

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 250 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.

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

POETRY. A Catnip Tea. One day sleek Mistress Tabby Cat

With pleasant purrs they took their seats. And filled the tables up.

Uncle Jed's Talk to Wide-Awakes. All of our Wide-Awakes should know that robin redbreast is the red-breasted thrush and was called a robin

By and by she began to get better, so that she could understand some things that were said to him, but it was quite a long time before he was really well.

A Logging Accident. There was a lumberman's camp in the Green mountains of Vermont on the Winooski river. The men were logs and floated them down the river to Winooski.

Among the men were Pete Harris, Joe Miller, Dick Randall and James Brown, a boy about 14 years of age.

One day about 5 p. m. the logs formed a jam. The men were afraid it would break up. At last Pete volunteered to break it up. Joe went with him.

At last it was broken up. Pete had hurt his leg and Joe was nearly exhausted. Dick got them to the shanty, then proceeded to bind Pete's leg.

Someone must go for the doctor. He lived at Winooski, 10 miles away. It was dark and gloomy in the woods and most of the road was through the wood.

The owls hooted. Animals prowled around. A huge bear had been seen there only a few days before. Joe had a beautiful black thoroughbred horse named Black Star.

He never used him in the wood, for fear he would get hurt. Pete needed the doctor as soon as possible. Who would go for the doctor?

At last little James Moran said, "I will go with you." Pete and James started off in about four hours' riding time. The men on Black Star and ride as fast as possible.

James started off in about four hours' riding time. The men on Black Star and ride as fast as possible. The red-breasted thrush is a useful bird, for he eats earthworms, cutworms and small insects that run upon the ground.

Various caterpillars which eat the foliage of shade trees, and grass-hoppers, which are a pest in the garden. He eats wild and cultivated small fruits and by his foraging in the strawberry beds and from the grapevines prompts selfish people to kill him and say evil things of him.

To Uncle Jed his merry song night and morning pays for all his foraging in the garden. As he seldom completely eats a strawberry or grape, it is possible he pecks the fruit to get therefrom a bug or grub which he likes better.

You should remember it takes the mother robin from eight to twelve days to build the nest; that she lays one pretty blue egg each morning until the clutch is complete; that she sits upon the eggs two weeks to hatch them, and is fed by the father bird; that the young are first fed on earthworms brought by the father bird. The second week it takes eight trips an hour all day long to feed them; that on the 12th or 14th day they leave the nest, and for four days while taking lessons in flight and food hunting are in great peril of being caught by boys or being eaten by cats or birds that prey upon them.

There are only millions of robins now where there used to be billions in this country, and the growing scarcity of them accounts for the increasing number of cutworms in all our gardens.

THE WINNERS OF PRIZE BOOKS. 1.—Winifred L. Copeland of Hampton, Outdoor Chums on the Lake.

2.—Eather Hyman of Norwich, Outdoor Chums on the Gulf. 3.—Marjorie Williams of Lebanon, Madge Morton's Secret.

4.—Francis O'Connell of Norwich, Madge Morton's Victory. 5.—Rosina Rogler of Norwich, A Regular.

6.—Miriam A. Grover of Norwich, The Bobbery Twins at School. 7.—Anthony Skrabas of Versailles, From Swift and His Giant Cannon.

8.—June Johnson of Chlocope, Mass., Madge Morton's Trust. Winners of prize books living in the city may call at The Bulletin business office for them any hour after 10 p. m. Thursday.

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ing delighted him more than to be where guns were fired, and he would dance and bark gleefully if he could get whiskeys and a bright bonfire. One day the people where she lived had a celebration. A cannon was brought out in honor of the occasion. Shep was not to be left out of the short yelps of joy. He pruned to quite up to the cannon, and watch for the sparks as they flew from its mouth; but when shep went too close, so that his head was directly under the piece when it was fired.

The loud report stunned him and he fell entirely deaf. He knew something had happened to him, and he crept silently away and went home. No one saw him again till supper time. His master called him loudly and looked for him everywhere, but he did not find him.

Shep crawled down into the cellar, and there he stayed for a number of days, when he got very hungry he would creep out, looking very sheepish and sorrowful, to get his meals; but then he would go back as soon as he could. His master tried to coax him out, but he would not come unless he was very hungry.

By and by shep began to get better, so that he could understand some things that were said to him, but it was quite a long time before he was really well. Then he seemed to be very happy; but since then he has kept as far away as possible from any noise.

The lesson was pretty severe, but will never be forgotten. UNSIGNED.

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Shep's Celebration. Shep's master kept a lively stable and he used to like have Shep stay around the barn. The dog was very watchful and nothing could be disturbed while he was there. Shep had a very good time usually. He was a favorite with everyone, for he was very handsome and intelligent. Shep was like some boys, and liked to be where there was noise, and liked

day. She kissed me and said "Good-by," and went away with the sunbeams. The next day it rained and I was washed in the dirt fairly, and I was covered with thick dirt where it was very dark and disagreeable. In the morning two little sunbeams came to comfort me and they stayed until late afternoon when they went away with the moon.

It made me feel so good to think that somebody thought of me that I sprouted in the dark, earthy about me. Each day the sunbeams and fairies came to see me and brought rain, sun, food, and good news. This made me feel so happy that I grew fast, large and strong, and soon I reached the top of the ground.

I saw large white and blue violets, bloodroots and white clover about me all blossomed by the pretty little spring. When I saw I had so much company I was so pleased I almost forgot my head, but when I thought I knew I had two tremendous yellow blossoms.

A large fairy came to see what I used to see little birds come every day to wash in the spring and four of them made nests close to me in the clover where they sang for hours at a time day after day.

One day fifteen children came walking by this little spring and trampled on my neighbors and shot at the birds and frightened us all. I was never so happy after that. I told the little fairy all about my troubles, and she said she was sorry, but she said it was Arbor day and told her I was glad that Arbor day didn't come but once a year.

The little fairy brought a beautiful little book with her in which she wrote the history of my life with a gold pen. Then the little fairy pulled me up by the root with my lovely blossoms and brought me to heaven with her, where I had the best of care until I was three years old, then was thrown away in the fairy river.

MARJORIE WILLIAMS, Age 15. Lebanon.

The Musket Telegraph. There are many people living who can remember when there were no telegraphs such as we have now. The telephone is still younger.

Railroads are not much older than telegraphs. Horses and stages were slow. How did people send messages quickly when there were no telegraph wires?

When colonies in America were first settled by white people, there were wars with the Indians. The Indians would creep into a neighborhood and kill all the people they could find, and then they would get away before the soldiers could overtake them; but the white people made a plan to catch them.

Whenever the Indians attacked a settlement the settler who saw them first took his gun and fired it three times: Bang, bang, bang! went the guns.

The settlers who lived near the man who fired the gun heard the sound. They knew the three shots following each other quickly meant the Indians had come. Every settler who heard the three shots took his gun and fired three times. It was bang, bang, bang! As soon as they fired they went in the direction of the first shots.

Every man who had heard three shots fired three more and went toward the first shots he had heard. Farther and farther away the settlers heard the news, and sent it along by word of mouth, until it reached the little companies of men were coming swiftly in every direction. The Indians were sure to be beaten off or killed, for this was a kind of telegraph.

But there were no wires; there was no electricity, only one flintlock musket, winking up another flintlock musket, till a hundred guns were fired, and a hundred men were marching to the battle.

FRANCIS O'CONNELL, Age 11. Norwich.

My Walk. The other morning I thought I would like to go for a walk. It was a pleasant morning for a stroll and I started up back of our house through the orchard toward the meadow. The apple trees were in full bloom. The blossoms were pink and white. As I walked along I noticed the robins hopping about among the branches picking worms. They were singing and I think one robin was building in an apple tree where there was a nest last year.

I walked along the path, listening to the song of the birds and looking for flowers. I bent down to pick up a flower and when I looked up I saw a butterfly cross the path. It was singing, too.

When I reached the pond I saw some boxwood. I wanted to pick some, but the blossoms were so near my reach. It was rather cold by the pond so I turned around and started home again.

I picked buttercups, columbines, purple daisies and sweet fern. I looked for the birds that sang so sweetly but I couldn't see many of them.

At the top of the hill I stopped to look down and to notice how fresh and green and beautiful everything looked. I could see the apple trees wherever white blossoms. When I reached home I put my flowers in a glass.

Next time I go for a walk I guess there will be more new flowers. My flower seeds I planted in a box as they are just coming up. MARY A. BURRILL, Age 12. Stafford Springs.

Sunny Brook Farm. One hot afternoon in July Bessie said to her brother David, "Let's go over to the orchard and swing." David said, "I will if Ethan will go." At last Bessie, David and Ethan were on their way to the swing.

Sheppe, the dog, followed them. "We will let Bessie have the first turn," said Ethan, "We will count to three hundred by fives." After Bessie had her turn David had his turn and Ethan his. Last of all Sheppe had his turn. When he got as far as three hundred and thirty-four he jumped off.

When it came Bessie's turn again she looked around and beheld the sweet apple blossoms and the little chickens. "Will you please stop the swing, I want to give the apple blossoms and the chickens a swing too," said Bessie.

After she had them safe in her arms she got on the swing. They each had their turn. Ethan said "Let's feed the chickens." I will feed the brown ones, David will feed the speckled one, and you will feed the white ones."

"Let's do all the chores for mother," said Bessie. When supper time came their papa asked them what they were doing all afternoon.

David said, "Father, we have been swinging and feeding the chickens and doing all the chores for mamma, ever in the barn," interrupted little Bessie.

"You don't mean it, do you Bessie?" questioned father. Just then mamma came into the room and said they had done all the chores.

We will all go to the beach in two weeks, said father. When the two weeks came the children were delighted with the fun they had. BERTHA FROEMEL.

Tent Caterpillars. If the United States wants to go to war, let it come to Connecticut and fight the tent caterpillars. These caterpillars are invading Connecticut by the thousands. The caterpillar called the tent caterpillar because it spins a web which looks like a tent.

These worms are found mostly on cherry and apple trees, but they also eat the leaves of the grape vine and that was covered with the tent caterpillars.

These worms make their tents in a tree and then go to another and do the same. Many people burn the tent caterpillars by burning the tent, or burn the tree. One person I know mixed up a bucket full of poison and went with a stick and knocked the caterpillars down from the trees. He quickly when you put them in the poison.

Another person I know has a wild cherry tree near her house and she burned the nests that were in the tree. The next day the worms were crawling all over the sidewalk. The caterpillars were so crowded together that only a few had been burned.

I think the first way I named is the best. As it is clean-up week, the people should make a crowd of them and destroy all they can. If they are left much longer we shall not have a decent tree in Norwich.

Many small wild cherry trees have lost all their buds and leaves because the people will not kill the tent caterpillars. FRANK PARDY, Age 11. Norwich.

Mary's Veil Cascade. Away in the most beautiful part of America there have been discovered, within the last few years, the most marvellous waterfalls, mountains, and trees of the whole world.

It is a wild, rough land, which has been known only by the Indians and said among the Golden State people to now have passed up and down the river, have climbed and measured the mountains, have taken the height and width and made pictures of the beautiful cascades.

Mary's Veil Cascade is one of the most beautiful of them all. It is a small river which dashes in a precipice, in a series of falls more than a thousand feet. The walls of rocks are bright with many colors. It seems as if the rainbow had fallen from the sky and was forming a spray which rises from the foaming waters had been crystallized upon them and become imperishable.

As you look up you catch the silvery flash of diamond-drops far away through the deep-dark green of the pine trees. With a rush and whirl of wind and water, the spray comes with a noise like thunder it comes almost toppling down upon you; then dashes by with a hiss and swirl and roar, which will deafen your ears if you had time to listen and plunge on to fall still further into the pool below.

MIRIAM M. GROVER, Age 12. Norwich.

The Teacher's Surprise. Dear Uncle Jed: I bought some candy for the May basket and we all picked some flowers. I picked a large bouquet of violets. There were thirteen children in all.

We started about 7 o'clock for the teacher's house about two miles away. We reached the house about half past 7 o'clock.

Joseph and Bertha set the May basket and knuckles, while we formed a hollow boat. It will not upset if it is filled with water! The upper end of these eggs are pointed and look like a bird's beak. One egg is glued to another, pointed end up, until the boat is finished, and how many eggs do you think it took to make a hollow boat?

There are so many of them born in a summer, that were it not for birds and larger insects, we should be eaten up by them. ROSINA ROGLER, Age 11. Norwich.

A Trip Up Mt. McClellan. While visiting my aunt in Denver, Mr. Parly decided to take a trip up Mt. McClellan. We started there in a washout in the Clear Creek Canon which our road followed, but the trains went out anyway.

A few miles from Golden where the track crosses Clear Creek, a bridge had been washed out, and we had to wait for the wrecking crew to set it in place again.

At very high sand and rock covered the track to a depth of several feet. The great walls of this canon rise to a height of one thousand feet. The rushing roaring of the mountain winds its way through the single railroad track running on the narrow bank. The clearing of the track caused us to lose a great deal of time. When we arrived at the head of the canon we had some refreshments.

The next stop was Georgetown, and the far famed Georgetown mine, a few miles from the mining town of Silver Plume, where our train changed its engine for the vertical-cylindered mountain climber which is used for work on the steep. It became very steep. We were five and a half hours late.

GEORGE W. CONE, Age 13. Versailles.

Hanging May Baskets. My brother and our neighbor's girl and I hung a May basket to our school teacher.

When we came there we rang the door bell, then we put down the basket and ran to hide. As we were hiding her father told us that she had gone to the city. So we went into the house until the same home. She brought the basket into the house and was much pleased.

AGNES RUPPRECHT, Age 12. Mansfield Center.

LETTERS TO UNCLE JED. The Busy Bees. Dear Uncle Jed: As I was walking through a field one day I noticed three large boxes on the ground. When I approached I found them to be three beehives. About half a dozen bees were crawling around the boxes and I was very angry at me, but I stepped back a few rods. If I hadn't retreated the bees would have returned and then attacked me.

I found that the three substances that are required in the hive are pollen, wax and honey. The bees use the wax to make the combs, and the honey to support the whole community. I noticed that some bees had red tufts on their legs and others had none. The bees with the tufts have been gathering pollen from the flowers.

Some of the bees' hind legs are flattened and covered with hairs, which form a sort of basket. The bees enter the flower and plunge into the pollen. Sometimes the bee cannot complete its load from one flower so it visits several flowers. The bees that draw the sweet juices from the flowers

by their trunks. They have no mouth, but the liquid passes through the throat and is thus carried to the hive. HARRIET GRAHAM, Age 13. Tatfville.

Australia. Dear Uncle Jed: The continent of Australia is topsy-turvy. The trees shed their bark instead of their leaves. The leaves grow straight and tall. The branches of our trees grow gracefully and their droop. Leaves here away in the breeze.

The cherries are peculiar, too. The cherry stones grow on the outside and the food inside. When it is laid here it is night there, and when it is winter here it is summer there. So you see Australia is topsy-turvy. But the people in Australia think we are as peculiar as we think they are.

They have but one perfect river, the Murray river. The Darling river is lost in the quicksands. The eucalyptus tree is a miracle. Whenever you are near that tree you are cured from all ailments. The animals have large feet and have pouches in which to carry their young.

The birds have beautiful plumage, but their song is deafening to hear. Some parts of Australia are unexplored. People cannot discover new medicines because there isn't any water in the unexplored regions.

White people discovered Australia many years ago. Melbourne is the chief port of Australia and Sydney is the chief port of New South Wales. Victoria and New South Wales are the leading states of Australia. Australia is the smallest continent in the world. DALGETY is the capital of Australia. SARAH HYMAN, Age 11. Norwich.

A Boat Ride on the Connecticut River. Dear Uncle Jed: It is some time since you had a letter from Springfield, and I will tell you about a surprise I had a week ago today. It was a beautiful day and after dinner papa and mamma and I started for a walk. We went across the long bridge over the Connecticut river and as we were going across I saw a nice motor boat coming up the river to land at a club-house near the dam.

We cleaned over the rail of the bridge to watch the boat and as it came to the landing, the gentleman running the boat leapt up and asked us and shouted to papa. It was a friend of papa's and his wife a friend of mamma's, and when they saw us they asked us if we would not like to take a ride, and you can bet we said yes, and went down to the landing, got in, and they took us away up the river nearly to Holyoke and back, and oh, how I did enjoy it.

I stood up in the bow of the boat with the man who was steering, and the spray from the water would fly in my face and we had a fine time. JUNE JOHNSON, Age 19. Chlocope.

The Teacher's Surprise. Dear Uncle Jed: I bought some candy for the May basket and we all picked some flowers. I picked a large bouquet of violets. There were thirteen children in all.

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Dear Uncle Jed: Our school is in Norwich, Connecticut. There are nineteen scholars. There are seven girls and twelve boys. School begins at quarter of nine. We have forty-five minutes nooning and school is out at three o'clock.