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THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

GIVING THANKS.

BY A. H. J.

The children stand beside the coop,
And watch the fluffy brood
Take dainty sip of water
Or a dainty peck at food.
They try to guess how much of thought,
Is given the creature world,
And strand upon the problem
Where older brains are hurled.
"They mind their mother every time,"
Says Seth, the sturdy boy;
Then, happy o'er her new idea,
Fond Emma cries with joy:
"And every time they take a sip,
Oh, Fanny, don't you think
They lift their pretty heads to God,
And thank Him for the drink?"

"A LITTLE NONSENSE, NOW AND THEN."

When you are at a loss for "something new" in the way of entertainment, give a "muggins party." They are very popular in some localities, where people enjoy a hilarious time and don't mind if they appear a little ridiculous. The game is "muggins" played with dominoes, and the amusement is furnished by the decorations bestowed upon the "mugginsed" individuals. These are stars, crescents, circles, triangles, squares and bits like nothing on earth above or heaven beneath cut from black court-plaster, which are applied where they look prettiest (!) on the faces of the losers. Fancy coming in after a lot of people have been playing muggins for an hour, and being effusively greeted by one's friends with their faces decorated after the style of a South Sea islander in full dress; say the insignia of Japan in the centre of the forehead, a straight strip down the nasal watershed, crescents accenting the natural inclination of the corners of the mouth, and other adornments of a similar nature picturesquely bestowed upon the cheeks and chin! One's first impression is that she is being introduced to a company of lunatics.

A peanut parade is something a little more quiet. Buy a peck or a half bushel of peanuts, according to the number of guests. The quantity should be large, to give all an equal chance. Put them into a large pan, and it upon a small table. Form the company in procession, have some one play a lively tune, and in step to the music the

guests march past the peanuts. Without an instant's pause, each must take as large a handful as can be grasped, and when all have had a chance the nuts are counted and the one who has the most gets a little prize; a second prize for the next greatest is also given. To ensure a prompt movement and no hesitancy at the peanut stand, after the procession is formed make those in line mark time a minute, then give the signal to march, and if all respond promptly the march will be in time and the parade successful.

A "Brown Supper" is an innovation upon pink teas, etc., with a savor of the old necktie social about it, and is suitable for a mixed company or social. Brown tissue paper neckties are prepared for all; these are numbered and the man must find the lady whose number corresponds with his and escort her to supper. The tablecloth is brown—unbleached linen will answer—brown tissue paper napkins are laid at each plate and these have one corner turned over and ornamented with a few dashes of gold and watercolor paints, with date, as a souvenir. Or a bright autumn leaf may be affixed with a pin or a drop of thick mucilage. The china, so far as practicable, is brown; and the eatables include brown bread, baked beans, ginger cookies which are "done brown," chocolate cakes, fruit cakes, anything that will carry out the brown idea. Such a supper is a pleasant conclusion to a literary programme at a club or social.

BEATRIX.

HOLIDAY FANCY WORK.

A pretty fascinator can be made of cream white split zephyr or Shetland wool. One skin of Shetland is sufficient. Two sets of needles are required: one pair of steel needles of medium size and two large needles of bone, wood or rubber. The hood is straight on the front edge and pointed on the crown. The whole thing is knitted in garter stitch, alternating the bone with the steel needles; the steel needles give the effect of gathering and the part knitted by the bone needles stands out as puffs. Begin the work with steel needles, cast on twenty stitches and knit six times across, widening one every other time across, (the widening to be on one edge only) knit twenty times across

with the bone needles, then six times with the steel needles. Continue to alternate in this way until there are seventeen puffs, then narrow one stitch every other time across (the narrowing must be on the same side as the widening) alternating the needles as before until the number of stitches is reduced to twenty. Crochet all around the hood in shell stitch, draw up the ends, finish with a ball or tassel. Finish the front with a bow of scarlet, blue or white ribbon, according to taste.

A "cute" little memorandum book, which can also be used for a needle-book by substituting flannel leaves for the paper ones, is made as follows: Take a piece of pasteboard four inches square, fold it diagonally from opposite corners, first cutting half through the board with a penknife so it will fold easily. Cut a piece of stiff paper the same size. Baste the material you wish to use for the cover on one side of the pasteboard, and the lining on the paper; overhand them neatly together, slipping a steel bead on each stitch. Cut several squares of unruled paper a trifle smaller than the pasteboard square used for cover and fasten them inside with a long stitch of silk. Sew a couple of loops of No. 1 ribbon on the fold on the back and slip a small pencil through them. Sew a small bow on the point, or sew ribbons to each point and tie.

A wood basket for use by the parlor grate, or for quasi-ornamental purposes in the sitting-room when it is "tidied up," is made of a pine box ten inches high, two feet long and a foot wide. Take the box to pieces and plane bottom and long side pieces smoothly and rub them with sandpaper. Nail together again, paint with two coats of black paint to which you have added a little Japan varnish, and put brass casters on the bottom. Wind a section of a barrel hoop with twine and nail it on securely for a handle. Out of yellow macrame twine crochet a strip large enough to tack on the outside of the side pieces, and fasten it to place with brass-headed tacks, set close together, then give the crochet work a couple of coats of shellac. You have then a very pretty, useful and inexpensive wood basket which possesses the merit of being strong and durable and looks nicer than it is.

THE ORIGIN OF MINCE PIES.

"There was an old woman lived under the hill;
If she's not moved away, she lives there still;
Good matches she sold and dried apple pies;
And she's the old woman who never told lies."

From time immemorial this little rhyme has been crooned to the babies; and not a child, and probably not one-half of the mothers know that this old woman has moved away. Yes, moved away a long time ago, changed her business and was alive and well according to the last cablegram. It would seem that Hepzibah—that was the old woman's name—was living all alone, contented and happy in her little home under the hill, when an old man with a hand-organ and a monkey by the name of Nick, came along, stopped and played some time, and Nick took off his cap and passed it for a penny and did so many cute things that Hepzibah was completely carried away with the whole business and offered to trade her house for the organ and monkey. The trade was made, and off she started for the Allspice Islands—Nick's home. Wherever she went there was a troop of children, and even the men and women came out to see the old woman with a mop cap, big glasses, a funny monkey doing funny tricks and the big hand-organ. The dogs ran yelping, it was much like circus day. At last they reached the Allspice Islands, but the climate was so warm no fires were needed and she could not sell matches; so she opened a store where she sold bananas, citron, raisins, currants, spices of all kinds, lemons, oranges, dried apples and dried apple pies. But pies went off slow or spoiled on her hands, and she had a hard time to make a living. One day she had just got the crusts rolled out, and the pie tins lined ready for the apples, when a messenger came running in saying that the oldest son of His Exceedingly Royal Highness the Grand Admiral of the Allspice Islands, was in a precarious condition, having eaten two quarts of dried apples, and Hepzibah was to come immediately to do something to relieve him, as there was great danger of his bursting. She hurried right off, first bidding Nick be good, locked him safely in and betook herself to the Palace. Now Nick was enraged at being left at home and locked up like a criminal, when he was nearly always allowed to go along. So he commenced tearing around at a fearful rate; he found an empty barrel and into this he turned the jar of soaked dried apples and rolled it up and down over the floor until he became good natured and the apples were minced fine. Then he was sorry he had acted so and thought he had spoiled all the pie filling, so he cast about to find a remedy. There was a big pan of finely chopped beef that was originally intended for hash; this was turned into the barrel, then followed citron, currants, raisins, cinnamon, allspice, cloves, extract, lemon peel and every-

thing else that was conveniently near; after stirring it up it was found altogether too dry for practical use, so in went a jug of cider, a basin of molasses, a can of brown sugar and a bottle of brandy that Hepzibah had intended for medicinal use. Stirring it vigorously he ladled it into the tins, laid on the upper crusts, a little bit crooked to be sure, but exceedingly well done nevertheless for a first attempt, and twelve pies were quickly set into the oven, a brisk fire started, and then hearing some one fumbling at the door he dashed precipitately under the bed. After a while Hepzibah came in and smelling something delightfully agreeable to the senses, she jerked open the oven door and lo! there were twelve pies with crispy, flaky, golden crusts done to a turn. In a jiffy they were out on the table, when it slowly dawned on her benighted vision that she had not made the pies, only rolled out the crusts. Spying Nick she said, "Oh! Nick, you prince of monkeys, it is one of your tricks I know!" Now the Admiral was so overjoyed at the cure of his son that he had ordered ten pies and had sent along a deaf mute to carry them back. It hardly seemed possible that he had had time to get home with the pies, when he came dashing back and said His Exceedingly Royal Highness wanted one hundred more, and would like to know of what they were composed. Hepzibah seized a knife and cut a piece out of one of the remaining pies, and after eating it she fell upon Nick and hugged him almost to death, exclaiming, "You priceless prince of monkeys, your last trick was a clever one!" She examined the little that was left in the barrel, and it is needless to say that she improved on Nick's recipe and so successfully that it was an impossibility to supply all who ordered the toothsome pies. In course of time she sold out her shop and married His Exceedingly Royal Highness the Admiral of the Allspice Islands; and Nick always wore a gold collar and had a comfortable seat in the corner.

And this, dear children, is the way that mince pies originated, those nice, sugary, spicy, gingery, mince turnovers that your mammas bake you every week when the general baking is done up.

EVANGELINE.

BATTLE CREEK.

A MAN'S DUTY.

I read "Anti-over's" article entitled "Man's Duty to His Family," and at once "fell to wondering." Man's duty as well as woman's runs in so many different channels—would it be possible for any one person to lay down rules for another? We only know that, as far as our experience goes, there are times in every life when it is next to impossible to tell what is our duty. We live, we have a being, we are called upon to "act, act, in the living present"—but how to perform our duty, and our

whole duty, to our family is a question that in many instances requires the wisdom of a Solomon. It is indeed a "long and a broad question." But I believe every well balanced man can, if he wills, do his duty, and his whole duty to his family. He alone knows that "life is real, life is earnest," and his wife and his children are his charge for life. Yes, for life; and he and he alone is responsible for their maintenance, their comfort, in a measure that is not limited. He knows too that their welfare and their happiness are at his disposal in a great measure; he also knows that they (his wife and children) owe him a certain amount of reverence and sympathy; but does he always get what is his just due? I fear not. But his duty is nevertheless the duty of a man of a family, he must look the world in the face, and be a man for a' that.

"Then let us pray that come it may,
As come it will for a' that,
That sense and worth o'er all the earth,
May bear the gree, and a' that."

AUNT SABRA.

CUI BONO?

Daffodilly didn't visit Oakland Co., I am sure of that; for here nearly every farm has a water-tank in the kitchen as well as at the barn, while the lady of the establishment has silk, plush, and a gold watch with which to adorn herself, and very seldom rides in a wagon. But it takes more than silk, plush and carriages to make a woman happy, for it often happens that she who has the most of them feels as cramped in spirit as "Nance" did in reality. A woman of sense and tact would not have remained among such environments, and one without those two mental jewels would find the same trouble in some shape in any place in life. Nothing short of total blindness would prevent one who loved Nature from enjoying the sunset, while to one without that love all beauty of earth, air and sky would appeal in vain.

When a young couple starts poor in the country and by hard work and close economy reach a point where they are able to better their condition and style of living, in nine cases out of ten the woman opposes it. She will not use her best rooms because it makes work, and she will not keep a girl to help do the work; and when "he" asserts his right to improvements in the fields, she draws the lines in the house all the closer to make up, and insists upon making rag-carpets while he smokes high-priced cigars in town. She can not have a new wash-tub, because "he" will have a self-binder. Besides, what would she do without a grievance, to so many a woman her dearest treasure?

"The kingdom of God is within you." Our outward surroundings cannot make us pure or impure, refined or coarse, happy or unhappy. This must all spring from our inner life.

After all, what good did Daffodilly

do "Nance?" Did she not go on in the old paths, with perhaps a heavier discontent? We all know the "Why don't you do as I do" guest. We know how shabby she makes everything seem, and how her words grate upon our vanity. And the burdens are heavier than before, and we always feel like blaming somebody besides ourselves for everything. Her ways are not ours, perhaps we have no desire to make them so. A quiet heart to heart talk will sometimes change one's views of life, but usually the things which work a change have to be thought out within our own mental world. And—well, what good did it do "Nance," anyhow?

THOMAS.

A. H. J.

MY STYLOGRAPHIC PEN.

So many people have borrowed and admired and inquired about my stylographic pen in the year that I have owned it that I think they are not common and it is so wonderfully convenient that I am constrained to tell the HOUSEHOLD writers about it, although I have no monetary interest in the matter and write only in the interests of writers. I do not use a pencil now for all my scribbling, and for "taking notes" it is unsurpassed.

I have seen but one beside my own, but I never had better returns for one dollar than for that thus invested, for it is always ready, never gets out of order, never blots nor scratches nor has "spells" of any kind. It is a simple hard rubber cylinder about two-thirds the length of a lead pencil and has a point just like a well-sharpened pencil, carrying sufficient ink for ten or twelve hours' steady writing. It is accompanied by a filler like a fountain pen, but for continuous, rapid work I very much prefer it, as no matter what the position or how it is turned in the hand, it is always right side up.

I loaned it several times at Bay View and answered several questions like this: "May I ask what kind of a pen or pencil that is? I never saw anything like it, but would like to get one if you can tell me where they are to be found." I always wear it slipped between the buttons or hooks of my waist and find it an ever convenient convenience. If I had all the money for subscriptions that has been signed with this pen, in church and elsewhere, I could "pay the preacher" and have some left for the heathen; and it is not uncommon to be out and hear some one say: "I wish I could sign my name or draw up this resolution with ink," then I whisk out my pen and their wish is gratified. It had been one of my trials to be always sharpening a pencil or dipping my small gold pen in the ink so often, but now all my troubles of that kind are at an end, for when this is worn out I shall, of a certainty, invest in another.

Previous to getting this I was somewhat troubled with "writer's cramp"

from using a very small pearl-handled pen, but this being larger has remedied or cured that tendency. This pen is also a superior one for drafting, as a line can be drawn close to a rule, or other instrument, without blotting.

The other one that I have seen was purchased at a Detroit stationer's for a lady whose hand was so crippled with rheumatism that she could not hold a common pen because it would turn from the proper angle, but this kind was a success. My purchase was by mail direct from the manufacturers, and their address is: "J. Ullrich & Co., 106 and 108 Liberty Street, New York. Manufacturers Independent Stylographic Pen." A postal sent to them would bring a catalogue of styles and prices.

ROMEO.

EL. SEE.

FASHIONS FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS.

"Our girls" are wearing dresses made very much like those of their young lady sisters, with the favorite waist the jacket bodice with a shirt front which is so becoming to immature figures. Next in favor is the shallow round yoke, with which is often worn the pointed girdle, usually made in velvet and fastened at the side under a bow. The peasant corselet, which is simply an enlarged form of the girdle, is often seen; its upper outline suggests that of the corset, while below it is pointed in front and behind and curved over the hips, and is laced both front and back, or may be made to hook invisibly on the left side. It furnishes a convenient model for reconstructing an old gown, as the part which appears above the corselet may be of the dress material or of silk of any harmonious color, while the sleeves should be like the bell skirt; which, for a fourteen year old girl should reach to the shoe-tops and for one of sixteen to the ankles. The skirt is from three to three and a half yards wide.

Very many plaids are worn by young girls and are very popular in the novelty goods chosen for school and every day wear. Not much trimming is required for them, a bit of velvet ribbon or a band of astrachan being employed. They are made with slightly gathered waists, and trimmed with three pointed bands of velvet, coming from the side seams diagonally; mutton-leg sleeves only moderately high on the shoulders, with diagonal bands on the wrists. Plain cashmere gowns have full waists fastened under a fly in front, gathered and corded at the waist, worn with a six inch waistband, well stiffened, and nearly covered with rows of gimp or braid.

In colors, chestnut brown, green, tan, cadet blue, and wine shades are favorite selections, in Bedford cords, cashmeres and serges. Where Astrachan is employed for trimming a three-inch strip is applied to the skirt, and small revers on the waist, or the As-

trachan appears as a narrow border on all edges.

For cloaks, long ulsters, demi-length capes and blue reefer jackets are all popular. Most of the new ulsters have deep capes and are belted. The new jackets are of rough-faced cloth, lap to the left, closing under a row of frogs, with revers collar faced with fur or Astrachan and having a narrow line of the same edging the lapped front. There are two pockets set in diagonally. The Vassar sailor is very popular with the girls, and simply trimmed with a full pleated silk ruche or a velvet band around the crown and stiff wings or pompon at the back. Soft looking turbans of cloth folded over a stiff frame and ornamented with wings and upright loops are often made to match street dresses. And new felts which rival the Vassar have the brims cut in points which are then turned back upon the crown and held in place by fancy buttons, the trimming being a silk scarf folded round the crown, and showing between the turned back points.

Little girls wear cloaks of Bedford cord, ladies' cloth or the fleecy warm-looking novelty goods, which have lined skirts boxpleated to short round waists which are covered by triple capes which make the little wearer look like an apple-dumpling. A long coat has a deep cape edged with a narrow border of fur; the cape is lined with silk, and this style is prettiest in cashmere or other soft material. Hats are large, with low crowns and wide brims arched in front and turned up in the back, their only trimming an enormous bow of wide ribbon or velvet set in front. Sometimes a ruche of two-inch satin ribbon edges the brim, with three rosettes, each of different colors, to take the place of the bow. The hat should match the cloak in color.

UNCONSCIOUS CRUELTY TO CHILDREN.

Not long ago, at a muddy street crossing a lady was in front of me leading a small child by the hand. As she stepped off the curb she yanked the child up and it hung suspended by one arm like a pendulum, and thus she ran across to the other side. Now if a tall giant could only have pulled her up in the air and let her hang by one arm she would have found the sensation far from agreeable. Another morning I was on a side street and saw several children around the front steps of a house, very interested lookers on while a woman was whipping her child. I don't know what the little one had been doing, but her face, distorted by rage, pain and shame, was like that of a small devil. Nothing can excuse that mother for whipping her child before that grinning crowd of children, and for all the good it did the child, she will probably lay it up, if she lives to be

an old woman. Again, a conductor came along in the street car to collect fares. The mother of a six or seven year old child hands up a nickel. "You must pay for the child," said the man. "But she is under five," said the woman. Her little girl heard her mother tell a deliberate lie, and took a long lesson in deceit. Again, babies are sent out to ride in their cabs pushed by careless children. I've seen them tear along the pavement, the baby's eyes in a full glare of sun. And one time the wagon jerked along over a stone, tipped over, and out rolled the little innocent over the curb, and under the horse's legs that stood there. The horse held up one foreleg and would not put it down, but turned his head and looked at his master, who came running, and said as plainly as a horse could say it, "Come get this young one," while I thought, what are mothers thinking of to be so careless?

DETROIT.

SISTER GRACIOUS.

MAKING APPLE BUTTER.

A correspondent of an eastern exchange gives the following directions for making apple butter, which is a favorite breakfast dish on a good many farmers' tables. Apples and cider are plenty this year, and a few gallons of apple butter will vary the usual apple sauce and baked apples quite acceptably: "The process consists in boiling down cider fresh from the press to about half of its original quantity; then pare and quarter, or divide into eighths, good, well-flavored, sound apples; windfalls are as good as any if the bruised spots are cut out, and, if used for this purpose, quite an amount of excellent fall apples may be utilized in this way that otherwise would soon decay. The cider having been boiled down to the proper consistency, place the fruit in it and boil it slowly for hours, stirring it constantly to prevent its scorching or burning on the sides or bottom of the kettle. In this operation the fire must be kept steady and low, simply heat enough to keep up a slow boiling, and the stirring is best done with a wooden paddle or blade set at right angles on the end of a stick long enough for the one using it to stand back from the fire, and with the blade long enough to scrape the bottom of the kettle. If the cider is from sweet apples then the fruit should be rather acid, but excellent apple-butter can be made by using such cider as is commonly made in the fall by putting into it any pleasant-flavored fall apples. A little cinnamon, allspice and cloves should be put in, and a few quinces added to a kettleful will impart their flavor to the butter. Where it is not convenient to use sweet cider a substitute equally as good can be made by boiling sweet apples in water until they are soft and pulpy; then dip them out into a bag and strain out the juice by

pressing the pulp. Then boil this apple water all down to the same consistency you would cider, and if made from sweet apples it will be fully as good for this purpose. Should fermentation occur, apple butter can easily be restored to sweetness by scalding it slightly, and without injuring its quality."

HOME-MADE RUGS.

Most home-made rugs are made of rags, knit or braided and sewed together, and sometimes "hooked" with a coarse crochet hook. They are serviceable, and the material for making them is usually to be had in the house, especially where rag carpets are not made. One convenient way is to get the weaver to weave a piece about a yard and a quarter long, of hit-or-miss rag carpet, and then border it with a fringe made of inch wide strips of heavy black cloth; two rows of the strips make a sufficiently heavy fringe. Sew them to the edge of the carpet, then line it with sacking or burlaps, tacking it several times through the centre to hold lining and outside together.

For a knit rug, it is more convenient to knit squares about a foot in size—or they may be made oblong if preferred—and sew them together. Knit half the blocks of dark goods, alike if possible; the other half of hit-or-miss or a bright or light material. Sew together to form a basket pattern and border with a fringe as above.

A remnant of carpet can be made into a good rug by hemming and lining it, and finishing it with a fringe made of ravelled carpet, used double. Or it may be bound with a wide strip of black or dark brown goods.

Another way of making a knitted rug is to cut cloth into strips about two inches long and one-fourth inch wide. Then take carpet chain and set up about twenty-three stitches on coarse steel needles. This makes a nice width for a strip. Take off the first stitch without knitting it, then lay in one of the little strips cross-wise, knit the next stitch and then put in another, bringing it over as before. This is the same as "thumbing" mittens. Be sure to set up an odd number of stitches, for if not, there will be one extra stitch at the end. Also do not put in rags every time across, but knit every other row across plain. Sew the knitted strips together when of sufficient length.

It is not worth while to put a great deal of labor on rag rugs by constructing flowers, birds, etc., on them. The more inconspicuous and inoffensive they are the more are they in consonance with good taste.

THE wild frost grape makes a piquant jelly. Don't forget this when the children rob the vines of the sour, foxy fruit, but make it up into jelly. The "squeezeings" of the jelly-bag make a cloudy jelly that is just the thing to put into the mince-meat.

"PANSY," who hails from Carson City, sends a recipe for "delicious ginger cookies" which will be found in the proper column. She also says: "I have been a reader of the HOUSEHOLD five years, and hardly know how to keep house without it. I find many helps and a great deal of sympathy in its pages; especially did the article by Evangeline, 'Mothers' Difficulties,' fit my case."

IT is said to be an excellent idea to keep a small pan of water in the oven, as it prevents the bread or cake from burning, even with a very hot fire, saves much watching of the contents of the oven, and prevents a thick, hard crust. The pan should be shallow instead of deep, and a soldered pan will not answer as the solder melts and the dish leaks. If the oven is too hot, take out the pan and fill with cold water, but be careful about turning water into a hot pan or you'll get a burn.

THE *Midland Republican* says two young misses, daughters of farmers living in the vicinity, made exhibits of bread, cake, and farm products at the fair and each received a nice sum in premiums, one of them, Edith Sias, capturing prizes amounting to nine dollars. Miss Ethel McReavy was the other exhibitor. At the Milford fair little Miss Elsie Morrison, eleven years old, won a special premium in gold coin for her bread, cake and pies. This is as it should be. Give the girls a chance. Encourage them to believe they can win on something besides knit lace and patchwork. The girl who can make a loaf of good bread is a more valuable member of society than she whose achievement is represented by a crazy quilt.

Contributed Recipes.

ESCALLOPED POTATO.—The potato should be raw and sliced thin. Into a basin or pudding dish put a layer of potato, add salt, pepper and bits of butter, then more potato and so on until the dish is nearly full, then pour on cream until the dish is two-thirds full, remembering to use a liberal amount of butter all the way through; cover and set in a hot oven and bake one hour, taking off the cover toward the last, so the potato can brown. Serve in the dish in which it is baked. Nice for supper.

POTATO "A LA CREME."—Put into a saucepan three tablespoonfuls of butter; a small handful of parsley; salt and pepper to taste. When hot add a teacup of rich sweet cream; when hot add one tablespoonful of flour; when it boils add cold boiled potatoes chopped fine; let heat well; boil up once and serve.

BATTLE CREEK.

EVANGELINE.

DELICIOUS GINGER COOKIES.—One-half cup of sugar; one-half cup of sour milk; one cup shortening; one cup of molasses; one half teaspoonful of grated alum; one teaspoonful of ginger; one teaspoonful of soda.

CARSON CITY.

PANSY.