

me, contributes to its contents whenever she runs across suitable material. The last item of any significance was entered more than fourteen months ago—a minute account of Mrs. Billy's simple, little wedding. She has just finished reading this brief notice for the five hundred and sixty-seventh time and turns back the pages of the book to some artless, little stories and compositions written for and published (to her supreme gratification) in the Journal Junior during her school days; she re-reads these once again; her eyes wander to the wavering flames in the grate, and Mrs. Billy goes a-dreaming of the past.

Those were dear, sweet days, she thinks, so long ago, and yet—let's see,—'tis only four or five years. Mrs. Billy, you know, is just turned twenty and so her school days cannot be so very far away.

She recalls with sympathetic pride the labor put into the poor little stories and essays now glued into the "treasure book." There is one about glass houses and blue roses in the world of Mars; another about her old but beloved dolly with its china head and cracked chin; then a little incident about her small brother; a patchwork story, and dozens of other feeble efforts of Mrs. Billy's pen and brain, all of which, in their day, were regarded with wondrous pride.

Yes, 'tis true that Mrs. Billy had literary hopes and ideals doomed never to be attained for the fates decreed that Mrs. Billy should pound away her genius (!) on the keys of an unappreciative typewriting machine. After leaving school there had been a year at business college and Mrs. Billy was duly instructed in the art of book-keeping and initiated into the delightfully tormenting mysteries of Benn Pitman's hieroglyphics. Those were happy days, too, Mrs. Billy thinks, as she surveys them now thru the flowery avenue of departed years. She has cherished memories of pleasant happenings; sleigh rides, dancing parties, skating excursions, club meetings, etc.; friends whom she cannot forget and who are still dear. And then a satisfied little sigh escapes thru the parted lips and a glad light gleams in Mrs. Billy's eyes as she thinks of the real love that has come into her life—this love that means so much to her, and that is the whole of her existence; ah, she would proclaim it to all the world for 'tis so good, so grand, so beautiful, and "he," her heart's idol, her husband, is coming home tonight. She looks back on the year previous to her marriage,—un-ventful and yet a pleasant year associated with one now so near and dear; a year spent in the office of a large Chicago manufacturing establishment,—and then of the immediate past year—of the simple ceremony that made her Billy's wife,—then of the terrible sickness that came upon her almost before the waning of the honeymoon, of her husband's constant devotion and tender care,—how he almost forced her to live with his brave good cheer and his merry smiles, his encouraging presence and loving words; ah, 'tis good to live, she thinks, when one is so rich in love. And she also thinks with a heart full of gratitude of how she has regained her health and strength—she is the same girl as of old—only a little more womanly and happier than before,—oh, so happy that a suspicious moisture springs into her eyes and the warm, dancing firelight makes then glisten thru the shining tears.

It is quite dark now, evening has come, but Mrs. Billy does not notice the gloom that has fallen upon the world without. A quick step is heard on the porch, but her mind goes on a-wandering—the door is softly opened and a man enters the room,—a man with roguish, Irish, gray-green eyes and waving black hair, a satchel in one hand. He stands looking questioningly at the back of Mrs. Billy's brown head decked with three white combs. "Blanche!" he calls softly, and in an instant the dreams have vanished up the chimney, the "treasure book" has slipped to the floor, the satchel is dropped and the brown head is ensconced on the man's shoulder. One by one the white combs are scattered, the fluffy pompadour is disarranged, the wet eyelashes are dried with—but wait, right here 'tis time to stop, for "he" has come home after an absence of—five days!

(Mrs.) Blanche Chamberlin-White,
315 N. Prairie Ave, Sioux Falls, S. D.
South High School, Minneapolis.
Left School, 1901.

THE RHYME OF JOHNNY WANT-TO-PLAY.

Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday morn,
Thursday, Friday often, too,
Doleful Johnny Want-to-play
Chants this sad rhyme thru and thru.

"It's so long 'til twelve o'clock;
'Rithmetic with fractions mean,
'How much then can nine men earn';
'Scribin' states I never seen;
G'ography ain't meant to learn;
'Bout a hundred words to spell;
Stiff old exercise to do;
Parts of speech and use to tell;
Copy books a botherin', too;
Hist'ry dates from way, way back,
What's the use of them things now;
Drawin'—(I ain't got the knack);
And tryin' to paint a Jersey cow;
Seems the torture'll never stop,
It's so long 'til twelve o'clock."

But on Saturday, dear me,
Noisy, boisterous Johnny boy
Finds this song of jubilee
Can't contain one-half his joy:

"Time's so short 'til twelve o'clock;
Goin' to play the Baseball stars;
Hazel nuts just ripe to pick;
Down the track the circus cars;
Got to hunt for a shiny stick;
Wild plums out on the old Mead road;
A knife to swap with Jim Monroe;
Peter's new gun to learn to load;
And a cycle trip with cousin Joe;
A hockey game at the new playground;
Apples and cookies at grandma's house;
And down on Sixth street a merry-go-round,

And no collar to wear with a Saturday blouse;
Pshaw, I wish that time'd stop,
It's too short 'till twelve o'clock.

—Emma M. Larson,
797 Maryland Ave., St. Paul, Minn.
Cleveland High School, St. Paul,
Class of 1900.

WHAT DAVID WANTED.

David was supposed to be asleep, but he wasn't. No, he was wide awake, wider awake than he had ever been in his life before. He was sure of that.

He lay quite still in the great, soft bed, his wide eyes looking up, up, up into space. It was a long time since grandma kissed him good-night and grandpa stood in the doorway, and they had turned down the light in the hall and gone down stairs. Yes, it was a long time; a very, very long time; ages and ages ago.

The big room was full of soft, warm, black shadows, for the smothered lamp in the hall cast such a dim little light. The shadows and the furniture and the walls all melted into each other and were unreal and shapeless. He couldn't see anything but shadows, he knew he couldn't altho he did not look. He knew just how the twists on the wallpaper made an ugly face, and now he could see the grinning features, slinking away into the blackness, wherever he turned his eyes.

It was lonesome, too, and his little mind labored over great, unsolvable questions. Why did they put such a little boy in such a great big room; and why couldn't he stay up like grandma and grandpa? and why couldn't he go to sleep? and why was the ceiling so far up—oh, so very far up! He wanted something, only he didn't know what it was that he wanted. The whole little body was permeated with a dull, incessant yearning. Now, it was there all the time; before, it used to come only once in a while, and then it took all his strength to keep from crying. That was just after his mama went away. Why yes; that was what he wanted, it was his mama; he wanted his mama. But she was a long, long way off, taking care of dear sick papa, and so he couldn't have her. He must be a brave little man, as she told him to be, when she went away; he must be like his papa, and his papa was the bravest man in the world. Still, he wanted his mama. Two wide, bright eyes looked steadily upward, but they were dry eyes.

No, he couldn't have his mama, so it must be something else he wanted. Oh, how thirsty he was, and how he wanted a drink of water, nice, cool, limpid water. He must have a drink. He could go to sleep if he did. But it was all dark upstairs, and he must go down to get it. But he needed it, oh, so much. He couldn't lie still a second longer, and the warm black shadows were creeping right down into his throat.

He knew just how it would be; first, he would go out into the hall, away from the faces and the black shadows; out under the dim light to the wide staircase; then he would go down slowly, and feel the cool air fanning his cheeks. When he was part way down, he would stop and look thru the banisters, down the hall to the back parlor, and grandpa and grandma would be there with the big lamp on legs between them. He could hear the murmur of their voices now. Then he would go thru the long hall and stand in the doorway, and all of a sudden grandpa would know he was there and look up, and grandpa would frown at him over his paper. But he wasn't afraid of the frown, 'cause he knew grandpa loved him just lots and lots. Yes, he knew just how it would all be.

Silently the little white-gowned figure slipped out of the room and across the hall, past the shadowy palms and the dim light to the wide stairs. Still more silently he stole downward, the little bare feet clinging to the polished surface. And as he crept down step by step, he peered thru the banisters down the wide hall to the back-parlor door.

Down the long flight, under the red lamp with the iron sides, thru the hall he passed, and paused in the doorway, one white hand on the casing, watching them; grandpa on one side of the great lamp, reading his paper, and grandma on the other, bending over her knitting. She was humming a hymn, and suddenly knew he was there and looked up, and grandpa looking over his paper frowningly inquired, "What's the matter?" Just as if anything were the matter, but grandma hugged him up close and loved him, almost as good as mama did.

He was tired of being cuddled now and wanted to move around. Things were lots different than they were in the day, and lots nicer, too. The rugs were so soft to his feet, and there were the nicest dark corners to hide in; there was the big curtain with gold threads that 'sparked' when you touched it quick, and there was the polar bear rug. Couldn't he curl up on it just once before he went back to bed?

Again grandma tucked the covers about him with infinite care and stooping over kissed him good-night. Yes, he said he knew grandma was only downstairs, and he wasn't a bit afraid; he had been thirsty; that was all. No, he didn't want a drink now. So she kissed the warm lips again and went out into the hall and down the stairs. But ere she had reached the bottom step, two eyelids slipped down over two blue eyes, and David was launched—a tiny boat—on the sea of dreams.

—David T. Workman,
School of the Museum of Fine Arts, Copley Square, Boston, Mass.
Howard Lake High School,
Class of 1903.

MY FIRST VISITOR.

Her name was Alice May Moriarty, and her merry, blue eyes and determined little mouth showed at once that she was as mischievous and self-willed a little lady as you would be apt to meet in any part of the country.

She lived in a cozy, brown farm house in the southern part of the state and was as happy and free as the little birds which flew fearlessly around her, calling to each other, as she played out doors in the fields or in the orchard.

Spring had already cleared away the winter's snow. The welcome meadow lark had returned and the men were already preparing to commence field work. Alice's brother Mark and sister Mabel had started back to school after a long, cold winter vacation, and the little girl was

very glad when mama permitted her to go out and play in the sunshine; for the long days went much faster when she could romp out of doors. She played school with sand and stones, and made a cornstalk into a teacher. And when a little pig or stray fowl wandered into the school, Alice would jump up from her play, and chase the offender down the slope to the barn, clapping her hands delightedly to see it run away. Or if the gobbler dared interfere, she stamped her foot at him in mock bravery and ran back to her school room for protection. Thus passed day after day, and the cornstalk teacher became as real to Alice as Mark's descriptions of his much-loved teacher in that little white and green school beyond the hills. Alice was secretly jealous, for Mark had talked of nothing but school of late and she gave vent to her feelings by stamping her foot at the cornstalk teacher and finally throwing her out of school, laughing heartily when the white heifer swallowed her.

But as she played alone day after day, a longing came into the little girl's mind, indistinctly at first, but gradually taking the form of a desire which she communicated to mama. She wanted to visit the real school! How Mark and Mabel shouted when they heard it, and how they teased their mama to let her go! But wise mama shook her head. "Mark must ask his teacher about it tomorrow, and if she is willing then Alice may go," she said.

The next evening Alice was on the lookout for her sister and brother, and when two tiny specks could first be seen over the hill top, she toddled off to meet them. Oh, what bright eyes came back to tell mama that Miss Mahony would let her come. So it was settled.

It was past nine o'clock next morning when the Moriarty children entered the school, proudly leading Alice May by the hand. She was a very pretty little child, and I looked up from my work and smiled at her. I had always been quite confident that that smile held some peculiar charm until then. Alice May looked me full in the face for an instant and then merely wrinkled up her nose. The children put their dinner pails in place and began to remove her wraps. Mabel then started to remove her little sister's bonnet. Alice May backed up against the door and glared defiantly.

"Leave my hood alone," she commanded.
"Please let Mabel take it off, Alice," pleaded the elder sister.

"No, no! Go 'way. I want my sings on!" shouted Alice, alternately stamping both her feet. I now thought it time to interfere, and came down to coax her, but was treated to a scream which set the whole school in an uproar. Without any further discussion we agreed that she could keep on her wraps and stand back by the door as long as it suited her. And all might now have gone well had not that red-headed chap turned around and smiled at her. There was one long screech ending in a stamp of the foot. The school was beginning to be amused, and when, with one accord, the pupils all turned and faced the back door, screech after screech filled the schoolroom. This was becoming intolerable and again I went to the little fury and coaxed, using all the pretty words I knew.

"I want to go home!" she wailed, "and I want to go now. School is horrid and the teacher is ugly."

At this the big boys broke into a laugh which caused a prolonged series of shrieks on Alice's part.

"Oh, dear!" I cried as soon as my voice could be heard, "Take her home—take her outdoors—take her anywhere!" Mabel started off at once with her troublesome charge. Alice called to Mark:

"You got to come, too;" and when he hesitated, she conquered him by a stamp of her foot and a scream.

The three were about to leave the room when Alice May suddenly remembered the dinner pails. There were eight standing in a row.

"Take the pails home," she commanded. Mabel and Mark hastily picked up their own.

"Take the others, too!" she screamed, and altho the owners protested, such a hubbub followed that every one was ready to sacrifice his dinner, and supper, too, if necessary, to get her started off.

Five minutes later we all, teacher and pupils, crowded to the west window to watch the three retreating figures, each carrying two dinner pails. The laughter died as suddenly as it had begun, and we all looked sympathetically at each other, and then at the two remaining dinner pails. "Is it enough?"

"Shall I call her back?" asked the red-headed chap, with a broad smile.

—Mary Mahony,
Gibbon, Minn.

North High School, Minneapolis.
Class of 1901.



A POINTED ARGUMENT.

Drawn by Royal Rheem, Minneapolis.—From The Journal
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