THE SOCIAL CORNER

UNFORTUNATE THOSE WHO GO THROUGH LIFE WITHOUT LEARNING HOW TO LIVE

SOCIAL CORNER POETRY

The Symphony of Nature

In all grand procession of the years,
The season's with their changes, subtle sweet,
The too-brief summer, and the winter's sleet,
My heart has found the chord of bliss and tears.
The brightest hours of all my life were set
In starry eyes, or moonlit summer nights,
Or sunny days, all filled with dear delights,
Whose passage left me memory and regret.

So when the east is flushed with morning's rose,
Or in a golden glory dies the day,
The folded leaves of memory unclose
And bear me with their magic far away.
With sighing wind and wave I wander free—
The beauty of the earth gives wings to me.

Ninette M. Lowater.

The Vagrant's Epitaph

Change was his mistress,
Chance his counsellor,
Duty forged no chain;
The wind sobs and the mountain called him,
And gray dawns saw his campfire in the rain.
Sweet hands must tremble!
Ay, but he must go,
Revel might hold him for a little space,
But turning past the laughter and the lamps,
His eyes must ever catch the luring face
Dear eyes might question.
!—Yes, and meet again
Rare lips, a-quiver, silently implore,
But ever he must turn his furtive head
And hear the other summons at the door.
Change was his mistress,
Chance his counsellor,
The dark first know his whistle to the trail.
Why tarries he today and yesterday night
Adventure lit her stars without avail.

SOCIAL CORNER EVENTS

Feb. 8.—Donation Day of Club No. 1, at Franklin Hall, Willimantic.

Answers and Inquiries

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

NEIGHBOR EVERREADY: You are now numbered among the Social Corner members. Forwarding of name and contributions to the Corner page entitles you to membership.

QUAIL: Kindly forward name and letter will be gladly printed.

MISTER DOOLEY: Your name has been placed on the Social Corner list.

MY TRIP TO FLORIDA.

Dear Editor and Sisters of the Social Corner: I am deeply indebted to "Social Corner Member" for calendar received, and extend grateful thanks for it.

I have been reading several letters on the trips the Social Corner sisters take in their automobiles, but I want to tell them of a trip I took to Florida in an ocean steamer. It was just before Thanksgiving. We left New York about 2.30 p. m. The passengers crowded the sides and waved handkerchiefs, canes, umbrellas, hats, anything that was at hand that would do the business. While the big ocean steamer sailed majestically out of the harbor, her golden prow gleaming in the sun. So quickly did we steam away it seemed we were out in the river so far that we could hardly see any of our friends on the pier, almost before we had said our last good-byes.

We had dinner at seven and about ten, according to the rules of being healthy, wealthy and wise at home, I tried the same recipe on the steamer.

I slept soundly until all of a sudden I heard a heavy clap of thunder and the men were hurrying to and fro on the deck and in a very little while my uncle, who was first mate, came in to my state room, and told me that there had been a fire down among the cotton bales and that was what had caused the commotion and not to be frightened as it was all out. There was no more sleep for me that night.

The next day was a beautiful day after the thunder storm, and all we could see was the blue sky overhead and water all around beneath us. In the evening we had several deck sports—one of the most laughable was where four of the ladies and four men were having "A Hair Combing Contest." These four men were selected to take the young ladies' hair down and rearrange it in the most becoming manner. The result under their awkward and unaccustomed fingers was highly entertaining.

The next morning was Thanksgiving and we were going around Cape Hatteras. The steamer rolled and pitched from side to side and I soon found my way to my state room. I did not find my sea legs and had to stay in my berth all day. The captain sent word for me to be sure and come out to their "Thanksgiving" dinner. I thought of the "Camels Back," by Elizabeth Payne, holding the place of honor, like the turkey at a Christmas feast. Those who have read the book will readily understand.

We arrived in Charleston about 4 a. m. m., and I stopped there a month, and visited the magnolia gardens, the battery, and also several parks. We visited Sullivan's Island. The forts were beautifully laid out, the grass bein a shimmery green so it looked like a piece of velvet. Then we went on to the Isle of Palms. From there returned to Charleston and saw the houses that stood since the earthquakes, with the sides off, the street vendors hollering ga"ur yams" andother calling shrimps, and on the walk a colored mammy was selling ground nuts. The roses were in bloom and everything looked like summer. I continued my trip to Florida on the same steamer with my uncle, in fact, the invitation to visit Florida was from him.

We left Charleston at four in the afternoon, it was a most glorious day, the beautiful river with its beautiful scenery was glorious and the sunset was like a beautiful painting. My aunt and I were in our state room about ten o'clock and I went to bed and went to sleep, but about midnight I was almost thrown from my berth, our steamer had cut a fishing schooner in two, and my uncle wasn't long in finding his way over to the schooner where the schooner captain and his wife and daughter were in their night clothes. His wife and daughter lost a silk dress apiece. My uncle took coats over to wrap them in, and the next day the passengers saw to their having plenty of clothing and they raised a nice sum of money for them for the people lost on the schooner.

When we arrived in Florida we saw so many beautiful orange groves and the grape fruit grew so prettily, such a wonderful color with the green and they taste so different to eat them right from the tree.

One thing that was noticeable and that was the beautiful moss growing from the trees. The pecan nut grows in the turtle and a flower called Jasmine.

The China berry is grown on a tree that resembles a palm. The berries are picked and dyed and then strung to make chains.

ETHELYN.

CORNER LEAPING AHEAD

Dear Cornerites: Good morning all: I want to thank the Social Corner editor for the long slip of yellow paper, which had $1 printed on the face of it. I think it must have been rather hard for the editor to decide where to send the yellow slips for the past month. We have had fine letters and this last Saturday I felt like offering up a song of praise. I simply desire for the Social Corner members to recognize the fact that the Social Corner has leaped far ahead from where it stood a few weeks ago. It is simply wonderful with a little thought, time and study what an interesting letter you can send in to the Corner. There is not a sister who belongs to the Corner but what would prefer to work with it.

Do you remember how we struggled many years for our boys to wash their hands, clean their teeth and nails and ears, and though we labored long and much, that we lack the magic touch to make our boys wash clean. These days he lives before the glass. His necties lead the fad. His polished teeth would safely pass, for someone's dental ad. His hair is sleek his nailtops shine. He takes my heart by storm. All told that careless boy of mine is quite of the mold of form. The reason for all this change, why our boy has got a girl.

KITTY LOU.

HELPS OF VARIOUS KINDS WANTED

Dear Social Corner Sisters: Be kind to one another for kindness is a gift from God. If we have not much to give we can give a smile and handshake and be kind to those that are less fortunate than ourselves. If we do good to others it is a sure way to be happy ourselves. I know the value of a smile. In the sick room there have been times when it has been hard to smile but when I remember that God has done all things for the best then I can smile and thank God for the way he has molded my life. The way is rough and thorny but if we trust in Him we will overcome all difficulties.

I want to ask Kitty Lou some questions. What is Barbe compound, and is it safe to use to darken the hair? Auntie has very dark hair only it is very gray over the ears. I want to know how to care for it, and so it will stay light and not get streaked. Also about the complexion, what do you think about hot water and then cold? When and how should it be used?

I am very busy now caring for the sick. Celia Louise, don't get sick for I don't see how I could come to you now. Uncle has just come in, he says that he wants to know how to get rid of rats. He hasn't any sleighbells.

Will some one send in a good fried cake recipe? I think that is enough questions for one time. Now I must run to I hear the little bell.

PEACE.

A WONDERFUL VIEW

To the Social Corner Sisters: Now that I have set things in order in my home I will write again soon.

Alexander Baker: Yours is a very good recipe. So good that, if some of those city dwellers would try it there wouldn't be so many divorces as we read about. I would like to attend the next meeting at Buckingham Memorial. It read of the nice times they have there and I would like to wear a badge, too.

Comfort: I will try your way of making a fire so as to save some of my temper when my coal fire won't go as it ought to.

Now I will tell you of a nice view I had one day last week.

Going from Norwich towards Jewett City by auto, when we rounded the curve over the tunnel near Round Hill there was a wonderful picture. The sky to the north was slate gray and the trees were like cut grass in the sunshine.

Even the rocks in the bed of the river looked like white ducks on a frolic. All of this made the river look like silver run through it, and when the children exclaimed over the view.

I'm hoping I will have the honor of wearing a nice yellow slip soon.

Best wishes to all the sisters.

E. M. R. C. P.

WHEN HANGING OUT CLOTHES IN WINTER

Dear Social Corner Sisters: I read in a magazine something that has been great help to me this cold weather so I will pass it along to others who have to hang out clothes. Before going out with the clothes rub your hands well with strong vinegar. This week although the clothes froze as soon as put on the line I hung out the entire wash without stopping to warm my hands once, when in the past I have had to stop several times to thaw out my fingers.

Many of the sisters have attended city meetings being held at the different churches now.

It was my pleasure to attend one last week at the First Baptist church New London and such an inspiring meeting as we had. The subject was Stewards. Dr. J. Newton Lackey of the South Baptist church, Hartford, was the morning speaker and Rev. James McGee, D. D. of Calvary Baptist church, New Haven, gave the afternoon address. Both gave us a message that I wish could be passed on to all. One thing Dr. Lackey said that impressed me very much was that we should not only give of our money but our time, our reading and conversations, and how few of us ever speak for Christ. We urge our friends to join the Social Corner or some order to which we belong, but how seldom do we say I wish you would come to church and join with God's people. We leave that with the ministers but they cannot do it all. In our church we have one of the best pastors but he cannot do everything unless his church people work. That is true in every church, so let us all try and do all we can in this new year to help bring those outside the church into work for the cause of righteousness. And may the year 1922 be the best we have ever seen is the wish of

DORINDA.

AGREES WITH NORTH DAKOTA AND SUNNY DICK.

Dear Editor and Social Corner: I will write a line to the Social Corner to say that I have been interested in the letters lately written about the Bly place. It is situated between Voluntown and Beach pond, in what used to be called the "Long woods." My father said that he had seen Ben Bly and that he was a peculiar man, gifted with a power which all do not possess. He could make water boil by passing his hands over it, and do other unexplainable things. His house was in the woods, out of sight of the road, and was in ruins many years ago.

I fully agree with North Dakota in regard to the recipes. I think we can all look in a cook book and not fill the Social Corner page with recipes which interest only a few, if any. I also think the letter written by Sunny Dick very true. It reminds me of a little story I read a short time ago. A host met a visitor at the station, and as they approached the house and saw a group of people on the veranda the visitor said: "I suppose that girl in the short dress is your daughter, the young man in riding breeches is your son, and the woman in the tea gown is your wife?" Said the host: "No, you are wrong. The girl in the short dress is my grandmother, the young fellow in riding breeches is my wife, and the woman in the tea gown is my 12 year old daughter, who likes to dress up in her grandmother's dresses, which she wore before she had her hair bobbed and wore socks in the winter."

With best wishes to all.

LOUISE.

WANTS RICE PIE RECIPE

Dear Editor and Social Corner Sisters: Can any one give a recipe for making the old fashioned rice pie with raisins? I have heard it was delicious but have not been able to get the recipe.

Chic-a-dee: I should like very much to have you introduce me to Club No. 2 and will give you the pleasure if all goes well when the "roses bloom again." You know it is quite a distance to go these short days. Perhaps I shall make you twice glad when I do come for it will take quite a space for me and all the talking I shall bring. Be sure to have a lot of cake for I may bring a pansy that will need food as well as water.

Crimson Rambler: This world is full of surprises and I surely got one last Saturday night when the latch string was pulled in all that snow storm and a friend walked in. I hope you will walk in some day and I will give you a beautiful view of Old Ocean. No, I haven't been to any of the meetings but I hope to when sweet summer comes again. I have not belonged to the clan very many months but since I have I am a very

INTERESTED READER

GREETINGS FROM TIGER CITY

Dear Social Corner Sisters: It is a long time since I have written to you. I sat here thinking of home and all my friends and wishing I might attend one of your gatherings once again so I thought I might be able to reach a few of you through a letter.

I am living in Hartford now, not very far from Priscilla but I never see her.

Handy: How are you? I received your card and I will write soon. Hope you are feeling well this lovely weather.

Mid-Clover: How are you? I have moved to Hartford since I saw you last.

Red Clover: I wonder would you know me if you met me on the street. It is a long time since I saw you.

Weona: How's everything on the East Side?

Bonie: Are you as thin as ever? I am only thinner.

Rock Maple. Hope things are going well with you this winter. I am still as thin as I used to be.

Hope to see you all some time when I am home, and attend one of your gatherings in Buckingham. I am as ever.

TIGER LILY.

MORE ABOUT POEMS.

Dear Social Corner Friends: Eveline Burr asks, "What are poems" She quotes the dictionary definition, which, of course, is all embracing—and yet—not quite satisfactory. Somewhat, as the little girl said, "it may be true, but I tell you, it isn't so."

One may write rhymes, and yet not be a poet.

That attribute is a peculiar twist of the mind—(I had almost said intellect) that the present day judges deny, or at least do not recognize until relatives need the money, after the poet is dead.

The verse libretti just now, seem to be admired by the highbrow, while to others, it is like—

A writhing snake on a staff,
A clown in the open air;
A crowd of gapers standing 'round,
The place—a county fair.

They look, and smile and gape,
At the antics of the pair.
The scaly thing, with its beady eyes,
Held high, that all may stare.

The dandy legs of the clown,
Keep time to a jazzy band,
The reptile twists, and squirms, then falls,
To be caught by the clown's deft hand.

No earthly reason known,
For brains to enjoy the sight,
They hold the crowd, the ugly pair,
For the pay, is gold's delight.

To some, poetry is,
Spirit of things that be
Mystical measure,

Valued in harmony,
Pathos and pleasure,
Spirit of things that be
Knowledge with power
Life—with the fullness
Of each passing hour.
Again—
Anything is poetry,
Having measured ringing,
Anything is poetry,
That filleth Life with singing.
Anything is poetry,
That calms a troubled breast,
Anything is poetry,
Aye, e'en the long, last rest.

One other—
Singing while winging, a vision fair
Rests for a time. It's radiant face
Smiling and comforting all, with its rare
Spirit of rythm and knowledge with grace.

Chanting of harmony, waving a spell,
Lifting our soul from the depths of our hell.

LILLIS.

SEEKING DESCENDANTS OF REV. D. N. BENTLEY

Social Corner Editor and Friends: I am sending this account in by request of descendants of Rev. D. N. Bentley, the pioneer of Methodism in Norwich, and probably the oldest minister at the time in the country.

The Rev. David Niles Bentley of this city died last night at the age of ninety nine years at his residence on West Main street.

He was born in North Stonington July 27th, 1785, and was the third son of Ezekiel Bentley of that place. He was "bound out" in the spring of 1800 as a apprentice to Barzillin Davison of Norwich, to learn the trade of goldsmith. Soon after he was converted at a Methodist meeting held by the eccentric Lorenzo Don, who after vividly describing the condition and feelings of a sinner under conviction of sin, placed his hand upon young Bentley's head and said "Young man, that is the truth. You can't deny it." He was greatly affected by this incident and was converted in consequence of it. Rejoicing in his new faith he gained a day by overwork to go to North Stonington to tell his parents of his conversion. He walked eighteen miles and gathered the family together in prayer. He preached his first sermon at North Stonington at the age of fifteen He was baptised in the Yantic Cove in 1800.

He began business as a brass founder and plumber in Norwich in 1805 and proved successful in his venture. He depended upon his business for the support of himself and family and preached the Gospel free.

In 1807 he opened his house to the Methodists for public meetings, and for the past seventy-five years his untiring zeal and earnest efforts for Methodism in the vicinity are without equal. The Sachem street Main street, Free and Greeneville Methodist churches— are all indebted to his large contributions of money and personal efforts in their early history for their existence. Three times he has mortgaged his property of all it was worth to save local Methodist churches from failure and his contributions to the church during his life,would, otherwise invested have amounted to $60,000.

Giving an account of his life, by request to the Rev. E. T. Clark.

Many years ago, he said,:

"It is now more than sixty-two years since I received my first license to preach. During these years I have not pocketed a dollar beyond my expenses of traveling to and from my appointments. More than half of the time I have kept a team of my own. I have been the poor man's minister. For sixty-three years I have held meetings at the alms house in this city regularly once in three weeks, and when sick or absent, I have supplied a substitute.

"I made 1,618 visits to the poorhouse and attended 300 funerals there. I began the world with nothing but my hands and have literally labored seven days in the week for 50 years."

Mr. Bentley was a very exact and methodical man, and kept a record of his doings daily until within a year or two. He discoursed upon over 2,000 texts. He married 514 couples, and buried 2,300 persons. He received compensation for none of his services, excepting marriages, for which the fee was always voluntary, and usually small. His last gift to the church was the lot of land upon which the West Side Methodist tabernacle now stands.

He was a Free Mason, having passed to the council but he had not affiliated with the brethren for many years. In the anti-Masonic excitement of 1827 a committee of his church called upon him and informed him that he must renounce Masonry or be renounced as a preacher. He wrote them: "I do not understand what you mean by renouncing Masonry. If you mean that I must expose or divulge any secret, mark or sign I never shall do it." They replied: "There are no Masonic secrets now. They have all been revealed and published to the world." "Then," he said to them, "I cannot reveal that which is exposed to public view." The anti-Masonic element were not pleased with his demeanor and threatened to raise a mob and pry out the cornerstone of the Sachem street church, which was laid by the fraternity, but their wrath cooled and the edifice and the minister were left unmolested.

He has always held the position of a local elder in the church, and his earnest work and kindly offices have all been performed within a circuit of 20 miles of this place. He was a man of marked individuality and was celebrated in his day among Methodists as Elder Swan has been among the Baptists of this vicinity. His modes of expression were very original and always pertinent. He was a man of strong opinions and always gave free expression to his thoughts where he thought the well being of his fellow men was involved. He was bright and active until a year or two ago, when he began to fail. At 93 he could write a good clear hand and compose as well as at 50. For two years he has been gradually failing; but he has been confined to his bed only three weeks. He was the father of George W. Bentley of the Jacksonville, Tampa Bay and Key West railroad, of Rev. L. D. Bentley of this place, Col. A. J. Bentley of New London and Mrs. Henry Witter of Worcester, Mass., all of whom survive him. At the time of his death he was the oldest male resident of this place and probably the oldest minister in the United States.

Mr. Bentley was my great-uncle and died in 1884. This is copied from a scrap book, the clipping being taken from The Norwich Courier.

If there is any of his family living I would like to hear from them, as I would love to learn more about the Bentleys.

Best wishes to all. I sympathize with the sorrowing.

BALSAM FIR.

THE OLD HOMESTEAD.

Dear Social Corner: Wishing to acknowledge the pretty calendar I received I write again. Thanks be it, brother or sister. It is nice to be remembered even if we do not know by whom.

To Sunny Dick and others who sent in the wars of The Sword of Bunker Hill I send thanks for their trouble.

It seems many are interested in reminiscences of past days. It is very different now in this age from the long ago period when we are told the way our grandmothers used to do when the weaving and sewing were all done at home, and cooking done over the open fireplace. There was a tin oven in front for light baking, but when the regular bake day came they used the big brick oven. I think now it would be called the fireless cooker. I do not think they needed much rouge in those days for after standing over an open fire I think they would have color without it. Now with heated houses, hot and cold water, electric lights and not candles, what would they say!

When quite small I used to go with my parents about twice a year to visit my great grandmother. It was quite an event, as it was quite a number of miles and we drove there. There were no autos then. Our way led over the Black Hills named by Indians. Each time we would count the long row of maple trees as we wended our way up the hill. My sister taking one side, myself the other. Our father would tell why it was so named. The Indians used to come and burn it over in the spring and the grass would come up green. Then the deer would come there to feed and they would have a chance to shoot them.

When at last we reached our journey's end, there was the large, old-fashioned farmhouse, which in after years reminded me of a story I had read which began: Far away among the New England hills stands a large, old-fashioned farmhouse, around whose hearthstone many happy children have played. It seemed to me this must have been the place with the garden in back with its flowers, grape arbor and beehives among the trees. When night came and it was time children should be in bed, and we were taken upstairs to a large room where there were two beds, one with high posts with curtains draped around, my sister and I would say: Can't we sleep in the covered carriage bed? Our wish would be granted and when tucked snugly in bed our dreams were just as pleasant as those in the modern home of today.

The house was burned a number of years ago and in its place a new one erected, but still in memory remains "The Old Homestead."

BREEZE.

BIG GATHERING OF CLUB No. 2.

Dear Cornerites: Well, Bug and I did get to meet with you at the Buckingham Feb. 1 and right well did we enjoy ourselves. And such a crowd! I think there were 99 and maybe more there. It was such a fine social time as I have said before in one of my letters. How truly we are named "Social Corner," for such hearty greetings and welcome handshakes make us all feel as if we had known each other for years. We wish more gatherings at different places would show the same social spirit. If anyone desires to criticize they should not judge until they really know what to judge. Some might say, not "knowing what they are talking about," oh, I guess that Social Corner business don't amount to much, only to gossip and such like," but if there are any who judge us that way just let them come and join us and find out their big mistake. We are a lot of whole-hearted sisters with love and respect and good wishes for each and all.

The next meeting in March will be anniversary meeting. Come one and all and have a good time, Bug, and I will try and be there and try and bring a Bluebird with us. I don't suppose Poor Nixie will be well enough to join us then but hope she soon will be.

Who and where are you, Madeline? Tell us; we wonder.

Why do so many of the old writers drop out? Of course new ones keep coming, but all the older ones should not stop. The more who write the more interesting is the Corner page. Next time I go to the picnic, I'll try and remember my badge and not have to wear a pasteboard one. We were pleased to meet Evelyn Burr who has been married just one year. May she have many more happy years of married life.

Now, sisters let's have only kind and loving thoughts for all and say nothing behind each other's back we would not "like" to say to their face. I don't believe any sister of the Corner would do it, but you know human flesh is weak and we are apt to fall sometimes. Let's be careful, love and trust and be true. Let's have this for our motto. Well, I guess I have preached long enough, now go do your mending and think kindly of

MA OF GREENE GABLES.

DON'T FORGET ABOUT ANNIVERSARY DAY.

Dear Social Corner Folks: I am thinking it is about time for me to get busy and thank the Social Corner friends for the Christmas cards I received from them. I will not mention names—only to The Corner member who sent the nice little calendar.

Well, I suppose our big family has settled down after the many pleasures through the holidays. We all seem to be having our little old winters—of more or less cold.

We sure have had more than our usual snow and frost for Puget sound, but many of our sister states are worse off—even sunny California. I see you are all having jolly good times at the gatherings of Clubs No. 1, 2 and 3, and we are still getting new members all the while. So many, in fact, I cannot remember half of them.

I surely remember Sweet Lavender, as I planted sweet lavender for her in my Social Corner garden, when I first entered as a social member; and her oatmeal bread was fine. She sent a recipe years ago, and I have handed it to several for trial. All reported it O. K.

Well, we will soon have another Social Corner birthday, and my, how the pages will be filled with greetings from members, far and near. Don't forget about it, and we will give the editor the surprise of his life.

We are sure a scattered bunch of tillicums, and if once we were all together would make a heap big potlatch, and have one siookcum time.

Sister Joan: I received your newsy letter. You will hear from me later. If Blanche will send me her address, I will answer her letter, if I still owe her one. And you also, Aunty No. 1.

Wildwood is quite well this winter, but nearly blind.

Hettie Marie: I hope you are comfortable. Would love to hear from you and know how you are passing the winter.

Wake up, Bo-Peep, don't be a slacker. Have you forgotten a very old pal?

Am suggesting one or more helps:

Potatoes can be baked in half the usual time if allowed to stand in hot water 10 minutes.

Heavy mud stains can be quickly removed from tan shoes by rubbing them with slices of raw potatoes. Polish in the usual way when dry.

Fine laces should be washed in milk and water. Wind around a piece of smooth finished wood and lay away in a piece of heavy flannel.

I seem to hear the editor exclaim Will she ever quit? So wishing all a happy New Year, I am as ever, your western sister.

POTLATCH.

ITINERANT CHARACTERS.

Dear Social Corner: Though not a member of the Social Corner, I am always interested in that page of The Bulletin. I have been especially interested in the accounts of the various itinerant characters who used to travel through this section. I well remember the Indian women, Kate and Mary. One of the correspondents referred to a clock cleaner by the name of Bennett. Now I think there is a mistake in the name, as the man in question was very evidently Ira Bentley. He answered perfectly to the description given as to habits, personal appearance, etc. He always stopped at our house and sometimes spent the night there. He was an expert clock cleaner and after his work was done he would give a performance of considerable length upon a tin whistle or fife. He seemed to have an endless repertoire of old-time tunes, jigs, reels, hornpipes, etc. I have heard him play by the hour and not repeat a tune. He traveled this section for many years. I have heard my grandmother say that they purchased a new clock in 1856 and that he first set it running. How much earlier than that he was traveling I cannot say. He stopped coming this way about 30 years ago. He was not, properly speaking, an itinerant as he was possessed of a little property in Colchester.

I also remember Jerry Bluebags, although he did not come by our house very frequently.

In the early '80s there was a woman mildly insane who used to pass through our neighborhood every few months. She used to always stop at our house for a cup of tea and a bit of lunch. I do not know her name.

In the old days nearly every section of the country had its own peculiar itinerant characters but they seem to have all disappeared.

A FRIEND.

PUTTING A GOOD IDEA INTO ACTION.

Dear Sisters of the Social Corner: Thinkin' and thinkin' without doing keeps one staying right in the same place, doesn't it? Well, ever since the Social Corner was organized I have enjoyed reading the articles and always intended to join this happy family, so now I am following the good motto we've all seen, "Do it now."

Many times mother and I have said we'd like to meet your jolly crowd at Willimantic, so I trust there's room for a newcomer, and I'll be a Cornerstone, no a Social Cornelte.

Jim: Noted your interesting letter and let me say I know Old Jerry Blue Bag, too. When mother and I saw him coming, he arrived at our door to find it locked, and to be greeted with silence, while he pounded the door with his huge stick, and continued to mumble.

It was his custom if he could find us with doors unbarred to enter, order hot tea, and if it be summer sweetened water. He would also ask for thread and darn his clothes.

When I heard he was in Brooklyn jail, I must say as a youngster, I thought it a safe place for Jerry Blue Bag, as he was called in this section.

I notice you speak of Bennett, the clock maker, and I think you used a wrong name, as my father says he knew him and his name was Ira Bentley.

Persis: So you have taught in Mansfield? I wonder when and who the supervisor was? I have never taught in Mansfield but was teaching while Frank W. Clapp was supervisor and, as I remember it think he had Mansfield for one of his towns.

Possibly we've met at summer schools or institutes anyway.

Were you at Eastford institute in 1920? That was a very enthusiastic meet, particularly the discussions.

I agree with you on points you made about concentration, parents visiting schools, teachers going to homes, etc.

The old story proves true, parents visit on special days to hear pieces and singing. Now I wish they'd make weekly or monthly visits. Just think how much inspiration it brings to children as well as teacher when mother visits school.

You'll find best cooperation where parents visit school and teacher visits parents.

I always made it a point to visit parents ,and I made some delightful and lasting friendships.

Would you be assuming too much to suggest a parents-teachers' association? No! Lead, others will follow. "Be a booster," then they'll say, why didn't we think of it before?

If my letter doesn't find the editor's waste paper basket I hope I'll be a Cornerite and meet you on Feb. 8 at Willimantic.

NEIGHBOR EVERREADY.

HOW TO MAKE MARBLE CAKE.

Dear Editor and Social Corner Sisters: I am sending a recipe for making marble cake and hope some of the sisters will try it. One cup sugar, one-half cup butter, one-half cup milk, two eggs, two cups sifted flour, two teaspoons of baking powder, two squares of chocolate Cream sugar and butter and then add the beaten eggs, milk, flour and baking powder. Divide the dough in half and flavor one with vanilla and add the melted chocolate to the other half. Put a teaspoon of dark and a teaspoon of light over the bottom of the pan and repeat alternately. Any icing you like may be used. Bake as a loaf cake.

Chic-a-dee: I would surely enjoy the pleasure of meeting the members of Club No. 2, and when the weather is warmer I shall meet with you all and we'll bring the Interested Reader along too, for as it is noted for poems, stories, and good recipes, I know you all will be interested for it might contain something we all could learn.

Ma's Girl: Let us hear from you and when you are down this way come and see me for the latchstring is always out.

Silent Stranger: I wish to say that you write very interesting things and I enjoy reading them very much. Although I am not very well acquainted with that part of the country, but I hope to be able to go there some time.

With best wishes to all.

TATTING.

KEEP LOOKING AT THE BRIGHT SIDE.

Dear Social Corner Editor: For the past two years I have read the columns in the Corner with much interest and herewith make application to become a member both active and honorary. Right from the start I will tell the sisters that I am a mere man, lest there be one of them who starts to read this letter hoping I will tell a new way to make gray hair, grayer, or another way to prevent baby from eating carpet tacks while mother is phoning the grocer. I'll admit, I have about a thousand suggestions as to what not to do and when to do it, but like the man who had a hundred excuses to give his wife for staying out till 2 a. m.—none of them, I'm afraid is any good.

I spent the evening with a kindly old lady awhile back and she showed me three letters she had received that week and would you believe it all three contained more or less tales of woe and tribulations and right then the old, old saying that Roosevelt was so fond of quoting came to mind, "The best thing about our troubles is that most of them never happened." If more people would say to themselves just before closing their eyes at bedtime, "I am so happy, it's great to be living in this wonderful world God made for us," or words to that effect, each night for a few weeks, they would be happier whether they would or no. It's just as easy to kid yourself into believing you are happy, as it is to try to make yourself believe that you're miserable and the results are far more beneficial to you and those around you.

MISTER DOOLEY.

STARTING THE YEAR RIGHT

Dear Social Corner Friends: It was good to read so many nice letters last Saturday; we have made a good beginning of the year.

Claire: Am glad to welcome you, enjoyed your letter and read it over more than once, little thinking at the time I was written by any one I knew.

Theoda: I've seen the picture of "The Old Leather Man" have heard about him from those who had seen him. In the summer of 1919 there were several item in The Bulletin. I cut them out to save. I answered an inquiry concerning him and had a little book sent me for my trouble. His name was Jules Bourg'a—born at Lyons, France. He was found dead in his cave on the farm of George Dell, near Sing Sing, N. Y., March 24 a. 1889.

Anna Moll: My cousin lives upstairs and her door bell is the right hand bell name over it, Mrs. E. A. L.) Her maiden name was same as chauffeur's.

Best wishes.

JOAN.

GREETINGS FROM KEZIAH DOOLITTLE

Dear Social Corner Sisters: I was pleased to see so many nice letters in the Social Corner last Saturday.

I thank a Social Corner member for my pretty and useful calendar. Think I can guess "Who is Who."

Jennie: The next time you think of visiting Club No. 2 please let me know and I will try and meet you there.

1492: Thank you for my pretty card. Hope to see a letter from you soon.

Mary Gus.a: When are you coming to another of our club meetings? Wish you could meet with us in March.

KEZIAH DOOLITTLE.

KEPT IN BY WINTER

Social Corner Editor and Readers: I will write and thank a Corner member for the calendar received. I was very much pleased to receive it. I am as usual but do not go out when icy. Have not been to a club meeting for a long time but will try to come as soon as the weather is better. The ice has been very bad and I do not try to go about in the cold, but spend my summer away visiting. Hoping to see the sisters of the Corner soon

SALLY SYCAMORE

WHO CAN TELL?

Dar Sisters of the Social Corner: Can one of you tell me of a good medical book that would give a good account of the heart and circulation, etc.? I would like to send it to a friend who lives far out in the Blue Hills of Virginia. She writes me of her heart troubles and I thought the book would teach her how to take care of herself, which is about all she will be able to do.

Thanks in advance.

DOROTHY PERKINS.

ENJOYED THE MEETING

Dear Social Corner Sisters: What a lovely time we did have Jan. 4 at the Buckingham Memorial. I wish to thank Delish Deal and Bonnie for birthday cards and all who sent me Christmas cards. Wishing you all a happy New Year.

I. J. B.

APPRECIATES KINDNESS.

To the Editor and Social Cornerites: I wish to thank Deliah Deal for her kindness in replying to the letter concerning the Campbells. A cousin who saw the letter in the Social Corner furnished the desired information. But all the same I appreciate the courtesy and kindness of Deliah Deal.

GREAT GREAT GRAND AUNT.

ANOTHER CORNER MEMBER.

Social Corner Editor: Have been to several of the Social Corner gatherings and enjoyed myself very much and would like to be a member. Will take for a penname

TOBY.

Costly Shooting at the Moon.

Columbus' trip to the New World cost $7,200. Merely to send a rocket to the moon, is reckoned well up in the hundreds of thousands.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Chaps are ugly.
MENTHOLATUM
makes skin smooth

POETRY

OPPORTUNITY.

They do me wrong who say I come no more
When first I knock and fail to find you in;
For every day I stand outside your door
And bid you wake and rise, to fight and win.

Wail not for precious chances passed away,
Weep not for golden ages on the wane!
Each night I burn the records of the day;
At sunrise every soul is born again.

Laugh like a boy at splendors that have sped,
To vanished joys be blind and deaf and dumb;
My judgments seal the dead past with its dead,
But never bind a moment yet to come.

Though deep in mire, wring not your hands and weep;
I lend my arm to all who say "I can!"
No shame-faced outcast ever sank so deep
But he might rise again and be a man.

Dost thou behold thy lost youth all aghast?
Or reel from retribution's righteous blow?
Then turn from blotted archives of the past
And find the future's pages white as snow.

Art thou a mourner? Rouse thee from thy spell!
Art thou a sinner? Sins may be forgiven.
Each morning gives the wings to flee from hell,
Each night a star to guide thy soul to heaven.

—Walter Malone.

SO FARES THE WORLD.

Behold the throng in Earth's tense, sounding seats,
This stern, swift stage whereon the pulsing race
Reports itself in color, creed and grace
Of Mammon within Maya as it beats
The world-ways worn yet viewless of the feats,
Whence tragic cypress or the bays that face
Each unit soul, yet seldom leaves it trace
In mart or highway of the Fate it metes.
In London or in Gotham boldly new
In Islam's cantals or those of Christ,
The through tho' tongue and custom changed again
Reveals the masque of might which seals from view
The Soul's strange struggle at the Flesh's tryst;
So fares the world within the ways of men.

—Manxell Niey Hayson, in Boston Transcript.

HUMOR OF THE DAY

Arduup—I say, old man, will you indorse a note for me?

Editor—I'm sorry, but my professional training forbids me to have anything to do with paper written on both sides.—Stray Stories.

"After marriage you will be my angel, my ministering angel."

"Now, kid, get this into your head. I'm not going to wait on you."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

"We had to leave," said Mrs. Clinchbenny, because my husband couldn't stand the high altitude."

"Oh," imperiously returned Mrs. Scattercoin, "our folks would stayed, no matter how much it cost."—Youngstown Telegram.

"I understand you are trying to sell your farm and all the live stock."

"Yes," replied Farmer Corntassel. "The deal has got to cover everything. I've got a mule that I've made up my mind to get rid of, and the only chance of doing it is to put the animal across as an incidental item."—Washington Star.

A man who wanted a horse for general use explained to a dealer that he wished to buy a nice, quiet, good-looking animal that could be driven by his wife and that would not object to being hitched up to a lawn mower.

After listening attentively for some moments, the dealer, with the utmost gravity, finally inquired:

"And would you like him to wait at the table, sir?"—Exchange.

KALEIDOSCOPE

W. G. Lee, president of the Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen, entered the railroad service in 1879 as a brakeman for the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe.

It is estimated that the sparrow, thought to be a city bird, is found to the extent of five pairs on each farm in the northwestern part of the United States.

The San Francisco mint is coining silver dollars at the rate of 250,000 a day to replace the $280,000,000 melted down and shipped to England during the war.

The new Welland canal is the fourth to be built by the Canadian government between Lake Erie and Lake Ontario. The first canal, built as a private enterprise, was completed in 1829.

Steel that is both rustless and plastic has been produced at Sheffield, England. It has perfect rust-resisting properties, and can be stamped, punched, pressed or engraved cold. When bent cold to a radius equal to its thickness, it shows no sign of fracture. It will retain a silver-bright polish in any atmosphere.—Popular Mechanics Magazine.

One of the puzzles of astronomy is the gaps of blackness in the Milky Way—vast areas that seem to contain no stars. They are sometimes spoken of as "coal-boxes." Prof. E. E. Bernardi of the Yerkes observatory has made an elaborate series of photographs of the Milky Way with special reference to these coal-boxes. He thinks he has demonstrated the fact that they are not empty spaces at all, but enormous clouds of meteoric or other solid matter which are suspended in the cosmic void, interrupting our view of multitudes of stars that lie behind them.

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