

ishes and sweep, then go on an errand or do something else for papa. The rest of the day was spent doing easy work. Thus I kept house for ten days, and when mama came home she said that I had done it very well. Papa told mother that I was a fine housekeeper and would soon be equal to her. I received an invitation from my auntie, asking me to visit her. My aunt also sent me a ring, a blotting pad and an inkstand. These were a reward for staying at home. From mother I received a book, pen and a new hat, and from papa a picture which represented a small girl frying some meat in a kitchen where the pans, pots and tins were all in order. Beside the picture he gave me four dollars to buy my ticket and candy. I went to my aunt's and spent a very pleasant week, although one day she made me stay at home to be housekeeper because she had to see a friend of her's in the next town. I always suspected that she did it only to see if I could do anything in housekeeping, although she said that she did not have anyone else to stay and keep house for her.

—Ella Thompson,  
Tenth Grade.  
Grafton, N. D.

**Small Boy, Big Money.**

The greatest honor I ever received was when I was given \$50 and asked to pay a bill. It was the day we moved from Minneapolis and everything was being packed. Mama had a fifty-dollar bill, but no change, and as I was the only person who could go, because everyone else was busy, I was given the money. I had to go to the grocery and pay a small bill and I did so without losing a cent. I remember this particularly because it was the first time mama felt she could trust me in that way. I did several other errands, my reward being five cents, which was small, but then the errands were small.

—Philip Ustick,  
7020 Eggleston Av.,  
Chicago, Ill.

Fifth Grade,  
Normal Practice School.

**Her First Pie.**

Two years ago, when Company K came home, the women of Dickinson gave them a large supper in the opera-house. The day before they came mama and some other ladies were out getting the eatables, and I was left at home to get dinner. Mama did not have any pie for dinner so I thought I would make one. There were fine apples in the house so I made the pie crust and put the apples into it, but did not cook the apples before putting them into the pie. At noon when mama came home she said, "Oh, dear, we haven't any pie for dinner." I never said a word, but put dinner on the table and when they were all eating I brought in the pie. They were all surprised. Papa hardly ever eats pie, but he said that he would have to eat a piece, it being the first I ever made. He ate a piece, and when he was through he said it was the best pie he had eaten for a long time. I asked him why, and he said that I made the pie crust so rich that it crumbled and he liked rich pie crust. I was very glad that he liked it so well, because he hardly ever praises anyone and it means more when he does.

—Clara Davis,  
Dickinson, N. D.

**Number 7 Was Successful.**

Just about a year ago I received my greatest honor. I was competing in an oratorical contest for the silver medal. I was anxious to speak well, saying nothing of winning. It never entered my mind to try for the medal, for that seemed impossible to me, but I was trying hard to speak well and not forget. As I remember it now, everything before my eyes was a blur as I was speaking, and when I had finished I did not know whether I had made a mistake or not. When one of the judges called for No. 7 to come forward I was so excited that I forgot that it was my number and it took me some few minutes to find it out. But you may be sure that when the medal was really mine I considered it my greatest honor, for I had tried so hard merely to speak well, without dreaming that I would be successful.

—Deane C. Smutz,  
Campbell, Minn.

Ninth Grade.

**Not the Dangerous Kind.**

Once when I was younger I had to take a bundle to a farmer whose name was Wolf, and I was very much afraid he would hurt me, because I had heard that wolves would eat people. But I did not want papa to know it, so I mustered up courage enough to go. When I reached the house a woman came to the door. When I gave her the bundle she told me where there was a nice apple tree and said I could take all the apples I wanted to eat. So I took the apples and decided that she was a very kind lady. I thought it was quite a reward from a stranger.

—Helen Parks,  
Stewartville, Minn.

Fifth Grade.

**"One, Two, Three! Go!"**

When I was ten years old mama, papa and I went to a picnic near a lake. In the morning I had a boat ride and in the afternoon the young ladies and girls had a race. When the time for the race came I took my place with the other girls and when we were all ready we heard some one say: "One, two, three! Ready! Go!" They all ran, for the one who reached her place first would receive a prize. I was the first one back to my place, so I received a sum of money.

—Edna Larsen,  
Nelsen, Minn.

Sixth Grade.

**A Substantial Reward.**

It happened when I was six years old. I was to sing at the opera-house on the 21st of March. Until the night came I was all in a flutter of excitement. When I was all dressed papa, mama and my sister Grace went to the opera-house with me. I was to be the second one to sing, so I was kept close to one of the ladies until my turn came. When I finished singing I felt honored because I was encored. That night when we reached home papa whispered something to mama, and then gave me a five-dollar gold piece, saying, "My dear, here is your reward for to-night." Maybe I did not feel proud when mama kissed me! I do not believe that I slept much that night, because I was thinking about my money.

—Verna Reyleck,  
Fifth Grade,  
Central School.

**A Row of Hundreds.**

My honors have been very few as yet. I never have been received by Queen Victoria nor been invited to any great function. I consider that my greatest honor was received at school one day.

My teacher returned our review papers and mine had received the grade of one hundred. I was still more surprised and delighted when my teacher said, "One, one hundred again, and the person who received that has had six in succession, and, if I am not mistaken, she has not had to be spoken to for a long time." As all knew whom she meant, I was somewhat embarrassed, but I need not say that I was also very much pleased. I do not think I can be more pleased with any honor I may hereafter receive.

—Amy Cheney,  
Seventh Grade,  
Keosauqua, Iowa.

**Most True to Life.**

A few years ago, while I was in the primary room I thought I received quite an honor. Our teacher sent us to the board and gave us each a picture of an animal to draw. The one I received was a picture of an elephant. Each of us tried to see who could draw the best. After we finished drawing we sang our good night song and were dismissed. On our way home we wondered who would get the prize. The next morning we all went to school earlier than usual and when I went in some of the children told me I had received the prize. I felt real proud and invited all the other teachers to come in and see my work. I received a number of other little honors while in the primary room, but I think I felt the proudest over this.

—Bella E. Barth,  
Woonsocket, S. D.  
A Seventh Grade.

**An Annex to the Barn.**

I was only seven years old. One cold November day while we were visiting grandma, the neighbor's only child was suddenly taken sick and both grandma and mama were called over, and I was left in charge of four of my cousins and my little sister. The children did not go to bed early and it was late in the evening before I had time to bother about the animals. Then it was so dark that I was afraid to go to the barn alone, so I called Dotty, the pet colt, and the sheep, and they came running swiftly to the door. First I made a bed behind the stove out of grandma's old skirts and aprons for the four sheep and the two lambs. After putting them to bed I led Dotty in. Dotty was used to coming into the house when smaller, but was now so tall that it was with great difficulty I led her in. The little chicks I put in grandpa's old felt hat. I stayed in the kitchen until all the "pets," as I called them, had gone to sleep, then I lay down. Soon I heard the door open and a voice said, "What has Emma done?" I trembled for fear of getting a whipping. A laugh arose and I jumped out of bed and ran into the kitchen. Dotty was standing by the table eating the rest of the supper, and the sheep had gone to the cupboard and were eating grandma's carrots. I thought to myself, "Now, you're in a fix." Instead of getting a scolding and whipping, grandma gave me a piece of her chocolate cake and petted me more than I deserved. She put her soft, wrinkled hand on my head and said, "How glad I am that you remembered to take care of my chicks and lambs." Mama promised me a blue dress. Next came grandpa, who gave me the honor of combing his white curls every morning and tying my blue ribbons in his hair.

—Emma E. Koeneman,  
Moorhead, Minn.

Next came grandpa, who gave me the honor of combing his white curls every morning and tying my blue ribbons in his hair.

**Without a Single Mistake.**

I received my greatest honor when I was ten years old. There were four in my class at school and we were just learning the multiplication tables, and our teacher promised a prize to the one who was first to learn his tables correctly. I worked very hard and near the end of the term we were called up to recite the tables. All the class made some mistakes, but when my turn came I had learned them so thoroughly that I recited them without a single mistake and received a prize of a box of marbles.

—Prosper Lambert,  
Renville, Minn.  
Eighth Grade.

**First Letter by Mail**

One warm, sultry day in June, when old Sol seemed to have been over generous in casting his heat upon this world, I and two other girls slowly approached a schoolhouse, situated on a small level plain and commanding a view of a peaceful lake not far distant. The heat penetrated the building, making every one feel more like lounging about than studying and the teacher, seeing this, told us that we might have a longer recess than usual. When recess time came my friend and I walked towards home. While on the way I was asked when I had been most honored, but to my dismay I could think of nothing, while some of the other girls told of different instances. Upon entering the house a square envelope was handed to me. I looked first at the writing, then at the postmark, and, after turning it over a few times I found wits enough to open it, for it was a letter, the first I ever had received by mail. I read it three times to myself, I was so surprised, and then to my friends. One of the teachers had written asking me to play at an entertainment to be given as a benefit for the school library in some large hall and I thought I was honored very much in being asked to play. This was many years ago and I chose it to show what little things are honors to the young.

—Ella M. Cooper,  
957 Bradley Street, St. Paul, Minn.  
B Tenth Grade, Cleveland High School.

**At the End of Two Months.**

When I was eight years old our teacher said one morning that she had a surprise for us, but would not tell us what it was

until afternoon. We all tried to guess what it was, but finally gave up, knowing that she would tell us after dinner. After school had been called she said: "Perhaps some of you will not like this surprise, but, nevertheless, I will tell you now." We all took our seats and she said: "I am going to give you two months in which to review your speller; at the end of that time we will have a contest, and to the one who wins in this contest I will give a prize." Then for two long months we all had to study hard, each seeing who could study longest. At last the day came on which the contest was to take place. The first four grades and our friends and parents were invited to be present. The first half hour was spent in looking at the drawings and work of the school and then the teacher told us to put our books away and prepare for the contest. We stood in a row around the room and she pronounced the first word. At first no one missed, but finally all missed except three of us; then she pronounced a hard word and all missed except myself. When the visitors came up to congratulate me and I received my prize I thought that was the greatest honor I ever had received.

—Flora E. Sovereign,  
Seventh Grade,  
Staples, Minn.

**BUSY LITTLE JAP "KOZOS"**

*Apprenticed When Five Years Old—Work Long and Hard, but Are Treated Kindly.*

THE little Japanese apprentice is called a "kozo," and he belongs to a poor or middle class family who cannot undertake the burden of his support and education in the home. To apprentice a boy to some useful trade means to make a good provision for his future, and the Japanese idea seems to be that the sooner this arrangement is made the better. When the parents have decided upon what calling the son shall enter, or have found a good opening for him, perhaps in the business of a friend, he leaves home with his parents and is bound over to his new master with a long career before him as "kozo" before he can aspire to be a workman with wages, and finally a master himself if he develops any ability in his trade.

The first born son in an oriental family is of so much importance that in Japan he rarely becomes a "kozo," unless his parents are too poverty stricken to support him; but that does not often happen in a country where living is so cheap that small ones can be reared at the cost of a few "sens" a day. If economizing must be done, it is by the unfortunate younger sons, who suffer by it and are generally apprenticed.

Most of the "kozos" in a Japanese city are country boys, so that when they leave their homes they may not return again for many years. It is not uncommon for a child to become a "kozo" at the age of five or six years. If the master considers the boy bright and strong and likely to do well in the trade, he pays the parents a good sum of money, and agrees to give the boy a home, food and clothing until he is eighteen, when the apprenticeship is over. The name, by the way, means "little priest." Inquiry does not develop the reason why this term is applied to them. Some say that it is because the "kozos" shave their heads; still their hair is allowed to grow out again and not kept shaved like that of the priests.

The "kozo" leads a busy life, to be sure; one that is filled with work from early in the morning till late at night, but he rarely receives unkind words or neglect, or suffers hardship, according to the Japanese conception. Probably a small American boy of any class would object to working as hard as the average Japanese apprentice. The Japanese are a race uniformly gentle in their relations with each other, and harsh words are rarely heard, so the "kozo" is sure of a home where he not only has all the rice that is good for him to eat, but is free from the nagging which people are so apt to give other people's children.

The "kozos" are to be seen everywhere in the streets in Japan, and in all the stores. If they are apprenticed to a "tabi" maker (the "tabi" are the white cotton socks with a separate place for the big toe) he sits all day on the little platform within the door of the shop, stitching away on the white socks, and deftly fitting in the ivory fastenings. Generally there are four or five at work at once, and the eldest is put in charge. He checks all unseemly mirth in the presence of a customer, and interferes when conversation becomes too loud and turns into squabbling, for small boys are much the same the world over.

In the streets "kozos" with their master's name printed on the front or back of their blue cotton frocks, which, with skin-tight trousers of the same color, make their costume, trundle carts with lumber and carpenters' tools, or charcoal, or some kind of grain. Generally the marks of their avocations are so smeared over their round countenances that it is superfluous to look at the cart to see what they are doing. They always seem good natured and happy, and have a glow of health on their brown cheeks which anybody might envy.

"Kozos" have two holidays only during the entire year, and great days they are, and looked forward to through all the hard labor of the rest of the year.

The master always supplies pocket money to the extent of 2 yen (\$1) which is a large sum for any Japanese child to spend, and most of it goes for as large a variety of candy and cakes and other eatables as the boy can find. It is the ambition of every "kozo," true to the traditions of his guild, to eat so much and in such peculiar combinations that he will be ill and unable to work for several days following, and he generally succeeds. With all their abandonment to the unrestricted pleasures of the day, they seldom forget to visit the temple of Kwannon, the goddess of mercy, where they stand reverently before her shrine and say a few prayers, their belts stuffed with good things to eat and their faces smeared with the same. Before they leave they throw a few copper "rin" to the goddess. This never forgotten offering of prayer and money is the most unconsciously pathetic incident in the monotonous existence of the hard-worked little "kozo."

**MEASURE DISTANCES BY SMOKING.**

Hollanders smoke more than any other Europeans. Tobacco is cheap in their country, and nearly all the grown males delight in the pipe. The habit is so common that the boatmen of Holland measure distances by smoking—saying that the distance between two named points is so many pipefuls of tobacco.



Mr. Hare—"Say, Mr. Driver, hold on to your horse; he's running away."  
—From Judge, copyright 1901.



AN INVENTOR.  
The Tapir—"How on earth do you manage to go at such a pace without any apparent exertion."  
The Alligator—"I'm an automobile, you duffer. I just swallowed an electric cell."  
—From Judge, copyright 1901.