

STORIES AND PRIZES WITH

THE three subjects in the present writers' contest are so agreeable to the juniors and so many interesting letters are being received that the same subjects will be continued. One of the ball game and an amusing incident at school, so if you have not already written your story on one of these subjects do so at once and mail it as soon as possible to the editor of The Junior Call, Call building, San Francisco.

As in previous contests these stories must contain not more than 200 words nor less than 100; must be written on one side of the paper only and be plainly marked in the upper left hand corner with the number of words therein contained. Stories which are written on both sides of the paper and not so marked will not be used.

This contest is for the juniors of California and elsewhere, who are between the ages of 10 and 16 years. Watches will be awarded to the six most interesting, best written stories. For the younger juniors, those who are 10 years of age and younger, the picture painting contest is continued.

Now for the subjects! You all know about the circus; perhaps you first circus even remember vividly your first circus, and how it impressed you and what you enjoyed the most; how the great elephants frightened you and made you cling closer to mother's hand; and how you pitied the patient, dusty camels and trembled at the lion's roar! Tell the story of the circus in your very best style.

The next subject is the ball game, and what boy or girl does not enjoy a good ball game? Describe some particular game that you have witnessed or played in, or that your friends have played in. If you were defeated, tell why, and how it happened.

For the amusing incident at school? Well, all sorts of amusing things happen in even just one day, so the difficulty will be to select some incident that appealed to you as especially amusing, and if it happens to carry with it a lesson so much the better.

For instance, we will suppose that Mary West has come to the city school from her home in the country and is not accustomed to the routine of the new school and sometimes makes awkward mistakes. The teacher asks Mary to take a note to the principal. Mary attempts to leave the room, but opens a closet door instead and walks into the closet. The other pupils laugh and Mary leaves the room in confusion. What does the teacher do? Tell the story as Mary herself would tell it to her mother, or as Mary's big brother would tell it, or as Mary's best friend would tell it, or as Mary's big brother would tell it, and see the different ways in which a story can be written. Then after you have decided on your own story you can tell whether you want to be the injured heroine or the kind friend or the big laughing brother who thinks it is an immense joke. There are so many interesting school stories to be written that The Junior Call expects to have many pages of highly interesting and amusing stories to publish in the next few weeks.

Hurry up and write your story on either the circus, the ball game or the amusing incident; the sooner the better!

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have been told that those dark figures were the boys trying to get the paint off the shingles, as they were not to be painted (the cupola is to be painted). While they were working to repair the damage they had done the younger classes amused themselves by cheering and giving them all kinds of advice.

After hard work, and the use of paint, they succeeded in removing the paint and they had decided the joke was on themselves.

AWARDED A WATCH

A HARD FOUGHT GAME

WILLIE SPAHR
325 B Street, San Francisco, Richmond Grammar School, Age 13 Years

I shall never forget the game for the championship of the district against Berkeley school.

The ball game was planned at the park, Tuesday afternoon at 4 o'clock. The school that I go to had first place on getting up, but first.

One of the best players, also our pitcher, Paul Montgomery, knocked out two home runs, and besides, he was a very bager, other players hitting the ball too, but not doing as well.

When in the seventh inning Bergeret had in all two runs, while our school had seven runs. The routers of our school were themselves hoarse. Mr. Lyster, our principal, and all the children who go to his school, gave three cheers for Miss Anna Gavigan, the principal of Bergeret school, and three cheers for the Bergeret school.

AWARDED A WATCH

WHEN TIM ACTED SMART

MARY CANTILLA
Hamilton School, San Jose, Fifth Grade, Age 14 Years

Recess was over at noon time, and history was at hand. We all know how hard it is to study after we have had a jolly time playing outdoors, while going in to study, as we are going to be imprisoned, instead of learning our lessons.

We really do find good things to laugh at, especially when reciting our lessons.

My story comes from a very mischievous boy named Tim, who sat next to me, talking and laughing, uttering some foolish things under his breath, which made the other boys laugh and join in the game.

Our teacher seeing this called Tim to answer a question. She said, "What did you say, Tim?" Tim sprang up in a second, for he thought he heard his name in the question, and when he heard the question he was so sure he did not hear anything, he sneered and said, "I didn't capture Charleston; Brown caught her."

Brown is a young man who married one of our teachers, whose last name was Charleston, and this is why he made the other boys laugh.

Young Master Gates was taken to the library and you know what happened to him there, and I must add to the story that when we were in the library we could see him in his duce cap in a mirror, which hung on the other side of the room, and when we were laughing at his poor innocent looking face.

AWARDED A WATCH

HOW THE NUT CRACKERS WERE DEFEATED

EDWARD ATCHISON
Port Costa, Age 13 Years

It was the ninth inning and the champions were one ahead when the Nut Crackers came to the bat. They had three men on bases and one out when their heaviest hitter got up. "Sap it on the head," "Kill the ball, Steve," shouted the Nut Crackers. He did his best and knocked a fly to center. The center and left fielders went after it. When the center fielder got under the fly he was ready to stop himself, tripped and knocked both of them down. The center fielder made an unusual play. When the runner on first thought that the center fielder had managed to catch the ball, so he held his first. The runner on second started toward first. Then, noticing that the other man held his first, he went back, thinking he had been caught.

As soon as he could get to his feet the center fielder threw the ball to second, but it went wild, and the runner on second started toward first. The ball was thrown to second, but the runner would have been safe if he hadn't tripped. This made the third out, and the game was saved.

AWARDED A WATCH

MY NAMESPACE

VINCENT KRAUS
St. Boniface School, Age 12 Years

A strange thing happened at our school last week. A lady brought her little boy for the first time with the intention of making the arrangements, but the teacher persuaded her to leave him at once and have him begin studies that morning.

"Well," she answered, "I must have Yoseph about 2 o'clock to take him shopping."

"Very well," said the teacher, "you may call for him."

So we began studies with our new classmate. His name was Kraus, the same as mine, but we had no objection to each other. Kraus is a small boy for his age. He has big black eyes that make up the most of him, and we other fellows found out after he had been there an hour that his middle name was Spunky. Shortly before 2 o'clock the bell rang for recess, calling our teacher from the room.

"Now, children," she said, "perfect order while I am gone. No one is to leave the room, remember."

Soon after little Kraus' mother arrived. "No teacher here?" she said. "Well, come, Yoe, we must go down town."

"Yoe did not move."

"Yoe, come! I said."

"Yoe won't, answered Yoe."

His mother looked angry. She glanced around and spied a rattan. Little Kraus saw her coming, so started off his mother and up the stairs, then mother after him. Round and round they ran.

"Let's play 'follow the leader,'" some boy suggested. So did. The game was at its height when the teacher came in. Yoe ran to her arms, explaining, when he got his wind, that he obeyed his mother and up the stairs, then had thought the command of the teacher higher while in school. Yoe is awfully cute looking. This story has a moral: "Obey God rather than man."

AWARDED A WATCH

A GOOD GAME

CLARA C. BUCKLEY
197 California Avenue, San Francisco

I never was interested in ball games, but I got very much excited over the game that was played Monday, Decoration day, by the Knights of Columbus and the Young Men's Institute at St. Ignace stadium.

The proceeds were given to one of the boys of the team.

I had been anticipating the enjoyment for a week, and when the day came I was very glad to see such fine weather.

About 2 o'clock I got to the grounds, accompanied by my brothers, and the players were ready on the diamond practicing, but a half hour later the ball was thrown by our pastor and the game began.

At last start the Knights had the points, but it was hard to tell who would triumph. At the end of the fifth inning things looked pretty blue for the Young Men's Institute. I was not able to get in the box for them, although I was for no side in particular.

Four to six was the score at the end of the sixth inning, and my how excited every one was. I was expecting some of the routers to be expected, but they did not. The ninth inning was the only one that I was able to get in the box for them, although I was for no side in particular.

AWARDED A WATCH

THE BASEBALL GAME

RUSSELL MACDONALD
27 Montecito Avenue, Oakland, Miss Heriot's School, Twelfth and Filbert Streets, B Seventh Grade, Age 12 Years

It was a great day when the Sycamores crossed bats with the Horton Cubs.

The first eight innings passed quickly because of excellent playing by both teams.

The first of the ninth opened with no score. Johnson of the Sycamores was at the bat and was given a walk. Williams knocked a home run, bringing in Johnson and himself. Craig fled to center and Baxter caught it.

The first of the ninth closed with the score 2 to 0 in the Sycamores' favor.

Our side now came to the bat. Cruer singled and Beck hit a double, putting Elliott on third.

Elliott hit a hot liner to Johnson, and Cruer, by sliding, got home.

This advanced Beck to third and Elliott to second.

Cook now came to the bat and had two strikes called on him before he found what he wanted. He knocked the ball over the center fielder's head and brought in two runs and he reached second.

Lewis struck out, closing the game with this score: Horton Cubs, 3 runs; Sycamores, 2 runs.

AWARDED A WATCH

AN AMUSING INCIDENT

BIRDICE HARRIS
29 Stockton Street, Napa, Central School, Low Eighth, 13 Years

A new high school was being built and was partly finished. The boys of the senior class decided to celebrate the event in a manner not soon to be forgotten.

Several times they had been warned not to go near the building.

When the workmen arrived one morning they were surprised to find the class flag nailed to the top of the pole and the six sides of the cupola painted. The figures were large enough to be seen over town.

The workmen failed to see anything funny about the affair, and the boys had to wait what they could do about repairing the wrong.

For several days small dark objects were perceived around the tower of the building and on inquiring you would

AWARDED A WATCH

A LAUGHING DAY

ELIZABETH HOYT
Birds Landing, Age 11 Years

The bell rang and we marched into the schoolroom. When I came to my seat I slipped and fell. The children laughed, of course, and I got up flushed and abert.

When we began to sing one little boy started to sing the rest of the course we had to laugh. At recess one of the pupils got up at the first tap and started to walk at the second tap. The teacher, of course, made him come back and there was another laugh.

At noon, as soon as the bell tapped one of the girls went to speak about something to the teacher. She came back to her seat, but of course hit the floor, which caused more laughter.

When the teacher said, "Well, I don't know what she was going to do with us. Being Friday, there was still more laughter over the drawings."

AWARDED A WATCH

AT A BALL GAME

ARTHUR FINNIGAN
101 California Avenue, San Francisco, Haight Street School, Grade 3, Age 12 Years

Just mention a ball game, and I am "yours" truly.

"Five years ago, while living in Los Angeles, my father took me to the first ball game I had ever seen. The Los Angeles team played against the San Francisco team. At first the Angels were ahead, but in the fourth inning the Seals gave them an eye opener.

Three men were on base and one at the bat. The man at the bat knocked a ball over the fence and all four men ran in.

Such yells as went up would make any boy with a pair of healthy lungs jealous if he couldn't join in.

The pitcher was greeted with such remarks as, "Oh, you mudhen," and "Raus" at him.

In the next inning all the Angels struck out, and they blamed the umpire. About six of them jumped on him. When they were through with him he looked like an amateur prize fighter. He had two black eyes (the nature of color of his eyes was blue) and a pair of jaws that looked as though he had gotten the mumps on the night he was born.

I am now an amateur player myself, and some day hope to be a professional.

A HARD WON VICTORY

EDWIN RUSSELL
Santa Rosa, Age 13 Years

"Oh, John," I shouted as I neared the ball grounds. "Has the other team come?" I was so afraid that I'd be late for the game.

"No," said our captain, "you are just in time to play shortstop. Here they come now."

We were at our places. The opposing captain got up to strike first and knocked a fine grounder to our right fielder. He forwarded it to first and we were one out nearer our inning.

Thus the game went on until the ninth inning, when the score was tie with four runs each. In the tenth inning with two out our captain hit a two bagon on which I made from first base to third. Our captain for a purpose got between the second and third basemen and I took the advantage and sprinted for home. When within 10 feet from home I saw I must slide. I did. I got home by an inch. The victory was ours!

EXCITEMENT IN SCHOOL

VIOLA MILLER
Sebastopol School, Grade 5, Age 10 Years

One of the most amusing and exciting things I have witnessed in school was in Canadian, Tex., in a small rock schoolhouse. On an extremely hot day when the windows were wide open and doors thrown back and the children were panting for breath and fanning themselves with paper fans, suddenly Tom Mooney called out "Look!" and 40 pairs of eyes were turned toward the schoolroom door, and deliberately crawling in was a great long rusty snake.

The children began to scream, jump and scramble on top of desks, when Miss Ward, trying to be very dignified and composed, calmly said: "Children, keep your seats and pass out quietly." She never remembered saying it, she was so scared. This story is true.

WHY THE BELL WOULDN'T RING

ELINOR ATCHISON
Port Costa, Seventh Grade, Age 11 Years

One day just a short time before school was called in two boys climbed up the rope that is attached to the bell and held it so the bell could not be heard far off. Mr. Blank called the boys to see what was the matter, but they could see nothing.

"Everybody went around saying, 'Spooks are up in the attic holding the bell!'"

Mr. Blank called the children in and after we had taken our seats and had started to study the door opened and in came the two boys that were holding the bell.

All the children laughed, but Mr. Blank made them stop. At last he got them in order. He made the boys that held the bell stay after school. You know what happened then.

AN INCORRIGIBLE GIRL

ELVA WOLFE
29 Pine Street, Santa Cruz, Branciforte School, Age 10 Years

In my room at school is a very naughty girl who delights in making every one laugh.

One day Miss Strong, the teacher, said: "Edith, take your books and go into the library and stay until you think you can behave." So, with a mischievous look at Sarah, with whom she had been laughing, Edith left the room with her books.

After a time the school was astonished to see a young miss approaching, rigged out in Miss Strong's riding habit, hat, gloves and whip, and riding a prancing stick horse. With a good scolding she was returned to the library to stay there until called. When the geography class was going to recite Clara was sent to call Edith. There was an awful yell, and Clara came rushing from the library. She was dreadfully frightened. Miss Strong went to see what the matter was. She also came out screaming.

That alarmed the principal and other teachers, who rushed to the library and, instead of finding Edith, found the skeleton used in the sixth grade dressed in Professor Smith's bicycle suit.

Miss Strong on returning to her desk found Edith sitting in her seat among the pupils by telling of her naughty pranks.

A FALSE FIRE ALARM

ETHEL PIERCE
317 Second Avenue, San Francisco, Richmond School, Age 15 Years

Mary had just come from the country to a city school. She had witnessed two or three fire drills and each time she was greatly frightened. One day she heard a cry of "fire," and thinking it was a real fire she jumped up and got into the fire escape and slid down. When she reached the bottom she found the door locked. Then she began crying, "O, I will be burnt up!" The janitor, hearing her cries, came and let her out. She asked him if the school was burnt up, and when she was assured that there had been no fire she went back very shyly to her room.

All this while the boys and girls were laughing at her. The teacher then explained to her how some small boys playing on the street had called "fire." Mary laughed at her own mistake with the rest of the children. You may be sure that Mary always waited to see what the other children did after that.

A DAY AT THE CIRCUS

LOUIS LABEL
1065 Gough Street, San Francisco, Adams Grammar School, A Sev.

One very warm day in May my father took my brother and me to the circus. There were many side shows, but the one that attracted our attention most was "The Little Princess." She was 18 years old and weighed 7 1/2 pounds. A 2 year old baby is taller than she. We gave her cakes and candy and she hid them under the seat, and when she sat down she fell off because she had so much piled underneath it. The manager said that there was only one fault about her: she was a bit fat. We visited many of the animals, and fed the elephant peanuts. We saw the trainer feed the bears. As it was then growing late we started for home.

MY FIRST CIRCUS

MINNIE GLEASON
Hayward, Cal. Age 13 Years

The first time I went to the circus was about five or six years ago. We got up early in the morning and milked the cows.

Then we drove to the circus. It was a drive of 27 miles. At last we got there.

First we saw a woman holding a big snake. It was twisted around her waist and neck. She put her fingers in the snake's mouth.

I was afraid of the big snake.

Next we came to two pretty giraffes. Then we saw lots of big elephants. We went around and saw the other animals. There was the lion, tiger, zebra, parrots, camels, monkeys, seals, rhinoceros, jaguar, leopard, polar bear, grizzly bear and many other wild animals.

I did not like the looks of the rhinoceros. The leopard had his eye hurt. I guess he hurt it on the iron cage.

The little monkeys were riding on ponies.

The seals were catching sticks which had fire on both ends.

One of the seals burnt his mouth. They had the most beautiful horses I ever saw in my life.

WHAT I REMEMBER OF A CIRCUS

MARY HUNTER
San Anselmo

One day in September my father took my little sister, Doris and myself to a circus. Before the performance commenced we saw the animals. There was a hippopotamus in a tank of water, a rhinoceros and many elephants, which we fed with popcorn. Also a baby elephant that was no larger than myself, besides many lions, tigers, giraffes and other strange animals I had never seen before. Two automobiles came down a chute; one landed on some sacks, but the other one went far away. The people all crowded around, and the one that landed on the sacks, but did not pay any attention to the one that went far away. The side show I liked was the one that the Princess Weeswa was in. She was a dwarf 18 years old. She was in a tall stand with children playing all about. There was also a little man who was 20 years of age. We saw him when we were going home after a very pleasant day and one which I shall not forget for a long time.

A BLACK EAR

ARCHIE LUBLINSKY
40 Raymond Avenue, San Francisco, Age 12 Years

I took a fancy one day to buy a certain steel pen. It was hollow and open on the top. It could easily have done the work of a spurt.

I bought it a few days later and took it to school. I worked at the spurt and did not get it finished until the next day.

My teacher had noticed what I was doing the day before and knew I had brought it to school.

I cautiously filled it with ink and put it to Jose's ear—the boy who sits in front of me.

Past! the boy's ear became black as coal.

"Ouch!" cried Jose and sprang out of his seat, upsetting books, papers and writing material.

All this while the teacher had been standing behind me.

Guess the class didn't laugh when they saw that beautiful ear. The mirth could not be held down.

The teacher laughed too. He tried to have a serious face, but I can tell you he couldn't come to that.

The laughing and giggling I heard that day was enough to make a donkey laugh.

A MORTIFYING MISTAKE

DOROTHEA LANGGUTH
304 Second Avenue, San Francisco, Richmond School, Age 12 Years

Fred, a boy in our class, when addressing the teacher, always calls out her name. He asks all sorts of questions, at all sorts of times. One day we were having a review in history; he was waving wildly in the air. It happened to be his turn to recite and she wanted to answer his question. "Who was the first person to sail around the world?" "Miss Levy" was the reply. You see, he had only heard her say his name, and was commencing to ask the question.

AWMUSING INCIDENT

HOWARD CHRISTIANSON
Point Arena Grammar School, Fourth Grade, Age 11 Years

The boys of Point Arena formed a club called the Sunshine club, with the motto of our local paper as their leader.

In April we were invited to meet in Mendocino City to meet the Mendocino boys in a man game. We were there; they were too big for us and we were defeated, but we were treated royally in Mendocino. The ride up was pleasant, but the cry, "Get out and walk up the hill, boys," was heard too often.

The girls and a reception in the reception hall. Everybody had a good time playing games. At last we went to the houses where we were to stay. We slept well that night because we were all tired. The next day we were to go home. When we were in the wagon and ready to start, I saw one of our boys named Freddie Bishop said, "If we had you down at Point Arena, we would skin you alive."

THE LITTLE INDIAN'S FIRST DAY AT SCHOOL

HENRY L. LOREZ
207 Central Avenue, Melrose, Cal. Lockwood School, Age 14 Years

All the children looked at the door as a tiny, dark figure came in. "Come in," cried Miss Grey.

A small Indian boy came quietly in and asked the teacher where the principal of the school was.

"In the next room," she replied.

"With a bow he went to open the door, but opened the wrong door."

"Ugh," he cried, "heep many pale-faces, and he ran back and saw his mistake."

"Sit down," said the teacher.

The boy obeyed, and picked up a picture book and started to read in the Indian language.

He noticed the ink and took it up and rubbed it all over his face.

"Ugh; me scalp paleface!"

Luckily the same boy, and Miss Grey was given an opportunity to explain to the Indian boy the rules of the school.

A GIRL BALL PLAYER

URSULA HILL
125 Germania Avenue, Hearst Grammar School, Age 12 Years

Although I am a girl, I like to play ball as well as a boy, and I like to bat the ball good and hard and see my own ball go over the fence. I like the country best, as there a girl can get out and play ball and have a good time. In the city the policeman will say, "You must play ball on the street, as you will break windows." And mamma will say, "You ought to be ashamed of a girl playing ball." But just let a girl make a run for home, get that base and see how good you feel. I like to go to a ball game and how it has been with my own team makes a good home run. I know what the girls read this they will say "what a girl" and the boys will say "what a girl" and the children will say "what does a girl know about baseball?"

bet lots of girls could beat the boys playing ball if they had plenty of practice and a good place to play.

A BASEBALL GAME

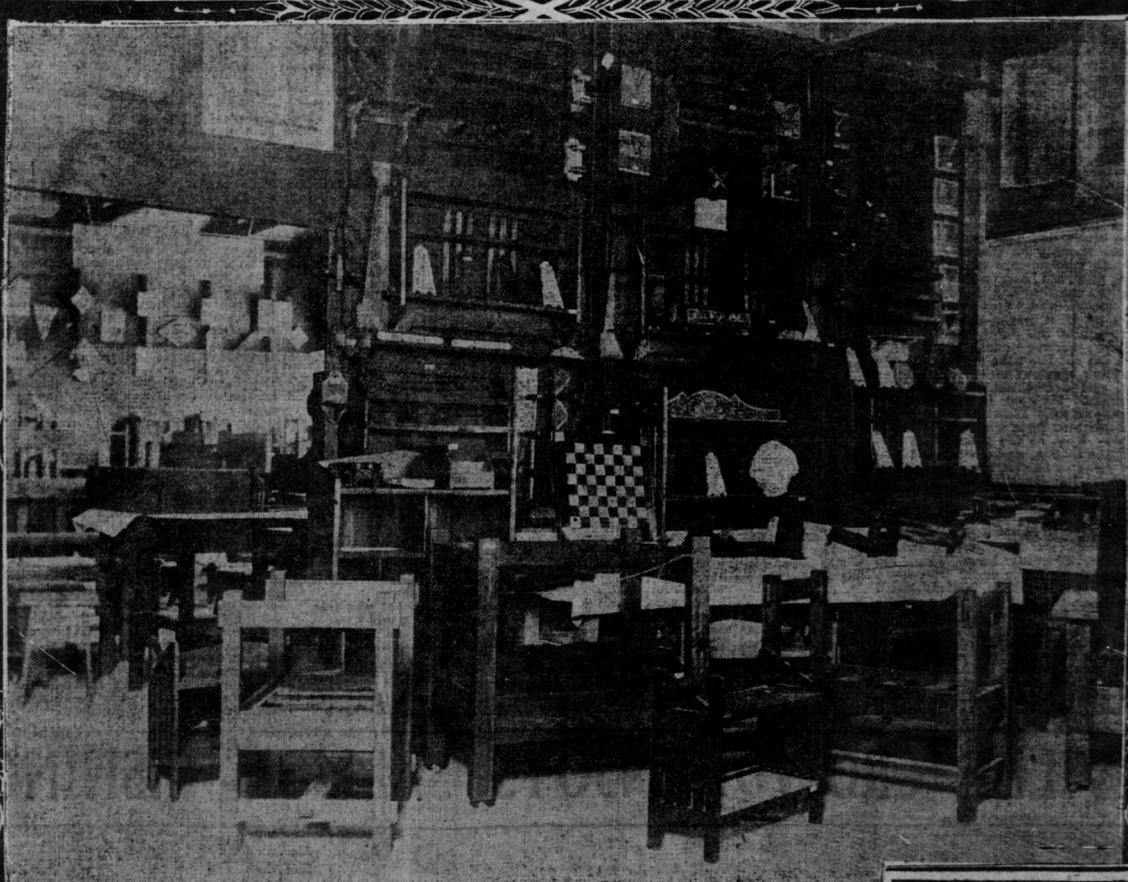
CLAIRE LYONS
Immaculate Conception Academy, 1317 Delancey Street, Age 12 Years

The most exciting and interesting baseball game I ever witnessed in the Catholic schools athletic league was the game between St. James and Sacred Heart.

The first few innings were not very encouraging for the routers of St. James. In the fifth inning it was five up, three men on base and a man at the bat. He brought in three runs, but in the sixth inning he made a home run, but to our great disappointment was tagged out at home; but "Never mind, Molly, it was a good hit." These were the encouraging words spoken by Bro. Alex. That cheered the routers up and the game was on.

James. Sacred Heart made but one more run, while St. James went up in the seventh.

Coming toward the end of the game, when we saw we were the lucky winners, nothing could be heard but "Goat, we've got your goat." And we did get it.



EXHIBITION OF WORK OF BOYS' MANUAL TRAINING CLASSES

QUESTIONABLY one of the most important departments of the public schools at the present time is that of manual training.

To any one who has not kept pace with the work of this department a visit to the exhibit which is being held this week at the Polytechnic high school building on Frederick street near First avenue will be a revelation.

In discussing the work of the grammar school boys of the San Francisco public schools F. K. Barthel, supervisor, said:

"One lesson per week is given to the boys of the seventh and eighth grades in the 10 manual training centers of the San Francisco school department. Each lesson lasts from 90 to 120 minutes and the work on exhibition is fairly representative of the work accomplished since the beginning of the present term and amply illustrates what may be accomplished by systematic instruction."

"Each manual training center accommodates from 10 to 15 different classes per week averaging 20 to the class. The centers have recently been established at the new Monroe and Laguna

Hill, the laboratories from the Crocker, the stands from the Moulder and Irving M. Scott, the book racks from the Central and the tool chest from the Everett."

"The Parental school contributes some small models which, while not so attractive as are the foregoing, are just as indicative of hard work on the part of the small citizens gathered there."

"Probably no other part of school work is so attractive to the boy as is the manual training lesson; it is there that he has the greatest opportunity to create, to 'do something.' Many a future Edison will owe his first inspiration to his boyhood manual training experience; many a future dentist and surgeon will owe in a great measure his mechanical dexterity to the muscular training acquired in lessons in woodwork, and many a boy will be saved to the industrial world because in the manual training laboratory he had an opportunity to discover his mechanical ability."

"The following are the teachers of this work: F. K. Barthel, supervisor; A. M. Sylvia, P. F. Daley, J. H. Williams, L. E. Davidson, H. C. Bagot, D. E. Dowling, R. B. Thompson."

WILLIE'S COMPOSITION

HELENE HALL
29 Baywood Avenue, San Mateo, Age 13 Years

Willie Jones just hated to write compositions, and every Friday he would either tell his mother he was too sick to attend school or else he would play "bookies." Some way or other he always managed to stay away on Friday afternoon, for that was the day that all the other children wrote compositions. It was Friday afternoon, and as usual, Willie's seat was vacant. Miss Barrett smiled, but said nothing.

It was the following Monday, and Miss Barrett called Willie up to her desk. "You were not here when we wrote our compositions on Friday," she said, "so take this pencil and paper over to the window and write one containing 50 words. Do not move until you have this done."

Willie looked about the room for about half an hour and then began to write.

"We will hear what you have written," said the teacher when she thought Willie had had enough time. There was a fire in a house near by, so the fire hose crossed the track and stopped the car. After waiting for a half hour I got off the car. As I came home I was 8:30 and I was too late for the circus. As it was the last night of the circus, as it was to begin at 8 o'clock sharp, so if we lost any more time I would be late for the circus.

When the car reached Sixteenth street it stopped again. Looking out of the window I saw that there was a wagon stuck on the track. In about 15 minutes it was lifted off the track and the car started again.

On looking at my watch I saw that it was a quarter to eight o'clock. The circus was to begin at 8 o'clock sharp,