Order is Nature's First Law—Aunt Eliza Jane and the Farmer Do Not Interpret It Alike—The Difference Between Cumulative Order and Handy Order—Order-Mad Folks See Disorder in Handy Order—We Should Respect One Another's Ideas of Order.

(Written Specially for The Bulletin.)

Aunt Eliza Jane believes in Order—with a big "O," please. She spends a considerable part of her time setting the parlor and sitting room chairs back in straight rows and carefully "squaring" the rugs with the lines of the floorboards. She also finds it essential to have the window shades all drawn to exactly two and a half inches above the middle sash-rail. It wrecks her nerves if the sofa pillows fail to touch each other, and destroys her appetite if they overlap a fraction too much. She keeps her household in a constant state of suppressed terror, lest someone sometime lay down something wrong side up or wrong end to.

"Order is heaven's first law," is a quotation constantly on her tongue's end. It is a favorite of mine, too. I believe in it. She doesn't think I do, though. When she comes into my shop and sees the floor stacked with all sorts of agricultural supplies, and the workbench just heaped with tools and boxes and small stuff of a hundred varities, and the baskets hanging in all sorts of positions from all sorts of nails and knobs and hooks and pegs, she buries me in a flood of reprobation and castigation and admonition and warning. She thinks that shop of mine is a veritable chaos of disorder—I'm inclined to consider her house a rather uncomfortable temple of order-gone-mad. We both believe in the idea. I'm willing to grant her perfect honesty and sincerity of purpose, though she is not equally charitable towards me. But in the practical working out of our conceptions, we are as far apart as the comet and the sun.

For one, I don't think order is wholly dependent upon the carpenter's square and the mason's plumb. If it is, then heaven after making order its first law, proceeded forever after to disobey it. For one sees nothing in nature, outside of a few rare crystals, to exemplify rectangularity and perpendicularness. Really, do you know, I'd rather take heaven's interpretation of its own law than Aunt Eliza Jane's? We men set out our apple orchards in rows, so that the trees march like so many men on a checkerboard. But nature plants her orchards of pines and hemlocks and oaks and maples and birches and hickories in an order no mathematician could ever find a geometric rule for. She scatters her pinxters and her kalmias without regard to rows or ranks. When Aunt Eliza Jane sets out a border of narcissus or daffodils, she plants the bulbs so that the center of each one falls exactly under her garden line. When they come up she watches them ceaselessly, lest some unruly stalk get disorderly and lean an inch or two away from the perpendicular. As soon as her delphiniums get a foot or two high, she stakes them and ties them and boxes them generally till the poor things must forget, sometimes, that they are flowers and suspect themselves to be yardsticks stuck on end.

When Uncle Exra or one of the boys hurts a finger and wants a bit of court-plaster, then you see Aunt Eliza Jane's sense of orderliness perfectly exemplified. She keeps everything in boxes and baskets and drawers, and always in exactly the same order. As the alphabet is almost instinctive with all of us, she takes to an alphabetical arrangement. When the court-plaster is called for, she knows just where it is. It is in the box marked "Bandages," in the drawer marked "Medical." So she pulls out the drawer, takes up the box and opens it. Then she lifts off the small box of Arnica plasters, and the bottle of Balsam liniment, and the package of Cots—A B C you'll observe—and then of course comes to the Court-plaster. She returns to the kitchen where the patient victim is holding his thumb hopefully, and picks up her work-basket. She lays down the Aniline dyes packet, and the Button-box, and the Crochet silk, and the Doilies, and so on down to the Ribbons and the Scissors. When she gets them, she is ready to cut off a slice of the plaster and apply it—if the sore thumb hasn't got well in the meantime. Then she puts the things back in the basket, Scissors first, then Ribbons, and so on back to Aniline dyes, and also restores the Court-plaster to its place in its box, and that box to its place in the "Medical" drawer. By this time she needs to begin getting dinner—if the accident happened fairly early in the morning.

When I want an axe or a half-inch screw or a crowbar or a piece of string, I walk into my shop and grab it, the first motion. Whatever it is that I want, it's right there, on the bench or on the floor or hanging up against the wall or from the ceiling. I can go into that shop of a dark night without any light and lay my hand almost at once on the thing I want. Aunt Eliza Jane finds my shop a hopeless and untidy confusion. To me it is in apple-pie order. Which shows, among other things, that Aunt Eliza Jane and I aren't the same kind of persimmons. As to which of us has the most correct idea of orderliness, as an abstract proposition, there's room for debate. She can—and does—say a good deal for her interpretation. Perhaps I say less in advocacy of mine. But I'm just as "sot" in my adherence to my way as she is to hers. Probably the wisest conclusion of the whole matter is that her way is best for her and mine is best for me. Whether it's wisest or not, we shall both continue to adhere to our own ideas, anyway!

Whichever side of the controversy you favor, dear reader, you'll make a big mistake if you undertake to do even farming or gardening without adopting some sort of order in the keeping and care of your tools and supplies and seeds and so forth. I had a lad working for me, once, whose idea of tools was that when you had finished hoeing the corn patch, you should lean the hoe against the nearest fence and begin something else; when you had finished weeding the onions, you were to drop the weeder at the end of the last row; when you had got the swamp lot fence fixed up, you were to leave the axe lying on the ground wherever you threw it last. Some days later, when I suggested to him that he'd better hoe out the beets once more, he'd reply, plaintively, "I can't find no hoe." Whereupon, it was up to me to do some detective work. After much questioning and a deal of head-scratching on his part, we'd at last arrive at the reasonable suspicion that he must have used it last on the corn, and that, as he began by the fence on the east side of the patch, he must have finished by the apple trees on the west side. So he would wander over there and finally return in triumph with the hoe; pretty rusty, as a rule, and taking some time to scour up so it would do decent work, but the handle still fairly good—not wholly rotted away.

That kid hasn't any sense of order of any sort or description. If he ever undertakes to be a farmer for himself, he'll waste all his possible profits in buying tools to replace those he's lost or mislaid or spoiled carelessly. He'll find lots of company in that class, when he gets into it too. The number of farmers I know who keep their rakes in the orchard and their plows at the edge of the woods is too great. That there are so many of them is one explanation of the fact that so many farmers are always in debt and out of money. There are other explanations, of course. But the agriculturalist who has a place for his tools and keeps them in their place and knows where that place is, other things being equal, is apt to do more work and better work and get more returns than his hit-or-miss neighbor who lacks all sense of order.

If I were asked to define "Order," according to my understanding of it, the reply would be as hinted above—just the old phrase, "A place for everything and everything in its place." But there's room for wide variation in choosing places for things. Years ago the handiest place for my box of tenpenny and eightpenny nails was on a projecting bit of shelf under one end of my workbench. The box just fitted there and was out of the way. I soon grew used to finding it there. Later, as I came to need a greater variety of nails, I put the spikes in a box on the floor, under the same end of the bench, and the shingle-nails in another box on the floor under the other end. Now I have also box-nails and tacks and brads in a sort of cabinet made of old cigar boxes, standing on the back side of the bench, about the middle. Aunt Eliza Jane can't see any sense in such a mix-up. "Why don't you have your nails all together, where you can find them?" she wants to know. Bless her dear heart, they're where they are just so that I can find 'em. I had got used to finding my fence nails in a certain place. When I came to add spikes and tacks and fourpennies and brads, etc., why should I change the tenpennies to an entirely new place, where I wasn't used to them and where they'd be in the way of other things, just to have the nail department of my business "look" orderly?

When one's sense of order becomes a fetich, which he must worship and obey at the cost of convenience and comfort, it's neither heaven's first nor forty thousandth law. It's just a dum nuisance. And when one becomes so wedded to his own pet order that he insists upon compelling others to imitate him, then he becomes a dum nuisance! If you have your own place for your own things and keep them there, is doesn't lie in my mouth to blame you for what may seem disorder to my eyes—always provided you'll kindly let me have my own things in my own place. When I borrow Aunt Eliza Jane's scissors, I am careful to put them back under the other things, just as I found them. They're her scissors and in her basket, and in the place she wants them. When I put them back there she knows where to find them. Her sense of order may not be mine, as mine is not hers. But we've each an indefeasible right to our own opinions—and no right to annoy each other by selfish disregard.

THE FARMER.

AS JOB JOLT SEES IT

The farmer who insures his own property goes round with a subscription paper after the lightning has struck.

Some of the city lawns look as if Peter Tumbledown had full charge of them and they couldn't look worse.

Sariah says the farmer who jaws because his dinner fails to be ready once in a month, shows poor appreciation of the 29 times he had it on time.

Cy Cymbal says times would be better if there weren't so derned many people ciphering up produce instead of growing it.

The well-harrowed lot is all right; but the persistently harrowed family produces nothing but discords.

Where the odor of vegetables comes strong from the cellar door fevers are likely to rage if they do not have a care. One clean-up is cheaper than ten doctor's visits.

The pup that chews up the doormat is not as profitable as a lamb frisking on the green hills.

A honeysuckle near the farmer's door pays in beauty and fragrance. A balm in the air is somethimes as satisfactory as a nickel in the hand.

Nance Nearman says the man who sells a calf for a dollar when a few days old was not cut out for a speculator.

Bill Bangs says cattle do not know what to make of a master who is always yawping at 'em! and he don't, either.

"On the level," is a good farm motto. A horse is not likely to get cast on a level floor, or a separator to work bad.

A lamb that eats grain isn't injured by good cow's milk taken from a bottle. Samantha Salter says the quick-grown lamb brings a fancy price.

The farmer who makes any old time his time is not the one who takes premiums at the fair.

There is always a market for good things, says Betsy Bounce, but other things go slow.

A man who is city born can give a farmer more good advice than the parson can, but it is not as valuable as the city feller thinks it is.

It was not the robins that got the strawberries this year. Jack Frost went for 'em, as Samson went for the Philistines, but with a different weepon!

The man who cuts his horse with a lash because he is mad may ask God to forgive him, but the horse won't!

A great many dumb animals live in filth because they cannot help it. They have too many Sam Snodgrasses for keepers.

If an old hen has any lay in her a feed of cut clover and an ounce of meat a day will stimulate her.

Do not work your land by the other fellow's prescriptions too much. It is a good sign for a man to experiment on his own land as the land invites him. A farmer who doesn't know his land doesn't know enough.

JOB JOLT.

MUSIC AND DRAMA

Lawrence D'Orsay is to be Billie Burke's leading man in "Mrs. Dott" early next fall.

W. S. Connor has gone abroad to see Bernhardt and make plans for her forthcoming American tour.

A $40,000 theater is to be built in Richmond, Va., which will cater entirely to the negro population.

Lew Fields has engaged Kate Condon, Ada Lewis and Fitz Williams for important roles in "The Summer Widowers."

Tyrone Power is to be made a star next season. It is said he will be seen in a new play by Charlote Rann Kennedy.

Louis Waller is coming to this country next fall to appear under the management of Harrison G. Fiske in "Henry V." and "Monsieur Beaucaire."

Kyrle Bellew has sailed from New York for India where he will spend his vacation. He was born there and spent his early days in Calcutta.

Mrs. Fiske is to revive "Becky Sharp" and will use it in connection with "Pillars of Society and "Hannele" on her trip to the other coast.

Now that Anna Held has retired from the satge it is said that Florenz Zeigfield is to start Eva Tanguay in her place. He has plans for a new musical show for her.

Madam Gerville Reache, for the past three years leading contralto at the Manhattan opera house, has signed a contract for an extensive concert tour during next season with Haensel & Jones, New York managers.

When Bessie Abbott appears in New York next autumn in Mascagni's new opera, "Ysobel," she will have with her a dozen beautiful American chorus girls who have been studying with Mascagni in Paris during the last year.

The recent apearance of Francis Macmillen, the American violinist, before Princess Henry of Battenberg, a sister to King Edward of England and mother of the queen of Spain, for whom he played by royal command, is worthy of special note, in that it marks another epoch in the rise of American artists in Europe.

Greater Dreamland will swing wide open its gate today (Saturday), May 14, and inaugurate its Coney Island season completely changed, with more new shows, more novelties and the greatest collection of laugh-makers ever placed in New York's big playground. General Manager Gumpertz has sought the wide world for novel amusements and he is more that satisfied with the result.

Veteran Firemen's Association.

A meeting of the honorary members of the Naugatuck fire department was held Saturday night to discuss the question of forming a permanent veteran's association. Such an association has been agitated from time to time but has never been formed in the borough. The committee elected to have charge of the preliminary work reported a list of twenty-one names of those who have signified their intentions of joining.

Not Their Fault.

James Bryce says Americans don't know much about their own scenery. The billboard fiends will not give them a chance.—Denver Republican.

Korea has 116 active gold mines, 109 graphite, 34 coal, 29 copper, 7 silver, 3 zinc, 2 mercury and 59 various.

COUNTING AUTOS.

New System of Numbering in Vogue in State Secretary's Office

Up in the state automobile department—that may seem a funny discovery, but there's such a department—they say the number of automobiles in Connecticut is between 6,000 and 7,000. They can't tell just how many, for various reasons.

The state Automobile department is only a branch of the secretary of state's office. But it occupies a whole big room in the state capitol, and in it will be found a force of nine people. Arthur Fifoot is the chief clerk in charge, and along with him are one other man and seven young women.

The New Members.

The way they're numbering machines in this state now is to begin at 10,000 and run down. Under the old scheme of registration and numbering, a lot of numbers, low numbers, were given out, and some were not renewed, so it was decided for the sake of getting the thing down to a systematic basis to start at the larger number and count down. When they get down to No. 1 they'll have a pretty straight list of machines, they will be able to give anxious inquirers all kinds of statistics about automobiles and the amount of money that's invested in them.

The very fact that such a large force is required to look after the state registration of automobiles is in itself an indication of the large business automobiling has become.

Much Clerical Work

The force in the auto department has to write anywhere from 50 to 100 letters a day through the state, and then there is a lot of compiling and tabulating that would do credit to a fair-sized bank. At one time the department was a little affair with a desk or two in the secretary of state's main office, but last September the thing became too large for the force and the room and a big new room was secured. Here the workers are gradually being overcrowded already, and it is not at all unlikely that by next year the force will be increased. There is a lot of detail about handling the automobile business as it comes to the secretary of state's office.

It is believed that there are some 10,000 operators in the state or several thousand more than there are cars. The reason for this is that many owners of several cars will take out an operator's license for each of their chauffeurs, this being especially true of the dealers.

Japan has now more than 200 telephone exchanges—more than twice the number that it had two years ago.

THREE PRIZES MONTHLY: $2.50 to first; $1.50 to second; $1.00 to third. Award made the last Saturday in each month.

EVERY WOMAN'S OPPORTUNITY.

The Bulletin wants good home letters, good business letters; good helpful letters of any kind the mind may suggest. They should be in hand by Wednesday of each week. Write on but one side of the paper.

Address, SOCIAL CORNER EDITOR, Bulletin Office, Norwich, Conn.

A PLEASANT WORD WITH ALL.

There is a manifestation of timidity on the part of our contributors, and the Editor of the Social Corner is earnestly requested not to use the real name of the writer. The initials or pen name signed by the writers is the name that will appear, and the real name, which is only known to the Editor, is forgotten by him, and the record destroyed every month as soon as the prizes are awarded. There is no cause whatever for nervousness in connection with this department, for it is to be conducted sub rosa and on honor.

Here is a good word we have received for the Social Corner from F. H. R. of Washington, D. C.: "I enjoy very much, and the 'Social Corner' is full of good reading, and I hope the young people will profit by such good advice as I see given. So many girls are given too much to society and live for their own pleasure, rather than make sacrifices for their dear parents and friends."

The Bulletin wants some earnest volunteers in this work of helpful and suggestive letter-writing.—Social Corner Editor.

Many Thanks for Appreciation.

Editor Social Corner: We wish to thank the editor, also the readers of the Social Corner, for their appreciation of the little work I have done to help make the Social Corner a success. It has been a great pleasure to me to read the many interesting letters The Bulletin kindly gives space for the fast growing family of the Social Corner for thoughts and plans of the past and the future. It is a grand chance for one and all to do much good by writing letters of interest. The field is long and wide for the Social Corner and letters may be read with as much interest in Florida and California as in our own native state. It may be like a "Message from Home," to some wandering boy in a distant land to get The Bulletin and read the Social Corner letters. If we have written anything that has been helpful to any one we are thankful and will say let the good work go on.

RURAL DELIVERY.

Contrivance in Hard Times.

Editor Social Corner: Three ladies from the city called without notice and said they should stay for lunch. No butcher that day, no baker, no fruit man; the store miles away; one long sigh, and "Oh, dear, what am I to do?" Well, I had three slices of lean bacon fried, and a piece of cold steak the size of a man's hand; and a big hambone, and scraped every bit from bone and put all three kinds of meat through the meat cutter, placed in two quart baking dish and set aside; sawed hambone in two twice, put in sauce pan with a little water and pepper; covered and let simmer till I could peel, boil, mash and season a dozen potatoes the size of a duck's egg, then poured water from bone over minced meat, placed the hot mashed potatoes on top of meat and some little pieces of butter, and milk over potatoes; browned in the oven; took two cups of prepared flour, mixed soft with milk, rolled an inch and a half thick, cut out with tin spice box and baked light brown in quick oven; scalded meat cutter, put some cabbage through it, salted and poured hot vinegar spiced over it, with strong graino, cream, sugar and butter. I told the ladies the meat-dish was "grub hunters' pie." Never caught napping! J. E. T.

Yantic.

A Labor-Saving Device.

Editor Social Corner: In these days the successful man, whether farmer, mechanic, or business man, is ever on the lookout for that thing (machine or tool as the case may be), that will (to be brief) do the best work in the least time. It is equally so with the housewife.

"Man works from sun to sun,
But woman's work is never done."

If this is so, how important, how necessary, that the busy housewife should have everything possible to make her work easier. Of the many excellent labor savers on the market the vacuum cleaner is, I think, the best. Many women think sweeping the hardest part of housework.

After dusting and removing all but the heavy furniture from the room to another, and by so doing upset two rooms, one must then don a dust cap (often burdensome on a hot day), for the most careful sweeper will raise some dust. Then for a half-hour, at least, while sweeping, one is forced to breathe more or less germ-laden dust. After the room is swept and dusted the furniture must be brought back.

How different where the vacuum cleaner is used! Beginning with one breadth of the carpet (first removing furniture to second breadth), clean first crosswise then lengthwise and in a very short time that breadth being cleaned and furniture back in place, you will be ready to start on the second breadth, and so on until you have been all over the carpet. There is little if any dust. A cap is not needed. The work is done in a better, easier and surely more sanitary way. Many would have a vacuum cleaner if it were not for the cost. To that person I would say—buy one and then rent it; by the day or hour. Now just a word of warning:

Do not rent your cleaner to any and every one. You will get your money back quicker, it is true, but your cleaner will be ruined. Rent only to those of your friends and neighbors whom you know would be as careful of a rented article as they would if it were their own. After your cleaner has paid for itself, you can then "make a little something." Many in and about Norwich have tried this plan with gratifying results. The vacuum cleaner for cleaning heavy upholstered furniture and mattresses "can't be beat," I have learned from

Norwich. "EXPERIENCE."

Economy.

Editor Social Corner: Wishing to add interest to the Social Corner, I will tell the sisters who are trying to help to buy a home and how to economize to get the weekly or monthly payments ready how I have planned. I have always tried to save something each week and not break a bill until very necessary. For us city people the wood to start the fire is always getting scarce. I have hit on a very good plan to save that expense and still have a good fire. I save all the old rags that usually go to "the rag man," take the cloth, roll very tightly into a ball, and tie with wrapping twine or any string, then saturate thoroughly with kerosene oil and place on the range grate. I have ready more balls, in an old pail or hod. I very often use no wood at all getting breakfast or supper.

Another trouble is the children's shoes. Try to buy a good shoe, so that when the sole is worn thin you may have them soled over and over again. When the shoe seems to be getting short, have the shoemaker cut the new sole one size larger and put a toe cap on to fit the sole. The shoe will always look good and give good wear. This plan worked very good with my boy's shoes.

P. H.

Norwich

The Successful Spuds.

Editor Social Corner: "We raise in this country something over three hundred million bushels of white, or Irish, potatoes every year," remarked a farmer-looking party, and their average value is about fifty cents a bushel. In addition, we raise about forty-two million bushels of sweet potatoes, worth twenty million dollars. Some people think the white potato was called Irish because the potatoes came from Ireland, but that is not the reason. They are called Irish because the Irish are so fond of them—they are the national dish of Ireland, as it were. Just where the original potato came from is not known, but it was first known to Europeans after the discovery of America. How it got to the western continent is not recorded that I know of. It is believed to have got its start from Chili or Mexico. It came to Ireland from Virginia in 1565 and Sir Francis Drake introduced it into England in 1585. At first the potato was not of great value as a food vegetable, but Sir Walter Raliegh developed it and popularized it so in Ireland that its use spread to England, where it became known as the Irish potato. The first potatoes that reached Europe were sent to Spain from Peru and were called "batatas." They were our sweet potatoes, so-called. The world couldn't get along very well now without the potato, and there are potato farmers who have made fortunes on its production alone. Some of the greatest, if not the greatest, potato farms in the world are in the irrigated districts of Colorado.

CULTURE.

Mock Cream Pie.

Editor Social Corner: Let me tell the S. C.'s how to make a mock cream pie: Roll out the upper and under crust with a little flour between and bake a delicate brown. Then as soon as baked slit and set them away to cool until wanted for the table. When wanted, fill them with a custard made of one pint of boiling milk, thickened with two eggs, two-thirds cup white sugar, two tablespoonsful of flour, salt to season, and scald together until thickened. When almost cold, fill the pie. This has been tried and is very nice, I think.

MRS. L. MAYNARD.

Mystic.

The Home Makes or Mars.

Editor Social Corner: How the fact is overlooked that the manner of the parents is the manner of their children, only the pupil is very likely to out-Herod Herod in his desire to be just like ma or pa. You meet children without manners and children who stare at you as if they woudd like to know you, and others who stare at you as if you were a surlosity, instead of a human being. If you should meet their parents you would have no difficulty in discovering the cause of what is now spoken of as their eccentricities, which is a very neat cover for a lack of good breeding. Children deceived by their parents will deceive others; children yawped at by parents will yawp at their playmates. It is the calm, even-minded, gracious control which produces charming little folks. There will be more of them when parents realize that the home is a school to make or mar the rising generation.

MARY ANN.

Preston.

How to Sow Fine Seeds.

Editor Social Corner: After the 15th of May it is time to plant flower seeds of tender annuals in the open ground. Thers is always more or less difficulty in sowing fine seeds like petunia and poppy by hand. As an amateur I have found that flower seeds put into an old pepper box can be shaken out and planted more evenly than in any other way. No attempt should be made to cover the seed with dirt. Take the hoe or trowel and press the seed into the soil; and the soil having been dampened before commencing operations, the seeds will sprout in a few days if the weather is favorable. The larger seeds of four o'clocks and nasturtiums may be put in now in good mellow soil and they will come right forward. These will have to be transplanted later, and, like the balsams, do better because of the change. The canary bird flower is a little climber which ought to be more popular. Dahlias may be grown from seeds planted in the open ground after the 15th. From seed sowing to bloom is about seven weeks. Amateur gardeners will find much pleasure in them.

AGRICOLA.

Norwich.

A Paying Investment.

Editor Social Corner: I think the writers to this corner will be capable of helping one another a lot. The economies of life are a family problem, and they cannot be solved all at once. I take a good newspaper, a religious paper that suits me, a medical magazine for a dollar that saves many dollars every year, and an optimistic magazine or two which just reek with good cheer, and I think it is the best ten dollars I spend, for it returns a hundred per cent. in dividends and a thousand per cent. in satisfaction. We can learn to take care of ourselves just as readily as we can learn to grow flowers and to make good things for the table. All-round efficiency is what we all need, and it is what makes us the more valuable in any emergency. The art of knowing what to do is a source of constant satisfaction.

ONE WHO KNOWS.

Norwich.

Medicinial Qualities of a Common Plant.

Editor Social Corner: The primitive man doubtless had an instinct for certain medicinal herbs, just as have the birds and the animals. A diseased dog cannot pass certain grass without eating it for relief, neither can a cat ignore the healing virtues of catnip, but civilized man walks over all the herbs without recognizing their worth or beauty. There is the common mullein, grown in England and other foreign lands as the velvet plant, has positive merit as a safe and ready remedy. One who has tried it says: "I heard of many cases of consumption cured by mullein and finally heard that mullein made new rich blood. After trying nearly fifty remedies for hoarseness and catarrh of the throat, I thought I would experiment with mullein. The result was a complete cure and—I have never had neuralgia since. Before trying the mullein, every slight cold nearly drove me crazy with neuralgia. Get two 5-cent packages of mullein at the druggist's. Break it up well in a two-quart saucepan; pour on hot water nearly to fill the pan. Cover and simmer for several hours. Strain through cheesecloth and add two pounds of brown sugar. Simmer down to a sirup. Dose: A tablepoonful three times a day. If preferred a small sip may be taken at frequent intervals. In the summer the mullein may be gathered in the country. It is a velvety leaf and two quarts of the green leaves may be used instead of the two packages. Not a difficult thing to procure or an expensive thing to try.

Preston. PHILO.

Begin Each Day Cheerfully.

Editor Social Corner: A cheerful morning greeting is just as important in the family as the robin's song in springtime. I do not know what to make of folks who get up in the morning in a grumpy condition and do not want to speak or to be spoken to before breakfast, and who never converse at table. I was brought up where the day began with pleasant greetings and some piety, although I fear it was the kind that is represented by vague hopes and great perhapses! But my experiences in life make me feel that the old home was the most heaven-like place I have ever known on this earth. One would think it cost time and trouble to pleasantly greet people, so seldom is it indulged in even in some homes. Teach the children to have a cheery good morning for pa and ma and for one another. A real good morning all around is a good start for any day.

OLD-FASHIONED.

Preston.

The Expenses of One Woman.

Editor Social Corner: In these days of low wages for women and high prices it may be interesting for the single women who read this column to know how one ten-dollar-a-week spinster lives in the city. I keep a flat of four rooms, pay $8 per month, gas 63 cents per month, pay on a $500 insurance, do a business which requires $4 per month advertising, live well, have good clothes, do my own work sewing and making, take a daily and Sunday paper and put $10 every month in the bank. I am nearly 63 years old. When 61 years old walked two miles to my work every morning, returning at night. I belong to no society, nor spend my money for candy, yet am very comfortable. If you can find another person doing better than this I would like to hear from that person.

BUSINESS.

Norwich.

Cultivate Agreeableness.

The happy gift of being agreeable seems to consist, not in one, but in an assemblage of talents tending to communicate delight; and how many are there, who, by easy manners, sweetness of temper, and a variety of other undefinable qualities, possess the power of pleasing without any visible effort, without the aids of wit, wisdom or learning, nay, as it should seem, in their defiance; and this without appearing to know that they possess it?—Cumberland.

Always Time for Courtesy.

That there was always time for courtesy was a law of life indeed with those rare and kindly spirits who belonged to the golden age of American life and literature, but in the storm and stress of modern life and money getting the situation is more as Whittier expressed it in his consideration of the spiritualism of his day: "I sometimes say with Shakespeare: 'O for some courteous ghost,' but nothing ever comes to me."—Vernon Murray.

Influence of a National Anthem.

"After the siege of the Pekin legations a dozen Russian soldiers bent on loot and outrage raided the house in which one of my band boys lived with his mother and sister," Sir Robert Hart said at a dinner at the Authors' club. "The boy snatched his violin and played the Russian national anthem and the looters stood at attention. Then they left the house without molesting anyone."

A Debtor's Woes.

"The worst thing about owing people," sighed the woman, "is that it seems to give them the right to ask us such personal and impertinent questions about things that really should be none of their business. I never stave off my piano man, for example, that he doesn't ask how it is that I can afford to pay so much for my flat."

Talking All Languages.

It pays to be a good waiter in the old country and a man will often remain a lifetime with one house and even at one table, commanding the respect of those he serves. He always speaks four or five languages, and it is astonishing to the American abroad to hear his waiter passing from table to table conversing easily in German, French, Italian and English.

Passion and Pride of Man.

Quarry the granite rock with razors, or moor the vessel with a thread of silk; then may you hope with such keen and delicate instruments as human knowledge and human reason to contend against those giants, the passion and the pride of man.—Cardinal Newman.

To Thine Ownself Be True.

Take it not grievously if some think ill of thee, and speak that thou wouldst not willingly bear. Thou oughtest to be the hardest judge of thyself, and to think no one weaker than thyself. If thou dost walk righteously, thou wilt not much weigh fleeting words.—Thomas a Kempis.

Years of Suffering

Catarrh and Blood Disease—Doctors Failed to Cure.

Miss Mabel F. Dawkins, 1214 Lafayette St., Fort Wayne, Ind., writes: "For three years I was troubled with catarrh and blood disease. I tried several doctors and a dozen different remedies, but none of them did me any good. A friend told me of Hood's Sarsaparilla. I took two bottles of this medicine and was as well and strong as ever. I feel like a different person and recommend Hood's to any one suffering from catarrh."

Get it today in usual liquid form or chocolated tablets called Sarsatabs.