

to put it first, because disobedience is at the root of all evil, and if you can't enforce obedience without whipping—why, whip them, but do, do make them obey you. I think, though, if a child is taken in time, and taught that your word is law, there will be no need for whipping. It can't be done in a day, or a month, but by the time your child is three years old, the habit of obedience should be pretty firmly fixed. If they disobey after that, they usually have some reason, and it is well to inquire into it.

You may begin just as soon as the child begins to notice and want things. Each time you give in to a child because it cries, you are training yourself to submit to its will, and training the child to look for it. Try and put decision in your face and voice, and the whip will not be needed. Sometimes the mother is equal to the will of her child; in other cases it is mother plus a whip.

The punishment I have found most effective is to put them off by themselves until they think they can act properly. They invariably come back in a changed mood.

I would like to touch on the second question, but think my letter too long already.

I would like to know how to can pineapples by themselves. I have been putting them with rhubarb.

Grey Co. MARGARET.
But, my dear, you have forgotten that the floors are seldom left uncovered. A large rug, usually 9 feet by 12 feet, is almost invariably used, and such rugs are made so thick that they do not kick up. The reason they are better than carpet is that they can be raised and swept under every little while, so preventing the accumulation of dust that invariably collects under tacked-down carpet. Also, there is no stretching and tacking and taking out the tacks again; house-cleaning loses half of its terrors, when rugs are used.

Of course, each housekeeper must go according to her taste in the matter, and some will always use the old-fashioned carpet. But I think the time will come before long when the farm women will follow the city women in this matter. The floors need not be hardwood. Ordinary floors, treated with "floor-finish," are more frequently seen. Oil on floors is an abomination. I should never use it.

Can anyone answer the question about pineapple? My books fail to give the information. I canned some in the spring that was very good, simply as I would can any other fruit. But I just did it "out of my head," and maybe someone else's head has evolved a better way.

One More Essay.

I hadn't intended printing any more of the essays on Bacteria before next spring, when the subject will be new again, but when piling the dozens of them away in a drawer to-day, I found a little observation jotted on the envelope containing this one, which induced me to read it over again. Now, not to arouse your curiosity too much, I may tell you what the little note was. Just this: "A delightful letter, but a few mistakes." Now, don't you want to read the essay? It is really so bright and jolly that I feel like passing it on.

The mistakes referred to are really not many. Bacteria are now, I believe, universally conceded to be plant-forms; they are not all the shape of a bean, although some of them are; there are countless myriads of varieties of them; and, although they are in ripening cream it is really the concussion produced by churning that "brings" the butter. Some commercial-butter establishments now churn the butter from cream that is perfectly sweet—not ripened at all. Of course, they have the proper machinery. Bacteria simply give the butter its flavor. . . . Now you know what the mistakes were, so I am going to cut the most of them out of the essay. We do not wish to print mistakes if we can help it.

By the way, one writer wonders if the notes seen in a "crack" of light are bacteria. No, they are not; they are simply dust particles. Bacteria cannot be seen at all without a microscope.

Dear Dame Burden, Quite a lot of the school teacher clings to you yet, I think.

Having drilled this most-important subject into us until there seems no excuse for our not knowing all about it, you turn and ask us to explain what you have been telling us. And I think it is a bright idea, as you said, for this reason. When we have studied out your questions, and sent our ideas on the subject to "The Farmer's Advocate," how "shoddy" we will feel if we do not practice what we preach. "Shoddy" is a new word in my vocabulary, and I find it such a convenient one, as convenient as "narrow" has always been to express my contempt of those dogmatic people who can see no further than their own line fence.

Bacteria are the very lowest (I mean simplest) of plant or animal life, it is hard to determine which, but I incline to animal, as I always think of them as little bugs. They are about one-fifty-thousandth of an inch in length, so don't imagine that since you can't see them, they are not there. You would need a strong microscope for that. But remember, they are just as harmful as if they were visible, more so indeed, for no one would wash dishes with a cloth covered with bugs, but too often they are washed with one covered with bacteria.

There are both useful bacteria and harmful ones. Too many of these (natural) bacteria in other words, over-ripe cream) give the butter a bad flavor. They are also found in the roots of clover, and help sustain the plant. Fermentation is impossible without bacteria, digestion is impossible without fermentation, therefore, bacteria are necessary to life.

It is by dividing in two that bacteria usually multiply. Here is a story that will show you how quickly. A blacksmith was shoeing a horse. He told the owner that he would charge two cents for the first nail and double the amount for every succeeding nail, till he had paid for the thirty-two. Just work this out, and you will realize how quickly bacteria will multiply, under favorable conditions.

Favorable conditions are dampness, dirtiness, mustiness, and carbon dioxide-laden air, away from the fresh, pure air, and cleansing winds and sunshine.

And now, what will we do about these bacteria? Not be afraid of them, and shrink from the thought of them and allow them to conquer us. We can face them boldly, for they cannot stand cleanliness, pure air, sunshine and boiling water. When I think of bacteria, I invariably think of a frayed, musty-smelling and damp old dishcloth, left dumped in a bunch in the dishpan when not in use. It will be burnt when it gets too bad, and replaced by another. Now, I think a dishcloth so important to health that it should be treated with respect. For material, nothing I know of equals coarse crash towelling. It washes so easily. A few rubs in soapy water, and the dirt will rinse right out. Have some dishcloths made of this, nicely hemmed, leaving no frayed edges for bacteria to lodge in. After using, rinse in hot water, using Gillet's lye soap, and hang on the clothes line (which should be near kitchen door), till needed again. It will have that sweet, clean smell from being in the fresh air and sunshine, as delightful in its way as the smell of hepaticas in spring.

But a hygienic dishcloth is useless if the water is laden with bacteria. There is nothing so important as having the water good, for if the water we wash our dishes, clean our butter and our milk dishes with, has typhoid germs in it, not to speak of drinking it daily, how can we hope to escape taking them into the system? It is a good thing to save steps, I suppose, but I think it would be better to walk a mile for water and have it pure, even if we died from too much exercise, than to die of typhoid fever. Too many wells are situated where they will drain in all the filth from the barn yard and the chip-heap, especially in the spring floods, when, by having it a little farther off, it might be out of reach of these. A dug well should have a tight, cement top on it, not old, broken boards, where dust and bits of rotten wood, etc., can fall in. If you are not sure of the water, take the precaution to boil it, always.

We hear a lot nowadays of the danger of contagion by milk, as nothing takes up bacteria and odors quite as quickly, but I will leave that for question 7.

The pantry and kitchen floors must be painted, so that they may be wiped up with a cloth wrung out of hot water, instead of sweeping, which sends a cloud of dust into everything. The dishes should be in a closed cupboard. Dish-towels should be of coarse crash, like the dishcloths. They do not become wet in a few minutes, as the tea towelling does, and I know of nothing so impossible to wash clean as the latter.

Helponabit told us long ago that the use of white corpuscles was to "gobble up the disease germs." I knew the use of them, I suppose, but I never realized it till then, being rather stupid sometimes. Dame Burden told us that the white corpuscles increase very materially after a nourishing meal, and that this explained two things: (1) Why nourishing food was so important in fighting tuberculosis. (2) Why we should never enter a sick-room when the stomach is empty.

When there is a contagious disease in the house (almost all contagious diseases are caused either by bacteria entering the system by being breathed in, or taken through the food, especially water), those waiting on the patient should remember this precaution, should breathe all the fresh air possible, and wear an all-over apron while in the sick-room, that can be removed at other times. The dishes, etc., should be washed by themselves, and well sterilized. All clothes from the sick-room should be always washed by the same person with an antiseptic soap. Cleanliness, fresh air, and nourishing, easily-digested food, are the best methods of preventing the thriving of bacteria.

Now, to can fruit, sterilize all jars and covers by putting in a boiler of cold water, heating gradually to a boil. Boil for ten minutes. Take off boiler and leave jars in the hot water till wanted. Use granulated sugar and the best fruit. Pack the fruit nicely in the jars, set in a large granite pan of hot water in the oven to cook. Have the syrup rich enough to suit your taste. When the fruit is cooked, take the jars out, one at a time, and pour on the hot syrup. Screw the tops on tightly. Turn them upside down on the table. When cool, wash off the jars and put away in a cool, dark place. We read this method in "The Farmer's Advocate" last year and it proved excellent. [There are several other methods also, all good.—D. D.] PENELOPE.

Ice Creams.

French Ice Cream.—Beat yolks of three eggs light, add a pinch salt, 1 cup sugar and 2 cups milk. Cook in a double boiler until it coats the spoon, but do not let boil. Cool, flavor with vanilla, add 1 pint cream, and freeze. To make a chocolate ice cream add to the custard before it cools 2 ozs. grated unsweetened chocolate, melted in a pan set in hot water.

Strawberry Mousse.—Add to one pint of thick cream whipped, 2 cups crushed berries and 2 cups sugar. Pack in mould and freeze.

Peach Ice Cream.—May be made with any kind of fruit; when seedy fruits are used, use strained juice only, and add with the cream—1 quart of fresh or canned peaches. Add juice to the cream before it is frozen, and stir in the mashed fruit when it is nearly solid. One quart of milk and one pint of cream, with sugar to taste, forms the foundation.

Vanilla Ice Cream.—To 1 pint rich cream and 1 pint of milk allow a scanty cup of sugar, the white of 1 egg, and 1 tablespoon vanilla extract. Boil the cream and milk, let cool, flavor, pour into freezer, add the well-beaten white of the egg, and freeze.

Raspberry Recipes.

Raspberry Sherbet.—Measure 14 pints raspberry juice, 1 scanty pint sugar, 14 pints water, and the juice of two lemons. Boil the sugar and water together for 20 minutes, then add the lemon and raspberry juice, strain, and freeze. One cup currant juice may be used instead of the lemon juice.

Raspberry Sherb.—4 quarts berries to 1 quart good cider vinegar. Let stand four days, then strain. To each pint of juice add 1 pound granulated sugar, boil 20 minutes, bottle and keep in a cool place. To serve, put a little in a glass, and add cold water.

Raspberry and Currant Tart.—Put alternate layers of raspberries and red currants in a deep pie dish, add sugar to taste, and a little water. Put a thin layer of pie crust around the edge of the dish, then put on top crust. Brush over with water, sprinkle with sugar, and bake in a moderate oven.

Cream Raspberry Tart.—Line a shallow pudding dish with pie crust. Fill with berries and sugar to taste. Put a rather thick top of pastry over, but do not press down the edge. Bake in a moderate oven. Meanwhile make a custard as follows: Put a cup of rich milk over the fire in a double boiler, and when it comes to boiling point stir in half teaspoon cornstarch moistened in a little milk, and 1 tablespoon sugar. Add last of all the beaten whites of 2 eggs. Let cool, then, when the tart is baked, raise the top and pour the custard in. Replace top, and serve cold.

The Roundabout Club

Our Literary Society.

Rabbi Ben Ezra.

STUDY V. (Concluded)

Answers to Question 6. Concluding Essays.

I. Rabbi Ben Ezra is written in stanzas of six lines, of which the first and second, fourth and fifth are rhyming couplets, whose iambic trimeter with an occasional trochee give a sprightly movement, held slightly in check, to suit the earnestness of meaning, by the extension of the two other lines, which rhyme together—the third to pentameter and the sixth to hexameter. Remembering Browning's tumultuous style, it is not surprising to find a line or two with an extra syllable, as in

"This rage was right if the main."

The poet had a message to deliver, and was impatient of petty niceties of metre, his language is direct and forcible; difficult to understand only because Browning admitted of no polishing either to elucidate or beautify. "Natural," that overworked word of literary criticism, fits Browning aptly. His poetry's beauty is that of rough-hewn rock, but rock of rare strength, building value, and color.

The spirit of the poem breathes animated gladness in life and work; wholesome contentedness in all estates; cheerful, implicit trust in God; broad views of life, keen insight and sound judgment. "Rabbi Ben Ezra" is a hand, strong, firm and helpful, outstretched to fellow climbers on the steep; a voice, "All's well," joyous in the darkness.

Reclining at noonday on a housetop in Jerusalem, and shaded by a palm, are two men in Jewish attire. The elder, by his dress a doctor of the law, young for all his sixty years, is worthy of a second glance—hair, eyes and complexion of a Jew, but the face is thoughtful, not cunning, frank and kindly as the sunlight. Now he looks lovingly at the clouded brow of his pupil, who, being today twenty-one, is his guest. The younger man has turned his boyish face, with something of his master's sweetness, to say wistfully:

"How swiftly life passes! A true saying, I know, but is it not natural to shrink from age?"

"My son," cries Rabbi Ben Ezra, son (descendant) of the undaunted priest of the rebuilding of the temple, "Grow old along with me! Wouldst thou leave half finished the life God planned as a complete whole? Not that youth's years are full of indecisions and perplexities, for their enthusiastic thirst for knowledge is to be prized as heavy-witted self-satisfaction is despicable.

"Be glad for self-sacrificing work that follows in divine footprints; glad for adversity that keeps the mind awake, the faculties on the alert! Fight, counting not the cost; this is real success.

"The body, so impatient of control, is still to be honored, and as a helpmeet to the soul, so trained to work in harmony that life shall be ideal. Such a life proves a man's divine nature.

"Then assured of God's glorious plan for thee, thou mayest arm thyself for life's further work, and when matured