

THE WRITING CONTEST

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

AWARDED A PRIZE

The Yellowcoats' Defeat

IRENE ANDERSON,

214 Clippert Street, Commercial High School, First Year, Age 14 Years

The library was big and cozy and comfortable. Francis came home from school and, seeing the blazing fire, settled himself before the hearth with a restful sigh.

"My, but I'm tired," he murmured as he leaned his head back against the soft leather cushions of the Morris chair and straightway fell fast asleep. He dreamed that he was lost in a cave, and the more he tried to find an exit the deeper he went into the dark, unknown region. Now he thought he heard the distant sound of water, and soon a great wave lapped over his shoes. He turned to run, but the water overtook him and soon the cold, icy waves were about his mouth, when he gave a little scream and awoke with a start. There was his chum, Phil Amor, calmly dropping water upon his face. "Hey! stop that!" cried Francis, now wide awake.

"Come on, sleepy head," said Phil. "The yellowcoats are coming over the hill. Get on your cap and we'll snowball 'em." The Yellowcoats and Bluecoats were two separate clans of boys. The former was composed of the boys from west side of Wakely, while the lads from the high school formed the latter. Just at present the mayor had offered a prize of \$50 for the best ice boat made by the Wakely boys, and in consequence each clan sent "spies" to find out about the enemy's plans.

So when Francis had donned his mittens and cap he joined the rest of the Yellowcoats and proceeded to snowball the Bluecoats. "Say, Phil," he whispered presently, "there goes Reddie Marlow and Jim Bates to our workshop. I bet they're after our plans. Let's follow them." So, unobserved, they tracked the other boys to Francis' barn, which he used as a workshop. Sure enough, straight they went for the ice boat and began tampering with it. Jimmie produced a screw driver and began to unloosen a part of the works which Francis and Phil had invented.

"Hey! Stop that!" cried Phil. Reddie and Jim looked up, and, seeing the two boys, began to run. Phil and Francis chased them until Phil captured Jim. But the latter was not to be outdone. Taking a dog whistle from his pocket, he blew a long blast on it and up came three other Yellowcoats.

"Gimme my machinery," said Francis when he had been made a captive.

"Oh, now, sonny, not so fast. We're going to win \$50 with this tomorrow."

"But I invented it," protested Francis.

"And I'll patent it," smiled Jimmie.

"Now, if you go home like a nice little boy we'll let you go."

"I'll tell the constable," now spoke up Phil.

The boys knew he would keep his word, so consulted among themselves. At last Jimmie said, "We're going to take you to Witches' cave, and as there is no policeman there you'll be safe till after the contest tomorrow."

"But I'm not going to stay there," said Francis.

"Nor I," said Phil.

"Not a case of choice," said Reddie Marlow, as the two boys were led to the cave. It was a dirty, damp place, covered with moss. Here, with bushes and a thick undergrowth all around, a sound couldn't be heard a rod off. Reddie took a ball of heavy twine from his pocket and bound them hand and foot. "Now, my loves," he smiled, "at 3:30 tomorrow afternoon we'll let you loose. So don't holler too much!" and with this parting news the Yellowcoats left Phil and Francis. Night was approaching and the two boys were hungry and tired, so started calling for help, but in vain. Pretty soon it was pitch dark and the boys, disappointed and exhausted, lay down to sleep.

In the middle of the night Phil woke up. He was sure that he had heard a noise. Francis also had awakened and, holding their breath, the boys listened. There was the unmistakable drip, drip of water.

"Just like my dream. Maybe it's a flood," whispered Francis. But Phil, who was more practical, thought better. "Rain," he said shortly.

At last came dawn and with it Phil got an idea.

"Remember the sack races we used to have?" he said.

"Yes," answered Francis, "and we used to win."

"Well!" Phil continued, "I wonder if we couldn't hop to town. I should think we could."

"So do I," said Francis. "We'll start right away."

It was slow work, this hopping. More than once they had fallen, and noon found them three-quarters of the way to the town.

"If we could only get to the pond before the races," groaned Phil.

At last in the distance they heard the town clock strike two. Two! And the contest began at 2:30. An hour afterward the two boys stumbled to the pond, where the first race had taken place. Reddie Marlow and Jim Bates were walking up the platform and the mayor was saying something about "ice boat winners, \$50."

"Don't!" cried Francis, stumbling into the crowd. The people untied the two boys and they told their story. After having something to eat they fastened the stolen piece of machinery in their own boat, took the race and won the \$50. As for Reddie and Jim, they received a good lecture from the mayor and a good trouncing from the boys.

WRITING CONTEST

Arrangement of papers: _____

Subject: _____

Name: _____

Address: _____

Grade: _____

School: _____

Age: _____

My, I think the Juniors must have taken a new lease of life this week! The stories are coming in so thick and fast that we won't have room for all of them. It is good to know that you are all taking so much interest. Below is the opening installment of the new story. Read it over carefully and send in your version of how it should end. Remember the 400 word limit and have your contribution in the office by Wednesday.

CONTEST STORY

The Leslie home was in a state of turmoil, and the children, Howard and Nell, were very much excited. Their parents had purchased a ranch in northern California, and were preparing to move there at once—

AWARDED A PRIZE

Saving His Father's Money

RALPH CLITHERO,

Exeter, Exeter Grammar School, Eighth Grade, Age 14 Years

The library was big and cozy and comfortable. Francis came in from school and, seeing the blazing fire, settled himself before the hearth with a restful sigh.

"My, but I'm tired," he murmured as he leaned his head back against the soft leather cushions of the Morris chair and straightway fell fast asleep. A masked man came creeping stealthily into the room through a large window. He didn't see Francis until he was close to him.

"Hands up!" came a sharp cry. Francis looked up, facing a revolver, and, turning as white as a sheet, he threw up his hands and sat still.

"Stand up and drop your hands to your side!" commanded the burglar.

"Yes, sir," said Francis, wondering what was coming next.

"Come over here to this chair," said the man, jerking Francis from his seat. Francis stood up as still as he could. The man tied his hands with a rope and bound him to the chair. The burglar went through the house and finally came to his father's chest. His father had forgotten to lock it that night, and the burglar took the coin and valuable papers and put them into his sack. He had started for Francis when he heard some one at the door trying to get in. He freed Francis from the chair, and, opening a large sack, placed it over Francis, shouldered him and started off. He hurried to the door and disappeared down an alley and on to an old shack. On giving three raps at the door it was opened by an old man. On entering the shack the burglar went into a cellar where a number of fellows were talking.

"Hullo! here's Jack back already."

"What have you got in that sack, Jack?" asked one.

"Oh, nothing much," retorted Jack. "Just a kid that was acting smart with me, and I brought him along."

"What are you going to do with him?" asked one.

"Lock him up."

"Just then a knock was heard at the door."

"Who be you at the door?" called one. No answer.

"Well, you can stay there until you answer," he called.

Just then the door came down with a crash and a bunch of men bounded in. Francis recognized his father. One of the men raised his gun and pulled the trigger.

"Mamma!" he yelled.

"What is it, dear?" she answered.

"Where's papa?"

"He's here by the fire."

"All right, I just wanted to know. I guess it was all a dream. I'll tell you about it if you wish."

AWARDED A PRIZE

The \$25,000 Dream

KARL J. PRIDE,

Pleasanton, Second Year Livermore High School, Age 15 Years

The library was big and cozy and comfortable. Francis came in from school and, seeing the blazing fire, settled himself before the hearth with a restful sigh. "My, but I'm tired," he murmured, as he leaned his head back against the soft leather cushions of the Morris chair, and straightway fell fast asleep.

He dreamed, naturally of the thing uppermost in his mind. And that was his automatic balancer for automatically balancing his aeroplane. He had it perfected in all but one detail. For days he had racked his brain for some solution of the problem, but it refused to come.

This invention would increase the stability of the machine, and render it safer in a high wind. It would also enable it to take turns more safely and with greater speed. Altogether it would be a valuable asset in the race. For it was for the cup race that Francis was preparing his machine.

Francis attended a technical school and had built his machine during spare

time. His father supplied the capital and watched progress interestedly, for he wanted to see if Francis had mechanical ability. Now, to go back.

Francis slept fitfully and his mind seemed to be filled with disturbing thoughts. His brow gathered and he murmured indistinctly. Suddenly his brow cleared and he awoke with a start. "I have it now," he cried joyfully. Running to his desk he made a rough sketch. He had dreamed of his missing detail and remembered it perfectly!

He immediately took the sketches to his father who studied them carefully. Later he and Francis had the parts cast and assembled the model. It was now complete. His father took the model to Washington with him and remained for several days while the appliance was thoroughly tested at the government aviation field.

Francis awaited his return in a fever of impatience. Would his father never come back? He was on hand at every train and anxiously scanned the faces coming off the train. At last he sighted his father. He eagerly ran to him with the question on his lips. His father pressed something into his hand without a word. Francis opened it quickly. A check! And for \$25,000. The amount seemed to dazzle him.

It was a happy boy who deposited his check in the bank that morning, and he always maintained that it was his dream which brought him success.

Honesty Rewarded

MARDEN COOKE,

Healdsburg Grammar School, Seventh Grade, Age 12 Years

The library was big and cozy and comfortable. Francis came in from school and, seeing the blazing fire, settled himself before the hearth with a restful sigh. "My, but I'm tired," he murmured as he leaned his head back against the soft leather cushions of the Morris chair and straightway fell fast asleep. He dreamed that the examination that he had had in history that day was being corrected by the teacher. When she came to his paper she smiled, for she said to herself that she knew that Francis' paper would be almost perfect, and she would not have trouble in correcting it, for his writing was always very neat. Finally as she came to the tenth question she overlooked it and put her mark on the paper. The mark was the highest, E.

Just then Francis heard a noise as if the teacher had dropped something, and he awoke with a jump, but it was only to find that his mother had come in from town and it was the closing of the front door that he had heard.

He then told his mother about the dream that he had had, and she said that she hoped that it would come true and that if he received an E on each of the other examinations he was to have, she would give him \$5 to do whatever he liked with. Francis planned that night what he would get with the money if he met the requirements.

The next day when Francis went to school the teacher passed out the examination papers of the day before. When Francis received his, there was the big red E on the front page. Now Francis had been very much afraid that the last question he answered was wrong and he immediately looked at it. He looked it up in the book and found that the answer was really wrong and another thing that he had seen in the dream came true, for the teacher had overlooked the last question.

Miss Harley, who was the teacher, announced after she had passed out the papers that the highest mark was given to Francis Jacks. Most of the pupils were glad to hear this, for they all liked Francis, but Francis felt pretty blue about it for he could hardly bear to let the children and the teacher go on thinking that he really had made the highest mark, when he had not. As he was eating his dinner at noon he told his mother all about the paper and she said that if he were the right kind of a boy he would go to the teacher after school and have her change the mark.

Francis decided that this was the right thing to do, and so after school he went to Miss Harley and let her know of the mistake. He also told her of the promise his mother had given him of the \$5 and that if his paper was marked lower, he would not get it.

Miss Harley then said, "You have been so honest and upright about this

question that I have decided to let your mark stand as it is, for it is worth that to you to be honest and I hope that you will always keep that trait as long as you live."

Francis was a very happy boy as he went to bed that night, and he decided that he would always make honesty his policy.

When the Score Was a Tie

LEONORA CRUTCHETT,

1801 Grand Street, Alameda, Haight School, High Eighth Grade, Age 13 Years

The library was big and cozy and comfortable. Francis came in from school and, seeing the blazing fire, settled himself before the hearth with a restful sigh. "My, but I'm tired," he murmured as he leaned his head back against the soft leather cushions of the Morris chair and straightway fell fast asleep.

He dreamed that he was again playing as if for life in the exciting baseball game that afternoon. The teams of the Jefferson and Scott schools were well matched. It was already the last part of the seventh-inning and the score was tied, 3 to 3.

Francis himself was at the bat, with Carl Rockwood of the opposing team as pitcher. The first ball sped past him unheeded. He made a wild dash at the second and struck a foul. But the third ball he hit with amazing force and reached first base in safety. A wild idea seized him, that if he could make a run the game would be theirs.

Slowly but surely he began to work toward second. Carl, the pitcher, threw the ball home and Francis gained second base.

He tried to make toward third, but Carl thought otherwise than to have him make a run. So away sped the ball to Jack Hamilton at third. Francis saw it coming and he knew that there would be some work on hand for him. Jack had the ball and was coming toward him. Francis dodged and Jack threw the ball to the boy on second. Back and forth went the ball, each time getting nearer and nearer to Francis. Suddenly he dodged cleverly and ran for third with all his might and reached it barely a half second before Jack.

The pitcher threw the ball to home twice and Francis knew that his time for real action had come. All his class, and especially pretty Juliette, were watching him eagerly. Could he make it? Every one wondered. The boy at the bat hit the ball and started for first.

Francis gathered all his speed and fairly flew toward home. Would he make it? Yes—no. The umpire was on home to give the final decision. Francis slid in to home just as the ball touched the catcher's mit. "Was he safe?" The umpire decided that he was. The game was soon over and, thanks to Francis Legrande, the day was saved for the Jefferson school.

The victorious team lifted Francis upon their shoulders, and—

"Wake up, my boy," said a soft voice, and Francis realized that it was time for supper.

Dreaming in the Daytime

DORIS LOVELL,

2014 Forty-fifth Avenue, Oakland, Fremont High, High Freshman, Age 15 Years

The library was big and cozy and comfortable. Francis came in from school and, seeing the blazing fire, settled himself before the hearth with a restful sigh. "My, but I'm tired," he murmured, as he leaned his head back against the soft leather cushions of the Morris chair, and straightway fell fast asleep. He dreamed that he was summer and he was living in the country.

One lovely moonlight night he and another boy went fishing. They hitched up the horse to the cart, or rather thought they did, and started out. In the distance a wagon was approaching and Francis pulled on the rein, but the horse persisted in walking in the middle of the road. What was the matter with him? The wagon succeeded in passing them but not without the driver indulging in a few bits of sarcasm about "taking up the whole road." However they soon came to the creek where they intended to fish.

Upon unhitching the horse so that he might eat the grass, Francis found to his disgust that instead of the bit being in the horse's mouth it was around its neck.

Tom, his companion, got out the lines and baited the hooks, so they were soon ready to fish. They had caught about a dozen catfish when they heard a noise of cattle tramping and running, seemingly on all sides, and discovered they were at the place where the cows came nightly to drink. Francis jumped up, knocking the sack of fish into the water, upsetting the bait and letting go of his pole, which soon floated away. Tom was not much slower. Neither wanted to stay in the field any longer, especially when they remembered that the farmer with whom they were staying had warned them about going into that field. The boys could see the eyes of the cattle gleam through the mustard in the indistinct light.

The harness was soon thrown on the horse and they started for home. Not a rock, bump or hole was missed and the wagon jolted and bounced. (So did the boys.) The cart seemed to sink into one particularly large hole, and Francis gently slid off the seat into the road. Instead of this, however, he had kept sliding farther down the slippery Morris chair until he landed on the floor, only to awaken and find his family, also Tom with whom he had gone dream fishing, laughing at him.

Additional Compositions on Page 3