CREATORS PERISH BUT THEIR WORKS SURVIVE

SOCIAL CORNER POETRY.
WHAT AUNT JANE SAYS ABOUT MOVING.

We've go to move the last of March,
Bag and baggage, soap and starch;
And I tell Peter he can pack
The wheelbarrow and wagon-jack,
The pigs and coal and riding-plow,
But I'll pack my things, anyhow.
Last time we moved 'twas Uncle Pete
That packed the bedding and the meat,
The dishes and the Maltese cat,
For I was sick; grippe had me flat.
"No need of fussing much," said he,
"The team's as steady as can be.
They'll plod; the stuff will be all right,
A two-mile trip and broad daylight!"
I let him have his way for once,
And, oh, of all the crazy stunts!
He packed the Bible with the ham,
And my best clothes went with the jam;
His old boots went in our best trunk,
The parlor lamp in a box of junk;
And what he broke and what he lost
I can not tell, nor tell the cost.
We could not start still almost night.
The lantern—oh, 'twas safe, all right.—
But where, he could not seem to say
Till noon or past, the following day.
The night was cloudy, dark as pitch;
We could not see the road nor ditch.
Splash, bump, we went, the ruts and stones
Breaking dishes and threatening bones.
A chair fell off and then a pan.
And then a hand-sled and a can.
Oh, I shall not forget that ride,
Nor how I scolded, stewed and cried.
At last, somehow, by hook or crook,
Minus what Peter never took
And what he left along the road,
We pulled up at our new abode.
So, sick or well, I say, this spring
I'll see to every patch and string
Of mine myself. And Uncle Pete
Is just like sugar, he's so sweet—
Says, "Yes" and "Yess." It's pretty clear
He knows how moving went last year!

A PRETTY GOOD WORLD.

This world's a pretty good sort of world,
Taking it altogether,
In spite of the grief and sorrow we meet,
In spite of the gloomy weather.
There are friends to love and hopes to cheer,
And plenty of compensation
For every ache for those who make
The best of the situation.

There are quiet nooks for lovers of books,
With Nature in happy union;
There are cool retreats from the noontide heats
Where souls may have sweet communion;
And if there's a spot where the sun shines not
There's always a lamp to light it.
And if there's a wrong we know ere long
That Heaven above will rite it.

So it's not for us to make a fuss
Because of life's sad mischances,
Nor to wear ourselves out to bring about
A change on our circumstances.
For this world's a pretty good sort of world,
And He to whom we are debtor
Appoints our place, and supplies the grace,
To help us make it better.

—Tid Bits.

INQUIRIES AND ANSWERS.

ELNORA—Letter and card received and forwarded as requested.

TWICE TWENTY—Card received and forwarded.

PEACE—There is a letter awaiting you if you will forward your address.

HOW SOCIAL CORNER HELPS.

Dear Social Corner Friends: I have not written to the Corner for a long time, but have been interested in the letters and have met with the sisters at the Buckingham Memorial. I think we ought to "Do all the good we can, in all the ways we can, to all the people we can." What satisfaction comes to us sometimes when we help to lighten some one's burden. And is it not grand when some one helps as with ours? So the little helps, the kind words, the smiles and the tears, the words of sympathy, and the joy at another's good fortune, will help us on the way to a happy and useful life.

LOUISE.

SPUTTERING FRIED PIES.

Social Corner Sisters: Some seem mighty interested in my fried pies. So I'll tell you, it started this way: a tried sister gave me some dried apples. She knew I was hankering after those old fashioned turnovers. Well, they were obstinate about being put in the hot fat and how they did sputter—"Wusen women folks,"—I said if you had kept your mouth shut it would not have been so bad. You may see a moral in this, but I did not until it was "rit."

Who can Slats be? I can't seem to remember any since I was a child and slept on "um" with a mattress made from straw. I would be glad now to enjoy such peaceful sleep as youth gives us even on slats.

Hope to meet the sisters at the April meeting.

ROXANNA WINCE.

CLUB No. 1's CELEBRATION.

Social Corner Sisters: Not having said anything about our tenth anniversary, I am going to tell all who were unable to meet with us at our Club No. 1 anniversary gathering what a good time we had. As the weatherman gave us quite a nice day overhead, though the traveling was dreadful and so many could not get there, we were pleased that so many made the effort to get there from Club No. 2 and 3 to visit with us. Hope they and many more down that way will come again. We missed seeing Aunt Mary, Tiddy Addley, Auntie No. 1, Lucy Acorn, Huldy and Mary France who had always been with us at our anniversary meetings. There were about sixty in all there. The hostesses did well in decorating the table with the usual color, in streamers and bows, with the birthday cake in the center. As usual the table was well filled with the goodies, and we were served with scalloped oysters, scalloped potatoes, salmon and salmon salad, while the last served was a delicious fruit salad. We all did justice and there was a large quantity of food left which was auctioned off by one of the hostesses.

Then came songs and readings and the social hour. Some left early and took in the pictures, while the others stayed, some being busy with their fancy work and crochet hooks. I was sorry there was no later trains so the Norwich sisters could have remained longer. After the gathering broke up some of the sisters went up to St Joseph's hospital to see one of the sisters, Anna Mell, who has been very sick, but who is now able to be up and around her room. They found her looking much better. She seemed cheerful and pleased to see them.

We are all glad to hear Pop Over is better. We missed hearing Biddy cackle at the gathering and hope she will be able to cackle for us at the next gathering. Now hoping the Social Corner may live and grow for years to come and best wishes to all the sisters, I am as ever,

C. E. S.

A LONG LIFE FOR THE SOCIAL CORNER.

Dear Social Corner Sisters: It is a long time since I have written for the Corner, but it is no sign I have forgotten you all. It gave me great pleasure to attend all the gatherings at Franklin hall last week, as I have not been able to attend any meetings before this winter. It was a grand treat to meet so many of the sisters of Club No. 2, where I used to belong.

This has been a hard old winter and I guess we shall all feel better when the good old summer time comes. It will soon be here, before we are really ready.

It seems but yesterday that I first read about the Social Corner, and now we are ten years old and I have spent some of the happiest times of the ten years at the Social Corner gatherings. Long may it live.

Beccy Maine: I can tell you how I make souse.

It was the way my grandmother taught me to make it many years ago. Scald and scrape pigs' feet. Boil until it all falls from the bones. Then chop fine and season to taste with salt, pepper, a little cayenne, and powdered sage. Pack into a mold. When cold, slice, roll in meal and fry. Some like vinegar on it, when served cold. It may not be just what you requested, but it is good.

I am glad to see so many of the old writers lately, and am also glad to welcome many new ones. "The more the merrier."

With all good wishes for a long lived Social Corner.

ELIZA JANE.

HOW SOUSE IS MADE.

Dear Social Cornerites: You in your little corner, I in mine. But when the clubs meet we are like dust on sweeping day—all at one spot.

Well, about souse. Saw or split the top of the hog's head three times, once in the center and once in the middle of each ear. Remove the brains and chop the nose each side from the eyes, clean out the dried blood and gristle. Cut off the ears and remove the yellow spots under the ears and eyes. Saw each jaw apart. Soak an hour and rinse well. Place in kettle, cover with luke warm water and boil till the meat leaves the bones. Put the meat, skin, ears and all through a coarse meat grinder and strain the water it was cooked in for fine bones. Replace the ground meat in the water and put in salt, pepper, sage or poultry dressing. Stir well and pour hot into a clean cloth bag and hang up to drain twelve hours. Put a pan under the bag as the top of the drippings is nice for potatoes.

I take the joints off when cleaning, wash, rub with powdered saltpetre and sprinkle with coarse salt and use them to bake with beans.

As the quality of souse is considerable a clean five or ten pound cloth sugar bag is all right for draining. Cut the coarse thread on side of bag a little way and turn cloth back when slicing souse and then pull together again and tie. This is my way.

J. E. T.

A SOCIAL CORNER MENU.

Dear Social Corner Friends: I am sending in a "Menu" for a corn supper which I once had the pleasure of participating in at an Eastern Star gathering. As it contains food for both the mind and body thought it worth passing along.

Every one at the table found at their plate a card with the following on it:

Menu.

Proverbs 11-26.

Hulled corn and milk	Zeck. 9-17
Cornstarch cake	Numbers 11-8
Cornstarch pudding	Deut. 18-4
Pop corn	Gen. 41-49
Corn balls	Ruth. 2-2
Corn cakes	Psalms 71-16
Drinks.	
Coffee	Solomon 5-1
Adams Ale	1 Kings 19-6
Milk	Isaah 55-1

CScottie: Very sorry I could not visit with you and the other sisters at the anniversary meeting, snow drifts too deep for me.

Good wishes for all, from

TWICE TWENTY.

WAYS OF LIGHTENING THE EXPENSE.

Members of The Social Corner: Suggestions as to meat substitutes in these days of high costs have interested me greatly and I have a feeling especially will be similarly minded especially if hearty and appetizing meals are still possible.

Bean soup is one of the most satisfying substitutes in my family. We all like it and I think it particularly hearty. By serving some special dish with it the family will look forward to bean soup nights.

Spanish rice is excellent to follow the soup instead of having potatoes. The children like it and so does father and it's an inexpensive dish. It consists of rice, tomato and onion and I think you will find it will appeal to the men of the family. I cook one cup of rice. I always steam mine instead of boiling, so after washing thoroughly I put the rice in three cups of boiling salted water and steam until thoroughly done, with every grain separate. Then I drain off the liquid from one pint can of tomatoes, saving the liquid to add to soup or gravies or to a meat sauce. I slice one small onion and fry in a tablespoon of butter substitute, add to this the tomato pulp and cook slowly for 15 minutes, adding salt and pepper and two tablespoons of sugar. Then I stir the tomato into the hot rice and serve on a hot platter.

You can see it is cheap and a good dish to serve with the bean soup or other meat substitute.

NORMA.

TEN MILES FROM A YEAST CAKE.

Dear Social Corner Friends: I am not a member of the clubs, but read the Corner news every week. I am living in a small town bordering the Massachusetts northeast corner line, ten miles on a main road from a yeast cake. A neighbor came in last week from the east part of the town saying he tried to get an yeast cake at a near by store. There was none to be had that way nearer than Putnam, 24 miles away. Now that is going some when you have no team. A grocery man comes from a village seven miles away once a week. That helps those who have no team like myself. We were snow-bound like all other people, but the men kept working till roads were passable. The "flu" struck the center district when eight out of twelve families had one or more sick. There was one death. The mail route is so long the carrier has divided it and the center has mail every other day. Once we had seven days' mail on the seventh day. Eleven days I could not get to my mail box, being alone, and snow so deep. The box was in sight, too. But the neighbors helped me out.

I have fed the bluejays, chick-a-dees and along comes a lone crow, so bold and hungry he lights on the piazza floor for his share, although there is not much left when the greedy bluejay is done eating. There is now so much grass ground they are not so near the house, only once in a while can you hear them call.

The backbone of winter must be broken as woodchucks and other animals are out. As a doctor was coming in from a nearby village his sleigh ran over a woodchuck. Pussy willows are also out.

Beccy: Hello! How are you? Glad you can get mail out. Have not noticed a letter from your daughter lately. Wish you and I could have a talk about the days when we were young.

And where is the sister (have forgotten her nom de plume) who sat at our church with me one beautiful October afternoon some time ago to listen to the subjects at the fellowship meeting. Do you still read the Social Corner? Well, if we live we will soon hear the whipporwill sing, but make maple syrup first.

Married and Happy: How are you and your son? He used to teach the model school in our town before the war.

Best wishes to all.

O. H. O.

TEN YEARS OF PROFIT AND COMFORT.

Dear Social Corner Writers: The tenth anniversary of the Social Corner went by before we had a chance to get on the last car. We were not aware it was time for Old Glory to wave again to remind us another mile stone for the Corner had passed and it was ten years' old. It has been ten years of profit and comfort to us and we have not missed reading a single letter in the Corner from the first copy of The Bulletin to the present time. Long may it live and may the writers see that it is their interesting letters which makes it a success.

Theoda: Many thanks for your kind words in regard to the opening chapter of the Social Corner. We well remember the first page of six writers and we added our might to help start a new department in The Bulletin. By the faithful help of our Editor it has been a success and today there are hundreds of writers who have formed a chain of friendship which will never be broken by many of the writers old and young, and the Corner page is read with interest from ocean to ocean.

Potlatch: We were very sorry to read in the Corner page that you had been so ill and under the care of four doctors and two nurses. Was glad to learn that you was out of danger and able to write a little. Let us hope these lines will find you quite yourself once more and will soon be fully recovered.

To the young writers we will say, don't let the Corner page go backward, keep sending in the letters weekly on an subject you choose.

RURAL DELIVERY.

It is with much sadness we learn of the death of the Editor of the Social Corner. While we never had the pleasure of meeting him, we felt somewhat acquainted, having received a number of personal letters from him in regard to the interest of the Social Corner as we have been a member of the department ever since it was created ten years ago. He will be greatly missed by the readers of The Man Who Talks, also by the members of the Social Corner and by the children in the Wide-Awake Circle. By his death it leaves a vacancy which will be hard to fill. It is plain to be seen by his conduct of the Social Corner that Editor Pearson was one of a thousand in all his relations with the writers of the department. He was always ready to correct all mistakes and give justice to one and all. We shall miss him as time goes on and the friendship and loving ties which would have never been known had it not been for his creation of the Social Corner will live on and never be forgotten. Although he has gone may his works live for many years to come.

RURAL DELIVERY.

A CHILDREN'S SEWING CLASS.

Dear Sisters of The Corner: Something was recently said about a benevolent woman who has gathered the little girls of her neighborhood into a Saturday sewing class. She showed me the rules which the children were taught from the first, and which may be a guide to some other person who might be moved to take up similar work:

The correct position is to place the feet flat on the floor; sit well back in the seat, holding the work up to the eyes with the light over the left shoulder.

It is most essential that the hands be clean, otherwise the work is soiled and the needle rusted.

Do not put the work or thread in the mouth.

Always use a thimble. Place it on the second finger of the right hand, as this is the longest and strongest finger. The needle should be pushed from the side of the thimble, not from the top.

The thread should be an arm's length; the end broken from the spool is the one to put through the eye of the needle.

All stitches are made from right to left, with one or two exceptions.

Never put the sewing on the knee, as this position cramps the lungs and strains the eyes.

Do your best on each piece of work, having the wrong side as neat as possible. Each sampler of work should be carefully pressed on the wrong side and mounted in a sewing book, either by basting or brass fasteners. Colored thread is used in learning the stitches that mistakes may be readily seen.

Make a knot by holding the needle and thread in the left hand; place the end of the thread one and a half times around the forefinger of the right hand; press, roll downward, on the ball of the thumb, twisting once or twice; slide off and draw down with the middle finger of the right hand.

NEW-COMER TO NORWICH.

BILIOUS?

If you have bad taste in mouth, foul breath, furred tongue, dull headache, drowsiness, disturbed sleep, mental depression, yellowish skin—then you are bilious.

SCHENCK'S MANDRAKE PILLS

quickly relieve this disorder, which is the result of liver derangement and severe digestive disturbance.

Purely vegetable. Plain or Sugar Coated.
80 YEARS' CONTINUOUS SALE PROVES THEIR MERIT.

Dr. J. H. Schenck & Son, Philadelphia.

WITH THE COMING OF SPRING.

Social Corner Members: It is an old story that March is the time for the molasses and sulphur and other similar blood medicines. It is the time of year for "simples" and a simple is a natural remedy derived from some plant, and not compounded or artificial. That is why "root and yarb" remedies are called simples, and not because none but simple people take them. One great cause of the degeneration of country people at the present time is that they are turning away from these remedial simples, "roots and yarbs," and taking patent compounds and coal tar preparations. It is necessary to the ordinary American to take a lot of medicine. When sassafras tea, thoroughwort tea, decoctions of wild turnip, pokeweed bitters and similar simples were taken they did no harm. They may have done no good either, but they satisfied the natural demand for a medicine, for a therapeutic miracle, and those good people went their way unharmed. It is very different with the medicines most in vogue nowadays.

But it was always in the spring that the fancy of the older generations always turned to sassafras tea and the children had to drink it whether they liked it or not. If they objected it was poured down them "because it thinned the blood" and was supposed to be healthy. Now nobody wants thin blood but the tradition survives along with the faint odor and taste, and it means a change from those winter standbys such as mullein, sage and thoroughwort teas or flaxseed, licorice, slippery elm and lemon. It is therefore probable that the coming of the sassafras tea season will recall many pleasant and unpleasant memories to others.

O. I. C.

SOMETHING NEW IN THE BREAD LINE.

Dear Social Corner Folks: I am not the chief cook of our household but because of illness I have been substituting for some time and to make it interesting have done a good bit of experimenting. I have been making "pumpkin bread," which we like so well I'll tell you how. A day or two before you want to make it stew and mash fine a kettleful of pumpkin, or squash, adding salt and sugar to suit taste. The varieties of these fruits of the vine are of so many different kinds that of course some will make better bread than others. So, if yours isn't good, don't blame it on me, for it'll be because your "punkin" wasn't a good one, while a good squash of course, is better. Take one cup of cornmeal, one cup graham flour and five cups white flour. Thoroughly mix with two heaping teaspoons of baking powder, then add enough cold stewed pumpkin to mold into two soft loaves, and bake at once in a moderately hot oven about one and one-half or two hours. I like bread well done and brown, top and bottom. My parsnip bread is made the same way, using boiled and mashed parsnips instead of the pumpkin, and is sweet enough without sweetening. I have only tried this once, but it was good, all right. I didn't use cornmeal in the parsnip bread, and of course one may leave that out of the other if they don't want it.

Will someone tell us if it is possible to make good kraut of turnips? I am trying it, grinding the turnips through a food grinder.

MABS.

THE HABIT OF MENDING.

Editor of the Social Corner: Much that Jennie had to say about sewing is after my own mind, and I quite agree with her that much of the dislike for sewing is due to the way in which we have been brought up.

You know very well that anything that becomes a habit is easier to do than something that is not a habit. We brush our teeth habitually, and so, after the early years of childhood, when the task is difficult, we brush them without thinking very much about it, unless the brush pricks us or we particularly like the taste of the tooth paste. And so it is with any habit. We do things by habit with as little wear and tear on our nervous system as possible.

Now any one can get into good housekeeping habits. One of them that is particularly useful to get into is the mending habit. Mending is a bugaboo, indeed, to most housewives. But if it is done as a habit, it becomes no worse than any of the other rather monotonous tasks, such as dishwashing or dusting.

One thing to do is always to have a basket of mending lying about. Then you can get it out and tackle it whenever you have to sit down and wait for anything. This may not seem like much of a time to mend. But really, in the course of a week, you probably spend many minutes, enough to make quite an impression on a week's supply of stockings, just "waiting."

FAITH.

PLANTED TOMATOES; RAISING RHUBARB

Dear Corner Family: Last month I wrote it was time to select garden seeds, but the Editor advanced the thought that it was "time to plan the garden."

I have been wondering if he had reference to window gardening or if he had been reading all about the sunny south and how busy they were making dents in the soil; for early crops, while we could only have dreams for a number of months.

The middle of last month I planted four kinds of tomatoes and am trying to keep them growing but expect some of them will die. The most thrifty plants are the four containers of rhubarb. The longest stalks are nine inches and we are having visions of pies and things.

Last year I read of taking up the roots in the fall and keeping them where they would remain frozen. February 22 I brought them from the hatchway of the cellar and placed them in the kitchen windows. It is interesting to watch them; the large kinds are racing ahead of the vine plants.

Trust all of the ill ones of the Corner are regaining normal health. Accept thanks for yellow leaflet.

Best wishes to all.

BLANCHE.

SPECIAL SALE

—For—

Saturday, Mar. 20

20 ALL WOOL JERSEY DRESSES..
20 ALL WOOL SERGE DRESSES....
20 PURE SILK SATIN DRESSES...
ALL AT ONE PRICE

$16.50

EVERY ONE A NEW SPRING MODEL.

MANDELL'S WOMEN'S SHOP

248 Main Street — Franklin Square

NUT JELLY LAYER CAKE.

Dear Social Corner Sisters: I just love to read your letters, but am not very fond of writing. But it has been so long I felt you would disown me if I did not write, so will send the cake recipe. If you have not tried it, try it and let me know the results.

Nut Jelly Layer Cake—Cream a small cup of sugar with two rounded tablespoons of shortening; break over it one egg and beat with a spoon; add a small cup sweet milk, one cup chopped hickory nut meats, two cups flour, two rounded teaspoons baking powder, a pinch salt, two heaping tablespoons cornstarch.

RED CEDAR.

USING LEFT-OVER CEREAL.

Social Corner Sisters: A few weeks ago a member of The Corner advised pouring water over the cereal which has to stand for those late to breakfast. This is well to avoid waste but the thrifty housewife never throws away a cup of left over cereal.

Having found ways in which to utilize them so that the family approves most heartily I am going to pass the idea along.

Bacon with Cornmeal Discs—Fry the bacon in the ordinary way. Take cold cooked cornmeal or any other kind of cereal, slice thin, cut in rounds with a pastry cutter, brush with melted butter, place in a buttered cake tin and brown in a very hot oven. Serve these cereal discs on the same dish with the bacon. A better way to do this is to have baking powder tins handy at the breakfast hour and into these pour whatever cereal is left over after all the members of the family are served allowing the still warm cereal to cool and harden in the right shape—so that a biscuit cutter need not be used, all that will be necessary being to slice the discs of cold cereal off the mold which the tins have made.

Cereal Muffins with Jam—One and one-half cups flour; three teaspoons baking powder, one-half cup of any kind of left-over cereal, three-fourths cup milk, one egg, one tablespoon of butter, one tablespoon sugar, one-half teaspoon salt. Sift the flour with the baking powder. Add to it the salt and sugar, sifting a second time. Break up the cereal, mixing it with the three-fourths cup of milk; add the beaten egg and mix well. Add next the melted butter, and stir this mixture into the dry materials. Turn into buttered muffin tins and bake in a quick oven for 25 minutes.

Wish some member of The Corner could give me a recipe for bean soup.

MARY J.

ANOTHER USE FOR APPLES.

Readers and Writers of The Corner: I am sure those of you who have expressed their relish for apples in many forms would like to try the following:

Apple 'Scallop—Moisten two cups of fine dry bread crumbs with one-fourth cup of butter melted; butter a baking dish, put in half of the crumbs, cover with three cups of peeled and sliced apples, sprinkle in one-half cup of sugar; add one-half teaspoon cinnamon, a little grated nutmeg and one-half saltspoon salt. Cover with the remaining crumbs, pour in enough hot water to moisten. Bake covered for half an hour; then remove cover and bake until the apples are tender and the crumbs brown. Serve with cream and sugar.

ANNIE LAURIE.

FIRST AID HELPS.

Dear Social Corner Sisters: A pinch of borax, or the yolk of an egg taken raw, gives quick relief for sorethroat or hoarseness.

If those Corner readers who complain of chilblains will paint them with oil of eucalyptus, applied with a camel-hair brush, there will be relief of pain and speedy cure.

Oil of eucalyptus and oil of turpentine, equal parts, put in an atomized and used to spray the throat every half hour, work wonders in case of diphtheritic croup.

In an emergency, for burns and scalds, mix five parts yolk of egg and four parts glycerin; apply with camel-hair brush, several applications forming a protective coating.

HYGIENIC.

HOT CROSS BUNS.

Dear Sisters of the Social Corner: It will not be long till Good Friday gets here, and on that date most housekeepers like to surprise their families with Hot Cross buns. I am sending two recipes which are reliable and sure to please.

American Buns—Sift together one quart of flour, one-quarter teaspoon of salt, one cup of sugar and three scant teaspoons of baking powder. Rub in one-half cup of butter, add a half pound of well washed currants, one-half teaspoon of ground nutmeg, one-quarter pound of sliced citron, one-quarter pound of seeded raisins, and a half teaspoon of allspice. Beat two eggs, add a half cup of milk, stir and add enough more milk to make a firm dough.

Mould into buns and lay on a buttered tin two inches apart. Brush with milk and dust with granulated sugar. Mark a cross with a sharp knife, then bake in a hot oven.

English Buns—Mix two pounds of flour with one-half pound of sugar, a half teaspoon of salt, one teaspoon of ground cinnamon and nutmeg and one pound of carefully washed currants. Make a thin batter by beating; set before the fire until the leaven begins to ferment. Add a half pound of melted butter and enough milk to make the batter soft. Dust with flour and let it rise for half an hour.

Shape the dough into buns, and lay them apart on buttered tins for half an hour to rise. Press a cross mould on each and bake in a quick oven 15 or 20 minutes. This recipe makes two dozen buns.

AUNT KATE.

THAT TIRED LOOK.

Members of the Social Corner: Have you ever paid any attention to the faces on the trolley cars (not those in the pictures but those on the passengers), in the streets and business places? And have you ever thought how frequently that tired look is encountered?

Why do we look "tired?" We do not have the monotonous lives that our grandmothers did. We do not have the laborous processes of home manufacture that did our mothers. All the labor saving inventions are within our reach. We get most of our clothes ready made. Pleasures by the score are ours for the taking. Why then should the lines of care be so apparent? Who can tell?

Is it because we have elevated the god of success above all else? Is it because we are trying so hard to keep with the procession? Is it because we are trying to crowd our days with so many interests, so much of outside effort and cultural activities that we have forgotten that calmness of outlook and repose of manner are the first requisites to a life that shall count for the things most worth while.

"But we have to keep up with the procession," I can hear someone think, if she doesn't say so. But do we? What would happen if we shall fall behind a pace or two? We have a great many things to learn yet, and one of them is that rushing through life at a breakneck, nerve racking pace loses us more than we gain. It is not conducive to good work, steady nerves, health or happiness. How much real success can we attain without these?

S. E. D.

A NICE MUSTARD DRESSING.

Dear Social Corner: How many times there are when cooking that the whites of eggs are used and you have to rummage your brain to figure out what to do with the yolks. It has occurred often with me, especially when we have a souffle—cheese, or fish or prune or whatever it may be—and I have gotten into the habit of making a mustard dressing at those times to save these yolks.

It is nice on potato salad, lettuce, chopped cabbage and other vegetable salads, and it is convenient to have on hand. I am therefore going to give you the recipe for the help it may be to others.

Mustard Dressing—Mix two tablespoons of sugar, three of flour, three teaspoons of dry mustard and one of salt very thoroughly. With a spoon push this dry mixture to one side of the bowl you are using, and in the other half of the bowl drop the yolks of two eggs. Stir the mixed ingredients into the eggs a little at a time, working all together thoroughly until you have a smooth paste. Now add three-fourths of a cup of milk a little at a time and finally one-fourth cup of vinegar. Cook in a double boiler until it thickens, stirring constantly and adding to the mixture one tablespoon of butter as soon as hot. Remove from the stove, cool, then turn into a glass jar and set in a cold place. When you wish to use some of the dressing, take what you need out of jar and add a little milk or cream to thin it slightly.

PUSSY WILLOW.

Every Woman Wants

Paxtine

ANTISEPTIC POWDER

FOR PERSONAL HYGIENE

Dissolved in water for douches stops pelvic catarrh, ulceration and inflammation. Recommended by Lydia E. Pinkham Med. Co. for ten years. A healing wonder for nasal catarrh, sore throat and sore eyes. Economical.

CROUP

Spasmodic croup is usually relieved with one application of—

VICK'S VAPORUB

"YOUR BODYGUARD"—30¢, 60¢, $1.20

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