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THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

A BACHELOR'S GROWL.

Oh, the beautiful women, the women of ancient days,

The ripe and the red who are done and dead,

With never a word of praise;

he rich, round Fallies and Susans, the Poll'es and Joans and Pruses,

Who guarded their fame, and saw no shame
In walking in low-heeled shoes.

They never shrieked on a platform; they never desired a vote;

They sat in a row and liked things slow,

While they knitted or patched a coat.

They lived with nothing of Latin, and a jolly sight less of Greek,

And made up their books, and changed their cooks

On an average once a week.

They never ventured in hansoms, nor climbed to the topmost 'bus,

Nor talked with a twang in the latest slang;

They let these fashions to us.

But, ah, she was sweet and pleasant, though possibly not so well read,

The excellent wife who cheered your life,

And vanished at ten to bed.

And it's oh the pity, the pity that times should ever annul

The wearer of skirts who mended shirts,

And never thought nurseries dull.

For everything's topsy-turvy now, the men are bedded at ten,

While the women sit up, and smoke and sup

In the Club of the Chickless Hen.

—London Punch.

COUNTRY BOARD FOR CITY PEOPLE.

"I wish I knew some nice place out in the country where I could go and take the children for a month or so," said a lady as we gossiped on the shady portico one June evening, "somewhere where the children could run at large, and have plenty of milk and fruit."

The mother of two bouncing boys used identically the same language in my own little parlor an evening or two later; I have heard half a dozen others express the same wish, and the question arose in my mind, why do not some of the farmers' wives who want to earn money for themselves, take summer boarders. I know that they do; some of them, and that a favored few go regularly to some quiet farm home in adjacent counties, to spend the summer quietly, wearing plain clothes, letting the children have their fill of air and sunshine and fresh milk, and returning to the city in September sun-burned and freckled, but healthy and hearty. They leave behind a very acceptable sum of money for the house-

keeper—who has without doubt worked hard for it, but who perhaps couldn't have earned it more easily. In Sullivan County, New York, it is said the revenue from the summer boarders from the city is greater than that received from the aggregate of farm crops, a statement which is certainly significant.

I looked over our daily papers to see if some one had not seen this opening and was prepared to fill it for our city. Plenty of advertisements of summer hotels—places where you can go with your trunks and change your dress five times a day—but not a farm home represented. The individual who would insert a card in some of our city dailies, offering good board and accommodations on a farm at a moderate price, say five or six dollars a week, and who would give a full equivalent in good, well cooked food, plenty of eggs, milk and cream, pleasant even if plainly furnished sleeping rooms, and kindred "home comforts," might fill a house "quick as winking."

But to fill the house is not the only thing. The boarders must be made to like their quarters so well that they stay the season. There's "no money" in preparing for a houseful, and having the people get discontented and go away in a week. True, some are unreasonable and expect too much—and generally I've noticed that those who have the least at home expect the most when they are away. But there are some things which are essentials for economy's sake as well as for keeping the boarders satisfied. One requisite is a good garden. The farm will furnish ham and chickens, and ought also to supply the breakfast bacon, which, done crisp and moistened with a spoonful of cream, is such an appetizing relish. The fruits and vegetables will greatly reduce the meat bills, which will be the greatest expense of the business, and will also give the farmer the middlemen's profits on them, as well as make good living. Plenty of milk and cream, too. The average city youngster has an unlimited capacity for milk. It makes things go easy to give him all he wants. Charge a fair price for accommodations and then don't be stingy. Give liberty on the premises but not license; it is not necessary the children should

raid the berry patch, loot the fruit trees or ride the calves. Make your restrictions part of the bargain, then be amiable and let the youngsters enjoy themselves even if they are mischievous sometimes.

It will cost something at first perhaps to get ready for the boarders, but whether the money comes back or not depends a good deal—as it does in any business—upon the management. Some make money at it; some fail. But that there is a wide field here for the woman with ambition and executive ability I fully believe. She will not get rich at it, but she may find it a means to earn some coveted luxury otherwise unattainable.

BEATRIX.

"HOW IT WORKED."

It looked so practical, so reasonable, so do-able, that she said immediately, "It's a go, I'll try it!" Things hadn't been in such awfully good working order in the household. It was up hill business doing all the work, tending a fourth-dozen small children, bearing fault finding and abuse from the good man. The weather was warming up; several new milch cows swelled the work in the dairy; there were chickens, turkeys and ducks hatching; two motherless lambs to bring up on the bottle; another man had been considered a necessary adjunct to the farm force; and the little woman had begun lying awake o' nights trying to solve the problem. But when the HOUSEHOLD came and she read the advice to much burdened wives, it was the way out for her difficulties. True, John had been unusually good that morning; he had only found fault with three things on the breakfast table; and when she excused it by saying that her head ached on account of inability to sleep, he never growled about it but said maybe she had worked too hard fixing the leach and making soft-soap. He even filled the water-pail and wood-box before going to the field—an uncommon occurrence—it really made her heart warm toward him; it had been growing hard as a rock lately. The HOUSEHOLD was hidden away so John could not read that particular article, and she went to work with a purpose. The house was put in apple order, fresh cookies, doughnuts,

pies, cake made. She skimmed up all the milk and churned, cooked a piece of beef to slice cold and set a bread sponge. She was comfortably tired at night, a good satisfactory tired, as if a rest was just beyond, something she had not known for many a long day. There was a little twinge of conscience when John kissed her at bed time and said something about a girl if he could find one, but her ears hummed so it was not clearly understood. Daylight found her on the alert. The work went off like magic. The birds twittered, the dewdrops sparkled in the sunbeams, and the rose-bushes were a mass of opening buds and perfume. She paved the way at the dinner table by saying the work was all in such good shape it would be an excellent opportunity to make mother a visit if he could get "along" and rather enjoyed his discomfiture at the proposition. "She could take the five o'clock train, the station was only a mile away, yes, she had decided to go, if he would take her to the train."

When the train arrived she and the little ones went aboard. It required considerable will force to keep the tears from brimming over, the last glimpse she had of John standing there, the very personification of hopelessness and abject misery, despondency and woe. If a cyclone had suddenly passed over and stripped him of home, family and friends he could not have presented a more dilapidated appearance. But as the train whizzed around a bend and John was lost to view, her wounded feelings rose supreme to the occasion. "Good enough, let him try a dose of his own medicine—what's sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander; now he will know a little what I have borne and endured without ado all these years. Probably when I get back home he will know enough to appreciate me a little. I'll just get to having a good visit when a letter will come telling about the mouldy victuals, disordered house, and with preematory orders to come home. I'll take my time, you bet." Mother was taken by surprise. How good it seemed to get home and be free from care; not a thought of what to prepare for breakfast, dinner and supper. Strawberries were coming on; wasn't it lovely, so like old times! She gained in flesh, the color came back to her cheek. Hay-making was done, but not a word had John written about her coming home. Three weeks had gone by like a few days, surely all the food was gone, she wondered how he found a way out, he never had cooked very much. She commenced to worry, as a sensible housewife will, as to the comfort of the family, and one day announced her intention of going home. The two older children stayed at grandma's, and when the eleven o'clock train pulled into the little country station she and the baby

got off and started over home afoot. It was warm, it was dusty, but wasn't she going home to John, good old John, who had had such an awful lesson to bring him to a realizing sense of his delinquencies! How natural it looked. The screens were on, the hammock up, porches all fresh cleaned, and there was a clatter of dishes and such a delicious smell of beefsteak from the kitchen. She opened the door and walked in. And there stood Phyllis, pretty Phyllis; yes, sure, one of John's old girls, mistress of the kitchen. She sank back in astonishment. John hadn't had such a hard time after all; he didn't deserve one whit of the sympathy she had been giving him. It was evident there had been a picnic in two places. When John came in to dinner, how he laughed. She had a mind to get mad, but when he fished out that particular HOUSEHOLD and asked her how she thought it worked, she was forced to acknowledge that such things didn't always work, that we lived in a mighty uncertain age, and one never knew what "thoughts and fancies filled the idle brain of men."

But it was all made right that evening after Phyllis had gone across the fields to her home, and baby had drifted into "Bye-lo-land land," she and John out on the porch talked it all over—just as they used to in courtship days, after a tilt. They had been drifting apart, these two; love had grown cold, and he shouldered it all; great generous fellow that he was, "he kissed her and told her so," told her how he had missed her, how he had not realized how strong his love had grown since the marriage day, it had broadened and strengthened; she was everything to him, and such a long three weeks as that had been; each drew inspiration from the other—the stagnant pool had been stirred and it proved in this case as in thousands of others, a glance of the eye, an endearing name, a pressure of the hand, a word of commendation, helps wonderfully when a woman is staggering along under a heavy burden.

EVANGELINE.

FROM MY WINDOW.

The last convention has convened and been duly written up with all the reports and resolutions and whereases; so, with the brief breathing spell that comes before the Bay View season, there may be a little time for HOUSEHOLD letters.

Housecleaning and the general renovating left us with a large bay window, just beside the secretary where I write, so when I sit down for that purpose the temptation to look abroad, especially in this beautiful season of roses, is almost too strong for the benefit of my correspondence. We have one, a vigorous growth of fine foliage, with deep yellow or orange

roses, double with darker center, and they are much admired because quite rare. During their season they grace the dining table for every meal, and are more attractive than the red and pink and white of differing shades and styles that also abound in profusion, but we know not the name of these orange beauties because they are older residents here than we. Just beside it a red japonica over ten feet in height is one of the unusual sights, and such a glow of color in the earlier spring time as to be quite dazzling. Another large shrub for which we have not found a name in any catalogue, is thickly budded for the spikes of fine white flowers that will open in abundance in a week or two.

Right here beside the new window, where its rich purple flowers will be all the time in view, is a clematis that, for me, is the embodiment of much of the days of other years; the only living companion of those scenes left to me. It was a present from one of my dear ones, and first placed beside the home that was planned and built for me. There it was tenderly cared for and much admired by another dear one, and now that both these have gone over the river, this vine reaches out its delicate tendrils, clinging no more closely to its trellis than the memories of the old loves to my heart. When that home passed into the hands of strangers I reserved only this vine, and when death robbed me of all, I removed it tenderly and reverently to the cemetery. But it did not thrive, and when it drooped to die a friend rescued it for me and cared for it until this season, when it has been again transplanted to where it seems destined to stay, for the vigorous growth has never been checked by its change of location, so it will be a thing of beauty and a treasure to me as to none other. Yesterday our pastor turned to one of the fine pulpit bouquets and, descending upon its beauty, said that each flower would bring different thoughts to each beholder according to associations, being admired not only for its beauty but as a reminder of other scenes, so these flowers will represent to me what they will not to others.

The arches of the eastern porch are wound in and out with the gnarled growth of a fine old honeysuckle whose coral-like trumpets give a vivid color glowing all about a pretty hanging basket filled with blue lobelia and double white alyssum, so that the national colors are displayed in patriotic style. Just beyond is the large window garden with the twenty-five varieties of vines and foliage and blooming plants that will be more beautiful as the season advances.

But as there is "no rose without a thorn" so one view from my window is annoying, and all because the owner of an adjoining lot refuses to trim, ever so little, a tree that all allow would be

improved by the pruning and could in no wise be harmed thereby. It is an inconvenience to the residents and an annoyance to the neighbors, but there it will probably stand, growing larger and more in the way, unless the lightning strikes it or vandal hands lop off the few superfluous branches. One must sometimes ruminate on the selfishness of those people who care naught for the wishes of others, because they are so often met in country village or city.

ROMEO.

EL. SEE.

A NEW QUESTION.

As we shall never settle the question satisfactorily to all parties, "Whether working women shall ever wear pants," let's try another. Is it ever right to deceive, or tell a lie? Wait a moment, Sister Sensible, before you take out your hammer and tongs to annihilate me. Let me tell you what a good old doctor told me. He said there was a highly nervous class of patients to whom it would be certain death if they knew there was little hope for them. A firm prediction that the patient would get up and eat a beefsteak in less than a week had saved many a life. A mother told me she had to resort to deception to save her baby's life. He was a very sick child, but would not take the medicine prescribed by the doctor. She dared not use force in his weak state. He called for water all the time. She put his medicine in a cocoanut dipper, it was impossible to see to the bottom of it, and baby drank it without fretting; she made him think it was water. Now I ask the HOUSEHOLD in all seriousness, could she do any other way?

But in less serious questions the best of us are tempted to deceive. For instance, we are up to our ears in work in the kitchen, canning perhaps, and there is not much more than an hour before ten to finish it. In comes our good old talkative neighbor, who wouldn't hurt a fly if she could help it. Your heart sinks into your boots, for she is a stayer of the worst kind. You would like to tell the dear old gabbly bore to go home and stay there, but instead you summon up a wintry smile and "grin and bear it." I've seen women at a classical concert roll up their eyes and pretend to be enraptured over a Beethoven symphony. You know they are of heavenly length sometime. They feel they must admire the music, though they don't understand it any more than if it were Volapuk, but they must do it to keep up in society. One more instance, where a dear kind old maid deceived to save the feelings of a German professor. He was hard up at one time, and she lent him ten dollars to tide him over. Sickness followed, and he worried over not being able to pay it. He asked her if she would take it out in

German lessons. She saw it would wound him to refuse, and began. She told me she hated to study the English language, but when it came to learning German, she felt sick at the stomach at every lesson. But she persevered, because the poor old man would have been sorely wounded to have her stop, and I say she was a suffering saint, though "she pulled the wool over his eyes" every time, pretending she liked the exceedingly twisted up and jaw-breaking language. Let us set up this question, namely: Is it ever right to deceive, or tell a lie?

DETROIT.

SISTER GRACIOUS.

A SCHEME OF LIFE.

My husband came from town the other day bringing two boxes of fresh strawberries for which he paid only five cents a box. Not many of them were large, but they were good. I said to him while hulling a box for dinner, "How much did the grower of these get for time and labor?" It really hurt my conscience to think how some woman's back (perhaps) had ached picking them for the insignificant sum the grower must have sold them for. Then my mind ran over many things that require more or less work that country people have to do and get so little for. Look at the present price of butter and cream. It is a mystery to me, when I look around upon a gathering of country women and their daughters, how well they are dressed, and if you go into their homes you find the house and the table are well furnished. At least the result shows much skill, good financiering, and unselfish application of the presiding genius of the home.

I wonder what kind of a life the next one will be for these self-same self-sacrificing wives and mothers! You see I am supposing that after a period of from sixty to three hundred years of rest and a kind of refining, we are born into this world again; each life, it is said, is the effect of the kind of life lived in a previous life.

I must tell you, for the benefit of those who know nothing of it, that I have been reading "Esoteric Buddhism." After all my reading, I do not understand the doctrine of Buddhism well enough to give you a clear idea of it.

It is evolution, and the cycles of life on this planet are only a small portion of the endless chain, as there is an extensive planetary system that every individual who has any desire for good or goodness must pass through at each period of rest or absence from the earthly body. Much evil and much desire to do wrong drops away, and so every new birth means a better person in all ways.

If any Buddhist scholars chance to read this, I beg their pardon for mentioning the subject without doing

it more justice. The subject is too deep for me to fully comprehend by one reading. One could get a slight idea, and an extremely slight one, too, of the *reliving* on this planet, by reading "Phra the Phoenecian," written by the son of Edwin Arnold, who wrote "The Light of Asia."

But some healthier reading, and more interesting to the most of people, is a series of stories by Jane G. Austin. They are stories beginning with the Plymouth colony; history and romance are charmingly blended. The first one of the series is "Standish of Standish," followed by "Betty Alden," "A Nameless Nobleman," and "Dr. Le Barron and his Daughters." These books are charming reading for any one who reads stories, and particularly the young people; as they give a good insight into the early trials, as well as the loves and pleasures of the first settlers of the New England States.

ALBION.

M. E. H.

ROBERT DARES TO TALK.

Speaking about short dresses for women, if she must do out of door work, let her wear either a short skirt and change to something more becoming when she comes to the house, or let her wear her skirts long and pin them up while she is farming or attending to the chickens. But above all things, dear readers, remember it is said "Women dress to please the men." Now a short skirt or men's trousers on women, will not please them. I know woman is not only loved and admired for her charming character and winning ways, but for her style, figure and mode of dressing. "Dress does not make the man" it is said, but it goes a long way towards it. When woman adopts masculine apparel she loses all her little feminine attractions. Don't try to impersonate Dr. Mary Walker. Eccentricity may be admired sometimes, but not when it partakes of this nature.

I am not speaking simply for myself, but for my masculine acquaintances, I am expressing their "sentiments tew." They declare that should their mothers or sisters adopt this mode of dressing, they would seek their fortunes in another clime, and I wouldn't blame them, would you?

ROBERT.

CRAWFORD asks: "Will some reader of the HOUSEHOLD please tell me something that will prevent my hair from coming out, but will not injure its color." The *New York Ledger* says that sometimes a preparation of quinine and rain-water—twenty grains of quinine to a quart of water—will stop the falling out of the hair and stimulate a new growth. Sometimes the cause is constitutional and a tonic is needed. We will be glad to have some of our correspondents name anything that has proved beneficial.

ABOUT PUTTING UP FRUIT

Currants for jelly should be perfectly ripe, but must not be dead ripe. Make the jelly the first week of the currant season. If they hang on the bushes too long the "jelly wont jell" any better than did Meg's in "Little Women." Strip the fruit from the stalks, put it into a stone jar, and set it in a vessel of hot water over the fire; keep the water around it boiling until the currants are all broken, stirring them up occasionally. Then drain them through a coarse cloth or towel. To each pint of juice allow a pound and a quarter of refined sugar; put the sugar into a porcelain kettle, pouring the juice over it, stirring frequently; skim it before it boils; boil about twenty minutes or until it congeals in the spoon when held in the air; pour it into hot jelly glasses and seal when cold. Wild frost grape jelly is nice made in this way.

New Jersey boasts of a woman who never lost a single can of fruit. Her method is the following: Put three or four or five pounds of sugar in a large granite kettle over the fire, to melt slowly; but add no water. When the syrup is clear, add as much fruit as the quantity of syrup will cook, and bring it merely to a boil. Have jars, covers, etc., hot, fill them at once from the kettle, and screw the covers to place without delay. Leave the jars where it will be handy to give a frequent turn to the rings as the fruit cools, and, when thoroughly cooled, put it away in a dark place.

For the spiced fruits that are so acceptable to use with meats, allow two tablespoonfuls of ground cinnamon, one of nutmeg and one of cloves to a pint of vinegar, four pounds of sugar and five pounds of fruit. Cook twenty minutes. Tie the spices in a thin muslin bag. This rule is a good recipe for all spiced fruits.

For currant preserves that are said to be very nice, allow two pounds of raisins to five pounds of currants. Cook the raisins ten minutes, keeping them covered. Skim them out and when cool seed them. Add five pounds of sugar to the liquid in which the raisins were cooked, add the fruit and cook fifteen or twenty minutes, stirring constantly. Skim out the fruit into cans, boil the syrup ten minutes and fill up the cans.

Sometimes when fruit is scarce, it is desirable to make use of the elderberries which are found on many farms. The fruit is too insipidly sweet for canning, and is best made into spiced fruit. Four pounds of sugar, a pint of vinegar, and nine pounds of ripe elderberries should be cooked together one hour, with a muslin bag containing an ounce each of cloves, cinnamon and allspice.

A correspondent of the *Country Gentleman* advocates canning fruit juice during the fruit season, and converting

it into jelly when wanted in winter. The advantages of the plan are that the jelly when freshly made is much finer in flavor, part of the work is done in cool weather; there will be no shrinking or molding of this winter-made jelly; grape jelly will not have time to form its gritty crystals, or the crab-apple to become too solid; it is less troublesome to can the juice than to try to preserve the jelly in numerous little glasses, and finally, if a particularly pretty mold is wanted, it can readily be made at any time from the fresh juice.

STRAY HINTS.

I haven't much time, but have a nice recipe for cream puffs which I am glad to give. (Will be published next week. —Ed.)

In reading "The Club's" talk on jellies I would say that the juice of sour apples, half and half with quinces, will make a better jelly than all quince. Try it once and you will never make the old way. For several years I have used late pears with quinces in place of sweet apples and find they remain firm where the apples broke, making nicer looking preserves.

We have taken the FARMER some fifteen years and are glad to see it with its little companion, and to which I am much indebted for many things. I wonder if any of the friends would like to know of a cure for beg-bugs, etc., easy and clean. Use alum water as strong as it can be made, it's death to the bugs and belongings. I have used it this past month and believe in it, and it was told me by a Methodist minister's wife. I am so glad to hear a word in favor of the mother-in-law. She bore her side of the question and is of some use in the world, even after she has supplied some smart man with a wife.

ANN ARBOR.

S. F.

BE SENSIBLE.

Why didn't Shiftless use a little common sense and not call herself Shiftless when she is posing as a martyr to hard work?

I think L. B. P. wrote such a sensible article, "How to be Appreciated," that I want to tell her so. "I tell you it pays to esteem yourself, but it doesn't pay to sit down and weep because some one else doesn't seem to." That is true, and the person who is always demanding appreciation is the one who most often fails to receive it.

I have been married fifteen years, have had eight children. Most of the time I have had a hired girl, the best I could find in the country; a half or even a whole dollar per week does not represent the difference between a capable, reliable girl, and one you have to watch all the time, or who puts the house in the condition Lillith describes. When I find a good girl I keep her winter and summer, till she marries or goes into

some business more congenial than kitchen work.

In all these fifteen years I have never asked my husband if he thought I needed help, nor what he thought I ought to pay, nor yet to go to secure help for me.

There are all kinds of people in the world, both men and women, and it may be that Shiftless got a tough one for a husband, but there are many women who will work themselves half to death just to have the chance to pity themselves. Certainly if Shiftless does all the work she says she does, with the backache, she is not only a foolish but a wicked woman. If her husband is a very poor man and not able to pay a girl to help her, why does she not do her work in a different style? Those big ironings, pies, cakes, and cookies are not necessities, nor is it essential for her, with the backaches, to raise turkeys; her family would thrive in unironed clothes, and on a diet of graham, cornmeal and oatmeal, mush and milk, and if they were mine they would get it, before I would do all that work with the backache.

YPSILANTI.

ALMIRA.

Contributed Recipes.

BREAKFAST MUFFINS.—One half pint of sour cream; one half pint of buttermilk; one teaspoonful of soda; one egg; salt sufficient, and flour to make a stiff batter. Drop into gem pans or muffin rings and bake about fifteen minutes. These never fail to be good. ELLA ROCKWOOD.

FLINT.

GRAHAM GEMS.—One egg; two cups of sugar; one teaspoonful of salt; two cups of sour milk; one cup of cream, or if you have not the cream you can use three cups of sour milk; shortening the size of an egg. Thicken with graham flour and then dissolve two teaspoonfuls of saleratus in a little hot water and stir in. Bake in little gem tins.

CREAM SPONGE CAKE.—Break two eggs into a cup, beat well and then fill the cup up with sweet cream; one cup of white sugar; a little salt; one and one half teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Thicken the same as any cake and bake in a moderate oven. It is very nice to have warm for tea. A. B. C.

SALT RISING OR RAILROAD RREAD.—Emptyings: Scald a large bowl and spoon; fill the bowl half full of cannelle, add a pinch of salt and one of soda and stir to a smooth batter with boiling water; keep warm until light (ten or twelve hours) then put in a cold place and they will keep a week and can be used as wanted. To make the bread, sift six or seven saucersful of flour into a large pan, make a hole in the flour and pour in a generous pint of boiling water and stir, adding cold water or milk until you add a quart; then put in a large spoonful of salt and half the emptyings. Set to rise in a warm place; when light knead into loaves; raise again and bake; it will take about one hour, with a good fire, to bake it. This proportion makes four loaves. I have used this recipe for many years and it never fails.

FOWLerville.

JULIA E. BERRY.