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UNCONSCIOUS SERVICE.

"The bee"—she sighed—"that haunts the clover
Has Nature's errand to fulfill:
The bird that skims the azure over,
Bears living seeds within his bill;

"Without a pause his flight pursuing,
He drops them on a barren strand;
And turns, unconscious of the doing,
The waste into a pasture land.

"I, craving service—willing, choosing
To fling broadcast some golden grain—
Can only sit in silent musing,
And weave my litanies of pain."

I, making answer, softly kissed her:
"All Nature's realm of bees and birds—
What is such ministry, my dear sister,
Compared with your enchanted words?"

"The seed your weakened hand is sowing,
May ripen to a harvest broad,
Which yet may help, without your knowing,
To fill the granaries of God!"

—Lippincott's Magazine.

GOING TO THE EXPOSITION.

Thousands of HOUSEHOLD readers are looking forward with pleasurable anticipations to the great Exposition to be opened at Chicago next May. Not a few of us are saving most diligently with that end in view, and wondering when and where to go, what to wear, and what to look for as the most interesting features of this—the grandest of all expositions. We are all interested in making the trip as inexpensive as possible, and seeing the most we can for our money. We want to be economical, but also we want to be comfortable. Sight-seeing is the hardest work in the world; continued day after day it wears one out worse than work. There is so much to see, we want to see it all, and we do "see" till physically worn out and till the overtaxed brain and eyes hold only a confused jumble of impressions.

How shall we see the fair with the least fatigue, the least money, the most comfort? By making the most perfect preparations. To know just where one is going, what one is going to pay for accommodations, and to have a little knowledge of the city and the Exposition beforehand are great helps. Wherever possible, arrange by all means for a place to stay in advance, that you may have no worry over that. Several reputable and responsible parties have advertised in the FARMER, and will give good accommodations at very

low rates. There is a regular Bureau of Information attached to the Exposition management through which visitors may be directed to lodgings suited to their means. To go to a hotel will be expensive—the privilege of the rich. Where lodging and breakfast can be obtained in private houses, I think they will be found most desirable. The great temporary structures containing hundreds of rooms designed only for use during the fair are scantily furnished; they will be crowded and noisy, and terrible fire traps in case of accident. None of them are to be heated; some of them are so flimsily constructed that the builders have had trouble in getting them insured. And it is asserted that not a few have been duped into paying \$5 or \$10 for "memberships" in caravansaries having no existence except in the circulars scattered broadcast to catch victims. To be near the grounds is not so necessary as to be able to sleep well and thus be refreshed for each day's excursion. No city has better street car service than Chicago; it is well equipped with means for rapid transit, and ten miles is but a few minutes' journey by cable trains or elevated railway, while as all roads in old times "led to Rome" so in the Columbian year all car lines converge at Jackson Park. There will be no difficulty in getting to the grounds quickly and comfortably.

A guide to the city, giving map, the location of principal buildings, car lines, parks, and objects of interest will be found a help in going about. Such a guide ought to be procured and studied beforehand, to familiarize the subject. If left till the last, we shall learn too late there were many things we would liked to have seen but missed because we did not know of their existence.

Parties of ten, twenty or more can unite and rent a furnished house for the period of their stay, preparing breakfast and perhaps supper there, and dining at the restaurants on the grounds. This will be a cheap way to see the fair, but the money saved will be earned by those who do the work. It is a double tax on the women of such a party to add to the unusual exertion and excitement of going about, the further fatigue of housework. I would avoid it wherever possible by having one person to per-

form such duties. Let some one take her hired girl along. Certain supplies might be taken ready cooked from home, but this is troublesome. If it is done, things should be sent long enough in advance to be on hand when wanted, for baggage is slow of delivery in Chicago at best and will be doubly so when so much will have to be handled. And it would be sad waiting for "the dinners that never came."

I do not think people need expect to be "plundered" in Chicago unless they invite it. If a man walks into a restaurant and orders everything he wants without asking its price or consulting the bill of fare he may swear considerably at the size of his check. Know what you are doing before you do it. There will be places where meals will cost anything you please to pay for luxuries, and others where you can dine comfortably for a dollar or less, or lunch frugally. In dining at a restaurant on the European plan—where every dish has a fixed price—two, by ordering together, can have a more varied and still sufficiently abundant meal. Let one order a meat, the other vegetables and bread. Unless one has an enormous appetite (and the steak is a more economical cut than usual) the meat order will be ample for both. This is worth remembering.

I have seen it stated that it will be impossible to get even a glass of water on the grounds without paying for it. This is an error. Water will be both free and abundant. The proprietors of a famous spring in Wisconsin have, however, piped the water to the grounds and for it (Hygeia water) a cent a glass is charged. No one is compelled to its use.

When is the best time to go? Probably September and October will see the lowest railroad rates, but also the greatest crowds. In August and the latter part of July it will be hot, and when Chicago is hot she sizzles. The first of May, things will hardly be adjusted in smooth running order, not all the exhibits in place, perhaps. Nor will the grounds be fairly beautiful with flowers and sward until the last of May and June. The latter month will see the fifty thousand rose bushes in bloom, and probably everything running without friction. Nor will the crowds be so great, or the attendants so worn out as

later. June and September will be the banner months.

In a later letter I shall have some advice to offer relative to dress. Nothing in the world is so cheap as good advice, and the beauty of it is no one is obliged to follow it unless he or she prefers.

BEATRIX.

MARCH LOVELINESS.

You won't find it outside, in the mud, slush and cold winds, but a few steps up and we are within the glass walls of one of Detroit's large floral establishments, and can bid good bye for awhile to "blues" and the miserable weather. Here you will actually find a large refrigerator. It has a glass front and rows of shelves inside made of slats. Above is the tank for the ice, and tons are used every year. On the shelves are hundreds of rose buds, lilies, carnations, jonquils, put in there to keep them fresh for a large party say ten days off. The florist may not have sufficient when the time comes, unless he saves up in this way. Here is another large box, closed, but curiosity will lead us to lift the cover a little bit, and we are greeted with a gush of hot moist air. Suppose the florist has an unexpected order that must be filled in a few hours. He puts hundreds of plants in the hot box and forces out the blossoms.

It is interesting to watch the man potting slips, a pile of soft rich earth on one side, his pots on the other, and a box of tiny slips in front. You and I think we have done beautifully to go into the garden and pot a dozen plants in an afternoon, but the man will tell us he easily does two thousand in a day. Now is the time to see and admire what will be in hundreds of gardens in the course of the summer, and if we are wise, we will carry away a few plants to be enjoyed in the windows for several weeks.

Perhaps the most sweetly sad sight is to see a man preparing a funeral design. Here is one to be placed by the coffin of a little child. A pillow of the choicest rose buds and carnations, and hovering over it, with outstretched wings, a pure white dove with a white rose bud in its mouth. Many funeral designs are clumsy and express but little. This must have been a comfort to the sad mother, for the baby's soul was like this dove and had flown to Heaven.

The florists are generally very patient in answering questions, and some of them are trying. One woman wanted to buy a slip of the royal Palm, Lantana, and asked if she could make it grow in six months. It takes from three to ten years to bring one up to good size. If one likes plant raising you can always pick up a few hints in a large greenhouse and also find some new, wonderful flower that will delight, and perhaps make you yearn to possess it.

SISTER GRACIOUS.

WHO KNOWS?

I wish Huldah Perkins could have heard Joseph Cook's lecture "Does Death End All?" He gave three arguments from nature that seemed to almost prove a future life without the aid of revelation. At the close he opened a large Bible, saying that while the thoughts he had given shed dim rays of starlight upon the subject, it is in revelation that we have the blaze of sunlight illuminating the future. One argument was, that there must be life before there is growth, because the minute germ where growth begins is precisely the same under the most powerful of microscopes, whether it be the germ of an oak, corn, fowl, lion or man; so if there is life before growth begins, before the body is formed, why should it not continue when this earthly house is dissolved?

Another argument that he dwelt much upon was the one stated by Huldah herself—"There is no want in nature but has something to satisfy it. We want to live hereafter, therefore we must be immortal." All people everywhere expect and desire a future life, and most of them recognize the necessity of a future judgment to right the wrongs of this life. "God makes no half joints" was his favorite expression.

Where a wing is found there is air for it to fly in, for the fin of a fish there is water, milk for the new born babe and just the right food to satisfy the hunger of every sort of creature; so we have every reason to expect that this universal desire for more life will be gratified. And really this life, with its troubles, cares, pain, sorrow and disappointments, would hardly be worth the living if we do not esteem it a preparatory stage fitting us for something more perfect, more satisfactory.

This third reason I have forgotten, and I hope somebody who has heard the lecture remembers and will tell us what it was. It is surely no more wonderful that we should live again than it is that we live this time.

AUNT BESSIE.

FOOD FOR INFANTS.

Some time ago I was caring for twin babies for a friend and wrote to the HOUSEHOLD for information regarding their proper food, etc. I received many replies and much help. Since then I have learned through a physician of a food for babies to be brought up on a bottle, which proves to be a very perfect nourishment. The twin babies died, after struggling with all manner of foods sold, and clear milk as well, but the new baby, brought up on this food, is plump and never ill.

The recipe is: Pearl barley, two ounces; water, one quart. Put over the fire and when just simmering drain off and add again one quart of water and a pinch of salt. Simmer down to a pint;

strain and sweeten with two tablespoonfuls of sugar.

For a week old infant take three parts barley-water and two of milk, increasing the quantity of milk gradually. At five months old give equal parts of milk and barley water.

DILL.

OUR BOYS.

[Paper read by Miss R. Anna McCaghna before the Farmers' Institute at Vernon, March 3rd.]

What is a boy? One of our poets has called him "That veriest mystery under the sun." We might designate him the embryo man; our nation's hope; the school ma'am's stereoscopic view of purgatory; mother's pride.

We might liken him to the young tree, the tender sapling. It promises much, yet, perchance, adverse winds may blow against it and incline its upright posture; Heaven's lightning may blast it ere it matures; the worm may gnaw away the heart and cause it to become fruitless; or it may not meet with any of these opposing elements and grow into a fine, beautiful tree—the admiration of all beholders.

Considering the poet's definition a good one, let us for a moment, contemplate that "mystery."

First, it is a power endowed with all the qualities of other human beings; it has a will, which under proper care may be moulded at pleasure; it is capable of affection, pure and deep; of reverence of the truest kind; of a power to discern shams as no other is capable; and a conscience which when appealed to in the right spirit never fails to respond. It has also inherent weaknesses; often the deep imprints of improper home training and perhaps some traces of imperfect school discipline.

Thus far I have made this theme a general one, but my subject reads "Our Boys."

This being a farmers' meeting I am to infer that it is their boys I am to treat in this article.

Wherein do they differ from boys in general? I might say in no respect, yet their natural surroundings render their circumstances much different. And even allowing that there is no difference the specific would have more of interest to us than the generic.

For time immemorial the farmer boy has borne the brunt of all the fun of the fun loving sarcastics. Both in prose and poetry his "greenness" and "hayseed" qualities have been heralded; while on the other hand poets represent him as the soul of romance.

We would not go to either extreme. We believe that of all classes of boys the romance of purity and innocence is the most prominent in the farmer boy. And why should it not be? His surroundings are of such a nature that he is brought in continuous contact with the elements of human happiness. The richest storehouse for the intellect is there; he can be taught and be brought

in contact with Nature's laws, thereby creating in him a love for something substantial and good.

Some one has said that the prosperity of any people lies in this principle: "Make labor fashionable at home by means of the powerful influence of early home education."

How shall we educate our boy is a question that interests us much. To what degree? Shall we give him as little as we can in order to keep him on the farm? (I am inclined to think that is the belief of some.) Is that the kind of farmers the times demand?—farmers because they are incapable of doing any other work?

No. The tiller of the soil has a right, and ought to be, the wisest, most charitable, happiest and noblest of his race.

There are none who so much need common sense, or need so much of it, as the farmers; they, of all people, should be highly educated for they are, of necessity, much alone, many times without society only what is around their own fireside.

If the farmer and his sons have nothing to think of above the work in their hands labor loses some of the "dignity" that many can see in it; if uneducated they can never escape ignorant company, but if with cultivated tastes they can take a book and travel the world with its author; cull the richest gems of thought or be a hero among heroes.

Froebel says: "The end of education is the growth of the whole being."

Physical training should not be neglected. The training and improving of the physical, intellectual, social, and moral powers and sentiments of the boys of our country should not be left entirely to the school. The young mind should receive careful training in the field, in the garden, in the barn, in the parlor, in the kitchen, in a word, around the hearth-stone, on the farm.

Let fathers and mothers look to it that their boys are supplied with good, healthy literature. Boys will be satisfied on the farm providing they are allowed those things well directed fancy indicates. Let fathers understand that strong desires in his boys, disappointed at home, will seek gratification elsewhere and the chances are that bad associates will cause an intemperate indulgence in those pastimes and recreations that would otherwise have been harmless; not only so, but beneficial.

Books should be selected with as much forethought and care as personal friends and when chosen in regard to their pleasure, helpfulness, integrity, they become friends in letter and in spirit.

Americans as a class read much, but too often it is the case that fashion notes, the base ball game, a great crime which has been committed, the latest movements of John L. Sullivan and Corbett, Nancy Hanks' record or some blood-curdling story cover our entire literary knowledge. I do not argue that we should not know what is going

on, yet should these things take the place of substantial reading?

If we wish our boys to become learned, intelligent boys we must place in their hands good books. Our State recognizes this fact and has engaged itself in a grand movement—a movement which parents and teachers should welcome with their hearty support. I refer to the "State Pupils' Reading Circle."

And now a word about our country schools. They should receive the attention of the best minds in the country and the earnest support of every farmer. Never have they been in a better condition than they are to-day. Yet we hope the time is near at hand when they shall be made of more practical value to the farmer boy; when the natural sciences, botany and agricultural chemistry, particularly, shall be presented to him that thereby labor may be stripped of its terrors and while the hands are busy the mind may be pleasantly and profitably occupied; when vocal music as a study will have a place on the school programme; when book-keeping and arithmetic, and in fact all studies shall be made strictly practical.

Who is responsible for our boy's moral training? In ancient Egypt a boy's education was considered to be of such great importance that it was entrusted entirely to the priesthood; in other countries a "pedagogue" was his constant attendant up to his sixteenth year.

Some one has said "that the foundation of a boy's character is laid at home and at school before his twelfth year." Recognizing this as a fact, then parents and teachers are the responsible parties; and they have no right to be ignorant of this truth. When so much is at stake ignorance is a crime. Ours is a God-given charge and to Him we are responsible for our boy's future.

"O woe to those who trample on the mind,
That deathless thing! They know not what they
do,
Nor what they deal with. Man, perchance, may
bind

The flower his step hath bruised; or light anew
The torch he quenches; or to music wind
Again the lyre-string from his touch that flew;—
But for the soul, O, tremble and beware
To lay rude hands upon God's mysteries there!"

When an eminent writer said: "God be thanked for the gifts of mothers and school-teachers" he expressed the common sentiment of the human heart.

The name of parent is, and should be sacred to the heart of every boy. The name of mother is a holy one. Nothing on earth should be allowed to claim the gratitude which is justly due judicious parents. But the faithful, devoted teacher, the framer of youthful character, and the guide of youthful study, will be sure to have the next place in the heart of a grateful boy.

How in after years, he will love to recall his school-days,—the old school house, its well remembered incidents, its joys and its sorrows, its trials and its triumphs, and sincerely thank God for a faithful, self-denying, patient teacher!

How often it is affirmed that "boys

make men," when if we would stop and consider carefully we would see that the reverse of the affirmation is true in a stronger sense. Boy is an imitative creature and will take and make as a part of himself the characteristics and habits of those with whom he is in continuous contact.

I have magnified the influence of the parent and the teacher, yet I think we cannot make it too impressive. Too many of us think we are playing in the shifting sands, making traces which the wind and the waves will soon erase; but this is a terrible mistake; we are making marks which no time can efface, and which God himself cannot recall. Our boys are using us as models. Let it be our aim to be as nearly perfect ones as we can.

Let parents stop one moment in the whirl of business and ask themselves, is there any calling so high as the culture and training of immortal souls that God has entrusted to their care, and for which they must give an account. We have the command from the great God himself that if a child is trained in the way he should go, when he is old he will not depart from it. The Eternal is back of that command with its unalterable promise. What does this place upon us? We cannot walk circumspectly ourselves and call our work done. There is teaching to be given and a careful watchfulness all the time on our part, yet we should be happy with such precious charges committed to our care—it should be considered a privilege—a joy.

Make home pleasant for the boys. If you do not "call your boy home by its brightness" he will soon find to your sorrow and his destruction that there are attractive places open to him. Inculcate a love for home which naturally will breed a love of country. Give him means of acquiring knowledge, that he may thereby fit himself for any position, socially and politically. Give him means of enjoyment, and you will have no trouble in keeping the boys on the farm.

Teach him from your heart the truth of the following beautiful lines:

"Would you be strong, go follow up the plow;
Would you be thoughtful, study field and flower;
Would you be wise, take on yourselves a vow
To go to school in nature's sunny bower.
Fly from the city—nothing there can charm—
Seek wisdom, strength, and virtue on the farm."

A CURE FOR EARACHE.

Many children are troubled with earache. My husband suffered over three years with it. At last we were told to use the plant called "Old-hen-and-chickens" (*Echiveria*) in this way: Take three of the largest; boil them in three or four tablespoonfuls of fresh butter and make a salve. Use it in the ears. My husband used it last November for the first time and he has not been troubled since. The salve will also cure a burn or old sore.

VASSAR.

AUNT LOUISE.

EARLY SEEDS AND ROSES.

The spring-like showers and the swiftly vanishing snowdrifts set us thinking of bedded bulbs and planting sweet peas and pansies, and the third P., portulacca, that require early attention. The first makes a good start in cool spring weather and gives early bloom (and might well have been planted in autumn). Portulacca must have its "six weeks for sprouting;" and a few plants of glaucium are a fine contrast with plants of dark green or bronze foliage in the border and must be given the same time to geminate as portulacca. While these hardy things delight in early spring weather to get a foothold it is vain to try to hasten the sowing of the most of our other flower seeds. Let beginners make a study of the habits of the plants they choose the coming season. A few well-grown, well-fed plants are better than an abundance poorly attended.

There is sometimes great disappointment in roses, especially hybrids. They are too frequently left to themselves, or nearly so, after the first year or two. Roses should be gathered generously and they will bloom more abundantly. We often see great clusters of seed pods hanging on dead-looking branches all through autumn and winter, exhausting the vitality of the bush uselessly; while surprise and disappointment are felt that hybrids never bloom except in early spring. The branches that have produced bloom, if the flowers are not gathered, should be pruned away as the petals fade and fall; then there will be a recurrence of bloom at different periods all through the season.

Trim out all old neglected bushes early this spring and fork in lots of manure. They are gross feeders and will assimilate anything in the line of fertilizer, then when there are too many sprouts from the roots peg down a few.

FENTON.

MRS. M. A. FULLER.

ALL SORTS.

A few weeks ago our Editor said "To do good and contribute (to the HOUSEHOLD) forget not." It is not so much the forgetting as the putting off until a more convenient season. This is one of the besetting sins of our time. The tendency of the age is to get all the pleasure out of life we can, and if a known duty is a little unpleasant put it off till tomorrow. When the next day comes we feel less like doing it than did we at first; so the best way is to try to do every duty when first made known to us.

I am fond of house plants; the farm would be a dreary place to me in winter if it were not for my plants; but they will not do well and give us beautiful blossoms and luxuriant leaves unless we give them proper care. Some plants need more water than others. I water mine every day; on wash day give them plenty of good suds, then oc-

asionally take a large nail and loosen all the dirt around them; this I call cultivating them. Once in about four months, after a rain, I go to the barn yard, get some of the water that has run from the manure pile, heat it and put around my plants. Let us say no more about the mothers-in-law. The mother-in-law is human like the rest of us, and the daughter-in-law expects to be a mother-in-law some time, so let us throw no more stones in that direction. In my opinion there are more little children suffering under a hard-hearted step-mother's rule than daughters-in-law from the tyranny of their mothers-in-law. The little children are helpless, hungry for a mother's love that is denied them. I do not wish to be understood that I think all new mothers unkind. Oh no; some are very good to the little ones whose care they have assumed by marriage. But wouldn't it be better for us mothers to take better care of ourselves, that our lives may be spared to take care of our own children? You know the old adage:

"A mother is a mother all the days of her life,
But father's a father till he gets a new wife."

In the HOUSEHOLD of March 4th. Beatrix has expressed my sentiments under the heading, "Remains my Widow." It is a pity husbands cannot have more confidence in their wives.

I believe with Mrs. A. Do that much good would be done in this fast age if young ladies would take a firm stand on the side of right and say, that "lips that touch liquor, shall never touch mine."

MAPLE GROVE.

MRS. F.

THE BABY'S OUTFIT.

Mrs. C. E. B., of Flint, inquires where patterns can be obtained for the little garments described in the HOUSEHOLD of Dec. 24th, 1892, under title "The New Outfit for Baby." We do not think these patterns are on sale at the pattern stores but it would not be at all difficult to cut the garments from the usual guides. The garment concerning which Mrs. C. E. B. particularly asked is the skirt and shirt combined, which is like a long-sleeved nightdress and may be made by lengthening the shirt and adding long sleeves. It would be, we fancy, more trouble to get the soft silk flannel of which it is made. Nothing can be too fine and soft for the tender skin of a babe, and the roughness of and irritation produced by the softest wool flannel procurable is sometimes the source of the child's uneasiness and fretting.

Baby baskets can be bought at any price you choose to pay. The untrimmed ones, on standards, cost from \$1.50 upward; without standards from sixty cents up. A pretty one, with standard, untrimmed, can be obtained for \$2 or \$2.50. The trimmed baskets begin at \$6.50, and end at \$25. It is cheaper to buy the basket and material and do the work one's self. The basket is first

padded with cotton, over which is stretched a colored lining, which may be silk, satin, sateen or silesia, covered with lace, mall, or fine dotted Swiss. A pretty basket is made by covering with the preferred color—pink, yellow, and violet are prettiest—overlaid with white dotted net, with a deep frill of lace to fall over the basket, and a quilling of satin ribbon on the basket's edge. A pincushion covered to match is fastened in the corner and the basket is ready for the accessories of baby's toilette.

The standing baskets have a second and smaller basket below, to be covered also, which is useful for holding little socks, shirts, etc.

WANTED.—A recipe for lemon pie in which neither cornstarch or flour is used.

WE cannot make the HOUSEHOLD a medium of exchange for anything but information and thought. This will explain to "Aunt Louise," of Vassar, why her offer to exchange is not printed.

DON'T let us borrow an umbrella till it rains. We shall not wear hoops this summer and individual expressions of determination not to don them are "too previous." If the hoop-skirt triumphs, we shall all "follow the fashion," or be more conspicuous by not doing so than if we adopted it in moderation. So don't write to tell us you "won't wear hoops." You think so now—but you will!

A CORRECTION.—V. I. M. writes: "I am sorry to ask you to make a correction for me. I sent a recipe for coconut cake which was published in the last HOUSEHOLD, and I find that I omitted a part of the filling, which should be, 'after cooking add the beaten white of an egg.'"

Contributed Recipes.

ASPARAGUS ON TOAST.—Wash and cut the stalks into inch lengths; cook thirty minutes in water enough to cover. When done add one tablespoonful of butter, salt, pepper, and one quart of cream, thickened with a small tablespoonful of flour wet in a little water. Have ready six slices of nicely toasted bread in a hot dish. Turn the asparagus over the toast and serve.

SPINACH.—Put four slices of salt meat in a kettle to boil. Twenty minutes before the meat is done add well washed spinach. When done take up in a hot dish and slice hard boiled eggs over it.

PARSNIPS.—Slice parsnips and potatoes and boil twenty minutes with a little salt pork cut in slices. Pepper and salt.

SALSIFY.—Scrape and cut in half inch slices. Boil thirty minutes; serve with cream sauce same as asparagus, or without toast.

Always have the water boil before putting in the vegetables and keep boiling until done.