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THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

A KNOCK-OUT BLOW.

He criticized her puddings and found fault with her cake;
He wished she'd make such biscuit as his mother used to make:
She didn't wash the dishes, and she didn't make a stew,
Nor even mend his stockings, as his mother used to do.

His mother had six children, but by night her work was done;
His wife seemed drudging always, yet she only had the one.
His mother always was well dressed, his wife would be so, too,
If only she would manage as his mother used to do.

Ah, well; she was not perfect, though she tried to do her best,
Until at length she thought her time had come to have a rest;
So when one day he went the same old rigmarole all through,
She turned and boxed his ears just as his mother used to do.

—New York Evening Sun.

AT THE GREAT EXPOSITION.

Being among the favored ones to whom an invitation gave the privilege of being present at the dedication ceremonies of the buildings of the great Columbian Exposition, I will send a brief account of the experiences of the occasion. As our Editor has sketched the buildings and grounds, I will touch only on such personal observations as seem to me to be of interest to our HOUSEHOLD.

Thursday, Oct. 20th, being the day of the great civic parade, we joined the ranks of the multitude that gathered to witness the huge human conglomeration wind its slow length along. It was like unto others of its kind, save it grew of monstrous mein on the meat by which it fed, the numerous home organizations, social, musical and political, and those of kindred ilk of other places. Add to these the military, national, State and those from every other State, with citizens and those belonging to the Commission in its various departments, and the assertion that eighty thousand people were in line does not seem extravagant. From ten a. m. until three p. m. the air was musical with the moving bands, and the tramp, tramp of the procession seemed like the moving of great armies.

If such the parade, what shall we say

of the lookers on! They filled huge stands built at every available space on the route; they looked down from windows twenty stories up; they filled the sidewalks; they swarmed the streets, (no vehicle was allowed on the route from 9:30 a. m. until 3:30 p. m.) they barricaded intersecting streets with barrels, boxes or anything at hand on which to perch high enough to look over the high hats that women wear—you know.

On the 21st we made our way at an early hour to the Exposition grounds. The dedication exercises were to commence at 12:30, and many had taken seats before nine o'clock and patiently waited the expected arrival of the dignitaries. But it was nearly two in the afternoon when the booming of cannon spoke of their arrival, and with a crash of martial music they entered the hall.

The exercises were held in Manufactures and Liberal Arts building, the largest on the grounds. The center pavilion, about 1,200 feet long by 500 feet wide, was the place fitted up. From the gallery at the center of one side a stage was built, descending nearly to the floor, the aisles carpeted with red; plants, flowers and bunting decorating it richly.

At one end a similar stage was built for the orchestra and chorus. These had been taking a last rehearsal, and had thus charmed away the weariness of waiting.

It was a grand and imposing sight as the procession piled in and took seats. The foreign ambassadors and attaches in full court dress; the military and naval officers resplendent in uniform; the Supreme Court in long robes of office; governors of States with their gaily apparelled aids and staff, mingling with the great crowd of civilians in more sombre garb, made a picture keleidoscopic but brilliant. A charm was added by the presence of the deputation of ladies.

Of the carrying out of the programme I can say but little. The vastness of the building made it impossible to hear a word of the speeches at any distance. It was all dumb show, with a rare echo, but the music, voiced by the grand chorus of 8,000 singers, rolled in grand volume through the great edifice, giving every word of the

anthems, clear and sweet, to the listening ear. The orchestra added its melody, and it rolled in grand diapason, flooding building and hearts with its sublime patriotic lessons.

We left before the exercises were finished, as we had far to go, and the crowd was sure to swamp the street cars.

By dint of holding on with teeth and eyelids, we used the car as a means of reaching our hotel, but many, it was said, were not so fortunate, and had to tramp to their destination, be it near or more remote. By next year the facilities for moving a crowd will be many times increased, while it is doubtful if more persons are at any time together.

It was grandly suggestive of our advance in civilization to witness the stupendous structures, soon to be filled with the evidences of the world's wealth, genius, invention and successful endeavor. To pass through the portals is like taking a look into Fairyland; to witness the revelation of the open Exposition will be to discount the stories of the Arabian Nights.

FAIRHOLM.

A. L. L.

ONE SATURDAY.

All the week I had been sure it would rain Saturday; for from Monday morning until Friday night the weather was perfect, and such a state of affairs was too good to last. So it was not a surprise when Saturday morning was dark and rainy. But nature was kinder than usual, and soon after noon the sun shone out bright and warm, yet with the soft haze that belongs to October. "We must not spend this glorious afternoon in the house," we said; "it may be the last warm Saturday we shall have this year." It did not take long to decide that a drive would be the most delightful way of spending it. Accordingly we made our way to the livery stable, where they always give us an antiquated beast and let us depart with the comforting assurance, "Don't be scared, Miss; Brock—or Dick or Pete—ain't afraid of anything. You can drive him right up to the electric car." Strange that they always recognize the fact that we don't know anything about driving.

Of course we decided to go out into the country. In no other month of the year is the country so pretty as in October. We had an adventure though,

before we were out of the city. A little way ahead of us was a carriage closely followed by a dog whom we knew by the euphonious name of "Love" (so called by his mistress because he was an attachment, and because he had come like a summer's sigh from nobody knew where). A man on a safety flew by. Love got in the way, there was a faint yelp, and in a moment the man was lying in the dust with his wheel on top of him, and Love was going toward St. Clair with a rapidity which made it probable that he would reach his destination before the *Mary* got there. Before we had fairly realized what had happened the man was on his feet, and although we were not near enough to hear his remarks, the atmosphere became so sulphurous that we abandoned our first intention of stopping to express our sympathy, and hastily drove on. When you think of it, it must have been mortifying to take a header over a little yellow cur, especially with four girls looking on.

But as we drove on we soon forgot the man and ceased to wonder if "Love" had slackened his speed. We had chosen a road which seemed little frequented and on which there were no houses, but trees and bushes on both sides. The pale yellow beech, the gorgeous maples, the dark crimson oaks, and here and there a dark green pine or hemlock looking almost black in contrast to the brilliancy of the others—what a beautiful picture it made! Yet of all the glory of color the sumach has the most exquisite shades. When a turn in the road brought us where we could catch occasional glimpses of Lake Huron our satisfaction was complete, and we were content to let the horse walk as slowly as he chose, and even stop and rest a few moments when the whirl seized him.

But a drive on an autumn afternoon cannot last forever, and as we took the lake shore road homeward we were obliged to encourage our Bucephalus to trot faster. He seemed to catch the idea and attempted a race with the electric car, in which he was ignominiously beaten.

We reached home in good time, however, and voted our drive one of the most enjoyable of the season and the day as one to be marked with a white stone when we look back on it during the dreary days to come. E. C.

PORT HURON.

MOTHERS-IN-LAW.

It is a long time since I last came to the HOUSEHOLD, but I have been enjoying the letters of Honey Bee and all the other busy bees, and was particularly pleased with the letter referring to mothers-in-law, which forcibly reminded me of a lecture I once heard on "Who, What and Where is the Devil." The speaker summed up his remarks by saying "that it was an all pervad-

ing something which afflicted all mankind." And it does seem, by what we hear and what we see so often in print, that the "all-pervading something" seems to have been imbued more by the mother-in-law than by any other human being. I often wonder why it is so, but it seems as though she had an antipathy for the woman who had won her son's affections, and let the young wife do what she could would steel her heart to all advances that would tend to make things generally agreeable in the home circle. Yet we "put up" with the shortcomings of the ones at home, but when we leave the home nest we go thinking our loved one the only one among ten thousand, and judge his relatives accordingly. We have a sad awakening when we find they are not different than those we have known from childhood, and it comes hard to overlook the little deficiencies which we so readily pass by in our own. But enough of this. Why not write on something of a more cheerful vein and leave these unpleasant ones in "our own mind," as it does no good to ourselves to dwell on such subjects, and only reminds others of unpleasant circumstances in their own experience. We should remember we all live in glass houses and it is a sorry fact we are so prone to forget it. If we would only think twice before we spoke, a good many heartaches would be avoided; a pleasant face and a kindly smile betokens more than words can tell, and only cost the effort, while you feel amply repaid in return for controlling a momentary passion, and wish you might always be so discreet in thus avoiding the little annoyances which continually spring up in one's pathway.

All labor is monotonous, be it on the farm or elsewhere, and life would become a continuous round of drudgery if it were not for the hope that with each succeeding year our farms would be improved and our homes beautified till we can enjoy some of the so-called luxuries of life. Though we weary at times of the daily routine, and wish only to be somewhere, away from the petty cares, both mentally and bodily, yet if we were given the opportunity to travel the wide world over, through every country and every clime, we would return, knowing that every being has his troubles which are hard to bear, and that

"Whate'er the knowledge, fame or pelf,
Not one will change his neighbor with himself."
ELMA.

A NICE gravy to serve with salt pork is made as follows: After you have fried the meat and turned the fat into a dish for shortening, return the pan to the stove, put in it a piece of butter the size of a butternut and a tablespoonful of flour; blend them smoothly and let brown slightly, then turn into it half a pint of thin cream, stirring to prevent the gravy from being lumpy. Serve in a gravy dish

WORTH TRYING.

Try heating your knife before cutting warm bread or cake.

Try boiling potato parings and hay in a kettle or pot that has become rusted, and see if it is not as good as new.

Try rubbing your griddle with a slice of raw turnip instead of a "greaser" and avoid the smoke.

Try cutting a slice from the end of a potato, and use the potato dipped in brick dust or water lime, for scouring steel knives and forks; it not only furnishes its own moisture, but the juice seems to help in the brightening.

Trying boiling a wisp of sweet hay with ham to impart a delicious flavor.

Try always to speak pleasantly and see how much smoother the wheels of life turn.

Try putting a tablespoonful of soda in a kettle full of scraps, after all the lard has drained through the bag that will; add a little water and try them, as before, and see how much more lard you will have. Some prefer putting in the soda when they first put on the lard.

Try using a teaspoonful of soda instead of soap in your dishwater.

Try putting your white clothes to soak over night, then in the morning put about two quarts of water, what soap you need for boiling, and a tablespoonful of kerosene in your boiler; let it boil up well, then add cold water enough to cover the clothes. Wring out your clothes and boil without rubbing; then suds and rinse as usual. Perhaps you think they will not be clean, but try it. I have washed in this way two years and have never yet been ashamed to hang out my clothes.

Try canning your beets for pickles. Boil and pare and slice them as large as will go into the can, have boiling vinegar, with a tablespoonful of sugar dissolved in it, in readiness to pour over them as soon as the can is filled. They are much more tender if pickled while they are still growing, than after they have laid in the cellar.

ALGANSER.

JOHN'S WIFE.

MANY MORE.

Aunt Katy seems to think she can't work enough to please her husband. Indeed there are many more such men in the world. The more a woman toils for them the more she may, and without an encouraging word or helping hand from them. They seem to think it beneath them to help a woman. I tell you it does pay, my masculine friends, to give a woman an encouraging word and a helping hand now and then. If you had done it oftener the rights of women never would have bored and angered you as they do now, or unsexed and made strident and clamorous that half of creation which is and always was unreasonable enough to have hungry hearts. Try it and see for yourselves.

GREENIE.

The Household.

GRAND BLANC FARMERS.

The Grand Blanc Farmers' Club, after a three months' recess, met at Davis Hall, Saturday, Oct. 18th., President Stuart presiding. Exercises opened with the singing of America by the Club. Mrs. John Walker read a paper entitled, "Why do we have more to do in our homes than our grandmothers did in theirs?" Mrs. Walker thought this question, like most questions, has two sides. Our grandmothers suffered many hardships and inconveniences of which we can form no adequate idea. They had long distances to travel to church and to neighbors, often with oxen, fire to cover up on the hearth every night, made their own candles, spun the wool and wove the cloth for the family clothing. They feared wild animals in those days, whereas we fear only tramps. But small houses in those times called for less time and labor in housekeeping. Today women give much time to dress and elaborate preparations for entertaining company. Two dresses sufficed for our grandmothers, and hospitality in a one roomed house was quite as cordial but not so formal as to-day. Threshing used to require two or three men. Now-a-days it takes about twenty. Society demands much time, but also confers great benefit.

Discussion was opened by President Stuart, who recalled the stick chimneys of early days.

Mrs. Lee Perry did not entirely agree with Mrs. Walker. Thought women today would complain bitterly if compelled to stand hours at the spinning wheel, or perform various other labors common in our grandmothers' days.

Mr. Parker agreed with the previous speaker in thinking our grandmothers' labors far more arduous than those of women of the present time.

Mrs. Baker—Now-a-days much more time is devoted to elaborate cooking. Men didn't demand so much pie and cake in early times.

Several gentlemen indulged in fond recollections of their mothers' and grandmothers' pumpkin pies. The ladies seemed to think if any way could be devised to give a middle-aged man a boy's unfailing appetite, the pies of to-day need not fear comparison with those of forty years ago.

Mrs. Clark recalled a grandmother who used to quilt quilts for four weeks at a time.

Mr. Davis thought there was no question as to the fact that our grandmothers performed more labor than women of to-day. No idlers were tolerated in homes of those days. All must work, but thought many had good and commodious homes, but with fewer conveniences for doing women's work than at present.

H. R. Dewey thought it a mean man who would go back on his grandmother, but said much more is required

and expected of women to-day, so many demands are made on them outside of home life and duties. Instanceed church, temperance, and literary societies as being largely woman's work. All these call for a great expenditure of time and nervous force. The demands of society are much more in every way than in our grandmothers' times.

President Stuart—More rigid discipline was observed in old time homes. Perhaps such discipline makes better workers.

A paper on "Woman Suffrage" was then read by Chas. Baker. Mr. Baker began by saying he attempted the preparation of a paper on this subject with great reluctance after his previous experience, and particularly after hearing dire threats regarding his personal safety. But every good cause had its martyrs, and he obeys the call of duty. Expected to say nothing new, but conceded that carefulness was required in dealing with this subject, as woman never knows what she wants. Woman is claimed to be superior to an ape and inferior to man. It is fair to conclude then that she is the so-called "missing link." Shall we allow her to vote? 'Tis said "Negroes vote and woman is just as good as a negro." Yes, just as good. The advocates of woman suffrage claim that women pay taxes without representation. Woman is represented at the polls by her husband. It is claimed also that woman if allowed to vote would be a powerful factor in cleansing the political cesspool, and we should judge that if she is as cross as during the housecleaning process, this claim might be true. One reason why they should not vote is because they never claim to arrive at years of discretion, but Mr. Baker thinks if a woman ever gets old enough to admit her age she has certainly arrived at years of discretion.

The ladies present appearing rather reluctant to discuss Mr. Baker's paper, Mr. Taylor came to their defense in the most gallant manner. He first wished to say a few words in the line of the previous discussion. Said that while it is true that in former days much time was devoted by women to spinning, weaving, etc., we now have machinery to do those things. Nearly all young women of these times are expected to excel in some accomplishment, and usually devote from two to four hours to this purpose every day, often with a view to its furnishing them the means of an independent livelihood. These pursuits, and our present system of education, give our young women plenty to do. The labor saving implements for woman's work have not kept pace with the machinery used to lighten man's labor. Thought if a washing machine could be devised that would assist woman, as the harvesting machinery has helped man, one hundred dollars would be a reasonable

price to pay for it. Thought Mr. Baker unmistakably in play in his article, which was only designed to draw out discussion. Said woman should have the ballot. Man and wife should have equal rights in money matters; he pitied the woman who meekly asks for five cents to put in the missionary box or twenty-five cents to take a short ride on the cars to visit some loved relative. But the time is coming when woman will demand certain things. Quoted Frances Willard, "If men refuse to ordain us, we will ordain ourselves."

Mr. Parker—Can you ever make a sturdy oak of a clinging vine? This is an age of brute force. Woman's province is in the home, and as she is physically weaker than man, he must perform the sterner duties for her. Woman must be able to fulfill the conditions before she can expect to vote. Suffrage is a conferred, not an inherent right. Will welcome the day when the weaker shall be heard.

Mr. Taylor—What ought to qualify one to vote? If only physical strength were needed man might claim the exclusive right, but woman has more powerful influences at her command than mere muscle. Is it some higher qualification? Possession of property does not exclude woman. If moral character is the test, she is certainly better qualified than man. Is it intelligence? Our quickest and brightest scholars are found among the girls. Woman is freer from prejudice than man, and would be truer to her convictions of right as a voter than man.

On motion the ladies tendered Rev. Mr. Taylor a rising vote of thanks for his eloquent defence of them and their rights.

Club adjourned to meet at the residence of D. P. Dewey Friday morning, November 4th.

MRS. H. R. DEWEY, Cor. Sec.

"DOUBTFUL" (who was so doubtful about her reception that she forgot to give her name) asks: "Which is the better way to influence one's children to live a true Christian life—to frequently chide or encourage them in the good way, or to keep silence and set them a good example by trying to live Christian lives ourselves?" There is no truer saying, let us remind "Doubtful," than that "Example is better than precept." A life not in harmony with one's precepts negatives all the good of its teachings. No child was ever led in the right path by a parent who said in effect "Do as I say, and not as I do." Constant harping on religion or any other theme, is apt to turn young minds away from instruction. The most truly Christian woman we ever knew said the least about religion; she simply lived a beautiful, consistent life, full of "loving and giving," an object lesson in true piety.

OUR SORROW.

That reaper called Death has entered our family circle and taken the dear old grandpa (that I told you about during a chat with the HOUSEHOLD friends of June 25th.) to that quiet shore; he passed away on the morning of October 5th, peacefully and calmly, into the arms of the death angel. As he passed from our yearning hearts, we could scarcely realize that he had gone forever; that never more would he sail with us on life's stormy sea.

"For none return from those quiet shores,
Who cross with the boatman cold and pale,
We hear the dip of the golden oar,
And catch a gleam of the snowy sail."

How thrilling is the bed of death, with all its stifled grief, its noiseless attendants, the fond look of the glazing eye as it turns upon us for the last time, the pressure of the cold hand, the faint, lingering accents struggling in death to give one more assurance of affection!

Sorrow for the dead, says Irving, is the only sorrow from which we refuse to be divorced; every other wound we seek to heal, but in this sorrow we refuse to be comforted. In our solitude and loneliness we brood over it, calling up in long review the history of their gentleness, patience and virtue.

Death to a believer is but life, it is not his last day, but the first day, or the beginning of a new life; it is his resting day where he shall rest from all care and trouble, but while his body rests in its bed of earth the soul reclines in the bosom of God.

Grandpa talked about his leaving us just as though he was going to take a long journey, to visit loved ones whom he had not seen for many long years; that reunion, he said, would afford greater pleasure than the pain of parting.

How could we wish him back, when he so longed to go, and for seventy-two years had been clothed with righteousness, fitting himself for the entrance into the kingdom and for the rest that remained for the people of God!

We miss thy form, oh loved one,
Though bent by the weight of years,
And the vacant chair only adds new grief,
To those bowed down with tears.

In the last hours of sickness,
To the anchor thy hope was cast;
Ne'er fearing the dark death valley,
Knowing you would triumph at last.

The long winter has been provided for,
Your hands are now at rest,
And the lonely heart has found relief
At last on the Saviour's breast.

And we have that blessed assurance
That we'll meet on the other shore
Our loved one, who has safely passed
In through the open door.

LITTLE NAN.

A lady who had grown dreadfully tired of her blue dress, says the *Housekeepers' Weekly*, got a couple of packages of yellow dye and transformed it into a myrtle green. It might be worth trying, since as we all know, blue and yellow united form green.

A FEW HINTS.

It is some time now since a inquiry as to what would remove machine oil from white goods was made, and received several replies, but not mine. Wet the stains in a solution of baking soda and they will disappear when washed, every time. I never tried it after the article had been laundried.

In return, can any one tell me why some cucumber pickles which have been put down in brine, when freshened for the vinegar, seem to wilt and shrink a good deal, as my letters do under the "baptism of the press."

Will everybody please remember it is the pickles I want to know about.

I find that ripe cucumbers, yellow but still firm, if pared, cut into suitable pieces, and boiled until tender in a rich syrup, make a nice sweet pickle. The syrup should have a pound of sugar to a pint of vinegar.

Ever so long ago there was some talk among us about the inconvenience of long skirts and different modes of shortening them in an emergency without shocking the public. A woman fresh from Germany did my washing one year and I quite admired and have occasionally imitated her way. It was to tie a strong cord rather loosely around the waist and pull the skirts up over that until they reach the desired height all round. Under a gossamer, this arrangement would attract no particular attention on a wet day, on a lonely country road.

Speaking of a lonely road reminds me of a funny incident. A good many years ago I enjoyed a stage trip in the northern part of Wyoming. One of the outside passengers was a small boy, returning from school to his home. One day when we stopped for dinner it was discovered that he wore a different suit of clothes from the one he started out with in the morning, and we soon learned that he had been seized with "a notion" to change, and said so while riding. There was a good laugh, but as we had seen nothing more sensitive than an occasional dead mule, in our twenty mile drive, we concluded that his act was rather unusual, but not immodest.

A. H. J.

THOMAS.

A LETTER addressed to the name and address given by "Dead Man" has been returned to this office marked "Uncalled for." Are we to infer "Dead Man" has returned to the quiet of the cemetery? Speaking of undelivered letters reminds us that the propensity of people to date their letters wherever they may happen to be, causes no end of worry and annoyance to newspapers in general and the FARMER in particular. A subscriber wishes to renew his subscription, or change postoffice; the first time he is at any town he writes, dating his letter from that town, or

perhaps from his township, and carefully refraining from naming the post-office to which he wants his paper sent. The publisher, in lack of better knowledge, sends the paper to the place from which the letter is dated. Pretty soon along comes a letter saying Mr. So and So sent a dollar at a certain date and isn't getting the paper. Ten chances to one the correct address is not given even now, and all pains taken to get on the right track and send the FARMER where it should go are unavailing. The subscriber is mad and says the FARMER is a fraud, and the FARMER is mad too and calls the person who doesn't know enough to give his postoffice address when ordering goods, near kin to a donkey. As an example of the annoyance caused by such carelessness, we will cite the last case. On Tuesday along came an unsigned postal card saying "Please send my paper to Big Rapids." No name, no postoffice, no date; even the postmark was wanting. Yet that man will blame the FARMER for neglect and probably get wrathful about not receiving his paper. A name, without proper postoffice is, no guide whatever. Subscription lists are arranged by postoffices, not alphabetically, and among thousands, one name is effectually lost. And so, when you want your paper sent to a new address it is exactly as essential to give the address to which it is at present being sent, as that to which you wish it to go. Postoffices are so numerous in this State that it is safest to always date letters from the town at which mail is received. And don't date letters from your township. To find a needle in a haystack is an easy task compared to the hopelessness of locating the individual thereby.

MR. HOWELLS has given the title "The Coast of Bohemia" to his new novel about to be published in the *Ladies' Home Journal*. Mr. Howells isn't modest, and says of the story that it is "the prettiest thing" he has ever done.

Useful Recipes.

BUCKWHEAT CAKES.—Four cups of buckwheat flour; one scant cup of Indian meal; three cups of hot water; one cup of cold milk; one tablespoonful of salt. Beat vigorously and add one cup of yeast or one cake of yeast dissolved in a cup of warm water—beating again. After the start, always raise the cakes with some of the batter, leaving about a pint in the dish for this purpose. It is not necessary to make fresh batter oftener than once in two or three weeks, even where cakes are baked daily. Always set the batter to rise where it will keep warm until morning.

OLD FASHIONED SOFT GINGERBREAD.—Three cups of molasses; one cup of cream; one cup of butter; six cups of flour; one tablespoonful each of soda and ginger.