WILLIMANTIC

NORWICH BULLETIN
Willimantic Office
11 Church Street Telephone 1062

What Is Going On Tonight.

Natchaug Lodge, No. 32, Knights of Pythias, meets at 867 Main street.

Knights of Columbus, San Jose Assembly, No. 14, meets in Opera House block.

L'Union St. Jean Baptiste 'Amerique Council Florimont No. 74, meets in Armory hall, Center street.

A special meeting of the board of aldermen was called for Saturday night by Mayor Charles A. Gates for the purpose of filling the vacancy in the office of city clerk and treasurer, resulting through the death of Albert C. Scripture who had held that office for many years, as a democrat and in late years on both party tickets.

One candidate was mentioned for the office, John R. Edgarton, who has cared for the duties during the illness of Mr. Scripture and since his death. The board immediately gave him an unanimous vote. Mr. Edgarton will hold office until the biennial city election, in December 1923. Mr. Edgarton is well equipped to perform the duties of city clerk and treasurer, having served the city to fill out the unexpired term of Fred Sanderson who resigned while in office to enter the silk business. Until recently Mr. Edgarton has been connected with the state motor vehicle department.

Engine Company No. 1 was called out Sunday forenoon for a chimney fire at the home of Joseph Schink of No. 60 Elm street. The fire was soon extinguished, six gallons of chemical being used. The owner of the house is Charles Haddad.

A Hartford Sunday paper, carrying the story of the meeting of the state athletic board at Hartford Saturday, told the story of the meeting that concerned the Popular Athletic Club of this city. According to the story the license of the local club was suspended for 15 days. John Nichols, one of the leading men of the club, said that he had had no such notice from the board, and was waiting for more definite news. The cases of the men held up from fighting or who lay down on the promoters, also came up. Red Ames was suspended for 90 days and Jack Healey drew a sixty-day suspension for the part he played here in the boxing game. Healey was informed that he must return the money he received from the club. "Hatching" Feeney drew a suspension to last indefinitely and Young Kansas was also suspended indefinitely and must return his share of the money. Young Girard and Dick Barry were absolved from any connection with the case.

Willimantic fans are not sorry to learn that these men drew severe sentences as the fight proved a farce and Willimantic fans want real fighting. The Popular Athletic club will look over the men they wish to have appear here more carefully in the future and a forfeit will be demanded of every boxer, thus ending any chance of another lay down match.

The fans all commend the action of the local boxing commissioners, W. E. Jackson and John O'Rourke, in stopping the bouts and taking the entire matter up with the state board.

Hundreds of Willimantic people expressed regret Saturday afternoon when District Deputy T. Frank Cunningham, of the Knights of Columbus, received a telegram from Dr. James J. Walsh of New York, that he would be unable to lecture in this city Sunday night, owing to the death of his sister. Dr. Walsh was to speak at the last of the community forums at the town hall Sunday night. It is expected that Dr. Walsh will be able to come to this city at some future date and deliver his well known address, The Thirteenth Greatest of Centuries. The reception and banquet planned in honor of Dr. Walsh by San Jose Council, No. 14, Knights of Columbus was indefinitely postponed.

Albert Paulhus, son of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph B. Paulhus, a graduate of Windham High school class of 1920, now in the apprentice department of the General Electric Company, Lynn, Mass., is making a name for himself as an actor in plays produced by the company. Mr. Paulhus recently took a leading part in the minstrels put on by the blue print department and the show went so well that it was reproduced at the Parker Hill hospital, Saturday night, before the patients. The Lynn, Evening Telegram has the following to say about the comedy in which Mr. Paulhus has a leading role: 'Everything points to a complete success for the presentation of the G. E. Apprentice Fraternity comedy, When a Feller Needs a Friend, at the Waldorf theatre, April 26. The comedy affords numberless opportunities for the development of humorous situations. The player cast are attending rehearsals with the determination to make this affair superior in every detail. Albert Paulhus will be seen as Mrs. Reese, landlady."

Chief of Police Daniel Killourey is in receipt of a letter from Dr. R. L. Leak, acting superintendent of the insane hospital at Middletown, to the effect that the hospital authorities want James E. Friery, who was sentenced to 90 days at Brooklyn jail, early last week by Judge Frank H. Foss, when brought in on a charge of intoxication. Friery, according to Dr. Leak, is wanted for the theft of a raincoat and a promissory note for six dollars loaned Friery by John F. Kiley. The raincoat belonged to Edward Trebert, an attendant at the hospital. Friery was formerly an attendant at the Middletown institution. Chief Killourey notified Dr. Leak that Friery's address for the next three months would be Brooklyn jail.

Weather, be it warm or cold, pleasant or stormy, can never hold the dyed-in-the-wool fisherman from going out April 1st to try his luck at catching the elusive trout. April 1, 1922, was not an ideal day by any means, but several hundred fishermen from Willimantic and vicinity who had been digging night crawlers for the past week, arose and went out to try their luck. In spite of the weather several good catches were reported, and others who caught a lone trout came home satisfied, for they had started the season with a perfect score.

The civil suit brought by Dr. Fred M. Smith of this city against Lester Winkleman, of New Haven, twice postponed, came up before Justice of the Peace Curtis Dean Saturday forenoon. The defendant failed to appear and judgment for $100 and costs was rendered for the plaintiff by default. The case arose from the taking of Dr. Smith's automobile some months ago, by Winkleman. The automobile was located in the other end of the state, after several days and heavy expenses were incurred by Dr. Smith in getting his machine back. Winkleman is now in the United States army, stationed in the south.

"Bob" Higgins, captain of the Emerald basketball five of this city, is making a name for himself in Fall River and recently rung the final and winning basket for the Azab Grotto basketball team, which gave them the championship. The game was with the New England Oil Refining Company quintet and was one of the roughest games played on the Y. M. C. A. floor. The final score was 19 to 18 for the Grotto. Higgins got one field basket in the first half and had three in the second. Time was about up when Higgins took a pass from Sam Marks close to the west bank and dropped it into the basket with a perfect shot. The Fall River papers give Bob credit of playing the cleanest ball of any man on the floor.

Funeral services for Mrs. Ellen M. Twomey were held Saturday morning at 9:30 o'clock from her home, No. 227 Jackson street. In the solemn high requiem mass at St. Joseph's church at 10 o'clock, Rev. Felix J. O'Neill, pastor of St. Edward's church, Stafford Springs, was the celebrant; Rev. John E. Clark was deacon, and Rev. Charles M. Kelly sub-deacon. As the body was borne into the church a quartet, John and Arthur Roy, Mrs. Henry Mathieu, and John McShea sang Lead Kindly Light. At the offertory Mrs. Mathieu sang Ave Maria, and for the waiting hymn Arthur Roy gave effectively Renard's Rock of Ages. Burial was in St. Joseph's cemetery where the committal service was read by Rev. John E. Clark, assisted by Rev. Felix O'Neill and Rev. Charles Kelly. The bearers were James Mullane of Hartford, James Sweetman, of New Haven, Richard Sweetman of Shelton, James Twomey, Jr., Murray Tighe and Harold Martin of this city. The floral tributes were beautiful. Relatives and friends attended from Stamford, Westerly, Worcester, Norwich, Baltic, New Haven, New London, Shelton, Brooklyn, N. Y., and Pittsfield, Mass.

Brief Notes.

Sunday ended the three days' storm that has held Willimantic in its grip, spreading discomfort and leaving a coating of snow over nearby fields. The sun shone brightly in the afternoon and the mercury rose rapidly. Many who had been kept in the house for the past few days ventured out Sunday and enjoyed the sunshine.

Local people will go to Mansfield Center tonight (Monday) to hear Dr. Russell Conwell deliver his famous lecture on Acres of Diamonds.

Schools open today (Monday) after the Easter vacation. Many faculty members who have been spending their vacations at their homes in other cities arrived here Sunday.

Keeney Lathrop is spending the spring vacation from Phillips Academy, with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Lathrop of Windham.

Mrs. Isabel Bradley delivered addresses at the Sunday meetings of the First Spiritualist Society. Mrs. Bradley has frequently appeared in this city and is a well known speaker and message-bearer.

The officers of Willimantic lodge, No. 1311, B. P. O. Elks, are to be installed at the regular meeting of the lodge on Wednesday evening. Past Exalted Ruler Lawrence E. Millea of Norwich lodge No. 430, is to be the installing officer.

Dr. and Mrs. Robert C. White are returning from the West Indies to their home here, having sailed from the islands Wednesday last.

William Smith and daughter Margaret spent the week-end with Mr. Smith's daughter, Mrs. Julian Norton, of Bristol.

Miss Grace Gafford, who has been the guest of Miss Marion Hillhouse, left Saturday for Waterbury where she will spend the remainder of her vacation.

Water rose fast in the Willimantic and Natchaug rivers Saturday, but began to recede slowly Sunday. The flood of a few weeks ago has not been reached before in several years.

Miss Elizabeth Abbe, of Windham, is to speak at the Tuesday meeting of the Willimantic Woman's Club. Miss Abbe at the last meeting told of her trip to Japan. Tuesday she will continue on the subject of her trip to the Orient, taking India for her theme.

Mrs. Robert H. Fenton, for the past six years president of the Willimantic Woman's Club, tendered her resignation recently. Friday afternoon the members gave a luncheon at which Mrs. Fenton was presented a fountain pen.

The April meeting of Francis S. Long Post, No. 30, G. A. R., was held Saturday afternoon at the G. A. R. rooms in the town building. Commander A. P. Benner presided. Of the fourteen members seven were present.

Mrs. Mary E. Flagg of Norwich has disposed of three lots on Potter street, off Windham road to Peter Van Haverbeke.

The wedding of Abraham Borodach and Miss Helen S. Soloteroff took place Sunday afternoon at 2 o'clock at the synagogue of Congregation Tifereth Israel, 1938 Prospect avenue, Bronx. Mr. Borodach is proprietor of the Windham Market.

Clerk Edgar M. Warner of the superior court was in this city Saturday to give examinations to those desiring citizenship papers. About a dozen applied.

Miss Charlotte Bottsford spent the week-end with friends in New Haven.

Miss Pauline Bill, who recently recovered from illness, has returned to her duties at the tuberculosis hospital on Staten Island.

A. F. Brown, physical director at the local Y. M. C. A., spent Sunday at his home in Greenwood, Mass.

Miss Edwinna Chesbro Canter, of Tenafly, N. J., spent the week-end with her uncle, Samuel Chesbro of this city.

STAFFORD SPRINGS

John Panciera has bought a building lot near the junction of Converse avenue and West Main street.

Frank Belcher and Miss Elizabeth Ann Von Deek were married by Rev. John Winthrop Ballantine at the home of the officiating clergyman on Prospect street Friday afternoon, the double ring service being used. The bridesmaid was Miss Dorothy Belcher and the best man John Sartori, both of Staffordville.

The heavy snowstorm Friday and Saturday was disheartening to local trout fishermen, as well as to automobilists who were anxiously waiting for April 1st to try out new cars. The snow Saturday morning was several inches deep and a number of people came to the Springs early in the morning in sleighs a rather unusual occurrence so late in the season.

Winford Slater of Hop River was in town on business Saturday. Mr. Slater was a former resident of this town.

The Boys' club rooms closed Saturday afternoon for the season.

Miss Helen Chapin has been visiting friends in Springfield.

Misses Mary and Margaret Ballantine have returned from a week's vacation with relatives in New York.

An effort is being made to organize a baseball team at the Springs. Last year the team went through about half the season and then disbanded on account of lack of funds. It is now proposed to have a team composed of all local talent and by so doing the promoters believe they can meet all expenses and produce a good article of amateur baseball. Roy Connors is acting as captain until his successor is elected.

PLAINFIELD

The post-season matches for the championship of the town have started in the local bowling alley. Friday night the Walsh-Raney vs. Moffitt-Hopkins match proved to be one of the most exciting seen on the alleys for some time. Only 10 strings were rolled, the remainder to be rolled this week Friday. Walsh was in his usual good form, averaging 125.9 for the 10 strings. Raney averaged 116.5, Moffitt 121.1, Hopkins 113.6. Moffitt had high single of the evening, 159, but Walsh hit high 10 with 1259. The summary:

String.	Walsh.	Raney.	Moffitt.	Hopkins.
1	132	106	98	115
2	137	126	109	131
3	115	125	153	126
4	119	140	124	115
5	156	103	103	89
6	132	126	101	84
7	121	136	131	109
8	110	103	117	115
9	97	107	159	133
10	137	108	124	117
	1259	1165	1211	1136

The Moffitt-Hopkins team claim they will overcome the 77-pin lead of the Walsh-Raney combination next Friday night. A big crowd of both sexes was on hand to witness the match.

The Cubs won the first leg of the basketball series with the local troop of Boy Scouts Friday evening, 38-6. The second match has been scheduled for Monday, when the Scouts hope by strengthening their lineup to win the second leg.

The first aid class met Thursday evening in the day nursery, but due to lack of heat the session was transferred to the Community house.

The library has just received a new lot of French books and magazines donated by an interested friend from Norwich. The books have already created an interest among patrons.

The swimming tank in the Community house has reopened after being closed several weeks for repairs.

Collinsville.—Prof. and Mrs. W. M. Strong entertained all the Collinsville school teachers at a shower the other evening in honor of Miss Stockwell and Harold Humphrey, whose engagement was announced recently, and Miss Johnston and Edward Bidwell, whose engagement was announced at the shower.

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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 300 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.

Birds' Kindergarten.

What trouble in the Forest school
Has happened, who can say?
I heard the saddest argument
Up in the trees today.

For suddenly there screamed a voice
Of one who seemed to hide,
And "Teacher! Teacher! Teacher!"
It hysterically cried.

O, then I heard a stern rebuke,
Directly overhead,
And "Mary! Come he'ah!"
Was plainly what it said.

Then "Phoebe" came another cry,
The voice seemed faint with fear,
And after that, in high pitched tones,
An angry "Dear, dear, dear!"

O, what had little Mary done?
And what did Phoebe do?
And did the Teacher punish them,
The naughty, naughty two?

I crept and listened like a spy,
I am ashamed to say;
But what the fuss was all about
I could not learn that day.

The Gulls.

Soft is the sky in the mist-kirtled east,
Light is abroad on the sea,
All of the heaven with silver is fleeced,
Holding the sunrise in fee.
Lo! with a flash and uplifting of wings,
Down where the long ripples break,
Cometh a bevy of glad-hearted things,
'Tis morn, for the gulls are awake.

Slumberous calm on the ocean and shore
Comes with the turn of the tide;
Never a strong-sweeping pinion may soar
Where the tame fishing-boats ride!
Far and beyond in blue deserts of sea,
Where the wild winds are at play,
There may the spirits of sea-birds be free—
'Tis noon, for the gulls are away.

Over the rim of the sunset is blown
Sea-dusk of purple and gold,
Speed now the wanderers back to their own,
Wings the most tireless must fold.
Homeward together at twilight they flock,
Sated with joys of the deep,
Drowsily huddled on headland and rock—
'Tis night, for the gulls are asleep.

—L. M. Montgomery, in East and West.

UNCLE JED'S TALK TO WIDE-AWAKES.

Wide-Awakes are of course curious and as April fooling is freely indulged in as regularly as the first of April comes around, there are many no doubt who wondered why there should be such a day.

It is not an easy question to answer. There has been April fooling for a long, long time. There is one stoy to the effect that it started from Noah sending out a dove from the ark before the water had gone down, on the first day of the month which, with the Hebrews, was the same month which we know as April. Gradually it became customary to send whoever could be induced to go on some errand as useless as that of the dove.

Most people, however, believe that it started in France. Formerly the Christian world celebrated New Year's in March, and the festival ended April 1st. In the 16th century the date was changed to Jan. 1st for New Year's, but of course many people forgot about the changed date and others would make fun of them by pretending to celebrate on the first of April.

As time went on people forgot about what the custom meant, but they kept up their fooling, and added new ways of getting a laugh on unsuspecting friends. It has long been a habit for children to place valuable looking packages in public places, often made heavy so that the one who refuses to pick it up and tries to kick it aside still makes an April fool of himself. Older people do not take the day very seriously, or at least not as much as they did at one time, and like many other festivals the feast of "all fools" has now fallen into disuse, except among the children, who as the Wide-Awakes know find plenty of fun on April 1st and many times for days thereafter.

WINNERS OF PRIZE BOOKS.

1—**Eva Erickson** of Baltic—The Prize Watch.

2—**Margery Gray** of Willimantic—The Castle of the Carpathians.

3—**Susan J. Carusella** of Eagleville—Tabitha's Vacation.

4—**Vernon Warhurst** of Plainfield—Three Young Ranchmen.

5—**Louise Dziwiez** of Stafford Springs—The First Capture.

6—**L. Irene Maine** of Clark's Falls—A Struggle for a Fortune.

7—**Sophie Golick** of South Coventry—Henrietta Hen.

8—**Ernest Straub** of Norwich—The Boy Scouts in Front of Warsaw.

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

LETTERS OF ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

Faun E. Jewett of Clark's Corner: I am very much pleased with the book you sent me. I have read quite a little in it. I like the name of The Castle of the Carpathians. I am very pleased to find it so big.

Margaret Pettini of Gales Ferry: I am writing to you to let you know that I received your book. I thank you very much. I have read half of it and I like it. I thank you ever so much for sending it to me.

Mary McDermott of Jewett City: Many thanks for the nice book which you sent me. It is most interesting.

Marjorie C. Gates of Gales Ferry: Thank you very much for the book you sent me entitled The First Capture. I have read it and liked it very much.

Emma Steinmayer of Eagleville: I have received your prize book and thank you very much.

Harriet Park of Mystic: I want to thank you for the prize book you sent me, The Life of Abraham Lincoln. My mother read the book aloud and we all enjoyed it very much.

Sarah Gill of Jewett City: I received my prize book and I thank you for it. I have read it and I found it very interesting.

Alma Philipp of Baltic: I received the prize book you sent me and thank you very much for it.

Howard Chase of Gales Ferry: I thank you very much for the book you gave me. I haven't started it yet, but I think it will be very interesting.

Margaret Oehrig of Windham: Thanks very much for the prize book, Captain Tip Top. I know I will like it because I love to read about adventures. It pleased me very much that you thought my story worth a prize.

LETTERS WRITTEN BY WIDE-AWAKES.

An Interrupted Party.

Dear Uncle Jed: Once upon a time a group of school children decided to have a Thanksgiving party by themselves. There were ten of them, five boys and five girls. They thought they would have a great deal of fun if they had their party outside and so they decided to.

The day before Thanksgiving was a busy day for the children. The girls were making various kinds of cakes and candy. They also wanted to make some ice cream, but they were very much disappointed in the morning because the ice cream did not freeze. The boys went hunting and some went fishing. At night they brought much game and fish.

The next day was Thanksgiving day. It was bright and sunny, and the children were very happy. They brought a big table under a large oak tree. They also brought chairs on which to sit. When they gathered everything they were going to have they sang a few Thanksgiving songs and played games. They then sat around the table and ate. They also told stories. When the second boy started telling his story they heard a great noise. All the children jumped and they made a great deal of noise. When they looked to see who it was, they saw a man with a gun on his shoulder coming toward them. The children said, "He won't do any harm," and they went back to the table. But the man came right to them. When he got there he said: "Give me what you have or your lives." The children answered, "We have nothing but what you see on the table," and they ran for their lives. The next day the boys came to see what was left. But there was nothing left to eat. Only the table and chairs were there.

LOUISE DZIWISZ.
Stafford Springs.

What a Spider and Fly Did.

Dear Uncle Jed: There was once a young prince who thought he should like to drive all the spiders and flies out of the world.

One day after a great battle this prince had to hide from his enemies. He ran to a woods, and there he lay down under a tree and fell asleep. Shortly after a man came along, and crept up to kill him.

Just then a big fly came creeping over the face of the prince and woke him up. He jumped to his feet and the man ran away.

That night the prince hid himself in a cave in the same wood. In the night a spider wove his web across the mouth of the cave.

The next morning two men, who were trying to find the prince and kill him, passed by the cave.

The prince was awake, and heard what they said.

"Let us look into this cave," said one of the men. "he may be hiding in there."

"No," said the others that cannot be; if he had gone in there, he would have broken down that spider's web."

And so the men went on and did not look into the cave.

As soon as they went away, the prince thought how his life had been saved, one day by a fly, and the next by a spider, so he decided not to kill all the flies and spiders, or drive them all out of the world.

ALEAN KEELEY, Age 11.
Taftville.

A Bad Boy's Lesson.

Dear Uncle Jed: Once upon a time there lived in a small city a little boy and his parents. His name was Tom Leavey. He was very disobedient. One day while he was out playing he spied the steam roller coming up the street. He was delighted. He ran in and told his mother. When he told her she said, "Tom, keep away from the steam roller." Going out he said to himself, "Ah, I don't mind what mother says." He ran out of the gate and up to the steam roller. Tom hopped on the front wheel and waited for the men to come. At last he heard the steam roller puffing and he knew he was starting. He was going under with the wheel when he screamed and at the same time remembered his mother's words, "Tom, keep away from the steam roller." His father coming home from his office heard the scream and ran and rescued his own boy from getting crushed. Now Tom is gray and feeble and remembers the words, "Tom, keep away from the steam roller." Whenever he sees a steam roller he remembers the front wheel. He has always said, "I think that was the best lesson for a disobedient boy of my kind."

MARY FITZMAURICE, Age 11.
Norwich.

Don't Count Your Chickens Before They Are Hatched.

Dear Uncle Jed: One fine day in the spring when the apple trees had blossomed, a farmer who had a fine orchard sprayed his trees. He told every one what a fine crop he was going to hive and how much money he was going to make. He borrowed money and bought a fine automobile. When the apples were most ready to harvest a blight came on the trees and the apples were all spoiled. The farmer had a large debt to pay. But he had learned a good lesson: "Don't count your chickens before they are hatched."

JOHN H. BURRILL.
Stafford Springs.

When I Had the Measles.

Dear Uncle Jed: I am going to write a story about when I had the measles. One day two years ago my brother brought the measles home from high school. He was in bed about a week. Then I came down with them. I was in bed about as long as my brother, but could not go to school for two weeks. After we were well the doctor gave me some medicine that tasted and looked like ink, and some licorice pills.

STANLEY CARLTON PARKER, Age 11.
Mansfield.

Maple Syrup.

Dear Uncle Jed: I am going to tell you how to make maple syrup. We make it in the spring. First of all we have to have weather when it freezes at night, and thaws out the next day. This makes the sap run. When we have weather like this my brothers bore holes in the maple trees and put in the spouts or spiles which the sap runs through into the pails. In good weather they have to gather it several times a day. When they gather it they put it in a barrel. They have built a small house or closed-in shed where they boil down the sap. There is a fireplace there over which they place a large, shallow pan and fill with the sap. When the sap comes from the trees it is as thin and clear as water. Some of it tastes quite sweet and other doesn't. They keep filling the pan with more sap as fast as it boils down. When it is nearly thick enough they take it out of the pan, strain it, and then my mother finishes boiling it down on the kitchen stove. When it is thick enough, (it should weigh eleven pounds to the gallon) she strains it, bottles it, and it is ready to seal up to keep until we want it. Last year we made eighteen gallons and it is good, too. It makes dandy cake frosting when it is boiled down more and with American walnut meats put on it, too. We have just begun making syrup this year.

MARGERY GRAY, Age 12.
Willimantic.

Going to Willimantic.

Dear Uncle Jed: The first day I went to Willimantic was a very happy day for me. We started from Waterbury and the first thing I did was to get ready. While I was getting ready my brothers and sister were starting to walk toward the station. As soon as I saw them start I put on my hat and started to run after them. I couldn't catch them very soon but after a while I overtook them and for a while I was very angry with them. At last I was comforted by my oldest brother, Michael, who went to a store nearby and bought something for me. At last we reached the station and found many people there waiting for the train. Some went to Bristol, some to New Britain and many others went to Hartford, Worcester and many other cities. As soon as we reached Hartford the train stopped for about ten minutes. While the train was waiting there we saw many people who were going home for their dinner, others were going to grocery stores and others to the dry goods store. At last the time came when the train started again and I was very happy because I was anxious to get to Willimantic. The train stopped several times after we left Hartford, and you could hear the conductor shout the name of the place where the train stopped. After the people got off the conductor shouted again the name of the station where we would stop next.

At last we reached Willimantic and I was very glad when we arrived there because I was getting tired of staying in the train. We got off and there we found our cousin, waiting for us with the horse and buggy. We got in the buggy and started off towards home. We reached home and there we found another cousin waiting for us. When we reached there we were very happy. We all had a good time.

SUSAN J. CARUSELLA, Age 14.
Eagleville.

Barbarossa.

Dear Uncle Jed: Many years ago Germany had a great and just emperor called Frederick Barbarossa, because of his long red beard.

When he was already an old man, Barbarossa undertook a journey to the Holy Land, taking with him 150 of his best soldiers.

One day this army had to cross a broad river. The emperor, without waiting to dismount, plunged into the stream and was drowned.

His broken hearted soldiers carried the body back to Germany and placed it in a deep cavern far up a mountainside. The peasants even now point out the mouth of the cavern. They say within it the emperor rests in an enchanted sleep. He sends a dwarf to see if the raven flies about the mountain peaks. If they are seen the emperor sinks again into a century of sleep.

Barbarossa sits, they say, leaning upon a great stone table through which his long, red beard has grown, reaching the floor of the cavern, winding itself about the table. There he sleeps and waits for the happy hour when ravens shall no more fly about the mountain. Then will he come forth with his knights and bring back great glory to Germany.

LORETTA SULLIVAN, Age 13.
Taftville.

At the Boat Races.

Dear Uncle Jed: Last summer my friend took me to visit her aunt in Westerly, R. I. Her cousin asked us if we wanted to see the boat races in New London. Of course we said yes. So early Friday morning we started in an auto for Ocean Beach, because it was there that we were to have our lunch. We arrived there about 11 o'clock. There were many aeroplanes there. One large plane was towing a sailboat to the pier. We then ate our lunch, which consisted of sandwiches, cake, candy and almost all kinds of fruit. Then it was time to start out again.

We passed many interesting features, but we finally got there. After waiting about two hours in the auto, we heard the whistle of some of the boats and that of the observation train. Of course I favored Yale because it is in my own state. My friend favored Harvard because she came from Massachusetts. She had a red flag and I had a blue feather. First Harvard was ahead, but soon Yale began to win at every stroke. Of course there was much shouting and tooting done. Above us there were many planes taking pictures of the boats. You know that Yale won and I was very much satisfied. There were thousands of automobiles there.

After that we started for home. We were almost asleep before we got back to Westerly. We enjoyed it very much and said that we would like to go again some time.

EVA ERICKSON, Age 11.
Baltic.

The Snowstorm.

Dear Uncle Jed: The weather had been dark and threatening all morning. At last it came in all its glory—the snowstorm. The wind blew the snow into the faces of many children coming home from school. Laughing and shouting, the children did not mind the wind which brought to their cheeks a ruddy glow. Their sleds, which had lain in the cellar for nearly a week, were brought out.

A crippled boy could not see the children because a high building shut the view from his eyes, but he could hear them, and felt very sad because he could not slide, too. Just then his thoughts were interrupted by the coming of a chum to tell him a plan.

The plan was: Having nothing to do on Saturday afternoons, he had built a long sled, sometimes called a ripper. He had fastened a box to this ripper and wanted to know if his friend could go with him. The mother's consent having been obtained, the crippled boy was carried down the flight of stairs and after seeing that he would not fall out, the ripper was pulled to the starting place. After two hours happily spent in sliding, he was brought home, happy and contented in being able to go sliding.

VERNON WARHURST, Age 13.
Plainfield.

My Dolls.

Dear Uncle Jed: I will tell you about my dolls. I have a doll that is 32 inches high. She can sleep, walk and say Mamma. She has blue eyes and brown hair. She is dressed in pink. I have two other large dolls that are imported. They both have brown eyes, light hair and long brown eyelashes. I have another doll, a jointed one, that has brown hair and blue eyes. I have a baby doll that looks just like a baby. I hope all the Wide-Awake girls have as many dolls as I have.

LORAINE GLADUE, Age 11.
Taftville.

Working at a Saw Mill

Dear Uncle Jed: In the month of June about two years ago before school had let out there stood in the back of our neighbors house a saw mill. One day I happened to take a walk to the mill. It was about 9 o'clock in the morning. When I got near the mill I could hear the noise of the saw and see high piles of boards and planks, ties and huge beams made of chestnut trees. After I walked a little further I saw a big high round pile of yellowish sawdust. I walked around the pile of sawdust and there I saw some men busily working. One was carrying some slabs and another was bringing big oak logs. The man that was carrying the slabs from the pit was the boss. He first asked me my age. I answered that I was only eleven years of age. He asked me if I wanted a good job. I said that I would like to have a good job. He said that he would give me his job, so I said I would take it. There was only one and a half hours before dinner time. During the morning he helped me and he would go around the sawmill to see if all was well, while I would be busily working carrying the heavy oak and chestnut slabs. I left the sawmill at half past eleven and came back at half past twelve. Just before I had arrived at the mill I saw the boss eating his dinner near a high pile of slabs. I walked up to the mill with him and there all the working men sat down on a log and started to talk about what they were going to do in the afternoon. After they had talked for a while they started the mill up and I worked all the afternoon alone. How I was wishing that the night would come. I was all tired and full of dust. They would stop the sawmill once in a while and have a rest of about a quarter hour, then would start up the dirty business once more. It was five o'clock when they stopped the engine for good. Then the boss called me. He made a check of one dollar and handed it to me. I was very glad to see that my day's work was all through. As soon as I got home I gave the check to my father and he gave me one dollar.

A couple of days afterwards he went to the bank and changed the check and I guess I worked hard enough to earn that dollar.

Yours truly,
LOUIS LAFRAMBOISE, Age 12.
Brooklyn.

Description.

Dear Uncle Jed: He is light complexioned, with light hair and blue eyes. He is very pleasant and always has a smile for everybody. His clothes are plain but neat and clean. He is very determined, and when he starts to do a thing he always manages to finish it before starting anything else.

GLADYS M. RICE, Age 11.
Columbia.

Feeding the Birds

My Dear Uncle Jed: This is my second letter and I hope that you will like it. I am going to tell you about my visitors. Every morning I find little birds on our window sill waiting for their breakfast. As soon as I put out bread for them they all come fluttering down for it. At the least noise they fly away. I wish the poor things were not so afraid. I love birds and animals and my father promised me that if I would be good he would get me a canary bird.

Your little friend,
GENEVIEVE BIZINSKY, Age 8
Norwich.

An Honest Boy.

Dear Uncle Jed: Fred Green, the oldest of six children, was looking for work one day.

While walking down Summer street, he saw a man drop some money.

Fred picked it up, ran after the gentleman, and said to him: "You dropped this money, sir."

"You must be mistaken, my boy."

"Oh, no, sir," said Fred. "I saw the money drop from your hand when you paid the hackman."

"Why, that was a few streets back," said the gentleman.

"Has your mother much money, my good boy?"

"She has very little sir. That is why I am looking for work." My father is dead, and I am the oldest of six children."

"Why did you not keep the money you found?" said the gentleman.

"Because that money is yours, sir, and not mine. I should like to earn some money, but I will not steal it."

Then the gentleman thanked Fred and asked him where he lived. A few weeks later he called at Fred's house and told him that he had work for him in a bank.

"I am very thankful to you, sir," said Fred. "You are very kind." "You need not thank me, Fred. You are just the kind of a boy that I have been looking for. You are honest, you are manly, you are willing to work and help your mother."

AGNES NUTTER, Age 9.
Taftville.

The Disobedient Boy.

Dear Uncle Jed: Once there lived a little boy whose name I do not know, but we will call him Johnny. He was very idle and enjoyed playing baseball. One day his father told him he must study. Now he hated to study and was bound he would not study. When his father had gone to the office he took his bat and ball and glove, and started to meet his team. When he met them he started for the field. His team was just winning when the ball struck him in the eye.

He suffered with the pain which he thought would never leave him. When he was better he could not see well out of the eye which had been hit. Now he is very old but still remembers the words his father remarked when he was lying in bed: "Disobedience is always conquered." I think this was a good lesson for him. Don't you?

HELEN COUGHLIN, Age 10.
Norwich.

Connecticut

Dear Uncle Jed: Connecticut was one of the original states of the union. It had two capitals, Hartford and New Haven, up to 1873, when the former was made the sole seat of government. The population in 1880 was 622,700. It is a somewhat doubtful state in national politics. From 1860 to 1884 it was republican except that in 1876 Tilden had a small majority, and in 1884 Cleveland a small plurality. It takes its name from its principal river, which means in the Indian tongue "long river." Popularly it is variously known as the Freestone, Nutmeg or Wooden Nutmeg State, or the Land of Steady Habits.

ERNEST LAFRENIERE, Age 13
Versailles.

The J. G. F. Girls

Dear Uncle Jed: In this letter I am going to tell you about the J. G. F. club we have in our school. All of us girls are in it. There are six of us in all. The girls' names are Edith Jones, Mildred Jones, Margaret Maine, Patricia Harris, Gladys Palmer and I.

Every week on Thursday we have a meeting. Our teacher, Miss Swain is the captain, Edith Jones is treasurer and I am secretary. Each month we give ten cents, and we pay a quarter to join.

The first week of the month we take up cooking. The next week we have a business meeting, the next week we go on a hike and the last week we have sewing. We have all of these things in one month.

About a month ago we gave a play. It began at six o'clock and lasted until nine. The first part of the evening we played games and later we served cake and jello with whipped cream on it. All of us J. G. F. girls brought cake and with our money we bought the jell-o.

We intend to give another before long. I think that we have happy times. I wish that you could come to our parties.

L. IRENE MAINE,
Clark's Falls.

Mother and Her Two Sons.

Dear Uncle Jed.—Cornelia was a beautiful lady who lived in Rome many years ago. She had two sons, and never did mother and sons love each other more tenderly than they. 'How beautiful our mother is," the boys would say softly as they saw her go about the house and garden. "How fortunate I am to have two such sons!" the mother would thinks as she watched them at their studies or their games.

One day a lady, dressed in richest of silks and wearing the costliest of jewels, came to call upon Cornelia. She brought with her a casket of wonderful beauty. Presently the lady took from the casket rare jewels of all kinds and showed them to Cornelia.

The latter thought them exquisite. When the last gem had been brought out, the visitor said: "I have shown you all my jewels. Pray, where are yours?"

At this moment Cornelia's boys returned from school and came up to greet their mother. Putting her arms about them, Cornelia said proudly: "These are my jewels. There are none more precious in Rome, no nor in all the world."

IRENE SULLIVAN, Age 10.
Taftville.

A Bad Rooster

Dear Uncle Jed: I have got a pet rabbit at home. He stands on two paws. He is a good boxer. I feed him every morning. He is a good rabbit. We also have eight hens and a rooster. He is a naughty rooster and he will not let any one come near him or the hens. For if you do he jumps at you. A little boy who lives next house to us was in the yard one day and the rooster jumped and scratched him in the face. Now don't you think that he is a bad rooster?

Your little friend,
ERNEST STRAUB, Age 11
Norwich.

Joan of Arc

Dear Uncle Jed: I have never written to the Wide Awake Circle before, so I hope the Wideawakes will enjoy my letter.

I am going to tell you a story and the name of it is, Joan of Arc.

Joan of Arc was born in Domremy, France, sometime between 1410 and 1412. She was the fifth child of Jacques and Isabelle d'Arc.

She never learned to read or write as there were very few people that could do so at that time.

Joan was very skillful in using the needle. She also took great delight in doing housework.

As Joan grew older she spent most of her time alone and in prayer. One day as she was standing in the garden she heard voices telling her to lead the armies of France.

Every night she heard the voices while she slept. At last she couldn't stand it any longer, so she went to the king of France and told him her story. The king gave her permission to go and lead the army in the battle of Orleans.

She won the battle and also many other battles.

Soon after the English captured her and