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## THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

### FARMER MORRISON'S WIFE.

Down at the farmhouse below the hill,  
The blinds were closed, and the wheel was still.  
The swirl of the stream and the blue-fly's drone  
Troubled the preacher's voice alone.  
Where, by the open door he stood,  
And talked to the gathered neighborhood,  
Of Earth and Heaven and the grave between,  
The visible world and the world unseen:  
Glancing aside, with solemn air,  
To the dead who lay in her coffin there.  
Every breath of the soft May breeze  
Shook the blooming lilac trees,  
And sent a quiver of light and bloom  
Into the hushed and darkened room.  
It touched with a gleam the shadowed wall,  
It flickered over the funeral pall,  
And circled about the tremulous head  
Of the nearest mourner beside the dead;  
Farmer Morrison, old and gray,  
Bent and helpless for many a day.  
Up and down with a dull surprise,  
Restlessly wandered his sunken eyes,  
Seeking, it seemed, in that crowded place,  
The one familiar missing face,  
The face that, stony and set, lay hid  
Just out of sight 'neath the coffin-lid.  
Never a day, till the day she died,  
Had the wife been gone from her husband's side:  
Thus were the twain asunder reft,  
The helpful taken, the helpless left.  
And the preacher spoke to the people there  
Of the Will divine, in his simple prayer:  
The Lord, who giveth and taketh away—  
Praised be the name of the Lord for aye!  
Now, when the last amen was said,  
And the mourners rose to follow the dead,  
Farmer Morrison, gaunt and tall,  
Stood up straight in the sight of all,  
Suddenly steady of eye and limb,  
While the people gazed aghast at him.  
He laid his hand on the coffin-lid,  
He stooped to kiss the face it hid,  
Then, spent with that one strong, sudden breath  
Life's latest flicker went out in death.  
Thus were the twain again made one;  
Trial over and trouble done.  
And the preacher said in his solemn speech:  
"The way of the Lord man may not reach,  
Lo! He hath given and taken again!  
Praised be the name of the Lord! Amen."  
—Kate Putnam Osgood, in *New England Magazine*.

### ONLY A TRIFLE.

It was very cloudy, rainy and disagreeable, one of those mornings when the most evenly balanced head is liable to be thrown out of gear by the slightest friction, when a despondent nature is

completely prostrated and a hot-tempered person will fly off his base with no provocation. To sum the whole matter up, it was just the time for a family racket. For as such will occasionally occur in the best regulated homes; the domestic atmosphere becoming surcharged with electricity, it is necessary that there shall be some sharp flashes, and various thunderings to "clar it out." The breakfast was not very good. Philena was forced to admit it, even before her attention was directed to it by the head of the family. The rolls were soggy, the veal cutlets underdone, the coffee muddy. The tablecloth was on askew, the silver was dingy. Roses ran riot over the veranda, but there were none on the table; strawberries were abundant, there were none placed invitingly by their plates. "Why is it," he queried, "that with such enormous butchers' and grocers' bills we have nothing fit to eat? Have you forgotten how to cook?" Philena looked at her white hands, the pink tipped, taper fingers, their nails polished as daintily as a shell, and lifted her eyebrows in astonishment. Here was a poser. Had he asked her to define Theosophy she could have done it in regular Bostonian style, but as for things of the earth, earthy, she "wasn't there." "I'll warrant," the wretch went on, "you do not look into the kitchen once a month. My mother did all her own cooking, seldom hiring, and so did your mother, and if my memory serves me right, I've seen you up to your elbows in the bread tray dozens of times. Hang it all, you might at least see that it is done properly." Philena deliberated awhile; it was a habit of hers never to act hastily; then from her thin lips came the carefully worded answer: "I am a believer in elevation; if one cannot rise higher she should never sink lower. I aimed to elevate and better my condition, and flatter myself I did. You have money in abundance, why should I do that which some one else is obliged to do as a means of livelihood? It is a bounden duty one owes humanity to mount rung by rung, so that those below can have an opportunity." "Deuce take the money," he howled in rage, "I selected you from a dozen to make my home the earthly Eden I had read about. I wanted you to be the good fairy that

would with a magic wand make it bright and attractive. I can eat at the club, but I want a home to come into after the troublesome office hours are over. My boyhood's home was plain, but so pleasant! I can see the little kitchen, cookroom and dining-room combined, the square table and cotton cloth and blue dishes. But oh! what mealy potatoes, big fat doughnuts, salt rising bread, and mother so smiling and contented! Four rosy, healthy boys, with plenty of brawn and muscle. 'Twas pure country air and good wholesome food that made it, too. We ate with two-tined steel forks; and mother's head wasn't up in the clouds half the time; she studied to make her home attractive to father and her boys, and she succeeded most beautifully. It is the brightest picture I carry in my memory—that little country home. Wealth has come to me; it buys luxuries, but it has not brought me the home-like place I had thought it would. A year ago I went out to the old place and Jack and I placed flowers on the graves in the old cemetery. There was just Jack and I then. Tomorrow the anniversary rolls round again and I am left alone to strew flowers. There's too much show now days, too many ologies and ophies. I don't believe the oldest man living rightly understands a woman." Philena was not emotional; she seldom became excited—it wasn't nice. She disliked scenes. She leaned back gracefully in her chair, and looking out through the mist noted the fine effect of a little rift in the clouds where the tiniest bit of blue peeped through.

"Let's begin over again, we are drifting so far apart; go with me to the old home tomorrow, and in the quiet old cemetery, over the graves of the loved ones, make new pledges. We are nearing the summit of life, the next step is decadence. Will you, Philena?" She looked into the flushed, expectant face and shook her head, "No." He went to his office, hard-hearted and cold. She assumed a melodramatic attitude, and wondered if there was another such a creature known as man! She looked inside the kitchen, just out of curiosity, and secretly acknowledged that the paraphernalia of that department was something wonderful to behold. She sought comfort in the "central idea of



Theosophy, the one great circle of light spreading from the rare to the dense, from the intangible to the tangible, from the subjective to the objective."

There are any number of Philenas in the world. Do they all reside in cities? Are they all "in the swim?"

EVANGELINE.

#### "THE FLOWER OF THE FAMILY."

Picking up an old HOUSEHOLD lately I read the article of El. See's on "Handsome is that handsome does." It reminds me of a family of my acquaintance and their peculiarities. About twenty years ago there lived in Grand Rapids a family of five boys and three girls. The girls were Jennie, Kate and Carrie. Kate was considered the flower of the family by every one, on account of her many good qualities. If there was sickness in the family Kate was ready to sit up nights and work day time. If the boys' clothing was out of order Kate was the one to repair it. If there was a church social Kate was on hand to help move things along. If the boys were to have an evening party Kate could get the refreshments for them in good shape and make things pleasant generally. So it went on until they become grown people and were married. Jennie—the eldest one—married a farmer, and as farming was not his forte they did not prosper in that line. But she finally drifted into the practice of medicine and is now a very successful practitioner and has a very flourishing business. The boys all learned good trades, and as they are master workmen get good wages. One of them is a "commercial tourist" with a salary of \$2,000 a year.

Kate married a manufacturer of lumber and shingles; went to the north woods with him; cooked for fifteen to twenty men; sat up with sick neighbors five nights in a week; sometimes closed the eyes of the dying and prepared their bodies for burial. Her husband weathered the financial gale of 1873; burned out in 1877—lost everything he had—and finally moved back near the Rapids; ran in debt for a farm, and is now trying hard to pay for it. Of course they can't put on much style and pay for their farm, so it causes something of a coolness among the brothers. Kate dresses neatly when she goes to town, and is presentable anywhere under ordinary circumstances. Carrie married an ordinary clerk and he dresses her in a very tony manner, and when they met their country sister on Canal Street, something would invariably attract their attention on the other side of the street, usually the apex of some tall building, or the sparrows in some distant tree.

Kate has lived in her present home for more than ten years, and in that time has administered relief to the sick in more than twenty-five cases; has prepared for burial the bodies of sixteen of

her neighbors in that time, and sat by the bedside of her sick husband forty-three nights in succession. And today while I am writing this little article she is in the Rapids caring for a sick mother, as she seems to be the only one of the family who has the time to spare. She certainly is the flower of the family in all that's good and noble. Yet because she lives in the country and cannot put on airs, not a brother visits her. But her sister—the doctor—having had a few years' experience on a farm—is very kind indeed and is a frequent visitor at her humble home. Truly, as El See. says, "Handsome is that handsome does" in the estimation of

AUNT BECKEY.

LANSING.

#### TALKING UP AND NOT DOWN.

[Paper read before the Institute of the Kalamazoo County Husbandman's Club at Augusta, by Mrs. L. B. Bacon.]

It is many years since I left the old farm where six generations of my father's family had lived, but it is still sacred soil to me, and I would rather own a single acre of that old homestead today than the finest residence property in the city of Chicago—if I were obliged to occupy it. I have never bated one jot of the respect and admiration I there acquired for the occupation of a farmer and the work of the farmer's wife. I have never outgrown my love for the earth—the warm-hearted, dirty old earth; within whose soil are buried such wonderful possibilities of growth; nor ceased to honor that man, rightly called a benefactor of his race, who can make two blades of grass grow where only one grew before; nor yet for that man's wife, who week after week, year in and year out, manufactures gilt-edged butter, and just as gilt-edged bread to spread it on; and I confess that I have not yet attained to such a degree of saintliness as not to become hot with indignation whenever I hear professional men or others speak disparagingly of farmers, intimating that they must be lacking in intelligence and refinement simply because they are farmers.

Such a provocation came to me not long since in my own home, when a guest, observing the superscription of an envelope upon the table, not less graceful nor more illegible than Rufus Choate's or Horace Greeley's, remarked that it must have been written by a farmer. I told him it was, but that I happened to know plenty of that class whose penmanship was fully as good as the average, and he replied that he did not. It required some self-restraint not to resent the implication; nevertheless there are farmers and farmers, and there is just as much difference in them as in other people.

But it is not so much the farmers that I wish to talk about, as their occupation; they can speak for themselves, while if I mistake not, the business of farming is often belittled in the esti-

mation of others by the lack of enthusiasm, or even appreciation, on the part of those who pursue it.

I have observed that it is quite a common thing for farmers and farmers' wives to talk their business down and not up; to speak of it as ceaseless toil and drudgery only, with little rest or relaxation, besides paying the smallest possible percentage upon the investment of both capital and labor.

I take it for granted that every man's calling has some attractions for him that no other has; at least every man who has the freedom of choice in the matter; also that most men select such business or occupation as they can transmit to their sons, if they have any. Every clergyman with whom I am acquainted, every physician and lawyer, is rejoiced to have his son adopt his own profession. Merchants and military men, railroad managers and bankers have no higher ambition for their sons than that they should be able to stand in their fathers' shoes by and by, and I suppose the same is true of the better class of farmers. Many a one toils steadily year after year subduing and enriching the soil, and beautifying the landscape with orchards and shade trees and improved buildings, possibly adding acre to acre as his means permit, not alone that he may sit under his own vines and fruit trees and enjoy the results of his labor in his old age, but also with the hope that some of his children and his children's children for many generations may occupy this home and cultivate these broad acres after he has been gathered to his fathers. Happily his hopes are sometimes realized; but oftener the reverse is true. His boys as they grow to manhood, and it may be some years before they reach it, decide that farming is too hard work for them, besides it doesn't pay; so they must find some easier way to get a living and a shorter and surer road to wealth. The life of an insurance agent or a commercial traveller or even a dry goods clerk seems to be an attractive one to farmers' sons. They choose to be other men's servants rather than their own masters. So, forsaking the old home with all of its tender associations they drift into that ceaseless current which is draining the life blood of our country communities to swell the turbulent floods that are pouring into the cities of our land. The effect upon the country at large is no more healthful than it is upon the body for the blood, which should circulate freely, to determine itself to the heart or brain. It produces fever and congestion, and medicines are needed to restore normal conditions. To the young men themselves the result is often disastrous, for very few realize their expectations. Statistics show that more than ninety per cent make a complete failure; not in business alone, if they ever become business men, but in reputation, in character, in everything that makes life



really worth living. Scientists declare that "mankind are poisonous to one another when too much massed together;" and it is admitted that none of our cities could maintain their present population without constant and large drafts upon the country. But the vital question today is not, shall our cities be kept full and overflowing, but shall our farming communities be depopulated? Shall the very choicest of the young men of Kalamazoo County and vicinity be deflected from the farms to be swallowed up, ninety in every one hundred, in some city maelstrom, while these fertile farms and handsome homes become property of aliens—men of foreign birth and breeding, many of whom defy our laws and trample upon our most sacred rights, and teach that liberty is license and nothing more! This is the history of the New England States, not only in the hill towns, where the reluctant soil yields but a scanty living to the hardest labor, but in the river valleys that are productive and easily cultivated.

The restless spirit of emigration, the desire to obey the behest "Go west, young man," has seized upon the youth, and they have forsaken the heritage of their fathers, until in many of the formerly populous towns on the Connecticut and Housatonic rivers, there are not enough left to sustain their schools or churches. Shall this history repeat itself on the beautiful prairies of Michigan? Doubtless to some extent it will. Indeed we have the best of evidence that it has already commenced. But is there no help for it?

A mother whose oldest son, just twenty-one, had left the farm for a city life said to me that his father felt as if he had lost his right arm. And many a father has been through the same experience, to be repeated over and over again, as his younger sons come to maturity. It is only a confirmation of the old lady's version of one of Solomon's proverbs, "Bring up a child and away he'll go."

Of course if a man is the fortunate father of as many sons as the patriarch Jacob, or even half as many, he can hardly hope to keep them all at home with him. But also, such riches are seldom the inheritance of the American born citizen at the present time. Therefore such a contingency has no place in our discussion. The question returns to us, how shall this defection, which we all deplore, be prevented? Well, I frankly confess to you that I do not know, but I have my own opinion. It is a serious matter and one that requires the wisest treatment; and it may seem presumptuous for me to have any opinion about it. But is it not true that an outsider who has no personal interest at stake may sometimes observe the trend of events, and even their hidden causes, which those who are directly concerned have become so familiar with as not to notice at all? The point of

view of those most nearly interested—the father and mother for instance—is not remote enough for them to obtain a good perspective, and so to observe the effect of little things upon their children's minds, even their grown up children.

Now in my intercourse with farmers' families I have noticed that they often speak of their work as the hardest in the world, both for the men and women; and this at the present time when all manner of machinery has been invented to lighten their labors. Such complaints would have been more reasonable when every hill of corn was planted with the hand and cultivated with the hoe, when hand scythes and sickles did the work of modern mowers and reapers, and the flail that of the steam threshers. Dr. Franklin wrote

"He that by the plow would thrive,  
Himself must either hold or drive."

a proverb that should now be revised to read

"He that by the plow would thrive,  
May ride the plow, and also drive."

It has occurred to me that if farmers and farmers' wives would often dwell upon the pleasant features of their occupation, if they would magnify the spirit of independence which it is every landowner's privilege to possess, even when crops are poor and prices low, and taxes high; if they would more generally manifest an interest in cultivating the soil because of its wonderful powers of production—"first the blade, then the ear, after that the full corn in the ear," each plant bearing seed after its kind—if they would speak of these things and enlarge upon them, and not always determine the value of their labor according to the number of dollars and cents which it brings in; in short, if they would talk their business up in the highest sense, and not down by depreciating everything connected with it, they might possibly find their children interested in it, almost as if it were one of the fine arts.

There is enough in the occupation of the tiller of the soil, if he has ordinary powers of observation, even though he be an unlearned man, to broaden his understanding and quicken and enlarge all of his mental faculties, no matter how richly he may be endowed by nature.

Senator Evarts, of New York, says: "When I left college I was very favorably impressed with the life of a farmer. In fact, through all my life I have had a passion for farming, and I now own two large farms, one in Vermont of one thousand acres, and another in Maryland of about the same size." It is true Mr. Evarts farms for pleasure and not for profit. He has a most laborious profession, and farming is his pastime. But if any intelligent farmer will bring his best to bear upon his business, pursuing it as if he had a passion for it, and not merely as a means of getting a living, would he not ennoble the calling and secure the living at the same time?

And might not this have the effect of attaching his sons to their father's pursuits? Not always perhaps, but oftener than under other and opposite conditions?

And the farmer's wife and daughters—whose sympathies are frequently with the boys in their ambition for a broader and easier life—might they not make the farm a little more attractive by talking it up and not down? Said a young lady in Richland to me, "I don't blame my brother for wanting to leave the farm, he has to work so hard and has so little to show for it." I thought, but did not say, if there is any occupation whereby young men expect to succeed without hard work with head or hands, or both, they are liable to be disappointed, and deserve to be. "In the sweat of thy brow shalt thou eat bread," is true metaphorically if not actually of other callings than the farmer's. Let us suppose the mother and sister of this young man had urged him to wait a while before leaving home, rather than encouraged his trying to better his condition. Suppose they had made more of the advantages of life in the country, its social advantages especially, for no class of young men have a higher social position in their own community than farmers' sons who are worthy, contrasting with this the long years that must intervene before one can hope to reach the top of the social ladder in city or town; adding also the better prospects of being honored in other ways deemed desirable, in the country than among the city born and bred. Suppose they had talked the old life up and not down, avoiding with a true woman's tact any allusion to the dangers which would beset his way in the city (for young people are sensitive, they all feel fortified against temptations), would he not have been more likely to remain upon the farm a few years longer, and perhaps for a lifetime? I know that young men are apt to be masterful and determined to have their own way at all hazards; but sometimes they can be coaxed.

Most mothers are ambitious for their daughters to do better in life than they have done themselves. This means a better education, a higher position in the world and greater freedom from care and toil. A mother's love, sometimes so short-sighted, would shield her daughters from the very discipline that has been the means of her own development, and so it comes to pass that farmers' sons who follow their fathers' business are often looked upon as ineligible as husbands for farmers' daughters. I wonder why? It is true their hands are brown, and sometimes dirty from contact with the soil. But such dirt will all wash off, which can not be said of some soils. No amount of soap and water can wash away the filth that defiles some men's hands, no matter how white and clean they look.



In Michigan today, farmers' sons have the same advantages of education that others have. They are also taught the refinements of a gentleman—"the small, sweet courtesies of life" the poet calls them; and I have no doubt such will make the very best of husbands. Mothers, you who have marriageable daughters, talk these young men and their occupation up and not down. They are a thousand times more desirable as sons-in-law than many merchants and professional men, or even commercial travellers who visit home but once or twice a month.

One has said: "The highest culture loves most the sweets of simplicity, and it is a mistake to suppose that life is refined because it is luxurious, and cultivated because it is unnatural."

It may be outside my theme, but bear with me while I say if farm life is to be made attractive don't work the boys too hard. The fiber of a young man's muscle at twenty and some years beyond, is not so tough as his father's at forty-five or fifty. A boy in his teens needs more sleep than he will ten years later. This is not my opinion simply, but is vouched for by eminent physiologists. So I put in a plea for growing boys, that they be allowed an hour or two more sleep than their fathers. Then again, as Dr. Beecher advised concerning young ministers, "let natur caper." I have noticed that colts caper under check more than steady-going old horses. Oh! if fathers would never forget that they were once boys themselves, what a deal of friction would be avoided!

A few years ago, as superintendent of our Sunday School, I had to appoint a number of committees to arrange for our annual picnic at Gull Lake, among others, one of young men to provide teams. A young man appointed upon this committee called upon me and said it would be impossible for him to furnish a horse unless he could borrow one of a neighbor. "Why," said I, "I thought you had a great many horses at your place." "No," he said, "we have only thirteen this year; three three-horse teams and two double ones. We are putting in one hundred and twenty acres of wheat, and are a little late about it; we can't possibly spare a horse." I expressed the hope that his sisters could attend the picnic, and he replied "they wanted to very much, but they probably couldn't get there or even to the church (two miles distant) unless they had a chance to ride with the others." And they did not go.

That young man left the farm the next year, and since then his two younger brothers have done the same. I do not know why, but I submit that when a young man works faithfully all summer, until the very last of August, it is a little hard if he can not have the use of one horse out of thirteen to carry his own sister, or some other fellow's sister, to a Sunday School picnic.

#### INFORMATION WANTED.

Perhaps some reader of the *HOUSEHOLD* can give me information about Grenville, Ont. I am very anxious to hear something about the place, and have read every book or magazine article treating of Canada for this purpose, but so far have found nothing. I would like to learn whether it has changed much and whether there are any traces or memories of the "Rising Sun Tavern," and whether the graveyard that sixty years ago surrounded a tiny chapel is yet the sleeping place of the "rude forefathers of the hamlet."

The most pathetic and heartrending story I ever heard occurred in Grenville, more than fifty years ago; not that I was there at the time, but the sweetest old lady friend I have was; and she has touched my sympathies very keenly by relating it.

Has the author of the "Cloudy Week" been discovered? That touching narrative was quite acceptable to me.

MRS. M. H. MENAUGH.

ST. LOUIS, Mo.

[Our correspondent must excuse the Editor's modesty, which is too great to permit her to publish all the kind and flattering praises of the little *HOUSEHOLD* which M. H. M. writes. Space is too valuable for us to use it to tell how good the *HOUSEHOLD* is. Which bread recipe is wanted by our correspondent? We have published a number.—Ed.]

#### ABOUT MOTHS.

Mrs. W. J. G. sends us a clipping from *Harper's Bazar* relative to clearing rooms and closets infested by moths of those little pests. She remarks the plan would seem admirable if the fumes of the camphor would not affect the colors of carpets and upholstery. We do not think damage would result from such cause. Gum camphor is used without harm in the packing away of furs and woolen goods and the odor is often very strong. And in a room where moths are very numerous one would prefer a possible fading to entire destruction by the tiny ravagers.

"Close all the windows and all doors leading from the room about to undergo treatment, open wide each drawer and closet, and hang the contents over chairs or open a clothes-horse brought into the room for the occasion. Take a piece of gum-camphor as large as a hazel-nut for an ordinary room (as large as a walnut for a room 20x16), put in an iron pot, and place the latter within another iron pot or upon an iron stand. Set fire to the camphor. It burns very fiercely, so set it at a safe distance from furniture or hangings; the middle of the room is the best place for it, unless this be directly under a chandelier, in which case it can be placed more toward the side, as the heat is apt to injure the gilding or bronze. The dense smoke soon permeates every nook and corner

and suffocates every insect that inhales it. Canary birds or goldfish are to be carried from the room before beginning operations, and as soon as the camphor begins to burn, the operator may leave the room, as, provided she has taken the above precautions, there will be no danger of the fire spreading. The camphor will burn from a quarter to half an hour, but it can be extinguished at any moment by placing over it a stove lid or the cover of the pot. Let the smoke remain in the room about half an hour, then open the windows wide, leaving them so all day. After a few hours' airing the traces of smoke will be scarcely noticeable. All the rooms can be treated thus in succession or all at once, a care being taken to guard against fire."

In putting away winter clothing, the great point is to be absolutely sure no ambitious moth has deposited her eggs upon the garment to be packed. Careful scrutiny, a good sunning, and a thorough brushing given early in the season before the moths begin to fly make us reasonably sure. Then if we wrap closely in papers and cloths, put into linen bags, or seal in tight boxes by pasting strips of cloth or paper over the covers, we may rest easy. Coarse salt sprinkled over the carpets, especially under the furniture, and then swept off, is a good preventive of damage by moths.

DON'T you think Mr. Baker has been quite sufficiently punished for his "declaration of independence?" Suppose we have mercy upon him and drop the discussion of his heresy. Under this ruling, several of our correspondents will understand why their communications do not appear. It is a great thing to know when our adversary is routed.

MRS. W. J. G., of Howell, says: "I cannot understand what 'blind brown earthworm' Clara Belle Southwell means; it must be a stranger to me. Since I took up the earth cure ten years ago I am not so much afraid of worms as to prevent my finding out something about them, and as far as my knowledge of them extends all that become winged or butterflies have eyes as worms."

#### Useful Recipes.

**PRUNE PUDDING.**—Prunes and all other dried fruits should either be soaked over night, after many times washing, and then put on in cold water and slowly simmered for hours at a low temperature, or stewed six or eight hours without soaking; in either case hardly let them more than keep hot, as the high temperature toughens them. After cooking as above, pick the prunes to pieces, having had a pint bowl full when you commenced; sweeten to taste and when warm mix lightly through it, leaving in a little juice, the whites of three thoroughly well-beaten eggs. This is to be placed in the oven until a crisp macaroon-like crust forms over the top, and then eaten with cream.