

considered it interesting, judging by their gravity. A few, whom I conjectured were truants from the cool welcome extended them, joined the rest during the evening. Hitherto the stragglers had assembled on the north side of the walk, consequently when one approached from the opposite direction I was unprepared. Somewhat startled I moved quickly aside and the sound made the bunch move in undignified haste behind a post. I waited a minute and then walked on but turned back just in time to behold the convention return to its old position and I rehearsed my doubts as to its object, whether it was a political meeting, smoke social or group of small urehins. "It would depend on their ages, I suppose," I thought, "but I'm sure I cannot tell that, for one is just as homely as the next, but they were certainly communicating, for surely no company would sit and stare a whole evening."
 B Tenth Grade, —Alylda De Haven,
 North High School. 3200 Logan Ave. No.

THE UNEXPECTED HAPPENS.

"Get into the house there, you little—" but the rest of this threatening speech was lost to my listening ears, as I sat on the porch, by the loud bang of a door proceeded by several piercing screams of the poor unfortunate. The child's quaint little speeches and queer ways had a strange fascination for me and altho I seldom got a chance to speak with him nevertheless my seven-year-old heart went out to him in sympathy. If I had my way about it I would march across the street and box her ears good and sound, even if she was his mother. But the consequences—Oh! I trembled to think of them.

A few days after this event an alarm was spread one morning in our usually quiet neighborhood that the small boy over the way was lost. At noon when I returned from school he was still missing and I vaguely wondered how his mother felt. When school closed for the day I was walking slowly homeward, when a strange thing occurred. I saw the lady whom I supposed hated her little boy so, running towards an officer on the opposite side of the street, who bore aloft in triumph on his shoulder, the small truant. Her hair was streaming in wild disorder over her shoulders, her eyes red and swollen with weeping. She clasped the child in her arms and—oh, wonder of wonders!—kissed him. And so I reasoned out that at last she had found that a small, noisy, mischievous, live boy was far better than a cold, still, lifeless one.
 A Eighth Grade, —Anna Dempsey,
 Clinton School. 2817 Columbus Ave.

A BEAR FROM THE WOODS.

One day in the country, as I was coming home from gathering flowers, something black crossed the path in front of me and went into the woods. I was very frightened and started to run home as fast as I could. I could hear the breathing of the savage animal as it raced after me! When I reached home I turned in the door to see what the animal was, expecting it to be a bear. To my surprise it was only our dog, then I sat down on the porch and laughed. But when I went after flowers again puppy went with me, because I was not afraid when he was along. He had been hunting for me before and did not mean to frighten me.
 B Sixth Grade, —Agnes Free,
 Horace Mann School. 3100 Elliot Avenue.

OUT OF THE COCOON.

One pleasant evening in July my friend and I were walking along the banks of the Mississippi river picking flowers. We had not gone far when we found a beautiful cocoon of a butterfly. Then we sat down to observe and see if we could not learn something about it, so we both began to tell a story. When I was in the middle of it the butterfly came out. We took a string and carried him home, then placed him in a box for two days till his wings were strong, and he flew away.
 A Sixth Grade, —Myrtle Hall,
 Monroe School. 2113 E. Twenty-second Street.

FOOLISH, PERHAPS.

One evening I was walking home and as it was dark and cold I did not feel very brave. At last I came to a small field where the boys played ball and began to feel less frightened when about six yards from me I saw something very black. I stood still and gazed, then I ran. I was very frightened. I ran behind a tree, but as that big black thing was coming nearer and nearer, I ran out again with the horrible thing after me. Just then that fearful black thing "moo-o-o-ed" and I knew it was a cow. As I ran home I thought how very foolish I had been.
 B Sixth Grade, —Sylvia Havre,
 Horace Mann School. 2929 Elliot Ave.

A LUCKY PLUNGE.

One time, about five years ago, I was walking along the river bank, I happened to stumble and fell in. I called and at last a broadshouldered, blue-coated, brass-buttoned man came along and asked me why I was screaming. "Don't you see?" said I.
 "Oh, did you fall in the river?" said the policeman, coming closer. "Yes, and it's a good thing I did, because I found this," said I. He walked away slowly and about every ten yards he would stop and look at me. I had found an old worn purse with a few bills and some change.
 A Sixth Grade, —Martin Hugdahl,
 Monroe School. 2110 Twenty-first Ave. S.

WON A GRATEFUL FRIEND.

As I walked along the deserted street of a little village one hot summer afternoon, I came upon a large noble-looking dog, lying at the side of the road. He kept pawing at his mouth in great distress, and I decided to see what was the matter and to help if I could, much against the advice of my companion, who was very frightened and said I would surely be bitten. But an animal in trouble appeals to me, and one look into this one's big, brown eyes decided me to investigate. I found that the poor fellow had a long, slender bone lodged perpendicularly far back in his mouth, and try as he would he could not get it out, but scratched his mouth badly at every attempt. The yawning chasm looked fearful, for my fist was quite a little one in those days, but I put it in and after two or three trials out came the bone. And gratitude! That dog tried so hard to thank me with eyes, tail, tongue, paws and whole body. I said: "Friend, I know exactly what you want to say. You are perfectly welcome, and I'm glad I happened along just as I did." That seemed to satisfy him and he gravely and sedately escorted me to the gate of the cottage where I boarded.

Many times after that, as I walked along, he walked with me, for we were the best of friends all summer and are so yet.
 —Constance H. Irvine,
 B Ninth Grade, 3128 Pleasant Ave.
 Central High School.

A WOPFULLY UNUSUAL DAISY.

One day as I walked along the sidewalk I had a narrow escape from being late for school. I stopped to pick a daisy and as I looked at it I noticed something unusual in it. We were studying about flowers so I made up my mind to show it to our teacher. I ran along and suddenly something flew out of it and stung me on the forehead. I knew at once it was Mr. Bee. But, dear me, how it hurt! I stopped a while to see if it would not cease, but no, it ached just as at first. Again I started for school and reached there just in time. I tied my handkerchief over the sting, but it pained so I asked to be excused and went home.
 —Edna Johnson,
 A Sixth Grade, 2307 Twenty-second Avenue S.
 Monroe School.

COULD SEE THRU IT.

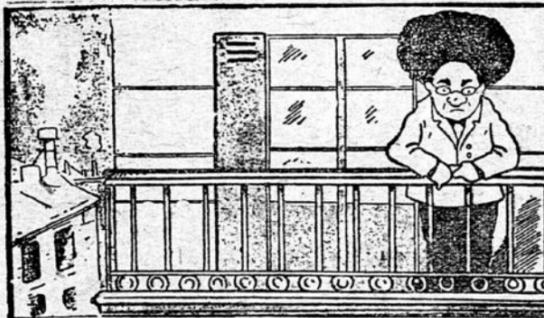
My cousin, who was visiting me several years ago, often twitted me on a certain credulity which caused me to look under the bed for ghosts, which Nora assured me would be there. One day in anger I made the rash statement that I was not afraid of ghosts, in fact, if I ever met one by day or night I should see if I could see thru him, walk calmly up to him and shake hands to see if his bones rattled. My cousin was evidently impressed with my bravado, but that evening after it had become

the quarter and my uncle gave me five dollars to forget the scare.
 —Eva Olson,
 B Seventh Grade, 3128 Park Avenue.
 Horace Mann School.

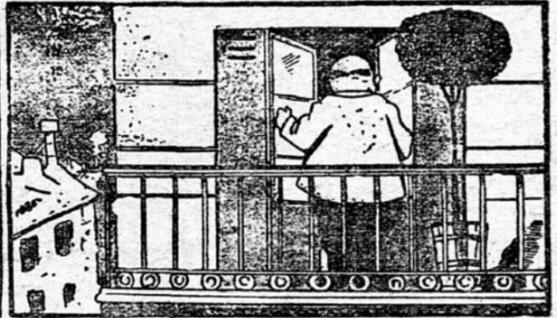
A FAT POCKETBOOK.

"Come on, Leona, let's take a walk. You will ruin your health studying so hard," said Etta, bringing me my hat. "I suppose memorizing two verses of poetry four lines each would tend to make one insane, so to prevent that calamity I will do as you desire," I answered.
 As we walked along chatting gayly all the while I spied a black object lying directly in my path. Was it, could it be a pocketbook? I picked it up eagerly. Yes, it was a pocketbook and also a very heavy one.
 "It's a shabby-looking thing," sneered my friend. "My dear girl," I replied, "looks don't count in this case. Feel of it. Now, come over by the tree; I'm simply dying to open it." I tore open the old purse and found—a thick wad of wrapping paper! Disappointed is hardly the word to use to express my feelings. Provoked and angry I hurled the offending pocketbook into the nearest gutter. Just then a number of small boys rushed out, laughing and rolling about in high glee. "Fooled a girl—oh, oh, wasn't it funny!" was what I gathered from their incoherent speech. I gazed at them sternly, unable to see a reason for the silly joke. It was—why, it was the first of April. Oh, wretched memory; you have failed me many times!
 —Leona Schaffer,
 A Tenth Grade, 736 E. Eighteenth Street.
 Central High School.

A PHENOMENON.



1.—I wonder what the people opposite are grinning at me for? I don't like it. I shall—



2—go in." —Pick-Me-Up.

too dark to play croquet I was about to go in when Jack suggested that I prove the truth of my boast of the morning by going down to the other end of the lawn and getting my hat. I remembered having left it on the other side of a clump of bushes and in spite of several misgivings I consented, determined to bring that hat. Altho I was startled at the sound of my own footsteps, I passed the croquet ground and garden in safety. My courage returned and I walked past the bushes boldly when suddenly, without the slightest warning, I was confronted by a tall white figure that swayed in the breeze! I believe for a period of seconds my heart stopped beating and I was struck dumb with horror, for I could see the outlines of the garden seat which was directly behind the terrifying apparition. Regaining my voice and power of locomotion, I flew toward the house screaming at the top of my voice, when, suddenly, I was stopped by my cousin, who, disregarding my agitation, asked coolly, "Did you see a ghost?"
 "Yes, yes!" I screamed. "It was white and I could see thru it."
 "Why, you foolish child," exclaimed my cousin. "Of course you can see thru white mosquito netting."
 B Ninth Grade, —Fannie M. Kilbourne,
 Central High School. 1106 Chestnut Avenue.

PATCHES WILL SHOW.

"Let's go up in the attic," I suggested to my friend K. one afternoon about two weeks ago, for mama had gone away and we were housekeepers. We climbed up thru the hole in the ceiling, there being no attic stairs. K. found an old newspaper which she started to read. I walked along a board on my way to sit down and read with K., but I tripped on some nails. I was near K., so I threw myself down on her with such force that, oh! I pushed her thru the ceiling, down onto my bed. I sat up there for a while dangling my feet thru the ceiling, then, when I tried to get up, the plastering broke and I fell thru. At first we began to laugh, but when we saw a big hole in the ceiling, found seven laths broken and the plastering destroyed we felt more serious. Our rooms had just been papered two days before, so what would mama say!
 With great difficulty and many mishaps we nailed the laths and without any plaster, papered the opening, taking great pains to match the figure of the paper, after which we cleaned up. The next day mama asked why the ceiling had a big patch of brown paper. Then, for the first time I discovered that we had taken the tan paper for my sister's room which had the same design as mine.
 —Athena Martin,
 A Ninth Grade, 3515 Tenth Avenue S.
 South High School.

HOW NATURE SOOTHES.
 "I won't, so there!" Bang! and I rushed out of doors determined "to show them" that I had a will of my own. I was angry, yes, very angry, and almost ready to cry from vexation. It was the climax of an "inside-out day." I began the day in a disagreeable mood and I had been more and more in subjection to my Saturday feelings as time wore on. It was our first week at the lake and cleaning and moving had been carried on under the difficulty of spring fever, tons of clouds and torrents of rain. The disagreeable sound of the rain had made fit music for my thoughts and now as I walked along with sullen mien and lagging steps the trees bent over me shedding their teardrops on my head and shoulders.
 The rain had ceased and a cool wind was blowing. Now, whether there was magic in the sympathy of the trees or whether the wind had its effect or whether nature herself worked the charm, my thoughts gradually wandered far, far from the unpleasant scene at home and as I walked I found myself softly humming a favorite tune. Just as my wandering steps brought me to the bridge which spanned the valley in which the trainrail wended its snakey way, the clouds parted and fled from sight, the sun with its welcome light and warmth turned the trees' hearts to pearls and simultaneously the birds and my heart broke forth into a volume of song as I softly whispered,
 "Who knows whither the clouds have fled?
 In the unscarred heavens they leave no wake;
 The eyes forget the tears they have shed,
 The heart forgets its sorrow and ache."
 "I will!" I said, as with energetic step and high-held head I quickly walked toward home.
 B Twelfth Grade, —Tillie Will,
 South High School. 1909 Clinton Avenue.

THEY DID NOT STAY LONG.

A large party of our friends was going on a steamboat ride. A girl and I had managed to escape from our parents to the upper deck. We were laughing as we walked along near the forbidden railing and congratulating ourselves. Suddenly—I ran or tore around as if frantic, with my hands to my ears. In a few seconds I stopped. It was the whistle for starting that had frightened us, and my friend had acted very much the same as I. When this whistle had ceased, a loud and hearty laugh greeted us from the pilot. "He is laughing at us," we both thought and immediately departed from the upper deck, very meek, ashamed and quiet concerning our sudden disappearance.
 —Gladys Wright,
 A Eighth Grade, 2616 Fifth Avenue S.
 Madison School.

Mother Necessity.

"Why do you insist on spoiling good paper with your rhymes?" asked the friend without feeling.
 "Because," answered the doughty poet, "nobody will keep still and hear me recite 'em."



Heads and Tails.

—Chuma.