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THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

SWEET AND TWENTY.

Sweet and twenty, and fair as the day:
Plenty of lovers are bound this way.
Sweet and twenty, with eyes that shine,
And lissome curves that are rare and fine.
Dimples that play at hide-and-seek
On the tender mouth and the rounded cheek.
Never had maiden a lily-white hand
Softer and queenlier to command.
Never had maiden a foot more light
To dance a measure at morn or night.
Sweet and twenty can row and ride,
Over the rippling wavelets glide;
Harness and drive and climb and fish;
Make you many a dainty dish;
Talk in English and French and German,
Which the sweetest, you'll not determine.
Sweet and twenty has life before her,
And all who meet will of course adore her.
But what shall come to her after all—
Queen to reign, or to serve, a thrall?
Only the stars above can tell,
Dumb stars that hide their secrets well.
—Harper's Bazar.

ABOUT THE EXPOSITION.

A great deal of interest is felt among intending visitors to the Exposition, relative to expenses. The attempted extortions of the concessionaires at the opening and rumors of high rates outside have alarmed many, and they are hesitating about going fearing the expense will be more than they can afford.

I have taken considerable pains to make inquiries relative to prices and accommodations of a number of my acquaintances who have returned, and I do not think any one need stay away, fearing to be robbed. A friend who returned a week ago reported World's fair hotels half tenanted and thousands of empty rooms at \$1 for two and 75 cents single,—good rooms, neatly furnished, with good beds and clean bedding. These prices are certainly very low. She bought 21 meal tickets for \$3.50, and though she could not recommend the meals, she endured them for convenience and economy's sake. Runners for these hotels are at every station on the arrival of trains, and bargains made with them are honored at the hotels, so one may know what prices are to be paid before going to them.

Street car fares are uniformly five cents.

Meals on the grounds are more expensive than outside, but one may order

as economically as he pleases, as meals are more frequently served by order from bills of fare than otherwise. If one goes prepared to put up with the inevitable discomforts and not to kick at everything not quite to his liking or to live better than at home, it is possible to get along on a moderate expense per diem, not to exceed \$2.50 or \$3 per individual, or less according to the degree of economy practiced. Fifty cents a day for a room, twenty-five cents for breakfast, fifty cents for admission to the grounds, thirty-five cents for lunch on the grounds and "a fillin' supper" at fifty cents, with ten cents for car fare, may cover the actual expense for each, where two go together, adding of course railroad fare, which varies according to location.

One may spend as little or as much on "attractions" as he pleases. If you take a ride on the great Ferris wheel you need not pay to go into the "Streets of Cairo," or Old Vienna because from your lofty perch you can look right down into this attractive side-show. "America," the great spectacular show at the Auditorium, is fine, and worth seeing, though some proper people profess it is one of those spectacles which should be viewed through smoked glasses.

Everyone who has attended, whom I have met, professes entire satisfaction with what is to be seen on the grounds, and all say it is the most magnificent display of marvelous and interesting things ever got together; all wish they could go again or could have stayed longer. It is worth making a special effort for, for such an opportunity will never come to us again; and the cost is really small, considering that living is always expensive in a city. If one can go but for a week it pays well.

There are plenty of places where the tired woman may rest quietly and without paying for the privilege. There are two buildings "for public comfort," where one may find comfortable rocking chairs and couches, have a button sewed on or a tear mended, or take a nap.

But everybody says wear comfortable shoes, short, loose dresses, never mind how you look but be comfortable and see all you can. Overlook the discomforts or make fun of them; and when you get home you'll be prepared to declare it was the hardest week's work you ever did—but also the most enjoyable.
BEATRIX.

ALAS! THE DRESS!

In last week's papers were the sad accounts of Miss Hudel's death, while trying to stop her runaway horse. She would probably have done it, but her skirts became entangled in the horse's feet; she was thrown down, trampled upon, and dead when taken up. She was a successful market gardener, and was selling her home-grown products when the accident occurred. Mrs. Geo. Johnson, of New York City, recovering from a severe attack of grippe, was advised to ride a bicycle. On one of her trips, her skirt caught in the sprocket wheel; she was dragged from the saddle, fell heavily on her side, and dislocated her shoulder. Again, a young lady in a store was obliged to get something on an upper shelf. She thought nothing of climbing the step-ladder, but her long skirts wound around her feet, she tripped, fell, sprained her ankle, and was laid up for days, her dress causing loss of time, money, and a doctor's bill thrown in.

Workers in the garden know how hard it is to get around with bedraggled skirts, and how often one catches cold, not from being out in the rain, but from ankles kept damp from long petticoats. Working women feel this, but are unusually sensitive to public opinion. They have not been long enough outside the bars that have shut them in so closely from independent work to strike out for a business woman's dress. Just imagine, O, my sisters! the freedom of limb in a skirt that comes to the knee, with loose trousers fastened at the ankle! Can anything be more modest? What can the society ladies say against it, with their bare shoulders and arms?

I suggest one way of introducing a business woman's dress. Let the housekeepers and mothers each make one, as pretty as possible. Let them find out, while within doors, how comfortable it is to sweep a room, go down the cellar stairs with a platter of meat for the refrigerator; and especially let the young mother see how easily she can skip up stairs with baby on one arm, and carrying his milk. Housework will be shorn of its tiresomeness. Then we shall step over to the grocer's for a few eggs in our short skirts. It will no longer be considered singular. Women will be more healthy and happy, and "there will be no complaining in our streets."

SISTER GRACIOUS.

HOW WE WENT TO THE FAIR.

One bright morning in June we left Michigan's Queen City for a two weeks' visit to the great Exposition. As a slight preparation for the trials that were before us, we stood up till we reached Kalamazoo, where extra coaches were added, and we secured seats.

We took up our abode in Chicago at the Temperance Camp on Indiana Ave., and it very soon became like home to us. After a tiresome day on the fair-grounds, the peaceful quiet and comparative coolness of the Camp were very acceptable. Besides, it had the added virtues of being cheap and perfectly safe; one had no fears about making the acquaintance of neighboring campers.

Of the great, wonderful Fair itself, I can give very little idea. It is like Niagara—indescribable.

The first day on the grounds made an impression on at least one member of our party, that I think will take something more than time to efface.

Having great opinions of our own powers of endurance, we scorned such things as railroads, or conveyances of any kind, and took a delightful stroll across Washington Park, to the western entrance to the Midway Plaisance. (I may as well confess now, that the next morning, we all, meekly and with one accord, set our faces toward the nearest station on the elevated road.)

Of the few exhibits which we visited on the Midway, the German village was the best. In this was a reproduction of an old German castle, with a moat and draw-bridge, and looking as much at home as though on its native soil.

California, I think, carries off the palm among the State buildings. (It wouldn't be safe to say that in Illinois, however.)

The building itself is not so well finished and attractive, the architecture being that of the old Spanish Mission churches of early California, and the walls artificially seamed and darkened to represent old masonry.

Such quantities of fruit and flowers! It is perfectly bewildering. The exhibits of ore are, of course, very extensive and fine. One large collection of specimens of gold quartz is surmounted by a statue of James W. Marshall, discoverer of gold in California.

I was much interested in a model of San Francisco, in clay, with a panorama of surrounding scenery for more than twenty miles around.

There were many fine views of scenery, one which I liked particularly being a scene from Passadena county in mid-winter, sunshine and flowers in San Gabriel Valley; and snow on the Sierra Madre Mts.

Illinois is justly proud of her State building, but of the large number of exhibits there, the one I liked best was a statue—Illinois Welcoming the Nations of the Earth—by Miss Julia Bracken, of Chicago.

A ride around the grounds on the intramural railway, from which elevated position one can obtain a very good view of nearly all the buildings in the Park proper, furnished a pleasant ending to the first day in fairy land; and at seven o'clock four tired, bewildered, but enthusiastic wanderers gathered at camp to discuss affairs generally, relate thrilling experiences, and compare notes, for we had scattered in every direction during the day.

I had a presentiment that Machinery Hall would possess very little attraction for me, but have since lost all faith in presentiments. I was most agreeably disappointed. A sudden inspiration prompted me to request my brother's company that morning, so that I might know something when the investigation was over, whereas, if I had gone alone, the knowledge acquired would have been of a doubtful character.

People who jump at the sound of a toy pistol or a firecracker would do well to keep out of here. Such a din! Flour mills, paper mills, printing presses, weaving machines, everything in the shape of a machine, from the apparatus used in making taffy to the largest engine in the world, manufactured by the E. P. Allis Co. for the *Chicago Herald*. The driving wheel of this engine is about fifty feet in diameter, and seventy-two inches wide. I took a promenade through the seventy-two inch cast iron water pipe made in Philadelphia.

There are a number of curiosities in the way of transportation, that I examined quite carefully. The much-talked-about Jim-rik-sha is a funny little carriage with an over-hanging top, two big wheels, a seat wide enough for one, and thills about four feet long, connected at the outer end by a cross bar. A Mexican ox-cart has wheels made of three solid pieces of wood, about eight inches thick, the hubs widening to nearly two feet.

President Polk's family carriage, heavy, dusty, minus all signs of paint, and with the hangings torn to rags, received a decided snubbing from one lady who passed, and expressed her opinion that it was "nothing but a sham, got up for the occasion." Why is it some people cannot believe in anything? Is it because they are "shams" themselves?

A somewhat similar case was that of a lady in the Manufactures building. We were reveling in a collection of the famous Delft ware, and overheard several contemptuous remarks about "that old blue stuff;" we concluded her education, in certain directions, had been neglected.

On the roof of this building is a half-mile promenade, and elevators will carry you up for a quarter, but promenading was such a common occupation we couldn't afford to lower our dignity by indulging unnecessarily.

Being true and loyal Patrons, we of course registered at the National Grange

headquarters, and received our badges, which are simple, but pretty. Not far from here is situated the French Bakery, which I most heartily recommend to all lovers of good lunches at low rates, with extreme politeness in serving thrown in. Go one day, and you will be sure to go the next.

In the center of the Horticultural Hall, seven rooms of the great crystal cave near Deadwood, S. D., have been reproduced, using 300,000 lbs. of crystals. Don't miss this.

I nearly forgot to mention that we went to see Buffalo Bill's "Wild West" one evening. Now, don't turn up your aristocratic noses at our plebeian tastes. Several ministers from the camp went, and pronounced it very fine. So did we. If clergymen could enjoy it, surely it should possess great charms for miserable sinners.

"Finally, and in conclusion, my brethren," let me suggest that when you visit the Exposition, you will carry a good map of the grounds if you want to economize time. There may be people whose bumps of location are so highly developed that they know just where they are, where they want to go next, and how to get there, but they are rare.

Please bear in mind that I have mentioned only a few little things in regard to the fair. Many people, when they return, say, "I can't tell you anything about it!" I haven't been guilty of making that remark yet, but oh, how often have I felt it!

In my mind's eye, I see that special editorial "smile" which is kept for Fair notes, growing "grimmer and more grim," and finally fading away, therefore I take my finger from the button—and the circuit breaks.

BATTLE CREEK.

V. I. M.

AN AQUATIC BOUQUET.

An aquatic bouquet is a thing of beauty, and to those who have never seen one, quite a curiosity. A glass shade like those used to cover wax flowers is nice, but a plain glass fruit dish and cover will answer. Make a bouquet of suitable size and shape to fill the dish used, using fine, bright and pretty flowers fasten; this with fine thread into a small vase or flat glass dish, then taking the large plate, or whatever you use for the bottom, with the smaller dish on it containing the bouquet in one hand plunge it beneath the water; put the cover entirely under water, and carefully cover the flowers, taking care that it is filled with water and all air excluded. Remove carefully, holding the cover firmly on, that no air gets in or water gets out. It will be a pretty ornament for the center table for two days at least, as in a short time the flowers will be covered with tiny air bubbles. Try it.

MAPLEWOOD.

ALICE.

A COMPARISON OF METHODS IN HOUSEKEEPING.

It is a good thing perhaps, taking all things into consideration, that housekeepers as a class are not viewed from one stand-point. While it is a settled fact that housekeeping in the main is much the same the world over, the same duties day after day, the methods of performing them are as varied as the landscape.

Every woman has an individuality of her own. What is "bred in the bone will come out in the flesh," and as a sequence we find both thorough and easy-going housekeepers. One may greatly admire the manner in which the next door neighbor manages her house, and practices certain little economies, and yet be loth to change the *modus operandi* that has stood in good stead this many a year. I have been in houses when I was troubled to find a seat, in such dire confusion was the room, with every available receptacle piled with wearing apparel and head-gear, and still greatly enjoyed my call upon the motherly, self-possessed housewife. The magical manner of compassing impossibilities which we so greatly admire in the thorough, systematic housekeeper is not acquired through long years of discipline and persistent effort; it is a God-given faculty, and consequently its possessor is not deserving the many eulogies lavished upon her; but it is a duty to pity and overlook the inherited failing of slack, slatternly housekeepers.

While order to one is second nature, requiring no effort whatever, to another it is a moral impossibility. That there is a dim idea of something better is shown in occasional "spurts" of slicking up the house and belongings; throwing away old dish cloths and lamp rags; blacking the cook stove and scouring out the "round corners," but it is only spasmodic; habit has its tentacles so firmly fastened that it requires no effort to settle into the old rut and go on in a slipshod manner.

The progressive housekeeper becomes familiar with all the labor-saving devices and gives her husband to understand that she is as much entitled to their use as he to all the latest improvements about his farm. She studies the health of the family in the daily meals—the menu for each meal and its preparation, in the style of dress adopted for the little ones, comfort and durability; economy of steps and strength in her round of duties, so that her health is not impaired, during the years that her children need her the most. In this way she gains constantly on the woman who considers herself a machine, only; her first and last thought upon her work, with no classification so that one duty follows another naturally, but a sort of pell-mell, hap-hazard style that is worrisome and crowding, and will eventually undermine and destroy the

strongest nervous system. The easy-going housekeeper is, as a rule, long-lived, good natured and contented. She is in blissful ignorance of that constant friction her more particular neighbor is enduring; and may be pardoned if she occasionally wonders why she ages so fast, why the fine wrinkles come and the head silvers over, the voice gets querulous and manners not composed, a sort of expectancy—half listening to the conversation going on about her.

We like to see a well-ordered house, an air of comfort pervading the rooms, an every day, not-to-good-to-use-style, but does it pay if it requires a woman's entire thoughts and time, three hundred sixty-five days in the year? Will it make any difference a hundred years from now whether or not you were the best housekeeper in your neighborhood? This body of ours is flesh and blood and bone and nerve and sinew, and for the abuse given it, has a revenge; it comes in various forms, and is always painfully apparent. The fortunes accumulated often go to sanitariums and health resorts; we grow crabbed and cross; our own children refuse outright to live with us and bear with our peculiarities and peccadillos; for the life we live leaves its impression; the face is but a mirror of the thoughts; every word and deed spring spontaneously from the heart.

"Our hearts are the gardens, thoughts are the roots;
Words are the flowers, deeds are the fruits."

The methodical, particular housekeeper who never goes to rest at night until the dipper is hung up on a nail sacred to its use, milk pails turned bottom side up and cloths thoroughly rinsed out, would do well to consider the matter; and though she may have been ahead with her inflexible rules on the first quarter and half mile, need not be astonished if the happy-go-lucky housekeeper comes in ahead on the home stretch, while she lies by for repairs.

BATTLE CREEK.

EVANGELINE.

SOMETHING FOR GIRLS.

It has been said: "A girl who is well versed in English grammar and mathematics, who has a good practical knowledge of geography and chemistry, and a taste for biographical, astronomical, geological—in fact, all kinds of instructive miscellaneous reading, is far better fitted for any sphere of life she may enter, than many of the graduates of our fashionable seminaries." It is true. She will gain the respect of all sensible, true, and well educated people, and be better appreciated than the rattle-brained, chattering, empty-headed misses whose chief aim is to "shine in society;" who live in the song and the dance; or revel in romance and dream away their time in sentimental reveries, when they should be intent on storing their minds with useful knowledge; or performing some useful work, and in

learning to turn their attainments to good account.

A showy girl, who can dance, sing a little, thrum a piano accompaniment, prattle some foreign language, without being able to speak or write her own tongue, is a lamentable counterfeit. She is disposed to magnify the mere elegancies of education above the useful and practical tendencies; and will do much toward making society a tawdry sham.

Mere accomplishments are poor tricks, unless they are the polish of substantial knowledge, good sense, and sound judgment. Our girls are not altogether to blame for such a flimsy excuse for an education.

Some parents think that if they send their daughters to a school where they will study the various branches of knowledge for a time, they will be educated, and yet they may not have been disciplined to think, but just studied in an aimless fashion, and forgotten it the next day.

For the want of thoroughness in her intellectual training, she is inefficient, and entertains incorrect and overrated ideas of her attainments.

If a girl really wishes to cultivate her mind, she must avoid the idea that she has "finished" her education upon leaving school. Too many cast aside their books, scarcely referring to them for months and years after, and even their parents are apt to form the mistaken idea that with the few months' schooling, their girls know enough, are really "quite smart." How little they know of the real merits of education!

The discipline of seminaries only prepares the mind to think, and in overlooking this fact many young people consider their education finished when their school days are over. The truth is, it has but just commenced. Their minds ought to continue to improve and expand daily thereafter, and will, by a little close thinking every day, about subjects they have studied or read.

Why can not women, as well as men, be self-educated?

They can if they will but think. All such men are thinking men. Their education consists mostly of knowledge gained by observation and thinking, and here we have a fact that seems to militate against the female sex in general; scarcely one out of ten ever thinks of anything of much importance. Upon leaving school they turn their attention to the solving of the problem,—"How can I pass my time most pleasantly?" They stop not to think—How may I spend my life most profitably?

To be a lady (how many have very perverted ideas of what constitutes a lady) and be admired, is the height of their ambition, and so selfish do they become in this aim, they neglect to cultivate those noble virtues of the heart and mind that only those worthy of the appellation possess; viz, refine-

ment and taste, propriety, grace of expression and manners, and a proper regard for the rights and feelings of others.

Girls, if you would be refined, *cultured* in the truest sense of the word, *read*. Read good, instructive books. Use wisdom in the selection of what you read, for in this age there is no excuse for reading trashy, senseless story papers, when there are so many good books and journals to be had. □

Read for mental and moral profit; read the lives of noble men and women; read about the stars above you, and the stones beneath your feet, and after you have read—think; by such a course the mind is improved, and gradually but surely it becomes awakened to a sense of how much profit and pleasure there is in the pursuit. Reading is a means of self-culture now within the means of nearly every girl in America. Reading will set her to thinking, and the more she knows the more she will wish to know; her mind will become more active and intelligent thereby; her manners more gentle and refined; for intelligence is a bright though modest garb, admired by all, disparaged by none, and grows brighter by the polishing process of profitable reading and reflection.

Such a course will go far toward removing the prevalent ideas about the "modern girl," for a well educated, thinking woman is a sensible one; and not afraid or ashamed to do honest work.

MRS. E. E. MILLER

FLUTED KNIT LACE.

Cast on 18 stitches.

First row.—*Knit across plain.

2nd row.—Purl 14, this leaves four stitches on the left needle; turn the work as if to begin at the end of the needle.

3rd row.—Slip the first of the 14 stitches from the left needle onto the right, knit nine, narrow, throw thread over the needle once; knit two.

4th row.—Purl 14, turn the work as in second row.

5th row.—Slip the first of the 14 stitches as in third row, knit 13.

This ends the first quill or fluting. Now begin the second.

1st row.—Knit plain.

2nd row.—Knit four, purl 14.

3rd row.—Knit one, narrow, throw thread over the needle once, knit eleven, turn.

4th row.—Slip the first of the 14 stitches, and knit 13.

5th row.—Knit 18 plain. *

Repeat from * to *, thus making two quills. This lace can be made of any width desired. The addition must be made in the plain work, the edges remaining as above.

Knitted Twist Pattern.—Count six stitches for each pattern.

First six rounds plain.

7th round.—Slip three stitches on to a spare needle, leave them and knit the

next three stitches, then knit the three stitches on the spare needle.

Repeat from 1st round.

This is pretty for back of mittens.

Z. E. R. O.

MAKING SAUR-KRAUT.

The *Prairie Farmer* furnishes the following in regard to the preparation of this German dish, for which not a few Yankees have a liking, in spite of its being one of those articles of food respecting which you fed as if you could make an ample meal off the smell:

"Select solid heads free from rot, get a good cutter having two or three knives—sharp and set fine. Cut and fill wash tubs or other large vessels, sprinkle over the cabbage just enough salt to season for cooking, then with the hands work the salt through the mass until all is salted; taste to see if right. Have a barrel ready, and as the cabbage is salted, turn in, and with a flat pounder (we use an iron post hammer) pound carefully until the juice rises over the top, then make a hole or depression in the center, and with a cup dip out all the juice. This removes the substance emitting the odor offensive to many people. Proceed in the same manner with each tubful until the barrel is filled. Put in the cellar, cover the top with large cabbage leaves, a light stone weight, and tie a thin cloth on the top to keep flies out. In a week it will ferment, then remove the leaves, spread a cloth on the cabbage under the weight, which once a week remove, wash clean, and replace to keep out mould. If at any time the brine does not cover it, a pail of water may be added. Follow these directions, and you will have kraut that will keep until next July. Do not use cider or vinegar barrels; an oil barrel is best. To clean one for use, build a fire in a kettle or pan, place bricks each side to set the barrel on to admit air, turn the barrel over, let it heat for three or four days, scraping it occasionally to remove the charred oil, then fill the barrel with water for several days, and finish by scrubbing with brush and ashes."

MATTIE C. asks if she shall put "no presents" on the invitations to her wedding, adding that she feels the fashion which exacts gifts under such conditions one better annulled than followed. Well, Mollie, don't you think it "a little previous," to say the least, to refuse what hasn't been offered? If you prefer not to be placed under obligations of that nature, you will, with tact and courtesy, take an apropos occasion to express your views on the subject, in a manner which can offend no one. Then, if presents are given you, you may be sure that they are not of "the socially levied contribution" order and may be taken as evidence of love and sincere affection.

A SUBSCRIBER wants Z. E. R. O. to specify the quantity of flour used in her recipe for graham cake in *HOUSEHOLD* of July 22. The right proportion of flour is as important a factor in the success of a recipe as any other ingredient, and should not be overlooked in writing out directions. "Use your judgment" isn't a safe rule, for "judgments" vary even more than flour does.

A CORRESPONDENT writes us she has rented her farm, on which there are a few acres of huckleberry swamp, and inquires who has a right to the fruit, there being no mention of it in the contract. It would have been better to have stated the conditions of the contract—i. e., whether the land is leased on shares or money rent. It may be stated, however, that the tenant has a right to whatever is not specially reserved by terms of the lease, and the swamp would therefore be under his control. If the farm is worked on shares, both parties would have equal right in the fruit and either might exclude outsiders or require a fee for permission to pick berries. But no mention being made in the contract, the tenant's right prevails against the owner's, and he may exclude or admit the public, at his pleasure.

C. A. C., of Howell, asks information as to the uses of the vegetable peach and also parsley, wishing to be told just how to use them. We don't know what is meant by "the vegetable peach;" never saw it, never heard of it before. The old-fashioned peach that grows on a tree is good enough for us and all we want with it is plenty of Jersey cream and *quant. suf.* of sugar. Perhaps some one can aid our correspondent. As for parsley, its chief use is as a garnish for meats. Its fine crisp dark-green foliage "sets off" the ruddy hue of beef or the paleness of cold veal and pork very prettily. It is sometimes used to aid in flavoring soups such as bean, pea, or potato, a small sprig being dropped in and skimmed out before the soup is served.

WORTHINGTON'S Magazine, published by the well known firm of A. D. Worthington & Co. Hartford, Conn., is a magazine we can heartily commend as a most excellent publication, one well deserving success. We are sure it will be popular wherever its acquaintance is made. The August number is a particularly interesting one, showing the publishers are bound to keep its standard up to the best. Its low price and the variety and interest of its contents should make it a favorite visitor in the home and we are glad to recommend it as a good thing.

Useful Recipes.

WHORTLEBERRY CAKE.—One cup of sugar, a rounding tablespoonful of butter; beat these together until light, then add two eggs and beat again. Add two-thirds cup of milk and two cups of flour in which have been sifted one teaspoonful of cream tartar and half as much soda or two scant teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Stir in a cup of berries and it is ready to bake.

WHORTLEBERRY PUDDING.—Sift together a pint and a half of flour and a heaping teaspoonful of baking powder; stir in one pint of milk, one well beaten egg, a saltspoonful of salt and three-fourths of a quart of berries. Steam two hours in a buttered mould. Serve with hard or liquid sauce.—U. E. Farmer.