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THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

A THORN--OR A ROSE.

BY A. E. J.

I reach out to you for the key of my day;
Will you give me a thorn--or a rose?
A pain to be tear-wet and hidden away;
Or a pleasure too sweet to disclose?
A word or a look to make shade of the sun,
A kiss to make sun of the cloud;
Shall I drag thro' its hours a dispirited nun,
Or tread like a princess eadowed?

This is foolish, you say; yes, foolish and weak,
But the thrall of a sensitive soul;
The Reason which often such wonders bespeak,
Of the feelings wins little control.
And now in my age, as in girlhood, I stand;
With thought I must never disclose.
And ask, as I reach an invisible hand:
'Will you give me a thorn--or a rose?'

THOMAS.

CHICAGO.

Chicago, the second largest city in the United States, is the greatest railroad centre in the world. The Illinois Central alone has twelve tracks leading out into the Prairie State; and steel lines radiate from the city in every direction like the numberless threads of a gigantic spider's web. If in days of old "all roads led to Rome," in modern times a railroad that has not a connection with Chicago is a sort of one-horse affair--especially in the estimation of the Chicagoan, who has firmest of faith in the present and future of his city. And indeed it is a wonderful city when its birth, growth, and relative importance are considered. Fifty years ago it contained less than five thousand people, now it has over a million. Twice devastated by fire, it is now more magnificent than ever. It is the greatest grain depot and grain market in the world, and its Board of Trade fixes the price of commodities throughout the country. Its growth is simply unparalleled in the world's history. People may laugh at its bustle and hurry, its sky-rocket fashion of doing things, its boom and bluster but--there are its immense buildings, its blockaded streets, its rushing cable trains, its railroads emptying the harvests of the great west into its elevators, its fortunes and its people, to prove its claim to being the type of American enterprise.

I was much interested in its towering buildings, not only in the down town districts, but also on its residence streets where apartment houses of ten, twelve, or sixteen stories are too com-

mon to cause remark. These apartment houses, which are really vast hotels, are apparently the favorite home of a large contingent of the people. Some of them, like New York's tenement houses, contain under one roof the population of a good-sized village. They are neither pretty nor "homey," but they are popular and "stylish," and that goes a good ways with lots of people. The Masonic Building, perhaps the finest among the many fine edifices, is twenty-one stories high. Literally, you look twice to see the top; you look as high as you can conveniently, then tip your head back and look as high as you can inconveniently before you see the tower. Then you think of the doggerel of the comic song about Chicago,

"The land is so dear they build very high,
They cover the earth and take in the sky,
And they leave a hole for the moon to go by,"

and of the stranger, who, assigned a room on the top floor at a hotel, complained in the morning he didn't sleep a wink because of the angels who played on their harps all night. All these great buildings are of iron, steel and brick, intended to be practically fire-proof, and it is not unusual to see a nice-looking four or five story block being demolished to make place for a "sky scraper."

It is impossible to describe the hurry and bustle and business of the down town streets. Only the best of solid stone paving can resist the continuous traffic, and the rattle of trucks, drays, vans and all kinds of vehicles is deafening. Above all the din is the warning gong of the cable trains, a continued clangor like a dozen engines en route to a fire. A drive through such streets seems a succession of hairbreadth escapes, despite the policemen at every crossing who control the tide and give pedestrians a chance to cross under their protection. When an accident occurs a regular wrecking outfit is summoned by telephone and the street quickly cleared.

The residence streets are lined with beautiful and imposing mansions. It is impossible to describe how attractive they are in their bravery of balconies, lace-draped bay windows, shady verandahs, trimly kept lawns and beds of gorgeous flowers. An idea of the fortunes invested in these homes may be gained by the prices for frontage on some

of the more fashionable avenues; \$1,200, \$1,500 or \$2,000 per front foot is no uncommon figure when property changes hands, yet many have large lawns, which might almost be covered with greenbacks instead of grass to represent their value. Especially is this true along the Lake Shore drive, where houses on streets at right angles to the drive rent at from \$400 to \$500 per month. In fact, rents and prices for real estate were calculated to confound and astound those accustomed to rates in smaller cities.

One day we drove a dozen miles or more out into the country along the shore, and picnicked on a wooded bluff overlooking the lake. We spread our tablecloth on the clean white sand, and ate our lunch to the music of the waves breaking upon the pebbly beach, while the soft autumnal haze lay over sea and land and the sun painted glorious hues on every tree and bush; beyond us the smoke and dust hung over the great city like a veil. Even here, in this restful quiet, we were not beyond the ubiquitous real estate man, who had platted subdivisions and laid out building lots far, far beyond the point at which we had stopped. Sixty, seventy-five and eighty dollars a foot for unimproved land so far from town seemed like putting money into sand, yet plenty were willing to buy. We passed hundreds of beautiful residences with lovely lawns and shade-trees, where three and five years ago the outlook was quite as unpromising. The first care of the real estate dealers is to pave the streets, put down stone sidewalks, and introduce water into their subdivisions; these improvements made, buyers surely follow. Of course they pay for what has been done in the added price of their lots, but it seems so much more like "living right away." Railroads and car lines penetrate in all directions; the suburbs are thus easily accessible and pretty little stations are discovered at short distances.

We drove out to Evanston one day, fifteen miles away. This is one of the prettiest suburbs, the home of many rich and aristocratic people, and containing of course many magnificent residences, surrounded by spacious lawns and embowered in trees. Soap, oil, shirts, etc., built some of them.

Even the stables, architecturally considered, would be thought pretty fine homes in some places. There is a Theological Seminary here, and also an institution spoken of as a "female seminary," and which are quite noted but likely to be swamped by the great Chicago University soon to be opened. At present the young divinity students make it very pleasant for the young lady students, and we met several "pairs of spoons," burdened with golden rod and autumn leaves indicative of interest in each other, possibly in botany. But the minister in the play the other night said "spoons" were a part of the family silver which should always be kept bright and untarnished, and he meant this variety of spoon, too. Rents at Evanston are fully as high as in Chicago, and the cost of living higher, as everything is brought out from Chicago; the domestic problem is even more of a conundrum. For the servant girl is gregarious in her tastes and dislikes the comparative isolation of suburban life; she is apt to leave on short notice, particularly when the children or mistress are sick or after she has put a big washing asoak.

The only thing about Chicago which I found disappointing was the famous Rosehill cemetery of which I have heard so much. It is not as beautiful as either our Woodmere or Elmwood, having less natural picturesqueness of situation. But it is a populous city—this home of the dead, and there are many fine monuments. One great shaft, like a colossal needle, is in memory of one of Chicago's eccentric and widely known men, "Long John" Wentworth; it is as conspicuous by its great height among the tombs as he was among men for the same reason. A queer conceit is a memorial of a railroad man. At the foot of an old tree, copied in iron or bronze, is the representation of a passenger coach entering a tunnel; it illustrates the manner in which he met his death. Under a plate glass shade is the life size statue of a young girl cut in purest white marble, representing her as seated in a chair, book in hand. It commemorates the only child of a wealthy citizen, who one beautiful morning went out upon the porch to study. The breakfast bell rang, but she did not come, and when they went to call her they found she had obeyed the death angel's summons. The mystery of her sudden death was never solved.

Chicago's shops and stores are deserving of a paragraph to themselves: in size they are enormous. Most of the larger establishments are what are called department stores; that is, a man rents floor space and puts in a stock of whatever line he prefers, gloves, fans, lace, hosiery, etc., hiring his own saleswomen and otherwise managing his own business. Some of the stores run on this plan deal in everything but

postage stamps—indeed I'm not sure but you could find them somewhere on the premises. At least you can buy anything from a bedroom suite or a bonnet down to pins, tinware and tack-hammers. Every housekeeping necessity is kept in stock; there is even an intelligence office where you can hire the crowning jewel of the kitchen, and you may order wood and coal, hay, feed and flour. These big stores are death to the retail dealers who handle one line only, and many have been forced into bankruptcy by the keener competition and withdrawal of patronage, or compelled to take a department in a store.

The "Boston Store" is more fun than a box of monkeys. If you have "a social position to maintain" you go as you do to a cheap theatre or a masque ball, hoping no one you know will see you, for the Boston Store is a cheap bargain store. You are elbowed on one side by sealskin and diamonds; on the other by a Hungarian or Swede or Italian with a shawl over her head. Somebody's market basket pokes you in the back while you admire some other body's Redfern gown. The crowds are so great that everything is pulled and tossed round, and you grab what you want and struggle for it as if your life depended on it. I should think the store would be the paradise of the kleptomaniac. I'm no kitten, but I said to my friend, "For heaven's sake don't lose me!" and I kept in view a black velvet hat over a knot of golden hair, as his followers watched the white plume of Henry of Navarre. A bargain is dear to every feminine heart, and a good judge of values can often buy advantageously here if on hand at the right time, and may buy the same goods as are sold at the more exclusive stores at two-thirds or even half their prices. There's a vast amount of "cheap truck" and just enough bargains for a tempting bait, so a trip through the Boston Store is in the nature of a voyage of discovery, you can't tell what you may find till you look.

I found Aladdin's palace in Chicago—at a great china store. One room was entirely filled with cut glass. The electric lights sent rainbow tints from thousands of prisms, and made it like a cave of diamonds. Even the shelves on which the pieces were displayed were made of glass, and the walls were mirrors of French plate.

And then, home again, rested, refreshed, and willing to "take hold" once more. But—shall I confess it? for the first time after an absence, Detroit seemed quiet, slow, very like an overgrown village.

BEATRIX.

A CORRESPONDENT desires to communicate with Aunt Katy, of Ortonville. Will she kindly send her name, no memorandum seeming to have been made of it.

NOTES ON THE HILLSDALE FAIR.

Thursday morning we were of the crowd that pushed its way into the fast filling excursion train, bound for the Hillsdale fair. It was estimated there were forty thousand people on the ground that day. Some gentlemen remarked that "people went where was a crowd." Does a crowd draw a crowd? Our long train of cars, already crowded, was recruited at every small station, until not even standing room was to be had. Every one was smiling and seemed in the best of spirits. As we slowly moved through the country, workers in the fields waved their hats in good cheer; women and children rushed to the windows and yards for a sight of the people going to the fair. The puffing engine and its moving train bears with it a certain fascination, the grazing cattle lifted their heads in wonder, the fowls stretched their necks, while the roosters choked back the crow, as we steamed past barnyard and pasture. Bracing herself against the fence, a faded, worn shawl tightly drawn around her whitened head and wrinkled face and crossed with her arms over her breast, was one farm toiler, taking in what she could of the fair as it speeded past her. No waving of hands or swinging of hats moved a muscle of her face—it was the attraction of a moving train, crowded to overflowing with human faces, accompanied by its happy hilarity, that brought that careworn body there.

One small urchin, who was taking his first ride in the cars, was asked how he liked it. "Oh, it is just like sitting in a chair and doing nothing," he quaintly answered. A young man in the seat in front of me had a large bunch of hair hanging over his eyes, of which he seemed rather proud. Just before we reached Hillsdale he drew a small looking glass from one pocket and a comb from another and did much "priming;" all he lacked to complete his toilet was a curling iron—and brains enough to use it. "How silly!" I commented to my companion, "if I were a young girl I never would be seen with a young man who wore a bang."

That the fair was a great success seemed the opinion of every one who attended. Nature laid out the grounds, and money and man's ingenuity completed one of the finest fair grounds in Michigan. The art hall was so full of so many beautiful things it tired one's eyes to try and do any one piece justice. The mass of green, and rare colored flowers that made up the floral show can only beggar description. Vick's display I understand is not as good as last year, owing to its being the off season. It was to Mr. Vick's large premiums that the fair owed much of its success.

The people there who had the best time were those who grouped in small parties of four or six, and brought

their own lunch baskets. Those to be pitied were the mothers with little ones in the arms and one or two clinging to their skirts. Two little girls, not much larger than walking babies and apparently twins, had each a large doll; some lady remarked, they (the dolls) would be a care to them all day—and double that care to the mothers, when the freshness of the day had gone, was my mental observation. The best dressed women were those who wore plain woolen suits, that dust and the push and pulling of a crowd could not muss.

It was reported to me by one interested, that the church society that had charge of the dining hall and lunch stands made over two thousand dollars. Verily, the road to wealth often leads through the stomach. Are our churches growing into monopolies? One would think so, for there is rarely a public gathering but they have reserved eating privileges.

Everybody, especially farmers and their wives, should go to the fair; it gives you new ideas, rubs away old whims, and takes you out into the world where there are other people besides ourselves. The farmer finds most everything to interest him at the county fair; there are rows of stalls to exhibit the fine stock, buildings devoted to the display of every kind of implement he can find any use for, and how a bright new machine does work on his imagination, especially with one of those oily tongued, affable agents to talk on its labor-saving advantages to him! Labor-saving, true; the oily-tongued, affable man pockets a big commission earned not by the sweat of the brow, nor toil of the hands, only a little study of human nature, a working of a little wit to utilize the farmer's weak points. But why don't our farmers' wives have an apartment set aside for their own particular display, handiwork of their own make, butter, home-made cream cheeses, made from clabber milk, and any thing and everything they may excel in? And the premiums should be worth winning. Let it have its exhibit of labor-saving machinery and kitchen conveniences for the home toiler. The woman worker is the most profitable labor-saving machine the farmer can possess. WIND-BLOWN LEAVES.

COLDWATER.

A HOME-MADE RUG.

I enjoyed Mrs. Huyette's letter regarding the "Grindstone City Life Saving Station." It is only three miles from here. I have never visited it, but her letter has made me quite anxious to do so; and after that I may be able to give the information which she desires.

I think I have something just as inexpensive and easily made as the article Cassandra was kind enough to inform us about. I'll try to make a foot-

rest, such as she described if she will try my rug. It can be made any size, square or oblong. Secure some of this coarse sacking. It comes wrapped around furniture, and twine is bought in bags made of the same. I took a bag, washed it and fringed the ends. It can be worked with any bright colored worsted. I took red for one and green for another. Work all around it once with cross stitch and work the ends to the depth of a quarter of a yard, then leave a plain strip and work a narrow band. This leaves the center plain and takes away the home-made appearance. If it is lined with the same material as itself, the lining can be fringed on the ends also, and so make the fringe heavier. But anything will do for that, so long as it is clean and whole.

Well, Little Nan, if church creed has anything to do with chicken raising, I guess Presbyterianism is not wholesome either, as out of seventy-five chicks hatched only about fifteen survived the struggles of chickenhood here.

GRINDSTONE CITY.

FRANK'S WIFE

MY DOG TIGE.

I wish I could spare Tige to Sister Gracious long enough to care for the tramps when they come prowling around the house again. Tramps shouldn't be given "a seat by the fire," and fed on "hot soup and coffee." They are a worthless, disgraceful set, and I have the Bible on my side, for here is a text: "If a man does not work neither must he eat," and certainly work is the farthest from a tramp's ideas. But speaking of Tige, he can scent a tramp long before he gets to the gate. Every man with an honest business he doesn't even sniff at, but these ragged, lawless gentry, if they get into the gate his great paws are on their shoulders almost before they get half way to the door. One day Tige had an unusually good bone to bury and the tramp almost hit the step. Tige leaped for him, and the tramp ran. The dog was just in time to seize a ragged coat tail that floated behind, and off the whole of it came. I was away for the day, but Tige wouldn't let one of the family touch that part of the tramp's garment, and when I came home he dragged it into the kitchen and laid it at my feet, wagging his tail, as if to say, "I did it that time." I cooked a piece of liver for him on purpose as a reward of merit. Some one says, "Feed all the beggars that come to your door for fear you may turn away some one worthy, but unfortunate." One of my neighbors is a delicate little woman, with nerves that stick out like rabbit's ears. One day she was alone in her kitchen, and one of the vile tribe walked in. He had a stout stick in his hand, and said, "Hurry up now! make me a cup of hot coffee, and bring out all the food you've got! If you don't!!" and he whacked

the stick around within a foot of her head. She was too frightened to protest, and was actually making the coffee, while the man was swearing at her, when one of the neighbors came to the door. The tramp rushed out another door, and my poor little friend sank in a dead faint on the floor, and weeks passed before she recovered from the shock. Fortunately all women are not built that way. I know one who does not weigh a hundred, but with spunk enough "to rule the roost." A two hundred pound tramp, ill-favored and dirty, appeared in her neat kitchen and demanded food. She walked right up to him, with eyes flashing fire. "Get out of here! or I'll wipe the floor with your miserable carcass!" The man turned and fled. She managed to give him one whack with her broom, and he climbed the fence in his eagerness to get away, not stopping to open the gate. This brave little woman went on with her sweeping, and never even closed the door. That's the kind Sister Gracious ought to pattern after. SISTER SENSIBLE.

PROMISCUOUS KISSING.

A great deal has been said and written against the practice prevalent among the young people of kissing at the gate. I don't endorse promiscuous kissing, but think that it is generally best to reserve the kisses for the husband that is or is to be.

But while I heartily endorse the advice given, the wonder comes to me if the older people do not offend as greatly in another way.

We attended the fair last week, and while there was a great deal we enjoyed still there were some things far from enjoyable. I refer to public kissing. A woman who appeared lady-like and refined in other respects would rush up to a friend, grab her around the waist and place two or three kisses on the mouth, cheeks or forehead. This occurred some half dozen times from our point of observation, and led to the wonder as to whether they thought they were contributing to the attractions offered. If we must kiss let us try to find a place less prominent than a church, depot or fair grounds.

I think I have lost sight for the past moment of that oft quoted waste basket, but as it looms up not far away, I will close by asking for a pretty pattern for crocheting baby shoes and mittens.

EATON RAPIDS.

Always get pure cider vinegar for pickles. The other vinegars usually either eat up the pickles or cause them to turn soft. Do not use too strong vinegar. Keep pickles tightly covered or the vinegar will grow weak; air "kills" it. Never let vinegar boil; it should come to the boiling point, and be used at once. Freezing spoils pickles. Never use a jar or crock for pickles that has held grease of any kind.

NIAGARA FALLS.

It seems to be the fashion among HOUSEHOLDERS to write up their trip every time they go beyond their back yards, and although I don't claim to be a HOUSEHOLDER, I'd thought I follow the fashion.

Nearly every one I knew who had been to Niagara Falls had been disappointed, so I had made up my mind I should be, and I was—in that I was not disappointed in the least.

I trotted up and down the river at the rate of six miles a day, and went to see the lunar bow at night. The first night I went the sky clouded over, and after staying around two hours I discovered that I was the only loony beau visible.

But the new tunnel is what takes the cake. It is over one mile long and in some places one hundred and seventy feet below the surface, and is hewn out of solid rock. When finished it will have a capacity of one hundred and twenty thousand horse power, which the company proposes to sell for eight dollars a horse power per annum, which will amount to a neat little sum.

Although it doesn't cost as much to go around the Falls as it used to, still there was a man at every corner to bleed me of my last sou, but perhaps it was because I looked young and green. But if so they found that appearances are sometimes deceiving; although but fifteen, I was only beaten once. From the Falls I went down to Lockport, and if one had nothing else to go for it would pay to go and see the canal locks.

In closing I want to tell Sister Gracious that there is now manufactured an invisible sound disc to help one's hearing. It is put in the ear and that is all there is to it. I have seen it advertised in the *Century* and have seen complimentary notices of it in the newspapers, but as I'm not at home I cannot tell where to send for it.

BELLEVEUE.

ONE OF THE BOYS.

TWO POCKETBOOKS.

I want to shake hands with Uncle Charlie on the pocketbook question. I echo his words, "It's better to have two pocketbooks, even when there is little in one." In a married life of ten years, I do not think I have asked husband for money three times. If I need anything and my pocketbook chances to be empty, I mention the fact, and if he has the money to spare I know he will get it for me, but if he has not I get along the best way I can, until it can be spared. I believe in a man's having enough confidence in his wife to let her know the state of his business affairs, how many debts there are and when they are to be paid, and how much money there is coming into his pocketbook; and then I believe in a woman having sense enough to make her wants come inside what may be left over, re-

membering that her husband has incidental expenses as well as she. What "butter and egg money" is left after purchasing groceries I claim as mine; but, if there comes a day when husband needs it and I do not, it is his.

A woman likes to feel that she has a little money by her to use as she pleases as well as a man. Some day an agent comes along with an article costing perhaps but a few cents, and which she would like very much, and it is rather humiliating (or I should think it would be) to say "I should like it very much, but my husband isn't at home, so I can't take it." And for pity's sake, if you ever go to a Fourth of July celebration, or anything of the sort, have a pocketbook of your own, even if it only contains a nickel. Last Fourth I heard a well dressed lady exclaim, "Oh, I'm nearly choked for a drink. I want a glass of lemonade so much, but I can't find my husband, and I haven't a cent myself." I just thought, "Well, choke awhile and may be you'll learn something!" And last week at a fair, a lady passed me with a little boy pleading "Please, mamma, I want some popcorn," and she replied, "Well, well, if we can find papa, but mamma hasn't any money." If it hadn't been for seeming impertinent, I'd have offered her five cents, and a bit of advice.

The third pocketbook is being started in our family. Perhaps some will think that a nine year old boy is too young to be trusted with money, but we want our son to learn the value of money. When going to any place where he would like to have spending money, we put him in the way of earning a little, and if we think best add a little more; but with the understanding that when it is gone, no more must be asked for, and I'm glad to see that the pocketbook usually comes home with a few cents left in it. I let him earn his pennies for Sunday School collections too, by wiping dishes or something of the sort, and then he feels that what he is giving is his own.

I don't believe in either side of the house acting as if "What is yours is mine, and what is mine is my own," but that it is "ours."

ALGANSEE.

JOHN'S WIFE.

TROUBLE WITH POULTRY.

I have often thought I would write a letter to our little HOUSEHOLD, but did not have the courage till I saw Little Nan's letter about her experience with poultry. I started in the poultry business nine years ago, when we first went to housekeeping. The first paper my husband subscribed for was the MICHIGAN FARMER; we have taken it nine years, and in all this time have never failed to read the poultry column.

The first requisite is to keep your chickens free from lice; on that depends your success. I began one winter with twenty-five hens, and what care I did give them! They had a hot breakfast

every morning of potato parings and all the scraps from the table, cooked and thickened with bran or meal, skimmed milk to drink, all the water they wanted, and after their warm breakfast I would throw wheat and oats in some straw and how they would work to get it! That would keep them busy till supper time; then I fed them scorched corn. My husband banked the coop with straw and I papered it on the inside to make it warm. I only sold eight dollars worth of eggs. Through carelessness on our part next summer the hens got lousy, and what was the result? More lice hatched than chickens, and out of one hundred and fifty I sold twenty-seven. About the middle of summer we found out the trouble, took the straw away and tore off the paper, and oh what a sight under that paper! Well, I got rid of the lice with kerosene, fire and water and have been careful to keep clear of them since. I will come again and tell you of my success.

MBS. A. DO.

THE *Review of Reviews* for October contains very interesting articles on two eminent Americans recently deceased, Whittier and George William Curtis, with portraits. Under the head "Religious Co-operation, Local, National and International," is grouped eight papers by well known clergymen which, when together, show how strongly the tide sets toward the minimizing of denominational points of controversy and the growth of broader Christian co-operation. The *Review of Reviews* also realizes and gives expression to the important fact that Columbus discovered America.

Contributed Recipes.

CORN BREAD.—One-half potato boiled, mashed, and mixed with one teaspoonful of sugar and two eggs. Add one pint of corn meal and one pint of warm water; one-half cup of white flour; two teaspoonfuls of baking powder; one teaspoonful of hot lard. The batter should be quite thin; add more water if necessary. Pour in a deep baking pan; spread hot lard over the top, and bake in a good oven one-half hour.

ALGANSEE.

JOHN'S WIFE.

SOFT MOLASSES CAKE.—Two cups of butter; two cups of molasses; one cup of milk; two eggs; teaspoonful of soda, and flour to make a soft batter. Boil the soda in the milk, stir into the molasses, then add the butter and lastly the eggs, which may be omitted if you choose. Do not bake it too fast, but slowly. If baked in a square loaf, it should bake nearly an hour.

A. B.

NOVI.

GINGER COOKIES.—One cup of molasses; one-half cup of butter; one cup of brown sugar; one cup of water in which dissolve one teaspoonful of soda; two teaspoonfuls of cinnamon, three of ginger; mix as soft as can be rolled and bake in a quick oven, watching with care that they do not burn. In making molasses cookies, it is best to warm the butter and use warm water.

HONEY BEE.