



A Creed for June

I believe in the love of the earth for the morning,
While tree tops talk of the day to come;
I believe in the gladness of hopes a-borning
While yet the lips of them tremble—dumb.

I believe in the wet, fresh smell of the meadows
Caught and kissed by the conquering sun.
I believe in the sweets that hide in the shadows,
By gray stone walls, where still brooks run.

I believe in the long, straight beams that quiver
Falling down through the great white day,
While under the face of the glittering river
Currents are moving, and eddies play.

I believe in the rising scent of the flowers
Filling the cup of the afternoon;
I believe in the height of the cloudy towers
Built in the west, to fall too soon.

I believe in the music of hidden thrushes—
Only heard in the tangle of trees—
I believe in the lullaby wind as it hushes
Green little leaves, and the drone of bees.

I believe in the good, great world, and I love it,
I love it and believe in Man, and the call
Of the soul that is in it, and yet above it—
I believe in the God who made it all.
—Winfield Scott Moody in Harper's Magazine.

OUR SOCIAL CHAT

"Like Mother Used to Make"

It is not the "things mother used to make" that are no more, so much as the "things she used to make them of." "Mother's ways" are still recalled, and her recipes, regulations, methods of combinations, the guesses as to measurement—the trustings to luck that always turned out "just right," and the willing hands to reenact her manipulations, are with us now, as in the olden times; but the "something gone" is felt in every branch of the home, and especially in the cookery.

The old, delicious flavors of crisp vegetables that knew no taint of wilt; the fragrant, flavored, sun-ripened fruits that knew no touch of decay; the shade-dried pot herbs; the field-grown cereals, the pork, beef, lamb and poultry clover-fed and corn-finished, with water from the springs and rivulets to wash all taintings out of the blood; milk from the udders of healthy cows whose panting sides were redolent of the odor of meadow blossoms and crisp, clean herbage. Butter was "the real thing," with its

clean, nutty flavor and matchless coloring; the "shortening" was pure, home-tried lard or suet, and the cream was cream. Butterine, oleomargarine, cottoline, or any of the other factory-made "ines" were unknown. The eggs were fresh-laid, made of the foragings of wide and varied pasturage, and had a flavor all their own. Pork, beef, poultry, lamb, and "wild-meats" were clean, healthy, rich-flavored, juicy, carefully slaughtered and cleanly cared for; all diseased, maimed or thin animals were rejected, and one did not fear to partake of the stews, roasts, fries, bakes or boils, so lavishly served up by the mothers, the delicious flavorings of which were largely due to the manner of cooking by the open fire-place, or on the old-time stoves, supplemented by the wonders of the "ovens" which were the pride of the old-time cooks.

Now-a-days, the daughters have to deal with the product of the slaughter house, where animals, tired, gaunt and feverish from long travel in crowded cars and close confinement in stifling stockyards, are butchered, regardless of condition, many of them more or less diseased or over-driven, packed into refrigerator cars and consigned to cold-storages, to be dealt out to retail butchers in quantities as required. Much of the meats, lards, butters and milks are "doctored" with harmful preservatives, and none of them taste as they did in "mother's" time. Even mother would fall in the uses of doctored meats, made "butters" and stale eggs.

The home-grown, home-garnered and home-kept food materials are rarely on the market, and more and more they are passing away. With them go the flavors and fragrances that made of "mother's" cooking food fit for the gods, in the days when the children were home-grown, too, with appetites the product of health and home-fostering. No, it is not the "things" that mother used to make that are passing; but the things she used to make them of—the unadulterated products of forest, field and garden, meadows, and clean, clear-watered streams, fresh-gathered, and free from disease. "Home-grown," on sweet-smelling meadows and grass-lands, watered by refreshing rains and blessed by the clear, unobstructed rays of the life-giving sunshine, gathered in the proper season, handled with care and stored with honest preservatives. Thus, they had a flavor that no market collection can ever have—a flavor that few of us will ever find again.

Florist's Plants

From the latter part of May until well along in July, florists offer collections of plants selected from their surplus stock, and often containing very valuable "novelties," for a small sum of money, and these collections may be safely potted and tended instead of going to the trouble of slipping cuttings. If the season happens to be a wet one, they can usually be set out in the border with good effect. In ordering, one should not neglect to state whether the plants are for the window garden or for the border.

Pot-grown roses may be ordered by the dozen at small cost, and, with care may be transplanted very successfully to the garden, up to the last of June. If you live near a florist, it is better to patronize "home industry," and get the pots along with the plants, as the plants can be readily

slipped out of the pots and into the border with but little damage or shock.

In buying plants already in bloom, one should not be disappointed if no more bloom follows the one already there, as these plants are usually forced for blooming, and the change from the green-house to the border, where more root-room is given them, will cause the plant to devote its energies to making root and getting established before more buds are formed.

Some of the hardy climbers make a magnificent show of flowers as early as the second season, and surely by the third, if given favorable conditions. Do not forget that roses are gross feeders, and must have rich soil and the hottest sunshine.

For the Invalid

Every one who has spent much time propped up in bed in a sitting or reclining posture, knows the aggravating tendency of the clothing under the back to slide downward, creasing into ridges and lumps that are extremely worrying to one who is at all sensitive to discomfort, and also the exhausting efforts to regain the recumbent position when one's back gets "queer" from the fatigue. Such will appreciate the following, given by a reader:

"Take a strip of muslin, towelling, or similar material, two or three yards long and the width of the goods. Double one end back upon itself, forming a loop or hem wide enough to take in a medium sized pillow. Stitch across the hem securely, leaving the sides open so that the pillow may be readily inserted and removed. Place this on the bed immediately above the lower sheet, passing the free end under or through the head rails, where it can be fastened with a cord or in any convenient manner, so the position of the pillow, which is to act as a support to the hips, may be varied to suit the comfort of the invalid. When not needed, the pillow can be removed in a minute or drawn up to the head of the bed out of the way."

For keeping the air from an open window or door from blowing directly on the head or body, which is extremely disagreeable to some invalids, take a triangular piece of cloth, long enough to reach the length of the bed and tack, or otherwise fasten the long side to the bedrail. In the back of the head-board a ring may be either fastened, or slipped over a post, into which a large hook, fastened to the long corner of the muslin, may be slipped. Or a large ring of wood or metal, or a strong loop of the goods, may be fastened to the long corner, and slipped over the post, or a hook on the headboard. If made of some pretty material and neatly bound, this addition to the bed's furnishings may be made quite attractive. When not wanted, the cloth may be folded in under the mattress. The cloth will also give a feeling of privacy to the invalid, and pockets may be "patched" on to the inside, in which handkerchief, or other conveniences may be kept, much to the invalid's comfort.

For the Flower Garden

Now is the time when the flower lover should be busy "slipping" cuttings for her next winter's window

garden. Roses of the hardy kind should be layered, or "slipped," and the box of sand on the veranda rail should now be filled with cuttings from tea and monthly roses and other hard wood plants. Here is an item that may help out the flower-lover: Take two earthen flower pots, say four and six inches across the top; stop the hole in the bottom of the smaller one with a cork and fill it with water. Cover the hole in the larger one with something that will prevent the sand running through, and place the smaller pot inside the larger on a layer of sand so that the tops of the two will be on a level. Fill the space between the two with sand, and in this insert the cuttings close to the inner pot. Place them in a sunny window and keep the smaller pot always full of water, which will percolate through the sides, keeping the sand moist. The inner pot can be at any time lifted without disturbing the cuttings, and the root growth examined.

A good way to root rose, and other hard wood cuttings is to dig up a spot of mellow earth, set your cuttings and turn over each a glass tumbler or jar (damaged fruit jars will answer, so they have no holes in them), pressing the mouth down into the earth, and keep the soil wet about the slips. These covers should not be disturbed for quite a while, or until the slip has started a good growth of leaves, when the jar may be gradually lifted to let in fresh air. The ground must not be allowed to dry out. Geranium, and many other soft wood plants may be started by sticking the cuttings down in the ground beside, and in the shade of the parent plant. When growth is well started, the young plants may be potted and set in a suitable place, kept thriftily growing and shift into larger pots as necessary, until time for carrying them indoors, in the fall.

Preserved Cherries

Stem and seed the cherries, putting a pound of sugar to a pound of fruit. Boil the juice and sugar to a thick syrup, put in the cherries and cook until nearly done, then take out the fruit and lay on dishes; boil the syrup gently, put back the cherries when cool and let them cook a little more. Take them out, let them cool before covering with syrup, put in glass jars and cover with paper dipped in French brandy. The stones should be taken out with a quill to preserve the shape of the cherry. To make crystal or candied cherries, when the fruit is taken out the first time, the syrup is cooked until it reaches the thickness of sugar-candy. Then dip the cherries in this, letting them get thoroughly saturated with the thick syrup, then dry them. They make beautiful decorative fruits for luncheon served as bon-bons.

Our Girls

All parents should see that their daughters are trained to do something of marketable value; for whether a girl marries or not, she should be able to earn her own living, as no woman can be insured against such need. There are many circumstances which compel the wife or mother to become the bread winner, even where seemingly most happily married, and then the condition of widowhood should be considered. As it is, they are seldom even trained for marriage. They know nothing of managing a

WEDDING INVITATIONS

Announcements, cards, etc. Up-to-date and neat samples mailed free. The Butler Press, Lincoln, Nebraska

AN OLD AND WELL TRIED REMEDY

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for children teething should always be used for children while teething. It softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic—and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Twenty-five cents a bottle.