

MICHIGAN FARMER

AND STATE JOURNAL OF AGRICULTURE.

DETROIT, JAN. 23, 1892.

THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

TO LOVERS' EYES.

"To careless eyes she is not fair,
The verdict careless lips declare,
And question why, against the charm
Of beauty, vivid, rich and warm.
The face they deem so cold and dull,
To him should be so beautiful.

"Are they too dull to see aright?
Hath he a quicker, keener sight?
Or is it that indifference
Than love hath clearer, truer sense?
Now are they right or wrong? now say,
Doth he behold her face; or they?

"Her eyes into his own eyes shine
With strange illumining; a sign
Is on her brow, a palimpsest,
Unto his gaze alone confessed.
On him in gravely gracious mood.
She smiles her soul's beatitude.

"This is the face she turns to him,
Oh, say not 'tis a lover's whim
That finds it fair; nor are they dull
Who say she is not beautiful.
For, strangest of all mysteries,
They never see the face he sees,
The face no artist's skill can limn,
The love-fair face she turns to him."

What matter it though life uncertain be
To all? What though its goal
Be never reached? What though it fall and flee,
Have we not each a soul?

A soul that quickly must arise and soar
To regions far more pure—
Arise and dwell where pain can be no more,
And every joy is sure.

Be like the bird that, on a bough too frail
To bear him, gaily swings;
He carols though the slender branches fail—
He knows that he has wings. —Victor Hugo.

INHUMAN HUMANITY.

The student of the daily paper must be often reminded of that line of the Scotch bard's, "Man's inhumanity to man makes countless thousands mourn." Those bare outlines of happenings all over the country which the newspaper chronicles are epitomes of the tragedies of human life. He who reads with a thought of the suffering and woe involved in them must often feel his heart beat with pity and indignation. Among the casualties and the crimes, the weaknesses and wickednesses, he will find tales of wife beatings, of heartless desertion, and of such cruelties shown to little children as will almost convince him of man's evolution from beasts, and that he still retains their savagery and ferocity. It

would seem as if the very defenselessness and helplessness of children would appeal to the tenderer feelings of any human heart, but sometimes even beasts are kinder to their young than human parents. They may prey upon other animals and devour them; that is their instinct, but at least they are kind to their own. The lioness fondles her cubs and the panther sheathes her claws while at play, both will defend their offspring with courage and to the death if need be; but men and women "in the image of God," will punish little children with cruel stripes, starve and torture them, abandon them to death or a possible charity, compel them to tasks beyond their years and strength, or dwarf every good impulse in them by vicious training, in a way that convinces us the race is even yet imperfectly civilized and that the savage lurks in every breast.

The woman whose husband beats her can leave him, avoid his presence, or appeal to the protection of the law. The child has no such alternatives, but must suffer alike the insane frenzy of the momentary passion or the deliberate cruelty extended over the entire childhood. Its very weakness, which should be its stronghold, compels submission. One can scarcely take up a paper without finding an instance of brutality to a child. And only the worst, the most atrocious cases, get into print. Some of them show a devilish ingenuity in torture worthy the Dark Ages or the Spanish Inquisition. Down in Arkansas not long ago a man deliberately undressed his three year old child and put it into a tub of ice-water because of some babyish misdemeanor; not content with this, he finished by whipping the little victim almost to death. For some little fault, a woman put her child's hands on a hot stove and held them there till the flesh was burned to the bones. A man is in the State prison for torturing his step-child to death with a red-hot poker; the little one had not especially offended him, he only "hated it." These are exceptional cases of fiendish atrocity, but where is the historian of the cruel strappings that leave bloody welts across tender shoulders, the imprisonments in dark closets and damp cellars on bread and water, and all the other ways inhuman parents find to

wreak their malevolence upon their little ones?

That is the meanest and lowest type of cowardice which finds gratification in torturing the weak and seeing the helpless suffer. The bully is always despicable. And he develops into the ruffian, lost to all humane instincts and promptings. The innate savagery which prompts the boy to pull off the legs and wings of flies, put out the eyes of young birds and beg the privilege of drowning the superfluous kittens, if not repressed, will make him a young man cruel to domestic animals and careless of inflicting pain upon them, and the tyrannical husband and father, whose wife and children only know happiness and peace when he is away.

There is another form of inhumanity not quite as revolting as wife or child beating, but equally reprehensible, which is becoming alarmingly prevalent. A man marries and obeys the injunction to increase and multiply upon the earth. When he has a little hard luck and his tobacco and beer money is cut down, or he gets out of work, he solves the problem of life by clearing out and leaving his wife and children to get along as best they can. At Port Huron, several weeks ago, a man of this calibre left town and a wife and eight children of assorted sizes, none old enough to be wage earners. The deserted wife struggled along until they were positively destitute, having neither food or fire, then applied to the authorities for aid. Lansing has six deserted families on its books. Almost every town in the State has its deserted family maintained by private charity or at public expense. And in cities like Detroit, hardly a week passes that some poor woman with a babe in her arms and three or four at home, does not report a missing husband and make application for relief. A large percentage of the poor funds of every city is expended in aid of such applicants. The man takes himself away, apparently perfectly indifferent as to whether his children starve or freeze to death; his only care seems his own comfort, which he secures by the abandonment of his most sacred responsibilities. He seems utterly devoid of natural affection and paternal instincts. Huldah Perkins wondered how the girls who find refuge at the

HOW IT GREW.

The story, of course, begins with a woman—one of the most common type of farm-wives; plain; of meager education and known as "ambitious," inasmuch as she always undertook double the tasks any one could do well. She was often discouraged and "blue," feeling that her life was barren and her world a very narrow one. Her work was just like that of almost all other women on a large farm, it went on in the proverbial route from sun to sun; and often, while her children were small, continued through the hours of night. But the recollection of the poverty of her early years made her rejoice over every feature of present prosperity, and she always taught her children to remember that there were many poorer than themselves. Her babies usually followed their good-night kiss with, "Oh, mamma, I wish every poor child had as warm a bed as this!" As they grew older, a weekly paper, the treasure of the oldest child, had much to say of a ward in a certain hospital which was "free to poor children."

Now a hospital was an institution as little known in this rural place as if it had belonged to another planet; but a place to make comfortable, and if possible cure the poor little ones, was talked over a good deal, and a picture of one of the cots looked at until every line was familiar. Then came a time when the mother read that such a ward had been opened in Harper Hospital, Detroit. Ah, that was nearer home! And as, at long intervals, newspaper items regarding the noble charity were read and discussed, they began to wish they could do something to help make the children happy. "I," suggested the nine year old girl, "might spare them some of my picture books." "And I," piped up the second in age, "might send Phema, only she hasn't any legs or arms, but she can work her eyes yet quite good, and some little girl might like her to play with." Then the sturdy boy promised his "taws" when he got too large to play with them. Each had proffered the treasure most dearly beloved, and the mother recognized the noble impulse as one worthy of encouragement, and turned her mind from its beaten paths to "think up some way." She had found from experience that a box of leaflets was just the thing for a weak, convalescent child to amuse itself with; a lot of pretty pictures were going to waste in the attic, so she told them they might make leaflets to send. Stormy Saturday afternoons were to be set apart for the work, and they went at it with zeal and a muss. Other children came in and wished they could do something of that kind too; and some good spirit whispered, "Why don't you?" The leaflets and a box of flowers were finally sent; and such a

such a chattering went on at school and at home, that before long a dozen girls, ranging in age from four to fourteen years, organized themselves into a society called "Friends of the Children's Free Hospital."

Although this was but about nine months ago, they have, in many ways, made their influence felt in the hospital. They have crocheted edging for nightdresses, etched a pretty bedspread, made table bibs, and sent in fruit and flowers at every opportunity. Anything in the country which is new straightway becomes news, and as such is considered in all its bearings. The mothers began to talk it over and the "original" began to collect a box of old soft cotton and outgrown nightclothes. She found everybody so responsive to the thought of helping that the idea of a society among themselves suggested itself, and though quite unaccustomed to such work and strangers to parliamentary rules, they met at a central house, and got themselves into working shape, and a good work they have done. They were all toiling people, had little time and less money; but they agreed to give one afternoon of each month for sewing and the dues were placed at five cents.

One problem puzzled them; they were fifty miles from the city, and could not see how their nickels were going to buy material for the garments and send them that distance too. But they soon learned that packages could be sent free, and that those in charge of the hospital were glad to send out garments to be made, as the making represented money to them.

Fruit cans were furnished, and during the summer each active member handed a can to her friend and also to her "friend's friend" with a request that she fill it with whatever she could best spare. No one refused, and in the autumn sixty quarts were sent. Half bushel baskets were received empty and returned in groups, filled with all sorts of things—from the fragrant onion to pippins and Snow apples.

They did not ask for anything which a farmer would market, but only for sufficient sympathy and interest to gather up and send to them that which goes to waste on a large farm every year. They are "thinking it out" and talking it up, and the prospect is that the two "Auxiliary Associations"—a second has been formed four miles from the first—of this year will be multiplied in number and increased in strength another year. One hour of some day in the city, spent at the hospital, is certain to make any one with a heart its earnest friend forever after. The little white cots, the pallid, suffering occupants, greeting with a bright smile the one who "sent the apples," and reaching gladly for the golden buttercups—guests from the woods—something they have never seen, is something pleasant to remember.

The children are of all sizes, kinds and color. The hospital is open to "all sick children under twelve, whose parents or friends are unable or unwilling to provide for them. No question is asked except, "Are they suffering and needy?" and they are made as comfortable as possible.

A band of earnest, noble-hearted, generous-handed people have founded and uphold this charity. "Yes," sneers Farmer Weazen, "but they are rich and able to do it." True, but why should we deprive ourselves of the same pleasure they have—the pleasure of knowing that we have at least tried to do good?

"Not only what we give, but also what we keep" is said to be the true measure of a gift, so on the book of that Recording Angel, which we all like to dream about whenever we have a good deed to make note of, the half bushel of windfalls may, in some way unknown to mathematics, amount to as much as the check of several ciphers. A good deed always reacts, and no person can help another without helping himself more. Farmers, compared with city people, are strangers to the habit of charity; but more than one woman has already found that it "drives away the blues" to do something for the "C. F. H." and that it is well worth a nickel to meet with neighbors in such a pleasant way—where merry tongues keep time with the needles.

This is the story of how the first Auxiliary Association grew. It was through blindness and blunders, but any one wishing to form one now may easily do so by applying to the Secretary for rules and directions. Where this is not practicable, two or three neighbors may do a good deal, while even one woman, when she says she will, she will; and will be happier forever after, thinking of the little sufferers who have been helped to bear their pain, or brought out of it into health and independence, through her exertions.

A. H. J.
THOMAS.

A CORRESPONDENT at Baldwin, Lake County, asks the HOUSEHOLD to tell where grape fruit grows, how it grows, and how to prepare it for the table. Grape fruit grows in Florida and belongs to the citrus family, which includes the orange, lemon, lime, etc. The fruit grows upon a tree like the orange, but is much larger and of a paler color when ripe. There is a very bitter white coating under the outer rind, but the pulp is a pleasant acid, midway between the orange and lemon. The shaddock is another and larger variety of grape fruit, and both are considered a specific for malaria, and are often seen in Northern markets. The fruit is eaten like the orange; we know of no way of preparing it for the table except to serve sliced with sugar, as oranges are served. Being careful, however, to remove all the bitter white coat.

MICHIGAN FARMER AND STATE JOURNAL OF AGRICULTURE.

DETROIT, JAN. 23, 1892.

THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

TO LOVERS' EYES.

"To careless eyes she is not fair,
This verdant careless lips declare,
And question why, against the charm
Of beauty, vivid, rich and warm.
The face they deem so cold and dull,
To him should be so beautiful.

"Are they too dull to see aright?
Hath he a quicker, keener sight?
Or is it that indifference
Than love hath clearer, truer sense?
Now are they right or wrong? now say,
Doth he behold her face; or they?

"Her eyes into his own eyes shine
With strange illumining; a sign
Is on her brow, a palimpsest,
Unto his gaze alone confessed.
On him in gravely gracious mood.
She smiles her soul's beatitude.

"This is the face she turns to him,
Oh, say not 'tis a lover's whim
That finds it fair; nor are they dull
Who say she is not beautiful.
For, strangest of all mysteries,
They never see the face he sees,
The face no artist's skill can limn,
The love-fair face she turns to him."

What matter it though life uncertain be
To all? What though its goal
Be never reached? What though it fall and flee,
Have we not each a soul?

A soul that quickly must arise and soar
To regions far more pure—
Arise and dwell where pain can be no more,
And every joy is sure.

Be like the bird that, on a bough too frail
To bear him, gaily swings;
He carols though the slender branches fail—
He knows that he has wings.

—Victor Hugo.

INHUMAN HUMANITY.

The student of the daily paper must be often reminded of that line of the Scotch bard's, "Man's inhumanity to man makes countless thousands mourn." Those bare outlines of happenings all over the country which the newspaper chronicles are epitomes of the tragedies of human life. He who reads with a thought of the suffering and woe involved in them must often feel his heart beat with pity and indignation. Among the casualties and the crimes, the weaknesses and wickednesses, he will find tales of wife beatings, of heartless desertion, and of such cruelties shown to little children as will almost convince him of man's evolution from beasts, and that he still retains their savagery and ferocity. It

would seem as if the very defenselessness and helplessness of children would appeal to the tenderer feelings of any human heart, but sometimes even beasts are kinder to their young than human parents. They may prey upon other animals and devour them; that is their instinct, but at least they are kind to their own. The lioness fondles her cubs and the panther sheathes her claws while at play, both will defend their offspring with courage and to the death if need be; but men and women "in the image of God," will punish little children with cruel stripes, starve and torture them, abandon them to death or a possible charity, compel them to tasks beyond their years and strength, or dwarf every good impulse in them by vicious training, in a way that convinces us the race is even yet imperfectly civilized and that the savage lurks in every breast.

The woman whose husband beats her can leave him, avoid his presence, or appeal to the protection of the law. The child has no such alternatives, but must suffer alike the insane frenzy of the momentary passion or the deliberate cruelty extended over the entire childhood. Its very weakness, which should be its stronghold, compels submission. One can scarcely take up a paper without finding an instance of brutality to a child. And only the worst, the most atrocious cases, get into print. Some of them show a devilish ingenuity in torture worthy the Dark Ages or the Spanish Inquisition. Down in Arkansas not long ago a man deliberately undressed his three year old child and put it into a tub of ice-water because of some babyish misdeemeanor; not content with this, he finished by whipping the little victim almost to death. For some little fault, a woman put her child's hands on a hot stove and held them there till the flesh was burned to the bones. A man is in the State prison for torturing his step-child to death with a red-hot poker; the little one had not especially offended him, he only "hated it." These are exceptional cases of fiendish atrocity, but where is the historian of the cruel strappings that leave bloody welts across tender shoulders, the imprisonments in dark closets and damp cellars on bread and water, and all the other ways inhuman parents find to

wreak their malevolence upon their little ones?

That is the meanest and lowest type of cowardice which finds gratification in torturing the weak and seeing the helpless suffer. The bully is always despicable. And he develops into the ruffian, lost to all humane instincts and promptings. The innate savagery which prompts the boy to pull off the legs and wings of flies, put out the eyes of young birds and beg the privilege of drowning the superfluous kittens, if not repressed, will make him a young man cruel to domestic animals and careless of inflicting pain upon them, and the tyrannical husband and father, whose wife and children only know happiness and peace when he is away.

There is another form of inhumanity not quite as revolting as wife or child beating, but equally reprehensible, which is becoming alarmingly prevalent. A man marries and obeys the injunction to increase and multiply upon the earth. When he has a little hard luck and his tobacco and beer money is cut down, or he gets out of work, he solves the problem of life by clearing out and leaving his wife and children to get along as best they can. At Port Huron, several weeks ago, a man of this calibre left town and a wife and eight children of assorted sizes, none old enough to be wage earners. The deserted wife struggled along until they were positively destitute, having neither food or fire, then applied to the authorities for aid. Lansing has six deserted families on its books. Almost every town in the State has its deserted family maintained by private charity or at public expense. And in cities like Detroit, hardly a week passes that some poor woman with a babe in her arms and three or four at home, does not report a missing husband and make application for relief. A large percentage of the poor funds of every city is expended in aid of such applicants. The man takes himself away, apparently perfectly indifferent as to whether his children starve or freeze to death; his only care seems his own comfort, which he secures by the abandonment of his most sacred responsibilities. He seems utterly devoid of natural affection and paternal instincts. Huldah Perkins wondered how the girls who find refuge at the

Foundlings' Home can abandon their babes, relinquishing all claim to them, ignorant of their fate. But I can understand how a girl can part with the evidence of her disgrace much more readily than I can comprehend how either man or woman can abandon the offspring of legitimate union, leaving it to life or death as happens. Yet we read very recently of a woman at Kalamazoo who deserted her husband and three weeks' old baby, her first born, because of a disagreement with the former.

There should be laws punishing with severity this class of crimes—for desertion of responsibilities voluntarily assumed is a crime. But what can we expect so long as men and women will marry on nothing and try to live on their income! A man who hasn't money enough to pay the preacher will marry a girl of equal fortune, and heaven only knows how they expect to live. Do they ever *think* how they are to live? Girls are often called mercenary and accused of undue partiality for young men of means, but that is a wise girl who takes thought of what and where her life will be after marriage, and what prospects her intended husband has for maintaining her and those hostages to Fate we call children.

When a young man applies for a license to wed I would have one of the questions in the catechism, "What means of support have you?" And if he said "None," I would have the wedding postponed *sine die*. But this, they tell us, would not conduce to public morality. Marriage must be made easy for public welfare, even if the consequences are paupers and imbeciles and costly State institutions for their care. Human nature, with its strong tincture of the animal, makes social problems difficult of solution, and selfish, undisciplined, passionate natures make the sin and suffering of the world.

BEATRIX.

A "HOUSEHOLD" SHORTCOMING

The days and weeks slip along so rapidly during this season of short days, that it is no wonder so many good resolutions are broken, especially if they in any way require time for their fulfillment. For although, as some one says, we have all the time there is, it is so filled with the cares and pleasures of the world that if we take up the duty that lies nearest us, the HOUSEHOLD letters are quite likely to wait for the more convenient season that is slow in coming.

A friend has a happy faculty of selecting from papers just such bits of poetry as will be helpful to her correspondents; and slipping one in a letter is a pleasant way of making one feel that their own particular loves and hopes and sorrows are remembered by the sender and instinctively the heart grows fonder. What comfort there is

in the thought that a dear one is reminded of us at other times than just when writing the letter that proves her affection, and the little things of life count for so much with those who know how to appreciate them.

I had thought that our little paper was simply perfect in its way and wholly reliable in all that might belong to it, but was wofully disappointed recently. One day "my stomach called for doughnuts," not of the baker's manufacture, but the real homemade sort, light and sweet and toothsome. I knew not how to compound them, but said to myself "There'll be lots of good recipes in the HOUSEHOLD, so I patiently looked over the file for two or three years, and there was everything else that an epicure might want; but the doughnuts, or fried cakes, or crullers, such as my mother used to make, were not there and we took our coffee with cookies as usual. One tried recipe is sufficient for me, but I would appreciate one that requires sweet milk or cream, with cream of tartar and soda. Perhaps the sender would supply a long felt want for others who are too timid to ask, and surely our *cuisine* should include doughnuts with all the good things numbered there.

M. E. H. inquired about the ink used in my stylographic pen. Sometimes the bottled ink is too thick to flow well, but I have used it much, although it should never be taken from an uncorked bottle.

EL. SEE.

ROMEO.

CHRISTMAS AT THE CHILDREN'S FREE HOSPITAL.

Ever since our "fresh air" guests of the summer told us about the Christmas tree at the Children's Free Hospital, we felt that it would pay to see it; so it came to pass on the morning of the 30th of December that we entered the unpretentious sunny-looking building on Fort St. which shelters this noble, tender charity—a hand reaching out to all sick little ones of whatever race or religion, who need its care.

We enter a wide hall. A small reception room opens from one side, while on the other a doorway, with a gate across the lower part, gives us a glimpse of the play-room where boys in blue print blouses, girls in white aprons, some with frames about their feet, some on crutches, and all bearing trace of disease and pain, are evidently well awake to the importance of the day.

We are cordially welcomed by Miss Parker, the superintendent, and ascend to the wards on the second floor. The first we see is the baby ward. Half a dozen babies, some very pretty, are here and respond with due grace to the petting and fondling of the visitors. None are extremely sick except a black boy about a year old who is suffering from convulsions. The white cots with

their white furnishings look just like drifts of snow, and he looks so strange lying in one. Our sympathy goes out to the poor little sufferer and we feel thankful to see him so well cared for.

We often hear the remark, "How little we realize the homes they came from!" As the workhouse robes assigned poor Oliver Twist to his proper station in society, so the bath, clean clothes and nice surroundings make these children as pure and lovable as our own.

In the next ward we find Louise, a little girl who has been there several months having her limbs straightened. They feel quite confident of giving her the use of them. Willie, who came in with typhoid, is pointed out by several as one brought back from the very gates of death. Another, convalescing from fever, is from an Orphans' Home. A kind, intelligent-looking boy, he seems worthy of home and friends; but such blessings are not always given to the worthiest.

At noon those in the playroom go up to the bathroom where each uses his own washcloth and towel and passes on to the dining-room, where they are served with plain and wholesome fare and taught to eat it properly. After that the former patients who have been "sent for" begin to arrive, with shining and expectant faces. They are shown into the play-room, where they exchange greetings with those they chance to know and join the rows on the benches.

Many sit quietly, while others are restless and impatient. The gate is often opened and the liberty of the hall gained for a few moments, when a white-capped nurse puts them back without a word. Simon, an Italian as handsome as a prince, is under treatment for deafness, and seems quite a pirate—regardless of rules he can not hear. One boy who comes in tells me he was cured of blindness there, and I judge from his appearance that he was well worth saving from helpless pauperism, and of course it meant just that in his case. Meanwhile, in a room opening off the hall further down, the "tree" has grown to the very ceiling, and beneath the touch of three lovely young ladies is bearing such bloom as tree never bore beneath the kisses of May, or the magic wand of the Frost King. Some of the children are told by their nurse that if they come up promptly for their medicine the tree will soon follow, and they begin to apply for the bitter dose immediately without regard to time. No doubt the moments seem long, and no wonder that one little girl "peeked." The curiosity of Mother Eve abides with us still. The tree is ready at last. Mrs. Ledyard, the lovely and beloved Patron Saint of the institution, has arrived. The room is darkened, the candles on the tree lighted, and the children admitted. All are there ex-

cept the black baby, who is too sick to notice anything. The ladies and nurses have brought down the helpless and the babies, and it is a scene of joy and goodness. It would be hard to say which is the happiest—those who receive or those who have given. The distribution of gifts begins and we would have gladly watched it through; but we have already overstayed our allotted time, and we hurry away feeling that memory has gained another treasure, for we shall always like to remember our "Christmas at the C. F. H."

THOMAS.

A. H. J.

THE CREDIT SYSTEM.

I would like to give Beatrix a vote of thanks for her article on "Store Accounts," and feel that many others will say she has uttered their sentiments exactly. I have watched the credit system for several years and find it resulting in evil many times. Money gives one such a sense of freedom and independence. Many a woman would gladly do without things she would like and enjoy if the store account could be done away with. I do not think farmers are fully awake to the evil of credit.

One of our ex-merchants says if he had three customers all equally good, two of them pay as they go along, the other having credit, the one is worth more to him than the other two. I hope, with Sister Gracious, that there may be more "pay as you go" in 1892.

GRAND BLANC.

R. W. P.

GOSSIP WITH THE HOUSEHOLDERS.

I have just been reading the HOUSEHOLD and agree with Beatrix in regard to the good resolutions which we ought to make and keep.

Longfellow is my favorite poet. How true: "Home happiness is dearest and best. Cherish it if it is yours; if not make it so." I think the advice about "Store Accounts" just right, but sometimes one cannot do otherwise than make them. We keep them as small as possible.

"Huldah," our old friend, asks, "Is there a home for a girl where she may keep her child with her? If not there should be." Perhaps she is right, but in my opinion it savors too much of putting a premium on crime of the lowest and worst kind. I desire to pity and forgive all unfortunates, but for our State to furnish a "Home" or place of refuge where all might go and be cared for in their dishonor, I think it would be wrong.

I am glad to know El. See is no longer alone and lonely. May her future be bright with sunshine. The article by H. N. P. I liked very much. I should love to see all girls like the last one mentioned. It is of the greatest importance that a girl be taught to respect herself; if she has no

respect for herself soon others will have none for her. Better be called proud and cold than bold and free.

I like Sister Gracious' letters, they have a ring of earnestness. Where is our "Brue?" She agreed to tell us more of her history in the future. I would like to welcome her back again.

We have sleighing here with us; the bells go ringing, though we had a green Christmas, just a few patches of snow. Husband and I laughed at the poverty-stricken picture El. See drew for us of Petoskey and vicinity, and were glad to read Farmerine's defense. True, El. See found things dried and parched, with a poor outlook for vegetation, but our cellars are full of potatoes and other things as necessary. A drouth is a rarity here and we may not have another in twenty years. We hope for the best. We think this country well worthy of settlement. But those who have good farms and richly furnished homes in southern Michigan will not care for this.

There is one subject I think we ought to discuss more, that is the feelings of our children. We ought to try to not pain them by restricting them in their noisy play. We should remember the poem beginning

"If we knew the rosy fingers pressed against the window pane
Would be cold and still tomorrow, never trouble us again."

Its sentiment would often keep us from hasty words and deeds,

WOLVERINE.

MAYBELLE.

"I WILL PEEP."

That is what a hen-pecked husband said to his wife, who used to put him under the bed whenever she had company, to keep him out of sight. One day she had a large company, and as usual put her husband under the bed, cautioning him not to peep out; but disregarding the oft shaking of the head and stamping of the foot, he became impatient and piped out, "I tell you, as long as I have the spirit of a man left in me I will peep!" So, after a six weeks' siege of a second edition of la grippe, enlarged but not improved from the first, a year ago—heaven spare me from a third infliction—I find myself sufficiently recovered to once more peep into the HOUSEHOLD, as I still consider myself a member thereof. I have noticed one vote for my expulsion and one vote for my retention, for which I am very grateful.

For six long weeks I have been under the powder of the grippe, supplemented by a paralysis of my left side, but have managed to read most of the HOUSEHOLDS.

Peeping is a natural propensity of the human race, especially of children and of women; is usually accompanied by either mental or audible criticisms, and does no particular harm when confined to mere mental criticisms, but may result in much injury if given audible expression. I mean mental

criticisms do no harm except to the one indulging in them, for I hold that our motives, intentions, designs, are what creates guilt in the sight of God as much or more than what we say or do. Man looks at outward actions; but God looks at the heart.

Notwithstanding I have been a sufferer for six long weeks it's all right, for what is beyond the control of man is right.

GRANDPA.

PLYMOUTH.

A CHAPTER ON CAKE-MAKING.

A church fair or a picnic always brings out a large and varied assortment of cake. Every woman is prepared to swear that her own is the best of the lot. It is a matter of personal pride to be represented by a plump, well shaped loaf, with icing as white and smooth as the driven snow. Often that spotless icing covers defects quickly detected by the palate. Even in this day and generation there are women who will make cake of lard and coffee sugar, though most of them I trust reserve it for home consumption. Cake-making is the poetry of baking days. There is a virtuous satisfaction in putting away in the cake box a delicious layer cake, a brunette fruit cake or a delicate cake in its flawless armor, not to mention those sugar, cookies which melt in your mouth and the patty-cakes which please you by reminding you of the days when the cook let you scrape the dish in which she had stirred the batter, and baked the residue "for your very own."

There are some rules for obtaining the best and surest results in cake-making which we may observe with profit, and lessen the chances of having a cake "fall" just when we are short of eggs or there isn't another cup of sugar in the house. The first thing to think about is the fire. Experience is a great aid here. A moderate, steady heat is necessary. If the oven is too hot, the cake will brown over before it has risen sufficiently and is almost sure to break in the center and run out, making an ill-shaped loaf; if too cool, the texture will be coarse and full of holes. See to the fire first, before you begin the mixing. If too hot when your cake is ready, a dish of cold water in the oven will lower the temperature, or you may lift the lids that are over the oven. Next, line the baking-pans with clean writing paper, brush over with melted butter and dredge with flour, shaking out all that does not adhere. For angel cake, the pan need not be buttered if it is used only for this purpose and has never been buttered.

Measure all the ingredients before you begin. Use pastry flour; it makes the most tender cake, as it contains less gluten than the bread flour. Sift the flour before measuring it; add the baking powder and mix it thoroughly through the flour; this is best done by

Foundlings' Home can abandon their babes, relinquishing all claim to them, ignorant of their fate. But I can understand how a girl can part with the evidence of her disgrace much more readily than I can comprehend how either man or woman can abandon the offspring of legitimate union, leaving it to life or death as happens. Yet we read very recently of a woman at Kalamazoo who deserted her husband and three weeks' old baby, her first born, because of a disagreement with the former.

There should be laws punishing with severity this class of crimes—for desertion of responsibilities voluntarily assumed is a crime. But what can we expect so long as men and women will marry on nothing and try to live on their income! A man who hasn't money enough to pay the preacher will marry a girl of equal fortune, and heaven only knows how they expect to live. Do they ever *think* how they are to live? Girls are often called mercenary and accused of undue partiality for young men of means, but that is a wise girl who takes thought of what and where her life will be after marriage, and what prospects her intended husband has for maintaining her and those hostages to Fate we call children.

When a young man applies for a license to wed I would have one of the questions in the catechism, "What means of support have you?" And if he said "None," I would have the wedding postponed *sine die*. But this, they tell us, would not conduce to public morality. Marriage must be made easy for public welfare, even if the consequences are paupers and imbeciles and costly State institutions for their care. Human nature, with its strong tincture of the animal, makes social problems difficult of solution, and selfish, undisciplined, passionate natures make the sin and suffering of the world.

BEATRIX.

A "HOUSEHOLD" SHORTCOMING

The days and weeks slip along so rapidly during this season of short days, that it is no wonder so many good resolutions are broken, especially if they in any way require time for their fulfillment. For although, as some one says, we have all the time there is, it is so filled with the cares and pleasures of the world that if we take up the duty that lies nearest us, the HOUSEHOLD letters are quite likely to wait for the more convenient season that is slow in coming.

A friend has a happy faculty of selecting from papers just such bits of poetry as will be helpful to her correspondents; and slipping one in a letter is a pleasant way of making one feel that their own particular loves and hopes and sorrows are remembered by the sender and instinctively the heart grows fonder. What comfort there is

in the thought that a dear one is reminded of us at other times than just when writing the letter that proves her affection, and the little things of life count for so much with those who know how to appreciate them.

I had thought that our little paper was simply perfect in its way and wholly reliable in all that might belong to it, but was wofully disappointed recently. One day "my stomach called for doughnuts," not of the baker's manufacture, but the real homemade sort, light and sweet and toothsome. I knew not how to compound them, but said to myself "There'll be lots of good recipes in the HOUSEHOLD, so I patiently looked over the file for two or three years, and there was everything else that an epicure might want; but the doughnuts, or fried cakes, or crullers, such as my mother used to make, were not there and we took our coffee with cookies as usual. One tried recipe is sufficient for me, but I would appreciate one that requires sweet milk or cream, with cream of tartar and soda. Perhaps the sender would supply a long felt want for others who are too timid to ask, and surely our *cuisine* should include doughnuts with all the good things numbered there.

M. E. H. inquired about the ink used in my stylographic pen. Sometimes the bottled ink is too thick to flow well, but I have used it much, although it should never be taken from an uncorked bottle.

EL. SEE.

ROMEO.

CHRISTMAS AT THE CHILDREN'S FREE HOSPITAL.

Ever since our "fresh air" guests of the summer told us about the Christmas tree at the Children's Free Hospital, we felt that it would pay to see it; so it came to pass on the morning of the 30th of December that we entered the unpretentious sunny-looking building on Fort St. which shelters this noble, tender charity—a hand reaching out to all sick little ones of whatever race or religion, who need its care.

We enter a wide hall. A small reception room opens from one side, while on the other a doorway, with a gate across the lower part, gives us a glimpse of the play-room where boys in blue print blouses, girls in white aprons, some with frames about their feet, some on crutches, and all bearing trace of disease and pain, are evidently well awake to the importance of the day.

We are cordially welcomed by Miss Parker, the superintendent, and ascend to the wards on the second floor. The first we see is the baby ward. Half a dozen babies, some very pretty, are here and respond with due grace to the petting and fondling of the visitors. None are extremely sick except a black boy about a year old who is suffering from convulsions. The white cots with

their white furnishings look just like drifts of snow, and he looks so strange lying in one. Our sympathy goes out to the poor little sufferer and we feel thankful to see him so well cared for.

We often hear the remark, "How little we realize the homes they came from!" As the workhouse robes assigned poor Oliver Twist to his proper station in society, so the bath, clean clothes and nice surroundings make these children as pure and lovable as our own.

In the next ward we find Louise, a little girl who has been there several months having her limbs straightened. They feel quite confident of giving her the use of them. Willie, who came in with typhoid, is pointed out by several as one brought back from the very gates of death. Another, convalescing from fever, is from an Orphans' Home. A kind, intelligent-looking boy, he seems worthy of home and friends; but such blessings are not always given to the worthiest.

At noon those in the playroom go up to the bathroom where each uses his own washcloth and towel and passes on to the dining-room, where they are served with plain and wholesome fare and taught to eat it properly. After that the former patients who have been "sent for" begin to arrive, with shining and expectant faces. They are shown into the play-room, where they exchange greetings with those they chance to know and join the rows on the benches.

Many sit quietly, while others are restless and impatient. The gate is often opened and the liberty of the hall gained for a few moments, when a white-capped nurse puts them back without a word. Simon, an Italian as handsome as a prince, is under treatment for deafness, and seems quite a pirate—regardless of rules he can not hear. One boy who comes in tells me he was cured of blindness there, and I judge from his appearance that he was well worth saving from helpless pauperism, and of course it meant just that in his case. Meanwhile, in a room opening off the hall further down, the "tree" has grown to the very ceiling, and beneath the touch of three lovely young ladies is bearing such bloom as tree never bore beneath the kisses of May, or the magic wand of the Frost King. Some of the children are told by their nurse that if they come up promptly for their medicine the tree will soon follow, and they begin to apply for the bitter dose immediately without regard to time. No doubt the moments seem long, and no wonder that one little girl "peeked." The curiosity of Mother Eve abides with us still. The tree is ready at last. Mrs. Ledyard, the lovely and beloved Patron Saint of the institution, has arrived. The room is darkened, the candles on the tree lighted, and the children admitted. All are there ex-

cept the black baby, who is too sick to notice anything. The ladies and nurses have brought down the helpless and the babies, and it is a scene of joy and goodness. It would be hard to say which is the happiest—those who receive or those who have given. The distribution of gifts begins and we would have gladly watched it through; but we have already overstayed our allotted time, and we hurry away feeling that memory has gained another treasure, for we shall always like to remember our "Christmas at the C. F. H."

THOMAS.

THE CREDIT SYSTEM.

I would like to give Beatrix a vote of thanks for her article on "Store Accounts," and feel that many others will say she has uttered their sentiments exactly. I have watched the credit system for several years and find it resulting in evil many times. Money gives one such a sense of freedom and independence. Many a woman would gladly do without things she would like and enjoy if the store account could be done away with. I do not think farmers are fully awake to the evil of credit.

One of our ex-merchants says if he had three customers all equally good, two of them pay as they go along, the other having credit, the one is worth more to him than the other two. I hope, with Sister Gracious, that there may be more "pay as you go" in 1892.

GRAND BLANC.

R. W. P.

GOSSIP WITH THE HOUSEHOLDERS.

I have just been reading the HOUSEHOLD and agree with Beatrix in regard to the good resolutions which we ought to make and keep.

Longfellow is my favorite poet. How true: "Home happiness is dearest and best. Cherish it if it is yours; if not make it so." I think the advice about "Store Accounts" just right, but sometimes one cannot do otherwise than make them. We keep them as small as possible.

"Huldah," our old friend, asks, "Is there a home for a girl where she may keep her child with her? If not there should be." Perhaps she is right, but in my opinion it savors too much of putting a premium on crime of the lowest and worst kind. I desire to pity and forgive all unfortunates, but for our State to furnish a "Home" or place of refuge where all might go and be cared for in their dishonor, I think it would be wrong.

I am glad to know El. See is no longer alone and lonely. May her future be bright with sunshine. The article by H. N. P. I liked very much. I should love to see all girls like the last one mentioned. It is of the greatest importance that a girl be taught to respect herself; if she has no

respect for herself soon others will have none for her. Better be called proud and cold than bold and free.

I like Sister Gracious' letters, they have a ring of earnestness. Where is our "Brue?" She agreed to tell us more of her history in the future. I would like to welcome her back again.

We have sleighing here with us; the bells go ringing, though we had a green Christmas, just a few patches of snow. Husband and I laughed at the poverty-stricken picture El. See drew for us of Petoskey and vicinity, and were glad to read Farmerine's defense. True, El. See found things dried and parched, with a poor outlook for vegetation, but our cellars are full of potatoes and other things as necessary. A drouth is a rarity here and we may not have another in twenty years. We hope for the best. We think this country well worthy of settlement. But those who have good farms and richly furnished homes in southern Michigan will not care for this.

There is one subject I think we ought to discuss more, that is the feelings of our children. We ought to try to not pain them by restricting them in their noisy play. We should remember the poem beginning

"If we knew the rosy fingers pressed against the window pane
Would be cold and still tomorrow, never trouble us again."

Its sentiment would often keep us from hasty words and deeds,

WOLVERINE.

MAYBELLE.

"I WILL PEEP."

That is what a hen-pecked husband said to his wife, who used to put him under the bed whenever she had company, to keep him out of sight. One day she had a large company, and as usual put her husband under the bed, cautioning him not to peep out; but disregarding the oft shaking of the head and stamping of the foot, he became impatient and piped out, "I tell you, as long as I have the spirit of a man left in me I will peep!" So, after a six weeks' siege of a second edition of la grippe, enlarged but not improved from the first, a year ago—heaven spare me from a third infliction—I find myself sufficiently recovered to once more peep into the HOUSEHOLD, as I still consider myself a member thereof. I have noticed one vote for my expulsion and one vote for my retention, for which I am very grateful.

For six long weeks I have been under the powder of the grippe, supplemented by a paralysis of my left side, but have managed to read most of the HOUSEHOLDS.

Peeping is a natural propensity of the human race, especially of children and of women; is usually accompanied by either mental or audible criticisms, and does no particular harm when confined to mere mental criticisms, but may result in much injury if given audible expression. I mean mental

criticisms do no harm except to the one indulging in them, for I hold that our motives, intentions, designs, are what creates guilt in the sight of God as much or more than what we say or do. Man looks at outward actions; but God looks at the heart.

Notwithstanding I have been a sufferer for six long weeks it's all right, for what is beyond the control of man is right.

GRANDPA.

PLYMOUTH.

A CHAPTER ON CAKE-MAKING.

A church fair or a picnic always brings out a large and varied assortment of cake. Every woman is prepared to swear that her own is the best of the lot. It is a matter of personal pride to be represented by a plump, well shaped loaf, with icing as white and smooth as the driven snow. Often that spotless icing covers defects quickly detected by the palate. Even in this day and generation there are women who will make cake of lard and coffee sugar, though most of them I trust reserve it for home consumption. Cake-making is the poetry of baking days. There is a virtuous satisfaction in putting away in the cake box a delicious layer cake, a brunette fruit cake or a delicate cake in its flawless armor, not to mention those sugar cookies which melt in your mouth and the patty-cakes which please you by reminding you of the days when the cook let you scrape the dish in which she had stirred the batter, and baked the residue "for your very own."

There are some rules for obtaining the best and surest results in cake-making which we may observe with profit, and lessen the chances of having a cake "fall" just when we are short of eggs or there isn't another cup of sugar in the house. The first thing to think about is the fire. Experience is a great aid here. A moderate, steady heat is necessary. If the oven is too hot, the cake will brown over before it has risen sufficiently and is almost sure to break in the center and run out, making an ill-shaped loaf; if too cool, the texture will be coarse and full of holes. See to the fire first, before you begin the mixing. If too hot when your cake is ready, a dish of cold water in the oven will lower the temperature, or you may lift the lids that are over the oven. Next, line the baking-pans with clean writing paper, brush over with melted butter and dredge with flour, shaking out all that does not adhere. For angel cake, the pan need not be buttered if it is used only for this purpose and has never been buttered.

Measure all the ingredients before you begin. Use pastry flour; it makes the most tender cake, as it contains less gluten than the bread flour. Sift the flour before measuring it; add the baking powder and mix it thoroughly through the flour; this is best done by

sifting it. Never measure flour by dipping the cup into it; this packs it too solidly; use a spoon and fill the cup lightly. And by the way, a graduated tin cup measuring half a pint and marked in quarters, is a great convenience in cake-making. Use fine granulated sugar unless some other kind is specified, and cups even full.

Greater care is requisite in measuring the butter than any other ingredient. Too much will make the cake settle; too little will make it tough. Winter butter is more solid than summer butter and the measure can be made a trifle scant. Break it into bits and press into the measure; don't guess at the quantity or "lump it off," or "use your judgment;" measure it. Where the butter is to be creamed—as it should always for nice cake—warm the earthen bowl by turning hot water into and out of it. Don't let it stand to heat the bowl through or the butter will melt and the cake will be yellow. Many cake-makers will put butter and sugar together and then stir to a cream; it is a saving of strength to cream the butter and add the sugar gradually, and the quality of the cake is superior. Use a silver or wooden spoon; the latter is preferable. Never use an iron spoon to stir cake, or a tin or iron dish to mix it in; your cake will be dark.

Do not beat the whites of eggs and let them stand; they will partly liquefy and cannot be made firm again; it will not hurt the batter—before the flour is in—to stand while the eggs are beaten. Add milk gradually; it saves time and beating out lumps. For any cake that is to be baked in a loaf, cream tartar and soda give best results; for layer cakes, baking powder. When a rule calls for a teaspoonful of cream-tartar and half as much soda, and you prefer to use baking powder, use two teaspoonfuls. So much starch is used in adulterating baking powder that this allowance is necessary. Always spread the batter evenly in the cake pans, especially for layer cakes.

And after you have taken all possible precautions, the "total depravity of inanimate things" will often be illustrated by failure, due to a little too much butter or not quite enough flour, so that you will consider cake making anything but an exact science, and more like a lottery than is altogether profitable; but by observing these "cooking school directions" you reduce the chances of failure to a minimum.

All cakes made without eggs require to be stiffer than if eggs are used. Soft gingerbread requires a "right hot" oven, but not sufficiently so to scorch. Hard and soft gingerbread, ginger and drop cakes and snaps can be made without eggs. The latter require patience and muscle to roll the stiff dough thin enough to make them crisp, and a faithful attendant at the oven door. A soft gingerbread may be made without butter, eggs or milk; the rule being one

cup of N. O. molasses, half a cup of fried meat drippings, teaspoonful of ginger, one of soda, half a cup of hot water and flour to make a stiff batter. The only trouble with this rule is to get the batter stiff enough and bake it just right, in a hot oven. Cookies may be made by the same rule, making them very stiff. For drop cakes substitute cloves and cinnamon for the ginger and make soft enough to drop from the spoon.

A recipe for "White Mountain cake" gives a batter which may be varied in a good many ways, is easy to make and not too rich. It is very good for layer cakes, as it does not get stale quickly. The rule is: One half pound of butter, creamed; add a pound of fine white sugar; six eggs, whites and yolks beaten separately; one cup sweet milk, and one pound of flour, through which you have sifted three teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Bake in layers. Use jelly or cream filling if you like; or into the beaten yolks of four eggs, stir a pound of powdered sugar; flavor to taste. With this as a basis, you can make lemon, orange, chocolate, cocoanut or walnut cake, literally the old lady's "seven kinds of cake out of one dough." The juice of the orange and lemon added to the icing with a little more sugar, gives cake of those flavors. Two-thirds of a cup of desiccated cocoanut stirred in, makes your cocoanut cake; a cupful of nut meats chopped fine, with a few whole meats pressed into the plain icing on top, results in walnut cake, and a little melted chocolate gives the dainty beloved by most girls.

BEATRIX.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

THE Toledo Journal tells a new way for clarifying suet, fat from steaks, chickens, etc., for use as shortening: "Put your beef suet or whatever you have, in a kettle, and when beginning to melt, pour in the milk. To such a quantity as you would get from one large steak, or the superfluous fat from a roast, you would put about a cup of milk. Let this boil until the milk is all blended into the fat, and you will have shortening which has nearly the taste of butter."

THE New York Tribune advises us that the best way to clean currants is to rub a cup of flour into every pound of currants. The flour must be rubbed into the currants thoroughly so as to separate the individual currants. The currants must then be rubbed through a coarse sieve. This last sifting will carry with it most of the fine stems. Pick out any stones or larger stems and immerse the currants in the colander in plenty of cold water, rubbing them well under the water. This will cause any small stems to float. Take out the currants, handful by handful, dry them in a dry towel, spread them on boards or in the bottom of large

dripping pans and set them in the closet of the stove under the oven to dry.

GOOD Housekeeping says: The worst beefsteaks are found in private families; often in those where other food is above reproach. The trouble is, sometimes, that in buying for a small table the housekeeper falls into the mistaken economy of ordering a thin steak. This can always be avoided by a little thought. Most butchers will cut in two a large sirloin or round steak, and a short porterhouse is hardly more than enough to serve two people; but if the marketman is obdurate, buy the whole steak. It will keep a couple of days, and can be used for breakfast, dinner or luncheon; and it is better to have two good beefsteak meals, with a short interval between them, than two poor ones at more convenient seasons.

DEAR READERS, you who profess your pleasure in the HOUSEHOLD, and enjoy its weekly visits, your Editor asks with no uncertain voice, for "More copy." More, more, still more letters are wanted—letters about all sorts of things, your thoughts, your observations, your economies, your experiments, not forgetting your failures, out of which often come success. Your Editor longs to be buried beneath an avalanche of letters, literally "snowed under" by them. It is impossible to have too many, the great trouble is too few. We want the charm of variety, the spice of differing opinions, the flavor of varying personality. All are welcome, men as well as women (if the women do not want the men to come they must crowd them out by their own abundant letters), the girls as well as those of mature years. Please accept this heartfelt invitation.

Useful Recipes.

DOUGHNUTS.—One cup of sugar; two eggs; two tablespoonfuls of melted butter; two-thirds cup of milk; two even teaspoonfuls of cream tartar; one even teaspoonful of soda; salt and nutmeg; flour to roll.

FRIED CAKES.—One cup of sugar; two eggs; half cup of shortening; one cup of sour milk; one teaspoonful of soda; salt- spoonful of salt and half a nutmeg. Flour to roll. Cut in rings.

CRULLERS.—Four eggs; four tablespoonfuls of lard; ditto sugar; salt-spoonful of salt and half a nutmeg; teaspoonful of lemon extract. Work in flour enough for a nice dough; roll an eighth of an inch thick and fry in hot lard. [The rule we used with success called for four teaspoonfuls of sweet milk.—Ed.] From "The Every Day Cook Book."

BEATRIX'S FRIED CAKES.—One coffee cup of sugar; two eggs; one cup of cream, put in a pint bowl and fill up with nice rich buttermilk, one teaspoonful of soda dissolved in a little milk and stirred into the cream and buttermilk; half a nutmeg; salt-spoonful of salt. Flour enough to make a soft dough; roll three-quarters of an inch thick, cut in squares; fry "just right" and sift with powdered sugar. If they suit you, a couple extra for

BEATRIX.