

# MICHIGAN FARMER

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## THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

### THE NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTION.

Friend, if thou dost bethink thee now  
To lip some earnest pledge or vow,  
Search well thy heart, nor idly let  
The burden on thy soul be set.  
Load not thy faith until it strain  
And break, and all be worse than vain;  
Measure thy power, and for the rest  
Beseech thy God to bless the rest.

—Clinton Scollard.

Remember, three things come not back:  
The arrow sent upon its track,  
It will not swove, it will not stay  
Its speed: it flies to wound or slay.

The spoken word, so soon forgot  
By thee; yet it has perished not;  
In other hearts 'tis living still,  
And doing work for good or ill.

And the lost opportunity,  
That cometh back no more to thee;  
In vain thou weepst, in vain dost yearn,  
Those three will never more return.

### STORE ACCOUNTS.

If I were asked to give a suggestion to a couple about beginning life together as to what business principle they should adopt to enable them to get on in the world, I would say, run no accounts. Pay as you go.

Debt is often an unpleasant necessity alike to the young farmer and the business man. A man does business on a borrowed capital, whether he gives a mortgage on his farm or a stock of goods in a store. His ambition is to get out of debt. To that end he is industrious and economical. His debt is an incentive to energy and activity, and often aids in establishing those habits of prudence and wise expenditure which in the end enable him to become rich beyond his wildest ambition. Debt is not always a disaster, but I think a running account at "the store" should be classed as a family calamity. It is so easy to buy a thing when all you have to do is to say, "Charge it, please." When you pull out your pocket-book and count out the cash, and see the aching void that is left, you are apt to reflect upon the expediency of your purchase, and your sober second thought shows you you could, after all, get on very comfortably without what, under the credit system, you think you certainly must have, especially when the day of payment is postponed till a more convenient season.

An English paper quoted in "How to

Co-Operate," says: "In its demoralizing influence, credit is undoubtedly next to the terrible drinking habit. Credit does not encourage thrift, which comes from economy and saving. Credit degrades the individual by a consciousness of wearing unpaid-for clothing, or of owing for food that has produced the flesh on his bones. Credit helps to keep the working-man dependent and at the mercy of his employer. Credit opens to a large class of unprincipled persons, a channel for the most bare-faced robbery." And it may be added credit never allows one's hard earned money to warm the pocket-book to a comfortable temperature. Any sum of money which comes to hand must immediately be paid out for that which has already been eaten or worn out.

Once establish the habit of not buying a thing till you can pay for it, and of considering the actual need of the purchase, and you will be surprised to see how many of your fancied wants will be classed with the non-essentials. Socrates was once invited to the house of a wealthy Athenian, who showed him its beautiful and luxurious furnishings, expecting to impress the philosopher. So he did, but hardly as he had expected. On leaving, Socrates thanked his friend for the courtesy, which he said had showed him how many things there were in the world which he could do without.

When one has a store account, the "must haves" are almost certain to dominate the "can do withouts," and this, though one's resolutions in favor of the strictest economy are actually ironclad. A sudden temptation overcomes us; it is so easy to say "Charge it!" and think, "I'll make it up somewhere else!" And the grand aggregate of items on the day of settlement is always unexpectedly large. You feel sure you never had all those groceries, so many yards of calico, so many little etceteras, yet when you go over the list memory brings back the circumstances, and even if you don't remember you have to pay just the same.

The honest grocer is yet liable to lapses of memory. Was it Mrs. A. or Mrs. B. who sent for the gallon of molasses and three bars of soap? He guesses it was Mrs. A. but it was really Mrs. B., so Mrs. A. pays for Mrs. B.'s

soap and molasses. Perhaps, being of a frugal turn of mind, he charges the items on each account, so as to be certain of his pay if one or the other disputes the charge. The cash customer can go wherever he can buy cheapest, while he who has an account must trade where it is kept. Thus he often pays more than he could buy the same goods for at other places, and must in addition take what is in stock, whether it suits him or not. It is an object to the merchant to have the trade of the man who will pay ready money; he will put himself out of the way to oblige him and see that he is well served. He gets the best every time. It is well known that the responsible customers on a merchant's books, to a certain extent, pay the debts of the irresponsible ones. The accounts that cannot be collected—another argument in favor of a cash business.

"But," says the buyer, "I haven't the money; I can't get enough ahead to pay cash, my ready money must go to pay the interest on the mortgage." I believe it would pay, in such a case, to let the interest stand for a year, pay interest upon interest if need be, and establish the cash system. It would be the truest economy, an actual saving of money. I never knew a person yet who, once having abandoned the credit system for cash payments, would go back to the old way. All see its economy and its independence. It will pay to practice rigid economy for one year, to put off building the barn or putting up the windmill till another spring, and emancipate yourself from the tyranny of the "store account."

More than one farm in our bonnie State has been mortgaged and lost through the agency of a "store account," combined with a crop failure. "Always taking out and never putting in soon comes to the bottom." The best and most prudent management is that which sends to the store enough butter, eggs, fruit, vegetables or other by-products of the land to pay for the supplies needed in the family. And you will usually find that in the home of the prospering and thrifty farmer such a system obtains.

We are on the threshold of a new year. It would be wise to do away with the account and institute the pay-as-you-go system. That it would cost



some pinching and self-denial is doubtless true, but oh! how independent you will feel to owe no man a dollar!

BEATRIX.

### "TURNING OVER A NEW LEAF."

'Twas the day before Christmas, and it was rapidly nearing a close. The skies hung dull and leaden; a few scattering snow flakes skurried by; the air was keen and piercing: men instinctively pulled up their coat-collars and women drew their wraps closer about them, for the chill northeast wind was searching. But how happy and bright the faces were! No one minded being jostled; it was evident that the brown paper parcels, piled high, meant joy and happiness to loved ones. Occasionally a man swung along, carrying a huge turkey by the legs; little children danced and chattered merrily before the gaily decked shop windows. If there were any hungry, aching hearts they were not visible, it was the side of humanity that is always uppermost at this glad time of the year. The electric lights were hanging like stars all along the streets, bathing everything in a clear white light. Away from the busy city a little, in a large Soldiers' Home, sat a man apparently in deep thought. He had sat thus for hours, his thoughts busy with the past. He has aged prematurely, this old soldier, for while he is thin in flesh and form bent and an air of feebleness about him, his eye is clear and not a thread of silver streaks the brown hair. The day has faded into twilight, and twilight into darkness and still his thoughts are busy. Again he is a child—how anxiously he has watched for Christmas. His little stockings are pinned together and hung behind the big dining-room stove with the rest—ten pairs in all, for there are four brothers and four sisters and a father and mother in this happy, prosperous home. The fireboard back of the stove is loosened and set ajar for the easy entrance of Santa Claus. He is tucked into his trundle-bed by his mother's loving hands, and he sees the pleasant smile, as he bids her "waken him, if she hears Santa's reindeers."

And now he isn't a boy any longer; he hears the lowing of cattle, the bleating of flocks; he's driving them up the long grassy lane, old Speckle, Bess and Bountiful; barefooted, brown-cheeked, healthy and happy. How sweet the clover smells, how soft the air! Was ever a pleasanter place than that old farm? The bees fly lazily home with their honey; the robin in the locust tree sings "Cheer up," and there are the two little sisters on the old red gate. The years move slowly along and the cry of war rings through the land. At the first roll of the drum he takes his place in the ranks of volunteers and eighteen summers have not rolled over his head.

He hears again his father's "God-bless you," sees his mother's tears, the old orchard with its drifts of pink and white bloom. 'Twas hard to leave it all, but duty was stronger and he marched away while the bugles played and drums beat. The long marches, the battles and skirmishes, the picket guard, the sentry's beat, and the discharge and home again; but not the same innocent boy who marched away looking back at the dear old home. The love of that which debases manhood and dulls his fine nature, held him with bands of iron. "Oh! I'll stop it when I get home again—I'll turn over a new leaf." But 'twas so hard it drove him like a master at times. He is standing by that mother's bedside and she holds his hand and begs a promise that he will reform to a noble, upright man; and he promises that dying mother he will turn over a new leaf. The farm is sold, the childhood home passes into the hands of strangers, and in another State, miles away, he begins anew.

The scene shifts, he stands before the man of God with a fair young girl on his arm and promises "to love, honor and cherish." Five years of happiness follow; he feels the strange thrill in his heart when his first born is laid in his arms, and because of the dark eyes looking into his, the dark hair crowning the little head, says "I will call her Caroline, for the sweet sister that I lost so many years ago." But this new inspiration was denied him; suddenly she left him for kinder and more tender arms; he watched the little life go out, the wife's desertion followed, and all alone he took up the burden of life again, but with an ear deaf to all his better instincts. Down, lower and lower; into the gutter sometimes, then again engaging in business only to fall, and at last, after many years, with money, friends, position and health all gone, he finds himself in this great Home, worrying through the monotonous treadmill of life.

"Oh! God!" he moaned, "nothing to live for, I have wasted my life! Nothing but leaves, nothing but leaves!" The old soldier crept into his bed and pulled the clothes up around him, it was half past nine. "Lights out, lights out!" had been sounded. He could not explain the impulse, but he found himself repeating the little prayer lisped so many times at his mother's knee:

"Now I lay me down to sleep,  
I pray the Lord my soul to keep;  
If I should die before I wake  
I pray the Lord my soul to keep."

The morning dawned bright and beautiful. Over the whole earth lay a fleecy pall, pure and clean. Not a cloud flecked the sky. The sun rose higher and higher, his rays crept into crevices, they slanted across the narrow iron bedstead and lay on the grey blanket and pillow. But the old soldier lay still and cold with a changed look on his face, a peaceful, childlike

expression. The lights were out, but on the Eternal shore he had answered to the roll-call, he had "turned over a new leaf," its page was clean and fair.

"He had gone home at evening  
And found it morning there."

BATTLE CREEK.

EVANGELINE.

### VALUE OF LITTLE.

"Do thy little, do it well," thus runs the song. For a long time I have contemplated contributing my little to the HOUSEHOLD, and, noticing some time ago an invitation for each and all to do their little, I determined to comply; but being very much averse to a "rush" I decided to wait until that was over.

Why do we not all always do our little? We are all I hope members of some neighborhood, and many of us have too many family duties to attend largely to public welfare; but there is a little time, possibly only the Sabbath day, for personal recreation. This time is used for various purposes; I mean after needed rest is taken. Many of our neighborhood ladies are found on the Sabbath at church and Sunday school, some of them church members, but do they all do their little there? No, I fear not. They think they cannot do it well, but notice the song says, firstly, "Do thy little," secondly, "Do it well," the latter comes only by practice.

In our Sunday school we have a large Bible class, consisting mostly of married ladies, led by one of their own number. I have often wondered if they were having what "we girls" call Quaker's meeting; if so I think their spirits seldom move. We must not term these ladies bashful, for they struggled through that experience long ago, but when asked one says: "I am not accustomed to acting or speaking in public, therefore please excuse me." Of course "we girls" cannot be rude and urge farther, but try another and another with usually the same result, and after oft repeated trials we have learned they are never "prepared." Now let me entreat you of the "not prepared" order, as another year opens to do a little outside of your own home, not essentially in the church or Sunday school, for there are various fields of labor, and I will assure you a happier year than those past.

LANSING.

KATE.

A New York restaurant which makes a specialty of pumpkin pies, uses 45 tons of pumpkins every season. In the architecture of these pies, 400 dozen eggs and 4,200 quarts of milk are consumed daily; the pumpkins are grown on a farm in Ulster Co., N. Y. Each vine is allowed to produce but one pumpkin—but it is "a buster." The three largest pumpkins ever grown weighed 238, 331 and 347 pounds respectively, and the grower proposes to grow one which will weigh 400 pounds next year.



## POT POURRI.

It is rather late to go back to the question of "Girls in Men's Offices," but I wish to say I am glad Beatrix gave you the other side of that important question; for no one can get a perfect idea of any object or subject by viewing one side only; no one's opinion is of very much importance who can see only one side of a subject.

I wish some one could see all sides of the "telegraph message" subject. It seems to me when it takes from twenty-four to thirty hours for a message to be sent and delivered within less than four hundred miles, it needs viewing from both sides, both ends and through the middle. Of course it is incompetency and gross negligence, one or both combined. I do not suppose such things can be helped as long as beginners just learning the business are left in charge. But it is too bad the helpless public should be the sufferers.

I was up stairs looking for a pattern some days ago. On the bureau lay a small pile of old HOUSEHOLDS, dating from 1884 to 1886; of course I could not resist the temptation to glance over one or two of them, and before I was aware of it the number was a dozen. The signatures seemed like old friends, and I wondered and asked mentally, Where are they? I've not seen many of them in a long time.

One of the letters by E. L. Nye, "Which is the Womanly Woman," set me thinking. What a change the last five years have made in this question of "woman's sphere," and the next five years—who can tell the possibilities or the advancement or accomplishment of good in that time? Truly "the world moves," and not slowly. Those who have had the opportunity to read about the National W. C. T. U. convention which was held this fall in Boston will need no more convincing argument.

Thanksgiving has come and gone. When this letter meets your eye Christmas will have come and gone. To many it is a time of feasting and gladness; to others a time of loneliness and sadness. Let no one lose hope or faith, for this is a life of compensations; those who laugh today may weep tomorrow, and vice versa; the clouds may obscure the sun today, but he is still shining, and when the clouds pass by the light will again bless us. Let us all turn over the "new leaf" with the beginning of the new year, and let the most important thing in our thoughts be to say the kind, thoughtful things every day to our friends and neighbors instead of waiting until their ears cannot hear, or eyes see, or hearts feel the comfort of them.

My vote is for Grandpa to stay with us. There are many persons with whom we do not quite agree in everything, but that is no sign they haven't

the same right to their place and opinion as ourselves; and to tell the truth I agree pretty well with him. And we do not want our little paper to die from too much sweetness. "Variety is the spice of life."

Will El. See tell me if she uses our common ink in her stylographic pen, or does she get some special kind?

ALBION.

M. E. H.

## HINTS AND SUGGESTIONS.

I want to have a little talk with the lady whose husband burned the HOUSEHOLDS. Either you do not care much for domestic peace, or you have not been married long enough to know how to attain to it and keep it. All of us elderly married ladies know, though we do not spread it in print much, that to have your own way in matters that you have set your heart on, it is well to let your husband have his own way in trifles, things that are unimportant to you, though, mind you, it is never necessary to let him know that they are unimportant. If he wants to think he owns your wardrobe, let him; it cannot hurt you so long as he keeps it well supplied. I should think it would be far easier to tell him what he needs to purchase of feminine apparel than to ask for money for yourself. And don't expect too much of him in the way of being pleasant and yielding. To quote Samantha Allen: "Every married woman will join me in saying that there are moments in married life when mules seem to be patterns of yieldin' sweetness compared to lawful partners." And then keep your troubles to yourself, for it does more hurt than good to tell them to others. But my conscience smites me for that last sentence. Shakespeare may have been right when he says:

"A wretched soul bruised with adversity,  
We bid it quiet when we hear it cry;  
But were we burdened with like weight of pain,  
As much or more we should ourselves complain."

Since reading Beatrix's account of the babies in the Foundlings' Home I have thought often of them, but more of the poor mothers. What terrible, lasting grief must be theirs, loving their babies as all mothers must, to give them up. I have wondered if shame alone compels the mothers to desert them. Perhaps the impossibility of earning their living while keeping a child with them has much to do with it. Is there any institution in the country where a deserted mother can be cared for and keep her child with her? If not, there is need of one. If I were the mother of an illegitimate child I should never desert it, even if I had to beg my way from door to door. I would do the best I could to care for it, but my baby should not leave my arms. But my heart aches for any mother who has been compelled to part with her little child.

This fall I did something entirely new and original. I had two small hams that I wanted smoked. We have

a large sitting room stove of the "Jewel Parlor" order. I strung those hams on the poker, let them down into the top of the stove, put the cover on, built the corn-cob smudge under them, and in due time those hams were smoked to perfection. Necessity was the parent of this invention.

PIONEER.

HULDAH PERKINS.

## THE ALADDIN OVEN.

The Aladdin oven is a comparatively new invention, originating with Mr. Edward Atkinson, the student of political economy, also known as the working-man's friend, and the economic statistician. He worked many years to perfect it, and has at last achieved a success which warrants manufacturers against loss in making it, and it will probably soon be available to ordinary purchasers. He claims for it economy of time, fuel, food and woman's strength; but alas, it has to be managed with brains, and it remains to be seen whether the wives of working-men, the class which is to be most benefited by it, will take hold of it, master its science and use it intelligently, after having known so long the happy-go-lucky methods of food preparation. The oven is an oblong box of sheet-iron, made twelve inches deep, eighteen inches wide and fourteen inches high. This box or oven has three movable shelves and is enclosed by a non-conducting wood-pulp covering one and one-fourth inches thick. The oven stands upon legs so high from the floor that a kerosene lamp may be placed beneath it. A round wick lamp is used, by which the heat can be raised to 350 or 400 degrees.

All kinds of food may be cooked in the dishes in which they are to be served, without injury to either food or crockery. A pan of water for washing the dishes and plates may be warmed upon the top of the oven while the cooking is going on within. No taint or odor of smoke or oil can reach the food; and meats and vegetables, even the pungent onion, may be cooked in the same oven without having the flavor of one imparted to the other. Bread, pies and cake can be thoroughly baked, and will be thoroughly done on the bottom without being burned on top. The bread thus baked is said to much resemble that baked in the old-fashioned brick oven.

By the use of a lamp with a flat wick, which gives a less degree of heat, the breakfast may be cooked during the night, and the housekeeper arise to find the morning's meal ready to place upon the table. A course dinner for eight or ten people may be cooked in one oven, and by proper attention to putting the articles of food into the oven at the right time, everything will be done at the proper time for serving.

Five of these ovens are in constant use in the New England Kitchen at



Boston, and the saving of fuel and labor which they permit is a great help in solving the financial problem of the kitchen, where soups, chowders, stews, and other foods are prepared and sold at very moderate prices to working people.

It is very difficult for many old-school cooks, accustomed to the kitchen range, the wood-box, and the steam and bubble of boiling and roasting meat and vegetables, to believe in the possibilities of the Aladdin oven. It reads like a fairy tale. Think of saving all the labor of washing pots, kettles and stew-pans, of having one lamp to clean instead of ashes to empty, fires to light and wood and coal to bring! And think what a saving of work and perspiration for women! The Aladdin oven promises to be the coming Queen of the Kitchen.

#### WON'T YOU WEAR IT?

The workmen in America spent last year for drink alone \$1,280,000,000. We won't consider the suffering and poverty it brings on them, for we may suppose that they get some enjoyment from this vast expenditure. But think of the tears and real sorrow it brings on the women! They are the ones who bear the burden. Yea more, there is not a family in the land but what has some one connected with it, near or remote, who is a drunkard. Now we women have no legal voice to protest against this monstrous evil that bids fair to ruin our homes, but if we unite and are not afraid to express our opinions in public, it will, it must, do some good. My plan is, that every woman, rich or poor, wear the narrow white ribbon tied to the buttonhole of her outside garment. A few of the W. C. T. U. wear it now. All honor to them. Let us join the organization if we can. But busy women have no time, and I've heard many say they could not afford it. But all can wear the white ribbon. Imagine what it would be, say on Saturday afternoon when Woodward Avenue, Detroit, is crowded, to see that vast army of women each with a silent protest, in the shape of their small white badge, against the shameful liquor traffic that the husbands and brothers seem to consider hopeless to control.

SISTER GRACIOUS.

THE *Ladies' Home Journal* for January, just at hand, starts out with excellent promise for the new year. This magazine has attained a remarkable success.

THE *Review of Reviews* is a great help to the busy individual who has little leisure for reading, yet wishes to keep au courant with the topics of the times. It seems to be a convenient summary of what the magazines are doing, and its copious illustrations add to its interest.

#### HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

AN oyster can, opened on one of its flat sides, and the edges turned over and hammered down, makes a good soap-dish for the kitchen table.

It is asserted that if hams are hung in smoke while wet with brine they will acquire a bitter taste. They should be allowed to dry before being hung.

AFTER you have once used white oilcloth on your kitchen table, you will never be resigned to scouring it again. Clean the oilcloth with a little sweet milk, instead of using soap on it.

YOU can stir either way and not spoil a cake or batter, but do not stir and beat alternately, because the object of stirring round and round is to mix ingredients and of beating across the dish in quick rapid strokes to catch particles of air in the batter and make it light.

IN measuring, a teaspoonful does not always mean the same quantity. Salt, pepper, mustard and spices are always measured by level measure, while sugar, flour and baking powder should be rounded. A cook is supposed to understand this difference in measurement but does not always, and rules are thereby misconstrued.

AN Ohio lady who baked a cake and had it "fall," broke it up, mashed it perfectly fine and smooth, added a cup of milk and a teaspoonful of soda with a little more flour, and re-baked it. The result was a success, a cake she was not ashamed to give to "the committee" for a church entertainment. She suggests an improvement in the shape of a cup of fruit added at the last baking, which would account for the "off color" of the resurrected article.

FOR an oyster pie, bake your crust, then add the oysters. Line a pudding dish with nice puff paste. Fill it with dry crusts or crackers, then put on the top crust, buttering its edges so it can be removed. Make the top crust twice as thick as the bottom. When baked, have ready your oysters, stewed, and thickened with two beaten eggs and fine cracker crumbs. Lift the top crust, take out the crusts and pour in the oysters.

If you have prunes to cook, you can have "stewed prunes" or "prune sass," whichever you elect. Perhaps you think there is no difference, but there is. For stewed prunes, wash the fruit well, put it in a porcelain pan, cover with water and simmer slowly on the back of the stove for three hours. Sweeten and serve cold. The prunes will be whole and plump, and the liquid in which they float a clear dark

amber. When you cook them half an hour over a hot fire, till they are all boiled to pieces, and a black, disreputable looking mess, they're just "sass."

TO make a nice dressing or stuffing for the turkey, don't add milk or water to the bread-crumbs until the result is like a poultice. A good way is to fry the bread-crumbs in butter to begin with, using butter enough to moisten them sufficiently—a generous cup-full to a scant quart of crumbs, which will be sufficient for an ordinary sized turkey. Season with salt, pepper and the herb preferred, but don't be so generous of the latter that the eater thinks the dressing has been soaked in sage tea. Beat an egg well, and stir into the crumbs, then they are ready for use.

IT is the different treatment of the tea leaves that makes the difference between green tea and black. After picking, the leaves used in making black tea are exposed to the sun and air, during which time it is carefully watched by the workmen, and at the proper time (indicated by the odor) they are put in iron roasting kettles, after which they are rolled with the hands to press out the juice. The roasting and rolling is repeated until no juice can be expressed, and they are dried in sieves placed over charcoal fires. It is in this last stage of the process that the tea turns black. The leaves to be used for green tea are roasted as soon as gathered. They are rolled and dried the same as black tea. The color of genuine green tea is due to the rapid drying of the fresh leaves; but the green tea sent out of China is almost invariably glazed with a mixture of gypsum and Prussian blue.

GOOD *Housekeeping* is one of our most valued exchanges. It is always bright, original and helpful, and an efficient aid to good housekeeping.

#### Contributed Recipes.

MINCE PIES.—Two cups of chopped meat; five cups of chopped apple; one cup of molasses; three cups of brown sugar; one cup of boiled cider; one cup of the liquid in which the meat was boiled; one cup of vinegar; one cup of water; half cup of suet (chopped) or butter. Season with two teaspoonfuls of cinnamon, one each of cloves, allspice and nutmeg, and the juice and grated rind of a lemon; three tablespoonfuls of salt. Two cups of chopped raisins; two cups of Zante currants; one cup of chopped citron; half cup of candied orange peel (if liked). Mix thoroughly; cook slowly two hours, and keep where it will not freeze. Mince meat improves with age, and can be canned to keep indefinitely.

MRS. GREEN.

PLAIN MINCE MEAT.—Two cups of meat; four cups of apple; two cups of brown sugar; one cup of raisins; one cup of currants; two cups of sweet pickle vinegar; two teaspoonfuls each of salt, cinnamon and allspice. Cook till the apple is soft.