut it so as to admit of lengthening the guimpe into a plaited or shirred front, coming to the waist line, and which would still preserve all the distinctive features of the dress.

It is often claimed that though hygienic gowns look well enough on a slender figure, a fleshy woman can not wear them. But this style is equally adapted to stout and slender figures. Miss Tabor herself is what is styled "stout," and of course she took this fact into consideration in modeling her own gowns.

Sanitarium, Battle Creek.

LIFE OF WOMEN IN BRAZIL.

EMMA DAVENPORT.

To more fully appreciate our own blessings it is sometimes well for us to visit those who are less fortunate than ourselves. Nothing is more true than that one-half the world knows not how the other half lives.

Since visiting our sister America I have not ceased to thank my Heavenly Father that I belong to the Anglo-Saxon race and was born in the United States of America.

A Brazilian gentleman is very proud of his family, but his pride is centered in his boys. His duty to his daughter is done when he procures a husband for her.

While yet little children the

boys and girls are separated, even brothers and sisters, and a little girl would consider it as much of an offense for her brother to come on her side of the play ground as though he had struck her. There are schools for girls and schools for boys, but they are not educated together.

MARRIED AT TWELVE.

When a girl has reached the age of twelve or fourteen years she is considered old enough to marry, and her father seeks a husband for her. Very often she has no choice in the matter, and perhaps she may never have known him before. In one instance a father called for his daughter at school, telling her to put on her best gown, for he wished her to go with him to marry a man he had chosen for her. She threw herself upon the floor and kicked and screamed, crying, "I don't want to marry that old fellow," proving how unfit she was to become a wife.

It is not strange that one does not meet any beautiful old ladies in Brazil, for mothers of twelve and grandmothers of twenty-five are not unknown. They age prematurely and become ugly, frequently repulsive in appearance.

THE WIFE IS A SERVANT.

A very well educated and refined Brazilian lady, one who had traveled much, once said to me, "A Brazilian marries his wife to get a good servant." Not a servant in that he subjects her to menial labor, but she is his servant and he looks upon her as such, not as upon an equal. She provides for him and his guests, but she is not permitted to sit at table with him when alone or with his guests, be they gentlemen or ladies. But she may stand and peek through a crack of the door, or if she comes into the room it is to squat on the floor by the wall.

Brazilian ladies are fine seamstresses, are fond of dress, and expend their pride in this way rather than in comforts and luxuries about the home.

In years past a lady never went out to do her shopping, but sent her servant to bring the goods and she chose from them at home. Even now, outside the large cities, which are really foreign to the interior, one rarely sees Brazilian ladies on the streets except on church holidays, and never one alone.

Paris fashions are as much used in Brazil as in this country, though one sees many finely dressed ladies on the streets without hats, but with the hair done very nicely.

HOLIDAYS.

The Catholic church, which is the church of Brazil, is composed largely of women, and the many holidays, *festas* as they are called, provide their entertainment. On these days the streets are filled with people, men, women, and children of all classes, colors, and nationalities.

If one might judge from observation, the daily occupation of many ladies in the small towns is leaning upon the elbows from the windows, which are of a convenient height, watching whatever may be passing.

WASH DAY.

It has been but three years since slavery was abolished and labor is considered degrading, therefore much of the work is still performed by the blacks. Almost any morning, upon going into town, one might meet a group of black women, each with a pan, like an immense great wash basin, filled with soiled linen, carefully balanced on top of her head, a babe astride of her hip and others clinging to her skirts, on their way to the river to wash. When there the little naked babies play about in the smaller pools of water, while the mother wades farther into the stream and washes the clothes by pounding them upon the stones, much to the harm of buttons and delicate fabrics, as I can speak from experience. The clothes never know any steaming except from the heat of the sun, but it is surprising how much that will do. One woman washes, another irons, but you cannot often get one to do both.

THE FARM HOUSES.

The *fazendas*, or farm houses, are large, rambling, one story structures, made of mud or brick, plastered white on the outside and roofed with tile; while the laborer's house is made of unplastered mud and thatched. There is no idea

of comfort or convenience about them except to keep cool. The sleeping rooms are little dark rooms without windows, except the one which comes to the outside of the building, for they believe the night air to be unhealthy.

The arrangement of the furniture in the parlors seems quite peculiar to us. At one end or side of the room will be a settee, and out from this are set two rows of chairs placed close together, forming a little avenue leading up to the settee. The furniture is all cane seated, upholstered furniture being considered too warm. One sees many incongruities in furnishings, from that which is really very fine down to the rudest sort of construction in the same room.

An American lady would find it somewhat difficult to go into a Brazilian kitchen and prepare a dinner. The stoves are a kind of brick arch, fitted on top with a cast iron, having kettle holes but no covers. Any hole not in use makes a convenient place for smoke to escape. The wood is long and burns from the end through an opening in the front. In the poorer houses I have often seen the fires built upon the dirt floor. Bread and pastry are very little used through the country, and are made by the bakers in the towns.

These things are true of the interior of Brazil and the smaller towns. As I have said the coast cities and the large interior city, Sao Paulo, are quite foreign to the rest of Brazil. They are cosmopolitan, not Brazilian.

A NEW CIVILIZATION.

Wherever railroads penetrate they carry a different civilization by introducing people and customs from the outside world, and so in Brazil these things are changing. The missionaries are doing much to help on the good work. But customs change slowly and the fact that the women are confined so closely keeps them ignorant of the better things; and they are ignorant, for I believe I am right in saying that but twelve per cent of the Brazilian population can read, most of whom are men. Think, my dear readers, of being obliged to spend a life time shut away from social life and unable to read any of the good things which we get daily from the writings of others! And they are not allowed by the Catholic church to have the Bible even if they could read.

Brazil is undergoing a great social revolution. It has freed its slaves and changed from a monarchy to a republic, but no country can ever prosper that does not respect and elevate its women, the mothers of the country.

The hope of the missionaries is in educating the daughters, but the boys must be educated to these things as well, else they will go on treating their wives as did their fathers.

Let us do what we can to help the willing hands that go into Brazil to do this work.

I say again, let us be truly thankful that we have been born in Uncle Sam's country.

Woodland.

A PRACTICAL SCHOOL FOR GIRLS.

MRS. N. S. MAYO.

From the very founding of the Kansas State Agricultural College it has been recognized that "a girl has a right to an education as precisely adapted to a woman's work as is a boy's preparatory to a man's work," and with this for one of its maxims the college has been built, department by department, from the beginning up to its present standing as the largest and most successful agricultural college of the United States. That co-education has proved a success is attested by the yearly increasing number of students, the enrollment for the past year being over six hundred, fully one-third of whom are young women come to avail themselves of the practical instruction they can here receive.

The college is situated about one mile from the business part of the city of Manhattan, the intervening portion being built up with residences, boarding houses, and cottages for the accommodation of the students, all of whom must find room and board in the town, as the college has no dormitories,

much to the relief of the president and faculty. Many families take up a temporary residence in the town so that their children may have the advantage of the home influence while receiving the training offered by the college. Occasionally brothers and sisters rent a cottage and keep house during their college days, and sometimes five or six girls will try "baching" and put into daily practice the instruction received in household economy.

A FREE SCHOOL.

The college is a "free" school in every sense of the term, there being neither fees nor incidental expenses, so that a student may take the four years' course with a very small amount of money, having only books, board, and clothing to provide. There are many young people who enter the college with no means of support aside from their own efforts, but determined to have an education they find a place in some family where they may work for their board outside of the hours assigned to college duties.

There is but one course of study in the institution, the agricultural course, and the work required of the young men and young women is the same with this exception, when the young men are assigned to agriculture, stock raising, carpentry, or veterinary science, the young women are assigned to sewing, cooking, or floriculture, or in some cases where they so elect to printing. Most of these branches are given as "industrials," that is an hour a day of each student's time is given to some educational handiwork.

SEWING.

In the sewing department to which the girls are first assigned, they are examined to find what knowledge of sewing they already possess and are then given work to suit their abilities. Students are allowed to bring their own sewing, so that many girls are thus enabled to make their own underclothes, to cut, fit, and make their own dresses, a most important item to those who have to use economy in their college course. Not only do they do sewing, but also crocheting, drawn work, and fancy work of various kinds. All kinds of articles are there made, from a bed quilt to a party dress, as many as one thousand articles being completed during the year.

The sewing room is a large square room with long windows on three sides so that it is perfectly lighted at all times. It is furnished with many small tables at which the girls are seated during their lessons, eight or ten sewing machines, cupboard in which unfinished articles are kept, and show cases where the completed articles can be displayed. A full length mirror is one of the important accessories.

COOKING.

In the department of domestic science the girls are given a course of lectures on bread making, cake making, pickling, preserving of fruits, the cooking of vegetables, the principles of boiling, broiling and roasting meat, and learn the different parts of a carcass by seeing a beef cut up before the class. In the kitchen laboratory they not only see how everything is done but are expected to do everything themselves, not once but many times. They are given opportunities to try all kinds of cooking, ranging in variety through bread, cake, pie, the roasting and boiling of meats, to French bon-bons and ice cream. Many little combination tables and cabinets are about the room where each girl may work independently of the others, and having everything needful right at her hand, is taught to economize time and labor, a lesson many older housekeepers could well follow, saving many unnecessary steps and aching feet. The kitchen is provided with a large steel range, an Aladdin oven and many other labor saving devices.

IMPOSING ON THE FACULTY.

To dispose of the food thus prepared, dinners are served on faculty meeting days to members of the faculty who would otherwise have to eat cold lunches, and on Fridays lunches are served to the students, these meals being given at a price just sufficient to cover the cost of the food. At the meetings of the board of regents with

Continued on page 7.

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Fort Wayne, Lv.			1 00	12 10	5 45
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A PRACTICAL SCHOOL FOR GIRLS

Continued from page 6.

the faculty, to which the wives of the faculty are invited, an elaborate meal is prepared and served by the second year and post graduate girls. As these meetings occur three times during the year, the meals served are a "breakfast" in the fall term, a "dinner" in the winter term, and a "tea" in the spring term, so that the girls have the practice of preparing and serving each meal. Four tables are spread on such occasions, and a post graduate girl is seated at the head of each, to act as hostess, while the second year girls serve the meal, which is generally in five courses.

While the second year girls are taking cooking, their class mates in agriculture are anxiously anticipating the "second year party," a yearly affair at which the young ladies receive the young men, entertain them and give them an opportunity to sample their cooking.

CHEMISTRY OF FOOD.

In the course in chemistry particular attention is paid to food products, to their chemical compositions, their value as food, to the effect produced when different materials are combined, and the changes wrought by heat, thus demonstrating to the young women that good and successful cooking depends upon definite facts and not upon "luck."

Dairying is taught in the spring term and the girls have all the work of straining, skimming, caring for the milk, churning and working butter, making cheese, and cleansing all the utensils that are used.

There is also a course of lectures in hygiene especially for the young women, and a class in calisthenics for any who desire such exercise.

FLORICULTURE.

A large room in the propagating house is used for the class in floriculture. Here they put into practice the growing of plants from seeds and cuttings, the potting, transplanting, and care of flowering plants both in the greenhouse and garden, and the methods of destroying the insect pests and parasites which work especially upon house plants.

SOCIAL LIFE.

The social life of the students is much the same as in any college; the mid-term social, the society "annuals," and the occasional class parties, serving to break the regular monotony of college life. There are four literary societies, one of which is exclusively for girls and one admits both boys and girls.

The departments of cooking and sewing are two of the leading features of the college, one hundred thirty young women being enrolled the present term in the sewing department alone. The fame of these departments is fast spreading to other states, and their agricultural colleges are looking to Kansas as a model for similar departments in their own institutions and sending here for graduates to become heads of such departments. But it is in the homes of the majority of the young women who take the course that the greatest use and benefit of this special education is apparent. All who go out from here are better qualified

to fill whatever position may come to them. They are better teachers, dressmakers, or nurses, and wiser and more economical housekeepers wives, and mothers for having had the benefit of a course in such an institution.

Manhattan, Kansas.

AMONG THE ORCHARDS.

MABEL BATES.

Amid the varied attractions of sea and land that serve to make chance visitors at Traverse City her sworn allies, and bring them back year after year, nothing is a more perennial delight than the miles on miles of hard white roads that extend along the shores of the bay and out into the shaded woodland. A drive never to be forgotten is the one down among the famous fruit farms of the peninsula, starting along the shore of east bay when the early morning light throws its misty shadows over all, and returning in the cool of the evening along the shore of west bay.

A BEAUTIFUL MORNING.

It is a bright clear morning when a merry party sets out, determined to search out its beauties for themselves. The road is hard and smooth after a light rain, and even the horses seem to enter into the spirit of the occasion. After following the rounding shore of west bay for about two miles, the road turns across the peninsula and wanders through a bit of wood, cleared years ago of its forest and then deserted, on which a light second growth is already taking on faint tints of autumn and promises untold beauties in weeks to come. Then follows a stretch of rich farming land, checker-boarded with bits of cool woodland, and suddenly the blue waters of east bay come in view, sparkling and dancing under the caressing kisses of the soft summer wind, and pouring a wealth of golden, sun-tinted waves on the shining sands of the beach. For miles the road follows close along the shore. The waves falling with a silvery splash on the right, while on the left great banks and sheets of daises form a gold and white carpet dainty enough for fairy revels, and it is with a sigh of regret for the vanishing beauty that the horses' heads are turned to follow the road as it climbs a hill and takes its way among the prosperous looking fruit farms that, in a few short years, have transformed a forest wilderness into the "garden of the north."

There are no fences to limit space, and the eye wanders through seeming miles of trees whose height and spread of branches first attract the attention and then the quantities on quantities of fruit already blushing faintly under the ardent glances of the summer sun. Here and there are baby orchards, newly set, that seem to glance askance at the heavily loaded trees around them, and wonder if they too must in time become "grave and revered signiors" borne down with their weight of fruit. Dame Nature is in friendly rivalry with the cultivated scene and fills the air with sweet perfume, the spicy odor of raspberries giving way to the heavy fragrance of fields of milk weed over which the bees hover, intoxicated with delight and the scent of new mown hay. At last the curve of Old Mission harbor is reached, surrounded by orchard-clad hills dotted with prosperous looking farm houses.

THE RETURN.

After dinner and a pleasant visit to the pretty summer resort on the shore, the horses, refreshed by their rest, are harnessed again, and with the thought of home before them are anxious to be off. The road rises until the "back-bone" of the peninsula is reached, and the descent is begun to where, in the distance west bay dashes its little white-crested waves against the drift on the beach. Away to the left is a large ivy covered house under the shade of a grove of ancient trees, looking in the midst of its broad acres like some quaint English homestead. The horses trotting swiftly over the gravel road soon bring us into the cool shade of a bit of the forest primeval, where the branches clasp hands overhead, and the bushes on either side thrust their berries into the carriage, seeming to beg to be eaten.

A GLORY-SCENE.

The sun is setting in a halo of crimson and gold when the shore is reached, and the last twelve miles of road beckon the wanderers on to where the smoke of the city can be seen far away in the distance. The breeze has died down and the bay is all ablaze in the glow of the clouds. Big Marion island, with pretty little Squaw island like a timid child by its side, casts long black shadows into the midst of the glory on sea and sky. As the road winds close by the shore, with the rush and ripple of the waves mingling with the sound of the whispering wind in the pines, the after-glow dies slowly away, the big golden evening star lights its torch in the west, and one by one little points of light flash out here and there in the sky like answering signals. The cool spicy odors of a cedar swamp fill the air, and fire flies dart here and there with fairy messages. A shaft of light falls on the water and from behind the hills the great silver faced moon slowly comes into view, bringing brightness and cheer in her train. The lights of the village at the head of the bay grow clearer and clearer, straggling houses begin to be seen, and all too soon, home is reached, and of a happy day nothing is left but a memory.

Traverse City.

Girls' Department.

FROM DISTRICT TO HIGH SCHOOL.

ALICE L. HORTON.

"The time has come when James is to leave home." So relates an old book of a generation ago. The mother giving her boy advice and the father's anxious look, are both signs that the "home ties are to be broken." The aged grandmother who sits near, the sister in deep thought, and even the family cat had begun to feel lonely. For "James was to be gone many long weeks."

There are many things to be thought of in obtaining an education. First of all is health. For of what use is an education without health? "Last but not least," is to apply your education to some particular life work. Lay your plans for the future and then if anything in your line should happen to make an appearance, you will be prepared for it. For no man who waited for an occupation ever succeeded in life.

But few of our noted men were college graduates, but received most of their education from a district school.

When you start into a high school or college it is one of the most important periods of your life. For it is then that the plans for your future life are laid. Those who begin with small means frequently occupy eminent positions. But it matters not what the financial portion is, for it is the level head and strong body that count.

If you intend to follow your occupation you must take it when the opportunity comes, "for a moment lost is gone forever."

Fruit Ridge.

THE MODEL BOY.

BIRDIE ADAMS.

It was a dark, stormy day in November. The wind howled around the corners of a large, roomy, old house. In the cheerful library a warm fire burned in an open grate. As I lay on the hearth rug, gazing at the glowing coals, there suddenly stepped from their midst a bright-eyed, rosy-cheeked boy, who took off his hat and bowed politely to me.

"Who are you and where are you from?" I demanded in astonishment.

"I am a model boy from the land of Nowhere," he politely replied.

"Indeed," said I, "I am very glad to see you. I have always wanted to see a model boy."

"Thank you, I am very glad that I can oblige you," he answered.

"Do you ever untie the girl's apron strings or hair ribbons?" I asked.

"Oh no, that isn't allowed in the land of Nowhere."

"Or slam the door, set the dog on the cat, or whistle in the house when some one has the headache?"

"Certainly not."

"You play base ball I suppose?"

"Of course."

"Do you make the girls be fielders and chase the ball?"

"No, model boys are never selfish."

"Why," I ventured respectfully, "you seem to be very polite. Do you?"

Just here a sort of howl, something like an Indian war whoop, sounded on my ear. The model boy disappeared up the chimney at the sound and I started up to find my brother standing in front of me and laughing to see me jump.

Battle Creek.

AT THE FAIR.

MABEL GRAY.

One of the most interesting exhibits to me was the Libby Glass Works, where they manufacture various useful and ornamental articles. The most interesting was the weaving of cloth from glass and silk; the warp being white silk, and the filling half silk and half glass, but so fine had the glass been drawn out that it took two hundred of these threads to make one thread of filling. This cloth was sheeny and beautiful and valued at twenty-five dollars a yard.

Near the entrance of the Chinese building was a placard on which said "free," but upon entering, there stood a man who said, "only ten cents to go to Heaven; Only twenty-two more days to go to Heaven!" They had a place which they called by that name.

At the entrance of the Irish village there stood a man who played on an Irish bag pipe and made queer remarks, one of which was, "Take the short cut to Ireland. If you go around you might be seasick!"

We also visited the convent, La Rabida, which was made to represent the place in which Columbus died. On the walls were many pictures representing his visit to Queen Isabella, his landing in America, death scene, and so forth. On the east side of the building were the boats, Santa Maria, Pinta, and Nina, in which he discovered America.

THE FERRIS WHEEL.

I rode over the Ferris Wheel. When at the top one could see a great distance over the city. It was very large around and had thirty-six rooms about as large as a street car, fastened to its rim. When lighted by electricity it was very beautiful.

Visited Mount Vernon home and saw the rooms in which Washington lived and died. I saw an old bedstead that was very high, had to climb three steps to reach it, and saw some queer chairs and a piano.

The Michigan State building was very fine, a nice place to rest, and contained many specimens of metal.

Went through the Cliff Dwellers, a kind of a miniature mountain. Saw how they lived, and saw their cloth, which was made of grass, and their dishes which were made of clay, some of them beautifully carved. I was very much pleased with the children's building. The rooms in which babies were kept were bright and beautiful.

In the California building there were great quantities of fruit, a tower made of oranges and a horse and its rider covered with prunes.

The electricity building was interesting. In one part of the building there was a theater representing a farm with a stream of water running through it; buildings which were lighted in the morning followed by a beautiful sunrise and this followed by thunder and lightning and a shower of rain. The men were about their work and the ladies with umbrellas. All done automatically and by electricity.

Archie.

Cannon Farrars says: "If we would save this country from moral degeneracy, we must set our face against the notion that marriage is only a legal contract, against the degradation of it in the higher classes into a mercenary falsehood; against the undertaking of it in the lower classes rashly, unadvisedly, and wantonly, like brute-beasts which have no understanding.

We must set our face, too, against the criminal laxity of divorce and the facile re-marriage of those who have violated the holy bond. We must restore the high concept of marriage in which even the Roman code defined it as the "partnership of the whole life, the participation of all rights, human and divine."

Notices of Meetings.

LENAWEE POMONA. The annual meeting of Lenawee county Pomona Grange for the election of officers will be held at the court house in the city of Adrian on Thursday, December 7, 1893. Let all Patrons be present.

P. H. DOWLING, Lecturer.

STOCK MEETINGS.

The meeting of breeders of improved live stock will be held in Lansing December 19 and 20. The Shropshire breeders meet the 19th, in the evening, the Lincoln men the morning of the 19th.

Allegan county council will hold its annual session with Allegan Central Grange December 5.

N. A. DIBBLE, Lecturer County Council.

St. Jo. county Grange No. 4 will hold its next meeting at Centerville Grange hall, the first Thursday in December. All members are requested to be present.

MRS. HENRY COOK, Secretary.

Postal Jottings.

[We desire to make this department the Grange news column. Lecturers, secretaries, and correspondents will favor us and all Patrons by sending in frequent notes about their Grange work, brief jottings concerning some topic discussed, or plans for work. Let us make this column of special interest to Patrons.]

WHY I BELONG TO THE GRANGE.

I joined the Grange as soon as I had gained the required number of years, because I was brought up with the idea that it was the proper thing to do. I remain a member because of all societies having as their object the general education and advancement of farmers, the Grange is the oldest, wears the best, and is founded on firm principles of right and justice and charity to all. Because it is natural and right that we should take pleasure in meeting and greeting our neighbors and exchanging ideas on all subjects of interest.

LILLIAN ADAMS.

I joined the Grange to get out of the old rut. I needed a tonic, I felt that I was going back and needed help, and that is my reason for joining the Grange. God bless the Grange.

SISTER T. WEBB.

First, because it is a farmers' organization and I, as a farmer's wife, think that they should be as united in their societies and relations with each other as any other class of people. Secondly, for its educational advantages, for they, as a general rule in times past, have paid too little attention to the cultivation of the mind, and farming like all other branches of industry requires a thorough understanding of its different modes of work to make it a success, and how can we more effectually accomplish this than through the Grange? And last, but not least, for its social enjoyment, for here we all meet as a band of brothers and sisters, ready and willing to help each other.

MRS. E. J. SMITH.

First because it opens wide its gate and bids woman welcome. It is not like the organizations of the past where women have been practically excluded or ignored. In the Grange woman's voice is heard, her vote counts, she stands on an equality with man. It appreciates the ability and sphere of woman. Last, but not least, it is an educator, it teaches Christianity, morality, and good will to man. It is a builder of good society and advocates temperance in all things. Before we joined the Grange we saw the need of a farmers' organization, but years passed before the golden opportunity came, then there was a Grange formed in the city of Battle Creek, our names solicited, and we paid five and three dollars more willingly than one dollar and one-half dollar initiation fee is paid today. We have often wondered why farmers will be so indifferent to a good cause when they see it is a benefit to the young and a comfort to the declining years of many, it is food, drink and rest. Our minds would become rusty without this interchange of thought and opinion. Can we rust in the Grange? No, never.

MRS. W. S. SIMONS.

I have many reasons for being a Patron. First and foremost I am a farmer's wife, and in our Order, the Patrons of Husbandry, the wife and daughter stand on an equal with the husband and son. For the material, social, intellectual, and moral advancement of the American farmer it has no equal, its golden principles and precepts hold aloft the torch of "liberty enlightening the world." Its educational influence can not be estimated. It is one of, if not the noblest organization now in existence. For these and many other reasons I am a P. of H.

LORETTA POORMAN.

LIST OF COUNTIES

from which new names have been sent in the Grange contest:

Table listing counties and their number of entries: Kent 77, Ingham 34 1/2, Branch 12, Kalkaska 11, Hillsdale 9, Clinton 6 1/2, Huron 3, Benzie 3, Allegan 2 1/2, Lenawee 2, Wayne 2, Sanilac 2, Berrien 1.

LIST OF GRANGES

which have sent in new names for the Grange contest. Please correct errors at once.

Table listing granges and new names: Granges. Keene No. 270, White Oak No. 241, Bowne Center No. 219, Butler No. 88, Adams No. 286, Capitol No. 540, Clearwater No. 674, Excelsior No. 692, Grattan No. 170, Lapeer, Alpine No. 348, Bingham No. 667, Inland No. 503, Bradley No. 669, Rome Center No. 293, Charity No. 417, Wyandotte No. 618, Bath No. 659, Mt. Taber No. 43, Cascade No. 63.

OFFICERS AND DELEGATES.

Do not forget to ask for a railroad certificate when you buy your ticket to Lansing. Failure to do this forfeits the right to reduced return fare.

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease, and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven Catarrh to be a constitutional disease and therefore requires constitutional treatment.

In the October Cosmopolitan, Ellen M. Henrotin says of the paintings in the Woman's building at the Fair: "Woman has not as yet mastered the art of painting, if the collection be a faithful representation of her work; the pictures are lacking in warmth, color, and depth of tone."

If a good face is a letter of recommendation, a good heart is a letter of credit.—Bulwer.

THE MEANS OF SECURING MORE.

CENTRE COUNTY, PA., Nov. 2, 1893. MR. O. W. INGERSOLL. DEAR SIR—Mr. Crader received his paint in first class condition, and I applied it. It works nicely, covers well, and is all that it is recommended to be and has a fine finish. This order, I am sure, will give your paints a first class reputation and be the means of your securing many orders in the future from this section.

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