THE SOCIAL CORNER

LET GOOD NATURE SWEETEN EVERY DAY IN THE WEEK

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 Prodigal Girl.

We all have a heart for the prodigal boy,
Who was caught in sin's mad whirl,
And we welcome him back with songs of joy;
But what of the prodigal girl?

For the prodigal boy there's an open door
And a father's bounteous fare;
And, though he is wretched, sick and poor,
He is sure of welcome there.

But what of the girl who has gone astray,
Who has lost in the battle with sin?
Say, do we forgive in the same sweet way
We've always forgiven him?

Does the door stand ajar, as if to say
"Come, enter, you need not fear;
I've been open thus since you went away,
Now close to—the second year?"

Or, do we with hand of hellish pride,
Close and bolt the door,
And swear "While heaven and earth abide
She will enter here no more?"

O, Christ! It seems we have never learned
The lesson taught in the sand.
For even yet the woman is spurned
And stoned in a Christian land.

Down into the slough we hurl her back,
Then turn around with a smile
And welcome the boy from the sinful track,
Though he may have been more vile.

We all have a heart for the prodigal boy,
Who was caught in sin's mad whirl,
And we welcome him back with songs of joy;
But what of the prodigal girl?

INQUIRIES AND ANSWERS.

SATURDAY EVE—Letters received and mailed as you directed. Under Inquiries and Answers of last week you will find a statement that Annette sent in a correct answer to Hidden Dress Goods. It came too late to print. If your prizes were all like the one the better half of the S. C. Editors is viewing with pride the recipients will all be immensely pleased. Thanks.

A SPRING CHICKEN: Cards received and mailed to the writers named.

THE SOCIAL CORNER tent will be on the fair grounds. All Social Corner writers are welcome to make it their headquarters.

TRAINING THE BABY.

Dear Social Cornerites: Greetings to you, one and all. I suppose talks about babies will always be popular to some members of The Corner sisterhood, for, like the poor, they are always with us, or with those we are interested in.

Habits are the result of repeated actions. A properly trained baby is not allowed to learn bad habits which must be unlearned later at great cost of time and patience to both mother and babe. The wise mother starts the baby right.

In order to establish good habits in the baby, the mother must first be aware what they are and then how to induce them.

Perhaps the first and most essential good habit is that of regularity. This begins at birth and applies to all the physical functions of the baby—eating, sleeping and bowel movement.

The care of a baby is readily reduced to a system unless he is sick. Such a system is not only one of the greatest factors in keeping the baby well and in training him in a way which will be of value to him all through life, but reduces the work of the mother to the minimum and provides for her certain assured periods of rest and recreation.

As a sample of what is meant by a system in baby care, the following plan is suggested, which may be variously modified to suit particular cases:

6 a. m.—Baby's first nursing; family breakfast; children off to school.
9 a. m.—Baby's bath, followed by second nursing.
Baby sleeps till noon.
12 to 12.30—Baby's noon meal; out-of-door airing and nap.
3 to 3.30—Afternoon nursing.
Period of waking:
6 to 7 p. m.—Baby's supper and bed.

It is quite feasible to have the baby's last meal at 12 o'clock in order to give mother a chance to spend an occasional evening in pleasant recreation.

All babies need "mothering" and should have plenty of it. When the young babe is awake, he should frequently be taken up and held quietly in mother's arms in a variety of positions so that no set of muscles may became over-tired.

An older child should be taught to sit on the floor, or in his pen or crib, during part of his waking hours, or he will be very likely to make too great demands on his mother's strength.

No one who has not tried it realizes how much nervous energy can be consumed in "minding" a baby who can creep or walk about and who must be continually watched and diverted and the mother who is taking the baby through this period of life will need to conserve all her strength and not waste it in useless forms of activity.

A few simple toys and his babyship left to amuse himself is the best remedy I have discovered and the result is a happy, contented child.

Bad habits which the baby readily adopts are crying and the use of a "pacifier."

Crying ought not to be classed as a bad habit without some modification, for although a well trained baby does not cry very much, he has no other means of expressing his needs in the early months of life and his cry ought to be heeded.

But, when a baby cries simply because he has learned from experience that this brings him what he wants, it is one of the worst habits he can learn and one which takes all the strength of the mother to break.

Crying should cease when the cause has been removed. If the baby cries persistently for no apparent cause, the mother may suspect illness, pain, hunger or thirst. he first two of these causes will manifest other symptoms, and the actual need for food may be discovered by frequent weighing.

But, if finally, after careful scrutiny of all these conditions, no cause for crying can be found, the baby probably wants to be taken up, walked with, played with, rocked, or to have a light, or to have someone sit with him—all the result of his having learned that crying will get him what he wants and sufficient to make a spoiled, fussy baby and a household tyrant whose continual demands make a slave of the mother.

It is very difficult to break up this habit after it has once been formed; but it can be done. After the baby's needs have been fully satisfied he should be put down alone and allowed to cry till he goes to sleep. his may sound cruel, and it is very hard for a young mother to do, but it will usually take but a few nights of this discipline to accomplish the result.

In some cases persistent crying may be due to causes not readily discernible by the mother. In this event, the opinion of a good doctor as to the cause of the crying should be sought. An experienced mother can always distinguish the cry of temper from the one of pain.

The extremely bad habit of sucking a "comfort" or "pacifier" is one for which someone else is entirely responsible. The baby does not teach himself this disgusting habit, and he should not have to suffer for it.

Some of the evils ascribed to this habit are that it spoils the shape of the mouth and also keeps baby drooling.

The pacifier is never clean and may readily carry germs of disease into the baby's mouth, and last and least it is always a habit which is particularly disfiguring to the baby's appearance and should be destroyed as only harm can come from it.

BABY'S FRIEND.

WAYS OF PRESERVING CRAB APPLES.

Editor and Social Corner Sisters: As it is time to begin canning good things for the cold days in winter, will send in some good ways for preserving crab apples, as I see they are quite plentiful this year.

Preserved Crab Apple—Select very ripe, sound apples, wash them well, then cover with boiling water and cook slowly in a preserve kettle until the skin can be easily removed; drain, peel and carefully remove the cores without breaking the apple or removing the stem. Allow one and one-fourth pounds sugar and one cupful of water to each pound of fruit, bring the sugar and water to a boil over the fire, skim thoroughly and put the apples in, then cook very gently until apples are tender and transparent; skim as required while cooking; put into small wide-mouthed cans and when cool seal. This recipe will make a preserve both handsome and delicious.

Crab Apple Preserves, No. 2—Cook the apples whole or cut in halves, as preferred, but in either way remove the cores. Boil in clear water until tender, but do not break the fruit; skim out and weigh. Allow one pound of granulated sugar for each pound of fruit; add sugar to the water in which the apples were cooked; and boil until clear—about five minutes. Then skim, put in the fruit and cook slowly for a few minutes. If cooked too long the fruit will fall to pieces. If preferred, sticking two cloves into each apple improves the flavor. Serve at once.

Crab Apple Jelly—Wash and cut all imperfect parts off; cover with water and cook until soft; pour into a jelly bag and drain without squeezing; measure and allow one pint of sugar to one pint of juice; boil the juice rapidly for ten minutes, then add the sugar and boil ten minutes longer; pour into hot jelly glasses and let stand undisturbed for 24 hours, then heal and keep in a cool, dry place.

A delicious marmalade may be made of the fruit that is life in the jelly bag after the juice has drained off; press it through a course strainer, measure and add brown sugar, pound for pound, and cook until thick and rich, stirring constantly to prevent burning. This is especially appreciated in the winter with whipped cream, and as a filling for sandwiches, for school lunches, is an agreeable change.

Crab Apple Pie—Stew the fruit and press through a colander, make rather sweet and flavor with lemon; cake in two crusts and serve with or without sweet thick cream.

Crab Apple Pudding—Wash and core the fruit, boil, do not pare it. Cook in a little water until tender sweeten to taste, then put in a pudding dish, pour over a batter made with two eggs, 1 pint of flour, two teaspoons baking powder, a little salt, and milk to mix soft, and steam one and one-half hours. Serve with sweet liquid sauce as with cream and sugar.

Crab Apple Pickles—Prepare the fruit as in the first recipe for preserves, and when cooked tender, drain, dissolve four pounds of sugar in one pint of vinegar over the fire; mix one ounce of ginger root, two teaspoons each of allspice and cinnamon, and one-half teaspoon of ground cloves. Put spice in four small muslin bags, and add to the vinegar and sugar. Let it boil up then add the apples, bring them again to boiling point, then put the fruit in stone jars and pour the vinegar over it. Let stand over night, then pour off the juice, place it over the fire and bring it again to the boiling point. Pour over the apples again in the jar and let stand 24 hours. Then drain again and scald the juice the same as before, for three or four days. On the last day boil down the syrup until there is barely enough to cover the fruit, then put in the fruit and let it come slowly to a boil. Carefully put it into jars and tie up the same as for jelly.

I hope these recipes will help the sisters out who have plenty of crab apples, and have never preserved any of them. I hope they will try them and have good luck.

I should like to call you all up separately and have a chat with you. Best wishes to one and all.

C. E. S.

DOMESTIC HELPS FROM AUNT MEHITABLE.

Dear Cornerites: It is a long time since I have seen any of you. Yet it seems only a few weeks since so many of us assembled at the picnic at Coventry lake. How the summer has flown!

I was sorry it did not seem possible to attend Aunt Abby's picnic. To judge from your letters about it, it was a "howling success." We were making preparations for a small house party and I could not conveniently go to the picnic.

Aunt Hester and Lonesome Pine: I quite agree with your opinion that at future picnics it would be better for each one to carry her own lunch; also plate, cup, spoon, fork and paper napkins. Under the most favorable conditions these picnics mean a great deal of work for the hostess, and she should be shown every possible consideration.

Si: Your letter was very enjoyable. Welcome to the Sociable Order of the Yellow Bow! So sorry to have missed the sweet peas and goodies which you so generously distributed. Would Mandy let you send some to those who were not at the picnic?

Samantha: Your letter sounded just like you and was fine. Hope some of the inveterate borrowers will take the hint.

Dom Pedro: I hope the injured arm is rapidly improving. You have my hearty and intelligent sympathy. If one must be disabled it seems easier to bear in the winter time, when one expects to be in the house much of the time. At least, that was one consolation which I offered myself last winter.

Huldy and Aunty No. 1: Your cards were most welcome. Hope you received my replies.

I will add a hodge-podge of hints and helps:

Mond holes in nettings and screen doors with surgeon's adhesive plaster. Cut the strips long and wide enough to cover the hole and the weak edges surrounding it. Have the back of the plaster on the outside so that the gummed side will not get wet. Apply to the patch varnish or paint matching the color of the netting.

To handle sticky fly paper comfortably, lay it on a newspaper. On all four sides fold the newspaper over to form a wide hem or frame for the fly paper. Pin the frame securely. Put the fly paper where it cannot stick to anything. One good plan is to tack it at the top of the inside of the screen door in the kitchen.

Fasten a large safety pin to the key of your street door and when carrying the key with you fasten the pin to the inside of the handbag or pocket in which you carry the key. You will not be constantly fumbling to find your key.

If you are absent-minded, do not carry a scarf flung over your arm. Knot it around your arm and drape the ends to hide the knot.

Keep all unanswered letters in one place and with them a note book. When you think of anything that you want to write to any of your correspondents, make a note of it. Your letters will be more satisfactory and less of a strain on your memory.

To replace a loose castor in a chair, wind a strip of muslin one-eighth of an inch wide firmly and evenly around the castor. Then hammer it tightly into the socket.

When you spill grease, before you wash it, wipe up as much of the grease as possible with paper. After handling greace in any form, wipe your hands on paper before you wash them.

If the knob in the lid of your tea kettle persistently comes out, put in its place one of the leaden weights with which the expressman sealed your trunk. Put the weight inside the cover and twist the wire to form a loop on the outside.

When you want a large, light and easily transported box in which to keep light articles, such as papers, empty pasteboard boxes, etc., ask your grocer for one of the strong pasteboard boxes that packages of cereals are packed in. He has all sizes and some are as large as a small trunk.

When small flies collect on fruit, spread it on platters or plates and put them outdoors in the sunshine for a short time.

Boiled cucumbers are very nice when served cold with lettuce or raw cabbage and a cream dressing.

For those who cannot eat salad dressing containing vinegar or lemon, make a dressing of sour cream and omit the acids.

Dried lima beans are much more digestible and palatable if the skins are removed. Soak over night in cold water and the skins will come off very easily. Boil 15 or 20 minutes. Add a little milk, butter and salt and serve as a vegetable. Or add a larger quantity of milk or part water and part milk and some flavoring such as onion or parsley and you have a good soup. To make an especially rich and creamy soup, use evaporated milk.

Boil a few sprigs of parsley with your cabbage and there will not be any disagreeable odor.

AUNT MEHITABLE.

A CHAT FROM SUNSHINE.

Dear Social Corner Sisters: I have found out who a few of you are and where you live. I have enjoyed some of the funny things lately written by some of you. I did laugh when I saw the piece one sister wrote about Married and Happy being such a good-sized woman. That is, she had pictured her so. Well, if Married and Happy is not very large, she holds a whole lot of fun and wit which she distributes everywhere she goes.

Balsam Bud: Are you expecting to have a husking this fall? Wish I knew where you lived.

Cherry Blossom: I think you are a pretty young lady if you are the one I think you are. I am making a guess. I will keep my ears open and find out soon.

Crimson Rambler: I have seen your smiling face many times, but I think I have found your name. You are not a city guy, are you? Am I right?

Dom Pedro: I am surely going to try your Watermelon Cake soon.

Biddy: I have a biddy hen and she makes so much noise she is bound to be heard every day. She is all the time looking to see what she can cackle at, and "My! O, me! What a noise!" seems just like yours.

Grace: I saw your hubby drive by with a pair of fine mules. Some distance from home, I should think.

A sure cure to keep away small red ants: Sprinkle a circle of kerosene oil around any barrel or churn or anything that is to be protected and they will never cross it. Be generous with the oil and keep two or three inches from the objects to be protected and the oil will not taint anything.

When I get more ideas in my head I will write again.

SUNSHINE NO. 2.

GRAPE BUTTER AND GRAPE JUICE.

Dear Editor and Sisters: I send in some fine grape recipes. They are fine to can. Grape butter is fine. We can some about every year.

Grape Butter—Wash the grapes, remove from the stems and cook in sufficient water to keep from burning until very soft. Force through a colander, add one-third as much sugar as you have grape pulp, then cook until the consistency of butter, stirring all the time to prevent burning.

Home-made Grape Juice—Pick the grapes from the stems, wash well, then put over the fire in a granite kettle—do not use tin, as it discolors the juice. Heat the grapes until the juice flows, then strain through a heavy cloth. Allow plenty of time for this process—not less than 24 hours. Add as much water as you have grape juice and to every quart of the mixture add one cup of sugar; place over the fire, boil for five minutes, then bottle.

Best wishes.

LITTLE DAISY.

Canterbury.

GOLDEN HOUR CLUB.

Dear Sisters of The Social Corner: Don't you think we often wrong our friends in expecting so much from them and failing to do our part toward them?

It is indeed a great thing to have a friend, but it is a greater thing to be a friend.

To make a person feel they can trust you; to be able to help sympathize; all this makes one stronger.

Kingsley when asked the reason for his success said: "I had a Friend." And indeed a friend means more to one than anything on earth; yet a friend in need, and in need alone, is not a friend in deed. We need constant friendship. Nothing is so sacred as friendship, and nothing is so sweet as the memory of a loyal friend.

A Fine Relish: Take a half peck of green tomatoes, chop fine, mix in the tomatoes a cup of salt and let stand over night; in the morning drain; one bunch celery, three green peppers, one cup brown sugar, two small cups vinegar, half a teaspoon of each cinnamon, cloves and nutmeg; three large onions; chop all fine and mix the ingredients thoroughly; boil the mixture 30 minutes and seal at once.

Corn Salad: Eight large ears of sweet corn, three large onions, one small head of cabbage, one bunch of celery, three red peppers; take out seeds; one fourth cup of salt, one quart and pint of cider vinegar, one and one half pounds brown sugar, two heaping teaspoons of mustard, dissolved and stirred in at last. Chop all, cut the corn, boil 20 minutes altogether. Put in jars while hot.

Fried Tripe: Cut in pieces for serving, roll them in seasoned flour; then in egg and fry golden brown in deep fat.

Hungarian Potato Salad: Two cups sliced cooked potatoes, one small onion, one pickled beet, one cucumber sliced, a Dutch herring, four sardines, one tablespoon boiled ham, one teaspoon salt, quater teaspoon black pepper, half cup vinegar; pick over and break into pieces the herring and sardines; mix altogether and pour over the half cup of vinegar. Garnish with walnut pickles.

Best wishes to all Cornerites.

PAULA.

KITTY GOSSIPS.

Dear Editor and Social Corner Sisters: Just a word to you all this cold evening. Hope you are all well.

Tidy Addly: No I did not take the Norwich car from Coventry. I got off the car at Willimantic and a team awaited me there for way down east.

T. H. K.: You are good at guessing, but you know big pets are about always good.

Ready: We know each other. Bet you can't guess me?

Blue Bird: Are you lost, strayed, or stolen. If stolen hope you will return before long.

Dom Pedro: I am very sorry for you. Hope the hurt is improving.

C. E. S.: How is corn growing? I hope it is getting along fine.

Dew Drop: How I did like to see you getting through that fence the other day. It would have been better if you had got caught in the wire.

Chore Girl: Would love to see you. It would be a great treat.

Good by all.

KITTY.

SEASONABLE RECIPES.

Dear Social Corner Friends: I suppose you are very busy canning and preserving these days. Will send a few recipes that we like very well:

Canned Peaches: Allow one cup sugar to one pint of water; let boil, and skim; put in peaches whole or halved (after pealing); let boil until they are easily pierced with a fork; put in jars and fill jars full with the syrup. Seal hot.

Peaches are good canned without sugar; boil the same as usual, and sweeten as you want them to use.

Blueberry Jam: Cook the berries 10 or 15 minutes, and add half as much sugar as you have berries (after cooked); cook until it thickens; when a small amount is put on a plate. Put in jelly jars and pour over melted paraffin.

Peach Marmalade: When canning peaches, save the parings and soft pieces, and cover with cold water; simmer until soft. Rub through a sieve and boil 20 minutes. Add half the weight in sugar, and boil until it thickens. All fruits are good this way.

Chili Sauce: Eighteen ripe tomatoes, cut up ingredients, six onions, three green peppers, one cup sugar, two and one half cups vinegar, two tablespoons salt, one tablespoon each cinnamon, allspice and nutmeg, one half teaspoon cloves. Scald and peel tomatoes; cook with onions and peppers until tender. Then add sugar, vinegar and spice. Cook 10 minutes longer.

Blueberry Shortcake: Bake a cake made after a biscuit recipe, roll in a cloth to keep warm. Stew the berries, sweeten and, put on the cake which has been buttered; very good.

Theoda: I think you will have to guess again.

Best wishes to all.

WILD GERANIUM.

TIMELY RELISH RECIPES.

Dear Social Corner Sisters: It has been a long time since last I wrote, but have been very busy. Have canned so far 56 quarts of preserves, and still have some more canning to do later on.

Annette: Was very sorry I couldn't attend your Social Corner gathering, but it was too late for me to get there, after I arrived home that noon.

Peggy Anne: The card you sent me was addressed wrong, but L. T. H. has it. She read it at her post office so I will get it when I see her. My address is Taftville, Conn., Box 196. Will send you a card when I go where I can get one. How is Peggy Anne?

J. E. T.: I saw your hubby go by my house several days to work for Mr. H. Hoped to see you coming with him to call, but I didn't.

Hope to see all of the Sisters at the fair.

Will send in my chili sauce recipes. Perhaps some of the Sisters would like to try them.

Chili Sauce: Eighteen ripe tomatoes: chopped fine, three green peppers, one cup of sugar, two and one half cups of vinegar, one tablespoon salt, one tablespoon cloves, one tablespoon cinnamon. Boil one hour and seal tight.

Chili Sauce No. 2: Four quarts of tomatoes, two quarts of onions, two quarts of peppers, chopped and cooked until done; two cups of sugar, three cups of vinegar, three dessert spoons of mixed spices, three dessert spoons of salt, one ounce of tumeric (to color).

A Nice Corn Relish: Twelve ears of green corn, slit and cut off the cob; two medium heads of cabbage, or one large head, one pepper, six level tablespoons of mustard, two level tablespoons of salt, two cups of sugar, one quart of vinegar; cook until corn is done, and can while hot.

Aurevoir for this time.

VIOLET.

GOOD-BY, JUET A NINQUIRY.

Dear Editor and Corner Sisters: Best wishes to you all. My letter this week will be short and sweet, in fact, just an inquiry.

I want to know if any of the Sisters have a good reliable recipe for sweet cucumber pickles? If they will tell it to me, I would be very grateful.

A STAFFORD DAISY.

A CHAT FROM SATURDAY EVE.

Dear Social Corner Friends: I come again.

Lucy Acorn: I think you had a chance for another broad smile, in the Social Corner page Saturday.

Primrose: Do you think I live near you? Do you know me? I may have S. C. S. all around me, but I don't know it.

Tidy Addly: Crimson Rambler, Butt-in, Biddy, Papa's Boy, Admira and L. H. K. Your answers were all correct.

Annette: Did you send in answers to Hidden Dress Goods. I did not receive any letter and I failed to see anything in the Corner page from you.

SATURDAY EVE.

WHAT J. E. T. IS DOING.

Dear Editor and Social Cornerites: I read, and benefit by The Corner writers and feel as if I shold do a little myself.

You in your little corner, and I in mine, do not apply here.

Our motto seems to be: "Every one their best; and give their best."

I think Biddy a Wise Hen. She always laysJif not a gold en egg—some very sage thoughts. I fully agree in her latest suggestions—about carrying our own china, and all other equipment.

I did not attend the fair last year, but intend to this. What is the reason we could not have a Corner lunch there, if all carried their own food?

Well, I am doing a little on the side lines, as they say, making head-bands for ladites' hats; some perforated, and others fro silk, velvet and ecen dried out oat straw; getting wire covered to patch, or binding any old wire with same color; can be made for from five cents to seventy-five.

Have you a pet cat? String some catnip leaves on a long piece of tough grass, pull carefully together, and tie. These sell from ten to twenty cents at the apothecarys.

Take a piece of wire you can bend, fill one half full of flannel or old pants cloth; cut pieces of cloth the size of silver dollar and string on one half of wire; then bend the other half to go back same way and put a piece of cloth in the bend at bottom, so the wire will not pull through; bring tops together, twist into handle. Lamp chimney cleaner.

Meet me at the fair.

J. E. T.

GREETINGS FROM KETUNAH.

Editor Social Corner and Sisters: Have read the letters of the Sisters for two years, but have not dared to write for fear my letter would be consigned to the waste basket.

Theoda: I saw you Saturday in W—— but you did not remember ty cents at the apothecary's.

visited me while sick and brought goodies an invalid might eat.

Married and Happy: I know you by sight. Met your Husband years ago. I should like to meet you.

Have tried many Social Corner recipes with success.

Hope I have not borrowed a name.

KETURAH.

SHOULD HAVE SHOWN HER COLORS.

Dear Editor and Social Corner Friends: The golden rod, the true Social Corner color, are bowing their heads all along the highway at this season of the year.

The old writers have had a pretty good rest and vacation time is about over. It would be fine if they would all write a letter for The Corner the same week. It would be like a thanksgiving to all come again.

We were glad to see Papa's Boy last week in The Bulletin.

Saturday Eve and Keziah Doolittle: There is lots of fun trying to find out "Who is Who."

Biddy: The peanut race was fine. Was glad you did so well. A fellow has to have a pretty steady nerve for peanut racing.

Si: How you must have made the cement fly the next day after Aunt Abby's picnic.

Potlatch: We are always glad to see your name in The Social Corner page. Come often!

Doctor: If I should have the pleasure of taking you out I should not want "The Horse That Shied."

Gadabout: You surely have the best of me. I cannot imagine who you are. You say you knew me while I was in Pa. Were you in the city of Scranton while I was there? You say you have seen me many times since I returned from Pennsylvania to Connecticut. Could you give me a tip where and when it was you saw me last? If you had just put out a "Yellow" ribbon I should have stopped and taken you to Aunt Abby's picnic with pleasure. The Yellow badge will stop a Social Corner member as sudden as a red flag will stop a train.

RURAL DELIVERY.

Sterling.

RAISED CAKE.

Dear Editor and Social Corner Sisters: May I join the circle? I have enjoyed reading the Social Corner since coming to Norwich and have used many of the recipes taken from your page; also read of your picnics with much interest, as they call together a jolly gathering.

I know who one of the Sisters is, Blanche—her flowers are so pretty.

I saw Lorella's request for raised cake and am sending in one we like and hope it is the one she wants.

Raised Cake: One cup of raised bread dough, one cup sugar, one half cup shortening, butter and lard, one half cup milk, one cup flour, one teaspoon baking powder, one egg, one half cup raisins, one half grated nutmeg. Mix dough, sugar and shortening together by cutting with sharp knife; then add rest of mixture and bake at once in slow oven.

LUCY ANN.

AUNTY NO. 1 DOES NOT EXPECT TO ATTEND THE FAIR.

Dear Editor and Social Corner Sisters: I want to thank the Editor and The Bulletin for my yellow paper. It came as a great surprise. I was in a gathering when someone picked up the paper, and I said read me who got the prizes, and imagine my surprie when my name came first.

Aunt Sarah: I suppose by this time we have a Club No. 2. I tried to get you on the 'phone, but no one answered. I was too tired to attend, as I had just got home the day before from a family reunion of three days' session.

Eliza Jane: Your letter at hand. Will write soon. I shall be quite busy this month canning, as about everything comes at once this time. I hope my cellar will look as good, if not better even, than last fall.

Great Grandma: Will answer your letter soon. Will be glad to have you call, if only for a short call.

I suppose a great many of the writers will be at the fair. Doubtful about my being there. A busy time up this way.

I expect to attend a missionary meeting today, so must get to work.

Best wishes to all, and thanks to The Bulletin.

AUNTY NO. 1.

GREETINGS FROM BLANCHE.

Dear Editor and Social Corner Members: Greetings to you all.

The Crank: Yes, you hit a row of nails right on the head about the long hours of the farmers' wives. Keep on hammering.

Hawkweed: You surely used those bags to good advantage and, being new cloth, they will wear well.

Great Grandma: I shall be looking for your artistic rugs at the fair.

Kindly sympathy for Glenwood and Faye Verna. So nice M. Roena can be with them.

I have not been to any of the picnics, thinking it would lessen the charm to know who is who, but hear of the good times. I am getting up courage and laying out to attend the fair the second day if all is well. Hope to meet many members, and they will surely know me at once, as I am rather tall, short and thickset. Shall wear my sky-blue pink dress, trimmed with ten yellow bows around the skirt, and as I live on a small farm, think my yellow sunbonnet will be just the thing, decorated with a bow and feather to match. Think I will look real perky, and feel just as I look. One generally does when well dressed. Shall make it a point to go early so I can find someone to teach me the Club No. 2 yell and practice in front of the hall. Then if I see Si getting too sentimental I can help warn Mandy.

Have found, like others, that if one wishes to see the attractions in peace and comfort it is best to go alone.

Am hoping for pleasant weather next week.

BLANCHE.

MAINE LOVER CHATS.

Dear Social Corner Sisters: Just a few lines from an old writer who for a year has been simply a reader of our beloved Corner. As many of you know, the injury to my right arm has prevented me from writing, but I have been able to read and enjoy what others have written and, to quote Pollyanna: "I am glad for that." I probably shall never regain full use of my arm and hand, but there is an old saying, "There is nothing so bad but it might be worse," and it my case I feel that it might have been very much worse.

I want to say to Biddy that I sanction her picnic plans. The hostess would enjoy the day much more and I think everybody else would, too. Am sure I should.

Biddy: Where are you? Popover and Fairy are coming to spend the day with me.

Aunt Abby and Crimson Rambler: Don't forget the promised visit. I wonder who "I Wonder" is? Why doesn't she write again?

Aunty No. 1: Hope there is no mistake this time. First, too!

Regards to all, Sister Si included.

MAINE LOVER.

THERE'S ROOM FOR TINY.

Dear Editor and Social Corner Sisters: As I have enjoyed reading your cheerful letters, I wonder if I may join your group? I am small and will promise not to take up much room.

Aunt Sarah: Did you serve some of your nice coffee last Tuesday?

Peggy Ann: I fear your lawn will be chilly for the J. W. unless the weather changes. Ha! Ha!

TINY.

Lebanon.

A CURE FOR INFLAMED EYES.

Dear Editor and Social Corner Sisters: It has been several weeks since I have written to The Corner, but I haven't failed to read the letters each week.

Absent One: Many thanks for the card. Received it Aug. 9th. Take seven away and you will see how near you guessed. Did I do as well? Why don't you write, or have you changed your pen name?

Gadabout: So you know who I am, do you? Do you live near Rural Delivery? When he and Mrs. R. D. come to call on me, get him to bring you along, too. He also thinks he knows whom I am. I am always pleased to meet my friends.

Lucy Acorn: Many thanks for the postal. Always glad to hear from any of the Sisters. Am in hope sometime I may meet some of them. Am glad you met Annette at Aunt Abby's picnic. Let me hear from you again.

A country girl riding on a turnpike road, without paying toll, the gatekeeper hailed her and demanded his fee. On her demanding his authority, he referred to his sign, where she read:

"A man and horse, 5 cents."

"Well," said the witty girl, "you can demand nothing of me, as this is but a woman and mare!"

Saying which, she rode off, leaving him to the laughter of those present.

Simple cure for weak eyes: Every morning wash your eyes in common pump or well water, always being careful to rub the eyes gently toward the nose, and when wiping be careful to observe the same rule, which will produce the effect of driving the humor or inflammation from the eyes. This remedy, though simple, is powerful and efficacious. The person who communicates this has been all his life (till within four years) troubled with weak and inflamed eyes, and by persevering in the above practice has effected a perfect cure. It would be well for persons who are not so afflicted to adopt this practice, as it will have a tendency to preserve and strengthen the eyes and prevent inflammation. — Rhode Island Almanack for 1815.

KEZIAH DOOLITTLE.

THE CAREER OF VICTOR

I was convalescent after a severe illness, and it was the last night when a nurse was necessary. The night had the softness of Indian summer, but as both windows open were too much for me my nurse closed one and set the door a little ajar. The door ajar gave entrance to this unique experience.

The next morning as I lay there alone a movement of the muslin curtains startled me. A mouse was running up them. Very composedly I called for a trap to be set in the room and as soon as the house was fairly astir my small visitor disappeared, presumably under the wardrobe, and we saw him no more during the day.

In the evening as I sat propped up with pillows, while mother prepared my bed for the night, Sir Mouse came out from his hiding place, shyly, with many a dodge back, like a timid child. He sniffed at the trap set near, but declined to enter its open door. Thinking the bait might not be sufficiently attractive, I sent for fresh cheese and soon went to bed, calm in the assurance that the adventurer would fulfill his manifest destiny before morning. Little did I dream what a dance he would lead me.

There was medicine to be taken and a low light was left burning. Something woke me from a much needed sleep—a something on the bed—and with a hasty movement of my foot under the cover Sir Mouse tumbled to the floor. I must insist that I was not afraid, but, honestly, would you like to think that a mouse might be frisking on your headboard, ready to drop on your calmly-sleeping face?

There was not much more rest for me, though that night was not a circumstance to the two which followed.

On the second day mother procured rat poison and at eventide my carpet was spread as a tempting board. Various brown papers were the dishes which held meat or bread, seasoned liberally with this deadly relish. It was difficult to see how my intrusive guest could walk the place and not yield to this gastronomic feast. But he did, though indeed he spent not much time upon the floor. He amused himself by again dancing on the foot of my bed, climbing to the top of my curtains and once he fell from the curtain pole to the floor, at least ten feet, but didn't dash his brains out either or apparently have need of surgical aid. He pranced round the rim of my wash bowl and balanced himself on a rod where some towels were hanging.

How I prayed that he might fall into the water jar which stood beneath! but no acborat was more agile or of steadier nerve than he. He bobbed up serenely from every untoward accident.

Each morning he departed to his nook under the wardrobe like a true actor who will not exhibit his genius in the garish light of day.

By the third night I was desperate, knowing there was nothing for it but to watch the little tormentor the livelong night. The hours dragged wearily enough. I was very weak and covetous of sleep, though I could not be insensible to the brilliancy of the performance which was for my sole benefit. Indeed, so far from waning this star increased in brilliancy with each successive night till I was really in a state of expectation as to what he would attempt next.

The doctor had ordered wine for me and a bottle of sherry stood on the table at my bedside. An inspiration came. I am a temperance woman—the last thing I would dream of doing would be to put the bottle to my neighbor's lips, but by any reasoning was a mouse my neighbor?

Is there not a motto, "All is fair in war" Certainly I meant war on this marauder who was robbing me of that priceless possession, sleep.

Scarcely able to stand, I got out of bed feebly, took the trap and drenched it with wine. Perhaps it would lure him to his death as, alas, it had lured many another. Placing the trap on the rug where I could watch it, I crept back to bed. Sir Mouse was quickly attracted by the fragrant odor and he sniffed at the trap.

How eagerly I looked to see him poke his nose inside the gaping gate! How savagely I listened to hear it snap down on his neck! But he simply would not be caught. Apparently he liked what wine had trickled down on the outside, but he was po fly to walk into this spider's parlor.

Then another, a baser, plan presented itself to my active brain. Baser because mice are born to die in traps, but who ever heard of one born to die through intoxication? Again I crawled out of bed. This time I poured some wine into a saucer and set it on the rug. If I could only drug him with it, make him helplessly drunk, it would be possible to drown him. It may be difficult to believe, though this is a genuine experience, but Sir Mouse tripped boldly to the saucer and sipped his wine "like any other gentleman." He also carried it off better than do most gentlemen(?). Alas for my hopes. No insensibility followed—he was more frisky, more tricky than ever. What he did not do would be easier to tell than what he did, and I, though having a certain admiration, was too weak to enjoy him.

Next morning I told my woes to the doctor, solemnly adding: "I am going to die, and that mouse will be my death."

The doctor's eyes twinkled, but he answered as solemnly: "Don't! It's always foolish to succumb when nature's own remedy is at hand."

"What!" I gasped. "This isn't a disease, it's a mouse!"

Then he laughed. "I'll give you in two words a prescription warranted to cure: A cat!"

Sure enough! Strange to say, there was no cat on the premises. Mother tucked me up in an easy chair, dragged the furniture out from the walls to give my expected deliverer free scope and then went to a neighboring warehouse to borrow Grimalkin. In a few minutes she came back, but stood outside the door with the struggling puss in her arms while a bright boy of 12 or 14 bowed himself into my presence, cap in hand.

"Excuse me, please," he said eagerly, "but would you mind letting me have the mouse, if I can catch him? I'd like to tame and train him. He must be a cute one. (Evidently mother had told a tale.) I've tamed one already and I want a team."

"A team!" I gasped. "He's a full team by himself. I don't care what becomes of him, so he's out of this room. But catch him—alive!"

"I can do it. Please let my try. If he isn't caught before dark, bring the cat."

The lad looked so handsome and manly as he pleaded, and his confidence was not boastful. I hadn't the heart to refuse, especially as mouse wasn't troublesome in the day time. I was curious to see what strategy would be employed.

All my young visitor did was to spread long narrow sheets of what looked like glazed paper on the carpet around the wardrobe. Sir Mouse couldn't make an excursion without cross this shining path. Then Lawrence (I learned the name later) bowed himself out, saying with a bow to mother: "She knows where to find me."

At once I went back to bed and fell into the first really delicious sleep of many days.

About noon mother peeped in and gave a little scream, which roused me. I sat up in bed and gave a small scream my own self, for there was my enemy caught at last! Encouraged by the stillness, he had ventured forth and essaying to cross this unknown road his feet would not obey his will. The papers were meant for no larger prey than flies—the familiar sticky fly paper to which pet cats and oftentimes human beings form unhappy attachments. Mouse's efforts were comical. It was such a simple scheme—one of those things anybody might think of—though it might not succeed the next time.

Lest the victim should become exhausted, mother went for Lawrence, and he soon had his trophy safe in a small box pierced with breathing holes.

"I've tried it before," he said. "Thank you very much."

"Thank you!" I answered with emphasis. "Don't you think he ought to be named Victor? He came very near conquering me."

"I'll call him Victor; I'll be glad to, and when he's tame I'll bring him to see you, if you like."

With that, my knight bowed himself out. Certainly, three of us had occasion for gratitude, namely, myself, Lawrence and the mouse. I suppose the only one who wasn't thankful was the cat.

HORTENSE.

Children Cry
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