

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 an ink, not pencil. Short and snappy 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! Straightforwardly act. Be honest—in fact. Be nobody else but you.

POETRY.

Little Brown Hands. They drive home the cows from the pastures. Up through the long, shady lane. Where the quail whistles loud in the wheat fields. They are yellow with ripening grain. They find, in the thick, waving grasses, Where the scarlet-tipped strawberry grows. They gather the earliest snowdrops, And the first crimson buds of the rose. They toss the new hay in the meadow; They gather the elder-bloom white; They find where the dusky grapes purple. In the soft-tinted October light. They know where the apples hang ripest, And are sweeter than Italy's wines; They know where the fruit hangs the thickest On the long, thorny blackberry vines. They gather the delicate seaweed, And build tiny castles of sand. They pick up the beautiful seashells— Fairy shells that have drifted to land; They wave from the tall, rocking tree tops, Where the oriole's hammock-nest swings; And at night time are folded in slumber By a song that a fond mother sings. Those who tell bravely are strongest: The humble and poor become great; And so from these brown-haired children Shall grow mighty rulers of state. The pen of the author and statesman— The noble and wise of the land— The sword, and the chisel, and palette. Shall be held in the brown, little hand. —M. H. Krout.

LETTERS OF ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

C. Marie Wheeler, of Stonington—I received the prize book and thank you very much for it. It is a very nice book and I like it, for it is my first book from you. I will write again soon. Elsie B. Bromley, of Norwich—I want to thank you for the lovely prize book I received. Mamma says she thinks you make the boys and girls pretty nice presents. Marian Wheeler, of Stonington—I received the book yesterday for which I thank you very much. I am more pleased than I can tell you. I will write again soon. Estella Adams, of Eagleville—I thank you very much for the prize book entitled Water Babies. I have read it and like it very much. P. S. My petunia has 283 blossoms on it. Lena Krauss, of New Bedford—I thank you for the prize book for the lovely prize book you sent me. Harriet Graham, of Tatfville—Thank you for the prize book of the Missing Tenderfoot. I have read some of it and it is very interesting. Dorothy Rasmussen, of Norwich—I thank you for the prize book. It is very interesting and I am so pleased with it.

WINNERS OF PRIZE BOOKS.

- 1—Lillian Brehaut, of East Norwich, N. Y.—The Boy Scouts in Maine Woods. 2—Walter Gavigan, of Willimantic—Adventures of Robinson Crusoe. 3—L. M. C. of Lebanon—Anderson's Fairy Tales. 4—Frank Parly, of Norwich—The Boy Scouts Through Big Timber. 5—Charles A. Bromley, of Norwich—Black Beauty. 6—Rita Bell Merfield, of Baltic—The Three Little Women's Success. 7—Rena Krauss, of New Bedford, Mass.—The Three Little Women. 8—Myron J. Ringland, of Norwich Town—Boy Scouts' Woodcraft. 9—Richard W. Tobin, Jr., of Norwich—Two Weeks, Young Engineers.

UNCLE JED'S TALK TO WIDE-AWAKES.

Some folks get sad at sight of the

falling leaf, but there is no reason why they should. The falling leaf says to intelligent persons: "A full life spent—work well done!"

The leaves on the trees represent the great working force necessary to make the tree what God meant it should be, a thing of beauty and use. The leaves make starch for the trees to use. Each leaf has many little mouths—resembling little teeth in the thin skin, with two guard cells on each side, like lips. They make an open passageway from the air to the green tissue, or from the tissue to the air.

In the green tissue of the leaves are wonderful little crystals shaped like double convex lenses and they have to do with the starch-making. No man could invent lenses like these which bring the sun's light to bear upon carbon dioxide and water and make them into starch.

This starch has to be changed to sugar before the tree can use it. Sugar can become fluid while starch cannot, and this flows through the tree and it is from this we get our maple sugar which is made from the sweetened sap.

The trees have made their growth for the year and the leaves are dropping because they are of no further use to the tree except to cover the ground and form a mat which protects the roots from the frost. The work of the tree this year includes the making of the leaves for next year and they are all folded up in buds and will not be released until the heat of the sun calls them forth next April.

Every leaf is a sign of industry and faithfulness—a symbol of truth. It has been true to every purpose for which it was designed. The sun gives the leaves color according to the crystals they have made and their pretty colors are their reward of merit.

The leaves in the fall are in graduation day dress, which is also their diploma for a complete course. The falling leaf is not a sign of sadness for in working for the tree it has worked for us and by the sapper of the maple tree and the fruits and nuts of other trees we are nourished and blessed.

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The Wicked Weasels. Dear Uncle Jed:—A few days ago I walked through the woods till I came to a creek. It was about fifteen feet high, and over a hundred in length. To get to it I had to ascend a steep slope. When I got up to the foot of the ledge, I suddenly noticed I was on top of a high hill, that was covered with woods. I had never been there before, as it was nearly two miles from the house, and I had doubtless wandered off my course while trying to find water, but finally I located it. The weasels are ripe, I know just where to go, if I look the trees up beforehand. It was certainly a wild place. I had seen several gray squirrels and countless red ones, and also chipmunks, near the ledge, but when I came they all ran in different directions, some however ran into a large heap of stones at one end of the ledge. Then it came to me to climb to the top of the ledge, and I might be able to get a good view of the surrounding country, which is always my desire. I had a hard climb, but when I did get up I noticed on one side of the ledge a good view of the surrounding country, which is always my desire. I had a hard climb, but when I did get up I noticed on one side of the ledge a good view of the surrounding country, which is always my desire.

The Experiences of Aqua. Dear Uncle Jed:—Aqua was a little water baby. He lived with his mother in the ocean. He used to play with the fishes. One day he asked the sun if he could go up in the sky and see the whole earth. So the sun went down and got him. At night when the sun was about to set and it was going to be dark Aqua wanted to go back on the earth. So the sun dropped him down and he fell on a reesebud. In the morning when the sun rose Aqua wanted to go up the second time so the sun went down and got him again. At night Aqua wanted to go back on the earth again. This time Aqua dropped on the mountain side, we call it rain; then rolled into a pond and then into the ocean, and then he went into the water with his mother. AGNES SULLIVAN, Age 11. Uncasville.

A Moonlight Auto Ride. Dear Uncle Jed: I thought I would write and tell you about my ride home from Tatfville. We started for New Bedford at 8 o'clock Labor day night. There were some of us in a large touring car. A friend of ours, his wife, my mother, father and I. We passed through many small villages, where we could see one or two lights twinkling through the windows. We traveled on one road all the time. My father was worried because we were near Green's. We saw this side of Plainfield, when we saw two men coming down the road. He slackened up speed and asked the nearest man: "Sir, is this the right road to New Bedford?" "The road isn't too green, but if you keep going straight on, you'll be there!" The answer was so unexpected we

Vacation Days at Block Island. Dear Uncle Jed:—Last summer we all went to Block Island, my two brothers, Arthur and Richard, and my sister Dorothy. First we went to the island by the name of The Manlius. He slackened up speed and asked the nearest man: "Sir, is this the right road to New Bedford?" "The road isn't too green, but if you keep going straight on, you'll be there!" The answer was so unexpected we

Picking Blueberries. One day my mother, sister, aunt, two younger brothers and I went blue-bering over to a pasture a mile from our house. We walked, and carried with us a two-quart basket, a five-quart basket, beside each one having a two-quart pail. We were having a fine time and had picked about ten quarts when suddenly it began to rain, so we went under some trees. The shower only lasted about five minutes, and then we began picking again. There were not many more quarts in the baskets before it began to thunder and lighten. We started home with the large basket and one pail full. When we reached home we were all soaking wet though we hurried as fast as we could. We did not have good luck that day, but we went another day that week and picked about thirty quarts of berries. MARY BURRILL, Age 12. Stafford Springs.

The One-Word Story. The one-word story can be the funniest indoor game imaginable if the players have plenty of imagination and nerve-wit. One in a circle, and one begins a story by saying just one word. His neighbor gives the second word, and so on until the story is complete. A player who cannot supply a word, or who uses a word that does not make sense, must leave the circle. The keenest part of the game comes when only two or three are left. The one who survives after all the others have failed wins. LILLIAN BREHAUT, East Norwich, N. Y.

The Adventure of Theodore. Theodore aged two and one-half opened his eyes having then all the way, then he winked and blinked and stretched. A noise had awakened him before he had half slept out. The noise was the clanging of the screen door behind grandfather, as he hurried to drive the cattle out of the corral. Grandfather was taking charge of Theodore while mother made a call, but of course he had to run when he heard the noise. He thought of Theodore at all he thought he was sound asleep and would need no looking after for a while. Near the door he came out on a thick rug, picked himself up, and started for the pantry. He remembered mother had been making cookies just before he went to sleep and that she always made two for him. Mother had gone but the cookies were then spread upon a shelf. The shelf was so high Theodore could reach only one cookie, and so he was very much disappointed, when he dropped the one he had picked up. Theodore was not a boy who gave up easily, so he dragged a stool close to the barrel, climbed upon it and

Dear Uncle Jed:—I thought I would write and tell you about my trip to the fair. My father, mother, brother and I started about nine o'clock in the morning. We put our horse out at Mr. Brown's, who lives near the grounds. When we got on the grounds I looked at the money in the poultry building. I spent a quarter of a dollar on the merry-go-round. About one o'clock we bought our tickets and went on the grandstand. After we had seen the races, and the performing on the stage we went off from the grandstand and were looking at the flying machine. Then we walked around the ground. After having a treat of ice cream we came home. UDE ROBINSON, Age 11. Yantic.

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Dear Uncle Jed:—I will tell you about my white pony. My father purchased her about two years ago. She was very thin when we first had her, but soon looked better. My brother and I took a saddle and rode her horseback. The first time I rode her she went so fast she threw me off. But after a while I learned to ride her. We sold her Feb. 26, 1914. And I missed her very much. PERCY ROBINSON, Age 10. Yantic.

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THE POOL. Near us there is a great sheet of shallow water called The Pool. Around its edge is located sugar orchards, cultivated fields, native hard and soft woods and great pastures. In and about this pool many living things dwell. The orchard, the wood lots and even the pastures are laid off into streets, alleys, long highways and cross lanes so narrow, so crooked, or even so wide that your eyes there may appear nothing but the pathless woods or the pasture cow paths. But such is a legally laid out affair to the inhabitants and also dedicated to the public use by being used without objection for over twenty years. In the orchard and wooded lands each street is bordered by a densely populated set of apartment houses and residences. The apartment buildings are each supplied with basements and sub-basements while above ground many of them lower tenement after tenement—regardless of the year and motion are more active and noticeable than at others. Many of the citizens of this place are quick in movements while others are very slow, as there are those without feet, others with one foot,