THE SOCIAL CORNER

HE WHO GRASPS TOO MUCH HOLDS LITTLE

SOCIAL CORNER PRIZES FOR NOVEMBER

One Dollar Each

To **THIRTY-TWO** for letter entitled Living on a Small Farm.

To **LAUREL BLOSSOM** for letter entitled The Wornout Shirt.

To **MA OF GREEN GABLES** for letter entitled Smile and Make Everyone Happy.

To **TWICE TWENTY** for letter entitled Substitute for Hot Water Bottle.

To **DIANA** for letter entitled The Season's Greetings.

SOCIAL CORNER POETRY.

THE FIRST SNOW.

The early snows of winter, how merrily
They dance,
Across the shivering meadows, retreat and
then advance;
They whirl in elfin waltzes, they light on
every tree,
And heap with shining mounds the beds
where blossoms used to be.
The paths across the grasslands spring up
in glittering white,
The winding roads are marble-paved and
set with jewels bright;
Each rude fence is outlined with white,
each post a sculptured dome,
Strange is the world which now we see
spread out around the home.
Snow-capped, like mountains, rise the
hills against the cold gray sky,
Lines dark, white-crusted, show alone the
place where waters lie;
The fields are all devoid of life, and smoky
pillars rise
From every frosted roof like calls to ancient
sacrifice.
The sleighs go by with jingling bells, the
children shout with glee,
And charge in mimic warfare with their
white artillery;
But we, prescient, see days come still
short and still more drear,
And thank God for our sheltered homes,
our fireside warmth and cheer.

—Ninette M. Lowater.

THE PASSING YEAR.

The days and months passed, though we
held them dear,
And fell like raindrops in Time's shadowy stream;
Not all the years when proud Rome
reigned supreme,
Or Babylon the great raled far and near,
Are gone more surely than the yesteryear.
Still in our eyes its joys and pleasures
gleam,
Still in our hearts we shrine each happy
dream,
But they have vanished, to return not
here,
And since the joys and pleasures that we
knew,
Followed the year, nor could his life
outlast,
Let them take all the wrongs that with
them grew,
And leave all hates to the forgotten
past;
Meet the New Year unburdened, unafraid,
So will he leave you glad and undismayed.

—Ninette M. Lowater.

ANSWERS AND INQUIRIES.

WHITE ROSE NO. 2: Your application for membership in The Corner is accepted and inasmuch as there is already one White Rose, you have been designated as White Rose No. 2.

NANNIE LUE: Your name has been added to the membership list of the Social Corner.

STUDENT: Your name has been added as a member of the Social Corner.

ANOTHER MEMBER OF THE CORNER

Dear Editor and Members of the Social Corner: I am a resident of distant, windy Buffalo, N. Y., and have become greatly interested in reading The Corner news through the kindness of your much loved contributor, Calla Lily, and would very much like to become a member myself of the beautiful club, if I may.

I am a "shut-in" and the world doesn't always seem very bright to me, so I would love to receive letters from one and all of you.

I have chosen the pen name of White Rose, as it is a name by which I am called by one of my dearest friends.

I wonder if any of you have tried the following shopping suggestion: A little card carried in the purse containing size of gloves, shirt, collar and hose for all members of the family will save much trouble and many extra trips in picking up unexpected bargains on a shopping tour.

WHITE ROSE NO. 2.

CAKE AND PIE RECIPES.

Dear Social Corner Folks: Having attended several of the Social Corner gatherings, which I enjoyed very much, I would like to become a member.

Perhaps you would like to know why I chose my pen name. I have thought of several but have decided to take Nannie Lue, as that is the name my niece gave me when she was a tiny girl.

I am sending two recipes which some of the sisters may like to try:

Butter Scotch Pie—First Part: Yolk of one egg, one teaspoon of flour, one cup of sweet milk; mix well. Second Part: Butter size of walnut, or more if desired, one cup of brown sugar, four tablespoons of sweet milk. Let cook slowly five minutes, then pour in the first part and let cook until thick. Remove from the fire and add one teaspoon of vanilla. Have crust baked and pour mixture into crust. Use white of egg for meringue. Place in oven and brown.

Caramel Cake—One tablespoon of butter, one cup sugar, two eggs, one cup milk, one and one-half cups flour, two teaspoons of baking powder, four squares of melted chocolate. Flavor both cake and filling with vanilla. Cream for filling: White of one egg and one tablespoon of cold water; beat together a little, then add confectionery sugar.

NANNIE LUE

THE SEASON'S GREETINGS.

Dear Editor and Corner Sisters: I send to each of you a hearty Thanksgiving greeting. Is it not strange that in our youthful days time dragged and it seemed a long time to wait for our annual holiday? Now the time spins around swiftly and before we are aware of it they are upon us, as now we can hardly realize that Thanksgiving is at hand. The dreary month of November redeems herself by giving us before the end our sweet and sacred Thanksgiving day, and how every one, both old and young, hustles and plans to have everything in readiness for this day of days.

We enjoy the day immensely, for we who are away from home return and oh, how we do enjoy the companionship of the whole family once again, and the day is far too short for all we would say and show, and then comes the feast which has been prepared for us by loving hands with painstaking care, so that the table almost groans with its bounteous good eats, for Thanksgiving goodies cannot be excelled, but at last our ravenous appetites are satisfied.

While we should make every effort to return to the dear old home on these days and let our voices resound through the house as in our younger days, we should also bear in mind our many, many blessings, for which we should be thankful, for we realize now that it is the little things that are more to us than success and riches. And these we can share with others, and at times they mean more than food and money.

If we do not possess worldly goods we should have in store a large stock of these little things which mean so much, so that we can give a word of encouragement, a cheery smile and a hearty handshake which will show that we care and sympathize wit hthose who are depressed and feel that no one cares for them, and that the world is against them. Oftentimes such expressions change the aspect of one's life, if they come from a truly loving heart.

I trust that you will each one have a happy day, even our former editor's wife and the sisters where a link in the family chain has been broken during the year. May your minds and hearts be so filled with pleasant memories of your dear ones that even you will be filled with peace, which is true happiness, for these memories are more to you than gold and silver. I trust that these days will be blessed to us all as long as our life on this earth shall last.

Best wishes.

DIANA.

THE CORNER MEANS A LOT

Dear Readers of the Corner Page: I find Faith has included my name among the delinquent writers. I have not meant to be negligent for the Corner means a lot to me. For some time my mind has been filled with anxiety over my dear ones and I have not felt I could write any thing of interest. Our troubles would not look well in print, and you know, "Laugh and the world laughs with you, weep and you weep alone." I don't like that old adage for it seems to me, that the test of true friendship is trouble that most of us meet on the road. It is there that we need the love of our friends, to brighten and lighten the load.

I do realize that the Bulletin cannot afford to give us that valuable page, unless we try and make good use of it. We are all apt to wait for the "other fellow." We are each one supposed to do something for the sending in of names should not mean alone, the introduction to the good times to follow. I am afraid we lost sight of the fact that through the interest in the Corner page and the efforts of our editors, have come all our pleasant acquaintances, and jolly times. Writers old and new get busy! Let us try to make it the best ever, and something our departed editor (whose interest to the last, was to keep it up to his high standard,) would approve of. You see there is some consolation in giving others a call down, when you have been reprimanded yourself.

My letter will be reminiscences of years ago. My good father-in-law had a hobby of attending auctions, and the "treasures" thus purchased were many of them taken to the attic and added to those, that had accumulated for thirty years or more, so when I entered the family, the floor, the whole size of the house, was literally filled. There were tables of many styles and ages, bureaus, some with brass handles, others large glass knobs, a dear little willow cradle with hood of the same which cosely resembled the modern baby carriage, but so low that mother must have knelt to attend the little one. It was great fun, and not a little exciting, to draw out a box from under the low eaves wondering what you would find. One contained hats worn years ago, little ones, the size of a tea plate and about as flat, the untrimmed poke, trimmed as when discarded, whole pieces of beautiful lacy straw that would turn our milliners green with envy, but tender with age. I remember two men's hats were included. One quaint little low crowned derby, and the largest and tallest stove pipe hat I ever saw. It would go completely over my head the brim resting on my shoulders. It figured in many parades and tableaus. There were almost innumerable jugs, brown ones and white ones, must jugs and good smelly jugs, for most farmers made their own wines. Tucked away safely were two beautiful lamps with glass prisms and cut glass shades and one day I unearthed a large blue and white platter. Spinning wheels had their places and a mirror with a painting at the top was consigned to the office at the barn as of no use, together with some old arm chairs. On going to the bottom I found a blue and white bed spread, different from any I have ever seen as mine is light blue instead of dark. My children had great fun with a rocking horse made from one flat board painted white with dabs of black to make a "dapple gray." Its head was hanging with a broken neck, and one could almost count the hairs in mane and tail, (real loose hair by the way) but the worn rockers bore silent testimony of the miles he had travelled.

I have always regretted making a bonfire of a box of old papers, state and town pamphlets. A relative who is in the capitol told me when too late, that no doubt there were many of great value to the state if not to individuals. He did take several old books to add to the library there. A change of homes, and lack of room necessitated the disposal of many things that I have wished many times since that I had kept.

Now, sisters, what my letter lacks in quality I have made up in quantity. I am trying this time at least to leave less room for those advertisements that are too often on our Corner page. They don't look well. "Go thou and do likewise."

PRACTICAL POLLY.

SOME GIFTS YOU CAN MAKE.

Dear Social Corner Sisters: As a nice gift for your bachelor friend, take a piece of ribbon about 5 inches wide and 22 inches long, a piece of flannel the same size, and about two yards of narrow ribbon for binding. The flannel and ribbon are basted together with long stitches through the center, closer ones around the edge. One end of the ribbon is doubled through the width with the flannel outside and is sewed together about one-eighth of an inch from the cut edge. This forms a perfect point. Place seam in exact center of ribbon and baste; all edges are then bound with narrow ribbon. It is more satisfactory to hem the binding by hand, as the foot of the machine pushes up the wool goods. Next turn the square end on the flannel side to form a pocket and overhand edges together. Sew about three-eighths of a yard of ribbon (narrow) to the pointed end to tie the ends together. And now to finish it. First comes the small scissors and thimble, the former is attached to the point by means of a tiny ribbon. In the pocket are shoe buttons, pearl buttons, hooks and eyes (black and white), a man's trousers and underwear buttons. Threaded needles are run through the length of the flannel. There should be several needles of coarse thread for shoe buttons, black, white and tan colored silk for gloves and cotton of the same colors for stockings. When not in use, case is rolled up and does not take up any more room than a card case.

I make my pretty jardiniers of the little peanut butter tub. Pour paraffin in the center and then let it run off. Now fill the tub with dirt and place in it a pretty plant. When Xmas comes, tie a red ribbon around after putting green crepe paper around it.

Knit face clothes put up in a Xmas box with a cake of guest soap, or knit dish clothes with a pound of borax and a cake of good soap for washing dishes or a dish cloth and dish towel. I think it would be impossible to tell you all I make but have tried to help you some. In a catalogue I see two of those mystic mits put up in a box marked 60 cents. Of course a verse comes with them which is very sentimental, but I think I prefer buying them for 20 cents which is the price for two "mystic mits" and put them in a pretty little box and write my own verse. While it may not be as correctly written, there is surely more pleasure for the reader than if written by a poet. I would send a verse something like this:

I am sending you two little friends
On which your elbow grease depends;
So get busy and wash your dishes
Whether soiled with meat or fishes
Or something after that same order. I don't expect my verses are perfect, for just wishing I could write does not make me write. So, when you start your fountain pen to stuttering, you will find you can write something. I don't mean by just willing a thing you can write it. I'd have my own name changed to Will, and do it next week if that was the whole secret.

BETTY BROWN.

ANOTHER NEW MEMBER.

Dear Sisters of the Social Corner: Having read your letters from week to week, I found they have been a great help to me. I attended the gathering in Willimantic last week and had just a lovely time. The hall seemed so cosy and warm, and such a wonderful dinner. It reminded me of one great family, and I decided I should like to be one of the sisters.

As I am very fond of studying, will sign my name STUDENT.

SEWING SUGGESTIONS.

Dear Sisters of the Social Corner: For pick-up work, why not try making a pretty old fashioned quilt? A pretty one is made by using a flower basket and garlands in each of the four corners. The heavy topped basket and handle is outlined with a slender strip of brown chambray. The lattice which fills it in is of a tan shade, as are also the disk flowers which are appliqued on the brim, as well as the garland looped through the handle, ending in another buff flower.

The leaves are made of green. A flower design of a disk and three leaves are scattered over the quilt, and a band of buff or green make a pretty edge. All kind of patterns will suggest themselves to you as you work, just as they did to our great-grandmothers years ago.

Handy Purse Pin Cushion—Another simple inexpensive but sweet little Christmas gift is this handy purse pin cushion. Cut two oblongs of cardboard two inches by three inches. Cover each with fancy silk or ribbon. Paste around the four edges of the uncovered side of one piece of cardboard a strip of felt. (Weather strips will serve nicely.) Paste the other piece of covered cardboard on top so that the edges just meet. Anyone will be delighted with one of these pin cushions for her purse.

Speed in Stitching—Busy needle workers who like to do a little embroidery in spare moments will find this a quick way of seam stitching. Sew on the machine along the stamped lines, being careful to follow them accurately and using a rather short stitch. Thread your needle with embroidery floss and pass the needle under each stitch, eye first, keeping on the upper surface of the material. That is, you simply overcast the fine machine stitching or whip with your embroidery thread. A perfect raised cord or stem is the result, and it takes much less time than to embroider it in the usual way.

MOUNTAIN LAUREL.

LIFE IS A MATTER OF CHOICES.

Dear Corner Friends: We can measure life by the inch or the infinite. It is for us to choose. We think that if we are only able to become wise in book knowledge it will help us to live wisely. But it won't—unless we again choose. Life is just a matter of choices. That is what makes it so wonderful—or so restricted.

If we do not want our horizon of interests to reach beyond the limits of our own epidermis, or our own front gate, it will not. If we want it to embrace the universe, it may. There may be definite limit to the time at our command, to the strength with which we are endowed, but there need be no limit to our thoughts other than that which we ourselves impose through negligence, thoughtlessness or ignorance.

One reason that so many of us never reach that which we might have reached is that we drift along with no settled plan for living. We take it for granted that we are put where we are to stay—that there is no use of trying to get out of our particular rut. In fact, so lazy are we that we have no particular stirring within us to accomplish more, to make our lives more than walled-in lanes of thought and endeavor. "What's the use? I'm well enough off. Why should I bother with thought and endeavor? I have enough to eat and wear and a certain circle of friends, and more or less good times. What's the use?"

Well, there isn't probably any use—if one feels like that. A cow or a sheep could have like enjoyment and if we are content to stay in that class, why strive? But life can be glorious—a vista of splendid opportunity and achievement. It's for us to choose.

Best wishes to The Corner.

S. E. D.

TACKLING THE CHRISTMAS SHOPPING.

Dear Editor and Sisters of the Social Corner: Did you ever stop to realize that the ease with which you can accomplish Christmas shopping depends very much on the spirit in which you set about it? If you say to yourself, or, worse still, to your nearest and dearest, "Oh, dear, I have so many to do for, I'll never in the world get through, I am nearly dead already," and start right out in such a mood to make your purchases, you will be tired and more or less discouraged before you have visited a single shop.

Make up your mind that Christmas shopping is a real pleasure, instead of a burden, for you a blessing in being financially able to send tokens of good will to your friends at all, and then a good deal of enjoyment can be gotten out of a visit to our stores, all decorated and filled with pretty and beautiful things.

Let's go about our shopping this year with a cheerful spirit. Begin just as early as we can. Determine in advance just how much money can be spent on Christmas presents, even if you have to cut down your list a little. It takes tact to do this sometimes without hurting your friends' feelings, but it is better than to run in debt on account of lavish expenditures and worry for months after Christmas about where the money is to come from to meet certain bills.

Of course, if you have the time, you can make a great many presents yourself which I think are always acceptable to your friends, and always more valued by the recipient than those not made by one's own hands. The art of needlework is appreciated now more than it has been for several decades and people generally are educated to a point on this subject where they prize this work above anything shop-bought.

More than this, the woman who fashions the dainty though useful trifles may infuse a certain amount of her own individuality into each gift, while at the same time she makes it characteristic of the recipient and the loving thoughts which are woven with each stitch carry with them the good will and cheer of the glorious Christmastide.

Do you remember the man in "The Mikado" who had a little list? Well, Christmas shopping always makes me think of him. Everybody has lists, of course, but few are definite enough to be really helpful. As Jeanette says in "Polly Letters," there are writers and writers, and more writers. I say there are lists, and then there are lists.

I think the correct way is to put the person's name down, then the gift, then the price you wish to pay for the gift. Decide what you are going to buy for grandma, grandpa, mother and father before buying home. I was visiting south one winter and they had a great fad for making the same kind of a present for each person—that winter was a silk bag to hold lingerie ribbon, with ribbon and needle for the ladies and for the gentlemen they made sleeve armlets. They were very narrow and much different than the armlets I have seen made around here. Making the same kind of a present to a certain number of friends is quite a help. There are certain friends who like aprons.

Fancy sewing baskets: I make those on the small peanut butter tubs. Put a handle over the top and you can gild them, line them with satin or cretonne stick them up with implements for sewing and others for embroidery, scissors, spools, needlecase, thimble and thread for sewing and embroidery; put in embroidery scissors, an embroidery case fitted with shaded skeins, and you can turn them into a basket to carry implements for darning.

I made a raffia mat, with ribbon tacked down in spaces to form holders for a manicure set.

The wall pin cushions are handy made from a small frame. You can gild it and cover it with silk. Then I put beaded net over it and draw through, with ribbon, pretty little roses.

KITTY LOU.

THINGS FOR CHRISTMAS

Dear Corner Sisters: Perhaps you have laid out all of your Christmas work but if you haven't here are a few suggestions that may be helpful:

A lovely boudoir bag is made from two shades of satin ribbon about 1 1-2 inches wide. The strips of ribbon are joined together at the bottom forming a rose. At the top the bag is held open by a wire hoop. A small ring covered with ribbons allows one to hang the bag up.

A practical pillow cover may be made of yellow linen with a diamond of the same material hemstitched to the center. At opposite corners of the diamond colorful flowers or butterflies of cretonne are appliqued. The cushion can be finished off with a black silk cord.

A pincushion is made of two shades of satin ribbon about two inches wide folded flat around the cushion. The ends are hidden by shirred ribbon and the cushion is then trimmed with little ribbon roses.

With best wishes. TESS

COUNT YOUR BLESSINGS

To The Social Corner: As I cannot meet with you and I want to thank you all for the kind reward you sent me. I did not expect it, yet it gave me the names and pen-names I wanted so much and brought orders for holders as Christmas gifts. I know trusting in God and striving to do good is a great help and uplift in our daily work. Rather than complain, let us thank God for the many mercies coming daily. A good remedy for a wakeful night is to go back in life and count your blessings. Sleep will soon follow.

May the closing year bring you all many blessings and keep you in the sunshine of life. Psalms 122-7.

GREAT GRANDMA

PLEASED WITH CLUB NO. 1'S MEETING

Dear Corner Sisters: I arose at 5 a. m., on November 10th, crossed the ferry and boarded a C. V. train for Willimantic. It was my first visit to Club No. 1 in almost two years. There was a large attendance. I surely selected a good day for I saw many I had not seen for some time—and I was certainly pleasant to be so cordially received. I had never been in Franklin hall. The club has a nice hall for their gatherings. We visited, and when the gong sounded for lunch we were ready for it. One very long table was filled with guests; also a smaller one. After the singing of the Doxology, we enjoyed the splendid lunch provided by the committee, with Theoda as chairman.

Rose Lee: I think your Macaroni the nicest I ever tasted. The pimento was a great improvement. Do not forget me when in L. A.

B. B.—Are you the "Miss Bobbet?" I knew in W—? Your cake is fine, have made several loaves and it is economical.

Twice Twenty—I was too slow in writing your tip about a flash light. I had intended giving it to the Sisters, but did not write as I intended or our letters would have come out the same week. Never mind, it must be true if we both think so, and I surely do find a flash light very nice. I have mine in a chair at the head of the bed. If the night is long just snap it on and see the time and if an old person wishes to go down stairs just turn light on the stairs, step at a time—and there is no danger of dropping a miserable oil lamp. This is so far the benefit of those who have not electricity in their homes.

Aunt Mary—Received letter also Great Grandma's piece holder. How nicely they air caowed for a lady nearly 90. I thank you both.

We hope to go into a new house December first. It is rather late, but perhaps the captain and his mate will enjoy it all the more. After the period of waiting, we sold our home and have been living in three rooms. We have camped out long enough. Who said "All things come to those who wait?" There is another W— which does more. That is work, and the captain has worked these beautiful daylight saving days and I have waited (for him to come to his supper) till 9 o'clock at night when nearly dead he would tumble into bed to be up again at daylight. He will be obliged to rest now for he cannot see. You know him Roxanna, how he works.

Love to all the Sisters.

After Dec. 1st, address 20 Allen St., Groton, Conn. TIDY ADDLY

SMILE AND MAKE EVERYONE HAPPY

Dear Sisters of the Social Corner: After a long silence I come again. The old saying is practice what you preach and I mean to, but for several good reasons I failed this time. I preached for the Sisters to write more and meant to have done so myself, but I have rheumatism quite badly in my right hand and while I can work lots I can hardly hold a pen to write. But never mind, it is Thanksgiving season and I am very thankful I can do as much as I do. So many are so ill they cannot even help themselves. I can and do help myself and many others I hope. At least I try to. I expect my daughter and husband and my son and wife and two children to eat Thanksgiving with me and several other friends and am so thankful I can prepare a dinner for them. Suppose it does make work, it is worth working for.

One Sister a short time since wrote about unexpected company. I certainly have my share of that—and I made up my mind years ago that I would always make people welcome no matter how or when they came, although I will admit sometimes it may be a bit trying but the ones who come do not know it. I think if any one thinks enough of us to come to see us we certainly ought to do our part in making them welcome. I have a large family and always have something to eat good enough for us, and anyone coming in is welcome to share it with us. I shall never forget a few years ago we had just got a new car and had joyfully started out early one morning to spend a few hours with some relatives. We could hardly wait till we got there thinking how surprised and pleased they would be. But alas! We went to the door and the lady of the house refused to even come to the door and the man of the house stood way back and merely said, "How do you do?" Well we soon knew we were not wanted so turned on our way home. It was a bad hurt and rankled in our hearts for a long time for we had many many times made the same parties welcome at our house and table. I ask sisters lets put on a smiling face and make friends and even strangers welcome at our door after all what will it matter a hundred years from now if we did stop in haste to get so much done and make our friends welcome? We all have much to be thankful for this year and let us show it in being kind and pleasant to our friends and neighbors to their face and behind their backs.

Marigold says my name just suits me. I don't seem to be able to place her, and it seems Sister Susie has disappeared entirely. Was she real?

Does any of the Sisters make as many squash pies as I do? I make sight of mine every Saturday and sometimes make more the middle of the week. I begin to make them as early in the fall as the squashes are fit and keep it up as long as they last. My folks are very fond of them. I wish I had a penny a piece for all I have ever made. I would have more than a bushel of pennies. I think I will close with best of wishes to all. If you all come to see me you will be welcome.

MA OF GREEN GABLES

GREETINGS FROM TENNESSEE.

Sisters of The Social Corner: Well, you will probably be surprised to see this letter in print, but election is over and once more I like to think about my northern neighbors. How I would love to give you all a good surprise of jumping in and saying, "Howdy" as the Tennesseans say it. Yes, Christmas is close, and money is short, but we must not forget the little folks and the old folks and the sick, the poor and needy ones. It has to be managed some way. There are lots of little ways of remembering them and giving the "good cheer" feeling. Don't you love to see the rooms all decorated with holly, cedar and other greenery? A holly tree grows right in my dooryard. It is beautiful and the misty white blueberry cedar is almost as decorative, only the berry is blue instead of white. There is great demand for all kinds of greenery for the holiday decoration, and the small cedar trees that are potted and used on the tables and about the house during the winter and on the porch in summer are becoming quite popular in places.

A killing frost the first of the month put an end to out door flowers, but many trees are still showing some green. People are far behind with all their crop work and fall grain that should be up and growing is still not seeded in the ground except by a few, and I am thankful to say that we belong to that small number, for our wheat, oats and clover are up and look fine. So much rain all summer that farmers had a very hard time doing the farm work and crops done too good. Only a medium to short fruit crop. Clover seed crop was near a complete failure. Wheat crop almost as bad. Corn, potatoes, both Irish and sweet potatoes and fruit were fine. The thermometer was down to 24 above zero this morning (Nov. 17), and it snowed a very little yesterday, just enough to make us realize that old winter is at our doors, but there is plenty to eat and lots of good wood and while the south has been knocked in the head a bit severely with cotton, hogs and cattle prices being a lot lower than the costs of production, yet we all feel like smiling and thanking God for His great mercies, and any way it is easier to make a living in the south than in the north. I know, for I've tried it. The winters are shorter, not near so severe, green feed for stock feeding comes sooner in the spring and lasts much longer in the fall. Why, only a few moments ago I turned the milk cows out into the open fields to browse about on green weeds, clover and green red top grasses that are in the fence corners.

Some stock run out most every day in winter, but are fed in the barns at night and morning.

Some people are selling out, but mostly to locate on something else not far away. Wood is plentiful with water both free stone and lime stone. The latter is best in my opinion, but hard to do laundry work with. Where one never drank it they at first dislike it. It is healthy and good drinking when one gets used to it. Good schools and churches. Good places for those who want to raise poultry. Good markets. Creamery close by, where one can sell all the cream he can produce at a good price and farmers take great interest in the business.

Well, if you were all here I would invite you out to eat all the fine sugar persimons you could hold, then we would hunt mistletoe and pretty things to go with the holly to decorate with, for you all to carry home, to keep you all company during the long, cold days of winter. But— Well, I just expect I'd wear you all out tramping about, for I can walk miles without ruffling a feather or sitting down to rest. My son is in Illinois the past year, but is coming home Christmas to stay and I have gathered four bushels of butternuts and about twice as many walnuts for winter, so you see I could treat you when you get here. Well, suppose I'd better close or I might get kicked out, so I will wish you all a merry, merry Christmas and a most happy and prosperous New Year, and may God bless you all and our editor is my prayer from

MRS. W. M. KNOER.

BELIEVES IN IDEA OF AT LEAST TWICE A YEAR.

Dear Social Corner Sisters: It is a long time since I have written to the Social Corner, but I have not forgotten you. I surely agree with Marigold when she said "we ought to write at least two letters a year to keep in good standing."

I read the letters every week and get so much help from them. It is so entertaining to read the letters from those who are far away as well as those who are near. We know they are interested in us as well as we are in them, and the Social Corner is the connecting link which keeps us together whether we are far or near.

When the next meeting is held in the Buckingham Memorial I hope to be present.

Best wishes to the members of The Corner.

SILVER LOCKS.

CLEANING YOUR CLOTHES.

Dear Social Corner Sisters: I was careless enough to put away my winter clothes last spring without cleaning them. When I got them out of the attic trunks this fall some that I had been planning on would have been hardly suitable unless I had been able to clean them at home.

I had a dark cloth dress, badly spotted and shiny in the back; a dark blue one-piece crepe de chine which had rotted in the sleeves at the armholes from perspiration and a chiffon evening dress of blue.

Wonders may be wrought with salt and gasoline in the cleaning of such garments as these and one should go about the task in the following way:

Go over the cloth dress with a clothes brush to get it free from dust, then lay it flat on a table (first cover the table with sheets so that the friction may not be so sharp as to injure the surface of the material) and sprinkle a thin layer of salt over the garment. This salt must previously have been crushed with a rolling pin and put through a fine sieve; use about a quart for your dress. With a soft pad made of a man's linen handkerchief, rub the salt well into the garment, using long sweeping strokes the downward way of the garment—never in circles or across. Go over the entire garment in this way, giving the most soiled portions a second rubbing with the salt, then slip the dress on a coat hanger and brush out the salt with a clothes brush. Put newspapers on the floor beneath the garment, in brushing to receive the soil. Remove spots with gasoline applied with a clean cloth. Go over the worn, shiny portions with a cloth dipped in ammonia and water and, just before dry, press with a warm iron. If shininess still remains, rub gently with fine sandpaper.

To clean a crepe de chine dress, it is wisest to separate waist and skirt, as part of it may become dry before the remaining portion can be cleaned. Dip waist and skirt into a basin of gasoline and shake it out well, then lay it at once on a marble-topped table or porcelain-topped table and go over the badly-spotted portions with fresh gasoline and a cloth. Finish by dipping the entire garment into a fresh basin of gasoline and hang it in the air to dry without squeezing or wringing. Leave it in the air at least three hours, then press it with as hot an iron as the texture of the fabric will permit. (The heat of the iron removes all trace of the odor). Put georgette crepe sleeves in the dress instead of the sleeves now in it.

Chiffon garments that will not stand rubbing must be cleaned by being immersed in a basin of gasoline for one hour. They should then be very gently removed, so as not to disturb the dirt that will have settled in the bottom of the basin. Dip in clean gasoline and hang up to dry before pressing.

THISTLE.

New Haven.—Miss Faustina Beede returned from Vassar for the game, spending the week end with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Frank H. Beede.

CANTERBURY GREEN

Numerous family gatherings were held in the village Thanksgiving day.

Mr. and Mrs. Chauncey Frink entertained their children and families at their home on the Green.

Mr. and Mrs. William Towne and Mr. and Mrs. James Towne were at Henry Larcom's.

Henry Davis and family and Mr. and Mrs. Burdick and children of New London dined with Mr. and Mrs. Levi Clark.

William Sager and Herbert Tracy were home for the holiday. Mr. and Mrs. Howard Hoxsie and little son were also guests at Mrs. Sager's.

The usual family reunion was held at the Exley homestead.

At the last grange meeting the county agent, Frank Davis, was present and plans were arranged for an extension school to be held in town, probably some time in January. The next meeting of the grange comes Dec. 1.

Mrs. Wainwright has returned from a visit of several weeks with Mrs. Howard Hoxsie of Westbrook.

Miss Elise Hawes is spending the Thanksgiving season with Miss Maud Graves at Groton.

Carlton Lovell is home after a week's visit in New York and vicinity.

Chauncey Frink, Jr., of Brooklyn is spending a few weeks with relatives here and is assisting about the store.

Mrs. Nelson has been entertaining guests from Providence.

The Ladies' Aid society met at the parsonage with Mrs. Humphrey Tuesday afternoon with a good attendance. A harvest supper is to be given by the society some time next week.

Mrs. George Rowland died at her home early Monday morning after a few days' illness. Her daughter had been caring for her. The funeral was held Friday.

NORTH WOODSTOCK

Rev. Mr. Baker of Boston gave a talk Sunday in place of the regular sermon. His topic was home missions and Congregational interchurch work.

Mrs. James Perrin and little daughter and Miss Bernice Leavitt are at L. J. Leavitt's for Thanksgiving week.

Edgar Trask and family were in Worcester Saturday.

An illustrated public lecture on Australia will be given in the church here Nov. 26th at 7 p. m., by Rev. Mr. Stephanson.

George Spalding has purchased a woodlot of John Johnson and will begin operations on it at once.

Harry and Orville Trask are wiring the church for electricity.

At Jacob Wechsler's

The Sale Is Still Going On

With Money-Saving Values

Men's Work Shoes, Army style, value $6.00—Sale Price $3.49.

Men's Scouts, value $3.50—Sale Price $2.59.

Men's Dress Shoes, Crossett, excellent quality, values from $12.00 to $15.00—Sale Price $7.95.

Men's Dress Shoes, black and tan, Bal or Blucher, value $8.00—Sale Price $4.59.

Men's Button Shoes, extra good quality—Sale Price $3.95.

Ladies' Shoes, high tops, vici kid, value $8.00 — Sale Price $4.98.

Ladies' Superior quality Shoes, low and high heels, small sizes — Sale Price $3.95.

Ladies' Oxfords, good quality, high and low heels—Sale Price $2.95.

Ladies' Button Shoes, black and brown — Sale Price $2.95.

Boys' Shoes, good wear, value $5.00—Sale Price $2.49.

Boys' Shoes, extra good quality, style and strong wear, value $6.95—Sale Price $3.95.

Children's Shoes, value $2.50—Sale Price $1.29.

Children's Shoes, extra good quality, high tops, black and dark brown, value $4.50 — Sale Price $2.49.

Misses' Shoes for school and hard wear, at special reduced prices.

Men's Work Pants, strong wear—Sale Price $2.19.

Men's Corduroy Pants, value $5.00—Sale Price $3.49.

Men's Khaki Pants — Sale Price $1.98.

Knee Pants, very good quality—From $1.19 to $1.79

Men's Underwear—Ribbed Shirts or Drawers— Sale Price 98c.

Men's Fleece-lined Shirts or Drawers — Sale Price $1.15.

Men's Union Suits, Ribbed —Sale Price $1.98.

Men's Pajamas, made of good Flannelette — Sale Price $2.49.

Men's Heavy Flannel Shirts, value $2.75—Sale Price $1.69.

Men's Heavy Woolen Shirts, value $5.00 — Sale Price $2.98.

Men's Blue Shirts for work —Sale Price 98c.

Men's Dress Shirts, from $1.69 to $2.49, values from $2.50 to $6.00.

Men's Heavy Winter Caps, value $3.00—Sale Price $1.50.

Men's Suspenders — Sale Price 39c.

Men's Springo Suspenders, guaranteed one year's wear—Sale Price $1.00.

Men's Boston 35c Garters —Sale Price 29c.

SPECIAL—SPECIAL

Ladies' Housedresses, neatly trimmed, fast color, value $2.50—Sale Price $1.69.

Special Values, Defender Bed Sheets, 72x90—Sale Price $1.39.

Ladies' Flannelette Petticoats, blue and pink — Sale Price 98c.

Ladies' Knitted Petticots, value $2.00—Sale Price $1.29.

Ladies' Flannel Short Kimonos, nicely designed—Sale Price 98c.

Ladies' and Misses' Tams, at special reduced prices.

SPECIAL

Misses' and Children's Wash Dresses, extra good material — From $1.89 to $4.95 — values from $3.00 to $8.00.

Misses', Boys' and Children's Union Suits, at special reduced prices.

Special Values and Big Bargains — a big line of Sweaters, with collars, V shape, no collars, slip-ons, cardigan jackets, for the entire family—values from $2.00 to $18.00 — Sale Prices 98c to $12.98

HOSIERY

Ladies' Durham Stockings Sale Price 19c.

Ladies' Lisle Hose, full-fashion, value 65c — Sale Price 49c.

Ladies' Lisle Hose, good quality, value 75c—Sale Price 59c.

Ladies' Silk Lisle Hose, gray, white and black—Sale Price 29c.

Ladies' Silk Hose, full-fashion, seam in back—Sale Price 98c—value $1.50.

Men's Socks, black — Sale Price 19c.

Men's Silk Lisle Socks, all colors, seconds — Sale Price 29c.

SPECIAL

Men's Collars, Ide and Arrow brands, 10c each, 12 for $1.00.

SPECIAL—SPECIAL

We have a full line of Corsets, good quality, big bargains is our motto — From $1.69 to $3.25.

A full line of Fancy Hair Ribbons and Notions.

E NUF SAID JACOB WECHSLER

81-87 Franklin Street, Norwich, Conn.

40-46 Main Street, Jewett City, Conn.

MISS MARGARET CONNELL IS IN CHARGE OF OUR LADIES' DEPARTMENT

ROYAL GOLD TRADING STAMPS GIVEN WITH EVERY PURCHASE. IN NORWICH, CONN.