THE WRITING CONTEST

THREE BOOKS WILL BE AWARDED AS PRIZES EACH WEEK FOR THE BEST LETTERS

WRITING CONTEST

Arrangement of papers:

Subject.
Name.
Address.
Grade.
School.
Age.

I was particularly pleased to note that a number of the Juniors in their contest letters showed a comprehensive idea of the work of the garden cities, which goes to prove that they have been reading the agriculture page. The new installment is given below. See if you can't excel the mark this week and write the best story of them all. Keep it down to 400 words in length and have it in the office by Wednesday.

CONTEST STORY

Excitement in Miss Harris' class of the Headgate grammar school ran high. Some one had removed her hat from the girls' cloakroom the day before, and an investigation had as yet brought nothing to light. During recess excited groups of boys and girls—

AWARDED A PRIZE

A Lesson

LYNN McCLAIN,
Hardwick. Hardwick Grammar, Sixth Grade. Age 12 Years

The citizens of the Wildwood garden city were up early and hard at work in their plats. It was a delightful day in early January, sunny, but with just a hint of frost in the air to bring out the latent energies. Over to one side stood the weekly bulletin board, and the knot of excited boys and girls gathered about it bespoke a happening.

Jack Darrow pushed his way through the crowd in an effort to see the announcement. It read: "To the boy or girl, not over 16 years of age! A prize of $20 in gold will be awarded to the child that keeps his plat neatest. Thomas Brenner, mayor of Wildwood garden city.

Now, Jack was a very careless boy and his plat was everything but neat. Weeds were higher than the vegetables. That evening on his way home he said to himself: "Gee, I wish I could get that twenty dollars. Then I could buy that rifle down in Brown's store and a pearl handled pocket knife like Lawrence Ross has, and a lot of things. The rest of the money I'd put in the bank."

The next morning Jack was at his plat before any of the other children. That noon when he went home his back ached and not half of the weeds out yet. It certainly was a discouraging job. But Jack made up his mind he was going to win the prize. In two days his plat was as nice as the other children's, but he kept on working. While the other children were planning on what they would do with the money if they got it Jack was working. On the afternoon of the third day the mayor came to the garden city. He looked at all the plats and when he came to Jack's he gave a start of surprise, for the last time he had visited it it had been very untidy.

Two weeks later all the children of the garden city were assembled in the town hall. The mayor and his cabinet were upon the platform. Some speeches were made. At last the mayor stood up and said: "We have decided that Jack Darrow is the winner of the prize offered to the child keeping his plat neatest for the last two weeks." Jack turned scarlet. All the children looked at him in surprise and said: "Good for you, Jack." Then Jack went up to the platform and received the money.

That evening he went down town with his father, and when he came back he was the proud possessor of a rifle and a pearl handled pocket knife. The rest he put in the bank. This event taught Jack a lesson, for after that he was very neat about whatever he did.

AWARDED A PRIZE

The Kind Sister

KATHERINE SNYDER,
2723 Twelfth Avenue, Oakland. Franklin School, Seventh Grade. Age 12 Years

The citizens of the Wildwood garden city were up early and hard at work in their plats. It was a delightful day in early January, sunny, but with just a hint of frost in the air to bring out the latent energies. Over to one side stood the weekly bulletin board, and the knot of excited boys and girls gathered about it bespoke a happening.

Jack Darrow pushed his way through the crowd in an effort to see the announcement which told of the big game in which their school boys played the Brooksville boys. Jack was the pitcher in the team and was naturally eager to see the announcement.

In his hurry he tripped, but in trying to save himself from a fall hurt his ankle. Turning away, he limped home.

"Oh, shucks! Now I can't play in the game," he said to himself. The pain in his ankle and the thought that he could not enter the game made him feel blue.

"What is the matter, Jack?" asked his sister when he reached home.

"Oh, I hurt my ankle," Jack muttered.

"Let's see," and his sister bent over it.

"Oh, it's only a little sprained, and if you let me fix it like the doctor fixed mine it will be well in no time." His sister bandaged it, but all that week Jack sat in the house in gloomy spirits. Toward the end of the week, however, his hopes rose high.

"Grace," he pleaded, "it's been nearly a week since I sprained my ankle, and as the game is still three days off, can't I play?"

"Of course, if you are careful those three days."

Yes, Jack played in the game and he played with great energy. The Brooksville boys were badly beaten, and after the game the captain said to Jack: "You won the game for us, Jack."

"I couldn't have done it if it hadn't been for my sister," said Jack.

"Then I say, boys," said the captain, "three cheers for Grace Darrow." And the cheers were heartily given.

AWARDED A PRIZE

The Silver Cup

FLORENCE HOCKING,
1311 J Street, Modesto. Grammar School, High Sixth Grade. Age 12 Years

The citizens of the Wildwood garden city were up early and hard at work in their plats. It was a delightful day in early January, sunny, but with just a hint of frost in the air to bring out the latent energies. Over to one side stood the weekly bulletin board and the knote of excited boys and girls gathered about it bespoke a happening.

Jack Darrow pushed his way through the crowd in an effort to see the announcement and read for himself the very exciting, or so it seemed to him, news.

"Oh, Jack!" called a voice at his elbow, "there's going to be a contest to see who is the best all round athlete and the prize is a silver cup and—and——" Here the speaker, a boy of about 16 years of age, stopped talking for want of breath.

"That's bully," answered Jack. "But where's the contest to be held, and who is in it?"

"Why, all the boys in the Weston school, of course; and where else could they hold it but at Weston's creek?"

"Going to try?" asked Darrow.

"Sure, aren't you?" was the reply.

"Guess so."

"Well, see you later," said the boy to Jack.

At the time set, May 5, nearly every boy in the Weston school was on hand and eager to try for the coveted prize.

First came the swimmer's race, in which Jack easily excelled; next the diving contest, in which a boy named Tom won. Then the cross country race, which was a tie between Jack and his cousin Dick. The last events were hurdling and throwing the hammer.

So far Jack had won one and tied the other race.

A very fat boy named Billy, whom every one thought lazy and clumsy, but who got over the hurdles with an amazing ease, to the great surprise of everybody, won the hurdles.

It was soon seen the last and deciding event lay between Tom and Jack. Both boys were allowed three throws each and the first two throws left them with equal scores, so that the last throw would decide the issue. Dick's throw was 48 feet and Jack's was 48 1-16 feet. He had won by a sixteenth of a foot.

A Kind Act

GERTRUDE HONERLAH,
1226 Post Street, San Francisco. Adams School, High Eighth Grade. Age 10 Years

The citizens of the Wildwood garden city were up early and hard at work in their plats. It was a delightful day in early January, sunny, but with just a hint of frost in the air to bring out the latent energies. Over to one side stood the weekly bulletin board, and the knot of excited boys and girls gathered about it bespoke a happening.

Jack Darrow pushed his way through the crowd in an effort to see the announcement. When he at last succeeded in reaching the board he read the following notice: "An ice carnival will be given to the pupils of the Wildwood garden city grammar school, Monday, January 22, on Silver lake. Races, high jumping and other athletic games will take place, for which prizes will be awarded. Parents are to accompany their children."

"And it's only January 8 today," murmured Jack, "so I'll have plenty of time to practice on the ice."

He was just about to start for school, when some one hailed him. Turning around he came face to face with Frank Beresford, his dearest friend.

"Why, hello, old chap, what's the matter?" asked Jack, as he noticed the gloomy expression on Frank's face.

"Well, I was just reading that announcement, and I happened to think I won't be able to go, because I have to go and stay with my uncle for two weeks. He's an invalid and needs a companion. I promised him I'd come out and I'll have to."

"Gee, that's too bad," answered Jack.

As Jack sat in school that day he remembered how Frank had saved his life last winter when he broke through the ice and how good Frank had always been to him. When school let out Jack quickly joined Frank and said to him: "I tell you, old chap, I'll go in your place next Saturday and stay with your uncle until the carnival is over; then I'll come back home and you can go up and stay the rest of the time with him."

"Say, Jack, you're a brick," replied Frank.

Mrs. Beresford agreed to the plan, so Jack went the following Saturday. The carnival day came and Frank never had such a happy time in his life as then. He won three prizes, a gold watch, $10, and a bat and ball. The following day he left for his uncle's and for thanks he gave Jack the watch and chain, and I don't believe there were two happier boys than Jack Darrow and Frank Beresford that day—one for doing a kind act and the other for receiving it.

The Contest

EDNA CORBETT,
1906 Greenwich Street. Spring Valley School, Eighth Grade. Age 15 Years

The citizens of the Wildwood Garden city were up early and hard at work in their plats. It was a delightful day in early January, sunny, but with just a hint of frost in the air to bring out the latent energies. Over to one side stood the weekly bulletin board, and the knot of excited boys and girls gathered about it bespoke a happening.

Jack Darrow pushed his way through the crowd in an effort to see the announcement. He read the following, which was printed in big letters: "Cash prizes to be given by the Wildwood Garden city board of education for the best compositions on the History of New York. Pupils of either the grammar or high school are allowed to enter. A month's time is given. All are welcome to try."

Cash prizes! That sounded fine to Jack; so did the History of New York. Surely the history of one's state is known to every one and Wildwood Garden city is a large town of about 7,000 inhabitants, situated in the northern part of New York. Ever since Jack was old enough to learn history, the founders of his native state had been drummed into him. He was now a senior in the Garden City high school and knew a great deal about his own state. All day in school his thoughts were occupied with the composition.

When school was over he rushed home to tell his mother the news. He found her anxiously waiting for him. After he had settled down he told her his plan. Her face lit up with pride and pleasure and she said: "My dear boy, I know you will win if you try your best."

The next day was Saturday, the day on which the "Advance," a thriving weekly paper was published. Jack purchased a copy and read over the details of the contest. Five hundred dollars in prizes was to be given. Two hundred and fifty to the winner and smaller sums to the others.

"Two hundred and fifty," exclaimed Jack, "that would pay for a course in the Technical school. Gee! I wish I could win, but I mean to try just the same."

Jack Darrow was the only child of Mrs. Darrow, a widow. When Jack was ten, his father, who had been an engineer, was killed in a train wreck. A little money and a small home in Garden city were all that was left to her. By being economical she managed to keep her small home in comfort and to give Jack, the apple of her eye, a good education. The one thing she regretted was not being able to send Jack to the Technical school, for Jack, like his father, was a born mechanic, and yearned to know as much as possible about machinery. It would require about three hundred dollars for such a schooling and no matter how much she tried, poor Mrs. Darrow was never able to raise more than one hundred dollars, which was of no use at all.

Inspired by the thought of winning money, Jack buckled down to hard work. He read every history he could get his hands on and was forever reading over articles concerning his state in every magazine, cyclopedia and pamphlet. In a week's time he had written the composition and had sent it to the contest office.

Still he was not satisfied; he was restless and impatient. Every one who could write at all had entered. He feared only one, and that one I know he would have been ashamed to admit, was a girl—Judge Scott's daughter Lillian, who was wonderfully gifted. That she had entered the contest he was positive. She did so, not to win the prizes, but to win fame among her fellow pupils. He was a fine writer, but so was she. The more he thought, the more uncertain he became as to winning the prize. But time brings results, so like the wise boy he was, he decided not to worry, but to wait.

It was a bright February morning, exactly a month after the day on which Jack had read of the contest on the bulletin board that he jumped up from his bed, dressed quickly, in fact he did everything quickly, kissed his mother with more warmth than usual, and rushed off to the bulletin board.

As he drew near it a kind of fear took hold of him. He could not read what was on the board, as a crowd was surrounding it, and still he did not have power enough to push through and see. Maybe he had won, but perhaps he had failed. Perhaps he had come second, where the smaller money prizes would be of no value. No one seemed to notice him, so intent were they in reading the notice, but some one finally came up to him. It was Lillian Scott. "I congratulate you," she said, smiling, as she extended her hand. "What for?" stammered Jack, you shouldn't be—" "I should," interrupted Lillian, "come here and let me show you something." With that she drew Jack into the crowd and standing before the bulletin board he read: "John H. Darrow is the winner of the $250 for the best composition." Jack just stared and gulped and stared, but he was happy, and ignoring the circle of beaming friends that surrounded him, he rushed home to break the glad, wonderful news to his mother, his best friend.

THE PUZZLE OF THE THREE BABIES

Three Interesting Wild Creatures Are Represented by This Picture. See if You Can Guess What They Are