

THE WIDE AWAKE CIRCLE

BOYS AND GIRLS DEPARTMENT

Rules for Young Writers.

- 1. Write plainly on one side of the paper only, and number the pages. 2. Use pen and ink, not pencil. 3. Short and pointed articles will be given preference. Do not use over 250 words. 4. Original stories or letters only will be used. 5. Write your name, age and address plainly at the bottom of the story. 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 Rhyme of Little Girls. Prithies tell me, don't you think Little girls are dearest, With their cheeks of tempting pink, And their eyes the clearest? Don't you think their articles are best And of all the loveliest?

Of all girls with roguish ways That are so obedient, Sunshine gleams through all their days, They see skies the bluest, And they wear a golden Summer has bestowed on them.

Lydia doesn't care a cent For the newest dance, She is not in flirting bent, Has no killing glances, But without the slightest art She has captured many a heart.

Older sisters cut you dead, They don't giggle when they said, Something very clever— They just get behind a chair, Frowning, smiling at you there.

Florence, Lydia, Margaret, Or a gentle Mary, They form firm comrades that, once set, Never more can vary— Staunch young friends they are And true, Always clinging close to you.

Buds must into blossom blow (Morn so early leaves us!) Mists must into sunbeams grow (There's the thing that grieves us!) Psyche knots of flying curls, That's good-by to little girls! —Meredith Nicholson.

UNCLE JED'S TALK TO WIDE-AWAKES.

Uncle Jed wishes all of the Wide-Awakes a Happy New Year. How long do you suppose folks have been wishing one another Happy New Years? It must have been away back when grandpas were addressed as "grandires," or "grand-sirs," and do you know that in those days the children used to say "grand-ir" very much as people abroad now say "grand-duk."

THE STORY OF BUZZ.

BY M. H. W. You want my story, do you? Well, although you do belong to the canine race, my heart has grown so big lately that I do not scorn a chat with you, as we ride along together. You see, my mistress and little master were just returning from our vacation and thereby hangs a tale. Just six weeks ago today I heard my mistress say, "David, what shall we do with Buzz this summer? He is a perfect wreck from fighting with the neighbors and he is going on."

"Bless his dear, good heart! He did not scorn me, even though there was a big sign in my ear and nose taken right out of my jaw in a fight the night before. So it was arranged. The next day we wanted a nice little box, band-box and bundle, as well as the basket in which I was safely stowed and which my little master held tightly as we were whisked along in an electric car."

"After a little while the passengers began to drop out. I could see everything from my perch in the hole of the basket, just as I am now looking at you. At last our party was alone in the car. We left behind us a long row of beach cottages, and turning out upon a back road we came to a little hut up above the ocean. We stopped at a cottage in the midst of a pine grove, with only one other house near us. It was a lovely spot and a chorus of birds greeted us."

obedient and pleasant, and for others by being polite and kindly.

The year is made happier for teachers and pupils by obeying the rules of the school, cultivating studious habits and having good lessons.

We all have the ability to make life disagreeable for ourselves and anyone who may come near us, and over half of the trouble in childhood is caused by disobedience and in manhood by incontinence.

To have a Happy New Year we must stop fault-finding and inattention and blundering and sauciness and whatever tends to irritate others or to make conditions very unpleasant for ourselves.

We should promise ourselves we will make the New Year the happiest of our lives and then feel bound to keep the promise, just as we had made it to our Heavenly Father. The promises we make to ourselves, we shall find it the harder to keep the promises we make to other people.

THE WINNERS OF PRIZE BOOKS.

- 1.—Frank O'Connell of Norwich, The Bobsey Twins at School. 2.—Clarence A. Hathaway of Bozrahville, The Bobsey Twins at Meadow Brook. 3.—E. Abbott Smith of Burnside, The Bobsey Twins on a Houseboat. 4.—Nellie Lynn of Stafford Springs, The Bobsey Twins at the Seashore. 5.—Mason Parker of Mansfield, The Camp-Fire Girls on the Farm. 6.—Gladys Houle of Stafford Springs, The Bobsey Twins at the Seashore. 7.—Carrie Gelo of Lebanon, The Camp-Fire Girls at Long Lake. 8.—Miriam Shershevsky of Norwich, The Camp-Fire Girls at the Seashore.

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

LETTERS OF ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

Myrtle E. Duprey of Colchester: I received the prize book that you awarded me entitled Miss Pat and Her Sisters. I have read it and found it to be very interesting. I thank you very much for it. I will write another soon. Thank you again.

Marion Deutsch of Baltic: I thank you very much for the prize book you sent me. I have read it through and found it very interesting. Wish you a Merry Christmas.

Michael J. Burns of Fitchville: I thank you for the nice prize book you sent me. I wish you a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

John A. Burns of Fitchville: I thank you for the prize book. I like it very much.

Anna LaRoche of Versailles: I thank you very much for the prize book you sent me entitled Miss Pat in the Old World. I began Thursday night to read it and find it very interesting. I wish you a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

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Christmas, and I wish them all a Happy New Year.

Vera MacLennan of Norwich: I thank you very much for the prize book entitled The Automobile Girls at Washington. I am reading it and find it very interesting.

Lucy A. Carter of Hampton: I thank you very much for the prize book you sent me. It is very interesting as far as I have read.

Ether Shershevsky of Norwich: I thank you very much for the prize book you gave me. I have read some of it, and find it very interesting.

Mildred E. White of Stafford Springs: Received the pretty prize book entitled The Outdoor Chime, and like it very much. Thank you.

Earl White of Stafford Springs: Received the handsome prize book you sent me, and many, many thanks.

Carl Anderson of Baltic: I was very glad to receive the prize book, and I thank you very much.

STORIES WRITTEN BY WIDE-AWAKES.

The Best Kind of a Christmas. One Christmas eve a crowd was looking into the window of a poor boy's home. This boy's name was Willie. He was very happy, and I think that all other children are happy on Christmas eve.

He thought he would get many nice presents. But in the morning he was not so happy because he did not find any of the presents he expected. The crowd was so sorry for the little boy. I forgot to tell you that the little boy got up very early and Santa Claus had not gone.

The crowd flew as fast as he could until he came to Santa and said: "Dear Santa, will you give some toys that you think a little boy would like to have?"

So Santa gave him as much as he wanted and said, "I think I quite forgot to give you a little boy's Christmas tree."

Then the crowd thanked Santa, and took the presents and hid them by his tree. Then he flew to the rabbits who had just felled a Christmas tree.

The crowd asked the rabbits if he could have the Christmas tree they had felled. The rabbits said yes, and he and he invited them to come with him to give Willie the Christmas tree and the presents.

Then he went to the squirrels who gave him nuts and invited them to come. Then he went to the bear and invited him.

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Among those who came to buy boys off this ship was a man who had himself been stolen from Scotland when he was young. He felt sorry for little Peter when he saw him put up for sale. The price the cruel captain asked for him was about fifty dollars. The Scotchman paid this money and took Peter for his boy. He sent him to school in the winter and treated him kindly.

Peter, for his part, was a good boy and did his work faithfully. He stayed with his master after his time was out. When Peter was about seventeen years old this good master died. He left to Peter about six hundred dollars in money for being a good boy. He also gave him his best horse and saddle and all his own clothes.

Some years after this, Peter married and went to live in the northern part of Pennsylvania. He was by this time a man of property.

One night when his wife was away from home the Indians came about his house. He got a gun and ran up stairs. He hid himself in the chimney, but they told him that if he would not shoot they would not kill him. So he came down and gave himself up as a prisoner. The Indians treated him very cruelly. He was with them more than a year. His sufferings were so great he wished sometimes that he was dead.

He knew that if he ran away the Indians would probably catch him and kill him. He waited until one night when the Indians were all asleep he resolved to take the risk. You may believe that when he started he ran very fast, but he was so tired that he fell and hid himself in a hollow tree.

After a while he heard the Indians running all about the tree. He could hear them talking and he thought they would kill him when they found him; but they did not think to look into the tree.

The next night he ran on again. He came very near running into a camp of Indians; but at last he came in sight of the house of a friend. He was tired and carried out his gun and all his clothes left on him. He knocked at the door.

The woman who saw him thought he was a Indian. She called out to the man of the house got his gun to kill him; but he quickly told his friend that he was no Indian, but Peter Williams.

Everybody had given him up for dead, but now all his friends were happy to see him. He was very tired and he had to rest for a long time. He was not so well after this because he felt that Dot was happy with her mother and grandmother.

MARY A. BURRILL, Age 13, Stafford Springs.

The Story of Hot Water. About two hundred years ago a man bearing the title of Marquis of Worcester was inventing a steam engine in a small room before a blazing fire.

This was in Ireland, and the man was a prisoner. A kettle of boiling water was hanging over a fire, and he was watching the steam as it lifted the lid of the kettle and rushed out of the hole. He thought of the power of the steam, and he thought of the effect if he were to fasten down the lid and stop up the nose. He concluded that the effect would be to force the water out of the kettle, and he thought, "There must be in steam."

As soon as he was let out of prison he started an experiment. "I have taken," he writes, "a cannon and filled it three-quarters full of water, stopping firmly up both the barrel and the breech with a cork, and made a good fire under it. Within 23 hours it burst and made a great noise."

After this, the Marquis contrived a rude machine which, by the power of steam, drove up water to the height of 40 feet.

About one hundred years after this a little boy whose name was James Watt and who lived in Scotland sat one day looking at a kettle of boiling water. He saw the steam rise and the steam that rushed out of the nose. He thought he was idle and said: "It is not a shame for you to waste your time so."

But James was not idle—he was thinking of the power of the steam in moving a train of cars. He saw the steam rise and the steam that rushed out of the nose. He thought he was idle and said: "It is not a shame for you to waste your time so."

James grew to be a good and great man and contrived those wonderful improvements in the steam engine which have made it so useful in our day.

What will not the steam engine do? It propels, it elevates, it lowers, it pumps, it drives, it pulls, it drives, it prints, it weaves, and does more things than I can think of. If it could speak, it might say:

"I manage the mill and the mint; I hammer the ore and turn the wheel. And the news that you read I print." He was the first steamboat on the Hudson river, and in 1829 a locomotive steam carriage went over a bridge in England.

CLARENCE A. HATHAWAY, Age 11, Bozrahville.

How I Grew a Half Acre of Corn. In the fall of 1914 a field was plowed and sown that had not been plowed for over twenty years. We used a side hill plow.

When spring came and the frost was out and the ground dry enough I harrowed it with the wheel harrow.

Then in about a week or so after harrowing it we spread on eight loads of stable manure which I immediately harrowed in, using the wheel harrow.

It was in the last of May that I harrowed again for the last time with the spring-tooth harrow.

The fifteenth of May the field was planted with an Eclipse Corn plant, and using 200 pounds of Rogers and Hubbard's corn fertilizer an having the rows about three feet apart and about fifteen inches in the row between the hills.

After it had been planted about a week I went over it with a heavy bush.

It came up in about eight or ten days. When it was about two inches high I went through it with a cultivator. It was cultivated in all six times about a week or ten days apart.

The corn was hoed twice, working mornings and nights after school and Saturdays.

The 14th of September I began cutting corn. I worked before and after school and finished it the 17th of September.

After husking the 27th of September, working as I had time, on mornings and nights and Saturdays, I finished husking the 22nd of October, having in all 200 bushels of corn.

It was the best crop I ever had of the corn to the Connecticut Fair and won a prize of three dollars.

MASON PARKER, Age 12, Mansfield.

Roads. Good roads are very valuable because light carriages can drive over them easily, and because heavy loads can be drawn over it quicker and with larger loads.

In selling a farm, if there are good roads starting from it, it is more valuable. The most important part of the roads is the crown. The crown should be rounded off so that the rain will run into the gutter and not soak down and make the road muddy.

There should be no trees so near the side of the road that the leaves will fall into the road, for that will make the road muddy. A road grad will be used after every rain to fill up the ruts. It is not used in all places.

If the soil of the road does not pack

well, put gravel on to bind it. A road needs attention to keep a good crown. Trees and brush should be cut away from the edge of about a yard.

MYRTLE DUPREY, Age 12, Colchester.

Molly's Grief. In sight of a railroad lived an engineer with his wife, two daughters and mother in a large white house. Every day the family sat on the piazza watching the train and the children waved their hands to their father, who could not get home often.

Molly was ten years old and Dot was seven and they had many good times together.

One day, however, their father lost his work and could get no other. The family had to move to smaller houses, and then again to a still smaller one. After awhile the engineer began to drink and that took what little money he earned.

His wife died during the next summer and now they had to live in a little tenement house and Mr. Brown drank more than ever.

The children's clothes were reduced to rags by wear and often they had nothing to eat. They were very poor.

One day their father came home drunk, as usual, and in his anger beat Molly and her mother, then threw a stick of wood at Dot, which hit her above the eye and made a horrible scar. Not long after that his mother was taken ill and died.

Dot's father took her away somewhere; no one knew where.

Molly was taken to an orphan asylum. Her mother was very sad, for she had no one in the world now, but Dot and she had been taken away and perhaps she would never see her again.

Molly was taken from the asylum soon after by kind friends. She told them about Dot and a search was made. For several months they were not successful, but helped many other poor children.

At Christmas time they planned to give presents to the poor children in the hospital and while they were there Dot was found. They knew her by her eyes. She told them how she had been left in the street by her drunken father and from there taken to a hospital by a policeman. She was very ill and could not live long, the doctor told them.

Molly spent the last day with her. It was the happiest and yet saddest day of her life. She was very tired and Molly was not so sad after this because she felt that Dot was happy with her mother and grandmother.

MARY A. BURRILL, Age 13, Stafford Springs.

My Country Home. It was the last of June. The odor of many flowers was every where. I went and sat on the front porch of my country home and saw the Yellow Tea Roses and the climbing red ones seemed to beckon me to their cool shade.

Carrying a large bunch of roses I entered the cool dining room and placed them in a vase on the table.

From the French windows I could see the garden and some of the tennis friends practicing for the tennis tournament.

Taking a book I stepped on the lawn and started for the orchard. The orchard, which I had just planted, was a rectangle and had about three hundred and fifty apple trees. In the center is a little grove of such old-fashioned trees as the old-fashioned apple trees and then flows on to the river.

Selecting a sheltered nook among the trees I sat down to read; but was soon interrupted by a noisy squirrel, who soon came into my lap looking for nuts, though he was sorely disappointed.

I again resumed my book and was soon so interested that I did not hear footsteps near me until some one put my hands on my eyes and I instinctively knew it was my cousin.

Saying I could not read that day, we started for the pond. Arriving there we got in a boat and I rowed off. We had been out on the water for some time when I saw a small boat with two people in it. It was my cousin.

Saying I could not read that day, we started for the pond. Arriving there we got in a boat and I rowed off. We had been out on the water for some time when I saw a small boat with two people in it. It was my cousin.

Later in the afternoon I took my cousin home in my pony cart and returned at dusk.

The rest of my vacation was spent in riding on outings and touring about and later in the fall when the harvests were taken in, I returned back to school and my friends.

GLADYS BOTTLE, Age 12, Stafford Springs.

Sir Edwin Landseer. Edwin Landseer was one of the most famous artists of modern times. He lived from 1812 to 1875.

He was born in London. His father was an engraver whose work was much admired. His brother was also a famous engraver.

The lad learned to draw at a very early age. He loved to go out into the fields and sketch the animals he saw. He drew so well that his friends soon began to be surprised at his work.

When he was about ten years old he went to London and visited the museum at South Kensington. In London you may still see some of the drawings which he made before he was eight years old.

When the boy went to work he took his sketch book with him and told his pencil what he saw. He liked best to sketch animals and he went where he could find animals to sketch.

Young Landseer became the pupil of a famous English painter, Benjamin Haydon. Haydon taught him to study the structure of the animals he painted, so that he might know the place and shape of every bone and muscle.

He was not contented with sketching; he watched them as they moved about in the fields, played with one another, or sought for food. He was their friend and he understood them almost as if they could have spoken to him.

When Landseer was fifteen years old he painted a picture of dogs fighting. Everyone who saw it admired it and it was sold at a good price. He painted a picture of a dog's face and everyone who studied his pictures went away with a real liking for the animals themselves.

In the pictures he represents himself as sketching, and his two dogs looking over his shoulders at the sketch, as if they were judging whether it is good or bad. One hardly knows which to like more in the picture, the frank open face of the artist, with its clear eyes and noble brow, or the earnest, intelligent faces of the dogs.

You may sometimes see this artist's name written "Sir E. Landseer." Queen Victoria made him a knight with the title of Baron because his work had been so well done.

CARRIE GELO, Age 11, Lebanon.

Phillips Brooks. Phillips Brooks was born in Boston, December 13, 1825. His college education was received at Harvard, after which he studied theology at the seminary in Alexandria, Va.

After preaching for several years in Philadelphia, he removed to Boston and filled the office of rector of Trinity