

# MICHIGAN FARMER

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## THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

### JULY.

How fast the days and summers fly  
Bringing the rich month of July  
When farmers work their best.  
Balmy breezes blowing sweet  
Over the waving golden wheat,  
With little time to rest.

Robin says his merriest tune  
Over the clover fields in bloom  
At four each summer morn,  
Wakes us to work when days are warm,  
To reap the wheat and fill the barn,  
And cultivate the corn.

Some in their camps may rest so free,  
And some splash in the summer sea,  
And rest each weary head,  
While farmers work with might and speed  
There's sixty millions here to feed  
With fruit and daily bread.

YPSILANTI.

WM. LAMBIE.

### FROM THE GOLDEN STATE

Finding so much of summer's beauty and charm in midwinter here, the visitor is less interested in those entertainments we usually seek during the bleak, barren months of our northern winter. Yet there is occasionally something of special interest to a stranger, and when every one at the hotel said I should not miss seeing the Chinese celebration of their New Year's day, Jan. 29, I felt it incumbent upon me to visit Chinatown on that occasion. Rather a novel, sharp welcome we received, too. The pig-tailed individuals love a boom. We got an extra Fourth of July over there.

There are about two thousand Chinese here. Their quarters are in no way attractive; low buildings, close, and dirty looking. All colors in lanterns, papers and cheap decorations were flying. Their joss house was open and some of the altar decorations were rich and elegant, though these religious offerings and emblems are inexplicable to us. The chief factor in the celebration seemed to be fire-crackers, which were the sharpest ever burst. Wherever we went they flew, and the trail of their ashes was over us all. Shops were open, though nothing was of much interest in them. The numerous Japanese stores distributed among our own business blocks carry a variety of curious and beautiful articles. In Chinatown everything seemed insignificant. Palls of tea with cups to drink out of sat around on the counters, free to all. There were some

very good looking young men, many old, wizened-faced, evil-eyed ones, seeming scarcely human. There are narrow dark halls all over, from which fantastically dressed Celestials emerged in every direction. The little boys are cute with flowing garments and bright colors braided in their hair. Their women are sometimes to be seen, but the life of most Chinese women in America is degraded to the most bestial slavery, and they are securely guarded, it being almost impossible for one to escape from the dens where they are confined. There is a house of refuge at San Francisco for these poor creatures, and occasionally one is rescued from the horrible life she is forced to live by these men who believe woman has no soul. They are so gross and ignorant they not infrequently try to purchase an American girl. One of them buying fruit at a ranche, attracted by the bright young daughter of a wealthy gentleman there, offered two hundred dollars for the girl, seizing her arm as she passed near him. He received a lesson he will not soon forget.

As we walked along, our attention was called to a closed, curtained house where we were told the Celestials were practicing for the evening concert. A regular Thomas orchestral! Such cat-like, ear-splitting, bawling notes never passed for other than feline entertainment, I had supposed. Their theatres I have not had the courage to attend. They select some famous character among their people and play for six months sometimes on that, delineating his life in all its details. The playgoer pays seventy-five cents for the first two hours, after that as the evening advances, the price diminishes, till after midnight we can enter for a trifle; the play closes about two o'clock.

These peculiar people have one custom at New Year's which is very commendable. All accounts are settled among them, and they begin the opening year with a clean page. Each is obliged to pay his debt, if possible; anything he possesses must be sold to cancel obligations. If it is impossible for him to meet a debt, the books are destroyed, and in any case the year begins anew to him.

The Chinese are not only the laundry men of this country, but its vegetable

hucksters. In fact they work in every capacity as servants, as cooks and on the ranches, and they work hard. They make large profits from raising vegetables, renting land near the city at twenty-five or thirty dollars per acre for the year. They net I am told one hundred dollars or more per acre from cabbage sold to shippers at seventeen cents per hundred, and cauliflowers at thirty cents per dozen. Beside, they raise three crops of vegetables during the year. There are no harder workers, and they are not spoiled by our public school system! On the train one day, I heard a man saying he had always looked upon our system of public education as a nuisance and detriment to the country. The children were educated and the result was they didn't want to till the soil. They must go to town and would earn their living by sharp practices rather than industry. The Chinaman succeeds both by sharp practice and industry. They are pleasant and obliging, and curious as Yankees. One day I was reading on the veranda when our vegetable John came along. They all greet every one around the house by a hearty "Hello!" At first I was inclined to return such familiarity with some chilliness, but soon accepted it as part of the informal, free and easy manners of the "wild and woolly west" in general. After his usual greeting, John had to stop to ask me what I had. I told him a book; I was reading it. Then he wanted to know what it was about. As it happened to treat of the *Psychic Life of Micro-Organisms*, I could not make the subject very clear to my simple questioner. It happened one morning another peddler got the start of John—they have their round of customers—when he came along and found it out he scolded and chattered and cackled in great rage. His outbreak sounded like nothing in human articulation I ever heard.

If vegetable and strawberries grow here every month in the year as they say, one does not find them even at the best hotels. Not till March did we see much but cabbage and cauliflower; peas and asparagus come in April quite plentifully, and strawberries at twenty-five cents per box. By the last of April you can get four boxes for the same, and vegetables are very reasonable in



price. They grow stronger here and seem to me less delicate in flavor. There are strawberries from the mountains and the plains. Some of them are good, others I've eaten were simply pulp, needing strawberry extract to flavor them, as only their appearance would indicate that they were strawberries.

I have been interested in learning something about the Chinese physicians here. There are a number, and several of them have fine offices and do a good business. These I have visited and talked with. A professional friend, an M. D. and fine specialist in diseases of the eye and ear located here, has a number of Chinese patients. He performed a difficult operation on one of them with great success, and he has brought many of his fellows for treatment and is a staunch friend of the doctor. It has astonished the natives, for the Chinese have not been known before to consult "Melican man." The doctor tells me they are among his best patients, always so appreciative, prompt in payment and honorable. They often bring him presents of interest and value to express their good will and kindness towards him. When he asks them why they don't consult their own physicians they say, "no good," yet these wise men of Canton who advertise and have their pictures in our papers draw considerable custom from Americans.

Wandering along Broadway one day, I passed the office of Dr. Kwang, the celebrated Chinese physician and surgeon, graduate of Canton Medical Institute, having had twenty years practice with great success, is favorably known all over the Pacific coast for his wonderful cures. I ventured in. He claims that he can locate all diseases by the throbbing pulse, no questions asked. Indeed, all Chinese physicians do this I believe. Dr. Kwang has a neat, plain office. Several ladies were sitting on the lawn, patients they told me, and they extolled the doctor's skill and his "roots and herbs." In the consultation room the patient lays each hand alternately on an embroidered cushion while the doctor solemnly feels the pulse. He was far above the average of his race, having a broad forehead, very pleasant countenance and clean teeth. He was bundled up in an outlandish gown of quilted blue China silk. He told me he helped all who took his treatment. He showed me his stock of medicines, all vegetable remedies imported from China at large expense. They were in glass jars and looked very neat and clean and well arranged.

Dr. Wong, on whom I called with a lady friend here, has an elegant office, in fact a sanitarium, accommodating patients in the house. His wife sat on the veranda. There are all the conveniences and adornments American homes have, a piano for guests among

them. Dr. Wong received us in his pretty office. He is a stout man, and wore a small black cap with a red knob on top, which is permitted to be worn by only those Chinese who have paid all their debts and owe no man anything. Large stacks of bills written in Chinese were hung around a revolving rack for the purpose. The doctor placed his taper, diamond ringed fingers on our two pulses and said "he could cure us! We have not gone again. Maybe he can help the afflicted, but he charges two dollars a visit and requires three visits each week. It is a convenient system of medicine, only medicine is required. I asked if that was sufficient in all diseases. He said it was almost always enough. I ventured to ask if men in China could treat women or studied their diseases. He said yes, or something I took for an affirmative, but looked at us in a curious way, so I did not press the subject, and they speak so little English it is doubtful if he understood me. In his system of medicine there are over four hundred diseases, of which he cures three hundred and eighty-seven, that is, he says so. There are also over 3,000 kinds of medicine he imports from China and which have been in use these five or six thousand years.

HATTIE L. HALL.

LOS ANGELES, Cal.

#### KEEPING BOARDERS.

I suppose N. A. B. meant to be wittily sarcastic in her article, "City Board for Country People," in last week's HOUSEHOLD, and could find no better method of expression than to simply turn about my phraseology, which doesn't seem to have pleased her, and make it apply to country people who wish to visit the city. I will mention, by way of information, that if N. A. B. wishes board in the city she has only to consult the "liners" in our leading daily papers to find dozens of boarding-houses of any class desired, where she can stay one week or six, go in and out about her business without any one's making theirs, or asking who her grandfather was. Nor will she be obliged to breakfast when her landlady does, but will find the table spread from six to eight o'clock. I do not hesitate to express my opinion that this getting up at four o'clock and keeping at work all day is the first cause of overworked, tired out and discouraged women on the farm. If one must rise at four o'clock, at least restore to Nature the time for rest stolen from her and take a nap after dinner. It is not "lazy" to do so; but simply a prudent care for the mental and physical health. Even the nap is not an equivalent for the restful slumber of the early morning hours, but it is better than nothing. The city woman who breakfasts at half past seven or eight o'clock doesn't need an afternoon

siesta, she's up for all day, but the farmer's wife most emphatically requires it.

I have received a good many letters from people who are willing to fill that "long felt want" and open their homes to summer boarders, even these unreasonable city people who will not get up at four and go to bed before it is dark under the table.

As for the profits in the business, it is a fact that many make money keeping boarders, not great sums, but a living and a little over for a stormy day. One woman, whom I know, was left a widow with one child and a couple of thousand dollars from her husband's life insurance. She put the money in the bank, rented a house and took boarders. When her daughter graduated, the mother had saved enough to buy a lot and build a house in which they now live, the money in the bank is untouched and the daughter's salary as teacher is helping pay up the indebtedness upon the home yet remaining. And I know another who with better prospects made a dismal failure, lost all she herself had, and her son-in-law had to help her out by paying six months' rent for her. I guess there's something in business capacity and management, after all. Now if anybody can make money keeping boarders, it ought to be the farmer. Just see how many expenses the townsman has which the farmer doesn't know anything about! There's the one item of rent alone, which means anywhere from \$150 to \$300 or more annually. And fuel, \$6 per ton for coal, while the farmer gets his wood from the wood-lot at the cost of preparation. I happen to have statistics at hand relative to the average expenses of a family of five persons, in moderate circumstances, the man earning from \$500 to \$600 per year. It is surprising to see how much he has to buy that the farmer gets from his own land. Here are a few items: The city man pays \$15.02 for milk and \$29.04 for butter; \$8.28 for eggs, \$5.27 for lard; \$18.88 for meat—pork, mutton and poultry, and not including beef, which costs him \$40.95—\$11.92 for potatoes and \$12.55 for other vegetables; and \$8.80 for fruit, and \$28.62 for flour and meal. Here is a total of \$235.08 for things the farm produces, and which, when thus obtained without money outlay, are used much more freely than when bought at third or fourth hands and consequently advanced prices in town. The articles which the average family uses, which do not come from the farm, are tea, coffee, sugar, molasses and spices, which amount to less than \$40—\$38.57 to be exact.

As for the work, I do not advise any already overburdened woman to take the extra labor of summer boarders. But I have discovered, in the course of a long and somewhat varied experience, that all the hard-working, overtaxed



women are not found on farms. You will find just as many industrious, economical, self-sacrificing women in the city as you will in the country, even if it is a popular delusion that every city woman keeps "a girl."

BEATRIX.

#### IF WE HAD THE TIME.

"If I had the time to find a place  
And sit me down full face to face  
With my better self that stands no show  
In my daily life that rushes so;  
It might be then I would see my soul  
Was stumbling still toward a shining goal;  
I might be nerved by the thought sublime—  
If I had the time!

"If I had the time to let my heart  
Speak out and take in my life a part,  
To look about and to stretch a hand  
To comrade quartered in no-luck land;  
Ah, God! if I might but just sit still  
And hear the note of the whip-poor-will,  
I think that my wish with God's would rhyme—  
If I had the time.

"If I had the time to learn from you  
How much for comfort my word could do;  
And I told you then of my sudden will  
To kiss your feet when I did you ill—  
If the tears a back of the bravado  
Could force their way and let you know—  
Sisters, the souls of us all would chime—  
If we had the time!"

Could some sister tell us how to make our time more elastic, how to do two days' work in one, to crowd two days' study, two days' recreation and come out fresh enough for next day's double duty? It is what we are all trying to accomplish, and humanity is gaining impetus as the years go by until they will not live out half their days, because there is not time for sleeping, eating or even breathing properly. We sympathize with our grandmothers who had to spin and weave the cloth for the family wear and household use, but with all that they seem to have had more leisure than we. But we remember that they visited a half dozen families, as many miles apart, and there were no societies and clubs and seldom even a religious service and that made the difference. We must take up all church and Sunday school work, then with the Monday Club and Chautauqua Circle, the W. C. T. U. and the missionary societies, S. S. teachers' meetings, choir practice, the sociables and teas, with a hundred ladies on our calling lists, the days and evenings of every week are over full.

"The work will be easier next week," she said, and so we keep hoping and anticipating a season of rest sometime, next week, next month, or next year, but when the time comes we find that it brings its cares with it. In the spring the housecleaning, the accumulation of winter dust and the repairs that always seem to properly belong to spring time make extra work, and when that is over there will be more leisure; but warm weather brings fruit and flies and summer outings, that always mean extra work in the preparation, then the fall housecleaning is more than we anticipated, and winter days are short and dark, and so the year flies past.

The farmer's wife thinks if she did

not cook for so many men, care for fruit and poultry and all that, in fact if she could take life as easy as her village sisters, she would not complain; while the envied village and city ladies think if they could control their time they might accomplish something, and neither understands or appreciates the work of the other.

If we had the time to do the kindly deeds that our hearts prompt us to do, if we could assist and comfort the sick friends or even help the members of our own families, we could feel that something had been accomplished. There is so much that the children need to learn from the heads of families, so much need of instructing servants if we would have our work properly done, for the help is hard to find, in fact almost unknown, where the mistress does not need to take the care, feel obliged to plan the work for each day, and arrange the bill of fare for every meal, and then the sewing is always the feather that breaks the camel's back.

"All day she hurried to get through,  
The same as lots of wimmin do;  
Sometimes at night her husband said,  
'Ma, ain't you goin' to come to bed?'  
And then she'd kinder give a hitch,  
And pause half way between a stitch,  
And sorter sigh, and say that she  
Was ready as she'd ever be,  
She reckoned."

We may plan ever so well to hire it all done, but there's no one to hire. I have now been willing and anxious to get help for the plain sewing in the house at one dollar a day and board, but the offer goes begging and I can only succeed in getting an overworked seamstress for two or three days at a time; one who has not had a day's rest or recreation for months.

We may all be over-hurried, but when we visit the popular dressmakers we believe that of all the hurried and worried ones they have the hardest time. I never realized it until last season, when I returned from a two months' outing and went to the shop for repairs, and the forewoman said: "You've been away having such a change, seeing beautiful sights, hearing instructive lectures, and I've worked just so hard every day, in these hot rooms, planning and making new dresses until my head is all in a whirl. Every week I've thought the rush would be over and the work lighter, but there's no change. I tell you its the dressmakers who need to go to the lakeside and have the change more than any others," and I could not dispute it. There is work and work! Back-aching, foot-wearing, soul-trying, patience-exhausting; but of all these the brain-racking, blinding, nerve-straining labor of planning dresses of which no two can be alike is more exhausting than any other of which I know, but so long as women want so many suits of perfect fit and finish there seems no help for it. "There's always room at the top," applies to dressmakers as well as elsewhere, for a

few in every town draw all the best custom and are overworked because they do their work well, while by far the great majority slight in every possible place, and are never proficient because they do not try to be. This paying for work and doing it over yourself is one of the most exasperating things that interfere with our anticipated leisure.

Only two days' more and I shall be en route for Bay View with the expectation of a more quiet home life than usual there. The Assembly programme gives promise of a good entertainment for a steady three weeks, and with the excursions by land and water there will be no lack. I am eager to go and it is quite likely that the HOUSEHOLD will hear from

ROMEO.

EL. SEE.

#### GARDEN TOPICS.

A correspondent wishes to know the cause of her dahlia stalks dying. She says "They are growing nicely, but in two days will have drooped over and die down, brown and dead." Examine the ground under the plants and you will find a coarse white powder. Take a sharp knife and insert in the affected stalk, which will be hollow, and open the stalk until you find a brown and white striped worm that has taken his meals from the pith of the stalk. Now you have found him, pull him out and cut off his head or step on him. If you find only the result of his labors, look for him in another fresh field; you will find him near by. Not only dahlias, but hollyhocks, delphiniums and other herbaceous plants with fibrous stalks he takes as his lawful right, and in many gardens has had it all his own way, as he works out of sight and undisturbed.

The new star phlox is beautiful—a novelty sure to be popular.

A clump of perennial sunflowers is satisfactory in every way: color is yellow and peculiar in shade.

When the green worms begin preying on your sweet mignonette sprinkle with insect powder; the little flies on sweet alyssum dislike a dust of Scotch snuff.

MRS. M. A. FULLER.

FENTON.

HERE is a magnificent compliment for the west. The editor of the domestic department of the *N. E. Farmer* has recently been traveling through the west, visiting the principal cities and sights. At Denver, she dined at the Women's Exchange, of which she says: "This Exchange is probably the most successful of its kind in the country; its spacious dining room, filled with the best class of people, is supplied entirely with home cooking; and when we talk about New England cooks let me advise everybody to go to Denver for cooking lessons before we boast of a single dish, not even excepting baked beans." When a Boston woman confesses that a western city can equal the Hub in its most famous specialty, comments are vain.



"BOB WHITE"—THE AMERICAN  
QUAIL.

As soon as the day begins to break, also when the sun is sinking low in the distant west, what voice is that we hear, in the meadow, then in the hay? Why, that's "Bob White." While piping for rain he is at his ease in the genial sunshine. Our Robert has only two notes, but they are so full of freedom and joy that many birds might envy him his call; occasionally he repeats the first note. "Ye olden time" interpreted it as saying, "No more wet." He is as proud of his name as some men of having achieved notoriety. Should a man approach with a gun, desiring a "quail on toast," the brave bird takes warning and flies away. While he is calling for rain, lo! a distant rumbling, at this the husbandman takes warning; while the wind and waters are complaining to that rolling thunder, he hurriedly seeks shelter, but before he reaches the place of safety he gets completely drenched, still our brave bird cries, "more wet?" He is not the least bit conceited, though sometimes I have thought he was as you can hear his voice above all other birds, as if he wished to make himself conspicuous. He never perches on trees, but always alights on the ground.

My husband holds a grudge against poor "Bob" as he awakes so early and begins his call, as if he wished every one to be up and doing. He parades up and down in the meadow quite near our bedroom window, as if gathering strength for the day's hallooing, and incessantly keeping up those two notes, with the occasional variation, or as the small boy remarked, a double header. It is more sure to awaken us than the alarm. I dare say, could Aaron get near enough to him to put "salt on his tail," we might have a "quail on toast" for breakfast.

The first time I ever heard "Bob White" was when I was quite small and visiting in the country. It was also the first time I was ever away from home. On being informed what it was I was told that he giveth "More wet;" it left a strange impression on me which I have never forgotten. When I came home, I said to mamma, "Did God create a bird to let the farmers know when it was going to rain?" She finally convinced me that it was merely a supposition.

For all our brave bird is so common among us, and we seem to understand him, we may be as deceived in him as we are in our human friends. We know very little of each other in this journey of life, for we see things only on the surface, and a face unruffled is no index to the disturbance that may be within. The temptations and cares are known only to those who have them to bear. A man may be blest with fortune and honor, and as we pass him, we might envy him his happiness,

still within his heart there may be a secret which is wearing and torturing him almost beyond despair—he may end his days in a convict's cell.

The woman of fashion sometimes casts sneering remarks at the poor beggar child who is abandoned or rejected by some heartless parent, and turned out into the world to meet discouragements and fears; still this woman may, before the rising of the morrow's sun, have the mask torn from her face and sink from her position and glory to shame and disgrace.

We know but very little of ourselves; we are only frail creatures of the dust, subject to temptations, heart aches and struggles; we may have a skeleton in our closet which may sometimes be brought to the light. So if we see a flaw in our neighbor we had better be somewhat blind. Let us look to his moral excellencies, which may be behind all the imperfections. "It is better to hunt for a star than to dwell on the spots of the sun."

MT. CLEMENS.

LITTLE NAN.

CHAT.

MAB wishes some one would write something about furnishing our country homes to make them more like those of townspeople. She professes a hearty admiration for Huldah Perkins, and would like to know Huldah's "real self."

ARN'S WIFE writes:

"I want to say a word about unappreciated wives and then send my bread recipe. I will say in the beginning I do not think I am an unappreciated wife. My husband is very kind and helpful around the house, and very good to care for the children when he has not work of his own to do; but I think when a man works his own farm and does all the chores, with no hired help except when very necessary, he has about as much to do as the wife. I did not marry my husband for his habits, though he is not a drunkard, neither does he use tobacco in any way, and I feel very proud to say it. In a great many cases I think if wives would not be so surly and cross their husbands would feel more like helping them, and if they did more to make home pleasant, and less unnecessary work, there would be fewer unappreciated wives. I was pleased when I read "A Moving Tale," and if that was truth that Poor Richard said, we have been through more than one fire; but now we have a home of our own and I think we have moved enough, so we know how to appreciate it. I like to see such independent women as Sally Waters, but do not think I should like such a life."

RUBY, who writes from Brighton, introduces herself, saying:

"I am a farmer's daughter, and I enjoy working out door very much when the sun is not too hot. It is a mystery to me how Sally Waters manages to do all the work on her sixty-acre farm, besides doing her own mending and tending to her flowers, without hiring help, for we have only a little over fifty acres, and I know that father and my two oldest brothers find

enough to keep them very busy (and they are not lazy either). But we have a hopyard and dry-house, which require extra work, still you see there are more hands to do it. I wish V. I. M. would come again, and bring that cocoanut cake recipe she promised; I have been watching for it ever since it was promised, but I have seen nothing of it."

PERDITA MAREE has a suggestion for "Shiftless." She inquires:

"Why does not Shiftless put her children in dark gingham for the mornings, something they can wear a week; then after their afternoon nap dress them up in something neat, clean and pretty—something they can wear more than one afternoon. Teach them to play in the parlor and on porches, so they will keep nice and please mamma and save her a backache. As for city boarders, we do not like to be run over by children whose parents do not have any control over them. If they want to do anything the dear darlings must do it and you must not say a word. If I were going to take boarders I would not allow a child under fifteen on the plantation. There has been a good deal said about table linen; I was spending the day with an acquaintance not long ago, and could not help noticing how the table linen was hemmed; it was a fine fabric and would have been nice if properly hemmed. The hems were turned wide, and then put under the machine, with the threads hanging at each end; the napkins the same. The hems should have been turned narrow and seamed over and over; then it is hard work to tell which is the right side. I was told while there that they used an oilcloth when alone. I thought until then that nice table linen was the pride of every woman's heart."

E. E. H., of Marquette, sends the following, which she recommends as a tonic for the hair: Bay rum, one quart; table salt, half a teacupful; castor oil, one drachm; tincture of cantharides, one drachm.

Contributed Recipes.

ORANGE CAKE.—One cup of sugar; one-half cup of butter; one-half cup of sweet milk; whites of two and yolk of one egg; one and one-half cups of flour; one heaping teaspoonful of baking powder. Custard: One cup of hot water; one-half cup of sugar; one heaping tablespoonful of corn starch; one orange. Grate the rind and squeeze out the juice.

IONIA.

MAB.

LEMON PIE.—One cup of white sugar; one cup of water; two-thirds cup of fine bread crumbs; one lemon grated; a piece of butter the size of an egg; yolks of two eggs. Bake, and then beat the whites of two eggs with two tablespoonfuls of pulverized sugar, spread on the top of the pie when baked; then return to the oven and brown slightly.

JACKSON.

MRS. W. M. D.

STEAMED PUFF PUDDING.—One cup of sugar (not heaped); half cup sweet milk; one egg; piece of butter size of half an egg; one and a half cups of flour; teaspoonful of baking powder. Butter seven cups, and put one tablespoonful of the batter in each; steam half an hour. Fruit may be scattered over the top before steaming. Eat with sweet or sour sauce, as preferred.

FENTON.

MRS. M. A. FULLER.