A PROUD LOOK MAKES FOUL WORK IN A FINE FACE

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.

HOW VALENTINES ORIGINATED.

Dear Sisters of the Social Corner:—I wonder if you all know that the elaborate or artistic valentines that fill the stores this month is the result of a woman's cleverness and ingenuity in the early part of the last century.

One of the first valentines to appear in America was received by Miss Esther Howland in the year 1849.

It had an elaborate border of fine lace paper and was decorated with colored flowers cut out and pasted on. In the center was a small pocket faced with green paper, within which was placed a small red-edged note containing the fervent sentiments appropriate to the day.

Miss Howland lived at this time in Worcester, Mass., where her father and three brothers conducted a large stationery business.

She was graduated from Mount Holyoke Seminary the same year she received the valentine. It was the first of the kind she ever had seen, and she and her friends were so pleased with it that Mr. Howland determined to import a few of them from England.

When they arrived Miss Howland became convinced that she could improve on them.

Procuring lace paper, colored paper and paper flowers, she made two valentines. (I have a picture of one of them.) Pleased with the result, she made a dozen or more, and asked her brother, who traveled for the firm, to take the samples with him on his next trip and see if he could not obtain orders for them. He consented, and upon his return surprised his sister by handing her orders for $5,000 worth of goods. The fame of the Worcester valentines spread all over the country, and the business increased so rapidly that in a few years Miss Howland was sending out more than $100,000 worth of goods. She continued her work until her father became ill and required her constant attention. Then considering that her place was at his side, she gave up her occupation for the purpose of caring for him.

The business was purchased by several of her employes, one of whom I believe (or did about eight years ago) conducts the business still.

AUNT SALLY.

HOME REGULATIONS—CELEBRATED CAKE.

Editor Social Corner:—I read with great interest Olive's invention for the children's rubbers, etc. I heard of a mother once who prepared a place for coats, hats and other things of the school children, and whenever she would find them out of place she would throw them into the yard. The method soon had its effect.

I have a friend who has a dear little girl in the family, and she set apart one corner in the kitchen for the child's playthings, dolls, the bed, the trunk and a small chair for the little girl. She was taught to keep the corner tidy and to clean it when mother cleaned the kitchen. The other children in the family are not allowed to molest one thing in this corner. It teaches several things—neatness, industry, ownership, and several other things. I have found it a good idea in my household to set apart a corner in the bedroom for my husband. There is a round table: on it is a fancy tray with collar buttons, sleeve buttons, safety pins, a few ordinary pins, necktie holders, cuff holders, and a box with socks, darned ready for year. Then back of this hangs a receptacle made of cretonne (or any other cloth), and that holds soiled collars.

There is nothing that grates on a woman's nerves so as to have a husband asking where is this and where is that when he gets ready to dress; and the only way is to put his things where he can find them.

I once knew a woman whose husband never could find the blacking brush, and I believe some men do relish being waited upon. This very selfsame man when he did find this selfsame brush said it hurt his head to stoop down and pick it up. He happened to have an up-to-date wife, as she made a place in the top bureau drawer for it.

Lady Baltimore Cake—The Correct Thing.—One-half pound of granulated sugar; one-fourth pound of butter; three eggs; one-half pound of flour; one-half tumbler of water, cream, butter and sugar together; add one egg at the time, beating vigorously; then one-half the flour, then the water, then the rest of the flour, with one teaspoonful of baking powder sifted in. Bake in three layers.

Filling for Lady Baltimore Cake—For icing: Two tumblersful of sugar, one tumblerful of water. Boil until the syrup spins like glass, then pour it on the whites of two well beaten eggs. Beat the whole until it thickens. Have ready one cupful of raisins chopped fine, one cup of English walnuts broken up. Mix in boiling icing and spread between layers, saving enough of plain icing for top of cake, and sixteen half nuts for top. Flavor cake and icing with a teaspoonful of vanilla or almond.

W. A. W.

Stonington.

HAPPINESS.

Editor Social Corner:—To Alwilda: Do you really think that she was happy? A person may be contented, but not be happy. They may appear so. But if you could look right down in their hearts you would find they would give a great deal for that true love that goes to make up happiness.

Now, Dear Sister Alwilda, I don't want you to think I do not entirely agree with you, because I do—in a measure; but, still, I hold a little different opinion—that is all.

You say she was doing her duty for conscience sake, perhaps; but that was not true happiness, to my way of thinking.

Even if one did live alone one could win love from others to make up their share of happiness. You don't always need to have a family of your own. I knew an old lady living alone with not a relative living. She was asked one day why she was always so happy. "Because I love God and He loves me," she said. And she would do for others and make them happy; and in making them happy earned both love and happiness for herself. "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself," Mat. xix, 19c.

Dear Sister M. B. H.: I have hanging in my chamber that quotation of Abraham Lincoln's, which I think is a good one. And I hope that every one will agree with me when I say that Abraham Lincoln loved everybody, and that made him happy. Most everybody loved him.

A MOTHER.

North Stonington.

PLEASANT CHAT — DIRECTIONS FOR MAKING DOYLIE.

Dear Sisters of the Social Corner: The letters in the Corner are growing more interesting and helpful all the time. I wonder if the sisters are rested and ready for work again after all the extra work of the midwinter holidays? Let us resolve now, if we have not before, not to rush, but to accomplish what we can by just keeping busy. When there is a day now and then that we can take for sewing, let us see that there is bedding enough to last the household through the busy days of another summer, for last summer has not been gone so long but we well remember that the rush then was almost equal to that of Christmas.

There is much of the white sewing too that can be done at this time of the year. Also aprons provided for the little ones of the family as well as ourselves. I like the large ones best, for they are such good protection to the nice woolen frocks and will save lots of washing next summer when we wear the pretty laundered gowns.

The suggestion of M. B. H. of Ellington, of spending odd moments in the making of Christmas gifts for next season, is a wise one. I have thought seriously of doing this myself, but have not found the time as yet. Perhaps if we wait for the opportunity it will not come until we snatch it from other work two or three weeks before Christmas, just as we did this year. Why not spend our evenings in the making of pretty and useful articles for birthday and Christmas gifts? To have a box of dainty and useful articles ready to give when we wished would be next best to having a bank account, would it not?

Thanks to W. H. P. for new lace pattern for aprons. Also to Centennial Square for jabot with Irish crochet.

If my letter is not too long I will send in return a pattern for a beautiful doylie that may be made for five cents and a scrap of white linen left from your waist or the children's clothes.

Cut a disk of white linen four inches in diameter, baste a tiny hem and tie into linen at hem an end of white mercerized crochet cotton.

First round—Chain 9, 1 double crochet through linen, chain 1, 1 d. c. through linen all way around, join through the second stitch of chain 9. These chains form flat loops which must not draw, neither must they be full.

Second round—Chain 2, 1 d. c. through every stitch of first round, join with slip stitch in chain 2.

Third round—Chain 2, 1 double in the top of every stitch, putting 2 doubles in every eighth stitch all the way round, join in chain 2.

Fourth round—Chain 2, 2 doubles in the top of 2 doubles, chain 5, skip 4, 3 doubles through top of 3 doubles all the way round, join in chain 2.

Fifth round—Like second sixth round, like third.

Fifth round—Like second.

Sixth round—Like third.

Seventh round—Chain 2, 1 double in first double, chain 1, 2 doubles in same stitch, chain 4, skip 4, 1 double through top of next 9 doubles, chain 4, skip 4, 2 doubles in fifth stitch from the 9 doubles, chain 1, 22 doubles in same double all the way round, join as before.

Eighth round—Chain 2, 2 doubles over chain of 1, which is between 2 doubles, chain 1, 3 doubles in same place, chain 4, skip 1 double, 7 double through top of 7 doubles, chain 4, 3 doubles over chain of 1, chain 1, 3 doubles in same place, repeat to end of round and join as before.

Ninth round—Chain 2, 9 doubles over chain of 1 between 3 doubles, chain 4, skip 1 double, 5 doubles through top of 5 doubles, chain 4, 10 doubles over chain of 1 between doubles, continue to end of round and join as before.

Tenth round—Chain 2, 1 double through to 10 doubles, making 1 chain between each stitch, chain 4, skip 1 double, 3 doubles through top of 3 doubles, chain 4, 1 double through top of 10 doubles, 1 chain between each double and continue to the end and join.

Eleventh round—Chain 2, 1 double between doubles over chain 1, chain 1, 2 doubles between next 2 doubles, chain 1, repeat, making 2 doubles between doubles 18 in all, chain 3, skip 1, 1 double through top of double, chain 3, then doubles as before, same to end of round and join.

Twelfth round—Chain 5, 1 single over chain between 2 doubles, chain 4, 1 single between next 2 doubles, repeat across the fan, chain 4, 1 single through top of double, chain 4, 1 single through top of double, chain 4, 1 single between doubles, over chain, same all the way round, joining last with slip stitch.

Thirteenth round—Chain 1, 4 singles over every chain of 4 around the entire row, cut off thread, draw it through last loop, and secure on the wrong side. Now work a row of small double briar stitching [illegible] to the hem as possible, dampen and press on the wrong side with a hot iron.

Larger pieces of linen may be used for larger doylies. Tumbler doylies should be four inches across, plate doylies eight inches. The edge is suitable for anything round and is especially nice for Dutch collars. I hope someone will try this and see how pretty it is and how easily it is made.

FAYE VERNA.

FORMING HABITS.

When a person once forms a habit it is hard to break off. Some people have formed the following habits: Using strong tea and coffee to excess, smoking and chewing tobacco, and some taking snuff, talking about their neighbors, listening to other people's business along the line of telephone, giving others advice they should take themselves.

How much better it would be if they would hang up their receiver and live and let live, and have a good word for all and swap off the bad habits for good ones.

Let us all try it for the year 1911. Yes, it is hard to break off from a habit.

When the dear little Social Corner was first born and did not seem to have dresses enough to wear we added our little mites weekly to help it live and prosper. We formed the habit of writing, and it is hard to break off. We are very much interested in the Social Corner and can hardly see how The Bulletin can get along without it. We think there is hardly a writer for the S. C. column who does not turn to that page of the paper every Saturday as soon as it arrives, regardless of much interesting news from a large crop of correspondents from three counties.

Any young couple who are going to housekeeping should take The Bulletin and form the habit of saving the recipes for cooking and preserving and they will soon have one of the best reliable tested recipe books in the state.

RURAL DELIVERY.

Danielson.

ALWILDA'S PLEASURE.

Oh, everybody! I like to hear different views on a subject, and if they are not like mine, why, that makes it all the more interesting. Now here is my idea of the source of happiness, as evolved from experience and observation: Happiness comes from a heart at peace with God. Comes from a confident abiding trust in the statement that "All things work together for good, to them that love God." The hard things and the easy things, the woeful and the joyful. That Lincoln quotation is good. Thank you, M. B. H. I will keep that for my press meeting. I am interested in woman's suffrage. If I have to vote one of these days, how can I make an intelligent voter of myself? I would like to know.

ALWILDA.

Danielson.

A GOOD PANCAKE SYRUP—A FINE PASTE.

Social Corner Editor: I send a good syrup for pancakes. The best part is its cost: Four cups dark brown sugar, one cup water. Let boil until it foams. Remove from stove, add one teaspoon vanilla.

A Fine Desk Paste: It will not soil if it gets on the paper as mucilage does. Fragrant paste for desk. One ounce of best gum tragacanth, place in a wide-mouthed jar that holds a quart, pour over it one and a half pints water. Cover and let stand until next day. The gum will then be swollen nearly to top of jar. Stir it down to the bottom with a stick and add two or three drops of oil of wintergreen. Stir several times that day, but afterwards don't stir at all, leaving it to form a smooth white mass like jelly. Cover closely and set away for use.

MA.

Waterford.

HOUSEHOLD HELPS.

Dear Editor and Sisters of the Social Corner: For three generations our family have been constant readers of The Bulletin and would willingly give up any other pleasure rather than that of our morning paper, which we always enjoy ever so much, especially since you have added the Social Corner. I thought I might also add my little mite of household helps.

In this cold weather, the season of blankets and comfortables, it is rather a difficult thing to keep them free from soil at the top end of the bed. Perspiration from hands or face and constant rubbing against both—cold cream, if used for chapped hands—all have a tendency to soil them. Now if you will take an old sheet, cut in two so it will make three-quarters of a yard wide and just baste it along the top of blankets or comfortable, half on under and half on upper side, so it reaches the whole width, you will find you will be spared many an extra wash. A couple of yards of new, inexpensive cotton cloth will answer also, only old sheets can be brought into use for this purpose when they might not be good for anything else.

A great many of our sisters may do their own sewing, and it may not be commonly known that in order to have a skirt hang and look nicely at the seams and gores it should always be stitched in one direction, mainly from bottom to top. Sometimes one will sew up one gore, then turn the sewing under the needle and sew down the next one. Try doing it all one way and see the difference.

For your bath room—For a bath room, in which we all have more or less scrubbing to do, try papering the sides about three feet from the floor with varnished paper which can be wiped off easily with a damp cloth when it becomes spotted. Then finish with common table oilcloth, cutting it lengthwise and paste on the lower wall. You can finish the joining with an edge of paper bordering. You will find a bath room thus finished will last for years.

For an ironing day convenience—Take a piece of denim about a foot square, hem all round, form a box plait at the bottom and tack to back of the ironing board for a pocket to hold wax, holder and stand.

For your carpet—When you buy a new carpet save the ravelings, then if a hole should appear or a worn spot loom up, you will have some of the same colors and texture to darn it with.

MAY HAY.

REPLIES TO INQUIRIES.

To W. A. W.: Prizes are awarded for the best letters regardless of subject. Where such general excellence is maintained with forty letters a month it is not easy to make these prizes meet the full merits of the competition. If the members can arrange to plan satisfactory to themselves for making the award, The Bulletin will be glad to have them do so.—Social Corner Editor.

TESTED RECIPES FOR CAKES.

Editor Social Corner: Herewith I send recipes for cakes:

Plain Sugar Cake—One cup sugar, one-half cup shortening, one cup milk, two cups flour, two teaspoons baking powder, one of salt, flavoring and beat till shiny and very smooth. I frost with a very thin powdered sugar frosting and when crusted over cover with layer of chocolate.

Sour Milk Cake—One cup sugar, one-half cup of lard, two-thirds cup sour milk, one good teaspoon soda, add one teaspoon cassia, cloves and mace.

Eggless Cake—One and one-half cups of sugar, one cup of molasses, two cups of sweet milk, two cups of flour, two cups of sifted graham flour, one teaspoon soda, pinch of salt and spice.

Tiptop Cake—One-half cup of butter, one cup of sugar, creamed well, one egg, one cup of milk, two cups of flour, one teaspoon cream of tartar, one-half teaspoon soda, one teaspoon vanilla.

Almond Cake—One-half cup of butter, one cup of powdered sugar, one-half cup of milk, two cups of flour, two teaspoons baking powder, one and one-half teaspoons almond flavoring, whites of ten eggs beaten stiff.

Pork Cake—One cup of molasses, one and one-half cups sugar, one pound fat salt pork chopped fine, three eggs, one teaspoon each of cinnamon, cloves, allspice and nutmeg, one pound seeded raisins, one pound currants, five cups of flour, two teaspoons of soda, one cup sour milk. This makes three loaves.

CLARA OF CANTERBURY.

South Canterbury.

THE PREPARATION OF SCHOOL LUNCHES.

Dear Sisters of the Social Corner:—The subject of school lunches is always interesting to mothers. Here are a few suggestions to those who have to prepare them: Secure plenty of plain white paper napkins, for the colored ones sometimes stain the food, which is more appetizing if wrapped separately. A mashed up or mixed up lunch does not look inviting. The lunch box should be opened and aired daily when brought home. Small jars or jelly glasses with tops are nice for small custards, stewed fruit, salads, etc. If white bread is to be used for the sandwiches take the biscuit cutter or a baking powder tin and remove the crust, and thus make lovely round sandwiches, or cut the bread diagonally and make the sandwiches triangular in shape. A change of shape makes them more inviting.

Recipes for Filling White Bread Sandwiches: Season cream cheese with a little salt and work smooth; chop a green pepper, and after straining the juice add the chopped part to the cheese, and mix in a little butter spread between the layers. 2. Take a small portion of salmon free from bones and skin, add a little salad dressing and one pickle chopped fine. A few English walnut meats will add to the flavor. 3. Nut sandwiches, composed of finely chopped nuts and a few olives mixed with a salad dressing, are delicious. If brown bread sandwiches are desired steam the bread in pound baking powder cans, and slice. Here is a fine recipe for brown bread: To one pint sour milk add half cup molasses, one scant cup sugar, one teaspoon each of salt and soda, one tablespoonful melted butter, one cup each of flour and cornmeal, and two cups graham flour sifted. Steam two and a half hours. This will make three small loaves baked in the tins. The same filling may be used for the brown bread sandwiches, or the slices may simply be butteded, and preserves of fresh fruit used. If not obtainable baked apples are excellent, or stewed fruit of any kind. This can be placed in glass jars. When baking make small individual pies and cakes. Salads are excellent. Can easily be made in small quantities, placed in the jars and will be thoroughly enjoyed. Salted nuts or dates or figs stuffed with nut meats and then rolled in sugar, pure plain candies, grape juice or a little lemon juice, with sugar enough for lemonade for the little lad or lassie. Hope these little hints will help some attentive mothers who receive the kid kisses Health to all.

FRANK.

Moosup.

THE MANIFOLD USES OF MILK.

Editor Social Corner:—I would call the attention of the sisters to the value of milk as a food. The cheapness or dearness of food depends not on the price per quart or per pound, but on the amount of digestible nutrient which a given sum will purchase. Milk is economical in the sense that it contains no refuse, such as bone or gristle of meat, shells of eggs, and skins and seeds of vegetables and fruit. Milk soups furnish an excellent means of increasing the food value of a meal.

Sometimes milk is mixed with "stock" made from meat, and sometimes it forms a basis to which the pulp of vegetables, such as beans, peas, potatoes, corn or celery is added to give flavor and body.

Oyster stew owes its food value more to the milk than the oysters. Milk or "white" or "cream" sauces are also very useful for nutritive value, as well as to help using left overs. Bits of meat can often be made very attractive by serving them on toast, minced and creamed, and many vegetables (warmed over) are improved by the addition of milk or white sauce, while the same sauce helps to give variety in winter when not many kinds of vegetables are to be had.

There is no end to the puddings and desserts in which milk is used. Blanc mange is practically flavored milk jellied with starch, Irish moss or some such material; the simplest kinds of ice cream are milk and cream mixtures.

The puddings made of cereals and milk, flavored in same way as bread pudding, cornstarch, rice and tapioca puddings and countless forms of custard have milk and eggs for their basis. Almost all of these if carefully made are nutritious, easily digested and economical.

For children and persons of weak digestion the simpler ones like blanc mange, cornstarch and rice puddings are almost indispensable. Butter, which is practically separated milk fat, is one of the most important sources of fat in our diet and certainly the most palatable and one of the most digestible.

Junket is a favorite dish for invalids. Under ordinary conditions cottage cheese is very inexpensive. It is a very palatable addition to the diet, alone or seasoned in various ways, and is also used in the preparation of many dishes. Cream is made up principally of water, when served with cereals, fruits, etc. It not only improves the flavor, but adds to the nutritive value of the dish. When added to the custards, cakes, soups and other foods it materially increases the fat contents—makes the food richer, as does cream, either plain or whipped, served with a dessert or other food.

Buttermilk is often used as a beverage, and has much the same food value as skimmilk. An ordinary glass would contain about as much nourishment as two ounces of bread, a good sized potato or a half pint of oysters.

Sour milk is much used in cooking and adds materially to the nutritive value of the dish of which it forms part. Milk contains too much water to be a perfect food for adults; nevertheless its solids furnish all the necessary ingredients and in good proportions. A large glass of milk yields as much nourishment as a slice of roast beef. In short, milk and its products are fully entitled to their prominent place in our food lists, as comparatively inexpensive, easily digested sources of all the necessary ingredients of our diet.

CENTENNIAL SQUARE.

Rockville, Mass.

SAVED BY A WONDERFUL PIE

An instance of the influence of good cookery in prolonging life was found in the case of the Marquis de Bechamel, a famous epicure in the days of the old monarchy in France.

Bechamel achieved the distinction of having a sauce which survives to this day named after him. It was said that his marriage to Valentine de Rochemont was due to the fact that she was a wonderful cook, and besides possessed an extraordinary ppetite, two qualifications that always constituted recommendations to the favor of the marquis.

Though this might seem to be an insufficient basis for a happy marriage, it proved quite enough in this case. The marquis and marchioness cooked and ate together for fifty years in perfect accord and perfect health. They were said to have almost passed their lives at the table, and when they were not at the table together they were generally in the kitchen together. That their cookery was wholesome their long life testified, that it was delicious all the famous eaters of their time were absolutely agreed.

On the occasion of their golden wedding they had a famous repast. For many years, in anticipation of this event, the marquis had been saving a bottle of priceless Constance wine from the Cape of Good Hope, and every guest was to have a drop or two of it.

At this celebration a dramatic incident occurred. Just as the bottle was being brought out the Marchioness de Bechamel sank to the floor. It was seen at once that she was dead. She appeared simply to have reached the term of her existence, and her death at such a festival was regarded as a most beautiful and touching one.

The bottle of famous Constance was put away unopened. The marquis was inconsolable. Before long he fell apparently hopelessly ill. In this emergency, his physician having informed him that his end was surely near, the marquis called for the bottle of Constance.

"When I meet my Valentine on the other side," said the marquis, "she will ask, 'What perfume is that, my dear, which I detect on thy lips?' And I shall answer, 'It is the Constance wine, my Valentine, that we had saved for our golden wedding.'"

Bechamel drank of the wine and his head fell back upon the pillow. All supposed that he was dead, but as a matter of fact he had merely fallen asleep. An hour later he called his nephew and sent him with a key to open a drawer in a secretary and bring from it a box.

The dutiful nephew made all haste supposing the box might contain the marquis' will or some other document that he desired to sign or modify before his death.

To the utter amazement, therefore, of the nephew, the box was found to contain a pie!

And it was a wonderful pie—a Perigord pie, dressed with truffles and Sarlat. The marquis ate freely of it and again sank back on the pillow.

This time it was thought the old gentleman was certainly done for. "I hear the death rattle in his throat," said the doctor. "It will soon be over."

But the death rattle proved to be a snore! The marquis was asleep. And though he was then 75 years old he lived fifteen years longer and invented several more famous dishes before he went to join his beloved Valentine.

—New York Herald.

HAVE YOU TRIED PAXTINE

The Great Toilet Germicide?

You don't have to pay 50c or $1.00 a pint for listerian antiseptics or peroxide. You can make 16 pints of a more cleansing, germicidal, healing, and deodorizing antiseptic solution with one 25c box of Paxtine—a soluble antiseptic powder, obtainable at any drug store.

Paxtine destroys germs that cause disease, decay and odors—that is why it is the best mouth wash and gargle, and why it purifies the breath, cleanses and preserves the teeth better than ordinary dentifrices, and in sponge bathing it completely eradicates perspiration and other disagreeable body odors. Every dainty woman appreciates this and its many other toilet and hygienic uses.

Paxtine is splendid for sore throat, inflamed eyes and to purify mouth and breath after smoking. You can get Paxtine Toilet Antiseptic at any drug store, price 25c and 50c, or by mail postpaid from The Paxton Toilet Co., Boston, Mass., who will send you a free sample if you would like to try it before buying.

FARM SPECIALISTS AND OTHERS

(Written Specially for The Bulletin.)

During the last few days there have chanced to come under my eye quite a number of stories by practical farmers, telling how much money success they have achieved and how they have won it. Two things in all these stories have specially impressed me.

One is that virtually all them are specialists, doing special sort of farming.

The other that they have mostly drifted or been driven into their specialities. No one that I remember maintains that he deliberately chose his line and went after it. Instead the work came after him and figuratively forced itself upon him. He didn't adopt his specialty; it adopted him.

Just one instance:—One farmer in Virginia has a Shetland-pony farm. He always did like horses. He found it pleasant to work for them and live with them. Chance started him off in the Shetland line. As he liked it, he stuck to it and gradually found that other people profitably appreciated his care for his pets. So he has continued at it till he now has two hundred or more of the ponies on his farm, all the time. He knows every one of them by name and, what is more important, by character. He not only knows what is good for Shetlands as a breed, but what particular treatment is called for by each individual Shetland on all the farm. He admits that he is "doing well" from them.

Another instance is a Wisconsin farmer who buys "stockers and feeders," i. e., yearlings and two-year-olds from dairy farmers, and fattens them on summer grass and fall corn. He has a big farm, some of which is admirable corn land, but much of it too rough for tillage, though producing magnificent bluegrass pasture. Like a good many others, he found that dairying on grass and corn didn't pay. He couldn't live on the small profits from selling his corn, alone. He began by taking a few yearlings from his neighbors to pasture. They taught him his line. A year or two ago he bought in the late spring 66 head of "stockers" at an average cost of $55 each: pastured them through the summer, corn-fed them in the fall, and sold them for an average of $112 a head.

I have a neighbor who keeps from 500 to 800 hens. He always liked hens. He used to make pets of them, when a boy; he makes friends with them now. He knows every one of his big flock as well as I know my two horses: knows when each one needs special care or different rations: whether she is laying once every other day or four times every five days: and so on and on. His health isn't sturdy: he cannot do ordinary farm-work: so he has drifted into this chicken business, which he likes and which seems to like him. He isn't making ten or twelve dollars a year from each hen,—as some of the poultry advertisers pretend to do. But he's succeeding,—succeeding on the very line where another man had just failed.

What's the use of multiplying illustrations?. These few will serve as well as scores to give point to my arguments, which is something like this:——

There are just as many different kinds of farming as there are of fishing. One may be a mighty good hand at trolling for bluefish off Block Island, but he'd catch precious few rainbow trout from Cold Spring Brook with his blue-fish line and hooks. There is also a distinct difference between catching crabs at the drawbridge and landing salmon on the Restigouche. Similarly there is a great unlikeness between breeding Shetland ponies in Virginia and raising forty-acre onion-beds in Iowa. Both may be "farming," but they certainly aren't the same kind. They call for very different habits of mind and of work. They demand very different equipments. The Iowa man can raise onions at a cost of nine cents a bushel and sells them at 65 cents. But there's no evidence that he could get $50 apiece for Shetlands which had cost him $100 to raise. Nor is there any reason to believe that the Virginia man with the pony farm could transform it into an onion-bed and himself into a truck-grower, with any certainty of profit.

Why, even in two branches of the cattle industry,—dairying and beef-producing,—and they're about as close together as any two forms of farming can be,—even in these it usually happens that the same man can't do both at the same time on the same farm, with equal profit. His land may be more suitable for one thing than the other: his markets may give him better profits on one than on the other: he may himself have a greater "knack" at one than at the other. Even if everything else were equal, he would be morally certain to "throw his heft" one way more effectively than the other. What the mental philosophers call "the personal equation" counts in farming as in falling in love.

Nevertheless, there's something which would be funny if it were not irritating in the way in which practically all these specializing farmers swell out their shirt-fronts at institutes and in the local agricultural papers, and call on the rest of us to imitate them and attain equal success. They say by their manner if not in direct words: "You can do as well as I have done in the same line,—if you'll only use the same sense and do the same work." Which is just about equivalent to telling us that we can "will" our red hair black and add, by thinking, several cubits to our stature.

The idea isn't reasonable as a theory and doesn't work in practice. Take the one particular farmer-man who's writing this: he couldn't keep out of the poor-house if he had a thousand of the best hens in America given him tomorrow, with the most modern hen-houses thrown in. He has tried it with various breeds and various feeds and various houses. He has puttered and he worried over those hens. He has taken advice,—and followed it. He has read libraries of "hen-books," and has had in experts,—successful experts,—to give him "pointers." But he never was able to get a profit from his hens, and he isn't doing it now. He keeps a couple of dozen for the convenience of having occasional fresh eggs or chicken-pie without having to drive nine miles to town and waste half a day whenever he wants an omelette or a dressed fowl. But he could buy his eggs and his fowls for less money than they now cost him, if he were handy to market. Why? Simply because he isn't a "hen-man." He doesn't take to the biddies: in truth, he distinctly dislikes to associate with them. He has no fondness for them; no enthusiasm over them; no real interest in them. He has no more desire to "pet" them than to "pet" muskrats; he finds their cackling and crowing and scratching irritating; he is somewhat nauseated by the characteristic odor of even the cleanliest henhouse. On the other hand he rather likes to raise asparagus and green peas and tomatoes and sich. Consequently, not being an absolute idiot, he does as little as he must with hens, and as much as he can with the truck. As a fowl-farmer he would be a failure, a fizzle, a slump: as a truck-grower he is doing tolerably well, thank you.

I have one neighbor who is making money raising hogs. But when it's time for Lima beans he comes to me because he "can't raise 'em." I have another who is actually making a living from cows and butter. I have to supply his tomatoes, for he "can't raise 'em." The hen-man depends on me for asparagus, because he "can't raise it." Now my farm isn't suitable for dairying, nor am I competent to make a living from raising hogs or hens. But growing asparagus and tomatoes and Lima beans is as easy as "rolling off a log,"—to me. So that other chaps stick to their squealers and their hookers and their scratchers, and I stick to my sparrowgrass and my bean-poles and my tomato-stakes, and we don't any of us try to bullyrag each other into giving up the special work we're individually fitted for to drag along futilely behind some other man's furrow.

I think one of the commonest mistakes made by young farmers,—young in experience as well as years,—is that they approach farming from the wrong side. They read a heap of some one making a rather unusual success in some certain line of farm-work. "Go to," they say to themselves, "Let us do the same and have like success." They are apt to begin, I suspect, in a rather more modest spirit and feel their way through the haze less confidently. They don't start out to be onion-farmers or dairy-farmers or truck-farmers, regardless of everything but their belief that what Smith, Jones and Brown have done on their farms Robinson can do on his farm. Instead they take time to find out what their farms are suited for, what their soils will produce, what their markets will take most of at highest prices, what they themselves are best able to do. Gradually, as the years pass on, these diverse conditions come to merge, more or less successfully, in some one line of work. The man finds out his farm and the farm finds out its owner,—and the farmer finds himself. Then success arrives. It comes, when it comes, as the result of a long slow process of observation and elimination and, generally, of successful blunders.

Of course there are exceptions to all rules, but I am confident that very very few farmers can be found who are eminently succeeding at exactly the sort of farming which they first set out to master. Their plans and purposes and methods have been modified, over and over again, by their environment. They are doing what experience has shown that they, personally and individually, can do best on their particular farms. They get along because they have had sense enough to fall into the route-step which Drill-master Nature has set for them. If these things be so there are two deductions which would seem to follow.

One is that the farmer who has, at last and by devious roads, arrived at a special success in a special line, ought to be chary of trying to persuade differently constituted men, in different conditions, to a blind imitation of his methods.

The second is that young farmers who want to become successful farmers should be still more chary of thinking that they can all do, offhand, on any old farm, just what different men have done successfully on different farms.

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