

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 50 words.

4. Original stories or letters only will be used. 5. 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!

POETRY. A Plea for the Birds.

Don't kill the little birds that sing on bush and tree

VI through the summer days their sweetest melody.

Don't shoot the little birds; the earth is God's estate,

And He provided food for small as well as great.

Don't kill the little birds, whose plumage wings the air,

These trill at dawn, their morn music everywhere.

That though the cherries fall, half from the stem,

And berries disappear in garden, field and glen,

"All, like the widow's crust, there's always plenty left,

We said a world were this of little birds bereft.

Think of the good they do in all the orchard round,

As harmful insects thrive where robins' nests abound.

Don't kill the little birds that sing on bush and tree

VII through the summer days their sweetest melody.

This great world of ours, if we can trust His word,

Is His food enough for all. Don't kill a single bird.

—Catholic Transcript.

HE WINNERS OF PRIZE BOOKS.

1—Louis Pallock, of Eagleville—Tom Fairfield in Camp.

2—Adelle Demuth, of Baltic—The Farmer Girl.

3—Sarah Becker, of Fitchville—A Day in Ten Thousand.

4—Bertha Fuller, of Eagleville—Tom Fairfield's School Days.

5—Lucy A. Carter, of Hampton—Lucky Luck.

6—Anna Riben, of Mansfield Center—A Little Girl in Old Pittsfield.

7—Mary A. Burrill, of Stafford Springs—A Little Girl in Old Pittsfield.

8—Almira E. Kramer, of Colchester—A Little Hannah.

LETTERS OF ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

Clara Allen, of Versailles—I received the prize book you sent me

and am writing a story for it. I like it very much. I like it real!

May Danahy, of Norwich—Thank you very much for the prize book you sent me, entitled, Tom Swift and His

Submarine Boat. I have read it and it is very interesting.

Michael J. Burns, of Fitchville—I received the prize book you sent me, I read some of it and find it very interesting. I thank you very much.

Mary A. Burrill, of Stafford Springs thanks for the lovely prize book entitled Tom Swift and His Electric Runabout. I started to read it like it very much.

With W. Hathaway, of Norwichville—Thank you very much for the prize book you sent me, entitled, Palace Beautiful. I have read part of it and it is very interesting.

Welly Paley of Colchester: I thank you ever so much for the prize book which you sent me. I have read it, and like it.

UNCLE JED'S TALK TO WIDE-AWAKES.

"This is the time of year when you get out and find out all you can get out of the field which you and your family are to work.

It is possible for you to find out a great deal about the soil on which you are to work.

We walked out into the woods and fields, and examined and named everything that you are likely to see.

Everything that grows, crawls, runs or flies has a name.

It is worth while to know the trees and plants that grow in your neighborhood.

THE POOL.

The Pool is putting on a new dress. It is the patterns were chosen last year, the new material procured, cut

into form, and then packed away for use. The Pool is a very beautiful

place, and the patterns are as variable as the leaves of a tree.

head, but it did not fly off the automobile. When we came to Stafford we went to the garage. It is called the Hudson garage. Then we went through most all the stores.

We then went to a candy store. When we came there one boy was there. He dropped the money and my friend thought it was my sister, so she said, "Can't you be careful!"

When we looked around she saw it was the boy. Then we went out and met my friend's mother. As we were walking she saw my youngest sister dropped all her candy on the sidewalk.

We walked by the Stafford bank, up past Needham's hotel and then walked through the park. When we were tired we came back to the garage and rode home.

AGNES KLECAK, Age 13. West Willington.

Tom and the Sugar. Little Tom was very fond of sweets. He always ate jam at lunch until his mother told him to stop.

At Christmas and on his birthday she would give him some toys. I'd rather have candy than any toys.

One day Tom was in the kitchen when the grocer's boy brought in a basket of packages.

Tom saw his mother fill a wooden box with fine sugar and set it on the partrix. "Give me some sugar, please, mother," he said.

"Yes, my mother; I am going to put a stop to your eating so much sugar. It is not good for you. But I will give you a piece of bread and butter."

"I don't want bread and butter," said Tom, feeling very cross, in anger.

"Very well," said his mother, going out of the kitchen.

Tom was left with the cook, who soon went to the cellar to strain the milk. Tom stepped softly into the pantry and raised the lid of the sugar box.

"How nice and white the sugar looks!" Tom thought to himself.

"I won't hurt me to eat just a little," thought Tom. So he seized a handful of sugar and crowded it into his mouth.

Just as he had finished eating it, he heard his mother's steps in the hall. He ran out of the pantry as she came in.

"Have you been at the sugar, Tom?" she asked.

"Tom was frightened. If he told the truth he feared he'd be punished; so he told a story.

"I was just looking at it," he said. "I didn't take a bit."

His mother did not say a word. She took him by the shoulder and led him into the partrix, where he saw the milk mirror.

Tom looked in, and saw that the whole front of his navy blue flannel waist was covered with fine sugar.

"You see, your waist took on you," said his mother. "You ought to be punished, but I will tell you a little story instead. For I don't think you ever told a falsehood before, and I hope you never will again."

She then drew Tom to her knee, and told him the story of George Washington and the cherry tree.

She asked if he would never tell another falsehood, and I don't think he ever did.

ADELLE DEMUTH, Age 14. Baltic.

The Deserted Farm House. It was a large, low building in a very dilapidated condition.

It was fastened to the ground by a few posts. It had been painted, but now the paint had all peeled off except in a few places.

The boards of the house were rotting, and the windows were broken. The roof was old and musty looking.

The large red brick, old fashioned porch was all that remained of the house.

There were small, dirty windows, some of which were broken. There had been blinds on the windows, but now they had all fallen off.

During the time the house was inhabited there had been a lawn in front of it, but now the lawn was grown to the height of one foot and the shrubs which had been planted on different parts of the lawn were all dead.

The great old oak tree which had been walking through the woods in spring. There were two or three shade trees left on the lawn, but they were all dead.

As if they had not been cared for for twelve or fifteen years.

In the back yard there was an old fashioned bucket well. The bucket was made of wood and was fast decayed.

As one looked down the well, the water was dark and green. One once been there were now water containing frogs and lizards.

There also was an old dead tree with spreading branches which had been used to hang milk cans on.

The whole yard was surrounded by an old, tumbled down stone wall, and as one gazed on the old, deserted house, as some called it, it gave one a feeling of loneliness.

FLOSSIE MEYER, Age 13. Taftville.

The Dikes of Holland. If we were to visit Holland our attention would at once be attracted to the dikes.

The dikes are large walls built to keep back the water from getting inland.

The dikes are first extended across an arm of the sea. Then the water is pumped out. This requires work for months and sometimes years.

Hundreds of millions of dollars have been spent in building these and several millions to repair them.

One day we thought we would go on a fishing trip. So we got our rods, lines, and lures and started out at half past seven in the morning.

We got to the pond near the cow path. We fished all day till half past four in the afternoon, when we decided to go home.

We started to go away from the pond. We could not find the cow path. We were lost.

We then started off in the direction which we thought might lead to the road.

Oh, there were stumps, brooks, hills and every kind of a mess.

I got my feet wet in crossing a brook. My friend dropped his fish can containing his fish and rods. Of course they swam away. But at last we reached the road.

Then it was already about three quarters of a mile home.

It was already dark when we reached the farmhouse.

We had supper for supper. Then we told our story. We did not think we would go fishing in that pond right away again.

ROBERT CARLSON, Age 12. Baltic.

Marken People. In Marken the boys and men wear big baggy trousers and very tight waists.

curis. The Marken women make their skirts wide under the waist because they want themselves seen big and they may seem bigger and younger.

These people look odd to us, and if they saw us they would think we were oddly dressed, too.

MARIE HAKE, Age 13. West Willington.

LETTERS TO UNCLE JED. How to Make Birch-Bark Match Scratchers.

Dear Uncle Jed and Wide-Awakes: Our mothers are house-keeping and fixing up neat and clean and are changing around their pictures. I will matche across the house making match-scratchers, made from birch bark.

A stiff piece of cardboard is required for the foundation of the first of birch bark. A wall-pocket of birch-bark is sewed to the square with baby buttons across the corners.

This serves as a match receiver while a mule's head is cut from the finest empty paper and pasted into the pocket and served as a match-scratcher.

The lettering is put on in ink, and a few matches are glued to the foundation to keep the paper from flying out.

For another one, cut a circle of pasteboard and cover with birch-bark and decorate on one side with a new paper and on the other with paper. The words "Good Night" can be lettered on with pen and ink and if one draws, a little candle, just dying out, may be added to the upper corner.

Another, more elaborate, may be decorated in this way: Cut a square or oblong of pasteboard and cover as before. Then cut a figure of a man in street dress. Over their coats fit coats of emery paper and glue and in the center of the figure, a sidewalk can be blocked off with ink and the lettering "Scratch my back" put across the top.

All these should be finished neatly on the back by pasting a piece of plain paper over all when finished and glue to the upper corner a small brass ring. Pass an inch of tape through the ring and glue the tape to the back. This serves to attach the baby ribbon that suspend them.

Hope some of the Wide-Awakes will try them and have good luck.

LUCY A. CARTER, Age 13. Hampton.

The Ball and a Top. Dear Uncle Jed: One day a ball and a top met in a drawer. The top said to the ball:

"Hello! Who are you? Are you a stranger? You were not here before."

The ball replied: "I was brought here yesterday."

The top said: "Well, as we are alone, why not be better acquainted?"

"Indeed," said the ball, "I will be very pleased to."

"I will tell you my story," said the ball. "One day I was in a ball of the woods, some men came and cut me down and brought me to a saw-mill where I was sawed into lumber."

When I was taken to the mill, I was put into a box with many other tops. When the box was opened I was put into a window and put out for them to play with.

"One day a boy came into the store and bought me and brought me here and he told papa about it. He said: 'I will now tell you my story,' said the ball. 'I was on the back of a calf, and when I was led, then I was brought to the tannery and the tanner made me into a ball. A rubber cork was put inside of me and I was painted with red and yellow and put in a drawer and opened and the top was taken out.'

The ball never had a chance to tell the top his story."

BERTHA BEDARD, Age 9. Norwich.

My Pet Dog. Dear Uncle Jed: I have a small dog which was given to me on my last birthday. His name is Bessie.

He is light brown, with a little white on his tail.

I named him Bessie because he is a sweet dog and he is very good to me.

I feed him before I go to school, and when I come home.

When he is about two and a half feet in height.

Whenever I go to school, or to see my friends, he will follow me.

When it is time for us to come home he comes to meet me and jumps on me because he has been waiting for me.

When anyone comes to my house he will run on the road and bark, then he runs near the door and lets them in and leads them to the house.

When I go for the cows he goes with me. He drives them out of the pasture, and when he drives them into the barn; and when I go into the barn to put the cows in their places he lies near the door until I come out. Then he follows me.

When I go into the house he lies down on the step near the door.

ANNIE RIBEN, Age 13. Mansfield Center.

How He Spends His Vacation. Dear Uncle Jed: When our school closes I go with my father to Hartford every week. When we come to Hartford we go to the beach and on the next day we start for home.

It is a trip of 30 miles. We start Wednesday and come back Thursday evening.

When we come back my father and I cultivate the corn, hoe the potatoes and help my mother with the garden.

I have many pets which I like to play with.

When school starts again I go there every day on my bicycle. When I come home from school I feed my chickens and doves.

I have joined two clubs, the Potato and Corn clubs. The supervisor of agriculture is Mr. Brundage, who is a very kind man.

When our school stops, he makes picnics for us, and shows us how to play many kinds of sports.

LOUIS FOLLOCK, Age 13. Eagleville.

A Visit to London. Dear Uncle Jed: One day my mother asked me if I wanted to go to London. Of course I said yes. So the next day we packed our trunks and started for London.

While we were crossing the ocean, a storm arose and the ship was tossed from side to side. Well, anyway, we got to London safe and sound.

We stayed at my aunt's house, who was very glad to see us. The next day after our arrival we all went out to see the sights. We went around the city in an automobile.

We saw the Big Ben, the Houses of Parliament, and many other large buildings. When we got back, we were indeed tired.

The next day we went to the theatre, which I enjoyed very much. That night we left for home which we reached after six days and nights.

MARIE AGNES SHEA, Age 11. Norwich.

Will Feed and Protect the Birds. Dear Uncle Jed: A few weeks ago my teacher received a circular about the club that had a great many mem-

bers and wanted the pupils of her school to become members, too, and they would get buttons to wear.

So we all signed the pledge promising to aid the birds in every way we could, by building bird houses, providing food for them, feeding them, and protecting them from cats, squirrels, snakes, and other numerous enemies.

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