

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.
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.

ROLY-POLY.

By Emma A. Lente.
He has the very finest eyes, soft and clear and brown,
And the love that from them flows
you'd be proud to share.
An he holds his head up high, as a dog
of lineage should,
And a coat of silky softness does he wear.
Of the house from end to end he has
the run,
All the windows are his outlooks,
And every chair his seat;
And he cuddles on one's lap with a
sigh of great content;
He has such a waggy tail, and he
has such prancing feet.

Just a roly-poly of a dog with lus-
trous eyes,
And a head that holds a mighty lot
of sense;
And the house will be a very quiet,
lonely place indeed,
If by any and mischance he wanders
hence.

MY STAR.

(Written for the Wide-Awake Circle)
As I gaze to the east from my window
In early Autumn's night,
I see Capella's light,
Slowly into slumber,
She comes with welcome greeted:
All Summer, now gone by,
Those other folks had had her,
A glowing in their sky.

But now as days grow colder,
And white nights draw near,
Capella gleams upon us,
And sheds her smile of cheer.
The heavens may keep in beauty
More brilliant stars to shine,
Capella's light is steadfast,
And so I call her mine. A. D. A.

UNCLE JED'S TALK TO WIDE-AWAKES.

One little girl wrote Uncle Jed she was saving her garden seeds to plant next spring. This is a good way to learn how different the child is from its parent. The seed is always true to the species and many of them are true to the variety; but many flowers do not renew their colors and some do not repeat their exact form. Daisies and roses and sweet alyssum repeat themselves; but dahlias, and petunias and pansies do not. The pretty little Johnny-pumpkins vary but little. But most flowers can only be kept by making cuttings and keeping them growing upon their own roots. The planting of the seeds will not reproduce flowers of the same color.

A flower garden planted with seeds from its own plants is a surprise to the little girl who saves the seed. The seed from the white petunia makes flowers that are red and white—or white and violet or may be two shades of red. The seed from the white pansy may make pansies of half a dozen different colors; but the sylvia will re-

produce the same blazing red because the laws which produce the plant make it impossible for the insects or the winds to bear pollen to it which makes it liable to change its color.

The boys and girls who plant corn know that corn does not always come true. The winds bring the pollen of other varieties of corn growing near and scatter it over the silk and when the corn is full grown it is not a solid golden yellow, but may have red kernels mixed in it. The sweet corn takes on the color of other corn, and those familiar with corn see traces of Golden Bantam and the old Squaw upon a sweeter and more modern variety.

There is much to be learned from the smallest garden; but we must get acquainted with the flowers before we can understand what they are trying to say to us. Flowers cannot talk but they can act and if we are acquainted with their natural manner and are observing the plants in the garden will reveal many secrets to us. And the first flower is the one to let us see; and the seeds in the outside row of double flowers are best because earliest. Bear this in mind when collecting seed.

We must keep wide-awake in the garden or we miss the lessons which nature is constantly giving us. Save your seeds and know your garden and it will afford you greater pleasure.

LETTERS OF ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

Alvin LaChapelle, of Taftville: I received the prize book I like it very much. I thank you many times for it.

Resina Rogler, of Norwich: I thank you very much for the prize book I received some time ago. It proved to be very interesting.

Katherine Hickey, of Montville: Accept my thanks for the prize book I received entitled, Miss Pinners' Little Girl.

Ella Rockwood, of North Franklin: I thank you very much for the prize book I won. I have read it and find it very interesting.

Martha Hargrey, of Unassville: I thank you very much for the prize book entitled "The Submarine Boy on Duty." I have read it through and found it very interesting.

Eleanor Heinrich, of Taftville: I received the prize book you sent me, and I thank you very much.

Arlene Pearl, of Augusta, Me.: I received the lovely prize book you sent me several days ago entitled "The Girl Aviators and the Phantom Airship." Thank you very much for it.

Eri Gilbert, of Danielson: I received the prize book and thank you very much for it. I think it is a good one.

Ether Shereshevsky, of Norwich: I thank you very much for the prize book entitled Camp Fire Girls in the Maine Woods. I have read a little of it and found it very interesting.

Blanche Lucier, of Taftville: I received the prize book, The Bungalow Boys and the Motor Maids, by Rose Shamrock, and Thea. My brother and I have read them both and found them very interesting. I thank you again and hope if I win other books they will be as interesting as these.

THE WINNERS OF PRIZE BOOKS.

- 1—Ada Ringland, of Norwich Town—Bunny Brown and His Sister Sue.
- 2—Myron Ringland, of Norwich Town—The Dreadnought Boys in Aero Service.
- 3—Ruth Davis, of South Canterbury—Bunny Brown and His Sister Sue Playing Circus.
- 4—Ernest Hattin, of Mansfield—The High School Boy's Canoe Club.
- 5—May Kelly, of Norwich—Bunny Brown and Sister at Camp Regt-A-Whirl.

TOMMY TIDD.

Tommy Tidd says:



"It ain't what's did, but what's didn't, that makes trouble for us Wide-Awakes."

Brown and Sister at Camp Regt-A-Whirl.
—Nancy Tetreault, of Versailles—Bunny Brown and Sister Sue on Grandpa's Farm.
—Mollie Paley, of Colchester—Bunny Brown and His Sister Sue.
—Walter Gavigan, of Williamantic—The Dreadnought Boy's World Cruise.

STORIES WRITTEN BY WIDE-AWAKES.

Glimpses of the Nutmeg State.
Hartford, the capital of the "Nutmeg state," is a beautiful city, covering an area of more than 17 square miles. It is a city of contrasts, with its center and a place rich in places of historical interest.

Among the interesting spots of this city are Bushnell Park and the Capitol, and as they are about the first things one runs across after leaving the depot it is but proper to speak of them first.

Situated in the very heart of Hartford's business district, with its green lawns, vari-colored flowers and shady trees, Bushnell Park is a handsome retreat where the business man can read his morning paper before returning to the office.

This little stream known as the Park river winds its way completely around the park, giving an artistic touch to the scene. Then, too, there is the Cornish Fountain, a handsome piece of art. On the base are four Indians in bronze, four more Indians hold up the pedestal on which rests a large elk. This is a beautiful view of the lawn and looks very pretty with flowers growing all around it.

Benches are placed almost everywhere around the park and are usually occupied by many who cannot go to the other parks on account of the distance take advantage of this central location.

Farther up on the hill is the Capitol, in all its beauty of architecture, made of white marble and ornamented in various ways. It can truly be said to be one of the noblest in the country. As you approach you will notice that pictures have been carved in stone over the doorways, showing some of the incidents in the state's history.

Far above the golden dome of the Capitol sparkles in the sunlight. This is the dome of the State House, hundreds of electric lights as soon as darkness comes and it can be plainly seen all over Hartford.

After lunch she went out for a walk with her brother Tim. In that walk she saw beautiful sights. The water-works walk around the beautiful colors were amazing to Kate.

All of a sudden she found herself near a mammoth hot spring. It was a beautiful sight. The water was so hot that it could be used for heating. She saw other hot springs and pools, and she could not get over the beauty of it.

When through with her thoughts she found herself in another very strange place. She soon found out by her brother that she was in the Niagara Falls. She looked off toward the direction in which he pointed and saw the falls.

She was going to climb upon another cliff to get a better view of the falls she slipped and fell away down in a narrow pathway between two trees.

All of a sudden she heard her mother's voice calling: "Come, Kate, we must finish our shopping before closing." She opened her eyes and found herself in a store.

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The Donkey That Lives in a Castle.

Many years ago we lived in the Isle of Wight, England. About eight miles from our house was Carisbrook castle. In the castle lived a handsome old donkey whose name was Jack. He had lived in that grand old place for nearly thirty years.

The children all gather around and pat and pet him. We feed him with the cakes and apples, or bunches of watercress brought on purpose for "dear old Jack."

No wonder the "well donkeys" are fat and jolly and don't seem to grow old. We should ever have tasted that bright sparkling water if it hadn't been for good old Jack's help. He just steps into a large wheelbarrow, pauper, passer go his little boots for a minute or two, when he turns the big wheel, and up comes a bucket full of the best water we ever tasted.

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Letters to Uncle Jed.

Dear Uncle Jed: Every Friday we have to give an oral composition at school about something interesting we have read in a magazine during the week.

I will tell you what I had for last Friday. It was entitled, "Befriending the Indians." There are sixty matrons in the United States. They travel through the mountains and visit the lonely villages of the Indians.

There is much unnecessary suffering among these tribes. Many a person who is blind might be cured if it had been taken care of when it was small.

There are sixty-nine nurses in the service and a number of doctors. These matrons teach the Indian women how to cook, sew and keep their houses clean.

Dear Uncle Jed: Little Eva took a plateful of dinner out into the shed, to feed her kittens.

When she called them the black kit, and the gray kit, both of them ran to the plate. They each seized a bit of meat and began to shake it and growl over it.

"Don't quarrel little kits!" said Eva. When the meat was all picked out the kittens ran away.

"Oh, now they have wasted all the rest of the dinner!" said Eva. But just then old Dobbin, the horse, came in. He had been in the barn, loose into the yard to eat grass. Dobbin came and put his head in at the door, and he ate up every bit of the meat and bread and butter.

Then Eva laughed and clapped her hands. "O, mamma!" she said, "it is just like the story of Jack Sprat in the nursery." "Twixt them both they cleared the cloth, and licked the platter clean."

Dear Uncle Jed: About a month ago my brother's wife invited me to come and spend a week with her after my father got done haying. So I could be spared.

At last haying was over and I called my sister up by telephone and she said she would meet me in Augusta Saturday.

When Saturday came she met me and we took the train for Hartford. She has several rooms in the same house with another family.

There are four children in this family—three girls and a boy. The oldest is sixteen. Bob is 13 Evelyn is ten, Harriet is five.

Evelyn has a pet chicken named "Chickie" which will follow her everywhere she goes, and will come to her whenever she calls it.

The first evening I was there we played a lot of hide and go seek with the little children.

Infant Rash and Chafing

Quickly Healed by the use of



Read this trained nurse says

"I used Sykes' Comfort Powder on this baby for rash and chafing with the very best results. It is soothing, cooling, and healing to the most delicate skin, and has no other powders but have never found anything to heal skin soreness like Comfort Powder."

Not a plain talcum powder, but a highly medicated preparation unequalled for nursery and sickroom use, to heal and prevent chafing, itching, scalding, eczema, infants' scalphead, prickly heat, rashes, bites, bed-sores, and irritations caused by eruptive diseases and bandages.

At Drug and Dept Stores, 25c. THE COMFORT POWDER CO., Boston, Mass.

The next day a young gentleman asked me to address him to a man on Fairmount. He had a package of pennies to buy an ice cream cone, and there was this same penny.

In our school we collect pennies for the playground association, so I put this penny in, and this was the last I ever saw of it.

Dear Uncle Jed: I am going to tell you about a big dog, and also some birds.

The dog's name is Foust. He is a great Dane and a good, faithful dog. When I go to the village to get our mail Foust comes to greet me and he brings the Norwich Bulletin out of my hand and carries it in his mouth.

He likes very much to shake hands with me. When he wants to come in the house he scratches with his paw at the door. There are some little song sparrows which come by the barn near our kitchen window for crumbs.

I feed them most every morning. I see many starlings, crows, sea-gulls and many other birds. I hear the fog horn very often. I think the Wide-Awake Circle is very interesting to read.

Dear Uncle Jed: I am going to tell you about my school. I have a room with a fine yard to play in. I have joined the sewing club. I love my teacher.

Dear Uncle Jed: In the country now called Bolivia, named after the liberator, Simón Bolívar, a rich civilization existed as far back as the Christian Era, under a dynasty called Pirua.

In the eight century they were succeeded by the Aztecans. In 1532 in the country now Peru, the Incas nation ruled, being only surpassed by the Aztec of Mexico, in high civilization.

In southern Chile the warlike tribe of Aracancians dwelt. When the Spaniards under Francisco Pizarro destroyed the empire of the Incas in 1527 he sent his brother Hernando to conquer the Aymaras which he did (1545) and worked over eight million to death.

Another Spaniard (Almagro) undertook the conquest of Chile and in a few years he subdued the upper half but the Aracancians held out for two hundred years after.

THE STORY OF AN OFFICE CAT

Something That Really Happened.
By Gertrude Cushing.

This is the story of a pussy cat who lived in an office in Boston. She was a great favorite with all the men in the office and if she wanted to walk about on the desks the clerks did not try to prevent her. Sometimes she took one of the pen handles with her soft paw, but no one scolded; so she grew very fond of the desks and often took her naps there.

One morning one of the young men came into the office, opened his big book and reached as usual for his pen, but it was not in its place. In fact, there was not a pen or pencil where he had left them.

So he called the office boy and said: "Michael, where are my pens and pencils?" Michael stopped his work in great surprise. "Sure, I don't know, sir," he said. "I haven't touched them."

And then began a great search, for not only were the pen and pencils gone from this desk, but they were gone from all the desks. And they couldn't be found.

No one thought of asking Miss Pussycat, and yet there she sat all the time, purring contentedly.

About an hour later Michael went to the cellar and at the foot of the stairs he stepped on a hard lump which almost caused him to stumble. He stooped and felt around and there under an old piece of carpet were all the pencils and pens that the night before had been left in their places in the office.

HOW INSECTS MAKE THEIR FUNNY NOISES.

In an interesting article in the October Woman's Home Companion appears the following: "Many of the little folks of field and forest have fine musical instruments, and play on them night and day, for three or four months of the year. The long-horned grasshopper, or true katydid, is the leader of the band. He has two sets of wings, the outer ones used for flying, the inner ones make up the bow and fiddle. Near the base of these inner wings is fastened a set of strong veins. When he moves them so that the veins on each wing rub together, it makes a funny little wavy sound, and that is what is called grasshopper's fiddling."

"Our common little green grasshopper is another fine player. His fiddle is attached to one wing, and he uses his hind leg for a bow. On this leg is a line of little bead-like lumps, from each of which grow a number of fine hairs. When Mr. Grasshopper draws this leg back and forth over his wings, his love-songs thrill out on the summer air. His poor little mate cries hard and makes some kind of music, she goes through the same motions, but can never produce a single sound. She never grows discouraged, but keeps it up all night long, and suppose her lover takes the will for the deed, and loves her just the same.

"Another first-class fiddler is the cricket. His tune is loud and shrill. One time by night, one by day, is his rule. He has even been known to change his note when the clouds darkened the sun for a while in the day. Some insects beat little drums when they want to make music. The seven-year locust has two tiny drums fastened to his abdomen. They are allowed to creep softly down the stairs until he was near enough to see her little form as she dropped the pen into the floor beside the piece of carpet.

Then he saw her lie down on her side, and raising the edge of the carpet push the handle under with her paw. She had to push and push to get it as far under as she wanted it, and she had to make eight or ten trips from office to cellar before all the pens and pencils were safely hidden.

Night after night she repeated this performance, for as no harm was done, she was allowed to amuse herself in this way.

Causes and Prevention of Fires.

There are several ways in which a fire may be started. Lighted matches may be thrown aside by a careless person or by hunters, and set fire to a tree.

A person who smokes cigars or cigarettes may throw away a lighted and therefore cause a fire.

Persons lighting bonfires or brush fires must be very careful so that the fire may not run away and set fire to a forest.

Children may be playing with matches and strike one to set it burn, and the flame may set on fire the child's dress or some paper and thus start a fire.

Fire does damage in a great many ways. It burns the houses and farm buildings of the people, destroys their crops, and sometimes lives are lost.

Granite.

Granite is composed of quartz, felspar and mica mixed without any regular arrangements of the crystals. The grains vary in size from that of a pinhead to a mass of two or three feet in diameter.

Granite varies in color from almost white to black, and from light pink to a dark red. This variation is due to the different proportions of fels-

(Continued on Page Twelve)