

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 act, Be honest—in fact, Be nobody else but you."

POETRY.

The Friend I Met. By NELLIE M. COYE. I met a friend, the other day— He wore a cap of red;

Try, Try Again. Here's a lesson all should heed: Try, try, try again!

Twice or thrice though you should fail, Try again! If at last you would prevail,

Let the thing be'er so hard, Try again! 'Tis well surely bring reward,

and useful every day lays the foundation for a good habit and for future growth and usefulness. It is too much to play that makes Jack a dull boy.

"Those who learn from their own experience are wise; those who learn from the experience of others are happy; those who learn neither from their own experience nor the experience of others are fools."

"Learning makes a man fit company for himself."

And the best learning is that which prompts you to unlearn evil.

If the Wide-Awakes will fix these thoughts in their minds they will be more eager to learn and cause less anxiety for parents and teachers, and never have occasion for regret.

Living in obedience to parents and teachers, striving to please all you come in contact with, desire to grow in knowledge and usefulness makes the ways of life more and more promising and the rewards of life greater and greater.

Wide-Awakes who are diligent in school days are likely to have more comforts and leisure in life than those who are thoughtless and playful and careless.

This is why Uncle Jed wants the Wide-Awakes to realize the value of obedience to parents and application to studies.

Winners of Prize Books.

1—Augusta Shereshevsky of Norwich, Black Beauty.

2—Fanny Rosenber of Norwich, Rip Van Winkle.

3—Thelma Boynton of North Franklin, Adventures of a Brownie.

4—Mary Rybic of Mansfield Four Corners, Water Babies.

5—Flossie Meyer of Tatfield, Aunt Martha's Corner Cupboard.

6—E. Abbot Smith of Burnside, Animal Stories for Little People.

7—Harold Kramer of Norwich, A Child's Garden of Verse.

8—Asa Hyman of Norwich, Little Lone Prince.

Winners of books living in the city will call at the Bulletin business office for their prizes at any hour after 9 a. m. on Thursday.

Letters of Acknowledgment.

Jessie L. Brehaut of East Norwich, N. Y.: Thank you for the prize book, which I received today, entitled "Wings and Wings" by J. Furminger Cooper.

Lillian Brehaut of East Norwich, N. Y.: I received the prize book you sent. I have read part of it and

found it very interesting. I thank you very much for it.

Annie Hensler of Tatfield: I thank you very much for the prize book you sent me. I have now eight books and am very proud of them.

Lizzie Ossad of Norwich: With love and best wishes, I received your lovely book, "I've read it through and found it interesting."

Edith Purvis of Norwich: I thank you very much for the prize book you gave me. I enjoyed it very much. I found it very interesting.

Mildred Eiler of Norwich Town: I thank you very much for the prize book you sent me and I know I will enjoy reading it.

Mildred Kloss of Tatfield: I received your prize book and thank you very much for it. I found it very interesting and I found it very interesting.

Frank Pardy of Norwich: I thank you very much for the nice prize book you gave me. I have read it and found it very interesting.

STORIES WRITTEN BY WIDE-AWAKES.

School was out for Christmas vacation, and I decided to visit my grandmother's.

When I got there I stayed in the house, because it was near the pond.

After dinner I went over to Buela Rogers' house (a girl friend), and she showed me her presents.

Then I went to the woods to gather evergreens for wreaths. When we got back we went skating.

We came home about 5 o'clock, and then my grandmother showed us the cows and chickens, and he let us help him feed them.

After that we went into the house and had supper. Then we lit the Christmas tree and played games.

I stayed there five days and came home on Friday night. I hope to go again, but intend to stay longer.

AGNES KAMINSKI, Age 11, Norwich.

How Coal Was Formed.

Once upon a time a great forest flourished. The sun shone down on this forest, and it was watered by gentle showers, while insects and other creatures sported in its shades.

It was true that the trees and plants were not like those we now see about us. They were more like ferns and mar's tails and gigantic mosses.

In the fullness of time they died, and fell, and decayed, and others sprang up to meet a like end. Thus it happened that, in the course of ages, the remains of leaves, fruits and trunks accumulated over the soil.

The forest was situated near the seashore. Then a remarkable change took place. The land began slowly to sink. As the forest gradually sank lower and lower, the water over it inundated it, and all the trees perished, until at last deep water submerged the surface, which had once been covered with a forest.

At the bottom of this sea lay the decaying vegetation.

Upon the floor of the ocean this material was slowly deposited, and thus a coating of mud overlaid the remains of the forest. In the course of ages these layers grew thicker and heavier, and a great flat rock, while the trunks and leaves underneath were squeezed together by the weight and the heat of the sun, which became a coal.

After ages and ages had passed by, the mud of the sea ceased to sink, and began slowly to rise. The water over the newly made layers of stone became shallower and at last the floor was raised until it emerged from the sea.

When we now dig down through the rocks we come upon the portions of trees and other plants which have turned from wood and leaves into our familiar coal.

AUGUSTA SHERESHEVSKY, Age 12, Norwich.

A Christmas Dream.

I dreamed that Santa Claus came down the chimney and left his bag in the garret and went back for the things he had to bring.

While he was gone a robber came into the house and stole the bag of toys. When Santa came and discovered his loss he was very angry.

He was looking for them that he woke up the whole house.

Among the things that were lost were an automobile, doll, magic lantern and many other toys.

Santa was so disgusted that he said he wouldn't come any more to our house.

ASA HYMAN, Age 12, Norwich.

How Granny Got Her Christmas Dinner.

"Old Granny Waring can't afford a turkey. Poor Granny," she's crying about it now," said Mildred, sniffing herself.

"Granny isn't such a bad creature. Everybody hates her; but I found out one day that her son was killed and she had no money left her."

"Can't we find a way to raise some money to get a turkey for her?"

"I have it! I can take my money that I have put by for school," spoke up Joe, snapping his fingers. "I can use my old ones."

"That's fine. But listen, you take half of your money and I'll take half of mine. I can use my old ones, too. Then we can get Granny a whole dinner, cranberries, potatoes, tea, sugar, nuts, a nice jar of preserves and a turkey."

"Great! Come on! We'll get them now," and Mildred Rivers with her chum, Joe Downs, ran off down the street to buy Granny's dinner.

"Rap! Rap!" was heard on the old wooden door of Granny Waring's house.

"Come in," she squeaked, wondering who had come.

"Good day, Granny!" said the children, coming with a large basket.

"My! What have you there?" she asked, her eyes glittering at the sight of the good things.

The children explained and both were touched at her joy.

"That evening when Joe and Mildred sat down to their Christmas dinner both were glad to know that Granny was enjoying her."

LILLIAN BREHAUT, Age 16, East Norwich, N. Y.

The Wonderful Clarinet.

There was once a long time ago, a poor boy named Gies; his parents had died and left him nothing but a mule and a letter to the king.

The boy had his mind to take the letter to the king. As he was going he met a man almost double with age. When he got near enough to speak, the old man told him he lived very far away and he did not think he would be able to get home.

Gies took pity on the old man and gave him his mule.

The old man gave Gies a clarinet, and said: "Whenever you are in difficulty play it and see what will happen."

The boy thanked the old man and trudged off on foot with his clarinet. By and by some robbers attacked him. He played his clarinet and the robbers began to dance and he ran away.

Next he reached the capital and made his way to the palace. The sentry would not let him pass. He again played the clarinet and the sentry said: "Halt! there!" and started to come

king and presented his letter. The counselors were sitting around. Gies said: "I would like to make the counselors dance."

He had scarcely spoken when all the men were whirling around. The king was delighted and kept Gies for the leader of the royal orchestra.

This shows how Heaven blesses those who help the aged.

FRANK PARDY, Age 12, Norwich.

A Happy Day.

There had been but little snow or cold weather, and a few little boys and girls who had skied had not felt the use of them until that delightful day when poor Peggy had to suffer for her pleasure.

The three little sisters of that happy family were combing their hair and getting ready for breakfast when brother Fred came in shouting:

"Oh, sisters, I have just come from the pond, and the ice is so safe and thick that I am sure mother will let us go skating after breakfast."

And indeed she must have, for not long after found the three sisters and the pond was full of them.

Such a merry time as they had until the oldest sister, Peggy, and little May, on turning sharp corners around the pond, ran into each other. May was not hurt much but Peggy had sprained her ankle.

The children did not know what to do for Peggy could not walk a step.

It was finally decided that she should go on the sled and the children would pull her home.

I am sorry to say that Peggy is just taking her first steps after a week. But I am pleased to say that she will be more careful in the future.

DOROTHY E. BURGESS, Age 12, Lebanon.

A Slight Mistake.

A mother had a son who always was in the habit of blackening his face.

One day the mother called a boy she thought was her son and soon she was washing his face. Then she said: "Johnny, didn't I tell you not to blacken your face again?"

He opened his eyes, and said, "What's the matter?"

"That's all right," said the little corporal, "we were just a-tooting with you."

"Where's Willie?" asked Frank.

"He's all right," said the little corporal. "You are a very brave boy," replied the corporal.

He was taken to Willie who was crying, but they never found out when they were going to the little corporal.

The next morning he was brought to justice. Then the king said, "Why is it you treat my orders, and go with ten women?"

The man replied, "Can I not walk with my daughters, for three are my daughters?"

The king replied, "Yes."

The man asked, "Can I not walk with my daughters, for three are my daughters?"

The king replied, "Yes."

Then said the man, "Can I not walk with my aunts, for three are my aunts?"

The king again replied, "Yes."

Then the man said, "And my wife is in the land."

At this the king was puzzled and said nothing.

And would like someone to interpret it for me.

LIZZIE N. ASSAD, Age 12, Norwich.

The Orphan Boy.

Once upon a time there lived an old woman and an old man. Their home was in the country. It was very handsome for them without any child, so one day the old man was reading the evening paper and read about some children that would like to go to the country with good, respectable people.

The old man told his wife about the children, so she agreed to take one of them and bring him up. They went after the child and brought him to their country home.

They named the little boy Willie. He was not five years of age and a bright and pretty little fellow.

Little Willie was proud to have a home and a new mamma and a daddy. They were very kind and good to him and the old couple liked the little fellow and they all lived happy ever after.

LAWRENCE RIVERS, Age 11, Willimantic.

Somebody's Mother.

One cold winter day in December when all the children were at school, a poor old lady with a basket of cloth came out. It was about half past three, and it was raining and the wind was falling down in heaps on the ground.

Pretty soon the children came out laughing and bringing him up. They went after the child and brought him to their country home.

They named the little boy Willie. He was not five years of age and a bright and pretty little fellow.

Little Willie was proud to have a home and a new mamma and a daddy. They were very kind and good to him and the old couple liked the little fellow and they all lived happy ever after.

LAWRENCE RIVERS, Age 11, Willimantic.

Cattle.

There are two distinct types of cows. The dairy type and the beef type. The dairy type is wedge shaped and the beef type is square.

The dairy type is mostly found in New England, for we need the dairy products.

The four leading dairy breeds of cows are the Holsteins, Ayrshires, Jerseys and Guernseys. The Holsteins come from Holland and the Ayrshires from Scotland. The Guernseys come from an island named Guernsey and the Jerseys come from an island named Jersey.

These two islands are found near England.

The milk is produced in the udder. The milk veins carry blood. They are found under the belly. They stretch from the heart to the udder.

The wedge shaped cow is narrow at the front and growing broader in the back.

When a cow kicks she kicks forward or sideways. When a horse kicks he kicks backwards or upwards.

When the cow lies down she puts her forefeet down and then lies down. When she gets up she gets up on her hind legs and then gets up.

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toward them, for now the boys' hearts were in their mouths.

"Where are you boys going?" he asked as he came up to them.

"Going home."

"Where do you belong?"

"In that house yonder," pointing to an old red house.

"Been down this way?" The boys' voices were never so weak before.