

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, not pencil.
3. Short and pointed articles will be given preference. Do not use over 25 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.
7. Whatever you are—Be that!
8. Whatever you say—Be true!
9. Straightforwardly act.
10. Be honest—in fact.
11. Be nobody else but you.

POETRY

A Pleasant Evening

By Louella C. Poole.
Jack Sprat outstretched upon my knees,
And close beside me Jerry,
A right good book, a blazing hearth—
Why shouldn't I be merry?

The steaming kettle close at hand,
With Jack Sprat's purr so cheery,
In gentle hum, with you on guard
To soothe my spirits weary.

Now Jerry sighs, and softly growls:
Well, well, boy, what's the matter?
In dreamland are you hunting rats,
And sigh to see them scatter?

He gives a sudden start, the scamp,
Some foe he seems pursuing;
Oh, should some rash intruder come
Just now, his sure undoing.

Would Jerry cause when in this mood;
'Tis well 'tis all illusion;
Sleep on, old boy, with you on guard
We're safe from all intrusion.

O green-eyed sphinx upon my knee,
Deep lost in contemplation,
You look so wise, do you recall
Some former incarnation?

Mysterious autocat, perchance
You once had royal housing
In Pharaoh's temple by the Nile,
And in his courts went mousing!

You may have been some household god
When Thebes was in its glory;
My homage you did not accept
As though 'twere some old story.

Well, let the snow beat on the pane,
The north wind shriek, quite merry
Am I beside the blazing fire,
With old Jack Sprat and Jerry.

For Jerry's eyes are full of love,
And Jack Sprat's rhythmic singing
Soothes like some gentle lullaby—
Away dull care I'm flinging!

The tall clock in the corner near
Chimes out the hour—eleven!
And now, good-night, dear trusty friends,
Till strikes this old clock seven!

UNCLE JED'S TALK TO WIDE-AWAKES

If the Wide-Awakes do not all study grammar they all must before they get far because it teaches students how to speak and write correctly.

It used to be a dry old study and is always more or less puzzling to everyone; but a writer to The Nebraska Journal several years ago individualized the parts of speech so as to the better introduce them to pupils, and this is what he said about the nine most important parts of speech:

"The Grammar family is a most interesting one. We sometimes refer to this family as the 'Parts of Speech.' It is a family of builders of words.

THE WINNERS OF PRIZE BOOKS

- 1—Mary A. Burrill, of Stafford Springs—Bob, the Castaway.
2—Julia Latham, of Ledyard—Three Little Women at Work.
3—Mildred Mirtle, of West Willington—The Boy Pilot of the Lakes.
4—Alice Brown, of Colchester—Bob Chester's Grit.
5—Eileen O. Kelley, of Versailles—The Saddle Boys on the Grand Canyon.
6—Adelaide Holbrook, of Norwich—The Saddle Boys of the Rockies.
7—Helen Winskie, of Yantic—Three Little Women's Success.
8—Marie Hak, of West Willington—Three Little Women as Wives.

STORIES WRITTEN BY WIDE-AWAKES

Went Huckleberrying

One Saturday last August my sisters and I did not have anything to do, so we thought of picking huckleberries. It was almost dinner time, but Alice said she thought it would be nice to make our lunch with us to eat under the trees and have a little picnic.

The plan seemed to me a good one, so I got the big basket and all helped to put the things into it. Bertha filled a bottle with ice water and then we started up the big hill back of our house, where the berries grew. We each took a big glass to pick in. We liked to pick the glasses full and then empty them.

Alice put the basket in a hollow oak and said we must pick about three quarts of berries before we ate lunch. The berries were thick and we were all hungry, so it did not take long to pick them.

After that we sat down under the shady trees to eat. Everything tasted good and we ate it all, after which we rested awhile.

We picked berries the rest of the afternoon and when it began to get dark we got the big basket and put all the berries we had picked into it. The basket held twelve quarts and it was full.

We were tired that night and glad when it was bedtime. MARY A. BURRILL, Age 12, Stafford Springs.

Some Queer Colls

Grace was crying bitterly for her beautiful wax doll had been torn in pieces by a mischief-loving dog.

"Bring me a basket full of smooth, clean potatoes," said her mother, "and we will see if we can make up for the loss of your doll."

Grace took a basket and soon came back with it filled with potatoes. She wondered what her mother was going to do with raw potatoes.

"This one has a fatherly expression and will make a good father," said her mother, taking a large potato from the basket and looking at it.

"See what well-formed eyes and eyebrows and a very good nose and mouth," said her mother.

Sure enough, what she had said was true. Upon examining all the potatoes in the basket Grace found each one had a face like a potato.

Her mother stuck two sticks into the potato for the body. This was the foundation for the clothes.

In this way a father, a mother and ten children were made and dressed. Each of the dolls were given their own names and their shoulders to conceal the fact that they had no arms.

Grace played with them all the rest of the day and said they were the best dolls that ever grew.

I think if some other little girl tries this plan she will be equally delighted. LUCY A. CARTER, Age 12, Versailles.

A Trip to the City

One morning I was playing out in the yard, having a good time with my other playmates, and all at once I heard a call.

I immediately answered the call. My aunt had just arrived from New York and she asked me if I would like to visit the city with her for two weeks. Of course, I was glad to get the chance to go to visit the big city.

My mother packed my dress suit case to get ready for the early train the next morning. Before I could realize it I was seated in the train and had bidden all of my folks goodbye. The train was going full force and was crowded. I arrived in New York.

My aunt and I got off the train. She lived on Broadway and we had to wait for the trolley car.

All at once I heard a whistle. It was at the station waiting for passengers. Just then I was seated in the car, and of course I was crowded. At last we arrived at my aunt's house and they all greeted me.

After a long visit I got ready for home. My aunt came as far as New London and put me on the train bound for Stafford and I arrived home safely. MILDRED E. WHITE, Age 13, Stafford Springs.

Our Church

We have a little church, which is the Ledyard Baptist. There are about 25 members. We are a little band of followers.

The pastor is one of the most active workers for Jesus there is and practices what he preaches. He is doing in this little church what many another pastor wouldn't do for so little salary.

I like Mr. Robbins very much, and I guess many others do. We have raised money enough to have the church shingled and now we are trying to have it fixed inside.

There were ten of us taken in as members in December, and we are now working for the best to come.

I wish many of the heathen boys and girls who do not go to church would some time know how nice it is to know God and love and serve Him and when they die they will know they are going to that beautiful place called Heaven, or the Golden City, where we can walk with God and be happy ever after. It's just wonderful. JULIA LATHAM, Age 14, Norwich.

Going Fishing

One day two boys called John and Mike thought they would go fishing. They went to a small pond where there were small boys fishing from the boats, but did not catch anything. Soon Mike saw a board stuck in the grass by the side of the tree. He went to get it.

John said they could use it for a rat to fish from. They did not know that the board was old and rotten and had cracks in it, so they pushed off and jumped on.

Pretty soon Mike yelled that it was going down. Then they all went in, but soon got out again.

They did not go home right away, because they would get a whipping, so they sat down and waited, till their clothes dried, and then went home. JAMES GLADYSZ, Age 12, West Willington.

How I Was Lost

It was the twenty-ninth of May, about four years ago, when our teacher gave us a short talk about Memo-

rial Day and its significance. She then sent us after flowers to decorate the soldiers' graves with the next day.

Just at three o'clock we started for the fields about a mile away. When we reached the railroad bridge the party came to a standstill, as there was a freight train coming along. Considerable time was spent in watching the train pass.

Upon continuing our journey we soon reached the field of daisies. Everyone gathered as many as he could carry. Then the girls began to race for fortunes, while the boys ran races.

One of the boys said he knew of a short way home. Six of us decided to go with him. We were entering the woods we came upon the spot where there was to be a picnic the next day. Here we loitered.

Upon a warm day and every one was happy. The birds sang, the bees hummed, and the butterflies flew in every direction.

There was a man fixing the picnic ground, and he allowed us to use the swings. The time passed so quickly that none realized how late it was, until some one said: "It is growing dark."

We started through the woods. When we had gone a long distance we stopped for we had lost our way.

We called to our companions, but we heard nothing but the echoes of our own voices.

Then we tried to retrace our steps. It was useless for the rain was falling.

Finally we came to an old cow path, and, after following it for a mile we came to an old farm house. Here we stayed until the storm was over.

The farmer's wife gave us bread and milk to eat. She told us how we could follow the railroad track back to town.

We reached home about seven o'clock. JAMES O. KELLY, Age 14, Versailles.

Pleasure First

John has the care of a flock of sheep which belong to Mr. Bruce, a neighboring farmer. He is a kind master and pays good wages to all who work faithfully.

John knows this perfectly well, and he means to please Mr. Bruce, but he has one bad habit—he often forgets that work should come before play.

One day he was out with his sheep, and he means to please Mr. Bruce, but he has one bad habit—he often forgets that work should come before play.

John knew he had quite a knack at such things. He really had the sheep were wandering further and further from their accustomed haunts, but he knew also that Bruce was watching so he contentedly until the sheep were nearly out of sight.

John was more uneasy than his sheep. He tried several times to call John's attention to the flock, by a low bark. At last he could not endure it any longer. He saw a commotion in the flock, and when he saw the distance and with one quick, sharp bark of warning to John, he bounded away to attend to the flock, which was now running wildly in every direction.

A strange dog had attacked the flock, and Mr. Bruce would have lost one or more valuable sheep if John had not been so faithful.

Mr. Bruce had seen John's carelessness from a distance, and as it was one of the dogs he had dismissed John. He was unwilling to trust his sheep in John's care. FRANK PARDY, Age 14, Norwich.

Saved

Sammy and Eleanor had been playing hide-and-seek when Eleanor had a good time they were having.

Eleanor would go and hide and Sammy would find her; when he would find her she would come out he would bark and run back and forth until she came out.

Sammy was very thirsty, so he went into the house to get a drink.

While he was in the house, his little mistress had wandered away to the seashore.

Meanwhile Sammy coming out of the house could not find her so he thought she was hiding from him; so he went to look for her.

He ran to the beach to find his mate. He ran as fast as he could to reach her. A big wave was just going over her.

Oh! he must save her. He must! He ran! Oh! how he ran to save her.

He dashed right into the water and brought her to the beach and he must have help, too.

He thought, I will have to go for Eleanor's mother.

Oh, no! He was mistaken, she was running down the beach to him.

Mother took her little girl home and in a few hours Eleanor was playing with Sammy again, but she never went alone to the beach again. DORIS E. TROLAND, Age 10, Lebanon.

New York City

New York City is the largest city in the United States. It is a city of the world that is larger in London in England.

There are several reasons why so many people live in New York City. They live there because there is a good harbor, and the water is deep. There is not room for the people in the houses. A family has only one or two rooms.

Many men who do business in New York have homes in the suburbs several miles from the city.

Many of the buildings are very high in order to make room for keeping the goods that are bought and sold. LILLIAN KLECKAK, Age 10, West Willington.

The Frogs

Once upon a time some frogs in a pond asked Jove for a kind king. Jove tossed a log into the middle of the pond.

The frogs dived at once into a deep hole for the splash was so great that they were all afraid. But when they saw the log lay quite still they jumped up and sat upon it. This is not a king, said they, and off they went.

The next time Jove gave them an ear.

Then Jove was angry and sent them a storm for a king and soon there came a frog leg in the pond.—Unsigned.

The Hammer

In the hammer lies the wealth of a nation. Its merry clinks points out the abode of industry and labor. Not a house is built, not a ship, not a carriage rolls, not a wheel spins, not an engine thunders, not a spade speaks, not a bugle peals, not a spade speaks, not a banner floats, not a power of patient endurance.

FANNY ROSENBERG, Age 13, Norwich.

Niagara Falls

A great body of water coming down from a height over rocks is called a waterfall. There are many waterfalls in this country. Some are large, others, though smaller, are very beautiful, but the grandest of all are the falls of Niagara.

Nearly forty miles the Niagara river flows quietly over an open country that is just steep enough to make a gentle current.

But after a while there is a change. The bed of the river becomes steeper. The water begins to move faster and faster, until it runs wildly along as if racing down a rough hill.

You may have seen a runaway horse on a street, the wagon with its heels capping and swinging from side to side. Just think of a hundred such horses, did with fright, going down hill at the top of their speed, and you may imagine how the water of Niagara goes. It tumbles against the hidden rocks, falls back and pitches ahead again, always hurrying, until it reaches the cliff. Then, with a roar, it plunges down about 170 feet.

Looking from a short distance at the water as it pours down, it seems to be a solid mass. Then it spreads out in a sheet that glitters in the sun, till it strikes the rocks below, when it shoots in clouds of mist and foam, on which the sun throws a beautiful rainbow.

There are two waterfalls at Niagara, separated by an island. One is the Canadian falls, called the Horseshoe, from its shape, the other is the American falls. The first is over 1,800 feet in width and 14 feet in height. The American falls, though not so wide, is eight to ten feet higher. Both are grand and beautiful. HELEN WINSKIE, Age 14, Yantic.

An Obedient Child

One day a poor woman as she was going to market said to her little daughter: "She had bolted the door."

"I am going out for two hours. When I go, shut the door and bolt it, and do not open it until I return."

"All right," answered the little girl, whose name was Mary.

About one hour after her mother had gone, Mary saw some people coming up the path. She had bolted the door as her mother had told her to. These people knocked and knocked on the door, but she would not open it.

"Let us in," they cried, for they had heard her mother's voice. "We are only your aunts and uncle."

But Mary would not unbolt the door. Soon, tired of pounding and pleading, the three men, two disguised as women, had been around the neighborhood, stealing and kidnapping little children.

You see what Mary escaped by obeying her mother. ADELAIDE HOLBROOK, Age 13, Norwich.

Henry Hudson

Henry Hudson was an English sea captain. He wanted to find the north-west passage. The name of his ship was the Half Moon.

Once he sailed in a bay. His men were very frightened and begged him to go back, but he would not. But they put him in a little boat and set him adrift.

No one ever heard of Hudson again. WILLIAM PELIKAN, Age 10, West Willington.

My Stay at My Uncle's

The station where we came was named Lyster. It is a village of about five thousand people, but has its own mayor, and is classed as a city. There is a bank and several stores.

My uncle was waiting for us with a team, as the distance to his farm was nine miles. The time it took us was one hour or more to get there.

When we arrived we went into the house to have dinner. After dinner we came out to look over the farm, which contained 110 acres and is one mile long and one-fifth of a mile wide.

A public road runs through the farm and all the other farms in the same way. ESTHER HYMAN, Age 11, Norwich.

The Making of Buttons

One day I went to visit my father's factory, to see how buttons were made. Pearl buttons are made from pearl shells. The shells are found in salt water. The divers dive for them and bring them out.

When my father gets them a workman sorts them over and sometimes finds a pearl. Some are so large that they are worth hundreds of dollars.

Then the workmen go down into the basement and take them in pairs.

Now I will tell you how they are made: First, they are bored out by a machine called a borer. When bored out they are called blanks. These blanks are about one-half to an inch thick. Then they go to a splitting machine and are split into two or three blanks.

Another set of workmen get these and they go on a smoothing machine. This is where they smooth them.

Then another set of workmen get these and they go on a facing machine, which finishes them. Then they are given to boys who drill holes in them. They are now ready to be polished.

That Cough of Yours

Racking your lungs, weakening your arteries, straining your throat membranes and jarring your head might be the forerunners of more serious trouble, and should have immediate attention.

SCHENCK'S SYRUP

contains no narcotics. It comforts the throat, soothes the inflamed air passages, loosens the irritating secretions that causes the cough and makes expectoration free. For 80 years SCHENCK'S SYRUP has been successfully used for the treatment of Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness and Bronchial Affections.

50c and \$1.00 per bottle. If you cannot get it from your druggist, we will send it to you direct on receipt of price.

DR. J. H. SCHENCK & SON, Philadelphia.

In acid. After that process they are ready to be taken into the sorting room, where the girls sort them. Then they are counted by girls into envelopes 14 in a gross, and packed in boxes and shipped away to shirt and waist manufacturers.

MARIE HALE, Age 11, West Willington.

LETTERS TO UNCLE JED

The Mischievous Boy

Dear Father: The Mayflower encountered many storms. We had hard voyage and were glad to see land. Elder Brewster and some other men went to find new land. While they were gone Francis Billington, the mischievous boy, nearly blew up the ship. How frightened we were! Captain Standish was angry at him.

Our colony died. Half of our colony died. Our dear governor Carver died, and my dear father, mother and brother died. I had a letter when they died so I didn't know it.

I took care of the people as much as I could, but I had the fever, too. Rose Standish, the captain's wife, died, too. Now I am alone and your kind father and mother give me a home.

There is an Indian lives with us. He knows how to talk English. His name is Squanto. He helps us in many ways. He wouldn't harm the boys and girls. His Indians trade with us. When we came here they shot arrows after us, but now they are friends. Love helps "mother" and me in many ways.

Your dearest friend, PRISCILLA MULLENS, To Mistress Patience Brewster, Lie-den, Holland. MILDRED MIRTH, Age 10, West Willington.

My Pony Tommy

I thought I would tell you about my Shetland pony Tommy.

He has a silver mane and tall and his real name is Silver Tom. His mane is double and flows each side of his neck.

I have a riding bridle and saddle. I rode him quite a little last summer with my cousin and papa.

I have a little four-wheeled wagon and also a little two-wheeled one such as they used to use in England a long time ago.

I have lots of fun driving him and taking my friends out.

Papa made some thills for my sled and I drove him all around and sometimes I would hitch another sled to mine and take my friends to ride.

When I'm driving and turn towards home he is so anxious to get home that he goes so fast I enjoy driving him.

When he is running in the field he looks just like a little lion.

FRANCES DAVIS, Age 11, Eagleville.

Matter of Love

If a man really loves a woman he will give up smoking for her, but if she really loves him she won't ask him to.—Exchange.

The Pool

Yes, there are many secrets shut up in my rough coat of plants. I have them, too! One of those secrets is the circulation of our life fluid—the sap.

It is in this air that he is doing all the air will allow when he raises water about 70 feet. We trees raise it several times that distance. How we do it and which way the sugar sap flows is what puzzles.

While there are many things we trees could teach animals, it is best still not to tell forward in the matter, especially among ourselves, or when there are those present who do not like us. We should never tell valuable secrets in a mixed crowd.

Of course, we cannot hide our age when cut down. Our manner of growth is in rings, and those rings are counted at our fall. That is, a layer of woody fiber is made to surround the outer part of our bodies each year. In the center is what man calls the heartwood, generally of a darker color than the rest. In this center our cell formations are pressed very close together. Outside of the heartwood we have a less dense formation termed sapwood. This grows less dense as it approaches the surface of the bark. It is made up of the youngest being the lightest and the more expanded cells. Each year age, pressure and hardening of the arteries turns layers of sapwood into heartwood.

There is no secret now about how we grow from a layer of young cells between the sapwood and the bark. As these young cells of ours are covered from the sight of outsiders by our layers of clothing it may be well for us to notice those clothes and why the vermin becomes cracked and rough. The underclothing near our bodies of sapwood is abundantly supplied with sap and is where we bleed the most freely when injured—especially in the spring.

Farmers' boys like to pound our small limbs and slip off the bark at these times to make whistles. Our cambium layers are stuffed too full of sap to stick, so a little pounding makes them slip off without cracking.

But I commenced to tell of all the coats. Why, we are like Farmer Brown's boy—outgrow our clothes. As we cannot, like him, or like a snake, crack it and cause a mass of rents which grow into hardened ridges or roughness for many of our foes.

Our new inner clothing becomes a part of ourselves, and there is a strong outward pressure against the overclothes, causing them to crack and expand, new sapwood being formed and the circulation of any life fluid in the deepest heartwood cut off. Thus life movements in most plants are near the surface.

We have neighbors that are hollow and you do not suspect it. There is another fact that many boys do not suspect. We plants, like them, are growing out of a part of our outer skin every day. It is constantly dying, as their outer scales are, and sloughing off. They wash in ditches, we wash in rainstorms.

Again, after the leaf babies wake up and we can get to work with our

atomata not only in our leaves but along all our woody stems, we can tell Farmer Brown's boy that we look at cooked food and that all our sap has to come to some store or lenticel before it can feed our bodies. This is why there is so much dispute about which way the sap flows in the sugar-making days.

Our roots (which do not grow like our trunks) take up with the water many varieties of food.

The boy's blood is just like our sap, a medium in which to float food to the stem; but the blood vessels are however, very unlike the sap vessels in form. Blood vessels, I understand, are nearly all alike in being smooth, round tubes, while our sap vessels have a great variety of forms. Some are series of rings, some are full of tiny pits, some are long spirals, while others are a union of two or more forms.

We plants have no strong heart to force our sap, first to a stove, then to the top of the body. The boy's tubes can be round tubes for the flow to be continuous, but our sap sent up by the contractile pressure of the roots and the natural heat that makes the oil ascend in the wick of lamps must be continuously pushed along, so our sap vessels are built like tiny engines and are not lost numerous in the youngest parts.

Our sap passing from cell to cell by continued osmosis is circulation, root pushing lower, capillary attraction and gravity.

Our roots are greedy and their constant taking in causes a pushing up. Our bodies being a mass of cells—natural life points—whose liquid contents are constantly varying in density acts as tiny motors to aid the circulation. Indeed, these cells of ours are the most neighboring neighbors known—each is trying to give his neighbor a part of his own food or drink.

This work to equalize the density of my numerous cells sends the sap to the top bud of the most lofty tree, it really being a natural effort that overcomes the law of gravity. But gravity brings back the cooked food.