

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 the pen 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 FOR THE WIDEAWAKES

Red-Tide Song
Sway to and fro in the twilight grey.
This is the ferry for Shadow-Low;
It always sails at the end of day.
Just as the darkness is closing down.

The Wind and the Stream
A brook came stealing from the ground;
You scarcely saw its silver gleam
Among the herbs that hung around
The borders of the winding stream.

A breeze came wandering from the sky,
Light as the whisper of a dream;
He put the ever-changing grasses by
And softly stroked the stream.

The water, as the wind passed o'er,
Shot upward many a glancing beam.
Dimpled and quivered more and more
And tripped along, a livelier stream.

The fond, delighted, stilly stream.
The flattered stream, the simpering stream.
The ever-murmuring, mournful stream.
William Cullen Bryant.

Uncle Jed's Talk to the Wide-Awakes
If our feathered friends, the birds,
Could talk they would without a doubt
Tell any of the Wide-Awakes who might
Ask them, that they do not like winter
With its ice and snow. Indeed, many
Of the birds who are with us during
The spring and summer months, dislike
Cold weather so much that they leave us
In the fall and fly far south where
The weather is warm and where they can
Find plenty of grub and worms.

But there are a number of birds who
Stay with us throughout the winter.
This is the time of the year when
The birds begin to find it hard work
To get enough to eat and when the ground
Becomes frozen and the snow storms arrive
It will be almost impossible for them
To find food enough to keep alive.
In fact many birds die each winter from
starvation.

Every boy and girl can help the birds
Live through the winter by providing
Food for them during stormy weather
In places where they will easily find it.
Small bird houses placed in sheltered
spots, a hollow log, or a box nailed up
in a tree in the orchard, all make
excellent feeding places for the birds.

During very cold weather, or severe
storms, a handful or two of wheat
or other small grain placed in one of these
feeding places will soon be discovered
by the hungry birds. The feeding boxes
should have a covered top with an open
side and should be placed so that the
wind will not blow the grain away.

Once the birds get accustomed to find-
ing breakfast or dinner awaiting them
in these feeding boxes they will make
them regular gathering places, especially
when ice and snow cover the ground,
making it impossible for them to reach
Mother Nature's supply of food.

Winners of Prize Books
1-Etta M. Weeks of Versailles-At
The Little Brown House.
2-Vivian Richardson of Norwich-The
Story of a Nodding Donkey.
3-Bertha Robinson of Baltic-Little
Prudy's Captain Horace.
4-Annie Wolff of Mansfield Center-The
Tale of Ferdinand Frog.
5-Fred Gendron of Mousup-The Boy
Society's Signal Stand.
6-Fred Rastback of Fitchville-Eat-
ing the Clouds.

LETTERS OF ACKNOWLEDGMENT
Adeline Jackson of Mystic: I want
to thank you for the interesting story
book entitled Little Prudy's Dotty Dim-
ble, sent me and received which I have
found very interesting. Thanking you
very much for your kindness.
Howard L. Chase, of Galis Ferry:
Thank you for the nice book you sent me.
I like it very much.
Donald MacLear of Ballouville: Thank
you very much for the nice book you sent
me as a prize. I am enjoying it on this
rainy, windy night and I will be sorry
when bedtime comes.

LETTERS WRITTEN BY WIDE-
AWAKES
An Amateur Incident
Dear Uncle Jed: Saturday evening,
September 2nd about 30 miles from At-
lantic City my mother, father, brothers
and myself experienced a few hours of
trembling agony.

half past four. My father then took
down the tent. My mother put away the
different utensils we had used, while
my brothers and I walked or ran about
to avoid the mosquitoes as best we could.
We finally started and oh what relief
it was to be free from the mosquitoes!
My father said he had heard of the
Jersey mosquitoes, but he never re-
alized that they were so thick or could
bite so hard. build their houses, which
are oval in form, and divided into three
stories.

How Beavers Work
Dear Uncle Jed: Beavers work very
hard. They show also great skill in
the way they build their houses, which
are mostly on the side of some lake or
river, where they build a dam or dike.
The mole or dam is formed of wood
and clay. To spread the clay the beav-
ers make use of their broad, flat tails,
instead of a trowel. On the mud thus
spread they build their houses, which
are oval in form, and divided into three
stories.

The first story is the kitchen; second
is the dining, parlor and bedroom, and
the third is a room in reserve. In case
of any high flood taking place, the
walls are all nicely plastered by the
beavers who pluck up grass with their
teeth and mix it with the mud, so that
it may stick.
IRENE PARENT, Age 13.
Tataville.

A Tramp's Adventure
Dear Uncle Jed: One cold winter
night a farmer and his wife were sit-
ting around the fire, enjoying them-
selves, when a tapping was heard out-
side. The farmer went to the door. He
saw a man clothed in rags and shiver-
ing with the cold. The man asked to
be admitted, so the farmer let him in
and gave him a chair by the fire where
he sat down and got warm. While
he was getting warm the farmer's
wife got him some supper. The
tramp sat down and ate a hearty sup-
per. After supper was over the tramp
told this story:

"This morning I started about 6 o-
clock without breakfast as there wasn't
any to have. I had walked about three
miles when an automobile passed me. I
asked them for a ride but the reply was
they shot at me with a revolver. As
luck would have it they didn't hit me. I
had walked about five miles or more
when I met the children going to school.
The bad boys flung stones and sticks
at me. I told them not to but they did
not heed. Soon they came to the school
house. In about five minutes more
I met some girls. They said look at that
poor man. One of them even asked me
if I had had any breakfast. I told her
I had not. She took out about half of
her dinner and gave it to me. I had no
more adventures until I reached home
when I found you people very kind in-
deed."

They went to bed. In the morning
they gave him some clothes and break-
fast. He started off and was never
seen again.
WINIFRED BASSETT.
Warrenville.

Being Late For School
Dear Boys and Girls: While I was
walking to school this morning I saw
Jane and Betty and I stopped to talk
with them.
When I came to school I found I was
late. My teacher asked me what had
happened. I told her I stopped and
talked with my friends.
She told me to stay after school and
make up the time.
When I came home and told my mother
she scolded me and told me not to
stop on the road.
BESSIE VOSELENSKY, Age 9.
Oakdale.

The Fisherman's Delay
Dear Uncle Jed: One winter night in
March many years ago, a girl sat in a
fisherman's cottage awaiting the return
of her father who was away in his
fishing boat.
He had been gone since early morn-
ing and no coming had spreading her
net around his course homeward,
when he struck a rock, which overturn-
ed the boat.

He was striving to reach shore, and
a man saw him and brought him to
shore. On shore the man asked the
fisherman where he lived. He told him
and the man brought him home. He
then told his daughter what caused his
delay.
ALICE CYR, Age 12.
Norwich.

Writing a Letter
Dear Uncle Jed: It has been said that
some children who graduate from the
grammar school cannot write a letter.
Here is one I wrote to my mother.
Dear Mother: I am inviting you to a
Hallowe'en party which is to be given
in the school of Gulliver, October 20,
1922, at 7.30.
We have planned to give a play en-
titled "Robin Hood."
I am responsible for each child know-
ing its part. Probably you will be de-
lighted to see the ability of our school.
Your presence will be cordially wel-
come.
Your loving daughter,
ANNIE WOLFF.
Mansfield Center, Ct.

Camping at Haughton's Cove
Dear Uncle Jed: A year ago last
summer I went camping at Haughton's
cove. My mother and a lady friend of
my mother's and my aunt were there.
Every day I went swimming. One day
I went out in a boat and fished. I was
in a rowing boat. The next day I went
in swimming and dived off a rock. I was
trying to catch someone how to dive.
Then I went into a boat and watched
them catch crabs. One night my moth-
er and my aunt and I got into a boat,
and a man rowed us down the cove to-
wards New London. In a few days we
came home and that night I went to the
Elks' carnival. I came home after the
carnival was over and thought of the
good time I had had.
RUTH EASTEBROOKS, Age 15.
Walthamite.

Only a Piece of Wire
Dear Uncle Jed: One day while on
my way to school I saw a large black
thing in the grass. I was too startled
to move. After my fright was over I
got up and went toward it. It was a
loop of wire. After all it was only a
piece of wire coiled up to look like
a snake.
DOROTHY NORMAN, Age 10.
Norwich.

Going Nutting
Dear Uncle Jed: I thought I would
write and tell you and some of the
readers of the Norwich Bulletin about
my trip after nuts.
One Friday some of my friends and I
decided to go nutting in the woods
about two miles distant from my house.
We all took our baskets, but one boy
took a bag along with him.
After encountering many difficulties
in walking through the woods and in
crossing streams we at last reached
the place where we were to pick nuts.
First, we looked around and tried to
find bigger ones, but being unsuccessful
we returned to our first place.
Before we decided that the nuts
one who picked the nuts should
get a quart of nuts from each of the
others. On this account we all began
to pick as fast as we could. After an
hour we were ready to go home. Upon
reaching home we all measured our



Muskrat Champion Builder

Two New Houses Every Year

BY J. H. MILLAR
How would you like to live in a
house that is washed away every spring
so that you would have to build a new
one for the next winter? That is what
the muskrat does.

He has two houses, though. In the
summer he and Mrs. Muskrat live in
a house dug out of the bank of a
stream. He starts the entrance to his
house below the water and digs up into
the bank until he is above high water
line. Then he makes a sort of chamber
or room in which he and his mate can
live. Sometimes these holes cause a lot
of trouble. No end of dams and levees
have been washed out because the water
got to seeping through the holes leading
to Mr. Muskrat's home and soon grew
into a hole which wiped out the dam.

When winter comes, Muskrat and
his mate travel to some swampy place
where they and several of their rela-
tives build another sort of house, a little
conical affair made of reeds and clay
and looking much like the beaver's
house only smaller. The door to this
house too is underground. In one of
these houses several families of musk-
rats spend the winter.

In the spring this house is washed
away by the floods and Mr. Muskrat
is too fat he doesn't get out in time.
Then he moves somewhere out along
the bank of the stream and builds or
rather digs his summer home.
He is of a brownish color, shining
from a black brown on his back to a
chestnut brown on his side. His tail
is black, almost blue on the under side.
This tail is a very interesting affair.



It is flattened sideways into the shape
of a paddle and fringed with stiff hairs.
Mr. Muskrat uses it as a tool with
which to swim. This tail takes up more
than a third of Mr. Muskrat's length.
He is usually about 21 inches long, ex-
cept his tail is something over seven inches.
He needs it, too, for a considerable part
of his life is passed in the water and he
needs a good strong swimming in-
strument.

I was the fortunate one to have
more than any other so they were
obliged to give me the arranged re-
ward.
FRIEDA KOPKOFF, Age 10.
Fitchville.

Home Sports
Dear Uncle Jed: I thought I would
write you a letter about my home
sports.
In the fall of the year I go bird
hunting and skunk hunting. I have a
lot of fun.
When I get home from school I get
four or five dollars and sometimes I go
bird hunting. I set a lot of skunk
traps, rabbit traps and muskrat traps.
I like the fall of the year best. I have
two dogs, one is a hound and the other
is a bird dog.

When my father goes hunting I go
with him. One time we got a skunk
coon.
I caught him many tricks.
Yours truly,
FRED CONDON, Age 13.
Mousup.

My School
Dear Uncle Jed: I am writing to tell
you about my school. I ride to school
every morning my uncle drives the
school team.
On my way to school I see many
beautiful things. I see trees with red,
green and yellow leaves where the
frost has painted them.
I go by two or three brooks running
very swiftly and they glisten as the
sun shines on them.

There are twenty-six scholars in my
school. I go to school every
day. I have great fun at school play-
ing games and jumping-rope.
My cousin goes to this school. She
also rides on the school team.
She is the same age as myself and we
have great fun together.
Sincerely yours,
VIOLA COLE, Age 14.
Mousup.

Hiking
Dear Uncle Jed: One bright Saturday
afternoon our club started on a short
hike. We started from my friend's
house. All our club, consisting of 13
girls, went and all of us took a lunch.
The hike was very nice. On the way
we stopped and got a drink of
water from a farmhouse. The lady
gave us some peaches. A girl took some
pictures of the farm. Then we started
on our hike.

We arrived at the ravine very tired.
After we got some buttermilk we played
games and had a real good time. We
soon grew hungry, so we ate our lunch.
Then the girls took some more pictures.
My friend and I went further in the
wood. We found many pretty acorns.
We made a swing and took turns on it.
We saw many squirrels gathering nuts
for winter. Then we went down to the
other girls and played again. We went
on a country road and got some apples.
We came back to find the other girls
getting ready for home. It was five o-
clock when we started for home. We
went home in the car for we were very
tired. We arrived home at half past
five, all tired but happy.
BERTHA ROBINSON, Age 13.
Baltic.

Ethel's Dog
Dear Uncle Jed: Once there was a
little girl and her name was Ethel.
Ethel's father owned a grocery store
and Ethel used to stay there. They had
two cats and a dog at the store. One
day Ethel missed her dog and the next
day he came home and he had another
dog with him. The dog was limping
painfully all day.
For days, said Ethel, and she took him
to her house and gave him some bread
and some milk to drink. Then she
looked at his foot and she saw that it
was cut and bleeding, so she dressed his
wound and kept him at her house. Af-
ter a while he got better and did every-
thing she wanted him to. One day as
she was carrying the mail home he was
run over by an auto. Ethel cried very
much at having this dog killed. She buried
him and every year she decorated the
grave with flowers.
LIVIAN RICHARDSON, Age 8.
Norwich.

Advertisement for Kraft Cheese, featuring an illustration of a Kraft Cheese loaf and text: 'It Has No Rind', 'You will like this feature about Kraft Cheese...', 'KRAFT IN TINS', 'KRAFT IN LOAVES', 'CHEESE'.

LEBANON
The entire community was shocked and
grieved on Monday to hear of the sud-
den death of Albert G. Kneeland, former
judge of probate in this place. Mr. Kneeland
will be much missed in town and
church affairs as well as by his many
friends.
The funeral was held at his late home
on Thursday at 2 p. m. and was largely
attended, many coming from out of town.
The services were conducted by Rev. Mr.
Stewart. Mrs. F. N. Taylor sang Face
to Face. There were many beautiful
flowers. The bearers were Mr. E. Bishop,
H. W. Sweet, Henry Sweet, S. L. Fuller,
David Fletcher and F. N. Taylor.
The public address for which pupils of
the Lebanon Memorial High school have
been preparing for some weeks is to be
held on Thursday evening, Nov. 16, in the
school auditorium. The subject is "Re-
served." The men who served in the
military, naval and marine forces of the
United States during the World War
should be granted a bonus by the federal
government. The students who will
argue the question from the affirmative
side are Chas. Vinograd, Sara Robinson
and Benjamin Levitt. Their opponents
will be Jane Niels, Chester Starr and
Max Nagel. The program of the evening
will include also musical selections, both
vocal and instrumental, by various pu-
pils. Light refreshments prepared by the
cooking classes will be served and a so-
cial hour enjoyed.

LEFFINGWELL
Some of the young people from Leffing-
well attended the dance Saturday
evening in Scotland Road hall.
Miss Ruth Lathrop of Lathrop Hill
was a guest of Miss Mildred F. Leffing-
well recently.
Miss Neils Leffingwell spent the week
end in Westley E. L. Visiting her
cousin, Miss Marian Bentley.
Three young men from Leffingwell
were in Yantic Tuesday evening at the
Hallowe'en dance given in the Fire En-
gine hall.
Tuesday evening a supper was given in
the church vestry in charge of Mrs. For-
rest C. Leffingwell and Mrs. J. S. Col-
lins. Baked beans, pickles, rolls, coffee,
doughnuts, pie and cheese and ice cream
were served. Nearly \$34 was realized.
A fortune teller was present and read
the palms of many.
Five ladies from Leffingwell were at
the Buckingham Memorial Wednesday at
the Social Corner meeting.
A few from Leffingwell were at the
Brockton City Congregational supper Wed-
nesday evening.
Sunday morning worship at 11 o'clock.

WEST KINGSTON
Mrs. Richard N. Bristol and Mrs. Fred
K. Crandall of Kingston spent Tuesday
in Providence.
Mrs. Ida Madison of Belmont is visit-
ing her cousin, F. K. Crandall, and fam-
ily.
Rev. Mr. Talty of Wakefield preached
at the church here Thursday and Friday
evenings of last week. Mr. Talty is an
able speaker and all who attended were
greatly pleased with his address.
Miss Minnie M. Webster of Providence
is visiting her sister, Mrs. C. A. Web-
ster, and family.
The W. C. T. U. met with Mrs. E. P.
Tucker Wednesday afternoon. Ten mem-
bers and three visitors were present. Af-
ter the meeting, which was very inter-
esting, crocheting, refreshments were
served by the hostess.
Mrs. Rose F. Hoyle of Wakefield and
Mrs. Annie Springer of Bristol called on
friends here Wednesday afternoon.
Mrs. Fannie Blackwell, who is nearly
30 years of age, is very toothy.
Rev. Frederick Pickles of Northampton
preached at the church here Sunday
evening of last week.
Alasoon Rice of Exeter was a visitor
called here.

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