

THE WAY MOTHER REWARDS.

One cold morning in November when we all disliked to get up mother said, "Won't you get up and prepare breakfast for me?" I did not like to do this, so I said, "What will you give me if I do?" She said, "I will let you go to spend Christmas in Shakopee." I then clapped my hands and jumped out of bed and prepared breakfast. When breakfast was over I wrote to my cousins to meet me at the train because mother said I could visit them. So you see when you do what your mother wants you to do she will nearly always let you do something which you like.

When I reached St. Paul I bought my ticket, and then I heard the conductor call, "All aboard for Shakopee." Then a big porter came and asked me where I was going and I said, "To Shakopee." He said, "I will carry your parcels to the train for you." When I was on the train I saw many things. People talked to me and asked me where I came from and where I was going. I had a splendid time. I was proud to be able to travel a short distance alone.

—Alice DeMers,
Fifth Grade,
White Bear, Minn.
Webster School.

WHEN THINGS HAPPEN.

Once when I was quite small, mama and papa were invited out to dinner on Christmas eve, but mama said she did not see how they could go and leave my brother and me at home alone. I began to coax mama at once to go, saying I would stay at home and keep house while they were away, and after a while she consented.

Before they went she told me what to put on the table for our lunch, and I could hardly wait until lunch time because I thought it would taste better than on other days. Long before time I put the things on the table and we sat down to eat. I thought the dinner tasted so good that I wished something would happen every day. After dinner we went into the other part of the house to play, but we soon grew tired and thought we would sit down and wait until mama and papa came home. It seemed as if the time would never pass, but finally they came; and mama said I had done finely and had earned something, so papa gave me a quarter.

The next morning, which was Christmas, when I awoke I could hardly believe my eyes when I saw beside my bed a beautiful doll sitting in a small rocking chair. We always received our presents in our stockings. I jumped up and ran into the kitchen without dressing and asked her how that happened. She said that I had kept house so nicely the day before that they thought I had earned it, but to go and look in my stocking and I would find my Christmas presents.

—Marguerite Dunn,
Ninth Grade,
Barnesville, Minn.

THREE PEOPLE GLAD.

My first earnings I received when I was about six years old. I was walking down the main street one fine afternoon when I was addressed by a young man who owned a drug store. He said, "Do you want to earn a dime, young fellow?" I answered "Yes." He asked me if I would take a note to a lady friend of his and be sure that she received it. I promised that I would, and took the note. She must have been glad to receive it because she gave me an orange and told me to take an answer back to Mr. —. On the way back I ate the orange and wondered what I should do with my ten cents. He was waiting for me when I returned. He said that I had gone quickly and I thought probably he would give me a chance to earn another dime some other time. The ten cents I saved until it grew to be one hundred cents, then my father took a share in an association for me, and I do not think I could have made a better investment.

—John Falkenhagen,
Tenth Grade, 401 Canyon Ave, Montevideo, Minn.

A NICE OLD GENTLEMAN.

When I was but two years old I was to sing in a church at a Christmas festival. That evening an old man attended our festival. When they called "Irene Johnson," he opened his eyes wide and listened while I sang my song. When the festival was over he came to me and gave me a dime, but of course I did not know it was ten cents; I thought it was only a white penny. I said, "Thank you," and put it in my pocket. When I went home I told mama I had received a white penny from an old man. She said, "Let me see your white penny," and I did. She laughed so hard that papa came in and asked what the matter was. She told him and he laughed heartily, too. I spent it in buying Christmas presents for the poor little children.

—Irene Johnson,
B Sixth Grade,
Red Wing, Minn.
East School.

WORSE THAN HARVESTING.

Two years ago when I was about twelve years old, papa wanted me to drive the header box thru harvest. He said that he would give me one dollar a day, and as I thought I could do it, I accepted the work. At first everything went well, except I could not always make the horses obey me. One day one of the horses that I drove on the header box balked. I could not make her move, so she had to be hitched to the header where she would go well. After we had the horses changed I did not have any more trouble with them.

One day in the second week of harvesting, a hail storm came so suddenly that we did not have time to go home, so we unhitched the horses and went to the grain stacks. I made a hole in one side and went into the stack. When I came out again what did I see but all the horses running across the field toward home. They had broken away from the men during the hail storm. I did not get hurt by the hail, as I was in the stack, but the men complained about their heads for many days afterward. We did not have any more hail storms that harvest and everything ended well. I earned seventeen dollars, but papa gave me twenty. I did not have to wonder what I should do with it, for I had wanted a bicycle for a long time and so I bought it, but I had a worse time learning to ride it than learning to drive the header box.

—Emma Johnston,
Dickey, N. D.

BETTER THAN MEDICINE.

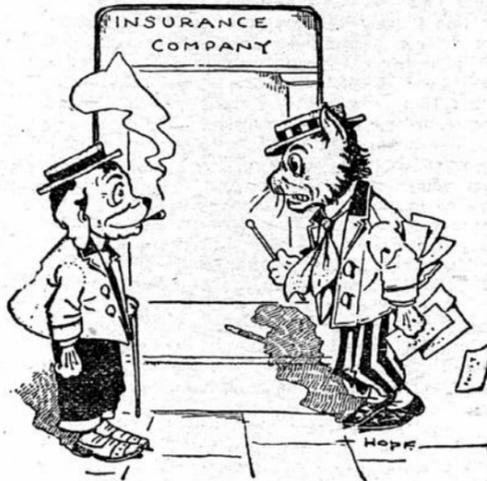
One summer day as I was coming home from school I passed a small cottage in which lived a poor washer-woman. She had three children, the oldest only four years old. The baby was a small, sickly little one. The mother had to work hard for a living, for her husband was dead and the doctor's bill was very large. I went there one day and asked how the baby was. She smiled and said that the doctor said it would be all right if it

could get fresh air. But she said she had no time to take it out. I promised to take the baby out ever night after school. As I had no sisters or brothers to take care of mama consented. So after two weeks had passed the baby was plump and rosy and caused no trouble for its mother. I did not expect any pay, but one evening as I passed her door she came out and laid a fifty-cent piece in my hand. I went home with a happy heart and showed mama. Mama did not want me to take it, but the lady was so determined I should that mama said I might. So at Christmas I bought the baby a new, warm coat and bonnet.

—Margaret Kritz,
A Sixth Grade,
Hibbing, Minn.

A HOLE CLEAR THRU.

The first time I ever earned a penny was once when I was about five years old. The lady who lived next door asked me to go to the bakery about a block away and get her a loaf of bread. She gave me six cents and told me to keep a penny. So I started off on a run down the hill. I bought the bread all right and started back up the hill, but it was very steep so when I was about half way up I sat down to rest. I was hungry and thought I would see if the bread was good. I tore off a little piece of paper from one side and put my fingers in



NINE LIVES

Dog—Wot yer growlin' about, Tabby?
Cat—Why, I went in to have my life insured, and blamed if I didn't have to pay for nine policies.
—Judge. Copyright 1904.

and pulled out a piece of bread and tasted it. It was warm, so I took another and another and so on until I had eaten a hole clear thru the bread. Then I realized what I had done, so I put the bread under my arm and started on. I handed the lady the bread and ran home as fast as I could. The next day when I went in to dinner mama gave me a good scolding and told me never to do it again, and strange to say that lady never asked me to do another errand for her.

—Edwin King,
Seventh Grade,
Devils Lake, N. D.

A BARGAIN ON A WATCH.

My brother owned a fine drug store in Fergus Falls and so many times I heard him make the remark, "Oh, Gee! I am so tired of cleaning bottles." Then I said, "Oh, do please let me clean them for you." He said for every bottle I cleaned I should get one cent, and after I had cleaned fifty bottles I said to him one day, "Will you please give me fifty cents to get a watch?" He gave me the money to buy the watch. I was so glad that I ran as fast as I could run, and when I reached the store I went in and saw the pretty little watch that I wanted. The man said that watch was worth seventy-five cents, but he let me have it for fifty cents. As I was walking home I found ten cents in the street and I went into a store and bought some candy. When I reached home my brother asked me where I got my candy and I said, "I found ten cents in the street," and so I had my watch and the candy, too.

—Salmer Knudsen,
A Fifth Grade,
Foxhome, Minn.

SLY MISS DANDELION.

Aunty had dug all the dandelions out of the lawn, so she thought, but one little blossom nestled in the tall grass and she did not see her. Little Miss Dandelion was happy all summer long and in the fall scattered her white seeds all around her. The next spring they all came up and blossomed, to Miss Dandelion's great delight. One morning I arose and looked out of the window and there were hundreds of little golden dandelions dotting the lawn. I asked aunty if she would give me four cents a hundred for digging them up. She said she would and I earned about half a dollar digging them. Poor little dandelion was dug up with the rest. She felt very sad as she lay withering on the ground. This was the first money I ever earned and I saved it to spend when I visited my aunt in Minneapolis the next summer.

—Margaret Gail Luckey,
Seventh Grade,
Chatfield, Minn.

EARNING FATHER'S ATTENTION.

My first earnings that I can remember consisted of a whipping. This was the way it happened: I had always liked to go fishing, so one day I asked my father if I could go. He said, "No! You are too small and could not help yourself if you should fall into the water." But I did not mind what he said. One day one of my friends about the same size as myself and I took some string and a sinker, not thinking about a fishhook, for we did not know any better then. We went down to the river without telling anyone. Everything went well until our fathers came home. They knew where we were and came down to the river. And oh the whipping I received! Everybody said I had earned my whipping and that was the hardest part of it all. I remember that I have had to take some pretty hard whippings beside that, but I suppose I earned every one.

—Frank Melius,
Eighth Grade,
Henderson, Minn.

A BIT OF PINK PAPER.

When I was about six years old I was running an errand for mama when I met a lady who had a basket of fruit on her arm. She had a most beautiful piece of

pink paper, about four inches square, around a peach, which she promised I should have if I delivered two dozen bananas to a lady down the street. I complied readily and was soon on my way down town on both errands. On my reappearance she was standing just where I had left her. I was awarded my prize and almost before I knew it I was telling mama in the kitchen just how it all happened. At dinner all laughed at me, saying I ran errands for bits of colored paper. Could they have seen me earnestly cutting a bonnet for my favorite doll, I do not think they would have.

—Laura Magleady,
Eighth Grade,
Warren, Minn.

A TRIFLE TOO WARM.

My first earnings that I can remember consisted of one cent. I think that I earned the cent and ten times more also. I was about six years old when one day I went to watch some older boys play ball. We went in at one side of the field and out at the other. On the side we went out there was a ditch of water about ten feet wide. The older boys jumped it, but the smaller ones were turning back when the large boys offered one cent to the first one who dared to wade across it with his clothes on. We all stood there thinking of the penny which could be earned so easily. For a while no one dared to go, but at last I jumped into the water and stumbled when I was in the middle. The others thought I should drown and so they followed. I was up and on shore before any of them. I went home, with a penny in my pocket, to get warmed up; but received more than I wanted and in a different way.

—Elmer Ofstedahl,
Eighth Grade,
Central School,
Grafton, N. D.

SOME PLUCKY GIRLS.

One winter when I lived on our farm papa told me that I must help him drive the sheep to town. There were three hundred of them. The day that we were to start I was up early in the morning. Mama put a jug of hot water in the sleigh so that when our hands and feet were cold we could get them warm. It was about nine o'clock when we started. My sister and I walked all the way, but my brother, who is four years younger than I, walked only about six miles. He began to get so tired and lame that he could not walk any farther. Then he rode in the sleigh the rest of the way. When we were just a little way out of town I heard the schoolbell ring. I wanted to go to school very much but I did not have time to get there. After we had put the sheep in the stockyards papa gave me twenty-five cents and told me to spend it as I wanted to. We spent four cents of it and saved the rest.

—May Patten,
Sixth Grade,
Stewartville, Minn.

BROTHER IN A BOAT.

One afternoon some years ago my mother told me she would give me a nickel if I would take care of the baby and Ray while she went down town. Pleased with the prospect of earning five cents, I joyfully promised to do so.

After mama went everything seemed to go wrong; the baby was cross and Ray was unusually naughty. While I was putting the baby to sleep Ray was banished to the kitchen. When the baby had gone to sleep, I stole softly to the kitchen to find Ray. Opening the door what a sight met my eyes! Naughty Ray had opened a faucet and the floor was covered with water. On the middle of the floor sat Ray, wet but happy, sturdily trying to row his boat (the clothes basket) with the rolling pin. Just then mama returned and made her way to the scene of disaster, guided no doubt by the sound of my reproaches, and Ray vainly trying to persuade me that he had done no harm. Then mother gave Ray his just reward, and consoled me by giving me my hard-earned nickel.

—Agnes Swanson,
Tenth Grade,
Cokato, Minn.

THE END OF GREAT RICHES.

How well I remember my first earnings. My mother said to me one day when I was about seven years old, "Ruby, I will give you a penny if you wash the dinner dishes for me." Washing dishes was something so far unknown to me; but at the thought of such a reward as a penny seemed to my childish eyes, I resolved to try. I went to work at once and finished my task, and only broke one egg and two saucers. Of course I received the promised reward, and then, oh, how rich I was! I managed to keep my riches for the long period of fifteen minutes, and then the candy man dropped it into his cashbox.

—Ruby Porter,
Eighth Grade,
Marshall, Minn.

Getting Along in Arithmetic.

Collier's Magazine.

"How's you gettin' on wid youah 'rithmetic, Lou?"
"I done learned to add up the oughts, but de figgers bodder me."



ABOVE THEM ALL

Boy—I be the highest in school.
Ma—The highest in what?
Boy—The highest in height.

—Golden Days.