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THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

THE GOOD MORNING KISS.

'Tis but three little months ago
Since Nell and I were married,
And Joy that came to bid us joy
Since then has with us tarried.
And yet a full fledged Benedict,
With all my bliss, am I,
As doth appear each morning
When I kiss my Nell goodbye;

For it's
"Don't forget the curtain rings,
The carpet tacks and hatchet,
And take this piece of ribbon, love,
And see if you can match it."

Oh, happy is the evening hour,
When Nell the tea is pouring
And I am sitting opposite,
Her every move adoring!
And happy are the morning times
That all too quickly fly
Until I stand upon the steps
And kiss my Nell goodbye;

And it's
"Don't forget the linen, dear,
And match these buttons, sweeting,
And call around at Madam Y's
And get that yard of pleating."

In Lovers' land we twain abide
And there will dwell forever;
No doubt or grief shall be allowed
Our wedded souls to sever.
So faithfully her name I breathe
In every ardent sigh,
I'm glad to be the errand boy
Who kisses her goodbye;

When it's
"Run around to Stacy's, George,
And get three sheets of batting,
And bring four spools of 'fifty' thread
Like that I use for tatting."

—George Horton.

A LIFE-SAVING STATION.

Several weeks ago Beatrix, in the interest of her acquaintances, appealed to the farmers' wives to open their homes to some of the mothers and children in the city, who longed for a quiet place in the country.

I was one who hoped for a favorable response from some place, but the replies discouraged me. All we wanted was quiet, a place where the noise of the city would not reach us, and a good supply of bread and milk and Dutch cheese, and don't be surprised when I add, I wanted most of all some good country salt pork, fried brown, with cream gravy and boiled potatoes. But when the opportunity offered to attend the young people on an outing, I was only too glad to get away from the city.

Our days were hot and scorching,

with no vitality left in the air; and our nights oppressive. In the morning, tired and weary from lack of sleep, we longed for night and hoped for cool air with rest, and when the night brought neither one or the other, we wished for morning again.

The place of resort is at the farthest point in this part of Michigan, called the Thumb, and is washed by the waters of Saginaw Bay at the junction with Lake Huron. It would be impossible to describe the many advantages found on this shore. The very attractive appearance of the house as we drove up from the station, charmed us, surrounded with pines and oaks and inviting us to quiet and rest.

The landlady gives to her guests the freedom of the place from attic to beach, and her table is well supplied with good food and delicious milk and cream in great abundance. But it's the constant swish, swish of the water on the shore that charms all. The bathing could not be better, as a sand beach runs out for more than fifty feet and is perfectly safe. Every afternoon and evening all the boys and girls, large and small, take a dip and try to swim in an average of three feet of water. Drowning is impossible, and who would want a better bath tub?

In 1881 forest fires burned over almost the entire section known as the Thumb, and what seemed a great calamity at the time was really a benefit, as timber was burned away, in many places of little value, and farmers were able after they recovered from their losses to clear up the farms and get quicker results.

This town, Port Austin, was once a lumbering town of some importance, as well as Port Crescent, several miles away, but now many houses are vacant, mills are idle or have burned down. Those most interested would no doubt like to see it take on the proportions of a summer resort, but the great charm now is the quiet and the few people here, who live in a restful, easy way.

About a mile and a half from the hotel is a point called Broken Rocks, and there are two miles of rocky shore, but the broken rocks are most fascinating, particularly when there is a good sea on, for the breakers dash and foam until one standing on some ledge can

feel the mass tremble. Some arches have been washed out and great logs have been carried in by the water and churned around until they have the appearance of having just been dressed by a machine. All along the shore is romantic enough to suit the most earnest seeker after such locations.

Five miles east on the Huron shore is a Life-Saving Station, and Thursday our party after half past six breakfast made a tour of inspection.

Several years ago while in San Francisco, I frequently passed, in driving through Golden Gate Park, the Station located there on the shore. Then I thought the crew lived a lazy life. Now I know better. There are nine men beside the captain at each Station, and their hours of daily work are equal to any other labor. Beside the required amount to keep in perfect order everything about the Station, as will always be found in any government service, every man must keep up a certain amount of study to be able to pass a quarterly examination; he must know the signals used to carry on a conversation with distant vessels, and must be perfectly familiar with them, as there is no time to refer to a book, particularly if a boat is wrecked and wants assistance. A white pennant with blue circular centre about eight inches in diameter means "Yes." A blue pennant with white center means "No." At the time of our visit a great variety of flags were hung around the Station room in a sort of frieze as a special mark of respect towards the visitors of the day. These flags represented the consonants of the alphabet, and are used in conversation, arranged one above the other, forming sentences, with never more than four at once. The significance of those flags must be thoroughly learned.

Those entering the service must sign for one year's service, but receive only eight months' pay for actual service, making the pay for a year's service only four hundred dollars. Here is one instance where men do not receive the pay to which they are entitled. I believe there has been a bill introduced to raise the pay to something over nine hundred, and the men certainly are entitled to more.

Study, constant employment, drill and patrolling the beach takes their

full time. The drill is once a week, when all are in position as for actual service. A large two-wheeled cart is loaded with brass cannon, a box containing a rope which is twined around many pegs, and great care must be taken that not one mistake be made in winding the pegs, as a mistake might mean the loss of lives in a moment of peril, for the rope could not be carried to its destination if one wrong twist is made, rope and tackle, shovels, all covered with tarpaulin, and each man takes his place, two inside the handle bar, two behind, two on either side each with a loop of rope through which he thrust his head and one shoulder; the captain stands before, calls the number of each as he salutes and receives the answering salute, asks each one his particular duty that in actual service of relief each man knows at once his work and position. At the word of command they start off on a sandy shore. The cannon is loaded with a weight of eighteen pounds and to this weight is attached the rope so carefully placed on the pegs. At the signal the weight shoots off and carries the rope over the mast. Accompanying is a board with instructions how and where to secure the rope. Those on shore then send out the breeches buoy and those on a vessel can come safely to shore.

The most severe duty is the night patrol of the beach. Two start out at the same time, going in opposite directions, and at a given station wind the time clock. On a summer evening there is nothing exacting, but in early spring and late fall, when the cold winds blow off the lake, snow flies and rain freezes as it falls, then is the time to try the mettle, for the man must not only brave the elements, but he must have eyes and ears on duty, listening and watching for wreck and disaster. The sailors must certainly feel more security than before the service was organized, as there must be less reason for anxiety when they know the men are on watch for their relief if necessary. The patrol only makes one round and is relieved by another.

Captain Gill, in command of this station, has been fourteen years in the service, and one of the oldest since the government took control. He has lived on the water in this location all his life, and would be like a fish out of water if obliged to live on the land.

The life boat and its duties I will describe another time, as we are to go over Tuesday to see the crew take a tip-over. Those who saw the service in the little pond at the Exposition can have some idea, but a tip-over in that pond would be nothing compared to a tip-over in Lake Huron. Four tips in the summer is the rule, and we expect to see one in the big lake.

MRS. M. C. HUYETTE.

PORT AUSTIN.

OUR CITY FRIENDS' MISTAKE.

Having read with considerable interest the articles in the last three issues of the *HOUSEHOLD* in regard to "Country Board for City People," I am quite inclined to believe—judging from our Editor's last article—that few city people realize the cost of producing the luxuries of the country that they so much enjoy.

I happen to live on a farm myself and know a little of the expense and risk accompanying this vocation. Many times have I heard city people make the same mistake that Beatrix has. They seem to think that fruits, grains, vegetables, and in fact all things will grow in the country without the least expense or labor to the producer. I am surprised at the figures given intended to represent the cost of living of the farmer compared with that of the city man, supposing those for the latter true—and I think they are. Let us see what the articles Beatrix has mentioned cost the farmer. In regard to fuel she forgets that this woodland first cost from \$40 to \$60 per acre; taxes are to be paid upon this land annually, 70 cents per cord for cutting—excluding the man's board—cost of handling, keeping the team and the interest on the money invested in the land, for this land is of no value for other purposes. The majority of farmers consider it cheaper to buy coal at \$6 per ton, and are clearing and preparing their wood lots for tillage. Next let us consider the items of milk and butter: The cow, remember, has to be bought or raised at a cost of from \$50 to \$60, then the expense of feeding. First comes the work of growing the hay, then the gathering of it and cost of tools to gather it; one or two extra hired men who are paid from \$1.50 to \$2 per day. And when the last load of hay is driven into the barn at half past eight or nine o'clock at night, and the milking has to be done after that time, the wife after looking after the comfort of her city boarders all day, has the milk to strain and pails and strainer to wash before she is permitted to retire for the night. And there is the corn, which besides the cost of the seed needs work much of the time from the first of May until the latter part of October.

T. B. Terry, a distinguished farmer of Ohio, considers it cheaper to buy his butter than to produce it. [T. B. Terry once held that it was cheaper to buy his strawberries than to raise them, but had occasion to change his mind, and now raises the domestic supply—says he gets a good many more than he used to.—B.] Next comes the pork, mutton and poultry. The hogs must be fattened with the corn that the farmer has paid a man \$20 per month to help grow; likewise must the sheep and poultry be fattened. I wonder how many of our city friends know the amount of care that these young lambs

and chickens require before they are fitted for market, or how much hay and grain are needed; if Beatrix really thinks that produce of any kind is "obtained without money outlay," let her step into a hardware store and inquire the price of a plow, drag, cultivator, mowing machine, hay-rake, reaper, wagon and other tools necessary to grow the hay, grain and vegetables which the farmer must have before milk, butter, eggs, lard, mutton and poultry can be had.

Thus it is with the several other items which city people think cost the farmer nothing because he raises them himself. But those who think that the articles mentioned above are obtained in the country with less expense than they can be bought in town, let them try their hand at farming; as there are plenty of good farms for sale. But I am afraid when they have raised all these things they will find that it has cost them considerable money besides many a hard day's work.

WHITE LAKE.

NETTIE.

A GOOD TIME AT HOME.

Last winter I was taught a lesson by which I have tried to profit, and already I see the results.

Our school closed on Friday. The next three days were unusually cold. On Monday afternoon a neighbor's boy, aged ten, came to play with our boys, and I overheard them talking. He said, "I wish school would begin again, don't you?" "No; why? School is just out." He answered: "Oh, I like to have school keep. We make so much noise ma won't have us in the house, and it is too cold to play in the barn." Poor fellow; he preferred the school room and schoolmaster to home and mother! I made up my mind, then and there, to allow my children to have a good time at home, even if they did make a noise; although I am nervous enough to hate noise. But if we try we can stand more noise than we think possible. Often in the evening the boy who is taking lessons will practice on the organ until my brain is one confusion of scales, chords (and discords) and exercises, but one must stand it, for that is the way for him to learn. Add to this the "gude mon" and baby having an evening frolic, two boys playing pachesa, dominoes or checkers (cards not allowed, or wished for), and the youngest boy practicing a piece for "children's day" or some other place, and you have a confusion which is calculated to upset one's nerves. The next night we have the same noise, only with variations. I tell the boys sometimes I am afraid they disturb the neighbors, or that passers-by will think we are having a circus, but they have a good time and are at home every night, and the neighbors' boys like to come too. Pop corn, apples, molasses candy, stories

and puzzles, with an occasional magic lantern show, help to make a good time. My boys are just passing into young manhood, and I want them to enjoy their home while they can, even if I have to put up with their noise.

"Shall you go to the World's Fair?" is a common question and one which we all hope to answer in the affirmative. The ways and means are being discussed, and "blessed are those who have friends in Chicago." How can two women (quite accustomed to travel and caring for themselves) go to the fair? Is there any impropriety or danger in it? How can board in a respectable private family best be secured? But enough of this; time will bring a settlement of these questions.

By the way, I have a good girl two days in the week (Monday and Tuesday) and she does more work and helps me more than a young, cheap girl would all the time; truly "the best is the cheapest," in help as well as anything else.

Can some one give some ways of doing work or preparing dishes for farmers which require as little fire as possible these hot days?

LANSING. JOYBELLE.

A MIDSUMMER WAIL.

Oh for an outing on Detroit river, its adjacent lakes and embosomed isles! Superlative hottest! Superlative hot-tentotist! Whew!! There goes a butterfly. Poor silly thing, out in the sun! Why not flit under a cabbage leaf? Ah, I forget. Too badly wilted. Not good for man or moth.

Evidently modern Gideons are not of one mind about these days, for just as the "I'm ready for rain, let's have it" party get a shower gathered together, the cistern spouts in position and a light patter of hollow drops falling, the "I'm not ready for rain" party put in its protest of "Hold on there. Just keep that water in the upper firmament till I'm ready for it, and oblige." Thus all signs fail. The dry time grows dryer; the hot time hotter, and the "to rain or not to rain" idea is kept on a continual teeter.

Dyrenforth and dynamite! Happy day when every man can call a shower at will, upon his own pumpkin vine and tomato tree.

"In the sweat of thy brow shall thou eat bread," saith the Divine oracle. Many devices have been devised whereby to defraud the creditor in paying off this enforced obligation. But once a year in days like these the wise old financier fixes things so that all must pay in a little of the sweaty coin, since there is no dodging the eating of bread in a sweating brow, if it is eaten at all. Ah, yes. Nature is sure to collect all her fines, dues and levies in some form, and with what easy grace she does it! As in this case, the "never sweats" grow extremely

dripping and wearily admit that all flesh is some water, while the "ever sweats" in blank dismay begin to feel a horrid fear lest the event prove some flesh to be all water.

But I did not sit down to write up the inevitable coincidences of conditions, atmospheric and physical, but to tell Emerald that those facts are of a cosmopolitan character, that she can find them verified with alarming frequency if she is duly observant, and to tell Shiftless that in my opinion the teacher cited must be sadly deficient in dignity. Also that teachers, like preachers and other "geniuses," are "born."

E. L. NYE.

HOME-IN-THE-HILLS.

WANTS MORE ON CARD PLAYING.

I had always felt rather lenient to Grandpa, and considered some of the ladies a little too hard upon him in trying to drive him from our HOUSEHOLD, but my feelings have undergone a change. I have never felt like letting him usurp our privileges, but thought he might sit in the corner in an easy chair if he would behave himself, but last week, after we had been told that we had reached the finale of the card question on July 2nd, and nine unpublished letters were ignominiously cast into the wastebasket with only four short extracts from them printed, Grandpa came out in defense of cards. True, his defense was a poor one; no reason why sensible people with sound minds should waste their time and energy upon cards, but he said a great many things he had better left unsaid.

His version of the Bible must be altogether different from mine, as he says: "If cards had been used in King David's time, he might have named them among those things mentioned in the 151st Psalm as praising the Lord." It may be in the 151st Psalms in his Bible, but there are only 150 Psalms in my Bible. I was very sorry the discussion was shut off so soon; wish we might have had a paper of extra size with all the letters on card playing printed. In these days when "good church members," as Grandpa calls them, advise playing cards, and people are rapidly drifting into questionable habits, I don't believe too much can be said against it.

On the new question, "Is it ever right to tell a lie," I should say emphatically, Never. There may be times when it looks to be the easiest way, but it often gets one into trouble, and another and another have to be told to get out of the first.

The very best way I have ever kept my jelly from moulding is to cover the top with melted paraffine; it is splendid and can be bought at any drug store. Much better than to use paper dipped in alcohol. I don't believe in teaching our children that it is good to use.

FIDUS ACHATUS.

CHAT.

"GENE," of Parma, says:

"In behalf of old maids and appreciated wives I write to say, let us have a change of the subject which has been under discussion so long, that of 'Unappreciated Wives.' If we are not appreciated I believe it to be our own fault. Once upon a time when I was a child and felt particularly disagreeable, I went to my mother and said, 'Mama, nobody loves me today!' My mother said, 'What has my child been doing that nobody loves her?' Perhaps it is an old-fashioned idea, but I believe it is just as true in middle age as in childhood. I have remembered my mother's words with benefit to myself, I hope. We read that the women of America are treated with more kindness and respect than those of any other nation, I do not want our HOUSEHOLD to try to change such an opinion of us. I am proud of it and hope we shall always deserve the honor."

CRYSTAL expresses her convictions as follows:

"I presume you think the subjects of dancing and card playing are about worn out. I do not wish particularly to discuss them, but would like to say that any one wishing to know whether dancing is right or wrong, also those who are quite positive that it is right, and those who condemn it simply because their pastor or some other good people do, should read 'Mary Singleton,' a fascinating little story from the pen of James D. Cameron. As for card playing, I think it is the chance principle in it that is objectionable. I think any game in which that principle predominates, is demoralizing to a greater or less extent. Games which depend upon the skill of the player are in themselves wholesome, and should not be discouraged. Let parents teach their children to make the distinction."

NONA comes from Waterloo to say:

"I expected an army would rise to the defense of the school teacher, but Emerald seemed to be alone, not (I hope) in her opinion, but in expressing it. Does this persistent silence on the subject mean that all are acquainted with specimens such as E. L. Nye describes? Or isn't the subject worth discussion? It isn't a pleasant thought that our husbands and brothers, in the position of school officers, will employ these—well, I suppose they teach the children something, even though it be incorrect language—when there certainly is no lack of qualified teachers. And what a reflection upon those who issue certificates, declaring them to be qualified for so important a position! Huldah Perkins, in a fashion magazine I find guimpe pronounced as though spelled gamp, with the short sound of a. I hope Sister Gracious does not feel utterly annihilated. I enjoy her letters and expect the time will come when we may adopt the coveted style of dress without raising half the row that the subject now does."

"SUNRISE" says:

"No one has come forth to compliment, criticise or condemn Edna's way she gave us last year for canning fruit. I tried it with splendid results. I thought I would mention it, as the fruit season is at hand. I also tried it in canning corn, steaming it about three hours; it was very nice, as fresh as in the season of it and very much easier than the boiling process."

CANNING VEGETABLES.

Every season we have inquires relative to the methods employed in canning vegetables, from those who wish to put up their own winter supply. It is much more trouble and also a greater risk to put up vegetables than fruit, and the grocer's stock is so good and so cheap that it hardly pays to bother—unless it comes to a choice between going without or doing the work. Corn is canned by a process in which machinery the ordinary farm kitchen cannot supply is employed, which does the work rapidly and so perfectly that very few cans spoil.

To can corn, by the use of tartaric acid, cut the corn from the cob, raw, and to each quart of corn allow one teaspoonful of tartaric acid and water enough to cook. Boil an hour, put into new cans and seal. To prepare for table use, drain off the water, wash the corn, and add one teaspoonful of soda; let come to a boil and turn off the water, change the water several times in this way, then cook a few minutes and season with butter, salt and cream. If the corn turns yellow you have used too much soda; neutralize it by putting in a little more of the water in which the corn was canned. (It does not seem that it would be necessary to cook the corn an hour before canning, but the directions are as given.)

Corn may be canned without the use of tartaric acid in the following manner: Cut the corn from the cob, raw, and pack it into the cans as firmly as you can, pressing down until the milk overflows the top of the can. Put on the cover and screw partly in place. Have ready the washboiler with a false bottom perforated with holes, or sticks laid across to hold the cans from the bottom. Fill the boiler nearly to the necks of the cans with cold water, put over the fire, and cook the corn two hours *after the water boils*. Lift out the cans and screw the tops on tightly, put them back in the water and leave till cold. If this process is successful the corn is equal to the commercial product and better than that canned with the acid. Do not let the cans touch each other.

To can string beans, cook them ten minutes in brine—four quarts of water to three-quarters of a pint of salt—can, covering with the water in which they were boiled. When wanted for the table, drain, cook in plenty of fresh water about ten minutes, then season as usual. Peas may be canned in the same way.

To can tomatoes, the *Country Gentleman* gives the following process:

"Remove all imperfect parts, scald, peel, core, and if the pieces are large, divide them in halves or quarters. Put them on in their own juice, and boil rapidly for only a few minutes; then dip out the pieces with a perforated ladle and fill the can, afterward pouring

over enough of the boiling juice to brim it over. Screw on the top, tightening it again afterward.

"To can tomatoes whole, those that are of medium size, round, firm, and quite sound, should be selected. Scald, peel and place them in the jar, then put the jars in the boiler and fill it with cold water up to the necks of the jars. The jars must neither touch each other nor the bottom of the boiler, a folded cloth being placed beneath. Heat all to the boiling point, and allow the contents of the jar to boil five minutes, then fill to the brim with some boiling tomato juice prepared in a separate vessel and seal as before. Prepared in this way the fruit still retains its attractive form and to a great extent its excellent flavor.

"No cooking, of course, is required when the tomatoes are desired for use. Simply lift from the jar and serve in a pretty dish as cold salad, seasoning them to taste with pepper and salt, or as some prefer, with a little sugar or a spoonful of vinegar.

"Another way of canning whole tomatoes is as follows: Prepare as before, but instead of putting them in the jars while raw, drop them lightly in a kettle of their own juice, ready on the stove, boiling hot. Boil rapidly for only a few minutes, then lift into the jar carefully, to prevent breaking, and fill as before with the hot juice and seal quickly. If air bubbles settle around the sides, dislodge them with the handle of a silver spoon, which easily fits into the curve of the jar just below the neck. When all the jars are filled tighten the tops again with the wrench, wipe each with a warm wet cloth, and place where they will remain until used.

"To prepare cucumbers for pickles, make a brine of one quart of strong vinegar; two quarts of water, one teaspoonful of horseradish root cut in bits and a scant tablespoonful of pulverized alum. Boil and skim; put the cucumbers in a stone jar, pour over when cold, and keep them under brine by using a weight. When wanted for use, drain, wash, scald strong vinegar and sweeten to taste and pour over them. They are ready for use in a few days."

RENOVATING AN OLD DRESS.

I have had such good success in making a new dress out of an old one that I must tell the ladies of the *HOUSEHOLD* how I did it.

It is an all wool goods of an olive green shade and, as I took it out of my wardrobe to rip and clean it, seemed hopelessly soiled and spotted. Had worn it for two seasons, and tended baby in it much of the time, and of course that soon soils a dress. But a happy thought came to my relief, and I got a nickel's worth of soap-bark at the drug store; took half of it and put it to

soak in a little water at night. In the morning I put as much warm water in the tub as I needed and strained the water off the soap-bark through a muslin cloth into it; then took each piece separately, took note of spots and washed, using the washboard. I then rinsed thoroughly in two waters and hung on the line for a few minutes, pressing before it dried. Made it up with silk of the same shade for trimming and have a "new dress."

After it was pressed it had a bright, fresh look, there being very few pieces that could not be used. This recipe works like a charm on silk as well as wool; my friend having a beautiful summer silk of a delicate shade that she washed with equal success. No soap is to be used.

I have been wondering of late that the mortality of children is not greater even than it is. One of our neighbors had a birthday party a few days ago, and among the other delicacies at dinner, ice-cream was served. One of the guests gave his year old baby a "taste," and it liking it, fed it all it wanted. But I am happy to say there were some who thought it a very imprudent thing to do, shown by their looks of amazement and slight murmurs of its being "rather a cool food for baby." In two hours the little one was crying with colic, and the good old doctor who has been attending it ever since says the only wonder is the child lived at all, as he has known them to die in a few hours. Of course the baby will not be fed any more ice-cream, and I wish no other ever would. If mothers and fathers would only be a little more considerate, our rising generations might grow stronger instead of weaker.

As I was enjoying a cable-car ride last evening we passed a happy father on his bicycle with his eight or nine months' old baby strapped in front of him on a seat prepared for the purpose, and when I thought of my little girl taking such a ride down the avenue with cars and vehicles of all kinds moving in either direction, my heart seemed to stand still for a moment, but am thankful to state my husband thought it ridiculously careless too.

DENVER, Col.

MAN DEE.

Contributed Recipes.

SUGAR COOKIES.—Two cups of sugar; one cup of butter; half cup of buttermilk; one teaspoonful of soda; two eggs, and a little nutmeg. Do not use more flour than is necessary.

WHITE CAKE.—Two cups of sugar; one-half cup of butter; one-half cup of milk; the whites of four eggs; three cups of flour; three teaspoonfuls of baking powder.

LACY.

MRS. F. H. C.

FEATHER CAKE.—One egg; one cup of white sugar; piece of butter size of an egg; two-thirds cup of sweet milk; two teaspoonfuls of cream tartar and one of soda; sifted with the flour. Flavor with lemon. Do not make too stiff.

ROCHESTER.

EMMARETTA.