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.

WIDE-AWAKE POETRY.

A Frog He Would A-Wooing Go.

A frog he would a-wooing go, a-hm, a-hm,
A frog he would a-wooing go.
Whether his mother would let him or no,
a-hm, a-hm;
So off he set with his opera hat, a-hm,
a-hm,
So off he set with his opera hat,
And on the road he met witha rat, a-hm,
a-hm.

"Pray, Mr. Rat, will you go with me
Kind Mrs. Mousie for to see?"
When they came to the door of Mousie's
hall
They gave a loud knock and they gave a
loud call.

"Pray, Mrs. Mouse, are you within?"
"O yes, kind sirs, I'm sitting to spin."
"Pray, Mrs. Mouse, will you give us some
beer?
For Froggy and I are fond of good cheer."

"Pray, Mr. Frog, will you give us a
song?
But let it be something that's not very
long."
"Indeed, Mrs. Mouse," replied Mr. Frog,
"A cold has made me as hoarse as a
dog."

"Since you have caught cold, Mr. Frog,"
Mousie said,
"I'll sing you a song that I have just
made."
But while they were a-merry making,
A cat and her kittens came tumbling in.

The cat she seized the rat by the crown,
The kittens they pulled the little mouse
down.
This put Mr. Frog in a terrible fright,
He took up his hat and wished them
good night.

But as Froggy was crossing over a brook
A lily-white duck came and gobbled him
up,
So there was an end of one, two and
three,
The rat, the mouse and the little froggee.

A. G. L.

UNCLE JED'S TALK TO WIDE-AWAKES.

How many of the Wide-Awakes ever stop to think of the lesson that is taught by the hard working birds? You may say that the birds do not work, that every day is a holiday for them, and that all they have to do is eat and sing. Then, again, there maye be some of you who have been watching more closely and have noticed that while they are flying about and singing they are also alert for all the little things that are considered necessary to go into their nests, for building a home for the season is one of the first things they do after getting back from their winter stay farther south.

And how they do work! There are sticks, twigs, string, cloth, horsehair and other pliable material that they find to make their home whether it is a nest in an old apple tree, a shelter in a bird house ,a cozy nook in a hollow tree or a nest in a secluded spot on the ground. They are as fussy as an architect. Everything must be right. They twist and turn the material about until its fits or suits them and they build well. Their nests serve their purpose and these are those that serve for more than one season.

But it all represents work. The birds manage to have a pretty good time if we can judge by their cheerful and tuneful songs, but they are busy all the time. They mad seem to be care-free but they never neglect their duties. They cannot, in fact, for if they did there would be no one to get them up in the morning, no one to feed them, no one to scurry around for building material and therefore no nests. The birds all have a good time but they conscientiously do their work and at the same time set a grand good example to each and all of us.

WINNERS OF PRIZE BOOKS.

1—**Esther Firth** of Baltic—The Campfire Girls in the Woods.
2—**Francis Sullivan** of Bozrahville—Connecticut Boys in the Western Reserve.
3—**Betty Benson** of North Stonington—Little Prudy's Captain Horace.
4—**Wilfred Busket** of Stafford Springs—Boy Scout's Test of Courage.
5—**Alice Anderson** of Norwich—The Campfire Girls at Long Lake.
6—**Ernest Lafreniere** of Versailles—The Boy Scout in Coal Caverns.
7—**Dorothy Roode** of Plainfield—Aikenside.
8—**Marion Kenyon** of Westerly—Little Prudy's Story Book.

Winners of prize books living in Norwich can obtain them by calling at The Bulletin business office after 10 o'clock Thursday morning.

LETTERS OF ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

Frances Filliger of Versailles: I thank you for my prize book. I have read the book and find it very interesting.

Irene Vacieur of Danielson: Received your book, Little Prudy's Cousin Grace. I have read a part of it and found it very becoming to me. I appreciate it very much and I thank Uune Jed over again.

Ida M. Roode of Voluntown: Received my prize book entitled The Cabin in the Clearing. Have started reading it and found it very interesting. Many thanks for the book.

Arthur Thalen of Preston City: I thank you very much for the book you sent me entitled Boy Scouts on Old Superior. I have read it and thought it very interesting. I thank you again.

Pauline Eisenstein of Colchester: I received the prize book, The Campfire Girls in the Woods, and I thank you very much for the same. I like the Campfire Girls series very much.

Dorothy Davis of Gales Ferry: I wish to thank you for the prize you awarded to me. I enjoy reading it very much and also read all the stories in The Bulletin that are written by other children.

LETTERS WRITTEN BY WIDE-AWAKES.

Skating.

Dear Uncle Jed: I will write about how I learned to skate. Many of my friends and I went skating at night. It was very nice, for it was moonlight and we could see all around. There were grown up people ,too. There were also many others who wear learning how to skate, too. I had many falls, but it did not discourage me. I thought it was very nice to see all the girls nad boys skate. So I thought I could learn, too. When I first put skates on I could not stand on them; but with the aid of my friends I could stand on them, and I now can skate pretty good. I expect to skate better next year.

I hope all the Wide-Awakes who cannot skate learn, for it's great fun.

RHEA BLAIN, Age 11.
Hampton.

My Goat.

Dear Uncle Jed: I am going to tell you about my pet goat. I have a goat and his name is Tiptoe. He is brown and white. He is about two months old. He was a week old when I got him. I like him very much. I feed him morning, noon and night. He drinks milk and eats hay.

RAYMOND ROODE, Age 10.
Plainfield.

Spring.

Dear Uncle Jed: I like spring because we can jump rope, play marbles, and rubber ball. The birds come back. The flowers bloom and the trees put out new leaves. I like pussy willows because they tell us spring has come. The peepfrog also tells us spring has come.

EVELYN LAMEROUX, Age 9.
Attawaugan.

The Old Man and His Grandson

Dear Uncle Jed: There lived once upon a time an old, old man, who was maltreated by his children. His eyes were dim and his ears deaf. He was so old that his hands shook, and he could not guide his food to his mouth, but all he held would be spilled on the table or on his clothes.

His son and his son's wife were ill pleased at this, and decided to make him eat out of earthen dish in the corner of of the kitchen.

One disagreeable day his hand could not hold even the dish, and it fell to the floor and broke.

They scolded him, and made a wooden dish for him to eat out of.

One day the grandson brought in some small boards, and tried to nail them together.

What are you desiring to make, claimed the father.

"A little trough for you and mother to eat in, when I grow big.' 'replied the son of four years.

The man and wife looked at each other with grief and began to cry.

Our son has taught us a lesson. After this the old man came to the table, and not a word was spoken even if he did spill the food on his clothes.

HELEN VARIEUR, Age 14.
Danielson.

General Wolfe and the Capture of Quebec

Dear Uncle Jed: Quebec was situated on steep and lofty cliffs. It overlooked the St. Lawrence river. It was protected by a strong fortress. This fortress was the strongest in America. General Wolfe and his army tried in vain to find a weak place in the fortress. Wolfe resolved to make one more attempt to capture Quebec.

At last after much searching he found a narrow pass in which he might get there. One dark night Wolfe and his army floated quietly down the river. He landed at the foot of the high cliff. Slowly and quietly they climbed pulling the cannon after them. When they reached the top they overpower the astonished guard.

The next morning the English general, Wolfe, was drawn up in line for battle on the plains of Abraham. Montcalm, astonished at what the English had done would not wait for an attack. The fighting was bitter. The French could not stand it. Wolfe was pierced with bullets twice, but he would not give up until hereceived a mortal wound. Wolfe heard the shout of "Victory," and he said, "Thank God. I will die in peace." Montcalm also received a mortal wound and he said. "Thank God I will not see Quebec surrendered." After this Quibec fell into the hands of the English.

ALICE ANDERSON, Age 14
Norwich.

The Brook

Dear Uncle Jed: I am a brook. I flow through woods and down the valley. I make the flowers grow.

I am the brook, that is so bright and shining and flows through the meadow and down the mountain. I run and run all day long and never stop to rest. I sing as I go, for I am very happy.

MARY ROSE DELOME, Age 10
Attawaugan

My Trip to the Woods

Dear Uncle Jed: One beautiful day in August, three boys, three girls and I went for a long hike through the woods. We had walked a long way, until we came to a large brook. "Oh! how I do wish that I brought my fishing pole with me," exclaimed one of the boys. When we heard this, we wished so too. Just then a thought came to me. We could cut down poles and have pins for hooks. When I told this to my friends they shouted and seemed very pleased, and in another five minutes we were fishing. How smart we thought we were. Just then, splash! Who should fall in the water but I. The water was deep so that I couldn't reach the bottom. It was just my luck that I could swim so I swam all around until I reached the shore. You can just bet that the others were laughing. What was I to do! Go home in the wet Of course not. I decided to have the sun dry me, and in fifteen minutes I was all dry. We were all hungry so we ate our lunch. After that, we sang played games and told jokes. We went home in about an hour. Even after my fall in the water I can say that I enjoyed myself immensely.

MARY SMUCKLER, Age 13.
Salem.

My Dog

Dear Uncle Jed: It is the first time I have written to you and the Wideawakes. I am going to tell you about my dog Bridget. She is a Scotch collie and is four years old. She resides in my express wagon, and when I run away from her ,she tears my dress.

SYDNEY STANDISH, Age 10
Salem.

My Cat

Dear Uncle Jed: I am a little girl, 10 years old. This is the third time I have written. Here is my story about my cat.

Last summer my grandfather, grandma, and I went to Wequetequock to get some hay and there was a river running through the middle of the field. Sometimes we go in bathing. One day my cousin went with us. When we were getting dressed after going in bathing I heard a noise that sounded like a cot. I said to my cousin Marry, "Don't you hear a noise like a cat. He said, "Yes." I looked around and I saw a cat all squeezed in the stone wall. I took it out and showed it to my grandma and she said it is a rabbit cat, because it had no tail. And when we were going home he crawled in the eight quart milk can that we had water in for the house.

The cat sleeps with me sometimes and sometimes he sleeps in the barn. He is black and white. We call him Bobby.

MARION KENYON, Age 10.
Westerly.

A Nice Picnic.

Dear Uncle Jed: I am going to tell you about the Sunday school picnic that we had last summer.

We went on the car. Mr. Fisher paid the fare because he is the minister. There were many people from the church and Sunday school. We went to Atlantic Beach for the picnic.

When we started to get ready in the morning we packed our lunch, got our bathing suits, towels, soap and combs in the bag; then we started. We had a very nice ride on the car and we soon got to Atlantic beach. We sat on the beach for a while, then we sung in the swings and see-sawed.

Soon we went in bathing and stayed in until it was time to eat our lunch. After we ate our lunch we went in bathing again.

After we had been in bathing long enough we dressed and went down to the station to wait for the car. When we got on the car the conductor told my mother that the car only went as far as Westerly but the next car would go farther. My mother said we could have waited for the other one if we had known, but we had to wait in Westerly instead. When we got home we were very tired and sunburned, but I think it was a nice picnic, don't you?

BETTY BENSON, Age 10.
North Stonington.

Hepaticas.

Dear Uncle Jed: Two years ago when I lived at my grandmother's in Adams, my aunt and I went after hepaticas. It was about two miles to the woods where they grew. There were pink, blue, and white ones. We each brought a grape basket with us and filled them before we went home.

When we got home I put some waxed paper in a shoe box and packed the flowers in so tightly that I thought they would not live.

I put "Perishable" tag on the box and sent it to my mother in Jewett City.

The flowers lasted a long time and mother enjoyed them very much.

ETHELLE L. PARKHURST, Age 12.
Jewett City.

My Visit to the Country.

Dear Uncle Jed: This is the first time I have written to the Wide-Awakes. On Tuesday evening I went to the country to see my cousins. Their names are Charlotte and Mildred.

I have enjoyed the country. We played house Wednesday. I have seen the cows and the chickens. While I was up there a new baby girl arrived. Her name is Elva Davis. She is very cunning. I hope I shall go again. I have read the stories and have enjoyed reading them.

Your new friend
IRENE GORDON, Age 9.
Norwich.

Many Animals.

Dear Uncle Jed: I am a little girl seven years old and this is the first time I have written.

I go up to Norwich to have a good time. My uncle has twelve cows and eight calves, three cats and two dogs. He had some pigs but they died. He also has an auto. My grandfather has two horses, two cats and one pig, and my father has two dogs and some chickens.

Well, this is all I can think of, so good bye.

DOROTHY PALMER, Age 7.
Westerly.

Hilda.

Dear Uncle Jed: Whenever Hilda read fairy tales, she forgot everything else. She even forgot that she was Hilda, and thought herself somebody else, generally the princess who married the prince, though sometimes she was the good fairy, and gave everybody what they wished for, long before they asked for it.

One day, it was in the holidays, she sat down in her favorite place to read Cinderella, and, of course, thought she was Cinderella herself. She felt very miserable when the sisters went to the ball without her, and very glad when the fairy godmother popped into the kitchen, and said she might go, too.

Of course she ran away fast to fetch the pumpkin which turned into a beautiful carriage. Hilda had never been to a real ball before, you know, but she enjoyed the storybook ball best of all; but still, as she was a kind little girl, she really was sorry to see that nobody noticed the ugly sisters, for all their silks and satins and gay feathers.

And what a sweet moment that was when the prince came and danced with her! How her glass slippers twinkled beneath her white satin dress, and how everybody looked at them; and wondered who Cinderella could be. At last the clock struck twelve! It was twelve, for Hilda counted every stroke; and just as she was going to tear herself away from the prince, and the prince was handing her a bouquet, somebody said, "It's striking twelve, Hilda, darling." And there stood her little sister Maggie, holding out a pretty bunch of flowers, waiting to be taken home to dinner!

HILDA THOMA.
Norwich.

Blue Violets.

Dear Uncle Jed: I have been out getting dandelion greens and I found some blue violets. When I came home I put them in water.

I have a little bantam hen. Her name is Lady Washington. She has five little chickens. One day a hawk came down and she flew over the henhouse and chased him away.

DORIS ESTELLE ROSE, Age 7.
Uncasville.

My Trip to Norwich.

Dear Uncle Jed; Last summer I took a trip to Norwich. My grandmother was going for a visit and my cousin was coming up after her and so my mother, sister, brother and I went with them. He came for us with his car at half past eight in the morning. On the way we saw many interesting things. He took us to his father's house on Laurel Hill and we visited with his mother and aunt all day. We ate dinner and supper there and then another cousin took us to the trolley and we got home about ten o'clock that night.

Fours truly
PHILIP COPELAND, Age 10.
Willimantic.

How He Earned $5 in Gold.

Dear Uncle Jed: One day as little Tommy was walking in the woods with his dog and gun he heard a faint cry. He ran on and followed the cry. He came closer, and closer. He looked around to see if his little dog Peggy was coming. When he turned around he saw before him a little girl crying. She had got lost. She came out to pick flowers in the woods. Her mother had been looking for her and could not find her anywhere. Her mother thought that she had got killed or someone had stolen her precious jewel. She had just got settled down when in came Tommy Brown with Dorothy White in his arms fast asleep.

Her mother was so startled she couldn't move. Finally Tom said, "Here is your precious jewel!" The mother took her in her arms and hugged and kissed her. She said, "Oh! wait a minute, Tommy, I owe you something." She put into his hand a five dollar goldpiece. He said, "Thank you." And went home with a happy heart.

Ever since then he was called "our little hero." If it hadn't been for Tom Brown maybe Dorothy White would not have been here.

With best wishes to all of the Wide-Awakes.

DOROTHY ROOD, Age 14.
Plainfield.

My Trip to New York.

Dear Uncle Jed: I thought I would write and tell you about my trip to New York.

We started by machine for New York one bright Monday morning. There were seven of us. We made a stop at New Canaan, Conn. The next morning we started off for New York at 10 a. m. and landed there at 2.30 p. m. When we got our machine put up we looked for a hotel and we got one between Thirty-first street and Broadway. We had lunch and then went to a museum but it was closed so we went to Coney Island and we went on many things. Then we returned to the hotel. The next morning we started off for Bronx Park where we saw many animals and birds. After coming from there we viewed the stores of New York. We returned to the hotel and the next morning went on the sightseeing trips up Fifth avenue and around Grant's tomb. In the evening ke took in another trip down Chinatown. Down there we went through the Joss House where we were blessed by the Chinese priest and seeing many other things returned to the hotel. The next morning we started for home and landed in Baltic at 6 p. m., but we had to go some. This ended my trip to New York.

Your Wide-Awake Reader,
ESTHER FIRTH, Age 11.
Baltic.

The Story About a Doll.

Dear Uncle Jed: This doll that the story is about was made in Germany. She was a beautiful doll with blue eyes, brown curls, and about a foot and a half high. She was then sent with other dolls to the United States to a large toy department store. One day a woman came in the store and with her was a little golden-haired girl. They asked for a doll that had brown curls. So the storekeeper took out this doll that the story is about and showed it to the woman and the little girl. The little girl liked it so her mother bought it. The little girl named the doll Elsie. So Elsie, the doll, led a happy life in Jane's house, which was the little girl's name. Jane took very good care of her Elsie and would not knock it all around as some little girls do. Elsie was always put to bed every night and had parties just as children do. Jane often went out for walks with her doll and talked to her when alone. Then one day a dreadful thing happened. Jane's doll fell out of her carriage on the sidewalk and smashed her face. Indeed little Jane did mourn for her Elsie. She cried the whole night. Then the next day her mother had another head put on the doll. I am quite sure Jane still has that doll. It wasn't broken again.

PAULINE POBLICKA, Age 13.
New London.

An Experience.

Dear Uncle Jed: One day as I was walking in the garden I was thinking of building a bird house. So I went down cellar and brought up a few boards and started building my house.

I built it all one day, except covering it over with tar paper. The next day I finished it and I was very glad. Then I had to decide where to place it. I placed it on the kitchen for I thought it was the best place I could find.

A few weeks later a strong wind came and blew it off the roof. When I saw the house I was very disappointed but I said to myself, "I will repair the house and put it where it was before."

ERNEST LAFRENIERE, Age 12.
Versailles.

A Trip After the Cows.

Dear Uncle Jed: One night as I went after the cows I saw a big, black snake near the river, so I picked up a rock. But as quick as the snake saw it coming toward him, he squirmed into the water. The snake had its tail out off but it was still a yard long and two inches thick. As I was about to go to the pasture where the cows were, I saw a big coon sitting up in the tree. So I sent my brother home to get the dog and I stayed and watched the coon. When he came back he had my dog, and as quick as he saw the coon he began barking at him. I went up in the tree and knocked down the coon but it got up in a different tree before I had time to get down and help kill him. I went up again and the coon fell down out of the tree. The dog held him till I got down. I took off my coat and put it around the coon and then sent the dog after the cows. I took the coon in the barn and gave him something to eat. But the next morning I found him dead because the dog had bitten him so much.

FRANCIS SULLIVAN, Age 10.
Bozrahville.

In a Sugar Camp.

Dear Uncle Jed: One fine March morning as I strolled down town I met my friend Leonell, known as Happy. I asked him if he would go with me to Canada. He consented and the next day being Friday, we started.

Sunday found us at my uncle's farmhouse. The morning after our arrival we were taken to the sugar camp. It came our turn to sit up and keep the fire going. About midnight Happy, who was after wood came rushing in followed by two bears. In a moment all was in confusion. The men who awoke ran about pursued by the bears, one of which tipped over the large caldron of boiling syrup which went on him and his mate scorching their fur. Happy took his gun and killed the suffering animals, thus giving us for breakfast, dinner and supper, bear steak.

The next morning we put in some more sap and by night it was considerably thick. Now as you must know, to test the syrup we have small wooden paddles or spoons. We were tasting the delicious syrup and Happy, having a very thick paddle, took lots of the sweetess on it and thrust it in his mouth. The spoon went in but not the syrup, which burned his lips so he hardly could talk.

The following week found us in our lone scout cabin, talking of our trip. We all pitied Happy, for his burned lips.

WILFRED BUSKET, Age 13.
Stafford Springs.

TWENTY-SIX PENS MAKE PERFECT DAILY SCORES

The laying contest at Storrs is now running in its tenth year. In the twenty-third week of the current contest the hens repeated the performance of the last two years for the same week by easing of a little from the previous week's production. However, they managed to come through with 521 eggs more than the six-year average. The total production in the twenty-third week was 4,324 eggs or a yield of 68.9 per cent. Each pen in the contest contains ten hens, thus a production of ten eggs in any one day would mean a perfect score. During the current week twenty-six pens made perfect daily scores which were distributed among the Rocks, Wyandottes, Rhode Island Reds and Leghorns.

A pen of Rhode Island Reds owned by H. S. Bickford, Grossville, N. H., won first place for the week with a production of 59 eggs. A pen of Rhode Island Reds entered by Norman M. Misner, Hasbrouck, N. Y., was second for the week with a production of 58 eggs. Abed G. Knikht's White Wyandottes from Bridgeton, R. I., The Orchard's Rhode Island Reds from South Hadley, Mass., and a pen of White Leghorns entered by The Orchard Hill Farm from Sandy Creek, N. Y., all tied, for third place with a yield of 57 eggs each. Ernest W. Picker's Barred Rocks from Glen Ridge, N. J., Applecrest Farm Company's White Rocks from Hampton Falls, N. H., D. S. Vaughn's pen of Rhode Island Reds from Greenville, R. I., and Emory H. Bartlett's pen of White Leghorns from Enfield, Mass., all tied for fourth place with a production of 56 eggs each. A pen of Rhode Island Reds entered by Charles D. Pierce, Arnold Mills, R. I., a pen of White Leghorns owned by Leo A. Grouten, Farmington, Conn., a pen of White Leghorns owned by E. A. Ballard, Chestnut Hill, P., a pen of White Leghorns from New Haven, Conn., entered by Mrs. J. L. Theusen and a pen of White Leghorns entered by L. E. Ingoldsby from Cooperstown, N. Y., all tied for fifth place with a yield of 55 eggs each.

The four leading pens in each of the prinicipal varieties are as follows:

Plymouth Rocks.

W. H. B. Kent (Barred), Cazenovia, N. Y.	847
Rock Rose Farm (Barred) Kalonah, N. H.	773
Ernest W. Picker (Barred), Glen Ridge, N. J.	727
Jules F. Francais, (Barred Rocks) Westhampton Beach, L. I.	636

Rhode Island Reds.

Charles H. Lane, Southboro, Mass.	932
H. S. Pickford, Grosscille, N. H.	873
F. S. Chapin, Longmeadow, Mass.	861
Henry P. Walker, Hudson, Mass.	791

White Leghorns

James O. Le Fevre, New Paltz, N. Y.	863
A. P. Robinson, Calverton, N. Y.	836
L. E. Ingoldsby, Coopertown, N. Y.	808
Hollywood Farm, Hollywood, Wash.	786

Other Varieties

Obed G. Knight (White Wyandottes), Bridgeton, R. I.	959
H. P. Cloyes, (Buff Wyandottes), Silver Lane, Conn.	778
A. E. Hampton, (Black Leghorns), Uittstown, N. J.	631
Harry D. Emmons, (Wh. Wyandottes), Plymouth, Conn.	544

Sgt. Sheehan In Boston.

Sergeant Edward L. Sheehan of Massapeag, a former member of the 56th regiment, who has been engaged in the recruiting service in Springfield has been transferred to the Headquarters of the First Corps Area in Boston, under Colonel Alfred Aloe. Sergeant Sheehan is now engaged in the work of recruiting for the Citizens Military Camp which are to be conducted at Camp Devens, Mass, during the entire month of August.

YANTIC

Mrs. Henry Hamilton entertained friends Tuesday evening in honor of the birthday of Mr. Hamilton. A social evening was enjoyed with victrola selections and games. A luncheon of sandwiches, cake, cookies and coffee was served. Mr. Hamilton received a number of birthday remembrances.

One landmark at the village square is no more. Tree warden Henry E. Davis found the old elm so decayed that he had men remove it last week. The square looks bare without it.

Laborers are making improvements on the Yantic parsonage. The cedar well-sweep has been replaced by a modern cement well, curbing and frame work with wooden top. New drains have been laid, the roof shingled, new revanda props and lattice work, and an attractive railing built approach to the veranda.

Louis Burdick is making alterations to his property on the Franklin Road, boarding in the veranda, tearing out the down stairs entry. He has installed a pipeless furnace and is making other improvements.

The members of the Yantic Fire Engine Company attended Grace church in a body Sunday, marching from the Engine Hall in fine order.

Near the office of the mill Saturday evening, a car bearing registry number 62104 was coming into the village and another car, 67589 was leaving the village, both going at a moderate speed. They were so close together that they collided with enough force to drive the large Buick touring car through the fence and tearing down some of the stone wall in the Engine House lot. Inspector George H. Bradford was called and viewed the wreck, and workmen were several hours getting the car back on the road.

Clarence Edward Carpenter gave the members of his Sunday School class of Grace church an interesting day Saturday, taking them on an automobile trip to Providence. The first stop was for dinner and afterwards, a trip through the shopping center was enjoyed—then a visit to Roger Williams Park and the Museum. The seven members of the class are enthusiastic over the trip they enjoyed.

A donation party was held in Parish Hall, Friday evening.

John Coughlin has returned to his home in Hartford after spending some time with his aunt, Mrs. Thomas Sullivan.

Timothy Coughlin of New Haven is visiting his sister, Mrs. Thomas Sullivan.

Mr. Hardy of Lowell is employed in the Yantic mill as overseer in the finishing room.

Miss Nellie Driscoll has returned to Moosup after enjoying a week's vacation at her home in Franklin.

Friends of Mrs. J. J. Driscoll are pleased to learn of her continued improvement at her home in Franklin. Miss Shea is still at the Driscoll home.

Louis Bogue of Manchester is spending some time at his home here.

Mrs. J. Adams has returned to her home in Montville after a stay of several days with local relatives.

Superintendent Lee of Vermont has arrived to take charge of the work in the Yantic mill.

Mr. and Mrs. Ellis Bentley and son, Ellis, Jr., of Newton Upper Falls are guests at the home of Mr. Bentley's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Wareham W. Bentley.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Louis Oliver of Manchester have returned after passing the week end with Mrs. Oliver's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Hamilton.

Miss Mary Rose O'Hearn, R. N., has returned to Bridgeport after a brief stay at her home here. She had as her guest Miss Helen Carter, who is spending some time here with Mrs. Stephen O'Hearn.

Gladstone Fielding, well known to many local people, is now located in Baltimore, Md.

Mr. and Mrs. Raymond V. Congdon and children, Florence and Raymond, Jr., have returned after a few days spent in Providence with Mrs. Congdon's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Adolph Ploettner.

Samuel Crumblish, who has been spending the winter with relatives in New York and New Jersey, is passing several days with local friends.

East Haddam.—H. Z. Clark has sold his boat, Comrade, to New York purchasers. William Clark and Fred Stout ran it to New York for the new owners Sunday.

80 Years Old —Was Sick

Now Feels Young After Taking Eatonic for Sour Stomach

"I had sour stomach ever since I had the grip and it bothered me badly. Have taken Eatonic only a week and am much better. Am 80 years old," says Mrs. John Hill.

Eatonic quickly relieves sour stomach, indigestion, heartburn, bloating and distress after eating because it takes up and carries out the excess acidity and gases which cause most stomach ailments. If you have "tried everything" and still suffer, do not give up hope. Eatonic has brought relief to tens of thousands like you. A big box costs but a trifle with your druggist's guarantee.

Lee and Osgood, 131 Main St.

HELPED HER LITTLE GIRL

Children need all their strength for growing. A lingering cold weakens them so that the system is open to attack by more serious sickness. Mrs. Amanda Flint, Route 4, New Philadelphia, O., writes: "Foley's Honey and Tar cured my little girl of the worst tickling cough. I had tried many things and found nothing to help until I got Foley's Honey and Tar." Gives immediate relief from distressing racking, tearing, coughs. Lee & Osgood Co.

KEEPING WELL MEANS A CONSTANT FIGHT AGAINST CATARRH

Many diseases may be described as a catarrhal condition. Coughs, colds, nasal catarrh, stomach and bowel disorders are just a few of the very common ills due to catarrh.

Fight it! Fight catarrh with a remedy of assured merit, a remedy which has a reputation for usefulness extending over half a century—

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EGG - - - $12.75
STOVE - - $12.75
NUT - - - $12.75
PEA - - - $11.50

50 cents per ton Extra if baskets are used

THE EDWARD CHAPPELL CO.

COAL LUMBER

Tel. 24—CENTRAL WHARF

BIG WHIST HELD BY DIVISION 18, A. O. H. AUXILIARY

A well attended whist was given by Division 18, Ladies' Auxiliary, A. O. H., in Buckingham Memorial on Tuesday evening. Fifty tables of whist were played and the prizes were awarded as follows: Ladies—first, Miss Annie Sliney; second, Mrs. William Hartle; consolation, Mrs. James Fox. Gentlemen—T. J. Leary, first; second, Mrs. J. Foley, playing in place of a gentleman; consolation, Miss Fensley, also playing as a man.

Preceding the whist there was a cake and preserve sale which netted the division a substantial sum. The door prize, a cake, was awarded to Mrs. Timothy O'Neil. Following the whist dancing was enjoyed, music being furnished by Fontaine's orchestra.

The general chairman of the committee was Miss Mary Hartie, assisted by Mrs. M. L. Sliney. The scorers for the whist were Miss May Nolan, Miss Eileen Fox and Miss Margarite Sliney.

RUSSIAN NIGHT MADE ROUND TABLE PROGRAMME

The Norwich Round Table met Tuesday evening with Mrs. William H. Collins of 63 McKinley avenue. The roll call was answered with an emigrant story. As it was Russian Night for the Round Table, a well prepared paper on Russian Ideals was given by Miss Caroline B. Freeman. Intermission followed.

During intermission there were several excellently rendered sools by Miss Elizabeth Collins accompanied by Miss Susie C. Whittlesey. After intermission there were readings from Russian literature by Rev. Allen Shaw Bush of Gales Ferry and Mrs. Charles Childs Glidersleeve of this city.

New Britain.—Wage reductions averaging $9 per week per man have been proposed by the master bakers of New Britain to tradesmen, including bakers, mixers and foremen. The cuts mark a return to the 1919 wage scale.

SLEPICA IS HELD FOR DEATH OF HERBERT TAYLOR

Wasily Slepica of 114 Bradley street, New London, driver of the automobile which was in collision with a motorcycle driven by Herbert Taylor at the entrance to Jordan cemetery on Sunday, was arraigned in Waterford town court at noon Tuesday, and Judge John H. Walker continued the case until the 23rd at 2 p. m. The accused was held under bonds of $1,500 and in default of furnishing surety was lodged in jail in New London.

The charge against him is criminal negligence. The complaint states that Slepica while driving an automible along the highway turned his car into the left side of the road, causing it to collide with a motorcycle driven by Herbert Taylor and resulting in Taylor's death.

Coroner J. J. Desmond held an inquest at police headquarters in New London, Monday and took the testimony of several witnesses but has not completed his investigations and hence has not given out any finding.

Slepica is scheduled to appear before United States Commissioner Frank L. McGuire next Saturday in a continued case. Slepica is charged with having transported liquor in violation of the national prohibition law.

No Action Against Alderman.

The New London court of common council, at its special meeting Monday night, voted to table and indefinitely postpone action on the communication addressed to the mayor and the council from former Foreman Robert Burdick of the C. L. Ockford Hose Co., preferring charges against Alderman Joseph F. Fitzpatrick and asking for his ejection from membership in the council.

The alderman was charged with selling liquor to members of the Ockford Hose Co., whose fire house is opposite the drug store where alderman Fitzpatrick is a clerk.

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