BREVITY IN WRITING IS WHAT CHARITY IS TO ALL OTHER VIRTUES

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.

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

SOCIAL CORNER POEM.

"Apple Blossoms."

To one whose youthful years were whiled away
'Mid rural scenes, and springtime blossoms fair,
There comes sweet memories each balmy May,
When the scent of apple blossoms fills the air.

Though years have passed, and miles of space may lie
Between us and the old home orchard trees,
We live again 'mid scenes of days gone by,
When we catch their sweet perfume on the breeze.

The homestead, and the apple orchard near,
Each tree a mass of beauty—pink and white,
We close our eyes and humming bees we hear,
Or breathe the perfume of the dewy night.

Let those who dwell among the orange trees
Sing loudly of their fragrant blossoms white,
That shed their sweetness on the balmy breeze,
While their beauty fills the heart with fond delight.

Let those of southern climes sing out their lay
Of mocking birds and sweet magnolia bowers,
And hail with joy the gladsome month of May,
And thank God for their song birds and their flowers.

And I will sing of apple blossoms dear to me,
When the homestead apple orchard is in bloom;
And robin redbreasts singing in each tree,
Or nesting 'mid the flowers' sweet perfume.

Oh, happy birds! Oh, apple blossoms fair!
You are welcome as the dewy May-day morn—
Your music and your fragrance on the air
Bring back the springtime joys of days long gone.

R. DUANE BROMLEY.
Geneva, N. Y.

ANSWERS AND INQUIRIES.

RURAL DELIVERY—The letter and card were forwarded as you requested.

A YOUNG MOTHER—Will you please send in full address. A souvenir card awaits you.

BALSAM FIR—All the cards with one exception were mailed as you directed.

QUEEN BESS—Cards have been forwarded as you directed. It is a pleasure for us to do the favor.

JANE—The undecipherable letter is a trial to us and a disappointment to the writer. It is only occasionally we are obliged to throw out a letter for this cause. Good letters have been lost because dimly written or so abbreviated that it was perilous to attempt to edit them.

BETSY BOBBETT—Your clever and amusing story received. You furnish perfect copy.

ELIZABETH—We have steamed and automobiled through Lebanon, and walked across the town once. Four of the cards were mailed. The others will be sent as soon as we have the addresses.

BUTTERCUP—Please send in full address. A souvenir card awaits you.

SISTER A. N. R.—A souvenir card in my hands for you will be forwarded as soon as we have your address.

SUNFLOWER — Co-solid writes: "Please tell Sunflower I am too busy this week to answer her last letter, but will come again next week.

A FRUIT BREAKFAST.

Sisters of the Social Corner: Now that meat and sugar are so high it is well to know how to get along without both.

A nourishing fruit breakfast: Juice of two oranges, cup of chopped apples, two mashed bananas, one-half cup of ground English walnuts. Mix and heap in a glass dish; serve in small glass dishes.

Rhubarb without sugar: Steam the rhubarb, thus retaining all the flavor by being cooked in its own juice. Add dates, raisins or California black sun-dried figs to neutralize the acid if objected to. Such a combination is a highly valuable food at this time of the year.

A Fruit Mixture as nourishing as meat: Mix a cup of chopped walnut meats with three mashed bananas; mix well and press into cones; serve with whipped cream. Some may like plain honey poured over.

This can be changed into an entree by dressing with lemon juice, creamed with uncooked peanut butter until thickened.

Some of the Sisters may be pleased with these vegetarian recipes.

HANNAH WHO.
Willimantic.

UNEXPECTED COMPANY.

Mrs. Casey had just got comfortably settled in her country home when she had her first visitor. It was a pleasant March day, and Mr. Casey and grandpa drove to Uncle Lyman's to spend the day; the children took their dinners to school, and Mrs. Casey planned a "picked up" lunch for herself and grandma and Baby Bertie, and a long day to sew.

She had just finished her morning work when Uncle Sam and Aunt Frances and Mr. and Mrs. Brown drove up.

"What shall I do for dinner?" was her first thought. "I had rather entertain the queen of England or the president's wife any day than Mrs. Brown."

She seated them in the parlor with grandma and slipped away to take stock of supplies. She had planned to bake a cake and get supper at the same time; but it was 11 o'clock and the guests had driven five miles. She had pork, potatoes, eggs, a few cans of home-made preserves, and two cans each of corn, peas and clams; also a can of corned beef; but Mrs. Brown never ate "canned stuff."

"She will eat what she can get or go without today," remarked Mrs. Casey to herself, as she put some potatoes into the kettle. Fortunately there was a fire and hot water. Next she made a plain cake in a deep pie tin; then two plates of cream tartar biscuits, and a shortcake of the same dough.

Shortcake—One egg, a cup of meal and a half cup of flour, a big spoon of sugar, a teaspoon of soda and a little salt, mixed with sour milk and baked on a hot griddle, made a plateful of brown corn cakes.

The pork was fried crisp after being cut thin and rolled in meal. These were placed on a pretty platter surrounded by a dozen eggs daintily fried.

A cup of cream, slightly thickened, added to the little pork fat left in the spider made a nice gravy.

Two cans of peas had been heated in a saucepan, and a little butter, salt and pepper added.

The cake was covered with frosting made from a cup of powdered sugar, moistened with boiling water and flavored with lemon.

The shortcake was cut with a sharp knife, buttered and filled with canned apple, sprinkled with sugar and flavored with orange.

She made both tea and coffee, and at 12.30 the dinner was on the table.

The table was spread with a white cloth with red embroidered dollies and set with pretty china and glass. There was the platter of pork and eggs, a bowl of gravy, a deep dish of potatoes, another of peas, a plate of brown corn cakes, another of flaky biscuits, a glass dish of butter and one of pickles.

On a little side table was the cake and the apple shortcake and pretty plates to serve them on.

Mrs. Casey poured the tea and coffee and even Mrs. Brown could find no fault.

ETTA BARBER.

WHAT RURAL DELIVERY DID WHEN HE SAW THE AIRSHIP.

Dear Editor, Sisters and Brothers of the Social Corner: While we do not like to take up much space in the department when there are so many letters to be printed, I would like to say a few words about flying machines.

"The Social Corner Sky-Ride to Maine," by Shut-In, was fine. I had always thought the ground was good enough for me, and I wanted it pretty solid. I had no love for ocean voyages or a trip in a flying machine, and have said I would never get into one, as I was always afraid of the blamed things; but one day I saw something a long ways off coming towards me. Well, I won't say what I thought it was at first sight, and would you believe me, it was one of those flying machines coming to the earth. The first thing I did was to climb a tree, for fear they would pick me up as a hawk would a chicken. As the thing landed safely I saw that the machine was loaded with people, and to my great surprise they were all Social Corner folks, and the Editor was at the wheel, and said:

"Get right in. We are after you to go to Maine."

I could not refuse the invitation, and took a seat between Nat and Jim, so I could hang on to them if the thing took a notion to head its nose to the earth. As I got nicely seated, the Editor said:

"We are off!"

And up, up we went and sailed away like the birds of the air. As we looked down upon the earth the brooks and rivers looked like miles of ribbons of many colors in the sunlight. It was not long before we were at South Windham, Maine, at the home of Balsam Fir, who, with Shut-In, soon got busy and highly entertained the company. After the floor was ready many enjoyed the waltzes and other dances.

On our trip back we were quite late, and as we were up pretty high I think I heard some of the younger members say:

"I jest got a wink from the man in the moon."

It was a fine trip, and should the Editor call for us again we will not climb a tree, but get aboard without stopping to get a ticket.

Many thanks to Blue Bell of Scotland for a beautiful postcard which is the first I have ever received from any member of the Social Corner. I have put it in my Postcard Book, and shall call it the Social Corner page. Hope to get more some time.

With best wishes to all.

RURAL DELIVERY.

TIMELY RECIPES FOR BALSAM FIR.

Dear Editor and Sisters Social Corner: I am sending in just a few recipes, as I read that diphtheria is prevalent in some parts of the city. Perhaps the pineapple cure may be a benefit if not a cure. Another good way to prevent diphtheria is to put a cup nearly full of carbolic acid on back of stove, and keep in a steaming condition. The fumes will kill out germs, also be of help to patient.

Some good uses for Turpentine: Turpentine mixed with beeswax makes the best floor polish.

In an excellent dressing for patent leather.

A few drops will prevent starch from sticking.

A tablespoonful boiled with linens makes them very white.

It keeps moths away from clothes if sprinkled in boxes and closets.

Turpentine mixed with sweet oil is an excellent furniture polish.

The vapor of turpentine inhaled often cures a sore throat.

Applied externally, it relieves lumbago and chilblains.

Removes paint from one's hands or clothes.

An Effective Remedy for Diphtheria—Take two and spirits of turpentine, in equal parts, and burn in an iron pan also in two hours the fumes relieve at once and remove all bad odor from the patient's breath.

Pineapple as a Medicine—Most of us would be willing to be sick if we could have a good strong diet of pineapple as a medicine. It has been stated that for sore throat and some other troubles the peculiar acid of the pineapple is a great remedy. For diphtheria pineapple is highly recommended.

Pineapple as a Beverage—For adding to lemon and orange there is wonderful improvement in fruit punch where pineapple is used. Grated pineapple, with a dash of lemon juice, is a most refreshing and delicious drink, when made with a good and simple fruit punch.

BALSAM FIR.
South Windham, Maine.

C. H. S. A KEEN IDENTIFIER.

Dear Ruth and Social Corner Sisters: You asked to hear more about my school. Well, we haven't done very much lately, so I had nothing to write about.

President Taft was in Springfield about two weeks ago and our principal closed school at 11.30 so we all might go to see him. A crowd of girls, including myself, went, and we had a good look at him. He spoke on an open-air platform erected for the purpose. We could not hear him, but we saw him which was all we cared for.

Every year in May the Music Festival club of Springfield give concerts, two matinees and two evening performances. This year it came Friday and Saturday of last week. Artists' night (the first night), Mary Garden, America's great prima donna, was to sing. We heard that there was to be a public rehearsal, so we stayed out of school Friday morning and went to hear it. We heard Mary Garden and Kathleen Pavlow, the great violinist, and also the Boston Symphony orchestra, and it was well worth our money. We did not see their beautiful costumes, but the talent was there without them.

Mary Garden spent her childhood in Chicopee 24 years ago when she was 13 years old. She lived in a house at that time that I lived in a few years ago. She came to Chicopee last week and visited many former friends.

A Dreamer: I know your niece, M—— C——.

Pink Rose: Hello, M. G.! You see I know you!

Aline: I know you, too! You are related to Pink Rose, are you not?

Ready: Thanks; I certainly shall. So you know the people who own Riverside.

Balsam Fir: Did you get my last cards?

Best wishes to all.

Chicopee. C. H. S, 1913.

HOW TO MAKE VINEGAR PIE.

Hello, Dear Editor and Social Corner Friends. How are you, one and all? Does it not seem nice to see this warm spring weather?

Can any of the sisters tell me how to make fried pies? I think they are very nice, but cannot find recipes for them anywhere.

Beccy: I do not think I know you, as my cousin who lives in Maine never lived in either Mansfield or Union. Did you ever live in Hampton and, if so, how long ago was it? Perhaps I may be able to guess you, if you did.

Etta Barber: Was glad to see your recipe for dumpling as I never could have any luck. I shall try it soon.

Farmer's Wife: I have tried your recipe for Buttermilk Cookies and think they are fine. I put an egg in them.

Did any of the sisters ever make Vinegar pie? I think it is nice for a change. Will send my recipe:

Vinegar Pie—One cup sugar, one tablespoon flour, one and one-half tablespoons vinegar, one cup cold water, one egg, a pinch of salt, and a little nutmeg or lemon. This can be baked with either one or two crusts.

Will close now with best wishes to all the sisters.

Hampton. MAMIE.

J. E. T. UPON COOKING GREENS.

Social Corner Folks: How do you cook dandelions? Or any kind of greens? My reason for wishing to know: I ate some greens the past week at a friend's that were so bitter—don't mention it out loud—I have a pucker in both corners of my mouth yet. She poured boiling water over them to start them cooking. Cold water should be used to cook anything of that kind, and plenty of it, at first. When once they are boiling, use hot water. This may help some, as it did me.

Yes, Blue Bell of Scotland, has guessed me. Should she, and our other sisters, call I shall be at home. They can call me on telephone as there is one in my home. Shall have a companionable regard for Blue Bells of Scotland about the time huckleberries are ripe. I am sure she will want me.

J. E. T.
Yantic.

WHAT SHALL BE DONE WITH DISOBEDIENT CHILDREN?

Dear Editor and Social Corner Sisters: What shall we do with our little ones when they disobey and are naughty? How many of the Sisters believe in whipping or spanking? I do—and I do not; that is, I believe that once in a while there is nothing under the sun will do a child so much good as a good sound old-fashioned spanking; the kind our mothers used to give us when we needed them. But as for promiscuous whippings for this and that and every little thing, I do not believe in them.

I think a mother loses her dignity thereby, and a child loses respect for the mother. Many times I think there are other things which punish far more than whipping. For instance:

One of my little boys is unusually active, and for him to be made to sit in a chair for half an hour or so is a great punishment. Another one's great delight is in being out of doors—keep him in the house for a while and he is sufficiently punished.

I do not believe in putting children to bed without their supper, and like methods, for that is apt to injure their health, and to do that would be wicked.

Let's have some opinions along this line.

Many thanks, dear Ready, for your card; will return the favor soon.

QUEEN BESS.

HOW TO PRESERVE EGGS.

Dear Sisters of the Social Corner: I am sending in a recipe for preserving eggs. I never remember of seeing one printed in our Corner. And while eggs are cheap (I pay 22 cents a dozen) I put down a supply against the time they will be 45 or 48.

Out of thirty dozen preserved last spring I failed to find one bad one.

To Preserve Eggs—Take one quart of water glass which sells in the drug store for ten cents; dilute it with nine parts of water, mix thoroughly and pour over eggs. I keep mine in a crock. This is sufficient for twelve dozen eggs.

OLGA.

O. H. O. INVITES ALL TO COME TO UNION.

To Beccy: What district did you live in when in Union? I lived in district No. 5; now I live in district No. 1, and quite near a church. Have you guessed who it is yet?

To Beccy and others of the Social Corner: If you are ever this way, please call. I have seen balloons pass quite near us, and if I should look up and some day see an airship coming I will wish that it is well loaded with members of the Social Corner and they are to land in my dooryard, which by the way is a good sized one, and there would be no trouble in getting out.

O. H. O.
Union.

The Antique Bureau and the Withered Rose

By A Dreamer

NOTICE.—Everybody stop and look! Don't miss the public auction at the well known Foster place on Saturday, Oct. 14, 1911, at 2 p. m. Ladies and gentlemen! You cannot afford to miss what will be the greatest opportunity of your lives to secure a variety of valuable antique furniture, rare paintings and books, bric-a-brac, carpets and draperies. Come, everyone!

JONATHAN BUELL, Auctioneer.

To consent to such a notice being nailed to every telegraph pole within a mile and more of her dear old home had cost Sybil Foster many a heartache and more than one sleepless night. The notice to vacate read: "At your own convenience," but Sybil Foster was enough of a business woman to see that those words were simply a polite way of saying "At once!"

Since the death of her father, five years ago, she and her invalid mother, with their faithful housekeeper (Hannah), had continued to live at the old place. Death claimed Sybil's mother nearly a year ago, leaving Sybil alone, except for the faithful Hannah. Only one sensible course was left to follow, and this Sybil had decided to do: dispose of all the old furnishings, except a very few, and secure some sort of a position in a neighboring town.

The day before that set for the auction found Sybil and faithful Hannah down on their knees, polishing and rubbing every piece of furniture till it reflected their own images. It was very necessary that as large a sum as possible be realized from the sale of the various articles, and this fact urged the two workers on.

"We sure have got to make things shine," remarked faithful Hannah in the midst of her rubbing, "'cause then folks what tends auctions are sharp as eagles when it comes to bargains; but you just needn't be a-worried, Miss Sybil, for if they don't find some powerful good bargains here tomorrow then old Hannah's no judge of human nature."

When Clarice Hunter stopped in for her daily chat she discovered her friend Sybil kneeling before a beautiful mahogany bureau, crying to herself and polishing between the spells of crying. A most forlorn looking figure she appeared, and when she spied Clarice fresh sobs shook her frame and she hid her wet face on Clarice's shoulder. It was a weak, timid voice that said between the sobs:

"It's so childlike of me to give way to my feelings like this, but no one knows how I love all the furnishings of my childhood home; but especially this bureau, in which mother kept her own personal effects. Why, Clarice, when I open a drawer it seems that I must see her veil, or gloves, or black lace collar lying just where her dear hands had laid them. Since her death I've used the bureau for my own trinkets, and how can I see it sold?"

Sybil arose from her knees and leaning both arms on the cherished bureau indulged in another long crying spell.

When Clarice Hunter felt that she could no longer allow Sybil to give way to her grief she gently touched her friend's arm and endeavored to comfort Sybil.

"It's very hard, I know," said Clarice, "but what would you do with all this heavy furniture, living in crowded city quarters? So dry your eyes and let's talk of things more cheerful. Look at the many gifts you need to feel thankful for: Youth, ambition, not a few accomplishments and a personal appearance which most young women would be proud of.

"For shame on you, Sybil Foster!" Clarice Hunter rattled on in this cheery manner till the smiles played in their accustomed places on Sybil's countenance.

To describe Sybil Foster's appearance, her old friends used but few words: "A smile, a kind word and a rose," for Sybil was rarely ever seen without a rose in her hair, or her belt, and more often with a whole basket of roses on her arm. Her erect carriage could not be mistaken for pride, with a capital "P." (This was Clarice Hunter's way of putting it.) Always neatly gowned, with her heavy chestnut brown hair coiled low in the back of her neck and falling in waves over a broad, intellectual forehead, earnest gray eyes, a large nose and mouth, but such a perfect set of white teeth that straightway one forgot the largeness of the mouth, and the nose also. In this wise Dame Nature had endowed Sybil Foster.

On the day set for the auction crowds began to arrive about 1 o'clock at the Foster place, which had been a noted landmark for more than a score of years. They came in groups of threes and fours; some on foot, some in carriages, and some in automobiles. First to arrive was the second-hand man, who expected to get "something for nothing." Sauntering along easily came the antique furniture man, who knows a real antique the instant his hawklike eyes perceive it.

The curiosity seeker, who is always on hand in a crowd, was there, too! Why she came would be hard to explain, for she "could buy if she would, and wouldn't buy if she could." Just there perhaps to peer at folks and things in general, but undoubtedly curious to learn if Sybil Foster carried herself as proudly as in happier days.

"I'll cheat the whole crowd," declares Clarice Hunter, as she hustles Sybil off to the Hunter place, away from the prying eyes of the overcurious and the comments of the critics. "Then, too," Clarice adds, with a roguish wink, "some of those strange gentlemen might be conceited enough to think Sybil went with the furnishings, and make a bid for the heart and hand of the 'Proud Miss Foster.'"

Last, but in no wise of least importance, to arrive is the auctioneer himself. Bowing to this and that acquaintance, Jonathan Buell elbows his way through the crowd and mounts a large box which had been placed in the center of the spacious hall, thus enabling the auctioneer to command the best view of the people. As he stands on the box, looking the crowd over, let's take a look at him. Tall and decidedly lean, all arms and legs, he appeared. "I need them in my business," he often remarked, piercing black eyes, set into a long, thin face, whose countenance was capable of looking as black as a thunder cloud or as bright as a sunbeam, just as the occasion demanded. Thus briefly have we the makeup of Jonathan Buell, auctioneer.

The crowd is all attention, for the auctioneer's deep bass voice is saying: "Ladies and gentlemen: I reckon you've squinted and peered at every article for sale from the great bookcase in yonder corner to this delicate vase which I hold in my hand.

"New to bashmen!" (Holding up the vase, he proceeds: "Here'd have a beau-ti-ful blue china vase, sound as a dollar (tapping it with his bony knuckles). How much am I offered? One dollar! The miserable sum of one dollar? Worth five, if a penny. Two dollars, I hear? Two and a half. Two seventy-five. Who says three dollars? Going for three! Going, going, gone! Sold for three dollars to the lady at my left!"

Money seemed to be tight that day and the auctioneer in his best humor and in a shrill voice exclaimed:

"Look at the next offer! A solid mahogany bureau, swell front, four large drawers that will comfortably hold all the personal effects of a big family. Examine it and you will see that words fail to describe its usefulness and grandeur.

Make me an offer—and a good one! Ten dollars I hear from a distant corner. Eleven. Twelve. Thirteen.

"Wake up, everybody!

"Make it fifteen. Fifteen I'm offered. Bah! what bargain hunters! Going—do you hear? Going for only fifteen dollars. Sold to the second-hand furniture man for the miserable sum of fifteen dollars. He's got what he came for—something for nothing."

In this fashion the auction continued till each article was disposed of. Gradually the crowd dwindled away home. More than satisfied with his game was the antique furniture man, who chuckled to himself at visions of the dollars he hoped to pocket on the sales of each antique.

Ralph Emory, real estate agent and a lover of antiques, was among the antique furniture man's best customers. A dignified bachelor was Mr. Emery, noted for his eccentricities but dearly loved by the few who were proud to be numbered among his friends. Gossip hinted that in days gone by he had bestowed his affections upon a talented young woman whose qualities far excelled any antique relic.

Taking a peep into Ralph Emory's cosy apartment, we discern an object in one corner of the bedroom which on closer scrutiny proves to be the well remembered Foster mahogany bureau, looking very lonely and out of place.

Sitting at his desk in the opposite corner of the same room is the dignified Ralph Emory. His fingers are nervously toying with an envelope, dusty and wrinkled, which a few moments ago he found hidden in one of the drawers to the old bureau.

Watching the gentleman closely, we see him open the envelope and out from its hiding place falls a withered red rose. Before picking up the rose Ralph Emory takes from a pigeonhole in his desk an old diary. After turning a few leaves he comes upon the object of his search—another red rose, just as withered as the one on the carpet, and which he picks up now. Placing the two withered roses side by side on his desk, his mind wanders, and if his countenance pales slightly little wonder at it, for what do the withered roses say?

Resting his head in the palm of his hand, Ralph Emory muses: "Twin roses! Yes, that's what Sybil Foster called these two red roses when she cut them from the bush which grew near the front gate leading to the Foster place.

"It's five years since then, and I wonder why Sybil's little treasure has fallen into my hands? I wonder if—" And so we'll leave him wondering.

It was a very excited gentleman who appeared early the next morning at the store of the antique furniture man, demanding to know how, when and where he had obtained the Foster bureau which he sold the day before to Ralph Emory. The antique furniture man explained all he knew regarding the sale of the Foster antiques and the courteous Mr. Emory departed without even a "Thank you!" leaving the antique furniture man pondering as to whether that good man had taken leave of his senses.

And all this time our friend, Sybil Foster, has been resting at the home of Clarice Hunter.

It was the eve before the day set for Sybil to leave her kind friends for her home in the city. "Just for old times' sake" Clarice and Sybil had been singing some familiar melodies. They were in the midst of their favorite song ("'Tis the Last Rose of Summer"), when the doorbell rang so loudly that both young women began to tremble.

Sybil rushes past Clarice upstairs, leaving Clarice to answer the bell. In less than five minutes Clarice calls up the stairway:

"A gentleman in the parlor to see Miss Foster."

Sybil leans over the banister and as there is no Clarice to be seen there is nothing left to do but see the gentleman.

Calm and defiant, and with more pride in her carriage than of old, Sybil Foster appeared in the door of the parlor. As she met the searching eyes of Ralph Emory her voice trembled noticeably.

"You! Ralph Emory! And why have you come? Surely you cannot wish to add another drop of bitterness to my cup which is already overflowing?"

For answer, Ralph Emory handed Sybil the envelope containing her withered red rose.

"This," he adds, "is what brought me here tonight, Sybil." Very calmly he went on to explain his purchase of the Foster bureau and the finding of the wrinkled envelope hidden in one of the drawers.

"Had I known of the auction, Sybil, I should have been there without fail, not to bid for antiques, but for a treasure for excelling any antique—the Proud Miss Foster herself.

"Your invalid mother is gone and her daughter is left alone. Can it be, Sybil, that you will allow the old pride to come between yourself and happiness?"

Their conversation was interrupted by the sudden appearance of Clarice Hunter, who is always on hand when an important question is at stake. Taking in the situation at one glance and adopting the auctioneer's language, Clarice shouts at the top of her voice:

"Sold! The heart and hand of the Proud Sybil Foster to Ralph Emory, for the fabulous sum of two withered red roses."

By A DREAMER.

ALINE INQUIRES FOR A SONG.

Dear Sisters: Do you ever stop to think it isn't the big things a woman has to do that wears her out, but the multitude of little things that have to be borne in mind and done as occasion offers; or that pop up unexpectedly and must be done on the instant?

Some days the regular housework goes on smoothly with nothing to bother, and the evening finds one not too tired to enjoy a book, to sew, or to chat with a neighbor. Other days the time seems to be frittered away and nothing accomplished; and at night the busy housewife is "almost too tired to breathe."

When such days come we will find that two things will make them much easier—keep cheerful and remember that "tomorrow will bring another day."

It all comes in a lifetime, any way, as one woman I know would say. What real difference does it make if the ironing isn't done today, or we don't get time to make cake for supper, if we have kept our tempers and done the best we could?

Samantha: I don't care for the popular songs of the day and do like hymns, so will be glad to join in with your songs, then you can sing "America" with me. All the same, would be very much pleased if you could send me the words of the "Dying Californian." I haven't heard it for years and would like them very much.

Pink Rose: Why don't you write?

Jim: I like Lowell's poems and Mrs. Browning's also. There are so many I like, could hardly pick out one as a favorite.

Wild West: Wish you could find the poem I asked for some time ago.

A Young Mother: I do my own sewing. It does save a great deal. One can save also by watching the remnant counter; also by making over. Papa's shirts make good petticoats for the little ones. Stocking legs can be cut down to fit the little feet. Flour bags can be bleached and used for underclothes. There are lots of ways to save; but saving should never be done at the expense of one's eyes, or health. If one has neither time nor strength for sewing, then it will be cheaper in the end to use the ready-made articles.

Aunt Mehitable: Am trying to be roots. Take out of doors once a w

as definite as you are. My last name has six letters. Are your initials F. W.?

A Co-Solid: Are you a man or a woman? or are you that boy you mention who dared to question a vote? If so, no wonder you are against women voting, for you seem to be afraid they will form a political trust, become bloated monopolists, and you will be left out in the cold.

What has become of Sweet Sixteen, Rosemary and C. of C.? Also the Nutmeg. Please write again.

Those of us who live in the country are planning, I am sure, to have plenty of flowers this summer. And I know that we are all glad to give the blossoms to anyone who cares for them. Don't you think it would be a pleasant thing to do each time we go to the city, to market or shopping, to carry a bunch of flowers along and give a few to each of the clerks who wait on us, and to the flower hungry children we meet on the streets?

Let's try it once, any way. Then maybe we'll enjoy doing it again.

ALINE.

BUSYBODY'S TROUBLES AND CAKES.

Dear Old Social Corner: How nice we can come to you any time and find just what we need. When in trouble, or want, we always turn to Ma. How nice to have Ma with us, to help us along the rough ways of life here and there, cheering us on and on.

Ma: I was glad to see another letter from you. When I went to the hen house to feed my hens, I noticed one on the roost, with her neck on one side. Taking her off and placing her on the ground, she went staggering round and round. I picked her up and shut her up by herself. This is the third one I've had so within a year. Their necks finally turned way around. They are light as a feather. Can you tell me the cause or if there is any remedy beside the axe for them?

Shut-In: Your story was fine. Am sorry I missed that outing. Had a card from Balsam Fir, and was anxious to go. Must have been so busy I did not see the flying machine.

Elizabeth: I know some one with the initial you gave Sweet Lavender. I wonder if it is the same one you know—Mrs. once, M. K. now.

How many have ever tried when baking bread to save out a small loaf when ready to rise the last time? Roll out about 1-2 thick, spread liberally with melted or soft butter, sprinkle with sugar and cinnamon, and currants, if liked, roll up like jelly roll, but in one-half inch slices, put in dripping pan to rise till light; put little ways apart or cut with small biscuit cutter. Fine when fresh for lunch box or with coffee in morning. All children are fond of them. Try and report.

Greetings to all.

BUSYBODY.

PEGGY ANNE'S PUDDING, CAKE AND COOKIES.

Dear Editor and Social Corner Sisters: What a fine time you all had on the trip to see Frozen and Balsam Fir. Poor Nat! I'll bet Jane Ann gave him a talking to after they got home for sitting on the pie and cake.

Hello, Elizabeth: I see you've found me out again. Think some one you and I both know has been telling tales. Now that you know where to find me, you must get Papa's Boy to bring you over in his auto to see me. I'm wise, too, as to your identity.

Ma: I've been making inquiries of you. Were your father's initials R. S., and did you live at one time at Leonard Bridge?

Etta Barber: Did you ever try baking your parsnip stew, after it was cooked on the stove? My men folks like to have the pork browned and so after the stew has finished cooking on top of the stove, I pour off a part of the liquor and put the rest in a dripping pan with the pieces of pork on top, aand bake until they are nice and brown. The rest of the liquor I thicken for gravy.

Samantha: I'll join your "skule" if I may. "Let a Little Sunshine In" is a good one to add. What a fine time we'll all have.

Sunshine Pudding—Dissolve five scant teaspoons gelatine in two and one-half cups boiling water and strain. Beat the whites of four eggs with two cups granulated sugar; then beat with the gelatine fifteen or twenty minutes; add a teaspoon cold water, vanilla, and set away to cool.

English Fried Cakes—Two cups sugar, two dessertspoons melted lard, three eggs, one cup sweet milk, five teaspoons baking powder, two and one-quarter cups mashed and sifted potato, six and one-half cups of flour; a pinch of salt and nutmeg. This will make six dozen cakes and will not soak grease.

Soft White Cookies—One cup granulated sugar, one cup butter (scant), cream together and add the beaten whites of two eggs, one cup sour cream and one teaspoon soda, one teaspoon nutmeg, flour to make a soft dough to roll, and one-half teaspoon baking powder sifted in the flour; roll not very thin, and cut with a small round cutter.

PEGGY ANNE.

DAUGHTER'S ROSE JAR AND GREAT FERN.

Dear Social Corner Sisters: As June is the month of roses, it will soon be time to gather the petals for a rose jar. I have two, and am going to gather petals for another this June. The petals should be gathered in the morning while the dew is still on, sprinkled with salt and spread on plates in sun to dry.

Once made they are a joy forever, as the odor grows sweeter with age.

Potpourri of Roses—One quart dried rose petals, and any other sweet scented leaves; one-quarter ounce lavender blows; one-quarter ounce cassia bark, one-quarter ounce mace, ground to coarse powder; one-eighth ounce whole cloves, bruised and broken; one-eighth ounce allspice buds, bruised. A few drops each of oil of rose, oil of neroli, oil of rose geranium and oil of bitter almonds. Then pour over all one ounce of rose extract. Set away in dark place for two weeks to ripen, then it is ready for use.

Leave cover off jar for a while and a most delightful fragrance permeates the room.

A friend gave me this recipe for Dandelion Wine. A wine glassful taken three times a day makes an excellent spring tonic.

Dandelion Wine—Pick four quarts dandelion blossoms and stems. Wash, put into a crock and pour over them one gallon of boiling water. Let stand three days. Put in porcelain kettle and boil fifteen minutes, the peel of one lemon and two oranges having been added. Strain through a cloth, add juice of lemon and oranges, three pounds of white sugar. When lukewarm add three-quarters cup yeast, or one yeast cake. If the solution does not make a gallon, add water sufficient. Cover with cloth; let stand three weeks to ferment. Strain again and let stand one week. Then strain again, bottle, seal. Keep in a cool place. In six weeks it is ready for use.

I have a beautiful fern of the carrot variety, measuring more than 12 feet in circumference, eighteen years old. It is in a nine-inch pot. Several years ago it came near dying. I thought it needed a larger pot, so put it into one, giving it plenty of leaf mold, but it did not grow as fast as it ought. Since then I have learned the secret of fern culture. Do not put them in too large a pot, as they do not do well until the pot is filled with roots. Take out of doors once a w

or so, in summer, and give a shower bath (through watering pot sprinkler.

Submerge pot in pail of water occasionally for twenty minutes, thus giving the roots a bath. Water with cold tea; it is a fine stimulant and occasionally a little ammonia or alcohol added to clear water keeps them healthy and glossy green. The proportion: One teaspoon to one quart water.

I have an asparagus fern given me a year ago which is growing finely. One of the new fronds measures 1 3-4 yards in length.

Will some of the sisters tell me how to make meringue that will not wrinkle when cut.

Success to the Corner.

DAUGHTER.

TIMELY RECIPES FROM CLARA.

Dear Sisters of the Social Corner: Herewith I send a few tested recipes:

Maple Syrup Pie—One cup maple syrup, one cup chopped raisins, one lemon, juice and rind, and two even tablespoons flour. Bake with two crusts in a quick oven.

Molasses Cake—Half a cup of cream, half a cup of sour milk, one cup of molasses, one teaspoon saleratus, one teaspoon ginger, or any other flavoring, a little salt and flour to make the whole rather soft. Very good. Try it and see how you like it.

To Boil Beets—Beets must not be cut, as this makes them lose their sweetness and color. Salt the water, and boil them in summer an hour and in winter three hours.

Think Ready must have her basket quilt finished, so we can see it when we have our wood-box social at her home. I think I know "Ina of Canterbury." Are your initials G. P.?

Blue Bird: My last name begins with M. Do you live in Plainfield?

C. OF C.

WOMAN DIZZY PARTLY NUMB

Doctors Did Her No Good—Testifies How She Was Helped by Lydia E. Pinkham's Compound.

Zanesville, Ohio.—"Last fall I had female weakness very bad, and was nervous and run down. I was dizzy and had numb feelings and my eyes ached. I took doctor's medicines but they did me no good, so I decided to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I did so, and now I feel stronger and better. I have told other women what Mrs. Pinkham's medicines have done for me and give you permission to publish this letter for the good of others."—Mrs. HULDA ERICKSON, 506 Maysville Avenue, Zanesville, Ohio.

More Proof.

Burlington, Iowa.—"For years I suffered a great deal from female troubles. I had awful pains and felt sick nearly all the time. I saw Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound advertised and heard that it had helped other suffering women so I felt sure it would do me good. Sure enough it did. The first bottle helped me and now I am a strong and well woman. I would not be without it in the house."—Mrs. ANNA HIGGINS, 1125 Agency St., Burlington, Iowa.

There need be no doubt about the ability of this grand old remedy, made from the roots and herbs of our fields, to remedy woman's diseases. We possess volumes of proof of this fact, enough to convince the most skeptical. Why don't you try it?

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