

THE WIDE AWAKE CIRCLE

Boys and Girls Department

Rules for Young Writers.

- 1. Write plainly on one side of the paper only and number the pages.
2. Use pen and ink.
3. Short and pointed articles will be given preference. Do not use over 250 words.
4. Original stories or letters only will be used.
5. Write your name, age and address plainly at the bottom of the story.
6. Address all communications to Uncle Jed, Bulletin Office.

Whatever you are—Be that; Whatever you say—Be true. Straightforwardly act. Be honest—in fact. Be nobody else but you.

POETRY.

A Lesson of Thankfulness.

Roaming in the meadow, Little four-year-old Picks the starry daisies, With their hearts of gold.
Fills her snowy apron, Fills her dimpled hands; Suddenly, how quiet In the grass she stands!

Who made flowers so pretty, Put 'em here? Did God? 'Yes 'twas God,' I answered, 'Spread them o'er the sod.'

Dropping all her blossoms, With uplifted head, Serious face turned heavenward, 'Thank you, God!' she said.

Then, as if explaining, (Though no word I spoke), 'Always must say, 'Thank you,' For the things I take.'

Blessed little preacher, Clad in robes of praise! Would you do mine copy Your sweet, thankful ways!

Time to fret and murmur We could never make Should we first say 'Thank you,' For the things we take.

Wants.

If you want to be admired, Don't make other people tired. If you would be free from cares, Try to mind your own affairs. If you wish to live in quiet, Tell the truth and don't deny it.

Uncle Jed's Talk to the Wide-Awakes. Uncle Jed hopes every Wide-Awake will study the birds this year, instead of stoning them. Everybody has to get the confidence of the little people of the woods and wilds in order to know them. When fear is present even a child cannot do its best.

It doesn't do to say 'poet' to birds if you wish to learn their ways; and if you desire to know the plants well you must be very considerate and patient with them.

Perhaps you do not know that every living thing has a life history and the way to find it out is to carefully observe and study whatever you are interested in. It is by careful study that it was learned that the strawberry, raspberry and blackberry were cousins, and that all three can claim kinship to the apple.

No one would think that the horse and the tapir were related, or that the whale and the seal used to be land animals, but care, study and observation have established the probability that they were.

It is a pleasure to study out of doors, as it should be to study in school, for it is through study that we see, comprehend and enjoy more and more.

Keep your eyes open and keep seeking the why and the wherefore and you will advance in knowledge this year as never before.

Notes to the Wide-Awakes. The little girl who wants to know Uncle Jed's real name will have to find it out, for he has agreed not to tell. If a little bird should tell you Uncle Jed will not be blamed.

The Wide-Awake boy who wants Uncle Jed to buy books and if order should remember that is not in order and however much we may desire to please our little letter-writers, it would be impossible to reverse our methods. You just win books and Uncle Jed awards them for the Bulletin.

Keep at the typewriter, and you will not only get the touch but the speed which will make you able and distinguished. Your drawing was very pleasing to Uncle Jed.

At 16 the girl Wide-Awake should change to the Social Corner page. They will be welcome there and will gain knowledge and may win a money prize.

LETTERS OF ACKNOWLEDGMENT. William D. Buckley of New London: I want to thank you for the prize book, Frank in the Mountains, which

I was delighted to receive. Will try to win another. Isabelle Bolslein of Norwich: I thank you very much for the beautiful book you awarded me. I have started to read it and it is very interesting.

Florence Whyte of Scotland: Thanks very much for the beautiful book. I have read it partly through and found it very interesting. Warren McNally of Putnam: I received my prize book and am very much pleased with it. I thank you very much for it.

Frank Pardy of Norwich: I thank you for the nice book you sent me. I have read part of it and find it very interesting. THE PRIZE BOOK WINNERS.

1—Helen I. Falvey of Norwich, Daddy's Girl, by Mrs. L. T. Meade. 2—Gladys Newbury of Norwich, The Children's Kingdom, by Mrs. L. T. Meade.

3—Helene Wulf of Norwich, Daddy's Girl, by Mrs. L. T. Meade. 4—Warren McNally of Putnam, The Iron Boys as Firemen, by James H. Mead.

5—Francis Y. Brown of Jewett City, All Aboard, by Oliver Optic. 6—William D. Buckley of New London, The Drummer Boy, by J. T. Trowbridge.

7—Louisa Sigrist of Tatfville, Alice's Adventures in Wonderland, by Lewis Carroll. 8—Clara Larkin of Tatfville, Water Babies, by Charles Kingsley.

Winners of books living in the city may call at The Bulletin business office for them at any hour after 10 a. m. on Thursday.

STORIES TOLD BY WIDE AWAKES. A Hero of Our Day. Many years ago there was a great fire that burned a great part of Chicago. Hundreds of homes were swept away.

A rich lady was hurrying through the crowd of frightened people and anxious to save some of her household goods. She saw a small boy and called to him, saying:

'Take this box and do not part with it for one instant until I see you again. Take care of it, and I will reward you well.'

The boy took the box and the lady turned back to save some more of her goods, if possible. All that night and the next day passed. The lady took refuge with her friends and heard nothing more of the boy or the box.

Her diamonds, a large amount of jewelry and a pair of pearls were in the box and she was in great distress at losing them; but on Tuesday night a watchman found the boy sitting on the roof of the hotel and heard some dirt. He had been there all through the long hours, without food or shelter.

The boy was almost dead with fright, but had saved what had been entrusted to his care. He was well rewarded by the grateful lady, who said she could be so faithfully trusted would be rich and noble without any reward.

CLARA LARKIN, Age 14. My Flower Garden. I thought that it was just about time that I started to spade up my garden. So one day last week I went out and I thought that we would go for a walk. We went about a mile and a half and called myrtle. That is what I call my garden in the shape of a circle.

I have some salvia seeds, marigolds, dahlias and quite a number of other seeds that I would like to plant about the middle of this month, when it gets a little warmer.

In the summer I put my house plants out in my garden. Last fall when I took up my dahlias I left them in the sun to get dried. I forgot to put them in a box and they would have rotted to get some more this spring. I think that dahlias make a flower garden look quite pretty. Fancies are my favorite flower. I didn't have very good luck with my pansy bed last year.

MILDRED BURBANK. Moosup. The White-Footed Deer. About one hundred years ago a hunter saw a deer feeding on a grassy meadow. Nearby stood a cottage which was protected by a cliff. An old dame and her son dwelt there.

The deer had white spots on her forehead and had a white spot which shone like a star in the moonlight. She had the habit of going to the cottage every night to feed on the grass which was there. She also ate the leaves of the trees. One night she brought a favor with her to feed on the grass. The deer protected the cottage dame. The Indians would not go and burn her house down as long as the deer stayed there.

The Indians said that the deer had slain a thousand moose and that she fed there a thousand moose a day. Polly Peep-toad had passed a bad night and she was feeling that Peep-toad life was as good as some other kind of a life, and she remarked to Mr. Bolivar Peep-toad that she had been thinking she would like to live a gay life like the life of a butterfly.

Bolivar Peep-toad had wandered away from the edge of the swamp for a feast on sweet-juiced flies, or for a nap, while Polly was having an eye to the tadpoles, and seeing that the water-deck didn't get them, and he knew much more about life in general than Polly Peep-toad did.

Neither of the little peep-toads create no bugaboo to frighten them. The water-devil is a real character, and they know he will eat them up if he gets a chance, so they keep in the warm, shallow water near the shore, which is their playground until they get large enough to shed their tails and go ashore and hunt insects as big peep-toads have done for ages.

Bolivar Peep-toad's eyes twinkled when he asked Polly if she expected to have wings like a butterfly, and to wear their light and flimsy garments.

'Polly Peep-toad weighed as much as a hundred butterflies and with wings would look more like an owl than a butterfly. She felt hurt because she knew Bolivar was making fun of her and she replied in a grieving tone:

'Bolivar, I am no simpleton; but there is a flutter and a buzz about the butterflies which seems to me better than hopping on the ground. I don't know why you are so dry.

'You know,' replied Bolivar, 'that our cousins, the lizards, have wings and fly, and are quite expert at catching bugs on the wing. I know what a clumsy lot they are,' replied Polly. 'I do not envy them their ability.'

'Well,' said Bolivar Peep-toad, 'I saw a bee and a butterfly quarrel over a thistle this morning and it would have been better for the butterfly if the bee had won, but he didn't; and she was captured by one of those shadowy spiders that lurk in the shadow of the blossom until the insect gets to work and then jumps and seizes them by the head and takes away for food.'

Why, Bolivar, you don't tell me foundland dog caught sight of the terrier and jumped into the water, sprang the little dog by the neck with his teeth, the saw about looking for a place to land. Finally he sighted a low place and thither he swam till he reached the land.

The people were delighted and ran to meet the dog. The Newfoundland dog was two or three proud birds, laid down his burden upon the wet banks. RUTH HEAP, Age 13. Tatfville.

Sharing Nuts. One day two boys went nutting in woods not far from a cemetery. After they had gathered a sufficient amount one of the boys said: 'Let's go and share our nuts in the cemetery.'

'All right,' said the other; so they started for the cemetery. When they crossed the fence two nuts fell out of the bag.

'Never mind,' said one of the boys, 'we'll get them when we come back.' After they had about half of their nuts shared an old man came further and heard what the two boys were saying.

The boys were saying: 'I'll take this one. I'll take that one. This frightened the old negro very much and he ran away. He met a white man and he said to him: 'The good and the bad man are sharing the dead.'

'Oh, you 'frail cat!' said the white man. 'Come on and see!' said the negro. So when the men reached the cemetery they heard the boys saying: 'I'll take this one—I'll take that one.'

Soon the boys had finished and they said: 'Now we'll take the nuts behind the fence, and the two men ran off as fast as they could. FRIEDA PHILIPP, Age 13. Baltic.

The New Elevator Boy. 'Once some of the boys that work in the Hotel Grand bought a monkey whose name was Ned.

Ned watched the boys as they worked the elevator. Sometimes they would give him a ride with them. After a while Ned thought he could run the elevator himself and watched his opportunity.

One day Frank stepped outside, leaving the elevator door open. As soon as Ned discovered this he gave a spring and ran inside the elevator. When Frank returned he found the elevator gone. If you could have seen Ned inside that elevator he would have jumped up and slid down the rope, starting the carrier, which took him to the top of the building. When he found that the elevator would not come further he climbed to the roof of the elevator, where there was a bell that some men had just repaired.

Ned stepped forward and began ringing the bell, which sounded louder than ever.

When Frank, who had been hunting everywhere for Ned, heard the bell he ran to the roof of the hotel and there found Ned, who jumped at him and Ned played many other tricks that I cannot mention now.

WILLIAM D. BUCKLEY, Age 10. New London. My Trip to Boston. Dear Uncle Jed: Once my father took me to Boston. We started on the ten o'clock train and got to Boston about ten o'clock.

First we took the Elevated railroad to Charlestown. After a three minute ride we came to the city. We went to the monument. We had a fine view from the top. Then we went down again.

We walked down to the Navy Yard and rang the bell. A soldier let us in. We saw the marines, soldiers and sailors drilling.

We saw a cruiser building. Then we went over and boarded the Constitution. That fought in the war of 1812. Then we went to the Navy Yard. We took a car and went to Cop's Hill burying ground. We went to the Old State House, and saw the press at which Benjamin Franklin worked.

If this is not a grand day, I don't know what is. We had a very good time. How proud I would be if I could earn enough to buy mother a new dress!

Then she began to count on her fingers until she forgot all about the berries. About an hour afterwards she went to her room and she was gone. Some boys had come and picked the best of them. All her dreams of earning money were gone. Slowly and sadly she came home, repeating to herself the words the teacher had taught her: 'One does is better than a hundred say.'

JOSEPH KEENAN, Age 12. Norwich. A Part of My Vacation. Dear Uncle Jed: I spent from the 4th of July until September down in Voluntown. I lived out in the country in a house that no one had lived in for years before. There wasn't a pane of glass in the whole house, and the roof was about to fall in. The men worked in a sawmill and when the mill moved we would move to some old house near it.

There was a pond near the house, and we used to go fishing nearly every evening. There wasn't any place to sit down, so we climbed down the bank and sat on the grass.

I was standing there once trying to keep my balance and keep the mosquitoes from eating me, when I felt like my hook. I tried to pull it in, but I couldn't, so I thought I had hooked a log or stone.

At that time I was a little, but it kept on pulling. Then I got up on the bank and pulled and pretty soon I pulled a big hoptout out of the water. He was a foot long and weighed a pound. It was the biggest one we had caught, but we didn't eat him, because he was so old he would have tasted muddy.

WARREN McNALLY, Age 13. Putnam. The First Papermakers. Dear Uncle Jed: Have you ever seen a wasp's nest? You will enjoy hearing about it, I am sure.

It is made of white material which looks and feels like very thin paper. I was sitting at my window reading one day in early spring.

At that time there was a wasp flew to the window and began to gnaw the sash. I became more interested in what she was doing as I watched her.

She put and from the sash little pieces of wood no larger than a pin. These little pieces of wood she gathered into a ball with her feet and then she flew to the barn and went under the eaves and built a large nest. I wish all the other Wide-Awakes could have seen her!

HATTIE GRAHAM, Age 14. Tatfville. A True Wide-Awake. Dear Uncle Jed: I am home from school this week recovering from the mumps and thought I would send you a picture of our baseball nine at practice.

Some of the other boys draw much better than I do, and I wanted them to write a letter and send in this picture on second. In the 12th he made a hit in the same place, with Verkes on second, and it would have been a home run if the game hadn't stopped when Verkes got home.

Among the Arabs they said: 'Kuzah shoots arrows with his bow up in the clouds.' By Homer it was personified by Iris, the radiant messenger of the Olympians; but also regarded as a portent of war and storm.

In the Icelandic legends it is the bridge between heaven and earth. AGNES BERG, Age 12. Tatfville. My Visit to Hartford. Dear Uncle Jed: I am going to tell you of my visit to Hartford, which I spent the day in North Stonington.

While there I went to the Capitol, in which I saw many old flags, muskets, and an old-fashioned cradle. I also went to the large library, where there are thousands of volumes of books.

That same afternoon I went to a museum where I saw a large collection of curiosities, such as rich brocades, tapestry, silk, china, pewter, pictures, and some very old-fashioned dolls. I saw different kinds of birds' eggs, and jewels there, also.

I went to a few parks, of which the most are Elizabeth, Colt's, Pope's and Bushnell. I had a very nice time on my visit, and hope that some of the Wide-Awakes will go with me.

RUTH M. KURPY, Age 13. Tatfville. A Neglected Opportunity. Dear Uncle Jed: Once a little girl was walking by a store when the owner called her and said: 'Would you like to earn some money?' She said: 'I would be glad to, for my mother often has to deprive her of some things she needs to help me.'

'Well,' he said, 'I saw some fine berries over in that field, and the only way anyone is welcome to them. If you'll pick the ripest of them I will give you five cents a quart for them.'

She was very much delighted at this and away she started for the field. When almost there she said to herself: 'How proud I would be if I could earn enough to buy mother a new dress!'

Then she began to count on her fingers until she forgot all about the berries. About an hour afterwards she went to her room and she was gone. Some boys had come and picked the best of them. All her dreams of earning money were gone. Slowly and sadly she came home, repeating to herself the words the teacher had taught her: 'One does is better than a hundred say.'

JOSEPH KEENAN, Age 12. Norwich. Sunny Days in Insectville. Polly Peep-toad's Ambition. (Copyrighted.)

speaking murder butterflies like that? 'Butterflies do not have such gay times as you think, Polly. They are buried in the rough water, and they cannot always outfly them. The robbing-flies and the dragon-flies make nothing of chewing up butterflies, and they have to eat them up. When they have to capture many for a sustaining meal. The king bird and some other birds snap them out of existence a way that is surprising.'

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Dear Uncle Jed: I am going to tell you about the Invincible Armada. Dear Uncle Jed: I'm going to tell you about the Invincible Armada which sailed to attack us in 1588.

We made about twenty-four paper boats about three and one-half inches long. I colored them black with a red stripe around the top, and used them for Spanish boats.

We made some smaller boats, too, about two and one-half inches long and colored them black with no red on them.

We used these for English boats. We ranged the boats in the form of a crescent on a cardboard by pasting little standards and setting the boats on them.

We put the English fleet in front of the Spanish fleet. When we burned some of the boats and burned holes long a while colored them black with a red stripe around the top, and used them for Spanish boats.

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