

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.

POETRY.

Robbie's Challenge. By Sir J. Douglas.

"Who goes?" cried Sir Robin, as he swung on a limb, "Friend or foe, out so early a-walking?"

"Oh, a friend, to be sure! Your eyesight is dim, Not to know an old chum by his talking!"

"Good friend," Robbie said, as he sharpened his eye, "Is it I, chum, or staff you are hiding?"

"Oh, a staff, to be sure! I'm not at all sorry, Lame-a-foot, I ought to be riding."

"But let me come closer: a word in your ear: Early dawn often troubles my seeing."

"No closer, dear friend!—too close, now, I fear, I think I ought to be fleeing."

"Dear Robbie," quoth a friend, "you'll quit break my heart: Such coldness is far past my saying."

Your plump, rounded form, regimental, I've often admired in my straying."

"In Spring, sweet and bright, you are always on wing: Sharp call in the dawn wakes each sleeper."

True sentinel-bird—all are charmed when you sing: Bird-homes may well love such a keeper!"

"Through meadows you fly—then visit the wood: Next, call up the farmboy so cheery."

"Add to think that such beauty—such sweetness should find: How can you, man, or boy be so kind?"

"I just look—dear me! no—I think of dream: Then point to the limb where you settle."

"Tha—that will do, my aly friend; wobbled Robbie, alarmed; "D-do you carry your staff in a gun-cover?"

With rattling bird-shot you seem to be armed: Out for robins or rabbits or plover."

"Twas a hasty 'goodbye'; neither tarried they long: Why summer stunk away like a shadow."

A cherry, so juicy, clears Rob's throat And joyful he flies o'er the meadow:—Our Dumb Animals.

UNCLE JED'S TALK TO WIDE-AWAKES.

Do you know none are working harder to protect and win back the useful birds to the home-lot and the farm than the boys and girls of America.

There are more than three hundred thousand boys and girls who have voluntarily pledged to be kind to all dumb creatures, and the pretty bird houses some of the boys and girls of the bird clubs have built shows how sincere their endeavor is and how wonderful their skill.

Last year Uncle Jed had no wren in his neighborhood. The little fellow was absent for the first time in 17 years, and how he missed this little singer. He had two new wren-houses built, and again this year the wren with his song fills the morning air with music.

A fine bird house that smells of new paint and shells is not what the birds want. They prefer a dry, inconspicuous bird house and if it looks like the stump of a tree or a fence post, the better they like it.

Swallows or martins will live together in a single house, but the wren, bluebird, robin and most of our other song birds do not care to live within a hundred feet of one another. It is doubtful if two pairs of wrens can be induced to make their nests on the same half-acre.

The osprey, or fish-hawk, which builds its nests on the pier spindles on Long Island sound has a coarse nest as big as a half bushel basket, and it is so good natured and social that it lets other little birds make their nest on the side of its nest and he does not disturb them.

It is interesting to learn the way of the birds, or of the butterflies and plants, and there is no end of pleasure in being on familiar terms with the little creatures of the garden, fields and woods.

THE WINNERS OF PRIZE BOOKS.

1—Grace Kern of Norwich: The Meadow Brook Girls Under Canvas.

2—Susan Hatten, of Mt. Hope: The Automobile Girls Along the Hudson.

3—Louise Demuth, of Baltic: Ruth Fielding of the Red Mill.

4—Blanche R. Gauthier, of Brooklynn: Ruth Fielding at Silver Ranch.

5—Edwin J. Williamson, of Norwich: Miss Pat in the Old World.

6—Thelma Boynton of North Franklin: After School.

7—Lillian M. Brehaut, of East Norwich, N. Y.: Madge Morton's Secret.

8—Myrtle Duprey of Colchester: The Meadow Brook Girls Afloat.

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

LETTERS OF ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

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

Lucy A. Carter of Hampton: I thank you very much for the prize book I received. I have read about half of it and it is very interesting.

Water Supins of Stafford Springs: I thank you very much for the prize book. I think it will be about as good as the Tom Swift Series.

Beatrice Burnham of Hampton: Received prize book entitled His Lordship's Huppy. A short time ago, I have read and enjoyed it very much. I hope that other Wide-Awakes will enjoy their books as much as I did mine.

STORIES WRITTEN BY WIDE-AWAKES.

An Unhappy Girl.

Alice was a girl everybody could like, but didn't like for the reason that she was a haughty, stuck-up child.

She was the only daughter of a wealthy jeweler in the small town of Salem, and therefore she would have everything her heart desired, but still she was unhappy, for she had no friends.

The girls that went to the small school where Alice attended, were not the daughters of rich men (that is, with the exception of a few) and Alice would not think of associating with them, although in every respect they were much brighter than she, and more ladylike, and the few girls who were rich, with whom Alice tried to mingle would have nothing to do with her.

Her father, who was a miser, and who had a hoard of money, and when it was the girls all pretended and threatened if Alice was present no one else would be. So as it was so distasteful to the girls, Alice was entirely dropped. And, is there any wonder why this friendless girl, with all her wealth, was unhappy?

GRACE KERN, Age 15. Norwich.

The Potato Scab.

The potato scab is a rough appearing mass on the skin that cuts its market value. It is caused by a fungus that is hard to get rid of. It has been known to stay in the soil for six years. Hot waters will not kill it. The best way to treat it is to use two ounces of pulverized corrosive sublimate in two gallons of water, and let it stand over night, then add three gallons of water, and boil for four or five hours. Then the potatoes may be dipped and planted.

Corrosive sublimate is a poison and the potatoes dipped in it should not be fed to stock.

Formalin is another good method. It is used at the rate of eight ounces formalin to fifteen gallons of water. Sulphur is a better method. Use sulphur at the rate of three hundred pounds to the acre in open rows when the fungus is already in the soil. Hot seed potatoes in sulphur before planting.

SUSAN HATTEN, Age 16. Mt. Hope.

The Origin of Memorial Day.

In 1860 the southern states seceded from the Union and in 1861 the northern states began to fight against each other.

The men on the southern side were called "The Boys in Gray," or "The Confederates," and the boys on the northern side, "The Boys in Blue," or "The Union Men."

The southern states wanted to keep slaves, and the northern states did not so that resulted in many debates and discussions. The north began to gain more power in congress and the south felt that the real cause of the "Civil War" in 1863 Abraham Lincoln, who was then president, issued the Emancipation Proclamation, which ordered the freeing of slaves.

The war lasted from 1861 to 1865, or four years in all. Then peace was made and the southern states went back into the Union.

Abraham Lincoln, who was president all the time, was shot and killed by a man whose name was John Wilkes Booth.

After the war ended, the 30th of May was set apart for decorating the dead soldiers' graves, and for the other soldiers to march.

This day is called "Decoration, or Memorial Day."

GLADYS YOUNG, Age 11. The Story of Stolen Cherries.

Long ago I read a story of some boy who stole cherries, and try as they might the cherries were always turning up and reminding them of their wickedness. It was a good thing for the boy that he could not forget what he had done. It is a dreadful thing to do evil and then care nothing about it.

Do you know what is the best thing that can happen to you if you do wrong? To get found out. To conceal our sin is worse than you may think. It is a sin to lie and man, and pray for forgiveness.

We get vexed with the little birds sometimes when they spoil our fruit trees. I wonder if you have ever seen a man who has stolen a cherry, and who has had a feast in that orchard, and nobody guessed who stole the cherries; but there was one who saw and told about the matter.

The rent was not paid, and the widow was turned out of her cottage; and she had to go and beg for food and by and by, and they could have paid her rent over and over again, but it was too late then—the aged woman had gas.

EDWARD MARRA, Age 9. Bozrahville.

Everlasting Flowers.

I wonder if any of the Wide-Awakes have ever seen any of the Everlasting Flowers, in their gardens. If not, they can never realize how beautiful they are in their many colors.

They are very hard to grow, and they require little care, but must be watered if the season is dry.

I sowed the seeds early in a box, and have ever since kept the garden when danger of frost is over. They require little care, but must be watered if the season is dry.

They make very pretty holiday gifts arranged on post cards, tied with a ribbon, and sent to the sick, as they do not fade.

BLANCHE R. GAUTHIER, Age 18. Bozrahville.

The King and the Haymaker.

George III visited a small town in England. He took a solitary walk that he might see something of the country. He came to a hayfield in which there were many haystacks.

The king inquired where all the rest were. The woman replied that they had gone to the king's garden.

"Why didn't you go, too?" asked the king.

"Pooh," she answered, "I wouldn't walk there with you, and besides, they have lost a day's work by going; and if I were to go my children would suffer. I am too poor to lose a day's work."

LOUISE DEMUTH, Age 11. Baltic.

LETTERS TO UNCLE JED.

Dear Uncle Jed: I thought some of the Wide-Awakes would like to know how we are getting on. The letters of our club are B. C.

We take up sewing and engines; sometimes we read and play games.

Just now there are seven girls in the club. If possible we want to get more children to join. We take up a collection of money after each meeting.

At Christmas time we will take this money and buy things for the children who do not have much.

Doing things with the money is better than keeping it, and buying candy and different things which we do not need.

We are not only doing a kind deed but we are making ourselves happy.

Saturday was my birthday. Our club met at one of the children's homes to celebrate my birthday. We all had a very enjoyable time.

At the end of the meeting refreshments were served and before we went home we sang "How Can I Leave Thee" and a few other songs.

The motto of our club is "Be straight-forward."

THELMA BOYNTON, North Franklin.

Housekeeping in a Piano Box.

Dear Uncle Jed: My plan for housekeeping in a Piano Box may interest many of the young Wide-Awakes.

A charming summer playhouse is an old piano box. The box may stand at the end of the garden, or in front of it. If possible we want to get more children to join.

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Forestry.

Think how many times a day each one of us touches wood in some familiar object. The pencil you write with, the chair you sit in, the floor you walk on, even the daily newspaper, is made of wood.

A very large part of our comforts and conveniences come from products that the forests supply. Whenever we turn we see wood serving innumerable uses.

For a long time India produced large quantities of cotton; more indeed than any other country. India produces other fibres, such as jute, and the widely cultivated, and probably it has been grown longer here than anywhere else in the world.

Egypt produces many cottons. In another country in Africa ranks third in the amount supplied to the world. It has been said cotton is the "back-bone" of Egyptian civilization. It certainly is the crop that brings the most money to the owners of the soil.

The cotton fields of Brazil are found in the tropical districts of the Atlantic sea board and in parts of the interior of the country. More or less cotton is raised in nearly every country.

The name "Paruvian cotton" is often applied to that which grows in both of these countries.

C. ROSENTHAL, Age 13. Norwich.

In all the forest regions trees are rapidly falling. Within the past generation, or since 1880, our government forest inspectors estimate that about thirty million acres of forest land have been cut out in one inch thick over the states of Vermont, Massachusetts, Connecticut, Rhode Island and Delaware; and our forests of forestry trees more than one million trees are not planted, and this cutting goes on at the same rate as now, within a few years our forests will all disappear.

The thought makes us tremble, and we wonder how we could get on without wood. It forms the greater part of our houses, and most of our furniture. It bridges our rivers, and timbers our mines, holds fast the railroad tracks, for which alone we consume every year more than one million tons. Wood is used largely in car and ship building. Ground to a pulp it makes the paper which covers the walls of our houses, and also that of our daily journals and magazines.

There are so many uses of wood that cannot mention them all. Moreover, there is another value our forests possess. They cover the hills and mountains, and their roots act like so many sponges to keep the water flowing steadily. When cut away, the water that falls as rain, rushes down all at once, carrying the soil into the streams and destroying the fertility of the land.

For these reasons our government is advising the people every where to plant trees. It has set aside almost two hundred million acres of woodlands, in various parts of the United States, as national forests. These forests are reserved over our western country from Alaska to Mexico, and are located mostly on the great western plateau and in the Pacific States.

Some of the states are reserving large tracts, the trees upon which may not be cut except in such a way as will not injure the forests.

From the above we can conclude that our forests are of great value. Therefore whenever we go through a forest let us be careful not to drop a lighted match on the ground, or in any way injure the trees already standing.

ANNIE RESNICK, Age 13. Bozrahville.

Miss Clarinda's Thief.

"I must certainly resort to barbed wire," asserted Miss Clarinda, contemplating her azaleas. "They may be stolen any day, just as the tulips were. Myrtle, I wish you'd telephone the carpenter to send up a man."

"You'd repent before he got here, and decide it cruel. You always do," answered Myrtle. "Besides, surely, the thief is caught. He's already in confinement."

Miss Clarinda looked satisfied—several times she had been to the police. "But I never even complained to the police," said she. "I don't understand it. Dear me, I hope the poor man hasn't died."

"He hasn't, and he isn't in prison," Myrtle assured her. "He's at the hospital with a broken leg, and he's only there because he couldn't get over some dandruff this morning, your silver phoenix ones, and as I entered the ward a boy came out. 'I know where they come from,' said the boy, 'from Miss Clarinda's hall!'"

"Are you a friend of hers?" said I. "Guess she wouldn't say so," said he cheerfully, but I knew her garden, and you can't scold a feller with a broken leg, now can you?"

"I couldn't. Before I knew it, I'd have been and given him some of the daffodils, and he was asking what they were. He doesn't know even the commonest flowers, though he's with me about them; and we were good friends."

He lives in that horrid, barren region by the tracks, it seems, and afterwards discovered your garden, he couldn't keep out of it, it was like fairy land. And the way he regards you, is too funny. It's as if you were at once the dragon and the princess. He has an immense admiration for you as a gardening magician, but he reveals in defying you as the dragon sent to guard the treasure."

"Of course he isn't," declared Miss Clarinda, briskly. "A boy who loves a girl like that! I'll take him up, and Myrtle, don't you suppose when he's well I could hire him for some of the best jobs? He could once help grow things, you know, I'm sure he wouldn't want to steal them."

"Just the thing! Aunt Clara, you are a dear old girl. She added demurely, "Shall I telephone about that barbed wire?"

LOUISE DEMUTH, Age 11. Baltic.

OUR CLUB.

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THELMA BOYNTON, North Franklin.

CASTORA For Infants and Children. Mothers Know That Genuine Castoria Always Bears the Signature of J. C. Ayer & Co. In Use For Over Thirty Years CASTORA. THE CENTURY COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

CLEANUP DAY AT SOUTH COVENTRY.

What I Did Clean-Up Day. Dear Uncle Jed: The first thing I did was to make all the tin cans and chips of wood away. Then I took a garden rake and raked all the dead grass away from the yard and brought it in the barn.

I got the horse and drew all the wagons and sleds away to the wagon shed.

Last Saturday I raked the lane. I got a load of wood from the woods the other night and piled it in the woodshed.

I have pulled down the hoghouse and piled the boards away. If it wasn't for the hens, the yard would look good all the time.

FREDERICK KORNER, Age 13. South Coventry.

How He Did It. Dear Uncle Jed: I cleaned up my yard by raking up all of the pieces of wood and tin. I piled up all of the rocks and stones. My father helped me. We wheeled off all of the dirt and tin cans. We raked up some leaves, also.

My father used the leaves for the horse and the cow's bed. I packed up the wood. We had about a cord of wood packed up.

We should clean up our house, barn, sheds and henhouse. I cleaned up our house. I swept the floor and packed away the overcoats and hats.

I threw the corn fodder and hay upon the scaffold. I backed the bullockies and farm wagons under the wagon barn. A one-eyed horse came in.

Last Saturday I cleaned the henhouse. I fixed the roosts and made troughs for the hens and chickens.

HOWARD RICHARDSON, Age 14. South Coventry.

Lillian's Method. Dear Uncle Jed: Last Saturday was Cleanup Day. I thought I would clean our yard. First I picked up all the big pieces of wood. Then I raked the lawn.

We had a milk can of water near our house, so I emptied and cleaned it. If I had emptied it soon, the water would begin to smell and spread diseases, and there would be many mosquitoes.

I had many shingles near our house, because we had our house shingled. I raked the shingles in a pile and then put them in a wagon and carried them to the woodshed.

I raked the dead grass in a heap and my father set it on fire.

There was a hole in the ground where the dog had been digging with his feet. I got a pan of water and dirt and mixed them together, then put it in the hole. This would make it stay in. Then I got a board and stamped the dirt on it.

I planted some flowers so as to make the yard look attractive.

LILLIAN KORNER, Age 11. South Coventry.

Thure's Prevention. Dear Uncle Jed: I told my mother about Cleanup Day and asked if I was allowed to clean up the yard. She said I was, so I went to work with a will. First I took a rake and raked the tin cans, bones, sticks of wood and stones into one pile, then I took a broom and swept up the yard. After I had done this I put the rubbish in a wheelbarrow and wheeled it down in back of the chicken coop. I had three loads of rubbish. I shall set it on fire some time this month.

After this we are going to have a barrel and fill it up with the rubbish and later burn it.

Sir Edward's First Fish.

The announcement that Sir Edward Gray has taken to fishing on the Spey may serve to recall the fact that it will soon be 50 years since our Foreign Secretary caught his first fish.

"I was about seven years old," writes Sir Edward in his book on fishing "and was riding on a shodden pony by the side of a very small burn."

I had seen small trout caught in the burn before, but now, for the first time, and suddenly, came an overpowering desire to fish which gave me no rest till some very primitive tackle was given me. With this and some worms, many afternoons were spent in vain. The impulse to see the trout destroyed all chance of success. It did not suit me to believe that it was fatal to look into the water before dropping a worm over the bank, or that I could not see the trout first and catch them afterwards, and I preferred to learn by experience and disappointment rather than by the short but unconvincing method of believing what I was told.—Manchester Guardian.

LONDON TURNED OUT THIS PELERINE

Over a short skirt and bodice of peacock blue and green plaid is worn a much pointed peltum of green taffeta, edged with a narrow blue velvet ribbon. A one-eyed horse came in.

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THURE HAMBELIN, Age 12. South Coventry.

Barbara's Thoroughness. Dear Uncle Jed: This is how I cleaned my yard: I raked up the lawn and threw the oldgrass in a heap and set it on fire. I picked up the tin cans and boxes of paper and put them in a wheelbarrow and wheeled them down in back of the chicken coop. I had three loads of rubbish. I shall set it on fire some time this month.

After this we are going to have a barrel and fill it up with the rubbish and later burn it.

BARBARA BLEIBROTER, Age 11. South Coventry.

WHAT SOME HORSES SAID

By Mrs. L. M. Hills. This is what some horses said to their masters at the close of the day's work.

Jim: Good master, there is a sore on my hip. I cannot see it, but when the hip rests on it, or the whip sits on it, it gives me pain. Will you please see what causes it and try to cure it? It may be from a nail in the floor. Will you also give me a little thicker bedding? Then try me without the whip. A few more oats and a little less work will do more than the whip.

White Face: My master, why did you strike me on my face today when my feed-bag fell off? I did not get half my dinner, and was it my fault or yours that it was not properly fastened on?

Start: When you send me out on the grocery team tomorrow will you please, tell the boy who drives me, not to