

spoke it as loudly as she could, but she did not know any one was listening. When she had finished, her father and the rest of the family came out of the house and cheered her. She thought they were making fun of her at first, but her father said if she would speak it again he would give her fifty cents. She thought she was well paid for her eloquence that time.
—Alta Haugen,
401 Summer Street,
B Seventh Grade.
Albert Lea, Minn.

HELPED THE READERS.

Two years ago this fall, our teacher told us that an elocutionist was to speak in the opera house and she wanted us all to go and hear him. At first we wondered what an elocutionist was. We looked it up in the dictionary as we did not like to tell the teacher that we did not know. All our class went to hear him speak and we took note of every gesture that he made. Many of us, in reading, did not pronounce our words distinctly and read too low, but after we heard this elocutionist we began to read louder and pronounce our words clearer. The latter took us longer to learn to do, but by trying hard, we did learn to read better. We have had other elocutionists here, but none has seemed as good as the one we heard two years ago.
—Lydia Hylton,
Eighth Grade.
New Rockford, N. D.

A QUICK CHANGE.

I smiled as I watched young Donald Clair go whistling thru the gate with a light and buoyant step. The cause of his happiness was that his mother was expected that morning to be present at the commencement exercises of his class. She had been traveling for her health, and in the meanwhile Donald made his home with me and attended our high school. He had prepared his oration with the greatest care for he wished to prove to his mother that he had made the best of her absence. When Donald returned from the depot he had a very different appearance. His steps were lagging, his face was white and his lips trembled piteously. I knew at a glance what was the trouble and tried to console him with the remark that she would arrive on a later train. He went hopefully to the hall where the exercises were to be held, and I pitied him, as I saw him eagerly watching the door. When his name was called, his mother had not appeared, and he began his oration in a very different manner than I had expected. Suddenly the door opened. I did not glance around, but knew who had entered. Up went Donald's head, his eyes sparkled, his face wore a smile. In fact his whole attitude was changed. His oration was delivered in a manner that would make any mother proud of her son. Such was the effect of his mother's arrival, that at the end of the exercises he was declared to be the most brilliant and eloquent speaker of his class.
Tenth Grade.
—Ruby Keeler,
Buffalo, Minn.

EIGHTEEN AT A SHOT.

One autumn afternoon we were sitting around the stove telling stories and my uncle said that the ducks used to be so thick around there that he once killed eighteen at one shot. We said we thought he was "elongating" his story a little, but he said he could show us the pond on which he had shot the ducks. We took our guns and started for the pond and when we reached it, we found that it was literally covered with ducks. We crawled up close to them and fired and when I reached the middle of the pond, I discovered that we had killed twenty-eight ducks. Since that day I have never seen a duck on that pond. I now fully believe uncle's story.
Eighth Grade.
—Victor Kleven,
Northwood, N. D.

NOT AN OLD SEA DOG.

Elocution—that word brings to my mind the time an elocutionist came to our town to give lessons. He planned to give an entertainment after he had drilled his pupils. Everybody looked forward to the night and when it did come, the opera house was packed. We girls secured a front seat and considered ourselves lucky, for we could see everything going on near us. The curtain went up and we beheld a small girl steering an imaginary ship on a rough and stormy sea. "The lightning flashed and the thunder roared," when two little fellows dressed as sailors came on deck to help their mate. One climbed up beside her and then the smaller turned to the manager, who was standing near, and said in tones that could be heard thru the house, "Mr. S—, shall I get up on the box, too?" A roar of laughter followed, and when the tableau was over, we thought the people would never stop applauding.
Eighth Grade.
—Ethel Keye,
Argyle, Minn.

PEN AND PENCIL ROMANCE.

One day last term I was sitting in my seat at school when I accidentally overheard a conversation which was not intended for my ears. It was between the pen and pencil which lay on my desk. The pencil said, "Yes, we'll go as soon as school is dismissed." Then the pen said, "I think it would be better to wait until after dark." They argued for awhile about when they should go, but as my class was called just then I did not hear the rest of the conversation. The next morning, when I came to school, I looked in my pencil box for my pen. It was not there. I hunted thru every book in my desk, but I could not find either pen or pencil. I told the teacher and she said she would look for them. Suddenly I glanced toward the chalk-tray which ran around the room under the blackboard, and what was my surprise to see my pen and pencil lying side by side on it. I now made up my mind that the conversation I had heard the day before was nothing more than the planning of an elopement between them. After that I always put my writing materials where I would know just where to find them the next day when I came back to school.
Eighth Grade.
—Anna M. Langan,
Wykoff, Minn.

GREETINGS FOR EVERYONE.

When Russell was a year old, he was very big and bright, with blue eyes and short yellow curls. He was one of the dearest and smartest babies I have ever seen for his age. He could talk as plainly as a boy of 3 or 4 years; but there were two words which he could not say as well as the rest. He always said "Elo der!" for "Hello, there!" To everyone Russell met or saw he would scream as loudly as he could, "Elo der!" If no answer was made, he would scream all the louder. One cold winter day as Russell was looking out of the window, he saw a little girl not much older than himself with a lady. He began as usual to call, "Elo der!" but

the storm sash being on, he could not make the little girl hear, and began to cry as tho his heart would break. We tried to quiet him, but could not, for some time. Russell is now 3 years old and he still says "Elo der," to everyone except the little girl who did not look at him that winter day.
—Ellen Magnusson,
A Ninth Grade,
Cleveland High School.
688 Magnolia Street,
St. Paul, Minn.

ALMOST DID IT.

Very funny they said I looked, altho I don't believe it even now. It happened that there was to be a Christmas tree and I was to recite a verse which I thought very long, tho it contained only four lines. "You must speak it nicely," said mama. "You will speak it fine," said my brother, and so it went on. They all cheered me up. It was the day before Christmas and I was to speak that night. I took the paper and studied very hard. I recited it to mama and she said I had it very well. "Now, you won't forget it, will you?" she asked. "No, I'll not," I said. That evening we went early. When my name was called I ran up the steps and as I reached the top I fell to the bottom. That ended my attempt at elocution.
—Anna Manahan,
Sixth Grade.
Chatfield, Minn.

STOP! YOU'LL HURT THE BABY!



Old Lady—Hey, there! Stop where you are! Can't you see where you're falling?—Judge. Copyright 1906.

BEHIND LEAFY SCREENS.

Once I was going to give a recitation. I did not want any one to hear me practice it, so the only place I could go was out in the woods. I stood on a large stump and began. After I had spoken for some time I heard a noise and looking back, saw some girls watching me from behind some trees. I did not know who they were, but they said they had been watching me thru the whole performance. I was much provoked, tho it did me no good. I made up my mind that I would never go to the woods to practice again, if I never became an elocutionist.
Fifth Grade.
—Sadie Nord,
Enderlin, N. D.

A GOOD LITTLE GRIND.

"Are you going to the play tonight, May?" Hattie asked, on the way home from school. "No, I'm going to stay at home and learn that stanza we have," May answered. "I would not stay at home and miss that play for anything," said Hattie. "I can learn that stanza at school tomorrow." "If I knew I could learn it tomorrow, I would go, too," May said, "but I know I can't." "Good-bye, May," said Hattie, "you'll see if I don't know that stanza tomorrow." The next morning Hattie went to school early so she could study the stanza, which was to be recited the first thing in the morning. Ten minutes after the bell rang, the class was called. The teacher said, "George, you may say the stanza first." He replied that he did not know it. Next she called on Hattie, who seemed to be very anxious to recite it, but Hattie grew excited when she was called upon, for she had forgotten it. "May, you may try it," said the teacher. She stood up promptly and said it very eloquently. She received great praise from her teacher not only for her recitation but because she was the only one who had missed the play to learn her lesson.
B Seventh Grade.
—Lillie Oman,
Wayzata, Minn.

A CERTAIN LAST DAY.

We have had many "last days of school." One, I remember, began with elocution and ended with rain. We had made great preparations for a picnic at a lake. There were to be music and recitations, so some men had built a platform and brought the school organ to the grove. We had all prepared elaborate lunches and there was a great freezer of ice cream. The day began beautifully, with no hint of a dark ending. The music and elocution were the only successful parts of the program, for no sooner had we finished and begun to get the lunch ready than rain came pouring down. We ran for shelter, thinking that it was but a shower that would soon be over. But it rained steadily, so we decided that the best thing we could do would be to eat our lunch and go home. Sandwiches and ice cream went down with a good mix-

ture of rain water and the day which we had begun in such joyful spirit ended with spirits and everything else much dampened. All our guests agreed tho, that the first part of the program had been as nice as any one could have wished.
—Esther Oneil,
Sixth Grade
District Thirty-two.
Frazee Minn.

A CITY SOUND.

Mary had always lived in the country until one day she went to stay with her wealthy aunt who lived in the city. She had never been to a play or any kind of an entertainment and her aunt had often told her that when she came to live with her she would take her to all those things. She had been in the city two days and the third day she was left alone while her aunt went to a funeral. She wandered here and there when suddenly she heard a strange sound. First it would be very high and then way down low. She ran into the house, and upstairs, but still she heard it. It seemed to her as tho someone had gone crazy and was screaming. She locked herself in her room and stayed there until her aunt came home. Running out quickly she said, "Oh, aunt! Run to the neighbor's and see what is the trouble. I heard such dreadful sounds this afternoon. I believe one of the girls has gone crazy." Then her aunt said, "What kind of a noise was it?" "Oh, it was dreadful! She would call 'way up high and then 'way down low.'" "Come outside with me," said her aunt, "and we'll listen and see if we can hear it again." The same sound was heard again and her aunt laughed. "Mary," she said, "that is an elocutionist practicing her lesson."
Ninth Grade.
—Anna Riebel,
Delano, Minn.

NOT FOR ANYTHING.

At the country school that I attended once, the teacher wished the scholars to speak pieces on the last day. All were willing except one small boy, who said he would not give a recitation for anything. The teacher insisted, so at last he said he would learn one if he could. The teacher felt quite sure he would do it, but when the day came he was not at school. The teacher found this note on her desk in a soiled envelope:
"dere Teacher i thot that i was to scart to speke that pece so i went swimen. Yours very truely—M. O'F."
After the others had given their recitations, she told them that M. had been too frightened to speak, and had written an apology, which she would read for him. She then proceeded to do so. There was more fun in "M.'s piece," as we called it, than in anything else we had that day.
Eighth Grade,
District No. 32.
—Ruby Sansburn,
Burlington, Minn.

A NEW ACCENT.

On the morning of July 4th my friend and I set out for town early to see what was going on. While walking on the broad sidewalks there we met a young man whom we knew who said to us, "Elo!" We did not know what he meant and we wondered and wondered about it, but could not make any sense out of it. Down the street a little way we met my sister and said to her, "What does 'elo' mean?" "Oh," she said, "it means 'hello.'" We thought it a good joke and often say "Elo" instead of "Hello."
Seventh Grade,
Lakeside School. Box 32, R. R. No. 2.
—Ruth Sandberg,
Elk River, Minn.

HER FULL HEIGHT.

Once mama gave me a doll for Christmas. I played with her every day. One day I was at May's house and she had one like mine only longer. She told me that if I would pull my doll's legs she would become longer. When I went home what did I do but pull the doll's legs. I pulled and pulled until, rip! went the foot, and the sawdust came out fast. Mama came in just then, and I'll not say what happened. But the next day when I went to see May my doll was not any longer. She asked me why, but I would not tell her, and I never tried to elongate my doll in that way again.
Seventh Grade.
—Emma Thundale,
Harmony, Minn.

WOULD-BE FISHERMEN.

The father of James and Alex was an old fisherman living on the shore of the Pacific ocean. The boys' mother had always wanted them to become lawyers, but the boys chose the fisherman's life. One night after their parents had gone to sleep, the two boys arose and went down to the ocean, jumped in their father's boat and sailed for a small bay where their father had caught many elops the day before. In the morning their parents were greatly excited to find that the boys were not at home and ran down to the seashore to see if they were there. They reached the shore just in time to save their sons from drowning. The boat had struck a rock with such force that it threw the two boys overboard. After they had gone to the house and put on dry clothes their mother asked them why they had run away. "Oh, we didn't 'elope,'" said Alex, "we just when out to catch elops."
Ninth Grade.
—Pearl Wheeler,
Hawley, Minn.

A PRAIRIE TOWN.

"Elo-ra!" called the conductor and I gathered up my bundles and left the train. No sooner had I touched the ground than the train puffed off again and I found myself standing on a gravel platform, in a city that boasted two elevators and a dilapidated building that had once been a store. The wheat fields came up to the railroad track and the elevators stood an oasis in a waving desert of wheat. I soon discovered a road overgrown with weeds, and down it rattled a farm wagon that took me to the farm where I was to spend my summer vacation.
Eighth Grade,
Central School.
—Harlan Upham,
Grafton, N. D.

A CHANGE IN THE GAME.

Once I went out in the country to visit my cousin Myrtle. We played games and had all sorts of amusements and then when we ate our lunch one little girl said, "Let's give some words and have the others tell the meaning," and so they all decided to play that game. After awhile they tired of the game and then I said, "I will give you three letters of a word and those will be 'e-l-o.'" Now, you will have to find out the rest for yourselves." After a while one little girl said, "Elocution. It means a good speaker."
Fifth Grade.
—Ella Johnson,
Carver, Minn.