

The Man in the Moon Comes to Visit Our Heroines

(First Prize)

"NOW THAT'S what I call good porridge. What's that black thing there?" asked he.

"That's the gas stove," said Jessie.

"We cook our meals on it and it heats the room."

"Well, well, now isn't that handy?"

"I will turn on the electric light so that you can see better," said Jessie.

"Well, well, now isn't that handy?"

"My people of the moon don't have stoves. They do all their cooking on moonstones, and we don't need such little lights as you have here, for it is never dark in the moon. If you will come with me to the moon I will give you some moonstones. Why, what is that thing there?"

"Oh, that's just the telephone. We talk to our friends at great distances over it," said Jessie.

"Well, well, now isn't that handy?" said he. "My people don't need telephones. We just talk through our hats and the message goes right where one wants it to. Come, step into the moon and I'll show you around. "Now," said the little man, "you sit down here on this green cheese chair and watch the moon go round."

Jessie saw great mountains of moonstones and lakes of cream, thousands of butterflies making butter and little moon men building houses with brick cheese.

The little man returned with a large piece of cheese cake, which he gave to Jessie and said: "Now I will see you home, for I am very busy. I must see the moon men hang out more stars, and we have the clouds to shine, the thunder to roll, and, besides, we must skim the cream off the milky way, and it takes all of us to handle the dipper."

He helped Jessie out, cut the string, closed the green cheese door and disappeared behind a cloud.

MAUDE EDWARDS.
Fifth grade, Hobart school, 302 West Tenth street.

(Honorable Mention)

HE ATE all the porridge, and then asked Jessie if there was any more to eat.

"Yes, I have some pickles and bread and cake," said Jessie.

"Let me have them," said the man in the moon.

He took the food from Jessie and began eating it as if he were in a hurry. When he was through he smacked his lips and got up from the box on which he had been sitting.

"Have you ever seen an electric light?" asked Jessie.

"What is that thing?" asked the man.

"I will show you," said Jessie, as she proceeded to turn on the light.

"Well, well," said the man; "I guess I'll have one of those things put in my house."

"Here is the gas stove," said Jessie, pointing to the kitchen gas stove.

"What do you do with that?" asked the man.

"It's to cook on," replied Jessie.

"What other funny things have you around here?" asked the man.

"I'll show you the doorbell," said Mary.

So they started to go to the front door. While they were going through one of the rooms the man in the moon happened to look through a window and see a telephone pole.

"What kind of a tree is that?" asked the man with a puzzled look.

"That is a telephone pole," said Jessie, at last. "They string wires on them."

"What do they do that for?" asked the man.

"The wires have electricity in them, and if anybody should touch them they would get a shock."

Jessie looked out of the window for some time after the man had gone away, and then went to bed.

RAYMOND S. SMITH.
1100 Cypress avenue, Loreto street school, B7.

As he was so very greedy he burnt his mouth and hands. Jessie put a spoon beside the bowl, but he ignored it and went on eating with his hands.

Jessie turned away in disgust. "It is a great wonder that he does not burn his mouth and hands to cinders, he is so greedy," she muttered. Then, thinking of a good scheme, she turned to the man in the moon.

"Would you like me to fry some of that mush?" she asked.

"Yes; oh, yes," replied the man in the moon.

"All right," replied Jessie.

She lit the gas range and turned around to see the "moon man" gazing at her in astonishment.

"What kind of a stove is that?" he asked.

"That is a gas cooking range," answered Jessie.

Then Jessie put the mush on to fry, and when it was done put it on a plate, and all this while Jessie could see through the man of the moon, for he was as transparent as glass.

As soon as he had seen the telephone he departed through the window.

FLORENCE BRADY.
Castelar Street school, A6 grade. Age 9 years. 518 Solano avenue.

"Um! um! My, but this is good," he said, but the words were no more out of his mouth than he sprang up with a cry of pain and the bowl of porridge fell to the floor with a crash. "Ow! wow! My, but it's cold; it's so cold that it nearly burnt my mouth off."

"Burnt your mouth off? How could

Beginning of Story Completed by Juniors

"The man in the moon came down too soon. And asked the way to Norwich. He went by the south and burned his mouth with eating cold plum porridge."

"WHY, isn't that queer?" said Mary, putting down her other Goose. "Because we live in Norwich, and maybe the man in the moon was looking for us when he came down."

"Oh, you silly," laughed Jessie, "how can you say such silly things; don't you know there isn't really a man in the moon?"

Mary kept repeating the lines all the rest of the evening, until Jessie declared that she would dream of that man in the moon, surely, and his cold porridge. "For my part, I never did like cold porridge, and he must have been very greedy indeed to eat it and burn himself that way."

When the girls went to bed the moon was shining brightly and they decided to leave the window curtain up so that they could have a glimpse of the moon's smiling face as long as they were awake.

Mary had gone to sleep the first thing, still saying drowsily to herself, "The man in the moon came down too soon, and asked the way to Norwich."

Jessie spoke to her once or twice, but when she decided that

it burn your mouth off if it is cold?" said Jessie, a puzzled expression coming over her face. "Oh, I forgot," said the Man in the Moon, "you earth beings are different from me. You see it is always hot in the moon and if I eat anything too cold it burns me. Now do you understand?" Mary said, "Yes."

"Very well," said the Man in the Moon, "haven't you any way to heat it?" "Why, yes," said Jessie, "I'll take it to the stove," and she proceeded to pick up the remains of the porridge.

This done, she lit the gas stove and placed the porridge upon it.

"Hum," said the Man in the Moon, "that's a funny thing." Everything became dark all of a sudden. "I'll bet that moon is playing a trick on me." Rushing to the window he saw the moon darting in and out among the clouds.

"Good by, little girl; see you later."

FRANK TOM HOWELL,
526 Maple avenue, Boyd Street school, grade A5.

Jessie then led the little man from the moon out of the pantry and into the hall, where he stopped to examine the phone.

"What is this?" he inquired.

"It is a telephone," said Jessie.

"What is it for?" he asked.

"To talk through."

"Well, that's strange," said the little moon man. "We have nothing like that in the moon. We don't need any, for we live in the beautiful big flowers."

"Why, how can that be?" asked Jessie.

"Well, it's this way. The people are all smaller than children and the flowers are large and strong."

"How do you cook, if you have no gas stove or houses?" insisted Jessie.

"Why, we don't cook. We have all kinds of fine fruits and things to eat, so we don't have to cook," answered the little man.

"How nice! No cooking or dish washing."

"Wouldn't you like to go back to the moon with me and see the queen and all her little people, and the way they live? I will bring you back before day."

"Oh, yes; certainly I would," said Jessie.

They made a trip to the moon and saw many beautiful things, and Jessie ate some of the strange fruits, which she liked very much.

Then when the man from the moon brought her back she told him goodbye, and Mary must have heard her, for she asked who she was talking to.

EDITH ROPER.
Orangethorpe school, grade 8; age 13. R. F. D. No. 2, box 24, Anaheim.

When Jessie came with the spoon she found that he had eaten the porridge up. And Jessie did not say anything, but she thought it very curious to eat porridge without a spoon.

The little man told Jessie that he wanted to look around at Norwich before going back to the moon. While Jessie was taking him into the parlor, he saw something curious hanging from the wall and asked Jessie what it was. Jessie told him it was a telephone.

Jessie showed him all around the house, and then came back to the kitchen again, and the little man saw

Mary was asleep she turned over to go to sleep herself. Just then, however, she noticed that the man in the moon was opening his mouth. Imagine her astonishment in a moment when he spoke to her, and what he really said was this: "Well, little girl, can you tell me the way to Norwich?"

Jessie was so amazed she could hardly reply, but she finally managed to say: "Why, yes, sir, this is Norwich; Mary and I live in Norwich with our papa."

"Well, then, I think I shall stop and make you a little visit," said the man in the moon. "Just wait until I tie a string to this moon so it doesn't get away."

The next thing Jessie knew, in through the window came a round, bright little man with a very beaming face and a happy smile. "Now, I don't know what earth folk do when they have visitors, but in the moon the first thing we do is to offer our guests something to eat."

Surely here was a strange proceeding, but remembering that she had left her porridge untasted that morning Jessie ran down stairs and the man in the moon followed her out to the pantry, where he eagerly seized the bowl of porridge and commenced eating it without waiting for a spoon.

a big range and, of course, asked Jessie what it was. Then Jessie got tired of him asking questions and said, "What do you want to know for? It will never do you any good to know."

LAURA SLOCOMB.
337 North Main street, age 11, grade A6, California street school.

Jessie watched the queer visitor with much interest, and then asked:

"What do they do next in the moon?"

"After refreshments," he answered, "After refreshments," he answered, "we just sit and chat."

"Very well," said Jessie, and soon the two were talking as sociably as if they had known each other for years.

"It seems so queer," said Jessie, "I laughed at Mary yesterday afternoon, and told her there was no man in the moon."

There was a long silence, and then the guest spied something he had never seen before on the wall.

"What is it?" he asked.

"That?" she asked, pointing toward the object.

"Yes."

"Why, that's the telephone," began Jessie, "Haven't you ever seen one before?"

"I haven't see any of these modern inventions, and I wouldn't mind if you would show me some of them."

"All right," said Jessie, rising from her chair. She took him through the house. He then spied the electric light, and was very surprised when Jessie turned it out and left him in the dark.

Then he saw the gas stove, and was very astonished when she told him that their cooking was done there.

The moon looked like a shining circle, but the center was dark, like the sky. The stars twinkled merrily to Jessie as she passed an open window, and the cool night breeze blew in.

She accompanied her guest to the door, where he said:

"Jessie, I have had a good time, and now will ask you to come up to the moon with me. It's awful nice up there, and I'm sure you'll like it."

EDITH HIGGINS,
1245 Locust avenue, Long Beach; grade A6; age 12 years.

When Jessie came in from the kitchen with a spoon she found that the little man had eaten the porridge all up without a spoon.

The little man said that while he was down he would like to see about the house, for he might never get to Norwich again.

So Jessie was going to take him to the parlor, but as they were going through the hall the little man noticed something hanging on the wall. He asked Jessie what it was, and Jessie told him it was a telephone.

She told him that if anyone wanted to talk to some one far away they would not have to go and see them; all they would have to do was to call for their number, and then they would be talking to the one they wanted.

They went on and on till they came back to the kitchen again. The little man saw the gas stove. Jessie told him that it was to cook on. Then he wanted to know how they made a fire in it. She told him that they lit it with a match.

LOTTIE MAY NEWMAN.
139½ North Spring street. Age 10, grade A5, California street school.

(Honorable Mention)

AFTER the Man in the Moon had finished eating the porridge he jumped up and down, calling out to Jessie that his mouth burned. He asked Jessie if she wouldn't please get him something hot. She said that she would look for something and asked him if some tabasco sauce would be all right. "I have never seen any, so I don't know what it is; but bring it along, anyway."

Jessie went and got the tabasco sauce for him. The Man in the Moon poured out about half of the tabasco sauce that was in the bottle. He drank that and said that he felt much better. Jessie was glad because she didn't like to have people get sick.

Just then the telephone bell rang. It startled the Man in the Moon and he looked around to see where the noise had come from. He saw the telephone and went to see it closer. He examined it closely and asked Jessie what it was, saying that they didn't have them in the moon. Jessie told him what they called it, what it was used for and several other things about it. The Man in the Moon said that he thought it very wonderful.

While the Man in the Moon and Jessie were downstairs in the kitchen the moon was looking around for the Man. The moon looked funny, because he squinted his eyes up so you could hardly see them. Jessie and the Man in the Moon came upstairs just then and the Man in the Moon asked Jessie to go with him for a visit to the moon, because he said he would bring her back before morning.

At breakfast next day mother said, "You must have been walking in your sleep, Jessie, because this morning I found half of the tabasco sauce in a bowl with the bottle beside it."

MARIAN GRAY,
3667 McClintock avenue, Thirty-seventh Street school, grade B6.

Jessie turned on him with a disgusted air. "Wouldn't you like a spoon?" she asked. But the porridge was all gone by this time, so the little girl said: "Come into the living room and sit down."

So the little man went in and looked around in amazement at all the things in the room. Finally he spied the telephone. "Look! look!" he cried.

"Look at what?" asked Jessie.

"See that thing hanging on the wall!" exclaimed the man in the moon.

"Oh, that is only the telephone," answered the child.

"What is it for?" asked the little man, eager for something to talk about.

"Well," began Jessie, heaving a sigh, "somebody gets up and calls a number and central rings—"

"Who is central?" interrupted the man in the moon.

"Well, when you lift up the receiver it rings a bell, and you give central your number."

"Oh!"

"So she rings a bell and you talk."

"Oh," said the little man again.

Then they went upstairs and the man in the moon said: "Why, it must be 12 o'clock."

"That doesn't matter," said Jessie.

"I must be—oh, what's that?" as he spied the faucet.

"Turn that handle and water comes out. That's a faucet," answered the child.

"But I must go now," and the little man shot out the window as fast as he could.

EVELYN WELDON,
652 South Workman street, Los Angeles. Age 11 years. Grade B7.

"That's quite good," said the Man in the Moon, "but there is such a small amount of it. In the moon we eat enough to last us all day, but I'll have to eat again in an hour because I had such a little to eat."

She did not know what to talk about with this visitor, so she told him all about the Herald Junior, and that she sent a limerick or unfinished story in to it every week.

"Who edits this paper that you call the Herald Junior?" "Florena Bosard Lawrence is the editor, but she is called 'Aunt Laurie' by all the Juniors." "That must be nice," said the Man in the Moon, "but what do they give you when you win a prize?"

"Oh, I haven't won a prize, but I have a couple honorable mentions. A friend of mine got a book called 'How Canada Was Won,' by Capt. F. S. Brereton, and it's very interesting, and I hope some day to get a first prize, as they give such nice prizes."

"But, to change the subject," said the Man in the Moon, "what is that box on the wall?" "That's a telephone and we can talk to people far and near through it."

"You have such interesting things that I would like to live here, but I have so much business to attend to I will have to go home." Just then Jessie heard an explosion and the moon disappeared.

LLOYD ELWIN WELDER,
824 Kensington road, Custer Avenue school, 8A grade, age 13.

Jessie was so surprised that she should have screamed only for being afraid of waking the family. As soon as she had finished the porridge he thought he would investigate and see what was in the house. He came first to the telephone and asked what it was. Jessie told him and what it was for. But he looked puzzled and went on.

He then went to the gas stove and