TWELVE SETS OF "WORLD'S MASTERPIECES" ARE PRIZES FOR SOLVING THESE PUZZLES

WRITING CONTEST

Arrangement of papers:
Subject.
Name.
Address. School
Grade. Age.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A ——

WRITE ON ONE SIDE OF THE PAPER ONLY.
LETTERS MUST BE SENT IN BY WEDNESDAY.

What comes after the A? Anything you like—a spoon, a shoe, a pin, a broom, any common article of household use. Here's a chance for you all to use your imagination and story telling powers.

Pick out something that is used about the house and then picture all the adventures that might happen to it. Suppose yourself to be that article, with power to think and a tongue to talk. Suppose you were the rolling pin for a day, look at all the exciting things that you would have to tell after you had stopped being a rolling pin and were turned back again into a Junior.

A few weeks ago the Junior had a story of a penny, and a very good story it was. Why one just followed that penny from the mint, through the pockets of its various owners, into the church collection plate, etc.

There is no limit as to your choice of an article, only it must be something used about the house. As you have only three hundred words don't waste time telling of uninteresting events in the history of your special object, but get right down to business and pick out the most exciting.

There is one thing to be careful about—make your events in keeping with your subject. A pin can't have the same adventures as the dustpan, or the garden mower as the wash boiler. They are of different material in the first place, are born in different factories, and all their lives follow their own laws and have very little in common with each other.

There's a chance for good, original work in this subject. Let's see what you can do.

OPEN LETTER SECTION

Any Junior may write a letter for this section on some topic of public interest. Keep track of the letters from week to week and do not take subjects already written on, unless you do not agree with some writer and wish to answer in a letter of your own. The letters may be from 200 to 400 words, must be in by Wednesday of each week, and must be on a subject of public interest.

AWARDED A PRIZE
A SUBSTANTIAL REWARD

HELEN TRAVIS,
3214 Sixteenth Street, City. Notre Dame. Age 13 Years

How often we have been taught that "Honesty is the best policy"? But some of us younger ones have not given it all the attention that the words need.

I have known of girls stealing lessons and also copying at examinations, and when it came to verbal examinations they were lost. The cause was, they were cheating and therefore lost the respect of the good sisters and of their schoolmates.

I know of a case of honesty that made our school feel proud of Miss A., one of its pupils. Miss A was leaving with her parents for a trip to southern California and some of us went to bid her bon voyage. She sailed on the coast of California and as we bid her goodby she shook her handkerchief, grabbed her suit case and passed on deck.

Next day I read that the State of California had sailed and among the first class passengers was a Madam ——, a famous prima donna, who was going to make the trip to Los Angeles, for her health. It mentioned that madam had lost her suit case, containing money and jewels, as she was bidding friends goodby.

In a few days we heard from our school friend, asking us if we had her suit case, as the one she picked up was not her own, but contained wealth and jewels belonging to some other passenger. She soon found the owner of the suit case, also her own, outside her stateroom door. The singer was very grateful and the outcome is that one of our San Francisco girls has a bright future in store for her, as her voice was very sweet, but a scarcity of money prevented her from cultivating it.

This is one of the cases where it has been proved that "Honesty is the best policy," and we are very proud of our classmate.

AWARDED A PRIZE
HONESTY REWARDED

GLADYS COURTNEY,
2017 West Street, Oakland. Clawson School, A Seventh Grade. Age 11 Years

One bright sunny afternoon I went out on the lawn to play. While I was playing I saw something glittering in the sun and discovered it to be a ring. I thought it was not right to keep it, as I knew the owner might ask me if I had found it. I felt sure I would not like to tell a lie, so I thought it best to go to her home and ask if it belonged to her. It did.

She was so delighted to think that I found it, because it was an heirloom given to her by her grandparents many years ago, she insisted on giving me a little book on honesty. So it was that I followed the simple rule, "Honesty is the best policy."

AWARDED A PRIZE
TWO LIVES LOST

ALMA BRADY,
1399 Nineteenth Avenue, San Francisco. Seventh Grade, College Notre Dame

Honesty is the best because so many people who have committed a great crime find it the best in the end to tell the truth. Once there were three girls at a ball. After the ball was over they walked home together and one girl was shot by a man.

Another man, seeing her fall, picked her up and an officer, seeing him with her, took him to jail. This man was not guilty, but was hanged. The guilty man heard of this crime and declared himself guilty. So he was hanged.

Now had he said he was guilty in the first place the other man would have been saved, because he was hanged anyway.

AWARDED A PRIZE
ONE FALSEHOOD MAKES ANOTHER

HELEN HIRSCH,
2850 Washington Street, Pacific Heights School, Sixth Grade. Aged 13 Years

The reason I think honesty is the best policy is because dishonesty will have its own reward and is sure to be found out sooner or later, if you are dishonest you must necessarily state falsehoods, and in order to make such statements appear true, other false statements have to follow.

You are certain by simply stating the truth that you have done right, and even if dishonest statements appear to be better, your own conscience will tell you that you are acting right and such knowledge will bring its own reward.

AWARDED A PRIZE
JAMES' REWARD

NORMA LICHTENSTEIN,
1613 Lyon Street, San Francisco. St. Rose Academy, Eighth Grade. Age 13 Years

Honesty is the best policy. That this is always the truth is a well known fact.

Recently I was told a story and it impressed me a great deal, and now, having the opportunity to tell it to my Junior friends, because it deals with honesty, I shall relate it.

In the small town of V—— there lived a poor but proud boy who was a lover of books. To support himself and his mother he did countless chores, for Mrs. Carson, his mother, depended on him entirely, being a widow and an invalid. But my hero had a very sad fault. Often when he should have been at work you could find him reading in the public library. By doing this all the time he lost favor with all his masters and no one would employ him except a Mr. Robertson, who intended to make James Carson, for that was his name, a good man.

In Mr. Robertson's household he had in his employ a butler who took a dislike to James because our young friend was the only employe that had the privilege to enter his master's study, and naturally the boy felt quite proud.

One day in summer when most of the servants were employed fixing the tents to sleep outdoors, for it was the custom of Mr. Robertson and his family to sleep outdoors in warm weather, this sly butler crept into Mr. Robertson's study and took a valuable antique ring from his master's cabinet. Mr. Robertson did not miss it until the end of the week, when he was looking at his odd cabinet. He was so surprised that he immediately sent for James and discharged him.

Two months passed since then and James had found it hard to get work and winter was soon to set in, when one day to his surprise he was summoned to his old master's home. It so happened that the conscience of the butler had pricked him so much that he had made a clear confession. Mr. Robertson was very sorry he had treated James so badly, and to make amends he paid the college of V—— for the education of James and gave him all necessary books, in which he had inscribed:

"Honesty is the best policy."

So you see, my dear friends, no matter how poor you may be, if you are honest you will always rise to be among the best citizens of the United States.

AWARDED A PRIZE
THE LOST POCKETBOOK

ELISE BLOCK,
2410 Folsom Street. Hawthorne School, A Fifth Grade. Aged 12 Years

Mr. Flint, as everybody called him, was thought by every one who knew him to be a shrewd man.

Mr. Flint had never known his mother, but was brought up in a large cheap school full of rough boys, where he had learned to take care of himself. As soon as he left school he began to earn money, and in a short time he became a rich man. But he was never happy. How could he be happy without friends or relatives?

One morning as Mr. Flint was walking down the busy street a strange thing happened. He lost a well filled pocketbook. "Please, sir, is this yours?" said a little voice behind him. "I know it's yours, for I saw it fall when you pulled out your handkerchief."

Mr. Flint turned around. A little boy on his way to school had been fortunate enough, not only to see the loss but to restore the book to the owner. The little boy was about to run away when Mr. Flint called to him and said: "I suppose you want a reward for that? Here is six cents for you." The little boy took it and said: "Oh, thank you, you are very kind." "Perhaps if I had been any other person I would not have got my money back," said Mr. Flint. The little boy replied: "My mother told me never to take anything that did not belong to me and taught me that 'Honesty is the best policy.'"

AWARDED A PRIZE
WHAT HAPPENED TO OLD PETE

ANNA MacKENZIE,
354 Cleveland Avenue, East Oakland. Tamalpais Union High School. Sophomore. Age 14 Years

"Say, Mose," said black Sam, breaking a silence which had lasted for 10 minutes, "whatcha think this yere book says? Why, right yere hit says dat honesty hit am de best policy. Whatcha think o' dat?"

"Dat sho' am true, Sam," answered his crony. "My mammy, she say dat anybody am a fool what doan' know dat."

"Well, den," asserted Sam, "Ah sho' mus' be a fool, den, fo' Ah doan' believe it."

"But," said the other black boy, "if yo' hearn de story what my mammy done tole me, yo' sho' would believe it den."

"Yo' have to tell me de story den 'fo' Ah'll believe dat proberg," said the unbelieving Sam.

"All right, den," said Mose. "Well, one day Ah say to my mammy, 'Mammy, Ah doan' believe dat honesty am de best policy.' 'Yo' doan, doan' yo, yo' unb'levin' li'l' sinner. Wait till Ah tole yo' 'bout Ole Pete what never believed it neither,' said my mammy, gettin' bery mad. 'Well, one time there po' ole niggah by name ob Jeremiah, only dey called him Jerry fo' sho't, asked Ole Pete to get him a blanket when he went to town. He gabe Ole Pete fi' dollahs an' tole him to get de bes' blanket in Virginny fo' de money, 'cause he wasn' feelin' bery well an' got cole lonk towa'd mawnin'.

"'Well, Ole Pete went down town de bery nex' day, an' he say to de man what sol' blankets, 'Lemme see one ob your blankets about fi' dollahs.' But de blanket man he only hab foah dollah blankets, so Ole Pete hab to take dat or none.

"'On de way to Jerry's Ole Pete began to say to hisself, "Heah am a dollah what doan' belong to me. Ah done take it no one'll know de differents." Now, Ole Pete, he war a funny niggah, 'cause he nebber done nothin' bery good nor he nebber done nothin' bery bad. Eberybody was askin' eberybody else whar' he war goin' when de time come fo' he to die. Eberybody else say dat dey doan' know, 'cause dey say he hab a bery eben chance to go to, yo' or de udder extremity.

"'So, when Ole Pete he doan' know whedder to take or leab de money, he make up his min' to take it, 'cause he jus' see Jerry's house.

"'When he showed Jerry de blanket, Jerry he say, 'Dis yeah blanket it am wo'th no fi' dollahs.' An' Ole Pete, he say, 'Ah can' help hit. Dat war de bes' he hab.' So Jerry, he hab to be satisfied.

* * *

"'Ole Pete hab now died. Den comes de bad man to him and say, "Come wid me." Ole Pete, he war frightened, but he say, 'Ah nebber did 'mothin' to go wif yo'. But de old boy he say, 'Doan' yo' 'member de time yo' took ole Jerry's dollah? Dat done convictioned yo'.

"'Dat war de time when honesty it war de best policy,' said my mammy. 'An' you jes' 'member dat, will yo', yo' imperdent li'l' scamp.'"

"Say, Mose," said Sam, with a crestfallen air, "I think yo' ma's right, doan' yo."

AWARDED A PRIZE
WHAT JACK FOUND OUT

RUTHVEN WATERMAN,
612 Irwin Street, Low Sixth Grade, S. R. J. School, San Rafael, Aged 10 Years

One day as Tom and his brother James were playing marbles they heard a voice calling them. They looked up and found it to be Jack Wilkins, a friend of theirs. He ran to them and said that he had just been over to the library and found that the door was open and every one gone. He proposed that they go in and take as many books as they wanted. Both boys refused, saying they would not think of such a thing.

Although disappointed, Jack went alone and found some Oliver Optic books which he had been wanting for a long time. When he had all he could carry and was just leaving he happened to look on the desk and there lay some money. He slipped it into his pocket and was just leaving when he heard some one come in. What could he do? It was Mr. Smith, the librarian, who remembered that he had forgotten to lock the doors. Jack was made to replace the books. Mr. Smith said he should go to prison, but he would let him off easy if he promised never to steal again. Jack did not care very much whether he went or not, because when his crime became known his former friends would have nothing to do with him. Every one shunned him, although he was very penitent, realizing that after all "Honesty is the best policy."

AWARDED A PRIZE
A LIBERAL REWARD

PETER MARKUS,
1030½ Alabama Street, San Francisco

One bright morning Margaret took a long walk. Walking past her very rapidly was a rich woman, who in haste dropped a gold pin with an emerald in it. Margaret saw it fall and ran to pick it from the ground. It was a very pretty pin and Margaret would have liked to keep it, but her conscience said, "No, give it to the owner." Then she ran after the woman and handed her the pin. The lady was very much pleased and she patted Margaret on the shoulder and told her she would grow to be a good, honest woman. Margaret was very pleased and ran home with a happy heart, for she knew that she had been honest, and that was better than all the pins on earth. Three days after that a little box came for Margaret, which contained a pin set with three diamonds. There was also a note, which showed that the pin had been sent to her by the lady to whom Margaret had returned the lost pin. If Margaret had kept the pin (which was only an emerald one) she would not feel honest, but now she has a diamond pin and a light heart, too. So you see honesty is best after all.

AWARDED A PRIZE
THE STOLEN BICYCLE

JOHN WALSH,
186 Castro Street, City. Everett Grammar School. Age 11 Years

Mother's principle was, to be honest one must be truthful. We were told never to bring anything home unless it belonged to us. In this way we saved ourselves many quarrels.

One day a boy friend of my brother's brought a bicycle to our house and offered it for sale at a cheap price. My brother was anxious to buy, but father said it would pay to investigate where it came from.

Brother thought he knew quite a bit, so bought it on the "QT," paying all his paper money for it. Well, to make a long story short, he only got it a week when the owner came for it. My brother's schoolmate had borrowed it from the owner and so brother found out he would have been money in pocket had he followed our parent's advice. He had to return the bicycle and he never heard from the schoolmate, therefore losing all the money he gave the fellow.

This was a lesson to the rest of us children. Now we are very careful.

AWARDED A PRIZE
HONEST BEN

EDWINA G. SCILACCI,
Point Reyes Station, Marin Co., Cal. Black School, Seventh Grade. Age 13 Years

On one of the streets of a large city one cold night a little waif was standing in front of a street stand. He was talking to the woman who owned it, when a man and a lady richly dressed came out of a store and stepped into a carriage near by.

"I wonder why God gives some people so much money and others so little?" said Ben.

"I do not know, but money does not make the people," replied the woman, whose name was Martha.

Ben ran out into the street and came back to the stand with a pocketbook, which he opened. It contained over $100. "My, what a lot of nice things I can get with this money!" exclaimed Ben.

"It don't belong to you, Ben, and those rich people must have lost it. To keep it would be the same as stealing," said Martha.

Ben thought so, too, and closing the pocketbook, he asked Martha the address of the people, for Martha knew them. He then started on his way.

Mrs. Duncan, for that was the name of the lady that lost the purse, had just found out it was lost when she got home. "I hope some poor people find it, so they can make themselves comfortable," she said.

A few minutes after Ben was admitted to Mr. and Mrs. Duncan's presence. He gave the pocketbook and Mrs. Duncan found that nothing was missing. She then offered it to Ben, who declined, saying, "I was going to keep it anyhow, if a lady gave me your address and told me to return it to you."

Mrs. Duncan made him take the money and then Mr. Duncan said, "Have you any father or mother?"

"No," replied Ben. "I lived with a man who said he was my uncle, but who isn't. He treated me very cruelly and this morning I ran away."

"How would you like to be my adopted son?" asked Mr. Duncan.

"Oh, I would enjoy it," replied Ben.

So Ben was adopted and Martha was given a sum of money every year.

After that Ben's motto was, "Honesty, not money, makes the man."

AWARDED A PRIZE
A PARTNERSHIP POLICY

NAOMI SMITH,
387 Fair Oaks Street. Lincoln School, B Eighth Grade. Aged 13 Years

On a farm in the country there was a private school for boys. Each boy was given a plat of ground to do what he liked with.

Tom and Jack were partners. They planted melons. When the season closed they had six large watermelons. They took them to market and received $5 for their crop. Jack was not satisfied with his share of the money and stole Tom's. Tom reported the loss to the teacher. He investigated, but no clew could be found.

One morning Jack was not present in the schoolroom. Tom had found a note on his desk. What had happened? Jack had confessed and gone home. He asked leave to come back. Permission was given and so he came.

After forgiveness and teacher, principal and mates forgave him. He said to them: "Deceitfulness always is found out. Honesty is the best policy."

BEGIN RIGHT

KENNETH HOIG,
Aptos, R. D. 1, Box 33A. Oakdale School, Fourth Grade. Age 10 Years

I know of lots of boys who steal and are not honest. If you steal when you are a boy, it leads you to robbery when you are a man. The policemen will catch you and take you before a jury. You will try to get out of it, but you will not be able. So everybody must be honest.

WHEN I WAS TRUSTED

RUBY MULANAX,
Box 647, Tulare, Cal. Tulare School, Fifth Grade. Age 14 Years

Honesty certainly is the best policy and the following story proves it to be true. A year or two ago I was staying in a large three story house with a lady whose children were away, and as she did not fancy staying at home alone she asked me to remain with her for company for a few days. One day she was sick with a headache and asked me if I would take some money to the office of one of the largest groceries. I said I would, and she put several gold and silver pieces into an envelope and gave them to me.

Now, every one in this town that I am acquainted with knows that I am scrupulously honest, and if any one had even hinted at my being not quite honest I would have been angry enough to fight. But the money that this lady trusted me with was not only quite a quantity, but also this lady had been with me but a few days. Well, I took the envelope to the right office and here they were very nice to me and thanked me. I then went back to my friend's home and when she found how nicely and quickly I had handled the errand for her she also thanked me and said her headache was nearly gone away. She then said that I might go uptown and have a nice time. As she said this she handed me money enough for a ticket to the theater and also money for ice cream. I had never been trusted so far by her many times and she many times gave me money for the theater and shows.

CHEATING IN SCHOOL

GLADYS DECKER,
22 Hoffman Avenue. Noe Valley School, A Fourth Grade. Age 10 Years.

Being honest is the best, for one's friends, parents and teachers. If you cheat with your friends at playing games, as when you peek at one of your friends in playing hide and go seek, you will find it out.

When you asked your mother for something and she said you could not have it, still you wanted it, so you sneaked it out of the house and took it away. That would be dishonest.

If you copy in school from the children who are sitting around, you will not know your lessons. Whenever the teacher asks you a question you will not know it. Then she will ask you, "Did you get excellent in your examinations?" You will not know. She will ask you again and again, but still you will not know. Then she will say: "You must have copied. Did you?" You will say: "Yes, I copied." After that you will study and you will not have to copy any more. You will get excellent in all your examinations. Copying is stealing some one else's work.

HONESTY WAS NOT FOR HER

ALETA McKENNA,
George Street, Fitchburg, Cal. Lockwood School, A Seventh grade. Age 13 Years

One day as I was out playing a little girl took my ball, and because she knew I could tell on her she threw it away. She then told her mother a story about it, and her mother believed her instead of me. The little girl kept up her bad tricks till she became a young woman and joined a club whose motto was, "Honesty is the best policy." These words worked on the poor girl's mind until she withdrew from the club. If her mother had started in right, this poor girl would have loved the motto as I do.

HONESTY IS THE BEST POLICY

EDWARD S. OSBORN,
Camp Rose, Healdsburg, Cal. McKinley School, High Sixth Grade. Age 13 Years

The old saying, "Honesty is the best policy," is true beyond a doubt. If a man wishes to secure the respect of his fellow citizens and himself he must be honest.

I remember when I was a little boy I once did something and lied about it to get out of it. After a while I told mother the truth and I felt a little switch, so I concluded that "honesty is the best policy."

SAVED FROM A LIE

MARGARET STEWART,
Inverness, Point Reyes Station. Fourth B Grade. Age 11 Years

It was in the country on a very hot day when I was sent to the market with three dozen eggs. On my way I had to pass a brook, where some berries grew. I stopped here and laid my basket under some brush. I went to pick some berries. I was there about half an hour when my brother passed that way and seeing me picking berries he thought he would play a joke on me. So he took my basket and hid behind a large oak tree. I came up from the brook, my mouth red from the juice of the berries. I looked for my basket, but I could not find it. So I sat down on a stump of a tree to think of my trouble. I was going to tell a falsehood. I was going to say that I lost the money when my brother, who could not keep still any longer, gave a short laugh. I started at the sound, but could see nothing. Then my brother's head appeared from behind the tree. He told me his story and we both started toward the market with the basket between us. We reached home in safety, but I never forgot how near I came to telling a falsehood. Maybe it would have ruined my life if I had told that falsehood. So, as it goes, it's the same old tale, "Honesty is the best policy."

AN UNEXPECTED REWARD

MAY FOLEY,
720 Willow Avenue. Hamilton School, A Sixth Grade. Age 12 Years.

A boy by the name of John was working for a farmer in the southern states. He was very poor and had no father. He went to work when he was but 13 years old.

One day when he had all his hard work done he took a little walk out in a field near by, and as he was strolling along he saw a little paper in the grass. His eyes opened wider and wider as he came to it, and to his surprise he found it was a 10 dollar bill. He looked it over and over, and on then he remembered he saw his old friend's name, "Mr. Green."

He ran back and rang Mr. Green's doorbell and told him what he had found belonging to him.

Mr. Green said it was his, but remarked: "My honest lad, you may have it for being honest."

John went away feeling that honesty was the best policy.

HONESTY BRINGS TRADE

115 Palm Avenue, San Rafael. San Rafael Grammar School, B Sixth Grade. Age 10 Years

Jimmie's father had a small vegetable store on the street corner, where he sold vegetables and fruit to passers by. During vacation Jimmie spent his time in his father's store watching him. One day a customer came in and asked for a quart of peanuts. Jimmie watched his father fill the quart measure up to the top. After the customer had gone Jimmie turned to his father and said, "Papa, why do you fill the quart measure so full; why don't you give less? Jimmie's father frowned and said, "I am surprised to hear you say that; it is not honest, and 'Honesty is the best policy.' The apple woman across the street loses her customers because she does not give them full measure, while I keep mine and get new ones because they know I am an honest man."

SAVED IN TIME

ADELE ULMAN,
115 Palm Avenue, San Rafael. San Rafael Grammar School. Sixth B Grade. Age 11 Years

Once upon a time a young lad was selling papers. A lady was passing and asked him for a paper, handing him $5. She knew the price was 5 cents, so waited for the change, but the boy started off on a run and the lady after him. She soon caught up with him. She then called a policeman, but the boy cried so utterly that she felt sorry for him and told the officer not to take him to jail; that she would like to give him a chance to become a good boy. So she took him to her home, dressed and cared for him and taught him how wrong it was to take what did not belong to him, or not to earn what honestly earn. He in time became a good, honest man and was grateful to the lady for teaching him that "honesty is the best policy."

Winners of Puzzle Prizes

Twelve valuable prizes are given each week for correct answers to the puzzles. This does not mean that every one answering the puzzles correctly gets a prize. But if you persist you will surely get one. If you do not get it this week, keep on trying. Perhaps you will be successful next. The Junior follows the fairest possible method in awarding its prizes.

All answers must be spelled correctly, written neatly and sent in on postal cards. Those received in other ways will not be considered.

The correct answers to the puzzles in the Junior of June 19 were:

(1) Reporter; (2) Yachting; (3) Current; (4) Acrobat; (5) Hamburg; (6) Platform.

Prizes were awarded to the following Juniors who answered the puzzles correctly:

Dennis Crowley, Port Costa.
Harry Clark, 517 Capp street, San Francisco.
Carcelle Cerkel, 3830 Eighteenth street, San Francisco.
Maude Little, Burlingame.
George Lowry, Placerville, box 227.
Justin Leser, 475 Frederick street, San Francisco.
Helen Simmons, 1127B street, Hayward.
Ida Sahlberg, 831 York street, San Francisco.
Loretta Street, 1348 San Bruno avenue, San Francisco.
George Shoemaker, 351 First avenue, San Francisco.
Edward Thompson, Inverness.
Pauline Willis, 812 Eleventh street, Oakland.

DECEIT

RODERICK MacDONALD,
Salada Beach. San Pedro School, Eighth Grade. Age 13 Years

Once there was a little girl whose name was Dorothy. One day she was returned not to play on her way to school.

She had not gone far on her way when she met a little girl, who said: "Come over to the trees and play awhile before we go to school." "No," said Dorothy, "mother told me not to play on my way to school, but I don't suppose she will know anything about it."

They accordingly went over to the trees where they played for a long time, which resulted in their being late for school.

When she got home that night she told her mother of her disobedience. Her mother on learning of Dorothy's honesty said: "I will excuse you this time, but you mustn't be so naughty again."

This shows that honesty is the best policy.

THE POOR MAN'S HONESTY

RALPH OLSON,
118 Thornton Avenue South, Bay View School, B Third Grade. Age 9 Years

There was once a poor young man working in a big store in which a large amount of money came in daily.

Many times the young man had chances to take money away with him, but he was too honest to do so.

Later on, the owner of the store saw how honest the man was, so he gave him a much higher position and his wages were raised.

By this you can see that honesty is the best policy.

New Kind of Underground Travel

New York is to try a new method of transit. A subway under Thirty-fourth street from Second to Ninth avenue is to contain four moving platforms moving at different rates from 3 to 12 miles per hour. You step upon one of the platforms and it carries you along; if it doesn't go fast enough you step upon a faster one.