

Norwich Bulletin and Gazette

116 YEARS OLD

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Norwich, Thursday, Nov. 7, 1912.

WHAT THE ELECTION MEANS.

It is not strange that Woodrow Wilson is declared that he could hardly realize that he had been chosen by the people as the next president of the United States.

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AN AGE OF LUXURIES.

Whether it is realized or not, we are living in an age when large expenditures are made for luxuries. We have gotten to a point, through living under excellent conditions, where it is found necessary to have everything in great quantities.

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THE WIDE AWAKE CIRCLE

Boys and Girls Department

Rules for Young Writers. 1. Write plainly on one side of the paper only and number the pages.

2. Use pen and ink, not pencil. 3. Short and pointed articles will be given preference. Do not use over 250 words.

4. Original stories or letters only will be used. 5. Write your name, age and address plainly at the bottom of the story.

6. Address all communications to Uncle Jed, Bulletin Office.

Whatever you are—Be that; Whatever you say—Be true. Straightforwardly act. Be honest in fact. Be nobody else but you.

An Addition Anagram. This is a little puzzle-block of figures and the first correct answer received will be rewarded with a book.

0 0 0 9

3 3 3 4

4 4 4 4

6 5 6 5

Arrange the figures in the squares so that each row gives a side-way addition of 15.

POETRY. Little Nut People. Old Mistress Chestnut once lived in a burr.

Jack Frost split it wide open with his keen silver knife, And tumbled her out at the risk of her life.

Here is Don Almond, a grandee from Spain, Some raisins from Malaga came in his train.

He has a twin brother, a shade or two leaner; When both come together, we shout "Philopena!"

This is Sir Walnut, he's English, you know, A friend of my Lady and Lord So-and-So.

Whenever you ask old Sir Walnut to dinner, Be sure and have wine for the gouty old sinner.

Little Miss Peanut, from North Carolina, She's not 'ristocratic, but no nut is finer.

Sometimes she is roasted and burnt to a cinder, In Georgia they call her Miss Goober or Pinder.

Little Miss Hazelnut, in her best bonnet, Is lovely enough to be put in a sonnet; And young Mr. Filbert has journeyed to ask her to marry him soon after Lent.

This is Old Hickory, look at him well, A general was named for him, so I've heard tell.

Take care how you hit him, He sometimes has a hard nut to crack. This staid old chap is a hard nut to crack.

Old Mr. Butternut, just from Brazil, Is rugged and rough as the side of a hill; But, like many a countenance quite as ill-favored, He covers a kernel deliciously flavored.

Here is a Southern, graceful and slim, In flavor no nut is quite equal to him. Ha, Monsieur Pecan! you know what it means.

To be served with black coffee in French New Orleans.

Dear little Chinquapin, modest and neat, Isn't she cunning and isn't she sweet? Her skin is as smooth as a little boy's chin.

And the squirrels all chatter of Miss Chinquapin.

And now, my dear children, I'm sure I have told you all the queerest of a nutshell can hold.

—By E. J. NICHOLSON.

UNCLE JED'S TALK TO THE WIDE AWAKES.

I hope you will all read the letter of Lucy A. Carter of Hampton and will be inspired by it to be industrious—to do something useful.

Uncle Jed thinks this is one of the best letters ever written by a Wide-Awake to the page and that is why he is making a reference to it this week.

It is a model letter in its suggestiveness, and we invite more of them. Lucy is pleading her second bread and feels proud of her accomplishment, and Uncle Jed feels proud of it, too.

For Lucy is one of the best writers he has under 12 years of age. There are other Wide Awake girls, we feel sure, who are industrious and work for their dolls, or their mamas, or themselves, and they can help other little girls, as well as win books, by writing all about what they are doing or planning to do and telling how they do it.

Miss Carter is not the only Wide-Awake who has delighted Uncle Jed for all of his best book winners have done that, and quite a number of the girls write so beautifully and well that their letters need very little editing. In fact, he has very few badly written, misspelled or blotty letters. The Wide-Awakes as a class furnish nice copy. But we want fewer and fewer of the imaginative stories and more and more of the personal letters. You can refer to one another's letters and compliment them if you like. Let's have a get-together spirit in the circle and make a helpful page like the Social Corner page.

Uncle Jed has no fault to find with the Wide-Awakes, but he desires to have them profit by each other's work and to realize what it is to be helpful to one another.

LETTERS OF ACKNOWLEDGMENT. Bertha A. Fuller of Eagleville—I received your prize book, please accept my thanks for it. It is my fourth prize book. I have enjoyed them all very much.

Madeline Tucker of Columbia—I received the prize book entitled "Averil" and have nearly finished reading it. I have found it very interesting and thank you so much for it.

Elmer Burbank of Moomup—I was greatly surprised to receive another book, I like it very much; and I thank you exceedingly.

Wilbur D. Hobby, of Gurleyville I wish to thank you very much for an interesting book I have just added to my library.

WINNERS OF PRIZE BOOKS. 1—Ethel Place of Moomup—"Adventures of a Brownie," by Miss Muloch.

2—Emma Hawkins of Oneco—"The Girls of Castle Rock," by L. T. Meade.

3—Treta Kinmonth of Mystic—"Aunt Martha's Corner Cupboard."

4—Ada Marriott of Oneco—"Girls of the True Blue," by Mrs. L. T. Meade.

5—Joseph Marschat of Mansfield Center—"Uncle Max," by Rosa N. Carey.

6—Mary Hobson of Anselw, Neb—"Black Beauty," by Anna Sewall.

JUVENILE GAMES. The Neighbor For Me. In the game, "The Neighbor For Me," the players are seated in a circle.

Spot and White Tooth, the Weasel. Spot's mother worried a great deal about him. All day she went "Cluck! Cluck! Don't do that!" and "Cluck! Cluck! Don't go so far away!"

They lived in a house under the tree, near the stone wall. It had a sharp roof and bars across the front. Spot's mother, who was Mrs. Leghorn, couldn't get out, and so she had to stay at home all day, which made her very nervous.

Brown Eyes, and all his other brothers and sisters could run out and in whenever they liked, under the bars. Spot always used to mind his mother at first, but sometimes he went so far away from home to see the world that he could not understand what she was saying when she called to him.

Then she would ruffle up her feathers and run backward and forward in her house until she was quite out of breath calling him. She said Spot caused her great anxiety than all the other children.

"You must not go near the wall," she said to Spot every morning when he went to school.

"Why not?" he asked. "Because if you do something may happen to you," his mother said. "White Tooth never goes there."

Spot did not pay much attention because he did not know who White Tooth was. One day he found a green grasshopper sitting on a blade of grass.

"Come and see this!" he called to his sister, Brown Eyes. Brown Eyes came and looked at it with him, but while they were looking the grasshopper made a great jump and landed some distance away.

Spot ran after him to see what he would do next.

"Don't go near the wall!" Brown Eyes cried. "Mother said you mustn't."

"Come on," Spot said. "I'm not afraid."

He looked at the wall and saw Snowdrop, the old white cat, lying in the sun on top of it last asleep.

The grasshopper was standing on a leaf, eating his luncheon.

"Let's make him jump again," Spot said. "It's such fun."

"Brown Eyes didn't want to go so near the wall, but when she saw Spot getting ready to frighten the grasshopper she followed him. They went up close to it and Spot touched its legs. The grasshopper jumped again, and this time he went very close to the wall indeed.

"Oh see him go!" Spot said. "He's a great jumper."

"I think we had better go home now," Brown Eyes said.

"We must have one more jump, and then we will go," said Spot.

"I'm afraid something will happen," said Brown Eyes.

"If you are afraid," said Spot, "you can stay there and I will make him jump!"

He went boldly after the grasshopper, who was walking about on a very large clover leaf. When he came near he cried "Peep! Peep!" at the grasshopper, but the grasshopper did not jump.

Spot did not like to go any nearer. He looked at the wall with his head on one side, but it seemed to be just the same. He ran a little way forward and cried "Peep! Peep!" again as loud as he could. This woke up Snowdrop, who opened his yellow eyes and looked at him; but the grasshopper did not jump.

"You had better come back!" Brown Eyes called.

"Wait a minute!" said Spot. He did not want Brown Eyes to think that he was afraid.

He went toward the grasshopper as near as he could get and he was just going to frighten him when he heard someone laughing in the wall. Then he saw two bright black eyes looking at him out of a crack between the stones, and some sharp white teeth.

"That must be White Tooth," Spot thought. "What shall I do?" He was so scared that he could not run away.

White Tooth did not say anything, but he laughed again. He had short legs and a long body with a yellow coat. He came out of the crack in the wall and saw Spot. He was going to jump and catch him. He tried to hide himself under the dock leaf, but White Tooth saw him with his bright black eyes.

"O dear! He's going to catch me!" Spot cried.

Just then Snowdrop pounced down from the top of the wall. Her claws were all spread out very long and sharp, and her big yellow eyes were wide open.

"Get-r-r-out!" she said.

But White Tooth was too quick for her. He darted back into the crack in the wall as quick as a flash, where Snowdrop could not reach him.

"The wall is not that time!" he said, and he laughed.

Snowdrop did not say anything, but she seemed very much disappointed. She drew in her long claws and began to wash her face with her paws.

The grasshopper had jumped away somewhere else.

Spot ran as fast as he could and told his mother all about it. She was more worried than ever. She ruffled up her feathers and put her head between the bars of her house.

"Where would he go to see White Tooth was?" she asked.

"Cluck! Cluck!" she said. "I told you not to go near the wall."

"Oh see him go!" said Spot.

Mrs. Leghorn never got him under her wings and would not let him go out again all that day.

AUDITORIUM Extraordinary Bill

November 7, 8, 9

6 PEOPLE — A STORY IN SONG — 6 PEOPLE

THE LAST OF THE REGIMENT

An Episode on the Closing of the Civil War—Scene on the Banks of the Potomac—Time 1865

THE AUBREYS AL. & LORETTA Well known local people

MOLLY WOOD The Irish Violinist GAUMONT WEEKLY TODAY OTHER EXCELLENT PHOTO PLAYS

BREED THEATER

GRAND DOUBLE FEATURE

Misleading Evidence—Western

MARVELOUS PATHE WEEKLY SHOWING THE BIG NEW HAVEN DAY PARADE

DAVIS THEATRE Thurs., Fri., Sat. Nov. 7th, 8th, 9th

GENE & McARTHUR

MUSICAL ARTISTS

RENA LARSON TROUPE Wonderful Equilibrists CONBOY AND WILLSEA Comedy Sketch, "The Claim Agent"

FOUR GREAT PHOTO-PLAYS

NEW YORK vs. BOSTON WORLD SERIES November 14, 15 and 16

The DAVIS THEATRE BROADWAY

The illness of Cresteta Goni makes necessary the cancelling of the Gwent Glee Singers for tonight. The bill will be just the usual matinee and night shows of The Best in Vaudeville and Photo-Plays, with THE MILLION coming Monday, 11th, 1912.

One. The boy whose name stood so low had taught them that truth is better than a lie.

Tatville. ANNIE KRAUSE, Age 13.

The Bootblack. A little city bootblack, only twelve years old, was busy putting a fine polish on a customer's shoes.

"How much do you earn a week?" asked the man, kindly.

"Oh, about seven dollars," answered the bootblack, proudly.

"Is that so?" exclaimed the man in surprise. "Ever go to school?"

"Yes, sir," the little fellow replied. "I studied lots of things—reading, and arithmetic and physiology."

"Did you ever hear of that study which teaches you what alcohol and cigarettes do to you?"

"I never smoke or drink, sir. Guess if I did, I wouldn't be making seven dollars a week. Do you think so, sir?"

"You're right, boy," said the man. "I wouldn't even touch the things, if I were you. Good luck to you!" he added, dropping a shining half-dollar into the boy's hand.

LOUISA KRAUSE, Age 13. Tatville.

LETTERS TO UNCLE JED. A Little Trapper. Dear Uncle Jed: I thought I would write you a few lines about my pet dog. I went hunting with her Sunday night. It was moonlight, so I went to see if I had something caught in my trap.

Before I got down in the woods the dog was barking, and I saw that I had a skunk in the trap. I was awful glad, and I ran home with it, and my mother told me it was a fine one.

JOSEPH MARSCHAT, Age 10. Mansfield Center.

Lillie's Cat. Dear Uncle Jed: I thought I would write you a little about my cat. She catches rats and squirrels. I like her very much. Her color is black and white.

I have six little chicks. They are six weeks old.

LILLIE MARSCHAT, Age 9. Mansfield Center.

My Plants. Dear Uncle Jed: I have eight plants—two calla lilies, two geraniums, one bridal daisy, one wax plant. Then I have a plant with red flowers, it is like a hood, the upper part turns up and the lower turns down. I think it is Mexican sage. Then I have another that is a maple shape leaf. If any of the other Wide-Awakes have plants, I wish they would write about them.

Oneco. ADA MARIOTT.

A Corrected Hen. Dear Uncle Jed: I have a hen. I named her Jennie. She is very tame. She eats out of my hand and seems to know just what I say to her. When I first got her she thought she could visit every yard around us. I found her in the next yard once, and took a stick and whipped her. I had to whip her three or four times for doing it. Now I can let her out all day and she stays right in her own yard. She is my pet.

TRETA KINMOUTH, Age 7. Mystic.

A Day at Rocky Point. Dear Uncle Jed: I thought I would write and tell you about a day at Rocky Point. We started in the morning on the 7 o'clock train. We went on the steam cars to River Point, and then we went from there on the trolley car. When we arrived it was after 3 o'clock.

When we got there we went down to see the cannons. About 11 o'clock we went in bathing. When we came out we went to the dining hall and had a shore dinner.

We left Rocky Point at 6:30 and came home on the 9 o'clock train, and got home safe.

EMMA HAWKINS. Oneco.

My Automobile Ride. Dear Uncle Jed: I thought I would tell you about my automobile ride. I went to Woodcock and had a good time. My Grandpa, my Mother, Mrs. Winslow and I all went.

We stopped in Providence an hour.

"Willie Grant!" said all the boys at once.

My Mother, Susie and I went over to a place where they had green bananas. They were taking them from cars. There was one man in the cellar, one on the stairs, one on the top and one in the car. They took them in bunches and passed them along.

Then we went back and stayed till Fred came to drive us again. He couldn't find where we wanted. When we got there he had to fix the auto, so we stayed quite awhile.

After we ate dinner we went around by Chepachet and Chestnut Hill to Danielson, home. We arrived home about 10 o'clock that night.

ETHEL PLACE, Age 8. Moomup.

Planning to Be Useful. Uncle Jed and all the Wide Awake Friends: I thought I would write you again now that the long winter evenings are coming.

How are we going to spend them? After our lessons are all studied we will have some time before it is time to go to bed. I will tell you a plan we might all try. How many of the Wide Awake girls have ever pieced a bedquilt?

I have pieced blocks for one and have got another begun. Now wouldn't it be nice if all of us, and the boys, too, if they would like to try and piece each one of us a bedquilt of our own? This winter.

The blocks that I have pieced are out of calico. It is called the four-block quilt. They are three inches square and I have two light and two dark, and then I sew them together. They make a little square block, and I takes two hundred for a quilt.

The other one I have begun is called Washington steps. Now I hope some of the Wide Awakes will like this plan and will try and make them one with me.

From your niece, LUCY A. CARTER, Age 10. Scotland.

The Wise Crow. Dear Uncle Jed: There was once a crow that was very thirsty. She flew down to a pitcher she saw on the ground, hoping to find some water in it, but so little that the crow could only wet the tip of her bill. A thought came into her head at once. She could not get to the water, but she might cause it to rise to her. She picked up a pebble and dropped it into the pitcher, then she picked up some more. As she dropped them, they raised the water rose. Before she had dropped in many it had risen so she could drink with ease.

JOSEPH KEENAN, Age 12. Norwich.

IDEAS OF A PLAIN MAN

Water. To realize in some degree how wonderfully economical nature is, look at the way she works water. Really it seems too much. If ever nature's employes go on a strike it will be water that shall have the grievance most just. It is the maid of all work.

In my glass of lemonade is a chunk of ice; I get the grateful coolness of my drink as well as the drink itself from water. And for cold feet nothing better than a hot water bottle has been invented.

When houses were warmed with fire-places we roasted, shivered and turned like apitied protons. Now we have equable summer from cellar to garret, and it is water that distributes the heat.

Most of the marvels of modern times, railways, factories, tunnel piercing and ocean crossing, have been born from the marriage of friend water to fire.

Water is the home of more animal life than air.

Sunset and sunrise and cloud effects are but water playing with light.

No plants would grow without water and without it all animals would die.

The snowdrift displays its feathery beauty; it's water; that's all.

Water quenches my thirst, cleanses my body, preserves my food, creates the beauty of my landscape, transports my person and my property.

That was an amazing claim of the young Nazarene as he stood on the street day of the feast and cried: "If any man thirst let him come unto me and drink!" Think of being to men anything like water is to them!