

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. Use pen and ink, not pencil.

LETTERS OF ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

Nelson Hume, of Baltic—I received the prize book you sent me and was very glad to get it. I thank you for it.

POETRY.

THE SNOW MAN.

Look! how the clouds are flying south! The winds pipe loud and shrill! An inch above the white drift stands The snow man on the hill.

RE-CREATION.

This coverlet of ice you see is spread To keep the rills from falling out of bed; The snow falls too early, while the wintry breeze

And stand amid the drifted snow, Like thee a thing apart, Than be a man who walks with men

And you may go on with cat for a good while in this way adding to your knowledge.

Now select another three-lettered word to play with. Ob, there's CON—To read carefully.

What does solitaire mean? A game you play for your pleasure alone. To play it with the alphabet place the alphabet before you and select we will say three letters:

CAT—An animal. CATER—To feed people. CATCH—To overtake and hold a person.

CATTLE—Live stock. CATCHES—To question people. CATAMARAN—A boat with two hulls.

And you may go on with cat for a good while in this way adding to your knowledge.

Now select another three-lettered word to play with. Ob, there's CON—To read carefully.

CONCEAL—To hide—to disguise. CONCRETE—To be firm.

CONCUR—To agree in opinion. CONDOLE—One of the biggest of birds.

To just notice how words are built we will select another:

MAN—A male human being. MANAGE—To control.

MANFUL—To be brave. MANGE—The hair on the neck of a horse.

MANGO—Fruit of the mango tree. MANSE—Home of a minister.

To close we will take another little word to play with:

OFF—In the distance. OFFENSE—An insult.

OFFICIATE—To preside. OFFSET—A wall.

OFFSIDE—Side to right of driver. OFFING—Deep water off shore.

This is a way to make study pleasant, to get a command of words and to know what words mean.

Exercises of this kind in play will make you a prize winner in school.

ETHEL'S VALENTINE PARTY

It was St. Valentine's Day and the postman, overburdened with letters and bundles, rang the basement bell vigorously. Ethel, who had been watching at the window, had visions of a large St. Valentine's Day mail, so she rushed to relieve the letter carrier of the mail matter addressed to the family.

But she was not quick enough. Jack, her brother, had already opened the gate and was talking to the postman. "Anything for me?" eagerly asked Ethel.

afraid you'll have to go to bed hungry." Ethel was again on the verge of tears, but she bravely suppressed them. This certainly was a fine birthday.

Not quite understanding the reason for all this, Ethel went to obey, and in a short time had her very best clothes on.

As she came downstairs, everything seemed to brighten up. There were no suppressed murmurs, and when she reached the parlor a group of her girl and boy friends came running up to her, shouting gleefully: "Surprise! Surprise!" and shaking her hands and dancing around as though possessed.

It took Ethel several minutes to comprehend the situation. It was her birthday, and this party was in her honor! Evidently some one had thought of her. This was to be a real birthday after all.

The children were led into the dining room, and there what a sight met their eyes! The room looked like a beautiful and beautiful decoration, and the table, the center of it all, was overlaid with good things. There was a big birthday cake, with 11 lighted candles.

Never was there such a merry party! And after supper the children had a lovely time playing games, and it was an hour before midnight before they left for home.

man. They looked no taller than one inch.

We were thinking of returning home when my uncle said: "You must see Old Orchard Beach before you go."

So we all agreed to go the next day if pleasant. We left about nine o'clock and reached the beach about noon. My uncle told me about the great fire which destroyed many of the buildings, of which I saw the ruins.

The next day we left for home in Tatville. My grandmother wanted me to stay longer, but I thought it was about time to go. We reached Norwich about ten at night, just in time to catch our car for Tatville.

I hope some of the Wide-Awakes will go to Maine and enjoy such sports as a boy.

A Kind Cat. A few months ago my mother went out visiting her friends and I had to stay all alone at home. I got out my playthings and started to play with my doll.

All of a sudden I heard a knock at the door. At first I was afraid to go to the door, but at last gained courage to go and see who it was.

When I came to the door there was a poor, feeble old man, who could hardly see.

I asked him "what he wanted?" He said: "Will you please give me something to eat?"

I saw he was old and could not see, so I called him into the house and gave him some coffee, bread and cake. He thanked me very much.

When my mother came home she found me in a little while he came back holding a dime which she said he had found in these trousers.

I told him to keep it, but he said: "Give it to your father."

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Once we went out, all but my Daddy, and while we were gone a little canary bird flew into our window. My father heard a little noise, but he was too busy to go and see what the noise was.

When we came home I ran into the dining room, and said there was a butterfly in the house. I flew around the table so fast that I could not see it.

My father and mother came to see it. It was not a butterfly, it was a canary bird. My mother and my father went and shut all the windows in the house.

My mother said she would keep it till it grew to be a large cat, and then she could do whatever she wanted to do with him.

Bertha's Cat. One day a little girl named Bertha was walking in the forest when she heard a scratching and a purring sound. She looked behind her and saw no signs of a cat or kitten.

She kept up her walking until she heard the official sound again. She turned around and saw a cat.

Her mother said she would keep it till it grew to be a large cat, and then she could do whatever she wanted to do with him.

Have any of the Wide-Awake girls or boys ever noticed the different shapes of the frost?

It is real nice to see how many of the different designs you can find if you take a magnifier and hold it over the frost; but you must look quick for a seat from the magnifying glass melts.

Now, for instance, look at the window sill outdoors. If you have sharp eyes you will not need a magnifying glass, for you can see all the nice shapes, such as crosses, stars, and you can even see the outlines of flowers in them.

Many of them are very pretty. Write some of the Wide-Awake children would try this and see what they can make out of the frost.

THELMA BOYNTON, Age 15. North Franklin.

New Year's Eve in Korea. The night before New Year's is the Christmas eve of the boys and girls in Korea. Instead of a jolly old Santa Claus bringing them presents, however, they are taught to dread an ugly old man, or devil, who is lurking around to steal their nice things.

For this occasion each boy and girl has an entirely new outfit of clothes—white trousers padded with cotton, nice new shoes, daintily turned up, and a new hat.

Choice dainties in the way of food and amusements are also prepared for this occasion, and children are kept awake by their mothers till the new day comes in, lest the old Quayshin may come and carry off their nice things. Also, they must not leave their shoes on the doorsteps as usual, for if they do the old fellow will try them on and they will be led to bad luck during the ensuing year.

They must put an old sieve on the doorstep for him to look into, however, for it is said that the numberless little openings of the sieve will so puzzle the Quayshin that he will at once take himself away, and the boys and girls are spared the horrors of New Year's fiery, fear and good luck.

The Korea boys and girls have queer customs, don't you think so? KATHERINE GORMAN, Age 12. Versailles.

A Boy's Foolish Adventure. The Natural Bridge has long been thought one of the great curiosities of our country. It is in Virginia, and is called Rockbridge county.

Many years ago a boy stood in the dark canyon underneath this bridge and he took a stone, as all other visitors do, and tried to throw it so as to hit the arch of the bridge above; but the stone stopped before it got half way up, and fell back, sounding on the rocks below.

When he was told the old story that nobody had ever thrown to the arch except George Washington, who had thrown a silver dollar clear to the center of the bridge.

These were names scribbled all over the rocks. People are always trying to write their own names in such strange places as this. Above all the other names were two rows of mere

TOMMY TIDD.

What Tommy Tidd Says:



"Rags an' ole rubber, paper-rags! Ole brass, bottles, burlap-bags! Clean up yer cellars, garrets, too! We pay cash money, tinware new!"

That's what I'll be, one these days, Rag-bag-bottle-man, bet it pays. Jest drive hollerin', down the street, Wiggs an' ole rubber, like big Pete.

Myrene M. Garrison.

scratches. If they had ever been named they were too much dimmed to be read by a person standing on the rocks below.

The lower of these two high names, the people said, was the name of Washington. It was said that when he was a young man he climbed higher than anyone else to rub noses like big Pete on the rock; and the name above his, they said, was the name of a young man who had had a strange adventure in trying to write his name above that of the Father of His Country.

This foolish boy, whose name was Pepper, climbed up the rock to write his name above the best. Pepper climbed up by holding to little broken pieces in the rocks until he had got above the names of all the other names.

There was nothing to do now but to climb out from under the bridge and so up the face of the rock to the top of the gorge. He must do this or die. As the time wore on he worked his way up. When he could find a little bush in the rocks he thought himself lucky. At last he began to get out at the side of the bridge, where he could be seen from above. His strength was almost gone. He could not cling to the rock much longer. A rope with a noose in it was swung to him. He let go his grip on the rock and threw his arms around it. He knew no more.

He was drawn up over the rocks to the summit, quite unconscious. Afterward he became a man of distinction in his state; but when any of his friends asked "Colonel Pepper about his climbing out from under the Natural Bridge he would say: "That was a boy's foolish adventure."

NO NAME.

LETTERS TO UNCLE JED.

George's Visit to New York. Dear Uncle Jed: I think the Wide-Awakes are interested in my visit to New York and Long Island.

My father, brother and I left Christmas day on the New London boat for New York. We arrived there in the morning, Dec. 26, 1916. We went to my brother's house and stayed until the next day. Then we left for Sea Cliff, L. I.

I wonder if any of the boys and girls have ever been to New York? If not, they want to go. I would like to see New York, so I had better tell about my visit to Long Island.

My father and I stayed at the Sea Cliff hotel while on our visit. When we came home school had begun, so I had to begin my studies, too.

GEORGE KLEIN, Age 12. Brooklyn.

Only Missed One Day. Dear Uncle Jed: I live about a mile from school, and have missed one day all term. My teacher's name is Miss Meyer and I like her very much. I would like to tell you about our school, but I am too late.

Will say goodbye, with love to all the Wide-Awakes.

MARY DE CARLO, Age 9. Brooklyn.

Charles Likes His Teacher. Dear Uncle Jed: I am about a mile from school. It is a little red school on a hill. I haven't lived here very long, so cannot write about the place.

Our teacher has promised us a box of chocolates if we use correct grammar. So many of us say "aint" for "ain't," and I do so, too.

I like my teacher because she is good to us.

ELLIOTT.

Martha Enjoys Wide-Awake Stories. Dear Uncle Jed: I have read the stories in The Bulletin and enjoy every word. I always wanted to try and write, but am afraid I won't win a prize. My teacher has always said: "If you don't at once succeed, try, try again"—so here I am.

There are three children in our family, but only two of us attend school. I am very fond of reading, and have read quite a few books. Mrs. Stetson, who lives near the school, kindly loans me all the books I want, and besides our school has a library.

Would like to write more, but think I best to leave room for others.

Love to all Wide-Awakes.

RAYMOND J. WOODS, Age 5. Norwich.

A Soldier's Boy. Dear Uncle Jed: I am a soldier's boy, living at Fort Wright on Fisher's Island, New York. My father is a district ordnance sergeant and first sergeant of the corps of ordnance. We

have six companies of coast artillery, one ordnance corps and one quartermaster's corps. They also have 2-6 inch 18x14 inch guns at the batteries, and they are well equipped in case of war.

The fort is on the south end of the island, defending Race Rock Light-house.

FELIX POYET, Fort H. G. Wright, N. Y.

She Goes to School. Dear Uncle Jed: I am a little girl 7 years old. This is the first time I ever wrote a letter.

I go to school with my sister. We have a mile and a half to walk every day. Sometimes we have to go to school Saturdays. I don't like to. I like to play.

CHRISTINA M. CLARK.

Guinea Pigs Eat With the Cats. Dear Uncle Jed: I am ten years old. I go to Bailey school. I am in the fourth grade.

I like my teacher very much. I have two guinea pigs and they eat from the same dish as the cats. The cats' names are Teddy and Purty. They are long haired cats.

CORA F. CLARK.

A Queer Rag Bag. Dear Uncle Jed: I must tell you about a queer rag bag. My Aunt Mary kept her rags in a large bag. One day she made the mark that the bag was very full and must be sold to the peddler as Cousin Vera needed a new dress.

The peddler came and Vera carried out the bag of rags. He weighed them and said: "You have a fine lot here. They come to forty-five cents. I will put them in my cart."

As he did so, Aunt Mary heard him say "fine lot here." She ran out followed by Vera and Uncle Chester, and what do you think? Old Hunter, the cat, with two of the prettiest kittens you ever saw in the rag bag!

She had been missing three weeks and they had inquired of the neighbors, but no one had seen her.

MILDRED WEAVER, Age 11. Mansfield Depot.

Jim Crow, Jr. Dear Uncle Jed: I go to school at South Plainfield. My teacher is Miss Ruth E. Moore. I like my teacher. She is a very good teacher. We take the Norwich Bulletin.

Wide-Awake page. I also look at the weather predictions.

I have a cow that is no horned. I have two fine kittens. One is Jim Crow, Jr. and the other is Speckle.

DAVID C. KINNE, Age 7. South Plainfield.

My Pet Cat. Dear Uncle Jed: I think the Wide-Awakes will like to know how cunning my cat is. He will jump through my arms and runs and rolls up in the rugs on the floor; and then if I make him jump any more he is so mad at me, he will hiss and scratch me.

He loves to play with a feather. He bounds and jumps in the air when he plays. He is a dark tiger.

North Franklin.

Dilla and the Brook. Dilla loved to play with the pretty brook on Grandpa's farm. She played tag and would run by it till it crossed the road. That was as far as Dilla was allowed to go.

She played "So-Peep," too. She would run around the little cow path. Sometimes the trees hid the brook and Dilla played it was hiding from her.

When she had passed the trees and could see the brook she would laugh and call "Peep-a-hoo!" I see you in LAWRENCE GAUTHIER, Age 12. Brooklyn.

She Had a Gay Time. Dear Uncle Jed: My father has two horses. He calls them Dick and Dan. Dan is sorrel, Dick is black. This morning Dan hurt himself with his cast.

We have four calves and ten cows. The calves are about six months old. My father is very busy and will be all winter, cleaning out tops from a large wood-lot cut off by Mr. Geisthardt.

We children went sliding on the ice in our meadow. We had lots of fun till one little boy fell down and began to cry so we went home.

One little boy stayed and played with me till dark and then went home. I went down to my grandmamma's for Thanksgiving. I went to the moving pictures to see my aunt, and where she works.

My father did not come after us because it stormed. We had a gay time that night and did not go to bed very early.

DORIS L. GRANDY, Age 8. Yantic.

His First Journey. Once there was a little boy who was only a few years of age. He did not know very well what was a journey.

One day his sister took him on a little journey in the train. He traveled through the mountains and came to a little valley in which there was a depot with many electric lights shining.

All at once he saw a bright light shining above the others and said to his sister: "Oh sister, I see the star of Bethlehem!"

His sister brought him to sit on her knees and talk of what they saw. As to what she got in the village, he asked his sister: "Are we in the world?"

LAWRENCE GAUTHIER, Age 12. Brooklyn.

The Reason. A little girl seven or eight stood before a closed gate. A gentleman passed slowly. The little girl turned and said to him: "Will you please open this gate for me?"

The gentleman did so. Then he said kindly: "Why, my child, couldn't you open the gate for yourself?"

"Because," said the little girl, the paint's not dry yet." And he looked at his hands and believed her.

Yantic. JOHN A. BURNS, Age 10.

A Trip to Watch Hill. Dear Uncle Jed: I am going to tell you about a trip to Watch Hill. I went to Watch Hill with my father and brother. We were there for a week.

One day when I was out in the huckleberry lots my friend said that he was going to Watch Hill, so I decided to go with him. We decided to go on a Sunday.

It was a rainy day, but it looked as if it might clear up. So we got our lunch and started.

We went on the Block Island at 3 o'clock and we didn't get home until 8 o'clock in the evening.

We had a fine time. We ate our lunch and then my friend and I went in the water. We rode on the merry-go-round.

We also went to a place where we could see Atlantic beach. Here nobody could go in swimming because the surf was so high. We saw a lot of shells.

We found many pretty shells in the sand.

FLORENCE PEARSON, Age 10. Norwich.

Kinds of Freedom. The Kaiser is fighting for the freedom of the world, but Herr Liebknecht waits in prison till another secures the freedom of the press and the freedom of legislative speech.

Florida Times-Opinion.

Advertisement for Castoria, featuring a bottle illustration and text: "Net Contents 15 Fluid Ounces. 900 DROPS. For Infants and Children. Mothers Know That Genuine Castoria Always Bears the Signature of J. C. Ayer & Co. In Use For Over Thirty Years. CASTORIA. THE BETHELMAN COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY."

JOEY JOE, THE BOLD SKATER BOY

Joey Joe was a bit of a boy— A bit of a boy was he,— He tired of his sled and then he said "A bold skater I will be!"



He then raised up on bended knees—"I'll blow my fingers warm," said he; "What's a little thump on the head For a skater bold like me!"

And then he up and glided away On a crooked line with a wobbly gait; "Bully boy!" he said, "You'll yet get straight, And show'em how to cut a figure 8!"

W. A. P.

He took his skates and away he hied To the pond in pasture plot. He sat on his sled and then he said—"I'll see if I can skate or not!"



Skates on! Happily he stood right up! Not long could he upright stay! His feet spread out when he went to start. From himself he seem'd running away.

He whirled around, he clawed the air— What the matter he could not see— He thought the pond was quaking there— That everything's wrong but me!

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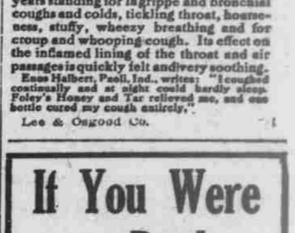


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