

# MICHIGAN FARMER

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## THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

### MOVING DAY.

Up before the sun is peeping,  
Up while happier folks are sleeping,  
Pounding, pushing, pulling, tugging,  
Wrapping, packing, piling, lugging,  
Hurrying here and hurrying there,  
Dire confusion everywhere,  
Standing in the midst of chaos,  
Questioning, "Does moving pay us?"  
Looking round us in dismay—  
Such is moving day.

Drawing tacks and boxes nailing,  
Mashing thumbs and wildly wailing,  
Shaking carpets, packing dishes,  
Making unavailing wishes,  
Waiting for the tardy dray—  
Such is moving day.

When at length the day appearing,  
Hurrying men the rooms are clearing,  
Standing, then, with some foreboding,  
Watching them while they are loading,  
Giving caution, wondering whether  
Such things e'er were piled together  
As they're piling on that dray—  
Such is moving day.

Shifts the scene, but still we're tugging,  
Pushing, pulling, piling, lugging,  
Hurrying here and hurrying there,  
Dire confusion everywhere,  
Standing in the midst of chaos,  
Questioning, "Does moving pay us?"  
Looking round us in dismay—  
Such is moving day.

"Piecing" carpets, turning under—  
Do they ever fit, I wonder?  
Wrestling with the stovepipe sooty,  
Getting many "spots of beauty,"  
Working in a desperate way—  
Such is moving day.

Weary limbs and smutty faces,  
Things in most unheard-of places,  
Much-soiled garments, broken dishes,  
Vain regrets and useless wishes,  
Sighing dolefully, lamenting  
O'er the many ills of renting,  
Longing for a home abiding,  
With no moving day betiding,  
Wearied out and blue and sleepy,  
Off to bed disgusted, creep we,  
Glad in sleep to flee away  
From the woes of moving day,  
Such is moving day.

—Good Housekeeping.

### A MOVING TALE.

I once heard a housekeeper say during an attack of emotional insanity induced by the spring cleaning: "I hate this house and everything in it! I wish I could pitch all this old stuff (meaning the furniture) out doors and get something that doesn't antedate the flood? I believe I'd enjoy making a bonfire of the house, too."

Being young in years and younger in experience I did not understand how

any human being could become so tired of home as to long to destroy it. And those who grow restive in familiar scenes and long for change, who alter the location of the furniture every sweeping day and are always making new combinations in the bureau drawers so their husbands never know where to look for clean shirts, ought to live in town and enjoy the annual hegira of May day. I don't wonder the anarchists and socialists choose the first of May as an appropriate date for an outbreak. Anarchy and disorder are in the air at that season.

The woman who perhaps opens her eyes upon life and closes them in their last long slumber in the same house, or who celebrates her golden wedding in the home to which she went a bride, knows nought of the torments and plagues of moving. The majority of townspeople live in rented houses, and never know at what moment they may be called upon to move. Many live in chronic expectation of such a change and never see a vacant house without investigating it with reference to its desirability. "Poor Richard" said "Three removes are as bad as a fire." If there's truth in the saying, I've been cremated a couple of times myself, and many city families have been burned out times without number.

But, when the choice of evils points to moving as the lesser, if you're a business woman you straightway proceed to effect the change in a business-like fashion. A card stating your wants in a Sunday paper will bring you a deluge of answers of all kinds, from the unenveloped scrap of paper bearing two lines and an address to the monogrammed sheet, thoroughly English in its get-up, and carrying a whiff of its writer's favorite perfume; from the ill-spelled, worse-written scrawl scarcely stating an intelligible fact, to the prolix epistle of three pages whose writer favors you with her reasons for taking "roomers." You'd think it any easy task to choose one desirable place out of 35 offers of a shelter, now wouldn't you? But it's not as easy as it looks. When you have sifted out those that are too far from down town, in locations your knowledge of the city tells you will be undesirable without going to see, those that are plainly out of reach by reason

of price, and those wretched scrawls whose very appearance suggests boiled cabbage and onions in the front hall—when you've eliminated these you find fully three-fourths of your correspondence is classed as unavailable.

Armed with a memorandum of streets and numbers arranged so as to cover the greatest number of points with the least expenditure of shoe leather and street car fares, and arrayed in your most immaculate street dress—for I have learned that good clothes somehow inspire people with confidence in your ability to pay your rent—you devote an afternoon to a search. At night, you feel as if you could write a book as funny as any of Mark Twain's but are too tired to do it. And ten chances to one you have not found anything half as desirable as your present quarters, if you have grumbled regularly at certain grievances and inconveniences. Your rooms never looked so cosy and comfortable as they do by contrast with the dull, dingy, sometimes dirty places you have visited. And you sit down to sum up advantages and disadvantages, and select at last two or three and perhaps call again to investigate further and ask more voluminous questions, and wonder if the base-boards conceal b—b—gs or not, and whether the family expresses its feelings by slamming the doors. At the last you "choose your choice," and like ordering a dinner at a poor restaurant, whichever you take you wish you'd taken the other before you are done with it. The unparalleled effrontery of the room-renting fiend has literally paralyzed you. A woman of a speculative turn of mind rents a house and proposes to sub-let it in sections to victims in the shape of "roomers." She calculates to pay her rent, have rooms for herself and family and the family living out of what the rest of the house will bring in. Sometimes she does it and sometimes I rejoice to say she doesn't. For an unfurnished "front alcove room," with a closet that wouldn't admit the band-box of your theatre hat two seasons ago, she wants \$15 a month; for a side room overlooking the roof of her neighbor's kitchen, with a closet which she introduces to you as a commodious bedroom, she will demand \$12 and yet look you unblushingly in the face. When you get out of the



house you feel profoundly grateful that she did not charge you anything for the privilege of inspecting it.

And when you've settled the question of "Where," begin the woes of packing. It's no work of supererogation to take stock of one's belongings, discard the superfluous and dispose of the unavailable. How things do accumulate! After every removal I experience a period in which I firmly decline to buy anything I cannot eat or wear out. An awful epoch of clearing out follows. You unload any quantity of things you *hope* you will not need again upon the washwoman and the scrub-lady, and receive in exchange for the cracked crockery and hole-y parasol a flood of gratitude in broken German, "So nice, so nice; so goot lady!" You "jaw" with the dealer in second-hand furniture over the table and chairs the new rooms will not accommodate, and finally give them away outright rather than accept his absurd figure for them. You find the carpets won't fit; ditto the shades and the curtain poles. Everything that should be long is too short, and all that ought to be short are too long. The man who is to move you at a certain hour fails to show up, and you keep yourself and the wires uncomfortably hot telephoning to know why he doesn't come and when he will come. And after things have been hustled down stairs and up stairs again, and you've stood around and said in italics "Do be careful" as the bookcase goes bump on one corner and the bedstead gets a whack at another, and had the stupid creatures say "Yes'm" and go on bumping and whacking; and when they've finally cleared out and left you standing among your possessions as disconsolate as a shipwrecked sailor on a desert island, you feel more like sitting down for a damp but purely feminine sance with yourself than proceeding to bring order out of chaos. But it would never do for a business woman to weaken like "ordinary femininity," so you go to work, only to find the man carried off the screws of the dressing-bureau's mirror in his pocket, that your desk is minus one castor, and that the tack hammer was packed in the box that was nailed up to stay and put up a ladder into the attic. It takes all the leisure of a precious week to get moderately settled, and another week of trotting round trying to remember new places for things; and the furniture, that looked so dainty and "fit" in the old home, looks overgrown or awkward in the new, and you don't like yourself a little bit until you get shaped and fashioned and adapted to your new surroundings. Ten chances to one the landlady who was smoother than butter and sweeter than her own apple dumplings when you were a tenant in prospective, develops an unmistakable acidity of disposition and very emphatic opinions as to what was and was not

"nominated in the bond" after you've paid a month's rent. She knows you'll bear a little bull-dozing after the trouble you've had getting settled, rather than break up and go through it again. You know it, too.

And then a fresh trouble arises. You "take your meals out;" after living at lunch counters and restaurants you begin to want a square meal again, and skirmish for a boarding-place. It's like choosing a watermelon—you can't tell till you try. And trying almost kills you, especially if you know you have a stomach. Such cooking! Such greasy, indigestible messes, such aggressive butter, such diminutive slices of bread, scarcely bigger than a postage stamp! Respect for age should have spared the chickens, and the Texas steer fresh from the Lone Star State furnishes your matutinal fragment of beefsteak. And you're expected to pay \$1 a week for it, too.

When you enter the new dining room for the first time and seat yourself among a score of your fellow sufferers, all strangers, all turning eyes of cold scrutiny upon you—well, I confess these the most embarrassing moments of my life. I can face an audience of a thousand people without a tremor, but the circle of glittering eyes, as stony as the Ancient Mariner's, rouses my wrath as inevitably as a poultice raises blisters. I have often thought of "the mannerless sex," as meal after meal I have taken a seat among people of a certain class—not well-bred enough to dare to be polite—without even a "Good morning" or a nod of recognition, all intent on getting enough to satisfy hunger and limiting conversation to "Please pass the sugar" or "Gimme a spoon." And I could write a volume of useful hints to intending boarding-house keepers on "How to Make Half Enough Go Round," and "How Much Skinning will the Average Boarder Bear." To put six pieces of bread on a table set for eight, to so skillfully dispose six strawberries in a dish that it seems decently full, to cut cake to a shaving and put a grease-spot on an individual butter-plate—these are ordinary dodges by the side of some I know. One way to make a little go a long way is to put a pint of sauce into a preserve dish and only set on three or four dishes in which it may be served. The bashful, the careless, and the folks at the other end of the table who don't see it will not ask for sauce, and there's so much saved, you see. But I'm not going to tell all the tricks of the trade, I may have to keep boarders myself some day.

BEATRIX.

ANY one wishing to obtain pansy plants can do so by sending name and address, inclosing six cents in stamps to pay postage, to Miss Sadia Broughton, Macomb, Mich., who will be glad to send plants to any applicant until her present supply is exhausted.

#### "OUR" CLUB.

T'was a lovely afternoon on the 24th of June, and it seemed so much lovelier because the weather for a month had been so abominably bad, with rain and high winds. Work had been retarded on the farms and the highways were not as good as they might be. For you see men can do their road work when they cannot work on their farms, and if the work is not performed in a real business-like manner, it is a relief to have it off their minds. As a consequence the center of the road was piled with sods, with rough furrows at the edges, and a miniature pond here and there. But if the going was bad it did not make one bit of difference, for when the little bronze clock in Mrs. Maybee's back parlor struck the hour of two, every member of "Our" Club was in her place. To be sure it was not such a very large Club—sixteen members—but you must know that it is rather a large Club for the rural districts. It is not always a farmer's wife thinks she can leave her work and belong to an organization of any kind. There were the wives of the doctor, minister and storekeeper who lived at the little town; they gave "tone" to the Club, their ideas being slightly in advance of the others. The minister's wife of course had a wide experience, her husband being on the circuit they travelled about considerable. The doctor's wife never tired of talking of Boston, her birthplace being about thirty miles from there. The storekeeper's wife was a New York lady, and "the way we did things East when I was a girl, before I was married," was always sandwiched in the conversation. The farmers' wives were all bright, smart little women, with a good many original ideas, and when they knew any improvements on the old way, any manner in which labor could be lightened, were not backward in making it known.

Today the discussion began on jelly; in fact it was the only subject, for the opinions were so diversified. The President gave her ideas, which, much simplified, were as follows: First, the fruit should be rather under-ripe to have the best results. Currants, cherries, grapes, berries of all kinds should be thoroughly rinsed, put in a stone jar, the jar set in a boiler or large kettle of hot water and cooked several hours, six at least, then turned into a jelly bag. She liked one made of five cent lawn, two thicknesses, eighteen inches square, stitched twice at sides and bottom, and a broad hem at the top; sew on some loops and have a tie string of stout tape to suspend it by. Let the juice drip out, never squeeze, as this will cause the jelly to be cloudy. Porcelain, agate or bright new tin is the best in which to make jelly. Strain the juice through another muslin cloth into the kettle; let it come to a



boil and skim. The juice should be previously weighed, not measured, always allowing one pound of granulated or loaf sugar to a pound of juice. Add the sugar after the juice boils and is thoroughly skimmed, and in nearly every instance the sugar will hardly have time to dissolve before one can detect little particles of jelly floating about. Remove immediately and turn into cups or glasses; when cold tie thick paper over, marking each variety distinctly.

Large fruits should be put in a kettle with just enough water to cover and cooked slowly until the fruit is soft, then proceed as with other jellies. Quinces are just as good made with sweet apples—half and half. One member always used three-fourths pound of sugar to a pound of juice, she could not see any difference; and for jellies for meats one-half pound was sufficient. Another said such advice was misleading. She had tried it one year; her jelly was sour, it shrunk in the cups, an inch or more; it was leathery, dark colored and unsatisfactory. No. Four remarked that raspberry jelly was not always firm if made alone; one-third currant juice improved the flavor. Peach jelly should be often made; it is delicious. Add a little lemon juice and a few of the stones, cracked. No. Five always added a little gelatine; one was sure of a firm jelly by its use. No. Six had never been able to keep her jelly without its moulding on the top; kept it in the cellar. This was voted down; a cool, dry place, upper shelves in the pantry or closet being preferable. No. Seven always run melted paraffine over the jelly. No. Eight used cups and glasses with metal tops. One year she found every cup molded and it spoiled the taste of the whole. She put it up as usual; turned the top on while hot. No one was able to explain why it should do so. No. Nine heated her sugar in the oven before adding it to the juice. No. Ten did not allow it to boil but for five minutes, turned it into glasses and set them in the sun for several days to finish, thought it was more delicate, finer flavor, etc. No. Eleven thought jellies were not used as much as they should be in families, but were kept more for company. No. Twelve thought them expensive, taking so much sugar. No. Thirteen said when she could buy twenty-four pounds of granulated sugar for one dollar she should use all she wanted. Made twenty-four pounds of currant jelly last year and should make thirty-five this. No. Fourteen said it depended on the willingness of one's husband to buy so much sugar; she hadn't had a currant bush in her garden for years, and never thought of making more than eight pounds of jelly all told. One could be prudent or extravagant in such matters. No. Fifteen always used jelly freely, also marmalades of

different sorts; they were nice with all puddings, meats, poultry, and the children liked them on bread and butter, and tarts. No. Sixteen remarked that apple butter was quite good enough for everyday use; she occasionally made apple jelly from parings and cores; had a nice red apple that made a fine colored and flavored jelly; three-fourths of a pound of sugar being sufficient.

Remarks were made as to fruit dropping this year, not much promise of a full crop. Adjourned until four weeks, when butter-making, care of milk, prices, etc., will be discussed.

BATTLE CREEK.

EVANGELINE.

#### ON SUNDRY SUBJECTS.

I wonder if the HOUSEHOLD will bear correcting; if so, the recipe for Hermits, also the article signed "Little Nell" should be credited to none other than "Little Nan." I will forgive the little paper this time, fancying its specs were not properly adjusted.

I was so amused when I read the last sentence of brave Alvena's letter that I re-read it to Aaron, who declared he did not believe that husbands could appreciate home without a good smoke occasionally; however I avowed I would never marry a man that drank, but Cupid's arrow had penetrated too deep e'er I was aware of the fact that the one I loved smoked, still I do not lay as much stress on that word as do a great many. And the comfort some men take with a paper and pipe makes it seem almost cruel to deprive them of that happiness.

Are any of the HOUSEHOLD wives addicted to the habit of fault-finding? I knew of a husband who made this remark to his wife: "I believe I will have to keep an account of the things I do which constantly give rise to complaining." Now I really felt sorry for that wife, for she had never realized before how harrassing it must be, the moment he crossed the threshold, to hear complaining and fault-finding. To a pure, sensitive and affectionate mind, every act of finding fault or condemnation is an act of pain. "If thou would'st bear thy neighbor's faults cast thy eyes upon thine own." Never set yourself to discover the imperfections of others. Whenever you find yourself making a fault-finding remark, say your approving one in the same breath, and you will soon break yourself of this habit.

My sympathy goes out to those tired housewives who toil all day without seeming to accomplish anything; the same routine day after day, still they must keep it up.

"Live like other women and rejoice,  
I do not say, but this full well I know,  
God gives unto His chosen ones no choice."

I think Brunefille is getting just the least bit excited over the discussion that is being carried on in regard to the dress reform. I had to smile audibly while reading her article on

"Skirts." I have an outfit much like that she described, but I do not parade around in it very much, for even the dogs run, and the hens fly; nevertheless I feel much more at home than I should in trowsers.

I will say one word in regard to mothers-in-law (leaving the fathers-in-law until some future day. I think mothers-in-law are an abused class. They are represented as having a censorious and quarrelsome disposition. I think such statements originate with those who are more or less inclined in that direction themselves. If a daughter-in-law does her required part the mother-in-law favors her as she would her own child. If the spirit of amiability predominates in each heart there will be no reception or admission of anything that is liable to disturb the equilibrium. However no house is large enough for two families, as each has a system of doing work, and should these conflict there might possibly be an upheaval. I am so very thankful that I am privileged to live neighbor to my mother-in-law; there is not a day but that she renders me some assistance, and her patient and loving ways endear her to all. Girls miss a great deal in not being kind and thoughtful to their husband's mother; let her see that you love and appreciate her, and there is no end to the comfort you will take.

LITTLE NAN.

MT. CLEMENS.

#### TEACHERS AND PARENTS.

I was pleased with E. L. Nye's letter on expressions and their influence on the language of children. I have known teachers who were very remiss in their language, and I have often followed the noted expressions with the unspoken query, "How is it she is allowed to teach school?" I think those actively interested in the education of the young in our public schools will do well to "draw the line" a little tighter and keep more of the inefficient aspirants out of the field. It is a lamentable fact that we have many persons teaching, especially in our country schools, who are not fitted, either in education or home training, for the vocation. Young teachers there are, and have been, in our schools who never thought about making the occupation a means of livelihood, until within a short time of the launching of their bark on the pedagogical sea.

I think every person who makes up his (or her) mind that he (or she) wishes to become a teacher, he (or she) should give two or three years to the careful, thoughtful preparation of the mind to fit it for the responsibility that will rest upon it, and the fulfillment of a live teacher's duty. Many questions should be carefully considered aside from the mere book knowledge required. A considerable knowledge of the school laws should receive attention and study that the rights of both pupils



and parents may receive proper respect. Too many, especially our young teachers, make the mistake in thinking that the parents have no rights, so far as their authority extends during the school hours; that the teacher's authority is supreme and indisputable. Such a stand causes many a "ripple" between teachers and parents that would be avoided if the teachers would give thoughtful consideration to the points of law on their own and parents' rights and privileges. It seems to me that a teacher who will talk disrespectfully of parents to said parents' children on any subject under discussion in the school-room, is lacking in the essential requirements of politeness and good breeding, to say nothing of the example it sets those children in disrespect toward their parents.

Perhaps a discussion is in progress. "Papa and mamma says I may drop this study during the remainder of this term of school." "It doesn't make any difference what your papa or mamma says, it's none of their business." "But I've been absent and got so behind the class that I can not catch up." "Well, go in the other class." "What, that class! why I have been over that so much mamma says it would be wasting time to go over it again." "Well, your mamma isn't running this school. You'll do as I say, I want you to understand."

Now what do I think of such a teacher? Why, that there has been something left out of her early home training, and that she had better enter some other field of labor. We have no use for such unless we care little about our children's welfare, present or future.

E. L. Nye, what do you think about it? Let us hear from others too, who are interested. SHIFTLESS.

#### WIESBADEN STRAWBERRIES.

Canned strawberries, imported from Germany, sell at our large grocers' establishments at \$6 per half dozen pint bottles. They are simply delicious, retaining a greater proportion of the strawberry flavor than any other. They are put up at Wiesbaden by the following process:

You must have two kinds of berries, one may be the ordinary fruit, the other must be the finest, largest, most perfect and perfectly fresh fruit. To every quart of the ordinary fruit allow half a pound of sugar. After the berries are hulled, sift the sugar through and over them, and let them stand in a cold place over night. A low temperature is imperative, to prevent any possible fermentation. In the morning drain off the juice—not quite dry, but leaving enough so the berries can be made into jam or marmalade, thus saving waste of the fruit. For every half pound of sugar you have used, allow half a pound of rock candy. Put

this into the juice and let it boil fifteen minutes. In the meantime, have your cans already tested, to be certain all are perfect, and warm them. Set them on a folded towel in a big pan, and turn in an inch or two of warm water; fill the cans with the superior fruit, which you have carefully hulled, raw, rejecting every imperfect or bruised berry. Pack the fruit as solidly as you can without jamming it, packing and shaking it down, pour on the boiling syrup, and seal immediately. Keep the cans in a dark place. This is said to be the exact manner in which the imported fruit is put up, and if carefully followed according to directions, to be safe, the fruit keeping perfectly.

To can pineapple, slice it or pull it to pieces with a fork, removing the core. Add a pound or a pound and a quarter of sugar to a pound of pineapple. Let stand six or seven hours. Have your cans ready—always test before filling—and can the pineapple. Yes, without cooking, and cold. Put about a tablespoonful of sherry or brandy on top of each can and seal, being sure the cans are full. If you do not use the liquor cut a paper to fit the top of the can, and after dipping it in alcohol, lay it on top of the can, and put on the cover.

#### A FEMININE FARMER.

I have no husband to find fault with or children to wail over their numberousness, and as I have had my say about long skirts, I really think I shall be obliged to write about something else. It is so rainy today I am obliged to be indoors and will tell those of the HOUSEHOLD who wish to hear something about my farming and flowers.

I work a sixty-acre farm in the eastern part of Michigan, all myself. Our household is all women, no men snooping round our habitation and finding fault with meals and starched shirt-bosoms. I've had enough of that in the days gone by.

I feel proud when I walk out over the fields and look at my bank, as we call the different crops. It is all my own handiwork. I have seven acres of wheat that will hold its own against my masculine neighbor's. The present year I am preparing twelve acres for wheat. I have all kinds of farm crops in splendid growing condition, and not a day's work hired. I love farm work; it is second nature to me. The farm is to me like a child that I have watched and tended and seen grow year by year more beautiful, and I can not bear the thought that I may be parted from it. There is that about farm life which is elevating if people will only see it. Watch the tiny blade as it springs from the earth, and as it grows it is like the mind, grasping all that is adapted to its individual growth and development till it reaches the perfect state.

I suppose farmers who are only after

the almighty dollar never stop to think of the beautiful in their occupation. I think if some of those discouraged farmers' wives would just let some of their work go, bake fewer pies, cookies and doughnuts and such really unnecessary articles, and make the men do with plainer food until cooler weather, they would look at the world as a brighter place to live in.

I never expect to have or enjoy knick-nacks during the summer. Perhaps some of our hustling members will think we are a very shiftless family, but they would change their minds were they to see us once. The housekeeper here is never run down and blue as an indigo bag.

I always make my bed and care for my room the same as when I was boarding in town, so that much does not fall on the mother. I also do all my own sewing and mending, and that is no small item. You see I don't have to go and sit in the grocery and tell yarns, or sit on a fence-rail and gas with all the men who come in my way. My spare time is devoted to my flowers, which are too lovely to describe. If those of the HOUSEHOLD who cannot get pansies to grow only lived near me I could give them all the plants they could use. I threw away as many as five hundred plants only a few weeks ago, that would soon have bloomed. Six years ago I had twenty-three different varieties in one bed; they beat all the flowers I ever saw and I have kept them ever since.

Bruneille has hit it exactly, it's the everlasting "they say" that prevents women in general from doing as they wish. I have worn short skirts ever since I began farming, but they get in the way just the same and "rile my disposition" exceedingly sometimes.

I've seen many such cases as Shiftless describes; they are in the majority, consequently like the moth and the candle I take warning by my fellows who get singed and keep away from the flames. SALLY WATERS.

A MISSION Sunday school in need of Sunday School papers and cards may hear of a small supply by addressing the HOUSEHOLD at once.

"IGNORANCE," of Rochester, says her father has taken the FARMER for a great many years, and that she is sure she could not get along without the HOUSEHOLD. She very much desires a recipe for cream puffs, and hopes some HOUSEHOLD reader will furnish one.

EASY enough to can fruit. The great thing to remember is that the cans must be screwed air tight while the contents are boiling hot. Use as little water as possible in cooking the fruit. Fill your cans even full, screw on the tops at once. And if you have perfect cans and good rubbers—and it's sinful waste of fruit and time to use any other—"you're all right" and so is the fruit.