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THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

AWAY.

I cannot say and I will not say
That she is dead. She is just away.

With a cheery smile and a wave of the hand
She has wandered into an unknown land,

And left us dreaming how very fair
It needs must be, since she lingers there.

And you--oh you, who the wildest yearn
For the old-time step and the glad return,

Think of her faring on as dear
In the love of there, as the love of here.

Who, I wonder, is the friend
To whose face my eyes last tend?
Which of all the friends of years,
Sharing with me smiles and tears,
Shall I touch, and turn and go
With no good-bys, and not know
That our happy days are past,
And that now I must at last
Quit their dear society
Such a long while prized by me?
I shall set some place-mark then
I am not to find again,
All unconscious of the shade
By an unseen "finis" made.
What shall be the last page read
Ere you say: "You've heard? She's dead!"

THANKSGIVING.

America has three holidays which are distinctively her own—Memorial Day, sacred to the memory of her heroes and shrined in flowers and tears; Fourth of July, dominated by rockets and racket, and Thanksgiving, given over to turkey and thanks. Thanksgiving is the oldest by a century and a half, for in less than a year after their landing in 1620 upon the bleak shores of Massachusetts the governor of the little colony of pilgrims appointed a day of fasting and thanksgiving in acknowledgment of the blessings of Providence, the peace and plenty which had dwelt with them. The Puritan spirit of gloom and severity was less intolerant then than later, when the ceaseless vigilance, the awful isolation of their situation on the borders of a trackless forest and surrounded by savages, had done its work and intensified superstition and bigotry. It is related that upon this auspicious day, the first Thanksgiving Day in the New World, of date October 24th, 1621, good Elder Brewster preached the shortest sermon he had ever been known to deliver. It was only two and a half hours long! Fancy a nineteenth century Christian enduring such a discourse as preliminary to a good

dinner! History tells us of the procession in which the little colony marched to their rude meeting-house; the men with shouldered muskets; Governor Bradford in his robes of office, with Elder Brewster carrying the Bible—law supported by religion—and Miles Standish, the first "secretary of war," whose courtship by proxy of the demure Priscilla has made his name a household word, regarding with pride the martial appearance of the little troop. And the women had roasted the turkeys and quail and baked corn bread, and brought out their bravest dishes and finest napery, relics of peaceful days in England, to honor this eventful day. In the evening Massasoit and a hundred of his tribe came to the village, bringing deer and other game, and a three days' feast in which the Indians participated followed. A queer holiday it must have been, with Indian dances and whoops mingled with prayers and psalms. The next year there had been great fears of a famine on account of the drouth, but timely rains saved the crops, and another Thanksgiving was piously observed. There was none of the hilarity and rioting which obtained at the English harvest home festivals and the Greek, Roman and Hebrew rejoicings over bounteous harvests; but a very lengthy discourse and a good dinner honored the day. Nine years later, in 1631, the little settlement was in sore straits. The crops had been blasted; the ship that was to bring supplies from Europe had not arrived; they were hemmed in by deep snows and dared not venture into the forests for fear of ambushed Indians. It was at this time that the famous ration of five grains of corn to each person was issued, and in their sore extremity, with famine at the door, they decided to observe a day of fasting and prayer, and then set forth upon a hunting expedition, their last resort. But upon the appointed fast day, a sail was espied at sea, their sorrow was turned to rejoicing, and the Governor ordered, instead of the fast, a thanksgiving day in which all the people heartily joined, as also with equal zeal, we may well believe, in the feast. From this time on, the appointment of a day of praise and thanksgiving became an annual custom in New England.

During the Revolution, a thanksgiving day was recommended each year by Congress, but the first general thanksgiving since the organization of the Federal government was named by President Washington in 1789, at the request of Congress, to signalize the adoption of the Constitution. At the close of the war of 1812, President Madison appointed a day in April, 1815, as one of thanksgiving for the return of peace; and during the late civil war it was the custom of President Lincoln to proclaim, annually, a day of thanksgiving and prayer. And since then, it has become the custom for the President to appoint and the Governors of the several States to ratify the last Thursday in November as the national Thanksgiving Day.

Thanksgiving is usually the most quiet of our holidays, being giving over to family reunions. Most respectable, well-regulated persons make it a point to go to church in the morning, and after a bountiful dinner of "turkey and trimmin's" are indisposed to much exertion. Many show their gratitude for Heaven's blessings by bounties to their dependents or employes, or to the inmates of some institution, usually by providing them with the material for a good dinner. But there is not after all the spirit of good will and liberality that prevails at Christmas.

Naturally, the interest of Thanksgiving centers round the dinner, which more than the day—for the ancients, and peoples of lands and ages have had their feasts at the gathering in of the harvests—is essentially American. The turkey is sacred to Thanksgiving, roast beef and mince pies to Christmas and roast lamb and green peas to the Fourth of July. And the turkey is emphatically an American fowl. Don't you remember the picture in the old history, of Columbus proffering on bended knee the products of the New Continent to a very wooden-faced Queen Isabella whose attitude of delighted astonishment at the turk in full strut the artist had transfixed with great felicity? The oyster, the cranberry and the pumpkin are also particularly United-States-ian in character, and no Thanksgiving dinner is complete without the quartette. Here is a menu, good enough for the Governor-elect of the

great State of Michigan to give thanks over:

Cabbage Salad.	Tomato Soup.	Celery.
	Roast Turkey.	
Mashed Potatoes.		Cranberry Sauce.
Baked Beets.		Succotash.
	Roast Pork with Apple Sauce.	
Scalloped Oysters.		Chicken Croquettes.
Salsify.		Currant Jelly.
Pumpkin Pie.		Cranberry Tart.
Indian Pudding.		Peach Marmalade.
	Grapes, Apples, Pears.	
	Coffee.	

BEATRIX.

SHALL WE TEACH OUR GIRLS TO WORK?

I say, most emphatically, *yes*. A short time ago I heard a mother say: "I don't believe in compelling girls to work. My girls do what they choose to do, but I never compel them to do anything. It will be time enough for them to work when they are obliged to." That remark set me to thinking. I am a firm believer in bringing up children to know how to work (be they girls or boys), and how can they know except by the experience gained by doing the work that they will be obliged to do when they leave the home nest for a new one, or to seek their own livelihood by toiling for wages?

True there is not always a need for girls to earn their living by doing housework or by sewing, but I claim that be their chosen vocation what it may, they need to be prepared to meet any emergency in life so far as a knowledge of household duties is concerned. They certainly are better fitted to become wives, and but comparatively few girls remain unmarried; and even if engaged in a professional business, it is well to know how to sew neatly and not be obliged to hire every stitch of sewing done, as that is a very expensive way and one that but few wage-earners can really afford.

Many girls are being reared without a practical household training, because their fond mothers do not like to compel them to perform menial labor. Girls do not do so from choice, therefore they never learn unless compelled to in some way or another, and I feel it a duty every mother owes her daughter to teach her to work and to be sensible, methodical and reasonable about it.

How few girls are taught the value of money! They wish for something, and if possible, "papa" or "mamma" get it for them, and whether it costs fifty cents or five dollars, they realize nothing of the real value beyond the gratification of their wish; and no matter what sacrifice the parent may have made to gratify that wish the recipient is allowed to go on her way rejoicing in the possession of the coveted article, without any effort being made to teach her the true value of money, or the proper use and care that should

be given to the commodities it will purchase.

Is it any wonder if girls who are brought up after such a fashion (one cannot call it training) have hard experiences when they start life in a new home; or that the young husbands have to suffer as well?

The girl must learn the a b c of practical work and economy when a woman instead of learning them while growing to womanhood, as she should have learned the rudiments of arithmetic and orthography.

Many girls who today are well cared for and supported by fond and well meaning parents, may be thrown upon their own resources, and if they know how to do housework in all its details they will be able to make an honest living, and thus be saved from the slough of iniquity into which many a poor girl sinks when thrown upon the world without knowing how to do one single thing well enough to earn her bread.

I tell you, mothers, it is far better to compel your daughters to work than to run the risk of future suffering in any new life they may enter, from a lack of knowledge of sensible and necessary labor. They will no doubt shirk some, and grumble more, but be firm and reason with them. Teach them as they go along the necessity of doing well even the minutest details of all work, and the reasons why it is necessary, for so much depends on trifles in this life to make or mar the success of any occupation.

Teach your girls that work in itself is not degrading and that although it is monotonous, it is no less necessary to the well being of every member of the family that it be done well, promptly and cheerfully. HONEY BEE.

A DAY AT THE CENTRAL CITY.

It is Monday afternoon and I am nearly smothered in an avalanche of carpet rags, but I am going to forget everything and write to our HOUSEHOLD, something I have intended to do for many weeks. I think every one who really appreciates our little paper should prove it by actions, and keep the correspondence box full. The HOUSEHOLD is a most welcome guest at our home, and there must be something really pressing on hand if it is not read by the feminine members thereof before twenty-four hours have elapsed.

Perhaps I may as well follow the fashion and describe our trip. The school over which I have ruled the past summer closed last week, and we celebrated the "last day" by a visit to the State prison at Jackson, and other places of interest in that city. Some time ago there was an article about the Sunday services at that institution in the HOUSEHOLD, but have never seen anything else about it. There are at present eight hundred inmates, and as

we watched them march in to dinner it seemed terrible to see so many young men among them, and one could not but think "Who is responsible for all this?" I won't stop to moralize, but will leave that for some one else. As they passed the place where we were standing, some kept their heads bowed, while others looked at us as if we were the objects of interest, and I noticed several looking earnestly at one of our number—a bright-eyed little girl of eight summers. The guide informed us that five barrels of flour were used per day; seven hundred loaves of bread are baked daily, and as we saw it in large boxes, cut for dinner, we felt very thankful we did not have to mix it. On all sides of the kitchen were large iron kettles in which were being cooked meats, potatoes and coffee for the noonday meal. Long narrow tables, as clean and white as boards could be, filled the dining-room, the floor of which was covered with sawdust; at each place was a plate, bowl, knife, fork and spoon; the bread looked very white and nice and the aroma of the coffee made us realize that it was near our dinner hour.

We were taken through the trip-hammer building where it was so noisy and hot, and so many pieces of hot iron around, that we could not look to see their work at all; from there we went to the broom factory, where brooms of every description, from the heavy barn broom to the one for the little girl, are in various stages of completion. We visited the Jackson wagon department, where twenty-five wagons are completed daily; the tailoring and shoe departments were also most interesting. From here we went to the cells; some of them are large and well furnished. The old cells are much smaller, there being just room to get in after the cot beds are let down; the larger cells are given to some for good behavior and to "long timers;" they were built for those in solitary confinement until that was prohibited ten years ago; many of them were carpeted, with lace or muslin draperies at the door and some having pillow-shams; each cell is furnished with an electric light which is allowed to burn until 9:30 p. m.

A large display of work done by the convicts after working hours was exhibited for sale; bone penholders, paper-cutters, and numberless other small articles curiously cut make excellent souvenirs of the place; jewel cases in the shape of little trunks with thousands of pieces in them, sold for ten dollars; beautiful tidies of white, pink and other delicate colors, neat and dainty enough to be the handiwork of any lady, were among the exhibits; one poor old man had packages of morning-glory seed which he wished to sell at five cents per package; Prince Michael had his photographs, before and after shaving, for sale, and one convict had painted a large number of Christmas

cards, both in oils and water colors, which were very pretty.

Each convict is allowed to work after hours, and what is realized from the sale of his articles he is allowed to use as he chooses. We were just an hour behind the bars and we were all glad to again breathe free air.

After lunch we visited the city fire department and watched the horses come out in their daily practice; just twenty seconds after the alarm sounded the horses were ready to start and the men in their places on the wagons. It seemed almost incredible that it could be done in such a short time. The horses, large, noble-looking animals, seemed to enter into it all with great ambition. There was no hurrying, that made confusion, each one knowing his place and keeping it. After practice the horses went back to their stalls and backed in ready for the alarm at any time. Our leader very courteously showed us everything connected with the establishment, and explained all the details so even the youngest member of our company could understand. After visiting other places of interest and climbing one of the towers to get a bird's-eye-view of the city, were turned home very tired, but feeling a most pleasant day had been spent in spite of dame Nature's stormy demeanor. Thus ended my work as teacher, a work commenced in 1887, which has proved a very pleasant occupation.

I did want to write a letter in defense of the poor mothers-in-law, but in imagination I can see that basket, and as I am not yet the fortunate, or as we might infer from what we read, the unfortunate possessor of such a relative perhaps I had better defer.

L.
RIVES.

IN MEMORIAM.

"This to their memory, for we held them dear."

It is with genuine regret and sorrow that we announce the death of two of our HOUSEHOLD friends and contributors, who have but recently "crossed to the other side." Mrs. Emma S. Brooks, wife of the well-known stockman, C. S. Brooks, died at Harper Hospital in this city on the 8th and was buried at Lansing on the 10th inst., leaving a husband and son to mourn an irreparable loss. Mrs. Brooks was known to the HOUSEHOLD as "E. S. B.," and furnished that famous recipe for bread which won so much commendation and is still used by many of our housekeepers. Deceased was the second daughter of the late J. H. Smith, of Novi, Oakland county, graduated at the State Normal in 1868, was married to C. Brooks in 1871, and lived for a number of years in Pleasant Valley, near Brighton, removing from there to Saginaw, and from thence again to Lansing about four years ago. The dearest wish of her heart was gratified when her only son, Louis, graduated with

honor at the Agricultural College last August. Mrs. Brooks was one of those rare individuals who are most beloved by those who know them best. For years her frail health prevented her from enjoying the social life for which she was well fitted by nature and education, and she lived her intellectual life within. Yet withal she was most wonderfully patient, enduring much suffering in uncomplaining silence. Gentle, refined, retiring, she was yet a woman of strong character and noble principles. As an old classmate and acquaintance of nearly twenty-five years' standing the Editor of the HOUSEHOLD can truly testify to her many estimable qualities of mind and heart; and no greater tribute can be paid her memory than to say that those who knew her best will mourn her most sincerely.

Mrs. Edla Hall Woodman, wife of Edson Woodman, of Paw Paw, died on the 7th of the current month, of heart failure, after a long illness borne with patient fortitude. Over the signature "E. W.," Mrs. Woodman contributed some pleasant, thoughtful letters to the HOUSEHOLD, which she always read with interest; indeed, her last reading, the day before her death, was in the little paper. Born in the Empire State, her girlhood was spent in Virginia, whence the family removed to this State at the breaking out of the civil war. Miss Hall went to Paw Paw in 1862, where she met Mr. Woodman; the acquaintance ripened into affection, but she gave her lover to his country and it was not until 1868 that they were married and established the home ever since occupied, and where four daughters and a son were born to them. Mrs. Woodman was a very intelligent, thoughtful, well informed woman; devoted to her family, a true "helpmate," a conscientious mother, and was widely known only to be as widely esteemed and respected. Her sunny temperament was manifest through many months of suffering and pain, endured uncomplainingly, and her memory will long be cherished by hosts of friends.

To the relatives of these members of our circle, the HOUSEHOLD extends sincere sympathy; regrets that the beloved ones are gone from them; hopes of a joyful reunion in a brighter world.

GOODFORM devotes itself to Thanksgiving in its November issue. Edgar Sanders, the pioneer florist of Chicago, gives some practical hints; Sara Sedgwick discusses the "Thanksgiving Dinner" in an equally practical manner and, in fact, the magazine is a Thanksgiving number throughout, even to the stories, illustrations, etc., which are all unusually attractive. The frontispiece is a new historical picture, representing the preparations being made for the first Thanksgiving, appointed by old Governor Bradford, of Massachusetts in 1623.

A HALF HOUR'S LESSON.

I have thought of stepping into our HOUSEHOLD for some months, but the jangling voices have kept me back. I am glad peace is restored. I do not enjoy the inharmony shown at times the past summer. We cannot all think alike; then again we do not differ so very much if surroundings were the same. Some will clothe the same idea in such gentle, sympathetic language it will not wound the most sensitive nature.

I like Evangeline's letter of Oct. 15. How very true! There are many very tender, large-hearted souls with a rough exterior, while I have seen the sensitive, delicately organized person cold and soulless as a stone; his polished words cutting like a two-edged sword. I think Evangeline is right. "When you are discontented and murmur at your lot think of so many that are worse off."

Twenty years ago when I was recovering from a long illness, had been shut in all winter, one morning in early spring the sun was shining, my husband was going a half mile to get some seed oats and asked me to take a ride. I was weary and may be the least bit discontented with home. Hastily throwing on some wraps I took a seat in the lumber wagon, and called on our neighbor who lived in a tiny log house, only one room to cook, eat, sleep and stay in for five of them. The mother was ill and only her husband and oldest girl, nine years of age, to do the work; the babe, two months old, worrying and restless. Never can I forget that morning call; my home seemed a heaven to me on returning. Since then whenever I feel discontented I recall that half hour lesson. If the veil were lifted there are few, perhaps no one, with whom you would exchange places.

Some never progress, they feel it a sacred duty to follow in the parents' footsteps, believe the weaker sex were born to serve and wait, to be submissive to their lords? I have no reason to complain; my husband is not that sort. If men would have perfect confidence in wives and children, and tell them the state of their affairs, there would be sympathy and care in use of money. I never spend our money foolishly; although my expenditures do not quite meet with my husband's views sometimes, yet he always calls me his banker, and passes the money unreservedly into my hands to use or deposit. I have no need to plead for butter and egg money. We are helpers together, striving for the good and happiness of all.

LESLIE.

TOBIAS' WIFE.

AFTER greasing your cake tins sift on as much flour as will stick. When taken from the oven, set for a minute or two on a wet cloth and the cake will leave the tin easily.

DAFFODILLY'S SPICE.

The interesting description of Chicago, given us by our Editor, so engaged my attention and admiration that one night this week I dreamed that Beatrix was in St. Louis, "doing the city" perhaps. At any rate, I somehow fell in with her and will tell you how she appeared to me. She was a sturdy, fat person, with staring blue eyes, and waddled. She carried two paper bags and a newspaper and asked me if I would be ashamed to walk with her on account of the parcels. I replied, Certainly not, and we continued to "waddle" along together. This aforesaid remark was all that I remember she spoke, as I talked so fast and so much there was no chance for her.

Please remember, this was but a dream, but it has caused me to make an extra effort on this evening of my forty-fifth birthday, to once more address the HOUSEHOLD. If there is any person in this fair company who for an hour imagines that folks who live in a city have nothing to do from early morn till dewy eve but eat, drink and hang round the bargain counters of the dry goods stores, I desire her to spend a menth with me, and be sure to come prepared to take a turn at cooking, washing, ironing and scrubbing, feeding chickens, milking a cow and raising a calf, besides teaching a primary class of one hundred scholars on Sunday at 9:30 prompt, having taken time Saturday afternoon to attend a Primary Teachers' Union down in the city.

Now, sisters, these have been my occupations since I last wrote, with about ten guests at different times to entertain and go out with to see the "sights," etc. The summer is past, as you may have observed, and I too have had my lessons. When I am more composed and certain other affairs, such as an approaching wedding, have gone by, I intend to tell about our venture in the chicken business and some of my experiences in primary work in Sunday school. I will offer to send any information that might seem useful to any teacher in the country, who may desire some of the methods and plans we use. We have many advantages through the "Union" of learning the newest devices for interesting the very young. I have a number of symbols used in the lessons which are easily made and should be glad to send patterns. I make them of paper or cardboard, and find that the time given to making them is well employed, as the little ones set far greater value on them than anything I might buy.

More than ever before in my life do I feel sure that there is no need of any woman or man having nothing to do if he or she lives within two or three miles of any other body. There is so awfully much to do on this hemisphere right outside one's door, perhaps not that far off, that I feel as if I spent far

too much time in sleep and seeking pleasure and amusement. I feel sure that under this terrible pressure of unperformed duties, if my companion should refuse to allow me to handle funds on my own account, I'd get up in the night and yank his old pocket-book out of his trousers' pocket and run away with the hired hand, or chloroform him, or something. Oh, I can't say in these columns what I think of a miserable old clown who does not love his wife enough to share his money with her without a quarrel. Suppose we ask for a special edition of the HOUSEHOLD and say exactly what we do think of the whole lot and then mail a copy to each fellow we happen to know or suspect of this sort of meanness! Why I'd rather do that than wear the trousers for 75 years. If there is anything I hate it is men's trousers. Lawks! Only think of the fact that a man gets only one or two suits a year and wears the same old duds over and over for months until they smell like a garbage cart—at least I stumble against some that do. They can't help but be dirty. Nights when it is not raining my companion has to hang his clothes out of the window, and most of my mornings are spent brushing him and making him miserable by intimations that he is the dirtiest creature on earth. I'd rather wear a dress dragged to the waist than a pair of trousers. Of course every one to her taste, but we manage to do quite dirty work and find dresses moderately long and not very wide, satisfactory, and do not feel like scarecrows.

There are other subjects to which I should like to refer but I am a long way behind the day when they were up, and my time is up for writing.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

DAFFODILLY.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

OPENING canned fruit an hour or two before using, that it may regain the excluded oxygen, improves the flavor, says the *American Cultivator*.

If you only knew what a comfort a small cheap brush is in washing vegetables, you would spare your hands by getting a brush, and always using it.

"AUNT Rebecca's New England Griddle Greaser" is the long name to a little invention that caused an old lady who has through a long life been wiping her griddle with a rag to exclaim: "For the land's sake, what won't they invent about next!" It consists of a little tin tube in the form a pepper-box, with a wire handle attached to one end and a pad of something like candle wicking firmly fastened in the other. This box is filled with lard, butter, cottolene or olive oil, as you prefer, melted the first time so as to saturate the wick. Once filling will

suffice for from 100 to 200 times greasing.

WHEN you want to put up bottled goods, select corks of approximate size, throw them into a kettle of water and let them boil for ten or fifteen minutes, stirring them up occasionally and keeping them covered. Take out the corks, wash them well in the hands, put back in more hot water. After a few minutes they are ready for use. A cork two or three sizes larger than the bottle may easily be put in by pressing the lower end with the fingers. Then insert in the neck of the bottle, putting in beside it a large-sized pin. Press it in a little way, then taking the bottle in the hands, crowd the cork against a door or casing or any solid object, turning the bottle round and round until the cork is pressed into place. Then, with a pair of small pincers or the edge of a dull knife, catch hold of the head of the pin and draw it out. After this, press the cork in again. To seal, after the cork is pressed in level with the neck of the bottle, simply cover with sealing wax, or dip into melted wax.

GOOD *Housekeeping* for November helps us make ready for Thanksgiving. There is always much in this magazine which renders it specially valuable to the cook and housekeeper, while it is by no means a dull compendium of recipes. Few are the domestic perplexities it does not "surround" in a year and its teachings are always sensible, practical and timely. We are always pleased to say a good word for *Good Housekeeping*.

Contributed Recipes.

COOKED CABBAGE.—Take one medium sized cabbage head, shave fine, put into a kettle with a little salt, and water enough to cook. Cook until tender, then put into it a good sized piece of butter and one-half cup of vinegar; if the vinegar is very strong do not use so much. Let all cook up well together, and into the dish in which you will serve the cabbage put one teacupful of sweet cream and milk, the more cream the better. Dip the cabbage from the kettle into this dish, sprinkle with a little pepper and stir all well together. Be sure it is salted and buttered enough and you will say it is as good a dish of cabbage as you ever ate.

MAPLE RAPIDS.

ARN'S WIFE.

POTATO SALAD.—Boil five eggs hard and six large potatoes; cut potatoes into dice; chop one onion fine; slice the eggs and two stalks of celery or put a tablespoonful of celery seed in the dressing. For dressing, heat one cup of sour cream; stir one tablespoonful of flour smooth in a little water; beat one raw egg, pepper and salt to taste; one tablespoonful of ground mustard; add these to the cream and cook, stirring constantly so it will not be lumpy. When cool add three or four tablespoonfuls of vinegar, pour over potato, etc. Every one likes this.

TOBIAS' WIFE.