

who I am? I am the ghost of Jesse James, the awful man who was a robber. Since I have received the punishment deserved I shall now fix you for what you have done to-day. Do you remember when you stole that parrot, and the diamond set of my ring, which was laid on the clock in this room?" "Yes," I murmured. "Yes," said he, "and now you shall be turned into something awful, as I was by another ghost." "Oh, no!" and I jumped and found both the clock and myself in our former positions, for I had been dreaming.
—Everett Mohl,
Sixth Grade.

Anger Changed to Joy.

(High School Credit.)

"Tom, Tom," called a high-pitched voice down the stairs; "I want you!" The call was repeated, then, as no answer came, a door slammed and an angry girl entered the room, exclaiming with vehemence, "Whoever did have such a brother? Never around when wanted and always sure to be where he's not wanted. It exhausts my stock of patience to the utmost!" Her anger gradually lessened, however, as she fell to musing. This was her sixteenth birthday and not one present had she received. Could it be possible that every one had forgotten her? Then why had Tom been nodding at her so slyly all the forenoon?

She was startled in the midst of this reverie by a sharp tap at the door. Then a squeaky, impatient voice said, "Let pretty Poll in, Stella; poor Poll, pretty Poll." Stella opened the door and in walked a parrot with stately, dignified mien, not stopping until it had reached the center of the floor. After regarding Stella curiously for several minutes and cocking its head from side to side with a wise expression, the parrot said bluntly, "Stella, like dimons?" "Dimons," murmured the girl, vaguely, then with a brightening expression on her face, "Diamonds, who spoke of those?" "Tom," squeaked the parrot. "Can it be," cried Stella, "that papa bought me a diamond ring?" A knock at the door. It was hurriedly opened, only to admit Tom. For once his face and hands were clean. Holding the latter behind him he said, smiling: "Bet you can't guess what I got for you, Sis?" But his prize was quickly taken from him. It was a small ring case with a card attached, "To Stella from papa, and many happy birthdays."
—Emma Kuhfeld,
Ninth Grade.

Once Was Enough.

(Honorable Mention.)

Marion Dunbar lived far out in the west and had few playmates. Therefore she lavished all her love upon a saucy little parrot. When Marion was five years old she received Polly from her father when he came home from a visit east. Polly was an unusually smart parrot. One day when she was in her cage by an open window she heard the far away howl of a coyote (for coyotes were very frequently heard howling on the prairie), and Polly must have determined to learn the coyote language, for she listened intently and then began the dismal howling herself. Unhappily, nobody was in the room, for if there had been, trouble might have been saved later on. That evening when everybody had gone to bed Polly was awake, evidently thinking about some plan of action. Suddenly she struck up a dismal howl, and to her evident satisfaction the whole family, Marion, her brother and father, came running to the place, and to their astonishment saw instead of a coyote, Polly on the verge of breaking into another strain. All began to laugh, and Polly, disgusted at their laughter, tucked her head under her wing and pretended to be fast asleep. This was the only time Polly ever imitated a coyote, in spite of Marion's coaxing.
—Victoria Anderson,
Eighth Grade.

A Midnight Expedition.

(Honorable Mention.)

Walter and his father had been living in Arkansas for about two years. The only pet Walter had was a parrot. One night as Walter was going to bed he looked out of the window at his father's large cornfield and saw, down at the other end, something large, black and pointed. Walter wanted very much to find out what it was but he knew his father would not let him, so he resolved to wait until his father had gone to bed. Then when all was quiet he crept softly down to the cornfield. When he reached the other end he found a wigwam and in it a tiny little pappoose. For a while Walter was too astonished to

speak, but soon he began to make plans for taking it home. Before he could think of any definite plan he heard stealthy footsteps and before he could get away some one had pushed him down and was binding his arms and feet. The next morning his father wondered why Walter did not come to breakfast. After awhile he said, "I wonder where Walter can be." Suddenly, without any warning, the parrot began in his sing-song way to say "Way down yonder in the cornfield."

"Can Walter be down in the cornfield?" said the father. "You bet!" the parrot said. So Walter's father went down to the cornfield and there on the very edge lay Walter, bound and unconscious. After that Walter did not meddle with any more wiggams or tiny papposes.
B Seventh Grade,
Pleasant Grove School.

A Parting Gift.

(Honorable Mention.)

On a hot summer day a man who had been out hunting walked slowly along, for he had lost his way. It was an intensely hot day and the sun beat down fiercely on his head. As he wandered along he came to a wigwam situated by a lake. No one was in it except a small pappoose. The man, exhausted by the heat, fell into a sound sleep, and when he awoke he saw a girl looking at him. The girl could speak a little English and said: "What you do here?" He replied, "I am tired and hungry, and I lost my way. Can you give me food and shelter to-night?" She replied in the negative, but after much persuasion consented.

In the morning he awoke very much refreshed and when he asked where the other Indians were she replied, "All gone." And that was all he could get out of her. Before he left she cautiously went to a corner of the wigwam and when she came back she placed a diamond of surpassing brilliancy in his hand,

meant so much to him. Now and then his fingers idly ran through the sand. Still deeply absorbed in thought he turned his eyes from the horizon to watching his hand move aimlessly along. Suddenly the setting sun flashed on a stone which his movements had disturbed. He seized it, thinking it must be something valuable, but the light had gone from it and it appeared dull and lifeless as the rest. He carefully carried the precious pebble home and at the earliest opportunity had it examined. The stone was found to contain a diamond of the rarest kind. This solved the financial part of the problem. His father gave his consent, and in a short time Carl was one of the happiest boys that ever breathed, when he found himself actually on his way to school.
—Lorina Carter,
Ninth Grade.

A Ride, But Not From Choice.

A man, girl and boy were out walking, when an elephant came along and took the girl by the waist with his trunk and put her on his back. The girl began to cry, but soon stopped. Meanwhile the man and the boy tried to find the owner of the elephant, but could not, so they started after the elephant, but found they did not know which way it had gone. The elephant stopped at an Indian wigwam and took the girl off his back. The girl at once started to run home, but she saw a pappoose hanging onto a tree and became so frightened that she ran another way and was lost.
—Lillian Rolsch,
B Sixth Grade, Central School.

In the Pioneer Days.

One hot noon, in the early days of Minnesota, a young girl was seen at work in a large cornfield. Apparently she had been working hard, for she looked completely exhausted. After completing her task she picked up the pappoose who lay near her, strapped it on her back and started for the wigwam a few paces off. On looking at her closely one might judge she was about fifteen years old, but she was quite small. She had dark, curly hair, and her complexion was dark, tanned by her constant exposure to the sun.

With tired step she walked to the wigwam, but hardly had she entered when a man, drawing aside the curtain, looked in. At first she was frightened, but in a moment regained her former composure. The man asked where the chief was. She answered that he had gone to hunt. He was very much surprised to hear her speak English and inquired how she came to be among the "reds." She answered: "My preservers have told me that when I was a little child I was stolen from my home for a reward. What my name is or where I came from I know not. Since then I have been under the care of the chief." The man looked closely at her, saying: "It seems as if I remember that a child was stolen some nine years ago, not far from my home. If you will follow me, I will find out if you are that child or not." Only too glad she consented. With a last glance at the sleeping pappoose she hastened from the wigwam and followed her new friend. Imagine her joy when, after a few days' journey, they reached her home.
—Mary E. Rylander,
Tenth Grade.

Happy Days for Lizette.

On the shore of a beautiful little lake was a small wigwam built of branches and sticks interwoven with long tufts of dry grass. Near this wigwam a girl was usually seen. She was about fourteen or fifteen years old, with black hair and eyes and sun-tanned cheeks. Her costume consisted of a faded and ragged dress and an equally ragged shawl. She wore neither shoes nor stockings and on her head she had a tattered sun-bonnet. She was the daughter of a gypsy and was as wild and free as ever her father was. Her usual companion was a coyote that she had caught and tamed. Tame and gentle he was with the gypsy girl, but woe to the person who would meddle with the wigwam or their belongings. One dark night Lizette was awakened by the fierce growling of Bingo, the coyote. Trembling with fear she looked out. A short distance from the house a black mass loomed up. Bingo growled still louder and as if in answer a loud bellow shook the wigwam. Lizette sank to the ground, shaking with fright. But as all was quiet outside she plucked up courage and advancing found what had frightened her so was an elephant. He had probably escaped from a circus, for a piece of chain hung on his foot. As soon as he saw her he caressed her with his trunk, and Lizette soon lost all fear of him. The next day her father came home, but soon left again to find out where the elephant came from. He was gone three days and those were the happiest days Lizette had ever spent for to her delight the elephant knew and performed a number of tricks. At last her father came back and took him away and Lizette was very sorry to see him go. But her father promised to take her to see the elephant soon, so Lizette is not without hope.
—Emma Lebeck,
Eighth Grade.

Neither One Nor the Other.

One day a man was wandering up and down his cornfield, wishing he could find a diamond and become rich without hard work. Just then he heard a strange noise and looking around saw an elephant walking through the cornfield. It pleased him because he thought the elephant would be worth as much as a diamond, though he was afraid to get near enough to catch it. As the elephant kept just the same distance ahead of him, he could not catch it, so he decided to make a lasso and capture the elephant with it. He never had made a lasso, so it took him nearly all day to make it, and in the meantime the elephant was tearing the corn all to pieces. When the lasso was ready he went after the elephant, but found to his surprise that the elephant had gone and left the cornfield spoiled.
Fifth Grade,
Pleasant Valley School.

A Surprise in Store.

One day a little boy received permission from his father to go down to the lake. He took an interesting story book with him, so that he might read when he was tired of fishing. When he had fished about fifteen minutes he became tired and began to read his book. It grew later and later, but he went on reading. His father was glad he went, for he wanted to surprise him. When the little boy reached home he found a beautiful parrot waiting for him, which pleased him very much, for he had been wishing for one for a long time.
Sixth Grade,
Central School.

Alone With the Coyote.

A man and a boy were walking through a large cornfield to their home, which was a deserted Indian wigwam in the middle of the field. When they came to the wigwam they went in and lay down to sleep. In the morning the man said he was going away and was not going to be back until the next day. The boy did not like this, because he was afraid of a coyote that was in the habit of coming around, but he said "All right." After the



CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR BADGES USED IN VARIOUS COUNTRIES.
From the Review of Reviews.

saying, "Take it." The man walked away, scarcely believing his good fortune. The Indian girl watched him as long as he was visible. Following the Indian girls' direction he soon reached his home. He at once had the stone examined and found that it was very valuable, so he sold it and became wealthy. A few days after he returned to the spot where the wigwam had stood. Nothing was visible but a few ashes, and the man often wonders what became of the Indian girl.
—Irvena Bath,
A Sixth Grade.

With Parrot and Pappoose.

(Honorable Mention.)

It was a dark night and a storm was rapidly approaching. A little boy and girl were wandering about, having lost their way. They walked about until they reached a lake, from which they could see a small wigwam. Hoping that some one might come they sat down near the lake, and were just dropping off to sleep when a voice which seemed to come from overhead said, "Hello, my children." They looked around and were beginning to get frightened when a large parrot alighted right in front of them. It seemed to be very tame so the boy kept it. At last morning came and they decided to swim the lake. Taking the parrot with them they swam across the lake. They went to the wigwam, and being polite little children they knocked. There was no response and so they entered and looked about. No one was there, but something was lying on the floor. Going to it, what should meet their astonished gaze but a little pappoose. The girl picked it up and sat down with it, while the boy looked around for something to eat. They did not find much, but nevertheless they took what they saw and ate it, not forgetting their parrot and pappoose. They stayed there for a few days and then left, taking the parrot and pappoose along.
—Eunice Loughridge,
Sixth Grade.

Out from the Waving Corn.

A boy carrying a lasso was walking along the edge of a lake looking for something on which he might try his skill. He heard a coyote howling and was wondering where it was when he heard the howl again and looking across a large cornfield he saw the coyote come out from the waving corn. The coyote came straight for the boy, who started to run, but soon stopped and looked back, but turned and ran again. The coyote had nearly reached him when he turned and threw his lasso, which so entangled the coyote that he could not move. The boy dragged the animal to a tree and was going to tie him to it and then run away, but he thought that maybe if he let him go and took off the lasso the coyote might be thankful. He let him go and the coyote ran away, feeling very much ashamed.
—Ervin Miller,
Eighth Grade.

Swinging in the Breeze.

One hot summer day a boy and girl wandered by the shores of a small lake. At a distance was seen a cornfield where their uncle was busy at work. The country, which was new to the children, was very thickly wooded, and having grown tired of playing in the sand they decided to take a walk. They had not gone very far when they saw a little pappoose hanging on a tree. They told their uncle what they had seen and he took the pappoose to their home and tried to find out its owner, but could not, so the little pappoose still remains with them.
Sixth Grade,
Longfellow School.

His Hopes Realized.

Carl was sitting on the shore, idly gazing across the sparkling waters of the lake. His thoughts, however, were not of the beautiful scenery which surrounded him. His home was in the "wild west," where no school advantages were offered. This boy had a strong desire for knowledge, but his father, who was not ambitious, tried to persuade him that all information one in his position needed could be obtained from the reading which he could do by himself, and from the excellent opportunity offered for studying nature. This did not satisfy the boy, for he was constantly discovering something he wished explained, but there was no one there able to do it. He had gone as far as he could with the help he had and determined to save his small earnings and as soon as possible go to school. This afternoon he had brought his book to the quiet lake shore. Instead of studying, his mind would wander to his plans for earning the money which

Northwestern Topics

For March 2:

"INCIDENT OF A BALL GAME—THE MOST UNIQUE PARTY."

Here the boys and girls have a choice of two topics and between them they ought to be able to get up an unusually interesting department. Do not try to tell a game in detail, nor describe everything that happened at a party. These would not be "incidents" in the sense in which the word is used here. You are perfectly free to choose whichever part of the topic you prefer, but you must not use both. The papers must be mailed so as to reach the office not later than

Friday Morning, February 22.

They must be strictly original, written in ink on one side only of the paper, not more than 300 words in length, marked with the number of words and signed with the grade, school, name and address of the writer. The papers must not be rolled.

For March 9:

"WOODS, HILLS, PRAIRIE OR WATER? WHY?"

The surface of the earth is roughly divided into these four. Which one of them do you prefer above the other three? Why? Under "hills," mountains are included as well as hills in the general meaning of the term, and the mountains again may be either those which are snow-capped the year round or those of less height whose peaks are below the snow line. Do not forget the "why," and please remember, also, that you are to take but one feature of the four. The "water" refers to lakes and the ocean. The papers must be mailed so as to reach the office not later than

Friday Morning, March 1.

They must be strictly original, written in ink on one side only of the paper, not more than 300 words in length, marked with the number of words and signed with the grade, school, name and address of the writer. The papers must not be rolled.