Thursday, January 22 **Norwich** 1796 1914 **Bulletin** Pages Nine to Twelve

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 ot the bottom of the story.

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."

POETRY.

Little Brother.

By Edwin Carille Litsey.

Your hands are soft, little brother,
And they grasp the tender things;
But the time will come, little brother,
For cuts and burns and stings.

Your head is fair, little brother,
Where the mother's kiss drops down;
But in after years, little brother,
You will know the thorny crown.

Your feet are pink, little brother,
As you lie on your quilted bed;
But anon they'll ache, little brother,
As mire and stones they tread.

Your eyes are clear, little brother,
As a tree-encircled bay;
But tears will blur, little brother,
When you start on the long life-way.

Your heart is pure, little brother,
As a well where the fairies drink;
But Life holds a Cup, little brother,
And Sorrow flows over the brink.

Your soul is white, little brother,
As the Master-Soul is white;
But Sin lurks near, little brother,
To foul with its deadly blight.

And I would not shield, little brother,
For all of my love for you;
It's the Maker's plan, little brother,
To find if we're false or true.

The battle is yours, little brother,
If you'll hold to the road that's straight;
And the guerdon is yours, little brother,
When you pass through the Golden Gate.

LETTERS OF ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

Alice Gorman, of Versailles—I received the pretty prize book entitled Dearie, Dot and the Dog" which you sent me and thank you very much for it. I have read it through and am very much pleased with it.

Mildred Grandy, of Yantic—I received and have read the prize book you sent me, and thought it was very nice. The name of it was Aunt Madge's Story.

Nathan Cook, of Ballouville—I received the prize book entitled Dotty Dimple at School, and I thank you very much for it. I find it very interesting.

Mary Rybic, of Mansfield—I thank you for the prize book.

Rose Breckenridge, of Norwich—I thank you very much for the prize book, A Sweet Girl Graduate, which you gave to me. I have started to read it, and think I will like it very much. I read the one you gave me before, and enjoyed it very much.

Harold E. Maynard, of Lyme—I thank you very much for the nice prize book you sent me named The King's Daughter. I enjoy reading it very much.

Winners of Prize Books.

1—**George Farrell,** of Norwich—Rip Van Winkle.

2—**Carl Kloss,** of Taftville—Black Beauty.

3—**Carrie A. Pratt,** of Pomfret Center—Her Father's Legacy.

4—**Allie Kramer** of Norwich—Miss Thistledown.

5—**Mary Bromley,** of Stonington—Little Grandfather.

6—**Veronica Richeleau,** of North Franklin—A Girl from America.

7—**Ralph Wilcox,** of Moosup—The Little Lame Prince.

8—**Leah Seigel,** of Norwich—Daddy's Girl.

Harold Kramer of Norwich: I thank you very much for my prize book. I have read a part of it and find it very interesting.

Ellen Nielsen of Lebanon: I thank you for the prize book you sent me. I like it very much. I will try to write more stories and win some more books.

Winners of books living in the city may call for them at The Bulletin business office at any hour after 10 a. m. on Thursday.

Uncle Jed's Talk to Wide-Awakes.

Uncle Jed has letters inquiring why letters do not appear in the Wide-Awake department. There are various reasons which we shall give and then the writers may be able to think why.

When letters are written with pale pencil or ink they have to be rejected.

When the most important thing in a letter is the hope the writer will get a book the letter is not up to standard.

When the letter is upon a subject which has been written up by Wide-Awakes several times.

When the letter is copied word for word from some book or story paper.

When the letter is written in poor rhyme when it better be in passable prose.

When the letter is neither well written nor correctly spelled.

When the letter is written in too free a hand and too grammatically correct for a child of the age appended to it.

When the letter is upon a holiday that is past—a story of a Thanksgiving party doesn't look well in print after Christmas.

When a letter is about home matters which would not look well in print.

When a letter contains names of friends who may not like to see their names in print without their permission.

When a letter is too short and has too little in it to be interesting.

When a letter is too long and takes up too much space.

You may find in these 12 reasons why your letter did not appear.

How long should a letter be to be acceptable?

A letter of less than 50 words would be too short, and a letter of over 400 words too long; and a story over 600 words longer than Uncle Jed cares for.

The principal thing is to have the letter plainly written, for a good story dimly written would be rejected by the printers. They have no time to bother with poor copy.

If the Wide-Awakes will heed the suggestions given in these 12 reasons why their letters do not appear in print they will be likely to write more acceptable letters.

All letters have to await their turn.

Wonderful Cough Remedy.

Dr. King's New Discovery is known everywhere as the remedy which will surely stop a cough or cold. D. P. Lawson of Eidson, Tenn., writes: "Dr. King's New Discovery is the most wonderful cough, cold and throat and lung medicine I ever sold in my store. It can't be beat. It sells without any trouble at all. It needs no guarantee." This is true, because Dr. King's New Discovery will relieve the most obstinate of coughs and colds Lung troubles quickly helped by its use. You should keep a bottle in the house at all times for all members of the family 50c and $1.00. All Druggists or by mail.

H. E. Bucklen & Co., Philadelphia or St. Louis.

For Frost Bites and Chapped Skin.

For frost bitten ears, fingers and toes; chapped hands and lips, chilblains, cold sores, red and rough skins, there is nothing to equal Bucklen's Arnica Salve. Stops the pain at once and heals quickly. In every home there should be a box handy all the time. Best remedy for all skin diseases, itching eczema, tetter, piles, etc. 25c All druggists or by mail.

STORIES WRITTEN BY WIDE-AWAKES.

Billy's Visitor.

Billy, who had just learned to handle a gun, was allowed to join his father's hunting party. The camp, a long bungalow, was situated among the Adirondacks.

Early one morning the men started out on a hunting trip. Billy was too young to go, so he was left at the camp. The day passed very slowly. Evening came and Billy was sitting in the living room reading a book. He was beginning to feel uneasy because the men did not return. Suddenly he heard a sound. He thought it was the men returning. He ran to the window, pulled aside the curtains, and there was a face peering in. Screaming he dropped the curtains.

When the men returned they found him cuddled up in a big chair. When he told them his story they examined the ground beneath the window and found that Billy's nightly visitor was only a deer.

ALICE M. GORMAN, Age 10.
Versailles.

Etiquette for Boys.

Grandmothers are perhaps more critical than mothers about the little points of etiquette which distinguish the well bred from the poorly bred boy. It was one of these good old ladies who formulated the following rules:

"Boys, if you want to be known as little gentlemen, remember that the following things should be done:

"Hat lifted when saying 'Goodbye,' or 'How do you do?'

"Hat lifted when offering a seat in a car, or acknowledging a favor.

"Keep step with anyone you walk with.

"Always precede a lady up stairs and ask her if you may precede her in passing through in public places.

"Hat off at the moment you enter a street door, or step into a private hall or office.

"Let a lady pass first, always, unless she asks you to precede her.

"In the parlor stand until every lady is seated.

"Look people straight in the face when speaking or being spoken to.

"Let ladies pass through a door first standing aside for them.

"In the dining room take your seat after ladies and all elders.

"Never play with knife, fork or spoon.

"Do not take your napkin in a bunch in your hand.

"Eat as fast, or as slow as the others, and finish the course when they do.

"Rise when ladies leave the room and stand still until they are out.

"Special rules for the mouth are: All noise in eating, or smacking the lips, should be avoided.

"Cover the mouth with hand or napkin when obliged to remove anything from it.

"Use your handkerchief unobtrusively always.

"Always knock at any private room door."

GEORGE FARRELL, Age 13.
Norwich.

What the King Lacked.

There was once upon a time a king who was very rich and powerful. Now this king was also rather vain, and one day he said boastingly:

"Have I not all a king can want? I am rich, I have power, I have a wife who obeys me, I have a son to succeed me, a daughter to love me; my kingdom is the largest in the world; people bow down in homage before me, I am called a just king. Tell me, he who can, if there is anything a man could wish for that I have not got? Tell me, is there anything I lack?"

And one among the company who was bolder than the rest spoke up and said:

"Yes, oh, king, there is one thing that you lack—the greatest thing of all, and it is the love of your subjects."

The king was very angry and dismissed the man who had spoken from his kingdom. But that night the king could no sleep. Out of the darkness a voice seemed forever saying:

"The love of your subjects—the love of your subjects—The greatest thing of all—the love of your subjects!"

The next morning the king arose early and journeyed to a certain forest wherein there dwelt a good hermit. The king told the hermit his difficulty, and when he had finished the hermit asked very gravely:

"Tell me, oh, king, have you a loving heart?"

"A loving heart!" the king exclaimed. "A loving heart!" He was bewildered, for he had never looked into his heart to see whether it was loving or no.

"Yes, a loving heart," repeated the hermit. "And I see by your expression that you have not given thought to the subject before. And, furthermore, oh, king, in that you do lack a loving heart, you do also lack the love of your subjects; you lack the greatest thing of all. For unless your own heart is full of love, it cannot send forth rays of sunshine and good-will and sympathy to win the hearts of others. But if you will but create love in your own heart you will find that in time the greatest thing of all shall be yours—the love of your people."

The eyes of the king were opened, and from that day he made as his greatest aim in life the creating of love.

CARRIE A. PRATT, Age 15.
Pomfret Center.

How John Helped Mamma.

John lived in the city. When John's mamma had any letters for the mailbox she laid them on the corner of the hall table. One day when she was getting ready for a drive, she laid a large bundle there. This bundle was to be returned to a store. While John's mamma was putting on her bonnet, her little boy went away. When the family were getting into the carriage John could not be found. They looked in the stable; they searched the house. No John could be found. The lady in the next house opened her window and said:

"I saw your little boy go down the street."

Mamma, brother, grandmother and servants ran to the gate. There was John coming up the street. He said:

"John help mamma."

A lady had seen John put the bundle between the slats of the fence to which the box was fastened. He worked very hard to do this. This lady knew where John lived. When he had gone she went out and got the bundle. She met John's big brother and gave it to him.

John felt very sorry when he found he had not helped mamma, after all.

FRANK PARDY, Age 12.
Norwich.

Edith's Birthday Party.

Edith was feeling very excited, for day after tomorrow was her birthday, and her mother had promsed her a party. She sent out invitations to twelve of her playmates, for she was twelve years old. The invitations read:

"Please come to my party on Wednesday afternoon at half-past two."

On that afternoon every one was there. They played all the games they knew until they got tired, and then they washed their hands and went out to lunch. And what a lunch! In the middle of the table was a large pie with pasteboard crusts. Under the crusts were twelve ribbons, one leading to each plate.

When Edith took off the top crust there was a present for everyone. That was the surprise.

Then came the real lunch, a large birthday cake with twelve candles, pie, fruit, cocoa, and, last of all, as much ice cream as everybody could eat. When they had finished lunch they each gave Edith a nice present.

Then they went home and every one of them said they had never been to such a nice party before.

ALLIE KRAMER, Age 11.
Colchester.

Unhappiness.

One pleasant day two little boys were playing on a small, diplapidated raft which was fastened to the shore by an old, rotten rope. These boys' names were Fritz and John. John was the eldest. They were playing merrily, when all of a sudden the rope broke with a jerk, and the raft sailed swiftly down the stream. They enjoyed it at first, but after awhile Fritz, who was a thoughtful boy, realized the danger they were in. After a while John began to paddle the raft with his hands, and with a misstep Fritz tipped the raft over, and the two boys fell into the deep water.

There was a house near, in front of which were some children playing, and they saw the boys when they fell. These children went and told the boys' parents. As soon as they heard it they went and searched for them, but never found them. This brought a great grief to the folks, and the othe rchildren were never allowed to go near the pond.

EVA MINER, Age 13.
Fitchville.

The Monkey's Revenge.

Lady Ethel when living in India had a small, long-haired terrier named Rags, who had a great dislike for the many monkeys that lived around the station. To show his dislike he barked at them every time he caught sight of any of them. This annoyed the monkeys a great deal.

One day when Lady Ethel was walking with her pet she saw a long, brown arm protruding from the bushes, and Rags was grasped by his long hair, and the poor dog was drawn quickly through the bushes.

Lady Ethel could do nothing to save her pet, and she had to see him passed from branch to branch while each monkey pulled at his hair. Finally a branch was reached over a deep valley, and the monkey dropped Rags into the depths below.

EDNA REIBETANZ, Age 11.
Willimantic.

Nell's First Cake.

"I want to make a cake," said Nell, one morning. "I want to make it all by myself, only cook must show me how."

Cook laughed and said she would. When she was ready, Nell went down to the kitchen and Jack and Jill and Fido went with her.

Cook found a footstool for Nellie to stand on, then she put some butter and sugar into a basin ,and told the little girl to mix it with a large spoon.

Nellie stirred with a will and cook added flour and eggs and plums and spice, and all the nice things that good cooks put in a cake. Presently cook went into the back kitchen.

"Mix it well, Miss Nellie," she said, "until I come back, then we will put it in a tin and bake it ready for tea."

Nell was very busy indeed. Fido sat on the floor by the table, and Jill on a chair close by and Jack sat on the floor near to his mistress' feet.

"You must all be quiet and good," said Nellie, "then I will give you each a slice for your tea."

Jack barked, and Fido came a little nearer.

"I must go and find cook," said Nellit, presently; "I am sure this is mixed quite enough."

She went out into the back kitchen, but cook was not there, she was in the garden gathering parsley.

Nell ran down the path to her, and helped her pick it. "And now," she said, "please come and show me how to bake my cake."

But what do you think When they went into the kitchen the basin was quite empty and Jack and Jill and Fido were all licking their lips. They had eaten every bit!

LILLIAN BREHAUT, Age 16.
East Norwich, N. Y.

The Evening Grosbeak.

The evening grosbeaks, especially the males, are very beautiful. This bird is eight inches long and two inches smaller than the robin. The grosbeak's bill is very thick and of a waxy yellow color. The breast, forehead and shoulders of the male bird are a brilliant yellow color. He is black on his tail and wings, olive brown on the sides of his head.

About this time of the year in 1911 a great many of these birds were seen in New England and the Middle Atlantic states.

They feed mostly on seeds from the trees.

CARL KLOSS, Age 10.
Taftville.

My Trip to Fall River.

One pleasant spring morning my mother, sister and I started for Fall River.

We started on the 9 o'clock train for Plainfield; there we had to wait an hour to get there. When we half hour seemed like a long time to us.

At last the train arrived and we were off for Providence; it took about a half hour to get there. When we arrived at Providence we stopped at the depot, which is very large. We ate our dinner there and we went in the front to wait for the train. It was about 2.30 when the train arrived for it was about ten minutes late.

Then we were off for Fall River, and we were very glad to arrive there, for we were very tired. Our friends greeted us cordially, for they were very glad to see us. We stayed there two weeks.

ETTA ROSENBERG, Age 13.
Norwich.

The Alpine Village Goatherd.

It is a very interesting sight to see the Alpine village goatherd drive the goats of the village to the mountain slopes so they can get grass. He is alone with his goats all the long summer day.

The scenery is very beautiful and the mountain slopes are covered with flowers. As soon as the sun has set he begins to play on a rude flute to call the goats together to go back to the village. He wears a wreath of pink Alpine roses around his hat and sometimes around his shoulders. As he walks he sings a Swiss song which is echoed by the Alps.

Each goat has a little pen lined with leaves. The goats hardly ever get into the wrong pen, although there are a great many pens.

I think the goatherd would be very much grieved if he had to leave his home in the Alps.—Unsigned.

A Boat Race.

There it comes, at last—the flash of the starting gun. Long before the sound of the report can roll up the river the whole pent-up life and energy which has been held in leash, as it were, for the last six minutes, is let loose, and breaks away with a bound and a dash which he who has felt it will remember for life; but the like of which will he ever feel again? The starting ropes drop from the cox-swain's hands, the oars flash into the water, and gleam on the feather, the spray flies from them, and the boats leap forward.

For the first ten strokes Tom was in too great fear of making a mistake to feel, or hear, or see. His whole soul was glued to the back of the man before him, his one thought to keep time, and get his strength into the stroke. But as the crew settled down into the well-known long sweep what we may call consciousness returned, and while every muscle in his body was straining, and his chest heaved,and his heart leaped, every nerve seemed to be gathering new life, and his senses to wake into unwonted acuteness.

"We must be close to Exeter!" The thought flashes into him(and it would seem into the rest of the crew at the same moment. For, all at once, the strain seems taken off his arms again; there is no more drag; she springs to the stroke as she did at the start.

The water rushes by, still eddying from the strokes of the boat ahead. Tom fancies now that he can hear their oars and the working of their rudder and the voice of their coxswain. In another moment both boats are in the Gut, and a perfect storm of shouts reaches them from the crowd as it reaches madly off to the left of the footbridge.

Then Miller, motionless as a statue till now, lifts his right hand and whirls the tassel round his head: "Give it to her now, boys; six strokes and we are into them!"

Old Jarvis lays down that great broad back and lashes his oar through the water with the might of a giant, and the crew caught him up in another stroke, the tight new boat answers to the spurt and Tom feels a little shock behind him and then a grating sound as Miller shouts: "Unship oars, bow and three!" and the nose of the St. Ambrose boat glides quietly up the side of the Exeter till it touches their stroke oar.

JESSIE BREHAUT.
East Norwich, N. Y.

The Tent Caterpillar.

One day in November our supervisor, Mr. Emerson, told us about the tent caterpillars and where they stay. So I started to gather them to save the trees. That night as I was going home from school I found ten egg masses. They were on the cherry and apple trees.

When I was coming to school the next morning I fell down and lost six of them. I could not find very many after that.

Very soon our school had 1,300 gathered.

Last year I found a little tree that had no leaves because the caterpillars had eaten them. I cut the nest from the tree and brought it to school to show to the scholars. After they saw it I threw it in the fire. It was a white web. The caterpillars spun it between two branches.

One day while I was going out to feed the hens I found a cocoon. It was like a piece of white cotton. I took it into the house and put it in a box. The next day I went to see what had happened. There was a little caterpillar crawling around in the box. It was black with a few gray hairs.

I told my father that they did damage to the trees. After that he hired a man to go through the orchard and burn the nest with a torch which is tied on a long stick.

I hope we will get more apples this year, because we have destroyed more nests.

VERONICA ROCHELEAU, Age 12.
North Franklin.

Our Flag.

Eddie and Jennie came home from school one day full of what the teacher had told them about our flag.

"Do you know what the colors mean?" asked Jennie.

"The red means courage," said Eddie.

"The white means purity," said Jennie.

"The blue means justice," said both together.

"I hope it is true," said father, "that our American flag will always stand for courage, purity and justice."

Then they sang together:

"Up with our banner bright,
Sprinkled with starry light,
Spread its fair emblem from mountain to shore,
While through the sounding sky
Loud rings the nation's cry—
Union and Liberty! One, evermore!"

MARY BROMLEY, Age 13.
Stonington.

A Brave Girl.

Nancy Hawkins was a girl of 18 years. Her father was keeper of the lighthouse. One mid-winter day a fierce storm arose and the wind blew so furiously that the lighthouse shook from top to bottom.

In the midst of the wind a faint cry was heard, far out to sea. The light was turned toward the sea and a ship could be seen rocking to and fro and threatened to roll over on its side at any moment.

The bell clanged and people gathered at the shore. The life savers put out but were tossed upon the shore.

The ship was given up to doom, all eyes were looking toward the lighthouse where a boat and a girl were putting out to sea.

All watched the boat as she reached the vessel, then the boat and its occupants pulled away from the ship. A minute later the ship toppled over and sank. After much tossing upon the waves the small boat reached land.

The girl received a gold medal for her bravery.

ASA HYMAN, Age 12.
Norwich.

LETTERS TO UNCLE JED.

Dollie's Birthday Party.

Dear Uncle Jed: I am going to tell you about my dolls' birthday party. It was a beautiful noon in September. I was dressing my largest doll. My little dolls and Teddy bear were all dressed for the party. I had hurried and dressed my big doll in her party clothes.

The room in which the party was going to be was decorated with roses and many other beautiful flowers. A little dolls' table stood in the middle of the room with a birthday cake in the center, and on it were four little pink and blue candles with pink frosting, and on top with candy laid in rows around the candles. There were six dolls at the party, all dressed in their best clothes.

My best doll, for whom the party was given, wore a pink silk dress with a pink sash, pink slippers and socks, and pink hair ribbon tied on her beautiful yellow curls.

Four of my friends came, so we played until 5 o'clock, then we had our cake, tea, candy, fruit, ice cream and many other good things. My dolls received many presents.

We broke up the party at 7 o'clock in the evening. Then my friends went home feeling very happy and tired.

LEAH SIEGEL, Age 8.
Norwich.

The Indians.

Dear Uncle Jed: Ekonk is an Indian name. The Indians never harm the white people here. They left their arms with the white people. We find Indian bones, arrowheads and tomahawks and lots of other things here. Here were the Indian corn fields. There is a spring here where the Indian went for water to drink. And the Indians planted an orchard to have cider like the white men.

The Indian bones were put in Mr. Gallup's barn and were lost. They were found near Mr. Sayles' house. The men were digging in the road. Some of the old orchard trees are standing.

The first log cabin was down in the woods from Allen Sayles'. In the winter they went to the shore to live.

We have found arrows and tomahawks and some Indian knives.

RALPH WILCOX, Age 11.
Moosup.

My Christmas.

Dear Uncle Jed: I thought I would write and tell you about my Christmas. I had a Christmas tree.

For Christmas I got a doll's head, some cloth for a dress, a game of Old Maid, two hair ribbons, some cloth for a night gown, one pair of side combs, three pairs of stockings, two pairs of mittens, one box of paints, one box of perfume, a blackboard and four handkerchiefs.

I had a very happy Christmas.

MILDRED L. AUSTIN, Age 9.
Gales Ferry.

Skating.

Dear Uncle Jed: I take my skates to school and go skating. At school there are six scholars who can skate, and the boys draw the small children on the sleds.

We have 11 scholars. The name of our school is Unionville district. I am in the sixth grade. I got many Christmas gifts.

AGNES AUSTIN, Age 12.
Gales Ferry.

A Patriotic Family.

Dear Uncle Jed: I saw in a paper a few days ago of a boy's telling how many of his people had been in the wars of this country. I can do a little better than he did. My great-great-great-great-grandfather was in the war of 1775. My great-great-great-grandfather was in the war of 1812. A great-great-grandfather in the war in Mexico. A great-grandfather and two grandfathers in the Civil war. My father served five years and my uncle, his brother, served eight years in the militia, and all of them in the state of Connecticut.

I wonder if any of the Wide-Awakes can do any better than this?

I also had a great-great-uncle in the Civil war who is still living, where I go to spend a part of my summer vacation in Mansfield, Conn.

CHARLES S. HART.
Hope, R. I.

My Visit to the Farm.

Dear Uncle Jed: I will now tell you how I spent a few days on the farm last summer.

I had a friend whose name was Agnes, a very nice girl, and she was as good as she was nice. So last summer I went there for a visit of only a few days. They had cows, horses and chickens. They also had a large orchard, including apple, pear and cherry trees. Near the house was a reservoir, and we would gather strawberries on its banks.

LILLIAN STONE, Age 14.
Taftville.

Our Hut in the Woods.

Dear Uncle Jed: Perhaps you would like to hear how I and another boy made a hut in the woods. We stuck two poles into the ground and then we put boards on top of them; on top of the boards we put a piece of carpet. Then we covered it with branches; after that we took a stroll in the woods.

We saw a cliff and I climbed down it and went home. Yesterday we visited it and no hut could be seen.

ASA HYMAN, Age 12.
Norwich.

How the Pupil Proved He Was Greater Than His Master.

Dear Uncle Jed: I am going to tell the Wide-Awakes how the great artist Raphael proved he was a greater artist than Rubens. Raphael was a pupil of Rubens and there was a great dispute as to which was the greater artist. At last it was decided that each should paint a picture and the people would judge which was the best.

At length the pictures were finished and exhibited. Neither had seen the other's painting, and they were all anxiety. Rubens had painted a group of fruit and flowers which were so real that the birds of the air flew in at the window and tried to pick at the canvas, believing the fruit to be real.

"Oh, surely, this is the best!" shouted the people, "for it has deceived the birds."

"Wait till you have seen the other," said Rubens.

"But where is it, my friend?" turning to Raphael, for no second painting was visible.

"Behind that curtain," was the answer.

But when Rubens trie dto raise the curtain it could not be moved, for it in itself was the picture.

"Raphael forever!" shouted the people. "He is in very truth the artist; for while one has deceived only birds, the other has deceived the man who, until now, was the greatest of painters."

"It is true," said Rubens, "and none rejoices so much as I."

"But," said Raphael, as his friend embraced him in congratulation, "all that praise me is praise to thyself, for it is by thy teaching that I am what I am."

HELEN MALONE, Age 14.
Providence, R. I.

THE CHARM OF MOTHERHOOD

Enhanced By Perfect Physical Health.

The experience of Motherhood is a trying one to most women and marks distinctly an epoch in their lives. Not one woman in a hundred is prepared or understands how to properly care for herself. Of course nearly every woman nowadays has medical treatment at such times, but many approach the experience with an organism unfitted for the trial of strength, and when it is over her system has received a shock from which it is hard to recover. Following right upon this comes the nervous strain of caring for the child, and a distinct change in the mother results.

There is nothing more charming than a happy and healthy mother of children, and indeed child-birth under the right conditions need be no hazard to health or beauty. The unexplainable thing is that, with all the evidence of shattered nerves and broken health resulting from an unprepared condition, and with ample time in which to prepare, women will persist in going blindly to the trial.

Every woman at this time should rely upon Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, a most valuable tonic and invigorator of the female organism.

In many homes once childless there are now children because of the fact that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound makes women normal, healthy and strong.

If you want special advice write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential) Lynn, Mass. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman and held in strict confidence.

CASTORIA

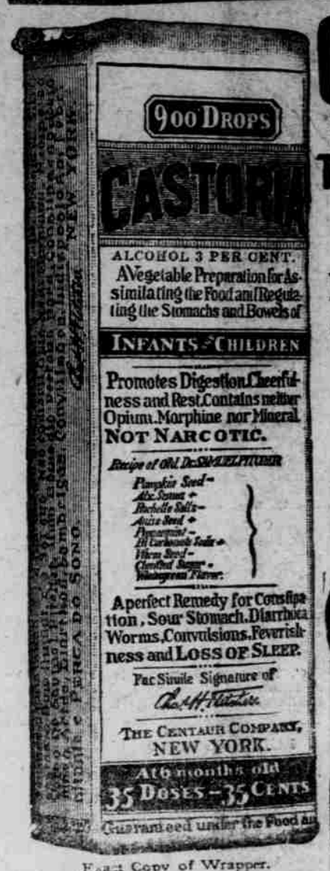
For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher.

In Use For Over Thirty Years

CASTORIA



Exact Copy of Wrapper.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

Cold in Head

Relieved in one minute. Money back if it fails. Get a 25c or 50c tube of

KONDON'S Catarrhal Jelly

Use it quick. For chronic nasal catarrh, dry catarrh, sore nose, coughs, sneezing, nose bleed, etc. Write for free sample. The first drop used will do good. Ask druggists.

Kondon Mfg. Co., Minneapolis, Minn.

When the Children Cough Use MUSTEROLE!

No telling how soon the symptoms may develop into croup. And then's when you're glad you have a jar of MUSTEROLE at hand to give prompt, sure relief. It positively does not blister the tenderest skin.

MUSTEROLE

As first aid and a certain remedy there's nothing like MUSTEROLE. Thousands of mothers know it. You should keep a jar in the house.

It is the remedy for adults, too. Relieves Sore Throat, Bronchitis, Tonsilitis, Croup, Stiff Neck, Asthma, Neuralgia, Headache, Congestion, Pleurisy, Rheumatism, Lumbago, Pains and Aches of Back or Joints, Sprains, Sore Muscles, Chilblains, Frosted Feet and Colds of the Chest (it prevents Pneumonia.)

At your druggist's in 25c and 50c jars, and a special large hospital size for $2.50.

Accept no substitute. If your druggist cannot supply you, send 25c or 50c to the MUSTEROLE Company, Cleveland, Ohio, and we will mail you a jar, postage prepaid. (53)

MRS. J. HORLACK, West Philadelphia, says:

"My four-year-old son had severe bronchitis. I found Musterole the best thing I ever used."

Say, These are Great!

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

"Great"—you'll hear that from almost everybody at the table every time a plate of **Aunt Jemima's** delicious pancakes comes in piping hot from the kitchen. **Aunt Jemima's** makes the finest cakes that ever went into your mouth—the plump, tender kind—light as a feather—temptingly browned, and Um! **so** delicious to taste. Spread thick with good, fresh butter and lots of syrup, they **are** great.

Have **Aunt Jemima's** for tomorrow's breakfast. Takes just a minute to stir 'em up. Good for waffles and muffins, too.

Your grocer has Aunt Jemima's in a bright red package. (Read what it says on the top about the funny Rag Dolls for the kiddies.)

Aunt Jemima's Pancake Flour