

to know her, for she hugged her and called her "mamma."
The lady then told them she was the mother of the child and had been hunting for her the whole week. She thanked them again and again for their kindness and invited them to see her.
JULIA MANNING,
6605 Bonsello avenue, St. Michael's school, grade 8, age 13.

A little cry of amazement came from Mary's lips at what she saw in the bundle. It was a baby. It had rosy cheeks and bright blue eyes. "A baby," was all Mary could say.
"I wonder what I can do with it?" she finally asked herself. But pretty soon she came to the conclusion that it would be best to take it home and let her mother decide, as she couldn't. She knelt down in the snow and carefully lifted the baby in her arms. It was a heavy load for Mary, but she trudged bravely on through the snow. When she reached home she found Jack sweeping the snow off the walk. "What have you in that bundle, Mary?" asked Jack. "Something awful nice," said Mary, mysteriously.
"Please tell," begged Jack.
"Come into the house and I'll show it to you." Jack dropped his broom and followed Mary into the house.
"Let me show you something nice," said Mary to her mother, as she laid the bundle on the bed and proceeded to open it. And in a brief and excited manner Mary related her adventure. "Make it as comfortable as you can, Mary," said her mother, "and I will send Jack down town and let him put an advertisement in the paper."
Three days passed and yet no one called to claim the baby. Mary and Jessie finally began to think that they were going to have the baby for their little sister, but on the fourth day a lady called. She said that the baby did not belong to her, but she would willingly care for it as she had no one to care for. Mary's mother consented and the lady promised Mary that she would name the baby after her.
FRANK TOM HOWELL,
Boyd Street school, grade 5.

There she saw the prettiest Mexican hairless dog Mary had ever seen. As the dog was shivering with the cold Mary wrapped it up again and started for home with her find. When she turned into Lincoln street she almost bumped into her teacher. "Good morning, Mary," said the teacher. "What have you there?" Then Mary told her how she had found it and what it was, and said she was going to take it home. "If you go home now, Mary, you will be late for school, so you had better take the dog with you and we will ask the janitor to care for it until school lets out." At school Mary's thoughts were constantly on the dog and at recess she went down to the furnace room, where she found that the dog had made friends with the janitor's kitten. After school Mary took doggie home and explained the manner in which she had found it.
"This is a valuable dog," said Mary's father, "and must have fallen out of the handsome cutter you saw passing." Mary wanted very much to keep the little dog until her father read the following notice in the evening paper:
"Lost out of cutter, between the school house and the Old People's home, a small Mexican dog; pet of a little crippled boy. Return to Hotel Chesterfield and receive reward."
The next morning Jack carried the dog to the hotel and received \$10. Then Jack bought a fine young German mastiff dog from a friend in the city, for which he paid \$5, and Mary was delighted with it. The other \$5 Mary put into her bank to save and she never forgot the day when she tried to find an excuse for not going to school.
MAUDE EDWARDS,
3027 West Tenth street; 5th grade Hobart school. Age 12.

Mary unrolled the bundle and found the dearest little fluffy white puppy. She gave an exclamation of joy as she beheld the little creature. As she was admiring it the man and lady of the cutter came back in search of the puppy and found Mary in raptures over it. The lady told her she might have it for a Christmas present. Mary thanked her for it, and hugging her treasure in her arms, she hastened home to tell her mother and father of the good news.
When she arrived home her father was very vexed at her absence from school and also for her unladylike behavior in catching onto bobsleds, but her mother told her that she might keep the puppy if she would promise to do better in the future, which she gladly promised to do.
Papa told Mary to bring it in by the fire and get it some milk, as the little fellow was very hungry. The puppy drank the milk with much relish and then went and curled up on the mat and went to sleep. When school was out Jessie came home much disturbed at Mary's absence from school. When she found the little treasure Mary had brought home she was so pleased with it that she forgave Mary the anxiety she had caused her and that evening Mary and Jessie went to bed happy over the possession of their new pet.
CONSTANCE FAUST,
217 Hooper avenue, Los Angeles, Cal. Grade B5, Twentieth street school. Age 12 years.

He Was Generous

Master Walter, aged five, had eaten the soft portions of his toast at breakfast and piled the crusts on his plate. "When I was a little boy," remarked his father, "I always ate the crusts of my toast."
"Did you like them?" asked the little fellow, cheerfully.
"Yes," replied the parent.
"You may have these," replied Master Walter, pushing his plate across the table.
—The January Delineator.

Playing at Hide and Go Seek



I love to play hide-and-go-seek,
And be the one to blind.
It matters not where'er they hide,
I'm sure each one to find.
I always count to one hundred,
To give them time to hide.
I count it up by fives, you know,
Before a 'boy is spied.
Then all around the barn I go
And look in every stall.

And all around the corn crib, too—
I'm sure to find them all.

And when I think they all are hid
I pitch my voice so high,
And call out to these hiding ones:
"All not ready holler 'I'!"
It's fun to hear a chorus shout.
When they can't find a place;
Then back I go and count again,
And always hide my face.
Then all around the barn I go
And look in every stall,
And all around the corn crib, too;
I'm sure to find them all.

I look on top the carriage house,
Behind the stacks of hay,
And search each shed and chicken coop
In a very quiet way.
I go into the orchard next,
And look behind the trees,
And up among the branches, too.
Amidst the thick green leaves,
Then all around the barn I go,
And look in every stall,
And all around the corn crib, too;
I'm sure to find them all.

And when I spy those boys and girls,
Oh, how they scamper back!
Fast across the yard they go,
Like horses on a track.
And when I, having gone around,
Have fallen someone to see,
You'll see him slyly land on base
With a piercing shout, "IN FREE!"
Then all around the barn I go,
And look in every stall,
And all around the corn crib, too;
I'm sure to find them all.

Sometimes they'd change their hats, you know,
So I would name them wrong;
But soon I learned their little game—
It didn't take me long.
So now I wait until I see
More boys than just a pate.
"That's Robert's hat on Johnnie's head,"
Is what I ejaculate.
Then all around the barn I go,
And look in every stall,
And all around the corn crib, too;
I'm sure to find them all.

And after I have found them all,
And gathered them on base,
The trouble then arises,
Who next shall take my place.
We have a rule to follow:
The first one caught is "it."
And then the question's up to me,
On whom my eyes first lit.
Then all around the barn I go,
And look in every stall,
And all around the corn crib, too;
I'm sure to find them all.

—ROSE M. PENT.

Barnard Girl Earns Way

Graduate Relates Experiences at Making Fudge Pinoche, Tutoring and Writing as Means of Earning Expense Money at College—Reading Aloud to Blind Girl Is Remunerative Occupation

"NO one who has not gone to a girls' college knows how the girls scrimp and save to get enough money to earn their way through," said the Barnard graduate to the girl who hoped to be a freshman.
"This year there were 100 more girls registered at Barnard college than there had been any previous year. The secretary tells me that this is due largely to the financial depression. There were hundreds of families all over the country who could not afford to send their daughters away from home to college this year, and instead, sent them out to work. Since the New York girl can live at home she escapes the heavy expenses of dormitory life, which an out-of-town girl finds such a burden. Many a mother smoothed over the wornout seams of her last year's suits and cut off rations on her own luncheon to send her daughter to Barnard college. With these small economies it is soon possible to save up the \$150 which is all that is necessary to pay the year's tuition.
"When I told my father five years ago that I was going to college he laughed at me. He wanted me to be a stenographer. He said he could not afford to pay for any such 'high falutin notions.' I said I was going to college anyway, even if I had to scrub floors to get the money to go there. I passed my entrance examinations and then I looked around for a job for the summer. I was rather fresh at the time, and I went around offering myself as secretary to Mr. Andrew Carnegie and to Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan. It was a strange thing that they were always out when I called. Finally I compromised by taking a job as nurse to two little boys during the day and as an assistant librarian in the evening. By the end of the summer I had earned \$54. I put this money in the bank for a rainy day.
"I was lucky enough to have won a scholarship for my freshman year. You must have high marks and all sorts of moral, mental and physical requirements if you ever want to get one. If you have a scholarship you are always afraid that you are going to lose it. A few years ago one of the brightest girls in Barnard lost hers because she locked up a rival class president in an empty house. The most famous case of a girl losing a scholarship is that of the Barnard student who persisted in taking off two years from her real age at odd times. When she was questioned 'How old is Ann?' she demurely answered, 'Two years younger

than I said I was yesterday.' As the college authorities did not fully understand her mathematics they dismissed her.

"In my freshman year I was green as to the hundred and one ways of making money at college when you find you are broke and cannot pay your class dues. The best method I discovered in my verdant youth of earning money was to make fudge and sell it in the college exchange. The exchange is an altruistic institution which sells everything from place cards to crocheted neckties, from fudge to peppermint drops, and from thumb tacks to the famous No. 6 paper, without charging a cent commission. I soon found out that I could sell fudge that cost me, or rather my mother, who usually footed the bills, exactly 20 cents for the enormous sum of \$1.20. With a lot of advertising of my particular brand of pinoche I earned from \$4 to \$5 a week. I found this small sum enough to pay my expenses while I lived at home, but in my sophomore year my family moved out to Colorado.

"Much against my father's wishes I stayed at Barnard and decided to earn enough money to pay my board. The summer I spent in a fresh air home, where I was paid \$25 a month. I decided to tutor in the winter in addition to my other work. I put an advertisement in a newspaper and the next day a young fellow applied who said he was a Columbia student. Those were the days when Columbia football was rampant, and this young man had spent so much time in trying to get on the team that he had neglected his Latin prose. I tutored him an hour each day and after he got through with the Latin I had to begin on his ethics.

"In my junior year I carried on a variety of employments. My family in Colorado was very hard up, and whenever I had a spare penny I sent it home as a present to my mother. There was a blind girl who came to Barnard that year, and I earned a bit of money reading aloud to her. One of the girls at college had me address envelopes for some of her pet philanthropic schemes. I used to mend the stockings of all the girls on my floor in the dormitory, and as the laundry was an unusually destructive one I had no difficulty in scraping together many a spare penny in this way. I shampooed heads regularly, but I did not find that this paid very well, as the girls did not tip me and I could only charge a nominal fee.

"In my senior year I got a position as teacher in one of the night schools of New York. I did not find the work very hard, and I found the pay very good. I also helped in proctoring at civil service examinations, for which I received \$5 a day for doing nothing. As my work at college was very heavy during this year I had much difficulty in getting all these outside things done. Since my funds were still low I did some newspaper work toward the end of the winter."

Needed a Bonnet

When Harry's little sister came, the nurse brought him in from play to see her. He looked at her with a frown and then said: "She got awful sunburnt coming down from heaven; she is so red."—The January Delineator.

A NATURE FAKE EXPOSED

Elephant Shows No Fear of Mice and Explodes Theory of Naturalists

There was once a rumor going the rounds that the genus elephant fears the genus mouse. Luna, the Bronx park pachyderm, if asked the truth of this, probably would reply she feels nothing but a strong ticklish sensation when the word "mouse" is mentioned in her hearing.

All was quiet in the Bronx zoo elephant house Wednesday and Luna, formerly known as Alice, was drowsing against the wall of her abode. Now and then she grunted uneasily. Possibly she was dreaming of that time a few weeks ago when she made her mad rush into the reptile house, causing excitement among the spectators and annoyance among the serpents, whose repose was disturbed when Luna smashed their glass prisons with her mighty trunk. The elephantine heroine of this episode awakened when something began to tickle her foot. She awoke and looked angrily at the cause of the disturbance.

She saw a creature so small as to be almost invisible. It was a mouse and the first Luna had ever seen, her keepers say. The rodent was scampering merrily around the pachyderm's weighty foot. Now and then it would stop and nibble furiously at Luna's toes. It was this that had awakened her, and it was this that now made her back discreetly to the rear of her cage. At her first movement the mouse raced to the side of the cage, where it paused, looking cautiously around. Luna's keeper stood watching the proceedings from the gangway back of the inclosure.

The elephant, the keeper says, stood trembling at the rear of her home, her little red eyes still fastened on the small, gray tuft of fur against the further wall. The mouse made the next move. It advanced to the middle of the cage, where it paused again. Then it ran to the elephant and started to romp about the forelegs.

Then Luna decided to stop the antics of the mouse. She cautiously brought her forelegs together. As the mouse jumped upon her toes she managed to press one of her huge feet on the little animal's tail. There was much squeaking and struggling at the base of that elephant's foot as the mouse battled vainly to escape. Luna was perfectly calm, and, her keeper said, she evidently seemed oblivious of the reputed dread an elephant has for a mouse.

With her trunk she gingerly picked up the struggling mouse by the tail and held it aloft where she could examine it more carefully. Then she trumpeted loudly, at the same moment hurling her captive away from her. The mouse struck the wall with a thud and fell to the floor of the cage. Evidently it was not hurt much, for it raced away in fright and disappeared between two boards. Luna leaned against the wall and went to sleep again.—New York Press.

SCENE IN A VOLCANO

(Continued from Page Five)

the ground was quite warm under foot and very soft in some places. We moved quickly to the edge of the third crater and here our descent was ended—the sides of this last crater were perpendicular and the bottom was boiling, bubbling and steaming. There were a great number of small explosions—sometimes one a little greater than the others would throw boiling lava a hundred feet up into the air. We stood there some time, fascinated by the grandeur of the scene. But we could not stay long as we might have wished to because our lives were at too great a risk, so we turned and started back. The way we had come was too steep to even think of going up, so we had to start and make a long detour. On the way we passed a pool of fluid which was as green as an emerald, and one of our party, getting over-curious, stuck his finger into it, but hurriedly took it out again. His finger was badly burned, for the pool was of some kind of volcanic acid. Going back there were times when we had great difficulty in breathing, for the wind had died down and the gases did not rise from the crater as well as they had before. There are days and days when it is impossible to go into the crater on account of the gases. The wind has to be in a certain direction so as to drive them out. There are also days when the volcano is so active that it throws its lava over the edge of the outside crater.

As we returned we did not laugh and talk as much as we had while making the first part of the trip. The mystery of the place was occupying the greater part of our thoughts and the rest were all devoted to our aching bones.

By permission of Robert James Farnsworth, Leavenworth, Kas.

DUTY

BY ALICE VAN LEER CARRICK
It's better to like your milk and bread,
It's better to want to go to bed,
For if you sigh
And sob and cry,
What foolish, useless tears you shed.
Suppose the rain came every day,
What would the little flowers say?
They could never grow
If the sun, you know,
Didn't come out some time to play.
Just try to like the things you should,
It's ever so easy to be good
When you want to be.
Sometimes you might see
How w-o-u-l-d spells could.
—Youth's Companion.