

MICHIGAN FARMER

AND STATE JOURNAL OF AGRICULTURE.

DETROIT, JAN. 16, 1892.

THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

POLLY.

She is neither gay nor witty, her face is far from pretty,
And her name is not the sweetest ever heard,
She has never learned to speak Latin, German,
French or Greek,
And of Shakespeares she would fail to quote a word.
Hers are not the daintiest feet, but her gowns are always neat,
Though you'd never think of calling them in style.
Studied arts are all unknown, but you could not help but own
There is something very pleasant in her smile.
She will never wield a pen to secure her rights from men;
Neither does she on the "sweetest novel" dote.
She has never used a brush on satin, silk or plush,
And of music she can scarcely tell a note.
But she has a recompense in good, solid common sense;
And her cheery face is always bright to see;
She makes one feel the worth of that sweetest spot on earth,
In a home that's always bright as it can be.
As a housewife, I'll engage that if you should search an age,
A better one than she you could not show.
You should see the things she'll bake, the bread and pies and cake,
That always chance to "turn out right," you know.
No, she's not the one to shine in a brilliant social line;
That you'd never call her handsome I'll agree;
But she's just the sort of wife that would be a joy through life
To a simple hearted fellow, say like me.

AMONG THE BOOKS.

"An American Girl in London," by Sara Jeannette Duncan, is a very amusing account of the adventures of "Miss Mamie Wick, of Chicago," who, having prepared to visit England with her "poppa and momma," saw no reason why she should not carry out her intention in spite of circumstances which compelled her parents to forego the journey. So, supplied with plenty of money and three trunks, she crossed the ocean alone, relying upon a welcome from a distant relative of her father's who lived in London and whose annual Christmas cards had seemed to intimate a friendly interest in the Wick family, of Chicago. The authoress turns the tables in a very clever fashion upon those English men and women who come over to America, stay over one steamer, pick up anything which is not as it is done "in Lonnon" and go home and write a book about us. In very charming fashion she shows that Eng-

lish customs and manners, accent and currency, and a good many things British seem as amusing to Americans as do certain American ways to English people in this country. And often the inference is very apparent—"we do these things better with us." Those of our transatlantic cousins who criticise the flat pronunciation which characterizes—in fact is, the New England dialect, may perhaps now be conscious of the missing aspirate of the English middle class; and if they say the cultured English do not misuse their h's, we may retort by saying that the average American doesn't say "ceow."

Perhaps Miss Mamie's encounters with the British Matron are the most wittily told; you see some of us are familiar with an Americanized edition of the matron aforesaid, and can appreciate the humor of the characterization. Some portions of the book are too sketchy to be clever, but there is so much that is amusing, especially to anti-Anglomaniacs, that one doesn't criticise either matter or manner. The humor is delicate and pervasive. The going to Ascot with the Bangley Coffins, the "private view" at the Royal Academy, where every one looked at the dresses and Miss Mamie remembered afterward that the walls had been hung with pictures; the lunch with the two lads at Oxford, where, having mistaken a jug of cream for mayonnaise and poured it upon her fish, to avoid embarrassing her host—already blushing beautifully pink at having to do the honors—she calmly said, "we like it with fish in America," and ate as much of it as possible considering something had been done to it with vinegar; the description of the quiet country home of the Stacys, and the awkward contretemps which resulted, through her ignorance of English social ways, in paying a visit to the family of the man who wanted to marry her but hadn't as yet even faintly indicated the fact to her, contenting himself by paying his attentions to her chaperon—all are charmingly detailed. One can't help wishing Miss Mamie had been presented at court and told us about it. Her opinion of Royal flunkeys in plush and ancient dowagers in décolleté dresses might not have been flattering but would certainly have been amusing.

"The Story of an African Farm," by

Olive Schreiner, is one of the strangest books which has ever fallen in my way, especially if we consider the life and opportunities of the author. Born in the heart of South Africa, she had outgrown childhood before she ever saw a town, the nearest approach to such being Matesfontain, a little station consisting of a farm, a hotel, a mill and a warehouse, with a few poor houses, in the heart of the Karroo desert, 300 miles "up country." Her youth was passed on the farm, amid such scenes as she describes in her books—dead levels of sand and karroo bushes and barren ridges of rocks.

Miss Schreiner is the author of "Dreams," a collection of short sketches written since the publication of her "Story of an African Farm." These are allegorical in their nature and are peculiarly mystical. The "Story" was begun when she was yet a child and revised and completed later. The wonder is that one so young, so inexperienced, as we regard experience, could write a book at once so original, so pathetic, so full of life's deeper meanings. It bears evidence of an unusual, indeed what might be considered an abnormal development of spiritual life, which was without doubt the result of the isolation and loneliness of the surroundings. To every human soul comes at times the consciousness of being eternally and absolutely alone, a feeling that often so oppresses and bears down upon us that in sheer excess of it we seek companionship, yet knowing it is impossible to escape from the loneliness we carry with us. If men and women in the midst of civilization, surrounded by equals in intelligence, can yet say "We live in a desert. No one person understands any other person," what must that isolation—that soul-solitude in which every human being is hopelessly enfolded—become upon the sand plains of South Africa, with the unchanging sandy waste around, the unchanging blue above, and semi-civilized Kaffirs as attendants? Nurture a remarkably sensitive, thoughtful and impressionable child upon Biblical mysteries and doctrinal sermons; let her perplex her small head with the problems of life as she sees it and try to reconcile them with God as she has learned Him from Old Testament lessons and a religion which makes Him

simply stern judge and all-powerful ruler, and you have the conditions under which such a book might be written. It is hardly orthodox, according to denominational standards, nor is it altogether pleasant reading, yet there is a peculiar fascination about it. As you read, Memory, turning your own life leaves, says to you: "I thought this too, long ago." "This puzzled me once." "I asked myself that question long ago." You lived all that once; those fears, those yearnings, you felt; and you worshipped as far off, and feared the little brown devil with his cloven foot, and wondered at the wrong and injustice in your little world, as did the child upon the red sand beyond the kraal.

In what school did the little South African girl learn this? "A man's love is a fire of olive wood. It leaps higher every moment; it roars, it blazes, it shoots out red flames; it threatens to wrap you round and devour you—you who stand by like an icicle in its fierce warmth. You are self-reproached at your own chilliness and want of reciprocity. The next day when you go to warm your hands a little, you find a few ashes. 'Tis a long love and cool against a short love and hot."

Or this: "The less a woman has in her head the lighter she is for climbing. I once heard an old man say he never saw intellect help a woman so much as a pretty ankle, and it was the truth. * * * A little tenderness; a little longing when we are young; a little futile searching for work, a little passionate striving for room for the exercise of our powers—and then we go with the drove. A woman must march with her regiment. In the end she must be trodden down or go with it; if she is wise she goes. * * * Let any man think for a moment of what old maidenhood means to a woman. Is it easy to bear through life a name that in itself signifies defeat; to dwell, as nine out of ten unmarried women must, under the finger of another woman? Is it easy to look forward to an old age without honor, without the reward of useful labor, without love? I wonder how many men there are who would give up everything that is dear in life for the sake of maintaining a high ideal purity?"

But no fragmentary quotations can do justice to the peculiar scope and purport of this South African sketch.

BEATRIX.

QUINCES will not make solid jelly after they have been touched by the frost. This is about the only thing that will prevent the jelly from hardening properly after being boiled.

By using soda water as a wash, it is asserted you can clean ceilings that have been smoked by a kerosene lamp. And lamp burners are best cleansed by washing them in strong soda water.

WHAT TO TEACH, AND HOW TO TEACH IT.

Some time ago a correspondent of the HOUSEHOLD asked the important question, how she should answer the oft recurring questions of her little girl, those questions the majority of children, with the natural curiosity which should be seen in childhood, ask of their parents on their own "immediate and wondrous heritage of power." I waited, thinking surely some of the good sound sense of the writers to the HOUSEHOLD would be given in an answer to so important a query. Finally it passed from my own mind, but was recalled when on looking through a magazine, I found an article from the pen of Frances E. Willard entitled "How to Bring Up a Boy." The article in full is most excellent, but I will only give that portion which refers directly to the correspondent's inquiry. The article is written especially on the training of boys, but this certainly (by changing the pronouns) may as wisely be applied to the little daughters. She says:

"The boy is sent to school to learn the most sacred endowments of his being from some low lad on the play ground, or some leering youth in the back alley; or some peddler of vile literature who waylays him on his way home. Knowledge abhors a vacuum, and if the boy's head is not filled with pure explanations of his own nature and powers, it will be packed with those that are impure. For every school has in it its three classes of children—those from homes celestial, terrestrial and diabolical. It is so much easier to sink than to climb, that in the natural effort of all to find equilibrium, the lowest minds spread their contagion wide-t, and the tendency is to keep time to the slowest step in the last battalion of the 'little soldiers newly mustered in.' Hence the mothers should make sure that purity has the first word. The boy's questions will be early asked. Let not the coarse reply get in its work before the chaste one comes. Science is like fire: it burns out dross; tell him what science says. God's laws are all equally clean and holy; tell him of the laws of God. But how shall you tell him? Always according to the truth of things. The bird in its nest; the flower on its stalk; the babe in its cradle, all show forth one creative law. Probably the best result of women's higher education is that they will thus be better fitted to bring up their children. The scientific spirit in the mother will better understand the constant questions of her son.

"There will be other questions of the alert little brain. 'Mamma, what makes that man walk crooked?' the boy asks as the awful object lesson of a poisoned brain crosses his path. Then let her teach him that the body is

God's temple, and that into it must not enter anything that defileth. Shine in upon his quick intelligence with a 'Thus saith nature, thus saith reason, thus saith physiology, chemistry and hygiene.' Teach him that the laws of Nature are but the methods of God's ever present action; that He is not far from every one of us, but 'in Him we live and move and have our being.'

WILLIAMSTON.

HATTIE E. RIX.

HOW "ME 'N SARAH" JOINED THE FARMERS' CLUB.

I've put in nearly fifty years farming. I never drank liquor in any form. I've worked from ten to eighteen hours a day, been economical in clothes and never went to a show more than a dozen times in my life, and raised a family and educated them. My wife worked with me, washing pails, scalding pans, skimming milk, sewing new seats in the boys' pants, and spanking butter, and sometimes milking the cows. For forty years we toiled along together and hardly got time to look into each other's faces or to stop to get acquainted with each other. Finally my wife wanted me to join the Farmers' Club. This happened one rainy day when I was greasing my old boots by the kitchen fire. I asked her what did the Farmers' Club amount to, anyhow. She said it would make me popular, "and maybe you'll get to be president of it, after a while." President, hum! She said it would learn me a more easy and diversified method of farming. Well, we've had one of those embroidered, nightshirt diversified farmers come down from the city, and buy a farm that had nothing to it but a fancy house, a meadow in the front yard, and a southern aspect. He tried to diversify farming by raising Bohemian oats and bonded wheat. He went "kermash." He couldn't raise a disturbance on it. But my wife (Sarah) said I must not look at one man's failure, but look at our neighbors enjoying themselves. They go about once in every two weeks with bouquets and happy faces to elevate farm life and make home more attractive.

Now Sarah's judgment was always pretty good, so I told her I would join just to please her. So one day I was going by the president's house and I stopped. And what do you suppose I found the president's wife doing? Why, she was spankin' butter just like Sarah does! And the president was at the barn milking the cows, just as I have to do myself. So I told him my business, and he took down my name, said he thought it was a good idea for us farmers to meet occasionally, and see if we could improve the present method of farming, and told me where the next meeting would be held. So I went home and told Sarah about it; she was just pleased and said she thought life would be more pleasant in

the future. So the day before the meeting Sarah was stepping around as light as a duck on a moonlight night. She sewed lace in the top of her dress, and trimmed the wristbands of my white shirt that I hadn't worn since last town meeting. And next day I hitched on to the light wagon and drove around to the front gate for Sarah, and when she came out she looked fine. I knew I wouldn't be ashamed of her, for she was dressed as good as any farmer's wife. Then we were off to the meeting. When we got there the president introduced me to a great many strangers, and even to a man I had been acquainted with for a long time; but as he owed me a dollar on some seed corn he had to be introduced to me. I looked to see where Sarah was and she was in the parlor and the women seemed to be making quite a pow-wow over her. I had quite a talk with old Lankinsledger about how cheap taters were this year, and 'twasn't long before we were called to dinner, and this was the most interesting part of the meeting for me. After dinner the president did what they called "calling the meeting to order," and after a while different members got up and made speeches about their experience in farming. I didn't say anything, but I thought I wouldn't have to try very hard to make as good a speech as some of them, for they all thought they were doing something smart by mixing in a few big words. Then they talked about where they'd meet next time and we invited them to come to our place, so they concluded to come. Finally they said something about adjourning—guess that's the new name for chore time—so Sarah and I started home, and she began to tell me about what she had heard at the meeting. She said there was a new style of dress now, and hers wasn't fit to wear for nice any more. I told her I couldn't see how that was, for my pants never got out of style when there wasn't any holes in them. But she said 'twas the different way they made dresses now that caused them to be out of style, and said something about flaps and fans on dresses. I told her to compose herself; she was getting tangled up in some of those big words she heard at the Club. We got home about dark, and had to do the chores by lamp-light. And we sat up pretty late that night talking about the Club, but we ought not to, for I had to get up early next morning in order to make that hired man earn his wages. For the next two weeks Sarah was at me for a new dress for the next meeting. But I told her I didn't want to be at any expense through this Club business, for I joined it to learn how to save expense; and I guessed she'd have to wait till she had worn out the one she had. She wanted me to prepare a speech, so when they came to

our house I could get up and talk like the other men did. She wanted me to write it down, but I knew it was easier to tell it than to write it. She thought I might make mistakes, but I knew there was no danger as long as I didn't interfere with those big words.

Well, the day before they met at our house Sarah said I'd have to go to town to get stuff for the meeting. When I asked her what she wanted, she said for one thing a bunch of celery. I asked what that was and what it looked like and she told me 'twas a sort of bouquet and made the table look nice. She wanted a half pound of mustard, three pounds and a half of brown sugar and a nutmeg. She was going to say something else, but I told her to stop or we'd have no meeting. I got the stuff and it cost me forty-nine cents, too; all on account of this meeting business. And Sarah worked awful hard getting ready, but she never complained 'cause 'twas her own doings. The next forenoon I could smell the pork boiling clear out in the barnyard and I knew we were going to have a good dinner. About noon they commenced to come and I began to help put away their horses; and they kept on coming and I kept on helping till at last, seeing there was no other way, I had to run out the light wagon and hitch the horses on the barn floor and put rails between them. I noticed that each farmer saw that his horse had a manger-full of hay before he went to the house, and the last who came thought I didn't raise hay enough for this sized farm. I didn't say anything for I didn't want to tell him what I thought, so we all went to the house.

Pretty soon Sarah began to fly around to get dinner, and it was soon on the table, and when we went out to dinner the table looked pretty nice I can tell you. She put the bouquet called celery right in the middle of the table. I told them to pitch right in and make themselves at home, and they seemed to take right hold; and I noticed that old Lankinsledger ate a good deal of pork with his mustard, and Three-ply Bumblesteen ate an awful lot of mustard with his pork, and nearly all of them took the second cup of coffee, and toward the last they began to brouse at the bouquet and that beat me, for I supposed bouquets were made to look at and smell of, but they never quit till they ate up the whole business. I never saw anything to beat that since I left York State, where the foreigners used to eat the sweet corn, cob and all. So finally we got through dinner and went into the sitting-room and I had to go over and sit on the corner of the wood box. Finally the President did what they called "calling the meeting to order," and Mr. Frozenhice got up and said he believed in making home attractive for the boys; and Mr. Summerfallow said he believed in plowing under clover for wheat, but I

wondered where he got it, for I haven't had a catch the last three years. Mr. Greasthewagon said this mild winter would be a great rebate on wintering stock. I couldn't stand it any longer; I wanted to talk myself; so I got up and told them that my cattle had gone through a whole mowful of hay since October, and eleven tons of bran. Hay doesn't seem to have the goodness to it that it had last year; and with these new roller process grist mills they jerk all the goodness out of bran, so you might as well feed cows sawdust and upholster your horses with hemlock bark. As for the boys leaving the farm I don't blame them so long as other things pay better; but I say, and I say what I know, that the man who holds the prosperity of this country in his hands, the man who actually makes money for other people to spend, the man who eats three square meals a day and goes to bed at nine o'clock so that the future generation with good blood and cool brain can go from his farm to the Senate and Congress and to the White House—he is the man who gets left at last to run his farm, with nobody to help him but a hired man and a high protective tariff.

"Yes," said Mr. Croaker, "but look at the glory of sending from the farm the future President, the future Senator, and the future member of Congress."

That looks well on paper, but what does it really amount to? Soon as a farmer boy gets in a place like that he forgets the soil that produced him, holds his head as high as a hollyhock, and while he sails round in a room with a fire in it night and day, his father on the farm kindles the fire in the morning with elm slivers, and wears his son's lawn tennis suit for underclothes, and he milks in an old gray shawl that held that member of Congress when he was a baby.

After I got through nobody said a word for a minute or so, then they began to talk about where they would meet next time, and finally adjourned, and commenced to go home. And I kept on helping them to get started till it was dark. Then I had the chores to do and I hardly knew where to begin. When I got through milking I started to go to the house, and fell over one of the rails we had put between the horses; the milk spilled all over my best pants, I hurt my elbow, and I was mad. When I got to the house Sarah hadn't the dishes washed and it took us till ten o'clock that night to get our work done. And I told Sarah that this would put an end to the Farmers' Club with us, for all it interested were those who seemed to yearn for society and popularity more than to pay their mortgages. T. S.

THE gum of the cherry tree dissolved in alcohol, makes an adhesive paste, good for pasting labels, etc.

HOW IT GREW.

The story, of course, begins with a woman—one of the most common type of farm-wives; plain; of meager education and known as "ambitious," inasmuch as she always undertook double the tasks any one could do well. She was often discouraged and "blue," feeling that her life was barren and her world a very narrow one. Her work was just like that of almost all other women on a large farm, it went on in the proverbial route from sun to sun; and often, while her children were small, continued through the hours of night. But the recollection of the poverty of her early years made her rejoice over every feature of present prosperity, and she always taught her children to remember that there were many poorer than themselves. Her babies usually followed their good-night kiss with, "Oh, mamma, I wish every poor child had as warm a bed as this!" As they grew older, a weekly paper, the treasure of the oldest child, had much to say of a ward in a certain hospital which was "free to poor children."

Now a hospital was an institution as little known in this rural place as if it had belonged to another planet; but a place to make comfortable, and if possible cure the poor little ones, was talked over a good deal, and a picture of one of the cots looked at until every line was familiar. Then came a time when the mother read that such a ward had been opened in Harper Hospital, Detroit. Ah, that was nearer home! And as, at long intervals, newspaper items regarding the noble charity were read and discussed, they began to wish they could do something to help make the children happy. "I," suggested the nine year old girl, "might spare them some of my picture books." "And I," piped up the second in age, "might send Phema, only she hasn't any legs or arms, but she can work her eyes yet quite good, and some little girl might like her to play with." Then the sturdy boy promised his "taws" when he got too large to play with them. Each had proffered the treasure most dearly beloved, and the mother recognized the noble impulse as one worthy of encouragement, and turned her mind from its beaten paths to "think up some way." She had found from experience that a box of leaflets was just the thing for a weak, convalescent child to amuse itself with; a lot of pretty pictures were going to waste in the attic, so she told them they might make leaflets to send. Stormy Saturday afternoons were to be set apart for the work, and they went at it with zeal and a muss. Other children came in and wished they could do something of that kind too; and some good spirit whispered, "Why not?" The leaflets and a box of flowers were finally sent; and such a

such a chattering went on at school and at home, that before long a dozen girls, ranging in age from four to fourteen years, organized themselves into a society called "Friends of the Children's Free Hospital."

Although this was but about nine months ago, they have, in many ways, made their influence felt in the hospital. They have crocheted edging for nightdresses, etched a pretty bedspread, made table bibs, and sent in fruit and flowers at every opportunity. Anything in the country which is new straightway becomes news, and as such is considered in all its bearings. The mothers began to talk it over and the "original" began to collect a box of old soft cotton and outgrown nightclothes. She found everybody so responsive to the thought of helping that the idea of a society among themselves suggested itself, and though quite unaccustomed to such work and strangers to parliamentary rules, they met at a central house, and got themselves into working shape, and a good work they have done. They were all toiling people, had little time and less money; but they agreed to give one afternoon of each month for sewing and the dues were placed at five cents.

One problem puzzled them; they were fifty miles from the city, and could not see how their nickels were going to buy material for the garments and send them that distance too. But they soon learned that packages could be sent free, and that those in charge of the hospital were glad to send out garments to be made, as the making represented money to them.

Fruit cans were furnished, and during the summer each active member handed a can to her friend and also to her "friend's friend" with a request that she fill it with whatever she could best spare. No one refused, and in the autumn sixty quarts were sent. Half bushel baskets were received empty and returned in groups, filled with all sorts of things—from the fragrant onion to pippins and Snow apples.

They did not ask for anything which a farmer would market, but only for sufficient sympathy and interest to gather up and send to them that which goes to waste on a large farm every year. They are "thinking it out" and talking it up, and the prospect is that the two "Auxiliary Associations"—a second has been formed four miles from the first—of this year will be multiplied in number and increased in strength another year. One hour of some day in the city, spent at the hospital, is certain to make any one with a heart its earnest friend forever after. The little white cots, the pallid, suffering occupants, greeting with a bright smile the one who "sent the apples," and reaching gladly for the golden buttercups—guests from the woods—something they have never seen, is something pleasant to remember.

The children are of all sizes, kinds and color. The hospital is open to "all sick children under twelve, whose parents or friends are unable or unwilling to provide for them. No question is asked except, "Are they suffering and needy?" and they are made as comfortable as possible.

A band of earnest, noble-hearted, generous-handed people have founded and uphold this charity. "Yes," sneers Farmer Weazen, "but they are rich and able to do it." True, but why should we deprive ourselves of the same pleasure they have—the pleasure of knowing that we have at least tried to do good?

"Not only what we give, but also what we keep" is said to be the true measure of a gift, so on the book of that Recording Angel, which we all like to dream about whenever we have a good deed to make note of, the half bushel of windfalls may, in some way unknown to mathematics, amount to as much as the check of several ciphers. A good deed always reacts, and no person can help another without helping himself more. Farmers, compared with city people, are strangers to the habit of charity; but more than one woman has already found that it "drives away the blues" to do something for the "C. F. H." and that it is well worth a nickel to meet with neighbors in such a pleasant way—where merry tongues keep time with the needles.

This is the story of how the first Auxiliary Association grew. It was through blindness and blunders, but any one wishing to form one now may easily do so by applying to the Secretary for rules and directions. Where this is not practicable, two or three neighbors may do a good deal, while even one woman, when she says she will, she will; and will be happier forever after, thinking of the little sufferers who have been helped to bear their pain, or brought out of it into health and independence, through her exertions.

A. H. J.

THOMAS.

A CORRESPONDENT at Baldwin, Lake County, asks the HOUSEHOLD to tell where grape fruit grows, how it grows, and how to prepare it for the table. Grape fruit grows in Florida and belongs to the citrus family, which includes the orange, lemon, lime, etc. The fruit grows upon a tree like the orange, but is much larger and of a paler color when ripe. There is a very bitter white coating under the outer rind, but the pulp is a pleasant acid, midway between the orange and lemon. The shaddock is another and larger variety of grape fruit, and both are considered a specific for malaria, and are often seen in Northern markets. The fruit is eaten like the orange; we know of no way of preparing it for the table except to serve sliced with sugar, as oranges are served. Being careful, however, to remove all the bitter white coat.