

QUITE A STIR IN THE APPLE BUTTER LINE.

As a Social Function an Apple Butter Stir Outranks Picking Geese or Washing Sheep.

FRIDAY, October 9.

"The apple butter season has opened with quite a stir," remarked the Green Goods Man, as he gave an imitation of an old lady out in Washington county washing a long-handled stirrer after having made 21 gallons of apple butter in an 18-gallon copper kettle.

"This season always opens and closes with a stir, the only change this year being that the stir will be above the average because of the large apple crop. The yield of apples is so large that it is said the Amalgamated Copper Company



expects to dodge the upper cuts of a receiver because of the increased demand for copper kettles for apple butter purposes. This company might get a jolt, since brass kettles have become fashionable in the apple butter belt.

"I always avoid apple butter made by careless housewives. They leave apple seeds in the butter which look like flies, but which don't have the flavor of flies. When anything looks like something I always like it to taste like the latter. It's quiet unsatisfactory to eat apple seeds believing they are flies.

"An apple butter 'stirrin' is one of the fall events of importance that comes close on the heels of the county fair period. It's in the class with corn 'huskins' or wood 'choppins' or 'quiltin' bees,' but beats 'em all. There is almost as much fun at an apple butter 'stirrin' as at a hog butchering party, but that's in a class by itself.

"The male farmer gets a poke-in early in the apple butter game. He picks out a supply of nice big fat, red apples which have escaped the worms and turns them over to the women folks. Then the women folks invite in the neighbor women folks who make a merry bunch as they pare, quarter and core the fruit and gossip about the neighbor women who ain't there, and tell about the turkeys they expect to have for sale at Thanksgiving. At night the whole neighborhood is invited to take part in the stir.

"For real fun this function, which is work mingled with pleasure, beats a Copenhagen picnic and as a social event on the farm outranks picking geese or washing sheep."