

THE WIDE AWAKE CIRCLE

Boys and Girls Department

Rules for Young Writers of the paper... Write plainly on one side of the paper... Use pen and ink, not pencil...

LETTERS OF ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

Louisa Krauss of Taftville: I thank you very much for the prize book you sent me... Ethel Graham of Taftville: I thank you very much for the prize book you sent me...

PRIZE BOOK WINNERS.

- Jessie L. Brehaut of Locust Valley, L. I., Wrecked on Spider Island, by James O'Neil. Isabelle Bobsein of Norwich, Thro' the Looking Glass, by Lewis Carroll. Lucy M. Greene of Willimantic, Adventures in Mexico, by James O'Neil. Florence Whyte of Scotland, Swiss Family Robinson. Frank Pardy of Norwich, The Motor Boat Club in Flindby, by H. Irving Hancock. Richard W. Tobin, Jr., of Norwich, The Stockton Boys' Adventures, by James O'Neil. Cecelia Sterry of Brooklyn, N. Y., Thro' the Looking Glass, by Lewis Carroll. Alice C. Williams of Norwich, Mother Goose's Rhymes and Jingles.

NOTES TO WIDE-AWAKES.

One of our Wide-Awakes sent a letter of thanks to Uncle Jed this week without a name signed to it. Another Wide-Awake put a letter in the mail for Uncle Jed without a stamp. The postmaster kindly notified him and he sent a stamp that it might be sent to him.

STORIES WRITTEN BY WIDE-AWAKES.

How Richard Kept the Lawn Green. In the springtime we can see lawns and yards with green grass upon them. It is the term in which the year's work is rounded up and made complete. What you should strive for is to have a good record at the close of the term. You can only do this by making every day count in your favor.

SUNNY DAYS IN INSECTVILLE

Parade of the Queens of Night

I do not know who conceived the idea that the head of the gray squirrel family should be called John Bushtail, but it is a very good name for him. John Bushtail lives in Insectville, and as he is not a disturber of insect peace he does not mind his presence. Do not think from this that he is not a terror to some one, for on this bright June morning he had come down from a hickory tree in which he had eggs for breakfast.

did not mind that, save to dodge out of the way, and in doing so he spilled more than half the broth out of the pitcher. "Oh, dear!" he said. "Why didn't I go on the sidewalk! What will mother say?"

Harry will often have to ask of himself "Why didn't I?" if he does not take more time and do things properly.

"Whatever is worth doing at all is worth doing well," and in order to do it well one needs to take time.

A Visit to Hubbard Park.

I will tell you about a beautiful park I visited while I was in Meriden. I had my mother pack a lunch and my friend and I went to Hubbard park for the day.

There was a nice pool of water with many rafts on it. We went around the pond many times on these rafts. There was also a flock of tame pigeons in the park that would eat out of our hands and alight on our shoulders.

Escape from a Bull.

One day when we lived in Dayville we went up to Alexander's lake to see our friends who were camping there for the summer. After we had eaten our dinner and were prepared to go back to the other side of the lake Mrs. Blake cried: "Look out!"

A Rill from a Soda Fountain.

The cathedral clock has just struck half past six, and I am watching the busy crowds of shoppers grow thinner and thinner in the dusk, until they vanish.

Trix.

Dear Uncle Jed: I have a little dog named Trix. He is very smart and I have lots of fun with him. He likes to run and play with me. He has lots of brothers, and when he sees his brothers at them and runs away from them.

Loca.

Dear Uncle Jed: I have a cat and his name is Loca. He likes to play with me and he is very smart. He likes to run and play with me. He has lots of brothers, and when he sees his brothers at them and runs away from them.

My Christmas Vacation.

My teacher said that we were going to learn pieces for Christmas. So we got ready to recite them. When my teacher came to us to say them my poor teacher was sick. We had a week and a half vacation.

A Trip to Florida.

Dear Uncle Jed: I thought I would write and tell you of my trip to Florida. We started in January, taking the train at Lebanon station for New York. We passed under Brooklyn bridge about 5 o'clock in the morning and about 7 o'clock we were in New York.

Feeding Squirrels in Prospect Park.

Dear Uncle Jed: My tape and mamma took me to Prospect park last fall and the squirrels were so tame that they came up and ate out of our hands. As we passed on we came to a lake with many ducks and swans were swimming and pretty soon we came to the animals, but there were so many people that you could not get near them.

The Cat and the Rabbit.

Dear Uncle Jed: Every Thursday I read the stories of the Wide-Awakes and I am very much interested in them. I will tell you about my cat and a rabbit. One day my cat went into the woods to take a walk. At night she came back with a little rabbit in her mouth. I took it away from her and washed its wounds where the cat had bit into it.

coming horse the dog ran ahead of me and metted of something. Then I saw a lot of feathers stringing along the ground. I followed them and soon saw a partridge laying on the ground. I picked it up and saw that its head was off. It was very warm and I think it hadn't been dead over fifteen minutes. I was going to carry it home and eat it, but I found a piece in its side which was empty. I had a hawk had it and that its claws were poison. I hid it in a wall near by and went home.

Scotland is a Lonesome Place.

Dear Uncle Jed: I have just been reading the stories written by the Wide-Awakes and think I would like to be a very smart member of the Wide-Awake Circle.

My Pet Dog.

Dear Uncle Jed: My pet's name is Tring. His color is golden-brown. He got a streak of white down his nose and four white toes. His breast is streaked with white. His ears are long and floppy. He is very cunning. He watches for me every noon and night. He sleeps in his kennel every night. He plays with me every morning. He is death on cats. He would chase them a mile and come back laughing. But he likes his own kitty and a pretty little dog. He sits and begs for me when I have chocolates.

My Schoolhouse.

Dear Uncle Jed: I want to tell you about my schoolhouse. There are six rooms in the school. My teacher's name is Miss Debe. She is a nice teacher, too. I am in the second grade. One day as the children were going in a big dog followed us in. But the teacher put him out.

Catherine's School.

Dear Uncle Jed: I thought I would write and tell you about my school. There are 33 scholars in my room. One is the grammar room and the other is the primary room. My teacher's name is Mrs. Kingsley and I like her very much. We have reading writing, arithmetic, spelling, language, history and geography. Friday afternoons we have a temperance meeting. The library and town hall are in the same building. I live only a few houses from the schoolhouse.

The Pussy Willow.

Dear Uncle Jed: I thought I would write you a story of a pussy willow. I am a pussy willow. I first was a little seed, and soon I began to grow very fast. Every day I grew larger. Soon I was so tall that children tried to pick me. They liked my coat of fur. Before my fur grew there were black pods over them. After a week or two, I became a catkin. I first grew by the slunk cabbage. The March wind was very cold. But one day it was so cold that I was almost frozen. The next day it was heavy frost covered the ground. The next morning when I woke up I was dead. Children took me and carried me to a fire and I was burned.

How Rabbits Should Be Cared For.

Dear Uncle Jed: Perhaps some of the Wide-Awakes would like to keep rabbits. That must be well considered, because they must be properly fed and cleaned. They are very pretty and tame little friends, but they are not pleasant-smelling too near a house where people live. They must be kept with garden plants that they like, a little bran, a few oats, some good hay and to make them fat a little milk.

My Kitten.

I have a pet kitten. It is black and white. It is very pretty. It plays with the other kittens. Its name is Pinky. It will play with a spoon if you roll it on the floor.

The Sabbath.

Remember the Sabbath, day to keep it holy. God made it to be a day of holy rest. We must not spend the Sabbath as we spend the other days of the week. We must rest from work and from play. Children should put away all their toys as they may be tempted by the sight of them to play as on other days. We must read the Bible and other

good books, and go to church and Sabbath school, and talk of what is good, for it is the Lord's day and we are to keep it holy.

On a Spring Morning.

On a fine spring morning you can hear the birds sing as they flutter from branch to branch. They seem glad to be out in the open air. They are singing beautiful songs to welcome the spring. They will soon be singing in the woods among the branches of the trees.

An Old Goat.

I was the wool on a sheep's back. One day when the sheep and his brothers and sisters were playing they were driven to a large barn. There I was sheared from the sheep's back. Then I was packed in large bales. It was very dark in these bales, but at last I reached the place where I was to be used.

Florence's First Cake.

Dear Uncle Jed: I thought I would write and tell you about my first cake. One day my mother and I went to the store and I bought a paper mill where I was made into fine paper. I was then purchased by a stationer. Afterwards I was sold to a little boy. He wrote on me and then I was thrown away to be burned.

Molasses Cake—One cup of New Orleans molasses, 1 heaping tablespoon of lard, 1/2 teaspoon each of cinnamon and ginger, 1 rounded teaspoon of baking soda, a pinch of salt, 1 cup of boiling water and pastry flour enough to make a drop batter; pour into a greased shallow pan and bake in a moderate oven.

When mother came home she thought I had done very well. I didn't put the molasses in until last, and it was a little tough. For my Christmas presents I will try it and have better luck than I did.

Letters to Uncle Jed.

Dear Uncle Jed: I thought I would write and tell you about my school. There are six rooms in the school. My teacher's name is Miss Debe. She is a nice teacher, too. I am in the second grade. One day as the children were going in a big dog followed us in. But the teacher put him out.

My Christmas Vacation.

My teacher said that we were going to learn pieces for Christmas. So we got ready to recite them. When my teacher came to us to say them my poor teacher was sick. We had a week and a half vacation.

A Trip to Florida.

Dear Uncle Jed: I thought I would write and tell you of my trip to Florida. We started in January, taking the train at Lebanon station for New York. We passed under Brooklyn bridge about 5 o'clock in the morning and about 7 o'clock we were in New York.

Feeding Squirrels in Prospect Park.

Dear Uncle Jed: My tape and mamma took me to Prospect park last fall and the squirrels were so tame that they came up and ate out of our hands. As we passed on we came to a lake with many ducks and swans were swimming and pretty soon we came to the animals, but there were so many people that you could not get near them.

The Cat and the Rabbit.

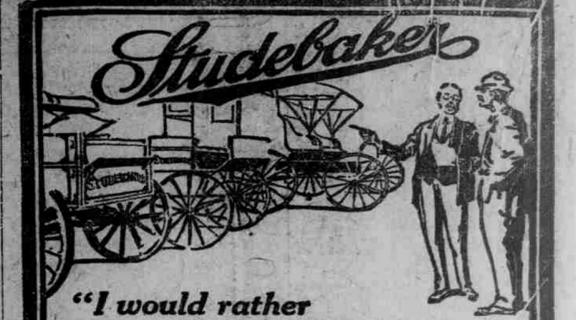
Dear Uncle Jed: Every Thursday I read the stories of the Wide-Awakes and I am very much interested in them. I will tell you about my cat and a rabbit. One day my cat went into the woods to take a walk. At night she came back with a little rabbit in her mouth. I took it away from her and washed its wounds where the cat had bit into it.

My Kitten.

I have a pet kitten. It is black and white. It is very pretty. It plays with the other kittens. Its name is Pinky. It will play with a spoon if you roll it on the floor.

The Sabbath.

Remember the Sabbath, day to keep it holy. God made it to be a day of holy rest. We must not spend the Sabbath as we spend the other days of the week. We must rest from work and from play. Children should put away all their toys as they may be tempted by the sight of them to play as on other days. We must read the Bible and other



"I would rather sell you a Studebaker"

When your dealer tells you that you know he's honest. He may have cheaper wagons in stock, but he knows the Studebaker is the best.

And so do you. He wants to give such good wagon value that you will come back and demand a buggy made by the same people.

Studebakers have been building wagons for sixty years and they have won the confidence of dealer and farmer by building—not the cheapest—but the best wagons.

Whether you live in city, town or country, there's a Studebaker to fit your needs. Farm wagons, trucks, business and delivery wagons, surreys, buggies and runabouts, with harness for each of the same high quality as Studebaker vehicles.

See our Dealer or write us. STUDEBAKER South Bend, Ind. NEW YORK CHICAGO DALLAS KANSAS CITY DENVER MINNEAPOLIS BOSTON SAN FRANCISCO PHILADELPHIA

day, and then we broke camp and went to church. ALFRED BECKWITH, Age 12. North Franklin.

A Helping Daughter. Dear Uncle Jed: I live in the town of Columbia, two miles from Willimantic. I go to school and am in the eighth grade. I live on a large farm of one hundred and seventy-five acres. I have one brother and one sister, both younger than I am.

Dr. Leonhardt CURES PILES. When a really great specialist with years of experience in the treatment of piles of all kinds makes you this offer surely you are not wise if you do not accept.

Protect Yourself with Horlicks Malted Milk. The Food Drink for all Ages—Others are Imitations.

JOHN DEERE SPREADERS. The only spreader with the beater on the axle. No chains—no clutches—no adjustments.

Reznor Reflector Heaters. These electric gas heaters turn cold rooms into comfortable, radiant heat.

Gentlemen: This is the time to order your Spring and Summer Shirts.

Custom-made shirts are one of the features of our business.

We guarantee you a perfect fitting shirt from exceptional material and patterns.

The Toggery Shop. 291 Main St., Norwich, Ct.

Del-Hoff Hotel. European Plan. Grill Room open until 12 m.

Rutherford H. Snow. The Bean Hill Monumental Man.

John A. Dunn. Steamship and Tourist Agent.

Intentional Second Exposure.