THE SOCIAL CORNER

HUMILITY IS A VIRTUE TOO LITTLE CULTIVATED

SOCIAL CORNER POETRY

Earth the Beautiful

I think the time will never be
When earth will not seem fair to me.
If I may see the arching sky,
With fleecy cloud-wrack floating by;
A tree with green uplifted head,
And clover in its shadowy spread.
Or see a river's stately flight,
Its ripples dancing in the light;
Though keen my sorrow, deep my woe,
Yet happiness my heart must know.
Or if to sleepless eyes no ray
Should enter from the brightest day
If I might smell a violet
My darkened way I shall forget,
And in my fancy see once more
The woodland aisles with boughs arched o'er,
And gathered thickly around my feet
The bending wild flowers, fair and sweet.
Or if my hand might hold a rose,
The garden gate would swift unclose,
And rank on rank would bloom for me
For fairer flowers than now I see.
The ocean waves would sing for me
Their mournful, vibrant symphony;
And when in organ tones arise
Storm voices grandly to the skies,
My puny woe, ashamed to stay,
With them would quickly pass away,
And in the deep succeeding calm,
My soul would join in nature's psalm

NINETTE M. LOWATER

The Hand That Rules the World

They say that man is might, he governs
land and sea;
He wields a mighty scepter o'er lesser
powers that be;
But a mightier power and stronger man
from his throne is hurled.
And the hand that rocks the cradle is the
hand that rules the world.

Blessings on the hand of woman! Angels
guard its strength and grace,
In the palace, cottage, hovel, oh no matter
where the place!
Would that never storms assailed it, rainbows every gently curled;
For the hand that rocks the cradle is the
hand that rules the world.

Infancy's tender fountain, power may
with beauty flow;
Mother's first to guide the streamlets,
from the souls unresting grow;
Growing on for the good or evil, sunshine
streamed or darkness hurled;
For the hand that rocks the cradle is the
hand that rules the world.

Woman, how divine your mission here
upon our natal sod!
Keep, oh keep the young heart open always to the breath of God!
All true trophies of the ages are from
mother-love impearled,
For the hand that rocks the cradle is the
hand that rules the world.

Blessings on the hand of woman; fathers, sons and daughters cry,
And the sacred song is mingled with the
worship in the sky—
Mingles where no tempest darkens, rainbows evermore are curled;
For the hand that rocks the cradle is the
hand that rules the world.

—William Ross Wallace

Social Corner Events

Oct. 11—Club No. 1 meets in Franklin hall, Willimantic.

Answered and Inquiries

Jay Bee: Your name has been added to the Corner list. The pen name you selected belongs to another. If you desire something else you are at liberty to change.

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

Death of Married and Happy.

Many members of the Social Corner will regret to learn of the death of Mrs. Helen Howey Sterry (Married and Happy) which occurred at the hospital in Willimantic Friday morning.

She had been a valued member of the Corner for many years, an interesting writer and an enthusiastic supporter, although her letters have appeared less frequently in the past two years. Her death means a distinct loss to the Corner.

CYPRESS JOINS THE CORNER.

Dear Social Corner Editor and Sisters: Having been to two of your meetings and met a number of the members, I wish to become one of you, and will take Cypress as my pen name.

I am a new resident but feel quite at home in this city. Here is a recipe some of you may like to use:

Ginger or Chipped Pear: Dissolve six pounds of granulated sugar in water, add three whole lemons, sliced, one pound of preserved ginger or, two ounces ginger root, eight pounds hard pears, chipped. Cook at least two hours, until color of amber; stir occasionally.

CYPRESS.

SEASON OPENS AUSPICIOUSLY.

Dear Sisters of the Social Corner: Therewas a large attendance at the first meeting of the season, and we had a very nice dinner. We were more than pleased to see Dorothy Bradford with us again, but we missed Calla Lily asking Who'll give the beans? There was a short program. Chocolate, Bluebell, Ivy, Betty Brown, Wetona, Evelyn Burr, Aunty No. 1 all responded when called up to do their little bit.

I have noticed the ones who want the program are just the ones that will not take part. New, sisters, come prepared to do your part at the next meeting. We have something good in store for the next meeting. Come and see what it is.

Yours for The Corner.

BONIE.

GRATITUDE

Dear Corner Sisters: Aren't we having a most delightful fall? It seems too good to last and yet do we really appreciate it? Appreciation and gratitude are seldom over-manifested.

We complain sometimes that other people are not grateful for our efforts and talk largely about the common lack of gratitude. But may be most of the fault lies with us. Much of effort for others even for our own, is selfish. We make it because it pleases us or sops our conscience—not because we want to please the ones for which we work. Ever think of it that way?

We all know people who insist on doing things for us. Not that we have asked them to or even want their help. Indeed we'd much rather they leave us alone to work out our problems. But blindly they insist. Do we feel grateful to them? We do do not. We dub them "interferers," "marplots," and quote the old saw about fools rushing in. Then why blame others for feeling likewise?

It's difficult for many to accept favors. Nor is this altogether bad, for its root lies in a certain sturdy self-dependence that would meet life's storms and conquer, alone. It should be much harder to respect and like the ones who eagerly accept all they can get and reach out continually for more.

Before we resent what seems like ingratitude it might be well to use our powers of analyzes turned inward and see if what we think we have been doing for the sake of others is not in reality a form of self-pleasure masquerading as unselfishness.

We do not find ourselves grateful until we receive just the help that we want—not that which others think we should have. Why expect more of them?

Have been pleased to see some of the old writers appearing in the Corner. Isn't it time for more of them to respond?

S. E. D.

GREETINGS FROM LAST ROSE OF SUMMER

Dear Sisters and Editor of Social Corner: I have intended to write ever since I had the Social Corner gathering at my house Nov. 2, 1921, and thank the ladies that came and say to those that did not that come that they missed a pleasant time.

I have had sickness in the family ever since and with company I have been very busy.

I am tending store while my daughter's family is on a vacation for ten days. Also I have four to cook for. I have a busy time at noon when the children come for sandwiches, candy and ice cream.

K. D.: I wish Primrose and I were on our way to see you this very day, if you are at your home.

Twice Twenty: Do you want to take a trip by auto some day if Mr. Twice-Twenty is well enough to be left alone? Please let me know? I hope he is much better.

I thank the editor for pricing this letter.

LAST ROSE OF SUMMER

FORTIETH WEDDING ANNIVERSARY

Dear Social Corner Sisters: The first thing I want to thank the editor for the yellow slip which I was much surprised to get but it was very welcome. My husband and I went to Putnam recently and spent a few days with our "small daughter." While there we celebrated our 40th wedding anniversary. My son and family came and some other friends and we had a nice dinner and we received quite a few presents and some money. Also received cards and letters through the mail. It don't seem possible that we have been married 40 years the first day of this month, but it is so and again when I look back and think of all that has happened it seems as if the time had been too short for so much to be. We lived in this same house all but a few months of the time, so it seems very much like home. I would liked so much to have gone to the Buckingham for the October meeting but lots of things happened to prevent. Hope to meet with you all soon and best wishes for the Corner from

MA OF GREENE GABLES.

BEST TO BE GRATEFUL

Dear Sisters of the Social Corner: These beautiful days of autumn are not surpassed throughout the whole year and so much there is to enjoy, and remind us that we should be grateful for many conditions. True, with us all, we do not have everything to our liking, but whatever our grievance may be, it seems we can always find some one else, who has more severe troubles than ours, and with whom we should not desire to exchange places. Those who are lame and find it difficult to walk, can say, "I am grateful I have the use of my hands and my sight and hearing is normal." The blind, which seems almost the hardest affliction are thankful for hearing and find great enjoyment in music and lectures and being out to walk with the protection of a friend.

There is a blind institute not far from my home and I see those unfortunate inmates quite often and I find them an interesting study. They appear to be very happy as they talk and laugh with each other, and it appeals to me the only reason is that they are "grateful" for many things and not wholly deprived of all that makes life worth living. Those who are quite deaf I have heard them say "We are just as well off if we do not hear all that is said good sight means much more." The physical ailment is not always the hardest contention in life for continued anxiety prolonged unrest serve to disturb the peace of mind.

Which ever way we turn we find the sun is not always shining but clouds and disappointments fill the atmosphere. However we can be grateful for the smile of a friend that lends a cheer, also equally thankful for the tears of sympathy. Some one has said, "When you laugh, the world laughs with you but when you weep you weep alone." Ah! no, there are many exceptions. Perhaps these suggestions which come from my pen, may not be worth the printer's ink, but personal experiences uphold the idea, that it is best to be grateful for all the good and pleasant conditions that exist, and to seek every avenue that may lead to improvements. To be thankful for many things that do not cross our pathway, and for every alternative through life, we are "gratefully" resigned—that it's a long lane that has no turn."

Delish Deal: I am glad to see your letter again. Regret to learn of your long illness. Hope you may enjoy good health, and find happy days nearby. Best wishes to all sisters and friends of the Corner.

JENNIE.

COMING BACK TO CONNECTICUT.

To the Editor and Sisters of the Social Corner: It is three years since I have written and then it was My Emigration to York State, for which I was very pleased to receive a yellow slip.

Now I will relate my trip back home to Connecticut. On August 16, we started on our truck "Jack" with our dear old father's and grandfather's and aunt's rocking chairs and feather beds we could not part with.

We traveled from Afton to Worchester, N. Y., where we stayed over night at the Central House. A young lawyer of Afton who wanted to take a vacation trip acted as our chauffeur. He got quite dirty after several slides under the truck to be sure all was well. When we appeared in the hall for supper I did not know him, he had put on so much style. Next day we started on our trip, went through Albany and crossed the Hudson on a new bridge which is nearly finished. We covered 92 miles and stopped at the Valley View farm for tourists at New Lebanon Center, N. Y. Next morning we started early and climbed Lebanon mountain, a grade of four miles, stopped at Jacob's Ladder and took in the view, the summit being 2000 feet above sea level. We stopped at Jacob's well and had a drink of good, cold spring water. The scenery along Jacob's Ladder Trail and the Mohawk Trail was just fine. We crossed the Connecticut river at Springfield on the fine new bridge which I was told cost $6,000,000 As a thunder storm was coming we stopped at Somers for the night. We found a nice boarding house where it was much more reasonable than at the hotels and tourists' places.

It was my job to feed our pet cat who rode in a strawberry crate on the running board. When we stopped at tea rooms for refreshments, tourists would ask me if I had an Angora cat. Our chauffeur said I should have told them "Why, no, he is an imported cat from South America." We did not arrive at our home until Saturday noon. We stopped along the way and made so many calls on old friends. A neighbor met us at our door with a pitcher of hot coffee and a plate of sandwiches which we appreciated very much.

Our pet did not enjoy his trip and new home so on Monday we got aboard "Jack" and took him over to the Highlands of Caplin to board with my sister Nema where he is recovering.

My better half was afraid he would miss some of the fine scenery so he rode all the way 250 miles, standing on the running board.

Since I have been here I enjoyed a bus ride with some of the sisters to Ocean Beach Aug. 30.

I attended he picnic at Aunty No. 1's and I too thank Mr. Theoda for that trip as I would not have felt I could go if it had not been for his kindness in going and taking us in his nice car. There I met Bob White and through her thoughtfulness I called on Sister Wyman and Betsey Bray, which I enjoyed very much. As they are neighbors in my town I hope to see them often.

On Sept. 21 I enjoyed a trip to Alfara's home where we all did justice to a chicken pie dinner.

It seems so good to meet so many old friends. I miss some of the dear ones who have passed on during my absence.

With best wishes for our Social Corner.

MARY FRANCE.

RECALLS PLACES OF GREAT PERSONAL INTEREST

Social Corner Editor: Having just received a roll of Bulletins from one of the regular subscribers and enjoyed them especially the Social Corner page. I decided to enter this Mystic Corner once again for a chat. I read the account of the picnic at C. E. S.'s in Scotland and know you surely had a good time. I was at a gathering of the sisters when they met there once before. There are many places of great interest to me in Canterbury, Westminster, Scotland and Hampton, and Westminster church especially as my ancestors were originally active there.

Once upon a time I was walking to church on a Sunday morning, I had most three miles to walk and going through a small woods I saw a dog coming toward me. As he drew near, (he had no no intention of turning out of the path) I jumped aside and let him pass thinking, "how strange."

On my way home I heard it was a mad dog. He had rushed into the very next yard and killed chickens and ducks and a few miles farther on was shot.

I taught school in a certain district nearby. I am wondering what became of the youngster, then twelve years old, who frightened me one day by drinking his bottle of ink. I asked him if he was not afraid it would kill him, and he said:

"Naw! You can't kill a Bainbridge." (Of course that isn't his name.)

I visited one of our parks this summer with friends. We carried a picnic lunch in baskets and on our way up to the picnic pavilion we visited the zoo. The parrots and monkeys always interest me most.

Jack, a tame large monkey was chained outside to a tree. We had fed him nuts and pop corn, but he was very curious about my lunch basket. I took out a sandwich and to tease him, held it just out of his reach. Suddenly he turned his back on me, grabbed that sandwich with his tail and sat down and devoured it in no time. That sure was "one on me."

I suppose the money would call it the "Long arm of justice." It was a long arm all right. Sincerely,

A GOOD FIGHTER.

FINE PICNIC WITH ALFARA.

Editor and Corner Sisters: I am writing this beautiful morning to tell you what a nice time we had at Alfara's picnic. The weather proved favorable and in crowded buses and autos, we took our pleasure trip. There were about sixty present. We found our hostess out on her veranda waiting to welcome us. She had the veranda all decked with golden rod that being the color which took the place of yellow bows. Well, we had a grand good time as usual and our hostess did all she could to make the picnic a success also Mr. Alfara was kept busy putting up tables and also gave us a few selections on the harmonica. He certainly knew how to play the good old quick steps which some of the young ladies measured with their nimble feet. And when it came to the dinner, oh, such a quantity of good things to eat—fit for kings—from baked beans and salads to green corn and chicken pie. Pickles, cakes and lots of other goodies which I can't take time to mention, and in the afternoon some had their pictures taken. One in the crowd had to take a fall out on the green which did not break any bones but developed a black and blue spot the next day. I am going to thank our hostess and Mr. Alfara and their helpers for giving us the good time and it is so easy to get there.

Now with best wishes to all and long may the Corner live.

C. E. S.

ANOTHER NEW MEMBER

Mr. Editor: I would like to become a member of your Social Corner. I am sending a recipe for chowder.

Corn Chowder: 1 qt. onions, 1-2 lb. pork, 1-2 peck potatoes, 2 doz corn, salt, sugar, 1 qt. milk. Put through grinder potatoes and onions, try out the pork, add potatoes and onions, boil until tender, put in corn and boil twenty minutes. Before serving add milk.

JAY BEE.

CLUB NO. 1 TO RESUME MEETINGS

Dear Editor and Sisters of the Social Corner: Club No. 1 will hold the first fall gathering at Franklin hall, Willimantic, Wednesday, October 11th. You will find the yellow bow as before.

Please bring knife, fork, spoon, plate and cup, and something good to eat.

Come one, come all and make our first meeting a success.

Yours for a good time,

DEW DROP.

A DAY AT THE FAIR

Dear Social Corner: It is rather late to write about the Brooklyn fair, but I could not get at it until this week. We left home Wednesday on the early car, which reaches Danielson about ten. From there by motor bus to Brooklyn Fare was twenty cents. I had about two cents worth for the seats are built for slim people.

When we went over a rough place I had to grab the nearest thing to keep my seat. But the way was short and we soon drew up with a snort and a groan to the gate.

There was some noise from the blankets and doll game boys. We turned to the exhibition hall. Such a display of fancy work and such beautiful things! I said to Mister P: Don't you think this trimming is pretty? "Yes," he replied, "my grandmother wove them and had them on her beds." I found he was looking at knitted bed spreads.

It certainly was a beautiful display and think of the yards and yards of thread that was used to make it, saying nothing about the patience that is required to make it right. After we had gone round and round so not to miss anything, we stopped at the lunch and had a piece of Windham county squash pie to keep up on our way to see Violet and her nine, also, Rose and her four. From there we followed our noses to the hen hall. We lingered awhile for Mister P. was bewitched with the birds. I had to drag him away or he would have been there until now. I told him I heard it thunder so that started him out and when he caught sight of Peggie he forgot about the rest. You know how it is when a man catches sight of a hen he never knows when to stop looking. But I got him away after awhile. Every time we went by the blanket game I would say I like the blue plaid one. Mister P would say it's a gambling game. But all the while I wanted to invest a dime. So when Mister P was talking with an old acquaintance I steered for the gambling game. Well I invested my dime as I thought but some way in making change I lost a quarter. A man accused me of stealing a dime and I did not get the blanket. I am cured. No more gambling.

Twice Twenty: Thank you. I wish I could write like some of the Cornerites. But we can't all be a Daniel Webster. It takes all kinds of people to make a newspaper.

Some excell in chopping wood. Others could not do it to save their soul. I can't make a cake, but my bread will pass when peple are not particular. My cake is like the housewife who tried her hand at cake making. The result was on the heavy side and after offering it to various members of the household she shrew it to the ducks. A short time after two boys rapped at the door. "Say, Missus," they shouted, "your ducks, have sunk."

Keziah Doolittle: Do you belong to Club No. 4? You being at E. K. Old Home Day made me think so. Maybe we will meet at Willimantic when they have their gathering.

Bonie: I like the poem you sent. It is so true.

PICES.

FOUND MUCH ENJOYMENT IN PICNICS.

Dear Social Corner Sisters: I have enjoyed the Social Corner picnics so much during the summer months. Yes, more than I can tell, not only in meeting old friends but in making new, and now the trees, although looking lovely in their dress of red, green, brown and gold, will soon be sleeping till spring, when they will appear in a new dress of green. And the beautiful flowers, how we hate to see them go. I autoed to Hartford Monday, and the scenery was truly wonderful. My daughter brought me a lovely yellow rose, the only one left on the bush, and I have received some lovely bouquets from Olive's garden during the summer, which have been appreciated not only by myself but by the rest of the family.

And now we start in again holding our meetings in the hall, where we all enjoy ourselves and make many new acquaintances in the rightly named Social Corner society.

Best wishes for all members.

LAVENDER.

THE LOST RETRIEVED.

Dear Corner Sisters: It was a most enjoyable meeting of Club No. 1 at the Buckingham this week. I think others had as good a time as I did, but I hasten to inform the sister who missed a bottle of medicine at the gathering that it was found and she can obtain it by calling upon Mrs. LaTurner at the Buckingham Memorial.

DUCKY.

EACH ONE SHOULD WRITE TO THE CORNER.

Dear Sisters of the Social Corner: Someone has said that advice might prove an excellent and acceptable gift were everyone not so eager to bestow it. Unfortunately, we all have so much of it to give away that it has lost whatever of value it may have had. This is distinctly a thing to be regretted; for on the general principle that "two heads are better than one," I may—if you are buf willing to heed—be able to help you to see how beautiful our little span of life may be.

Where is the woman who possesses the courage to fling worry utterly aside; to decline, under any and all circumstances to give at harborage; and, through whatsoever trials and troubles may beset us, to refuse to permit the worries of tomorrow to cripple our energies today? We may not quite have monopolized the worry market—but it is not for lack of effort; and it is about time she began to give somebody else a chance—particularly as there's so little profit in it. Worries are a good deal like backy and felines—prolific but unprofitable. You can't sell them, yet they're not worth keeping; and instead of your neighbors sympathizing with you as you think they ought, they simply dislike you for maintaining a nuisance.

"Laugh and the world laughs with you; weep and you weep alone," expresses exactly or pretty accurately the general attitude of the community towards the woman who worries.

Worry is a habit, and it is one to which womankind is especially prone. Possibly, it is an inherited taint—handed down to us by our ancestresses of medieval times, who could do nothing but sit by the fire and spin—or else work miracles of art at their tapestry frames—while their men folk were away fighting or hunting, and in either case carrying their lives in their hands. Those old time Marianas, immured in their moated granges, weaving romances in their brains the while their tireless hands busied themselves with distaff or needle, could not well help laying up for their hapless descendants a heritage of overstrung nerves and vague, groundless fears. life was not very full of very interesting things for women folk in those days. A maiden's destiny led her either to the altar or the cloister, and in either case her future was bounded by impassable walls. If she married her sunrose and set in her husband. If she became a nun, her hopes, finding no outlet in this world, centered themselves in the world to come and so goes each one on and on.

Bonie: I was glad to see you in your little corner. Now you can realize what I mean when I say that your space belongs to you to fill, and when you see how much space I am occupying this week that belongs to other sisters to fill. It isn't right. When we join the Corner we are expected to write once a month at least. I think I have written almost every week for the past year and some of my letters have been sermons.

Betty Brown, Neighbors, Golden Glow, Merry Widow and so many ohers can write helps for the Corner and it would be so interesting to turn to the Social Corner, and see all those names. Just help from each one would mean so much to the Corner. Now you turn to the Corner and Kitty Lou, and Eheiyn are very much in evidence every time, and they are taking up the space that belongs to Oleander, Lois Valentine, Snow Drop, Cowhard, Jack, and others. If each writer would write about six lines each it would be very interesting to all the readers.

Perhaps you have discovered some particular inconvenience, annoyance, or unhappiness and have also found a way to eliminate it from your life to bring about just the result you wished.

Perhaps you would like to know how other sisters are doing.

I think it is nice to write your experience.

Take different problems. You know in 1916, Baltimore woke up one morning; decided that while some noise might be necessary to keep the wheels of commerce whirling, a large margin of unnecessary noise should be abolished ;and promptly appointed a noise policeman, to arrest noises wherever be found them.

In a small New England town a tract of swamp—land adjoining the river lay idle and unlovely for years, producing only salt hay and mosquitoes, and regarded as an eyesore which must be "put up with."

One citizen thought differently. He quietly invited the landscape gardener to the town, paid him for plans and specification for turning the salt marsh into a beautiful, friendly, neighbodhood park, and asked the town council to appropriate the necessary funds to bring about the metamorphosis. The town council voted No!

Our citizen was not defeated, however. In the post office, where all the townspeople called at least once a day for their mail, he tacked up photographs of the marsh and proposed plans of the park. Day in and day out the people gazed at the contrasting pictures and became used to the idea. And, today, boys and girls play tennis, and children roll on velvety turf, and fathers and mothers stroll sociably about friendly little paths—where once stretched the ugly swamp.

Probably none of these problems are like yours to write about, yet for you, too, there is something you can do to help show the way out.

Primrose: Please let us hear from you once more. You know the bitter comes mingled with the sweet; blessings go hand in hand with pain; the dark clouds hides the sun but for a little while. Compensation is really the one impelling law of human life. Just as every rose has its thorn, so there is a healing balm for every wound; wherefore, taking one day with another, "there isn't more storms than seen."

ETHELYN.

SOME USES FOR PARCHMENT PAPER.

Dear Cornerites: I want to tell the readers of the Social Corner what an absolute saving of dishes it is to use parchment paper. It is such a help in the kitchen. When using the food-grinder, tear off a piece of this paper and put it under the grinder to catch the ground food. The paper is absolutely clean, made expressly for such purposes, and will not harm the most delicate food. By catching your ground food on this bit of paper, you can transfer it to the saucepan or other utensil just as readily as you could from a plate. At the same time you do not have to get out a plate and have to wash it. You merely toss it in the waste basket.

Cleaning fish is something nearly every householder dreads. Just tear off a square of the paper, clean your fish on it, and afterward drop it in the garbage pail.

If you want to sift a little flour, instead of using an enameled basin, go to your parchment paper and tear off a large piece. It is quite convenient. Lift it up by the two edges and then you can dispose of it as you desire.

If you are hulling strawberries, seeding raisins or doing any work such as cleaning currants and picking over berries it is handy. I use it to wrap around fish for boiling very successfully, instead of cloth, although waterproof, after being in boiling water this quality boils out and leaves a strong fibrous texture about the fish.

It is also invaluable where there are very small children, as it is white and clean, and makes admirable doilies to put under the plates. It is splendid for covering the food-tray on the baby's high chair, and the children may spill food or milk on it without having it soak through the table-cloth.

I keep a piece on my kitchen table, another on my pantry sideboard and still another on the drawboard at my sink. As soon as you get in the habit keep it under your stirring spoon or the wet milk bottle or bottle cap or a used paring knife. Every housewife knows that during her work she is constantly laying down butcher knives, spoons, cups, dishes, pots, pans, kettles, and other things; and these are constantly leaving spots or soiled places about the kitchen. Sometimes there are vases on mahogany furniture with only doilies between them and the polished surface of the wood and, although extreme care is used, in time there is bound to be a little mark underneath the doily that mars the polish. By cuting pieces of parchment paper just a trifle smaller than the doilies and putting them underneath, no moisture can get through to cause the objectionable gray rings on the wood that so mar it. It is good for laying over your cake boards. If you are making cookies, doughnuts or biscuits, lay on the table a long strip of paper. You can put on as many cakes or biscuits as you wish.

For covering little jars of jelly and other preserves, there is nothing better. A strip of it laid around a pot of butter or a cornucopia for the cottage cheese will make it much more attractive. The cake and the pie, if the least sticky are more presentable, wrapped in parchment paper especially if you have them for sale.

KITTY LOU.

JEWETT CITY

Chaplain Archie McCleman has closed his summer home at Tadpole pond, and has left for Miami, Florida, where he will spend the winter.

One of the largest greenhouses in that state is in Miami, making a specialty of rare orchids and southern flowers unknown in these latitudes. It is in these greenhouses that Captain McClennan will be employed. Captain McClennan, finds no especial novelty in his yearly trips to the south. For 18 years he served before the mast in the British Navy, and on two occasions circumnavigated the globe. His title of captain, was given to him by the late Morton F. Plant, the story runs in this way. A party of young people were caught one day, in a stiff blow off Eastern Point, in a small overloaded skiff. At that time Archie was employed in the Plant greenhouse. Nobody seemed inclined to try to rescue the dangerously situated boating party. Mr. Plant, rushed down to the shore and shouted, "Let Captain McClennan do it." And he did.

As a result of the unseasonable heat for the last week, flowers that were supposed to have retired for their long winter's nap are blossoming again.

Mrs. Earl S. Hixcox picked a small bouquet of blue violets on Mrs. Dona Ballou's lawn Friday. Mrs. Thomas A. Rioux has a La France rose in bloom in her flower garden on Soule street, and two other buds are showing. Apple blossoms are quite common.

Mrs. G. A. Haskell, was in Gales Ferry Thursday, at the home of Miss Susan Mathewson, to be present at the birthday party in honor of Mrs. Nelson B. Robinson, given by the Mayflower club.

The following daughters of Anne Brewster Fanning Chapter, D. A. R., were in Manchester, Thursday, to be present at the state convention. The regent Mrs. B. C. Bliss, Mrs. W. R. Burdick, Mrs. James Crary, Mrs. G. H. Jennings, Miss Ida I. Foster, Mrs. Harry E. Olson, Mrs. E. A. Faust, Mrs. J. H. Tracy, Mrs. Ida B. Ladd.

Dr. George Burlingame of Los Angeles, Cal., addressed the pupils of the Riverside grammer school Thursday. His topic touched the important factors of life summed up in obedience to law and upholding the constitution. The pupils recited the creed, sang patriotic selections, and signed the American creed cards.

Church Notices.

At St. Mary's church the regular masses and services of the week will be carried out. There will be sermon Sunday in Polish, English and French. Rev. John J. McCabe, pastor, Rev. Joseph H. Seiperman, assistant.

Rev. Elmer E. Scates will occupy his pulpit at the Baptist church. Morning topic, "Heart Eyesight." Evening—"God Our Keeper."

Rev. John P. Richardson, will preach at the First Congregational church in Pachaug. Other services as usual.

Rev. Howard S. Stephenson, pastor, will occupy his pulpit at the Second Congregational church. Miss Ethel Thompson will be the leader of the Y. P. S. C. E. meeting.

Rev. William J. Reynolds will preach at Newent, occupying his pulpit at the Congregational church.

The Unjust Judge is the topic for Sunday morning at the Methodist church. Evening subject: "The Way to God." Rally day will be celebrated in the Sunday school.

The Red Cross are to ship the pajamas which this chapter has been making early next week. All those in homes about the town should be brought to the chapter rooms Monday evening.

Mrs. C. H. Hiscox and Miss Ida I. Foster leave this morning for Washington, D. C., where they will attend the National Red Cross meetings. Mrs. Hiscox is the delegate from the local chapter.

Friday forenoon Chief of Police John McDormott, received a telegram from the New York police department stating that John Burdick, giving his address as Jewett City, was in trouble at Bellevue hospital in that city.

Friday afternoon Miss Catherine Barnett, secretary of the home service department of the Red Cross chapter, received a telegram from the Welfare department of the City of New York, asking if this Red Cross chapter would guarantee expenses in connection with young Burdick.

The facts are that John Burdick is a native of Jewett City, and has recently received his discharge from the U. S. army on account of sickness. Frank Burdick, John's father has been notified. Advices have been taken from Dr. G. H. Jennings, chairman of the local home Barnet was taking definite steps to asservice board, and Friday evening Miss certain the reason for the action of the New York police and hospital department.

Miss Maud Carpenter of Canterbury was a recent visitor with her cousin, Miss Maude Barrett in Jewett City.

"Nap" Liberte, "Bud" Jodoin, Louis Masse, Henry Popham, Eudor Le Claire, Jacob Wechsler, Lionel E. Boucher, "Hal" Chase, "Bub" Benjamin, Mr. Raill Thomas Barnett, and Joe Gilbert, will be in New York to see some one of the series games.

Postmaster and Mrs. Daniel F. Finn, Thomas McBroome and Adelor Heneault were visitors at the Brockton Fair, Wednesday.

Our Five Children Keep Well By Taking Father John's Medicine

The mother of this family of five children says: "For the last 4 years we have used Father John's Medicine with great success, not only for colds but as a body builder. When my second boy, Raymond, was weak and run down it brought him back to good health again."
(Signed) Mrs. Leontine DeCock, 346 E. 48th St., N. Y. City.

Father John's Medicine is scientifically made of the highest grade cod liver oil and other ingredients in a modern laboratory, so that it is rich in vitamin content and may easily be absorbed even by a weakened digestive system. It has had more than 67 years of success because it is the greatest body builder, pure and wholesome.

EAST HADDAM

Mr. and Mrs. N. W. Rathburn have returned from a trip through New York state and Canada.

Rev. and Mrs. George A. Abott left Monday morning for Lake City, Cleveland, Ohio, where they will spend several weeks, with their daughter, Mrs. Charles Hanson.

Mrs. Maria Kahis of Christiana, Norway, a former resident, is making an extended visit with neighbors and friends here.

Miss Florence Emmons has returned from a week's visit with friends in Norwalk. While there Miss Emmons enjoyed an automobile trip to several places in the western part of the state, and Brooklyn, N. Y., and on returning spent a day at the Masonic home, Wallingford.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Shea have moved to their new home, the Chaffee house, recently purchased in Moodus.

Mr. and Mrs. Ralph B. Swan announce the engagement of their daughter, Eliza, to Raymond H. Ventries, son of Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Ventries.

Lester Hallock of New Britain is spending a vacation at the home of his mother, Mrs. Addie Hallock.

Judge and Mrs. E. S. Banks have closed their bungalow at Lake Bashan, and left by automobile for Los Angeles where they will make their home for the present.

Edward Bartman and John Maly are cutting the meadow hay on Prof. Johnston's farm in Hadlyme.

Mrs. Harriet Brooks is visiting at the home of her son, Fred J. Brooks, in Hadlyme.

LISBON

Rev. and Mrs. W. J. Reynolds arrived home early Wednesday morning after spending a little more than a week in New York and New Jersey.

G. A. Ross and family returned Tuesday from a two weeks' stay in Wellesley.

Those who attended the conference of six churches in Preston Wednesday were Mrs. Augustus Read, Mrs. W. A. Read and Miss Clara Hyde.

Frank A. Hall was in Norwich Wednesday to attend the Thornton-Robertson wedding.

A number of friends and relatives of Mrs. August Hoelck of Hamilton avenue, Norwich, gave her a birthday surprise at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Kennedy, Thursday evening. The time was enjoyably passed with games and music, and Mrs. Hoelck was the recipient of many useful gifts.

Mrs. J. B. Palmer picked a sprig of blossoms from a pear tree in her yard this week, and Mrs. W. A. Read a bunch of Dorothy Perkins roses.

Resting Place for Sermons.

The preacher who delivers his sermon by radio knows it can't fall on empty air.—Washington Post.

SPENT HALF HER TIME IN BED

Farmer's Wife Tells How Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Made Her a Well Woman

Carter's Creek, Tenn. — "Three years ago I was almost an invalid. I spent half of my time in bed, being afflicted with a trouble which women of a certain age are apt to have. I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Tablets and used Lydia E. Pinkham's Sanative Wash. I am a well woman now and have been for two years. I can work as well as any one who is younger and as I am a farmer's wife I have plenty to do for I cultivate my own garden, raise many chickens and do my own housework. You may publish this letter as I am ready to do anything to help women as I have been so well and happy since my troubles are past."—Mrs. E. T. GALLOWAY, Carter's Creek, Tenn.

Most women find plenty to do. If they are upset with some female ailment and troubled with such symptoms as Mrs. Galloway had, the smallest duty seems a mountain.

If you find it hard to keep up, if you are nervous and irritable, without ambition and out of sorts generally, give the Vegetable Compound a trial.

RED PIMPLES ALL OVER FACE

Itched and Burned. Face a Sight. Cuticura Heals.

"My face came out all over in little red pimples and then it would itch. I would rub and scratch it and little eruptions would come. They itched and burned and at night would bother me. My face was a sight. I tried different remedies without success and then began using Cuticura Soap and Ointment which completely healed me in two weeks." (Signed) Mrs. Eva M. Toothaker, Cundys Harbor, Maine, March 13, 1922.

Use Cuticura for every-day toilet purposes. Bathe with Soap, soothe with Ointment, dust with Talcum.

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

CUT THIS OUT—IT IS WORTH MONEY

Cut out this slip, enclose with 5c and mail it to Foley & Co., 2835 Sheffield Ave., Chicago, Ill., writing your name and address clearly. You will receive in return a trial package containing Foley's Honey and Tar Compound, for coughs, colds and croup; Foley Kidney Pills, for pains in sides and back, rheumatism, backache, kidney and bladder ailments, and Foley Cathartic Tablets, a wholesome and thoroughly cleansing cathartic for constipation, biliousness, headaches, and sluggish bowels. [illegible] & Osgood Co.

HIS HEALTH WAS WRECKED

"FRUIT-A-TIVES," The Famous Fruit Medicine Completely Restored Him

CECIL STOWE

654 Quinnipiac Ave., New Haven, Ct.

"I was run down in health and terribly nervous. My back was weak; my head ached every day, and I could hardly stand on my feet.

A friend advised me to try "Fruit-a-tives." I had used other advertised remedies, but I finally got a box of "Fruit-a-tives" and they helped me. I am still taking them and improving all the time, and will not be without them again.

As soon as I can do so, I will answer all inquiries as to the above statement—will gladly do so."

CECIL STOWE.

"Fruit-a-tives" or "Fruit Laxo Tablets" are made by a special process from fruit juices, and are a marvelous tonic, unequalled for invigorating and rebuilding the run-down system.

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