THE SOCIAL CORNER

HAPPINESS IS A HABIT TO CULTIVATE.

SOCIAL CORNER POETRY.

TAKE IT NOW

If you're waiting for a day
In the future—far away—
When, with gold enough to spare,
You will rest from trial and care,
And enjoyment find supreme,
Let me tell you—'tis a dream.

If you're slaving all for wealth
At the cost of life and health,
And the present you expect,
For a future you expect,
If your joys are yet to be—
Pain, not pleasure, you will see.

If you're waiting to be old
Ere you take the good of gold,
And enjoy your rightful due
Of life's pleasures, sweet and true—
You will find, alas, too late,
Woeful disappointment great.

Live life's journey by the way;
While the sun shines make your hay;
Now—now only are you sure
Of the pleasures that endure.
Pleasures that make memory bright
When life's moon has turned to night.

Oh, the heart grows hard and cold
Piling up the yellow gold,
Throwing present good away,
Dreaming that some future day
Never coming may bestow
Joys you now or never know.

Wait not till a life is spent
Ere you know its sweet content;
Take its pleasures good and true,
While they still belong to you.
Then upon a future day,
They, and more, with you will stay.
—Detroit Free Press.

Sent in by Joan.

GRANDMA, MODEL 1922

Oh, we went to spend Thanksgiving—
glad Thanksgiving—at the farm!
For around the dear old homestead hovers memory's tender charm;
But we found things rather different and surprises quite a few—
Chief of these, it was our Grandma, Model 1922.

Yes; she met us at the station, as we traveled from afar;
Gone the day of docile Dobbin; Grandma had a "streamline" car.
And along the country highway, goodness' sakes, we fairly flew—
At the steering wheel was Grandma, Model 1922.

Oh, the merry, gay reunion! How we sang and how we danced!
And our Grandma, "trot a measure"—not the minuet it changed;
For she was "up" in fashion; she was versed in dances new,
Oh, you ought to see our Grandma, Model 1922.

But she cooked a toothsome turkey and concocted luscious pies,
And in lore of cake and cookies she forsook was wondrous wise.
She has all the "good old features," with the "late improvements," too;
And we're mighty proud of Grandma, Model 1922.

—Elsie Duncan Yale.

Sent in by Rhody Louise.

ANSWERS AND INQUIRIES.

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

Nicodemus the Slave.

Nicodemus, the slave, was of African birth
He was bought for a bag full of gold.
He was reckoned as a part of the salt of the earth,
But he died years ago very old.
'Twas his last sad request when we laid him to rest
In the trunk of an old hollow tree:
"Wake me up" was his charge at the first break o' day;
"Wake me up at the great jubilee."

CHORUS.

There's a good time coming, it's almost here.
It's a long, long time on its way,
Now run 'tell Lizah to hurry up Pomp,
Meet me a the gumtree down in the swamp
To wake Nicodemus today.
—Sent in by Granger.

SOME GOOD FOOTSTEPS TO FOLLOW

Dear Social Corner Friends: The writers of the Social Corner are few of late. Have the young writers all got beaus who expect love letters to answer instead of Corner letters, or are they married and keeping house in their new home? It is in the hands of the writers, not the editor, to make the Corner page interesting. How keenly is the loss felt in the Corner of such writers as Aunt Abby, Aunt Mary, Etta Barber and Married and Happy. The young members will do well to follow the footsteps of these departed sisters as near as possible.

We wish to thank the Corner sisters who so kindly remembered me on Nov. 5th, my birthday, with very appropriate cards which were received with much pleasure. The long evenings are coming and one could spend a social hour writing for the Social Corner which has come to stay. Help fill the Corner page with good things and information for all. Remember the editor wants you to write something, it matters not whether it is about making pies with one or two crusts, or about how long the dress skirt must be to answer the law.

With best wishes to all.

RURAL DELIVERY.

A REQUEST TO NORWICH SISTERS

Dear Sisters of the Social Corner: I am sure we are all glad to note an increased number of letters and less space given to advertisements on the Corner page of last week's issue. I enjoyed Winona's nice letter about Putnam park, also Cretia's description about Mount Vernon. We get splendid ideas about these places from those who have actually visited them and it adds to other facts, which we learned in pages of history in our school days. I think we get a very good understanding on various subjects, by reading books, in story form, founded on history. Some years ago I read a book, which illustrates the point I wish to bring out. It was entitled The Rejected Wife, written by Mrs. S. Ann Stephens, but I do not know the year of its first publication, and probably it might be difficult to find a copy at the present time. Those of you, who may have read this book, will recognize at once the leading characters as being Benedict Arnold and Amy Leonard, represented in their youthful days, and the surroundings of their homes in the vicinity of Norwich during the Colonial period of American history. The writer endeavors to portray the real disposition of Benedict Arnold as a boy and a young man, and those traits, to which he continued later on, that led his name into disgraceful notoriety. I have many times wondered if the old Arnold homestead was still standing or the Leonard house and just where in the section of Norwich or Yantic it might be. I have no other way of finding out these items, very conveniently, but to appeal to some of our Corner sisters, who might know, if they reside in that locality. Amy Leonard Arnold, the rejected young wife, died in New Haven and her remains were buried in the village cemetery. Strange as it may seem and quite out of the ordinary, perhaps, due to the growth of our present cities of the state, today, we find an old church edifice built over a part of this ancient burying ground in the central portion of New Haven. We may look through the basement windows of that church building and read the names on the tombstones yet standing to the memory of those, whose bodies have rested there since the long ago. It is here we see the name of Amy Leonard ,wife of Benedict Arnold, cut in the old fashioned type, on a plain stone, a tribute to her, whose young life was unfortunately associated with a traitor to his country.

In Hartford, at the Wadsworth Atheneum, in the historical rooms, among the many relics, may be seen a silver case watch, once owned and used by Benedict Arnold.

Now, sisters of Norwich, won't you please contribute a "bit" more on this subject and tell us about the home sites, as they are at present, of these two families?

JENNIE.

WASHINGTON'S CHURCH AT ALEXANDRIA.

Dear Social Corner Members: After looking around Mount Vernon as long as our time would permit—not seeing all by any means—we thought we would enjoy seeing Christ's church, Alexandria, Va., as George Washington was one of the first vestrymen of this church. V. and D. lived there ten years ago and had told us about the cobble stone streets which they did not enjoy passing over in an auto, and that the people had then such a reverence for our first president that they could not be induced to tear the stones up. I was pleased at the idea of seeing the old historical place. On arriving there last September the former inhabitants were quite surprised to find workmen taking up the cobble stones to be replaced by smoother roads. From observation the place had been unmolested for years. A small building near the cemetery which is beside the church is where you pay 15 cents to pass onto the grounds and into the church. To some people the old cemetery would have been interesting, but we felt we must spend our time on what interested us the most so passed on into the church, the interior of which is just the same as in colonial days. The pew that Washington sat in is preserved as it was in his time. There are doors to all the pews now, but the manner of sitting in them has been changed excepting Washington's, which has seats on three sides, with red cushions on each. As you pass in the door to his pew you sit facing the speaker. Then when the singers sang from the rear of the church the people turned around and faced them and had the choice of sitting or standing I judged. Think the seat opposite the door to the pew must have been used to put their books on as there was no book rack on the back of this special pew. All others in the church have racks now. A neighboring pew still retains the name plate of Robert E. Lee.

I feel many of our Corner members will recall the time when we used to turn around here in Connecticut and show our respect to the singers.

There are two chandaliers with two rows of candles—the lower row containing eight—the row above four and these are suspended from the ceiling and near the pulpit and not quite as low down as the bottom of the gallery, which extends around three sides of the building. I wondered how and by whom the candles were cared for. Some work to snuff them out and pick the wicks a little to cause a better light.

The pulpit is three sided, reached by going up a few steps to the east then four steps to the north which brings you into the speaker's place. There is a railing on the side of the stairs for protection. The bottom of the pulpit which, as you can judge is quite high up, is rounded off and brought down gradually until it ends in what resembles a tassel and quite a few inches from the floor. There is only one way into the pulpit and out—no stairs on the opposite side. There is right back of the pulpit one large window containing forty panes of glass with a narrow window on each side with sixteen panes in each. These windows are square as the windows in the lower part of the church are—but contain only eighteen panes of glass—so are smaller than those back of the pulpit. There are inside blinds at the lower windows, the upper half closed while the lower half are thrown open. Windows in the upper part of the church are rounded at the top. The whole building looks substantial and is of brick. I thought of the many scenes of various kinds that have taken place within those brick walls. May be it is well they can not talk—some people pass the remark, "Wish they could."

CRETIA.

A VISIT TO THE TROY STEAM LAUNDRY

Dear Friends: Some of the Social Corner sisters have been giving descriptions of several interesting trips to places in the past few weeks outside of Norwich. Now I wonder how many ladies of this city accepted the invitation given out a short time ago to inspect the Troy Steam laundry. A friend of mine and myself took a little walk for ourselves to 283 Franklin street where this large industry is situated. There we found both men and women employed in the different departments. A guide showed us the way of washing, drying and ironing any article from a silk waist, pretty evening dresses and even silk bed quilts to dirty rugs. All come out so beautifully clean and when ironed are hung on racks till sorted ready for delivery. You would surely think they were new right from the merchant and the price is within reach of every house wife who for any reason want to have her washing and ironing done out of their homes. When we left we were given a very pretty souvenir. I thought this might interest some of you sisters as it did

A STRANGER IN THE CITY.

MORE OF THE SISTERS SHOULD WRITE

Dear Corner Sisters: I'm going to try and do my bit for I felt for the last two weeks some one ought to say or do something! When there were only nine letters one week and I think there are about 300 members in the Social Corner. Goodness sake, don't let us fail like that! I know every one is busy but let's consider it a duty we must do and write so as to try and keep an interest in the Corner. We all like to go to the good times we have so let's write. Old members and new ones, too, just take a few minutes and "write" to the Corner. I myself am a very busy woman by belonging to the Woman's club, Ladies' Aid, Friendly Helpers and Grange and with all home duties, beside having to take care of a bad pain in my side quite a little, but it seems so I find time to write once in a while. A sister from Waterford sent to me for my recipe for hulled corn which in some way she had lost. I found time to send it to her and she wrote me a kind note of thanks.

We can find time for all these little things if we only will. We are living in a very fast age and each one must hustle to keep up or get left entirely. So let's hustle and not let our page get dull or empty because we think we don't have time. I (and I guess all the readers do) take time to read the Corner page Saturday morning. I shall look for a lots of letters from members who have not written for a long time. There is Bug, Blue Bird, Nixie, and Grand Juror.

I know these real well and there are many more if they would only take time and send a word of cheer so as to let us know if they still belong to our dear Social Corner. I am sending a recipe for drop cookies which I use a lot and like them very much.

Drop Cookies—Two cups milk 2 eggs, cup of butter and lard mixed, 1 1-2 cups sugar, cup raisins, (wash and put through grinder) nutmeg to taste, 1 teaspoon soda, 2 teaspoons cream tartar.

Drop by spoonfuls on dripping pan, bake in quick oven. Try them. We call them good and they are ver yeasy to make.

Well, here's hoping that in a few weeks there will be many, many more letters. I am as ever,

MA OF GREENE GABLES.

CHEERED BY BEING REMEMBERED

Dear Sisters of the Social Corner: It is a long time since I have written a letter to the Corner, but when that box of beautiful flowers came from Club No. 2, felt that I must write and tell you how more than pleased Grandma H. was with their beauty and more so to think she was still remembered by the dear sisters. Grandma H. at the present writing is very, very poorly and the doctor can give us no encouragement whatever. She has been ill now for eleven months and her strength is about gone.

Olive: Your card and box of goodies came this morning and when I showed them to Grandma she smiled her sweet smile and said Olive is a darling.

Biddy and Pop Over: Was so sorry Grandma was asleep when you called. She felt very disappointed when we told her you had called, said we should have had you wait until she woke up. We said you would call again and that seemed to please her.

Frieda: That card of Caw's pleased mamma very much.

Maine Lover: Grandma is pleased to hear from you so often.

Aunty No. 1: Those flowers you sent mamma were just lovely. Such a beautiful shade of red. We never had seen any of the kind before. When you write a letter to the Corner please tell us their name.

Calla Lily: You have been one of the faithful ones and mamma and we all have been made happy by your breezy calls.

Delilah Deal: Hope soon to hear you are very much better.

Grandma H. is always pleased to know that the sisters haven't forgotten her and she wishes me to thank all the sisters who have remembered her with letters and cards of sympathy in her long illness.

BACHELOR MAID.

CHANGES THAT COME WITH THE YEARS.

Social Corner Sisters and Editor: I think tonight I am like the wanderer, and I must have heard the calling of the Social Corner to write, just the same as those from the north and also from the south hear the calling of the silent voice to come back.

So I will scratch my head and see if I cannot find something if not so bright and funny, to write about.

A few days ago, in looking over some old papers, I found one that was 122 years old. It was heavily draped with black in memory of our first president, George Washington, telling how he passed away and how the nation would mourn for him and the days that it took for the news to travel. And now in a few moments with our telephone and telegraph we can reach out hundreds of miles from north, south, east and west, and let the nation know. What an invention!

Then in looking again I find that a runaway slave is advertised and all persons must not harbor or protect him. That ,too, is of the past. We are now all free—both black and white.

Then an apprentice boy had run away and no one was to give him work as he had another year to serve before his time to his master was out.

Then a cargo had arrived of rum and molasses and would be sold for farm produce or ashes.

Then the printers would take rags in payment of their bills and so on through the pages a sheriff selling calves and another man a hog and cow for more payment of bills. And as I sat and mused over the different things I thought how things had changed throughout the years.

We change each year, some for the better, some for the worse, but I would like to know if it is any worse to sell rum than use the money made from selling it? And how many are so doing today! It seems to me that everything is all in a whirl. Everybody is mixing up with everybody else's business. And I think as we journey along through life if we all do the best we can whether we were living in 1800 or 1922 we shall have done our duty the best we know now. I don't believe that anyone should dictate to another one unless he is doing something to make trouble for others, and I think if we would sit in the house at the foot of the hill and help others that have lost their courage and also their way we could still do some good to our brother and let him not lose faith in his brother man.

MANDY.

SEARCHING THE ATTIC.

Dear Editor and Sisters: It has been a long time since I last wrote to the Social Corner and I notice that our page is looking pretty "scant" for letters. I am always interested in the letters from the sisters. I am not a club member but I surely enjoy reading about ,he meetings, picnics, etc.

When I was rummaging in the attic the other day I came across a box of old books and found a stack of Daboll's Almanacs dating from 1852 up to 1908. I also found some old books, the oldest being dated 1818.

One of the sisters sends a request for the words of Nicodemus, a Slave. I can remember one verse and the chorus, which I send. Perhaps when I go digging around the old attic again I will find the other verses for I think it might be possible to find most anything there from a toothpick to a gravestone.

Best wishes for the Corner.

GRANGER.

USE THE TURNTABLE.

Dear Social Corner Friends: While waiting in the city one very warm afternoon I was interested to see a family come in for ice cream, the frail little mother taking the only vacant seat, until the little son rudely pushed against her and said "Get up, mother, I want to sit there," and laughing, she got up and gave the chair to the boy. Soon after they left another family came in. The mother said, "Bennie, you can sit here." "No," said Bennie, "men stand" and the little fellow stood proudly beside his father while his mother rested and ate her cream in comfort at the table. There was no difference between these two boys, except one had learned to be manly and polite, the other had not yet been taught this and probably never will me, and if not he will grow up to be a selfish and impossible man to live with.

A wealthy mother of a large family said: "My youngest daughter has the finest character of any of my children. I had to leave the care of the others to nurses and helpers, but I have taken the care of this last child myself. And as soon as she could begin to understand words I have trained her to be womanly. So all I have to say is that I would not be womanly to do that." She never complains or fretes about things; she is always happy and considerate, no matter what occurs or how tedious the trip."

The greatest advancement is the decision to have moral training taught in all schools. We have made wonderful progress in inventions, because our motive was financial gain and we knew if we did not manufacture the best, someone else would and get the trade away from us. We have made great advancement in every kind of work done by specialists. We have not had good results from people because the training of children depends on the understanding of all parents—of everyone—and but few of the people have ever become specialists in any subject and certainly but very few in child training.

And the fixed principles of child training have never yet been generally recognized as principles.

We need moral training in our school system because it is the exception now if the child gets the right development in the home, or if he does it is partly counteracted by the influence of schoolmates and the spirit of the school. He wants to think and do as the others do, and the animal impulses rule the majority of young and old. We ought not to leave the young to grow up untrained and sure to meet with trouble.

It seems strange to hear so much planning for more stringent laws for crimes and for divorce, when the plain reason why either ever occurs is because the children have not been properly taught.

Anyone knows that a plant or animal must receive proper attention, but because we are so hidebound by habits—interested only in our own age and viewpoint—we will not change to the need and age of the little child.

A mother remarked without any realization of her own fault. "My little girl never drinks milk only in school where she pays for it and takes it through a straw." A fair sample of other subjects. The child resists a new idea or a change of food. It is the mother's duty to find a way to interest the child in each new idea and to make it a part of the child's character. It is difficult to get the child to take ideas that are contrary to the training received and habits formed in the home. So, if necessary, the influence of the home must be compelled to change. The future behavior of the people will prove when our school system is efficient.

Our favorite Thanksgiving day menu: Escalloped oysters, baked chicken, roast beef, mashed potato, mashed turnip, brown bread, boiled onions, cabbage or turnip relish, stewed cranberries, favorite gelatine and sponge cake, grapes.

JEREMY.

AN OLD ARITHMETIC.

Dear Corner Editor and Sisters: Thinking you may be interested in an old arithmetic we have, am going to tell you something about it by copying some parts, and will begin with the first page. Please bear in mind while reading it that all the f's and s's are made very nearly alike.

Hodders' Arithmetick, or that necessary art made most easy, being explained in a way familiar to the capacity of any that desire to learn it in a little time. By James Hodder, Writing Master. The Twenty-eighth edition, Revised, Augmented and above a Thousand Faults Amended, by Henry Mose, late Servant and Successor to the Author. London: Printed for N. and M. Buddington at the Golden Ball in Duck Lane. B. Tooke at the Middle Temple-Gate, in Fleet street. D. Midwinter at the Three Crowns and B. Cowse at the Rose and Crown in St. Paul's Churchyard. 1719.

The second page is:

To His Really Loving and Most Worthily Honoured Friend, Josias Dewye, Merchant and Citizen of London: James Hodder. In token of true Gratitude for unmerited kindnesses, humbly dedicates this Manuel of Arithmetick.

I will now give you a few of the examples, and as some of you may like to puzzle your brains working them out will also give the answer to help you along. If one pair of stockings cost 10 groats, how many pair shall I have for 100 macks? Facit, 33 dozen pair 1-3.

Sold 5 bags of pepper each, viz. Tare 43 lb. per bag, and Tret 4 lb per 104 lb, at 15d. 1-4 per pound neat; what comes it no neat. There is no answer to this one and it sounds crazy to me but am sure I copied it correctly.

A merchant bought 376 colths at 11f. 11s. 1d. per cloth, which she shipped for Spain, to have returned from thence, the one-half in Wine at 23£ per Tun, and the other half in Sugar at 27s. per C weight. I demand how much of each must be returned for said colths?

77 Tuns 971-1680 of Wine; 1609C. 2 lbs. 67-81 of Sugar.

Sisters: How do these examples strike you? If you want more, there are plenty I can give you later on. I want to say that this book is perfect on the inside and but slightly marred on the outside.

TWICE TWENTY.

SUNNY DICK TELLS OF PAST AND PRESENT.

Dear Cornerites: Was glad to see so many nice letters last Saturday, as I was a bit worried for fear the Social Corner was going to "fade out." Where are all the writers from Plainfield, Moosup and Canterbury? Our sister Ma of Greene Gables has done her duty by The Corner, but where are the other sisters? I suppose they are like me, think about it and plan to do it—and then can't get at it to write. I was much interested in Dom Pedro's letter—a visit to the submarine base—and wish I could have been there also. Have always wished I could go down in a submarine though I fancy I would be frightened every moment. Still, I'd like to try it once.

Mandy: Your letter was fine and I think as you do about trying to be cheerful, even if we do have worries and troubles.

Primrose: I remember the "memory" canes, for I had one. I was only 12 years old at that time but was very lucky and had a good collection of ribbons. Then a few years later we girls collected neckties from our boy friends and pieced crazywork pillow tops, and I have a small quilt of crazywork silk and velvet which my grandmother pieced at that time. I have had it laid away for more than 20 years but now I am going to use it on the couch in the living room. (It was intended for a cradle quilt but there has been no need for a cradle in my family.)

Another sister wrote about autograph albums a long time ago. That reminded me of some I had and lost. I had one album which belonged to my mother when she was a young girl. Then one which she had the first years of her married life, and another which her friends wrote in after I was born. Then I had two of my own, with names of schoolmates and teachers. Well, after I had left school, I often looked the albums over and thought of the many changes which had come to each one. Years afterward our home was broken up and as I was not at home at that time my school books and autograph albums were left in the closet of my room, forgotten by those who were packing the furnishings of my room. When I happened to discover that my valued books were missing it was too late then, and I was too far away to make an effort to get them from the house. Years have passed, but I still think of those books, which I presume somebody promptly burned when the next tenants moved in.

One of the sisters asked about Club No. 5, which our sister Etta Barber had started. We have never had a meeting since Etta B. left us. Those who belonged to Club No. 5 were not situated so any one member could entertain the others, and some way we did not feel that we could "carry on" as Etta B. did. She did not meet with much encouragement when she suggested forming Club No. 5, but for the sake of those who did want it she had her little meetings and we are glad that she lived to see Club No. 5 started at least. Somebody asked one time about Etta Barber's family. Her husband and son are staying on in the home and doing their own work, etc. The youngest son is living with a cousin and attends school. Etta B. was ill and confined to her bed for days at a time many times during the years her sons were growing up, so that her family learned to do for themselves, and now when they are obliged to do it, then can.

I don't think there will be any room for advts. on the Social Corner page if all of this is printed.

SUNNY DICK.

A VISIT TO TWO FAIRS.

Dear Folks: Though a little late, we would like to mention a few of the afterthoughts, as they still appeal to us, of the two fairs we attended the past season. First, our home fair—the Norwich fair. There was a fine showing of dairy cattle, poultry, vegetables and farm bureau exhibits by John Sherman, the honey man, 1,000 beautiful dahlias, 100 labor saving devices of the household, farm machinery, fancy home grown fruit, canned goods and products of culinary art that were prize winners. There were two bands of music—an indispensable feature for a good fair. Another prominent feature was the meeting of old friends and acquaintances that made the occasion seem like "old home day." The fair association have lately added greatly to the conveniences for the annual event, that we hope will ever prosper.

Then there was the mammoth exhibit of the Eastern States exposition at Springfield, so large that one could not begin to see it all in one day. There was not only the pick from the champion dairy cattle of New England but from Virginia, Ohio, Missouri, Kentucky, Illinois and other western states. Of the five brief hours we spent on the grounds through memory we still recall the following beautiful sights, each one alone worth the trip to see: The Boy Scouts of America, a manly large group of healthy boys, were enjoying camp life for a week. They were enjoying mess, eating dinner, when we first arrived. In the farm bureau building we spent considerable time "listening in" to the most wonderful invention, the radio. The dairy maid, neatly attired in blue jeans union suit, was caring for her sleek herd of registered Jerseys. Among the handiwork in the home department was a nifty lady's straw hat, the raw material in its makeup cost the modest sum of 50 cents. We next went over into the Massachusetts state building. In the center of the hall was a rustic scene of a stream of water tumbling down over moss-covered rocks. The banks of the rill were lined with brake and ferns. A leading feature was the aquarium containing horned pout and brook trout. In the gallery out of sight was heard the sound of heavenly music.

In Exhibition hall were the other exhibits of the New England states, including Canada. For Rhode Island there was a large clock face made of grain, ears of corn represented the hours, the hands indicated nearly noon. "It's high time to set out that young orchard," were the words beneath the timepiece. There was also the auto show, from the new Star up to a palace car costing $8,900.

Among the wonderful inventions was a candy machine in full operation. We next visited the Coliseum, where there was expert cattle judging. There was a string band of sweet music in the gallery. Mementoes of the late war and pictures of scenes in France filled a large tent outside. At 3.30 p. m. the Camp Fire Girls gave a swimming demonstration and showed how to rescue a drowning person to an audience of several thousand people. The display of fruit grown in New England—McIntosh, Wealthy Gravestein, Wolf River and Twenty Ounce apples—was the finest ever seen. Of amusements, the Ferris wheel, the whip, etc., were clean and wholesome. We were told afterwards that we missed the best part, the horse show, which was in the evening. At 5 p. m. we left the exposition grounds. It was Tuesday. My friend and acquaintance who was with me? His name was "Ford."

JIM.

VALUABLE HINTS ABOUT LAUNDERING

Dear Sisers of the Corner: Does your laundry contain all of these: Salt, borax, turpentine, ammonia washing soda, kerosene, lard, rice, wheat and corn starches, red ink, white and yellow soap, bluing, molasses, lemons, hydrochlorous acid, javelle water, chloride of lime, blue green and lavendar dyes?

In laundering, as well as in other household tasks, "Well begun is half done." I have sent my way of taking out stains for I have tried the recipes that were in different papers and magazines without good results.

I visited a chemist and I found so much depended upon proper sorting, soaking and other preliminaries before using the different stain removers. First all stains should be removed from clothing before it is put in the suds. The logical time to discover garments requiring special attention is when they are first removed from the hamper, and distributed on sorting table.

When sorting clothes, the fine prices that cannot be rubbed should be kept together and washed first. Garments of silk and wool which require special methods should be separated from the cotton and linen fabrics. The white clothes which can be boiled are sorted first—delicately tinted ones next, dark colored ones last.

Prints that are to be washed for the first time must have colors set by soaking each garment separately in a strong solution, a cupful of salt to one-half pail of cold water. A tablespoon of turpentine in one-half pail of water is especially effective in setting dark blue. I soak each garment 15 minutes.

Now my method is absolutely scientific, and if one is able to distinguish the various kinds of stains that appear on clothing their obliteration is practically certain. I have seen so many recipes for removing stains that are absolutely sure to set a stain if they diagnose the wrong stain, and then it is difficult to remove, if not impossible.

And since I sent my stain removal recipes I have worried for fear they would not be used as they should be.

Heavy grease stains such as tar and axle grease can be dissolved by rubbing lard into the stain, followed by washing in hot water and soap. Paint, vaseline and machine oil should be soaked in turpentine or benzine and then washed in cold water and soap. Grass stains are the most difficult to remove, but very often yield to a bath of clear, cold water, followed by an application of molasses which should be left an hour or two, then washed off in warm water. I have had the stain on a garment that would not endure that treatment, so rubbed it with alcohol with pleasing results.

For Ink Stains and Iron Rust—Cover the spot with salt, moisten with lemon juice, lay in the sun. If the spots do not disappear after several treatments and sometimes they will not) apply a few drops of hydrochloric acid, always using a medicine dropper for the purpose. Rinse quickly in a solution of borax water, one-half teaspoon of borax to a pint of water. Soak medicine stains in alcohol for several hours; then wash in warm water.

Powdered borax should be rubbed into fruit stains. Then pour boiling water directly on the stain and it will take it out. Some times they will yield by pouring boiling water on them.

Blood stains can be washed out with warm water, soap and ammonia, if the material is cotton or linen, boiling and bleaching in the sun will obliterate the last traces of discoloration.

Farelle water is made by dissolving half a pound of washing soda in one pint of boiling water, and adding to it when cold a quarter of a pound of chlorid of lime that has been mixed and allowed to settle in a pint of cold water. Strain the last mixture before adding to the solution. Keep corked in a dark blue bottle or jug.

Very often garments that cannot be washed become stained. In this event cover the spots with a paste made of laundry starch and warm water applying fresh paste after the old has become dry. Alcohol will also remove stains from materials that cannot be wet with water. There is one thing to impress on your mind in removing stains from colored materials, remember that which removes the stain will also remove the color.

Grease stains can be removed from silk with a solution made of two tablespoons of ether, two ounces of castile soap, one-quarter ounces saltpetre, one tablespoon ammonia and one tablespoon of borax. I have removed paint and grease with plain ether. After all the stains are removed I put my white clothes to soak.

I make a soap jelly for the silk shirts and silk underwear. To make this soap jelly, boil one cake of white soap that has been shaven fine in two quarts of water.

Even the mildest soap should never be rubbed directly upon wool or silk and strong yellow soaps are unthinkable, being the cause of rotting the fibre of both materials.

Dark woolen garments can be washed in soap-bark solution. Boil one cup of soap bark in one quart of water for fifteen minutes then strain.

Soak your colored clothes only a few moments. Hurry through the suds made of white soap) and dry quickly out of doors and in the shade. After the soap is removed thoroughly) let them lie in the water colors to match the prevailing tints. Use Bluing water for blues, a few drops of cochineal or red ink for reds and pinks, and ordinary dyes for brown, green, lavender and navy blue. Salt added to this dye water will set the color.

Some have wondered what those rust spots were. They are particles of soap adhering to the fibre of materials combined with undissolved bluing that forms these spots of rust that appear so mysteriously on ironing day.

There are different kinds of bluing. The most satisfactory is the aniline blue.

For the starching I like corn starch for collars and cuffs. I think it is the cheapest and stiffest starch on the market.

Wheat starch comes next but it is not as stiff of corn starch.

Rice starch will impart the newness of unwashed materials but not stiffness or brittleness. Rice starch is suitable for lingerie and infants' clothes.

ETHLYN.

THE FOOTPATH TO PEACE

Dear Social Corner Members: If not too late I wish to thank all who sent me birthday cards, including friends and my good neighbors.

As Primrose sent in a poem it put me in mind of what I saw at a friend's home hanging on the wall in a little frame. So I'll send it so all can read "The Foot Path to Peace." To be glad of life because it gives you the chance, to love and to work and to play and to look up at the stars but not contented with yourself until you have made the best of them, to despise nothing in the world, except falsehood and meanness, and to fear nothing except cowardice, to be governed by your admirations rather than by your disgusts, to covert nothing that is your neighbor's except his kindness of heart and gentleness of manners, to think seldom of your enemies, often of your friends, and every day of Christ, and to spend as much time as you can with body and with spirit, in God's out-of-doors, these are little guide posts on the foot to peace.—Henry Van Dyke.

I read in The Bulletin last week of Van Dyke's birthday. I like to read all his writings.

Best wishes to all.

JOAN.

A CHATTY LETTER FROM GRANDMA GRAY

Dear Social Corner Sisters: It is a long time since I sent you a letter, but I hope I am not forgotten. Sister Jennie tells us to do our bit and do it often, which is good advice. I'll try not to wait so long again. I don't care to be called a slacker. The beautiful summer is gone and gray November is with us again. Some call it the saddest of the year, but we have had some lovely sunshiny days when we could have de-delightful auto drives through the country. The memory of them will brighten some of the stormy wintry days ahead.

Armistice day has been fittingly observed and flags were floating in the breeze in all sections. It has become a national holiday and each year people will pay tribute to the men who served in the World war.

If November gives us some dreary days, she redeems herself by giving us our sacred Thanksgiving day and how both old and young enjoy it and work night and day to have everything in readiness for the enjoyment of the family gatherings on this day of days.

It is a day of great rejoicing in many homes and surely we should be thankful for an unbroken band. A feast of good things is always prepared by loving hands which means work but as one sister says, "It pays."

My wish for each sister is that it may be a happy day for you and you may think of me as being grandma to a happy crowd if nothing happens. God pity the one who has no home to go to.

Sorry to hear that Delial Deal is ill and a shut-in. I hope to call on her as I wish to inquire about some friends of hers I used to know. Hope she will soon be able to walk out in the sunshine again.

One sister inquires about hair flowers. I have a hair wreath I made it when I was 14 years old. It is nicely framed in a gilt frame and looks as well as it did when first made. Half of the wreath is made from hair of relations of my fathers family and the other half of my mother's family. When first made I could tell each uncle, aunt's and cousin's hair as they were woven into forget-me-nots, lilies and other flowers, but have forgotten many of them now. When I was married and left home mother gave it to me and I have always kept it.

I also made wax flowers and had them under a glass case. No one does such work now. Instead the girls knit warm sweaters for themselves or their mothers which is a fine thing to do.

I enjoyed reading about the trip taken by Ma of Green Gables. Instead of taking a long journey myself I entertained cousins who came by auto from Scranton, Penn., and spent a week with us. My cousin's wife and two children had never seen the ocean, so we tried to take them to the shore resorts. We went to Lord's Point, Watch Hill, Rocky Point and Oakland Beach and had some fine shore dinners at the different places. One day we drove 118 miles. We also had one long drive to Pomfret and Putnam and stopped at Alexander lake. My cousin had his camera with him and took many fine pictures which he had finished after reaching home and sent us 42. The week was all too short. The children were dears and we enjoyed their visit very much and hope they will come again next year.

I have made this altogether too long or I would tell you of my house plants, also I have a few new cooking recipes for you, but I'll say good night and wish you the best of heaven's blessings.

Sincerely yours,

GRANDMA GRAY.

PUTTING UP CHRISTMAS COSMETICS

Dear Social Corner Editor Sisters and Readers: I wish to thank those who wrote me advising me they missed my letters.

Can't you see how you can prepare some most unique Christmas gifts that will not only be received for their usefulness, but for their novelty as well.

Let us then get to work. What shall we prepare and how shall we go about it?

Our first need is for a few simple utensils. A porcelain kettle, scales a wooden spoon, a grater, a bowl, a sharp knife and a pestle or potato masher.

Next you want to supply yourself with a few ointment jars, some glass stoppered

(Continued on Page Eleven, Last Col.)

ANNIVERSARY

Anniversary Sale Starts Saturday, November 18th, and Continues to Saturday, November 25th

APPRECIATION! GREETINGS!

Welcome to our Party. A party of the most value-giving we have ever had. Quality, complete stocks, values and service are the principles upon which this store has been founded. We think that we are offering bigger and better values than ever before. We hope you will agree with us. Visit our store during this Anniversary Week and convince yourself.

COATS
Sport or Mannish Coats, values $19.50, $22.50, $25.00.
ANNIVERSARY PRICES
$15.00, $17.50, $19.50

DRESS COATS AND WRAPS
Values $27.50, $39.50, $55.00.
ANNIVERSARY PRICES
$22.50, $32.50, $49.50

CHILDREN'S COATS
Sizes 10, 12 and 14 years. Fur collars and lined throughout, values $12.50.
ANNIVERSARY PRICE
$1.00

Fur Collar and lined throughout, value $11.50.
ANNIVERSARY PRICE
$8.95

DRESSES
Wool Dresses, values $12.50, $19.50, $25.00.
ANNIVERSARY PRICES
$9.65, $15.00, $19.50

SILK DRESSES
Values $19.50, $25.00, $34.50
ANNIVERSARY PRICES
$15.50, $19.50, $25.00

SUITS
All our better Suits which sold up to $50.00.
ANNIVERSARY PRICE
$35.00

Large and regular size Suits which sold up to $35.00.
ANNIVERSARY PRICE
$22.50

DRESS SKIRTS
All-Wool Prunella Cloth Plaited Models, value $5.98.
ANNIVERSARY PRICE
$4.85

EXTRA SIZE SKIRTS
Navy and Black, value $6.98
ANNIVERSARY PRICE
$5.85

SILK PETTICOATS
Changeable Taffeta, value $3.50
ANNIVERSARY PRICE
$2.85

Changeable Satins, value $3.95
ANNIVERSARY PRICE
$3.00

HALF PRICE SALE —IN OUR— Millinery Department

1/2 PRICE 1/2 PRICE

During Anniversary Week we offer our entire line of Fall and Winter Trimmed Hats, Ready-to-Wear Hats, Sport Hats, Untrimmed shapes and Children's Hats, at just one-half their original prices. Make your selection and divide the marked price in half. None reserved. None exchanged. Every hat must go at one-half price.

IN THE UPSTAIRS DEPARTMENT

WOMEN'S BLANKET BATH ROBES
ANNIVERSARY PRICE
$2.98

CHILDREN'S CHINCHILLA COATS—2 to 6 Years
ANNIVERSARY PRICE
$3.98

MUSLIN GOWNS, CHEMISE AND SKIRTS
ANNIVERSARY PRICE
50c

THROUGHOUT THIS DEPARTMENT WE ARE OFFERING MANY TEMPTING BARGAINS, AT ANNIVERSARY SALE PRICES.

B. GOTTHELF & CO.

"THE STORE OF GOOD VALUES"

94-100 Main Street **Norwich, Conn.**