THE MORNING HOUR HATH GOLD IN ITS MOUTH

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.

The Oldest Inhabitant.

He stood upon the platform with his pipe between his teeth,
He wore an old Prince Albert with blue overalls beneath;
'Twas plain he'd never been beyond the Pine Tree State's Confines;
No money could have tempted him to penetrate her lines.
"Born and brung up By Suds" was he, within her proud domain:
To him, "there's nothing to compare with this old State o'Maine."

No care had he of Wall Street, or of this year's Hippodrome;
The War of Italy and Turks was quite too far from home.
The baseball series of the world might rage and all of that—
His fondest joy was when Pete Smith of Brownville went to bat.
"Where would you go" I asked, "if you possessed the whole world's gain?"
Said he, "By Heck, I'd never go outside the State o'Maine."

To get his goat, I answered him, Your State's behind the times
We deal with millions in New York, while you folks gather dimes;
I'm sorry, but I'm sentenced to stay up here all this week;
I surely will be happy when it is time to make my sneak.
Fierce was his wrath, his whiskers bobbed upon his trembling chin,
He shook his fist and shouted in a voice both high and thin:
"You blasted fool, I'll bet my socks you're crazy or insane,
If I was young I'd boot ye clear'n out the State o'Maine"

Ancient, thour't right Thy pardon sire! It would be hard to find
The equal of your land, when one is tired of the grind:
The beauty of her forests, birches white and maples green,
The charm of lakes and rivers intermeshed in the scene;
With timid gaze receding toward her mountains grim and green—
Who questions that she's earned that happy name—
"The Play-ground State,"
And when the Red Gods call us and we rush to take the train,
May they drop us off "Way Yonder" in the good old "State o'Maine!"

BALSAM FIR.

ANSWERS AND INQUIRIES.

GRANDMA—Card received and mailed to Married and Happy.

MERRY WIDOW—The check will be mailed to you.

ENID—Cards received and posted for their destination.

AUNT HESTER—Letters received and mailed to writers indicated.

A MILITANT SISTER.

Dear Sisters of the Social Corner:—It was a real relief to me when I saw a note from Married and Happy saying she was home again and on the high road to recovery. Doubtless it was to many of you. I have such a horror of hospitals and operations that I cannot help feeling deeply for those who must submit themselves in hope of restoration to health—of having one more chance for life.

Married and Happy is a militant sister in this respect—when it comes to fighting for life she rolls her spirits up with her shirt-sleeves. I was pleased, as you all must have been with her letter to the Editor. A person who faces a fighting chance like that deserves to get well.

I was pleased to learn she had so many kind attentions from the Sisters for she was worthy of them and many more.

May her strength return rapidly and may she live long to enjoy the renewed health for which she paid such a price.

RUTH.

HOW TO SERVE PEACHES.

Dear Sisters of the Social Corner: The season of peaches is here and they are a fruit that is liked by almost everyone. Ripe, juicy peaches are truly delicious, and when served at the table in any one of the many well cooked dishes are even more delicious.

The following are a few good recipes:

Peach Pie—Line a pie tin with good paste. Pare, halve and stone peaches enough to fill the pan full. Mix one cup of sugar with one tablespoon of flour and sprinkle over the peaches; add one-half cup of water, cover with paste and bake 30 minutes. This is good either hot or cold, and, of course, cream improves it greatly.

Peach Shortcake—One pint flour, one saltspoon salt, one teaspoon baking powder and two tablespoons sugar. Mix with four tablespoons butter. Wet with about a cup of sweet milk, roll twice as thick as piecrust, place in a pie tin, spread butter over the top, roll the remainder of the dough and place on top; bake until done. Slip a knife between the layers and remove the top one, spread thickly with peaches that have been pared, sliced and sweetened; place the other layer of cake on top and spread the top of it with peaches also. Serve with sugar and cream.

Peach Cobbler—To one pint sour cream add lard or butter the size of a hen's egg, one teaspoon soda, a pinch of salt and flour to make a rather stiff dough. Roll out thin and line a bake pan. Pare and quarter ripe peaches, place a layer in the pan and sprinkle with sugar and bits of butter; then a layer of peaches, then sugar and butter, until the pan is full. Cover with a layer of dough. Cut a hole in the middle and pour in one and one-half pints water. Bake and serve with cream or sweetened milk.

Peach Potpie—Put into a baking dish lined with paste some sliced peaches; sprinkle with sugar and a little cinnamon. Let it bake slowly for two hours. Serve with whipped cream.

Peach Snow—Stir until dissolved one cup of sugar and one cup of sweet cream; then add the beaten whites of two eggs. Put one quart sliced peaches in a fruit bowl and sprinkle them well with sugar. Pour over them the cream mixture and serve at once. To ensure success, thoroughly chill all the ingredients before they are combined.

Peach Cream—Pare and stone one quart very soft peaches; add to them one pound sugar and mash thoroughly. When ready to freeze, add two quarts of cream. When frozen, the peach cream will fill a four quart dish.

Peach Sauce—Put peach juice in a small pan and add an equal quantity of water; boil ten minutes and strain.

Canned Peaches—Make a syrup of one cup of sugar and two cups water. Boil a few minutes and then put in the fruit, which has been pared, halved and stoned. Cook until the fruit is done. Fill the can and seal. This quantity is for one can.

Preserved Peaches—Pare, halve and stone ripe but not soft peaches, weigh the fruit and put an equal quantity of sugar in the kettle with water enough to cover. Boil a few minutes and put in the fruit. Boil slowly one-half hour. Take out peaches and place in jars. Boil syrup one-half an hour longer and pour over peaches. Seal or tie thick paper over and set in a cool place.

Peach Marmalade—Put the skins and unsightly pieces left from preserving and canning in the preserving kettle and place on the stove with water enough to cover. Boil until well cooked. Remove from the fire and sift. Add an equal quantity of water. Place on the stove again and boil until thick.

Peach Jelly—Peach jelly is not a success and what is called jelly by ambitious jelly makers proves often to be but a thick syrup. It can be made, however, by adding apple juice. Make the same as apple jelly.

Sweet Pickled Peaches—Eight pounds fruit, four pounds sugar, one quart cider vinegar, two ounces stick cinnamon, two ounces whole cloves. Boil sugar and vinegar with cinnamon for a few minutes; put in the pared peaches, few at a time, with one or two cloves stuck in each peach. When done enough to prick easily with a fork, take out in a jar and put others in to cook until all have been cooked. Boil syrup down to one-half original quantity and pour over peaches. Seal while hot. Molasses can be used in place of sugar if preferred and some like them better with molasses than sugar.

GRANDMA.

GREETINGS FROM CRIMSON RAMBLER.

Dear Editor and Cornerites: What very disagreeable weather we are having, aren't we?

Samantha: You say the pictures were not good that were taken at Aunty's. What a shame! Thought sure they would be. You will have to try again.

Joan: Your letter is at hand. Will write you again soon. Yes, I saw the article you referred to; that is most always the way of the world.

Aunt Abby: Hope you will have a good day for your picnic. I am making good on that piece of crocheting, but where, oh! where can I obtain more of that thread? Hunted the stores all through, but fail to find where I can match it.

Huldy: Your pretty card received. Will send you one soon, as I am all out just at present.

CRIMSON RAMBLER.

CANNING AND PICKLING.

Dear Editor and Social Corner Sisters: As canning time is here will send in a few recipes that I have tried and know are all right.

Mrs. J. B.: Here is a recipe for canning corn I use.

Canned Corn: Pack the cans full of the raw corn freshly cut from the cob; put on the rubbers (be sure they are new). Then put the covers on lightly; just enough to keep the water from getting into the cans. Place the cans in a boiler of cold water; put something under them to prevent breaking and boil three hours. When the corn is cooked screw the covers down tight; be sure the rubbers are all on tight. I always keep some handy, for sometimes boiling them stretches them so they are too large. Be sure the cans are full of corn. I fill them 'till the milk will run over top of the can. Fill the boiler till the cans are about three fourths under water. You can use this recipe for string beans or peas, only after you fill the jars with beans pour in what cold water the jar will hold; have some boiling water ready to use if needed after the beans are cooked.

When baking beans try putting salt pork with them, for a change, corned beef or sausage instead of.

Green Tomato Mince Pies: Two quarts green tomatoes (chopped) drain off the juice; cover with water and cook one half hour; then drain again, and add two pounds sugar one pound raisins (chopped), one cup suet, one tablespoon salt, one half cup vinegar, one tablespoon each of cinnamon, allspice and nutmeg; cook and seal in jars.

Corn Salad: Twelve ears corn, one small cabbage, three green peppers, two tablespoons salt, one tablespoon mustard, one cup sugar one quart vinegar. Boil fifteen minutes, then put in cans and seal.

Cucumber Pickle: Six pounds seed cucumbers (take out the seeds and cut in strips), one pound brown sugar, one tablespoon each of cloves, allspice, cinnamon, pepper, two tablespoons salt; cover with vinegar and boil till tender.

Chopped Pickle: One peck of green tomatoes, three green peppers, four onions, all chopped fine; one half pint white mustard seed; two quarts vinegar; one quart white sugar; two tablespoons clove, one tablespoon allspice, three tablespoons salt. Stew two hours. Drain the water from the tomatoes while chopping. Put the spices in a bag, excepting the mustard seed and celery if you like.

GREETING FROM BLACK BEAUTY.

Dear Sisters and Brothers: I haven't written for quite a while.

J. A. K.: How are you? Don't think we are acquainted, but we may be.

Adopted Sister: Who are you? Where are you and how recently have you seen me? I know very nearly where your locality is but that is all. It is August 16 I am writing this, and let me know if you happened to see me that evening as I may have been down your way.

Doctor No. 1: I didn't get to the picnic, but hope you had a good time. You asked if I have ever had measles, and those common diseases. I had them when quite small, and you will remember I said: "I have not had a real sick day since quite small," so that would hardly be counted.

Nat: I wonder where you are. You will get your pigs in a bad habit if you sit on the pen all day, because they will expect you to keep them company the same in the winter as you do in the summer.

Papa's Boy: How is your auto? Haven't seen you over this way lately. You weren't at the picnic here in G— this year. Did your auto get stalled, or the weather scare you?

Wee Peggie: Are you going to the Norwich Fair this year? If you are I will make myself known. I saw you in The Bulletin tent last year.

Bon Ami: I haven't heard anything from you for quite a while but perhaps I overlooked the paper. Write again.

Will now close with best wishes for all, and a gallop ahead.

"BLACK BEAUTY."

A GOOD SALAD DRESSING.

Dear Editor and Social Corner Sisters: Am sending in a very nice recipe for

Salad Dressing: Two eggs, pinch of salt, one teaspoon dry mustard, eight tablespoons vinegar, one large teaspoon butter. Boil until thick; let cool; then thin with milk or cream. This is O. K. for potato salad.

Enid: No, I am not Mrs. F., although I have had the pleasure of meeting her. Will give you another hint as to who I am. Was one of the L. G. of which you are president.

MERRY WIDOW.

GOOD SUGGESTIONS FROM DOTTIE.

To Social Corner Sisters: Do you know, Sisters, it is nice to write through this Corner to each other; but don't you think the mail could carry your thoughts to each other; and have the Corner for the betterment of the readers? I do, for one. I am kicking I suppose, but so many of our readers would like to know about flowers, and some about Christmas Ideas; others about chickens; then there are those who would like to know how to spend a dollar for the fit things to keep the body in perfect health, now eatables are so high. What can we get for the betterment of our body and strength and not have it cost too much?

Like the Sister from the West who wrote a few weeks ago, she wanted to know "What to do with left overs?" to keep the family a going.

Cake, cookies, pies a ndpuddings are nice, but with sugar on the top shelf can we not think of something else that will take its place in part.

I know of one lady who said she was always making mistakes in her diet.

I think we can learn lots about the different herbs that grow. What they are good for, and when they should be gathered. This looks to me like knowledge and a way to improve our minds as well as our bodies.

Do you know all kinds of fruit and vegetables that grow above ground and are sun kissed are better for the body than those that are underneath the ground? Also, that we should live as much as possible on these vegetables if we wish to be healthy and not so quick in temper? Fruit seems to take that spirt of temper from us and make us more child like and trusting; and as we go down life's pathway we feel more like putting our hand in that of God, and saying: He leadeth us along life's highway; that he will never leave us or forsake us, till we get through with life; and then we shall meet Him and the loved ones face to face.

To Cure Poison Ivy: Take a couple of handsfoll of the leaves of sweet fern; pour a pint of cold water over them and let it come to a boil; strain; take a cloth and bath the poison well with corn starch; then wet a cloth and spread over it. Renew it about every thirty minutes. A sure cure.

DOTTIE.

DOMESTIC HELPS.

Dear Editors and Friends of Social Corner: I send you a few recipes, hoping they will benefit some one.

In boiling meat or fish, place them in boiling water for five or ten minutes to coagulate the albumen on the surface and imprison the juices; the remainder of the time cooking should be in hot water just below the boiling point.

In roasting meat in an oven use a dish with double bottom, or one dish within another, the bottom one to contain water; the evaporation of the water prevents the drying up of the roast; frequent basting accomplishes the same purpose.

Eggs should be cooked in eight or ten minutes in hot water, not hot enough to boil; or placed in boiling water that is then allowed to cool; water that boils violently is no hotter than that boiling very quietly.

Take tomatoes just before they begin to ripen and wrap them each one separately in heavy wrapping paper and you will have ripe tomatoes to slice and eat in the winter. Put them in a basket and hang in a dark place.

Cranberries are almost indispensible as a tonic; and assist in clearing the system of harmful bacteria; in some forms of dyspepsia there is no more simple or effective remedy than raw cranberries.

If you boil your lamp burners in soap suds you will have as clear a light as new burners will give; it renews them wonderfully.

A polish for leather furniture is made by boiling one half pint of linseed oil; let it stand until nearly cold, then stir in one half pint of vinegar; stir until thoroughly mixed and bottle for use when needed; shake the bottle well; pour a little on a soft flannel and rub thoroughly into the leather; then rub with soft dusters until the polish is restored.

Balsam Fir has been sick several months. We miss her letters from The Corner. I hope she is better and will be able to write soon. I thank you for the papers you sent, they were greatly appreciated; cards from the Social Corner would cheer her some; her address is South Windham, Maine, Box 63.

Antique: I hope you are well and will write soon to the Corner. I look for your home every time.

Wild Wood: We want to hear from you often.

With love and respect to you all,

HETTIE MARIA.

Lebanon.

SOUR CREAM DROP COOKIES.

Dear Editor and Social Corner Sisters: How I should have enjoyed Aunt Abbie's picnic; hope to go to the next if they have one later, and meet you all.

I with the rest enjoy reading the Social Corner letters and the recipes are certainly a help to housekeepers. Will send a good recipe for sour cream drop cookies for those who have a little sour cream during hot weather.

Sour Cream Cookies.

One cup sugar, 1 egg, stir together nice, 1 cup thick sour cream, ½ cup sour milk, 1 teaspoon of soda, a little salt and flavor with vanilla or nutmeg; flour to stir quite stiff; drop in pans with raisin in center. They are easy to make these busy days.

Polly Wintergreen: I should not dare try your recipe for Poor Man's Pudding, as I don't think my steamer is tight enough to hold that Pudding.

With best wishes to all,

ANNETTE.

Aug. 17th, 1914.

GOING TO THE FAIR.

I tell you what, Sally Litterton, ef them 'ere judges at the County Fair don't send some blue ribbons down to Pumpkin Hollow this year it will be 'cause they are no judges at all. No one ever see finer 'taters raised in this part of the country than those of ours, and the squashes, onions beets, cucumbers, egg plant, corn and beans can't be beat nowhere.

I'm rather undecided what to do about them hens, neighbor. Dodge says he knew one of the judges at the County Fair one time, and he told him common stock ain't no good, it's blood that counts. Don't know how they make that out. Killed a fine Leghorn for Mrs. Sickles last week and took perticular pains to examine the blood. Next week killed off a pair of Rhode Island Reds, blood looked just the same to me; but by heck if they kill any chickens at the County Fair this year, your Uncle Silas will be right there and learn what kind of blood it is that takes the prizes.

Brought home a new lunch basket 'tother day, and Sally says she felt like throwing it at my head, 'twarnt half big enuff. She says she likes to have enuff to eat when she goes to the Fair anyhow. Baked a big pan of biscuit today, roasted a pair chickens, made a whole lot of apple sass, besides a batch of cookies; told her she was taking too much along, but she said she might run into some of the neighbors that was short, and she could help 'em out; besides city folks like a bite sometimes if they don't have to cook it.

Wa'll, I guess naow I'll finish up my chores, fetch in the water and an arm of wood, for you see Sally and me will have to be up with the birds in the morning to get the churning out of the way and the milking done. Almost forgot to put a little mutton taller on those old shoes of mine. Rain for the last couple of days made them pretty stiff, and I tell you what, folks hev to step pretty lively when they go to a county fair.

M. E. M.

HOW TO ENTERTAIN INVALID CHILDREN.

Dear Cornerites: Again I have thought of many of you, as being together and enjoying another of the Corner's good times. The summer is waning and the season for picnics and lawn parties will soon be over, so enjoy yourself while you may.

We older people who are shut in or convalesing often find that time hangs heavy on our hands, and we wish for something, we know not what, to break the monotony. We want something new, something to make us forget our aches and pains, and to relieve our poor tired selves. This being the case of grown ups, it must seem worse for little children, who are just recovering from a severe sickness, or when an accident has kept the little ones in bed.

The mother, owing to anxiety and sleepless nights feels discouraged, worn-out and irritable, and can hardly see how she can keep her child from fretting, although the doctor is very emphatic when he gives his order, "under no circumstances, don't let the child fret, or get excited."

The doctor don't tell how to do it, and the mother while struggling with her housework and perhaps caring for other children must solve this problem herself.

She can soon find many ways to amuse and interest her patient, some of which the older children, or the child can do without her assistance, while she attends to some other pressing duty.

A surprise box in the morning which consists of some new playthings, or else it serves as a bed for some paper dolls that mamma cut out for the child the day before, and of which she tired. Now she don't realize they are the same, for mamma has painted some of the dollies, and others have been dressed in dresses made from delicate colored and crepe papers. The child spends a long time happily playing.

Stories will interest and amuse a patient for a long time. The older children can cut pictures from papers and magazines and if the patient can not paint them do it for them following their suggestions of how it should be done.

Rainbows can be made by stringing colored wooden beads on a corset lacing first string a red bead then orange, yellow, green, blue, and violet, then repeat until string is full.

Colored sticks of different sizes can be used to make gardens, the different colors can be used for the color of the flower you wish, then some can be used for a fancy fence around the plots.

Colored pegs will make pretty pictures of houses and other things which the mind will suggest. Blocks, games, books of pictures, flowers and songs can be substituted at different times.

The children can dress up and bring some little thing wrapped up in a box or paper, and visit the patient, pretending they are someone whom the patient has seen or heard of and mamma can pretend to be the Dr. and deal out the medicine.

One must be careful not to allow too much play or excitement. Without saying anything about it, take away what is amusing the child and substitute something else, or tell a story or sing a song, so as to give the hands and eyes a change and rest. Doing thus, the child will not fret for what she is enjoying, and this does away with coaxing the child to give it up.

The meals can be prolonged and made pleasant. Let the child take the milk through a glass tube or a straw. Pretty dishes, will often tempt the appetite, and flowers strewn over the tray makes it look bright and cheerful.

Many a mother has caused the restless child's eyes to close in sleep by repeating the pieces she used to speak in school when she herself was a school girl.

Sleep amuses and rests the patient at the same time.

Amusing a convalescing patient, especially a child, is not easy work, but it must be done, and the determined and loving mother can do it.

Married and Happy: I think of you often and do hope you will soon be better and able to be about again, and enjoy a few of the summer's pleasures.

Best wishes to all,

DIANA.

N. H.

TESTED HOME-MADE CANDY RECIPES.

Dear Social Corner Sisters: Apologies to Elizabeth for signing her name to my letter, and will do as she suggests and sign Queen Elizabeth hereafter.

No, I did not go to Aunty No. 1 picnic, but am living in hopes of going to Aunt Abby's and hope to meet you there.

Must say I enjoyed Crimson Rambler's tongue twisters. Have cut them out to save. Would like to hear her saying them.

Golden Glow: How are you after your accident? Hope you have recovered. Would like to meet you at Gardiner's lake some day.

Farmer: Have you picked many tomatoes yet?

Will close by sending two recipes for candy which I have used several times.

Cream Candy: Take two cups of granulated sugar, one cup water, cream of tartar that you could hold on the point of a case knife; cook until it makes a soft ball when dropped in water. Flavor to suit the taste. Pour into buttered pans and when cool enough, pull just as long as you can. The more you pull the less apt it is to stick to your teeth while eating.

Molasses Fudge: Three cups granulated sugar, one cup milk, and cream; one tablespoon butter, two tablespoons molasses, one half teaspoon soda dissolved in a little milk; boil ten minutes. Beat until cold, add one teaspoon of vanilla, one cup chopped English walnuts. Turn into buttered tins. When cold cut in inch squares.

QUEEN ELIZABETH.

A FEW TESTED RECIPES.

Dear Social Corner Sisters: I saw that one of your readers called for a way to can corn, so I will send one which I have used for a number of years; also, a few other recipes.

To can corn: Ten cups of sweet corn cut from the cob, two cups of water, one cup of sugar, and one half cup of salt. Boil twenty minutes. Seal tightly in glass jars. Wash out the salt before using.

To can tomatoes: Take ripe tomatoes, and scald in hot water; take off skins and boil till tender; put in salt, to taste; and put in can at once and seal.

Ginger Cookies: One cup molasses, 4 cups sugar, 1 large spoon butter or lard, 1 teaspoon of soda, dissolved in ½ cup of water; 1 large spoon ginger, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, if you wish.

Stirup Cake: One egg, 1 piece of butter, size of an English walnut; fill up with milk, 1 cup of flour, in which sift 1 teaspoon baking powder; ½ teaspoon vanilla or lemon, stir up all together and bake.

Good cheer to all,

BUMBLE BEE.

TESTED CAKE RECIPES.

Dear Cornerites: I am very glad to tell J. A. K. that I have tried her recipe for Coffee Mousse and found it as she said. Delicious!

Dreamer: I am wondering if you will be surprised when I claim you as an acquaintance? Sorry the train came so soon, May 7th, as I would have liked a longer chat with you. Come and see me sometime.

Am sending some uses for sour cream. They have been in use during three generations of cooks and can always be depended upon to give fine results.

Feather Cake—One cup of rather thick sour cream, one cup sugar, two cups sifted flour, one egg, one-half teaspoon salt, one teaspoon level of soda dissolved in a little water, one teaspoon vanilla, one teaspoon baking powder.

Nut Cake—Three-fourths cup thick sour cream, one cup sugar, one and one-half cups flour, one cup chopped walnuts, one egg, one-half teaspoon each salt and soda; flavor to taste; bake in loaf nearly an hour in a moderate oven.

Layer Nut Cake—One-half cup rich sour cream, one cup sugar, two cups flour, measured before sifting, two eggs, one-half teaspoon each of salt and soda, one of baking powder, vanilla; bake in three layers; use nut filling.

Spice Cake—Three-fourths of a cup of sour cream, three-fourths of a cup of sugar, yolks of two eggs and one whole egg, two cups sifted flour, one teaspoon each of baking powder, cinnamon, allspice and nutmeg, one-half teaspoop each, cloves, salt and soda; bake in layers and put together with white frosting.

Plain Fruit Cake—One cup sour cream, one cup brown sugar, one-half cup molasses, three cups flour, one cup raisins, one cup chopped walnuts, spice to taste, one teaspoon each salt and soda, one egg.

Black Cake (used since 1812)—One cup sour cream, one cup molasses, one pound sugar, one pound flour, one pound currants, one pound raisins, one-half pound chopped figs or dates, three-fourths of a pound of butter, 10 eggs, one teaspoon soda, three of cinnamon, one of cloves, one of allspice, one of nutmeg. Bake very slowly.

Cream Cake—One cup of sour cream, one cup sugar, two cups flour, two teaspoons baking powder, two eggs, one-half teaspoon each salt and soda, vanilla; bake in gem pans; sprinkle granulated sugar over before putting in hot oven.

Southern Gingerbread—One cup of thin sour cream, two-thirds cup shortening, one cup molasses, one cup brown sugar, two cups raisins, four eggs, one and one-half quarts flour, one tablespoon ginger, one teaspoon each soda, cinnamon, clove and nutmeg.

Plain Gingerbread—One cup of sour cream, one cup granulated sugar, one egg, saltspoon salt, one cup molasses, one teaspoon each ginger, cinnamon and soda, two cups flour. Bake in a flat tin.

Cookies—One cup sour cream, one cup granulated sugar, one egg, pinch salt, one teaspoon soda, one of flavoring; stir stiff with spoon; take small quantity on board, roll, sprinkle sugar on top.

Fruit Cookies—Two tablespoons sour cream, two cups sugar, two cups chopped raisins, one cup butter, two eggs, one cup chopped walnut meats, one each soda, cinnamon and nutmeg; flour to roll.

Cream Cookies—One cup rich sour cream, two cups sugar, one cup of butter, two eggs, one teaspoon soda, salt and flavoring to taste; flour to make as soft as can be rolled; sprinkle with sugar.

Quick Cream Cookies—One cup sour cream, one cup sugar, one egg, two and one-half cups flour, one level teaspoon each soda and salt; flavor. Drop with teaspoon on well buttered pans, pat down and sprinkle sugar on each and also one-half nut meat on each.

MUNNER.

A REPLY TO J. A. K.

Editor Social Corner:—Since J. A. K. has expressed a desire to hear from me again I gladly respond. She is right when she says I believe we bring dis-ease upon ourselves, and do not believe the Lord orders our afflications. It is the truth that makes us free, and ignorance which brings to us sin, disease and death.

If the cause of sickness is an unnutritious diet the way to cure the trouble is to change the diet. Drugs cannot correct such a fault.

If rheumatism is caused by too much uric acid resulting from unwise combinations of food and drink we must remove the cause to be rid of the rheumatism. Some drugs will neutralize or antidote the acid, but to be free of a superabundance of uric acid one must eat less food that has it in. If you stop putting the acid-producing food into the stomach the effect—rheumatism—will be removed.

Iola's experience is not different from my father's. He was a rheumatic invalid for nearly 60 years—he was bed-ridden for several years, for months at a time he could not feed or dress himself, his hands were drawn out of shape and he was drawn over so he stooped when he walked. He ate everything, suffered everything and still after he abandoned patent medicines and drugs of every kind he had his 20 most comfortable years.

Pure fruit acids do not produce rheumatism. Lemon or orange or grape fruit juice do not produce rheumatism; all fermentitious acids like vinegar and new or old cider do. Sugar taken with acid fruit in quantity causes fermentition in the stomach and rheumatism may result.

Authorities upon heredity say on disease can be inherited—only a trend or tendency to it, which some other tendency may overcome and produce a different effect.

No one in my father's family ever inherited rheumatism—there were seven children.

I am satisfied there is something wrong with J. A. K.'s diet. She has had enough of doctors and enough of abstinence of a kind. Her orange juice and ginger cakes are a bad combination for breakfast or any other time. Plain coarse bread and butter would be more healthful.

I once had difficulty in checking an acute attack of rheumatism and cut out one kind of food and then another without effect and finally stopped drinking a cereal coffee and the cure was immediate. These acute attacks of rheumatism are caused by a baneful diet not because of my father's chronic physical condition.

I know of the case of a bed-ridden woman who ate two meals a day—breakfast and dinner, and still her rheumatism held her down. She abandoned her breakfast and ate only dinner, and 30 days after the change she walked three miles to call on a friend, one-half the distance over plowed ground.

I should advise J. A. K. to try the no breakfast plan, eat some coarse wholesome bread, moderately of starchy foods and leave meats out and I believe she will be better.

A CRANK.

FINE TESTED RECIPES.

Dear Editor and Members of the Social Corner: Enjoy reading all letters from the sisters, and also like to try the different recipes sent in each week.

Each week the letters are more interesting, and as I try the good things none has failed.

Thought some one would like to try my recipe for

Lemon Sponge Pie: One cup sugar, butter the size of an egg, both creamed together; juice and rind of one lemon, 2 tablespoons of flour, yolks of 2 eggs, 1 cup sweet milk; add whites of eggs beaten stiff. Mix all well together. Bake with one crust.

Tomato Butter: Nine pounds ripe tomatoes, cut in pieces; 4½ pounds granulated sugar, 1 pint of good vinegar, a handful of whole cloves; put all together and cook slowly till it thickens. Fine for cold meats.

MAYFAYRE.

Tomato Catsup With Onions: One peck ripe tomatoes, one half cup salt, one and half cups sugar, four onions chopped fine; two tablespoons cloves, two tablespoons cinnamon and put in a bag; one tablespoon pepper; add all to the tomatoes (after sifting them), and boil two hours; then add one quart of vinegar and boil five minutes.

KEZIAH DOOLITTLE.

VACATION DAYS

Oh, Bert, I am so happy! Are'nt you?" exclaimed little Mary Hastings to her brother. This time tomorrow we will be at Grandma's! "Yes, catching fish" replied Bert.

"So will I!" said Mary, for Auntie said I might.

Aunt Jane, Mr. Hastings' youngest sister was very proud of the children, and while she looked forward with much pleasure to their visit, she knew in her heart it meant a great deal of responsibility for her; and her fears were well grounded for the children were not many hours at the Old Homestead when they wanted to go fishing. Auntie gave to each of the boys a tin dipper and a glass jar in which to deposit their catch, and for an hour or two the little fellows could be seen lying on their stomachs catching the little shiners and putting them into their jars.

They were contented and happy until two fishermen came along with rod and line. They fished in the deeper water and every little while the children could see them take from the brook beautiful speckled trout.

"Let us fish down there, Bert!" said Jack. "I'd just love to catch one of those handsome trout!"

"No, brother, you mustn't go down there for Auntie said the water was deep and we must stay here where she can see us."

Jack had no more love for the little shiners, no more fun in fishing with the dipper. An old grape-vine grew at one side of the wall and from this Jack broke a branch as long and slender as he could get. Running to Grandpa's tool chest he helped himself to a piece of twine and bending a pin soon had a very good imitation of a fish hook, but he could catch no shiners with it and, in spite of Auntie's warning, went where the brook was deep. He soon saw almost hidden beneath a large stone, a beautiful trout, but it would not come out, try as Jack would; so, lying on his stomach he poked his stick beneath the stone, but he had leaned over too far and in another instant was sprawling in the water.

The screams of the boys attracted the attention of the men who promptly rescued the lad and sent him home, both boys crying lustily.

Auntie was quickly on the scene and, after hearing what had happened, decided that the young man should be put to bed although it was only four o'clock in the afternoon, and should not be given any supper.

This saddened Bert and Mary, for Brother had never been punished in this manner before; but Auntie was determined that from the beginning her youthful charges should obey her commands, or punishment would follow.

The ninth of the month was little Mary's birthday and Auntie said that she would invite a few little girls to come and bring their dolls, and under the old swing they might enjoy a little party. The swing-tree was old linden upon which Grandpa had put up a swing years ago for the children, and to designate it from the other trees it was always known as the swing-tree. It was very old and had partly gone to decay and many times the little folks while playing hide and seek would hide in the heart of the old linden. It was beneath it's shady branches that the party was to be held. No boys were to be there, not even her brothers, for as little Mary expressed it she knew they would do something awful.

The day before the party Grandpa drove into town bringing the children with him. Mary selected the candy, bought the peanuts, for there was to be a peanut hunt, while Grandpa bought the oranges and bananas.

Auntie made and frosted the birthday cake and decorated it with ten tiny candles.

"Won't we have any of the birthday goodies Auntie?" inquired Bert.

"You shall, indeed, dear, have your share; but only little girls are to sit at the table."

"Perhaps they will eat up everything," said Jack, who until now had not opened his mouth to express his opinion, "and then we shall have nothing." "I'll take care of that part, boys, just leave it to me," said Auntie.

At last the eventful day came, the sun shone bright and warm, and Mary thought the birds sang lovlier than they had ever sung before. The little people were invited from three until six and shortly after dinner Mary began to prepare the small table under the tree and Auntie had given her permission to carry the fruit and candy and place them in the heart of the old linden until it much resembled a small grocery store. The table was set with Mary's little dishes, and she was to pour the tea. Now she must hustle and get dressed as well as put a party dress on Myrtle, her favorite doll. This kept her busy about the house for some time and in another half hour her little friends were expected.

They came promptly, each one carrying her doll, and for some time the children were entertained in admiring each other's babies and the clothes they wore. They then played house and visited with each other the same as they had seen the older folks do. When they tired of this they went out of doors and played "Hide and Seek," "Ring around Rosie," and "Drop the Handkerchief" until Auntie called to Mary to get the peanuts; and after she had hidden them the child finding the greatest number would be given a cute little Japanese doll dressed in Oriental costume as a prize.

Mary ran to the old swing-tree and promptly returning with the bag was horrified to find it contained only dirt and a goodly number of angle worms. "Well, Mary, I guess someone has been playing a trick on you. Just see what this bag contains."

The children all ran to where Auntie was standing and enjoyed a good hearty laugh when they viewed the contents of the bag.

"Now, Mary, try again and be sure this time that you bring us peanuts." In a short time Mary returned, her face crimson and she on the verge of tears for no peanuts were to be found.

"Never mind, Dearie, Auntie has some more," for Auntie had divided the goodies that she might save a share for Bert and Jack. Perhaps, she said, the squirrels were hungry and came and ate them up."

This explanation satisfied the children and they would gladly have given them some more if they could only have seen them eating.

Deep down in her heart Auntie at once suspected her mischievous nephews, and was much displeased with the result.

The peanut hunt was much enjoyed and little Dora Clark captured the prize. The other children were pleased as little Dora was the baby of the crowd. Auntie was busy placing sandwiches and cake on the table when the youngsters all came up to see if they could not help. "Each little girl may light a candle now and when the candy is placed on the table you may all sit down."

"May I place the chairs around, Miss Hastings?" said Amy Johnson.

"You may, indeed, Amy, and also open up that box of candy and fill up those small dishes. You will find the box near you in the heart of the old linden tree."

Amy removed the paper and string and on opening the box of candy uttered a loud scream, instead of candy, three lively toads popped out and seemed to say "I thank you for releasing me."

Auntie was more than angry just then, and could she have laid hands on those boys would have spanked them well; but they were far away in the field where the men were ploughing.

Next morning while the children were at breakfast, the door-bell rang. It was a message from Mr. Hastings asking Aunt Jane to have the children ready and he would be after them in the afternoon.

The children were sorry to leave Grandma's where they had such a pleasant time, but as all vacation does come to an end, theirs did also; and after many hugs and kisses and promises of a renewal next year, the children with their father started homeward.

JANETTE.

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