

OUR SOCIAL CHAT

All letters intended for this department should be addressed to "Aunt Jennie," care of The Progressive Farmer, Raleigh, N. C.

Aunt Jennie's Letter.

The long winter nights will soon be here and then your old Auntie expects many of you who are too busy in the day to stop and write for our department, to send her some nice, long letters.

By the way, how do you intend spending those long evenings when you find the weather too cold or inclement to venture out? Now I ask that question because in these latter days to stay at home nights seems to have gone out of fashion. Has woman lost the art of entertaining, or has the home lost its attraction for the masculine element of human kind? What can we do that will keep our husbands, boys, and young men at home? Man has always longed for the unattainable. To win the fight is to become satiated and venture again, new fields to conquer. Is the music less sweet because it is rendered by familiar fingers? Are our books less interesting than those of our neighbor simply because the bindings are those to which our eyes have become accustomed, though written by the self same authors? Social intercourse is essential, but the love of home is paramount, and if you will show me a married man who does not care for home life in his own family circle, I will tell you that there is something radically wrong somewhere. America needs homes, not places of abode; we find plenty of those, but real homes, where father is king and mother is queen: a united kingdom ruled by love tempered with justice, a place where God's will is supreme and His Book the law to live or die by. Such homes have existed and some are to be found even now, but, alas! they are too far apart for a wayworn traveler to find a resting place after each day's journey.

Who is to blame? Are we women doing our duty, or are the men learning to love the world better than their their own souls, or the souls of those whom God has given them? A little talk at the postoffice occasionally helps to keep one's spirits in good cheer, but no woman cares to marry a postoffice or corner grocery; neither does she enjoy shouldering all the responsibility that some one must bear if the family is properly reared.

No woman ever married a man because she disliked to have him around or detested his company, but there are married men who act as if they married their wives simply because they wanted a housekeeper, and they enjoy having her keep it alone.

The letters are very interesting this week and we promise some pleasant surprises for next issue.

I must especially commend Mrs. A. E. G. Y., a newcomer who writes with remarkable skill and elegance. We are always glad to hear from Sincere, one of our most thoughtful contributors, and from Search Ward, whose visits have been too infrequent of late. We are always anxious, too, to get members from new States and new counties, and I hope our new Martin County and Alabama friends will call often.

AUNT JENNIE.

An Alabama Reader's Suggestion.

Dear Aunt Jennie: I herewith renew our subscription for the paper for ourselves and send one fifteen-cent subscriber. I hope that this man will like the paper so well that he will be glad to take it the coming year.

As I have received much benefit

from the helpful hints and instructions of so many of your interesting correspondents, I will add my mite and guarantee best results, as I have thoroughly tried and proved the efficacy of the remedy. Take pine tar, and with a swab apply to your hen roosts, being sure to fill every little hiding place with it, except on the top of the roosts—and good bye to chicken mites. Put it into bottoms and corner cracks of nesting boxes and in short, do a good job while you are at it. I have used this the past summer, renewing as often as it became dry, and have been entirely free from the red mites, and very little signs of other lice. The trouble is very little and the cost is less. If attended to once a month or six weeks it is a perfect preventative.

MRS. L. T. AYRES.

Georgiana, Ala.

A New Comer from Martin.

Dear Aunt Jennie: I have for all my days in remembrance been a reader of The Progressive Farmer and always enjoyed reading the Social Chat, especially Aunt Jennie's letters. I should have been delighted to visit the State Fair this year to hear President Roosevelt's elegant speech. But we Eastern North Carolinians live too far to visit the Fair every year. I went last year and greatly enjoyed it. If I had the privilege of going this year I should call in and see Aunt Jennie.

I greatly enjoyed reading Jack Klinard's letter this week. Jack, call again; perhaps the hornets will not sting any more. I agree with Jack when he says he doesn't think dressing sagues are very stylish costumes for street adventures, although they are very comfortable for house wear to one who has cooking and other house work to do. That's for myself. I enjoy cooking, as any little thing like that, and generally have it to do. I live with my mother and six little ones besides in a little country home on a farm. We raise beautiful flowers, delicious fruit, with many other things necessary to make a home happy.

DELIA O. GREEN.

Martin Co., N. C.

The Landlord and Tenant Question:

A Woman's View.

Dear Aunt Jennie: I want to say a few words about renters and landlords. I think I should know somewhat of both sides, as I was for fifteen years the only daughter of a landlord, and afterwards for fifteen years the wife of a renter.

Now I am far from wishing, like our writer in a past issue, that I was a renter. I have a whole lot of sympathy for Ellis. I think there is no man more to be pitied than the small farmer—poor, struggling, with perchance a sick wife, and a large family of helpless children? And even if the whole family be healthy. Still I have seen the little babe of the tenant in its rude wooden cradle at the edge of the field, tended by another little one (who by rights should have been at school) while the mother picked cotton, going home only to prepare a frugal meal, or perhaps wash a few garments for her little ones; and then back again to the field to stoop and toil over the stones and stocks with a heavy sack of cotton dragging her down to the earth, while her baby's cries make her heart ache.

Now this is no fancy picture. It is acted every day in the South somewhere, and what is her reward for all this? A pair of rough shoes, a few cotton dresses and fare not half so good as kind masters gave their slaves! Year after year until life fails, and the tenant must seek a new mother for his children.

Here is another view: A kind landlord—may heaven bless him! His tenant's house is comfortable; his tenant must have the necessities of life, and God prospering him, his landlord shall not lose by it. So this good man stands for his tenant for the amount of a hundred or more dollars, and the tenant can buy good clothes and good food for his family and spend the winter comfortably with good fires. Then Christmas comes. The good landlord buys his tenant's two little sons each a new suit of clothes and they are well stocked with books and papers which their mother, who, happily, is well educated, can read them during the winter season. The good landlord buys for all his people (who are thirteen, besides his own family) and he gains its back four-fold in good service and good will when the working season comes. The tenant's wife has full charge of the cows and dairy; she supplies the landlord's family and her own and sells enough besides to well repay her for her labor.

This is also a true picture of life in the South.

SINCERE.

Pleasure in Sunday School Work.

Dear Aunt ennie: We have written you so much recently about how to make our homes happy, and about personal appearance of wife and husband—all of which have been interesting, and I trust beneficial, but at the same time I can't help but feel that if we loved each other as we should that we could write how our homes are made happy and would not have to bring so much theory to bear on the subject. But now I find myself using theory, for as yet I am a bachelor and can only theorize, at the same time, however, I find my greatest pleasure in associating with my girl friends.

While this is very pleasant, there is another source of great pleasure to me—and I fear when I mention it some one will say, "Well, he is one of those goody, goody, fellows." However, I say that it is the Sunday-school. I can think of nothing more pleasant and profitable and instructive, after we have finished a week's work, then to take our quarterlies and prepare or study a portion of Scripture for our Sunday's lesson. We may feel that we learn a small part by doing this, but if we keep it up a year we find that when the year is over that there are some things that we know that we did not know when we commenced. What is more refreshing than to meet at Sunday-school every Sunday morning a hundred bright faces, cheerful, and happy, all striving to get better and help others to be happier, a happy band all trying to do what is right? Far better is this than to sleep away half

of the hours that God has given us for His day.

Here in the Sunday-schools, friendships are formed that last throughout our entire lives; old people make friends with the children and sweet is this friendship. We come in close touch with each other and so learn what other people are doing and get strength to live different ourselves. To attend Sunday-school is a Christian duty, service and privilege.

SEARCH WARD.

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