

THE WIDE AWAKE CIRCLE

BOYS AND GIRLS DEPARTMENT

Size of Pictures Drawn For The Bulletin

They must be either 2 3/16 wide for single column, and 4 8/16 for double column. The lines must come within these measurements.

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.

Mother Goose Up-to-Date.

Mrs. Spratt eats all the fat, And Jack eats all the lean; For Mr. Hoover's ordered them To lick the platter clean.

Little Miss Muffet, She sat on a tuffet, Eating wheat bread and preserves; There came Mr. Hoover, Who began to reprove her, And now Miss Muffet conserves.

Mary had a knitting bag; 'Twas solid full of yarn; And everywhere that Mary went That bag went on her arm.

Little Jack Horner sat in a corner, Eating his wheat and rye; No plums I eat, nor sugar nor wheat, What a great boy am I!

Simple Simon met a pifman Going down the street— Said Simon to the pifman: "What can I get to eat?"

Said the pifman unto Simon, "I think you will like my pie." Said Simon to the pifman, "Do you make the crust of rye?"

Said pifman unto Simon, "I follow Mr. Hoover's plan." Said Simon to the pifman, "I take your whole stock good man."

Mary had a little lamb, Its fleece was quite expensive. It followed her to school one day, And came home feeling pensive.

The little maids at school that day, Forgot their suns and let them stay; They pulled the wool all off its back, And knit it into sweaters.

AWARD OF PRIZES.

- 1—Ethel M. Light, of Willimantic; The Boy Scouts in the Maine Woods. 2—Dorothy E. Horton, of Pomfret Center: A Thrift Stamp. 3—Geraldine Garland, of Southbridge, Mass.: Frontier Boys in Colorado. 4—Edna Kendall, of Versailles: Hilton Boy on the River. 5—Delsie Ames, of Willimantic: A Thrift Stamp. 6—Albert Stoddard, of Norwich: A Thrift Stamp. 7—Helen Frink, of Norwich: A Thrift Stamp. 8—Florence Austin, of Wauregan: A Thrift Stamp.

LETTERS OF ACKNOWLEDGMENT

Edna Kendall, of Versailles: I received the prize book and am finding it very interesting. I thank you very much and will try again.

Emily Hopkins, of Plainfield: I was very pleased to receive the Thrift Stamp you sent me. I thank you very much.

Dorothy E. Horton, of Pomfret Center: I received the prize book, Dorothy's Schooning and thank you for it.

STORIES WRITTEN BY WIDE AWAKES.

Starlings. The starling is found in nearly all temperate climates, but is most numerous in Britain and Europe. It is gregarious going in flocks of several hundred under control of a leader. The nest of this bird is a crude affair and built in a variety of places—sometimes on the ground, in deserted rabbit burrows or in pigeon cotes forming a ready affiliation with any other variety.

The starling is an amiable and interesting pet, being easily taught to speak with the facility and distinctness of a parrot and combines with this facility a marvelously instinctive judgment.

It has a great affection for its offspring which is admirably illustrated by the following anecdote: A barn in which a starling had her young, caught on fire. The bird flew about in mad distraction as if trying to call attention and help from persons in the vicinity. As the flames grew nearer her young she flew through the smoke and seizing one of the fledglings bore it in her beak to a place of safety, returning immediately, one by one she removed her entire brood of five to another spot where they were deposited together and a new nest formed for their comfort.

In his habits the starling is very similar to our common cow birds, though its plumage is very handsome.

ETHEL M. LIGHT, Age 12, Willimantic.

An Escapee. Johnny decided to crawl under. He couldn't climb over. The fence was a tight board one and smooth and high. Inside was the game. The six-inch space under the boards was his only hope.

With a glance behind him, he fattened himself and thrust his head under the fence. Evidently what he saw was favorable, for his exertions continued. Digging his fingers and shoes into the grass, he managed to gain a few more inches. Perspiration rolled down his purple face and into his bulging eyes.

WIN A THRIFT STAMP

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

like the policeman. There was an ominous pause. Then the fence was lifted and with one push Johnny found himself on the ball grounds. Grinning, he jumped to his feet and raced away to the game. On the other side of the fence the policeman smiled. As he had watched the toiling figure that afternoon, perhaps he felt that such diligence should be rewarded, or perhaps he remembered his own boyhood days.

DOROTHY E. HORTON, Pomfret Center.

Potatoes. Last summer I planted some potatoes and they grew well. I watered them once a week, and took good care of them so as to have them in good condition.

I weeded them every time there were any weeds among them. They grew and grew every day until it was time to dig them.

I started in the afternoon to dig them, and got such big potatoes! Indeed, I never expected them to be so big.

This year I will plant more than last year. I wished last year I had planted more. After all, I ate them, and that's the end of them.

EMMA FRINK, Norwich.

The Potato. Some potatoes are round and some are long. The potatoes vary in size. The skin of the potatoes are thin and brown.

There are two kinds of potatoes—the Irish potato and the sweet potato. The potatoes were found in America before the white people came.

The Indians used to dig the potatoes and throw them in the fire until they were baked.

When the white men found the potatoes they were very much pleased and took some over to England and Spain, and the rest of the world spread all over the world.

This week is potato week. We must eat all the potatoes we can. Last year I planted some potatoes and they grew very good.

I am going to plant some more this year. I like potatoes and could eat them twice a day.

LOUISA SCHMIDT, Norwich.

A Good Picnic. The choir boys of St. James' church were to have a picnic on an appointed day.

On the day which we were to have our picnic we all met together and got aboard the 9 o'clock car to East Killing.

When we reached the pond we took three boats which had hired and rowed to the other side of the pond.

Having crossed the pond, we found a good place to have our picnic. When we reached shore we put our lunches and things on the ground and went fishing, others swimming and others stayed on land, having a good time.

About 12 we had lunch and then had ice cream which we brought along with us.

Having had a fine dinner, we all went bathing for a little while; then we set off in groups to go fishing.

Few fish were caught, but we had the time of our lives.

Late in the afternoon signs of a shower showed and we all got ready to start back for home. The thunder began to roar, did not start raining until we got to Elmville. When we got off the car in Danielson it was only raining a little.

We all hurried home and had not been a long time before the rain came down in torrents.

We were all very glad to get home without getting wet, and all wish to have another picnic this summer.

OVILLA BLANCHETTE, Age 13, Danielson.

Three Patriots. I am going to tell the Wide-Awakes about three little girls. Each one of us have thrift stamps. Their names are Dora, Dinham, Elsie Shaw and Mary Shaw.

We are going to make a Red Cross club and do our bit in making things for the soldiers. There are only going to be three in the club. The meetings will be held on Saturdays.

We are doing our bit by buying thrift stamps and by doing Red Cross work.

MARY SHAW, Age 10, Plainfield.

The Orphans' Friend. Not many years ago a young woman named Margaret was employed as a servant in a hotel. She could neither read nor write, and her work that of washing and ironing, was of the hardest kind. She was a very pious woman, and always ready to help, by means in her power, those who were poorer than herself.

One day Margaret learned that the asylum building in care of the Sisters was not large enough for the number of orphan boys who had to be taken into it.

She had not been able to save much out of her small wages, but she had a pair of strong arms, a generous heart and a clear head. So giving up her work in the hotel, she went to the Sisters and offered to help them to get a larger house. The Sisters were glad to accept her offer, and Margaret started in at once to work. Her first step was to buy two cows and begin a milk business. She looked carefully after everything, served the milk herself, and her customers became her friends.



SIGNS OF SPRING, by Margaret Noworthy of Hampton, first prize, \$1.00.

spoken in words that would have made her blush could she have heard them. But words were not enough for the people of the city. Within two years from her death a monument arose to keep alive the memory of this noble woman who had labored so long and lovingly for God's poor. It faces the new asylum that was built mainly by her efforts. There she sits, carved in marble, one arm around a little child, and below, on the base is cut her name—Margaret.

There are many monuments in our land to heroes, statesmen and soldiers, but none is more deserving of a place than the one to this humble woman—The Orphans' Friend.

GERALDINE GAREAU, Southbridge.

The Habit of Studying Late at Night. Many scholars who have much home work to do are in the habit of waiting until the last minute to do their studying.

Some do theirs in the afternoon and then if they want to go to an entertainment or some other place of amusement they are at leisure, but other scholars wait until evening and then do their studying.

When it comes time to do their work they perhaps think they will go to the moving pictures and then when they come home they'll do it. After they reach home, they begin studying their lessons and stay up until late doing them. Then this goes on every evening as they have acquired the habit.

In the morning they are sleepy, tired and do not feel like getting up, nevertheless they have to.

The day at school is not very pleasant as they feel rather sleepy and have forgotten half of what they studied the night before. Their energy is all gone after they have been to school all day, but that night they do the same thing. It is not healthy and such students are not being able to learn well.

Therefore, pupils should not stay up late to do their lessons.

MARY A. BURRILL, Stafford Springs.

My Cat. When I was one and a half years old my brother brought me a little kitten. She has grown to be a large cat. I named her Boxer. She is a calico cat.

I have taught her to play with my ball and with a string.

Boxer will catch mice and birds. When anyone comes into the house, Boxer will come in and get under the sofa.

Boxer will follow me everywhere I go.

BEDA BUTLER, Age 10, Norwich.

A Rainy Day. The morning was dark and cloudy and drops of rain were beginning to fall.

It was not very long before the rain began to fall very rapidly and heavily. No one was to be seen out of doors except children who were running from their houses to the neighbors' houses to play with a friend.

It continued to rain all during the day, and it was noon and there were no signs to be seen telling that it would stop raining soon.

All during the afternoon it kept raining; it would stop a little, then all at once it would come down in great torrents. It was late in the afternoon and night soon came, but it was still raining.

About half past 8 in the night it stopped raining and only drops of rain were now falling.

Late during the night it rained, but in the morning when I got up I found that the day was bright.

We were all pleased with the rain, for we knew that it would make the grass grow green and make the spring flowers bloom.

OVILLA BLANCHETTE, Age 13, Danielson.

LETTERS TO UNCLE JED. Our Beautiful Sunsets. Dear Uncle Jed: I was born in Norwich 19 years ago, but when 4 years old we moved to New Haven.

This year as papa has gone across the ocean to do his share in the great war raging in Europe for freedom and

liberty, we came home to "the Rose of New England" to spend Easter. I will write about the beautiful sunsets we had all that week before Easter.

Loving all the little wild flowers that grow, and all nature, we climbed to the top of Lanman's Hill, about the highest point in the city, every evening, just to see the sun set. It is impossible to describe the grandeur or beauty. I don't think any artist could ever catch those beautiful tints, to reproduce just as the sun sinks slowly down behind the hills of the Rose of New England.

DOROTHY BARTON, Age 10, Norwich.

Why We Should Buy Thrift Stamps. Dear Uncle Jed: I am sure we all know that every one ought to buy thrift stamps. Just think of the poor boys over in France. What would they do without money?

One thrift stamp lets them have five good shoes at the Germans. Our government needs money to support our boys. Every thrift stamp which you buy helps to get a little nearer to the Kaiser. If everyone would buy thrift stamps and keep on buying and buying them, pretty soon our brave soldiers would get the Kaiser for us.

PRIZE DRAWING CONTEST.

The March-April Prize Drawing Contest was closed on April 26th and all drawings received since will be included in the competing pictures for May and June.

The total number of competing pictures received was 123. The following pictures were the pictures winning the eleven prizes, and those worthy of honorable mention:

- The Prize Pictures. 1st Prize, \$1.00—Signs of Spring, by Margaret E. Noworthy of Hampton. 2d Prize, \$0.75—The Investigator, by Arlene Anderson. 3d Prize, \$0.50—Making Up, by Alice Baldwin of Willimantic. 4th Prize, \$0.50—Mistress Mary, by Violet Disco, of Norwich. 5th Prize, \$0.50—Just Look Who's Here, by Margaret E. Noworthy of Hampton. 6th Prize, \$0.25—Down With the Kaiser, by Mary Burrill of Stafford Springs. 7th Prize, \$0.25—"I'm Going to Do My Little Bit," by Catherine E. Kirby, of Norwich. 8th Prize, \$0.25—Doing His Duty, by Geo. B. Morse, of Norwich. 9th Prize, \$0.25—This Duce Spot Will Beat a King, by Grace Burrill of Stafford Springs. 10th Prize, \$0.25—Easter Millinery, by Mary A. Burrill of Stafford Springs. 11th Prize, \$0.25—We're Coming, France! by Austin Smith, of Yantic. Honorable Mention.

In Apple Time, by Flora Huling of Hampton. Somewhere in Danielson, by Ethel Place of Danielson. Saving Coal, by Austin Smith of Yantic.

Her New Hat, by Ethel E. Place of Danielson. All Ready, by Eloise C. Smith of Norwich. The Wood Chopper, by George B. Morse, of Norwich. Cock-Sparrow in Training, by Roger B. Miner of North Franklin. The Motor Maid, by Dora K. Eps of Norwich.

Hip! Hip! Hurrah! by Ida Freeman, of Baltic. One of Uncle Sam's Boys, by John H. Burrill of Stafford Springs. For the Boys Over There, by Elsie Church of Uncasville. Three Cheers for the U. S. A., by Margaret Heibel of Taftville. The Duce, by Blanche Montgomery of Stafford Springs. A Red Cross Nurse, by Grace A. Burrill of Stafford Springs. The King of Siam, by Gerard Bourdon of Taftville. Earning a Thrift Stamp, by Mary Casey of Norwich. Uncle Sam's Helper, by Geo. Morse of Norwich.

On Guard, by Bertha Froemel of Baltic. Uncle Jed regrets to report that several first prize pictures had to be thrown out because no attention had been paid to the size. They must be drawn to fit a single column or not to exceed two columns in width. See block at head of department.

The next drawing contest will close June 20th, and is now open for all who care to compete.

many others. As you look at them it makes you think of how much you can save.

What for it is to paddle in the water, pick flowers and best of all play in the large barn.

On rainy days me and my friends would go into the barn and play. We would play "Hide and seek," and we would hide all over the large barn. We play houses and have bunches of hay for a bed. Then we would get our little playthings and dishes. We milk the cows so that we can have some cream to drink. Then mother lets us have fruits and cake and some pudding.

There are so many things to tell I will not be able to tell everything. All these things show the country is best.

NELLY ZEMKE, Age 12, Norwich.

Her School. Dear Uncle Jed: My school is in the country. I have two war stamps and two thrift stamps. We have twenty-five cents and about \$27.88 in war stamps and thrift stamps.

ALICE AVERY, Age 11, Norwich.

A Little Knitter. Dear Uncle Jed: I am helping win the war. I am buying thrift stamps. I have one book full and have my war savings stamp. I have six more stamps on another card. Mamma gives me twenty-five cents a dozen for the eggs I get from the old hens. I am saving all of the waste paper and iron.

I belong to the Junior Red Cross and also to the Blue Cross. With mamma's help I have knitted two mufflers, sixty-eight inches long, and one wash cloth. I have also made twenty-six hot water bag covers, fifteen abdominal bandages for our school at Windham Center.

Nearly all of the pupils carried "a day of domestic work" about six to five scholars. We all have our Red Cross pins.

DELSIE AMES, Age 12, Willimantic.

Every Little Bit Helps. Dear Uncle Jed: A tiny drop of water, a little grain of sand, helps make the great big ocean, and our pleasant land; and I'm trying my best to do my little bit by getting my garden ready.

My mamma helps me spade up my garden. She will help me every pleasant day. She helps me one-half hour each morning before school and one-half hour each night.

I have bought some seeds at the school where I go, and my mamma has also got some more seeds, and also some potatoes for me to plant.

I am trying to earn all I can to buy thrift stamps so as to do all I can to help our brave soldiers.

I mean to sell all I can raise in my garden and give the money I get for my vegetables to help the Red Cross work.

Mamma says if every one helps each other do their little bit, though it is only a little bit, every little bit counts just the same as each drop of water and each grain of sand helps to make our pleasant land.

Mamma says we must do all we can so as to win this war.

I have earned five thrift stamps and I am going to earn more soon.

ALBERT STODDARD, Age 11, Norwich.

Billie. Dear Uncle Jed: Billie is a short stubby boy with red hair and light eyebrows. Billie is a very lazy boy. His mother calls him at half past seven. At a quarter past eight Billie comes sailing down the stairs. The first thing he says to his mother is:

"Ma, did you see my shoes?" "Ma, did you see my necktie?" "Ma, did you see my necktie?" "Ma, did you see my necktie?"

"Billie," his mother says, "If you had put your clothes together last night, you wouldn't be hunting for them now."

At last he finds them under the set tubs.

After brushing his hair back, he sits down and eats his breakfast, making no effort to hurry on his part.

At twenty-five minutes of nine he finishes his breakfast. By a little hurrying he could get to school in time



THE INVESTIGATOR, by Arlene Anderson, second prize, \$0.75.

and escape being late, but Billie is the same always. The next thing heard is, "Ma, did you see my book?" "No, Billie, I did not!" After hunting for five minutes he finds his book in an obscure corner back of the stove.

He then starts out for school. He lags along and hears the last bell, but makes no effort to hurry. As the result he comes sailing in at half-past nine and tells the teacher his mother did not tell him up in time.

Don't you think Billie is very inconsiderate? HELEN FRINK, Age 14, Norwich.

How I Do My Bit to Help Uncle Sam. Dear Uncle Jed: I am going to tell you how I earn my thrift stamps.

My mother gives me money each week to get in the wood.

My mother gives me money for doing other jobs. So I can get a thrift stamp every week.

I give the money to my school teacher and she gets the stamps for me. I have ten and hope I will get more.

Every thrift stamp will make five cartridges for the Browning gun, and forty thrift stamps will keep the Browning gun going for one minute.

I am also saving tinfol that comes from tobacco. When I get enough I will give it to the Red Cross and they will sell it and take the money and make bandages for the wounded soldiers in France.

CATHERINE GOTTSCHALK, Age 12, Uncasville.

STORY OF DESTRUCTION OF STEAMSHIP FLORENCE H. Internal Explosion Resulted in the Death of 47 Men.

New York, May 1.—The American steamship Florence H., carrying a cargo of smokeless powder, which was destroyed by an internal explosion April 17 near a French port, with the death or injury of all but 23 of her complement of 75 men, went down in less than 15 minutes, according to 15 survivors of the vessel who arrived here today. The explosion tore out almost the entire starboard side of the ship, the survivors said, and flames from the burning powder instantly enveloped the entire vessel.

Capt. F. J. Butterfield and all his deck officers were lost, and only two

of the engine room officers escaped unharmed. Those who did escape death had to batter down the wrecked doors of their staterooms, fight their way to the deck and then to the rail through walls of flame before they could leap into the sea. Even in the water they were subjected to a bombardment of burning boxes and a shower of burning powder. The life saving equipment was destroyed by the explosion.

All but six of a navy gun crew of 23 men were trapped in their quarters by the deck buckling and closing the hatches. They either were burned to death before the ship sank or were drowned when she went down.

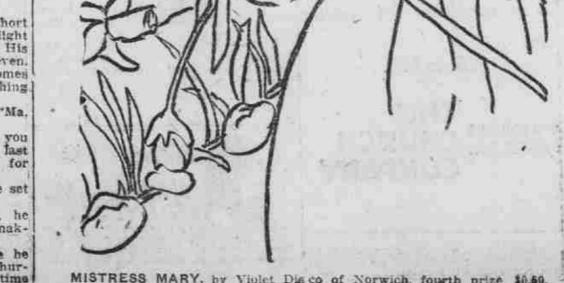
Captain Butterfield and his deck officers were quartered in wooden deck-houses near where the explosion occurred and the structures which sheltered them were instantly enveloped in flames, cutting off all chance of escape.

"We were one of a convoy of 13 ships," said John Durst of Hornell, N. Y., a seaman. "We had just anchored for the night. The explosion occurred at 10:15, when the majority of the crew was below. I do not believe it was caused by a torpedo, as the first explosion was not heavy enough to indicate that. It was more like a small blast, almost instantly followed by other explosions which continued until the ship went down."

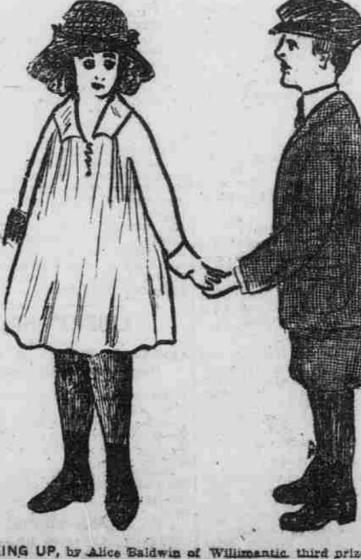
"With my mates I fought my way to the deck, dashed through a mass of roaring flames and went over the side. Some of the fellows grabbed floating boxes of powder to keep them afloat and a number were killed by these boxes exploding. It is possible that a bomb was planted in the ship before we sailed, but I doubt it. We were on the way 17 days, and that would have been a long time ahead to have set a time fuse. We were in the water about a half hour before we were picked up by a destroyer and afterwards landed at Brest."

"Eighteen survivors were still in French hospitals when the men who arrived here today sailed, they said. Many of those left in France were seriously injured."

What is regarded as an official statement is published by the Bukarest Tageblatt to the effect that, even after the signature of the treaty with the quadruple Alliance, the military authorities, both in Bukarest and in the provinces, will continue their work, and Rumanians must obey their orders.



MISTRESS MARY, by Violet Disco of Norwich, fourth prize, \$0.50.



MAKING UP, by Alice Baldwin of Willimantic, third prize, \$0.75.