

THE WIDE AWAKE CIRCLE

BOYS AND GIRLS DEPARTMENT

Rules for Young Writers.

- 1. Write plainly on one side of the paper only... 2. Use pen and ink, not pencil... 3. Short and pointed articles will be given preference...

Address all communications to Uncle Jed, Bulletin Office.

POETRY. AN INFANTILE PHILOSOPHER.

By JAKE H. HARRISON. "Oh mamma, do you love your Dot? My little girl is saying With childish sweet simplicity...

"Don't birds love their babies, too?" "Why, certainly, my daughter. Then why encourage cruel men To wound and man and slaughter The birds who cannot help themselves; By wearing wing and feather As ornaments upon their hats— Do stop it altogether!

"Each wing you wear demands a life, Each feather pain and sorrow, Each death of mother bird or mate, Means starving, death, tomorrow, For baby birds that cannot fly— Oh, mamma, do you love your Dot? And up in heaven, I am sure Such acts are held unlawful.

"You would not kill the birds yourself, Or starve their babies, would you? You could not take their lives away, Or rob their nestlings, could you? Then do not help another sin By furnishing incentive— The kindest way to conquer wrong Is with a firm preventive.

"An eagle might come from the sky And catch your Dot for dinner, Yet in the act would surely be Far less a wicked man Than brutal men who murder birds, And starve their young for treasure, Or those misguided, vandal souls, Who kill for sport and pleasure."

"You preach a sound philosophy, My darling little daughter, And encourage cruel men To orphan nestlings evermore; Shall starve through my indenting— The wrong is not the overt act, So much as the consenting."

UNCLE JED'S TALK TO WIDE-AWAKES.

While the Wide-Awakes are traveling about during the vacation they may go where there is an echo and shout words to hear them repeated after them.

There is nothing mysterious about it now for we recognize it as a vibratory effect or a mechanical repetition or return of the sound waves we put in motion. If this had not been discovered it is not probable Mr. Edison could have invented the phonograph which because of its exact repetition of vibratory sounds gives us speech, songs and music as given to it.

A vibration is air set in motion and the speed of the movement determines whether it is to be a gruff or a squeaky sound, a succession of pleasing sounds, or a variety of colored light.

You have noticed the speech of some persons is low and loud and that of other persons high and shrill. They vibrate the air different, the first at a slow rate and the second at a much higher rate.

Light and sound are caused by vi-

bration, but light can travel 480 times around the earth while sound is going 13 miles.

So to get back to the echo, it is evidence of a nearby obstruction—it may be a fog-bank, a hill, a ledge, a wall of any description.

Caverns and old ruins are famous for echoes. Sound travels 13 miles a minute and no echo is heard if the wall is more than 65 feet from where the sound was made. When a sentence is repeated the obstruction is far enough away to give the sounds a separate or distinct, and orderly repetition.

An echo has ceased to be a mystery and become as well-defined effect.

Seven miles above Glasgow, Scotland, near a mansion called "Roost-nest" is a very remarkable echo. If a trumpet plays a tune and stops, the echo will begin the same tune and repeat it all accurately; as soon as this echo has ceased another will echo the same tune in a lower tone, and after the second echo has ceased a third will succeed with equal fidelity, though in a much feebler tone.

At the Lake of Killarney there is an echo which plays an excellent "second" to any simple tune played on a bugle.

LETTERS OF ACKNOWLEDGEMENT. Bertha N. Burrill, of Stafford Springs—Thank you very much for the prize book entitled, "Dave Darrin at 'Cru' Crust." I had a great deal of fun reading it, and it is very interesting.

Mary A. Burrill, of Stafford Springs—I received the nice prize book you sent me and wish to thank you for it. I have read it nearly all through and like it very much.

THE WINNERS OF PRIZE BOOKS. 1—Marjorie Williams, of Lebanon—Three Little Women as Wives.

2—John Wisneskie, of Yantic—The Battleship Boys in the Tropics.

3—Marian M. Wheeler, of Stonington—Grace Harlowe's Sophomore Year in High School.

4—Bertha N. Burrill, of Stafford Springs—Grace Harlowe's Senior Year in High School.

5—Thomas O'Connell, of Norwich—The Battleship Boys in Foreign Service.

6—Glady's Stark, of Yantic—The Meadow Brook Girls Aloft.

7—Bessie Caffrey, of Brooklyn—Puss in Boots.

8—Lucy A. Carter, of Hampton—The Little Queen.

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

STORIES WRITTEN BY WIDE-AWAKES.

The Fire. Last Monday afternoon my aunt, mother, two young brothers, my sister, and I were sitting in the parlor.

Papa, my big brother and my other sisters were down to our other farm setting hay.

When Papa was washing clothes, but before she got through a thunder-storm came up.

As it grew worse we all went into the parlor, and shut the windows and doors so there would be no draughts.

We all were frightened and sat still, but when a red ball of fire shot down in the direction of the barn which caused us to scream and jump up and down.

Then we tried to quiet us, and tell us it was going away, but when Grace looked out of the window and said there was smoke coming from the barn, we began to scream more.

Mamma opened the door and told us to run to our neighbors for help, Grace, Everett and I ran one way

puff, puff, clatter, clatter, rattle, rattle, rattle! Trees and houses rushed by, sand and stones flew, teams got out of the way, people shouted! The wind raged through Jerry's ears, the sand flew in his eyes, he was dizzy, he wanted to cry, he forgot to steer, he forgot to look, shut his eyes and thought of home, wondering if he would ever see his fat little pig again, and mother! mother! mother!

That magic word braced him up. "I must do something," he said, and so he totted his horn.

Straight ahead, where the road curved, was a big barn, with front and back doors open wide, and Jerry could see a gigantic haystack on the other side.

With the inspiration of an automobile, Jerry stepped straight for that haystack, whisk! up the yard, clatter clatter, through the barn, kerchunk into the hay!

Farmer Jones was coming from the garden. As he approached the back of the barn he gazed with pride upon his noble stack of hay—when, suddenly, a wind whirled and tumbled about as if struck by a cyclone and then settled down into two or three miserable little heaps. On two heaps sat little girls with yellow curls and a skye terrier. On another heap sat a pale and frightened little boy.

while Mamma and Johnny ran the other. Our nearest neighbors were at the barn in a short time, but they could not get into it to say anything for it was all fire inside.

They were all up from the other place in a little while for they had seen the smoke and ran all the way home.

Before the barn burned down there were a number of people here. Some came in autos, some in teams, some on horse back while others walked.

The men threw water on the roof of the house and on a shed so that they would not get afire, too.

I was so frightened that I could not cry and tried to make myself useful by carrying water.

It was a big barn, but it did not take it long to burn for it was full of hay.

A wagon-shed, a corn-house and a hen-house also burned.

We had fifteen pigeons, but they were in the barn and burned with the rest of the things.

The people went away when there was no more danger of the house burning, and on a shed so that they were wet from being out in the rain.

Supper was served late that night and all went to bed. Papa stayed up to watch the fire so the sparks would not fly.

MARY R. BURRILL, Age 13. Stafford Springs.

Samuel Finley Bruce Morse. In 1871, less than ten years after the close of the Revolutionary War, in an old house which is still standing in Charlestown, Mass., a little boy was born in whom American boys and girls should be interested.

His father and mother, while his grandfather, who was a college president. They also wished him to bear his mother's family name, which was Bruce. The results were that they gave him the very long name of Samuel Finley Bruce Morse.

When four years old he was sent to school to an old lady who kept school in her own house, near his home. This old lady was an invalid and could not get the grocer, chair so she used to make the children mind with a rattan which reached quite across the little schoolroom.

Morse only got whipped once and that was for drawing pictures. When he was seven years old he was sent to school at Andover, and in that town he was tutored.

He graduated from Yale in 1810. Morse became very interested in chemistry and electricity at Yale; but he desired above all things to be an artist.

When he was 15 years old he painted a fairly good picture of a room in his father's house and the family at the table. He painted quite a few pictures which showed so much merit that his father sent him abroad. He became quite an artist, but his mind was on electricity.

In 1837 Morse exhibited an instrument of his own invention at the university. The people who tried it when they saw the new instrument sending and receiving communication. But Morse kept on with his invention and his drawings, and in 1844 from him we have the telegraph today.

HATTIE PERKINS. Colchester.

My Trip to Hartford. One day a friend invited me to take a trip to Hartford with him. We left home about ten o'clock in the morning and got to Hartford about eleven.

On our way we saw corn, tobacco, grain, and vegetable gardens. When we reached Hartford we put the auto in a garage.

Then we went into the park and saw beautiful flower-beds and pink, yellow and white pond-lilies.

Then we went in the capital and I saw the statues, one of them a large horse, Buckingham and Nathan Hale.

A wheel from a cannon that had been hit on the hub, by a shell, and broken. Flags from different wars the country has fought, "some are full of holes where shells went through them."

The graves of the soldiers who died in the Spanish American war; a tree with cannon balls in it, which almost grew over them, and a model of the front of the capital.

Then we went into the state library and saw the courtroom, the library books, all the different coins of different countries.

The Swedish half dollar was of copper coin four inches square. All kinds of paper money and pictures of different governors; The Connecticut charter, and Constitution; a piece of the Charter Oak, and the desk Lincoln wrote the Emancipation Proclamation on.

At two o'clock we went into the dome of the capital two hundred and fifty-two feet above the city.

I enjoyed my trip very much. GEORGE EATON, Age 13. Eagleville.

Newfoundland Dog. There are few dogs which are more adapted for fetching and carrying than the Newfoundland.

This dog always likes to have something in its mouth.

It can be trained to seek for any object that has been left at a distance and will seldom let the point until it has succeeded in getting it.

is "mitrewort" it is not poisonous to handle. I have studied botany for two summers so am well acquainted with wild flowers growing around here. I have a large collection of wild flowers which I have found and pressed. Also, have a small collection some by an aunt in California.

When I go walking in the woods I usually take my botany with me, and when I find a strange flower I always look up its name. In this way I have learned the names of many different kinds of flowers.

MARTIN M. WHEELER, Age 13. Stoughton.

Lebanon. The town of Lebanon lies in the northwestern part of the New London county and is bounded on the north by Tolland and Windham counties, Connecticut, on the east by Windham county and the towns of Groton, South Groton, and Franklin, Bozrah and Colchester, and on the west by Colchester and Tolland county.

The surface of Lebanon is moderately hilly, and the soil is fertile and it is well adapted to agriculture. It is one of the leading agricultural towns in the county.

The territory which is now the town of Lebanon was called by the Indians the "valley of the sun" and was originally claimed by the Indian chief Uncas.

The first land owner within the town limits was John Mason. In 1633 Major John Mason was given 500 acres of land by the general assembly of the colony. He might take this land as he should choose in any unoccupied territory in the colony. He selected his 500 acres of land in the southwestern part of the town and it is now the site of an exposition.

In 1688 the general assembly gave Proprietor James Fitch, who came from Saybrook to Norwich, one hundred acres of land in land which adjoined Mason's tract.

James Fitch was a son-in-law of Mason and he also was the first pastor of the church in Norwich which he stayed.

The first inhabitants of this new county had to work hard and struggle with the Indians and hardships.

Most of this territory was covered with trees and some of them were cut down and dwellings were made out of them and other things.

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HATTIE PERKINS. Colchester.

How the Indians Made Pipes. I will tell you how the Indians made their pipes and about the material that they used.

There is a bright red stone which, when it is broken into small pieces, is so soft that the Indians could carve it with their knives.

The red men used to go every year to the quarries and take out this stone and take it to their homes to make into pipes. They carved with their knives while the stone was soft.

Some pipes were used for every-day smoking and others only when the tribe prayed to the Great Spirit.

JOHN WISNESKIE, Age 11. Yantic.

How I Earned Some Money. One day when I was up to our neighbor's house she asked me if I would pick some berries for her to eat.

I asked when she wished them and she said the next day. I decided to start early in the morning because it is much better to pick berries than later when the sun is hot.

My sister went with me as I didn't like to go alone. One day I picked two miles before we got to the pasture where the berries were.

It was rather dreary to bend over and pick berries, but I thought I would get some money.

Everything was quiet for awhile, but as I was walking around I stepped into a hornet's nest. I didn't get hurt, but I was very angry.

I began to grow hot so we thought we would go home. I took up quite a while to get there and we were very tired when we reached the house.

She was glad to get them and thought they were very nice and wanted some more later, so we decided to go back to the creek, hoping not to get stung again.

BERTHA N. BURRILL, Age 15. Stafford Springs.

The Last Battle of Blackbeard. Our country now reaches from one ocean to the other; but in the days before the Revolution there were only English colonies stretching along the Atlantic coast. Merchandise was carried from one colony to another in slow-going sailing vessels, for there were neither railroads nor steamships.

In those old times there were robbers on the sea. They were called pirates. These men carried out their business on their ships, and they robbed any vessels not stronger than they were.

Our days of large steamships a pirate would not stand any chance of getting away. He would soon be caught. Some of the pirates of old were called the "America's" and the "America's" were the worst of all.

blackbeard twisted some of these slow matches or cords around his head, and stuck some of them under his hat. The ends of these matches were burning, and they looked like fiery, hissing snakes. With his beard turned back over his ears, and fire all about his head, he seemed to be a tall fiend.

Blackbeard was more like a fiend than a man. He was cruel and wicked in every way. Some bad men are sometimes kindhearted, but Blackbeard was always cruel. He would shoot even his own men in order to make his crew afraid of him.

Most of his bad work on the coast of North Carolina. He was found days and sounds where the water was so shallow and large ships could not easily follow him into these places.

The governor of North Carolina was a bad man. He took part of Blackbeard's plunder and let Blackbeard go safely about the country. The people were afraid of the pirate. They sent to the governor of Virginia, and asked him to get a ship to capture Blackbeard. Two sloops that could sail in shallow water were sent. Lieutenant Maynard was the commander. The ship left Virginia secretly. No one knew where they were going.

When Maynard came in sight of Blackbeard's sloop, he hung out his flag. Blackbeard was full of rum and drank it, calling to Maynard: "I'll give you no quarter, nor take any."

Maynard replied: "I do not expect any quarter from you, nor will I give any."

This meant that neither of them would take any prisoners, but that every man must fight for his life. Maynard tried to run alongside Blackbeard's sloop and take his men on board the pirate ship, and fight it out on her deck. But Blackbeard had put a large negro near to the gunpowder on his ship. He said to the negro:

"If the men from the other ship get on board of ours, you must set fire to the gunpowder and blow us all up."

Maynard was running toward the pirate ship to get on board. Blackbeard fired all his cannon on the side of his ship and killed some of Maynard's men. This was really done to make the pirates afraid of Maynard; for had he not got on board, the negro would have set fire to the gunpowder and blown them all up.

Maynard now called his men from the other ship and they were all on board. Blackbeard was shot five times, and was wounded with swords; but the old monster fought until he fell down dead, while cocking his pistol. The rest surrendered, but they had trouble to keep the negro from blowing them all up.

THOMAS O'CONNELL, Age 14. Norwich.

How Wawatayse Became Happy. In the thick, lonely woods of the new state of Illinois, there lived a little Indian squaw, whose name was "Wawatayse." Her father, who was a fierce chief, had a settlement there.

The woods, very often, were dangerous to travel through for they were inhabited with wolves and other wild animals; but the Indians were glad to have such a fine hunting ground, as they were not getting enough game in order to trade them with the white men for guns, ammunition, tobacco and various other articles. This life was a hard one for a boy; but he was hunting and fishing was excellent there, but still for a girl this life was wretched indeed, for Wawatayse was a girl.

She did sometimes enjoy herself making moccasins, which she was very clever at, and when there were beads and things to make a belt; and better still did she enjoy making pottery from clay, then painting real pretty pictures on it. She was a very good girl, and she was very kind to her squaw and had to work very hard.

Some traders chanced to pass their settlement one day, and as a storm was coming up they were accommodated to the tent of two black boys who were spread for beds, a log fire built, and as it was late they were glad to lie down and rest. Early that morning Wawatayse appeared at their tent and called out quietly, at which they answered. As she could speak some English, she asked if they could take her away from her home, so they prepared the next night and slipped away unnoticed. She was taken to one of the trader's homes and there she was sold to a little daughter, whom she loved dearly.

LILLIAN M. BREHAUT. East Norwich, N. Y.

The Naughty Sheep. I will tell you about a little girl whose name is Rosy. She was born in France, but later she went with her parents to New York.

She spent with her mother to a nice place in the country. It was a place near some hills; and on the hills a great many sheep and horses were to be seen.

Rosy used to walk out with her mother to look at the sheep and the lambs, and to pluck the wild flowers that grew on the hills. One day she made a wreath of some nice plants and flowers and her mother tied it round Rosy's hat. Then they went over to the sheep and while Rosy stood holding her mother's hand, a young sheep came up behind her and what do you think it did?

It put its mouth up to Rosy's hat and nibbled off the nice wreath she had made out of plants and flowers.

Rosy cried out, as soon as she found out what the sheep was doing. Her mother laughed, and Rosy took her wreath and gave it all to the sheep to eat.

Was it not a queer thing for a sheep to do? I think it was. VERONICA ROCHELEAU, Age 14. North Franklin.

LETTERS TO UNCLE JED. A Disappointment. Dear Uncle Jed: One hot day in June a few of us girls were intending to go to Hartford.

In the morning we got up early to get the work done before we went away.

Breakfast was ready, then we sat down to eat. In the morning we dressed while Clara and I were doing the work outdoors.

When we came in Clara said she would sweep and I could pick up the trunk.

We got our work done and went to our rooms to get ready. While we were getting the expressman came and got our trunk.

About 11 o'clock we were ready to go. We walked out early, because we were to go to Hartford. All of us girls kissed mother and started off.

We got to the depot and the train came and down the America's we went. We forgot our pocketbooks.

Clara said she would go back and get them if we waited at the depot for her. We waited for a while; but we wanted to go on that car as we would get there earlier.

It seemed as though Clara had only been gone a few minutes, but she came back with our pocketbooks.

We took the next car. It was so beautiful to see the green grass and the cattle feeding in the pastures as we passed by stations.

CASTORIA For Infants and Children. Mothers Know That Genuine Castoria Always Bears the Signature of Dr. J. C. Williams. In Use For Over Thirty Years CASTORIA THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK. 35 Doses - 35 CENTS. Exact Copy of Wrapper.

came. The folks next door said they had gone to California. None of us will forget that disappointment in this day. GLADYS STARK, Age 15. Yantic.

A Swarm of Bees. Dear Uncle Jed: I will write and tell you what good luck I had a few days ago. My mother was away that day and I was all alone keeping house, so in the afternoon I had some sewing to do and so I sat sewing with the sewing machine in front of the window. The window was up with the screen in, and as I was running the machine, all of a sudden I looked up and there was a great swarm of bees at the window. The window was a cloud of bees. I ran out in the lot where my father was and told him that there had been a swarm of bees at the window. The window was a cloud of bees. I ran out in the lot where my father was and told him that there had been a swarm of bees at the window.

Dear Uncle Jed: I thought I would write and tell you our farm is upon a high hill. The view is just beautiful. Everyone who comes here says so. Our farm consists of a hundred acres. We have two horses, one is three years old and he is all black with a white star in his forehead. We have three cats; they are all black. The mother cat's name is Old Glory.

We have fourteen cows which are all nice and fat. One day this is what happened at our farm. We were going to the hay field when a thunder storm came and my father was hurrying to get the hay in, but he did not have time. The whole family was out in the storm. Our dog kept barking like everything because we made such a noise. He didn't know what to do. We all got home safe and happy, but we all got a brook.

Dear Uncle Jed: I thought I would write and tell you our dog Shady; and our two cats. Shady catches woodchucks and when he gets one he will shake him until he is dead. Our cat Impy catches snakes and brings them to the house. I have a little black and white kitten. He is a great fellow to catch mice. His name is Tramp. MARTH A. BENNETT, Age 10. South Canterbury.

Pennsylvania imposes a state tax on anthracite coal. Your Cough Can Be Stopped. Using care to avoid draughts, exposure, sudden changes, and taking a treatment of Dr. King's New Discovery will positively relieve and in time will surely rid you of your cough. The first dose soothes the irritation, checks your cough, which stops in a short time. Dr. King's New Discovery has been used successfully for 45 years and is guaranteed to cure you. Money back if it fails. Get a bottle from your druggist; it costs only a little and will help you so much.

Dear Uncle Jed: I enjoyed reading the letters and stories in the Wide-Awake circle of last Thursday and would not mind doing the cooking club, I think you would be pleased to hear about my cooking at home. A few days ago I tried my luck at bread making and to my surprise I was successful. The dough rose just as high as when my mother makes bread.

I will tell you just how I made it. I took a clean white enameled pan and into this I put three quarts of flour; one teaspoon of salt; one quart of lukewarm water and one Fleischmann's yeast cake dissolved in one-fourth cup of lukewarm water. I then mixed the dough until it was rather spongy and would not stick to the pan; they covered it over with a towel and small blanket and left it in the kitchen all night to rise. In the morning at 8 o'clock I began kneading the dough until it ceased to stick and was smooth and elastic to the touch. I had to add a little flour if I saw that it was too sticky, you it is best not to add too much flour. After kneading it I cut it in three pieces and put it into the bread pans, which I had already greased, then put the pans on a shelf at the back of the stove and covered them with a towel.

When the dough had risen to the top of the pans I put it in the oven to bake. After leaving the pans for about 15 minutes I turned them so that one side of the bread would not bake faster than the other, and if the fire gave a steady heat at the end of 35 minutes my bread would be baked. JESSIE BREHAUT. East Norwich, N. Y.

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"IT'S KNOWLEDGE THAT SETS THE PACE" Attend Best-Modern-Business-Education Norwich Commercial School Shannon Building It Stands For