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THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

THIS IS WHAT THEY THINK.

BY H. S. DIMON.

Up and down the city walks
Or on the village green,
All the girls are after me
Wherever I am seen.

Because I am a bachelor.

I cannot go to ball or play
Or yet a fair attend,
But what I must be introduced
To everybody's friend,

Because I am a bachelor.

E'en at church I can't escape
The conflict of bright eyes;
But each and all are waiting
To try and win the prize.

Because I am a bachelor.

I know not how I shall escape
Unless I take a wife;
And ten to one but she would prove
The torment of my life.

Because I've been a bachelor.

My mind's made up—I'll leave the place,
I'll either hang or drown,
Or else I will the circus join
And act the part of clown.

If they will have a bachelor.

Something desperate must be done
To stop this endless strife:
I'm death on maidens, young or old,
And on the name of wife;

I'm bound to be a bachelor.

OUT OF TOWN.

"I shall expect you at Birmingham when apple orchards are in bloom," wrote Mrs. Langley, well known to HOUSEHOLD people as A. L. L., to the Editor, last April, while buds were bursting the resinous overcoats which had protected them through the winter, and the earliest spring flowers were trooping up in fence corners and hedge-rows. It had been ten years since I had seen an apple tree in its glory of promise, and I rather longed for the vision. And so Saturday, May 16th, was set for the visit, and all the "signs were right" up to Friday night.

"Good gracious! whatever's happened to the weather!!" was my audible comment Saturday morning when I essayed to close the windows—left wide open the night before because it was so warm—in face of a north wind that made my teeth chatter. No wonder I had dreamed of an Alaskan trip in which I was cast away on an iceberg covered with apple trees! "What a day for a pleasure trip!" I thought. But the thing I dislike most, next to a personal disappointment, is to disap-

point some one else, so of course I decided to keep the engagement, and reached the station with just forty seconds to spare. Half an hour brought me to Birmingham, and in a few moments more I was being welcomed at "Fairholm." A "fair home" it is, too, to be fairer when contemplated improvements are carried out. I missed the beautiful hedges and the wide lawns of "Ingleside," but Mr. Langley said he didn't—too much lawn mower together with a growing incompatibility with work.

This was my first visit to Birmingham, which I found to be a very pretty town, with streets shaded by fine maples, many neat residences and a few fine ones, three or four churches, a handsome school building, waterworks, a little knot of stores and shops and a hotel, a bank in a nice new block, and a newspaper, the *Eccentric*, which is as good a local paper as is published in any town of Birmingham's size in the State. A large proportion of the residents are retired farmers, who have accumulated a competence and moved to town, leasing their farms or letting their sons manage them.

There is a "Village Improvement Society," started among the young people, mostly pupils in the school, which has compassed much tree-planting, and furnished street lamps and a man to light and keep them in order. The good work of the youngsters has stirred up their seniors, and several public improvements are contemplated—a fountain on the public square, another at the station, these being made possible by the system of waterworks, supplied by flowing wells, which abound in this vicinity. There is a Ladies' Library Association, with a library of nearly 1,700 volumes, which A. L. L. says are well chosen; the Association bought an old church and converted it into a hall where entertainments are held, and a library room. The Cemetery Association is also composed of ladies, and the adjoining burial grounds are neatly kept and tastily enclosed.

Birmingham is desirous of becoming a suburban town. Its nearness to the city, good railroad service (a suburban train from Detroit to Orchard Lake is run daily which gives reduced rates to holders of season tickets), its natural advantages, pure air and high-and-dry

location, ought to render it inviting to the city resident who wants a conveniently near summer residence where his family can spend the hot months, and where he can run out to see them and spend Sunday, though held in the city by business during the week. The only attraction the town lacks is a lake or a river, for the city man usually has an insane passion to go fishing, and finds the acme of rural happiness—as he knows it—in sitting in the sun in a boat, and holding a string with a worm at the other end, in ardent expectation of "a bite." The mosquitoes generally get the bites, but the man thinks he's having great sport, so both are pleased. Two little spring-fed rivulets unite near the town, and form the beginning of the River Rouge, which flows into the Detroit river below Detroit, but this is all Birmingham can offer as yet. One branch flows through a ravine with high banks, where by damming and aiding nature in the construction of a basin an artificial lake might be made; but this is a possibility merely discussed as yet, though some day the capital may be forthcoming and the scheme realized.

The country about Birmingham is beautiful. It was looking its brightest and best that May Sunday, despite the frost that damaged fruits to some extent on the previous evening. The farms are fine—good fences, level, well-cleared fields, handsome and commodious homes and capacious barns all attest the farmers' prosperity. The Watkin and Rundel farms are well known to readers of the FARMER through the fine stock they carry. The roads are magnificent—all but the "Southfield road," which is clayey, and gave evidence of deep ruts and hard pulling for teams earlier in the year, though dry and dusty now.

The distant forests showed an infinite variety of tints of green and tender browns—the shining brightness of the beech, the beautiful elm, of which we encountered some magnificent specimens, the darker hue of the maples mingled with the more tardily developing oak and walnut, and broken here and there by a dogwood shrub in full bloom against the verdant background, made up a charming picture, even finer than Corot's most exquisite landscape.

And the apple orchards! Oh yes,

they were lovely! Far away in every direction one caught glimpses of white clad trees nestled in hollows or stretching along green slopes. But the trees are blossoming very unevenly this year, and many of the winter sorts, Baldwins particularly, are almost bare of bloom; and it was noticeable that the young orchards gave less promise than the old trees, among which some huge orchard monarchs were literally Titanic bouquets.

All things have an end, including pleasant days as well, and so Monday morning saw me back in the city, with apple blossoms and Birmingham laid away together among pleasant memories.

BEATRIX.

A UNIQUE ENTERTAINMENT.

The last meeting of the C. L. S. C. was very enjoyable, and some parts of the programme might easily be used by other societies for an evening's entertainment. First came the opening exercises, which consist of a motto recited by the Circle in concert, followed by prayer by the president, all the members joining in the Lord's prayer at its close. Then our seven years old Clara went to the organ and sang "Ring Those Charming Bells," playing her own accompaniment very nicely. It is a plantation melody that she heard the Fisk jubilee singers give at Bay View last summer.

The lessons in geology and French literature were then recited, followed by a table talk on the different religious creeds, in which topics had been assigned to twenty members, each one limited to two minutes. Next came recess, when apples, bananas and oranges were served to the company.

On taking up the programme again the first thing was an instrumental duett by the eldest and youngest sons of the family, a violin solo with organ accompaniment.

"The Geology of Romeo," was a paper of much local interest, and the roll call following was really unique. The hostess said: "Heretofore the roll call has been a test of our mental capabilities, but this evening we will vary the order by testing our five physical senses—seeing, smelling, tasting and hearing. We often say that we know anything because we saw it with our own eyes or heard with our own ears. We will prove if this be true, and those giving correct answers will receive a prize." She gave to each member a sheet of paper and pencil, after which a tray containing five articles was placed on the center table, and the company were told that they might look at but must not touch the articles and they were to write the names of the five. There was a whale's tooth, a peculiar formation of lava, bread fruit, a mass of melted nails and an ear of clay corn—kindergarten work. For the next five colored bottles were passed around,

each to judge of the contents by the smell, as they could not see and must not taste, and these contained carbolic acid, ammonia, vinegar, camphor and perfume. Then five sachet bags, fashioned from different bright colors, were sent around the room, for them to guess by feeling; these contained oats, beans, buttons, cornmeal and cut straw. For the taste a small tray was brought in on which was a glass dish and enough spoons for all the company, each one taking a spoonful from the dish, which contained a mixture of cornstarch, sugar, cocoa, cinnamon and nutmeg, and was really a palatable "dose." After they had satisfied themselves as to this the hostess touched a bell and announced that the test would conclude with music by the Chinese band of five pieces and opened a door upon the porch where the five children all together discoursed classical (?) music on a horn, flute, triangle, mouth-organ and kazoo.

Each sheet of paper contained the name of the writer and these were exchanged; then as a correct list was read the mistakes were marked, and as each name was called the report was made. The best paper had three errors, so no prize was taken, but the exercise was productive of much merriment, and the plan might be elaborated into a "quiz social" and be a taking entertainment.

More music and the business and closing exercises finished the evening's programme for over thirty guests, and another Friday evening will give us something entirely different but always enjoyable.

As a sequel, the cook took what was not used of the taste test, and by adding yolks of eggs and a little salt and boiling milk, made a pudding for next day's dessert, covering with a slightly browned meringue of the whites. The family of six pronounced it delicious, and when asked for its name she called it "Taste."

EL. SEE.

ROMEO.

DOMESTIC EXPERIENCES.

Last Monday I tried Busy Bee's mode of washing, and liked it so well I thought I must report to her through the HOUSEHOLD. In so doing I write my first letter to that little weekly visitor,

I have only been married three years, but I have always had the HOUSEHOLD during that time, for my husband was a subscriber to the FARMER when I came here to live. I find the HOUSEHOLD a help sometimes.

I have quite a family to do for—two babies, the older one not two years old yet, two hired men by the month, besides my husband and myself; and I find I have to do my work the shorter way in order to get it done.

I would say as to washing, that my clothes were as white and clear last Monday as when I rubbed, boiled, sudsed, rinsed and blued them, and it was such a saving of time and carrying

water. Will Busy Bee please tell me what she uses for a weight under which to press her clothes.

I think El. See's ginger cake splendid; also many other recipes I find in the HOUSEHOLD.

I am quite interested in Brue's affairs; the more I read her letters the more so I become.

ZIPP.

ORLEANS.

MAC COMES AGAIN.

Many thanks to those who have so kindly answered my inquiry regarding my soap. I did not think it possible for lye to be too strong if plenty of grease was used; but I tried adding soft water and found it was just what was wanted.

I often wonder if any of the HOUSEHOLD correspondents have as much housework to do as I, or if they have, how they find time to write for the HOUSEHOLD. I suppose they keep in mind that "Where there's a will there's a way." I'm sure my will is all right, but it is the way that fails me. How many times I've resolved, and failed on account of lack of time, to give the HOUSEHOLD my opinion on some of the different subjects discussed in its columns, I do not know. Any one who lives on a farm can not but know that this is about the busiest time of the year for both the farmer and his wife.

I sometimes think that if I but had the "Patent Electric Reversible Double-Back Action Backbone" spoken of by Mrs. H. R. Dewey in her reply to Charles Baker's address, it would be a great help to me.

Last Saturday I fully resolved to write my little item for the HOUSEHOLD, but feeling rather tired after cleaning off the kitchen floor, baking for Sunday and getting dinner for ten, besides attending to the many other things that necessity compels a housekeeper to look after, I thought I'd take a nap of just one half hour, but instead took three hours, when I was awakened by a rap at the door. Whom should it be but the minister from the far off State of Ohio, who was to preach for us on the Sabbath, and one of our church elders. Both came to stay for tea, so that put an end to my writing for that day. Sunday morning I was up at seven; breakfast at eight, and by the time the breakfast dishes were washed it left me just time enough to get ready and drive two and one half miles to church—for service at half-past ten. I got home about one o'clock; had dinner; fed forty little chickens scarcely a week old, then read and slept the rest of the day.

Monday morning I was up at half-past five, feeling a little happier than usual because I did not have to wash, as I had engaged a girl the Saturday previous to help me throughout the coming season. She promised faithfully to be along early Monday morning, so I merely put the washing to soak and went about the rest of the work, but

moon and night came and no girl, so this being Tuesday morning I got at my washing as soon as the rest of the morning's work was done, and got through about ten. I thought then I'd do a little papering before dinner, when back comes the Ohio gentleman again to remain for a couple of days, so that finishes my papering until he is gone. I always try to act as if I did not have much to do when company comes, that they may not feel that they are intruding on my time, but my! how I have to dig in sometimes when they are gone! I always try to keep baking enough ahead, so that if company comes—as is likely to happen at any moment on a farm, I do not have to spend all my time baking and working while company remains, for I'm sure it is anything but pleasant for either party.

BROOKWAY.

MAC.

DOMESTIC AND SOCIAL DUTIES.

[Paper read by Mrs. C. S. Kent at the Institute at Augusta, held under the auspices of the Kalamazoo Husbandmen's Club.]

When in the course of human events a woman accepts the position of wife and home keeper for the one man in all the world, it is expected that she has some knowledge fitting her for this new place. She will have plenty of knowledge and tried theories, but wisdom, ah! that comes slowly and after many sad experiences. In no other department of the working world is one person expected to know so much and know it so well. Poor woman! She is looked to for three palatable and wholesome meals a day, for good bread, pies and cake, for well cooked meats, for preserving and pickling, for making butter which must rival that of the creamery, for laundry work, dress-making, raising poultry, entertaining company, to keep the house neat and tidy, and the newspapers insist in addition to all of these domestic accomplishments she must always wear a clean dress, hair in order, and must meet her husband with a smile. Now to expect the mistress of so many trades and arts to do all of these things for her board and clothes, and then to insist on "that smile" is too much; and as we shall have to make a stand somewhere, let it be there. It is the joy of a good woman to make all who are set apart with her in a family as comfortable and happy as she can. But there are so many varying temperaments among our housekeepers, and not much liberty for free action, yet all must go in the one household groove, or be counted a failure.

Men are usually supposed to be following the business their natural tastes fit them for, and we all know what natural aptitude can do in a special line. Some ladies here can make a delicious cake by putting in a little of this and more of that, and so dexterously managing the whole thing that they confidently look for the result without misgiving. Another may enter a room and by a little deft arrangement of

furniture, trifles and light, put the tasteful, homelike stamp upon it. One charms you by her easy and intelligent conversation, showing her thorough reading and memory; another may use the needle or brush to create a thing of beauty; still another will group flowers in such a way that their beauty reaches the heart and exalts the soul. But we rarely find all of these graces united in one person except in the story books. Yet I say, in spite of the multiplicity of tastes and gifts, if a woman has accepted this place of homekeeper, she is as much bound to do her best in it, as is her husband to make his chosen vocation successful and home-supporting.

A woman who expects success in anything must give it careful, concentrated planning. Hap-hazard may sometimes "get there," but is not to be depended on. This power of concentrating the mind on any given piece of work, thus enabling you to do it in the best and swiftest way, is the *why* some accomplish more than others. To be able to decide quickly on a plan and execute it comes by training, and no man or woman does justice to his or her talents unless before middle life every faculty has become thoroughly under control for all it is worth.

One of the virtues we must earnestly desire is to rise above worry, not to constantly "nag" those about us by this rasping nettle. Some forcible writer has written "Never worry about things you can't help, for that is useless; nor about things you can help, but work to remove the cause," good advice which we should all strive to follow. It is commendable for a woman to have a bright, sensible interest in all that concerns her husband's business, but I scarcely include in her domestic duties the necessity of meddling in the minutiae of every day's routine; as we would not relish a too active interest in our household plans on the part of our husbands.

Our social duties are as imperative as our domestic, and the exercise of both develops our character symmetrically. To be thoroughly alive we want to use all our powers, as disuse soon causes atrophy. As God has given us a social nature we should be careful to give it its rightful place in our lives. The inspiration of love, of friendship, of sympathy one towards another is beyond compute. The use, not the abuse of society helps to keep up the enthusiasms of life, without which how dull and wearisome our duties become! Who among us has not been overworked and cumbered with much care and discouraged in consequence, but by getting out and away from sight and hearing of it all and meeting friends, receiving their cordial greetings and sympathetic clasp of hand, with a little merry "chit-chat," we go home and lo, the mountains have dwindled to "mole hills," and new vigor is in our heart and brain. The kind things we do and say are a

perpetual source of blessing to us, and life is so short and uncertain that no opportunity should be lost to sow for such a harvest.

We can make our social life rich in many ways in this comfortable age, and we must give as well as take in it. Let the best in us respond to kind efforts of friends, that we may grow more and more into the likeness of the ideal man and woman. We must avail ourselves of all the glorious privileges possible to us in this Nineteenth Century to broaden and deepen our lives, and set the currents ever stronger and stronger towards the good and pure.

I would suggest to all these gentlemen present that they possibly may have some domestic and social duties which I hope they will not shirk upon the shoulders of the weaker partner. It was ordained of God—this man and woman partnership; and there can be no ideal development of home and society unless they work strongly and congenially together, supplementing one another's work. If the wife cooks you a good dinner and otherwise well does her duties, give her a little word of praise now and then; we like it, as I notice you do. We all enjoy honest appreciation. It lightens our burdens and doubles our joys. Then when the wife is in the agonies of preparation for a dinner or tea party, don't insist on cleaning the stove pipe and chimneys or scalding the brine from a barrel of beef, or greasing the harness, or any other of those delightful things a man will contrive to think of at such a time.

And have you noticed, ladies, how versatile the genius of man is in devising new footgear? You would almost suppose man to be a centipede to gaze upon the rows and rows of boots and shoes which adorn all of our kitchens—rubber boots, felt boots, shoes, overshoes, arctics and what not. One of the longings of the feminine soul is to have, and a domestic duty of man is to build, an addition to the house for the accommodation of the foot coverings so dear to their hearts. We would rather have that than to vote for the next president.

And now may I say to the young that they too have domestic and social duties which will make them the happier to perform, and add greatly to the comfort of the world. Give freely of your vivacity, of your boundless enthusiasm and hope; of your gayety and enjoyment of life. Use your natural gifts to make the sum total of enjoyment larger for those less generously dowered. Learn to serve well your day and generation with your best efforts; keeping your souls pure and unspotted, so that in later years they will be your most prized possession.

In conclusion, let us one and all give appreciative credit to our farmers' gathering, which is only a family enlarged, where we come together for mutual improvement, for affectionate, kindly intercourse, and for uplifting moral support.

TRUSTING IN PROVIDENCE.

How much are those who are sick, or in distress, trusting in Providence when they resort to other means for help? This query is suggested by Keturah's inquiry in last HOUSEHOLD concerning Grandpa's health. While wrestling with the grippe during the last three or four weeks, unattended by a physician or nurse, wholly dependent on Providence, pluck, patience and grit for bringing him safely "out of the woods," the thought suggested itself whether persons do not make mistakes when they pray to the Lord for help, and then go right off and employ human aid. Grandpa is about prepared to think if he had been waited on, doctored and nursed as most persons are, he would have been dead and buried ere this.

GRANDPA.

MUSKEGON.

SOFT SOAP.

Soft soap may be made from almost any kind of wood ashes without the use of lime, although lime does good. Pound your leach quite hard; have some straw in the bottom of the leach; run the first few gallons of lye through the leach the second time; boil the lye and grease together for a few hours and let cool. If it separates dip off the grease and lye carefully and throw away the sediment that is at the bottom, and boil again. Add grease, lye or water, as the case may require. Tell what is needed by taking some hot soap in a dish and trying. Water generally fills the bill.

WINTHROP.

EATON RAPIDS.

HOW IT WAS DONE.

A Dakota paper tells how "the ladies" set about raising money for "the church," and the result. Does any one in Michigan recognize in Western methods a transcript of those which obtain this side the Great Divide?

"So it came to pass that the ladies worked. They made forty-seven frosted cakes, three thousand cookies, ninety-one plain cakes, twelve freezers-full of ice cream, bought sixty quarts of strawberries, persuaded all the papers to give them long free notices, paid for the job printing with a twenty-five-cent ticket, sat up nights and labored with fancy work, and ruined their chances of salvation by putting prices on it; and likewise, among miscellaneous things, pounded ice, and walked round on a trot, and waited on the table, and washed dishes, and got confused making change, and forgot to give the newspapers complimentaries, and spoiled their best dresses, and carried chairs and tables, and tired themselves out and finally made themselves sick; all of which, without any exception or omission, they did in holding a church fair and festival in aid of foreign missions; and the next day, when the re-

porter asked them how much they made out of the operation, they told him cheerfully that by close figuring they found that they had lost only about \$7.33, but that they were going to hold another, week after next, and hoped to do a little better. And then the wicked paper came out and said that 'the ladies who had charge of the recent church festival report that they cleared a handsome sum and are so gratified with the result that they will give another soon.'"

FIFTEEN THOUSAND MANUSCRIPTS.

Mr. Bok, the Editor of *The Ladies' Home Journal*, recently gave some interesting figures relative to the manuscripts received by his magazine during 1890. Owing to its departments and peculiar character, the *Journal* probably receives more manuscripts than any magazine published. Mr. Bok says that he received at his office a total number of 15,205 manuscripts. Of these, 2,280 were poems; 1,746 stories and 11,179 miscellaneous articles. Of the poems, 66 were accepted; of the stories, only 21, and of the articles 410, of which latter, however, over 300 were solicited articles. Thus, it will be seen that of the entire 15,000 manuscripts only 497 were accepted; a trifle over three per cent. Deducting from this the 300 accepted articles written at the editor's solicitation, the net percentage of unsolicited manuscripts accepted is brought down to 197, or a little more than one per cent. Statistics such as these show how much utter trash is being written, and the number of persons writing who ought to be employing their time at something else and better.

A VERY old book of recipes—a domestic compendium which embraces almost every topic on which one seeks information—gives the following formula for common solder: "Put in a crucible two pounds of lead, when melted put in one pound of tin. When heated by a hot iron and applied to tinned iron with powdered resin, it acts as a cement or solder; it is also used to join lead pipes, etc." For a hard solder, the directions are two pounds of copper and one pound of tin, melted together; for soft solder, two pounds of tin and one of lead. The study of this old recipe book is interesting and profitable; and we have a suspicion that several favorite medicines and toilet preparations now sold at high prices, are prepared from formulas found in it. The scope of its contents may be inferred from the fact that it tells how to paint on satin and how to make liniment for rheumatism, how to treat scarlet fever and clean gloves, make beer and raise potatoes, prepare rice pudding and freeze quicksilver. That the art of adulteration was known at this early date we may infer from a recipe to make Jamaica rum, followed by directions for making an imitation.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

If you want your "greens" to be at their best estate, do not boil them too long. Boil from fifteen to thirty minutes in salted water and they will be much more palatable and quite as tender as if boiled an hour or more.

"A Winged Necessity" is what a scientist calls the common house-fly, that torment of the tidy housekeeper. He goes on to say: "The popular idea of flies is that they are a nuisance, while in reality they are often the most useful of scavengers. To such an extent are they necessary that many families can not exist without them. To see a great swarm of flies about a house is a sure sign of dirt, and the best fly screen in the world is cleanliness. The house fly lays its eggs in decaying vegetable matter, such as potato skins, rhubarb tops, etc., and in manure piles especially; also in any refuse of a fermenting character. House flies are supposed to transmit disease germs, and their filthy habits would lead me to suspect that this theory is correct. For instance, they will wade into refuse from the sick room and then may fly directly into the dining-room and alight upon a beefsteak or other food upon the table. They will also alight upon the face and often break the skin by their bite and at the same time may let filth directly into the blood." Hence we are justified in our war upon them.

MRS. W. S. S., of Kalamazoo, says: "I saw by Busy Bee's article in a recent HOUSEHOLD that she has a 'hen' hovering over 180 eggs. I wish to know more about the hen and what success. I suppose it was an incubator. Please will she tell us what success she had in the hatch; what kind of an incubator; what was the cost and how she likes it by this time."

Useful Recipes.

STRAWBERRY JAM.—To each pound of fine and not too ripe berries, allow three-quarters of a pound of sugar. Put into a preserving kettle and stir gently so as not to break the fruit; simmer for half an hour; put in air-tight cans.

BAKING POWDER BISCUIT.—For a family of five or six, take three cups of flour, one and one-half cups of water, a pinch of salt. (For two, divide the recipe by three.) Mix, knead well, roll out, then turn the biscuit over in a little melted lard in a pie pan—this makes the crust brown nicely. No shortening must be used in the biscuit. Bake quickly.

CHOCOLATE CUP CUSTARD.—To a quart of milk add the beaten yolks of five eggs and two heaping tablespoonfuls of chocolate, vanilla, sugar to taste and a very little salt. Melt the chocolate in a little hot milk before adding to the other ingredients. Fill cups with this, and set them in a pan of water to bake; they will need about fifteen minutes. Serve cold.