

THE WIDE AWAKE CIRCLE

BOYS AND GIRLS DEPARTMENT

Rules for Young Writers.

1. Write plainly on one side of the paper only. Use a blue or black ink. Use pen and ink, not pencil. Short and pointed articles will be given preference. Do not use over 100 words.

8-Mary Steinmeyer, of Eagleville-Ruth Fielding and the Red Mill. Winners of books living in the city may call for them at The Bulletin office at any hour after 10 a. m. on Thursday.

LETTERS OF ACKNOWLEDGMENT

Etta McGrath, of Borsbraville: I thank you very much for the prize book you sent me. I have read it through and it is very interesting.

Mildred Morley, of Eagleville: I thank you very much for the prize book you sent me. I have read it through and it is very interesting.

Harriet Graham, of Tatfville: I thank you very much for the prize book you sent me. I have read it through and it is very interesting.

Lillian Murphy, of Norwich: I thank you very much for the prize book you sent me. I have read it through and it is very interesting.

Ros Eagan, of Willimantic: I thank you very much for the prize book you sent me. I have read it through and it is very interesting.

Philora Perkins, of Colchester: I received the prize book you awarded me entitled The Boy Scout and the Army Airship. I have started to read it and like it very much.

Lillian M. Brehaut, of East Norwich, N. Y.: I wish to thank you for the prize book The Boy Scouts on Belgian Battlefields. I found it so interesting that I was sorry when I came to the conclusion because I have read the Boy Scouts would tell of their success in finding Meredith and procuring the opera glasses.

Helen G. Morony, of Naugatuck: I thank you many times for the prize book that you sent me. I have read it and think it very interesting.

UNCLE JED'S TALK TO WIDE-AWAKES. Wide-Awakes, getting angry is a bad example when you see it in grown up folks and had habit when you are guilty of getting angry yourself.

A good many people get angry over trifles - over disappointments, which are common, and about requirements that are beneficial. They do this because they take the wrong view of things and think they are being interfered with or imposed upon when they are not.

A quick temper is a mortifying fault, as anyone can tell you who is a victim of this bad habit, which some people think they inherit, when they didn't. All such people have another thing coming, for it is positively declared by those who have studied the subject, that a bad temper or a bad habit cannot be inherited, they

both can be prevented by a will to keep cool and to do right. It is just as easy to get the habit of acting with ease as it is to get the habit of getting excited and acting without sense, but people who have not practiced self-control do not think so.

If you watch out you may notice that people who get frightened in alignment just as mean as those who get mad on the slightest provocation. It is the old habit manifested with thin thought.

Do not get angry with your playmates, your parents or your teacher. Anger always makes trouble for people because it makes them set mean. Hold your temper, do not let it drive you.

STORIES WRITTEN BY WIDE-AWAKES. Coffee. The coffee with which we are familiar is made from the seeds of the coffee plant. This plant grows in warm countries. It is an evergreen that grows naturally to 20 feet in height, but by cutting is kept down to five or six feet in order to increase its flowering and for convenience in gathering the fruit.

The pretty dark green leaves are smooth and glossy, and the white flowers are like snowflakes scattered among them. The fruit is a red berry which turns purple as it ripens; it contains two seeds and is from these seeds that our coffee is made. They are hard and tough when raw, and have to be roasted and ground to be made ready for use.

Coffee grows wild in some parts of Africa. From there it was introduced into Persia as early as the ninth century. From Persia it was carried into Arabia during the fifteenth century, and its use has since spread over all the world.

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The Whistle. When I was a child of seven years my friends on a holiday filled my pocket with coppers. I went directly to a shop where they sold toys for children and being charmed with the sound of a whistle that I met by the way in the hands of another boy, I voluntarily offered and gave all my money for the whistle.

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As I grew up, came into the world, and observed the actions of men, I thought I met with many very many, who "gave too much for the whistle." FLORENCE GAYESKI, Colchester.

Little Dick. Aunt Lizzie, coming to the veranda, said: "Ten cents to the boy or girl who gets the prettiest bunch of flowers for the dinner table." The children were delighted. Off they started for the fields, trying to find the best flowers they could, but Little Dick. He was lame and could not run. Soon he limped to a shady valley near by.

It was a cluster of white blossoms. They were so delicate he could not pick them. So he dug them up, roots and all, and carried them back to the old farmhouse. All the time there were with great handful of daisies. Aunt Lizzie was going from one to the other to see who had the prettiest bunch; but when she saw what Little Dick was bringing she ran to him and cried:

Where did you get that beautiful cluster of Indian Pipe? So he got the dime. Little Dick's flowers stood in the middle of the dinner table and they could all see and over and over again, he told his story. ANNA MARIA WHELAN, Age 13. Norwich.

How a Lark Preached. A young man once went from England to Australia to dig in the gold mines. He was very lonely and homesick, so he sent for his father and mother to come out and bring a lark with them. He said they had no singing birds in Australia. There were plenty of birds but they were all made all kinds of noise except music. He longed to hear once more the sweet song of the birds he had been used to at home.

The parents of the lad came and brought the lark, and he was hung in his cage outside the cabin and began to sing. The effect on the miners was wonderful. They would stop by the work as they went to and from their work and listen and say to each other: "Have you heard the lark?"

When Sunday came these hard-working miners washed and dressed themselves in their best clothes and came from 20 miles around to hear the lark sing. It reminded them of the Sunday chimes and church services of their native land. After the steady singing, the little warbler would come to rest, and the people would go home, happier and really better for what they had heard.

So the little bird preached to the miners, just by singing week after week. FRANK PARDY, Age 11. Norwich.

Hans, the Shepherd Boy. A long time ago there lived in Germany a little shepherd boy named Hans. One day while he was watching his sheep in a meadow a hunter came up to him. "How far is it to the village, my boy?" said the hunter.

"It is six miles," Hans answered; "but the road is only sheep track and is very easy to miss." The hunter looked grave and said: "I have been lost in this wood. I am tired and hungry. Lead me to your sheep and show me the way and I will pay you well, or would you trust me with your sheep while you go to the village and get me some food and a dog?"

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You may be wondering we were rather frightened at first, but the soft, warm earth felt good and after a little while we began to grow. We were very happy. How warm the sun was as we pushed through the earth.

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We grew so fast that we could soon see the people who passed by. We were much taller than they and much admired. It is no wonder we waved our heads proudly while the kernels of corn grew larger.

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hot water. Bake slowly until custard is set. I like the Wide-Awakes well too. I like cup custard very much. ROSE BAGAN, Age 8. Willimantic.

How to Make Pincho. Dear Uncle Jed: Perhaps some of the Wide-Awakes would like to know how to make pincho. Take two cups of brown sugar, half cup of milk, teaspoon of butter and a half cup of walnuts or mixed nuts and stir these together and put on the stove to boil. When you think it most done try a little in cold water. If it forms a little ball it is about done. Then take it off and beat it awhile and when it begins to thicken pour into a buttered pan and cut in squares when cool. I think the Wide-Awakes will like it. ALICE F. BURRILL, Age 15. Stafford Springs.

The Angelus. Dear Uncle Jed: The Angelus is a famous picture which is well known and was painted by Millet. In the picture you can see a man and a woman who have been working all day out in a field, digging potatoes. Far across the field you can see a church. The church bell is ringing and the two people have bowed their heads in prayer. ETHEL HAMER, Age 10. Eagleville.

How My Aunt Got Scared. Uncle Jed: One night my aunt came down to my house and stayed over night. About 4 o'clock in the morning a little mouse ran across her arm and made her scream. It woke us all up. Pretty soon she came running in, saying: "There's a mouse in here, and he bit me." The next morning papa got the cat and he caught the mouse. The cat went all through the house to show it to everybody and then he went out doors and ate it up. RANDALL SHERMAN, Colchester.

How Limestone is Made. Uncle Jed: A few days ago I saw some limestone from which lime is manufactured. I also saw lime that had been manufactured. Some of it was very fine and some was quite coarse. Lime is manufactured from limestone marble and shells, by burning or subjecting them to intense heat, which expels the carbonic acid. After this action it has been driven off by calcination, it has great affinity for water and carbonic acid, and readily combines with both, on exposure to either water or the atmosphere; in the latter case it is said to be "air-slacked."

Lime unlocks the stores of rich plant-food which by the mechanical condition of the soil are locked away beyond the reach of the plant-roots and hence are useless to them. Lime enters into the composition of nearly all crops. Most soils contain in themselves a fair proportion of lime for the production of crops. Its application hastens the decay of vegetable substances contained in the soil and converts them into available plant-food by the chemical action of lime upon the coarser particles of the soil, and causes them to become broken up and, in a measure, pulverized, thus setting free the mineral properties of the soil contained and which are so essential to vegetation. JESSIE BREHAUT, East Norwich, N. Y.

A Story of Denmark. Uncle Jed: I am going to tell you a few things about Denmark. Copenhagen, the capital, has a population of about 550,000. None of their buildings must be over seven stories high. This does not include the tower of the courthouse, a fine brick building. There is a large clock on the tower. Everybody who goes up there must write his or her name on the wall. Every time the clock strikes it plays a Danish tune. Another fine tower is the Round tower. It is built of stone. This tower is 15 stories high. From the top of this tower you have a fine view of Copenhagen. In Copenhagen the sun rises about three o'clock a. m. and sets about eleven p. m. Jutland is also a nice place. It is queer how the people there plant fruit trees along the public road and gather the fruit. They have large ovens built of brick and use them to bake their bread; they use brush to make a fire with, they heat the ovens for about five hours, then clean them out, and then put the bread in, not in pans, but on square bricks. I sometimes think I could not eat their bread. But I have had some and do not find any difference between that method of baking and our method. LEO POLQUIN, Age 11. Versailles.

Our Agricultural Fair. Uncle Jed: I thought I would tell you about our school fair. We had lots of different things. We had a frog, a kitten, a goat team, chickens, a doll, the doll's carriage, all dressed up in flowers, a lot of sewing, all sorts of pumpkins and squashes, a cucumber pig, many wild flowers and many other things. One boy received seven dollars on his corn at the Berlin fair, and his sister received one dollar on her flowers. My teacher took a picture of our goat team and a picture of the school children. We went home in a rain. MARY STEINMEYER, Eagleville.

Ivy's Visit to Providence. Uncle Jed: I am writing about my trip to Providence. One day we thought we would like to go to Roger Williams park. We went on the merry-go-round in the museum, where we saw stuffed birds and animals; there was a model Indian village; it was cute. There were many other things. We went into Betsy Williams' cottage - many old-fashioned things were in there. After that we went to Rocky Point, which is a place like Coney Island, N. Y., only smaller. We went on the merry-go-round three times, the roller coaster, and the big wheel. My little friend and mamma went on the scenic railway. There were chances to win dolls, blankets, bags, Teddy bears and many other things. We rode horseback and in a pony carriage. We arrived home tired. NORWICH, IVY FISH, Age 10.

How Rose Makes Cup-Custard. Dear Uncle Jed: I will tell the Wide-Awakes circle how I made Cup-Custard. First butter the cup, then beat one fresh egg, one teaspoon of sugar, a pinch of salt, a very small piece of butter together and add a half cup of milk and beat all together with a little nutmeg. Pour into the buttered cup and set the cup into a pan of

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