THE SOCIAL CORNER

LACK OF FORESIGHT HAMPERS MAN

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.

PRIZE-WINNERS IN STORY CONTEST

First prize of $10—"Mr. January and His Followers," by Lillian Selya.

Second prize of $5—"Phyllis' Wedding Day," by Polly Peppermint.

Third prize, $3—"How Christmas Came to the Corners," by Lucille Drew.

Fourth prize, $3—"The Reconciliation," by Jane Gray.

Fifth prize, $2—"Tales of Long Ago," by Shut-In.

Sixth prize—"Her Mission," by Patty Emerald.

VERSELETS FOR CHRISTMAS WORK.

Some of our readers, whose talents take an artistic rather than a literary form, will probably find the following seasonable verselets very useful:

La, now is come our joyful feast,
Let every one be jolly,
Each room with ivy leaves be drest,
And every wall with holly.
—Whittier.

Come bring with a noise,
My merry, merry boys,
The Christmas log to the firing,
And feast to your heart's desiring.
—Herrick.

The time draws near the birth of Christ.
—Tennyson.

Health and good luck, may these abide
With thee and thine this Christmas-tide.

Then is the time when the soul exults,
And sends right heavenward turning,
When we love and bless the hands we press,
When the Christmas log is burning.
—Eliza Cook.

Ring, happy bells, across the snow,
Ring out the false, ring in the true.
—Tennyson.

May the dear Infant Jesus
My wishes fulfil;
May love, peace and gladness,
Good health and good will.
All gladden your Christmas,
And fill you with cheer,
God's blessing be with you,
Dear friend, all the year.
—Girlie.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

READY—Letter was promptly mailed to Aunt Jule.

AUNTY JULE—Note to Ready was forwarded immediately.

BLUE BELLS—Christmas cards can be exchanged by members through the editor of the Social Corner.

ELGRAMA—Your Christmas story, printed this week, will be paid for at regular space rates.

THE SOCIAL CORNER STORY CONTEST.

The Social Corner Story Contest, which ended on December 2d, was most satisfactory. This contest is one in which all who take a chance win. There are six immediate prizes, but no blanks.

Every story used will be paid for at space rates when used.

There were 28 stories received under the following titles and pen names:

1—Mr. January and His Followers, by Lillian Selya.
2—While It Is Day, by Wild Cherry.
3—Charlie Good's Dream, by Dollie.
4—The Reconciliation, by Aunt Mehitable.
5—How Josephine Went Coasting, by Barbara Dodge.
6—Her Mission, by Patty Emerald.
7—How Christmas Came to the Corners, by Lucille Drew.
8—A Venturesome Ride, by Jim.
9—Phyllis' Wedding Day, by Polly Peppermint.
10—The Tales of Long Ago, by Shut-In.
11—Laddie, by D. M. P.
12—The Autobiography of a Ring, by Marianna.
13—The Twins, by Rural Delivery.
14—How to Write a Story, by Experience.
15—The Class Prophecy, by Sweet Sixteen.
16—A Meeting of the Social Corner Grange, by Aline.
17—A Christmas Surprise, by Aline.
18—After a Bit, by Ruby.
19—A True Story, by Daughter.
20—Sold, by A Dreamer.
21—Eden Camp, by Ma.
22—His Greatest Gift, by My Hey.
23—Honor Thy Father and Thy Mother, by Rural Delivery.
24—Danny's Vision, by Wild Cherry.
25—A Dog's Life, by Jane Gray.
26—A Story, by Who.
27—The Settler's Snowed-in Christmas, by Elgrama.
28—Experience with an Agent, by B. B.

CHRISTMAS SUGGESTIONS.

Dear Friends of the Social Corner: Once more I come to join you in the Social Corner.

Aunt Hester: Lack of time, and not bashfulness, prevents me from writing, but your little message encouraged me to sit right down and begin. Thanks for the welcome.

Aline: My sympathy is with all who need it, and can realize how you feel. I, too, am a busy woman, with a school-boy and a tiny baby just six months to sew for and do all work and care for hubby's chickens. Of course, it is not like work on a farm (but I know how that is, for I lived on one two years, with eight to care for), after all, it is a real pleasure to do for those we love, and we are happier than the idle. I spent Thanksgiving "on the farm" with my sister. My boy had a cough and sister produced her home-made cough syrup, which is really fine, as his cough is nearly gone in four days. Will give it:

Cough Syrup—One ounce each of extract of slippery elm, flaxseed and licorice, simmered together in one and one-half pints water until strength is entirely out, strain and add one quart best molasses, one-half pound loaf sugar; simmer all together and when cold bottle tight. Dose: One tablespoonful three times a day. Children: One teaspoonful or more as required.

A couple of Christmas suggestions:

Guest Towels — Procure huckaback (or any toweling) about 14 inches wide and three-quarters yard long; hemstitch or plain hem about one and one-half inches wide, then sew on any crocheted lace, made from rather coarse thread.

Or get an initial pad and work it over in satin stitch on one end of towel and omit lace.

I also made some presents of Dainty Handkerchiefs—I bought a box of six handkerchiefs, fine linen, what they called "glove" handkerchiefs, a little smaller than the regular size and crocheted a dainty edge on them with size 100 Coates thread, as follows: With a darning needle, make holes about an eighth of an inch apart (making not more than six at a time, as they close up so easily) and tie thread in one hole, then crochet six chain and double crochet in next hole, then chain two and d c in next hole and so on around handkerchief, making three d c with two chain in each corner hole, fasten with slip stitch at end of row. Crochet six chain, skip one, two chain and single crochet under next two chain, chain six and fasten with s c under two chain and so on around, fasten with slip stitch. Crochet three chain, five d c under six chain, keeping the corners full enough so they will not draw. I did one in an evening, so you see there is plenty of time yet to make someone a nice, yet inexpensive gift. Hope I have made these instruction plain. It is my first attempt at writing lace talk.

A Merry Christmas to all the Social Corner friends.

Norwich. SYMPATHY.

AUNTY REPLIES TO CRUSOE.

Dear Editor, Sisters and Brothers: We are getting to be a large family, but we can find room for a new one to crowd out the old ones. If we can't get admission every time we call, we can call again. The old proverb still holds good: "If you don't at first succeed, try, try again."

Pink Rose: Yes, you may send me a card. I will be glad to hear from you, and will also return one if I may.

I don't think it is right to compel children to give. Of course, they enjoy having the tree and getting a present, and the tree is to pay for it themselves. I have seen in our own town where the parents had to deny themselves in order to give to these schools. My way of thinking is the true Christian spirit of giving willingly and cheerfully. I would be glad of a pattern of embroidery, and in return could send a few patterns. I have one very pretty braided for waist.

Fleur de Lis: When I go in to Norwich again I will call for you, so be ready. Perhaps we can take the autobus to Lebanon and call on some of the Sisters.

I have wondered where M. Roena was. Am glad Glenwood comes to the front and speaks for her. I am sure we will all be glad to welcome her back, and hope she will soon be as well as ever.

The stories are all fine. We certainly have some good writers among us Cornerettes.

The poem this week is splendid. May there not be any of us who need a transfer.

Crusoe, Lebanon: God made women a helpmeet for man, but not to sit still and let man have the whole say and ruin the whole family. Why did the woman tell Adam "if he ate the fruit he should not surely die?" Because she was led by the evil one.

Look around us today and see if the way things are carried on isn't run a good deal the same way.

The women will be satisfied to vote and go home again and attend to their duties; not fill up the sidewalks and rumshops, as we see so much of nowdays.

We don't look at this as our treasure but our duty before God and man. There is no evil in a pure heart, and we are anxious to see the world better. We are praying daily for God's kingdom to come, and his will to be done on earth; and he tells us that faith without works are dead, so we are trying to show our faith by our good works.

Ready: I am glad to hear you say you expect to be a tatten maker before long, but I don't want you to think you are the only one who can play tinch, for I have played for several years.

When washing fringed articles, shake the fringe out well before drying and see how much easier they will iron.

Willimantic. AUNTY.

CHERISETTE WILL FURNISH PIE.

Dear Editor and Sisters of the Social Corner: The letters are getting so interesting I feel as if I couldn't bear to miss one writer, even for one week.

Guess Who: Am glad to be one of your neighbors; and I am sure we have talked over the 'phone, and are we not interested in the same church society?

Your little family needs a great deal of attention and when I take my sewing I feel like "the old woman in the shoe," there are so many children to sew for.

Ready: Thank you for the invitation to call and see your home. I think I have been by it many times. You were telling about the man of the house. Aren't his initials "C. A. C."? It is amusing how interested we all are in you now, and your letters are full of cheer. Am sure when they know you they will not be disappointed.

Sweet William: Am glad to welcome you. Wasn't there a time when you taught school in the little white schoolhouse?

Glenwood: You have my sympathy in the loss of all your fruits and pickles. Once, soon after I was married, I lost some of mine by a shelf that was above, coming down.

Fleur de Lis: We are glad you came to the front with a chicken pie recipe without chicken. I usually put chicken in mine.

When Papa's Boy gets his rabbits and squirrels I will furnish the pie for the Woodbox social.

Thanksgiving cheer to all the Corner folks. CHERISETTE.

Leonard Bridge.

THE WOMEN ALL PAY TAXES.

Editor Social Corner and Sisters: Why do you write of the women who pays taxes? Please tell us where the woman is in America who pays no taxes. If she pays rent she pays taxes—if she buys from her money dutiable goods for herself and her children she pays taxes. And every woman who indulges in the small vices—the use of tobacco in any form or the use of fermented or distilled liquors—she pays taxes. The indirect taxes of the government run into hundreds of millions and the self-supporting minor—male or female—has to pay them. We are all taxpayers, but there are a great many men who live and die without ever having the fact revealed to them that they pay any tax beside the direct tax—poll, road school or personal property tax. The revenue taxes of this country amount to $50 per family a year, but in such a way it is not realized. All the women have to pay taxes, whether they belong to the Social Corner or not. JOHN.

Norwich.

HELPED BY SOCIAL CORNER LETTERS.

Dear Editor and Sisters: I must tell you how interested I am in the Social Corner. It is the first of my reading Saturday morning, and such a lot of nice information!

Now, Ma has helped me so much in regard to chickens, I woul like to get a setting of eggs of Ma in the spring, and I do want to see her hens. I know they are O. K.

Nat D., for short, you do write such good stories. Let Jane Ann come and see me and I will give her some apples and a chicken. Why not let Jane Ann have two "bunnits?" She needs one for best and one for hackabout.

LUCY ACORN.

Norwich.

LOOK AFTER HENS WITH COLDS.

Dear Sisters and Brothers: Colds are most common among fowls during the late fall and early winter months. Colds may be caused in various ways. The most common is from drafts, or overcrowding at night, thus becoming heated and then going out into the chill of early morning.

I look for fowls having wet nostrils. Separate them at once and try the following simple remedies: I give them onions chopped fine with a little pepper sprinkled on them. Give each bird a tablespoonful of castor oil and syringe the nostrils through the roof of the mouth with a solution of one part sulpho napthol and forty parts water, then sponging the nostrils, repeating if not cured. I have cured some bad colds in this way.

Neglected colds cause roup, the dreaded of all poultry diseases. If I had a fowl that I thought had it I would kill it at once and burn it.

Morning Glory: Your story was real cute.

Nat: Do you like Dominique hens better than Cropple Crown?

Isabel: Your Thanksgiving story was all right. Mrs. Barber evidently was not a suffragette—at first. MA.

Waterford.

SNOWFLAKE ARRIVES ON TIME.

Dear Editor and Social Corner Sisters: I have been very interested in the letters and thought I would write just one, if I am welcome.

(The Social Corner "Welcome" begins on the door-mat.—Ed.)

Papa's Boy: I have known you since you were a little fellow (although you wore dresses), with curls. How many squirrels did you shoot this fall?

I vote for a social or a surprise party; not only one but a dozen. What do the rest say? Leonard Bridge isn't as lively as it used to be when I was young, in my twenties.

Jim: Haven't you got two daughters in high school in C.? If you have I know them.

Nat: You are doing well. Don't laugh too hard over the joke. For I read a piece once of a man laughing so hard over a joke that he broke a blood-vessel.

Ready. Who are you? I guess you are a puzzle.

Dolly: Your letters are good.

Clara of C.: I have tried some of your recipes with good luck.

With best wishes for a "social" and a "surprise party." SNOWFLAKE.

Leonard Bridge.

M. ROENA'S EXTREME TRIAL.

Dear Editor and Sisters of the Social Corner: It seems like such a long, long time to me since I visited our dear Corner. I wonder if the sisters have forgotten me? And if they will be glad to hear from me again?

How kind in our Heavenly Father to hide the future from us. And how much truth there is in this little verse:

"We know not what is before us,
What trials we must endure."

I left my home in Colchester Sept. 30, arriving in Hartford about noon, where I expected to make my home for the winter. I had there a beautiful Christian home, but in one brief week and just as I was getting accustomed to my surroundings, I was called to the bedside of my daughter, who was in a very critical condition.

Taking the Federal express at New Haven, I passed through Bridgeport at midnight. In one of the hospitals there lay a very dear friend, with the Death Angel hovering near. In my mind I pictured the husband and father, with his loved ones around him, and a prayer went from my heart to the throne, that our friend and brother would be spared to his family and to the church he loves.

Arriving in the "City of Brotherly Love," in the morning, I was met by my son-in-law, telling me my daughter still lived. I hurried to her bedside and found her a very sick child; but after weary days and anxious hours she is rstored to her family and her little ones. And I am laid aside, being confined to my room—yes, to my bed—for how long I know not.

I find it very hard sometimes to think that "All things work together for our good."

I want to thank Sister Ready for her kindness in sending me the beautiful card. It did me much good, and I should have answered it, only for want of time and strength.

We have been hearing so much about Sweet Lavender's twins, and the story she has promised us. I fear her twins are a "fake," but ours are real.

It is a true family story, and I know many of the readers of the Corner will be interested in them. It has just occurred to me that perhaps the Corner sisters would like to adopt these dear little girls, Ruth and Rose. They did not come into a home of wealth and ease. There are three little ones besides the twins. And only one pair of hands to feed those little mouths, and one pair of frail hands to care for them all. If any desire to send a Christmas present it can be sent to M. Roena, care of Social Corner Editor, or to M. Roena, 429 State street, Camden, N. J.

M. ROENA.

MORNING GLORY SENDS RECIPES.

Social Corner Friends: I have been so interested reading your letters I have been silent for a time.

Well, Dolly, Aunt Nancy and others who had a kind word for my story, please accept my thanks.

What a gay time the Leonard Bridge Corner sisters are having.

Here are a few recipes that are very nice:

Individual Baked Apple—First make a thick apple sauce, then half fill muffin tins with the prepared sauce; on top of the sauce drop a large tablespoon of this dough: Two cups flour, two teaspoons baking powder, one-half teaspoon salt, two tablespoons butter, thoroughly mixed together, and enough milk to make a soft dough. Bake 20 minutes; put on serving dish and use with any preferred sauce.

Here is a way we like our

Cranberry Sauce—Take four cups of cranberries, one cup water, cook slowly ten minutes; pour two cups sugar on them, but don't touch them; cook slowly another ten minutes. If any sugar remains on top press gently under water. Tasty and looks very pretty in plain glass dish.

Best wishes to all.

MORNING GLORY.

CHRISTMAS HELPS FROM ALINE.

Editor Social Corner: Am sending directions for a few easily made and inexpensive Christmas gifts:

Medicine Glass Cover — Cut two pieces of cardboard the size of a the top of a tumbler; cover with white silk or linen, and overhand together; cover small brass rings closely with white silkateen in single crochet; sew together, and to the circle of cardboard, so that the rings will be snugly around the top of the glass. Sew one ring in the midnle of the cover for a handle, and tie a tiny bow of ribbon on it.

Laundry List—Cut a piece of heavy cardboard, light gray or white, about 7 inches long by 4 1-2 inches wide. In the lower right hand corner mount a penny pad. On the left side draw with pen and ink the figure of a Chinaman, and print the words "Laundry List" at one side. Put a loop of narrow ribbon at top to hang by.

Shopping Pad—A piece of gray cardboard 6 inches by 10; mount a penny pad of paper at the bottom and a pretty picture above it. Print this legend on the cardboard: "When you would go shopping go, write your wants on the pad below." Hang with narrow ribbon and fasten a small pencil to the cardboard by a ribbon or cord.

Madonna Calendar — Use twelve pieces of gray cardboard 6 by 10 inches. On each one mount a different representation of the Madonna. (The Perry pictures are good for the purpose.) Under each paste a leaf from a calendar pad. Tie all together with cord or ribbon.

Bureau Cover—Get 11-2 yards of white twilled toweling, having a narrow red stripe at each edge. Make an inch hem at each end, and feather-stitch the hems with red embroidery cotton.

Narrow Picot Edging—Make chain length required; turn, work a row of 1 double crochet, 3 chain, repeat the length of chain. For scallop, 4 single crochet in first space, 2 s. c. in next space, 6 chain, turn, fasten into first single crochet, turn, 3 s. c. over chain, picot (4 chain, catch back into first), 5 s. c. over chain and 2 s. c. into same space, 4 s. c. in next space, 6 chain, turn and catch down beside first loop; turn s. c. over chain, 6 chain, turn, catch down in center of first loop; turn, 4 s. c., picot, 4 s. c. over chain; 1 s. c. into next loop, picot, 3 s. c. in loop; repeat. Very pretty for trimming collars, jabots or children's clothes.

ALINE.

HELPS FROM SWEET SIXTEEN.

Dear Elizabeth: The auto scarf can be made from Shetland floss, or a heaver one from four hand Germantown, using the wooden needles. A very handsome scarf is made from motor silk and takes a little less than two spools. For this use No. 12 steel knitting needles.

Here is a pretty gift for a little tot of 5 or 6: Make **A Bean Bag** of the ordinary size out of plain denim, and a Santa Claus head or other decoration may be sketched on each bag. Cover a small hoop with turkey-red muslin. At the joining tie a bow of the material or red ribbon, leaving a loop to hang the hoop up by. A bell may be caught in with the bow. In throwing the bean bag through the hoop, the fun aways consists in making the bell ring.

Silver Bell: Where are you these days? Very busy, I expect.

Here is a good recipe for

Molasses Candy — The kind that stretches—Put one cupful Porto Rico molasses, three cups sugar, one cup boiling water and three teaspoons vinegar into a saucepan. Bring to the boiling point and add half teaspoon cream tartar. Boil until the mixture will become brittle when tried in cold water. Stir constantly during the last part of the cooking, and when nearly done add half cup melted butter and one-fourth of a teaspoon of soda. Pour into buttered pan. When cool enough to handle, pull until very light. Cut into small pieces and arrange on buttered plates to cool.

SWEET SIXTEEN.

Norwich.

BLUE BELL'S KEEN OBSERVATIONS.

Dear Editor, Brothers and Sisters of the Social Corner: I will write again; but I do like to read the letters far better than I like to write. Perhaps when I get older I won't feel that way.

L. H. K.: Don't you play the organ and sing in the choir sometimes? I think I met you once at church. Haven't you got blue eyes? How is whist and dominoes? Are you a voter?

Yes, Ready, I know the Canterbury Sisters. A dear friend of mine met "Farmer's Wife" the other evening and had a pleasant chat and she is all right. Which one of the Leonard Bridge Sisters was it I heard of at the station in Willimantic waiting for her train and a lady went up to her and asked her if she was Ready? They held a long conversation which made me smile, for the lady said before leaving:

"Well, if I haven't found Ready, I have found a new cousin."

Won't you help me to find out who both of them were, for I think they might both be Social Corner Sisters. One bought a ticket for Leonard Bridge. We were not near enough to hear where the other ticket was for, but would like to know. How is the man who likes to read Social Corner letters before he lets you have the paper? Perhaps he wants to read them first to see what they have found out about you, or if they will discover your hiding place and tell you. When I come up there I shall look for you. Who is going to build the woodbox? Can I help? I can drive a nail in soft wood and can pick up chips to make a good fire when you are ready to make the tea. What a gathering that will be!

Will the Editor please tell us how to send Dolly, Ready and others Christmas cards?

Pink Rose: You are right about giving Christmas presents. No matter how cheap a present is if it is only given with a cheerful heart and good wishes. Being made to give when one doesn't want to is not the right way to sow happiness; but we like to see both giver and receiver happy when making a present.

Somebody: I wonder if I don't know you? When are you going in the autobus to Norwich to see Santa Claus? Hope to meet you if I am lucky enough to see him myself.

Wishing you all a Merry Christmas.

BLUE BELLS OF SCOTLAND.

AUNT JULE AWAITS INSTRUCTIONS.

Dear Editor and Sister Outsider: It was a kindly thought of yours to think of sending me the Womans Journal, and I would appreciate and thank you for it.

The Gypsy's Warning and Mollie Darling brought back old memories with a rush of sad thoughts of the dear old days and friends I used to sing those old songs with.

I, too, wish for a change in our Corner of something more substantial. I should read with great pleasure someone's suggestions on dressmaking. Let us have something worth while.

I shall make the auto scarf when Sweet Sixteen sends in all the directions.

I do not agree with Crusoe on the voting question. It would be a sad state of affairs if we women lost her interest in her home all for the sake of casting a vote. You do not often find the woman in office failing to do her duty. She is not tempted to abscond with the company's funds. You will always find the true woman guarding the interests of those by whom she is employed.

There need be no divorces or clubs or outside circles. We can do all our thinking while we are doing our housework.

AUNT JULE.

Norwich.

CHRISTMAS HINTS FROM BUTTERCUP.

Dear Sisters of the Social Corner: I am here once more, but as I was growing so familiar under my old name I have selected a new one.

As Christmas is near I will put in two hints which I hope may help some one in preparing their list of gifts.

A pretty handkerchief holder may be easily made and it is something which will be appreciated by mother, sister, cousin or aunt.

To make **Handkerchief Holder** take two pieces of stiff cardboard five inches square. Cover both with cloth, preferably silk, but any flowered muslin or lawn will do. Put one top of the other and take a piece of fancy elastic one and one-half inches in width and put around the pieces. Fasten so that the top piece may be raised from the bottom one to admit the handkerchief. Make a rosette of one inch ribbon and fasten on the middle of the top cardboard where the elastic comes together. Of course you should choose the favorite color of the person to whom you intend to give it. This makes a very attractive as well as useful gift.

Another gift that is always welcome is a pretty handkerchief. Take white lawn eight inches square. Hemstitch this. Add a row of lace insertion one-half inch wide and edging to match. The edging should be gathered around the corners, and for this reason you will need one quarter of a yard more edging than insertion. In putting on the insertion if you turn it under instead of over at the corners you will find it much easier.

Will some of the Sisters send along some Christmas hints? I want one suitable to give a girl friend between 15 and 20 years of age. Wish someone would send me one next week.

Guess Who: I think I have found you. Now help me find Ready.

Dolly: I know your name, although I am not personally acquainted with you.

Papa's Boy: I know you. Haven't I visited your school a few times? Perhaps played with you at recess and maybe been at your house at a social on—or twice? Can you find me?

Nat: Your letters are fine. I think I know you, and if that golden haired daughter of yours is the equal of her parent (perhaps Papa, perhaps Mamma), when she grows up, you'll have at least one child to be proud of.

Elizabeth: I know you.

Somebody of Lebanon: I think I know you. Give me a clue.

Best wishes to all the Sisters.

BUTTERCUP.

Leonard Bridge.

MANY INQUIRIES FROM FLEUR DE LIS.

Dear Editor, Brothers and Sisters: I hope you all had a good time Thanksgiving day. With such a lovely day no one could help being thankful and happy.

Dear Ready: I would like to ask you a question, but don't want to give you away to the other Leonard Bridge sisters and brothers who are looking to find you. How did you enjoy the singing Sunday? When you are at the auction again waiting do speak to me and don't look at me as if you thought I would bite if you mentioned Social Corner. Do you like brown or green best? Thank you for the kind invitation to call. Shall look you up soon. Don't you live near the one who makes such nice Johnnycakes? I have heard of them and would like to sample some of them.

I will try and find the Canterbury Sisters and let you see them if you will only write me when you are coming this way. Can't you use your neighbor's 'phone just once and call up when you are coming?

L. H. K.: Your chocolate pudding is nice. You say it is more blessed to give than to receive. Won't you just give the name of the place you live in, so we can know what part of the state you are in?

Ann: Many thanks for the various ways to use papers, and they are all so nice, too!

Outsider: I think you are all right—wish there were more like you. Don't you wear a white ribbon—but that doesn't mater. I shall look for you at the Santa Claus window before long. One sure thing, a pint would not buy a woman's vote. Who ten minutes after at least one child to be proud of.

Elizabeth: I know you.

Somebody of Lebanon: I think I know you. Give me a clue.

Best wishes to all the Sisters.

BUTTERCUP.

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Aunt Nancy: Many thanks for the Christmas wreaths and Fedora figs. They are nice.

Patience: I am going to try your strawberry ice cream without strawberries. I think it must be good. Would barberry juice do in place of cranberry?

Clover Blossom: Thank you for all the nice recipes last Saturday. Shall try them all. They sound tempting and nice when read over.

Nat: Let Jane Ann write us a nice letter. Yours are all right, but want to hear from her.

Jim: What has become of you? Wonder if you weren't on the Willimantic car the other day? Can you hear the mill bell or the gristmill running where you live? Never mind if there is some gray in your hair; lots of young folks get white hairs streaked with the golden ones. Is the teakettle full of hot water now as it used to be, some years ago? Hope you will write this week for Social Corner, and give us something nice. Are your pumpkins all gone? When you come up this way again just call on me. Can you tell what has become of J. E. T.?

Blue Bells, of Scotland: I wonder if you live near the postoffice? Do you like post cards or candy? Wonder if I ever danced with you—but mum's the word. Did you ever teach school? Do you belong to the grange? When you come this way call and have some chicken salad and root beer made without roots. Did you enjoy the Thanksgiving dance? Write again.

With best wishes for all the Social Corner writers.

FLEUR DE LIS.

A REPLY TO CRUSOE.

Editor Social Corner: I know that "Crusoe" is an honest old soul and has real fears for the future of woman. He has no idea he has been cast away like the character whose name he takes. That old fable he quotes was for the purpose of showing man's weakness—not woman's perfidy. That story indicates that it did not take one-twentieth part of a man to make a woman and yet—and yet. As an allegorical illustration of the cost of disobedience both sexes may well prize that ancient bit of folklore. Doesn't Crusoe know it has been said of woman: "First at the cross—last at the grave?" This expresses woman's record in all things good; and before woman was allowed to preach the ability to do so wisely was denied to her. It has been said, "Man is heaven's masterpiece," but being opposed to larger liberties for woman does not make that seem true. Woman is home maker, and with a ballot in her hand she can stay the license which wrecks homes—she might right some of the wrongs she has suffered at the hands of those who do vote. Crusoe, let not your heart be troubled, for God can take care of us all. RUTH.

AN ECONOMICAL CAKE.

Dear Editor and Social Corner Sisters: The Social Corner is the most interesting page in the paper; but every page is full of interest. It pleased me very much when "Shut-In" thought she knew who I was. She will have to guess again, because I have not got a baby with sore eyes. What fun guessing; but I would like an's suffrage for she expressed my to shake hands with Shut-In on womanhood exactly. If ever there comes a times for women to vote I should go and vote and think I was doing only my duty. I don't think it any disgrace especially on license I should be on hand.

I send a recipe for **Economical Cake.** This cake is especially desirable when eggs are scarce, for it is made entirely without them. Beat two tablespoons of butter and 1 1-2 cups of sugar until a cream is formed; then stir in one cup of milk and two cups of flour; add a teaspoon of vanilla or lemon, a pinch of salt and a teaspoon of baking powder. Beat well and pour into pans lined with buttered paper. Bake in a moderate oven for half hour.

Good luck to all.

I am to be found out.

PEEP OF STERLING.

NAT IS GOING TO TOG UP.

Editor and Cornerites: I was fixin' of my hog pen tother day and a-thinking how that ere sparerib Jane Ann was baking would go all-fired good midditing soon, when I heard our old dinner bell a-a ringing. Now that there bell is rung when you're late to dinner, or the critters in the corn, or chimney afire, or such. I sort of cocked up one ear and thinks I guess 'twill do to tack on nuther board, but that there bell kept ringing like all possessed, and I dropped the hammer and nails and hiked it for the house.

Jane Ann was in the piazzy and she called out soon as I hove in sight:

"You've got a letter with The Bulletin printed onto it!"

She was that serious she was a-squintin' through it and feeling of it. Says she:

"What can it be, Nat? 'Taint no ways likely you got a prize or anything?"

Now that ere sort of riled me, and I took the letter and opened it with a good deal of vim. I pulled out the writing and a leetle piece of yallow paper dropped on the floor, which John Henry pounced on, and he and his ma went to figuring on that while I rassled with that there Editor's writin ('twas quite a tussle). Well, arter a spell I made out enough to larn I sure had got a prize.

Now (arter Jane Ann's remarks) I was middling tickled. But I layed the letter onto the table carm like, and reached for the yaller paper.

"What is it, Nat," says Jane, "a dunning letter or what?"

When she a-d 'Lat ere I sort of held up my headand buttoned a button on my old jacket, jest as I've seen speech makers do when they's going to say suthin fetchin, and says I (pintin to the letter):

"That there letter says Nathaniel how you've got an all-fired smart man, Jane Ann; and folks know it, tew! And now perhaps you'll begin to sense that ere."

Jane Ann was beginning to look sort of dazed, so says I:

"There there letter says Nathaniel Doolittle got the prize—fust prize or seat right in front row, Jane Ann."

"For the Land Sakes," says Jane, "you don't mean it?"

Says I:

"Shure—"

"What you going to do with all that money?" broke in Jane Ann (money, money, jest like a woman). "There was them there receipts,' says she. (I seen what was comin'.)

"Now, Jane,' I says, "don't suppose them there receipts was worth much; but I'm going to give you 25 cents (I'm very free handed), and when you go somewheres you git me some paper and two stamps, and you can have the rest, but don't waste it."

"What you going to do with the other?" says she.

"Well," says I, "it won't do to spend it careless like; but I'm thinking that as we've been axed to the wood-box social of Ready's, and thut there woman in the city is going to have some doin's, I guess I better tog up a leetle—seeing the purssition I shall occupy at them there doin's."

"I kalkulate as how I'll git a spotted vest and some purple stockings. Dunno but I ought to have a new necktie, too," says I. "Bein' set up before the publick is dreadful expensive, Jane Ann."

"But—Nat!" says she, "you've got a pair of go-to-meeting socks."

"We-el, what if I have," says I. "I'm going to swing on Ready's woodbox with purple socks, and that settles it!"

"What shall I wear?" says she.

"Now, Jane Ann," says I, "you'll look all right—you allers dew," says I. "I sort of has too tog up some."

I seen Jane was getting all flustered, and so I says: "How about dinner? Where's that there sparerib? I'm as hungry as a dog."

That sort of brought Jane Ann on earth oncet more.

Well, the long and short of it was that sparerib was nigh about burnt up. I managed to hack off a few pieces and made out to fill up on pie and doughnuts and such, but I let it go and didn't say nuthin'.

Now, Mr. Editor, I was dreadful pleased to get that there money; and Jane is terribly set up about it. Guess she'll carm down arter a spell, but I'm tarnal 'fraid she'll spile a lot of good victuals while she's carming. But Nathaniel's on deck—feeding hogs and tending the critters, same as ever.

Your obedient sarvant,

NAT.

P. S.—That there Thanksgiving dinner was all-fired good feed.

EGO'S CRUSTLESS PIE.

I have been much interested each week in the Social Corner and cannot keep silent any longer, for I have discovered a crustless pie which will keep company with the other ——less things which have been in the Social Corner.

I hope Nat will let Jane try it, for it is sure good for dyspepsia and "endorsed by physicians as an ideal food for children and invalids."

A Crustless Pumpkin or Squash Pie—Prepare your pumpkin or squash as it pleases you, either by Jim's poem or plainer ways. Then grease your pie plate well and sprinkle as thick as it will stick with Indian meal; pour in your prepared pumpkin and bake as any pie. The meal crust will be crisp and brown and nice. Try it.

Don't stop recipes; when anyone knows how to make something nice, be a Sunshiner, and "pass it along."

Here are a few Christmas suggestions:

Shirtwaist Bags—One three-quarter yards paper cambric, 2 rolls narrow tape for drawstrings and cotton floss to work initial will make one bag. Put shiny side inside so waist will slip in and out easily. It is inexpensive washable and almost dust proof.

How many mothers know that you can buy blackboard cloth at any stations—50c a yard. Tacked up in the kitchen gives the little people lots of pleasure and is out of the way. Get a box of colored crayons. They are little more expensive than white, but children like them. I also bought stencils of animals, horses, ships, flowers, etc. They draw the out outline and then color them to suit their fancy. Such things as Christmas gifts are lasting.

Irish Crochet Tie—Use No. 100 D. M. C. crochet cotton and a suitable hook. Make chain (ch) of 41 stitches, catch back with single crochet (sc) in 4th stitch from last to form a picot (p). Chain 6 s c in 2d stitch, ch 2, s c in 7th stitch of foundation chain, counting back from first p made. * Chain 5, catch back in first stitch for p, ch, p, 2 ch, catch in 5th stitch of foundation chain. * Repeat 5 times, making 7 loops in all, turn. Chain 6 p in 2d stitch, 6 ch, p, 2 ch s c between p of 1st stitch loop * p 5 ch, p, 5 ch, p, 2 ch, s c between p of next loop.* Repeat 5 times and turn. The first loop of every row is made 6 ch, p, 6 ch, p, 2 ch, all others 5 ch, p, 5 ch, 2, 2 ch. Make 11 rows p loops. For the 12th row make one p loop, s c in last loop, 6 ch, p, 2 ch, 6 double crochets over chain between next loop, make 2 p loops, 6 d c, over chain between p of 6th loop, p loop, turn. Make a row of picot loops catching at each side of each group of 6 d c. Make 11 rows (10 more) of p loops. Next row, make 3 picot loops, 3 ch, p 1 ch, 6 d c over next loop, 3 ch, p, 1 ch, sc, over next loop, p loop, etc. Make 11 rows of p loops and then another row like the 12th.

Tie should be one yard long without the pendants. After making the length make an edge as follows: 1 sc over chain before picot, 3 ch 1 dc over chain at left of p, etc., making d c at each side of p with 3 ch between. Second row: 1 d c over each 3 ch of previous row with 3 ch between, draw up ends of the third and form the pendants. Hozes: First round, chain 7, join in first stitch with a slip st. Second round, 12 single crochet in the ring; join with slip stitch through first single. Third round, chain 6, slip 1, single crochet under next loop, through both loops of second single, ch 2, skip 1, double through top of 4th single; same around it until there are 5 holes; ch 3 join with slip stitch through third of chain of 6. Fourth round, 1 s, 6 d, 1 s, over each ch of 3 giving 3 shells. Fifth round, chain 4, hook through both of last s of first shell, ch 4, hook it through last s of second shell, make six loops alike. Sixth round, 1 s, 8 d, 1 s over each chain of 4. Seventh round, like 5th, except chain 5 each time. Eighth round, 1 s, 1 d, 8 treble (tr), 1 d, 1 s, over each loop. Leave thread long enough to sew on tie. If this is too much work Cluny or any other pretty insertion may be bought (1 yard), and crochet edge on that.

Edging—First row, chain 5 1 s through lace ch 5, 1 s through lace all along. These form loops that will not draw. Second row, chain 5 1 d over the first chained loop of previous row; chain 1, 1 d over this same chain, ch 2, 1 d over next loop; chain 1 d over same chain; repeat around strip. Third row, 2 s, 3 ch, 2 s over the first ch of s; 1 s between the 2d, 2 s 3 ch, 2 s over next chain of 2, same around strip. Crochet buttons make pretty pendants; fastening on chain of different lengths, or you can make pendants by crocheting over jeweler's cotton, pressing cotton in to make a hard ball.

Oh, my, what a long letter for the first. "What will the harvest be?" I guess I'd better sign this. EGO.

"Old Bet."

Hackaliah Bailey of Somers, about 1815, imported the first elephant brought into the United States. "Old Bet," with other animals soon after imported, formed the first traveling menagerie in the country, with which Van Amburgh, the lion tamer, was afterward associated. Thaddeus and Gerard Crane, Lewis Titus, and John June, familiar to the public as enterprising showmen, were from Somers and North Salem.—Westchester County Magazine.

Finds Profit in Toys.

A woman, who, after five years of married life found herself with an invalid husband and no source of income, made toys, such as she had seen in Germany, and a good market was found for them in the department stores. She showed the toys first to children and profited by their com