

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 lines.
2. Use pen and ink, not pencil.
3. Short and pointed articles will be given preference. Do not use over 350 words.
4. Original stories or letters only will be used.
5. Give 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! Straightforwardly act, Be honest—in fact, Be nobody else but you.

POETRY.

The Midnight Ride of Little Brother. I think an awful lot of sister's beau, And have since just about three weeks ago.

Before that time we did not quite agree; I hated him; he ignored me, He has an automobile, bright and new, And would take long rides—just me and Sue.

I thought the sometimes might take me along. One night I did that which I knew was wrong— I climbed into the back and huddled tight.

It was a lovely, clear, bright moonlight night. When he and Sue appeared I heard them say, 'They'd call on friends quite twenty miles away.'

It seemed as if I were scarce any time at all. Before we reached the place they'd planned to call. A long, long time I heard them laugh and cheer—

Sue and her beau, and that other young pair. The next I knew I saw a sharp, bright light. And that I should die of shame and fright; That bright new car safe in its garage stood.

Sue's beau found me while covering it good. I was just fifteen miles from my own bed. He took me home; not very much was said; He held a ladder while I reached my room.

You think he told it later, I presume? No, sir; we are the only ones that know. That's why I think so much of sister's beau. —Minnie C. D. Smith.

UNCLE JED'S TALK TO WIDE-AWAKES. It is a good plan to learn something new every day, but to make the habit

of us you must remember it, or as they used to say in olden times, 'bear it to mind.' Memory is very important, and the way to lose it is to get the habit of forgetting. To say 'I forgot it' as an excuse is enough to make any wide-awake boy or girl ashamed.

To learn something new every day does not require book study. A great deal is learned which is of use from seeing and hearing; but it is the seal of memory which makes seeing and hearing educational.

Memory plays a double part in the life of all of us—it keeps our gems of thought for us, and it preserves thoughts which settle us. Memory can bless and annoy us, but we are masters of memory and it can only annoy us with what we have supplied it.

Memory is our reward for attention, and it is said what one learns with pleasure can never be forgotten. No one can tell why so many remember the life of life instead of its blessings, since evil memories annoy and good memories bring peace and pleasure. Memory helps wide-awake children to remember letters, and words, and how they are spelled, and the rules of language. It prepares the way for scholarship and for prizes in all the ways of life.

'I forgot it' is a confession of lack of attention and ability. Young people ought to be ashamed to forget anything.

LETTERS OF ACKNOWLEDGEMENT. Hattie Perkins of Colchester: I thank you ever so much for the lovely prize book you awarded me entitled 'The Meadow Brook Girls.' I have read it and think it very interesting.

Bertha Fuller of Eagleville: I received the prize book and thank you very much for it. I have read it most thoroughly and found it very interesting.

Mary A. Burrill of Stafford Springs: Thank you ever so much for the nice prize book you sent me. I think it is very interesting.

Everett M. Burrill of Stafford Springs: I thank you very much for the little Stampcraft book you sent me. I have read it and find it very interesting.

George Bienenstock of New York: I thank you very much for the prize book entitled 'Fred Fenton, the Patcher.' I have read it and find it very interesting.

Alice G. Kinney, of South Coventry: I received the prize book 'Motor

characters with each response, and they assumed so many and so various forms and appearances that the whole world seemed to pass before me in a vision.

'Am Birth.' 'And I am Death.' 'And I am Birth.' 'And I am Past.' 'And I am Future.' 'And I am Past.' 'And I am Future.'

'How do we do?' said one of them. 'He doesn't do a thing,' said the other.

'Do it all,' they both shouted, and then laughed so much that I grew quite red in the face and thought them very rude.

'He doesn't have no manners,' said one of them. 'Neither we have,' said the other.

'Isn't it jolly?' they both shouted, and one catching me by the right hand, the other my left, they swung me around in such a giddy dance that the flowers and the grass and the sky and the clouds all whirled up in great coils of red and green and white and blue ropes, whirling and spinning in endless circles.

'How do we do?' said one of them. 'He doesn't do a thing,' said the other.

'Do you cry as badly as you laugh?' asked one of them. 'Of course we do,' they replied. 'Please don't then.'

'How do we do?' they cried just a little while ago. Generally one of us laughs while the other cries, but hat never occurs except with strangers. Didn't you feel miserable when you were crying then, my dear little?

'Yes,' I said, 'dreadfully.' 'Well, we were crying then, and so we had to laugh when you came here, and couldn't see Number One.'

'What's Number One?' I asked. 'Oh, you're a silly,' said one of them. 'You were dancing with Number One just now. We are Two and Three. You are Number Four. Can't you see Number One between us?'

'No, I replied, 'I can only see the One.'

'Which of you is Two and which is Three?' I inquired. 'Either you please,' said one of them. 'Some of us are Two and sometimes I am Three. But you are always Four, and One is always one.'

'Have you no other names?' I have never heard of any other names. 'Yes, I am Mister Cause, and this is Mister Consequence. Or if you like am Mister Consequence and he is Mister Cause.'

'We are both each other,' said his usual companion. 'I am everybody's Daddy,' said one of them. 'I am everybody's Sonnyman,' said the other.

'And I am Day,' said the first. 'And I am Night,' said the other. 'And I am Night,' said the first. 'And I am Day,' said his fellow.

And so they began such a chant that cannot remember the tenth part of and my head quite reeled with the confusion and the extent of it all. For they seemed to exchange places and

Maids School Days, and am much pleased with it. Thank you very much.

Jessie L. Brehaut of East Norwich, N. Y.—I thank you for the prize book you sent me entitled, 'The Motor Maids Across the Continent.' I have read it and think it a very interesting series.

Miriam M. Grever, of Norwich—Thank you very much for the nice prize book received. I have read it and found it very interesting.

THE WINNERS OF PRIZE BOOKS. 1—Mason Parker of Mansfield, The Boy Scouts in France. 2—Bertha Fuller of Eagleville, The Camp Fire Girls in After Years. 3—Helen Wisneskie of Yantic, Miss Pat and Her Sisters. 4—Thelma Boynton of North Franklin, Miss Pat at School. 5—Phyllis Perkins of Colchester, The Boy Scouts and the Army Airplane. 6—Lillian M. Brehaut of East Norwich, The Boy Scouts on Belgian Battlefields. 7—Lillian Murphy of Norwich, The Boy Scouts at the Panama Exposition. 8—Rose Egan of Willimantic, Miss Pat in the Old World.

The winners of prize books living in the city may call at The Bulletin business office any hour after 10 a. m. on Thursday.

STORIES WRITTEN BY WIDE-AWAKES. The Tidal Wave. CHAPTER I. In a small fishing town on the coast of Holland lived a poor widow and six children. The oldest, a girl, usually told stories to the younger children before going to bed.

It was a cold night. The children crept nearer the fire. 'Tell us a story, sister, a story of 'How Peter Stopped the Leak in the Dyke,' they all cried. 'Peter drew near the first and began:

Once upon a time there was a little boy whose name was Peter, and he had a dear friend, an old man who lived in a little house across the dyke, and one day Peter heard that his friend was going to die. He started to go, but his mother would not let him, promising his mother to be home early.

It was quite dark when Peter left his friend's house. 'Mother will be worried if I do not hurry,' he said to himself. 'Trick-le, trick-le, trick-le, trick-le!' 'Trick-le, trick-le!' 'Hark! A leak in the dyke!'

Peter called, but no one answered. He thrust his arms into the hole, but the water was cold, but he did not draw back. How long he lay there no one knew, or ever will. Finally he fell asleep.

He dreamed he saw his mother and brothers and sisters. As he slept two workmen passed by and determined to make him a coffin. 'What are you doing here, boy?' asked one of the men. 'I'm holding the water back,' replied Peter.

Then the men carried Peter into the city amid cheers, and he lived happily ever after.

'Now all you chickens, big and little, trot to bed as quick as you can, and a good night to you all,' said the sister, kissing each one.

'O, how I wish I was as brave as Peter!' said Jan, as he cuddled down into his soft, warm bed of straw.

CHAPTER II. The night was dark. Jan kept thinking of Peter and the hole in the dyke. He could not sleep. Somehow the wind seemed to say: 'Come out, G come!' Jan crept out of bed and put on his clothes. He seemed guided by some invisible power which said: 'The dykes! The dykes!'

'Jan looked, unlocked the door, and ran to the dykes. The other children got work to do that made money. Louis was left at home to do housework. Louis grew to be a woman at last. She went to nurse soldiers in the war.

My sister took jelly, towels, handkerchiefs, canned fruit, cultivated and wild flowers, popcorn and a table, ten ears of corn and flowers.

I took all the things up in my brother's express wagon. Some of the other children took potatoes, cake, candy, canned fruit, birch bark, a table, ten ears of corn and flowers.

We had school in the morning and at noon the things were put in place. We played until it got my things 6 o'clock. At half past 3 my brother came up with the express wagon. Thirteen people came to the school fair. Mr. Brundage and a lady came about 7 o'clock.

At 4 o'clock I put the things in the express wagon and went home. MASON PARKER, Age 12.

A Picnic in the Summer Time. One summer morning we got up early, as we were going to a picnic as soon as everyone was ready. We all helped to prepare the lunch. Soon after breakfast we were on our way. Everything was going on smoothly and everyone was talking about the picnic when suddenly we heard a crash in the bushes and a cowbell a little ways behind, and four cows came rushing out. Of course, girls are most always frightened, and as the cows started to chase us we began to run. Pretty soon we came to a farmhouse. A man came out and drove the cows back to our immense relief.

He said the cows chased us because they had heard a red dress on, and cows don't like red.

We arrived at the grove by the pond near noon. After playing games for about two hours everyone was ready to eat lunch, and in a short time all the food had disappeared.

After everyone had eaten all they wanted, had rested a while, we put on our bathing suits and went into the water.

It was late in the afternoon before anyone mentioned going home. Then we had to leave the sand farms we were making and dress and gather our things together.

We reached home soon after sunset without seeing the cows again. Every-

one was tired that night, but extremely happy. MARY A. BURRILL, Age 13, Stafford Springs.

A Trip to Westerly. One Sunday a year ago last summer my two cousins, my mother and father and I went on an auto trip to Westerly. There were six of us with the driver. I had to sit in somebody's lap all the time.

We started from my house, which is on Flanks Hill, at about 7 o'clock. We had lots of fun on the way. We had a box of cracker-jacks. We blew the balloon in it. My cousin found it up and burst. We thought that the tire had blown up.

When we were driving along through Acquot we had a blow-out. I took us half an hour to fix, and then we had to get some gasoline. After that we started again. There was a car in front of us. We got to Westerly just in time to go to church. It was the place where I was baptised.

After we got out of church we went down to Watch Hill, about five miles from Westerly. We had our lunch there, and watched the waves as we ate it. We then went back up to Westerly and visited some of our neighbors who we used to live.

It was about 7 o'clock when we started for home. We got into one place which was very muddy, but we got out of it all right.

The rest of the way we had a good state road. We went along quite fast. We went over a bridge and down the big hills by Kenton and found that we got home about half past 7 o'clock.

I was very tired and was glad to go to bed. I had a nice time and would like to go for another auto ride some time. BERTHA BIENENSTOCK, Age 11, Eagleville.

The Land of Midnight Sun. Wouldn't it seem funny if the sun shown here at midnight. And in the winter the sun would not be setting. The land of mid-night sun lies to the north, among the mountains. These mountains are covered with pine and spruce trees.

There is one little girl who lived there and her name was Kristina. Her father was a fisherman. Kristina lives in a very funny house. The tops of the houses look like mushrooms. When the birds come out of the grass, when the birds come out of the grass and leave big holes in the ground.

Kristina has to work very hard. They do not carry milk or water the way we do. They have a board across their shoulders and the buckets hang down and are very heavy. She helps with the hay.

They do not have the way we do. They carry their hay on frames that look like fence rails. They do not come home to dinner, but they take a lunch with them.

When it is time to go home way back to the mountains, it is a very long way. Little Kristina takes her horse and sled and sleds up the hill, but the sun still shines.

The next day the hay is dry and only Kristina's father works today. He carries the hay on the barn; but still little Kristina is very busy. She is washing to be done. She washes the clothes in the little brook near her house.

Then when Christmas approaches, little Kristina can hardly wait. Every body is busy getting ready for Christmas. Mother is knitting Christmas presents.

Then comes the day before Christmas and such an exciting day. Then the children get up and get dressed up before the sunrise at breakfast, and then come dinner. Father draws back the curtain and what a beautiful Christmas tree!

What a lovely day! They all had such lovely presents and, 'Oh! Christmas goes so quickly,' said Kristina. 'I wish I could stay here all the time for the happiest day of the year for us is over.'

THELMA BOYNTON, Age 14, North Franklin.

Louisa M. Alcott. Louisa Alcott was a wild little girl. When she was very young she would run away from home. She liked to play with bigger children.

The Alcott family were very poor. Louisa made up her mind to do something to make money when she grew older. She did not like being so very poor.

One day she was sitting on a cart-wheel thinking. She was thinking how poor her father was. There was a crow up in the air over her head. The crow was cawing. There was nobody to tell her thoughts to her father. She shook her fist at the big bird and said, 'I'll be rich!'

'I will do something by and by, Don't care what I'll teach, sew, act, write, anything I cheap the family and I'll be rich, famous, famous for me for I die. See if I don't!'

The crow did not make any answer; but Louisa kept thinking about the money she was going to get. The other children got work to do that made money. Louis was left at home to do housework. Louis grew to be a woman at last. She went to nurse soldiers in the war.

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