

THE WIDE AWAKE CIRCLE

BOYS AND GIRLS DEPARTMENT

Size of Pictures Drawn For the Bulletin

They must be either 2 3/8-16 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. 6. Address all communications to Uncle Jed, Bulletin Office. 7. Whatever you say—Be that! 8. Whatever you say—Be true! 9. Straightforwardly act. 10. Be honest—in fact. 11. Be nobody else but you.

WIDE-AWAKE CIRCLE

POETRY

How to Forget

If you were busy being kind, Before you knew it you would find, That someone was unkind to you.

If you were busy being glad, And cheering people who were sad, Although your heart might ache and beat, You'd soon forget to notice it.

If you were busy being true, To what you know you ought to do, You'd be so busy you'd forget, The blunders of the folks you met.

If you were busy being right, You'd find yourself too busy quite, To criticize your neighbor long, Because he's busy being wrong.

Little Window of the Meadows. (Hester's Remorse.) In the pink of sunset's fall, Hear the plaintive lullaby-call: Bob White!

Gain the smother night shades dwell: Faithful yet and calling still: Bob White! Up and down the drowsy meadow, Calls the gallant lover's wail: Bob White!

UNCLE JED'S TALK TO WIDE-AWAKES. Why do we have to work so hard in the garden to keep out the weeds? To prevent the weeds from taking from the soil what the vegetables need to perfect their growth.

Why do we fertilize the ground? Because the seeds we sow need more food to perfect them than there is in the soil.

Man has to feed plants just as he does his domestic animals, and the weeds, if left about their work, will rob their food and deprive man of his crop.

At home, my father took my teacher, one of my friends and myself in an automobile to Warronville where the exercises were to be held. Nearly an hour we spent before the exercises began. When everything was ready the graduates (five of us) all dressed in plain white, marched to our seats in the front row.

The first thing on the programme was an address of welcome, after which came the essays. When it was the turn of my friend, "A Brief History of Ashford," my body shivered, my blood rushed to my face and my father was in the audience I wanted to faint. No one knew how frightened I was when I looked into the faces of so large a crowd. Oh, my! The faces swam before me, it was as if a thousand were there. However, when I got through there was a loud applause.

Before another graduate spoke our Kaiser sang "The Fighting Men." The next speaker was a young man, stage struck, for after singing the first line they came to a standstill. The teacher was sitting in the audience and was actually crying from sympathy.

The next speaker was "The Class Prophecy." She prophesied for me a splendid future in which I was to be a teacher of mathematics until the year when I was to be married to a prosperous young farmer of Ashford. The other graduates also were prophesied a glorious future.

But this graduation day passed like many another with a feeling of sadness at having finished our school life. LOUISE KOVAROIRIS.

THE WINNERS OF PRIZES.

- 1—Grace I. Mahoney of Colchester: a Thrift Stamp. 2—Louise Kovaroiris, of Ashford: a Thrift Stamp. 3—Gabrielle R. Bujak, of Mansfield Center: Tom Shinn at Temple Camp. 4—Lester Sullivan, of Hartwells: Comrade at School. 5—Sybil Huggill, of Providence, R. I.: Bay Scivola on the Susquehanna. 6—Sylvia Gaska, of Jewett City:

WIN A THRIFT STAMP

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

Andy's Word

—Doris M. Amidon, of West Willington: Dorothy's Travels. —Helen Coyle, of Norwich: Dorothy.

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

LETTERS OF ACKNOWLEDGMENT

Grace I. Mahoney, of Colchester: Thank you very much for the prize Thrift Stamp. I enjoy working for the soldiers. Hoping I win another one.

Helen R. Klingon, of Colchester: Please accept my thanks for the prize book Dorothy's Travels, which you sent me. I have read the book and found it to be very interesting.

STORIES WRITTEN BY WIDE-AWAKES.

Our Country's Call

This is the hour of the call for the young men of America. The hour seems to me to have been, but one and that so loud and clear and constant that every young man must have heard it.

The young and strong naturally should be the first to listen to the call and courageously, earnestly and with decision hurry to give a strong front to the enemy.

"Peace" is our word, but when we go to war we send the best and bravest of the country to the field.

The call of the hour is asking the soldiers be persuaded that virtue is the blood of heroes, sin is the virtue of cowards. They are being removed from friendly counsel. There will be great danger to the morals of the soldiers. It may be hidden in the camps and in the rear of the trenches. They may be robbed of honor.

The youth of clean mind and fervent soul will bring honor to the cause he was sent to defend, in time of danger there will be no flinching.

The government not only has called our soldiers but also summoned our boys and girls to help. They are asking them to save fuel, food and money. They are saving all their pennies to loan to the government to help clothe and feed the soldiers. They receive Thrift stamps in return for their money.

If a War Savings stamp is purchased with the interest on it, and in four years receive the money back. America calls her loyal sons to service. As in days past, she will undoubtedly be cheered by the ready and hearty response of the bravest and best. Some of her defenders will fall on the field of honor, many will receive hardships with toil, chastened by suffering, perhaps with limbs mutilated in the cruel strife, but let us hope whole in those virtues which go to make up his right sort of manhood and an unconquerable nation.

Help the Y. M. C. A., the Red Cross, and so help these noble lads to keep their hearts hardened with toil, chastened by suffering, perhaps with limbs mutilated in the cruel strife, but let us hope whole in those virtues which go to make up his right sort of manhood and an unconquerable nation.

GRACE I. MAHONEY, Age 13, Colchester.

My Graduation Day

The morning of June 13th dawned bright and fair, and this being a very important day for me (my graduation day) filled me with pleasure. All the morning I was more or less nervous with anticipation.

At home, my father took my teacher, one of my friends and myself in an automobile to Warronville where the exercises were to be held. Nearly an hour we spent before the exercises began. When everything was ready the graduates (five of us) all dressed in plain white, marched to our seats in the front row.

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they hardly amount to legs at all, but are just a pair of shapeless stumps. As time passed, he spent more and more of his life in water, the feathers on his breast changed. The quill or the hard part of a feather, grew larger and more flat, while the soft part of feathers grew less, what once were regular feathers have become good imitation of scales.

Though the legs are so short, the penguin can walk pretty fairly. Though there is nothing graceful in his gait. If he comes to any obstruction he will walk over a piece of drift wood, he hops over it with both feet, in a stiff-legged, awkward manner, and then glances around to see if anyone is laughing at his ungainly motions.

When on shore, he stands erect as any drum major with his shoulders thrown back and head up high in the air. He has a funny habit of planting his play feet down as firm as if he weighed a ton.

He is one of the most comical birds, and to make him still funnier, seems so perfectly unconscious of the fact, and takes himself in the most serious manner, stamping around in a way that would lead one to imagine that the weight of the universe rested on his shoulders.

Most diving birds use their feet to propel them through the water and hold their wings folded tight against their bodies, but the penguin has learned a better method. He uses his paddle-like wings to cleave the water just as his ancestors in the misty past used theirs to propel themselves through the air.

They depend entirely upon the ocean for food, which consists of various kinds of shellfish, small fish, and occasionally a small squid. When swimming, their motions are much more those of a fish than of birds, and a party of penguins, far from land, have often been mistaken for some kind of porpoise.

Penguins are obliged to leave the water when nesting season comes, and rise to their level on the ocean, they stop on the first rocky beach, scrape together a few pebbles to keep the single egg from rolling away and proceed to the incubation period by sitting bolt upright on the little circle of stones. These nesting places are called "rookeries," and sometimes they are occupied by tens of thousands of these strange birds, the nests are being placed so close together that it is impossible to step without putting the foot on the nest. Penguins are densely stupid, and do not seem to have sense enough to move aside out of danger when the breeding grounds are invaded. It is said that they are sound sleepers and it takes several stout kicks to arouse them when they get to dreaming of the deep, blue sea.

MARY KITCHEN, Age 13, Mansfield Center.

The Little Sheep. There once lived a beautiful princess who wandered away from her home. She wandered on and on. At last she came to a big forest. In a distance she saw a tree that was growing dark, so she went in. In one room was a table and some chairs; on the table were many good things to eat. She sat down and ate until she was full. Then she got up and looked for a bed. She found one, and a very pretty one, just like the one she had at home. She got into it and tried to sleep. It was 3 o'clock next morning when she got up. Her dress was all dirty, so she looked for a new one and found a closet full.

About 5 o'clock someone rapped at the door. "Come in," she said, and in walked a little sheep. "May I have something to eat?" she said.

The princess had never heard a sheep talk, so she said "Yes." For many days she had to sleep in a month. At the end of that time she asked the princess to marry him.

At the time of the French and Indian wars there was a pond in Windham that was noted because of its frogs. At night the croaking of these frogs could be heard for a great distance around.

Now two prominent men of Windham at that time were Colonel Dyer and Mr. Eldridge. The people were worried for fear the Indians would attack them and this strange tale may be due to the fact that their minds were burdened with fear.

"We'll get Colonel Dyer and Eldridge, too!" "We'll get Colonel Dyer and Eldridge, too!" There was a terrible commotion among the frogs and the people were filled with fear.

The next morning the frogs were all found dead around the pond. Some said that it was due to a disease among the frogs, and as for the talking that was due to the imagination of the people. Others wisely shook their heads at this and just as wisely kept their thoughts to themselves.

MARY GEER, Age 12, Danielson.

Picnicking. One day last week as it was very warm, I decided to go for an outing in the cool woods to seek refreshment. I asked five my friends to come with me. We at once prepared a hasty lunch and started at 3.30 p. m. We played games, chased butterflies and worked flowers.

We then ate our lunches with relish, and drank from a brook close by. After our lunch, we sat on a big rock and told stories. We were much frightened by some crows who were grazing nearby, but they didn't harm us.

We then took our hats and picked big bouquets of ferns, wild roses, and other small flowers, which they had looked very pretty.

After his friend had told some of them Bobbie said, "Let's go and get all the fellows to buy Thrift Stamps instead of going to the circus." Bobbie's friend agreed and off they went.

When circus day came at last all the fellows to buy Thrift Stamps instead of going to the circus. Instead one and all were won by their patriotic leaders and bought Thrift Stamps.

MYRTICE WEAVER, Age 11, Bradford.

his breast, he raised his eyes to heaven and slowly repeated the Lord's prayer. As he said the last word he thought of the mother at whose knees he had learned his prayers and tears came into his eyes.

The circus was deeply moved: "My dear fellow," he said, "I shall protect you, for I am sure you are a fellow-countryman. Only from your mother could you have learned the prayer you have just repeated."

LEONA SULLIVAN, Age 13, Tatville.

The Circus at Coyville. The little town of Coyville was very excited. "Just think of it," said little Robert Harris, jumping up and down to show his feelings, "a circus is coming. Oh! what fun!"

But his friend only looked at him, smiling, and said, "I'm not going to that circus. I'm going to buy a Thrift Stamp with my quarters. Say, Bobbie, did you go to the lecture last night?" he added.

"Yes, I'm sure if you had you would buy a Thrift Stamp with your money. He told all the exciting and thrilling things our soldiers do and how Uncle Sam needed our help now boys, girls and everyone could help him. He said the best way for us to help Uncle Sam was to buy Thrift Stamps, so I'm going to."

"What were some of the things he said," asked Bobbie, getting interested, too.

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MYRTICE WEAVER, Age 11, Bradford.

A Sunday Outing. Last Sunday my parents took my brother and I and my cousin on a day's outing. We started in the morning at 11 o'clock and had one fine time. We played around until lunch and then went in swimming and had a good time.

After we all had dinner my cousin and I got a boat and went fishing. My cousin did the rowing and he tied the boat to the bridge. All of a sudden a awful storm came up and we got scared for the boat was almost full of water.

In a man in a launch came along and took us into his launch. The engine wouldn't work so he got in the row-boat and took us back to shore and we were very glad because we thought we would never see our mothers again.

After that we went back to our cottage and told them what had happened and said we would never go alone again. We had a good lunch and got warmed up.

We started for home and got there at half past 9 o'clock after we had one fine time.

ALBERT KROHN, Age 8, Thoughtfulness. I must not throw upon the floor the crust I cannot eat.

For many little hungry ones would think it quite a treat. My parents labor very hard to get me a crust.

Then I must never waste a bit that would waste makes woeeful want, O, how I wish I had the crusts that once I threw away.

SYBIL HUGGILL, Age 11, Providence, R. I.

The Frogs of Windham. At the time of the French and Indian wars there was a pond in Windham that was noted because of its frogs. At night the croaking of these frogs could be heard for a great distance around.

Now two prominent men of Windham at that time were Colonel Dyer and Mr. Eldridge. The people were worried for fear the Indians would attack them and this strange tale may be due to the fact that their minds were burdened with fear.

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Ninth Prize, \$0.25, by Mary A. Burrill of Stafford Springs. BEDTIME.

daises and other small flowers, which they had looked very pretty. After a while we sat down and had a good rest before starting back for home which was quite a distance away.

Going back we picked blackberries by the wayside. We got home at 6.30 p. m. quite overcome with fatigue after our adventure in the woods that refreshed us very much.

GERTRUDE POIRIER, Age 13, Danielson.

How She Helps. I am a girl 11 years old. I live in Providence, R. I. I go to Vineyard Street School. Last term we had a Junior Red Cross club. I was a member.

I will tell you what I did. I made 50 shot bags, 3 squares for an Afghan, crocheted around 30 face cloths and 100 bath mits. I also picked oakum. All of the members did their share. We were trying to help Uncle Sam to win the war.

SYBIL HUGGILL, Age 11, Providence, R. I.

LETTERS TO UNCLE JED. A Huckleberry Day. Dear Uncle Jed: I am going to tell you about a day I went huckleberrying. I started out at half past one and I reached the huckleberrying lots at 2 o'clock and we were very tired after the long walk. I did not get all my haul because there were not enough huckleberries there.

When we started out for home it was 4 o'clock and we reached home at half past four.

WALTER HUSSEY, Age 10, Baltic.

A Surprise. Dear Uncle Jed: One day my brother, my sister, and I were busy pulling out the weeds from the potatoes. We were all hurrying to see who could pull the most weeds of potatoes.

While I pulled up a tall weed I noticed something clinging to it. I looked at it and discovered that it was a nest with four speckled eggs. Then I looked up to see if I could spy the owner. I glanced in every direction and I saw the mother bird hopping along between two rows of potatoes. I put the nest back into its place and went on with my work, always thinking of the nest.

Then we were all through weeding I called my brothers and they were surprised to see a nest under a potato plant.

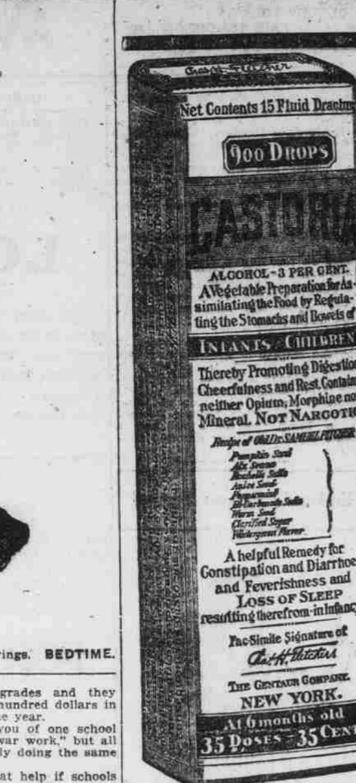
Every day for quite a while I went to see the birds were hatched. At last I saw four little heads peeping out from under the potato and crying for food. After that whenever I saw a nest I would bring it home and grow very fast and their mother taught them how to fly.

The day when I went to see the birds I was very sorry for they had flown away and left an empty nest. I hope that another bird will lay some eggs in it and sit on them so they'll hatch for I do love them so.

SOPHIE GASKA, Jewett City.

Helping to Win the War. Dear Uncle Jed: I received my "Thrift Stamp" and you cannot imagine how pleased I was to get it. Being so pleased I am going to try again for a book. I will tell you how I was able to get it. I have been helping Uncle Sam to win this war by buying Thrift Stamps, Liberty Bonds, etc. But that is not the only way we can help, for we can help in several ways.

Most all of the boys and girls signed pledges before school closed that if it was possible they would have a garden and those who were to have a garden had a book sent to them in order to keep a record of the hours they worked each day and the cost. It was a brief and simple book, and everything is in perfect order. In these books they are to receive a certificate signed by the governor.



Exact Copy of Wrapper.

of the high fifth grades and they had almost three hundred dollars in Thrift Stamps for the year.

I have only told you of one school in Hartford doing "war work," but all schools were earnestly doing the same thing.

It would be a great help if schools all over the country would do what they could to raise money and to help the Red Cross all they can.

HELEN COYL, Age 10, Norwich.

Elsie's Trick on Helen. Dear Uncle Jed:—I am telling a story which teaches a lesson in order to interest the Wide-Awakes.

One day a girl named Elsie went to see her friend Helen who lived right near her house.

"When Helen saw Elsie, she said: 'Well Elsie, I am glad to see you, come out in the yard and play.'"

No, said Elsie, I did not come to play, I came to tell you something. You know my black cat Nigey, well, she went into your flower garden and broke all your best flowers, dug holes in the earth, and what shall I do to her?"

"Well, about my flower garden, you will have to buy seeds and make me a new one; and you'll have to smooth the earth and you must give your cat a severe punishment, by whipping her so that she will be sick for two weeks."

"Oh, no! I won't whip my cat for two dollars. I am not going to spend my money for seeds, and I am not going to dirty my hands smoothing your earth, and I tell you, you should not play such a trick as that again."

ROSE WEINER, Norwich.

A Trick in Magic. Dear Uncle Jed:—Today as the weather is damp, I feel lonesome, so I thought I might write you this game.

How to place water in a glass upside down. Procure a plate, a tumbler, and a small piece of tissue or silver paper. Set the plate on a table and pour water into it up to the first rim. After a few minutes crumple up the paper and place it in the glass, then set it on fire. When it is burned out or rather just as the flame disappears, turn the glass quickly upside down into the water. Astonishingly the water rushes with great violence into the glass. Now you are satisfied that the paper can be placed in a drinking glass upside down. Hold the glass firm, and the plate also. You can now reverse the position of the plate and glass and thus convince the most skeptical of the truth of your excellent experiment. Instead of burning paper, a little brandy or spirits of wine can be ignited in the glass—the experiment is cleaner.

FLORENCE BOUTHILLIER, Age 12, Brooklyn.

At Bay. Dear Uncle Jed:—Some time ago, for English work in school, we were asked to write a photographic description; one in which the object is describing a headless—about to something, but motionless for the moment. I am sending you a copy of mine.

The gigantic stag stands at bay, his handsome body tense and rigid. His noble head is thrown back so that his tips of those great antlers touch his damp, heaving sides. One fore foot is raised as if to strike. He is no coward, the defiant look in his expressive eye tells one that. The small, pointed ears stand erect to catch the slightest sound. The expanded nostrils and slightly open mouth denote great eagerness to begin the fray. There is no laxness in his attitude, for Life and Death hang in the balance.

CASTORIA For Infants and Children. Mothers Know That Genuine Castoria Always Bears the Signature of J. C. Ayer & Co. In Use For Over Thirty Years CASTORIA

Mystic and Old Mystic. James Lamb of Philadelphia was a recent guest of relatives in Ledyard. Mr. and Mrs. Edward Leach and children of Bayonne, N. J., and Mr. and Mrs. William Clift of Groton borough were calling recently on friends at the following homestead.

At Camp Meeting. Mrs. Frank B. Ingram and daughter, Miss Flora B. Ingram, have been spending a week at Montwalle, Mass. camp meeting.

Miss Margaret Edredge of Anthony, R. I., was the guest Sunday of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Q. Edredge. Miss Mary Williams of Providence was calling on her aunt, Mrs. S. Gallup, Saturday afternoon.

John H. Lambert of Bath, Me., at present with the Groton Iron works, was a Sunday guest of Mr. and Mrs. Albert W. Burrows.

A Russian Puzzle. It must be a pretty difficult matter these days for a Russian with any money or other portable valuables to distinguish between a normal situation and a reign of terror.—Ohio State Journal.

Don't forget to laugh when your boss tells a story with whiskers on it.

SIMPLY AMAZING is the TONE and QUALITY of Brunswick. ASK US TO DEMONSTRATE LEE CLEGG, The Jeweler. Opp. Chamber of Commerce Bldg.

DR. R. J. COLLINS DENTIST. 148 Main Street, Norwich, Conn. Phone 1178.

In order to accommodate residents of towns north of Norwich who desire the services of a Chiropactor I will be in Danielson Tuesday and Saturday afternoons, beginning week of July 22d. Until further notice the offices in the Thayer Bldg., Norwich, will be closed during afternoons of those days, but open mornings.

D. M. WOODWARD, D. C. (Chiropactor). 230-231 Thayer Bldg., Norwich, Conn. Tuesday, Friday, Saturday: 10-11.30 a. m. Monday, Thursday: Friday, 2-5 p. m. 144 Main St., Danielson, Conn. (opposite Public Library), Tuesday and Saturday p. m.

POWER CONSTRUCTION AND SUPPLY COMPANY ENGINEERS and CONTRACTORS. Power Piping, Heating and Ventilating Mill Repair Work Promptly Attended to. OFFICE, ROOM 112, THAYER BLDG. Phone 1582 Norwich, Conn.

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DR. ALFRED RICHARDS DENTIST. Office Hours: 9-12 a. m.—1-30 to 5 p. m. Wed. and Sat. Evenings 7-9. Room 2nd Thayer Building. Tel. 593. Residence tel. 1228