THE WIDE-AWAKE CIRCLE

Boys' and Girls' Department.

[illegible]

WIDE-AWAKE PUZZLE
HOW MANY TIMES IN A CLOCK?

[illegible]

"Not a tick," he had written
The chief almost dropped
With surprise. None had noticed
The old clock had stopped.

Cutting Jack. "There's a time
To do favors with palms,
But sometimes a son can be
Done with just praise!

"Pay attention and learn!
To observe!" growled the bear.
If you wish to succeed
Or get anywhere. (In the woods.)

UNCLE JED'S TALK TO WIDE-AWAKES

Most every boy and girl begins to wonder after a few years what they will do when they are grown up. Many have an idea what they would like to be but invariably those ideas change as they grow older and become acquainted with many more things than they knew about when they express their first ambitions.

There are many who are not impressed by any one line of work in particular and consequently they stand ready to drop into any good opportunity that comes along after they have completed their schooling and gone through the higher institutions.

But whether the boy or girl has any clear idea of what occupation appeals to them another there are few but what have the ability or knack along some particular line. The natural gift is something that should not be neglected. The inclination of the individual is worth following.

The story is told of a boy ill with sleeping sickness. His body was numb, but his mind was clear. As he lay in bed for a long time he spent his time in studying short cuts in arithmetic, one of his studies which he particularly liked and the result is that he is able to do quickly all kinds of problems in his head which most of us would require a pencil and paper for. He is a wizard at figures quite the same as that boy who recently came to this country from Central Europe and defeated some of the best chess players of the United States.

Each instance shows the result of developing special inclinations, the making the most of the talent with which they are endowed. Those whose ability runs in certain channels should not disregard it without giving it a fair trial.

WINNERS OF PRIZE BOOKS

1—Milton Parker of Mansfield—Campfire Girls in the Woods.

2—Ed. L. Cramer of Norwich—With the Boys in the Maine.

3—Joan Sankowky of Oakdale—Campfire Girls on Long Lake.

4—Alice Tracy of Putnam—Campfire Girls on the Match.

5—Donald Lashwitz of Lenox—Boy Scouts in Russia.

6—Paul Boothiller of Brooklyn—Facing the German Foe.

7—Earle M. Congdon of Norwich—Boy Scouts on the Trail.

8—Lillian Main of Ledyard—Lillian Pastor's Sister Susie.

Prize winners living in the city can obtain their books by calling at The Bulletin business office after 2:00 o'clock Thursday afternoon.

LETTERS OF ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

Miss Irwin, of Versailles—I received your lovely prize book entitled Camp Fire Girls on the Farm. I have read it and found it quite interesting. Thank you for this lovely prize.

Gladys Davis, of Canterbury—I thank you very much for the prize book you sent me. I like it very much.

Arretia Doyen, of Glasgo — Many thanks for the prize book I received entitled The Campfire Girls on the March. I have read it through and have found it very interesting. I hope you will excuse my delay.

DANDERINE

Stops Hair Coming Out; Thickens, Beautifies.

A few cents buys "Danderine." After a few applications you cannot find a trace of dandruff or any scalp disease, and your hair stops falling and begins to grow luxuriantly. Whether it be a delicate woman's or a strong man's hair, it acts wonderfully. Stimulates every hair gland, invigorates the scalp, stops hair from falling and in a short time you cannot find a single dandruff.

LETTERS WRITTEN BY WIDEAWAKES

December

Dear Uncle Jed: December is the twelfth and last month of the year. December days are very short and the nights very long. It is the month when we have a lot of snow and rain and cloudy days. It is the month when the trees look bare and every place looks gloomy.

December is the month when we have a lot of sport either skating or coasting or sleighriding. Many times a party of boys and girls stay out until midnight when it is moonlight night, and skate or go coasting down hill. To all boys and girls it is great sport.

The ponds haven't frozen yet around here but we expect them to freeze pretty soon and then we will have great fun skating.

December is also the month when Christmas comes. All children hang their stockings up by the fireside on Christmas Eve and go to bed early. When Christmas morn comes they all rush to their stockings to see what Santa Claus has brought them. When everybody gets their things they all sit down to admire them and everybody feels happy. They all wish that Christmas day would come more than once a year.

LENA SASLOWSKY, Age 13
Oakdale.

Thanksgiving

Dear Uncle Jed: I thought I would write about Thanksgiving. I had a good Thanksgiving this year, but I would have had a better one if my brother was home. He is now in the New England Home of Boston, Mass. He was operated on a few weeks ago in the General Hospital of Boston and I hope he will be home soon. He has been away from home five weeks and I hope he will be home for Christmas and we will all enjoy ourselves.

IDELLA GAUTHIER, Age 13
Glasgo.

In the Cornfield.

Dear Uncle Jed: One day Raymond thought he would go to the Cornfield to husk some ears of corn for his sister. The cornfield was on the other side of the fence. Raymond jumped the fence and found one ear of corn. He walked on until he had his pockets filled. As he was going to start for home he could not see the fence. He called, "Hello," but no one answered, so he called "Hello," again. Then came an answer. He thought it was his grandfather, so he ran to the place where he had heard the call. When he got there he saw a little girl who had been chasing a rabbit. The girl said, "Can you show me the way home, I am Lost?" "I am too," answered Raymond. "I came here for some ears of corn."

"Oh! I never saw any ears of corn," said the girl. Then as Raymond went to pick the corn out of his pocket it was gone. "Look!" said the girl, "there are some ears of your corn." So they followed the corn until they came to the fence. They jumped the fence and there was the girl's grandfather who afterwards took her home. Raymond said, "Holes in pockets are sometimes useful."

BINA VOGHTMANN, Age 12.
Baltic.

Our Farm.

Dear Uncle Jed: We have cows, horses, pigs, cats, a dog and oxen. The horse's name is Mag. The dog's name is Spot. The oxen are named Jo and Brandy. We have 17 cows, ten rabbits and 40 chickens. We have some pure white pigs and some we call our calico pigs because they have three colors—black, white and red.

Very truly yours,
CHARLES TRACY, Age 9.
Putnam.

My Turtles.

Dear Uncle Jed: One Sunday afternoon in the spring, we went out to Trading Cove brook. We took our supper. When we got out there my sister saw two mud turtles in the brook. She showed them to another boy and myself. We took off our shoes and stockings and went in the brook after them. We each caught one. The other boys slipped and got away, but I held mine tight and named him Jumbo.

Your friend,
DONALD ROYCE, Age 10.
Norwich.

My Trip to My Grandma's.

Dear Uncle Jed: I have never written to your circle before but I like the stories from other boys and girls, so I thought I would write and tell you about my trip. I left at 5.45 Friday morning (Nov. 26). My mother went with me. We got to grandma's house at 8.30. My uncle drives a truck for a company there and he took me to ride with him most of the time. He and I went up to see his rabbits. He has sixteen of them, mostly large ones.

I came home Sunday night and had a lot of new things to bring with me. I think grandma and the family will be down here for my Christmas tree and I hope all the circle boys and girls will have a tree and a good time at Christmas.

Your little friend,
EARLE M. CONGDON, Age 8.
Norwich.

Where the Silver Thread Led.

Dear Uncle Jed: Fay who thought she had to work too hard made a complaint to her mother. Her mother said she would give her a chance to find a better home. Early one morning she started out with a bundle under her arm. About noon she came to a beautiful house. In the yard sat a woman in a hammock. Fay asked her if she could stay. The woman said she might but she must take care of herself. Often she would not have any dinner or supper because the woman never called her and if she didn't come she would be left without. After a while the woman did not pay much attention to her. Fay became disappointed and started down the road. She met an old woman with many bundles. Fay asked if she could carry some. The old woman was pleased with this. She gave Fay some bundles. As they walked on Fay told of her troubles. The old woman said she knew of a good home. Fay with eagerness asked her about it. The old woman brought her to a place where a silver thread lay but Fay could see no end to it. The old woman told Fay to follow it. As Fay followed it she unwound it from bushes and branches but at last she came to the end of it. To her surprise it was her own home. Her mother was glad to see her again. Fay found out that home is the best place to live.

FLORA VOGHTMAN, Age 13.
Baltic.

The Three Hunters.

Dear Uncle Jed: I am going to tell you a story that I think you would like about the three hunters. One night in December I heard a tapping at my door. I went to open it and there were three men each with a rifle in his hand. They asked me if they could rest here over night. I told them they could and so they came in the house. Then I got some supper for the hungry hunters. When the supper was set before them they were much pleased and thanked me for it.

After supper they told me a story of their adventures in the woods. It was so interesting that I listened to it carefully and did not move an inch. Soon the story was over, and I got the beds ready for them. They went upstairs and in a little while I heard them snoring like giants. So I got myself undressed and I went to bed.

Yours truly,
GEORGE PLIHCIK.
Mansfield.

Our Trip to Iowa.

Dear Uncle Jed: Mamma and brothers and I got up at 3 a. m. and started for Worcester, and when we got there we had to wait for the train to come. One night mamma woke us up and we were on the bridge over the middle of the Mississippi river. It was awful muddy. We saw lots of horses, cattle and steers in the lots. For miles there were cornfields, and they were picking corn. There were no stonewalls like we have in our own state. In one place the train went for miles with water on both sides of the tracks as far as I could see. We had lots of fun going to Iowa. We were afraid of the colored man who made up our little beds in the train. I will tell you how he made the bed. He pulled the seats together and made a nice little bed. When this was done he put up some curtains. We slept two nights on the train. We gave Grandma a great surprise when we walked in on her. She didn't know what to say.

Yours truly,
ALICE TRACY, Age 10.
Putnam.

What I Did Thanksgiving.

Dear Uncle Jed: I thought I would write to you and tell you about my Thanksgiving day.

When I woke up I was surprised to see it snowing. We got out our sleds and slid down hill till dinner time. After dinner we went out and slid down hill a little while longer. Then went in and played Christmas. After supper read a story of Cubby Bear's Thanksgiving Day. He made a snow man and invited his friends to have dinner with him. After that they went to bed and dreamed. He thought he heard the snow man tapping on his window. He went out and had a race with him. Then he went in and went to bed again. He woke up and heard a voice saying: "Cubby Bear, look at me. I am all melting; the warmth of the fire is too much for me." Mamma Bruin heard Cubby scream and when she came in he told her about it. All she told him was that he had a bad dream and Cubby Bear had eaten too much dinner.

LILIAN MAIN, Age 8.
Ledyard.

Harry's Mistake.

Dear Uncle Jed: It was Fire Prevention day in Harry's town. In the schools fire drills were held and the fire chief showed them what to do in case they saw a fire.

Harry went home, the words of the chief still fresh in his mind. Suddenly from in back of a house about a quarter of a mile away sprang some flames.

Immediately Harry went to a nearby fire alarm box and rang the alarm. In a few minutes the chief's auto dashed up and the chief, jumping out, said to Harry "Where's the fire?"

Harry pointed out where the fire was but to his amazement there was no fire there.

The chief looked at Harry sternly, saying: "Boy, do you know what the penalty is for ringing a false alarm?"

Harry explained why he had rung the alarm and to see if he was telling the truth the chief drove over to the house. In back of the house a small fire of rubbish was still burning, which explained why Harry had rung the alarm.

The chief said to Harry: "Never ring an alarm until you know it's a real fire. Go home now and think it over."

ELI H. CRAMER, Age 11.
Norwich.

The Fitchville Y. M. C. A.

Dear Uncle Jed: The Fitchville Y. M. C. A. consists of 35 boys. The meetings are held every Friday evening in the Palmer hall. The meetings are called together by the president. He calls the roll and marks the ones that are absent. The secretary reads the report of the previous meeting. After all the reports are made the leader reads the Bible and tells about some historical man. This ends the exercises.

Then we gather up all the chairs and later we begin to play games. We have a large basketball with which we play all sorts of games. We also have two pair of quoits and a few rubber balls. Some evenings we have stereopticon lectures given by Mr. Hanna. The meeting adjourns at 9 p. m. with the repeating of the Lord's prayer.

BENNIE LASKOWITZ, Age 12.
Yantic, R. D.

Enjoyed the Holiday.

Dear Uncle Jed: As I have been very busy with my school work, I have not had much time to write, although I am a constant reader of the Wide-Awake Circle, which I enjoy immensely.

I am going to tell you about a very nice Thanksgiving day that a very nice girl enjoyed.

Ethel had been wandering in the woods and had reached home just in time to see old Farmer Jones depart in his old buggy. Upon entering the house, her mother said: "Just in time to help me, dear," and with no resistance she removed her wraps and busied herself with various little trifles.

Her mother told her to set the table as daintily as she was capable of doing for four, saying the minister was to dine with them. Then her mother told her this day was for sending thanks up to God.

Then Ethel went up to dress and when after an hour's time her mother told her she could stay and eat with the grown-ups, for helping her so nicely, she felt rewarded.

And when all were assembled at the dinner table, and after the prayers were said, she partook of the roasted turkey, the cranberries, the pumpkin pies, and other daintiek she was inexpressively happy.

Yours sincerely,
LILLIAN ANDERSON, Age 11.
Brooklyn.

The Ray Family's Thanksgiving.

Dear Uncle Jed: The mother and her three children sat by the cheerful fire and talked about the different things God should be thanked for. The wind without sounded cold and dreary and somewhere out in the storm the poverty stricken father was trying to earn what he could to support his dear ones.

"How I do wish we could have a turkey," exclaimed little Alice after a brief silence.

"Yes, so do I, but how can we get one without the money?" asked Gerald, the oldest boy.

All this time the mother was silent but as soon as they stopped speaking she said "Dears, we will try to have a nice dinner and be thankful to God without a turkey."

With this promise the children were satisfied.

Just then a knock was heard at the door, and Mrs. Ray went to open it. What do you suppose she saw there as she opened the door? Her husband with a great many bundles, and among them all was the crown of Thanksgiving—a turkey.

"Why, John, where did you get all these things?" asked Mrs. Ray.

"Come into the kitchen and I will tell you all about it," answered her husband joyfully.

As soon as they reached the place named they sat down and he narrated his story. He said that the man he had been working for had made him a present of $10 and he had bought all these and had $2 left, for those were the days when it was very hard to get money and a little would buy a great deal.

Mrs. Ray at once set to work to prepare the feast as the children called it. Such nuts, candy, pies, cookies and best such a lovely turkey! The children never dreamed of such a dinner and were correspondingly excited.

After dinner they all thanked God for their bountiful dinner. The rest of the day was spent in playing games. Never did the family enjoy such a Thanksgiving day.

ROSE MOYEL, Age 12.
Norwich.

Our Schoolroom.

Dear Uncle Jed: I am going to tell you about my schoolroom. There are three blackboards. There are four pictures on the walls, and we are selling postal cards to get another picture. They are Christmas cards. There are 38 pupils. I am in the fifth grade. My teacher's name is Miss Elliott.

BEATRICE MARISETTE, Age 10.
Plainfield.

Broke His Wrist.

Dear Uncle Jed: Last Tuesday we were out playing on the swing. Some boys were pushing me. They kept pushing me harder till I fell off and broke my wrist. The teacher telephoned to my father. He took his truck and come and got me. He took me to a doctor, but he did not touch it. He told us to go to see Dr. Overlock and he took my arm and fixed it. He bandaged it with cotton and put some splints over it and put it in a sling.

LOUIS LAFRAMBOISE, Age 11.
Brooklyn.

One Pair of Gloves for Two.

Dear Uncle Jed: In one of the battles of the Civil war General Howard's right arm was shattered by a cannon ball and had to be cut off about at the elbow. At the bedside stood General Wisan whose left arm had been shot off in the Mexican war. "General," said Howard, "Let us club together and buy a pair of gloves for us."

PATRICK SULLIVAN.
Taftville.

Where I Live.

Dear Uncle Jed: I live in Norwich, which is situated on the Thames river in New London county, Connecticut. The nearest largest city is New London, which is connected to this city by the New York, New Haven and Hartford railroad. Main and Franklin are the important streets. On Broadway are many fine residences. The Wauregan hotel is important. St. Patrick's church is one of the many Catholic churches.

JAMES RILEY, Age 12.
Norwich.

Providing for Thanksgiving.

Dear Uncle Jed: Thanksgiving was drawing near. Two little girls were walking through the street discussing matters about Thanksgiving. They were asking each other how they could earn money to get a turkey, and other things for Thanksgiving. The older girl's name was May and the younger Alice. They had neither mother nor father.

At last May said, "The only way we could earn money is to go to work." While they were walking along they came to a drygoods store that had this sign in the window. "Wanted—Two Girls." They went in and both got work. They got $15 each a week. At the end of the week they had $30. They bought a turkey, cranberries, etc.

When Thanksgiving came they made a big dinner. They invited many other friends. After Thanksgiving they always had enough money and were not poor. I think they will have enough to provide for Christmas.

SARA KATZ, Age 12.
New London.

My Thanksgiving Dinner.

Dear Uncle Jed: I will tell you about my Thanksgiving. We had a nice time. There were twelve of us at dinner. My uncle and Aunt Cutler from Putnam and Aunt Alice, papa, mamma, grandpa and grandma, Brother Lewis, my friend Esther, Mr. Phillips, Mr. Weeks and my Uncle Dennis. We had a nice chicken dinner, with all the fixings. Grandpa killed three chickens and they weighed 16 1-2 pounds. Oh, they tasted so good! To tell the truth, I ate so much I felt rather sick that night, but soon got over it, and guess I'll be already for Christmas. I think I like Christmas better anyway and I think all children do. Papa says we can have a tree, and I am glad. We have lots of fun trimming it, and I can hardly sleep that night, thinking where Santa Claus will come, and put things on it for he always has. Grandpa says he don't see how he will get down the chimney this year for we have a furnace and a big fire in it all the time but grandma says he will manage somehow she guesses. So I will wait and trust he will come.

Yours with best wishes,
HELEN T. GREENE, Age 8.
Plainfield.

My Dog Teddy.

Dear Uncle Jed: This is the first time I have written to the Wide-Awake Circle.

I am going to tell you about my dog Teddy. He is about two years old and is a black and tan Airedale. He can drive the cows, and hunts mice, rats, woodchucks and rabbits.

Don't you think he is a very smart dog? I do.

TIMOTHY MAIN, Age 7.
Ledyard.

An Enjoyable Day.

Dear Uncle Jed: Last Sunday I enjoyed myself so much that I really want you to share the joy with me.

First of all, father, mother, my two sisters and I accepted with pleasure the kind invitation of my grandmother to take dinner with her and spend the rest of the day with her and many relatives.

We arrived there at half past 12. Dinner was served at half past 1 o'clock. Turkey, potatoes, gravy, celery, fruit, cake, tea and fruits, including oranges and watermelon, nuts of all kinds and candies were served for dinner, all of which were greatly appreciated. We then retired to the living room, where some games were played. Music both on the Victrola and piano was enjoyed. Refreshments were then served. It was half past 4 o'clock when we came home.

PAUL BOUTHILLIER, Age 11.
Brooklyn.

A School Fair.

Dear Uncle Jed: I enjoyed my summer vacation very much. I went to Willimantic and spent a week. I went to moving pictures and had a nice time. We had a school fair in September. It was very nice. I got three first prizes on fancy work and got $3. My sisters also got some prizes. The whole school together got about $17. We had running, jumping and bag races at the fair.

Our school had an entertainment in which we all took part Nov. 20. The money raised is to be used to get a Victrola for our school.

ARLENE J. FRIES, Age 11.
Amston.

Good Citizenship.

Dear Uncle Jed: Citizenship means showing appreciation for the government for all it has done for us.

All people born or naturalized in this country are citizens. We ought to help the local, state and national government.

The government makes many different kinds of laws to protect us. We can be honest, kind, polite, obedient and true at all times and at all places.

We can help keep the public places neat and clean and attend school regularly and be attentive and take good care of the books.

We can keep the school yard and our own yards clean and respectable. We can also help keep the roads in good order by removing the large stones that may happen to be in our way. The government has built good cheerful schoolrooms that we might have good education. There are beautiful public gardens, parks and playgrounds for us all to enjoy.

The government protects our homes, our lives and our property. We cannot say to one another at school, "It belongs to me, it is mine." But we can all say: "It is ours and it partly belongs to our fathers." All help pay for its beautiful surroundings. The government either puts up the lights or gives some company the privilege of putting up the lights and helps keep them in good condition; also the roads and bridges are kept in good condition under the charge of the government.

If it weren't for the government we could not have nearly as many pleasures as we have at present.

MIRIAM PARKER, Age 12.
Mansfield.

How the First Stockings Were Hung by the Chimney

Dear Uncle Jed: Do you remember the story of the Christmas stockings?

Please let me tell you.

On a certain Christmas eve, little Margot, her brother Dick, her two cousins, Ned and Sara, came marching in from making a snow man. All their clothes were wet right through.

They didn't get a scolding from their mother, for the snow was melting fast. They went to bed early. Their clothes were put by the fire to dry, and the stockings were hung in a row near the chimney.

That is why Santa noticed them when he came in while all the household was asleep. He filled the stocking and dashed up the chimney.

"I wish they would all hang their stockings," he thought, as he drove to the next house. "It would save me lot of time, and I could visit more children before daybreak."

When the children jumped out of bed they were delighted to find the toys in them. I suppose they got more toys than many other child, for Santa was in a hurry and didn't stop to count them.

Of course they told all their friends about it, and they hung up their stockings the following Christmas. Santa Claus found so many stockings that he could fill them in a jiff.

The custom grew year after year. We must give Santa Claus as much help possible. Don't you think so?

ANNIE PETROMAN, Age 10
Norwich.

BOLTON

Fred D. Finley was summoned as juror at the United States court opening in Hartford Tuesday morning, the 27th.

Bolton people are regretting that George Merritt of Andover, who has been the obliging and efficient rural mail carrier from Andover through South Bolton for the past ten years, has resigned. Mr. Merritt was recently elected representative from Andover. Percy Cook of Andover is covering the route for the present.

Mrs. Henry Fryer has returned from a week's stay in Rockville.

Bolton people are planning a community Christmas and have appointed the following committees: Candy committee, Mrs. J. W. Phelps, Miss Adelia Loomis, Miss Annie Alvord, Miss Maude White, Mrs. Louis Cavagnaro, Mrs. Charles F. Sumner, Mrs. F. D. Finley, Rev. Frank Abbott; entertainment, Mrs. F. K. Abbott, Mrs. Myron M. Lee, Mrs. George Whippert; tree committee, Charles A. Lee, R. K. Jones, Andrew Manoggia, John Hutchinson, Maxwell Hutchinson; decoration committee, Miss Olive Hutchinson, Mrs. R. K. Jones, Mrs. George Whippert; decorators' assistants, Misses Eleanor Hutchinson, Ruth Jones, Anna Caselli, Alice Ponticelli, Ida Morra and Annette Ross.

Herbert Hutchinson, who has been working in Manchester Depot, N. H., for some time, is home.

Miss Ida Ponticelli has returned to Manchester to work after a time spent at home.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Russell Lee, who have been living in Vernon with Mr. and Mrs. Herald Lee, are soon to move to Mrs. Joseph Haley's cottage at Bolton Notch.

Charles F. Sumner has purchased a handsome driving horse from Patrick Daly.

The jellyfish eats by wrapping itse'f around food and absorbing it.

BARGAIN IN
ELECTRIC SAD IRONS
$4.00 EACH
WORTH $5.00

The Household
Bulletin Bldg. 74 Franklin Street

COLUMBIA

The work of putting crushed stone on the roads being constructed in town was temporarily suspended Friday last, the men being engaged in opening up ditches by the side of the roads where stone has been laid, in order that they may be well drained when the winter's storms set in.

The Sawyer family closed their cottages at the lake last week, Miss Nellie Sawyer going to her studies in Brooklyn, N. Y., for the winter, while George and Miss Grace Sawyer are living for the present with Mr. and Mrs. Fred A. Hunt.

Mrs. Ethel Blakeley was out for a short walk Saturday last, it being the first time in 11 weeks. She is slowly improving but as yet cannot use her left hand or arm to any extent.

Mrs. K. N. Anderson, the school nurse, has been visiting the schools in town. At the school in the Old Hop River district several cases of eczema were found and treated, also that in some of the schools scholars were found with diseased tonsils which it was recommended should be removed.

A meeting of the school board was held at the town hall Tuesday evening last. The application to the state board of education for the enumeration grant to which the town is entitled was prepared, certified to and sent to Hartford, showing 169 pupils enrolled in the town.

Because of the storm Sunday morning he attendance at church was very small, but those who did get there were rewarded by listening to an excellent sermon on Sin by the pastor, Rev. T. Newton Owen.

Fred A. Hunt, who has been putting dormer windows built on his residence besides other improvements, is now having the barn shingled.

Sunday next, the 12th, Rev. T. Newton Owen will preach in the local Congregational church a sermon in commemoration of the 300th anniversary of the landing of the Pilgrims. There will be special music and Miss Edith Lyman will sing a solo.

HOW HE ENDED KIDNEY TROUBLE

"I had a severe attack of kidney trouble and for three weeks could not get out of doors and scarcely out of bed," writes C. E. Brewer, Village Springs, Ala. "Could not bend over at all without the most excruciating pains. I purchased a bottle of Foley Kidney Pills. Was relieved after first few doses and continued them use until completely cured. I consider Foley Kidney Pills the best kidney remedy in the world. No recurrence of my trouble." Lee & Osgood Co.

Better for colds than camphorated oil

For years and years doctors have prescribed camphorated oil for children's colds, and certainly it is great stuff—but mussy; hard to administer.

Kondon's Catarrhal Jelly has all the soothing and healing qualities of camphorated oil, and better yet, it is antiseptic, keeps fresh, and is handy to apply.

Get a tube of Kondon's Catarrhal Jelly today and keep it always on hand. When the youngster comes in with wet feet, or all chilled, or begins to show signs of nose cold, apply a little Kondon's Catarrhal Jelly at once, and again at bed time. The child will breathe better, sleep better, and will usually shake off the cold in a few hours.

Kondon's Catarrhal Jelly has been clearing heads and breaking up colds for young folks and old for thirty years, and is a valued household remedy in thousands of American homes.

Kondon's Catarrhal Jelly *is guaranteed not only by us, but by* 30 years *service to millions of Americans. If Kondon's doesn't do wonders for your cold, sneezing, cough, chronic catarrh, nose-bleed headache, sore nose, etc.—we'll pay your money back.* On sale at all drug stores.

Send for free 20 treatment tin

Avoid substitutes – make sure this signature is on the package you buy. T. N. Kenyon

KONDON'S
CATARRHAL JELLY

GIRLS! DON'T NEGLECT YOUR HAIR

Beautiful hair is every woman's birthright and her most potent charm.

It is the duty of everyone not only to preserve the natural beauty of the hair, but to improve it. You cannot afford to neglect it, and just a little care will work wonders.

If your hair is scanty, wispy, brittle, dry, losing its natural color and luster, and powdered with dandruff, it needs immediate attention. Don't wait, but begin now—tonight—to help it regain its life and beauty.

Any good druggist can supply you with Parisian sage (liquid form), which is guaranteed to keep away all dandruff, check falling hair, promote a new growth and beautify it, or money refunded.

Parisian sage is perfectly harmless and will not change the natural color of the hair.

If you want a fresh, clean scalp, and a wealth of lustrous, live-looking hair that's easy to arrange attractively, try this simple home treatment.

Lee & Osgood will supply you and guarantee money refunded if not satisfied.