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THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

HOUSE-CLEANING TIME.

The silver of the cherry flowers,
White gleaming on the bough,
The shining gold of daffodile
Within the garden now!—
But for the silver or the gold
I must not stop nor stay.
They come—the painter with his brush,
The whitewash man to-day.
Oh, what a mockery is life!—
The sweet spring's dewy prime,
The fairest days of earth and sky,
We call "house-cleaning time!"

With more of rapture in their notes
Than in all human words,
Loud sing within the tasselled woods
The choir of the birds.
But not for me their merry songs,
Or blooming of the trees—
The sound of carpet-beating comes
Borne in on every breeze;
And I must brush the cobwebs down,
And ply the busy broom,
And strew, against the lurking moth,
With benzine all the room!
This jubilee of earth and air,
The sweet spring's fragrant prime,
Why is it that it brings to me,
Alas! "house-cleaning time?"
—Harper's Bazar.

THE BOYS' ROOM.

It occurs to me that this is not the first time I have presented the above topic to the consideration of readers of the HOUSEHOLD. But as all life's lessons are learned by iteration and re-iteration, and all our wisdom comes through repeated experiences, I shall make no apology for introducing it again, hoping there may be written somewhere, the "word fitly spoken" which is so productive of good results.

Does anybody know a good and sufficient reason why in the majority of houses, the boys' room should be the most shabby and desolate apartment in the house, an asylum for all the three-legged chairs, broken mirrors, the most ragged quilts and the straw tick with the most humps in it? And yet do we not often hear of some piece of furniture or some article nobody else wants, "Oh, put it in the boys' room; they will not care?"

The idea seems to be that the only use a boy can possibly have for a room is to sleep in, and that if he is not expected to hang himself up on a peg or sleep on a slack wire, he is pretty well treated. It is supposed he does not care for the adornments and refinements which have place in his sisters' rooms, and prefers to wash at the pump

and comb his hair on the back doorstep. But people who think so are not acquainted with boys and their peculiarities, or, if they are, they have educated the boys to such a condition and are responsible for it.

Now such a room as I have pictured, dismal and cheerless, neat perhaps but with nothing to make it attractive and cosy, is responsible for a good many untidy boys—boys who grow into men who take no pride in their homes, think things are "good enough" as they are, and are never willing to spend a dollar for the beautifying of the house. When such a young man marries, he will agree to "fix up bymeby," but the makeshifts will become family institutions simply because he's never been accustomed to anything better. Boys need more encouragement and education in the refinements of life than girls; they do not take to these things so naturally.

The lad who would be careless and slovenly if brought up in a room to match, might have been neat and orderly in a cosy, dainty apartment. And it is not a matter of great expenditure to make his room pleasant. A few rolls of ten-cent paper, a straw matting for the floor, a cheap white spread or light quilt, a pine table covered with a pretty spread that need not cost a dollar, and toilet conveniences and a place to put his clothes, with eight cent cotton curtains at the window, will make such a difference that you yourself will not know the place. You do that part and let him put in the embellishments himself. Pretty soon his belongings will gravitate thither; he'll whittle out a towel rack and a set of book-shelves, some pegs to put his gun upon, there will be prints of horses and prize-fighters on the wall, and he'll be asking the other boys to "come up to my room" and staying away from "the corners" to play checkers or dominos in his own dominion. Do not begrudge him a lamp, nor scowl because "the fellows" track mud upstairs, or are sometimes a little noisy. I have noticed, often, how greatly young people prefer to be by themselves and entertain their own company. It is perfectly natural. It never seems to occur to them that older people might prefer to entertain guests without the espionage of "little

pitchers," and they sit by and take in the conversation with both eyes and ears. But when *they* have company, that's quite another thing. They are restive and ill at ease under the restraint of their elders' presence, and the fun doesn't begin until they are in a room by themselves and the door is shut. They do not wish to run the risk of criticism or rebuke. It is so with the boys. Let them entertain their boy friends in their own way, and feel free to invite them; you know then what company your boy keeps. And you know he's at home. I am sure I would not sleep nights if my sixteen year old boy was staying out till three o'clock in the morning three or four nights in a week, like a certain lad I know. Heaven knows where he spends the time, I'm sure his parents don't.

Teach the boy it is a sin against health and good morals to go to bed all dust and perspiration as he comes from work, and see that he has a supply of coarse but clean night shirts. Such things help make a man a good citizen—they make him a clean one, at least. I believe it is the dirty work of the farm that drives many boys away from it; and if they had conveniences for removing the stain of toil when their tasks are done at night they would like the farm better and respect themselves more. Why should a boy hang round the back door, listening to the merry voices of his sisters' friends on the front porch, knowing he is not presentable in his working clothes, yet so unused to fixing up that it seems a herculean task to make himself fit to join them?

Make the boys feel they are responsible for the appearance of their room. Do not do everything for them; they will like it all the better if they have a hand in the planning and contriving; they will take much more interest in the work.

Just take a look at the boys' room and tell us what kind of a place it is. And if it is not what it should to be, this house-cleaning will be a good time to make it the pleasant, inviting apartment it ought to be. BEATRIX.

SCREWS may be inserted in walls by enlarging the hole to about twice the diameter of the screw, filling it with plaster of paris, etc., and bedding the screw in the plaster. When the plaster has set the screw will be firmly in place.

RIGHTS OF OLD PEOPLE.

I feel that I could write a volume this morning if I only had the talent to work with. Why is it a pet theory with the majority of people that to live with one's "law side" is such a terrible burden? Is it education or is it human instinct? For my part I believe it comes nearer being total depravity than anything else. If I ever do any teaching on this line myself, it will be to overturn the old idea of looking upon one's law-parents as beings so obnoxious. My children shall be educated from their infancy to think that it is the duty of a man, woman or child to care for any or all old people that it may fall to their lot to be with, and to carefully regard the rights of mother-in-law and father-in-law. I should very much dislike to think that I, when I am old, would be treated as if I were a sort of necessary stumbling block to some daughter-in-law's or son-in-law's happiness. I have sometimes thought from the way in which some women speak of their husband's mothers that they absolutely hated them.

But more terrible by far is it when people grow old to have their own children treat them with perfect forgetfulness. I know of several instances where mothers are actually neglected by their own daughters.

How are we to bring up our children so that they may revere old age?

I have known persons to excuse themselves for their neglect of their parents because of some eccentric traits in their dispositions, or owing to some wrong that a parent may have been guilty of. I always prophesy for such people a dismal old age; for under no circumstances should the warning "Do unto others as you would be done by" be more strictly observed than in our relation to parents and law-parents.

I wish to thank the members of the HOUSEHOLD for their advice and sympathy. I am afraid I do not deserve the latter, for had I waited until now that article would not have been written. The mud has all dried up in my back yard, and I have flourished my broom in perfect joy over it for some time. It is as hard as if cemented.

The yard is raked, and I have eight hens setting. The raspberry patch remains, however, in the same unkept condition, and as my husband expects to dig it all out and set it in some other place, I guess I will have to let the poor boy get the hen's lice off in some other way.

That was a terrible raid on the lord of my household! I am afraid I left a wrong impression. He never brings the mud into the house. Did I say he did? I think not. It is brought in, however. As for going to the Farmers' Club, you'd catch him going without asking his wife to go with him, and she usually goes. Nevertheless my opinion remains the same regarding Clubs. If

I had never entertained our Club I might have had a more glowing opinion of it. The entertainment is what "makes cowards of us all."

ELIZABETH E.

SISTER GRACIOUS ON DRESS.

Did you ever see a woman trying to go up stairs with a baby on one arm and hand and carrying a glass of milk with the other? She can't clutch her skirts, so she steps on them, tears the gathers or makes a slit that she will have to catch time to sew, and is besides as awkward as a pig on the ice. Or perhaps she is trying to work in the garden. She would enjoy using a light spade in the soft soil, but those abominable skirts are in the way, reminding her she belongs to the female tribe every minute. I expect to draw down upon me a chorus of howls from every one in the HOUSEHOLD, and Sister Sensible will appear at my door to labor with me on my lack of sense and ungodliness, but it shall come out. I wish we women could wear pants! So there!! The present fashion of skirts, and many of them, was made for past ages when women were considered "wives." To think of her having "legs," and being able to use them, was vulgar. We have outgrown so much, and women can do so many things in the way of occupations that used to be considered indelicate that I am in hopes a dress for workingwomen will soon be adopted. The trouble is our dress reformers don't work in gardens, or have to carry babies and a glass of milk upstairs, and they are so engaged over the art, or what they consider the beauty side of the question that they lose sight of the practical and comfortable. Another difficulty is that we all hate to be strange, pointed out, or laughed at; so we continue to wear skirts, and don't enjoy working as we might if we were dressed comfortably. Some of us, looking at the picture of a woman in full dress, will envy the low neck, and arms bare to the shoulder, but would think it immodest for a woman to wear a skirt to the knees, and pants or drawers of the same material drawn around the ankle. Now I want our bright members to air this subject in the HOUSEHOLD. Suggest a working dress, pretty, modest and appropriate to the thousand things we have to do.

And while I am about it, and to give Sister Sensible another chance to ram the ammunition hard down into her gun and discharge the piece at me and lay me out completely, why can't women with modesty and propriety ride astride of a horse? A man acquainted with horses told me the present mode of riding was much harder on the woman. She could not control her horse as a man can with his knees. She was more at the mercy of the animal if it became frightened and ran away, and it was much harder for a woman to learn to ride well than for a man.

SISTER GRACIOUS.

THE PARLOR CURTAINS.

Nellie wishes Beatrix to tell her what kind of curtains to get for her parlor, a large pleasant room, which faces the south. It would have been easier to answer this query had Nellie told us what style of carpet and furniture she has in the room. I like to see things correspond. One elegant piece of furniture in a room will make all the rest seem shabby by contrast, when, if taken out, the room would seem suitably and harmoniously furnished. You remember the story in which the gift of a handsome hall tree compelled the refurnishing of the entire house.

First, either dark brown or dark green shades should be put inside the window casings and next the glass. These are absolutely essential where there are no blinds, to keep out heat and light. Then, the white Holland shades, which Nellie may finish with an edge of crochet or knitted lace, if she doesn't care to buy the fringed and ornamented ones. And then come the draperies, which must be chosen to correspond with the carpet. With a rag carpet, curtains of coin spot muslin, which can be bought for 20 or 25 cents a yard, are most suitable. Allow two widths to a window. Tie them back with yellow or white ribbons and they are daintily simple and in good taste. They look well with an ingrain, also, and may be made more elaborate by edging them with cheap lace. The lace-striped buntings are out of fashion now but were pretty. Lace curtains may be bought in an infinite variety of patterns, and some of them are good imitations of the costly fabrics which we see in the windows of fine residences. Choose a fine, lace-like curtain, with delicate pattern, rather than a coarse, showy style. For \$5 a pair you can buy, in this city at least, lace curtains quite nice enough for a simply furnished room; for \$7.50 those that are better, and for \$10 "real nice ones." It is possible to buy as low as \$3.50 per pair. With careful handling such draperies will last many years and the \$10 investment is really an economical one.

BEATRIX.

A CORRESPONDENT asks: "Do you desire the name and address each time we write?" It is best to give them unless you are a frequent contributor. Think of the number who write but one or two letters a year, perhaps do not write for six months at a time. Would it not be rather difficult to recall, though the nom de plume might be familiar, the name associated with it? Those who write often are of course readily remembered, but the occasional contributor should not forget to add her name, lest the Editor's memory prove treacherous, and her letter be thought anonymous and therefore consigned to that awful basket you are all so afraid of.

A RAY FROM "SUNRISE."

I wish Pansy would tell us how to make a nice pansy bed. I for one have a great passion for pansies.

Yes, to a certain extent a wife's duties begin at the altar, but sometimes do not continue to the end of the chapter. I think it a husband's duty to remember the marriage vows as well as a wife's. It never was intended for one to bear it all. I have a very kind husband, very much better than they will average, but he is not perfection any more than am I. Be a mother-in-law ever so kind, or a daughter-in-law ever so forgiving, they are better satisfied with each other apart, each under her own vine and fig tree. Things will occur in spite of all which will be displeasing to one or both of them which, if they were apart, would not happen. But the old saying is "Once learned is worth twice told," so go ahead, girls, and get the experience, for it is a wise teacher, but *do* keep clear of that "Old Bach!"

I do think men are out of their place in the HOUSEHOLD, for the ladies are so apt to speak out and a gentleman is so modest, you know. SUNRISE.

MEN AND WOMEN.

(Concluded.)

I sincerely hope I may be pardoned the indiscretion, when I venture the assertion in the most abrupt manner, that the greatest stumbling block in the way of harmony, the rock on which so many matrimonial alliances have split, is the pocketbook. While it is too true that a woman can throw out with a spoon what a man brings in with a shovel, it is equally true that many a woman with broken back can sweep up on a dust pan what a man brings in on his feet. Many a woman would do much better financiering if she were not confined to a stipulated sum. Some women would succeed much better if they knew that their husbands were practicing self-denial and economy as well as themselves. With the dawning of New Year's, the husband invariably says, "Well, wife, let's keep book this year. Let's put down every cent paid out; all that we receive for stock and grain, and see if farming pays. When I come home from town I'll tell you all I spend, and you must be economical. Seems as if you might do the work alone. The children are getting up so as to help considerable, and I shan't keep but one man. Wages are high and probably you won't want many new things, and we'll live like pigs in the clover. Now don't make so many frosted cakes; economize and save and the books will tell, don't you see!" Of course she sees the point, if she isn't too nearsighted, thinking over and over again

"It is always the way on New Year's day
This lesson I have to learn."

If she possesses the average woman's shrewdness she will have some help

engaged for the busy season, for without doubt there will be three men by the month and two by the day before the first day of June, and for a month or two "he" will be "goody two shoes" and upon his return from town render a faithful account of money expended. But it grows smaller and beautifully less as time advances. Take the case home. It is a little bit humiliating to account for the dozen and one nickels that went for "a smile" and "Hop," "Iron," and "Cherry Tonic." The upshot of the whole matter is if you go round the corner to see a man you've got to "see him." Women cannot rightly feel and know just the position a man is placed in or the rude manner in which the strings of his principles are pulled until the millenium is ushered in and they become politicians themselves. It will all come home; it is one of the planks in the political platform. It is very seldom, in fact I cannot call to mind an instance in the country where paterfamilias has a certain sum set aside for household expenses that "thus far and no farther shalt thou go" is the motto hung up for the boss balancer in the house. I often say: "That barrel of sugar, that five hundred pounds of flour, that jar of butter will last about so long; or today for dinner this piece of meat or half a pie or remnant of yesterday's suet pudding will be sufficient for us." But alas! how is my idol fallen, when Philander ushers in two or three fanning mill men, or two butchers, or a sulky plow man and a book agent or two. I've got to call on my resources a little. It won't do to be flustered; it is a matter of diplomacy, sheer generalship, to get a steak pounded or ham sliced, steam a stale cake, enlarge the table, and in the twinkling of an eye "Richard is himself again." As far as I personally am concerned I should prefer not to have a certain sum set aside for household expenses, on a farm at least. There is such a delightful uncertainty about home products. For instance, I might make large calculations on an early garden, plenty of melons and fruit, a big flock of chickens and turkeys, and realize nothing, but a few wormy, hard radishes, a meal or two of peas, the few tomatoes picked by a trio of old setting hens; brood after brood of turkeys and chickens yielding up their lives with the gapes; the melon patch raided by bad boys and fruit trees demolished by ruthless hands. So I must draw on the vegetable wagon. This of course means an increase of expenses, and where would I be if there was an even five dollar bill with which to settle up all accounts Saturday night? It would have to be pinched and pulled and pressed down and heaped up if it made a go. "Circumstances alter cases" is too true of farm life. We are never sure of eating a meal by ourselves. We are often obliged to create order out of chaos, or in other words get up a meal

out of nothing. We cannot make a chicken do for three straight meals, or make a gallon of decent soup out of an old ham bone, paper cooks to the contrary; but we can use common sense, discrimination in the expenditure of money, adapt ourselves to circumstances, make the best of what we have, see that nothing goes to waste, think that the husband we married is the "one among ten thousand and the one altogether lovely," think that it was a lucky day for us and coming posterity when we voiced our vows. Bear with each other's infirmities and draw the veil of charity over them instead of parading them to the world, and the old farm will take on new beauties, and peace and prosperity will be ours.

EVANGELINE.

MAKING RAG CARPETS.

Allow me to say just a few words to those contemplating the making of a rag carpet, which is the most durable of all carpets if made right. Never cut rags bias, for they will wear rough and are liable to break; never put in starched cloth as it will not beat closely together; never put in old pants cloth unless it is very soft and strong, for it will not wear long or look well; never put in a rag that will not bear a strain of at least three or four pounds.

Cut your rags of an even size; this can be determined by twisting the strips in the fingers; they should be the size of No. 8 or 10 wire when twisted closely, as that will be about the same as when beaten in the loom. If you have a striped carpet, don't have too many colors; remember a hit-or-miss has many advantages over a stripe. Remember also that no machine loom can do as good work as a hand loom, for no device can regulate the tension in drawing in the rags as well as can be done by the human hand. It is different with spun filling. The softer your rags are the nicer your carpet will be, and knit goods make beautiful carpets. One-half of the success is in having the rags and one-half in the weaving.—*New England Farmer.*

CANNED PINEAPPLE.

At dinner with a friend, not long since, canned pineapple was served with the dessert. It was very fresh, tender, delicious. This was the way it was put up last fall: The pineapple was pared and coarsely shredded with a fork, then mixed with an equal weight of sugar and left over night, without any cooking it was then canned.

I am making a rag carpet and would like to ask what colored warp is most desirable? The last one made I used the old-fashioned dyes; my colors were bright and very durable. Are the fancy dyes better? If any one has improvements in this line of work please give them.

C. A. C.

A NEW CALLER.

I never attempted to write a letter to the HOUSEHOLD before, but have read the little paper with great interest for several years.

I truly sympathize with Elizabeth E., but how trivial are such troubles compared to what some poor women have to endure! If you have a temperate, kind, home-loving husband, healthy children, good health yourself, never mind the muddy dooryard, lousy henhouse and neglected raspberry patch. C. J. M.'s article of April 9th told of a woman who had real trouble. We think she did more than her duty. If a man chooses to go so low he ought to go alone. It is no woman's duty to live with a drunkard. The Good Book says leave father and mother and cleave unto your wife. If a man or woman can not do so they had better stay single. That is if it isn't pleasant to live with them.

I should like to know how many advocate card playing. I for one do not. It is the one great evil of the present day, if it is all the style. Some say it is no worse than authors, croquet or such games. But cards are played in the saloons, while these other games are not. Young men go in to play cards, play for their first drink and where are they? God forbid my boy shall say he ever played cards at home.

GRANT.

L. E. W.

THE RASPBERRY PATCH.

What a pity that energetic women with a taste for beautiful surroundings, should be generally blessed with slack "Johns" and "vica versa!" Well, we can not help it, but must make the best of it, and look for good qualities in the man we married for "better or worse." Generally he possesses some virtues, and the "slackness" is his main fault. But a woman can learn to help herself in many ways if she will but try.

I will tell Elizabeth E. how I manage the raspberries. After they are through bearing I go with gloves and old shears, and cut back the new shoots to within three or four feet of the ground. Later I remove all the old wood and burn it. In the spring I empty the straw beds, and put the straw from under the carpets, and all such trash out in the berry patch. Each time I take such refuse out, I call the poultry, and such a time as they do have scratching. The straw is nicely placed around the bushes and weeds and grass scratched up by hen labor. Those who grow berries for sale may smile at my way, but for a small patch it works well and we always have lots of berries. I also set out a few new bushes each spring.

Now, E. E., do join that Farmers' Club with your husband. I know, from experience, that nothing helps us over the rough places in farm life like

"going somewhere;" and if you are "so tired" a literary treat will rest you. And staying at home and brooding over our grievances makes us gloomy and has sent more than one woman to the insane asylum.

I had an attack of "housecleaning fever" last week, on one of those bright days. I started the leech, tore up the spare bedroom and tore around generally, and by noon was tired out and inclined to envy those who could hire all such hard work done. My husband said he was going to the village and asked me to go. At first I said no, there was too much to do, and then I thought of a friend very low with consumption, who might not live until housecleaning was done, so I got ready, took a few daffodils and went. When I saw the poor mother so sick, and with no hope that she would ever be better, I could not help sending up a little prayer of thankfulness that it was so well with me. I went home rested and contented. The best way to appreciate our blessings is to see how others live. The only advice I have to give about housecleaning is *go slow*.

Who will give me some subjects suitable for discussion in a farmers' meeting? topics that the average farmer can find something to say about.

LANSING.

JOYBELL.

PREVENTIVE FOR CHICKEN CHOLERA.

If Diana would add to her cure for discontent plenty of singing, she would make it perfect. If those who do not know how much good it does would try it when everything goes wrong and they feel like scolding and would sing something lively, they would be surprised to see how things turn out handy and even easy.

Neddek's buttermilk pop is good. I know, for I have made it several years. It is one of my husband's dishes. I never saw any, so did not even know how it should look, but, manlike, he could tell me "how mother did;" he being a good teacher and I an apt scholar, the pop was good.

I take care of our fowls and enjoy doing so, but my hens would get the cholera and die in spite of all my care until I found a condition powder that I give as soon as I see the green droppings under the perch. If you will try it you will not be without it. Take one ounce of ground sassafras bark; two ounces flowers of sulphur; two ounces of Epsom salts; one ounce of ground fenugreek seed; one ounce of gentian; one ounce of alum; one-half ounce of cream tartar; one ounce of ginger; one ounce of nitrate of potash, powdered; one ounce sulphate of zinc. After mixing put one tablespoonful in a pan of soft feed and give it as you think they need. You will find it is the best way you ever spent twenty-five cents.

How sorry I was when I saw our

HOUSEHOLD shrink to its former size, and I know I was not the only one!

- ST. JOHNS.

PARILLA.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

THOSE who have trouble with butter that will not "come" may find a valuable point in the following item: The temperature business was tried in every manner possible and yet the trouble remained. Each cow's milk was taken separately from the rest of the herd and the milk set, skimmed and churned separately, and the result showed that one cow in the herd did the mischief. No trouble was experienced during the forepart of the season, but as fall approached the difficulty of gathering the butter came with regularity. The cow was a very fine, healthy animal which he prized highly, but this milk test brought her carcass to the butcher's block at once.

THREE EXCELLENT RECIPES.

TAPIOCA CREAM.—Soak four tablespoonfuls of tapioca over night. Heat one quart of milk in a dish set in boiling water. Have the yolks of three eggs and white of one beaten with one-half coffee cup of sugar; pour into the hot milk, stirring constantly until thick as rich cream. Beat the whites of two eggs to a stiff froth, add six teaspoonfuls of sugar and pour carefully over the custard, set in hot oven till a delicate brown. Serve cold.

PUDDING SAUCE.—Three tablespoonfuls of sugar; two of butter and one of cornstarch, rubbed to a cream. Pour on boiling water and stir till the consistency of rich cream; let cook a minute, flavor, and just before serving beat the white of an egg to a stiff froth, pour the sauce into it, beating all the time. Serve hot.

CABBAGE SALAD.—Two eggs, well beaten; one dessert-spoonful of salt, one of mustard, and one tablespoonful of sugar; butter, size of an egg; one-cup of vinegar; one-half cup of sour cream. Mix the mustard with a little of the vinegar, then pour in the rest of the vinegar; put in the salt, sugar and butter and set in a dish of boiling water till hot, stir in the beaten eggs and stir till it thickens, being careful it does not whey off. When just ready to take off the stove stir in the half cup of cream. When you chop your cabbage, "don't chop it," but *shave* off the head with a sharp knife. It will pay you for your trouble. This is equally good for chicken, potato and other salads.

A NICE WAY TO SALT HAMS.—Eight pounds of salt; two pounds of brown sugar; two ounces of saltpetre and two ounces of black pepper. Mix and rub the hams two or three times, or until all the mixture is used. This quantity is sufficient for 100 pounds of meat.

EDNA.

**ISSUE(S)
MISSING
NOT
AVAILABLE**