

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 say—Be that! Straightforwardly act. Be honest—in it. Be nobody else but you.

POETRY.

Your Mother. Of all the words of mortal tongue, There isn't any other

That sounds one-half as dear and sweet As the precious name of mother.

She can lighten any burden, She can lift your load of care, And you never have to share

That she wasn't glad to share. Tho' you often sorely grieve her

And follow paths astray That cause you tears of bitter sorrow, She will kiss them all away.

Other friends may oft forsake you And cause your woes to thus increase, But your mother'll not forget you e'er

—Lucretia M. Lawrence.

The Mountain and the Squirrel. The mountain and the squirrel Had a quarrel,

And the former called the latter "Little Prig."

Bun replied: "You are doubtless very big; But all sorts of things and weather

Must be taken in together To make up a year And a sphere;

And I think it no disgrace To occupy my place. If I'm not so large as you, You are not so small as I,

And not half so wise as I. I'll not deny you make A very pretty squirrel track;

Talents differ; all is well and wisely put; If I cannot carry forests on my back

Nether can you crack a nut. —Ralph Waldo Emerson.

UNCLE JED'S TALK TO WIDE-AWAKES.

It is interesting to trace the origin of words and their first meaning.

How do you suppose this star upon which we live came to be known as the earth?

You never heard of anyone's calling it a star before, but it is a star in space

like Venus, and seen from Venus it would be a shining star as Venus is to us.

For a long time it had no name, but after men ceased to roam in tribes

and proceeded to plow the ground, some man of great mental force named it "the plowed," so that the earth

received its name from the habit of men of fixed habitations preparing the earth

for the reception of seed for the production of a crop.

It was a good name in a deeper sense than the name thought, for the icebergs had plowed the earth into

hills and valleys before it was ready for man's habitation, and these great ice-plows are shaping valleys, making

little round hills and making deep channels in the cold parts of the earth

today. Then the star which makes life on this globe possible was called "the sun"

because it is the source of life and light, the begetter of all good things.

Then the moon, which is believed to have once been a part of this earth,

had to go without a name until man had studied it sufficiently to know

that it ran its course around the earth once in 30 days, and then it was given its name—the moon, or the measurer;

and the tribes of wild men did not have a calendar, so they did not count their moons into years, but reckoned

everything by months, or moons. You see, names grow out of knowledge,

and are usually related in some way to the things named.

This is readily seen in the words flagstaff, hardware, stone-ware, boat-house, sandbank, Sunday school.

The relation of many old names to the object which bears them has been lost, and that is why it is a profitable study to trace the meaning of them.

THE WINNERS OF PRIZE BOOKS.

- 1—Helen M. Dawley of Plainfield, The Hobbs Twins at Meadow Brook. 2—Walter Sappington of Stafford Springs, Black Beauty.

- 3—Doris I. Grandy of Yantic, The Doll's Story Book. 4—John J. Mars of Norwich Town,

Robinson Crusoe. 5—Laurence Rivers of Willimantic, Animals at Home.

6—Margaret Forbes of Oneco, The Swiss Family Robinson. 7—Fannie Edmiston of Norwich Town, Grimm's Fairy Tales.

8—Mary A. Burrill of Stafford Springs, The Camp Fire Girls on the March.

LETTERS OF ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

Mildred Brennan of Norwich: Thank you very much for the prize book. It is a very interesting book.

Mary A. Burrill of Stafford Springs: I received the prize book, Robinson Crusoe, and thank you very much for it.

Louis J. Barrows of Willimantic: I received the prize book. Thank you for it. I like it very much.

Curtis D. Kinney of Lisbon: Have received the prize book and thank it fine. I thank you very much for it.

Nellie Lynn of Stafford Springs: I thank you very much for the prize book. It is a very interesting book.

Mary A. Burrill of Stafford Springs: Many thanks for the lovely prize book you sent me entitled Miss Pat in the Old World. I was very much pleased with it.

Ivy Fisk of Norwich: Thank you for the prize book you gave me entitled The Camp Fire Girls Across the West. The author, Margaret Underlock, writes very interesting books.

Nancy Tretault of Versailles: I received the prize book and have read it through. It is very interesting. I thank you very much for it.

STORIES WRITTEN BY WIDE-AWAKES.

Greedy Hens. One day I chopped up a large plat of meat and took it out to feed my hens.

There happened to be one piece much larger than the others, having a bone in it, so I could not cut it. As I set

the meat before my hens one greedy one caught this large piece and ran off with it.

Another hen wanted the same piece, and ran after her to see if she could catch it. The other hens were all

chasing each other around the yard, trying to eat the bone, which was so large that they could not swallow it. Other hens ate up all the finely cut

meat. When the two hens got tired of chasing about the bone they went off and left it lying on the ground. They looked sily enough when they

came back and found the bone still there. They had lost their dinner

through their selfish greediness. Doubtless this was a very foolish

conduct in the hens, but I have known boys and girls to be no wiser in this respect than Bantam and Speckle.

NANCY TRETAAULT, Age 12. Versailles.

Baseball.

In the spring just as the weather is getting about the baseball season

begins. It is a very delightful game and is good exercise. Many boys play

game and when they are of age they enlist in baseball leagues.

This story which I am writing is about a baseball game which was played by the villages of Bozrahville and Fitchville. It was on a Saturday

that the game was planned for and to this good luck it was a pleasant day.

About 2 o'clock in the afternoon the game started on the Bozrahville diamond.

The Fitchville team came up to the Bozrahville play grounds first of

victory. Before the game started both teams talked over what they would do if they won. It was decided that

the winner should get a dollar and a quarter bill.

As the Fitchville team came up to the Bozrahville play grounds they were

the first to go to the plate and bat. It was a good game for both teams

were tied until the ninth inning. But in the ninth inning one of the Bozrahville players hit a home run which

won the game. They shouted, ran and jumped for joy while the other team, disheartened,

went home. HARRY LEVY, Age 12. Bozrahville.

Dust.

Soon it will be time for spring cleaning. Seems to me that winter cleaning

would be a lot better, because the dust is all frozen and has been lying

around like a lot of crazy germs. Dust is a funny thing, anyway. You

never see it and you don't feel it. It is in the room for a day you find it has

been there all the time and has settled down to rest on any surface that was handy.

I have never been able to discover any use for dust except of course, gold dust. Oh, yes. If there was no dust, no one would be kept busy. No dust

two very pleasant weeks. MILDRED JOHNSON, Age 9. Danielson.

Eleven Little Pigs. Papa had 11 little pigs and seven of them died, so only four were saved.

They were doing well when the old mother ate two of them. Then papa gave the other two to me. When I had these two I thought they were dead

and I have him now, and he is doing well. RALPH H. KENTON, Age 10. Leonard Bridge.

A Summer Mishap. One day last August at the spacious

lawn of my uncle's home I heard some one calling me and I instinctively knew

that it was my cousin. "Glady, do you want to get some

pond lilies? I saw some early ones when I went by the pond today."

The thought electrified me and I jumped out of the hammock and ran

towards some birches where he was standing. He was a stalwart boy of

'8 and I knew he could manage a load of lilies for me.

We were soon in the boat and floating lazily down the stream with the

hot sun flaming on us. In about ten minutes we reached the

pond lilies and our boat was soon full. We then continued down stream, in-

tending west out at the mill dock. As my cousin was rowing I noticed

a small whirlpool in the stream—miniature whirlpools. My cousin rowed

with his back to the whirlpool, did not see it. I gave warning, but it was too late;

we were already in it and sooner than we had gotten in it we were thrown

out of the boat and into the stream. Old Tommy is very different. He

is very stout and very fat. Fortunately, there was a stump in

the stream and we were knocked against it. We soon got control of ourselves

and after a few minutes succeeded in reaching the shore. This experience taught us to return

the way we came and thus avoid danger. GLADYS HOULE, Age 13. Stafford Springs.

Tommy. I will tell you about my cat named Tommy. When he was a kitten if

he tried to catch him he would hiss and spit and crawl under the stove.

Now Tommy is very different. He is our regular cat. When he wishes

anything to eat he lies down and rolls over. Whenever you want to find

him look in his bed, the big Morris chair, and you will find him. MARGARET BURTON, Age 9. Danielson.

Her Work and Her School. Dear Uncle Jed—I am going to tell

you about my work and school. As my mother works out I have all the

work to do. I do the work when I come home

from school as sweep out, fill the lamps and get the supper. That

saves my mother quite a lot. When she is making rugs and making sofa

pillows. There are two rooms in school. The small one, consisting of first, second

and third grades. The largest has the fourth, fifth, sixth and seventh and

eighth. I have been there all my life and I like to go very much. ANNE GREENE, Age 10. Fiskville, R. I.

She Loves to Watch the Hens. Dear Uncle Jed—I thought I would

write and tell you about my home. I like my home. We have two

horses named King and Dick. Dick is four years old and King is fifteen

months old. They are both very fine. We have four chickens. I love to

watch the hens. NELLIE MUSIAL, Age 9. Mansfield Centre.

My Pet Lamb. Dear Uncle Jed: I took my pet lamb

when she was about a week old and began feeding her milk from a bottle.

I fed her milk for about two months and then she was able to eat grass

and about four months more, after which she ate grass and grew quite

fast. At first she was afraid of me, but soon she became very tame and would

follow me whenever she saw me. I learned her name to come when I called "Betsy."

When I first put her in my pen she

and came up to her. And chick and fast they came at last.

And more, and more, and more. Every day they came up and waited

to be fed. All the animals grew to love her, and they lived long and

happily. HELEN A., Age 10. Hartfordville.

The Hidden Gold. There once lived in sunny Italy a

farmer who had a fine olive orchard. Here he worked early and late, and as

a reward the trees flourished and bore abundantly.

This man had three sons, but they, alas, liked ease better than work. They

thought it beneath them to engage in the humble tasks.

Years rolled by, and the farmer grew old and feeble, and at last saw that

his end was near. Thereupon he called his sons to him and said: "My sons, I am now old and feeble, and my end is

near. I have hidden for you some gold in the olive orchard."

The sons began to know where, but the old man hurried to tell them

the questions and soon their father died. Eager to enjoy their father's

wealth, the sons at once made preparations to go to the olive orchard.

They went to the olive orchard, but the old man had hidden the gold

in a place which they did not know. "Someone has stolen the gold," said

one of the sons. "I have made a search," said another.

"We had our labors for our pains," said the third son.

When spring came the trees burst early into blossom and as the season

advanced every olive tree bore its fruit of the finest flavor. Purchasers

came and when the sons saw the stream of gold collecting in the family

treasury they were glad to miss candy from their pockets and sugar from the

table. This was the orange-utan's doing. He behaved well at the table—much

better than some boys and girls. MILDRED GRANDY, Age 10. Yantic.

Turning the Grindstone. One day last winter I was

accosted by a smiling man with an ax on his shoulder.

"My pretty boy," said he, has your father a grindstone?"

"Yes, sir," said I. "You are a fine little fellow," said

he, "will you let me grind my axe on it?" Pleased with the compliment of "fine

little fellow," and will you, my man," he pushed his ax on my shoulder, and

"Get me some hot water?" How could I refuse? I ran, and soon brought a kettle

of water. "How old are you? and what's your name?" continued he, without

waiting for a reply. "I am sure you are a good boy," said he, "I have

seen; will you just turn for a few minutes for me?"

Ticked with the flattery, like a little school boy, I turned and bitterly

did I rue the day. It was a new axe and I tolled and tugged till I was

almost tired to death. The man, however, I could not get away; my

hands were blistered, and the axe was not to be had.

At length, however, it was sharpened and the man turned to me with, "Now, you little rascal, you've

been a truant; send to school, or you'll rue it!"

"Alas!" thought I, "it was hard enough to turn a little grindstone, this cold day; but to be called a little rascal is too much."

JOHN J. MARA, Age 10. Norwich Town.

Our Adventure. The morning in June was perfect,

the sun was bright, the sky was fleecy white clouds, the birds sang, in fact

it was the very day for a picnic in the woods.

We started, about five girls, with our lunch and made up our mind not to

come back until four o'clock. It was

and put it in the barn. Tommy said "I'll be a blacksmith,

if I can, when I get to be a man. I'll swing my hammer and shoe your

horse, and mend your plow." Henry said "I'll be a carpenter,

if I can, when I get to be a man. I'll make boxes, houses, and boats, and

build my hammer and saw." James said: "I'll be a teacher, if I

can, when I grow to be a man. I'll be good to the children and tell stories

which teach lessons, and show them what they ought to do."

Ned said: "I'll be a printer, if I can, when I get to be a man. I'll make

books with pictures and print papers with good stories."

They all told them whatever they did to do in the best they could.

DORIS L. GRANDY, Age 7. Yantic.

The Wild Man of the Woods. The orang-utan is called "The Wild

Man of the Woods," because he resembles a man more than any other

animal. He belongs to the ape family. He lives in Borneo and Sumatra.

If you take a map you can find his home. The orang-utan eats fruit and fresh

green leaves and buds. He likes a cocoon best of all.

He has a long neck and a long tail, with which he bites off the outside

covering of the cocoon, then he pushes his claws or fingers through

the soft spots at the end of the nut and drinks the milk. Then he strikes

the nut against anything hard and breaks the shell.

Few other animals dare to fight him and he is very fearless. He

is very strong and can lift a heavy animal. He is very shy. It happened that

once a sailor caught an orang-utan and took him home on a vessel. Pro-

vided the man began to miss candy from their pockets and sugar from the

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NORWICH TOWN

Perfect Attendance at Town Street School for Past 12 Weeks—Practical Pupils in West Town Street Schools—Ministers Being Entertained.