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## THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

### THE MODEL HUSBAND.

Most wives will end their story with,  
"Ah, well, men are but human,"  
I long to tell the secret of  
A truly happy woman.  
Through all the sunshine-lighted years,  
Lived now in retrospection,  
My husband's word brought never tears,  
Nor caused a sad reflection.  
Whate'er the burdens of the day,  
Unflinching, calm and steady,  
To bear his part—the larger half—  
I always find him ready.  
House-cleaning season brings no frown,  
No sarcasm pointed keenly;  
Through carpets up and tacks head down  
He makes his way serenely.  
Our evenings pass in converse sweet,  
Or quiet contemplation,  
We never disagree except  
To "keep up conversation."  
And dewy morn of radiant June,  
Fair moonlight of September,  
April with bird and brook atune,  
Stern, pitiless December—  
Each seems to my adoring eyes  
Some new grace to discover,  
For he, unchanging through the years,  
Is still my tender lover.  
So life no shadows holds, though we  
Have reached the side that's shady.  
My husband? Oh! a dream is he,  
And I'm a maiden lady.

### LABOR DAY.

The first Monday in September has been quite generally set apart as Labor Day, a date upon which Labor, as represented by its organizations, takes a holiday. It is not as yet recognized in this State as a legal holiday, nevertheless most employers whose men are organized into unions find it expedient to give them the day; some of them reluctantly, perhaps, making a virtue of necessity knowing the men would take the day anyway. I have heard of but one employer who denied his men liberty to participate in the Labor Day parade; he informed them he would neither give the day or allow them to take it, and that any employe absent from duty that day might call at the office for his time—that is, consider himself discharged. His reason were characteristic—he is an Englishman and believes in absolute monarchy. Given opportunity, what tyrants some men (and women) become! The right to exercise authority over their fellows sets them to thinking—not how they can use their power most wisely and

for the best interests of the governed, but rather how best to impress their subordinates by a display of absolutism. Heredity counts for something, I suppose. There is an outcropping of the old feudal system sometimes, even after all these years since its abolishment. How else can we account for a spectacle I have often witnessed in this city of a rich man living in a handsome house and owning a lot of miserable tumble-down tenements within a stone's throw filled with his poorer countrymen and women who pay him enormous rents and seemingly never ask for repairs—at least they never get them. When he meets his tenants, with affable condescension he responds to their servile greetings; they are so humble in public I'm sure they must kiss his boots when he honors them by accepting rent for his rookeries in his office. What rich blessings they invoke upon him when they meet him in the street, and after his patronizing nod, he goes on, a trifle more like a turkey-cock in demeanor than ever, for there's somebody, after all, who does him reverence.

But this is aside from Labor Day. *Revenons a moutons.* Labor celebrated its day and displayed its strength by a grand procession this year, with music and banners, and floats representing its trades and industries. Notable among the latter was a satire on the use of convict cut stone in the Detroit postoffice now building. Men dressed in convict suits were hammering at a block of stone, while over them stood guards, one with a whip in hand with which he occasionally "touched up" a lagging worker, another with a rifle. Occasionally a convict would attempt to abandon his task and jump off the float, when promptly the persuasive power of the leveled gun would bring him back. This was to exemplify how convict labor toils. Following came a float with free men laboring without overseers, showing how the work should be done.

Many of the unions represented in the parade wore uniforms of one kind or another. Street car drivers carried whips ornamented with ribbons; horse-shoers wore purple velvet aprons ornamented with gold fringe with a gold horse shoe embroidered in the centre; metal polishers wore black

straw hats, long linen dusters, and carried Japanese sunshades. The molders attracted much attention because of their uniformly stalwart physique and soldierly, erect carriage. Six thousand men were in line, yet only a small proportion of Labor's army in this city was in the ranks. The men were almost without exception neatly and well dressed; some marched wearily as if unaccustomed to such exercise; others stepped off jauntily, as if unconscious of the battery of eyes upon them; others seemed a trifle shamefaced as if embarrassed by the public gaze and free comments of beholders. And the music crashed away in the distance, the banners disappeared round the corner, and presently the workmen had carried Belle Isle by storm and overrun its pleasant paths. Here were games and sports, with prizes to the strongest and most dextrous; and here were wives, sweethearts and children to applaud and admire. And so Labor had its day, and its night, too, alas that it must be said; though the policemen were often conveniently blind when steps were merely erratic and tongues a trifle too limber, not a few were gathered in and given a chance to sober up under police supervision.

I scanned the crowd that surged down some of the great arteries of travel that converge at the City Hall, with critical eyes. Composed as it was of the families of the workingmen of the city, turning out *en masse* on a day especially their own, it was certainly representative. It was emphatically the crowd that turns out for circus processions and military parades, always attracted by a free show. And let me tell you, it was a crowd "not to be sneezed at." With a fair sprinkling of men, off duty and yet not meaning to join the parade, it was yet largely—at least four-fifths—made up of women and children. I smiled to myself at the contrast between the workman and his family, ground under the iron heel of capital, crushed into the dust by the Carnegies of monopoly, slaving to keep soul and body together, as pictured by demagogues who make a living by inciting men to riot and anarchy, and the real picture as presented by these independent, well dressed men and their well dressed, well-fed families.



In my walk of three blocks through such a crowd as village residents rarely see upon their streets, a walk in which I kept my eyes wide open for what I was looking for, I saw one shabbily dressed woman. Her black cotton dress was rusty and her hat a family disgrace. She was wheeling a cab in which were two children, another clung to her skirts, and a little girl, showily dressed in red cashmere, with flowers and long blue ribbons on her hat, was leading another. The children, at least, were well clad. I counted ten silk dresses. Good material but with regular sunset combinations in color was the rule. Where, I thought, in any country but ours, would you find the wives of stone-cutters and bricklayers, stove molders and car-drivers, wearing silk and ostrich feathers? Then I recalled the accounts of the homes of Homestead workmen, where those whose intelligence and skill made them valuable to their employers owned their houses and furnished them with brussels carpets, lace curtains, solid oak furniture and pianos, and had money in the bank; and contrasted that picture with a friend's description of the laboring classes in Germany, where the able-bodied men are in the army and the women work in the fields, factories and mines; and England, where an artificial flower in a serving girl's bonnet would be occasion for a reproof from her mistress!

Keep out the foreign anarchists, who, having a grievance at home, transplant it to our shores; let difficulties be settled by arbitration, not strikes and lock-outs, and thus put the "walking delegates" under the painful necessity of going to work; make all men industrious, temperate and economical, and America would soon become the paradise of the working man; indeed it is that now, else why this constant influx of laborers, so steady, so untiring, that laws are enacted to keep them out? Why do foreigners save and scrimp to get money to send home to bring their relatives here, unless because conditions are so much better than at home. Ah no; despite real and fancied grievances, and all our monopolies and trusts and millionaires there is no land the sun smiles upon where Labor is better paid or more fairly treated, where there are fewer wrongs to right, and men and women have better opportunities to climb upward, than in ours.

BEATRIX.

#### OUR FIRST DAY AT THE ISLAND.

Our half day's journey on the hot, dusty cars as we traveled north from Grand Rapids had left us limp and weary, but all such sensations were forgotten at the sight of the Isle of Pines, a very gem in its setting upon the blue waters of Grand Traverse Bay. It was hard to believe that the island had once been a sand hill; for years of cul-

tivation have transformed it into a veritable "Emerald Isle." The summit is crowned by a low, vine-covered white house, cosy, yet roomy, and with delightfully unexpected angles, projections, and additions. From the long piazza on the north one looks off on the bay, always beautiful but never twice the same.

Many are the lovely nooks on the Island, and one in particular must have special mention. A great oak-tree growing on the side of the hill which slopes toward the river has had a platform built out to it, and a seat placed around its trunk. A more charming retreat, especially on a moonlight evening, would be impossible to find. At first sight we dubbed it the "Spoonery," and through the weeks that followed found no reason for changing the name.

But that first afternoon we had only a hurried introduction to the various parts of the Island before starting for a drive. The roads at once attracted our notice by their marked contrast to those around Port Huron. The foundation, made of iron claders, is firm and durable; and the road thus made is not only superior to the country roads at home, but more comfortable to ride over than the paved streets.

Our destination was an Indian camp-meeting then in progress; and as we arrived during a recess in the proceedings, we made a little tour among the tents. I could not rid myself of a feeling of impertinence as we went poking around among their Lares and Penates, which are doubtless as sacred to them as ours are to us; but the squaws, placidly cooking or sewing, appeared not to resent our curiosity, and the common human nature showed itself in the pleasure of the mothers when we noticed the fat, sturdy children. It was the first time I had ever seen anything of the home life of Indians, and on the whole the tents were cleaner and more comfortable than I expected. To be sure I would not have cared to partake of the queer-smelling contents of a kettle in which a supper being prepared, but the children were cleaner than many whom I have met in both country and city schools.

But the sound of singing drew us back to the place of religious meeting. It was sufficiently picturesque there under the trees, and the singing was not inharmonious. A white preacher and an Indian interpreter sat on a slightly raised platform, with the Indian choir forming a dusky background. Several white people were among the Indian brothers and sisters, and while we stood there an old woman got up and told her experiences, frequently interrupted by "Amen!" and "Praise the Lord!" or the Indian equivalents for the same expressions. Then others among the white men and women talked, but I liked it better when the Indians spoke in their own

tongue. There is always a fascination in listening to an unknown language, and it was particularly so here where the effect on the listeners was so great. I felt sorry for one poor Indian woman who had the "power." She walked up and down, groaning and wringing her hands, and occasionally uttering loud cries. Her way of "getting religion" seemed a particularly hard one.

It was very interesting, but we finally returned to the carriage and continued our drive. One road which we took that afternoon remained our favorite drive ever afterward. Appropriately named "Lovers' Lane," it branches off from the road and leads directly into the woods. We always made the horses walk through there that we might enjoy to the utmost the flickering lights and shadows, the stillness, and the big trees on either hand whose branches reaching across the path, made us "duck" unceremoniously at times. We were home in time to watch the sunset over the bay, the first of many that we enjoyed from the Island.

That evening we went to the "casting" at the furnace. Half the earthen floor of a long room is arranged in moulds, and at a given signal the molten iron is allowed to run down the trough of sand into these moulds, there to solidify into pig iron. Before the stream was half way down the room we were glad to retreat as far from it as we could and shield our faces from the fierce heat. It is wonderful that the men can endure it, while with long wooden sticks they direct the iron into the right moulds, checking its course here, turning it aside there, until all the floor is covered with the glowing mass. Then follows the most beautiful sight of all, the blowing off of the slag. The sparks of iron fly up like spray from a fountain, making a dazzling display of light and color. If I had lived in the days of old I should have been a fire-worshipper; yet despite its beauty and grandeur there is something so sinister about fire that I can understand its having been made the symbol of hell. The "blow-off" finished, we watched the men first throw sand on the still red-hot iron, and then, walking on it in heavy wooden shoes, break it into bars. Then we returned to the house, and thus ended our first day at the Isle of Pines.

PORT HURON.

THE Chautauqua system of education announces as the subjects for home reading during the coming year the Diplomatic Relations of the United States with Foreign Powers, the History, Literature and Art of Greece. The required volumes have been prepared by Mr. Wm. E. Curtis, of the State Department, Rev. Alfred J. Church, of London University, Dr. W. C. Wilkinson, Mr. James R. Joy, and Prof. Geo. F. Fisher, of Yale.



SOME MASCULINE ADVICE FOR  
"GREENIE."

I see Greenie has been very unfortunate in her acquaintance with mankind. We read that man was created in the image and likeness of God, a perfect Creature. The Great Architect saw that Adam longed for a companion who would look to him for support and protection. And He said "It is not good for man to be alone, I will make woman." He did so; and gave her to Adam for a companion (not dictator). Now Eve manifested a selfish disposition by plucking the forbidden fruit.

If man is selfish today it is the result of a long term of education by Eve and her daughters. Notwithstanding this unwise move man's greatest pleasure today consists in ministering to the reasonable wants of a loving wife. Although it might be very pleasant for Greenie to wear the trousers it would be very humiliating for her husband to wear a petticoat.

Greenie is treading on dangerous ground. The position she has taken will ruin her happiness, and I advise her to place herself in the position God intended she should occupy, and cling to her husband like the ivy to the majestic oak, remembering that a smile and kiss given by her will bring more real happiness than all the vituperation she can heap upon man's head in a lifetime; while if she persists in the course she has taken she will pass away unloved and unmourned, and there will be inscribed upon her tombstone, "Here lies Greenie, the Man Hater." OLD EXPERIENCE.

SALINE.

## SKELETONS.

Skeletons! What a hideous subject. Well, rather, perhaps; depends a trifle upon one's point of view. Now the nervous members need not prepare to faint, and no one need send the children out, for I promise to keep the skeleton nicely dressed and not exhibit any grinning bones. Then too I think you must all be quite accustomed to skeletons, and they must feel quite naturalized, so frequent has been their appearance in our midst during the last few months.

It is said that every family has a skeleton in the closet; I begin to wonder if there are not several in some. I should think one would lock the closet and throw the key down the well, but it seems quite "the thing" to display them to the public. When inclined to express rather strongly my disgust, Charity whispers, "It is the desire for sympathy, so strong in the human breast, yet the seeker shrinks from asking of those she knows, and so asks from those who cannot personally know her." "Very well, so be it," I answer and give sympathy to all the guardians of the grim figures that have stalked before us. But, if ever I have a skele-

ton that will not be locked away I vow I will dress it from Dame Fancy's wardrobe ere it wanders forth.

The letters from Almira, Mrs. Germain and others who have a fairly comfortable time gladdened my heart. I was fearing I might have to echo a remark made to me after the households of the half dozen or more farm papers that enter our family, had been perused: "Seems to me only the over-worked and unappreciated women find time to write for the agricultural press, even this has a look that way lately." "This" was our own HOUSEHOLD.

Nettie's lecture on the "Cost of a Garden," evidently delivered for the benefit of city people, was a source of much amusement for our family, and almost gained the HOUSEHOLD a new contributor.

When for some years you have missed the delightful flavor and crispness of vegetables picked but a few hours before using, and when fully ripe, will you realize what a luxury a garden is; and when you have paid city prices for fruit and vegetables gathered when green or overripe, and gone without sometimes because of the price, methinks, Nettie, you will add together cost of land and team, implements and seed, reckon the interest on capital invested and mayhaps add a little just to pay for the time you have spent, and declare that the farmer's garden is cheaper than the city market—let alone health and comfort.

Verily I believe if some of the country livers could be city dwellers for a little time they would be glad to go back declaring "God made the country, man made the town." How infinitely better are the works of the Great Creator!

JEANNE ALLISON.

MODERN CUSTOMS INIMICAL TO  
HEALTH AND WEALTH.

Health is wealth. Without health, wealth cannot be obtained nor enjoyed. With health prosperity may be obtained; without it, neither wealth nor prosperity. Modern customs, luxurious living, indolent habits, "fast living," are rendering our race effeminate, and will surely end as disastrously as with the ancient peoples of Greece and Rome. Go to any community where simple habits prevail, and you will see a hardy, robust people. Space will not be allowed to enumerate but few of the enfeebling customs of modern times; and first, I will name that of late hours of retiring and rising. Franklin's maxim, and that given in Webster's old spelling book, "Early to bed and early to rise, will make a man healthy, wealthy and wise;" and "The day is for labor, the night for sleep and repose, man should go to bed early," are good and true to-day. The fowls of the air, the beasts of the fields and forest retire at the close of the day, and are astir at the first peep of dawn. Even

the vegetable kingdom, with few exceptions, observes this universal law of nature. A German savant has undertaken to prove that early rising shortens life. Had he said, late going to bed has a tendency that way, he would have been nearer the truth. Instances might be cited to prove the fallacy of this theory. Old Gabriel, who died at the Monterey County (California) hospital a few years since, at the age of one hundred and forty-six years, retired at dark, and got up at dawn. A brother of the writer lived to be eighty-eight, and retired early and got up early, at four or half past four the year round, as did father and mother, who lived respectively to the ages of seventy-seven and seventy-five. The writer is now over 70; goes to bed at eight or nine, gets up at four or half-past four o'clock, Sunday mornings as well as week day mornings.

Rich food, "high living," is another cause of poor health and short life. The Mosaic law, or revealed law, as given in Deuteronomy, was no doubt originally given to promote health. Some may claim they are old and obsolete, so are the Ten Commandments old, but not out of date.

Go to bed early, get up early, live simple, frugal lives, and be healthy and long lived.

GRANDPA.

PLYMOUTH.

## A PROTEST.

Why cannot people be more considerate in manner and speech! I have always considered myself, and have always been treated by those who know me, as a person of average intellect. And to have such a statement as Mrs. Germain makes hurled at my head (or brains) arouses all my spare stock of wrath. I never play cards, my conscience forbids it. And so I must be classed with those who aren't smart!

Well, perhaps I am lacking, but I prefer to use what brains I possess for some worthier purpose.

Will E. L. Nye favor us with her definition of teacher? I have learned by observation that many who have a wonderful knack of controlling and interesting children are very deficient in education, while others well qualified in education are worse than useless in a schoolroom. Which of these would you consider the lesser of two evils?

NONA.

[Is not Nona herself rather "inconsiderate in speech" when she takes up so sharply and makes a personal application of a general, half-jesting sentence, which like a charge of bird-shot, "scattered" so widely that one had to get in the way to be hit? Nona makes us think of the Irishman at the fair who was so anxious for "a little unpleasantness" that he put a chip on his shoulder and dared any one to knock it off.—ED.]



## COMMENTS

Long have I waited to hear the opinion of Theopolus on the "dress" question and I heaved a profound and deepfelt sigh when I read that he evidently didn't approve of "women's rights"—to men's clothing.

Yet methinks he made a very neat argument in favor of the aforesaid "rights" when he described his preparations and aspirations Expositionward. Wouldn't any woman in her sober senses attend the Exposition "and see Sebastopol blown to flinders," yes and inhale the exquisite (?) aroma from the Rouge, if her only preparation was to have some one "jump her sleeves" for her, and don cowhides and tile?

Theopolus asked, "Wouldn't a man look nice parading around wearing his wife's bonnet, shoes and other clothes?" Frankly, Theopolus I'd say no, decidedly no! Of course it might be a matter of economy to wear Mrs. Theopolus' clothes if she insists upon taking his, but until that day I'd continue to "bear and growl."

Greenie, I'm with you, and any time you wish your article illustrated from real life I can produce a half dozen illustrations, life-size. In this day and age of the world a woman is fortunate if she even possesses an empty purse upon which she may gaze and say, "It might have been," for a man and his wife are one, and in most cases he's the one. I would be much more interested were the HOUSEHOLDERS to air the pocketbook question than the dress question. Get possession of a well-filled pocketbook and then make your skirts long or short as you will, is the advice of

HARRIET.

## A DAY'S PLEASURING.

I am going to tell the HOUSEHOLD of a day's outing husband, children, grandfather and myself enjoyed the 25th of August. We arose very early; it was raining steadily and the prospects for a picnic looked gloomy. About six o'clock the rain ceased, the clouds began to break, the wind changed slightly, and we ventured to start. We drove over twenty miles of pleasant country roads, arriving at North Park, Grand Rapids, about eleven o'clock. It is a beautiful place on the bank of Grand River. It has a large pavilion with every accommodation, easy swing chairs, rockers, settees on the verandas which extend across both sides and one end, making a delightful place to rest. On the east is a lovely lawn, flowers, fountains, drives and walks, also the dummy railroad with trains from the city every few minutes. The soldiers' cemetery is there too, the Soldiers' Home being near. On the south is the grove with many tables, seats, swings, the merry-go-round and

fly-away-and-switch-back which afford much amusement for old and young; on the west the river with its pretty steamer and row-boats.

The crowd was mostly Grangers and Sunday school people from Rockford. After dinner we listened to an address from Mrs. Mayo, of Battle Creek. Her subject was "Home." It was grand, and every word true. After roaming around looking at the bears and coon we went for a ride up the river on the steamer, three miles and back, which we all enjoyed very much. It was then time to start for home, after driving around the Soldiers' Home, which is quite a sight. Arrived home at ten o'clock tired and sleepy but glad we went. It does one good to meet old friends and get acquainted with new ones. The rain kept many of the more timid at home, but it turned out to be a beautiful day, just right for a picnic.

Now I want to say a few words in regard to certain domestic affairs. I believe it is just the way the young wife starts out whether she has access to the pocketbook or not. Don't let your husband think for a minute that he earns all the money. My husband leaves the pocketbook in the drawer; I go and help myself. I am just as capable (and he knows it) of using money as he is. I am of too independent a disposition to beg for what belongs to me, as well as he. Stand up for your rights, you overworked women! Your husbands will think more of you than they will if you submit to their every whim. Perhaps I would sing a different tune if I had a mean husband, but as I have the best in this world (my way of thinking) I can only tell what I think I'd do.

I wish our Beatrix would be at the Grand Rapids fair so western readers could see her. I never expect to get as far away as Detroit. L. E. W. GRANT.

## PICKLED PEACHES AND PLUMS.

*Good Housekeeping* gives these rules for sweet pickles made of peaches and plums: Take good ripe peaches, pare them. Have your spiced vinegar ready, boiling, and well skimmed. Its proportions are these: One quart of vinegar to three pounds of light brown sugar, in which you put a cheese-cloth bag containing half an ounce each of stick cinnamon and whole cloves, two peppercorns and a piece of ginger root as large as your thumb. Seven pounds of fruit may be cooked in this, not all at once; cook till quite soft, turning a plate over the peaches to keep under, and when done, skim out carefully into a jar; put in the remainder of the fruit, and when all is cooked, turn the boiling vinegar over it in the jar and seal at once.

Prick plums with a needle, and to eight pounds of fruit allow three pounds of sugar and a quart of vinegar.

Spice with half an ounce each of cloves, cinnamon, allspice and mace, a pinch of mustard seed and five peppercorns. Boil the vinegar, sugar and spices and while boiling hot, pour over the fruit; let stand three days, pour off, boil and return. Do this every three days for six times before you seal them up.

For pears, use the little Seckels if you can get them. A quart of vinegar, two and a half pounds of sugar, a tablespoonful each of cinnamon and mace, half as much of cloves, a bit of ginger and a pinch of mustard seed. To this put five pounds of fruit and cook tender. Skim out the pears into glass jars, boil down the syrup and pour over the fruit and seal. Apples may be pickled by the same rule, allowing seven pounds of fruit.

CASES of poisoning by contact with ivy, sumach or dogwood of the poisonous varieties are not uncommon in summer. An exchange says the severe smarting may be alleviated by washing the poisoned parts with a solution of soda—two tablespoonfuls to a pint of water, then applying cloths wet with extract of hamamelis.

## Useful Recipes.

**TOMATO TOAST.**—Take several nice tomatoes, cook tender, pass through a colander, season with sugar, salt and pepper to taste, a large cupful of cream and a little thickening; brown and butter some slices of stale bread, and place on a platter in the oven, when they will remain crisp; pour the sauce over them and serve at once. Try this; it is delicious.

**TOMATO PILAU.**—Peel and slice ripe tomatoes, and arrange in a baking dish with thin layers of uncooked rice. Season each layer with salt, butter and cayenne pepper; cover closely and bake in a moderate oven two or three hours. Serve hot, as a vegetable.

**CANNED TOMATOES.**—Select very firm tomatoes; peel without scalding, remove the hard stem end, place stem end up in shallow baking pans, and bake in quick oven until barely tender. They should be firm enough to lift on a fork without breaking, though it is better to use a large spoon in placing in the cans than to strain them. We use new tin cans, leaving them on the outer edge of the stove until sealed. When prepared just right they are delightfully firm and fresh. Another nice way for those who like tomatoes in vinegar, is to place the unpeeled fruit in a Mason jar and cover with boiling vinegar—not too strong—seal immediately and exclude the light.

**GREEN CORN OMELET.**—Allow one egg and two tablespoonfuls of rich milk to each ear of sweet corn. Gasß each row of kernels with a sharp knife, cut off the top of each row, and press out the milk with the back of the knife. Mix with the milk and beaten eggs, add salt, and cook in a hot pan with sweet butter in the usual way.—Country Gentleman.