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THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

A REMINISCENCE OF THE "FOURTH."

We put him to bed in his little night gown,
The worst battered youngster there was in the town;
Yet he yelled as he opened his only well eye,
"Bah! 'Bah! for the jolly old Fourth of July!"

Two thumbs and eight fingers with cloths were
tied up,
On his head was a bump, like an upside-down
cup;
And he smiled as best he could with his nose all
awry,
"I've had just the 'bossest' Fourth of July!"

We were glad, for he had been up with the sun,
Right into the midst of the powder and fun,
Where the cannon's loud boom sent its smoke to
the sky—
Young-America-like was his Fourth of July!

I said we were glad. All the pieces were there,
So we plastered and bound them with tenderest
care;
But out of the wreck came the words with a sigh
"If to-morrow was only the Fourth of July!"

He will grow altogether again, never fear,
And be ready to celebrate freedom next year;
But though it is selfish we are thankful there lies,
A cracklerless twelvemonth twist Fourth of
Julys.

We kissed him good night on his powder-specked
face,
We laid his bruised hands softly down in their
place;
And he murmured as sleep closed his one open
eye,
"I wish every day was the Fourth of July!"

M. E. H.'S VIEWS.

I have waited a little for some one else to discuss the women's suffrage question on the opposite side from Beatrix.

We dislike to disagree with Beatrix, but I must ask if she is not taking too pessimistic a view of the question. I cannot think a modest, unassuming woman will change her nature by voting. I cannot see how walking into the town hall or other voting place and depositing a bit of paper expressing her preferences—who shall make the necessary regulations of the school district and the corporation in which she lives and brings up her children, will in any way be detrimental to her manners or her morals. All flippancy aside, I believe it has been conceded by our best educators that those colleges that admitted both sexes on equal terms are the most desirable for both the young men and the young women. I will not take time nor space to quote their reasons farther than to say that the presence of one sex is a restraint upon the other. How long would our churches be the popular

institution they are, if those of but one sex were admitted?

We have a practical illustration of woman's full suffrage in Wyoming, and the best men in the State testify it has been no detriment but in their opinion an advantage to all; and it seems they have had time enough for a thorough test in twenty-five years.

Most people, both men and women, whom I have heard talk on the subject assert it is woman's right, and one portion of the people have no right to deprive the other portion of their rights.

But this is a side which I do not wish to discuss; there is this point however, which I wish to consider for a moment. That women will be more anxious for a career, for a life which will bring them before the public, may be tenable in a degree. But if there are so many more women than men in the country, as all statistics of different kinds show, why should not any woman who does not receive a desirable offer of marriage have the privilege of taking up any business that she feels herself capable of making a success, instead of living in another woman's house to be nurse, seamstress and general help all around, when she could just as well have a nook or corner (if she cannot have a whole house) of her own, where she is "lord of all she surveys?" Whatever else women might lose there is one thing they will gain—many of them—an escape from an uncongenial partnership which many women have accepted as seeming more desirable than a single life in their circumstances. Do not misunderstand me, and think I mean to be understood that suffrage will do this. No, I mean that a career might do it.

I feel sure that the natural instinct of women for husband, home and children will retain its permanence in the domestic woman's nature. And many women who have chosen a "career," after a few years feel that a home and a husband are two very desirable articles, so much so they are very willing to resign their positions to accept a desirable party.

There is one other point I wish to take up and look at a little. I am not going to take up the whole of Beatrix's article, her article is a sensible and a timely one, perhaps; but no person is competent to judge of any subject unless they have examined more than one side of it.

I believe that is the great trouble with the politics of to-day. Every man forms his opinions from the utterances of his leader. Who makes the opinion of his leader? His own interest or some one's interest who pays the largest price. (Where is the political leader of to-day who would, like George Washington, give not one year but eight without remuneration for the good of his country? Now they vote to double their own salary.) Let any man who resents the first assertion calmly look at himself, as much removed from himself as possible, and see with what feelings he reads two separate articles written one by the leader of his party and the other by the leader of the opposition, and he will at once see how foolish and how lacking in good statesmanship is the latter article.

Another point I wish to notice here is the inability of young men to marry, because the young women pushed themselves into their places, and the competition has been the means of reducing wages. This is true in some lines of work; but there are other kinds of work where the young men are needed, and if they can be crowded into the places they will fill well, it will be a good thing.

In looking around among the young men of my acquaintance some marry and some remain single. Their earnings are not very different. The difference is in their savings, or perhaps I had better say their expenses. Those who marry are those who choose to live plainly and economically; they did not form the habit of taking a good cigar after each meal or a glass of beer before; they did not think they must take in every thing that came to the opera house; they were economical in the purchase of clothes and in the care of them. The young man who cannot afford to marry does the reverse of this, of course these are not all the differences between them, but this is about the way it begins; and no matter how much their wages increase the wants grow faster until what would be luxury to one is only the bare necessities of life to the other, and they have nothing they can spare from their own wants to make another comfortable.

Now what are the girls to do if the young men cannot support wives? Is not better that they choose some

business that will make them independent of any one? Their contact with many people keeps them bright and young. Who of us who can look back to the single woman of twenty or thirty years ago can help comparing what a retired single woman's life was with the same class of women of to-day. Then the single women of thirty was an old maid, and in the country village she knew every misstep that every child in the village made; she knew every time they whispered in church, and if they dared to tiptoe out before the benediction their parents were sure to be duly informed, beside getting a private reproof from herself. Now they are all jolly girls at that age; the children love instead of fearing them.

Oh, do not tell me that the women of a generation ago were better or happier than now; and goodness and happiness are the most important things in this or any other world.

How many years ago was it that the statistics in "insane asylums" showed the largest percentage of inmates were farmers' wives, women who married, who had a husband and children, who ought to have been happy and contented with their families and domestic duties? They probably had a little more than was good for them of that kind of bliss. I could write a whole letter right here, but will refrain and say, let the girls and women follow out their ideals if it includes goodness and happiness, and I am not at all fearful but they will come into port all in good shape, and very few of them but will have built an ideal *Home* more lovely to them than any career, where they can nestle down, perfectly womanly women.

ALBION.

M. E. H.

NOT PROUD OF THEM.

Born and bred in the heart of New England, where the only distinction the women could attain was through the amount of work they could turn off in twenty-four hours, the stories of their achievements have been the wonder of my girlhood. My great-great-grandmother spun all the cloth that was used in her large family. We have as a relic a piece of blue and white linen, beautiful in its texture; the like never could be bought now-a-days. She must have been made of stern stuff, for never was there a stove of any kind in the meeting-house where she went for a service three hours long every Sunday. It is said that in intensely cold mornings the minister could not be seen, by those who shivered in the pews, because of the clouds of breath exhaled by those stern but religious people. My great-grandmother scrubbed the rafters in the garret and in the cellar, and was as often on her knees washing the kitchen floor as she was in her chamber saying her prayers. She was a large, strong woman, and her husband was undersized. One afternoon he appeared on

the back steps, and his wife, fearing for her floor, that smelled of soap and water, grabbed him up by the waist, swung him across the room and landed him on the door mat in the entry.

My grandmother had a carpet on her parlor floor. Twice a year it was taken up, and shaken. But this was not all. Her daughter with a long pin poked every atom of dust from the cracks between the floor boards, and the mother behind her swept it up in the pan, and then the whole floor was gone over three times with water before the carpet was laid. Every piece of fire wood was dusted before it was carried into the cellar, and when the neighbors arose at dawn on Monday morning all her large wash hung on the line.

Perhaps you think I am proud of the wonderful working smartness of my foremothers. Far from it. I look upon them as defrauders, and their sins only to be excused because of ignorance. Instead of giving their descendants strong vitality so necessary to health, by using it all themselves they had none to spare. They probably have learned wisdom in the high seats they now occupy in the New Jerusalem. If not, and are permitted to view their descendants' house-keeping, they shed tears of anguish over the slack shiftlessness, and saving of backs, legs, and hands that is our constant study.

DETROIT.

SISTER GRACIOUS.

GRANDFATHER.

He's through with all the cares of this life; there are no more doubts and fears; the real is attained. Such a checkered life it has been, with far more clouds than sunshine! Grandfather knew what hard work was, and endured hardships and privations, but they were lightened and brightened by the help of a true woman, and the comfort of a family of boys and girls. Troublesome comforts many times, but he was looking forward to the time when, old and not of much use, he would make their homes his home, feeling sure it would be considered a matter of course, a joyful duty. In the whirligig of time, mother got through first, but it was not until the children were settled in comfortable homes. After the return from the cemetery, it was deemed wise and necessary to talk over the matter of the father's future plans. It was not expedient for him to remain in the little home alone, in fact there was nothing but the little home; the rest had been given at various times to the children, as it was needed, and now mother was dead they wanted the rest of their shares and it would leave such a trifle for father it would be best to sell the house.

But where would he go? Not one of the four could conveniently have him. One's house was so small; another had no comfortable bedroom below, and it would be too hard for him to go upstairs to sleep; one son said he would not ask

his wife to live with him and put up with his peculiarities. It was decided to sell the place; the old man must depend upon strangers for a home. He looked into their faces, they were men and women now, and it all came back to him—the thankful prayer he offered to the Good Father when told his first born was a boy. What a comfort to think that in old age, in trials and adversity, he should have a son to lean on! And as they came one by one, flaxen-haired girls, another son, his cup was full.

And was it for this he had toiled early and late, borne with patience the self-denial incident to rearing a family, soothed childish sorrows, borne burdens too heavy for their young shoulders, given freely every farthing he could spare? No chair at their firesides; no bed under their roofs!

But truth is stranger than fiction. The little home was sold. The old father entered a stranger's home, and for a paltry sum was taken care of; and strange as it may appear, it was good care. But the heart hungered for children's love; and feelings lacerated by treachery and unfaithfulness induced disease, and after a little the release so earnestly desired came; the spirit left the poor old tenement of clay, which needed nothing more but burial. I imagine that God's angels bend low, over such a death bed; that unseen hands minister softly, tenderly, to the poor weary one about entering into rest. The ear dulled to earth's sounds catches the voice so long waited for; the eyes dim to scenes around, look beyond the veil, look into eyes for which they have so earnestly wished.

Will it be for this that I kiss dimpled hands, and rosy lips; look into the baby face with so much pleasure and love; watch the faculties unfold like the petals of a rose; long for the years to come when baby will grow into manhood and womanhood—to be cast off, when age overtakes me? Better, far better, to weep over the little white coffin; better to know that in purity and innocence baby was taken, without the terrible sin of forgetting the mother who bore him, the father who unselfishly worked for his upliftment.

BATTLE CREEK.

EVANGELINE.

AN exchange tells how to trim a child's apron with rick-rack braid very quickly and yet prettily, at the saving of bastings and bother: Hold the braid in the right hand, and the edge of the apron, right side up, in the left; stitch with white thread on the machine the extreme edge of the apron down on the middle of the braid all around; then turn the braid over and let another row of stitching catch the points down on the right side of the apron, with the result that the braid becomes fully visible as an edge trimming all around, and the raw edge is neatly folded away under the solid central portion.

GLEANINGS.

I am heartily in sympathy with the idea of teaching children to say "yes, thank you" or "no, mama" or papa, as the case may be, I have known children who were taught to say "yes, mama" and "no, mama," in such a manner that the response become purely mechanical and answer to question sounded like machine work; many who are so strenuous about the matter and insist upon children's being taught the good old fashioned "yes, sir" and no, sir," seem to lose sight of the very important fact that tone, expression, and manner convey more meaning than mere words. Who has not heard a "yes, sir" or "no, ma'am," that contained more pure impudence than could possibly have been gotten into a simple monosyllable?

First of all then, a respectful tone of voice would seem to be quite as desirable to cultivate as respectful words, and being the most difficult should receive the most attention. I meet occasionally a certain young and aspiring physician who says "yes, ma'am" with just the same tone of voice and inflection that I am sure he must have been taught and used when he was a child; the incongruity is rather amusing.

I have a little word of sympathy for Huldah Perkins. (I am sure I should like to know her.) Her confession that she doesn't care to mention a certain subject so sure is she of being snubbed, puts her in touch I've no doubt with many who have had a similar experience; and yet there are multitudes of human hearts longing and searching too for some tangible proof of that same "invisible communication." Such proof once established beyond any doubt or cavil, would change the whole current of human existence; who will dare say the world at large is ready or would be the better for it? And yet so intense is the longing of such natures to know something of a future (about which we really do not know any thing) that it would seem for them (if such a thing were possible), the veil must be lifted for these thirsty, hungry souls, eager for more light, wholly out of touch with the material things of this life!

Curious speculative natures there are who can hold fast to and enjoy any of the good things of earth, and at the same time reach forward and search for the intangible; many such of both are in the world, and yet they are not of the multitude.

I firmly believe that if heaven is anything or anywhere, it must be "congenial companionship," and it does seem as though there might be more of that on earth.

I have often wondered how it is that so many people appear to enjoy all the pleasure they get, as they go along through life, alone! It seems like pure selfishness. A work of art, beautiful scenery, enchanting sunsets, anything that moves the soul to a deeper feeling

of sympathy with the grand and mysterious—isn't the pleasure of it all enhanced tenfold if seen and enjoyed with another?

And yet there are many who will take themselves off to, and "do" the "biggest show on earth," and go all alone, without apparently, the least feeling of interest in any other human being in the whole caravansary. Such a nature must be a purely selfish one, and I believe that whoever builds a character on a purely selfish foundation, will sometime have to tear down the whole structure and build over again.

There are degrees in selfishness. A man may give freely of his money and still be at heart a very selfish person and very unpleasant in his own family. How many men there are who seem to find plenty of pleasure any where and everywhere except with the members of their own family! Courteous, sociable and good natured outside; at home, a man is often churlish, reticent, even positively ill-natured, until wife and children almost dread to approach him, not knowing what mood they are likely to meet. Is it selfishness that is the ruling spirit of such a nature? Christ taught the doctrine of self renunciation; not merely the "giving of alms," but the sacrificing of one's own self, the giving up of personal desires and pleasures. I don't believe it is necessary for one, always, to "prefer another" unless the sacrifice is mutual. There are many little things a person in one position can do for another less favored and at the same time just as deserving, with no expenditure except a little friendly interest. Just a kindly word of sympathy, help along a poor soul in trouble, does the giver no harm, and is much more cheering than perfect indifference. Have you never noticed how much more sympathy the affliction of an utter stranger will call forth from some, than would severer trials to those nearer home? But be it far or near, the cultivation of a truly generous and sympathetic nature harms no one, and surely if God has any cause in this world, it is that of humanity and to that we all belong.

GLEANER.

ADVICE ASKED.

BRIGHTON, Mich., June 26th, 1893.
To the Editress of the Household.

I am a farmer boy and think of coming to the city to get work. Will you please give me all the advice you can what steps to take. Will I have any trouble to get work, if I come now?

A FARMER BOY.

My advice to the writer of the above is to stay at his home, if he is fortunate enough to possess one; and if not, to find employment in work to which he is accustomed rather than come to the city, especially at this season of the year, which is, in many occupations, a time of slack business, dull trade and often reduced force of hands. Just at present,

too, the financial outlook is making manufacturers and employers very anxious, and more inclined to reduce expenses and shorten output than take on more men. Also, the closing down of mines, factories, and shops—some indefinitely, some to take stock—is making labor very plenty. The manager of a large factory here says that he turns away a hundred applicants for work every day; and this is but one man's experience out of many.

I meet every day on my way down town dozens of young lads, boys from sixteen to twenty years old, loafing about the streets, idle of hand and head, who would, presumably, work if they could find anything to do. At least I see them scanning the *Free Press* "want" page, pasted on a prominent corner in "Newspaper Row," and then either rushing off in a great hurry or settling down to another day's loaf. Every business man will say he has a hundred applications for every vacancy, and on day passes but some searcher is turned away.

Our "Farmer Boy," if he came to town, could offer only unskilled labor. There is too much of that here now. My advice would be to stay in the country, where help is always needed, and where he has his board furnished and his wages clear; do faithful work, save his earnings and invest them, either in bank or property that will return a dividend, and go to school winters. The boy who can spell correctly, write a good plain hand and is quick at figures has made a good beginning toward anything he may want to do later. Many a college graduate can translate Latin but spells suppose with one p.

The city is the Mecca of the country boy. He thinks if he could only get a chance in town, the rest would be easy. The city is fed by the new blood from the country, but it is a Moloch that for every one who gets to the front and is successful crushes a hundred. We take note of the successes; but the failures are never heard of. It is as hard a struggle to climb up in town as in country, and lots of young men who once meant to stand high are content to measure calico at \$10 or \$12 a week as the summit of their earthly ambition. They can't get any higher.

Farming isn't such a bad business if you put your brains into it. And you can't succeed anywhere if you don't do that. Industry and economy will give a boy as good a start on a farm as in town, and he can save more money as a farm hand than he can realize from his unskilled labor in the city market.

BEATRIX.

AN infusion is made by pouring boiling water upon the medicinal substance and allowing it to cool. A decoction means that the medicine is boiled in the water. A solution is made by dissolving the substance in water or alcohol.

RADICAL MEASURES FOR TEMPERANCE.

There is a prevailing idea among temperance advocates and especially radical prohibitionists, that alcohol is a poison. This has been a popular argument of the large class who do not analyze the effects of a strong stimulant. Alcohol is the life or force principle of the grain, and when eliminated by distillation and taken into the system is a pure stimulant. It accelerates the action of the heart, stimulates the nervous system, and excites the brain by throwing the blood too forcibly to that organ. We notice an increased amount of heat, and heat is a stimulant. There are no symptoms like the effects of poisons as seen from taking other substances we call poison into the stomach.

The late Dr. Crosby, of New York Medical Institute, took the ground that if alcohol was not adulterated with deadly poisons we should have no such effects from the intemperate use of it as we see so commonly at present.

It is only through adulteration of the pure alcohol that saloon-keepers and liquor dealers can make any money. The revenue tax on a gallon of alcohol is ninety cents. The practice of saloon-keepers is to take a small portion of the pure article, say half a tumblerful to a gallon of water; then to make it proof add *Indicus*,—a deadly West India drug—arsenic and strychnine; these give the tone and flavor, destroyed by so much water to the small amount of alcohol, and cost only about fifteen cents to the gallon.

It is readily seen that there is no money to be made in selling liquor, except through adulteration of the pure alcohol.

If our W. C. T. U. workers would labor as hard to get legislation against this adulteration as they do for prohibitory laws that cannot be enforced, we should have the temperance question in a "nut shell." When there is no money in selling liquor the saloon-keepers will seek other employments; and when we legislate to stop this wholesale poisoning of our people with deadly drugs, then will our people come to reason and sound sense on the temperance question.

Another foolish practice common to temperance workers, and especially women, is to coddle the drunkard; to make a fuss over and pity him till he expects to be noticed and helped; and have his family helped till he has got over his spree and spent all the money he can lay hands on, had a spell of the delirium tremens and abused all about him to the extent of his infernal disposition, while suffering the torments of hell himself. I would have every inebriate shut up in a safe prison for one month after the first drunk; for the second offense shut him up two months. By the time he has had two spells of enforced sobriety, he will begin to think

when he has had enough and find he is able to leave the rest and keep sober. I would have him work while in confinement, and use the proceeds to support his family. It seems to me some plan of this kind would be wise to prevent a few of the ills of intemperance, till we can by education thoroughly eradicate the disease from its stronghold among our people.

ERNESTINE.

COMMENTS.

Some years ago some one sent me a lot of green grapes for jelly. I tried my best but could not make jelly. Some thing like a thick molasses I had, not good for much but to put in mince meat. Will some one tell just how it is done? [See fourth page third column of current issue for directions.—ED.]

I must thank Mrs. Fuller for the letter about lilies-of-the-valley. I have been wishing some one would tell me "how," and the HOUSEHOLD comes with just the instruction I needed; thanks for the same.

The long vacation is here, the streets are nearly empty and most of the students are going to Chicago. One little girl said, "Oh, it will be like heaven, for every one will be there!" Perhaps some of the HOUSEHOLD will see and speak "but not know." I would like to say something about the children and the money question, but will not try any one's patience this warm weather.

ANN ARBOR.

S. F.

A CORRESPONDENT inquires the proper pronunciation of Eulalie, name of the Spanish princess who has just left us. Eu-la-lee-yah, long sound of a in second syllable; in fourth syllable a as in ah, accent on third syllable. The meaning and pronunciation of *fin-de-siecle* are also wanted. This is a French phrase meaning, as nearly as can be conveyed by a translation, "to the end of the century." A *fin de siecle* girl is one belonging to the period—to the end of the century. It is difficult to indicate the pronunciation. Say fan d' see ak 'l, third sound of a; put the accent on ak, and follow with the very slightest indication of the l, which must be hardly noticeable and on no account be permitted to make another syllable or be pronounced ul.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

Few people know the virtues of a glass of hot milk when one is tired and nervously exhausted. The milk should be hot, but not allowed to boil. Sipped slowly, it rests and refreshes more than anything that can be offered, without the deleterious effects of tea and coffee. In the country, where fresh milk is plenty, its use in this manner is hardly known, but in town it is fast becoming popular. For children it is excellent,

neither hot or cold milk should be taken in great draughts, swallowed hastily, as it forms an indigestible curd in the stomach when thus swallowed. Sipped slowly, the digestion is not interfered with.

A GERMAN paper publishes two recipes for dressing for the russet shoe so popular this season. One consists of: Oil of turpentine, 20 parts; yellow wax, nine parts; common bar soap, one part; boiling water, 20 parts. Dissolve the wax in the turpentine with the aid of a water bath and the soap in the hot water. Mix in a hot mortar and stir till cold. The other is much more simple, consisting of three parts of vaseline and one part of yellow wax, which must be mixed by aid of a water bath. Still another method is to brush the shoes till perfectly clean, then cut a lemon in two and rub the juice over the surface of the leather. When you have done that rub the shoes vigorously with a dry piece of flannel and the leather will shine like a mirror. The acid of the lemon will do no harm, and if the leather is well rubbed its color will not be made lighter.

Contributed Recipes.

GREEN GRAPE JELLY.—Put the grapes in a preserving kettle with only sufficient water to keep them from burning; cook till perfectly soft, turn into the jelly bag and let drain over night. Allow three-quarters of a pound of granulated sugar to a pound of juice. Boil the juice twenty minutes, add the sugar, which you have heated in the oven; let boil five minutes. If you think it is getting too thick test it by dropping a little into cold water. It is not to be understood that the grapes are to be green in color for the jelly; they are to be used after they have turned red or purple but before they are fit to eat.

RASPBERRY JAM.—One third currants and two thirds raspberries. Boil 20 minutes; weigh and allow three-quarters of a pound of sugar to every pound of fruit. Boil till the sugar is well dissolved, try a little and see how it is when cool, then put into cans or jars.

CURRANT JELLY.—Strip the currants and cook them thoroughly, mashing them as they get hot. Turn into the jelly bag and let drip all night. Allow a pound of sugar to a pint of juice. Boil the juice, alone, 20 minutes, rapidly, then turn in the sugar which you have heated in the oven, stir as it dissolves, let it boil eight minutes, and it is usually ready to set.

In making jellies and jams, and in fact in most ways of putting up fruits, the idea is to boil the fruit or the juice without the sugar until nearly all the water is evaporated or the fruit is soft. A good way to test for jelly after the sugar is in and "time's up" is to dip the skimmer in and out and hold it sideways over the jelly; if it runs off only in one place, it is not cooked enough; if it runs round the edge of the skimmer and drops off in two or three places in thick, wide drops, remove it at once.

BRUNEFILLE.