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THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

THE BABY.

The little tattering baby feet,
With faltering steps and slow,
With pattering echoes soft and sweet,
Into my heart they go;
They also go in grimy plays,
In muddy pools and dusty ways,
Then through the house in trackful maze
They wander to and fro.

The baby hands that clasp my neck
With touches dear to me,
Are the same hands that smash and wreck
The inkstand foul to see;
Then pound the mirror with a cane,
Then rend the manuscript in twain,
Widespread destruction they ordain
In wasteful jubilee.

The dreamy, murr'ring voice
That coos its little tune,
That makes my listening heart rejoice,
Like birds in leafy June,
Can wake in midnight dark and still,
And all the air with howling fill,
That splits the ear with echoes shrill,
Like cornets out of tune.

R. J. Burdette.

"TAKE ME, MAMMA!"

"Mamma, mamma, mam—m—a! where you doin'? Tate me! Me wants to go; wait, mamma;" and a pair of legs encased in abbreviated knickerbockers flew down the steps and out on the walk after the lady who had just sneaked out the side door and started down town, with a furtive air as if she had just robbed a henroost and had the plunder in her shopping-bag. She hurried on, but the cry of "Wa't, mamma" became too imperative to be ignored. Then she faced about. "No, you can't go today, Tommy. Run home now, that's a good boy, and see what Sarah'll give you." But the promise was lost in Tommy's shrieks as he cried "Take me, mamma. Me want to go. Me will go!" "No, Tommy, mamma can't take you, go right back in the house and be a good boy and mamma'll bring —," but here again the tempest rose high and higher, a chorus of sobs and shrieks, "Me will go, me will go!" and on he ran, his face red with passionate anger and crying louder every moment. What would you have done, good mother?

This mother took chase after the young rebel, caught him, and carried him, kicking, screaming, a sort of human pinwheel, back to the house, deposited him indoors, called "Sarah" in no gentle tones, and emerged, "a trifle disfigured but still in the ring," banging the front door emphatically. Yells and screams came from behind the closed portals. "Sarah" vainly

attempted to pacify the small boy who refused to be comforted, and the girl, used to Tommy's tantrums, went off about her work, leaving him to cry it out at his leisure. He spent the rest of the afternoon at it, howling dismally at times—whenever his grievances returned upon his memory.

That scene, so unpleasant to actors and spectators, the friend whom I was visiting told me was repeated every time Tommy's mother attempted to elude his vigilance and leave him at home when she went out. If he discovered her in the act of escaping, he had it out with her; if she got away without his knowledge, as soon as he missed her the circus began with the servant girl as manager. I've known more than one family where the mother adopted similar tactics to get away from the baby, sneaking out through the orchard or across lots to get rid of the children's teasing to go too, and escape a conflict of wills. When the oft repeated "Where's mamma" had to be definitely answered the tempest followed. As a consequence, the absence of a familiar sunbonnet from its accustomed peg, the putting on a clean dress, or even the donning of a clean collar, was the signal for "Where you going? Mayn't I go too?" Tears if the answer were no; joy unspeakable if in the affirmative.

I suppose this question of taking or leaving the children is one a good many parents settle every year. In all my experience among other people I have known few families where it was managed in a real sensible, honorable fashion. There was one little yellow-haired boy, perhaps four years old, visiting with his father and mother among aunts and cousins he had never seen before. The evening of the very first day, his father and mother, with others of the visited family, were invited out to spend the evening. It was winter, and the weather was cold. "Shall you take Eddie to night?" was asked. "I don't think we better," said the father, looking at his wife for assent or dissent. "It's cold, and we shall be late home. It will be better for him to go to bed at the usual time."

When the time came to start out, the boy was playing happily with his little cousins in a room by themselves. When his father had put on his coat and cap he said "Eddie, papa and mamma are going out this evening, and you must be a good boy and let Auntie put you to bed at seven o'clock." "Can't I go too, papa?" "No; not to night. Papa'll be here when you wake up in the morning." The little fel-

low got up, came and kissed his parents and said good night, and after they had left the room went on with his play, a little more quietly perhaps, for a few minutes; and at last when the bedtime came was undressed and put to bed with no more trouble than if this had been the hundredth, instead of the first time he had slept in the house. It was all in *beginning right*.

I know another mother whose children follow her to the door for goodbye kisses when she is going out, and whose teasing to go with her never gets beyond "Mayn't I go, mamma?" simply because she will not have it otherwise. "No, you can't go" is final; there is nothing to be gained by coaxing, which only evokes a peremptory request to "Stop teasing, I said No." There's no *bribing* to stay home; no promises for next time, therefore no forgotten or broken pledges.

If a child sees his mother steal away slyly, to get away from him, it is not an encouragement for him to some day sneak out of her sight? If she evades her promises and breaks her word to him, forgetting the candy, or putting off till "next time" what was pledged for today, what confidence can he repose in her truthfulness? Children are keen observers; they have good memories; and I put it down as an axiom in the training of the young, that no mother can afford to break her word to her child, or set him the example of doing sneaking and underhand things.

BEATRIX.

UNEXPECTED COMPANY.

My husband had gone to town to be gone all day, the children were at school with their lunch baskets, and I had decided to put in a good day sewing, and take a lunch at noon myself. As I sat stitching away, with no thought of misfortune or calamity, the clock struck twelve and simultaneously I heard the "crunch" of carriage wheels on the gravel drive at the side door. I looked out the window and to my consternation saw five persons alighting at my door. They had driven twelve miles and must have some dinner.

I welcomed them, explained the situation, and after a brief chat excused myself to prepare a meal for them. In the pantry I took account of stock. There was one slice of cold bacon left from breakfast and the drumstick and wing of yesterday's chicken; there was also one cold boiled potato, a hard boiled egg, two slices of bread in the bread jar and one cookie and

half of another in the steamer. Fortified by these resources, I cheerfully built a fire, and in fifteen minutes I had made a lovely chicken pie, scalloped the potato, adding one cracker to make more of it, and had toasted the two slices of bread and cut them in strips so as to make them go round. I quartered the cookie and a half, and laid on each quarter a slice of the hard boiled egg, making a novel and attractive relish. At the last moment I found a sauce plate full of jam which had been set away from tea the night before; this I turned into my cut-glass preserve dish, feeling as if it were quite a treasure. Then, just fifteen minutes from the time I left the parlor, I summoned my guests to dinner, first running out into the garden for a cabbage plant and a few graceful onion tops for a bouquet, for our roses were all gone and the annuals were not yet in bloom. I was quite proud of my menu, and the quickness with which I had prepared it, but though fifteen minutes seems a short time in which to build a fire and bake a chicken pie, yet when one plans her work carefully she can accomplish a good deal in a short time. My guests ate heartily, saying the long drive had given them great appetites, and congratulated me on my delightful dinner.

The above is all a lie, every word of it, but it is exactly as true as the nonsense of the same kind one reads in housekeeping treatises and the domestic columns of some newspapers. It makes me downright mad to have such stuff written for practical housekeepers by women whom I know never cooked a meal in their lives, and who aspire to teach those who have practiced all their lives how to live economically. You cannot make something out of nothing in the culinary line any more than you can in any other way; and the idea of getting up a meal for three or four out of scraps an able-bodied tramp could not fill up on makes me sick. If people must write fiction I wish they would choose something else than cooking—something they know a little about, something not quite so hopelessly prosy and commonplace—as a theme for their romance.

Nine tenths of the stuff one sees in papers, household magazines, etc., professing to teach women how to keep house and dress well on nothing a year, how to furnish a room with blue denim carpet and cheesecloth ceiling, how to make a chicken pie out of a slice of cold ham, is written by women who never put their fingers into dough, drove a tack or hung a picture in their lives. A canary bird with a good appetite could not live on the thin soups and dainty "croquettes" they seem to consider so "fillin'," and their economies make me think of the story of the man who was always nagging his wife because she could not cook as economically and at the same time as palatably as his neighbor's wife. "Why," said he, "we had boiled carrots with some sort of sauce the other day, and they were delicious. When have we had a carrot, I'd like to know! And so cheap! Mrs. — said enough for dinner only cost her two cents." Madam had boiled carrots at two cents for next day's dinner

and her lord and master would not touch them. Why couldn't she have made a sauce for them like Mrs. —? So next day she got the recipe for the sauce, and they had carrots again, this time meeting the full approval of the man of the house. Then she showed him the bill: Carrots, two cents; ingredients for sauce, including tarragon, curry, and half a bottle of French dressing, 78 cents. Then he shut up.

BRUNEFILLE.

FROM DAFFODILLY.

Your pardon, sweet friends, for appearing in a lawn wrapper this evening. I am as hot as fire as I sit by my window, sniffing the faintest zephyr that favors us in this old city. The fire crackers and other loud sounding inventions that take people's money up in offensive smoke are snapping in every direction. The average small boy must commence the Fourth of July early the evening preceding in order to be there next day in time to get his nose blown off and eyebrows singed, or something worse. An invitation from "Chip" to spend the day with her in the country where she is established for the summer, says, by way of inducement, "We are going to have a high old time and \$10 worth of fireworks." Nothing could drive me farther the other way.

The season of vacations for city people is now in full blast. How eagerly they are hustling around getting ready—those who work must get a substitute. Those who do not work but seek the fashionable resorts must get their sixteen hats made and packed. Oh, what must it be to live with such women! I am sure I would have three thousand fits in half an hour if I had to keep their company.

But we must all have some sort of a rest. Under a certain table in a certain basket, I have stored up a collection of choice reading and matter for arrangement in a scrap book, besides notes for writing—maybe a story for the *HOUSEHOLD*—some day. Will the some day ever arrive? I too want to skip through the back numbers and get some ideas. If anybody has said anything during the past year for which they want to be forgiven, now is a good time to speak out. It is amusing to remember how we have lampooned each other sometimes. How we have scored the men who perform the sword act with the table knives and disdain napkins and clean towels, etc. There one other matter I would like to agitate. Does anybody think it is a nice habit for a man to place his shoes under the bed? What do you think of when a pair of rusty heels peep out at you when the owner is over the hills and far away?

St. Louis has had a W. C. T. U. convention and the Y. P. S. C. E. convention in June. You ought to have seen the 6,000 people assembled in Music Hall in the name of the Master. One could not help feeling as if the world might be converted in a single week. I ought to have written about the first convention. We entertained three delegates. Miss Willard lectured and you know what that means. Another

lady monopolized most of the evening in a prelude in the strain of that old song,

"Reuben, I have long been thinking what a good world this would be,
If the men were all transported far beyond
the Northern sea."

This is all I intend to tell this time about the W. C. T. U. folks.

I have been making cool dresses, and summer vests for my husband. Let me tell you how easily you can make this convenient obstacle young and sweet. There is nothing equal to a white vest to touch up a man. I get ordinary white marseilles of any pattern and line it with the same, with cambric backs, single. Cut a pattern of an old vest, and for common I stitch the pockets on the outside but better ones I make "regular." I have made some of striped gingham, but you must allow for shrinking.

Is it not a pity that the Elitress is compelled to cry aloud for "copy" until some one thinks it her duty to send on a lot of such stuff as this? Vashti says I make her think of the Wallaces in our church. They go by streaks attending and talking in prayer meeting, and then relapse into utter neglect for a long period. Well, tomorrow is the glorious "Fourth," as good a day as was ever St. Patrick's to be sure. I am going with my beloved husband to Clifton Heights, a charming suburb, on a sort of picnic. After coming from the kitchen where I fried the chicken, I took up this letter to cool off on. I am cooler now, thank you, and good-night.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

DAFFODILLY.

THINGS THAT NEED DOING.

Old housekeepers do not need to be reminded of these things, they have kept house so long that they do them as systematically as they wash dishes. When I began to keep house I did much as Aunt Chloe did, had a "claring up" time once in so often, but this did not keep the house looking nice, so I made out a list of things that need doing regularly, and kept it on the cupboard shelves. I divided the list so that some work fell to each day, and now I have done these things so many years that the list is no longer necessary, and I have a fairly clean house all the year round. Young housekeepers, and especially young help in the house, see only the generalities.

The cellar stairs need sweeping as often as the loft stairs; the water sets in the chambers ought to be washed every time there is a general sweeping; the rounds and legs of chairs and tables need dusting just as much as the top. Dust the stove, picture frames and cords, and don't forget to wipe down the cobwebs. Clean and fill the lamps, but never fill a lamp up to the neck; it will always run over and coat the whole with kerosene. Wash the windows, change the papers on the cupboard shelves, and put clean ones in the kettle cupboard too. Cleanse the sink spout. On scrubbing days don't forget the porch floors, the benches and water closets. Wipe dry the wringer, boiler, tubs and washing utensils before putting away. Sweep up and burn the litter in the wood house, it makes a breeding place for ants,

bugs and flies. Don't throw dishwater, tea, or coffee grounds around the back door, it draws flies; if there is no drain keep a pail for such things, and when the dishes are done carry the slop water out away from the house. Wash the water-pails, dippers and cups used around the stove and sink. Don't hang the dishcloth or towels in a wad; rinse them well and hang on a line to dry, they will wash much easier Monday. There is no earthly excuse for potblack on dishtowels. The dishes are supposed to be washed clean before they are wiped. Keep the reservoir and teakettle full of water. Keep a dust cloth, a lamp cloth and towel and a clearing cloth, and have a place for each and each in its place. Label your fruit cans, you can send for what you want and no mistake need be made.

Much has been said about broiling versus frying steak, but I think I've never seen anything about oatmeal. If it were properly cooked it would be very palatable and more of it would be used. Always use *boiling* water. Oatmeal stirred into cold water is fit only for the pigs and chickens. If you would have clear coffee always pour on boiling water; and the best tea is made with hot water just ten minutes before serving. Set the table so that there will be as little noise and commotion as possible in serving. Give each dish room enough so that no other needs moving to take the one up or set it down. Teach the children to leave their plates, knives, forks, cups and napkins properly—it saves time in picking up the dishes.

If variety is the spice of life, a woman has it in doing all these things and many more.

FAW PAW.

E. R. S.

AN OPINION ABOUT GOSSIP.

[Paper read by Mrs. M. E. Weatherby before the Liberty Farmers' Club at its June meeting.]

It is generally understood that gossip is the telling of things that should not be told, or making much of little. I do not think this idea always correct. Webster defines a gossip thus: "One who tattles or tells idle tales." We understand idle tales to be those of no value, and if indulged in at all, should be taken sparingly, as you would take dessert after a hearty meal. Time is too short to spend to no purpose.

We take up the MICHIGAN FARMER and at the head of a column we read "Horse Gossip." In reading the items we find them to be short notices of the doings and conditions of the various horses known to the public. Now I suppose every farmer believes those notes to be correct, notwithstanding they are called gossip. Two farmers laboring in adjoining fields come near each other, and in a short time you may see them, with jack-knives and sticks in hand, perched upon the topmost rail of the line fence gossiping with a will. Let us listen to what they are saying. They talk of the conditions of the weather, the soil and business, also of the prospect for their various crops and prices, with an occasional note for the babies; for the most of fathers remember the little ones, if they are hard at work on the farm or otherwise engaged. Two or more ladies meet

for an hour; they talk over their various plans for labor, their modes of operation, their success or failure, and very likely the success or failure of some of their friends. They discuss the relative value of various things and their adaptability to their needs; they talk of the doings and sayings of others, of the various remedies for croup, measles and chicken cholera (my remedy being the best), and whether baby ought to have a silver dollar or rubber ring upon which to cut its teeth. They talk of the various styles of dress, of books, of music and art, and the thousand things that come to us in daily life. The young gentlemen will gossip of their lady friends, speaking of their various accomplishments, their worth and loveliness, all with the best of feelings and intentions, and vice versa. The young ladies will discuss a gentleman from the cut of his hair to the set of his boot, and frequently wind up by saying, "Well, I think he's cute."

I wish our young ladies would discuss the real character of the gentlemen they admit to their friendship. There is that which is of greater value than the mere external appearances. Valuable as they are, I hope the time will soon come when our young ladies will refuse the friendship of the young men who use liquor of any kind, tobacco in any form, or impure language. It is not enough that they be gentlemanly in outward appearance; they ought to be cleansed from all filthy habits to be worthy of a pure woman's friendship.

I beg pardon for this digression from the subject. But these thoughts came into my head and while they did not overcome me, I did not like to lose them. But to return: All of the illustrations I have given are, so far as I can see, perfectly harmless. But the word admits of still farther illustrations. There is much gossip that is not done with the tongue, but with the pen. Go to our township library and pick out volume after volume of idle tales, which in other words are gossip. But people seem to like them or they would demand a higher class of works. Many there are who will sit up late at night to read them, while they could not read an hour upon solid matter. Such gossip I consider more harmful than the ordinary neighborhood talk. There is however a class of gossip that is hurtful. The telling of unpleasant things to others for the purpose of injuring any one, is all wrong and should not be indulged in. We are often told that we should always speak well of people. If you cannot say something good of them don't say anything about them. Let me ask is that a correct theory when closely applied? Are we always to speak well of the bridge because it did not fall with our weight, when perhaps the very next one who attempted to cross was hurled to destruction? Oh, that bridge was all right for me, but I think the other person was a little too heavy, for both went down. Would it not have been better for all had we pointed out the imperfections of the bridge, and possibly we might have saved the person a fall? How are we to teach our children to shun the evil there is in man if it is never spoken of to them? Why

are we fighting the saloon? A saloon never existed without a man to run it, and I suppose every saloon-keeper has good traits of character, for there is good in all, but if the evil predominates in his practices in life, what shall we say? Shall we say to our sons, "The saloon is a bad place, I had rather you would not go there." "But why, father? You say Mr. Keeper is a good man, and if he is a good man would he keep a bad place?"

There is in the school a boy of pleasing manners, in the schoolroom always obedient and kind to the teacher; he has a strong magnetic force, and is generally liked, but he will swear and tell lies, and steal. I ask how shall I keep my boy from the influence of his evil course, if I never speak of it to him. Shall I keep silent and let my boy be drawn into the whirlpool of evil? Can I reasonably expect to keep him untainted by the influence of such a companion, simply by pointing out the good traits of his character, and saying, "I had rather you would not have that boy for an intimate friend?" The young mind demands a reason; if none is given they are quite apt to search for it themselves. Another class of gossip is the political gossip with which our country is filled every four years. That I consider a dishonor, not only to those engaged in it, but to the country. A stranger might think there was not an honorable man in the United States of America. My opinion of gossip is that it may be harmless, entertaining and instructive, or it may be malicious and hurtful, just according to the motives and dispositions of those engaged in it.

ITEMS ABOUT THE HAIR.

A simple restorative and one perfectly harmless is made of equal parts of French brandy and olive oil. It is useless to cut the hair short in the effort to check its falling out. The hair seldom grows to a desirable length afterward, and the falling out is rarely checked.

A simple application which will strengthen the growth and darken the color of the hair is a quinine wash to which a little oil of rosemary and cantharides have been added. It will sometimes restore the color of gray hair.

Another preparation which is highly recommended and is harmless, is rust of iron, one drachm; strong old ale, one pint; oil of rosemary, 12 drops. Put all into a bottle, cork loosely, shake daily for ten or twelve days, then turn off the clear portion for use.—*Good Housekeeping*.

The July number of the *Home-Maker* has a very interesting and profusely illustrated article on "Martha, the Wife of Washington" and several Fourth of July stories, as well as the customary contingent of poems, miscellany, and matter especially designed to interest women. One of the leading articles is a description of our own picturesque Bay View, by Frances F. Baker. Home-Maker Co., 44 E. 14th St. N. Y. City.

FLOWERS IN THE HOUSE.

Now that the garden and the fields are full of flowers, we can revel in a profusion of bouquets, and keep the vases filled with a constant succession of bloom. And a word about vases at the outset. Don't use the fragile, tall, top-heavy affairs that look as if they would tip over at a touch or a jar. An overturned vase is disastrous to everything in its neighborhood, a choice book may be spoiled, the table scarf wet and ruined, or an ugly mark made on the polished table. Select vases that will stand solidly, those having a good base. Then, suit your vases to your flowers—or your flowers to your vases. We have learned that one variety or kind of flowers massed together is most pleasing to the eye. No one would think, now days, of surrounding a water lily with any other kind of blossoms.

Short-stemmed flowers require low bowls or shallow dishes of some kind. Pansies may be effectively arranged in a finger bowl, grouping them loosely and lightly with geranium leaves for foliage and to support those in the centre. A bunch of poppies or nasturtiums placed in a globe-shaped bowl needs no foliage whatever; it is beautiful enough alone, especially if it contrasts with a pure white or brown bowl. Water lilies never look so lovely, out of their native haunts, as they do in a glass bowl—which may be the salad bowl if nothing else is at hand. The pressed glass is now sold at so low a price that a dollar will buy quite a fair-sized bowl.

Tall flowers, like gladiolus and many of the large-growing perennials, need rather large and tall vases. Two or three spikes of gladiolus, with some tall grasses and a bit of their own foliage, will light a dim corner like a flame, though much of the beauty of flowers depends upon the light in which they are placed. Delicate flowers, of which we have so many among the annuals, fill up the small tinted glass vases well; two or three roses with a few of their own leaves look well in the little "bud vases."

A handful of blue "bachelor's buttons" with a bit of the feathery bloom of the fringe tree in a deep blue bowl, is prettier than you would imagine. In fact, there is as much room for artistic taste and talent in the grouping and arrangement of flowers as in any kind of "art work" with paints or silks.

And then, when you have made your rooms gay with bloom, don't forget there is nothing more perishable than flowers, and that tomorrow there will be fallen petals and withered leaves, and bad smelling water in the vases. Don't neglect to remove them. It is a good deal of extra work to fill a lot of vases with fresh flowers every day, but better none at all than a mass of mal-odorous, decaying vegetation.

I saw in one of the bazars the other day a queer shaped contrivance which so excited my curiosity that I asked what it was for. It was a shallow china dish with a removable centre filled with small holes, and designed for the arrangement of short stemmed flowers, which could thus be

made one solid mass of color, with a border of foliage if desired. The space inside could be filled with water or wet sand, and the cover placed over it, then pansies, balsams, or any like blossoms massed on it and kept fresh and bright. I thought it quite an idea. B.

POLITE CHILDREN.

I have had it in my mind for some time to write a few words on what some call that "worn out topic," politeness. It seems as if nearly every thing had been said, or at least all that was necessary on that subject. But several weeks since I was a guest of a literary society in the western part of our township. As we were taking our tea in groups around small tables, the conversation turned to the discussion in our HOUSEHOLD on politeness. A lady who sat opposite me made the remark that she felt hurt and out of patience at the way some had rated the country children so far below city children in politeness. She thought it unjust. She had lived in both town and country; and of all the children who visited at her home, the country children were by far the best behaved, more polite, and especially so at table.

It is not every family of children that receives the attention and training that hers do, though there are always a few families in favored localities.

I thought more than likely there were other mothers who felt the same, that their children or their class of children did not receive a fair representation in this discussion, which I think is true; and I open it anew to assure them that I know there are many country children who are the peers of the best of the city children. Those families whose tastes are refined, whose associations are of the best, can and do inculcate a refinement of manner and speech which will last through life; and the counteracting influences in the country are small in comparison to all appearances. This class of country people are as distinct from the boorish, unrefined and illiterate class to be found in some localities as if they were of a different race.

There is another class between these two, to be found both in the town and country. They have a code of good manners which they put on with their good clothes, but more generally for strangers or company, both grown people and children. These persons are not "all wool and warranted to wash," but shoddy. Unless politeness is born in the bone and bred in the flesh it will not be "full weight and fast colors."

Many parents both in town and country never teach their children what they should do or say under certain circumstances. The only teaching they ever get is to be told before company to say "Thank you," "Take off your hat," "Tell the lady or gentleman you are pretty well thank you," "You should not go before people," etc., etc., though this is pretty near the extent of the catalogue. And they never learn more until they have opportunity of learning it somewhere away from home, and experiencing all the

attending embarrassments. One would think the parents who had been through this experience would be wiser for their children, but many are not.

It looks as if they did not care for anything of that kind, only when some person they think is superior happens in their way; they do not care that their children use good manners only before strangers.

How much those children who have sensible, refined parents, have to be thankful for they will never understand until they arrive at years of maturity.

ALBION.

M. E. H.

Good-Housekeeping keeps up its reputation as foremost among the publications devoted to domestic affairs. Each number is so good one wonders how the next can possibly be better, yet somehow it keeps "up to the mark." Clark W. Bryan & Co., Springfield, Mass.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

How to wring a cloth out of hot water: "Lay a cloth half a yard long and one foot wide into a vessel of hot water, letting the ends hang over the sides. Lay the cloth wanted for use in this. Take one end of the under cloth in each hand and twist them until the inside cloth is wrung."

CANDIED cherries may not be as "poetical" as candied violets, but they are more palatable. Boil seeded cherries in a syrup of one cup of water and one pound of sugar, till tender. Let stand in the syrup two days. Remove, drain, separate the cherries and sprinkle thick with sugar. Dry on plates in the sun.

SOMEBODY will surely say she "can't bother," but do remember to throw a light shawl over your shoulders when you go down cellar to work the butter or skim the milk, especially if you have been at work over the stove or are perspiring freely. Many a bad cold and rheumatic attack, with attendant evils, have been gained by just such carelessness about a change of temperature when overheated. The cooler air is grateful, but it is not safe.

Useful Recipes.

CURRENT CATSUP.—Stem and wash the currants; to every pound add half a pound sugar, one teaspoonful cinnamon, one of cloves, one of allspice and a very little salt. Boil the currants half an hour, then add sugar and spices; let it come to a boil and seal while hot.

GERMAN PRUNE CAKES.—The following directions for this delicacy, which we find in the *Rural New Yorker*, might serve as well for the "dried apple turnovers" for which a recipe was recently asked: A light sponge was set over night and mixed for further rising in the morning, just the same as for raised doughnuts. While this was rising some prunes were stewed and then mashed through a colander, making a paste. When the dough was light it was rolled out until it was about a quarter of an inch thick, and then cut in small oval cakes. A little depression was made in the middle and a spoonful of prune paste put in. The edges of the cake were then moistened with white of egg and another cake was stuck on top of it, covering the first in the middle. The cakes were then dropped into boiling fat, and cooked like doughnuts.