

THE WIDE AWAKE CIRCLE

BOYS AND GIRLS DEPARTMENT

Size of Pictures Drawn For The Bulletin

They must be either 2 1/2-16 wide for single column, and 4 1/2-16 for double column. The lines must come within these measurements.

WIN A THRIFT STAMP

Winning Wide-Awake Letters are rewarded with a Thrift Stamp, with an extra Stamp for every fourth book won.

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 150 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 "Wide-Awake", Bulletin Office. "Whatever you say—Be true! Straightforwardly act, Be honest—in fact, Be nobody else but you."

POETRY.

Laughing April

My name is April, sir; and I often laugh, as often cry; And I cannot tell what makes me; Only as the fit overtake me I must smile and frown. Laughing though the tears roll down. But 'tis nature, sir, not art! And I'm happy at my heart.

In God's Out of Doors.

Beautiful things in the heart of the woods, Silence and sweetness and songs of birds, A gentle breeze in the leafy trees, And thoughts of peace too deep for words.

Out of the clamor, and dust, and din, Into the woods as one enters in, Leaving the crowded, traveled way, Who will, may muse of heaven today.

An Arber Day Tree.

Dear little tree that we plant today, What will you be when we're old and gray? The savings bank of the squirrel and mouse, For robin and wren an apartment house, The dressing-room of the butterfly's ball, The locust's and katydid's concert hall, The schoolboy's ladder in pleasant June, The schoolgirl's tent in the July morn, And my leaves shall whisper them merrily A tale of the children who planted me.

My French Doll.

When I make tea for my Mam'ells, She only wants a pinch, The wee-est slice of wartime bread—No bigger than an inch.

She never takes one little cake, Nor sugar in her tea, For Mam'ells says that she must fast With dolls across the sea.

My Mam'ells takes her knitting bar, No longer will she dandle me, But knits and knits and knits, all day, For soldier dolls in France.

—Bessie Calhoun Newton, in the Rochester Herald.

UNCLE JED'S TALK TO WIDE-AWAKES.

The fields and brooks are very inviting, and have been every spring since brooks began to flow and grass and violets to grow.

How long ago that was no man knows. No one can tell how long ago men began to fish and to make gardens. It is likely that he began to fish some time after he began to hunt wild game—before a hook or twine had been invented.

At first man tied together vegetable fibers and attached thereto a straight piece of bone over which he slipped a worm, and when the fish swallowed the worm the pulling of the fibre made the bone cross the fish's throat and held him.

It was many centuries after this that a cut pole and a bent wire or pin was thought of, and a great many more hundreds of years before the rod and reel and fly were invented to improve the sport of angling.

Three or four hundred years ago the brook fishermen used to make their own flies. They carried with them the flies and the hair and the tinsel and thread to make flies with, and when they saw the fish catching floating flies they caught one of which the fish seemed most fond, and then proceeded to make a false one as near like it as possible, and from this practice grew the great industry of making flies of many kinds to deceive the fish and to make their capture easy.

You go to the brook with rod and reel.

Another thing, I am gathering silver spoons, too. If I get a pound of it I get 50 cents. I have half a pound of it. When I sell it I will get two Thrift Stamps.

I hope all the children will do as much as I am doing.

BERNICE BURDICK, Age 10. Danielson.

line, with the most modern apparatus, to catch fish; but the wild men from South America still shoot fish with arrows and in some parts of China they have trained birds to go into the water and bring the fish out to them.

Boys who go to the brooks learn something more than how to fish, for they learn the habits of the birds and flowers and insects and beget a love for Nature which endures, and which is a joy to them as long as they live.

When you go to the brooks, boys, wake up to the age of that pretty little stream which gives you sport.

LETTERS OF ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

Emma F. White of North Stonington—I thank you very much for the prize book you sent me. I have read it and found it very interesting.

Helen M. Babbitt of Hanover—I received a Thrift Stamp, for which I thank you very much.

Grace Mahoney of Colchester—Thanks very much for the Thrift Stamp which came so unexpected. I am saving all my pennies to get Thrift Stamps and was so glad to get this one as it makes another one in my book. I will try again.

Bertha Mathewson of Voluntown—I thank you for the prize book, Dorothy's Triumph. As far as I have read it is very interesting. I was very much pleased with it.

Mildred E. Grandy of Yantic—I wish to thank Uncle Jed for my latest book, Comrades at Winton Hall. I have read it and found it very interesting.

STORIES WRITTEN BY WIDE-AWAKES.

The American Flag. The American flag represents a nation, one of the leading nations of the world. It represents all the deeds of the men of America; therefore we ought to keep our flag clean and bright—not in color, but in our actions.

Our flag was made by Betsy Ross. She lived in Philadelphia. The flag of the United States was made at the beginning of the Revolutionary war. It then had thirteen stripes of red and white and thirteen stars, while the latter were arranged in a circle, the stars being white and the field blue. We now have forty-eight stars and thirteen stripes.

The stripes stand for the original states, the stars for the present states. The colors stand for "red for courage, blue for truth, and white for purity and for youth."

DOROTHY PASKIN, Age 11. Norwich.

Work I've Got to Do. I will tell the Wide-Awakes how much I have to do in this war. I hope every girl, boy or girl, is as interested as I am. My brother is in the army six months, and it is very hard for my father, as he had an operation on his leg and was very ill and couldn't work, but had to after my brother left.

Now I'll tell you what I have to do. I'll have to help with all the farm work now, weed, hoe and tend the cattle.

I also want to tell you how I do my bit. I bought Thrift Stamps and gave my brother to his country. I am willing to do anything to help win the war.

AGNES GAYESKI, Age 11. Colchester.

War and Sugar. Before this war England bought most of her sugar from Germany, Austria, and far-away Java.

France and Italy raised their own sugar. Now the sugar fields of France and Italy are in the hands of the United States and her islands or Java.

Java is too far away. In an all-round trip it takes one hundred and fifty days.

The allies need their ships and this is too long a trip. It is for the United States to help supply them. It takes fifty days to go to France and back again from New York. They need ten billion pounds of sugar a year extra.

Sugar is one of the cheapest foods we have, and is sold at a lower price in the United States than in any other country. It is often sold in barrels, three hundred and fifty pounds to the barrel. We must all be saving on sugar.

I'll win this war, so be careful of your sugar and help the allies win.

VERSAILLES. EDNA KENDALL.

Why Must We Help? We must try to win the war because the soldiers are helping us. They need clothing and food to help us, don't they? We must go without for them. We don't need new dresses every month, or new hats, either.

I am knitting wristlets for the soldiers, and I am buying Thrift Stamps. I have my book full, so I have a W. S.

I am beginning another Thrift Stamp book. I am going to belong to the Junior Red Cross. It takes 25 cents to belong. Knitting needles, size seven—they will give you the rest of the things.

Another thing, I am gathering silver spoons, too. If I get a pound of it I get 50 cents. I have half a pound of it. When I sell it I will get two Thrift Stamps.

Allied it. Every boy and girl should buy Thrift Stamps. ELSIE MAIN, Mystic.

Dear Uncle Jed: I have bought sixteen Thrift Stamps. I hope a lot of boys and girls have bought Thrift Stamps, because every quarter we loan to the government helps to clothe and feed the soldiers and sailors of America. They are doing all they can for us, so we should do our best for them, and by Thrift Stamps help win the war.

Mr. Hoover has asked all the boys and girls of America to eat less candy and that will save more sugar for our boys over here.

BERTHA KONIG, Age 11. Norwich.

Grandma's Angel. Bettie's grandmother was very old and used to always take a nap in the afternoon.

One day Bettie's mother said: "Go and see if grandma is ready to come to tea, Betty."

"Why, Pat, I just dreamed that a little angel came and kissed me on the cheek."

ELIZABETH SHAW, Age 12. Glasgow.

Blissville Busy Boosters. In our school we have all joined the Junior Red Cross club. The name of our club is Blissville Busy Boosters.

We have pins that have the letter B on them, and this means the heart, the hand, the head, and the health. Our cooking lessons have been held four times. The first time the teacher came she made cereal; the second, creamed soups; the third, Liberty bread, and the fourth, bread pudding.

We all try these at home and keep a record.

MILDRED TUCKER, Age 11. Norwich.

A Story About Alaska and Its People. Alaska is a very cold region. The people are mainly Eskimos. The houses are made out of snow and skins of animals.

Their only lamp consists of a hole dug out of a stone. It also serves for a stove to keep themselves warm. The oil is obtained from the seal.

When a boy is born in Alaska there is a dark spot on his back. In time this grew, and spread over the boy's entire body and makes him yellow.

The Eskimos are very different from us. The jacket is made of reindeer skin. They have no pins or buttons on their clothes. There is a hole on the top of their dress and they slip it over their head.

When the boys get big they love to fish and hunt. They have about fifteen dogs to drag their sleigh.

The people of Alaska do not grow very tall because it is too cold. They do not feel the cold because they are dressed all in fur.

FLORENCE DISCO, Age 12. Norwich.

Why We Ought to Buy Thrift Stamps. We ought to buy Thrift Stamps to help stamp out the Kaiser and lick him. If we all buy Thrift stamps we will win this war.

I have bought four Thrift stamps and I am going to buy some more. Thrift stamps will buy most of the things that the soldiers need, but if we don't buy Thrift stamps we won't be helping Uncle Sam, but the Kaiser whom most of us hate.

Now let us all start right in and win this war. I am doing my bit and most of my friends are doing theirs. One of my friends who has been sick for six or seven weeks has started right in on Thrift stamps. She would sooner stamp out Kaiser Bill than stamp him in the neck!

DORIS OLDHAM, Age 13. Norwich.

Bread and Butter. "I love little ones," said the moon, "especially the very little ones. Many times I peep in the room between the curtains, when they are not thinking of me."

This evening I looked through a window before the little sisters was drawn. I saw my little cousins and brothers playing together.

"Among them was a sister, our years old, who had been taught to say 'Our Father, as well as the rest. 'The mother said to her every night to hear her say her prayers. After she had said them her mother gives her a kiss, and waits till she is asleep."

"This evening the mother told me to be still as the little sister was going to say her prayers."

"I looked in over the lamp to the little girl's bed. There she lay, under a white quilt, her white little hands were folded, and her face serene. She repeated the Lord's Prayer out loud."

"What is that what you say?" asked her mother as the little one stopped for a moment in the middle of her prayer.

"When you say 'Give us this day our daily bread, you always add something else, don't you?"



WRITING TO DAD SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE, by Ralph Austin of Wauregan.

contrasting tints produce a strange effect as they rapidly succeed each other. The iris of the eye is yellow.

MILDRED GRANDY, Age 12. Yantic.

An April Fool. Grandpa Brown was a very old man. As he sat looking at his morning paper he said:

"Mildred, Ted and John come here! I have a bargain. Today is April fool's day. Anyone who can fool me shall get a large wagon, horse and riders' outfit."

Mildred was a girl of twelve, John was nine, and small Ted was only five. At first John said, "Oh, he always said I looked like you, so let me take your dress and go to see him."

He went to the house and found his grandpa in the parlor reading. As he went in he began to talk.

Before he had ended his first sentence grandpa said, "Why, John, you are a good looking girl!"

All day Grandpa looked at 4 o'clock, and as Grandpa always had a nap, he said:

"My, but it is dark in here after being out in the sunshine. He was so used to sitting down but he thought he sat on the cat and got up, saying:

"Oh, my dear little cat, did I hurt you?"

"April fool! April fool! at last! It's only my muffer you sat on. Ha! Ha! The wagon's mine!" exclaimed Ted.

The next day they went to get the wagon, which was made to hold three—Ted, John and Mildred.

HELENA MAGEL, Age 14. Jewett City.

Big Ben. In a small New England town there lived a quiet awkward fellow who went by the name of "Big Ben." He never went around with the other fellows, but always stayed home with his books. It was said that he would always stay a farmer.

There was not much excitement in this small village till the papers were filled with news of the war.

"President Wilson Declares War Against Germany." It was then that they really awakened to the fact that the United States was at war.

Big Ben then decided to do his bit to help America protect her rights so he enlisted and was sent to a training camp in New England.

Big Ben was very happy sailing across the seas. How happy he was when French soil came to view.

He was sent to another camp then he was ready to fight. One day before the battle he spied an enemy creeping towards the American trenches. He hurried to headquarters as fast as he could to report what he had seen.

Before the army had a chance to do any harm he was sent back by the Americans with shot and shell.

Although Big Ben was not worth much in his own home town he was worth something to Uncle Sam.

BERTHA IRELAND, Age 13. Colchester.

store for my neighbors. I would like very much to do something to get some more.

I will work hard to get them and will use all my money for stamps.

We salute the flag every day in school. We love it and we should be true to the Red, White and Blue.

We can do lots of things to help win the war.

In school we have joined the Red Cross, and we do Red Cross work for the soldiers, and we are helping in the Thrift Stamp campaign. We have over \$100 worth of Thrift stamps now.

We have brought books to school to send to the soldiers.

I hope we can win this war quickly.

GERTRUDE WILCOX, Age 9. Norwich.

Won By Obsession. Dear Uncle Jed: Once a little boy asked his father how he could help his country.

"Well, my son," said his father, "I will show you a way. First, you must do as you are told. Be good to every one. Then we will see if you are helping your country. If you do this I will get you a surprise."

"Oh, please tell me what it will be," said his son.

Not now. First you must do as I tell you.

Now this little boy did not like to do as he was told. But he did then unwillingly.

Soon he had learned to like his job. One day his father called him. He told him to come with him with his eyes closed. His father led him into the yard. In the yard was a tent. He led his son into it. "Now open your eyes," he said.

The boy opened his eyes. His father had gone out. "Oh! a real tent! A run, and a soldier suit! Now I am a real soldier!"

He looked around and in the corner of his tent was a box. He looked in. There he found a Thrift card with one stamp. He was so glad.

MARCIA BRUCKNER, Age 12. Norwich.

How We Win The War. Dear Uncle Jed: All the children in school in my class are writing to you; we want you to know how hard we are working to get Thrift stamps.

I have one war stamp and ten Thrift stamps of my own. We have \$105.75 in my room.

I feed and water the hens every morning and go up to my uncle's for milk before I go to school. I go home and chop wood nights for the fire. That is how I earned my money.

My sister, Alice, is buying Thrift stamps, too. She is in the Grammar school.

I hope we will win this war.

CHARLES FLYNN, Age 8. Norwich.

Working For Uncle Sam. Dear Uncle Jed: We are buying Thrift stamps in our school at Poquehantic. I have eleven now.

I like to buy Thrift stamps because it is helping my country. I am going to buy more just as soon as I earn my money.

I earned my money by washing and drying dishes, dusting, sweeping the floor and running to the store for my mother. My two brothers are buying Thrift stamps.

The government needs all the money it can get to buy food, clothing and other war supplies for the soldiers; and if everybody would do his part in buying stamps we should win this war soon.

My mother belongs to the Red Cross society and she sews nearly every day for the soldiers.

We are doing Red Cross work in our school. The children in my room at school have joined the Red Cross society.

I wish every boy and girl would buy stamps and help win the war.

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A Thrift Stamp Club. Dear Uncle Jed: We have a Thrift Stamp club in our school. I have a five dollar war saving stamp from grandma and grandpa Christmas.

Sailing Boats. Dear Uncle Jed: I am going to tell you of an adventure of a friend of mine had. We were playing around my house. Presently a thought came to me. I was very fond of sailing boats, and especially up in a dam by my house.

THE PRIDE OF THE COUNTRY, by Margaret McComb of Norwich. Illustration of three children.