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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.

THE WILD FLOWERS OF CALIFORNIA.

Editor Social Corner:—I send herewith an extract from a letter written by a California girl who was born in Danielson, to her grandmother in Danielson:

Berkeley, Cal., April 16, 1911. "How I wish you were here! We have had vacation all the week, and Friday paper and I went out to the hills. The wild flowers were all out and we picked all the poppies we could bring home."

From March 30 to April 3, ex-President Roosevelt gave a course of five lectures in Berkeley. They were given in the Hearst Greek theater, a large open-air building modeled after the old Greek theater and located in a grove of large eucalyptus trees. It is built all of concrete and seats over 5,000. It was packed to the doors every day, the aisles, platform and every other available place being taken. Many came in the morning, brought their lunch with them and stayed all day.

Sunday there were about 12,000 inside and over that number were out on the hill, storming the gates in vain. The lecture commenced at 4 and by 4 o'clock every seat was taken. We were among the fortunate ones who secured every lecture, and you may be sure I enjoyed them all very much. ELSIE.

GOOD TESTED RECIPES.

Dear Sisters of the Social Corner:—I send some good recipes that I hope you all will try. I have tried Sweet Lavender's recipe for oatmeal bread and it was excellent. The children wouldn't eat my best bread while it lasted. I have also tried a great many of the other sisters' recipes and found them good.

Paupian Custard—Make smooth four tablespoonful of flour with one of melted butter and stir into a quart of scalded milk; beat the yolks of seven eggs very light with one-half cupful of sugar and add to the milk, stirring constantly; when cold, add two tablespoonful of cream and a dash of cream with meringue made of the whites of three eggs and a little powdered sugar; brown in the oven and serve cold.

Cheese Rice—Cook three tablespoonful of rice in salted water until tender and drain; butter a pie dish and at the bottom arrange a thin layer of thinly sliced cheese, then sprinkle with a little salt, pepper and a pinch of dry mustard; with the back of a spoon lay a layer of rice and then cheese again, the last layer being rice. Sprinkle over the top some bread crumbs and a little butter. Place in the oven until well browned. Serve very hot. Those who like tomatoes may add some sliced between the layers of rice and cheese.

Oatmeal Flakes—Two eggs, one cupful of brown sugar, one-half cupful of melted butter, one cupful of raisins, one cupful of flour, one cupful of oatmeal, one teaspoonful of cinnamon, one teaspoonful of soda sifted with the flour. If the mixture spreads when baking, add one-half cupful of powdered sugar and butter. Drop on buttered tins and bake.

LOUNGE.

Editor Social Corner:—Herewith I send recipes for odd things:

Pineapple Frappe—One quart of water, one pound of sugar, boil five minutes; add juice of one lemon and one cupful of pineapple; remove from the stove and when cool freeze slowly until like soft, wet snow; serve in punch glasses.

Orange Pudding—Peel and cut five oranges in small pieces; sprinkle one cup of sugar over them; cook one pint of milk, yolks of four eggs and a tablespoon of cornstarch and when thick, pour over the orange. Beat whites of the eggs stiff; add three tablespoonful of butter, sugar, pour over pudding and brown in oven.

Meek Mince Pie—One cup of cracked crumbs, one cup of raisins, one and a half cups of warm water, one cup of sugar, one-half cup of molasses, one-half cup of vinegar, two tablespoonful of butter, one teaspoonful clove and nutmeg, a little salt; cook till thick and cool before putting into crusts.

Corn Fritters—Two cups of sweet corn, one egg, two tablespoonful of milk, two tablespoonful of flour, salt, pepper, a pinch of soda and twice the amount of cream tartar; fry in hot fat; very good.

Nut Cake—Mix and sift two cups of flour, two teaspoons of baking powder, one cup of sugar, add two eggs, one-third cup of milk, one-third cup of butter; beat thoroughly and add one-half teaspoon of vanilla and one-half cup of pecan nuts; bake in gem pans. All these measurements are level.

CLARA Q. CANTERBURY, South Canterbury.

THE RECIPES IN THE CORNER DO NOT FAIL.

Editor and Sisters of the Social Corner:—I wonder if there is room for a new corner? If so, would like to become acquainted with the sisters. I have been a reader of the interesting letters ever since the Corner was formed and will admit I took very little interest in it, and was somewhat discouraged in trying all the good recipes, so many in other papers have proved a failure.

Every week the letters are more interesting; and as I try the good things none have failed.

Clara of Canterbury has given some of the most delicious dishes I know of and Mrs. Levi Maynard has been so kind to send me a copy of her book.

Where is J. E. T. with her savory dishes? I would like to say to J. E. T. that while putting envelopes in flap as she does the letters are paper bags, if the padding them on the coffee or baking powder cans much better as they do not tear or get so dusty; if one has glass jars one can make to can fruit, they are much better as the contents can be seen and you know when out.

Welcome back M. Rowena; we glad you had such an enjoyable vacation. Your letters have been such a help in my trying to be better on the bright side. The 3. d. c. has been a club-

der first loop of 6 ch., ch. 5, 1 d. c., ch. 3, 1 d. c., ch. 5, 1 single crochet, ch. 3, shell in shell, ch. 3, turn. Repeat from second row.

Lebanon. HEPATICA.

FRIENDSHIP.

Editor Social Corner: After all that has been written in this corner about friendship, I am surprised that all of us need is a friend. Do you not remember the little story about the Christ-likeness of Charles Kingsley's manner which so charmed Mrs. Brown? That she inquired how he acquired it that she might also take on his Christian graces; and he modestly replied: "I had a friend. With such a friend as I had, I could not be other than I am." We poor mortals often get misdirected when we are friends with friendship which might be called heart cheer. This one friend honored, would make true friends of every one of us, so that we need not seek friends that are without, but just the counsel of the friend who is within.

THE EASILY CULTIVATED NASTURTIUM.

Dear Sisters of the Social Corner: Most everybody enjoys a flower garden; but few realize how easily one may be made. Nasturtiums will grow in any ground and require but little care; and can be used in a variety of ways with beautiful effect. The dwarf nasturtiums make fine border plants, while the running sorts may be used in hanging baskets and window and porch boxes, or to cover a wire fence.

The seeds are used to add pungency to pickles and relishes, and the tender leaves and stalks give a delicious flavor to salads. If the seeds are picked off the heart must have its own soil.

Now, dear Sister Ruth, aren't you glad you did as hidden, and favored the sisters with the story of "The Peaceful Dream of B. B. A." through "The Corner"? As I was reading it, I felt like running down with a tray of grapefruit, to give B. B. A. another surprise. I do think every member of this circle must have enjoyed it, for it sharpened my appetite better than peaches and cream.

The sentiment of some of our fine letters never ceases to amaze me. I would say to dear Rosemary that I once sent a cake to a banquet that was never touched, only pushed one side for a show; but I never heard of any evil effects from it. Please send

in your recipes and we will chance them. I will close with wishes of good luck to all the members of this wide-awake Corner. M. SWEET LAVENDER'S MOVING.

Dear Social Corner Editor: At last I can collect my thoughts and read a few lines to the "Corner." I enjoy each letter and the nice stories—I read them so much. I was pleased to be present to pass the pretty cards in "The Peaceful Dream of B. B. A." Did we not all have a grand time? It seemed good to meet the Sisters after I had been so very busy moving.

I do doubt some of you know what it is to move. Hubby and I were two poor tired souls; but we are feeling rested and repaid, as we came from a house of four on a little cottage swelling with grand surroundings, cozy inside, plenty of sunlight—and lots of fresh air; in sight of the trolley and just near enough to be convenient; peaches or grapes or any fruit, by the way, and noise and dust, and by our own selves.

We are planning flower beds, planting seeds, and hubby is very busy building a handy henhouse, and soon we will have a garden of our own. You can think of me running out and bringing in an apron full of eggs and planting to make all the nice things that the Sisters send in to try, by the way, let me whisper, maybe some day I will be able to give a pink and lavender tea out on my splendid large piazza, and would not the editor and Sisters be glad to have me?

I was indeed glad that Fay Verna had good luck with my bread. It seems as if mine is better each time I make it.

Will send B. B. A. my cake recipe later. Thinking all the Sisters for their help and kind thoughts, I hope you will hear again. SWEET LAVENDER, Norwich.

HOUSE CLEANING HELPS.

Editor Social Corner: Let me say to the sister from Lebanon in regard to house cleaning. I am cleaning my house myself, that I plan my cooking ahead, which helps a great deal in this busy season. As to pastry, I do not bother myself, as I can make other desserts which I think the family will like just as well.

There is the prune which can be made into different things besides for a shortcake, but I will give you the stones out, and cook till soft. Then I make a biscuit dough, thin as cake. When done I split it open the same as for a shortcake, but I put the prunes on each layer, with a little sugar and cinnamon and whipped cream, and serve them hot. You can use peaches or grapes or any fruit, and it takes no time to make it.

The way I cook a stew: Start it on top of the stove and then set it in the oven, and it will cook just as well, and you do not have to watch it all the time.

You can boil a dinner in the oven just the same, provided you do not have to use a kettle, but such things as will go in your oven. Start the meat part way on top of the stove, such as corned beef takes longer to cook; then you can add the vegetables and keep plenty of water on it.

Did you ever try potting lamb or veal? I always cook mine that way and it is nice and juicy, and not all dried up.

When I clean my couch, which I find is always dirty, I take half an old sheet and wet it real wet and lay it on the couch, and take a small rug, and beat it hard and you will be surprised at the dirt that rises and stays on the wet cloth. I do my stuffed furniture the same, and do not have to take it out of the room.

My shades I lay on a sheet on the floor and take a cup of Indian meal and spread on it. Then I take a small brush and brush the shades, and you will be surprised at the smoke and dirt that comes out of them. For the mantle and chairs I take a soft cloth, wet it with liquid veneer, and go all over the shades and the mirror. It takes all of the dust and makes things look like new.

My curtains, which I wash, I put to soak over night in a tub, and then I put a large supply of ammonia, and that takes all the smoke out, and then I wash them and put the bluing in the starch; and to dry them I lay them on the crease, one on top of the other, and straighten and fasten the corners to the ground with tooth-picks. You will not have to iron them then.

I hope this will help you some do enjoy the Corner very much. ONLY A LINK.

A PURPOSEFUL LETTER.

Dear Editor and Sisters of the Social Corner: As I read the helpful thoughts and suggestions contributed by the dear sisters of this happy family each week, my heart grows with you in gratefulness and I somehow long for a quiet chat even though it be in a telephatic way, or through the medium of the Social Corner.

I have but little time for sociability outside my own domicile, but beneath its roof I can indulge in the one blessed privilege which any amount of work and trials cannot deprive us of or take from us, and this privilege is holding communion with one's own thoughts, and what pleasure it affords us! And, alas! what pleasure it affords us!

I have in some degree outgrown yearning for it; and am coming into a realization of the value of sometimes being alone, for everyone, I believe, has his or her problems to solve which can be accomplished in no other way except by communing with the self of one's self—the social corner.

Through this sort of experience are we made strong and worthy, forming a center of attraction that draws to us not only what we need but the joys, inspiration and upliftment which make us courageous and better fitted to battle with life.

It is a beautiful thing to be perfectly contented with our lot, and I often wish it was a state of mind more contagious than it is—for how easy it is to say "Oh, dear! if conditions were only so and so, how different it would all be!" Perhaps so, but never mind, it is not well for us to live in the past—but for today, and tomorrow.

Perfect peace of mind is heaven. How many of us are blessed with it? Few of us are searching for the "simple life," but are diligently straining every nerve to keep pace with the times, and the devil is at our heels. What does it all amount to? Nothing, absolutely nothing, except to finally become perhaps a nervous dyspeptic or perchance a chronic grumbler.

I am acquainted with dear sisters who think life is scarcely worth the living unless they are constantly fitting about, here and there, preparing

roots. These ants do not like the smell of cucumber peeling, and will desert places where they are laid around.—The Social Corner Ed.

Billy Sunday's Don'ts. "And there are many homes in which there is perpetual nagging and scolding. Don't, Don't of all the devil-inspired sentences that ever crawled out of the pit of hell, that which says a child should be seen and not heard takes the cake, I think. Suppose you would go out this spring when the plants are beginning to bud and you pinch off one bud, then another bud. How long do you think it would take for it to blossom into a flower? I'll tell you a few don'ts: "Don't tell your children what you don't mean. That's one don't I don't." "Don't wait on the children too much. Don't make them wait on you too much." "Don't break a promise to your children. Keep it." "Don't talk about your neighbors. "Don't perpetually scold the children. You drive them away." "Don't hurt their self-respect by punishing them in the presence of company. Wait until the company is gone, then you can do business." "Don't overdress your children." "Many a fool mother overdresses her little brat so that from the time she is six years old she is puffed up." "Don't lie to your children." "Don't have them like the little boy who was asked, "How old are you" and he said, "I'm five at home, six at school and four on the street car." All the rotten, dirty, stinking money you have in your clothes, it's that nickel about which you lied to the conductor. Of all the dirty, stinking money you have, it's that piece you beat the railroad company out of when you went to Chicago or some other place. No wonder the children grow up to lie."—From his Toledo address.

Call to Catholic Women. The Catholic Church Extension Society of the United States, of which Archbishop Quigley of Chicago is chancellor, has issued a call for Catholic women's missionary movement. The society refers in its call to the Protestant women's auxiliaries and to the missionary movements which accomplish much, it says. The society proposes branches and expresses the hope that at the missionary congress, to be called next year, enough will have been formed to put the movement upon a national basis. Two rules, prayer and sacrifice, are outlined for the movement, the prayer to be one which the pope has authorized for the society, which is "St. Philip Neri, pray for us," and the sacrifice is to be made on one day each year, something gone without to the value of fifty cents, and that amount contributed to the movement. Especially urgent does the society regard its work for Catholic children, and the call for the movement states that women entering it are to work particularly for children, those of American-born Catholics, and of Catholic immigrants. The official call contains pictures of people and pictures illustrative of work accomplished by

No Reason for Pessimism. The lady who has a beautiful Easter hat and her new Easter gown safely hung in the closet is unable to understand why there should be any pessimism in the world.—Chicago Record-Herald.

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Protestant women in missionary activity. The society expresses the belief that Catholic women, if organized, can do as much, perhaps more.

Sundays. You can't get down on your knees and pray "thy kingdom come" and rent your building for a saloon. You can't get down and pray "thy kingdom come" and keep somebody on the side.

You can't pray "thy kingdom come" when outlawed debts are charged against you on a merchant's books. I'd like to be able to yank a string and pull off of you men all the duds that aren't paid for. Some of you wouldn't have anything left on except a celluloid collar and your socks.

Some people pray as though they expected nothing, and they are never disappointed. I'm surprised God is doing as well as He is with the bunch He has to work with.

Get down on your knees and tell God just what you are and there will be nothing in heaven too good for you.

Some of you women are so puffed up with pride you look like a poisoned pup.

Jacob, that old stock raiser of 6,000 years ago, would make a good twentieth century stock swindler.

Half of the people in the churches have never been converted, and they do not know what religious experience is.

A man may know the long and the short catechism and the 39 articles and all the dogmas and creeds under the sun and yet be so close to hell that the devil could reach out and touch him.

Some people on their knees are omnipotent and some never seem to get any answer.

If you come here to grumble and growl and find fault and chew the rag my sermons will do for you what the plug does to the slot machine.

I don't give a rap if I shock the sensibilities of anyone on earth.—Toledo Blade.

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