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Norwich, Thursday, March 30, 1911.

The Circulation of The Bulletin.

The Bulletin has the largest circulation of any paper in Eastern Connecticut, and from three to four times larger than that of any in Norwich. It is delivered to over 2,000 of the 4,053 houses in Norwich, and read by ninety-three per cent. of the people. In Windham it is delivered to over 900 houses, in Putnam and Danielson to over 1,100, and in all of these places it is considered the local daily.

Eastern Connecticut has forty-nine towns, one hundred and sixty-five postoffice districts, and forty-one rural free delivery routes.

The Bulletin is sold in every town and on all of the R. F. D. routes in Eastern Connecticut.

CIRCULATION

1901, average	4,419
1910, average	5,920
Week ending March 25	8,175

WHO IS THE HELPFUL CITIZEN?

The helpful citizen in every community is the one who trades at home, pays his debts and intelligently sustains by his vote progressive policies.

He is the man who serves his fellow citizens ably and honestly in public office with or without pay—the man who sacrifices his time, his money and his strength to give a good name to his town.

He isn't the man who lives entirely to himself, who never gives time or money to assist in public or private charity, who patronizes home traders only when actually obliged to do so, who is constantly looking after the dollar which is coming to himself with no thought of any of his fellow citizens, who pays his taxes grudgingly, who expects everyone to help him, but has no good word or helping hand for others.

He is the man who is a companionable neighbor, who has a cheery smile, a glad heart and a warm hand, who speaks well of his neighbors, his town and his state, and who is glad when he sees every one showing signs of growth and thrift and has a God-speed for every ambitious fellow man.

The world cannot have too many of this last named sort of men.

A MEMORIAL TO PRESIDENT ANGELL.

The memorial which Boston proposes to erect for George T. Angell is one the world will applaud and one that George T. Angell himself would approve.

The plan of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals for a building where horses of the poor may be cared for as a memorial to its late president, George T. Angell, is a thoroughly good one. The building itself, as the architects' drawings show, is a practical structure, one in which the offices of the society will be located.

"This scheme as finally decided upon," says The Transcript, "reflects utmost credit upon President Rowley, whose zeal and enthusiasm have been tempered with good judgment. A free clinic for horses has already been tried here with marked success. This project increases the opportunities of the society to do good and the whole scheme ought to be backed heartily and with cash by our citizens."

George T. Angell gave his life to the work of creating a spirit of mercy toward all of God's dumb creatures, and nothing would more delight his heart or the hearts of the hundreds of thousands of Americans who remember him with respect and love.

THE PERFECT STREET SIGN UNATTAINED.

Strangers in any city have to inquire their way because they do not know where to look for street signs which direct them.

There is a little more uniformity in New England methods than in some western cities; and these are far from being perfect. At the west it is a go-as-you-please method, and the Toledo Blade says concerning street signs:

"The varieties of street sign have never been listed and classified. They cover a gamut thus far unmeasured. The stranger in any city must learn the system of that city and put aside experience in other communities, for it will not help him to find a street for which he may be searching. In some places one must look at lampposts; at others at chiseling in the sidewalks. The side of a house more often gives the clue. The trolley guy wires have been put to service, the water hydrants, the telephone poles where there are poles, the bill boards, the ash cans, the post boxes, the lintels of windows, even the safety gates at railroad crossings."

Here is a chance for uniformity and standardization—a chance to make a real municipal improvement which is simply establishing a good name.

In this respect, however, Norwich has made an endeavor with metal sign boards to be in the first rank.

The governor of Virginia is charged with insulting the supreme court of his state, when he rejected the nominee of the court with these words: "Ira E. Jones (the chief justice) can mandamus or God-damus or do anything he pleases. I am not going to appoint Ernest Moore as special judge for the Union county court. You can take back these papers."

The New Yorker who was fined for cruelty to animals because he kept turtles on their backs, must be surprised because turtles can get so much more protection and sympathy than working girls.

HUNGRY OFFICE SEEKERS.

The office seekers are flocking to Washington by the thousand and the members of the extra session of the Sixty-second congress will be pestered by men from all parts of the country seeking the 500 places which the political changes of last November have made possible.

A southern congressman told the New York Sun correspondent that "I never saw anything like it. They all want something. There are five hundred places, or so, to be filled, and there are democrats enough in the country to fill them. There are five hundred republicans holding offices, and there are democrats enough to take them and to fill them better than they have ever been filled."

The southern congressman referred to lives four miles from Washington and says that more than a hundred of his constituents have written to him urging him to secure them jobs of one sort and another about the house. There will be 267 democrats in the new house, and if their constituents have not neglected their opportunities as The Sun shines it out, there will be 26,700 aspirants for the 500 places.

The Richmond Times-Despatch advises its readers as follows: "We esteem it the duty of every democratic voter who would like to be on the federal payroll to write immediately to the member from his district. It will be like news from home. It will make the members of congress feel that they have not been forgotten; that the people 'back home' are still thinking about them. Three-quarters of a million dollars is a heap of money and the democrats have not had any for a long time."

These hungry democrats do not need such advice, for there is likely to be an army of applicants without it.

REDUCING THE COLONELS.

The people of California have decided that thirty staff officers for the governor of that state is more than twice too many, and in future the legal number will be twelve.

We all know how the country has been flooded with military titles as a matter of honor and compliment, so that the men of real service and the men of no service cannot be distinguished from one another; and in the state of Kentucky the Colonels are so numerous that it is safe to call any man one meets Colonel, and the liability to mistake is only one in a hundred.

The day will doubtless arrive when the escort of governors will be wholly confined to real military attaches—men of mettle representing active service.

The whole custom of conferring these cheap military titles as honors is absurd; and it is a wonder that the influence of the army has not made an end of them before this. A decorated civilian parading as a false pretence—a guard of honor labeled a Colonel—makes the title too cheap to be respected.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

It took Jack Johnson a good while to find out that money would not keep a lawbreaker out of jail.

Dr. Mary Walker looks at the harem skirt with the confidence of one seeing the world coming her way.

It is often a sign of wisdom for a man not to want what is coming to him, never mind how much it is deserved.

When it comes to patience the Japanese have taught the Czar that it is a splendid quality, while the Chinese haven't.

Happy thought for today: If political platforms had less gang planks in them they would be very much more effective.

Think of a Boston man's having the face to rise and speak of New York as "the overgrown and slow-witted city on the Hudson."

Another boy killed in Boston by an auto. Boston recognizes that the auto is a necessity, but it still doubts whether the victim is.

The Indiana town that has thirteen poets is regarded with the keenest sympathy. As an ill omen what could be worse to the superstitious?

When Gaynor ran for mayor of New York a Tammany leader made himself famous by this: "Say, wotineil is this here Eppick Teetus he's givin' us?"

The Rev. Billy Sunday says the harem skirt is "hellish," but it would be difficult for him to prove it is more inflammable than the other kinds.

The reason President Taft is wearing smoked glasses may be to improve his glare for the new democratic visitors he will soon be obliged to welcome.

Since thirteen of the best commercial apples are adapted to the soil of Vermont, the Rutland News shouts: "Come, set out an orchard, Mr. Willing Worker!"

After walking 14 miles a day, making 2,000 inquiries and delivering over a thousand pieces of mail for six days in a week, the letter carrier appears to have earned a day of rest.

The lecture on Clean Journalism in a neighboring city did not call out a big crowd. The question was not considered of vital importance because the town already had clean papers.

The Boston Transcript thus translates the resolution passed by the Congregational ministers there: "Lorimer was not a 'proper man and he really ought not to have been kept in office; but in passing this drastic judgment we hasten to add that of course we blame nobody."

Some Bright Spots.

While there is complaint just now in some sections of the state of dullness in the manufacturing line, there are some bright spots. It is announced that the United States Finishing company will spend $500,000 in making improvements to their plant in Norwich. The Peck, Stow & Wilcox Co. are now planning for the erection of a big plant at Southington in which they will consolidate their business, and the Baird Machine Co., which recently bought a site in Bridgeport, will have plans out before long for a manufacturing plant in that city.—Commercial Record.

Consul George N. West of Kobe says that the number of spindles in the conton spinning industry of Japan in 1910 is reported to have been 1,756,798, the output of yarn 7,038,874 bales (bale usually weighs 100 pounds) and the exports 306,758 bales. The imports of American cotton at the port of Kobe for the use of the mills of that district amounted to 12,500 bales during the month of January, 1911.

IN-DOORS AND OUT-OF-DOORS

A 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 at the top of the first page.

Address all communications to Uncle Jed, Bulletin Office.

"Reach up as far as you can, and God will reach down all the rest of the way."

"Jes' Me."

I'm awful glad 'at I'm jes' me, and not
that Tommy Jones,
'At lives up in a great big house, all
built of cobble-stones.

His father's jes' the richest man, I
guess, in all the town,
An' Tommy always has to have his
teacher taggin' roun'.

He can't play marbles, 'cause his
clothes is always spic an' span;
I never see him throw a ball—I don't
believe he can.

He never went a-fishin', an' he never
made a sling;
An' when it comes to playin' games,
he doesn't know a thing.

He ain't allowed to whittle, for fear of
gettin' cut;
I'm sure he never climbed a tree, or
found a hick'ry nut.

I bet he couldn't run a race; he
doesn't swim or skate.
He's jes' the kind of boy you've got to
pity or to hate.

He's got a pony an' a cart—they make
him drive so slow!
He's got a boat, a dandy; but they
never let him row.

He's got an awful lot of toys—an engine, cars an' all,
With steam, 'at makes it go real fast,
all up an' down the hall.

You ought to see his shotgun—which
they never let him touch!
He's things enough to have some fun;
I guess he don't have much.

He has to wear kid gloves to church!
They want his hair to curl!
If I was him, I do believe I'd wish I
was a girl!

My goodness! But I'm awful glad 'at
I don't have to be
That Mr. Jones' little boy! I'd rather
jes' be me.

—Dora Marchant Conger.

UNCLE JED'S CHAT WITH THE LITTLE FOLKS.

Our little puzzle-solvers have had a hard time this week; and only six of our little girls have made out the hidden word, which was a very good word to write stories about when once it was discovered; and no other words could be made from the jumble of letters. The Nimble Sixpence is an English coin equal to six pennies, half a shilling, or one-fortieth of a pound. It is a cute little piece of silver money, and is good for lollypop, a pie or a story-book, hence it is very popular with the children; and it is surprising some Yankee boy did not discover the word and write: "The nimble sixpence can pay, if it keeps on going, a dollar a day; but if it rolls under a carpet, it will be many a day before it goes to market," or something like that. Our bright little girls have done better than this.

The Sixpence that was Nimble got bewitched, and it is said of him:

The Sixpence called Nimble,
Who lived in a thimble,
Was sentenced in language most
terse
To do the best.
And to grant the behest,
Of any who chanted this verse—
The Burlipug Brothers were boiling
their broth,
A-brewing and boiling a brew—
The Burlipug Brothers were boiling
with wrath
And munching their sawdust and
glue.
And this is what was said of this tale:
Here is the tale, you may take it or
leave it,
But whatever you do, don't try to
believe it.

The puzzle-solvers should work a little harder next time.

Next week we shall announce the winners of the March prize books.

THE HIDDEN WORD PUZZLE.

The Nimble Sixpence.

The Nimble Sixpence, The Nimble Sixpence, was too nimble for me; it was so nimble, it nimbled away to circulate the other day.—Marguerite M. Copeland, age 12, Norwich.

The crooked man was lucky, for when he went out strolling he found a nimble sixpence; along the ground it was rolling, so he gathered up the money and bought a house and cat, but if I had found that sixpence I'd buy an Easter hat.—Lillian Callahan, age 11, Norwich.

The Nimble Sixpence is one of the most useful articles known. It is the joy of all little boys and girls and is their constant companion whenever they go out for a good time. If it were not for this little fellow how our hearts would ache, as we pass the ice cream parlors, the candy shops and the picture shows. It is also useful for mamma as well as when we tease her for something she sends him out for an angel cake, some fancy cookies, or something of that sort. It has a bad habit of not staying long in one place; and I guess that is where it gets its name; but when it goes, another always seems to come along and take its place.—Anna D. McDowell, age 9, Stonington, Conn.

Oh, you sixpence! you nimble sixpence! how fast you fly away; how nice 'twould be if only we, like that old woman in Mother Goose, could find a sixpence with our broom, like she did when she swept her room; I guess then we'd be gay.—Mary Adelaide Harris, age 11, Norwich.

The crooked man long ago found a sixpence by the road. I wonder if it was as nimble as the sixpences are today. If it was he couldn't buy an Easter gown with the sixepnce that he found.—Martha I. Henry, age 11, Norwich.

There was the nimble sixpence, and though he had no sense, I used to buy candy with him and crackajacks. He rolled out of my pocket into the Jordan brook; that was the end of my sixpence, and also the last look.—Octave Morrell, aged 13, Norwich.

THE HIDDEN NAME PUZZLE.

To solve this puzzle, cut out the letters and place them on a sheet of

Llaretaw

Atondnuora

Knirdotpord

white paper and arrange them so as to spell the name of the person the letters represent.

When the hidden name has been discovered write a short story about the person.

A prize book at the end of the month to two competitors.

ORIGINAL LITTLE STORIES.

A Dandelion.

I live with my sisters and brothers in a large field. I have beautiful yellow curls and wear a green jacket. I always keep my jacket very clean. My name is Dandelion.

During the summer I have many merry times with my sisters and brothers. Sometimes we play with the wind. The wind is a very jolly old fellow.

One summer day I remember I had a terrible fright. We were playing merrily with the wind when a little girl came through the field. She stopped by me and said: "Oh, pitty flower." Then she stooped down and tried to pick my head off. Just then the wind sprang up and blew her hat away and she had to run after it. Thus, the wind saved my life.

In the autumn I grow old and my yellow curls turn white. They are blown away. Then kind Mother Nature covers us in a warm, white, fleecy blanket which people say is snow. Then we go to sleep and sleep until spring comes again.

As soon as I awaken my youth comes back, and I have my beautiful yellow curls once more. I put on my green jacket and play merrily all summer.—Dora Moran, age 10, Norwich.

Sam the Horse.

I am my master's pet horse, Sam. He is very proud of me. He often takes me when he goes out for a ride. I go as fast as he wants to ride. My master has another horse. She is white, but I am red. Sometimes my master takes both of us when he goes out for a ride. Sometimes he drives me over to Norwich. Then I am put into a nice warm stable while he goes about the city.

In the summer I am allowed to feed about the large fields. This, I think, is very nice. The other horse and I do a great deal of work for our master. He gives us good food, so we are willing to help him. He has hay which I think is very nice. My master is very kind to me. He does not whip me the way some people would. I do not like the automobiles very well. Am not much afraid of them. My master says they will not hurt me. I always do my best for him.—Alfred H. Pratt, age 10, Moosup, Conn.

The Rose of New England.

Norwich is a town of supreme, audacious, Alpine loveliness. It is singularly romantic in its situation. Its very streets are declivities, and its buildings are in tiers, one above another. It is built just upon the point of land where the Shetucket meets the Thames rivers. As you approach it at night lights can be seen from the houses high up on the hills. Most of the men are engaged in a good work. Norwich was founded in the year 1659. Norwich has hills and good harbors. Most of the men are good citizens and workmen. Norwich has many shops, too. Next, it will be most as large as New York. We have a fine view of it upon the hills, from the high windows. I shall write a story of a slave, Uncle Sam, if I think of it, next week. Your constant reader, Mildred Pearson, age 11, Norwich.

Life in Australia.

A little boy who lives in "the bush" of Australia writes:

"I spent most of my time listening to and watching the birds and looking for stones. I have a craze for all kinds of pretty stones. I am very partial to all kinds of petrified wood, which I think is beautiful, but the birds are best of all—with the help of our lovely bush, because really the birds would not be anything without it. I just love "listening to its silances." I was staying with an uncle in the Pilliga Scrub, and the curlews used to sing out all day. I never heard them only at night, before. What a cry they have! Some days we used to go out riding and there were the dear old kangaroos. There was a mob of over a hundred in one paddock, and they were so tame uncle wouldn't ever let anyone kill them. Isn't it grand to think that the law protects them? One day we had a picnic, away out in the scrub; we went to see a bower bird's playhouse. What a quaint thing it is! I suppose you have seen them. I would like to see one playing in them. We used often see them taking pieces of colored glass and the seeds off the rose bushes."

A Naughty Crow.

A little girl of St. Louis, Mo., writes:

'I have the funniest pet. It is a naughty little black crow with bright eyes, which it cocks at us in a way to make us laugh. He likes anything that is bright, and we have to hide our money and silver. Once we put the milk pail out with the pennies in, and covered it. When we found later that the pennies were gone we watched to see who had taken them, and found it was our naughty crow, who had been clever enough to take the cover off the pail and grab the bright prizes hidden inside."

The Mammoth Cave.

A youngster writing from Kentucky has this to say of the interior of Mammoth Cave:

"The most beautiful route is ten miles long. Imagine traveling ten miles under ground and feasting your eyes on such beautiful scenery as the Mammoth Dome, Corinthian pillars, Star Chamber, Fat Man's Misery and the wonderful Echo river, that you have to cross in a boat. Now, you can sing or play a tune, and when it is finished you can listen and hear the whole piece carried back to the ears as natural as if it were being played or sung over again.'

A YOUNG NORWICH BOTANIST.

How He Made a Pretty Flower Book.

This season so far, I have gathered arbutus, skunk-cabbage and bloodroot, besides different kinds of shrubs.

Now I will tell you how I made a pretty flower book last year: I bought a scrapbook 12 by 10 inches. On the first page I mounted a spray of three small maiden-hair ferns; then next was yellow buttercups and leaves; then I wrote:

"While we comb the maiden's hair,
buttercups are nodding."

Then I mounted a bunch of pink, white and red trilliums or wake robin with leaves, and I finished the verse with:

Quietly wa scan the woods, lest we
wake the robin."

I followed this with a pretty design of four different kinds of horse-tails and a fan-shaped bunch of bluets. The lines for these were:

"Down the country sandy road see the
horse-tails flying.
While beneath our feet fields of pale
bluets are dying."

Then came three jacks in the pulpit with gilt-over-the-ground pressed to form a wreath around the jacks, followed by a page of columbine and dog-wood on which was written:

"Jack and Jill went up the hill to
gather columbine;
Jack stopped at a stile with a pulpit
smile for the dog-wood not hurry
behind."

Under a large mandrake leaf and flower reads:

"Mandrake pills and grandma's ills."

Between two ferns on another page I drew a line and mounted some Dutchman's breeches.

Above the line was some blood-root, and then wrote:

"My blood can paint an Indian's face;
My root is sought by witches,
And on this little line below
I've hung my Dutchman's breeches."

In this book of twenty-seven pages I have 115 different kinds of wild flowers and have more than twice as many different kinds which I have not mounted. I always carry an old book and blotting paper and press the flowers as I pick them in the fields.—A Flower Student.

LENA OF THE MOUNTAINS.

Oh, if all you little people who read this little story could have but known little Lena. She was just the sweetest little girl in the whole world and living there away up in the heart of the Rocky mountains, she seemed like some beautiful flower that had been dropped right down from some sky flower garden.

Her home was a rough cabin made of heavy logs, and months and months often went by without her seeing a living person aside from her father. He was a trapper and he had moved to that lonely country soon after Lena's mother's death, when the child was hardly more than a baby. Just like the pretty green growing things of the mountains, she had grown up to a little girl of nine, but she was far more beautiful than any growing thing, and her songs were sweeter than the birds who loved her and came each morning to awaken her.

Some days her father would go off to visit his traps, to be gone the whole day long, but Lena was never lonesome. The smaller animals loved her, and unafraid they would come close to the cabin to be fed with crumbs from the little cabin table. If any of the larger animals came out into the clearing she would rush into the house and bar the door and wait for them to go away. Even then she was not frightened.

But there was one night that little Lena was frightened. Her father had kissed her good-bye in the early morning to visit some of his traps. It was one of those same quiet, beautiful mountain days, and Lena sang as before and busied herself here and there, sweeping and dusting the inside of the cabin, and doing other little things. A rabbit or two came to see her as usual, and she fed them, singing them a funny little song the while. And then, slowly, the sun began to dip behind the highest mountain peak.

"Father will come again, soon," the child said to herself. It grew darker. Finally the sun sank out of sight altogether. It was now very dark and still her father did not come.

(Conclusion written by Richard Tobin, Jr., aged 9, of Norwich.)

Lena heard some one coming and soon a man appeared at the door. He wished to remain over night, as he was a stranger in the country and had lost his way. Lena prepared supper for both of them. He told her he was alone in the world and now that his home was broken up he traveled from place to place. He offered to repay her kindness. She allowed him to use her father's bed and bade him good night. But Lena could not sleep. She was thinking of her dear father. In the morning a trapper from a distant cabin brought her father, badly injured, home. He was well taken care of by the stranger, and soon her father was able to walk once more. He had to give up trapping, and the stranger who turned out to be a very wealthy man, moved them out where there were no wild beasts and had Lena educated. Now, in return for the stranger's generosity, they all live happy together.

(The True Ending.)

"Where could he be, he never was as late as this before," she thought. She began to be a bit frightened because she had never been alone before at night. She gazed off through the darkness, down toward the woodpath that came out into the clearing, but she saw no one. Then she went into the cabin and closing and barring the door, she lit the lamp. She tried to eat something, but she could not swallow the food, and still she waited.

All night long she sat frightened by the cries of the night animals, and finally when morning broke she felt very ill.

But with the rising sun came the father. He had lost his way. Do you wonder that Lena cried when she saw him? And do you wonder that the good father cried, too, when he thought how lonely his little girl must have been all through the long night?

But she felt better right away and to this day Lena still lives away up among the mountains—happy, beautiful and good.

Wouldn't you like to know such a dear little girl?—Written by a little western girl of 12.

JERRY AND BOCO RECEIVED AT THE FARM

A Night-Cap Story for Little Folks.

(*Copyrighted*)

The way back to the farm was not without peril, for the lives of four-footed folks are menaced by keen-scented enemies, and cats and their kind break their tracks by springing upon fences and walls and running some distance before they start a new track; and their tracks back to the farm were broken by fences and walls, and sometimes they heard dogs barking after them, who lost the track at points where they had leaped upon these obstructions and then gone along some ways before they again ran along the ground. Cats would find it difficult to escape from dogs were it not for their ability to spring upon high objects the dogs cannot mount and thus cause them to search for a new lead, which they do not often find. Well, these chums had no exciting times on their way back to the farm; and arriving late at night they hid beneath a haystack near the barnyard and slept until there was a stir in the morning, and then Jerry led the way with Boco following with a confident air and their tails held straight in the air as an expression of pleasure and confidence, after true cat fashion.

The old farmer and his daughter were out feeding the cats, of which there were ten; but none of them appeared inclined to make trouble, although several arched up their backs and spat at Jerry and Boco in real cat fashion.

"Hello, if there ain't Jerry and a strange cat," said the farmer to his daughter, "and they are a likely looking pair," and his cordial "Hello, Jerry!" prompted Jerry to walk up to him purring and showing every sign of love and confidence. The farmer petted him and the daughter brought a special dish out of which the chums ate their breakfast of nice warm milk and filled up their stomachs as they had not done for several days, then they settled right down to stay, for Pepo was not there to make trouble, and the other cats had no disposition to make things unpleasant for them.

The farmer adopted Jerry; and the daughter took Boco, but not knowing he had a name, called him Goldie, a name the farmer did not like, for he could not remember the names of his educated daughter's cats, who were Mad, Ref, Ajax, Togo, Snowflake and Stronghart. He added Jerry to his five—the Blue Coon, The Old Woman, Granny Gray, Billy Boy and Sally. The farmer said he liked human names for cats; and the daughter said she did, too, but the names of cats need not be too common; and then Pa went off loudly laughing: "Haw, haw, haw!" and the daughter went into the house wishing Pa was more appreciative and of refined ideas.

The farm cats recognized Jerry as the cat that had so severely punished Pepo, whom the farmer had dispatched because he had driven Jerry away, and because he was prejudiced against his name, which he and daughter could not pronounce alike.

Boco did not like his new name, Goldie, any better than the farmer did, but he could not help himself, so he had to spit his spite out on his mistress' cats, and the way he drove around the cats that gathered round her dish of milk was a caution; and he insisted on eating out of the same pan as Jerry. The old farmer declared that if he was only black he would call him Jack Johnson, and although he did not like his new name, he took a great liking to his independence and fighting qualities, and he called him "Jeff."

The cats did not mix with the herd, but just devoted themselves to killing rats in the barn around the feed boxes and in capturing and collecting the rats in the corncrib; and the old farmer called them his working pair—his hired hands—and talked as if he would discharge all the rest because they were too much like summer boarders who did not want to do anything but admire the beauties of nature, and loaf and invite their souls. And when he went to Jerry's old home he told the story of his return and what a smart cat he was, until they began to want Jerry back again, and finally said they wished that he would bring Jerry back and take Bobbie in his place, so to keep their custom, he consented, although it seemed to him like losing a dear friend.

UNCLE JED.

Makes home baking easy
ROYAL
BAKING POWDER
Absolutely Pure
The only baking powder made from Royal Grape Cream of Tartar
NO ALUM, NO LIME PHOSPHATE

March 30, 31 April 1 AUDITORIUM Thurs., Fri., Sat.
THE RUNTONS Military Novelty Artists
CHRIS GREEN The Musical Sailor
HAZEL MORAN Western Singing Comedienne LARIAT EXPERT
HURST & KELSEY Musical Comedy Artists
NEW PHOTO PLAYS 2 SHOWS DAILY—2.30, 7, 8.45
ADMISSION, 10c. EVENINGS, 10c. RESERVED SEATS, 20c.

MATINEES 5c
BREED THEATRE
CHAS. McNULTY, Lessee
Feature Picture,
"The Two Reformations"—Western
Miss Florence, Browne, Soprano.
Performances 2.30 7.30 8.45 P.M.

POLI'S
Afternoons at 2. Evenings at 8.
ALL WEEK, THE POLI PLAYERS
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