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THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

A REMARKABLE HUSBAND.

My wife can't cook, though she studies a book
Of recipes day after day,
But what do I care? She is charming and fair
And as sweet as the blossoms of May.

She tries all her might but her bread isn't light,
For she never can get it to rise,
But then you should see as she breakfasts with me
The light that illumines her eyes!

No skill can she boast in preparing a roast,
And in pies her successes are few,
And ill she fares when soup she prepares,
For she's sure to get into a stew.

But no fault do I find, for she's loving and kind;
And when bachelorship I forsook,
'Twas to wed a sweet wife, a companion for life—
It wasn't to marry a cook.

—N. Y. Press.

NOTES ON BACK NUMBERS.

Aunt Becky complains the boys are too fond of stories and have no appetite for solid reading; and wants to know what can be done to overcome their bias toward flash literature. It seems pretty late in the day to attempt to reform their tastes, especially if, as she suggests, they'd take a mild roasting rather than be disturbed in their reading. When the tide has well set in that direction it's an extremely difficult matter to turn it. Sometimes a fancy for that sort of stuff attacks a lad, runs its course, very like the measles, and is cured when a few more years bring better sense. But some never get over it; and some weak ones are led away and try to imitate their favorite burglars and road agents and have unpleasantly personal interviews with the police, for it is only in such books, fortunately, that evil deeds are heroic and triumphant. And even if the boys come through it all right, there's been lots of precious time wasted when they might have been reading *good* books—books worth remembering. This early course of worse than nonsense is remembered, and undoubtedly has its influence upon the after life, though many have innate strength of character which enables them to throw off most of the effects.

The remedy lies rather in prevention than in cure, and must be applied in early youth. You cannot bring a normal boy up on goody-goody books and biographies of infantile saints who died young. He wants and he will have, if he is a lusty lad with a good appetite,

stories of adventures, of hunting and perils by land and sea. So I should let him have them, but not the kind he'd select for himself. Get Scott for him, and direct his eyes to Quentin Durward and Ivanhoe; and Cooper's Leatherstocking Tales and the Boys' Froissart, Her Majesty's Tower and Cast Up by the Sea, and kindred books. These, while giving him a knowledge of many historical events and personages, will satisfy his taste for battles. And Brian de Bois Guilbert will be a better ideal villain than Chicago Dick the Road Agent.

The woman who desires to direct her son's reading must do more than call his attention to the books and papers she wishes him to read. She will have to talk about them and discuss them in his presence by way of rousing his curiosity; she'll have to talk them over with him as he reads them, and quicken his interest by her comments. If she wishes him to take notice of agricultural topics, he must have more to do with the farm than just help do the work. When he has a share in the returns from a certain field or particular crop, he'll take an interest in methods of cultivation. And if such things are discussed intelligently before him and with him, he'll be a queer sort of a boy if pretty soon he doesn't begin to "take notice."

And here's Priscilla complaining because she has to make the advances to her neighbors, and coax them into sociability. I've a notion she would have liked to call them "stupid" because they are so slow in responding to friendly overtures. But I am more inclined to believe the cause is self-consciousness and diffidence—they are afraid of the comments of others; perhaps they have themselves discussed the manners and dress and said spiteful things about people who have "thrown themselves into the breach" and tried to make a party "go." It is dreadful to a hostess to see each guest on entering her parlor engage in an anxious search for a chair, and when found cling to it like a shipwrecked mariner to a life-preserver; she sees a row of women round the walls of one room and a row of men in another, and somehow, like oil and water, they will not mix and be sociable. And when you, Priscilla, in your genial way, pity

the distracted hostess and the poor people who are having such a dull time, and go round trying to enliven them and bring congenial souls together, right with you there is a genial glow of friendliness and chat, and before and behind you there is a glacial calm. And you wonder why people will not "thaw out" and be cordial and friendly! Bless you, it's because they're not built on those plans and specifications. You galvanize them into a momentary warmth, but it's like a fire of shavings—there's no heart behind it and the flame quickly dies out.

And now let me ask you something, dear Pris., "quite confidential like." Do you feel, in that occult way in which we women know things we don't see with our eyes, the glances that travel over you—from head to foot and back again, while you are thus benevolently engaged in doing to others as you would love to have them do to you? Do you realize coldly critical eyes are deciding you look more like a lath than ever in a sheath skirt, that bangs look frivolous on a woman of your years, and that your dress is short-waisted? Do you feel they are weighing your kind words and wondering whether they are "things said for politeness' sake;" and thinking how hard you try to be popular and only succeed in being silly? Or don't you mind little things like these? I just wanted to know, you know.

There was a time, not so long ago, either, when it was the fashion to repress every sign of emotion, whether of pleasure or regret, and maintain an unruffled calm. The model, I have always fancied, was "Phineas Fogg's" undisturbed serenity under the exciting adventures of "Round the World in Eighty Days." You met your dearest friend just returned from the Antipodes, with a cool "Howdydo" and a languid hand clasp, though your pulses might be bounding with joy; death claimed your nearest, and your heart bled inwardly in a highly composed and decorous fashion. Nobody was ever glad to see anybody—or being glad, sedulously repressed all evidences of pleasure. That was "good form." But warm-hearted people couldn't stand that, fad, and even the icy class didn't like it, for though they never thaw any one else, they are susceptible to geniality themselves and enjoy it. The fashion

passed, happily, and we may be glad or sorry once more.

A good many individuals, I regret to say, do not live in love and harmony with their neighbors. They allow themselves to be envious, and indulge in uncharitable and unkind thoughts; and nothing is truer than the saying of Buddha's, "All that we are is the result of what we have thought." And there are those who are reserved and quiet by nature, to whom expression is difficult; and a far larger contingent who are not accustomed to society and social ways and are afraid of doing something awkward, or which will draw attention to them. Self-consciousness is one form—and a very painful one—of vanity. We think ourselves of so much importance that all eyes are upon us. Nine times out of ten others are not regarding us at all, but are wondering about themselves—suffering from the same disease. Half the time we fail of doing what we know we ought and what inclination prompts us to do, because self-consciousness stands in the way. We would cross the room to speak to a friend if we did not fear to draw attention; we would take the initiative in extending invitations if we were sure our advances would be met in the spirit in which they are made; in other words, if we were not so afraid of what people would say and think of us. We are moral cowards, that's all.

How can we become morally and socially brave? First, by cultivating the expression of friendliness and good will toward others. Cultivating the expression, I say. It is not enough to feel cordial and kindly toward them; we must express our feeling in word and act. And as we do so, it will be more and more easy to feel the cordiality we show, more easy to forget ourselves and our embarrassment; we will make fewer blunders—and find people more willing to overlook them—and will at last really enjoy meeting people instead of dreading a stranger more than an interview with a dentist. And Priscilla will go about smiling and happy, no more perplexed by social conundrums.

BEATRIX.

MANAGING A HELIOTROPE

I have a passionate fondness for heliotrope blossoms, and for a number of years have tried to grow them; have been repaid by some flowers and more disappointments. Last spring found my petted plant, aged two years, in a very discouraging condition; something must be done. I was driven to a desperate resolve, for visions of beauty had floated in my brain since upon a certain day last season, when calling upon a friend I had beheld a heliotrope which had several years previous been placed in a discarded box churn, filled with good soil, and the plant well cut back each season when the blossoms ceased. Well! it was a feast of beauty and fra-

grance. So with this inspiration in mind I prevailed upon the "gude mon" to make me a box, not nearly as large as the one I had seen, but one that can be easily handled to secure protection from frost, or to find plenty of light and sun, as the need may be; said box contains about twelve quarts of leaf mould and sand. Into this pasture my frail plant was turned about six weeks ago. At some distance from its roots was inserted a very small amount of guano procured at the hennery. Remembering the warning of a friend that browned leaves on the heliotrope indicated a lack of water, I have given it plenty of drink. It occupies a place on the east porch and is a delight to its admirers. Reaching up and over the sides are some twenty branches from twelve to seventeen inches long, each with numerous side shoots, every end of which promises early returns of beauty. There are already four large clusters of blossoms and ten of buds, but I intend taking off slips next month and rooting in water as is recommended in the *Ladies' Home Journal*, least this plant blossoms itself to death and I be left doubly lone because of its present luxuriance.

I would suggest to Aunt Becky, who writes in the *HOUSEHOLD* of June 20th, that even though she may already have more literature in her home than her family can read, she drops some of the seven papers if necessary, and subscribes for *The Youth's Companion*. I think her boys as well as herself will not fail to be interested in it, and even more so if they had read it for the past fourteen years—that is the length of time we have taken it.

E. B.

OSCEOLA CENTER.

THE OTHER SIDE.

I have always been an admirer of El. See, usually agreeing with her ideas expressed in the *HOUSEHOLD*, but as I read her contrast between town and farm life, "seemed like" I must speak out, for the first time in this paper. I will acknowledge that I have never lived in town, but I have sisters who do, and I know something of their lives, in fact one of them left the farm and went there for the sole reason that she could not do her work on the farm without help, and could not procure any.

I know people in town complain of having no time of their own because of the numerous callers, entertainments, etc., and believe they have just reason. Still it seems to me that it is largely a matter of choice. People can rush into a vortex of society or they can avoid it; but on the farm, the hired men must be fed (on time too), the cream must be churned, the chickens fed, and over and above all the children must be cared for. In town, if baby is down with the measles, the clubs and societies can surely be better neglected than could hired men, chickens, butter, etc.,

be slighted by the country woman under the same circumstances.

Then again, El. See. seems to imply that society makes no demand on the farmer's wife. I can in this case speak from my own experience. In winter weather there are many long days when perhaps no one outside our own family appears on the scene, not even a passer-by. Then there is a much prized opportunity for reading and getting acquainted with each other (that is, if the hired man is at the barn). Just here let me say there are weeks at a time when I never see my husband alone (excepting just at bed time when both are too tired for conversation), because of the presence of hired help; and I have heard other women on farms make the same statement. But to begin where I left off. In the summer time when our very busiest season arrives, when the thermometer says ninety or more in the shade, there also arrive from one to a dozen city cousins to spend their vacation in the country, most of them people I have never visited—never had time. There also arrive numerous visitors from adjoining villages to pay calls I made last winter. Then also come binder agents, etc., too numerous to mention. I believe nothing ever made me more tired of farm life than the inconsistency of town people visiting us at all times and seasons. I know country people annoy them in the same manner sometimes, but here is the advantage of being near the markets. They can get almost anything they want at a few moments' notice, but on the farm, especially in busy seasons, we can not get what we would like to set before our guests, and with me that is the main objection to unexpected company. Now please do not think I am inhospitable. I like company and invite a great deal, and would ask more if I had less uninvited company.

After all, I will freely acknowledge I would prefer farm life for the freedom it gives in many ways, but thought perhaps El. See had forgotten some of these things.

LUELLA G.

OUR ADVENTURES ON CIRCUS DAY.

Nothing could persuade me to be out of town circus day. It is something to be looked forward to for weeks; a day of unadulterated fun. This year we are especially blessed, for Forepaugh's has been here, and Barnum's is to come.

The morning of the circus I arose early in order to have all my work done by the time the streets began to fill with people; for needless to say, the crowd is a greater attraction than the elephants. I was all ready for the day when a friend came for me, and we started out on a tour of observation. One of the first sights which rewarded us was a young man who had evidently brought his best girl and her chum. Poor fellow! they held either arm in a

grasp which implied a suspicion that he might get away if they let go for a minute. They all chewed gum with a regularity and precision that would put clockwork to shame. There was the same fascination in watching them that there always is in beholding machinery in motion. I wonder if they kept it up all day, and if their jaws were tired at night?

Most of the costumes might be described by reversing the saying, "Neat, but not gaudy," for they were very decidedly gaudy and not particularly neat. One girl outdid the rainbow, for her suit comprised eight colors. White dresses with yards of ribbons fluttering in the breeze were as prevalent as usual on such occasions. These same dresses were "things apart" toward the close of the day when their wearers were hastening to the trains; dust, pink lemonade and a slight shower having robbed the gowns of all their pristine freshness.

The perambulator was ubiquitous, and kept us busy dodging; for the mothers were altogether too much interested in the unusual sights and sounds to be at all particular about other people's rights on the sidewalk.

All my life I have wanted to carry a little red balloon on circus days, and on this particular day my longings were gratified. A grave and dignified professor condescended to buy one for each of us, and as we carried them down the street we felt that at last we had known the real delights of a circus. But alas! an umbrella in the hands of an envious young woman penetrated mine, and it collapsed.

When the procession went by we were so packed in the crowd that we could catch only occasional glimpses of it. This did not suit us at all, so we looked around for a chance to ameliorate our situation. An empty city dray stood near us and we asked the driver if we might stand up in it. He paid no attention to us, and we supposed he was engrossed in the parade, so repeated our request. Still no answer, and we were about to give it up when a small boy beside the driver told us to climb in. We did so, and afterwards discovered that the man was deaf and dumb; so we forgave his seeming rudeness. He had reason to be thankful for one part of his infirmity while the steam calliope was playing.

I know of nothing that will draw a bigger crowd than a circus procession, and yet what an unmitigated fraud it all is! The feature of it that we most admired was "Cleopatra" in a pink Mother Hubbard.

When the clown brought up the rear of the parade, we descended from our elevated position without attempting to thank the deaf and dumb man, and hastened to the nearest soda fountain to refresh ourselves with a glass of ice cream soda. We decided that we had had circus enough for one day, so spent

a quiet afternoon at home, watching waifs and strays of the crowd.

Now we are waiting impatiently for Barnum's. E. C.
PORT HURON.

HURRAH

Three cheers for Theopolus! Repeat with a "tiger," for his uncommon common sense. Yes, yes, charity, patience and sense should begin and dwell at home in mammoth quantities, and of the best quality. Not only this, but they should be kept "on tap" and be freely used; not put away with other virtues to be brought forward and aired on "company occasions."

The best way to regulate the individual supply and demand might be to keep the supply constantly drawn upon, as it seems to be the property of such divine sweets that the more used the larger the reserve. Remember, it is personal use I am speaking of, not the measuring out to others.

I wish to congratulate Theopolus and all suffering victims of woman's inhumanity on their serene enjoyment of "Home, sweet home," and would like an answer to the query: Does the sweetness of the clean home compensate for the bitter experience of wearing dream neckties of stovepipes? We will hope it is a time of rejoicing if only "well done."

Yes, I think with a skillful combination of the articles named, all worthy enterprises might be made successes without giving any one engaged the horrors by day or harrowing dreams by night! See what inspiration will do! The July sun had made me a limp and idle heap, but the clarion notes sent out by Theopolus put spirit—not spirits—in my listless form, and as I finished reading the effusion I metaphorically threw up my hat and broke into cheers for the sensible writer.

The violent exercise of subduing Mother Earth when in flinty mood, inspired him to a high and true plane of moralizing, and then his lucid statement of facts—which experience only could have moulded—so directly suggests enchanting pictures of the opposite, any one must sympathize with his wish for the change. (Buy a hay-loader, Theopolus, and escape a part of hay-making horrors.) But here his uncommon sense steps in, and tearing himself away from the fascinating picture he takes up the burden of life once more. It is well if more of our HOUSEHOLD readers will be like our friend, "Of such as they have received, freely give," whether it be of good advice, experimental knowledge, statements of facts, records of experience, sympathy or amusement.

Acknowledging my indebtedness in all these ways, as well as in many more, I drop in this composite crumb with all due deference to the rights of others. But again I repeat: Three cheers for Theopolus! His admission to the

HOUSEHOLD has worked wonders in his case, as in others. I think by next year he will grow equal to the occasion of helping "Mrs. T." clean house and enjoy the business, singing the strains of "Home, Sweet Home."

FAIRHOLM.

A. L. L.

THE FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY.

Dill A. Tory wishes the HOUSEHOLD to tell her how a fiftieth marriage anniversary can be pleasantly and appropriately celebrated in the country in summer. We have been rather dilatory in making reply to this request, but perhaps "Better late than never," after all.

The golden wedding is apt to be more sad than merry. There have been losses and crosses, bitter pains and keen regrets; memory retraces the life-path, and imagination pictures the days when the pair were young and the world was before them. Now they know the end is near. If life has been beautiful and blessed it is hard to realize it is so soon to be over; if the way has been through trials and struggles, there is little happiness in recalling them. In the review of any life, such as these anniversaries bring to all thoughtful hearts, there is much to sadden and depress. We see our errors, we realize our mistakes, but alas! they are beyond recall. The life record is made up, it only waits the summing of the last page.

Not too much hilarity, then, for this fiftieth wedding day, for such ghosts as come to the feast are not scared by the mirthless laughter of old age. Not too much excitement, which often proves injurious to strength and nerves. There should be bidden to the feast any of the guests at the first celebration who survive. The bride should wear some garment or ornament she wore then, if such remains. Sometimes the aged couple renew their vows, expecting to keep their next half century's anniversary together in Heaven; and sometimes the minister offers a prayer suitable for the occasion, after which the ancient bride and groom receive the congratulations of their children, grandchildren and friends. A wedding cake is prepared, with a ring in it; and on the frosting are the dates, fifty years apart, and the monogram of the two. If any friend has the "faculty" which enables him or her to express beautiful and appropriate thoughts in verse, such a poem may be read. Repeat, in a measure, the usual wedding etiquette, and do not let your old folks get too tired.

The invitations should be printed in gold on thick white cards, bearing the anniversary dates. The gifts are not necessarily of gold, though it is a good idea for the children or grandchildren to unite in the purchase of a gold-headed cane, gold brooch or other suitable golden testimonial. The rule that the gifts shall be of the material des-

ignated by the anniversary, which is so rigid in the case of tin and silver weddings, does not obtain at the golden wedding. A covetous little friend thinks it "an awful shame" that the silver and golden weddings should not occur earlier in the married life, so the couple "can get some good out of their nice presents." But it's a good thing affairs are arranged as they are to those of us who have to make the presents—and expect never to have any anniversaries of our own.

BEATRIX.

THOUGHTS FOR OTHERS.

The HOUSEHOLD has been an appreciated visitor in our home for several years and we have received so many excellent recipes and useful thoughts that I should like to give you my recipe for chocolate cake, which I think can not help pleasing Vivian. [The recipe will be found on the last page of this issue.—ED.]

I wonder sometimes while we are well and spending so many happy days in visiting, receiving company or at summer resorts, if we do not almost forget the less fortunate ones languishing on beds of pain and distress, who realize the very slender thread binding soul and body. Perhaps we are not acquainted with them, then of course there is nothing for us to do.

Ah! we forget the happy smiles that greet the basket of fruit, the bouquet of flowers, or the little delicacy prepared by some loving hand—the sweet tokens of kind friendship. The human heart in adversity and affliction ever swells with gratitude in response to loving acts and words of comfort. Doing all we can to make the rough places smooth, which is virtually "Doing by others as we would be done by," makes a happy world.

COMMERCE.

MAN DEE.

TOMATOES.

"Love Apples," they were called, and were prized for their pretty fruit only till some one taught us they were edible. Then some empiric said they caused cancer, and those credulous beings who believe everything they hear accepted the assertion and refused them with horror. But now almost everybody knows they are as healthful a vegetable as we have in the garden, and the consumption is increasing every year.

The tomato was introduced into England from South America in 1596, but as a botanical specimen rather than an edible vegetable. A story is told of an old lady who cherished a plant as a great curiosity and was horrified one day at seeing her son, just returned from a long voyage at sea, eating what she supposed was its poisonous fruit, and not until she found he was neither dead or crazy the next day could she be convinced of the absence of danger.

There's a great difference in the quality of tomatoes. We have them in market very early. They look nice but do not taste good. Savor strongly of money, for one thing; and being picked before entirely ripe and the ripening process continued in transit, the flesh is tough and flavorless. It is not until the Michigan product is on hand that we really enjoy them at their best estate. They are delicious *au naturel*. If you don't know what to have as a relish for tea, try a dish of sliced tomatoes eaten with sugar and vinegar. They are equally healthful and appetizing for breakfast. Like fresh fruit, you can serve them this way at any meal and be perfectly certain you are eminently "correct" in so doing. If you wish to cook them, there is an infinite variety of ways in which to prepare them.

To stew them, turn boiling water over them to remove the skins, cut up and stew for half an hour, allowing to every dozen tomatoes a tablespoonful of butter, and a teaspoonful each of salt and sugar with a dash of pepper. Thicken with cracker or dry bread crumbs. A cup of cream is a good addition.

To bake, remove the skins as above; lay the tomatoes in a buttered dish, with a bit of butter on each. Cover them with a layer of bread or cracker crumbs into which you have stirred a teaspoonful of salt and a little pepper.

To fry, cut in thick slices: dip in flour in which you have mixed a little salt and pepper, fry brown in a little butter.

To broil, slice, and lay in a wire broiler. When done—in about eight or ten minutes—lay on buttered toast and spread with butter.

To boil, choose firm and not over-ripe tomatoes. Lay them side by side, without paring, in a kettle of hot water. They will be done in ten minutes. Lift out with a skimmer, into saucers; cut a cross on the top of each and insert a piece of butter, season with salt, pepper and a little sugar.

Escalloped tomatoes require a buttered dish, in which are alternated layers of sliced tomatoes and bread or cracker crumbs, seasoning each layer with butter, pepper, salt and a very little sugar, and finishing with a layer of crumbs.

Devilled tomatoes are nice to serve with cold meat. Slice firm tomatoes half an inch thick. Make a dressing of the yolk of a hard-boiled egg, smoothly mashed with a tablespoonful each of vinegar and melted butter, with salt, pepper and French mustard to taste. Bring this to a boil, pour slowly over a well beaten egg, beat to a smooth cream; broil the tomatoes and pour this over them as a dressing.

To stuff tomatoes, select large ones of even size, with a sharp knife scoop out a place on the top of each, and fill with a dressing made by frying a bit of

onion, chopped fine, in a tablespoonful of butter; when done stir in bread crumbs moistened with a little milk or water and season with pepper and salt. Put a little of this in each cavity, top off with a piece of butter, and bake.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

It may interest housekeepers to know that an easy way to test the quality of fresh fish is to try to bend them just above the tail. If they bend easily they are probably a little stale, but if rigid they are certainly fresh.

ABOUT this time of the year put an old pan containing a big lump of unslaked lime in the cellar, to kill unpleasant odors, sweeten the air and absorb dampness. The cellar walls presumably received a coat of whitewash this spring.

IT is a fact, which our over-particular housekeepers will do well to remember, that home-making and model house-keeping are not synonymous terms. The most exact and tidy housekeeping often results in an uncomfortable home, where the real genesis of the home, the comfort of its inmates, is sacrificed to rigid order and spotless cleanliness.

WHEN you bake pancakes, do not put so much butter or lard on the griddle that the cakes seem saturated in it, the edges showing fat when pressed with a knife. Have a little mop of clean cloth, and dip in fresh fat, or a piece of salt pork makes a good "greaser." And have the griddle hot; a "white-livered" pancake is only a trifle less abominable than half-baked pie-crust.

GOOD *Housekeeping* advises us that when tablecloths begin to wear in the middle or at other folds, (and good housekeepers always have them carefully folded, in one way usually, so the folds always wear first), a few inches cut off one end and one side, and re-hemmed, will alter the place of all the folds completely, and give a new lease of life. The side hem, to be turned down once only, and end cat-stitched and sewed on the machine afterwards, looks more like the usual selvedge than the ordinary twice-turned hem. The same may be done to napkins, if large enough to allow it, as well as to towels—though these two last should be hemmed on both sides, not cat-stitched.

Contributed Recipes.

CHOCOLATE CAKE.—Two eggs; one cup of sugar; piece of butter size of walnut; one-half cup sweet milk; two teaspoonfuls baking powder. Filling: One cup sugar; four tablespoonfuls of sweet milk; one-fourth cake chocolate, grated. Boil three or four minutes; stir constantly, and when just warm spread on the cake.

MAN DEE.