

THE WIDE AWAKE CIRCLE

Boys and Girls Department

Rules for Young Writers. 1. Write plainly on one side of the paper only and number the pages.

Whatever you are—Be that! Whatever you say—Be true. Straightforwardly and honestly.

POETRY.

Lullaby.

By Ford M. Hueffer (Selected). We've wandered all about the upland fallows. We've watched the rabbits at their play.

Poppy heads are closing fast, pigeons circle hither and yon. Sleep, Hebechen, sleep, the bats are calling.

The American Boy. Father, look up and see that flag How gracefully it flies.

It is your country's flag, my son, And proudly drinks the light.

Father, what fearful noise is that Like thundering of the clouds?

It is the noise of cannon, boy, The glad shouts of the free;

I wish that I were now a man, I'd fire my cannon, too.

I'm getting old and weak—but still My heart is big with joy.

Hurrah for Freedom's Jubilee! God bless our Fatherland!

Well, well, my boy—grow up and love The land that gave you birth;

Uncle Jed's Talk to Wide Awakes. I wonder how many of the Wide Awakes have a hobby.

There are among children collectors of stamps and of buttons and of pictures and of shells and of woods and of stones.

These dicky birds had been sitting on a fence rail noticing the little blue butterflies flitting among the flowers.

What makes the butterflies and the violets come at the same time of year and wear the same colored costumes?

That is something the philosopher has never been able to find out.

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the way for studying the history of the country they represent and the biography of the persons whose portraits are upon them, or the reason any animal or object is used upon them.

There is little use of collecting things to look at because they are pretty. When they may be wonderful and be a source of constant pleasure because of what they represent.

The stones at your feet may be fire rocks or water rocks, and they may be 100,000 years old, and they may contain crystals or fossils or metals.

You may have heard that "a rolling stone gathers no moss." The moss has no chance to grow upon it, for it keeps getting less jagged and smoother all the time until it is worn round and glossy.

Be a searcher for the why and the wherefore every day of your lives and you will be sure to be well informed. Be sure and have an active, not an idle mind.

WINNERS OF PRIZE BOOKS.

1.—Robert Krauss of Tatville, "Lad-die, by the Author of Tooties' Misadventure."

2.—Nancy I. Partridge of Poquetanuck, "The Story Without an End," by Sarah Austin.

3.—Ethel E. J. Erickson of Mansfield, "The Pled Piper of Hamelin," by Robert Browning.

4.—Harry Bamford of Plainfield, "A Boy's Sails," by Will Allen Dromgool.

5.—Raymond F. Royce of Norwich, "Little Peterkin Vandike," by Chas. Stuart.

6.—Harry Ray Church of Plainfield, "Little Tom's Mission," by Ethelred B. Barry.

7.—Charles H. Tirrell of Norwich, "Elder Leland's Ghost," by Ezekiah Butterworth.

8.—Elizabeth O'Neil of Norwich, "Mr. Fenwick's Fairy Godmother," by Amy Woods.

The winners of books living in Norwich may call at The Bulletin business office for them at any hour after 10 a. m. Thursday.

LETTERS OF ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

Sophia Thoms of Norwich: I thank you ever for the book you sent me. I have read it through, and think it interesting. The two books you sent me are very nice and I enjoyed them very much.

John Keenan of Norwich: I thank you very much for the book I received. What I have read of it is very interesting.

Alice B. Partridge of Jested City: I received the prize book and I like it very much. I always wanted a book about "Alice in Wonderland." I will write you another letter soon. Thank you for my nice book.

Robert Krauss of Tatville: I received my prize book, "The High School Freshman." I have read it through, and found it very interesting. Many thanks.

Floyd T. Bailey of Colchester: I am writing to thank you for the very nice book that I received in the mail last Thursday. I have started to read it and find it very interesting. I was so much pleased with the book that I took it to school and showed it to the teacher and my classmates. I thank you again for the lovely book.

A Duck-Hunting Trip. Dear Uncle Jed: I thought I would write and tell you about one of my Christmas gifts.

My little brother had a pigeon too. The cat thinks these pigeons are very nice and she could only have a bite of one.

I think my pet very charming. SARAH GRAY, Age 9.

Emily Likes to Go to School. Dear Uncle Jed:—I have not written to you for a long time and I think it must be time to write again.

Oh, how I would like to take a trip to the moon! I could go up there, I do not know. Just then I heard a voice say "Step right on my beam and you shall soon be up here with me."

I did so. I stepped right on the moonbeam without any delay, and I was in a few minutes found myself above all houses, trees and people.

As I said, I soon got to the moon in safety and I stepped out. When I got up there I thought I would see a big lump of green cheese and a thousand nice nibbling at it.

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write and tell you about my duck-hunting trip. It was a foggy Saturday morning and I was down looking at the mill with three or four of my friends, and I happened to look out on the cove and saw a duck.

One of my friends ran home and got his rifle, and then we went down where we saw the duck, but he was gone. We saw him way down the cove. My friend raised his rifle and fired and he saw it was gone, and we got discouraged and returned home.

We started to look for more, and we scoured up about a half a dozen. We shot them, but didn't hit any. We got discouraged and returned home.

CLARENCE B. SPICER, Age 11. Poquetanuck.

A Pleasant Surprise. Dear Uncle Jed: I am going to tell you about a surprise on me.

On the 10th of June after I got home from school I saw that my mother was all dressed up in her Sunday clothes. I asked if she had been away, and she answered, "No, but I have company from Norwich."

So when I saw her wink I ran into the dining room and saw that she had a person. I looked at all the rooms and at last in the parlor where my great surprise stood a piano. The way very bright and told many of my friends about it.

I am taking lessons, and am on my second book. I have had six pieces. I hope some day I will be able to play some of the pieces.

LOUISIE MEYER, Age 11. Tatville.

My Last Vacation. Dear Uncle Jed: The day before New Year's my cousin and I went to visit his grandmother who lives in Attawaugan. We took the twenty-five minutes of train to the village, where we changed cars for Attawaugan.

We got off at the depot and walked to the house which is about a mile. After dinner we went to a friend's house a little way from where we were staying.

New Year's day my cousin and I went for a walk toward Fallouville. The next day we walked around the place. We found some evergreen and some bright red berries which we brought home to grandma.

After supper my friend and her mother came up and we talked and played games until ten o'clock. Friday it rained and we had to stay in the house. We read books and looked at pictures.

In the afternoon it cleared off and we went down street, where I bought some cloth at the store for the baby's dress.

Grandma has four cats, a dog and ducks and chickens. The two white kittens are great pets.

ELLA BARBER, Age 13. Plainfield.

Work for the Girls. Dear Uncle Jed: In this letter I am writing some things that I thought the Wide Awakes might like to try to make.

Work-Bag—A very pretty work bag is made from one yard of five inch ribbon, three quarters of a yard of three quarter inch ribbon, and two yards of half inch ribbon.

Cover with the ribbon two four inch circles of card-board and overhead together. Close the remainder of the wide ribbon with the bag. Cut the next width ribbon in two pieces, turn in the ends and stitch to the wide ribbon three quarters of an inch from the edge.

There are twenty-five cows and three horses here, and I have a sleighride every day.

I do not go to school up here; but I study with my Aunt.

ROSE BRENN, Age 13. Cornwall Falls, Conn.

She Likes the Berkshire. Dear Uncle Jed: I don't think you ever got a letter from here before, so I thought I would write you one.

My father would not let me sail until I knew how to swim. Most of the accidents in sailing come from jibing the boat. Jibing comes from jibing the boat. Jibing comes from jibing the boat.

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FRANK PATTERSON, Age 12. Norwich.

He is Fattening the Geese. Dear Uncle Jed:—One day I was working in a store and I thought I would take a chance on a goose, so I took the animal and when the goose was fattened I was surprised to find out that I had won it. When I got home I was so glad, and I looked all around the store and could not find it.

The boy who was helping me found him in a solid case stump, and then took him home and put him in my hen-coop, and I have him now. He weighs four pounds and is fat, and his name is Dick and he is very tame. I can feed him out of my hand. He eats about a quart of corn a day and an oatmeal biscuit so I can kill him soon and eat him.

MAURICE P. FLYNN, Age 13. Norwich.

Pond-Fishing. Dear Uncle Jed:—I spent most of my summer vacation in fishing. With that in mind, I thought I would tell you about it.

For my last birthday I was given a bamboo fishing rod which is in the pond. There is a pond a short distance from my house where there are plenty of shiners, kivers, pickered, and all.

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