

# MICHIGAN FARMER

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## THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

### FALSE KINDNESS.

The softest little fluff of fur!  
The gentlest, most persuasive purr!  
Oh, everybody told me that  
She was the "loveliest little cat!"  
So when she on the table sprang,  
And lapped the cream with small red tongue,  
I only gently put her down,  
And said, "No no!" and tried to frown;  
But if I had been truly kind,  
I should have made that kitten mind!

Now, large and quick, and strong of will,  
She'll sit ring upon the table still,  
And, spite of all my watchful care,  
Will snatch the choicest dainties there;  
And everybody says, "See! I see!"  
She's such a dreadful, dreadful cat!"  
But I, who hear them, know, with shame,  
I only am the one to blame,  
For in the days when she was young,  
And lapped the cream with small red tongue,  
Had I to her been truly kind,  
I should have made that kitten mind.

—Marian Douglas.

### EXPLANATORY.

It never occurred to me that any one who read the article "Keeping Boarders" in the HOUSEHOLD of July 30th would infer from it that the writer believed fruits, vegetables, butter, milk, etc., were spontaneous productions of the soil and obtained without labor or expense to the farmer. Oh no, I've lived on the farm altogether too many years myself to cherish such a mistaken opinion. But I certainly never realized the vast chasm which exists between growing a thing yourself and buying it in the city market until I lived in the city, and it was this difference I had in mind when I spoke of obtaining garden and orchard products "without money outlay." The farmer's wife does not have to open her purse a dozen times a day, as does the townswoman, to procure the necessities for each day's meals; meats, vegetables, fruits, milk, eggs, and other essentials are matters requiring a daily expenditure of money, varying of course with the size of the family, and if you only knew the prices we have to pay at retail, you would not wonder city people think such things must come "easy as asking" on the farm.

Suppose Nettie figures out the actual cost of a bushel of potatoes or apples, a quart of milk or berries, a peck of tomatoes, a cucumber, allowing for the rent of the land, the taxes, the fact that hired men will not work without wages and usually have shocking ap-

petites, and the cost of implements and teams. The garden is usually cared for at odd times, often when man and team would be idle, and I do not believe the expense necessary to provide all the vegetables and small fruits which could possibly be used in a family would amount to even \$15 per annum. For that amount, if used in the same abundance, the city housekeeper would pay, at a low estimate, at city retail prices such as she must pay, \$15.

Nettie quoted T. B. Terry; he's good authority, I'll quote him, too. He has 56 rods set to raspberries and blackberries; and, in the *Practical Farmer*, estimates the annual expense of cultivation and care, outside of picking, at \$5. Now add to this the rent and taxes on 56 rods, linear measure, of land, and tell me what a quart of berries, for which the city woman pays fifteen cents, costs Mr. Terry. Mr. Terry says, further: "No man in a large city on a salary of \$2,000 a year can live as well as we do on our 10-acre farm, on the income from the farm only," and I believe him. I have at hand a man's calculation as to what it cost him to keep a cow (Jersey, cost \$50) one year. He had everything to buy, including the hire of pasturage. He says it cost him ten cents a day on pasture and twenty cents a day in the stable. He sold 2,296 quarts of milk at five cents a quart, and with the sale of the calf, made a profit of \$54.80 on the cow in a year, aside from what milk was used in the family. It is estimated that a bushel of corn will keep a hen a year, what is the cost of a dozen of eggs? They cost in cities from 15 to 40 cents, according to season. What is the actual expense of a chicken fed on grasshoppers and table scraps and a little corn, to the farmer? There's an expense of 50 to 75 cents to the city consumer. A friend here told me she paid \$1.25 per bushel for potatoes, until quite recently; currants were 12½ to 15 cents a box; red raspberries and Lawtons from 15 to 18 cents, huckleberries, the cheapest fruit we have had (and the poorest) at a shilling; apples, 35 and 40 cents a peck and "measley" fruit at that, and where is the farmer who wouldn't think he was on the high road to the county-house if he had to buy his supplies at such prices?

There are three profits made between

producer and consumer—the railroad's, the commission man's, and the retail dealer's. Three sets of people make a living, and the consumer pays the bills. If the city boarding-house keeper can pay these three profits and her rent, and make a living with table board at four dollars a week, it strikes me that the farmer's wife who doesn't have these three profits and rent to meet, can make day's wages at keeping summer boarders at five or six dollars a week. And if I am wrong, I assure all my farmer friends I will very gladly be set right if they will produce facts and figures to prove my error.

BEATRIX.

### CHOOSING THE ESSENTIAL.

I had quite a hearty laugh over the way Shiftless "sized me up." I have quite a local reputation for a worker, so she is wide of the mark. I do not have life any easier than the majority of the farmers' wives of my acquaintance. Of course I married well; I think so; but it is equally true that my husband married well and he is aware of the fact.

The idea that my husband would refuse me the money for a hired girl is about as absurd as that I should refuse him the money for a hired man—he keeps three. We are business partners, each authority in his own department, and I did not marry a man dishonest enough to pocket the proceeds of the whole concern, so, "I follow my own sweet will" and keep a girl. I thought a hired girl as essential to success in my department as a well, a cistern or a cook stove, even when there were no children; and so, as the little ones came one after another till some of my neighbors did not call me "privileged," my strength and endurance have not, like Shiftless', decreased in like ratio, but I can truly say have increased in like ratio.

Shiftless asks me some questions, "Would I like?" etc. I learned long ago that I could neither do nor have what I like, but must do as I could; and as to likes, why there are all grades of them. Yes, I like ironed clothes. I like to read all the newest magazines and reviews, an occasional book of history and philosophy, like to drive, go to parties and have company; like pie, cake, pickles, preserves,



and all the other developments of the culinary art, but it is evident I can't have all my likes, so I make a choice. I am sitting now clad in garments from innermost to outermost that are not ironed! my children are playing about me, not one of them, even the baby, has on an ironed garment. My husband is riding the binder in shirt, overalls and jacket alike unacquainted with the flatiron, and as to table linen, oh! horrible to tell, we use oilcloth! I don't know how long my husband looked at his shirt the first time an unironed one confronted him. I am sure I did not coax him to put it on. I spoke to him about the matter when I read Shiftless' letter and he said he was thriving finely, and he thought Shiftless' husband would come to the mush and milk all right, in time, if she was persevering.

I like to, and do, hire every stitch of my sewing done, but then you see I don't have to pay money for medicine to brace me up. I never had the headache or the backache in my life, and I don't think I would like to have either.

In canning time, housecleaning time, etc., I think it economy to hire extra help. When my little ones come, I employ the best nurse I can find for three weeks; it pays to have time to enjoy a wee little baby, for "we may not pass this way again." How can I afford it? Well, the only thing we had to start on was good health, and we thought best not to squander that; now we have neither rent nor interest to pay, and have a pleasant farm home with abundant health to enjoy it, and when my baby boy, with his brothers and sisters, takes his degree at college I don't think he will have lost caste because he wore unironed clothes when a child. ALMIRA.

#### THOSE BOARDERS AGAIN.

What an idea some city people have of the farmers! Because they own and cultivate some land there is so little expense. They do not think of the taxes and general cost of keeping everything in repair, that the townsman does not have who pays rent.

I suppose in imagination they see the farm house, a rather ancient looking affair, with gable ends, floors in the living rooms that are minus carpets, and the so-called parlor with rag carpet and green paper shades at the window; and the housewife a woman of wan, jaded appearance, who never smiles because she is so worn out; and that they very seldom have on the dining table what the farm does not produce.

But the country is divided into as many classes as the city. And I think if Beatrix were to visit many neighborhoods she would find as refined and well furnished homes as those of the neighboring cities. It is so now that the prosperous farmers enjoy certain

luxuries as much as any other class; and their houses are built and furnished as fashionably. Should you be invited into the parlor you will find the piano and all other furniture of equal taste, and the daughter can play for you classical music as well as "Home, Sweet Home." And they would be very sorry to live on pork and poultry the summer through and never enjoy besides what the farm produces, anything but sugar, molasses, tea, coffee and spices.

The man of the house said when he read of Beatrix's city ladies who rise and breakfast at half past seven or eight, and were consequently up for all day, that he should hate to peep through the keyhole into their rooms about half past two p. m.

To be sure we rise early on the farm, but when the dinner work is done have never considered ourselves lazy by taking a nap, in fact seldom go without one unless entertaining callers, or attending to something special; but I am afraid if the house were filled with boarders we should be obliged many times to go without our forty winks.

It has always been said "it was a poor rule that would not work both ways," and I only endeavored in my last article to show Beatrix how the rule of taking boarders might be adjusted so as to benefit both city and country people, but she failed to see the point.

The city people want to come to our homes, but they could not think of introducing the farmer's wife or daughter to their city friends. When they come to the city they must be shoved into boarding houses where "they do not ask questions;" suppose they think our bank account will not admit us to go to the "Cadillac" or any other large hotel.

Now I do not say there are no hard-working women in the city, for I know many; but the class who want to go to the country are seldom these. And as for taking boarders, it is certainly all right for such as Beatrix describes, who have a house and lot, but the farmer's wife might better sell what would be consumed by the boarders, and add to the proceeds the other extra cost, and she would have nearly as much money and save all that hard work and worry.

But now, Beatrix, let's shake hands and be friends, for I do not think you were any more pleased with my "say" than you represent me to be with yours, and consider this a summer shower soon over. N. A. B.

GREENVILLE.

NETTIE T., of Lima, says: "Can any one tell me what will take machine oil out of white cloth? I tried rubbing on lemon, that did not take it out; then tried kerosene oil, but all to no avail. What a medium of communication is the HOUSEHOLD! Long life to it, with its many valuable helps."

#### WHY WOMEN SHOULD MARRY.

Is it simply to have some sort of a home that so many women marry? If this is all, a woman had better, far better, earn her own living and remain single. If this is all she marries for, depend upon it she will get a place to live, and that only, nine time out of ten. But if she truly loves the man she marries; if life would not seem worth living without him, and she faithfully tries to meet his expectations as a wife—how very much that home will mean! It will mean all earthly happiness.

How much magic that little word "love" contains, but how fearfully it is abused every day! If every woman understood and realized all that word implies when she stands at the altar and promises "to love," there would be no need of asking that time-worn question "Is marriage a failure?" There would be no failures.

Oh woman, why will you not try to make a home out of a household? You can if you only will. Give up some of those social pleasures and spend more of your time at home; you will be surprised at the change. How many wives send up that plaintive cry, "I am not appreciated; my work is not praised as it should be!" Look at yourselves and your surroundings and find the reason why; find where the fault lies. Is it in the husband or in yourself? In so many marriages I have observed, at the beginning, they, the husband and wife, are all in all to each other. but gradually, almost unnoticed, they drift apart until each seem to be going his or her own way, bent upon individual pursuits regardless of the other. Something is wrong.

Let us marry the man, not his houses, lands or bank account. Of course we expect the man we marry to have a bank account or some means to support us, that is right and natural, but don't let the money be a mask to cover his shortcomings.

The month of brides and roses has just gone by. That month witnessed thousands of young people enter that vast unknown matrimonial field "for better or worse." Each one is so very happy. The air never seemed so fresh before; the birds rejoice with them; and the old world seems transformed into something new, bright and wonderful, as they enter this strange new life.

In every city how many women are going out washing, housecleaning, or any kind of labor that is obtainable that will earn a dollar towards supporting their little children, whose father (who should be the bread-winner) has either deserted them, or, too lazy to work, remains a burden on the already overworked wife. Hundreds of these women will tell you that when they married life seemed just as bright to them as it does to you, but they



made a fatal mistake in choosing their husbands. What do we need husbands for? Because we are afraid of becoming old maids? No, most emphatically no! We need them for protectors, to stand up for our rights, and for the love they will give us and us only. And the kind of husbands, fathers and brothers we need are practical, industrious, enterprising, happy men. The world does not need the brainless dudes, and saloon patronizers. "Look then before you leap," ay, look twice before you leap.

ALICE C. DIMON.

FORT WAYNE, Ind.

#### RECONSIDERATION OF THE PREVIOUS QUESTION.

It was too hot for anything that savored of any sort of force, at the time of my last writing, and when I had said "Teachers are born," etc., I was too lazy to say further. But everybody at last was ready for rain, at least it rained. Temperature lowered, ambition rose to a point at which I am moved to say that I would not have you infer that in my opinion even a "born" teacher can break the bread of knowledge to the understanding of the multitude without special preparation for the work, and at the same time reach the highest state of perfection possible in the work done. Training develops, strengthens, gives direction and power to skill, which without the training is crude and half inoperative; but the instant that "training" in this field of mentality becomes mechanical and drops into the hum drum grooves it ceases to be an aid. All training of this peculiar class should aim at a certain point of equilibrium that exists midway between the receptive and creative adaptability of the mind in training. When this is reached, stop "training." Simply guide, keeping close watch for lapses, which are to be corrected; and just as close a watch for originalities, which are to be encouraged. For herein lies the main-spring of the world's advance along the lines of the empire of Progress. The subtlety and importance of these conditions of mentality and developing intellectual powers the "born" teacher never fails to recognize and honor; while to the "made" teacher they are a sealed book. Of them they have no knowledge nor understanding, since power to do so is as much a distinct gift, or quality of soul perception in the heaven-ordained teacher as is the color of the eye a distinguishing mark or state of a part of the physical organism.

To illustrate: At a summer school for teachers were a number of "Professors"—educators—each of more or less eminence or prominence in his special field—and of course the "made" ones were in the plurality. 'Tis ever thus. The day's programme announced that Prof. Word-for-Word would instruct the classes in history for the day, while

Prof. Wit-and-Wisdom would hold the sessions in psychology. Word-for-Word held class No. 1 for an hour. He had "studied" his lesson until he could "say" it "backwards or forwards," provided no word, date or event was transposed or arrayed in a change of verbiage. This was evident from certain little tests put forth by some of those under instruction, who to make assurance doubly sure went with Prof. Word-for-Word to his next class, instead of, "according to orders," going into the room where philosophy was being reviewed. Here they were not disappointed, for the "machine" went right through, "word-for-word," the statements, questions, inferences and deductions of the previous hour with a phraseological identity that was not only amazing but fatiguing, like the monotonous sound of machinery.

Let's follow Prof. Wit-and-Wisdom a couple of hours. "Psychology! oh that is so dry!" "Dry?" Not in the hands of this man! He also has his lesson "learned." But how differently from Word-for-Word! All is life, animation, investigation; inquiry and reply are co-workers, any grain or moiety of truth or falsehood that the latter may embody is quickly recognized by this "round" mind and as quickly set in the light that will show it to the best advantage, make it the most impressive. His illustrations are apt. Everything "goes" and goes to a good account.

Deductions and conclusions are well set, will not be quickly effaced. "Psychology is not dry! The most interesting thing yet." "We'll take another hour of it. This same lesson too, and then see what you'll say."

Yes, it was indeed the same lesson. That is, the same principles, facts, conditions, causes and effects were presented, discussed and disposed of, but so varied was the execution that the charm of novelty was retained. New and clearer lights broke forth here and there, not only for the instructed but I may safely say, for the instructor also. For it is only in the exercise of these faculties of adaptability that a teacher grows as a teacher. Only the "born" teacher possesses the natural gifts which enable him thus to grow, just as the one tree produces a plum containing a hard, stone-like box in which is encased the germ of reproduction, while another tree produces an apple in which is a many-celled core, containing a dozen or more thin-shelled, dainty little seeds, each bearing in itself the reproducing germ.

To sum up the whole matter, Word-for-Word is not, never can be a teacher in the true sense of the term. He is a fossil from his inception; while Wit-and-Wisdom is a teacher in the highest sense, and can never fossilize though he teach for a thousand years, as indeed he will do, for the works of such teachers live on and on through the cycles of Time.

METAMORA.

E. L. NYE.

#### THE FRUIT CLOSET.

A correspondent of the *Country Gentleman* says she has never found an apple that makes as good jelly as the Red Astrachan. It is one of the sourest and most juicy apples we have, and making them into jelly seems about the only way they can be preserved for future use. Her directions are: "Take Red Astrachan apples and slice them up without paring, removing only the wormy and defective spots. Put them in a preserving kettle and stew them until soft, with a sufficient amount of water to keep them from burning, then pour into a jelly-bag and let it hang and drain until all the juice runs out. Measure the juice and return it to the fire, let it come to a boil and skim well; then add as much granulated sugar, by measure, as there was of the juice. Let it come to a hard boil, and pour immediately into your glasses and set away to cool."

A first rate jelly bag is made from a square of cotton toweling folded in a half square and stitched on one side. This leaves a point for the juice to run from.

To make peach jam, pare and halve the ripe fruit, crack the pits and put in a few of the kernels—after blanching them by pouring boiling water on them and slipping off the brown skins. Allow a scant pound of sugar to a pound of fruit, and cook thirty-five minutes, stirring every moment because it will burn very easily.

To make jam or preserves of plums scald the fruit with boiling water in order to remove the thin skin with ease. To make jam, cook the plums ten minutes, then put through a sieve which will take out the pits. Crack one-third of these and take out the kernels, and put them with the fruit, add the sugar—pound for pound—and cook fifteen minutes, stirring and skimming constantly. Then put through the sieve again to take out the pits, and seal up.

To preserve plums, prick them in several places. Make a syrup of the proportion of one teacupful of water to a pound of sugar, and, as it heats, stir in the white of one egg to every four pounds of sugar. Skim carefully, and cook the fruit, a little at a time, in the syrup till done. Boil the syrup down, and use it to fill up the cans into which you have skimmed the fruit as you have cooked it.

MAYBELLE, of Wolverine, asks that no more Sunday school papers be sent her at present, as the supply is amply sufficient. She says: "Will those who sent papers and requested a reply please accept thanks, and apologies for not answering each personally, as the stamps used began to count up so fast I had to stop. The papers are distributed every Sunday, and some sent to families too far away to attend the school."



## BAY VIEW NOTES.

The weeks of the Assembly season here slip by so swiftly that one has little time for writing. The weather has been fine, the programme was never better, and the attendance is immense, but constantly changing, for there are more than one hundred trains every day and resorters come and go by every one.

It would be useless to try to tell the HOUSEHOLDERS of the delightful times we are having; they must come and see for themselves, descriptions fall so far short of the reality.

From eight a. m. to ten p. m. there is a constant succession of instruction and amusement, or one may wander about the grounds at his own sweet will, or join daily excursions by land or sea, or remain quietly in his cottage without often being disturbed by callers.

A very pleasant pastime is rowing on the bay, which is usually quite smooth; and as the waters have receded, giving a clean sandy strip beyond the white pebbly beach, it is more used for bathing than ever before, and the many children on the sands, with their little pails and shovels, make a pretty picture every pleasant day.

Bay View is famous for its "sunsets" or, rather, for its outlook where the sun seems to drop into the waters of Lake Michigan, straight out from the bay, so all the broad expanse is visible. Last evening gave one of the finest I have ever seen—a picture that will long be carried in memory. We were out in a row boat, many others dotting the bay on all sides. Large steamers and sails were in sight out on the lake, and on the beach and pier were many on-lookers. While it yet lacked a half hour of the final departure the sun was hidden by dark bars of clouds, with all the shades of crimson and purple below, while far up in the heavens streamed the ineffable glory from the bright silver lining that broke over all the jagged edges of the obscuring clouds; then after a few moments it burst out in all its splendor, too bright for mortal eyes, and I repeated, softly and reverently, the refrain:

"Beautiful sunset! radiant and bright,  
See where the twilight is wedding the night.  
See how the heavens new beauties unfold,  
Curtains of purple and crimson and gold."

Soon it began to assume the flattened appearance that is peculiar to its watery descent and we watched until the last rim of light was gone; then, where the resorters had piled the drift wood high on the beach, the two large bonfires sent up their tongues of flame, the trains went whizzing by on the first terrace, the tree-lined terraces rising high and higher beyond with pretty cottages peeping through the green, and only the round towers and flag staffs of the public buildings visible through the denser foliage of the park. Across the bay the red glow from the Harbor Point lighthouse was plainly

seen, as also the twinkling rows of street lamps at Wequetonsing. All readers who have visited this resort will recognize the picture, but not all sunsets are as beautiful as this one.

The fashions of all sorts, colors and combinations are with us, and one, at least, is to be deplored. Two years ago not a dress touched these rough sidewalks. One year ago there were a few trains, and what with the sand and stones and splinters, the ladies wearing them seemed always in trouble, but now—alas that I should have to say it—nearly every dress sweeps the sidewalk and as a result they are frayed and dusty and bedraggled. Delicate silk and daintiest muslin, heavy cords and staunch flannels, all go sweeping, sweeping—not the cobwebs from the sky (that might give us more light and sunshine), but the dust and filth of the street. When will the millenium come? Why will women clamor for the ballot when they are so hampered and burdened by fashions of their own making?

Today was Recognition Day, so I marched with the Chautauquans as one of the '94's and, after great painstaking, was obliged to ask the '95 who preceded me to take up her skirt—a dainty cream henrietta that trailed back five or six inches and was a nuisance. It would have been beautiful on the stage, pretty in the parlor and permissible in church, but was an abomination in a closely marching column where a long line of this great and increasing army were striving to "keep up with the band." First, following, were the '95's, then '94's and '93's, these under-graduates acting as an escort who were obliged to open ranks and pass around on either side of the beautiful "golden gate" that only opened for the successful '92's—the Columbians—to pass under the arches. The gate and arch above were covered with golden rod and above that the year and name of the class, while high over all the small flags formed another arch around which they were prettily festooned. Beyond this, on the hillside, the first of the three arches was covered with birch bark wrought in arabesque designs and bearing the class motto: "Seek and ye shall obtain;" the next on the summit was covered with maple leaves, and the last on the hither slope was ablaze with the class flower, the carnation. Prof. Case led the chorus, Supt. Hall read the opening Scriptures, and all the assembled throng joined in the responses. Then, with Miss Stowe of the kindergarten as leader, fourteen of the lady teachers gave a fancy drill, including the winding of the class colors and singing, the whole exercise far surpassing anything ever given here. Then the long line re-formed and marched around the park to the auditorium where they listened to a scholarly address by Dr. Barrows, of Chicago, the diplomas were given with

words of cheer, and so the class of '92 was duly "recognized."

Another two weeks of instruction and amusement, of lectures, concerts and excursions, and we shall be homeward bound from a delightful outing.

I have often wondered if any other HOUSEHOLDERS are here. They wear no badges and give no hailing sign, but I believe there are many kindred spirits if they could materialize into recognizable conditions. EL. SEE.

ROMEO.

E. S., of Northville.—Will see what can be done for you, but you may have to wait several weeks. You have my sincerest sympathy.—Beatrix.

IF Mrs. H. S., of Vevay township, Ingham Co., will send her postoffice address, her inquiry will be answered by letter. It is not expedient to reply through the HOUSEHOLD.

GOOD *Housekeeping* for August is a most excellent issue of this popular magazine for housekeepers. The article on fruit pickles is especially helpful and instructive, and also "The Household Laundry," with its explicit directions for all washing and ironing day processes. C. W. Bryan & Co., Springfield, Mass.

A CORRESPONDENT wishes to tell Allene that if she will put some grated horseradish root in the buttermilk and let the mildewed goods remain in it for twenty-four hours, the mildew will disappear, if there is sufficient horseradish. This has been personally tried and proven true.

## Contributed Recipes.

FIG CAKE.—Whites of three eggs well beaten; one cup of sugar; four tablespoonfuls of butter; five tablespoonfuls of sweet milk; two teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Bake in layers. Filling for cake: One-half pound of figs chopped fine; one-half cup of sugar; three tablespoonfuls of water. Put water, sugar and figs together and cook until thick as jelly. Spread between layers when cool. ALLENE.

DEXTER.

CHEAP CREAM CAKE.—One teacupful of white sugar; two eggs; one teacupful of sour cream (the cream not too thick); two tablespoonfuls of sweet milk; a small teaspoonful of soda; a little lemon extract. The frosting that I use is one-half teacup of white sugar; two tablespoonfuls of new milk. Boil about three minutes. EDNA PERRY.

SALT RISING BREAD.—Scant of half cup sweet milk, let come to a boil, then thicken with a heaping teaspoonful of corn meal. Set in a warm place. Make this the day before baking, at noon. Next morning make a batter of warm water and flour and a pinch of soda, and stir in the meal emptyings; this will rise very quickly. Have ready the flour, scald a small portion with boiling water and cool with sweet milk (water will do). When the emptyings are light stir them in; when light again knead into loaves. EMMARETTA.

ROCHESTER.

**ISSUE(S)  
MISSING  
NOT  
AVAILABLE**