

MICHIGAN FARMER

AND STATE JOURNAL OF AGRICULTURE.

DETROIT, JULY 11, 1891.

THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

BETTY AND THE BABY.

My home seems deserted, I'm lonely and sad,
I miss all the pleasures of home I once had,
I try to be cheerful, I fail to be glad,
Since Betty left home with the baby.

I sit in the rooms, and I read and I write,
I whistle and sing, but the only delight
That is mine is to joyfully dream every night
Of Betty, who's gone with the baby.

It seems that a mother's sweet face I can see
As I dandle the baby in joy on my knee;
But no man was ever more lonesome than me
Since Betty's been gone with the baby.

The house is a picture of silence and gloom,
As I walk through its halls that are still as a tomb,
Like a crazy man, silently searching each room
For Betty, who's gone with the baby.

She has "gone to see ma," and it's many a mile;
Every day that she stays seems a terrible while,
And I'll never be happy or able to smile
Until Betty comes home with the baby.

'Twill be joy to my heart when the message shall
come

That the hen and our chicken no longer will roam,
Geel won't this o'd rooster crow loudly at home
When Betty gets back with the baby?

—Louisville Times.

FLIES.

Flies are scavengers, and the more numerous they are the more need there is of their services, generally speaking. They are the abomination of the neat housekeeper, who can never entirely escape them no matter how excessive her neatness, for they are attracted by the odors of cooking and especially by meat. We call them nuisances and so they are; but they do us much good, after all, by destroying that which otherwise might produce disease. Yet that very fact makes them more unwelcome callers—we don't know what they were into last.

Our screens at doors and windows keep out many, but they have an exasperating way of crawling through cracks, and an agility in accompanying you through a door which would be better appreciated in some other cause; and they display the same stupidity about perceiving the means of exit you obligingly provide that the farmer observes in the pig he is trying to drive through a gap in the fence—they'll fly over and under and round about, but they will not go through; and it really seems as if they enjoyed the exercise and settled down with a triumphant buzz which means "What are you going to do about it?" when in despair you give up, defeated.

I well remember the domestic fly

trap of my youth—a piece of bread crust with a hole in the centre, smeared with molasses on the soft side and placed crust upward, over a tumbler of soapy water. The explorers, venturing through the hole, were jarred off into the water and not being able to crawl out, perished ignominiously. But the sight of a tumbler half full of dead flies was not exactly appetizing, and the housekeeper would often declare that for every fly that drowned, ten came to the funeral, attracted by the odor of the molasses. If the sense of smell was as keen in proportion to size, in a human being as in a fly, we should be able to smell a dead fish on the shores of Patagonia!

Then there are all sorts of patented fly-traps, all alike in not being good for much, but the best way to manage the fly problem is to have as few of him as possible by providing screens to doors and windows, being careful about leaving anything about which can attract him, and keeping swill pails, etc., as far from the house as is consistent with convenience. If the screens are put in the windows with hinges so they may be swung out or upward, as is usually done nowadays, by darkening all windows but one, the flies will go to the light and the screen, if pushed open and brushed vigorously with a large towel or a newspaper held in fan fashion, they will be outside before they know it. If they are very thick, they can be cleared out by using pyrethrum or buhack powder, distributing it by means of a bellows, which can be bought for fifteen cents or a quarter. This is best used at night, and in the morning the flies, apparently semi-paralyzed, are swept from the floor and burnt up. The proprietor of a soda fountain is alleged to clear his premises by shutting doors and windows and putting something the flies particularly like in a convenient place. When they have collected, he throws insect powder by means of a bellows through the flame of a match, and the flame and the fumes kill the flies by hundreds. The Southern fly-trap consists of two pieces of board, suspended by strings at convenient distances, and having the inner surfaces smeared with molasses. When the Madonna of the mansion passes by, she claps the boards together the flies are incontinently smashed and the trap sets

itself for new victims. The Northern improvement on this pristine simplicity is the sticky fly-paper. They come, they can't get away, and their sisters and their cousins and their aunts come to see what has become of them.

It is wonderful, the annoyance such a little thing as a fly can cause. I smile, even yet, as memory calls up the earnest face and manner of an old chum of mine as she spoke of an important family event consummated one hot August: "Good gracious! I hope we shall never have another wedding in fly time." The mother, "neat as wax," would have thought the family disgraced if there had been a fly-speck on the paint or windows, and so the roomy old farm house received an extra cleaning and "Shut the door!" was the family watchword. Just one evil disposed and agile fly can rob a Sunday morning's nap of all its bliss. He comes, and settles those six feet of his directly upon your nose and begins an extended exploration—but pshaw! what's the use of telling what he does? Don't we all know to our sorrow!

R.

PLEASURES PLANNED.

We often think the holiday season the busiest of all, but nothing could exceed the Commencement exercises this year, for with a banquet every evening and the days all full beside, there was no time for rest. All the clubs and societies arranged their closing programme for the successive evenings, and every one served ice-cream and its accompaniments. The Masons and Oddfellows thought there was not quite enough excitement, so each arranged a banquet and drew an immense crowd. The Opera house was packed with suffocating humanity to see, more than to hear, the large class of sweet girl graduates in their daintily quilled silks, and "dead loads" of flowers were sent up, and then left there to "blush unseen" because they could not burden themselves with such a vast supply.

The Tourist Club have finished touring for the season, except that they will have a picnic on the lakeside next week.

The Chautauquans ate their ice-cream on the lawn in fine style, then

followed with a good musical and literary programme; and now many of them are preparing to go to Bay View for the entire Assembly season, El. See among the number. In fancy we already see the pleasure seeking resorters thronging the many public buildings where grand lectures, concerts and summer schools for every branch of education, are held at all hours. We see the wee little ones in the kindergarten hall going through the drill, their tiny baby hands seeming so cunning when executing all that is taught them. Then again in imagination we go down to the water's edge for the solemn beach service, just as the sun throws a red pathway of light across the bay, as it seems to go down into the lake beyond, and again the boats and trains take the many people of many minds for excursions in every direction, until it almost seems as though all the care and sorrow of the great busy world were forgotten, or had never been experienced by the apparently happy throng. It is a beautiful place, and one that never grows old or stale, because of its constant change; and cottage owners feel that to them it is a home, more and more so each season; they journey thither for recreation, but not for rest, unless they remain longer than the three weeks of the Assembly season. Imagine six ladies renting a furnished cottage near to the Auditorium and uniting their skill for cookery and housework "between times" with the lectures! A doctor, an artist, a reporter, and the remaining three of varied talents but good Chautauquans, and you have an idea of the plans we are making for the summer campaign, the reality of which is expected to be very pleasant to

EL. SEE.

ROMEO.

NORTH MICHIGAN FARMING.

At last the rain, the welcome rain, the first since the snow went away, and glad are we to have a change from fighting the fires to save our homes. Immense damage has been done to the pine woods, not so much to the hard wood forests, as the fire does not spread as fast in them. We have had to watch and fight the fires nights, for with a little start they would quickly spread over the fields of dry grass and destroy the buildings.

Farmers have always been credited with a great deal of growling, but since we have tried the business I don't wonder at it. A life work which depends on anything as uncertain as the weather; work in which good management, close attention to business, and downright hard work avail nothing at all if it doesn't happen to rain or shine just when it should. But farmers themselves are mistaken when they imagine they work harder than a business man in town. They do not work nearly as many hours. They have the

evenings to themselves. And if a business man had six months of enforced idleness every year, as a farmer has in winter, he would know financial ruin was only a short way ahead of him. But aside from the uncertainty of the weather and consequent uncertainty of results in farming, there is much that is pleasant about it.

I am indebted to the FARMER of six years ago for the advice to start an asparagus bed. I purchased an ounce of the seed (Conover's Colossal), transplanted the little plants for two years, and have now a large bed that has been very useful, being the earliest vegetable we have had. And asparagus fresh from the plant, using only the green part, is very different from the wilted bunches, half white, tough stalks found in the town markets.

I have a little advice for North Michigan farmers which is not second hand. I thought it all up myself. We know the potato crop is always a sure thing with us. I have never known it to fail in the thirteen years I have lived here. If every farmer would every year plant at least five to ten acres of potatoes, the result would be this: About three years out of four the price would be so low that it would scarcely pay to dig them except as food for stock. But about every fourth year they fail in other States. Then ten acres of potatoes, two hundred bushels to the acre, is very well to have. This last year I knew a man who was renting a farm who bought an eighty acre one with good buildings, with the returns from his potato fields.

I wish people who enjoy hearing and using slang would read Victor Hugo on the subject in "Les Miserables." Is there no way to express energetic action except by "getting a hustle on yourself," and is success only to be described as "getting there?"

PIONEER.

HULDAH PERKINS.

HINTS AND HELPS.

Edna's canning process hit me also as it did the Editor, but although my steamer is of goodly proportions it will not accommodate fruit cans. What kind of a steamer does Edna use? I have a very good thing in the way of a kettle for cooking fruit, made of Ohio clay, fire proof, but no doubt most of the HOUSEHOLDERS have something of the kind, as these and other articles for culinary purposes made of the same material were canvassed for and delivered here in Fenton and Pontiac and other towns, in loads. I hear, as yet, no fault found with them. It is important I think to put up the fruit as soon as gathered if possible. The flavor and color are better and it keeps better.

This part of the country is well supplied with cherries this season, in fact berries and all small fruits are abundant, excepting grapes; many have lost these by the late frost. So there will be

lively times canning fruit and making jellies. That frost and the ensuing drouth were rather unfavorable to crops and the flower garden. You see my interest now extends to fields as well as garden.

I do not forget Mrs. W. J. G.'s query. Think she might well lift her bulbs in autumn when the weather is favorable, and not too late, about the first of October. Prepare a good rich soil, divide and replant them, covering with fully six inches of rich compost over the first layer of earth next the bulbs. When freezing sets in, all bulb beds should be covered well with forest leaves partly decayed, and held in place with brush. Litter from the barnyard will contain seeds of grass or grain, and that in flower beds is very troublesome. The soil for bulbs should be porous, and if necessary sharp sand may be used freely when the garden soil is heavy.

My roses, shrubs, bulbs and perennial plants have been a delight all the spring.

FENTON.

MRS. M. A. FULLER.

CHAT.

The great busy time of the year is at hand, cherries and berries demand and get the lion's share of every housewife's attention, they cannot be put one side to await a more convenient time when we are less tired and our feet get over aching.

Just here let me say, when your feet seem paralyzed and hardly able to bear your weight, and the bottoms feel as though they were blistered, remove shoes and stockings and replace with fresh ones. If you can spare the time bathe the feet in warm water, you cannot imagine the relief it will give, and it takes such a few minutes. Even though you do not see where the time is coming from, do it, and the work will be more easy and you'll not miss the time it took to give you that delicious rested feeling. In very hot weather a warm bath is much more refreshing than a cold one; and when you are tired and your blood seems at the boiling point from bending over the hot stove, a cup of clear hot water will do you more good than tea. Some people are loth to believe this, but give it a fair trial and I'll grant you'll never return to tea.

Isn't it nearly time we heard from "Brue" again?

"Grandpa," I believe a perfect faith in God will work wonders, and in sickness faith with a judicious amount of medicine is very likely to cure, if God has not seen fit to remove us from Time into the long Eternity. I am a Christian, an every day one I hope; I have very little faith in a Sunday Christian.

CORINTH.

CHRISTINA.

THANKS to "Mrs. Ed." for the fine photograph of herself and little son left for the HOUSEHOLD Album. We wish more of our contributors would remember us when they have pictures taken.

WASTE PLACES ON THE FARM.

[Paper read by Mrs. Chas. Baker before the Grand Blanc Farmers' Club, June 19, 1891.]

I have been trying to imagine why these opposite subjects are assigned to us, and can think of no reason unless it be a contrived plan to create a fuss in the family. But be that as it may, and expecting the anger of my better half (for he is no exception), and the male persuasion generally, we proceed to enumerate what we consider are a few waste places on the farm. The farmer's garden is generally a waste place, a waste and howling wilderness. A few seeds are sown, but alas 'tis pity, and pity 'tis 'tis true," the weeds soon govern the ground, and the farmer instead of being up with the lark, going forth conquering and to conquer, lies comfortably wrapped in the arms of Morpheus until breakfast is announced by his overworked wife, and beyond a few peas and tomatoes, onions and cabbages, the succulent vegetables are *non est*. If the farmer only had an eye to business, we might revel in early asparagus; spinach in early spring would delight our eyes, cauliflower and celery would be plenty in our cellars, the poor wife would not be heard so frequently saying, "What can I get for dinner today for a change?" and the ladies of this land would be healthier, rosier and happier; for, with an abundance of fruit and vegetables, bending over the pastry board to make "pisen things," cakes, cookies, etc., would no longer be a necessity. But the poor deluded men are so wedded to their notions that it would take more than a double team of oxen to plow up the fallow ground of their ideas, and we, poor souls, must suffer and endure.

Again, I think that politics make a vast waste place on the farm, for a man who has too many irons in the fire, cannot keep them all hot, and the farmer who has imbibed a love for politics is something like a drunkard, it keeps a growing on him. It is easy to concoct an excuse for going to the Centre, he wants a few screws, or his harness needs fixing, or a new machine at the store has to be examined, but deep down is his desire to speak with the boys about politics, kind of feel of them a little. Meanwhile things are going to rack and ruin at home, for you all know the old adage. "He that by the plow would thrive, himself must either hold or drive," and also, "No man can serve two masters." No, the farmer's place is on his farm looking after John and Henry, and if he wants no waste places on the farm, he should leave politics, hay-pressing, threshing, cattle-driving or any other occupation severely alone.

But there are exceptions to every rule, and when a farmer is well along in years and has half a dozen stalwart sons to leave at home, and a Polly to bake and a Molly to brew, and Dolly the

butter to make, and a wife with whom these said sons and daughters can advise; then and only then, can the head of affairs branch off into any other business, be it never so desirable.

And right here, may I say it? is one vast waste place on the farm, the lack of these sons and daughters to carry on the farms of our fair land. One child, maybe two brought up alone, and he gets so disgusted with his lonesomeness, so weary for companionship, that he soon runs to the village of an evening, seeking the society of those from whom he can obtain no good, and eventually is lost to the farm forever in some city store, or worse; while a Pole, a Laplander or Hungarian settles down on the sunny slopes of his fathers.

Again, I think that tobacco using in the long run causes many waste places on the farm; for instance say a man consumes \$1.50 worth of the filthy weed a month—and how many use twice that amount, in two or three years what a nice little library he could have! He could buy standard works on diseases of horses and cattle, and when Bessie or Beauty or Brindle is taken sick; or the pet colt is seized with the colic, instead of trotting off to a veterinary surgeon he could safely administer medicine himself, and thus save many dollars. And then there is the everlasting cigar! Why, if the farmers would abstain from treating one another to smoke and save their money, their wives and daughters could have new spring, summer, fall and winter bonnets and once in a while a brand new silk dress; and the husband and father would never feel the expense. And when you asked him to bring you home a paper of pins, he wouldn't snap out, "Where is that paper you had when we were married?" I tell you; my sisters, if the wives were in many cases as extravagant as their husbands there would be a heavy mortgage on many a fair farm, which through their clearheadedness and good management now stands unencumbered.

Maybe, ladies and gentlemen, you will think I am speaking of little things, when I say the farmers' bags are a sort of waste place on the farm. Theophilus goes to mill and brings back a load of feed, and for lack of time (wants to talk with a man about something) deposits the whole thing on the granary floor until a more convenient season arrives for emptying into the bins, and on some Thursday or Friday afternoon, when your ironing, baking and sewing are fairly through with, and you are flattering yourself with the prospect of two or three hours with your favorite author, or a good time for a little music, in comes your better half, his arms full of bags, and greets you thusly: "Say, Samantha, can't you mend these bags for me this afternoon?" What a different looking world all at once, as you reply, "Why, Theophilus, my dear, I mended them all only a little while

ago." "I know you did, but the con-sarned mice have been playing the dickens with them;" then he looks them over and says, "Well, I guess they are pretty well played out, I may as well get some new ones. Then the thrifty, economical wife with an eye on the mortgage and the ten dollars for the new bags says, "Never mind, I'll mend them this time, but if ever—" Why, neither time, space or inclination will permit me to sum up one hundredth part of the waste places on the farm, and as the average farmer utterly ignores a woman's ability to farm it, facts to the contrary notwithstanding, we can only pray, until we get the ballot.

"Oh that the gift the gods would give them
To see themselves as their wives see them,
It would from many a trouble free us,
And sore disaster."

FOUNDLINGS IN FRANCE.

Several weeks ago the HOUSEHOLD gave an account of a visit of inspection through the Foundlings' Home of Detroit. It is under a Board of Control composed of Christian women who faithfully give time and money without stint for support of the institution, and the welfare of the unfortunate girls and poor little innocents. Think of forty-nine babies under one roof, not responsible for their existence in this world of trouble and sorrow! Yet they must live, and the majority will probably grow up to be—what? I cannot forget Robert, an elegant boy, who lay sleeping and opened his big brown eyes only a moment to look at us, and then like a well behaved infant closed them again and slept on. Then there was a beautiful girl of six months old, and of the forty-nine in the Home I think I could love those two babies. I'm not partial to babies in general, and among the great majority seldom see one worth a second look, for so many seem to lack something. I don't believe they are all thoroughbred. But, I reasoned with myself, these babies are here and entirely dependent on the Christian charity of a big city, and but for that charity much crime would be committed; if perchance one should escape death its life would be spent as a homeless waif, without father or mother, home or friends.

I think France leads the world in asylums for foundlings. The United States Consul at Bordeaux gives in the April number of Consul Reports a very interesting article on the asylum at that point. It was founded in 1619, by a maiden lady. At the right of the entrance, fixed in the wall, about four feet above the ground, is a reversible chair turning on a pivot, so when one chair is in the building the other is outside. This is called the "tour" or wheel, and was for the unfortunate mothers to place the more unfortunate babies they wished to abandon. It was but the work of a moment to place the

little bit of humanity in one chair, give it a turn, and away went all care and trouble of that child's future, so far as that mother was concerned.

The revolutionists of 1790, among whom were Marat, Mirabeau and Robespierre, put a premium on the birth of illegitimate children, and from 1811 public institutions (which are departmental), have been provided and maintained at public expense for the care of all orphans and foundlings, irrespective of legitimacy. See the result:

In 1889 there were 25,000 abandoned children in France. Of this number, 585 were taken back by parents, the greater number by mothers, and of this great number only 219 were legitimate. The "Assistance Publique" of Paris received on an average 4,200 children every year.

In 1811, 235 "wheels" were established in various parts of France. In 1837 they were by law partially suppressed, but in 1870 there were four in existence. Today, when a mother takes her child to an asylum she is questioned as to age, occupation, residence, etc. If she desire to claim her child at some future time, a blue ivory necklace is hung on a boy's neck, a red on a girl's, and if she gives it up forever a white necklace. This pertains to the society of St. Vincent de Paul particularly, and there are fourteen branches in the United States.

The most striking example of desertion of infants in France, in the immoral times of the early part of this century, is that of Jean Jacques Reauseau, who gave five children as soon as born to the care of the public asylums, partly because it was the way of the times and he knew he was not only getting rid of an annoyance, but providing a better home than he had to offer. Himself left motherless at one year old, it would seem as if he might have cared for his own, but from his own confessions comes the story of his own condemnation. In later years, when he longed for his children, the Marechal de Luxembourg made every effort to find them, but they had disappeared as completely as if the ocean had received them, and father and children lived in ignorance of each other's whereabouts. How many more there were search might reveal, but Reauseau confessed his vices and faults where many kept their wickedness concealed.

The old asylum at Bordeaux is soon to be of the past, as the location is to be taken by the resistless iron monster who knows no limits and turns his ponderous wheels where he wills. Where was once only a feeble cry will soon be the shriek of the steam whistle, and but a memory of the past 270 years remain.

The closing paragraph of the report expresses so much it is given in full: "If all that imagination has pictured, all that fancy has created, all that delirium has raved or nightmare painted in the brain of man; if all that romance

has conceived, visions conjured or reveries awakened; if all the sighs, the tears and sufferings, if all the distress and heartache; if these and every human passion that sways thought and incites action were to unroll themselves before the mind, the volume that contained them all would be but a paragraph, a murmur, to the silent echoes now hastening to destruction within these four somber, grim walls."

Thank the Lord we don't live in France. Our own country has evil enough of its own, but from its earliest history to the present there is nothing to compare with the immoral life in France. Many a lovely girl has lost herself through blind infatuation, but this is a country still possessing a little morality; and if the unfortunates must be provided for, let those whom Providence has protected and favored care for the less fortunate, by giving of their abundance and making homes for the innocents.

C. E. H.

DETROIT.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

To dress a duck quickly and without trouble, give it a good scalding, then wrap it quickly in a cloth to retain the steam for a few minutes, then the down will adhere to the feathers and the duck will be perfectly clean when picked.

MOTHERS with young children will appreciate the following easy method of sterilizing milk, a process recommended by the *Baltimore Sun*: "Put the milk when it first comes from the dairy into a number of nursing bottles, one for each nursing, filling them about three-quarters full and adding water, as much as desired. Push a wad of cotton batting tightly into the mouth of each bottle. Then put the bottles into a pan of water and let the water boil for half an hour. Then set the bottles aside, and when one is needed, take out the cotton and put on the nipple. Milk thus sterilized will keep all day without ice. If this method is followed, milk which is free from poison when it is sterilized will remain free from poison until it is drunk, and will not disorder the child's bowels or stomach."

Now that the children are ruining their pretty frocks with fruit stains, the following easy method of taking the unsightly blotches out of white material may be found useful. Moisten the spot and hold it under a burning match, and the sulphurous gas will cause the stain to disappear. This will not do, however, for colored goods, as it will take out the color. But if, while the stain is fresh, you put it over a cup and pour boiling water through it, it will almost always take out the spot if it is done before washing. Soap almost invariably fixes any stain. It is well, too, to remember at this season of the year

that you can prevent your pretty new gingham from fading if you let them lie for several hours in water in which has been dissolved a goodly quantity of salt. Half a pint of salt to a quart of boiling water is the rule. Put the dress in it while it is hot, and after several hours wring it out dry and wash as usual.—*N. Y. Tribune*.

THE editor of the women's department of the *New England Farmer* emphasizes a statement that has several times been made in these and other columns devoted to housekeeping, to the effect that there is no economy, but rather great waste, in being so economical of material in the preparation of food as to make the food unpalatable, so that it is left over and must be warmed over; or, if eaten, produces indigestion. There is a great waste of bread by cutting too much; it dries up, and is made into bread pudding by the use of material which would make a good gingerbread or plain cake, all of which would be eaten, while what is left of the pudding is thrown out. The best way to dispose of stale bread is to dry it in the oven, powder it, and use for thickening soups and gravies, scalloped oysters and tomatoes, stuffing for fowls, etc.; the next best use is to soak in milk and make into griddle cakes for breakfast.

MAYBELLE writes: "If our Editor will allow, I would love to thank the kind-hearted ladies who so quickly and generously responded to my call for help in our Sabbath School. May the loving Father recompense those who do a kind act in behalf of his little ones."

Useful Recipes.

SPICED CHERRIES.—To ten pounds of stoned cherries allow six pounds of sugar, one pint of vinegar and an ounce of unground cinnamon and cloves. Prepare as directed for spiced currants.

CHERRY JELLY.—Six pounds of cherries, cooked fifteen minutes in a pint of hot water. Strain through a jelly bag; boil the juice twenty minutes; add three pounds of sugar, cook five minutes and turn into glasses.

GREEN GOOSEBERRIES.—Cut the blossom ends from the gooseberries; scald them, and put into cold water to hold the color. Make a syrup of three-fourths of a pound of sugar to each pint of berries, using a teacupful of water. Boil, skim, and cook the berries till tender, then skim them out, boil down the syrup and pour over them.

SPICED CURRANTS.—Six pounds stemmed currants; four pounds sugar; one teacupful vinegar; two tablespoonfuls ground cinnamon; teaspoonful ground cloves. Make a syrup of the sugar and vinegar, and after tying the spices in a thin muslin bag, boil them in this. Cook the currants 15 minutes in the syrup, skim them out, boil the juice until quite thick, and pour over them. Put in cans and seal.