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THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

For the Household.

BABY'S JOURNEY.

BY ELIZABETH DIMON PRESTON.

Baby is going to Slumberland;
Wish him a journey fleet;
No more, we hope, 'till morning light
Will ope those eyes so sweet.

Let's count the milestones, one by one,
Our little boy will see
As the Express for Slumberland
Flies swift by house and tree.

Ah ha, we've reached the first one:
On it, in letters clear
"I m, a nod" is written plain;
Now doesn't that seem queer?

The second is a dimpled smile;
The third is only "snore."
While by the fourth we're made aware
That baby's journey's o'er.

A MODERN MANSION.

I had recently the opportunity of inspecting the interior of a very handsome residence in this city, fitted up with all the modern conveniences in the most complete style and latest fashion. The drawing and reception rooms and the library are not yet decorated or furnished, and I shall reserve a description of those apartments until a future occasion, and tell you, this time, about the "living part" of the home, the kitchen and its adjuncts. A family of three persons will occupy this residence, hence while it is not by any means the largest, it is yet probably the most complete, substantially built and well equipped residence on the fine avenue on which it stands. It is amply large enough for the family and servants, and to allow the exercise of hospitable instincts toward company.

It is heated by natural gas, lighted by both gas and electricity, has electric bells, speaking-tubes, telephone, seven bath and toilet rooms, a closet for every bedroom and a few extra ones, and a contrivance by which, by pressing a button, the electric light can be turned on or out after a person is comfortably tucked up in bed. The carving of the drawing room and the great staircase, painstakingly done by hand, is exquisite, but as I aim to describe these later, I shall begin with the dining-room, a commodious apartment in the rear of the drawing room and communicating with the main hall, which has, like the hall, a fine oak ceiling,

and walls covered with light terra cotta in a material resembling Lincrusta Walton. It is lighted by two large windows between which is the mantel, an imposing creation with stained glass in the background, and which I think must be in cathedral style for it reminded me of the pictures of shrines so common in Catholic countries, and which here must be dedicated to the god who presides over good dinners. The sideboard is built into the room, and like it, done in oak, and the dining-room chairs are of oak upholstered in leather, with a larger chair with arms for the host.

From this room a door opens into a passage communicating with the kitchen, and next this door is another leading into the butler's pantry. Here, behind sliding glass doors, are ranged the silver and the fine dishes. I saw a handsome set of decorated china, a dainty after-dinner coffee set, a Haviland ice cream set in old rose, and lots of other pretty things. Beneath this cupboard are drawers for table linen, towels, etc. On the other side is a marble-topped shelf where carving is to be done, an inclined shelf and recessed bowl with faucets for hot and cold water, where the precious and costly china is to be washed. Under this is an enclosed place for wines, where they may be cooled for serving, etc.

Next is the kitchen, a good sized room with a big range at one side, having over it a hood to collect and carry away odors of cooking. In this room was a dial-like arrangement—having too many "hands" for a clock, however, and when the bell was rung at front or side door or in the library or upstairs rooms, one of the little pointers on this dial was swung out of line and indicated in what room or at which door the bell had been rung, thus saving the servants many steps.

Off the kitchen was the refrigerator, which was built into one end of a small room having a cabinet for spices, and shelves for articles of daily need. The refrigerator has two compartments, and the cold air can be sent into one or both as desired. The ice is put in from the outside, saving all muss and trouble. From the kitchen and opening off a small hall leading out doors, is a large closet fitted up with shelves to receive the kitchen flotsam and jetsam, the

brooms, mops, dustpans, pails, kettles, etc., which usually adorn a kitchen.

There is a cellar or basement under the whole house, and its rooms are almost good enough to live in. Nice cement floors, good smooth walls, plenty of light and air—there are many poor folks who have not half as good a place to lay their heads. Here some of the intricate system by which the house is warmed and lighted is seen; not much, only a few lines of black piping. Here is the laundry, with its stationary porcelain-lined tubs to be filled and emptied by the turn of a faucet; the laundry stove, built especially to accommodate flat-irons, and in which natural gas is used. A clothes-shute extending to the upper floor obviates the necessity of hampers for soiled linen and the pilgrimage through the house to collect it. There is a drying-room with radiator to heat it, where clothes may be dried in bad weather. A vegetable cellar is conveniently arranged for such stores; and there is a place for coal if any is wanted. The master of the house has a office fitted with desk, chairs, etc., where he can receive the men who have business with him.

I forgot to mention, in their proper connection, the store-room, arranged to hold sugar and flour barrels, tea boxes, coffee and kindred supplies; and the commodious linen closet, yet to be stocked.

The house must be literally honey-combed with wires and pipes. The modern mansion is a miracle of human skill and ingenuity, and its construction calls for a mind trained to the highest proficiency in builders' architecture and art. The erection of an ordinary dwelling house where no gas, water or furnace are to be provided for is a simpler task than to build the city man's stables, which are lighted by electricity with water in every stall, and a wire by means of which the master in his study may give orders to the coachman in his apartments in the carriage house. A speaking tube from Madame's apartments on the second floor front enables her to give orders to the cook in the kitchen without seeking a personal interview.

There is no country in the world where the homes of the well-to-do are so beautiful and convenient as in ours. In

the grand manorial halls of England's nobility, the bedroom candle lights the family to repose, and grates and fireplaces are relied upon to furnish the warmth required to make the great rooms habitable. Even English inns are, except a few of the metropolitan hotels, lacking in the comforts and conveniences which our third rate houses afford in this country, while travelers' tales amusingly set forth the novel situations and absence of "accommodations" required by the American tourist. We have one compensation for being "new;" we are "up to the times."

BEATRIX.

EXPERIENCE WITH AN INCUBATOR.

Having washed, baked bread, attended to the chickens, put surplus cases out for some of my bees, prepared dinner, and the dishes washed, I have decided that I have done all I wish to, so will take pen and ink and paper and the last magazine out under the maples and read, write and rest the remainder of the time before supper, as we farm people say.

I am pleased that Zipp tried my way of washing. I know she will continue to wash that way, if she will try it a few more times. I took my washing out doors in the shade, as it was so very warm in the house, and could not help but think how much easier it is for me to wash now than it used to be when I rubbed twice, boiled, sudsed, rinsed, blued and starched them.

In answer to Zipp's inquiry as to what I use for a weight to press the clothes smooth, will say that I use the flatirons if I am not using them. I have a piece of railroad iron that I use when I am going to use the flatirons. Last Monday I washed and ironed in the forenoon and went visiting in the afternoon. Perhaps I better make a little explanation here. My mother came home with us the evening before to stay a week, and as we wished to go to several places, I had to plan my work so that I could go and not neglect too much that ought to be done, so "Grandma done up all the work in the house and got dinner," as Louie told his papa when he came in to dinner, and "Mamma just washed and ironed, so that we could go down to Aunt Dora's." Speaking about grandma makes me think. I wonder how many little boys and girls are blessed with as many as our first boy had. He had six grandmothers living when he was born, and two grandfathers. Two of the grandmothers have died since. My brother's little boy had seven grandmothers and four grandfathers, all own blood relations.

I read with interest all answers for the lady who inquired about the arrangements of the new house. El. See. has my sympathy in her bereavements. My thanks to Bess for telling how to make bread with potato ball yeast. I

wonder if Brue is to be a victim of matrimony this summer? It seems to be as prevalent as la grippe. Thanks to Mary for telling us about soldering; I purchased an iron and the acid, put in the strips of zinc, and now I can do my own mending, and for my neighbors also, if they wish me to.

In answer to Mrs. W. S. S. would say the hen is an incubator, "The Improved Excelsior." It has a tank for water over the eggs and is heated by a kerosene lamp made especially for it, and which comes with the incubator. I have had good success with it; this is my third season with it and I like it as well or better than I did at first. It will hatch again this week. The incubator with brooder for 200 chickens cost me \$40. The incubator without brooder would only have been \$25. Of the 178 eggs that I put in 120 were hens' eggs, 58 were turkey eggs: 26 were for my husband's sister, as she did not have hens that wanted to set. When they had been in nearly two weeks I tested them, to make room for dishes to place sponges in the trays of egg, and every one of hers tested out; that is, none contained chicks, or turkeys rather. As she had some under hens I was anxious to hear from them to know what luck she had with them. When I did hear felt better, although I knew it was no fault of mine or the incubator either. She did not get a single turkey from the settings. I tested out nine and broke one turning it, leaving 110 from which I hatched 97 chickens. Of the 32 turkey eggs two tested out, leaving 30, from which were hatched 28 turkeys, but two were dead in the shell. This is better success than I ever had with hens. Fifteen or twenty minutes' time morning and evening, with an occasional look at the thermometer that is on the eggs in the trays, is all the care it needs. If I wake up in the night I get up and see that it is not too warm for the eggs; it is not really necessary, but I can sleep better if I know that it is all right. I will cheerfully answer all questions in regard to it.

BUSY BEE.

HASTINGS.

WHAT SHALL OUR BOYS READ?

This is an important question for parents to consider, and on their view of it the moral and intellectual welfare of their sons in a great measure depends. It is a peculiar trait of American boys to want to read *something*; they have already decided to do so, and are quite positive in their decision they will read; what shall it be is one of the vital questions of the hour.

One who has given but little attention to the subject would be surprised to learn what an influence a boy's reading matter has over his mind. His ideal of greatness and goodness is measured by the characters of which he reads. If the hero of the story is of

low character, it will not cause the moral feelings of the boy to rise any higher; if he has greatly distinguished himself in any particular direction, whether good or bad, the boy is ambitious to do likewise. If he reads such books as the lives of Washington or Lincoln, he aspires to that which is great and good, noble and true; if he reads dime novels about wild and reckless adventures on the western frontier, he wants to be a "Buffalo Bill" or a "Prairie Ranger."

How often we read newspaper reports of boys who "struck out" for the west, stealing a ride on some freight train, and when arrested and returned to their parents, cheap revolvers and dime novels were found to be a part of their luggage! But such is the effect of this kind of reading.

There are several classes of writers that should be specially guarded against; one class is those who with fine literary talent smooth over the moral defects of their heroes, either by speaking of them in a humorous way, or by making it appear that it was the influence of others that made them bad and therefore not their fault. Any book that leads the reader to think that the author of an evil deed is not responsible for it, is dangerous for boys to read. The moral coloring that the writer gives to the subject of his story is pretty sure to be the one the youthful reader takes on.

And what perhaps is equally as dangerous is a work written in such a way as to excite the sympathy of the reader in favor of a bad character. Sympathy is easily excited and will often carry a person away when an appeal to his reason or judgment would not move him. This is especially the case with the young, whose sympathies are warm and active and judgment undeveloped.

Any book that gives a false impression of real life should be avoided. The boy who reads such is apt to form mistaken ideas of people and things, and when he comes into actual contact with them and finds out that his notions are false and impracticable it causes disappointment and loss. It is quite important that when a boy is gathering up a store of knowledge he should learn things just as they are, that he should see them in their true light. Boys will run against stubborn facts more or less all through life, and the better they are acquainted with them the better they are prepared to make the best of such contact.

Books that will help boys develop reason, good sense, practical ideas, and help form habits of industry and economy are what is needed. Also those that will help mold the moral character in the right shape. We want good boys as well as bright ones. Smart men who were not good men have ever been a curse and expense to our country.

W. S. BARBER.

EAST GREENWOOD.

TRUST IN PROVIDENCE.

Grandpa seems to advise the sick to trust in Providence and put less faith in doctors, nurses and medicines. Trust in Providence is a very beautiful motto—sounds sort of lofty and high-minded; but I've noticed that when we come right down to the plain every-day facts and ways of living it is a great deal safer to do a good deal of personal hustling for what you want. "God helps him who helps himself," strikes me as a better maxim to live by than "Trust in Providence," even if we add the old woman's saving clause—"till the harness breaks." I've noticed the "Trust in Providence" people are usually those who avoid personal exertion in the interest of their health, and expect Providence, "working through the minds of the rich and charitable," as they will say, to do those things for them which by rights they should do for themselves. If trusting in Providence will cure the grippe I don't see why equal faith should not set a broken leg, but I never heard of such an instance.

If we can trust Providence to cure us when we are sick, without the aid of means to that end, why not trust the same power to bring up our children for us, without the anxious care and thought and training we bestow to give them an early impetus in the ways of truth and right? Seems as if I have a faint recollection that Grandpa's ideas on bringing up children are not grounded on an absence of personal effort on part of parents, but that he strongly advised the judicious use of that tangible persuader, the rod.

I do believe in faith in the wise guidance and direction of an over-ruling Providence; but as faith without works is no good, believe in doing all we possibly can to help ourselves and compass what we desire, and having faith that after we have done our best, the outcome will be, so far as we are concerned, the Divine will. But so many of our misfortunes and afflictions, and so much of our unhappiness, are the result of our own errors, neglect or sin that we have no right to make Providence responsible for the consequences. Punishment follows every violation of law; we can not trust in Providence to save us from the results of our own acts.

To my notion, the man who when ill will not use the best known means to recovery, is as foolish as the farmer who scatters seed on a half-tilled field and "trusts Providence" to send him a bountiful yield. Providence will not do it; "as a man sows so shall he reap," and in the same fashion the sick man may get well, but he needn't flatter himself he is too valuable a man to be spared from earth just yet, or that Providence is especially concerned in prolonging his existence, but simply that he was not dangerously ill and that

nature's forces, unaided, could accomplish a cure.

Don't sit down and "trust" alone, but "get a hustle on yourself" and both "trust" and work. Thus shall you "get there."

BRUNEFILLE.

INQUIRIES ANSWERED.

"A Greenhorn," who writes from Brighton, propounds several questions on etiquette which are answered below.

"Yes ma'am" and "No ma'am" are not now considered "good form." A simple yes or no, when followed by an explanatory or other statement, is sufficient. When a direct assertion or affirmative or negative reply is made, the name of the person addressed is properly added, as "Yes, Mrs. Brown." Sir and Madam are used in addressing elderly persons. It is easy, with a little practice, if one has a ready wit, to make replies without the tiresome iteration of "yes mum," "yessum" and "yes mom."

The gentleman is always introduced to the lady. The only exception to this rule is in case of an aged man of high rank or great achievement to whom young ladies are sometimes presented; but in all cases which will occur in an ordinary person's life, the man is introduced to the woman.

The gentleman should take his cue from the lady in the matter of handshaking. It is her prerogative to take the initiative. If she does not extend her hand, he should not offer his; if she does he should be ready for the courtesy. And "What should the gentleman say?" He can say there was a frost last night, or it'll be a fine day tomorrow if it doesn't rain, or he can get red in the face and tell her he's "awful glad to git interdooced;" or pass it off with a bow and a "very glad to have the honor," and enter at once into a chat about something apropos to the time and place.

People who "perform the ceremony of introduction" would be entitled to the blessings of the introduced if, in addition to pronouncing names distinctly, they would, when possible, give an inkling of the tastes or interests of those for whom they thus pave the way to acquaintance. If Miss Brown is musical or artistic, or a stranger from another town, or if Mr. Smith is some particular Smith who has traveled or read or lectured, the statement of this at the moment of introduction opens the way for a conversation, if either has the wit to seize upon it, which puts both at their ease and often leads to the discovery of mutual friends or kindred tastes, and not infrequently to permanent friendships. And one of the times when one feels like exclaiming with the old lady, "For Heaven's sake say something, if it isn't so smart!" is when introduced to a shy young man who promptly but briefly responds "Yes mom" to all you say, and ab-

solutely decline to venture a remark on his own responsibility. It's easier to carry on a conversation with a parrot. Ease of manner in company is only gained by a determination to conquer native bashfulness, and the first step is to forget all about yourself and try to be as pleasant and agreeable as you can. Then closely observe the manners of those who have had social advantages and do not be afraid to imitate them.

A correspondent at Dexter inquires if there is an Old Ladies' Home in Detroit, and if so, what are the requirements for admission.

There is the Thompson Home for Old Ladies, an institution founded and endowed by Mrs. David Thompson, of this city, which is probably the Home our correspondent has heard about. I do not know how many inmates it can accommodate, but am told the applications for admission largely outnumber the number of rooms at the disposal of the management. It is a pleasant home; a safe and happy retreat for the homeless women who have seen better days or have been left alone in the world with but little means of support. The requirements are that the candidates shall be *ladies* by birth and breeding, and as they live together in one family this is quite essential to harmony. An entrance fee is required, and this is \$300 or \$500. Those who seek the shelter of the Home must also pass over to it any property, over and above the entrance fee, which they may possess. Each inmate also furnishes her room if she is able to do so. The old ladies assist in the lighter part of the house-keeping, I am told, and they also make a good deal of fancy work and many knitted and crocheted articles which are sold at bazars, or at their annual merry-making, "Founder's Day," and on other occasions. There is also an age limit, which I believe is sixty years; none are admitted younger than that age. Preference is given to residents of this city.

BEATRIX.

OUR BOYS AND OUR NEIGHBORS.

We are either queer or our neighbors are. We live some little distance from town; and when we go there make it an invariable practice to ask all the neighbors we happen to see if they wish to send for anything. It often saves them a trip to the city for some little article; yet there is but one neighbor in the whole lot who will return the kindness without being requested to do so, and then it sometimes seems to be quite a task. We always get the mail for the neighbors and are glad to do so. I asked one of our neighbors to get our mail one day, and on his return he said: "No mail for you, Beckey." The next day I went to town and found eleven letters at the office for us. He had simply forgotten to inquire for us. How much better it would be if people would

perform these little acts of kindness that are so little trouble to them, yet such a kindness to others! Are we queer, or are our neighbors?

We have a couple of boys, sixteen and eighteen years of age, who cause us much anxiety. They are as bright as the average country boys and are great readers, yet they turn their attention in a wrong direction as far as their reading is concerned. We take seven papers—religious, political and agricultural. As soon as the papers come from the office the boys are anxious to get hold of them, and the first thing read is the stories. It seems to be a task for them to read an article on the best methods of raising wheat or stock, yet they will devour a dime novel at a single sitting. If they can get hold of such books as "Monroe the Detroit Detective," "Chicago Jack the Burglar," or "Montana Bill the Scout," they are the most contented lads in Michigan; and I do believe if the house was on fire they would want to finish the chapter at least, before putting it out. We tell them how much more important it is to store their minds with useful knowledge than to fill up on such trashy nonsense, that they may just as well become useful, intelligent men as to be ditch-diggers; but it seems to be good advice "wasted on the desert air."

Will some of the good readers of the HOUSEHOLD please tell us how to manage these lads?

LANSING.

AUNT BECKEY.

AN ECONOMICAL COOK.

"How to Make a Chicken Last a Week" was the attractively economical heading of an article in one of our late exchanges. Of course I at once paused to learn how this feat was to be accomplished. It reminded me of the homeopathic principle of infinite subdivision of matter, which assigns to the drop of medicine in a glass of water and a drop of this dilution put into another glass of water, and to a drop of this in still another, all the medicinal virtues of the first tincture. There was a family of four, and the first day they ate baked chicken with dressing and gravy. The father and the daughter each got a drumstick; the hired man drew a wing. (My recollection of hired men, as I knew them ten years ago, is that they are much more apt to eat a whole chicken than be satisfied with *one wing!*) The second day the gravy made dumplings; the daughter made a hearty meal of the heart (presumably the hired man struggled with the gizzard), the white and dark meat being "nicely sliced and heated in a pan of hot butter." The third day these slices still figure "on a small platter," while the "odd bits" (probably the liver) made a chicken pie. The fourth day the chicken pie is warmed over by steaming it. The fifth those "odd bits" and cold slices are made into "delicate chicken cro-

quettes (and "delicate" they must be indeed!) For the sixth day, "the bones are powdered, put into a cheese-cloth sack in a granite kettle of cold water, and a delicious soup is the result, such as no one can imagine until she has tried it." I should think not! But is it chicken soup, or bone soup a la cheese cloth to which the victims of this attenuated fowl are served? You would think "imagination can do no more," and that the skeleton having been reduced to powder and well boiled, there was an end of this *reductio ad absurdum*. But no. Like the inexhaustible oil and meal of the widow's store, there's always enough left for the foundation of another meal, and the remainder of the soup is thickened as a gravy and poured over biscuit for the seventh day's breakfast! There you are; seven consecutive days of chicken! How a family must thrive on such rich, abundant fare—and how mad it makes any woman who ever spread a table for hungry men to read such arrant nonsense!

BEATRIX.

CHAT.

In looking over my old HOUSEHOLDS this morning in search of a cake recipe I came across an article entitled "When Are Your Happiest Moments" and it occurred to me that my happiest moments are when my children are all in bed asleep and out of mischief. I find it no small item to keep them out of mischief, as I have seven of them, all boys, not a girl among them. Beatrix said she was happiest when the northeast pigeonhole of her desk was full of HOUSEHOLD copy, so I thought I would venture to write, thinking perhaps the pigeonhole might not be crowded very full, as housecleaning has been going the rounds again.

I would like to ask what has become of E. S. B., for I want to thank her for her bread recipe. I have used it ever since it was first published; and I find, as she forewarned us, that the breadbox is in a chronic state of emptiness, but I do not have any poor bread or any bad flour. Some of my neighbors are always finding fault with the flour, but I think the trouble is with the breadmaker. I would like to tell you how many loaves of bread I made last year; I kept count, but I dare not for fear you will doubt my word.

I would like to thank Busy Bee for her method of washing. It looked like a lazy woman's way, so I thought I would try it, but it proved entirely satisfactory. Washing is my one big day's work; nine of us to wash for and my two hands to do everything!

ALGODON.

EVERGREEN.

I am one of the readers of the HOUSEHOLD and take much pleasure in it. I am a little girl twelve years old. Some girls think they are young ladies at twelve, but my mamma says I am nothing but a little girl. I do not go

to school this summer. We live on a farm one mile west and north of Linden. Papa takes the FARMER and he thinks he can not get along without it.

LINDEN.

M. C. K.

In answer to Mrs. W. J. G.'s query I would say that I supposed that it was thoroughly understood by the modern reading public that by poetic license many things are allowable in writing poetry that would be simply absurd in prose writing or in conversation. If Mrs. W. J. G. has undertaken the task of correcting the world of productions from the pen of amateurs like myself, I fear she has before her sufficient employment for a long and patient lifetime. She might perhaps question the exact fidelity to truth of the productions of even noted writers—Meredith's "Lucile," Byron's "Beppo," or Moore's "Lalla Rookh."

CLARA BELLE SOUTHWELL.

MARSHALL.

HARD SOAP

Isn't it about time to harden up on HOUSEHOLD soap question? If so, this is the way we have done it for some years past with very good success: Make the same as soft soap. When done add to four pailsful of soap one pailful of rain water; then add four quarts of salt and stir it well. This will whiten the soap and cause it to separate and rise to the top of the kettle and form a hard crust. When cold cut it up in pieces of suitable size and put in a dry place for future use.

W. S. B.

A SUBSCRIBER at Holt, Ingham Co., writes us as follows: "Will some reader of the HOUSEHOLD please tell me how to prepare small cucumbers in open jars ready for table use so they will the year round?" This is rather vague, but we presume she wishes to know how to make cucumber pickles that will keep, without packing the cucumbers in salt and going through the tedious process of freshening. And on this supposition, will some of our housekeepers speak up promptly?

Useful Recipes.

BROILED TOMATOES.—Select a number of perfectly ripe and sound tomatoes, taking care that the skin is not broken. After wiping them clean, cut off a thin slice from the stem end of each, and take out the hard core from the center. Then set them close together on the wire broiler, keeping the cut side level on top; cover the outside with salt and pepper, and place the broiler over a hot fire of live coals. Do not close the lid of the broiler upon them. Now let them cook steadily until thoroughly done—occupying about twenty minutes. The salt and pepper are absorbed by the juice, which assumes a fine reddish brown color and exhales a flavor of unequalled quality. Remove them from the broiler with a broad fork, passing the prongs under, so as to avoid breaking or overturning. They may be served either in the skins or with the latter removed. With any form of meat, vegetable, or bread, there is no sauce, foreign or home-made, which can be compared with this simple, inexpensive dish.