THE SOCIAL CORNER

EVERY LOT IS HAPPY TO A PERSON WHO BEARS IT WITH TRANQUILLITY.

SOCIAL CORNER PRIZES FOR NOVEMBER

ONE DOLLAR EACH

To ETHELYN for letter entitled The School for Motherhood.
To PRACTICAL POLLY for letter entitled Two Sides of Life.
To CADY for letter entitled Thoughts for Christmas.
To JEREMY for letter entitled Using the Turntable.
To HOPE COBWEB for letter entitled Giving the Children a Chance.

SOCIAL CORNER POETRY

Long, Long Ago.

Tell me the tales that to me were so dear,
Long, long ago, long ago,
Sing me the songs that I delighted to hear,
Long, long ago, long ago.
Now you are come all my grief is removed,
Let me forget that so long you have roved,
Let me believe that you loved as you loved,
Long, long ago, long ago.

Do you remember the path where we met
Long, long ago, long ago.
Oh, yes, you told me you ne'er would forget,
Long, long ago, long ago.
Then to all others my smile you preferred
Love, when you spoke, gave a charm to each word.
Still my heart treasures the praises I heard,
Long, long ago, long ago.

Though by your kindness my fond hopes were raised,
Long, long ago, long ago,
You by more eloquent lips have been praised,
Long, long ago, long ago,
Through by long absence your truth has been tried,
Still by your accents I listen with pride,
Blest as I were when I sat by your side,
Long, long ago, long ago.
—By Thomas Haynes Bayly.
Sent in by Martha.

Visitors

We've had a lot of visitors it seems for weeks an' weeks,
And Pa is gettin' all run down. Ma says that when he speaks
He isn't civil any more. He mopes around the place
And always seems to wear a look of sadness on his face.
And yesterday he said to Ma, when she began to fuss:
"I wonder when they're going to quit an' leave the home to us.

"It's nice to have your people come, but some of them should go.
Instead of that they're sticking here like bulldogs at a show.
The more the merrier,' they shout as other ones drop in.
I'm getting so I cannot stand to see your cousins' grin
And, what is more, I'm getting tired of driving folks about
And might tired of visitors who must be taken out.

"Night after night when I've come home I've hauled them near and far.
You'd think I was the driver of a town sight-seeing car.
I've hauled them up to factories and monuments and parks,
Museums and aquariums; I've shown 'em seals and sharks
And bears and wolves and elephants; and now I want to quit.
I know they'd do the same for me, but I am sick of it.

"I wouldn't say a word at all about your folks, I know
They're just as nice as they can be, but still I wish they'd go.
I'm tired of all the buzz and talk, the tales of those who've died,
I'm tired of seeing all our chairs forever occupied."
"And I am tired myself," said Ma, "as tired as I can be.
You're only on the job at night, but it's all day long for me."
—By Edgar A. Guest.
—Sent in by Anna Z and Balsam Fir

THE CHARTER OAK

Dear Sisters of the Social Corner: I trust your interest will permit me a little more space to complete my subject on the Charter Oak. Let us imagine we see the famous old tree, as it lays crashed on the ground, the victim of a severe thunder storm, and terrific wind, on August 21 1858. According to my information, it was a large tree, which meant a large quantity of wood, and this trunk, branches, leaves and acorns were converted into various purposes. It appealed to me, one of its most appropriate uses is contained in some of the word which forms the frome of the old charter itself as though once a great protector, then separated for many years to be again reunited. In the state library at Hartford may be seen this ancient and priceless document, with its beautifully carved oak frame, in design of acorns and leaves. Another memorial of the old charter oak may been seen in the state capitol. An elaborate hand carved large arm chair occupies a place of honor in the senate to be used by the presiding officer, usually the lieutenant governor. The Wyllis family who owned the land on which the tree stood, at the time it fell gave to the state the wood of which this chair was made. The design was made by a son of the governor who then held office and in January, 1857, the chief executive received this worthy gift, in behalf of Connecticut. The chair was incomplete at the time of its presentation and due to the fine carving it required one year to finish the task. A design of the state coat of arms is carved on the front of the upright back portion. The seat is made of inlaid blocks about 3x5 inches each, cut from the roots of the tree. At the Morgan Memorial building in the Colt room may be seen a beautiful swing cradle made of wood of the famous charter oak. It was formerly owned and used in the family of the late Samuel Colt, in Hartford.

Several years ago there used to be a portion of the tree, about four feet of the trunk in the Connecticut Historical rooms together with leaves and acorns in a glass case, but I think this has been removed elsewhere. I have been informed that many small pieces of the Charter Oak were made into various souvenirs at the time of its fall and undoubtedly they are still kept by private parties. The very name of Charter Oak is familiar on all sides in Hartford. Fraternal societies, business houses, private clubs and other features have adopted this title. And now last, but not least, as we enter the east entrance of the state capitol, we see over the doorway a carving in stone, a complete design of the Charter Oak tree, with its hollow, and the miniature figure of Wadsworth holding in his hand the rolled charter and about to deposit it within the famous hiding place. Long may these memories continue, which every generation for the past 235 years has cherished, of Connecticut's Charter Oak tree.

JENNIE.

DISPROVES AN OLD SAYING.

Dear Corner Sisters: I want you all to know how much I appreciate your kind remembrance of me. There is an old saying, you know, "Out of sight out of mind," but during my long spell of being shut in I have proven that untrue. I have received two beautiful sunshine baskets full of lovely things to temp the appetite and crowded with lovely sentiments to cheer the heart and keep it warm all winter. One was from the Social Corner, the other from Dorcas Circle of The King's Daughters of Jewett City. Then several have remembered me with Thanksgiving cards, among which were Scottie, Gipsy, Betsy, Trotwood and letters from Twice Twenty and Auntie No. 1, to all of whom I want to express my thanks.

Betsy Trotwood: Yours was very applicable, like Jonah, I feel I am out of the whale's mouth and if not quite all right now am on the way, there surely. I have been out doors twice this month through the kindness of friends who took me in their auto, and while I got very tired after a day or two I was rested and felt better for going.

The 13th day of October I walked out the length of a block the only time this fall, but hope before long to try it some more. I try to do what I can of my work and that takes all the strength I have and keeps me on my feet so I do not feel I can take any exercise in the outdoor as I am all alone now except for the good woman who comes in by the hour. But as I am writing (not standing still or going backward) I feel encouraged and hope by spring to be my old self once more.

I have had two anniversaries to celebrate for myself and one for a sister during the past week. November 27th was my 44th wedding anniversary, Nov. 28th my sister's birthday anniversary, and Nov. 30th Thanksgiving. My husband and myself spent the day alone for the second time only in the 44 years.

But I had a roast goose dinner, so you see we were well provided for and with all the cheer received from so many good friends the day was a peaceful and happy one and I trust it was the same with all the Corner sisters, in fact to all the Father's children wherever they were.

Now, with love and the best of wishes for the holiday season from now on I am as ever a well wisher for the Social Corner and all its members.

DELIAH DEAL.

TWO SIDES OF LIFE.

Dear Friends in the Corner: Did you ever make a house to house canvass? It was my "good fortune" to be one of five ladies chosen from an order to which I belong, to help a recent Salvation Army drive. As I had never done anything of the kind I started out with fear and trembling. I soon found that to be successful you must forget timidity and assume the flow of language and the perseverance of a full fledged book agent.

In my first district everyone responded beautifully. I only found one who could afford to have given liberally, but who refused even a quarter.

My second district was in a part of the city where south Italy was represented by 1 score chap, but as it was to be a house to house canvass, I went on with the work, wondering what I should find. I was amazed at the conditions. Many were being helped by those whom I represented. One very sweet faced mother who could only grasp the words Salvation Army in my talk, expressed such gratitude (in her broken English) because she thought I had come from them to see her sick daughter who had just returned from the hospital after an operation. It made my heart ache. To the daughter I explained my errand and called later not empty handed.

The little ragged urchins who I learned belonged to the Salvation Army Sunday school, were so desirous of helping that they offered their services as interpreters as the older ones could not understand. Their number kept increasing as we went from house to house, until I had about as many followers as a hand organ man with a monkey. Their fluent tongues would rattle off the French, Italian or Polish message that I was soliciting funds for those who had done so much for them, and many wanted to help with their mite.

If one is dissatisfied with their own surroundings try a few days of such work, and you are sure to carry away something to think about, and a feeling of thankfulness and appreciation for your own blessings.

A short time after, I enjoyed a wonderful treat through the courtesy of a friend, in going over a beautiful large pleasure yacht, owned by a wealthy New Yorker. I had read of floating palaces but could not realize the magnificence. There were staterooms enough to accommodate forty or more guests, all finished in ivory and gold, beautiful beveled mirrors formed the tops of dressers, etc., bath rooms with all accessories for each room, hot and cold water, both fresh and salt. The dining room was a place of beauty with its wealth of cut glass, silver and china and wonderful furnishings. The deck with its awnings, rugs and seats with chairs that made you think of grandma's old fashioned feather bed, when you sat on them, must have been an ideal spot as they traveled the bounding seas. Nothing was forgotten that could give ease and comfort. I could not help thinking of the young girl in her humble home and comparing the two extremes of living. Just a glimpse of all that beauty and a sail in that wonderful yacht would no doubt seem almost like her ideas of heaven.

Why can't those who have so much do more for those who have so little? There are none of us but what can find others less fortunate than ourselves, and as the holiday season approaches let's try and make someone happy by some little deed of kindness.

PRACTICAL POLLY.

FOR COUGHS AND OTHER TROUBLES.

Dear Social Corner Friends: Just a few words of greeting. Rather late for Thanksgiving, but better late than never. Trust you've all had a pleasant one. Our winter set in Nov. 24 with two inches of snow. The lake is beginning to freeze in the cove. Many weather prophets here in Maine predict a mild winter with no acorns or cones for the squirrels and few of them to be seen. Our bluejays are quiet and I miss them very much.

Perhaps the following may be a benefit to others as they have to me.

For a cough take a cup half full of sugar and put enough vinegar into it so that when it is dissolved it will be like honey. Just a little on a spoon at a time will relieve a hard cough. Another remedy is to take three lemons, prick them with fork, put in pint of water, cook until soft, then take out and put in sugar enough so when boiled down it will make a syrup. It has been known to cure a cough of long standing.

A friend tells me of a case of appendicitis that was cured by taking a glass of water with corn meal stirred into it not too thick, but just enough so it can be drunk, followed in 20 minutes by one teaspoon of Perry Davis' pain killer. If relief isn't obtained in a half hour take the meal again; also the pain killer. A person who used it was told by a doctor that they must go to the hospital for an operation, but they were saved by the timely use of the meal which swelled to such an extent it relieved the patient immediately. When the doctor made his visit next time he was much surprised to learn his patient was out of danger. This may help someone.

Best regards from

BALSAM FIR.

SELF DECEIT.

Dear Social Corner Sisters: How we deceive ourselves! and how we love to do it! A bit unconsciously, it may be, such a habit has it become with us. Just as we need no thought to accomplish any of the thousand and one little necessary details of everyday life, so we cultivate false ideas. We'd feel really angry were it suggested to us that we were so doing.

There are certain surroundings that we "must" put up with. We spend more nervous force trying to become reconciled to them than we would in changing them. There are certain habits that limit our health. We cannot break them—so we say. But what's the reason? Lack of determination and will power? Everybody has more or less of these, though they may be latent and unused. Indeed, they grow by the using. We're deceiving ourselves.

We "just love" this or that, but alas! "We can't find time for it." Seldom are these two statements, taken together, the truth. We either do not "love" as much as we are posing to or we would "find time." We don't find time because we fail to hunt for it. If we did, we might find it hidden away in superfluous efforts, in unessential meanderings.

We can't afford this convenience, this work saver. That may be possible but is not always the fact. We cannot afford it because we want other less necessary but more showy articles. We wish for certain friendships and think them beyond our reach. If we were willing to exert ourselves to be worthy of them they would come to us.

We need to look out for self-deceit. There's no logical place for it in life.

I hope each and every one of The Corner members had a pleasant Thanksgiving, and trust you are all looking forward to a merry Christmas.

S. E. D.

THOUGHTS FOR CHRISTMAS.

Dear Social Corner Sisters: As Christmas draws near our thoughts are on our loved ones and friends more than any other time of the year. We strive to give them a gift that will show our love. Now why not extend our thoughts and good will to those that we feel have done us a real or fancied wrong. There is no way in the world so easy to forgive a person as to do some little thing for them. Take a bit of embroidery and commence to work on it. Your first few stitches will be on your work, then your thought will turn to the one you are working for, and you will say perhaps she did not mean to hurt me. Perhaps I am too sensitive and you keep on working. Now a little prayer for her, something to help along the forgiveness and soon the wrong is forgotten. You think only of the pleasure you are going to give her, and the pleasure you give yourself in regaining a friend is worth a great deal. We should all try on our dear Saviour's anniversary to be at peace with all men. Try this simple method. You will be surprised at the result.

Then we have our little neighbors, the children of foreign parentage. I do not think there is a street in our city but has them. Do some little thing for them this Christmas time. It takes so little to make them happy. You will have the finest time you ever had. You can make your Christmas day one never to be forgotten. It is worth trying.

CADY.

"GOOD LAND OF GOSHEN."

Dear Social Corner Readers: I was glad Jennie wrote about the story of the Deserted Wife. I had read part of the story in some Peterson Magazines my grandmother had in her storeroom, but had forgotten the title. Hope I can get the book and finish the story. Think Evaline Burr gave location of places, Jennie asked for. Does any one know and more of "Lady Fenwick's" life than is given in the Connecticut History of Saybrook? The simple monument at her grave at Saybrook Point gives no hint of the breaking heart of that "Daughter of an Earl."

Did you ever hear the expression, "Good land of Goshen?" I had, but never appreciated it until I had the privilege one day last fall of a climb, not only a ride, but a straight up climb from Colchester (via a detour) to Lebanon over Goshen Hill. Who says Connecticut has no wonderful scenery! I could show them some.

Best wishes to all sisters and readers.

GACK.

YEARS AGO.

Dear Social Corner Sisters: I want to say I spent a long time thinking who 1492 could be. I always read the Social Corner after dinner Sundays and after getting home from Sunday school. Nineteen years ago seems a long time to me. My nerves are some better but not as well as I wish they were. There have been so many things to put them back. I can say I have trusted in the Lord and He has been my help more ways than one. When I was a girl 12 years old I went to school and got my lessons well and wasn't tardy. My teacher's name was Rich and so at the end of the year he gave me a large picture of the Lord's prayer. I never had it framed until four years ago. I gave it to the Sunday school where I go. It now hangs in the Sunday school room. The school paid for the frame, having wanted to. It is the most beautiful picture of its kind I ever saw.

I have often thought what a present that was. It could do others good as well as myself.

ROSALIND.

THANKSGIVING 60 YEARS AGO

Dear Editor and Sisters: I often think of the good time I used to have Thanksgiving time 60 years ago when we would meet at grandpa's and have one glorious time.

Grandpa would say "pesky youngsters" and then would chuckle to himself and look and see if any of us was after him. It would have been a sad day if we had not come. Then came the big dinner, turkey baked to a nice brown, pie and all the rest of the good things baked in grandma's brick oven. Then we would have supper and not get through till nearly mid night. Then the next day we would all go down to the eldest brother's and have a jolly good time.

The next day we would all go over to the sister's and have a happy time. Well, those were grand old days, but we are all scattered now—some gone to their long home, others married and with families of their own.

Hope you all, editor included, enjoyed a pleasant Thanksgiving.

RHODY LOUISE.

THANKSGIVING THOUGHTS

Dear Editor and Corner Sisters: Thanksgiving is here again and we realize that the year is drawing to its end. And in our preparations for winter we note what we have on hand, etc. One should be thankful if she has the means to make every one and everything comfortable and enough to obtain the actual necessities, but if otherwise there is much to be thankful for. We must make the best of what is, and remember no matter how dark the clouds, our blessing far outnumber the troubles. But of course the troubles have to be faced and dealt with and we have to have strength, perseverance and patience to help us to endure and to rise above and conquer the difficulties.

Thanksgiving is the source of merry making to the young. Those from home look forward to coming home. But older ones enjoy the day more for the loving memories of the past, of the loved ones who are in the Beyond, and on the days the dear ones seem near to us, only just beyond our sight.

I wish you one and all a pleasant Thanksgiving, and to those whose family circle has a broken link, try to be peacefully happy in thinking how happy they are and that it is a gain to them and because we know they are happy we must try to be and in helping each other we are helped ourselves.

I was deeply grieved to read of Blanche's death. I shall miss her letters very much. She has been a good friend to me, and it is not long since I heard from and received a small package from her. Her relatives have my sincere sympathy.

I hope that Club No. 1 will enjoy their monthly meetings throughout the winter.

It does seem as if such a large family ought to be able to fill one page, but perhaps I ought not to say anything for I do not write often. But I will try to do so hereafter, no matter how I feel. I have been poorly all the summer. And you sisters who are sick or shut in surely have my sympathy, and I trust that you will soon be better. And those who remain invalid, like myself, let us endeavor to be cheery and bright and in that way we will be much better and happier than we shall be if we groan and repine over our ill health and troubles.

I wish to thank the editor for my yellow slip of paper, I ought to have done so before.

A pleasant Thanksgiving to all.

DIANA.

SOME TESTED RECIPES.

Dear Sisters of The Corner: Just time this week to send you some new recipes:

Raisin Macaroons: Two cups toasted cornflakes, one teaspoon vanilla, one cup sugar, two egg whites, one cup seedless raisins.

Put cornflakes, raisins and sugar in bowl and stir well. Beat the egg whites stiff, add vanilla and a pinch of salt and add them last and stir them up gently. Grease pan and sprinkle with flour. Drop by teaspoonfuls some distance apart. Bake 20 or 25 minutes in very slow oven. Take up with cake turner. This makes about 30 macaroons.

Waffles: Three cups flour, six teaspoons baking powder, two eggs, one teaspoon salt, two tablespoons sugar, three tablespoons melted butter or shortening, two cups milk, one cup raisins, chopped.

Sift flour, baking powder, salt and sugar together. Add milk, beaten egg yolks and butter and mix well. Stir in floured raisins and fold in stiffly beaten egg whites. Cook on well greased hot waffle iron. This makes about 10 waffles.

New Grapefruit Salad: Remove three equal parts from a half of grapefruit and free the remaining part of the fruit from the skin and cross ligaments. Fill the three hollowed parts, one each, with diced canned peaches, broken walnuts and seedless raisins. For a dressing mix one part of grapefruit juice with two parts of olive oil and season with salt and paprika.

MARY J.

MANY THINGS TO BE THANKFUL FOR.

Dear Social Corner: It is a long time since I have written, but I have not been very well and we have built a new home and have just got moved. So you can see that I have been very busy. I wanted very much to attend the last meeting but could not. I am in hopes to be with you at the next meeting.

I was interested in Cretia's call on D. C. Rawson. It was nice that she called when she did. As it was soon after that he passed away. He was certainly a remarkable old man, and his son and grandchildren were very devoted to him.

I feel that I have a good many things to be thankful for this Thanksgiving. Although my children could not all be with me for the day.

DOUBLE FUCHIA.

LOVER OF OLD BOOKS.

Sisters of the Social Corner: I had almost given up hope of ever being able to write to the Social Corner again but a dear granddaughter home for the Thanksgiving recess has kindly offered to write for me.

The letters giving a description of old times and places are especially interesting to me. I wish I had Twice Twenty's old arithmetic or one just like it. My dad is old books and I have paid big prices for them, too.

I was ever so much interested in Jennie's letter which gives an account of the book The Deserted Wife. Is it story or fiction? I have never read it but wish that I might. Does any of the many sisters know whether it would be possible to get a copy of it or not. I have a book entitled, Emma Prescott or The Curse Fulfilled" by Ned Buntline, published in 1853. It is a tale of the Revolution, beginning with young Benedict Arnold drilling his little companies of men on the village green and follows Arnold through the war up to the time of his treason and the burning of New London. Emma Prescott, a rich and exceedingly beautiful girl, inspires cheers and aids him in every possible way until he becomes a hero, the idol of the nation. She then plays his downfall. She sows the seeds of temptation in his heart and he pays the way that finally he commits the deed that makes him a traitor.

Emma Prescott then goes [illegible] to find the man she loves, but she finds he has left the country forever. She and [illegible] a Quaker [illegible]

almost have a tiny bit of sympathy for Benedict Arnold after reading this book. Without doubt it is a book that gives one much food for thought.

As I do not expect to write again before the holidays I wish each and everyone of the sisters and brothers (if any) and the editor a Merry Christmas and a happy New Year. May you all have much of the real joy of the coming holidays.

GRANDMA.

A VISIT TO NEWGATE PRISON.

Dear Social Corner Editor: While visiting my daughter in Springfield, Mass., last week, we made a trip to East Newgate prison, Connecticut's most famous prison.

This was originally a copper mine in 1707 and continued so many years. The ancient walls are still in a fair state of preservation and all most attractive. The shafts and passageways are cut in solid rock.

In the Revolutionary war these excavations were used as a prison and place of confinement for many a hated tory and General George Washington sent many persons there who had committed crimes worthy of such a fate. Their sleeping apartments were of solid rock and even some were chained to iron rings in the wall. Their beds were the stone floors and with uneasy consciences as they must have had, their sleep could not have been very sweet, although sixty feet below the earth's surface.

In 1790 Newgate became a state prison. A number of workshops were erected and these later were surrounded by a twelve-foot stone wall, which was completed in 1803, with its watch towers for sentries, and the gateway with keystone bearing the name "Newgate Prison" called so from the Newgate of London.

We brought home several postcards giving different views of the prison and one shows the foot of a 70-foot shaft with pump and entrance to the drain where one of the prisoners made his escape. Its use as a prison ceased in 1827 when the inmates were taken to Wethersfield, our present prison.

This spot is most interesting to me far more than I have been able to portray in this letter and well worth the time we spent there and I would say to all that anyone who enjoys historic places should visit Newgate prison.

GAGA.

THE AVIATION MEET.

Dear Social Corner Sisters: I see so many calls for more letters, thought I would get busy and do my bit. I love to read the nice letters of the Corner gang and always feel I have nothing of interest to offer, so I have left the space for others. But so often we see where an old writer has passed on. The new ones will have to write more now to try to fill up the space which the editor so kindly gives to us. I somehow keep putting off writing from one week to another and before I know it the weeks grow into months. I wonder if any of the sisters were lucky enough to get to Hartford to witness the aviation meet. It sure was wonderful to see so many airplanes flying in the sky and one was up, they said, three and one-half miles and could hardly be seen. It stayed up with the clouds for a very long time. Others were flying after toy balloons and would burst them and if they missed they would have to fly a long distance again so the air from the plane wouldn't blow it.

The United States mail plane that brings the mail to Hartford was also there. Hartford has a wonderful big park which they need to start and land.

The Travelers Insurance tower makes a good guide for all aviators as it can be seen many miles away and then on the park there is a very large shed with "Hartford" painted in very large white letters that can be seen a very long way I should judge. The park is a long way from the trolleys. If one doesn't have an auto he doesn't want to go but once. I live not far from Hartford so I see them every day. The other day one went over flying very low.

In the relay race one poor aviator met his death when he struck a tree. His plane took fire and as he was strapped in it they couldn't save him. As I have made out quite a long letter I guess I will stop and give someone else a chance. With all best wishes to the Social Corner.

ANNA Z.

This Looks Like a Furniture Christmas

Everything seems to indicate that this year, more than ever before, FURNITURE will be the "gift desirable" in thousands of homes. This should be so, for Christmas is essentially a home festival.

We are ready for your shopping with suggestions and stocks, and, above all with prices that will leave you a delightfully surprising surplus for your own Christmas present.

We will hold and deliver Christmas purchases whenever desired.

Hourigan Bros.
Complete Homefurnishers
62-66 MAIN STREET

"When the storm winds do blow"
So goes the old sea song, and it would be good advice to add

DRINK
Baker's
Cocoa

It is warming and sustaining, for it has genuine food value, and may be safely indulged in any hour of the day, for it is stimulating only in the sense that pure food is stimulating.

It is delicious too

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DOLL OVERALL FREE!

MR. H. L. ROGERS OF THE H. D. LEE MERCANTILE COMPANY FACTORY WILL PRESENT TO EVERY LITTLE GIRL A PAIR OF LEE DOLL OVERALLS THAT WILL CALL AT OUR STORE WITH HER DADDY TO SEE

LEE OVERALLS DEMONSTRATED SATURDAY, DECEMBER 2nd, 1922

NO PURCHASE NECESSARY TO GET THESE DOLL OVERALLS, YOUR LITTLE GIRL WILL BE GIVEN THESE OVERALLS IF SHE WILL JUST BRING HER DADDY TO SEE MR. ROGERS.

LEE OVERALLS ARE A NEW PRODUCT OF THIS COMPANY THAT IS BECOMING MORE POPULAR EVERY DAY—LET MR. ROGERS SHOW YOU HOW GOOD THEY ARE.

WINDOW DEMONSTRATION
SATURDAY, DECEMBER 2, 1922
Mr. Rogers Demonstrates the merits of
LEE OVERALLS
In Our Window
Don't Fail to See Him Demonstrate
Saturday, December 2nd, 1922

Special Today (Saturday)
LEE OVERALLS
Good Heavy-weight Denim, Triple Stitched Seams, Special Reinforcements.
SATURDAY ALL DAY
$2.50 GRADE $1.95

THESE OVERALLS ARE MANUFACTURED BY THE ORIGINATORS OF THE FAMOUS "LEE UNIONALL"

The Greatest Values Offered on Overcoats, Suits and Shoes

MRS. LULA VANN FULTON, ARK,

Suggests to Suffering Women the Road to Health

Fulton, Arkansas.—"I used Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for a soreness in my side. I would suffer so badly every month from my waist down that I could not be on my feet half the time. I was not able to do my work without help. I saw your Vegetable Compound advertised in a newspaper and gave it a fair trial. Now I am able to do my work and don't even have a backache every month. I cannot praise your Vegetable Compound enough and highly recommend it to those who have troubles like mine. I am willing for these facts to be used as a testimonial to lead all who suffer with female troubles, as I did, to the right road to health."—Mrs. LULA VANN, Box 43, Fulton, Arkansas.

It's this sort of praise of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, given by word of mouth and by letter, one woman to another, that should cause you to consider taking this well-known medicine, if you are troubled with such symptoms as painful periods, weak, nervous feelings, miserable pains in your back, and cannot work at certain times.

THE HARTFORD STEAM BOILER INSPECTION AND INSURANCE CO.

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MR. AND MRS GOOD CITIZEN

Are you interested in the Salvation Army?
Do you want to help in its great task?
READ THE WAR CRY!
Sincerely,
Capt. & Mrs. Chas. Carpenter

GRANDCHILD HAD CROUPY COUGH

"My grandchild could get no relief whatever from a very bad croupy cough," writes Peter Landis, Meyersdale, Pa., "until I gave him Foley's Honey and Tar. It is a great help for chest and throat trouble." Coughs, colds, croup, throat, chest and bronchial irritations quickly relieved with Foley's Honey and Tar. Contains no opiates—ingredients printed on the wrapper. Stood the test of time, myriad times. Ask for Foley's Honey and Tar Compound. Take no other. Sold everywhere. Lee & Osgood Co.

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