

# MICHIGAN FARMER

AND STATE JOURNAL OF AGRICULTURE.

DETROIT, MARCH 23, 1886.

## THE HOUSEHOLD--Supplement.

### MY CHILDREN.

I wish that I might keep them  
A near my sheltering arm,  
In all their childish purity,  
Where naught can do them harm.

I breathe a prayer in silence,  
That when that day shall come,  
When each shall take a place to fight  
Life's battle far from home.

The seed that has been planted  
Along life's rugged way,  
May spring up and bear good fruitage  
Unto Everlasting Day.

### GETTING AND KEEPING.

I do not think it is any special achievement in a woman to get a husband. I never yet knew a woman who, if her own words were to be credited, might not have been as "muchly married" as a Mormon elder had she so willed. Be she never so homely or unattractive, there is always somebody to say "Wilt thou?" But I do think it is something to be proud of to win and hold a husband's love through all the changeable vicissitudes of time, into the autumn of life. The subject is sometimes discussed with light badinage and careless jests, yet it seems to me it is worthy a wife's most earnest thought. The woman who loves and is given to the analysis of her own emotions and their effect upon others, may ask herself the question "What won my husband's love to me?" and set herself to serious study of her own conundrum. "Love at first sight," says one author, "is the only true love in the world; a love which has no chilly moon nor dusky eve, but is from first to last meridian day." Such love is a scarce commodity—outside of novels. Love which comes with the suddenness of an electric shock partakes of its nature in another respect, one generally recovers unless the shock is immediately fatal. Affection is generally and I think should be always, a matter of growth and development, an assimilation. When we know what qualities attract others to us, by developing those attributes we have good reason to expect continuous and augmenting love and respect. There are two words in the original which express love; one is *phileo*, "the love that kisses;" the other, *agapas*, the love that honors and cherishes and finds expression in sacrifice; the first, a passionate, sensuous emotion, is transient and unstable; the last is the love that is undying, the soul's purest and holiest feeling. Only when both love in the

full measure of this last and best meaning, is "Love's happy cup at overflow."

It is Rochefoucauld, I think, who says that in every union there is one who loves, while the other consents to be loved. If we accept this cynical saying as truth—and indeed there are many cases we observe which seem to bear it out—we can readily see how the passivity of one cools the affection of the other, without catching anything of its warmth, while sometimes the very fervor of love but deepens and intensifies the indifference of the beloved. But I like best to believe in equal giving and receiving, till time and changes bring the coldness so much to be deprecated, so fatal to married happiness. Says Donald Mitchell, in his charming "Reveries of a Bachelor:" "This passion of love is strong, just in proportion as the atmosphere it finds is tender of its life." What a lesson is this to those whose lives are bound in one by the magic marriage ring! And again: "These affections of ours are not blind, stupid creatures to starve under polar snows, when the very breezes of heaven are the appointed messengers to guide them to warmth and sunshine." What shall we learn from this, but that if love be not returned and satisfied, it will seek other channels?

How can a wife hold her husband's love? Think, first, what was the primal attraction. Talmage says he who has no reason for his choice of a wife except that she has a pretty face, is like a man who buys a farm for the dahlias in the front yard. Yet if beauty won him, cherish the gift; and since it so quickly fades, strive to replace the physical charms of face and figure by the more enduring graces of character and manner. Always the faces we thought homely and unattractive at first, grow beautiful to us as we learn to know and love them. If accomplishments were the lure, do not lay them aside with the bridal robes as too fine for use now they have served their purpose. A man is pleased when his wife is called a "fine woman," "gifted," it reflects credit on his good taste in marrying her. And then, as means to the end, there is all the hackneyed but excellent advice about making home cheerful and attractive and comfortable; of all unpleasant places the homes where comfort is subordinate to immaculate neatness and order are the superlative. If I say let him find you fresh and bright when he comes home at night, I know many a weary woman with a row of

children like a pair of stairs to care for, will rise up and demand "How are you going to do it?" and as I am sure I don't know myself, as Rip Van Winkle says, "We won't count this one." There has been a great deal of fun made of the advice to wives to do the "Meet-him-at-the-gate-with-a-smile-act" for their husbands benefit, no matter what have been the vexations of the day; and we are told it is no more obligatory upon the wife to always "come up smiling" than upon the husband. Admitted, yet it is policy to do so. He may be the most sympathetic of men, yet, having encountered his own especial trials during the day, he is not entertained by the recital of yours. Do not make him play "second fiddle" for even that very important member of the family, the first baby. The domestic conversation is apt to savor strongly of catnip tea and colic for a time, and as this is beyond the intellectual depth of the average man, he gets in the way of going down town to "see the boys," a habit he keeps up after the occasion is past. Whatever the hurry or worry don't neglect habits of personal neatness. There is more in this than you think. The hero of your dreams may appear before you in shirt-sleeves and overalls without compunctions; he does not want to see you in a dirty and ragged dress, with frowzy head and finger-nails in mourning; humor his prejudices in this respect. Don't attempt to reconstruct your husband after marriage. If he did not suit you in the first instance, what made you take him? (The plea that you thought it was the "last chance" is not valid here.) Having married him you took his faults with him; make the best of them. Better have the window curtains full of cigar smoke than a husband down town drinking beer. Don't "nag;" I do not know that "nag" is a dictionary word, but it expresses that continual harping on one theme, the introduction of one topic at all times and seasons, which tires any one "clear through," and makes them hate the subject and everything connected with it. Many a wife and mother makes the religion which is so precious to her, distasteful,—more, hateful, to husband or child, because she keeps it ever before them by word of mouth, instead of living it, and letting it bear its silent witness in their lives.

I have so often advised wives in these columns to grow with their husbands and for their children's sakes, that I need say nothing of that great essential to



complete union here and now. It is sad to see husband and wife drifting apart; the husband perhaps growing in one direction, the wife, engrossed in her household cares and her children, making no effort to keep in sympathy with his inner thoughts and hopes, his secret ambitions, each heart a sealed book to the other so far as regards an interchange of thought and sentiment. Neither may be unhappy; both may be content with what they have, yet they miss the dearest, the holiest, the purest joy of all, the true heart union.

The "unruly member," the tongue, is the beginning of all unhappiness. It is so easy to speak the impatient word, to give the quick retort, and voice a biting sarcasm. And such words fall like lead into a loving heart. How terribly irrevocable is a word! It cannot be unsaid; nor though forgiven, can it be forgotten. Tears, penitence, sacrifice, cannot blot it out. Take heed how you speak, then, lest in your own words you are condemned.

But if I were called upon to give the secret of a happy wedded life, I should go deeper than all this. Given the true love, the *agapas* of our definition, it should be kept perpetually burning on the altar of *Mutual Sufferance*. Were I to choose a motto for the newly wedded pair, it should not be "God Bless our Home," nor "Give Us our Daily Bread," devout petitions though they be, but those two words, "Mutual Sufferance." Charity for individual faults and differing opinions, tolerance for idiosyncracies, a giving up on both sides, not all the sacrifice from one, respect for personal rights (a point too often overlooked,) and a compromise and mutual concession in matters of difference, are vital essentials summed up in our motto. And this entails that loving study of each other's temperament, which through knowing weaknesses avoids them and yet strengthens; tact and discretion, which know when to speak and when to keep silent, when to act and when to remain passive, qualities which come through study of character, and self-control, and then the loving adjustment of self to another. "I want to make myself just what you would like me to be; tell me in what I differ from your thought of me, that I may meet your hopes." Oh grand humility of love! What a noble hostage to the future are such aspirations!

BEATRIX.

#### ANOTHER CONUNDRUM.

I have a question that has long perplexed my mind, on which I would like the opinion of the HOUSEHOLD readers. It is this: A friend of mine living in town never goes to any place of amusement, for the reason that her husband seems to think it quite unnecessary for him to accompany her, and if she speaks of going anywhere of an evening, says, "Oh, I do not think it will amount to anything," or "It is too cold, or the sidewalk too slippery; you had better stay by the fire," while he dons hat and gloves and makes his way down town to spend

a long evening. She has daughters large enough to accompany her, who would be much pleased to go, like other young girls.

Now which is right, to stay meekly at home, or say "Very well, if you do not care to go, the girls and I will go alone?" They do not live in a great city, only in a country village, where plays at the hall and the skating rink are the greatest attractions. And in the country, I often hear my friends say, when invited to a social or evening visit, "I would like to go ever so much, but I cannot get my husband started, he so dislikes taking the team out nights." Now, would it be right for the wife to go, if a neighbor should call for her, and leave the husband quietly at home? BESS.

#### THE FLIGHT OF TIME.

How rapidly time goes by! When I penned my last letter to the HOUSEHOLD all nature was clothed in green grass, the trees had put on the bright hues of autumn and the farmer was gathering in his crops. Now the winter has sped by, all too quickly, and spring has come. Soon the busy season will begin, and to some of us it may bring added cares, when we thought we had already all we could possibly attend to. It may be by the advent of baby No. 2, or the coming of the aged grandparent to spend his remaining days as a member of the home circle. Be that as it may, let us take up our burdens and bear them bravely—looking forward to the time when our bright hopes of the future can be realized.

I indorse Mollie Moonshine's article on "Learning How to Rest;" the coming summer days we will need to learn how to rest, and to practice it, too. I never spend one moment over the ironing table except to iron starched clothes, white table-cloths and fine towels. Bed clothes, under-clothes, red table-cloths, napkins and every day towels I never iron; I much prefer to press them under a heavy weight, and spend my time in resting, or in attending to other duties that I consider more essential.

Seeing Pearl's mention of me I will say: Although I practice what I preach, I am not a saint. O no! far from it. I too, have my trials, my sorrows and my heart-aches, and who is there among us who has not? Sometimes I feel that I come far short of the mark in bearing them. "Life is made up of losses and crosses," and it is not the having them, but the way we bear them that purifies our lives.

As I look into my two year old baby boy's face, I often wish I could always shield him from harm as easily as I do now. Cannot I? Yes, there is a way. Not by my physical efforts as I do now, in his babyhood; but by teaching him to resist temptation and to be in every respect a man. I do not believe in whipping children; I would as soon any one would strike a blow in my own flesh as my baby's; very few if any pleasant recollections cluster around the home where the parents adhere to the old adage: Spare the rod and spoil the child. I think it much better to rule by love, than fear. If

by talking to children, you can bring tears to their eyes you may be sure you have struck the key note to success.

I think the HOUSEHOLD grows better and better. Each week I feel as if I had received letters from dear friends, whose great wish was to help each other.

BONNIE SCOTLAND.

MASON.

#### FLOWER PAINTING.

The delightful art of painting flowers in water colors, though practiced but little outside our large cities, if well understood should find many votaries in the country, where flowers, both wild and cultivated, are easily obtained. To those who may be interested in the subject, I am glad to give the benefit of my limited knowledge.

The materials used for flower painting in water colors are few; the moist colors in porcelain pans are preferable, I think; of these you will require crimson lake, carmine, pink madder, Indian red, Indian yellow, gamboge, chrome yellow, indigo, cobalt, vandyke brown, sepia, Chinese white. Then you will require three brushes, two flat dark sables No. 9 and No. 5, and one round one. A good drawing board and heavy drawing paper are also essential. To strain the paper on the board, sponge it lightly on both sides, then paste it to the board with glue or gum arabic; when dry it will be ready to use.

Now in regard to your subject: Choose something with as few petals as possible; let the poor, tired wild rose and daisy rest awhile: the Azalia, Morning Glory, Tulip, Crocus, Poppy, are all good studies. Having selected your flower place it in a vase or bottle as naturally as possible, then with a lead pencil draw the outline carefully, and correctly; every petal must be well defined, you cannot be too particular in having a good outline; if when finished it should be too dark and heavy lighten with a little bread before coloring.

The paper should now be washed completely over with your flat brush moderately full of water, (use soft water always) and when this is nearly dry wash the flower over smoothly with a tint matching as nearly as possible its own lighter tones. Begin this wash at the top on the left, proceeding to the right and downwards; do not have your brush too full of color, or allow it to become dry, or your work will look spotted and streaked. A little experience, however, will teach you about this. When the flower is again quite dry paint in the shadows; if they seem to blend with the pure color of the flower, pass a clean brush over their edges while still wet. A beautiful shadow tint is composed of pink madder, cobalt, and gamboge, while a deeper one is made of indigo, crimson lake, and Indian yellow; the warmth or coldness of these tints can be varied according to the amount of blue or red you use.

Leaves are executed in the same manner as flowers. Indigo, Indian yellow, and a very little Indian red form a fine dark green; cobalt and chrome yellow a light green; while Indian yellow, indigo



and vandyke brown give a pale olive. In washing in the leaves, the veins should be left, if they are of a light or bright green, also any white lights if they appear; however, if impossible to do this, a sharp penknife can be used to advantage to scrape them out, after the leaf is finished.

It is said to be more difficult to see nature as she really is than to imitate what we see, so a constant study of nature must be the surest means of improvement; and certain it is the more we study flowers the more delicate and beautiful they appear to us. If you have the opportunity of studying a few good flower pieces by a good artist it will be a great benefit to you.

I have been able to give you only the outlines of flower painting in this letter, but with this assistance, if you have patience and a love for the work, you can accomplish much. If you cannot be a Van Huysum or Leon Bonvin, you can take a few steps in that direction.

WATROUVILLE.

R. C.

### DRESSING THE BABY.

Opinions regarding the time a baby's band should be worn differ quite as much in length as the band itself; but as our experience has, (fortunately) always been with children of perfect health and vigor, it is laid off as soon as the mother is able to attend to the baby. Then for a few weeks, if protracted crying occurs, one hand is held firmly over the abdomen as a guard against hernia. It is not safe to rely on the band for this purpose, after a child begins to kick about at all, for when a cry comes on, it is quite apt to be so displaced as to do more harm than good. Nothing about a baby ought to be tight, constant growth is the order of the hour, and there should be plenty of room for it. As soon as a child gets so vigorous that the long skirts seem to impede the kicking, he should be put into shorter ones, reaching down to or a little below the feet, and warm shoes and stockings be added to his outfit. The stockings should be pinned to an elastic which buttons to the waist. A warm shirt is one of the most necessary articles at this time, and if it has a broad stay stitched down the front, and is pinned in with the diaper, the bowels will be kept covered. If the first outfit is made with underwaists in place of the old time bands, the work of shortening the clothes is much less; each long skirt will make two short ones, with only the trouble of hemming one and setting a band on the other. The material, style and trimming of baby's clothing will of course always range to suit the mother's taste and circumstances, but as I expect those who read this will belong mostly to my own class, those who hire little or no help about the house, I recommend for baby's daily wear, plain slips of white muslin finished with some lace or edging about the sleeves and neck. These do nicely without starch, are as easily ironed as a pillow-case, and in cases of economy serve nicely as a dress by day and a gown by night. White flannel is quite as cheap and more satisfactory than red,

which is certain to stain the dress, and if taken off at night, as it should be of course, will not need frequent washing. The night skirt may be made of any old flannel. The main idea with the mother should be to keep her baby comfortable and neat with the least work possible, for overwork means fretfulness and ill-health to them both, and ruffles, puffs and tucks are not synonyms for crows, kicks and happiness.

I want to offer a few words and lots of sympathy to that little girl suffering from hip disease. I have a brother who has borne with the same affliction for more than twenty-five years, and though a cheerful man now with a lucrative business (telegraphy), he has always had a daily struggle with pain. When taken sick, he was a homeless orphan, and for some months, until southern prisons gave up a brother we thought dead, only the generous kindness of real friends kept him from the poorhouse. If this little girl has a comfortable home and loving parents, she has much; and if fated to years of invalidism, can still do a great deal toward making that home and friends happy. "They also serve who only stand and wait," and if, through the long days of pain and sleepless nights, she can keep her mind clear, her heart sympathetic and loving, she can not fail to help instead of hinder those about her. We who know "John Halifax" remember well how his blind "Muriel" proved to be the good angel of the house, and found better paths than those did with eyes. But she must not let go of a single mental resource. Books, her pen, music, drawing, fancy work, any and all for which she has any taste, should be given daily attention. If she loves flowers, I would recommend a few plants in her window, and the study of some simple hand-book of botany next summer. My brother, though not much of a musician, found an old violin a great comfort to him during his helpless years, and a sure relief from the "blues." But now he often laughs over the effect his strains must have had on those about him, and gives them credit for much fortitude and patience.

THOMAS.

A. H. J.

### THE CARNATION AND ITS KIN-DRED.

After the rose and lily, in all their variations, there is no other class of garden flowers that furnishes such an amount of beauty and enjoyment as the Dianthus family. The charming blooms of the Carnation with its spicy odor and variety of markings; the Picotee, similar in most points out rather exceeding the Carnation in delicacy, and the more enduring Pink, are all perfect treasures to the flower-lover.

All of these can be easily raised from seed, but seldom, even from the most expensive, without a percentage lost by plants which produce single flowers. This is not to be tolerated by many when only double blooms are counted perfect. A sure way of securing duplicates of favorites is by layering. Peg down firmly,

after slitting the stalk just where the roots are expected to start, and so secure fine plants. This should be done in the summer. Small slips can be set in a cool corner, and if the weather is hot and dry, water and give shade. The China and Japan pinks, members also of the Dianthus family, when grown in the mixture of varieties, make a varied and charming border, as they differ in markings, colors and form, though still retaining a family resemblance. Some are white and compact like a fine double poppy, others similar in shape, but tipped or tinted daintily with shades of rose, brown or lavender; we have, too, maroons and reds in many shades and of astonishing dimensions, if well cultivated; but still I most admire the single ones, so dissimilar in color and style, deep fringe and scallops, gay colors and sober, borders and stripes. Any individual fancy is easily satisfied by first getting a dozen or more of the separate varieties, as *Heddewiga*, *Lacinatus*, *Albus*, etc., and sow in the border. My seed is the product of such sowings, and every spring I transplant and separate all offshoots from the old roots, and if ever so tiny set them with care in good rich soil, cultivate them carefully, and no plant comes forward more rapidly or blooms more profusely than those delightful Pinks. If much seed is allowed to ripen, the blooming of course will decrease, but when the seed is ripe cut clear back to two or three inches, and in a short time they will be in bloom again, and the flowers continue to improve in the cool autumn weather until covered with snow. With the care recommended old plants will last for years; but they bloom the first year from seed and are easily raised in any way. Carnations, Picotee and Pink (*D. hortensis*) bloom only the second year from seed, as does Sweet William (*D. barbatus*) another relative that has been "doubled" until scarcely recognizable when a flower is separated from the plant, and is yet less beautiful than the unique single ones, for I greatly admire single flowers.

FENTON.

MRS. M. A. FULLER.

### SWEEPING ASSERTIONS.

When I saw Beatrix's "Clean Sweep," said I to myself, "A long [felt] want supplied." But I confess that a sigh of disappointment trembled in my tranquil soul as on finishing the article I compared the dimensions of the demand with those of the visible supply.

Now, the "sweep," as far as it goes, is a *chef d'œuvre*. But alas it sweeps only one room, and that the *bijou boudoir* of a lady who lives up stairs. Now I venture to assert that nineteen out of every twenty who read and profit by the HOUSEHOLD live in and engineer the sweeping of houses containing from fifteen to twenty-five rooms, exclusive of cellars; and in my own housekeeping economy the amount of sweeping and various cleanings with soft soap and hot water bestowed upon that too oft too much neglected apartment, is by no means inconsiderable in the course of a year. But like all things which enhance cleanliness, com-



fort and health, it pays. However, we'll leave the cellar now and go to the bed chamber with broom, dust-pan and sloppail; on the head an old sunbonnet, or mayhap a neat cambric sweeping-cap—no gloves on my lily white hands though. I would as soon attempt to wash dishes with a little tuft of stocking yarn tied to a stick—such as we see on the five-cent counters—as to sweep with gloves on. We always choose a reasonably mild day, when the windows and outside doors may safely stand open as long as need be. We find the beds well aired and ready to be “made up” for the night, but do make them up right! It is just simply astonishing to note how few people know how to “make up” a bed! The woman who has made beds forty or fifty years puts the sheets on regardless of wrong or right side, head or foot, lays the blankets, comforts and spreads on without the least attempt at making them snug and tight at the foot, wadding the extra length—designed for that purpose—in a bulky, wrinkled mass at the head, so that when one gets into bed the first dream is a nightmare, in which he imagines his neither extremities are in the frigid zone, and his respiratory region under a load of hay. Of course she never turns the upper sheet neatly down over the covers; oh no, the top of that sheet is in all probability a quarter of a yard, more or less, down toward the centre of gravity; but the pillows are set up on edge, some elaborate shams daintily spread over them, a pat given to the bed here, and a tender little tucking in there, and the delusion and sham are complete.

We make our beds with an eye to good, substantial comfort and durable cleanliness, and then proceed with our sweeping. Moveable furniture is carefully dusted and set out of the room, inside doors closed and windows opened. Now we observe that dirt has a habit of “collecting” in places where it deems itself least likely to be disturbed, under the bed, the bureau, the washstand, and here is where we go for it first, carefully taking up each individual collection by itself and tenderly dumping it into the sloppail. Then we carefully go over the whole room two or three times, or until there is absolutely no dust or dirt left, and in our clean country homes the small amount of dust that we have raised and the sum total of dirt that was there is not often “shocking” to our sense of neatness, even though it may have been six weeks since last sweeping day, and winter season at that. In this way we go through all the bed chambers, not forgetting to give the closets and storerooms a call to order and a thorough clearance of dust as we go. Then come the hall and stairs. Before I learned that I must go ahead of my dirt the stairs used to be the tug-of-war for me. But to-day we give them a rough sweep down with the big broom, and then with a whisk in one hand and the dust-pan in the other, we back down stairs, cleaning the dust out of the corners so easily that we scarcely know it. Down at last, we close the chamber door triumphantly, empty our sloppail, and

with it and our good friend, the broom, proceed to the farthest room on the main floor and begin operations there. This is, of course the parlor bedroom, and ugh! the first thing that we unearth is one, two, three, maybe half a dozen wads of hair—combs from the heads of some of our lady guests—gentlemen never sling wads of hair around like that! I shudder, make a dive for them, think I've got 'em, but like the ghost in Hamlet, I “see them again,” quake and shudder some more, and finally, after a terrible struggle, get them into the stove; thank my stars that part of it is done, and then proceed to find some more under or behind the very next article I move. “Why don't you keep a hair-receiver?” asks some one. It is all the same. I should burn the thing up *in toto* every time I had to examine its contents, which, by the way, I find mainly on the floor, even if the hair-receiver is there. And so I say, ladies, do, please, do your combings up in a tight little wad and put them in the slopp jar, so deep down that they can't resurrect; for I never lay up hair, not even to put into butter. Finally the semi-animated remains of our dear departed guests are all cremated, and we begin to sweep.

And so we come through the house, leaving not a trace of dirt in our wake. At last the living rooms are reached, but they get more or less sweeping and dusting every day; our “men folks” are neat, so the neighbors say, and by and bye we are through, the last brush of a from five to six hours' steady sweep is given. Not one bit of dirt or dust has been allowed to pass from one room to another, and all dirt and dust have been captured at the shortest possible range.

Now we take the foot pail partly filled with warm water, some soft dust cloths—like Beatrix, I find nothing so good as old linen towels or table-cloths for all such purposes—and go back to that farthest chamber and finish up, leaving everything in its proper place, with a clean face, and rooms all fresh and sweet; each one looking more and more inviting as we proceed with the finishing processes in the exact order in which we went through with broom and dust-pan, until at length everything is in order, and “clean as can be without taking up the carpets,” we renovate our own physical structure of dust with soap and water, brushes, combs and clean clothes, and then sit down to a “dinner of herbs where love is.” We inwardly say, “Well, this old world is chuck full of good things after all, and one of the best and most to be prized is a good home, and the ability to keep it with neatness, comfort and thrift.” Happy indeed is she who combines in her domestic relations these two qualities—house-keeping and home-making.

HOME-IN-THE-HILLS.

E. L. NYE.

BESS wishes to know where she can procure Will Carleton's poem “Over the Hill to the Poorhouse.” This poem is included in the collection published as “Farm Ballads.” We do not think it can be found elsewhere, in print, unless in old newspaper files.

## HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Rural New Yorker* says water is better than milk in cake, and that in all cakes calling for milk she substitutes water, using cream-of-tartar or baking powder.

SALTED almonds are “the rage” in confectionery at present, and all our girls are munching the toothsome morsels. When bought at certain candy stores there is a suspicious flavor of the plebeian peanut about even the forty cent article, which is suggestive of adulteration. The following is the method of preparation, which is so simple that they can be easily made at home: Blanch a cupful of almond meats by turning boiling water on them, and when the skins have softened sufficiently rub off with the fingers; put them into one tablespoonful melted butter or salad oil, stir well and let them stand for one hour, then sprinkle with one tablespoonful salt, put them into a bright baking-pan, in a moderate oven, and cook them, with an occasional stirring, until they are a delicate brown—about twenty minutes.

MRS. C., of Kalamazoo, does not wish the *HOUSEHOLD* to take the type of husband described by Mrs. J. A. M. as an index of the average Kalamazoo husband, asserting there are quite as many happy wives and loving husbands there as in any city of its size in the Union. Wives are not always blameless, either, she thinks. As we understood Mrs. M.'s letter, she brought no charges against Kalamazoo in particular, nor husbands in general, but, selecting one of those sad cases of estrangement which are all too common in life, everywhere, held it up to us as a condition to be lamented, and asked that very pertinent question, “What can the wife do?” Most of us know some such instance, and if a beloved friend or relative is the sufferer, long for a practical answer to the inquiry.

SEVERAL communications were received “just in time to be too late” for this issue.

## Contributed Recipes.

GOLDEN OINTMENT.—One pound lard, eight ounces beeswax, five ounces alcohol, one ounce camphor gum, one ounce laudanum, one ounce origanum. Melt the lard and beeswax together; add the others when partly cold and stir until cold. This is very good for many of the ills which flesh is heir to, and much cheaper than most of the kind which you can buy.

NORTH ADAMS.

A. R.

SILVER CAKE.—One cup sugar, butter size of an egg, whites of three eggs, half cup sweet milk, two cups and a half of flour, two teaspoonfuls baking powder. Bake in layers. CUSTARD.—One pint milk, set in hot water on the stove; yolks of three eggs, beaten to a froth; two-thirds cup sugar; two teaspoonfuls cornstarch, dissolved in a little milk. When the milk is hot stir in ingredients; flavor to taste.

OKEMOS.

MINNEHAHA.



## STYLE IN FARMING.

BY L. H. BAILEY, JR.

We must foster every advantage which shall increase the farmer's influence. We must make the farm pay in two ways rather than in one. It is not enough that we demand influence. The first necessity in the demand is the desire to demand. We do not want preferment until we want it. The desire must be individual, sincere. We often clamor because our neighbors clamor. We want a mouse-colored mare because Smith has one. We want more farmers in Congress because it is the fashion to want them. The farm is not so isolated from the heart of fashion that it receives none of its impulse. Desire once alive, we must measure its consequences as if its fulfillment were in our own hands. Many of us would be miserable if all our prayers were answered. Our desire once trimmed and tempered, we must make ourselves worthy of it. As a rule, all men find their true level as do the waters of all sea. The ebb and the flow of influence and position are not haphazard. Our station is for the most part, if not entirely, just where it deserves to be. "The world owes me a living," says one, and he folds his hands. "But you must dun her for it," says the other as he clutches his spade.

The farmer is coming to the front. It is because he deserves it. It is because his aspirations are higher. But he cannot lift himself by his boot-straps. To-morrow the world will not recognize him more than it does to-day unless he has made advancement. The secret power of the mower and the reaper is this: It gives us more leisure for the development of the mind and the heart. If they fail of this their mission is a curse; let us return to the scythe and sickle. We do not need improved machinery and better stock so much as we need to know the possibilities of what we have. We need better school houses and pleasanter homes. If you will put it on a plane of dollars and cents, we must advertise. Here is a secret which we have not learned. We need to profit by the example of the merchant who adorns his windows and who insists that people must know that he has opened a new case of calico. If we demand influence and recognition we must let the world know what we have and what we are. Make it recognize you whether it would or not. The farmer must advertise himself as well as his cabbages. But we must generally resort to stratagem. We fail to catch the butterfly if we chase its irregular flight over the meadow, but the still hunt beside a thistle brings us a captive. We must not say to the Goddess of Liberty, "I demand representation," but we must invite her to sit in our vineyard and to eat our stuffed turkey. In other words, we must attract men, we must aim at style in farming. Herein lies the greatest need of our agriculture.

I rode over the Green Mountains. There were farm houses deserted and great farms returning to nature. The bleak

homesteads stared at me. "Happy were the young men and women who escaped this desolation for the city," I thought; "Surely the decimation of these farms is not due to poor soil or commercial conditions, but to unattractive homes." A decrepit school-house yawned on a bare and dusty road-side. The place itself told me why the seats were whittled and why the scholars never got beyond the "rule o' three." I did not blame them for preferring to trap woodchucks in the ledges. If I found a home adorned within and without, I usually found young people anxious to settle near the homestead; I found kindly sentiments and courteous manners.

I visited the fruit markets of a great city. Fruit of the same quality sold for far different prices, but that which sold the best bore a neat label with a picture of an attractive residence. It came from "James Lee, Beech Grove Farm." When afterwards I visited the little village near which this farm lay, I found both the farm and its proprietor to be the most popular in the neighborhood. If I asked why, I was told that "Mr. Lee has a beautiful farm and a nice family." When I visited his farm I found that his success was no mystery. The goddess of position and influence sat in his front yard. I knew the man by his premises. He advertised. A farm near an eastern city is popular and prosperous because it is attractive. A half acre of embellished lawn is more profitable to its proprietor than a dozen cows.

Our sons leave the farm and we blame the college or the school. We should as often blame the home surroundings. The man never lived who was educated too much for the farm. America ought to become the rural queen of the world, and the coming farmer must recognize this fact or go the wall. It is one of the signs of the times. Pioneer days give place to days of relaxation, too often to days of actual decay. Then comes the sturdy and studious improvement and adornment, attended by the rapid elevation of the farmer and his calling. This last stage has become a part of the life of New England, it has spread itself over many of the beautiful hills and valleys of New York, and Michigan must feel its influence. I was surprised at a recent gathering of New England farmers to hear a spirited commendation of all efforts towards rural adornment, and that, too, for the sake of the pure adornment itself.

Landscape gardening is not planting a fine tree or making a gravel walk; a picture is not a canvas or a paint-brush. The most important part of landscape gardening lies under a man's hat. Two men view the same landscape: one sees a half dozen trees which will make ten cords of stovewood; the other sees a picture. Poetry, music, sculpture, painting, landscape gardening, are essentially the same and yet entirely unlike. They exist in the mind as the ideals of beauty, beauty of expression, not of form. So far they are alike. They differ in the manner of communication. Poetry is communicated

in words, music in sound, sculpture in the expression of form, painting in combinations of form and colors on canvas, and landscape gardening, which combines much of the ideal of them all, endeavors to express itself in the arrangement of natural objects. Landscape gardening, therefore, becomes the most real of the ideal. There must be an appreciation in the mind before any picture or any landscape can give us pleasure. "Everything the individual sees without him corresponds to his state of mind," says Emerson. The artist and the landscape gardener care not so much for the exact form of the landscape, or the kinds of objects which enliven it, as for its expression, the impression it conveys to the beholder. If the scene is gloomy, why is it gloomy? If gay, why is it gay? Victor Hugo, in his last written utterance, recognized this vital truth: "Form to the sculptor is all and yet nothing. It is nothing without mind; with the idea it is everything."

As we should expect, there have been in vogue two methods of dealing with nature in reference to ornamental gardening. She has been imitated and interpreted. Here lies an important difference which we must grasp. It is the difference between success and failure. Yonder field is a pleasant landscape; in the vale is a brook, winding its way through banks of ferns and thorns, while beyond are clumps of prickly ash, red with clustered berries and half hiding the crest of a knoll upon which the maples are bedecking themselves in autumn colors. The imitator is a literalist. The scene pleases him, and he endeavors to reproduce it exactly upon his grounds. "He holds the mirror up to nature." He must have the brook, the ferns and the thorns, he must build his knoll and plant his prickly ashes and his maples. The interpreter is an economist—he feels the force of the stoic's adage, "How many things there are which Diogenes can do without." He studies the gay scene before him, he reads its expression, he notices the cut and the colors of nature's frock. He finds that the expression does not depend upon the brook or the bank, or the ashes; he has learned that the scene is gay because of bright colors and no deep shadows. Then he need build no knolls, need dig no brooks, need not even plant the ashes and the maples, for the other trees may do as well. So, with Emerson, the landscape gardener comes to "value the expression of nature and not nature itself," to "give the gloom of gloom and the sunshine of sunshine."

We have now mastered the first and the greatest difficulty in landscape gardening, in fact in all fine art. But if we would ornament correctly we must understand more than this. We must understand something of the laws of harmony and contrast in color, laws of form and of perspective. You tell me that I aim too high, that we cannot concentrate nature in the door-yard. We cannot aim too high if we carry sufficient ballast. I do not expect that anyone here will apply in detail all that I say to you. But if we do not know what perfection is we cannot



know what imperfection is. The longer the ladder the higher I can climb. "Hitch your wagon to a star," said Emerson.

Our next difficulty is to contract nature into the space of the front yard without crushing her bonnet. A young man visited a famous garden. He was disappointed. He saw no great trees overlaid with flowers and perfume, no magnificent fountains, no birds of paradise. He sat down quite out of patience. Presently he began to admire the long and enchanting views in this direction and that, he saw sheep and cows within the borders of the garden. He expressed surprise to the gardener that the garden was so very large and that the cattle did not browse the plants. The gardener laughed. Here I will let you into a secret, a secret which is a vital principle in landscape gardening: The landscape gardener always aims to deceive the beholder. A truthful deception is an evidence of skill. Small gardens which look like large ones are always cheapest and best. We must let nature build hills and valleys and rivers. Burke wrote, "Designs that are vast only by their dimensions are always the sign of a common and low imagination. No work of art can be great but as it deceives. To be otherwise is the prerogative of nature only." Discard the prevalent notion that to ornament successfully demands profuse expenditure of money. The farmer's yard demands no fountains, no statues, no expensive plants, no rows of beer bottles about the flower-beds. The farmer of all others can court simple nature to his purpose. It is not strange that keen enjoyment ceased when the old couple moved from the old house into the new. I have seen as many attractive premises about old log houses as I ever have about our modern buildings. The narrow winding path, the wild gooseberries and hazels in the fence-row or scattered over the yard, the honeysuckle and roses that clambered over the doorway, the great gnarled trees and the picturesque well-sweep, all combined to form a fairer rural picture than scarcely we behold to day. There mothers and daughters grew up with a keen but untaught sympathy with nature. There our thoughts revert whenever again pure nature claims our reflections. About the log house centers the choicest poetry of rural life. You know why it is. When we build our new houses we somehow conceive the notion that we have outgrown nature. We must make straight walks, we must plant our trees and shrubs in rows or in corresponding clumps, and then we must trim our evergreens,—not prune them,—we must trim them into absurd shapes and then endeavor to admire the idols we have made! We try to force nature into a bard-box and laugh conceitedly if we imagine that we succeed.

"Insult not nature with absurd expense,  
Nor spoil her simple charms by vain pretense;  
Weigh well the subject, be with caution bold,  
Profuse of genius, not profuse of gold."

I speak of the natural style of landscape gardening. There is another and an older style of ornamentation which is known as the artificial or geometrical. This latter style is adapted

to cities where space is limited and all the surroundings are geometric and formal. In this style we make our walks and drives straight and we shear our evergreens. It is this style of ornament which springs up first in a new country. The settler tires of his irregular surroundings and almost unavoidably casts his premises into regular figures. It is curious, also, that his grounds, if he pay any attention to ornament, will likely be a faint echo of the surrounding scenery. If the scenery in his neighborhood is rocky and precipitous he will most likely desire steep walks and piles of rocks. In fact the distinctive characters of three peculiar countries have been impressed upon the artificial method of laying out grounds, so that we speak of three schools of geometric gardening. The Italian school is characterized by steep flights of stone steps and massive walls in keeping with the broken character of the country. The French school builds long and broad avenues, while the Dutch school lays the foundations of ornament in long and straight canals and low, grassy terraces. The natural style of ornament has also received different interpretations. It originated in England with a refined and rural-loving people, and has spread wherever rural taste is exalted. With the advent of natural gardening, all terraces and walls and fountains were destroyed, and no ornament, save what nature chose to grant in an open field, was introduced about the residence. This was Kent's school. It was long ago superseded by truer methods. The nearest approach to this school at present appears in our bare and bleak farm premises. The bareness of Kent's school prepared the way for a revolution in ornamentation, and the Picturesque school appeared. Now everything must be rough and uncouth in form—banks steep and broken, old and decayed trees. The Picturesque had its day, people tired of artificial wilderness, and Repton's school was ushered in. This took the good qualities of Kent and the Picturesque and combined them to suit individual circumstances. As it took different form upon different premises, it required more skill in its management than did the old methods. But there was one radical error in the teaching of Repton; he advised the planting of trees and other plants in thick clumps where they were to grow unmolested. The weak were soon crowded out by the strong, the most delicate and often the most beautiful could not exist. During the early part of this century choice plants were introduced in great numbers from foreign countries, and they could not be displayed to advantage in the heterogeneous massing of Repton's method. Hence arose in England the so called Gardesque school, which, while it retained the leading features inaugurated by Repton, scattered the plants over the lawn, those of similar sizes and shapes usually in the same or contiguous clumps.

We find ourselves living in a fortunate age. Old methods and stereotyped rules have fallen, chiefly because they have been put into practice. Our ornamentation should be pre-eminently selective, we should select the best ideas wherever they may be found. We learn from the history of the art that it is unsafe to follow fashion in ornamenting a home. Fashion may be tolerated in dress or in manners where a change can be made to suit the whim, but in the permanent exterior adornment of a home we should beware of vagaries. Fashion has cut amusing frolics of late in the colors of residences. The old fashion or custom of painting houses a glaring white has given way to the squaw-like fashion of tricking out in incongruous red, pea-green and squash-pie colors. We look for a speedy change of sentiment in this direction and hope to see the neutral and less expensive drabs and browns which are never incongruous with themselves or their surroundings, come into general favor. But these are

less permanent and therefore less serious fashions than those which have to do with the selection of trees and the laying out of grounds. Fashion which pleases to-day may disgust to-morrow. The worst part of the freeze is the thaw.

Let us discuss a few fundamental principles of artistic but inexpensive adornment. We must get our pleasantest prospects from our commonest places, from the windows of the sitting-room and the dining room. A little thoughtfulness in the placing of our residence will often add a constant blessing. I visited a friend on the pleasant slopes of the Green Mountains. There was not a pleasant prospect from any of the windows of the residence, yet from the barn-yard a noble mountain whose indistinct summit was wreathed with fitful garlands of cloud stood boldly before the observer. That farm would have been worth ten per cent more if that mountain had been framed in a window. Appropriate to yourself trees of nature's planting, build your residence near them. They are to-day what your own planting will be twenty or fifty years hence. We are too apt to think that a sandy knoll and a "good well o' water" are the only requisites to a desirable site for a residence. Our residences are often too near the highway. A remove of four or five rods is none too much for convenience and pleasure. We must have a lawn. All attempts at ornament are well nigh folly without one. Might as well try to paint a picture without a canvas or to build a house of paint and shingles, as to construct an attractive residence without a lawn. The requisites for a good lawn are the requisites for good corn, a fertile and thoroughly subdued soil. You cannot make a lawn by kicking the ground with a stick. Prepare the ground thoroughly, even if it requires two years to accomplish it, sow the seed very thick, mow the grass as often as it reaches three or four inches in height, top-dress it in the fall, and enjoy it as long as you live. Do not grade everything to a dead level or to a continuous slope. Simply correct the little irregularities of the surface. Do not build terraces. Grading is expensive. The natural undulations of a verdant surface are more expressive than trees and flowers. The undulating sweep of the prairies is grand beyond expression. A flat surface is rarely beautiful. By a singular optical illusion it usually appears to be concave. If our grounds appear to the best advantage they must look larger than they really are. We must aim to increase an appearance of extent. A verdant and unbroken lawn must be again our first requisite. The objects which appear to be farthest away are those which possess the least number of colors. Distant hills are enveloped in a continuous haze of blue. The remotest objects in a picture possess the fewest colors. A tree upon a continuous lawn appears to be a little farther off than one at the same distance which stands among flower beds, and drooping trees whose trunks are hidden commonly appear to be a little more distant than those with exposed trunks. These illusions are of course more apparent to a stranger who has not learned the actual distance to the objects. We should plant our trees in such a manner as to form long views towards certain objects from our windows or porch. The narrower the views the longer they will look. I stand on the railroad and see the rails converge and converge until they meet away in the distance which appears like miles when it may be less than one. These slender views are vistas, "linked sweetness long drawn out." If there is a good landscape in your neighborhood, make it a part of your premises. Bring in the clump of trees on your neighbor's hill. Bring in the spire from the village church. Bring in the ravine and the thicket by the roadside. Here is a case of legitimate theft. Make every attrac-



tive object visible from your windows. Cut out the trees that hide them, or if they stand out bare and unadorned, plant trees which will partially conceal them. In other words frame them and hang them as pictures in your garden. The greensward will form the bottom of the frame, the sky the top, and the trees the sides. Never lay open the whole of a scene or it will look bare. Moreover, we always enjoy an object the most when we have but little of it. We always deceive ourselves with the fancy that a half hidden object is larger and finer than it really is. This whole matter is a simple one: it consists simply in the selection of our objects and then in planting or cutting out trees. To be sure our trees must correspond to the objects beyond them. If the object is a low and round-topped hill, plant round-headed trees; if it is a spire mix in a few—a very few—Lombardy poplars. A weeping willow is in taste by a brook or pond, but it is out of place near an ordinary building. Lombardy poplars, the most ill-used of all trees, are to be recommended for a distant hill, or in very small numbers near a high and long building or about a church with a spire, but they are out of place in most yards, especially when planted in abundance. If our premises are not large enough to allow the planting of trees, we can use shrubs in a similar manner.

If we would expose glimpses of attractive objects, we must hide unattractive ones. If Smith's barn stands in front of your window, plant trees or vines to hide the most undesirable parts of it. If it stands squarely across the road from you, and if your house is near the highway, persuade him either to move it or to paint it, and move his barnyard behind it.

The value of trees is seldom fully appreciated. Much of the common estimation concerning them is nothing more than sentiment. There are two common extremes of sentiment which are always opposed to rural beauty. The one extreme has to do with the immediate neighborhood of the residence, the other with more distant views of landscape.

It is certainly a common fault with country homes where any attempt is made toward ornament, that too many trees and bushes are allowed to grow. It is perfectly proper, indeed highly necessary, that in the first days and years of ornamenting a barren home, one should plant thickly of a variety of trees and shrubs. There should be small groups of spruces and deciduous trees of the rapid-growing sorts, which will soon afford shelter and privacy. But it is none the less important that those clumps should be thinned just as fast as the individual trees begin to crowd each other. To be sure, one loves the trees which he has planted and nourished, but it must be borne in mind that sentiment should never stand in the way of beauty and utility. I do not like the hackneyed advice which urges us to plant ornamental trees at such distances as will be proper for them to occupy twenty years hence. Such advice is discouraging; we must live in large part for the pressing present. Moreover, twenty years hence is but a point of time, and it does not pay to forego the pleasure of nineteen years in order to enjoy the perfection of the twentieth.

What I always recommend to owners of unadorned places, is to plant thickly; get an immediate effect. And immediately thereupon I urge the injunction, strongly underlined, *do not neglect to thin out as soon as the trees begin to crowd.* One symmetrical and vigorous tree is worth three one-sided, stunted ones. Clumps of trees soon grow into tangled thickets, the delight of mosquitoes, moulds and vermin. They shut out sun and health, and shut one in from enchanting glimpses of distant views. The attractive clump has become an unsightly

tangle, and soon all the trees will have become so lop-sided that one cannot be removed without laying bare an unsightly side of its neighbor. This is no exaggeration. The most difficult matter to press home to most people, in the way of ornament, is the fact that there should be constant and systematic thinning. It is a mistake to suppose that the surroundings of a home should be fixed. The universal law of change applies to the private grounds, as well as to the orchard or garden.

Not long since I visited a worthy farmer who desired my advice in regard to the improvement of his front yard. I looked it over, and advised him to remove a great Norway spruce, a balsam fir, an apple tree, a large chestnut, three smaller Norways, a large red cedar, a fringe tree, and several bushes. He discussed the trees *seriatim*. The great spruce he could never spare, because it was the first one set in the township; ditto with the fir; the apple tree bore good fruit; the horse-chestnut was the largest specimen in the neighborhood; the three small Norways were thrifty and attractive; the red cedar had been "backed in" in an early day from the woods at a great expense of muscle; the fringe tree cost him a dollar, and the bushes were all attractive when in flower; therefore he could spare none of them. I could not improve his yard; and when he must look at the evening sky to note signs of to-morrow's weather, and when his wife must know who it is that is passing along the highway, they must either go some rods away from the house or scrooch under the trees. An attractive house on a distant hill is entirely hidden; in fact, there is no great outside world from the windows of that residence.

This is all radically wrong. The landscape gardener is often upbraided for his so-called impractical notions, his "fine theories of beauty," but woe to the gardener if he ever entertains notions so much at variance with laws of happiness and health, as does he who hibernates in a prison of tangled trees. No, rather have an open field with the fresh verdure of the greensward and the crisp play of winds, and an over-abundance of sunlight, than a house hidden in gloomy foliage. But let us have the golden mean. Keep the front of the house open to the world, and never allow a tree to hide a desirable view. Last spring I moved into a new house. From the front porch I could see nothing but an ordinary grove, although but a few rods beyond it were fine college buildings with their constant play of life and frolic. I cut many trees from that grove, none to its detriment either, and now as I sit at my dinner table I can see through the grove to an attractive view beyond. This vista may be "impractical" as the common expression goes, but I am confident that I can relish my meal better than I could if I were shut up to my own dining-room and the bit of gravel path which lies in front of my window.

Now it is singular that these same people who would cling tenaciously to every old tree about the house, would often mercilessly sacrifice every beautiful great tree in a distant landscape. Rural landscapes are pre-eminently beautiful when there are drooping elms and rotund maples, dotted here and there over little eminences in pastures, in cornfields, and along highways. He is a reckless tenant who would rob nature of these isolated beauties for the sake of the stove-wood they contain. In rocky New England, where the farmers cannot covet every foot of land, the grand old trees are picturesque. In our western country it is not always so. It requires some judgment, to be sure, to know when to cut a tree and when to let it alone, but it is judgment, nevertheless, which pays the effort it costs.

Trees and bushes never appear to better advantage than when seen in natural

clumps. But to interpret an attractive natural clump is one of the most difficult problems in ornamental gardening. It is almost impossible for an inexperienced person to plant trees in nature's regular irregularity. He will get them in rows, in squares, in a long and irregular belt, or in an even-bordered clump. The finest natural groups are those which possess bold curves of large trees and recesses or bays of smaller ones. In such groups the large trees heighten the boldness and the small ones heighten the retirement. Then, to construct a group, draw an irregular outline, with deep bays and large, rounded projections, and plant the largest and most rapid growing plants near the border of the projections and the smallest ones near the borders of the recesses. The interior of the clump should be made up of the largest plants also. Upon the immediate borders of the group it is customary to plant low bushes to give a desirable taper from the greensward to the body of the group. The most difficult part of this whole operation will be to plant the trees in such a manner that they will appear not to have been planted. "Throw up a handful of peas and plant a tree wherever a pea falls," is a gardener's rule. Some years since a clump was set at the College by an intoxicated man, and he set the trees in exact rows in two directions.

Our grounds should be cut up as little as possible by walks and drives. The more continuous the lawn the larger it will look, and the more easily it can be cared for. There is a prevalent notion that walks must be crooked, and we occasionally see extravagant forms of such vagaries. In a certain eastern city is a fine residence with a cork-screw walk leading from the front gate to the residence, but if the person is not intoxicated by the appearance he can walk in a beeline through the center of the cork-screw! Landscape gardening never demands extravagant forms. A walk should never appear to go where it does not go. A direct and gently curved path from one side or both sides of the premises is the most desirable. The carriage drive should enter at one side and approach the side of the residence, reach the kitchen door and veer off towards the barn. Directly in front of the house there should be a well kept lawn of small extent, with enough shrubbery to intercept the gaze of passers-by, but not enough to conceal desirable views. It is pleasanter to secure side views of the highway than direct front views, and especially so if the residence is close to the highway. The flower-beds should be at one side of the residence, nearest the common windows, and in but partial view from the highway. A front yard full of flowers possesses the same fault as a person with an over-gaudy dress.

For ordinary ornamental purposes, common flowers and native shrubs are the best. We know them. The craze for exotics simply because they are exotics is drawing to a close. The craze has been of great benefit, because it has taught us the value of native plants by instituting a means of comparison. A friend valued his visit to Italy because it taught him to appreciate the sunsets of Michigan. Many exotics are beautiful and vigorous everywhere, but many more are not so. They demand of the farmer too great an expenditure of time and money. Our woods and fence-rows are nurseries. All our shrubs are worthy of cultivation. We do not know how to propagate them all to advantage, but we can transplant them. They should be taken up early in the fall with a liberal amount of earth, and stored for a couple of months in a warm cellar or cool greenhouse. The plants will then make roots. They should then be placed in a colder place, as out of doors on the south side of a building with a protection of mulch. In the spring plant them and they should all live. Give them some culture. Al-



ways plant the smallest leaved and prettiest plants nearest the residence. Pines are too coarse for the immediate vicinity of the house. Their proper place is in a windbreak, or rather distant screen.

Much of our territory is wasted between highway fences. We are over generous with our roads. Their sides are bare, weedy, unsightly, useless. In most places highways two rods wide are preferable to those which are four; we could then have better and pleasanter roads. We need to concentrate our efforts. Still we pride ourselves on our highways. We have mistaken land for roads. We have sacrificed comfort to boast of generosity. "In thy rags we see thy vanity," they said to Diogenes. But we possess the means of making our extremity a blessing. The judicious planting of trees and shrubs would render our highways attractive. Trees in rows along the sides of straight and level highways are not out of taste, teaching to the contrary notwithstanding. But we need variety. With a change of surface we should have a change of verdure. Bushes in irregular and natural clumps are pre-eminently in keeping in low places and especially along water courses. Our native bushes should not be lost to common knowledge. Here is an opportunity to rescue nature along our roadsides. Clumps of tall trees appear to best advantage on eminences. They exaggerate the unevenness of the surface. Here is a subject which demands a lecture, provided the lecture would arouse energy.

The whole subject of rural ornamentation is one which demands study and attention, rather than lavish expenditures. It is not beyond the farmer's grasp. Successful farming must combine with itself enough style to render it attractive. Like all style, it may fall into errors of gaudiness, impropriety or even ridiculousness; nevertheless, to ignore all ornament is to strip our agriculture of every pleasing garment. Agriculture cannot make much advancement so long as it is characterized by bareness. The boys and girls will leave us for more attractive pursuits. We must grapple with the problem. The first requisite is to screw our courage up to the sticking point.

#### TO EDUCATE.

[A paper read by Mrs. N. H. Bangs, of Paw Paw, at the Farmers' Institute held at Paw Paw.]

The verb Educate, like the most of our English language, comes to us from the Latin-speaking Romans, and really means to bring up or lead forth all the natural faculties.

Now, while much may be done by judicious care and pruning of the old scraggy, misshapen tree toward improving both its shape and usefulness, yet a better result would have been reached by right training while it was still young. The education of the child begins with its first breath and ceases only with its latest. For the thoroughly educated there is more to be learned outside of school text books, outside of the college curriculum, than there is in them. A good physique is necessary to a hard course of study. A thoroughly healthy person should make a better man, a better scholar, than one whose ailments are chronic.

The moral nature needs to be led up and out of its normal condition and placed upon a higher plane, and with these should go the training of the mental faculties. I fear that often all other qualities except those of the brain are lost sight of in our schools; book-learning is first, last, and all.

Among the teachers of my school days there is one whose whole theme seems now to me to have been Work; this keynote comes sounding down to me still. I often hear it when about my household duties: "Work where you are, work always; you have no right to be idle, no right to be a laggard. The use of all true education is only to fit one to work more intelligently and to do more and greater work."

"It is because you crawl that you never get beyond your cabbage leaf," the gay butterfly says to the worm; but all must crawl before they soar; there is no growth, no gathering of strength, but by using that already given us; by digging, delving and climbing, are we enabled to reach higher altitudes. I would educate my child in human kindness with the reading and spelling of literary training. I would instill in his mind that it is the little things that make up the sum of life; and that cultivation and good breeding are as clearly shown in the daily home walks as upon the broad, high rostrum of public life.

I have often wondered why so much is written upon the course of training for farmers' boys, for farmers' girls, and what farmers' wives should read. "Who hath made us to differ," the doctor's wife and I; the lawyer's children and the farmer's? Why should a boy be a farmer because his father was one, more than every shoemaker's son should be a shoemaker? I would educate the child for any position and let him choose his own life-work, only urging upon him the importance of doing it in the best possible manner.

While I would not under-estimate the value of a fine classical education, I find that every year I put less stress upon it. While there is a culture and discipline that comes from the study of Greek and Latin, there is a broader, higher one that comes from the rubbing of mind against mind; and a brain will receive greater good from following the course of study that individual taste and inclination marks out, than from any rigid course mapped out for "the greatest good to the greatest number."

So many young people go through a full college course, finish with honors, and are launched on the sea of life perfectly helpless. Their real education has been sadly neglected. They have been instructed in theories, which their reason has not been taught to apply nor their judgment to execute. They belong to the unappreciated class of humanity. A lies favored playmate has been evolving his theory from close study and observation of mankind and passing events, its successful execution in gaining him a competence marks it as correct, and worthy of consideration.

The editor of some agricultural journal may write a high sounding exposition of the best possible way of raising corn, and the practical farmer in a few terse words show you its fallacy.

I would have my boys and girls educated just alike; I would make no distinction. I would have their moral aim the same high standard, for both purity of thought and purpose; and for the lowering of that

standard I would not excuse the boy, because he is a boy.

I would cultivate their taste for reading by placing pure pages in their way, impure ones out of it. I would fill their minds with wholesome food, that they might have no desire for that which would be slow poison for them.

The printing press is doing much to make and to mar fair bright minds, nay! lives. It is there as everywhere, the old, old war of Good and Evil. I know that many have fallen and more are still going down in this conflict, but Right will surely prevail; my faith in the education of the world brings me to this conclusion. It is by teaching "line upon line, precept upon precept" the young mind is shown how to take things at their best and utilize their helps.

The belated traveler following the light of the *ignis fatuus* falls on the boggy ground and complains that deception was practiced. "Oh! no!" says dancing Will o' the Wisp, "I flew hither and thither with all the light I had to show you this was dangerous ground, but like many another walking in the dark you looked only at the light and not away from it, at what it revealed."

There is a great change being worked out throughout the world. Reason is struggling with Brain for the kingship. Brain has long held sway but already Reason begins her rule, and with Good Judgment and Common Sense as hand maidens her rule will be a successful one.

One of the most important features of an education is one often lost sight of, scarcely mentioned in a college course, and this is one's conversational powers. It is in part a natural gift, but like most others may become an acquired one.

I know of nothing that will so help one in this art as a wide knowledge of history and literature, ancient and modern, and a study of the exact sciences, mathematics to the Calculus if you will, to give expression to one's thoughts. I am aware that I am counter to the fixed opinion of many, nevertheless I am to write what I think, not what others may soon have the floor to say.

One may learn by traveling a short journey even, once a year, what would take them months of study and research to find out. A trip to our copper mines, iron ore beds, to our smelting furnaces and stamp mills, may be compassed in a few days of time and by not much of filthy lucre, and the benefit and pleasure be life long.

I would not wish to be understood as not desiring a full and complete course of study, but there is much to be desired besides, and when a course at college or university is not possible there is much that may be acquired even at our own firesides.

However high up the hill of science we may go there is that impelling force behind us urging us upward to see from some loftier peak some broader, fairer scene. However high we may stand there is a still higher plane to be reached, till lost to us among the clouds the weary climber sighs "How little there is that man may know!"