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THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

For the Household.

TRAILING ARBUTUS.

BY MARTHA E. DIMON.

Let those who will the praises sing
Of stately rose and lily tall;
Of orchids rare, filling the air
With exquisite perfume;
Of flowers large and small,
The pleasure be mine
To jingle and chime
In ecstatic rhyme
Of trailing arbutus so sweet,
Shyly coming the spring to greet.
Along the wooded mountain side
The dainty blossoms slowly creep;
Each tiny star sending afar
A subtle woodsy smell,
A fragrance rich and deep.
Half hiding themselves
Like wee timid elves,
They flatter themselves.
No ruthless hand will ever mar
The beauty of each blossoming star.
And so I think some lives are hid
In lonely country home,
They sometimes yearn to take their turn
In th' rushing, busy whirl
That from life's centres comes;
And while it may be
That each cannot see
The kind and de-gree
Of her own power,—it surely will,
Arbutus like, the whole home fill.
NEW YORK CITY.

A SAD EPISODE.

I have had an experience today which I hope may never be repeated during the remaining years I am permitted to live.

When taking meals at a private boarding house we always become more or less interested in those with whom we eat three times a day.

When I first came my neighbor at my right, whom we will call Mrs. Brown, had a brother in New York on a visit. Soon "At Homes" were received by his friends saying Mr. and Mrs. H— would be here by Feb. 1st, and one Saturday evening toward the last of January they arrived. Every one was pleased with the fair bride, she seemed so easy in her manner, was well bred and apparently a real lady. She had resigned a fine position in a school in one of the beautiful cities of eastern New York, was a member of the Methodist church and of the Epworth League. She was cultured, refined, and even fascinating. In confidence, when she first came, she told me that Mr. H—, her husband, was one of the best husbands that ever

lived, that he was in delicate health (as we all supposed) and on her arrival his sister, Mrs. Brown, had told her that her brother had always been used to a warm room, and so the wife always arose early in the morning and built a fire so their room would be warm and comfortable for him to dress in. When I laughingly asked if she was not afraid he might forget how, she answered, "Oh no! He is so unselfish and seems uneasy in the fear I may be taxed beyond my strength. My husband is really the best and most unselfish man I ever knew." I said, "The remark is beautiful and it will be very beautiful indeed if you can make the same ten years from now." And now while I have been thinking and writing this she has traveled miles; on, on, back to the dear sympathizing mother and the home from whence she came. And the sister explains to her acquaintances that her brother had found that she had been imprudent in her past life and she had confessed to the solemn fact.

It was learned upon further inquiry that it all could have been very easily kept a secret among themselves, but the husband being so chaste and pure (?) what else could he do but let her go home? So the handsome girl who left her comfortable home not four weeks ago for the beautiful city of Denver in the far famed West, is, as fast as steam can carry her, nearing that home; but not the same home to her that she left.

And I have thought and thought—we can not help thinking—and have wondered if when we are so pure ourselves why we could not be willing to forgive and lend a helping hand to the less fortunate who are penitent and willing to try. If, after the beautiful example of forgiveness set by the Master who, when the woman was brought before Him, said "Neither do I condemn thee; go, and sin no more," the husband had echoed the sublime words and said to the world, "She is my wife, 'He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone,'" she might have proved in the years to come a faithful and loving wife and a useful woman. Instead of obeying the command "Let not the husband put away his wife," he has sent her out to face the unsympathizing world alone, her

reputation blackened and her life a blank. My heart aches for the unfortunate girl whose acquaintance I enjoyed for three short weeks.

DENVER, COL.

MAN DEE.

BE NOT OVER-FASTIDIOUS.

Among the many things for which I thank my good kind mother, is that when a child she taught me to always eat my piecrust; also to try to eat whatever others ate, lessons which I have never forgotten, and which mothers of the present day would do well to thoroughly teach their children.

How often the table manners of good people become very uncouth, through the habits of early childhood, which, unchecked, cling to them through life! We should never allow our children to do at our own home table, anything which would shame us should it be done in the presence of company, or away from home. Some time ago I sat at a table where a lady and her little girl were visiting. Upon the table was a custard pie; the child ate the custard out of the crust of her own and her mamma's piece unrebuked by the mother, who dreaded a scene, and when the hostess gave the mother another piece she let the child do the same thing again. I'm of the opinion that a little wholesome discipline would have been good for both mother and child.

In another family where I sometimes visit, the father and child always peel their fried cakes before eating, the mother and daughter never eat the thick portion of the piecrust, and another member of the family always scrapes the meringue from a lemon pie. Oh dear, I'm thankful I'm not obliged to cook for such a family! And then there are those dainty bodies who "never eat" this, that, and the other good thing, until sometimes one is sadly put to it to know what to cook when they are around.

I remember an experience I once had. A lady and gentleman came unexpectedly just as dinner was ready one day, and really it seemed as though I had nothing to suit the lady's fastidious taste. She did not fail to inform me that she "never ate" beans; she did not like tomatoes, nor cucumber

pickies, graham bread, nor mince-pie, and it almost seemed to me that she would be unable to make out a meal upon what I had. You may be sure it made me feel rather queer, and I then and there resolved I would never tell my hostess I did not like her food, but would eat whatever was set before me. I believe we may learn to like almost anything, and it is surely pleasant to know that those for whom we spend our time cooking will eat and appreciate the food prepared; but very different is the feeling when we know that only a part of the family will eat of it, and the others must have something different.

I believe much of this daintiness may be overcome in childhood. Then too we may often notice in passing country schoolhouses slices of bread and butter, fried cakes, cookies and pieces of pie thrown away by the thoughtless children, who should be taught by their mothers never to waste such things, but to carry home all which they do not care to eat, that it may be fed to the chickens, cats or pigs. Some may say this carefulness teaches stinginess, but I think differently. True generosity never comes through wastefulness. We must all learn to save, that we may have something to give.

FIDUS ACHATUS.

A FEW THOUGHTS.

I laughed at Sister Gracious' misapprehensions, smiled at Sister Sensible's ready defence of the reliability of household means, and agreed with both.

There are many reliable recipes and remedies given through newspapers, Beatrix's fried cakes for instance. And just here, let me tell you what John said about them: "My mother once had a hired girl who made fried cakes that I thought perfect, and these taste just like them." Of course after such a compliment as that, that recipe remains a fixture in my private cookbook.

After reading of Sister Gracious' purchasing so many boxes of baking powder to enable children to procure bicycles, I think she loves them far too well to see them choke with croup, but would think of some way to induce vomiting. While in such a crisis one will give almost anything, I should at least try something else before giving kerosene. Did she ever take a teaspoonful herself? A lady near my home gave her three months old infant half a teaspoonful for sore throat, and it was only by prompt medical assistance and after days of suffering, that the little life was saved. The child's throat and stomach were literally raw throughout. Of course you will say the mother ought to have known better than give so much, but perhaps with the inside as the outside, what may be used harmlessly on one person would blister on another.

I find in croup "an ounce of preven-

tion worth a pound of cure," and my preventive is a cloth thickly spread with vaseline, or fresh lard, and covered with a thick coating of grated nutmeg, applied to the throat and well down to the lungs; this is a good draft for tender flesh in any case where a draft is needed. When the croup comes without warning I have found hens' oil or fresh warm lard a good emetic.

Sister Gracious' attempt to prepare a tempting dish recalled an experience of my own. I read "Something nice for the tea-table," and stood over the hot stove and stirred and seasoned as directed, and when done found I had a beautiful sauce for puddings. Nice? why yes, if you like it; but we contented ourselves with "apple sass" for supper.

As to rocking the babies, bless you, mothers, rock them, newspapers or no. I never had but one to rock, and although he is now a sturdy school boy of eight, he creeps into mother's arms for a good-night hug, and says he is going to "till he is big as papa." Our arms will be empty all too soon, let us hold the children close while we can.

ALGANSEE.

JOHN'S WIFE.

CLUB PLEASURES.

In a late HOUSEHOLD there is a fling at "Farmers' Clubs" that I can't let pass unreviewed. What possible kind of Farmers' Club does Elizabeth E. have in her vicinity that she speaks so bitterly of? And if her husband is a member of any such society why is she not a member also?

Please let me tell of a Farmers' Club that my husband and myself belong to, that is not only a "joy forever," but also something that "doeth good and not evil all the days of its life." A company of about eighteen or twenty farmers and their wives of somewhat similar ages and abilities, decided to call themselves a "Farmers' Club" and to meet once in three months at some one of our homes for a day of pleasure and profit to each and every one. And for seven years, now, each meeting of the clan has been looked forward to with longing and hailed with delight; for we are always sure of a general good time. We try to arrive at the place appointed about ten o'clock, or as soon thereafter as we can, to enjoy all the visit possible, then a nice dinner that always tastes so good when shared with so many dear friends; for by this time we have become so well acquainted that we feel a personal regard for every one—more like a big family of brothers and sisters than anything else I can liken it to. Then a little more visit while the tables are quickly cleared, for "many fingers make quick work;" the Farm Viewing Committee have taken their ramble and review meanwhile, and we are all ready for the call to order by the president. Roll call is

answered, frequently by some appropriate sentiment or wise aphorism that causes a smile to go round for its appropriateness or oddity. The report of the Viewing Committee sometimes brings to notice some new way of doing some kind of farm work or some improved article of machinery they would call attention to; or some fine animals perhaps, that are commented upon and experience given, all of which is encouraging to the owner and helpful to the rest of us. Then a piece of bright music if there is an instrument convenient; an essay on some of the many subjects that are always interesting and helpful; a song or two; some apt recitations or a debate on some question in which the farmer and his family are directly interested, and in which all take a lively part, the ladies, mind you, just as freely as the gentlemen. Thus many a new idea is gained and many old rusty ones forever laid aside. The afternoon is all too short at best, and good bye time has come before we know it, but as we go homeward we are sure to say, "I believe this has been the best meeting we have had yet."

Now if Elizabeth E. belonged to such a Club as ours, she would, I am sure, think quite differently of such organizations, and besides she would not have any such trouble with that back yard, etc., that she speaks of so hopelessly. Before it came time for the Club to come to her house that back yard would be gravelled or neatly sodded, the steps fixed up and painted, the yard carefully raked and trees and shrubs trimmed; the house painted if it needed it, or perhaps an addition built on that you have long wanted. That raspberry patch would be put in the best of order, and other nice things planted, maybe. Why? do you ask. "Oh, we want to have things as good as our neighbors; you know," will be the answer even if it is not spoken in so many words. And in the house it is the best time in the world to do a little fixing up; a new carpet or some curtains, or fresh paper on the walls if they need it, and a little freshening up all over adds wonderfully to our enjoyment of the occasion and our pleasant memory of it afterwards.

No, Elizabeth E., don't say a word against Farmers' Clubs. There is evidently something the matter with yours, or the one you speak of, and it clearly needs a thorough overhauling and rebuilding, and if you see to it right away, that it is rightly done, you will sing praises instead of complaints every time you think of it. E. W.

JOHN says: "The mince-pie recipe in HOUSEHOLD of Feb. 6th ought to have a little correction. It should read five tablespoonfuls of cinnamon, and all the spices are tablespoonfuls instead of ounces." This correction should have appeared before, but was overlooked. The Editor pleads guilty.

INQUIRIES ANSWERED.

J. I. C. wants to know what to get for a white dress for a girl of eleven and asks if white ladies' cloth is suitable. Hardly. We should buy wash goods for girls of that age, mull, nainsook, percale, or something of the sort. If something nicer is wanted, get albatross, Henrietta or China silk. But the dainty cream challies, with flower patterns in any desired hue, are more stylish and appropriate for young girls, and keep clean longer than an all white wool dress. A 65-cent challi will wash nicely, and do almost as much service after that process as before.

M. R. H., of Plymouth, wants the Editor's "real ideas" of Helen Hunt Jackson's "Ramona." It is a very pretty story, and probably portrays with tolerable accuracy the conditions of life at the period and place of which it treats, as its authoress spent much time in California gathering her materials. It was written in the hope that it might do for the Spanish-Mexican Indians what Harriet Beecher Stowe's "Uncle Tom's Cabin" did for the slaves of the South, but signally failed in its purpose, greatly to its author's disappointment, for she held the Indian's cause very near her heart. She sent copies to the President, members of the Cabinet, etc., hoping that by perusal of the book their sympathies might be aroused and action taken to secure tardy justice for the owners of South Californian territory; but though she received plenty of compliments Indian affairs remained as before. "Ramona" is unquestionably H. H.'s best work.

"Please tell us how David Grieve appears to you, and do you really think Mrs. Humphrey Ward ranks next in classic style to George Eliot?" asks Mizpah. David must wait time and opportunity in our columns, but to Beatrix's apprehension, Mrs. Ward is "not to be named in the same day" with the unapproachable style and philosophy of Mary Ann Evans.

"Olive Blossom" comes up from Ohio to ask advice. She says: I cherish great regard for a young gentleman who loves me in return and who is of a very noble character, with plenty of good sense. But he is poor, and stands a very poor chance of getting along. My parents are well-to-do and prosperous and wish me to do better. Will somebody who knows please answer? "Nobody knows better than your parents, my dear girl, and no one can possibly have your welfare and happiness more at heart than those parents. Don't you think it would be safe to listen to what their love for you advises, rather than ask counsel of entire strangers, who do not know the circumstances and conditions? To marry a poor man is not a great misfortune, because with energy, ambition and labor he may succeed; but I should consider it very unfortunate for a girl to marry a man

who is poor and stands a poor chance of getting along in the bargain. If a man doesn't "get on," at least to the prospect of a comfortable living, it is largely because there's something out of joint in his make-up. He either lacks industry, economy, or business foresight. Poverty alone should not be the cause of a girl's refusal to marry the man she loves if she is sure she loves him enough to endure privation for his sake, and is as sure of his love as of her own. But with a prospect that he will never be any better off than at the moment, there is need of very serious reflection. Deny it as we may, "the creature comforts" are not to be despised. To a young and romantic girl, especially one who has known few wants ungratified, the prospect of poverty is not alarming; it is an unknown, untried name to her. But when it comes to doing without what she has all her life regarded as necessities, but which are luxuries in her new sphere; to doing her own work in a shabby home and in old clothes, there's only about one girl in twenty who does not at times think regretfully of the plenty and comfort of her father's house; and if she dwells on the thought, and complains to her husband, peace and happiness soon seek another dwelling. Don't be in a hurry, Blossom. Wait and see if your regard for this young man will stand the test of time. Perhaps the hope of marrying the daughter of a prosperous man has something to do with his attentions. At all events, let time test his love and your own; and lend an ear to your parents' objections before you give your promise, a pledge which is to be binding while life lasts.

In regard to the inquiry, "Is it proper for a gentleman to 'see you home' when you are keeping company with another," it is "proper" for a young lady to accept such attention from any reputable young man of her acquaintance unless she is engaged to another. She may accept the courtesy then in absence of her fiancé with perfect propriety.

Mrs. J. S., of Addison, wishes to know how mirrors are made, saying she has a large one that is damaged and if she knew what to put upon the back she might fix it. Mirrors are made by coating one side of a sheet of glass with an amalgam of mercury and tin foil, and the process is delicate, difficult and expensive, requiring proper appliances and skilled workmanship. Our correspondent cannot possibly improve the condition of her glass, except by sending it to the factory for renewal, which would cost as much or more than a new glass, counting cost of transportation, with also danger of breakage. Indeed furniture firms in this city refuse to accept such work unless the glass is beveled French plate, in which the value of the glass alone makes it worth the cost.

Mrs. E. R. R., of Dundee, wishes

suggestions relative to books to be taken along to help pass away time on a long journey—across the continent in fact. She speaks of books to be read aloud, and mentions that of the party of four two are juveniles whose needs must be remembered. She would like to know how A. L. L. passes the time en voyage. We would suggest to E. R. R. that reading aloud on a railroad train is a severe strain on both eyes and voice, and should be indulged in in great moderation. At stops, and at long intervals, one might read a little, but the sight of all senses is the most precious, and ought to be most carefully guarded. Games for the young people are much less trying and generally equally interesting to them, while the adults may seek diversion in such books as "Idle Thoughts of an Idle Fellow;" "Bow of Orange Ribbon;" Howells' "Imperative Duty;" "The Wooing O't" and other books which are interesting but not too absorbing. Select good print; and, to my idea, of a book is worth buying at all it is worth buying in such form that its preservation in the family library is possible, therefore buy bound volumes.

E. W., of Paw Paw, may find something about the Chinese lily which will interest her in the HOUSEHOLD of March 28th, 1891.

Vera desires a remedy for the falling of the hair, a trouble which is generally due to lack of nourishment for the glands which supply food for the growth and sustenance of the hair. Dr. Leonard, who wrote a book on the care and treatment of the hair, recommends the following: Tincture cantharides, two drachms; tr nux vomica, half an ounce; tr capsicum, one drachm; castor oil, one and a half ounces; cologne, two ounces. Apply with a bit of sponge night and morning, after brushing the hair.

BEATRIX.

THE BOYS WE WANT.

I think the boys we want differ but little from the girls we want. We want good sensible, truthful boys; boys possessed of good common sense. I like to see a boy with clear, honest eyes; they are the eyes of friendship. One can see down deep into the heart that looks out through them. We want boys who think only healthy thoughts and will have no room in their minds for any other. To think healthy thoughts is neither difficult or impossible; it is simply to refuse entrance to the other sort—refusing place to envy, repining, sensuality and cruelty. We want boys who are boys all over and all through, and make themselves felt by their associates. Feeling, spirit and energy have quite as much to do with greatness as intellect, and these things in a boy make him a favorite among his play and work fellows. The hearty, brave, pushing boy, full of fun, frolic, energy and good will, is the boy who is liked

and these qualities are those which enter largely into true greatness. We want brave, high-minded boys, who can well fill their places in their homes, schools and work-fields.

The qualities and character of a boy will stick to him like the shape of his face and the color of his hair. Honesty in manhood comes from seed of early planting.

Boys as well as girls should learn to work at the work at home; should learn to sweep, dust, clean, cook, set tables and clear them off, and wash dishes. There is knowledge of woman's work, which all men ought to have—an important part of man's education too often utterly neglected.

What are handless boys and men good for in a house except to make disorder, discomfort, trouble and expense? Boys in learning the work of home affairs are far better fitted to be good husbands and fathers and family men than they could be to be brought up without it. The boy of today has too much of "want the whole administration" air about him; he goes along the street puffing a concentrated essence of vile odors into the faces of those he chances to meet, wears shiny shoes, and the most phenomenal chrysanthemum bang you ever saw. His hair elsewhere is short, and he wears the slightest little silk skull cap that fits him like a bald head, but over his brow this wild and storm-tossed bang boils up in the most wonderful profusion and sways to and fro like a bunch of straw-colored asparagus gone to seed. I think after looking him over Nye would decide not to put the welfare of our republic in his hands.

I think I hear Beatrix saying, "Oh stop, you have said enough!" so I comply with her suggestion.

LIMA.

AN IMPROVISED BATH.

I read that men may and do write for the HOUSEHOLD, and having a practical matter to present I am emboldened to offer it to many of your readers who will find its use a convenience and a great comfort. The writer is disabled, so that he cannot get up stairs to the bathroom, and having been for many years accustomed to the use of warm baths in a bath tub, the deprivation has been severely felt. After much study I have improvised what may be called a sweat-bath, which I think is superior to any water bath, and which may be described on this wise:

In a warm room put an oil stove or cooking lamp on the floor with an iron or tin washdish of water on it; over this place a kitchen chair, and put a pail of hot water in front of the chair for the feet. Let the bather undress, sit in the chair, and let a heavy blanket or quilt be placed around him, drawing it close around the neck. The covering should drop to the floor outside of chair and pail, pinned firmly at back except

a small opening at the floor for ventilation. Let the heat on slowly at first, so that the pores may open gently, and increase heat as is comfortable to the bather. Take a good sweat. I sit about half an hour. The moist heat loosens the effete matter, so that with a coarse towel and a little soap, and a good rubbing with dry cloths, the flesh gets a youthful color and glow, and the bather a feeling of cleanliness and exhilaration. I take such a bath in the evening, go to bed, and enjoy an earthly heaven of bodily comfort, rest and sleep.

Such a bath can be improvised in any home and costs nothing. It is especially useful where there is no bathtub in the house, and for infirm and old people who can not well get into the ordinary bathrub. I have found it modifies rheumatism and stiffness. The effect is felt longer than that of the water bath. Before using it I could not (with such exercise as I could take on crutches) get up a perspiration; now I perspire freely in my daily walks. Probably the opening of the pores and the thorough cleansing of the skin cause the beneficial effects.

DETROIT.

J. S.

THE "DAY OF SMALL THINGS."

I've made up my mind that no house will be convenient for a woman unless she has some genius about it herself. It's the small things that count. The way to have things convenient is to manage to keep them as near where they are to be used as possible, and a box or basket can be prettily covered for use in a place where the article needed might be unsightly. Many people have nice parlors but very unhandy kitchens, and the belongings of a kitchen are just as proper in their place as the plush chairs and hand painted decorations in the parlor.

During quite a part of the year the preparation of the first meal and the dishwashing from the last comes by lamp light, but a lamp shelf, convenient to the stove and sink, is a rarity. There is usually a cleat with a few nails in it above the work-table and three or four utensils are hung on each nail. It nearly always happens that the one under all the rest is the one wanted, so there should be as many nails or hooks as one has skimmer, big spoon, egg-beater, potato-masher, etc.

I saw a woman using a tea kettle on which the knob had been melted from the cover, leaving a small hole. Every time she wanted to lift the cover she went across the room to get a fork from the pantry, when a bit of bent wire inserted therein would have solved the problem conveniently. There were numerous tin spice cans in the wood house, but instead of utilizing them this same housewife kept all small supplies, even to soda, ginger, etc., in paper packages tied up with a string, and so had to untie the knot

every time she wanted to use the spices. Good holders are another thing that many women are careless about, and they will make the cooking holders as thick as those for ironing. A large square of bedticking or denim, stitched double, that can be folded if more thickness is required, is better than a quilted holder for use around the stove and more easily washed.

A flat coil of wire is a convenience if one has not a double boiler, as with that between, one dish can be placed in another with safety, instead of putting a bowl of gravy in the top of the tea-kettle as some folks do.

Another very common thing is to see a tin pie plate used over a small kettle or frying-pan for a cover, and many a burned wrist is the result of tipping that up to "try the potatoes." Such a plate with a screw put through the center from the inside into a spool for a knob on the outside makes a good cover, lasting as long as one that costs more.

There are so many things that a woman can fix for herself, if she has the tact, that no man would bother with, for if asked to drive a nail or fix some convenience, from the altitude of their self-supposed superior wisdom they are sure to say: "Oh, that isn't the way to fix it," or "A woman never knows what she wants," so, if done at all, it is not as you wanted it; or more likely you are put off from day to day because they haven't the time, and they never think it of sufficient account to remember. In the matter of driving nails one must "be sure you're right then go ahead," or the result of their injudicious use may be ruinous to wall or woodwork. A well stocked nail box and a good hammer were as much my especial property, all my life, as my workbasket, and I can use them to good advantage, as I think every woman should be able to do.

EL. SEE.

ROMEO.

Contributed Recipes.

COOKIES.—Two cups of sugar; two cups of sour cream; two eggs; one cup of butter; one nutmeg; one teaspoonful soda dissolved in a little hot water. Mix as soft as can be handled, and bake, not too hard, in a quick oven.

KITTY CLYDE.

DEER CREEK.

EGGLESS LAYER CAKE.—One cup of sugar; three tablespoonfuls of melted butter; one cup of sweet milk; two cups of sifted flour; teaspoonful of baking powder sifted in flour. Any flavor preferred. For variety bake two layers; into the third stir half a cup of chopped raisins, and spices to suit the taste. Bake and put between the other two. For filling use jelly or whipped cream.

OAKWOOD, IND.

M. D. F.

SOFT MOLASSES COOKIES.—One cup of sugar; one cup of molasses; one cup of buttermilk; one cup of shortening; two eggs; two teaspoonfuls of soda; one teaspoonful of ginger. Mix soft; roll thick. Sprinkle with white sugar. We use a coffee cup for measuring and if kept in a jar the last one is the best. Can be made without eggs.

GRAHAM CRACKERS.—One cup of sugar; one-half cup of butter; five tablespoonfuls of sweet milk; one-half teaspoonful of soda. Mix thick with graham flour. Roll thin. Cut in squares.

JOHN.

HOME.

**ISSUE(S)
MISSING
NOT
AVAILABLE**