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.

Cheering Someone On.

Don't you mind about the triumphs,
Don't you worry after fame;
Don't you grieve about succeeding,
Let the future guard your name.
All the best in life's the simplest,
Love will last when wealth is gone;
Just be glad that you are living,
And keep cheering someone on.

Let your neighbors have the blossoms,
Let your comrades wear the crown,
Never mind the little setbacks,
Nor the blows that knock you down.
You'll be there when they're forgotten,
You'll be glad with youth and dawn,
If you just forget your troubles,
And keep cheering someone on.

Theres' a lot of sorrow round you,
Lots of lonesomeness and tears;
Lots of heartaches and of worry
Through the shadows of the years,
And the world needs more than triumphs;
More than all the swords we've drawn.
It is hungering for the fellow
Who keeps cheering others on.

—Baltimore Sun.

Pray, Give, Go.

Three things the Master hath to do,
And we who serve him here below
And long to see his kingdom come,
May pray or give or go.

He needs them all—the open hand.
The willing feet, the asking heart—
To work together and to weave,
The threefold cord that shall not part.

Nor shall the giver count his gift
As greater than the worker's deed,
Nor he in turn his service boast
Above the prayers that voice the need.

Not all can go; not all can give
To arm the others for the fray;
But young or old, or rich or poor,
Or strong or weak—we all can pray.

—A. J. Flint.

UNCLE JED'S TALK TO WIDE-AWAKES.

It is not the heavy frosts that make the foliage in the fall so handsome.

The sun is the great visible Commander of Nature and it holds the frost back until the ripening season, when he lets it come, and I expect King Frost steals in sometimes in the night and surprises the sun as well as the farmers.

All things in Nature are sensitive to degrees of temperature, and they do not start in the spring until the temperature which awakens them and tells them it is time to go to work is established by the sun. And the warmth which sets plants to work is not sufficient to arouse insects which feed upon them. These pests require so much more heat to awaken them that their food is usually ready as soon as they are ready to infest the foliage—the sun does not call them to face want.

Frost lowers the temperature, and when it makes cool nights the plants cease to grow more fruit and hasten to ripen fruit and seeds. The increasing and receding heat of the sun works just like clockwork upon all things in Nature.

The sun ripens fruits and seeds, the frost checks growth and blights. When it is too severe it blights the foliage as well as the flowers, hence the leaves are more variously colored and are prettiest when the frost is late and the leaves have had ample time to ripen.

Without the rain, the sun would scorch the gardens; but it warms the rains and the high and low temperatures working together make the water gather in the sky as mists and fall as rain, snowflakes and hail.

Then if the winds did not dry the earth after a spell of wet weather, our gardens would become sour and grow sorrel and weeds which only thrive upon sour soil.

The long dry spell, or drouth, is to check the tendency of the earth to become sour; and the fogs and clouds protect our gardens from the sun's heat a good part of the time, or we should not get good harvests.

The sun is master of it all, its light and warmth giveth all things life.

THE WINNERS OF PRIZE BOOKS.

1—**Louis Marschat** of Mansfield Center, Young Aeroplane Scouts in Italy.

2—**Burton Robinson** of Norwich, Young Aeroplane Scouts in Russia.

3—**Mildred Friedland** of Brooklyn, N. Y., Red Cross Girls on French Firing Line.

4—**Leona Bergson** of Taftville, Red Cross Girls in the British Trenches.

5—**Roscoe D. Fisher** of North Stonington, The Young Aeroplane Scouts in Germany.

6—**Esther Levine** of Colchester, The Red Cross Girls With the Russian Army.

7—**Mildred E. Grandy** of Yantic, The Red Cross Girls in Belgium.

8—**Gabriella Bujak** of Mansfield Center, Boy Allies With the Terror of the Seas.

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

LETTERS OF ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

Mildred Grandy of Yantic: I have received two books lately called A Little Girl in Old St. Louis and The Flying Machine Boys in Mexico. I thank you very much for them. I have read A Little Girl in Old St. Louis and enjoyed it very much. I received the other one today and am going to read it soon.

Stella Gaska of Jewett City: I thank you very much for the nice prize book you sent me entitled Anderson's Fairy Tales. I have read it half through and find it very interesting.

Alfred H. Walker of Gurleyville: I thank you very much for the nice prize book entitled The Flying Machine Boys in the Wilds. I have read a few chapters and found it very interesting.

Stella Boileau of Goodyear: I received the beautiful prize book you sent me. It looks to be a very interesting book. I thank you for it very much.

Annie Evan of Mansfield Center: I received the lovely prize book that you sent me. I have read it onec and like it very much. Thanks.

Leona Bergeron of Taftville: I thank you very much for the prize book you sent me. I have read it once and like way House. I have found it very interesting.

STORIES WRITTEN BY WIDE-AWAKES.

The Toucan.

This queer bird lives in South America, where things are not at all crowded, and where there is plenty of elbow room for that outlandish bill of his. At first sight he appears to be just a big bill with a small bird attached instead of an ordinary bird with a bill in the usual place. If this beak were solid as it looks he couldn't raise it from the ground, but fortunately for its owner, it is made up of tiny little air cells that render it almost as light as that much cork, and he can move it about as easily as a bullbat can manage that ridiculous little make-believe bill of his.

The toucan is black, except for a yellow vest. His feet have two toes that stick out behind and two in front. He hops stiffly from branch to branch, ascending to the very tops of the tallest trees, where he can sit and make most uncomplimentary remarks about the scenery.

Unlike most brunettes, he has eyes as blue and soft as summer skies. He feeds entirely on fruit when he can get it, and on nuts and seeds when fruit is scarce.

He is a good flyer and is perfectly at home on the wing; but when he gets on the ground he is awkwardness itself, and walks with his feet far apart. He loves to perch on the very top branches of the highest trees, and never seems at ease so long as there is anything above him. He wants to be just a little bit higher than his surroundings. His voice is much out of proportion as his beak, and is harsh and grating in the extreme. A gate with a rusty hinge is soft music compared with it.

In the dense forest he lives. He would often pass unnoticed were it not for the fact that he talks a blue streak whether he has anything to say or not, and his shouting and yelling would tell a deaf man of his whereabouts. Notwithstanding the fact that he makes no effort to keep himself hidden, he has very different ideas when it comes to neat building, for he manages to establish his nursery where it is hard to find.

About the only time the toucans' big bill seems really to get in his way is when he is going to bed. He seems at a loss where to put it for the night and does a lot of fussing around before he finally settles down. After trying all sorts of ways to dispose of it comfortably he finally turns his head around and lays his Roman nose across his back. He then takes his tail and doubles and lays it on his back as if it were on a hinge.

GABRIELLA BUJAK, Age 14.
Mansfield Center.

Antonio Canova.

Many years ago there lived a boy in Italy. His name was Antonio Canova. He didn't have any mother or father because they were dead. He lived with his grandfather and grandmother.

His grandmother took good care of him. His grandfather was a stonecutter. Antonio would go with his grandfather and make pictures. When he would come home his grandmother would say, "What did my little sculptor do?"

One day the count gave a feast and invited Antonio and his grandfather. They went. All went well until it came time to spread the table. Soon there was a great sound.

Antonio went in and asked what was the matter and the servant said he had broken the statue and he could "not make the table look pretty without it. There were two hundred pounds of butter on the table and Antonio carved out of it a crouching lion. After this they made a feast in his honor.

After that he lived with the count.

ESTHER LEVINE, Age 10.
Colchester.

Our Trip to Providence.

One day last week my uncle called up my mother and asked us to take a trip by automobile with them to Providence.

Sunday, September 29th, was decided upon as the day to take our trip. We started from Norwich at seven o'clock in the morning.

On the way to Providence we passed through Norwich, Taftville, Jewett City, Cetral Village, Centerville, Arctic Center, Washington, and I don't know how many other places.

We had no accidents on the way which was really quite a marvel, considering that the distance was sixty-five miles one way.

We arrived at our destination, which was really Rehoboth, Mass., just out of Rhode Island and Providence at 10.40 a. m. We visited with my aunt and cousin until some other visitors, friends of ours, arrived. Then had dinner.

After dinner we went over to our friend's house and while the men went out to the barn we went over the house with the woman and then we visited with her friend's daughter and husband who had come to see us.

At about two o'clock my uncle came for us and soon we started for home. It rained a little when we started but after we got out of Providence it stopped.

Going through Providence we saw the station, the post office, the college, Woolworth Five and Ten as well as many other pretty buildings.

Coming out of Providence we got on the wrong road and had to come home through Danielson. We went through some very pretty places and found mostly very good roads.

We arrived in Norwich at six o'clock and went to my grandmother's where we had supper.

An automobile met us at my grandmother's at six thirty and carried us home. We arrived at seven o'clock.

MILDRED E. GRANDY, Age 12.
Yantic.

My Vacation.

The first part of my vacation was not very lively, but the 19th of August I went to Fall River.

While in Fall River I went to New Bedford and saw a half size model of the whaling ship Lagoda. It is very interesting to have the old captain of the original ship tell how they kill a whale and get the oil.

At the docks of New Bedford I saw a real whaling ship that brought in $78,000 worth of whale oil.

They sometimes get 18 barrels of oil out of a hole in the sperm whale's head.

The next day I went to Newport.

The 22d of August my father and myself started for the west. We took the boat from New London to New York.

In New York we went to the Aquarium, across Brooklyn bridge and saw Grant's tomb.

From New York we took the train for Fort Wayne. That night we slept on the train.

While in Fort Wayne we went to Robinson Park, an amusement place just outside the city.

From Fort Wayne we went to Chicago and from there to Battle Creek.

The next day we went to my uncle's farm a few miles out of Battle Creek. He has a lake on his farm. I caught one fish from it.

Two days later we went to Detroit. After we had been in Detroit a couple of hours we went to Belle Isle, an island in the Detroit river.

We next went to Cleveland and from there home. I think it was the best vacation I ever had.

ROSCOE D. FISHER, Age 10.
North Stonington.

Pat's First Ticket.

Pat was among the crowd gathered around the ticket office at the railway station, it being his first experience in traveling. He was not quite sure how to obtain his ticket so he listened intently to the first young woman who purchased her's. Poor Pat thought he was all right. When he heard her say Maryhill, Single," he walked forward with a knowing air and said: "Patrick Murthy, married."

HAROLD ANDREW, Age 7.
Taftville.

The American Flag.

Lawrence and Mamie were riding on a beautiful avenue in an automobile one day, and as they passed various pretty homes, they shouted, "I'd like this one for my own."

Presently they rode near an old, shabby house. It was rather a large house, but the wood was falling apart, and the window panes were broken. Nevertheless, it had a large lawn, separated from the adjoining home, by a fence.

"Oh, I don't like that one," declared Lawrence.

But Mamie saw through the thick foliage of the great oak, the beloved Stars and Stripes.

"Why, Lawrence, don't you think that house looks beautiful with those glorious colors, red, white and blue, waving so gracefully?" she asked.

Lawrence immediately spied the flag and to him the house put on a different aspect, an aspect of beauty and stateliness, with the American flag flying from a pole on a little balcony on the first story.

The children stopped to survey this impressive sight and soon saw a little old woman with gray hair and a little white cap and black dress, come to the window take in the American flag with her old worn but loving hands, and kiss it. This pathetic and beautiful scene reminded the children of Barbara Fritchie.

MILDRED FRIEDLAND, Age 13.
Brooklyn, N. Y.

The Stones That Became Peas.

In the olden times when our Lord and the Apostles walked on the earth among men the blessed Lord in His journeyings to and fro came to the house of a very poor widow. He knocked at the door of the poor hut and when the widow answered it he asked for some food.

"Alas!" replied the woman, "gladly indeed would I give to Thee, but nothing have I in the house."

"Nothing," said our Lord. "What then boils in your pot?"

A tear stood in the eye of the widow. "Poor stranger, it is only stones I am boiling. I tell my children they are peas to pacify them, they cry so with hunger!"

"Look in the pot," said the Holy One.

"Would that they were peas so that I could share with thee," exclaimed the widow.

"Look in the pot!" commanded our Lord.

Lifting the lid obediently the widow was amazed to see that instead of the little white stones she had placed in the pot, large green peas were bobbing merrily around in the water.

"It is a miracle," she cried, but when she turned to thank the Stranger Guest He had disappeared, but the tender green peas remained as a souvenir of His visit.

LEONA BERGESON.
Taftville.

The Dog's Devotion.

Twelve-year-old Lucius Treat went hunting wild ducks one Saturday afternoon, followed by his faithful Newfoundland dog, Prince Lucius, having shot a duck ran to the spot where it had fallen. When running toward the spot he caught his foot in a trap set for rabbits, and fell. His intelligent dog, noticing that his master could not rise, looked at Lucius as if to say, "Trust me, I shall bring someone," and away he ran to the nearest farmhouse which belonged to the Smiths.

Howard Smith, one of the Smith boys, knew by the barks and pleading look of the dog that his master was in trouble for everyone in the neighborhood knew the faithfulness of Prince. After making his wish understood, he ran towards the spot where his master lay, followed by Howard When they reached the place they found Lucius lying unconscious, for the pain in his foot was great.

Howard managed to carry Lucius home where he recovered. When he became well Lucius bought a gold charm which was suspended from Prince's collar.

HELEN K. KLINGON, Age 13.
Colchester.

The First Thanksgiving Day.

Hundreds of years ago the Pilgrims came over from England. They came over to America to worship God as they pleased. They landed after many hardships in 1620. The Pilgrims lived on the Mayflower for a time until the men had finished the log houses for them. The Indians troubled them for awhile, but after were quite friendly with them. In the coming winter many of the Pilgrims died of exposure. What was left of the little band went to work earnestly. At last they began to get discouraged. More than half of the little band had died. When summer came they planted seed and it flourished nicely. They made up their minds to set a day in which they could thank Almighty God. They called this day Thanksgiving Day.

BURTON ROBINSON, Age 10.
Norwich.

LETTERS TO UNCLE JED.

Samuel.

Dear Uncle Jed: Once upon a time there was a little boy named Samuel. His mother was very cross, and didn't like her little boy. Samuel decided to run away. He was walking in the woods one day when his father met him.

Samuel's father asked him where he was going

Samuel said he was running away.

His father took him home and gave him a scolding.

Samuel was sorry that he ran away.

He ran away again the next day. As he was starving some days after he ran away he was wishing he was home So he started for home. He was so glad to get home that he promised to never run away again.

BURTON ROBINSON, Age 10.
Norwich.

The School Fair.

Dear Uncle Jed: We had the School Fair September 28th. I took beets, carrots, beans, potatoes, popcorn, and wild flowers.

My teacher said that she would give a prize for the best bouquet of wild flowers and the best loaf of bread. I got the prize on wild flowers.

One of the boys that night went home and got a horse and wagon and took a load of things from the School Fair to Storrs.

The next day I went to Storrs college to the Mansfield Fair. I started from my house at nine o'clock.

I saw a tractor there. There were many pigs and one very big hog.

They sold ice cream.

Our school got the second prize.

ROBERT E. WALKER, Age 10.
Mansfield.

An Accident.

Dear Uncle Jed: Last week Wednesday I fell while running and sprained my ankle.

Sunday father, mother, and I, had a long ride to the doctor's who put the bone in place and put a bandage on it. Then we came home. I enjoyed the ride very much.

I can't go to school for some time.

I like school. I am in the fourth grade. I have never written before. But I have enjoyed reading the letters of the Wide-Awakes.

KENNETH C. WARREN, Age 9.
Danielson.

How Claude Helped On the Farm.

Dear Uncle Jed: I thought I would write and tell you what I do on the farm. I feed the hens at night and I get the eggs.

We keep one kind of hens. They are Rhode Island Reds and they lay good. I also help drive the cows and have helped papa rake hay and am going to help milk as soon as I am old enough.

We have ten cows and two horses and one pig.

CLAUDE McDANIELS, Age 7.
Mansfield Center.

What I Did Saturday.

Dear Uncle Jed: My sister and I went to the Mansfield Fair Saturday afternoon.

We watched the oxen to see which could pull the most.

There were a great many pigs exhibited. I watched also the tractor showing. I then went to the Armory where part of the fair was held.

I saw some little kittens which were all black like their mother. There were all kinds of vegetables there.

Our school got the second prize.

I got the third on my corn, which is twenty-five cents.

My sister got the second prize on her parsnips, which is fifty cents.

I got ten cents from my friend Billy for ice cream, but I could not get any.

I came home about half past five. We had lots of fun.

LOUIS MARSCHAT, Age 11.
Mansfield Center.

Hans at the Storrs Fair.

Dear Uncle Jed: When I got to the Town Fair I went to get a ticket. I paid 20 cents for myself. Then I went to see the cattle. There were about sixty cows. Two little steers were tied to a big wagon. Beside the wagon was a cart and a whip, and harness.

Then we went to see the horses, and see the horses and oxen. There were about forty horses and about 32 oxen.

After that I went into the Armory where my sister and some other girls were canning.

Then I went to see the vegetables and sewing.

After the fair, I went home, arriving about 5 o'clock.

HANS STEINMEYER, Age 9.
Eagleville.

New Record in Mineral Production.

The total value of the mineral production of the country in 1916 was more than $3,470,000,000, increasing $1,076,200,000, or 45 per cent. over the $2,393,800,000 recorded for 1915, and exceeding the former record year of 1913 by more than $1,000,000,000, according to preliminary figures compiled by the United States Geological Survey, Department of the Interior.

Practically all the minerals shared in this increase, gold being the only one of the more important products that showed a decrease in value, though silver and anthracite showed decreases in quantity but increases in value.

The metals evidenced a new record in 1916, exceeding for the first time $1,000,000,000 and approximately a total of $1,622,000,000. Pig iron and copper contributed more than 78 per cent. of the total increase of $629,000,000, but large gains were made in zinc, lead, aluminum ferroalloys, and tungsten ores. As compared with the figures for 1915, the metallic products increased 63 per cent.

The total value of the nonmetallic products increased nearly $287,000,000 over the value for 1913, the year of next highest output, the figures for 1916 being $1,832,000,000 as compared with $1,555,000,000 for 1913. As compared with 1915, this is an increase of $440,000,000, or 32 per cent. Coal and petroleum contributed 76 per cent. of the increase shown in the nonmetallic products.

The final figures for both metals and nonmetals may be somewhat increased over these preliminary figures.

Thanksgiving Prices.

As Thanksgiving approaches the people who control the necessities of life are demanding prices which are causing the public to wonder if it can be thankful after the harvest has been gathered.—Troy Record.

According to Custom.

Down in Texas the price of broomcorn is $350 a a ton. We suppose the grower can prove that it costs $340 a ton to raise.—Rochester Herald.

From October 3 the entry into Archangel except by special authorization was prohibited.

MUTT AND JEFF, by Francis Murphy of Taftville.

THE LITTLE BEGGAR, by Arthur Courtin of Norwich.

READY FOR BUSINESS, by Austin Smith of Yantic.

A CIRCUS PET, by Austin Smith of Yantic.

LITTLE BO-PEEP, by Josephine Schuster of North Franklin.

Like A Boy at 50 Bubbling Over With Vitality--Taking Iron Did It

Doctor says Nuxated Iron is greatest of all strength builders—Often increases the strength and endurance of delicate, nervous folks 100 per cent. in two weeks' time.

New York, N. Y.—Not long ago a man came to me who was nearly half a century old and asked me to give him a preliminary examination for life insurance. I was astonished to find him with the blood pressure of a boy of 20 and as full of vigor, vim and vitality as a young man; in fact, a young man he really was notwithstanding his age. The secret he said was taking iron—nuxated iron had filled him with renewed life. At 30 he was in bad health; at 46 he was careworn and nearly all in. Now at 50 after taking Nuxated Iron a miracle of vitality and youth. As I have said a hundred times over, iron is the greatest of all strength builders. If people would only take Nuxated Iron when they feel weak or run down, instead of dosing themselves with habit-forming drugs, stimulants and alcoholic beverages, I am convinced that in this way they could ward off disease, preventing it becoming organic in thousands of cases and thereby the lives of thousands might be saved who now die every year from pneumonia, grippe, kidney, liver, heart trouble and other dangerous maladies. The real and true cause which started their diseases was nothing more nor less than a weakened condition brought on by lack of iron in the blood. Iron is absolutely necessary to enable your blood to change food into living tissue. Without it, no matter how much or what you eat, your food merely passes through you without doing you any good. You don't get the strength out of it and as a consequence you become weak pale and sickly looking, just like a plant trying to grow in a soil deficient in iron. If you are not strong or well, you owe it to yourself to make the following test: See how long you can work or how far you can walk without becoming tired. Next take two five-grain tablets of ordinary nuxated iron three times per day after meals for two weeks. Then test your strength again and see for yourself how much you have gained. I have seen dozens of nervous, run-down people who were ailing all the while double their strength and endurance and entirely get rid of all symptoms of dyspepsia, liver and other troubles in from ten to fourteen days' time simply by taking iron in the proper form. And this after they had in some cases been doctoring for months without obtaining any benefit. But don't take the old forms of reduced iron, iron acetate or tincture of iron simply to save a few cents. You must take iron in a form that can be easily absorbed and assimilated like nuxated iron if you want it to do you any good, otherwise it may prove worse than useless. Many an athlete or prizefighter has won the day simply because he knew the secret of great strength and endurance and filled his blood with iron before he went into the affray, while many another has gone down to inglorious defeat simply for the lack of iron.
—E. Sauer, M. D.

NOTE—Nuxated Iron, recommended above by Dr. E. Sauer is not a patent medicine nor secret remedy, but one which is well known to druggists and whose iron constituents are widely prescribed by eminent physicians everywhere. Unlike the older inorganic iron products it is easily assimilated, does not injure the teeth, make them black, nor upset the stomach; on the contrary, it is a most potent remedy in nearly all forms of indigestion as well as for nervous, rundown conditions. The manufacturers have such great confidence in nuxated iron, that they offer to forfeit $100.00 to any charitable institution if they cannot take any man or woman under 60 who lacks iron, and increase their strength 100 per cent. or over in four weeks' time, provided they have no serious organic trouble. They also offer to refund your money if it does not at least double your strength and endurance in ten days' time. It is dispensed in this city by Chas. Osgood Co., Lee & Osgood Co., and all good druggists.