

THE WIDE AWAKE CIRCLE BOYS' AND GIRLS' DEPARTMENT

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

"Whatever you are—Be that! Whatever you say—Be true!

Tommykins Trouble would growl and grumble. If his breakfast was not just right;

To behave he learned, good digestion he earned. While tending the baby chicks;

Now, listen, you'll hear their "tweet" of good cheer, As he throws down a handful of grain.

"Tweety, tweety, tweet, tweet; I'm so sleepy, sleep, sleep. They say as the sun hangs low,

As into chick, dreamland they go. Auntie's Stories. For every single one of us, I'm sick of hunting, hunting.

Uncle Jed's Talk with Wide-Awakes. No one is really wide-awake in this world who does not see the wonderful things taking place about him every day.

Most of you know the plantain a weed pest which, like the dandelion has to be dug out of the lawn every year before it goes to seed.

The plantain is a poor relation of the sky-blue speedwell, a cultivated garden flower in America, but a wild meadow plant in Great Britain.

It is a wind flower, for without the aid of the wind it would become exterminated. It doesn't try to make any display of flowers and you may never have dreamed of such a little plantain holds up a hundred little four-rayed blossoms, so faded and lying so flat against the stem that it is even beneath the notice of insects.

These tiny flowers have pistils and stamens just like any self-fertilizing flowers, but the pistils ripen first and the stamens last. And the plantain blossoms open like the gladioli, from the bottom of the spike; and if you will gather a half-blown spike you will see that all the stamens are ripe below and all the pistils above. If the opposite arrangement prevailed the pollen would fall and they would be self-fertilizing, but the pistils below have withered and the plant is making seed before the stamens ripen.

You just notice how rigid the spike is and how fuzzy it has become. This is also designed that the wind shall not sweep it too much, and so the invisible grains of pollen carried by the wind shall be caught by it.

So you see the detested plantain weed is really a wonderful seed-producing machine and in its performance is far superior to anything man can invent.

It is called a degraded flower by botanists because it has ceased to make a tall spike with colored flowers to call the insects to cooperate with it for a drop of nectar.

Perhaps you have noticed that all the bright-colored fragrant flowers are calling their insect friends with their sweet and rich colors, while the

wind-flowers are all dull colored, or colorless. It is getting to be about time for the wind plants to shed their pollen for the wind to carry it to sister plants and it is when the wind is most charged with pollen that the "hay fever season" is on and sensitive people sneeze themselves thin and sneeze themselves sick.

Every pine tree, cedar tree and fir tree gives forth showers of pollen and the rag-weeds and golden rods and other seeds add their supply; and in countries where pines abound they have "sulphur showers" that sulphur has no part in. The pine-pollen colors the rains yellow, and ignorant people who think the water gathers sulphur from the air, make this mistake.

You need not get about to see the wonders of the world, for if you are wide-awake you will see many of them near your own habitation.

Winners of Prize Books. 1. Eva Alperin, of Mansfield Four Corners in New Hampshire.

2. Marion Griswold, of Norwich Town, Street P's.

3. Alice F. Burrill, of Stafford Springs—Automobile Girls at Chicago.

4. Dorothy King, of Plainfield—"Black Beauty."

5. Mildred White, of Stafford Springs—A Courier of Empire.

6. Mary Bromley, of Stonington—Automobile Girls at Chicago.

7. Marion M. Wheeler, of Stonington—Language and Poetry of Flowers.

8. Myron Ringland, of Norwich.

9. Irene Mathieu, of Columbia—Dorothy Dimple Out West.

Letters of Acknowledgment. Nancy Tetreault, of Versailles: I received the pretty prize book, "Grace Harlowe's Pledge Year at High School," which you sent me. I have read it through, and it is very interesting. I thank you very much for it.

Thelma Bruce, of Wauregan: I thank you many times for the lovely prize book, "A Regular Tommy." I have read it through, and it is very interesting. I thank you very much for it.

Ruth Scribner, of Norwich: I thank you very much for the book entitled "Grace Harlowe's Senior Year at High School." I am spending my vacation in New Hampshire and I cannot call for my book but will you please retain it until we return.

Almira Kramer, of Colchester: Thank you ever so much for the lovely prize book, "Bockers" that you sent to me. I am sure no one would want a nicer book.

Frank Pardy, of Norwich: I thank you very much for the nice prize book you gave me entitled, "The Grammar School Boys in Summer." It is a very nice book.

Alice M. Garman, of Versailles: I received the interesting prize book, "A Soldier of the Legion," which you sent me. I have read it through and I thank you very much for it.

Alice F. Burrill of Stafford Springs: I want to thank you for the prize book entitled "The Grammar School Boys in the Woods." I have read it through and enjoyed the story very much. This is the first book I have won.

Stories Written by Wide-Awakes. Don't Be a Coward. "I won't tell a lie! I won't be such a coward," said a little fellow when he had broken a vase in showing it to his playmates, and they were telling him how he could deceive his mother and escape a scolding.

He was right; and so was Charlie Mann right, and he was rewarded for it, as the following story will show: A young offender whose name was Charlie Mann, smashed a large pane of glass in a drug store and ran away at first, but he quickly thought, "What am I running for? It was an accident! Why not turn and tell the truth?"

No sooner thought than done. Charlie was a brave boy. He told how the ball slipped from his hand and how Charlie had had no money, but would work to pay for the glass. He was right in the store, and after he had paid up for the glass the owner said he had done well and kept him for a clerk.

"Ah, what a lucky day when I broke that glass," he used to say. "No, Charlie," his mother would remark. "What a lucky day it was when you were not afraid to tell the truth!" FRANK PARDY, Age 13. Norwich.

The Battle of Stonington. No doubt you have been reading for a number of weeks of the coming celebration in the town of Stonington. I thought I would write a story about it for the Wide-Awakes.

Of course, my family are deeply interested because many of our ancestors were participants in the battle, and I will add further that my family and

myself are to take part in the historical pageant. One hundred years ago next month the town of Stonington was full of excitement as the British fleet had been seen in Long Island sound for several days. On the 9th of August it came to Stonington.

Commodore Hardy warned the inhabitants to move out of town, but they refused to do so. They would defend their town or perish in its ruins, but they had very little ammunition with which to do so.

The British opened fire at 8 o'clock and kept it up till midnight, but the men at the battery gave them as good as they sent.

The next morning the British again began throwing bombs and shells into the town. During the evening a boat bearing a flag of truce passed between the British and the borough, but nothing was accomplished.

On the morning of the 11th of August Commodore Hardy, seeing that further efforts to destroy the place would be useless, directed his squadron to return to the Hummocks.

The British ships threw overboard a large quantity of shot, which picked up, netted quite well, which, I picked up. MARIAN M. WHEELER, Age 12. Stonington.

A True Story. In the spring time when the birds are building their nests a whistling quail built her nest in a very peculiar place.

It was about three feet from the road-side in some high grass. After finishing her nest she laid seven eggs about one-fourth the size of a bantam's.

One day before the close of school some of the children found the nest. Every day they went there to see if there were any young quails.

One day they brought a little dog with them. After this the mother quail did not care for her nest and eggs any more.

A lady living near who was interested in the quail had a bantam hen which wanted to set, so she took the seventeen eggs and put them under her hen.

After two weeks or more, she hatched fourteen baby quails, all of which were well and strong.

After a few days one of them died, accidentally hurt by the mother bantam.

So now she has thirteen young, lively quail hoping to reach the age of one year or more.

This unusual sight of a bantam hen mothering a flock of young quail makes a novel ending source of interest to the small children, as well as grown up living on Quambaug road, in Stonington.

A great many of the neighbors have called on the young lady owner of them. This young lady has been advised by the neighbors to make an exhibition of the bantam hen and her quails (if she can raise them all) at the North Stonington fair next year.

MARY BROMLEY, Age 13. Stonington.

Plants. Plants make up the vegetable kingdom, just as animals form the animal kingdom and rocks the mineral kingdom.

Plants are found on nearly all parts of the earth, but they are not found in the water, but no two countries have just the same kinds.

Plants grow best in hot and damp countries, but they also grow in cold countries as we go toward the poles of the earth; and they do not grow at the tops of very high mountains nor at very great depths in sea and lakes.

Plants grow in a great many forms. Many of these forms, such as trees, shrubs, mosses, grasses and ferns, are well known to us, but there are many more kinds.

Some plants live but a short time; others live for hundreds of years. Plants need air, light, water and some earthy matter to make them grow. There are a few kinds of plants which can grow without soil, such as lichens, fungi and mosses.

Most plants grow from seeds. When the seeds are planted the dampness in the soil makes them swell, and the skin of the seed soon breaks and a little root pushes out and goes downward and then a stalk comes out and shoots upward.

Plants have a great many uses. They give us food, many comforts and luxuries and even medicines. Also all our houses are made of wood, and they give us material which buildings, bridges, tools and a great many other things are made of. They have also many more uses.

BERTHA N. BURRILL, Age 14. Stafford Springs.

My Dog Jip. One evening after dusk, just as the moon was beginning to rise over the beautiful golden hills, mother and I thought we would take a little walk down the road to meet father.

In the distance we saw him coming, but did not think it was him for in his hand he carried a large basket. We were soon together and walking home. Father told me to carry the basket for in it was a surprise.

On reaching home I at once opened it and it contained a beautiful black and white puppy.

Mother and I were both surprised and very glad. I was sure we thanked father many times for the gift of the puppy. Every single day I feed him and take him for his morning's walk.

He has a little white collar and a collar of straw and hay right behind his stove and he is very warm and cozy during the night.

We often take a romp in the woods together and while he is chasing the squirrels and birds, I pick the flowers and berries.

At night we go down to meet father and carry home his bundles. I hope the mother and I will have a little pet like mine, for if they have I am sure they are never lonesome.

ANGIE WHITE, Age 15. Stafford Springs.

My Pet. I have often wished for a cat, and at last my wish was granted.

I was playing out in the woods with my playmates, when I heard a voice calling me. I at once obeyed the call.

A kind man asked me if I would like an Angora cat.

I said "Yes" and thanked the man very much.

I feed it every day. When I call it to give it its breakfast, it follows me every place I go. It is the pet of the household.

Once I was invited to a party. While having a fine time playing all sorts of games, I heard a scratch at the door and I went to see what it was.

It was my pet cat outside wanting to come in and have a good time also. I took it in and sat it in the chair until it was ready to go home.

My party was over it followed me. On reaching home I put it in its safe little bed behind the stove for the night. MILDRED WHITE, Age 43. Stafford Springs.

My Garden. One day last month Mr. Brundage, our supervisor in agriculture, brought me some tomato plants which I set out in the garden my father gave me.

Besides my tomatoes, I planted lettuce, carrots, parsnips, radishes and potatoes.

My tomatoes are beginning to bear fruit. After taking good care of my garden,

I am in hopes to harvest good crops at the end of the season. MARY A. WHITEHOUSE, Age 10. Mt. Hope.

Birds I Know. There are many different kinds of birds found here. They are not here all winter. They come in the fall and come in the spring.

We are always glad to see them come. There are many different kinds of birds, such as robins, phoebes, swallows, hummingbirds, golden orioles, quails, bluebirds and sparrows.

The robins have a reddish-brown breast and a blackish head and tail. They build their nests mostly in apple trees, but will build them of hay and mud, or pieces of straw and grass.

When this is done something soft must be put inside to keep the little birds warm. Pieces of hair, string or cotton is used.

The female lays four to six pretty greenish blue eggs. She sets on them for two or three weeks until the male watches close by so nothing will harm her. When the birds are hatched the male gets busy getting worms and insects for them to eat.

The lutes ones are not pretty when hatched for they have no feathers, but in two weeks they will learn to fly. The mother and father teach them to fly by flying from one branch to another, calling all the while.

The phoebes generally build their nests under the roofs of some buildings. The phoebe is smaller than a robin. The phoebe's nest is made of hay and straw with just a little mud to stick it to the building. They also build a soft lining of hair, or string inside.

The female lays about five small five small eggs with brownish spots on the same length of time as the robins are and the mother and father care for them. A swallow's nest is made mostly of mud and always built in some building about the edge of a roof. They lay about five white eggs and the mother and father care for them.

The hummingbirds are very small and build a tiny nest in a bush. It is made of moss, and the mother and father care for them. The golden orioles are as large as the robins. They have golden and black wings. They build a swinging nest of mud and straw.

Quails have their rudely built nest in the grass and lay from eight to ten eggs. The male quail has a call called "Bob-Bob-White," to call everyone's attention so they will not hurt the female. The bluebirds and sparrows have pretty nests and eggs too.

Birds are also destroying insects that eat gardens and crops, and other things. They also make the world bright and beautiful by singing. MARY BURRILL, Age 12. Stafford Springs.

The Injured Lamb. There once lived three little girls and a little boy. The eldest girl's name was Marie, the next Bessie, and the youngest Bessie. The little boy's name was Benjamin. Now these children owned a pet lamb, whose name was Nigger.

Nigger was a cute little creature and everyone who saw him thought him very nice.

One morning Ruth went to give him his milk, and when she left she forgot to close the gate.

At night Gertrude went to feed Nigger, but to her astonishment she saw that the gate was wide open, and Nigger was nowhere to be found.

She looked for him all night and did not find him. As she arrived she saw all the rest of the children together on the porch. They did not hear her footstep and she had to call to them.

Ruth looked up and was surprised by the look on Gertrude's face. She exclaimed, "Why? What is the matter? Has anything happened?"

"Yes, Ruth, we have no little lamb!" "Why, Gertrude! What do you mean?" Gertrude told the whole story. Little Bessie began to cry.

"Hush, Bessie! Don't cry!" said Gertrude, and she went to her room. They all started at once on their little journey to the woods; but no trace of Nigger could they see.

They searched all day, but Nigger was nowhere to be seen. All of a sudden they heard Bessie's cry of joy: "Hurrah! I've found him!"

They all ran to see what was the matter. There they found Nigger wedged between two trees.

Gertrude picked him up very carefully and he broke out in a sweat from his leg. They took him home and bandaged his leg and soon he recovered from his injury and was able to run about again. DOROTHY KING. Plainfield.

Preserving Cocoa Beans in Clay. Dear Uncle Jed: Can you give me such a thing as coating a cocoa bean with clay, or washing it in clay? Strange it is, and yet it is done.

My mother has a cocoa bean from the British West Indies and this form of coating the cocoa bean is regarded as the best method of preserving it.

When in the pod, a cocoa bean is enclosed in a layer of thick white tissue which, after the bean is removed from the pod, becomes discolored and shrinks up.

It is possible, of course, to wash the fermented tissues off the beans, but this was found to be injurious to the kernels.

About 100 pounds of these cocoa beans are spread out on a huge drying platform. They are about one pound of pulverized earth, brownish-red in color and freed from organic matter, is mixed in with them and the whole stirred around with long wooden shovels until particles of the earth have fastened themselves upon the sticky outside coverings of the beans.

When the cocoa beans are thus coated with earth, they are placed on platforms and allowed to dry in the sun. And when nearly dry, the laborers pile them up in heaps and sprinkle enough water on each heap to make it a sticky mass.

Then people dance upon the beans to break them up and walk around on them and mix them so thoroughly that the seed-coats of the beans become glossy. Then they are spread out on a platform and allowed to dry in the sun. After that they are sent to the manufacturers to be made into chocolate or cocoa. BREHAUT. East Norwich, N. Y.

The Humming Bird. The humming bird is another bird which is only found in America. This bird is so-called from the sound made by its wings. They are the smallest of all birds and have a very rapid color show all the tints of the rainbow.

The muscles of the humming bird's wing are so strong that they can beat their bodies than those of any other bird; this makes them able to fly with great swiftness, and to hover over a flower while they sip the honey or catch insects in it. Their bills are slender and long.

Humming birds do not sing, but have only a kind of shrill cry. They build very pretty nests of mosses and lichens, lining them with cotton or any other soft thing which they can find, and lay two white eggs about as large as peas.

The humming birds of the north go south in winter and return in May. There are many species in the United States, but the only one found east of the Mississippi river is the ruby-throated humming bird.

They are admired by everybody for their beauty. MARY F. BURRILL, Age 14. Stafford Springs.

Luck and Work. Bathed in the soft, white light of a beautiful harvest moon lay the old farmhouse homestead, Kentucky. It was the witching hour of midnight, and as the long shadows slowly advanced, a close observer might have seen a small, willow-wielding figure a spade at the foot of an oak tree back of the house.

In order that you may understand this, I must go back a little. The house, like many another southern mansion, was full of interesting relics of bygone days. That morning while helping his sister, unwillingly it must be confessed, hunt for costumes for a charity, ten-year-old James Calhoun found in the pocket of an old coat a bit of paper. He opened it and read these words:

"You will find the gold buried beneath the oak tree."

That was all, but the words haunted him, and the result was that, when his family was quietly sleeping that night, he slipped out to hunt for this treasure.

This he looked on for some time, with no result. "Just my luck!" he murmured, as he sank down to rest on an old stump nearby. Then an inspiration came to him. The paper he had found, with age, so the gold could not have been buried under that young oak, but beneath the very stump on which he was sitting. Fired by this thought, he set to work with fresh zeal, and it was morning when he finally staggered to the house with a pot of shiny gold pieces, buried during the war, and he dropped, exhausted, on the veranda.

When his parents discovered him, he said with a smile before he told his story: "It was pure luck to start with, and hard work to find the rest." EAST NORWICH, N. Y.

My First Trip This Summer. My first trip this summer was to Norwich. We left this place at 25 minutes to 7 o'clock. We stopped at Baltic. There we saw a cousin. We went to church and saw the church we went to the cemetery at Baltic. There my grandfather, mother and father were buried. There were some of my father's old friends buried there. My father was born in Baltic. At 12 o'clock we took the car for Greenville. There we stayed for three hours. When we returned to Baltic we went to the cemetery and saw Sister Rose. She is very nice. IRINA MATHIEU, Age 13. Columbia.

LETTERS TO UNCLE JED. How Dorothy Was Taught a New Habit. Dear Uncle Jed: Once there was a little girl who would never get up early in the morning. Her mother tried many ways of making Dorothy get up early, but in vain.

Once she told her to try to get up before the morning glories opened. Dorothy tried this for a few days, but soon got tired of it and stopped.

Finally her brother Ralph had an idea. He had three pet crabs that would follow anyone around there. One morning he sent them into her room. They went in one after another and climbed up on her bed. One went right up and crawled over her head. Dorothy awoke with a scream and jumped out of bed, screaming for her mother. She came in to find Dorothy sitting on the floor with the crabs following her.

Ralph told her if she would get up he would take them out. After that she never failed to get up at the very morning until she got in the habit of getting up. ALMIRA KRAMER, Age 12. Colchester.

Piff and Puff. Dear Uncle Jed: One day as I was walking in the woods I found an old rotten log and heard a faint squeak inside. I got the axe and cut it in two. I saw a wood mouse, but could not catch it. I saw a pair of yellow mice, and the color was a reddish brown.

Once a boy near by gave me some wood mice he had caught, but as I did not know what to feed them I let them go. I am led to believe they eat worms they find in old rotten logs. Anyone catches one and wishes to keep it, it will be safe to feed it worms of old logs. They are great pests when tamed. In fact, any mouse is a pest.

My mother once bought a pair of yellow mice. One we called Piff and the other Puff. They were very gentle and would run up my sleeve and back again, and then would crawl on our heads and go to sleep. They ate bread, cheese or most anything. It was amazing to see how much water they drank for such small creatures.

One night they got out of their cage, but as they were so gentle and we caught them very easily.

One morning we found them both dead and we were led to believe they had eaten something they found that had poisoned them. It was a sad ending for our little pets. MYRON RINGLAND. Norwich Town.

The Town of Mansfield. Dear Uncle Jed: I thought I would tell you how the town of Mansfield, in the town of Mansfield, is one of the towns of Tolland county, and contains about 52 square miles.

The town of Mansfield are as good as those of other towns of the county, except one of the roads in Vernon, which is much better than the others of the county.

The bridges are kept in good condition in the town. The public buildings are kept very good. The schools are really a heap of millions and millions of tiny decomposed sea shells. It is sold as "infusorial earth," and has a high value for its coloring purpose and for jeweler's grinding pastes. The earth is white in color, fluffy in consistency, and exceedingly fine in grain. Fifteen carloads containing fifty tons each go east monthly. When the last car goes out, it will be possible to tell precisely how much the mountain weighed.—From the Youth's Companion.

A Newspaper Secret. A great many persons have been wondering how editors all get rich so quickly and with such small effort. A brother editor whose name we know not, gives the secret to the world, says the Macon (Ga.) Times-Democrat.

A nursery firm will send us a 25-cent rose bush for only 15¢ worth of postage. For running a six-inch advertisement one year we can get a gross of pills.

About one dozen firms are eager to give shares in gold mines for advertising. For \$40 worth of advertising and \$25 worth of postage, you can get a bicycle that sells retail at \$25.

A fellow out West wants us to run a lot of advertising for him for nothing, and if he gets results he may become a customer. For running \$12 worth of local ads we can get two tickets entitling us to admission to a circus fifty miles away. A gun firm wants us to run \$19 worth of advertising and then send \$10 in exchange for a shotgun. Such a gun would retail at about \$75.

When a man dies the undertaker gets from \$75 to \$150 in hurry value. The editor gets nothing for a three-column obituary. A full-grown elephant can carry three tons on its back.

FREE ADVICE TO SICK WOMEN

Thousands Have Been Helped By Common Sense Suggestions.

Women suffering from any form of female ill are invited to communicate promptly with the woman's private correspondence department of the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman and held in strict confidence. A woman can freely talk of her private illness to a woman; this has been established a confidential correspondence which has extended over many years and which has never been broken. Never have they published a testimonial or used a letter without the written consent of the writer, and never has the Company allowed these confidential letters to get out of their possession, as the hundreds of thousands of them in their files will attest.

Out of the vast volume of experience which they have to draw from, it is more than possible that they possess the very knowledge needed in your case. Nothing is asked in return except your good will, and their advice has helped thousands. Surely any woman, rich or poor, should be glad to take advantage of this generous offer of assistance. Address Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., (confidential) Lynn, Mass.

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