

# MICHIGAN FARMER

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## THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

### JUNE DAYS.

Oh, sweet and rare are days of June,  
With Nature's voices all atune!  
The beauty here of Summer find  
With Spring's fresh sweetness all combined.  
Old Winter long time held his way  
With chilling breath and deathlike sway;  
But April came, in meeting mood,  
From stern embrace of March she wooed  
The ice-fettered springtime.

Next, May, the month of promise, came,  
And set the evening skies aflame:  
Bright tints of green she softly spread  
O'er field below and bough o'erhead,  
With flower-decked garment's hem did glide  
So lightly by the river's side:  
Through woodland dim and o'er the hill;  
And brightened all her way.

These soft and balmy airs so long  
Had been foretold by wild birds' song,  
At early dawn amid their brood,  
As flowers late they sweetly wooed:  
Till June with smiling face serene  
And crowned with roses now is seen,  
She adds to Flora's treasures still,  
The choicest fruits, to e'en fulfill  
The promises of May.

The perfect days that now come on  
Are laden from the early dawn,  
With richest fragrance from the flowers;  
And sweetest song from happy bowers,  
Through bright and glowing noon of peace,  
To where the daylight finds release:  
While glorious pageantry awaits  
The faithful sun's last gleam, through gates  
Of purple and of gold.

PAW PAW.

MERTIE.

### THE YOUNG FOLKS.

"The world belongs to the young," seems the maxim by which a good many American mothers regulate their families. Did you ever notice, in the homes you frequent, how everything seems to gravitate round the cradle? From the time the first baby utters its feeble protest against the conditions of its new existence, until the last comer is given in marriage, the children, their concerns, their interests, their wishes, seem to dominate the home. You hear mothers excusing themselves for their social shortcomings, for their neglect of their privileges, for selfish absorption in their own families, by the frank statement that they "only live for the children," as if they owed no duties to the world at large, their only obligation being to the inmates of their own homes, or the members of their own families. Mothers go shabby that their children may be the more richly dressed, and make a better appearance before the world, forgetting that the contrast between their own plain, well-worn raiment and the girls' unsuitable finery—for finery thus obtained is always unsuitable—bears witness

to the self-sacrifice of the one and the thoughtless selfishness of the other—a selfishness for which the girls are hardly accountable since it has been part of their home education. I have known instances where a whole family has been incommode to serve the convenience of one, and that one the youngest of its members, living in a small, badly arranged house that the daughter might be nearer her school, as if Missy might not better walk an extra half mile daily rather than her brother's bedroom be a six by nine closet, and the family eat in a dingy basement because there was no other available dining-room.

How many of you hard working parents who will read these words, are denying yourselves all but the bare necessities of life, that you may save money to give your sons "a start?" Many men, remembering their own early trials, have said: "I began life for myself without a shilling, but I mean my boys shall begin well," forgetting that the poverty which made exertion an absolute necessity, developed character, and the strength, persistence and determination without which no young man can expect to succeed. They forget the truth in the old darkey's saying: "Many a nice corn-stalk winds up wid a nubbin in the fall." It is a mistaken kindness which does too much to make life easy and pleasant for young folks. What would be thought of the mother who put her year old child in a luxurious cradle and kept it there, denying it liberty to use its feet, and making it a helpless cripple? And do we not cripple character in the same way, sometimes? Better than broad acres and a bank account is a sturdy self-reliance, good habits, a plain practical education, and a firm belief that labor is honorable unto all men and all women. The best legacy for the children is just a preparation for their life-work, which will enable them to perform their part in their appointed place. What wise men think of riches and their influence upon the young is illustrated by the words of Hon. Benjamin Brewster: "Sometimes I am in favor of having the amount of money a man may bequeath to his sons limited by law. Twenty thousand dollars is an ample inheritance; all above that sum should escheat to the State." There is a lesson for parents in the fact that whereas the sons of rich men rarely amount to the proverbial "row of pins," their special aptitude being the facility with which they can spend the money their fathers earned with such toilsome economy, the sons of poor men, with nothing but brains and hands, have amassed fortunes and won

honors and fame. It is a sad sight to see a ten cent young man trying to live up to the responsibilities of a \$10,000 fortune.

In any family where the children's projects, plans, wants and wishes are put first, as something to be gratified if within the bounds of possibility, one of two things must sooner or later occur. Either the children will "run the house," the parents becoming only ostensible "figure-heads;" or a conflict ensues, in which the young people, if defeated, submit with many a bitter thought and much of outward complaint, or leave home in a fit of ill-temper, believing themselves abused because their preferences are no longer the statutes of the domestic government.

I am pleased, often, at the way in which an acquaintance of mine manages her family of seven children. She is emphatically the mistress of the house. Even the eighteen year old young lady who somewhat domineers over her younger brothers and sisters by virtue of her seniority, acknowledges this, and conforms as a matter of course to the family routine. The hours for meals are fixed and regular; all know them, and are on hand; no one is kept waiting for delinquents, who when they come, must take without protest the portion which has been put upon a plate and set in the warmer for them. No grumbling about the food is allowed. "If you do not like it, leave it; you are not obliged to eat it." Individual preferences are consulted to a certain degree; the boy who wants three lumps of sugar in his coffee gets them, but he must not complain that the coffee is too weak, or "cloudy." And I confess it is a good deal more pleasant to sit at the table where the deeds of the cook are accepted as her best, and the mistress does the criticising or the fault-finding in the kitchen, than where the dinner hour is marred by comments such as: "This steak is so tough I can't eat it." "This pie is not sweet enough." "Sour bread again." For boys at least, such control is excellent as preparatory for their domestic life in homes of their own, for the criticisms young husbands make upon their wives' failures in cooking are the beginnings of marital dissensions in a great many instances.

This sensible mother goes as well dressed as her young lady daughter, who wears the youthful, girlish-looking flannels and camelettes, and hasn't a silk dress to her name. Nor does the young lady represent her mother in society; Madame Mere goes to receptions and lunches, and chaperones her daughter to evening parties, and thus

mademoiselle is admitted into a social circle and recognized among people of standing, through the mere fact that her mother has retained her position, and is able to make *entre* for her. A woman is soon forgotten, socially, if she drops out of her place; and she often feels slighted and affronted because she is thus forgotten, when she wishes to introduce her daughters into society. She repents the mistake she made, when, in the infancy of her children, she resigned all else to tend to their personal needs, for the mother's relationship to her children when they are young and when they are coming into maturity, differs in degree and kind.

There is yet another view of the case: Let the girl who has all her life been accustomed to be the central figure in the family, marry a young man similarly brought up, and the result is generally an "irrepressible conflict" between two untrained, selfish natures, neither accustomed to surrender. It takes a good deal of genuine love to tide over the perilous time of adjusting two untrained wills of the "I won't" and "I will" order. So that parents may be truly said to be preparing trouble for both themselves and their children when they give predominance to what may be called the "imperatively injudicious" demands of young masters and misses. Not that their desires should never count, nor their wishes go ungratified, nor yet undue repression and severity be practiced, only that "living for the children" should not mean giving up to them the real government of the home, barring the privilege of doing its hard work and paying its expenses.

BEATRIX.

MOTHERS AND DAUGHTERS—CANNING STRAWBERRIES.

E. C.'s conundrum in the HOUSEHOLD of March 26th, looks to me very easy of solution. Show me the girl who neither wishes or expects to marry or have a home of her home, and it would seem like a waste of time learning housekeeping, looking from one point of view; from another point it is a very selfish daughter who will let the mother slave herself to death in the kitchen, while she sits in the big rocker with a book, or in the parlor drumming uselessly on the piano or organ, or making calls, or walking or riding. The mothers are often more to blame than the daughters; they are so anxious to give them advantages which they did not enjoy; they wish to see their daughters ladies.

Children always waited upon and never obliged to do what they do not like, become selfish and disagreeable, they spoil the comfort of every one with whom they are associated, and take from them services for which they render no equivalent. A large part of the mother's services are given for love's sake, but very many times she is obliged to do what she does not like to do, and is not able physically to do. The selfish habit grows and grows until like the upas tree it is harmful and disagreeable in all the relations of life.

The mother who makes a slave of herself to make a lady of her daughter, can always occupy that position in her daughter's feel-

ings. The daughter will grow more and more ashamed of her mother's coarse red hands and face, with hair and clothes to correspond. She has not time to take any pains with herself. While the daughter is gaining book knowledge the mother, having no time to read, has gone backwards; then the daughter is as much ashamed when she opens her mouth as of her looks. Of course I have reference to those mothers who are not able to hire their work done, but the principle is the same in all ranks.

E. C. says the daughter may be fitting herself for a position commanding a high salary; then she can hire a girl to help her mother. That is one of the things that sound well in theory, but unfortunately is seldom seen or heard of in practice. The daughter who has always considered her own needs and feelings first, will not forget it when she gets older. "As the twig is bent the tree is inclined."

Mothers, keep beside your daughters! One of the first and best lessons to teach the children is to consider other people's rights as well as their own; they are always wanting mother's help, make them understand they should help what they can; the little they do will give you that much time for your own benefit, beside teaching them to be useful. A little reading of the right kind, association with cultured people, and keen observation, will keep you abreast with the times, and your daughter will be proud of you. Young lady, if God had thought it best for you to have no labors of this kind, or household cares, he would not have given you to poor people! Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney says: "Where'er God put and keepeth thee, He hath no other thing for thee to do." Every position in life has its duties, and we have no right to shirk our work on to some one else's hands; for God gives every one their own work, and that is all they can do and do well.

There are two things which I consider indispensable in the kitchen, which I have not seen mentioned in the HOUSEHOLD; one is a tooth brush to brush the grater. You all know how the lemon rind sticks to the grater; a little brush puts it where you want it, a thorough brushing cleans the grater ready to put away without wetting; it is also useful to clean the milk strainer; with ever so good washing the very fine strainers get clogged occasionally. (This tooth brush is not used to clean the teeth with.) The other article is a mop dishcloth; when the water is very hot it saves the hands and finger nails, and is good to wash out the style of pitchers that has been in use the last few years, and also fruit cans; there are many times and places where they are indispensable.

I do not know but I had better send the HOUSEHOLD my method of canning strawberries, no one that I know of ever goes back to the old way of cooking them after they have tried my way. I wash them, then hull them (the same day they are picked) then cover them thickly with granulated sugar. Taking a large spoon, I lift the berries from the bottom, letting the sugar fall all through and over them. I do not weigh the sugar, but put on enough so every berry has all that will stick to it and some beside, then set down cellar

where they will keep cool and stand until the next morning. Then I turn all the juice off into the pan I am going to cook them in; boil the juice from twenty to thirty minutes, then add the berries, let them boil just so I am sure each berry is boiling hot clear through, then can immediately. If the fruit is cooked just enough it will rise a solid mass in the top of the can, as long as it stays there it is a sure sign there is no air there. When you open one of these cans the aroma from the berries can be plainly smelled all through the room. By this way of canning every berry is whole, the juice is perfectly clear, and looks go a great ways in making things taste good.

There seems to be another M. E. H. in the band of contributors; had her place of residence been given we should each keep our own individuality.

ALBION.

M. E. H.

MODERN CONVERSATION.

[Paper read before the Manchester Farmers' Club, by Miss Annette M. English.]

Modern conversation is pre-eminently American, for we as a nation are proverbial for the startling rapidity with which we rush through even the gravest of subjects, and then dash into the next one that is brought forward. Our fathers treated every subject with more consideration, because their list of topics was much less extensive than is ours to-day. They did not roam the entire realm of science, known and unknown, nor seek to fathom the mystic study of politics, not only that pertaining to our own country, which is engrossing enough evidently from the attention it receives, beside that of other governments as well. The cable, telegraphic and telephonic dispatches did not then convey all possible intelligence as they do now. They did not receive the daily newspaper moist from the press and crammed with a heterogeneous mass of matter gathered from every region on the globe, and after its perusal forget it all before the next day's edition was afloat.

The tendency toward frivolity in general conversation is no doubt chargeable upon our variety of diversions, for when these exist in such profusion the mind very naturally wanders, in turn, from one to another, as the butterfly flits from one brilliant blossom to another in diligent search for some sweeter flower.

Among gatherings of young people, popular amusements consisting of games, music, etc., secure the most prominent place, interspersed occasionally with conversation, or more properly, chitchat. I do not know but this is as well when we consider how often we hear the Queen's or Dean's English perverted, and our Anglo-Saxon language desecrated in its use, and when we think how many foreign words bordering upon the slang, noticeably from the Spanish, have gradually crept into prominence.

I was reading not long ago an interesting conversation supposed to have taken place between two society people. I do not know of either Howells or James having as yet incorporated it into any of their recent works however. The place is a modern parlor, and the dialogue takes place upon the arrival of a late visitor. First

person to second person: "I'm so glad you have come." Second person in reply, "I'm glad you are glad I'm here." First person again, "I am glad you are glad I am glad you are here." Perhaps this may seem to be, and it may have been just slightly exaggerated, but you and I will not have to search our memory to any great extent to recall scraps we have heard that were uttered in fully as exalted a strain.

Absorption of ideas in one line of thought often renders a person uninteresting or prosaic, though usually those whom we term specialists prove wonderfully instructive conversationalists if they be in a mood to impart information, and we possess an attraction toward their particular hobby.

It has been said that no one could stand under the shelter of a door-way, during a storm, with Edmund Burke, without his giving them a thought of value. And he, in turn, said he never met a person from whom he could not glean some new idea or learn something of benefit to himself. Still every one has an instinctive dread of being thought pedantic, and that inclines us to err in the opposite extreme.

Several years ago two friends were dining at our home, and one of them had just finished the classical course of study. He was dignified and scholarly, and was engaged in elucidating an intricate point connected with English history, and we were much interested with his views thereupon, when the other gentleman, who had been discussing a piece of one of my mother's pies, found an opportunity to inquire, "Is *this* this year's pie plant?" I believe the older ones did not smile, but the younger members of the company with difficulty subdued their feelings. I now understand I think, the fact of each of those guests representing a remarkable, but still an apparent extreme. Nearly always the practical overrules the poetic in human nature.

Thus we find four styles of conversation to be avoided: The frivolous, the prosaic, the pedantic and the fault-finding; the latter is too common for we meet with it every day, we might say almost every hour. One instance of this always comes to my mind if I feel inclined to think the weather is not just as I should like it to be; you know that is the first subject that ever engages the attention or the remarks of new acquaintances.

Once we had as near neighbors a young couple who were industrious and frugal, and they might have been happy; for they had a nice home with pleasant surroundings, but they did not seem so. Never a harvest season drew near but we heard our neighbor complaining that as the wheat headed, the heads were not filling, but blighting, or if they did fill the grain weevil was destroying the kernels; and his wife was always saying that the little fruit the birds left them was so poor it could not be used, and as for her cabbages, the millers were so bad it hardly paid to try to cultivate them. How glad I felt after hearing them talk that they, the world's burden-bearers, who like ancient Atlas supported the universe upon their shoulders, did not govern it; but that a higher Power, an omnipotent Arm, governed and controlled even the most minute affairs; that the same God who

existed in Pharaoh's day still sent the years of scarcity and those of plenty and increase.

We are much like the travelers upon the sand blown-desert, who meet upon it oases where the grass grows green, where palm trees extend their cooling fronds over the wells of refreshing water; so we pause now and then to exchange cordial greetings ere we take up once more the toil of life. It is for so short a time, this diverting recreation, that we seem like the ship upon the ocean, as Longfellow writes of it:

"Ships that pass in the night and speak each other in passing,  
Only a signal given and a distant voice in the darkness;  
So on the ocean of life we pass and speak to each other,  
Only a look and a voice, then darkness again and silence."

We may not possess the rare ability which drew a charmed circle about Mesdames Recamier and DeStael, to listen to their intelligent, interesting conversation upon a thousand themes; but we can speak with candor and thoughtfulness, scorning every idle word, thus conveying to the listener in plain, well chosen language an impression that we value converse for its worth in the exchange of ideas, not mere words. The true beauty of conversation is sincerity, and while we reserve our highest, best expressions of thought and feeling for the inmates of our own homes, we should never give our voices liberty with gossip nor depreciate in any way that wondrous gift of language—the cherished medium of communication between friend and friend.

#### THE NEW HOUSE.

Under the head of "Some Things to be Thought of in Building a House," *Harper's Bazaar* calls attention to a few points usually overlooked, but upon which not a little of the comfort of house-dwellers depends. In the first place, provide plenty of room. A house put up on a city lot is often necessarily restricted in space; in the country houses are too often built as if the land they occupy had to be bought by the inch.

Narrow doors, especially narrow front doors, are to be avoided. They make a house look stingy, and are inconvenient in the extreme. No outside door should be less than four and a half feet wide, which gives space for the double doors now universally seen. No single door should be less than three feet ten inches wide, as will be found when the attempt is made to carry furniture through it; and the stairs, if a fine effect is desired, should be set well back from the front door. Do not build a house without a hall; and do not make it merely a narrow entry. With proper treatment it can be made a very handsome feature; it is, in effect, the key of the house, in that it gives tone to the whole. Handsome parlors are dwarfed by a small, cramped hall.

Windows are apt to be made too small. Three feet four inches is the smallest size allowable; and then get large panes of glass if possible, one pane each for upper and lower sashes. Plate glass is expensive, but because it rarely breaks, is after all economical. Have the sashes hung with weights that they may be raised and lowered without the trouble of a support. Do not have the

bottom of the window more than twenty-two inches from the floor, if you wish them a convenient height to sit by. Do not arrange the windows with a view to the appearance of the outside of the house solely. Plan the windows and doors with reference to the furnishings of the room, so that the piano will not have to back up against a window, or be placed against an outer wall. In the bedrooms, arrange the space so the bed need not be placed facing a window; the light wakens the sleeper, and in the case of an invalid, is often very disagreeable and annoying. If there are two windows, have the space between them sufficient so the head of the bed can be placed there; if but one window, arrange to have six or seven feet at one side for the head of the bed. Or, if the bed is to be placed in an alcove, the space between the windows is excellent for the dressing bureau or mirror, as the light from the window falls full on the person using it.

The doors should be hung so as not to interfere with each other in opening or shutting. Most of us know how unpleasant it is to open one door "slam" against another.

Have plenty of closets. Have them fitted with drawers and shelves, and hooks; a dozen of the latter can be bought for fifteen cents. Have the bar on which the hooks are put, at a convenient distance from the floor, so garments can be hung up and taken down without exertion. A house in this city has the hooks in its closets placed so high that the inmates—though they are all fairly tall, must get a chair, or keep a box on each, to enable them to use the hooks.

Don't put all your floor space into handsome parlors and have contracted kitchen and seven by nine bedrooms in consequence. The house in which I am living at present has very fine parlors, requiring over 100 yards of Brussels carpet to cover them; but there is no dining-room, and meals must either be served in the kitchen, or the back parlor, whose legitimate use is a sitting-room, must be converted into a dining-room. A more judicious division of space would have spoiled the grand reception rooms for show, but made the every day home life of the family much more comfortable and cosy.

I noticed the other day an item stating that there were but 17 architects in the United States who were women. And yet the profession seems to me one better adapted to women than some in which many more have engaged. Does it not seem as if it were eminently proper women should plan artistic and well designed homes for other women? Who can understand so well the needs of the family and arrange the kitchen and pantries and other rooms in a house with such reference to the convenient performance of work, as a woman who has performed those duties, or knows how easy it is to make them doubly laborious through lack of convenient arrangement? It requires careful study and planning to so model a house as to utilize its space to the best advantage, and simplify and save work. The location of every cupboard, of the stove, the sink, the opening of rooms one into another,

ought all to be matters of thought, and arranged in the house plan, not left to chance. The cellar stairs ought not to be tucked in a corner where they must be steep and narrow, and more or less dangerous to the elderly woman; if there is no dumb waiter (which is a great labor-saving contrivance) the woman must climb these stairs from two to a half-dozen times daily, and generally with her hands full. Make them wide enough to afford a firm foothold, and with slant enough so the housekeeper does not feel as if she were ascending a ladder; and it is well to add a hand-rail. BEATRIX.

#### A SUFFRAGE CONVENTION.

Don't be alarmed, sisters! A little politics now and then will not harm the HOUSEHOLD. What are politics? Policies by which the government of a nation or state is guided.

We as individuals, as families, as communities, as social centers, are part and parcel of one of the world's greatest, most rapidly growing commonwealths, its politics building up a government which claims to be for, of and by the people; although in framing and defining those policies one-half, and a not at all unimportant half of those subject to the laws, have no voice in deciding either upon the justice or injustice, the treachery or truthfulness of any law which the politics of the other half may see fit to frame for their government. No, all they have to do, is to obey, pay, in short "toe the mark" and keep their mouths shut.

When I was asked last spring if I would go to the polling place in this ward and vote for school trustee, I said "No! When I can go to the polls and vote like an intelligent, honest citizen, having the best interest of all concerned at heart, when I can go and vote independently, vote for any candidate or measure that my judgment favors most—in short, vote like a Christian in a free country, then I'll go and vote. But as long as a part of the masculine power says to me you may vote for just one man—a school trustee! and another part of the same element stands at the polling place ready to challenge my vote, and by all manner of subterfuge try to browbeat me out of the free exercise of the right so grudgingly granted, I'll—well, they'll never get a chance to brow-beat me at the polls until I have a backing that will insure me against defeat."

And now to the Convention, which was presided over by Mrs. Helen M. Gougar, of Indiana, a woman of weight in avoirdupois as well as words, and withal most agreeable to look upon as well as to listen to. Through her writings and what I have read of her work in the different States and territories, she has been as an acquaintance to me for several years. So of course I was anxious to attend the Convention. I can only say that in temper, tone and teachings it was simply perfect, and exceeded my most definite dreams of such things, for be it hereby known to all present that this is the first real, live, working woman suffragist that I ever saw or heard speak. And my opinion is that if I could meet such an one every day, if such were our frequent com-

panions, the burden of the helplessness of our womanhood, or as Byron puts it, of our "she condition" would soon be lifted.

Personally Mrs. Gougar is stout, of medium weight, with fair complexion, and gray hair, stylishly coiffured, tastefully dressed in some of the green-grey goods so much worn, having a very full and pleasing voice which she understands how to modulate to meet the requirements of her hall and audience. Altogether she impressed me as one richly endowed in physical force and vital energy, and possessing a fund of mental and spiritual power, of resistance and persistence equal to the years, the work and the warfare that stand between the present day and the enfranchisement of women in the United States. I wish to mention just one very little thing that Mrs. G. told during the convention. I think she said it was eighteen years ago that her wash-woman's drunken husband collected his wife's wages and used them as all drunkards do, in one way or another, use that which should go for the sustenance and comfort of home life, paid it into the hands of the liquor seller for that which made him as a wild beast in his house. Then she refused to pay to him what his wife had so toilsomely earned. He was furious, threatening prosecution and collection by law. She was incredulous, but soon found that the drunken, worthless man had the law all on his side, that he could collect his wife's wash bills and use the money as he chose, and the wife and the one who employed her had no redress. Thereupon Mrs. G. set herself to the task of getting that law stricken from the statutes of Indiana, resting not from her labor of love until it was done. And this it was that first made a suffragist of her. Michigan has the same law, and heaven knows how many more States.

Well, as Rip Van Winkle says, "Here's to Mrs. Gougar and all her family, may they live long and prosper." E. L. NYE.

FLINT.

#### CREAMERIES

Having bought some experience during our three years of butter-making, I venture a few suggestions to Mrs. H. H. J., of Paw Paw. The secret of success in the deep setting process of raising cream lies in the rapid cooling of the milk. It must be strained soon after milking and put into cold water. Water at 48 deg. to 50 deg. is immediately warmed, and unless constantly changed by a current will not raise all the cream. The most satisfactory result is obtained where a sufficient quantity of ice is put into the water just before milking, so that the temperature will not run above 50 deg. in ten hours. At least this is our conclusion. This process is claimed to be labor saving for women, and so it is. It not only requires less labor to manufacture the butter, but puts much of the hard work upon stronger shoulders. With the same conditions of setting cream will rise in any cans. The conveniences and economy are the points to make, and so long as there are stationary cans from which the milk is drawn from the bottom and then the cream, I can discover no advantage in having one that must be lifted every time; and while

the cream can be perfectly saved at the bottom, I see no use of the waste necessarily occasioned by dipping the cream from the top. I know of several kinds of homemade creameries, but considering the expense, the disadvantages and the unsatisfactory results, I see no economy in using one. We use the Champion; but whatever kind you buy avoid long tubes, square corners, or any inaccessible places; and there should be room in the tank to put the hand on every part of the cans, for they often need washing with a cloth on the outside. With stationary cans the men strain the milk "in a minute," and children can draw the milk and wash them. Our boys, aged ten and twelve, regularly empty and wash the cans for the milk of thirty cows, while they are being driven into the stables and the first two pails filled with milk.

I should put no part of butter-making in the cellar.

Too much pains cannot be taken in all arrangements to have things handy. The advantage of the creamery is a uniform quality of the butter; but cream raising in this way requires different treatment from shallow setting; but this is all too "big" a subject for a letter to the HOUSEHOLD. To know its size read a few dairy papers each week. However, I will answer any question I can, if desired.

Has any one used the Worden churn for churning sweet milk and making ice cream?

MRS. J. M. WEST.

CHERRY HILL CREAMERY, FAIRFIELD.

#### Useful Recipes.

**PRESERVED STRAWBERRIES.**—Hull the fruit and wash carefully, letting the berries drain in a colander. Prepare a syrup with two pounds of white sugar and half a cup of water, drop the berries into it and let them cook rapidly for twenty minutes, removing the scum that rises but not stirring the fruit. Dip the fruit into tumblers or cans, cook the juice and syrup till it will almost jelly, and fill up with it.

**CURRANT JELLY.**—Strip the fruit from the stems and put them in a preserving kettle, cook them half an hour, turn into a jelly-bag and let the juice drip through. Do not squeeze the bag. Return the juice to the kettle, boil ten minutes, put in the sugar, which has been heated in the oven, allowing a pound of sugar to a pint of juice, stir up, and your jelly will set as soon as the sugar—every bit of it—is dissolved.

**SPICED CHERRIES.**—Nine pounds of cherries; four pounds sugar; half an ounce each of cinnamon and cloves. Cook the fruit until the skins break, take it out, boil the syrup half an hour and pour over the fruit. A better conserve is made by stoning the cherries and using seven pounds of fruit to the former proportion.

**SPICED CURRANTS.**—Seven pounds of fruit; four pounds sugar; one pint best cider vinegar; one ounce ground cinnamon; half an ounce ground cloves. If preferred, the whole spices can be put into muslin bags and boiled in the vinegar until the strength is exhausted.

**RASPBERRY JAM.**—Allow three-quarters of a pound of sugar to each pound of fruit. Cook till when you take a little out on a plate no juice gathers around it; then put into jelly glasses or small stone jars. The nicest jam or jelly is made by using one-third currants to two thirds raspberries either red or black-