

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.

POETRY.

The Kitten and the Falling Leaves. See the kitten on the wall, Sport with the leaves that fall, Withered leaves—two—and three— From the lofty eider tree! Through the calm, frosty air Of the morning bright and fair, Edging round and round they sink Softly, slowly, one might think From the motions that are made Every little leaf conveyed Syllab or Fairy hither tending. To this lower world descending. Each in haste and haste, Each in his wavering parachute. But the kitten, how she starts, Crouches, stretches, paws and darts! First at one and then its fellow, Just as light and just as yellow; There are many now—now one— Now they stop and there are none. What intonances of desire In her upward-eye of fire! With a tiger leap half way Now she meets the coming prey, Lets it go as fast, and then Has it in her power again: Now she works with three or four. Like an Indian conqueror. Quick as he in feats of art, Far beyond in joy of heart. Were her antics played in the eye Of a thousand on-lookers by, Clapping hands, with shouts and stare What would little Tabby care For the plaudits of the crowd? Dear happy little creature, Over wealthy in the treasure Of her own exceeding pleasure. —William Wordsworth.

Dear Grandmother Reading's for the holidays, and, of course, to have a good time. There would be no time for knitting there. Ethel was very patriotic, but she hated to give up that week of good times. But she thought she would like to see the soldiers who might be freezing to death in the trenches just because a little girl had gone away to have a good time. Ethel had some money which she gave to help our Uncle Sam. Ethel bravely gave up that week and set to work knitting a sweater. She finished several useful articles. And when Grandmother Reading heard what a brave little girl she was, she gave Ethel some money which Ethel used in buying Thrift stamps. After all I think Ethel was a very happy girl, for she knew that she had done something toward winning the war, even if she did miss that week. —HANNAR BOSSART, Age 14, Storrs.

Dear Maple Sugar is Made. How Uncle Jed: I am visiting in Norwich but I live in Vermont so thought the Wide-Awakes would like to hear about the maple sugar camps which I have often visited. The camps are little log cabins, called sugar houses. On the top is a little cupola, open at the sides to let out the steam from the boiling sap. Inside there are great open boilers with a fire underneath. The boilers are divided into partitions, and as the sap goes through the different stages of boiling it is let from one partition into another, until when it reached the last partition, it is done. At one end of the sugar house you see a great iron boiler for boiling the sap. All around the room are tanks, pipes, and sap buckets. The floor is the ground, and planks are laid down for the two regues. You would now like to see how the sap is gathered. You go outside and see first the maple trees surrounding the sugar house. A grove of these trees is called a sugar bush. Each tree has been tapped, meaning bored into with an auger, and in each hole is set a small tin bucket, called a tap, which is hung by a hole in the side upon a nail driven close below the spout unless it is a kind of spout that has a hook on it. If you taste the sap you would find it has a sweet taste, not unpleasant. You then see a large horse-drawn or a mule-drawn sugar mill. The mill is set on a hillside, and the sap runs down the hill into the tank from which it runs into the boiler. A man now "boils down" some syrup for you to taste. He fills some pans with snow picked up down the hill, and pours little ribbons and spots of sugar all over the snow. The sugar is chilled and becomes like soft snow. It is perfectly delicious. If you allow it to stay on the snow longer it becomes harder and it is then called "sugar snow." You cannot get your mouth into it has dissolved. It is fun to give the dog some, for he will lick it up and then go through the most remarkable antics, and do everything imaginable except bark. The sugar is so delicious that you eat until you feel as if you could not bear the sight of the stuff any more but the next day you are just as fond of it as before. The little maple sugar and syrup are the finest grade, though some people think it is not pure unless it is dark. —RUTH TRACY, Age 13, Margaret's Summer Vacation.

Uncle Jed has a wick garden and of a recent day while picking beans he noticed attached to the leaf stalk of a bean a queer looking object with six silver spots on its back. He knew it had been a caterpillar and was awaiting the change to a butterfly. How the caterpillar takes its skin off and ornaments itself so prettily with silver, giving man a lesson in art, no one can tell. He placed the chrysalis in a bottle and after ten days the butterfly appeared, and it was an old familiar friend—the semi-colon butterfly. It is a member of the Punctatiph family, with orange wings spotted and bordered with brown and delicately edged with lavender. Beneath each hind wing is a feathery made silver semi-colon on a brown surface. There are three members of this family named for the silver comma, semi-colon and question mark upon their wings, and a fourth has a silver J. They are known as the Grapta family, and survive the winter. Uncle Jed took SemiColon to the door and set him free and he floated gracefully away into the flower garden and if he escapes hungry birds, and hunting flies, and trapping spiders he will live through the winter and be among the first butterflies to appear on the wing in the spring of 1919.

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Third Prize, \$5.00. THE TWINS, by Eloise C. Smith of Norwich.

WIDE-AWAKE POEMS. Two Little Runaways. Faces round as moons, Up to their waists in Red clover blooms! Two little Spitz dogs, Naive in the air, Looking for the two regues, Here and everywhere; Wagging their little tails, Searching in vain. Through the big farmhouse, Down the long lane. Two little tired boys, Lining their way, Fall fast asleep upon Sweet clover hay. Two anxious mamma's, Hunting the ever corner, Look in every corner. That can hide a mouse. One sneaky big dog, On the right track, Brings the stray little ones Home on his back. Two little bathubs— Soap not amiss— And never so clean as when Clean enough to kiss. One pretty cot-bed, Smooth as your hand, Carries both the darlings Off to sleep—happy. —CECELIA SHAW, Age 10, Glasgow.

A Soldier's Wife. I have no "rendezvous with death," I cannot bear the battle's pain, I cannot give my light of life— Somewhat, on the border of Lorraine, France and England were at war, But I can plow and sow the fields. And reap the grain at harvest time; And call the cattle home each night, And gather fruit from off the vine; And I can keep a smiling face. —JOAN OF ARC, Age 14, Norwich.

The Game of Numbers. Each guest draws from a basket on the table a slip of paper bearing a number, and a half minute is allowed to give some odd proverb. A large fact or rhyme containing the number. If the player fails to respond within the time a forfeit is required and afterward redeemed in some manner to entertain the company. To make the game more clear, suppose the number drawn is ten, then quickly follow: "Ten cents makes one dime." If number nine: "Of the nines of old, there are nine that are told, there is none." If number two: "Two is company, there is none." If number one: "One, two, buckle my shoe." It seems easy, but one must think quickly to give the required proverb, fact or whatever it may be in the time. —LAWRENCE GAUTHIER, Age 13, Brooklyn.

Letters to Uncle Jed. A Cold Night in Winter. Dear Uncle Jed: It was a cold night in winter. The farmer's children were sitting around a cheerful fire. They were joking and chatting when a tapping was heard outside. Opening the door, the farmer saw an aged man, clothed in rags, who begged to be admitted. The farmer let him in and made him sit in front of the fire where he could get warm. The farmer's wife then went to prepare a warm meal. Soon the delicious things that the ever-ready Samaritan was cooking began to smell savory. After he was warmed the farmer brought him into the dining room and there he sat down and had a joyous feast. After he had eaten all he wanted he came out into the kitchen again and when he had finished he said to the children: "I would like to tell a story and this is what he told: In my younger days when I was away from home, I was very fond of sea voyages. Oftentimes I would play hockey from school just to go for a sail on the calm, blue water. At the end of two weeks I took my first voyage across the Atlantic. This vessel was going to the East after spices. We started at sunrise one Sunday morning. It was a very long voyage. I started but it turned out to be a lovely day. Calm and peaceful was the weather. The vessel glided over. But the next day, Monday, a change came upon it. A heavy fog came down and a fearful storm arose. The water became very rough and the boat began to toss higher and higher, and the sea-sweed, which we used to call "night-rack," at home, came rolling over the waves, ragged and brown. The vessel was unable to stand the storm any

longer sprung a leak. Fearful lamentations could be heard all over the vessel. The water was gushing in from all sides. I was very much frightened. I knew the boat would soon be filled with water, jumped off the boat into the roaring waves. I found a long board and I soon clung to it, floating for a long time. At last I drifted upon a strange island. The first thing I did was to make a fire over which I dried my clothes. Then I hunted around in search of food and at last found some berries and a spring of water. Here I stopped and quaffed the cool water, telling him it was delicious. I then made a tent for myself. I stayed on this island four days and four nights. On the fifth day a vessel came sailing by and I picked me up, and my how glad I was! The voyage home was very pleasant. It took us five days before we arrived in New York. Since then I have made many voyages, but never have we had the slightest accident. That was certainly an incident long to be remembered. After the story was finished the children thanked the old man over and over again, telling him it was so light and so exciting. Then they departed for the night, feeling very happy that the old man came to visit them. —HELEN E. FRINK, Age 14, Norwich.

Be Kind to the Birds. Dear Uncle Jed: One morning when I got up early, I went out amidst the fresh air. All of a sudden I heard some kind of a bird chirping so sadly, as if he were in trouble. I found it like the song of a sparrow, so I ran to see what was the matter. In a moment I was up and set the bird free. It was a beautiful canary, hopping along the stone wall, and a stone had fallen on its foot. As soon as I could, I took the stone off and set the bird free. But before it flew away it chirped for a while as if he were thanking me for releasing him. Another time when our cows were lost I went to look after them. While going I heard robbers flying from one tree to another, and chirping their saddest melody. It was because their three little ones had fallen out of the nest, and as they couldn't fly yet, they had no safe way of getting up into the tree. When I saw the birds I picked them up, climbed the tree and placed them in their nests. As soon as the parent birds saw that I had their young ones in the nest they flew right toward them. I was feeding the fowl just before they happened. I put a little corn in a grain fell into my pocket, I had some time to give to the three little birds I rescued. They could fly soon, but I happened more than once that they helped me look for it, but she, too, could not find it. Every day for two weeks I missed Speckle's eggs. But one day when my mother fed the chickens I more than spoke of running very fast to the place where the other chickens were feeding on oats. After eating as much as she wanted to, she ran off to look for it, but she, too, could not find it. Every day for two weeks I missed Speckle's eggs. But one day when my mother fed the chickens I more than spoke of running very fast to the place where the other chickens were feeding on oats. After eating as much as she wanted to, she ran off to look for it, but she, too, could not find it. 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