

So I did. To the winds with all the good intentions! As I was trying desperately to get the wire down the door opened and mother came in with the delegates. I became nervous and let go of the wire, and with a crash and a scream the pipes and I fell to the floor.

Poor, over-anxious mother! Her peace was quickly banished for the room filled with smoke and I looked more like a chimneysweep than the heretofore clean little lass.

—Mabel Hansen,
B Eighth Grade, 516 Fifth Street NE.
Sheridan School.

RAIN ON A SUMMER EVE.

Whenever I hear the word "pipes" I always think of a large pipe organ which stands in a beautiful church a little way from our house. When I hear it, the deep tones remind me of a thunderstorm. It seems as if the thunder rolls and again it seems as if the lightning flashes. Then it is like the gentle patter, patter of the rain on a summer night. Now its sad, sweet strains bring tears to many eyes. If any one asked me what I should like to be, I would answer, "I would like to play on a pipe organ so sweetly that hard hearts would melt, never again to harden."

—Esther Hansen,
A Fifth Grade, 911 East Side Parkway.
Motley School.

A PRIZE WORTH WHILE.

In colonial days when the Mohawk Indians reigned supreme in the Mohawk river valley and the forests around Lake George, there lived a famous hunter and trapper by the name of Nick Stoner. He had a small clearing upon the Kayadutta creek which he cultivated at odd times. He was always at war with the Mohawks and they considered him a prize well worth taking; but he was so sly and light-footed that he had often stolen into their camps and listened to their angry talk, and once had even stolen their precious pipe of peace.

One day while splitting ash rails in the clearing, he had just brought his keen ax down and succeeded in cracking a large slippery log when he heard a slight noise in the bushes. Turning hastily he saw Chief Adowanka with two warriors. They, seeing he was unprotected save for his ax which was sticking in the log, stepped forward and informed him in the Indian tongue that he was a prisoner. But he told them he would go with them as soon as he split his log and could go sooner if they helped him. So the three inserted their fingers in the crack and commenced to pull. Stoner with a mighty wrench pulled out the ax, whereupon the log closed again, holding the astonished Indians captives by the fingers. Rushing into his house he came out again holding the peace pipe. He told the Indians he would let them go if they would smoke the pipe, which he held for them, and promised never to molest him again. They gladly assented and from that day Stoner and Adowanka were good friends.

—Nellie Z. Hall,
B Tenth Grade, 1030 Fourth Street N.
North Side High School.

SEEN IN SUNNY ITALY.

Down the old, rocky street of one of the cities of sunny Italy floated the soft music of singing and the pipe. Soon there came to our wandering eyes a very pretty sight—that of a small Italian piperboy who, with his small sister at his side, played his pipe while she sang. He wore a long cape of dark cloth, much the worse for wear, a round hat and knee breeches, and his feet had cloth bands woven around them, thus forming stockings. His hair was long and very black, while his olive skin and brilliant eyes were in harmony. His sister was dressed with more color and wore small slippers. They soon stopped in front of our window and rendered a pretty folk song. At the end of the song the boy opened the pouch which he carried and offered for sale a very pretty collection of shells and pebbles. We bought some and gave him four shiny nickels for the shells, and mother gave the girl a quarter for which she bowed very prettily. And then they passed on, their song dying in the distance.

—Michael Jalma,
A Seventh Grade, 438 Nineteenth Ave. NE.
Sheridan School.

A JEWEL IN THE ROUGH.

Pipe was a trapper from far up north. This name was given to him because he always had a pipe with him wherever he went. On cold winter nights he often sat by the roaring fire in his little cabin dressing the furs of the animals he had trapped or shot during the day.

One night as he was sitting by the fire he heard a howl like that of a dog outside his cabin door. He went to the window, scraped off the frost and peered out. There he saw a small sledge dog almost frozen to death. He opened the door and let the poor creature in. After watching him for a few moments he saw a small piece of paper tied to his collar, and on it were the words, "Follow Zint." So when the stranger was warmed and fed, they set out. Pipe followed him until they came to a small dugout in the side of a hill. Pipe entered and looked around. He saw nothing in the hut but a little boy kneeling by his father on the floor. The boy said, "Father's dead." Pipe's heart almost broke as he heard this. Then his goodness shone out greatly at this moment as he said, "Come, my little lad, and live with me up on the Nelson river." So they buried the lad's father under some willow trees and went home.

—Willie Lind,
A Seventh Grade, 515 Twelfth Avenue S.
Washington School.

AND SOMETHING HAPPENED.

One Saturday mother and I were alone. We were very busily cleaning house as we were expecting company Sunday. Mother was going to get some water and in doing so something happened. She turned the faucet and out squirted the water right into her face. Oh, how we did laugh. She was in a terrible "fix" now because we had to call the plumber to repair the water pipe. Of course she was all wet and had to change clothes. It took the plumber but a little while to repair the pipe. After he had gone both mama and I had to hurry to get the kitchen cleaned up. Mama said it was all right just so we had the whole house clean before the company came.

—Ruth Lindgren,
A Sixth Grade, 310 Fifteenth Avenue S.
Jackson School.

THE TEAKETTLE A-BOILING.

A few years ago some people near our house were having gas put in. One night after school we children were playing around the large holes and jumping across one of them. After I had jumped across it three or four times and was thinking myself a fairly good jumper, we

began to go very fast, everyone repeating, "Keep the teakettle boiling."

However I began to get dizzy. I bumped into something, then down, down, down I went! I lay there a little while, then I knew nothing more. But the next thing I knew I was at home in bed with my head tied up. Every time I hear the word "pipe" it makes me think of the time I fell thru.

—Alice Michie,
B Sixth Grade, 4635 Wentworth Avenue.
Margaret Fuller School.

THE VERIEST SICKEST BOYS.

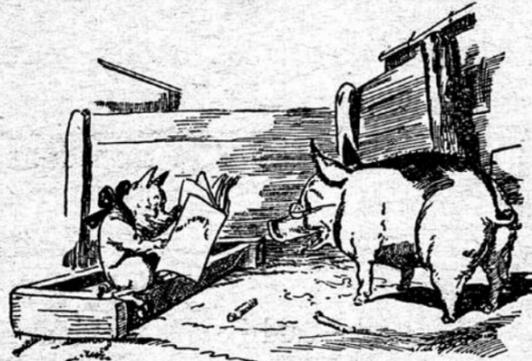
Of all the pipes there are I think the peacepipe did the most harm to me. It was a week or two after the close of school in June that a few of us boys planned to play Indian. So we built two teepees of old gunnysacks and carpets, each tribe in a teepee. We fought a number of battles but I think the teepees had the worst of it, for when we were thru they were full of holes. At last we decided to make peace, so one boy obtained a pipe and put some tobacco in it. It was passed around the circle and each boy took it in turn. But in a little while most of them were so sick that they lay down and stayed there until supper time. Then they went home, and the next time we played Indian there were not so many sick because we had no tobacco.

—Lester Mitchell,
A Sixth Grade, 3520 Columbus Avenue.
Bryant School.

GRANDPA REAL BASHFUL.

One summer our family went to Red Wing to spend vacation. The last day on the farm we planned to go home in the afternoon, so we started in the morning as

A PRACTICAL STUDENT.



Ma Hog—Well, what are you studying in your arithmetic, piggy?
Piggy—I'm very much interested in a problem of square "root," ma.

—Judge, Copyright 1904.

it was ten miles from the farm to the station. When we reached town we went upon a hill and ate lunch. Then we walked around town and into the stores to buy something for the children and grandfather. We succeeded in finding something for the children but did not know what to buy for grandfather. Then we thought we would buy him a pipe, so we went into a pipe store and bought him a long German pipe. After a while the people wrote and told us he never smoked that pipe. Then one Sunday after they had come from church they saw him smoking the pipe. He did not know they were looking at him or he would not have smoked it. He always smoked the pipe in his own room after that for he did not like anybody to see him smoking that pipe.

—Helen Maebly,
A Fifth Grade, 2216 Twenty-fifth Ave. S.
Seward School.

THE KING'S MUSEUM.

I am a pipe. I was made in China in 1701, just 203 years ago. A Chinaman by the name of Ko-ti then owned me; I was supposed to be a magical pipe and had to have a certain kind of tobacco smoked in me. I was very glad of course, because this tobacco was very dear and could only be obtained from the king at a high price. The man who owned me was rich, but he began to fail in business and went bankrupt. Another man then had possession of me. He tried to smoke the common tobacco but found he could not, so he flung me into the stream. A fish swallowed me but it soon died and floated to the surface with me. A king's servant found the fish and was going to prepare it for the king's supper, but, alas! a pipe was found inside. I was then proclaimed sacred. I am now in the king's museum, and if you go there you may see me.

—Harry Nelson,
B Seventh Grade, 2100 Washington Avenue N.
Franklin School.

MIXTURE OF SOOT AND CATS.

Bang! Bang! What was it I heard? Mama was sitting in front of the window reading and my friend and I were playing a game of pit when this terrible noise arose in the kitchen. We all jumped and started for the room from which the sound came. What a spectacle met our eyes as we dropped into chairs fairly exhausted. The cat was carrying in her mouth the kittens that had been behind the stove. The canary bird was flying every way. But in the middle of all this confusion was the stove-pipe. There were dishes, soot and kittens all huddled together in the middle of the floor. We soon had the pipe put up and were as interested in our game as ever.

—Edith McMillan,
A Fifth Grade, 518 W Thirty-first Street.
Whittier School.

A REGULAE NIAGARA.

We once had the misfortune to live in a very cold house during the winter months. It had an extension with the water pipes running across the ceiling, and the sink at the outside end. Before we had our stoves set up or the house arranged at all, a very severe cold spell came on. In the morning we arose and found the water frozen in the pipes.

Mama and I were alone in the house when we discovered it. Mama went down into the cellar with hot water to try to thaw them out, while I stayed at the sink with the faucet open to tell her when it came. It did come but in the wrong direction. The pipe across the ceiling burst just above me, and a gush of icy water shot me in the back of the neck. I gave a terrible scream and up mama came without first shutting off the water down below. There I stood getting drenched as I was too paralyzed to move. She rushed back and shut off the water,

and by the time I had dry clothes on and was warm, I was able to join in the laugh.

—Hylda Pellatt,
A Sixth Grade, 1605 W Thirty-first Street.
Calhoun School.

THE MAGIC FOUNTAIN.

In the central part of Spain there is a magnificent palace, and in front of this palace runs a clear, cool stream of spring water which empties from a water pipe. Every five or six minutes a pearl or diamond drops from the pipe. The peasants all around get their water here; they usually wait about half an hour and then have five or six precious stones which this water pipe sheds and which in time make the poor people rich.

But one day the king thought he could not permit this so he thought of a good scheme. He sent one of his noble knights to the Spanish zoo not far away to buy a great polar bear. The next day he hid this huge polar bear behind the building. He told him when he saw the peasant children coming for water he should spring out at them and frighten them. And lo, the next day there came three large boys for water. Out sprang the huge bear and they ran away screaming. All the peasants ran out to see what the matter was, but as soon as they saw the large bear they fled in fright. There was much ado around the town for a great while. But no one came for water or precious stones from this magic water pipe ever after.

—Thilda I. Sall,
A Fifth Grade, 1318 Sixth Street NE.
Sheridan School.

A BATH IN KEROSENE.

One day I was helping father tear out some old pipe lines which the oil runs thru at the yards of a certain oil company. I was standing by holding one wrench as he was turning the pipe with the other pipe wrench. All at once a stream of oil came gushing forth as if some one were pumping it out. After it had been running for some time father happened to think that he had left the valve open. I still had to hold the pipe wrench, and after he had turned the oil off I found myself all wet with oil.

—Carl Singer,
A Sixth Grade, 883 Twenty-third Avenue SE.
Tuttle School.

MASTER OF WITCHES.

Few were the cowards in the little village of St. Stephen in merry old England, yet few had dared go thru a certain dell in the forest. Had not many a knight disappeared never to see the light again? Yes, Peter of Lincoln knew this, but he was an honest man, the fortune knew him not, and he feared none but God. "I will go anyway," he said firmly and started out with vague hopes in his heart.

Outlaws were abundant in those good days, but they touched not honest men. When he approached the dell he saw nothing but the gaunt arms of trees swaying in the sharp November breeze. His heart waxed strong and he stopped to enjoy the cold air. He smiled at superstitious fears when a strange piping sound attracted his attention. Coming toward him on the brow of the hill was a figure about three feet high, tripping lightly. On his head was a gray, conical cap and he wore a jerkin and hose and pointed shoes of the same color. His eyes were also gray and sparkling. What surprised our hero was the long gray beard and the pipe which he blew with much skill.

"Sir," he said as he drew near, "Whom do you fear?"

"None but God," said Peter frankly, altho nigh laughing.

"You are honest, man, and few have such a gift. I like you so I shall give you this pipe. Blow it and the witches obey you." He said nothing more but slowly faded away, leaving nothing but the pipe in the air. An invisible hand placed it in Peter's own.

I have heard that Peter prospered.
—Brenda Ueland,
A Seventh Grade, Lake Harriet School, Calhoun Boulevard.

A SORT OF CONTINUED STORY.

A few weeks ago I went out to the country to visit a friend. One evening when we came home from a hunting trip we saw a few lengths of stovepipe at the back door. We said that we would have some fun after supper and put up the stove for winter.

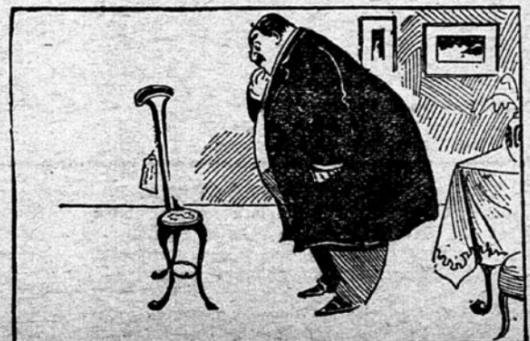
After supper we brought the stove in from the woodshed and placed it where it belonged. Everything went smoothly and rapidly till we arrived at the last length of pipe, and then we wished we had a short piece as it was about twice too long. We could not find a short length so we had to cut the long one in two. We could not find anything to cut the pipe with, tho we tried all kinds of articles we thought could cut. At last we cut it with a pair of shears that my chum's mother had sharpened for the purpose of cutting out a dress. We put the pipe up and then went to bed. We thought we should be praised for our good work, but it was different. We had left the shears in the kitchen and that was the first thing his mother noticed in the morning. That was all we heard the whole day, and I do not know how long he heard of it as I went home that evening.

—Frank Wenger,
A Seventh Grade, Lake Harriet School, 4312 W Drew Avenue.

"Is the new man a good speller?"

"I should say he is! Why, he used to edit the unclaimed letter list in a Russian village."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

To Sit or not to Sit—



That is the question.

—Chums.