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THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

THE PRETTY SIMPLETON.

When fair Belinda sweetly smiles,
And airily before you trips,
You're captured by her artless wiles
And must admire her rosy lips.
You know that she is very fair,
You see that she has splendid eyes;
But ah, rash lover, have a care,
And find out if Belinda's wise.

For beauty, trust us, is not all
A wife in these days shall possess;
Her conversation's apt to pall,
If she can talk of naught but dress.
She need not be too deeply read,
You do not want a priggish bride;
But still take care the pretty head
Can boast some little brain inside.

In courtship all she said was sweet,
For you had died to win a glance;
Her little platitudes seemed neat,
Breathed mid the pauses of the dance.
You would have felt a heartless fiend
To criticise when by her side;
Nor would the lady have demeaned
Herself to answer, had you tried.

But when you've won her for a wife,
And ante-nuptial glamor dies,
What food for matrimonial strife
Her crass, inconsequent replies!
How terrible to find her dense,
And never grasping what you mean!
You'll think one gleam of common sense
Worth more than finest eyes e'er seen.

Days come when love no longer gives
Illusions as in hours of yore;
And hapless is the man who lives
To find his wife become a bore.
Then keep, if you'd avoid that day,
The wise "Spectator's" golden rule—
Don't be by beauty led away,
And choose for wife a pretty fool.

—London Punch.

A BLIGHTED LIFE.

Upon the list of victims of the fire at the Indianapolis Surgical Institute I saw a name I recognized as that of a person I have often seen in this city, and never without a feeling of profound sympathy and commiseration. He was a total stranger; though we were neighbors in the same great building and often met in the halls and stairways we never had exchanged even the "Good morning" which business etiquette permits those who meet under such circumstances—for he could not lift his eyes to my face so terribly was he crippled by disease. I had heard, through others, the sad story of a bright career blasted, and his misfortunes excited my deepest pity. "Poor fellow!" I said to myself again and again, at sight of that tall figure bent almost double, so that like Paul

Scarron, he might have compared himself to the letter Z; and though still young, perhaps thirty-two, his case was hopeless.

His story, as it was told me, was this: He graduated with honor at the State University and also at a certain well known medical college, with high hopes and boundless enthusiasm in his chosen profession. He had "worked his way" through college; and I have noticed that young men who have energy and intellect to do that are those who make their mark in the world; they have the elements of success in their characters. Any boy can "go through college" with his father's bank account behind him, but those who go through on their brains instead of money are those who reap the benefits of college training. And he had just begun to practice, with all a man's determination to succeed if faithfulness and merit could win success. There was another reason why he should work; there was some one waiting for the title of "the Doctor's wife" when he should be able to offer her a home; he was building the nest.

But there came a day when he had to visit a patient at some distance, and a storm came on. He was wet through and through, but he made his visit and drove home. And when next he went out into the sunshine, it was as a hopeless cripple, who should never stand erect again. Imagine, if you can, what this meant to him! Not yet even in life's prime, the way so bright before him, so much to hope for, so much to win—all his ambitions, his plans, to be renounced! The woman he loved was not cast in heroic mould. She was sorry for him; very sorry, of course; but she couldn't marry a cripple! And he gave up love as well as ambition; and set himself to learning a new business by which he could earn enough for his wants—he did not care for more.

The room where I sat all day, looking over papers and grinding out "copy," was next to his and I soon learned, I thought, to know his moods. Some days his room was still as death, the occasional fall of a tool or the scraping of a chair, or the voice of a caller, alone broke the silence. What ghosts of dead hopes haunted that silent room only he could have told.

Other days he sang incessantly; sometimes I thought seriously of sending our office imp with a prayer for a moment's respite, for he nearly drove me frantic. College glees, bacchanal songs to love and wine, the refrain of the latest topical song, and especially some jargon about

"Sagiuaw and Mackinac,
Kalamazoo and Timbuctoo"

(I don't know where he got it, but he'd sing it an hour at a time), succeeded each other all day—but always the songs were gay and rollicking.

"My neighbor's a cheerful young man," I said to our foreman one day. "Is he half as funny as his songs?" And I was told that he (the foreman) had complimented "the Doctor"—as he was always called—one day on his cheerfulness, and this was his answer: "You think I'm 'cheerful' because I sing? I sing so I can't think. Days when I can't sing I'm in hell." And in the bitterness of the last sentence was told the anguish of a lifetime of physical and mental suffering. And I was glad after that for the days when the Doctor sang, and thankful for the grace which had kept me from complaining. Then he moved away, and I saw him occasionally as he went to his work and I to mine. And then he dropped out of sight entirely and no one seemed to know what had become of him. One is soon forgotten in the hurry of the business world—forgotten even sooner than in the social "swim."

And now, he is dead! It was an awful death, but somehow I feel sure "the Doctor" was not sorry to die. It was a blessed relief from the constant pain that racked that poor, distorted figure, and the deeper torture of a proud spirit hopelessly devouring itself. Life had no fair outlook, there was nothing to hope for; and we may trust the All-Knowing will mercifully forgive the bitterness and hardness of a heart so wrung by life's saddest disappointments.

BEATRIX.

BESS desires a correction in her last week's letter. Plainwell is located at the intersection of the Grand Rapids & Indiana and Lake Shore & Michigan Southern railroads, instead of Chicago & West Michigan. The mistake was the Editor's. There are also four churches instead of three.

FIVE HUNDRED A YEAR.

Why does not some one who knows tell us about housekeeping on \$500 a year? Mine is only borrowed experience, but I should think it would depend entirely on the high contracting parties.

Take the woman who has expensive tastes, is ambitious to shine in fashionable society, has little knowledge of and a distaste for housework. Let her promise to love and honor the man who does not pay his tailor, must have his cigars and beer, wear bright red neckties and is one of the boys. They rent a house and buy furniture on the installment plan and before it is paid for come to the conclusion that marriage is a failure.

The sensible, self-reliant woman who has made up towels, table linen and bedclothes, and who does not care whether the people on Ascutney Street call or not, can marry the equally sensible, persevering young man of good habits who has saved enough to build a little house on the lot he has asked her to share. And if their two hearts beat as one (and they will have to be economical hearts) they will live on five hundred dollars a year and save money—at least it has been done.

But what has been on my mind is the fathomless depravity of mankind, and the poor judgment of two-thirds of them. I have a superior article I would like to introduce if people were not so ungrateful or indifferent, for "'Tis with our judgments as our watches, none go just alike, yet each believes his own."

I am acquainted with a woman who thinks the children must have a gold ring from the time they are three months old, and the baby's picture taken every fortnight, while the butcher and baker go unpaid. Another wears gauze vests all winter and sits with a shawl around her shoulders so that the eldest girl (she has five) can have a plush dress, and she is a "cheap girl" after all. A third allows her children to read family story papers, the worst of their kind, and choose their own companions without a thought of the influences. Perhaps she does not know that "what we are depends on the life we lead, the people we meet and the books we read." I know of men who will not work for less than two and one-half dollars a day with board, whose families are supported by the town and church, and when they do earn an honest dollar it is never spent intelligently. Then there is the girl who makes a missionary of herself by marrying a man to reform him; and men—their name is legion—who drink, smoke, gamble and sit on the front seat at variety and minstrel shows without a thought of better things. These are not all there are. It takes a great many different kinds of people to make a world, and often I have congratulated myself that I was not one of them. When my

friend called—she who has all her life by example as well as precept been trying to convert the world to right principles—I told her all about it and how, although we had sermons, lectures and innumerable good books and papers, the world was so imperfect. Her reply had the added meaning that quoted words often have—"To bring everything to a state of perfection, if there is such a thing, it appears to me that there is no other means than with diligence to work unceasingly on one's self."

E. B.

FROM A NEW COMER.

Let us rally to the call. That plea for "more copy" well nigh brought tears to my eyes. Come now, sisters of the HOUSEHOLD, let us reason together; we know we have the banner HOUSEHOLD of the innumerable ones of our day, a gracious little visitor; and of course we enjoy—sitting at our ease—the productions signed Beatrix, A. H. J., A. L. L. and others. But right here comes in that wonderful Golden Rule—pat. Let us not forget to appreciate the timely fashion hints and helps in the home, the time and the painstaking thereof. I shall ever remember, with much pleasure in my first housekeeping days, the helpful diary of Ruth Edwards when the HOUSEHOLD was a part of the FARMER proper. I often query who she was, and where she is.

Let me hurry and tell you before the children—whom some "old bach" writer is pleased to call the "delirium tremens of matrimony"—come trooping in from school, an incident illustrative of—what? A friend of mine (not like "Jo's" in "Little Women") has a dear "wee laddie" of between three and a half and four years of age, who rather excels in the dispatch and accuracy of errand-running. One morning his mother requesting his services in that line found Master Tommy "otherwise engaged" and of course not in the mood, but finally "cluded" to go cheerfully. Upon his return, his mother expressed surprise at his unusually long absence. But he said "Mrs. Buown" wanted him to go on an errand for her. "All right," mamma says, "but I fear my little boy looked cross because of it." The little fellow drew himself up to his full stature and said emphatically: "Do you suppose I would gwoul (growl) at the woman I didn't live with?" Mamma thought volumes!

How much I enjoy the occasional book-browsing in our columns!

Too true, 'tis pity, the article "Inhuman Humanity." A. H. J.'s "When," finds a response in many a mother-heart. A. L. L., always good; half right at least, Miss Indignant; greetings to all. There they come—the children—bless their hearts! laughing and shouting "supper for four," so away goes

ROSEVALE-ON-ROUGE.

PEGGY BECK.

HELPED BY THE "HOUSEHOLD."

I want to tell you how much good Evangeline's article entitled "Mother's Difficulties," did me. I think I was in a mood to appreciate it, for it came on one of those blistering days in September when we were putting up a wind-mill, our fourth baby was only three or four weeks of age, and our help was so slow! The work seemed piling mountain high almost, and as I read it the tears started and I said to myself, "That woman has been 'through the mill,' or she never could draw a picture so true to life."

I have been very much interested in all the discussions on the subject of the care and training of the little ones, and feel that it is a high and noble calling to be a mother; but how few of us realize the great responsibility of bringing a never dying soul into existence and training it for an eternity, and how inadequate to the task are the wisest and best of us without Divine aid! Let us make this our study and our business—we who are mothers—to know how to meet the requirements of each individual nature, and call out all the best qualities, feeling that our country's future rests largely with us, and that "as we sow, so we shall also reap" is just as true in this sense as any way it can be taken.

Now let me leave my recipe for spice cake on the pantry shelf and then I'll close, before I "wear out my welcome," but would say that if this doesn't find its way into the big basket I may call again and tell you about our "bran coffee," at some future date.

And now about the cake: I call it my "poor man's plum pudding," for it is delicious steamed and served with a sauce for dessert, and as it will keep almost indefinitely in cold weather it is nice to have baked against a day of unexpected company. If for dinner you want a pudding steam it; and if for supper you want a cake why slice it off, and you are all right; see? It is certainly very much more easily prepared than a boiled plum pudding, and healthier too, I think. I hope you will like it.

ZETTE.

[The recipe will be found on the fourth page.—ED.]

INQUIRIES.

I would like to ask through the HOUSEHOLD what is the matter of my calla. I have not had a blossom this winter. It is in a south window and has plenty of heat and water.

Also, will you tell me if it is not customary for a woman, after the death of her husband to drop the use of his initials and use only her own; thus, before "Mrs. Geo. W. Brown;" after his death, "Mrs. M. A. Brown?"

M. S. E.

[It is a matter of individual preference. Both are proper and customary.—ED.]

IN CONFIDENCE.

Reading your little paper only occasionally, I missed what Hattie E. Rix had to say on this grave question, but the idea of A. H. J.'s to inform a child of ten of Nature's creative laws is positively revolting to me and undoubtedly to others. What is an innocent girl of that age to do with the knowledge, of which she is not able to understand anything? Can any one see harm in letting a child believe that a baby is sent by God, or as German children believe, that a stark has fished it out of the baby-pond, far, far away? I myself believed something like this, until at the age of ten I was rudely awakened from this sweet belief, not by my mother—who was too wise a woman to rob her oldest little daughter, at so tender an age, of her innocence—but by a schoolmate, a few years my senior. To this day I cannot forgive her; she made me look with different eyes than innocent ones, and never after did I greet a little brother or sister with the same joy as before I was initiated. Children will not thank you for destroying their little world of imagination so early, nor will they censure you—it otherwise brought up strictly truthful—for having kept from them what they were not able to comprehend, and for having let them believe in some poetical fiction instead.

Having raised many girls from childhood to girlhood, and having seen them enter womanhood, I have often heard them express sorrow at having been robbed of their childish fancy too soon.

ZEILA.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa.

[In our criticisms of others' opinions let us always be just, and especially let us be accurate. In her letter, A. H. J. does not advise telling children of ten the mysteries of creative laws, but said few under that age could understand or be intrusted with such knowledge. She says it is still a puzzle to her, and that much must depend upon the disposition and characteristics of the child. Few of us credit children with all the reflection and thought that go on in their minds, silently. Every mother is occasionally startled by some question from her child which reveals depths of reflection, observation and reasoning she never suspected. A. H. J. would "tell it early" to avoid exactly what Zeila experienced in her own childhood, the enlightenment, not wisely or well, of schoolmates. The truth, told by a judicious mother, is infinitely preferable to the confidences of a schoolmate. Zeila's mother's words, wisely put, would not have been half so revolting to her childish apprehension as those of her young friend. It seems as if A. H. J.'s way is the wisest—to frankly acknowledge there is something to be told by and bye and promise when they are old enough they shall know. Could

we but stop their ears to the confidences of others there would be no trouble. Ignorance, mistakenly considered innocence, has proved many a girl's undoing. Remembering, this a mother must carefully consider *all things* before she gives the confidence.—ED.]

A PLEA FOR SPIDERS' WEBS.

Now don't hold up your hands in horror, please don't, and say "The dirty thing!" for time was when all the good I could see in spiders' webs was a means to develop the muscle of the housewife as she wielded broom and duster to exterminate them. But let me tell you what changed my mind. Last spring my father was taken suddenly ill with acute inflammation of the kidneys; and after twelve hours' suffering which seemed unbearable, with no relief from the poultices or any other remedy which could be suggested, in came one of those blessings in the shape of a neighbor who has a remedy for everything, who said; "I've heard that an application of spiders' webs is good for inflammation, try it!" Then began the search from garret to cellar. Not one could be found. Another neighbor bethought himself of the basement of his barn, and shortly brought a dozen or more of the velvety things a foot or more square. We applied them to the seat of the pain, covered with a warm flannel, and in less than half an hour the sick man was resting quietly, and until his ultimate recovery, whenever there was a return of the pain, one application never failed to give relief. I have known of their being used twice since, once in inflammation of the bowels and once for pleurisy, both times with grand success. They are not drawing, only soothing.

What I wish to say is when the house-cleaning mania is on, leave some webs. Of course I don't mean the little annoying ones that persist in gathering in every convenient corner, but the great fatherly ones that we find in the woodshed loft, or the dark corners of the cellar; and just beg the head of the family to leave some extra large ones in the barn basement. If it happens that some overly neat person tells, with horrified look, that she saw webs as large as a checkerboard in Mrs. B.'s cellar, never mind; just wait until she is suffering from pain, and then heap coals of fire upon her head in the shape of cobwebs. In this case at least I think the end justifies the means. I have heard that webs taken as pills would break the ague; but think I should prefer an external to an internal application.

Beatrix says she wants to be buried under a pile of letters; let's bury her good and deep so that she will make the missives fly lively as she struggles out. Let us do our part to make our little paper a success.

Fie, Indignant, let Grandpa stay. My

experience with grandpas is that they are a blessing, even if they do reach second childhood, and then I guess if any of us had the grippe three times we would be glad if we had strength left to peep.

Can Mrs. Fuller tell me if the *Manettia* vine and *Jasminoides Grandiflora* will live out of doors during our Michigan winters.

ALGANSEE.

JOHN'S WIFE.

A CHRISTMAS PRESENT.

Christmas has passed and the new year is here. Little we know what it will bring of joy and sorrow in the days and weeks to come, for we can not look into the future, or know what an influence our lives may have on those around us.

Beatrix's influence reached miles from Detroit, and chose me a Christmas present. Could she have looked into a farmer's sitting room, and seen my aged grandfather hand me a copy of *Arnold's Poems*, with the remark, "I suppose you read Beatrix on 'The Light of Asia' in the *HOUSEHOLD*," I know that she would have been as glad as I that she wrote it. What a history my brown and gold volume will ever have for me! "The Life and Teachings of Gautama," "Prince of India," and founder of Buddhism, which today is the religion of nearly one-half of all the world's population, and who died 580 B. C., written by an eminent man of the present time and given me by a loving and loved grandparent! And how I enjoy reading the sublime poem that has been put into the mouth of Buddha, and also the addition of a standard book to my little library.

Let me quote a few lines from "The Light of Asia," to be read while you keep in mind the pen picture of Arnold as given in the *HOUSEHOLD* of December 5th, 1891.

"Om, amitaya! measure not with words
The immeasurable; nor sink the string of
thought
In 'o the fathomless. Who asks doth err;
Who answers, errs. Say naught!"

"Shall any gazer see with mortal eyes,
Or any searcher know by mortal mind?
Veil after veil will lift, but there must be
Veil upon veil behind."

"This is enough to know, the phantasms are,
The Heavens, Earths, Worlds, and changes
changing them,
A mighty whirling wheel of strife and stress
Which none can stay or stem."

Come one and all and tell us what you are reading these long cold winter evenings. "89."

EVERGREEN, of Algodon, says: "I saw some cute sayings of children in the *HOUSEHOLD* recently, and will tell some of the remarks of my twin boys, five years old. One day when it was quite muddy they came tramping into the house and I said to one, 'Go clean the mud off your shoes; see how muddy they are!' 'Oh,' he said, 'that isn't mud; that's rusty!' When we butchered they stood at the window watching the process of scalding and dressing the hogs. One came running to me, saying 'Oh ma! they are peeling the pig-now!'"

The Household.

A PLEASANT LETTER.

The head line of *Puck* is the trenchant sentence "What fools we mortals be;" it should be supplemented by these words, "and desperately selfish altogether."

Here we go on week after week enjoying our HOUSEHOLD and wondering how in the world Beatrix can keep it up to its always interesting state, and at the same time don't realize how much real tired feeling and pathos is in that cry for "More copy!"

Now I'm not preaching unless it be to myself, for I know how the weeks slip by while the children have colds and whooping cough and gripe, and the dear knows what, and the letter planned for the HOUSEHOLD remains safely stored away in our heads and hearts instead of being written and sent to our beloved little paper.

Now all in favor of writing more and oftener and helping to cheer the heart of our Editor manifest it by the usual sign of the society. Carried, Mrs. Secretary.

Oh well now, Indignant; what's the use of your bringing up all that about the men and the "bald headed row," etc. Don't give Grandpa a chance to think we women lie in wait to pick up stray sentences which don't just happen to suit us and retaliate in a way that really gives him the advantage. He didn't say anything to make a fuss about anyway. Instead of brooding over that just sit down and tell us how beautifully you darned that burned place in your cashmere, or something like that that will help us over some hard places.

Where in the world, Daffodilly, have you been? Your voice sounds a little hoarse and weak as if you had been having gripe. Come oftener and in bigger slices. You know you are one of my kindred spirits.

I can't stop to speak to each one individually, so will just say "Hello, everybody!" EUPHEMIA.

SISTER SENSIBLE TO SISTER GRACIOUS.

The article entitled "False Guides" in the HOUSEHOLD of the 6th, is so foolishly written, and capable of doing so much harm, it is really downright wicked! Family newspapers are the educators of the people, and many a doubt and perplexity have been relieved or entirely removed by reading these very household columns she makes so much fun of. Take her table that she tried to make out of broom handles, and afterwards threw in disgust on the wood pile. If she had read over the directions again carefully, and mixed the work with a little patience and gumption, she would have succeeded well enough. I am now writing this on a stand made of those same discarded handles (or others like them) and it has been in constant use for

three years. Furthermore, there are five articles of useful furniture in this room, all made by myself from directions in the household columns of different papers. Sister Gracious must be a most miserable cook if she cannot get up an appetizing dinner from the many good recipes that appear every week, and I don't blame the head man for going to stay at his mother's if she did not make her fifty cent dinners acceptable. It has been done, and she can do it by faithful attention and careful reading of newspaper recipes.

For years I have kept a scrap book made from cuttings. It is arranged under heads, alphabetically, and I saved a child's life, probably, by carefully attending to one of the "bits" pasted in my book under the head of "medicines." The poor mother came to me at midnight; her child was choked up, and seemed dying of croup. She had no medicine in the house that could relieve him. I hastily ran my eye over my scrap book column and found a short bit about given a child kerosene that was choking with phlegm. A teaspoonful was given; the poor boy vomited and was relieved of the trouble. I suppose Sister Gracious would have scorned any newspaper advice, and the child would have died while she was hunting up a doctor, and getting his prescription put up.

As for the young wife greeting her husband with a smile after reading a newspaper article to that effect, and he was so astonished and suspicious, it shows her smiles were few and far between. The article referred to ought to have been cut out, pinned up above her toilet table, and read till she had it word for word, by heart. No, no! Sister Gracious! you musn't speak lightly of our household columns. If you will give me your address I will send you a box of newspapers cuttings that will make you and your whole family more happy and comfortable.

SISTER SENSIBLE.

RECEIVED.

THE "Martha Washington Cook-Book" is a new aspirant for the housewife's favor. It seems a very good collection of recipes and culinary information, but is marred by a good many typographical errors. Still, it is worth a quarter. F. T. Neely, Chicago, Ill.

THE *Ladies' Home Journal* for February contains a large number of articles written by the daughters of distinguished men, gathered, we presume, for the purpose of proving the truth of the old saying, "Like produces like." The result is a very interesting contribution to the magazine literature of the day.

THE February double number of the *Youth's Companion* is as delightful to the young folks as every issue of this ex-

cellent periodical. Homer Green, Mrs. Scarborough, Walter Besant and Sir Morell Mackenzie are among the contributors. The *Companion* sends out this year a handsome calendar ornamented with a picture of the fine new home into which it will move in a few months, and in which all its departments will be brought under one roof.

THE *Review of Reviews* for February has two character sketches, from opposite sides, of the political career of David B. Hill, with two fine portraits, which in view of the prominence of Mr. Hill as probable candidate for the Democratic presidential nomination will be read with interest. There are many other very timely and important articles. The frontispiece is a portrait of the late Cardinal Manning. The numerous—and generally excellent—portraits of distinguished men and women with which the *Review* is abundantly illustrated are a very pleasing feature of every number; we all like to know "how people look."

Contributed Recipe

FROSTING WITHOUT EGGS.—One cup of sugar; five tablespoonfuls of milk; boil four or five minutes; stir until cool, and put on a cold cake.

CARAMEL FROSTING.—Two cups of medium brown sugar; one cup of sweet cream; two tablespoonfuls of butter; boil until it thickens. Beat till nearly cold. Spread between and on top of cakes.

CARAMEL CAKE.—Two cups of sugar; one-half cup of butter; one cup of sweet milk; two eggs; two cups of flour; two teaspoonfuls of baking powder.

FIG CAKE.—One cup of sugar; one-half cup of butter; two eggs; one-half cup of sweet milk; one large spoonful of baking powder; two scant cups of flour. Bake in four layers. Take one cup of sugar, one-half pound of figs chopped fine; one-quarter cup of hot water, and a few drops of vanilla. Boil ten minutes; spread between the cakes, ice the top and place split figs upon it in fancy shape.

STEAMED RAISIN PUDDING.—One half cup of molasses; one cup of milk; one cup of raisins; one-half cup of butter; two cups of flour; two eggs; two teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Steam one hour. Sauce for pudding: One cup of brown sugar; three tablespoonfuls of flour; two tablespoonfuls of butter; three cups of boiling water. When thoroughly cooked add one teacupful of currant or cherry juice. "89."

POOR MAN'S PUDDING.—One cup of brown sugar; two eggs; pinch of salt; one cup of cream (just about as it would be in your crock or pail, well stirred up—thin and sour); one and one-half cups of flour; one teaspoonful of soda; a teaspoonful of each kind of spices and a cupful of raisins. The fruit of course is just as one fancies as to quantity, and I often make it without any. I hope you will like it, and if you should fail it is probably because your cream is a little too thick. ZETTE.