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THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

THE THREE WISHES.

Three girls sat idly on the beach—
One like a lily, tall and fair,
One brilliant with her raven hair,
One sweet and shy of speech.
“I wish for fame,” the lily said;
“And I for wealth and courtly life.”
Then gently spoke the third: “As wife
I ask for love instead.”
Years passed. Again beside the sea
Three women sat, with whitening hair,
Still graceful, lovable and fair,
And told their destiny.
“Fame is not all,” the lily sighed,
“Wealth futile if the heart be dead.”
“I have been loved,” one sweetly said,
“And I am satisfied.”

“I loathe, abhor, detest, despise,
Abominate dried-apple pies.
I like good bread, I like good meat,
Or anything that's good to eat;
But of all poor grub beneath the skies,
The poorest is dried-apple pies.
Give me the toothache or sore eyes
But don't give me dried-apple pies.
The farmer takes his gnarliest fruit,
'Tis wormy, bitter and hard to boot;
They leave the husks and make me cough,
They don't take half the peeling off,
Then on a dirty cord 'tis strung,
And there it serves a roost for flies
Until it's made up into pies.
Tread on my corns and tell me lies,
But don't pass me dried-apple pies.”

A CITY CHRISTMAS.

I think if I had enjoyed a Rip Van Winkle sleep of two decades and was wakened unexpectedly at Christmas, I could tell the time of year by the “signs in the air” and on the street.

There's a stir and bustle, a haste and expectancy about everybody which makes you sure “something's going to happen.” There's mystery in the air, and a scent of spices and the resinous odor of evergreens in the house; the children put their heads together and giggle unreprieved, and go down town with an air of great importance to “do our Christmas shopping,” and no one deems it proper to inquire “What have you got in that bundle?” Five year old Grace, whose greatest happiness is to harness herself in the sleighbells and draw her sled up and down the icy pavement “playing horse,” is discovered, a small dot against the crimson plush of the largest armchair in the house, patiently setting uneven stitches in a pincushion designed for “you can't guess who,” and gravely says

she's got so much to do before Kismus she's sure she doesn't know how she'll get “all froo,” and then abandons her task to run after her mother and inquire again “When'll my papa get home and when will we have the tree?”

It's funny, how much suppressed curiosity waits for the great day which shall explain everything. The most unaccustomed *tete-a-tetes* pass unchallenged. Whispers of “Isn't it sweet!” “Where *did* you find it?” “How perfectly lovely!” are borne upon the zephyrs and echo behind closed doors. Oh the delightful plots, the delicious mysteries, the innocent scheming! How dear it all is—to those whose hearts are young and to whom custom hath not staled the joy of Christmas! How delightful it is to keep young in heart and enjoy holidays and anniversaries! And what a damper one individual who sits apart, glum and silent and viewing the merriment of others with indifference or scorn, refusing either active participation or tacit sympathy, can throw over the family's jollity! I pity those households where the father (the dour one is almost always the father) makes himself a wet blanket, and conveys the idea that he's thinking “how much all this fuss costs!”

Down town, the merchants welcome the crowds that throng their stores, for though many go only to look, there's no knowing what moment they may succumb to temptation and become buyers. The holiday trade is an index of the prosperity of the country. When times are good, sales are brisk; when money is tight, it is harder to coax pocket-books to unclasp. The weather is a factor, too; crisp clear cold days are ideal days for Christmas shopping; if there is snow it is better yet.

Nothing more fully illustrates the fact that Christmas is a holiday that belongs to all nations than the composite character of the crowds of Christmas buyers. Yankee and Englishman, the daughter of Erin and the German fraulien, the Pole with the unpronounceable name and the dusky belle of Kentucky Street elbow each other on the streets and in the shops; every one standing on a platform of purely American independence which entitles him to thrust his elbows into his neighbor's ribs with a noble disregard

of the latter's opinion about it. Christmas is about the only season of the year when one can defy Mrs. Grundy by carrying her own bundles. One can make a parcel delivery post of herself without provoking other comment than “Been shopping for Christmas?” Indeed I'm not sure but that a new dignity attaches to the bundle-laden woman; her packages attest her generosity and the depth of her purse.

There are great bales of ground pine in the market, ready woven into long festoons for decorating houses and churches and sold at ten cents a yard. I wonder how long before this graceful, sturdy little plant will be quite exterminated in our State. Wisconsin sends 300,000 pounds of it to Chicago every year, they say. There are crates of American holly, sent up from Ole Virginny to grace Wolverine homes; its sharp, spiny, glossy leaves and brilliant red berries are pretty while they endure, but as the plant is not a true evergreen they soon curl and lose their lustre. It sells at twenty-five cents a pound, or twenty-five cents for a ready made wreath to hang in the window. The thick, dull green leaves and semi-transparent, milky-white berries of the mistletoe, which always remind me of the soft radiance of moonstones, are here, ready to be hung under the chandelier or over the door. You know the holiday privilege it confers; he who can inveigle or surprise a pretty lass under it may claim a kiss for his strategy or watchfulness—if he dares. Loads of evergreen trees are piled up awaiting customers; and it is no uncommon thing to see a stalwart Dutchman with a Christmas tree over his shoulder and a rose of Holland, *i. e.*, a cabbage, under his arm, walking off as proud as if Christmas had been created especially on his account. The trees sell from 25 cents up to a dollar and are in great demand. Down on the old Central Market are found English primroses and cyclamen in bloom, hobnobbing with wintry-looking bouquets of dried flowers dyed all the hues of the rainbow and stiff as a poker in make-up; and the funny candy hearts and circles and animals, queer compounds of flour, sweetness and sentimental mottoes which so delight the children who have not “been educated” beyond them and up to Mur-

ray's French creams; and boxes of those wonderful sparkling prismatic balls and stars, and tiny wax candles, and the Christ-child with silver wings and spangles to crown the tree, all so wonderful and so pretty in the little people's eyes. Ah me, there's little, except happiness, that money cannot buy nowadays.

But the most amusing feature is, after all, the people. Drove of children dodge in and out among the "grown ups" so recklessly that it is hardly safe to step without looking at one's feet. Old ladies shop methodically with their memoranda and decidedly resent being elbowed; the positive woman knows just what she wants and it would require a constitutional amendment to make her change her mind; the girls go forth in pairs, on the principle that "two's company, three's a crowd," and it's astonishing how much they find to buy in the gentlemen's furniture stores; and here and there an unlucky man, hopelessly stranded among a bevy of pretty girls, tries vainly to make up his mind what he wants and invariably succeeds in buying just what he was quite sure he would not get. I love to see him thus bewildered and nonplussed; it is good for him. He's all the time making fun of women for spending so much time shopping, and once in a while it is well for him to know how it is himself. And he's got all the pockets and the privileges, anyhow.

It has been a doll year. Dolls must have come into town by the tons, for every bazar overflows with them, and several of the dry-goods stores took up the business and sold dolls so cheap that it was almost like giving them away. And they were never so pretty and artistic, before. Dolls dressed and undressed; dolls in baby clothes and reception dresses; dolls in peasant costume and ballet dress, and one poor doll that had probably lost her "poppa" and "momma" was in mourning. There were dolls not longer than your finger, and dolls as large as a two year old child, with beautifully modeled, childish features, real hair, eyes that "go shut" when the doll is put to bed, and that can cry and say "Mamma" and do everything a well-regulated doll should do—I don't know but some of them can even say their prayers. And you ought to have seen the enraptured little tots that stood before the windows and clapped their hands in ecstasy.

Tons of candy pass over the counters of the confectioners, mostly in pound boxes; Florida's oranges quite outshine Michigan's red apples, though the latter are less plenty and quite as costly; and as the twilight of Christmas Eve strives with the glow of electric lights, belated purchasers rush hastily about in search of the "forgots;" the stations and outgoing trains are crowded with the home-going throng, laden like

packhorses with bundles of every size and shape and all intent upon a Merry Christmas. And so the curtain falls upon a peaceful, beautiful world, full, in spite of the croakers, with a great deal of the "loving and giving" spirit of Him in whose honor we keep the day.

BEATRIX.

A WIDE-AWAKE NEIGHBORHOOD.

Merry Christmas, everybody!

But Christmas is not what I want to talk about. I want to tell the HOUSEHOLD readers about our Library Association, and if any of them are inclined to go and do likewise they may not be discouraged if at first the idea does not seem to take. We had been having a Reading Circle for nearly a year, and this fall it was proposed to start a library in connection with it. But only a few of the faithful could be gotten together.

Finally some of the most energetic said, "Let's go on and organize and see if the rest will not fall in." We organized with only six ladies present and put absent ones in office. But we have succeeded beyond our wildest hopes. Have held four socials; with the proceeds of these and what money we could get on subscription, we have purchased about one hundred volumes, including a full set of Dickens. We issue books every other Friday afternoon.

But with the hurry and work of it all the literary feature has nearly been lost sight of. One of our members asked at our last meeting, "What has become of our literary?" And a bright girl replied, "Guess it has gone to pay its respects to McGinty." But we don't mean it shall stay "at the bottom of the sea." When we get time to take it up again, we shall start with a course in history. A "Leap Year" social is being talked of as the next entertainment to coax money out of the pockets of our neighbors to help us along. If any one can help us with suggestions they will be thankfully received.

We also have a Good Templar Lodge and a Glee Club in this neighborhood; and I hardly know which we are the most interested in. The Glee Club has done us much good. We meet from house to house every Wednesday evening. We began with the rudiments, so it benefits even the children.

I presume I shall be consigned to the waste basket for boasting, so will stop. But I did want to tell how much better we had done with that library than we expected.

MAE.

FLINT.

TEA and coffee stains will usually come out of linen if put into water at once, or if soon washed. If they are of long standing rub pure glycerine on them, and then after washing this out wash the linen in the usual way.

UNIVERSITY EXTENSION.

M. M. asks: "What is meant by 'University extension,' about which I see so much in the papers, notices of lectures, etc.?" It is a new educational movement, in the direction of enabling the mature men and women of the day to enjoy some of the advantages of our higher institutions of learning, such as are being furnished to the youth of the period. Its fundamental idea is to take the opportunities to the class to be benefitted, instead of expecting them to leave home and business to seek instruction. The method is usually by organizing a class and giving a course of lectures, six or twelve, at weekly intervals, with time allotted after each lecture for discussion, questions, etc., regarding the previous lecture. A syllabus or abstract of the points of the discourse is furnished with each lecture, and books of reference are also indicated. At the close of the course, an examination is held and certificates granted those who show intelligent study and comprehension of the subject. Such certificates do not entitle the holder to any credit on the books of the University. Local managers make the arrangements and provide for meeting the expenses.

Such a course in English literature has just been concluded in this city, the class numbering about 350, under the instruction of Prof. Demmon, of the State University. The subjects were Moore, Bacon, Milton, Wordsworth, Carlyle, Tennyson. And after the holidays a second course is to be given, the theme political economy, the instructor Prof. H. C. Adams, also of the University. Prof. Demmon's class included boys, young men, grey-headed lawyers and doctors, clergymen, and lots of women of all mental calibre, from she who joined the class because somebody else had done so and was dreadfully bored, to the earnest woman who welcomed a chance to refresh her mind and renew her school days by having something to study. Never, since I have lived in this city, has there been so many lectures, on such a variety of topics, so cheap as to be within reach of everybody. In fact Detroit is in danger of being lectured to death.

THE FARM KITCHEN.

At a late meeting of the South Jackson Farmers' Club, Mrs. L. M. Rhodes gave her ideas about a model farm kitchen. She made some very just observations and criticisms, and said: "I thought when building our house that I wanted a kitchen just large enough to cook in, and that is what I have. I find it very inconvenient most of the time, for a farm house. It is more trouble to keep it in order, the wood-work is more liable to get marred and dirty. I presume if we were to build

again I should have it all kitchen. If one were to build every year she would see where she could make some improvement every time. I do not think a kitchen should be the gloomiest room in a house. It should be as pleasant as any room; for there is where a farmer's wife spends most of her time. It should have two outside doors and two windows at least. I like well water handy by, but prefer to have the house tank just outside the kitchen, and also the cistern pump. I think if the women could have more to do in planning their houses, there would be fewer inconvenient ones built. For one thing, there should not be too many steps to go up and down in doing one's work. There should be some way in every farm house to save one from going down cellar so many times a day. We should not neglect our kitchen when building and put the most of our means in the rest of the house. We are apt to have a nice looking rather than a comfortable and convenient one. Our money is used upon brackets, bay windows and unnecessary rooms. Our kitchens are built as cheap as possible. This is the reason we do not have more model kitchens. And it is the same in furnishing a house. We are apt to think the needs of the kitchen are trifles and the purchasing for it, like itself, can be placed in the rear of all else. It is half of woman's work to have things handy and convenient to use."

The suggestion was made that there should be a washroom adjacent to the kitchen, so that men would not have to wash in the latter room; and any one who has seen the hired man or a careless boy rub his head in a towel and give it a few graceful flirts before hanging it up, will appreciate the force of the suggestion.

MORE EXPERIENCES.

During six weeks this fall I again held the position of country school-ma'am; and now that I have bidden farewell to the vicissitudes of that life, I can look back, forgetting the annoyances and remembering the pleasant or amusing experiences.

Any one who has made a trip up or down the St. Clair river has probably noticed a little school house on the bank just below Port Huron. Long before I thought of holding sway there I had admired the spot and wondered who had the common sense to build a school house on the side of a hill with magnificent trees all around it, rather than in the usual dreary surroundings.

The first few days of school I had unusual difficulty keeping my mind on the work; for from my desk I had only to glance up in order to see the river and watch the big lake boats, steamers, or small sailing vessels which were continually passing. All the children had friends on the boats, and odd as it seemed at first, I soon got used to hav-

ing a hand raised and an eager voice say, "Please, may I go out and wave at the boat? Pa is on it."

If any one wishes a rare and choice collection of curiosities let him go into a country school and act pleased with whatever the children bring him. It was no effort to show pleasure at receiving the fruits and flowers that they brought me, but when those were followed by celery and big ripe tomatoes I began to think it was time to draw the line, fearing that the next gift would be a pumpkin or a few onions. But these did not arrive, possibly because I came away too soon.

I had some queer visitors. The first was a stray horse that walked in at the back door one noon when I was alone in the room. I had not agreed to receive quadrupeds in school, so said "Get out!" which it did after nearly demolishing the stove.

The next visitor was a man whose son was not learning fast enough to please him and who came to see why the youngster was not taught in the good old fashioned way. In his day children learned their letters instead of having words and sentences on the blackboard. He was more disagreeable than the horse and far more pertinacious; for it was not until I told him that if his boy did not learn it was not the fault of the teaching, but due to a certain deficiency of the child's cerebrum, that he departed. He did not in the least know what I meant, and I felt a trifle ashamed of myself when he said that if that was it, it was all right, and that he was glad he had found out what was the matter. Much virtue lies in long words.

But my third caller was worst of all. There is a crazy man in the neighborhood who has a "fad" for visiting schools, and occasionally carries an axe when he calls. I had heard all about him and knew that he had on one of his most insane fits at the time, so was not at all surprised when, one morning soon after roll-call, I heard a stealthy step in the hall and turned to confront "Lucien," as he is generally called. It was my first encounter with a crazy man, and as bad luck would have it, only the smaller pupils were present, so I had to be brave. I saw at once that he had not brought the axe and was grateful; but on second thought realized that he might have it concealed under his coat. I think I can appreciate Mrs. Custer's feeling when the General took her to visit the Indian prisoners and she was haunted with the idea of concealed knives. "Lucien" had come, so he said, to find out at what time the sun would set that evening, but I knew that if I answered his questions I would never get rid of him, so declined to discuss the subject. By answering him very shortly and keeping in front of him I contrived to keep him from getting fairly into the room; and at last, to my great relief, he went.

But at the door he stopped to express the wish that I might be worthy of a husband. All the rest of the day I stood near the stove, so that in case of his return I might have the poker handy.

While in the school I tried an experiment which proved both interesting and amusing. Among the pupils was a bright, interesting girl of seventeen who had read her fifth reader through many times, but was utterly ignorant of literature. She had never heard of Howells, Dickens was the man who wrote "Death of Paul Dombey" in the reader, and Shakespeare was but a name. Throwing aside her reader I gave her some selections from Shakespeare to read, encouraging her to tell what she thought of them. Naturally she looked at everything in a nineteenth century light, and was utterly unable to make allowances for time and place. She found Juliet in the balcony scene very funny, and judging Desdemona from the description of her in Othello's speech before the Senate, decided that she was a flirt. But I was pleased that Portia, who always seems to me the most charming of Shakespeare's women, should most attract her.

And thus ended my country experiences. E. C.

PORT HURON.

POSITIVELY THE LAST.

An exchange says a pretty and inexpensive lamp shade may be made at home, of a piece of pink cheese cloth. Wet it thoroughly and then, after it has been doubled several times, twist it until you can twist it no more and it doubles itself up in a knot. Secure this from untwisting, wipe it with a towel as dry as you can, and put it away to dry. This will take a week or ten days, and it should not be disturbed during this time. On unrolling the cloth will be found to be beautifully crimped. A hole is then cut in the center for a chimney.

The boxes made of glass, for gloves, handkerchiefs or jewelry, are very pretty gifts. Get the glazier to cut the glass for you, which he will do, and furnish it too, for twenty-five cents. A square box for handkerchiefs, one fourteen inches long by six wide for gloves are the preferred sizes. Get ribbon wide enough to fold over the edges securely, and cover all the edges with it. Fasten the pieces composing the box together strongly at the corners, hiding the joining under ribbon bows. Of soft china silk to match the ribbon make a puff over a piece of wadding cut to fit the bottom, and your box is done, unless you paint a spray of flowers on the cover. But *don't* paint pink roses on a box to be made up in yellow.

A bag for a variety of purposes is made of a yard each of three colors of ribbon, three inches wide. Bronze, terra cotta and old gold are a good

combination. A space of half a yard long in the middle of the ribbons is joined with invisible stitches; the bag is then folded with the sides joined. The ends at the top are turned down to form loops, and a casing run through the double layer of ribbon for a ribbon drawing string.

A pretty handkerchief sachet is made of a quarter of a yard of figured china silk lined with a similar strip of plain silk in any color. Put one thickness of wadding between them. Turn the edges together, and sew on a fine silk cord, fold one end over six inches to form a case or pocket, catching the sides together. Gather the other end and fold over, ornamenting it with a bow of ribbon. These sachets are made much smaller than heretofore.

WESTWARD HO!

(Concluded.)

But of all the towns of Southern California we visited, Riverside is the most to my taste. The center of the orange growing industry, it is itself a grove, a garden and city. Fifteen miles long by six wide, its streets shaded by the pepper (the most graceful of trees), the magnolia and eucalyptus; the spacious grounds about beautiful residences filled with glowing odorous tropical flowers and luxuriant shrubs; and groves of orange, lime, lemon, fig, pomegranate and banana trees, with vineyards and alfalfa meadows interspersed, the city makes a charming picture for memory.

Leaving Los Angeles, we go to Colton and there turn eastward, via the Southern Pacific. Crossing the Colorado river at Yuma, we passed through an uninteresting country, much of it is practically desert, given up to cacti, sage brush and scoria, yet irrigation and cultivation would redeem much of it. Mexicans, cowboys and Indians comprise the people seen in the small towns. At Gila Bend a crowd of squaws with children of tender years, came to sell their native pottery. A kodak was opened on them, and their frantic rush to escape was most amusing. It was with wary glances that any fresh venture was made. The fashion of dress for children was innocence and a shirt. The ride was continuous, only one train a day is run from Colton to San Antonio, Texas. At El Paso, Texas, we improved the stop of two hours to cross the International Bridge and set foot in a foreign land. The "greaser" is seen in his glory here. Give him a fine sombrero and gaudy saddle trappings, his dress may be rags but he is as lordly as a king. A stop was made at San Antonio and the historic Alamo visited, and the tale of massacre and the subsequent revenge of San Jacinto told by the guardian of fifty years. Another short stop at the "Crescent City," and we felt we were indeed homeward bound. A few miles

north of New Orleans we cross Lake Ponchartrain on a bridge eight miles long. It gives a novel sensation to ride on the cars with no land visible in either direction. We had the opposite experience in passing through Alabama, where a long stretch of forest was on fire, in many places in unpleasant proximity to the track, as our suffering eyes and lungs testified. Again we had tried water and fire.

We stopped at Chattanooga to see the famous Lookout Mountain. At the suburban village of St. Elmo, a cable incline takes visitors up the mountain, and a narrow gauge motor transports them to all the points of interest. Capable guides show you the points where "stood here the gray, and there the blue," in that sanguinary "battle above the clouds." The halo of war still rests on the mementos and relics on sale. Aside from the historic reminiscences there are many points of natural interest, "Natural Bridge," "Sunset Rock," "The Old Man of the Mountain," and "Serpent Rock" being interesting curiosities. The "Old Man" is a face in profile chiseled on the bare face of a great rock; "Snake Rock" is an elongated protuberance, suggesting the name. A large and beautiful hotel gives health and pleasure seekers the best of accommodations on the tip-top point. A much travelled and often described route brought us home safely, once again. I might mention we passed through twenty-seven tunnels of varying length between Chattanooga and Lexington.

Hoping the report of our trip may have given pleasure to the HOUSEHOLD, I will write—Finis.

FAIRHOLM.

A. L. L.

RECIPE FOR RHUBARB CORDIAL.

We have taken the FARMER for a number of years, and the HOUSEHOLD is always eagerly perused.

I have often thought when some subject particularly interested me, that I would express my views, but fear of the waste basket always prevented me. But now I think that the sewing machine, as first introduced by the FARMER, needs a defense. I have used my machine eight years and have never had any repairs except some needles, and cannot see but that it does just as good work as when first purchased. I hope "Correspondent" will not be prejudiced against purchasing one of the machines.

The HOUSEHOLD is such a help to me that I would like to add my mite and send a recipe for making rhubarb cordial, which the mothers who read this little paper will find excellent for their little ones in case of summer complaint, etc.

Rhubarb Cordial: One cup of sugar; one half cup of water, made into a syrup; one teaspoonful of rhubarb, one

of ginger, one of allspice, one of cloves, one of golden seal; one-half teaspoonful of essence of peppermint; one-half teaspoonful of soda.

MRS. A. W. F.

HOMER.

CROCHETED NECKTIES.

I wish to thank Tomo for her timely response to my call for Christmas suggestions. I shall get through nicely now.

Does every one know that very pretty ties can be crocheted out of the crochet silk? I have lately made two "four-in-hand" ties, using a common stitch, (any pretty stitch will do), and lined them with surah silk. Use a boughten tie as a pattern to shape by.

I would thank some one to tell me what will take mildew out of factory. I have been told to use buttermilk, but the factory looks no better.

ANDERSON.

A NEW FRIEND.

A DISH-WASHER.

A correspondent of the HOUSEHOLD mentions a dishwashing machine shown at the Detroit Exposition, adding that she suspected it would require far more water than the ordinary woman would wish to carry. If she refers to the Stevens' dish-washer, let me state that actual, every day use has demonstrated that it takes one pail only of water to a washing. Who of the pattern housekeepers of Eeatix's model HOUSEHOLD would use less in washing dishes for twelve persons? And who of them could do it in five minutes, as the "Queen of the Kitchen" can and does when well operated?

JENNIE BUELL.

To stop the toothache, take a fresh fig and cut it in two. Then slightly brown the open parts and apply to the tooth with the seed next to the gum. It is said this will alleviate the pain promptly.

Contributed Recipes.

DROP CAKES.—One cup of sugar; one cup of molasses; one cup of boiling water; two small teaspoonfuls of soda; one teaspoonful of ginger; flour to make batter.

ANDERSON.

A NEW FRIEND.

NUT CAKE.—Two-thirds cup of butter; two cups of sugar; one cup of sweet milk; three cups of flour; three eggs; two teaspoonfuls of cream tartar, and one teaspoonful of soda; half a nutmeg; one cup of hickory-nut meat, rolled in flour.

CREAM CAKE.—One cup sugar; piece of butter size of hickory-nut; two eggs; half cup of sweet milk; one and a half cups of flour; two teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Filling: Half cup of sweet cream stirred thick; one-half cup sugar; flavor. Or another filling can be used: Two-thirds cup of sugar and water enough to boil up well. Stir in one cup of chopped and seeded raisins.

I. E.

CLARKSVILLE.