

THE SOCIAL CORNER

THE GREAT END OF ALL HUMAN INDUSTRY IS THE ATTAINMENT OF HAPPINESS

SOCIAL CORNER POETRY

Home. We've been away a-while, been dressed up every day, the four corners of the globe, and I declare, go anywhere, and you're glad to get back home.

The Case-Bottomed Chair. I nattered old slippers that toast at the end of a ragged old jacket scummed with grease.

That's a hand there is bright and the air and the view I behold on a sunny day, through the chimney-pots over the way.

This snug little chamber is crammed in all nooks with worthless old knickknacks and silly old books.

Cracked bargains from brokers, cheap keepsakes from friends.

Old armor, prints, pictures, pipes, china (all cracked), did rusty chairs, and chairs broken-backed.

What matter! 'tis pleasant to see 'em, friend, and me.

And 'tis wonderful, surely, what music you get, from the rickety, rambunctious, wheezy organ.

That apron-cake came from a Turkoman's camp; by their eyes twinkled that brass old lamp.

A Mamboke Serer yonder dagger has drawn; 'twas a murderous knife to toast muffins.

But of all the cheap treasures that garnish my room, that I love and I cherish, 'twas the best of couches that's padded with hair.

I never would change these, my cane-bottomed chair.

'Tis a hand-lagged, high-shoelaced, worm-taten seat, with a crackling old back, and twisted old feet.

But when the chair merrily when Panny sits there, I bless this and love this, old cane-bottomed chair.

It was but a moment she sat in this place, she's a saint on her neck, and a smile on her face, and a rose in her hair.

And she sat there, and bloomed in my cane-bottomed chair.

And so I have valued my chair ever since, like the shrine of a saint, or the throne of a prince!

Saint Panny, my patroness sweet I declare, in the silence of night as I sit here alone.

I sit here alone, but we yet are a pair—my Panny I see in my cane-bottomed chair.

Who comes from the past, and revisits my room; she comes as she then did, all beauty and bloom.

So smiling and tender, so fresh and so fair, and tender she sits in my cane-bottomed chair.

—William Makepeace Thackeray.

SOCIAL CORNER EVENTS

Sept. 13—Picnic at home of Auntie No. 1.

AGENCY No. 1 WILL ENTERTAIN NEXT WEEK.

Dear Social Corner: It's a long time since I distributed anything for the Corner page.

I want to thank the editor for the picture that I received so long ago. It's not too late.

As I haven't been able to attend any of the gatherings since June I will write the members all with their names written on them.

First, I bring you my last year, Wednesday, Sept. 13, but it stormy the 14th, at my home, the same place as last year.

I don't think you need any further directions. Please bring your plate, cup and fork and something good to eat as usual.

Let us hope for a good day and a large crowd.

AGENCY No. 1.

CHARACTER DELINEATION.

Dear Editor of the Social Corner: The following is a character delineation of the following: "Virgo" between August 23 and September 22.

People born in this sign are remarkable for their orderly and methodical habits.

They are generous and loyal, evince great interest in the activities of their friends.

Very good scholars and musicians, neat in dress and fastidious.

Affectionate in family and proud of good ancestry.

They are fond of associating with rich and distinguished people.

These people are subject to no disease of any kind, but strange to say they think they are ill.

THAT DIFFERENT WOMAN.

A THOUSAND MILE TRIP.

Dear Social Corner: Many of you may remember Samantha Allen used to say she had been "touring the country."

Well, I have been a little and I want to tell you about it.

I sent a few lines which express my feelings about the subject.

On the morning of August 26, at two o'clock, I started for the west.

Elmer Greene and family and Mrs. Alice Johnson started by auto for the west.

While in Scranon I had made on a trail on a hillside and on the top of the hill.

There were only 21 there beside myself and the lamps had been neglected they all went out.

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A SENSIBLE GUEST ROOM.

Dear Social Corner: Like enthusiastic young housekeepers, I saved all of my loveliest bed room accessories for the fitting up of a dainty guest room.

As our home was a humble one, I had to do my best with what I had.

AGENCY No. 1.

SOME TIMELY HOUSEHOLD HELPS.

Dear Corner: When you boil salt hams, on removing from the boiling water, plunge them at once into cold water.

When you have an old padding for your ironing board, try a pad made of newspaper.

Orange peel that is dried and grated makes a yellow powder that is delicious flavoring for cakes and custards.

When you serve sausage, wash them in cold water, dry them, prick the skins, then fry in a little oil.

Never put food away in any kind of a metal can, or a silver can.

When grinding bread crumbs with a food chopper, take an ordinary paper bag and fasten it around the cutter's end.

Before you dry cold potatoes, always dust them with flour.

Clean plaster casts without injuring their outlines, brush them or wipe them with an application of dry powdered starch which penetrates the creases of the design.

Keep tacks in a big mopped bottle. You can see any size you want without opening packages.

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RECALLING SOME OF THE OLD DAYS.

Dear Editor and Corner Sisters: I remember when envelopes were not in use.

There were not any manufactured, the writing paper in those days were large sheets, sometimes called "foolscap."

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THE SOLDIER'S PRAYER BOOK.

Dear Editor and Corner Sisters: As I haven't all of this I wish some of the sisters would send in the last part of it.

A private soldier, Richard Lee was taken before a military court.

For playing cards in church.

Well, soldier, what have you to say for your honor of the purity of your faith?

"Much sir, I hope."

"Very good, if not, I will punish you more than man was ever punished."

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