

THE WIDE-AWAKE CIRCLE

Boys' and Girls' Department.

JUNE'S SCHOOLROOM.

Like some wild horse of circus lore he bolted through the schoolroom door. Tossed high his books, then with a cheer called to his pal: "Vacation's here!"

His joy was mirrored back to me With one glad flood of memory. I knew his thoughts, I knew his soul— June's schoolroom was his happy goal!

Yes, he keeps school, but not the kind Wherein the Wheels of Learning grind. June's school is never cold or glum— It has a sweet curriculum!

June doesn't teach of cities' size; It counts the sunbeams in the skies. June doesn't care who finds the poles— His forte is finding swimming holes.

June teaches where green apples grow, And sips an antidote, you know. Boy students find wild honey trees In all of June's geographies.

June makes a joy of rhythmic— It's 2 times 2 miles to the creek. Yes, June spells "rickety" the easy way— The double "e" is hard to say.

Oh, boyhood, how I envy you The June-time school you're going through. And how I wish 'twould be your fate To never have to graduate!

—William Herschell in Indianapolis News.

were placed wreaths of daisies. Each of the twelve children was busily occupied with some part of the preparations. Some of the girls' picked strawberries while one made the lemonade. After we had played games and sang sweet songs we had our refreshments. They consisted of nuts, candy, fruits, cakes, cookies, sandwiches, and lemonade.

The girls and boys had such a wonderful time that they are determined to have another picnic this summer.

FANNIE HARTMAN
Uncasville.

Promoted to Grade Three.
Dear Uncle Jed: It has been a long time since I wrote to you, but I've been very busy getting through school. I was promoted to grade three and I am glad I shall miss my teacher. I liked her very much. I hope I shall have one I like as well. I commenced my music lessons and I like them too. I have my lesson all learned and next Saturday I will take another one. I helped mamma and grandma a lot this morning. They were washing like to help them. Easter, my friend, has been a few days and I miss her. My mamma gave me a great big doll carriage and I enjoy wheeling it about for always wanted one. I am going up to stay with my Aunt Nan for a few days pretty soon. I like to go up there because she is good to me and I see a lot of things. My vacation lasts for 12 long weeks and I am glad.

HELEN GREENE.
Plainfield.

True to His Oath of Loyalty.
A German column was cautiously approaching a bit of French woods when a boy of fourteen was caught hiding in a clump of bushes. The German captain asked the boy in French if there were any French soldiers in the woods. No answer came from the boy.

"Can't you talk?" asked the German officer.

"I can," answered the boy.

The captain repeated the question and the boy refused to answer.

"If you do not answer," said the captain, "we will have to shoot you as an enemy." No answer came from the boy.

Just then a volley of fire came from the woods. Several of the Germans were killed and the column retreated with heavy losses, taking the boy with them.

The German captain asked the boy if he knew that there were French soldiers in the woods.

"I did," said the boy.

The German ordered that the boy be shot. As the volley of the firing squad opened on the boy looked the party full in the face, with a smile of triumph on his own young face.

On his left arm was seen the insignia of the Boy Scouts.

ALMIRA BERNIER, Age 12.
Danvers.

Planting a Garden.
When my father was planning I asked him if he could give me a piece of land for a garden which I could call my own. And he said he could. After he had the ground ready for planting, the seeds had to wait for I didn't have time to plant them right away because I had to go to school. But Friday it chanced that our teacher was sick and school was out at the forenoon recess. Everybody went home and played, but I thought it would be a good idea to plant my garden and so I started. It is not a big one, only about a fourth of an acre.

The first thing I did was to make two small beds for my beets and onions, making them run east and west, right through the southern part of the garden.

The first row I sowed lettuce, one row of carrots and one of radishes, making the rows run north and south on the western side. Then I made a little bed for walk so that I could have room to walk when I weeded my beets and onions. Now on the eastern side of the walk I planted two rows of tomatoes and two rows of early sweet corn.

The garden is all up and is looking good. Every day when I return home from school I take my hoe, which father bought for me, and dig the weeds a small duck, then I take my small watering can and fill it with water and water the thirsty plants. Then it is time to go to bed and dream of dream of that wonderful vegetable bed.

Have many of the Wide-Awakes got small gardens, I wonder? If they have they will have fun in it to watch the tiny little plants as they grow up.

BESSIE JELLO, Age 3.
Yantic.

A Robin Making Its Nest.
Dear Uncle Jed: I would like to tell the Wide-Awakes about the experience of a robin in making its nest.

We once had a swing under a large oak tree. The string had rotted and pieces of it hung loose.

One very rainy day, as I looked out of the window, I chanced to see a robin trying to find string to make its nest. It chanced to see the string and flew towards it. Grabbing the string in its beak, it tried to fly away. It appeared to me as though he was entangled in the string. Although it was pouring, I longed to release the bird from its position, so running out I ran to the tree, but to my surprise, the bird flew away. It had not been entangled in the string, but had been trying to break the string.

I broke all the pieces of string, tied them together, and let them hang loose on a branch. I then went into the house and watched to see the result. The robin then flew to the tree, grasped the string in its beak, and flew away.

It built its nest right beside the house in a large apple tree.

Although it was wet when I got into the house, I think I was well repaid for my work, don't you?

ARCELA DOYON, Age 10.
Glasgo.

The Squealing Black Pig.
It was about 9 o'clock in the morning when I was walking through the woods where the grass was knee deep. In some places were broken up stones and humps of grass here and there.

I was in the middle of the woods, carefully picking my way through the briars and underbrush, when I suddenly heard a squealing sound. I was almost paralyzed with fear. I thought of the dreadful things it might be. Then I heard it again. I then persuaded myself to venture out farther to see what that strange sound was. Scarcely had I crossed a brook when I saw in the distance a small rustic shed. As I came nearer I saw a little black pig. It squealed when I saw me.

It was that same squealing sound that I heard in the woods. I thought to myself how foolish I was to be scared by that little sound. I could picture myself as I stood there almost paralyzed with fear. After that I wasn't afraid of a pig or squeal that I heard when I was in the woods.

ROSE EAGAN, Age 13.
Willimantic.

Playing Betsy Ross.
One day two little girls asked their mother if they might go up in the attic and put on the old-fashioned dresses.

The girls' names were Grace and Ruth. They opened the box and pulled out the clothes. When they had got them out Ruth said, "Grace, you must help me out on this dress."

When Ruth had got her dress on Grace said, "You must help me now." Then came the shoes and stockings, but the hats looked very funny indeed, each having a big feather on each side.

When they were all dressed they played that Ruth was Betsy Ross making the

first American flag and Grace was a friend of Mrs. Ross who was talking to her when she was working.

When they were nearly through they looked out of the window and saw their father coming home. Then they changed their clothes and went down stairs to eat their supper.

HELEN GREENE.
Columbia.

A Life and What Came of It.
Everybody was busy in the Robinson household, for father and mother were going away on the 5 o'clock train, leaving their son in care of his beloved Aunt Mary.

Now John was a good boy but he had one serious fault, which was he did not always tell the truth. He got into pecks of trouble on this account.

The train John's parents were planning to take was supposed to make good connections. All of a sudden came the news of the great railroad strike which delayed many trains. Mr. Robinson, fearing that the 5 o'clock would be delayed, sent his son to the station to inquire about it, giving him ten minutes to do it.

John was willing and getting out came to a group of boys who called to him to join in an exciting game of marbles. At first John refused, but the temptation was too great and he played until he looked at his watch, showing that the ten minutes were long gone. He hurried home and his father, asking him for his report, saw a troubled look on his son's face.

"What time does the train leave?" he asked. John, knowing that he had been disobedient, and confession would mean a strapping, replied: "Half past five, sir," and went to play.

It was quarter past 5 when father and mother, with John to see them off, went to the station. When they arrived they found that the train was not charged at all and they had missed it. John stood there looking like a wretch. As father turned to him and under these stern eyes John confessed. His parents forgave him and since then John has learned to tell the truth.

JAMES J. FENTON, Age 12.
Norwich.

Summer.
It was summer. The drowsy, dreamy influence that seemed to hang over the land was cooled by the summer breeze playing a soft melody as it stirred the grass and the pines.

The roses sifted their perfume to the air. The different kinds of roses, some pink, some red and others yellow, all joined together and nodded and whispered.

Over at the pond it was quiet and the ripple of the river as it ran like a brook to the sea was bidden farewell by the bending, nodding willows. All this was joined by the busy bee who went Buzz, Buzz as it laid up its winter's stores.

And in the shadows of the fern and the different kinds of trees nestled flowers content and waiting when the cold should come and melt. Nature would cover them with a bedquilt of soft snow like down.

And then when the day's labors were over the stillness of the hours lessened, for it was then that the frogs had their parties and singing-schools and the crickets and other insects also held theirs.

But we should surely be glad to live in this country, on this earth, with our happiness and joys, and should be thankful that we are God's own people.

RUSSELL BECKWITH, Age 10.
South Windham.

My Garden This Year.
Dear Uncle Jed: I am going to have a garden this year. It is going to be a half acre of land and I am going to have potatoes, corn, beets, radishes, lettuce and tomatoes, and I am also going to raise a calf. I named it Minnie. It is yellow and white. I feed it with skim milk. In the morning I bring her out and let her eat the grass so it will be fat and nice for the Mansfield fair in September.

ARTHUR JOHNSON, Age 13.
Mansfield Center.

Vegetable and Flower Gardens.
Dear Uncle Jed: I am writing to the Children's page and I am going to tell you about our farm. I have a pet cat and a pet cow. I am going to have a garden this year. My mother and I have already. I am going to have a flower garden also. I planted beets, corn, celery, carrots, tomatoes and a few other things in my vegetable garden. In my flower garden I planted sweet williams, pansies, nasturtiums and asters.

I hope all the Wide-Awakes have good success with their gardens.

DOROTHY RICHARDSON, Age 10.
Norwich.

The Robin's Nest.
One day when I was picking flowers in the woods I found a robin's nest. It had been thrown from a tree and near it I found an egg which was broken. I felt very sorry because the robins had lost their home.

Well, I picked up the nest and put it in a tree near where it had fallen. I did not know where it belonged but thought that the mother robin would soon find the nest.

None of the Wide-Awakes should ever destroy a bird's home.

ALDEA DEKOSIER, Age 11.
Glasgo.

An Old Time Thanksgiving.
When the Pilgrims came from England to live in this new land, there were very few white people here. There were a great many Indians.

The Pilgrims had a very hard time during the first winter. About half of the colony became sick and died.

In 1821 they had a good harvest. The governor said, "Let us set aside a day in which to give thanks. We will invite the good Indians to share our thanksgivings."

The men started out to hunt deer and wild turkeys. The women made pies, cakes and puddings.

The children cut the golden pumpkins for pies. The greatest fun of all was popping the corn in the hot ashes in the big fireplaces.

The Indians were invited to come on Thursday. At sunrise that morning the people knew by the loud yells that their guests had arrived.

It was in December, but the weather was pleasant. Long tables were set and a great fire built out of doors. After breakfast the people were called to get together by the beating of drums, to go to church.

When the service was over they found the feast ready. The Indians and children seemed to enjoy it more than anyone else.

This was the first Thanksgiving. Now once a year the president asks all the people to give thanks to God for His goodness to our country.

RUTH DUBUC, Age 12.
Danvers.

Newark's Anniversary.
About five years ago the city of Newark, N. J., was celebrating its two hundred and fiftieth birthday.

The first celebration was a beautiful big parade. The parade marched first through the city streets. Then came the school children. Each school had its own costumes. The children looked wonderful as they marched along.

I was small then, so I went with the smaller children on trucks. The bigger children walked. When we passed by the people applauded because of the truck where I rode was the picture of Robert Trent. He was the man that founded Newark. The truck was also nicely decorated. After we came the firemen and different kinds of fire engines.

That was all I could see for I was in the parade.

Almost every day during the summer there were wonderful and beautiful parades. But one day kind of parade there were drilled and national dances by all the school children in Branchbrook park.

A week later there was a play in a

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Burned and Itched Badly. Lost Rest. Cuticura Heals.

"A scale first appeared on baby's head and then it turned to blisters that burned and itched so badly that she scratched. Then it broke out in a sore eruption all over her head and behind her ears. She was restless and could not sleep."

"I heard of Cuticura Soap and Ointment so I bought them, and after using one cake of Cuticura Soap and one box of Cuticura Ointment, in three weeks' time she was healed."

(Signed) Mrs. Abbie B. Dennis, 349 Main St., Bangor, Me., June 2, 1919.

Cuticura Toilet Trio
Consisting of Soap, Ointment and Talcum, promotes and maintains skin purity, softens and soothes the skin, often when all else fails. The Soap to cleanse and purify, the Ointment to soothe and heal, the Talcum to powder and perfume. Then why not make these gentle, fragrant, super-creamy emollients your everyday toilet preparations?

Sold everywhere at 25 cents each. Sample each free. Address: "Cuticura Dept. B. Malden, Mass." Cuticura Soap shaves without soap.

big park named Wickwack park. The place was about the history of Newark. A few days after the play there was an exhibition at the armory which showed all the industries of Newark, from the way it was settled until the present time.

There were so many wonderful things that it's impossible to tell them all.

CHARLOTTE COHEN, Age 12.
New London.

A Friend in Need.
Henry lived in the great city of London. He was known as "the boy at the crossings" at Oxford street. In wet weather these crossings were very muddy. Now and then someone would give him a penny for his work. He did not get much a day but what he got was a great help to his mother. That thought brought him daily to his work. One day he saw a little girl trying to cross her little brother across the street. The carts and horses made her afraid and she ran back timidly.

"What's the matter little girl?" he asked.

"I am afraid I shall be run over," said the girl.

"I'll help you across," said Henry. Then lifting the little boy in his arms he took the little girl by the hand and led her safely to the other side of the street.

"Thank you," said the little girl; and "Thank you!" said her little brother as plainly as he could say it.

Just then a man ran up to Henry and asked if he knew the children.

"Yes," said Henry, "but such little ones cannot get across without help."

"You are a good boy," said the man. "I think you must have a good and kind father."

"I had one once," said Henry, "but now I have only a good mother."

"Well, Henry," said the man, "give her this shilling, and tell her I said, 'I'll be for teaching her boy to do good when he gets a chance.'"

Tears came to the boy's eyes. A shilling seemed a good deal of money to him, but it pleased him all the more because it was for his mother.

"Thank you, sir, thank you," said he, and he ran back to his work, one of the happiest boys in London. I think, at that moment.

FLORENCE McGOVERN, Age 13.
Glasgo.

Such an Intelligent Dog.
An old lady rented a furnished villa for the summer and with the villa a large dog also went.

In the sitting room of the villa there was a fine antique chair. The dog liked to sit in the chair better than any other in the house.

She always made for it the first thing but she also nearly always found the chair occupied by the large dog.

Being afraid of the dog she never dared bid it get out of the chair, so she feared it might bite her, but instead she would go to the window and call "Chick!"

Then the dog would rush to the window and bark and the old lady would slip into the vacant chair quietly.

One day the dog entered and found the old lady in possession of the chair. He growled over to the window and looking out appeared much excited and sat up a tremendous barking. The old lady arose and hastened to the window to see what was the matter and the dog quickly slithered into the chair.

LENA FOURNIER, Age 13.
Glasgo.

Doesn't Like School in Summer.
Dear Uncle Jed: I am writing you about our school. We have thirty-four scholars. Our schoolhouse is small. Our teacher is Mr. Briggs.

I am in the third grade. I have a little sister named Evelyn, who is in the first grade.

I do not like to go to school in the summer time. I like reading, arithmetic and history. Sometimes I will write to you again.

NALLIE C. WATERMAN, Age 7.
Bozrahville.

LIBERTY HILL.
Mrs. Fred Fuzzard of Miami, Fla., is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John H. Knott. Mr. and Mrs. William Knott of New York city are their guests also.

A large audience greeted the Children's Sunday morning at the Liberty Hill church, when the Children's day concert passed off successfully and the speaking and singing by the children were excellent. The decorations were very fine.

Mrs. Everett E. Loomis had charge of arrangements and Elmer R. Caples, superintendent of the Sunday school, entertained.

Cocoanut Oil Fine For Washing Hair
If you want to keep your hair in good condition, be careful what you wash it with.

Most soaps and prepared shampoos contain too much alkali. This dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle, and is very harmful. Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo (with pure and refined glycerine), is much better than anything else you can use for shampooing, as this can't possibly injure the hair.

Simply moisten your hair with water and rub it in. One or two teaspoonfuls will make an abundance of rich, creamy lather, and cleanses the hair and scalp thoroughly. The lather rinses out easily, and removes every particle of dust, dirt, dandruff and excessive oil. The hair dries quickly and evenly, and it leaves it fine and silky, bright, fluffy and easy to manage.

You can get Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo at most any drug store. It is very cheap, and a few ounces is enough to last everyone in the family for months.

Advertisement for Kirkman's Soap Powder. Includes an illustration of a woman washing dishes and a box of the product. Text: "The Way to Wash Your Dishes", "Kirkman's Soap Powder", "The same honest quality as found in Kirkman's Borax Soap".

have been visiting friends in town. There was a lawn party Sunday night at the home of C. L. Wright. Earle Stone and a friend from Hartford were week end guests at Mrs. William Thompson's. The Men's club is to hold a meeting in the town hall Monday evening, the 25th, when a supper will be served by the committee. L. D. Post is omitted to the bed very feeble health. Mrs. John James and twin sons, Clinton and Newton, of Willimantic, formerly of this place, attended the Children's day concert here, Sunday. They were former members of Liberty Hill church. ANDOVER Funeral services for Mrs. Mary F. Frink, who died suddenly from heart disease Sunday morning, were held at her home here Tuesday at 2 o'clock, with burial in Columbia cemetery. Mrs. William Thompson received word last week of the death of her sister, Adella Stone Peller, of Marlinton, Can., who several years ago lived in this place. Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Grant of Manila

Advertisement for Gordon Hosiery. Includes an illustration of a woman in hosiery and a large sock. Text: "CHILDREN'S SOCKS", "LITTLE girls and little boys are all wearing children's socks this summer with the pretty Gordon tops, of generous length, in a variety of designs and in all colors.", "The children always look well dressed—especially if you have selected enough different shades to match dresses. And Gordon Socks are so easily washed and kept free from holes. No knees to wear out.", "For older boys and girls ask your dealer to show you the Gordon three-quarter hose which the little girls below are wearing.", "Remember that Gordon Hosiery for men, women and children is famous for appearance and wear in whatever material it is made.", "BROWN DURELL CO. Wholesale Distributors BOSTON NEW YORK".