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THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

HOUSE CLEANING.

The melancholy days have come, the saddest of the year,
Of cleaning paint and scrubbing floors and scouring far and near.
Heaped in the corner of the room, the ancient dirt lay quiet,
Nor rose up at the father's tread nor at the children's riot;
But now the carpets are all up, and from the staircase top
The mistress calls to man and maid to wield the broom and mop.

Where are those rooms, those quiet rooms, the house but now presented,
Wherein we dwelt, nor dreamed of dirt, so cosy and contented?
Alas! they're all turned upside down, that quiet suite of rooms.

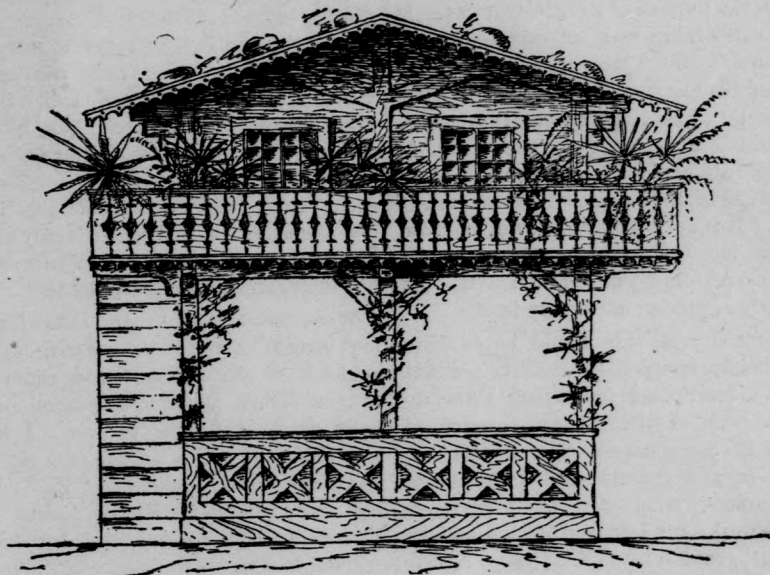
With slops and suds, and soap and sand, and tubs and pails and brooms;
Chairs, tables, stands are strewn about at sixes and at sevens,
While wife and housemaids fly around like meteors in the heavens.

And now when comes the master home, as come he must o' nights,
To find all things are "set to wrongs" that they have "set to rights,"
When the sound of driving tacks is heard, the rooms strange echoes fill,
And the carpet woman's on the stairs (that har binger of ill),
He looks for papers, books or bills that all were there before,
And sighs to find them on the desks and in the drawers no more.

And then he grimly thinks of her who set this fuss afloat,
And wishes she were out at sea in a very leaky boat;
He meets her at the parlor door with hair and cap awry.
With sleeves tucked up and broom in hand, defiance in her eye;
He feels quite small, and knows full well there's nothing to be said,
He holds his tongue, and drinks his tea, and sneaks away to bed.

DISTRICT SCHOOLS.

I am very much interested in the welfare of our country schools. I have been both teacher and pupil in them. As pupil, when I was sent away to school I found my first business was to unlearn, or rather learn over again, what I thought I knew best; as teacher, I am now painfully conscious that I failed in many of the requisites of a successful instructor. Letters from a man who was once a small boy under my tuition occasionally come in my way. It grieves me to find he still writes the pronoun first person singular as a small i. Fancy my feelings on reading "I write to tell you I have —!" It is a never for-



THE above is the first illustration which has appeared in the HOUSEHOLD during its six years' existence. It represents one of the booths used at the recent Flower Festival here—that of the Hebrew Widows' and Orphans' Association—and at the close of the show was bought by the MICHIGAN FARMER, and will be used as the FARMER'S headquarters on the Exposition grounds during the coming fair. It is modeled after the picturesque chalets which serve as summer residences for the Swiss herdsmen who tend their flocks in the valleys of the Alps, is sixteen feet square, and we shall be proud to receive callers during the Exposition in our new and commodious quarters.

gotten reproach, for I failed in my duty to that youngster, or I would have taught him better or broke his head. But I saw only copybook writing, and never found out this peculiarity, nor that other, of placing the address on an envelope where the postage stamp ought to be. In such points I failed to make due allowance for the ignorance of those under my tuition; I could not remember the time when I had not known these things myself, and thought other children had been as carefully instructed at home.

There are a number of reasons why our district schools fail to be as efficient as they ought. Several of them have been named by HOUSEHOLD correspondents; chief among them we may place the apathy and indifference of the patrons, and the penny wise pound foolish policy which hires an incompetent teacher to save perhaps twenty or thirty dollars on the term's wages and as many cents on each man's assessment. Or the officers say "Our school is small; anybody can teach it, and we cannot afford to pay much," as if the quality of the instruction should be gauged by the size of the school. To get good teachers, we must require good at-

tainments and pay for what we get. No girl can afford to fit herself for a teacher's place and work for the pittance offered by some school boards. The earnest, competent, conscientious teacher always gets a call to come up higher. Another difficulty is the irregularity of attendance, in the summer especially. The tater bug and the housework are of more importance than school; the children get behind in their classes, lose interest, and soon had rather stay home than go. Then, far too many parents interest themselves in the doings at school in the wrong way. They don't care nearly as much what the children are learning as what the teacher does or says, and whether she has an inclination to "show partiality." This "partiality" business is always a bug-bear to the envious and jealous. If children are permitted—they are often encouraged—to repeat every trifling occurrence at school, colored by their own ideas and their preferences for their mates, whose cause they invariably champion against the teacher, and if the parents criticise and condemn in the hearing of the children, it does not take long to sow the seeds of insubordination which may quickly grow into rebellion.

I like best the policy of an acquaintance who says, when her children begin any complaint about "teacher," "There, stop! I don't want to hear a word. Do as your teacher tells you and you'll have no trouble." In consequence, the trifling frictions are soon forgotten and the children are taught obedience to rightful authority. I have always been puzzled to account for the feeling of antagonism which so often exists in the pupils toward their teachers, who are placed over them to do them the greatest possible good. Instead of being willing recipients of these benefits, it seems often their chief aim to thwart the purpose of their instructors. If they can evade a task or escape a lesson, they seem to think they have in some way cheated the teacher; they do not seem to realize they have really cheated themselves. I doubt if a person ever lived who in later life did not look back upon his school days wishing he had made better use of them. It is not till they are over, and we get out into the world and become painfully conscious of our deficiencies that we properly appreciate what we missed.

My remedy for this would be to have parents impress upon the children's minds that it is more of a *privilege* than a duty to go to school. I would have the work of the teachers seconded at home by the conversation and example and influence of the parents, manifested by interest in school work—not idle, purposeless curiosity, but genuine interest. I would have the home surroundings such as would foster a wish to learn. When I taught school and "boarded round," I learned my brightest and best pupils invariably came from homes where books and papers were found, and where the topics treated therein were discussed at table and around the fireside; where the almanac and Youatt on the Horse constituted the family literature, with perhaps the local paper, the boys would sooner drop corn and the girls sew patchwork than go to school. Another thing, where children were routed out of bed before they had their sleep out, to a sunrise breakfast, and kept doing chores till school time, they were invariably dull and sleepy and it took a circus procession or an earthquake to get them fully wakened. Growing children require a great deal of sleep, and it is cruelty—yes, positive cruelty, to deprive them of it. Not a few stupid boys would be all right intellectually if they were not deprived of the sleep they ought to have and that nature demands, from a mistaken idea that by getting up before we are rested and forcing ourselves to keep going all day, we cheat the old Dame and are gaining an advantage. I always sympathized with the hired man of a certain farmer who had the reputation of being a hard master. Discovered asleep in the fence corner while Old Doll slumbered in the corn furrow, and being soundly berated by his "boss," he said, "Mr. —, I've worked for you two months, an average of 17 hours a day. I am kept doing chores till nine o'clock at night and I'm called regular at four in the morning. You'd make a good slave driver,

but I aint no nigger," and after consigning his employer to a realm Dante made forever famous, he discharged himself and left Old Doll and the farm forever.

But to return to school matters: I do not believe in making the teacher a nursemaid to take care of the infants of the district. Children are better off at home till they are six years old at the very earliest. The babies are an element of disorder in the school, a distraction to the pupils, a tax on the teacher's time and patience, both of which she has need for in her dealings with larger children.

The mother who says "I'll be glad when school begins, so I can get you young ones out of the house" is under a mistaken impression as to the relative relation of school and home. A school is not a house of refuge for disorderly children, nor an asylum for those whose mothers do not wish to be bothered with them. To say such things before the little folks is to give them the idea that school is only a new playground, where they will have more playmates and a little more license.

When new text books are asked for the requirement should be viewed as an evidence of advancement and cause for congratulation, not from a financial standpoint as an additional expense. I have seen the light of honest pride fade out of a boy's face when in response to "Pa, teacher says I may go into the Fourth Reader and I'll have to have a new book," the father without looking up growled out, "Well, I guess it won't hurt you to read the old one through again; I ain't got no money to fool away on books. Use them you've got." The refusal took away all the boy's lately awakened ambition, and when the teacher, the next Monday morning, brought him a reader she had borrowed of her sister for his use, he said, ungrammatically but emphatically, "I aint a-going to use that. Pa's able to buy my books, and if he won't do it I don't care whether I have any or not." And if the teacher had dared free her mind, when, the next time he went to town, this mean, stingy father brought home twice the worth of the new reader in tobacco for his own consumption!

I believe it a misfortune for parents to be compelled to send their children away from home to school while they are still very young. For that reason, it is to every parent's interest to have a good home school where the boys and girls may learn those elementary branches which are the foundation of all education and which can just as well be acquired there as at far greater expense away from home. But this cannot be had without some exertion on the part of those who are to be benefited; we cannot sit down and expect schools to run themselves without attention. How many men would entrust the management of their farms to a hired hand without exercising individual supervision? How many hired men could be thus trusted? The housekeeper hardly dares leave her house for three days for fear something will go wrong. So we pay a great deal more attention to the care and preservation of our property than to

the surroundings and influences about our children at school. We make the mistake of supposing that a few terms at some really excellent school will remedy the faults of early education, without reflecting how much more beneficial these later advantages would be, were the pupil but prepared to profit by them. I can excuse the country schools for not teaching algebra and natural philosophy, but I cannot so readily forgive them for not sending out good spellers, intelligible readers and legible writers. If the schools would do just this one thing well, they would be worth more than they cost, and they might be made to do a great deal more.

BEATRIX.

SPEAK THE KIND WORDS NOW.

If there is any good that you can do, do it. If you have any knowledge that would be a benefit to the world give it, and wish it well.

Many of us here in Michigan are sleepy to many facts; we do not mean to be, but it is for want of thought. We feel a sympathy for one another, but how often do we express it? We do not let them know it, when perhaps they are dying for want of a kind word. We say it is not our place to offer help or to go and visit the afflicted. If it is not ours I should like to ask whose it is then? We say "Well, I don't exactly know, but it is not my duty; no, not mine!" Perhaps we all say the same, and the deed of charity remained undone. We all have our cares and perplexities, and often a kind word sweetly spoken will give rest to a weary soul; but "much evil is wrought by want of thought."

I may be mistaken, though I think not, in saying that more people suffer mentally for want of a kind word, or a little appreciation, than physically. Will it not be a benefit to ourselves as well as to others, if when we feel sympathy for some one we would let them know it by word or deed?

E. A. A.

FROM THE LITTLE GIRLS.

I thought I would write to the HOUSEHOLD. I am a little girl and live on a farm. I have five pet lambs. I go to school every day, and am also taking music lessons; I like it very much. I like to read the FARMER too. I expect to go to the Exposition this fall, and if I have time I would like to call on Beatrix and see the photograph album.

Will somebody please send me directions for a pretty crochet edging, to be crocheted out of silk, suitable for a skirt.

DEXTER.

TOPSY.

I have long been a reader of the HOUSEHOLD, but like some others a silent one. I am eleven years old; I cannot bake but I am going to learn this summer. Ma reads the HOUSEHOLD also, but she has so much to do she can't write. I did think of writing before but did not have the courage until I saw the letter the other girl wrote; that gave me new courage. Us little girls will not write very often and so we won't take up much room.

ORONOGA.

FRANC.

THE FARMER'S WIFE.

[Paper read before the Newaygo County Farmers' and Bee-Keepers' Association, in March, 1890, by Mrs. N. L. Lewis, of Fremont.]

The subject assigned me is; "The Farmer's Wife—a machine to do general housework, and belongs to the farmer." I will try to be unbiased in dealing with the subject, although it may be hard to do so, as I belong to the class which we are discussing. Poets of all ages have sung about the beauty and independence of the farmer's life; and recently I read an article in which the writer embellished in glowing terms the independence of the farmer's wife. We will diagnose the case and see wherein her independence lies. It sounded very romantic and poetical, but his ideal was far from the real. To be sure, the position of the farmer's wife to-day is far in advance of what it was years ago, and there is chance for much improvement yet. The improved machinery the farmer uses somewhat lessens the labor in the house as well as lightens his own, still there is the same unceasing, monotonous round of duties to perform, such as to bake, cook, wash dishes, sweep, scrub, mop, dust, churn, mend, sew, knit, wash, iron, attend to the children, and much more I will not mention. Herein must lie her independence, as many times she has all this labor to perform independent of any assistance. Her work is like a mountain covered with mist—you cannot discern the top of it. Now if any can see poetry in that they will have to look through double lens. To cook meals and wash dishes three times a day, three hundred and sixty-five days in a year, takes all the romance and poetry out of life, and leaves stern realities, especially when one has to study to make one dollar go as far as two or three should. And what is her compensation? Her board and clothes! Is this as it should be? From the beginning it was not so ordained. God ordains everything wisely and does His work well; and any perversions or contortions are due to human agencies. He found it was not good for man to be alone, so He created for him a helpmate. The farmer's wife was placed here to fill out the full measure of her days, to be a helpmate and companion for the farmer, not a machine to be kept constantly in motion till she is worn out.

Much might be done to ameliorate the labors of the housewife and allow her more time for mental improvement. The wives of farmers are intellectually equal with their husbands, and are striving to improve, and with all this wealth of intelligence how can any one wonder why they are not contented to be mere house-keeping machines, and their world within the narrow confines of the four walls of the kitchen. Yet there are those that completely ignore the right of the farmer's wife to be anything else. When women are recognized as equals with men they can better work out the great problem of life, and a nobler and better state of civilization shall come to the waiting future. The best interests of this mighty republic would be enhanced by the recognition of

that equality. As it is now they live in separate worlds of thought and feeling. Homes are the strongholds of the nation. Union and harmony in the home are the powers which drive the matrimonial ship surely and triumphantly over the sea of life and anchor it safely in the harbor of prosperity and happiness. It is said everything gravitates to its proper level, and the time is not far distant when woman will take her proper place. There has been too much advancement in that direction to ever think of retrogression; the cause has too many strong advocates, and they are like Banquo's ghost, they will not "down." Progress has been somewhat slow, but all great reforms are made slowly. No wonder that the farmers' wives have been designated machines. They have no more legal right to a share of the products of the farm than the machine with which the farmer does his work. There are husbands whose inherent sense of justice allows the wife unquestioned disposal of funds for the family, yet in these cases they are better than the law, for it is a gift and not a legal right. I would that the order of things could be reversed and the farmers change places with their wives for a time; work hard with no legal right to reasonable share of the mutual earnings; just get their board and clothes (and not very good ones at that sometimes); how long would they put up with it? Not long, they would soon throw up the situation and go where wages were higher.

All are born free and equal and should have an equal chance in the pursuit of life, liberty and happiness. At a recent farmers' meeting the choir sang songs with beautiful words and sentiments, some of them were these: "Justice and Freedom for the Farmer," but not a word for the farmer's wife. The individuality of the wife has been merged into that of the husband, hence the common and trite saying, "Husband and wife are both one and that one the husband." They are and should be as distinctly individual as the sun and moon, but lending aid and sympathy to each other, as the stars lend their brightness. The time is not many years in the future when it can be more appropriately said husband and wife are both one, and that one husband and wife. Laws and customs are changing to meet these new conditions, and the old statute that gives the man power to whip his wife, providing the stick he uses is not larger than his finger, is a dead letter; it will not do for modern times. A reverend gentleman writes: "Men and women are fitted to be companions, everywhere in the world's work and in the world's life. Society suffers and the individual suffers when either sex is excluded from any great human interests." When women are politically superior to criminals and idiots there will be many new provisions in the law. Innocent childhood will be better protected. Wives and mothers should stand equal with men as co-workers in the extirpation of the many evils of this world, and when that time comes, as come it must, you may be sure they will not

vote for a person who will dig pitfalls for the feet of their innocent children. Now the opposers of such equality of husband and wife will ask you questions which they think you cannot answer, and almost expect to annihilate you with their magnitude. Who will cook the meals and rock the baby while women go to vote? The farmer and his wife often go to town to get their mail and do the trading; it need not take them longer, but if it should there will be some one. Every demand has a supply in God's economy. And as to the latter I can best answer by quoting the following:

"When woman goes to cast her vote
Some miles away it may be,
Who then, you ask, will stay at home
To rock and tend the baby."

"Well, since the question seems to turn
On this as on its axis,
Just get the one who rocked it when
She went to pay her taxes."

Now I have demonstrated to you that a farmer's wife is something besides a machine to do housework. That she belongs to the farmer we will admit.

HOW CAN WE MAKE MEN MORE MINDFUL OF THEIR BLESSINGS.

"What in the world are you spending your time for reading that twaddle? There is nothing in it to interest any one of common sense—all that bosh about how to bring up children, woman's influence and paste for wall paper—but then (sneeringly) it takes so little to interest a woman!" The above remark was made by one of the lords of creation, for no reason other than because I was looking over the HOUSEHOLDS of the last two or three months.

"How about Miss Edwards," I ventured to ask.

"Oh, she is one of those strong minded, would-be conspicuous creatures of feminine gender. I would not like to live in the house with such as she."

I merely answered, "Sour grapes."

Now, ladies of the HOUSEHOLD, can any of you give me a recipe how to please the male members of one's family? I know of no way but to be made over and enter the world as men. I have often tried to imagine a world of all men. What glorious housekeepers they would be! Napkins would be of no earthly use; knives and forks would be dispensed with as too much trouble to keep track of; the dogs would be the dishwashers, but what jolly good times they would have smoking and how profoundly the question of who could raise the most smoke would be discussed! Cuspidors would be an unknown article; carpets superfluous; while a thousand other things that are indispensable to women would be piled as high as the tower of Babel and set fire to. While they were burning, the inhabitants would "all hands round and circle to the left," kicking up their heels and whooping like Comanches on a war dance at their deliverance from civilization and so much "blamed fool nonsense."

I would like to have some wiser head than mine give an opinion.

A. B. B.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

ASSISTANCE WANTED

I have been planning this intrusion on the HOUSEHOLD circle for several years. You all look surprised that I have delayed so long, but I am generous and hitherto have been able to refrain from inflicting such suffering on my fellow creatures, but just now I am not in a mood to practice self denial. I should like to shake hands with M. E. H.; of Albion. I can endorse every word she has said on "Sunday Observances." I think if we would all take "Judge not, that ye be not judged" for our text, and live up to it, we and every one around us would be the better and happier. I want Evangeline to know how much I appreciate her recipes. They are always so plain that even so stupid a cook as I am making quite a reputation for good cookery (in my own opinion). A recipe that says "enough flour to make it of the proper consistency" or other equally vague directions I usually skip. There is nothing quite so discouraging as to have a friend, in giving me directions to cook, tell me I must use my own judgment. An old gentleman once remarked of a friend, that "Helen had lots of judgment." No one ever said that of me. We receive our mail about four o'clock, and the first thing I do when the FARMER arrives, is to turn to the last page of the HOUSEHOLD to see if it contains anything "good for tea."

Will any of the readers kindly tell me how to make fried apple turn-overs. There are two of my relatives who are clamorous for some, such as grandmother used to make. All attempts to gratify their demand have proved failures. Another request I have to make is just how to make charlotte russe, and what kind of a mould to use. I prefer to use sponge cake, as we are too far from the city to obtain lady fingers just when I want them. What shaped tin is the best to bake the cake in and how shall I proceed to fix the cake in the mould, etc. I never make it look nice but it tastes all right.

WEST BAY CITY.

MARTHA JANE.

GOVERNMENT.

There is one thing about the government of children which I think we sometimes overlook. The object of our government is not so much to make our children do what we think is right for them to do now—at the moment, as it is to govern them so that they learn to govern themselves, "Government must be by consent of the governed." We should so rule that they see our teachings are best, most productive of happiness and comfort to them. We must have obedience; I think that is one of the principal, if not indeed the most necessary point, but we must be careful how we require it. "Mamma says so" will do for young children; for older ones, we should give a reason why they should obey, when our will and theirs conflict. It is an insult to a child's intelligence not to give a reason beyond the arbitrary exercise of our power to forbid or allow, for any abstract obedience we may demand. Of course I do not mean the thousand little

things in which the parents require and the children render obedience, but where they wish to pursue one course and we desire them to take another.

I have known some children whose parents always did their thinking for them. They were failures when they grew up. We must cultivate self-reliance, and a habit of considering the consequences of acts and conduct.

No two children can be governed and managed alike, and the mother's noblest, most engrossing study should be her children's temperaments and characters. If she knows their weak points she can strengthen them. Building character is somewhat like pruning a tree. You cannot greatly affect its nature, its hereditary tendencies, but you can train and trim it into symmetry, develop it, cultivate and strengthen it, cut away deformities and "black knots," and make it shapely and healthy so that it can bear and blossom after its kind in best perfection.

SPRING ARBOR.

LUCIE.

HANDLE THE LITTLE ONES CAREFULLY.

We should be very careful in handling a young child. How many careless mothers and nurse-girls do we see who lift or drag about by one arm, little children whose tender flesh and immature joints must be severely strained by rough usage. I remember once seeing a mother passing along the street, leading by the hand a little child two or three years of age. The little one had to take two or three steps to one of its mother's, but that fact did not deter her from walking very briskly; she was evidently in a hurry, and half dragged the child along by her side.

How often we see a grown person lift a child over an obstruction in the pathway if walking, or perhaps upon the lap by taking hold of one hand, then with a strong pull lift the child entirely off its feet, its whole weight resting, or depending from that arm! Such a practice is very harmful to a child, as well as dangerous; for the soft bones and muscles are liable to give way and a dislocation of the arm be the result. Then there is the practice so common with some parents, of boxing a child's ears. Very disastrous results have sometimes been brought about by it. Punish the children if they need correction, as all children sometimes do, but do it in a loving spirit, never while angry, and let the child understand that while it grieves you to do it, it is for his good, and above all let your punishment not be so severe as to be a cause of regret afterward.

ONE OF THE MOTHERS.

RULE BY LOVE.

My heart warmed toward Ruth when I read her plea for kindness and love to the children; and turned from Grandpa, who I believe is no Grandpa in truth. When our six year old boy began to use profane words, his grandpa, who was a Methodist clergyman—alas, we have him with us no more in this world—said, "Do not punish him, talk to him kindly." All boys must

pass through those things, and when I one day took a little switch intending to strike where it would not hurt much, missed aim, through his struggles, and left an ugly red welt on his dear little face, with what shame did I view it, and how he fought back! Never since have I treated my boy so disrespectfully. Not long since that same boy, now the age mothers dread, (thirteen) came to me in grief because he had lost his temper while plowing.

What woman has not shuddered to see an angry man beating his horse? How much more terrible to see a helpless child under a man or woman's whip!

Shall we not right our own hearts and teach our children kindness and love for every living thing?

If we knew the baby fingers,
Pressed against the window pane,
Would be cold and stiff tomorrow,
Never trouble us again,
Would the bright eyes of our darling
Catch the frown upon our brows?
Would the print of rosy fingers
Vex us then as they do now?
Ah! those little ice cold fingers,
How they point our memories back
To the hasty words and actions
Strewn along our backward track!
How those little hands remind us,
As in snowy grace they lie,
Not to scatter thorns, but roses
For our reaping by and by.

CONSTANT READER.

SCRAPS.

CHRISTINE TERHUNE HERRICK thinks the fashion of beginning breakfast with a first course of fruit is a source of numberless headaches, brought on by the introduction of an acid into the empty stomach. Fruit is an excellent adjunct at the breakfast table, but the individual should eat it before or after the meal, as seems to suit best. When served last, it acts as a pleasant neutralizer of the solid or greasy food consumed, and leaves a pleasant taste in the mouth.

A NEW beverage, designed to take the place of lemonade as a summer drink for parties and receptions, is known as ambrosia. Ambrosia, you know, was the food of the gods, and this drink is said to be quite as delicious as its pagan namesake. And this is the recipe: One pineapple, five pounds of granulated sugar, two quarts of strawberries or raspberries, one dozen of oranges, one and a half dozen of lemons. Chop the pineapple, put with half the sugar and enough water to cover, on the stove and cook. Mash the berries with the remainder of the sugar, cover this with water and let it stand. Squeeze all the juice of the lemons and oranges into a three gallon crock, pour over this one and one-half gallons of water. Strain the strawberries and add them to the juice. Add the pineapple, mix well and strain. Serve with ice.

Contributed Recipes.

SPONGE CAKE.—One cup coffee sugar; one cup flour; three eggs; two tablespoonfuls water; one heaping teaspoonful baking powder. Flavor to taste. Bake quickly.

JOHNNY CAKE.—One teacup sweet milk; one teacup sour milk; two cups flour; two cups cornmeal; three tablespoonfuls crispings; one egg; large spoonful sugar; one teaspoonful soda.

MARTHA JANE.

WEST BAY CITY.