THE SOCIAL CORNER

THE SOUL OCCUPIED WITH GREAT IDEAS BEST PERFORMS SMALL DUTIES

SOCIAL CORNER POEM.
THE FIRST BLUEBIRD.

Rain drops standing down the pane,
Gray skies drooping low,
Sudden flash He hopkins there,
Edged by winter's snow.

Naked trees stand shivering,
Road's a muddy stream,
Round the corner waits the wind,
Spring's a far-off dream.

Flash of blue in the pear tree,
Gay song from the bough,
O ruddy-breasted singer,
Great magician thou!

Nature drops her dingy veil,
Hope leaps fresh and strong,
Budding bud and blooming bough,
All were in that song.

Sent in by DOM PEDRO.

The Mother of Men

I am the mother of bearded men, and the notions that I calling them by
When I washed their sleep in their cradles And hushed each tear and sigh,
Are known and spoken where men meet men, and life moves swift along,
For they do their share of the big world's work, and they are sure and strong.

Clear are their eyes and their gladness kind, as when their years were few;
Deep voices call me mother, and the tones are gentle and true;
They give me love and honor, though they are wiser now than I.—
But I think of the little children who slept in my arms, and I sigh.

O, I could not hold them nearer, and I would not turn them back
To wander again through youth's thorny maze and again to climb life's track,
But when the lonely evening comes, and no one has need of me!
Its O, for the little children who once leaned upon my knee.

Ninette M. Lewater in New York Sun

ANSWERS AND INQUIRIES.

GUSTA: Your name has been added to the Social Corner list.

I. J. B.: There is always room for more. Your name has been added to The Corner list.

POLLYANNA NO. 2: Your name has been included among The Corner members. Your penname is, however, the same as another, and confusion would be avoided if another were selected.

MALVINA: Will you please forward your correct name and address?

ANOTHER CORNER MEMBER.

To the Social Corner Editor: Is there room for one more? I have enjoyed reading the Social Corner page and find the Social Corner letters very interesting. I have been a reader of The Bulletin for many years and should like to have my name added to the list. I. J. B.

IMPROVE EVERY OPPORTUNITY.

Dear Sisters and Brothers: The letters are so interesting every week that they inspire one to write. They bring up so many reminiscences. We can look back to our school days and think of dear friends scattered over the land, and some gone to their reward. We may wish ourselves back some times, but we can travel this road but once, and may we live it so our influence will be felt long after we are gone. We are placed here for a purpose and may we improve every opportunity. I had a friend and neighbor once that wanted a favor done, so she came in one day laughing and said: "What is the good of neighbors if you can't use them?" We are here to help one another, so let us do all we can as we pass along.

Only last week I saw another tribute to Aunt Mary. She reminded me so much of my own Aunt Mary that it seemed I had always known her. And I well remember Floradora's smiling face. The families have my sympathy. The sisters are leaving us fast.

Dearie: I have moved; am now on Vergason avenue. Come and see me. Hope to meet with the sisters oftener now.

Calla Lily: Come any time. Takes time to settle in a new home. Have to go slow.

Aunt Sarah: Am glad to see that Club No. 3 is reviving again. Wish I might meet with you.

Dorinda: Sorry I couldn't make that promised call, but don't give up hopes.

Grace and Slim Jim: I miss the 'phone talks. We are not far away in miles, but "so near yet so far." Let others take my place.

Joan: Come any time. Shall be glad to see any of the sisters. I see our Corner is increasing every week. Welcome to all new ones. I guess there are several old ones yet that haven't been heard from. Success to The Corner is the wish of

AUNTY NO. 1.

FEAST OF GOOD THINGS IN THE CORNER.

Dear Editor and Sisters: Again I attempt to write you. First I wish to thank the editor for the yellow slip I received Friday. It was wholly unexpected, as I did not think I had written anything worth while. What a feast of good things we are having on the Social Corner page! All the sisters seem so friendly and interested in each other. If they have a nice recipe for something very good to eat or an easier way of doing housework, or can write an interesting letter about a journey they have taken, they pass it along, and how we do enjoy reading these letters every Saturday. Words of sympathy, too, for those who have been ill or lost dear friends. How glad we all are to receive them.

I thank Silver Locks for inviting me to meet her on April 6th at the monthly gathering, and I was much disappointed not to go, but it was quite a distance and I had had sickness in my family, and it did not seem right for me to leave home that day; but I hope to meet the sisters some day and get acquainted.

I hope you all enjoyed Easter. Many parties went to New York and Washington, D. C., Easter week to see the sights and go shopping, and all report a fine time. I received some lovely cards from distant friends and the sentiments expressed on two I will pass along to you. One card with lovely blue forget-me-nots said:

"Dear little blossoms as blue as the sky,
Just this to my friend will you say:
That with kindest remembrances and greatest good will
You come overflowing today."

Another card said:

"Keep your face always toward the sunshine and the shadows will fall behind you."

Didn't we have fine weather in March? How we enjoyed a long auto ride out into the country after being shut in all winter. How we enjoy the green fields and the singing birds, and after a rain how the little streams gurgle along over the stones each side of the road. Sometimes I feel like stopping the car and getting out to play in the water as I did when a child.

From some of the sisters' letters I judge they are on the shady side of life, like myself, but we have many blessings and let us enjoy each day as it swiftly goes by. Soon we will give our work over to younger hands to do, and with the advanced ideas and education of today they ought to do far better work than I can.

But there the [illegible] keep them safely in the straight and narrow way is my wish.

Kindest regards to all.

GRANDMA GRAY.

RECOLLECTIONS OF SCHOOL DAYS.

To the Social Corner Friends: I saw The Corner page was not full last Saturday, so I come again.

Iola: When I attended church in Westminster a Mrs. Ray was my teacher. She lived a short distance up the street west of the church. I cannot remember one of the little girls who were in my class except my own sister. No doubt I knew you at that time, but so many years ago, and circumstances were such I did not keep in touch with those who were children then, so I have forgotten many of them. But I remember the names when I hear them spoken or read them in the paper. I remember Mr. Cortelyou and Miss Sessions; knew that they married, but do not remember one circumstance of the wedding.

Sis: Mary Bradford was my last teacher in the old red schoolhouse. I left Gay Head soon after that term and do not recall that I was ever in the schoolhouse again, only in my dreams. You remember coasting down the long hill. The teacher who had the big sled would take on two girls, and himself to steer. We started at the top of the hill at Capt. Walter Smith's. As we went down the stone walls and fences looked a mere streak. There were no bluejackets along the route to hold us up for speeding, so we just sailed right along down the long hill, across the flat, down the hill where Hart lived, across the brook and partly up the other hill. We did not venture to the top of that hill, for there were aged Lyons up there. Ah, Sis! Surely His angels had charge over us that time, or we would certainly have been dashed to pieces. The days of our childhood, how soon they are past, and now long gone by. The merry children who gathered in and played around the old red schoolhouse are scattered and gone.

Many have been called away, some in their early girlhood, others at the dawn of young womanhood; but few remain that I can place today, and these are grown to grandfathers and grandmothers. Time will bring its changes, and we have to abide by it, so regrets are useless, for

The flowers that I saw in the wildwood
Have since lost their beautiful leaves,
And many dear friends of my childhood
Have slumbered for years in the graves.
But the bloom of the flowers I remember,
Though their smiles I shall never more see,
For the cold, chilly winds of December
Have stolen the flowers, my companions, from me.

With best wishes to all for health and happiness.

WILD CHERRY.

SETTING THE BOY'S TASK

Dear Social Corner Members: Be reasonable in setting the boy's tasks. Remember your own youth and remember that all work and no play will make John a slave and a work hater. Be patient with the boy. Do not expect industry to be a consuming fire with him as yet. Don't worry the boy with old saws and wise sayings on the value of industry. What the boys needs is a fair chance to acquire the habit of industry gradually and naturally. He needs a fair chance more than he needs advice in allopathic doses. He will only learn to work by working. If you worked from sun up to sun down and received nothing but board and clothes would you develop a consuming ambition for work? No. You would say what's the use? Don't give that boy of yours an excuse for sitting down back of the barn and saying with a gloomy frown, What's the use? Not that the boy must be paid for everything he does but let him have a few things of his own and give him a chance to earn a little real money at times. Do unto that boy as you would have that boy do until you if your situation had been reversed. Put yourself in your boy's place. Would you be willing to stay on the farm if you were in his shoes and would you be content with your lot? PAULA

LEMON, AND NUT AND RAISIN PIES

Dear Corner Sisters: One of the writers recently asked for a lemon meringue recipe. This is the way I make mine:

Beat the yolks of three eggs with the white of one egg until thick and lemon-tinted; mix thoroughly three-fourths cup of sugar with four tablespoons of flour and a few grains of salt. Then add egg, mix well and add slowly one pine of hot milk, stirring constantly; add one tablespoon of butter and cook in a double boiler until of the consistency of cream. Remove from range and add gradually the juice of two lemons and the grated rind of one; continue stirring until well blended. Turn mixture into a pie plate line with rich pastry and bake in a moderate oven until the center is firm like custard. If cooked too long and in too hot an oven it will whey. Remove from oven, cool slightly and spread with a meringue made of the remaining white of eggs beaten until stiff with four tablespoons of sugar and one teaspoon of lemon juice. Return to the oven to cook and brown meringue.

Here is a nut and raisin pie which I think you will like. Beat to a cream half a cup of butter and one cup of sugar; stir into this the well beaten yolks of six eggs. Sift one and three-quarter cups of flour with four teaspoons of baking powder and add to the sugar mixture with half a cup of milk. Beat well and flavor with two teaspoons of vanilla. Bake in two large or three medium layer cake tins. When cool, spread layers with raisin cream filling and cover top and sides with almond frosting.

The raisin cream filling is made by mixing one cup of sugar with half a cup of flour; add two slightly beaten eggs and two cups scalded milk. Cook in a double boiler for ten minutes, stirring well. When cool, add one cup of chopped seeded raisins and one teaspoon of almond extract.

For the almond frosting, boil one and one-half cups of sugar with half a cup of water until it will spin a thread when a little is dropped from a spoon. Pour the syrup gradually on to the stiffly beaten whites of two eggs and beat until stiff enough to spread. Add half a teaspoon of vanilla and spread over the top and sides of the pie; sprinkle the frosting with half a cup of chopped toasted almonds. MABS

HINTS AND RECIPES

Dear Social Corner Members: When I want to soften butter to spread it on sandwiches, I find this method O. K. Thoroughly heat a bowl, then turn it over the butter. In a few minutes the butter will soften throughout.

Pour a little boiling water in your bread mixer and cover with a towel for a few minutes until the sticking particles of dough are loosened. The pan can then be washed with surprisingly little labor.

I want to send in a few recipes for you to try.

Pork chops cooked tender: In a frying pan place the chops and cover with cold water season with pepper and salt and boil down until water is gone. They will then fry, turn once or twice, make your gravy same as when you fry without water, and you will have a very tender pork chop.

Old fashioned buttered toast: Beat to a froth 1 cup of butter and 3 tablespoons flour; pour over this one and one-half pints of boiling water; place in double boiler, cook for ten minutes, stirring so there will be no lumps; cut bread in slices 1-2 inch thick, toast light brown and dip.

ETHLYN

INVITATION TO ALL THE CLUBS FOR THE 27TH

Dear Social Corner Editor and Sisters: When I read in last Saturday's Bulletin that Club No. 3 intend to have a meeting the 27th of this month, Claire I, why should not Club No. 4 fall in line and make a month of Social Corner meetings. So I am writing sisters and brothers of all the clubs to meet at my home on Wednesday, the 27th, of this month. Sisters if any of your husbands would like to come bring them along for husband will be at home and will certainly entertain them. The Danielson and Putnam busses and trolleys pass within a few steps of the house, get off at Dayville East Four Corners and look for the Social Corner sign.

I will furnish dishes and drinks and trust to you to bring something store filling.

Uncle Charles: Here is another opportunity for you to take some of the sisters for a ride out into the country.

TWICE TWENTY

CARING FOR YOUR PLANTS.

Dear Corner Members: The winter hasn't been very bad, while the spring has been fine. I cannot complain and I was thinking this morning it has been pretty easy on my plants. They could look better, but that is my fault.

Some of my friends have complained frequently of plant lice. They raise havoc with plants unless they are fought faithfully. I find that tobacco water, tobacco dust, kerosene emulsion and whale oil soap are excellent in treating them. I use them this way:

Tobacco Water: Pour a gallon of boiling water over a pound of tobacco stems and let it stand a day, keeping it warm. Then strain and use as a spray. After an hour, spray again, and dust with tobacco dust (this can be bought). The next day give the plant a bath of carbolic soap suds, followed by a shower of tepid water.

To Use Whale Oil Soap: Dissolve one pound of the soap in five gallons of hot water. Use this as a spray, after which wash the stems of the plants. It is frequently necessary to spray again on the day following the first spraying, as the insects sometimes recover from the first treatment. Three or four sprayings, indeed, are often necessary to kill them. The spray may be applied with a garden syringe or with a whisk broom.

Home-made soaps and good laundry soaps are often as effective as whale-oil soap, so the housekeeper need not despair if she is not able to obtain the regular whale-oil soap for her plants. The following Kerosene Emulsion may also be made with a good laundry soap instead of whale-soap.

Kerosene Emulsion—Hard, soft or whale-oil soap, one-half pound; water, one gallon, kerosene, two gallons. Dissolve the soap in hot water; remove from the fire and while still hot add the kerosene. Pump the liquid back into itself (or agitate in any way) until it becomes a creamy mass. If properly made, the oil will not separate out on cooling. For use in killing plant lice on foliage, dilute with from ten to fifteen parts of water. Crude oil emulsion is made in the same way by substituting crude oil in place of kerosene.

It is best to apply these remedies before the leaves have curled and afford protection for the lice. The underside of the leaves should be hit, in spraying, for it is there that the lice will be found. If the housekeeper does not wish to go to the trouble of spraying her plants with tobacco water, kerosene emulsion or the whale-oil soap preparation, she should burn some tobacco near the plants—or get some man to smoke a pipe near them.

Best wishes to the Corner.

DORIS.

POTLATCH TELLS US ABOUT THE NAME

Dear Corner Folks: I see the old writers are getting busy and I have sure enjoyed the letters in the Corner since the old Tillicums have taken a hand to help fill the Social Corner page. Was twice glad to see a letter from Hettie Maria. It has been a long time since we have had any word from her. I did not forget her on her 90th birthday. And truly even since that age, many changes have come to pass.

We spent a very pleasant Easter day in Seattle. The weather was ideal. We took a long auto drive in the afternoon and went to church in the evening.

Although we have had a delightful winter and the spring is here, we are having some chilly weather yet. I have planted some early garden seed and have quite a few flowers blooming. I am going out to see Sister Wildwood tomorrow. She has been on the sick list for a few days and cannot see well enough to write to the Corner, but loves to hear the letters from the Corner friends. She will be 82 the 25th of April, and is nearly blind.

Some time ago, Blanche wrote a letter explaining the word, or meaning of Potlatch. She was sure correct in her description. The year that I wrote my first letter to the Corner, Seattle for the first time held a white man's Potlatch, and many Indians visited the city at the time. It was quite a disappointment to our red brothers. They said, "White man just graft, 'or take, no give," and it proved true. It was a get-rich-quick scheme, all right. But not as the Indian understood it from his viewpoint. Potlatch should mean "brotherhood and trust."

Blanche mentioned that I might be able to write more about it, but she covered the subject well. The Potlatch colors were white and gold, but the white man's potlatch was a failure. It was celebrated twice and forgotten. There is a small town down the sound on Hood's canal called Potlatch, and a steamer running on the sound named Potlatch, and I am sure the Cornerites will decide this is a Potlatch letter.

We will truly miss Aunt Mary's dear letters. She must have been a loving soul. Was glad to read a letter from Papa's Boy.

Joan: We found your doughnuts molds with spuds just fine.

The Corner is getting better all the time, and there are so many new members.

I reckon it is time to quit so with best wishes to all our big family, north, south, east and west I am still

OLD POTLATCH

DARNING UNDERWEAR

Dear Social Corner Editor and Sisters: I do enjoy reading the different letters and shall surely miss Aunt Mary's letters.

Sometimes we really want a change but it was never thus with Aunt Mary's letters.

To darn underwear thoroughly and neatly, procure some what mosquito netting, tack on sufficient to cover the thin place and darn through the net, taking every other hole (basket fashion) with the usual mending wool or silk and a fine darning needle.

PETERKINS

HOW I MEND OVERALLS.

Dear Editor and Social Corner Sisters: It is so long since I have written to The Corner that I feel like a stranger, although I have attended some of the meetings and read all the letters. There are so many new writers and as a page of instruction it is second to none. Each one is an artist in their own way, and I dare say there are helps and facts in the page every week that no one knew except the one sending it in. We are never too old to learn.

I want to tell you how I mend overalls when they are so worn you think they are useless. Rip open the outside seam of the leg up to the pocket. Take the back part of an old pair and cut the back of the leg out, lay it over the worn ones and stitch down on the machine. I can rebuild a pair in this manner in an hour's time. Patches can be put on the coat very easy on the machine while the leg seam is ripped open.

Club No. 3 plans to hold a meeting in Grange hall, Lebanon, April 20, and we hope to see a good company from the other clubs. Please bring the usual dishes and something for dinner and a friend or two. It is a good auto road all the way to the hall, which is right in the center of the town. I hope all of Club 3 will attend and bring their friends.

Hoping for a pleasant day, I will close.

HILLA LOU.

WORDS OF SYMPATHY

Dear Social Corner Sisters: I feel I must write the Corner Sisters and loved ones of Floradora at this time a line of sympathy if I am not too late.

I recall the many happy pleasant hours L. H. K. and myself spent together in childhood and especially in the Old Brunswick school house. We had a dear teacher and only pleasant memories of her and our dear sister who has so suddenly left us cling to my memory. The writer had never heard an unkind word or action even in childhood, and such a sweet, calm, merry way endeared her to all who knew or met her.

It seems as if Easter has a deeper, sweeter meaning this year. Although a little late, may this Easter season left a great song of thanksgiving from God's children who are still on this earth, that all who are and have trusted God's Son are eternally precious in His sight, and shall be redeemed. God is saying to us that we sorrow not, even as the rest who have no hope, "Wherefore comfort ye one another with these words!"

"We laid the dear fair young form away
On the green hillside at the close of day,
And over and around we spread
Roses—Roses.
The sun, down dropping to his bed
Paused, to flood the hill with light;
When lo; a sudden lovely flight,
Of butter flies among those posies,
Flitting and fluttering
As if a secret uttering:
"Life again, after life closes."

Best wishes to all,

SPRY BIRD

CRIMSON RAMBLER'S GREETINGS

Dear Corner Folks: How do you all do this lovely morning? All well, I hope.

Balsam Fir: Do you know how a great writer in the state of Maine whose pen name is "Flyred." If so, will you tell me what you know of her. She is a great writer. I have her name and address. She writes for one of the papers you have so often spoken of.

Amello: Was glad to meet you once again at the Buckingham Memorial.

Dearie: So sorry you and Rural Delivery could not have attended the performance at the Hippodrome. It was great. I'll take you the next time I go if you wish.

Wildflower: How are the twins, the two motherless little babes?

How sorry you must have felt for them. Glad they found such a good home as you can give them. Be patient with them and if you don't get your reward just now you certainly will in the near future. Is this one on the twins

Marigold, Bob White, Prudy, Married and Happy, and others: How did you enjoy the discussion on dress reform at the last meeting? Was it up to date or did it not appeal to all those who heard it? I think that Marigold was of the same opinion as myself.

Joan: How did you enjoy your recent trip? I saw you out riding one day recently. Your message has been delivered to the party at the foot of the hill and they said there would consider that proposition.

Here is good luck to the Social Corner. Long may it flourish.

CRIMSON RAMBLER.

SAVING ORANGE AND LEMON PEEL.

Social Corner Family and Editor: From present conditions the loafers' hour is coming. I was feeling quite chipper thinking we were to have standard time. Now the morning meal is going back to winter hours instead of sunlight, another mixup with trains and clocks.

J. H. T.: Your letter reminded me of war days when fruit was high priced, and since.

If one has a patent paring knife a thin peeling can be removed from oranges and lemons without much of the bitter part and dried, but chopping it quite fine and drying it in the oven I like it better. Kept a jar of it is nice for pies and puddings being more convenient than gratings. Recently I have read about rhubarb being of such a sour nature no weeds will grow near it. That makes it a good vegetable to cultivate, saves time and labor. If one has a small garden on a hill side near the house where only grass grows, why not dig some pockets and set the roots in and utilize the waste land? Or part of the hen yard could be placed on it and give the hens exercise scratching it down or taking a slide down.

Much sympathy for those who are ill and in sorrow of our dear ones passed on.

BLANCHE.

THE MOST POPULAR WOMAN.

Dear Editor and Sisters of the Social Corner: As the Corner page was not filled last week I thought I would send in a letter this week.

The meeting on the sixth was the first I have attended at the Buckingham Memorial. I must say I had a very nice time as every one seemed to make it so pleasant. I also met many strange faces but every one was so sociable that they did not seem as strangers to me.

I wish the sisters of the Corner would add their bit this week and fill the page to its capacity.

Speaking of the most popular woman I think the one who is always trying to do her bit and always ready to lend a helping hand to those in need. She is not conceited and always up to the minute in thoughts and deeds and if we give the best we have, what more can we do? I will not write any more on the subject but will come again.

Black Eyed Susie: I do not know who you are but I am glad you agree with me about having only one by the same penname. There are many names to choose from and we do not want what belongs to others. Am glad you have a little girl in your home called Sunshine and how you must love her. May God bless that little bud and may she be spared to you. I had a little girl in my home but a Higher Power called her to summer-land, a little bud to bloom in heaven.

Best wishes to all Corner sisters.

RED CLOVER.

RECIPE FOR RAISIN COOKIES.

Dear Social Corner Friends: I hope you all had a pleasant and happy Easter. It is not always necessary to have pleasant weather for us to enjoy ourselves. I have had just as good a time at the Buckingham Memorial when it was raining hard. A great deal depends upon ourselves.

This world is not so bad a world
As some would like to make it.
It all depends upon ourselves
Just how we like to take it.

I am sending in an old recipe for raisin cookies that I sent in a long time ago. Social Corner Sister Elizabeth has tried it and likes it very much. She called my attention to it in last week's paper. There may be others who have not seen it. It has been well tested.

One cup of sugar, one-half cup shortening, one egg, one-half cup of milk, three and one-half cups flour, two teaspoons cream tartar, one of soda, one of nutmeg.

Filling—One cup chopped raisins, one-half cup sugar, one tablespoon flour, one-half cup water. Boil until it is thick, then cool and spread between two layers of the mixture.

How do you all like this April blizzard? I rode six miles in a sleigh on the tenth of April once up near Norwich.

Best wishes for all from

DOM PEDRO.

HULDY CONVALESCING.

Dear Corner Friends: I think you will be interested to know that I am better and hope soon to be well again. I have been ill about seven weeks, four of which were spent in a hospital. I am now in a convalescent house, for a short time. It is a lovely place, on high ground and the air and view all fine. There is a large sun parlor for cool days, and plenty of shade trees around the grounds, for hot days, so it is an ideal place for sick people.

I wish to thank all who so kindly remembered me with letters and cards during my illness. I appreciated them all very much.

I hope to see many of the sisters this summer while visiting in and near Willimantic. I shall sadly miss dear Aunt Mary and her helpful letters. She was a saint on earth and to know her was to love her.

I was also deeply grieved over the death of Floradora. She was a fine Christian girl, so full of life and fun. She will be greatly missed by her many friends. I wish to extend my sympathy to the families of our dear sisters and to all who are in sorrow or suffering.

Samantha: Thanks for your interest. Please address to Mt. Vernon street, Winchester, Mass., till May 15, when I shall be changing about for awhile.

Greetings to all.

HULDY.

VISITING OLD TIME SCENES.

Dear Editor and Social Corner Sisters: I always add the word "sisters" for I like the word and enjoy writing it. It always makes me feel nearer to you all.

Aunt Mary's Daughter: Accept my sympathy. She will be missed in the Corner.

I was shocked when I heard of Floradora's death. She was always so pleasant when I met her. Mrs. Clara Tinker was a friend of mine for many years. When I had trouble she was always one of the first to come and do her bit. I sat with her at the table at Club No. 1's meeting, the last one she ever attended.

In February I visited the place where I was born and went to church. Not one familiar face did I see. I was a stranger to all present, but not a stranger in the church.

There is now a pipe organ that took the place of the cabinet organ. The only thing about that was not changed was the outside. At my old home one of the trees that has been a landmark for years is gone. How many times I played under it! Its mate stands, tall and stately, but looked very lonely. The brown house I once lived in is painted yellow now, but it will always be the little brown home to me.

Lucy Acorn: What a lovely stove you must have. I am on the move now so much I have no woodbox, only a memory of one that made the Social Corner page ring with laughter and fun.

I wish to thank Social Corner member for a very pretty calendar received.

With best wishes to all I remain,

SISTER READY.

ANOTHER ANSWER TO THE ROLL CALL.

Dear Social Cornerites: After reading so many letters, though I would tell you about spending a Sunday at Gales Ferry. Dorinda having a friend there whom she had not visited for many years, took her hubby and went along with us. We had a pleasant day and a nice ride. Arriving at the friend's house we were cordially welcomed, and soon were seated at the table filled with good things for dinner. Can almost taste the squash pie now! After dinner we walked about a quarter of a mile to see the largest oak tree in eastern Connecticut. It is about 32 feet in circumference. We rested awhile under the tree, then returned to the house. While at the house we were shown a bench made to the side of the house in the kitchen. George Washington sat on this bench when he took his meals at this place, as the house used to be an old inn. We were also shown where the men rode horseback through a hallway and stopped at two high windows to get their drink.

Chub: Am only waiting to get another chance to be nurse girl. Hope to see you and H. M. L. April 20th.

Grace: Have you been to N—— yet? Wish you could come to Lebanon April 20.

My name was taken from a dialogue that my daughter took part in at school.

MALVINA.

GREETINGS FROM NARRAGANSETT.

Dear Social Corner Sisters and Friends: It is some time since I have written, but have read The Corner every week, and was able to attend one of the meetings held in Buckingham Memorial last month.

H. M. L.: I am wondering if I haven't been to your home on two occasions? Yes, I have gone to L— for the summer.

Dorinda: We miss your letters to The Corner. Have not met you on Broadway for some time. Don't forget and use your pen as it will get rusty if you give up writing.

Great Grandma: Have you got your rugs done?

Aunt Sarah: See you are going to have a meeting of the Lebanon club. Hope all will have a good time.

Cherisette: Are you still sewing?

As all the sisters have told why they chose their penname, will tell how I got mine. Narragansett is my ancestors' native place, so that is why I took that for my name.

NARRAGANSETT.

CHOP SUEY FOR POULTRY.

Dear Editor and Social Corner Friends: A keeper of a dozen fowl near me dries all the vegetable peelings, chops them fine and mixes them in some bran and a little sour milk. If only a spoonful is available it sticks the mash together. This she calls chop suey.

Tommy Tucker is a handsome White Leghorn and comes promptly when called at the head of his flock. No smelly pails or unsightly pans greet the visitors' eyes. The full basket of white eggs makes one think of omelets, poached and scrambled eggs, custard pie, custard in cups, sponge cake, etc.

Blanche: Come up and we will go see these beauties.

They say this is mating weather. I hope every single member of the Social Corner will marry this year. But don't invite me. Presents cost money, and I cannot get even. J. E. T.

RECIPES BY APPLE BLOSSOM.

Dear Social Corner Members: I am sending some recipes which I hope you will try.

Sour Milk Cake: One cup of sugar, one cup of molasses, one cup of lard, one cup of sour milk, one teaspoon saleratus, one-half teaspoon cinnamon, one-half teaspoon cloves, one-half teaspoon raisins.

Sponge Cake: One cup of sugar, five tablespoons cold water, two eggs, one-quarter teaspoon salt, one teaspoon lemon juice, one cup flour, two teaspoons of baking powder.

Hot Milk Sponge Cake: Beat one cup of sugar, two eggs, one-half cup of hot milk, one cup of flour, flavor with lemon, two teaspoons baking powder, little salt.

APPLE BLOSSOM.

RECIPE FOR DEVIL CAKE.

Dear Social Corner Folks: What a nice time we all had April 6! It was such a lovely day and so many were out to dinner. I missed Lucy Acorn, and others I knew, but got acquainted with many new ones. I got my book most full. It sure is rightly named, Social Corner. I think Stillwater's idea a good one. So hope each one will bring fancy work, or something for the social hour.

Will some of the sisters send a recipe for dainy wine? I have a devil cake. I will send. Hope you will try it. One cup sugar, two teaspoons of cocoa, or chocolate dissolved in one third cup boiling water, half cup of shortening, one egg, half cup milk, one teaspoon soda, one teaspoon vinegar, one teaspoon vanilla, and one and one-half cup of flour.

Hope to see you all next month.

CELIA LOUISE.

ANOTHER RAISED CAKE RECIPE.

Dear Editor: I was invited to the Social Corner meeting and enjoyed it immensely and would like to be counted a member.

I am sending you a recipe for raised cake—a favorite with everyone who samples it.

After rising over night and ready to be placed in bread tins, take two cups of the dough, add one cup sugar, one egg, one-cup shortening work all together with the hand. When very smooth add one teaspoon baking powder, a little salt, one teaspoon of vanilla and one of lemon and a little nutmeg.

Bake at once.

Best luck.

POLLYANNA No. 2.

MARIGOLD SEEDS FOR THOSE WHO WANT

Dear Social Corner Sisters: Have been trying to find time to write a few lines to thank you for answering my queries?

Thank you Gotham for telling how to press a box pleated skirt. It worked fine.

I wonder if there are any sisters that would like some marigold seed? I have a quantity of double and single that I will send to any one wishing some.

When I think of Kitty Lou and those 35 shirts it near takes my breath away. I certainly enjoy her letters they are so instructive.

Kindest regards to all.

WADO

GREETINGS FROM SWEET WILLIAM

Dear Editor and Corner Sisters: What lovely spring days we are having. It does seem so good to have the lovely sunshine and to have doors and windows open. I have been very busy this winter and spring to get sewing done for my four girls.

They are now too big to sleep on what was Sister Ready's woodbox.

Am sorry to hear of the loss of three of our members. Mrs. Clara Tinker was a friend of mine, and her death was a shock to me.

I trust it will be so I can attend some of our gatherings some time.

Best wishes to all.

SWEET WILLIAM.

ENJOYED CLUB MEETING

To the Social Corner and Editor: My first visit to the Social Corner club I enjoyed very much. Meeting so many I knew made the day pass very pleasantly and soon it was time to return home. I hope to meet with the sisters again and send best wishes to the Social Corner.

GUSTA

Simsbury.—Miss Mary Phelps Ensign, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph R. Ensign of Simsbury, will make her formal debut at a dance which her parents will give in her honor at the Hartford Golf club April 22.

The Daily Delight
Millions enjoy the Matchless Qualities of
"SALADA"
ORANGE PEKOE TEA
because of its exquisite flavor

CANTERBURY PLAINS

John Crofts of Hanover was a caller on the Plains Sunday and preached at the M. E. church.

The W. C. T. U. met with Miss Grace Dawley Wednesday afternoon. Nine members and four visitors were present.

A party of 16 visited at the home of Miss Frederica Olney Sunday afternoon among them being Rev. Charles Bromley and daughter of Lisbon.

Gentlemen's night at the grange will be held May 4 instead of April 30 as was expected.

Several from the Plains attended a party given Annie Ladd at Gay Head.

Arthur Kinnie was very much surprised on his 18th birthday, Monday evening, April 11, by neighbors and friends from the Green, Hyde district and the Plains. The evening was spent in playing games and in dancing. Cake, coffee, peanuts and oranges were served.

If the rumors of June weddings are true, we shall have to have several new teachers in town.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Cooley and two children have arrived from New York at the home of Mr. Cooley's parents.

Mrs. Coy, who has been living in the house bought by Walter Sager at the Green, has moved to the bungalow owned by William Barker.

John Grabb of Providence spent Sunday with his parents.

Mrs. Hansen is ill.

Mrs. E. P. Sabins was in Norwich Saturday on business.

Mr. and Mrs. Martin Bushnell have arrived home from Plainfield, where they have been visiting at the home of Irving Smith.

WAUREGAN

Miss Ruth Pepler returned Monday from a week's vacation spent in New Bedford, Mass.

Several local people attended the meeting of the Eastern Star in Danielson on Wednesday evening.

Hartford.—Miss Gertrude H. Ware, recently a visitor in this city, is arranging to present the negro musical pageant The Open Door, given here in March, in the Auditorium in Springfield April 30.

THOUGHT SHE HAD HEART DISEASE

"FRUIT-A-TIVES" Made Complete Cure of Stomach Trouble

MRS. FRANK W. WALLACE

Moultonville, Carroll Co., N. H.

"An account I read about 'Fruit-a-tives' or Fruit Liver Tablets in one of our newspapers prompted me to try this remedy.

I was all run down and work was burdensome owing to Indigestion and Fullness, due to gas on my stomach which caused me to belch a good deal. My heart seemed to be affected.

It was two years ago that I was in this condition and began the use of 'Fruit-a-tives'. Even though the trouble had been of a few years standing, the use of 'Fruit-a-tives' proved the very remedy I required. I was freed of the Indigestion, which I attributed to my heart; and I can conscientiously recommend 'Fruit-a-tives' as a remedy of merit".

Mrs. FRANK W. WALLACE.

50c. a box, 6 for $2.50, trial size 25c. At dealers or from FRUIT-A-TIVES Limited, OGDENSBURG, N. Y.

CUTICURA HEALS SKIN TROUBLE

Face Covered With Large Pimples. Itched and Burned Badly.

"My face was covered with large pimples which were very sore. They itched and burned so badly that I could not sleep, and my face was disfigured. The trouble lasted about three weeks before I began using Cuticura Soap and Ointment and after using two cakes of Cuticura Soap and two boxes of Cuticura Ointment I was completely healed." (Signed) Miss Blanche Dubé, 141 Franklin Ave., Arlington, R. I.

Clear the pores of impurities by daily use of Cuticura Soap and occasional touches of Cuticura Ointment as needed to soften, soothe and heal. They are ideal for the toilet as is also Cuticura Talcum for powdering and perfuming the skin.

Sample Each Free by Mail. Address: "Cuticura Laboratories, Dept. B, Malden 48, Mass." Sold everywhere. Soap 25c. Ointment 25 and 50c. Talcum 25c. Cuticura Soap shaves without mug.

FINE ASSORTMENT
—OF—
Pullman Carts and Go-Carts
FOR CHILDREN
AT ATTRACTIVE PRICES
SEE WINDOW DISPLAY.

HOURIGAN BROS.
COMPLETE HOME FURNISHERS
62-66 Main Street Norwich
Finn's Block Jewett City