

days and the power to work in spite of wealth. Give me, for the work which I am to do, the gift of authorship—authorship great as that of Dickens for myself, of Kipling for my brother, and of Mary Johnston for my best friend. And may I use well those gifts which you, kind fairy, through your queen, give to me."

The fairy upon the red cushion smiled and nodded. "It is well. Wisely are they chosen, and much good may they do you and your kin." Then the footstool lost its brightness, the fairy disappeared, and I sank into a happy slumber.

—Mary A. Ward,
Soldiers Grove, Wis.

Tenth Grade.

ALL THE BOOKS IN THE WORLD.

"Health, wealth and happiness" are generally considered the most sought-for things in life. I would wish for health, for without it life would be miserable.

My second wish would not be wealth, but books; not fifty, nor a hundred, nor a bookcase full, but every book that ever was or will be written or published. That would be wealth, for what would not such a library be worth? I could take one of Solomon's works and get an automobile or some minor thing that I am just now longing for. Besides, I could take down a history of the world written some two thousand years hence, and would not that be interesting reading? I could by that means acquire the gift of prophecy, for I could take down a history written in 1904 and thereby tell who will be the next president of the United States; or one a hundred years from now and see when King Somebody died. Thus my second wish would also comprise wealth and the gift of prophecy.

My third wish would be for a practical knowledge of all past and future languages so that I could read how the pyramids were built, and how America became the greatest of nations and how Professor Blank went to Mars. Surely, with all these I need not wish for happiness.

—Alfred W. Schroeder,
11th Grade. Wheaton, Minn.

A BRIGHT, CHEERY WORLD.

While sitting on the lawn one day I heard suddenly a soft rustling as of leaves when the trees are swayed by a gentle wind. On turning around I beheld a sight which filled me with awe and wonderment, for there stood three of the dearest little fairies imaginable!

"We were sent here," piped the first in a shrill little voice, "by the king of fairies. Only once we come to a human being and give him the chance we now give you. Some choose wisely and live to enjoy prosperity and happiness; others, unwisely, and live to repent their wishes. Choose, now, the thing you most desire on earth and it shall be granted."

I stared in amazement at the fairy while it spoke, but when it ceased I said, "Oh, good and kind fairy, the one thing I desire above all others is the power to reach the height of my ambition, and to make a success of life."

"Well said," piped the first fairy; "thy choice is a wise one." And it disappeared from view.

Then the second fairy stepped forward and with a profound bow said, "I also have the power to grant anything you may wish. Choose the second thing you most desire and it shall be granted."

"Oh, kind fairy," said I, "the second thing I ask is a host of friends—friends who are the same in adversity as in prosperity, who make the world a bright and cheery place in which to live."

"Well said," returned the second fairy, and it faded away, leaving the third standing alone. Then the third fairy said, "Choose the third thing you most desire, and it shall be granted." "Oh, good fairy," I began, "the only thing I desire now is wealth. With it one can have almost everything: a liberal education, a magnificent home with servants around to—" Upon reaching this point I heard a shrill voice cry, "Elva, it's half-past 5, time to get supper." I was about to say "Call the servants," but looking at the place where the third fairy had stood I saw an old rooster pecking at my ball of yarn.

—Elva Schaefer,
Ely, Minn.

A VERY FINE FAMILY, INDEED.

If some good fairy should come to me and tell me she would grant me any three wishes that I wanted, I am sure I should be very glad and treat her as well as I possibly could so that she would not go away until my wishes were granted. My first wish would be, "I wish to be a good girl," because it would help to make my father and mother happy. My second wish would be, "I wish our family to be happy all the time." Some families are rich and not happy, and I should want ours to be a fine family, indeed. My third wish would be, "I wish my father were rich," because then we could travel, I could have all the books I wanted and we could help the poor.

—Jessie B. Hockridge,
Hunter, N. D.

Seventh Grade,
Rosebud School.

NO GREEN-EYED MONSTER.

Three wishes I should like to have granted are: First, that every one I meet would like me and become my friend; second, that I might keep my temper, no matter what happened to excite anger; third, perfect health. With numerous friends, a pleasant temper and perfect health I should be happy. With every one my friend nobody would be my enemy; if good fortune came to me there would be no jealousy, as there often is among friends. No one likes, or cares to be a companion of a girl who takes offense at the slightest disagreeable suggestion. Perfect health makes our pleasures sweeter, and our work lighter and easier.

—Mary Hlstdad,
Grafton, N. D.

CONTENTED FOREVER AFTER.

I should like to have a great many more than three wishes but the things I wish for most are: To travel anywhere I wish, especially in Europe; to have wealth and to live where

I please. I would like to travel because I have never traveled much, and I want to see all of the great works of art and the large buildings, such as the Coliseum and the Parthenon. Then I could see the beautiful scenery along the Rhine, and the olive groves of Italy. I would travel through the United States and visit the Yellowstone park, Mammoth cave and the natural bridge in Virginia. Finally I would go to see two of the largest cities in the world, Paris and London. Then I would wish for a large sum of money, not only for my own wants and pleasures, but for others. I would give money to asylums and hospitals, then I could feel as though I was doing good for others as well as for myself. For the third wish I would choose a city near the ocean where relatives of mine live whom I have never seen. If I had these wishes I should be satisfied.

—Hazel McGaffey,
Anoka, Minn.

Eighth Grade,
Irving School.

THREE THAT REALLY DID.

Oh, those dishes! How the thought of them haunted my mind and destroyed my peace for fully half an hour! In addition to the regular work there were baking and churning dishes to wash, and I would rather have done almost anything else; but fate was relentless—or so I thought at the time.

With the words, "I wish nobody would ever have to wash dishes again," I began to practice my music lesson.

When I had finished I imagine my surprise to find the dishes washed and put in place. "Oh, I wish that the Ada high school would win the first prize in The Journal Junior contest," said I one day while writing my essay, and this wish also came true a few days later. The next time I wished it was for a very retentive memory, in order to remember my Latin forms, my geometry lesson and a few other simple things like those. For a wonder the next day I was perfect in all my recitations. By that time I was perfectly sure that whatever I wished for would come true; but alas! how soon I found my mistake.

—Charlotte E. Barnes,
Ada, Minn.

Tenth Grade.

ENCHANTMENTS IN THOSE DAYS.

It was a hot day in the middle of August and I was lying in the hammock trying to read. Little by little the singing of the birds and the rustling of the leaves moved by the gentle breeze seemed to mingle with my thoughts and I was soon sleeping.

Suddenly I was awakened by a small voice which said, "Amy! Amy! Amy!" I jumped up to see who it was, and there before my astonished eyes stood a beautiful maiden upon whose head was a crown set with diamonds which almost dazzled me with their brilliancy. She also had a wand in her hand. She introduced herself by saying, "I am the queen of the fairies and have come to grant you any three wishes you desire. You may have just five minutes to think of your wishes; if you take any more time the enchantment will be lost forever." Five minutes did not seem long, and at the end of that time she asked what I had decided upon. I chose a pony because I like horseback riding better than any other amusement; a bicycle because it would be pleasant to ride with my friends, and a croquet set, which is an interesting evening game.

The fairy smiled and waved her wand three times. After each movement I heard a low rumbling as of distant thunder, and there before me stood the wished-for things. At first I was too astonished to speak, and when I tried to thank her she disappeared. I then went in and called the family, but they did not think it very strange, as enchantments were then common. I always thought the wished-for things would disappear as the fairy had done—and they did.

—Amy Miller,
Bancroft, S. D.

Eighth Grade.

HEARTBREAKING DISENCHANTMENT.

One beautiful summer day I wandered alone in the woods. I sank down upon the cool, refreshing grass with my head against the trunk of a giant tree whose foliage cast a shadow about me. Before me flowed a sparkling rivulet. But what was that? A little creature with two large, outspread wings, which looked exactly like those of butterflies, hovered near me. The fairy (for such I concluded the creature to be) was clothed in a flowing gown very different from the fairy dress I had imagined.

A soft, clear voice said, "Little girl, the fairy queen grants you three wishes." "I wish," said I decisively, "to spend a year in Europe visiting its great cities and countries; to spend a year on a tour through North America; and to go for a visit to Asia." Suddenly I found myself on the streets of Paris, then I was transported from place to place. How I delighted in the European cities! How grand was the scenery of the Rockies; how curious the customs of the Chinese! At last I was awakened by thunder and lightning and I found I was still in the woods, wet and cold, and my three wishes were—only a dream.

—Jean Fraser,
Grafton, N. D.

Eighth Grade,
Central School.

A PRAYER FOR GOOD SENSE.

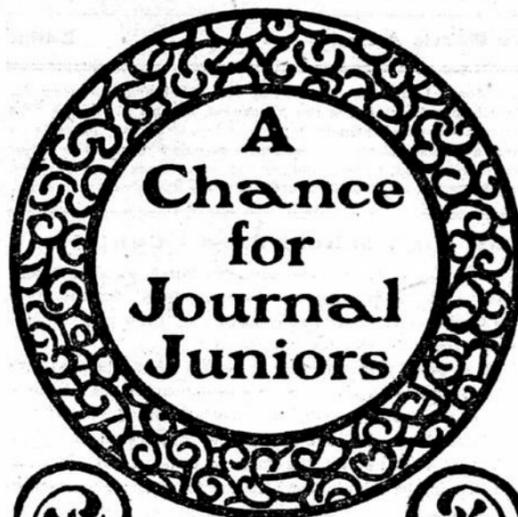
The wish above all others would be that I might pass in school each year, have all my lessons perfect, and get a high mark in examinations; I want to become a teacher and earn my own living, as well as to give my little brother an education. My second wish is that I might be loved and respected both by the young people and my seniors, because if I felt I was liked I should not be so bashful and could have a better time in their company. My third wish is to write a good, sensible composition, worth reading and interesting. I should take a great deal of pleasure in writing, and maybe some day I should be a great author; this would be my greatest delight.

—Della Gordon,
Anoka, Minn.

Eighth Grade,
Irving School.

"DOING" EUROPE IN A "BUBBLE."

One thing that I wish for is an automobile constructed so that one could live in it. I would have it taken abroad and



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then I could make a tour of all the places of interest in Europe. The second wish would be for a steam yacht in which I would travel on the ocean and see all the interesting things connected with salt water. I would visit Japan, the northern seas, and the new possessions of the United States. The third wish would be for a large section of land stocked with various strange animals and birds. I would have it fenced in so that I could study their habits without being in danger.

—Treat Curial,
Anoka, Minn.

BABYHOOD IN TURKEY

Queer Ways of Dressing Tots Which Make Them Look Like Living Mummies.

The life of a Turkish baby is not an unmixed pleasure by any means, for as soon as it is born its torture begins. It is first washed, then a thick wad of cloth is passed between its tender little legs, after which it is tightly wrapped in narrow but strong bandages about ten yards long and three inches wide. The only garment put on the child is a little long-sleeved shirt of cotton, which is open in the back. This long bandage is wrapped first only around the body, but after that is firm and stiffly bound the legs are bound closely together, the thick wad of cloths between the legs forcing them apart at the thigh and accounting for the bowed legs of all Turks. The arms are finally strapped down to the sides with the bandage until the child has absolutely no freedom to move anything but its head. After the bandages are all on the baby is laid in a little wadded quilt which is wrapped snugly around it and folded over and tied in place, so that the infant is apparently a living mummy. It is taken out once a day only for a few minutes until it is 6 months old, when, if it is a boy, it is at once promoted to the dignity of pantaloons. If a girl it is also endowed with the garments usual to grown women. There is no intermediate stage. No little boy in Turkey is ever doomed to the disgrace of petticoats or even kilts, but if he escapes that he also loses the sublime pleasure of realizing his importance when he gets his first pair of trousers.

The poor babies in Turkey, like babies elsewhere, have to wear poor clothes, and the pantaloons for the first few years are made of large-patterned, highly-colored chintz.

When a baby is little it is treated with all the tenderness which seems to be voluntary in the bosom of the nurse. The mother plays with it a little, but takes no care of it, excepting among the very poor. When it can walk it is clad in a wadded wrapper over its other clothes in winter and has woolen sock and pappouches, or slippers. It sleeps in the same clothes. Boys wear the red fez, little girls or women never do. Little girls do not wear the yashmak, or veil, until they are 9 years old, at which age they reach their legal majority. When they go out they are dressed just like their mothers, only having a loose fold of muslin over their heads.

The toys provided for Turkish children are comical affairs. Animals of the drollest forms are made of calico, chintz and cotton flannel generally, with a little tinsel as ornaments. Rag dolls are the only kind the little girls ever have. Chickens made of pumpkin and melon seeds strung on strings with wing and tail feathers are made so that by pulling a string they seem to fight.

The children up to the age of 6 play together in the harem; but at that age the boys are removed to the selamluk or men's quarters, and placed under the care of the nurse, and dada or tutor, who educates the boy in all the things considered necessary or until he is sent to college.

Boys are not taught to respect their mothers or sisters, and generally feel more love for their nurses than their mothers. They are taught to ride horseback almost as soon as they can walk, and they are allowed to eat the same rich, unwholesome food as the parents, which undermines their constitution and leaves them an easy prey to the first malady that attacks them.