

Lessons today or whether I will graduate or not. The more I am asked about it, the more I wonder. They all promised me a present if I graduated and it makes me wonder all the more, for if I am not going to graduate, there are no presents for me. When I arise in the morning I study again all the lessons of the day, because if all the lessons are satisfactory I do not need to wonder if I am going to graduate. —Clarence Haberland, A Eighth Grade, 2916 Fourteenth Avenue S. Adams School.

THE PRECIOUS ATTIC.

What in the world does my brain look like? I often wonder what makes us think. Sometimes I try to stop thinking, but on the contrary I think all the more. What makes it stay on top? Why does it not fall down? I am sure I do not know. When we turn around why does not the brain tangle all up? And of all the tricks it plays, too. Many times I think, "Now I have my lesson and will recite brilliantly for once in my life." I am called on and stand, but to my dismay everything has left me. I blunder until finally the only thing that comes to me is, "I knew it once but I forgot it." The girls and boys seem amused, but the teacher does not. She goes to her desk, takes out her book and records the fatal mark. What kind of a place is there up in my head where I store things? Is it a box or is it a little storeroom which opens its door when I want it? If not, why does it not all run out and get mixed with other thoughts? —Lenore Hooper, A Seventh Grade, 3020 Aldrich Avenue S. Calhoun School.

A LONG LIST.

One minute ago I was wondering what I should write about. You remember that the Journal awhile ago printed a piece about a certain man finding the northwest passage. I wonder how he is getting along and what he is doing. I wish I could be with him! I wonder what he is doing. He must be having all kinds of fun. Perhaps he is hunting seals or polar bears. Perhaps he is having a hard time to avoid the icebergs if he is on the sea. I wonder what he received for Christmas. I do not believe it was very much, but I hope he did not forget it. I wonder if my guesses are anywhere near true. —Barton King, B Sixth Grade, 3240 Elliott Avenue S. Horace Mann School.

MOST THE WHOLE UNIVERSE.

Of all the great things about which I wonder, I think most about the formation of the earth, its turning on its axis, the different seasons, of how the rain and snow form, of how clouds are made, of the sun, moon and stars and of all the other worlds and of the people living there, and most of the attraction of gravitation in the earth. I always believed these things about the earth until one day a friend came to visit me when I was reviewing all these for a test. "Do you really believe these things?" said my friend. "I suppose they are true," I replied. "But does it seem possible?" she said. "Don't you ever wonder about it?" I never had thought about it before, but her question set me wondering and I hope the time will come when these things will be straightened out in my head. —Vera Larson, A Sixth Grade, 3632 Bloomington Avenue. Horace Mann School.

A MUSICAL AMBITION.

Whenever I sit down by myself and begin to think, my thoughts always turn to the future. I think of how old I will be and what I will be when I am full grown. I wonder if it will be good or not, but most of all I wonder what I will do as work to earn my living. I like music very much and am going to try to make it my life work. First to go thru the conservatory and then go to Germany, which is my highest ambition. What I wonder about most is whether my work will be a success or not. —Frances M. Lidman, A Eighth Grade, 1013 Thirteenth Ave. S. Adams School.

THE SKY'S SPANGLES.

"I wonder if Ruth will come over tonight?" said I to myself as I sat by the window one moonlight night. But as I saw no one I thought I would count stars, for I have wondered how many stars there were in the sky since I was old enough to know what a star was. I began at once to count the stars, but to this day I do not know how many I counted, for I soon went to sleep and forgot what I wished most to remember. But the next thing I knew somebody rang the doorbell very loudly. "Goody, that's Ruth!" I cried, half asleep. "I thought you were not coming so I sat down to count stars." "Whee! you foolish girl!" cried Ruth. "The idea of trying to count the stars. I thought you had more sense." "I don't care what you say," I answered. "I am going to try it again some night." "If you don't succeed at first, try, try again, I suppose," said Ruth. "Yes, that's my motto," I replied. That evening passed and the next and the next and so on. But I am still wondering how many stars there are in the sky. —Alice Michie, A Sixth Grade, 3613 Ninth Avenue S. Horace Mann School.

A SKYLAND WONDER.

When I was a very small girl the queerest thing on earth, or rather most of the time in the skies, it seemed to me, was Santa Claus. Whenever our hired man chanced to go into the cellar a few days before Christmas, my brother and I were sure to put our ears down on the radiator to see if we could hear a jingle of bells, because we thought that Santa Claus was down there making toys. Every week before Christmas since I can remember I would dictate a letter and my father would write it and address it to the North Pole. There was never a happier child who put a letter in the letter box to Santa Claus than I was. Another thing I could not quite comprehend was how Santa Claus could afford to buy so many presents and give them away. I remember particularly of Santa Claus holding up a doll to me and I wanted very much to take it home, but my mother said that if I waited till Christmas I would get one just like it, and sure enough I did, and I thought Santa was very generous. —Imogene Nelson, B Eighth Grade, 3342 Chicago Avenue. Horace Mann School.

SOMETHING NEW EVERY DAY.

One thing I wonder about very much is what my little brother will be when he is a grown man. He is only

4 years old, but can sing like a boy much older. He carries the tune and learns the words pretty well. But when we say, "I think L. is going to be a musician," he will laugh and say, "Oh, I am going to be a groceryman, and have all the candy I can eat." This is why I wonder about this very much. Another time he will want to be something else. This is not a great thing to bother one's head about, but still I do. —Ethel Nyberg, B Seventh Grade, 1513 E Thirty-fifth St. Horace Mann School.

ALMOST SETTLED.

Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
How I wonder what you are.

Ever since I first heard this little verse the greatest question I know has been, "What is a star?" Is it a huge ball of fire or red hot iron, or is it an earth like our own, made light to us by the reflection of the sun? I have passed more than one so-called "stars," huge rocks full of small holes. They are claimed to have fallen to the earth, but whether it is so or not I cannot say. After much thinking I have finally come to this conclusion: a star is an earth like our own, made light to us by the reflection of the sun. In our day time (which is their night) we are a star to them, because the sun is shining on us and the earth reflects the light. —George Osborn, A Seventh Grade, 3426 Elliot Avenue. Horace Mann School.

RUSHING THE PROPHECIES.

Just before Christmas a great many people were wondering what they would receive, but that did not bother me very much. The thing I am wondering about is, if

CRANBERRY BALL IN BEETLEBURG.



Extract from the Beetleburg Daily Hummer:
"The regular Christmas game of cranberry ball was attended by all the elite of Beetleburg. Conspicuous among the spectators on the grandstand were Mrs. and the Misses Miller, Miss de Locust, Madam von Ant, Lady Bug and daughters, Senor San Jose Seale, and many others. The game was exciting thruout, but it was marred by the mass plays that made it difficult to follow all the fine points. However, there were many interesting incidents and orce, when Half Back Tumblebug was thrown clear over the fence and into the next county, the enthusiasm was unbounded."

all the stories that were written on the topic, "Minneapolis in 1955" are going to come true. I should like very much to live that long to see if they do come true. But it is fifty long years. If they can possibly come true there will be more people than myself delighted. I shall do all that I can to make these stories come true. —Eva Olson, B Seventh Grade, 3128 Park Avenue. Horace Mann School.

A QUESTION IN HIGHNESS.

The thing I wonder about most is the tall courthouse and how many feet high it is, and if each figure of the clock is six feet tall. I wonder how tall the hands of the clock are. When a friend of mine told me that the figures of the clock were that tall I wondered how tall the hands were and I did not believe her at first. I told her I did not know that they were that long and I thought that they were only about two feet tall. She told me that they were made of wood for she had been up there and had seen them herself. —Bertha Paulick, B Sixth Grade, 1118 E Thirty-sixth St. Horace Mann School.

SURPRISED AFTER ALL.

"Oh, dear me! I wonder what Santa Claus intends to bring me this Christmas," I said to myself. I wondered if he would bring me a doll, a blackboard and a box of candy and a good many other things. I kept on wondering and wondering what Santa Claus would bring till finally, one day as I was hunting for my paints to make some Christmas cards, I came across a lovely doll and toys, too. I never told a person what I had seen, but I knew all the time I was going to have the presents I saw. Then I began to wonder and wonder all over again if I was going to receive anything different. To my surprise I did, for the presents I had seen were not for me but for my sister, and I was glad. —Ruby Peterson, A Seventh Grade, 3140 Park Avenue. Horace Mann School.

A CLASS UNBROKEN.

This topic makes me think of times when I sit idle. The first thing that comes to my mind is "Are all in my schoolroom going to graduate?" It is very hard for me to tell, and I have just been thinking how nice it would be if we could all graduate together, because it will be the last time we will all be together. Some of the pupils are going to the high school, others are not, so we will then be scattered. Ever since I started school, I have been wondering if all the pupils in my room would graduate at the same time. —Clitilde Paulson, A Eighth Grade, 1708 Eleventh Avenue S. Adams School.

HARD TO UNDERSTAND.

There are a great many things in the world to cause

wonder. But the thing I wonder about most is why I do not like to recite any lessons in school. Not because I do not know the lesson, but I do not like to recite at all. I study, but when teacher asks me, I do not know them. I wonder why it is. Everybody else recites and I do not. For that reason I am not in the grade I should be in at age. This coming year I am resolved to do better in school and go on, as I want to go to work and earn some money. —William Peebles, A Sixth Grade, 3020 Eleventh Avenue S. Horace Mann School.

A PROPHET NEEDED.

The thing I wonder about most is what will all my classmates turn out to be? There are boys in the class who are capable of filling the highest and most responsible offices. As for the girls, they, too, have great chances in the future. Some are yet very young to be ready for the high school. Some have great talent in speech and other things, but we can only guess at their future. I am sure, however, that we are all anxious to know what the future has in store for us, so I continue to wonder most about what the members of our class will be in the future. —Agnes Sather, A Eighth Grade, 809 Fourteenth Ave. S. Adams School.

BROTHER'S WORD.

While I was sitting in my room the other day I was wondering if the pond was frozen. I wanted to go skating if it was. I went downstairs and asked my brother if the pond was frozen. He said, "Yes," which I took for the truth. I was delighted and put on my cloak and hat and took my skates. I wondered all the time why the other children did not go. When I arrived there I did not see a soul. "I am too early," I said to myself. I put on my skates and stepped on the pond. The water was over my ankles! No wonder nobody went skating when the pond was not frozen. Now I do not mind my brother, for he is joking me most of the time. I am wondering most of all if the pond is frozen yet. —Margery Turner, B Sixth Grade, 3224 Oakland Avenue. Horace Mann School.

THINGS ELECTRIC.

I wonder most about how electricity is made and how that electric wire can run the electric cars, and how the lights can give such a bright light on so small a wire. I also think it is wonderful how those electric bugs know the difference between the gas and electric lights. I always heard that animals and insects have no reason, but it seems to me they know how to protect themselves from other animals and know their ways very well. Another electric thing that is wonderful is the X-rays with which the doctors examine people. —Gertrude Vith, B Sixth Grade, 3205 Columbus Avenue. Horace Mann School.

The Price of Radium.

Radium, discovered in 1898, was valued at \$5,000,000 a pound. Its estimated value has since been reduced to \$2,721,555.90 a pound, which is a very material reduction, but the price is still high. We read with interest that a Buffalo man, Stephen T. Lockwood, expects to engage in the manufacture, or extraction, of this interesting substance, and hopes to lower the price still further. His hopes, as recorded in the papers, are based on the possession of certain deposits of carnotite in Utah, from which he has been able to extract radium, and which he believes can be induced to give its radium up somewhat easier than the pitchblende from which the radium so far obtained has been extracted. We hope he will succeed. Radium is the most interesting substance out, and dear tho it is, a very little of it goes a great way, and lasts, apparently, forever. We want more of it, for, unlike liquid air, it seems really to be of use for something besides amusement and speculation.—Harper's Weekly.

An Ad and Its Answer.

WANTED—A companion. (Advertisement in a London paper.)
"A lady in delicate health wishes to meet with a useful companion. She must be domestic, musical, an early riser, amiable, of good appearance, and have some experience in nursing. A total abstainer preferred. Comfortable home. No salary."
A few days afterward the advertiser received by express a basket labeled: "This side up—with care—perishable." On opening it she found a tabby cat, with a letter tied to its tail. It ran thus:
"Madam—In response to your advertisement, I am happy to furnish you with a very useful companion which you will find exactly suited to your requirements. She is domestic, a good vocalist, an early riser, possesses an amiable disposition and is considered handsome. She has had a great experience as a nurse, having brought up a large family. I need scarcely add that she is a total abstainer. As salary is no object to her she will serve you faithfully in return for a comfortable home."—Youth's Companion.

HE DID IT.

"Goodness!" cried the head clerk, "does it take you four hours to carry a message a mile and return?"
"Why," said the new office boy, "you told me to see how long it would take me to go there and back, and I did it."

Street Vendor's Wit.

"Bootlaces, sir; penny a pair!"
"Can't you see that I'm wearing buttoned boots?"
"Yes, sir; that's why I thought, maybe, your laced ones were at home without laces."