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## THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

### A CHILD'S PRAYER.

A little maiden kneeled beside her bed—  
A downy couch, with snowy covering spread—  
Clasping her tiny hands with reverent mien,  
Her head, with golden ringlets, bowed between  
“Dear God,” she said, “my mamma says that you  
Know everything we think, or say, or do;  
When we are naughty you are very sad,  
And then when we are good it makes you glad,  
And when we pray, whatever we request  
You'll surely grant it if you think it best.”  
There came a little sob and then she said:  
“Please God, my dolly needs another head.  
I was so frightened that I had to run,  
(Though mamma says the dog was just in fun)  
But then I slipped and fell, and such a crash  
And my poor Rosa's head broke all to smash.  
I picked the pieces up and cried and cried,  
For mamma is so poor since papa died;  
And then I thought I'd tell you all, to-night,  
For I was very sure you'd make it right;  
And when you thought how lonely I would be  
You'd surely help a little girl like me.  
I have no brothers now, or sister dear,  
Just poor mamma and I are all that's here;  
The rest are with you up in heaven, you know.  
And sometime mamma says that we shall go,  
So, if you'll fix my dolly up 'till then  
I'll try still harder to be good. Amen.”  
WASHINGTON. EL SEE.

### LESSONS IN DISHONESTY.

The list of the heavy defalcations in this State for the past year, published in one of our city papers, ought to provoke some serious thought on the subject of commercial honesty. Every newspaper that comes to hand has its story of violated trust, and the business man must often question within himself, “In whom can I place confidence? Who among my employes dare I trust?” It would seem that the cynic is almost justified in his assertion that all men have their price, and that the temptation need only be great enough, and in the line of the individual's especial weakness, to overcome his right principle and integrity. Instances have come to light, within a few months, where men who have spent a lifetime in the service of business firms, have conducted carefully devised schemes for defrauding them, so systematically that the peculations were undiscovered for more than twenty years. Business cannot be conducted unless men can trust each other, yet the man who does put faith in his brother man too frequently mourns that confidence betrayed; and a certain popular preacher says the crying evil of the day is the lack of business integrity.

The law of our land proceeds upon the assumption that a man is innocent of whatever crime is charged against him until he is proved guilty; but in business circles the safer way would seem to be to

consider all men dishonest until they are proven honest, and that even then they will “bear watching.” I find a reason for this in the manner in which so many commercial houses compel their employes to carry on their business. Salesmen are taught that it is their imperative duty to sell goods, by fair means if possible; if not by any misrepresentations which will achieve a trade. Their value to the firm, and consequently their salaries, are measured by their ability to “do business” under any circumstances. A young gentleman of my acquaintance, who has been in the employ of several business houses of established reputation, tells me he has never yet worked for a firm that did not expect him to do something not quite honest, not quite honorable by a correct standard of right; if nothing more, he was expected to take any advantage possible of a purchaser's ignorance and inexperience. If even the most scrupulous are so, what can we expect of houses of less integrity? I hear business men say boldly that “it don't pay to be too honest,” and if reproached for a bit of sharp practice whereby another is overreached they laugh and say, “Oh, that's business!”

Now, is it possible to have honest employes when they are thus educated in dishonesty by the very men who expect of them the utmost rectitude? Is it not a fine line to draw between defrauding a customer in the interest of your employer, and defrauding your employer in your own interest? How long before the young man, under such tuition, will be trying his newly acquired knowledge on his employers?

Is it not a fact that the education young men get in commercial circles tends to corrupt their ideas of right and wrong and level every standard of integrity? They see men whom the world esteems for probity, who are prominent in church and philanthropic work, tacitly conniving at the adulteration of goods, selling by misrepresentations, exacting the uttermost farthing from their debtors, practicing all “the tricks of the trade,” augmenting their fortunes by all means in their power, and giving to the Lord or to charity, publicly, with one hand, what they have accumulated in devious and secret ways with the other. What marvel that young men openly deride the piety which bears such fruits of hypocrisy. What mother's teaching, what father's counsel, can stand against the example of such men, who are what the world calls “successful business men?”

Not until business men reform their business methods can they expect honest service. Men often make it a point of

honor to be honest with a firm while in its employ; such “honor” is not proof against opportunity. I can picture the struggles of an honest young man, one who firmly believes in that now out-of-date maxim “Honesty is the best policy,” when he enters the employ of a great grocery house, where he must sell terra alba for baking powder, chicory for coffee and venetian red for cayenne pepper, or a dry goods business where his thumb must be as profitable as was “Bob Jakin's” in his memorable trade with “Aunt Glegg;” conscience assaults him, the blush suffuses his cheek as he chokes over the falsehood, but it is easy to sooth his moral sense by reflecting that if he does not do it some one else will, that he must live, and that since his employer expects it of him, perhaps on that employer's head will lie the blame; and about the time his chief concludes that “Young —— is taking up his work in good shape,” the sweet angel of Truth has veiled her sorrowful face and left him. Sometimes we hear of instances where the defaulter is not prosecuted, through the leniency of the firm, and always the question rises in my mind whether strict justice would not permit the defaulter to prosecute his employers for the education in “business methods” which corrupted his morals.

No reform is possible except through employers themselves. And they say no man can do a perfectly “straight” business and make money. And that remark goes right to the root of the whole matter. The curse of the age is the mad haste to get rich. “Put money in thy purse” is the watchword of the day. And it is true that the man who sells honest goods, in an honest fashion, cannot make money as can his competitor who resorts to all the devices of business; he is not sure of even the patronage of those who approve his principles; nine-tenths of humanity would deal with Beelzebub himself to save half a cent a pound on its sugar. “We must go where we can buy cheapest.” BEATRIX.

### USEFUL KITCHEN UTENSIL.

I have for three years been a silent reader of the HOUSEHOLD, but as I have had a number of valuable recipes and helps from our little paper, I thought I ought to do my share too. One of the most useful things in my kitchen has not been mentioned by any one else; it is a wire dishcloth, composed of numerous rings linked together; it is to be used in scraping iron-ware, but I use it for plates or anything that is “stuck up.” If you have not got one,

last leave, thus shutting out the gaze of the curious.

Another infliction is the sermon; not so in this vicinity. If the minister cannot say anything good, rest assured he will say nothing bad, always ready to speak of the virtues and let the vices rest with the dead.

I have noticed the custom growing stronger year by year of sparing no expense in burying our dead. The expensive shroud and costly casket are none too good for the poor, over-worked, tired wife and mother now that she sleeps her last sleep, who in life scarcely had a pleasure or heard a kind word.

Let us bury our dead according to our circumstances and dress them as they were in the habit of dressing while in life.

"Let none lay a rose on my bosom,  
Who has planted my life with a thorn."

BESS.

PLAINWELL.

#### WHAT'S IN A NAME?

While waiting for my dinner at a hotel table the other day, I occupied the interval by quiet observation of a couple of young dudes, who in all the glory of eyeglasses, Picadilly collars and moustaches which resembled a base ball game in having "nine on a side," had arrived at dessert and were concentrating the force of their gigantic intellects upon the order for which the obsequious waiter tarried. "'Floating island,' Cholly?" questioned one as he scanned the bill of fare. "Blamed if I know; never heard of it before, 'pon honor," replied the other. "Must be a new dish; suppose we see what it is, you know." So both of them ordered "floating island," and the mild scintillations of wit bestowed upon the saucers of custard and frosting brought them, gave me a headache. But I began to think of the queer names bestowed upon some of our dishes, and a summary is an odd collection if not an amusing one.

"Brown Betty" is a simple apple pudding, sort of baked apple dumpling. "Birds' nests" are tart apples with the cores taken out, filled with sugar and spice, a custard poured over them and baked. "Angels' food" is only a very white and light cake, principally whites of eggs, and if angels must feed on such unsatisfactory stuff, I'm in no hurry to be one. "Kisses" are as unsubstantial in the culinary department as in practice; "they're good but they ain't fillin'"; just morsels of egg and sugar, with ever so slight a zest of flavoring. If any lady ever had such flat, broad fingers as the cakes that are called "lady fingers," kindness to her deformity would seem to indicate that the kindly veil of oblivion should be drawn over them. "Sea-foam" is another name for a confection of whites of eggs and sugar; "bachelors' buttons" only a pseudonym for the little cakes full of chopped almonds known as macaroons.

"Sally Lunn" is a variety of raised cake or sweet bread that took its name from the woman who "discovered" it, and peddled it, smoking hot, in the streets of an English city. The origin of the term "Palac Sint," as applied to a modification of a fruit roll, would puzzle the wisest etymologist. "Shall I help you to the Palac Sint?" would probably cause Young Americans to rise up in slang and demand, "What are you givin' us?"

And if the answer should still be "Palac Sint," who can tell what might happen! There is certainly nothing in the dictionary to help one out. "Peach cobbler" is a very eatable dish for dessert, though why "cobbler?" "Welsh rare-bit" has degenerated by careless pronunciation into "Welsh rabbits," a queer term enough for an aggregation of milk, cheese and toasted bread. "Topsy parson" is not an intoxicated clergyman, as its name might indicate, only a loaf of stale sponge cake stuck full of blanched almonds, a glass of wine turned over it and served with a rich custard. "Toad-in-the-hole" is a sort of meat pie or meat dumpling, which it is to be hoped "eats better" than its euphonic name. You cut a pound of beefsteak into bits, put it into an earthen dish and season it nicely; then pour over it a batter made of one egg, one cup of flour, a little salt and a pint of milk. It is an old English dish, much esteemed in the country. "Little pigs in blankets" are nice fat oysters, rolled in thin slices of bacon fastened with wooden pins, fried a crisp brown and served on toast. And then arises the conundrum, why should a short-handled frying-pan be called a "spider?"

#### WHO WROTE THEM?

E. C. D., of Tecumseh, would be glad to know who are the authors of the following poetical extracts. The poem from which the first is taken was published in the *HOUSEHOLD* of the 6th inst., being sent us, we think, by Mrs. G. W. Judson, of Schoolcraft. Perhaps she can give the author's name.

"We have careful thought for the stranger,  
And smiles for the sometime guest;  
But oft for our own  
The bitter tone,  
Though we love our own the best."

"Wise, noble, loved and loving wife,  
These heart-born songs, a gift, I bring  
To thee, whose deeds, thy muses, sing  
The poem of a perfect life."

"I carve the marble of pure thought until  
The thought takes form,  
Until it gleams before my soul and makes the  
world grow warm;  
Until there comes the glorious voice and  
words that seem divine,  
And the music reaches all men's hearts and  
draws them into mine."

#### THINKS IT IS "MIXED."

Being a farmer's daughter and unmarried, I have read Evangeline's Home Talks very closely, that I too, might learn how to keep house; but would like to have her tell Hetty, and speak up very loud so we girls may all hear, how to take care of that pork. I for one would not know how to keep it sweet till it was all used, having so much at the time of year when we can plums and make peach pickles. And also how she raises sweet potatoes to have them so early—when Astrachan apples are in their prime. We have been raising sweet potatoes for a number of years, but never succeeded in having them so early as that in our Michigan climate. FARMER'S DAUGHTER.  
HUBBARDSTON.

A LADY who has woven and also helped to wear out many yards of rag carpet, says the less you color the better your carpet will hold out, both in wear and color.

#### HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

It is said that common hard soap used to stop up mouse holes, will effectually exclude the mice.

If a person is choking, break an egg and turn the white into a cup; give this to the choking person, and it will in all probability relieve him. If not, give another.

*Babyhood* tells how to fasten a child's nightdress so as to keep the feet uniformly covered at night: Cut the back of the nightdress several inches longer than the front, lap it up over and button on. This is better than pinning together with safety pins or fastening the even edges with buttons.

THE *Farmers' Advocate* says: In buying a new wooden bowl, it is well to remember that if you grease it well on the inside, and stand it near the fire, where it will soak in, it will thereby be prevented from cracking.

MR. POWERS, of Northville, the well known manufacturer of fine cheese, says if housekeepers will wrap the piece of cheese cut from in a damp cloth and keep it in a cool place, it will not dry up as it will if not thus cared for. It may be well to remind our cooks that the harder, dry cheese next the rind, too dry to be palatable, may be utilized by grating it to use with macaroni, Welsh rarebit, etc.

THE Editor of the *Rural New Yorker* says: "Last week we ate a piece of beef that had been packed in snow for more than a month. The flavor was delicious. The beef was packed during a comparatively warm spell. The only snow to be obtained was the remains of a drift under a shady bank. A quantity of this snow was placed at the bottom of a barrel and well pounded down. A piece of the meat was placed upon the snow and then more snow firmly packed around it. The barrel stood in the barn and the meat has kept in perfect condition. If the snow had melted the meat would have been placed at once in brine."

#### Contributed Recipes.

LEMON COOKIES.—Two cups granulated sugar; one heaping cup butter; two eggs well beaten; quarter cup water; one heaping teaspoonful baking powder; one teaspoonful lemon extract. Mix soft. These are splendid.

BUTTER COOKIES.—One cup sugar; one cup butter; two eggs; one and a half teaspoonfuls cream of tartar; one teaspoonful of caraway seed or lemon extract. These will keep for months and get better all the time.

COCOANUT CAKES.—Two cups light brown sugar; two eggs; one cup butter and lard; two tablespoonfuls boiling water; heaping teaspoonful baking powder. When these are mixed soft and rolled out, sprinkle them with cocoanut and pass the roller over them lightly before you cut them out. They are good enough to set before your best friend or worst enemy.

MRS. ED.

OXBOW.