



DRAWN BY IRMA MARTENS, B ELEVENTH GRADE, EAST HIGH SCHOOL.

The Christmas Hallie Gave

IT WAS the Christmas after Hallie's fifth birthday that it happened. Of course he had given presents before, but not in this "really" way. Last year, for instance, along with her own shopping, mother had bought quite a number of extra things. Hallie could remember perfectly even now, this great while after, how he and mother had sat at the gift-strewn library table while she had wrapped the things in white paper and tied red ribbon around them, never forgetting to paste the nice, thin card in the corner. He had asked her to read the writing on the cards, and she had read, "To Uncle John from Hallie," "A Merry Christmas to Louise from Hallie," and so on thru the list. He had repeated each inscription to himself after mother, trying to realize, but when he came to the last one, "To Aunt Kate with Christmas love from Hallie," a wistful sigh escaped him and he said in a hesitating, apologetic fashion so that he might not hurt mother's feelings:

"It don't hardly seem 'sif I'm giving these things at all." It must have been because he loved Aunt Kate so much (next much to mother and father) that the longing came into his heart to have picked out the handkerchief for her himself and perhaps even written the card with mother's hand guiding his, because "his always wobbled. He looked up into mother's eyes as he finished, to see if she understood. She did; there was a shiny light in their brown depths and she gave Hallie's winter blouse a good hug as she answered: "Next year you shall buy all the presents yourself, and do them up, and write the cards, you little blessed—" and then very softly to herself so that she might not hurt—"baby."

It had been such a lovely thing all year since then to plan and to change one's mind, and to plan again, and so nice to think that the pens and nickels that were going into the bank on the mantel weren't just being saved (Hallie's generous bit of a soul held almost a grudge against purposeless, useless saving), but were to buy five, seven, ten, fifteen Christmas presents.

A good many times during the last month or two of the year father and Aunt Kate broke in on mother and Hallie in secret and whispered consultation; then with shocked, guilty-looking faces they ran away very fast holding both hands over their ears. The plotters were always very kind to these naughty folks, because they knew they didn't mean to peek. Finally, one happy day, the bank yielded up its eighteen precious nickels and ninety-seven pennies. All who saw the jingling store said they couldn't remember when they had seen so many nickels and pennies together before. "We'll start early," mother said at lunch time on the shopping day, "and I think we'll only buy half of the things today, so that we won't get quite so tired as some shoppers do."

So when the money had been painstakingly divided into two exactly equal parts with one penny left over, and one of the piles had been stowed safely away in father's big purse, borrowed for the occasion, and when mother had put on her hat and coat and had tucked Hallie's muffler in for the third time—then, at last, they were ready to start. "We'll stop at the jewelry store first," Hallie said as they walked down the crunchy, snow-covered street. "What for, dear?"

"Oh, I've been thinking that I'd rather give Aunt Kate a diamond sunburst, like yours, 'stead of a brooch; she's always so good to me." Hallie twisted his muffled little neck trying to see mother's face so that he might tell her what she thought of this beautiful new idea of his. Mother's face understood, and her voice answered:

"That would be very nice, dear, but sunbursts cost a good deal so that if we bought that for Aunt Kate there wouldn't be very much left to buy father's present or Louise's or Bridget's."

"All right," came the loyal response, "we'll find something else nice for her. But sunbursts are awful nice, aren't they?" At Macdonald's they had such a distracting array of ties that it was "pretty hard to choose." Hallie's eyes rested most admiringly on a pink and white striped one that reminded one strongly and sweetly of a stick of wintergreen candy. He had almost handed out his money for it when he bethought himself. "Mother," he said, "am I giving Uncle John a Sunday tie or a work one?"

"There are so many more workdays than Sundays in the year that I think he needs the workday kind most, something nice and dark he'd surely like."

"Yes, Sunday don't come very often, do they?" and Hallie, with one last, loving look, turned from the tempting wintergreen tie to one of blue and black. The clerks were all so pleasant; there were so many wonderful things to see; the bundles under one's arms felt so Christmasy; oh, it was an afternoon of bliss! At its end the shopping bag held a scenery paper weight for father, the "work tie" for Uncle John, and a stick pin for Aunt Kate, besides the toy things for cousins that Hallie was carrying himself. They felt that the afternoon had been well spent, the grownup shopper and the little new one, even though they were just a bit tired on the way home. The tiredness kept growing, however, so that even while he sat at the dinner table Hallie's eyes drooped drowsily. He pulled himself stiffly up straight when Uncle John spoke to him.

"I saw your little friend, Elizabeth, downtown today. She was buying Christmas presents, but she wouldn't tell me a single thing that she had bought. She'll keep the Christmas secrets all right enough. I hope you'll be just as careful about it."

Hallie's eyes blazed wide with indignation and his voice rang out vibrant and sharp: "Course I will; I won't tell; I won't tell who that

necktie is for, or that paper weight or that stickpin!" Then his little hand sought mother's in sympathy. She took it and lifted the little lad down from his chair saying to father and Uncle John and Aunt Kate: "Hallie and I are tired, so if you'll excuse us, I think we'll go upstairs and rest."

—Emma M. Larson, Class of 1900. 797 Maryland Avenue, St. Paul.

A Change of Heart

THE surprising news spread among Madeline Northrop's set that she intended giving no Christmas presents this year.

"No," she said decidedly, to her best friend, Margaret Hollis, "I have decided to stop the very foolish habit of spending twice as much money as I want to for things I really don't want at all; getting crushed to death buying impossible bargains that I regret as soon as I get home, and making Christmas a time of barter and trade. I am going to keep it in the way it should be kept by every modern and progressive girl. I shall either buy or make a few simple gifts for the children, which they will receive in a hunt that will be so much fun they will forget the simplicity of their presents."

Her friend's eyebrows might not have lifted so high if Madeline had only added that her father and mother were spending Christmas in California, but had sent her a twenty dollar bill to help her make Christmas merry for Kitty and the twins, and that when Helen Lansing had asked to see her new center piece she had the money firmly grasped in her hand, but when Helen had departed, the money was missing and that only when diligent search failed to bring it to light had she decided that the "presentless



"Perhaps it's foolish to hang up my stocking, but— who knows?—Santa Claus may be along to fill it. If he does give me anything, I hope it will be something useful—a bale of hay, for instance."—St. Nicholas.

Christmas" was the only modern and progressive holiday.

The afternoon before the eventful day Madeline sat in front of a grate fire in the library, composing the last rhyme that should give the receiver of the present some hint as to its hiding place. The set of doll's clothes for Kitty, the beautifully made, looked so small and cheap compared with the desk the child was confidently expecting that the verse she was writing simply would not rhyme.

Madeline consulted her fifth attempt to the flames and began her sixth. The gift was to be hidden in a drawer in the library, which held many old toys, ragged, torn and broken, to be sure, but still kept and cherished for "auld lang syne."

Where have gone years of childhood Have dropped their broken toys There a new gift awaits you in the library To be one of your future joys.

"Not very good," thought Madeline, as she laid down her pencil, "but it will have to do." She had just slipped the doll's wardrobe into the drawer when the door opened and she heard the maid say: "Yes, I think you will find her in the library."

"Madeline Northrop!" exclaimed Helen Lansing, breathless and excited. "What do you think? You know that floss you gave me last Monday? Well, I haven't had time to open it until this afternoon, and when I undid the parcel, the first thing to fall out was a twenty dollar bill. I came right up first thing to see if it were yours. Is it?"

Eight o'clock that evening found Madeline Northrop happily spending twice as much as she wanted to for things she really did not want; getting crushed to death buying impossible bargains that she would regret as soon as she reached home, and altogether doing her best to make Christmas a time of barter and trade, totally forgetful of her resolutions to keep that holiday in a modern and progressive manner.

A Ninth Grade, —Fannie Kilbourne, Central High School. 1106 Chestnut Avenue.

A Christmas Wolf Hunt

NEVER shall I forget the day before Christmas in 1903. We were living on a claim in North Dakota. The snow lay in great white drifts that few hours, as we were not at all fearful at being left for a few hours, as we were greatly taken up with our work for Christmas. We had heard some talk about coyotes being very numerous and one of our neighbors had had sheep killed and eaten, but we children had not thought anything more of it. I remembered afterward that papa had looked after the fastenings on the stable doors and windows, where our two cows and one little calf were kept. Some time after the folk had gone we heard noises as of dogs howling, but at first they were so distant we did not heed them. Gradually the howling drew nearer, and then we remarked on it and wished papa and mama were home again. We kept on with our work until my little sister started up and said, "Oh, look at the shaggy, nasty dog at the window," and sure enough, there stood an old gray coyote looking at us! I was sure from the sounds that he was not alone. I told my sisters not to be afraid, as they could not harm us if we stayed in the house, and we had coal and wood enough until papa and mama returned, but I thought of our pretty little calf and remembered that I had left the stable door without bolting it. I did not say anything and we went upstairs where we could see better. There were quite a number of the coyotes and they seemed to be attracted by the smell of blood, as papa had been doing some butchering before going away. They were nosing around and presently one of them commenced smelling around the barn. I had planned what I would do if they tried to get into the barn, so I went for papa's repeating rifle and waited; my heart beat and my knees were rather weak, but I was glad that papa had taught me how to handle and fire a gun, as I hoped to be able to scare the coyotes away until help came. Once I fired at one of them that was uncomfortably near the barn door. I missed him but scared him away, and then to make matters worse it began to grow dark. I thought I saw a group of them skulking around the barn door. I tried to aim straight, but I shook so that I was afraid I could not fire at all. Still when I did fire I heard a yelp and snarl. I could not see clearly, but it looked as if one moved slower than the rest. How long the minutes seemed! Presently we were overjoyed to see papa and mama coming. How safe we felt when we all sat down around the table, after everything was looked after and made safe. Of course we children hung up our stockings and awoke Christmas morning to find them full to overflowing. My overflow consisted of a large package and it bore this superscription: "To our brave little daughter with the compliments of Father and Mother." It contained the shaggy gray skin of the coyote I had shot the evening before.

—Eva Kleven, Eighth Grade. Northwood, N. D.

The End of Adam Elan

DON'T care if he was papa's old schoolmate and as rich as Croesus, whoever he may be— Adam Elan was an awful mean man; and he wore a horrid wig and a false mustache, too! As true as I live, he hadn't a single hair on the top of his head, and yet he pretended he was a young man! I'll tell you how I found it all out. You see, the schoolteacher came to our house to spend her Christmas vacation, and we always liked her first rate. She was always ready to go skating, coasting or riding with us.

Everything went all right until papa got a letter from England or some other outlandish place, saying that a bachelor friend, whom he had not seen since he was a boy in school, was coming to make us a visit and stay over Christmas. That ended all our fun. No more coasting, no more skating on the lake. Adam Elan said, "Children should be seen, and not heard," and more than once, by the way he acted, we thought he wouldn't mind if they were never even seen!

He had been at our house several weeks when we began to mistrust he wanted to marry our teacher. This was more than we could stand and we began to coax papa to send him away, bag and baggage; but papa only laughed and sent us all to bed. Then, besides, Adam Elan was forever telling us what good children we ought to be as it was so near Christmas and he was sure Santa Claus would bring us nothing if we weren't. Then, too, the night before Christmas there was an entertainment in the church for the benefit of the poor people, who really didn't have enough clothes to keep them warm. We, the Sunday school children, were to act the play, and it was awful cute, too, only Adam said I spoiled my part of it. I'll tell you just how it was. Mabel was a princess and she looked like a real one, too, dressed in white and gold, with pearls in her hair, and lilies in her hands, and all the folks could see was, "O-o-oh!" because she looked so sweet, it almost took their breath away. Joe was a prince and he acted his part fine, but he is on thin anyway that the boys call him spindle shanks, and to make him look real nice and plump John Brown filled his stockings with bran and a little dog, which belongs to the princess, knew there was something wrong and before Joe could stop him, he set his teeth

in Joe's silk hose and the bran went sifting over the floor, and the audience shouted as if they were wild. I had to sing a song right after that and the bran business made me a little nervous, and while Miss Perkins struck up the key note on the piano, the herald in the play blew a horn about ten degrees away from



Drawn by WESLEY PIERSON, A Ninth Grade, South High School.

at the same time, and when I started to sing I was away up on the horn note and red in the face as a lobster and no chance of getting any higher for I had gotten as far as I could, and so I had to start over again.

Christmas day we were all out on the lawn playing fox and goose when someone shouted, "Children, do be quiet!" We couldn't be quiet out there, so we asked the teacher to go up in the garret to play with us. There we played quite happily until Adam took it upon himself to come up and quiet us. When we heard him coming, the teacher stepped behind the door and we children scampered into a place of concealment. Adam tried to catch us but we ran wildly around the sides of the garret where the ceiling was low. He became angry and dashed after us and his hair caught on a nail in a rafter, and away it all came, leaving his head as round and smooth as a maulasses jug! We tried awful hard not to laugh and ran downstairs as fast as ever we could. The teacher gasped and followed us, leaving Adam to himself. The teacher did not marry him and he left soon after.

Edith Marie Gallagher, Montevideo, Minn. Ninth Grade.

The Old Musket's Story

YOU may think, as I am only an old match look that you will hear only of war in my story. You will be partly right, for war occupies first place. You may also suppose that you will hear nothing of Christmas gifts and Christmas dinners. There you will be wholly wrong, for I belonged to one of Washington's soldiers who, on one Christmas day, helped the great general capture Trenton, making it Washington's Christmas gift to his country—the most needed and acceptable presents. But to my story—

I belonged to a drummer boy in the continental army whose name was Richard Brownington, the men all called him Dick. He had no parents or relatives and the drum and I were his best friends, he said.

Dick, the drum and I had been at the battle of Bunker's Hill before Washington took command of the army, and we had also been with him at Princeton. Now, everyone knows the plans of the great commander, but no one knows the anxiety of the soldiers while marching toward Trenton that Christmas day. It seemed almost impossible that we could surprise the Hessians, for we all knew they were unusually strict and good soldiers. The question was—could we overcome the pickets before they alarmed the Hessian army?

The men of the continental army were almost starved. What a contrast to this Christmas! The many happy ones they had enjoyed in other years. There was many a sad and gloomy face in the ranks as they moved slowly and painfully on to Trenton, the city of their desires.

Dick, tired as hungry and tired as the rest, moved cheerfully about, heartening the men by his bright face and funny sayings. I was his only confidant and he loved me even better than he did his drum, with its bright red tassels. He had named me "Old Faithful" and the I was only a gun, I never once failed my dear young master. I never once missed fire and was as true and steady as a gun could be.

"Faithful," he whispered to me on that weary afternoon march, "don't you think the fifer needs that piece of ham and harritack in my knapsack more than I do? He's smaller than I am and he must be hungrier than I, for I had a piece yesterday myself, and he didn't."

So the lichter was given and Dick marched on again with a lighter heart as well as a lighter knapsack. "Just think, Faithful, dear, of all the good things we'll have to eat if we take Trenton," he murmured after a few moments. "But maybe we'd better not think of that, it'll just make us hungrier. There! I always forget you don't have to eat anything but powder and bullets. I wish I didn't. Never mind, there'll be more at Trenton."

At last the city was nearly reached. The pickets were safely silenced, and we were almost upon the main body before the alarm was given. Of the battle that night there is not much to be said, for little resistance was made, but Dick beat his drum as regularly as the clock thru it all. After the battle was over we were attracted by a weak shout which came from the little fifer to whom Dick had given his last piece of harritack. "Dicky!" he cried, "there's a horse back there the Hessians just left. It's full of grub! Come on now and eat."

When we reached the house we found the table so loaded with good things that, at the sight of it, Dick forgot even me and, in watching him eat, I wished, for the first time in my life, that something was needed besides powder and bullets to keep me alive. So it was that Dick had a real Christmas dinner after all.

Before the war was over, Dick gained renown for himself but that is another story. This was started for a Christmas tale and a Christmas tale it must end. Dick Brownington was my first and best loved master. I have had many owners since, both harsh and kind, but I have never loved one so well as I did the one with whom I helped Washington gain a Christmas gift for his country. Marjory McCusker, Little Falls, Minn. Seventh Grade.



THE ADVENTURES OF Joe and Dan

CHAPTER IV.

The boys found the strange dog quite willing for a frolic, and by chasing him around they soon had him barking at his loudest. Had there been a human being within a mile of them he must have heard the racket, but the experiment was a failure.

They heard two or three frightened deer crashing thru the forest, and a dozen squirrels in the trees around them chattered away in wonder and affright, but no man called out and neither did they hear the bark of another dog in answer.

"We will try to the north and south and west," said Joe, and he started off to blaze a fresh trail.

It was noon before he had finished with the four points of the compass. The dog had chased and caught another rabbit, and Dan had built another fire and roasted it.

"Well, we have failed all around," said Joe, as he returned from blazing the last trail, "but we must not give up. When we are rested we will start out in some certain direction, and as long as the sun shines we can keep it. We may have to walk for two or three days, but we are certain to come out at some settlement in the end. Plenty of boys have been lost in the woods and found their way out again."

"If it wasn't for the wolves, I wouldn't care so much," replied Dan, who was trying hard to be brave, and who did not feel so lonesome since the arrival of the dog.

"Before dark we will find a beech tree with low branches and climb it. We will have to roost on the limbs like wild turkeys, and we shall not get much sleep, but we shall be safe from the wolves."

It was an hour after dinner when they set off for the north. They felt that they might go this way as well as any other, as they had no idea of the direction of home. As a matter of fact, I may tell you that they were going right away from home.

In their anxiety to follow the bees to their nest they had traveled a far longer distance than they suspected. When they did not return at dark the father was very much worried, but as he did not know in which direction they had gone he did not set out to look for them.

Every hour all night long the parents hoped for the arrival of the boys, but when morning came and nothing had been heard from them, Mr. Wilkins said: "It is likely that the boys followed a bee far into the forest and have become lost. I have no idea which way they went, but I will go to the village and give the alarm and get three or four parties to

appropriate remarks on the prospects of the team, and Elta Lenart spoke briefly on "Afterwards."

Motley—Gladys Gillespie, Reporter. Thru the kindness of the firemen of Engine House No. 19 and the ready consent of Mr. Raper, principal, the pupils of the Motley now have a pond in the vacant lot back of the schoolhouse. They are all anticipating many good times skating the rest of the winter.

On Thursday afternoon, Dec. 14, the A room pupils had a candy sale, for the purpose of raising money to buy a memorial to give to the school which they are to leave in January.

Since the pupils of the school have received their library cards they have read 1,555 books. The number of books read in each room is as follows: A, 261; B, 468; C, 134; D, 130; E, 203; F, 64; G, 83; H, 110; I, 102.

Calhoun—Hylda Pellatt, Reporter. Wednesday afternoon, Nov. 29, the parents and friends of the children in Calhoun school were invited to visit the building and see a working program. Arithmetic, spelling, geography and reading were the popular numbers on the program, as well as the physical culture exercises, which were given both in the rooms and halls. Many people responded to the invitation, and the children were especially pleased to see so many fathers among those present.

Everett—Edna Stearns, Reporter. Everett school had a very fine Thanksgiving program. Mrs. Moulton sang two groups of songs and some of the present and former pupils rendered several instrumental selections. The pupils of the second floor were seated in the lower hall. The children of the first grades remained in their rooms. The collection for the pictures was very good, the entering room having first rank.

start out." In those days it frequently happened that children, and even men and women, were lost in the woods. In such cases the villagers and settlers dropped all work and turned out on a grand hunt. They took their dogs with them, and also took along dinner horns to blow and rifles and shotguns to be discharged.

As many of the men were at work, it took time to spread the news and get them together, and it was decided that they would not start out until the next day.

Said one of the men to Mr. Wilkins: "It is warm weather yet and your boys will not suffer. There may be wolves about, but the lads will know enough to climb trees. They will find roots and nuts and berries in the woods, and I have no doubt we shall come across them in a couple of days. Don't worry. They are not the first boys who have been lost and found again."

Bright and early next morning three different parties of ten men and boys each arrived at the cabin of Mr. Wilkins and set off in different directions.

It so happened that none of the parties went the right way to discover the boys, and after beating the forest for seven or eight miles around they returned at night tired out and no good news to communicate.

Next morning they set out again, and this time one of the parties took the right direction. Before 10 o'clock they came upon the trees which Joe had blazed in four different directions, and when they had followed them back to the hollow tree the leader said:

"It was here the boys passed the first night and you see they made a fire and cooked something. They went at it the right way to find their way out of the woods, but they were in too deep.

"They must have hung about this place for at least half a day, but they have gone on, and no one can say what direction they took. Here is a matter I don't understand. In the soft soil here you can see the prints of a dog's feet. Whose dog is it? How did he come to them? Let us blow the horns, fire off our guns and shout as loudly as we can. If they are within two or three miles of us they will hear the rumbling."

A great noise was made in the forest, but no answer was returned. The reason was that Joe and Dan had left

the place hours before and were then five or six miles away. They had set out hoping they were going toward home, but as a matter of fact they were going right away from it.

They continued to travel at a good pace until sundown. When the woods began to grow dark the dog caught a coon that was shifting his place from one tree to another, and they built a small fire and for supper had coon meat.

The dog got his fair share, and before it got too dark a tree with limbs growing very low was selected and the boys climbed up to be safe from the wolves. They tried to get the dog up with them, but he was so heavy that he had to be left behind. He curled himself up at the foot of the tree to sleep and to watch, and by the time the night came down and the woods were dark and lonely and almost without a sound.

(To Be Continued.)

News From the Minneapolis Schools

East High—Margaret Clark, Reporter. Thursday evening, Dec. 14, the Alumni association gave a "football dance" for the football boys and the students of the East High school, at University hall. The decorations were ropes of pale green and white and were most effective. The affair was a great success and very much enjoyed.

Friday evening, Dec. 2, the class of '05 1/2 gave an entertainment in the school auditorium, the object being to raise money for a class memorial, which will be left to the school upon the graduation of the class. This will be the first middle-year class to leave a memorial, as it is also the first to keep up a class organization.

Grant—Virginia Will, Reporter. The pupils of Grant school, accompanied by their teacher, Miss Stahley, visited the capitol Friday afternoon to see the Simons mural paintings which have been hung recently.

South High—Tillie Will, Reporter. A roller skating collition was given at Nicollet rink Friday evening, Dec. 8, by the South High Athletic association and fully 300 enjoyed the event. The committee on arrangements consisted of Benjamin Platt, Jay Elliott and Sol Fingelman.

Thursday, Dec. 14, the South High Debating team was selected. The judges, Carlson and Perkins of the 'U,' chose Misses Selover and Will and Mr. Groetttum as first team, with Edwin McKean as alternative. Besides the debate, the program was made attractive by several numbers by the High School orchestra. Miss Elta Groetttum of the class of '05 made a few