

THE WIDE-AWAKE CIRCLE

Boys' and Girls' Department

POETRY.

Birds.

Do you love the song of birds— Do you understand the words? Joyfulness, and restlessness, Happiness, and recklessness, Love, told in a twittered stream— And they are just what they seem. There is naught in them to harm us. Every effort seeks to charm us. All should praise them for their song. For, where'er we are, we need them.

To see the bright flash of a wing— To hear the first note that springs— Sleepy twitter waking futter, Peeps and trills, that fairly utter, Words to all who know their ways, And to them bring brighter days. We would miss them in the spring, If we could not hear them sing. These that stay with us through snow Should be loved the best we know.

Florence Pennoyer, in Dumb Animals.

My Nest.

Some nights, when I lie down to rest, I think about the bluebird's nest That just outside my window pane Is tossing in the wind and rain.

And then I cuddle snug and warm To shut away the night and storm, And make believe I'm in a nest Against the mother bluebird's breast.

And presently, beneath her wing, Into the dark I seem to swing, For I swing into the land of dreams.

St. Nicholas.

UNCLE JED'S TALK TO WIDE-AWAKES.

It is quite a natural disposition to envy those whose parents are rich. Somehow there is a feeling that they have better advantages, and less troubles, that they have success out of them and are bound to be called to places of importance.

Such, however, doesn't always prove to be the case. The children of poor parents make a mistake in harboring such ideas, for there are plenty of examples which show that the sons of poor men are not denied their opportunities.

John Adams, second president, was the son of a grocer of very moderate means. The only start he had was a good education.

Andrew Jackson was born in a log hut in North Carolina, and was reared in the pine woods for which his state is famous.

Ulysses S. Grant lived the life of a village boy in a plain house on the banks of the Ohio until he was 17 years of age.

Abraham Lincoln was the son of a wretchedly poor farmer in Kentucky and lived in a log cabin till 21 years old.

James K. Polk spent the earlier days of his life helping to dig a living out of a farm in North Carolina. He was afterward clerk in a country store.

Millard Fillmore was the son of a New York farmer, and his home was a humble one. He learned the business of a clothier.

Andrew Johnson was apprenticed to a tailor at the age of 10 by his widowed mother.

Grover Cleveland's father was a Presbyterian minister with a small salary and a large family. The boys had to earn their living.

William McKinley's early home was plain and comfortable, and his father was able to keep him in school.

And the same may be said of Andrew Carnegie, John D. Rockefeller, and many other captains of industry. Great statesmen, great doctors, great lawyers, great engineers and great teachers have risen from most humble surroundings. They didn't wait for someone to make them great; they took advantage of the opportunities open to all and did only what there is the chance for others to do if there's the will.

WINNERS OF PRIZE BOOKS.

- 1—Gertrude Fontaine, of Norwich—The Talking Handkerchief. 2—Clarence Walden, of Bozrahville—The Poster Boys Under Old Glory. 3—Cora Chappell, of Chestnut Hill—Winged Army of Angels. 4—Jennie Lifschutz, of Uncasville—At the Fall of Warsaw. 5—Glady Cruthers, of Norwich Town—The Auto Boys on the Road. 6—Lena Saslowsky, of Oakdale—In Russian Trenches. 7—Patrick Sullivan, of Tatfield—Boy Scouts in Italy. 8—Irene Evans, of Plainfield—The Young Inventor's Pluck.

The winners of prize books living in Norwich may call for them at The Bulletin business office at any hour after 10 a. m. Thursday.

LETTERS OF ACKNOWLEDGMENT

Raymond and Richard Young of Sterling—We thank you for the prize book you sent us, entitled The Auto Boy's Adventure.

Frederick McI. Irons, of Versailles—Your book received and I like it very much. I thank you very much for it.

Nathan J. Ayer, of Norwich, R. D. 5—I received the book you sent me, entitled The Boy Scouts in England, and thank you very much for it.

STORIES WRITTEN BY WIDE-AWAKES.

A Fishing Experience.

Perhaps the Wide-Awake readers would like to hear about a fishing experience I had one day. I started out with some bait and my pole. I determined that I should not come home without some fish. My sister, with her pole, accompanied me.

We set off at a brisk pace and came to our destination in about ten minutes. We fished for a little while, but the only thing that bit was some sunfish or punkin' seed, as we called them. Punkin' seeds are all right, but pickerel are better, so of course we wanted pickerel.

We walked farther up the bank, looking for a good place to fish. As we were walking along we suddenly came upon our beat tied to a tree on the shore. We had been forbidden to fish there because it was leaky, and we could not row very well. Nevertheless we decided to go out in it.

We tied the oars, took our poles and waded into it. I took one oar and my sister took the other, and so between us we made quick work to get to a place which we knew was a good place for pickerel. We fished for an hour and got a pretty good supply of fish. Our

trouble began when I attempted to do all the rowing myself. I told my sister to sit down and I would row. She sat down on one of the oars and it immediately tipped over. We gave a great shout and then over we went.

Fortunately, both of us could swim. We rose to the surface and got hold of the boat. In vain we tried to right it. Not until we had been struggling for ten minutes did we get our feet on our efforts were worthless.

We rested a while and then we started for the shore. It was quite a distance and there were no trees there. We were tired. We looked around for signs of help, and we saw a branch of a tree, a little to one side. We started it and floated on it for quite a distance.

As we were nearing the shore we saw a boat with some of our friends in it. When they saw us they came to help us. We clambered into the boat dripping wet and insisted upon going back and righting our boat again. We did not get our fish under the seat in a soaked box.

When we arrived home the first thing we did was to change our clothes. We took them off and laid them out on the stairs. Everybody laughed at us for falling in, but I said: "I don't care as long as I got some fish, anyway."

JENNIE LIFSCHUTZ, Age 13. Uncasville.

The Holiday.

"I think, boys," said the schoolmaster, "that the clock struck twelve, 'that I shall give you an extra half holiday this afternoon."

The boys left their heads by the tall boys, raised a great shout, in the middle of which the master was seen to speak, but could not be heard.

As he looked on, however, in token of his wish that they should be silent, they were good enough to leave off, as soon as the longest twinkle of an eye among them was quite out of breath.

"You must promise me, first," said the schoolmaster, "that you will not be noisy or at least, if you are, that you'll go away and be so away out of the village, I mean."

There was a general murmur in the negative.

"Then, pray don't forget, my dear scholars," said the schoolmaster, "that I have asked you to do it as a favor to me. Be as happy as you can, and likewise be mindful that you are blessed with health. Good bye, all."

"Thank you, sir," and "Good-bye, sir," were said a great many times; and the boys, much to their astonishment and that of the master, went out very slowly and softly.

But there was the sun shining, and there were the birds singing, as the clock struck twelve, and the boys only slung on holidays and half holidays.

There were the trees waving to all free boys to climb and nestle among their boughs, and to get a series of things to come and scatter it in the pure air; the green corn gently beckoning toward road and stream; the snowing smoother still in the blending lights and shadows, and inviting them to run and leap along, walks running no one knows where.

It was more than the boys could bear, and with a joyous whoop the whole company took to their heels and sped off shouting and laughing as they went.

PATRICK SULLIVAN, Age 13. Tatfield.

The Brook and the Violets.

My goodness! Haven't we had a lot of snow and ice this winter? It is raining today and the snow is disappearing quite rapidly.

The little brook that flows past my home "to join the brimming river" is nearly overflowing its banks. It flows in a series of peninsulas and around one little island, making what we like to call our park. In the summer time a few flowers grow on one of the peninsulas. Last summer I picked a large bouquet of white violets there.

While wandering around one of the fields I found a purple violet with a blossom about as big as a pansy. I never saw such a big one. I took it out and transplanted it where I found the violet. It is now coming up this summer. If it does, I will tell you about it. I wish some of the Wide-Awakes would write to me. I should like to see their pictures of different homes and try to picture how they look, don't you?

CORA CHAPPELL, Age 13. Chestnut Hill.

A Trip to Ocean Beach.

One warm day last summer a few of us girls decided to go on a trip to Ocean Beach. We planned to take our lunch and hire an auto to take us to the beach and to take us back. When we got there we hired a room and soon went in bathing. It was a lovely July day and the water was fine. It was crowded with people. Around 12 o'clock we dressed and ate our lunch in a shady place. After luncheon we went for a walk around the park and met some of our friends. Later we went for a ride all around the lighthouse. After coming back from the boat ride we had a picnic in a shady place and had some refreshments. After coming out of the ice cream parlor we went to the park and sat down to have a rest. We did not get home until about 4 o'clock. We had a very nice time and we all had a very good day.

LENA SASLOWSKY, Age 13. Oakdale.

The Story of the Wolf.

Dear Uncle Jed: I thought I would tell you a story about a wolf. My mother told me when I was a little girl. It is about a wolf and a lamb. A wolf that had killed a lamb ate him in such a state that a bone stuck in his throat which he could by no means get out. He begged the crane to put her long neck down his throat and with her bill pull out the bone, for which he said he would give her a great reward. The crane did what he wished and then asked for her hire. Being a greedy wolf, "and think yourself happy that I did not bite your head off."

MILDRED COTTER, Age 8. South Coventry.

A Day Down on the Farm.

One day we had a chance to go for a ride. After some discussion we decided to spend the day in the country.

We had a pleasant ride of about ten miles. We had to go over many hills and the scenery was very pretty, and every once in a while we saw a squirrel or rabbit in front of us. We finally arrived at the farm. There were many trees and a very nice view. We had lunch at the house and then we went to the orchard under the trees. We spread the table cloth on the grass and we children, numbering about ten, ate our dinner very happily. We were laughing and joking. Then we went to the dishes and baskets, chairs, etc., and bring them into the house. We had a very nice time. When we arrived at the house we discovered that the grown people hadn't finished eating and talking over old times, for they were school friends of my mother and father, so we slipped quietly up the stairs, to the attic, where we

Turning the Grindstone.

As I have not written to you for such a long time, I thought I would write to you about "Turning the Grindstone."

When I was a little boy I remember one cold morning in winter I was accused by a smiling man with an axe on his shoulder.

"My pretty boy," said he, "has your father a grindstone?"

"Yes, sir," said I.

"We looked like a 'wauvelive show let loose. We stayed in the pasture quite a while picking mountain laurel, and wild yew. Then we drove back to the cows from the pasture, just as it was in 'Little Brown Hands.' When we went back, we found ice cream cake waiting for us, which we ate merrily, and then dressed for home, having spent a delightful day down on the farm."

IRENE EVANS, Age 13. Plainfield.

The Thief Discovered.

There was a crowd at the station. In the middle of the crowd was a girl named Violet, awaiting the return of her mother. Soon the train came puffing into the railway station, and she stepped down. As they were nearing the house a servant ran out and told them that Violet's pearls had been stolen.

At length, however, it was ground, and the man turned to me with "Now, you little rascal, you've played truant; send to school or you'll rue it!"

When I saw the school bell ring and I could not get away, my hands were blistered, and the axe was not half ground.

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For Boys to Make

Handicraft

Be Landlord to the Birds

Demand Only Safety; Shelter

Do you like birds? You can persuade them to make their homes in your yard. Here are some of the ways you can invite them to move in:

Build them safe and cozy birdhouses in which to nest; scatter some food for them when they are having "hard picking"; provide a birdbath in which they may bathe and protect them from dogs, cats, less desirable birds, and from bad boys with slingshots or airguns.

There are hundreds of designs for birdhouses; some very plain and some ornate. The birds do not care for the exterior beauty of their houses; all they wish is a safe shelter in which to nest. Ornamental designs are only for our own satisfaction. For the bird's sake, the thing to do is to study his size and habits so as to match his house to his needs, and to place it out of reach of his enemies.

For the little wren, a tiny, individual home is best—just big enough for his family and provided with a door just large enough to admit his little body. Here is a pretty design:

Build the house of pine boards, 1/2 or 3/4-inch thick, planed on both sides. The first piece to cut out is the back (A) which should be 6 1/2 inches wide by 12 inches long to the point of the gable. Then cut the two sides (B and C) which should be 6 inches wide by 11 inches long; the curve being 5 inches from the top. The floor (E) will be 5 by 5 inches fitted inside

the side-pieces. The front (C) will be 6 1/2 inches wide by 6 inches to the point of the gable. The hole in (D) should be 1 1/4 or 1 1/2 inches in diameter. The two roof boards (F and G) will each be 5 by 8 inches. Put the pieces together in the order named and nail them with shingle nails.

The perch (G) in front should project about 2 inches. H is an extension of the back (A) which may be provided for hanging the wren house. Otherwise fasten it up by nails through (A) below the house itself. Give the house two coats of paint, and take care to place it where cats cannot reach it.

glued upright to the end, makes the dolls' bed. Make diminutive bedding for it, a valance of cretonne, and a curtain of the same for the head.

Cut one of the boxes in half, glue it inverted, inside the cover and you will be able to upholster in silk or cretonne charmingly.

(Tomorrow Hunting Eye meets the City Manager.)

Boys Learn Real Trick

Beppo Teaches Head-Spring

"I'm going to give you a regular clock trick today," said Beppo, "but before I show it you must learn the head spring. That will be easy for it follows right after the hand-spring and is really more simple. You start as in the hand-spring—a quick run of three or four