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THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

THANKSGIVING.

BY MARTHA E. DIMON.

No heart in all the world to-day
More thankful is than mine,
Altho' not rich in worldly wealth
Nor fame's bright light I shine.

I've something more than wealth or fame,
For neither one of them
Can ornament a happy brow
Like love's pure diadem.

And love is mine—such love indeed
I scarce had dreamed could be,
It glorifies my daily tasks
And sweetens life to me.

What if my lover is unknown
To fashion, riches, power,
True love's a gem so rich and rare
I'm thankful for this hour.

Let others give to God their thanks
For prosperous months now past;
I thank Him for the love He's sent
To wake my heart at last.

THE KEELEY INSTITUTE AT YPSILANTI.

Of course everybody has heard about Dr. Keeley and his marvelous cure long ago, and no doubt many a reader of the HOUSEHOLD will agree with me that from a practical standpoint he has wrought a revolution in temperance work. When it is demonstrated, as he has shown, that alcoholism or the drink habit is a disease that submits to treatment like any other disease; and that a man's much talked of "will power" has nothing to do with it, then may the various temperance societies fold up their pledges and lay them away as far as reformatory work is concerned. As well ask a maniac to promise, during a rational period, to maintain his reason, and with as much hope of success.

It was while on a visit to friends in Ypsilanti not long ago since that I saw the beautiful building which is called the Keeley Institute of Michigan. It stands back from the street and is surrounded by a beautiful lawn laid out with walks and flower beds, and shaded by lofty trees. A wealthy lady of Ypsilanti built the house for a private residence and furnished it with all that money combined with refined taste could procure. The building was purchased ready furnished for its present use. Beautiful pictures adorn the walls; the softest and richest of carpets cover the floors; rich draperies, and elegant upholstered furniture meet the eye at

every point. On the lower floor are located the offices of the manager, physician in charge, book-keeper and stenographer; also the rooms for giving treatment, where the patients are found "right in line" four times a day for the hypodermic injection, which is given in the left arm above the elbow. In addition to this treatment each patient is given a bottle of medicine from which to take a dose every two hours.

At the time of my visit there were about thirty patients, but twice that number were expected after election.

Upon his arrival every man is given the injection (supposed to be bi-chloride of gold), and a small vial of whiskey, about two ounces. They are allowed to have all they want of the liquor, the only stipulation being that they must go to the doctor for it, not to the saloons. This is that the amount drunk may be known to the doctor that his remedies may be gauged accordingly. The usual length of time a man calls for liquor is two or three days after beginning treatment; sometimes one will drink longer, but the end of the first week at most finds the appetite gone, and the patient surprised that he can go on day after day without wanting a drink of liquor.

That is the best of it. No will power is required of the poor fellow who has found out long ago that he has no will power so far as drink is concerned. It is not necessary he should even have faith in the cure. Indeed most of them are confident when they go there that their case is beyond cure. They go to please their friends, and find that the Keeley cure gets in its work just the same as if they believed in it from the first.

While the physicians at the Institute do not claim to permanently cure every case, yet the figures show that only five per cent go back to drinking—a good showing certainly.

Said the lady where I visited: "We see them in all the different stages. Most of the patients are more or less intoxicated when they come, or else they are weak and trembling from the effects of a prolonged spree. We see them as they pass the house on their way to or from treatment and after a few days they begin to change in appearance. The man begins to walk more erect. He is gaining strength and new manhood. His step is firm

and elastic, the bleared look leaves his eyes, his face gradually loses its flushed, bloated expression, and it seems hardly possible that it can be the same individual who came to the Institute a few short weeks ago."

Dr. Keeley has done much for the good of mankind. If our national government permits the manufacture and sale of alcoholic drinks, surely something should be done to offset as far as possible the evil which comes from its use.

The Institute at Ypsilanti is under the management of men who have the profoundest sympathy for the unfortunate ones who come to them; and no matter whether they are rich or poor, millionaire or bootblack, all are treated alike kindly, and in such a way that they soon feel that they are among brothers.

A Keeley league of the "graduates," has been formed, and a fund established for the benefit of those who are unable financially to pay their own way at the Institute.

The Cure and the effect it has upon the patients has been likened to a "protracted," or revival meeting, where as fast as one becomes converted he speedily uses all his powers of persuasion to get others converted. One man who has been cured wants every other man who is in a like condition to go also and be cured.

Will the cure be permanent? Dr. Keeley has been treating the disease successfully, as well as the opium and morphine habit, for years; and if it were not worthy of confidence would the present mammoth proportions of his practice have been attained? No State in the Union to-day but has its Keeley Institute, and our own State has two, one recently having been opened at Alma.

The price of treatment is uniform—twenty-five dollars a week, board and lodging additional. Four weeks generally completes the cure, exceptional cases requiring sometimes a week more.

The company intend in the near future to build a lodging house on the grounds where the patients can be accommodated.

There is a club house already which I neglected to mention, where the patients meet between treatments to read, play games, or amuse themselves

as they please. The club rooms are provided with a piano and other musical instruments, library, etc. A club meeting is held every morning at nine o'clock, presided over by the doctor, where letters are read from former patients, speeches made, and any business that would properly come before such a meeting attended to.

□ I have said nothing about the treatment in connection with the morphine habit, but it is only because the other is of so much wider proportions that it received first mention. Patients are as successfully treated for that as for the liquor habit, and a goodly proportion of the patients at Ypsilanti are there for that treatment. These, when cured, are also loud in praise of the Institute and many of them send or bring friends similarly afflicted upon their return to their homes.

Altogether, it is a blessing untold to a class of unfortunate victims who have heretofore received only sneers and jeers from those not similarly afflicted, who have felt that they might cure themselves if they would only try.

FLINT.

ELLA ROCKWOOD.

"NEVER TO OLD TO LEARN"

If there is anything on earth I detest it is salt pork, and when you listen to my tale of woe, you will extend your heartfelt sympathy to me in those hours of trial. For the benefit of young housewives (of whom I am one), I will relate an experience:

When I became chief cook of my own little house, I had a certain idea that I was quite thoroughly versed in the different branches of housework. But I had only been married a short time before that conceit was taken all out of me, and I am frank in admitting that I shall never be too old to learn.

My husband made only one request in his bill of fare, and that was he desired salt pork twice a day, unless alternated by an occasional steak. I felt perfectly competent to fry pork, so started in cheerfully to perform that part of the menu, thinking what an appetizing dish I could present.

When the potatoes and other vegetables were prepared for dinner that salt pork was sliced (not very thin) and freshened; then a bowl half full of grease was taken from the pantry shelf and conveyed to the spider; I then dipped the pork in flour, and when the grease was sufficiently hot it was laid in it; the meat would sputter and boil, spatter the stove and wall paper, and sometimes my hands and face narrowly escaped the sauciness of that ill-tempered grease; the meat would never be brown, nor have a particle of crispness; it would cook three-quarters of an hour, and at the end of that time look about the same as it did when I took it from the barrel.

But husband never murmured, so I supposed it was just as "mother did it," until one day about the close of the year,

my mother remarked she was actually hungry for some salt pork, so I invited her out. By this time that duty had become a burden which was almost as large as was Christian's in Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*. She came, and when I lifted the cover from the barrel and took out a large side piece, I could not refrain from singing that "Sweet Bye-and-Bye" (my father-in-law's favorite lullaby when his temper is not evenly balanced). My mother, I saw, was watching me, and when she saw me empty the contents of that bowl into the spider how she laughed, and it was not until that day that I found out my blunder.

By this time my husband's appetite for salt pork was on the decline, and kept getting more so, and from that time to this, which is three years, nothing has been said about a pork barrel.

It has been oft repeated that what you learn by experience you never forget; this experience, together with some others, I will never be allowed to forget.

LITTLE NAN.

MT. CLEMENS.

OUR COLUMBUS DAY.

I wonder how many country schools celebrated Columbus Day in an individual way; that is, without becoming an adjunct of some city or village programme? I know of but one. That one my own, in District No. 9, Hadley, Mich. And this is how we did it:

At the close of the spring term I distributed among the pupils about 100 *Youth's Companion* flag certificates, by the sale of which, during the summer vacation, they raised money enough to purchase a fine school flag, which was flung to the breeze from the head of a non-partisan pole October 7. This, because in the official programme as one enthusiastic patriot remarked, "Everything circles around that pole with the flag floating at its top," and the "official programme" was what we intended to execute with our little band of 20 scholars, supplemented with their grandfathers and grandmothers, fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters, uncles, aunts and cousins. We were invited of course to join with adjacent village schools in celebrating, but decided to see what could be done at home, believing it would be more beneficial and satisfactory. Accordingly the district board arranged for a picnic dinner at the school house, sent for fifty official programmes and fifty badges, and all parties proceeded to get ready for the day which was to lead all other days in the majesty of the "oneness" of its inspiring powers in the minds and hearts of the free school, liberty-loving population of our country.

The pupils were drilled in the prescribed songs, and many others: the adult singers practiced them so that

all could join in this part of the exercises. The grandfathers acted as veterans, and were escorted to the grounds by the children, where the hollow square was formed, the proclamations read by the Director, J. L. Algae, the flag raised by the veterans, and three cheers for "Old Glory" given, and the flag saluted by the school. This part of the ceremony over, we returned to the school room, where, accompanied by the organ, we sang "America" most patriotically. Reading of Scripture and prayer by E. B. Webster followed. Then "Song of Columbus Day." Reading of the Address by A. L. Taylor. Recitation of Edna Dean Proctor's Ode by Mary L. Taylor, one of my pupils, aged twelve years, and I am proud to say that she recited this difficult ode without a flaw, and with fine elocutionary effect. Declamation of the simplified address by Barlow Webster, aged nine years. Of this too I am justly proud, for it was delivered with an understanding and intelligence that revealed its power. We then sang "Red, White and Blue," concluding the first part of the exercises. But as a long programme of exercises by all the pupils was to be rendered we took a vote as to whether we proceed with the programme or have dinner. The vote to proceed was unanimous, and then followed miscellaneous speaking and singing by the children, amongst which was the declamation of Mrs. Hemans' "Landing of the Pilgrims" and of the *Youth's Companion's* "Acceptance of the Flag," by Bennie Scott, aged six years, and the declamation of a fine poem "Our Flag," by Lloyd Algae, aged seven years. Mr. E. B. Webster, who has "been around the world" and knows how our flag is loved and honored in other lands, also gave us a very interesting talk about the flag. You see we combined our flag raising exercises with those of Columbus Day in this way, as we could not make a success of two gala days in such close succession. To particularize each exercise further would make my letter too lengthy, but I must say, each and every one acquitted themselves most creditably, while the strong current of patriotism and devotion to God and righteousness permeating and binding all together could not fail to strengthen and steady the mental and moral fiber of the weakest or most wavering. It was about half past one in the afternoon when these exercises were ended. Then, as the school house was to be thoroughly repaired and renovated (a new floor being one of the items), the seats were quickly unscrewed from the floor, stacked, and extension tables which had been brought or gathered up from families living nearest the school house were set in rows and loaded with such a feast of good victuals and dainties as only farmers' wives can bring together at a picnic, and about a hundred men, women and children partook of the feast.

Old neighbors met, and as one said, "It is a good thing for us thus to eat together, 'A feast of reason and a flow of soul' followed by that which meets the requirements of the body." And I well know that it was one happy, well spent day in the history of this district.

Now I have been thus explicit because country schools think they can't do, or be, or have anything of this sort without tying themselves to the tail of some town programme. And in this way they lose nine-tenths of all the good they might get, and of the moral, civil, social and political growth and strength to which they might attain. Here was a little band of 20 pupils, not one G. A. R., not one minister of the gospel, not one "great gun" of any sort, and yet through the unanimity, intelligence and ardor of the people we had a "grand success," with tobacco, whiskey, and all those things miles away. My fellow teachers, "go and do likewise."

E. L. NYE.

SUCCESS WITH POULTRY.

I think I promised to tell of my success with hens this time. It is nothing very grand, perhaps you will say after reading this, but yet it enables me to buy a great many things I need, which I would have to do without or call on my husband for the money, and I know that he has plenty of ways for all he gets. Little Nan should not be discouraged at one failure. Begin this fall with 25 good laying hens, and give them a warm place and good care, and see if they don't pay for care and kindness in eggs this winter. I prefer Plymouth Rock and Brown Leghorns. I have all the butter, eggs, and poultry money, so you see I have something to encourage me, and after buying the groceries I have the rest to do as I please with. One year I sold enough to buy a Domestic sewing machine, which was \$40; another year a center table and cane-seated chairs; this year from 35 hens I sold \$24 worth of poultry and \$35 worth of eggs. With good care and management 25 hens will average \$2 apiece in one year. I had 27 hens one year which brought \$51. I am very fond of fowls and like to take care of them. How they sing over their warm breakfast these cold mornings! It pays to have them lay in the winter when eggs are high. Hens need water in the winter, if they don't have it they will eat snow, if it is to be had, and that only serves to chill them. Make them work for what they eat, that keeps them warm. Scorch the corn on the cob and let them pick it off. A neighbor has raised turkeys enough to buy an organ. I saw her turkeys the other day when passing; I should judge there were 50 at least, and they were nice birds and will finish paying for her organ. She buys all the feed for them. I don't try to raise turkeys, the neighbors are so close.

I am an interested reader of our little

paper and sympathize with Honey Bee for I know what a mother's trials are. I have only two children, but one of them, the youngest, has been sick ever since he was three months old and he was four years old in October. I was very much amused on the pants question a short time ago, but don't think I should care to wear them, I prefer dresses.

MRS. A. DO.

A TRIP TO TENNESSEE.

Never take an acquaintance for what he appears to be. Never locate a home on the map; take in the town and country with open eyes; breathe their atmosphere; take personal observation of the people and surroundings, and then go home and make a sketch of your thoughts before you make a move.

The weather was lowery, with sheets of gray clouds hanging overhead that looked as though they might drop rain at any moment, when one enthusiastic body took passage on the east-bound train for a trip to the Sunny South. On arriving at Cincinnati there was a break in the gray sky, and the sun poured forth a flood of shining sunbeams, that warmed the heart as well as the body. On arriving at Columbia, Tennessee, the air was as balmy, the foliage of the woods and the grass carpet as green and the roses as red and blooming as they were during the month of August in Michigan.

Columbia is an old and quaint town, fifty years behind the times; it is a desirable place to rest and forget care; nobody is ever in a hurry; labor has no allurements; rest is a satisfying satisfaction, and every one is contented. The scenery is beautiful, the climate healthful, and the people interesting. I think I would like to go there next summer and rest. The colored element predominates on the streets; the white people of the better class are very courteous to strangers, and refined and polished in their ways. There are some fine residences on high rises of ground on one side of a road, rocks and squalid negro cabins on the other, with fat negro children and fat hogs wallowing in filth and rolling in the dust together, their black skins shining through their scant clothing. Swine and mules crowd the streets; hogs roll and grunt across the hotel steps, are stretched sunning across the walks; no one molests them, no one lifts a stick or says "whay" to them. Hogs and corn are the town's staple products, hogs and hominy the staff of life. Among the poorer classes once a week they get up a filling meal, which means an abundance of every good thing that can be brought together. Some of the women you meet on the street look as though they had been put through a drying process, so parched and withered is their skin; it may be that too free use of tobacco does the tanning.

A small negro boy peddling chestnuts

on the streets was asked if they were raised around there, "Naw, they grew," was the reply, with an expression of disgust at "white trash's" ignorance.

All kinds and styles of rigs are seen on the street, from the fine carriage and horses of the well-to-do, to the greater number of ancient, ramshackle, wobble-wheeled vehicles from the back country; an occasional farm team will be an old "hoss" and a mule hitched together, or four mule team, a colored boy on the rear mule as driver, who guides the front mules with a jerk line.

A group of negroes stood on the corner Sunday morning discussing the merits of different stores for cheapness. "Whar you trade," interrogated one man, whose woolly head streaked with grey indicated he had gained worldly wisdom with years.

"Over dar," was the reply.

"Dat no place, why don't y'n go tew my store?"

"Whar dat?"

"Tree mile; I save ten cents dar."

"Tew far."

"Naw, I'd go ten mile' to save ten cents, dat is the way to make money, dat is how de white folks get rich."

A ramble in the old burying ground brings to mind how time brings neglect of our dead. The place was overgrown with bushes, grass, "stick-tights" and "pitch-forks;" all these weeds are common in Michigan, but our "pitch-forks" have two tines, while those grown on southern soil are longer, with three tines, and long, slim handles. The graves are inclosed with granite slabs, stood on edge, to form the shape of dry goods boxes, the top slab and cover has a lengthy inscription; some of them had the corners carved, but most were plain; few were in good preservation, they were tumbling down and sinking in the ground. One showed the date of death 1802, but most of them were not to be deciphered; one grave not forgotten had a border of shells around it and a monument of shells piled over the grave, with a bouquet of fresh flowers placed in the center.

Rolling back in the distance are the hills, wooded with oak, hickory, cedar and chestnut, the blending together of the lighter and darker shades of green making a beautiful landscape. On one hill is Fort Neagley, from which are charming views. Among those hills are the ancestral homes of the planters; the ivy has crept over the walls of the old mansions until it covers every space; clinging roses have wound themselves around the verandas, and reaching out for a quarter of a mile toward the road is the spreading green of the lawns. Great trees of natural growth are scattered thickly here and there, and winding between them is the carriage drive, while sweet rose gardens are fenced by themselves. The southerner doesn't scrimp his door yard, but one fault displeases; he turns his blooded horses in

loose and lets them do the lawn-mowing promiscuously. Other farm houses are not so pretentious, but every home has its kitchen with its inseparable brick oven isolated from the main building. One wealthy farmer, worth his hundred thousand dollars, will not grow any crops on his fine farm except enough to supply his table, his land is overgrown with weeds and brush, a paradise for rabbits.

Corn is a generous crop, it grows without much care; it is picked with the husk on, thrown into a wagon, weighed and sold for less money than we can raise it. Southerners are a labor-saving people; everything is done with a mind to economize strength. The main traveled roads are picked and kept in repair by toll, and from them roads run across fields in many directions. A few years ago the town suffered from two bank failures, a loss of over a million of dollars to some of its residents, leaving them as poor as blue skim milk, which possibly accounts for the funereal looking countenances you meet now and then. The failure of the great races, which so many flocked there to see, has been another great calamity to them.

WIND-BLOWN LEAVES.

COLDWATER.

PLANNING FOR CHRISTMAS.

A nice present for a housekeeping friend is a set of hemstitched linen napkins with a border of drawn work, with her initial embroidered in satin stitch on one corner. Or linen damask can be used, the hemming done by hand.

A pretty pincushion you will make by stuffing a soft, rather flat cushion, and surrounding it by two lace frills, one upright the other falling, the lace two inches wide. Over the centre lay a small square doyley, fastening the corners over the frills and puffing the lace between the doyley's points. The doyley you can embroider in Dresden design or ornament with a drawn work border.

For a plaything to amuse the baby wind an embroidery hoop with bright ribbon. Stretch a ribbon across the hoop and back and tie two tiny sleigh bells where the ribbons cross, or fasten the bells by narrow loops to the side of the hoop. The music and the bright colors make this very attractive to baby.

Whisk-broom holders are always acceptable. Cut pasteboard for the back, making it diamond, shield, fan or heart shaped, and cover with plush or velvet. Cut from celluloid a large maple or grape leaf, and tint and vein it with oil paints; or if you have not these use gold paint. Fasten this across the back to form a pocket for the brush. A pretty one is cream plush for the back and a big grape leaf tinted in autumn colors.

Such a pretty pincushion is made by preparing a cushion about six inches square, stuffing it solid. Cut a strip of silk—surah or china silk—about 2½ inches wide and four inches long. Gather

it to fit the cushion, and sew to it, making the most fullness on the corners. Tack a little embroidered doyley diagonally on the center and you have something quite too pretty to stick pins into.

For a knitted fascinator use German-town single or double or zephyr, as preferred. Cast 93 stitches on bone or wooden needles, not too fine. Cut a long triangular-shaped piece of paper measuring 47 inches across the front or longest edge and 12 inches from the centre to a point, sloping the sides regularly from the centre point to the ends. Knit back and forth in plain knitting for four rows or two ribs without decreasing. Continue to knit plain; narrow once or twice at the end of each row to keep the shape of the paper pattern until you reach the centre point. There should be about 25 ribs or 50 rows across. Now make a fringe around the edge by crocheting very loosely a chain of nine stitches, catching them along the edge at intervals that will give a full fluffy fringe. Be sure to crochet loosely.

A HOME-MADE LOUNGE.

Margaret Ryder, in the *Country Gentleman*, describes a home-made divan or lounge which could be made up by any ingenious woman at slight cost, and would be at once comfortable and a good-looking piece of furniture. The foundation is such a cot as is used by campers, and which may be bought at almost any furniture store. (Price in Detroit from \$2 to \$2.50—ED.) But we will let Miss Ryder tell her own story:

The cot is twelve inches high, two feet and four inches wide and six feet long. It is perfectly firm, durable and comfortable and cost at a general furniture store \$1.50.

A mat the exact size of the top of the cot is made of print and the cotton from two comfortables, the covers of which were worn out. This is covered with cretonne. A flounce reaching to the floor Turkish fashion and headed with a puff the depth of the mat is added.

Two large pillows are covered with the same kind of cretonne. They have a ruffle of the same all around, the edge of which is worked in buttonhole stitch with dark red linen rope twist.

The small pillow is covered with smooth gray linen and finished with a ruffle of the material made double. It is ornamented by a vine embroidered in shades of red and brown crossing diagonally from corner to corner.

As this couch had to stand against a long, straight wall, the pillows were arranged to make a back. But when it is possible to place the couch so that an end will be in a corner of the room, a more graceful arrangement can be made. The cretonne used is of an all-over pattern in small figures of shades of brown with here and there a dash of red.

Twelve yards of cretonne were used and one yard of linen. The pillows were filled with feathers from a discarded bed. The whole cost of materials was \$3.65 and the work did not take over three hours, excepting the buttonholing of the ruffles and the embroidering of the linen pillow, which was done as "pick up" work in odd minutes of leisure.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

By taking a good deal of pains, it is possible to wash a corset with fairly good results. Use tepid water, wash quickly and starch in thick boiled starch, taking pains to rub the starch in well. Dry quickly also, that the steels may not rust. When dry, starch again in thinner boiled starch made quite blue. If you have a dress form dry the corset on it; if not, model it as nearly as possible into the original shape; iron before quite dry and keep the shape as well as you can. Corsets stiffened with bone or horn launder better than those stiffened with tampico.

A SOUTHERN woman has invented a griddle-greaser which fills a long-felt want and will eventually retire the piece of salt pork with a fork stuck into it, to inglorious solitude with the tallow candle and the snuffers. The little instrument she invented is of heavy wire. It has a handle about eight inches long and spreads at one end into a double clasp, through which a wide lamp wick is run twice, so that a broad, thick surface is presented. With one quick motion a griddle may be thoroughly greased without soiling or burning a finger, and the wick may be changed in a twinkling when desirable.

Do not go to the cellar for and wash potatoes for every meal, but bring up a large panful and wash enough for several meals at once. By taking thought a woman may not add cubits to her stature, but may save herself many steps. Put the potatoes into an old pan that has been punched full of holes, kept for that purpose. If the pan has become rusty from continual use, coat the bottom over with resin and lard. Not enough lard should be used in the resin to make it sticky, but just enough to prevent its cracking off. The potatoes will need two washings, and should be left in the pan to drain over an old pail until done dripping.

Contributed Recipes.

CARROT PIE.—Wash, scrape or pare six good-sized carrots, slice and boil till very tender (perhaps two hours). Mash and press through a sieve. This number of carrots will make three or four pies. Prepare by putting in sugar, ginger and a little cinnamon to taste, also a heaping tablespoonful of flour to each pie, to thicken. This takes the place of eggs, and I think is better, especially when eggs are 18 to 20c per dozen. Add a little salt, and thin the mixture with milk as you would for pumpkin pie, only not quite as thin, as the carrot does not thicken like pumpkin. A little experience will aid no doubt in the manufacture of the article, and practice makes perfect. The Ladies' Aid Society met at our house recently. To get the opinion of the members, I passed my pie, and they all pronounced it "good pumpkin pie."

OAKWOOD.

MR. J. G. ADAMS.

GINGERBREAD.—One cup each of brown sugar, molasses, butter and buttermilk; one teaspoonful of soda, and two of ginger. Mix soft; knead lightly; roll nearly an inch thick, place on pie tins, sprinkle with white sugar, crease with a fork and bake.

PLAINWELL.

BESS.