



# The WINDSOR TOWN CRIER

5c The Copy.

JUNE 1916.

50c The Year.

## STANTON F. BROWN.

Representative, Chairman of Town School Committee, Tobacco Grower.

Whatever undertaking "Stan" Brown has before him he tackles quietly and without "fuss and feathers." That is to say that he thinks about what he has to do and proceeds deliberately and calmly to do it and is not likely to be joggled out of his course by any amount of mere noise, argument or bluster or by considerations of whether the final result will show all the frills and furbelows that catch the eye and tickle the fancy of the superficial observer—even if the observer is a man with a vote.

In one sense he is not a "hustler," for a mere hustler never accomplishes anything. A fly under a tumbler "hustles."

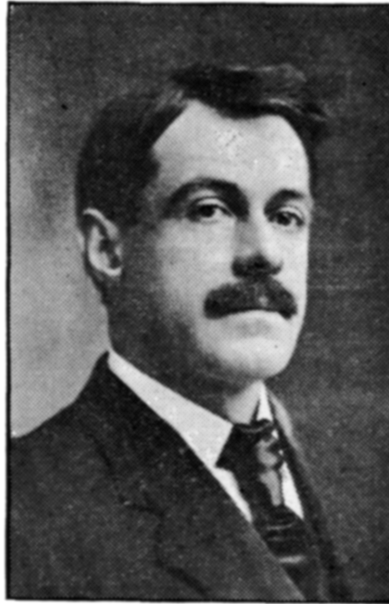
When a man who has never sought public office yet has had public office seek him—earnestly and vigorously—it is obvious that what he has accomplished as a private citizen has impressed his fellow citizens with the feeling that it would be good business to use his abilities in the public service. This was the explanation of his being placed on the Town School Committee and of his being re-elected for several successive terms. His services to the town as a member of this committee have been valuable and valued ones. No greater improvements to our admirable school system have ever been made than under his regime as Chairman.

His election to the 1915 General Assembly was a public tribute to his standing in the community. In the Legislature he gained and held the regard and good will of all with whom he came in contact—and this was but natural for he has always held the respect and liking of every Windsor man who knows him. Perhaps the reason for this—or one of the reasons—has been that he is quiet. Still, there is another reason and that is this: He is SQUARE—and people know it.

"Oh, no," soliloquized Johnny bitterly; "there ain't no favorites in this family. If I bite my finger nails I get a rap over the knuckles, but if the baby eats his whole foot they think it's cute."—Credit Lost.

BE SURE TO BUY THE JULY TOWN CRIER. ON SALE JUNE 25TH.

## PEN AND CAMERA PORTRAITS OF WELL KNOWN MEN.



Nothing in the world—war, politics, finance, art or religion—is so important to a city newspaper as a scandal in a suburban town. That is why we are regaled with the life histories and portraits of the seventh son of a seventh daughter of the subject of the scandal. No matter who it hurts or how it hurts, if it fills space it's "news." If it's "news," it sells. God forgive us for buying it.

## SHAKESPEARE.

By William Watson.

O let me leave the plains behind,  
And let me leave the vales below!  
Into the highlands of the mind,  
Into the mountains let me go.

My Keats, my Spenser, loved I well;  
Gardens and statued lawns were these;  
Yet not for ever could I dwell  
In arbors and in pleasancess.

Here are the heights, crest beyond crest,  
With Himalayan dews impearled;  
And I will watch from Everest  
The long heave of the surging world.

## WHAT I WOULD LIKE TO KNOW.

(Reflections of Grandma Higgins.)  
Transcribed by Edgar Bloomer.

WHY—not paint the trolley poles that we see standing together in couples as if to hold each other up? Or we might plant hop vines around each couple; then at the band concerts we would have hops as well as music and be right in style!

WHY—not put the tracks of the Springfield trolley up high over the railroad tracks? Otherwise the passengers might get run over by the train.

WHY—not have a little park on the Green with trees and benches and a drinking fountain, so that folks coming into town or waiting for cars would not be obliged to go far to quench their thirst?

WHY—don't they have more seats or fewer people in the shows in Hartford?

I went to the show one day last week. I bought a ticket from the boss, who told me to go upstairs. Well, I went up and then up again till I guess I was near the roof. I looked through a doorway and up in front I saw a sign that said "Good-night." I said to a chap there, "Why do you say 'good-night' in the day time?" He told me that it was left over from the night before and that the afternoon show was just commencing.

When I went in, it was so dark I could not see, so I sot down on the first place I come to. I guess it was the steps. The young chap told me to move on, so I did. I was afraid to go very far for fear I would land some place where I did not want to go. A few steps further I thought I had found a good place so I sot down again, and as sure as my name is Grandma Higgins, I sot right down in a man's lap! I heard him blush, and I guess I did too. I got up and said: "I guess I'll move, I made a mistake." He said: "Oh, that's all right." If I hadn't made up my mind to move I suppose I might be there yet.

(Note: Last month Grandma Higgins spoke of the fact that we had Summertime all the year round in Windsor. The Editor's attention has been called to the fact that on Bloomfield Avenue they have Pease throughout the year.—Editor.)

## The Story of the Ellsworth Homestead in this Number.

## AROUND THE TOWN

At the annual meeting of the Windsor Veteran Battalion, G. A. R., the following were elected officers: Commander, Rev. William B. Cary; vice-commander, Fred B. Fenton; secretary and treasurer, Lorenzo D. Converse; committee on speakers, William O. Buckley, John A. DuBon, Lorenzo D. Converse; music committee, Edward B. Green, John A. DuBon, L. D. Converse. The battalion has accepted an invitation from Rev. W. B. Cornish of the Methodist Church to attend a memorial service in that church on the Sunday preceding Memorial Day.

The lamprey eel season closed on May 15th. The catch has been a very unsatisfactory one. The shad fishermen have had fair success only. There seems to be little question but that the pollution of the streams in various ways is slowly but surely ruining the fishing industry. It seems unfortunate that a condition which is so generally admitted cannot be remedied by sane legislation.

Band concerts again this summer! That is surely welcome news and we hope that Bandmaster B. W. Elliott will secure enough subscriptions so that his excellent Windsor Military Band will entertain us early and often. If you haven't contributed your share, Mr. Elliott will welcome it at any time.

The Tunxis River Canoe Club is planning a most attractive and unique program for its Annual Opening Day which is to be celebrated from two till ten P. M., on Saturday, June 3rd. Every member is urged to bring along some friends, a basket lunch and a big tin cup. An orchestra will be present and there will be dancing all the evening. During the afternoon a program of land and water contests will be followed, and among the events is scheduled a tug-of-war between two canoes, each with a crew of two. At a signal both canoes paddle to a log floating in the river. Ropes are tied to this and then the canoes pull against each other for five minutes. Another stunt will be the pipe race in which each contestant swims on his back with a lighted pipe in his mouth, which must not be touched by the hands during the race.

The class of 1916 of the Windsor High School will hold its Commencement exercises on June 9th, H. Carleton Chidsey being Valedictorian. James A. Nichols will be Salutatorian; Leonard B. Goslee and Helen Burnham, Historians; Gladys M. Ashwell, Musician; Edith H. Smith and T. R. Loomis, Statisticians; Alfred P. Bond and Nettie M. Norris, Gifts; Edith C. Spencer, Poet; Arnold W. Granger and Miriam P. Taylor, Prophets; Rollin M. Ransom, Class Will; and Jennie E. Silver, Irene M. Scott and Marguerite Bruyn, Essayists.



This is "Swat The Fly" season. Windsor has never been bothered especially by this domestic pest. Make sure that there is nothing left around which may harbor their eggs. One fly left unswatted may become the parent of hundreds of millions before the summer is over. Here is a little "poem" about the subject by The Town Crier Poet:

An aggravating cuss is the fly,  
Try to swat him and he lands some-  
where up high  
Or he sits where things will smash  
While he twiddles his moustache—  
Looks at you and calmly winks his  
other eye.

The Commencement exercises of the Campbell School are an important part of the spring social life of the town.

They will begin with the Senior Prom, June 10th, in the new Campbell Hall, a beautiful little hall which has not only proved a most useful adjunct to the school, but has filled a long felt want in the town as well.

Sunday, June 11th, Rev. William F. English will preach the Baccalaureate Sermon in the old Congregational Church.

The morning of June 12th it is planned to hold the Class Day exercises out of doors. These will be followed by Folk Dancing on the school lawn. In the afternoon the Alumnae have their meeting.

The evening of June 13th, the Senior Class will give "The Winter's Tale," Shakespeare, in the open air.

The Campbell school is most fortunate in possessing a large, beautiful lawn, which with its fine trees and shrubberies makes an ideal setting for the out-of-doors Shakespearian plays which for many years have been an important feature of the Commencement.

These plays are always remarkably well presented, the cast being well chosen and perfectly trained. They are looked forward to with keen anticipation and remembered long with pleasure, and the privilege of seeing them is much prized.

Commencement Exercises will be in the Campbell Hall, June 14th, and following these there will be a reception at the School residence.

The crew at the shad hatchery operated by the State Fish and Game Commission, and located on the bank of the Farmington River started its season's work on May 7th. The hatchery is in charge of Captain Wm. Griswold of Suffield and he is assisted by George Fletcher of Baltimore, an also selling spawn to the Commission. expert in his line. Goddard and Whipple are fishing for the hatchery and independent local fishermen are

Local tobacco growers have already commenced the setting out of tobacco plants. A larger acreage than ever will be planted.

A. B. Drumm will raise 50 acres of tobacco this year. Last year he raised twenty-five.

Roscoe W. Nelson, a son of Reverend Roscoe Nelson of the Windsor Congregational Church, and a member of the senior class at Harvard was recently awarded a fellowship on account of attaining the highest honors in modern history during examinations.

Miss Madeline Huntington of Poquonock, took the part of Mrs. Dodd, at Parsons's theater, May 11th, where the play, "The Maneuvers of Jane," was given by the pupils of Miss Clara M. Coe's School of Oratory.

At the town meeting May 12th, \$4,000 additional was appropriated to care for the cost of the school buildings in Districts One and Nine. Also \$750 of the money appropriated for the new school building on the Griffin-Neuberger plantation was transferred to apply on the school buildings in Districts One and Nine.

The building committee awarded the contract for the Poquonock school to T. F. Garrity of Hartford for \$10,925, the heating contract to Libby & Blinn of Hartford, and the plumbing contract to A. Wilbraham of Poquonock. The contract for the new school at the Griffin-Neuberger tobacco plantation was awarded to Jameison & Sons of Bloomfield for \$2,750.

A Windsorite served on a jury a few years ago in a case in which he felt strongly that a serious injustice had been perpetrated on an old man who had brought the suit in an effort to obtain wages due him. Observing that a majority of the jurymen appeared to be members of the same secret order that the defendant was a prominent member of, and that after frequent whispered conferences these men seemed to agree to stand by the defendant without regard to the evidence given at the trial, this man, after a few moments thought, wrote out and handed to one of them, the following verses:

Your voice—like the wireless—  
Through the air does go.  
How far it may go I declare  
I don't know.  
It may go to a sphere  
Where the Lord sits on high  
To judge of your deeds  
In the sweet bye and bye!

W. D. Cummings of Springfield who has been working here organizing an order of Loyal Order of Moose, has met with great success. One hundred have already signified their intention of becoming charter members.

On a recent visit to the Sage-Allen Company store, the Town Crier observed, hung aloft in one of the departments, a queer contraption that looked to him like a cross between a bird cage and a lamp shade. Approaching it he timidly ventured to ask the nice young lady in charge what the thingamajig might be. Shades of our great grandmothers! He was told that the article was the very latest thing in "hip hoops." What's a man going to do now for a seat in the trolley cars?

Dr. Clyde A. Clark tells The Town Crier the following story, and he vouches for the truthfulness of it: A certain Windsor lady whom we will call Mrs. Jones, recently said to the colored man who took care of her furnace; "I have some collars belonging to my husband that he cannot wear, William. If they will fit you, you may have them. What size do you wear?"

"Oh," was the astonishing and comprehensive reply, "I wears fourteens, fifteens, sixteens, seventeens, eighteens-mos' any o' doze sizes, thank you, ma'am!"

Whenever The Crier has an opportunity he likes to attend a play by local talent and the reason is that he has found that Windsor is particularly fortunate in the number of capable amateurs who live here and that excellent judgment is shown usually in the quality and class of plays presented. He knew that the Delta Alpha Club play "The Mischief Makers" under the direction of Mrs. Grace Olmsted Scouten would be well worth seeing but he could not go. So he sent the Dramatic Editor in his place—the Dramatic Editor knows how to wear a silk hat and a swell front. He always makes a good appearance at any function. He was tickled most to death and when he sat down and took out his pen and note book everybody in the audience looked at him and nudged each other and said: "That fine looking fellow over



there is the representative of The Windsor Town Crier." But after the play was over that man came up to the editor, told him all about it and said, "you write it up." So here goes:

The comedy "The Mischief Makers" was successfully presented by the Delta Alpha Club in the Windsor Town Hall, Friday evening, May 19th. The members of the cast took their several parts well, much laughter being provoked by the antics of Wilhelmina Ransom as "Shiny," and the droll humor of "Hank's" philosophy. The latter part was played by Henrietta Hall, Gertrude Williams, as "Wanda," and Florence West as "Amos North" were the realistic villains of the play. However, they were foiled by Evelyn Peterson as "John Willett," and all ended happily in the engagement of the two couples "John" and "Kate," "Amos" and "Wanda." The part of "Kate" was well played by Etta Ransom who was especially charming in an exquisite old-fashioned gown graciously loaned for the occasion by Mrs. Phelps of Pleasant street. Gertrude Marks, who took the part of "Mrs. Carroll," acted in true motherly fashion, trying ever to keep peace between her two uncongenial daughters. Ethel Tolles as "Sally Welb" and Faith Hawey as "Helen Conway" were charming as college girls, and good friends to Kate in her time of trouble.

Mrs. Lulu Albee Lord was greeted with much enthusiasm, and her several solos were heartily encored. The selections of the Tempo Orchestra, under the capable leadership of W. Clayton Sim-

mons were also thoroughly appreciated. Mr. Simmons also acted as Ice Cream announcer in a most effective manner.

Many thanks are extended to all who assisted the club in any and every way, by Miss Florence Grimshaw and Miss Helen Seidler, who efficiently managed the production. The next time the Delta Alpha Club gives a play The Crier will not allow anyone else to go in his place.

Willie with a thirst for gore,  
Nailed the baby to the door;  
Mother said, with humor quaint,  
"Willie, dear, don't mar the paint."  
From "Little Willies."

The annual meeting of the Windsor Library Association was held Tuesday, May 9th. The old officers were re-elected, as follows: President, the Rev. Dr. F. W. Harriman; vice-president, Mrs. Sarah A. Tuttle; secretary, Frank V. Mills; treasurer, E. Pomeroy; executive committee, the officers and Dr. E. E. Case, George E. Crosby, jr., and John Garvan; auditor, Arthur W. Tryon; book committee, the Rev. Roscoe Nelson, Miss A. M. Sill, Miss Emma Morgan, Mr. Ruel Crompton Tuttle, Miss Jennie Loomis and Miss Kate Safford. The Association has a fund of \$5,495.70, beside the building and land, and there was a gain in cash during the year of \$357. The library has been open 129 days since July 1 last to May 1 of this year. 5,912 fiction and 721 non-



**Old General Mather House, Built in 1777**

New Owned and Occupied By The Windsor Public Library total of 6,388, have been issued, and the number of borrowers was 807, fiction books, and 554 periodicals, a number of families represented estimated at 360, an increase in borrowers for the period, of 132, representing an increase of forty-two families.

The Hayden station branch has been discontinued during the winter as Miss Louise Osborne was away. It is hoped that it will be opened soon. Mrs. C. Robert Hatheway reported for the Poquonock branch from July 1, 1915: Number of books and magazines issued being 1,301. The library is open twice a week with few exceptions. Mrs. Hatheway is extremely interested in the work and her work cannot be too highly praised. Her services are gratuitous. The appropriation by the town for the Library association is now \$400 per year.

During the month Contractor A. Lambo finished the laying of mains to Wilson's and now the people of that end of the town have the same excellent service that is supplied in other parts of Windsor by the Windsor Water Company.

The dedication of the new building of the Church of St. Gabriel, on Broad street, Windsor, occurred on Sunday, May 14th. The Right Reverend John J. Nilan, D.D., Bishop of this diocese, officiated, assisted by Rev. Lawrence A. Guinan, Rev. M. F. McAuliffe, A. M., Rev. John E. Fay, and conceived by Rev. John J. Fitzgerald, the present pastor, who, shortly after coming to this parish four years ago realized that the old church, which had been used for nearly fifty years, was too small. In the interval the difficult task of raising the money for a new church has been achieved so well that a building representing, with its furnishings, over \$35,000 with but a small encumbrance, is the result. Many prominent men of Windsor of all denominations, attended the ceremonies, which were most impressive.

The annual meeting of the Winpoq Fish and Game Club was held at the clubhouse Friday, May 4th. The reports of the officers showed that the year had been most prosperous. Not only have the members of the club taken greater interest in the association, but other associations, both locally and out of town. President Austin M. Bond, presided at the meeting and he was unanimously re-elected, as were John H. Ramsey, secretary, and Charles B. Searle, treasurer.

The Abigail Wolcott Ellsworth Chapter, D. A. R. has been asked to propose the name of some prominent resident of the south end of the town, of years past, to apply to the new school at Wilsons. This request indicates a very gratifying continuance of a plan of naming schools that started when the High School building was named in honor of Roger Ludlow.

Forest Fire Warden Norman T. Eddy has announced the appointment of deputies as follows: F. E. Clark, Farmington River Power Station; Jacob Lang, Prospect Hill District; Charles O. Clark, Hayden's Station; James F. Norris, Thralltown; Chief James J. Dillon, Windsor Fire Company, Windsor Center; Frederick W. Kimberley, Wilson Station.

The Windsor Baseball Team will play this year under the management of F. J. LaFleur, who has recently been taking subscriptions to buy uniforms for the Club. It is proposed to have the first game of the season at Sage Park on the morning of Decoration Day, before the races. The Team has recently ordered new uniforms from the Gustave Fischer Co. of Hartford.

Better telegraph service is promised for Windsor in the delivery of messages by arrangements which have been made by the Public Affairs Committee of the Windsor Business Men's Association.

Windsor is to have an improvement to its village mail delivery service. Within a short time mail boxes for collection will be put at convenient places.

# The Windsor Town Crier

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We do not intend to print advertising that we cannot endorse. We will not publish liquor or fake advertisements at any price, and reserve the right to comment on any subject, whether it concerns an advertiser or not.

**CONTRIBUTIONS.** We shall welcome suggestions and short contributions of news of coming events, or other items of local interest at any time.

Advertising or other copy must be in our hands on the 15th day of the month preceding publication.

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**Hayden's Station, Poquonock, Rainbow,**  
**Wilson's and Windsor and in the Gustave**  
**Fischer Company's store in Hartford.**

## Trains Leave Windsor

### GOING SOUTH—WEEK-DAYS

Morning 6:12, 7:37, 8:21, 10:54  
Afternoon 4:43, 6:03, 7:20, 10:00

### GOING SOUTH—SUNDAYS

Morning 10:54, 12:21  
Afternoon 4:43, 7:20, 10:00

Twelve Minutes To Hartford.

### GOING NORTH—WEEK-DAYS

Morning 5:57, 8:15, 9:53, 11:29  
Afternoon 2:13, 4:50, 5:37, 6:20, 11:35

### GOING NORTH—SUNDAYS

Morning 10:35  
Afternoon 2:13, 8:43, 11:53  
Thirty-eight minutes to Springfield.

## MEMORIAL DAY—MAY 30TH.

Windsor's diminished Veteran Battalion, G. A. R., will again conduct the observance of the annual decoration of the graves of those Windsor soldiers of the great Civil War who have passed on to answer their last roll-call.

During the year 1915, 238 members of the G. A. R. in Connecticut have died, leaving the total membership in the state at the end of that year, only 2,181. The proportion of deaths increases, naturally, every year.

What a splendid privilege it is, therefore, to feel that we still have with us a small band of survivors of those men who left their homes over fifty years ago, prepared, if necessary to sacrifice their lives for a principle they believed in.

It is a pathetic fact that in our busy lives we overlook, except on such occasions as this annual one, the opportunity that this generation has—but another one will not enjoy—of having personal contact with surviving members of the great civil struggle. We should take off our hats reverently as our veterans pass by, remembering that they stand for the spirit that has saved us, and will save us, as a nation when such bitter strife faces us as they participated in.

Let the sons and grandsons of veterans, the Boy Scouts and every one of us make the most of the privilege and opportunity Decoration Day—and every day—yet gives us, to show these men that we honor them and are proud of them. Let us begin this coming 30th of May to share the noble duty of carrying on the work to which the Grand Army of The Republic is consecrated—the fostering of patriotism, the loving care of and consideration for surviving veterans—and the decoration of the graves of those who save in spirit, perhaps—are no longer with us. Let Our Veterans see, and feel, what we know—that they will never be forgotten.

The July Town Crier Will Be Worth Reading. Don't Fail to Get It.

During the month the little colored boy called "Lucky" Babcock, whom the Crier last month referred to as the Official Mascot of the Business Men's Association was sentenced to the reform school for truancy. It was the boy's own opinion that he would be better off in the Reform School. It appears that the local Justices-of-the-Peace have given this boy unusual interest and consideration, but what a regrettable thing it was that it should have been necessary to send such an unusually bright boy to an institution which is bound to leave a certain mark on his future. The local magistrates have done all that they could, beyond question, for this boy and yet the Crier feels that this case emphasizes the need of the appointment of a permanent, recognized Probation Officer who might exercise authoritative supervision over all mischievous boys—or men—before their offenses became serious.

The Town Crier has been reminded of something that he needed no reminder of, namely: That the famous meeting of Herb. Wilbrahams' Nail Keg Gang in Poquonock adjourned before it had really completed its organization. They've had other meetings since at which the matter of the Bowling Club has been discussed, but the Crier was not invited. However, he has set in motion the machinery necessary to discover those later doings and when his reports are all in he may tell some more about that Club—unless other news-gatherers beat him to it.

Windsor was favored with an exceptional entertainment on Tuesday evening, May 10th, when the Sphinx Temple Band of 65 pieces, under the leadership of Thomas W. Morgan, and the Tempo Quartette of Hartford drew a large and appreciative audience to the Town Hall. The event was under the auspices of Washington Lodge, No. 70, A. F. & A. M., and was a credit to the organization.

Are there any advocates of the proposition that Windsor shall enthrone over the idea of this town becoming a part of a "Greater Hartford" who can give any reasons why such a combination would be of any advantage to Windsor? Would they prefer to pay the Hartford or the Windsor tax rate, for instance?

On Tuesday, May 23, The Connecticut Deeper Waterways Association conducted a most unusual expedition. A party of two hundred representative men of the state was taken on the Steamer "Zephyr" from New Haven on a tour of inspection which included New Haven Harbor and all the harbors and government works between New Haven and the Connecticut River. A landing was made at Saybrook Point and the steamer continued up the Connecticut to Middletown where, after greetings from the Mayor of that City and representatives of its energetic Chamber of Commerce, a few short speeches by prominent men, a shad dinner was served. This trip was a practical effort to inspire new interest in the development of Connecticut Waterways, and as a representative from the New London office of the War Department was on board to explain the work to be done in the Connecticut River under recent appropriations, the expedition was not only enjoyable, but instructive and inspiring. And what a greeting those Middletown people did give the party! It was a splendid foretaste of the hospitality to be enjoyed this fall by the lucky persons who receive appointments as delegates to the State Chamber of Commerce Convention—which is to be held in Middletown this year.

The Hartford County League News states that interest in soy beans, either as a green manure, soiling crop or ensilage supplement, is very marked. County Agent W. A. Cook of Windsor is cooperating with a number who are trying this crop for the first time. Records will be kept as to the cost of growing and its subsequent feeding or manurial value. It is also hoped that summer trips may be arranged to inspect these plots.

The County Agent still has a number of milk record sheets which, through the cooperation of the Extension Service of the Connecticut Agricultural College, he is able to furnish without charge to farmers desiring to keep daily milk records.

A well known business man whose home is in Windsor but who spends a great deal of time in travelling through other towns has long made it a practice to sound prospective customers as to their opinion of their home town. He long ago learned to be cautious in his dealings with men who criticised and found fault with the town they lived in. He considers it about as creditable to a man to "roast" his own father and mother as to pick his own town to pieces—and yet continue to live there. He has avoided many bad debts by following his theory to its logical conclusions.

In a sleeping-car one night, after everybody had turned in and the lights were low, a loud voice called from an upper berth.

'Porter, got a corkscrew?'

The porter came hurrying down the aisle.

'Boss,' he said, in a scandalized tone, 'we don't allow no drinking in the berths. It's against the rules.'

'Oh, it ain't that, Porter,' the voice answered; 'I just want to dig out a pillow that's sort of worked it's way into my ear.'      Credit Lost.

## POEMS WORTH READING.

## KNEE-DEEP IN JUNE

(By James Whitcomb Riley)

(This poem is one of the comparatively unknown productions of Riley, possibly on account of the fact that only the child who grows up in the country can appreciate the joy of lazing in a daisy field on a warm June day and gazing up at the sun and sky and floating clouds. The verses that follow certainly convey the exact spirit of such moments.)

Tell you what I like the best—  
'Long about knee-deep in June,  
'Bout the time strawberries melts  
On the vine—some afternoon  
Like to jes' git out and rest,  
And not work at nothin' else!

Orchard's where I'd rather be—  
Needn't fence it in fer me!—  
Jes' the whole sky overhead,  
And the whole earth underneath—  
Sort o' so's a man kin breathe  
Like he ort, and kind o' has  
Elbow-room to keerlessly  
Sprawl out len'thways on the grass,  
Where the shadders thick and soft  
As the kivvers on the bed  
Mother fixes in the loft  
Allus, when they's company!

Jes' a sort o' lazin' there—  
S'lazy 'at you peek and peer  
Through the wavin' leaves above  
Like a feller 'at's in love,  
And don't know it, ner don't keer!  
Ever'thing you hear and see  
Got some sort o' interest—  
Maybe find a bluebird's nest  
Tucked up there conveniently  
Fer the boys 'at's apt to be  
Up some other apple-tree!  
Watch the swallers skootin' past—  
'Bout as peert as you could ast;  
'Er the Bob white raise and whiz  
Where some other's whistle is.

Ketch a shadder down below,  
And look up to find the crow;  
Er a hawk away up there,  
'Pearantly froze in the air!—  
Hear the old hen squawk and squat,  
Over every chick she's got,  
Suddent-like!—And she knows where  
That air hawk is, well as you!  
You jes' bet your life she do!—  
Eyes a-glitterin' like glass,  
Waitin' till he makes a pass!

Pee-wees' singin', to express  
My opinion's second class;  
Yit you'll hear 'em more er less;  
Sapsucks gettin' down to biz,  
Weedin' out the lonesomeness;  
Mr. Bluejay, full of sass,  
In them baseball clothes o' his,  
Sportin' round the orchard jes'  
Like he owned the premises!  
Sun out there in the fields kin sizz,  
But flat on your back, I guess,  
In the shade's where glory is!  
That's jes' what I'd like to do  
Stiddy fer a year er two!

Plague if they ain't sompin' in  
Work 'at kind o' goes agin  
My convictions!—'long about  
Here in June especially!—  
Under some old apple-tree,  
Jes' a-restin' through and through,  
I could git along without  
Nothin' else at all to do,  
Only jes' a-wishin' you  
Was a-gittin' there like me,  
And June was eternity!

Over in Canaan, Conn, which according to a recently adopted slogan, is "The Growing End of the Nutmeg," they hear a lot about Windsor and Windsor doings (even in dull times), from the editor of the Connecticut Western News. John Rodemeyer keeps right on saying nice things about The Windsor Town Crier in that inimitably graceful way of his—and his subscribers keep right on reading about us,—and renew their subscriptions! Here's what he said about us last week:

The cry of the Windsor Town Crier has changed to a hearty laugh. The May number shows it has developed to a real live-wire newspaper with its future already established.

Such generous words of praise are the more appreciated because Canaan is such a "live" town that it would take a paper ten times the size of the "News" to record its activities. It has one of the most enterprising Business Men's Associations to be found anywhere. Its "Clean-up Week" campaign has usually been completed and without a parade, (because they need the time for a new campaign of some sort)—before other places have begun to think about the subject.

They celebrated "Pay-Up" Week a month ago. During this week every person in town who owed money was urged to pay up at least a portion of their indebtedness. The campaign was a great success. Business men received money on long dormant accounts—and business men paid money on long dormant accounts. Then a "Dollar Day" was celebrated. Every merchant offered real and unusual values for real cash dollars, starting a lot of idle dollars to work and so benefitting everybody.

President Joseph L. Parsons of the Canaan Association is a hustler and he has a hustling Board of Directors back of him. When they start something it goes—and goes with a rush. The "knocker" gets knocked out of the way in Canaan!

Lay out there and try to see  
Jes' how lazy you kin be!  
Tumble round and souse your head  
In the clover-bloom, er pull  
Yer straw hat acrost yer eyes,  
And peek through it at the skies,  
Thinkin' of old chums 'at's dead,  
Maybe, smilin' back at you  
In betwixt the beautiful  
Clouds o' gold and white and blue!—  
Month a man kin raily love—  
June, you know, I'm talkin' of!

March ain't never nothin' new!—  
Aprile's altogether too  
Brash fer me! and May—I jes'  
'Bominate its promises,—  
Little hints o' sunshine and  
Green around the timber-land—  
A few blossoms, and a few  
Chip-birds, and a sprout or two—  
Drap asleep, and it turns in  
'Fore daylight and snows agin!—  
But when June comes — Clear my  
throat

With wild honey! Rench my hair  
In the dew! and hold my coat!  
Whoop out loud! and throw my hat!—  
June wants me, and I'm to spare!  
Spread them shadders anywhere,  
I'll git down and waller there,  
And obleeged to you at that!

WINDSOR BUSINESS MEN'S  
ASSOCIATION LAST MEETING  
OF THE SEASON.

Tuesday Evening, June 6th. Remember the Date!

SPECIAL SPEAKER—Col. Richard J. Goodman  
First Infantry, C. N. G.  
Subject: "PREPAREDNESS"

The Speakers' Committee of the Association has provided a speaker for the closing meeting of the season, who is well known as an authority on military affairs. Because of the practical information to be obtained from such a man as well as for the pleasure to be derived from hearing a good speaker at any time, whatever the subject, there is little doubt but that this meeting will be largely attended.

The unusual activities of such committees as those which had charge of the Clean-Up and Tree Planting campaigns insures reports of much interest. It is probable also that the Public Service Corporation Committee will be ready with a report on the matter of protection at the Hayden's Station railroad crossing.

It is sure to be worth your while to attend this meeting. There will be no more meetings till September. The Town Crier will be sent to members during the summer months as usual.

The "Smoker" provided by the Entertainment Committee of the Business Men's Association for the meeting on May 2nd, was a grand success. Over a hundred attended and enjoyed every moment of the evening. The wrestling bouts were exceptional, the singing was excellent, the stories told were new and good, the cigars could be smoked to un-bitter end, and the refreshments—especially the world-famous "Rob. Barnes Stickless Punch"—kept everybody constantly asking for more.

Henry A. Grimm and George Berdortha gave an exhibition of clever fencing, which was thoroughly interesting from start to finish.

Arbor day has come and gone and there are nearly one hundred more shade trees along Windsor highways than there were before. The enterprise and energy of the Public Affairs Committee of the Business Men's Association, composed of George B. Ashwell, Chairman, Dr. H. F. King, Fredus M. Case, John Garvan, E. F. McDermott and George N. Burnham, the generous gift of trees by Miss Ella Kinney, and the practical assistance and co-operation of State Highway Commissioner Bennett and the City Forester of Hartford, made this splendid achievement possible. The work of setting trees was done by Scott's Nurseries under the capable supervision of George Rathgaerber of Windsor—a graduate of the Hohenheim Horticultural School of Germany, which was established by the Crown.

Not only did the Committee set out trees, but by making a nominal charge for same obtained enough to establish a small nursery from which trees may be obtained in coming years for other parts of the town.

## Things You Should Know About Windsor.

### THE STORY OF THE OLIVER ELLSWORTH HOMESTEAD.

By N. R. Clark.

There are countless incidents and traditions recorded in connection with the beautiful old historic Ellsworth Homestead and its distinguished owner, Oliver Ellsworth, Chief Justice of the United States. Because of its priceless collection of antiques as well as the valuable service of Oliver Ellsworth to his country, visitors are attracted from all over the world.

The first settlement near the site of the Ellsworth Home was about the year 1635 when Mr. Francis Stiles and a party of twenty men were sent by the "Lords and Gentlemen" of England to represent their claim to this site. Mr. Stiles built a "suitable house" which was probably at first a dug-out or cellar, such as were built by the earliest Windsor settlers. A few years ago, when Mr. Fowler built his house a few rods north of the Ellsworth house, a corner of the old Stiles house was unearthed. Remains of an old fort are still visible in the hollow of a cellar a few yards south of the Ellsworth Homestead, also there is a well indicating about the location of the first Ellsworth house.

The land was sold three times before March 31, 1665 when it was purchased by Josiah Ellsworth, grandfather of Oliver and it remained in the family for 239 years.

A portion of the present house was built by Captain David Ellsworth, father of Oliver about 1740. The ell facing the south was probably built about 1780 by Oliver Ellsworth after he had been to France and in preparation for his daughter's wedding. Later still the colonnade or porch was built for his son Martin. The house as we see it today is characteristic of its former owner—simple in exterior, yet substantial and imposing.

It has fourteen rooms in which are many souvenirs of his trip abroad, old-fashioned, elegant and substantial furniture, and life-size portraits of the Chief Justice and his wife. A quaint piano harmonium is a source of wonder and delight to the visitor; while the "Court Cupboard" built in Holland in 1698 is of more than passing interest. There are wonderful candlesticks, mirrors, pictures, an old corner cupboard, an old clock with an eagle on top, and many more interesting things which make it one of the most remarkable homes in Windsor.

Standing like sentinels guarding the secrets, traditions and incidents of the house are the famous trees. Among them is the stump of the old cedar "Hunt Tree" which until it fell some years ago was known as the oldest tree in Windsor. Tradition says that this was one of the original forest trees and for several generations it was the rallying spot for hunters when they started on a general hunt. High in its branches hung an immense pair of deer's antlers which disappeared about seventy-five years ago. Under this tree the original settlers of Windsor and Con-

necticut made their treaty with the Indians.

Oliver Ellsworth planted thirteen elms, each named for one of the thirteen colonies that formed the original Union. According to the family story lightning struck and blasted the South Carolina elm when the state for which it was named seceded from the Union.

The Ellsworth House was presented to the Connecticut Daughters of the American Revolution by the Ellsworth heirs and was formally dedicated October 8, 1903, when a public celebration was held at the Home. Governor Chamberlain, escorted by the Foot Guard, was present and also Mrs. Sara Kinney, the Connecticut State Regent, as well as many state officers, members of the D. A. R. and guests.

The D. A. R. of the state renovated and redecored the house with the exception of two rooms which remain unchanged. On the walls of one of these rooms, called the

29, 1745 and was the son of Captain David Ellsworth and his wife Jemima. As a farmer's boy he was accustomed to frugal fare, simple amusements and hard, wholesome tasks. He was familiar with the doctrines and observances of the Congregational Church, the established church of the Colony, which inculcated in him deep religious convictions that controlled his life.

Connecticut from a very early period had maintained an excellent school system supported by taxation, consequently his early schooling was as good as could be had anywhere in the colonies. His father prepared him for the study of the ministry and when seventeen years of age, Oliver entered Yale College where he remained for two years. For some misdemeanor he was "dismissed from being a member of this college." It is said that he went to Princeton and was graduated from there in 1766. He continued studying for the ministry but his teachers and his father



MR. AND MRS. EDWIN R. HOLMAN

Who Have Been For Many Years the Faithful Care-Takers of the Ellsworth Homestead.

Lafayette Room, is the wall-paper brought from France by Chief Justice Ellsworth. It is peculiar in that it is put on in very short pieces instead of the unbroken lengths of the present day. Also it was the first wall-paper to be used in the state. General Lafayette slept in this room when a guest of Judge Ellsworth.

Twelve rooms were made to look as nearly like the original as possible. The day following the dedication Mr. and Mrs. Edwin R. Holman became the care-takers, occupying a portion of the Home and they have faithfully and conscientiously discharged their duties since. Mrs. Holman charms her visitors with her fund of information and anecdotes in connection with the Homestead.

So much for "Elmwood," the attractive house and its surroundings, where Oliver Ellsworth lived and died, but it is not as interesting as this distinguished man who had "visited many countries, yet liked his own the best; who had been in all the states of the Union and found Connecticut the best state, Windsor the pleasantest town, and his own home the pleasantest place in the town of Windsor."

Oliver Ellsworth was born April

were finally convinced that his mind and tastes were better suited to the bar, to which he was admitted four years later.

When he began to practice as a lawyer, he was in debt, but someone has said that "poverty and an early marriage make the best beginning of a lawyer's life" and both were his portion.

In 1722, one year after his admission to the bar, he married Abigail Wolcott of East Windsor. A story is told that when Oliver made his first visit to the Wolcott house, he called for an elder sister, but that the black eyes of Abigail who sat demurely carding tow in the chimney corner made him change his mind and the next time he went there he called for Abigail. She was only sixteen at her marriage and was said to be beautiful, also an uncommonly loving and lovable woman.

Oliver Ellsworth and his wife began life together on a farm in Wintonbury (now Bloomfield) which belonged to his father. The farm was his main support until his increasing practice caused him to move to Hartford. He was too poor to hire help,

(Continued on page 8)

## The Campbell School

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A home school for girls of all ages Beautiful suburban location. Careful supervision of study. Regular courses. Special work in Music, Art, Elocution, Domestic Science. Health conditions perfect. Object of school to develop an all round womanhood mental, moral and physical.

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Let us Wash your Blankets

Price and Work will please you.

### Windsor Wet Wash Laundry

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FOR ESTIMATES

The lowest prices possible consistent with thorough and expert workmanship.

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Representing  
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R. E. TYLER  
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The Post & Lester Co.  
Automobile Supplies.  
175 Asylum Street, Hartford.

## If You Think of Moving TO WINDSOR

Bear in mind that Furniture Moving and General Trucking, Long Distance or Local, is my Business.

JOHN M. LIDDLE

'Phone 120 REASONABLE RATES WINDSOR

Don't Fail to Get The July Town Crier—Out June 25th.

## HE WASN'T MAKING MONEY

He was a renter, and at least every other season he was occupying a different farm, says Argonaut. By a friend's advice he had moved the year before into an entirely new field, a dozen miles from his usual haunts, and had not been seen for several months. When the friend did see him at last, it was quite by accident, business taking him into the old man's neighborhood. The farmer hailed him from the cornfield and came out to the fence.

"Hello!" said the friend. "Is this your farm?"

"Yes; and I jist come over to tell you, sir, that I'll be ready to pay part of that claim of your'n before long."

"You must be doing well."

"I think I'm doin' fust rate, and I'm powerful obliged to you, sir, for headin' me this way."

"I am always glad to help if I can."

"I knowed that sir, and that's why I come away over here so far from home. It's kinder strange to me, but as long as I am doin' as well as I am, I am goin' to stand it."

"Are you making any money?"

The old man's face brightened perceptibly. "No, I ain't sir," he replied hopefully, "but I'm losin' it slower'n I ever done in my life before."

## A Cent A Word Advertisements.

Ordinary Want, for Sale, For Rent, Lost or Found Notices will be inserted under this heading at one cent a word, name and address included, but no ad. will be accepted for less than 25 cents. Send one cent stamps or coin.

WANTED—Five shares stock of The Windsor Trust and Safe Deposit Co. Will pay substantial premiums. Address "Thrift" care of Town Crier.

WANTED—Would buy twenty or thirty acres of good grass standing the coming season. Address Geo. R. Ford

WANTED—To purchase a two-volume set of Stiles' History of Windsor. Please state price and address: "History" care of Town Crier.

FOR SALE—60 foot windmill in good order. Also hot air pump engine in good order. Price right. I. M. Wilcox, Station 28, Windsor.

## Philip F. Ellsworth

Civil Engineer  
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A Postal or 'Phone will Bring Samples.

## AWNINGS

for stores and private houses. Order your awnings early and avoid the rush. Drop a postal and our representative will call on you, show samples and give prices.

Decorations for Fairs and Social Functions

We also wholesale Electrical Goods.

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240 Asylum Street HARTFORD

## BUILDING LOTS

Situated on Bloomfield Avenue, in Windsor Fire District.

Southern Exposure Restricted Property  
Lots 75x150

Attractive terms to desirable citizens.

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'Phone 38-4 WINDSOR, CONN.

## New Garden Seeds

RECEIVED DIRECT  
FROM GROWERS

A Complete Line of Fresh Fruits,  
Vegetables and Canned Goods.

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'Phone 57-3 POQUONOCK

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Where you could get it when you need it. It would give you lots of confidence and a world of opportunity.

Start a SAVINGS ACCOUNT with us NOW and this can be easily accomplished.

THE WINDSOR TRUST & SAFE  
DEPOSIT COMPANY

Assets \$340,000

(Continued from Page 8)

so worked the farm himself and became a zealous and intelligent farmer.

When court was in session he walked twice a day, the ten miles that lay between his home and his office in Hartford. Once when a wealthy neighbor passed him in a carriage and remarked that a man of his position ought to ride rather than walk, Ellsworth replied that every man had to walk some time during his life and he preferred to walk when he was young and strong. Of course, the story goes, that the time came when he rode and the neighbor walked.

Oliver Ellsworth and his beautiful wife were sincerely devoted to each other and their home life was ideal. Nine children were born to them. The two youngest were twin boys, one of whom was Governor of Connecticut from 1838 to 1842. All of his sons who lived to manhood graduated from Yale and his daughters married men of prominence.

A story is told of his sending his son Martin to Hartford to invite General Washington to lunch with him at "Elmwood." The General accepted the invitation and upon arriving at the Homestead was shown into a room upstairs that he might remove some of the dust of the journey. He was gone so long that Mrs. Ellsworth sent her husband to see what had become of him, and it is said that he found him holding a child on each knee and singing the "Darby Ram" to them.

His greatest temptation was the snuff-box, used constantly in his later years. Thinking to diminish the number of pinches, he would take it to the top of the garret stairs, so that he would have to climb two flights every time he used it. Needless to say it was not long before he abandoned this difficult task and returned the box to a handy pocket.

While Oliver Ellsworth was a forceful and eloquent speaker, he was not a very prolific letter writer. Even his letters to his wife were few and far between. After she had grown anxious over a silence longer than usual, we are told that she finally received a missive. She adjusted her spectacles, opened the packet and read—"One week, and then Oliver Ellsworth."

Time and space would fail in attempting to tell all of the interesting things recorded of Oliver Ellsworth in connection with his family, town, state and nation. He was an ideal husband and father; practical, yet indulgent; stern, yet kind and sympathetic. His early years, also his declining ones were spent in the Homestead in Windsor from which he walked the mile or more to and from the church because he would not give the poor cause for envy.

He died November 26, 1807. For his influence and for his service to the country, Windsor will ever owe him a debt of gratitude.

"For more than a quarter of a century he was engaged with great affairs and in high places and we owe to him essential parts of the political system under which we live." From this we get a little idea of the ability of the man, who during his career be-



"ELMWOOD" The Oliver Ellsworth Homestead

came a member of Continental Congress, member of Committee of Pay Table, and member of Committee of Council of Safety, State's Attorney, member of Committee of Continental Congress, Delegate to Hartford Convention, Member of Governor's Council, member of Connecticut Superior Court, elected to First Senate, appointed third Chief Justice of the United States. Justice Hay of New York was first Chief Justice, followed by the appointment of Justice Cushing of Massachusetts. The day after his appointment, however, Justice Cushing resigned, probably on account of ill health.

While Oliver Ellsworth was Chief Justice, he was named member of Embassy to France. After his retirement from public life, he was editor of the Agricultural Column in the Connecticut Courant.

In 1790, Yale and Princeton bestowed upon him the degree of L.L.D. Dartmouth tendered him a like honor seven years later.

Of him John Adams said, "Judge Ellsworth is the firmest pillar of Washington's whole administration." Such was the man, who, at the time of his death, was universally conceded to be Connecticut's foremost citizen.

Note:—This would have no special interest for Windsor people excepting for two reasons:—one being the difference in opinion as to whether Oliver Ellsworth was first, second or third Chief Justice; the more interesting reason is that Assessor Joseph B. Spencer of Windsor is a direct descendant of Justice Cushing. Mr. Spencer's mother was Mary Cushing of Hanover, Mass., a granddaughter of Justice Cushing.

It has been suggested to the Town Crier—a suggestion he heartily endorses—that as new streets are opened in various sections of the town it would be a nice idea to give such names to them as would make them practical memorials to former prominent men of Windsor, or enduring markers of sites or localities having a peculiar historic interest. Near "Bowfield," the home of Miss Frances Bissell, for instance; one of Windsor's Town Pounds was maintained for many years, where stray domestic animals were "impounded" and

kept until called for and "bailed out" by owners.

In Poquonock the names of several Indian chiefs of settler-day interest should be perpetuated. Near Hayden's Station was the Old Stone Fort and the highway to the original Bissell's Ferry, not far from the Ellsworth Homestead. Wilson's Station might use old Indian names, and in fact, the town has a host of places that deserve permanent indication.

The new Warham Street was named with a fine appropriateness on account of its proximity to the Old Warham Mill, (now Lewis's,) and to the former residence of Reverend John Warham. We should like to see this street even more definitely designated as "John Warham" or "Reverend John Warham," Street. It may take longer to say it but wouldn't it mean more to the people living on it or to strangers, who often appreciate Windsor's wealth of historic associations more than the mass of our own people do? What a practical education in local history and what an inspiration of pride in their home town would be furnished—not only to children, but to their elders—by such a system of street and locality names consistently carried out!

It seems too much to hope for, but if street signs might, in addition to the names, bear a brief explanation of the significance of those names, an innovation would be introduced that would be of perpetual value and interest to everyone.

Finally, we suggest to future developers of real estate, that, popular though the name "Jones"—for instance—seems to be, it will never so definitely inspire local pride as would a "Chief Justice Oliver Ellsworth Street" and on that account it would be a very practical thing to give a new street a name that will mean something to everybody—and will stick to it.

Who knows anything about those bright colored birds we see painted on the new hats for women? Do you have to keep them in out of the wet as you do young turkeys?

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Your patronage solicited—we will do our best to serve you to your entire satisfaction.

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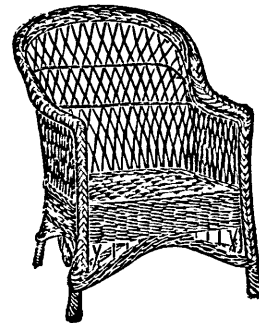
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## Veranda Furnishings

The furnishing of your veranda is a matter that needs as much consideration as any other part of the home. Begin now to plan on what you will do to make it a place of real comfort and enjoyment this year.



A visit to this store will prove especially helpful. You will find here everything necessary to make your veranda outfit exceptionally satisfactory.

There are extensive assortments of furniture from which to choose—in reed, Chinese grass, rattan, fiber-rush and maple; several different kinds of rugs that will lend a cool atmosphere on warm days, and couch hammocks with all the accessories.

You will find that our stocks afford a wide range of qualities and prices from which to make your selections.

## C. C. FULLER COMPANY

40-56 Ford St.

Overlooking Capitol Grounds

HARTFORD,

CONN.

## THE TOWN CRIER'S CALENDAR FOR JUNE

Brief items are solicited for this calendar. Mail to Town Crier before the 15th of the month preceding date of issue

- Thurs. 1.**—Monthly meeting Winpoq Club. Meeting Court Tunxis F. of A., Poquonock. N. E. O. P. meeting.
- Fri. 2.**—
- Sat. 3.**—Annual Opening Tunxis River Canoe Club.
- Sun. 4.**—Sunday after Ascension Day. Meeting Holy Name Society St. Joseph's Church, Poquonock. Services all churches.
- Mon. 5.**—
- Tues. 6.**—Monthly meeting Windsor Business Men's Association, last of season. Eureka Chapter No. 56 O. E. S. Boy Scouts meeting.
- Wed. 7.**—Palisado Lodge I. O. O. F. meeting. Ladies' Aid Society of Wilson's meeting in afternoon. Barnum & Bailey's Circus, Hartford.
- Thurs. 8.**—New Moon. George L. Lilley Circle 1015 C. of F. of A. Third District Grammar School Graduation exercises
- Fri. 9.**—High School Graduation Exercises. Poquonock Grammar School Exercises.
- Sat. 10.**—Senior Prom. Campbell School. Close of Shad Fishing Season.
- Sun. 11.**—Whitsunday. Meeting Holy Name Society, St. Gabriel's Church, Windsor. Services all churches. Baccalaureate Sermon, Campbell School, Rev. Wm F. English, Congregational Church.
- Mon. 12.**—Washington Lodge A. F. of A. M. Morning Class Day Exercises, Campbell School, Out-of-doors, followed by Folk Dancing. Afternoon, Alumnae meeting.
- Tues. 13.**—Meeting Directors Emergency Aid Association. Poquonock Camp 9685 M. W. of A. Woman's Club Congregational Church. Pictures of Old Mexico, Miss Emma Morgan. Campbell School, Senior Play, Shakespeare's "The Winter's Tale" Boy Scouts meeting. Senior Reception, High School.
- Wed. 14.**—Palisado Lodge I. O. O. F. meeting. Commencement Exercises, Campbell School. Reception at School Residence following.
- Thurs. 15.**—Meeting Court Tunxis F. of A., Poquonock. N. E. O. P. meeting.
- Fri. 16.**—
- Sat. 17.**—
- Sun. 18.**—Trinity Sunday.
- Mon. 19.**—
- Tues. 20.**—Eureka Chapter No. 56 O. E. S. Annual Picnic Abigail Wolcott Ellsworth Chapter D. A. R. at the Ellsworth Homestead. Boy Scouts meeting.
- Wed. 21.**—Palisado Lodge I. O. O. F. meeting. Ladies' Aid Society of Wilson's meeting in afternoon.
- Thurs. 22.**—Geo. L. Lilley Circle 1015 F. of A.
- Fri. 23.**—
- Sat. 24.**—
- Sun. 25.**—First Sunday after Trinity. Full Moon.
- Mon. 26.**—Washington Lodge A. F. of A. M.
- Tues. 27.**—Poquonock Camp 9685 M. W. of A. Annual Picnic Woman's Club of Congregational Church. Boy Scouts meeting.
- Wed. 28.**—Palisado Lodge I. O. O. F. meeting.
- Thurs. 29.**—
- Fri. 30.**—

## A SUMMER IDYLL

They rowed about the silent lake  
 Along its wooded shores:  
 Her eyes were fixed upon the moon,  
 While his were on the oars;  
 Her dress was like a washing-rag,  
 His knuckles scarred and red,  
 Her hat was crooked, where an oar  
 Had rapped her on the head  
 His shoes were full of squashy mud;  
 His knees were bruised and sore.  
 His chin was like a punching bag,  
 From contact with an oar;  
 And as they traveled 'round the lake,  
 In tender tones he sighed—  
 "Oh, that we might drift on always  
 Together on life's tide."  
 An oar flew up and whacked her head  
 With ring of bone on wood;  
 The maiden smiled a happy smile—  
 "Oh, Jawge, I wish we could!"  
 By the Dallas News Poet.

In these days of voluminous coats and skirts for women the recent "patch" pockets have retired in favor of the real old sure-enough inside pockets that were the despair of our grandsires, when they were sent to find something in their wives' pockets. Now however, they bear a sort of guide-board in the form of a plaster of a different color or material, or both, that outlines the opening. This is surely thoughtful of the makers of women's clothes.

In the March number of the Town Crier, Andrew Mahan of Poquonock advertised for recipes for making buckwheat cakes and he has very kindly shown some of them to the editor, who has selected three of the most attractive sounding ones to reproduce here for the benefit of housewives who might be interested in them. They follow:

No. 1. Two teacups of buckwheat flour, two tea-cups of wheat flour, one cake of yeast, one teaspoonful of salt; mix, and add sufficient milk to make a soft batter. Bake on a hot griddle. (One who likes 'em, says that with plenty of molasses, there is nothing for a growing boy that equals these.)

No. 2. One quart of buckwheat flour, four tablespoonsful of yeast, one handful of Indian meal, two table-spoonful molasses, (not syrup), enough warm water to make the batter thin; beat well and set to rise in a warm place. Do not make your cakes too small, and serve hot. (The lady who submitted this recipe stated that she had been making buckwheat cakes from same for nearly sixty years and her mother and grandmother used it before her.)

No. 3. Mix one-half cup of corn meal, one-half teaspoon salt in one pint of boiling water. Beat well and when cool add one cup of buckwheat flour and one cup of wheat flour, with one gill of yeast. In the morning, after standing over night, pour off the discolored water that lies on top of the batter, dilute with one-half cup of milk in which one table-spoonful of soda has been dissolved, and bake on hot griddle. (With this recipe Mr. Mahan received a note, part of which is quoted: "I saw your notice in the Town Crier. My best wishes for it. Never had such interesting reading when I was a girl. Long life to it!")

The Town Crier thanks this lady for her compliments, and Mr. Mahan for his courtesy in giving the privilege of printing some of the recipes received by him in answer to his advertisement.

## F. J. Harrington

### Undertaker

Connecticut and Massachusetts Licenses  
 Experienced Lady Attendant

Telephone 121-2 Ellsworth & Filley Bldg.

WINDSOR

## GOSSIP

We learn that the Hon. P. Davis Oakey, President of The Bald-Head Club of America, which has a number of shining (head) lights of Windsor in its membership, will call a meeting some time in June or July, in Hartford, to consider the vital subject of where and when to hold the annual banquet of this grand and glorious organization, the object of which is to see that all bald-headed men get all that is coming to them. Some time, if we can induce him to sit for his portrait—with his wig off—we are going to show a portrait of John Rodemeyer—the Secretary of the Club and the man who made the bald-head famous and popular. If you want to join this Club hand your dollar to Al House or F. J. Terry and sign up.

The Town Crier Takes This Opportunity to Express His Sincere Thanks to a Number of Friends—The Names of All of Whom He Could Not Learn—Who Have Most Thoughtfully and Kindly Taken the Trouble When Patronizing Advertisers to Call Their Attention to the Fact That Their Announcements Had Been Seen in The Windsor Town Crier. In One Case in Particular A Valuable Advertising Contract Was Given Us As the Direct Result of Credit Being Given The Windsor Town Crier for Several Purchases Made in Answer to an Advertisement in Our Pages. Such Friendly "Boosts" Can Only Be Properly Acknowledged by An Effort to Make Each Issue of This Publication More Attractive and Readable Than Its Predecessor.

Clean-Up Week in Windsor was a grand success and great credit is due the Selectmen, the members of the committee of the Business Men's Association, and the Boy Scouts for the energetic way in which they undertook the campaign and the thoroughness with which they carried it out. Windsor is most attractive this spring—never more so—and that it is so, is surely due in no small degree to the interest and cooperation of the general public in the idea of making Clean-Up Week a practical success. The old Windsor Green never looked more immaculate than it does now.

The management in one of the daily papers that a debating club was to be organized at the Loomis Institute was read by the editor just after he had clipped the following joke from the Louisville Courier-Journal:

"The boys at our school had a chinning contest."

"What good is school to you, if that is the language you use?"

"Why, it was a chinning contest, dad. You see how many times you can chin a horizontal bar."

"Oh, I thought you were talking about a debate."

It would almost seem that women were getting a run for their clothes money this season, so many seem to have received checks in exchange for their checks.

Headquarters for Marine Hardware of Every Description.



Canoe Fittings C. & T. Special Paddles  
Cushions Pillows Folding Chairs  
and Seats.

Ferro Rowboat Motors  
Jordan's Mooring Buoys, Etc.  
CARLETON OLD TOWN CANOES

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**A. R. BREWER & CO.**

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215 State St. HARTFORD

**Abel and Merritt's  
Hartford and Windsor Express**

Leaves:  
Windsor for Hartford at 8:30 A. M.  
and 1:00 P. M.  
On Return Trips Leaves  
Hartford at 10:00 a. m. and 4:00 p. m.

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Poquonock Ave.  
Telephone 135

Hartford Office:  
1211 Main St.  
Tel. Charter 7559

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FOR  
SALE**

Wm. Stinson & Son  
WINDSOR

**JOSEPH & CO.  
TAILORS**

SUITS MADE TO ORDER **\$18**

EXPERT DESIGNING

81 Asylum Street HARTFORD

A BIRD'S LOVE STORY.

The following touching little anecdote from the Connecticut Western News will appeal to every nature lover. It is said to have emanated from "Twin Doors," the home of Walter Pritchard Eaton of Stockbridge, Massachusetts, who is a well known dramatic critic and lecturer.

A canary bird fell in love with a steam radiator in the room where its cage hung; fascinated by the musical whistle of the escape when the pressure was high. It would cock its little head and listen to the singing of the radiator, then respond with a burst of joyous song. This flirtation kept up all winter—the bird and the radiator singing to each other—until a few days ago, when the fire in the heater was allowed to go out, and as the steam subsided, of course the radiator's song died out, too. The bird kept up its singing, intermittently, for a while, and would stop and listen for the familiar response. No response was forthcoming. After a while the bird stopped singing, altogether, and gradually dropped and pined until it died, as its mistress fully believes, of a broken heart.

[Some might call this a beautiful, beautiful story—and some would call it just a d... .. d lie '—Editor.]

One of the several sons of a poor colored couple in the South, by much sacrifice, was sent away to one of the larger cities to be educated at an industrial school conducted for the young people of the race. On his return home to the cabin for his vacation he was clad with relative sumptuousness and had a very superior air that caused the family to observe him with awe. One little pickaninny brother was the exception, however, and while they were sitting down eating, he called across the table, "Pass the 'lasses, Rastus!"

"Don't say 'lasses," said Rastus, "say mo-lasses."

"Huh," said his brother in disgust, "Whaffo' I say mo' 'lasses when I aint done had none yit?"



**Expert  
Electrical  
Work**

A free demonstration of the new Frantz-Premier Vacuum Cleaner given at your home.

Call 'Phone No. 61-14 WINDSOR

**Have You Ever  
Used A New Perfection  
Oil Cooking Stove?**

We guarantee satisfaction, so it is wise to buy it here.

We Also Carry a Full Line of REFRIGERATORS

**A. Wilbraham & Son.**

Telephone POQUONOCK

P. S.—We sell SOCONY Oil.

THE NURSE.

Irving contributed to the gaiety of a supper a story about Lawrence Barrett. One night Barrett and his old friend, Edwin Booth, met at their club in New York. Barrett, after a brief greeting, bustled toward the door with every appearance of remembering a pressing engagement, according to the story as related in the Strand Magazine.

"Halloa! Where are you off to?" Booth asked.

"To a rehearsal," said Barrett.

"What's the play?"

Barrett said it was "Romeo and Juliet."

"And what part do you take?"

Booth asked in sudden access of interest.

"There is only one part for me in the play," Barrett said, drawing himself up in lofty indignation.

"Oh, ah, yes," said Booth; "I know—the nurse!"

The angered tragedian stood forth in haughty silence and did not speak to Booth for two days.

Grabbed.

**Discontinuing  
The Sale of  
Stock Food "TONIC"**

Present Supply at Favorable  
Prices and Terms

**A. MAHAN**

POQUONOCK, CONN.

A son of Erin was digging post holes and the boss came along to size up the job. "How are you making out Pat?" asked the boss, critically examining the hole.

"Foine as silk," answered Pat, keeping right on with his work, "as yez will notice yersilf."

"The work looks all right, Pat," joking responded the boss; "but do you think you will ever be able to get all that dirt back in the hole again?"

"No, sor," came the reply of Pat, "not as it is now sor; but it's me intintion to dig the hole a little daper.—Pittsburg Chronicle Telegram.

An elderly lady who rather plumes herself on her sharpness and general knowledge went to a church sociable. She was warmly greeted by the young women.

'Good evening, auntie; we are glad you came. We are going to have tableaux this evening.'

'Yes, I know, I know,' was the reply. 'I smelt 'em when I first came in.'

Credit Lost.

The Prisoner—"There goes my hat. Shall I run after it?"

Policeman Casey — 'Phwat? Run away and never come back agin? You stand here and I'll run after your hat.'

Credit Lost.

## IS IT RIGHT?

Said the judge:  
'I know you. You are a good citizen. You shall not have to tell your story to any man, and it shall not pass this door.'

And that is how this Jean Valjean found a judge with bowels of mercy. 'But,' you say, 'would any one hinder the reform of such a man or hurt his prospects, a man who has suffered his punishment and now is living an upright life?'

Listen to this tale. I personally know it is true:

An ex-convict of exemplary record was paroled by the state board of pardons and went to an Iowa town where he had lived in all good conduct and joined a church. He was asked to take part in the program of a church entertainment.

Now, there was a certain woman.

This woman learned by some means that the man had served time in prison, whereupon she withdrew from the entertainment committee.

Well.

Learning the woman's action, the poor man said he would step aside. It was in vain the best people urged him to stay, averring they preferred to let the woman go out of the church rather than lose him. He was firm.

What else could he do?

He wrote to the parole board, told the story and asked to be permitted to move to another town in the state, which was granted.

Somebody ought to thunder in that woman's ear, 'If ye forgive not men their trespasses,' how will God forgive you?

Credit Lost.

## DOWNTRODDEN LABOR ASSERTS ITSELF

(The following occurrence, although reported by a Windsor man, did not, needless to say, take place in Windsor.)

Scene: In front of office of Eureka Manufacturing Company. Crowd of striking workmen in yard. Time,

1916, A. D. The President of the Corporation standing in doorway of office removes his silk hat and appeals to the leader of the strike with tears in his eyes. "My dear Mr. Szozofetl, you gentlemen deemed it to your interests to relinquish your positions in our factory. May I respectfully suggest that possibly it was because you preferred a general increase in salary to the amounts you had been receiving?"

Leader, (who is spokesman also). "Yep."

"Now I will ask you—did I not give you the desired increase?"

"Yep."

"Then we were honored in being May 15

able to comply with your demand for five hours employment at a twelve hour salary."

"Yep, that's right."

"Then, as you ordered, we got rid of all our officers who would not contribute a thousand dollars apiece to defray the expenses of your strike?"

"Yep."

"Is there anything more that you can think of which would make it easier or more pleasant for yourself and the other gentlemen whom you represent?"

Leader, (thoughtfully) "N-O-P-E."

"Well, may I hope you will consider returning to work," (hastily correcting himself), "I mean to your employment with us?"

"Nope!"

"May I ask if you have any reason—any further complaint?"

"Nope!"

"Then please come back."

"Nah, we won't!"

"Oh, please!"

"Go t'ell!"

"Just for a few days?"

"Nah, do' wan' ter."

"Just for one day?"

"Nah, dry up! youse make me tired. W'at d'yer take us fer. D'yer t'ink we'll work for a baldheaded ol' dude what wears a silk hat. Nah. !!!

## L. MULLALEY

Dealer in

Groceries, Provisions and General Merchandise

A full line Tennis Shoes a specialty

Telephone 4-4

WINDSOR, CONN.

## The Thompson Equipment Co.

On or about June 1st we will open our new electrical display rooms, where we will be pleased to meet our old and new patrons.

TELEPHONE 84

Windsor,

Connecticut

## TRUSSES, ELASTIC STOCKINGS

ABDOMINAL SUPPORTERS

Appliances for the Deformed and Crippled made to order on advice of your physician.

Discount to Windsor Patients.

Roland S. Tiffany

6 Spring St.

Telephone 50

THERE IS GENUINE SATISFACTION IN HAVING YOUR WORK DONE AT THE Sanitary Barber Shop

When you know that special efforts are made in respect to the cleanliness and neatness, not only of the things that show, but of those that do not, you feel safer.

Special attention given to Children's Hair-Cutting

RAZORS GROUND AND HONED.

N. Troiano and M. Chiascone, Props.

193 Broad St., Mason Block

Windsor

## SUMMERCORN BROS.

TAILORS, CLEANSERS, DYERS

Agents for

The Standard Ladies' Tailoring Co. OF NEW YORK

Latest Styles and Patterns Now Here

Tel. 4-5.

WINDSOR CENTER

## I want to be kept busy

There is enough work in my line in Windsor and vicinity to keep a good man busy—Keep me busy.

WM. T. SMITH

"THE WINDSOR JEWELER"

17 Central St.

WINDSOR

Watch, Clock and Jewelry Repairing

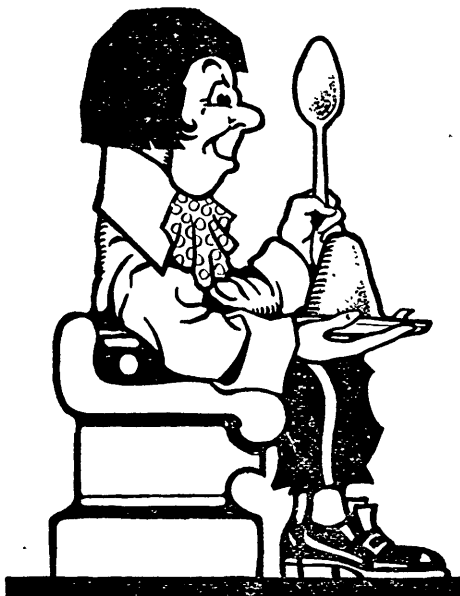
From Maker to User

"Occident" Flour

COSTS MORE. WORTH IT.

Ask Your Grocer.

"Lewis the Miller"



## Something New

at the Store of Cheerful Service!

Come and Enjoy a Delicious

Fruit or Nut SUNDÆE

or a Glass of Wholesome, Refreshing Soda Water

Served from our NEW Absolutely Sanitary Lippincott Soda Fountain.

Robert H. Barnes

Druggist

Telephone Next Door from Post Office

Take Home a Brick of New Haven Dairy Ice Cream



## IMPRESSIONS OF WINDSOR

By a Native of the Town Who Re-visited It After an Absence of Thirty-Six Years

Sometime last February, Gilbert H. Ellsworth, now of Lincoln, Nebraska, passed a day in revisiting the scenes, and such of the friends as were still living, of his boyhood. Following a request from the Town Crier, Mr. Ellsworth sent a letter concerning his visit. Some of the matters mentioned seemed to call for additional comment and Judge D. Ellsworth Phelps, who knew Mr. Ellsworth intimately, was requested to furnish such comment—and very kindly did so.

Judge Phelps' acquaintance with Gilbert Ellsworth was recalled most vividly in connection with an experience he had as a boy with William E. Ellsworth, the grandfather of Gilbert Ellsworth, when the Judge and Dwight Phelps, (brother of former Selectman Albert E. Phelps,) were getting walnuts in the old walnut grove on the Pearson place, (about opposite the present club-house of the Winpoq Club.) William Ellsworth spied the two boys and asked them if they would like a treat. They could not say no, of course, and they were led to a swampy spot near the river's edge, where some "Jack-In-The-Pulpits" grew. One of the plants was pulled up by the roots and the attractive looking bulb attached, called a wild turnip, was carefully peeled and offered them. Both bit into the bulbs without hesitation and then—wild turnip bulbs proving to be the hottest, peppery delicacy (?) a boy ever put into his mouth, both made a wild, simultaneous dash for the river and threw themselves down at its edge and as Judge Phelps says: "Tried to swallow the whole river in an effort to wash out the effect of that peppery mouthful." The letter follows:

Lincoln, Nebr., April 11th, 1916.

Editor of The Windsor Town Crier,  
Windsor, Conn.

Dear Sir:—

Thirty-six years ago, the writer, then a boy of 15, bade farewell to Windsor, the home of his childhood, and moved with his parents to the young state of Nebraska, to grow up in the great West. Then, one stormy day last February, came the rare privilege of visiting the old home, and you have asked me to record some of the impressions that filled my mind that day.

Of course, things looked changed. Windsor has grown, many new features appeared, many of the old landmarks were gone. I looked in vain for the Methodist church on the corner, where my mother used to sing in the choir when she was a girl. The hotel was there, changed in name but not much changed in appearance. The old academy where I went to school was gone and a neat looking chapel stood in its place. Many new houses and business blocks were to be seen. The big open field south of the Bloomfield road had become a prosperous looking modern residence section. The Poquonock road too, was solidly built up and was much changed. But the old green was there; at least, it would have been green at a more auspicious time of

year, and the magnificent old elm tree.

Distances seemed to have shrunk greatly and nothing seemed half so large as it had been pictured in my memory. Probably I had grown too accustomed to the boundless vistas of the Nebraska prairies and everything seemed cramped here now. The little triangular green across from the old academy looked all too small for a base ball field, but what exciting games we boys used to play there.

Of course the trolley line looked new and strange: They were undreamed of in those days when I used to drive the old mare along the road from Hartford. As I came into town on that trolley, the conductor proudly pointed out the roofs of the Loomis Institute and told me about it, and I called to mind that nearly half a century ago we were looking forward to the beginning of that great Institute, just lately made an accomplished fact.

I started north on the Windsor Locks road, across the old causeway and through the old covered bridge over the Farmington, and I looked down to the "point," where in the spring time the men would draw the seine and pull in the shad. What exciting times to watch the haul and to help pull on the long ropes.

I saw the Fenton store, just as it used to be when good old Alva Fenton and his kindly wife waited upon their customers there and gossiped with the neighbors when they dropped in.

North of the bridge I found less change during the years and the landscape looked almost natural, except for that same impression of having shrunk in size. The old homes were there and I could have named them all as they used to be, but doubtless many were changed now. The old cemetery was there behind the Congregational church and doubtless its population had increased steadily year by year.

Many of the old houses had grown weatherbeaten with the lapse of time but they had defied the storms for more than a century, perhaps, and with their oak timbers, were good for centuries more with just a little care.

I called at the home of cousin Horace H. Ellsworth and found there relatives that I had never seen before but whose greeting was none the less cordial. The old Thrall homestead, later the home of Mr. Rainey, the colored congressman from South Carolina, was now "Clark's corner" to the trolley conductor.

I waded through the snow down the street and I gazed longingly at the old home across the street from the school house where I was born and where I spent the happy years of my childhood. It was in the hands of strangers now and I sadly passed it by.

The school house looked natural. It called to my mind that earlier old bell school house that used to stand at the head of the (Palisado) green, next to the parsonage, and how it burned to the ground one cold winter morning about 45 years ago. Tradition has it that Mr. Holcomb rang the bell to spread the alarm, until the rope burned off and he sat on the floor. Then, how a contest raged over the location of the new school house and

how one night, just as the handsome new building was nearing completion, it too was burned to the ground. The present structure was erected on the foundations left in the ruins of the first building.

I stopped at the home of my venerable aunt, Mrs. Timothy Phelps, the youngest and only surviving member of that family of five boys and five girls, the children of Giles Ellsworth, of whom my father was next youngest.

I asked about the former neighbors, the Sills, the Denslows, the Clapps, the Howards, the Northrups, the Holcombes: The names of all of them and of many others were as fresh in my memory that day as though it was but yesterday that I lived there.

That evening I sat in the home of Tax Collector Howard Goslee, in that same old home where my grandfather Horace Bower had lived for nearly a century and where he held the office of Town Clerk for more than forty years. Your genial postmaster Welch was there and we talked and lived over the scenes and events when we were children together.

It was difficult indeed to say good bye in time to take the night train back to New York whither I had come on the business trip which had enabled me to take that all too brief visit of a single day to the childhood home. It gives me great pleasure to have this opportunity to greet many of the old acquaintances whom I could not meet personally that day.

Very sincerely yours,

GILBERT H. ELLSWORTH.

The Methodist Church referred to in Mr. Ellsworth's letter was the one which stood until a few years ago, on the north-east corner of Broad and Central Streets. It was torn down to make room for the Mason Block, which now stands on its site.

"The big open field south of the Bloomfield road" was once the farm of Colonel Loomis, who left it to his daughter, the wife of the late H. Sidney Hayden. The Noonan House on Spring Street was the farm-house on this property.

Mention of South Carolina's colored representative in Congress recalls the days of "Carpet-Bagger" rule in the South. Rainey was one of the colored men these patriots (?) sent to Congress in their effort to convince the defeated Southerners that all men must be free and equal—in the South! Rainey lived as a gentleman of leisure in the house occupied in recent years by the family of Bradley Clark, spending four or five years here, and then moving to Springfield.

The first "old bell school-house" stood on a space about 30 by 50 feet now marked by a clump of lilac bushes, just south of the present Merrill Place, (which was formerly the Congregational Parsonage). This spot had earlier been occupied by the house of Matthew Grant—the third Town Clerk of Windsor—whose remarkably definite and complete records may be read as easily today as on the day they were written. Within a few years the Grant Family Association unsuccessfully negotiated for the purchase of this plot in order that a memorial to their ancestor

## BREAK-NECK CIGARS

UPPER "B" 10 Cents

LOWER "B" 5 Cents

"DOCTOR JACK" 10 Cents

"BEN BREE" 5 Cents

"HALF-A-TEN" 5 Cents

might be placed on it. If ever a man deserved a memorial for exceptional service, exceptionally performed, it is Matthew Grant, and the Town Crier hopes that the memorial proposed may be placed, before very long. Returning to the school-house again it may be stated that its location on the east side of the road was decided upon in spite of strong opposition. After it was mysteriously burned, the new school building was put up on the opposite side of the street. It too, fell a victim to fate, (or a sulphur match), and it was on the site of this (second) building that the present one was built.

### SAVING OLD PAPERS.

The Bolton correspondent of the Hartford Courant writes: The high price paid for rags and old papers is bringing the junk men out from Hartford to pick up all they can in the country towns. At first these junk dealers offered ridiculously low prices, half a cent a pound for rags and 5 or 10 cents a hundred pounds for old paper. A big load was actually collected at these prices, with one exception of a cent a pound for rags to one woman who would not sell for less than that. That junk dealer must have gone back satisfied, for even junk men in Manchester give 3 cents a pound for rags and up to 50 cents a hundred pounds for papers of different kinds.

Paper has been sold as high as 65 and 75 cents a hundred, according to newspaper quotations on lots of waste paper such as old telephone books. But no other junk dealer will do the stunt again for the country housewife has got wise and will not give away her rags and old papers again. Why, some junk men have distributed poor bananas and corky oranges instead of money for rags! Now the department of commerce has had notices put up in the postoffices urging people to save their rags and waste papers. There is a serious shortage of waste material. Over 15,000 tons of different kinds of paper and paper board are made every day in the United States. A large part of this product can be used over again to make other paper if it is not thrown away or burned. In the early days of paper making, it was urged upon the public to save rags. Under the heading, "How To Save," are given the following directions: "Cotton and woolen rags, old papers, magazines, newspapers, wrapping paper and cardboard. Directions: (1) Keep waste dry and clean; (2) Separate rags from old papers; (3) Separate cotton from woolen rags; (4) Separate magazines from old paper; (5) Call in nearest junk dealer."

## Horticultural Products

Vegetable and Bedding Plants

Peas and Strawberries

Ready June 15

ERVINE F. PARKER

Telephone 6-5 POQUONOCK

At the Simmons Block fire in Poquonock recently the volunteer firemen did splendid service. It was quite a stunt for James McKeever to handle alone for some time—as circumstances made it necessary for him to do—a fire hose with one hundred pounds pressure at the nozzle. According to report Joe Phalon went to the fire with his umbrella—it being a rainy night—and beneath its shelter helped energetically. It is said that while the firemen were working on one side of the building, one of the foreigners who lived there, got a ladder up to a second story window and with a lantern hooked over his arm, climbed up and into the house in the hope of saving some of his goods. As he reappeared at the window with his arms full of bundles, and veiled in smoke, Joe Phalon—or somebody suddenly discovered the dim light of his moving lantern and yelled, "Boys—the fire has broke out here. Hurry up with that hose!"

The firemen rushed around with the hose, aimed the hundred pound stream at the moving lantern and brought forth an agonized shriek from the foreigner, who came tumbling down off the ladder with his armful of bedding, crockery and lantern, and who when he got his breath ungratefully and angrily inquired "Whatta 'l you try to do?" Nobody ever answered him.

## Typewriters

Rebuilt and Second-hand.

Repairing and all  
Supplies

N. E. Typewriter  
Exchange

Charter 7561

847 Main St. Hartford, Conn.

See Our Rebuilt Underwoods:  
Like new, and you save 50%

## CLIPPINGS FROM OTHER PUBLICATIONS THAT WARN US TO BE CAREFUL.

R. B. Barbier, 2514 Lafayette street, employed by the Wildwood builders, was removed to the Lutheran Hospital yesterday, where he will undergo a surgical operation.

Funeral services will be held Wednesday afternoon at 1.30 o'clock at the residence, 425 Greenlawn avenue.—The Fort Wayne (Ind.) Journal Gazette.

A. O. Lundquist, who was married three weeks ago, is able to be out again and will likely be able to assume his duties as carpenter and contractor soon.—The Montezuma (Colo.) Journal.

Harry Mahan of Covell has bought a cow and is now supplying his neighbors with butter and fresh eggs.—The Lincoln (Ill.) Star.

Mrs. J. S. Perrine is seriously ill at her home on Chester avenue. Silverware were presented to her and she was wished "Many Happy Returns of the Day."  
—Moorestown (N. J.) Chronicle.

Tomorrow evening Miss Phyllis Bedells makes her final appearance at the London Empire, where she has danced without interruption for nine and one-half years.—The Bristol (Eng.) Times and Mirror.

Victim Had Both Lower Jaws Broken.—Headline in the Okmulgee (Okla.) Democrat.

John Abbott has been caring for a very sick horse for the last week, but is better at present.—The Montpelier (O.) Enterprise.

Mr. Sykes has been married fifty years and his war stories are well worth listening to.—The Lansing (Wis.) Banner.

### A RUSSIAN AD.

The reason why I have heretofore been able to sell my goods so much lower than anybody else is that I am a bachelor and do not need to make a profit for the maintenance of a wife and children. It is now my duty to inform the public that this advantage will shortly be withdrawn from them, as I am about to be married. They will therefore do well to make their purchases at once at the old rate.—Petrograd Otogoloski.

# FLOUR SALE BALANCE OF MONTH

Barrels, cotton \$7.30 1-8 Sack 92c Triangle and Queen Quality Brands

## EXTRA GROCERY SPECIALS

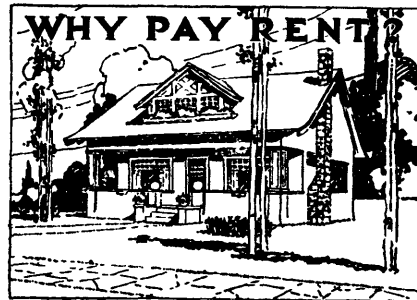
A good time to stock up for your summer cottage

Evaporated Milk..... large cans 9c, 3 for 25c	
"..... small cans 5c, 6 for 25c	
Large Fat Prunes.....18c lb 3 lbs 50c	Canned Tomatoes .....12c can 1.35 doz
Medium Size Prunes.....15c lb 2 lbs 25c	"    ".....10c can 1.15 "
Small Prunes.....7c lb 4 lbs 25c	"    Corn..... 12c can 1.35 "
Evaporated Apricots, large fancy.....15c lb 2 lbs 25c	"    ".....10c can 1.00 "
"    small..... 10c lb	"    Peas.....13c can 1.50 "
Best Carolina Head Rice.....10c lb 3 lbs 25c	"    ".....10c can 1.00 "
Quaker and Mother's Oats..... 3 pkgs. 25c	"    Peaches.....18c can 1.90 "
Purity Oats.....3 pkgs. 25c	"    "    Sliced.....20c can 2.25 "
Lighthouse Cleanser.....6 cans 25c	"    Pineapple.....20c can 2.25 "
6 cakes P. & G. White Naphtha Soap.....25c	"    ".....15c can 1.65 "
4 pkgs Sheet Toilet Paper.....25c	"    Pears.....25c can 2.75 "
4 pkgs Roll Toilet Paper.....25c	
Pea Beans.....7c lb Dried Lima Beans.....8c lb	

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