

MICHIGAN FARMER

AND STATE JOURNAL OF AGRICULTURE.

DETROIT, AUGUST 24, 1886.

THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

A MOTHER'S WORK.

Early in the morning
Up as soon as light,
Overseeing breakfast,
Putting all things right;
Dressing little children;
Hearing lessons said,
Washing baby faces,
Toasting husband's bread.

After breakfast reading,
Holding one at prayers;
Putting up the dinners;
Mending little tears;
Good-bye kissing children,
Sending off to school,
With a prayer and blessing
Mother's heart is full.

Washing up the dishes,
Sweeping carpets clean,
Doing up the chamber work,
Sewing on a machine;
Baby lies a-crying,
Rubbing little eyes,
Mother leaves her sewing,
To sing the lullabies.

Cutting little garments,
Trimming children's hats,
Writing for the papers,
With callers having chats;
Hearing little footsteps
Running through the hall,
Telling school is over,
As mamma's name they call.

Talking with the children
All about their school,
Soothing little troubles,
Teaching grammar rule;
Seeing about supper,
Lighting up the room,
Making home look cheerful,
Expecting husband soon.

Then with all her headaches,
Keeping to herself,
Always looking cheerful,
Other lives to bless;
Putting to bed children,
Hearing say their prayers,
Giving all a good-night kiss
Before she goes down stairs.

Once more in the parlor,
Sitting down to rest,
Reading in the Bible
How His promises are blessed;
Taking all her sorrows
And every care to One,
With that trusting, hopeful heart,
Which none but mothers own.

SOCIAL DISTINCTIONS.

Ever since the world began, there have been classes and gradations of society, subtle lines marking distinctions of birth, intelligence and wealth. It has been so since the beginning; it will be so to the end. A French commune may guillotine aristocrats, and American socialists conspire against capital, with a view to establishing a "universal brotherhood" in which

there shall be no caste, no rank, but all meet upon a common level; and even were it accomplished, how quickly would it be destroyed by the gravitation which draws Intellect to its mate, with its consequent dominance over ignorance, its natural and inevitable assumption of leadership! How quickly would the industrious and saving accumulate wealth, the scheming attain power, the idle and improvident come to want, thus restoring, in a decade or two, former conditions exactly.

All men are equal before the law—that is, theoretically of course; in actuality we often find they are not—but socially, mentally, morally, there are many classes. Many of them are founded upon ridiculous ideas, to be sure, but Thackeray reminds us that they obtain through all strata of society, from the highest to the lowest. "The costermonger who carries his wares to market in a moke, looks down upon his neighbor who peddles his vegetables from a hand-barrow." So the resident of the elegant mansion on a fashionable avenue, dubs the dweller in a modest house on a side street, "not in our set, you know." Too often the feeling at the bottom of our social caste is a sort of "I am better than you" sentiment, utterly unworthy the true man or woman. The trouble is we measure by false standards. There is exclusiveness, and exclusiveness. There is a vulgar exclusiveness, which rates admission to its circle by conditions rather than character; and there is a nobler exclusiveness, which creates its atmosphere by recognition of affinities, by sympathy, by the appreciation of kindred qualities; and this latter is the plane to which our social classifications should be adjusted. Not "How much is he worth?" "What is his business?" "Who are his kindred?" but rather, "What is he mentally, morally? Is his life noble; are his aims lofty?"

I read some time ago, a story in which the one colored girl in a high school graduating class resigned the honor she had fairly won by earnest study, because the white girls of the class refused to appear upon the platform with her on Commencement day, and prevailed upon their parents to uphold them in their action. She was the daughter of a poor woman, who had made great sacrifices to enable her to complete the course and fit herself to teach her own race in a Southern school. She was fully as intelligent as her classmates, amiable, neat, but poor, and black, the last her crowning sin. She gave up the cherished hope of her life, at the request of her teacher, whose good sense was overborne by the popular clamor, and brooding over the injustice

done her, died a few months later, literally of a broken heart. I read the story, as I have said, and though fully aware of the class distinctions and race prejudices existing in our democratic country, remember thinking so great a wrong *could* not be compassed in actuality in our Northern states, where "liberty and equality" are words on even children's lips.

But in June, the month of roses and "sweet girl graduates," the papers chronicled the very action of the story, in all save *denouement*. At Vincennes, Ind., eight of the high school girls refused to graduate with the ninth member of the class, a colored girl. The obnoxious member's standing was above the average, it is possible that jealousy had something to do in intensifying the prejudice against color. At all events if the colored girl graduated the white girls vowed they would not; and I am happy to say they did not. Senegambia held the fort, and the Anglo-Saxons were routed. The school board graduated the colored girl with honors; she read a paper on "The Education of Colored Youth" to an audience which packed the assembly hall, and which gave her a perfect ovation. It is reasonable to infer that these young misses who refused to graduate with their colored classmate, must have based their objections on social inferiority on account of color. It was, I believe, Bishop Thompson, of England, who said "There is no sex in intellect." With equal truth he might have said there is no color in intellect. Moreover, the class must have attended recitations together for a period of several years, at least; one can hardly understand the exquisite sensitiveness which, after school companionship of even one term with the despised member, could not endure an hour or two's appearance upon the platform with her. But the truth is, as all can see upon a moment's reflection, in the mere fact of such an appearance there is no more of social equality or inferiority expressed than by riding in the same public conveyance. The question of equality does not enter. The public school is for the children of the people; the graduating exercises an exponent of educational advancement, without reference to social conditions. Yet, putting aside this view of the question, and referring to the ethics of the matter, I have observed that truly well-bred people never find it necessary to remind those below them in social standing, of their position. Fancy a lady "snubbing" an inferior to "make her know her place!" That is snobbish vulgarity, the certain sign of an inferior mind.

True superiority never finds it necessary to assert itself in any such fashion, and the manner of self-assertion marks the difference between our real aristocracy of culture and breeding, and our "shoddy aristocracy" of money, which was born yesterday and is not yet accustomed to its own magnificence, and very jealous of its dignity. It is always observable that the lower people are in the social scale, the more rigidly they draw the lines of social caste, and avoid mixing with those "beneath them." People fully assured of their own respectability need never be afraid to bow first, or speak first, or recognize in any way those who differ from them in social rank. "Courtesy is one of the most cosmopolitan of good qualities; and politeness one of the seven cardinal virtues."

"Our school girls," with their sunny faces, their happy hearts, their gay chatter, all that we are pleased to call the innocence and charm of youth, do not seem to always justify our expectations of them. We look for tenderness, gentleness, regard for the feelings of others, but too often we find minds filled with worldliness and prejudice—unreasoning prejudice rooted in that meanest of all feelings, a disdain of others because they differ from us in wealth, culture, education, station, all of which are accidents of birth, born of circumstances. And how cruel, how downright mean and hateful some of these fair-faced girls can be to one whom they dislike! What stinging sneers those rosy lips can voice, what contempt flash from those eyes which should know only kind glances! What petty quarrels raise jealousy and envy and malice in these young hearts, that should never harbor those degrading passions! Down in a little town in Pennsylvania, not long since, a young girl's sensitive nature was so wrought upon by the sneers and jibes of her schoolmates, that through brooding upon them she became insane, finally dying in an asylum. She was a Jewess, and her father kept a second-hand store, and upon these two facts, neither of them of her making or to her disadvantage, her companions based the sneers which stung her to madness.

Nothing, not the highest place nor the lowest, excuses in us the want of that courtesy and politeness toward others which involves respect for their rights and respectful, kindly personal treatment. The higher our own rank, the more careful should we be in our treatment of those who have been less favored in the matter of advantages than we. It is one of the prerogatives of our own place; it is "*noblesse oblige*." How much more admirable would have been the action of these young ladies of Vincennes, had they gracefully yielded first place to this daughter of another race, because she might be classed their inferior, instead of tacitly acknowledging their lack of good breeding by refusing a recognition which involved absolutely nothing of equality, and thereby putting the cap upon the climax of arrogance and snobbish insolence.

BEATRIX.

Canvassers are abroad selling silver plated goods to farmers, at something like twice their actual value. Before you buy of them take pains to ascertain the selling price of such ware of the nearest local dealer.

ARE WE SLAVES TO FASHION?

A dear friend writes me she has just read Beatrix's "Street Studies," and enjoyed the descriptions very much; but she thinks Beatrix very observing to notice a bonnet of only last year's style. She also adds: "If I were possessed of wealth and influence, I would like to set an example and bid defiance to public opinion." I think this friend would receive the same compliment from Beatrix, should she chance to see her with a old style hat on, that she gave the lady with the last year's bonnet. Are we really such slaves to fashion as women are generally accused of being? That many are, is no doubt true, but I hardly think it just to apply the title to women in general terms. Many women whom we always see neatly and stylishly dressed are by no means slaves to every fashionable caprice. When they need a new dress or bonnet they select the best materials, and have them well and becomingly made and trimmed, and do not select either an old style or a novel one which will soon go out, but a good prevailing mode; and when they go out they do not attract particular attention either as an antiquated specimen, or an advertisement for some fashionable dressmaker or milliner. They are simply well dressed women, and should one happen to notice them upon the street that would be the verdict, but if one were asked to describe the costume, it would be hard to do so, for it called for no special notice; the answer would be, "I cannot; but it was neat and stylish." I think we should have some regard for public opinion, and not carry our independence so far that we invite public criticism, either in dress or manner.

I have never thought I was a slave to fashion, but I do like to have new and stylish clothes occasionally. I can enjoy a sermon when I have a last year's bonnet on, but if I should wear it until I began to think it shabby and the cause of remarks, I would not, and am afraid I would commit more sin than I would in getting a new one every season. When I see a woman dressed in clothes so old-fashioned that I notice them (for I seldom notice any one's dress in particular) I generally lay the blame on the husband's shoulders, for I think it inherent with women to love to look nice, and I believe they will try to if they have the means. Some women would go really shabby rather than ask their husbands for money, and I think there are few men really so blind that they cannot see when their wives look different from other women; I will aver, without fear of contradiction, they were not so blind before marriage.

A well dressed woman (do not understand me as meaning an extravagantly dressed one) appears to better advantage, as she has more self-respect, and consequently less self-consciousness, and moves and talks with ease and naturalness of manner, while one poorly dressed will have an embarrassed manner quite foreign to her real self. A woman is no less a true, womanly woman because she gives reasonable attention to dress. She will dress herself with care, and if the effect is satis-

factory she thinks no more about it, but gives her attention unreservedly to other matters.

I am glad there are some HOUSEHOLD members who do not religiously believe in woman's unlimited influence over man. So much has been written about womanly women that I wish some would tell us of manly men. By the way, it would be interesting if E. L. Nye would give us her definition of a womanly woman. Is this a manly man? He has been in the habit of taking the FARMER, and his wife and daughter were much interested in the HOUSEHOLD, but this year when it was twenty-five cents extra for the latter, he told them they could not have it. What should a womanly woman have done?

OLD SCHOOL TEACHER.

TECUMSEH.

READY FOR COMPANY.

One writer tells us "Custom is a violent and treacherous schoolmistress. She by little by little, slyly and unperceivedly slips in the fact of her authority; but having by their gentle and humble beginning, with the benefit of time fixed and established it, she then unmasks a furious and tyrannic countenance, against which we have no more the courage or the power to lift up our eyes." Another says: "All is habit in mankind, even virtue itself."

I do not think there is another place where visiting is as customary as in the country. We have so little time for recreation, our household duties so fill our minds and time that it seems quite delightful to have company and return the visit. There are times when it is not as convenient to entertain company, or we think it is not, and for this reason: we have not a well-filled pantry, frosted cake, tarts, fresh rusks, etc. Dean Swift was invited to a party once and was told of all the good things they were going to have to eat. "I don't want a bill of fare of your food," he said, "but a bill of fare of your company." There is altogether too much elaborate baking, too much form and ceremony about our afternoon visiting. I like to have Monday to myself and the early mornings; but aside from this I am glad to see company anytime. I intend to have food sufficient and good enough so I am not inconvenienced at all if company comes.

I remember once we had the threshers. We had the vegetables all cleaned for dinner and meat roasting; I had baked bread, cakes and pies, and was just "taking a breathing spell" when a carriage drove up to the door; I saw a shawl flutter and knew "there was a woman in it." Well, it proved to be an uncle and aunt of my better half, very old people whom I had never met before, but in less than ten minutes we were acquainted. She had her knitting work, and I got the big rocking chair and while I worked we visited, and when we said "good-bye" at night, both felt we had had a splendid visit. Dear old auntie! I never saw her again, she died shortly after, and I have always been glad that I made the day pleasant for them. It is not so much what we provide for the stomach as the manner which we show. We can meet people and be perfectly polite and still not be sincere.

I have often been present when the lady of the house would look out and see someone coming, and say "Dear me, what under the sun possessed her to come here to-day, I'd rather see anybody else;" but when she came to the door meet her in a cordial manner and tell her she was just wishing she would come. This will pass for a white lie, I suppose, but it shows a very shallow nature and not much character. I heard a lady tell once about having several ladies come visiting when she was cleaning pantry; she felt her heart sink at first but her good sound common sense did not fail her. She gave them the shears and some papers, and while they papered the shelves she replaced the dishes and it was all done by dinner time, then they had a long pleasant afternoon visit. How much better than to send them home with "it is not convenient." It is the cheery welcome, the cordial manner; it springs from the heart, there is nothing assumed about it, it has the ring of the true metal. I can tell it every time. In the country we cannot have much style, and I would not give a fig for it anyway. We are simple in our manners of living and behavior, so we need not try to assume what we are not; it only makes us appear ridiculous and ill at ease. I would not discard the old fashioned afternoon visit, and the work too, knitting or whatever else is handy to take along. I have had company bring carpet-rags along to sew; they were nicely cut and made in a neat bundle and did not litter a bit.

Such visits help turn our thoughts into a new channel; we catch new ideas; once enter into the details of housekeeping, and their name is legion, there are none who cannot learn something; no one who knows anything but can impart it to others. We all have our hopes and fears, sorrows, troubles, afflictions, aspirations. Many a burden is rolled off our shoulders by sympathy. There are times in everybody's life when they have been kept at home for some reason or another and a visit from a neighbor is as welcome as "flowers in May." The past winter I did no visiting whatever, and I became a little low spirited; the baby worried and the house began to be a trifle lonesome, so one bright afternoon I determined on a visit. When we came in sight of the house where we were going my heart sank a little for fear it might not be convenient "or something," but my fears were groundless and my welcome was so cordial, my visit was made so pleasant! My friend had been busy all the forenoon, too, washing windows; I enjoyed the supper, it tasted just delicious, fresh biscuits and cake and canned raspberries, and that night when baby was asleep in her crib and I had laid my head on my pillow I voted visiting a delightful change.

We can cultivate the habit of living without society, of isolating ourselves from mankind, but in so doing we destroy the better part of our nature. There is no person but has social qualities and they are better cultivated than smothered. We are better men and women for living in delightful companionship with our friends and neighbors. We can always be ready for company even if we have no great variety of food to set before them, and when we meet them at the door

and say "I am glad to see you," let it be sincere and truthful. Every good deed, every good act, springs spontaneously from the heart; if we cultivate the heart our whole nature will be better, every good quality will show itself, we can give our friends a profitable visit; though the tea be plain it is better far than to allow them to sit alone while we flit from pantry to cellar making cake, etc. If one is going to have a "swell tea" it is all well enough to have a bustle and fuss about getting ready, but for an impromptu visit what is good enough for the family is good enough for the company without any excuses. You may all come and see me without sending word, and bring along your work and the baby. EVANGALINE.

BATTLE CREEK.

MY WINDOW-CURTAIN.

I have been much amused and interested this summer in watching the growth of a vine which curtains my window. It is not an aristocratic clematis, nor even a middle-class honeysuckle or trumpet vine, but a plebeian plant, its only attempt at style being its lengthy Latin name of *Echinocystis lobata*, under which it struggles botanically, while it is commonly but erroneously called Wild Cucumber. It is not a Cucumis at all, though classed in same order, *Cucurbitaceae*. Like a good many other things unhonored because of their unfashionable lineage, it is deserving of attention, being graceful in habit; rapid in growth, rising in the world with nearly the celerity of the far-famed gourd of the prophet, as it was quite to the top of a second-story window before the dog-days set in; and free from the annoying aphides and kindred pests which infest other climbers. It is a perennial, starting betimes in the spring, and in this instance removed "body and bones" by my fastidious landlord as soon as the foliage turns brown in autumn. The flowers are greenish-white, in racemes often six inches in length, very numerous, and monoecious, staminate and pistillate bloom being found on the same stalk, the fertile ones invariably at the base. The fruit is covered with spines, is in shape somewhat like a small but apoplectic cucumber, inflated, four-seeded, and from it the plant derives the botanic name, through Greek words signify *sea-urchin* and *bladder*.

In early June the vine had reached the top of the first floor windows, and was ambitiously stretching out its long, three-parted tendrils in search of support for a higher flight. A cord was let down from the window above, and "up this Romeo's ladder" it boldly clambered. Absent for a day, on my return the round, head-like point of the most vigorous shoot was peering in at my window, supporting itself by a tendril on either hand, and so reminding me of an inquisitive, mischievous child, reaching up on tiptoe to peep into a strange room, and holding on "for all it was worth" till its investigation was concluded, that I laughed outright. Apparently satisfied with its survey, my visitor set out to see how quickly it could travel to the top, thrusting its tendrils through the meshes of the mosquito bars, and holding on for dear life. To watch these twining tendrils soon

became a constant pleasure. How *did* all those kinks get there! At the axil of every leaf was a flower stalk, and with it a tendril which, almost humanly, turned to the net to attach itself, thrusting a tiny green point through and then rapidly making three or four twists for greater security. Often there would be three or four spirals through a single mesh, and one in the next, reminding one of a clasping hand, with outstretched thumb. Sometimes the point of the tendril made straight for its support; sometimes it indulged in a long series of curves before attaching itself, like an adventurous person bound to have a good time before settling down to steady habits. And always there was the mystery: The flower racemes owed allegiance to the sun and always sought the light. From the same node sprang leaf and flower-stalk and tendril, why should the latter turn from what the others loved, and revel in shade and any quantity of eccentric convolutions, like the one giddy member of a sober-minded family? Why did the riotous sap cut such pranks in the tendrils, while in the sister growth it flowed decorously to modest, inconspicuous bloom? And then, the supporting stem was regularly grooved, like the flutings of a Corinthian pillar, while the leaf stems and tendrils were smooth as polished marble, though showing, in alternate lines of light and darker green, the same furrowings. When we begin to study the ways of even the commonest plants we soon belong to that class of humanity who "want to know, you know," and can ask questions that would puzzle a philosopher.

As soon as my vine had conquered the netting, it essayed to clamber over the window-cap. Here was nothing to which it could cling, and after helplessly stretching in every direction, it gave up the attempt and fell back upon itself, evidently relying upon what it had already done to hold itself up, and went on flowering aimlessly. Just exactly like poor humanity, I thought. It climbs up and up, just as long as the way is clear and easy, but when obstacles are to be overcome, how often we give up, like the vine, discouraged, and satisfied with what we have achieved. Sometimes, as happened to our vine, the weight of our inactivity becomes so great that it tears down what we have gained, and we fall prostrate, never to rise again. With all the wealth of flowers which shed their pale corollas in such profusion, but one fruit represents the entire raceme. So many people in this world, too, live and die, and we fail to discover the purpose of their being. Yet some infinitesimal grain of pollen, falling from some one of the many flowers, produced the fruit; so in our lives some little deed of ours, apparently of slight importance, may bear the fruit we never see, never know. These twining, parted tendrils are the hands we hold out to other men and women for help. We help ourselves up, we take others with us, as the vine's first ambitious shoot held up its weaker brethren; we stifle them, sometimes, because we cling so selfishly, as the *Echinocystis* smothered the Morning Glory vine that began the race with it. The harvest was a pale blue bell or two, dwarfed and fragile. How serious a thought it should be to us if we through our own

insistence, our selfish dependence, our unreasonable demands, are robbing other lives of their rightful opportunities; and holding effectually in check the aspirations, the endeavors, perhaps the full development, of those whom, after all, we love.

BEATRIX.

BLEACHING STRAW HATS.

Several months ago a lady asked how to bleach a straw hat. No one seemed to know how to do it, nor did the Editor's researches result in anything beyond the indefinite information that it was "done with sulphur." The *Scientific American* in a recent issue gave the following instructions:

"Obtain a deep box, air-tight if possible, place at the bottom a stone; on the stone a flat piece of iron red-hot, or a pan of charcoal, on which scatter powdered brimstone; there should be hooks in the box on which to hang the hats; close the lid and let the hats remain all night. Another recipe for bleaching straw is to soak the goods in caustic soda and afterward to use on them chloride of lime or javelle water. The excess of chlorine should be removed by hyposulphite of soda, called anti-chlor. In the first method the hat should be moistened, as a dry fabric will not bleach."

We have several times seen the advice given to color old straw hats at home by using liquid shoe polish on them. This may possibly result satisfactorily in some instances with certain qualities of straw; but in the only cases in which the Editor has known the attempt to be made, it has been a dismal failure. A friend had a very pretty fancy straw hat which she attempted to color in this fashion, the outcome being a very "streaky" hat, a woman ornamented with shoe polish "from the crown of her head to the soul of her foot," and a great loss of temper. The straw absolutely refused to take up the polish, which settled in the interstices of the braid. The result was thought too unique for every-day wear, and was finally cremated.

CANNING PEARS AND OTHER FRUITS.

Mrs. N. J. Strong, of Adrian, read the following paper upon the above subject before the Lenawee County Horticultural Society at the August meeting, 4th inst.:

Of the varieties I have canned, I prefer Bartlett, Seckel and Flemish Beauty. They should be very nearly if not quite ripe enough for eating. If cooked in a syrup of granulated sugar and water until a broom straw will pierce the halves, they can, with care, be placed in the cans looking white and handsome enough to show at the fair, but longer cooking improves the flavor, and some ladies that I know continue the process until the sauce turns pink, as it sometime will. Seckels being small, may be canned without paring. I study in canning all kinds of fruit to use the least possible amount of time, heat and strength. I think I accomplish this result by cooking enough for one or two cans at a time in a granite kettle, over gasoline or a little fire in the wood stove. Since I learned to be very particular to have my cans, when emptied, washed in clean water, scalded and dried on the stone shelf, or baked in the oven, and the cover and rubber properly replaced, while the can is hot, (never put the rubber

in the can), I find when the hot, busy canning days come I only need to rinse the can once in water, and perhaps even that is unnecessary. If the can cover has become bent, a skillful use of a wrench, after it is on the can, will smooth out the edge and save the fruit. I never trust a can until I can reverse it without leaking. If new cans must be bought, buy the Mason cans. Tin cans cost less, but are more trouble to seal and open, and if the tin chances to be of poor quality there is danger of poison, especially with sour fruit. I hope this society will condemn emphatically all devices for preserving fruit without cooking or sealing. I have watched with much hope and interest all methods—sulphur, smoke, ozone, salicylic acid, and German wood. I am fully persuaded that none of them are of practical value to the ordinary housewife, and I mention the matter here now because I read in some paper not long ago that agents were selling the right to use the German wood in some parts of this State. The assurance that we can use the empty stone jars we have on our shelves tempts us to try experiments that prove all too costly in the loss of time, fruit and money. I am sure that no such process would be a success with old jars that have been used for pickles, lard, buttermilk and the hundred and one purposes that such ware is used for; and if new must be bought, why not buy reliable self-sealing glass cans? Keep fruit in the dark.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

KEEP the sinks and drains sweet and clean by the free use of copperas water at least once a week. Allow a pound of copperas to each gallon of boiling water.

SLIP a paper bag over the hand in which you hold the blacking brush when you polish up the stove. It is better than a mitten, as the black dust cannot penetrate it and the hands do not get grimy.

ONIONS and other strong flavored vegetables are apt to leave bad taste and odor in the dish in which they are cooked. When you clean the kettles, pans, etc., use half a teaspoonful of soda in a little hot water, then wash well with hot soapsuds.

THE general rule for canning fruit is one-third of a pound of sugar to a pound of fruit. Pieplant requires a half-pound. Always use a porcelain-lined kettle, or other earthen ware dish to cook fruit for canning, and use a wooden or silver spoon, never tin or iron.

AN exchange says: "A carpet can be mended by cutting a piece like the carpet, a little larger than the hole. Put paste around the edge of the patch, then slip it under the carpet and rub it well with a warm iron until dry. If the figure is matched it makes a very neat job as well as a quick one." We have heard of ragcarpets being mended by a patch set over the worn spot, and its edges, after being covered with flour-and-water paste, ironed down smooth.

MOST fruit stains can be removed from table linen by laying the stained portions over a bowl and pouring on boiling water until they disappear. Never rub soap on a

stain, as it sets it. Ink, when fresh, can be taken out with milk and water; and machine oil is readily removed by rubbing a bit of lard on the spot and washing in warm suds. For iron-rust, spread the article in the sun, cover the spot with salt, then squeeze on lemon juice enough to wet it. In bright sunshine the stain will disappear in a few hours.

MOST vegetables are pickled by being put into strong salt and water, freshened by soaking, and then put into vinegar. But the soaking fills the tissues with water, which so dilutes the vinegar when the pickles are put into it that they are not sour enough and often fail to keep. Therefore, unless your vinegar is quite strong, it is a good plan to change it, in a few days after putting in the pickles, for a pickle that is not "sharp" has no excuse for existence.

IN reference to the "cotton batting" canning process, Mrs. Kedzie, of the Kansas Agricultural College, thus relates the result of experiments under her supervision: "In the college kitchen laboratory, experiments were tried with five kinds of fruit, including tomatoes, and the results were perfectly satisfactory in every case, not even a particle of mold forming in the can. In most cases the cotton was simply tied over the canful of hot fruit; in some cases there was a piece of white paper put on first, to prevent the cotton from becoming juice-soaked. This seems to be the preferable way. The cotton is taken just as it comes from the roll, the thickness being about as it unwinds, and it is tied down with strong twine."

Contributed Recipes.

SWEET TOMATO PICKLE.—Pare and slice the tomatoes, take half the weight in sugar and to seven pounds of fruit add one ounce of cloves and one of cinnamon, or cinnamon and mace, mixed. Boil with one quart of vinegar for an hour, and seal. The spices are to be tied in muslin bags. This is nice as a relish with cold meats.

PICKLED GREEN TOMATOES.—Slice a peck of large green tomatoes. Pour on vinegar enough to cover them. To each quart of vinegar allow one ounce each of the following spices, using them whole: Pepper, cloves, allspice, two ounces white mustard seed, and two onions chopped fine. Boil all together one minute and set away to cool. In a week it will be ready for use.

TOMATO CATSUP.—Some of the ladies of the HOUSEHOLD asked for a catsup recipe. I send one that we have used a good many years. Take perfectly ripe tomatoes, one-half bushel; wash them clean and break in pieces; then put over the fire and let them come to a boil, and remove from the fire; when they are sufficiently cool to allow your hands in them, rub through a wire sieve; and to what goes through add two teacupfuls of salt; allspice and cloves, of each, ground, one teacupful; one quart best vinegar. Put on the fire again and cook one hour, stirring with great care to avoid burning. Bottle for use. If too thick when used put in a little vinegar. If they are very juicy they may need boiling over an hour. It never moulds or sours. It can be kept with or without sealing.

F. M. C. FAIRFIELD.