

THE WIDE AWAKE CIRCLE

BOYS' AND GIRLS' DEPARTMENT

Rules for Young Writers. 1. Write on one side of the paper only...

petals of which are tinged with purple which grows two feet high.

whether my parents are still living or not, or my brother and sister. I can just remember them...

The farmer, with great pity for his age, said: "You may stay here for the winter..."

The children wonderingly and quietly drew closer and the old man was laughing more in this peaceful household.

MARY A. BURRILL, Age 11. Stafford Springs.

The Secret of the Rose. Full in the sunlight in the midst of a garden of glorious bloom there grew a wonderful rose...

When the others had gone the rose held her head proudly. The next day she was dead and withered away.

When we are dead she will get sad and wither away. "Why," said the sun, "she rivals my beauty and brilliance and designs to treat me as a conqueror rather than a god..."

WINNERS OF PRIZE BOOKS. 1—John O'Neil of Norwich, The Young Engineers in Colorado.

2—Marie Agnes Shea of Norwich, The Meadow-Brook Girls Under Canvas.

3—Janice M. Grant of Mt. Hope, The Meadow-Brook Girls Afloat.

4—Lillian Pollock of Gurleyville, The Young Engineers in New-Dave.

5—Josephine Burke of Versailles, The Automobile Girls at Washington.

6—Rebecca Wax of Norwich, The Meadow-Brook Girls Across-Country.

7—Miriam Griswold of Norwich Town, Dotty Dimple's Flyaway.

8—Ethel Aberg of Tatfville, The Young Engineers in Mexico.

9—Vera Gager Briggs of Saybrook, The Young Engineers in Colorado.

10—Lillian Pollock of Gurleyville, The Young Engineers in New-Dave.

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it around and around, until he was wrapped in a beautiful soft silk blanket...

"Oh!" cried the children, "a butterfly! A butterfly! Did you ever see anything so beautiful?"

I wonder if they knew that the beautiful butterfly in his winter cradle.

REBECCA WAX, Age 12. Norwich.

Birds I Know Best. One of the pleasures which I enjoy every month of the year is watching the birds and learning their ways.

The birds I have known ever since I was a child are the robin and the bluebird. They both come early in the spring and sing melodies which fill the air with music unsurpassed.

"Cheerily-cheerily" with feathery chirp and "purity, purity, purity," greet the rising and the setting sun.

Nearly every year the robins build their nest either on the lattice work of our veranda or in a tree nearby.

One year after the eggs had hatched the old man took me to the nest on the east side, and looking down on their newly hatched family seemed to whisper to each other.

"Have we not the nicest babies in town?"

"These little birds grew up and one by one flew off to make nests of their own."

Although many bluebirds live around our house, I have never seen one of their nests. I have read that they nest in boxes and barns or in a woodcock's abandoned hole—usually in a grassy field.

The other flowers in the garden were laid at the rose. So one day the other flowers said:

"When we are dead she will get sad and wither away."

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JOHN O'NEIL, Age 13. Norwich.

An Easter Party. Last Sunday our Sunday school teacher gave the girls in our class an invitation to a little party at her house on Monday afternoon.

I called for our friends and we all walked down together. When we got to the house it was just as we were waiting for the girls to arrive.

The teacher had hidden some Easter eggs wrapped in paper and hidden in the garden. There were enough nests for each person.

After we had found the nests we had to hunt for some little china rabbits. When we had found these we sat in the parlor and had some root beer and cake.

I didn't get much sleep, and so my mother after I had gone to bed helped me.

This little bird lays three to five white eggs in a "tussock" of grass in the meadow. The meadowlark's food consists of several kinds of insects.

Although there are many other birds I know well, these four I know best.

JANICE M. GRANT, Age 13. Mt. Hope.

How Jane Earned Her Way Through College. Jane was an intelligent girl of fourteen who had just finished public school. She was very poor and was trying to find a way by which she could enter high school.

She secured a position as teacher for natural history and succeeded in this after working for a long time.

IDA WECHSLER. Norwich.

A Lesson for Life. One rainy day two boys were playing hide-and-seek. Their names were Harry and Fred. Once Harry hid in a big box.

After a while Harry was able to sit up. Fred was lying on the floor. He had not meant to hurt his brother. As for himself, he had learned a lesson for life.

nice to play outside in the yard, or on a stormy day in the house with some other children.

First she took a bench and put it on one side of the yard, then she took a chair and put it in front of the bench.

Then someone will be the one to ask. The one who asks must call the name of the flowers and their meanings.

Camelia, White—Loveless. Carnation, White—Diatina. China Aster—Variety.

Forget-Me-Not—Forget me not. Golden Rod—Be cautious. Lily, White—Sweetness.

Lily, Water—Elegance. Myrtle—Love. Pass—Theodis.

ETHEL ABERG, Age 10. Tatfville.

The Work in Lillian's School. Dear Uncle Jed: I thought I would write and tell you about our work in school.

I like sewing better than agriculture. The boys had a show Saturday, February 21st. They had a fine time.

I hope all the boys and girls have nice times in school trying to win prizes.

LILLIAN POLLACK, Age 13. Gurleyville.

My Pretty Doll. Dear Uncle Jed: I have a pretty doll. Her name is Louise. My doll has yellow hair and it looks like gold.

My doll looks like a real baby. She is so big, one day I made my doll a pretty dress. I made it pink and put some lace on it.

My doll's body is made of paper-wax and her arms and face are made of pretty pink glass.

I feel very sorry for the poor children who have no dolls to play with. I wish that I could go and see the poor children. I would give them some pretty dolls. I'm sure they would be very glad to have them.

BERTHA LAMBERT, Age 10. Attawaugan.

A Helpful Boy. Dear Uncle Jed: One morning a little boy was sitting on the doorstep and was planning how he could help his mother who was poor and needed money.

His plan was to have a small stand at the corner where he could sell lemonade, candy and sandwiches.

With a joyful heart he ran home to his mother. "Will this help you mother?" he cried, giving her the money.

"Yes, very much," answered mamma. "But it helps me a great deal more to know that I have a boy who so helps his mother."

BERTHA THOMA, Age 8. Tatfville.

Lincoln's Visit to the Hospital. Dear Uncle Jed: Once during the Civil War your soldier lay on a cot on the third floor of a hospital.

He had been wounded and carried from the field in a wagon which had sprung and he felt miserable indeed.

While he was in the hospital trying to get well, he heard that President Lincoln would visit the hospital.

Many of the patients did not believe that the president would come. "We are only private soldiers in his army."

Later the soldiers heard that Mr. Lincoln had named a day when he would come.

The president stood looking at him for a moment and then went to his bedside and took his hand.

VERA GAGER BRIGGS, Age 11. Saybrook.

Red Headed Woodpecker. Dear Uncle Jed: Did you ever see a red headed woodpecker? I have seen one and think it is pretty. He was quite big. The head, throat, and neck is crimson.

It cries like a tree-toad and comes on the top of a tree, or a pole. The

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woodpecker lays from eight to ten eggs and they are bright glossy white. They eat insects. It looks something like a hairy woodpecker, only its tail feathers are black and white.

They have to help Mother. Dear Uncle Jed: I made a playhouse in my piano box. We made mudpie and cake. We play we have dinner.

My brother plays he is an Indian. We go out in the woods and he makes believe that he shoots at us. We have to help our mother some.

ZILLAH MARRIOTT, Age 9. Oneco.

A Day's Outing. Dear Uncle Jed: I have taken quite an interest in the Wide-Awakes. I went to the woods with the calves and I saw some of my friends going fishing after trout.

I hurried up and dug some bait and started when I got to the brook I fell in and got all wet.

There was a team going by and the man saw me all dripping wet and began to laugh at me.

Then in the afternoon I went after huckleberries with my mother, brother and sister. We were out about two o'clock my cousin came, and we went fishing and that was the last of my day's outing.

ARCHIBALD DORE, Age 11. Eagleville.

My Pet Cat. Dear Uncle Jed: I thought I would write and tell you about my pet cat whose name is Buster. We have had him for quite a long time and we would all feel very bad if anything happened to him.

One time a man threatened to shoot him because he thought Buster would eat his little chickens. So we had to be very careful.

We had some goldfish and he ate them; and he knew he had done wrong for he would run and hide when any one of us would call him.

We got some catnip in the fall and we gave him some in the evenings and how he would roll. He is lovely cat.

JACK R. WARWICK, Age 9. Norwich.

A King Washes His Subject's Feet. Bavaria has a new king to some purpose. Under Ludwig's rule, the ancient symbolical ceremony of the washing of feet by the Bavarian sovereign, after a lapse of forty-three years, has been revived.

After hearing mass on Maundy Thursday in All Saints' Court Church, Munich, King Ludwig, accompanied by the royal princes, passed in solemn procession to the Hall of Hercules, which is adorned with enormous Goussier tapestries.

When the latest Zeppelin airship cruised over Berlin it made hardly any noise. In the past the airships of this type have been conspicuous for the disturbance they created.

Science Notes. Among the eggs that are not fresh is one that is at least 1,800 years old. It was found recently in the tomb of a child in Egypt, whose name was Sextus Rufus at Nikopolis.

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CAPTAIN RUSH OF FLAGSHIP FLORIDA.



Photo by American Press Association. The Florida is the flagship of Rear Admiral Frank F. Fletcher, commanding the first division of the Atlantic fleet. Captain William R. Rush is in command.

members of the court and diplomatic society, and in addition by twelve old men of the humbler classes, each with one foot bare. These patriarchs are known as the "Apostles," whom of course the king symbolize. With the assistance of his attendants, the monarch poured water out of a golden ewer on each of the naked feet which he had just washed with a napkin, and which were afterwards kissed by a priest.

The ceremony was closed by the king passing once more along the line of veterans and hanging round the neck of each a purse in the Bavarian colors—blue and white containing a present of money.

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POETRY. Mother's Almanac. I tell you when it comes to dates, My Mother's just "the boss!"

You'd think she'd get mixed up sometimes. At school I know I do—'bout Washington, and Plymouth Rock, And 1492.

But Mother says: "The war with Spain Was fought in '98— The year you all had chickenpox, Exceptin' little Kate."

"That year, of course, the Spanish ships Were sunk in Cuba's channels; 'Twas summer, for I'd put away Your children's winter flannels."

"The Boer war in Africa— That was a dreadful thing!— Began in '99, I know, Jack broke his arm that spring."

"'Twas nineteen-four, and winter, too, When I and Grandpa fought. You almost had pneumonia then, From that bad cold you caught."

There's six of us, and we're mixed up With history just that way. Sometimes it's measles, croup or mumps, But there's no date that ever stumps My Mother, night or day!

UNCLE JED'S TALK TO WIDE-AWAKES. There is an old saying, "April showers bring forth May flowers," and so we have no doubt that we shall be gathering the pretty bouquets of violets and the Houstonia which dot the fields; and we should be gathering dandelions, too, were they not so common.

The dandelion lends a shimmer of gold to the lawns and the pastures which we should sadly miss if they were not in their places by day as the stars are in theirs at night. In southern Russia they have a blue dandelion which we should be glad to cultivate in our gardens as a curiosity if we could get it, and instead of blooming in the spring it blooms in the fall.

Do you know the mullein which grows so common in our pastures is grown in European gardens as the velvet plant because of its peculiar green and soft nappy leaves.

When we are out gathering the half dozen varieties of violets to be found in the pastures of eastern Connecticut we do not realize that there are 38 kinds of violets in this country, and in the whole world 100 varieties, and they grow in all countries and in all seasons of the year. There are every shade of blue and yellow and white, with various marks upon them. Canada has a pretty white violet the

Queen spoke. "I will not promise you anything," she said. "But once in a while I will come to you, and you will see me."

"Oh, you dear, good Queen," cried all the fairies at once. "It will be something to see you. Then she stepped into her chariot and waited.

The last tone of the last stroke of the midnight chime was dying away when the fairies appeared by the river and looked about for their Queen.

"There she is, said one, catching the sight of the shining chariot under a bush.

"What is it you have for us?" they all asked, running to the Queen. The Queen led them nearer the bank of the river and showed them slender brown bushes with tiny gray tufts and flicking.

"But what are they?" asked the fairies. "Strike them and see," said the Queen.

Each little fairy touched a soft gray tuft with her tiny finger. "Me-ow, me-ow," cried each one in a shrill voice, and then the gray tuft stretched out and a tiny head appeared, and a tail and four little paws could be seen.

"Oh, oh! the darlings," cried all the fairies, "they are our kittens, our dear little pussy cats we had wished for so long."

Each little gray pussy cat sat up and looked at her mistress, and then one fairy rolled a grain of sand (of course they looked very large to a fairy kitten), and all the little gray pussies scampered down from the bushes and they called them very large to a fairy kitten, and all the little gray pussies scampered down from the bushes and they called them very large to a fairy kitten, and all the little gray pussies scampered down from the bushes and they called them very large to a fairy kitten.

When the first streak of light showed in the sky all the gray pussies scrambled back to the bushes, curled up and went to sleep, and there they slept every night until the last tone of the last stroke of the midnight chime died away, and then if you can see with fairy eyes you will see each little gray tuft stretch out and sit up and me-ow for her little fairy mistress to come and call them pussy willow bushes, but the fairies call them their little gray kittens—Brooklyn Eagle.

How the Pussy Willows Grew. One night the fairy queen had all her fairies gathered around her. She was telling them how thankful they should be that they were happy and that they had such a beautiful world to live in.

"And that is the reason for your happiness," she explained. "You do good and kind things to others, and are always busy. If you did not work and had nothing to do but look around for amusement you would soon become restless and dissatisfied and long for things that others have."

"But, of course, fairies never long for things that mortals have, so all this talk is quite needless."

When the queen finished speaking she saw one little fairy looked very grave and did not smile and dance about with the others.

"This fairy was called Dewdrop, because it was her duty every morning just before sunrise to gather dew from the river and put them on all the flowers, and she was usually the gravest of the fairies, so the queen called to her and asked, "What makes you so sad, my Dewdrop? Is there not plenty of water in the rivers for your beautiful flowers?"

"Oh, yes, my queen," answered Dewdrop. "There is plenty of water for my flowers, but I am unhappy because of something I want and I know I cannot have."

"Tell me about it," said the wise queen. "Perhaps I can help you," and she drew Dewdrop close to her side and listened to her story.

"One morning when the south wind and gray cloud brought rain to my beautiful flowers," Dewdrop began, "I did not have any work to do, so I sat under a big leaf and watched the rain falling."

"I was in a garden and a house stood near. By and by a little girl came out and called 'kitty, kitty,' and the dearest little kitten came running up the path meowing and twining its tail. The little girl rolled a ball of yarn across the porch and the kitten chased it. Then it jumped through her clasped hands and chased it into the air, and then it ran up the little girl's dress to her shoulder and sat there with its head nestled in her neck."

"But why should this make you so sad, my Dewdrop," said the queen.

"Tell her, Dewdrop," said one of the other fairies, for all of them had gathered around while Dewdrop was talking.

"Yes, tell the Queen," said another.

"You see, dear Queen," we all want a kitten to play with," said Dewdrop, "and every time one of us sees a little girl with a kitten we are unhappy."

The Queen looked very grave, for never before had her fairies wanted anything a mortal possessed, but she did not scold.

After waiting a few minutes the

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