

THE WIDE AWAKE CIRCLE

BOYS' AND GIRLS' DEPARTMENT

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

Use pen and ink, not pencil. Short and point articles will be given preference. Do not use over 250 words.

Original stories or letters only will be used. Write your name, age and address plainly at the bottom of the story.

Address all communications to Uncle Jed, Bulletin Office.

Whatever you are—Be that! Whatever you say—Be true!

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

POETRY.

In the Moon. What do you see in the moon, little one, Up in the sky so high.

What do you see in the moon, my child, Keeping watch over all the earth?

Who combs and combs, without a sigh, Her wonderful golden hair?

Now look at the moon again, my dear, When it's round and clear and gold.

And you'll see a mother bend over her babe, And its little form enfold.

A Young Artist.

Little Willie made a drawing, And he showed mamma with pride.

Then he took it to his father, Who exclaimed, "I wonder now!

Willie wondered that his parents Did so strangely disagree.

Uncle Jed wants the Wide-Awakes to write him out-of-door stories.

Uncle Jed goes to walk and he takes up wild flowers and brings them home.

The girls stroll in the fields and know a great many more flowers than the boys.

The boys boat and fish and swim and the boy who catches the biggest black bass, or the largest blackfish.

Joey Joy, A Rollicking Boy

How the Trick Came Home

Since every man is supposed to have music in his soul, Joey Joy must have a bit in his, but the boy's music is pressed itself in a series of annoying instead of pleasing notes—a racket instead of a symphony.

In Joey Joy's day there were more home-made instruments than in these days, and while the boys used to make unearthly noise with a blade of grass between the fleshy parts of the hands into which they blew, and over a comb through which they could make many discordant sounds, the quash-vine flute, a cornstalk fiddle and a willow whistle, and while these instruments in the hands of the young produced a disturbing variety of noises, in the hands of older children they would produce surprising and agreeable music.

Joey Joy had two screaming whistles he delighted in, either of which could be heard half a mile away—one made by placing his extended fingers of each hand in his mouth, and the other by closing his forefinger and pushing it into his mouth under his tongue.

Joey used to be one of the leaders of the campaigns at the penny-store, in which the boys bought candy, Jackson knobs, striped peppermint, saunas, and barley stick candy, gibralters and kisses.

Then Pa looked at Joey and said: "You come down cellar with me, you sir! I have a mind to hang you up by the thumbs and strap you!"

"As Joey Joy was going down the cellar stairs, he began to cry and said: 'I don't have I done, Pa? I haven't had a fight or done a thing to nobody!'"

"Don't you lie to me, you little scamp!" said Pa. "How came you to take David's money? What have you done with the fifteen cents you took from the counter in his store?"

"I didn't take a penny off his counter, Pa," replied Joey, but he saw the trick was more serious for him than he had ever imagined it could be.

"Don't lie to me!" exclaimed Pa. "I shall first whip you for lying, and then I will thrash you for theft. And the strap began to make Joey's back smart and he screamed:

"I'm no thief, Pa! I never stole the money, David may have thought I did, but I didn't!"

It made no odds what Joey said for the facts were against him, and he was thrashed for lying and for stealing and then sent to bed without his supper.

He heard Pa say as he disappeared smarting and crushed to think his parents did not believe him:

"I'll thrash that boy until he owns up the theft, for there is no doubt of it."

Ma came up and talked with Joey, as good mothers will, and told him how sad she felt when she heard what he had done.

Then Pa made him dress himself and go with him to David's store and prove what he said, and if he failed he would whip him again.

Joey went into the store, lifted the scales, and there, bright and shining, were the two silver pieces.

and writes a good story about it, shall have a bright silver quarter for his prize.

For the best nature story on any subject they may choose Uncle Jed will award a prize of a silver quarter to boy or girl.

Uncle Jed wants the Wide-Awakes to get busy out-of-doors. There is pleasure and health and knowledge to be had in the open every day during the long vacation.

Do not forget what your eyes are for or your brains—just keep your lids wide open and your mind busy.

No eyes is a sleepy head and he misses most of the interesting things indoors and out and often misses his lessons.

Some grown folks, as well as children, think rest means idleness, but it doesn't. Idle people are the most miserable.

The out-of-doors is full of good book-winning topics just now and the girls and boys who are going on excursions or picnicking in the woods ought to be able to write good letters about what they see and enjoy.

And when you write just make it clear and plain, so Uncle Jed will be able to read it readily, for if he cannot read your letter, the printers will refuse to bother themselves with it.

WINNERS OF PRIZE BOOKS.

1—Alice M. Gorman, of Versailles—A Soldier of the Legion.

2—Frank Pardy, of Norwich—Tom, the Bootblack.

3—Sadie Shea, of Versailles—The Little Queen.

4—Mary Rybic, of Mansfield—Those Preston Twins.

5—Julia Latham, of Norwich—Little Folks of North America.

6—Fannie C. Brown, of Willimantic—What Gladys Saw.

7—Edward S. Jackson, Mansfield Center—The Soldiers of the Duke.

8—Nelson J. Leierich, of Norwich—Robinson Crusoe.

Gratuity—Zillah Morry, of Oneco—A Little Book for Little Folks.

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

LETTERS OF ACKNOWLEDGMENT

Paul Werth of North Franklin: I received the prize book, The High School Captain of the Team, and I thank you ever so much for it. I like to read those books.

Stories written by Wide-Awakes. The Nervous Man. A man returned late to his room in a hotel and kicked off one shoe, which flew with a clatter to the other end of the room.

Once Joey played a trick on David which was unworthy a rollicking boy for he hid fifteen cents lying on the counter under the base of the scales and disappeared, and he never thought David would know and would send word to his father that he had stolen the money.

He had not been in the house many minutes that night when he noticed the faces of Pa and Ma did not look right and he could not tell why.

Then Pa looked at Joey and said: "You come down cellar with me, you sir! I have a mind to hang you up by the thumbs and strap you!"

"As Joey Joy was going down the cellar stairs, he began to cry and said: 'I don't have I done, Pa? I haven't had a fight or done a thing to nobody!'"

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Then Pa made him dress himself and go with him to David's store and prove what he said, and if he failed he would whip him again.

Joey went into the store, lifted the scales, and there, bright and shining, were the two silver pieces.

David said he was sorry he had made so much trouble for Joey and Joey said he was sorry he had made so much trouble for everybody; and Joey's Pa and Ma were glad Joey had not stolen the money or told a lie.

for the other shoe to be kicked off. IRENE M. MATHIEU, Age 13, Columbia.

Apple Scab.

The black scabby looking spots that occur on the apple are caused by a fungus which attacks the leaves, fruit and young shoots. It first comes on the leaves in the spring as nearly round, dull green spots. These increase in size, run together and become black.

The many productive bodies or spores are produced in the blackened spots. These produce more scab, being carried by the wind.

Remedy—For most purposes two sprays are sufficient. Make the first before the leaves appear, with one pound of copper sulphate to fifty gallons of water.

The second should be made with Bordeaux mixture and arsenate of lead when the blossoms fall.

Mansfield Center. The Story of a Wise Woman.

Miss Eliza Lucas of South Carolina showed the people how to raise a crop of indigo. She was the first to live in South Carolina. Her father was the governor of one of the islands of the West Indies.

Miss Lucas was fond of trying new things. Her father sent her seeds and she planted them in South Carolina. He sent her some seeds of the indigo plant. She sowed some of them in March. But they came and all the plants died. She sowed some more of them in April. The plants grew well until a cut-worm found them.

The cut-worm wished to try new things, too, so he ate all of the indigo plants, but Miss Lucas was one of those wise people who try, try again. She planted more of the seeds in May. They came and she wrote to her father about it.

He sent a man to show her how to make indigo. This man did not want to show her how to make indigo because he feared the people in his country would not get so much for their indigo. So he did not explain how to make it.

Miss Lucas watched him closely and found out how it ought to be made. In a few years more than a million pounds of indigo were made in the South. And my people got rich through it. And was all because Miss Lucas did not give up.

ALICE M. GORMAN, Age 11, Versailles.

What a Brownie Did.

There lived a poor woman and her little girl near the edge of a forest. One day the little girl went into the woods to gather berries to sell in the nearby village. She walked and searched and by noontime she had only a few berries, hardly enough to cover the bottom of her basket.

"This will never do," she said aloud. "I must find more berries, or we shall starve. There is not a piece of bread left in the house."

Now the little girl did not know that she answered the little girl, the brownies. Nor did she know that one of the brownies was watching her from behind a big tree, and that he heard every word she said.

"Here is some one who needs my help. I will find out whether she is good and kind. If she is, I will be her good fairy."

So the brownie said a few magic words and changed himself into a little old man. Then, coming from behind the tree, he said:

"Little girl, you're hungry. Will you please give me some of your berries?"

"Yes, you are welcome to all you want," she answered the little girl. "You are good and kind," replied the brownie, but as you are very poor I am going to offer you a fairy gift which I drew from under his coat."

She handed the brownie, and then hurried home, and called her mother to see her open it. She wished for gold then opened it and found it full of gold.

So she and her mother were never poor again. ADA RINGLAND, Age 11, Norwich Town.

Old Speckle.

I am an old hen with black and white speckles. My mistress calls me, "Old Speckle."

Every day my mistress gives me water cracked corn and plenty of bread crumbs. I eat flies and dig for worms.

Everyday I lay an egg. One day I made an egg behind the barn and laid my eggs there for fear my mistress would come and take them.

One day twelve eggs and in three weeks twelve little balls of yellow-brown and black chickens came tumbling out of the nest.

My mistress came out and was surprised to see me with my nest full of eggs. They were all mine, and I asked with wire in front so that my chickens could go in and out.

In about two weeks I was let free to roam about with my family. It was a very happy time. EVA APERY, Age 12, Mansfield Four Corners.

A Little Problem.

A farmer had a boy and a girl. One day the daughter asked her father for fifteen cents to go to the store.

The father replied, "If you sell thirty apples, 2 for one cent, and 30 for fifteen cents, you can go to the store."

Then the boy asked, "Can I go too?" The father said, "Here are thirty apples, sell them at 3 for one cent, and thirty for ten cents."

They went to the store and asked the keeper if he wanted to buy any apples.

He said, "Yes." The girl said, "I've got thirty apples for 15 cents, three for one cent." The boy said, "I have got thirty apples for 10 cents, three for one penny, sixty apples for twenty-five cents."

The store keeper gave them twenty-four cents.

The boy asked for ten cents for his apples. The girl had fourteen cents left.

They went back to the store-keeper and asked him for the penny.

He said, "You gave me sixty apples for five cents, and you sold 12, and they came to twenty-four cents."

Will some one tell me how I can get the remaining penny? ELIZETH ASSAD, Age 12.

The Great Pyramid.

The pyramids are one of the many wonders of the world. There are about fifty standing near the Nile river in Egypt.

and so that a good sized house could be built on it. The Greek historian, said it was built by forced labor, and it took one hundred thousand men twenty years to construct it, and ten years to make the road to transport the rocks. Most of the rocks were gotten from the Arabian mountains.

They were ferried across the Nile river and then transported to the place where the pyramid was to be built.

When Cheops died he was buried with his queen in the Great Pyramid, each having a long passage to it. It is not known how old this pyramid is, but it is said to be about five thousand years old.

FLOSSIE MEYER, Age 12. The Castaways.

One bright day in June, father came home from his office and told us we were all to start for Europe in a few days. This was glad news indeed, but when we heard that a big city had not gone on the water very often.

When we were on the water for two days a storm arose. The boat rocked and a cradle, and about two o'clock in the morning we heard a great crash and everyone on board rushed to the top deck.

The captain tried to quiet the crowds until the boats could be lowered. It was about three o'clock when we left father good bye and got into a life boat. We sailed about for two days and at last drifted to an uninhabited island. The thoughts of ever going to Europe had now been forgotten.

The third night after the wreck a life boat was seen coming towards us. We all went down to the shore and what was our surprise when we found it was our own father and mother. The boat was filled with provisions that were taken from the sinking ship.

The men then started to explore the island and were gone about four hours. When they returned with welcome news that they had found a hermit at the other end of the island, and he had constructed a wireless telegraph.

They had a wireless telegraph, and we were able to send a message to our father and mother. They were very glad to hear from us, and they promised to stop near the island, and we could come to the ship in a few days.

When we reached the ship we were given a hearty welcome. We were glad to find all on the wrecked ship had been picked up, and we were on our way home.

MARY FINNIGAN, Age 13, Norwich. POULTRY.

In 1899 the poultry in our country was worth \$112,000,000 and the eggs were worth \$144,000,000. In 1899 the poultry was almost as great as the coal, iron, silver and gold, mined in our country.

The important breeds of poultry are Ducks, Geese, Turkeys, Pigeons, and Squabs.

The meat breeds of poultry are like that of the beef types of cattle. The meat breed is the Brahma, Cochins, and Langshans. The general purpose breeds for eggs and meat, both are like that of the dual types of cattle. These are the Plymouth Rocks, Wyandottes and Rhode Island Reds.

The laying breeds are like that of the dairy types of cattle. These consist of the Game, Minorcas and Black Spanish.

The ornamental breeds are the Bantams, Games and Polish. Poultry should be fed over twice as much as the same weight of cattle. And third of the feed for hens should be ground. Whole corn should be scattered in among the flock in the morning and the ground feed in the afternoon so the hens will not eat too much ground feed. Chickens should have animal food, such as meat scraps, and insects and skim-milk.

Laying hens should have lime and oyster shells. They should also have wheat, cracked corn, oat bran, and fresh water all the time. Dry mash is also good. This is made of corn meal, wheat bran, flour, bone, meat scraps, gluten meal, linseed meal and middlings.

The poultry houses should have plenty of light. The windows should be large and high, so there will be light in the house. The house should be ventilated. This is done by paning windows that will open and shut.

EDWARD S. JACKSON, Age 13, Mansfield Center. A Famous Dog of Old Rome.

It happened that a plot against the Emperor Nero had been discovered, and the chief conspirator had been put to death, together with some servants.

There was a trick dog in the plot. He was very fond, and from the moment the man was thrown into prison the dog could not be persuaded to move away from the dog's kennel.

At last there came a day when the man suffered the cruel death common in Rome for such offenses. He was thrown down a flight of stairs and his neck was broken by the fall.

A crowd of Romans had gathered round the place of execution, in order to see the sight, and in the midst of them all the dog managed to reach the master's side and he laid there howling piteously.

Then one of the crowd, moved with pity for the dog, took a piece of meat. By and by the man came for the body in order to throw it into the River Tiber. Even the dog followed and snarled after it, and he was tried to bring it to land, and the people came to see how faithful the dog was to his master.

FRIDERICK ERLBECK, Age 14, Norwich. The Polar Bear.

The polar bear, sometimes called the white bear, is the largest of all bears. It is a very hairy animal, weighing thirty or forty times as much as a man together, but it is a good swimmer and diver, and in the icy water of the far north it dives for the fishes which it eats.

It will watch many hours at a hole in the ice under which it knows a seal has come for air, and then with one sweep of its paw it will kill the seal as it comes up to the surface of the ice.

ARLINE J. VARS. Plainfield. The Thames River.

The Thames river is formed by the Yantic and Sucket rivers at Norwich, Connecticut.

This river was named after the Thames river in England. New London, London in England, and Norwich, at its head for the Norwich at the head of the Thames river in England.

In summer boats go from Norwich to New London every day. On one side of the river are many factories and on the other side are many trees and bushes and also a few summer resorts.

The Thames River is over fourteen miles long. There is some trade carried on this river.

In winter there is some skating and sleighing on the ice which forms on the river.

People visiting here and boating on this river say that it is more beautiful than the Hudson river in New York with its Palisades.

JOSEPHINE HOLBROOK. Norwich. The Busy Little Lapp.

There is a tribe of busy little people who live in the frozen zone and are seldom seen anywhere else. They do not live in huts, because it would not suit them to do so. They are obliged to wander up and down the country. Sometimes they are in the mountains, and sometimes in the plains. So they pitch tents, and then they can move about as they like.

They are called Lapps. They live in a country called Lapland. You will find Lapland in the northwestern part of Europe. The reason why the Lapp moves about so much is because of a very useful animal that God has given him—the reindeer.

The reindeer likes to move about. In the summer some very fierce flies bite him. The flies are called mosquitoes. I am very happy to say we did not have any mosquitoes in England. When the mosquitoes bite the poor deer is glad to run anywhere. He runs up the cold mountains and likes to stay there. Then the Lapp follows him to his tent. Every morning and night the Lapp drives his reindeer out to the plains. So he has to set up his tent again, and would not think of tenting nice to live in. The deer is so small you can hardly get in. There is no chimney, but the smoke goes out of a hole in the top.

They have no lamps or candles. People think the freight is enough. They sit and they sleep on skins spread on the floor. They tell me they have many things the little Lapp has to do without!

But he is happy and contented. If he has a herd of reindeer he thinks he has a herd of fish and milk of the reindeer. When winter comes and the wildfowl has flown away and the sea ice has frozen to let him catch fish, he goes to his herd of reindeer and kills one of them.

This is as good to him as beef or mutton is to us. Every morning and night the reindeer are fetched up to be milked. The milk they give is thicker and nicer than that of the cow.

The Lapp wife makes cheese of it. She does not use butter. When the reindeer dies, or is killed, his warm skin makes a coat or rug, or whatever garment the Lapp chooses to wear. So the reindeer may be said to feed and clothe his master.

FRANK PARDY, Age 13, Norwich. General Clark and His Men.

At the time of the Revolution there were but few people living on the north side of the Ohio river, but there were a great many Indians. The British general sent a message to the Indians to kill the white men there.

There was a British fort in Indiana and another in Illinois. This was to show the British wanted to fight.

George Rogers Clark was an American general at this time. Day by day the Americans were losing men. They did not know whether the Indians had killed them or not. The general wanted to stop this.

He thought he would take the British forts. He had three hundred men and started down the Ohio. Then they marched about one hundred and thirty miles to Illinois.

The people there did not think the Americans would come so far to attack them. When General Clark got to the fort he found the British were all asleep. He went in and took the town before they woke up.

The people of Illinois were French. By treating them well General Clark made them friendly with the Americans.

SADIE SHEA, Age 11, Versailles. Harry Merton.

Harry Merton was a good boy, but sometimes mischievous. He was fond of chasing the chickens and was only 9 years old, but he wanted to do things like a man.

Harry watched his father feeding the calves and skimming the cream from the milk.

"Father, one day I'm going to feed the calves all myself," said Harry proudly, making himself look as manly as he could.

Harry's father told him he could learn to feed the calves, but not to go near them, as they might kick him or knock him down.

Very early the next morning, while his father and mother were sound asleep, this little boy with unwashed face and hands crept softly out of the house. It was quite dark, but he knew the way to the stable where his father fed the calves. He could get up as early as the hired man and feed the calves. He saw the light that shone from the stable where his father fed the calves.

The pail of milk Harry carried was very heavy. The three calves saw him coming and scampered across the field to meet him. When he let down the milk to go into the field they rushed at him and both he and the pail were knocked over. Harry's head was running to see what was the trouble.

"Why, Harry, what are you doing here this time of day?" asked John. "I was to feed the calves," said Harry and begged him not to tell his father.

"All right," said John, "but if you are not going to be punished any other way you must help me catch those calves, and put them back in the pasture. You see, they have run off up the lane."

LILLIAN M. BREHAUT, East Norwich, N. Y. LETTERS TO UNCLE JED.

The Chicken and the Feather Duster. Dear Uncle Jed: I am a little boy 4 years old. My name is Nelson John Leirich.

One day we had a sick chicken; we brought it in the house and put it in a box of cotton wool and the story was that we got up the next morning we could not find the chicken, so we looked in the dining room and found the chicken cuddled up under my mother's feather duster. She thought it was the mother hen.

She Has Six Children. Dear Uncle Jed: I have not written to you for a long time, so I thought I would write. It is very hot here. I have six children now.

ZILLAH MORRY, Age 8, Oneco. Sucked Robin's Eggs.

Dear Uncle Jed: When my father and my brother were out in the garden working my father found a robin's egg with a hole pecked in it.

My father told my brother about it and he gave it to me. I put it in some water and washed it. Then I dried it. A hawk or a crow probably took the egg out of the nest.

One day there was a robin's nest in an apple tree near the house. A crow was trying to get the eggs.

I found an egg in the field that year. I kept it for a long time. One day when I