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THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

THE EBBING TIDE.

BY OLARA BELLE SOUTHWELL.

The broad sea sands gleam white and bare,
'Neath shore-rocks rising high and free;
Pink shells and stones lie whitening there,
Strown o'er them by the fitful sea.
I watch the pale-green sea-weed gleam
All idly scattered round about,
Small wrecks upon the sand they seem;
The tide goes slowly, slowly out.

Life's wide sea sands are bare and white,
Stream o'er with wrecks of wasted years,
Dead hopes, ambitions, lost delight,
Dark sorrows lie and bitter tears.
We ne'er again can call them ours,
Nor would we hold them for we doubt
The scent of pleasure's wasted flowers
When life's last tide goes slowly out.

REPLY TO "GREENIE."

BY FATIMA.

I see no reason why a man
Should always be at wife's command;
Nor is there any greater need
That he the marriage vow should heed;
To cherish, honor and obey,
And light the fire at dawn of day.
Nor do I think he should be made
To rise and take the crying babe.
In ages past in Eden's bower,
Eve fell beneath the serpent's power,
And thus unmindful of all else,
She took the burden on herself.
And when for better or for worse
Man takes her, takes her with the curse,
He surely may depend upon it
She soon will want an Easter bonnet.
Two pocket books must be supplied,
To keep her's full should always try,
For she when finances run down
Annihilates him with a frown.
And with her grievance goes to press,
Or wishes she could change her dress
And wear her husband's pants and vest;
Life then for her would have some zest.

THE MOTHER-IN-LAW.

This member of the "in-laws" which are added to the young wife's family at marriage has recently received some hard knocks in our HOUSEHOLD, and I have expected that some one among them who wears her mantle of deputed motherhood with grace and ease, would come to their defense as a class. But so far silence. Perhaps it is owing to fall house-cleaning rather than want of interest or something to say.

I have never known a family unpleasantness in which there was not fault on both sides. Such troubles are not as one-sided as we think them. Of

course, conscious of the rectitude of our own intentions, we are certain the fault cannot possibly be ours. But we always forget to credit the party of the other part with the purity and benevolence of motive which we assume for ourselves. Hence, misunderstandings; next, war.

The young wife who goes into her husband's family is usually at first a little too jealous of her rights; the older woman too tardy in relinquishing the rule she has held so long. Perhaps the mother is a practical housekeeper and the new daughter an inexperienced one. The mother has little patience with the novice and makes her feel her ignorance and errors. Or perhaps the young wife is willing her mother-in-law should continue to take charge if she will not expect her to work under orders like a housemaid, in which case the mother-in-law generally feels aggrieved at having to keep her place as manager while "John's wife" is in the family. And I've known girls to marry, knowing they were going to live with "his" family, with the avowed intention of making things lively for "his folks"—and have found they usually succeeded in doing it. I think in nine cases out of dozen girls accept a mother-in-law with the feeling that they don't intend to be "run" by her; while the mother-in-law feels she would have been resigned to the marriage of her son had he chosen any other girl. Thus the situation seems hopeless from the very first, since, though so far as possible falling in love may go Mrs. Malaprop's assertion that "it is best to with a little aversion" may be true, it doesn't hold good among relations-in-law.

I've always had one stock example of a case where a mother-in-law appeared to love her son's wife as much or even more than her own daughters. I've quoted this example more than once as proof that if christian grace were vouchsafed, the two might live in harmony and "God Bless Our Home" not be a hollow mockery. But I learned the other day that my model duo hadn't spoken to each other in three months! The christian grace didn't hold out; it fell short over money matters.

Theoretically, it would seem the mutual love for the son and husband would be a bond uniting his mother and his wife with more than common affection. Practically it sometimes seems to oper-

ate exactly the other way. Can it be true, as I have sometimes thought, that wife and mother are jealous of each other's influence over the man?

Come, let us reason together over this "in-law" relationship: The young man who complains that he married too much mother-in-law forgets that up to the day when he took her from her father's house, his new-made wife had been that mother's fondest care since her existence began. Can a few words spoken by the minister release all the chains of love and tenderness and motherhood built up in years of watchful devotion, self-sacrifice and love? The mother may be glad her girl is safely settled in life, with a good husband to protect and cherish her, but there has been no magic in the marriage ceremony to sunder the ties that bound the mother's heart to her child—bone of her bone, flesh of her flesh. That she shall continue to advise, counsel and perhaps restrain is perfectly natural though without doubt often injudicious. I think there is always a touch of jealousy (not always of the ignoble kind) in a deep, sincere love. Can we wonder that the mother is a trifle jealous of this interloper, who has come between her and her child! Should he not, then, be very generous and respect this feeling, though he cannot quite understand it and is perhaps a trifle piqued that the mother of his wife should think him hardly good enough for her? Let him be patient and gentle, and wait to prove himself indeed the husband she herself would have chosen for her daughter. And in the days to come, when the wife is sick and the hired girl leaves between two days, and the baby has the croup and the Lord knows what, he'll be glad enough to have his mother-in-law come to the rescue and get up warm meals for him, even if she does say things that make him squirm occasionally.

And, on the other hand, the young wife should remember that, just as she has been the object of her mother's love and care, so her husband has been another mother's pride and joy, perhaps dependence and support. If he has indeed been a good son let her be truly thankful, for he will be all the better as husband. There is no better recommendation for a young man than that he is good to his mother and sisters. And she makes a mistake—a great

mistake—if she tries to alienate him from them. Every anchor that holds a man to home and family should be strengthened. Don't try to uproot the habits and loves of a lifetime to make your husband more devotedly yours. It is a dangerous experiment. The love a man holds for his mother is of an entirely different quality from that he feels for his wife. It is possible to love *both* devotedly, dearly, and cheat neither out of one iota of the love that belongs to either. And the same is true of the wife and her husband and mother. There is no occasion for jealousy.

And the mother-in-law! How shall she regard her new son or daughter? Surely, however persistent her opposition may have been beforehand, when the union is accomplished and her objections have proved futile, it is time to accept the situation and make the best of it. Many mothers resent what they feel is the turning of the love once theirs into new channels—if they could understand the diversion is but temporary that presently the flame will brighten again, and be dearer for the expansion of its powers,—if they could feel they have gained a daughter, instead of losing a son—there would be less of that bitter hardness which so often repels the new daughter and sends back, frozen almost at its birth, the affection she longs to bestow upon her husband's mother. Shame on the mother who sneers at or scorns the tender attentions and thoughtfulness her son manifests toward the girl he has taken from her own home and kin! A deeper blame attaches to her when she plans to alienate one from the other and cause hard feeling or discord. A man in these days needs the strongest of cords to bind him to his home and family; it is a perilous thing to weaken the ties. If the mother-in-law would but say to herself, "How would I like my girl to be received in her husband's family?" and force conscience to answer the question honestly "Am I doing by my son's wife as I would like my daughter done by?" how different would be the relationship!

I do not hesitate to say that in case of difficulty and separation it is the husband's duty to stand by his wife. But I do say the wife and the mother should be very, very cautious about forcing an issue which shall bring about such a rupture, a breach which may never be healed, or if healed is like an old wound,—always in danger of breaking out. A wife makes her husband break with his family only by a great tension on his love. She runs the risk of his refusing to do it, and imperils his respect for and confidence in her if he does. And the mother who tries to set her son against the woman he swore to love and cherish deserves the dislike the wife inevitably feels for her whether she succeeds or fails, and is forever estranged from both in the last event. For men hate such troubles; they cannot see why women cannot get on without petty squabbles

and live peaceably and quietly together. Perhaps we could if we were broader-minded and more liberal, less sticklers for trifles, less inclined to make mountains out of mole-hills, more magnanimous to others' failings, more truly christian in practice.

"Good will be in thy heart, to all who thee surround!
Bear balm to others' hurt and this shall close thy wound."
BEATRIX.

HAPPY THOUGH AFFLICTED.

In a HOUSEHOLD, some months ago, Sister Gracious said: "Half enough sympathy is not given to deaf people." I have always thought it a dreadful misfortune to lose one's sense of hearing. There is so much pleasure deaf people miss as they pass along through this life, though I think I could much better spare my ears than my eyes. I can probably say nothing to Sister Gracious that has not been said until she is tired of—not hearing but seeing those things. But I will tell her of another deaf one, which may perhaps comfort her a little.

A year ago I was called to my old home in the State of New York to bury my only sister. There I met a sister-in-law who had become deaf. She could hear no sound without an ear trumpet, except while riding in the cars or in a carriage when the roads were hard and the horse trotting; then she could hear as well as I and we could converse on any topic; but the moment the horse stopped to a walk, you could see by her face she heard not the least sound of your voice; of course a very small part of an ordinary woman's life is spent on the cars or in a carriage, so to all purposes she was deaf. She is a minister's wife, and a teacher in the Sunday school, president of the missionary society, one of the leading women in the W. C. T. U., and is often called upon in neighboring towns to give a lecture for one or the other society. But above and best of all, she is a lovely Christian lady.

One day I was trying to express my sympathy for her on account of her great affliction; and this was her reply: "Oh, sister Mary! don't waste a particle of your sympathy on me. I am the happiest of women! I have one of the dearest and best of husbands, a comfortable home, and a great many very dear friends; and the Lord is so good to me every day, my heart sings praises to Him all the time. And you do not know what beautiful thoughts I have to entertain me; and so many foolish and unpleasant things I never hear. Oh, sister, I settled it all with God long ago, and I am perfectly happy and contented." There was much more she said, but perhaps this is enough to show that it is possible to be happy and useful even if deaf. Wherever there is sorrow and trouble there she will be found, repeating all the comforting texts of Scripture and all her own kind heart

can suggest; where the marriage bells are ringing, there also she will be found assisting in making things beautiful; it seems as if her's was an *ideal life* in one sense of the word.

I fully realize that everyone is not fitted to live on the mount of transfiguration (is that word permissible?), because they have never tried to climb so high, not having the taste for that kind of living, or because their time and attention are so completely taken up with a lower order of things they never have time to think about it. I must say that her life seemed so very beautiful to me, I could not feel my sister-in-law needed anybody's pity.

ALBION.

M. E. H.

HOW TO MAKE POULTRY PAY.

In the first place look at the two chief points in the business. Are you near enough a large city to drive to town twice a week? If you are, then it will pay you to raise early spring chicks for broilers, and you should select a large breed. I think the Plymouth Rocks the best for early broilers as they are better feathered when young and mature quicker than most breeds, and the hens are good mothers.

If not near a city market you can make more money, and make it easier by making a specialty of eggs, and you want the hens that will lay the greatest number. These are the Wyandotte and Brown Leghorn, either of which will lay well, but a cross between the two will lay better.

Having selected the branch of business you will try and the breed or breeds you will keep, the next step is to have your houses and yards in shape. If you have only Brown Leghorns you must have a house with nest boxes, dust bath, lime, pure water, milk, and ashes, before them all the time. Back of this house you should have a warm room with roost. There should be a door between these that can be closed at night in the coldest weather, but it should be made so that it will let some air in even then. A good way is to make the top half of the door of lath, leaving a quarter inch space between the lath. In front of the house should be a yard enclosed with slats, and it will be all the better if it is roofed with slats, then the hens can not fly out, for if hens run at large they will scatter their eggs. My yard is made in this way and the hens are shut in every night and kept there till about four in the afternoon, when they are let out to get green food. When nearly dark they are called in and given a supper of corn, warm in winter. Hens do best alone; do not keep turkeys or ducks with them, no, not even roosters.

Have a small yard or yards if you wish to have more than one breed, with house and roost together to save expense, and boxes for nests at side. Then early in February put ten hens and a

male in each yard, and in ten days or two weeks the eggs will be fertile.

If you wish to cross a breed you can put Brown Leghorn and Wyandotte hens and a Wyandotte male in one yard and you will have pure Wyandottes and a cross of Wyandotte and Brown Leghorn; but if you have more than ten hens to one male your chicks will not be so strong.

You must take a good poultry paper; give warm food in winter, with a little red pepper in the morning; gather the eggs often, sell none but those strictly fresh, and almost any one will pay from one to two or three cents more a dozen for eggs that are stamped with your name, and sure to be fresh, than for eggs gathered once a week and sold not very clean, as a good many come to the country store. You can get the best pure breeds now at 75 cents apiece for males, 50 cents for hens, and 50 cents for thirteen eggs, that is—where they can be found near enough home to not have to pay shipping charges. But my paper is getting too long for the HOUSEHOLD, so if "Little Nan," wants to hear any more of my years of experience in the business, if she will address Box 75, Goodrich, Genesee Co., Mich. I will be glad to help her, for "Poultry Does Pay."

"39."

THE DOMESTICATED BEAR.

I have had two or three subjects in my mind that I thought I would lay before the readers of the HOUSEHOLD. The subject I will first consider is this: Why will a man say meaner things (I do not know but there are just as many women who do the same thing) to the one he loves best or cares most for, and who he knows cares most for him, than to even the tramp he despises? And at the same time the person he is thus addressing is one whom every one else respects and esteems highly, and treats with respectful consideration. But this one man for whom she labors, and sacrifices time, strength and comfort, tells her he never saw anyone "who would not have known better than to have done that," or says if she had "the judgment of a child, she would have known better;" or tells her he never saw any one who knew so little of the value of money, "you act as if you thought I was made of money." "A woman always thinks she knows more than any one else; if you had your way we'd be in the poor-house in less than ten years."

Such remarks are sure to come if a woman chances to make a suggestion which she thinks would be for the mutual benefit of the parties concerned, if it chances to conflict with the general routine of things, especially if it reflects in any way upon a slack, slipshod management. If she objects to the disrespectful language addressed to her, she is told "a woman knows very little of the perplexities a man has." These

are only a few of the many unkind words which are familiar to many women's ears, but are enough to show the instability of the foundation on which many homes rest. Can children go out from such a home and make better or more lovely ones? If they do it is not the parents who deserve the credit. And the nation is a reflection of the homes of that nation.

It is said a London paper offered a prize for the best definition of home. Answers, 5,000, were sent in; many of them fine, and all very true, though some are rather cynical. I will copy two or three of them. "An abode in which the inmate, the 'superior being' called man, can pay back at night with fifty per cent interest every annoyance that has met him in his business through the day." "A popular but paradoxical institution, in which woman works in the absence of man, and man rests in the presence of woman." "Where you are treated best and grumble most." These are but three out of the five thousand; but are they not true of a much larger proportion of homes? Why is it thus? My mind reverts to Darwin's theory of the survival of the strongest; where might makes right; where everything in nature, in the animal and the vegetable kingdom, the strongest crowd the weakest to the wall, even if they do not kill. It does seem as if man was largely animal in his nature, even yet. He claims to be endowed with reason and still allows that faculty to lie folded in a napkin, when he closes the door which shuts out the public; and his conscience has been abused until it has gone to sleep—I'll not say it is dead. This habit of snarling and grumbling and spitefulness is too much like wild beasts.

I am thankful the world moves, growing better every day. I would like to see the day before I close my eyes, where men and women treat each other in their own homes as well as they treat their acquaintances in the next school district. It is one of the saddest sights to see a strong, burly man venting his ill-humor upon the one who is doing everything in her power for his comfort and convenience, denying herself rest and recreation, comforts and conveniences, to save the money he thinks she does not need, but he does, to build more barns, buy more land and stock; while she, the white slave in his kitchen, does twice the work any hired girl would do, and receives, what? You can see by her appearance at church, on the street; she has nothing nice to wear, and very seldom anything new. And is he never ashamed of his treatment? Along at first he may be a little; but the wife sheds a few tears, then goes to work harder than ever, trying to please and merit kind treatment. Can any one tell how to teach this class of men decency? Thank fortune they are very few in my sphere of observation. Perhaps I have taken too strong

a view of this subject; if so, I beg pardon; but it seems to me I have touched it lightly from my point of view. The subject grows more and more distasteful to me with every word I write, so I will say no more.

RIVERSIDE,

PRISCILLA.

DOES THE COAT FIT YOU?

It has several times happened, since I have had the conduct of our little HOUSEHOLD, that persons feeling themselves aggrieved at what they considered personal reference to themselves or their affairs in letters from correspondents, have written me to protest, to complain or explain, and once by way of variety, to threaten. Each time "the clouds rolled by" and nobody was killed or wounded, but the latest instance where somebody was hit by a chance arrow set me to thinking. Why are we so ready to believe that anything we can distort into a reference to ourselves or our friends must be meant to affront and offend us? Why are our suspicions so easily roused and we so anxious to try on the coat whether we know it is intended for our wearing or not? The letter which I have more particularly in mind alleges that a HOUSEHOLD article recently published contained reflections upon a certain family which "would be readily recognized by many readers." In re-reading the article referred to, I find it might apply with quite as much relevance to persons whom I myself know personally, but with whose circumstances and surroundings the writer of that article is totally unacquainted.

Life's incidents are being constantly repeated. We are apt to think no one has ever heard of just the conditions, the calamities, the peculiarities of our own or our neighbors' lives. But when we get out into the world we find these incidents repeated in their outlines over and over and over again. In almost every community there is found the unhappy home, the unkind parent, the penurious man, the troublesome, quarrelsome neighbor, the undutiful child. Must allusion to these, or any one of these, imply that some particular individual known to us personally has been impaled upon the needle of criticism and "shown up?" Oh no, by no means.

Care is taken, always, to exclude from HOUSEHOLD columns personal attacks or anything actuated by malice, spite or pique; but those general instances of the foibles of humanity which serve to point a moral or illustrate an argument without being too plainly drawn to the individual case are certainly permissible. Yet how can a stranger tell who draws his illustrations from real life next door and who from imagination? It is told that a great novelist once framed an incident and invented a name, thinking both entirely new and

original, but when the story appeared in print, an angry individual forced his way to the writer's study and threatened corporeal punishment because, as he said, some busybody had told the author the story of his life and the latter had meanly published it, even using his own name! Some years ago a HOUSEHOLD correspondent made some comments on the conduct of a ladies' society, to which several other ladies belonging as they thought to the same society, took strong exceptions. And it took some time and several postage stamps to convince them that the writer was not a disgruntled member of their own society, who had sought to criticise them openly. But a good round hundred miles or more separated the two societies.

At another time, a purely fancy or imaginative sketch provoked a very indignant letter from a lady who was sure the author meant her. Yet the writer never even dreamed of her existence.

Don't think, then, that because somebody writes something which you think can be made to fit your own or your neighbor's case, the writer has you or your friend in mind. One reason why the name and address of correspondents are required, is as a check upon the mischievous, the malicious or envious, who will not say over their own signature what they would write anonymously if the editor would publish. It is only a low-minded, vindictive character that desires to resort to such cowardly means to wound or injure another. We must have peace in our HOUSEHOLD family, and to that end must avoid these personalities which, like personal comments in families, stir up strife and provoke hard feeling. It is well in writing then not to draw the picture too strongly, since always somebody's shoulders are presented to wear the coat you have woven out of your own fancy, perhaps.

BEATRIX.

SEEN IN A SCHOOLROOM.

Our Editor's letter in the HOUSEHOLD of Nov. 12th. calls to mind a visit recently made to a district school.

The teacher—a bright girl who had many good qualities—sat in her chair near a recitation seat. She said, "Johnnie, you read next."

The boy arose from his seat and was about to begin when she asked for his book, which was accordingly handed her and which she placed in her lap. As the lad hesitated she commanded him to "Go on," and he did "go on!" With head and shoulders bent forward he endeavored to read from a book at least two feet from his face, and what was still more trying the book moved occasionally, which caused him to "lose his place," for which he was chided.

Children crossed and re-crossed the room at an angle that would make my back ache, yet their teacher, who tipped—with body bent forward, did not

notice it. During one half-day's visit I failed to see one child make any attempt to sit, stand or walk correctly.

In my experience of seven years I never found a child who would not try to become straight after a few lessons; and if parents will be so thoughtless of a child's health and appearance, then teachers should use their influence.

Let us have more gymnastic exercises in our district schools, and fewer pupils built like a rainbow; and teachers, don't get discouraged if some "crank" in your neighborhood calls it "folderol" for I know from experience it is beneficial.

CASSANDRA.

SUNDRY SAYINGS.

I have long been waiting for an inspiration to write up something for the HOUSEHOLD and failed, so will now look over some late numbers and see what I can find.

First I notice some have had experience with tramps. When we first came here one called at the back door, and asked for something to eat; I carried him a good lunch and he very humbly asked if he might stand there and eat it. My good neighbor feeds them often, and was much amused one day when she had given a tramp his hands full, and was delivering a free lecture, to see my Plymouth Rocks jump up and help themselves to cake. He listened very attentively, lifted his hat in a very gentlemanly way and said, "I thank you, madam, I will try to remember what you have said." Not long since a friend and myself were returning from the county seat after dark, and on a lonely piece of road the horse suddenly shied; on looking sharply, I espied the form of a man lying close by the roadside. Conundrum—What ought we to have done, and what do you think we did do? [Sensible women would have driven straight on and sent a man back to look after his fallen brother. And we'll bet a pumpkin pie that's what these two women did.—ED.]

I have been making what is called a memory jug. It is one of these you buy containing seltzer water. I do not know as that is the right name; but it is a small jug holding about a quart, upright, with a small handle at the top. I had putty prepared by a painter (I think plaster paris is added), between two and three pounds for a jug. Work the putty soft in the hands and place smoothly all over the jug, half an inch thick. Have ready all the little relics and trinkets you can find—acorns, nuts, screws, corn, or any and everything you choose, only the smaller the better. Begin by putting the larger things on first, then fill in with the smaller, until it is covered all over; imbed them snugly in the putty and leave about two weeks to dry. Then bronze all over with bronze paint, and you have something both curious and pretty. I have a piece of cork on mine that came from a life-preserver off the Alpena.

I agree perfectly with John's Wife on the pocket-book question, as I think a woman too meek-spirited who never has a cent of her own. I keep all of my pennies in a little heap on the pantry shelf, for there is a constant demand for small coin here—and more for larger size than I can always supply.

Will some one tell us what old postage stamps are used for. I have asked but found no one who knew.

I promised to tell how a family of seven—now increased to eight—can and do live on \$550 a year. They buy all their butter at retail prices; eggs and vegetables of all kinds at the grocery; they do not buy meat for every meal, but average once a day the year round. Taken altogether they are what we would call good liver. They have a girl nearly all the time and pay her from \$1.50 to \$2 per week, beside her board. The children, of whom there are six, are always neatly and comfortably dressed, the baby always in white; all in tidy shoes and stockings, the older ones wearing home-knit hose; and this mother is ever ready and willing to give to the needy, or lend a helping hand to the sick. Better than all, the father never spends a cent for tobacco, not even a cigar, nor whiskey either.

PLAINWELL.

BESS.

HOME-MADE CITRON.

I fear if I do not visit the HOUSEHOLD soon I shall forfeit all claims to membership, so am going to tell its readers how I prepare apples for cake:

Pare nice large sweet apples, halve, and take out the core, then stew gently in a rich sugar syrup, until tender. Dip out on plates, boil the syrup until quite thick, pour over the apples and dry, turning the pieces frequently that the syrup may dry in. Pack away in cans or boxes, and when wanted for use, slice thin, but do not chop. We prefer it to citron for fruit cake.

A. H. J., was there not too great a pressure brought to bear on those cucumbers?—to keep them in the pickle, you know? But possibly a few doses of boiling water during the process of freshening might help them to swell out and resume their original proportions (the hot water to be applied to the pickles of course). I wonder what there was so irresistibly funny about A. H. J.'s comparison? I laughed almost till the tears of sympathy started.

The Thanksgiving turkeys will soon cease to gobble, and be gobbled, the pumpkin pies be a thing of the past, and the fatted calf be anxiously awaiting his turn. As to the Thanksgiving sermons—well, I have always been pretty well satisfied with the length of the modern sermon, and although that good old Elder Brewster, who preached the first Thanksgiving sermon, was my great, great, great—I don't just know how great—grandfather, I can't say I am really sorry I was not there to hear it.

S. J. B.