

THE WIDE-AWAKE CIRCLE

Boys' and Girls' Department.

Notes 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.

Bunny.

Bunny lying in the grass Sees the hunters as they pass. And his little heart is filled With a fear that can't be killed.

As he hears the dreadful sound Of the swiftly fleeing hound, 'Tis the hunter in his heart Makes him eager to start.

And with swiftly flying feet Forth he goes to some retreat. When the hunter's roar is heard Bunny's heart no more is stirred.

For when that swift foot hath sped, Bunny's lying still and dead. 'Tis a little bunny lies, Not the reason, I conceive.

I could never comprehend Why he wished the rabbit end. And I never yet could tell Why the hunter felt so well Of the future of his joy. This small rabbit to destroy. -E. C. Stone.

UNCLE JED'S TALK TO WIDE-AWAKES.

It is three hundred years since the Pilgrims landed on the stern New England coast, after having left Europe for the

purpose of establishing themselves in the new world, where they might have a chance to worship in accordance with their religious belief. They were determined to get away from old world oppression. They succeeded but they went through great hardships to reach their goal. But realizing that what is worth having is worth working and suffering for they laid the foundations for this great republic.

They had no idea that there would be any such development from their small beginning. That was not the reason for their coming, but establishing an asylum for themselves they were unconsciously paving the way for a great liberty-loving nation and a haven for the oppressed of other countries.

At the start they were concerned with their own welfare. They came here for their own benefit, little realizing at the time what conditions would be 200 years from then as the result of the start they gave it.

Can you picture the surpluses that would be shown by those people if they could make that memorable trip today under modern conditions? We would have about as much trouble imagining all the conditions three centuries ago as they would in trying to grasp the meaning of present day inventions and conditions.

The Pilgrims, however, demonstrate what becomes of standing steadily for a purpose. They were sincere, their aim was high and their courage was unwavering, and great was their contribution to the world's progress. They accomplished what they set out to do, and much more besides, an excellent illustration of that old saying, "If you have a task to do, do it with a will."

WINNERS OF PRIZE BOOKS.

- 1-Ed. Cramer of Norwich—From Tokio to Bombay. 2-Bessie Githa of New London—Grace Harlowe's Third Year at Vacation. 3-Agnis Theriaque of Danielson—Campfire Girls in April Years. 4-Arthur Mintz of Norwich—With the Flag in the Channel. 5-Esther Corlies of Jewett City—Sun. 6-Virginia Anderson of Norwich—Miss Pat and Company.

Winners of prize books living in the city can obtain them by calling at The Bulletin business office after 10 o'clock Thursday morning.

LETTERS OF ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

Helen Havelock of Danielson—I appreciate

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class your kindness in sending me a prize book. I'm sure I shall enjoy reading it, and sincerely thank you.

Hazen Parmenter of Norwich—I want to thank you for the interesting book. I have started to read it and enjoy it greatly.

Raymond Lamb of New London—The book you sent me is fine. I thank you very much for sending it to me. I hope to win another one sometime.

A Lesson in Obedience.

Once there was a boy named Harry. He was about 9 years old. One day he asked his mother if he could go to the ball game. His mother said "No." Harry did not obey his mother and went. On his way to the game he was run over. He was taken home badly injured. When he got well his mother knew best and he would never disobey her again.

WILLIAM DEMST, Age 8, Willimantic.

STORIES WRITTEN BY WIDE-AWAKES.

The Alabama Boys.

These boys were fearless and fine fighters but when fighting they would get mad clear through. Once they took a town four times which was full of snipers and machine gun nests. The last time they threw down their rifles and drew their French knives and went into the houses and didn't take a German alive in that village, and when they came out they were all dressed in German clothes.

When this Alabama bunch came to the front they said "That's all ours," and they took "the man's land" off the map. RAYMOND J. WOODS, Age 11, Norwich.

My Brother Henry's Pet Dog.

Dear Uncle Jed: I will now tell you about my brother's pet dog. His name was Prince. My brother taught him how to do tricks and climb the ladder. One night something terrible happened. It was about 5 o'clock. They were walking along the track when my brother got down on the track, and the dog was but a little way from him. No sooner had they sat down when the train came thundering on. My brother had just time to jump down the bank, but the dog stood there. My brother looked back when all at once he saw the dog's hind legs were out right off.

My brother and sister cried fearfully. That dog had always done many things for them. The dog died one hour afterward. AGNIS THERIAQUE, Age 11, Danielson.

A Scare.

Our play one vacation morning was suddenly cut short when my mother called me. When I reached the house my mother told me to go to the store for some flour and to hurry back, for she needed it for a cake. To get to the store I took a short cut through a little used path.

Running as fast as the story path permitted me to, I, for no particular reason, looked down. What I saw made me check myself so suddenly that I nearly tumbled over; for there stretched across the path a large snake. So unexpectedly had it all happened that before I knew it I was about 20 feet away from the snake.

When at last I looked around the snake had disappeared into some bushes. I was not afraid that the snake would appear again, so to be a little safer I took a few

steps. I had no need for these, fortunately. I went to the store and got my mother's flour and hurried back home. I never afterward heard of the snake or saw it again. BILL CRAMER, Age 11, Norwich.

Having Her Own Way.

Dear Uncle Jed: One day a little girl named Mary, wanted some candy. Her mother said, "Not today; I haven't got enough sugar." Mary was always kind and good. She loved her mother, Harry, and good. She loved to go to school while her mother worked in the factory uptown. One night after school Mary came home and said to herself, "I am going to have some candy." So Mary got everything ready to make the candy and she made a whole lot. She used all of her mother's sugar. When Mary's mother came home that night she found Mary awfully full. She asked what was the matter. Mary told her. Her mother forgave her, but said never to do it again. BESSIE JOHNSON, Age 11, Norwich.

Saving the Robin.

Dear Uncle Jed: George was planning to spend his vacation out in the country. One day, as he was going to look around, he noticed a little robin sitting on a tree. He was very much pleased to see it. As he was walking a large oak tree he heard a bird's faint cry. He was a little frightened at first, but went on to investigate what he had heard. He kept looking around upon the ground and under the trees but made no progress in finding the bird. He thought it might be hidden in the tree, so he climbed the tree. He found a large snake wrapped tightly around a little robin. The snake was squeezing it to death. George climbed down and got a large stick and crushed the snake's head. It quickly unrolled from around the robin. George then spread his hands and made no sound in finding the bird. He thought it might be hidden in the tree, so he climbed the tree. He found a large snake wrapped tightly around a little robin. The snake was squeezing it to death. George climbed down and got a large stick and crushed the snake's head. It quickly unrolled from around the robin. George then spread his hands and made no sound in finding the bird. He thought it might be hidden in the tree, so he climbed the tree. He found a large snake wrapped tightly around a little robin. The snake was squeezing it to death. George climbed down and got a large stick and crushed the snake's head. It quickly unrolled from around the robin. George then spread his hands and made no sound in finding the bird.

ARTHUR MINTZ, Age 11, Norwich.

The Chimney Swift.

In their daily journey abroad in search of food, chimney swifts scatter far and wide over the country, but at about the same hour in the evening they come home to the same chimney in which to pass the night. Inside the secure retreat a soft-circling nest of short sticks is cemented together and attached to the chimney by means of a glutinous substance, as the swifts are remarkable for the development of the salivary glands.

The birds inhabiting one nesting place sit for each other before starting for the night, flying slowly round and round until practically all have come. Then without warning, they fly in an irregular spiral above the chimney and suddenly a whirling column pours into the chimney. Then others go springing outward until another group starts spirally into the nesting place, and this performance is repeated until not a swift remains outside.

In the early morning the birds leave in small parties and at once separate in quest of the day's supply of food, which they catch on the wing. If the air is practically clear of insect life, by reason of snow or cold rain, the birds have a difficult time and seem to squawk a few crumbs scattered for their comfort. Before this country was settled the swift nested in hollow trees, but now have nearly generally abandoned this primitive nesting place for a more secure protection against the elements. The swifts are named from their habit of rapid flight and are nearly related to the humming birds.

The swift which cometh in the United States generally is known as the chimney swift in its mode of life. About seventy-five species of swifts are known but four are found in the United States. Its spots, brown color, long and very narrow wings, and the sharp spine on the end of the tail feathers distinguish it from all other birds. The swift also never perches on a wall or a rock, but rests by clinging to the bricks inside the chimney, supported

A Brave Deed.

Dear Uncle Jed: This is the second time I have written to you. I like your page very much. Once upon a time there was a little girl whose name was Ada Jane. She was a rich girl and took much money. She had a pet dog there was a poor girl whose name was Mary. She had to earn her own living on account of her poor mother and father. One day she was going down to the river and she

saw a little girl in the river. All at once she said "I'll help her." The little girl was very poor and she came to find out it was the rich girl, Ada Jane. She was swimming and almost drowned. The poor little girl caught her and she and her mother gave her something to eat and also \$15 for not letting her little daughter die. Well, wide-awake, don't you think she did a brave deed? JEWETT CITY. MARY.

Mary would have been a nice little girl but for one reason. She was very selfish. Her cousin, rich like herself, was generous and kind, therefore, happy. But Mary would not give away a doll, even though she had plenty.

One day as she sat reading she felt very tired. She closed her book and stretched. Suddenly she heard her mother and father talking. They were talking very loud. Mary's mother came in and said, "Your father has lost all his money. We must move." Of course, Mary sobbed, but she could do nothing. Not long after they had moved some rich girl sent Mary a pretty doll. Mary felt very happy, and was sorry she had been so selfish. Suddenly Mary woke up. She had been dreaming. She at once went to her parents and asked if she could give away some toys. Her parents said yes, and ever since that dream Mary has felt very happy. VIRGINIA ANDERSON, Age 11, Norwich.

The Chair's Story.

I am an old chair and, as I will soon be thrown away, I will tell you about myself. I was a great tree in the forests of North Carolina. One day some men came with big saws and sawed me down. I was very much frightened, as I thought the men would burn me. But the men did not burn me; instead they chopped me up into many pieces and I was then put in a lumber cart and taken away. After that I was put in a factory and was made into this chair that I am now. When taken to my new home I was painted, but afterwards, as I grew shabby, I was painted no more, a new chair was put in my place. JOHN BRENNAN, Age 11, Norwich.

by its spring jaw. ALFRED DUGAN, Age 11, Vermilion.

Non-Citizens.

In behalf of the United States and its government, I write this communication to all non-citizens who are not citizens of the United States. It tells them how to become citizens and the things they'll have. The United States is a republic. A republic means that it is governed by the people and for the people. That is, when it comes to electing a president for the country, you can cast your vote, if you are a citizen. President Wilson has got to give up his chair, for he'll die his term. He was president two terms, eight years. One term is four years. When President Washington was elected our first president, he said: "Eight years is enough for one president. Somebody else has to have a turn." So to the non-citizens of this country I advise them to get their citizen papers before the 14th of October. If you get your papers before then you can say who you'd rather have president, Cox or Harding.

All non-citizens, be a citizen of this big fine country, the United States, and be able to speak for yourself. To be a citizen you must know how to read and write and speak the English language. If you do not know how to do this, learn now at the free night school, and I say again, become a citizen of the Free United States and share its liberties and rights. I was born an American, I am an American, and I'll die American. BESSIE GYLLIN, Age 11, New London.

Uncle Jed.

Will was a big boy who did not like to go to school. He liked to play all day long. One day when he was out playing he saw a boy who was playing a game. He saw the boy play a game called "Do not be afraid, little bee; come and play with me." "I can not play with you," said the boy. "I have work to do," said the boy. "I must get out of the house all day. I must get out of the house all day." Will heard a noise around him and he looked up on the branches of a big tree and saw a squirrel getting nuts. "Come down here and play with me," said Will to the squirrel. "If I do not get my food in for the winter my little ones will die. I must work now. I can play all winter." A little further, Will saw a little bird near the top of a tree. "What are you doing, pretty bird?" said Will. "I have no work to do. Will you not play with me?" "No work to do?" said the bird. "I have to make a nest for my three birds. I have no time to play." "Why will you not make a nest, so he asked the bird how to make it. "I will make it in a hole," said Will. "I will make it in a hole, and I put my eggs in it to make it safe. And away he flew. When Will saw that the bird, the squirrel and the squirrel all had in work, he felt ashamed. So, he is general every day and after school he worked. PATRICK SULLIVAN, Age 11, Tutuville.

Playing Hooks.

It was a stormy afternoon my friend Lillian O'Brien brought her doll and some toys to my house. We planned to play hooks. Lillian picked up her doll and the first thing it fell down and broke. Lillian was sorry because it was the only doll she had. Now that she was so sorry I gave her my doll. She went home with it hoping to come the next

The Easiest Way To End Dandruff

There is one sure way that never fails to remove dandruff completely and that is to dissolve it. This dissolves it entirely. To do this, just get about four ounces of plain, ordinary liquid aloe; apply it at night when retiring, use enough to moisten the scalp and rub it in gently with the fingers. By morning most if not all of your dandruff will be gone, and three or four more applications will completely dissolve and entirely destroy every single grain and trace of it, no matter how much dandruff you may have. You will find, too, that all itching and digging of the scalp will stop instantly, and your hair will be lustrous, glossy, silky and soft, and look and feel a hundred times better. You can get liquid aloe at any drug store. It is inexpensive, and four ounces is all you will need. This simple remedy has never been known to fail.

day. BESSIE YOSELEVSKY, Age 7, Oakdale.

Waterbury.

Included in the list of approved hospitals in Connecticut, under the hospital standardization program of the American College of Surgeons, is the Waterbury Hospital and St. Mary's Hospital in this city. The survey includes hospitals having the necessary requirements, including 100 or more beds.

Old Folks' Coughs

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