

MICHIGAN FARMER AND STATE JOURNAL OF AGRICULTURE.

DETROIT, OCT. 1, 1892.

THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

MY LITTLE DARLING.

Once on a time she came to me
As some small star from heaven might flee
To be a mortal's sole delight;
A love by day, a dream by night,
The sweetest thing on land or sea,
My little darling crept to me.

A trembling, tender, fairy thing
Too grave to smile, too shy to sing;
An alien from her native skies,
Aware of earth with grieved surprise;
A baby angel, strange to see,
My little darling came to me.

But love and loving taught her smiles,
And life and living baby wiles,
The way to cling, to coax, to kiss,
To fill my soul with deepest bliss;
My heart of hearts, my life, was she,
This little love who came to me,

What words she stammered, soft and low,
No other ear than mine could know;
More gentle than a cooing dove,
More fond than any voice of love,
So shy, so sweet, so tenderly,
My little darling spoke to me.

I know not how to tell the grace
That dwelt upon her wistful face;
The tinted skin, the lips' pure bloom,
The clearest eyes that knew not gloom,
The hair as soft as moth wings be,
My little darling showed to me.

Alas! I know that all is gone;
That here I sit and grieve alone;
That every fair and gracious thing
I loved and lost, is but a sting,
Another thorn thy memory,
My little darling, brings to me.

But kindly night doth pity pain,
In all my dreams she comes again,
Her precious head is on my breast,
My happy arms caress her rest,
I hear her sounds of tender glee,
My little darling kisses me.

Ah, night is sweet!—too sweet, too brief!—
When day recalls our bitterest grief;
The hungry heart, the longing dire,
That burns the soul with vain de ire,
The ancient cry of wild distress,
The Rachel mourning comfortless;
O God, that face once more to see!
My little darling, come to me!

—Rose Terry Cooke.

OBSERVATIONS.

I get a good many ideas on the dress question through sight of pretty toilettes on the street, as well as by models in show windows and dress-makers' parlors. On a brand new fall costume in two shades of green seen the other day were two long velvet revers, extending the length of the skirt on the left side. A fold of the goods was laid over the long edge of the revers, and six large velvet covered

buttons in groups of three held each in place. The revers were edged with a green cord and the costume was very pretty. The corsage had revers framing a light tan waistcoat, which made a striking but elegant combination.

A very simple yet stylish dress worn by a Chicago lady visiting here was of fine blue cloth. The skirt had no seam down the centre of the back, but was stright, the goring being managed by a bias seam on each side, and the fullness of the back was arranged in French gathers instead of pleats. The corsage had two short, narrow positions in the back—mere prolongations of the centre backs, and was pointed in front. It was cut to lap from right to left across the chest, the lap being cut in two rather broad points; these were lined with silk, and in the centre of each was set a large smoked pearl button, larger even than a silver dollar. Below these points the waist closed in the centre with steel clasps not unlike those of a corset, which brought the edges together closely, and obviated the necessity of whalebones in front and hooks and eyes. This is a new thing, and likely to be popular.

A pretty dress just ready to be sent home lay on a chair in Madam's dress-making parlors and I "took it in." It was of the popular mixed goods, chevron weave, in brown and blue, giving a sort of changeable effect, with the brown (which changed from golden brown to dark as the light struck it) predominating. Cost \$1.25 a yard, 42 inches wide. The owner had chosen blue for the trimming: I should have much preferred brown. The skirt had a ruffle round the bottom which, completed, was about an eighth of a yard wide. The lower edge was hemmed, the upper was faced with blue. It was put on in small pleats in groups of three, with space of about an eighth of a yard between, and stitched on about an inch from the top to form a heading; at each group of pleats the heading was caught down to show the blue facing. The waist had a short, sharp point in the back, and the front was double-breasted, with two rows of small silk buttons on the darts; it was cut down in front at the throat to show a short, full silk vest, with revers and collar of same; and jacket fronts which

were lined with blue silk were sewed in at the shoulder and under arm seams. Sleeves were very full at the top and close at the wrist, and finished with a narrow silk cuff.

Four widths, skirt length, of nice goods, composed the material out of which an economical woman sought to evolve her fall dress. And she did it, too. Two widths went into the bell skirt, but there was "a shortage" at the bottom which required trimming to conceal. A bias band five inches wide, applied with patience and skill, covered this defect, and was cut from the third breadth; it was lined with crinoline and headed by a velvet cord. By stretching the lower edge, and by dint of much basting, it was made to fit smoothly. Out of the remainder of the third breadth, and the fourth, she cut a short corsage, with pointed back and double-breasted front, and fashionably full sleeves. From the bottom of the waist to a point just above the darts the right front lapped over to the first dart; above this it widened and was cut in three deep pointed scallops, on each of which she set a big velvet button; the bottom of the waist was corded with velvet, the double-breasted portion and the high military collar were bound with velvet, and narrow velvet cuffs finished the sleeves; a row of small velvet buttons was set along the edge of the lap and on the first dart, and in groups of three on the three seams in the back. And when it was done, it was a "great success."

A good, simple yet stylish model for a cloth dress is a bell skirt made without trimming, with a corsage cut with a moderate point and to lap low to the left in front, under two large buttons; the lap is added by a seam up the front. Revers of velvet start from the shoulder and are wide enough to extend back to the sleeve; the right revers crosses over the left, just below the top of the darts and is continued in a narrow point across the lap. The back of the corsage is cut in square slashes, the centre ones—continuations of the centre back forms—being the longer. Sleeve are moderately high on the shoulder and finished with a narrow pointed velvet cuff.

The most popular way of dressing the hair is to have the fringe cut

moderately short and pointed over the forehead; the back hair is then waved and drawn loosely back into a coil or twist, carefully adjusted in the most becoming position and secured by fancy pins or a comb.

BEATRIX.

FROM THE AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE.

What you saw at the State Fair is still fresh in your mind. I wonder how many HOUSEHOLD readers visited the capital city or places of interest thereby? It was gratifying to one's idle curiosity to spend an hour at one of the principal depots as the long excursion trains drew in, the windows passing you like a succession of tableaux. That place could show up a fairly representative crowd in the State. On the long platform, turning and re-turning, groups breaking up and re-forming, are Michiganders from many counties and nearly every occupation; stockmen, business men, farmers, lawyers, all classes from the smooth tongued politician to the swaggering cow-boy sort of a lad who is not particular whether night finds him at home or on a bench at the police station—in fact all the patterns it takes to make up a State. Counting heads would only be making a mental assortment of hats, and in spite of the proverb that clothes don't make the man, most of us incline to the belief that his hat helps to show him up.

But the question I would ask is, how many of the fathers and mothers who have aspirations for their sons availed themselves of the nearness to and visited the Agricultural College farm? I have on several occasions attended the farmers' clubs where the question "Does the Agricultural College pay?" was freely discussed, and may I say that almost invariably the majority decided that it was instituted to drain them through taxation and in itself was "a bit of 'tam'd nonsense."

Having never visited the place myself I came to the conclusion it was an institution of about twenty-five boys from the wealthy farm homes, half as many instructors living on the fat salaries the hard working farmer's purse supplied, and a board of control faring equally well. As a child I used to silently wonder why farmers would put up with it, anyway. Today I am sitting by a window overlooking the well kept and beautifully laid out campus. Behold what the Agricultural College is in reality; and how I do wish it were in my power to tell grumbling stay-at-home farmers what I see here. Ten times as many boys as I expected, perhaps a dozen girls. And the students are from all classes, both from city and farm. A little observation shows me that each man on the pay roll earns every dollar he gets; and further, that all are working in unison for one common end—the advancement of knowledge where most needed and where the

present age demands it among the farmers. Without any disrespect to the farming classes I ask my reader if it is not a fact that the farmer whose corn is hidden with rag weed and potatoes uncultivated, blames the government and listens attentively to the propounder of partizan politics or any other unsound theory? A good farmer should be a good citizen, and though the agricultural department of this College is in the lead, enough of the other good things are mixed in with the thorough knowledge of scientific and practical farming to turn out the ambitious youth a practical man, as well as a practical farmer.

It is to be regretted the opportunity afforded here is by so many unheeded. I would ask the mothers who entertain the HOUSEHOLD to arouse in their sons an interest in this institution. Don't say you have not the means, for there are numberless chances here for a boy to work his way through. Seize the first opportunity permitting you to visit the College and you will feel repaid. The entrance road very naturally takes you to the library building. At the right as you go in is the President's office. In the man himself you will find a very gracious person and one ever ready to chat with you. From thence you may visit any department and you will find each professor or instructor anxious to explain the work of his particular department.

AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE.

LOIS.

A MAN'S VIEW OF THE MONEY PROBLEM.

I had hardly hoped ever to rise from the dust and clouds of an ordinary farm life to the exalted privilege of expressing views on any subject through the medium of the HOUSEHOLD, especially when the subject turns upon the relation of money to married life. But as I have been a reader of the HOUSEHOLD some years and have had my ears and hair (in common with all men) pulled through its columns upon most all the phases of life, at last personal pride in manhood, coupled with a desire to see fair play, leads me to knock at the door and as it swings open taken advantage of the opportunity to air my opinion on Greenie.

Now, plainly and to the point. I can but feel after carefully reading her article on "Our Rights" that she must belong to those of the gentler sex who are always and forever being robbed of their rights and are too much circumscribed by their unhappy surroundings; that she longs continually to be freed from the thralldom of skirts, etc., and fain would leave her prison to step into the liberties enjoyed by pants and suspenders.

It may appear an assumption on my part, having had but few years' experience in married life as the usurper of all rights belonging to the other half,

to offer any suggestion, but what little experience I have I freely contribute for the alleviating of the condition of the downtrodden and oppressed. When we (mind you I didn't say I) began the struggle of life we started with the idea of a whole lifetime of enjoyment together. And some of our first experiences led us to the firm conclusion that two pocketbooks in one family were better than one, even with but little in one, and so we have two. When either comes to an end as to contents what a relief to feel that the other is at the service of both while anything remains! Now as I say, we didn't begin in luxury and have plenty of money to spend, but felt the necessity of close economy on an unimproved small farm, with a little old log house, so low at the door that the lord of the manor had to stoop a little to get in, but he was always welcome, even if the floor was being mopped at the time and boots were muddy.

I believe almost all newly married people begin life with a desire to succeed and the great cause of failure is lack of denying self for the comfort and pleasure of the other. Let it become apparent to the husband that the wife simply endures him with all his foibles, that she may be able to extract from his pocketbook something to buy pleasures with and satisfy a "natural like to be pretty," and could you conceive a more potent cause for the tightening of his purse strings? Human nature has in its composition much that resembles the porcine family. And who of us has not derived a great deal more genuine satisfaction by pleading rather than pounding our way through the world.

As I sit by the window writing I see a vine-covered tree in the yard. When we came here, early in our married life, the tree was strong and healthy while the vine was young and tender. But today the branches of both are so closely interwoven, and each so much conceals the dark spots and broken limbs of the other that they twain are a thing of beauty, and a beautiful type of what married life ought to be in all its relations.

Now Greenie, haven't you been just as mean and stingy in giving of your wealth, which is not always money, as that selfish being called man whom you so much depreciate for the woes he has brought upon your sex? Have you both been mutually working for the comfort of each other? Don't you know the pleasure it gives one to possess wealth to bestow on another at the asking, and haven't you experienced the pleasure of receiving after having asked? It is not best to demand more than we are willing to give in return. I would like to say a lot on this subject, but for fear of that dreaded basket will stop; though I will say the Lord forgive the man mean enough to sell the eggs and pocket the money.

VERNON.

UNCLE CHARLIE.

SUMMER BOARDERS.

I made the acquaintance of the HOUSEHOLD while a "summer boarder" in the country the past season; and I thought it might perhaps interest its readers should I tell them our experiences, and how our entertainers managed. Possibly somebody who means to act upon Beatrix's suggestion next year may gain a few helpful hints.

I had not been very well during the spring; the children looked pale and tired at the close of school, that awful hot weather came on, and our good doctor voiced my heart's desire when he advised us to go to some quiet place in the country and just rest and live out of doors. Of course the first thing, and the most difficult, was to find a place to go. But a neighbor recommended a locality, my husband went to investigate, liked it, and arranged for board at a place which we found to be nearly all we had desired.

The farm consisted of eighty acres of well-cared for and managed land, a mile and a half from a pleasant village. The house was a two story brick, with a wide, well shaded veranda on the south and east sides. We just lived on that veranda. There were plenty of comfortable cushioned rockers, not too nice to use, a hammock or two, a table, and here we read and sewed and talked all day and often far into the night. There was a big yard, with one magnificent tree in the centre, protected on the west by an evergreen wind-break, and here the children romped. The house was about forty rods from a little lake, with a nice beach for bathing, but alas, no boats we could manage. The children being strictly forbidden to go to the lake unless accompanied by older people, we rested perfectly secure even if they were out of sight for half an hour.

There were thirteen boarders, all women and children. Two girls were kept, and there were two or three hired men. The family and help had a six o'clock breakfast; we had our own table and breakfasted between eight and nine o'clock; usually we were all ready to sit down at eight. Our landlady's daughter waited upon the table. We had our dinner and supper at twelve and six, and after we had eaten the table was cleared, re-set, and the family and help ate. Everything worked with the utmost smoothness, and all was so well managed there was no apparent worry, haste, or discomfort.

Our fare was good and abundant but might have been more varied. For breakfast we invariably had oatmeal, boiled eggs, toast or muffins, coffee, and cakes or cookies of some kind. I did get dreadfully tired of boiled eggs, and longed for an omelet, or even a poached egg. One lady pettishly exclaimed that she was ashamed to look a

hen in the face she'd eaten so many eggs. They had plenty of berries, but we never had any for breakfast, just the time when one most wants fruit in hot weather. For dinner we had fresh meat, the nicest of potatoes, one or two vegetables and a salad, lettuce, cucumbers, or something of that kind, with a generous help of pie or pudding, and often fruit in addition. For tea, biscuit, pancakes or Johnny cake, fruit, cream cheese which was perfectly delicious and of which we never tired, warmed-up potatoes (sometimes baked), usually cold meat and cake. And always all the milk we wanted. A hungry child could have a piece of bread-and-butter-and-sugar or a cookie, and no cross looks over it. The food was well cooked and abundant, and nicely served; and the table linen always spotless; the dishes were not nicked and broken, and though we had steel knives the forks and spoons were silver-plated.

Our bedrooms were small and had no closets, but were comfortably furnished. I could have dispensed with the elaborate lambrequins if the windows could only have been lowered from the top. I would find fault with only one thing about the accommodations, and that—the beds. Mine was so hard I couldn't dinit it, and positively I was lame and my flesh sore all over the first few nights, till I became somewhat accustomed to its stony qualities. And I never regarded a hair mattress so affectionately as I did my own when I returned to its luxurious embrace once more. I missed several little conveniences such as towel rack, slop jar, etc., but had brought a number of necessities with me which "bridged the gaps."

There were seven children on the premises, including the three belonging the family, and it was a comfort that they got along so nicely together. The boys had to be "called down" occasionally for teasing the girls, but usually they played together very harmoniously. They had ample range, but were not at liberty to frequent the berry patches, the garden or the orchard—the last was an especial privation after harvest apples began to ripen. I really think the children might have had some of the apples instead of the pigs having all; but I dare say it saved us mothers some anxiety and Jamaica ginger.

Our pleasant experience in country boarding was quite an antithesis to that of a neighbor who on our return, sunbrowned and freckled, but stout and hearty, said: "You don't mean to tell me you've been on a farm all these weeks! Mr. B— insisted we should go into the country on the children's account, but I couldn't stand it. I never was so homesick in my life. It was so stupidly dull, nowhere to go. And we had to eat with the men, who came to the table smelling so of the stable or reeking with perspiration that

it took away my appetite. And when I saw one of them lick his knife and then help himself to butter, I packed up and went home the next day. Talk about country living! We had fried pork and ham one day and ham and boiled pork the next; not a taste of chicken; no fruit or vegetables; and we couldn't have milk because it all went to the cheese factory. I've had all the 'country' I want!"

The family where we were has taken city boarders for a number of years, the old habits returning season after season. The business has proved so satisfactory that the owner thinks seriously of putting up a summer hotel, and would do so but for the opposition of the women of his family, who do not wish to increase their cares and responsibilities. He will in any event put up an addition which will enable them to accommodate perhaps a dozen people more. I wanted to advise him to "let well enough alone." The charm of "Maplecroft" lies in its freedom from fashion's restraint (we wore our cambric wrappers till teatime if we chose, and didn't bother ourselves about curl-papers), its home cooking and service, and the way in which the hostess looked after our comfort, personally, making it so home-like. A larger house means more people, more noise, less comfort and restfulness, more dress and style, more friction in housekeeping; in short, with the coming of the Philistines will go all the charm and retirement of the place; it will lose its individuality and become like hundreds of other "hotels"—a place where you never want to go the second time. When city people turn away from the summer hotel and its accompanying amusements and diversions and seek a farmhouse, it is because they really want rest and quiet home cooking and home comforts.

MRS. O. C. B.

ONE OF OUR LESSONS.

During the three score and ten years allotted, we suppose, to woman as well as man, she finds many a lesson thrust upon her, which unlike those in school text books allow of no shirking, no copying the results of others' work, but must be analyzed from first to last through her own struggles and her own pain. Some of these lessons are bitter; some are sad; others bear the character of a sharp, keen agony; but for real metallic hardness I think none compare with the one whose steel-like lines and paragraphs constantly run through my mind to-day. It is that law of nature which decrees that in love a woman must ever give more than she receives.

This looks impossible as she listens to the lover whose fate seems to hang upon her slightest word, and his passionate devotion makes the best and all that she can give seem tame and

cold, but no matter how happy the marriage, nor how kind and true the husband, as a rule, the truth comes to her in time that, while she loves him for himself alone, he loves her for what she is to him. This need not mar happiness and she may go on content; but the really hard feature is still to come and never comes to any but a mother. She thinks nothing of it while her little ones cling helplessly to her and make such constant demands upon a love which knows no limit; asks for no return, but gives with a very delight of self-sacrifice. But little by little, as they become independent of her care, and gird themselves for the battle of life, she, wearied with its struggle, begins to realize that while they are and must ever be dearer to her than her own breath, she can only be secondary with them. It is decreed that the young life make root for itself and reach forward to another generation just as she has done. The same old story over and over again. She can look back and see how slight the love she gave her parents compared to that which she gives her children, and they will, in turn pass through the same experience, and realize her pain only through their own.

My sympathy goes out to the mother when she first sees this lesson before her, for that is the most trying time. Once she recognizes it as inevitable, as one learned by all who have lived and loved as she has done, she can reconcile her hungry heart to live upon and rejoice over its moiety and cease those weary "Whys;" but after all, the bravest of us must always think of it as—a hard, hard lesson.

A. H. J.

ANTI-OVER IN THE RING.

With all their cutting remarks I am still interested in the HOUSEHOLD. I did not intend to tread on the ladies' toes any more, but like a little boy please permit me "just once more." The money and work question has been openly discussed in the HOUSEHOLD; the money part does not trouble me very much, because what is mine is my wife's and what is my wife's is mine, figure it which way you will; and if any dispute it come over and put on the gloves, but the work part, that part so many dread, is what I am after.

The Editor lately gave us a full description of Labor day in Detroit, and remarked that all but one "overbearing Englishman," gave their men their time and the day, intimating that America was the paradise of the working man. In my life of nearly 60 years I have had about equal experience in both countries as a laborer for my bread, and where will you find a happier or more contented lot of working people than in the rural districts of old England! True the wages are low, but the rich are more generous, sympathizing and kind, and like their work people to

have their day of pleasure once in a while, and often mix in with them. While I was a "hired man" for over seven years there, it was the most pleasurable seven years in my life. Of course their manufacturing and mining districts are some different, but it makes a poor foreigner sometimes feel disgusted to see a Yankee, with perhaps one hundred dollars of borrowed money in his pocket, wanting to hire (with a swagger and manner more important than the Duke of Devonshire), who knows not how to use a good man when he has one. I have seen this in both countries, and if we consider the newness and the largeness of this country, why it ought naturally to be better for the laborer. It was, twenty and thirty years ago, but look around and where are we steering? Evidently toward a division of the population into two classes, rich and poor.

If you please, where did we all spring from? There are two sides to everything, there is to me and my wife also. I like the best side inside, but many like an outside show, and they are welcome to all there is in it so far as concerns ANTI OVER.

A SMILE.

I have just read in the *Youth's Companion* a little sketch, or rather a few thoughts on the art of smiling, which closes with this most pertinent sketch: "You look very much pleased about something," said a gentleman on a suburban train to the conductor, who was ordinarily a somewhat grim and stern faced man.

"I presume so," said the conductor. "I've just seen a little girl who takes this train to go in to school every morning, and she always smiles up at me when I punch her ticket. I declare it makes me good natured for the rest of the trip."

Yet all she did was to smile!

Ah, the smile and the laugh of a child! What magic, what music they are to the toil-worn, care encumbered mind and disappointed, anxious heart of the mature, battle-scarred man or woman!

Who among us cannot call up the face or faces of one or of many children beaming smiles up into our own, that warm and cheer our lives to the very core and centre? The smile which the pleased, pure, happy heart of a child telegraphs to its face can have but one rival in gift or grace, an angel's song.

E. L. NYE.

ORTONVILLE.

THE ladies of Atlas, a small village in Genesee County, are moving in the matter of organizing what they will probably call the "Columbian Club," having for its motive the study of the various countries which will exhibit at the Columbian Exposition and their products. This is an excellent idea,

one that should be taken up by communities all over our State during the winter which is close at hand, especially by those who hope to visit Chicago during the Exposition. Such previous study will aid wonderfully in seeing the fair intelligently and with profit, and be a help in knowing where to look for what we most desire to see. There is so much "Columbian literature" afloat now that materials for reference will be plenty. Our magazine contributions relative to Columbus, notable among which are Emilio Castelar's articles in *The Century*, make a good place to begin; and a winter may be most profitably spent in studying up, first the story of Columbus and his famous voyage, and then the foreign countries which will be represented. No idea of the interest and fascination of such study will be entertained until one is fairly embarked in it. Start a "Columbian Club," by all means, and prepare to see the world's greatest exposition with intelligent, comprehensive vision.

It is said borax will remove the "fur" which gathers in the teakettle, deposited there by hard water.

A CHAPTER ON CATSUPS.

PLUM CATSUP.—Boil the plums, skins and all, with a little water and when soft, strain through a colander, pressing the pulp through. To five pounds of pulp and juice add three pounds of light brown sugar, one pint of best cider vinegar, one salt-spoonful of black pepper (or cayenne if preferred) one tablespoonful each of salt, ground cinnamon, allspice, and mace, two teaspoonfuls of ground cloves. Boil twenty minutes.

GREEN GRAPE CATSUP.—Wash and stem the green grapes, then to five pounds add sufficient water to keep them from burning and stew them gently until they can be rubbed through a sieve with a potato masher to extract the seeds. Return the pulp thus made to the preserving kettle and add as seasoning one tablespoonful each of ground cinnamon, cloves, allspice, pepper and salt, a pint of vinegar and two pounds of brown sugar. Boil the catsup until it is thick enough for use, then bottle and seal.

TOMATO CATSUP.—Take three quarts of best tomatoes, and put them into a porcelain kettle with one pound of brown sugar, one pint of vinegar, one tablespoonful of ground black pepper, a tablespoonful of salt, two onions chopped very fine, a tablespoonful of celery seed bruised, and a teaspoonful of powdered cloves. Boil for three hours very slowly, then strain through a fine sieve, bottle, and it is ready for use.

CUCUMBER CATSUP.—Choose large, partly ripe cucumbers, pare, remove the seeds and grate the pulp. Put this in a colander to drain; when thoroughly drained measure and to each pint allow half a pint of cider vinegar, quarter teaspoonful of cayenne pepper, one teaspoonful of salt, two heaping tablespoonfuls of grated horseradish; mix all the ingredients together, bottle and seal.