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THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

A LOVING WORD.

Only a loving word,
Which cost us nothing to say;
And yet in the web of a tangled life
It shines like a sunny ray.

Only a loving word!
But it made a weak heart strong;
And helped a tempted soul to choose
The right instead of the wrong.

Only a loving word!
But it brightened a gloomy day,
Or, spoken to some one, weary and sick
It charmed their pain away.

Only a loving word!
But it made the angels smile;
And what it is worth perhaps we'll know
After a little while.

—Lillian Gray.

THE ERA OF BARGAINS.

Daffodilly, in a recent letter to the HOUSEHOLD, justly decries the present craze for cheap things which leads women to waste much time and money in the search for alleged bargains. I say waste advisedly, because I believe the most of the goods advertised as so wonderfully cheap are shams and delusions, and that by their so-called cheapness the unthinking are tempted to a profuseness of expenditure for articles which in a little time are thrown aside as "no good." They are cheap, certainly, as cheap in make and material as in price; we buy simply because they are so cheap, not because we need them. A fundamental principle of business is that in this world of sin and sorrow you do not, except by rare chance, get "something for nothing." So firmly has this maxim been impressed upon my understanding, not only by observation but also by diverse and sundry experiences when I was "green," that I avoid those stores which advertise these wonderful bargains, and deal with those merchants who handle standard goods, at reasonable rates for good articles, and whose salesmen are instructed to tell the truth respecting the quality of the goods, whether they make sales or not. And I am sure that at the end of the year, financially I am as well off as if I had haunted bargain counters, and I know I am more amiable in temper than if I had struggled through a twelvemonth with dress goods that faded in the sun and "cockle" in the rain, millinery that cannot withstand dampness, and the shoes that somehow seem to dissolve in a shower. In a spasm of economy I once bought a pair of white kid gloves for fifty cents; I would wear them only on the one occasion and I thought they would certainly do for "one night only." But they did not. Arrived

at the festive scene I gingerly put them on, but an unlucky pull split one clear across the hand. I would have given a five dollar bill for a decent pair at that moment, and the mortification I experienced during that unhappy evening was cheap at twice the money.

I do not wish to be understood as advocating the purchase of high-priced goods, always. There is a golden mean between the most costly and the cheapest, where the judicious buyer can get the worth of her money in qualities suited to her position in life and the length of her purse. Novelties are almost invariably costly, inferior goods cheap. Between the two we can find just what we require, of good quality, at medium prices, and it is wisest to buy right there, and not be beguiled by seductive advertisements into taking poor goods because they call for less cash outlay at the moment. They are most expensive in the end. The starch and dye wash out of the ready-made clothing, the tin-ware discloses its sheet-iron basis after a week's wear, and the "silk" umbrella leaks itself away in a drizzle of inky drops; we have neither the money nor money's worth.

But the jam at the "bargain counters" indicates that there are many who believe in the gospel of cheap prices. The *Evening News*, of this city, very humorously as well as truthfully describes such a scene. The conversation is between two residents of "Corktown" who attended a recent "nine cent sale" at a city store. Mrs. Daly inquires of Mrs. Doyle why she missed the opportunity, to which the latter makes answer:

"Oh, the Lord save us, wasn't I purty near killed in the croosh? Av all the pushin' an' crowdin' an' grabbin' an' snatchin' that I iver seen in me loife, it bate it all. Begor I was jammed in betune a big colored woman an' a Pollock gyrel about three feet across the nick, an' upon me wurd I belave me liver is as flat as a pancake this varry minute. To see the foightin' an' shramblin' an' crowdin' goin' an at that bargain councther ye'd have tuk yere solemn oath that they'd shthruce their only chance in loife to git a change of undtherwear. A shurt an' pants for eighteen cints! Did ye iver hear av the loike?"

"I miver laughed so much in all me born days. I didn't git widin soith av thim at all. Mrs. Casey shlid in betune the crowd loike an eel, an' got herself forninsht the counther jisht in toime to git the lasht pair. People that had frinds at the frunt were ketchin' the shurts an the floy as they were thrunk back to thim. Othhers ud make a grab for 'em, an' the clarks had all they cud do for about twinty minutes to prevent a bloody roit.

"Gimme punts," says an ould Dootch woman jisht as a wizen-faced risidint av

the Kyass farrum took in a small pair an the floy.

"They won't fit ye," says the Yankee woman; 'yere not built that w.y.'

"There was about a dozen av the neighbors down forninsht the shstore at six o'clock in the mornin' waitin' to git the fursht crack at thim. Mrs. McNulty over there beyant bought a dollar an' sivinty cints worth, an' she had to git Foley to help her off the kyar wid her bundles. If ye'd seen the procisshion av wimmen wid parcels that wint up this shthreet to-day, begor yere heart ud ache wid pity to think av the shthane the clothes-lines av this ward 'ill have to shstand nexht w-ek."

"Yis, an' wait till ye hear the shneers of contimpt thim that got left 'ill have for those that got there. I'll bet a button that the nexht piece av shlang ye'll hear an this shthreet 'ill be 'There goes Nancy McNulty wid her cheese cloth pants.'

And all the cheap finery tempts to extravagance. Foolish wives and daughters stint the family in food and furniture to buy the garments which imitate in material and trimming the elegant wrappings of the wealthy. They pay more than the cost of clothes more suited to their means, and get far less service from them. But this is a folly which cannot be prevented.

The best value one can get in ready-made garments is without doubt in underwear and children's clothes. How such good undergarments can be sold so cheap is a marvel. The women who make them are paid a mere trifle, we know, but the manufacturer must be content with an extremely small margin also. True, the material is bought at wholesale rates, cut out dozens of garments at once by cutting apparatus worked by machinery (and any who have bought the garments will testify that there is no superfluous cloth allowed in their cut), and many are made in establishments where the sewing machines are run by steam or electricity, all of which goes of course to lessen cost of production. No fitting is done, everything being made to measure; the nightdress which fits the tall, thin woman round the shoulders needs a ruffle round the bottom and somewhat resembles a pillowslip in the matter of width. Garments are made in assorted sizes, but humanity is not.

Daffodilly says every woman who does not do her own sewing can help reform in the matter of low prices paid sewing women, by employing a seamstress in her home. Yes, if she can secure a capable one. I do not know how it is in Chicago, but I do know that in Detroit it is not easy to find them. Women would rather take shop work, where every garment is like every other, than learn to cut and fit, themselves, even so simple an article as a

nightdress. And where they are competent, they demand higher wages, with board, that the women with much sewing and small means, can afford. There is money in sewing for those who fit themselves to do good work; not, of course, for those who are content to take these garments at starvation prices from the wholesale dealer, but for those who have skill beyond that of automatons. Before such could find work as seamstresses they would have to evince intelligence enough to cut a garment the right way of the cloth. If a woman is content to do poor work, she must accept low wages. If half those who besiege manufacturers for a chance to earn these low wages, would go into domestic service, or do a better grade of sewing, better wages would inevitably be paid. Helen Campbell, who has been investigating the condition of the sewing women of New York, says many of them simply *will not* abandon the shop-work for other trades, or try to better their own condition, in work where they would be required to exercise intelligence and skill. They make the garments exactly alike, no skill goes to put them together, they grumble over their pitance, which indeed is hardly enough to sustain life, but what can you do with people who will not even make an effort to better their condition? I pity them, with all my heart, in their poverty, but believe they hold the remedy principally in their own hands. BEATRIX.

ANTIQUE LACE IN CROCHET.

Chain fifty, one treble in eighth stitch. * Chain two and make one treble in the third stitch following *. Repeat from * until you have 14 holes ending with four trebles. Chain eleven. Turn.

Second row.—Skip eight of the 11 chain, and make four trebles, so that the last treble of this row will be in the first treble of the previous row. Chain two, skip two trebles, four trebles in the following four stitches. * Chain two, one treble in the third stitch. * Repeat from * to end of row, making 13 holes.

Third row.—Chain five; make 12 holes ending with four trebles. Chain four, wind thread three times around hook (work as the treble stitch, bringing the thread through two loops four times) and fasten in the hole between the two shells. Chain four, one treble in last of four trebles, three trebles in following three stitches of the 11 chain. Chain eleven. Turn.

Fourth row.—Skip eight of the 11 chain, four trebles. Chain six, and double crochet before the extra long stitch, one double on the long, one double in loop after the long. Chain six, four trebles, ending with 11 holes. Chain five.

Fifth row.—Make 10 holes, four trebles, chain six, five double crochet. Chain six, four trebles. Chain 11.

This finishes half a point or diamond. Continue in this way until you have two holes and 13 shells in the point, then increase the number of holes until you have nine shells and 10 holes, then increase the shells on the edge until you have five shells, and make ten holes. When you decrease, chain five instead of 11 stitches. Then in-

crease again to nine shells, and decrease until there are only two holes. This makes a square of nine diamonds, three each way, with two diamonds between, and is a variation of the common antique lace.

This may be made any width by simply increasing the number of diamonds. Insertion can be made to match by making a chain of about 100 stitches with 14 holes on either side of the four trebles, and using the same directions as for the lace.

For the little dresses made of this lace, thread should not be too fine. No. 36 of cotton, and 50 of linen will be plenty fine enough. For the "Mother Hubbard" dress, the lace may be a little finer, but not finer than No. 40 cotton or 60 linen.

MILL MIMIE.

FOREST LODGE.

A YOUNG HOUSEKEEPER'S PERPLEXITIES.

I am a housekeeper, a farmer's wife, but not a natural one, and what success I have in my vocation comes only after numberless disappointments, trials, tears and a sufficient quantity of red tape. It seems that I require so much for so little. To knock a cake together out of eggs, sugar and butter thrown in promiscuously, the fire meanwhile looking out for itself, put in the oven while the manipulator, on other duties bent, forgets all about it seemingly, and then have the best of cakes for tea, is—well, it's something I never expect to do.

But to-day I have had more than my usual share of disasters. A lady said, "I had a crock of rancid butter, hardly knew what to do with it, but finally bought a can of concentrated lye and had the loveliest of soft soap." So I thought if she had such good luck, why not I? and forthwith bought a can of lye. The directions on it were plain enough, four pounds of tallow to one of lye, dissolve lye and boil until tallow disappears and your soap is done. I did so. When cold the substance was thick like soap, but does not feel like soap, neither will it suds at all. Quite a quantity of the grease raised on the top. Can any one tell me how to make it into soap?

Then again we thought some strawberry jam would be nice. My HOUSEHOLDS of '85 and '86 were away being bound, and all the recipe I could find was "Busy Housekeeper's" for raspberries: pound for pound and boil until thick. I did so; but it seems to me I have got preserved berries instead of jam, or isn't there any difference? I never saw any strawberry jam, but know wherein mine isn't satisfactory. Boiling so long gives it a dark look and strong flavor. Is there not some way to have it thick without losing its color and delicate flavor by continued boiling? Do you jam the berries before cooking, or not? Raspberries will soon be here and I would like to know how to make a good jam.

I feel compelled to add that I am a young housekeeper; the above were my first attempts at making either soap or jam, and until my marriage I could not tell wheat from grass. So please aid me for I have so much to learn. DOT.

[We think the trouble with the soap is too much grease, and would heat it up and add

more lye, cautiously, not to get too much. Soap "behaves that way" sometimes, out of pure perversity it would seem, but probably because of the varying solidity of the grease or strength of the lye. As regards the jam, all jams are darker than preserves or jellies, but should not be too dark. Raspberry jam is better flavored if composed of one-third currants and two-thirds raspberries. The berries should be mashed, and cooked about 15 or 20 minutes, gently, before adding the sugar, of which we think three-quarters of a pound to a pound of fruit is ample allowance. After adding the sugar cook till by trying a little on a plate, no juice gathers about it, or when cold it seems of the usual consistency of jam. There is no necessity of boiling two hours. Cook in a porcelain lined kettle. Do not be afraid of stirring it, as it must be watched that it may not burn. For jams and jellies some good authorities recommend heating the sugar in the oven before adding to the boiling juice, thinking the jelly therefore requires less boiling and is lighter colored.]

THE DUTIES OF A GUEST.

The article on "The Guest Code" in the HOUSEHOLD of two weeks ago was very apropos just at this time when so many are preparing to visit friends and hoping for a pleasant change, but it does not cover many little points which are worth our thought. There is a great difference in the "guest qualities" of different persons. Some come into our homes and "fit in" so nicely and harmoniously that we feel we can almost consider them "one of the family," somehow they have the happy gift of being around when wanted and out of sight and hearing when we would not be glad of their presence. Tact and thoughtfulness make them agreeable, aside from other charms; it is with genuine regret we say good-bye, and our wishes for a repetition of the visit are from the heart. Others are much less pleasant to us, when brought into the intimate relationship of the family, and we catch ourselves almost involuntarily counting the days before we will be alone again. They lack in tact and adaptability, though they may be fine in conversation and lovable in character.

I think a quick understanding and ready acquiescence in plans made for her entertainment is one of the qualities that endear a guest to her hostess. Often she must give up her own personal preference, but it should be cheerfully done; sometimes she finds herself booked for a party when she does not feel like attending, or her hostess does not care to go where she especially desires. In such cases it is sometimes possible to arrange to suit both parties, but the guest ought not to insist on her own way, to the inconvenience of her friend. The hostess will thoughtfully arrange as pleasant a programme as possible for the amusement of the guests under her roof, and except for good reason it is best to fall in with it, as it has probably cost her no little thought and contriving.

Never dwell on the discomforts of any expedition undertaken at your friend's suggestion, such as rain, or heat, or dust, or an accident of any nature. It is ungrateful,

for the design was to give pleasure and the hostess would have foreseen and prevented these drawbacks if possible. Dwell on the good features and forget, or at least do not speak of, the annoyances; a grumbling guest is a nuisance. One ought to evince a willingness to be entertained and an interest in what may be considered noteworthy to which attention is directed. There is a great difference in people in this respect. I recently entertained two strangers in our city who were types of the two classes; one was interested in whatever was pointed out as worthy of observation, nor afraid to show her pleasure; the other glanced at the same things and let her manner say, "Yes, I see that; it don't amount to much; show me something else." You can readily imagine they inspired me with very different feelings.

Respect the little peculiarities of your hostess. You probably have a few of your own, you know. If she prefers not to have pins stuck into her best pincushion, do not attempt to convince her of the ulterior purpose of pincushions by making a porcupine of it. Watch to see if any of your ways are annoying to her, or to her husband, and if so, change them. If she is poor and sensitive, do not entertain her by telling how beautifully Mrs. ———'s house, where you visited last summer, is furnished, how many servants she keeps, nor how elegantly she dresses. The chances are that the conversation will not be agreeable to her; she may feel the contrast is too great, to you, between her modest home and the affluence you describe.

If there are children in the family, the guest must set a double guard upon herself, especially if she is not accustomed to children, or if she has one or two of her own with her. She may think the children perfect little imps of sin, but neither by look or act must she betray her dislike, for even the most disagreeable children are lovable in a mother's eyes. And if the children of the guest and those of the hostess do not agree, and quarrel and fight, it is far the best plan, if one values the continuance of friendship, to cut the visit short, and return home. Such a visit, if prolonged, has often severed long-time friendships which would otherwise have continued.

Give your hostess some time to herself. Even if you are "full of talk," don't follow her around and insist on keeping up a conversation while she is flying about the house; you hinder and annoy her. It is a good plan to take yourself off to your own room for a part of every day, relieve your hostess from the task or pleasure of entertaining you, and give her a chance to attend to various phases of the domestic situation without witness. Be careful not to appropriate your hostess' favorite armchair, or the seat by the window where she "drops down" for a minute's rest, or establishes herself for her afternoon work. In other words, try not to secure your own comfort at the risk of discomfort to others.

If you undertake to assist in any way about the work of the house, find out your hostess' method and adhere to it, rather than force upon her your own way, though you may think it better because you are accustomed to it. Most of us are "joined to

our idols" i. e., our own ways, which seem most expedient to us, and dislike innovations.

L. C.

DETROIT.

HOME DECORATION.

A contributor to the *New York World* takes off in good shape the advice so often given to young and ambitious housekeepers in reference to home made decorations for the house. Some writers on household topics give such ridiculous directions for cheap furnishings that the absurdity is plain to the most inexperienced; others are deluded into spending money they can ill spare for the materials to manufacture something which they are assured will cost but a trifle and give good satisfaction. As a general thing the amateur workmanship produces "shaky" results, and when the total of the small sums expended is ascertained it is found the makeshift has cost within a half or a third of what a plain but serviceable article would cost if bought outright. When good black walnut curtain poles cost but twelve cents per foot, there is no money in buying gold paint to gild broomsticks; when pretty and serviceable *portieres* only cost \$4.50 to \$6 per pair economy does not consist in buying cotton flannel for draperies; it fades, and catches dust, and one wishes in a year she had added the other dollar or two and bought something worth her money. The money for cardboard and beads and tinsel and tissue paper used to make paper flowers and air-castles and a "sweet hair receiver" would aggregate enough to buy one article at least, which should be good of its kind. But here is the *World's* sarcastic paraphrase of some of the advice of the women who—on paper—tell us how to make something out of nothing.

"A pair of old leather or rubber boots and a bottle of 25-cent gilding fluid produces as pretty a parlor ornament as one could desire. Set them in the window and fill them with fresh-cut flowers and the effect is very hors de combat indeed. A battered watering-pot gilded and decked with lavender ribbons may be hung in an alcove and gives an air of moistness to the room. A wheelbarrow painted green and trimmed with lace looks charming and can be utilized as a washbasket Mondays. Those who can paint may display their taste by embellishing it with flower designs of various patterns. Gilt is used now on everything and goes a great way in adding embonpoint to a room.

"A string of gilded tomato-cans hung across the hall with pompons of hen's feathers stuck in them is a brilliant idea of a gentleman in Newark who gives a great deal of thought to these things. He has what he calls a 'dodo' of bronzed pie-plates along his parlor wall that is very touching when the soft twilight shadows play among the irregularities of the metal, and it recalls to the mind a row of ancestral shields. A defunct bustle, adorned with narrow pink ribbons, makes a dainty canary cage cover, and an old white plug hat with designs in India ink drawn all over it and the end of a feather duster stuck in the top is a pleasing device. Have you ever seen an old coal-scuttle, which you might have discarded, fixed up and hanging in a parlor with the merry summer sunlight caressing it? They look lovely when hammered, gilded, and lined with quilted ecru satin. A wash-boiler may be utilized the same way. It can be suspended on three broomsticks painted red, and filled with daisies in the summer and cigar-stumps in the winter.

"Everything can be utilized. Take a

pair of old polka-dot trousers that you would not wear for fear of being mobbed, and a little trouble will make them exceedingly decorative. Tie them with blue bows, fringe the bottoms or sew on 'rick-rack,' and nail them upon the wall. Stuff a lot of dried grasses and cat-tails down into them till they assume a rotund and bulgeous appearance. A couple of green bottles stuck in the pockets adds to the effect, or the pockets may be utilized as card-receivers, although an old vest will be better, as it has more pockets and less bulgeosity. A large circle of cold buckwheat cakes nailed to a ceiling or arranged in groups about the walls is a new idea and a very pretty conception. They might have little landscapes painted on them by your artistic friends, or colored cards may be sewed on them. A nice curtain can be made by tacking them all together and hanging them up with a border of red flannel stitched to top and bottom.

"Fish-balls when dry and hard can be gilded and make artistic paper-weights; the same may be said of biscuits. A lovely mat or fire-screen is made of cold varnished waffles riveted or glued together in a frame of black walnut. It isn't generally known that a waffle with a handle to it like a flat-iron is a good thing to scrub bare floors with sand. There are hundreds of these things, and I think half the pleasure is in thinking out and applying them yourself. They add to the attractiveness of the home and aid in keeping the women at home."

FARMING.

"The banks may break, canals burst up,
And mining sections fail;
Through all the farmer has his fields,
His threshing floors and flail."

In driving through the country one cannot but remark the improvement farmers are making in their homes. Large and elegant mansions are replacing the log and one story houses, barns and sheds well painted, hedges and board fences in place of rail, which always to me looked so untidy and odd. The roadsides are cleared of weeds and oak grubs, graded and seeded, shade trees set at regular intervals, shrubs and evergreens in the yards; and it would seem that there was money in farming, notwithstanding low prices and occasional failures in crops. But while we accept this as a fact, many men are leaving their farms and engaging in other occupations, either renting or selling outright. I think that the secret lies in the fact that young men are not contented to begin where their fathers left off. In many instances the dearest wish of the old people is to have the farm kept by one of the sons—it is left to them free of mortgage, well stocked and furnished with farming implements. It is not long before the farm is encumbered with a mortgage, and they say farming does not pay, they cannot keep even, the farm is rented and they move to town. I have heard it remarked that "Any fool can run a farm." It is not so; it needs a man of brains in that branch of business, as well as in any other. In fact that so many failures occur, proves conclusively that sound common sense and judgment are needed. It will not do to let fast horses, fine stock and dealing in "options" run away with a man; these and farm duties do not assimilate.

Moderation should be exercised in everything. A great many men are to-day homeless, because they managed foolishly. If a man can afford his double carriage and matched team, fine wool sheep and imported

cattle, he should have them; but quite often it sends him "to the wall." Better drive the "old grey" and platform buggy, have a few grade sheep, milk the old roan cow and wait for a "good ready." There are dark days in all businesses. If money does come in slow and times are dull, it needs all the better financiering, and patient waiting for better times.

Farming has always been considered a very independent business, but I have heard men say that farmers were the most dependent, being obliged, nearly always, to take what was offered for their produce. As far as that is concerned, we are all very dependent creatures. The manufacturer would not be obliged to employ his hundreds of workmen, if there were no demand for his goods. Railroads would fail to make money kings if no freight was to be shipped; the cattle ranches in the far west would not be needed if there were no consumers of meat. In every town we see men who are running a large business; they have several hundreds of acres to look after; there is always a forty or eighty that joins nicely on the east or west, it is tempting, even if a large figure is placed upon it; when the wool market opens they step out a few days or weeks and try speculating. They want some town office, they want to be influential, in fact they want to be the men of the town. Farming if made a success needs a man's personal supervision; where you will find one hired man who works for his employer's interest, there are nine who work because they have to. If a man spends two or three days out of each week lounging about town, while his work goes at hap-hazard at home, he will soon find out that the profit will not count as much as if he were there attending to business. I do not consider that it is a foolish extravagance for a man to buy good farming implements and machinery; there has been a decided improvement in those articles within the last thirty years, so that unless one has them the securing of the crops gets behind, and also the fitting of ground for crops. Think how much harder the work was, when all the wheat and oats were cut with a cradle and bound by hand! Then truly a man earned his bread by the sweat of his brow. But I have known instances where a man would talk about "saving" to his wife until she just hated the word, but what little she was able to save, and much more, was thrown away by foolish moves he made and his inattention to business. There are just as many labor-saving devices for woman's work; these have improved with the last century. But there are instances on record where a man owns a binder, springtooth harrow, mower, nice plows, etc., and his wife struggles along with no wringer, blistering her hands every Monday because he is not able to buy one, no pump in the cistern, drawing all the water needed for a large family with a pail and a pole. There is no better criterion of a good energetic free-handed farmer, than a big wood-pile; as a bright little girl once observed in my hearing, "Mamma, any one would know that my papa is a good farmer; he has got such a great large wood-pile." I was visiting a friend once in St.

Joseph County, she was obliged to roam around and pick up chips and pieces of boards to burn, and there was no visible sign that such a thing as a wood-pile had ever existed on the premises. I had known her when a girl, and her father was always such a bountiful provider that I wondered how she could so calmly submit to such a state of things, but she seemed perfectly reconciled to her fate and never scolded her husband, as I most certainly should had I been in her place.

The farm is a good thing to have, it is a good place to live on. If it has its disadvantages, it has also its advantages. A man can be a gentleman—and the word gentleman implies a good deal—and be a farmer; his wife can be a lady, his children can be well educated and accomplished. If I had a good productive farm, things pleasant and convenient around me, and a fair income coming in each year, I would be loth to leave it. I should think a while before I threw it up and went into something that I was perfectly ignorant of.

BATTLE CREEK.

EVANGELINE.

CANNED STRAWBERRIES.

In the last *HOUSEHOLD* E. L. Nye asks about canning strawberries. I will give my method. I think she cannot help liking berries put up this way; every one who eats mine remarks upon the fresh, delicious flavor, and when a can is opened the aroma fills the dining room.

Rinse until clean before hulling; after they are hulled put in a large earthen dish or new tin pan, cover with white sugar, lift the berries carefully from the bottom with a spoon just enough to let the sugar rattle down through and coat each berry, and set away in the cellar for 12 hours or until the next morning; then turn off the juice and boil away as much or little as you like, add the berries and boil just enough to expel all the air, then can. If the covers and rubbers are all right they will keep just as long as you keep them in the cellar. If the fruit is air-tight the berries will rise to the top in a solid mass, but when emptied out for the table they drop apart into the juice, every berry whole and perfect; if not cut with stirring before canning.

I hope this will not prove too late to be of use.

M. E. H.

ALBION.

INFORMATION WANTED.

Editor of *HOUSEHOLD*.

Can you or any of the readers of the *HOUSEHOLD* inform me how to preserve rose leaves for a perfume jar?

MRS. WHITMORE.

GRAND BLANC.

GOOD WORDS FOR THE CREAMERY.—Mrs. G. H. LaFleur, of Allegan, says that for years she practiced the shallow-pan setting system of gathering cream, but was never satisfied with that uncertain and vexatious method of making butter. When conditions were favorable the results were fairly good, but who can control conditions? A sudden thunder shower will destroy one's hopes; and also milk in shallow pans is exposed to the particles of impurity floating in the atmos-

phere, which are sure to ruin the flavor of the butter. A great percentage of the cream is lost during the hot weather, and it is very laborious to make really good butter. Six years ago Mrs. LaFleur purchased a small family creamery, and has since practiced deep-setting of milk on the creamery plan; she finds it very satisfactory, and during the months of May and June she makes a third more butter, and in the "dog days," or hot months, twice as much as she was ever able to make by the shallow system of setting during these periods.

MR. LEONARD, of Dearborn, called on the *HOUSEHOLD* Editor last week to explain the manner in which strawberries are canned without sugar in his family. The berries are cooked fifteen minutes. A cloth wrung out of hot water is wrapped around the can, over which is put a thickness of dry cloth for convenience in handling, this heats the can and prevents breakage. The fruit is then put into the can, let stand a minute to let the steam pass off, the handle of a spoon used to get out air bubbles, if there are any, and the tops screwed on the cans. Mr. Leonard says they put up three bushels of strawberries in this way this season, using no sugar.

LADIES, in this issue of the *HOUSEHOLD* you hear the plaint of a young housekeeper who is full of perplexity over the minutiae of her business. And she is only one of many, for young folks are marrying and going to housekeeping every day; and the novices are "working out their own salvation" with tears and a terrible waste of good groceries. Now, they are willing and anxious to be taught, and the *HOUSEHOLD* is a good medium through which to reach them. Remember your own troubles in former days, and give your hard won experience for their benefit.

It is said that two apples kept in the cake box will keep moderately rich cake moist for a considerable time. The apples wither and must be renewed, but the cake keeps fresh.

In the 18th line of the article "Very Queer Laws" in last week's *HOUSEHOLD*, read "except with" instead of "and then only."

Contributed Recipes.

VEAL PATE.—One cup boiled rice; mix in one well-beaten egg and half a cup of sweet milk until it is the consistency of dough. Now line sides and bottom of a well-greased dish; in the center put stuffing of chopped veal, well seasoned with brown gravy and butter, pepper and salt. Spread over the top the remainder of the paste; steam one hour. Turn it out on a dish in which it is to be served, and pour more of the brown gravy around it.

ALMOND CREAM CAKE.—Two cups sugar; half cup butter; four eggs; three cups flour; two teaspoonfuls baking powder; one cup cold water; one lemon, juice and grated peel. Bake in sheets for filling. Filling: One cup milk; one egg; three teaspoonfuls cornstarch; half cup sugar; one cup almond meats, blanched and cut fine; vanilla. Make the custard and spread between layers; frost the top, flavoring with the almond extract.

EVANGELINE.

BATTLE CREEK.