THE SOCIAL CORNER

A SMALL FORTUNE AND HAPPINESS IS BETTER THAN A GREAT ONE AND MISERY.

SOCIAL CORNER POETRY

The kindliest thing God ever made,
His hand of very healing laid
Upon a fevered world, is Shade.

His glorious company of trees
Throw out their mantles and on these
The dust stained wanderer finds ease.

Green temples closed against the heat
Of noon time's blinding glare and heat,
Open to any pilgrim's feet.

The white road blisters in the sun;
Now, half the weary journey done,
Enter and rest, O, weary one!

And feel the dew of down still wet,
Beneath thy feet and forget
The burning highway's ache and fret.

This is God's hospitality,
And who so rests beneath a tree,
Hath cause to thank Him gratefully.

By Theodosia Garrison
Sent in by Balsam Fir

June

When the day seems all too rare,
Hours for toil or sleep to spare;
When wherever we may go,
Sights and sound come sweet and low;
Song of birds and hum of bees,
Leaves astir in gentle breeze;
Gushing spring in each shady nook;
Velvet turf with gold inlaid,
Where the dandelion strayed;
Garden beds where fragrant bloom
Yields a sweet, faint perfume;
Soft, translucent, turquoise skies,
Where great golden suns arise
And sinking, slow to noon and eve;
Whippoorwills that sadly grieve
Through the short, sweet, dewy night—
Dark, yet filled with tender light;
Showers rains, whose soft caress
All the fields and gardens bless;
Stately trees, lifting high
Their proud beauty to the sky;
Loud, shrill laughter far and nigh
Where the happy children play—
What need we of calendar
When we would give name to her
Who upon earth like this in June?
All the best, enchanting June!

JUNETTE M. LOWATER

ANSWERS AND INQUIRIES.

The letter in last week's Corner page which appeared over the signature Corn- should have been signed Comfort.

LEBANON BROWNIE: Your name has been added to the Social Corner membership list.

MARCELLA: Always room for more. Your name has been added.

BETSY BOBBETT: Letter was mailed you first of month. If not received let us know. Have I your correct address?

CLUB NUMBER 2 MEETS JUNE 29.

Dear Social Corner Sisters: Although being been silent for a long time I would like to express a few words of appreciation on Club No. 2 for the flowers sent to Joyful Star. Sometime since I called at the hospital to see her and while there she said she was not able to write and therefore she wished me to send a few words of appreciation for her to the members who had been so thoughtful during her recent illness.

Grandma II: Hope you will be able to meet with us the 29th. You can "judge" us and see us now.

Will close now, hoping to see you one and all at the next meeting of Club No. 2 on the 29th.

CHORE GIRL.

ANOTHER NEW MEMBER.

Dear Editor and Corner Sisters: I would like to join if there is still room. There seem as an invited guest to several of the Social Corner gatherings and have enjoyed them very much. Will take the name of

LEBANON BROWNIE.

HOW TO GET RID OF BATS.

Dear Sisters of Social Corner: Since meeting with you June 1st when you were so kind to me, I feel like calling you dear sisters. A month has passed since I wrote last, so it is time I sent you a line.

Beautiful June—the month of roses and lilies and singing birds—is with us again and what delightful weather we are having. The "seven girl graduates" and the June brides are so very happy—the one to receive her diploma and the other her husband. The three school teachers are planning for their vacation and a rest at the seashore or mountains. One of the sisters asked why the new members did not write something funny, keep in my tracks I always saw the funny side of everything, but confess I don't see quite as much today—but it is a good thing to laugh and have fun.

I will tell you of an afternoon I spent a few weeks ago. I have some little chicks I am caring for and one day found they were coop in the wood pile to hi them scratch. At noon hubby told me my chicks were out. I found they had used their little legs so vigorously they had made a way out and I did not blame them. They seemed so happy and had no idea of going back to confinement so I took my easy chair and my tatting and went out and sat near them, thinking I was scarecrow enough to keep the hawks from them. I made stitches and sewed on a handkerchief, and two callers who liked my sky parlor and so spent the afternoon in the lovely outdoor air and sunshine and listened to the amusing birds which was good for me, and also I saved my chicks.

Another day I was washing my lamp chimneys when I heard a great racket overhead. It gave me such a start I dropped my chimney. It sounded like an army of rats running wild. I had not had a rat in the house for years and I said I can't allow rats in my house. I had heard that rats would run from the sound of bells so I went to the barn and brought in a long string of large sleigh bells. I went up stairs and walked back and forth and shook the bells. All was quiet but in the night I heard them again and got up and rang the bells and I have not heard them since.

Yesterday I read this item in The Bulletin: "When a married man has to use a nail to connect his trousers with his suspenders it's a sure sign he drew a blank in the matrimonial lottery."

So when Hubby came in the house I asked him if he had to attach his suspenders to his pants with a nail and he said not why? And I told him I wanted to know if I was a blank. He looked surprised and asked my meaning. Then I laughed and he said, "Oh, only some of your nonsense."

I suppose the sisters are enjoying long rides motoring over the country. I have taken several and have the promise of many more. Glad the sister liked my recipe for sponge cake.

Hope Nellie Sly will not have to work so hard at the next meeting. I thank her for her kindness to me. I appreciate the invitation to call on Delilah Deal and hope to accept some day.

Now, sisters, let us sing and be happy and brighten up the corner where we are while we have an opportunity.

If our editor thinks this too silly to print and throws it in the waste basket I shall not be offended.

Yours with best wishes.

GRANDMA GRAY.

MAY PARTIES FOR NEW YORK CHILDREN.

Dear Editor and Social Corner Sisters: While on a visit to New York about three weeks ago, it was my pleasure to witness a May party of children, boys and girls of tender years, slowly wending their way to Central Park, across Columbus Circle, and I wondered if the scene would be familiar to any of our sisters and perhaps they could recall the time when they, too, walked side by side as did these little ones passing through the Sixtieth street gate. Along the west drive, past the sheepfold, to their destination on the common.

The Maypole was gayly decorated in red, white and blue with long streamers extending from the top and each streamer held by a small girl or boy.

The king carried the pole, his little queen, all in white, walking by his side, the small maid of honor carrying the wreath. The proud mothers brought up the rear with a most generous supply of refreshments, regardless of the high cost of living.

The little girls were all dolled out in bright colored ginghams, spick and span, their merry faces wreathed in smiles, while the boys were conspicuous in white blouses and small white caps. They were good to look at and let me say right here that little old New York with all its hustle and bustle was none too busy to give right of way to the little pleasure seekers. Handsome touring cars halted in their mad rush, to look on, and the people passing along the streets were likewise attracted.

If by chance any of our sisters ever attended one of these May parties they can look back in fancy to the simple ceremony of crowning the queen. The king and queen standing at the May pole, surrounded by the streamers bearers forming a canopy, while the other children danced in and out between, singing merrily. And if you can remember what a terrible heartbreak it was, if it rained cats and dogs on the day appointed for your party, for that sometimes meant an indefinite postponement, as each party were compelled to receive a permit from the city authorities to avoid confliction. Moreover, these were not Sunday school affairs, but neighborhood gatherings and the children coming from the lower part of the city were often conveyed to Central Park in large furniture vans, packed in like sardines—standing room only. Many times politicians gave parties to the children of their assembly districts which were gotten up on a grand scale. Brass bands, etc., and everything in the line of refreshments, from soup to nuts—money no object. Our recent war has wrought changes and the parties are now but few and far between.

I also noticed the children of the public school residing in the upper part of New York, north of 125th street were allowed out in the open during recess instead of being confined to the stuffy play yard, and along St. Nicholas and Morningside avenue, also Broadway, the smaller children could be seen romping to their hearts content. While the larger ones went for walks, marching in line, two by two, accompanied by their teachers, and showing good discipline.

Wade: I am glad to know your pleated skirt was a success.

GOTHAM.

RHUBARB AND RAISIN PIE

Dear Social Corner Sisters: I have been a shut-in for six weeks, and so had to miss two of the meetings. But hope I can come to the July one and do my part.

Calla Lily: I am sorry I could not ask you when I promised; but Tula told you how it was. I wish I could be with you today on a picnic. Glad you had such a pleasant day. I want to thank the sisters for their kind thoughts sent me, at the death of my dear father.

Lavender: Wake up and write again. I have a nice receipe, sent me, so I will pass it along and hope some of the sisters will try it:

One cup of rhubarb cut in small pieces will peel on, one-half cup of raisins, one cup sugar, quarter cup water, sift a little flour over and put on crust, bake slow. It is very nice.

Long live the Social Corner.

CELIA LOUISE

RULES THAT DIDN'T WORK

Dear Corner Sisters and Editor: Scan these rules in the handwriting of a California minister, that were posted in the home whose wife obtained a divorce on the grounds of cruelty.

During the hot season front porch light should be left burning on moonless evenings and dim in front room any night; no other light burning indoors.

Wet broom before sweeping; dry shoes in bedroom. The hose must not be crumpled up any old way on the side walk. Bath room must be free for use within half an hour after I get up; no water must be taken from any faucet in or outside the house while in use.

No dishes or cooking utensils must be left standing around in the house.

Kitchen must never be used as a sitting room or resting place at any time day or night; only used for cooking purpose. No offensive noises while at the telephone during cooking hours.

No music or singing when in my room alone or with callers.

Entrance into my study or bedroom is prohibited whether door is open or not on permission only. First knock gently and wait patiently for answer; always excuse yourself and address with "please." Make no inquiries as to what I ate or drank or what I did in any time or place.

Things in my room must never be disturbed.

Bed must be covered and fixed nicely every day before starting anything else in the house. No laziness shoes are to be worn about the house except in the bedroom. Appear always neatly dressed. Aprons being used only while washing; must be taken off the very minute work is completed.

Calendar must be kept in bedroom.

Pictures of yourself or your relatives must be kept strictly in bedrooms.

I have condensed the above but have given the several points.

BLANCHE

GREETINGS FROM GRACE

Dear Cornerites: Have just finished reading the Corner page. The past few weeks it is more interesting than ever.

Blossom: Did you receive my letter? Wasn't sure of the address. It is hard to find words to express ourselves at such times, but you have our deepest sympathy.

Delian Deal: You did have a nice birthday. So did I. Betsy Trotwood and a friend drove down from Stafford to help celebrate, bringing a lovely cake, covered with pink candles, to count them made you realize you had lived a few years on this good old earth. Then came a lovely shower, including several cards from Corner sisters, one from North Franklin with no name signed and Grace done in gilt. I want to thank you one and all. I'm as deeply touched by the kind remembrance. Am sorry I lost my paper with the dates on, so have no way of remembering others.

Pa: Why not sign the name Inez as I knew you by in olden times.

Was very sorry to miss Remember's picnic. Could not possibly do it this year.

Lucy Acorn: Wish I knew just where you lived. A short time ago I must have been within a mile or so of you. Would have been glad to have stopped a while. May be out that way again. You certainly have a flock of hens. I take after you in being contented.

Aunt No. 1: How are your "babies?" Mine are doing well what I have but the quack quacks are doing bitter.

Hancie: Write again.

Theoda: Several weeks ago Mr. "Grace" and I rode by your place, you were out helping to get the cows in. He waved to you as I did not know you lived there and was past before I recognized you. Did you think he was flirting. No Social Corner smile then. Ha ha.

GRACE

OLD ORCHARD BEACH

Dear Social Corner Friend: I cannot think of anything more beautiful than nature at this time of year, so will write about a very interesting place called Old Orchard Beach.

Old Orchard, the magnificent surf bathing beach, is also reached through Portland, being only eleven miles distant. There is frequent train and trolley service, the electric cars connecting with the Grand Trunk trains. Thousands of happy people enjoy each year their vacation at Old Orchard. Discriminating travelers declare that its stretch of sand, its tumultuous surf and its magnificent bathing facilities are unequalled anywhere in the world.

The beach is three miles in length and is wide and firm. The green Atlantic comberg beat in on the beach, losing their power as they sweep over the great tract of sand. The bathing is equally safe for adults and children. There just out from the center of the beach a fine piner with theatre ,etc.

All the pleasures which go to make up a real seashore holiday can be found at Old Orchard, in addition to the unexcelled bathing with donkey rides to delight the hearts of children, splendid motor roads, a wide variety of sea foods and equable climate. Old Orchard took its name from an orchard which covered a large area of land. It is a place worth going a long ways to see. In 1913 there was an auto race on the beach. I never saw anything like it. Where the water had receded the sand was as hard as concrete. And how those racers did fly over the sand. Enough for this time. Best regards to everybody.

BALSAM FIR

ACTION WANTED FROM OTHERS

Dear Members of the Corner: It has been a lon gtime since I have had a place on the Corner page. I don't like to write letters extra well and the letters to the Corner are still harder to write.

I was quite disappointed at not being able to attend the picnic at Remember Me's, but was impossible this year. I am glad you had such a good day for it.

Right here I want to thank Necia, Chick-a-dee, Hancie and the other Corner members for the pretty birthday cards which I received from them.

Chic-a-dee: I hope you got home all right the other day. You didn't have any other trouble with the car, did you?

Betsy Trotwood: Did you get home before morning or was the ice cream frozen too much for you? I hope you are none the worse for your trip. We certainly enjoy having you drive in. Come down again when you can stay longer.

Aunty No. 1: Don't you want me to come down and pain your "driver?"

Harriet: When are you coming down to see us? We don't live far apart. How are your babies growing, the baby rabbits included?

Slim Jim: Where are you? Get your pen in running order and give us a bit o' fun.

Biddy: Come, it is time you cackled again and there is Pop-Over. Time for her to move.

Best wishes to the Corner.

BETSY

HOW TO MAKE MARSHMALLOW

Dear Editor and Sisters of the Social Corner: In last week's paper one of the sisters wrote for a recipe for marshmallow cake, so will write my way of making it. One-half cup butter, one cup sugar, 2 eggs, one cup milk, two and one-half cups flour, three level teaspoons baking powder, one-third level teaspoon salt, one teaspoon vanilla extract. Beat the butter and sugar to a cream; add the yolks of the eggs well beaten, the milk, and then the flour, salt and baking powder sifted together twice. Next, put in the vanilla and beat the cake well, then fold in gently the whites of the eggs whipped to a stiff froth. Bake in two layer cake pans about twenty minutes, and put together with marshmallow filling. Three-fourths cup sugar, one-fourth cup milk, one-fourth pound marshmallows, two tablespoons water, one teaspoon vanilla. Put the sugar and milk into a saucepan, bring to the boiling point and boil six minutes without stirring. Melt the marshmallows in a double boiler, add the boiling water and cook till smooth; then add the hot syrup, beat while adding. Add the vanilla and beat till cool enough to spread. Use for both filling and frosting.

For a quick plain frosting without boiling use one and one-half cups of powdered sugar with enough hot water to make a stiff mixture, then add marshmallow until thin enough to spread. Flavor with vanilla or other flavor. Two squares of chocolate added to the above make a soft chocolate frosting.

Hope to meet some of the sisters at Canterbury Bell's. It will be good exercise climbing the hill.

RED WING.

LOOKING UP OTHER WRITERS

Dear Editor and Sisters: Was very much blessed to see how prompt was the response to my last letters from some old friends. Now, Valentine and Hannah Who it is your turn. Do let us hear from you.

And as that letter was written merely to express my thoughts and feelings on the subject of duplicate pennames perhaps you can imagine my surprise when I opened the paper last month and read my name among the prize winners.

Aunty: I think you had better send directions for that lace to the Corner. Probably others besides myself would like to make it. What number thread did you say you used?

Biscuit: Where are those cake and cookie recipes?

May: Have you got your collar done yet? I haven't touched a crochet hook since I got home. Still housecleaning.

I wonder if Remember Me would save me a few seeds from that purple columbine which I saw growing at the end of her porch by the steps? It is like one I used to have years ago. I had planned on getting one on my visit to my old home last year, but found it had all died out.

To the new writer who signed herself Lavender why not add "Vera" to it, as we already have a Lavendar, also a Sweet Lavender. I wonder if the latter is still living? She has not written for years.

BETSY BOBBET

RECIPES BY PAULA.

Dear Social Corner Sisters: I am sending a few recipes:

Strawberries and Pineapple Jam—Pare the pineapples and pick them into small pieces with a fork. Boil the pieces in a little water until the pineapple is tender. Make a heavy syrup and drop in the pineapple while it is boiling. Continue the boiling for 10 minutes; then drop in firm, slightly under-ripe strawberries that have been washed and stemmed. Continue the boiling very slowly 10 or 15 minutes longer. Seal the jam in jars.

Preserved Cherries and Currants—To four quarts of seeded cherries add one quart of stemmed currants and five quarts of sugar. After the sugar dissolves, cook the mixture slowly for 30 minutes. Put the preserves into family jelly glasses and cover them with melted paraffine.

Olived Cherries—Fill jars with cherries, only perfect ones with stems; boil together vinegar and salt in proportion of one cup of vinegar to two level tablespoons salt. Pour this liquid over the cherries after it has cooled, filling the jars to overflowing. Seal.

PAULA.

CANTERBURY BELL ENTERTAINS JUNE 22

Dear Editor and Cornerites: Have you room for another member? I am greatly interested in the Corner and have attended many of the social gatherings and would like to be one of the happy members.

The next meeting to be held, I believe is that of Canterbury Bell's, which will be at her home.

For those who walk, take the Yantic car, and get off at the Bean Hill green, cross the green and you then go straight up Huntington avenue. It is about one-half mile or 15 minutes' walk.

I am personally acquainted with Canterbury Bell, and know her to be a perfect hostess, and as her grounds are ideal for a gathering, let us hope to see a large crowd, the more the merrier.

Those who are interested in flowers should not miss it, as the hostess has almost any kind of flowers, whether annual or perennial, and the grounds will be in their beauty at this time.

Don't forget the date, June 22nd, if pleasant.

Lucy Anne: I will be looking for you. Do you know me?

Best wishes to all.

You Corner sister,

MARCELLA

MISPRINT OF NAME

Dear Sisters of the Social Corner: Please don't think I am taking all the room on the Social Corner page, or have changed my name. I don't intend to do either. I wrote last week and signed my name Comfort as I supposed, but when the letter was printed it was Corner, presume it was a misprint. It looked as though Comfort had gone in the Corner. Hope to see one and all of the Social Corner sisters at Canterbury Bell's June 22nd.

COMFORT

PICNIC AT CANTERBURY BELL'S JUNE 22ND

Dear Editor and Social Corner Sisters, Delilah Deal, Grandma II., Inez, Marigold, Bob White Theoda, Scottie B. B. and lots of others who can walk a short distance and those who cannot remember June 22 and for those who cannot walk, I will send to meet you at the 10 and 10.30 car from the square, at Bean Hill.

Idlehour: Have you forgotten me? Come up and bring Sister L— Be sure and wear your ribbon.

With best wishes to all.

CANTERBURY BELL

RECIPE FOR CHEESE BISCUIT.

Dear Social Corner Editor and Sisters: What a fine day we had at Remember Me's? First the right kind of a place to have a picnic, with six large maples and the nice porch. I looked for a chickadee but I had Comfort to walk with.

I for one thank the hostess for giving the Social Corner a picnic.

I will enclose a recipe for a cheese biscuit.

Cheese Biscuit: Two cups flour, one-half teaspoon salt, two-thirds cup milk, yolk of one egg, four teaspoons baking powder, two tablespoons fat, one-half cup grated cheese. Roll out one-fourth inch thick on a floured board, place one of the biscuits on a baking sheet and cover it with a layer of cheese. Place another on top and sprinkle with cheese.

I think they are fine. If any of the sisters try them please let me know how you like them.

Yours for the Corner.

WILD FLOWER.

BUSY DAYS FOR DOM PEDRO.

Dear Social Corner Friends: I guess you all think I have dropped out altogether but I have been away and since my return have been very busy cleaning, etc. I also found a bunch of mail to be attended to that had accumulated while I was absent. I attended a pretty home wedding while out of town. About forty guests were present, mostly near relatives of the contracting parties. The ceremony took place at 2 o'clock and at 4 the couple left amid showers of confetti for a two weeks' trip by auto through Massachusetts and other places. They sent an auto for me and brought me home. I enjoyed it all very much. It is lovely to ride through the country now, everything is so fresh and green. The roads are something terrible after you leave the state road. The ruts are so deep it keeps one crossing the road all the time to avoid them. I was very thankful to have a careful driver both ways.

Yesterday was a great Moose day here. There were 11 lodges and six bands and drum corps in line, with 1,500 members in line. It was a fine parade. There were most as many women as men in the parade. There was an awful thunder shower here last night about 10 o'clock, the worst in a long time. It put the whole city in darkness for a little while. It is getting lively here now. The summer people are coming and business in the stores seems to be picking up. The merchants are getting in a fine lot of summer goods which makes the windows very attractive. Yesterday there was a big Moose head in a florist's window with a small electric light on all the points of the antlers. It was certainly a fine show and attracted a lot of attention. It was no make-believe, but the real thing.

This is the first time within my remembrance that New London has been without a ferryboat. The Gov. Winthrop has been sold and only a little boat is running in her place. Unless they get the trolley across the bridge there will be something said when the summer traffic strikes in. People are not taking kindly to the present arrangement. There is no shelter on the boat in time of storm.

I am sorry not to have been able to have met with the club again at the Buckingham Memorial but I am so far away, yet I hope to have an opportunity in the near future.

Kitty Lou: I think there is a lot of truth in your letter last week. I was very much interested in it.

Kind regards and best wishes for all the Corner people. From

DOM PEDRO.

THE HILLS OF HOME.

Dear Sisters of the Social Corner: Not so far from ocean's measured rhythm, bordering the valley of the Thames river, and encircling the old city of Norwich, rise these serene hills of home.

The hills that mark the site of many a romance and legend that attended the development of the early settlements along the river, when the Indian's trail followed its course and trading centers were established under the shadows of these hills and along the shores of the coves that wander inward.

Ever must have been picturesque the shaggy hills that overtop Poquetanuck cove, awhile, leaning far to the westward, then again snugly guarding the swaying waters until gaining the little inlet where the cove makes up.

Below towers Decatur mountain and outlying headlands, swathed in pines and firs that hide the settled rocks and mingle with the clumps of forest brush, at whose feet rest the heroes of the Revolutionary war.

Across the river gleams the light of Trading cove and Haughton's cove, sheltered by the hills that lovingly bend over the pictured waters, while beyond the further hills upward mark the blue horizon.

But it is the nearer hills, the hills that encircle Norwich, above the "landing" where the rivers meet and the Indians maintained their trading post, then gaunt and wild with the snows of winter, and sweet with the blush of the mountain laurel and the wild rose of summer, then claim our attention.

Laurel Hill where once the laurel bushes spread their branches to the water's edge. Plain hill, Bean hill, Jail hill, Lamb's hill, Lanmann's hill, Ox hill, each revealing its individual history and lore.

Like a silver chain stand these hills, mounting one above the other, away and away, as far as the eye can reach, flashing back their gleaming foliage, and from whose heights once streamed the lights that guided the seamen afar on the distant ocean.

But the Indian's trail has been superseded by the paths of industry and factories loom where once the Indian settlements flourished, and the practical hand has swept bare even the summits of these rocky hills and built dwellings on their heights.

And yet the laurel blooms awhile on these sturdy slopes, the sweet wild brier rose wanders at will, and the mountain pinks and honeysuckles unfold their dainty blossoms. And yet the lure of the mountain groves calls me home, and eagerly I hasten, thrilled to see once more the sheen of the mountain laurel, and the morning light break over the dear old hills of home.

THE LITTLE SPINSTER.

FROM A BRILLIANT SOCIAL CENTER TO A HAS BEEN.

Dear Cornerites: Did you notice what a serious trip our Practical Polly had between Canterbury (the home of many of Connecticut's famous men and women) and Willimantic? On some of the back roads in Canterbury there are sites of old cider-brandy stills. It is many years since these stills were in operation. Is it possible "the scent of the roses remains there still?"

Practical Polly wants to know where she was. Who can guess? She must ask us something easier, but the little girl was seeing red lights.

Now if I wanted to go from Canterbury to Willimantic I would never think of going through Brooklyn any more than I would of going round by Worcester. I would come over through Scotland and avoid the red lights.

I wonder if Practical Polly went through Canterbury Green and if she saw the house where Prudence Crandall opened the boarding school for young ladies. The house is now the home of Rev. Mr. Hetrick.

Poor old Canterbury. At the time that school was opened in 1831, Canterbury was a brilliant social center, the pride of birth and lineage making it a most aristocratic interior town. Class distinctions were drawn closely in favor of the select few. Through Miss Crandall, Canterbury had an academy, and its fame spread far. All went well with them till Miss Crandall introduced a young colored girl as a fellow pupil in the school. The white pupils left their desks, and the whole town was in an uproad. For persisting in her good efforts, Miss Crandall was prosecuted and arrested, confined in a cell in Brooklyn jail which had been occupied by a murderer the night previous to his execution.

"Pride goeth before a fall." Canterbury is one of the "has beens." Any one traveling over its many miles of roads now, would never accuse it of having been once a leader.

Sisters, if you ever go to Canterbury, avoid those red lights, and notice if Practical Polly painted any of the buildings red.

Best wishes to all, from

CONUNDRUM.

YOUR OWN LITTLE BED IS YOUR BEST M. D.

Dear Corner Sisters: To one of the sisters who writes that she doesn't "get to bed until twelve o'clock" and the cats keep you awake and you get up at four o'clock in the morning. I think you need more sleep. That is only four hours sleep you get. You also said "part of your family go to work on daylight saving—the other half standard time. You also say "there are six talking machines within a stone's throw" from you. If you don't own the place you could move. You know cats like music and in all probability that is what call the cats. I think you have given me a difficult problem to solve, don't you? Then you wanted I should advise a doctor for you as you do not feel well. I think your own little bed is your best M. D.

Do you know, one reason for many of the world's tribulations is simply the lack of sleep. Men who ought to be firm nerved and resolute are vacillating and irritable, ready to believe the worst about one another, quick to take offense.

Troubles that would be laughed away by rested men are bungled into bigness by sluggish brains.

The world is too much ruled by tired eyed men.

Look at the next picture of Mr. Asquith if you would know why England did not make more progress in the war. His picture looks as if he was 7,00 hours behind in his sleep.

Look at any one of the flash lights taken of our prominent men at public banquets. It will help you to understand why our government is not more efficient.

Avoiding overeating and alcohol and the cigarette habits are matters of self-control, says Dr. Richard Cabot in the American Magazine. To get the sleep one needs, which means all that one can possibly soak into one's system in twenty-four hours, often takes courage—the courage to refuse invitations, to invite ridicule, to seem odd or "puritanic." I believe that more minor illnesses are due to lack of sleep than to any other recognizable factor. A person catches cold, gets lumbago, is constipated or is headache-ridden because his vitality is below par, his physical expenditure beyond his physical income. Sleep would set him square with the world, but to get sleep means sacrificing the evening's fun. This he won't do, and so he runs in debt and is chronically edging toward a breakdown.

I read an editorial where Bruce Barton said: 'A few men seem to be able to operate indefinitely with very little sleep. Edison is one of of these. Napoleon seemed to be, but Napoleon in his late years showed plainly a loss of punch due to accumulated fatigue. He often dropped asleep in the midst of vital matters.

Gladstone on the other hand considered regular sleep of vital importance, and sacrificed to it.

Dr. Benamin W. Richardson says: Those who are habituated to full regular sleep are those who recover most readily from sickness.

I have always understood that it was "the observation of this truth that led Meander to teach that sleep is the mental cure of all diseases. Meander I think was right. We should have fewer doctor bills; fewer deaths of men and women between forty and fifty; fewer quarrels—yes and fewer wars—if the nerves of all men kept toned and sweet by a generous measure of sleep.

In all the whole world of literature there is no finer line than this,

He giveth His beloved sleep.

KITTY LOU

MORE EXPERIENCES ON WINDHAM COUNTY ROADS.

Dear Social Corner Sisters: Now Practical Polly's trip home from those good old hills of Canterbury reminds me so much of a trip I took to the Brooklyn fair with one of my neighbors and some friends who were so kind as to invite us to take the trip in their automobile with them. We went all right, though you first ought to have seen us going down Hampton hill. I don't know but some pictured us as a flying machine, and as to holding our breath it would be hard to tell which held the hardest, my neighbor or I, but don't you think for one moment we did not both draw a good long breath when we reached the bottom of that hill all safe and sound. But all had a glorious time the rest of the day.

Now for the coming home part like the other sister. When we started out of Brooklyn village instead of taking the right hand road the lady who was running the car trusted to a portly gentleman, who sat beside her for instructions and he thinking he remembered the road over which we came into the village on our way over. My neighbor and I could not convince him as to his being wrong, so we kept going and going until she and I began to see we were getting to the town of our childhood home, through woods, up hills down hills and no state road. Finally we saw a house in the distance and made for that and we landed on Taintc Hill, if any of you sisters ever heard of the place. Many are the times I have been near there in my childhood after blackberries. Well, we turned around and started once more for the Windham turnpike as it is called and we did not spare any time to make it before dark would overtake us. And just think, we had left the fair grounds around four in the afternoon. We were just in sight of Windham road and the rain gave out and those who know anything about traveling cart path roads with an auto will not wonder at our anxiety. But much to our surprise while a good old Samaritan came along and let us have some gas to run us to Windham Center and we reached home just at lighting up time. The trip will long be remembered by one and all as a happy day. How many times we hear folks tell about going to the ends of the earth when one strikes those roads over in Howard's Valley! I think you may well feel that way, and as for the road from Scotland to Westminister, let them put the stone crusher at work or else fence it and say impassable.

SIS.

CIRCUMSTANCES ALTER CASES.

Dear Social Corner Sisters: I have been much interested in all the recent letters in our Corner page. As there has been so much written in regard to letters from the older members writing or they may lose their pen name I think it is time for me to send in a letter and so do my part to keep the page full. I have been much interested in the letters called forth by and signed Calla Lily. I am certainly glad she had the courage to write both of them. I think the last one is fine and explains the first one nicely. I hope she hasn't taken the criticisms to heart and worried over them for I am sure they were all kindly meant. As I understand the Corner gatherings are mainly for the writers but if one desires to invite a friend she is privileged to do so, but it devolves on her to see that she is properly presented, also to provide enough for her friend and herself and pay for both unless her friend prefers to pay her part.

We are all willing to be social and all like visitors, but there is a limit. Although our spirits may be willing our bodies make it necessary to fix a limit somewhere. Even President Harding found he must have a limit in regard to handshakes as he started to do at first. It has been reported he said he needed his right hand to sign official documents. At least that was published in a not very recent paper. I can well understand that in a city there are many that depend on a dinner in a restaurant. Such a dinner as is usually served at a social Corner gathering for ten or fifteen cents must make a strong appeal. But that is not what the Corner gatherings are intended for. People in the country are not confronted with that condition and so do not comprehend the difference it makes in work and supplies. Some writer, I can't tell who, suggests that members have a ribbon badge with their pen name on it and so we would soon come to remember each other. That appears to me to be a grand idea and I mean to put it in practice.

I think I have written quite enough for this time so I will draw this to a close I hope I haven't said anything that will offend anyone and that our editor will consider this worthy a place in our Corner page.

WRINKLE.

FINE TIME AT REMEMBER ME'S.

Dear Social Corner Sisters: I feel that I must write and tell what a delightful time I had at the home of Remember Me, on June 8th. Those that failed to meet with us certainly missed a good time. The day was ideal and everybody seemed to be happy and everything tasted so good, the salads of which there was a variety, and the coffee—Oh, I cannot begin to mention the good things we had to eat.

I see that a new sister has taken my pen name, Lavender, (like) has been my pen name for more than two years. I think I have only written twice before, but will try and do better in the future.

LAVENDAR.

SURPRISED BY THE FAMILY.

Dear Editor and Social Corner Sisters: I just thought I would try to send in a line and hoping all are rested from the picnic. How I did want to go to Remember Me's. What a lovely June day? I suppose most of you have your gardens planted and dahlias and gladioli all set out. Mine are both in the cellar but I hope to get them in the ground soon. Now I must say Practical Polly did have some ride. Well if you came from Brooklyn it is a straight road to Howard Valley right past the church and straight up hill on to the old turnpike straight to Windham Center and if you had come right through from Canterbury Center through Westminster you would have come out up past C. E. S's, right through Scotland village. But you turned onto some cross road to the right too soon, that took you through the upper part of Howard valley so you were nearer to go that way. Am glad you got home safe. There was another turn to the right up farther that would have taken you nearer to the Hampton road, but they are all "some roads" that anyone reads about nowadays. Am sorry for the son's job of cleaning his car.

Now I must tell the sisters what a nice surprise uncle and I had the 22nd of May when our five children and families met at home. There were the oldest son and wife, her little niece, our youngest son from Providence, daughter Grace and husband with their two little girls from Central Village, son Harvey from Westford, and daughter Elizabeth, her husband and four children, making 17 in all, and of course they wanted to see my pen of chicks, etc., so I took them (the girls) out and the fellows were busy meantime fixing their plans and in due time father and I were asked to come into the sitting room and on going in son Caleb made a little speech on behalf of all and presented us a nice Victrola with nine records. Then of course dinner followed and as all was a surprise they brought pie, cake and so forth, and when the cake was set on it was a pyramid covered with chocolate frosting and on it in white the top date 1878, next 1852 and third 1884 for the three birthdays. Father's was the 20th of May, the oldest son's the 28th and the second son's was 25. We did have a nice time and were very much pleased with our music.

Blossom: You have my heart of sympathy.

Wandering Jew: I thought of you last Saturday, the 11th, the fortieth anniversary of your marriage. How time goes!

What has become of Juliette? Have not seen nor heard anything of you for some time. Well, I guess it is about time to stop or I will have more than my space, hoping to meet at some of the picnics this summer, the same.

AUNT JERUSHA.

More of us would reach the top if the neighbors would quit shoving.

The Boston Store
Norwich Reid & Hughes Co. Conn

Suburban Day

THE BIGGEST BARGAIN-GIVING DAY OF ALL THE YEAR

All Departments Participate In This Unequalled Sale Event, With Hundreds of Additions To Our Long Lists of June Clearance Attractions

GALES FERRY

Flag day was observed Tuesday with the following program, in the village school, under the direction of the teacher, Mrs. Winifred Crepeau. Singing, America, school; reading, The Flag in Terms of Citizenship, Stanley Faford; recitations, Union and Liberty, Edith Fabel; A Creed, Ethel Main; Unguarded Gates, Dorothy Birch; Our Colors, Viola Riley; singing, Battle Hymn of Republic, school; recitation, Beautiful, My Country, Mary Jones; reading, Makers of the Flag, David Carter; recitation, with singing, The Color Guard, Harry Allyn and school; readings, Your Country and Your Flag, Em-Beth Bennett, Reverence for the Devotion to the Flag, Gordon Manierre; quotations relating to the Flag and Patriotism, Betsy Berrien; recitations, Quotations of Patriotism, Louise Jones, Dorothy Fabel and David Carter; reading, Rules for Flag Etiquette, Viola Riley, Ruth Fabel; singing, Star Spangled Banner, school; salute to the flag, school.

After the exercises the pupils and their teacher enjoyed a picnic in the woods, not far from the school grounds, with a picnic lunch of sandwiches, cake, cookies, oranges, apples and soda. The pupils perfect in attendance for June were Em-Beth Bennett, Harry Allyn, Robert Allyn, Paul Miller, Betsy Berrien, Ethel Main, Dorothy Birch J. Edmund Norman, Jr., Viola Riley, William McNaught, David Cortel. Perfect for the entire school year: Dorothy Birch and Ethel Main. It is understood that Mrs. Crepeau has been engaged as teacher for another year.

The closing exercises of the school at Long Cove, were held last Friday afternoon. The program consisted of recitations, songs and a flag drill, with a playlet, Columbus at the Court of Spain. The principal parts were taken as follows: Herman Chase, King of Spain, James McGee; Queen of Spain, Marjorie Gates. Sandwiches, cake, fruit and lemonade were served. After the closing of the exercises, Children of the school perfect in attendance for the month were Madeline Anetti, Herman Chase, Richard Chase, Howard Chase, Marjorie Gates, Armando Marini, Mary Martini, James McGee and Margaret Pettini. Perfect for the term Herman Chase, Richard Chase and Howard Chase. Average attendance for the school year, was ninety per cent.

At the business meeting of the Village Improvement Association Monday evening, in the Country club house, the president, Rev. Allen Shaw Hunt, presided. The secretary was instructed to write a letter of thanks to Tracy Smith for services, with no charge in seeding the memorial parklet. A committee was appointed to arrange for a community celebration for the 4th of July, including Walter M. Buckingham, B. B. Taft, D. R. Povey and George W. Frost, a summer resident from Montclair, N. J., who is expected at his summer home here soon.

Mr. and Mrs. Eddie Simmons have purchased the building lot adjoining their property on the village street belonging to Mrs. Delphine Fish.

Miss Helen M. Buckingham of New York, is spending a few weeks at the home of her brother, Walter M. Buckingham.

Mrs. Charles Winchester and Mrs. William Cousins of Norwich spent Tuesday with Mrs. J. Otis Winchester at her summer home.

Mrs. Nathan A. Gibbs was a guest at the home of Mrs. George D. Colt in Norwich Thursday.

Attorney Earl Mathewson and Mrs. Mathewson of Norwich have been spending a few days at the Ferry, with Mr. Mathewson's aunts, the Misses Mathewson.

Miss Alice Satterlee attended the thirtieth anniversary of the founding of the Williams Memorial institute and a reunion of the classes, in New London Tuesday afternoon. Miss Sara Wells of Groton, a classmate of Miss Satterlee, accompanied her.

Mrs. F. C. Risdon of New York joined her daughter, Miss Katherine Risdon and her sister, Miss Secor, at the summer home of the family here Friday. Mrs. Risdon's health is much improved.

Mrs. Alexander Shaw of Norwich spent the week end with Mrs. James Martin, at Leisure Hour cottage. Mrs. Martin's brother, John Holmes of Glasgow, Scotland, who is also her guest, was called to Hartford Tuesday for a few days.

The Gales Ferry members of Anna Warren Bailey Chapter, D. A. R., of Groton and Stonington, Mrs. Delphine Fish, Mrs. Fanny A. Westbrook, Mrs. Ward F. Richards, Mrs. Carl D. Lawson, Mrs. [illegible] Thursday evening.

Middletown.—Mrs. Louis W. Tutt, whose husband is an inmate of the state hospital in Middletown, was last week granted a divorce in Hartford. The husband has been in