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 300 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!
Straightforwardly act,
Be honest—in fact.
Be nobody else but you."

POETRY.

A Tragedy.

He was just a dog, Mister—that's all;
And all of us boys called him Bob;
He was curly and not very tall
And he hadn't a tail—just a stub.
His tail froze one cold night, you see,
We just pulled the rest of him through
No—he didn't have much pedigree—
Perhaps that was frozen off, too.

He always seemed quite well behaved
And he never had many bad fights.
In summer he used to be shaved
And he slept in the woodshed o' nights.
Sometimes he would wake up too soon
And cry, if his tail got a chill;
Some nights he would bark at the moon,
But some nights he would sleep very still.

He knew how to play hide-and-seek
And he always would come when you'd call;
He would play dead, roll over, and speak
And learned it in no time at all.
Sometimes he would growl, just in play,
But he never would bite, and his worst
Was to bark at the postman one day,
But the postman, he barked at him first.

He used to chase cats up a tree,
But that was just only in fun;
And a cat was as safe as could be—
Unless it should start to run;
Sometimes he'd chase children and throw
Them down, just while running along,
And then lick their faces to show
He didn't mean anything wrong.

He was chasing an automobile
When the wheel hit him right in the side,
So he just gave a queer litle squeel
And curled up and stretched out, and died.
His tail it was not very long,
He was curly and not very tall;
But he never did anything wrong—
He was just our dog, Mister—that's all.

J. W. FOLEY.

UNCLE JED'S TALK TO WIDE-AWAKES.

What do you know about our star—the sun? It shines every day and each day does its work or there would be no inhabitants on the face of the earth.

While you are studying arithmetic it does not seem to you to be one of the greatest inventions of the human mind and something you can never wholly master. Man began to count with digits or his finger ends, and now he can calculate distances really beyond his own comprehension.

It is by figures that man was able to tell how far away the sun ns, sometimes ninetl-three million and sometimes ninety-five millions of miles. If he had not discovered this how fast light travels, and when he hod fast light travels, and when he found out it took eight minutes for light to travel from the sun to the earth he could then figure out how fast light travelled in a second and many other things, among which was the size of the sun, two hundred million square miles, and candle or lighting power which is expressed by 18 with 27 ciphers strung in a row which very few persons can express in words.

A bit of the sun's light the size of your finger nail is sufficient to light a street miles in length, and every square inch of the sun's surface hepresents two million candles burning, and the sun is two hundred million square miles in size and over a thousand times as large as this earth, and its heat expressed in degrees is 6,482, which is greater than we can think.

It only requires one-tenth the heat of the sun to heat the earth and two-tenths of it would burn everything off its face, but its relations to the sun is such it keeps its place and pace so steadily, that the earth gets sufficient heat and no more.

It is by the use of figures that we have learned of the orderliness of nature and that divine care provides for and protects us every moment.

WINNERS OF PRIZE BOOKS.

1—Paul E. Maurice, of Versailles, Uncle Sam's Boys as Sergeants.

2—Mary A. Burrill, of Stafford Springs—Grace Harlowe's Third Year at Overton.

3—S. Seymour Bigelow, of Mansfield Center — The Range and Grange Hustlers.

4—Thelma Boynton, of North Franklin—The Meadow Brook Girls Across Country.

5—Elizabeth Parker, of Mansfield—Uncle Sam's Boys in the Philippines.

6—Edna Randall, of Versailles—The Meadow Brook Girls Under Canvass.

7—Myron Ringland, of Norwich Town—The Battleship Boys in Foreign Service.

8—Dorothy P. King, of Plainfield—Meadowbrook Girls in the Hills.

LETTERS OF ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

Rose Egan, of Willimantic: I thank you very much for the prize book you sent me. I enjoyed the book and was very glad to receive it.

Lucy A. Carter, of Hampton: I thank you very much for the prize book I received. I have read it all through and have found it very interesting.

STORIES WRITTEN BY WIDE-AWAKES.

Japanese Customs.

Japan is called the "Land of the rising sun," it is also called the "Flowery Kingdom." The country is composed of islands, the largest of which is Hondo, next comes Yesso, and then Formosa. The islands are of volcanic origin.

Most of the heavy work is done by men, one often seeing four men pulling a dray loaded with goods. People think that this is because the country is backward and uncivilized, but this is not so as it would cost more to feed horses and the people would starve, and also because horses do not thrive there, though in Yesso horses run wild.

The Japanese do not write as we do, but begin at the top of the paper and write every character underneath each other in columns.

The people are fond of hot baths and every member of the family half scalds themselves two or three times a day. A traveler was once speaking to a farmer "You will please excuse my uncleanliness as I only have time to bath twice a day during the harvest time."

The largest city and capital is Tokyo, which is also the chief port.

PAUL E. MAURICE, Age 12.
Versailles.

The Danube River.

The Volga is the largest river in Europe. The Danube comes next in size. It is about one thousand, eight hundred miles long. It rises in Germany, winds through beautiful scenery and empties into the Black sea. It has seven mouths. It is of great importance as it is the only European river that flows east and west. In early times its valley was the highway of the barbarians or savages of the East on their expeditions to Europe. It is hard to travel on it on account of the reefs, shallows and rapids, but it is rapidly being improved. The worst part is the narrow part called "The Iron Gate," where the river is shut in by great, high rocks on each side, is full of rapids and whirlpools, but steamboats can go by now safely because a channel was cut through that ledge of rocks. Steam boats go from Vienna down the Danube to Constantinople in about one week.

ELIZABETH PARKER, Age 13.
Mansfield.

The India-Rubber Tree.

I will tell the boys and girls of the Wide Awake circle about a very useful tree that grows in some parts of South America. It is taller than our oak, and has its branches chiefly at the top. This tree yields a sap which makes India-rubber. Groves of India-rubber trees are found near the Amazon river. This river is the largest river in the world, about three thousand miles long. Great forests cover the valleys and plains in Brazil, through which country the Amazon flows; and here it is where the India-rubber trees grow.

When it is the right season of the year, men come to tap the trees. Early in the morning the tapper goes around, makes cuts into the trees he has to tap. As the sap will flow only in the cool morning, the work is done by the tappers as quickly as possible. About 10 o'clock the sap ceases to flow. The sun has heated the trees and the wounds of the tree begin to heal.

The sap in the cup is now emptied into a pail and carried to the hut. A fire is made of the shells of nuts. A thick, black smoke rises from it. One of the men takes a piece of wood, like an oar, and dips the blade into the milky fluid. Then passes it through the smoke, hardening and blackening it. He then hangs this up to dry. After three or four days' drying it is sent away and sold.

Overshoes, coats, caps, cloaks and blankets are made of India-rubber. Not a drop of water can find its way through this rubber, so you see how useful it is.

Many other things are made of it, such as combs, buttons and balls and even boats.

India-rubber trees grow also in Mexico and in India. It was first found in India, that it how it got its name as India-rubber.

GEORGE BRENENSTOCK, Age 14.
Rockville.

An Iceboat.

Charlie Thompson had read about iceboats, and thought he would make one. So he took a little boat he had, put some runners on it, and tried to sail it on the pond, which was close by the village. But it would not go, for some reason, and he was very much vexed over it. The next day, as he was going to school, he met Lizzie Bent, who called to him as they passed:

"O Charlie, I hear you have an iceboat!"

"I haven't a nice boat," said he, crossly. And added, to himself in an undertone, "It's a very poor one."

The next day Lizzie was going by the pond, when she saw Charlie working at his boat.

"Why Charlie," said she, "I thought you told me yesterday you hadn't an iceboat!"

"Well, I haven't got a nice boat." And he went on with his boat, without taking any more notice of her.

She went off thinking to herself, "I do believe that Charlie is getting queer. I wonder what he means!"

They did not have much to say to each other for some days, and the teacher noticed it and asked Lizzie what was the matter. She told her. Then the kind teacher drew her up close to her, and said:

"Lizzie, dear, don't you know an iceboat is not always a nice boat, and a nice boat is seldom an iceboat?"

Lizzie laughed at her mistake and made friends with Charlie at once, for she saw the difference between an iceboat and a nice boat.

RUTH M. BUSHNELL, Age 12,
Norwich.

A Disobedient Boy.

"May I go down to the pond and skate mother?" said James.

"No, James, you know the ice is not safe, it might break through if you went on it," said his mother.

James did not like this. He thought to himself, I will take my skates and go, it is safe enough to hold me. He took his skates and when he reached the pond he put his skates on and went on the pond. The ice cracked, but he did not mind that. He was skating around the pond when all of a sudden, "splash!" in James went. Poor James was frightened. He cried for help.

A man came and saw him. The man ran to a house nearby and got a rope and threw it to James. James caught it and was pulled ashore. The man said,

"What did you go on the pond for, I know your mother wouldn't let you go?"

"I thought it was safe enough," James said. James was fearing to go home, because he knew he had disobeyed his mother.

When he got home his mother said, "Where have you been?"

"I have been down to the pond," said James.

"You can go right up to bed, now," said his mother, "you can't go skating for a long time since you disobeyed me."

It is always best to obey your parents, because to disobey gets one into trouble.

FRANK PARDY, Age 13.
Norwich.

THE Hayfield Picnic.

It was a whole holiday, and a bright sunny forenoon in June. Bobby, Johnny, Mary, Fanny and Tim, spent the morning romping the hayfield. They piled the clover and grass into heaps, they buried each other under the sweet-scented mounds, they tossed the hay in handfuls at each other and climbed in and out of the hay-wagons, shouting and laughing in breathless glee. They began to grow tired, so they sat under some trees and unpacked a lunch basket and refreshed themselves with the contents. A bottle of milk, hard-boiled eggs, bread and jam, ginger cakes and cherries were the contents. There was not much left when they had finished.

Now let's make garlands of daisies," said Fan.

"And nosegays of forget-me-nots," agreed Mary.

"Til help pick," said Johnny.

So they set to work while little Tim amused himself with a picture-book, and Bobby, having discovered a comfortable nook, speedily went fast asleep, lying on his back with his mouth wide open, and emitting occasional snores and grunts.

When Bobby awoke he said he dreamt he was in a junction station, where the telegraph wires were bringing in messages ever minute.

After the garlands and nosegays were made the children started for home and they said that they had a very pleasant time, although they felt tired.

LILLIAN BREHAUT.
East Norwich, N. Y.

Papa's First Garden.

When I was little and used to tease for stories, father often told me this one:

When he and my aunt were about eight years old they asked their father if they might have a garden. He gave them land and seed.

In one corner was a melon vine upon which a few melons set late in the fall. One morning after they had grown to about the size of an egg they found a very large melon.

They thought they picked it and took it home thinking how quickly it had grown, then ate (as they supposed) the delicious fruit of their own labors.

Papa said that his father had put it there, but he never found this out until years afterwards.

Papa now tells this story to my brothers and sisters.

ELIZABETH PARKER.
Mansfield.

How George Washington Learned to be a Soldier.

George Washington left school when he was sixteen years of age. At that time a large part of Virginia belong to Lord Fairfax, who did not know how much land he owned, because he had never surveyed it.

Although a mere boy, George had learned surveying. One day the great Fairfax sent for the young surveyor and said to him

"I want you to survey my land beyond the mountains. You will find life in the wilderness full of hardships. Indians and wild beasts will molest you. But I will pay you well for your work, and you will not lack food, for the woods will be full of wild turkeys and other game."

The boy accepted the offer crossed the mountains, and lived a rough life for three years. It was in this way that he learned to be a soldier.

MELINA PAQUETTE, Age 13.
Taftville.

Sunnyside Farm.

I live on Sunnyside farm. It is a very large farm upon a hill. It is cool and breezy here in summer, but in winter it is very cold and the wind blows the snow in front of the house in drifts. I like this place very much.

The house is painted light green with dark green trimmings. There is a small veranda on it. It is quite large and has twelve rooms. In front of the house is a large lawn with three Norway maple trees in a row and settees uder two of them. Between two of the trees is a bed of red geraniums with green border. At the side of one of the trees is a bed of snapdragons and asters. In front of the veranda is a long bed of geraniums, gladiolus and nasturtiums of different colors.

The barn is slate color with red trimmings. It is quite large. Every year it is filled with hay. We like to play hide-and-go-seek in it. We have three horses, two white ones and a brown one. The white ones are named Dick and Dan and the brown one Charlie. When we go for a ride we always use Charlie, because Dick and Dan are afraid of automobiles.

We have only one cow which we call Betsy.

In the barnyard is a henhouse where all the hens and chickens are kept. I have a white hen with three or four black dots on her, so I call her Dotty.

We have six or seven pigeons. There is one little black one that was born about two weeks ago and it is just beginning to fly now.

We have a large garden a little way from the house. There are peas, beets, lettuce, beans and many other things in it. The deer eat quite a few of the beans and peas.

We have many blueberries, huckleberries and raspberries here. We can many quarts of them for the winter.

We live in Westfield, but our post office address is Stafford Springs. A postman goes by our house in an automobile.

MARY A. BURRILL.
Stafford Springs.

Our Field Trips.

The last Thursday in May all the boys and girls in our biology class at high school went with the teacher on a field trip. We started from the High school at 1 o'clock and in half an hour we reached the woods.

We went out to study plants and insects. We saw birch, oak, locust, chestnut, maple, horse chestnut, cedar, dogwood and walnut trees. We saw ferns, flowers and moss. We studied the different parts of the fern which are the fronds, rhizome and rhizords. The fronds are the stems and the leaves that are attached. The rhizome is the underground stem which stores up food for the fern and the rhizoids are the roots which absorb soil water and food.

When we were picking some columbine it commenced to thunder and the lightning flashed; then it commenced to rain very hard, so we had to run. We were about two miles from school so instead of going back we ran down a sandy road to one of our friend's houses.

On our way down we stopped to an old well with an old oaken bucket which we all drank out of. The water tasted nice and cool to us. When we reached the house we sat on the porch, but we could not remain there very long as the rain beat upon us. We went in the house and sat in the parlor.

Our friend had to light the lamp as it became very dark, although it was only half past three. One of the girls played some pieces on the piano and we all sang.

We stayed at her house till half past four, then we decided to go home. We got very wet as we lived about two and a half miles away and we had neither coats nor umbrellas.

LILLIAN BREHAUT.
East Norwich, N. Y.

The Fringed Gentian.

I like very much to hear people talk of how we came to get the different flowers.

I wonder if any of the Wide-Awakes know how we came to have the fringed gentians.

One night the queen of the flowers was out late. It was after midnight and there was no moon.

So going to a gentian not far away, she asked for shelter.

"Who are you, and what do you want?" asked the gentian.

"I would like to come in and rest till morning comes," replied the queen.

"Well, then, if you are the queen of the flowers you can find some place else to go, so go away and let me sleep."

The queen went away, and asked another gentian.

"What are you doing out at this time of the night? Come in and I will give you rest."

The queen went in and slept till morning dawned.

Then, as she hurried away in the dim light she turned to thank the gentian. Taking her wand she said:

"Hereafter you and all your children shall have the pleasure of opening and receiving the morning light, as it first peeps into the world."

The other gentian are left closed to tell people how unkind they were.

THELMA BOYNTON, Age 14.

The Pyramids.

Having had to study about the Pyramids in school, I was so interested that I thought I would write a composition to tell other people some of the interesting facts about them.

The Pyramidms of Egypt were the sepulchers of the kings who reigned during the first twelve dynasties. They are on the left side of the Nile and their entrances all open on the north side with one exception. Their sides face the north, south, east and west.

They are made out of blocks of stone about two feet six inches thick, placed in layers, each layer about one block's width smaller than the other.

The royal tombs number about 50 or 60, of all sizes, but the examples are the three great Pyramids of Gizeh. The first that was erected by King Cheops covers 13 acres.

It has five compartments, one large one where the mummy rested, and four chambers above. This group of rooms connects with the outside by two air channels and a long passage which leads downward for some distance and then re-ascends at an angle of 26 dgerees to the surface.

L. SEYMOUR BIGELOW, JR. Age 13.
Mansfield Center.

Irrigation in Egypt.

The means of irrigation in Egypt is very peculiar and is done in a very slow way.

Sometimes it is done by a wheel which has buckets fastened on it. It is placed near a well and is made to go round by blindfolder oxen. As the wheel goes round the buckets go down into the well, bringing up the water. Then it is emptied into troughs and it flows over the land. This is the way the people of Egypt irrigate their land.

ETHEL GRAHAM, Age 13.
Taftville.

How Roxy Hid From the Rats.

One day my master went out and locked me in the cellar. I felt very lonely for a while, and then I began to think of rats. The longer I sat still and thought, the more I fancied I heard them.

At last I was so frightened that I got up and walked along the cellar towards the window. It was only a little window, but it was more cheerful in the light than sitting in the dark corner. I sat down and wondered how long it would be before my master would come for me. It seemed almost an hour since he had gone.

I was just ready to bark when I saw a big barrel close by me. I went towards it. A great pile of coal was behind it. I ran up the coal and looked over into the barrel. There was something white inside. It smelt good. I reached over. Whoop! I lost my balance and fell inside. Oh, but I was scared. I twisted myself as I fell, and so did not land on my head, but plump on my side. It was dark inside, and when I got over my fright I found the white stuff was quite hard. It smelt so good that I thought I would taste it; so I bit off a piece. I ate it, and liked it. Then I tried another mouthful. Then I ate a lot. I was having a fine feast, when the cellar-door opened, and I heard my master call,

"Roxy! Roxy! where are you?"

I waited, for I thought he would soon come after me. I knew I was doing something wrong.

He then came towards the barrel, calling me, but I did not answer. At last he turned around, and was going out again, when I thought of the rats. Then I barked.

"Where are you, you Roxy?" cried my master.

I barked again. He came to the barrel and looked in.

"What are you doing there?" he asked.

I could not wag my tail, for I had sunk deep into the white stuff. So he caught hold of me and carried me upstairs. Oh, how he laughed! He held me before a looking glass. I was almost black with coal dust, and the white stuff was sticking to me.

"So you have tumbled into the soap fat barrel, have you?" my master asked me as he took me into the stable to wash me.

I wanted to tell him I was only hiding from the rats, but I could not.

JESSIE BREHAUT.
East Norwich, L. I.

Dandelion.

Many years ago there lived near the sea a very happy fisherman, named Ben, with his wife, and little son, who was called Dandelion because he wore yellow pinafores, and had curly hair.

Ben was a hard working man and loved dearly his wife Hetty, and his little son.

One day a great trouble came to them. Ben and his fellow-fishermen sailed away as usual, while Hetty and Dandelion watched them out of sight. Soon afterwards, a great storm arose, and it raged all night. In the morning parts of Ben's boat were washed ashore. Everyone helped search for him, but no trace of him could be found.

They tried to comfort Hetty, but she would not be comforted. Her heart seemed broken; and if it had not been for her baby, her neighbors feared that she would have gone to join Ben in his watery grave.

Dandelion didn't understand why everyone was so sad, and why his father stayed away so long; but he never lost his cheerfulness, never gave up hoping, or stopped trying.

"Daddy's tumming soon!"

An idea came to the child that perhaps his father would come, if he had a boat sent to him. So every day Dandelion launched one of his toy boats exclaiming as he did so:

"Please bring my father home."

All the boats were launced at last, all sailed away on the waves; but none ever came back, and little Dandelion was much disappointed. He told the snails and the lobsters about it. He even asked the birds if they should see daddy to tell him to come home.

Six long months went by, and no one never thought of seeing Ben again,—no one but his little son, who still watched for him, and his wife, who waited to meet him in the hereafter.

One sunny day something happened. The house was as tidy as ever. Hetty sat spinning. She seemed older than she did a few months ago, for her hair was partly white.

Dandelion was at her feet. Suddenly the door opened and Ben clasped them both in his arms, while they all sobbed aloud.

When they grew quiet, Ben got into his old chair and told them, how he was wrecked in the gale, picked up by an outbound ship, and only able to get back after months of sickness and delay.

CATHERINE NELSON, Age 12.
Versailles.

Two Misfortunes.

Lucy and Tim were both playing in the yard one fine day. Finally Tim picked up a stick and thrusted it into an apple and through it.

Lucy was watching him. When he turned around and said,

"I bet you can't hit that chicken over there."

"I think I can," said Lucy.

"Well try it then."

Then Lucy picked up a stick and thrust it into an apple and threw it not intending to hit the chicken, but hit it directly in the eye. It whirled around and around dazed from the blow.

Lucy ran to the spot. She picked up the chicken and brought it into the barn and laid it upon the haymow. She had knocked the poor thing's eye out.

Both of them fed it every day and finally the eye healed up and the chicken went about the barnyard again.

When her mother saw it she questioned both closely. She found it out quickly, and gave Lucy a very harsh scolding.

Lucy never tried it again. A couple of weeks later Tim was driving the cows home. There was a little calf that he thought a great deal of. She strayed from the rest.

Tim picked up a stone and threw it at her, only intending to make her go the other way, but it hit her right in the joint of her hind leg. At the time he did not notice it. She limped all the way home. As she was going through the barn-door she fell. It was then he discovered he had broken the joint in the calf's leg. They could not do anything with it, so they had the calf killed.

Tim was not a bad boy, and he cried pretty near a whole day; and when he went to bed he cried for a long time he felt so bad about it.

DOROTHY P. KING.
Plainfield.

The Story of Grace Darling.

One wild, stormy night, Grace Darling lay in her little room in a lighthouse on the northeast coast of England.

The wind, and the waves dashing against the rocks had awakened her, and she could not go to sleep again. Suddenly she thought she heard a cry. She listened. Yes, surely that was a cry for help. She sprang out of bed and ran to her father's room.

"Oh, father!" she cried. Wake up! There's a wreck on one of the islands, and I hear people calling for help."

Mr. Darling dressed as fast as he could, and Grace did so, too. Oh! how her fingers trembled. It seemed to her she never could get dressed; but when she heard her father open the door she was ready, and they went out together.

It was pitch dark and they could see nothing but the water.

"We'll have to wait for the daylight," said Mr. Darling, so back to the little house they went. They could see people clinging to the wreck. How anxiously they watched the boat. Sometimes it seemed as though the hungry waves would surely swallow it, and then they implored God to take care of it, and save them.

BERTHA CONNOR, Age 13.
Versailles.

The Endless Tale.

Once upon a time there was a king who never worked, but sat on cushions all day long. He liked to hear stories. He was always angry when a story came to an end.

One day he sent word to all the cities and towns that whoever told a story without an end should win a prize, and should marry one of his fairest daughters, and should be heir after him; but whoever failed should have his head cut off.

So this was a warning to the people.

After this a young man came to his palace. He said: "King is it true that whoever tells an endless tale shall be heir after you? I have a story to tell."

"It is true," said the king.

"Tell your story, I will listen to it."

"Once upon a time there was a man who kept his corn in the grainary. There were locusts in the field. One day they found the grainary. Then a locust went in and carried out a grain of corn. Then another locust went in. Then another locust went in. Then another locust went in." For months and years he kept saying, "Then another locust went in and carried out a grain of corn!"

At last the king said, "How many more locusts are going in?"

"Oh,' said the man, "they have only carried out one cubit. There are thousands more.'

Then the king was so bored he told the man he should marry his daughter, and be heir after him, but he must never say "locust" to him again.

ALICE KRITEMIYER, Age 14.
North Franklin.

LETTERS TO UNCLE JED.

Paul Revere at the Battle of Lexington.

Dear Uncle Jed: General Gage heard that the patriots were getting stores and ammunition at Concord. On April 18th, about 11 o'clock at night, a body of 800 under Smith left Boston and started for Concord, and Paul Revere went ahead and told them the troops were coming.

Soon the bells were ringing and when the troops reached Lexington they found the minute-men on the green.

Major Pitcairn shouted "Lay down your arms!" And he cried to his troops, "Fire!"

It was an awful battle. Parker said he would never run from the redcoats, but he was wounded and was loading his gun when a bullet struck his heart. Then the troops marched on, leaving behind them seven Americans lying dead.

These were the first dead of the Revolution.

After this the English went to Concord and destroyed what stores they could find.

The militia were gathering on the hills and shot from the British pickets at the Concord bridge, where the farmer stood and fired a shot heard round the world.

Every boy who was old enough to handle a gun was fighting, and the old men went along as good as they could.

The whole body of troops would have been killed if Lord Percy had not met them at Lexington.

That day they lost about 250 men. The news spread fast and General Putnam who was plowing left his oxen and went to fight. After this he was called "Old Put."

At night there were nearly twenty thousand men at work making entrenchments.

EDNA KENDALL, Age 10.

Lost His Head.

Dear Uncle Jed: Once a king who lived on an island south of India sent a man to England to let him know what the country was like. This man was gone over two years. When he came back the king asked what he saw. The man replied:

"Oh, master, it is far nicer there than here! It is hot here, and cold there."

Then he went on: "I had a bottle of the finest wine I ever saw, in a bag I was carrying one day. When I opened it I saw to my horror and grief that the bottle had been broken into a hundred pieces. But I discovered the wine had frozen into the shape of the bottle. Suffice to say, I had lost none of the wine."

"Tell another," growled the king, getting angry.

"Well," he replied, "sometimes the water is hard enough to walk on."

Then the king was so angry at him for telling such monstrous lies that he immediately handed him over to the executioner. And the poor fellow was shortened by the length of his head.

MYRON RINGLAND, Age 14.
Norwich Town.

A Picnic at The Willows.

Dear Uncle Jed: One Saturday afternoon my three friends and I went to the Willows for a picnic. We did not take the car because it was a pleasant day in June and we wanted exercise.

It took about two hours to reach the park. First we ate our lunches under an oak tree and bought a quarter's worth of candy. We then played ball, hide and seek and went in bathing in the lake. We rode home in the car because we were very tired after our day full of fun.

VALENTINE LUCKATA, Age 11.
Colchester.

THE EVERGREEN INN

"Quick! Ned! Get up and look out the window! The snow has drifted in the night so much, it must be 10 feet deep out there!" and Henry hopped about excitedly.

Ned leaped out of bed and ran to the window.

"Let's dig a tunnel this morning to the big spruce tree," he cried. "Hooray!"

Both boys dressed as quickly as possible and were soon through their breakfast and ready to go out in the snow.

"We can start the path father shoveled and begin to tunnel where the drift is so high," Henry said.

The boys worked fast as the snow was light, and the tunnel progressed rapidly.

"What would become of us if it caved in?" Ned asked.

"I don't believe we would have a very hard time to dig ourselves to the top, because you see the snow is not heavy," Henry answered.

Suddenly a light came into the tunnel at the end where they were digging, and through the opening they formed by the drooping branches of the drooping branches of the spruce tree.

"What a grand playhouse, Henry! We'll have this tunnel for our private entrance, and nobody else can come in. Just look at the birds hidden in the branches from the storm—all kinds."

Both boys peered excitedly through the opening in the end of the tunnel at the birds.

"I don't see what they can find to eat," said Ned. "Let's go into the house and get them some food, they must be nearly starving by this time."

The children ran to the house and called to their mother, asking if she could give them anything for the cold, hungry birds.

"My teacher says beef suet is fine for them in winter,' Henry suggested, "and chickadees like nuts and sunflower seeds."

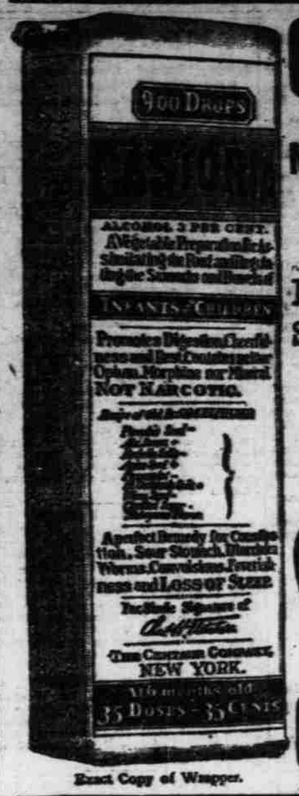
The boys hurried back through the tunnel with their hands full of food. Clearing away the small amount of snow there was under the evergreen boughs, they scattered the seeds and nut meats on the ground. Then they tied the suet on the branches and crept back into their tunnel, where they could see all that happened. Immediately the ground was covered with chickadees and other seed-eating birds, while woodpeckers, nuthatches and others, were feasting on the suet ravenously. There was quite a chirping after they had eaten a few minutes, as though the birds were doing their best to thank the kind little boys for their thoughtfulness.

Ned and Henry kept food under the spruce tree all winter, and called the snug shelter made by the drooping branches "Evergreen Inn." The birds soon grew so tame that they let the boys come into the little enclosure and would perch on their heads and shoulders in the most friendly manner. Henry, who was a very good whistler, learned to imitate their notes and they would answer him.

Both boys enjoyed their bird friends and Evergreen Inn so much that they felt very sorry to see the snow melted to have the birds leave the old spruce tree for the open woods; but they are looking forward to seeing them return when the snow is deep again.—Louise M. Haynes, Dumb Animals.

GENEDAL CADORNA HEADS ITALIAN FORCES IN FIELD

General Cadorna is the commander in chief of the Italian army. His forces have been waging a vigorous campaign in the snow capped mountains and have advanced under unusual difficulties. Cadorna is as popular a military man in Italy as is Von Hindenburg in Germany, Joffre in France and Lord Kitchener in England.



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ALONG THE RHODE ISLAND SHORE

Many Eastern Connecticut Visitors at the Various Resorts.

The past week was, from the viewpoint of the number of guests entertained, the banner week of one of the busiest seasons ever experienced by the summer colonies along Narragansett Bay, in which visitors from Norwich and southeastern Connecticut were much in evidence.

A number of visitors from Eastern Connecticut were among the large gathering at the tenth old home celebration at Scituate on Wednesday. An old-fashioned clambake prepared by George Jacques of East Killingly, was one of the features of the day's programme and was highly praised by all who partook thereof.

The Cossatuck group of Camp Fire Girls from Mystic have been spending the past week in a cottage at Pleasant View.

Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Lovett, who have been enjoying the hospitalities of relatives in this city and vicinity for a fortnight, have returned to their home in Willimantic.

Among the latest arrivals at Block Island are the Misses Robinson of Sachem street, Norwich.

Arthur Saunders of Greeneville is visiting relatives at Oneyville for a few days.

Postmaster and Mrs. A. D. Sayles of East Killingly are spending a couple of weeks at the Franklin cottage at Oakland Beach.

Mrs. S. N. Morgan of Colchester was chaperon to a company of young women who have been enjoying camping out at Pleasant View with headquarters at "Kum Inn", for the past ten days. There were nine girls with Mrs. Morgan, besides several guests who spent the last week-end at the camp. The campers included Miss Ida Adams, Mrs. Daisy Morrison and Miss Alice Kennedy of Norwich; Miss Julia and Miss May Peste of Middletown, Miss Kathryn Morgan, Miss Lucy Phelps and Miss Mabel Hiscox of Colchester and Miss Maud Clarke of East Hampton.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Leonard and daughters, Misses Josephine and Charlotte Leonard, of Norwich, are guests over Labor Day of relatives at Buttonwoods.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Grimley and children of Willimantic are visiting relatives in Providence and vicinity this week.

Miss Catherine Terrington of Norwich is spending a couple of weeks in Providence with relatives, after which she expects to go among relatives at Fish River for a few days.

Miss Mary Dunn of Norwich is spending her vacation with friends at Pleasant View.

John E. Frink, son of Col. J. W. Frink of Tantic was the guest recently for a few days of Miss Irene Jollie at her home on Chapel street, Baptisville.

Mr. and Mrs. G. E. Rich of Putnam are at the Sunnyside cottage, at Quonochontaug, for a month's stay.

Mrs. Agnes Armstrong and Miss Brenda House of Norwich are spending a couple of weeks at Block Island.

Miss Jessie Bessette of Moosup was the member of a party entertained by Mr. and Mrs. John Lapan at Mapleville the past week.

Mrs. James J. Casey and daughter, Miss Madeline Casey and Miss Agnes D. Halliban all of Norwich, are spending a few days with friends at Watch Hill.

Miss E. Agnes Collins of Norwich is registered at the Columbia Hotel, Watch Hill for a few weeks' stay.

Miss Ruth Kind and Miss Louise Robinson of Norwich have been guests at the Columbia House, Watch Hill the past week.

Miss Minnie Gannon, Miss Nellie Gardon and Miss Alice Joy of Putnam are spending two weeks at the Riley cottage on Cottage street, Oakland Beach.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Green of Norwich are making a visit with Mr. and Mrs. Erwin G. Boss at Oak Hill Farm, in Hope Valley.

Mrs. George A. Keppler of Norwich and Mrs. Lottie Cady of Stafford, are guests at the Spring House, Block Island for a short stay.

Thomas Wylie of Willimantic is spending a few days as the guest of Edwin Hare at his home in Arkwright.

Roscoe Bentley and Eugene Manning have returned to their homes at Yantic, after two weeks' visit to Pleasant View and Watch Hill.

Miss Florence Connor of Norwich, is a guest of the family of Michael Higgins, West Broad street, Westerly.

Mitchell Coulard and daughter of Baltic are spending a few days with relatives in Providence.

Southington.—Traffic on the Northampton Division has been heavy during the past week. Yesterday a train with eighty loaded cars passed through here.

MEXICAN TROOPS PARADING in VERA CRUZ