of an elephant. Besides burning my hair, it singed my eyebrows. After that I always refrained from experimenting with powder.

—Eugene Spencer,
A Seventh Grade, Minnehaha School. Minnehaha Park.

So Far, So Good.

One day last spring a young lady came to our house to see mama. But mama was not at home. It was very near dinner time, so I thought I would prepare a good meal for her.

My potatoes, meat, coffee and pudding turned out very well. Then I was going to make some butter gravy as I had seen mama make it. I got my spider, put butter in and put it on the stove. Then I got some flour and water. I do not know how it happened but it burned and there was a smell all through the house. That was enough for me and to this day I have never tried to make butter gravy.

—Matie Dayton,
A Sixth Grade, 824 Sixth Avenue N.
Sumner School.

"Whirligig" Churn.

The lady next door was trying to make butter and I offered to lend my superior talents and strength of arm to help. We were making it in a crock and used what I call a "whirligig" egg-beater for churning. Butter was slow in forming and I suggested putting it in hot water. My friend did so and the butter already formed melted. After working about two or more hours we had a pound and a half of butter. My efforts and experience were rewarded with a glass of buttermilk and a taste of good butter.

—Tillie Will,
B Eighth Grade, Sumner School. 824 Sixth Avenue N.

A Locksmith Spoiled.

When I was about ten years old I tried to experiment in making a key. First I made a box and filled it with clay and made a key print in the clay. Then I got a little tin cup and put some lead into it, and set it over the fire; the lead soon melted and was ready for use. I put the melted lead into the key print, and as I was doing so the cup dropped and all the lead went on my hand and burned it. That was the last time I tried to experiment with anything.

—Hubert Engvall,
B Seventh Grade, 2837 Twenty-eighth Av. S.
Longfellow School.

A Buzz-saw in Disguise.

One evening not long ago I went to the store with two of my friends. While they were being waited upon I wandered around. Soon I saw a queer-looking machine with a light on the top of it. Not knowing what it was, I put my finger in a little hole in the top of it. I heard a buzzing sound; when I took my finger out part of my finger nail and the top of my finger had almost been cut off. I called to my friends to take me home, where I soon learned that I had put my finger into a cigar cutter. When I reached home I put some medicine on it to stop the bleeding. Then I put a cloth on it. My mama wanted to see my finger, but I was afraid if I took the cloth off the top of my finger would come with it. The next morning my finger was so bad that I went down to our druggist, who dressed it, but he said, "You will have to see a physician." I went to the doctor and he looked at it for a moment and then he said, "You will not live until morning." But as he is very jolly I knew he was joking. He put a plaster on it and he said it would be well in a few days. But I have had to leave the cloth on for a long time. I shall never again experiment with cigar cutters.

—Grace Linehan,
A Fifth Grade, Garfield School. 2426 Fifth Avenue S.

A Curious Garden.

The only experiment that I remember of trying was making beans grow in a glass of water. I tried them in two glasses. One glass was dented in at the middle, but the other glass was not. I first filled the tumblers with water, then I stretched a piece of thin cloth over the top of the glass and tied it on. I placed five beans in each cloth. The first day the beans soaked up and the next day they sprouted. Then the beans in the dented glass did not grow any more. The beans in the other glass kept on growing until they had roots on them long enough to reach to the bottom of the glass, but the beans in the dented glass all dried up.

—Lucretia Bohanon,
B Sixth Grade, 4147 Lyndale Avenue N.
Hamilton School.

Baked Doughnuts.

One summer when my mother was away I thought I would make some doughnuts. I did not know what to put into them, but I did the best I could. First I kindled a fire in the stove, then I put some milk in a dish and added two cups of flour to it. I took a pinch of salt and a teaspoonful of sugar, and thought that was all I needed. I cut them round with a doughnut cutter, and put them into the oven, thinking they would be very nice. When I came to take them out they were not brown, but as hard as a rock. I forgot to fry them in lard, and they were no good, so I game them to the chickens.

—Minnie Omdahl,
B Fifth Grade, 2529 Twenty-fifth Avenue S.
Longfellow School.

Picture of Misery.

When I was about eight years old I made an experiment which I shall always remember. Mama went away one day and I, being home alone, thought I would make some soda water. I got a cup of water and put some baking powder and sugar in it. It foamed up and ran all over the floor. I tasted what was left and as it was not as good as I expected it to be, I drank only a little.

After a while I did not feel very well and I soon found that home-made soda water did not agree with me. When mama came home I was lying on the lounge, the picture of misery. I did not tell what happened to me for a long time; but there was one thing I had learned, and that was not to try any more home-made soda water.

—Ellen Fitzgerald,
A Sixth Grade, Lyndale School. 3614 Harriet Avenue.

A Boy and a Pudding.

One day I was left to take care of the house and I was told to get dinner. It was half-past 11 o'clock. What should I get for dinner? All at once a thought came to my mind; it was to make some cornstarch pudding. I found the box of cornstarch, but there were no directions on it; so I made up my mind to experiment. I took a little cornstarch and water in a cup, and mixed it up; then as I had the milk boiling on the stove I put some sugar in the milk, then some cornstarch and let it cook till it was thick, and then I put in some vanilla. I took it off the stove and tasted it, and it was good. We ate our dinner. When my mother came home and asked me what I had for dinner I told her cornstarch pudding. She asked me who taught me how. I told her "myself." This was my first experiment and it was very satisfactory, too.

—Harry E. Flynn,
A Seventh Grade, Longfellow School. 3015 Twenty-second Avenue S.

Speaking by Rings.

I had bought an electric outfit, consisting of a bell, battery, a pound of wire, two push buttons and a box of sal ammoniac. I then ran the wire over to my friend's house and back again, connecting the battery, bell and push button to the wires, and then doing the same at my friend's house. By pushing the button at my house it would ring at his place, and as so many rings meant a certain word it was not long before we could speak to each other by rings. This was my first experiment, and a successful one.

—George Eppert,
A Sixth Grade, Horace Mann School. 3024 Columbus Avenue.

The Opposite Way, of Course.

Last winter about all the snow around our house seemed to collect on our sidewalk, and as I have the job of clearing the sidewalk it seemed to me that I had more work than any other boy. They all finished before I did and then they went sliding.

I tried to think of some way that I could get done sooner; so I tried to hitch my dog up and have him pull my sled. Then I put the snow shovel in front of the sled and tried to make the dog go straight, but he was so young that he did not have enough sense; so he went any way that suited him, which was just the opposite way to that I wanted. I finished that day about 5 o'clock, so I did not have time to slide much. But that was the last time that I tried to have him help me, before he was trained.

—Eddie Watson,
B Seventh Grade, Whittier School. 2307 Garfield Avenue.

Trials of a Milkmaid.

One summer when I was in the country I saw the people morning and evening go with their pails to milk the cows, and I thought it must be fun. So one evening I got a pail, found a stool and went to the place where they were milking and tried to milk, but I could not make it work. Some one who was milking showed me the cow that was the easiest to milk, so I tried to milk her. When my little pail was about half full another cow came and hurt my cow, so it knocked me over and the little milk that I had spilled down upon me. When I got up again I found the stool away off, and I concluded that it was not so much fun to milk as I had thought it was.

—Theodora Aase,
B Sixth Grade, Monroe School. 2200 Seven and a Half Street S.

Plenty of Stiffening.

I have had a great many experiments, but the one that always comes to my mind first happened about a week ago. I wanted to make some starch and I did not know which way to begin. So I began as I thought mama did.

I took about three-fourths of a cup of starch and put it in the dishpan, put some hot water on it and put it on the gas to cook. It began to cook and bubble up so much that I had to get a spoon to stir it; and I stirred it till it began to bubble up out of the pan and fly all over. Then I thought if I put in some more hot water it would stop bubbling. I got the teakettle and put in some more water, but before I had poured in half a cupful I screamed, for the starch bubbled all over my hands. They were scarred for a week.

—Alice S. Murphy,
B Seventh Grade, Whittier School. 2716 First Avenue S.

The Usual Slip.

I never tried very many experiments, but I remember once I read that if one took a tumbler partly full of water and pressed a sheet of paper tightly around the edge on top, he could turn the tumbler upside down and the water would not run out. That seemed queer to me, so I thought I would try it. I took a pitcher of water, a tumbler and a sheet of paper and went to the table to try it. After I had pressed the paper on tightly I turned it upside down. For some reason or other it did not work and the water went all over the table.

—Verne Harrington,
A Sixth Grade, Whittier School. 2937 Garfield Avenue.

A New Way to Dry Films.

It was with anxious feeling that I went into my darkroom to develop the first picture I had ever taken. With instructions on one side and solution and trays on the other I went to work. At first I did pretty well, I thought. After rocking the tray a while I picked the plate up to look at it. Only a few blurred and indistinct lines were visible, but I did not get discouraged as long as there was something on it. After following instructions as closely as possible I read that the plate was to be put up to dry. "This is too long to wait," I thought, "why not make an experiment." So taking a rag I began to wipe the wet film lightly, but as this did not make it any drier I began to press harder and to my surprise there was only a piece of glass in my hands, the film having been rubbed off.

—Walter Hjelm,
A Eighth Grade, Horace Mann School. 2917 Tenth Avenue S.

Not a Coming Krupp.

One day my friend and I began to make a cannon, for it was nearing the Fourth of July. We found a big block of wood, and a piece of iron pipe about a foot and a half long, and four inches around. Then we found something to screw on one end so it was plugged up. We made a hole near the rear end and nailed it on the block of wood. When we had it all finished I went over and got some powder, for the next day was the Fourth of July. My friend and I arose early the next morning to fire off the cannon. We put it out in the field, put some powder in it and plugged it with paper. Then we put the fuse in and lighted it. We ran for about half a block, and looked back; just then it went off and we could see pieces of iron flying in all directions. That was my first and last experiment in making a cannon.

—Guy Johnson,
A Sixth Grade, Longfellow School. 3043 Twenty-first Avenue S.

"Black Diamonds."

Several years ago, when I was but seven years old, I heard that coal was "next to diamonds,' 'and I decided to turn some fuel into gems. I told a friend my scheme, and after school at night we hammered away at the coal until we had powdered it. Then we looked for the carbolic acid with which we were to make our diamonds. My plan was to melt the coal with the carbolic acid, and, putting it on the back steps over night, to free it, then chip off the diamonds.

This is the only experiment I can remember, and of course I did not succeed.

Russell Stafford,
A Seventh Grade, Emerson School. 15 Seventeenth St. N.

A Miniature Cable.

Two years ago, when I was in the country, a friend and myself decided to make a telephone. She lived on one side of a little lake and I was staying on the other side. It was very inconvenient for us to go across the lake every time we wanted to talk to each other.

First we took a piece of string without any knots in it. Then we put a coat of varnish on it. Next we went into a boat with the string. He had tied large stones to the string in some places. This was to keep the string below the surface of the water. When the string reached from shore to shore we fixed some large blocks near each shore, then we cut off the string long enough so we could stand erect when we were telephoning. Then we made a hole in an old tin can and brought the string through the hole so that the knot came on the inside. We held our ears close to the tin cans and when talking we held our mouths near the tin cans. We had great fun with our telephone.

—Agnes Wammer,
B Sixth Grade, Monroe School. 2507 Riverside Avenue.

A Leak—and What Followed.

I can well remember my experiment of trying to make a boat. I had bought two dollars' worth of lumber for making it, and 25 cents worth of nails. It took me one week to make it. When I had my boat finished I decided I would have a ride in it. I was about in the middle of the river when I dropped one of my oars and of course the boat started down stream, for I could not manage it with one oar. In a little while I noticed my boat was leaking and the water was coming in very rapidly. I was not frightened, for I was a good swimmer. In a little while the boat sank and I had to swim out in my clothes. After that I never bought any more lumber to make a boat with when I did not know how to make one. I never found my boat after it sank.

—George Bazine,
A Sixth Grade, Sheridan School. 219 Fourth Avenue NE.

Not Enough Sand.

About a month ago I read a description of a boat propelled by sand. I thought it would be a good thing if I could make one, so I read the description over many times. I learned that there ought to be a funnel filled with sand, so that the sand would drop down on the wheel in the rear of the boat. This would make the wheel turn in the water and make the boat go. I made it this way and found that the boat would go, but that it could not carry enough sand to make it go far. This is my most successful experiment, although I have made many others.

—Theodore Hafstad,
B Seventh Grade, Seward School. 828 Twenty-first Avenue S.

An Odd Thershing Machine.

Two or three years ago some of us boys thought we would try to make a threshing machine, having for the motor power an old sewing machine.

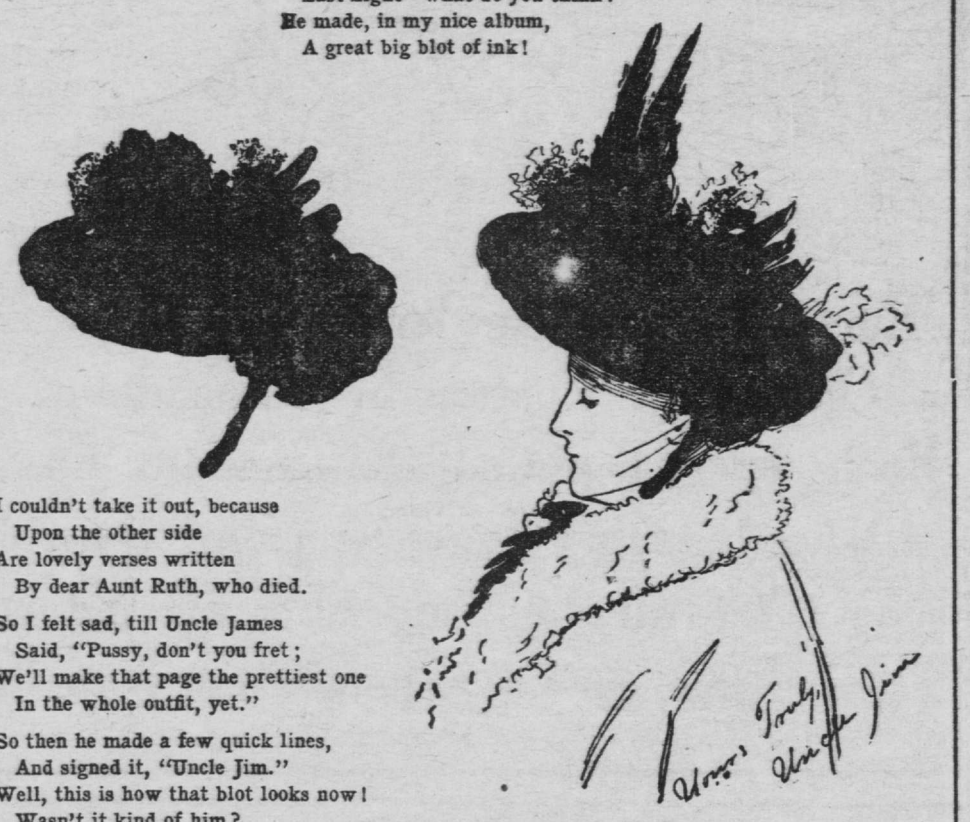
First we got a strong soap box and then began to make a cylinder out of a log, which was the easiest part of the machine to make, because it was the only part we knew how to make. After we had cut the log the length we wanted it and had shaped it we nailed rows of ten-penny nails one-third in, then took a flat board and did the same thing to it. After we placed these in the box so the nails of the cylinder would go between those of the board, we put a belt from the old sewing machine to the threshing machine to see what it would do to paper. It chopped it up as small as one's finger nail.

—Earl Ireland,
A Eighth Grade, Clinton School. 3121 First Avenue S.

A BLOT TRANSFORMED

By Lida J. Price in St. Nicholas.

My brother's very careless.
Last night—what do you think?
He made, in my nice album,
A great big blot of ink!



I couldn't take it out, because
Upon the other side
Are lovely verses written
By dear Aunt Ruth, who died.

So I felt sad, till Uncle James
Said, "Pussy, don't you fret;
We'll make that page the prettiest one
In the whole outfit, yet."

So then he made a few quick lines,
And signed it, "Uncle Jim."
Well, this is how that blot looks now!
Wasn't it kind of him?

LIVES IN THE STUMP OF A TREE.

Near Pere Marquette, Wis., an old man, an ex-cabinetmaker, lived for several years in the stump of a tree. The tree was a great linden that had been sawed off about fifteen feet from the ground, and the old man had used the skill of his craft to make the interior of his strange abode comfortable, and even luxurious. The stump has both door and window.