## THINGS YOU PROMISE ARE THINGS DUE

### 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.

### PRIZE WINNERS FOR APRIL

First Prize $2.50—
To Nan for letter entitled: "Ho usehold Remedies."

Second Prize $1.50—
To Tailoress for letter entitled: "Putting Clothing Into Condition."

Third Prize $1.00—
To Faraway Dame for letter entitled: "Out of the Sour Milk Jar."

### SOCIAL CORNER POEM.

**My Old Brown Coat and Me.**

Rolled upon my father's farm
Till I was twenty-one;
And then I took a farm myself
And manhood's life begun.
I wore a coat of homespun brown,
It wasn't fair to see;
And all the maidens in the town
Laughed at my coat and me.

I fell in love with Mary Braid,
Whose father kept the store;
And never was a maiden loved
More tenderly before.
But Mary she was very proud,
And haughty as could be;
She said that she could never wed
My old brown coat and me.

I never stopped to plead my case,
For pleading was in vain;
I bade farewell to Mary Braid,
Nor saw her face again.
I'm forty summers old today,
And riches fill my store;
My children on the sward do play,
My wife sings at the door.

I've lands enough and money now,
And honor fills my fee;
And all the maidens in the town
Respect my coat and me.
I've grain enough upon my land,
My house stands proud and high;
There's not a man in all this town
Can wear such cloth as I.

But Mary Braid, who so despised
My old brown coat and me,
Is married to a lawyer's son,
His name is Jason Lee.
He wore a coat of shiny black,
And talked so proud and great,
That Mary thought he'd surely make
A rich and noble mate.

Like many another girl, she found
Her error quite too late,
And now her heart is sad and sore,
She mourns a grievous fate.
For oh, alas! her husband roams
A pirate on the sea,
And Mary wishes she had wed
My old brown coat and me.

Come, listen, maidens, to my song,
For it's of countless price;
Just think upon the truth I sing,
And follow this advice:
When you are called upon to choose,
To bow the bended knee,
Just think upon that fatal scorn,
My old brown coat and me.

—Send in by PANSY.

### INQUIRY AND ANSWERS.

MORNING GLORY: Card received and forwarded to Sally Sycamore.

CRIMSON RAMBLER: Letter and card received and mailed as you directed.

M. ROENA'S picnic might be made a card shower by the Sisters of the Social Corner in May, and in this way it might be made a happy day for all of us.

SALLY MUGGINS: Letter received and mailed to Samantha.

MEMBERS OF THE SOCIAL CORNER will sympathize with Janette, who has lost a promising boy just in his 'teens. We all know bereavement makes a light heart heavy—that grief takes a tight grip on the most hopeful. May heavenly light soon dispel the darkness for her, and give the assurance which exalts the human heart and makes it glad.

### HOUSEHOLD REMEDIES.

Dear Social Corner Sisters: With profuse apologies to The Doctor, I am sending a few of my household remedies which have saved me many doctors' bills:

**Sick Headache,** or sour stomach—Take two teaspoons of cream of tartar and one of soda in a glass of cold water. Do not fill glass too full, as it will foam up.

**To Prevent a Cold**—If you should get wet or chilled in any way, so that you fear having a cold, take ten drops of spirits of camphor in half a glass of warm water. I give the children six drops and sweeten it a little.

**Vomiting Spells in Children**—I always keep rhubarb and soda mixture on hand. It can be procured in any quantity at the drug store. I give the children one teaspoonful. If that is vomited up, give another spoonful, until the vomiting ceases.

**Sore Throat**—Gargle with peroxide, then make a tube by rolling up a piece of paper. Put some sulphur in the tube and then have someone blow it into your throat. As the children cannot gargle, I make a swab of cotton and dip it in peroxide and swab out their throats and then blow the sulphur down. I make them say Ah! so as not to choke them with the sulphur.

**Sprained Ankle**—Upon going to bed put on the following poultice and you will find in the morning that it has drawn all of the congested blood to the surface: One tablespoon honey, one teaspoon salt and white of one egg. It makes a very sticky poultice, but is very effective, as I have had occasion to use it twice.

**For Foreign Bodies in the Eye**—Pull the upper lid out and draw it down as far as possible, and then rub it off on the lower lid, and in most cases the little lashes on the lower lid will catch the particle.

Although I hope that the Sisters will not need any of these remedies, I thought I would pass them on in case of emergency.

And I would also like to tell you something about Easter lilies. You may know it, but I did not until last year. After the lily has finished blossoming plant it out of doors in your garden and it will blossom again in the summer.

I hope that all of the Sisters are able to enjoy this lovely weather.

Regards to all from NAN.

### TESTED CAKE RECIPES.

Dear Editor of the Social Corner: Herewith I send a few useful recipes for cake:

**English Fruit Cake**—Two pounds of flour, one pound sugar, eight ounces butter, eight ounces lard, two ounces baking powder, one pint milk, four eggs, one pound currants, two ounces candied pineapple, two ounces citron, one-quarter teaspoon soda, dissolve in part of milk large pinch of salt, one pound raisins, four ounces figs, chopped almonds and cherries to taste.

Rub flour and shortening together, add sugar, fruit, milk, etc., last with beaten eggs. Bake one hour. This makes four loaves.

**Gold Cake**—One cup sugar, one-half cup butter, yolks of six eggs, one-half cup milk, two cups flour, two teaspoons baking powder, grated rind and juice of one-half lemon, or one-third teaspoon of nutmeg.

**Layer Cake**—One cup sugar, three tablespoons butter, yolks of two eggs, one cup milk, two cups flour, two teaspoons baking powder, one-half teaspoon vanilla.

Theoda: Why do you not write to me?

Potiatch: I would like some of the views of Washington.

What has become of Balsam Fir? Why don't you write?

ELLA OF CANTERBURY.

### LIGHT DUMPLINGS.

Good Morning, Editor and Sisters: May I join in and have a little chat this morning?

Have been a constant reader of the Social Corner and enjoy it much.

What a grand privilege it is to be here and see the soil and trees take on their spring raiment.

Here is a hint that I hope will help someone:

**When cooking dumplings,** allow them to cook five minutes uncovered, then put on the cover and cook twenty minutes or until, when tried with a fork, they are thoroughly done. The cover may be removed and dumplings tried at any time without fear of their falling.

Ah, there, Bumble Bee! I've got your number. You have to cross a brook between your house and the main road.

I bid you goodbye and get busy.

PICKEREL.

### DIANA UPON LIFE'S TRIALS.

Dear Editor and Social Corner Sisters: How are you all this bright and sunny morning? Nature this way is beginning to array herself in spring attire for the grass is green in many places, and the trees are waking from their long nap. We should feel renewed strength and courage for we are apt to brighten and sadden according to our surroundings and circumstances.

We do not realize that we make our life harder because we give up to despondency and fret and complain when adversity, affliction, misfortune and distress come to us.

Children and youths must be taught the art to overcome and rise above the many obstacles that surround them.

This life is a school, and what one is, and what one becomes, depends on how one meets and permits our different experiences to form and develop our character.

Older persons realize and know that life's experiences are but stepping stones to better things; and in reviewing the past find that a great variety of stepping stones, many of which have been rough and sharp cornered, have confronted them.

You, who are young, need not fear because this is so, and despair when dark clouds overwhelm you, for we give you our word that even the roughest stones and the most bitter experiences will benefit one if met and conquered.

One needs divine help all along the way to enable their Christian faith to grow stronger and firmer. Life is surely worth living, not only when we are surrounded by family and friendly ties and our desires granted for study, sports, pleasures, ambition for honor and distinction, etc., but even when resisting temptations and toiling on to acquire the means to procure the necessities of life, though disappointments meet us on every hand and our plans are completely changed for our patient determination to succeed in our undertakings will at least ,and in some way prove that life is not all an empty bubble.

One cannot foretell the sorrow, difficulties, pain, the blighted hopes, wounded pride, misunderstandings, and indifference of those whom we love and respect; the anguish and remorse for anger, etc., which one has to struggle against. One gains from contact with these rough stepping stones; for each time that one refrains from retaliating on the impulse of the moment with an angry word, when by unjust accusations, or because our opinion differs from theirs, or maybe one's advice and counsel have not been received by those we love in the spirit in which it was given; we gain a more complete control over ourselves.

Of course, one will stumble and make mistakes. Hany falures, no doubt, are due to want of judgment, tact, ability, love, experience and yielding to the idea, "It's no use, I can't," and so they do not press boldly on leaving their false pride and ideas behind.

There is no time to pause and repine ,even if we are shut-ins, for we too, must make each experience with others, whether good or ill stepping stones to better things, if not in this life, in the Great Hereafter.

I refrain from mentioning the stepping stones for one's disposition; and the temperment of each individual has much to do with the kinds of stepping stones one will have to surmount. Let us not dwell upon the past or on our troubles, but rather let them serve as a way through rough and stony, through which we must travel. If we suffer, we learn to pity and sympathize with others. Have we pleasures and enjoyments, we can make others glad and happy who are not so, by sharing with them, or telling of our happy doings and times. How we succeeded in attaining the goal of our ambition, still we should press on for there is more to acquire.

Let only kindly words of cheer and praise be spoken to those whose burdens are hard and heavy to carry. Then we shall be carrying out the meaning of Mrs. Whitney's quotation, "If life shines, the next life to it must catch the light. It is the infection of excellence."

Many thanks to all who sent me Easter cards. Your kind words of cheer were much appreciated by

DIANA.

N. H.

### HOUSECLEANING HELPS.

Dear Social Cornerites: Now housecleaning is here, I will send in a few suggestions that may help some of the Sisters:

**When clearing carpets,** to freshen their colors without injury, I find it very good to scatter a grated white potato over them. Then I sweep it up with a clean whisk broom and the result is well worth the trouble.

**To Remove Inkstains** from a carpet, pour milk over the spots and rub in with the fingers. Then scrub with soap, and warm soft water to which two tablespoons of ammonia have been added.

**When laying new matting** one must not cut to fit the corners; but soak the matting in warm salt water and then one will find it can be turned without breaking.

**To keep bamboo furniture** from cracking, mix together equal parts of linseed oil and turpentine and rub it on the furniture with a soft rag.

**To remove stains** from marble top tables, dressers, etc., apply a mixture of saleratus and whiting with a damp cloth.

Think it is about time I put in the answers to those conundrums:

1—She is your mother.
2—Because his is all net profit.
3—Ashes.
4—Because there was a heavy swell on the beach.
5—The half, because the full moon is as light again.

Aunt Abby: As you live on the Scotland road, I think I know who you are. Are your initials D. O.? I should like very much to meet you.

Best wishes to all.

KITTY CLOVER.

### PUTTING CLOTHING INTO CONDITION.

Dear Cornerites One and All: The early spring days with their wind and sunshine have come and our thoughts will turn to putting our clothing in the best possible condition, so I am sending a few suggestions which I hope may be helpful to someone:

**Before cleaning** and pressing clothing, hang up on the line.

Choose a sunny day, because the sun will bring out all the spots and soil. Then give them a gentle beating with a rattan to dislodge dust and let them get a blowing while preparing the following cleanser:

**Boil one ounce** of soap bark in a quart of water for an hour and then strain and cool sufficiently to work with.

**A bare ironing board** makes a good table for cleaning men's clothing upon, though the ordinary kitchen table will answer. Having discovered the spots and stains these should first be brushed off. If they are greasy, they should be rubbed gith gasoline, using a pad underneath. This pad should always be placed under stains, while removing them, because it receives the dirt rubbed through by the vigorous rubbing. Next clean the soil away with the soap bark solution.

**In the case of trousers** being very soiled all over, it will be perfectly safe to put them into the tub with the soap bark liquid, adding hot water to make sufficient for washing the whole garment. The spots can be scrubbed with a brush.

**To press trousers** washed in this way, remove from the line before becoming quite dry and press, using a dry cloth between the iron and the garment. Be careful to get the crease straight down the leg fronts.

**With striped goods,** this is no trouble, of course, but with plain goods, place outer and inner seams of each leg together and then fold. When perfectly straight and smooth, press firmly.

**When spots only** are cleaned and not the whole trousers, place a thin cloth, wrung out of warm water, on the garment, and go over it with a very hot iron. Do a little at a time and keep pressing until cloth and trousers are dry.

**Clothing in good condition** can be pressed by using a cloth wrung out of warm water to which a little ammonia has been added.

**Spots and stains** can be removed from coats; but, of course, these cannot be put into the tub. It may be necessary to scrub the backs of the collars, also the sleeves at the wrist with the soap bark. If so, rinse off with a clean rag dipped into clear warm water and remove as much of it as possible with dry cloths. Then cover with a dry rag and press with a good hot iron.

**In ironing a man's coat,** do the sleeves first, right side up, covered with a damp cloth, then the back and lastly the fronts. Take care to lay the pocket flaps very smoothly before covering with the cloth.

**Try using a brick for an ironing stand** and you will find that the irons will retain their heat much longer than when the stand is used.

**To find waist-measure** so as to be able to put belt or girdle on shirtwaist, cut shirtwaist somewhat shorter than full length pattern; make waist and then try on; tie a tape around waist, placing fullness in back, front and sides, just as desired. Then take a lead pencil, mark the waist all around, just below the tape. Cut off even with marked line, after taking off waist. Put on belt, remembering to have measured distance from middle of back to under arm seam, so as to know exactly where to let fullness be. This is an excellent idea and of great benefit to home dressmakers.

**Buttonholes**—To work them in dresses of Sicilienne or similar materials, melt some paraffin and place a drop on the wrong side of the goods just where the buttonhole is to be worked. Smooth it down with the finger and work the buttonhole as usual. When completed, place a piece of brown paper on the wrong side and press with a warm iron. The buttonhole will be perfectly smooth and all traces of paraffin gone.

**When ironing between buttons** on a shirtwaist, place the buttons down on a folded towel and iron on the wrong side. The result will be very pleasing to both ironer and wearer.

**The possibilities** of a five cent scrubbing brush are unlimited. Having a dress of which only the bottom of skirt was soiled, the thought came that with care it might be taken on a table with plenty of space and good soap in the water, the hem scrubbed gently, then rinsed, wetting only the portion needed, having irons ready to press at once. Try it and be convinced. Any part of wearing apparel can be cleansed in the same way.

**If you are a home dressmaker,** keep a quantity of sharp black pins on hand to use in pinning patterns, etc. Their large heads render them very easily picked up while the points, being so very sharp, are easily pricked through the material and do not draw the goods as common pins do.

**Plush goods** and all articles dyed with aniline colors which have faded from exposure to the light, will look as bright as new after sponging with chloroform.

Best wishes to all.

TAILORESS.

### FIX-UPS FOR HOT LUNCHEONS.

Dear Editor Social Corner: Only those who must prepare hot luncheons understand how arduous it becomes to "fix up" something sustaining, simple and saving.

Of late there seems to be a "revival" in the use of coarse flours and bran for breads, cakes and muffins. While some of us may have to learn to like these coarser foods, those who know claim they supply the required animal spring tonic, so it does seem worth while to make an effort to create in the youngsters, as well as the parents, a desire for natural foods, which the system requires, instead of resorting to medicines for tonics.

Something healthful and palatable and particularly pleasing to the little folks will be found in the following "fix-ups" for hot luncheons. Mothers, especially, are usually looking out for dishes that will cook, not while you wait, but while mother does a number of little things:

**Mondays—Soup, Warm Gingerbread or Baked Beans and Cabbage Relish.**

**The soup** is made by adding to the rich gravy left from a Sunday pot roast enough water to make the desired quantity of soup; one onion, cut fine, tablespoon of rice and one-half can tomatoes. When this is nearly done, add one cup sliced potatoes and a few broken sticks of macaroni or spaghetti, white pepper as seasoning with a little celery salt.

**Cabbage Relish** is made by running through the meat chopper a small head of cabbage and one onion. Put into an earthen covered dish after adding salt, sugar and vinegar to suit taste. It is best when 24 hours old.

**Tuesdays—Macaroni and Tomatoes, with Cheese Sandwiches, or Cheese Plain and Beef Hash.**

A dish of macaroni or spaghetti and tomatoes is prepared by putting desired amount of macaroni into salted boiling water; simmer till done; drain and pour into one quart well cooked tomatoes, season with butter, salt and white pepper. Placed in a steamer this is easily kept warm or reheated.

**Wednesdays—Bran Cakes with Syrup, or Rice Cakes with Syrup.**

**For the Bran Cakes** mix four tablespoons bran, one tablespoon sugar, one quart flour, one heaping teaspoon salt together; stir in gradually one and one-half cups sour milk and one teaspoon soda dissolved in hot water, add one egg and two tablespoons melted shortening. Bake till thoroughly done in centre.

**Thursdays—Rice Muffins and Stewed Prunes, or Johnny Cake with Rhubarb Sauce.**

This makes two medium sized loaves of **Johnny Cake:** One tablespoon melted shortening, one tablespoon molasses or sugar (one egg if preferred), one teaspoon salt, one teaspoon soda dissolved in hot water, one and one-half cups sour milk, one cup yellow cornmeal and two cups flour. Bake in moderate oven 20 to 30 minutes.

About **three dozen muffins** can be made of two cups milk and two of boiled rice mixed together. Two well beaten eggs, one teaspoon salt, two tablespoons sugar, one-half cup shortening, three heaping teaspoons baking powder sifted with three cups flour.

**Fridays—Baked Potatoes, Creamed Codfish, or Fish Cakes and Peas.**

**Saturdays—Spoon Cornmeal Bread and Beef Stew, or Dandelions** cooked in salt and water, seasoned with butter and white pepper, eaten with a few drops vinegar and rye bread.

**Spoon Cornmeal Bread** is made as follows: In a double boiler heat one quart milk; add one teaspoon salt; stir in slowly one and one-half cups yellow cornmeal. When this thickens, remove from fire and beat in two or three eggs, a pinch of sugar and pour into an earthen baking dish. Bake in a moderate oven 30 minutes, or till well done.

DREAMER.

Hartford.

## IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN

It was a wild winter night. A sleety rain was falling in fitful gusts as a thinly clad man toiled slowly along the country road which was heavy with snow. His progress was slow and it was growing late, but there was no sign of the farmhouse at which he had been told in the village he might find work, or at least food and shelter for the night.

"The widow won't let even a stray dog suffer," said his informer. His thoughts went back to the past as he dragged his tired feet along.

Five years ago he had a home, a wife and three children—a girl and two boys—but he drank and when drunk was a demon and his "friends"? told him a man had a right to a little pleasure if he earned the money, and he went from bad to worse until his wife lost first respect, and then love, for him, and at last both her health and reason gave way and there came an awful night when neighbors called both the doctor and the sheriff and he awoke the next morning in the lockup, where he was told his wife had given birth to a dead child and was insane.

Six months later he was released and heard that his wife was in a hospital and that the children had been taken by relatives. He got work for a time, but sickness came and his own people were unwilling to care for him and there was nothing but a charity hospital. Since, he had been "on the road," working when he could get work, and begging when he could not.

At the village he had been directed to the "Squire Benson farm," about two miles out, where the "widow who owned it" was looking for help.

It was nearly 9 o'clock when he came to the comfortable looking house with a light on the piazza and several peeping through the curtained windows. In response to his knock the door was opened by a handsome boy of nine, who asked him into the neat kitchen. The warm room after the exposure and lack of food overcame him and he fell on the floor.

He came slowly back to consciousness to hear a voice from the past calling names once so familiar—names that had not passed his lips in years.

"Fred, we must get his wet clothes off and make him comfortable; Cora, make a bed on the couch in the sitting room, and we must get him there some way."

He opened his eyes to see a self-confident, businesslike woman with the face he married 16 years before, but no look of the pale, pitiful looking woman of the last months of the old life; and the well-built boy of 15 beside her had changed from the one who had fought with all his little strength to protect his mother and sister from insult and abuse.

The man closed his eyes again to continue the dream. He felt the boy's strong arm and the woman's gentle hand and then sank into a soft bed for the first time in months.

A beautiful girl of 12 held a cup of hot beef tea to his lips and then he slept.

In the morning he heard a childish voice which he knew belonged to the boy who had opened the door the night before ask:

"Will he stay here and must we live again as we did in M—?"

"We can't put him out to suffer from cold and hunger, but he shall never spoil our lives again," replied the mother, firmly.

The man closed his eyes with a sigh. He had looked into the Promised Land, but he could not enter. He was just a suffering tramp to his family.

When the woman brought his breakfast she made no sign, and he could not eat, and when she urged him to eat and get strong he heard his own voice echo from the past:

"If you don't want to eat, go without. There will be more for me," and his voice trembled as he whispered:

"I don't want to get strong. I have nothing to live for."

"You can work for your children's respect. You are welcome to a home here as long as you try to be a man, Edwin," was the quiet answer. "I have forgiven the past, but I cannot forget."

"With God's help, Nellie, I'll try," he said.

As the months went past he grew strong once more and worked steadily, always treating Nellie as his employer. His room was kept bright and comfortable; he was welcome at the family table and had a seat in the family circle in the evening and in the family pew at church when he would attend. The children called him "father" in a respectful tone, and Nellie introduced him to strangers as "my husband." But his wages were paid weekly and there were no kisses or embraces.

The worst blow was the fact that little Harry (whose death was falsely reported) hated him as fiercely as his mother did on the night of his birth, and it took years for him to outgrow the aversion; but Edwin is growing to respect himself at last and after five years of waiting has heard Nellie say to a neighbor who was complaining of growing old:

"Why, I am over forty, with white hair and glasses, but my husband and I are just beginning to enjoy life, aren't we, Win?" And he knew the old pet name meant that the past was forgotten as well as forgiven.

ETTA BARBER.

### WHAT I WOULD DO IF I WAS WAS SOMEONE ELSE.

Editor of Social Corner: I am not telling you what I do, but what I think I would do if I was somebody else.

If I had a small yard, and a family of children, and not much spare time or strength, I would not have a lot of flowers to take care of.

If I had room, I would have a few beans for summer use, a little corn and beds of beets, radishes and lettuce and a few tomatoes and cucumbers. Then I would have a few geraniums in a bed, a bed of pansies (if possible), a box of asters that I could protect late in the fall, and a few other flowers that need little care.

I would plant each kind by itself and give them the best care I could, and I would keep the blossoms picked off.

If I had room, I would have a little strawberry bed, and if I only had room for one or two shade trees I would set out fruit trees.

If I left it somebody else would enjoy it, and if the people of the past had not planted we should not eat fruit.

I would have one spot in the yard, under a shade of some kind, for the children to dig and make mud cakes, and set up a real old-time playhouse.

I love flowers, but I don't love to see them huddled together like a patchwork quilt, or well enough to devote my life, time and strength to their care.

I enjoy a few fresh vegetables and the surest way to have them is to raise them yourself, even if you can only have a box of lettuce, a few radishes and one hill of cucumbers.

A grapevine is a fine shade for a south piazza, and barberries are pretty shrubs and the berries are fine for jelly, and even currant bushes don't look bad in the yard.

Scarlet and white beans are as pretty as morning glories, and they run up strings over a window very easily, and the big shell beans can't be beat.

ETTA BARBER.

### A CHAT FROM GRACE.

Dear Editor and Cornerites: It has been so long since I have visited The Corner I feel almost a stranger. March 15th was a red letter day to me. Aunty No. 1 invited me to attend the Fifth Anniversary at Willimantic, and such a good time! Between Biddy's cackling and the chattering of the two Polly's, and Popover's performance one was kept well entertained. The time came too quick for us to leave.

I had the pleasure of entertaining Biddy and Aunty No. 1 with two other friends recently. They gave me quite a surprise by getting into my work drawer with needle and thimbles and they made short work of some sewing I had on hand

Enid: I think I have found you out. Did you not attend the F— and G— wedding out Hartford way with Dr. L— and his wife of Norwich in 189-, Dr. L— being best man? If so, I met you at the door with the bride, who is still a very dear friend of mine.

M. Roena: It seems good to see your letters again. I can imagine just how cosy you are. Would like to make you a long visit, like days of long ago.

Huldy: Your method of cleaning pantry is the same as mine.

Where are you, Hopeful? Wake up and write. Do you still want that rose? If so, will send it.

Biddy: The picnic date comes wrong for me; but I will try and come and see you some day instead.

Eliza Jane: If I had known just where you lived, would have called on you the other day; had quite a little spare time on hand that day.

Peggy Anne and Aunt Sarah: Some time when out driving, come my way.

Elizabeth: How do you enjoy the new auto? When I have one perhaps I can come up your way.

Must get busy about supper. Adieu.

GRACE.

### OLD-FASHIONED WAY OF TREATING PNEUMONIA.

Sisters of the Social Corner: I well remember of an old-fashioned doctor saying that in the winter of 1880 he had seventy cases of pneumonia, and he says: "I do not say this to boast, but I have not lost one patient."

He put the patient to bed, made a poultice of onions to entirely cover the chest and renewed them often. He also kept the patient warm, so as to get up a perspiration, and kept them so until the cough was loosened and relieved.

The onions were put into a stewpan with plenty of lard to fry them until done; then a little hot water was added and thickened with flaxseed meal to make thick poultice. He also used skunk oil to rub the chest.

The onions were put on four thicknesses of cloth and cheesecloth, basted firmly in place. This was repeated every half hour, or renewed.

He also made a cough syrup of lobelia herb, flaxseed, licorice root and loaf sugar.

In two or three days the patient was better. This was proof that the good old-fashioned doctors saved more lives than the physicians of today with their method of packing in ice and antitoxin. Some old-fashioned Sister may agree with me

Good durable rugs can be made from men's clothing by cutting them in narrow strips and crocheting them together, using a large crochet hook, putting bright colors in to suit one's fancy.

I have heard nothing from Aunt Sarah.

LAURA.

### GREETINGS FROM CRIMSON RAMBLER.

Dear Social Cornerites: Just a few lines this lovely day.

Aunt Abby: Was very sorry to hear of your trouble; but God's will must be done.

Plain Nancy: You have the best of me. I don't seem to guess you out this time. I think I know where you mean you used to live, but don't think I knew you.

No Name: How did you enjoy yourself at the last club meeting? Didn't we have a good time?

Calla Lily: How did you make out with that package of slips? Wonder if any of them will live? Hope so. That party thought you were all right.

Joan: How are you? Was very sorry you had to leave so soon. Hope you are better now.

Balsam Fir: Your card is at hand. Glad all are well. Have been looking for that promised letter. Hope to see it soon.

Balsam Bud: How do you do this lovely morning? Haven't seen you for a long time. I can see you riding by. My! But don't your horse go fast? Have you many little chicks yet? Yes, I have some; expect more soon.

Paula: I have been looking for that promised call. Hope to see you soon some day. How shall I know you when I see you? Do you wear the little bow of yellow when you go out? Received the little flower you sent, and I think it is living all right. Thanks for it. I has said blossoms on it.

Annette and Mayfare: I am keeping my weather eye open. Hope to see you both soon.

Keziah Doolittle: No, I have not given myself away. The letter will explain all when you read it.

CRIMSON RAMBLER.

### RECIPES WITHOUT EGGS.

Dear Editor and Social Corner Friends: I do enjoy reading the helpful hints and letters in the Social Corner. I will send a few tried and tested recipes without eggs (made with buttermilk) that are all good:

**Doughnuts**—One cup sugar, one-third cup cream, one cup buttermilk, one and one-half teaspoons soda, one and one-quarter teaspoons cream tartar, a little nutmeg, salt, flour to roll, and fry in deep hot fat.

**Nut Drop Cookies**—One cup brown sugar, one-half cup shortening, one cup buttermilk, one teaspoon soda, one teaspoon cinnamon, one-half cup nut meats, flour to make a stiff batter and drop from spoon. Bake in dripping pan.

**Johnny Cake**—One cup each flour and Indian meal, one large cup buttermilk into which a teaspoon of soda has been dissolved, one-half cup brown sugar or molasses, salt. Bake in square tin.

When one has stale brown bread or Johnny cake, a very nice pudding can be made. Soak a large cup of the broken pieces in one and one-half pints of milk and then add one teaspoon cinnamon, one-half teaspoon ginger, one-half cup molasses, one-half cup raisins, and cook in moderate oven one and one-half hours. Serve with sweet cream.

E. G. C.

### TEN DIFFERENT WAYS OF COOKING EGGS.

Dear Editor and Social Corner Sisters: Many and various are the uses to which eggs can be put, with healthful and financial advantage. Eggs are a good substitute for meat and may be served as follows:

**Omelet:** Make a cream sauce of one teaspoon each of flour and butter, and one cup of milk; beat into this the yolks of two eggs and lastly fold in the beaten whites of the eggs; bake in a moderate oven about twenty minutes and serve immediately.

**Nest Eggs:** Prepare poultry dressing of dry bread, put in a well greased pan and make little depressions or "nests" in the dressing; place in oven to partially bake; then break an egg into each "nest" and sprinkle with salt and pepper; dot each eggs yolk with a bit of butter and return to oven and bake until eggs are properly done, not too hard, and serve on a platter with tomatoes, peas, or spinach, between nests and spaces.

**Bird in Nest:** Separate the yolk and white of eggs, beat the white stiff and spread on a slice of buttered toast. Carefully drop the yolk in center of white and sprinkle with salt and pepper; dot with a bit of butter, and place in the oven a few minutes until brown.

**Egg Relish:** Cut in dice and try out some slices of fat pork or bacon, and in this brown one cup each of diced potatoes and stale bread, onions may also be added if liked. When done add two or three beaten eggs. Cook slowly, stirring constantly until eggs are done. Season with salt and pepper.

**Scrambled Eggs:** For every six eggs put six tablespoons milk and one tablespoon butter in a frying pan, and when hot add the eggs, but do not stir until the whites are nearly cooked, then break the yolks and stir well as soon as "set" remove from fire and season with salt and pepper to taste.

**Creamed Eggs:** Heat two cups of rich, sweet milk, then, when it has reached the boiling point slip in carefully as many eggs as you have slices of toast, cover and let simmer, till the whites are firm, then place eggs on the slices of buttered toast on a platter and sprinkle with salt and pepper. Salt the milk remaining in the pan and pour over the toast. Serve at once.

**When Eggs Are Scarce** allow one cup of bread crumbs for each egg; sprinkle bread crumbs with sweet milk using just enough to moisten; beat the eggs adding a pinch of salt, then stir eggs in bread crumbs mixing lightly and fry brown on both sides. Serve hot.

**Roasted Eggs:** Have ready a skillet with "frying" or butter fat, carefully break in the eggs; season with salt and pepper; pour over some hot, creamy milk and set in oven three or four minutes.

**Devilled Eggs:** Boil eggs about twenty minutes then place in cold water half an hour after which shell and cut in two, lengthwise; mash yolks with a fork and to every five egg yolks add half teaspoon salt, one third teaspoon pepper, half teaspoon dry mustard, and two tablespoons vinegar ; mix well and fill the whites heaping up; serve with tomato sauce, peas or any other preferred vegetable.

**New Way to Fry Eggs:** Heat a gridgle smoking hot and put on just enough grease to keep the eggs from sticking to the griddle. As soon as they are nicely browned on the under side turn or roll them over to brown the other side and then slip them into a warm plate. Cooked this way they are light and dainty, looking not tough and leathery as when fried in a lot of warm grease.

**A teaspoon of sugar** added to a can of peas, corn, or string beans will greatly improve the flavor.

**If one is short of cream** for coffee, try placing a whole marshmallow at the bottom of each cup before pouring the coffee. The result will be the same at very small cost and a most delicious flavor will be obtained.

FARWAY DAME.

### CHOICE PIE RECIPES.

Dear Sisters of the Social Corner: I am sending a few choice pie recipes which I hope you all will try:

**Dried Apple Pie:** One pint dried apples soaked over night and boiled fifteen minutes the next morning; three quarters cup of sugar; juice and grated rind of one small lemon. This should make two small pies.

**Date Pie :** Two pounds stoned dates( boil them fifteen minutes), one half cup sugar and one teaspoon cinnamon. This makes two large pies. It is delicious. Bake in two crusts.

**Huckleberry Pie:** Three quarters quart canned huckleberries; one half cup sugar, one tablespoon flour, one half teaspoon connamon sprinkled over top of huckleberries. Bake in two crusts.

**Washington Cream Pie:** Three quarts milk boiled with three tablespoons cornstarch three minutes. Beat together three quarters cup sugar and the yolks of three eggs. Add to cornstarch mixture and boil three minutes; add one teaspoon vanilla extract. Use beaten whites for meringue.

**Chocolate Cream Pie:** Make the above Washington Cream Pie, adding three quarters cup cocoa. Use whites for meringue.

**Peach Pie:** One half pound dried peaches to each pie. Boil until the skins which are on them loosen. Take off skins, wash well, and boil until well cooked; add one half cup sugar to each pie.

**Reliable Pie Crust:** One cup flour sifted with one half teaspoon salt, two heaping tablespoons lard. Mix this well with a fork. Add milk or water to make a stiff dough. This is enough for one pie.

COUNTRY MAID.

### ABOUT HOUSE-BUILDING.

Dear Sisters of the Social Corner:—I have been much interested in the plans of M. Roena's pretty little home and Sally Muggin's more pretentious bungalow.

I liked the bed-rooms with interving bath room in Sally Muggins' bungalow, but I should have moved the dining room and buffet to the north end of the living room and brought the living room to the south side for the southerly and easterly view and increased light.

There are a few things it is well to keep in mind about building a house, especially in the open country, when the back door should not be on the north side unless well-protected by a wind break.

The kitchen should be the pleasantest room in the house—with commanding views when possible.

Economy requires that it should not be too high studded. Economy of heat and labor may be thus conserved.

The guest chamber should not be the pleasantest room on the second floor. The best rooms should not be always empty—they better be occasionally vacated for friends.

There should be a closet in most of the rooms; and good storage room in the attic.

Since the shortest and most important sessions are held in the dining-room it is best in a retired part of the first floor.

A good dry cellar is as necessary as dry rooms above; and it contributes to the healthfulness of the home full as much as good ventilation.

A dry well-in the cellar is good for keeping things cool, and it annually reduces the ice-bill.

A roomy piazza is always desirable and a sleeping porch for hot weather is a real luxury if it can be afforded.

RUTH.

### GREETINGS FROM A SCHOOL GIRL

Dear Editor and Social Corner Friends:—I want to have a little talk with you all. I suppose you are all busy these days. I meant to write before, but I've been very busy.

What a lovely day it has been today (Sunday).

Dottie: Your letter last Saturday took my eye. I'm glad to know that another one of the Sisters cares for flowers beside myself. I am very fond of them, and take the greatest care of mine. I think they are fine company. Mine did very well this winter. I have had as many as seventy blossom in the window.

Sweet Sixteen: I do wish that I knew who you are. I'm glad you liked my recipe for Floating Islands. I think them dainty and delicious. I'll give you a gentle hint. My first name begins with L and ends with e. Now perhaps you can guess. Does your last name begin with B? I've an idea that it does. Write and let me know.

Diana: Your story was fine. Try another.

I Wonder: I, for one, welcome you to The Corner. The more the merrier, you know.

Pontiac: Some walk! I haven't been off on a tramp with you for quite awhile. I'm going to save some of the flowers in remembrance of the day. I hope you don't have another shock like you had when you were coming home. I'm coming over some time to have another game of croquet.

Crimson Rambler: Aren't you Mrs. J. M.? Have I guessed right?

It is getting late, and time all good little girls should be in bed, so that's the place for me.

Good night one and all.

A SCHOOL GIRL.

### HOW TO MIX PAINTS.

Dear Editor and Corner Friends:—Well, as absence makes the heart fonder for the ones who are far away, so in my heart I have cherished kind wishes for you all.

Time rolls on and most always finds us busy with our work; and though we would write a line we do not always get the time.

I am enjoying this fine spring weather and house cleaning is on my hands to help along.

I read with pleasure the many letters sent in from Social Corner friends and find them all very good and useful.

A School Girl: I tried your recipe for Tapioca Cream and Floating Island and found them to be very good.

Aunty No. 1: Thanks for the card of so long ago—will remember you when I get a good one. I am well and hope you are the same.

Chatterbox: Have you had any cowslips yet? We gathered our first yesterday. I thought of you when he came home with them.

Aunt Abby: What are you doing to keep you so busy and quiet Haven't heard from you lately!

Crimson Rambler: Did you go to church Easter Sunday and wear your new bonnet? Thanks for pretty post card you sent me; will send one soon.

Brown Beauty: What have you been so quiet for? Perhaps you have chosen a new name. If so, please give your friend a clue.

Country Maid: Your ways of serving carrots are all right as I have tried the first two of your recipes and kept the rest for some future time.

As spring is here also is cleaning and painting; and below are rules to mix paints for these colors.

Lake and white ..... Rose
White, blue and lake ..... Purple
Blue and lead color ..... Pear
White and carmine ..... Pink
White and Green ..... Bright Green
White and black ..... Dark Green
Red and yellow ..... Orange
White and yellow ..... Straw
White, yellow and Venetian red, Cream
Yellow, white and little Venetian red ..... Buff
Red and black ..... Brown

To remove the smell of paint from a room put a pan of lighted charcoal in which has been thrown some Juniper berries; leave in the room for a day and night, and the smell of paint will be gone.

**How to Kill Grease Spots** on paint before painting—Wash over smoky or greasy spots with saltpetre or thin lime white wash. If soap suds are used they must be washed off thoroughly, or they prevent the paint from drying good.

Farewell friends for this time, with best wishes to all.

AUNT HESTER.

Mystic.

### OLD FASHIONED PATCHWORK QUILTS.

Dear Social Corner Sisters:—What is more pleasant than putting into shape the odds and ends of materials found in the family piece bag. It is really fascinating work.

When starting to make a quilt, it is always best to cut enough for one block and pin together. Put them in a box for safe keeping.

I like to cut enough for a quilt, then when I feel like sewing, the pieces are all ready cut for me. Sometimes the blocks are so shaped you can sew them by machine.

**A very simple** and pretty pattern is to make nine light and nine dark squares 5 by 5 inches, cut in half and sew a light to a dark. It will make two blocks. It takes twenty blocks for