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THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

For the Household.

THE DIFFERENCE.

BY A. H. J.

"A child's lost! A child's lost!
The wild cry ringing down
Is caught by voices far and near
And echoed through the town.
She sought for flowers but strayed too far
The night too early came:
With thoughts of anxious, pitying love,
But never one of blame,
In tender clasp our little ones
We just a moment hold,
Then hasten out to seek the lamb,
Strayed from the mother's fold.
"A maiden's lost! A maiden's lost!"
We tell the story low;
She sought Love's flowers, but strayed to paths
Of wretchedness and woe.
No hand goes out to lead her back;
We sweep our robes aside,
And push the uncrowned woman down
With boast of strength untried.
No thought is given the tempted life,
So different from our own;
But at the sinner Christ forgave,
We cast the ready stone.

BETTER EDUCATION FOR FARMER LADS.

Dear parents, what are you sending those fifteen and seventeen year old boys to school for? Think a moment and say to yourselves, what is it for? Undoubtedly some will say, for an education, and indeed that is your object, but why not look at it in a business way.

You keep your boys at home in the fall and spring to help you reap and sow and to save hiring a man. This is all right if you think so; but if you think, you will not think so. Of course it makes you richer in dollars and cents, and this is what you desire to leave those dear boys, but will it make them richer in years to come? Ah no, it will not. They are not as well prepared to save that which you leave them or to make more.

You would not think of feeding those fat cattle only once a day, at noon. Why, then, do you send your boys to school only one-third of the school year, and then expect them to go in a class with other pupils of their age and to keep up with those who go the whole school year? You may say that they have a better education than you had, and very likely they have, but is that the way you ought to and do feel about it? I do not think there are many who feel that way.

Many are working hard for a little money to leave to the boys; but I tell you they will be richer when they are your age if you spend that little in hiring some one to help you and send them to school the whole year.

Perhaps this is pretty plain talk for a girl just out of her teens, but I have no brothers and this is the only way which strikes me favorably for speaking my mind to parents who do not regard an education as the highest of all worldly possessions. I speak for the boys, because girls seldom remain away from school as much as boys, and there are so many boys in our district who go to school in this way. I am not a woman's rights girl, but I firmly believe that uneducated boys or men will lead girls to hold higher political and other offices than they now hold.

I think this subject has not been discussed in our little HOUSEHOLD, and I would like to know what some one else thinks about it, and especially Grandpa.
ASSYRIA. TRUDIE HUNTER.

WARNING WORDS.

A great talker cannot always listen; so I give this as an excuse for my abrupt entrance to this charmed circle. In the HOUSEHOLD of Nov. 16th, 1891, "89" gave us some sensible advice. It is not much hardship to go without pie when the table is loaded with cake of several different kinds. Sometimes the cause for plainer food on city tables, as compared with the farmer's, is that each variety of fruit and fresh vegetable means a loosening of the purse-strings not experienced by said farmers.

I do not agree with "89" about city housekeepers not making rag carpet. A city weaver once told me that for every carpet woven for a farmer's wife she wove eight for city housekeepers. And if she does not make rugs she makes still poorer use of her time by constructing crazy quilts and so forth.

My sympathies are with Grandpa. We cannot all think alike; what a dull world if we could! I say let him "peep" as much as he pleases.

A. H. J. is puzzled. I have been puzzled too, but as mother is the one to "tell it all," so I think that mother is the best judge of the time to tell it. A book entitled "For Girls," by Mrs. Sherwood, solved the difficulty for me

several years ago. Some girls are more mature at ten than others at fifteen. But show a girl you trust her in such matters, and she will seldom betray the confidence. Turn her away when she comes to you for knowledge as she should, and many times she will ask of those only too ready to explain. Oh mothers, keep the confidence of your girls! They will soon be women and gone from your loving care, and life will be made hard or easy according as you have started them on the road. In the meantime don't forget the boys. Often the counsels of a mother will be heeded when all others fail. You are older and can see the pitfalls before their feet. Point them out; show them how to avoid them and God will reward your labors.

BETSY BOBBETT.

WHO IS RESPONSIBLE?

A suggestion for Old Bach. The bright fire and cozy armchair which Old Bach occupied were in a meditative mood and imparted it to him, or else memory threw her mantle of witchery over the past, recalling his "courting days" and what might have been.

The majority of readers will, I think, agree with him that it is a deplorable state of affairs, and thinking we girls would receive more censure (as usual) than was right, I desire to show where the blame should rest in the difference between the girl of today and the girl of the past.

Whoever has charge of a child the first seven years is said to mold its character, and as mothers usually have the training it seems to me they are responsible for the modern girl. If they would instill sensible ideas in the minds of their daughters, and not sanction so many high notions, there would be more of the good old-fashioned type.

Little girls of five and six years will speak of their beaux as affably as some girls of twenty years, thus you see the difference in training. Instead of having beaux and marriage as the aim of girls' existence, teach them that life was lent for noble duties, not to be spent in dreams but to improve themselves and make others happy.

MENDON.

ELTA (a daughter).

FRIENDSHIP.

"In childhood's morn—in youth's unclouded day—we gaze on Friendship as a lovely flower, and win it for our pleasure and our pride; but when the stern realities of life do rack the undercordage of the heart, it breathes a healing influence o'er us, next to the hope of Heaven."

I can never repress a little sigh of pity for the light-hearted, innocent school girl who openly boasts—and takes so much solid comfort in the thought—that she possesses so many friends, good true friends, more than she can possibly count on her ten digits. The chances are that when the school-room is left and she comes to grapple with some of the tough old problems of actual life, she will learn, as you and I have, that friends, like various attractive looking pies, are most awfully unsatisfactory in their "fillin'." There is probably little in life more pleasing than the tie of friendship between two people, but oh! how frail the tie! It is all very well as long as the financial horizon is clear and cloudless, just so long as the sun of prosperity sheds his broad beams down over us, but how, when sorrow and trouble and sickness overtake us?

"Laugh, and the world laughs with you,
Weep, and you weep alone;
For the sad old earth can borrow its mirth,
But has trouble enough of its own."

Perhaps the heaviest sighs are over what "might have been," but I doubt if there is any grief more pungent, any tears more bitter than those shed over misplaced friendship. There is no sadder thought than that we are utterly friendless, standing alone—to buffet with the winds of adversity. Not always is it given us to control circumstances; things are forced upon us; we have to bear them even though they become heavy like the burden Christian bore. A kind act, a word of sympathy has saved many a doubting soul while wading through deep waters. I feel sure I shall strike a responsive chord in some mother's heart when I say that never are friends prized so highly, never is a word of sympathy so appreciated as when the little ones are sick. How slowly the hours of the night wear away, how interminable seem the days when watching beside the sick bed of our loved ones, knowing that Death's angel is near, and what has been lent us for a little while is slipping away from us! Who wants fair weather friends? It is when a man is down in the ditch that he wants help. I pity from the very bottom of my heart the friendless person—the one who stands utterly alone whether wrestling with aches and pains of the flesh, or lacerated feelings. I sincerely respect the man who said "if after living a long and useful life, he lay down on the bed to die, and saw bending over him one friend, one sincere friend, who dropped a tear of sorrow for th-

life going out, he should think he had lived his life well."

There are people so constituted that as far as external appearances are concerned, they can live independent of friends, but the majority of the human family are built in such a way that friends and sympathy are essentials. A little flower has often meant volumes, given in His name who said "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these My children ye have done it unto Me."

BATTLE CREEK.

EVANGELINE.

LITTLE GRAINS OF SAND.

One of my Christmas gifts is a real curiosity to all beholders, although it is only a bottle of sand. A deaf mute living at McGregor, Iowa, takes the sand from the pictured rocks there, and having bell-shaped bottles for the purpose, fills them in most wonderful designs. The natural colors of the rocky bluffs are so varied that beautiful pictures can be wrought from the simple pulverized grains of sand, that will bear the closest microscopical investigation.

Mine has a pretty marine view with four sail boats of different sizes, the blue water showing the perfect reflection of the craft, with the white sails standing out clearly against the background of green woodland and tinted sky, the shading of the whole being as perfect as if made with an artist's brush. Above and below this scene the sand is wrought in beautiful arabesque designs and unique patterns of diamonds, waving and straight lines and curious combinations. I can count twelve distinct colors of yellow, green, red, blue, white, black, etc.; beside all the shadings, and each pattern is so clearly defined that not one tiny grain is out of place.

It is so wonderful that after ourselves and our friends had speculated about the method of its manufacture, arriving at no satisfactory conclusion, I wrote to the gentleman who prepares them, as his full address was on the seal over the cork of the wide-mouthed inverted bottle. Some insisted that the design was prepared in some way and the glass blown over it, others that some kind of mucilage was inside the glass to hold the sand in place, as the designs were worked up against it, and others that all these patterns were wrought as sanded paper and cut in the shapes wanted, then put inside, but in every case its accuracy refuted all their surmises. An answer to my letter is just received, and also one from the donor, who saw the work done, and both agree, but still we cannot comprehend it. The sand is all put in dry with tiny spoons and worked into the shapes with sharp pointed sticks, then backed up inside with common sand and securely sealed, so that the globes can be sent by express with per-

fect safety, the prices ranging from one to four dollars, the marine view being one of the most expensive. Some bottles have a pretty bouquet of natural colored flowers, or scrolls with name and date which are made to order, but whatever it was, "still the wonder grew" that the grains of dry, shifting sand could be so curiously placed, and surely no one but a mute could do it, for sometimes they seem endowed with other senses that we who hear and talk have not.

EL. SEE.

ROMEO.

ALL SORTS.

Well there, I breathe more freely again. I really was afraid our Beatrix had been "literally snowed under," for when I looked over the little paper for the name I always seek first and found it not, I confess to being disappointed; but she seems to have survived the storm and I breathe again.

Now, if she has strength enough left I wish she would blow another blast of that trumpet, so loud and long that we would not have to be stared at so blankly when we ask the dry goods clerk for that "flat pearl button with four holes."

"D. E.'s" story brought the tears to my eyes, as it will to many another mother's, for I thought of my own little ones calling, "Speak to us when you get down stairs, mama," or "Please leave the door open just a little bit, a tiny, mama," but I never could put my little ones off where I could not hear every sound from their room and be able to speak to them easily. It is much easier to have "theories" about children, until you have some of your own. None know so well how to manage them as old maids and bachelors, they say.

I vote for Grandpa; in fact I never thought of being offended at anything he said, but thought he was simply trying to be funny, as so many men think it is smart to throw slurs at the women.

Why haven't some of the readers answered Beatrix's inquiry about the \$500 young man and the \$300 young lady getting married and setting up house-keeping on the \$500? Evangeline, Dafodilly, El. See and others who have ideas, I'd really like to know what the universal verdict of the matrons would be.

If you have to get a new spider try a "wrought steel" one; they are much superior to the common iron ones, we think, and are "unbreakable."

I wonder if the readers know how much help it is to have a ball of tape to use in place of the everlasting "bias piece" which has always been a bugbear to me! You will be surprised at the number of uses you will find for it. I get a roll of 36 yards, one-half inch wide, for nine cents, second quality, and a finer quality for twelve cents a roll. At the rate we buy it in our local stores it would cost about 30 cen-

a roll. I have sent to John Wana-maker's for it. It can be obtained in three colors, black, drab and white.

I think Old Bach has made too wide a sweep when he speaks of our modern girls. There are some, I admit, who do the things he complains of, but not the majority; oh, no, not any more than the majority of young men crimp their front hair and wear corsets, etc. I believe most of the girls mean to be true and pure, and make better wives, as a rule, than the men make husbands. There are very few women, who, if they marry the man they love, are not willing to live within the means he provides. The great trouble is with too many of the young men, they expect to keep up their own old style of living and want the wife to do all the economizing.

If I had a daughter who was going to be married I'd put her up to manage a little of the money or income business before she was tied too securely.

EDNA.

IN THE PLANT WINDOW.

"Come, gentle air! and while the thickets bloom
Convey the jasmine's breath divine;
Convey the woodbine's rich perfume,
Nor spare the sweet-leaved eglantine."

Although there are none of the jasmines that can withstand the winters here in the garden, they are of all house plants I have ever known, the most enjoyable. *J. grandiflorum* may, after the plants are over a year old, be planted in the garden. The better way is to plunge the pot, and until the last of August remove all flower buds to insure a longer season of bloom when winter comes. Good rich loamy, fibrous soil, with about one-quarter of rotted manure, is the chief requirement of the jasmine. *J. revolutum* has golden yellow flowers and is more of a shrub; in the South it will grow very rapidly to the height of ten and twenty feet. With us, as a house plant, three or four feet is a good large growth. The Cistrum, or night blooming jasmine, is a South American plant of most delicious fragrance, dispensing its odors principally in the evening. I often wonder why this class of plants is not more often seen in the homes of the flower lovers. They are easily cared for and are most desirable in every way.

The Manettia vine is not hardy enough to winter in the garden, and if planted out it will require about the same management as the Maderia vine. The Manettia when potted and pruned for the house blooms on freely. The Maurandia will not bloom in the house, and unless given a complete holiday through winter will not blossom the following autumn. These old familiar friends, so laden with their own peculiar sweets, should never be laid aside. The Dutch honeysuckle for an outdoor climber has no rival, and is graceful as well as sweet. Speaking of old time favorites brings to mind the eglantine of the poets, our sweet-briar,

so laden in branch and flower with a fragrance all its own. When desired it is easily trained into a climber, and after having possessed a sweet-briar we never wish to see it displaced. I so love all sweet odorous things in house or garden; they bless us so freely if given half a chance. I give them first place and others as fancy dictates.

FENTON.

MRS. M. A. FULLER.

CHAT.

A. H. J. says:

"My Manettia vine grows well and blooms freely, but the leaves turn black on the ends and curl up. Can any one tell me what ails it? I have tried fertilizing, giving more water, less sunlight, then more again, all without avail. I have some double wall flowers in my window. All the catalogues say that if treated so and so, they will bloom all winter. Mine look thrifty, but are just beginning to bloom (Feb. 23d). I wonder what makes them so tardy! My one success this winter is a pot of *Dielytra Spectabilis*. I took up the root some time in September and left it out doors until after several freezings, then set it in the cellar several weeks, and about the middle of January, four weeks after I put it in the window, it was full of blossoms."

COUNTRY COUSIN, hailing from Mason, writes us:

"I would like, with the Editor's permission, to invite Lima to visit the HOUSEHOLD again, and bring the boys who will be wanted to make suitable and worthy companions for the girls of her letter in the HOUSEHOLD of Feb. 27th. I like to hear both sides of a subject and have always been a great advocate of fair play; and for that reason would like to see the boys of today shown in some of their latest accomplishments. A bevy of good old-fashioned girls brought suddenly upon the present social scene would be an object of cold curiosity, I fear, to the balance of young society, and I am afraid would be poorly appreciated and wish themselves back again in the old-fashioned times. If we could only have some of the old-fashioned times and the girls too, both would be acceptable blessings and improvements upon the present times."

A LADY who sings herself Bess, but whose nom de plume we take the liberty of changing to "Beth," because our Bess, of Plainwell, will not wish an infringement on her right to the name, says:

"I think the compliment Grandpa gave us in regard to woman's superior propensity for peeping, rather a doubtful one. I would say to Old Bach, don't be too hard on the girls. Don't you think in a great many cases the mothers are quite as much to blame as the girls! They do not teach them the necessity of learning to do housework well, or try to interest them in it. I have heard many a mother say: 'I would rather do the work myself than to be bothered with the girls.' If the girls in your vicinity are in such a 'deplorable condition' it must be an exception. There is a great deal of good being done in this world today by girls. I see no reason why a girl should not have an ambition for painting and music equal at least to her

ambition for washing dishes, which she will probably become an adept in when she secures that wonderful prize, a husband."

EVA, of Watervliet, says some pleasant words concerning the HOUSEHOLD, compliments Beatrix's fried cakes (wish we had one this minute), and sends some recipes of her own which she says have been often tested, never fail with her, and which will be found in the proper corner.

C. J. M., writing from Hillsdale, pays her compliments to a late correspondent as follows:

"In reply to Old Bach in the article 'The Modern Girl,' I would inquire if his vision is unimpaired and brain clear? Surely the picture he has drawn differs vastly from the reality, so far as my acquaintance goes. Many of the girls (and I might say most of them) get up in the morning and get breakfast for the family (after starting the fires while the boys lie in bed till they are called); then wash dishes, sweep, dust, make beds, bake bread, cake and pie; can cook meats and vegetables nicely, are good natured, kind and thoughtful for the comfort of their parents, brothers and sisters; and besides being able to sew, crochet neatly, embroider and paint, can play the organ well. They know where they get their pocket money and how to make the most of it; and if some sensible young man wants a good wife, one who will be a helpmeet and a blessing to him down the journey of life, he need have no fears of being sold to choose from among them. But it would of no use for Old Bach to apply, as he has shown himself to be a grumbler."

EDNA J. PERRY, of Ionia, writes a very nice letter to the HOUSEHOLD in which she says:

"My papa takes the FARMER and HOUSEHOLD, and I read it and like it very well. When we like to read it so well I think we ought to write some in it, so as to cheer the hearts of others that write often. I don't think it is right to enjoy reading it and not write, do you? I am but ten years old, but I can make bread and cookies, and send my cookie recipe."

A NEW ARRIVAL.

We subscribed for the FARMER only recently, and husband likes it very much, while I wonder how I ever managed to eke out my narrow existence without reading the cheerful HOUSEHOLD. I am one of those who, as Euphemia says, "go on week after week enjoying the HOUSEHOLD and wondering how it is kept up to its always interesting state." While our whole family have been suffering with the grippe, I have had the HOUSEHOLD letter stored away in my head, and have been waiting for that "more convenient season" which never seems to come. Beatrix awoke such an echo in my heart when she wrote "Store Accounts," and also the article under "1892" in the HOUSEHOLD of Jan. 9th, that I said "I believe I will do what I never even attempted to do before in

my life, and write to the HOUSEHOLD!" Oh! if we only would, we certainly could "take whatever of happiness is in our grasp each day," and thus make life so much more worth living. Try writing a few lines for the HOUSEHOLD, for instance, and see if it does not break the monotony, and make your heart thump right lively when you get the next week's paper.

Grandma has asked for an opinion from some of the farmers' wives on the subject she wrote about concerning the style of dress (or undress) in the photographs of the leading ladies of the World's Fair. I for one, can truly say "Amen" to her remarks; and hope that the day is not far distant when women will know that men—true men—admire them for the cleverness of the inside of their heads, and the kindness in their hearts, rather than the symmetry of their fair necks and arms.

Now, if this first visit of mine to the HOUSEHOLD does not meet with scorn, and consequently that big basket that begins with a "W," I will come again and, perhaps, give some good, well tried cooking recipes. DWARF.

NOVI.

[Well, you see you've escaped the basket. Now come again, please, and bring those promised recipes.]

F. L. NYE BEARD FROM.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD, "I still live!" Those words, uttered first by one of our forefathers who knew a great deal about what he was speaking of, have become classic. That is why I use them. If I can get hold of something classic, I always use it in preference to slang. But on account of a defect in my early education my stock of classic remarks is limited, while the other stock seems to grow steadily in three ways—by accretion, association and assimilation.

But to return to my subject: As I remarked, "I still live!" Do you? I have not seen your obituary so take it for granted that you are still spreading like a green bay tree, and holding clinical, discussative debates over the ever recurring question of "Has the married woman any business to have a business word to say or a business dollar to spend or save, about or out of the business in which she has for ages been a silent partner," and a—Oh dear me! I've forgotten the rest of it. But if you have settled the question will not some gentle, high-strung sister acquaint me with the verdict? Not because it is not settled in my own mind. No, it has always been settled there. But I know how much it is worth to be on the popular side. So I don't wish to commit myself until I'm sure of being there.

In the course of time and of human events it will be two years since my silvery notes have been heard in our HOUSEHOLD. But now they're going

to peel again! So put the cat out and turn down the lights, so that the effect of the echo may not be lost on the desert air.

I suppose you all would like to know somewhat of the "how," "what" and "where" of my existence; and being of a communicative and constructive composition, also fond of obliging people to know more or less of the geography and astronomy of my life, I reluctantly proceed to pen my tale, which being less than two years of age is not long.

Firstly, as to the "How?" Free! "Richard is himself again." (Classic.)

Secondly, as to "What?" School work. I have taken up the old familiar work that I loved so well. In it I find "respite and nepenthe."

Thirdly, as to the "Where?" In the old familiar haunts and hills, amongst the old familiar faces and friends. The school officers who hire me today were pupils in my schools in other years, and the children—well, they seem in a way to belong to me, and we are all very happy together. I can appreciate Tell's address to the Alps as I clamber over these hills, fervently thanking God that to me is once more granted freedom of hand, head and heart, while I am permitted to find in a useful, congenial work that which in great measure atones for the want of the home and domestic ties and relations which every true woman-nature instinctively yearns for, and which many, possessing, do not appreciate. I have said before in these columns, long ago, in the happy days of "The-Home-in-the-Hills" time, that I hoped I should be permitted to work up to the exact date of the ringing down of the curtain of my mortal life. I wish it now with added force. Love to all the dear old HOUSEHOLDERS.

ORTONVILLE.

F. L. NYE.

HASH.

Looking over a bundle of old papers a few days ago I found the menu of meals prepared by two girls during a week's vacation. They were a source of both pleasure and amusement and some profit as well. In them I found a hint of a characteristic more fully developed since, for although told to have anything they wanted, one dish appears at each meal for several days, because nothing must be wasted. But the waste might be avoided in some better way. Is it a help in arranging for a variety to make a note of what was served at meals say for a week at a time? I have thought it might be.

Will some old maid please tell us what she finds lacking in the young men and boys of today? Perhaps Old Bach could do so. Certainly such a change as he pictures must have come by slow degrees, and the boys have evidently inherited enough of the degeneracy of the mothers so that they

fail to realize fully the faults of the girls. Sad state of affairs, is it not?

I am sorry Sister Gracious should have fared so ill with broomstick furniture. I have never tried that but have made a book rack this winter that I mean some day to tell the HOUSEHOLD about. Perhaps she has not mechanical skill.

My surprise has been considerable at so few being willing to attack the \$500 a year for two query. A friend asked me to give my views, but as I am better informed on that amount for one, have not yet ventured.

Have any of the readers of the HOUSEHOLD tested the recipe for hash, given recently in some paper, and which contained as many different ingredients as possible, including among others one Rhode Island Greening apple? As the compounder was said to be an epicure I wanted to test it, but have not yet had opportunity. Should any one desire the recipe I will take pleasure in trying to find and forward it for the benefit of all. Those who don't like hash better skip this.

JEANNE ALLISON.

THE March number of the *Ladies' Home Journal* contains a very interesting article, with portraits, on the unhappy and unfortunate ex-Empress Eugenie, the woman whose reverses and misfortunes so strongly contrast with her former magnificence and glory that all tender hearts are stirred at memory of the royal recluse awaiting the end in exile. All the *Journal's* departments are full and interesting, and it furnishes a large amount of wholesome miscellany for the home.

Contributed Recipes.

MARBLE CAKE.—White part: Whites of eight eggs; two cups of white sugar; one cup sour cream; one cup of butter; three and one-half cups of flour; two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar and one teaspoonful of soda. Dark part: Yolks of eight eggs; two cups of brown sugar; one cup of New Orleans molasses; one cup of butter; one cup of sour cream; four cups of flour; two tablespoonfuls of cinnamon; one tablespoonful of cloves; one tablespoonful of allspice; one nutmeg; one teaspoonful of soda. You can use one half this recipe, as the whole makes a very large cake.

BAKING POWDER BISCUIT.—Put four teacups of flour into the mixing bowl, add two tablespoonfuls of butter and mix quickly with the hands, rubbing it, as you do for piecrust; notice how like a coarse powder it looks. Now sift in four teaspoonfuls of baking powder, and stir together lightly and quickly till thoroughly mixed. Then add one and one-half cups of sweet milk. Now stir altogether as quickly as possible. Use a spoon to stir with, not the hand. Flour the moulding board and turn the dough upon it; roll up in a ball with as little handling as possible, roll about one-half inch thick; bake in a very hot oven.

EVA.

CREAM COOKIES.—Two teacupfuls of sugar; one teacupful of sour cream; half teacupful of lard; one egg; nutmeg; soda; flour.

IONIA.

EDNA J. PERRY.