

MICHIGAN FARMER

AND STATE JOURNAL OF AGRICULTURE.

DETROIT, MAY 20, 1884.

THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

TWO SIDES OF A SENTIMENT.

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Comes down in clear white dress,
And runs to find "dear Auntie,"
And claims her sweet caress,
Then Auntie takes up Blossom,
And her eyes they glow and shine,
"Oh! pretty baby Blossom,
If you were only mine!"

When Blossom, in the pantry,
High mounted on a chair,
Has nibbled at the icing
Till half the cake is bare,
Then Auntie puts down Blossom,
And her eyes they glow and shine:
"Oh! naughty baby Blossom,
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—Shelter's Arms.

THE OTHER SIDE.

Among this talk of training our daughters in domestic arts, and thus preparing them to be good wives and housekeepers, I have expected some one would remind us that it is a part of a mother's duty to teach her sons to be good husbands. There are a good many things which go to make a man a thoughtful, kind husband, or the reverse, which are learned at home almost unconsciously, by home example and influence. A man needs some domestic virtues as well as a woman. It is not desirable that he should be a "tame cat," forever under foot, forever "puttering" about the house, but he should have a just conception of the worth of a woman's work, and be able to appreciate its results. The mother can train her sons to be good husbands just as easily as she can educate her girls in housewifely arts, and it is as truly a duty to one as to the other. Somebody's sons will be husbands to her daughters, and she certainly feels anxious that these "coming men" shall be prepared to make her girl's lives happy and comfortable. Her boys must marry some other mother's daughters, and she should take pride in feeling she has helped lay the foundations of happy lives for all these, so far as her power and influence extends.

For her own comfort and convenience a mother should teach her boys habits of neatness and order. There is no more reason why a lad should scatter his belongings the whole length of the house, leaving them for some one to pick up and put in place for him, than a girl should do the same thing, something few mothers would tolerate. Yet many a woman hangs up her son's clothes for him every day in the year, collects his soiled garments all over the house, and waits upon

him with the patience of a feminine Job, regardless of the fact that she is thus allowing him to form bad habits, and making herself unnecessary labor. Instead of thus becoming his servant, as it were, he should feel it incumbent upon him to "save steps" for her, to have an eye upon the woodbox and the water-pail and keep both filled, not as boys sometimes do, wait till the mother has brought in the fresh water, and then take a drink.

For the sake of the woman who will one day be his wife, a mother should not allow her sons to become too finical and fussy, over-particular. I have heard of a young man who, because his shirt front was not quite stiff and glossy enough to suit his fastidious taste, twisted the of fending garment into a wad and flung it in the corner, oblivious of the fact that his sister had spent half an hour of a hot July morning doing it up. A gentleman of this city whose wife is a semi-invalid and yet does her own work for economy's sake, will not eat bread that is more than a day old. Consequently this frail woman, bent half double with rheumatism, bakes every day for a family of three, and will probably be found with her hands in the dough when the Angel of Death calls for her. "John's mother baked every day; he learned it there," she says. A man who had been taught in youth to be considerate of the rights and feelings and strength of another, would never be so unreasonable.

If a boy sees his father dole out a pittance to his mother for her expenses, and imbibes the idea that a woman is not to be trusted with more than half a dollar at a time, and that it is the man's prerogative to carry the purse, it is very apt to imbue him with similar ideas, to be practiced in his own household. Every woman should make it a point to impress upon her family that her faithful work in the house is just as essential, and worth just as much as her husband's. The two are reciprocal; each needs and must have the other. No farm can be successfully managed without being supplemented by the work of the house. Teach your sons, then, the equality of man and wife as business partners, that none of them may ever be guilty of reproaching a wife as I have heard: "You sit around and do nothing and let me support you, why don't you earn something?"

One of a mother's manifest duties is to teach her sons respect for all other women, and never to speak lightly, sneeringly or disrespectfully of the girls

he meets. If he has nothing good to say, at least he can keep silence. The very meanest thing a young man can do is to speak lightly of a girl, merely because she does not please his fancy, or does not desire his company. Sometimes criticisms are passed unthinkingly, sometimes there is a deliberate intent to injure; in either case a great wrong is done, for a girl's character is a priceless jewel to her. Many a young man who would order coffee and coffins for two if any one dare say a word that would hurt his sister, will yet among his companions, to pass as a gay Lothario in their eyes, speak untrue words of some one else's sister, with slight compunctions of conscience. Let the mothers, and fathers too, strive to strangle this vile propensity by teaching a reverence and respect for all women, of whatever social station, never speaking ill of others themselves, and promptly reproving innuendoes from others.

A fair idea of the sort of husband a young man will make, may be gained from his treatment of his mother and sisters. If he is kind, considerate, gentle and good to them, it is safe to infer that the wife will find him equally attentive and thoughtful of her. I do not think the young man who practically ignores the existence of his sisters, and is never seen out with them, affords the best material for a husband. Nor is he who is off to town every night or two, calculated to make a wife very happy, unless solitude has charms for her.

The moral training of boys and girls ought not to be so different. A man will take his son, or suffer him to go unimproved, into places where he would shudder to even think of seeing his daughter. The excuse is given "boys will be boys," as if, because they are boys, it is expected they will be wild, if not actually "fast" and bad. Naturally a boy will know more of the wickedness of the world, because there is no attempt made to keep him from it. He listens to the coarse and vulgar chat around the stove in the village grocery, at first not half comprehending it, and the surroundings and influences carry weight. Why should it not be as repellant and distasteful to him as it would be to his sister? If it only was not thought *manly* to drink, and smoke and chew, so that the boy seems to copy the vices of humanity without acquiring the virtues, which somehow seem of slower growth. Is a man by nature more inclined to vice than a woman? Not a bit of it, the difference, my good friends, is in the different training you give the boy and girl.

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BEATRICE.

OUR GIRLS.

I am afraid "One of the Girls" will think her questions ignored as of little value, or of so difficult a nature that no answers can be found. Her question, "What shall we do?" confronts each girl when she enters society, or in any way meets the great world, depending on her own resources.

But the mothers before them have had to tread the same path, meet with similar experiences, and "gang the same gate." History repeats itself, and generations following each other find the same problems of life to solve. Some will be wrecked on the rocks of temptation, and some will have fair winds all the voyage. But there are charts that will aid, and a compass that will guide, if only the one be studied and the other consulted and heeded. The human nature of the average girl shone out in the oft quoted conversation between a mother and daughter: "Mother, did not you attend parties, have beaux to wait on you, and have a good time when you were young?" "Yes, of course, but I have seen the folly of it." "Well, I want to see the folly of it, too." And the necessary experience they will have, in some way.

If a mother will win and hold the confidence of her daughter, her influence for good is almost illimitable; then from her own knowledge of the world she can teach, direct, advise and console her child. No detail of the happenings to the daughter when away from home should be deemed too trivial for recital; the girls should be encouraged to repeat incident, circumstance and conversation, and in this way a very correct idea of the character of their associates can be formed, and counsel given suited to their needs.

Young people must have social privileges, and if parents are unable or indisposed to chaperone their girls, and brothers are not available, "some other fellow" will surely enter the lists. To entirely forbid girls "going" with young men is a pretty sure way to induce rebellion or clandestine meetings, with results most unfortunate.

I would say, let the girls go into company when of suitable age. If they have brothers, try to teach them proper respect for themselves and their sisters, and they will certainly sometimes escort them, and inform themselves of the true character of gentlemen who aspire to escort their sisters. Girls, be kind and patient with your brothers, and listen to their counsel in regard to accepting attention from gentlemen. A man who is most unworthy may be a perfect gentleman in the company of ladies, who can only judge by his appearance and be woefully misled, while the brother mingling in company where he is off his guard, may easily penetrate his disguise and know him for what he is.

This proneness to judge by appearances, and turn a deaf ear to advice or representations adverse to such judgment, is one of the greatest dangers that beset girls in society, especially if an infatuation they

call *love* supplements the favorable decision.

In too many cases the girls invests her hero with every manly quality of mind and heart, resents all interference, and will listen to no reason or offered proof to his disadvantage.

If parents think a person who offers is unsuitable company for their girl, it is their duty to object, but they should give her good reasons, and a good way to reconcile her to the disappointment is to grow young and take her yourself a few times. But if this is impossible, procure her some other innocent amusement, that will convince her that your refusal was not given to arbitrarily deprive her of pleasure.

What are the girls to do? They must do as their mothers did before them, go into society with their own brothers, or those of some other girl, trust to the advice of parents and friends, look before taking a leap, respect themselves and allow no undue familiarity from young men, go only to proper places at proper times, and never indulge in acts or words that they would blush to have their mothers witness or hear.

Keep a level head, exercise sound common-sense, be true to womanhood, send the young men home early—if they need sending,—don't go with a man who has a bad reputation, who drinks, is vulgar or profane. Such men are not "nice," they will compromise the good name of any girl. Finally, don't "marry a man to save him," for his weakness will shackle your strength, and you will sink together. May "our girls" all do well. A. L. L. GREENFIELD, May 8th.

A GLEAM OF SUNSHINE.

Some time ago there appeared in the columns of this excellent little paper, an article calling the attention of farmers to our schoolhouses and school grounds. It was very good and directly to the point, but I think that generally farmers throughout the country pay but little attention to this subject. They may notice the grounds as they pass along, or think perhaps the schoolhouse needs a fresh coat of paint to preserve it, but what do they know of the interior; of the smoky, dingy walls that have not felt a brush since they were plastered many years ago, of the creaking seats, or the rusty stove? No, the average farmer does not trouble himself about such *trifling things*. He pays his school tax,—cheerfully, if he has children, grudgingly if he has not—and then the subject is dismissed from his mind.

We will have to stand it, I suppose, but I think the farmers' wives might do something to make the schoolroom brighter if they would only try. Who ever saw a child who did not love flowers? Why the babies of the flock come to me these days with hands full of buttercups, calling on me to admire the "pretty posies!" Now many of these women have a variety of house plants which they prize very highly. If Mrs. A. would give her little daughter a pretty plant of some kind to take to school, she would be well

repaid by the surprise and delight of the child, so proud of "mamma's present." And to the teacher, I know it would seem like a gleam of sunshine. It only needs some one to make a beginning; others would surely follow, and the schoolroom would soon present quite a different appearance. Then they are good teachers, too, these living plants, especially to the wee ones, who learn so little from books the first few years of school, when

"In their hearts are birds and sunshine,
In their thoughts the brooklets flow."

Try the experiment, mothers, and if you can find time to visit the school this summer and note the results, you will be glad, I think, that you have done your best, and we will trust to the distant future for the men to perform their part as creditably as you have yours.

BONNIE DOWN.

HADLEY, May 10th.

HIT AND MISS.

Suggestive of rag carpet? Well, no wonder. The merchants and weavers say there was never such a making of this loiterer on the line of home-made luxuries as there is this spring. But there will be no hit and miss in the 60 odd yards that I took to the weaver last week. "Despise not the day of small things," saith the proverb; but when that day takes in hit and miss carpet rags, piecing bed quilts, "and sitch," I *do* despise it most heartily, and I cry, "Aye, let me dye and lie comfortably!"

Our new Household! The blossoming of a wish plant that I have cultivated for years. Ladies, let's toast it, thus: "Our new Household! Long may it wave! To the wants of the fair bend the wills of the brave!"

And now where is she? The woman that cleans house in fancy dress ball costume, armed with a toothbrush dipped in spirits of ammonia, sees company coming without one internal groan, and feeds the knights of the pitchfork and plow-handle on Miss Parloa's fancy dishes through all these halcyon days! Where is she? I want to put an end to her! Pen and ink talk can't clean house. It takes grit and gumption, elbow grease and soap suds duly admixed with disorder and dirt to do that little job. But after these comes "calm." A rest that remaineth—till next housecleaning time. For the members of this family that calm and "those rest" is still a week or ten days in the future (local time).

If the housekeeping question is not closed I would like to throw in my testimony, which is, that a practical knowledge of the arts and sciences of general housework is to a girl's education what thorough bass is to a practical knowledge of music. Therefore a woman to be in any degree independent and self-helpful in the many and oft recurring trying emergencies that she must meet in her almost inevitable office of "house mother" has need to be familiarly acquainted with the laws that should govern the steady tide of demand and supply in a household; of which the art of cooking and of ordering the right things at the right time to cook, is but the a-b-c. These laws, though lik

in form, are varied in application. This the girls should also learn, and how to vary them to suit the needs of circumstance as well.

For instance: The light diet and dainty bits and morsels of frozen froth, that it is perfectly proper to feed people of sedentary or lack-a-daisical habits on, would be entirely out of place when set before a *bona fide* farmer. What he wants is a "square meal," of wholesome, unfrozen, well cooked food. And what's more, he must have it, or he will not be a success as a farmer. And there is a corresponding difference as to the quality of everyday clothing, house furnishing, etc., but mind you, my lassies, this "difference" is not the flag of vulgarity on the one hand and of refinement on the other. It is simply common-sense, applying the salve of the eternal fitness! "A man's a man for a' that an' a' that," whether his coat be finest broadcloth or cottonade; whether his carpets be of velvet or "rag;" whether his supper be composed of tid-bits of frozen nothings, or of some of E. S. B.'s biscuit with maple syrup, poached eggs, dried beef, cheese, and a "big piece" of fresh, soft gingerbread.

How long shall a woman suffer? Only just till she can turn the thumb-screws on the old man and make him cry "quits."

E. L. NYE.

MEMORABLE, May 13th.

THE COOKING SCHOOL.

The closing lecture of Miss Parloa's course of lessons on cooking, was devoted to the preparation of nourishing food for the sick. There are few who have tried in vain to tempt the capricious appetite of an invalid, or themselves turned away nauseated by lumpy gruel and the inevitable toast-and-tea of the sick room, who would not be glad to learn how to make something sick people can relish.

Miss Parloa said gruels should be boiled at least twenty minutes, and many of the best physicians recommend cooking them an hour or longer. She preferred white meal to yellow, for Indian meal gruel. Mix one tablespoonful of flour and two of meal with a little cold water, and stir into one quart of boiling water, boil twenty minutes, then season with salt and boil five minutes more. Less sugar and more salt is recommended for cooking for invalids. She made oatmeal gruel by sprinkling two tablespoonfuls of coarse oatmeal (if fine is used, it must be first mixed with cold water) into a quart of boiling water, boil forty minutes, salt, strain and serve. Milk may be substituted for water if the patient can bear it.

The lecturer made plum porridge by stirring two tablespoonfuls of flour, mixed in cold milk, into a quart of boiling milk; put in a handful of raisins and a little grated nutmeg; boil half an hour; season with salt and strain. Arrowroot gruel is made by stirring a tablespoonful of arrowroot mixed with cold milk into a pint of boiling milk, and seasoning to taste. Boil ten minutes. The double boiler is almost indispensable in cooking for the sick, as a slight burn or scorch renders the whole unpalatable.

Blanc-mange for the sick Miss Parloa made by using one half-pint of milk, one teaspoonful of arrowroot, one teaspoonful of sugar, an atom of salt; cook as for gruel, and cool in a tiny mould. She prepared a mutton broth by cutting all the fat from a pound of the neck of mutton, and cutting the meat in small pieces, put it into a quart of cold water, add one tablespoonful of barley or rice, let the water come to the boiling point, skim, cover, and let it just simmer for three hours, then add pepper and salt to taste, and let boil ten minutes. Strain and serve.

A very nutritive jelly for patients too feeble to swallow liquids, is made of one-half box of gelatine, one half pound powdered gum arabic, a half-pint of port wine, brandy or essence, three tablespoonfuls sugar, two cloves. Soak all together for two hours, then place the dish in boiling water and stir over the fire till the mixture is melted; strain and cool. The jelly may be given to the patient on the tongue, being allowed to gradually melt in the mouth.

Nice whey is made by letting a cup of new milk come to a boil, and stirring into it a half wine-glassful of sherry. Let boil up and strain when curdled. Egg nog is made by beating the white of an egg to a stiff froth, beat in a tablespoonful of sugar, then the yolk of the egg, next a tablespoonful each of milk, wine and water, in the order named. Make a white custard by beating together the whites of three eggs, a quarter of a teaspoonful of salt, and two tablespoonfuls of sugar. Measure out a pint of milk; turn a little of it with the egg, sugar, etc. beat well, then add the rest of the milk; flavor with ever so slight a zest of nutmeg. Bake in custard cups in a pan of water in a slow oven.

Beef sandwiches were prepared by scraping thin slices of raw beef till only the sinews and fibre were left. The meat was then mixed with salt and pepper and spread between thin slices of stale home made bread. For croquettes, meat similarly prepared was rounded into small cakes and cooked in a frying-pan for a couple of minutes. For beef juice, a piece of beef was browned on a gridiron over a quick fire, cut in pieces and squeeze juice into a cup; add a little salt and keep on ice or in a cool place.

Miss Parloa insisted upon the necessity of daintiness in all cookery intended for the sick; and especially cautioned against serving too much food of any kind. Better give too little and let the patient think you stingy, or ask for more, than take away a fickle appetite by the sight of a large quantity of food.

HOW TO COOK POTATOES.

The wire potato masher is a great improvement on the old style pounder, still I think a fork is better. Pare, wash, and throw into boiling water to cook as usual; as soon as done drain and dry out, then add salt and a generous lump of butter, and after breaking fine with the fork, whisk and stir them a moment and the mass will become light, I might say

foamy. If not quite as moist as desirable add a little sweet cream and whisk up again and they will be very different from being pounded into solidity. If there is some left to warm over for another meal, beat an egg or two and stir into the potato and have some hot gravy and butter in a frying-pan and form the potato into pats and brown, turn and brown, and serve.

To prevent fish from falling to pieces while frying, have the lard very hot when the pieces are laid in. I have seen many a fine fish reduced to mere crumbs by not taking the precaution to have a good fire with hot lard to begin with. Frog quarters are nice dipped in beaten egg, then in fine cracker crumbs and fried in hot butter.

AARON'S WIFE.

FENTONVILLE.

SCRAPS.

It was a very tasteful costume of brown cashmere and velvet, and worn by a blue-eyed, fair-skinned woman, who had chosen a shade dark enough to bring out all the golden tints in her hair. The middle of the front breadth, a space of perhaps eighteen inches, was left plain, save for the three horizontal bands of velvet which crossed it, the lower band being about six inches wide, the second five inches and the third still an inch narrower. A deep kilt pleating on the sides and back was lost under very full back drapery, and a short and full apron overskirt, with a velvet *revers*. The basque was a postilion, with very full back, laid in triple box pleats, cut medium length in front, and with a velvet vest, narrow at the throat and gradually widening to the bottom of the basque. This, with the edge of the turn-over collar, the narrow rolling cuffs, and the edges of the overskirt, was finished with a velvet cord. The hat worn with the costume was of brown straw, in the popular Henri Trois shape, velvet lined, and trimmed with a twist of velvet and two long brown plumes. A gilt shepherd's crook was thrust through the velvet. Brown gloves, and a cluster of Gloire d'Dijon roses at the throat, a neat linen collar and cuffs completed a very quiet, lady-like walking dress, which any of our Householders can copy in their favorite color.

I SOMETIMES wonder whether the slatternly women, with hair twisted into a "washwoman's pug," dirty and ragged wrapper, and slippers down at the heel, whom I sometimes see washing down the front steps or polishing up the door-knob as I skip by to an early breakfast, are any relation to the nicely dressed ladies who cluster on those clean steps in the twilight of a May evening to gossip and comment on the passers-by. There is a resemblance in feature and coloring, in height and size, but that only. Can it be dress makes such a difference? It seems to me that even if I took the "hired girl's" place and had to clean my own doorsteps, I would not assume her livery also. With print at five cents per yard, there is no excuse for wearing an old dress which has descended from its high estate till it

is only fit for the rag-bag, and whose superfluous length is weighted with dirt. A calico dress, short enough to be out of the way of slops and which, though plain, may be clean and whole, is within the reach of anybody. I don't think I could enjoy breakfast if the dispenser of the matutinal coffee was the disheveled heroine of the steps above mentioned. It costs so little either in time or money to be neat and clean in personal appearance, and it aids one's own self respect so much, and is so pleasing to the members of the family, above all it is setting such a good example, that the effort ought to be made by us all.

"Kissing the baby" is in most households as much a part of the greeting of every visitor as the hand shaking warranted by custom, and the caller who should omit this ceremony would be considered by the mother as having tacitly implied her children were unattractive. Especially are the helpless infants in long clothes subjected to rapturous and oft-repeated osculation; their very helplessness seems to provoke attack. Not long ago a Philadelphia physician of high standing came out with an earnest protest against this indiscriminate kissing of children, and several newspapers "caught on" to the idea and republished the article, substituting the name of their own town for that of the Quaker City. This physician said that the habit of allowing every one to kiss the children, especially very young and delicate ones, was extremely pernicious; that the little victim was thus obliged to take the impure breath of those having poor teeth, foul stomachs, diseased lungs, and other chronic diseases, to its great detriment. To this list might be added, since many men wish to curry favor with proud parents by caressing and admiring the babies, tobacco chewers and beer drinkers. Not really pleasant to think of, is it? The children of a few years' growth, whose pure instincts rebel at such promiscuous kisses, are often urged or compelled to submit in obedience to a command to "go kiss" the visitor, and one can find it in his heart to sympathize with the three-year-old who reluctantly submitted to be kissed by a descendant of Esau, and afterward buried her face in her mother's apron, sobbing "it was a nasty kiss." I think that only the most intimate friends and relatives of a family should feel themselves at liberty to kiss the children, and they should not be over free in availing themselves of the privilege; while the mother should dare request callers to refrain from kisses for the good of the innocent sufferers. B.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

The "correct thing" in table napkins is twenty-four inches square. This is for dinner. For breakfast and tea we may make the pretty little *serviettes* of Russian crush, which are cut a little smaller, fringed out on the edges, ornamented with a spray of flowers, an initial letter or other device done in colored working cotton. They are pretty and inexpensive,

and go prettily with the tea-cloths embroidered in colors, now so popular.

A correspondent of the *Rural World* says he keeps potatoes for table use through the spring months without having them sprout, by immersing them in very strong, cold brine for two minutes. Then dry them and store in a dark, dry place. They will keep hard and sound. This might be worth trying.

The new way of boiling eggs in the shell, which is gaining in favor among those who appreciate good living, is as follows: Have the water boiling hard. Turn enough into the dish in which you are to cook the eggs to heat it thoroughly; turn it out, put in the eggs and cover quickly with the boiling water; cover closely and let stand on the back of the stove for ten minutes. The egg will be found delicious, the yolks cooked without being hardened, the whites coagulated into a jelly-like substance as different from the usual "boiled egg" as possible. Don't try to cook too many in one dish, however.

At a late meeting of the Grand River Valley Horticultural Society, Mr. H. H. Hayes gave the following plan of canning sweet corn, which had proved very successful in his family: Shave the corn from the cob and pack in glass cans closely by pounding it down; fill the jars as full as possible and screw down the top. Be sure and have the rubber circles perfect. Then place the cans in a boiler, having cloth under and between them so they shall not touch each other or the metal, and boil in water three hours. After taking from the water give the tops another turn so as to have them tight as possible, and the product will keep perfectly until used.

You can convert the old rocking chair which is so shabby that you are contemplating its retirement to the asylum for disabled furniture, the garret, into a very creditable affair, by ebonizing the wood, and covering the back and seat with a cushion in the popular "crazy work," which may be of silk pieces, featherstitched with gay silks, or of bits of cashmere and flannel, with ornamentation of bright crewels, as the contents of your "piece bag" permit. The pieces should not be very large, unless you mean to embroider upon them, which hardly pays on anything which gets as much wear as a cushion, and the pretty fancy stitches over the joining seams will make the whole very gay and bright.

OWING to the absence of the Household Editor last week, copy for the "little paper" was given out earlier than usual. For this reason "White Clover's" and "C's" letters, although received in time for this issue, are unavoidably held over until next week.

THE following will dye the faded cushions of a carriage without removal, and can be applied with a brush or sponge. Apply an aqueous alkaline solution of aniline blue while hot, with a brush, and then go over the work, using another brush, with dilute oxalic acid.

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