

# MICHIGAN FARMER

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### THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

#### "ANOTHER BABY."

When the wild winter winds did blow,  
The bitter winds of January,  
That swept with sparkling swirls of snow  
The wastes of Western prairie,  
A little child came to my arms  
To bring me joy—or sorrow maybe,  
And so, beset by vague alarms,  
I sighed, "Another baby!"

Another little waif to tend,  
Another little helpless stranger,  
To lead, to feed, to fold, to fend  
From every wrong and danger;  
To make one anxious, make one sad,  
And fearful for each morrow, maybe;  
With heart half sorrowful, half glad,  
I moaned, "Another baby!"

And then I thought how near, how dear,  
The little children God had sent us,  
How full they made our home of cheer,  
And how their presence did content us—  
How if but one were laid away  
This year or next as might or may be,  
Our hearts would ache, would burn, would break,  
And now—Another baby!

Ah, so I thought! and so I said  
In ecstasy of peace and pleasure,  
As bending down I kissed the head  
Of my last, weest, weakest treasure—  
"Oh, dear child of my life and love,  
What'er you are, what'er you may be,  
I take you from the Christ above,  
And thank him for—another baby."

—Kate M. Cleary.

#### BREAD.

How true it is, that bread is either the "staff of life," or the "cudgel of death!" Think of it, oh sisters mine, think what a weapon of warfare we carry in our hands! Upon our weak shoulders lies the destiny the condition of stomachs. Some people think that a stout body will carry them through anything and everything; what particular avail is a back if you haven't a stomach, a good, stout, healthy stomach in front of it? We all know that good bread cannot be made from poor flour, and in the face and eyes of this truth, men will go to the little grist mill where the wheat is ground the old way. Your wheat may be first class A No. 1 white wheat; the man who had a grist before you had inferior wheat; enough remains to just spoil yours; you congratulate yourself on the way home that your flour bags are just as full as they were on the way to mill, and think: "Them thieves in town, with their new roller process, are regular cut throats; they take at least one-third for grinding, and you never get your own wheat." There are instances on record of men who, upon seeing the back end of the threshing machine go out of the door yard, hasten to

clean up the "screenings"—all the debris of the machine—run it through the fanning-mill once or twice, and start for mill; that's too good for chicken feed. Now that may have been the grist that was in ahead of your nice wheat.

I do not think that new wheat is fit for flour; the berry is not sufficiently hardened, the flour is heavy, it will make soggy bread. It is better not to sell the old wheat too close. Along in May or June have eight or ten bushels made into flour and set it in some good place to get old; by the time that is gone the new wheat will be fit for use. I always manage to have the flour at least three weeks old before I begin to use it.

There are States where millers have a brand of flour called "family flour;" it is a mixture of roller and standard; spring wheat is used in a certain proportion. I mix my own flour as I use it—for no miller in Battle Creek has such a brand as I know of. When I want an extra nice baking I use patent flour entirely; for every day use one-third patent and two-thirds standard, and quite frequently I use the standard alone. The quantity of flour desired for a baking should stand in a warm room awhile before using and then be sifted. If you are not in the habit of sifting your flour you will be astonished to see the amount of flour a panful will make after being sifted. We will suppose the yeast is good, there are so many ways of making it, and "my way" is good enough, you know. If it is a good way and you feel certain that your bread will bear inspection, and there isn't any that looks any better or tastes any better when you "trot it out," my advice is to stick to it; don't ever change, not even if Frances Cleveland should inaugurate a new method, and put her hand and seal thereunto. But if it is a good way don't keep it to yourself when so many young housekeepers want to know all the intricacies of bread-making. You know it is not fair to hide your talents under a bushel or fold them away in a bread-box under paper and old tablecloths; give them an airing. One mother tells me, "Hattie is making a success of housekeeping; she has such good luck with her bread, everything goes off smooth." That tells the whole story, if the bread is good everything else is good. It is the motive power in housekeeping.

Another important thing in bread-making is in having the greater part of the flour mixed with yeast—that is, put the yeast into the wetting for the sponge before you stir in any flour; thus the flour comes in direct contact with the yeast. Potato

sponge made from a yeast cake at noon, then stirred thick with flour at night, illustrates this; it is all yeast in the sponge, it rises quick and the dough is of fine light texture. After the dough is molded into the tins, don't put it in the heater to the stove or on the hearth, don't hurry it at all, let it take its time; it will rise, it does not need the heat of the stove. Take out a lump, enough for two or three tins of biscuit or rusks, mix in some lard and sugar, then put it in a pan, turn another over it and put it where it will freeze. Go down cellar when you want some fresh biscuit, bring it up, roll it out, cut in strips and let it stand all the afternoon in the pantry or on the shelf back of the stove.

You need not make bread but once a week, unless you want to. One big bread sponge managed like this will give you fresh bread every day. But the baking is what tells on bread; who likes it burned, who likes it doughy? Everybody hasn't a stove like the old woman, who put her bread in the oven and went out to spend an hour with a neighbor while it baked; it most always needs to be changed around a little. If the bread is really good pass me a piece, if not "wisht." And how to keep it? Wrap it up in a bread cloth, in a box or boiler, not any paper, but good clean cloths, it will not have a chance to get musty between times.

BATTLE CREEK.

EVANGELINE.

#### CROCHETED SHAWL.

I will say with numerous others (if you are not tired of hearing it so often) that I have been so much benefitted by the welcome presence of the HOUSEHOLD every week, that I have felt it a duty to contribute something. But when the thoughts come that I would write is just the time I cannot stop, and when the time comes that I can I am entirely out of the notion. Just at present my time is so limited I can only suggest to the one who asked for advice about knitting or crocheting a shawl, I would get a pound of Columbia yarn (any color she likes best) crochet crazy stitch and make it long shawl with fringe on the ends; then it can be used for a light wrap in cool evenings, as well as for the head in long cold rides.

For the one who requested a recipe for layer cake without eggs, I will send one. (Recipe on fourth page.—Ed.) And if my effort does not meet the waste basket may come again.

MABEL.

WESTERN NEW YORK.



## ON POLLY'S SIDE.

Right you are there, Polly! But your criticism fits both man and wife. How many we see who are continually showing off their "smartness" at the expense of the other! It seems impossible for some married people to treat each other with common decency—saying nothing of civility, at least in the presence of others. They seem to fear that people will consider them "soft" or "spoony," if they venture a kind word; so any remark made by one is met by the other with ridicule; a civil question is answered with a sneer; a request is airily put aside, or met with a haughty rebuff. It would seem at times as if both were imbued with an intense desire to prove to the world that they have no regard for each other, and that the other was of very little account any way, if not carrying the idea that they are lacking in judgment, common sense, or scarcely one remove from idiocy.

When both parties to a union indulge in such phantasies, or foolishness, one can only commiserate their want of sense of propriety; but where one of a pair so offends, one's heart is sad for the other, who must live in a state of perpetual chagrin and mortification. It seems that such a course must lessen respect and affection, if it does not in the end entirely alienate it.

No person of any sensibility can be thus held up to public view as an ignoramus or idiot; be made the butt of coarse jokes and the victim of poor witticisms; be perpetually ignored and snubbed and jeered, without intense mortification; and a feeling of revolt, if not worse, will spring into active life.

Yet many men and women who sincerely love and respect their partners, allow themselves to drift into such a habit, from a mistaken sense of the fitness of things, or fear of being thought over loving. I think there must be an addle spot somewhere in the brain of such persons. No one thinks more highly of such persons, and if they could hear the remarks made of them after such an exhibition, their ears would tingle with shame. Sensible people deplore such a blot on the character of a friend, who may in other respects be an estimable person.

Akin to this fault, and often growing out of it, comes a habit of fault-finding, or rather a belittling of the efforts and work of the other. How often we hear the remarks, "Tired, are you? What have you done to get tired? Woman's work amounts to nothing! Whose money buys things? Oh, yes, you are too busy to help me a minute. Some men find time to help their wives! Men don't work half the hours women do, but they can't do a chore, if their wife is most dead. She must peg along."

All this is wrong on both sides, and the influence on the little ones, if there are such in the family, is most lamentable. If it is both parents who are in fault, you will see children raised up that will show no respect or reverence to either parent, and the seed is sown for a repetition of the fault in generations to come. If the fault lies with

only one parent, the children soon take the cue, and ma or pa, as the case may be, loses caste in the eyes of the children, and the added burden of neglect and insult from the child must be borne by the sufferer.

The subject is one of great importance as a factor of happiness or misery in many families. It cannot be too deeply impressed on the minds of all, that it is at home, among our loved ones, that courtesy and kindness are most called for, and should be most carefully practised. Husband and wife can have no separate home interests, and a careful respect of the rights and feelings of the other reacts to the happiness of both.

Yet there are those who would quickly resent an affront from any one else, who will deliberately use language and acts to the other, that would shut the door forever against them, if indulged in to any person outside. So many

"Have words of cheer for a stranger,  
And smiles for the sometime guest,  
But oft for their own,  
The bitter tone;  
Tho' they love their own the best."

INGLESIDE.

A. L. L.

## YOUNG TEACHERS.

At a farmers' institute I attended not long since, there was considerable discussion about "Our Country Schools," and able papers were read on the subject. Those who have ever listened to a discussion on this subject can readily imagine what was said pro and con, for humanity is much the same everywhere. But the one thing which I would have been glad to have heard some one say, was not said. It was a reply to the disparaging remarks made about young girls teaching their first term. I know from things said that some of those persons take the MICHIGAN FARMER, and through this medium would like those persons to tell me how an old school teacher can be made without teaching a first term? And why should their youth be urged against them?

I can readily understand the reply will be, lack of judgment and experience. Let me say right here; I have no sister, no daughter or nieces teaching or wishing to teach, so I have no personal interest in this discussion, excepting the desire to see right and justice triumphant.

Now I will take up the objection, that of judgment. A young girl fresh from the school room where she has been subjected to the drill of our "graded schools," has imbibed its methods at every pore; she has lived in its air and drank at its fountains until she could not materially change her mind, manners or method, if she would, for a long time; so I reply, the habits of the largest portion of her life (when awake) cannot be thrown off in one year, and in this case, is not this as good as the judgment of more than one half of the older teachers?

Then you say, she lacks experience! I have just shown you she does not lack the experience of the school room; she only lacks experience in applying to others the rules she has been obeying for years; and

how can she gain that experience except by trying to apply it?

I cannot see why any capable young teacher, with the firm support of the school board, and the parents, need fail in the least particular, if she has the right material in her to ever make a good teacher; and surely teachers must teach a first term before they can teach a third or fourth.

Another reason why youth is not objectionable is that being young, the teacher realizes that "success is the price of vigilance." One who is ambitious to make a successful teacher, and to rise in the profession, will strive harder, and study how and in what way she can best interest and stimulate her scholars to apply themselves to their studies, and help them to advance most rapidly and understandingly; and youth understands youth best, their needs and aspirations; not having entirely outgrown childish needs and feelings, a young teacher can more easily understand how to explain small things, and also the need to do so, better than those who are so much older that they can hardly remember the many little things they needed to have explained in so simple a manner that they could easily understand.

In many cases children under the instruction of old teachers, who are highly endorsed as keeping an excellent school, do not advance as fast as they do under the instruction of young, inexperienced teachers. There are many reasons why young teachers fail; and is it not true that as many fail from the lack of the support of the parents, in keeping their own children in a frame of mind to respect and obey their teachers, as from all other causes combined?

ALBION.

M. E. H.

## SURPRISE PARTIES.

It is characteristic of the American people that when a fashion or style is once started it is rushed with such energy that it is soon run into the ground. I trust such will be the case as regards the present craze for surprise parties. I have seen a whole family put to their wits' ends to find seats and room for forty, fifty, perhaps one hundred misguided friends, who rushed in upon them unexpected and uninvited, with baskets and bundles enough to fill a small warehouse. I suppose it is meant in kindness, but am sure it often means more pain than pleasure to the tired housekeeper; who, aside from the work and worry of the occasion, finds a house turned topsy-turvy to be put to rights next day. And in the country the host must fly round to make room for ten or fifteen horses, and probably has to turn his own stock out in the cold after being housed for the night. If the unexpected guest is welcome the invited one is doubly so, and so let's all wait for an invitation.

At all events, let us give the post of honor to the host and hostess, give them a conspicuous place in the parlor, where they may entertain and be entertained by their company; not press the hostess into service in the kitchen, setting tables and washing dishes, until midnight finds her seated at the table sipping insipid soup, and trying to think herself and family highly honored.

ADAM BEDE.



## ADAPTATION TO CIRCUMSTANCES.

[Paper read by Mrs. E. N. Ball, before the Webster Farmers' Club, Feb. 9, 1889.]

We were told the other evening by our lecturer, that there is no place in this world for commonplace people; and immediately there came to my mind the question, what then are you going to do with the great mass of humanity who go to make up the inhabitants of our land, and who are so decidedly commonplace in every sense of the word?

You see, that rather stepped on the toes of what I had chosen as a subject for my paper, adapting ourselves to circumstances. How was I, in the face of that assertion, to tell you how I thought we should endeavor to fit ourselves into the niche in which Providence has placed us, act well our part and help to make the complete whole, when we had just been told that there is no place for the ordinary being?

Why, we are *most all* ordinary! and so many of us are likely to remain under that title to the end of our days, that I wanted to show how, being commonplace, we may still be helpers in bringing to perfection the wonderful plan of the great Father. Granted that many of us may have to occupy the lower and lowest rounds of the ladder, but we cannot all stand at the top; if we did there would be a terrible gap. We cannot all be architects and designers, nor could they accomplish much without the stonemasons, bricklayers and carpenters. I never had much faith in the readers that were full of little stories telling the boys and girls they could all be great like Washington, Franklin, or Florence Nightingale, if they only had the will. Determination and perseverance count for much, but there must be genius, ability and intelligence behind them, and these are not possessed to any great degree by the majority.

Like the children in the game we each have a corner in life, and not content with our own, we cast longing looks towards some other corner, and dream of what great things we would accomplish were we there. You see we are dissatisfied because we imagine some one else has a richer, easier, more honorable or happier corner than we; and yet perhaps, if we but knew of the unpleasantness behind its occupant, we would be slow to change.

We are so prone to think were I "here" or "there" I'd strive to be better than I am in my present undesirable surroundings; had I money I'd be so charitable; had I time I'd read and study to improve myself; or if this, that or the other only happens I'll do all these. Now the question comes, should we be so entirely metamorphosed by a change in our conditions? If we make no efforts to be good where God has placed us, would we be good anywhere? If we can spare \$5 in charity now and do not, would we be any more likely to be generous if we had \$5,000 to spare; or, if we do not grasp the precious moments we now have, even if very few, for improvement in mind and self culture, would we surely use the hours in that rosy castle we have built of time? I fear me "nay;" if we make not

the most of what we have, where we are, we should not be likely to keep faith with our conditions, however advantageous.

If we have but one small talent given us for cultivation, let us not wrap it in a napkin and leave it to grow dull and rusty; but use it and make the most of it, that when called upon to show the gains made with it, we be not found wanting; while those who possessed the five and ten must beware, for "Unto whomsoever much is given of him shall be much required." If nature has endowed you with a good voice, sing, it will make others happier, perchance better; if you have musical ability, play; there will always be appreciative listeners, or, if it is to read or recite your taste directs, do that and do it well, for the better the work the more good results will it accomplish. "But," some one says: "I have none of these, and in fact, I fail to find that I have any talent or special gift." That can not be; we must all possess some measure of grace, whereby we may give pleasure to others and receive profit to ourselves, if it is only by a life of unselfishness. And let me tell you that in that word unselfish lies "full many a gem of purest ray serene." Why, only think, when we have attained to unselfishness we have become charitable, and when we are charitable we have patience, sympathy, kindness, good nature, generosity, politeness, faith, yes and a great many other good qualities which go to make up the diadem of unselfishness. Who of us could not cultivate that talent if we but willed to do so, and what a gain we should have made for eternity? For all these qualities go to make character, and only what we have wrought into our characters during life can we take away with us when we pass into that undiscovered country, and it is all we can leave behind us which shall be worth the work of our lives.

Hannah Moore says: "We are apt to mistake our vocation by looking out of the way for occasion to exercise great and rare virtues, and by stepping over the ordinary ones that lie in the road before us." Herein lies the trouble with most of us; we put aside the small duties of every day, and with them the discipline that would come with their performance, all the time looking farther off to some grand field of action where every deed should show some good result. We are not willing to cast our bread upon the waters and wait for it to return, but must see at once that something has been gained.

Who of us would not gladly make a long and tedious pilgrimage to the Christian's Mecca, Jerusalem, suffering untold tortures, if when we arrived there we were sure to be claimed as one of the redeemed; or like Bunyan's pilgrim, gladly shoulder a heavy pack and amid the pleadings of loved ones and sneers of acquaintance, leave all and bravely face the sloughs of despond, roaring lions and endless discomforts, could we be assured that at the end of the long and perilous road we should enter the shining gates of the heavenly city. If money could buy an eternal life, who would deem any sacrifice too great that would

help them gain that desired heaven at last, and yet when it is given us so fully, so freely, with an "only believe and keep My commandments," we turn away because the task is not to our liking. We would go so joyfully to the more difficult tasks, at the same time neglecting the lighter ones given us to do, or if performing them at all it is often with a frowning face and grudging look at fate for placing us where we are.

And now last but not least, cheerfulness is one of the greatest of aids in adapting ourselves to our circumstances. Fighting against fate, kicking against the pricks, looking at life with lowering frown, never yet brought good fortune to any man. With Carlyle I would say, "Give us, oh give us the man who sings at his work. Be his occupation what it may, he is equal to any of those who follow the same pursuit in silent sullenness. He will do more in the same time, he will do it better, he will persevere longer. One is scarcely sensible of fatigue while he marches to music. The very stars are said to make harmony as they revolve in their spheres. Wondrous is the strength of cheerfulness, altogether past calculation its powers of endurance. Efforts, to be permanently useful, must be uniformly joyous, a spirit all sunshine, graceful from very gladness, beautiful because bright." Henry Ward Beecher tells us, "It is not work that kills men; it is worry. Worry is rust upon the blade. It is not the revolution that destroys the machinery, but the friction."

Chafing and fretting make wrinkles faster than the added years, for "The burden becomes light which is cheerfully borne."

While we are adapting ourselves to the places we occupy, we may still be looking upward and need not cease to strive for higher things. To be satisfied with ourselves would be the worst ill that could befall us. "Too low they build who build beneath the stars." Contented with what we have we may be, but never with what we are. Let our doing, our reading and our thinking be ever toward a higher plane. "We must build the ladder by which we rise, from the lowly earth to the vaulted skies," and mount it round by round.

## THE TIMELY STITCH.

I think it is a good plan to occasionally take an afternoon for looking over one's better clothes, fastening a button more firmly here and there; examining the seams for premature rips and, in short, taking that proverbial "stitch in time that saves nine," and better than that it often saves the annoyance of having a button come off when one is all ready and in a hurry to go, or having some friend say to us when we are out, "There's a stitch broken in the rounding seam of your basque," and all the rest of the evening we must go "sidling" around vainly endeavoring to face every one of the assembly, with a painful consciousness of that unsightly bulge, which possibly has a white background peeping through, so that our outing is spoiled and we are glad to hide our shortcomings beneath our wraps and



start homeward. I've been doing just that work this Monday afternoon, and feel well satisfied with the result. The FARMER was brought in during the time, and for the HOUSEHOLD even the necessary stitches must wait.

Beatrix tells of various new uses for rope, but does not mention one that I have made, and that is to loop back lace curtains with. I made a set last summer by taking, for each curtain, a yard of rope about three-fourths inch in diameter, untwist and pick out the strands for a foot at each end, leaving a foot firmly twisted in the center. Loop that around the curtain and put a bow of ribbon at the joining—a different color for each curtain if preferred. Try it, and see if you don't think some flax-haired child is hiding her face in your curtain, leaving only the rippling sunshine of her unbraided tresses in view.

I made a number of tidies for Christmas gifts, one kind made of cloth I do not remember to have seen a description of in the HOUSEHOLD. I used saten cut in circles the size of a small teacup, turning the edge, gathering around and drawing the thread until it sets smoothly, having the gathered edge for the front, then sew together in any shape preferred. One made diamond-shape had a pale blue center and a row of gold color for the edge, finished with two-inch lace gathered all around and a bow of blue ribbon where the lace joined. Another had four blocks, of nine circles each, of bright scarlet for the corners, with a double row of gold circles each way through the center, also edged with lace; and still another was of bright orange with a short-cut tuft of brown worsted in the center, being a good imitation of ox-eye daisies. This was made circular. I also made several of the daisy tidies of rick-rack braid and yellow worsted with a cross of peacock-blue ribbon between the blocks, as was described in the HOUSEHOLD a year ago. All these were much admired, and they are cheap and easy to make.

In the meantime I realized that it is indeed "more blessed to give than to receive," for I was sick and the mental atmosphere was away past being blue—it was absolutely black—and that work, because it was new to me, took my attention and was of more real benefit than any gift received could possibly be.

WASHINGTON.

#### THE CAP FITS.

I mean the one offered by Beatrix in the HOUSEHOLD of Dec. 22, that of waiting for some one else to answer inquiries and give recipes.

"Young Cook," I have used a steam cooker for two years with my gasoline stove, and like it very much. I think to use them to the best advantage one must have their cooking planned ahead. Sometimes if I am cooking meats or anything that requires several hours, in goes a pudding to be steamed; one of the kind that will keep, unless you put it on the table. Then I "bake" apples in it when the oven is not lighted anyway. Cut them in halves, core, lay in a dish and sprinkle thickly

with sugar. They can be steamed while you are getting dinner, and will be nice cold for supper or breakfast. A good many little things can be prepared in this way while one is cooking meats and vegetables, and will save both time and fuel for the lighter meals.

I read an article a few days ago, on beginning work at the wrong end of the day, and from my own experience think it a good idea. After the supper work is done, I get everything ready for breakfast, down to putting coffee in the pot and filling the tea-kettle with fresh water. This may seem foolish to the "early birds," but they may have the worm, thank you.

"God bless the man who first invented sleep," is a favorite quotation, and with everything in readiness I can enjoy an extra nap while the fires are getting under way.

Putting the clothes to soak, and leaving the sitting room in order are other things that can be begun at the wrong end of the day.

PEGGOTTY.

#### DETROIT'S FLOWER SHOW.

Detroit is to have a floral exhibition—the first one in Michigan—on April 2, 3, 4 and 5. The 24 Detroit florists and many others from various parts of the State will make displays of the rarest and most beautiful flowers, having especially timed their growing plants with the flower show in view. The ladies of Detroit who are interested in the various city charities are to have booths for the sale of flowers. Young ladies in costume will be in attendance on the booths, and the whole affair will be one of the most attractive exhibitions Detroit has ever witnessed. The entire net proceeds of the flower show are to be divided equally among the 21 charities represented in the enterprise.

Arrangements have been made for excursions from all parts of the State to Detroit at the time of the exhibition, and the details as to special rates of fare may be learned by applying to the local ticket agents. The exhibition originated with Mr. W. H. Brearley, of the *Detroit Journal*, who acts as general manager. The exhibition will undoubtedly be well worth a visit.

#### HINTS FOR THE COOK

I have read the article in the HOUSEHOLD of Jan. 26th, on "The Table." To my mind a well set table adds half to the attractiveness of the repast, and it seems easier to arrange things neatly than to throw them on helter-skelter. In response to the request for tested recipes for breakfast and tea cakes, I enclose a few. [These were published last week.—ED.] I think a breakfast relishes much better to have something warm in place of stale bread, especially in the winter, and believe country housekeepers can prepare such things as well or better than city ones, having, as nearly all of us do, plenty of milk and cream.

In using corn meal or graham flour I prefer sour milk and cream, with soda, to sweet milk and baking-powder. I do not

like to use buttermilk unless it is fresh. You can omit eggs in johnny cake when they are scarce. I use the same rule for graham gems as for johnny cake, using graham flour instead of meal and flour, and bake in gem pans.

WACOUST A.

LAUREL VANE.

#### GRACE'S PANSIES.

Many thanks to Diana for telling how she raised pansies so successfully. I shall try again next spring. The first time I tried to grow pansies was a few years ago. I prepared a bed at the north of the house and west of a wing, where the sun did not strike the bed till late in the afternoon. I made the bed quite rich, sowed my seeds and waited patiently for the young plants to appear. In about three weeks they came up, at least I thought they were pansies. I attended them very carefully for a while, and they were doing finely, when one day I discovered they were catnip plants. I was so disgusted I left them for that year. However, I have had better success than I had the first time; I can tell the difference between catnip and pansies when the first two leaves appear now. I would very much like to see Diana's pansies.

I tried Ella R. Wood's recipe for frosting and like it very much. One mess got too hard before I had it all spread. I set the cake on the grate in the oven until it softened enough to allow me to spread it again.

GRACE L.

We have several papers and essays read at various institutes on hand, which we shall publish as soon as possible. As these papers are generally quite long, we can give place to but one in each issue of the HOUSEHOLD, but we shall get around to all in time, only asking the writers, and the societies which requested the publication, to be patient.

#### Contributed Recipes.

**LAYER CAKE WITHOUT EGGS.**—One cup sugar; one cup sweet milk; four tablespoonfuls butter; two cups flour; two teaspoonfuls baking powder.

MABEL.

WESTERN NEW YORK.

**GRAHAM BREAD**—One pint sweet milk; half cup molasses; one teaspoonful saleratus; one teaspoonful salt. Mix with graham flour thin enough to pour. Steam three hours. The above is from *The Home Cook Book*, and has been tested and proven excellent.

JANNETTE.

**NICE BREAKFAST BISCUIT.**—Beat two eggs well; add two small cups sweet milk, a pinch of salt; beat in flour enough to make a batter thin enough to pour easily. Have the oven very hot, and heavy iron gem pans heated on the top of the stove; grease with a swab, fill about half full with the batter, and place in the oven as quickly as possible. They will bake in about fifteen minutes. When made and baked "just right" these are delicious.

**MOLASSES COOKIES.**—One egg; one cup molasses; one of shortening; one of cold water; a heaping teaspoonful of soda; ginger and cinnamon. Stir thick; grease a dripping pan, spread the dough in it thin, bake, and when cool cut into squares, spread upon a paper.

THOMAS.

A. H. J.