

WILLIMANTIC

NORWICH BULLETIN WILLIMANTIC OFFICE Telephone 185 23 Church St.

What is Going On Tonight. Knights of Pythias, Natchang lodge, No. 27, meets at 8:05 Main street.

A large congregation filled the First Methodist Episcopal church Sunday evening. There was special music by the choir, also by a male quartette. The evening message was delivered by Rev. John Pearce, the pastor, who spoke briefly on "The Reality of God." The musical programme was as follows: Solo, "Out of the Depths," Arthur L. Clark; anthem, choir; "My Jesus, I Love Thee," Edward; selections, "Remember Me," Oh Mighty One, and "Nearer to Thee," quartet, A. L. Clark, Charles Jernan, Edward F. Cross and Harold Lincoln; anthem by choir, "More Love to Thee."

Daily Day and grating exercises of the several departments of the First Congregational church Sunday school took place Sunday morning at 9:45 during the session of the church school. The graduates from the Junior department were eleven, from the Primary department thirteen, from the Beginners department twelve and from the Cradle Roll eight. All graduates from the Primary department received Bibles the gift of the church school. The department and graduates from each follow: Junior department: Lois Holman, Virginia Hillman, Barbara Pollard, Vera Richmond, Laura St. John, Marjorie Phillips, Lewis Wilson, Merrill Ide, Edward Deombs, John Buck, Christopher Abenethy.

Primary department receiving Bibles: Myrtle Morse, Dorothy Taylor, Arlene Richardson, Helen Pollard, Lella Scripps, Eunice Simmons, Elmer Fry, Walter Bass, Frances Smith, Caroline Smith, Alice Copeland, Calvin Richardson. Beginners department: Irene Carlson, Firman Church, Rowena C. Johnson, S. Fryer, Juliet Fryer, Evelyn Pollard, Erwin E. Morse, George Tomasko, Charles Burdick, Betty Thompson, Gail Smith, Pauline Wilson. Cradle Roll: Clara Staples Branch, Charles Sawyer, Ruth Reynolds, Janet Lincoln, Keith Calvin Carron, Harvey Ladd, Clara Endicott Boss, Kathleen Hibberd.

Federal prohibition agents working under Supervisor William E. Congdon, of the Second Congressional district, conducted eleven raids during the week of September 18th according to the statement of Prohibition Director Harry E. Mackenzie. There were two raids each in Staffordville and Stafford Springs, four in Colchester, and one each in Uncasville, Montville and Palmerston. Supervisor Congdon told of the co-operation of the state, local police and sheriffs, in aiding in enforcing the prohibition laws in the district. Supervisor James I. Lewis of the district comprising Fairlee and Littlefield counties, division and Supervisor Congdon of the Second district, are also charged with the responsibility of inspecting drug stores and manufacturers within their jurisdictions to see that they handle intoxicating liquors in the proper manner to avoid such usage.

Several hundred gathered at Heamer Mountain, Sunday afternoon, to watch the hill-climbing contest under the auspices of the Manchester Motorcycle Club. There were eight participants in the dare-devil riding and many thrills were afforded the spectators. Nearly all entrants managed to make the hill which is over three hundred feet high and of a sixty-per cent grade. An Indian motorcycle on the second trial made the time of 3-5 seconds for the climb and this mark stood for the best time in spite of the tries made by Harley-Davidson drivers. The Harley was forced to take second honors with a 5-5 seconds. One driver, as he made the top struck a stone and his front wheel left the ground. The motorcycle driven at top speed continued on the rear wheel, gradually gaining an upright position, then turning completely over, sending the driver beneath. Another rider went part way up struck a bumper and was unseated. He landed on the rear mudguard and continued up the hill, after climbing back into the seat. The rear wheels were equipped with driving chains.

The prizes awarded amounted to \$125. This club will now seek a harder task for machines. Heamer Mountain having been conquered by several makes of motorcycles.

An alarm of fire from Box 43 Lincoln square in the second business section, Saturday afternoon at 4:15 o'clock, caused considerable excitement for a few minutes. The blaze was at the curbing on Main street, Joseph Labaree of Bank street, this city, was having the gas tank of his car filled at the Rosen pump wheeler. An auto mobile just in front of the pump was backed with the result the sparks igniting loose gasoline in the gutter which swept back to the gasoline pump, starting a blaze that enveloped the car which was hastily drawn to the middle of the road. Pails of water were applied to the burning car also old carpets were used in putting the fire out. In the meantime the fire swept down the gutter for fifty feet consuming all of the waste gasoline before it extinguished itself. Two pieces of fire apparatus from the Bank street engine house responded to the alarm but were not needed.

The crews of Samuel and Morris Spector, father and son, residents of Quarry street, came up at police court Saturday morning and were continued for three months. Both are charged with breach of the peace. The complainant, Esther Spector, wife of Morris Spector, told a neighbor, when she had her father-in-law and her husband falling to provide food for her and their little child, she being forced to take in sewing to get the money to buy food and clothing for the child. Her father-in-law had beaten her often but the show-down came last Sunday when both her father-in-law and husband took to beating her. She was always ready to eat but the trouble was that his wife was too friendly with the family of Joe Rosen, whom he described as his enemies. His wife told lies about himself and his father. Sunday, when his father cried to get into the house she beat him over the head with a broom handle and he grabbed her arm, inflicting the bruises. His father or the stand off the same story. He evaded the house but only to get into the house and beat her over the head with a broom handle.

Judge Foss informed the Junior Spectors that their domestic troubles must cease and be settled both by try to live happily together. To Samuel and Morris Spector he said, "You two men have quite a record in this court. If either of you comes before me again and is found guilty you will get a jail term. The case was then continued three months.

Funeral services for Mrs. Ella B. Parish were held Saturday afternoon at 2 o'clock at her home, No. 33 Broad street, and were largely attended by relatives and friends. Services were conducted by Rev. Walter F. Borchert, rector of St. Paul's Episcopal church. The bearers were George, Samuel and Fred Parish, William Herrick, Frank Herrick, and Bert Thompson. Burial was in the Willimantic cemetery, the arrangements being by Jay M. Shepard.

The funeral of Martin Norman Shea, the two and one-half months old son of Martin and Bertha Duchesneau Shea of No. 933 Main street, was held Saturday afternoon at 4 o'clock from the parents' home. Death was due to pneumonia.

A. J. Brown of Greenwood, Mass., has notified Secretary Frank R. Custard of the Y. M. C. A., of his acceptance of the appointment of physical director at the local association. Mr. Brown has had fourteen years of experience in this work. Mr. Brown has had four years' experience in this work. Mr. Brown will be the first physical director of the local Y. M. C. A. for several years, as since the resignation of G. A. Sturges, who entered the Y service abroad, the physical department has been handled by local people. Under the guidance of these local directors the gymnasium work has been kept up to a high standard and Mr. Brown has only to pick up the work where the others left off at the end of the spring term.

Men of the First Baptist church enjoyed a get-together meeting Friday afternoon at 7:15 o'clock. Supper was served by members of the Ladies Aid Society to about forty members of the Men's club. The menu included: Roast Beef, Mashed Potatoes, Brown Gravy, Green Peas, Buttered Riggs, Coffee, Pie.

During the meal an address on A Man's Job, was delivered by Joseph B. Palmer of Hartford, Y. M. C. A. Mr. Palmer is engaged in work with men and boys and was well able to discuss his subject from many angles. Following the supper an entertainment was provided for the boys were enjoyed. Charles Turner of this city delighted the gathering with several violin selections. The remainder of the social hour was spent in the enjoyment of the music.

Leo White was in Norwich Friday. Mr. and Mrs. Earle Holmes motored to Norwich Thursday evening to attend the musical comedy at the Davis theatre.

Louis Slavkin has returned from New York, where he has been taking a short course in electricity this summer.

Monroe Blake of the Grove has come to Bristol to visit friends for several days.

P. A. Daniels and son Origen are making general repairs to a cottage at Crescent Beach.

Mrs. W. J. Manwaring will leave soon for her home in New Haven after spending the season at her Pine Grove summer home.

Henry E. Smith of East Haven spent the week-end at his summer home in the Grove.

Albert E. Brown of New Haven spent the week-end at the Smith cottage.

Kenneth Garrit has returned to his home on Main street after a visit to his aunt in Middletown.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred G. Prothro and son William recently closed their Pine Grove cottage and returned to their home in Norwich.

F. N. Park of Norwich is making a visit of his summer home in the Grove.

Samuel Rogers has been in New York city and vicinity on a pleasure trip for several days.

Mrs. Alice A. Beckwith of New London is visiting her cousin, P. A. Daniels and family of Lake Avenue.

of games familiar to Y members or experienced men. The meeting was for the purpose of reorganizing the Baptist Men's club. The club during the coming months is to hold forums for the discussion of vital topics of the day, and many social gatherings are planned.

Merritt E. Carpenter, son of Rev. Arthur D. Carpenter of this city, met with a painful accident Thursday evening while engaged in masonry work at the Y. M. C. A. He was trying the flying rings when he suddenly lost his grip and fell to the floor, doubling his right arm beneath him, breaking the wrist in two places. The fractures were set by a local physician.

Of the forty-eight candidates for final naturalization papers who appeared before United States Special Naturalization Examiner Dodge, nearly all passed the requirements. They were: Constantine Joseph, Michael Ostrin, Fritz Garulat, Louis John Kohlhoff, John Koernik, Alphonse Charles Dautheneuil, Alexander Ellison, Joseph Tanrede Handfield.

New Cases—Daniel Wade, Joseph Lesniak, Joseph Sadoski, Maurice Francis Carey, Frank Kuchta, Coates Timotheus Siamaton, Taniste Gadue, Timothy Thomas Sullivan, Harry Brown, Arthur Bernie Spector, John Zolnary, Arthur Klasson, Joseph Astman, Adger Bernard Assad Joseph Malotte, Nicoli Gavallo, Peter Peterson, John Bak, Harvey Joseph Amire, Joseph Alexis Archambault, Nicholas Zolnary, Anthony Thomas Lutsek, John Lutsek, Fred Joseph Bernard.

Continued for further study John Tabar, Emile Lussier, Donat Benard, Paul Fregault, Ovid Gagnin. Dismissed. John members of the Y. M. C. A. Suspended pending investigation of draft record, Abraham Telague.

Brief News. Mrs. Lucy A. Pond of Grisport has returned home after visiting Mrs. E. S. Luncheon of South street.

Mrs. Darius M. Bennett and daughter, of the Ridges have returned home after an automobile tour through the White Mountains to Portland, Me., and down the coast to Boston.

The Men's Club of the First Methodist Episcopal church held a public supper at the church Friday night. They were assisted by members of the Methodist Episcopal Society.

Samuel Simpson, constable and dog warden in Chaplin, has received notice of another appointment from the state. He is now game warden in that town.

Officers of St. Paul's Episcopal Men's club for the ensuing year are: President, C. J. Albro; vice president, Robert Winters; secretary, Paul Bernick; treasurer, John Sheffield.

"Take notice! Come to the Mansfield Agricultural Fair, Wednesday afternoon, Sept. 23, and all day Thursday, Sept. 29, in the armory at Storrs. Don't forget to get your money's worth in full—adv."

Hours of work at the local freight station are changed beginning today, (Monday). The employees go to work at 8 a. m. and quit work at 5 p. m.

The civil suit of Samuel L. Harvey vs. Jessie Ellis, to be heard by Justice of the Peace Curtis Dean at his office Saturday was again continued this time to Saturday October 8th at 9 o'clock.

A guest of Miss Gertrude Turner at her home on North street is Miss Helen Abbe of Washington, D. C. Miss C. Marguerite Parks, daughter of Rev. John Pearce left for Hartford Saturday morning to resume her studies at Columbia University.

Odell M. Chapman Fife and Drum Corps of this city took part in the field day program at Storrs, Conn. The corps of the Oxbridge, Mass., drum corps. The Willimantic corps is planning a field day October 15th.

Changes on the Willimantic-Norwich trolley line affecting local residents. The first trolley in the morning leaves Norwich at 4:45 arriving here at 6:05 a. m. and returning leaves here at 6:25 a. m. arriving in Norwich at 7:45 a. m. The 3:25 run from this city has been discontinued.

Misses Bertha Botham and Agnes Tremblay who recently resigned at the coating department of the American Thread Company were given a farewell party Friday night at the home of Howard Miller on Spring street. Miss Botham is to take up new work in Philadelphia and Miss Tremblay is to be married soon.

There was a large attendance Sunday afternoon at Central Labor Union Hall when M. A. Rolleston of Hartford gave a bible lecture on "Millions Now Living Will Never Die." The lecture was given under the auspices of the International Bible Students' Association.

COLCHESTER. Albert H. Fote has returned from a week's visit with relatives in Amherst, Mass.

Joseph Kelley of New London, foreman of the New London end of the state road job, was a visitor in town on Friday.

The new time table on the railroad went into effect Sunday the 23th. The Sunday trains on the branch have been discontinued and the week day trains will arrive and depart one hour later except the last train which will arrive at 7:13 instead of 6:03.

Attorney Thomas M. Shields of Norwich was in town Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur H. Chapman and Jeremiah and Catherine Shea were in Portland, Friday, attending Portland fair.

Mr. and Mrs. Asa B. Taylor, Miss Ethel Garry, Charles A. Kramer and daughter, returned in Mr. Taylor's car to the Portland fair. Mr. Taylor and Mr. Cramer were judge of sheep and swine at the fair.

Mrs. William E. Strong and daughter, Miss Belle R. Strong and Mrs. Hattie Fox were guests of Mrs. Strong's daughter, Mrs. Hattie Reynolds, in Norwich, Thursday.

Charles Daniels of the Deep River club house was the guest Saturday of his brother, Eben.

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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 150 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 PORTY. The Prayer of a Caged Canary. When I settle down to sleep, My little cage from draughts pray keep.

In darkened corner snug and warm, Secure from mice and all alarm.

And in the morning when I wake If my small home quite neat you'll make,

With perches clean and sanded floor, My hymn of gratitude will soar.

Fresh seed and water are my wealth, A bone of cuttle-fish my health, With bit of lettuce, apple sweep, Or orange as occasional treat.

My bath I covet—but pray try To shield me from all draughts till dry;

Yet place me not in sunshine strong, 'Tis rather trying all day long.

Nor hang my cage too high above, Bring me more close to those I love, To be where I can always greet Your kindly words with singing sweet.

—Edith M. Aims. My Mother. Who means to me all that is good and true?

Who is the sweetest and loveliest, too? Who has the most wondrous eyes of blue?

Of all the world? My mother. Who to me a "pal" has always been?

Who has taught me to bear and to love? Who has helped me through the strife and din?

Of this old world? My mother. Who is my fondest thought today?

Whom do I send all greetings gay? Who is it ever that I pray Be spared to me? My mother.

—Beatrice N. Hanrahan. UNCLE JED'S TALK TO WIDE-AWAKES.

There are members of the Wide-Awake Circle who have given up reading fairy stories, there are others who have not and there are still others who are just beginning to appreciate the great pleasure of reading them for themselves.

Somehow fairy stories have a fascination for most children and that fascination remains with some longer than it does with others but the time comes when you want something different, something like others have been reading and talking about. Of course you don't have to give up the fairy stories if you don't want to but sooner or later you will see the wisdom of following the advice of teacher, mother and father, cast aside the fairies and read stories of real life. In time, however, the fairies make way for Treasure Island, The Bears of Blue River, Tom Sawyer or Little Women and then

the spell of fairyland is more or less broken. Perhaps some of the Wide-Awakes have read or heard it said that "a good book is the best of friends, the same today and forever." If you haven't that is one of the things you will have a chance to find out. Good books are wonderful companions and it is to the good books, those from which we can get our great helps, great thoughts, those which serve, as someone has said, as a university that attention should be turned. They are different than the fairy tales. They are different than some other of the books but just as much as all of our time should be devoted to play so all of our reading should not be of the kind that simply entertains without teaching.

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Laura Jodela of Plainfield—I received the book you sent me entitled The Campfire Girls at the Seashore. I read it and it is very interesting. I thank you very much.

LETTERS WRITTEN BY WIDE-AWAKES. A Brave Deed.

Dear Uncle Jed: A little miss of twelve, named Carol Hilton was sitting up in a pine tree reading. Carol didn't want to go with them because she had a headache.

Carol did not find the book she was reading very interesting, so she put it down and climbed higher up in the tree, to a place where she could see the country for miles around. Looking down the railroad track which was nearby she saw a little tot toddling down the track. She recognized him as little Billy Hastings, who lived next door.

Suddenly Carol remembered the 3 o'clock train. Looking at her wrist watch which her father had given her for her last birthday, she saw that it was five minutes to 3. Carol realized that if she did not reach Billy before the train came around a curve up the track, Billy could not be saved. She climbed down

the tree and ran quickly down the track. What did she hear? The roar of the locomotive! She reached Billy and managed to scramble up the bank as the train rushed past. CATHERINE GEARY, Putnam.

School Days. Dear Uncle Jed: I haven't written to you for some time, but am about to now. I am going to write you a short story about school. The next day I don't want to go to school, and I feel sad and sorry. That night when she went to bed, she dreamed a queer dream, and this is it. Her parents were poor, and her mother needed her assistance about the house. She had never entered a schoolroom, and she was as ignorant as a fool. Her English was exceedingly poor, and as a consequence she was teased and laughed about them. She found it very difficult to speak with other people. She always felt embarrassed when speaking. She woke up and felt very miserable, and then thought would be horrid to keep away from school. The next day she made her preparations for school, with a light, cheery heart, and all through the day she busied herself with her lessons.

She could hardly wait for each succeeding day to come, that she might continue with her lessons. And so Isabel, by her dream, learned a very good lesson. Yours sincerely, LILLIAN ANDERSON, Age 12, Brooklyn.

About Myself. Dear Uncle Jed: This is to be all about myself as I thought you and the cousins would like to hear it. I was born in Leonard's Bridge on the eighteenth day of December. I lived there for five years when my mother died and I went to live with a friend. I lived there for a year and went to another friend's where I have lived ever since. I have attended three common schools, one in Essex, one in Tobacco street and the one from which I was graduated which is Pine street, and now I am attending high school. I like bicycling best of all sports as I own a bicycle. I like my studies very much, especially English, and science. My greatest ambition is to be a good bookkeeper. I used to wish to be a teacher but that's all changed. Hoping you'll like this. Columbia. C. CORA CARPENTER.

Bob's Discovery. Dear Uncle Jed: Rob, who was tired of reading, thought he would take a walk in the woods. He had gone quite a way on a path that he had never seen before and it was only by mistake that he found it. When he had left home he had strayed into the woods. He stopped to tie his shoe lace and he heard a low voice. Crouching low he held his breath and listened. He saw Rob soon found out that a plot was being made between two men to rob the village store of its money that night. Rob, being afraid that they might see him, laid down in some bushes. As the men had gone, Rob hastened to the storekeeper who, thanking Rob, asked him to come and spend the night at the store with him and some more men who he would hire.

The next morning two men were put in the village jail. The storekeeper and giving him an envelope told him not to open it until he was told. And now I leave you to guess what was in the envelope. I am sure it will not be a very hard guess. MARGIE GAHAN, Age 11, Voluntown.

Earning a Quarter. Dear Uncle Jed: Once upon a time there was a man and he had a lot of bundles. On the way he met a boy. The boy said: "Would you like me to help you?" The man said yes. So they walked on till they met another boy. This boy said: "Would you like me to help you?" The man said yes. By and by they came to a white house. The boy said: "Is that your house?" The man said, "No." So they walked on until they came to a brown house. The man said to the boy, "Is that your house?" The boy said, "No." So they walked on until they came to a green and yellow house. The boy asked: "Is this your house?" The man said, "Yes." They walked into the house with the man. The man handed them each a quarter.

A Motorcar. Dear Uncle Jed: I am a motorcar, and from the time I was made I have had so many adventures that I will not undertake to tell you all of them, but I will tell you some of them. At first the man that owned me kept me all polished up and washed me every other day. But he got tired of that and he took me to another lady, who started with me the same way but she kept it up, and one day she took a ride in me and bumped into another motorcar and hurt my nose. She took me to a garage and had me fixed up.

When she got me fixed up a man offered her \$800 for me. She sold me to the man and he was a reckless driver, and he bumped me into telephone poles, trolley cars and other motorcars until I am now all damaged up. He put me in a garage, and there is where I found the paper to write this story on. HARRY DAVIS, Age 10, Montville.

Playing Pilgrims. Dear Uncle Jed: "Oh, dear," sighed Polly, as she looked out of the window on to a rainy world. "Oh, dear, what can I do. No one ever did anything on a day like this." Katy Norton said: "He couldn't come over and I don't know know what to do. Oh, dear."

"Why, Polly," said Mrs. Hill, "What is the matter? Where is my bright, cheerful Polly? Cheer up."

"But," grumbled Polly, "you know that no one could be brave on a day like this."

"Polly Hill" said her mother in a surprised tone. "Have you forgotten your history? Don't you remember how just 200 years ago today, or rather this year, the Pilgrims landed on Plymouth Rock? Don't you remember that poem that says: "The trees against a stormy sky "Their giant branches tossed." Don't ever say that again. Why, rainy weather don't make any difference."

"Yes," said Polly, "but they had something to do and I don't." Oh, here comes Katy. Katy gazed for moments finally her come. Hello, Katy," she called, and ran downstairs to let in her friend.

"Come on up, and maybe mother will tell us something, we can do."

"Well," said Mrs. Hill in answer to their query, "why don't you play Pilgrim?"

"Oh, how do you play it?" they said in unison, very plainly pleased with the suggestion.

Mrs. Hill then told them how, and they ran off to the playroom.

The carpet of this room was blue and that made a lovely ocean. They turned a chair over in one corner for Plymouth Rock, and then they turned over a table for a boat.

For a time they played that they were crossing the ocean, then they pushed up the table to the chair and stepped out onto it.

Then they made a tent and played on "shores." About 4 o'clock, Mrs. Hill brought them

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