

MICHIGAN FARMER AND STATE JOURNAL OF AGRICULTURE.

DETROIT, OCT. 13, 1892.

THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

THE WIFE'S COMMANDMENTS.

BY GREENIE.

- I.
At the early morn thou shalt aspire
To get up first and light the fire.
- II.
Not any morning shalt thou miss
Bestowing on thy wife a kiss.
- III.
If in the night the baby cries,
Thou shalt the infant tranquilize.
- IV.
Thou shalt take care thy wife can find
Her pocket book with bills well lined.
- V.
Thou shalt not criticize her cakes,
Her cooking, nor the bread she makes.
- VI.
Thou shalt not fail at Easter-tide,
To keep her with new hats supplied.
- VII.
A sacred duty thou shalt deem
To treat her daily to ice cream.
- VIII.
Thou shalt not speak in temper cash
If she desires some extra cash.
- IX.
Thou shalt not come home "full" at night,
With lame excuses for thy plight.
- X.
This is the tenth--thou shalt not chide,
But shalt by all her laws abide,
If 'o these ten she add ten thousand more
beside.

THE COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION.

I have but recently returned from a brief vacation, spent in Chicago, where I saw much that was new, novel and interesting. Leaving Detroit at nine o'clock in the evening, I wakened as we were nearing the Windy City the next morning at seven, and after the usual experience with the woman who insists on occupying the toilet room for seventy-five miles while her traveling companions endeavor to possess their souls in patience while wondering what they will look like if the train pulls into the station before they get a chance at a looking-glass, disembarked at the Chicago depot, was warmly welcomed by my friends and soon seated before a delicious breakfast to which I did ample justice.

The day was bright and warm, and we resolved to take advantage of it to visit the grounds of the much talked of Exposition that-is-to-be. By the way, while this is to be a world's fair, its proper title, and that by which it should be spoken of, is Columbian Exposition. It is to celebrate and memorialize the four hundredth anniversary of the great discovery of Colum-

bus, as the fair at Philadelphia in 1876 was called the Centennial Exposition, to mark the progress of this country in the first century of its existence, and is entitled to its distinctive name.

As almost every one is aware, Jackson Park, one of the largest of Chicago's many parks, was selected as the site of the Exposition. It contains about 580 acres, and this area is already dotted with mammoth buildings, while everywhere is heard the noise of hammer and saw, marking the erection of more. The park is beautifully situated along the lake front, and the grounds have been beautified by an artificial lake or lagoon, as it is called, in which is an island containing sixteen acres covered with trees and shrubs, and to be still further beautified by flowers and plants; on it will be the rose garden of 50,000 plants. The Japanese exhibit will be at one end, and the week I was in Chicago 25 workmen from the Mikado's empire arrived in the city to begin work upon it. The design is a Japanese temple, surrounded by a sample of Japanese landscape gardening, and Japan spends \$630,000 upon it, and at the close of the Exposition donates the whole to the city, as a permanent adjunct to the park. Many bridges span the canals, and "gondolas" will ply back and forth, carrying visitors to various parts of the grounds accessible by water. These artificial canals and lakes are a truly beautiful feature of the grounds. The lawns about many of the buildings are already either sodded or sown with grass seed, and are brilliantly green, so that everybody exclaims at their beauty. The lawn about the Horticultural Building is prepared for the reception of millions of tulip bulbs, which are expected to be in bloom by the time the Exposition opens, and will be replaced by other plants as soon as their season is over. It is intended to provide a "procession of flowers" through the season, closing with a chrysanthemum show in October.

The framework of the buildings is of iron and steel, lathed with wide strips and covered with what is called "staff," a preparation of Michigan plaster and Java hemp, giving them the appearance of solid stone. This "staff" is made much like ordinary house plaster except that the fibres of

the hemp are so much longer than building hair that it is much more adhesive. It is very plastic, and like plaster of Paris easily moulded. The ornamentation of both the exterior and interior of the buildings, the statues, and designs which are apparently chiseled out of solid stone, and which would have cost an enormous sum if thus cut, are made at a really low cost of this stucco. Gelatine moulds are used for the purpose, the "staff" is crowded into them, soon hardens, the mould is removed and the statue is ready for the smoothing and polishing which complete it. Colossal lions and eagles, male and female figures and allegorical groups are thus made, and lavishly used for the adornment of the towers and domes of the buildings.

The Women's Building is practically complete, the Horticultural, Transportation, Fisheries, Mining and Electrical Buildings nearly so, while work on the great building designed for manufactures and liberal arts, in which are to be held the dedicatory ceremonies on the 21st, is being urged with true Chicago push. This building is simply enormous; I have no words to express its size. It is the largest of all, being 1,687x787 feet, its ground area is over 30 acres, including the galleries, 44 acres; it is the largest building in the world and it is truly an architectural wonder. You could set the famous cathedral of St. Peter at Rome, Michaelangelo's greatest work, within it, and still have room for two more cathedrals of the same size; and it is larger than the Coliseum, which seated 80,000 people. The lumber used in it represents 1,100 acres of Michigan pine. Its aisles are streets, and 10,000 electric lights will illuminate it, and its cost was \$1,700,000. The Women's Building, designed by Miss Sophia G. Hayden, of Boston, is perhaps the most solid and severely plain in style, as if the women who controlled had restricted the usual fancy of the sex for ornamentation. Yet it is not the less handsome and imposing on that account. Though it is the smallest of what are called the main buildings, elsewhere it would be thought large; it covers three and three-tenths acres, and is more than half the size of Detroit's Exposition Building. Horticulture has one of the finest buildings on the

grounds. It has a magnificent central crystal dome, 132 feet high, in which are to be grown tropical trees, palms and their kindred, and two end pavilions connected with the centre by courts to be planted with orange, lemon, and other sub-tropical trees and shrubs. The day we were there a car-load of plants sent from Shaw's Botanic Garden at St. Louis had arrived, and were in the central pavilion—a sample of what are to come. There was a cocoanut palm, 45 feet high; tree ferns, their great black trunks crowned with uncurling fronds; several fine specimens of *Ficus elastica* or rubber tree; a half dozen curious plants, *Platynerium*, or "Elk horn," so called because of the peculiar resemblance of its vegetation to the branching antlers of elk, several species of palms, and a queer fern, growing from a central root in such a fashion as to leave a circular nest-like place in the centre in which some tropical bird might set up housekeeping. Vines are already planted about some of the central supports, and there is no mistaking the fact that horticulture will have a fine abode, and that the exhibit will be a grand object lesson in flowers and fruits. One of the finest fountains in the grounds is to be in front of this building. The lawn on one side will be planted with tulips and on the other side with pansies, and across the lagoon and in full view from the front entrance will be the great bow of pansies, for which florists all over the country have made donations of seeds. At the entrance are groups of statuary representing Spring, in the battle of flowers, and Autumn, in the sleep of the flowers.

The Fisheries Building is elaborately ornamented with aquatic and piscatorial emblems, even the central supporting columns being ornamented with bas-reliefs of sea horses, anemones, star fish, turtles, frogs, cat-tails, rushes, and the frieze is suggestive of the graceful lines of floating sea-weeds. The building for Transportation has great panels on each side of the entrance representing its progress; on one side is the prow of a galley like that in which Columbus sailed, a boat with oars, and the primitive ox cart, on the other the nineteenth century locomotive and the interior of a dining car, with the waiter balancing a tray upon his uplifted hand in very characteristic fashion. Over the entrance is a relief representing the Sun-god standing upon a globe; below are four horses, guided by floating figures and plunging through clouds, the idea being to represent the spirit of progress and adventure which has over-run the world.

We saw the 40-foot pedestal of the great statue of the Republic which is to be placed at the entrance from Lake Michigan; and not far off a model of a United States battle-ship, "life-size," 348 feet long, is being built. The government details a crew to man the

vessel during the Exposition. We also drove round to the area reserved for the buildings erected by the several States, which are in different stages of completion. Michigan's building is just getting the roof on; Illinois has perhaps the finest among this class of structures; Wisconsin's is most beautifully situated at the head of the lagoon. Some of the foreign buildings are in process of erection. Sweden's is being built in that country and will be shipped in sections to Chicago and there put up.

The principal buildings will hardly be completed for the dedication, but the visitor gains a fair idea of what their size and scope will be. Two thousand men are working night and day, and yet this force scattered over the grounds, seems a handful. The work of grading and road making is being pushed rapidly, and there is no doubt but that by the time the doors of the great show are open everything will be in apple-pie order.

The employees in charge are uniformed, white-gloved individuals, very courteous to the visitors in quest of information; the latter are already a source of considerable revenue to the management, 15,000 people having paid 25 cents each for admission in one week.

What promises to be a great curiosity to visitors is the Barre sliding railway, just outside the grounds, designed to convey visitors to the Exposition. It is an elevated railway, and part of the trestle is ready for the superstructure. The cars run or slide on water, and a speed of 100 miles an hour is easily reached, while it is intended to carry 100,000 passengers a day. This sliding railway is moved by the reaction from a horizontal stream of water ejected in the direction of the train from under it into bucket racks beneath the carriages. The wheels and axles of the ordinary car are replaced by slides which glide on a thin film of water running along the steel rails, the friction being reduced to a very small percentage. This hydraulic road is a fine illustration of some of the leading principles of hydrodynamics, and was exhibited at the great expositions at Paris, London and Edinburgh; a great many advantages are claimed for it, among them remarkable safety, and it is probable that a good many of us will try this novel method of locomotion. For it will be a misfortune to miss this great Exposition, which like Barnum's circus, claims to be "the biggest thing on earth;" it will be over all too soon, and everybody should plan to go or regrets will surely follow when too late. And I sincerely hope that the decision relative to Sunday closing will be rescinded, and though the hum of machinery is silenced, as it should be, the art galleries, horticultural, fisheries and other buildings will be opened to a public that cannot be better employed

than in the study of art and nature as brought here from our own and other countries. BEATRIX.

LOVE THRUST BACK UPON ITSELF.

Of the fifty papers and other reading matter that are our weekly allowance, in exchanges, none are more welcome than the *FARMER* and its *HOUSEHOLD*. I am a farmer's wife, although I now live in the city, but my interest in farm life is just as strong as when one of its workers. I smiled—a smile of sympathy—when I read Frank's Wife's letter (*HOUSEHOLD* Sept. 24). I was in her place once—twenty-five years ago. Brought up in the city, my youth was spent in school and the study of music; my parents were wealthy, there was no occasion to learn housework. Our summer vacations, spent in the country, gave me such delightful ideas of country life it needed but little persuasion to become a farmer's wife. I too went into my husband's family to live. The first three months I believed his mother one of the angels sent from heaven to finish in my education what my own mother had thought unnecessary knowledge; to bake, wash dishes, scrub floors, patch old clothes, darn socks, study the mysteries of soft soap; in fact, trained and taught fifty things we don't expect of our best trained servants in the city. With all this arduous labor I was told it was my duty as a wife to wait on John, as a man was tired when he came in from farm work. I was very inexperienced, even for my age, and very ignorant of my rights. One beautiful winter day, three months after my marriage, my husband's only sister and her husband, my husband (who was an only son) and myself, prepared to go on a long ride to the city, to be gone one night. Mary kissed her mother good bye, and I, who had always followed this affectionate custom in my childhood's home, wished also to perform a daughter's loving act and show my husband's mother, that though she had lost her own daughter by marriage, she had also gained one by her son's marriage. So tossing aside my long wrap, I stood on tip-toe and affectionately threw my arms around the mother's neck and smacked real hard, right in the same place Mary's lips had rested, and snatching up my muff, hastened to follow the rest out of the door, when a slight movement of disgust made by my mother-in-law attracted me. With an expression of repugnance she hastily raised her left hand and brushed my kiss to the winds—a kiss I had planted there as a germ from which might have been an abundant harvest of love, but it was destroyed then and there. I had received an awakening, and with tears constantly swelling my eyes, my ride to the city was a study of a few problems earnestly thought on

Had my kiss destroyed the sweet sensation left by her own daughter's lips? Had mine caused an unpleasant, nervous irritation?

A son's wife can rarely fill the place of a daughter in his mother's heart. There is a smouldering jealousy in the mother's heart that resents any usurping of the love that has grown up between her boy and herself. And last, and most perplexing of questions, Why must every daughter by law, no matter how well brought up by a thoughtful mother at home, lock her individuality away with the keepsakes of girlhood, adapt herself to the ways of her husband's family, and learn daily, yearly, their way of doing? Is a son's wife to become his mother's servant? When Frank's Wife has been married three years instead of three months, let her give the HOUSEHOLD the result of her experience. That kiss was my last kiss, and from that moment I never could form my lips to call her mother. There was some part of my heart that became hermetically sealed, some part that hardened and never again softened. Something went out of my life and never came back—but I was very young and sensitive.

WIND-BLOWN LEAVES.

COLLWATER.

FROM ALMONT.

This is just the time to sit in the house and write; wife away, children at school, all left to me and the flies. And I won't go to town to play cards; promised her I wouldn't, and I mean to keep that promise. You see I saw it was making her very unhappy. Now my life is and always has been like a long pleasant autumn day; some clouds to be sure, but nearly all sunshine. So we will try in our humble way to make other people's lives happy.

I wonder how our independent lady gets along, who farms it all by herself and doesn't allow anything with whiskers about the place, and if she has forgotten the little rhyme they used to tell us, about

"Poor old Mother Hubbard,
Who got shut in her cupboard,
One day when she was alone,
When the neighbors got there,
To that cupboard so bare,
She was all dried down to a bone."

There is some more about her dog I don't just remember. But at any rate he got married, nice little family, and happiness. Proper way to live; let who may say to the contrary, and what is the use of waiting until one is old and gray before taking the broom step? Isn't it nice to have young folks grow up around us, while we are still young ourselves?

I would like to say something about dress, but I am such a crank I make everybody tired. It's a sin, and the wages are not a long and happy life; oh no! You see woman somehow gets it into her head that the Creator made a mistake in her form, it should have resembled an hour-glass. Hour-glasses

are so pretty! But isn't it too bad! After all the pains taken to shield our girls from babes to maidenhood, that they should turn out invalids, almost? They don't drink, they don't smoke, are not allowed to keep late hours, as the boys and men do. Still the women are the sufferers. Now among our foreign population that comes to us to do our work, the women are just as able as their husbands or brothers. But pshaw! I didn't come to preach, but just to let the ladies know that I felt grateful for their efforts to please us in our homes.

A LIVE MAN.

MY TRAMP.

It was eleven o'clock one fall morning and I was ironing away as if for dear life, for next day was "quince time," and the kitchen must be cleared for action. Without, a cold rain fell, enough to chill one to the marrow bones, but the big soup kettle was on the stove, and as I had just put in a bay leaf and vegetables, a very appetizing smell suggested a good dinner, and besides a strong aroma of coffee filled the air. I had just taken up Josiah's Sunday shirt, when the door burst open and the strangest specimen I ever set eyes on walked in. "Good morning, madam!" said he, bowing as if in the Queen's drawing room. "I have come to repeat to you some lines from Shakspeare." Though his clothes were tattered beyond repair, and his face showed marks of drink, he was not a bad looking man, so I motioned him to a chair by the stove, and he sank into it with a sigh of content, sniffing the soup rapturously. I went on with my shirt, and silence reigned so long I thought my tramp must have fallen asleep. He caught my eye and said, "Presently, madam, but this warmth is heavenly, and that coffee simply delicious." Then I thrust the bosom-board inside the shirt and was pressing down the linen with all my might when the actor began with a high pitched voice. I almost dropped my flatiron to see him standing, one hand on his heart and the other pointing towards me, and to hear Romeo's impassioned words directed to me, a stout middle-aged woman, and deaf besides! "Oh! speak again, bright angel, for thou art as glorious to this night as is a winged messenger of heaven," he howled out, and on for several pages of the play. I began to think the honey had lasted long enough, so I took a big bowl, filled it with soup, and another with coffee. "Now," said I, "you have earned your dinner, sit down and eat it." "Oh, madam," said he, "the prayers of a starving man will waft your soul to heaven." But it was more than I bargained for to try to fill up the cavernous depths of that long, lean tramp. I began to think there would be nothing left for the family after he had disposed of his third bowl of soup.

When he saw there was no more forthcoming he arose, put his hand on his heart and said, "I will now repeat to you some lines from Macbeth." "Heaven forbid!" said I. "Just take yourself away!" "Madam commands! and I, her humble slave, obey," and with that he bowed to the floor three times. Just before he closed the door he struck an attitude, and threw a kiss, saying: "Farewell! my bright angel, I go where glory awaits me." I laughed till the tears rolled down my cheeks, the coffee boiled over, and Josiah came in and wanted to know if I had hysterics and why wasn't dinner ready? When I told him, he said I had got more fun than profit out of that tramp.

SISTER GRACIOUS.

CONTENTMENT.

I doubt if any of us fully realize how firmly a habit takes possession of us until some kind friend holds a mirror to our eyes, and we see ourselves as others see us. Fretfulness comes on so gradually that in an incredibly short time one finds herself almost a nuisance, finding fault with everything. A little scowl comes between the eyes, fine wrinkles in the forehead, and a general air of dissatisfaction is observed. It is so easy to fall into these ways; so easy to avoid them. You dear kind little housewife, toiling from early morning until late at night, feeling that yours is a thankless task, sit down a minute and think it all over. Yours is a humdrum life; over and over again, no matter which way you turn. Washing the dishes and placing them all in order in the pantry, scouring the pans and kettles, sweeping floors, washing, ironing, mending, managing, planning, encouraging, helping John all you possibly can; filling the bread-jar, replenishing doughnuts, cookies, cakes and pies, canning, preserving, pickling, laying in a store for the coming winter, and then going over all the ground in so short a time; tending baby after baby, making the little garments, feeding chickens, oh! what a vast amount of work your two hands have accomplished; what a vast amount of planning your busy brain has done! But there was lots of love behind it all. For Love's sweet sake, oh! that has been an incentive to so many tired women, bringing its own reward. After all, what real good have you derived from being dissatisfied with your lot? In the first place, if you don't think John is mindful enough of your comfort, talk it all over with him. If your love is perfect you are one in mind, there should be perfect harmony between you. There is such a difference in men, some are rough as a chestnut burr but they have a heart like an ox, others are as delicately organized as it is possible for human flesh to be.

"The strongest are the tenderest,
The loving are the daring."

You can throw a great deal of beauty

about the homeliest task, remembering that the traits of character you cultivate will have a lasting effect upon your household. The little ones are looking to you for an example.

"You are building day by day,
A temple the world may not see;
You are building day by day,
Building for eternity."

If the work is not congenial try and make it so. Have cheerful thoughts; they will be reflected upon your face—their influence will be felt upon those about you. Laugh. I tell you people don't half know the efficacy of a good hearty laugh. There is no better cure for a dissatisfied person than to find some one worse off than herself, and you may look on either side and can not fail to find some one staggering along under a heavier burden than you are bearing. Look at the desolate homes. Your flock remains the same. Over the way a little white coffin was carried out only yesterday. John is your strong right arm, he has given you such a pleasant home, and provides for your temporal wants, he is out in the field trudging after the drill or cutting corn—tired, warm. You are planning something awfully good for his dinner. Up the street just a little way is a woman sobbing her grief out, with the little ones clinging to her for comfort; her husband lies cold and lifeless before her. Without any warning they were separated, and her grief is keener for the bitter words she gave him at parting. The bitterest sorrow we feel when we see our dead is the treatment we have given them, the words we have spoken to them, the thoughts we have harbored about them, the things we "might have done, but only willed." Do the work that is necessary to be done, keep the home neat and attractive to the children and John, living to-day as if it were the last day, and the sweeter and holier your life, the sweeter the memory. It can be made a beautiful poem, a strain of entrancing music, a lasting perfume, a sacred something treasured in the heart, always. EVANGELINE.

ABOUT POULTRY.

Little Nan wants somebody's experience with poultry. I may frankly say I have more knowledge than experience, and if what I have will be of advantage to her I shall be "only too happy," etc.

Probably the henhouse was too warm for the fowls in hot weather and they preferred more airy quarters. Then Hawks and weasels and other predaceous animals undoubtedly carried off the missing ones, unless aided by two-legged "varmints" with a weakness for fried chicken.

The Brown and White Leghorns are what are called "non-setters;" they lay many eggs, but don't care to encumber themselves with family cares. Their eggs are white and large, and they are

not the most profitable breed for market, but are reckoned among the best for egg-production.

In "going into poultry," one should decide upon the object in view, whether eggs or chickens, and choose accordingly. For a good all round farmers' fowl the Plymouth Rock possesses many advantages. But every breed of poultry, as well as of sheep and cattle, has its advocates who are sure it is "the best in the world," and for fear of stirring up too much "hen talk" I will say no more about breeds.

But I will advise Little Nan not to become discouraged, because, when she "gets the hang of it," there is money and pleasure to be found in raising poultry. Nothing is more wonderful than an egg, when we think that within its pearly shell is both the future animal and the food for its sustenance during a certain period; and little chickens are the "cutest" of the young of the feathered kind. The little fluffy balls of down with legs and bills attached are so active, so greedy, so selfish and so pretty that they bear a great resemblance to the young of bipeds that don't wear feathers.

BRUNEFILLE.

THIS, THAT AND THE OTHER.

Frank's Wife's letter reminded me quite forcibly of my own experience in my early married life, only that I did not live with my husband's mother.

I am glad that she has a good mother-in-law, too, and that she is willing to learn to do what she must in order to be a good housekeeper; and I will go further and say that I hope she will have strength given her sufficient to meet and bear all the arduous tasks and duties of wife and housekeeper. I pray she may never regret leaving the school-room work for that she has so bravely begun; never look back with a sigh to the time when she earned money for herself, and spent it to suit herself. I do, though I started out on my marital journey just as happy as Frank's Wife seems to be, and thought I was leaving the "tiresome treadmill" of school work for a more congenial life—and so it was for a few years. I hope her Frank may cherish her ever as he does now, as the best and dearest on earth, next to his good mother.

Jeanne Allison seems to begrudge the time some of us take in writing to the HOUSEHOLD. Does she wish to wrest from us that one source of pleasure found outside of the few we experience within our immediate family? The HOUSEHOLD is like a visitor to me. Every Saturday I look for its coming, and as we usually get it from the office in the afternoon, I generally have a few moments while waiting supper, to read some of the letters. I think it is natural for women, and men too, to like to tell their troubles to

some one, just as a little child tells to his mother the trials and perplexities that entangle him. It relieves the overcharged spirit and our hearts seem lighter for ridding themselves of the thoughts born of trouble and soul-weariness. It is not always wise to tell our troubles to those around us, for though our listeners lend ready sympathy, we oftentimes hear of our confidences again in a way we do not appreciate and with a meaning we did not intend to convey.

I have been very busy putting up fruit, during the past two weeks, and am going to tell the HOUSEHOLD how I canned some of my peaches. First I took nice large peaches, halved, cooked them till tender in a syrup made of a quart of water and a pint of sugar. I then lifted them out with a wire spoon into a hot fruit jar, and filled up the jar with clear syrup from another pan, let it stand a few moments with the cover set loosely, again filled it full of hot syrup and screwed down the top tightly and set it aside. In this manner I continued until I sealed eight two quart jars, adding a cupful of sugar to the original syrup, in which I cooked them, when I put in peaches for the fifth jar. I then boiled down that syrup until like thin molasses, added an ounce of stick cinnamon and one-half ounce of whole cloves. I then put in whole (pared) Chili peaches, and when done through filled two two-quart jars with the fruit and syrup, which will be almost equal to peach preserves made by a more tedious process. In boiling down the syrup I was very careful not to let it burn. I continued this way of sealing and preserving until I now have over sixty quarts of peaches for winter, and expect to put away more yet. HONEY BEE.

CHILI SAUCE OF GREEN TOMATOES.

In the HOUSEHOLD of Sept. 24th there is a recipe for making chili sauce of ripe tomatoes. We had no ripe ones to use, and we did have a quantity of green ones and I thought we would try one lot, and if the sauce was good would make more. We did so and the result was so satisfactory, I thought perhaps there were other HOUSEHOLD readers who would like to use up some of their green tomatoes in a similar manner, if they knew how.

We used the same quantity of tomatoes, onions, vinegar, etc., and added two pounds of brown sugar. I salted the tomatoes when I was chopping them up. We did not use the black pepper, ginger, or mustard; and we have such a delicious sauce, it is far nicer than when made of ripe fruit, to our taste. S. B.

MACOMR.

GRASS stains can be removed by wetting the material in alcohol and rubbing well.