

THE WIDE AWAKE CIRCLE

BOYS AND GIRLS DEPARTMENT

Size of Pictures Drawn For The Bulletin

They must be either 2 1/2-3 1/2 wide for single column, and 4 1/2-6 1/2 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 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. 6. Address all communications to Uncle Jed, Bulletin Office.

POETRY

JACK STRAW.

Hallo, funny fellow. Now who, pray, are you? Quoth he: "I belong to The Jack Family, too."

"And I thought I'd drop in. So you wouldn't forget me. I've been around your neck. I'll admit, since you met me."

"I belong to a family Of honorable names; You've played with us often— You know, we're a GAME!"

"Of course I remember," And, after a pause, I added, "You're one Of the jolly Jack Straws!"

"Quite right, and the last To be found in the stack." "No, he's the last straw," Broke the poor camel's back!"

I chuckled, at which Jack Was really put out. You remember the naughty Jack Straws are no doubt? —From the Public Ledger.

SLEEPY LAND ROVERS.

Sleepyhead and Rumplesnooze. Tell me where you're going! Out upon the dusky down. Where the dreams are blowing? Out upon the windy lea.

Where the dreams come over, Where the dreams are blowing? Dreaming like a tumble bug, In the scented clover!

Sleepyhead and Rumplesnooze. Lead me by the finest down. Out across the dusky down. Where the fairies linger.

Lead me to the chubbier bands, Lead me through the clover, Back to dear old Babylon, Where the dreams come over.

But in realms of Babylon, Gossamer cannot linger; Out beyond the slumber strand, Bubbles slip my finger—

Sails within the tumbled bed, Sails all set and blowing, Rumplesnooze and Sleepyhead, Tell me where you're going!

—Jay R. Eden, in the Kansas City Star.

UNCLE JED'S TALK TO WIDE-AWAKES.

All of us learn to talk after a fashion, but the majority of people do not learn to talk right. Talking by the book, or as common people talk, is not what you Uncle Jed is thinking about.

Talking right requires more of a knowledge of things than of persons. Those who talk about persons become gossip, and this dwarfs the mind instead of enlarging it, so that it has become a proverb that "Gossips never have great thoughts."

There is enough to talk about in this world without talking about one's neighbors, or repeating like a parrot things that have been heard, about them.

There are plenty of things to talk about from letters to philosophy, or to science, or to art; everything that grows, or runs, or flies, or things green, or things useful.

To talk about things indicates intelligence—to talk about your neighbors in a gossipy way is evidence of an empty mind, and often a sign of a wicked disposition.

Those learn to talk right who avoid "small talk," and devote themselves to profitable conversation.

It is an accomplishment to be able to see no evil, to hear no evil and to speak no evil.

The person of ideas is usually a person of few words.

It was once said of a great statesman that he could hold his tongue in fourteen languages.

It has also been remarked that a narrow-souled person like a narrow-necked bottle, is capable of making a loud noise with his mouth.

To talk right you should talk little, and in the use of a few words say much.

THE WINNERS OF PRIZES.

- 1—Rosa Williams, of Colchester—The Battleship Boys in the Tropics. 2—Anna M. Gordon, of Norwich—Ted Gilman. 3—Sybil Gluck, of Brooklyn, N. Y.—Battleship Boys Under Fire. 4—Harold Wilde, of Wauregan—The Boy Scouts Down in Dixie. 5—Albert Phillips, of Versailles—The Hilltop Boys on the River. 6—Adalard Duquette, of Danielson—Andy's Ward. 7—Charles R. Nichols, of Norwich—A Thrift Stamp. 8—Marion Mitchell, of Yantic—A Thrift Stamp.

The Winners of 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 ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

Albert Phillips, of Versailles—I received an interesting book you sent me and thank you very much. Every

day? Attack it in earnest. There is a key to the puzzle and it's out. Others have done it and you can.

Have you a brother or sister who it seems hard to agree with? It's another puzzle. Well-behaved people live together without quarreling. There is a key to that person's heart. Find it, and live in harmony.

Have you a fault that keeps cropping up? It's just another puzzle. There is a way to get rid of it. Find the key.

Don't you want to gain some good quality, to make yourself popular, to have many friends? It can be done. Others have done it. Do not give up. Attack one more puzzle, and concentrate on it until you find the key.

ALBERT PHILLIPS, Age 12, Versailles.

What Dorothy Said.

Little Dorothy always lunched with the family on Sunday, and was rather well-liked, when she was a real live bishop was to be of the company. When she found that she actually had to sit next to the man she became almost paralyzed and contemplated her plate of beef (trout) for a minute or two in embarrassed silence, then feeling that there must be some special mode of address for so exalted a cleric, and determining to have a shot at it, she turned to the bishop and said:

"Oh, for heaven's sake, pass the salt!"

JOHN ANDREW, Age 13, Taftville.

The Red Cross a Help in No Man's Land.

The Red Cross is a great comfort to soldiers and little children who have neither friends nor parents. The brave soldiers who are in "No Man's Land" fighting behind the trenches for Old Glory, when suffering from wounds are helped as soon as the Red Cross finds them.

If we can't help and care for our boys who are fighting for our dear Red, White and Blue we can surely trust the Red Cross which is "The Mother of Mercy" to all.

The Red Cross is above the battle smoke, caring and doing some bit of good for humanity.

GLADYS LADD, Age 8, North Franklin.

The Departure of the Drafted Men.

The boys were going away. They were willing to give up their dear ones, but when the trains passed through the country, every time when our country has been in need of her boys, they have always been ready and now as in the past great crowds gather at the station to see them off and to encourage and cheer them.

In knots of four or five they stand around the platform. Every one is shaking hands with them.

Off in one corner, apart from the rest, stands a tall, strong looking young man who, talking earnestly with an elderly lady. It is his mother. She is giving to her only son a few kind words of advice. As the train comes they shake hands, and after kissing his mother, he starts for the train.

Now they are all on and the train begins to move further and further away, until at last it has passed around the bend and is lost from view.

As we turn back to the crowd on the platform, we find many in tears, who had been waving handkerchiefs before with shining faces, but now that the boys have gone they are unable to control their sobs any longer.

After all there is a bright side to this and we must look forward to the time when they are to return to us, better in many ways than before.

ANNA M. GORTON, Norwich.

How He Earns Thrift Stamps.

Dear Uncle Jed: I will tell all the Wide-Awakes how I earn money to buy Thrift Stamps. Every day after school I go to a lady's house where I wash her wood and water, feed the dogs, ducks, hens, and rabbits. I give them all some water, then I bring in the eggs.

Every Saturday I clean out the barn and I keep the hen coop clean. The lady gives me quite a lot of pennies so I have got five thrift stamps. I hope to be able to fill my card.

JAMES D. CURRIER, Age 9, Versailles.

The Pony Express.

As you know, after the Civil war there was trouble with the Indians in the west. Soldiers were sent out to calm down the Indians, and many battles were fought.

At the same time people living on the border wanted their mail, so a plan was fixed so that a man mounted on a fast pony, who could endure hardships, would carry the mail in a sack to a station, and from there start on another pony until he got to the holder, then he would deliver the mail and start back.

There was great danger in doing this work, for the Indians would often ambush the pony express rider, shoot him down, and the mail would come in late. Some times a wild trained pony would stay by his dead master for a time and then keep on till he reached the station. Outlaws would often shoot the rider down, take the mail sack, and keep the money in the sack. So we started home. It would go all right on a straight road, but when we wanted to turn we had to get out and turn the wheels the

way we wanted to go; and after great experience we arrived home.

Another day we were in Moosup on a high cliff, and trying to turn we slipped almost to the edge. One false move and we would have been down the side of the cliff.

But when the trains passed through the west, this method of carrying the mail passed away.

JOSEPH LAFONTE, Age 12, Danielson.

Agriculture.

Agriculture is the art of cultivating the ground to obtain products. The inorganic parts are derived from the decay of animal and vegetable matter. The organic part of the soil generally called vegetable mold. To be fertile a soil must contain a considerable portion of this organic matter.

There are two kinds of soil, heavy and light. Heavy soil is most generally wet and contains a large portion of clay. This soil is most adapted to wheat, oats, Indian corn and the various grasses.

Light soil is easily cultivated. It will raise rye, barley, buckwheat and the root-topped plants. There are sometimes called the three primitive earths—silica (including sand and gravel), clay and lime.

At present people should raise more wheat and oatmeal than ever before. We need it to feed the allies on.

MARY COOPER, Age 14, North Stonington.

A Gentleman.

Sir Philip Sidney was a true gentleman. He was brave and generous and thought of others before himself. The last act of his life showed his character.

It was upon a battlefield. He was fighting bravely for his country as the American boys are doing now when he fell, mortally wounded. As he lay suffering upon the ground, his fevered lips parched with thirst, he called for water. Just then Sir Philip saw another wounded soldier lying near him who looked wistfully at the cooling draught which the soldier had brought for Sir Philip.

"Give it to him," said the dying hero, putting the bottle away. "His need is greater than mine."

I know all American soldiers are going to be as brave as Sir Philip.

MARGARET HEIBEL, Age 13, Taftville.

Experiences Auto Riding.

One evening Papa and I went out in the woods to see some lumber Papa had bought. Going over a stump we broke the steering rod. We worked on it for a long time and soon it began to grow dark. So we started home. It would go all right on a straight road, but when we wanted to turn we had to get out and turn the wheels the



SAVING COAL, by Austin Smith of Yantic.

was Buffalo Bill, who, when young, undertook this dangerous work. This man grew to be the most noted Indian fighter and plainsman.

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windmills and waterwheels and ever so many other things. Behind his father's house there was a little brook flowing into the river. In this stream Robert had built a dam and put up a water-wheel which kept running day and night till a freshet came and swept it into the river.

When Robert was a carpenter and Robert spent a great part of his leisure hours in the shop, inventing or constructing queer machines of which he was not himself proud. He said: "I am not sure that he always knew himself."

When Robert was 13 years his brother, who lived in Boston, sent him a copy of Robinson Crusoe as a birth-day present. Almost every child reads this book, and I suppose there is not another book in the world which people like to read so well as this one. Robert read it through twice and he found it very interesting.

Robert wanted to be a Robinson Crusoe, and he actually went so far as to form a plan by which he could live on an island, sleep in a cave and have no companions but a dog and an old cat.

Of course, he did not tell anybody about this famous plan, for fear his friends would find it out and prevent him from becoming a Crusoe. But he went to work and got everything ready as fast as he could.

Robert, however, gave little thought or heed at this moment to the wishes of his two companions, for he was wholly taken up with the preparation for the grand departure.

All was now ready. Robert pushed off the raft, and it floated slowly down the stream.

He landed on a small island and thought he was monarch of all he surveyed. His cat had got the other side of the island and had left him. He started to make a house out of the boards of his raft. When he had done he sat at his desk. Trip was to bed. He rolled himself up in his new blanket; but it was very gloomy and cold. How different from his father's! He thought of his father's dream of Crusoe in his cave with dog and his parrot.

It is more likely he dreamed of his warm bed at home, of his father and new milk of apple pie and doughnuts. But after he had slept an hour or two he woke up and found that his cat was gone. The cat was looking for young Crusoe.

On their way down the pond they had called loudly for him, but Robert slept so soundly he had not heard them.

They took him in the boat with them and rowed home. After that Robert never thought of going on an island again. The adventure caused him to love his parents more dearly than ever before.—Unassigned.

LETTERS TO UNCLE JED.

A Large Bite. Dear Uncle Jed: For his good behavior little Freddie was given an apple, and settled himself to the agreeable task of reducing its dimensions.

Suddenly his sister Dorothy burst into the room, and disputed his right to eat the whole of it himself, but Freddie deemed possession nine points of the law and became a passive resistor.

"Give sister a bite. Like a little gentleman," said his mother. Freddie hesitatingly did as he was bid, and the little girl took a bite. Then he looked at himself, and was left, and tears came into his eyes.