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.

"When Willie Goes to School."

When Willie goes to school, it seems
The house has lost its light,
And silence like a shadow dreams
Of sunshine out of sight;
The place assumes a sombre air
And lonely musings rule
The moments slowly passing there,
When Willie goes to school.

We hustle him from bed and tell
To quickly wash and comb,
His breakfast eat, and gather well
The books he carried home;
We brush his coat and fix his tie,
And with him fuss and fool,
And kiss him as he hurries by—
When Willie goes to school.

And all day long we anxious wait
To hear his footsteps fast
Make music sweet there at the gate
When he comes home at last!
The lonely heart with rapture fills
And life's hot warrings cool,
And all the house with laughter thrills
When Willie comes from school!

Ah, World—the school that all hearts seek!—
We know full well that you
Will keep him long at tasks that speak
Of books and ferule, too!
God grant that in the far-off years
He finds no dunce's stool!
Whereon to weep with foolish tears,
When Willie goes to school.

—Oklahoman.

What the Winds Bring.

(Edmund Clarence Stedman.)

Which is the wind that brings the cold?
The north wind, Freddie; anl all the snow;
And the sheep will scamper into the fold
When the north begins to blow.

Which is the wind that brings the heat?
The south wind, Katty; and corn will grow,
And peaches redden for you to eat,
When the south begins to blow.

Which is the wind that brings the rain?
The east wind, Arty; and farmers know
That cows come shivering up the lane
When the east begins to blow.

Which is the wind that brings the flowers?
The west wind, Bessy; and soft and low
The birdies sing in the summer hours
When the west begins to blow.

THE WINNERS OF PRIZE BOOKS.

1—**E. T. Libby,** of Dry Mills, Me.—Tom Garfield at Sea.

2—**Katherine Gorman,** of Versailles—Uncle Jim's Bible Stories.

3—**Helen Wisneskie,** of Yantic—Ruth Fielding and the Gypsies.

4—**Gabriella Bujak,** of Mansfield Center—Ruth Fielding at White House Point.

5—**Margaret McGarry,** of Norwich—Ruth Fielding in Moving Pictures.

6—**Elsie Riben,** of Mansfield Center—Tom Fairfield's Luck and Pluck.

7—**Marian Pendleton,** of Stonington—The Boy Scouts Under Sealed Orders.

8—**Mildred Grandy,** of Yantic—Dare Boys in Virginia.

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

LETTERS OF ACKNOWLEDGEMENT

Roland Maurice, of Baltic—I thank you very much for the prize book which I won.

Flossie Meyer, of Taftville—I wish to thank you for the prize book, Boy Scouts Under Sealed Orders, which I received.

UNCLE JED'S TALK TO WIDE-AWAKES.

Legal currency is coin or paper money with the seal of the government upon it—so are kind words and smiles when they have upon them the stamp of an honest heart. And kind words and smiles have done more sometimes for men and nations than legal currency could.

Men search through life for a gold mine they never find when they might create a kindly habit which would be a blessing to them and others all the days of their lives and all the days of eternity.

Eternity is a big word for us to use and Uncle Jed does not know of a word in any language which stretches out like this word. He once heard a God-fearing and man loving preacher say "If every grain of sand upon all the coasts and deserts and islands of the world was counted as a million years when every grain has been counted eternity has only just begun. It is such a far-reaching word, you see, that when you attempt to define it you can never get farther than the beginning.

This kindly habit of such great worth is the having of a kindly word and a smile for every one not omitting those to whom most people say unkind words.

Words which are not kind are by one class of English people called "nawsty" words, and that seems to fit them very much better than "nasty," the regular dictionary word.

A rhymer of words sang years ago: "If you have hard work to do, do it now! If you have a song to sing, do it now! If you have kind words to say, say them now! If you have a smile to show, show it now! Let the people round you know, how you love them ere they go!"

And this little word NOW is the quickest word in the English language, for it means this second, not this minute—this hour, not this afternoon—this day, not next week! Its best symbols in nature are the tongue of a toad catching a fly and, a streak of lightning marking the sky.

If you get the kindly-word and the kindly-smile habit you will be putting out legal currency all the time; and doing it now along some lines of behavior will keep you doing it all the time.

Just bear in mind "if neighbor spake to neighbor as Love demands of all; the rust would eat the saber, the spear stay on the wall. Then every day would glisten and every eye would shine," and God would pause and listen, and life would be divine!"

STORIES WRITTEN BY WIDE-AWAKES.

In Servia.

When a Servian farmer is asked how many children he has, he will say proudly, "I have a little son," and then add, "and, forgive me, two daughters!" This shows how much is thought of boys in Servia, and little attention girls receive.

Some men in Servia do not even mention the girls when they are asked about their children. They leave them out altogether.

A common greeting on the road to a passer-by is, "God Assist Thee!"

If a man passes where a woman is sitting and gives this greeting, "God assist Thyself!" and if she is spinning, she must put the spindle behind her. She must never cross the road when a man is walking by.

A Servian wife does not call her husband by his name. In speaking of him she says, "he" or describes him as the son of so-and-so, and to the children she calls him, "Your father." All family authority belongs to the man, yet the women are never beaten or scolded.

The Servians say, "A house is not based on the ground, but upon a woman," and "There is no home without a house-wife."

No wonder they say this, for it is the woman who does most of the family work of every kind. Of course, the Servian girl is expected to spin, weave, knit, sew, embroider, cook, to do the milking, make cheese, draw water, nurse the sick, mind the children. But there is more to women's work than that in Servia. She also learns to make shoes, reap with a sickle, build haystacks, tend the sheep, pigs, and cattle, help in threshing and weeding and make the earthenware for the household, without a potter's wheel. She does it all, and seems content and willing also to carry every sort of burden on her head, even in winter when the snow is too deep for horses to draw loads.

All this is largely because Servia, a Christian land long under the hard Turkish rule. The men go fighting and all the women work all alone. If a man dies, the eldest son must take up all the responsibilities of the head of the family and care for all the members.

There are great festivals each year in every Servian home. Christmas, Easter and the Slava Feast, or feast of the clan, to which it belongs. Then there are Prelos, or spinning bees, in the winter when the girls of a neighborhood meet and spin in some house for the hostess. She gives them a supper and the young men come, too, and bring flutes and banjoes, playing and singing.

Servia has many hymns and patriotic songs, which all young men know.

At Easter the games and amusements keep up almost a week, with outdoor sports and indoor meetings. A Servian girl, even if she works hard, enjoys fun as well as any other girl, and has plenty of it now and then.

GABRIELLA BUJAK, Age 13.
Mansfield Center.

Games I Like Best.

This is an interesting game which requires strict attention and skill.

Have two boys lie on the floor so that one of the boy's head is at the other's feet.

Select a referee, who will do the counting. At the count of "one" by the referee, the boys raise the foot that is on the inside. At the count of "two" the same thing is repeated. When the word "three" is given the two boys try to overthrow each other. After one of the boys throws his opponent he is victorious.

I would like to have some of the Wide-Awake boys try this game and let me know.

Two boys can compete against each other. This furnishes fun and is a clean game.

LAWRENCE GAUTHIER, Age 12.
Brooklyn.

The Miracle of Blossoming.

The twenty-first of March had come and gone. Indeed, it was five wet, muddy days ago since the sun had passed the tropic of Cancer. But where was Spring? Everyone was disappointed. The children filing out of the tall, stiff brick school building exclaimed indignantly at the few snowflakes that fluttered down. And the children trooping out of the spotted white country schoolhouse shouted as had the children in the nearby city at the sight of the snow. And the poor unwelcome snowflakes could not understand. Why only in November the children had welcomed them so joyfully! Gradually their number dwindled until they had all ceased to fall.

The children walked home to their dinners in groups of twos and fours.

"Oh dear, sighed one girl, "I do wish Spring would come. It's so dull now."

"Well," was the answer, "you see the sun is trying its hardest to come out, and it's Spring. I know it's Spring, for Spring is in the air!"

Instantly things grew brighter. The breezes carried the good news to Mother Wind, who whispered it to the clouds, who, in turn, told it to the sun, all in their own way and language. Old King Sol was so pleased he smiled, yes, smiled his very brightest. And Mother Wind sent March Wind back to where he came from and called her gay breezes to take his place.

And while this change was being wrought, another change, more wonderful took place beneath the earth. This was the Miracle of Blossoming. Now beneath all the mud and mire, the sleepy little flowers were awakening. At first it was only a stir here and there. But there was a general restlessness, and finally a little white snowdrop awoke. Soon all her sisters were talking together, there bustle aroused some May flowers and so it was until all the flowers had awakened. At last one crocus more venturesome than the rest pushed a tiny green shoot through the earth.

It was Easter Sunday! We have our favorite Christmas days, the snowy, white kind.

A better Easter Sunday was never created. The earth, following the example of the people, donned her spring gown. Colors, pinks and blues, greens and violets, brightened the landscape. Gay bluebirds and robins lent their bright colors. Pleasant greetings and joyful psalms floated on the air. The delicate green treetops nodded in the breeze. The sky was deep azure blue, broken only by soft sleepy clouds that floated aimlessly about with no particular destination. Sometimes they collided, melted softly together and floated away again as one.

Here was a fragrant narcissus and a willowy daffodil gossiping together. A group of ladies in rustling silks and shimmering satins passing by admired some graceful ferns, never seeing that underneath their shelter shy violets whispered sweet secrets. The air was full of the chirping and twittering of birds, whose songs were more beautiful because they sang of the joy of living.

Spring, in all her glory, had come forth from her hiding place.

MARGARET M'GARRY, Age 13.
Norwich.

Squirrels.

The squirrel is an agile little creature, with a short, bushy tail, the color of the squirrel being a reddish brown.

I know a man that works in the woods and when he is eating his lunch a squirrel comes into the shed and eats from his hands. It took some time for the squirrel to become accustomed to the man, but when he did become accustomed to the man he came every day.

In Prospect Park, in Brooklyn, the squirrels are very tame. I save a squirrel some peanuts when I was there and the squirrel put them in his mouth and took them to a hiding place.

He continued doing this and I became curious, and tried to find his hiding place. There to my surprise I saw a number of peanuts in the hollow of a tree.

MARY GARDY, Age 13.
Stonington.

The Gift Which Costs Love.

A small boy, neighbor to a family who had been very kind to him, brought every member of the household a present on Christmas morning. He presented each one with a slate pencil. Of course, there was not one of them who had the slightest use for a slate pencil and it was not strange that they thanked him for his gifts.

But it would be a great mistake to suppose that these slate pencils gave no pleasure. The boy had picked them out himself. Nobody had given him any advice about his Christmas purchases, or probably he would have bought something different.

He had used his own pennies which he had been saving, one by one. The slate pencil showed love and that is the great thing. Gifts that cost a great deal of money are less precious than those which cost a great deal of love.

ALBERT MATHEWSON, Age 9.
Versailles.

A Kitchen in New England.

The kitchen of the New England household was the chief apartment, and the ceiling was rarely seven feet high.

From the joists hung bunches of herbs, seed-corn and long strings of drying apples.

In the better buildings the walls were plastered and white-washed. The furniture was plain. There was a dresser on which were the pewter dishes brought over from England, and which the colonists valued very much; a spinning wheel, and probably a loom for weaving. In every kitchen there was a large, wooden clock and an open fireplace.

LORETTA H. PICHE.
Norwich.

Spring.

Spring is here! The winter months are over and gone at last. The pussy willows are out. Next will come the spring flowers, including forget-me-nots, dandelions, and other flowers. I think it is such fun to search for flowers in the woods and fields.

We have a flower chart in our school and the one who brings one kind of flower first gets his name on the chart.

The birds will soon come; in fact, some have already arrived. I have seen two bluebirds already this spring. We are glad to welcome our little friends again, and we shall be glad to hear their sweet songs.

The trees are budding. They look bare just now, but if we are patient and wait we shall see them green as ever.

I will tell you about the Audubon society we formed. There are about 40 members. Each member receives for 10 cents a button which says Audubon society and has a picture of a robin on it. We have a meeting every Friday. At these meetings we sing songs and read about the birds. We have elected a president, a secretary, and a treasurer.

We have a good time and enjoy these meetings very much.

KATHERINE GORMAN, Age 12.
Versailles.

An Amusing Incident.

"Oh! come here, Elizabeth," said her brother Joe, as he entered the house and slam-banged his books on the table, and all out of breath.

"Don't make so much noise, Joe," said Elizabeth, "and I will listen."

Joe began: "When we were coming home from school we saw Lieutenant Brown and he asked us how many coupons we had collected for the piano.

"Jennie Fox and Helen White were just crossing the road, and so were we. A man dropped a newspaper in a nearby ash barrel and Jennie spied the coupon. All four of us ran to get the newspaper.

"As Jennie reached there first she bent over the ash barrel and lost her balance and fell in.

"Lieutenant Brown went over and took her out and stood her on her feet. She waved the paper in her hand, saying: 'I got it!'"

"Three cheers for Jennie," said Elizabeth. "Now be quiet and go get some lunch."

LORETTA H. PICHE.
Norwich.

My Two Dolls.

Poor old, faithful Dinah!

She is nearly as old as I am, and I am getting dreadfully old, nearly eleven, and soon I shall despise playing with such a child as Dinah. Santa brought her with George Washington Lincoln, her brother, whom I have whipped many times. But Dinah is such a dear! She is twenty-four inches tall and very stout for her age. Her face, at first, was chocolate colored, but continual washings have made her a sickly yellow. Her lips are full and red, but rather worn from eating ginger snaps. Her hair has never been combed and she has only had two dresses.

Trixie, my dog, ate one of her legs, and now she cannot walk as usual.

George Washington Lincoln is my other friend, with whom I must soon part. He wears overalls and a red blouse and no shoes or stockings. I painted his chocolate colored face white with white wash and he is a sight now.

But then despite their looks, I have spent many happy days playing with Dinah and George Washington Lincoln who are only rag dolls.

FLOSSY MEYER, Age 15.
Taftville.

The Dark Day.

On day in May, more than a hundred years ago, Connecticut had what was called "The Dark Day."

The sun rose high and the sky was clear. About noon it began to grow dark; a black cloud seemed to cover the earth. It grew so dark that the people could not see their way along the street.

Everyone became frightened. Some thought the end of the world had come and they knelt down and waited.

In the old state house the wise men were sitting. When the darkness came they, too, began to be afraid. One said, "It is no use to make laws for they will never be needed."

At last Abraham Davenport rose from his seat, and said in a clear, strong voice, "This may be the last great day, but I do not know if the end of the world has come or not, and I am sure that it is my duty to do my work as long as I live."

The candles were lighted and the wise men went on with their work for his words had given them all new courage.

As he spoke the other lawmakers listened silently until the darkness began to lessen and the sky grew brighter again.

That day Abraham Davenport made a speech in favor of a law to help the poor fishermen.

HELEN WISNESKE.
Yantic.

LITTLE MARYA AND THE BABY YAGA

A Russian Fairy Tale.

"Baba Yaga," you must know, is a Russian term for a witch who is said to live in the deep, dark forests, and to do all kinds of wicked and cruel deeds. This is the story of how little Marya escaped safely from a "Baba Yaga."

Marya's mother was dead, and her father had married again. His new wife disliked Marya and longed to be rid of her. She was always trying to vex the child and do her harm.

Now, they dwelt far away from other folk, on the borders of a great pine forest. The nearest neighbour they had was a "Baba Yaga" who lived in a queer little hut which spun round on one leg.

One day her stepmother said to little Marya: "Run, child, to the Baba Yaga, and ask her to lend me a needle and a hank of thread."

Little Marya dared not disobey; but she was full of fears, and as she went through the forest she wept bitterly. A wise woodman met her—one who hated the Baba Yaga—and when he heard her story, he told her what she must do. These were the wise Woodman's words:

"The dogs would tear you to pieces—you must throw them rolls. The cat would scratch your eyes out—you must give it bacon. The door would creak and bang, so you must oil its hinges."

Little Marya thanked him and went on her way, and by and by she came to the Baba Yaga's hut. There it was, spinning on its one crooked leg! and at sight of it the child's heart sank. Yet she dared not go home without the needle and thread; so she stepped timidly towards the hut, and as she drew near it ceased spinning and stood still. She opened the door and went in.

"Good morning, Granny," said little Marya.

"Good morning, my dear," said the ugly old witch.

"I have come to borrow a needle and a hank of thread," said Marya.

"Very well, my dear; sit down and weave, meantime." As she spoke, the Baba Yaga rose from the loom where she had been weaving. Marya took her place, and the Baba Yaga went out. As she wove, the girl's tears fell fast, for she knew she was in sore danger in that house.

By and by, the Baba Yaga looked in at the window. "Are you weaving, my pretty one?" she asked.

"Oh, yes, dear Granny, I am weaving," said Marya; and the witch went away.

Little Marya looked round and saw the cat. It was glaring fiercely at her, but she tossed it a bit of bacon, whereupon it purred.

"Help me to escape from here," cried Marya: so the cat gave her a towel and a comb.

"Run for your life," said the cat; "but every now and again lay your ear to the ground. When you hear the Baba Yaga coming, throw first the towel and then the comb between yourself and her."

Little Marya thanked the cat; took the comb and the towel, and fled. The door would have creaked, but she oiled its hinges; the dogs would have torn her to pieces, but she threw them rolls; and, by and by, she got safely away into the forest.

Meanwhile, the cat had taken Marya's place at the loom. The Baba Yaga looked in at the window. "Are you weaving, my pretty one?" she asked.

"I am weaving, dear Granny," said the cat.

The Baba Yaga knew that this was not Marya's voice. She rushed in, and began to scold the cat and the dogs and the door for letting Marya go.

Then the cat replied: "You never gave me a bone, but she gave me bacon."

The door said: "You never gave me grease, but she gave me oil."

The dogs said: "You never gave us a crust, but she gave us rolls."

Upon this, the Baba Yaga, full of rage, jumped into her carriage, which was shaped like a chemist's mortar or bowl; and with the pestle she pushed her way through the forest. As she went she swept away with a broom all traces of her flight.

Little Marya ran on before her through the forest, and after a time she fancied she heard a sound. She put her ear to the ground, as the cat had told her; and then, quite plainly, she heard the Baba Yaga coming. So she flung down her towel, and lo! it became a river, rushing along between her and her foe.

When the Baba Yaga reached it, she was wild with anger. She saw little Marya on the further bank; but the river was too wide to cross. She had to go back and fetch ten yoke of oven. The oxen drank up every drop of the water; but by that time little Marya was far away.

On again went the witch, and on before her ran little Marya. She put her ear to the ground, and once more she heard the Baba Yaga coming. This time she flung between them her magic comb. And lo! it became a tangle of thorny brushwood, through which even a rat could not have gnawed its way.

When the Baba Yaga reached this spot, she was so mad with rage that she would not turn back. With teeth and hands she tried to force a path. But the thorns tore and clasped and choked her, so that at length she could neither go nor come; and for aught we know, she may still be sticking there!

Soon little Marya, footsore and weary, drew near to her father's cottage. But she was afraid to go in; for, you see, she had not yet done her stepmother's bidding. As she lingered, the wise woodman met her.

"Of what are you now afraid?" he asked; and when she told him, he was full of pity.

The wise woodman took Marya by the hand, and they entered her father's cottage. There he told of all the terrors she had borne; and, as he spoke, his eyes were fixed coldly and sadly on her stepmother's face.

Then the woman's heart smote her, for she knew that he had guessed her wicked plans; and from that day onward she ceased to be unkind to Marya.

The wise woodman came often to the cottage; and when Marya grew up, he asked that she might be his wife. Her father gave his consent. So little Marya became the wife of the wise woodman, and all her after years were peaceful and glad.—Child Life.

TOMMY TIDD.

What Tommy says:

There was a young fellow Hugh
Whose eyes were set widely askugh.
When asked, "D'ye feel sad?"
Quoth he, "No, sir, I'm glad:
Where you see but one girl, I see tugh!"

How Sugar Is Refined.

When the cane is brought to the factory it is thrown upon a moving roadway which carries it to the top of the mill and drops it down upon two heavy rollers, which have teeth much like those of an enormous flie. The rollers are as large as a hogshead and longer. They are of steel. The weight crushes the juice out and the cane is crushed to a pith and so dry that it burns easily. From the rollers it is thrown upon a moving belt which drops it into the top of the furnace that makes the steam to squeeze the juice out of stalks yet to come.

The juice is poured into a trough about a foot wide. It is so sweet that it is sickening. It looks like dirty dishwater, but the pure white sugar comes from it.

The water is carried by the pipes into large tanks where it is bleached by running sulphurous acid gas through it. The gas makes it bubble and yellow foam rises to the top and is skimmed off. Then lime is put into the tank to settle the dirt and remove the acid.

The boiling is done in huge copper kettles or vats. It flows from one vat to the other growing clearer and thicker and has turned light yellow.

It is put into a vat, the half-sugared molasses with it, and needs only the drying machine to take out the sugar. The mixture is whirled around at great speed against the fine meshes of a sievelike vessel. The molasses passes leaving only the sugar which is packed in barrels and sent away.

MILDRED GRANDY, Age 14.
Yantic.

My Pet Kitten.

I have a little kitten whose name is Mischief.

I dress her up in my doll's clothes and make believe take her to Boston. She always used to come in my bedroom every morning and wake me up. After that she would crawl onto my pillow and purr a few minutes and then crawl under my quilts and go to sleep.

When I get up she will follow me out to the kitchen and then I feed her.

My kitten plays out doors in the nasturtiums, and when she sees me she will run to another bed of flowers and hide. Then I would run to the fence and back and my kitten would follow me several times that way.

After that we would go to the house and I would ask her what she wanted and she said, "Meow, meow." then I let her in to rest.

ELSIE WOLLISCROFT, Age 9.
North Windham.

An Old-Time School.

About a hundred years ago there lived a schoolmaster named Thomas Peters. The boys called him "Old Peters." He was a very learned man and he knew a great deal of Latin and Greek. He taught for six months in the year and the rest of the time hunted and fished. So he was just as good a hunter as a teacher.

In those days the schools were not as good as they are now. The school where Peters taught was built of logs and had only one room, one door, and two windows.

The floor was made from pine boards and the house itself was made of logs. Between the logs were sticks and clay to keep out the cold. A large fireplace took up almost one side of the room.

Things went on good for all the children studied. But some times old Peters seemed mad. One day he came into the school room and said:

"Get to your spelling," and soon every one was studying his lesson.

One boy knew his lesson and was saying, "Old Peter, Old Peter." The teacher heard him and gave him a whipping and made one boy hold a boog-bag to catch the tears. All the others laughed.

This is one way they were punished long ago.

ANNIE EVAN, Age 12.
Mansfield Center.

A Brave Rescue.

There once lived in New York city a very small girl nine years of age. She had a younger sister and a little baby brother.

One day when her mother was gone and she was alone with her sister and brother a fire broke out in the kitchen. The little girl didn't see the fire at first because she was busy cleaning the house. When she saw the fire she was very much frightened, but she knew enough to keep away from where the fire was.

The fire had started behind the stove in the kitchen where some dry wood was lying. The stove had got hot and so the wood which was lying behind the stove got on fire.

When the little girl saw the fire she ran to the cradle where her little brother was sleeping and taking him in her arms she told her sister to follow her. Then she ran down the stairs as fast as she could and her sister ran after her.

While she ran down the stairs she was screaming, "Fire! Fire"

Nobody wanted to believe that there was a real fire because many times children used to give false alarms so as to frighten the people. But the housekeeper ran into the hall and when she saw the little girl running down the stairs with her sister and brother she ran and told every tenant in the house that a fire had broken out. Then some one went and called for the firemen.

When the little girl got on the street she put her baby brother in her friend's house and ran up into her own house after her pet dog which she had left. Every one praised her for being so brave. Soon the firemen came and put the fire out. There was not much damage done because the firemen had come in time to save the house.

ANNIE SHEBITZ, Age 13.
Yantic.

Joan of Arc.

Joan of Arc was born at Domremy on the 6th of January, 1412. Domremy is a little village on the left bank of the Meuse on land belonging to the French crown. Her parents were simple peasants. She had three brothers and one sister.

During her childhood Joan played, sang and danced like other children, but as she grew older she would steal away to a neighboring chapel.

France and England were at war with each other at this time and although, considering the times, Domremy was comparatively peaceful; news of the English successes and French defeats were known there.

She worked in her home spinning and sewing or helping her mother with the housework, but when her work was done she would go to the village church and there kneel in prayer or gaze at the picture of angels. This was her dearest pleasure. Her companions were inclined to jest at her devotion, but her faith held out, she nursed the sick, was gentle to the weak and young, obedient to her parents, and kind to all.

Joan knew the ancient prophecy that France was to be saved by a woman. This wonderful child brooded much about the sorrow of France. She sent out her hopes and yearnings in tears, and prayers, and passionate thoughts which were prayers.

When she became thirteen years old she began to hear voices and behold visions. As troubles in France grew worse the voices and visions became more frequent and at last told her to go to France to her king.

She at last reached the king and then started at the head of the army. People kissed her feet and garments and shouted for joy when they saw her. The English believed she was a witch, but she declared she was sent by Heaven to deliver France. She fought and was wounded at Orleans, but won the battle and lived, and Joan of Arc won many other battles.

To be burned to death was the fate of this wonderful heroine, Joan of Arc. She was sold to the English by her own soldiers. After her death, men realized the wrong they had done in killing her.

The world has no relic of Joan. Her armour, her banner, and the picture of herself have all disappeared. She is one of the few for whom poet and romance can do little. As there is nothing in her life that needs to be hidden or adorned, we see her best in the clear and searching light of history.

MARY PENDLETON.
Stonington.

LETTERS TO UNCLE JED.

May's Party.

Dear Uncle Jed: One day my mother told me I could have a party and ask some of my friends to come.

My father put a swing up for me. The party was on Saturday at 2 o'clock in the afternoon.

My mother wrote the invitations for me.

About ten of my friends came.

We played hide-and-go-seek, tag, drop the handkerchief, and we jumped rope.

My mother told me to tell my friends to come into the house and have lunch.

She had a box on the table and had pink ribbons to each place at the table, and we pulled the ribbon and each had a handkerchief on the ribbon.

MAY LECRAW, Age 10.
Brooklyn.

The Wormwood Hill Fort.

Dear Uncle Jed: In the morning when I get up, that is, when I have finished my breakfast, I fill the woodbox; then I feed the chickens. After that I play with the dog. Then I go to school.

Up at school we are building a stone hut which we all feel very proud of. It has for the four walls stones and wood, with hay for the roof. Around the hut we have a log fense. They are big logs which were left over when some men were building a fence around the school grounds. We have great fun building it.

When I bring my lunch to school I have more time to build the hut, because I don't have to walk home and back. I like to bring my dinner, anyhow.

We have two recesses which are 15 minutes each. We build some every recess and during the noons and mornings.

Four boys belong to the fort. We have a long window on the south side of the fort, so the sun can come in. Then we have a smaller window on the west side. We have a pair of hinges on the door, and also we have a window in the door. The door is on the east side.

Just now it is wet inside the fort, so that we cannot sit inside. But in the summer we eat our lunches in the fort I think we will build the fence about seven feet high. The fort is about three feet high at the highest part.

EDMUND CANTOR, Age 12.
Mansfield Center.

Harold's Chickens.

Dear Uncle Jed: I have about a dozen chickens. Every morning I feed them corn, meal and scraps that we pick up off the table.

I give them sour milk, shells and oats to make them lay.

Four of my chickens are good layers; the others don't lay very good, except three brown leghorns, which lay pretty fair.

The three brown leghorns like to hide their nests so that I won't find their eggs.

I have one old hen sitting on 15 eggs. I expect them to hatch about Easter.

I chase my chickens in every night when they don't want to go in. I have an old rooster that doesn't want to go in with the rest, so I have to chase him around the barn a couple of times. When I get them in I shut them up and see if there is any more eggs.

After I get through with them I get in my wood and do my other chores, and then I eat my supper and go to bed about 8 o'clock.

HAROLD L. WOLLISCROFT, Age 11.
North Windham.

Bob and His Geese.

Dear Uncle Jed: Near the foot of a large mountain in a very lonely place stood a small farmhouse which belonged to Mr. Graham and his wife. They had one boy about 7 years old whom they called Bob.

Bob had no children to play with, but he amused himself with his pets, which were a small dog Bouncer and two snow-white geese called Snowball and Whitey.

One day as Bob was playing with Bouncer he heard his pet geese making a great noise. Bob and Bouncer hurried to see what it was all about. Before Bob could think, Bouncer ran across the lot in charge of a large fox who escaped into the woods.

Had it not been for Bouncer, Bob would have had two less pets.

MAURICE F. GAGER, Age 13.
Scotland.

"Polly Wants a Cracker" drawn by William Bowrey of Glasgo.

How I Make Candy.

Dear Uncle Jed: One Saturday when it was snowing I thought I would make some candy, and so I used this recipe:

Molasses Candy—One cup molasses, one-half cup sugar, one tablespoon vinegar, one rounding teaspoon butter; boil until it hardens in cold water.

EDNA DAWLEY, Age 9.
Jewett City.

Digging Out a Woodchuck.

Dear Uncle Jed: A few days ago I was out in the woods with my grandfather's dog when I heard him bark. I ran to where he was barking and saw that he was digging in a hole.

I knew there was some kind of an animal in it, so I went after my Uncle Walter. He knew where there was an old pick and after I got it we resolved to dig whatever that animal was out.

When we got to the hole Walter started picking with the pick. We did not need any shovel, for the dog could shovel fast enough with his feet. He is a very intelligent dog and his name is Taft.

When Walter wanted to poke in a stick to see how near the animal was I had to pull the dog out by the tail, because he was so anxious to get at the animal that he didn't want to come out. Finally after digging quite a distance we poked in a stick and felt something biting at the other end. When I let go of the dog that time he bounded in, barking furiously. Then he began backing out, growling and whining, and when he got to the edge of the hole we saw that he was fighting a large woodchuck. The dog pulled the woodchuck out and began shaking him, the woodchuck fighting for his life.

Finally the dog, after killing the woodchuck, started home with him in his mouth. He came back to us without the woodchuck. I wanted him to bring him home, so I told the dog to go get him, and I followed. He led me to a little rivulet and there was the groundhog in the water.

The dog had received a few bites on the nose, but that was all. I think that groundhog came out of his hole this spring rather early, don't you?

CLAUDE ROBINSON.
Norwich.

Old Glory.

Dear Uncle Jed: Old Glory, a popular name for the American flag, was first applied in 1831 by a Salem, Mass., skipper named William Driver, who was at that time captain of the brig Charles Doggett. Captain Driver was a successful deep sea sailor and at the time of bestowing the name Old Glory on the flag he was preparing to shape the brig's course to the Southern Pacific.

Just before the brig left Salem a young man at the head of a party of friends saluted Captain Driver on the deck of his vessel and presented him with a large and beautifully made American flag.

It was sent aloft and when flung to the breeze Captain Driver christened it Old Glory. He took it to the South Pacific and years after, when old age forced him to relinquish the sea, he treasured the flag as an old friend.

In 1837 Captain Driver removed to Nashville, Tenn., and died there in 1886. Previous to the outbreak of hostilities between the north and south, Old Glory was flung to the breeze every day from the window of Captain Driver's house, but when the conflict began it was kept out of sight till General Nelson's wing of the union army appeared at Nashville, when Captain Driver presented it to the general, Feb. 22, 1862, to be hoisted on the capitol. It was run up and Captain Driver did the hoisting.

Its name and history soon became familiar to all the soldiers in General Nelson's command and from Captain Driver's cherished flag the name Old Glory was extended by the boys in blue to every flag of the union.

E. T. LIBBY.
Dry Mills, Me.

Elsie's Busy Days.

Dear Uncle Jed: In the morning I get up at five o'clock and have my breakfast. After my breakfast I undo my hair and comb it to have it ready for school. I sweep the bedrooms and fix the bedspreads on the beds. When I have finished I go to the kitchen and warm my hands. A few minutes later I go to the bedroom and dress my baby sister and brother. I take them into the dining room and give them their breakfast. After they have finished, I clean the table, wash the dishes, put the chairs in their places and sweep the floor.

Then if my two brothers have not finished with the barn work I usually help them. After we have finished we wash our faces and hands again for school. Then we take our books and go. Our school is not far and we go home for lunch. I eat my lunch and then clean the house and wash the dishes and go back to school.

When I come home from school I have something to eat. Then I clean the house and read books.

When my sister comes home from the mill she gets the table ready and I play with the baby, because when I play with dishes or dolls my mother says it is not nice for me for I am too old for such things.

After supper everyone goes to bed, but my brother and I stay up and do the work. Then we read books and go to bed.

Some nights when I am not sleepy I wash the dining room and kitchen floors.

ELSIE RIBEN, Age 12.
Mansfield Center.

A little salt rubed on earthenware pudding dishes will take away brown spots.

"The Horse" drawn by Ralph Olsen of Baltic.