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THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

MUTUAL SUFFERANCE.

And if the husband or the wife
In home's strong light discovers
Each slight defaults as failed to meet
The blinded eyes of lovers,—

Why need we care to ask? Who dreams
Without their thorns of roses?
Or wonders that the truest steel
The readiest spark discloses?

For still in mutual sufferance lies
The secret of true living,
Love scarce is love that never knows
The sweetness of forgiving.

—Whittier.

INSOMNIA.

A house of sleepers! I alone, unblest,
Am yet awake and empty vigil keep,
When these who spend life's day with me find
rest.

Oh, let me not be last to fall asleep!

—Edith Thomas.

"Our whitest pearl we never find;
Our ripest fruit we never reach;
The flowering moments of the mind
Drop half their petals in our speech."

BEAUTIFUL OLD LADIES.

Sister Gracious, in her letter, "A Pioneer's Christmas Present," speaks of the "beautiful old lady" whose best remembered Christmas gift was a door. Her words "beautiful old lady," recalled the first time it dawned upon my youthful mind that old age might be lovely and attractive.

It was at a hotel in Ann Arbor, during Commencement Week at the University. The city was full of strangers, come to witness the triumphs of the large class about to receive the various degrees the University confers. That was my errand too; to hear the valedictory to be given by one of my old-time schoolmates who had "gone on," enjoying a privilege then only just conferred upon women. Two ladies, both certainly over sixty-five years of age, with hair as white as the ashes of happiness but with that transparent delicacy of complexion which some elderly women possess, were also waiting in the hotel parlor. Both were simply yet fashionably dressed in black silk, with rich old lace at throat and wrists; one wore a brooch of delicate pink cameo, the other one of pearls and turquoise; and both wore dainty bonnets of lace—one having a cluster of small pink blossoms, the other adorned with flowers that matched the blue of her turquoise pin. And presently there entered

four or five young men, University boys, two of whom saluted one of the old ladies, kissing her affectionately, and inquiring how she had rested, then greeting her companion, and finally presenting their companions. I noted well the deference and devotion these young men paid them, and the air of its being a habitual and accustomed thing to both the young men and the ladies. And finally "the boys" escorted their grandmother and her friend from the room and across the street, with a gallantry I was not accustomed to see bestowed upon younger women, even upon the belles of our rustic neighborhood.

You may wonder at my recollection of so apparently trivial an event which happened twenty-five years ago. But do you know, it was the first time it had ever occurred to me that old age might be beautiful; and that somewhere, in a world I had not then known, elderly women wore handsome clothes and jewels, were treated with respect and deference, and jested and laughed with, as if they were not old! They fascinated me; I was guilty of the rudeness of staring at them; I could not help it; they were the first I had ever seen of a new type. And I remember thinking: "I would not mind being old if I could be like one of them—that one with the pink in her bonnet." (I always did love pink.)

All the elderly women I knew wore black bombazine for best with black silk aprons as a final touch of elegance, and penitential bonnets that were nightmares in millinery and quite independent of such vain pomps as the fashions. They had hard hands and wrinkles, wore their hair combed smoothly down and twisted in such a little round hard knot at the back that it was one of my youthful conundrums whether some of them could shut their eyes when they went to sleep.

Nobody paid much attention to them; they were expected to keep out of the way when the young people had company. Their wishes were not consulted; they had enough to eat and were warm and comfortable; they had reached the knitting-work period and it seemed as if no one had any particular interest in them or they in any one; unless indeed, in case of sickness, when from being inoffensive they became obnoxious by the dreadful doses they brewed.

Any one of them would as soon have thought of starting on a trip round the world as a visit to Ann Arbor, and I question if some knew what "Commencement" meant. When there was anything "going on" the old folks stayed with the children. In the terse phraseology of the day, they were "not in it." They had "had their day," that they could still enjoy pleasures in which younger people took delight was seemingly an idea not entertained; and I think some dutiful grandchildren—perhaps some children—would rather they lived than died principally on account of the funeral expenses.

Is it remarkable, then, that it was a revelation to the young girl to see a young man kiss his grandmother, give her his arm, carry her parasol,—as our beaux did when we were "keeping company" (acting awfully sheepish at paying so much attention to anything that wore skirts)? I sometimes remember those dainty, low-voiced, gentle-mannered, Dresden china old ladies, probably long ago resting quietly in that

"low green tent,
Whose curtain never outward swings."

and wish that with the coming of the gray hairs and age's infirmities might come to me as beautiful a twilight of life's day as I am sure theirs must have been.

BEATRIX.

MISSIONARY WORK.

"I live so far out that I can't join any missionary societies, as you do, so that is my way of helping," was the explanation that a friend from the country gave after telling me that she had pieced and quilted six crib quilts, making pillows and slips to go with them, then adding garments made from partly worn flannels, and even making little night-dresses from the skirts of her own, trimming them up with something cheap but making them pretty and serviceable, and all for the waifs of the city, to be dealt out from the Deaconess Home. Then her hired girl, imbued with the same spirit, knitted twelve pairs of little mittens to be sent in the same box, doing it evenings and odd moments, and I felt ashamed of the little that the missionary societies here actually accomplish.

We meet for an hour one afternoon in a month, we pay our dues and some

extras, and fervently pray that the needy at home and the heathen abroad may be richly benefitted. Every three months we have an elaborate "tea" when those who serve strive to outdo those who furnished on the preceding occasion in the variety and richness of their viands and for all this we pay fifteen cents each, expecting that small sum to convert the heathen, while, following every meeting, some are reported on the sick list; but from this feasting how are the heathen benefitted? I asked that question one day and a lady who usually combines sense with nonsense said: "Why, we just feast on all these things and wish they had some too, so it's our good wishes that are supposed to help them."

Time was when the ladies of the "Home" neglected home duties if need be, to sew early and late, taking first one poor family and then another on their hands to clothe and put in shape for Sunday school, and oh the vexation of it! One family thanked the ladies and straightway hired a double livery and drove about town to show off their good clothes, spending more by actual count in such ways than would have been necessary for comfortable clothing for the children; then, when they were shabby, sent word to the ladies that they would like more help. Do you think they got it? Other families make a business of going from one Sunday school to another to get supplies from all until their tricks are learned.

At one of the last Home meetings the Secretary read a letter from a minister who stated that he was old and feeble and preaching on a salary of \$200 a year. He wanted warm gloves and a lap robe, and his wife needed a cloak and asked the ladies to provide them. It just chanced that two or three ladies present knew the man and all the circumstances. He should have been on the superannuated list but was so anxious to preach that he took this weak church on his hands, but he had a beautiful home and plenty of property for his support and his only son was one of the wealthy business men of Detroit. Such experiences hurt the cause of charity, and many who would help worthy poor do not want to be imposed upon, so some needy ones suffer. A lady of my acquaintance came out from Detroit, on a train that I was on, having an immense package as baggage. I supposed she had been shopping but she said: "It's just clothes that my sister's children have outgrown and I know some worthy families in the country. She says if she should give anything from her city home, she would be perfectly overrun with applicants, so she makes me her almoner."

Some families use and appreciate what is given them, but others take occasion to state that they don't make over old clothes and some will wear the dirtiest rags but resent any assistance; and far worse it is when they are too shiftless to "make over" but wear things just as

they happen to be. Your Bessie's cloak, admired so much when she was wearing it that you were almost attached to the garment, but now greasy and torn, buttons off and lining flapping below like a flag of distress and never a stitch set to keep it presentable! I heard the mother of several small children say that she always sent their outgrown clothes out of the village so that she would not see them worn, and if it chances to be garments that were lain aside because the loved one is wearing robes of white "over there," the sight is more than the mother can endure.

We are supplying several families with wood, others with underclothing, and helping to educate some heathen girls by paying for scholarships; in fact we are all doing, but the field is so large, the waiting harvest so great, that we constantly cry out "it is not enough," but there is no spare time, no coveted leisure for more work.

ROMEO.

EL SEE.

E. C.'S ANSWER.

"Truth, crushed to earth, will rise again;" and I so far resemble that virtue that after reading Back Number's letter in answer to my feeble "Remonstrance" I bob up serenely to reply.

But it is not quite fair that two should attack me at the same time. As M. E. H. seems quite mild about it, I will only ask her how she knows that I am so young as she seems to think? To be sure I spoke of having taught only two years, but there are cases where women left widows with ten children to support and having plenty of experience in the art of training youth, turn their attention to doing it for money. Now I don't like to speak of my own private affairs, so I will not say that I am one of those unfortunate women; only let M. E. H. be more careful in drawing her conclusions next time. It is always hard for a woman—even one with ten children—to acknowledge her age; but I may not have to lay that paper aside for so many years after all in order to read it when I am fifty.

Back Number is truly magnanimous to give me the benefit of a doubt in regard to my sincerity, but I cannot conscientiously accept the avenue of escape which she has so kindly provided. There is nothing in my former letter which I wish to retract. "Them's my sentiments whereby I means to stick," and what is more I firmly believe that they are the unexpressed sentiments of ninety-nine out of a hundred teachers. Back Number thinks I have mistaken my profession; let me tell her right now that if only those who feel thrills of delight permeating their whole being at entertaining a visitor during school hours were allowed to teach, she would have the pleasure of instructing her offspring without assistance. She congratulates herself that the teachers in the schools where she lives do not feel

as I do on the subject. Well, "where ignorance is bliss 'tis folly to be wise." It would certainly be a pity to disturb her in the pious belief that her visits are received with rapture and humble gratitude by the hired servants who for the magnificent sum of three hundred dollars a year—or less—have bound themselves to be at the beck and call of everybody in their district, and who must daily submit to impertinence for which a domestic servant would "give notice" without an instant's hesitation. Does Back Number imagine that if she should visit my school she would be otherwise than courteously received? Whatever might be my private opinion of her tact and common sense in thus interrupting my work, she would have no reason to complain of my manner of treating her. It is only in the HOUSEHOLD that we dare tell the truth. Does it begin to dawn upon her that possibly she knows nothing about the real feelings of those very teachers of whom she is so sure?

Suppose I describe a visitor after my own heart: She came just at the close of the morning session. Two pupils who had work with which I had promised to help them were still in the school room. She sat down and waited until I was at liberty, then told me briefly what she wished to say, thanked me for some little kindness I had shown her boy, and departed, not having taken up ten minutes' time. As she went I called down a blessing on her head and wished, O, so fervently! that there were more like her. Contrast her with the woman who came the other day, in the middle of the session, to ask why I had taken such a dislike to darling Jennie. For a moment I was too paralyzed to ask her what she meant, but finally discovered that my having changed the darling's seat was considered explicable only on the grounds of a personal dislike. It took the time of one entire recitation to soothe the irate female.

Another came "to jump on my collar" because I had obeyed the orders of the superintendent and required her daughter to report to him for tardiness. She told more times than I had patience to count that she had heart disease and that I must not send Mollie to the office because any excitement must be avoided. She would have done better to have avoided the excitement of a conversation with me and taken care that the girl should be punctual. Another woman possessed the attraction of a novelty in that she was overwhelmingly cordial to me, and very talkative on the subject of her son's failings. As she did not trouble to lower her voice in telling of his home faults, the boy was made supremely uncomfortable; I, hardly less so; and the other pupils were decidedly amused. But it is useless to multiply instances. I could go on indefinitely with cases which go to prove that the average woman visitor is a bore and a crank.

We are hired by the school board, and

the examinations we must pass and our work in the school-room are testimony to our fitness as teachers; we work under the constant supervision of our superintendent; and our ways and methods are arranged for us by him. If a woman wants these explained let her go to headquarters, not to us who are only working under orders.

Back Number says she loved her pupils. So do I — some of them. And if she will go down town with me some night just as the newsboys are starting out, or some Saturday afternoon when the girls are out in full force, and hear the greetings which not only my own pupils but those from other rooms give me, or take a view of the group which awaits me morning and noon in front of the house, she may think that "the Little Teacher" as some of them call me, is not so very unpopular after all; notwithstanding her heretical views in regard to parents visiting the school.

As for Back Number's closing aspiration in my behalf, thanks, awfully. It is so like a woman to be personal in discussing a purely business matter.

PORT HURON.

E. C.

TOBACCO VERSUS KISSES.

I want to speak to you, young fellow. You are just learning to use tobacco; and feel yourself quite a man because that last cigar or chew didn't make you very sick. I presume your father has talked to you about the evils of the habit you are forming, and perhaps your mother has wept over it, but I hardly think any one has said what I want to. It is a delicate subject. The only woman who can talk about it is the one who knows, and she does not like to give away her husband, father or brother—or herself. You are beginning to like the girls. You enjoy their chatter, and mirth, and beauty, and think a great deal about the time when one, more perfect than all the others, shall be your own, and love you above all else on earth. You dream of sweet caresses, and it is right and manly to do so; but in letting this habit fasten its grasp upon you, don't you know you are spoiling your lips for the kisses which are their natural right? She who comes to be your wife will have to close all her senses whenever she gives or receives one. If she is a sensitive woman (and you don't want any other) she may never speak of it; but she will suffer at every nerve to see you so constantly with your head over a spittoon, or wildly seeking some spot to empty your mouth upon before speaking. No matter how fond she may be of you, or how proud of your attainments, I assure you that awful "splot! splot!" between sentences will spoil many a good talk for her.

Then, you cannot see so far ahead now, but if you are a fortunate man, there will be another set of girls about you by and bye, whose kisses and ad-

miration will be different, but just as dear as those you think of now. You will want just such close sweet clinging kisses as you see them give their mother, but you'll not get them. They will shun your mouth and pick out the best place they can on your cheeks or forehead, making you realize that the cost of your tobacco is far from being all paid with dimes and dollars. Of course this little bit of old woman's talk won't make any difference. You'll feel sure of kisses enough. Yes, for a time. But never, even in your inmost thoughts, accuse your dear ones of coldness, or mourn the lack of caresses. Love may be as strong as Death, and yet shrink from kisses flavored with tobacco.

MRS. BLANK.

"WHAT CANNOT BE CURED, MUST BE ENDURED."

When I read, "A Question for the HOUSEHOLD," by A. G. S. in the HOUSEHOLD of December 31st, this old saying flashed through my mind, and seemed quite applicable to the question.

My sympathy was at once aroused for this woman, whose burden seems greater than she can bear; and while I am too young and inexperienced to advise in a case like this, I thought perhaps even the personal sympathy of a HOUSEHOLDER would be acceptable.

I have always been a firm believer in this quotation: "The best way to bear crosses is to consecrate them, all in silence, to God." But this patient wife has for ten years been controlled by these "Golden Words," and her heart seems almost crushed beneath its burdens, which has proven to me that silence is not always "golden."

I believe had she poured out her trial into some loving heart, before this, that burden would perhaps have become lighter—but she never murmured. And now she comes trembling into our midst, not simply to ask advice, but to have some one tell her, "just how she ought to feel in the matter."

Perhaps God has given her this trial as a discipline, to bring forth the melody of her nature. "He knows what keys in the human soul to touch in order to draw out its sweeter and most perfect harmonies."

I do not believe Heaven requires everything of a woman, even if man does (in some cases). If life is made to abound with pains and troubles, it is a great advantage to have a faculty to soften these pains; be sure to have a good stock of patience laid by, and be sure you put it where you can easily find it.

"And if by patient toil we reach the land
Where tired feet, with sandals loose, may rest,
When we shall clearly know and understand,
I think that we will say, God knew the best."

However discouraged and weary we may be, the promises of God will never cease to shine, like the stars at night, to cheer and strengthen us.

I do not think it right that A. G. S. was not consulted as to her feelings in

regard to this afflicted brother-in-law, (seemingly a thorn in the flesh). I believe the majority of women would have risen up in righteous indignation, to have been so imposed on, and so utterly ignored. But as long as "What cannot be cured, must be endured," I advise bearing the burden as cheerfully and patiently as is possible, keeping the sunshine of a loving faith in the heart.

"A hopeful spirit will discern the silver lining of the blackest cloud," for back of all planning and doing, with its discouragements and hindrances, shines the light of divine help.

"There's only One who understands
And enters into all we feel;
There's only One who views each spring,
And each perplexing wheel."

MT. CLEMENS.

LITTLE NAN.

COMMENTS.

When I see the HOUSEHOLD letters growing few, I look around to see if there is any way whereby I may lend a helping hand, for the HOUSEHOLD is one of the few things I will not give up.

I will begin with Theopolus. If I were his wife I would prefer to have him lie quietly in bed, even these cold mornings, until breakfast was ready, rather than growling around in the kitchen like any other old bear, as I am sure he would be. And there are the mothers-in-law! I always thought they had to bear more than their share of blame, but read a bit of advice once that were it strictly followed would save many a family rupture. It was this: "Never, never, under any circumstances, live with your mother-in-law, but if worse comes to worst, let your mother-in-law live with you." One thing I have often noticed is that "his folks" are much oftener weighed in the balance and found wanting than "her folks."

I feel sure that there are much worse places than the poorhouse to live in. I know some who are never sure of a second meal and depend altogether on charity, who would be much more comfortable in the county house. A friend of mine has lately paid a visit to our county house and reports the inmates as well cared for and contented, a paradise beside the way many live, even in this small town. But after all, as I heard a good minister say in a sermon to the Knights of the Maccabees, "There is no friend so true as a dollar to you."

In my directions for making a memory jug, given Dec. 3d, 1892, I should have said between three and four pounds of putty instead of two or three for the sized jug mentioned, and you can mix in plaster of Paris to make it the right consistency to work well, and still be stiff enough to hold the things in place.

That bit of counsel by Lois, of Midland, comes in good time and hits the nail square in the head.

Thanks, Maybelle, but Aunt Nell has been with you all along, only you failed to recognize her under the shorter name of

BESS.

PLAINWELL.

FROM THE HILL-TOPS.

"When the days begin to lengthen the cold begins to strengthen" were the chill words which used to ring in my ears about this time during the winter's long reign at the north. We calculate that our "cold weather" is about over now. There have been several frosts which touched some delicate foliage plants and singed the great spreading flags of the bananas, but the sun grows very warm sometimes in the middle of the day and the wind is then soft as the breath of June. Last Sunday people sought the shady seats in the park, and as we walked to church in the lovely evening the earth seemed perfect under the deep sky with its wondrous clearness. Nowhere have I seen the sky so blue as here, so brilliant in its starry, passionless calm. As we walked, we spoke of the heavy snow the papers said had fallen in the east, and its soft pauseless falling became so vivid I almost felt its cold clinging touch, when happening to see in a passing window a fly-paper with some of the poor deluded insects stuck upon it, I was struck by the incongruity of the thing and the season. Nothing it seems can be quite perfect to man. You hear some people who live here complaining of the monotony of the weather and wishing they could be set out in a snow-storm to freeze for a few minutes. The majority of expressions I hear from those who have lived here a few years are favorable, and they are doubtful if any one who has lived here a year, can return east and be content.

It is wonderful to a stranger how lovely a day can bloom out of a cold, foggy morning. This morning the city was dim and cold, a fog had rolled in during the night and its billowy mist shrouded us. Having a call to make in East Los Angeles, we buttoned up warm wraps as we would in Michigan and set out about ten o'clock. As we walked up the street looking toward the mountains, there beyond us through the gloom lay the sunlight pale and golden upon the hill-sides and before we left the street-car three miles distant, it spread splendidly down through the valley and the earth was aglow with warmth and beauty. Los Angeles extends over a large area; it is a city of magnificent distances and charming in its suburbs, where the homes are built up the hill-sides as well as in the valley. We were well out toward the city limits with the lovely country and its freedom around us. We could not resist climbing some of the hills near to get a view of the valley. The sweetest earth, the fairest sky! On the tenth of January, think of the earth in the tenderest green of summer, with soft breathing fragrance lifted by gentlest wandering airs, billowy hills all bathed in beaming warmth, soft bird-notes falling into the happy silence, flowing waters shining in their laughing hurry through the valley and away! A magnolia tree we passed

set thick with blossoms, great tasselled cups which had caught the tint of the distant mountains veiled in their dreamy beauty. And the pepper-trees—people think to give an idea of them by painting branches on plaques and canvas, trying to mass their slender leaves, delicate bloom, berries pale green and some turning red; but no one can know the pepper trees who has not seen the grace and beauty of their plummy branches and tinted berries set against the background of the deep sky with the wavering shadows interlacing beneath their outspreading boughs.

For some time we sat on the hill-top and were glad because of the life and intelligence we saw everywhere manifest. There is not much one can tell. As we linger in the temple of nature, all its peace and melody fill our lifted hearts. We grow careless, free, and blest. The consciousness of Rest enfolds us. We have climbed into that Kingdom where the poisoned anxieties of life drop away, where the sparrow's fall is noted, and the lilies, though they toil not, are arrayed in beauty. If we only knew that in that great love from which we came, we live and move and have our being, we should find the golden key of all life's mystery.

"Oh, where is the sea?" the fishes cried.
As they swam the crystal clearness through;
We've heard from of old of the ocean's tide,
And we long to look at the waters blue.
The wise ones speak of the infinite sea;
Oh, who can tell us if such there be?"

"The lark flew up in the morning bright,
And sung and balanced on sunny wings;
And this was its song: 'I see the light,
I look o'er a world of beautiful things:
But flying and singing everywhere,
In vain I have searched to find the air.'"
LOS ANGELES, CAL. HATTIE L. HALL.

DON'T KICK.

Here is a short tale that is good reading for D. K., and the "moral" will stick out like a rabbit's ears. Sitting on the ground, close to my Phlox Drummondii one day, I saw a poor and humble ant trying to drag the body of a wasp ten times bigger than itself up a slight rise. Ten times the thing fell down and ten times the little insect dragged it up again, and the eleventh it succeeded, and both disappeared in its hole. Now D. K., that recipe was all right; we have followed it fifteen years with success. Don't throw away that bottle or its contents. Possibly the beans were past middle age and were rather decrepit, or "the rale old stuff" might have been so strong they couldn't take hold at first, but at the end of six months, your vanilla will be so good and smelly that your friends will begin to "sniff" as soon as they open the front door, and hint to stay to tea. It rejoices me that you "don't like your love to taste and smell so much like alcohol." Probably we are both white ribboners, and would hob-nob first rate even over a cream flavored by your vanilla.

At the end of five years if your extract is still nothing but alcohol, it can be of use. Have some tableaux at your

house, and arrange a ghost scene. Put some common salt on a tin plate, pour over the alcohol and set it on fire. The effect will be awful!!

SISTER GRACIOUS.

FALLING OF THE HAIR.

"Anna," of St. Johns, propounds the following inquiry: "Can any of the HOUSEHOLD readers give me a recipe to prevent the hair from falling off, leaving the head bare in spots?"

We regard Dr. Leonard as authority on all subjects connected with the hair and its diseases. In regard to this particular form of baldness, medically known as *Alopecia circumscripta*, he says that constitutional treatment is necessary, to first discover the cause, which is generally due to some derangement of the system. Proper hygienic rules must be adopted, everything tending to build up the general health is of service. A tonic of bark and iron, and cod-liver oil emulsions, especially in connection with the hyposulphites of lime and soda, are mentioned as beneficial. As local applications, Dr. Leonard recommends painting the bare patches with pure tincture of iodine or tincture of cantharidis, the object being to excite the hair follicles by irritation. Acetic acid is named as a beneficial application, painted on the bare places and kept there until a stinging sensation is produced, then washed off with a bit of sponge and warm water. "Carbolic acid, similarly applied, though no washing off is necessary unless the extent of surface is large, will also be useful. A superficial exfoliation of the cuticle will follow if used undiluted, though this will only be beneficial." A liniment to be applied daily with friction may be used instead of these, if preferred: One ounce each of chloroform, aconite liniment, ammonia and camphor. Use only on the bare places.

After the downy hair begins to grow from the follicles, which will usually be in from five to six weeks, it should be kept clipped short and less severe irritants applied locally. A tonic recommended for daily use is this: Tr. red chincona bark, one fluid ounce; tr. nuxvomica, two drachms; tr. cantharidis, one drachm; two ounces each of cologne and oil of cocoanut. Apply with a bit of soft sponge.

To "Anna's" other inquiry we would say we cannot recommend or discuss the merits of patent medicines in the HOUSEHOLD, and advise consulting a reliable physician in preference to using the one mentioned.

Contributed Recipes.

PORK CAKE.—One lb. salt pork, chopped very fine; pour over it one pint boiling water, two cups brown sugar; one cup molasses; one pound raisins; one pound oranges; large spoonful soda; citron and spices to taste, one egg. Make quite thick with flour. This makes three loaves and keeps very nicely.

D. E.

UNION CITY.