Every Word Has Its Own Spirit, True or False, that Never Dies

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.

PRIZES FOR NOVEMBER

Nat of Leonard Bridge for letters, first prize, $2.50.

Clara of Canterbury, for recipes and lace crochet, second prize, $1.50.

Petlatch of Seattle, for letter on Huckleberries and Huckleberrying in Washington, third prize, $1.00.

SOCIAL CORNER POEM.

Old Times, Old Friends, Old Love.

There are no days like the good old days,
The days when we were youthful,
When humankind was pure of mind,
And speech and deeds were truthful;
Before a love for sordid gold
Became a man's ruling passion,
And before each dame and maid became
Slave to the tyrant Fashion.

There are no girls like the good old girls—
Against the world I'd stake 'em,
As buxom and smart and clean of heart
As the Lord knows how to make 'em.
They were rich in spirit and common sense,
And piety all supportin'.
They could bake and brew, and had taught school, too,
And they made such likely courtin'.

There are no boys like the good old boys—
When we were boys together,
When the grass was sweet to the bare brown feet
That dimpled the laughing heather;
When peewee sang to the summer dawn
Or the bee in the billowy clover,
Or down by the mill the whip-poor-will
Echoed his night song over.

There is no love like the good old love—
The love that mother gave us.
We are old, old men, yet we are nine again
For that precious grace—God save us,
So we dream and dream of the good old times,
And our hearts grow tenderer, fonder,
As those dear old dreams bring soothing gleams
Of heaven away off yonder.

—Eugene Field.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

PRISCILLA—Perhaps Elva will send in her recipe for old-fashioned raised cake again. The editor has not the time to look for recipes in back numbers unless the date is stated.

ISABEL—The Thanksgiving story you sent in we have taken out of the competition prize contest because it is timely, and you will receive The Bulletin's regular space rate for it.

JANE—We are not overcrowded with stories in competition for the $25 to be distributed in prizes. Any person can write as many stories as they choose in competition. Time files. There is only one week more before the contest closes on December 2d. The awards will be announced December 9th. Six prizes—$10 to first; $5 to second; $3 to third and fourth; $2 to fifth and sixth.

DOLLY—We could not tell you what Ready's age is. She is old enough to be wise; and not too old to be merry. Perhaps this will help you to determine for yourself.

HELPFUL CHRISTMAS SUGGESTIONS.

Friends of the Social Corner: As our minds are once more turning toward Christmas with its atmosphere of good cheer and friendliness, gift-making and giving, perhaps some of us feel a bit down-hearted because we can do so little when we wish to do so much. But, let us remember, it is the kindly thought behind the gift, the loving heart actuating the giver, which makes the offering, be it large or small, breathe forth the true Christmas spirit.

Let the friend to whom the gift is sent feel we have put a part of ourselves into its selection or arrangement. Make it personal, the expression of a thought of her. It may be only an inexpensive card or booklet; but select one which bears her favorite flower, a quotation from her favorite author, or a sentiment especially fitted to her condition, or needs; a word of sympathy and love if sorrow or affliction have come to her; or a message which will encourage and uplift if her burdens are many and heavy.

I wonder if those who live in the country realize what a pleasing gift can be made by procuring one of the glass globes with fitted cover to be found in our department stores and filling it with moss, tiny ferns, partridge berries, adder's tongue, gold-thread and other woodland treasures. Some very beautiful and artistic ones have been arranged and given delight for many months as they require no care or water save the thorough sprinkling when first put into the globe.

Or, fill any pretty glass dish with light moss and these same gleanings from brookside and woody slopes, and use it in place of the regulation fern for centerpiece on dining table, keeping it daily watered and it will surely prove a "thing of beauty and a joy"—well, not exactly "forever," but for a long, long time.

Or, perchance, you have a friend who is fond of reading. Then you may like to prepare a Christmas reading box like one I sent which gave a great deal of pleasure.

For weeks, yes months, before, whenever I found in magazine or paper a story or article particularly interesting or humorous, I cut it out carefully and tied the pages with a tiny bow of holly ribbon, using a picture which illustrated it, or some other attractive one for the front cover.

In a smaller holly-covered box labeled "Giggle Box," I enclosed many bright and pithy clippings, clever sayings, puns, anecdotes, etc., etc., and these, too, were greatly enjoyed. But the members of the Corner may think too much space has already been taken by ONE OF THEM.

THE WISH OF JIM.

A happy Thanksgiving to the editor and all the Social Corner friends is the wish of Jim, who sends the following

Causes for Thanksgiving.

For all that God in mercy sends;
For health and children, home and friends,
For comfort in the time of need,
For every kindly word and deed,
For happy thoughts and holy talk,
For guidance in our daily walk,
For everything give thanks!
For beauty in this world of ours,
For verdant grass and lovely flowers,
For songs of birds, for hum of bees,
For the refreshing summer breeze,
For hill and plain, for streams and wood,
For the great ocean's mighty flood,
For everything give thanks!
For the sweet sleep that comes at night,
For the returning morning's light,
For the bright sun that shines on high,
For the stars glittering in the sky,
For these and everything we see,
O Lord, our hearts we lift to Thee,
For everything give thanks!

—Ellen Isabella Tupper.

Yantic. JIM.

GRANDMA'S CHICKENLESS CHICKEN PIE.

Dear Sisters of the Social Corner: Thanksgiving day is nearly here again and even now preparations are going on for the coming holiday. The children are planning what they will do, and talking about the turkey and other good things they will have to eat at Grandpa's Thanksgiving. The older ones, too, are looking forward to the family reunion.

In some homes it will be a day of sadness. As one loved face is missed from the family circle and around the table for the first time there is one vacant chair. But let us not grieve too much for our lost ones, for they are not lost—only gone on before. In a few, perhaps very few, short years we will join them in the heavenly home where there will be no more sorrow, and "God shall wipe away all tears from the eyes." So let us try and be cheerful and make the day one of gladness and sunshine for our loved ones.

If our forefathers, who had so little of this world's goods, instituted and kept a day of feast and prayer, surely we of this twentieth century ought to be truly grateful for our manifold blessings.

I have been much interested in reading the recipes for a "Chickenless Chicken Pie." Now I will give you mine:

Fresh Pork Pie—Take the backbone pieces, or what is used for pork chops, of a hog, and boil them. When cold cut in small pieces season with salt, pepper and butter and make into a pie the same as you would any kind of a meat pie. We think it is fully equal to chicken pie. In fact, some would scarcely know the difference.

This reminds me of something that happened in our family some years ago. It was in the days when the school teacher "boarded around" in the district according to the number of children in the homes. It came the week for him to board at the old homestead and the first night for supper mother served a pork pie. The schoolmaster ate very heartily and when the meal was finished he said:

"Mrs. Jane, your chicken pie was very nice. If you had any other meat than chicken I couldn't have eaten any of it. I haven't touched a bit of pork in years, and I wouldn't dare to eat it, but I am very fond of chicken."

No one told him the difference and the poor man never knew that he had just been eating pork. However, it did not have any bad affect on him.

Best wishes to all the readers.

GRANDMA.

OLD ENGLISH RECIPES FROM PRISCILLA

Mr. Editor: As Thanksgiving is drawing near, perhaps some of the Sisters would like some old English recipes:

English Suet Pudding—One large cup of suet after it is chopped, four tablespoons sugar, two tablespoons molasses, one cup raisins, one-half cup currants, one-quarter cup citron, two cups flour and one teaspoon of soda sifted into it, one-half cup bread crumbs; add spices to taste. Thin with cold water just enough to make the stiffness of fruit cake. Tie in a pudding cloth and boil for four hours.

Fruit Cake—Five cups of flour, two cups sugar, one cup wine, one cup molasses, two pounds raisins, one pound currants, one pound butter, one-half pound citron, one pound English walnut meats chopped, six eggs, two teaspoons soda, spices to taste. This makes two good sized loaves.

English Fig Pudding—One pound of figs, one cup chopped suet, two cups bread crumbs, one-half nutmeg, three eggs. Chop the figs, add well beaten eggs and other ingredients. With milk enough to make a stiff batter, tie in a pudding cloth and boil for two hours.

English Rice Pudding—One-half cup rice, one cup sugar, one quart milk, one teaspoon lemon juice. Bake slowly two hours. This should be creamy when done, but will not be if baked too fast.

Quite English, you know!

PRISCILLA.

Norwich.

THE TWINS HAVE BEEN SICK.

Dear Editor and Sisters: Just a few lines this time, as I am too busy for anything, and will be like other Sisters a week from today, in another new home, and this pleasant place I for eight months have called home will be vacant for someone else.

I shall have the paper and shall read all your letters, but shall be very busy—for a while; then I shall write you all about my home, etc. We move by auto van, as we are going out a little from this city.

Dear Glenwood: I indeed felt so sorry for you in your great loss of the fruits and wished I might give you some of mine, as we have two large barrels full, let alone jells, etc.

The twins have been very ill, but are better now. We think they over-ate, as they are so fond of wild game.

I must close and get to work. I am spread-eagled very tired, as this moving means some work, but I am trying to keep thinking that whatever is is best.

SWEET LAVENDER.

Norwich.

JANETTE ADVISES CONCENTRATION.

Dear Sisters of the Social Corner: Have any of you ever had too much to do that you scarcely knew where to begin first, or how to ever get through? If so, begin one thing at a time, concentrate your mind on that alone until it is finished; then begin something else, and treat it in the same way. I think you will be surprised at how much work you can do and do it well. Many people when they are burdened with work rush from one thing to another, doing a little to everything, and still none of it is finished, and you are all tired out.

JANETTE.

Norwich.

PAPA'S BOY WHISTLES AND HAS A CLUB PIN.

Dear Editor and Sisters: I wonder when we shall have our quartette? If Ready objects if we meet there I will try and do my little part, as today the piano (both quick and hymn music), and sing soprano. I have tried to help out in the choir, and did for a while, but have given it up.

Guess Who: I am quite sure one Sabbath you played the organ in church and I sat near you and sang. Am I not right?

Dear Ready: I am sorry you cannot raise flowers. I planted some pansies and hollyhocks last spring as good as you could expect for a greenhouse. When I come to see you with my gun and game I will bring you a bunch (if Sister doesn't find it out). I have a whistle and a club pin. Be on the lookout. When you hear a whistle near your home put your head out of the door and say:

"Here is where Ready lives."

Dear Elizabeth: Have you seen me in my auto yet? Be on the watch—am coming soon.

Dear Cheriette: How do you do this cold, snappy weather? You mentioned in your other letter about the Lebanon auto-bus. I am coming and go to Norwich with you if you do not mind. Set the day and I will be with you.

Good luck to all.

PAPA'S BOY.

Leonard Bridge.

TOO LATE FOR NAT'S HUSKING BEE.

Dear Editor and Friends: I was terribly drove tuther Saturday, and when I hurried in to dinner I seen Jane Ann looked worried like. I seen The Bulletin lay onto the table, and thinks I: "What's up now?" but I said:

"Is dinner ready, Jane? I want to eat if tiz—lively and git out to work."

"All right!" says she, but she stopped half way to the table with the dish of beans in her hand and says she:

"What does p-a-s-s-e spell?" "Dunno," says I.

Says she: "One of the Sisters in the Social Corner says: 'Roosters' feathers is that!'"

"Drat the Social Corner," says I. "Hustle that dinner onto the table. I want to get that corn fodder in afore it rains."

Well, that settled the question for then, and I et dinner and got the corn in.

Arter chores were done and I had et supper, which I topped with a piece of punkin pie (Jane's, not Jim's) Jane lit the setting room lamp and got my specs, and I took a look at the Social Corner.

Now, Wild Cherry, it is a tarnal shame you didn't think of that ere huskin' bee afore the corn was all into the corn house. I told Jane so, and says she:

"Why, Nat, I thought you didn't think much of 'Bees!'"

Says I: "Jane, didn't you see they was going to bring their feed—'twould been all-fired good eating, too. I guess we could stood them under foot a spell for that ere feed. Anyway, we'll try it next year."

"Now," says Jane, "did you see what Cheriette says about my hat, and what is p-a-s-s-e?"

Says I: "You give me the dictionery and I'll see what Mr. Webster says," but that didn't help me none—like as not he did not know himself.

I threw the book onto the table and says I:

"Jane, that's one of them peaky foreign words folks put in their writing to sort of show up their schoolin'. Ought to be a law agin it. But as I figure it out it means tall feathers is back numbers and wings is on top."

"Oh," says Jane, "ain't so fashionable as wings! Well, then, I guess if tall feathers are passe I'll——"

"Now, Jane," says I, "you are too tarnal proud. You've worn them queer feathers to the meeting house, and you ain't going to change them now, and having folks say you are so extravagant, you have two new bonnets to once. When it is time for the old Dominique rooster to be et you can have his wings fixed up for new winter."

"I guess," says I, "Dominique wings is just as good as Mercury wings!"

"What is Mercury wings, anyhow?" says Jane.

"I suppose," says I, "thet's a new kind of hens Cherisette bin gettin. Far as I can find out she's sort of cousin to 'Ma' in the hen business, anyway."

I had kalculated I couldn't spend no more time writing letters, I was that drove; but when I seen that chicken pie receipt I seen I'd have to thank the Editor and Fleur de Lis and tell them as how Jane Ann was tickled most to death to get that there receipt; and I was some tickled, too. Now if that ere woman had jist went along that apple pie without the apple into it, we'd be all fixed for Thanksgiving.

No, Aunt Jemima, there won't be no money in raisin chickens if you put um in a chicken pie. No-Siree.

It's up to Jim now to say as to whether he wants to sell the "cropple crown hen."

Ready, you tell your man he is switched clear off the track if he thinks I eat punkin pie only on Saturday. Tell him I can eat punkin pie jest as long as he can furnish the pie.

Now I tell Jane I'll send John Henry out to trap some chicken rabbits, and she shall make some punkin pies and some of them mince pie without any meat into them (tarnal shame we ain't got that there apple one) and a loaf of her mock raised cake and open a can of tomato jam and we have a bang-up fine Thanksgiving dinner, and cheap, too.

"But, Jane," says I, "if it hadn't been for me setting myself to be sort of a watchdog for the Editor you wouldn't had all these nice economical receipts. No, siree," says I.

"That's so!" says Jane, and "so tiz."

Your obedient servant,

NAT.

A MOTHER'S THOUGHTS.

Dear Sister S.: Your suggestion for cleaning plush furniture is a good one.

Blanche: If your family consists of two, I would be inclined to think you had a great deal of time for recreation. Perhaps the only way that you will realize this is to invite you to exchange places with someone else who has eight or ten.

Nursie: I think you are a good sensible young woman. Most of us mothers spoil our children by not insisting on obedience.

A MOTHER.

Norwich.

WHY MEN ARE OPPOSED TO WOMAN SUFFRAGE.

Dear Editor and Sisters: You may get tired having me drop in so often, but after reading Aunt Jule's letter I just had to respond, for I have always been a suffragette myself; and although it may not amount to much, I would like to give my opinion.

It is natural for most men to think they know more than the weaker sex (women); and again they do know that woman is persistent. I believe why there is so much said about women voting is because if they carry the day and vote they will change a good many of the men's plans—they have made the laws which are not worth much, lack backbone, their own way, and they may fear that some day they might have a woman president.

We often find women who oppose suffrage, but in seven cases out of ten it is because they have husbands of the same mind. Let the women think for themselves and they will come to the front quick enough.

I have read a good deal on this subject and have tried to solve the problem, and have come to the conclusion that back of it all is jealousy. Men think if the women vote the tables will be turned. I wish most heartily that they might be. I don't think women would be quite so fearful. There might be more Carrie Nation spirit among them. As a general rule men don't want woman on a level with himself.

AUNTY.

Willimantic.

A PROPOSITION FROM AUNT JULE.

Dear Editor and Sisters of the Corner: Could we not form some plan between so many of us, now that Christmas is so near, to donate a few dimes each to cheer some lonely old heart or, the coming Christmas, some poor old soul that is worthy of a little kindness.

For years I sent a Christmas dinner to a lonely old lady and you may believe me when I say that on her death bed a year ago her prayers for me were something beautiful to hear. I motion we send in our little donations to the Editor of the Corner. Who seconds the motion? All hands up for the good work!

Ready: Why do you not send me the story I have waited so long for?

Dear Shut-In: I feel so sorry for you and will write you if you will let me. I thank you for your answer on the voting question.

Daughter of Mansfield Depot: I think they should give us a trial and see of what stuff we are made.

Cheriette: I will meet the autobus from Lebanon any time you say and will take a ride with you.

Ma: I am very well, thank you, and hope you are the same. Are the chickens coming on all right?

Mr. Bromley's poem is very true, and very good. Lovingly,

Norwich. AUNT JULE.

HOW TO MAKE A BALTIMORE NECKTIE.

Dear Editor and Sisters of the Social Corner: As my retreat is a bit lonely at this season of the year, I find much pleasure in belonging to such a circle as our Social Corner. How entertaining and helpful it certainly is!

Dear Sister Elizabeth: I hope you will not be disappointed when you learn that it is hardly probable that we are old friends, because my school days did not begin until in the eighties. We will be friends now.

I want to send the sisters directions for making a **Baltimore Crocheted Necktie**, as nothing would be nicer for hubby or lover, for a Christmas gift. Of course, you must choose the favorite color of the one to whom you will give the tie. Use three spools of crochet silk and a No. 13 crochet needle. Begin on the bottom of the long end, which is 16 1-2 inches long; then work the narrow neckband 15 inches, or to suit the size of collar worn, and last the short end 6 inches long.

Method of working: Chain 38 stitches, work a shell of 5 double crochet in the fourth chain from needle, then catch down in the next fourth stitch with a single crochet until 8 shells are in a row. Second row, Chain 3 turn across the row. Chain 3 and make a shell in the same stitch where the s. c. was worked in; repeat from a single crochet between shell and 3 chain, then 3 chain and a shell under the 3 chain of first row, repeat. Continue in this manner until you have 16 1-2 inches of 8 shells in row. Narrowing: Make first shell and make 3 single crochet on 3 shells, leaving out a shell; on the opposite side do the same, so that it narrows to 6 shells, make 5 rows of 6 shells, then narrow to 4 shells, and be sure you always make your first and last shells so that you do not spoil the edges. Crochet 3 rows of 4 shells, narrow 1 shell more, and work the neckpiece with 3 shells as long as needed. Widen: Crochet first shell, make the single crochet between shells, and then work a shell in there, work on as before and increase on opposite side in the same manner. Crochet 5 rows of 5 shells, increase to 7 shells and work 6 inches long. Finish off the end where you began with a row of shells. Work tight and it will give a fluted effect.

Don't forget to make a few of those crochet doylies for Christmas gifts that Faye Verna sent directions for making last February. They are very neat and pretty.

With best wishes to all members of the Corner, CORNTASSEL.

DOLLY'S BUSY TIMES.

Dear Editor and Sisters: The Corner is so interesting and I enjoy it so much I must write again. I have been so busy I could hardly find time to do what I wish to do. You see I am busy all day, and, then, in the evening, I sew on my Christmas gifts (and only four weeks more).

I enjoyed Morning Glory's story. Morning Glory, why have you not written a letter? Have not you and I about the same kind of a position? I wonder if you are as busy as I am.

Fleur de Lis: I am sorry to say, we do not have any cows. How I wish we did. Glad someone has sent in a recipe for Chicken Pie without chicken.

Dear Sister Ready: I wonder if we have ever met at the station. Possibly we have. I am afraid I will have to give up the search. But I shall always be interested to know "Who's Who." Perhaps Guess Who, or Sweet William can help me out. Can you?

Aunt Jemima: Yes, I am sure chicken raising pays well, especially at this time of year, when we have to pay 5 cents apiece for eggs.

Cheriette was too busy to write last week. Perhaps you will see why later on.

Papa's Boy. Have you seen Ready? Hurry up; leap year will soon be here.

Elizabeth: Where is your letter? I miss it. You must persuade Morning Glory to write a letter. Her story was very good. Can't you induce your better half to write?

Somebody of Lebanon: I wonder "Who's Who." Is it hard to guess? Come again.

Nat: You ought to be well satisfied this week. I see you have what you have been looking for. It isn't "flummery stuff," either. But it's Chicken Pie without chicken. Miss your letters. How interesting they have been. I guess you have been entertaining, and like Social Corner folks were there, too.

Thanksgiving greetings to all readers. DOLLY.

VOTES FOR WOMEN.

Editor of the Social Corner: "Outsider's" suggestion to the sisters to express their opinions on equal suffrage in the Social Corner is an excellent one. Those of the sisters who are too busy to write on the subject for the issue of Nov. 18th might write for the Nov. 25th issue.

I have attended a co-educational college before and after girls were admitted, and the benefits which I saw which were derived by both sexes have made me a firm believer in the principle of co-education.

I have lived in an equal suffrage state for three years, and I never saw or heard anything detrimental to the exercise of the franchise by women. Women were elected to both branches of the legislature, were nominated to committees for which they were fitted by training and inclination, and conscientiously performed the duties required of them. One woman, a state senator, was chosen by her colleagues for United States senator, for which office she was well qualified. The women did not neglect home duties to exercise the right of franchise, but sought to prepare themselves to assume their responsibilities intelligently by studying sociology, economics and civic questions. It is said that in the first six months after women were given the vote in Colorado more books on civics, sociology, economics and politics were sold than had been sold for many years previously.

I believe in equal suffrage because every argument why men should vote applies with equal force to women. Almost every reason adduced against woman suffrage can be applied with like cogency against man suffrage.

Do women want it? Ninety-five per cent. of the feminine population of Santa Barbara, Cal., have registered, or 500 more women than men.

A few quotations:

"There is no difference in brains."

"Whatever men are, they are what women have made them."

"Woman's sphere is in the home, but the world is her horizon."

"There are no rights of women because her rights are the rights of mankind."

"The only way woman manages man is to allow man to think that he manages himself."

A SUFFRAGETTE (for 20 years).

Norwich, Conn.

DELICATE CROCHET LACE.

Dear Editor and Sisters of the Social Corner: Herewith I send a few odd recipes:

Stuffing for Ducks—One-half pound onions, minced, blanched and drained; add three tablespoons grated breadcrumbs, one teaspoon powdered sage, the liver of the duck parboiled and minced, pepper, salt and cayenne to taste. This quantity is sufficient for one duck.

Suet Pudding—One cup suet chopped fine, one cup sweet milk, two cups seeded raisins, one cup molasses, two cups flour. Steam two hours. This is a very nice pudding.

Delicate Crochet Lace—Make a chain of 13 stitches. First row—7 d c in 7 sts. of ch., using end of ch. for first d. c. Chain 1, make a shell of 3 d. c in 2 st. of chain from hook ch. 1, 3 d. c. in same st. ch. 1 d. c. in end of ch. turn. Second row—Ch. 4, shell in shell, ch. 1, d. c., in first d. c. ch. 2, 1 d. c. in 3d ch. 2, 1 d. c. in 5th d. c. ch. 2, 1 d. c. in 7th d. c., turn. Third row—1 s c., 4 d. c., 1 s c. in first space, repeat in next space, 7 d. c. in next space ch 1, shell in shell, 1 d. c., in 2d st. of ch. 4, repeat from second row.

Wonder what has become of Cornflower of Columbia.

CLARA OF CANTERBURY.

MA HAS THE HENHOUSES READY FOR WINTER.

Dear Sisters and Brothers: I suppose you all have everything ready for the chickens this winter. I had nearly everything ready when the cold days came. I had a box of road dust to keep to mix with equal parts ashes to dust the setters with, in case I am out of the regular powder. The dust was taken out and new put in the houses to the depth of about three inches. Board floors always have dirt put in also, as the floors hurt the hen's feet while scratching in the litter. I have a litter about six inches deep in winter of leaves—oak leaves are best, as they do not break up as easily. I would like to use oat straw, but that can be used for other purposes on the farm to better advantage. I put the grain in this litter and make them scratch for it to get sufficient exercise.

Have whitewashed the houses, putting crude carbolic acid into the whitewash. I save all the muslin bags in which 25 pounds of sugar comes, and sew them together until they are the right size to tack on a few of the windows, so as to let in plenty of air without drafts. I wash the windows to let the sun in. I put in a large box of dirt in front of a sunny window for a dust bath. The chickens spend many happy hours wallowing in it, with the sun shining at the same time. The earth outside is frozen in winter, of course, but the hens need to dust themselves to keep free of lice, the same in winter as they do in summer. No one should think of getting along without it, for a lousy hen will not do well.

Aline: There are some good guessers in the Corner. The books you mention will be fine.

Ready: You are truly the Corner's godmother. If you have another chance to find out "Who is Who," when your friend comes over this way, I want you to be sure to come to see me. I don't care if a few know who is who. I would like to see your new dishes. I, too, have added some to my collection. I am longing for a pink one.

Widow Submit: How young I felt when I read your letter at being called a girl. I forgot all about going to school in the fifties.

E. P. C.: There is a moral to your story.

MA.

Waterford.

INQUIRER'S VIEWS.

Dear Editor and Friends: The Social Corner seems to be a success. I have enjoyed reading it and now take the opportunity of sending in a few lines.

I agree with Nursie about the care of the children. Too many parents neglect their duty by not properly correcting them in time, leaving the burden on some one else's shoulders, and unless the other party happens to be a very capable person there is sure to be trouble.

Some of our public school teachers are equally as lax in their government; the result is the children do very much as they please and lose respect for their teacher.

When a command is given it should be carried out. Too many commands are as harmful as too few. I feel sorry for the poor children who are continually scolded when they make mistakes, or because they don't happen to know as much as their elders. Scolding frets the child and dulls his brain; but teach the child and be firm in requiring obedience; then the child will respect and love you.

I think an Outsider and Aunt Jule have the right idea about woman's rights. The time will come when the women will cast their vote for those they wish to represent them in making the laws. And we hope there will be better men chosen than some who are now in office.

I think the mothers may be doing good work while waiting for that time to come by being well posted on the topics of the day, so they will be able to converse intelligently upon any subject.

We must know who are the best men, and what views they hold, if they are the same as ours, and why we have those views.

We might talk over such subjects with our children. A dutiful child is sure to follow a wise mother's counsel. I once heard a voter say:

"Who will be the women to go to the polls. Just the kind we do not want, and politics will be worse for such women."

It seems to me if the right kind of women could and would vote, the objectionable class would not overrule us, especially if every mother does her duty in the home.

INQUIRER.

Norwich.

Wash your clothes with GOLD DUST

Good soap washes clothes well—if you use enough elbow grease; but Gold Dust washes them more thoroughly—and with little or no rubbing. Gold Dust saves half your time, and spares your poor back.

Another great advantage of Gold Dust—use any kind of water you like. Gold Dust softens the hardest water, and makes it soft as rain water.

Gold Dust is just a vegetable-oil soap in powdered form, with other cleansing ingredients added to make it work more thoroughly and quickly than soap ever can.

Just try Gold Dust next washday, and see how much time you save.

Gold Dust is in 50c size and larger packages. The large package means greater economy.

"Let the GOLD DUST TWINS do your work"

Miss M. C. ADLES

HAIR

Scalp and Face Specialist

Women of Refinement

WELCOME THE NEW HAIR STYLES, CLASSIC IN THEIR SIMPLICITY AND BEAUTY. NO LONGER IS IT FASHIONABLE TO PILE THE HEAD WITH STACKS OF CHEAP HAIR. IF ADDITIONAL LOCKS ARE NEEDED TO HELP OUT DEFICIENCIES, THEY MUST BE NATURAL, WAVY, SOFT HAIR, OF PERFECT MATCH IN TINT AND TEXTURE. MISS ADLES CAN MATCH ANY SHADE.

EVERYTHING FOR HAIR, FACE and SCALP

She will be in Norwich All Next Week

NORWICH—Wauregan House

NEW YORK—2730 Broadway

Telephone 704.

WHEN the HAIR is BRITTLE, DRY, HARSH or THIN, or WHEN DANDRUFF begins to appear on Dress or Coat Collar THEN, it's time for COKE.

Give the scalp a generous shampoo with COKE LIQUID SHAMPOO—

When the hair is dried, apply

COKE DANDRUFF CURE AND HAIR TONIC

rubbing it well into the roots of the hair, enabling it to reach and destroy the scalp microbes and give the blood vessels a healthy stimulus.

Your druggist will supply you with these two excellent preparations for 75 cents.

THE KELLS COMPANY, 1 Johnes St. NEWBURGH, N. Y.

STOP DRINKING!

We have sold ORRINE, the standard remedy for the liquor habit, for a number of years. You will be interested in knowing that thousands of men have been restored to lives of sobriety and industry by the aid of this meritorious article.

Orrine is a simple home treatment, that requires no loss of time from work while you are taking it. It acts quickly and you will be surprised at the quick results. If after a trial, you fail to get any benefit from its use, your money will be refunded.

Orrine is prepared in two forms, Secret and Voluntary Treatment. Costs but $1.00 per package, which a drinker would spend in a day for drink. Come in and get a free booklet. We'll gladly tell you of the good work ORRINE is doing. N. D. Bevin & Son, 118 Main.

Coughing at Night

means loss of sleep, which is bad for everyone. Foley's Honey and Tar Compound stops the cough at once, relieves the tickling and dryness in the throat and heals the inflamed membranes. Prevents a cold developing into bronchitis or pneumonia. Keep always in the house. Refuse substitutes. Lee & Osgood Co.

THE FINEST 35c DINNER IN TOWN

DELL-HOFF CAFE From 12 to 2

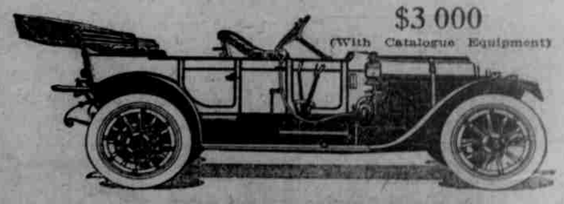
POPE QUALITY HAS NEVER BEEN QUESTIONED

After you have satisfied yourself that the

POPE-HARTFORD

HAS NO SUPERIOR IN ANY FEATURE, CONSIDER THE PRICE

$3 000 (With Catalogue Equipment)



4-CYLINDER POPE-HARTFORD PHAETON

The new Pope-Hartford Phaeton is a car of convenient size which combines the attractive features of the Pony Tonneau with the comfortable proportions of the touring car. The body resembles that of the Pony Tonneau, except that it is built in slightly amplified form to accommodate five passengers.

6-Cylinder Phaeton $4,000. Three Ton Truck $3,400.

A factory salesman is in Norwich every week. Demonstrations arranged by appointment. Send for catalogue.

Telephone Charter 4350 or address Department A.

THE POPE MANUFACTURING COMPANY, HARTFORD, CONN.

ORIGINAL SOCIAL CORNER STORY

AFTER MANY YEARS

A Thanksgiving Story

By ISABEL

It was the morning of Thanksgiving day—a bleak November morning, with a dull gray sky betokening snow and with a bitter wind blowing over the frostbitten fields. On such a morning the old Barber homestead looked pleasant indeed, with its windows full of bright geraniums and the glimpses of open fires that sent their red forks dancing up the chimney to join the winds.

Judge Barber, the owner of this old family home, although an old man, was as straight and tall as he was when young and he still ruled his household and the village affairs, too, with the same iron will as of old; and although he was respected by all, he was more feared than loved.

Years before he had turned his only daughter, Betsy, out of doors because she refused to marry a rich young farmer whose land adjoined his, and instead had married a poorer man whom she loved. They had had hard luck; her husband had died and she was left unprovided for with five small children to care for; but the Judge had never given in and would not help her or allow his wife to.

Although the Judge was visiting a brother in the distant part of the state and was not expected home for the holiday, nevertheless preparations were being made in the big kitchen for a big Thanksgiving dinner. Mrs. Barber, a small, frail-looking woman, whose spirit had been crushed by her husband's domineering ways, was packing baskets brimful of good things to be sent to her less fortunate neighbors. Sarah Smith, her buxom maid of all work, was ornamenting a big plum-cake with frosting, at the same time keeping her eye on her mistress, who appeared more nervous than usual. The table was laden with butter and eggs, and dishes of pounded spices, and flaky pies just rescued from the oven, and a large number of small waiting their turn to be frosted. Two great turkeys were roasting before the fire and their drippings fizzed and sputtered down into the pan.

Every once in a while Mrs. Barber would rush to the window and at last Sarah's curiosity was fully aroused.

"Do you expect many of them?" she inquired.

"Let me see," said her mistress, counting on her fingers. "Yes, Sarah, there's six of them."

"Mercy sakes!" said Sarah. "Where you goin' to get 'em all? You never have had—the Elder and his wife."

"Some of 'em are little tots," Mrs. Barber continued, "and to think that I am their own grandmother——"

"Goodness sakes!" interrupted Sarah, "you ain't never gone and asked your daughter over to Thanksgiving dinner, even if the Judge is away, have you?"

"Yes, Sarah; I've thought it all out and he can't possibly be home till after today, and it can't be wrong to ask them over," she said, plaintively.

"No; 'tain't wrong, and I'm glad you've got your spunk up at last, but won't the judge be mad when he finds it out," and Sarah shook her head as if relishing the prospect of seeing the old man in a rage.

"Go up garret, Sarah, and bring down the high-chair and Betsy's little green rocker, and go to the store chamber and get some nuts and apples."

Sarah hurried off, and soon was heard the laughing and shouting of children and, amid all the noise, could be distinguished the cry of "Grandma's house!"

Grandma ran to open the door, and in tumbled the small boys who had outrun mother and the toddling girl-baby. In a moment more a tired looking woman wearing a shabby hat and coat came in and kissing the old lady broke down and sobbed on her neck.

"There, there, child, don't take on so," said her mother, and she led her to the settle. Taking off her hat she tenderly stroked her hair and soothed her as she would a child.

"Try to forget all your trouble today, dear," she said.

"I can't mother. Father wouldn't have us here if he knew it; and yet I love him just the same, and he used to love me, too, before I married poor Ben," and Betsy gazed at the old familiar things with tear dimmed eyes.

"Yes, dear, he worshipped you because you had the spirit of the Barbers and were so smart and gay. You didn't have much mother in you," sighed the old lady.

Meanwhile the children were getting acquainted with Sarah and were romping around the house in high glee. They knew just where to go for mother had so often told them stories of the old house and the mystery surrounding grandpa did not diminish its fascinations.

Soon dinner was ready and how good the chicken pie and turkey tasted to those hungry little boys, and how they laughed when Sarah brought on the little roast pig with a lemon in his mouth. They tasted of each kind of pie—mince, apple, pumpkin and squash—and when they could hold no more, they ran around the house and came in and began all over again.

At last they were all down in front of the fire, cracking nuts on the hearthstone. They were just laughing at a story grandma was telling when the door opened, and there stood the Judge, white with anger. Betsy hugged her baby close and the children gathered around as if to protect her.

"So you came sneaking back, as soon as I went away, did you?" he cried, pointing a long, shaking finger at his daughter.

"Don't blame her, Nathan," said his wife, putting her arm around Betsy. "I begged and begged her to come and bring our little grandchildren to spend one Thanksgiving dinner in the old house before I died."

"You dared to disobey my orders!" said the old man, looking at his wife in astonishment.

"Yes, I did. Years ago I was afraid of you when you turned Betsy out because she dared to disobey you, but I am her own mother and I will not see her suffer."

As the old lady dashed him after so many years of submission to his will, the wind seemed to go suddenly and he sank into a chair. The conflict of emotions, surprise, love and anger, enfeebled him and he bowed his head on his hand.

"We must go away," said Betsy, sadly.

"Nobody shall touch my mother!" cried Rob, the oldest boy. "Let 'em try if they dare."

It was the true Barber ring and the old man recognizing it, looked up, and said: "Ask your mother if she's sorry for marrying that fellow!"

"No; I'm not, father. We loved each other, and were happy, though poor, and I miss poor Ben," and Betsy broke down and sobbed.

The Judge sat silent, watching her, until his face gradually softened. At last he spoke:

"Come to your old father, my child. I will forget and forgive, as I hope to be forgiven."

Then, turning to his wife:

"Mary, ask them to come, and live with us in the old place. There's room enough. I wish you'd done it long ago and I should have been a happier old man."

"Thank God for this Thanksgiving day!" sobbed the old wife. "We've got the children home again."

And there was the white-haired old man with his daughter in his arms, and the happy grandma surrounded by her grandchildren, all held in the bond of the old Pilgrim spirit where the spirit of Thanksgiving had turned an old man's anger to praise.