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## THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

### SHOE STRINGS.

Oh, the Oxford ties are dainty, with their silken laces neat,  
And the summer girl now wears them in the house and on the street;  
They are first for style and comfort—  
No need now her feet to hide—  
But they have one tiresome drawback,  
For they

Won't Stay Tied.

So the girl goes meekly onward, conscious of two dragging strings,  
And, while quite nigh to sadness, thinks unutterable things;  
Then she drops upon the greensward,  
Blashes all her tan-mask through,  
Saying: "Please excuse a moment  
While I

Tie My Shoe."

Then she buys some patent fast'ners, warranted to clasp all day,  
And they're lost upon the pavement ere she's gone a block away;  
But the shoes are cool and dainty,  
And the weather still is hot,  
So she ties those giddy shoe strings

In a Real Hard Knot.

Happy the man who has the poet's heart,  
E'en though he lack the poet's golden tongue!  
Happy is he who having never sung  
And hopeless e'er to sing though but small part  
Of those fair visions that before him start,  
Still lives within a world forever young,  
Still walks high fancies, noble thoughts among,  
And feels the inference which the planets dart.

"Do thy duty, that is best;  
Leave unto thy Lord the rest!  
Whatever thing thou doest,  
To the least of mine and lowest,  
That thou doest unto me!"  
—Longfellow's "Vision Beautiful."

### THE G. A. R.

Detroit has been full of conventions and assemblies all summer. We have had Presbyterians and Knights, Wheelmen and labor organizations, but all were dwarfed by the National Encampment and twenty-fifth anniversary of the organization of the Grand Army of the Republic, which was "the cap sheaf," "the little round button on top," which outranked and overtopped them all. Well, it was a big time. Even "the oldest inhabitant," who can always remember something in the past that was bigger and better than the present, had to give it up and admit it was "the biggest crowd he ever saw."

Like a pretty girl expecting her

beau, the city put on its gala attire. Everybody got his lawn mowed and his hair cut. Uncle Sam put a coat of yellow paint on the dingy board fence which surrounds the place where with dignity and deliberation befitting the size of the undertaking the old gentleman is building a postoffice. The Soldiers' Monument got a scrubbing, the old postoffice had a bran new flag, and the fence round the City Hall was hustled away between two days, just as rail fences disappeared on Southern plantations when "Sherman's Bummers" marched through Georgia. Beautiful and imposing triumphal arches were erected upon the principal streets through which the parade passed. One, at the intersection of Woodward and Jefferson Avenues, was a copy in miniature of the famous Eiffel tower, and was covered with symbolic war pictures. That on Woodward Avenue near the Grand Circus was crowned with cannon and stacks of arms; another on West Fort St., the "Arch of Peace," was painted to represent marble and covered with palms and tropical plants from Florida. Among its columns during the parade were stationed forty-four young ladies, one for each star in our ensign, who showered flowers upon the grizzled veterans marching through. And how the buildings all over the city blazed with bunting and blossomed with flags, big, little and between! The principal streets were vistas of red, white and blue; and everywhere were patriotic emblems, corps badges and "Welcomes." Many of the private residences were beautifully decorated, notably Gen. Alger's, which struck me as being one of the most artistically managed, the interlaced festoons of bunting being looped with evergreen-encircled stars, the white star of Peace above them all. On some fine houses a magnificent United States flag formed the only ornament, and indeed there could be none more inspiring and significant; it was for that starry emblem the soldiers fought, and under its stars they conquered. Other dwellings, with best intentions in the world, looked simply funny, as if they had donned patriotic petticoats for the occasion; and some fine lambrequin effects were noticed. I witnessed the process of decorating one house, an old

tumbledown place which a thrifty farmer would hardly consider fit for his pedigreed pigs. Two ragged children, mounted on an old barrel set upon the doorstep, were nailing a couple of two-cent flags over the door, while an admiring audience of equally ragged and dirty youngsters criticized and admired, and the grandmother, with arms akimbo and pipe alight, leaned on the rickety fence and cautioned "Tim, me bye, ye'll take a tumble to yerself." The bicyclers caught the craze, and one man had so arrayed his wheel that as he spun along I could think of nothing but the harlequin in the show turning a continuous somersault down the Avenue. Even the street cars had valances of tri-color and the horses wore flags behind their ears. Hundreds of thousands of yards of bunting and hundreds of thousands of flags went to deck the city for the guests, and everybody said "Never saw anything like it!"—and nobody ever did—not here.

Nor did those who had charge of the arrangement and beautifying of the Grand Circus and Belle Isle Parks in early spring forget the "Silver Encampment" was to be here in August, and wrought out beautiful military and naval emblems in flowers and foliage. The Alternanthera in its varied hues and dwarf habit lends itself right kindly to such purposes, and millions of plants were used in the designs. A triangular pyramid in Grand Circus has on one side a portrait of the Father of Our Country done in what children call "old hen and chickens," with stones painted blue for eyes, and though you may not believe it the likeness wasn't bad—considering. The designs of the other sides are the monogram of the G. A. R. and a stand of arms. The Maltese cross of the Nineteenth army corps, the clover leaf of the Second, the Greek cross of the Sixteenth, the crescent of the Eleventh, the six-pointed star of the Eighth, and many other such emblems are wrought in beds throughout the park. There is an immense eagle carrying a pennant inscribed "Union Forever," and a Grand Army badge in correct colors.

On Belle Isle the narrow strip separating the foot walk from the carriage way reproduces the badges of the corps



in miniature; an immense G. A. R. badge is conspicuously wrought on the gentle slope which backs the artificial lake, and an unrolled ribbon repeats the word "Welcome." There was an arch of living green erected in front of the Casino, and Sheridan's cavalry corps' badge, and many other designs equally significant.

I went down to Camp Sherman Saturday afternoon to see how the veterans were to be lodged. Camp Sherman, you know, is on the Exposition grounds. The main building, both stories, has been transformed the attendant's zeal by the magic of a shining quarter-dollar. There's very little a son of Senegambia won't do for such a quickener. I heard recently of a very comical circumstance which happened at one of our city hotels. A bridal party consisting of groom, bride, bridesmaid and groomsman, from "Wayback"—though that was not the town they registered—entered the dining room. An obsequious waiter pulled out chairs, and the young women seated themselves as gingerly as if they expected connections might fail and they take a seat on the floor. The groom, who was doing the man-who-has-traveled-before act for the party, studied the bill of fare for a moment, then said to the waiter: "Bring me some beefsteak and some fish, and *vegetorials* to further orders." The passivity—and risibility—of the waiter was stirred: he murmured "Beg pardon!" and the formula was repeated. The bride shyly said she would "take the same," and as Senegambia paused at the left shoulder of the groomsman, the latter "rose to the occasion" and putting his thumbs in his vest pockets and inflating his chest, said: "Duplicate the order!" The paralyzed "biscuit slinger" withdrew; there was no beefsteak on the bill of fare, but he brought them a good dinner, with no reference to their "vegetorials to further orders," and the happy groom was overheard confiding to his "best man" that it was a "bang-up good spread, — if it wasn't."

Now, if you want a good meal at hotel or restaurant, walk into the dining-room, not as if you owned it, but as if you knew what you were there for; sit down in perfect confidence that the man behind you will place your chair exactly under you at the proper moment. Don't feel as if everybody was observing you; you are only one of the scores of atoms of humanity who enter that room on the same errand bent, three times daily; you won't lose court favor if you don't unfold your napkin with quite the proper flourish. Look over the bill of fare deliberately before the waiter comes for your order, select your favorite soup, and by the time he is ready to remove your plate be prepared to order a couple of kinds of meat, and what vegetables you prefer. Often all the vegetables prepared are

brought with the meats, whether ordered or not, but it is better to choose those you prefer, rather than have so many dishes about your plate. Give your order in a low but distinct tone; and order coffee or tea if you prefer either with your dinner instead of with dessert. If the waiter is careless and does not bring what you ordered, have him correct his error, but usually they are so well trained that no mistakes are made. There is a good deal in acting as if you were "used to that sort of thing," too. If the waiter sees you are "green" he may take advantage of that verdancy; whereas an old traveler who knows what he wants and when he gets it, gets good service. But then, avoid the other extreme of being arrogant and dictatorial; even a table waiter resents being commanded as if he were a dog.

Where meals are served on the European plan, that is, where you order what you prefer from a list with prices of each dish attached, a little caution is necessary or the check will amount to a sum total which will astonish you. If two are dining together, one should order the meats and the other the vegetables, and enough will be served on the single order for two or even three. It is no sign of "stinginess" to thus divide up; it is customary, and done by everybody accustomed to order such meals.

Formerly, when one had finished a meal he piled the side dishes upon his plate as a signal to the waiter that he was ready for dessert. That custom no longer obtains. The diner leans back in his chair and surveys the ruin he has wrought, and lets the waiter do the clearing up.

A little friend who went down the river on an excursion the other day, in relating her experiences said: "We had a splendid dinner, but oh dear! I didn't half enjoy it. There were only half a dozen people in the dining-room when we went down, and I sat facing a row of waiters. I felt as if they were watching every move I made and it made me so awkward!" The waiters were forgivable, for she is a very pretty girl and I don't wonder they liked to look at her, but had she been at all accustomed to dining in public places she would not have minded them, more than she would a row of posts. Why need one notice the demeanor of those whose business it is to serve her, or care what they think when she knows they will never see her again?

A friend was telling me the other day how the courses are served at "banquets." The service is conducted with military precision and regularity. Every one of the waiters has his appointed place and knows exactly what he has to do. At a signal from the head waiter, they advance or fall back. When their commander-in-chief gives the word, they charge upon the tables

to remove the plates. If you have dallied with your knife and fork and have several luscious mouthfuls you had counted on, it is too late, your plate goes just the same. It is whisked a way before your longing eyes, and another plate introduces a fresh course. It was of this clockwork service that "Colonel Newcome" complained when he dined with his brother, Sir Brian, saying he had scarcely enough to eat, and that the roast beef of Old England was put on the table and whisked away "like Sancho's inauguration feast at Barataria."

It is very encouraging to the cooks to know that most of men, after a long experience in dining at hotels and restaurants where every delicacy in and out of season is served after manipulation by French chefs, will come back to the plain and simple home fare, and profess "there's nothing like it, after all!"

BEATRIX.

#### THE BICYCLE GIRLS.

The Wheelmen's meeting held in this city recently brought large numbers of "cyclers" into town, and a dozen or fifteen men on their "machines" spinning noiselessly down an avenue in impromptu trials of speed, and intermittently sounding those atrocious whistles as a warning to pedestrians, was an almost hourly sight. There is a fascination in seeing the "wheels go round," and I often think of the rustic who, asked if he had seen a man pass on a bicycle said, "Naw, I hain't; but I seen a wagon wheel runnin' away with a man a little piece back." It seems the poetry of motion, so swift, so easy, so graceful, especially the real bicycles; the "safetys" are more cumbersome and awkward looking.

There were about three hundred ladies in attendance at the meeting, and the bicycle girls were so numerous that they ceased to excite the usual attention. Bishop Coxe's denunciation of bicycle riding for women does not seem to have frightened the girls from their sport; perhaps with the inherent willfulness of the sex the priestly anathema but increased their eagerness and zest. The bishop's objections were based principally on his ecclesiastical sensations at seeing a couple of young men teaching a girl to ride. They might have been her brothers, but the sight shocked his ideas of propriety—which was of course very dreadful. The case is as melancholy as that of "Miss Mary Priscilla Mehetabel Jones," who

"Felt a chill of cold modesty, clear to her bones,  
For a young man was near when she happened  
to see  
A garter snake coiled 'round the limb of a  
tree."

The bishop doesn't know I suppose that no girl is willing to appear awkward or ridiculous before young men, and would by preference elect as instructor a near relative. And had she none competent—well, it seems a



case where the old saying, "*Honi soit qui mal y pense*" applies.

Some of the girls looked very sweet and pretty in their bicycle suits, which were almost invariably of blue serge or flannel, made with full straight skirts, and belted blouse waists which sometimes opened over linen chemisettes, and were topped by sailor hats or bicycle caps. The uniform—for it was so generally worn that it seemed such—was neat and inconspicuous, well suited to the sport, and a girl in her cycling suit would not attract attention on the street. The skirt must be just right for fulness, to give a good appearance; if too scant, it looks "horrid" and I saw two or three which must be thus designated; while if too full it is cumbersome and in the way. The sleeves too must not be baggy; if so they fill with wind and look like miniature balloons. A young woman of medium stature and avoirdupois looks best on a machine; a fat girl is very funny, a thin one might be blown off.

The girls joined the evening parade which went up Jefferson Avenue across Belle Isle bridge, and into our pretty island park, and as each cyclist carried a couple of Chinese lanterns—some of them a half dozen—the sight was a very pretty one as they came twinkling through the darkness like a flight of fireflies set to music. One gentleman had a little seat arranged in front for his little child, eighteen or twenty months old, I should judge. I often see him out of an evening, the baby complacent and content, looking curiously at the people upon the piazzas along the route, enjoying the evening air. Sometimes it is a family party and the mother is out on her safety. The baby enjoys it so much that the tears fall when the ride is over and bedtime comes.

A special pattern is manufactured for ladies' use, in which the axis connecting the wheels is lower and the saddle larger than for men. There is also a wire gauze guard to put over the rear wheel in muddy weather to shield the clothing. Some riders can mount and dismount very gracefully; others are not so expert. Part no doubt is due to practice; while the natural bent of the individual to do things gracefully or otherwise has of course more to do with it than anything else.

For my own part, I can see nothing at all immodest, improper, unwomanly or at all out of the way in a girl's riding a bicycle. It seems a delightful pastime, safe—after one has once mastered the secret of locomotion, convenient, and pleasant exercise, much better adapted to women than horseback riding, which is often too severe for delicate constitutions. The "machine" costs about as much as a fairly good horse, but has the advantage of not eating anything, not even "post oats;" is always harnessed; always

sharp-shod; and though it cannot cultivate corn it can go for the doctor a good deal faster than Dobbin. Bicycles should be a boon to the girls in the country, who could thus have many pleasures which they now miss through dependence on the men to take them—and I vote with the bicycle girls and against the bishop. BEATRIX.

#### 'TO PUT-IN-BAY AND RETURN'— ANOTHER OCCASION.

Beatrix has been to Put-in-Bay and had a charming time. I too, have been to that sweet island many times with a similar experience, but I recall one trip there that to most of the large company was quite the reverse.

The morning was gusty, dull, with an occasional dash of rain, but we had friends who could not wait over and the steamer was staunch—we could risk it and we did. Soon after leaving the dock the wind freshened and ominous thoughts filled the minds of many, as shown in the remarks heard. "Were you ever sick on the water?" "Is it likely to be rough?" "Oh! dear, I wish I had stayed at home. I'm always seasick if there's a ripple."

This vivid imagining and graphic description prepared many to be more than ready, but when we came in sight of the lake tossing its waves, white-capped and angry, apprehension became certainty, and when the sailors began to distribute the necessary but not ornamental utensils, faces began to pale and there was a brisk demand for staterooms. Yet there were many who prepared to brave the happenings. Out upon the lake and the brave ship began her bowing and curvetting to the high rolling waves. Rising on the crest of a wave, plunging down to the depths, rolling from side to side, with an occasional squat that gave the impression she was going down below, made all on board take heed to their ways. A party of perhaps twenty had gathered on the bow, determined to keep all right by staying in the fresh air a little while, when with a sudden dip the waves made a clean break across the bow, sending spray half way across the cabin through the open door. The drenched party were hurried in and below to dry their soaked raiment, and as they passed through the cabin, some singing, some laughing, some crying and others swearing, human nature was on exhibition.

I had a friend to whom I proffered the "lemon cure." "No, she was not going to need it." I watched her face paling, and quietly prepared the remedy. Soon she said, "I will try the lemon; please push that dish this way." The latter was most necessary, and Neptune had his tribute. A smile shone on the white face as she looked up. "It comes clear from my toes, dear;" yet she declined my offer to step on her

toes and pinch her fingers to help her. The moaning, groaning, limp particles of humanity, men, women and children, made a sorry picture. Yet among all this a goodly number moved about, serene and helpful, without a qualm. Happy, envied souls!

Once in the bay the sick revived like magic, and in many cases ravenous appetites showed what a void was there. One gentleman, who with his wife and several children had suffered fearfully, went on shore in a savage frame of mind. "It has been nothing all summer but Put-in-Bay, Put-in-Bay. I hope she's got enough of it. If any one says Put-in-Bay to me again, I'll kill them." His white face, ebon hair and moustache, and a way he had of showing white sharp teeth as he talked, made this threat very emphatic and blood curdling.

A lady came up to me: "You were not sick?" "I am glad to say I was not." "I saw you laughing at me;" and as I penitently tried to fashion a disclaimer, she went on: "It was ludicrous; I did not blame you, I should have laughed too, but was too busy."

Time sped along and there was no way of getting back by land, so with misgivings, sighs and moans, the "all aboard" was obeyed, and we were soon en route for home. The return was a fair repetition of the outward trip, but although "deep called unto deep" with prompt responses, the placid river was reached at last and peace once more reigned.

Friends who had been too busy to notice each other began to compare notes; pale faces gained color, whiners took on cheerful tones, the little ones who had looked like marble images began to chatter and dance about, and a buoyant sense of relief from suffering restored the spirits of the crowd in general; and by the time we reached the dock an ordinary observer would have seen little to suggest the direful state of an hour previous.

It is a delightful trip when Erie sleeps in calm, but when in anger she rages—ugh!!

A. L. L.

FAIRHOLM.

#### TABLE D'HOTE DINNERS.

I always feel sympathy for inexperienced people at a hotel or restaurant who attempt to order a meal from a printed bill of fare, or to discriminate between boiled and roast when an unintelligible waiter murmurs over the left shoulder: "Roastbeefboiledhamlegomuttonribsobeefvealpotpie." I know perfectly well they will order the very things they do not want, make a miserable dinner, and go away swearing at the bill and vowing the family lunch basket or cheese and crackers at a grocery shall furnish forth a meal the next time they visit the city. At the same time, the person who is accustomed to "struggle with a bill of fare,"



as some one has put it, will order a luxurious repast and rise to chew a toothpick in the amiable satisfaction a good dinner always brings. Of course the ability to dine satisfactorily at a public table comes in large part by experience, but any self-possessed individual, it seems to me, who can dispossess himself of the idea that the eyes of his fellow countrymen are upon him, ought to know what he wants to eat and find voice enough to tell the waiter.

A good many funny stories have been told of the struggles of the inexperienced at this trying time. The man who looked good-naturedly at the waiter and said, "Take away your programme and bring me a good dinner," grasped both horns of the dilemma, especially when he stimulated into one vast dormitory where ten thousand men can bivouac. Framework has been built in aisles the whole length of the building, and white canvas stretched continuously over it, in double rows, one above another, so that each frame or cot will hold eight persons. These are numbered and divided into sections, and tickets entitle each man to his own particular "bunk." Each provides his own blanket. The building was cool and clean and wholesome, and redolent of the pleasant fragrance of pine. A washroom adjacent held a long zinc-lined trough through which the water flowed continuously, a rack for soap was in easy reach, and the committee provided four thousand towels for the camps and arranged to have them laundered twice a day. But what are four thousand among so many? Happy the man who brought his own, unless he could return to the simplicity of army days when the breezes of heaven were his most frequent towel. The ladies of the Relief Corps, 2,000 of them, were to be accommodated in the Art Gallery and under the new grand stand, where similar cots and washrooms were provided. I stretched myself on one of the cots "to see how it would sleep," and found it very comfortable. But there was not a mirror in the whole building, and I know the R. C. "girls" will feel this a serious omission. Camp Sherman, with room for 12,000 and where 11,750 were actually sheltered, was but one—though the largest—of the many camps provided for expected delegations.

And the crowds came from near and far; from Maine's snow-clad hills and Massachusetts' rock-bound coast, from Washington's island-guarded shore and California's golden slopes. All day Sunday and Monday we heard the roll of drums and the blare of trumpets; and drowsy heads turned sleepily upon their pillows at three o'clock Monday morning as a delegation marched in to the ear-piercing music of fife and snare drum and saluted the guarded tents of Stanton's Post with a fraternal but ill-

timed yell. One of St. Louis' Posts, three or four hundred strong, marched down our avenue Sunday morning to stirring battle hymns. Three color bearers followed the band, one carried a magnificent United States flag, heavy with gold fringe, another the ensign of the Post, a third a tattered, stained banner—a volume without words. Then, in platoons, came the veterans in their blue uniforms and army hats, a fine looking body of men in the mellow prime of life, erect, soldierly in bearing, and among them a fair sprinkling of those grizzled and gray with years.

And by Monday night "we had met the visitors and we were theirs." Every other man you met, and half the others, wore the blue suit of the G. A. R. And every man wore his army badge right proudly; it was the Cross of the Legion of Honor for him, and the light in his eyes, faded and dimmed perhaps in the years since he fought in the Wilderness and at Gettysburg—seemed to say that all this stir and bustle, this crowd, these banners, this cordial welcome, are for "Us Boys," and to be proud of his share in it.

BEATRIX.

#### PEACHES.

If any one is fortunate enough to have a supply of this delicious fruit, she has at hand the foundation for some most delicious desserts and dainty tidbits. Only the delightful flavor of the strawberry can compare with the merits of a good ripe peach, when supplemented by a plentiful allowance of rich yellow cream. Hasn't "sweet as a peach" passed into a proverb?

But the average man has not been educated to consider he has "been to dinner" until he has eaten pie or pudding, so we have peach pies and puddings, peach fritters and peach dumplings over which we smack our lips with gusto.

Most anybody can make a peach pie, juicy, with a tender, melting, well baked crust powdered with sugar crystals. Such a pie is to be seasoned with discretion, put together with judgment, and eaten with a grateful heart.

For a nice peach pudding, grate dry bread, after you have trimmed off the crust, and to a pint add a quart of hot milk, two tablespoonfuls of butter, four of sugar, half a teaspoonful of salt, and the same quantity of mixed ground spices. When cool, whisk into it four well beaten eggs. Peel and slice a dozen peaches, add them, put into a deep pudding-mould and steam three hours. Eat with a cream sauce.

Peach cobbler is a dish liked by many. Make a dough of one pint of sour cream, a piece of butter or lard size of a hen's egg; a teaspoonful soda, pinch of salt and flour to make a stiff dough. Roll out thin and line a deep dish. Pare and quarter the peaches,

put in a layer, sprinkle with sugar, cut some dough in bits and scatter through; another layer of peaches and sugar, cover with the upper crust; cut a hole in the center and pour in a pint or a little more of water and a lump of butter the size of a hen's egg. Bake, and serve with cream.

Make your peach dumplings just as you do apple dumplings; and you will find both are better baked than boiled.

Fill a deep dish with quartered peaches. Make a batter as for soda biscuit, only thin enough to spread with a spoon. Spread this over the peaches, bake 20 minutes or half an hour; when done loosen the crust from the edges of the dish and invert on a plate. Sprinkle liberally with sugar and just shake the nutmeg grater over it long enough to give the slightest flavor in the world. Eat with cream.

Wash thoroughly a pint of rice, add a quart of rich milk, a quarter of a pound of sugar and a saltspoonful of salt; simmer gently three-quarters of an hour. When done beat it with a wooden spoon. Wet an oval mould with water, press the rice into it and keep on ice until wanted. Cut a dozen peaches in halves, remove the stones and boil in a syrup made of a pound of sugar, a pint of water and the juice of two lemons. Turn the rice on a glass dish, arrange the fruit around it, pour the syrup over all; when cold serve.

Try some of these; you will find them good.

YOU can make baking powder griddle-cakes without eggs, if you will take the time and exertion necessary to beat the batter fifteen minutes, vigorously.

THE *New England Homestead* says the woman who uses eight eggs in a loaf of cake is the woman who makes marriage a failure.

#### Contributed Recipes.

**SWEET PICKLED PEACHES.**—Seven pounds fruit; four pounds of sugar; one quart good cider vinegar; one ounce of whole cloves; two ounces of stick cinnamon. Pare the peaches, which should be ripe, but not over-ripe, or rub the down off them. Stick a clove in each. Boil the sugar and vinegar and skim; put in the fruit and boil ten or fifteen minutes or till tender but not boiled to pieces. Take the fruit out into jars, boil the syrup down one-half and pour over them. This recipe is equally good for pears and plums. A richer pickle is made by paring and halving the peaches, using an extra pound of sugar and boiling the syrup till it is a little thicker. These are usually called spiced peaches.

**PEACH PRESERVES.**—Select the finest and nicest fruit. Pare by slipping the skin off if possible. Make a syrup, allowing a pound of sugar to a pound of fruit, and in this cook the peaches till tender, then put them carefully into jars; boil the syrup till it is thick and rich and turn over the fruit.