raw, and would feel strongly inclined to say some very harsh words if the shirts are unwashed, or the socks undarned; 'tis said an appeal to a man's purse gives a sure measure of his conscience, but a truer saying is that the shortest way to his heart is through his stomach; we have long since observed he always keeps a loving corner in his heart for the woman who looks well to his comfort.

After our schools are all supplied with teachers from your homes, many mothers find they have to apply to a neighbor for her daughter to assist in the housework; and what are the exacts on the farm? Hours from five, and often earlier, until twelve, without recess; the hours vary some in the afternoon according to the season of the year; six days and sometime seven per week. The average price for services, a dollar and a half a week. The help compares her work and wages with that of your teacher daughter, who gives six hours for a day, and five days for a week, with numerous holidays thrown in, through each term, and receives at least a dollar a day compensation, and a higher grade in society; and with the Scotch plowman Burns, she thinks:

It's hardly in a body's power
To keep at times free getting sour,
To see how things are shared.

Do you blame the hired girl if she makes up her mind to attend school and become a teacher next spring? Must words still be multiplied in this case, does it require anything farther to show that it is injustice to the worker that has brought about the present condition of no help, while there is an abundance of material for workers in almost every home? Time will permit but a very few remarks or suggestions of a way out of the difficulty; there was no promise of a solution, only a promise for a correct statement of this problem. Could there not be industrial schools or rather departments in connection with our schools, to prepare our young folks for practical life, where various trades, professions, arts, etc., might be taught; apply a part of the means raised for educational purposes to training for other employments as well as teachers, if the home education is incomplete, and let us have skilled workers everywhere; and then each seek the kind for which she had a taste or talent, would give us proper help in all situations.

A man may have other ambitions, but the one great purpose of his life is to have a home; within its cherished walls is to be included his little world; by his fireside is the true happiness of life; and there is no other institution of our civilization can compare with a well-ordered home to cultivate and foster the virtues of our race. Home is the Mecca to which every wanderer's thoughts turn in all the vicissitudes of life. The help engaged for our homes should be required to have correct habits, good reputation, the best of morals and we should never engage as help in the house any whom we cannot trust with the same respect and consideration as the members of the family. For the consideration of bakers and laundries, resident hotels, associated homes, or families after the plan of Mons. Gordin, of Guise, France, of whom doubtless many of you have heard, and some methods of co-operative work, we must take another time as my twenty minutes have expired.

What Can the Farm Do for the Girl?

[By Miss E. F. Jones, of River Falls.]

In ancient times, the conquerors of the aboriginal tribes imposed upon the vanquished the task of cultivating the soil while they themselves were occupied with what they regarded nobler pursuits. The occupation of farming and those engaged in it were thus contemptuously looked upon by the ruling race. Through the centuries following, the unjust taxations and usurpations of the ruling class, kept the farmer so poor that life to him became a struggle for existence and intellectual growth an impossibility. It is only in the latter part of this splendid 19th century, that good government, broad acres, and the inventive genius of the American have changed these conditions. Given the steam plow, self-binder, the mower, the hay-loader and all the other great labor-saving machines, and the occupation of the farmer, to-day, becomes an enviable one of independence and comfort.

In the olden time, again we see, in the family, man the strong one, becomes the master; woman the weak one, the slave. Feudalism for the higher classes lifts her from this condition into one scarcely more enviable, the petted plaything of man, the sharer only of his idle moments and most trivial thoughts. Through centuries of struggle, woman
is now emerging from both these humiliating conditions and is trained to do, as Wendell Phillips says, "What God made woman able to do and therefore intended she should do." She is neither the slave nor the plaything of his idle moments, but the willing, glad helper of man.

I shall take for granted, then, in the discussion of the question assigned to me, that this intelligent people accedes in theory at least to each of the following propositions:

That the baby girl in the country belongs to the same species as the baby girl anywhere else and is capable of like development.

That the baby girl is to be trained in directions which will increase her happiness as a woman.

That happiness for woman as well as for man, lies in the direction of greatest helpfulness, not in the path of greatest helplessness.

That greatest helpfulness results from fullest development of the physical, mental, and moral nature of the individual.

Emerson in his essay on compensation says: "Every excess causes a defect. Every defect an excess. Every sweet has its sour, every evil its good. Every faculty which is a receiver of pleasure has an equal penalty in its abuse. For everything you have missed you have gained something else, and for everything you gain you lose something." If Emerson’s doctrine is a true one, and I believe it is, what are the compensations which a home on a farm renders to the growing girl? Can this home build up, round out and complete the character which will result in a happy womanhood? Let us first see what she loses from her environments when compared with her more fortunate city sister. She loses the stir, the impulse to step faster because of the throng which presses all around one, the education which comes with scarcely an effort through the channel of the eye and the ear, from the busy, crowded streets, the familiarity with men and things.

"Something to see by Bacchus, something to hear at least.
There the whole day long, one's life is a perfect feast.

The city, oh the city, the square with the houses, why
They are stone-faced, white as a curd,
There's something to take your eye!
Houses in four straight lines, not a single front away!

You watch who crosses and gossips,
Who saunters, who harries by:
Green blinds as a matter of course when the sun gets high;
And the signs with fanciful signs which are painted properly.

Ere opening your eyes in the city
The blessed church bells begin;
You get the pick of the news and it costs you never a pin.
By and by there's the traveling doctor, gives pills, lets blood, draws teeth;
Or the Pulpitello trumpet breaks up the market beneath! At the postoffice such a scene picture—
The new play piping hot!
And a notice, how only this morning three liberal thieves were shot!
Above it, behold the archbishop’s most fatherly rebukes.
And beneath, with his crown and his lion, some little new law of the Duke’s!

Noon strikes, here sweeps the procession,
Our Lady borne smiling and smart,
With a pink gauze gown all spangles,
And seven swor's stuck in her heart!
Bang, whang, whang, goes the drum, tooo-te-
tootle the file;
There's no keeping one's haunches still.
'Tis the greatest pleasure in life.

Choice of companions, co-operative study and work, ripe thoughts from the living lips of wise men, inspiring music, the master-play, the art gallery; yes, all these and many things more does our country girl miss which tell in the growth of her city sister. And yet, for all that, I do not regret that the first sixteen years of my life were spent on the farm, far from all these educational means. For all that, I count it a loss which cannot be made good if a few weeks of each summer’s vacation are not mine at the old homestead, and for all the delight the city has for me. I expect to spend, if anywhere, a peaceful and contented old age where I spent my youth.

In place of the city sights and sounds, with its bustle and endless change, the country girl has the blue sky, the fleecy cloud, the glowing sunset, the majestic storm, the miracle of budding leaf and flower, the mystery of the burning bush of autumn, the ice and snow crystals of winter, the hum of insects and the sweet carol of birds.

She may not have the delightful companionship of chosen friends of her own age, but the possibility of hurtful companionship is made less, and tender home ties may nowhere else be so closely bound. To me at the old home, nothing could compensate as I see it, for the constant companionship of my mother, made possible by her freedom from the demands of society. The walks with her in meadow and wood, the fairy love of a distant land that she-
then taught me; her descriptions of the picturesque scenery of her native home beyond the sea; its castles and its cottages; its peat beds and its fairs, so interwoven with stories of her own home-life there, were all so vivid to me, that sometimes now, it seems to me, I must have once breathed the mountain air of Wales, though I was born in the forest wilds of Wisconsin, and have never crossed the briny sea.

No evening service in a finely equipped church could awaken more true devotion than the Sunday evening circle in our early home, when seated around the large table with father and mother as teachers, and brother and sisters as classmates, I learned to read in the language of the distant fatherland the entertaining Bible. I needed no better incentive than my father’s hand on my head and his “Well done, my girl,” from his lips. A compensation for the concert we missed came afterward in the dear old Welsh hymns which our father and mother sang for us, the notes of which recalled now in our vacation days, will bring tears to the eyes of any one of the old circle.

“How dear to my heart are the scenes of my childhood,
When fond recollection presents them to view,
The orchard, the meadow, the deep tangled wildwood.
And every loved spot my infancy knew.”

The strength which one receives from an anchorage in one’s youth to one place, to a few familiar haunts, is frequently dwelt upon by George Eliot, whose early home was in the country. We need but to read the table of contents in a collection of Whittier’s poems, or those of the Cory sisters, to recall how these simple sights and experiences of country life inspired their pure thought and noble song. If you would find a beautiful ideal of a country life, buy E. P. R. m’s Nature’s Serial Story, give to your sons and daughters for a Christmas gift, and read aloud with them in the winter evenings. If I mistake not, the book will delight you, and teach a better appreciation and appropriation of your country privileges.

Incomparable are the advantages of the country girl for physical development. Pure air, fresh, unadulterated food, out-door work and pastimes, better conditions for sleep, should make her superior to her city sister in the great essentials of a sound body.

I turn with reluctance from the consideration of the possible to that of the actual. I fear that to-day, in many even well-to-do farmers’ homes in Wisconsin, the girl of the family has not passed the drudge and doll conditions of earlier times. On the one hand, we see her awkward, stolid, uninteresting, plodding. On the other, in a still more deplorable condition of selfish ease and dependence, satisfied and vain because of her few shallow accomplishments. Is it not true that many of our country girls are round-shouldered, narrow-chested, weak-lunged, pale and nerveless? Is it not true that many whose services are needed at home are dissatisfied with their conditions, anxious to go out to domestic service, teach school, clerk, do anything simply to get away from the farm? Is it true that many a country girl prefers to marry a “dude,” who spends his meager earnings in buying gaudy neckties, and keeps his boots blacked, to the honest young farmer, who can offer her a home on broad, well-tilled acres of his own? It is said that insanity is more prevalent among farmers’ wives than among individuals of any other class. It is true that many a sad-faced farmer’s wife does say, “My daughter shall never marry a farmer if her mother can help it.”

If these charges are wholly or partly true, there must be causes for them, and there must be remedies for them, too. The work of producing by your labor and skill, in conjunction with the great forces of nature—that which nourishes and clothes the world—has, in itself, nothing that is not ennobling and satisfying. The fault, then, must be with the workers, and not with the work.

Let us try to find some of the causes which probably lead to these unsatisfactory results. In the country, as well as in the city, too little attention is paid to health. In selecting building sites, too often, the question of convenience sets aside the more important one of good drainage. The well is dug where it will be most “ handy” to water the stock, not where the purest water for the children can be found. While due care is taken to warmly house the hog that is to be fattened, the noble horse and the cow, the delicate daughter, who already has a warning cough is allowed to sleep in a small, unwarmed room, whose walls may be dripping with mois-
ture. Her careful mother takes pains to exclude the sunlight in order to preserve the colors in the carpet, while she ignorantly sacrifices the color in the bright cheek of her daughter. The winter storm may be "too bad to take the horses out," but the daughter is allowed to walk a mile to school and sit the day through in wet skirts, in a poorly ventilated, poorly warmed school-room. Many girls are not sufficiently clad for this rigorous climate. Good flannel is costly, but doctors bills, sickness and death cost more. The girl's food is not selected and cooked with that care, which is necessary to make her first of all thoroughly strong and healthy. 'Tis well that farmers discern earnestly the best food for producing fat hogs, largest amount of butter and cheese, at least expense, but thought shall also be given to the questions. "What shall we feed our children that they may have sound teeth, good digestion, healthy skin?" What food is best to supply the fat, which our thin, hollow-eyed child with a consumptive tendency, lacks? The girl is not encouraged to climb trees, ride horse-back, saddle and harness a horse and do many other things that help to make her brother strong of body.

In a sound body, I plead that the farmer's daughter and his son, too, be given a cultivated mind. So often, it is said, "Of what use is an education to a farmer's son, much less to a farmer's daughter who is to be nothing but a farmer's wife by-and-by?" Of what use? To whom is it of greater use? Of what use to be surrounded by the glories and beauties of nature, if the eyes have never been opened to see, and the ears have never been opened to hear the lessons which they teach? Is it consistent to think that the noble sciences of botany, zoology, chemistry, astronomy and geology are of more value to the embryo banker, book-keeper, and lawyer and their future wives, than to the men and women who have the conditions to make them a life-long delight as well as a source of practical value in their business. "The learned eye is still the loving one," and blank fields, weedy road-side, the hollows in the wood, the be-clouded sky will be full of suggestions for thought and not lonely when "God is seen God in the star, in the stone, in the flesh, in the soul, in the clod." Where is more needed than in the farmer's home, isolated as it necessarily is, the diversion which comes from a well-selected library and the ability to use it? I believe that for the failure on the part of parents to recognize this need of mental training many girls as well as boys leave the farm. "But," you say, "If we send our sons and daughters to the school and university, they are dissatisfied with the condition of things at home when they return." "Tis well. 'Tis very well, I think. Say to the sons and daughters who thus feel, "We are glad you have found out better ways and have higher ideas than when you went away. Now, we will join hands with you in an effort to make our home more to your liking." Do you realize what a joy it would be to your children to be thus taken into partnership, laboring with you and for you? To poor health and lack of opportunity for mental training, I would add the unattractive home as a fruitful cause of unhappiness at least to the farmer's daughter. One summer a philanthropic gentleman, who had always lived in the great cities, was invited to spend a week with a friend at this friend's boyhood home on a farm in Wisconsin. The invited guest had never spent a week in the country since he had visited an aunt in the near vicinity of Boston when he was a boy. Freely he went in and out in the various homes of the neighborhood and it was amusing to see how kindly curious he was concerning this new phase of life. "Why," he said one day, "do all farmers have a bit of a parlor as these do, with pictures on its walls, and some sort of a music box in its corner upon which their daughters are taught to play?" "I repeat to you, may not the farmer's home be made as neat, tasteful and attractive as possible to those who must needs spend so much time in it. Why should there not be pictures on the wall, a piano or an organ, a pretty carpet on the floor, cheering blossoms in the windows and order everywhere? Why not a neat fence about the house, a green lawn and a flower-garden, if the inmates of the home bungle for it? It pays in the long run to make investments of this sort for they bring hope and comfort to the hearts that dwell there, and a new courage and energy to do the most possible in sharing the burdens they impose. I never could understand why a father should frown up-
on his pretty daughter who wishes to be as neatly and tastily dressed as her city cousins who come to visit her. Harmonious colors, neatly fitting garments, made in prevailing modes, cost no more than gaudy, incongruous ones, and make a vast difference in the self-respect felt by the wearer of them, and her consequent happiness or misery. The father and brother coming in from their day's labor will smile more readily upon the ladies of the household if fresh gowns and clean collars have replaced those soiled in the morning's tasks. Would not the mother and daughters respond more heartily to their greeting if father and brothers exchange the necessarily muddy boots for the comfortable slippers, and brush the hair and coat before they spend the evening together?

Another remedy for the dissatisfaction of the farmer's daughter and his wife too, would be found if each could herself be in some way a producer of money and could have entire control of it. It is such a comfort to have one's own pocket book. More than one wife has said to me, not always a farmer's wife either, "I envy you in one respect and that is that you earn money and can do what you please with it. I have the best husband in the world, but I do hate to ask him for every little thing I want." May it not be possible in the varied resources of the farm to find some light, yet remunerative work which may be chiefly done, wholly managed by the daughter, the proceeds to be entirely at her disposal. Washing dishes, baking bread, ironing, sweeping, the care of children are very essential in the home, but they do become monotonous, and the change of occupation would in itself bring relief. Butter-making on a small scale, poultry-raising, bee culture, the raising and canning of berries might be profitably engaged in. The sum total of the proceeds of the farm would be increased, and the father, when once he had become accustomed to a division of money, as well as of labor, would be spared much annoyance. The daughter would have a business faculty trained, would learn the value of money, as she can in no other way, and a healthful, helpful occupation and diversion would be furnished her.

Not all the correctives I have tried to hint at are enough to prevent occasional unrest and weariness. The preacher, the merchant, the lawyer and teacher would grow rusty and crusty if they never took a vacation. The necessity which comes to all workful lives for occasional periods of rest and change of scene is less recognized by farmers than it should be. The woman's sphere in the home is necessarily most narrow and confining, and she, it is, who needs most an occasional relief from its monotony. She, it is, who from lack of it grows cross, hopeless, morbid, insane. That a woman's home and work are on a farm is no reason that the city and its attractions should be a blank to her. Here comes in the beautiful law of reciprocity. Her country home is a haven of comfort, rest and enjoyment to her city friend and the city home of her friend becomes a compliment of her own, supplying the change and recreation which she needs.

A healthy body, habits of industry, a business tact, a strong attachment to home, a cultured mind, a helpful spirit, a loving, reverent soul, these all may the farm bring to the girl.

Need I suggest what the girl thus developed may bring to the farm? You have a loving daughter that is the light and life of your home, know what she does bring to the farm with all her frailties, now. You who have a patient, faithful wife, a tender self-sacrificing mother, know what she will bring to the farm home of the future when one worthy of her shall ask her to share and bless it.

On Beautifying Farmer's Houses.
[By Mrs. J. M. Smith, of Mineral Point.]

It has been said by travelers that they could distinguish a pure-minded and more intelligent family from the appearance of the house, and grounds immediately surrounding the house. We all know and appreciate the difference between the farm house or rather home of the more intelligent—surrounded with flowers and a few vines twined with care and taste over the dwelling, or the different spectacle of weeds and briars holding their dominion. The one is a rest and refreshment to the farmer, returning from his toiling and laboring, in the "sweat of his brow;" while the other represents to him only "bed and board," and often of an inferior quality to that he has provided for his well-housed cattle.