us to a considerable degree, but in my own experience, and from my observation, I find that there is more or less drudgery connected with every kind of business or profession in life. Now, I do not like to work in certain lines of my profession, and I am working just as hard as I can to get into a position where I shall not have to do these things. I do things in my business every day that I do not like to do. Every merchant does it. He denies himself a great many of the social pleasures which all men and women enjoy. I do not believe there is a profession in the world where there is not drudgery. I cannot enjoy working around in the strawberry bed all day. While there are a great many pleasant things in this business, on the other hand there is much of drudgery. But the best things of life come through this drudgery, and it is best to take it just as it comes to us. It is best to sacrifice some personal feeling in order to acquire that standing that money alone gives. Money means power; power in political circles, power in business circles, power to do those good things that every good man wants to do, power to clothe our wives and children as we want to clothe them, power to have the books we want to read, power to cover our walls with beautiful pictures, and power to do all those things which will ennoble our minds and fit us for a more perfect enjoyment of life.

Pres. Smith—This has been a very interesting discussion, but I believe we are now ready for the next paper, if Mrs. Hollister will please come forward.

LIFE OF WOMEN ON FARMS, AS IT IS, AND AS IT SHOULD BE.

BY MRS. ALURA COLLINS HOLLISTER.

As it is, it is a little discouraging to look at, and it is small wonder that farmers’ wives feel just a little as if theirs is the hardest lot in the world. Many farmers feel that they have a hard time, too, and farmers’ sons are repelled from the farm because the work seems so hard, so unremitting. Yet
these same sons, after they have tried the worse treadmill of the store, either as employer or employe; of the various kinds of mechanical labor in which their hands learn some particular cunning and lose the old familiarity with all kinds of cunning in labor; or of the professions, worse treadmill still; these same sons, who may have made moan that farmers' sons get no time to read, after a few years of unprofitable reading of the mind-enervating daily paper of the city, would gladly return to the farm if they had one to return to. But a woman, once released from her treadmill on the farm seldom desires to return to it. Why is this? Not because the woman works so much harder than the man, I claim, although I acknowledge of course that a woman who bears many children, especially if there be a debt on the farm, has greater burdens than her husband, but with average families and average financial success the husband and wife work equally hard upon the farm and in return what do they receive? They ought to receive, true home comforts, independence of thought and life, time to read and think, fine physical health, a home in old age and ability to enjoy it. Just here is where the should be of a woman's life on the farm comes in. Her life is a treadmill generally, because she misses nearly all that makes life endurable to her husband. He is out of doors nearly all the day, drawing in great draughts of life, health, and strength with all his unremitting toil; he goes to mill and to market, to postoffice and to town meetings and elections, has errands to his neighbors; and in each place, from each one he meets, he draws thought, inspiration for his work. His neighbor tells him that the President has vetoed some bill or signed some bill and tells him of the reasons for the veto perchance, and together they discuss the reasons; at mill and at market he meets other neighbors who discuss with him questions of finance, tariff and foreign affairs as they understand them; at the postoffice he finds his political weekly paper, possibly the papers of each political faith, he finds his agricultural paper full to repletion of good things and he, possibly, reads these to himself at home; at town meetings and at elections he
meets all neighbors and they get outside the narrow routine of home life into the broader home life of the whole community, of the state, of the nation, of the world. He ought to be broad and strong in his physical and mental life, it would be a shame if he were not.

On the other hand, his wife seldom gets out of doors long enough to do her any good—she doesn’t realize that the whiffs of fresh air she gets are not enough to help her to endure the stifling heat of that kitchen stove. She wants to do all she can toward lifting the debt, and so she struggles on without help in the kitchen, and generally, with several little children about her. They are about all the company she has. All she needs, you say! Nay, not so. I yield to no one in love for childhood’s ways and thoughts, but I want some ways and thoughts besides theirs to incite me to my best. When I taught little children, I sought more advanced reading, sought lectures, sought the company of people who never thought of the schoolroom, that I might not “fall into ruts,” that I might not become so habituated to childish ways and thoughts that I should be unable to think of anything else. This average farm mother seldom goes among her neighbors. Company is a great event to be prepared for with so much labor as to make it a dread. When she goes to the neighboring village she hurries through her purchases and is so worried over them that she scarcely sees the entrance of the woman who might give her a thought to refresh her; she may go to church, but she must take all her children, and it is no small job to dress them for church, even if she dresses them plainly, and she is too tired to appreciate the thought the sermon contained for her. She reads little, she sees little of life, she loses hope, faith, courage. She often tells young girls that if they know when they are well off they will not marry, and she tells older unmarried “girls” that they have shown good sense; she gets year by year to care more for the money that all this hard work brings, and she forgets that life was not given her simply to bear children and save money. Have I made too dark a picture? I know there are some
bright exceptions, but those belong largely to the second part of my subject. Life of women on farms as it should be, and I turn with pleasure to it, for I feel sure that it is coming. Here the mother not only bears children but rears them intelligently; not only helps to save money but helps to spend it to make life better worth the living; if she is unable to afford a girl to help her about work, she takes turns with her husband in going out among people; he stays at home with the babies some evenings and she goes with neighbors and both are better citizens, better parents, for her enlarged thought, her cheerfulness given to her by contact with people outside of home. But this is not all I want her life to be when it is as it should be. Perhaps some of my dreams of her life as it should be, are utopian. I can tell you better whether they are or not ten years from now; for the present, I grant they are largely theory, but I believe they are common sense theory.

I want the woman on the farm to go visiting more, and have company more. I want her to set her neighbors a good example in the method of entertaining. I want her to set a simple table, one which will not so completely use up all her energies that she cannot enjoy her company. I want her to spend less time in trying to keep pace with the habits of dress of the mother in the village, who has more time to spend on such things. I want her to dress herself and her children so comfortably, so healthfully, so plainly that she need not be continually worrying over her sewing and ironing. I want her to be emancipated from bed quilts and rag carpets, body, mind and soul-destroying appliances that they are. I want her to accustom her children to early hours for bed, and then I want her and her husband to read together books which will broaden the minds of both. I want her to teach her children the good old adage, "Children should be seen and not heard," when the father reads aloud to her in the few spare moments he may have in the house. I want children and mother to profit by the outlook that the father enjoys. I want her to give the older children care of the younger ones, so that in a very few years
she may have help from them, if she takes them away from home, or can leave them at home without fear, while she goes among her neighbors for a little brightness. I want her to get out doors, to feel such an interest in every part of the farm that she will take a walk to some part of it almost every day, or will do some almost daily work in the garden.

A carelessly kept flower garden is not out-door exercise enough. If it is well kept, it may be enough, but the woman who emancipates herself from senseless demands of dress and food, may do more than keep a flower garden; she may make herself an adept in the care of small quantities of small fruits, or in the growing of celery, of cabbage, of radishes; or she may undertake to study the habits of our fast-disappearing wild flowers, and have a little bed of ferns and orchids, of delicate hepaticas and graceful dicentras; and with every breath of fresh air she will draw in fresh strength for the trials of the indoor life, and perchance will strengthen the young life so dependent upon hers.

I have been wondering if we might not do some missionary work, save some soul from death, in the meantime. Perhaps I am proposing too much but so many times when I lived in Milwaukee and saw wretched houses and wretched lives, saw the forgotten, the unloved, the uncared for children of humanity, I have longed for country homes for them, and I have wondered if such homes might not save them from the certain sin and sorrow of the future. I have wondered if a true home and love and trust for these waifs of humanity might not save their bodies, minds and souls from destruction, and if the farmer’s wife might not train up a loving, helpful adopted daughter. Last, but far from least, I want all mothers but especially these farm mothers to not only talk and read with the fathers on questions concerning the greater homes including the less, but to feel that they too, are responsible for the right conduct of all these forms of government. I want the motherhood to stand equal, side by side, with the fatherhood, and together study and plan for best results. I want no one-sided government in home
Discussion.

A. L. Hatch — I am glad to have heard this paper. I think a portion of it is for the especial delectation of my wife, especially the rag carpet business.

Pres. Smith — I think it would be better for Mrs. Hatch to give her side of the question. I do not think she is exactly satisfied with what her husband tells us.

Mr. Anderson — I was certainly very much pleased with that paper, having lived on the farm so long and also having lived in the city. I think the farmer’s wife perhaps lives as comfortably and works no harder than the city man’s wife.

I think they live as comfortably and are perhaps as well provided for as the city man’s wife. Of course all farmers do not have all of the comforts they ought to have, nor do all city people. We farmers have to work. If a farmer hires a girl for his wife she has as much time to visit and read as the woman living in the city has for visiting her friends, relations and acquainances. My impression is that the average farmer and his wife certainly enjoy life as well as the working man of the city, and his wife and family. I think it is a mistake to think the farmer’s wife is overworked.

G. J. Kellogg — There is a good deal of fact portrayed in the last paper read, in the fore part of it, that is vital to a large majority of farmers. Of course we are not all farmers, but the drudgery of the home may be very much lessened for the wife if the man is of the right sort. If he goes to the barnyard and comes in without changing his overshoes; if
he does not help about making the home comfortable in little ways, it makes it all the harder for the wife. As the lady says, the home should be provided with the best of reading matter. Each child should have its own paper. There are a few good papers in the land, but there is not a daily fit to put into any household. There are a few good weeklies, and there are some monthlies that are very excellent. We all ought to go forth and practice what we have heard preached.

H. C. Adams—I want to enter a protest upon one point in the paper. I noticed Mr. Kellogg avoided it. It is this: That the head of the house should stay at home and let the wife go out. I do not think that is just practical. If my wife should set out to call upon all the neighbors and leave me at home to take care of the children, I not having had any training and having no capacity for bringing them up, I think she would be apt to find things in bad shape when she got home.

I fully sympathize with the lady about the rag carpet business. A man comes home from his work all tired out, and there his wife will sit all the evening and sew carpet rags. He comes in the house in a hurry sometimes, and perhaps he may step on one of those balls and then there is trouble. Then again, we have some very pleasant associations lingering about our old clothes, and perhaps he may come in and want that old pair of pants and his wife tells him she has just put them into the carpet rags. I have a good deal of sympathy for the man whose wife makes rag carpet.

A. L. Hatch—I do not think very many women spend much time making rag carpet if they do not have to scrub a little. I am sorry for Mr. Adams if he cannot take care of the children one evening for his wife.

Mrs. Campbell—I am not sorry for Mr. Adams, but I am sorry for Mrs. Adams.

Pres. Smith—The great trouble with Mr. Adams is he assumes he is an average man, and he makes a mistake.

I want to say a few words in regard to the drudgery of farm and horticultural labor. It does not seem to me that
anything we have the control of ought to be termed drudgery. There are times when we have to work, and work hard, but it does not follow that it is drudgery because we have to work hard. It has been my fortune to be on confidential terms with quite a number of merchants, and if there are any men on the face of the earth who have to work hard, they are the men engaged in mercantile life. So far as the world knew, they were doing a good business. They were well dressed, but they worked more hours in a day than ten, and not one in a hundred knew of the care and anxiety they went through. I have known a number of such men. I have known a good many farmers that lived as I have been sorry to see them live; as there was no necessity for their living. They were always behind with their work, and, as a matter of course, their wives were behind with theirs. Years ago, when I let my sons be managers in my work, one of the first rules was, "don't let the work get ahead of you." I authorized the one who was foreman, "don't let the work get ahead of you. Hire all you want. I will find ways and means to pay for them somehow. Keep a little ahead of your work all the time." I am very certain that that has been one reason of our success, such as it has been. We always tried to be so up with our work that if the boys wanted to go and spend a day or two, nothing would suffer. I remember, years ago, a son of one of our neighbors was helping us, and I was saying that the work was getting behind, and that we must hire more help, when my boys came up and told of some other boys who were going hunting, and asked if they might go. I said yes. I never should have thought of it again if it had not been for that young man. After the boys were gone, he said, "Here, you were talking about having to hire more men, and the next thing you let your boys go off hunting. Our father would not let us do that. He would thrash the hides off our backs if we had even asked." I took the trouble to find out something about that man. He was mean and ugly to his whole family down to his wife, horses and dogs, and the result was that he was left in his old age, and nobody cared
for him. His daughter got married the first chance she had, and his children all went off and left him. He made the lives of everybody about him unpleasant. It is not the way to do, and we drive our children away from home by it. Agriculture is the pleasantest work, and horticulture is the next to it. I have been a farmer a good many years, and a gardener, and I know about both. I am getting to be an old man now. If I could go back to my young days, I know of no business in the world I would be so anxious to take hold of as some branches of horticulture and agriculture. Adjourned.

Meeting called to order Friday morning at 9 o'clock.

A. L. Hatch read report of committee on revision of fruit list, which report was adopted.

Mr. Stickney read report of committee on plants and trees.

Mr. Peffer — You do not put in the oak.

Mr. Stickney — They do not really come within the limit of trees that are grown in a nursery to be transplanted.

Pres. Smith — Why not put in the white oak?

Mr. Stickney — I thought that over and left it out simply because it had been left out before.

Pres. Smith — I would suggest the propriety of inserting the white oak.

Mr. Stickney — I would like to add it and submit it with the others.

Mrs. Campbell — From a woman's standpoint I would object to the lilac. It spreads so. I never shall forget the efforts we made to clear out three rows of lilacs on our place.

Mr. Stickney — It should be planted at the back door to cover some unsightly place.

Mr. Phoenix — It seems to me this report should be taken up by sections.

Pres. Smith — It can be read again by sections; the secretary can read it section by section.

Mr. Phoenix — I should like to ask if the black cherry is not worthy of going into the list?
Mr. Stickney—I am perfectly willing to accept the black cherry. While the black cherry is an elegant wood, we have cherry trees that are more useful, and the question arises whether we or our children will live long enough to see any good from a tree that is so very slow to grow. I do not know of a black cherry tree that has attained the age of much usefulness for timber.

A voice—I recommend the blooming bitter sweet be added.

Mr. Stickney—I accept that.

It was also moved and carried that the wild black cherry be put into list of the timber trees.

A. L. Hatch—There is one variety that I should like to recommend, and that is the black alder. It is one of the finest shrubs that we have. It is a member of the holly family I believe. The foliage is very perfect, and it is a fine healthy shrub and I would rather have it than any shrub mentioned on the list.

The report was then adopted with the amendments made.

Pres. Smith—I think we had better have the treasurer’s report next.

Mr. Anderson—I will say to you that this report of mine is a pretty long one, and to read it all over would be unnecessary.

The report was accepted.

TREASURER’S REPORT.

February 15, 1887, Wisconsin State Horticultural Society in Account with M. ANDERSON, Treasurer.

CREDIT.

1886.

Feb. 1. By balance in treasury.................. $288 11
Feb. 4. By membership dues received in Madison.. 53 00
Feb. 4. By order of Pres. Smith on State Treasury.. 500 00
Feb. 24. By membership dues from B. Oids (Clinton, Wis.)................................. 1 00
Feb. 25. By membership dues from Asa N. Seymour (Mazo)................................. 1 00
Feb. 25. By membership dues from A. A. Arnold.. 1 00
March 2. By membership dues from S. S. Field, Troy Wis................................. 1 00