12th Anniversary of the Social Corner

SOW A CHARACTER AND YOU REAP A DESTINY

ANSWERS AND INQUIRIES.

AROOSTOOK SPUD: Your name has been added to the Social Corner.

INTERESTED READER: Letter received and forwarded as requested.

GRACE: Letter forwarded as directed.

WOOD B. GRANDMA: Your name has been added to the Social Corner list.

1432: Letter forwarded as requested.

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

BEE AND SWEET PEA: Your names have been added to the Corner.

KITTY LOU: Many thanks. They are cute, and no wonder they made a hit.

DOROTHY BRADFORD: Your name has been enrolled in The Corner. It was necessary to change your pennname slightly, but you can select another if you wish.

SUNSET: Your name has been added to The Corner.

SOCIAL CORNER EVENTS.

March 8.—Anniversary meeting of Club No. 1, at Franklin Hall, Willimantic.

March 9.—Meeting in Plainfield, to arrange new club.

SOCIAL CORNER POETRY

THE DESERTED HOUSE.

With sagging door and staring window place
And sunken roof, it stands among its trees,
Befriended by the boughs that interlace
Between it and the light ghost breeze.

Poor human nest, how desolately torn.
Yet in these ragged rooms young children slept;
And on this floor broken and forlorn,
The baby with the sunshine daily crept.

Has whence sons older "Tom" and "Susie" stood,
And marked their names a yard space from the ground;
That little height, when all of sweet and good
Within the narrow plot of home is found.

Such tiny sleeping rooms, with space for naught
Except a place to dress, a place to dream,
A book, a little shelf, a good-night thought
A childish treasure brought from field or stream.

Upon this curbstone, picking bit by bit
The grass that grew before the cottage door,
The six-month's baby sat examining it
As one who never had seen its like before.

Here by the window in her willow chair,
The mother sewed and sang a low refrain
Are these the patches from her piece-bag there?
Nay, they are leaves that blew in with the rain.

The leaves blow in, the moss is on the roof,
The squirrels bring their treasures from the boughs,
The storm comes and with dull, unhastening hoof,
Into this partial shelter stray the cows.

Ah, come away! Some woman's youth lies here,
Some man's fair childhood, dead but wondrous sweet;
Some heart this cot has sheltered holds it dear,
And fills it with old loves and joys complete.

What right have we to pry or speculate?
The sun goes down, the darkness like a pall
Encloseth ruined house and porch and gate,
And tender darkness broodeth over all.

—By Ethelyn Wetherald.

Sent in by The Silent Stranger.

THE DESERTED HOUSE.

I tread the path, I trod of old,
With weeds and grass o'er grown;
I pause and listen ere I step
On the familiar stone.

Across the door the roses blend,
And slowly nod and sway;
I put aside one drooping branch,
A snowy, fragrant spray.

One touch and all around my feet
The fairy petals lay—
Emblems of youthful happiness—
Of hopes that fled away.

The old door creaks on its worn sill;
A bird flies, fluttering near
From out the room where once I sat
With loved ones true and dear.

This is the corner where of old
My father had his seat;
And this the room whose floor is worn,
With mother's busy feet.

The empty fireplace, dark and cold,
Was once aglow with heat;
The staircase echoed to the tread,
Of merry youthful feet.

Around me seems a chill of death,
An air of gathering gloom;
Though warmly shines the summer sun,
Within the empty room.

O, you are all that made it home;
Gone are the friends of years!
And this old house is but the shrine
For memories—and for tears!

Close on the door, and leave it all
To silence deep and drear;
Since all I loved has passed away,
Why need I linger here?

By Mrs. Elizabeth Phillips.

Sent in by Interested Reader.

OUR TWELFTH ANNIVERSARY.

Once again we reach the anniversary season. It was twelve years ago on the ninth of this month that the Social Corner was launched in the belief that it would serve as the clearing house for the exchange of ideas that would be of profit to all members and readers alike. It has succeeded beyond expectations with the addition of many delightful social features. Its growth has been persistent and far-reaching and its ever-increasing membership an indication of its recognised worth.

There may be some fortunate enough to be able to compare The Corner page on this anniversary day with that of eleven years ago for the purpose of noting the change in the pennames. Those who have saved a copy of a year ago will be able to find many—too many, in fact—names which are now seldom seen attached to Corner letters. During the past year there have been 145 new members admitted to The Corner. Such has not been a reason for crowding out any of the old ones, for unfortunately many have failed to contribute to The Corner more than their application for membership, thus becoming, as one of the sisters has declared, banquet hall members instead of Corner supporters.

In the past twelve years as well as in the past twelve months The Corner has lost through death some of its workers—helpful and faithful members—whose influence and devotion were always timely and unstinted. It is to such that The Corner owes much of its success and to such that it continues to look for the still greater assistance it is hoped it will be in the years to come.

Long live The Corner, is the wish expressed by many of the writers. Long live the members and may the contributions of both the old and the new continue to be of such volume and worth as to make it increasingly valuable, is the wish of

THE SOCIAL CORNER EDITOR.

ANOTHER CORNER MEMBER.

Dear Editor and Social Corner Sisters: I have been an interested reader of the Social Corner letters for a long time and have attended one meeting with a member and enjoyed myself so much I would like to become a member if I may. Will take for my penname

SUNSET.

THE DEANSHIP OF THE CORNER.

To the Editor and Social Corner Sisters: Balsam Fir: I thank you for your kind thought about my poem. It is the embodiment of my experience—right off my own hat, so to speak. I am not quite fourscore yet, but I am very near to it, as I am 73 this year. Now I wonder if any of the other sisters have reached that advanced age? If that is not the case, then in point of years may I not hope to achieve the proud distinction of being dean of the Social Corner. I am very glad that you have not encountered any of those kinks yet; but I greatly fear that they are lying in ambush along the path of the coming years.

GREAT GREAT GRAND-AUNT.

RESPONDING ON THE ANNIVERSARY

Dear Social Corner Sisters. I haven't written for some time, but as this is the week of the anniversary letters I thought I would write. I love to read the letters in The Corner and hope to write often, but there are so many things to see to and little Junior requires so much time.

If I keep on I shall be like the fellow from the Ozarks whose hope was short-lived. The story was told me that this old fellow came from the Ozarks to the city to see the sights. This was his first visit to the city and he walked down the street looking in the windows, enjoying himself hugely. At one place he saw the sign "Woman's Exchange." The mountaineer hurried into the store, which was filled with various specimens of feminine handicraft. "Is this the Woman's Exchange?" he asked. "It is," answered a very tall, gaunt and a very spinster-like person behind the counter. "Be you the woman?" And he eyed her keenly. "I guess I am. "Well, I guess I'll keep Sal," he said apologetically, hurrying out.

HUBBY'S CHUM.

FINDS OLD FRIEND THROUGH THE CORNER.

Social Corner Editor and Sisters: A few words of greeting and every good wish for the welfare of The Corner at this anniversary. I have been a member for over six years and have enjoyed it much in various ways. In my last week's letter my suggestions were concerning "opportunity," and at this time it seems fitting to me that I should mention a success I have accomplished due to "opportunity" afforded by the columns of The Corner page. In the Feb. 15th copy of The Bulletin I sent forth an inquiry for a long absent friend. A reply was written to me Feb. 20, addressed care of The Bulletin office, which was forwarded to my address. I wish to extend thanks for this favor, and I am very happy and grateful to have found my friend, of whom I have had no knowledge whatever for a period of 44 years.

All's well that ends well. Long live The Corner and its good work.

JENNIE.

A WELL WISHER.

Dear Social Corner Sisters: As we have reached a new anniversary of the Social Corner, may I add my best wishes for its continued success. I have made many friends and got many helps through The Corner. It is something I look forward to with eagerness each Saturday.

Though it is late, I must not forget to thank a Social Corner Member for the pretty calendar. I am finding constant use for it.

One member recently asked for a raisin pie recipe. Here is a raisin pudding which is nice:

Raisin Pudding: Chop four ounces of suet fine. Place in a bowl and add one cup of flour, one cup of bread crumbs, three teaspoons of baking powder, one teaspoon of salt, four tablespoons of melted shortening, three-fourths cup of brown sugar, one egg, three-fourths cup of milk. Beat to mix and then add one cup of raisins, one-half cup of chopped nuts, one-half cup of chopped citron. Mix and turn in a mould and steam for one and one-half hours. Serve with thin custard sauce.

FRED'S WIFE.

INTERESTED IN FANCY WORK.

Dear Corner Sisters: I read with interest Tatting's letter in The Corner and jumped with joy when I saw that she was willing to pass along her patterns to another, for I had hopes that she would find it possible to send some of the directions to the members through The Corner columns.

Fancy work is my delight and I wish others might exchange ideas on it more frequently.

I want to extend congratulations to The Corner at this time and express the hope that its usefulness will multiply with the years.

TESS.

MEETING TO CONSIDER STARTING NEW CLUB IN PLAINFIELD MARCH 9.

Dear Social Corner: This has sure been some busy week for a staid middle-aged woman like me. I broke the record Saturday night when I left home at 5 p. m. for Providence, took supper with my step-son and his family and returned home before our usual bedtime. Sunday I attended three church services, made a call and had callers from out of town; Tuesday I went to evening service at the church; Wednesday I took in the anniversary meeting at the Buckingham Memorial and a Sunday school social in the evening and it has stormed two days.

At the Buckingham it was fine as usual. So many old friends to greet and new faces to meet and the best of all is that no one asks if you are rich or poor, high or low, and the membership is not limited.

In a country village, or even a large town often the men have a club, or if not they have outside interests; the boys have Scouts; the girls have various societies and clubs, but the only thing left to middle-aged women is the Ladies' Aid. That is a fine, helpful thing, but they meet to work and most of them have to sew all of their spare time at home and need a change. How many good, unselfish mothers have had "the blues" over nothing but the heart-breaking sense forced on them by their daughters' social enjoyment and that their own youth was a thing of the past. We do not want the same pleasures we enjoyed in those by-gone days but we do crave and need gatherings for pleasure as well as for work and we need friendly gatherings where we are welcome instead of just tolerated; where we have a part instead of making a background for others.

Nearly every village has its woman's club or literary circle for a chosen few—a limited number that is always full when an undesired name is proposed, but is very elastic when a woman of wealth or social position comes to the place.

Now it is the woman of small means and big cares who needs pleasure and oftimes she has had a girlhood of education and training that fits her to give more than she receives and by keeping her out of things we are causing her to throw away God-given talents that would bless many lives in years to come.

The Social Corner is a wonderful gathering and I believe small branches would double its worth. I have tried to start one but was discouraged by a sister who said she was going to have "a big gathering this summer"—but we are not sure of being here this summer. Few of us can entertain a big gathering but we can enjoy the local few and perhaps a few from other clubs.

Now I would be glad to have the Social Corner writers in this vicinity meet with me Thursday afternoon, March 9, and talk over forming a club. There will be a yellow bow on the door, between the Stone church and Depot corner, Plainfield village.

ETTA BARBER.

HOME INFLUENCES.

Mr. Editor and Social Corner Writers: I wish to thank our editor for the yellow check which was one of the surprises of my life and Blanche came over to congratulate me on it before I noticed I was to receive one.

Now, sisters, have any of you ever stopped and thought how much your home meant to you. You who have a good home and little ones at your knee should not forget to give thanks every day of your life for your blessing, for it is one. Don't you think you could be sometimes more pleasant in that home if you tried to be. Don't fret, don't scold and find fault and above all things fix yourselves up. Don't go to the table with your hair in papers or a soiled house dress on. Fix up as you did before you were married and as though the man you married was the only one on earth, for bubby notices such things if you don't. Don't tell him anything unpleasant till after he has eaten, for trouble takes away the thoughts of food. Bring your children to respect him. Don't let them speak of their daddy as the "old man." Don't allow them to be saucy if you wish happiness in the home. When bedtime comes send them to bed with a smile on their faces for their little troubles are just as real to them as yours are to you and you will find they will show you more love and respect. And you will find as the years come and go and you drift with the tide toward old age that the home has a great deal to do with making the golden days happier if you do the best you can. And when God calls to come higher you will understand what home sweet home means to you then. And the children as they leave the home nest and mingle with the outside world will take with them the influence of the old home and mother's love and dad's word of wisdom and advice and perhaps it will hold them from temptation and wrong, and in time if they should wander away from the right path the words of home sweet home and mother and dad sitting in the old arm chairs will bring them back to ye olden days.

MANDY.

LETTERS TAKE AWAY THE BLUES.

Dear Social Corner Sisters: As I have not written for a long time I thought I would spare time to write a few lines to you all.

I have been reading the letters in our Corner and think they are so nice and pleasant. It takes away the blues to read them. You read so many different kinds of recipes that you say, I will try that some day, but I think if we tried them all we would be cooking all the time. But we want all the recipes the sisters send and will pass them along to our friends as well as try them ourselves. And then there is so much advice about most all subjects that you cannot be anything else but pleased with them.

I was awfully disappointed to think that I could not attend Club No. 2's anniversary meeting for I have the grip and little sonny has too, but while I stayed at home I thought what a good time you all were having.

I send my sympathy to all the sick members of our Corner and wish them a speedy recovery.

Aunty No. 1: I missed going last month to our meeting and the good time I have visiting with you. Baby was sick with a cold and had an abscess in his ear. We have all had the grip. I hope you are all well.

Calla Lily: If you will send my ribbon to Box 84, Versailles, Conn., I will get it all right. I think your report is O. K. and hope you will keep the office you are in for I don't think any one could do better than you are doing. I think the Corner is doing a lot of good as you wrote in your last letter.

LO.

GOOD MORNING. IT'S ANNIVERSARY DAY.

Dear Social Corner Sisters: When we were small children, one of our best treats as you may remember, was measuring our stick of candy to see whose was the biggest. Well we've always had a very flattering opinion of our Social Corner editors and writers, naturally, but after reading the letters complimenting our Corner we are obliged to admit ours is the biggest stick of candy.

There were a few criticisms. I'm sorry there not more for healthy criticism makes for growth, and that is what we are looking for—the growth of the Corner. And you may be sure of one thing. The readers of the Corner must certainly have discovered how clever our Corner sisters are with their original ideas, and how rich in useful experiences, all of which means so much to the home-makers. Our letters are on various subjects from short cuts in housekeeping and home decorating to good true and tried recipes. It seems as if we have home entertainments in the Corner, which turn houses into homes, and turn drudgery into creative work. If you are tried and over worked, so that pots and pans, also kettles have grown to take on a hateful aspect and blot out all else from your horizon, then set yourself down and read the Corner letters. In will help you to a new adjustment of the home and its duties, which shall leave you time "for looking at the stars," and for all self-expression in its harmonious form.

KITTY LOU.

OUR WORRIES.

Dear Social Corner Editor and Sisters: Pinned on the wall over my desk is a little "post card," which has done one a world of good. It cost only a few cents, but it has helped me over so many rocky places in life's road that its real value to me is not to be estimated at all in coin of the republic. It is a simple little thing—just a sketch done in sepia of a smiling, roly-poly Dutch boy with his native canals and windmills behind him, and below him this quaint motto: "O der trouble we have vat don't happen yet." And there you have it, the whole sum and substance of worry in a nutshell. For we don't worry about the trouble we have, but what is going to happen.

We do love our letters in the Corner. All the letters are experiences of so many and I have always heard that two heads are better than one, and after reading our Corner I find that a dozen heads are better than two.

ETHELYN.

THANKFUL FOR HELP ON BUSY DAY

Dear Social Corner Sisters: I want to thank each and every one who helped me at the anniversary dinner and to make it a success.

What a roomful! I believe one sister counted 150 with plenty to eat and the good after words. There were several sunshine boxes sent out. As I did not know of Whippoorwill's death in time for flowers the money was sent to use for her sick family. Two large boxes of food were sent to sick homes where the whole family was sick although not members of the Corner. How nice it is that these little rays of sunshine can be carried to the sick whether Cornerites or not as long as we have food enough and to share and can do for the living and not wait until they are gone.

I was sorry I could not meet and get acquainted with our new and also our visiting Corner members, but the day was too full of business for my assistants and myself. However we were glad you were all with us.

I want to thank our Springfield member, a former Norwich resident, Onondague for her kind thought of us and her contribution of $1. Was sorry she couldn't be with us.

To those sick I trust all will be with us at the next Corner meeting of Club No. 2 and to those in sorrow will say our sympathy goes out to you all.

Trusting to be one of the big crowd to Club No. 1's March 8 meeting I'll say by-by.

CALLA LILY

WHAT WAS ONE OF THE HAPPIEST TIMES OF YOUR LIFE.

Dear Folks: Just a few lines for remembrance on the anniversary day of the Social Corner. One of the good old songs we must sing together today is Blest be the Tie. I think it is the large variety of miscellaneous subjects that makes the letters interesting. A little humor intermixed is good, too, I think.

Joan: Yes, I enjoy the poems, the page is well started with a suggestive thought in verse.

Blanche: In my letter about the Beautiful Village I meant to have spoken of the Windham library at Windham Center (once the Windham bank building.) In the reading room there are many things of interest. Among them are a section of a tree filled with cannon balls from the battlefield of Chicamauga, beautiful embroidery work (under glass) deftly made over 100 years ago, also pictures of people and views of old Windham. In cluding one that claimed my attention. This was a photo of the Old Windham fire company.

Taking for a topic, "One of the Happiest Times of My Life," suppose each one writes some thought on that, the next time they write. I will if you will?

Honest "Injun" now, I feel I am not putting it too strongly, if you wish me to express my opinion of what the Social Corner is to my mind, when I say it is just a little bit of Heaven, to me and you.

JIM.

WHERE ARE THE OLD WRITERS

Dear Sisters: Good morning one and all. Enjoyed all your good letters last month and I think the variety of helpful ideas were fine.

Don't think I'm going to write every week, because that's not true, for I think it's time that we heard from those friends who used to to write us such helpful letters.

"Make new friends but keep the old."

Read the new letters, but our writers of old, let's see your names again soon.

Hope to be at Franklin hall, if I do I'll bring my goods along for sale.

What's my line? What's my price?

Oh the goods you'll see, the price I'll tell and Who's Who? I expect to near, if I am able to be there.

All good wishes of one of the Cornerites

NEIGHBOR EVEREADY

FINE TIME AT ANNIVERSARY MEETING

Dear Editor and Social Corner Sisters: I am writing this letter to let you all know what a pleasant time I had at the Buckingham March 1 on the anniversary of Social Corner Club No. 2. Everyone seemed to enjoy themselves. We also had visitors from different clubs, which was very pleasing to all. The day was an ideal one and some of the sisters had to come such a long way. I was glad the weather was so nice. We surely had a nice gathering, all I can say it was the end of a perfect day. There were many sunshine baxes sent out to the shut-ins. Calla Lily never forgets any of the sisters that are confined to their homes by illness.

Student: I was very sorry I did not see you again. Wished we had stayed together but I thought sure I could get the car. I went right up to the Mohican after I left you but could not get waited on in time to get that car. Am glad you and Red Rose went with me to buy the hired man a shirt. I hope this will explain everything to you.

Crimson Rambler: Am glad I could meet you as you seemed to know me. Hope to meet you again.

Sweet Fannie: Wished you could have been with us. I read your poem on the Corner page last week. It was very good and true. I think if you keep on you will get a yellow slip. The Corner page was nice last week, not one advertisement to be seen. Write every week and help crowd them off.

Delilah Dell: I enjoy reading your recipes. Am glad you sent in a recipe for meringue for tart pies.

Ivy: Was glad to see you. Wished you could have stayed longer, as I did not have time to visit with you. Hope the cake was alright. I forgot to give you one of the favors, but I brought one home with me and will save it for you. They are very pretty and dainty. Come down for the next meeting.

Old Glory: Hope you will enjoy your visit and have pleasant weather. Tell Tiger I hope to see her in the month of May.

Sarah: I was surprised to meet you at Buckingham. Hope you enjoyed the meeting with the sisters of The Corner. Come to the next meeting and bring Judie C. with you. Am glad you received the card O. K.

Mandy: Was disappointed in not seeing you at the anniversary meeting, as you had planned to come. Hope you are much improved by now. Let me hear from you.

Best wishes for all of The Corner Sisters.

RED CLOVER.

DELIGHTS IN CORNER'S ADVANCE.

Dear Cornerites: I must plead guilty to being a bit dilatory in my Corner duties but feel I must drop in to say a word on anniversary day. I have been pleased to see so many and such interesting letters for a number of weeks, and hope they will continue. More letters and a variety of topics make a snappy page. It is only the things we think about that are improved. Progress always comes because somebody somewhere has troubled to think about a better method or way. We find this true whether it is applied to housework or the highest reaches of science, and it is through such thoughts that our Corner is steadily improving. There is satisfaction in watching others advance in the line of progress where we fail.

Before closing I want to thank Social Corner Member for my dainty and already much used calendar.

Best wishes from

S. E. D.

LOVE AND LOYALTY.

Dear Social Corner Pals: Are there two words in any language which have greater breadth or scope of meaning than love and loyalty?

From the first touch of the tiny, warm hand of the infant babe so powerful to be, yet so helpless, on through the years of youth, then manhood and womanhood there is the bond of love, as yet unmeasured, which holds ever trusting through sunshine and rain, through health and sickness binding us as with strong invisible cords of hope and faith for all that is uplifting and best.

Could we but turn back for a time, I'm sure it would be to the happy hours when the precious little heads were pillowed upon our breasts with the tiny feet fondly clasped in one hand while the other embraced the little form.

The law of life is change so our love must follow the paths of life, and if we have builded a firm foundation our love will be lasting and everlasting. Let us seek to be leaders rather than drivers of the dear ones entrusted to our care.

Without love we cannot have loyalty, for to love and be loved means loyalty of highest type. The test of loyalty is a strict performance of duties involved with every task, in sight, and out of sight. It is the power to deny temptations and evil impulses which may be lurking near.

With the heart full of love and loyalty one cannot fail in life's purposes. The goal of high ideals means ever upward and ahead.

It has been suggested in some of the magazines that people in these busy times turn back and devote at least one hour a day to play with our children. I would suggest that unless we already do so, let us devote every hour every day, to play and work with them as long as it is possible.

It is time richly spent.

Many thanks editor for the yellow slip which was received Feb. 23. Good luck and good health.

HOPE COBWEB.

THINKING OF THE NEEDIEST FIRST.

Dear Sisters: As it nears the Corner anniversary will write to let you know I have not lost interest in our page. Writing doesn't come quite so easy as it once did. And I try to think of the neediest first.

There is the friend at Wildwood, the Hartford sanatorium, who writes "Nothing to do but sit out of doors and watch flocks of crows and hear them caw." I can believe she is sincere when she says my letters are filled with home news and are thoroughly appreciated. Then there is the friend who through the death of her sister has been left without a living relative. And the fact of my being her only correspondent makes it easy for me to believe that letters to her are also gladly received. There is a relative who lives on a Connecticut farm, so far in the back woods that sometimes there are six week periods in winter when a team or auto never passes the house. Letters received there make a delightful break in the monotony. Then there is our own "North Dakota," who, while she probably does not have an empty mail box, yet living where the mercury slides to 30 below frequently, and with daughter away teaching school to get money for grain, to try another gamble with nature in the spring, I think she finds time to appreciate all the letters sent her. Sixty bushels of wheat sown last spring produced only weeds because of the drouth.

Have been glad to see the Corner letters becoming more interesting, and a greater variety of subjects.

Have been watching for a letter from Keturah. We drive by her house nearly every Saturday. Thought of stopping once to see if I couldn't bribe her to let me have a maltese cat I saw. I look every time I pass but have only seen "calico cats" since and Josiah doesn't like that color.

Keturah lives on a large tobacco farm, where last season they grew large fields of it under cloth. I read that the farmers have been unable to profitably dispose of their 1920 crop yet, and for that reason will let much of their land lie idle this year.

Wish we could have letters from all the "charter members" of the Corner this first of March. At least all of the ones who gathered at Married and Happy's first meeting.

Best wishes for all, from

SAMANTHA.

THOUGHTS OF THE CORNER.

Dear Editor and Social Corner Sisters: Just a few lines to let you all know I think of you at this time. Twenty-two days more and spring will be here with all its glory. We will have a new green carpet to walk on, although just now it is white. The birds will be singing and it seems as if all that has been asleep awakened with new life.

Grandma H.: I trust you are much better. I think of you often.

Aunty No. 1: Thank you. I will meet with you some time in the near future.

Calla Lily: I thank you. I do expect to meet you at the ball some time.

Am glad to welcome all new members and am always glad to read a letter from an old member.

With best wishes from

SISTER READY.

REPLIES TO TWICE TWENTY.

Dear Social Corner Editor and Sisters: After waiting so long a time before you will think I am making up for lost time by writing again so soon. But this is written principally to acknowledge and say "Thank you" for my prize check and to reply to Twice Twenty of Feb. 11.

Twice Twenty writes she's growing old, that there is white among the gold, that she has reached the lazy age when she likes to read the S. C. page.

Sister! don't think you're growing old, although there's white among the gold, for O, it is no sign of age to like to read the Corner page.

The Corner weekly to us brings a great variety of things, and so it takes a lively brain to sift the chaff out from the grain. So throw away all thoughts of age and write a letter for the "page."

MAY B.

SUGAR COOKIES.

Editor of the Social Corner: I am sending recipe for sugar cookies which I think are very nice.

Sugar Cookies No. 1: One egg, one cup sugar, one cup sour cream, one level teaspoon soda, little salt, little lemon.

Sugar Cookies No. 2: Two cups sugar, one-half cup sour milk, one-half cup sweet milk, one-half cup shortening, one level teaspoon soda and vanilla. Butter for shortening is best.

M. C.

WILL WRITE REAL OFTEN.

Dear Cornerites: May I join your social circle? I'll promise to be good and write real often. I will not be able to meet with you very often, but I am a constant reader of the paper and interested in the letters, especially those of Orianna's. I would like to hear from her and to know how she is feeling after her little trip away. I will leave the sisters to guess who I am, and until then they may call me

DOROTHY BRADFORD.

RECIPE FOR CREAM PUFFS WANTED.

Dear Corner Sisters: I enjoy reading the Corner page very much. Am especially interested in the recipes. I wonder if some of the sisters would send in a recipe for cream puffs. I don't seem to have any. I should like to attend some of the meetings but I think I am too far away. Hope I am not taking anyone's name.

DEW KIST.

MADE MANY FRIENDS IN CORNER

Dear Social Corner: I have been to all of your good times in the last few years and have made many friends.

I haven't any recipes to give but I can still enjoy tasting some that I have seen in the paper. So I would ask to please have my name added to the Social Corner.

BEE.

TWO MORE CORNER MEMBERS.

Dear Social Corner Editor: Please add my name to the Social Corner. As I am from that part of the country I will take the name of

AROOSTOOK SPUD.

Dear Social Corner: I would like to become a member of the Corner.

SWEET PEA.

PLEASED AT THE MANY RESPONSES.

Dear Editor and Social Corner Sisters: Just a line this time to thank the Corner sisters for the recipes which I asked for.

There were so many different ones that responded that it is rather hard and may not be necessary for me to call the names, but, anyway, it was very nice and thoughtful of everyone and I appreciated it in every way.

Probably I can help all of you in some way, some day.

My week is a rather busy one at this time, and I may not be able to try all of them but will in time

AUNT MARY JANE.

NO HIGH WALLS, NO "NO ADMITTANCE" SIGNS.

Dear Social Corner Editor: Will you allow one to come into your garden who for a long time, has admired your flowers from the outside?

You have some rare posies and other good things, too, as I have noticed. I am so glad that you haven't had a great, high fence all round about, with a large sign saying "No Admittance."

On one of the trolley rides I like to take, we pass a beautiful, large estate but the great stone wall is so high one would need one of the auto buses they have in New York, to get even so much as a peep inside. From the glimpses one has if you are so fortunate as to be near when the great gates are open, you get visions of all kinds of loveliness.

Somehow, I always feel a great pity for those who dwell within this loveliness, and seem to be trying to keep it all to themselves, just as if they could, or as if it were theirs alone.

The earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof, the world and they that dwell therein." At best we have only a life lease of a little corner, and keep only what we give away.

What have you kept from your little garden that you had last summer? The smile of the little child for the flowers you gave, or the "God bless you" from the dear old soul, for the slip of the plant she admired? But hasn't the world given you more pleasure than all the flowers you plucked for yourself or the ones you allowed to remain on the bushes?

Then, too, think of the "Adventures in Friendship" we would miss if we build our walls so high.

Isn't it the finest thing ever, that the Creator has so evenly balanced the things which He has created? No matter what we poor foolish creatures think we can do we nevertheless "get back our mete as we measure."

I came across this bit recently: "Life will give us back whatever we put into it. In a way it is just like a bank. Put joy into the world and it will come back to you with compound interest, but you can't check out either money or happiness when you have made no deposits."

WOOD B. GRANDMA.

GREETINGS FROM E. M. R. C. P.

To the Sisters of the Corner: I hope Grandma H. is getting well.

Hope Cobweb: Tried your fudge recipe and liked it very well.

On the subject of poll tax I would say that I won't mind paying it, as my husband doesn't, for he has been in the service.

Sis Hopkins: That Friendship poem was one of the best I've read in a long time.

The Corner page is certainly improving weekly. Letters are all very fine.

I only get my Bulletin in the evening now, so I have a good quiet time to read it after the children have turned in, as they say.

Hope that the Cornerites will enjoy good health and spirits.

E. M. R. C. P.

GREAT FOR "TIMES."

Dear Corner Friends: Here comes Ma again. I've been having an awful time since I wrote before. I'm a great one for "times" anyway. Last time I had a "shore" time and since I've had an awful spell of neuritis in my left side, shoulder and arm and let me tell you that was a "real" time and I hope I'll never have another like it. I am much better now and feel more like myself. So many are sick around now and so many passing away we ought to be very thankful if we are able to be out of bed. The weather is getting milder and the days longer. I wonder if any of the sisters feel as glad as I do when the days begin to lengthen. I always dislike the short day but we have to have them. They always seem so lonely to me. Very soon now we will hear the peeping frogs singing their spring songs and I do like to hear them. Some folks say they don't like them, but I do and soon "Blue Birds" will also sing and "Burs" begin to hum.

Best wishes.

MA OF GREENE GABLES.

LONG A READER OF THE CORNER PAGE.

Dear Social Corner Editor and Sisters: I wonder if there is room for one more in your Corner. I have written once or twice before but like one sister said in last Saturday's paper, I guess I got cold feet. I have read the Social Corner most every Saturday since it started and enjoy it very much.

Eva G: Am I right when I ask how are the twins? There is one sister I think I know, although I don't know her penname. She works in her husband's store office, has one girl and one boy. I hope she will answer this if I am right.

Aunt Joe: Your name is very familiar. I have a dear friend who answers to that name. Please write again soon.

Now if this doesn't go in the waste basket I will try to write once in a while.

With best wishes to all.

ANATASIA.

DESERTED HOUSES

To the Editor and Members of the Social Corner: Not long ago some member asked for a poem on deserted houses. I think many of us have a feeling of tenderness and respect for these old houses. I like to think of those houses will which I am familiar, being overgrown by the great trees placed about them by those who have gone one, the old fashioned hardy shrubs that grow so luxuriantly around cellars, making such a beautiful display in the blossoming season, the splendid old fashioned red and pink roses. I have seen in such profusion in one place I have in mind and the lilacs in another all trying to cover the ruins in all the grace possible. To my mind the poem send in this week tells the story very prettily.

This poem is from my collection. I hope it will interest others.

THE SILENT STRANGER

RECIPES FOR ALL WHO DESIRE

Dear Editor and Sisters of Social Corner: In answer to Sisters May B, Interested Reader, also Black Eyed Susan. I will take up my pen and thank them sincerely for noticing me. Rather than cause hard feeling over my recipes thought I would drop out sending them in. Guess I'm a recipe fiend. I have hundreds of them. My men folks are very fond of their stomachs and I judge other men were also, as Black Eyed Susan, if you wish any thing in that line that I can send you I will do so willingly. Also any one else. I am under the doctor's care at present in a very serious condition, but am around, do all my work, washing and ironing, also cooking, but have to be very careful. I am forbidden to think at all or get excited over anything, but if I'm not separated from my neighbors before a great while I can say what I'll be, as they worry me so.

Walnut Cake: One cup sugar, 1-2 cup butter, 2 cups flour, 1 full cup walnut meat, whites of 4 eggs, 1 cup sweet milk, 1 teaspoon cream of tartar, 1-2 teaspoon soda or 2 teaspoons baking powder. Bake in loaf and frost with yellow of the egg.

Spice Cake: One cup sour milk, 1 cup sugar, 1-2 cup butter, 2 cups of flour, 1 cup raisins, 1 tablespoon molasses, 1 egg, 1-2 teaspoon cloves, 1 teaspoon soda, little nutmeg, salt, 1 teaspoon cinnamon. Bake in loaf or larger with white frosting between or jelly.

Here is a fine cake when eggs get cheaper:

Sunshine Cake: Yolks of 11 eggs, 2 cups of sugar, 1 cup butter, 1 cup milk, 3 cups of flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder. Bake in funnel pan or tube pan. Kisses can be made of the whites beaten stiff with a fork. Add 2 1-2 tablespoons of granulated sugar to the white of each egg, flavor with almond or vanilla, drop on brown paper and bake 40 minutes in slow oven. Don't butter paper. These make a nice dessert, with whipped cream. You can add figs chopped or raisins or chopped walnuts. They take the place of so much candy.

Baked Cakes: 2 cups bread dough, 1-2 cup butter, 1 cup sugar, 2 eggs (saving out white of one), little salt nutmeg, cinnamon, 1 cup seeded raisins. Let rise then bake.

Wizard Doughnuts: 1 cup of sugar, 1 cup sweet milk, scald, dissolve sugar in milk, add 2 eggs well beaten, 4 tablespoons olive oil, little salt, 1-2 teaspoon of cinnamon or nutmeg, 4 cups of flour, 2 teaspoons of baking powder, mix thoroughly at night, let stand till morning, roll out as little flour as possible, let rise, then fry in smoking hot crisco, roll in powdered sugar.

This is all for this time. Hope you will like these. Sincerely,

TAFFY

NOW IS THE TIME

Dear Social Corner Editor and Sisters: I have not written for some time but as this is the anniversary I thought I would write a few lines. I put off writing until I have more time.

When I have time so many things I'll do, to make life happier and more fair to those whose lives are cramped now with care. I'll help to lift them from their low despair, when I have time. When I have time the friend I love so well shall know no more the many toiling days, I'll lead her feet in pleasant paths always and cheer her heart with words of sweetest praise, when I have time.

When you have time, the friend you hold so dear, may be beyond the reach of all your sweet intent, may never know that you so kindly meant, to fill her life with sweet content, when you have time. Now is the time, ah, friend, no longer wait, to scatter loving smiles and words of cheer, to those around whose lives are now so drear. They may not meet you in the coming year. Now is the time.

HILLSIDE.

BIDDY BIDS CORNERITES TO ANNIVERSARY

Dear Editor and Social Corner Friends: Cut-out-outa-da-out! Well, here I am once more. Suppose a Social Corner member thought I was never going to write and say thanks for the pretty calendar. I appreciate the remembrance very much. Thank you. Isn't it too sad about Grandma H? We miss her so much from our meetings.

I want to say this to you all. Put on your best behaviour March 8th. Biddy expects to ruffle up her feathers a good many times that day. Hope the day will be pleasant. By "best behaviour" I mean come prepared to laugh. When "Biddy" gets to going they do lots of mischief you know, also something good to eat, pie, cake or anything in that line.

Hope a large delegation from Norwich will come. We have a good time usually.

The South Coventry bunch are the committee in charge with others from Willimantic.

Hurrah for the Corner.

BIDDY

ANOTHER SUGGESTION FOR A MERINGUE

Dear Social Corner: I am certainly an absent member in more ways than one, but rest assured sisters I have not forgotten one of you. I always think of the good times you age having together, but my home duties have kept me away.

Scottie: Was glad to hear from you, and don't know but I owe you a letter. Am going to make an effort to see you the 8th.

I want to thank the Social Corner member who sent me the pretty calendar. I hope you will pardon my long delay in doing so.

Canterbury Belle: Thanks for the Valentine card. Made me feel young again.

Blossom: I often think of you, and had hoped to see you and yours in W. long ago.

Hopeful: Where art thou? Sent you a letter a few weeks ago and it was returned. Hope you are enjoying good health now.

Do any of the sisters ever add two tablespoons of cold water to your egg before beating for a meringue? If you have not just try it and see how much nicer it is. It is more tender and thicker.

Best wishes for the Corner.

ELIZA JANE.

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It is a wonderful medicine, states Mrs. F. E. Tounsel, 731 Merchant St., Los Angeles, Cal. Millions of people all over the U. S., Canada and Mexico have testified to the remarkable reconstructive power of this wonderful medicine. Get a bottle today. At all good druggists.

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No woman need have a repulsive, unsightly skin—ten chances to one it's caused by constipation and a lazy liver, which is easily and quickly remedied. For a good, safe, purely vegetable regulator which will keep your system clean, as nature intended,

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Now Works Nine Hours a Day. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Restored Her Strength

Union Village, Vt.—"I was weak and nervous and all run-down. I could not walk across the floor without resting, and I had been that way for weeks. I saw your advertisement in the paper and after taking one bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound I felt the good it was doing me and took seven more in all. Before I finished I was able to work nine hours a day in a steam laundry. I cannot say too much in favor of your medicine. I trust all sick and suffering women will take it. It has been two years since I took it and I am strong and well."—Mrs. L. A. GUSMANI, Union Village, Vt.