

# INGALLS' HOME MAGAZINE.

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## SPRING! HEIGH-HO, SPRING!

COO, twitter and flutter and call!  
Oh Winter's away, away!

Here's a gay mottled crest, a peep of red breast,  
A flashing of wings blue and gray:—  
And the robin pipes in the sprouting grass,  
The swallow's aswing in the air,  
The bluebird carols, the catbird calls,  
There's melody everywhere.

Spring! heigh-ho, Spring!  
Lifting their merriest strain  
They sound the sweet story how, crowned with green glory,  
Comes Spring with her jubilant train.

What is it that smiles by the brook,  
Laughs up from the sod at the gate?  
A wind-flower bending above to look;  
A daffodil slender and straight.  
There are smells of warmth and of mellowing turf,  
Delicious perfumes as we pass;  
There are starry eyes on the dogwood bush,  
And starrier eyes in the grass.  
Spring! heigh-ho, Spring!  
How the buds swell in the sun!  
Where young leaves are glancing a green mist is dancing,  
The miracle-work is begun.

— *Estelle Thomson.*

## A CENTER OF ORDER.

By the Author of "How to be Happy Though Married."

IF woman is "a balm of distress," she should also be the center of order. It is impossible to over-estimate the importance of orderly habits, not merely to herself, but to her relations and friends. When early acquired, they become a kind of instinct, discomfort and disorder disappearing before them as if by magic. For the orderly arrangement of a household by no means de-

pends upon the amount of money that is spent in it, but rather on the orderly habits of its mistress. Of course, clever servants can do a great deal; but even they become demoralized in time, when the mistress and the young ladies of the house are not orderly.

It is the details of comfort supplied by the women who take care of it that make a home. The family sense of well-being does not con-

sist in the romantic surroundings, or architectural beauty, or artistic furnishing of a house, so much as in the cleanliness, the neatness, the punctuality—in a word, the order of its interior economy. These are the outward and visible signs of the character of a good housekeeper.

How can I tell her?  
 By her cellar,  
 Cleanly shelves and whitened walls.  
 I can guess her  
 By her dresser,  
 By the back staircase and hall,  
 And with pleasure  
 Take her measure  
 By the way she keeps her brooms;  
 Or the peeping  
 At the "keeping"  
 Of her back and *unseen* rooms;  
 By her kitchen's air of neatness,  
 And its general completeness,  
 Wherein in cleanliness and sweetness  
 The rose of Order blooms.

Speaking of girls' work, the Rev. H. R. Haweis says, "Order, neatness, cleanliness, must first be learned. God's world is *in order*. Some habits must be learned young. If you are not orderly at eighteen, the chances are you never will be. A slovenly girl will make a slatternly wife. Go home and look at your cupboards. How many things can you find without a hunt? Peep into those corners—drawers—nondescript places, where everything for which there is no other place gets stowed away. Do you notice grease spots quickly? Do you take them out, or merely fold them over? A lady said to me, what can be worse than a glove that has been mended? 'A glove that wants mending,' I replied."

These may seem to be small things, but they show that there are too many girls like a certain lazy, fashionable young lady, who the other day was heard giving the following piece of sententious advice: "Never put off till to-morrow what you can get your mother to do to-day."

One of the first requisites of a well-ordered home is punctuality. If there is no regard for time, a "happy-go-lucky" administration, there is always more or less friction. Trains run at a particular hour. Schools and offices begin at a certain time. So, if the arrangements of a house are not punctual, its

inmates will always be in a wearying, irritating hurry, and yet never in time. Napoleon's cook always had a roast chicken ready for his master at any time he called for breakfast, because every quarter of an hour he put a fresh chicken down to roast. If we cannot afford so many chickens, we must be punctual to the hours of meals. A lady of experience observes that a good way to pick out a husband is to see how patiently he waits for dinner when it is behind time. Her husband remarks that a good way to pick out a wife is to see whether the woman has dinner ready in time. A man said, "I have a very reliable clock, for when it points at two, it always strikes twelve, and then I know it is half-past seven o'clock." I spent the other day in a house the mistress of which resembled that clock, and I never wish to enter it again. Every meal was at least an hour late. The hostess spent much of her time in looking for keys, and only spoke to apologize for things that never would have gone wrong if she had been a center of order rather than as she was, painfully chaotic.

We often speak of "business men," but are there not business women too in the world? Certainly; for the management of a household is as much a matter of business as the management of a shop or of a counting-house. It requires method, accuracy, organization, industry, economy, discipline, tact, knowledge, and capacity for adapting means to ends. All this is of the essence of business, and hence business habits ought to be cultivated by girls who aspire to succeed in life. Mr. Bright has said of boys, "Teach a boy arithmetic thoroughly and he is a made man." Why? Because it teaches him method, accuracy, value, proportions, relations. But does not a girl require to learn arithmetic as much as does a boy? She does; for when she becomes a wife, if she is not up to her business—that is, the management of her domestic affairs in conformity with the simple principles of arithmetic—she will, through sheer ignorance, be liable to commit extravagances which may be most injurious to her family peace and comfort. Method, which is the soul of business, is also of great importance in the home. The unpunctual woman, like the unpunctual man, occasions dislike, because she consumes and wastes time. To the business man time is money; but to the bus-

iness woman method is more — it is peace, comfort, and domestic prosperity.

The dying pauper, in the old story, was told by the beadle that Heaven was not for "the likes of *him*," and that he ought to be very thankful to have another place to go to. If home is what women make it, not a few poor husbands have to reflect, with sorrow, that there is no heaven of domestic felicity for "the likes of them."

The cause of many a man's ruin has been the muddle in his own house, the repulsiveness of his own fireside, so that he has been driven to find an appearance of cheerfulness in the inn and public-house. While he has been learning habits of dissipation that have culminated in the ruin of his body and estate, his wife meanwhile, sitting at home "nursing her wrath to keep it warm," has become soured and chronically ill-tempered. A man must be a miracle of patience if, on returning from the fatigues of his daily labor, and finding a black fire, the sitting-room in a litter, his children squalling, and his wife vexed and annoyed at her incapacity to correct the muddles, he is not also touched with the like infirmity, and becomes fretful and impatient. A clean, fresh, and well-ordered house, exercises over its inmates a moral, no less than a physical influence, and has a direct tendency to make the members of the family sober, peaceable, and considerate of the feelings and happiness of each other.

In a cemetery a little white stone marked the grave of a loved little girl, and on the stone were chiselled these words: "A child of whom her playmates said, 'It was easier to be good when she was with us.'"

A similar epitaph might be placed over the

grave of every woman who, when alive, was a center of order. Even if a girl never is destined to marry, or manage a home of her own, habits of order are no less necessary. She probably has not much money, and finds it difficult to get new clothes. Care and tidiness make old garments look better than the new ones of rich girls who take no care of them. A gown brushed and folded, or a hat or bonnet regularly put away safe from dust as soon as done with, will look well four times as long as one that is thrown aside anywhere when taken off. Do not, then, even in reference to your own personal belongings, despise that good old rule, "Have a place for everything, and always put everything in its place." When choosing a wife a man should, without letting her know she was being tested, ask the girl he is thinking of, to find something belonging to her in the dark. If she is, as she ought to be, a center of order, she will easily be able to do so.

Women complain that it is more difficult for them to get work than it is for men. The editor of a provincial paper was talking to me the other day about the large number of MS. stories sent to compete for prizes which he had to read. Knowing that he had two clever daughters, I suggested that they might help him. "Yes," he said, "they might, and they have at different times undertaken to do so; but they never will do just what I ask them as I want it done, and at the right time. My daughters vex me with their unpunctual, unmethodical ways of working, so I prefer to do everything myself."

Until women acquire, and put into practice, habits of order, they cannot expect their work to be appreciated, and well paid for.

#### Poisons and their Antidotes.

ARSENIC. — Hydrated peroxide of iron. It can be made fresh by adding tincture of iron to water of ammonia. Use freely.

SUGAR OF LEAD. — Epsom salts in water.

GREEN AND WHITE VITRIOL. — Baking soda in water.

NITRATE OF SILVER. — Common table salt.

OXALIC ACID. — Lime water, used freely.

IODINE. — Common starch.

SULPHURIC, NITRIC AND HYDROCHLORIC ACIDS. — Baking soda in water.

CORROSIVE SUBLIMATE. — White of eggs, or wheat flour mixed with water.

CREOSOTE. — White of eggs, milk, or wheat flour and water.

CARBOLIC ACID. — Olive or castor oil.

SNAKE BITES. — Spirits of ammonia on the wound, and large doses of whiskey.