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.

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.

The Child's Prayer.

By Hodges Reed.

Into her chamber went
A little maid one day,
And by a chair she knelt
And thus began to pray:
"Jesus, my eyes I close—
Thy form I cannot see;
If thou art near me, Lord,
I pray Thee speak to me."
A still, small voice she heard within her soul:
"What is it, child? I hear thee—tell me all."

"I pray thee, Lord," she said,
"That thou wilt condescend
To tarry in my heart
And ever be my friend,
The path of life is dark—
I would not go astray;
Oh, let me have thy hand
To lead me in the way."
"Fear not—I will not leave thee, child, alone."
She thought she felt a soft hand press her own.

"They tell me, Lord, that all
The living pass away—
The aged soon must die,
And even children may.
Oh, let my parents live
Till I a woman grow;
For if they die, what can
A little orphan do?"
"Fear not, my child—whatever ills may come,
I'll not forsake thee till I bring thee home."

Her little prayer was said,
And from her chamber now
She passed forth, with the light
Of heaven upon her brow.
"Mother, I've seen the Lord;
His hand in mine I felt,
And oh, I heard him say,
As by my chair I knelt,
"Fear not, my child—whatever ills may come,
I'll not forsake thee till I bring thee home."

Danny.

By Charles Albert Foth.

Little companion, faithful and true,
I wonder what lies in the soul of you, Danny?
I've studied the look in your fervent eyes,
Eliquent, wistful, worshipful, wise,
You're a staunch little friend for one of your size, Danny!

Often, oh often, when I'm feeling blue,
Suddenly comes the warm touch of you, Danny:
Can it, I wonder, be true that you know
Something of sorrow in this world of woe,
That you would so much of sympathy show, Danny?

It's a world where affections are trifled for pelf,
Where the shrine of devotion lies mostly in self, Danny,
But life would assume a far different hue,
The tears of this world would be strangely few
If constancy always found champions like you, Danny.

UNCLE JED'S TALK TO WIDE-AWAKES.

The garden is the place for thought as well as for work and the place for the pansy which the French people made a symbol of thought by calling it pense, which means thought.

It was a happy thought which gave the pansy to the flower garden, for it is the best expression little Johnny Jump-up, the little spotted violet ever gave to the world.

You see a Wide-Awake gardener 150 years ago noticed that some of the Johny Jump-ups kept swelling up and looking different and larger than the others so he selected those and grew them apart, and from this start all of the 1,500 or 1,500 different formed and marked pansies have grown.

And this gardener's happy thought which the pansy represents opened a new age for plant growers, for it revealed the fact that flowers could be something different if human thought and heads would just help them.

Flower growers in this age are always watching flowers to see if they show signs of transmiting or working to take on a new form or color; and by selecting the flowers which show these signs larger, and often prettier flowers are grown.

The pansy did not do this alone, neither can any other plant without the aid of the little insect wizards the flower has attracted to its service by cups of nectar. The flowers treat the insects to honey and ever after they become fast friends, and some writers very properly call the insects the first botanists, or recognizers and lovers of flowers.

Red clover cannot grow where there are no bees, and some countries have imported bees so as to be able to grow red clover. Clover is so dependent upon the bees that should they all perish it would also perish.

Plants in their form, activity and color were doubtless intended to awaken thought in God's children for they represent His wonderful works.

Thought in the garden is not all from the human mind, but most of it is from a Divine source.

THE WINNERS OF PRIZE BOOKS.

1—**Lena Sullivan**, of Taftville—The Out Door Girls at Rainbow Lake.

2—**Eugene T. Garvey**, (address wanted)—The Boy Scouts in the Rockies.

3—**Alice H. Danehy**, of Tully, N. Y.—A Little Girl in Old Boston.

4—**Ruth Weatherhead**, of Willimantic—A Little Girl of Long Ago.

5—**Stella Gaska**, of Jewett City—A Little Old Girl of Philarelphia.

6—**Ellen Powers**, of Oakdale—Ruth Fielding in Dixie.

7—**Helen E. Coyle**, of Norwich—The Camp-Fire Girls at School.

8—**Helen Wisneskie** of Yantic—The Young Engineers in Mexico.

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

LETTERS OF ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

Ruth E. Bartlett, of Norwich—Thank you very much for the prize book entitled "The High School Freshmen." It is very interesting.

Alvin La Chapelle, of Canterbury—I thank you very much for the prize book you sent me. I read some of it and found it interesting.

Geraldine Gareau, of Southbridge—I thank you for the lovely prize book you sent me. I have read it through and found it very interesting.

THE JULY-AUGUST ART CONTEST

Uncle Jed received during July and August seventy pictures and the larger part of the work was well done, and all the participants deserve praise.

In spirit the winning pictures are up-to-date and very pleasing.

The eleven winners of prizes for the month were as follows:

Art Prize Winners.

1—**Mess Time**, Dorothy King, age 12, of Plainfield, $1.00.

2—**That's My Uncle Sam!** Everett M. Burrill, age 10, of Stafford Springs, $0.75.

3—**Hurrah For America!** Elsie Church, age 12, of Uncasville, $0.75.

4—**Norwich Home-Guard**, Austin Smith, of Yantic, $0.50.

5—**Ready to Help Her Country**, by Gladys M. DeBarros, of Norwich, $0.50.

6—**The Young Volunteer**, Harold Rasmussen, age 11, of Norwich, $0.25.

7—**The Little Home Gardener**, Catherine Orsby, age 11, of Norwich, $0.25.

8—**Red Cross Nurse**, Lillian Murphy, age 11, of Norwich, $0.25.

9—**America, I Love You!** Maria Whitford, of Norwich, $0.25.

10—**Uncle Sam's Flying Machine**, Mary Woods, of Norwich, $0.25.

11—**The Bugle Girl**, by Mary A. Burrill, of Stafford Springs, $0.25.

Honorable Mention.

"Waiting For the Crows," by Grace A. Burrill of Stafford Springs.

"Supper's Ready," by John H. Burrill, of Stafford Springs.

"The Little Red Cross Nurse," by Mary A. Burrill of Stafford Springs.

"A Fairy," by Sadie Phillips of Norwich.

"Uncle," by George Amsburg, of Norwich.

"A Society Butterfly," by Dona Howard of Westerly.

"An American Sailor," by Zelma Rocheleau, of North Franklin.

"Kat, and the Fiddle," by Clifford Moody of Norwich.

"Old Mischief Maker," by Mildred Dunn of Norwich.

"The Submarine Bait," and "The 1917 Girl," by Margaret Rocheleau.

"Billy Blinkers," by Pauline Grumderlich of Norwich.

"Uncle Sam's Boys," by Earl Johnson of Norwich.

"Pride of the Praires," by Angie White.

"Ready for Business," "A Circus Pat," and "The U. S. Frigate Delaware," by Austin Smith of Yantic.

"An Artist," by Nelson Hulme of Baltic.

"The Little Girl and the Cat," by Mary Schudster of North Franklin.

"Little Bo Peep," by Josephine Schudster, of North Franklin.

"Jack and His Donkey," by Mildred Crawford of Voluntown.

"Give Me Some Candy," by Arthur Guertin of Norwich.

"Playing a Black Bass," by Ruth Curtis, of Norwich.

"America Forever," by Vivian L. Miner, of Yantic.

"Ready to Help Uncle Sam," by Isabel Slosberg of Norwich.

"Uncle Sam," by Florence Fellows, of Washington, D. C.

The next prize contest is open and will close on October 20th. Uncle Jed hopes it will show as good results as those which have preceded it.

STORIES WRITTEN BY WIDE-AWAKES.

His Word of Honor.

At the time of war between France and Prussia there was great suffering in the city of Paris. Food was scarce and the very poor often went hungry. The people were discontented and some bad men urged them to seize the the city and set up a new government. Mob rule followed, with robbery and murder in its track; convents and churches were destroyed and priests and religious people were killed.

Then the soldiers of the government came and scattered the wild mob. Many were taken prisoners and sentenced to be shot.

One of these prisoners was a boy not quite 15 years old. He was not a bad boy. He had lost his father, who was killed in the war, and his mother was slowly dying of hunger and disease. The boy had gone out to look for food and, partly from hunger and partly from threats of his companions, he joined the so-called army of the people. Now he was in prison, waiting to be taken out and shot.

While he was sitting there, wishing that he might have a chance to say goodby to his mother, whom he dearly loved, some officers entered the room.

"Well, my boy," said the captain in command, "I suppose you know what to expect?"

"I know, captain. I have seen the priest, and I am ready," answered the boy.

"Ready! Without a word to your father or mother?"

"Father is dead, captain. He died fighting for France. Mother is dying, and though I should like to see her once more, I suppose I never shall."

"Captain, give me an hour to see her, to say goodby, to kiss her dear face again; she's been so good to me and loves me so!—and I give you my word of honor that I'll come back."

His word of honor!

The captain looked at the other officers. All seemed moved to pity.

"Well," said the captain, after a moment, "be it so. You are to go for an hour to see your mother. I will even give you till this evening. If you are not back then, I shall know you are a rascal and not to be believed. Now, Right about face! March!"

The boy was off like a shot. The officers looked at one another and smiled. Would they ever see him again?

Ten minutes later the boy knocked at his mother's door. A neighbor opened it. "Go in quietly," she said. "She has been very ill. She has asked for you many times. When not calling for you, she has prayed to God for you and our unhappy country."

The boy moved on tiptoe to his mother's bed. Her eyes were open.

"Victor, my boy!" she said in a weak voice.

Without a word he lay down beside her, and her arms closed around him.

This boy who had faced death so bravely could now do naught but sob. He was a child again in his mother's arms.

The poor woman tried to quiet him. "There," she said, "Do not cry, dear. We shall not part again. Sleep now, my boy, my only one."

Victor's sobs grew less frequent, and soon nothing could be heard in the little room, but their regular breathing. They were asleep.

In a short time the boy awoke and rose from the bed. Lightly he kissed his mother's forehead. She seemed to smile in her sleep. Then he turned and hurried away, not daring to look back.

"Back so soon?" said the surprised captain, as the boy entered the prison. "Why did you hurry so?"

"I dared not stay longer, for fear she should awake. Poor mother! she was so happy! She thought we should never part again. So I kissed her and stole away like a thief while she was sleeping."

The captain's eyes filled with tears as he looked at the boy. "Do you not fear death?" he asked.

The boy shook his head.

"And if I should let you go?"

"You would save my mother's life, and I would think of you as I do of my father."

"You are a fine fellow. You shall not die. You are free. Go back to your mother. First let me embrace you as I would my son. So hurry off, and always love your mother."

"It would have been a pity to kill him," he said to the other officers.

Victor did not run home—he flew home. His mother was still sleeping. He lay down beside her.

Suddenly she started up, crying, "Mercy! Victor! my boy! Ah! you are here! and she pressed him close to her and covered his face with kisses. "Oh! my boy! my boy!" she moaned, "I dreamed they were going to shoot you!"

LEONA SULLIVAN.

Taftville.

Coffee.

Coffee is the seed of an evergreen tree which is found in many parts of the tropics, under cultivation it is pruned down to a height of ten feet or less. It has leaves somewhat resembling those of the laurel, and bears small white blossoms and berries of about the size of a cranberry and of the same color and shape.

Inside each berry are one or two seeds or beans which form the coffee of commerce. The seeds are usually half globes, fitted together with the flat sides facing each other and surrounded by a sweet, fleshy pulp. The berries grow close to the stalk all over the tree. They are picked off when ripe, and the seeds, properly dried and cleaned, are shipped all over the world.

The coffee tree is supposed to have originated in Abysinnia, and to have received its name from the province of Kaffa, where it still grows wild. It was first carried over to Arabia and planted there in the districts from where the purest of the famed Mocha coffee comes.

Toward the end of the seventeenth century it was taken to Java and then to other tropical countries all over the world.

HELEN WISNESKE.

Yantic.

An Experience at the Beach.

One pleasant evening about 5 o'clock the air was sultry and warm, and it was my desire to go to the beach and have a swim.

As I arrived at the beach, things looked funny to me. In a few minutes everybody got excited; a little boy was drowning.

I intended to jump over after the boy, but someone got ahead of me, and fetched him on board.

My experience made me for some time very excited, and timid of the water. So, boys, be always careful and watch your Pa O!

EUGENE T. GARVEY, Age 10.

LETTERS TO UNCLE JED.

An Experience at the Seashore.

Dear Uncle Jed: I thought the Wide-Awakes would like to hear about my adventures at the seashore.

Of course we wanted to go in the water, but when we arrived we found a long line of people waiting for bathhouses. If it had not been for a very kind friend giving us his key we would not have been able to go in at all. The water was very cold.

On our way home we passed by a large camp of gypsies. They were cooking supper. The children seemed to be happy, playing on a pile of logs.

ARLENE WEATHERHEAD, Age 10.

Willimantic.

Mess Time, by Dorothy King, aged 12, of Plainfield.

Henry Hudson.

Dear Uncle Jed: We have been taking the Norwich Bulletin for two years. Every Thursday I look for the Wide-Awake Circle. I read some of the interesting stories in it. This is my first story to the Wide-Awake and I am hoping to be successful.

Henry Hudson set out in the Half Moon with a crew of twenty men, Dutch and English, from Amsterdam, March 25, 1609, in the hope of discovering a northeast passage to the Dutch East Indies. Having to dispute for more than a night with continual fogs and ice he left the place and tried to discover a passage by the southwest. He reached Norway and from there sailed for the Ferol Islands. He reached the coast of America about July 12 and continued steering westward. On August 20 he discovered Delaware Bay.

From this anchorage he coasted northward and finally reached Sandy Hook bay. On Sept. 11 Hudson sailed through the Narrows and anchored in New York bay.

The next day, Sept. 12, 1609, he entered his memorable voyage up the majestic stream which now bears his name. It is supposed that the highest place which he must have reached in the river was the neighborhood of the present site of Albany.

SOPHIE GASKA, Age 11.

Jewett City.

My Dog Watch

Dear Uncle Jed:—I have a cousin up in Connecticut, and she has told me all about the Wide-Awakes and the nice stories they write so I thought I would like to join them.

I have the cutest little dog. Watch. He is a shepard collie and is about six months old.

Uncle James bought the dog in Syracuse for me. He is very playful, and he can play tag. When I say "Watch go to sleep" he jumps up on my lap and buries his head in my arms and goes to sleep. He loves to eat raw potatoes.

Watch loves to chase the chickens.

KATHERINE MARY CASEY, Age 12.

Our Farm

Dear Uncle Jed:—I live in Perryville, New York, on Maple Knoll Farm consisting of two hundred and five acres.

We have a dairy of sixty head of cattle. I milk nine cows every night. I feed the chickens and gather eggs.

Last fall my father gave my brother and me a Shetland pony. We named him Black Beauty. He is black and is very handsome and has a shining coat. He is about four feet in height. We have a saddle, cart and harness. He is about three years old.

Our school is about three miles from the farm. We drive him to school every day.

We also have a Saxon automobile. We have two draft horses that we work the farm with.

We have a very fine view of Oneida lake. We have sixty acres of alfalfa.

New York is very unlike Connecticut as it has very few rocks.

ALICE H. DANEHY, Age 11.

The Tramp Cat

Dear Uncle Jed:—The tramp cat was named Niger because he was all black. He came running up the avenue one Saturday morning when I was helping mother so I did not have time to take much notice of him.

He went to one of our neighbors and she and the lady upstairs decided to keep him to catch mice.

One day I heard a little girl say to one of the ladies: "If I were you I would have the tall end and let the other woman have the front end."

"And the lady said: "Why"?

The little girl said: "So you won't have to feed him."

RUTH WEATHERHEAD, Age 12

Willimantic.

The Cat and the Orioles

There was a cat living in the country. He was very fond of birds. He did not belong to me, but he used to follow me just the same.

One day as I went to the potato garden, he followed me. There was an oriole who was very unhappy for fear of the cat.

The oriole chirped and hopped from limb to limb, on a cherry tree. I called the cat to me, but he did not come so I went along leaving the cat behind. I soon saw that the oriole must have young birds among the trees. At least the cat went away leaving happiness for the bird.

I went to see the oriole the next day and found him on a limb covered with cherries. I looked at the oriole very plainly and found out what she was on the limb for. She was busy gathering cherries for her young. After that the cat did not go there any more.

STELLA GASKA

Jewett City.

Cuttis

Dear Uncle Jed:—I live in the country on a farm, and I have many pets to tell you about.

I have a little dog, named Rover. He has light curly hair and jumps, runs and barks when I play with him.

I have a banta hen with five little chickens which are very cunning.

I have a little black kitten, its name is Cuttie, and I play with Cuttie, too.

ELLEN POWERS, Age 9.

Oakdale.

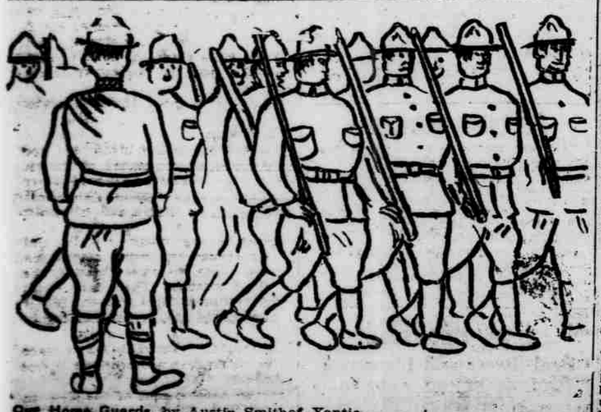
My Dog Babe

Dear Uncle Jed:—I am sure you will be interested in my dog whose name is Babe. She is an English setter and was only a little puppy when she came to our house.

The first day she was strange and lonely, but after she got acquainted with mother and I we had all we could do to keep her out of mischief. She pulled my biggest dolly's wig off. And if we weren't watching, she would take the corner of the tablecloth and pull it off with dishes and all.

She always piles her bones up at the back door:—but mischievous as she is, we would not sell her for $200.

HELEN E. COYLE, Age 10.



Our Home Guards, by Austin Smithof Yantic.

"Hurrah for America!" by ElsieChurch, age 12, of Uncasville.

TOMMY TIDD.

What Tommy Tidd says:—

I've often thought I'd like to be
The monarch of a South Sea isle,
With palm trees waving over me,
And sunshine warming all the while.

But when I think the Japs might seize
Upon my small domain and say,
"A naval base we need, so please
Vamoose at once and don't get gay"

Of course they would not use such slang,
Though what they'd say would mean the same,
And maybe once or twice they'd bang
A great big gun with throat of flame—

Strightway I'm glad I do not dwell
So far removed from Uncle Sam,
And realize that, truth to tell,
I'm better off just as I am.

—Birmingham Age Herald.

THE RED CROSS TRANSPORTATION SERVICE

Its Purpose Is to Handle Vast Quantities of Medical and Relief Supplies.

(Special to The Bulletin.)

Washington, D. C., Sept. 5.—To handle the vast quantities of medical and relief supplies now being shipped almost daily to the Red Cross commission for Europe to aid the stricken peoples of France, Belgium, Serbia, Russia and other belligerent countries, the establishment of a Red Cross transportation service is announced today by the Red Cross War Council.

This new branch of Red Cross activities has been made possible through the cooperation of the French, British, and Italian governments, the United States shipping board, and the leading steamship and railroad companies. President Wilson has taken a personal interest in the establishment of this service. His aid and that of Chairman Edward N. Hurley, of the shipping board, formerly a member of the Red Cross war council, have been invaluable to its success.

Practically all the cargo space needed for the shipment of Red Cross supplies abroad has now been placed at the disposal of the war council. Much of it has been given free by the steamship companies and the allied governments. This will only be used for supplies most urgently needed abroad.

As manager of ocean shipping for the period of the war, the war council has appointed A. C. Fetterolf, freight traffic manager of the International Mercantile Marine Company, who is to serve without salary. Mr. Fetterolf is to be assisted by A. F. Mack, president of the Cosmopolitan Shipping company, also a volunteer, and by Walter Moore, of the firm of Lanham and Moore. Mr. Moore will be in charge of the booking of all Red Cross shipments.

The railroads war board, controlling the rail shipments of all the railroads in the country, has also notified the war council that Red Cross shipments going to the seaboard or elsewhere will be exempt from embargoes which will give them the right of way over all freight except that of the government.

The allied governments especially have responded generously to the needs of the Red Cross. Following the recommendations of M. Andre Tardieu, French high commissioner to the United States, the French government has given permission for the forwarding of Red Cross supplies on French transports leaving this country. Space has also been provided on steamers of the French line, through the assistance of M. Oscar Cauchois, American director for the line.

The British admiralty through Mr. Connop Guthrie, has also taken the unusual step of permitting British freight transports to handle emergency Red Cross supplies. Mr. Palanca, representing the Italian government, has authorized Red Cross shipments on Italian transports, while the Russian shipping representative in the United States, Mr. Medzihkovsky, has taken similar action. The Nippon Yusen Kaisha, a Japanese steamship line, operating from New York to Vladivostock through the Panama canal, has also volunteered to be of assistance to the Red Cross whenever required.

Through cooperation with the United States shipping board, the Red Cross is to be provided with cargo space on every steamer chartered by the board. Army transports also will carry Red Cross supplies. Practically every line has made reductions on its passenger steamers for Red Cross nurses and representatives traveling in Europe.

In making its ocean shipping arrangements, it will be the policy of the Red Cross to distribute shipments among as many steamers as possible. By using all available lines, losses at sea, if sustained, will not seriously interrupt Red Cross work of mercy.

Some of the lines that have given invaluable assistance to the Red Cross in forwarding its shipments are: The Oriental Navigation company, the Cosmopolitan Steamship company, the Royal Belgian Lloyd, the American Line, the France and Canadian Steamship company, The Fabre Line, the Barber Line, and A. Lawrence Smith, Inc.

Good News.

Former Ambassador Eikus says Kuehlmann, now German Foreign Secretary, "knows America." Which is good news and means that Kuehlmann will not give away any American States.—Savannah News.

Times Change.

Three years ago the Germans were going to take Paris in three weeks. And now the German government is going to try to negotiate the seventh war loan.—Albany Journal.

A Common Custom.

The Slavs at Gary painted in their banner: "We don't bite hands that feed us." However, there are many who do.—Rochester Herald.

"That's My Uncle Sam!" by Everett M. Burrill, Age 10, of Stafford Springs, Conn.

HE WAS SO DIFFERENT

With masterful directness the young woman whose hat had the yellow braid opened fire. "Who was that perfectly stunning six-footer I saw with you at the concert on Saturday evening, Claribel?" she asked.

"Mercy! Did you see him?" parried he other young woman in the oiled silk raincoat.

"He certainly wasn't particularly inconspicuous," returned the yellow braided girl. "I don't see why you are so startled."

"Exactly when did you see us?"

"You were coming out of the hall. I tried to attract your attention, but—"

"Oh, I am thankful that it was then and not before," interrupted Claribel in a tone that indicated relief. Her friend looked at her in surprise.

"You see, Bess," she explained, "I had a rather funny time with that Mr. Norman. His name is Allan Norman. Distinguished, isn't it? Late Saturday afternoon mother's old friend, Mrs. Francis Greene, telephoned to know whether I was free for the evening. When I told her yes she said she was delighted, because she had a favor to ask of me. She is such a dear that of course I offered at once to do anything I could.

"'I have a charming cousin here from the west,' she explained, 'and I know I was doing her a real service when I ask him this evening on my season ticket. I have a slight cold and I don't think it wise to go out, so if you'll take pity on Allan I'll be duly grateful, for I don't wish the dear boy to miss the concert. He adores music. Indeed, he cares more for all the arts than the most young business men, and yet he is delightfully breezy and good fun. He's remarkable in many ways. You'll find him most unusual. He is really quite—well, quite different. Not peculiar, you know, but different.'"

"How exciting!" said the yellow braid young woman. "I'm not surprised that you were so willing to accommodate Mrs. Greene. Almost any girl would be."

"Wait until you hear the rest of the story," laughed the girl in the raincoat. "Her cousin was not such an unqualified delight as you may fancy. I have to admit that he is tall, good-looking and, as she said, 'breezy.' On the wap down to the concert I was happy in having met someone so refreshingly original. His manner had that touch of bluff gentleness that suggests the sagebrush country, and I confess that I really liked him very well until we took our seats, and he removed his overcoat and muffler.

"Then I saw that he certainly was, as Mrs. Greene had said, different, if not peculiar. Immediately I realized that I didn't feel kindly toward that lady. I had thought when she telephoned that she was sweetly giving Mr. Norman and me a chance to become acquainted without any formality, for, you know, I am quite convinced that all married women between the age of 40 and death are matchmakers. But now I positively knew that she had conjured up her slight cold in order that her strange cousin might be shifted into my hands. She had no desire to be seen with him."

"I suppose you discovered then for the first time that he wore earrings and was tattooed."

"Not quite, my dear, but the minute he took off his overcoat I knew that he was an eccentric dresser. He looked perfectly weird and I hardly dared raise my eyes from my program lest I should see some of my friends looking at us. As it was, I caught the amused glances of several strangers, and I was about as uncomfortable as I could be."

"You should worry! You knew he was western, and his cousin had really warned you that he wasn't like other people. I think I should have enjoyed being with someone who had the courage to get away from the everlasting monotony of men's uniform costume."

"That sounds all right when you say it. But I fear I'm not so advanced and I have a suspicion that if you had been in my position you wouldn't have been so pleased. Anyway, I didn't like it, and if I could have thought of any plausible excuse for leaving early I should have suggested going home during the intermission, but I couldn't, so I stuck it out, and the happiest moment of the whole evening was when he was once more closely buttoned into his long ulster. I was really quite gay going home and he appeared relieved.

"'Do you know,' he said as we went into the house, 'I was afraid you had been seized with a sudden headache. You looked so depressed during the concert. Or does heavy music of that kind sadden you?'

"'Oh, no,' I answered, 'I love it, but I did feel rather—well, rather queer—somehow this evening.' This was insane, of course, so I quickly expressed my delight over the fact that the library fire was still burning.

"'Does that mean I may tarry a little?' he asked. 'It looks uncommon cozy here.'

"'Yes, do take off your overcoat,' I said, with a sort of hysterical gasp. 'It isn't at all late.'

"He rather eagerly divested himself of his ulster and muffler, and as he stepped toward the fire he glanced into the mirror over the mantel.

"'Great Caesar's ghost!' he exclaimed. 'Good heavens, why didn't you tell me I was minus a necktie?'

"'Why,' I faltered, 'I fancied—I fancied that—that it was an idiosyncrasy of yours, perhaps, to go without a tie. Mrs. Greene said you were from the west and that you were—were—'

"'Batty or anything like that?' he asked indignantly. 'I have yet to hear of a place in the west where Greek suits are worn without neckties. I happen to be a New Yorker returning from a trip to the Pacific coast, but even were I an old fashioned cowboy of the most aggressively unconventional type, I don't see why the west should be blamed for this—this asininity of mine. No wonder you looked depressed!'

"He was in a towering temper, but I laughed, and in a moment he laughed, too, and told me how he had taken a short nap after dinner in what he called one of those pesky door beds in his cousin's apaartment.

"'I jumped up and finished dressing in a hurry without bothering to put the bed up again, so, of course, I didn't get a look at myself, inasmuch as the mirror is a part of that peculiar contraption,' he said, bitterly. Then he bade me good-night and left in haste. I wondered whether I should ever see him again."

"Oh, did he leave immediately?"

"He intended to, but he changed his mind. He telephoned the morning to ask if he could call tonight. I shall be rather interested in seeing how he looks with a necktie. I have an idea it will be becoming."

"Piffle," sniffed the other young woman. "Don't act so bored, for it's quite plain that Mrs. Greene's little plans are working all right."—Chicago News.

In Former Days.

In the old days the girls of a community would send a hoop skirt to any ablebodied young man who refused to enlist. We are coming to that.—National Tribune.

Middletown—G. Ellsworth Meech, county chairman of the State Council of Defense has notified the local boards throughout the county, of the advisability of working out plans to give the boys who are to go across, a memorable celebration before they leave.

HERE'S A REAL HAIR SAVER

Parisian Sage Puts Hair on Head and Helps to Keep it There. Shows Results in Few Days.

This Man Is Growing Bald. Parisian Sage Is Just the Thing for Such Cases.

Here's good news at last for men and women whose hair is falling out, who are growing bald, and whose scalps are covered with dandruff that nothing they have tried would keep away, and whose heads itch like mad. Any American druggist can now supply you with Parisian sage (liquid form), which has been acknowledged one of the very best things to quickly stop loss of hair and promote a new growth, entirely banish every trace of dandruff and itching scalp—yet perfectly harmless and inexpensive. Thousands can testify to the excellent results from its use; some who feared baldness now glory in their abundant hair, while others who have suffered for years with dandruff and itching head got a clean, cool scalp after just a few days' use of this simple treatment.

No matter whether bothered with falling hair, gray hair, matted, stringy hair, dandruff, itching scalp, or any form of hair trouble, try Parisian sage tonight. Only a few massages are usually needed to stop the hair from falling, and very soon you should be able to see the new hair coming in. The very first application will make your hair and scalp look and feel 100 per cent better.

Be sure you get the genuine Parisian sage (Giroux's), as this is non-sticky, delicately perfumed, and will not streak or stain the hair. Lee & Osgood Co. will supply you.

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