

# MICHIGAN FARMER AND STATE JOURNAL OF AGRICULTURE.

DETROIT, AUGUST 15, 1891.

## THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

### HER LAST COURSE.

When I married my wife she had studied stenography.

Got that down solid then took up photography, Mastered that science and started geography.

All in the course of a year.

She presently took up a course of theology.

Followed that up with a touch of mythology, Got a degree in the line of zoology.

Still her great mind remained clear.

So she took in a course on the theory of writing. Some lessons and points on the subject of fighting.

A long course on house building, heating, and lighting.

Far over her classmates she'd soar, So she entered the subject of steam navigation, Took also instruction in church education, And mastered the study of impersonation, And still she was longing for more.

Next she tackled the latest great fad, electricity; Dress reform institutes taught her simplicity, Sought the best way to encourage felicity.

Oh! she's as smart as a book!

She at last ended up with a course in phonetics, Gave a little attention and time to athletics, The rest of her leisure she gave to magnetics, And now she is learning to cook!

—Boston Transcript.

### THE G. A. R. PARADE.

It is almost superfluous to describe the parade of the Grand Army of the Republic, for it really seems as if all Michigan turned out to see it. It was grand! Think of over four miles of marching columns passing through streets which were literally garlanded with flags and festoons of red, white and blue; with 106 bands all playing at once, and thousands of people crowding the sidewalks and shouting themselves hoarse! Signal guns from the government vessels at anchor in the river announced the movement of the first body at 10:45; and it was 1:30 before the advance guard appeared in view coming up Woodward Avenue. And when the head of the marching column reached the Arch at the Grand Circus, and swept to the left, where its lines melted into individual atoms at the command "Break ranks!" the lines were still forming and marching down Washington Avenue, to the right. The day was simply magnificent. A cool southwest breeze relieved the fervid sunshine of an August day, and occasional light clouds drifted across a sky as beautifully blue as June's. Not a drop of rain had marred the freshness of the decorations, the streets were clean, and many citizens had considerably used their

hose to lay the dust for the comfort of the men in line. From an exalted position on a three-story building on Woodward Avenue, with a pleasant party of friends, I was able to get glimpses of the forming of the parade on Grand Circus and had a fine view the whole length of Woodward Avenue from the arch at the intersection of Jefferson Avenue to that beyond us where the parade ended.

First came a squad of mounted police, clearing the way; then two full bands of music. Detroit Post, with nearly every member in line, was given the honor of escorting the Commander-in-Chief, Gen. Veazey, who with his suite came next, and cavalry on horseback and maimed veterans in carriages.

The veterans were arranged in battalions composed of the Grand Army posts of the States, led by the Department commander and his suite if in attendance. Illinois came first, the commander followed by Thomas Post, of Chicago, whose members carried red, white and blue umbrellas, so arranged that as the spectator looked down upon them he saw the stripes of red and white and the stars on the blue field which made a perfect representation of our flag. The post named after Gen. Custer wore red neckties like those which that dashing general affected; and John Brown Post carried a life size portrait of the hero of Harper's Ferry. Another compact, well drilled body of men carried each a small U. S. flag over his shoulder. "Old Abe," the eagle which was the pet of an Illinois regiment and went through the war with them, but which long ago went where all good eagles go, was present in the parade, stuffed and mounted and carrying in his beak the national colors. I have read somewhere that "Old Abe" was as valiant as the bravest soldier and never flinched amid the fiercest hail of shot and shell. A Wisconsin post carried a smaller live eagle, which occasionally fluttered its wings.

Then Wisconsin, one of whose posts carried a badger as an emblem; another was preceded by a young girl dressed as a Goddess of Liberty. Pennsylvania's department officials came on horseback; two Gatling guns were drawn by led horses, and then came the tattered battle flags of the Key-

stone State, shot to ribbons and rags, but precious relics indeed to her veterans.

Ohio turned out as she threatened, "a Buckeye for every Wolverine in line." The yellow flags inscribed "Ohio" were a long time (an hour and twenty minutes) getting by, and came up the Avenue in fine shape notwithstanding the long march without refreshment, which must have made some of them remember the long marches when rations were scarce and time precious. There was a drum corps of 56 boys who plied the sticks in a fashion which indicated they understood their ability to make a noise. They passed to the station where they were to "fall in" playing "High Betty Martin" with a musical rattle of drum-sticks. One post was introduced by four stalwart men bearing an immense copper canteen. The two chief posts of St. Louis, Mo., sent strong representations; one, Ransom post, 150 strong, is that to which Gen. Sherman belonged; he named the post, was its first commander, and requested that it escort him to the grave. A platoon of thirteen girls handsomely uniformed marched in good style, nor did they break ranks until they had covered the full line of march. Connecticut, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, New Jersey, Maine—whose men carried a sprig of pine from the "Pine Tree State" followed in order indicated, bearing flags and banners, preceded by bands or drum corps, so that the crash and clangor of the one just passed mingled and blended with that of the next immediately following. Most of the bands played "war music." "Marching Through Georgia" was a favorite, "Rally Round the Flag," "Red, White and Blue," and even a strain or two of Dixie got tangled up in a medley of patriotic airs.

Texas, the Lone Star State, confronted us bearing the immense horns of a Texan steer, eight feet from tip to tip, guarded by seventy men. Kansas' veterans bore mammoth stalks of sunflowers and wore full sized sunflowers as boutonnieres. New Hampshire's boys wore sprigs of evergreen in their hats, to the consternation of an old lady who thought they must be Irishmen "wearing of the green;" New York's contingent was led by a band



dressed in the old continental style, with Uncle Sam himself for a drum major; Montana's noble thirteen who made the entire march carried umbrellas combining the red, white and blue. Minnesota sent a large delegation, and the sheaf of wheat which crowned the flag-staff was symbolic of her chief crop, the golden grain which whitens her sunny acres. Florida's ex-soldiers bore palms, and a small alligator represented one of her principal products. Georgia's men were colored, and passed us singing "Marching Through Georgia;" the leader of the detachment was a coal black African of magnificent physique. Mississippi and Louisiana sent up a quota; but I felt sorry for the Englishman who told me next day he cheered those men lustily because he thought they fought in the rebel ranks, and I took a malicious pleasure in explaining that only Union soldiers could be members of an organization where loyalty is the chief requisite.

But it is impossible to particularize. It must be enough to say that every State in the Union was represented, the District of Columbia, three territories and Alaska, showing how the army scattered all over the Union, taking with it patriotism and fealty to the flag and fellow comrades; and how strong the tie of fellowship which could bring men from our farthest boundaries to renew their allegiance and friendships.

Wherever the tattered remnants of the old battle-flags—shot to ribbons, sometimes only a fringe of tatters left upon the staff—appeared, a round of cheers followed. Some of them were discolored and stained with the blood of those who had borne them in battle. Wherever possible, they were carried by those who had been their bearers during the war. Michigan's flags were not sent from Lansing for use in the parade, as at first announced. On investigation, they were found so fragile through long keeping that exposure to the dangers of shipment and exhibition would cause their entire destruction.

Michigan, from Monroe to Hancock, was well represented. I was proud of our State's showing as I looked over the solid ranks marching up the Avenue, banners flying, drums beating. Most of the Michigan veterans who visited the city made it a point to make the march "for the credit of the State," and they made a fine showing. For the laggard in the ranks, for him who no longer bore himself in the erect, soldierly fashion, one could have the widest charity—it is a quarter of a century since they "broke ranks" and sought more peaceful occupations, and time tells. Some pathetic sights were seen. One old blind soldier was led by his little daughter, another by his son, still another, both blind and lame, by his faithful wife, who bore the fatigue of the long hot tramp that he might have the pleasure of marching again

with his comrades. There were twelve men who bore flags, and each man had lost an arm; a man who had lost his right arm marched with one who had lost his left, and thus they carried the colors. Nor were all the heroes in the ranks of the veterans; a lad perhaps ten years old marched in front of a division, a miniature drum major without his responsibilities. He was so tired he could hardly put one foot before the other, but he pressed on right valiantly till he had guided them to the close of the parade, a little hero in his pride and pluck. There were a great many pathetic incidents during the week, when old comrades met again, or discovered those they thought dead on southern battle-grounds yet lived.

To show the democracy of the Grand Army, and that all the offices and honors are not for the generals and the colonels, I may say that an ex-president of the United States, R. B. Hayes, marched on foot in the ranks of the post of which he is a member; that there were many ex-governors of States in line; that Alger, general, ex-governor, and who last year himself reviewed the veterans as Commander-in-Chief, this year marched as one of them, and many other men who have been distinguished in field and council did the same, "one of the boys" again.

Sentiment and business were amusingly combined in equal measures in the decorations of some of the eating houses and beer halls. One building bore an immense inscription "Welcome, G. A. R.," and below the friendly greeting, "Cots One Dollar." Another was inscribed "God Bless Our Gallant Defenders. Square Meals Fifty Cents." A Gratiot Avenue sign read "One flag, one country—und zwei lager."

I am glad to say there were two classes of people who were sadly disappointed in their expectations of gain. One class was the grand stand fiends, who put up stands along the line of parade and charged from one to two dollars for a seat. The were "absolutely left." Most of them did not sell enough seats to pay the expense of construction. If they had not been so greedy they might have made a fair profit. The other disappointed people were the saloon-keepers, who expected a big harvest. Those who thought and said the members of the G. A. R. were "a set of drunken bums" learned differently. I saw but one ex-soldier who was intoxicated, though I was down town every day. Considering the welcome extended by the 1,500 saloon keepers of the city, the record of the wearers of the blue—"blue for the men who are true"—is remarkable.

It is estimated, by careful investigation at railroad and steamboat offices, that at a very moderate estimate, 125,000 strangers visited Detroit during encampment. To thus increase by one-

third the population of any city, so suddenly, means of course that a good many people must be inconvenienced, but nearly everybody seemed good humored and patient over the inevitable annoyances. But the "kicker" we have always with us. He had expected to be treated with "distinguished consideration," and found himself only one small atom in the great aggregate of humanity. People stepped on his toes and he was elbowed in the street cars. The captain of the steamer wouldn't run the boat to suit him, and he thought the fireworks were a fizzle. Everything was done better "last year at Boston." And we were all glad when a tart-tongued woman gave him a thrust by saying loud enough for him to hear: "I've always noticed that those who find the most fault when they're away from home are those who have the least at home. You'll find people who are accustomed to travel expect and bear silently certain annoyances that stay-at-homes always growl over." It silenced him. But it was a good-natured, well-pleased crowd, in the main, and the veterans expressed themselves as delighted at their reception and the provisions made for their accommodation.

The Grand Army of the Republic, like the army itself, is an *omnium gatherum*. In its ranks meet high and low in social rank and advantage, and the G. A. R. does not ask whether a man is rich or poor, of leisure or a laborer, only his record as a faithful soldier and a good citizen. And so while the majority of the visitors were well dressed and well appearing men—men who looked as they undoubtedly were, the business men of their community, there were those whose blue suits were worn and shabby and who looked as if fate had not blessed them with over much of fortune's gifts. But all were comrades, friends, made so by the magic of the bit of metal whose motto is Fraternity, Charity, Loyalty.

BEATRIX.

### THREE IN A BED.

I once spent a week in a farm house where the family consisted of a man, his wife and their child, seven months old. There were two hired men and myself, the school ma'am. The house had five bedrooms, but the hired men slept in the unfinished loft known as the "wood house chamber," what is called half story high, with but one window, and with the kitchen chimney at one end. There were two beds there, but the men were expected to occupy but one, and the wife complained to her husband that when the new man came he took the second bed instead of sharing that of the old employe, and when the offense was repeated the bedding and pillows were taken away. The sun beat all day upon the unshaded roof, the hot air from the fields beyond came



through the blindless open window and was augmented by the warmth of the chimney. It was no great wonder the men went to the barn, opened the big doors, piled the fragrant hay in great heaps upon the floor, and slept there.

The farmer and his wife and baby shared a little room—just big enough for a bed, a chair and a stand, and with but one window, which was covered with mosquito net. The room was on the southwest corner, and between the sunshine and the caloric radiated by the stove in the kitchen, out of which the bedroom opened, was only a few degrees cooler than the fiery furnace arranged for the Hebrew children in Holy Writ. The baby slept with its parents, and how I pitied the poor pale, languid, heavy-eyed, peevish, fretful little thing! Every morning the mother complained the heat was so great and the baby so restless she couldn't sleep, but I don't think the poor woman once dreamed the baby's restlessness was largely her own fault, and that in cooler quarters it might have enjoyed, and allowed her to enjoy, refreshing slumber. And the poor child was undressed and put into its "nightie" of heavy cotton—new, so it could be bleached by repeated washings, and without the comfort of a cooling bath, every night, to sleep a little, and toss about and cry. I pitied the mother, too, so tired and worn with sleepless nights and days of toil over the stove, and longed to tell her a few things for her own and her baby's welfare. And how many times, in thinking of this poor girl, not yet twenty-one, but with one baby already, I wished there was some way girls could be prevented from getting married until they were fit to be mothers and had some idea of how to take care of a baby.

The parlor was a nice large room, on the shady side of the house, with windows and a door opening on a pleasant piazza, and as yet unfurnished. Any real sensible woman would have had a bed put up there, and used the room during the summer months. What matter if it was uncarpeted and curtainless! A roll of cheap paper would have remedied the one, and a carpet is not a necessity. Then in this nice airy apartment, mother and baby could have secured sweet and restful sleep, especially if the little fellow had been bathed in tepid water and invested with a thin loose nightgown. Three in a bed, and one a babe, in summer or winter weather, are certainly one too many.

Why can't people use what they've got and enjoy it, instead of always saving it and waiting to get more? So many farmers' wives shut up their houses and live in back rooms, occupying little, close bedrooms and sitting in the kitchen, while the nice parlors are opened only for company, and the roomy bedrooms rarely aired except for strangers' benefit! All the furnishings

are good for any ordinary lifetime; it is the height of folly to shut them away from the light and sleep three in a bed, to preserve them for heirs who may vote our treasures "old duds" and consign them to the attic. Don't live on the "three in a bed" principle, but enjoy your possessions as you go along. They will not do you any good in the next world; those who come after you can look out for themselves.

BRUNEFILLE.

#### THE TRUE WOMAN'S DUTY.

In looking over some back numbers of the *HOUSEHOLD*, I found the article about young ladies who sit for tin-types with their escorts, and which reminded us we would be ashamed in after years when we are married, to come across those old pictures. It did not seem half as bad as an occurrence I call to my mind that happened lately; for I hope we are none of us guilty of accompanying young men of whom we or any one need be ashamed; but of course that time is passed for me. I'm married and have been for nearly three years, and delight in the possession of a good husband and fourteen months old baby boy. But let me tell you I did not take sides with the tin-type question because I was guilty of having them taken, for I never had one taken with a young man, except my brothers, until after I was married.

We were visiting a young couple who had been married about a year; and in the conversation he jokingly remarked that his wife had married the first fellow who asked her. I knew she did, for she was too much of a lady to allow a young man to propose to her when she could not give her affections in return. I was intimately acquainted with her, and I know there was a young man who would have asked her, but just as soon as she saw the drift of his mind she dropped him in her own ladylike way. I often think how many more happy ones there would be, less sorrow and perhaps less crime committed, if young persons would be true and noble in all their acts, for it is much easier to do right than wrong, and the wrong when once done can seldom be undone. There are many shallow-minded girls who think it smart to allow young men to propose, when they care nothing for them, and expect they will offer themselves sooner or later. Why can't they be ladies and an honor to the sex, and when they see there is something warmer than friendship there, (for a dull woman can see when the eyes brighten, the faces illuminate at her approach) if the affection can not be returned, in a lady-like way drop them. It may save many a heart-ache and many a tear. I know some think I am pretty good, but I know better, for my temper is my greatest failing, and if I ever hear my friend say a word about his wife in that re-

spect again, I shall tell him it was too bad she married the first one who asked her, for I see he was not fine enough to appreciate her noble character.

LEONIA MAY.

#### AT BAY VIEW.

I thought to write a Bay View letter to the *HOUSEHOLD* before this, but very serious illness in our cottage has interfered with all our plans here. Of all places to be sick a cottage at a summer resort is the worst, for every foot-fall, the opening and shutting of a door or even a whisper is felt all over the house. For days and nights the death angel seemed very near to us, and with two of our seven so very ill there was no pleasure to be thought of for the rest, but now the prospects are encouraging and we are enjoying everything. The most delightful attraction is the air, so cool, so pure and strengthening.

The programme at the great auditorium and six other public buildings is sufficiently varied to suit all comers—and they are numerous, never so many before. The first day's sale of season tickets aggregated \$2,464, being \$500 more than the opening day of last year. The summer schools are all well attended, but the great majority of ladies everywhere is noticeable. Are they more interested in higher education than the sterner sex? Everything is arranged in harmony with the Chautauqua reading for the past year, so we have "English, you know" everywhere.

Miss Mary Beedy gives daily talks on what she learned of English life in her five years' residence there; and Miss Balgerine is a representative Englishwoman with an unmistakable accent but many sound ideas. She represents four leading women's societies there. Those who have read the writings of Marion Harland and Mrs. Sangster are delighted to see and listen to them in the woman's council here. The grey-haired, strong-featured old mother of Gen. Lew Wallace is one of the lecturers, and she is vigorous to battle for women's rights, never lacking in ideas or ways to express them well.

Mrs. Lydia Mountford, a native of Jerusalem, with all her brilliant oriental costumes, gives four lectures, and her Amazonian proportions and voice are in marked contrast to the diminutive Miss Benfey who gives such pleasing dramatic recitations, her role having been "Elaine," "Mill on the Floss" and "Adam Bede." Her features are a reminder of one of Raphael's cherubs.

The Fisk Jubilee singers have been here, and at their last entertainment there was not even standing room in the great auditorium that seats 3,000 people. For soloists we have Mrs. Genevra Johnston Bishop, of Chicago,



and Mrs. Jennie Hall Wade, of Brooklyn, N. Y.

The justly famous Dr. Buckley, of New York, gave Bible lectures every day for a week, and made himself very popular. Prof. DeMotte has given two profound scientific lectures, and Dr. Dickerman is on the programme for his great stereopticon display of Egyptian glory. The polished orator, Dr. Conwell, of Philadelphia, gave "A Jolly Earthquake" and "Garibaldi" to appreciative listeners.

To-morrow we (not the invalids, but the able-bodied) forego all the literary feast and go to Odin on a fishing excursion, after which we shall expect to be sufficiently "brainy" to write again. The Assembly is now half through and our brains ache from the great stress of knowledge acquired during the past ten days, but we're packing it away for future reference.

EL. SEE.

BAY VIEW.

#### "SAW THE ELEPHANT."

Yes, we too attended the circus, though the intention was to go to town, do some trading, see the street parade and the crowd, then return home. We started early, so as to take the cool of the day and avoid the dust, but had not gone far before we realized that everybody was going; teams and vehicles of all descriptions came from every direction, and turning into the main road their drivers gave free rein to their steeds, and soon the air was filled with clucks, chirrups, anxious looks, dust and a sort of "Git there Doll and Nance" expression that was good to see; and if you want to see anticipation illustrated just drive leisurely to town on circus day, and let the crowd go by you—a moving, human kaleidoscope, true to nature, and one of the best parts of the show.

Well, we reached town safely, though I felt somewhat anxious, as it was Friday (said to be a dreadfully unlucky day), found everybody there and the children too, but we got a good place where we could see, and began to look at the folks and wait for the parade; and to make comfortable and sociable I bought some pop-corn and mother and Sarah and I stood there and just enjoyed life, for about two hours, eating pop-corn, seeing the folks and offering a few comments on "life illustrated," as seen from our standpoint (a dry-goods box), and I've no doubt that I did my full share to help make up the picture—and eat the corn—when suddenly the cry went up, "They're coming." We quit eating pop corn—for it was all gone—and opened our eyes with wonder and closed our mouths with decision, as the procession, headed by the "car of triumph" came in sight, drawn by eight beautiful grey horses. Three bands of music, four elephants, four spotted leopards, Shetland ponies, three camels, bright equipages, stirring music, all made a fine parade. Sarah

had never seen an elephant and could hardly tell which way they were going—backwards or forward—as they appeared to have a tail at both ends.

Well, after the procession had passed, Sarah wanted to go and see the show, and it seemed hard not to take the child, and mother seemed real willing to go and help me take her, so away we went. Arriving near the big tent I prepared for the first act in the drama proper, getting tickets. Have you ever been there? It's quite interesting to a looker on, but for real enjoyment you need to be "one of 'em." If you follow the procession right up, you'll have time to stand and gently crowd towards the unopened ticket wagon for about one hour and seventy-eight minutes; by that time you will—if you've given good attention—become quite well acquainted with the wagon, also with the color and expression of the eyes of the crowd, and also with the variety and strength of the human breath. But all things have an ending, and the door in the ticket-wagon finally opened and business commenced—a struggle for life and tickets—and when I emerged from that maelstrom I first got breath, then felt for my clothes, found most of 'em, felt to see if any bones were broken, found only bruises. Then made my way to where mother and Sarah were "standing up for their rights" manfully, and as the returning "brave" holds aloft in triumph the scalp of his enemy, so in triumph I held up the tickets, which to us were the "open sesame." Once inside the tent, we took a look at the menagerie part—very interesting indeed. The animals were clean, well kept and in good condition; the hippopotamus drew most attention—a mutual exchange of open-mouthed wonder. The huge elephant always interests me, the portly form and stately movements—so like an alderman—mischievous eyes, large and high forehead—room for thought—and what an ear for music if only cultivated, and how character is expressed by the mouth! (I could only think of an old man without teeth trying to chew tobacco.) I advised Sarah not to try to chew gum and eat gingerbread all at the same time. While gazing at the cage of monkeys I looked to see if there was any evidence tending to establish the theory of "evolution;" if it was there I failed to see it, though I admit that a desire to see everybody and to get all they could to eat, was very apparent. After we had taken a good look at all of the animals we passed into the circus part of the tent, and began to look for a good seat with the same anxious manner and inquiring upturned eye that the chickens show at perch time. We finally found what we thought would suit us, and took seats about midway from the ground to the roof, on a board eight inches wide, one inch thick, and made, I judge, of lignum vitæ; and nothing in the whole

show so impressed itself on my memory as did that seat. The seat below made a good foot-rest until the folks began to sit on our toes, when we removed them, and let 'em hang down (our feet) till the show was over. I was much interested in the feat of one of the performers, who lay down on his back, stuck his feet up in the air, and held aloft on his feet what looked like a soap barrel, and the way he rolled, tumbled and kicked that barrel was astonishing, but I was afraid all the time that the barrel would burst and let the soap run all over the poor man. Another performer on stilts about thirty feet high, and wearing a Mother Hubbard dress, was a beautiful sight. The performance was good—too good for me to attempt to describe it—the audience for the two performances numbered about ten thousand, and we looked till our mouths ached, and laughed till our faces pained us, and when it was all over we felt ten years younger, reached down and found our feet, came down from our perch, joined the homeward-bound crowd, and felt glad in our minds, and painfully in our anatomies, that we'd "been to the circus."

THEOPOLUS.

THERE is always a surplus of syrup after filling your jars with branded or pickled peaches. Strain this through a cloth, boil ten minutes, and seal up hot for pudding-syrup. It needs only to be heated for table use, and is very good.

#### Contributed Recipes.

**ICE CREAM.**—One quart of cream; one quart of milk; two cups of sugar; three eggs, and three tablespoonfuls of flavor. Whip the cream, add milk and sugar, then the beaten yolks and flavoring, and last add the white whipped to a froth, and freeze. In making ice-cream, before you prepare the cream, prepare the ice as Ella R. Wood says, and pack your freezer, and by the time the cream is ready the freezer will be "froze up," ready to commence freezing the cream. This makes one gallon when frozen. The cream may be good without eggs.

**MARBLED CHOCOLATE CAKE.**—One cup of sugar; one half cup of butter; two well beaten eggs; one half cup of milk; two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, sifted with one and two-thirds cups of flour; one half teaspoonful of vanilla. Take out two-thirds cup of this batter and mix with it four tablespoonfuls of grated chocolate. Cover the bottom of the pan with white, then drop upon it spoonfuls of the dark, then another layer of white and so on. Bake in moderate oven.

**CHOCOLATE CAKE.**—I generally use the same recipe as for marbled cake, omitting the cup of batter with chocolate stirred in and only using the whites of three eggs beaten well and added last. Bake in three layers. Make a boiled frosting of five tablespoonfuls of milk or water, one cup granulated sugar; flavor with vanilla, heat slowly, then boil five minutes or until it hairs from spoon; have ready grated two-thirds cup of sweet chocolate and add immediately, beat hard a minute and spread between layers and on top. LEONIA MAY.